ORGANIZED LIBRARY

Volume 1 of 5
eBook Release Years: 1900–2004
30 Works • Chronological Order

Project Gutenberg Collection

Contents — Volume 1

1. Dao De Jing — Lao Zi [?]

2. Untitled — G. H. (Godfrey Harold) Hardy [?]

3. Discourse on the Method of Rightly Conducting One's Reason and of Seeking Truth in the Sciences — René Descartes [1993]

4. Discourse on the Method of Rightly Conducting One's Reason and of Seeking Truth in the Sciences — René Descartes [1993]

5. Collected Articles of Frederick Douglass — Frederick Douglass [1994]

6. The Count of Monte Cristo — Alexandre Dumas [1998]

7. The Republic — Plato [1998]

8. Romeo and Juliet — William Shakespeare [1998]

9. Untitled — William Shakespeare [1998]

10. Untitled — William Shakespeare [1998]

11. Apology — Benedictus de SpinozaThe Project Gutenberg eBook of Apology [1999]

12. The Indian Cookery Book (c.1900) — Anonymous [2001]

13. Untitled — Unknown [2001]

14. Untitled — Bertrand Russell [2001]

15. Untitled — Unknown [2001]

16. Untitled — Unknown [2003]

17. The Critique of Pure Reason — Immanuel Kant [2003]

18. An Enquiry Concerning the Principles of Morals — David Hume [2003]

19. Untitled — Henri Bergson [2003]

20. Beyond Good and Evil — Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche [2003]

21. Beyond Good and Evil — Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche [2003]

22. Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl, Written by Herself — Harriet A. Jacobs [2004]

23. Zur Männerfrage! — Clara SchachneThe Project Gutenberg eBook of A Discourse Upon the Origin and the Foundation of the Inequality Among Mankind [2004]

24. Twenty-Two Years a Slave, and Forty Years a Freeman — Austin Steward [2004]

25. Uncle Tom's Cabin, Young Folks' Edition — Harriet Beecher Stowe [2004]

26. Utilitarianism — John Stuart Mill [2004]

27. Don Juan Tenorio — José Zorrilla [2004]

28. Don Juan Tenorio — José Zorrilla [2004]

29. Untitled — Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart [2004]

30. Civilization and Beyond: Learning from History — Scott Nearing [2004]

Dao De Jing

Lao Zi

Project Gutenberg Release: Unknown · eBook #0

Dao De Jing by Lao Zi A Minimalist Translation By Bruce R. Linnell, PhD 2015 Welcome to yet another translation of the Dao De Jing (DDJ), or Tao Te Ching in the old-fashioned spelling. Why should you want to read this translation? This version attempts to include an exact translation of every Chinese symbol in the original text, with as few added words and paraphrasing as possible. This results in sentences which hopefully provide a more literal translation, but are bare and minimalist, sometimes awkward, and often doesn't make sense. You, the reader, will have to wrestle with some sentences, trying to wring out of them whatever meaning their author was trying to express 2300 years ago, instead of my simply telling you what I think they mean. I also show you what words were translated exactly, what was interpreted, and what was added or left out, so you can see exactly how much the English translation has in common with the original Chinese. I even point out alternative translations, so you can choose for yourself in some cases. Another difference is that while this translation is primarily based on the "Wang Bi" ancient manuscript (used by most translators), it presents some of the ideas from the earliest versions of the DDJ we have available, if those ideas are present in the majority of all the sources. Finally, scholars have long speculated that different parts of the DDJ were written by different authors at different times. By analyzing the symbols, phrases, and themes in each chapter, the chapters can be separated into at least three groups. The appendix presents the chapters in these groups, so that the reader may better see the common themes each group focused on. Who Wrote the DDJ and When? There is a great deal of debate over these questions, enough to fill a book in their own right! What follows is just a very brief introduction for the first-time reader who has no idea who "Lao Zi" was (please note that all dates are very approximate). Although the author of the DDJ is always given as "Lao Zi" or "Lao Tsu" (old spelling), we have no historical proof of his existence. A Chinese court historian named Sima Qian, who lived around 115 BCE, wrote a biography of Lao Zi (literally "old master", unless Lao is a family name – in which case "master Lao") that presents three different possible traditions, although the accuracy of any of them is doubtful. The first says that Lao Zi was a contemporary of Confucius (500 BCE). His family name was Li ("plum"), his given name was Er ("ear"), and he was posthumously called Dan ("long ear"). He was an official in the imperial archives, but when the Zhou dynasty began to decline, he decided to leave China. When he reached the northwest border of China, the border guard asked him to write down his teachings, which resulted in a document of about 5000 characters in two sections. Later in the same document, Sima Qian also speculates that Lao Zi may or may not have been Lao Dan ("old long ear"), an advisor to Duke Xian (370 BCE). Finally, Sima Qian says that a man named Lao Laizi ("old returning master") authored a Daoist book that had 15 parts, was born in the same province as Lao Zi, and also was a contemporary of Confucius. These three accounts are further complicated by reported meetings between Confucius and someone called Lao Dan in various Confucian texts. References to the DDJ by other ancient Chinese writers indicate that at least some parts of the DDJ were in existence by 300 BCE, and it was being referred to extensively by 250 BCE. One linguistic analysis of the rhyme schemes indicates that it may have originated as early as 450 BCE, and if the DDJ contains the written version of earlier oral traditions, these rhymes may reflect its oldest origins (because rhymes are easier to memorize). Other references and linguistic analyses place its beginnings around perhaps 375-325 BCE, and the earliest known written portions of it (described in the next section) date to about 300 BCE. So, some parts of the DDJ seem to have first appeared in written form between roughly 350-300 BCE, although its roots could be much older. It certainly existed in some version of its finished form (roughly 5000 characters in 81 chapters) by 200 BCE. There is also debate on whether the text represents the work of mostly one author, or was added to by different authors over the course of about a century, or was later compiled from different traditions by one person. The most recent versions of the DDJ are separated into 81 chapters, and two major parts. The first part, consisting of chapters 1-37, primarily discusses Dao, while chapters 38-81 primarily discuss De. Ancient authors referring to the DDJ also speak of versions that are divided into 64, 68, or 72 chapters. Different Versions of the DDJ There are at least six different ancient sources of the text (all dates are approximate) : "Guodian" (GUO) – discovered in 1993 and written around 300 BCE or slightly earlier, this version matches only about 31 chapters of the later versions of the DDJ, and its chapters are ordered completely differently than the later versions. The Chinese symbols are so ancient that scholars disagree on what modern symbols they should correspond to, and there are occasional spots on the originals where the characters can no longer be read. "Mawangdui" (MWD) – discovered in 1973, there are two slightly different versions ("A" and "B"), obviously written by two different people, dating to about 200 BCE and 175 BCE respectively. While all 81 chapters are present, both versions reverse the two major parts ("Dao" and "De") compared to later versions. In addition, the order of a few of the chapters within the parts is different, as is the order of some sections within the chapters! The Chinese symbols are also so ancient

that scholars disagree on what modern symbols they should correspond to, and there are many spots where the characters cannot be read. “Fu Yi” (FY) – Fu Yi was a scholar who lived around 600 CE and claimed that the version he presents and discusses was found in a grave that from his description could possibly be dated to around 200 BCE. “Wang Bi” (WB) – written around 240 CE, this is the “standard” version that most translators use, although there are several slightly different variations of it. “He Shang Gong” (HSG) – a legendary and possibly mythical person who may have lived around 170 BCE, but the work which presents and discusses the version of the DDJ associated with him is not mentioned by others until 300 CE. Many scholars think this version was probably written closer to 300 CE and attributed to He Shang Gong to give it authority. There are also many slightly different variations of this text available. In comparing the six sources, it is easy to see the changes in philosophy of the early Daoists over the centuries. In general, the three earliest versions (GUO, MWD/A, MWD/B) more-or-less agree with each other, the three later versions (FY, WB, HSG) more-or-less agree with each other (despite the tentative dating of FY to 200 BCE), the two groups are often slightly different from each other, and occasionally very different. However, FY does sometimes agree with the three earlier versions. Only the later versions contain the vast majority of criticisms of Confucianism, although even GUO has a few. WB, HSG, and FY were chosen as sources for this translation mainly because their earliest manuscripts are complete, and the Chinese characters are “modern” enough that there is less doubt as to their meaning. But there are occasional differences between them, so a 2/3 majority vote was used to determine which symbol to use. This would result in a document which is essentially the same as WB, since WB and HSG are almost always the same. However, in comparing all six sources (or fewer if the chapter is not in GUO, or the earlier symbols cannot be read), it becomes obvious that sometimes significant changes were made only in the most recent sources. Thus a symbol was changed to the one used by the older sources if the majority of all available sources use the different symbol, and it adds to the understanding of the sentence. In the case of a tie, the more recent symbol was used. These rules were used for adding or deleting symbols as well. The Translation Process There are many reasons why translations differ, besides the problems inherent in translating from a language where : each symbol represents a word that has multiple (sometimes very different) meanings; tenses, articles, and plurals are not indicated; and one symbol can represent either a noun or adjective, another a verb or adverb, another all four! 1. What source is used : for WB and HSG, which version of what source; in the oldest sources, what modern symbols to use 2. Accurately knowing all the possible English meanings for each symbol (and sometimes pairs of symbols), including changes in meaning over the millennia, and understanding ancient idioms 3. Having to pick just one meaning for each symbol 4. Organizing each sentence into something that makes sense, which is helped by understanding something of ancient Chinese grammar The cultural background, knowledge, biases, beliefs, and agenda of the translator affect every step but the first. “Agenda” refers to how the translator approaches the content of the DDJ : as a work of mysticism vs. philosophy vs. military strategy vs. advice to emperors, etc. The goals for this translation were : Include an English word or phrase for every Chinese symbol in the sentence Use exact translations of the Chinese symbols wherever possible Minimal interpretation of individual symbols, only where needed for clarity Use the same English word(s) for the same symbol(s) when appropriate As few added English words as possible to make it a correct English sentence No interpretation of the final translated sentence Individual symbols are interpreted only when they either don’t make as much sense literally, or the resulting sentence would be awkward in English. In some cases, if a symbol means two English words that both seem to fit equally well, they are combined into one phrase, such as “heart/mind” for ■ (see the next section), or ■ which can mean “mystery”, “profound”, “deep”, or “dark”, and is consistently translated as “deep and mysterious” or “deep mystery”, depending on the context. The above goals hopefully help minimize, but cannot eliminate, translator bias. The problem is that each Chinese symbol still has several meanings, and the translator must pick just one for each symbol (step 3) to create an English sentence that makes sense (step 4). It is impossible to avoid translator bias here because the translator must choose what makes sense or feels right to them, in both word meanings and overall grammar. For example, there is a line in chapter 58 : ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ where ■ can mean “good fortune” or “happiness” and ■ can mean “misfortune” or “disaster”, but by reflection with ■ could also be interpreted as “unhappiness”. ■ can mean “lean on”, “rely on”, or “depend on”, so all of these are valid translations : Misfortune is that which good fortune leans on. Misfortune is that which good fortune relies on. Misfortune is that which good fortune depends on. Unhappiness is that which happiness leans on. Unhappiness is that which happiness relies on. Unhappiness is that which happiness depends on. Beyond the differences between using “fortune” (less personal : what happens to you) versus “happiness” (more personal : how you feel), there are also subtle differences : saying that one “relies” on the other is different than saying that they mutually support each other (as possibly indicated by the sentence following this one, not shown here). Unlike the previous example, where the different translations for each symbol are more-or-less related, sometimes the choice the translator makes can affect the overall meaning or even the emotional impact of the sentence. In chapter 20, there is a line : ■ ■ ■ ■ in which the last symbol can be variously translated into : I alone seem lost. I alone seem to have lost everything. I alone seem to have been left behind. I alone seem to be forgotten. Each of which says a completely different thing. And in chapter 46, there is a line : ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ where the first symbol can mean any of : “sin”, “crime”, “vice”, or “fault”, so

(ignoring options for the other symbols), all of these are valid : There is no sin greater than the capacity for desire. There is no crime greater than the capacity for desire. There is no vice greater than the capacity for desire. There is no fault greater than the capacity for desire. “Sin” of course has very negative religious connotations in the West, while “crime” and “vice” also have stronger negative associations than “fault”. But there are other, even more significant ways in which the translator’s choices affect the result. Because of the many (sometimes unrelated) possible meanings of each Chinese symbol, it is possible to come up with multiple translations of the exact same sentence that are completely different in meaning! For example, in chapter 41, there is a line : ■ ■ ■ ■ where ■ can mean both “region” and “square”, while ■ can be “border” or “corner”, so both of these are valid translations : The greatest region is without borders. The greatest square is without corners. And in chapter 45 : ■ ■ ■ ■ where ■ can be “skillful” or “clever”, and ■ can mean “stupid” or “clumsy”, both of these are equally likely : Great skillfulness seems clumsy. Great cleverness seems stupid. Finally, even when there is no ambiguity about the meaning of the individual symbols, it sometimes hard to determine what overall meaning was intended. From chapter 35, there is a line : ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ in which the first four symbols literally mean “words of Dao”, but does this mean “talking about Dao” or “the words that come out of Dao”? It can be argued both ways due to subtleties in the meanings of the symbols, but there is a tremendous difference in meaning between the two translations. In addition, there are a few symbols whose modern English meanings just don’t make sense within the context of the sentence, probably due either to transcription errors or changes in meaning over the millennia. The English words used for these symbols are usually selected according to context. Common Terms Because the translation itself is meant to involve minimal interpretation and explanation, some of the words and phrases that are used repeatedly need to be discussed beforehand for clarity. Keep in mind that volumes have been written about some of these concepts – these are just brief summaries for the reader new to Daoism. ■ Dao : most often translated as the “way”; according to various passages in the DDJ, Dao appears to be the way of nature (or the universe), the process of being in harmony with that way, the source that creates and nourishes all things, and absolute ultimate reality itself (and according to the opening lines of the first chapter, this description is completely inadequate); it is left untranslated so that readers may “fill in the blank” for themselves as they read; “the Dao” is used as little as possible because in English that implies that Dao is more of a thing than a process; Dao is sometimes referred to as “it” to avoid awkward grammar (or if it was written that way in the original Chinese), but do not think of Dao as a noun (just for fun sometime, try reading “Dao” as “Daoing”…); one exception is when “Dao of” is used (for example, “the Dao of heaven”) – this seems to be literally referring to the way heaven does things, so it is translated as “the Way of heaven”, but “Way” is capitalized to remind the reader that this is also Dao; similarly, “this Dao” seems to be referring more to “this way (of following Dao), and is translated “this Way” ■ De : most often translated as “virtue”, “integrity”, or “(inner) power”, De is described in chapter 49 as “goodness” or “virtue” and “honesty” or “trust”; De might be infused into things when they are created by/from Dao, or something that develops when Dao is fully expressed through a person; De seems to be both the quality of being virtuous and the power that comes from being virtuous, so it might best be thought of as “the power of one’s virtue” or “the power from one’s integrity”, but it is also left untranslated so that readers may “fill in the blank” for themselves as they read ■ “heaven” : a complex concept, this symbol seems to have connotations of the sky, nature (including people and societies), that which controls our destinies, as well as possibly that of a celestial god-like spirit (and/or perhaps ancestral spirits) ■ ■ “heaven and earth” : everything, the universe, all that is ■ ■ “the world” : literally “heaven under”, it is perhaps better thought of as “all things under heaven”; it is left as “the world” because the English grammar sometimes gets awkward using the more accurate phrase; some translate it as “the empire”, which gives the entire document a much more imperialistic and militaristic slant ■ ■ “ten thousand creatures” : “ten thousand” as used here does not refer to a specific number, but means “innumerable” or “myriad”; together the symbols are perhaps better thought of as “all creatures and things” ■ ■ “sage” : literally “holy man”; in the DDJ, a sage is anyone who fully embodies and expresses Dao and De; as the ruling class would have been one of the few literate groups in ancient Chinese culture reading the DDJ, it seems possible that references to the way the sage does things could have also been a subtle way of saying “this is what a wise ruler would do” (especially in chapters like 5, 57, and 66, where the sage seems to be the ruler) ■ “ever-constant” : while this is often translated as “eternal”, it probably had more of a sense of “constant” or “permanent” in ancient China; unfortunately “constant” doesn’t imply the enduring nature of “permanent”, nor does “permanent” imply the unchanging quality of “constant”, so “ever-constant” is used here ■ “heart/mind” : usually translated as either “heart” or “mind” (the symbol means both), “heart/mind” seems to be the best translation ■ ■ “naturally so” : this has the connotation of something that happens spontaneously, without being forced (“of itself”, “of its own accord”, “on its own”); Dao is “naturally so”, and although the DDJ does not say so explicitly, presumably the sage acts “naturally so” as well ■ “uncarved block” (of wood) : just as a block of wood can be carved into virtually anything, in the DDJ the “uncarved block” represents the limitless undefined potential of our original nature ■ ■ “non-action” : not passivity or lack of action, but spontaneous action taken at the proper time according to the situation ■ ■ “non-interference” : to change the natural order of things as little as possible in achieving your goals ■ ■ “without-knowledge” : not an absence of knowledge, but a kind of understanding that does not resort to pre-conceived ideas or

rules ■ ■ “without-name” : a reminder that things, concepts, and experiences are far more than the names we give them and ultimately cannot be described with words (in contrast to the Confucians, whose goal was to find the “correct name” for everything) ■ ■ “without-desire” : not a total lack of desire, but desires that do not control us or our happiness; a sort of spontaneous, unattached desire ■ or ■ ■ “non-being” : the nameless absolute that is the source of all existence (“being”) ■ “strive” : to struggle or make vigorous effort to achieve something, perhaps competing against others to get it; the opposite of non-action ■ “yin” : the feminine principle; receptive, yielding, dark, cool, soft ■ “yang” : the masculine principle; aggressive, active, light, warm, hard ■ “qi” (ch’i, chi) : vitality, life energy, life force, vital energy ■ “virtue” : the traditional sense of moral virtue and goodness ■ “stillness” : a mental/emotional stillness of the heart/mind ■ “valley” : the image of the valley is often used in the DDJ; a valley represents receptiveness (because it accepts all things that come into it), openness, and emptiness, and so is feminine in nature ■ “self” : often translated as “body” by others (it can mean either), it is my personal bias that this symbol seems to consistently refer to the sense-of-self, personality, or ego ■ or ■ or ■ ■ or ■ “returning” : the DDJ uses four different symbols to refer to the concept of returning, and it is used many times; beyond the everyday meaning, in the DDJ creatures and people often return to their source, true nature, or original state of pure and unformed potential; sometimes they just “return”, and from where or to where is not specified ■ “insight” : an intuitive, without-knowledge, understanding of what is; this is another personal bias – while the literal translations include “wise”, “clear”, “understanding”, “perceptive”, and “sight”, it seems that this symbol can be consistently interpreted as “insight” (which is in agreement with the literal translations); in addition, it is variously translated by other modern translators as “enlightenment” and even “insight” ■ “duties” : one’s personal and business affairs, responsibilities, etc. ■ “I” : on the rare occasions this is used, think of this as someone who is a sage-like Daoist rather than merely “the author” ■ ■ “100 families” : in ancient times this phrase referred to the entire ruling class ■ “scholar” : around the time of the DDJ, this referred to the elite “intellectual” class of Chinese society, the teachers and philosophers (Confucius would have been considered a scholar) ■ “ruler”, ■ “king”, etc. : there are many symbols and euphemisms for various members of the nobility (“nobles”, “superiors”, “master of the people”, “son of heaven”, “master of 10,000 chariots”, etc.) ■ “high rank” : any position of power or admiration While the DDJ is over 2000 years old, its wisdom is still applicable today, but don’t be fooled by the ancient wording! “King” could today apply to anyone who runs things, manages others, or leads any kind of group (from the nation’s leader to a corporation CEO to…your boss), and “high rank” could apply to government officials, billionaires, or even movie stars. There are also many Confucian terms used in the DDJ : ■ “kindness” : being benevolent, kindhearted, humane ■ “righteousness” (translated as “morality” to avoid religious associations) : having a sense of justice, doing the right thing, being morally upright ■ “propriety” : ritual courtesy and formality; proper etiquette ■ “wise”, “wisdom” : as it says ■ “truth”, “trust”, “honest” : as it says ■ “loyalty” : as it says ■ “courage”, “brave” : as it says ■ “honorable” : having a sense of honor or integrity; incorruptibility ■ “filial piety” (translated as “devoted children”) : respect your elders and parents, duty to your parents, care for the elderly ■ “compassion” : benevolence, mercy; as specifically applied to parents’ attitude towards their children, this is translated as “loving parents” ■ ■ “noble man” : literally “son of the ruler”, this can mean “nobleman” (one who belongs to the nobility), but is also a Confucian term that means one who is noble or moral in character and embodies the above qualities; sometimes translated by others as “gentleman” or “superior man” Many symbols in the DDJ are used to provide emphasis (similar to an exclamation point in English), and can either come at the end of a sentence or can be used to emphasize a word or phrase in the middle of a sentence. Many translators ignore these latter symbols entirely, while others preface the emphasized word with “so…”, “such…”, “very…”, “oh,…”, etc. Here, an exclamation point is used immediately after the word, but then the sentence continues on. One symbol in particular implies that what precedes it is not only true but has always been true, which is translated as “indeed!” References Introduction : Laozi, by Alan Chan; Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy, http://plato.stanford.edu/archives/spr2009/entries/laozi/; 2009 Translations : Dao De Jing : A Philosophical Translation, by Roger T. Ames and David L. Hall; Ballantine, New York; 2003 (note that this is a translation of the MWD sources) Lao Zi zhi Dao De Jing : Two Literal English Translations, by Bradford Hatcher; http://www.hermetica.info/LaoziA.htm; 2005 Lao Tzu, Tao Te Ching, by D.C. Lau; Penguin Books, London; 1963 (this is a reasonably literal translation, with minimal interpretation; note that his 1994 book is an MWD translation) The Way and Its Power, by Arthur Waley; Grove Press, New York; 1958 These were mostly used for their own explanations of the more difficult passages and ancient Chinese idioms, but were sometimes used for comparison during the translation process. Ancient Chinese Sources : Comparisons of Chinese Versions, by Nina Carerra; http://www.daoisopen.com/Comparisons.html; 2005 These charts were used to compare the symbols between all sources, and for end-of-sentence and end-of-chapter markers. I personally verified the WB symbols in these charts against several different references. Key to Notations Symbols used for the translation • = end-of-line character appears in some source (•) = symbol usually starts or ends a line Of the 6 ancient sources (see Introduction), this translation uses WB except where the majority of the other sources disagree with it. The notations for these changes are : ( ) = WB symbol has been changed __ = WB symbol has been deleted [ ] = symbol not in WB has been added The final English translation Sections separated by blank lines are the opinion of the

translator. Raw translation underline = verbatim translation italics = interpreted translation; exact translation is to the far right in [brackets] underlined italics = combined literal meanings from one symbol underline2 or italics2 or underlined italics2 = 2 symbols used to provide translation {word} = equally likely translation of single symbol [word] = symbol left out for grammatical clarity [word] = word added for clarity that significantly influences the meaning of the sentence word* = Confucian concept word° = untranslatable; word is chosen for consistency ♦ = all symbols in the sentence are the same in all or all but one of the sources (sentence is identical or essentially identical across all sources); this does not account for different symbols with the same meaning! Footnotes and cross-references Differences between the sources are sometimes noted, but not every difference is noted. Footnotes in italics provide my own possible interpretations of the more difficult passages, which you may certainly ignore! Chapter One • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • (•)■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ The Dao that can be spoken of is not the ever-constant Dao. The name that can be named is not the ever-constant name. That which is without-name is the beginning of heaven and earth. That which possesses a name is the mother of the ten thousand creatures. Therefore : always without-desire, thus you observe its subtle mystery. Always possessing desires, thus you observe its external appearances. These two, they arise from the same source but have different names; This sameness is called their deep mystery. Deep mysteries, and again deep mysteries – The gateway of many subtle mysteries. ♦The Dao that can be spoken of is not the ever-constant Dao. ♦The name that can be named is not the ever-constant name. [That which] is without-name is the beginning of heaven and earth.A ♦[That which] possesses a name is the mother of the ten thousand creatures. Therefore : always without-desire, thus you observe its subtle mystery. Always possessing desires, thus you observe its external appearances. [boundary,surface] These two, they arise from the same [source]B but have different names; This sameness is called their deep mystery. ♦Deep mysteries, [] and again deep mysteries – The gateway of many subtle mysteries. Notes : A : this line and the next may just as likely be translated as Non-being is named as the beginning of heaven and earth. Being is named as the mother of the ten thousand creatures. either way, compare to #40, where the world and the ten thousand creatures are created from being B : literally, “they have the same arising” Cross-references : without-name : #32, #37, #41 mother : #20, #25, #52, #59 always/ever-constantly without X : #32, #34, #37 without-desire : #3, #34, #37, #57 mystery : #6, #10, #15, #27, #51, #56, #62, #65 mysterious sameness : #56 gateway : #6, #10, #52, #56 Chapter Two ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • (•)■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ __ ■ ■ (■) • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • (•)■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ • In the world, when all know that the action of beauty is beautiful, then ugliness ensues. When all know that the action of good is goodness, then not-good ensues. Therefore : being and non-being create each other, Difficult and easy complete each other, Long and short contrast each other, High and low lean on each other, Tone and voice harmonize each other, Before and after follow each other. Thus the sage : Lives by using non-action in his duties, And practicing no-talking in his teachings. The ten thousand creatures arise, but do not have a beginning. Creating but not possessing; Acting, but not concerned with the results; Accomplishing tasks, but not dwelling on them. Now : only because there is no dwelling, Thus the results do not depart. In the world2, when all know that the action of beauty is beautiful, then ugliness°{evil} ensues. [thereafter,afterwards] When all know that the action of good is goodness, then not-good ensues. [thereafter,afterwards] Therefore : being and non-being create each other,A Difficult and easy complete each other, Long{lasting} and short{brief} contrastB each other, [forever] [compare] High{above} and low{below} lean on each other,C Tone and voice{sound} harmonize each other, Before{front} and after{back} follow each other. Thus2 the sage2 : Lives by [using] non-action in his duties, And practicing no-talking in his teachings. [performs] The ten thousand creatures arise, but do not have a beginning. Creating but not possessing;D ♦Acting, but not concerned with [the results]; [depend upon,rely upon] Accomplishing tasks, but not dwelling on them. [results,achievements] Now : only because there is no dwelling, ♦Thus2 [the results] do not depart. Notes A : compare to #40, where non-being creates being B : FY, MWD, and GUO all have different words here (for example : “shape”, “form”, “mold”, etc.) C : compare to #39, where low is the foundation of high D : this line is missing in the earliest three sources; there is no indication in the original Chinese as to whether it is the sage or the creatures that are the ones acting in this and the following lines, so it is left ambiguous here as well Cross-references beauty and ugly : #20 non-being : #40, #43 tone and voice/sound (same symbol) : #41 non-action : #3, #37, #38, #43, #48, #57, #63, #64 sage practices non-action : #43 teaching : #27, #42, #43 no-talking in his teachings : #43 creates but does not possess : #10, #51 acting but not concerned : #10, #51, #77 accomplishing tasks : #9, #17, #34, #77 and not dwelling on them : #9, #77 Chapter Three ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

then all will be governed! Not honoring [those who are] esteemable [virtuous,talented] Ensures that the citizens do not strive. [cause,make] ♦Not valuing rare2 [] goods Ensures that the citizens do not act like thieves. [cause,make] Not showing [that which] can be desired Ensures that the citizens' heart/minds do not become confused. [cause,make] ♦Thus2 the governing of the sage2 ♦Empties their heart/mindsA, fills° their stomachs, ♦Weakens their ambitions, strengthens their bones. ♦By always ensuring that the citizens are without-knowledge and without-desire, [cause,make] Those who make men wise*B will not dare to act. Act with non-action, then all2 will be governed ! Notes A : presumably of striving, greed, and confusion B : presumably referring to Confucians; earlier sources use the non-Confucian term "knowledgeable" instead of "wise" Cross-references no striving : #8, #22, #66, #68, #73, #81 rare goods : #12, #64 without-desire : #1, #34, #37, #57 weak : #29, #36, #40, #55, #76, #78 strong : #29, #30, #33, #36, #52, #55, #67, #78 not daring to act : #64, #67, #69 non-action : #2, #37, #38, #43, #48, #57, #63, #64 act with non-action : #63 anti-Confucian : #18, #19, #27, #33, #38 Chapter Four ■ (■) ■ ■ ■ (■) ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ • Dao is like a cup or bowl, yet use it and there exists no need to fill it. Profound and deep!, it appears to be the ancestor of the ten thousand creatures. It blunts their sharpness, Loosens their tangles, Softens their brightness, Makes them the same as the dust of the world. Deep and profound!, it seems to barely exist. I do not know whose child it is – Its image came before that of god. Dao is like a cup or bowlA, yet use it and there exists no [need to] fill it. Profound and deep !, it appears to be the ancestor of the ten thousand creatures. It blunts their sharpness, [dampens,subdues] ♦Loosens their tangles,B ♦Softens their brightness,C ♦Makes them the same as the dust of the world D. Deep and profound !, it seems to barely exist.E [might,maybe,perhaps] I do not know whose [] child it is – ♦Its image came before that of god{emperor}. Notes A : while the symbol used here only appears in one out of four sources, it gives the most straightforward translation; Dao is like a cup in that its usefulness is in its emptiness (see #11 and #25) B : this line could just as likely be translated as Clarifies their confusion C : compare to #58, where the sage is bright but does not dazzle D : according to Waley, "dust" is a metaphor for the "noise and fuss of everyday life" E : compare to #6, where the spirit of the valley also "seems to exist" Cross-references use does not exhaust : #5, #35 blunt the sharpness : #56 loosen the tangles : #56 soften the brightness : #56 dust of the world : #56 Chapter Five ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■(•) ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ Heaven and earth are not kind – Thus the ten thousand creatures become as straw dogs to them. The sage is not kind – Thus the 100 families become as straw dogs to him. The space between heaven and earth, How is it just like a bellows or flute? It is empty, yet does not run out. The more it moves, and the more it produces. Too much talking is exceptionally exhausting, Which is not as good as maintaining what is within. ♦Heaven and earth are not kind* – ♦Thus the ten thousand creatures become as straw dogsA to them. ♦The sage2 is not kind* – ♦Thus the 100 families become as straw dogs to him. The space between [] heaven and earth, [How] is it just like a bellows or flute ? ♦It is empty, yet does not run out. [subdue,submit,yieldgive up,quit] The more it moves, and the more it produces. Too much talking is exceptionally exhausting, Which is not as good as maintaining what is within.B Notes Only lines 5-8 are in GUO A : Hall&Ames describe "straw dogs" as items that were carefully created for a sacrificial ritual, and treated with great respect during the ritual, but afterwards were casually tossed away and not given another thought B : this sentence could just as likely end with "maintaining your center" Cross-references 100 families : #17, #49 use does not exhaust : #4, #35 Chapter Six ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ (■) ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ The spirit of the valley does not die – It is called the deep and mysterious feminine. The gateway of this deep and mysterious feminine – It is called the source of heaven and earth. Unbroken, it seems to exist. Using it takes no effort. ♦The spirit of the valley does not dieA – It is called the deep and mysterious feminine. The gateway of this deep and mysterious feminine – It is called the source of heaven and earth. Unbroken2, it seems to exist.B Using it takes no effort. [diligence,hard work] Notes A : the qualities ("spirit") of a valley (receptiveness, openness, emptiness) never leave it B : compare to #4, where Dao also "seems to barely exist" Cross-references die/death : #33, #42, #50, #67, #74, #75, #76, #80 valley : #15, #28, #32, #39, #41, #66 mystery : #1, #10, #15, #27, #51, #56, #62, #65 feminine : #10, #28, #61 gateway : #1, #10, #52, #56 Chapter Seven ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • (•)■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■(•) • (•)■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • Heaven is eternal, earth is enduring. The reason that heaven and earth can be eternal and enduring Is because they do not live for themselves. Therefore they can live forever. Thus the sage : Puts his self behind others, yet finds his self before them. Considers his self extraneous, yet his self survives. Is this not because he has no self-interests? Therefore he can achieve his self-interests. ♦Heaven is eternal, earth is enduring. [forever] [for a long time] ♦The reason that2 heaven and earth can be eternal and enduring [entities] [forever] [also] [for a long time] ♦Is because they do not live for themselves.A ♦Therefore they can live forever. Thus2 the sage2 : Puts his self behind others, yet finds his self before them.B Considers his self extraneous, yet his self survives. [foreign,external] Is this not because he has no self-interests ? [selfish] ♦Therefore he can achieve his self-interests. [selfish] Notes A : while this translation is more consistent with the sentiments that follow it, an equally possible translation is Is because they do not give themselves life B : presumably meaning leading them; this line and the next are written in this awkward manner to emphasize that it is the personality or sense-of-self that is being talked about (in the translator's opinion – see the

Introduction and cross-references below) Cross-references self : #9, #13, #16, #26, #44, #52, #54, #66 before/behind others : #66, #67 Chapter Eight ■ [■(•)] • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • (•)■ ■ ■ ■ • (•)■ ■ ■ • The highest virtue is like water – Water's virtue benefits the ten thousand creatures, yet it does not strive. It dwells in places that everyone detests, Therefore it is almost comparable to Dao! In dwelling, the virtue is in the land. In your heart/mind, the virtue is in being profound and deep. In relations, the virtue is in being kind. In speech, the virtue is in being truthful. In governing, the virtue is in being honest and just. In your duties, the virtue is in being competent. In action, the virtue is in the timing. Now : only because there is no striving, Therefore there is no blame. The highest virtue is like water – Water's virtue benefits the ten thousand creatures, yet it does not strive. It dwells in places that everyone2 detests, Therefore it is almost comparable to Dao ! In dwelling, the virtue is in the landA. ♦In your heart/mind, the virtue is in being profound and deep. In relations, the virtue is in being kind*. B [getting along with,participating] In speech, the virtue is in being truthful*. ♦In governing, the virtue is in being honest and just. ♦In your duties, the virtue is in being competent. ♦In action, the virtue is in the timing. ♦Now : only because there is no striving, ♦Therefore there is no blame. Notes A : although it is best translated as "land" here, this is the same symbol for earth, as in "heaven and earth" B : this could also be translated as In giving, the virtue is in being kind FY, MWD/A, and MWD/B all have differences in this sentence compared to WB and HSG and each other Cross-references be honest and just in governing : #57 no striving : #3, #22, #66, #68, #73, #81 only because there is no striving : #22 Chapter Nine ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ (■) ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • Holding and filling it Are not as good as your stopping short. Hammering and sharpening it Can not be forever maintained. When gold and jade fill a room, There is no one who can protect it. To have wealth and high rank, but with arrogance – Then naturally their loss is your own fault. When the task is successful, the self should let go of it. This is the Way of heaven. Holding and filling itA Are not as good as your stopping [short]. [his] Hammering° and sharpening itB Can not be forever maintained. When gold and jade fill a room, There is no one who can protect it. [they] To have wealth and high rank, but with arrogance{pride} – Then naturally their loss is your own fault. [his] When the task is successful, the self should let go of it. [result,achievement] [withdraw,step away] ♦This is the Way of heaven. Notes A : presumably, a cup; Lau says that this refers to a vessel in a temple that stood upright when empty but overturned when nearly full (thus you had to hold it to fill it up) B : presumably, a sword or knife; you can only re-shape and re-sharpen it so many times Cross-references accomplishing tasks : #2, #17, #34, #77 and not dwelling on them : #2, #77 self : #7, #13, #16, #26, #44, #52, #54, #66 Way of heaven : #47, #73, #77, #79, #81 Chapter Ten ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■(•) ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■(•) • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■(•) ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■(•) ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■(•) ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ [■] ■ ■(•) ■ Carrying and managing a body while embracing the One, Are you able to not separate them? Concentrating your Qi to become soft, Are you able to be like a newborn infant? Cleansing and clearing your deep and mysterious perception, Are you able to be without blemish? Loving the citizens and governing the nation, Are you able to use non-action? Opening and closing the gateway of heaven, Are you able to serve as the feminine? Attaining clear insight in all directions, Are you able to not use your knowledge? Creating them and raising them, Creating but not possessing, Acting but not concerned with the results, Leading yet not governing – This is called deep and mysterious De. ♦Carrying and managing a body{soul} while embracing the One, ♦Are you able to not separateA them ? ♦Concentrating your Qi to become soft, [attain,bring about] ♦Are you able to [be like] a newborn infant2 ? Cleansing and clearing your deep and mysterious perception, [remove,eliminate,wipe out] Are you able to be without blemish ? Loving the citizens and governing the nation, Are you able to [use] non-action ? Opening and closing the gateway of heaven, ♦Are you able to serve as the feminine ? ♦Attaining clear insight in all directions, [wise,sight] [four directions,all around] Are you able to not use your knowledge ? ♦Creating them and raising them, ♦Creating but not possessing, Acting but not concerned with [the results],B [depend upon,rely upon] ♦Leading yet not governing – ♦This is called deep and mysterious De. Notes A : that is,"keep from separating" B : this line is not in the earlier sources Cross-references embracing the One : #22 Qi : #42, #55 soft : #36, #43, #52, #55, #76, #78 gateway : #1, #6, #52, #56 baby/infant/child : #20, #28, #49, #55 newborn infant : #20, #28, #55 feminine : #6, #28, #61 creating but not possessing : #2, #51 acting but not concerned : #2, #51, #77 leading yet not governing : #51 mystery : #1, #6, #15, #27, #51, #56, #62, #65 deep and mysterious De : #51, #65 Chapter Eleven ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • (•)■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • Thirty spokes of a wheel share one hub; In its emptiness exists the usefulness of the cart. Mix water with clay thus making a vessel; In its emptiness exists the usefulness of the vessel. Cut out doors and windows thus making a room; In their emptiness exists the usefulness of the room. Therefore : what exists thus makes a thing profitable; Emptiness thus makes it useful. Thirty2 spokes of a wheel share one hub; ♦In its emptiness exists the usefulness of the cart. [just at] Mix water with clay2 thus making a vessel; In its emptiness exists the usefulness of the vessel. [just at] Cut out doors and windows thus making a room{house}; [chisel,bore,pierce] ♦In their emptiness exists the usefulness of the room{house}. [just at] ♦Therefore : what exists thus makes a thing profitable; [it] ♦Emptiness thus makes it useful. Notes Cross-references Chapter Twelve ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

The five colors can make people’s eyes blind. The five tones can make people’s ears deaf. The five flavors can make people’s mouths dull. Excessive hunting and horse racing can make people’s heart/minds become wild. Rare goods can make people’s behavior corrupt. Thus the sage : Acts on what is inside, he does not act on what he sees. Therefore he leaves that and chooses this. ♦The five colors [can] make people’s eyes blind. The five tones [can] make people’s ears deaf. The five flavors [can] make people’s mouths dull °. Excessive hunting and horse racing [can] make people’s heart/minds become wild. [hunt hunt] [gallop2] Rare2 [] goods [can] make people’s behavior corrupt. [undermine,harm,impede] Thus2 the sage2 : Acts on what is inside, he does not act on what he sees.A Therefore he leaves thatB and chooses thisC. Notes Everything in the first five lines would have been enjoyed to excess only by the wealthy and the ruling class! A : compare to #49, where the 100 families “follow their eyes” B : presumably, acting on what he sees C : presumably, acting on what is inside Cross-references rare goods : #3, #64 leaves that and chooses this : #38, #72 Chapter Thirteen ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ (•) (•)■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ [■] ■ ■ ■ [■(•)] • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ [■] ■ ■ ■ [■(•)] • Favor and disgrace seem alarming. High rank brings great suffering if you have a self. What is meant by “favor and disgrace seem alarming”? Favor makes you the inferior, so gaining it seems alarming. Losing it also seems alarming. This is what is meant by “favor and disgrace seem alarming”. What is meant by “high rank brings great suffering if you have a self”? I am the reason that I have great suffering, I who act like I have a self. When I am without a self, how could I have suffering? Therefore : he who is high ranking and uses his self to serve the world – It seems he can thus be entrusted with the world! He who is loving and uses his self to serve the world – It seems he can thus be entrusted with the world! ♦Favor and disgrace seem alarming. ♦High rank brings great suffering if you have a self. What is meant by “favor and disgrace seem alarming”? Favor makes you the inferiorA, so gaining it seems alarming. ♦Losing it [also] seems alarming. This is what is meant by “favor and disgrace seem alarming”. What is meant by “high rank brings great suffering if you have a self”? ♦I am the reason that2 I have great suffering, I who act like I have a self. When I am without a self, how could I have suffering? Therefore : [he who] is high ranking and uses his self B to serve the world2 – It seems he can thus be entrusted with the world2 ! ♦[He who] is loving and uses his self to serve the world2 – It seems he can thus be entrusted with the world2 ! Notes A : Ames&Hall point out that “favor” here means something that is bestowed upon you by a superior at their whim, thus it emphasizes your inferiority to them; and since it could be taken away just as easily, merely gaining it is cause for “alarm” (worry, anxiety, etc.) B : this is written in this awkward manner to emphasize that it is the personality or sense-of-self that is being talked about (in the translator’s opinion – see the Introduction and cross-references below) Cross-references self : #7, #9, #16, #26, #44, #52, #54, #66 serve the world : #39, #49 Chapter Fourteen ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • (•)■ ■ ■ ■ ■ [■ ■] ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ [■] ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Yielding!, like ice that is about to to break off. Honest and genuine!, they are like the uncarved block. Wide and open!, they are like a valley. Unclear!, they are like muddy water. Who can take muddy water and use stillness to slowly and gently make it pure and clear? Who can take what is tranquil and use continual movement to slowly and gently bring it to life? He who maintains this Way does not desire to be full. Now : only because he is not full, Thus he can be hidden and unfinished. The virtue of the ancients made they who were scholars subtle, mysterious, obscure, deep, and penetrating4. Their mysterious depths can not be understood. Now : only because they can not be understood, Therefore we try to emulate their appearance : [act like,become] Hesitant !, as if crossing a winter stream. Wary !, as if afraid of their neighbors all around. [scheming] Respectful !, they are like a visiting guest. Yielding° !, like ice that is about to to break off. [release,disperse] Honest and genuine !, they are like the uncarved block. Wide and open !, they are like a valley. Unclear !, they are like muddy water.A [confused,muddy] Who can take muddy water and use stillness to slowly and gently make it pure and clearB? Who can take what is tranquil and use continual movement to slowly and gently bring it to life? [for a long time] He who maintains this Way does not desire to be full. Now : only because he is not full, Thus2 he can be hidden and unfinished 2. [not finish] Notes The last two lines are not present in GUO A : in this sentence and the next, “muddy water” appears to be a metaphor for one’s state of mind, thus referring to churned-up thoughts and feelings B : apparently referring to a purity and clarity of the heart/mind Cross-references the ancients/elders : #14, #22, #38, #39, #62, #65, #68 virtue of the ancients : #65 scholar : #41, #68 mystery : #1, #6, #10, #27, #51, #56, #62, #65 fear/afraid : #17, #20, #72, #74 uncarved block : #19, #28, #32, #37, #57 valley : #6, #28, #32, #39, #41, #66 stillness : #16, #26, #37, #45, #57, #61 he who “possesses Dao” : #23, #24, #31, #65, #77 hidden : #41 Chapter Sixteen ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ [■] ■ • (•)■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ [■] ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ Attain the utmost emptiness. Maintain a profound stillness. The ten thousand creatures arise in unison, And thus I observe their return. Now : all the myriad creatures return to their source. Returning to the source speaks of stillness. Stillness is called returning to the natural order. Returning to the natural order speaks of the ever-constant. Knowing the ever-constant speaks of insight. Not knowing the ever-constant is foolish and creates misfortune. Knowing the ever-constant leads to tolerance. Being tolerant leads to being just and unbiased. Being just and unbiased leads to being kingly. Being kingly leads to heaven. Heaven leads to Dao. Dao leads to what endures. When the self disappears, there can be no danger. Attain the utmost emptiness. Maintain a profound stillness. [sincere,devoted,true] The ten thousand creatures arise in unison, [together,simultaneously] And thus I observe their return. Now : all the myriad creatures return2 to their source. [multitudinous2] Returning to the source speaks of stillness. Stillness is called returning to the natural order. [order,destiny,fate] Returning to the natural order speaks of the ever-constant. [order,destiny,fate] Knowing the ever-constant speaks of insight. [wise,sight] Not knowing the ever-constant is foolish and creates misfortune. [arise,makes] [unfortunate,evil] ♦Knowing the ever-constant [leads to] tolerance. [allow,permit,forbear] ♦Being tolerant leads to being just and unbiased. [allow,permit,forbear] [thereupon,consequently] ♦Being just and unbiased leads to being kingly. [thereupon,consequently] ♦Being kingly leads to heaven. [thereupon,consequently] ♦Heaven leads to Dao. [thereupon,consequently] ♦Dao leads to what endures. [thereupon,consequently] [for a long time] ♦When the self disappears, there can be no danger. Notes Only the first five lines of the entire chapter are present in GUO Cross-references stillness : #15, #26, #37, #45, #57, #61 returning : #14, #19, #20, #22, #25, #28, #34, #40, #52, #58, #60, #64, #65, #80 knowing the ever-constant speaks of insight : #55 self : #7, #9, #13, #26, #44, #52, #54, #66 no danger : #25, #32, #44, #52 when the self disappears, there can be no danger : #52 Chapter Seventeen ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

the families are very confused, There exists loyal officials. When the great Dao is abandoned, There exists kindness* and morality*. [righteousness] When intelligence and wisdom*A arise, There exists a great deal of deceptionB. [false,fake] When the six relationships*C are not in harmony, There exists devoted children* and loving parents*. When the nation and the families are very confused2, There exists loyal* officials{ministers,subjects}. Notes By looking at all the sources, it is easy to see that this chapter grew more anti-Confucian over time! A : the MWD texts use “knowledge” (a non-Confucian term) instead of “wisdom”; this whole sentence is absent in GUO B : this symbol could also be interpreted as hypocrisy, pretense, lying, dishonesty, etc. C : the six relationships refer to “all” the possible kinds of relationship in a family (in ancient China) : husband to wife, wife to husband, father to son, son to father, older brother to younger brother, younger brother to older brother Cross-references great Dao : #34, #53 nation and families : #57 anti-Confucian : #3, #19, #27, #33, #38 Chapter Nineteen ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • (•)■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • Renounce sacredness, abandon wisdom, And the citizens benefit 100-fold. Renounce kindness, abandon morality, And the citizens return to being devoted children and loving parents. Renounce cleverness, abandon profit, And thieves and bandits will not exist. These three things thus make a civilized society, but are not enough. Therefore : to ensure the citizens have a place to belong – See the simplicity, Embrace the concept of the uncarved block, Less selfishness, Fewer desires. Renounce sacredness, abandon wisdom*, ♦And the citizens benefit 100-fold. Renounce kindness*, abandon morality*, [righteousness] And the citizens return to being devoted children* and loving parents*. Renounce cleverness, abandon profit, And thieves and bandits{traitors} will not exist. These three things thus make a civilized society, but are not enough. [entities] [formal,polite,culture] Therefore : to ensure [the citizens] have a place to belongA – [make,cause] See the simplicity, Embrace the [concept of the] uncarved block, Less selfishness, Fewer desires. Notes GUO is significantly different about what to renounce or abandon, and the results, and it uses no Confucian terms; as early as MWD/B and MWD/A some Confucian terms had appeared A : perhaps meaning a place worth belonging to? Cross-references returning : #14, #16, #20, #22, #25, #28, #34, #40, #52, #58, #60, #64, #65, #80 thieves and bandits : #57 uncarved block : #15, #28, #32, #37, #57 anti-Confucian : #3, #18, #27, #33, #38 Chapter Twenty ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ (■) ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■(•) ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■(•) ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

symbols, they have the same meaning, thus making a majority); the symbol in WB means “wind”, and so is incorporated into the added phrase; the “I” is added at the beginning to maintain the I/they alternation Cross-references beauty and ugly : #2 fear/afraid : #15, #17, #72, #74 baby/infant/child : #10, #28, #49, #55 newborn infant : #10, #28, #55 returning : #14, #16, #19, #22, #25, #28, #34, #40, #52, #58, #60, #64, #65, #80 observant and alert : #58 mother : #1, #25, #52, #59 Chapter Twenty One ■ ■ ■ ■ (■) ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ (■) ■ (■) ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ (■) ■ (■) ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ (■) ■ (•) ■ ■ • The greatest De is possible only when Dao is followed. The action of Dao on creatures is just indistinct, just confusing. Confusing! and indistinct!, within it exists image. Indistinct! and confusing!, within it exists things. Obscure! and dark!, within it exists essence. Its essence is extremely real and true. Within it exists truth. From the present, reaching to antiquity, Its name has not departed – Thus I observe the father of the multitudes. How do I thus know the father of the multitudes is like this? By means of this. ♦The greatest De [it] is possible only when Dao is followed. [allowed,permitted] The action of Dao on creatures is just indistinct, just confusing.A [only] [only] Confusing ! and indistinct !, within it exists image. Indistinct ! and confusing !, within it exists things. Obscure ! and dark !, within it exists essence. Its essence is extremely real and true. ♦Within it exists truth*. From the present, reaching to antiquity, [since] [ancient,old] Its name has not departed – Thus I observe the father of the multitudes. [examine,inspect] How do I thus know the father of the multitudes [it] is like this ? ♦By means of thisB. Notes A : compare to #14, where something (presumably Dao) is also indistinct and confusing, and to #40, where Dao specifically “returns” and “weakens” B : “this” could be referring to observing the action of Dao, or just observing the world in front of you, or to the teachings of the DDJ, or something else – you decide! Cross-references confusing and indistinct : #14 essence : #55 how do I thus know : #54, #57 by means of this : #54, #57 Chapter Twenty Two ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ [■] ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • (•)■ ■ ■ ■ (•)■ (•) • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ What is wrong then becomes whole and perfect. What is bent then becomes straight. What is hollow then becomes filled. What is worn out then becomes new. Have little, then gain. Have too much, then become confused. Thus the sage : Embraces the One, thus serving as an example to the world – He does not display himself, therefore he has insight. Does not consider himself correct, therefore he distinguishes himself. Does not boast about himself, therefore he possesses merit. Does not brag about himself, therefore he endures. Now : only because he does not strive, Therefore no one in the world can strive against him. That which the ancients say : “He who is wrong then becomes whole and perfect” – How can these be empty words? Be truly whole and perfect, and return to it. ♦What is wrong{bent} then becomes whole and perfect. What is bent then becomes straight. ♦What is hollow then becomes filled. ♦What is worn out then becomes new. ♦Have little, then gain. ♦Have too much, then become confused. ♦Thus2 the sage2 : Embraces the One, thus serving as an example to the world2 – He does not display himself, therefore he has insight. [show] [wise,sight] Does not consider himself correct, therefore he distinguishes himself. [manifest,displaystand out] ♦Does not boast about himself, therefore he possesses merit. Does not brag about himself, therefore he endures{leads}. [boast] [long,forever] ♦Now : only because he does not strive, Therefore no one in the world2 can strive against him. [together with] ♦That which the ancients [they] say : “He who is wrong{bent} then becomes whole and perfect” – How can these be empty words ? Be truly whole and perfect, and return to itA. Notes A : there is no indication what the “it” is referring to in the original Chinese, so you decide! This symbol also means “them”, perhaps meaning “return to the ancients”? Cross-references embraces the One : #10 serves as an example to the world : #28 not displaying oneself (showing off) : #24, #47, #72, #77 display…insight : #24 correct…distinguishes : #24 boast : #24, #30 boast…merit : #24 brag : #24, #30 brag…endures : #24 no striving : #3, #8, #66, #68, #73, #81 no one in the world can strive against him : #66 the ancients/elders : #14, #15, #38, #39, #62, #65, #68 returning : #14, #16, #19, #20, #25, #28, #34, #40, #52, #58, #60, #64, #65, #80 Chapter Twenty Three ■ ■ ■ ■ (•)■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

[gain,get] If you do not trust* enough, then you will not have anyone's trust*. Notes A : this sentence and the next are very different across the sources, and the sentence before (about Dao) is not in the MWD's Cross-references naturally so : #17, #25, #51, #64 he who "possesses Dao" : #15, #24, #31, #65, #77 not trusting enough : #17 Chapter Twenty Four ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■(•) ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ (•)■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • He who stands on tiptoe does not really stand. He who stands astride can not travel. He who displays himself does not have insight. He who considers himself correct does not distinguish himself. He who boasts about himself is without merit. He who brags about himself does not endure. He who lives in Dao – Calls these leftover food and unnecessary behavior. Creatures detest them, no matter what. Therefore : he who possesses Dao does not live by them. He who stands on tiptoe does not [really] stand. He who stands astride can not travel. ♦He who displays himself does not have insight. [shows] [wise,sight] ♦He who considers himself correct does not distinguish himself. [manifest,displaystand out] ♦He who boasts about himself is without merit. ♦He who brags about himself does not endure{lead}. [boasts] [long,forever] ♦He [who] lives in Dao – ♦Calls these leftover foodA and unnecessary behavior. [excess, remainder] ♦Creatures detest them, no matter what. Therefore : he who possesses Dao does not live byB them. Notes A : presumably, the inedible scraps (not something good, as in "leftover turkey") B : there is some debate over the last symbol in this line – both FY and HSG use this symbol (making it a majority), and some WB versions also use it; other WB versions use ■, thus reading he who possesses Dao does not dwell with them Cross-references not displaying oneself (showing off) : #22, #47, #72, #77 display…insight : #22 correct…distinguishes : #22 boast : #22, #30 boast…merit : #22 brag : #22, #30 brag…endure : #22 creatures detest them : #31 he who "possesses Dao" : #15, #23, #31, #65, #77 Chapter Twenty Five ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ A good traveler is without wagon track or footprint. A good speaker is without flaw or disgrace. A good accountant does not use counting tokens. A good barrier is without bar or lock, yet can not be opened. A good binding is without cord or restraint, yet can not be loosened. Thus the sage : Is always good at helping people, Therefore he does not abandon people. Is always good at helping creatures, Therefore he does not abandon creatures. This is called following your insight. Therefore : he who is a virtuous person is the teacher of he who is not a virtuous person. He who is not a virtuous person is the resource of he who is a virtuous person. If the latter does not value his teacher, Or the former does not love his resource, Even if there is wisdom, there will be great confusion. This is called the essential subtle mystery. A good traveler is without [wagon] trackA or footprint. A good speaker is without flaw{fault} or disgrace{blame}. A good accountant does not use counting tokens2. [counter] [token method] A good barrier is without bar or lock, yet can not be opened. [obstruction,blockage] A good binding is without cord or restraint, yet can not be loosened. ♦Thus2 the sage2 : Is always good at helping people, Therefore he does not abandon people. Is always good at helping creatures, Therefore he does not abandon creatures. This is called following your insight. [wise,sight] Therefore : he who is a virtuous person is the teacher of [he who] is not a virtuous person. He who is not a virtuous person is the resource of [he who] is a virtuous person. [wealth,supply,support] ♦[If the latter] does not value his teacher, ♦[Or the former] does not love his resource, [wealth,supply,support] Even if there is wisdom*, there will be great confusion. This is called the essential subtle mystery. Notes A: this symbol also has the connotation of “rut”, hence the track of a vehicle Cross-references one who is not virtuous : #49, #62, #81 teaching : #2, #42, #43 mystery : #1, #6, #10, #15, #51, #56, #62, #65 anti-Confucian : #3, #18, #19, #33, #38 Chapter Twenty Eight ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

every source has a different pair in this line! Cross-references possess or take hold of the world or nation : #48, #57, #59, #61 have no choice : #30, #31 he who acts, ruins it : #64 he who grasps, loses it : #64 creatures sometimes X…Y : #42 strong : #3, #30, #33, #36, #52, #55, #67, #78 weak : #3, #36, #40, #55, #76, #78 Chapter Thirty ■ ■ ■

in the world2 can conquer it. If noblesA and kings could maintain it, ♦The ten thousand creatures would naturally obey. ♦Heaven and earth would join with each other, Thus dropping a sweet dew.B There are no citizens who would make this happen, [they] Yet [it]C would be naturally fair and impartial. ♦And so, begin to divide D and you have names. [cut&make garments] ♦Once names [also] exist, [now that] Men should also be ready to know when to stop. Knowing when to stop is the reason that2 there is no danger. An analogy for the action of Dao in the world2 : It is similar to a stream in a valley that [becomes] part of a large river or ocean. [it] [together with,take part in] Notes A : while this symbol does literally mean “nobles”, it also specifically refers to a “Marquis”; the Western equivalents for the five grades of Chinese nobility (below the royal family) were Duke, Marquis, Count (or Earl), Viscount, and Baron, in descending order B : Waley comments that this phrase is used to indicate that the kingdom is at peace C : “they” could be used here, referring to the citizens instead of this process D : see #28, where the uncarved block is divided Cross-references always/ever-constantly without X : #1, #34, #37 without-name : #1, #37, #41 nobles (in general) : #37, #39, #42, #62, #80 if nobles and kings could maintain it : #37 uncarved block : #15, #19, #28, #37, #57 ten thousand creatures would naturally… : #37 knowing when to stop : #44 no danger : #16, #25, #44, #52 valley : #6, #15, #28, #39, #41, #66 Chapter Thirty Three ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • He who knows people is wise; He who knows himself has insight. He who is victorious over people possesses power; He who is victorious over himself is strong. He who knows he has enough is wealthy; He who uses force possesses ambition. He who does not lose his place endures; He who dies yet does not perish has longevity. He who knows people is wise*; ♦He who knows himself has insight. [wise,sight] ♦He who is victorious over people possesses power; ♦He who is victorious over himself is strong. ♦He who knows he has enough is wealthy; ♦He who uses force2 possesses ambition. ♦He who does not lose his placeA endures; [for a long time] He who dies yet does not perish has longevity.B Notes A : possibly meaning one’s center, source or root (but then why not use one of the many symbols used elsewhere for these words?), this may be referring to one’s station or position in life (ancient Chinese society was highly stratified); but on the other hand, that sounds very Confucian – so you decide! B : this line has generated much speculation over the millennia; perhaps it refers to being remembered after you die, or the death of the “self”? Cross-references strong : #3, #29, #30, #36, #52, #55, #67, #78 knowing one has enough : #44, #46 die/death : #6, #42, #50, #67, #74, #75, #76, #80 anti-Confucian : #3, #18, #19, #27, #38 Chapter Thirty Four ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ (■) ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ [■] ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ [(•)■] ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ (■) ■ • (■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ •) [■ ■ ■ ■ ■ •] (•)■ ■ ■ __ ■ Great Dao is like a vast flood! It is able to flow left and right. The ten thousand creatures depend on it in order for life, And are not rejected. It accomplishes its tasks successfully, Yet does not possess a name. It clothes and supports the ten thousand creatures, But does not act as their master. Therefore : since it is ever-constantly without-desire, It can then be named insignificant. Since the ten thousand creatures return to it But it does not act as their master, It can then be named great. Thus the sage can achieve greatness Because he does not act great. Therefore he can achieve greatness. Great Dao is like a vast flood ! ♦It is able to flow left and right.A The ten thousand creatures depend on it in order for life, and are not rejected. [decline,dismiss] It accomplishes its tasks successfully, yet does not possess a name. [results,achievements] It clothes and supports the ten thousand creatures, But does not act as their master. Therefore : since it is ever-constantly without-desire, ♦It can then be named insignificant. ♦Since the ten thousand creatures return to it But it does not act as their master, It can then be named great. Thus2 the sage2 [he] can achieve greatness Because he does not act great. Therefore he can achieve greatness.B Notes A : in other words, everywhere B : the last three lines are significantly different between sources. What is used here comes from the MWD’s, and FY says the exact same thing with slightly different symbols (thus making it the majority). But HSG reads Thus2 the sage2 is whole, but does not act great. Therefore he can achieve his greatness. And WB reads (with no reference to the sage, presumably still referring to Dao from earlier in the chapter) Because it is whole, it naturally does not act great. Therefore it can achieve its greatness. WB also switched from saying the sage is great to Dao is great in #67 Cross-references great Dao : #18, #53 accomplishing tasks : #2, #9, #17, #77 always/ever-constantly without X : #1, #32, #37 without-desire : #1, #3, #37, #57 returning : #14, #16, #19, #20, #22, #25, #28, #40, #52, #58, #60, #64, #65, #80 sage can achieve greatness : #63 Chapter Thirty Five ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ (■) ■ (■) ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • Holding fast to the great image, The entire world comes towards you. Comes towards you, and meeting with no harm, There is the greatest peace and calm. Music together with good food make passing guests stay, But Dao’s words are bland! They are without flavor. Look for it, there is not enough to see. Listen for it, there is not enough to hear. Use it, there is not enough to exhaust. ♦Holding fast to the great image, ♦The [entire] world2 comes towards you. ♦Comes towards you, and [meeting with]A no harm, There is the greatest peace and calm2. [peace,calm calm,peace] Music together with good food make passing guests stay, [cakes] But Dao ’s words2 are bland !B ♦They are without flavor. ♦Look for it, there is not enough to see. ♦Listen for it, there is not enough to hear. Use it, there is not enough to exhaust°. Notes A : “doing” could just as easily be used here, but since the sage is the one who does no harm in #58, #60, and #66, “meeting with” is used B : the sentence-as-a-whole can be interpreted in two different ways (see the Introduction) : “speaking about Dao” or “the words that

come out of Dao” (which is used here); also note that in the majority of the sources this line is a statement, not a question Cross-references no harm : #56, #58, #60, #66, #81 look, not seen and listen, not heard : #14 use does not exhaust : #4, #5 Chapter Thirty Six ■ ■ ■

trying to show that he has De B : “coerces” is the same symbol as “acts”, but is used here to emphasize that it is the opposite of “non-action” C : this line varies greatly between all the sources, and there is no majority; this comes from FY as it seems to make the most sense D : this could also mean “future knowledge” and so is often translated as “foreknowledge”, “prescience”, etc. E : fruit provides nourishment, whereas a flower is merely showy F : compare to #50 and #75, where living for the “substance” is apparently a bad thing G : presumably, appearance and the “flower” vs. substance and the “fruit” (respectively) Cross-references non-action : #2, #3, #37, #43, #48, #57, #63, #64 the ancients/elders : #14, #15, #22, #39, #62, #65, #68 substance : #50, #55, #75 leave that and choose this : #12, #72 anti-Confucian : #3, #18, #19, #27, #33 Chapter Thirty Nine ■ ■ ■

only Dao is good at beginning and also good at completing. The superior scholar hearing of Dao works hard and practices it. [performs] The average scholar hearing of Dao seems to keep it, seems to lose it. [middle] ♦The inferior scholar hearing of Dao laughs greatly at it. ♦If he did not laugh, it would not be qualified3 to be Dao. Therefore : in the established sayings2A that exist, it is said – Insight into Dao seems like darkness. [wise,sight] ♦Advancing in Dao seems like retreating. ♦Smooth Dao seems knotted.B ♦Superior De seems like a valley. ♦The greatest purity seems like disgrace. ♦The most extensive De seems like it is not enough. ♦Established De seems aimless. Real and true character seems inconsistent. [change] ♦The greatest region is without borders.C The greatest vessel is last to be completed.D [late] The greatest tone is a tenuous sound. [rare] The greatest image is without-form. Dao is hidden and without-name. Now : only Dao is good at beginning and also good at completing.E Notes A : Ames&Hall comment that it is unknown whether “established sayings” is referring to proverbs in general, or a specific work that no longer exists B : compare to #53, where “Dao is extremely even” C : this line could just as likely be translated as The greatest square is without corners but considering that the DDJ often refers to nations, this translation seems more appropriate D : a euphemism for “great talents mature slowly” E : although this line only survives in MWD/B of the three earlier sources, it is used here because it is much more straightforward and understandable than the later three Cross-references scholar : #15, #68 valley : #6, #15, #28, #32, #39, #66 tone and voice/sound (same symbol) : #2 tenuous : #14 hidden : #15 without-name : #1, #32, #37

Chapter Forty Two ■ ■ ■

clumsy. Great debaters seem slow of speech. Restlessness conquers cold. Stillness conquers heat. Purity and clarity along with stillness makes the world proper and correct. Great achievement seems incomplete, [lacking] But its usefulness is not impaired. [harmed] Great fullness is like a cup or bowlA, Its usefulness is not exhausted. Great straightness seems bent. Great skillfulness seems clumsy.B Great debaters seem slow of speechC. ♦Restlessness conquers cold. [victorious,beats] ♦Stillness conquers heat. [victorious,beats] Purity and clarity D along with stillnessD makes the world2 proper and correct{honest and just}. Notes A : the symbol used here only appears in 1/5 sources, but gives the most understandable translation (and matches the first line in #4) B : this line could just as likely be translated as Great cleverness seems stupid. C : this is a euphemism for stammering, but also represents a personal quality that Confucius recommended people cultivate D : presumably referring to inner, mental/emotional qualities Cross-references stillness : #15, #16, #26, #37, #57, #61 stillness and restlessness : #26 Chapter Forty Six ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • (■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■) ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ (•)■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■(•) • When the world possesses Dao, Riding horses are nonetheless used for manure. When the world is without Dao, War-horses are bred in the countryside. There is no fault greater than the capacity for desire. There is no misfortune greater than not knowing when you have enough. There is no error greater than desire for gain. Therefore : knowing the sufficiency of having enough, there is always enough! ♦When the world2 possesses Dao, ♦Riding horses are nonetheless used for manure. [still,yet,however] ♦When the world2 is without Dao, ♦War-horses are bred in the countryside. [military] [produced] [open spaces/outskirts] ♦There is no fault greater than the capacity for desire.A [ability] ♦There is no misfortune greater than not knowing when you have enough. ♦There is no error greater than desire for gain. Therefore : knowing the sufficiency of having enough, there is always enough !B Notes A : this line is in every source except WB B : The core of this sentence is “■ of ■ always ■”, where ■ can mean “enough”, “sufficient”, or possibly “satisfaction” (and by interpretation, “contentment”), so it can be translated in many ways; while I usually use the same English word for each symbol (when appropriate), in this case it seems clearer to use different words with equivalent meanings within the same sentence; this would be similar to changing the phrase “appears to have appeared” to “seems to have appeared” Cross-references knowing you have enough : #33, #44 Chapter Forty Seven ■ ■ ■ [■] ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ [■] (■) ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ (his/their) could be referring to the sage or to the 100 families; the choices made here are consistent with the first two lines of the chapter C : compare to #12, where the sage does not act on what he sees D : adding “his” turns this line from something deragatory (“treats them all like children”, which seems out of character) into something that matches #42, where the sage becomes an “elder teacher” (literally, godfather) Cross-references 100 families : #5, #17 one who is not virtuous : #27, #62, #81 serve the world : #13, #39 baby/infant/child : #10, #20, #28, #55 Chapter Fifty ■ (•)■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ (■) ■ (•)■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ Between coming out into life and entering death, Followers of life are 3 in 10. Followers of death are 3 in 10. People whose lives are merely moving them towards the place of death Are also 3 in 10. Now : what is the reason? Because they live life for its substance. But I have heard that he who is skilled at taking in life Can travel the mountains and does not meet rhino or tiger, Can enter a battle not wearing armor or weapons. The rhino has no place to thrust its horns, The tiger has no place to use its claws, The weapon has no place to allow its blade. Now : what is the reason? Because for him there is no place of death. ♦Between coming out into life and entering death, ♦FollowersA of life are 3 in 10B. [10 has 3] ♦Followers of death are 3 in 10. [10 has 3] People whose lives are [merely] moving them towards the place of deathC [their] Are also 3 in 10. [10 has 3] Now : what is the reason? Because they live life for its substanceD. ♦But I have heard that he who is skilled at taking inE life Can travel the mountains and does not meet rhino or tiger, ♦Can enter a battle not wearing armor or weapons. [army,military] ♦The rhino has no place to thrust its horns, [send,put in] The tiger has no place to use its claws, [employ] ♦The weapon has no place to allow its blade. Now : what is the reason? Because for him there is no place of death. Notes A : “follower” as in disciple or one who agrees with a particular way of looking at things B : this phrase can also be interpreted as “13”, possibly referring to the 4 limbs and 9 openings of the human body, but when using “3 in 10” then the first five lines discuss 9 out of 10 people, and the remaining lines seem to talk about the tenth (presumably sage-like) person C : there are many different interpretations of this phrase (and the entire sentence); presumably, the “place of death” is the end destination of the journey of life as opposed to a literal location (a more modern interpretation of the symbols is the “point of death”); while the symbols for this sentence come from WB and HSG and are technically a minority, the phrasing they use here matches that in the third line following D : compare to #38, where living for the “substance” is apparently a good thing, and #75, where it is a bad thing E : compare to #49, where the sage “gathers in the world”; the last part of this sentence could also be translated as “he who has virtue and takes in life” Cross-references die/death : #6, #33, #42, #67, #74, #75, #76, #80 follower of life and follower of death : #76 substance : #38, #55, #75 Chapter Fifty One ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

to return2 to your insight. [his] [his] [wise,sight] Do not lose your self in misfortune. This is called practicing the ever-constant.A Notes A : while this could also be translated as This is called the ever-constant practice the symbol for “practice” is instead “follow” in FY and MWD/A; since “the ever-constant following” doesn’t make since, the line is translated this way Cross-references mother : #1, #20, #25, #59 mother of the world : #25 self : #7, #9, #13, #16, #26, #44, #54, #66 no danger : #16, #25, #32, #44 when the self disappears, there can be no danger : #16 gateway : #1, #6, #10, #56 block your senses, close your gateway : #56 returning : #14, #16, #19, #20, #22, #25, #28, #34, #40, #58, #60, #64, #65, #80 soft : #10, #36, #43, #55, #76, #78 strong : #3, #29, #30, #33, #36, #55, #67, #78 Chapter Fifty Three • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ (•) If I correctly use the tiniest bit of knowledge that I possess While travelling on the great Way, It is only walking off the path that I need to fear. The great Way is extremely even, But the citizens are fond of side paths. Although the royal court is very well-kept, The fields are very overgrown with weeds, The granaries are very empty. While at the court they wear refined multicolored silks, Carry sharp swords, Stuff themselves with drink and food, And have an excess of wealth and goods. This is called robbery and extravagance, Not Dao, indeed!! If I correctly use the tiniest bit of knowledge that I possess ♦While travelling on the great Way, It is only walking off the path that I need to fear. ♦The great Way is extremely even,A But the citizens are fond of [side] paths. ♦[Although] the royal court is very well-kept, [remove,wipe outclean] ♦The fields are very overgrown with weeds, ♦The granaries are very empty. [While at the court] they wear refined{formal} multicolored silks, ♦Carry sharp swords, Stuff themselves with drink and food, [satiate,satisfy] ♦And have an excess of wealth and goods. This is called robberyB and extravagance, ♦Not Dao, indeed! ! Notes A : compare to #41, where “smooth Dao seems knotted” B: a play on words, since ■ (robbery) is also pronounced “dao” Cross-references great Dao : #18, #34 Chapter Fifty Four ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ __ ■ ■ ■ ■ (■) ■ ■ __ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ __ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ __ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ __ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ (•)■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

[auspicious,lucky] ♦Heart/mind making Qi speaks of strength. ♦When creatures are robust but old, ♦We call them “not Dao”. [That which is] “not Dao” has an early finish. Notes The last sentence is in all sources except GUO A : this sentence and the next are sometimes reversed in meaning, as their last symbols have both positive and negative interpretations Cross-references substance : #38, #50, #75 baby/infant/child : #10, #20, #28, #49 newborn infant : #10, #20, #28 weak : #3, #29, #36, #40, #76, #78 soft : #10, #36, #43, #52, #76, #78 strong : #3, #29, #30, #33, #36, #52, #67, #78 essence : #21 knowing the ever-constant speaks of insight : #16 Qi : #10, #42 when creatures are robust but old : #30 “not Dao” has an early finish : #30 Chapter Fifty Six ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ • (•)■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ (•)■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • He who knows does not speak; He who speaks does not know. Block your senses, close your gateway. Blunt your sharpness, Loosen your tangles, Soften your brightness, Be the same as the dust of the world. This is called a deep and mysterious sameness. Therefore : you can not gain it and be friendly, Can not gain it and be unfriendly, Can not gain it and benefit, Can not gain it and cause harm, Can not gain it and have high rank, Can not gain it and be lowly. Therefore you become valuable to the world. ♦He who knows does not speak; ♦He who speaks does not know. ♦Block your senses°, close your gateway. [his] [his] Blunt your sharpness, [dampens,subdues] [his] ♦Loosen your tanglesA, [his] Soften your brightness,B [his] ♦Be [you] the same as the dust of the world C. [his] ♦This is called a deep and mysterious sameness. ♦Therefore : you can not gain itD and be friendly, [love,in favor of] ♦Can not gain it and be unfriendly, ♦Can not gain it and benefit, ♦Can not gain it and cause harm, ♦Can not gain it and have high rank, ♦Can not gain it and be lowly. [worthless] ♦Therefore youE become valuable to the world2. Notes A : this line could also be translated as Clarify your confusion B : compare to #58, where the sage is bright but does not dazzle C : according to Waley, “dust” is a metaphor for the “noise and fuss of everyday life” D : there is no noun in the original Chinese, so you decide what “it” is! E : “it” (whatever “it” is in the previous lines) could just as reasonably be used here Cross-references gateway : #1, #6, #10, #52 block your senses, close your gateway : #52 blunt the sharpness : #4 loosen the tangles : #4 soften the brightness : #4 dust of the world : #4 mystery : #1, #6, #10, #15, #27, #51, #62, #65 mysterious sameness : #1 no harm : #35, #58, #60, #66, #81 being valuable : #62, #70 therefore become valuable to the world : #62 Chapter Fifty Seven • ■(•) ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ [■] ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ (■) ■ [■] ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ (■) ■ (■) ■ ■ ■ ■ (•)■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

misfortune [it] lies on. ♦Who knows their limits C? [utmost,extreme] ♦They are not honest and just. ♦Honesty and justness returns, becoming strange and unusual. ♦Virtue returns, becoming weird and strange. ♦The confusion of the people – ♦Its days have indeed been everlasting. [undoubtedly] [for a long time] Thus2 the sage2 : ♦Is honestD and does not divideE, Is honorable* and does not injure, ♦Is straightforward and does not indulge in excess, Is bright but does not dazzleF. Notes The very's in the first four lines are implied by the repeated symbols at the end of each line A : every source has a different symbol here; this comes from WB B : this line and the next can be translated many ways because of the numerous meanings of their last symbols (see the Introduction) – the translation given here is the most "neutral", saying only that they depend on each other C : literally "their extremes", presumably in the sense of "to what extremes they will go" or "how far will they go"; compare to #59 D : this symbol also has the sense of "morally upright", "principled", and "ethical" E : compare to #28 where the "greatest cutting does not divide" (also in relation to the sage) F : every source has a different symbol, but three of them mean "to shine, dazzle, be glorious" thus making a majority in meaning; compare to how the sage does not "display" in #22, #47, #72, #77 Cross-references observant and alert : #20 returning : #14, #16, #19, #20, #22, #25, #28, #34, #40, #52, #60, #64, #65, #80 honest and just, strange and unusual : #57 no harm : #35, #56, #60, #66, #81 Chapter Fifty Nine ■■■■■■(•)■■■■■■

merging place of the world2, [intersection,exchange,mixing] The female of the world2. The female always uses stillness to conquer the male. [victory,beat] By using stillness, she becomes lower-thanB. ♦Therefore : if a great nation is [thus] lower-than a small nation, ♦Then it takes hold of the small nation. ♦If a small nation is [thus] lower-than a great nation, Then it is taken hold of by the great nation. ♦Therefore : sometimes one [nation] is lower-than in order to take hold of, [maybe,perhaps] ♦Sometimes one [nation] is lower-than and then it is taken hold of. [maybe,perhaps] A great nation merely2 desires to combine livestock and people, ♦A small nation merely2 desires to get work for its people.C Now : for both nations to each get that which is their desire, [entities] It is proper for the great nation to be lower-than. [entity] Notes A : ■ (flow) has associations with water B : literally “below”, “under”, or “inferior”, here “lower- than” is used to indicate taking the lower or inferior position in a relationship (which in ancient Chinese culture was the better thing to do); Lau translates it as “taking the lower position” C : the end of this line can also be translated as “desires to join and serve people” Cross-references feminine : #6, #10, #28 stillness : #15, #16, #26, #37, #45, #57 lower-than : #66, #68 possess or take hold of the world or nation : #29, #48, #57, #59 Chapter Sixty Two ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ • (•)■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■(•) (•)■ ■ ■ ■ ■ That which Daos is the obscure mystery of the ten thousand creatures. This is the treasure of a virtuous person, And that which is the protection of a person who is not virtuous. Beautiful speech can be used in the market, Respectful behavior can benefit people. People who are not virtuous, Why abandon them? Therefore : when inaugurating the son of heaven, Or installing the three nobles – Even if you possessed jade disks drawn by a team of four horses, That is not as good as sitting and offering this Way. What was the ancients’ reason that they valued this Way? Did they not say : Seek in order to obtain, Have faults in order to be forgiven? Therefore Dao becomes valuable to the world. That which Daos is the obscure mysteryA of the ten thousand creatures. [This is] the treasure of a virtuous person, ♦And that which is the protection of a person who is not virtuous. ♦Beautiful speech can be used in the market,B Respectful behaviorC can2 benefit people. [add,increase,augment] ♦People who are not virtuous, [they] ♦Why abandon them2? [their existence] ♦Therefore : when inaugurating the son of heavenD, [establishing] Or installing the three noblesE – [dukes] Even if you possessed jade disks2 drawn by2 a team of four horses,F [using,by means of before] That is not as good as sitting and offering this Way. ♦What was the ancient ’s reason that2 they valued this Way? Did they not say : Seek in order to obtain, Have faults in order to be forgiven ? [exempt,spare,excuse] ♦Therefore [Dao]G becomes valuable to the world2. Notes A : although they are in the minority, I rather like what the MWD’s say : That which Daos is the flowing together of the ten thousand creatures B : presumably, for bartering C : these two symbols could just as likely be translated as “honorable deeds” D: the “son of heaven” is a standard phrase referring to the emperor E : specifically Dukes (see #32), but in keeping with other chapters, this is interpreted more generally as “nobles”; the phrase “three Dukes” specifically refers to the highest state officials, advisors, or ministers F : a very expensive and impressive offering, indeed! G : there is no subject in the original Chinese; Dao is assumed based on the 4th line previous Cross-references mystery : #1, #6, #10, #15, #27, #51, #56, #65 treasure : #67, #69 one who is not virtuous : #27, #49, #81 nobles (in general) : #32, #37, #39, #42, #80 the ancients/elders : #14, #15, #22, #38, #39, #65, #68 being valuable : #56, #70 therefore becomes valuable to the world : #56 Chapter Sixty Three • ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ (•)■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • What is peaceful is easy to hold. What has not yet been revealed is easy to plan for. What is brittle is easy to shatter. What is minute is easy to scatter. Act on it while it does not yet exist. Govern them while they are not yet confused. A tree too big to embrace is created from the tiniest shoot. A terrace of nine stories rises from a pile of dirt. A journey of a thousand miles begins from under the feet. He who acts, ruins it. He who grasps, loses it. Thus the sage : Does not act, therefore he does not ruin. Does not grasp, therefore he does not lose. Citizens are always on the verge of achieving their undertakings, yet they ruin them. Be as careful in the end as if it was the beginning, Then you will not ruin your affairs. Thus the sage : Desires to not desire, Does not value rare goods, Learns to not learn. He returns to that which everyone else has passed over, Thus helping the ten thousand creatures to be naturally so, Yet not daring to act. ♦What is peaceful is easy to hold. [it] ♦What has not yet been revealed is easy to plan for. [it] [omen,sign,portent] ♦What is brittle is easy to shatter. [it] [fall apart] What is minute is easy to scatter. [it] ♦Act on it while it does not yet exist. [<preposition>] ♦Govern them while they are not yet confused. [<preposition>] ♦A tree [] too big to embrace2 is created from the tiniest shoot. [least] [tip,end] A terraceA of nine stories rises from a pile of dirt. [soil,land,ground] A journey of a thousand milesB begins from under the feet. [travel] ♦He who acts, ruins it. ♦He who grasps, loses it. ♦Thus2 the sage2 : ♦Does not act, therefore he does not ruin. ♦Does not grasp, therefore he does not lose. Citizens are always on the verge of achieving their undertakings2, yet they ruin them. [almost] Be as careful in the end as if it was the beginning, Then you will not ruin your affairs. ♦Thus2 the sage2 : ♦Desires to not desire, ♦Does not value rare2 [] goods, ♦Learns to not learn. He returns to that which everyone2 else [they] has passed over, Thus helping the ten thousand creatures [them] to be naturally so2, Yet not daring to act.C Notes A : in ancient China, terraces were man-made hills with paths cut into in their sides, leading up to a plateau at the top from which to view the surrounding landscape B : around the time the DDJ was written, a ■ was probably equal to about 1/3 of a mile C : this line is intentionally left ambiguous as to whether it is the sage or the creatures that do not dare to act, as it is also ambiguous in the original Chinese Cross-references he who acts, ruins it : #29 he who grasps, loses it : #29 non-action : #2, #3, #37, #38, #43, #48, #57, #63 rare goods : #3, #12 returning : #14, #16, #19, #20, #22, #25, #28, #34, #40, #52, #58, #60, #65, #80 naturally so : #17, #23, #25, #51 not daring to act : #3, #67, #69 Chapter Sixty Five ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ (■) ■ • (•)■ ■ (■) ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ (■) ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■(•) ■ ■ ■ ■(•) __ __ ■ ■ ■ ■ The virtue of the ancients (they who acted in Dao), Did not use it to enlighten the citizens, But would have used it to keep them ignorant – The citizens are hard to govern Because they have too much knowledge. Therefore : using knowledge to govern the nation Is the bane of the nation. Not using knowledge to govern the nation Is the good fortune of the nation. He who has knowledge of these two also has them as examples. To always understand these examples – This is called deep and mysterious De. Deep and mysterious De is so profound! and remote! That when creatures return, it returns with them! Then they reach the greatest harmony. ♦The virtue of the ancients (they who acted in Dao), ♦Did not use it to enlighten the citizens, [wise,sightinsight] ♦But would have used it to keep them ignorantA – [stupid,foolish] ♦The citizens [they] are hard to govern Because they have too much knowledgeB. Therefore : using knowledgeB to govern the nation Is the bane of the nation. [evil] Not using knowledgeB to govern the nation Is the good fortune of the nation. ♦He who has knowledge of these two also has [them as] examples2. To always understand these examples2 – This is called deep and mysterious De. ♦Deep and mysterious De is so profound ! and remote ! ♦That when creatures returnC, it returns [together]with them ! Then they reach the greatest harmony. [go along with,same direction,agreeable] Notes A : ignorance here is a good thing, as in #20 where the sage is foolish (using the same symbol) B : only WB and HSG have the Confucian term “wisdom” here, making these sentences anti-Confucian C : as in #25, where “being remote speaks of returning”; this sentence could also be translated as That it helps [all] creatures to return ! Cross-references the ancients/elders : #14, #15, #22, #38, #39, #62, #68 virtue of the ancients : #15 he who “possesses Dao” : #15, #23, #24, #31, #77 citizens are hard to govern : #75 mystery : #1, #6, #10, #15, #27, #51, #56, #62 deep and mysterious De : #10, #51 returning : #14, #16, #19, #20, #22, #25, #28, #34, #40, #52, #58, #60, #64, #80 De and returning : #28, #60 remote : #25 remote and returning : #25 Chapter Sixty Six ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • (•)■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ [■ ■] ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ • (•)■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ The reason that rivers and seas can act as kings of the 100 valleys Is because they are good at being lower-than them. Therefore : they can act as kings of the 100 valleys. Thus the sage : In desiring to be above the citizens, He must by means of his speech be lower-than them. In desiring to be before the citizens, He must by means of his self be behind them. Thus the sage : Lives above them, but the citizens are not burdened. Lives in front of them, but the citizens are not harmed. Thus the world is pleased to promote him, and does not tire of him. Because he does not strive, Therefore no one in the world can strive against him. The reason that2 rivers and seas [they] can act as kings of the 100 valleys Is because they are good at being lower-thanA them. Therefore : they can act as kings of the 100 valleys. Thus2 the sage2 : In desiring to be aboveB the citizens, He must by means of his speech be lower-than them. In desiring to be beforeC the citizens, He must by means of his self be behind them. Thus2 the sage2 : Lives above them, but the citizens are not burdened. [heavy] Lives in

front of them, but the citizens are not harmed. Thus2 the world2 is pleased to promote him, and does not tire of{despise} him. Because he does not strive, ♦Therefore no one in the world2 can strive against him. [together with] Notes A : literally “below”, “under”, or “inferior”, here “lower- than” is used to indicate taking the lower or inferior position in a relationship (which in ancient Chinese culture was the better thing to do); Lau translates it as “taking the lower position” B : presumably, to rule over C : presumably, to lead Cross-references valley : #6, #15, #28, #32, #39, #41 lower-than : #61, #68 before/behind others : #7, #67 self : #7, #9, #13, #16, #26, #44, #52, #54 no harm : #35, #56, #58, #60, #81 not tire of leadership : #72 no striving : #3, #8, #22, #68, #73, #81 no one in the world can strive against him : #22 Chapter Sixty Seven ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ __ ■ ■ ■ ■ (•)■ ■ (■ ■) ■ [■] (■) • ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■(•) (•)■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ • ■ (•)■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■(•) (•)■ In the world, all say I am great, But do not seem to be like everyone else. Now : only because I am not like everyone else, therefore I can be great. If I was like everyone else, Long ago! I would have become insignificant, indeed! Now : I possess three treasures – Hold and maintain them. The first is called compassion, The second is called economy, The third is called not daring to act first in the world. With compassion, you can therefore be brave. With economy, you can therefore expand. By not daring to act first in the world, Therefore you can achieve the capacity for leadership. At present, people abandon compassion but also try to be brave, Abandon economy but also try to expand, Abandon being behind but also try to be first – This is death! Now : when compassion is used in war, the consequence is victory. When it is used for protection, the consequence is strength. When heaven would help you, Using compassion it protects you. In the world2, all say I am great,A But do not seem to be like [everyone else].B Now : only [because I am] not like [everyone else], therefore I can be great.C ♦If [I was] like [everyone else], Long ago ! I would have become insignificant, indeed! [he] [minute,tiny] Now : I possess three treasures – Hold and maintain them. ♦The first is called compassion*, ♦The second is called economy, [thrifty,frugal] ♦The third is called not daring to act firstD in the world2. ♦With compassion*, you can therefore be brave*. ♦With economy, you can therefore expandE. [thrifty,frugal] ♦By not daring to act first in the world2, Therefore you can achieve the capacity for leadership. At present, people abandon compassion* but also try to be brave*, Abandon economy but also try to expandE, [thrifty,frugal] Abandon being behind but also try to be first – This is death ! Now : when compassion* is used in war, the consequence is victory. ♦When it is used for protection, the consequence is strength. When heaven would help you, [him] Using compassion* it protects you. [him] Notes A : this may sound egotistical, but the sage is described as being “great” in #34 and #63 and “valued” in #70; only WB and HSG changed this and the next four lines to read In the world2, all say my Dao is great, And does not seem to be like [anything else]. Now : only [because it is] great, therefore it does not seem to be like [anything else]. If [it was] like [anything else], Long ago ! it would have become insignificant, indeed! WB also switched from saying the sage is great to Dao is great in #34; also note that here it is everyone else, not the sage, who says the sage is great B : see #20 for many examples of how the sage is not like everyone else; this and the next three lines are translated in many different ways because ■ (“seem”, “resemble”) sounds the same as a different symbol meaning “small” and so is sometimes interpreted that way, and because ■ ■ can also mean “unworthy” C : this sentence comes from MWD/B for consistency with the previous lines D : presumably take the lead, rule, etc.; compare to #7 and #66 about being behind to be first E : this could be referring to expanding your territory or kingdom Cross-references treasures : #62, #69 not daring to act : #3, #64 before/behind others : #7, #66 die/death : #6, #33, #42, #50, #74, #75, #76, #80 strong : #3, #29, #30, #33, #36, #52, #55, #78 Chapter Sixty Eight ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

underestimating the enemy. By underestimating the enemy, I nearly lose my treasures. Therefore : when armies on opposing sides are evenly matched, Then they who mourn will be victorious! Those who command troops2 have a saying : ♦I dare not act like the master, but instead act like a guest. Dare not advance an inchA, but instead retreat a footB. This is called marching without marching, [travelling] [travelling] ♦Seizing without using your armsC, Routing without having an enemy, [throw out] DefendingD without using weapons. [hold,maintain] There is no misfortune greater than underestimating the enemy.E [frivolous,unimportant] By underestimating the enemy, I nearly lose my treasures. [frivolous,unimportant] Therefore : when armies on opposing sides are evenly matched, [similar,like each other,comparable2] Then they who mournF will be victorious ! Notes A : ■ was a unit of length, very close to one inch B : ■ was a unit of length, very close to one foot C : this symbol is definitely referring to the limb, not the English synonym for “weapons”; this and the next two lines can be translated in many ways due to their terseness D : as in “hold the fort” or “maintain your position” E : there is a great deal of variation between the sources for this line and the next, so WB and HSG are taken as the “standard”; each later source made changes to try to turn it into something that made sense! F : presumably, mourning the need to fight and/or the death it involves; compare to #31, where war is compared to dwelling at a funeral Cross-references not daring to act : #3, #64, #67 treasures : #62, #67 Chapter Seventy ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ • [■] ■ ■ ■ [■] ■ ■ • ■ [■] ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ (•)■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ [■(•)] ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ [■] ■ ■ My words are very easy to understand, Very easy to practice. But there is no one in the world who can understand them, There is no one who can practice them. My words possess a lineage, My duties possess a ruler. Now : only because I am without-knowledge, Thus I am not understood. Those who understand me are rare, Consequently I am one who is valued! Thus the sage wears coarse cloth, but carries jade in his heart. ♦My words are very easy to understand, ♦Very easy to practice. [perform] But there is no one in the world2 who can understand them, [they] There is no one who can practice them. [they] [perform] ♦[My]A words possess a lineage, [My]A duties possess a ruler. ♦Now : only because [I am]B without-knowledge, ♦Thus2 I am not understood. ♦Those who understand me are rare, Consequently I am one who is valued ! ♦Thus2 the sage2 wears coarse cloth, but carries jade in his heart. Notes A : “My” is inferred here from the first line, but could just as reasonably be left out, or “All” substituted B : there is no subject in the original Chinese, so this could also be saying “only because [the previous two lines] is not understood”, but because ■ ■ (without-knowledge) is specifically used, it is translated in this way Cross-references no one who can practice this : #78 being valuable : #56, #62 Chapter Seventy One ■ ■ ■ (■) [■(•)] ■ ■ ■ ■ [■(•)] (•)■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ Knowing that you do not know is honorable! Not knowing that you know is a sickness! Now : only when you are sick of sickness, Thus you are not sick. The sage is not sick Because he is sick of sickness. Thus he is not sick. Knowing that you do not know is honorable ! Not knowing that you know is a sickness ! Now : only when you are sick of sickness, Thus2 you are not sick. The sage2 is not sick ♦Because he is sick of sickness. ♦Thus2 he is not sick. Notes The third and fourth lines are not in the MWD’s This chapter can be translated many different ways due to its terseness and the many ways to interpret ■ (disease, sickness, to be ill) “Sickness” here presumably refers to the suffering that comes from not following Dao Cross-references Chapter Seventy Two ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ [■(•)] • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ (•)■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • (•)■ ■ ■ ■ ■ If the citizens do not fear your authority, Then a greater authority will arrive! Do not disrespect their dwellings, Do not despise their livelihood. Now : only because you do not despise them, Thus they will not tire of you. Thus the sage : Knows himself but not display himself, Loves himself but does not exalt himself. Therefore he leaves that and chooses this. If the citizens do not fear [your] authority, Then a greater authority will arrive !A ♦Do not disrespect their dwellings2, ♦Do not despise their livelihood2B. [detest] [that which they produce] ♦Now : only because [you] do not despise [them], [detest] ♦Thus2 [they] will not tire of{detest}C [you]. ♦Thus2 the sage2 : ♦Knows himself but not display himself, [show] ♦Loves himself but does not exalt himself. [high rank,respected] Therefore he leaves thatD and chooses thisE. Notes A : possibly meaning someone else will take over, either from within or without? B : these two symbols could also be translated as “place of birth” or even “parents” (they who gave them life) C : this seems to be something of a play on words, because the symbol for “despise” in the previous line is the same symbol for “tire of”, so this line could also be translated as Thus2 they will not despise you but “tire of” is used here because of #66, where the citizens do not tire of the sage’s rule D : presumably, displaying and exalting E : presumably, knowing and loving Cross-references fear/afraid : #15, #17, #20, #74 citizens do not fear : #74 not tire of leadership : #66 not displaying oneself (showing off) : #22, #24, #47, #77 leaves that and chooses this : #12, #38 Chapter Seventy Three • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

[choices], they sometimes cause benefit, sometimes cause harm. [maybe,perhaps] [maybe,perhaps] ♦That which heaven [it] detestsA – who knows its reasons? Thus2 the sage2 plans for things to be difficult.B [them] [schemes] ♦The Way of heaven : ♦Does not strive, yet skillfully achieves its goals. [victory,beat] ♦Does not speak, yet skillfully responds. ♦Does not summon, yet everything naturally comes to it. Is certainly unhurried, yet skillfully prepares.C [slow,patient,calm] [plans] ♦Heaven's net is extremely vast 2D; ♦It is wide meshed, yet does not fail. [sparce] Notes There are two themes in this chapter which do not seem to fit in with typical Daoist concepts – that of heaven conquering (literally "victory" or "beat", interpreted as "achieving its goals") which sounds more like striving than non-action, and planning (interpreted as "prepares") which seems contradictory to being "naturally so" (although the sage also "plans" here and in #63) A : in early societies, whatever endeavors failed were by definition what heaven (or the gods) "detested" B : this sentence only appears in the later sources, and seems to be a parenthetical comment; although it technically is in the majority, it seems so out-of-place that it is left out of the final translation above C : this sentence is nearly impossible to translate; while the first symbol in WB and HSG are the same, making them the default "majority", it is different in every other source, and none of their modern translations make sense; some translators use a symbol slightly different than that in WB and HSG but pronounced the same way; finally, "slow, patient, calm" is only the most likely translation that could be found for the first symbol D : "extremely" is implied by the repeated symbol Cross-references the sage plans for difficulties : #63 Way of heaven : #9, #47, #77, #79, #81 no striving : #3, #8, #22, #66, #68, #81 Chapter Seventy Four ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ __ (•)■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • (•)■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ __ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■(•) If the citizens do not fear death, How can you use death to frighten them? Assuming you could ensure that the citizens always fear death, And I get hold of those who act strange and unusual and kill them, Then who would be daring? There will always exist an executioner. Now : to take the place of the executioner to do the killing, This is called taking the place of a great craftsman to carve wood. Now : of those who take the place of a great craftsman to carve wood, Few will not injure their hand! If the citizens do not fear death, How2 can you use death to frighten them? Assuming you could ensure that the citizens always fear death, [make,cause] And I get hold of those who act strange and unusual and kill them, Then who would be daring{bold}? There will always exist an executioner3A. [he who attends to/manages killing] ♦Now : to take the place of the executioner3 to do the killing, [he who attends to/manages killing] This is called taking the place of a great craftsman to carve wood. ♦Now : of those who take the place of a great craftsman to carve wood, Few will not injure their hand ! [rare,infrequent] Notes A : it is speculated by some that this refers to heaven or Dao, and while that does make sense in context of the lines that follow, there is no direct support for it in the original Chinese Cross-references fear/afraid : #15, #17, #20, #72 citizens do not fear : #72 die/death : #6, #33, #42, #50, #67, #75, #76, #80 citizens do not fear death, take death seriously/lightly : #75, #80 Chapter Seventy Five • ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ (•)■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • The citizens are hungry Because their superiors eat too much of their taxes. Thus they are hungry. The citizens are hard to govern Because their superiors are compelled to take action. Thus they are hard to govern. The citizens take death lightly Because they seek the substance of life. Thus they take death lightly. Now : only he who has no use for being alive Is virtuous compared to he who values living. The citizens [they] are hungry Because their superiors eat too much of their taxes.A Thus2 they are hungry. The citizens [they] are hard to govern Because their superiors [they] are compelled to take actionB. [possess] Thus2 they are hard to govern. ♦The citizens [they] take death lightly Because theyC seek the substanceD of life. ♦Thus2 they take death lightly. Now : only he who has no use for being alive Is virtuous compared to [he who] values living.E Notes A : taxes were taken in grain at the time the DDJ was written, so this seems to be something of a play on words B : literally, they "possess action" C : HSG and FY have Because their superiors seek the substance of life thus placing the blame not on the people, but those who govern them (WB used the viewpoint of the earlier sources) D : compare to #38, where living for the "substance" is apparently a good thing, and #50, where it is a bad thing E : one who "values living" will be less virtuous than one who does not, because the former is out to get what he can for himself Cross-references citizens are hard to govern : #65 die/death : #6, #33, #42, #50, #67, #74, #76, #80 citizens do not fear death, take death seriously/lightly : #74, #80 substance : #38, #50, #55 Chapter Seventy Six • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • (•)■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ The people are born (indeed!) soft and weak. They die (indeed!) hard and inflexible. The ten thousand creatures, the grass and trees, are born (indeed!) soft and fragile. They die (indeed!) dried and withered. Therefore : that which is hard and inflexible is a follower of death. That which is soft and weak is a follower of life. Thus if a weapon is inflexible, the consequence is defeat. If a tree is inflexible, then it snaps. Inflexible and great dwell below. Soft and weak dwell above. ♦The people [they] are born (indeed!) soft and weak. They die (indeed!) hard and inflexible. The ten thousand creatures, the grass and trees, [they] are born (indeed!) soft and fragile. ♦They die (indeed!) dried and withered. Therefore : that which is hard and inflexible is a followerA of death. That which is soft and weak is a follower of life. Thus2 if a weapon is inflexible, the consequence is defeat2.B [not victory] If a tree is inflexible, then it snaps°. Inflexible and great dwell belowC. Soft and weak dwell above. Notes A : "follower" as in disciple or one who agrees with a particular way of looking at

things B : an inflexible weapon shatters easily; this line can be translated in many ways, because “weapon is inflexible” can also mean weapon is strong army is inflexible army is strong C : interestingly, this is the same symbol translated in #61, #66, and #68 as “lower-than” (which was a good thing), so in this case it is the inferior qualities which are lower-than Cross-references soft : #10, #36, #43, #52, #55, #78 weak : #3, #29, #36, #40, #55, #78 die/death : #6, #33, #42, #50, #67, #74, #75, #80 hard : #36, #43, #78 follower of death and follower of life : #50 Chapter Seventy Seven ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ • ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

in their customs. Although neighboring nations overlook one another, And sounds of roosters and dogs can be heard in one another – The citizens reach old age and die, And do not come and go between one another. ♦In a small nation with few citizens : Ensure that it has the weaponsA of ten noblesB, but does not use them. [make,cause] [tools] [Count] Ensure that the citizens take death seriously, and do not migrate far. [make,cause] Even though they have boats and carriages, there is no place to take advantage of them.C Even though they have armor and weapons, there is no place to display them.D ♦Ensure that the citizens return to knotting ropes and using themE, [make,cause] ♦Find deliciousness in their food, Beauty in their clothes, Contentment in their dwellings, Happiness in their customs. ♦[Although] neighboring nations overlook one another, [look at] [each other] ♦And sounds of roosters and dogs can be heard in one another – [chickens] [each other] ♦The citizens reach old age and die, ♦And do not come and go between one another. [each other] Notes A : the symbol literally refers only to tools, but has been associated with weapons in #31, #36, and #57 : “sharp tools”, “weapons are not the tools of a noble man” B : the symbol specifically refers to a Count (see #32), but in keeping with other chapters, this is interpreted more generally as “nobles”; the entire phrase probably means “as many weapons as the armies of ten Counts would have” C : have no need to use them; in other words, they do not want to leave, as supported by the last paragraph D : compare to #36, where the sharp tools of the nation cannot be shown to the people E : according to Ames&Hall, knotted ropes used to be used for record-keeping Cross-references nobles (in general) : #32, #37, #39, #42, #62 die/death : #6, #33, #42, #50, #67, #74, #75, #76 citizens do not fear death, take death seriously/lightly : #74, #75 returning : #14, #16, #19, #20, #22, #25, #28, #34, #40, #52, #58, #60, #64, #65 Chapter Eighty One ■■■

Chapter 2 was variously classified as belonging to all three layers, but the symbol distributions (below) simultaneously indicated that it cannot belong to any of them! If any chapter is truly a mixture of layers, it is this one (which Emerson agrees with), so it is not assigned to any. With the chapters separated as given above, it is possible to identify which symbols are used more often in one layer than another, as shown in the table below. Each line represents one symbol, and shows its various English meanings (as used in this translation). “Weak” symbols show up three to six times more often in the indicated layer than the other two, while “Strong” symbols show up more than six times more often. Within these sections, symbols are ordered from the least unbalanced to most unbalanced distributions between the layers. “Unique” symbols show up only in that layer, and not even once in the others. In these sections, words are listed from fewest appearances to most appearances. Weak and Strong symbols must show up in at least five chapters to be included, while Unique symbols must be in at least three chapters. Phrases (two or more symbols) are shown in italics. Some punctuation symbols are included as they tend to show differences in grammatical conventions between the layers. Where two symbols are consistently translated into the same punctuation, (#1) and (#2) are used to distinguish between them. Mostly Early Mostly Late Mostly Post-Guodian Weak valley call, say, speak return self deep mystery, deep and mysterious mother child, children fill, full maintain, protect do not act truth, honest, trust* affairs, duties, trouble honest and just non-action kind, kindness* wise, wisdom* heart/mind strong, inflexible, try originally, undoubtedly, firm, strong soft, softness, yielding dare, daring Dao of Strong ! (#1) name, fame, reputation choose, take, take hold of 100 weak, weakness victory, conquer die, death Unique ? (#1) army blended, mingled pure and clear clear, pure, bright newborn infant hard work unfortunate, bad nobles (specifically Marquis) within, middle exist, survive, keep disgrace without-name same, sameness stop, rest, stay ? (#2) no danger gateway image heaven & earth rare goods abandon non-interference family morality* clever, skillful bandit, evil thief, robbery confuse, confusion treasure hard teach, teaching The symbol for “die, death” that is strongly Post-Guodian is in only one non-Post-Guodian chapter (6, where the “spirit of the valley does not die”). All of the other 17 times (!) it is used is in Post-Guodian chapters, so if it wasn’t for the one use in chapter 6, this symbol would be strongly unique to the Post-Guodian chapters. Symbols that show up much more often in two layers but rarely in the other one are presented in the table on the following page, in the same format as the previous one. Symbols in the “Never” sections appear about equally often in the other two layers, but not once in the indicated layer. “Dao” is almost three times more likely to appear in Early and Late than Post-Guodian (and there almost always as “Dao of”), but not quite enough to make it into the following table (under “Rarely in Post-Guodian”). Besides the symbol distributions, it is interesting to note that of the six chapters in which the majority of the sources are anti-Confucian, all but chapter 33 are Late (and it is Post-Guodian) – thus none of the Early chapters are anti-Confucian. Also, the anti-military chapters (30, 31) are Early, while the chapters offering military advice (68, 69) are Post-Guodian. Finally, “living for the substance” is a good thing in chapter 38 (Late), but a bad thing in chapters 50 and 75 (both Post-Guodian). Early chapters are more concerned with heaven and earth, images of the feminine and the child, the concepts of “without-name” and “no danger”, and are the only chapters that try to describe Dao (1, 4, 14, 21, 25, 32, 34, 35), while they have little to do with the sage (only twice using “thus the sage” in 30 chapters), governing the nation, easy vs. difficult, and never mention the concept of “not striving”. Rarely in Early Rarely in Late Rarely in Post-Guodian Weak govern behavior, perform, travel virtue, good(ness), skilled ! (#2) sage weapons who, which ready, would, about to, general create, life, produce one De Strong benefit, profit, sharp nation citizens thus the sage Never virtuous person misfortune serious, double easy do not strive difficult, hard Qi good fortune scholar since, once maintain, protect master depend on, concerned with rare, few do not know 100 families female ocean, sea subtle mystery spirit bright, brightness empty arise, make move, movement, action begin, beginning arise, produce, go out !,? uncarved block not (■) Late chapters have more Confucian terms, advice on how to rule, and talk about non-interference, but at the same time are the only ones that talk about possessing or “taking hold of” the world or the nation. Post-Guodian chapters also offer some advice on how to rule, tend to deal with hard/soft/weak/strong, are the only chapters that offer military advice, and talk a lot about death, but rarely mention Dao or De, and never mention the feminine, the child, emptiness, or the uncarved block. The rest of the appendix collects all the chapters of each layer together, so the reader can see their common themes. The final section is called “What Would the Sage Do?”, and collects every reference to the Sage from the entire document. References A Stratification of Lao Tzu, by John J. Emerson; The Journal of Chinese Religions, #23, pp. 1-28; 1995 Lao Tzu Stratified, II: A Sketch, by John J. Emerson; http://www.idiocentrism.com/china.strata3.htm; 2003 Early One The Dao that can be spoken of is not the ever-constant Dao. The name that can be named is not the ever-constant name. That which is without-name is the beginning of heaven and earth. That which possesses a name is the mother of the ten thousand creatures. Therefore : always without-desire, thus you observe its subtle mystery. Always possessing desires, thus you observe its external appearances. These two, they arise from the same source but have different names; This sameness is called their deep mystery. Deep mysteries, and again deep mysteries – The gateway of many subtle mysteries. Four Dao is like a cup or bowl, yet use it and there exists no need to fill it. Profound and deep!, it appears to be the ancestor of the ten thousand creatures. It blunts their sharpness, Loosens their tangles, Softens their brightness, Makes them the same as the dust of the world. Deep and

profound!, it seems to barely exist. I do not know whose child it is – Its image came before that of god. Five Heaven and earth are not kind – Thus the ten thousand creatures become as straw dogs to them. The sage is not kind – Thus the 100 families become as straw dogs to him. The space between heaven and earth, How is it just like a bellows or flute? It is empty, yet does not run out. The more it moves, and the more it produces. Too much talking is exceptionally exhausting, Which is not as good as maintaining what is within. Six The spirit of the valley does not die – It is called the deep and mysterious feminine. The gateway of this deep and mysterious feminine – It is called the source of heaven and earth. Unbroken, it seems to exist. Using it takes no effort. Seven Heaven is eternal, earth is enduring. The reason that heaven and earth can be eternal and enduring Is because they do not live for themselves. Therefore they can live forever. Thus the sage : Puts his self behind others, yet finds his self before them. Considers his self extraneous, yet his self survives. Is this not because he has no self-interests? Therefore he can achieve his self-interests. Nine Holding and filling it Are not as good as your stopping short. Hammering and sharpening it Can not be forever maintained. When gold and jade fill a room, There is no one who can protect it. To have wealth and high rank, but with arrogance – Then naturally their loss is your own fault. When the task is successful, the self should let go of it. This is the Way of heaven. Early Ten Carrying and managing a body while embracing the One, Are you able to not separate them? Concentrating your Qi to become soft, Are you able to be like a newborn infant? Cleansing and clearing your deep and mysterious perception, Are you able to be without blemish? Loving the citizens and governing the nation, Are you able to use non-action? Opening and closing the gateway of heaven, Are you able to serve as the feminine? Attaining clear insight in all directions, Are you able to not use your knowledge? Creating them and raising them, Creating but not possessing, Acting but not concerned with the results, Leading yet not governing – This is called deep and mysterious De. Thirteen Favor and disgrace seem alarming. High rank brings great suffering if you have a self. What is meant by “favor and disgrace seem alarming”? Favor makes you the inferior, so gaining it seems alarming. Losing it also seems alarming. This is what is meant by “favor and disgrace seem alarming”. What is meant by “high rank brings great suffering if you have a self”? I am the reason that I have great suffering, I who act like I have a self. When I am without a self, how could I have suffering? Therefore : he who is high ranking and uses his self to serve the world – It seems he can thus be entrusted with the world! He who is loving and uses his self to serve the world – It seems he can thus be entrusted with the world! Fourteen Look, it is not seen; its name is called elusive. Listen, it is not heard; its name is called tenuous. Grasp, it is not gotten; its name is called subtle and obscure. These three things can not be investigated any further – Therefore they blend and become one. This one thing : Its highest point is not bright; Its lowest point is not dark. Continuous and unending!, it can not be named; It returns to non-existence. It is called the form of that which is without-form; The image of non-existence. It is called confusing and indistinct. Meet it and you do not see its beginning; Follow it and you do not see its end. Hold fast to the Way of the ancients In order to master the present moment. The ability to know the ancient beginning – This is called the main principle of Dao. Fifteen The virtue of the ancients made they who were scholars subtle, mysterious, obscure, deep, and penetrating. Their mysterious depths can not be understood. Now : only because they can not be understood, Therefore we try to emulate their appearance : Hesitant!, as if crossing a winter stream. Wary!, as if afraid of their neighbors all around. Respectful!, they are like a visiting guest. Yielding!, like ice that is about to to break off. Honest and genuine!, they are like the uncarved block. Wide and open!, they are like a valley. Unclear!, they are like muddy water. Who can take muddy water and use stillness to slowly and gently make it pure and clear? Who can take what is tranquil and use continual movement to slowly and gently bring it to life? He who maintains this Way does not desire to be full. Now : only because he is not full, Thus he can be hidden and unfinished. Early Sixteen Attain the utmost emptiness. Maintain a profound stillness. The ten thousand creatures arise in unison, And thus I observe their return. Now : all the myriad creatures return to their source. Returning to the source speaks of stillness. Stillness is called returning to the natural order. Returning to the natural order speaks of the ever-constant. Knowing the ever-constant speaks of insight. Not knowing the ever-constant is foolish and creates misfortune. Knowing the ever-constant leads to tolerance. Being tolerant leads to being just and unbiased. Being just and unbiased leads to being kingly. Being kingly leads to heaven. Heaven leads to Dao. Dao leads to what endures. When the self disappears, there can be no danger. Twenty Renounce learning and be without worry. “Yes” together with “yeah” – What is their mutual distance or nearness? Beautiful together with ugliness – What is their mutual distance or similarity? That which people fear, they are not able to not fear. How ridiculous! They are not yet centered! Everyone is very festive, As if enjoying the Tai Lao sacrifice, As if climbing terraces in the spring. I alone am unmoved! – Like one who has not yet given any sign, Like a newborn infant who does not yet act like a baby. Very tired and worn out!, as if without a place to return to. Everyone all has more than they need; I alone seem to have lost everything. I have the heart/mind of a foolish person, indeed!! I am very mixed up and confused! Common people are very clear and bright; I alone seem confused. Common people are very observant and alert; I alone am very gloomy and depressed. Tranquil!, they are like the ocean; I drift on the wind!, as if without a place to rest. Everyone all has a purpose; I alone am stupid and stubborn, and appear mean and shallow. I alone am different compared to other people, And value the food of the mother. Twenty one The greatest De is possible only when Dao is followed. The action of Dao on

creatures is just indistinct, just confusing. Confusing! and indistinct!, within it exists image. Indistinct! and confusing!, within it exists things. Obscure! and dark!, within it exists essence. Its essence is extremely real and true. Within it exists truth. From the present reaching to antiquity, Its name has not departed – Thus I observe the father of the multitudes. How do I thus know the father of the multitudes is like this? By means of this. Early Twenty three Minimal words are naturally so. Therefore : strong winds do not last the entire morning, Sudden rains do not last the entire day. Who makes these things? Heaven and earth. Even heaven and earth can not maintain them forever, And so how much less can people? Therefore : of those who engage in Dao – He who Daos is one with Dao. He who Des is one with De. He who loses is one with the loss. For he who is one with Dao, Dao is also pleased to have him. For he who is one with De, De is also pleased to have him. For he who is one with loss, Loss is also pleased to have him. If you do not trust enough, then you will not have anyone's trust. Twenty four He who stands on tiptoe does not really stand. He who stands astride can not travel. He who displays himself does not have insight. He who considers himself correct does not distinguish himself. He who boasts about himself is without merit. He who brags about himself does not endure. He who lives in Dao – Calls these leftover food and unnecessary behavior. Creatures detest them, no matter what. Therefore : he who possesses Dao does not live by them. Twenty five Something existed unformed yet complete, Before heaven and earth were created. Silent! Empty! Standing alone, not changing. It circulates everywhere, and causes no danger. It can be considered the mother of the world. I do not know its name; Its symbol is called Dao. If I tried to make its name, I would call it great. Being great speaks of departing. Departing speaks of being remote. Being remote speaks of returning. Dao is great, Heaven is great, Earth is great, The king is also great. Within the realm exist four that are great, And the king resides as one of them! People follow the earth. The earth follows heaven. Heaven follows Dao. Dao follows what is naturally so. Twenty eight Know your maleness, but maintain your femaleness. Serve as a stream to the world. Serving as a stream to the world, The ever-constant De will not depart, Returning you to the state of the newborn infant. Know your brightness, but maintain your darkness. Serve as an example to the world. Serving as an example to the world, The ever-constant De will not falter, Returning you to the state of the limitless. Know your honor, but maintain your disgrace. Serve as a valley to the world. Serving as a valley to the world, The ever-constant De will then be sufficient, Returning you to the state of the uncarved block. When the uncarved block is broken up, then it becomes tools. When the sage uses it, then he becomes the senior government official. Therefore : the greatest cutting does not divide. Early Thirty He who uses Dao to assist the master of the people Does not use weapons or strength on the world, For his troubles would likely return – In the dwelling places of armies, thorns and brambles are produced, And so what is left behind a great army must have a bad year. He who has virtue gets results and stops. He does not dare to take by using strength. He gets results, but never brags. Gets results, but never boasts. Gets results, but is not arrogant. Gets results, but only when he has no choice. Gets results, but never uses strength. When creatures are robust but old, This is called "not Dao". That which is "not Dao" has an early finish. Thirty one Now : fine weapons, they are not tools of good fortune. Creatures detest them, no matter what. Therefore : he who possesses Dao does not live by them. When a noble man is in his dwelling, then he honors the left. When he commands troops, then he honors the right. Weapons, they are not tools of good fortune. They are not the tools of a noble man. When he has no choice but to use them, To be calm and indifferent is superior – Never pleased, indeed! And he who is pleased enjoys killing people. Now : he who enjoys killing people Can not get what he desires from the world! Therefore : in fortunate affairs honor the left, In unfortunate affairs honor the right. Thus the assistant general of the army resides on the left, The supreme general of the army resides on the right. Thus we say they are dwelling at a funeral : When many people are killed, Then mourn and weep with grief for them. Victory in war thus means they will dwell at a funeral. Thirty two Dao is ever-constantly without-name. Even though the concept of the uncarved block seems insignificant, No one in the world can conquer it. If nobles and kings could maintain it, The ten thousand creatures would naturally obey. Heaven and earth would join with each other, Thus dropping a sweet dew. There are no citizens who would make this happen, Yet it would be naturally fair and impartial. And so, begin to divide and you have names. Once names exist, Men should also be ready to know when to stop. Knowing when to stop is the reason that there is no danger. An analogy for the action of Dao in the world : It is similar to a stream in a valley that becomes part of a large river or ocean. Thirty four Great Dao is like a vast flood! It is able to flow left and right. The ten thousand creatures depend on it in order for life, And are not rejected. It accomplishes its tasks successfully, Yet does not possess a name. It clothes and supports the ten thousand creatures, But does not act as their master. Therefore : since it is ever-constantly without-desire, It can then be named insignificant. Since the ten thousand creatures return to it But it does not act as their master, It can then be named great. Thus the sage can achieve greatness Because he does not act great. Therefore he can achieve greatness. Early Thirty five Holding fast to the great image, The entire world comes towards you. Comes towards you, and meeting with no harm, There is the greatest peace and calm. Music together with good food make passing guests stay, But Dao's words are bland! They are without flavor. Look for it, there is not enough to see. Listen for it, there is not enough to hear. Use it, there is not enough to exhaust. Thirty seven Dao ever-constantly resides in non-action, Yet nothing is left undone. If nobles and kings could maintain it, The ten thousand creatures would naturally transform. Transform, and if desire

arises, I would restrain it by means of the nameless uncarved block. In the state of the nameless uncarved block, Men also would be without-desire. Not desiring, thus they would be still – And the world would naturally settle. Thirty nine Of those who in ancient times attained oneness : Heaven attained oneness, thus becoming pure and clear. Earth attained oneness, thus becoming stable. Spirit attained oneness, thus becoming potent. The valley attained oneness, thus becoming full. The ten thousand creatures attained oneness, thus becoming alive. Nobles and kings attained oneness, thus serving the world faithfully. They attained it. If heaven could not use its purity and clarity, I fear it would split apart. If earth could not use its stability, I fear it would erupt. If spirit could not use its potency, I fear it would cease to be. If the valley could not use its fullness, I fear it would be used up. If the ten thousand creatures could not use their life, I fear they would be destroyed. If nobles and kings could not use their high rank and prominence, I fear they would fall. Therefore : humility thus serves as the source of high rank; Low thus serves as the foundation of high. Thus nobles and kings call themselves orphaned, lonely, and unlucky. Does this not mean that humility thus serves as the source? Does it not? Therefore : to attain exceptional popularity is to be without popularity – Do not desire to be scarce like jade, But common like rock. Early Forty one The superior scholar hearing of Dao works hard and practices it. The average scholar hearing of Dao seems to keep it, seems to lose it. The inferior scholar hearing of Dao laughs greatly at it. If he did not laugh, it would not be qualified to be Dao. Therefore : in the established sayings that exist, it is said – Insight into Dao seems like darkness. Advancing in Dao seems like retreating. Smooth Dao seems knotted. Superior De seems like a valley. The greatest purity seems like disgrace. The most extensive De seems like it is not enough. Established De seems aimless. Real and true character seems inconsistent. The greatest region is without borders. The greatest vessel is last to be completed. The greatest tone is a tenuous sound. The greatest image is without-form. Dao is hidden and without-name. Now : only Dao is good at beginning and also good at completing. Forty four Fame and self : which do you love? Self and property : which is greater? Gain and loss : which is the affliction? Extreme desire must lead to great expense. Collecting too much must lead to substantial loss. Knowing when you have enough, there can be no disgrace. Knowing when to stop, there can be no danger. Then you can forever endure. Fifty one Dao creates them, De raises them, Things shape them, Circumstances complete them. Thus among the ten thousand creatures, There are none who do not respect Dao and honor De. Respect of Dao, Honor of De – Now : there is no one who commands this, Yet it is always naturally so. Therefore : Dao creates them, De raises them. Leads them, nourishes them, Shelters them, heals them, Supports them, protects them. Creating but not possessing, Acting but not concerned with the results, Leading yet not governing – This is called deep and mysterious De. Fifty two The world had a beginning, Which can be considered the mother of the world. Once you have realized its mother, You thus know her children. Once you know her children, Return to and maintain their mother. When the self disappears, there can be no danger. Block your senses, close your gateway – All your life you will not struggle. Open your senses, be successful in your duties – All your life you will not have relief. Seeing the insignificant speaks of insight. Maintaining softness speaks of strength. Use your brightness to return to your insight. Do not lose your self in misfortune. This is called practicing the ever-constant. Early Fifty five He who embodies the substance of De Can be compared to a newborn child : Wasps, scorpions, snakes, and serpents do not sting him, Fierce beasts do not seize him, Birds of prey do not claw him. His bones are weak, his muscles are soft, yet his grasp is firm and strong. He has not yet known the union of female and male, yet his penis rises. He has the utmost essence, indeed! He cries the entire day yet does not get hoarse. He has the utmost harmony, indeed! Knowing harmony speaks of the ever-constant. Knowing the ever-constant speaks of insight. Benefitting life speaks of good fortune. Heart/mind making Qi speaks of strength. When creatures are robust but old, We call them “not Dao”. That which is “not Dao” has an early finish. Fifty six He who knows does not speak; He who speaks does not know. Block your senses, close your gateway. Blunt your sharpness, Loosen your tangles, Soften your brightness, Be the same as the dust of the world. This is called a deep and mysterious sameness. Therefore : you can not gain it and be friendly, Can not gain it and be unfriendly, Can not gain it and benefit, Can not gain it and cause harm, Can not gain it and have high rank, Can not gain it and be lowly. Therefore you become valuable to the world. Late Three Not honoring those who are esteemable Ensures that the citizens do not strive. Not valuing rare goods Ensures that the citizens do not act like thieves. Not showing that which can be desired Ensures that the citizens’ heart/minds do not become confused. Thus the governing of the sage Empties their heart/minds, fills their stomachs, Weakens their ambitions, strengthens their bones. By always ensuring that the citizens are without-knowledge and without-desire, Those who make men wise will not dare to act. Act with non-action, then all will be governed! Eight The highest virtue is like water – Water’s virtue benefits the ten thousand creatures, yet it does not strive. It dwells in places that everyone detests, Therefore it is almost comparable to Dao! In dwelling, the virtue is in the land. In your heart/mind, the virtue is in being profound and deep. In relations, the virtue is in being kind. In speech, the virtue is in being truthful. In governing, the virtue is in being honest and just. In your duties, the virtue is in being competent. In action, the virtue is in the timing. Now : only because there is no striving, Therefore there is no blame. Twelve The five colors can make people’s eyes blind. The five tones can make people’s ears deaf. The five flavors can make people’s mouths dull. Excessive hunting and horse racing can make people’s heart/minds become wild. Rare

goods can make people's behavior corrupt. Thus the sage : Acts on what is inside, he does not act on what he sees. Therefore he leaves that and chooses this. Seventeen The existence of the best ruler is barely known to the people. Next is one who they love and praise. Next is one who they fear. Next is one who they ridicule. If the ruler does not trust enough, then he will not have anyone's trust. Thoughtful!, he values his words. When tasks are accomplished and duties are successful, The 100 families all say "we are naturally so". Eighteen When the great Dao is abandoned, There exists kindness and morality. When intelligence and wisdom arise, There exists a great deal of deception. When the six relationships are not in harmony, There exists devoted children and loving parents. When the nation and the families are very confused, There exists loyal officials. Nineteen Renounce sacredness, abandon wisdom, And the citizens benefit 100-fold. Renounce kindness, abandon morality, And the citizens return to being devoted children and loving parents. Renounce cleverness, abandon profit, And thieves and bandits will not exist. These three things thus make a civilized society, but are not enough. Therefore : to ensure the citizens have a place to belong– See the simplicity, Embrace the concept of the uncarved block, Less selfishness, Fewer desires. Late Twenty two What is wrong then becomes whole and perfect. What is bent then becomes straight. What is hollow then becomes filled. What is worn out then becomes new. Have little, then gain. Have too much, then become confused. Thus the sage : Embraces the One, thus serving as an example to the world – He does not display himself, therefore he has insight. Does not consider himself correct, therefore he distinguishes himself. Does not boast about himself, therefore he possesses merit. Does not brag about himself, therefore he endures. Now : only because he does not strive, Therefore no one in the world can strive against him. That which the ancients say : "He who is wrong then becomes whole and perfect" – How can these be empty words? Be truly whole and perfect, and return to it. Twenty seven A good traveler is without wagon track or footprint. A good speaker is without flaw or disgrace. A good accountant does not use counting tokens. A good barrier is without bar or lock, yet can not be opened. A good binding is without cord or restraint, yet can not be loosened. Thus the sage : Is always good at helping people, Therefore he does not abandon people. Is always good at helping creatures, Therefore he does not abandon creatures. This is called following your insight. Therefore : he who is a virtuous person is the teacher of he who is not a virtuous person. He who is not a virtuous person is the resource of he who is a virtuous person. If the latter does not value his teacher, Or the former does not love his resource, Even if there is wisdom, there will be great confusion. This is called the essential subtle mystery. Twenty nine Would you take hold of the world and control it? I see you have no choice. Now : the world is a divine vessel, You can not control it (indeed!). He who acts, ruins it; He who grasps, loses it. Therefore : creatures are Sometimes active, sometimes passive, Sometimes breathe heavy, sometimes breathe easy, Sometimes strong, sometimes weak, Sometimes oppressed, sometimes overthrown. Thus the sage : Removes the extremes, Removes the extravagant and wasteful, Removes the arrogance. Thirty eight A man of highest De does not use his De, thus he possesses De. A man of inferior De does not lose his De, thus he is without De. A man of highest De uses non-action, and acts without motive. A man of inferior De coerces others, and has a motive to act. A man of highest kindness coerces others, and acts without motive. A man of highest morality coerces others, and has a motive to act. A man of highest propriety coerces others, and if there is no one who responds, Then he rolls up his sleeves and keeps doing it. Therefore : lose Dao, and later comes De. Lose De, and later comes kindness. Lose kindness, and later comes morality. Lose morality, and later comes propriety. Now : propriety is that which is merely the appearance of loyalty and honesty, And the beginning of confusion. He who is ahead in knowledge has the flower of Dao, But the beginning of stupidity and foolishness. Thus the greatest elders : Live by Dao's substance, and do not dwell on Dao's appearance. Live on Dao's fruit, and do not dwell on Dao's flower. Therefore they leave that and choose this. Late Forty five Great achievement seems incomplete, But its usefulness is not impaired. Great fullness is like a cup or bowl, Its usefulness is not exhausted. Great straightness seems bent. Great skillfulness seems clumsy. Great debaters seem slow of speech. Restlessness conquers cold. Stillness conquers heat. Purity and clarity along with stillness makes the world proper and correct. Forty six When the world possesses Dao, Riding horses are nonetheless used for manure. When the world is without Dao, War-horses are bred in the countryside. There is no fault greater than the capacity for desire. There is no misfortune greater than not knowing when you have enough. There is no error greater than desire for gain. Therefore : knowing the sufficiency of having enough, there is always enough! Forty seven You do not have to go out the door In order to to know the world. You do not have to look out the window In order to to know the Way of heaven. The farther you go out, You know even less. Thus the sage : Does not travel, yet knows. Does not display himself, yet has a reputation. Does not act, yet accomplishes. Forty eight The actions of those who learn daily increase. The actions of those who Dao daily decrease. Decreasing and again decreasing, In order to arrive at non-action. Use non-action, and nothing is left undone. To take hold of the world, always use non-interference. When you are compelled to interfere, Then you are not qualified to take hold of the world. Forty nine The sage does not have a constant heart/mind, Thus the 100 families' heart/minds become his heart/mind. He who is virtuous, I am virtuous to him. He who is not virtuous, I am also virtuous to him. Because De is virtue. He who is honest, I am honest with him. He who is not honest, I am also honest with him. Because De is honesty. The sage lives in the world, gathering it all in. And so he serves the world, merging with

their heart/minds. The 100 families all pay attention to their ears and eyes, And the sage treats them all like his children. Fifty three If I correctly use the tiniest bit of knowledge that I possess While travelling on the great Way, It is only walking off the path that I need to fear. The great Way is extremely even, But the citizens are fond of side paths. Although the royal court is very well-kept, The fields are very overgrown with weeds, The granaries are very empty. While at the court they wear refined multicolored silks, Carry sharp swords, Stuff themselves with drink and food, And have an excess of wealth and goods. This is called robbery and extravagance, Not Dao, indeed!! Late Fifty four That which is well established is not uprooted. That which is well embraced is not abandoned. Thus children and grandchildren offer sacrifices, and so sacrifices do not stop. Cultivate it in the self – your De will then be true and real. Cultivate it in the family – its De will then be more than enough. Cultivate it in the village – its De will then last forever. Cultivate it in the nation – its De will then be abundant. Cultivate it in the world – its De will then be everywhere. Therefore : use your self to contemplate the self. Use your family to contemplate the family. Use your village to contemplate the village. Use your nation to contemplate the nation. Use the world to contemplate the world. How do I thus know the world is like this? By means of this. Fifty seven Use honesty and justness when governing a nation. Use strange and unusual tactics when commanding troops. Use non-interference to take hold of the world. How do I thus know it is like this? By means of this : The world has many prohibitions and taboos, And the citizens become even poorer. The citizens have many sharp tools, And the nation and the families grow in confusion. The people have too much knowledge and cleverness, And strange things begin to increase. Matters of law are increasingly proclaimed, And more thieves and bandits exist. Therefore : the sage says – I use non-action, and the citizens naturally transform. I cherish stillness, and the citizens naturally become honest and just. I use non-interference, and the citizens naturally become wealthy. I am without-desire, and the citizens naturally return to the state of the uncarved block. Fifty eight If their government is very restrained, Its citizens will be very genuine and honest. If their government is very observant and alert, Its citizens will be very lacking and deficient. Misfortune! is that which good fortune leans on. Good fortune! is that which misfortune lies on. Who knows their limits? They are not honest and just. Honesty and justness returns, becoming strange and unusual. Virtue returns, becoming weird and strange. The confusion of the people – Its days have indeed been everlasting. Thus the sage : Is honest and does not divide, Is honorable and does not injure, Is straightforward and does not indulge in excess, Is bright but does not dazzle. Fifty nine When governing people or doing heaven's duties, It is better to be sparing. Now : only when you can be sparing, This is called early acceptance. Early acceptance is called doubling your accumulation of De. With a double accumulation of De, Then everything can be overcome. When everything can be overcome, Then no one knows your limits. When no one knows your limits, You can possess the nation. Possessing the mother of the nation, You can forever endure. This is called having a deep source and a firm foundation, The Way of long life and enduring sight. Late Sixty Governing a great nation is like cooking a small fish. Because Dao is present in the world, Its ghosts do not have spirit. Not that its ghosts do not have any spirit, But their spirit does not injure people. Not only does their spirit not injure people, The sage also does not injure people. Now : since these two do not injure each other, Therefore their De merges and returns! Sixty one A great nation is like the lowest places water can flow – The merging place of the world, The female of the world. The female always uses stillness to conquer the male. By using stillness, she becomes lower-than. Therefore : if a great nation is lower-than a small nation, Then it takes hold of the small nation. If a small nation is lower-than a great nation, Then it is taken hold of by the great nation. Therefore : sometimes one nation is lower-than in order to take hold of, Sometimes one nation is lower-than and then it is taken hold of. A great nation merely desires to combine livestock and people, A small nation merely desires to get work for its people. Now : for both nations to each get that which is their desire, It is proper for the great nation to be lower-than. Sixty two That which Daos is the obscure mystery of the ten thousand creatures. This is the treasure of a virtuous person, And that which is the protection of a person who is not virtuous. Beautiful speech can be used in the market, Respectful behavior can benefit people. People who are not virtuous, Why abandon them? Therefore : when inaugurating the son of heaven, Or installing the three nobles – Even if you possessed jade disks drawn by a team of four horses, That is not as good as sitting and offering this Way. What was the ancients' reason that they valued this Way? Did they not say : Seek in order to obtain, Have faults in order to be forgiven? Therefore Dao becomes valuable to the world. Sixty three Act with non-action. Handle duties with non-interference. Taste that which is without-flavor. Greatness is insignificant, too much is less. Repay animosity with De. Plan for the difficult while it is easy. Act on the great while it is tiny. In the world, difficult duties certainly start while easy. In the world, great duties certainly start while tiny. Thus the sage in the end does not act great, Therefore he can achieve his greatness. Men who make promises lightly, certainly few will trust. Men who expect most duties to be easy will certainly have many difficulties. Thus the sage plans for things to be difficult, Therefore in the end he is without difficulty! Late Sixty four What is peaceful is easy to hold. What has not yet been revealed is easy to plan for. What is brittle is easy to shatter. What is minute is easy to scatter. Act on it while it does not yet exist. Govern them while they are not yet confused. A tree too big to embrace is created from the tiniest shoot. A terrace of nine stories rises from a pile of dirt. A journey of a thousand miles begins from under the feet. He who acts, ruins it. He who grasps, loses it. Thus the sage : Does not act, therefore he does not ruin. Does

not grasp, therefore he does not lose. Citizens are always on the verge of achieving their undertakings, yet they ruin them. Be as careful in the end as if it was the beginning, Then you will not ruin your affairs. Thus the sage : Desires to not desire, Does not value rare goods, Learns to not learn. He returns to that which everyone else has passed over, Thus helping the ten thousand creatures to be naturally so, Yet not daring to act. Sixty five The virtue of the ancients (they who acted in Dao), Did not use it to enlighten the citizens, But would have used it to keep them ignorant – The citizens are hard to govern Because they have too much knowledge. Therefore : using knowledge to govern the nation Is the bane of the nation. Not using knowledge to govern the nation Is the good fortune of the nation. He who has knowledge of these two also has them as examples. To always understand these examples – This is called deep and mysterious De. Deep and mysterious De is so profound! and remote! That when creatures return, it returns with them! Then they reach the greatest harmony. Sixty six The reason that rivers and seas can act as kings of the 100 valleys Is because they are good at being lower-than them. Therefore : they can act as kings of the 100 valleys. Thus the sage : In desiring to be above the citizens, He must by means of his speech be lower-than them. In desiring to be before the citizens, He must by means of his self be behind them. Thus the sage : Lives above them, but the citizens are not burdened. Lives in front of them, but the citizens are not harmed. Thus the world is pleased to promote him, and does not tire of him. Because he does not strive, Therefore no one in the world can strive against him. Post-Guodian Eleven Thirty spokes of a wheel share one hub; In its emptiness exists the usefulness of the cart. Mix water with clay thus making a vessel; In its emptiness exists the usefulness of the vessel. Cut out doors and windows thus making a room; In their emptiness exists the usefulness of the room. Therefore : what exists thus makes a thing profitable; Emptiness thus makes it useful. Twenty six Serious serves as the source of frivolous. Stillness serves as the ruler of restlessness. Thus the noble man travels the entire day, And does not stray from his wagon. He is serious, even though glorious sights and feasts exist; He lives above them, like this. So how could one be the master of ten thousand chariots, And conduct his self frivolously in the world? Be frivolous, then lose the source. Be restless, then lose the rulership. Thirty three He who knows people is wise; He who knows himself has insight. He who is victorious over people possesses power; He who is victorious over himself is strong. He who knows he has enough is wealthy; He who uses force possesses ambition. He who does not lose his place endures; He who dies yet does not perish has longevity. Thirty six When you are about to gather something, You must have originally spread it out. When you are about to weaken something, You must have originally strengthened it. When you are about to abandon something, You must have originally been interested in it. When you are about to seize something, You must have originally given it. This is called subtle and obscure insight. What is soft and weak conquers what is hard and strong. Fish can not escape from the deep; The sharp tools of the nation Can not be shown to the people. Forty The movement of Dao returns things. The function of Dao is to weaken things. The ten thousand creatures of the world are created from being; Being is created from non-being. Forty two Dao creates one. One creates two. Two creates three. Three creates the ten thousand creatures. The ten thousand creatures carry Yin and embrace Yang, Pouring their Qi together, thus becoming harmonious. That which people detest : Being alone, orphaned, lonely, and unlucky – Yet kings and nobles thus name themselves. Therefore : creatures Sometimes lose, yet they gain; Sometimes gain, yet they lose. That which people teach, I also teach : Those who are bullies and hoodlums do not meet their natural death. I will thus become their elder teacher. Post-Guodian Forty three The softest things of the world Overrun the hardest things of the world. Non-being can enter where there is no space in between. Thus I know that non-action has benefits. The teaching of no-talking, The benefit of non-action – Few in the world attain these. Fifty Between coming out into life and entering death, Followers of life are 3 in 10. Followers of death are 3 in 10. People whose lives are merely moving them towards the place of death Are also 3 in 10. Now : what is the reason? Because they live life for its substance. But I have heard that he who is skilled at taking in life Can travel the mountains and does not meet rhino or tiger, Can enter a battle not wearing armor or weapons. The rhino has no place to thrust its horns, The tiger has no place to use its claws, The weapon has no place to allow its blade. Now : what is the reason? Because for him there is no place of death. Sixty seven In the world, all say I am great, But do not seem to be like everyone else. Now : only because I am not like everyone else, therefore I can be great. If I was like everyone else, Long ago! I would have become insignificant, indeed! Now : I possess three treasures – Hold and maintain them. The first is called compassion, The second is called economy, The third is called not daring to act first in the world. With compassion, you can therefore be brave. With economy, you can therefore expand. By not daring to act first in the world, Therefore you can achieve the capacity for leadership. At present, people abandon compassion but also try to be brave, Abandon economy but also try to expand, Abandon being behind but also try to be first – This is death! Now : when compassion is used in war, the consequence is victory. When it is used for protection, the consequence is strength. When heaven would help you, Using compassion it protects you. Sixty eight He who is good at being a scholar is not militant. He who is good at war does not get angry. He who is good at conquering the enemy does not engage them. He who is good at making use of people acts lower-than them. This is called the De of not striving. This is called the power of making use of people. This is called joining the elite of heaven's ancients, indeed! Post-Guodian Sixty nine Those who command troops have a saying : I dare not act like the master, but instead

act like a guest. Dare not advance an inch, but instead retreat a foot. This is called marching without marching, Seizing without using your arms, Routing without having an enemy, Defending without using weapons. There is no misfortune greater than underestimating the enemy. By underestimating the enemy, I nearly lose my treasures. Therefore : when armies on opposing sides are evenly matched, Then they who mourn will be victorious! Seventy My words are very easy to understand, Very easy to practice. But there is no one in the world who can understand them, There is no one who can practice them. My words possess a lineage, My duties possess a ruler. Now : only because I am without-knowledge, Thus I am not understood. Those who understand me are rare, Consequently I am one who is valued! Thus the sage wears coarse cloth, but carries jade in his heart. Seventy one Knowing that you do not know is honorable! Not knowing that you know is a sickness! Now : only when you are sick of sickness, Thus you are not sick. The sage is not sick Because he is sick of sickness. Thus he is not sick. Seventy two If the citizens do not fear your authority, Then a greater authority will arrive! Do not disrespect their dwellings, Do not despise their livelihood. Now : only because you do not despise them, Thus they will not tire of you. Thus the sage : Knows himself but not display himself, Loves himself but does not exalt himself. Therefore he leaves that and chooses this. Seventy three When your courage lies in daring, The consequence is killing. When your courage lies in not daring, The consequence is survival. These two choices, they sometimes cause benefit, sometimes cause harm. That which heaven detests – who knows its reasons? The Way of heaven : Does not strive, yet skillfully achieves its goals. Does not speak, yet skillfully responds. Does not summon, yet everything naturally comes to it. Is certainly unhurried, yet skillfully prepares. Heaven's net is extremely vast; It is wide meshed, yet does not fail. Seventy four If the citizens do not fear death, How can you use death to frighten them? Assuming you could ensure that the citizens always fear death, And I get hold of those who act strange and unusual and kill them, Then who would be daring? There will always exist an executioner. Now : to take the place of the executioner to do the killing, This is called taking the place of a great craftsman to carve wood. Now : of those who take the place of a great craftsman to carve wood, Few will not injure their hand! Post-Guodian Seventy five The citizens are hungry Because their superiors eat too much of their taxes. Thus they are hungry. The citizens are hard to govern Because their superiors are compelled to take action. Thus they are hard to govern. The citizens take death lightly Because they seek the substance of life. Thus they take death lightly. Now : only he who has no use for being alive Is virtuous compared to he who values living. Seventy six The people are born (indeed!) soft and weak. They die (indeed!) hard and inflexible. The ten thousand creatures, the grass and trees, are born (indeed!) soft and fragile. They die (indeed!) dried and withered. Therefore : that which is hard and inflexible is a follower of death. That which is soft and weak is a follower of life. Thus if a weapon is inflexible, the consequence is defeat. If a tree is inflexible, then it snaps. Inflexible and great dwell below. Soft and weak dwell above. Seventy seven The Way of heaven, how it is just like stretching a bow? He who is high is pressed down by it. He who is low is lifted by it. He who has excess is reduced by it. He who does not have enough is filled by it. The Way of heaven Reduces what has excess and fills what does not have enough. The Way of people on the other hand is not like this, And takes from those who do not have enough in order to offer it to those who have too much. Who can have too much and offer it to the world? Only he who possesses Dao. Thus the sage : Acts, but is not concerned with the results. Accomplishes his tasks, but does not dwell on them. He does not desire to display his virtue. Seventy eight In the world, nothing is softer and weaker than water. Yet for attacking that which is hard and strong, There is nothing that can surpass it. This is because it endlessly replaces itself. Weakness conquers strength. Softness conquers hardness. In the world, there is no one who does not know this, But there is no one who can practice it. Thus the sage says : Accepting upon oneself the disgrace of the nation Is called being master of the shrines. Accepting upon oneself the misfortune of the nation Is called being king of the world. Honest words seem contrary. Post-Guodian Seventy nine Harmonize a great resentment, And there must exist some remaining resentment. How can this be considered good? Thus the sage : Holds the left side of an agreement, But does not demand payment of people. Therefore : to have De is to take charge of your agreements; To be without De is to take charge of taking away from others. The Way of heaven, while without favor, Is always with virtuous people. Eighty In a small nation with few citizens : Ensure that it has the weapons of ten nobles, but does not use them. Ensure that the citizens take death seriously, and do not migrate far. Even though they have boats and carriages, there is no place to take advantage of them. Even though they have armor and weapons, there is no place to display them. Ensure that the citizens return to knotting ropes and using them, Find deliciousness in their food, Beauty in their clothes, Contentment in their dwellings, Happiness in their customs. Although neighboring nations overlook one another, And sounds of roosters and dogs can be heard in one another – The citizens reach old age and die, And do not come and go between one another. Eighty one True words are not beautiful; Beautiful words are not true. He who has virtue does not argue; He who argues does not have virtue. He who knows is not learned; He who is learned does not know. The sage does not accumulate things – Since through serving people, the more one has; Since through giving to people, one has even more. The Way of heaven benefits and does not cause harm. The Way of the sage acts yet does not strive. As mentioned above, chapter 2 seems to be a truly "mongrel" chapter, with characteristics that indicate it belongs to all three layers, and none of them. Therefore, it is presented here, separate from the other layers. Two In the

world, when all know that the action of beauty is beautiful, then ugliness ensues. When all know that the action of good is goodness, then not-good ensues. Therefore : being and non-being create each other, Difficult and easy complete each other, Long and short contrast each other, High and low lean on each other, Tone and voice harmonize each other, Before and after follow each other. Thus the sage : Lives by using non-action in his duties, And practicing no-talking in his teachings. The ten thousand creatures arise, but do not have a beginning. Creating but not possessing; Acting, but not concerned with the results; Accomplishing tasks, but not dwelling on them. Now : only because there is no dwelling, Thus the results do not depart. What Would the Sage Do? Thus the sage : Lives by using non-action in his duties, And practicing no-talking in his teachings. Thus the governing of the sage Empties their heart/minds, fills their bellies, Weakens their ambitions, strengthens their bones. The sage is not kind; Thus the 100 families become as straw dogs to him. Thus the sage : Puts his self behind others, yet finds his self before them. Considers his self extraneous, yet his self survives. Is this not because he has no self-interests? Therefore he can achieve his self-interests. Thus the sage : Acts on what is inside, he does not act on what he sees. Therefore he leaves that and chooses this. Thus the sage : Embraces the One, thus serving as an example to the world – He does not display himself, therefore he has insight. Does not consider himself correct, therefore he distinguishes himself. Does not boast about himself, therefore he possesses merit. Does not brag about himself, therefore he endures. Now : only because he does not strive, Therefore no one in the world can strive against him. Thus the sage : Is always good at helping people, Therefore he does not abandon people. Is always good at helping creatures, Therefore he does not abandon creatures. This is called following your insight. Thus the sage : Removes the extremes, Removes the extravagant and wasteful, Removes the arrogance. Thus the sage can achieve greatness Because he does not act great. Therefore he can achieve greatness. Thus the sage : Does not travel, yet knows. Does not display himself, yet has a reputation. Does not act, yet accomplishes. The sage does not have a constant heart/mind, Thus the 100 families' heart/minds become his heart/mind. The sage lives in the world, taking it all in. And so he serves the world, merging with their heart/minds. The 100 families all pay attention to their ears and eyes, And the sage treats them all like his children. Therefore : the sage says – I use non-action, and the citizens naturally transform. I cherish stillness, and the citizens naturally become honest and just. I use non-interference, and the citizens naturally become wealthy. I am without-desire, and the citizens naturally return to the state of the uncarved block. Thus the sage : Is honest and does not divide, Is honorable and does not injure, Is straightforward and does not indulge in excess, Is bright but does not dazzle. The sage also does not injure people. Thus the sage in the end does not act great, Therefore he can achieve his greatness. Thus the sage plans for things to be difficult, Therefore in the end he is without difficulty! Thus the sage : Does not act, therefore he does not ruin. Does not grasp, therefore he does not lose. Thus the sage : Desires to not desire, Does not value rare goods, Learns to not learn. Thus the sage : In desiring to be above the citizens, He must by means of his speech be lower-than them. In desiring to be before the citizens, He must by means of his self be behind them. Thus the sage : Lives above them, but the citizens are not burdened. Lives in front of them, but the citizens are not harmed. Thus the world is pleased to promote him, and does not tire of him. What Would the Sage Do? Thus the sage wears coarse cloth, but carries jade in his heart. The sage is not sick Because he is sick of sickness. Thus he is not sick. Thus the sage : Knows himself but not display himself, Loves himself but does not exalt himself. Therefore he leaves that and chooses this. Thus the sage : Acts, but is not concerned with the results. Accomplishes his tasks, but does not dwell on them. He does not desire to display his virtue. Thus the sage says : Accepting upon oneself the disgrace of the nation Is called being master of the shrines. Accepting upon oneself the misfortune of the nation Is called being king of the world. Thus the sage : Holds the left side of an agreement, But does not demand payment of people. The sage does not accumulate things – Since through serving people, the more one has; Since through giving to people, one has even more. The Way of the sage acts yet does not strive. This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-NoDerivs 3.0 Unported License (CC BY-NC-ND 3.0). You are free to download this work and share it with others as long as I retain credit for the work. But you cannot change or build on this work in any way, or use it commercially (that is, for your profit), without my permission. End of the Project Gutenberg EBook of Dao De Jing, by Lao Zi

==========

Untitled

G. H. (Godfrey Harold) Hardy

Project Gutenberg Release: Unknown · eBook #0

Produced by Andrew D. Hwang, Brenda Lewis, and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at http://www.pgdp.net (This file was produced from images generously made available by The Internet Archive/American Libraries.) Revised by Richard Tonsing. Transcriber's Note Minor typographical corrections and presentational changes have been made without comment. Notational modernizations are listed in the transcriber's note at the end of the book. All changes are detailed in the LATEX source file, which may be downloaded from www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/38769. This PDF file is optimized for screen viewing, but may easily be recompiled for printing. Please consult the preamble of the LATEX source file for instructions. A COURSE OF PURE MATHEMATICS CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS C. F. CLAY, Manager LONDON: FETTER LANE, E.C. 4 NEW YORK : THE MACMILLAN CO. BOMBAY CALCUTTA MADRAS

MACMILLAN AND CO., Ltd. TORONTO : THE MACMILLAN CO. OF CANADA, Ltd. TOKYO : MARUZEN-KABUSHIKI-KAISHA ALL RIGHTS RESERVED A COURSE OF PURE MATHEMATICS BY G. H. HARDY, M.A., F.R.S. FELLOW OF NEW COLLEGE SAVILIAN PROFESSOR OF GEOMETRY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD LATE FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE THIRD EDITION Cambridge at the University Press 1921 First Edition 1908 Second Edition 1914 Third Edition 1921 PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION No extensive changes have been made in this edition. The most impor- tant are in §§ 80–82, which I have rewritten in accordance with suggestions made by Mr S. Pollard. The earlier editions contained no satisfactory account of the genesis of the circular functions. I have made some attempt to meet this objection in § 158 and Appendix III. Appendix IV is also an addition. It is curious to note how the character of the criticisms I have had to meet has changed. I was too meticulous and pedantic for my pupils of fifteen years ago: I am altogether too popular for the Trinity scholar of to-day. I need hardly say that I find such criticisms very gratifying, as the best evidence that the book has to some extent fulfilled the purpose with which it was written. G. H. H. August 1921 EXTRACT FROM THE PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION The principal changes made in this edition are as follows. I have in- serted in Chapter I a sketch of Dedekind's theory of real numbers, and a proof of Weierstrass's theorem concerning points of condensation; in Chap- ter IV an account of 'limits of indetermination' and the 'general principle of convergence'; in Chapter V a proof of the 'Heine-Borel Theorem', Heine's theorem concerning uniform continuity, and the fundamental theorem con- cerning implicit functions; in Chapter VI some additional matter concern- ing the integration of algebraical functions; and in Chapter VII a section on differentials. I have also rewritten in a more general form the sections which deal with the definition of the definite integral. In order to find space for these insertions I have deleted a good deal of the analytical ge- ometry and formal trigonometry contained in Chapters II and III of the first edition. These changes have naturally involved a large number of minor alterations. G. H. H. October 1914 EXTRACT FROM THE PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION This book has been designed primarily for the use of first year students at the Universities whose abilities reach or approach something like what is usually described as 'scholarship standard'. I hope that it may be useful to other classes of readers, but it is this class whose wants I have considered first. It is in any case a book for mathematicians: I have nowhere made any attempt to meet the needs of students of engineering or indeed any class of students whose interests are not primarily mathematical. I regard the book as being really elementary. There are plenty of hard examples (mainly at the ends of the chapters): to these I have added, wherever space permitted, an outline of the solution. But I have done my best to avoid the inclusion of anything that involves really difficult ideas. For instance, I make no use of the 'principle of convergence': uniform convergence, double series, infinite products, are never alluded to: and I prove no general theorems whatever concerning the inversion of limit- operations—I never even define $\partial^2 f / \partial x \, \partial y$ and $\partial^2 f / \partial y \, \partial x$. In the last two chapters I have occasion once or twice to integrate a power-series, but I have confined myself to the very simplest cases and given a special discussion in each instance. Anyone who has read this book will be in a position to read with profit Dr Bromwich's Infinite Series, where a full and adequate discussion of all these points will be found. September 1908 CONTENTS CHAPTER I REAL VARIABLES SECT. PAGE 1–2. Rational numbers . . . . . 1 3–7. Irrational numbers . . . . . 3 8. Real numbers . . . . . 14 9. Relations of magnitude between real numbers . . . . . 16 10–11. Algebraical operations with real numbers . . . . . 18 12. The number $\sqrt{2}$ . . . . . 21 13–14. Quadratic surds . . . . . 22 15. The continuum . . . . . 26 16. The continuous real variable . . . . . .

. . 29 17. Sections of the real numbers. Dedekind's Theorem . . . . . 30 18. Points of condensation . . . . . 32 19. Weierstrass's Theorem . . . . . 34 Miscellaneous Examples . . . . . 34 Decimals, 1. Gauss's Theorem, 6. Graphical solution of quadratic equations, 22. Important inequalities, 35. Arithmetical and geomet- rical means, 35. Schwarz's Inequality, 36. Cubic and other surds, 38. Algebraical numbers, 41. CHAPTER II FUNCTIONS OF REAL VARIABLES 20. The idea of a function . . . . . 43 21. The graphical representation of functions. Coordinates . . . . . 46 22. Polar coordinates . . . . . 48 23. Polynomials . . . . . . 50 24–25. Rational functions . . . . . 53 26–27. Algebraical functions . . . . . 56 28–29. Transcendental functions . . . . . 60 30. Graphical solution of equations . . . . . 67 CONTENTS viii SECT. PAGE 31. Functions of two variables and their graphical representation . . 68 32. Curves in a plane . . . . . 69 33. Loci in space . . . . . 71 Miscellaneous Examples . . . . . 75 Trigonometrical functions, 60. Arithmetical functions, 63. Cylinders, 72. Contour maps, 72. Cones, 73. Surfaces of revolution, 73. Ruled sur- faces, 74. Geometrical constructions for irrational numbers, 77. Quadra- ture of the circle, 79. CHAPTER III COMPLEX NUMBERS 34–38. Displacements . . . . . 81 39–42. Complex numbers . . . . . 92 43. The quadratic equation with real coefficients . . . . . 96 44. Argand's diagram . . . . . 100 45. De Moivre's Theorem . . . . . 101 46. Rational functions of a complex variable . . . . . 104 47–49. Roots of complex numbers . . . . . 118 Miscellaneous Examples . . . . . 122 Properties of a triangle, 106, 121. Equations with complex coeffi- cients, 107. Coaxal circles, 110. Bilinear and other transforma- tions, 111, 116, 125. Cross ratios, 115. Condition that four points should be concyclic, 116. Complex functions of a real variable, 116. Construction of regular polygons by Euclidean methods, 120. Imaginary points and lines, 124. CHAPTER IV LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A POSITIVE INTEGRAL VARIABLE 50. Functions of a positive integral variable . . . . . 128 51. Interpolation . . . . . 129 52. Finite and infinite classes . . . . . 130 CONTENTS ix SECT. PAGE 53–57. Properties possessed by a function of n for large values of n . . . 131 58–61. Definition of a limit and other definitions . . . . . 138 62. Oscillating functions . . . . . 145 63–68. General theorems concerning limits . . . . . 149 69–70. Steadily increasing or decreasing functions . . . . . 157 71. Alternative proof of Weierstrass's Theorem . . . . . 159 72. The limit of x_n . . . . . 160 73. The limit of

$\left(1 + \frac{1}{n}\right)^n$ . . . . . 164 74. Some algebraical lemmas . . . . . 165 75. The limit of $n(\sqrt[n]{x} - 1)$ . . . . . 167 76–77. Infinite series . . . . . 168 78. The infinite geometrical series . . . . . 172 79. The representation of functions of a continuous real variable by means of limits . . . . . 177 80. The bounds of a bounded aggregate . . . . . 179 81. The bounds of a bounded function . . . . . 180 82. The limits of indetermination of a bounded function . . . . . 180 83–84. The general principle of convergence . . . . . 183 85–86. Limits of complex functions and series of complex terms . . . . . 185 87–88. Applications to z^n and the geometrical series . . . . . 188 Miscellaneous Examples . . . . . 190 Oscillation of $\sin n\theta\pi$, 144, 146, 181. Limits of nkx^n, $\sqrt[n]{x}$, $\sqrt[n]{n}$, $\sqrt[n]{n!}$, $\frac{x^n}{n!}$, $\frac{m^n}{n!}$

x^n, 162, 166. Decimals, 171. Arithmetical series, 175. Harmonical series, 176. Equation $x_{n+1} = f(x_n)$, 190. Expansions of rational func- tions, 191. Limit of a mean value, 193. CHAPTER V LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A CONTINUOUS VARIABLE. CONTINUOUS AND DISCONTINUOUS FUNCTIONS 89–92. Limits as $x \to \infty$ or $x \to -\infty$ . . . . . 197 CONTENTS x SECT. PAGE 93–97. Limits as $x \to a$ . . . . . 200 98–99. Continuous functions of a real variable . . . . . 210 100–104. Properties of continuous functions. Bounded functions. The oscillation of a function in an interval . . . . . 216 105–106. Sets of intervals on a line. The Heine-Borel Theorem . . . . . 223 107. Continuous functions of several variables . . . . . 228 108–109. Implicit and inverse functions . . . . . 229 Miscellaneous Examples . . . . . 233 Limits and continuity of polynomials and rational functions, 204, 212. Limit of $\frac{x^m - a^m}{x - a}$, 206. Orders of smallness and greatness, 207. Limit of $\frac{\sin x}{x}$, 209. Infinity of a function, 213. Continuity of $\cos x$ and $\sin x$, 213. Classification of discontinuities, 214. CHAPTER VI DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 110–112. Derivatives . . . . .

. . . . . 237 113. General rules for differentiation . . . . . 244 114. Derivatives of complex functions . . . . . 246 115. The notation of the differential calculus . . . . . . 246 116. Differentiation of polynomials . . . . . 249 117. Differentiation of rational functions . . . . . 251 118. Differentiation of algebraical functions . . . . . 253 119. Differentiation of transcendental functions . . . . . 255 120. Repeated differentiation . . . . . 258 121. General theorems concerning derivatives. Rolle's Theorem . . . . 262 122–124. Maxima and minima . . . . . 264 125–126. The Mean Value Theorem . . . . . 274 127–128. Integration. The logarithmic function . . . . . 277 129. Integration of polynomials . . . . . 281 130–131. Integration of rational functions . . . . . 281 CONTENTS xi SECT. PAGE 132–139. Integration of algebraical functions. Integration by rationalisa- tion. Integration by parts . . . . . 286 140–144. Integration of transcendental functions . . . . . 298 145. Areas of plane curves . . . . . 302 146. Lengths of plane curves . . . . . 304 Miscellaneous Examples . . . . . 308 Derivative of xm, 241. Derivatives of cos x and sin x, 241. Tangent and normal to a curve, 241, 257. Multiple roots of equations, 249, 309. Rolle's Theorem for polynomials, 251. Leibniz' Theorem, 259. Maxima and min- ima of the quotient of two quadratics, 269, 310. Axes of a conic, 273. Lengths and areas in polar coordinates, 307. Differentiation of a deter- minant, 308. Extensions of the Mean Value Theorem, 313. Formulae of reduction, 314. CHAPTER VII ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE DIFFERENTIAL AND INTEGRAL CALCULUS 147. Taylor's Theorem . . . . . 319 148. Taylor's Series . . . . . 324 149. Applications of Taylor's Theorem to maxima and minima . . . . . 326 150. Applications of Taylor's Theorem to the calculation of limits . . 327 151. The contact of plane curves . . . . . 330 152–154. Differentiation of functions of several variables . . . . . 335 155. Differentials . . . . . 342 156–161. Definite Integrals. Areas of curves . . . . . 347 162. Alternative proof of Taylor's Theorem . . . . . 367 163. Application to the binomial series . . . . . 368 164. Integrals of complex functions . . . . . 369 Miscellaneous Examples . . . . . 370 Newton's method of approximation to the roots of equations, 322. Se- ries for cos x and sin x, 325. Binomial series, 325. Tangent to a curve, 331, 346, 374. Points of inflexion, 331. Curvature, 333, 372. Osculating CONTENTS xii conics, 334, 372. Differentiation of implicit functions, 346. Fourier's inte- grals, 355, 360. The second mean value theorem, 364. Homogeneous func- tions, 372. Euler's Theorem, 372. Jacobians, 374. Schwarz's inequality for integrals, 378. Approximate values of definite integrals, 380. Simpson's Rule, 380. CHAPTER VIII THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES AND INFINITE INTEGRALS SECT. PAGE 165–168. Series of positive terms. Cauchy's and d'Alembert's tests of con- vergence . . . . . 382 169. Dirichlet's Theorem . . . . . 388 170. Multiplication of series of positive terms . . . . . 388 171–174. Further tests of convergence. Abel's Theorem. Maclaurin's inte- gral test . . . . . 390 175. The series P n–s . . . . . 395 176. Cauchy's condensation test . . . . . 397 177–182. Infinite integrals . . . . . 398 183. Series of positive and negative terms . . . . . 416 184–185. Absolutely convergent series . . . . . 418 186–187. Conditionally convergent series . . . . . 420 188. Alternating series . . . . . 422 189. Abel's and Dirichlet's tests of convergence . . . . . 425 190. Series of complex terms . . . . . 427 191–194. Power series . . . . . 428 195. Multiplication of series in general . . . . . 433 Miscellaneous Examples . . . . . 435 The series P nkrn and allied series, 385. Transformation of infinite inte- grals by substitution and integration by parts, 404, 406, 413. The seriesP an cos nθ, P an sin nθ, 419, 425, 427. Alteration of the sum of a series by rearrangement, 423. Logarithmic series, 431. Binomial series, 431, 433. Multiplication of conditionally convergent series, 434, 439. Recurring se- ries, 437. Difference equations, 438. Definite integrals, 441. Schwarz's inequality for infinite integrals, 442. CONTENTS xiii CHAPTER IX THE LOGARITHMIC AND EXPONENTIAL FUNCTIONS OF A REAL VARIABLE SECT. PAGE 196–197. The logarithmic function . . . . . 444 198. The functional equation satisfied by log x . . . . . 447 199–201. The behaviour of log x as x tends to infinity or to zero . . . . . 448 202. The logarithmic scale of infinity . . . . . 450 203. The number e . . . . . 452 204–206. The exponential function . . . . . 453 207. The general power ax . . . . . 456 208. The exponential limit . . . . . 457 209. The logarithmic limit . . . . . 459 210. Common logarithms . . . . . .

. . . . . 460 211. Logarithmic tests of convergence . . . . . 466 212. The exponential series . . . . . 471 213. The logarithmic series . . . . . 475 214. The series for arc tan x . . . . . 476 215. The binomial series . . . . . 480 216. Alternative development of the theory . . . . . 482 Miscellaneous Examples . . . . . 484 Integrals containing the exponential function, 460. The hyperbolic func- tions, 463. Integrals of certain algebraical functions, 464. Euler's con- stant, 469, 486. Irrationality of e, 473. Approximation to surds by the bi- nomial theorem, 480. Irrationality of log10 n, 483. Definite integrals, 491. CHAPTER X THE GENERAL THEORY OF THE LOGARITHMIC, EXPONENTIAL, AND CIRCULAR FUNCTIONS 217–218. Functions of a complex variable . . . . . 495 219. Curvilinear integrals . . . . . 496 220. Definition of the logarithmic function . . . . . 497 221. The values of the logarithmic function . . . . . 499 CONTENTS xiv SECT. PAGE 222–224. The exponential function . . . . . 505 225–226. The general power az . . . . . 507 227–230. The trigonometrical and hyperbolic functions . . . . . 512 231. The connection between the logarithmic and inverse trigonomet- rical functions . . . . . 518 232. The exponential series . . . . . 520 233. The series for cos z and sin z . . . . . 522 234–235. The logarithmic series . . . . . 525 236. The exponential limit . . . . . 529 237. The binomial series . . . . . 531 Miscellaneous Examples . . . . . 534 The functional equation satisfied by Log z, 503. The function ez , 509. Logarithms to any base, 510. The inverse cosine, sine, and tangent of a complex number, 516. Trigonometrical series, 523, 527, 540. Roots of transcendental equations, 534. Transformations, 535, 538. Stereographic projection, 537. Mercator's projection, 538. Level curves, 539. Definite integrals, 543. Appendix I. The proof that every equation has a root . . . . . 545 Appendix II. A note on double limit problems . . . . . 553 Appendix III. The circular functions . . . . . 557 Appendix IV. The infinite in analysis and geometry 560

CHAPTER I

REAL VARIABLES

1. Rational numbers. A fraction r = p/q, where p and q are pos- itive or negative integers, is called a rational number. We can suppose (i) that p and q have no common factor, as if they have a common factor we can divide each of them by it, and (ii) that q is positive, since p/(–q) = (–p)/q, (–p)/(–q) = p/q. To the rational numbers thus defined we may add the 'rational number 0' obtained by taking p = 0. We assume that the reader is familiar with the ordinary arithmetical rules for the manipulation of rational numbers. The examples which follow demand no knowledge beyond this. Examples I. 1. If r and s are rational numbers, then r + s, r – s, rs, and r/s are rational numbers, unless in the last case s = 0 (when r/s is of course meaningless). 2. If λ, m, and n are positive rational numbers, and m > n, then $\lambda(m^2 - n^2)$, $2\lambda mn$, and $\lambda(m^2 + n^2)$ are positive rational numbers. Hence show how to determine any number of right-angled triangles the lengths of all of whose sides are rational. 3. Any terminated decimal represents a rational number whose denomina- tor contains no factors other than 2 or 5. Conversely, any such rational number can be expressed, and in one way only, as a terminated decimal. [The general theory of decimals will be considered in Ch. IV.] 4. The positive rational numbers may be arranged in the form of a simple series as follows: $\frac{1}{1}, \frac{2}{1}, \frac{1}{2}, \frac{3}{1}, \frac{2}{2}, \frac{1}{3}, \frac{4}{1}, \frac{3}{2}, \frac{2}{3}, \frac{1}{4}, \ldots$. Show that p/q is the $[\frac{1}{2}(p + q - 1)(p + q - 2) + q]$th term of the series. [In this series every rational number is repeated indefinitely. Thus 1 occurs as $\frac{1}{1}, \frac{2}{2}, \frac{3}{3}, \ldots$. We can of course avoid this by omitting every number which has already occurred in a simpler form, but then the problem of determining the precise position of p/q becomes more complicated.]

2. The representation of rational numbers by points on a line. It is convenient, in many branches of mathematical analysis, to make a good deal of use of geometrical illustrations. The use of geometrical illustrations in this way does not, of course, imply that analysis has any sort of dependence upon geometry: they are illustrations and nothing more, and are employed merely for the sake of clearness of exposition. This being so, it is not necessary that we should attempt any logical analysis of the ordinary notions of elementary geome- try; we may be content to suppose, however far it may be from the truth, that we know what they mean. Assuming, then, that we know what is meant by a straight line, a segment of a line, and the length of a segment, let us take a straight line Λ, produced indefinitely in both directions, and a segment A0A1 of any length. We call A0 the origin, or the point 0, and A1 the point 1, and we regard these points as representing the numbers 0 and 1. In order to obtain a point which shall represent a positive rational number r = p/q, we choose the point Ar such that A0Ar/A0A1 = r, A0Ar being a stretch of the line extending in the same direction along the line as A0A1, a direction which we shall suppose to be from left to right when, as in Fig. 1, the line is drawn horizontally across the paper. In order to obtain a point to represent a negative rational number r = –s,A0 A1 AsA–1A–s Fig. 1. it is natural to regard length as a magnitude capable of sign, positive if the length is measured in one direction (that of A0A1), and negative if measured in the other, so that AB = –BA; and to take as the point representing r the point A–s such that A0A–s = –A–sA0 = –A0As.

We thus obtain a point Ar on the line corresponding to every rational value of r, positive or negative, and

such that A0Ar = r · A0A1; and if, as is natural, we take A0A1 as our unit of length, and write A0A1 = 1, then we have A0Ar = r. We shall call the points Ar the rational points of the line. 3. Irrational numbers. If the reader will mark off on the line all the points corresponding to the rational numbers whose denominators are 1, 2, 3, . . . in succession, he will readily convince himself that he can cover the line with rational points as closely as he likes. We can state this more precisely as follows: if we take any segment BC on Λ, we can find as many rational points as we please on BC. Suppose, for example, that BC falls within the segment A1A2. It is evident that if we choose a positive integer k so that k · BC > 1,* (1) and divide A1A2 into k equal parts, then at least one of the points of division (say P) must fall inside BC, without coinciding with either B or C. For if this were not so, BC would be entirely included in one of the k parts into which A1A2 has been divided, which contradicts the supposition (1). But P obviously corresponds to a rational number whose denominator is k. Thus at least one rational point P lies between B and C. But then we can find another such point Q between B and P , another between B and Q, and so on indefinitely; i.e., as we asserted above, we can find as many as we please. We may express this by saying that BC includes infinitely many rational points. *The assumption that this is possible is equivalent to the assumption of what is known as the Axiom of Archimedes. [I : 3] REAL VARIABLES 4 The meaning of such phrases as 'infinitely many' or 'an infinity of ', in such sentences as 'BC includes infinitely many rational points' or 'there are an infinity of rational points on BC' or 'there are an infinity of positive integers', will be considered more closely in Ch. IV. The assertion 'there are an infinity of positive integers' means 'given any positive integer n, however large, we can find more than n positive integers'. This is plainly true whatever n may be, e.g. for n = 100,000 or 100,000,000. The assertion means exactly the same as 'we can find as many positive integers as we please'. The reader will easily convince himself of the truth of the following assertion, which is substantially equivalent to what was proved in the second paragraph of this section: given any rational number r, and any positive integer n, we can find another rational number lying on either side of r and differing from r by less than 1/n. It is merely to express this differently to say that we can find a rational number lying on either side of r and differing from r by as little as we please. Again, given any two rational numbers r and s, we can interpolate between them a chain of rational numbers in which any two consecutive terms differ by as little as we please, that is to say by less than 1/n, where n is any positive integer assigned beforehand. From these considerations the reader might be tempted to infer that an adequate view of the nature of the line could be obtained by imagining it to be formed simply by the rational points which lie on it. And it is certainly the case that if we imagine the line to be made up solely of the rational points, and all other points (if there are any such) to be eliminated, the figure which remained would possess most of the properties which common sense attributes to the straight line, and would, to put the matter roughly, look and behave very much like a line. A little further consideration, however, shows that this view would involve us in serious difficulties. Let us look at the matter for a moment with the eye of common sense, and consider some of the properties which we may reasonably expect a straight line to possess if it is to satisfy the idea which we have formed of it in elementary geometry. The straight line must be composed of points, and any segment of it by all the points which lie between its end points. With any such segment [I : 3] REAL VARIABLES 5 must be associated a certain entity called its length, which must be a quantity capable of numerical measurement in terms of any standard or unit length, and these lengths must be capable of combination with one another, according to the ordinary rules of algebra, by means of addition or multiplication. Again, it must be possible to construct a line whose length is the sum or product of any two given lengths. If the length P Q, along a given line, is a, and the length QR, along the same straight line, is b, the length P R must be a + b. Moreover, if the lengths OP , OQ, along one straight line, are 1 and a, and the length OR along another straight line is b, and if we determine the length OS by Euclid's construction (Euc. vi. 12) for a fourth proportional to the lines OP , OQ, OR, this length must be ab, the algebraical fourth proportional to 1, a, b. And it is hardly necessary to remark that the sums and products thus defined must obey the ordinary 'laws of algebra'; viz. a + b = b + a, a + (b + c) = (a + b) + c, ab = ba, a(bc) = (ab)c, a(b + c) = ab + ac. The lengths of our lines must also obey a number of obvious laws concerning inequalities as well as equalities: thus if A, B, C are three points lying along Λ from left to right, we must have AB < AC, and so on. Moreover it must be possible, on our fundamental line Λ, to find a point P such that A0P is equal to any segment whatever taken along Λ or along any other straight line. All these properties of a line, and more, are involved in the presuppositions of our elementary geometry. Now it is very easy to see that the idea of a straight line as composed of a series of points, each corresponding to a rational number, cannot possibly satisfy all these requirements. There are various elementary geometrical constructions, for example, which purport to construct a length x such that x2 = 2. For instance, we may construct an isosceles right-angled tri- angle ABC such that AB = AC = 1. Then if BC = x, x2 = 2. Or we may determine the length x by means of Euclid's construction (Euc. vi. 13) for a mean proportional to 1 and 2, as indicated in the figure. Our require- ments therefore involve the existence of a length measured by a number x, [I : 3] REAL VARIABLES 6A B C 1 1 x L M N P 2 1 x Fig. 2. and a point P on Λ such that A0P = x, x2 = 2. But it is easy to see that there is no rational number such that its square is 2. In fact we may go further and say that there is no rational number whose square is m/n, where m/n is any positive fraction in its lowest terms, unless m and n are both perfect squares. For suppose, if possible, that p2/q2 = m/n, p having no factor in common with q, and m no factor in common with n.

Then np2 = mq2. Every factor of q2 must divide np2, and as p and q have no common factor, every factor of q2 must divide n. Hence n = λq2, where λ is an integer. But this involves m = λp2: and as m and n have no common factor, λ must be unity. Thus m = p2, n = q2, as was to be proved. In particular it follows, by taking n = 1, that an integer cannot be the square of a rational number, unless that rational number is itself integral. It appears then that our requirements involve the existence of a num- ber x and a point P , not one of the rational points already constructed, such that A0P = x, x2 = 2; and (as the reader will remember from ele- mentary algebra) we write x = √2. The following alternative proof that no rational number can have its square equal to 2 is interesting. [I : 4] REAL VARIABLES 7 Suppose, if possible, that p/q is a positive fraction, in its lowest terms, such that (p/q)2 = 2 or p2 = 2q2. It is easy to see that this involves (2q – p)2 = 2(p – q)2; and so (2q – p)/(p – q) is another fraction having the same property. But clearly q < p < 2q, and so p – q < q. Hence there is another fraction equal to p/q and having a smaller denominator, which contradicts the assumption that p/q is in its lowest terms. Examples II. 1. Show that no rational number can have its cube equal to 2. 2. Prove generally that a rational fraction p/q in its lowest terms cannot be the cube of a rational number unless p and q are both perfect cubes. 3. A more general proposition, which is due to Gauss and includes those which precede as particular cases, is the following: an algebraical equation xn + p1xn–1 + p2xn–2 + · · · + pn = 0, with integral coefficients, cannot have a rational but non-integral root. [For suppose that the equation has a root a/b, where a and b are integers without a common factor, and b is positive. Writing a/b for x, and multiplying by bn–1, we obtain – an b = p1an–1 + p2an–2b + · · · + pnbn–1, a fraction in its lowest terms equal to an integer, which is absurd. Thus b = 1, and the root is a. It is evident that a must be a divisor of pn.] 4. Show that if pn = 1 and neither of 1 + p1 + p2 + p3 + . . . , 1 – p1 + p2 – p3 + . . . is zero, then the equation cannot have a rational root. 5. Find the rational roots (if any) of x4 – 4x3 – 8x2 + 13x + 10 = 0. [The roots can only be integral, and so ±1, ±2, ±5, ±10 are the only possi- bilities: whether these are roots can be determined by trial. It is clear that we can in this way determine the rational roots of any such equation.] [I : 4] REAL VARIABLES 8 4. Irrational numbers (continued). The result of our geometrical representation of the rational numbers is therefore to suggest the desirabil- ity of enlarging our conception of ‘number’ by the introduction of further numbers of a new kind. The same conclusion might have been reached without the use of ge- ometrical language. One of the central problems of algebra is that of the solution of equations, such as x2 = 1, x2 = 2. The first equation has the two rational roots 1 and –1. But, if our con- ception of number is to be limited to the rational numbers, we can only say that the second equation has no roots; and the same is the case with such equations as x3 = 2, x4 = 7. These facts are plainly sufficient to make some generalisation of our idea of number desirable, if it should prove to be possible. Let us consider more closely the equation x2 = 2. We have already seen that there is no rational number x which satisfies this equation. The square of any rational number is either less than or greater than 2. We can therefore divide the rational numbers into two classes, one containing the numbers whose squares are less than 2, and the other those whose squares are greater than 2. We shall confine our attention to the positive rational numbers, and we shall call these two classes the class L, or the lower class, or the left-hand class, and the class R, or the upper class, or the right-hand class. It is obvious that every member of R is greater than all the members of L. Moreover it is easy to convince ourselves that we can find a member of the class L whose square, though less than 2, differs from 2 by as little as we please, and a member of R whose square, though greater than 2, also differs from 2 by as little as we please. In fact, if we carry out the ordinary arithmetical process for the extraction of the square root of 2, we obtain a series of rational numbers, viz. 1, 1.4, 1.41, 1.414, 1.4142, . . . whose squares 1, 1.96, 1.9881, 1.999 396, 1.999 961 64, . . . [I : 4] REAL VARIABLES 9 are all less than 2, but approach nearer and nearer to it; and by taking a sufficient number of the figures given by the process we can obtain as close an approximation as we want. And if we increase the last figure, in each of the approximations given above, by unity, we obtain a series of rational numbers 2, 1.5, 1.42, 1.415, 1.4143, . . . whose squares 4, 2.25, 2.0164, 2.002 225, 2.000 244 49, . . . are all greater than 2 but approximate to 2 as closely as we please. The reasoning which precedes, although it will probably convince the reader, is hardly of the precise character required by modern mathematics. We can supply a formal proof as follows. In the first place, we can find a member of L and a member of R, differing by as little as we please. For we saw in § 3 that, given any two rational numbers a and b, we can construct a chain of rational numbers, of which a and b are the first and last, and in which any two consecutive numbers differ by as little as we please. Let us then take a member x of L and a member y of R, and interpolate between them a chain of rational numbers of which x is the first and y the last, and in which any two consecutive numbers differ by less than δ, δ being any positive rational number as small as we please, such as .01 or .0001 or .000 001. In this chain there must be a last which belongs to L and a first which belongs to R, and these two numbers differ by less than δ. We can now prove that an x can be found in L and a y in R such that 2 – x2 and y2 – 2 are as small as we please, say less than δ. Substituting 1 4 δ for δ in the argument which precedes, we see that we can choose x and y so that y – x < 1 4 δ; and we may plainly suppose that both x and y are less than 2. Thus y + x < 4, y2 – x2 = (y – x)(y + x) < 4(y – x) < δ; and since x2 < 2 and y2 > 2 it follows a fortiori that 2 – x2 and y2 – 2 are each less than δ. It follows also that there can be no largest member of L or smallest member of R. For if x is any member of L, then x2 < 2. Suppose that x2 = 2 – δ. Then we can find a member x1 of L such that x2 1 differs from 2 by less than δ, and so x2 1 > x2 or x1 > x. Thus

there are larger members [I : 5] REAL VARIABLES 10 of L than x; and as x is any member of L, it follows that no member of L can be larger than all the rest. Hence L has no largest member, and similarly R has no smallest. 5. Irrational numbers (continued). We have thus divided the posi- tive rational numbers into two classes, L and R, such that (i) every member of R is greater than every member of L, (ii) we can find a member of L and a member of R whose difference is as small as we please, (iii) L has no greatest and R no least member. Our common-sense notion of the at- tributes of a straight line, the requirements of our elementary geometry and our elementary algebra, alike demand the existence of a number x greater than all the members of L and less than all the members of R, and of a cor- responding point P on Λ such that P divides the points which correspond to members of L from those which correspond to members of R.A0 P RL RL RL RL RL Fig. 3. Let us suppose for a moment that there is such a number x, and that it may be operated upon in accordance with the laws of algebra, so that, for example, x2 has a definite meaning. Then x2 cannot be either less than or greater than 2. For suppose, for example, that x2 is less than 2. Then it follows from what precedes that we can find a positive rational number ξ such that $\xi 2$ lies between x2 and 2. That is to say, we can find a member of L greater than x; and this contradicts the supposition that x divides the members of L from those of R. Thus x2 cannot be less than 2, and similarly it cannot be greater than 2. We are therefore driven to the conclusion that x2 = 2, and that x is the number which in algebra we denote by $\sqrt{2}$. And of course this number $\sqrt{2}$ is not rational, for no rational number has its [I : 5] REAL VARIABLES 11 square equal to 2. It is the simplest example of what is called an irrational number. But the preceding argument may be applied to equations other than x2 = 2, almost word for word; for example to x2 = N , where N is any integer which is not a perfect square, or to x3 = 3, x3 = 7, x4 = 23, or, as we shall see later on, to x3 = 3x+8. We are thus led to believe in the existence of irrational numbers x and points P on Λ such that x satisfies equations such as these, even when these lengths cannot (as $\sqrt{2}$ can) be constructed by means of elementary geometrical methods. The reader will no doubt remember that in treatises on elementary algebra the root of such an equation as xq = n is denoted by q $\sqrt{n}$ or n1/q, and that a meaning is attached to such symbols as np/q, n–p/q by means of the equations np/q = (n1/q)p, np/qn–p/q = 1. And he will remember how, in virtue of these definitions, the ‘laws of indices’ such as nr × ns = nr+s, (nr)s = nrs are extended so as to cover the case in which r and s are any rational numbers whatever. The reader may now follow one or other of two alternative courses. He may, if he pleases, be content to assume that ‘irrational numbers’ such as $\sqrt{2}$, 3 $\sqrt{3}$, . . . exist and are amenable to the algebraical laws with which he is familiar.* If he does this he will be able to avoid the more abstract discussions of the next few sections, and may pass on at once to §§ 13 et seq. If, on the other hand, he is not disposed to adopt so naive an attitude, he will be well advised to pay careful attention to the sections which follow, in which these questions receive fuller consideration. *This is the point of view which was adopted in the first edition of this book. In these sections I have borrowed freely from Appendix I of Bromwich’s Infinite Series. [I : 6] REAL VARIABLES 12 Examples III. 1. Find the difference between 2 and the squares of the decimals given in § 4 as approximations to $\sqrt{2}$. 2. Find the differences between 2 and the squares of 1 1 , 3 2 , 7 5 , 17 12 , 41 29 , 99 70 . 3. Show that if m/n is a good approximation to $\sqrt{2}$, then (m + 2n)/(m + n) is a better one, and that the errors in the two cases are in opposite directions. Apply this result to continue the series of approximations in the last example. 4. If x and y are approximations to $\sqrt{2}$, by defect and by excess respectively, and $2 - x2 < \delta$, $y2 - 2 < \delta$, then $y - x < \delta$. 5. The equation x2 = 4 is satisfied by x = 2. Examine how far the argument of the preceding sections applies to this equation (writing 4 for 2 throughout). [If we define the classes L, R as before, they do not include all rational numbers. The rational number 2 is an exception, since 22 is neither less than or greater than 4.] 6. Irrational numbers (continued). In § 4 we discussed a special mode of division of the positive rational numbers x into two classes, such that x2 < 2 for the members of one class and x2 > 2 for those of the others. Such a mode of division is called a section of the numbers in question. It is plain that we could equally well construct a section in which the numbers of the two classes were characterised by the inequalities x3 < 2 and x3 > 2, or x4 < 7 and x4 > 7. Let us now attempt to state the principles of the construction of such ‘sections’ of the positive rational numbers in quite general terms. Suppose that P and Q stand for two properties which are mutually exclusive and one of which must be possessed by every positive rational number. Further, suppose that every such number which possesses P is less than any such number which possesses Q. Thus P might be the property ‘x2 < 2’ and Q the property ‘x2 > 2.’ Then we call the numbers which possess P the lower or left-hand class L and those which possess Q the upper or right-hand class R. In general both classes will exist; but it may happen in special cases that one is non-existent and that every number belongs to the other. This would obviously happen, for example, if P [I : 7] REAL VARIABLES 13 (or Q) were the property of being rational, or of being positive. For the present, however, we shall confine ourselves to cases in which both classes do exist; and then it follows, as in § 4, that we can find a member of L and a member of R whose difference is as small as we please. In the particular case which we considered in § 4, L had no greatest member and R no least. This question of the existence of greatest or least members of the classes is of the utmost importance. We observe first that it is impossible in any case that L should have a greatest member and R a least. For if l were the greatest member of L, and r the least of R, so that l < r, then 1 2 (l + r) would be a positive rational number lying between l and r, and so could belong neither to L nor to R; and this contradicts our assumption that every such number belongs to one class or to the other. This being

so, there are but three possibilities, which are mutually exclusive. Either (i) L has a greatest member l, or (ii) R has a least member r, or (iii) L has no greatest member and R no least. The section of § 4 gives an example of the last possibility. An example of the first is obtained by taking P to be ‘x2 ■ 1’ and Q to be ‘x2 > 1’; here l = 1. If P is ‘x2 < 1’ and Q is ‘x2 ■ 1’, we have an example of the second possibility, with r = 1. It should be observed that we do not obtain a section at all by taking P to be ‘x2 < 1’ and Q to be ‘x2 > 1’; for the special number 1 escapes classification (cf. Ex. iii. 5). 7. Irrational numbers (continued). In the first two cases we say that the section corresponds to a positive rational number a, which is l in the one case and r in the other. Conversely, it is clear that to any such number a corresponds a section which we shall denote by α.* For we might take P and Q to be the properties expressed by x ■ a, x > a respectively, or by x < a and x ■ a. In the first case a would be the greatest member of L, and in the second case the least member of R. *It will be convenient to denote a section, corresponding to a rational number de- noted by an English letter, by the corresponding Greek letter. [I : 8] REAL VARIABLES 14 There are in fact just two sections corresponding to any positive rational number. In order to avoid ambiguity we select one of them; let us select that in which the number itself belongs to the upper class. In other words, let us agree that we will consider only sections in which the lower class L has no greatest number. There being this correspondence between the positive rational numbers and the sections defined by means of them, it would be perfectly legitimate, for mathematical purposes, to replace the numbers by the sections, and to regard the symbols which occur in our formulae as standing for the sections instead of for the numbers. Thus, for example, $\alpha > \alpha'$ would mean the same as a > a′, if α and α' are the sections which correspond to a and a′. But when we have in this way substituted sections of rational numbers for the rational numbers themselves, we are almost forced to a generali- sation of our number system. For there are sections (such as that of § 4) which do not correspond to any rational number. The aggregate of sec- tions is a larger aggregate than that of the positive rational numbers; it includes sections corresponding to all these numbers, and more besides. It is this fact which we make the basis of our generalisation of the idea of number. We accordingly frame the following definitions, which will how- ever be modified in the next section, and must therefore be regarded as temporary and provisional. A section of the positive rational numbers, in which both classes exist and the lower class has no greatest member, is called a positive real number. A positive real number which does not correspond to a positive rational number is called a positive irrational number. 8. Real numbers. We have confined ourselves so far to certain sec- tions of the positive rational numbers, which we have agreed provisionally to call ‘positive real numbers.’ Before we frame our final definitions, we must alter our point of view a little. We shall consider sections, or divisions into two classes, not merely of the positive rational numbers, but of all ra- tional numbers, including zero. We may then repeat all that we have said about sections of the positive rational numbers in §§ 6, 7, merely omitting [I : 8] REAL VARIABLES 15 the word positive occasionally. Definitions. A section of the rational numbers, in which both classes exist and the lower class has no greatest member, is called a real number, or simply a number. A real number which does not correspond to a rational number is called an irrational number. If the real number does correspond to a rational number, we shall use the term ‘rational’ as applying to the real number also. The term ‘rational number’ will, as a result of our definitions, be ambiguous; it may mean the rational number of § 1, or the corresponding real number. If we say that 1 2 > 1 3 , we may be asserting either of two different propositions, one a proposition of elementary arithmetic, the other a proposition concerning sections of the rational numbers. Ambiguities of this kind are common in mathematics, and are perfectly harmless, since the relations between different propositions are exactly the same whichever interpretation is attached to the propositions themselves. From 1 2 > 1 3 and 1 3 > 1 4 we can infer 1 2 > 1 4 ; the inference is in no way affected by any doubt as to whether 1 2 , 1 3 , and 1 4 are arithmetical fractions or real numbers. Sometimes, of course, the context in which (e.g.) ‘ 1 2 ’ occurs is sufficient to fix its interpretation. When we say (see § 9) that 1 2 < q 1 3 , we must mean by ‘ 1 2 ’ the real number 1 2 . The reader should observe, moreover, that no particular logical importance is to be attached to the precise form of definition of a ‘real number’ that we have adopted. We defined a ‘real number’ as being a section, i.e. a pair of classes. We might equally well have defined it as being the lower, or the upper, class; indeed it would be easy to define an infinity of classes of entities each of which would possess the properties of the class of real numbers. What is essential in math- ematics is that its symbols should be capable of some interpretation; generally they are capable of many, and then, so far as mathematics is concerned, it does not matter which we adopt. Mr Bertrand Russell has said that ‘mathematics is the science in which we do not know what we are talking about, and do not care whether what we say about it is true’, a remark which is expressed in the form of a paradox but which in reality embodies a number of important truths. It would take too long to analyse the meaning of Mr Russell’s epigram in detail, but one at any rate of its implications is this, that the symbols of mathematics [I : 9] REAL VARIABLES 16 are capable of varying interpretations, and that we are in general at liberty to adopt whichever we prefer. There are now three cases to distinguish. It may happen that all neg- ative rational numbers belong to the lower class and zero and all positive rational numbers to the upper. We describe this section as the real num- ber zero. Or again it may happen that the lower class includes some positive numbers. Such a section we describe as a positive real number. Finally it may happen that some negative numbers belong to the upper class. Such a section we describe as a negative real number.* The difference between our

present definition of a positive real number a and that of § 7 amounts to the addition to the lower class of zero and all the negative rational numbers. An example of a negative real number is given by taking the property P of § 6 to be x + 1 < 0 and Q to be x + 1 ■ 0. This section plainly corresponds to the negative rational number –1. If we took P to be x3 < –2 and Q to be x3 > –2, we should obtain a negative real number which is not rational. 9. Relations of magnitude between real numbers. It is plain that, now that we have extended our conception of number, we are bound to make corresponding extensions of our conceptions of equality, inequality, addition, multiplication, and so on. We have to show that these ideas can be applied to the new numbers, and that, when this extension of them is made, all the ordinary laws of algebra retain their validity, so that we can operate with real numbers in general in exactly the same way as with the rational numbers of § 1. To do all this systematically would occupy a *There are also sections in which every number belongs to the lower or to the upper class. The reader may be tempted to ask why we do not regard these sections also as defining numbers, which we might call the real numbers positive and negative infinity. There is no logical objection to such a procedure, but it proves to be inconvenient in practice. The most natural definitions of addition and multiplication do not work in a satisfactory way. Moreover, for a beginner, the chief difficulty in the elements of analysis is that of learning to attach precise senses to phrases containing the word 'infinity'; and experience seems to show that he is likely to be confused by any addition to their number. [I : 9] REAL VARIABLES 17 considerable space, and we shall be content to indicate summarily how a more systematic discussion would proceed. We denote a real number by a Greek letter such as α, β, γ, . . . ; the rational numbers of its lower and upper classes by the corresponding En- glish letters a, A; b, B; c, C; . . . . The classes themselves we denote by (a), (A), ... If α and β are two real numbers, there are three possibilities: (i) every a is a b and every A a B; in this case (a) is identical with (b) and (A) with (B); (ii) every a is a b, but not all A's are B's; in this case (a) is a proper part of (b),* and (B) a proper part of (A); (iii) every A is a B, but not all a's are b's. These three cases may be indicated graphically as in Fig. 4. In case (i) we write $\alpha = \beta$, in case (ii) $\alpha < \beta$, and in case (iii) $\alpha > \beta$. It is clear that, when α and β are both rational, these definitions agreeα β α β α β (i) (ii) (iii) Fig. 4. with the ideas of equality and inequality between rational numbers which we began by taking for granted; and that any positive number is greater than any negative number. It will be convenient to define at this stage the negative $-\alpha$ of a positive number α. If (a), (A) are the classes which constitute α, we can define another section of the rational numbers by putting all numbers –A in the lower class and all numbers –a in the upper. The real number thus defined, which is clearly negative, we denote by $-\alpha$. Similarly we can define $-\alpha$ *I.e. is included in but not identical with (b). [I : 10] REAL VARIABLES 18 when α is negative or zero; if α is negative, $-\alpha$ is positive. It is plain also that $-(-\alpha) = \alpha$. Of the two numbers α and $-\alpha$ one is always positive (unless $\alpha = 0$). The one which is positive we denote by $|\alpha|$ and call the modulus of α. Examples IV. 1. Prove that $0 = -0$. 2. Prove that $\beta = \alpha$, $\beta < \alpha$, or $\beta > \alpha$ according as $\alpha = \beta$, $\alpha > \beta$, or $\alpha < \beta$. 3. If $\alpha = \beta$ and $\beta = \gamma$, then $\alpha = \gamma$. 4. If α ■ β, $\beta < \gamma$, or $\alpha < \beta$, β ■ γ, then $\alpha < \gamma$. 5. Prove that $-\beta = -\alpha$, $-\beta < -\alpha$, or $-\beta > -\alpha$, according as $\alpha = \beta$, $\alpha < \beta$, or $\alpha > \beta$. 6. Prove that $\alpha > 0$ if α is positive, and $\alpha < 0$ if α is negative. 7. Prove that α ■ $|\alpha|$. 8. Prove that $1 < \sqrt{2} < \sqrt{3} < 2$. 9. Prove that, if α and β are two different real numbers, we can always find an infinity of rational numbers lying between α and β. [All these results are immediate consequences of our definitions.] 10. Algebraical operations with real numbers. We now proceed to define the meaning of the elementary algebraical operations such as addition, as applied to real numbers in general. (i) Addition. In order to define the sum of two numbers α and β, we consider the following two classes: (i) the class (c) formed by all sums c = a + b, (ii) the class (C) formed by all sums C = A + B. Plainly c < C in all cases. Again, there cannot be more than one rational number which does not belong either to (c) or to (C). For suppose there were two, say r and s, and let s be the greater. Then both r and s must be greater than every c and less than every C; and so C – c cannot be less than s – r. But C – c = (A – a) + (B – b); and we can choose a, b, A, B so that both A – a and B – b are as small as we like; and this plainly contradicts our hypothesis. [I : 10] REAL VARIABLES 19 If every rational number belongs to (c) or to (C), the classes (c), (C) form a section of the rational numbers, that is to say, a number γ. If there is one which does not, we add it to (C). We have now a section or real number γ, which must clearly be rational, since it corresponds to the least member of (C). In any case we call γ the sum of α and β, and write $\gamma = \alpha + \beta$. If both α and β are rational, they are the least members of the upper classes (A) and (B). In this case it is clear that $\alpha + \beta$ is the least member of (C), so that our definition agrees with our previous ideas of addition. (ii) Subtraction. We define $\alpha - \beta$ by the equation $\alpha - \beta = \alpha + (-\beta)$. The idea of subtraction accordingly presents no fresh difficulties. Examples V. 1. Prove that $\alpha + (-\alpha) = 0$. 2. Prove that $\alpha + 0 = 0 + \alpha = \alpha$. 3. Prove that $\alpha + \beta = \beta + \alpha$. [This follows at once from the fact that the classes (a + b) and (b + a), or (A + B) and (B + A), are the same, since, e.g., a + b = b + a when a and b are rational.] 4. Prove that $\alpha + (\beta + \gamma) = (\alpha + \beta) + \gamma$. 5. Prove that $\alpha - \alpha = 0$. 6. Prove that $\alpha - \beta = -(\beta - \alpha)$. 7. From the definition of subtraction, and Exs. 4, 1, and 2 above, it follows that $(\alpha - \beta) + \beta = \{\alpha + (-\beta)\} + \beta = \alpha + \{(-\beta) + \beta\} = \alpha + 0 = \alpha$. We might therefore define the difference $\alpha - \beta = \gamma$ by the equation $\gamma + \beta = \alpha$. 8. Prove that $\alpha - (\beta - \gamma) = \alpha - \beta + \gamma$. 9. Give a definition of subtraction which does not depend upon a previous definition of addition. [To define $\gamma = \alpha - \beta$, form the classes (c), (C) for which [I : 11] REAL VARIABLES 20 c = a – B, C = A – b. It is easy to show that this definition is equivalent to that which we adopted in the text.] 10. Prove that $|\alpha| - |\beta|$ ■ $|\alpha \pm \beta|$ ■ $|\alpha| + |\beta|$. 11. Algebraical operations with real numbers (continued). (iii) Multiplication. When we come to multiplication, it

is most con- venient to confine ourselves to positive numbers (among which we may include 0) in the first instance, and to go back for a moment to the sections of positive rational numbers only which we considered in §§ 4–7. We may then follow practically the same road as in the case of addition, taking (c) to be (ab) and (C) to be (AB). The argument is the same, except when we are proving that all rational numbers with at most one exception must belong to (c) or (C). This depends, as in the case of addition, on showing that we can choose a, A, b, and B so that C – c is as small as we please. Here we use the identity C – c = AB – ab = (A – a)B + a(B – b). Finally we include negative numbers within the scope of our definition by agreeing that, if α and β are positive, then $(-\alpha)\beta = -\alpha\beta$, $\alpha(-\beta) = -\alpha\beta$, $(-\alpha)(-\beta) = \alpha\beta$. (iv) Division. In order to define division, we begin by defining the reciprocal $1/\alpha$ of a number α (other than zero). Confining ourselves in the first instance to positive numbers and sections of positive rational numbers, we define the reciprocal of a positive number α by means of the lower class (1/A) and the upper class (1/a). We then define the reciprocal of a negative number $-\alpha$ by the equation $1/(-\alpha) = -(1/\alpha)$. Finally we define α/β by the equation $\alpha/\beta = \alpha \times (1/\beta)$. [I : 13] REAL VARIABLES 21 We are then in a position to apply to all real numbers, rational or irrational, the whole of the ideas and methods of elementary algebra. Nat- urally we do not propose to carry out this task in detail. It will be more profitable and more interesting to turn our attention to some special, but particularly important, classes of irrational numbers. Examples VI. Prove the theorems expressed by the following formulae: 1. $\alpha \times 0 = 0 \times \alpha = 0$. 2. $\alpha \times 1 = 1 \times \alpha = \alpha$. 3. $\alpha \times (1/\alpha) = 1$. 4. $\alpha\beta = \beta\alpha$. 5. $\alpha(\beta\gamma) = (\alpha\beta)\gamma$. 6. $\alpha(\beta + \gamma) = \alpha\beta + \alpha\gamma$. 7. $(\alpha + \beta)\gamma = \alpha\gamma + \beta\gamma$. 8. $|\alpha\beta| = |\alpha|\,|\beta|$. 12. The number $\sqrt{2}$. Let us now return for a moment to the partic- ular irrational number which we discussed in §§ 4–5. We there constructed a section by means of the inequalities $x^2 < 2$, $x^2 > 2$. This was a section of the positive rational numbers only; but we replace it (as was explained in § 8) by a section of all the rational numbers. We denote the section or number thus defined by the symbol $\sqrt{2}$. The classes by means of which the product of $\sqrt{2}$ by itself is defined are (i) (aa′), where a and a′ are positive rational numbers whose squares are less than 2, (ii) (AA′), where A and A′ are positive rational numbers whose squares are greater than 2. These classes exhaust all positive rational numbers save one, which can only be 2 itself. Thus $(\sqrt{2})^2 = \sqrt{2}\sqrt{2} = 2$. Again $(-\sqrt{2})^2 = (-\sqrt{2})(-\sqrt{2}) = \sqrt{2}\sqrt{2} = (\sqrt{2})^2 = 2$. Thus the equation $x^2 = 2$ has the two roots $\sqrt{2}$ and $-\sqrt{2}$. Similarly we could discuss the equations $x^2 = 3$, $x^3 = 7$, . . . and the corresponding irrational numbers $\sqrt{3}$, $-\sqrt{3}$, $\sqrt[3]{7}$, ... [I : 13] REAL VARIABLES 22 13. Quadratic surds. A number of the form $\pm\sqrt{a}$, where a is a positive rational number which is not the square of another rational num- ber, is called a pure quadratic surd. A number of the form $a \pm \sqrt{b}$, where a is rational, and $\sqrt{b}$ is a pure quadratic surd, is sometimes called a mixed quadratic surd. The two numbers $a \pm \sqrt{b}$ are the roots of the quadratic equation $x^2 - 2ax + a^2 - b = 0$. Conversely, the equation $x^2 + 2px + q = 0$, where p and q are rational, and $p^2 - q > 0$, has as its roots the two quadratic surds $-p \pm \sqrt{p^2 - q}$. The only kind of irrational numbers whose existence was suggested by the geometrical considerations of § 3 are these quadratic surds, pure and mixed, and the more complicated irrationals which may be expressed in a form involving the repeated extraction of square roots, such as $\sqrt{2 + q\sqrt{2 + r\sqrt{2 + q\sqrt{2}}}}$. It is easy to construct geometrically a line whose length is equal to any number of this form, as the reader will easily see for himself. That irrational numbers of these kinds only can be constructed by Euclidean methods (i.e. by geometrical constructions with ruler and compasses) is a point the proof of which must be deferred for the present.* This property of quadratic surds makes them especially interesting. Examples VII. 1. Give geometrical constructions for $\sqrt{2}$, $\sqrt{q\sqrt{2}}$, $\sqrt{r\sqrt{2 + q\sqrt{2}}}$. 2. The quadratic equation $ax^2 + 2bx + c = 0$ has two real roots if $b^2 - ac > 0$. *See Ch. II, Misc. Exs. 22. I.e. there are two values of x for which $ax^2 + 2bx + c = 0$. If $b^2 - ac < 0$ there are no such values of x. The reader will remember that in books on elementary algebra the equation is said to have two ‘complex’ roots. The meaning to be attached to this statement will be explained in Ch. III. When $b^2 = ac$ the equation has only one root. For the sake of uniformity it is generally said in this case to have ‘two equal’ roots, but this is a mere convention. [I : 14] REAL VARIABLES 23 Suppose a, b, c rational. Nothing is lost by taking all three to be integers, for we can multiply the equation by the least common multiple of their denominators. The reader will remember that the roots are $\{-b \pm \sqrt{b^2 - ac}\}/a$. It is easy to construct these lengths geometrically, first constructing $\sqrt{b^2 - ac}$. A much more elegant, though less straightforward, construction is the following. Draw a circle of unit radius, a diameter P Q, and the tangents at the ends of the diameters.Q′ Q XY P P ′ N M Fig. 5. Take $PP' = -2a/b$ and $QQ' = -c/2b$, having regard to sign.* Join P ′Q′, cutting the circle in M and N . Draw P M and P N , cutting QQ′ in X and Y . Then QX and QY are the roots of the equation with their proper signs. The proof is simple and we leave it as an exercise to the reader. Another, perhaps even simpler, construction is the following. Take a line AB of unit length. Draw $BC = -2b/a$ perpendicular to AB, and $CD = c/a$ perpendicular to BC and in the same direction as BA. On AD as diameter describe a circle cutting BC in X and Y . Then BX and BY are the roots. 3. If ac is positive P P ′ and QQ′ will be drawn in the same direction. Verify that P ′Q′ will not meet the circle if $b^2 < ac$, while if $b^2 = ac$ it will be a tangent. Verify also that if $b^2 = ac$ the circle in the second construction will touch BC. 4. Prove that $\sqrt{pq} = \sqrt{p} \times \sqrt{q}$, $\sqrt{p^2 q} = p\sqrt{q}$. *The figure is drawn to suit the case in which b and c have the same and a the opposite sign. The reader should draw figures for other cases. I have taken this construction from Klein’s Le¸cons sur certaines questions de g´eom´etrie ´el´ementaire (French translation by J. Griess, Paris, 1896). [I : 14] REAL VARIABLES 24 14. Some theorems concerning quadratic surds. Two pure quadratic surds are said to be similar if they can be expressed as

rational multiples of the same surd, and otherwise to be dissimilar. Thus √8 = 2√2, q25 2 = 5 2 √2, and so √8, q25 2 are similar surds. On the other hand, if M and N are integers which have no common factor, and neither of which is a perfect square, √M and √N are dissimilar surds. For suppose, if possible, √M = p q r t u, √N = r s r t u, where all the letters denote integers. Then √M N is evidently rational, and therefore (Ex. ii. 3) integral. Thus M N = P 2, where P is an integer. Let a, b, c, . . . be the prime factors of P , so that M N = a2αb2β c2γ . . . , where α, β, γ, . . . are positive integers. Then M N is divisible by a2α, and therefore either (1) M is divisible by a2α, or (2) N is divisible by a2α, or (3) M and N are both divisible by a. The last case may be ruled out, since M and N have no common factor. This argument may be applied to each of the factors a2α, b2β , c2γ , . . . , so that M must be divisible by some of these factors and N by the remainder. Thus M = P 2 1 , N = P 2 2 , where P 2 1 denotes the product of some of the factors a2α, b2β , c2γ , . . . and P 2 2 the product of the rest. Hence M and N are both perfect squares, which is contrary to our hypothesis. Theorem. If A, B, C, D are rational and A + √B = C + √D, then either (i) A = C, B = D or (ii) B and D are both squares of rational numbers. [I : 14] REAL VARIABLES 25 For B – D is rational, and so is √B – √D = C – A. If B is not equal to D (in which case it is obvious that A is also equal to C), it follows that √B + √D = (B – D)/(√B – √D) is also rational. Hence √B and √D are rational. Corollary. If A + √B = C + √D, then A – √B = C – √D (unless√B and √D are both rational). Examples VIII. 1. Prove ab initio that √2 and √3 are not similar surds. 2. Prove that √a and p1/a, where a is rational, are similar surds (unless both are rational). 3. If a and b are rational, then √a+√b cannot be rational unless √a and √b are rational. The same is true of √a – √b, unless a = b. 4. If √A + √B = √C + √D, then either (a) A = C and B = D, or (b) A = D and B = C, or (c) √A, √B,√C, √D are all rational or all similar surds. [Square the given equation and apply the theorem above.] 5. Neither (a + √b)3 nor (a – √b)3 can be rational unless √b is rational. 6. Prove that if x = p + √q, where p and q are rational, then xm, where m is any integer, can be expressed in the form P + Q√q, where P and Q are rational. For example, (p + √q)2 = p2 + q + 2p√q, (p + √q)3 = p3 + 3pq + (3p2 + q)√q. Deduce that any polynomial in x with rational coefficients (i.e. any expression of the form a0xn + a1xn–1 + · · · + an, where a0, . . . , an are rational numbers) can be expressed in the form P + Q√q. [I : 15] REAL VARIABLES 26 7. If a + √b, where b is not a perfect square, is the root of an algebraical equation with rational coefficients, then a – √b is another root of the same equation. 8. Express 1/(p+√q) in the form prescribed in Ex. 6. [Multiply numerator and denominator by p – √q.] 9. Deduce from Exs. 6 and 8 that any expression of the form G(x)/H(x), where G(x) and H(x) are polynomials in x with rational coefficients, can be expressed in the form P + Q√q, where P and Q are rational. 10. If p, q, and p2 – q are positive, we can express pp + √q in the form √x + √y, where x = 1 2 {p + pp2 – q}, y = 1 2 {p – pp2 – q}. 11. Determine the conditions that it may be possible to express pp + √q, where p and q are rational, in the form √x + √y, where x and y are rational. 12. If a2 – b is positive, the necessary and sufficient conditions that q a + √b + q a – √b should be rational are that a2 – b and 1 2 {a + √a2 – b} should both be squares of rational numbers. 15. The continuum. The aggregate of all real numbers, rational and irrational, is called the arithmetical continuum. It is convenient to suppose that the straight line Λ of § 2 is composed of points corresponding to all the numbers of the arithmetical continuum, and of no others.* The points of the line, the aggregate of which may be said to constitute the linear continuum, then supply us with a convenient image of the arithmetical continuum. We have considered in some detail the chief properties of a few classes of real numbers, such, for example, as rational numbers or quadratic surds. *This supposition is merely a hypothesis adopted (i) because it suffices for the purposes of our geometry and (ii) because it provides us with convenient geometrical illustrations of analytical processes. As we use geometrical language only for purposes of illustration, it is not part of our business to study the foundations of geometry. [I : 15] REAL VARIABLES 27 We add a few further examples to show how very special these particular classes of numbers are, and how, to put it roughly, they comprise only a minute fraction of the infinite variety of numbers which constitute the continuum. (i) Let us consider a more complicated surd expression such as z = 3 q 4 + √15 + 3 q 4 – √15. Our argument for supposing that the expression for z has a meaning might be as follows. We first show, as in § 12, that there is a number y = √15 such that y2 = 15, and we can then, as in § 10, define the numbers 4 + √15, 4 – √15. Now consider the equation in z1, z3 1 = 4 + √15. The right-hand side of this equation is not rational: but exactly the same rea- soning which leads us to suppose that there is a real number x such that x3 = 2 (or any other rational number) also leads us to the conclusion that there is a number z1 such that z3 1 = 4+√15. We thus define z1 = 3 p4 + √15, and similarly we can define z2 = 3 p4 – √15; and then, as in § 10, we define z = z1 + z2. Now it is easy to verify that z3 = 3z + 8. And we might have given a direct proof of the existence of a unique number z such that z3 = 3z + 8. It is easy to see that there cannot be two such numbers. For if z3 1 = 3z1 + 8 and z3 2 = 3z2 + 8, we find on subtracting and dividing by z1 – z2 that z2 1 + z1z2 + z2 2 = 3. But if z1 and z2 are positive z3 1 > 8, z3 2 > 8 and therefore z1 > 2, z2 > 2, z2 1 + z1z2 + z2 2 > 12, and so the equation just found is impossible. And it is easy to see that neither z1 nor z2 can be negative. For if z1 is negative and equal to –ζ, ζ is positive and ζ3 – 3ζ + 8 = 0, or 3 – ζ2 = 8/ζ. Hence 3 – ζ2 > 0, and so ζ < 2. But then 8/ζ > 4, and so 8/ζ cannot be equal to 3 – ζ2, which is less than 3. Hence there is at most one z such that z3 = 3z + 8. And it cannot be rational. For any rational root of this equation must be integral and a factor of 8 (Ex. ii. 3), and it is easy to verify that no one of 1, 2, 4, 8 is a root. Thus z3 = 3z + 8 has at most one root and that root, if it exists, is positive and not rational. We can now divide the positive rational numbers x into two [I :

15] REAL VARIABLES 28 classes L, R according as x3 < 3x + 8 or x3 > 3x + 8. It is easy to see that if x3 > 3x + 8 and y is any number greater than x, then also y3 > 3y + 8. For suppose if possible y3 ■ 3y + 8. Then since x3 > 3x + 8 we obtain on subtracting y3 – x3 < 3(y – x), or y2 + xy + x2 < 3, which is impossible; for y is positive and x > 2 (since x3 > 8). Similarly we can show that if x3 < 3x + 8 and y < x then also y3 < 3y + 8. Finally, it is evident that the classes L and R both exist; and they form a section of the positive rational numbers or positive real number z which satisfies the equation z3 = 3z + 8. The reader who knows how to solve cubic equations by Cardan's method will be able to obtain the explicit expression of z directly from the equation. (ii) The direct argument applied above to the equation x3 = 3x + 8 could be applied (though the application would be a little more difficult) to the equation x5 = x + 16, and would lead us to the conclusion that a unique positive real number exists which satisfies this equation. In this case, however, it is not possible to obtain a simple explicit expression for x composed of any combination of surds. It can in fact be proved (though the proof is difficult) that it is generally impossible to find such an expression for the root of an equation of higher degree than 4. Thus, besides irrational numbers which can be expressed as pure or mixed quadratic or other surds, or combinations of such surds, there are others which are roots of algebraical equations but cannot be so expressed. It is only in very special cases that such expressions can be found. (iii) But even when we have added to our list of irrational numbers roots of equations (such as x5 = x+16) which cannot be explicitly expressed as surds, we have not exhausted the different kinds of irrational numbers contained in the continuum. Let us draw a circle whose diameter is equal to A0A1, i.e. to unity. It is natural to suppose* that the circumference of such a circle has a length capable of numerical measurement. This length *A proof will be found in Ch. VII. [I : 16] REAL VARIABLES 29 is usually denoted by π. And it has been shown* (though the proof is unfortunately long and difficult) that this number π is not the root of any algebraical equation with integral coefficients, such, for example, as π2 = n, π3 = n, π5 = π + n, where n is an integer. In this way it is possible to define a number which is not rational nor yet belongs to any of the classes of irrational numbers which we have so far considered. And this number π is no isolated or ex- ceptional case. Any number of other examples can be constructed. In fact it is only special classes of irrational numbers which are roots of equations of this kind, just as it is only a still smaller class which can be expressed by means of surds. 16. The continuous real variable. The 'real numbers' may be re- garded from two points of view. We may think of them as an aggregate, the 'arithmetical continuum' defined in the preceding section, or individ- ually. And when we think of them individually, we may think either of a particular specified number (such as 1, –1 2 , √2, or π) or we may think of any number, an unspecified number, the number x. This last is our point of view when we make such assertions as 'x is a number', 'x is the mea- sure of a length', 'x may be rational or irrational'. The x which occurs in propositions such as these is called the continuous real variable: and the individual numbers are called the values of the variable. A 'variable', however, need not necessarily be continuous. Instead of considering the aggregate of all real numbers, we might consider some partial aggregate contained in the former aggregate, such as the aggregate of rational numbers, or the aggregate of positive integers. Let us take the last case. Then in statements about any positive integer, or an unspecified positive integer, such as 'n is either odd or even', n is called the variable, a positive integral variable, and the individual positive integers are its values. Naturally 'x' and 'n' are only examples of variables, the variable whose 'field of variation' is formed by all the real numbers, and that whose field is *See Hobson's Trigonometry (3rd edition), pp. 305 et seq., or the same writer's Squaring the Circle (Cambridge, 1913). [I : 17] REAL VARIABLES 30 formed by the positive integers. These are the most important examples, but we have often to consider other cases. In the theory of decimals, for instance, we may denote by x any figure in the expression of any number as a decimal. Then x is a variable, but a variable which has only ten different values, viz. 0, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. The reader should think of other examples of variables with different fields of variation. He will find interesting examples in ordinary life: policeman x, the driver of cab x, the year x, the xth day of the week. The values of these variables are naturally not numbers. 17. Sections of the real numbers. In §§ 4–7 we considered 'sec- tions' of the rational numbers, i.e. modes of division of the rational num- bers (or of the positive rational numbers only) into two classes L and R possessing the following characteristic properties: (i) that every number of the type considered belongs to one and only one of the two classes; (ii) that both classes exist; (iii) that any member of L is less than any member of R. It is plainly possible to apply the same idea to the aggregate of all real numbers, and the process is, as the reader will find in later chapters, of very great importance. Let us then suppose* that P and Q are two properties which are mutu- ally exclusive, and one of which is possessed by every real number. Further let us suppose that any number which possesses P is less than any which possesses Q. We call the numbers which possess P the lower or left-hand class L, and those which possess Q the upper or right-hand class R. Thus P might be x ■ √2 and Q be x > √2. It is important to observe that a pair of properties which suffice to define a section of the rational numbers *The discussion which follows is in many ways similar to that of § 6. We have not attempted to avoid a certain amount of repetition. The idea of a 'section,' first brought into prominence in Dedekind's famous pamphlet Stetigkeit und irrationale Zahlen, is one which can, and indeed must, be grasped by every reader of this book, even if he be one of those who prefer to omit the discussion of the notion of an irrational number contained in §§ 6–12. [I : 17] REAL VARIABLES 31 may not suffice to define one of the real numbers. This is so, for example, with the pair 'x < √2' and 'x > √2' or (if we

confine ourselves to positive numbers) with ‘x2 < 2’ and ‘x2 > 2’. Every rational number possesses one or other of the properties, but not every real number, since in either case √2 escapes classification. There are now two possibilities.* Either L has a greatest member l, or R has a least member r. Both of these events cannot occur. For if L had a greatest member l, and R a least member r, the number 1 2 (l + r) would be greater than all members of L and less than all members of R, and so could not belong to either class. On the other hand one event must occur. For let L1 and R1 denote the classes formed from L and R by taking only the rational members of L and R. Then the classes L1 and R1 form a section of the rational numbers. There are now two cases to distinguish. It may happen that L1 has a greatest member α. In this case α must be also the greatest member of L. For if not, we could find a greater, say β. There are rational numbers lying between α and β, and these, being less than β, belong to L, and therefore to L1; and this is plainly a contradiction. Hence α is the greatest member of L. On the other hand it may happen that L1 has no greatest member. In this case the section of the rational numbers formed by L1 and R1 is a real number α. This number α must belong to L or to R. If it belongs to L we can show, precisely as before, that it is the greatest member of L, and similarly, if it belongs to R, it is the least member of R. Thus in any case either L has a greatest member or R a least. Any section of the real numbers therefore ‘corresponds’ to a real number in the sense in which a section of the rational numbers sometimes, but not always, corresponds to a rational number. This conclusion is of very great importance; for it shows that the consideration of sections of all the real numbers does not lead to any further generalisation of our idea of number. Starting from the rational numbers, we found that the idea of a section of the rational numbers led us to a new conception of a number, that of a real number, more general than that of a rational number; and it might have *There were three in § 6. This was not the case in § 6. [I : 18] REAL VARIABLES 32 been expected that the idea of a section of the real numbers would have led us to a conception more general still. The discussion which precedes shows that this is not the case, and that the aggregate of real numbers, or the continuum, has a kind of completeness which the aggregate of the rational numbers lacked, a completeness which is expressed in technical language by saying that the continuum is closed. The result which we have just proved may be stated as follows: Dedekind’s Theorem. If the real numbers are divided into two classes L and R in such a way that (i) every number belongs to one or other of the two classes, (ii) each class contains at least one number, (iii) any member of L is less than any member of R, then there is a number α, which has the property that all the numbers less than it belong to L and all the numbers greater than it to R. The number α itself may belong to either class. In applications we have often to consider sections not of all numbers but of all those contained in an interval [β, γ], that is to say of all numbers x such that β ■ x ■ γ. A ‘section’ of such numbers is of course a division of them into two classes possessing the properties (i), (ii), and (iii). Such a section may be converted into a section of all numbers by adding to L all numbers less than β and to R all numbers greater than γ. It is clear that the conclusion stated in Dedekind’s Theorem still holds if we substitute ‘the real numbers of the interval [β, γ]’ for ‘the real numbers’, and that the number α in this case satisfies the inequalities β ■ α ■ γ. 18. Points of accumulation. A system of real numbers, or of the points on a straight line corresponding to them, defined in any way what- ever, is called an aggregate or set of numbers or points. The set might consist, for example, of all the positive integers, or of all the rational points. It is most convenient here to use the language of geometry.* Suppose *The reader will hardly require to be reminded that this course is adopted solely for reasons of linguistic convenience. [I : 18] REAL VARIABLES 33 then that we are given a set of points, which we will denote by S. Take any point ξ, which may or may not belong to S. Then there are two possibilities. Either (i) it is possible to choose a positive number δ so that the interval [ξ –δ, ξ +δ] does not contain any point of S, other than ξ itself,* or (ii) this is not possible. Suppose, for example, that S consists of the points corresponding to all the positive integers. If ξ is itself a positive integer, we can take δ to be any number less than 1, and (i) will be true; or, if ξ is halfway between two positive integers, we can take δ to be any number less than 1 2 . On the other hand, if S consists of all the rational points, then, whatever the value of ξ, (ii) is true; for any interval whatever contains an infinity of rational points. Let us suppose that (ii) is true. Then any interval [ξ – δ, ξ + δ], however small its length, contains at least one point ξ1 which belongs to S and does not coincide with ξ; and this whether ξ itself be a member of S or not. In this case we shall say that ξ is a point of accumulation of S. It is easy to see that the interval [ξ – δ, ξ + δ] must contain, not merely one, but infinitely many points of S. For, when we have determined ξ1, we can take an interval [ξ – δ1, ξ + δ1] surrounding ξ but not reaching as far as ξ1. But this interval also must contain a point, say ξ2, which is a member of S and does not coincide with ξ. Obviously we may repeat this argument, with ξ2 in the place of ξ1; and so on indefinitely. In this way we can determine as many points ξ1, ξ2, ξ3, . . . as we please, all belonging to S, and all lying inside the interval [ξ –δ, ξ +δ]. A point of accumulation of S may or may not be itself a point of S. The examples which follow illustrate the various possibilities. Examples IX. 1. If S consists of the points corresponding to the posi- tive integers, or all the integers, there are no points of accumulation. 2. If S consists of all the rational points, every point of the line is a point of accumulation. *This clause is of course unnecessary if ξ does not itself belong to S. [I : 19] REAL VARIABLES 34 3. If S consists of the points 1, 1 2 , 1 3 , . . . , there is one point of accumulation, viz. the origin. 4. If S consists of all the positive rational points, the points of accumulation are the origin and all positive points of the line. 19. Weierstrass’s Theorem. The general theory of sets of

points is of the utmost interest and importance in the higher branches of analysis; but it is for the most part too difficult to be included in a book such as this. There is however one fundamental theorem which is easily deduced from Dedekind's Theorem and which we shall require later. Theorem. If a set S contains infinitely many points, and is entirely situated in an interval [α, β], then at least one point of the interval is a point of accumulation of S. We divide the points of the line Λ into two classes in the following man- ner. The point P belongs to L if there are an infinity of points of S to the right of P , and to R in the contrary case. Then it is evident that conditions (i) and (iii) of Dedekind's Theorem are satisfied; and since α belongs to L and β to R, condition (ii) is satisfied also. Hence there is a point ξ such that, however small be δ, ξ – δ belongs to L and ξ + δ to R, so that the interval [ξ – δ, ξ + δ] contains an infinity of points of S. Hence ξ is a point of accumulation of S. This point may of course coincide with α or β, as for instance when α = 0, β = 1, and S consists of the points 1, 1 2 , 1 3 , ... In this case 0 is the sole point of accumulation. MISCELLANEOUS EXAMPLES ON CHAPTER I. 1. What are the conditions that ax + by + cz = 0, (1) for all values of x, y, z; (2) for all values of x, y, z subject to αx + βy + γz = 0; (3) for all values of x, y, z subject to both αx + βy + γz = 0 and Ax + By + Cz = 0? 2. Any positive rational number can be expressed in one and only one way in the form a1 + a2 1 · 2 + a3 1 · 2 · 3 + · · · + ak 1 · 2 · 3 . . . k , [I : 19] REAL VARIABLES 35 where a1, a2, . . . , ak are integers, and 0 ■ a1, 0 ■ a2 < 2, 0 ■ a3 < 3, . . . 0 < ak < k. 3. Any positive rational number can be expressed in one and one way only as a simple continued fraction a1 + 1 a2 + 1 a3 + 1 · · · + 1 an , where a1, a2, . . . are positive integers, of which the first only may be zero. [Accounts of the theory of such continued fractions will be found in text- books of algebra. For further information as to modes of representation of rational and irrational numbers, see Hobson, Theory of Functions of a Real Variable, pp. 45–49.] 4. Find the rational roots (if any) of 9x3 – 6x2 + 15x – 10 = 0. 5. A line AB is divided at C in aurea sectione (Euc. ii. 11)—i.e. so that AB · AC = BC2. Show that the ratio AC/AB is irrational. [A direct geometrical proof will be found in Bromwich's Infinite Series, § 143, p. 363.] 6. A is irrational. In what circumstances can aA + b cA + d , where a, b, c, d are rational, be rational? 7. Some elementary inequalities. In what follows a1, a2, . . . denote positive numbers (including zero) and p, q, . . . positive integers. Since ap 1 – ap 2 and aq 1 – aq 2 have the same sign, we have (ap 1 – ap 2)(aq 1 – aq 2) ■ 0, or ap+q 1 + ap+q 2 ■ ap 1aq 2 + aq 1ap 2, (1) an inequality which may also be written in the form ap+q 1 + ap+q 2 2 ■ ap 1 + ap 2 2 aq 1 + aq 2 2

. (2) By repeated application of this formula we obtain ap+q+r+... 1 + ap+q+r+... 2 2 ■ ap 1 + ap 2 2 aq 1 + aq 2 2 ar 1 + ar 2 2

. . . , (3) [I : 19] REAL VARIABLES 36 and in particular ap 1 + ap 2 2 ■ a1 + a2 2 p . (4) When p = q = 1 in (1), or p = 2 in (4), the inequalities are merely different forms of the inequality a2 1 + a2 2 ■ 2a1a2, which expresses the fact that the arithmetic mean of two positive numbers is not less than their geometric mean. 8. Generalisations for n numbers. If we write down the 1 2 n(n – 1) inequalities of the type (1) which can be formed with n numbers a1, a2, . . . , an, and add the results, we obtain the inequality nPap+q ■ PapPaq, (5) or Pap+q /n ■ {(Pap) /n} {(Paq) /n} . (6) Hence we can deduce an obvious extension of (3) which the reader may formulate for himself, and in particular the inequality (Pap) /n ■ {(Pa) /n}p . (7) 9. The general form of the theorem concerning the arithmetic and geometric means. An inequality of a slightly different character is that which asserts that the arithmetic mean of a1, a2, . . . , an is not less than their geometric mean. Suppose that ar and as are the greatest and least of the a's (if there are several greatest or least a's we may choose any of them indifferently), and let G be their geometric mean. We may suppose G > 0, as the truth of the proposition is obvious when G = 0. If now we replace ar and as by a′ r = G, a′ s = aras/G, we do not alter the value of the geometric mean; and, since a′ r + a′ s – ar – as = (ar – G)(as – G)/G ■ 0, we certainly do not increase the arithmetic mean. It is clear that we may repeat this argument until we have replaced each of a1, a2, . . . , an by G; at most n repetitions will be necessary. As the final value of the arithmetic mean is G, the initial value cannot have been less. [I : 19] REAL VARIABLES 37 10. Schwarz's inequality. Suppose that a1, a2, . . . , an and b1, b2, . . . , bn are any two sets of numbers positive or negative. It is easy to verify the identity (Parbr)2 = Pa2 r Pa2 s – P(arbs – asbr)2, where r and s assume the values 1, 2, . . . , n. It follows that (Parbr)2 ■ Pa2 r Pb2 r , an inequality usually known as Schwarz's (though due originally to Cauchy). 11. If a1, a2, . . . , an are all positive, and sn = a1 + a2 + · · · + an, then (1 + a1)(1 + a2) . . . (1 + an) ■ 1 + sn + s2 n 2! + · · · + sn n n! . (Math. Trip. 1909.) 12. If a1, a2, . . . , an and b1, b2, . . . , bn are two sets of positive numbers, arranged in descending order of magnitude, then (a1 + a2 + · · · + an)(b1 + b2 + · · · + bn) ■ n(a1b1 + a2b2 + · · · + anbn). 13. If a, b, c, . . . k and A, B, C, . . . K are two sets of numbers, and all of the first set are positive, then aA + bB + · · · + kK a + b + · · · + k lies between the algebraically least and greatest of A, B, . . . , K. 14. If √p, √q are dissimilar surds, and a + b√p + c√q + d√pq = 0, where a, b, c, d are rational, then a = 0, b = 0, c = 0, d = 0. [Express √p in the form M + N √q, where M and N are rational, and apply the theorem of § 14.] 15. Show that if a√2 + b√3 + c√5 = 0, where a, b, c are rational numbers, then a = 0, b = 0, c = 0. 16. Any polynomial in √p and √q, with rational coefficients (i.e. any sum of a finite number of terms of the form A(√p)m(√q)n, where m and n are integers, and A rational), can be expressed in the form a + b√p + c√q + d√pq, [I : 19] REAL VARIABLES 38 where a, b, c, d are rational. 17. Express a + b√p + c√q d + e√p + f √q , where a, b, etc. are rational, in the form A + B√p + C√q + D√pq, where A, B, C, D are rational. [Evidently a + b√p + c√q d + e√p + f √q = (a + b√p +

c√q)(d + e√p – f √q) (d + e√p)2 – f 2q = α + β√p + γ√q + δ√pq ■ + ζ√p , where α, β, etc. are rational numbers which can easily be found. The required reduction may now be easily completed by multiplication of numerator and denominator by ■ – ζ√p. For example, prove that 1 1 + √2 + √3 = 1 2 + 1 4 √2 – 1 4 √6.] 18. If a, b, x, y are rational numbers such that (ay – bx)2 + 4(a – x)(b – y) = 0, then either (i) x = a, y = b or (ii) 1 – ab and 1 – xy are squares of rational numbers. (Math. Trip. 1903.) 19. If all the values of x and y given by ax2 + 2hxy + by2 = 1, a′x2 + 2h′xy + b′y2 = 1 (where a, h, b, a′, h′, b′ are rational) are rational, then (h – h′)2 – (a – a′)(b – b′), (ab′ – a′b)2 + 4(ah′ – a′h)(bh′ – b′h) are both squares of rational numbers. (Math. Trip. 1899.) 20. Show that √2 and √3 are cubic functions of √2 + √3, with rational coefficients, and that √2 – √6 + 3 is the ratio of two linear functions of √2 + √3. (Math. Trip. 1905.) [I : 19] REAL VARIABLES 39 21. The expression q a + 2mpa – m2 + q a – 2mpa – m2 is equal to 2m if 2m2 > a > m2, and to 2√a – m2 if a > 2m2. 22. Show that any polynomial in 3 √2, with rational coefficients, can be ex- pressed in the form a + b 3 √2 + c 3 √4, where a, b, c are rational. More generally, if p is any rational number, any polynomial in m √p with rational coefficients can be expressed in the form a0 + a1α + a2α2 + · · · + am–1αm–1, where a0, a1, . . . are rational and α = m √p. For any such polynomial is of the form b0 + b1α + b2α2 + · · · + bkαk, where the b's are rational. If k ■ m – 1, this is already of the form required. If k > m–1, let αr be any power of α higher than the (m–1)th. Then r = λm+s, where λ is an integer and 0 ■ s ■ m – 1; and αr = αλm+s = pλαs. Hence we can get rid of all powers of α higher than the (m – 1)th. 23. Express (3 √2 – 1)5 and (3 √2 – 1)/(3 √2 + 1) in the form a + b 3 √2 + c 3 √4, where a, b, c are rational. [Multiply numerator and denominator of the second expression by 3 √4 – 3 √2 + 1.] 24. If a + b 3 √2 + c 3 √4 = 0, where a, b, c are rational, then a = 0, b = 0, c = 0. [Let y = 3 √2. Then y3 = 2 and cy2 + by + a = 0. Hence 2cy2 + 2by + ay3 = 0 or ay2 + 2cy + 2b = 0. Multiplying these two quadratic equations by a and c and subtracting, we obtain (ab–2c2)y+a2 –2bc = 0, or y = –(a2 –2bc)/(ab–2c2), a rational number, which is impossible. The only alternative is that ab – 2c2 = 0, a2 – 2bc = 0. [I : 19] REAL VARIABLES 40 Hence ab = 2c2, a4 = 4b2c2. If neither a nor b is zero, we can divide the second equation by the first, which gives a3 = 2b3: and this is impossible, since 3 √2 cannot be equal to the rational number a/b. Hence ab = 0, c = 0, and it follows from the original equation that a, b, and c are all zero. As a corollary, if a + b 3 √2 + c 3 √4 = d + e 3 √2 + f 3 √4, then a = d, b = e, c = f . It may be proved, more generally, that if a0 + a1p1/m + · · · + am–1p(m–1)/m = 0, p not being a perfect mth power, then a0 = a1 = · · · = am–1 = 0; but the proof is less simple.] 25. If A + 3 √B = C + 3 √D, then either A = C, B = D, or B and D are both cubes of rational numbers. 26. If 3 √A + 3 √B + 3 √C = 0, then either one of A, B, C is zero, and the other two equal and opposite, or 3 √A, 3 √B, 3 √C are rational multiples of the same surd 3 √X. 27. Find rational numbers α, β such that 3 q 7 + 5√2 = α + β√2. 28. If (a – b3)b > 0, then 3 s a + 9b3 + a 3b r a – b3 3b + 3 s a – 9b3 + a 3b r a – b3 3b is rational. [Each of the numbers under a cube root is of the form (α + β r a – b3 3b)3 where α and β are rational.] 29. If α = n √p, any polynomial in α is the root of an equation of degree n, with rational coefficients. [We can express the polynomial (x say) in the form x = l1 + m1α + · · · + r1α(n–1), [I : 19] REAL VARIABLES 41 where l1, m1, . . . are rational, as in Ex. 22. Similarly x2 = l2 + m2a + . . . + r2a(n–1), ... xn = ln + mna + . . . + rna(n–1). Hence L1x + L2x2 + · · · + Lnxn = ∆, where ∆ is the determinant l1 m1 . . . r1 l2 m2 . . . r2 . . . . . ln mn . . . rn and L1, L2, . . . the minors of l1, l2, ...] 30. Apply this process to x = p + √q, and deduce the theorem of § 14. 31. Show that y = a + bp1/3 + cp2/3 satisfies the equation y3 – 3ay2 + 3y(a2 – bcp) – a3 – b3p – c3p2 + 3abcp = 0. 32. Algebraical numbers. We have seen that some irrational numbers (such as √2) are roots of equations of the type a0xn + a1xn–1 + · · · + an = 0, where a0, a1, . . . , an are integers. Such irrational numbers are called algebraical numbers: all other irrational numbers, such as π (§ 15), are called transcendental numbers. Show that if x is an algebraical number, then so are kx, where k is any rational number, and xm/n, where m and n are any integers. 33. If x and y are algebraical numbers, then so are x + y, x – y, xy and x/y. [We have equations a0xm + a1xm–1 + . . . + am = 0, b0yn + b1yn–1 + . . . + bn = 0, [I : 19] REAL VARIABLES 42 where the a's and b's are integers. Write x + y = z, y = z – x in the second, and eliminate x. We thus get an equation of similar form c0zp + c1zp–1 + · · · + cp = 0, satisfied by z. Similarly for the other cases.] 34. If a0xn + a1xn–1 + · · · + an = 0, where a0, a1, . . . , an are any algebraical numbers, then x is an algebraical number. [We have n + 1 equations of the type a0,ramr r + a1,ramr –1 r + · · · + amr ,r = 0 (r = 0, 1, . . . , n), in which the coefficients a0,r, a1,r, . . . are integers. Eliminate a0, a1, . . . , an between these and the original equation for x.] 35. Apply this process to the equation x2 – 2x√2 + √3 = 0. [The result is x8 – 16x6 + 58x4 – 48x2 + 9 = 0.] 36. Find equations, with rational coefficients, satisfied by 1 + √2 + √3, √3 + √2 √3 – √2 , q√3 + √2 + q√3 – √2, 3 √2 + 3 √3. 37. If x3 = x + 1, then x3n = anx + bn + cn/x, where an+1 = an + bn, bn+1 = an + bn + cn, cn+1 = an + cn. 38. If x6 + x5 – 2x4 – x3 + x2 + 1 = 0 and y = x4 – x2 + x – 1, then y satisfies a quadratic equation with rational coefficients. (Math. Trip. 1903.) [It will be found that y2 + y + 1 = 0.] CHAPTER II FUNCTIONS OF REAL VARIABLES 20. The idea of a function. Suppose that x and y are two contin- uous real variables, which we may suppose to be represented geometrically by distances A0P = x, B0Q = y measured from fixed points A0, B0 along two straight lines Λ, M. And let us suppose that the positions of the points P and Q are not independent, but connected by a relation which we can imagine to be expressed as a relation between x and y: so that, when P and x are known, Q and y are also known. We might, for example, suppose that y = x, or y = 2x, or 1 2 x, or x2 + 1. In all of these cases the value of x determines that of y. Or again, we might suppose that the relation between x and y is given, not by means of an explicit formula for

y in terms of x, but by means of a geometrical construction which enables us to determine Q when P is known. In these circumstances y is said to be a function of x. This notion of functional dependence of one variable upon another is perhaps the most important in the whole range of higher mathematics. In order to enable the reader to be certain that he understands it clearly, we shall, in this chapter, illustrate it by means of a large number of examples. But before we proceed to do this, we must point out that the simple examples of functions mentioned above possess three characteristics which are by no means involved in the general idea of a function, viz.: (1) y is determined for every value of x; (2) to each value of x for which y is given corresponds one and only one value of y; (3) the relation between x and y is expressed by means of an analytical formula, from which the value of y corresponding to a given value of x can be calculated by direct substitution of the latter. It is indeed the case that these particular characteristics are possessed by many of the most important functions. But the consideration of the following examples will make it clear that they are by no means essential to a function. All that is essential is that there should be some relation between x and y such that to some values of x at any rate correspond 43 [II : 20] FUNCTIONS OF REAL VARIABLES 44 values of y. Examples X. 1. Let y = x or 2x or 1 2 x or x2 + 1. Nothing further need be said at present about cases such as these. 2. Let y = 0 whatever be the value of x. Then y is a function of x, for we can give x any value, and the corresponding value of y (viz. 0) is known. In this case the functional relation makes the same value of y correspond to all values of x. The same would be true were y equal to 1 or – 1 2 or $\sqrt{2}$ instead of 0. Such a function of x is called a constant. 3. Let y2 = x. Then if x is positive this equation defines two values of y corresponding to each value of x, viz. $\pm\sqrt{x}$. If x = 0, y = 0. Hence to the particular value 0 of x corresponds one and only one value of y. But if x is negative there is no value of y which satisfies the equation. That is to say, the function y is not defined for negative values of x. This function therefore possesses the characteristic (3), but neither (1) nor (2). 4. Consider a volume of gas maintained at a constant temperature and contained in a cylinder closed by a sliding piston.* Let A be the area of the cross section of the piston and W its weight. The gas, held in a state of compression by the piston, exerts a certain pressure p0 per unit of area on the piston, which balances the weight W , so that W = Ap0. Let v0 be the volume of the gas when the system is thus in equilibrium. If additional weight is placed upon the piston the latter is forced downwards. The volume (v) of the gas diminishes; the pressure (p) which it exerts upon unit area of the piston increases. Boyle's experimental law asserts that the product of p and v is very nearly constant, a correspondence which, if exact, would be represented by an equation of the type pv = a, (i) where a is a number which can be determined approximately by experiment. Boyle's law, however, only gives a reasonable approximation to the facts pro- vided the gas is not compressed too much. When v is decreased and p increased *I borrow this instructive example from Prof. H. S. Carslaw's Introduction to the Calculus. [II : 20] FUNCTIONS OF REAL VARIABLES 45 beyond a certain point, the relation between them is no longer expressed with tolerable exactness by the equation (i). It is known that a much better approx- imation to the true relation can then be found by means of what is known as 'van der Waals' law', expressed by the equation

$$p + \alpha\, v2$$

$(v - \beta) = \gamma$, (ii) where α, β, γ are numbers which can also be determined approximately by experiment. Of course the two equations, even taken together, do not give anything like a complete account of the relation between p and v. This relation is no doubt in reality much more complicated, and its form changes, as v varies, from a form nearly equivalent to (i) to a form nearly equivalent to (ii). But, from a mathematical point of view, there is nothing to prevent us from contemplating an ideal state of things in which, for all values of v not less than a certain value V , (i) would be exactly true, and (ii) exactly true for all values of v less than V . And then we might regard the two equations as together defining p as a function of v. It is an example of a function which for some values of v is defined by one formula and for other values of v is defined by another. This function possesses the characteristic (2); to any value of v only one value of p corresponds: but it does not possess (1). For p is not defined as a function of v for negative values of v; a 'negative volume' means nothing, and so negative values of v do not present themselves for consideration at all. 5. Suppose that a perfectly elastic ball is dropped (without rotation) from a height 1 2 gτ 2 on to a fixed horizontal plane, and rebounds continually. The ordinary formulae of elementary dynamics, with which the reader is probably familiar, show that h = 1 2 gt2 if 0 ■ t ■ τ , h = 1 2 g(2τ –t)2 if τ ■ t ■ 3τ , and generally h = 1 2 g(2nτ – t)2 if (2n – 1)τ ■ t ■ (2n + 1)τ , h being the depth of the ball, at time t, below its original position. Obviously h is a function of t which is only defined for positive values of t. 6. Suppose that y is defined as being the largest prime factor of x. This is an instance of a definition which only applies to a particular class of values of x, viz. integral values. 'The largest prime factor of 11 3 or of $\sqrt{2}$ or of π' means nothing, and so our defining relation fails to define for such values of x as these. [II : 21] FUNCTIONS OF REAL VARIABLES 46 Thus this function does not possess the characteristic (1). It does possess (2), but not (3), as there is no simple formula which expresses y in terms of x. 7. Let y be defined as the denominator of x when x is expressed in its lowest terms. This is an example of a function which is defined if and only if x is rational. Thus y = 7 if x = –11/7: but y is not defined for x = $\sqrt{2}$, 'the denominator of $\sqrt{2}$' being a meaningless form of words. 8. Let y be defined as the height in inches of policeman Cx, in the Metropolitan Police, at 5.30 p.m. on 8 Aug. 1907. Then y is defined for a certain number of integral values of x,

viz. 1, 2, . . . , N , where N is the total number of policemen in division C at that particular moment of time. 21. The graphical representation of functions. Suppose that the variable y is a function of the variable x. It will generally be open to us also to regard x as a function of y, in virtue of the functional relation between x and y. But for the present we shall look at this relation from the first point of view. We shall then call x the independent variable and y the dependent variable; and, when the particular form of the functional relation is not specified, we shall express it by writing y = f (x) (or F (x), φ(x), ψ(x), . . . , as the case may be). The nature of particular functions may, in very many cases, be illus- trated and made easily intelligible as follows. Draw two lines OX, OY at right angles to one another and produced indefinitely in both directions. We can represent values of x and y by distances measured from O along the lines OX, OY respectively, regard being paid, of course, to sign, and the positive directions of measurement being those indicated by arrows in Fig. 6. Let a be any value of x for which y is defined and has (let us suppose) the single value b. Take OA = a, OB = b, and complete the rectangle OAP B. Imagine the point P marked on the diagram. This marking of the point P may be regarded as showing that the value of y for x = a is b. If to the value a of x correspond several values of y (say b, b′, b″), we have, instead of the single point P , a number of points P , P ′, P ″. [II : 21] FUNCTIONS OF REAL VARIABLES 47O A X Y a b B P B′ P ′ B″ P ″ Fig. 6. We shall call P the point (a, b); a and b the coordinates of P referred to the axes OX, OY ; a the abscissa, b the ordinate of P ; OX and OY the axis of x and the axis of y, or together the axes of coordinates, and O the origin of coordinates, or simply the origin. Let us now suppose that for all values a of x for which y is defined, the value b (or values b, b′, b″, . . .) of y, and the corresponding point P (or points P , P ′, P ″, . . .), have been determined. We call the aggregate of all these points the graph of the function y. To take a very simple example, suppose that y is defined as a function of x by the equation Ax + By + C = 0, (1) where A, B, C are any fixed numbers.* Then y is a function of x which possesses all the characteristics (1), (2), (3) of § 20. It is easy to show that the graph of y is a straight line. The reader is in all probability familiar with one or other of the various proofs of this proposition which are given in text-books of Analytical Geometry. We shall sometimes use another mode of expression. We shall say that *If B = 0, y does not occur in the equation. We must then regard y as a function of x defined for one value only of x, viz. x = –C/A, and then having all values. [II : 22] FUNCTIONS OF REAL VARIABLES 48 when x and y vary in such a way that equation (1) is always true, the locus of the point (x, y) is a straight line, and we shall call (1) the equation of the locus, and say that the equation represents the locus. This use of the terms ‘locus’, ‘equation of the locus’ is quite general, and may be applied whenever the relation between x and y is capable of being represented by an analytical formula. The equation Ax+By +C = 0 is the general equation of the first degree, for Ax + By + C is the most general polynomial in x and y which does not involve any terms of degree higher than the first in x and y. Hence the general equation of the first degree represents a straight line. It is equally easy to prove the converse proposition that the equation of any straight line is of the first degree. We may mention a few further examples of interesting geometrical loci defined by equations. An equation of the form (x – α)2 + (y – β)2 = ρ2, or x2 + y2 + 2Gx + 2F y + C = 0, where G2 + F 2 – C > 0, represents a circle. The equation Ax2 + 2Hxy + By2 + 2Gx + 2F y + C = 0 (the general equation of the second degree) represents, assuming that the coefficients satisfy certain inequalities, a conic section, i.e. an ellipse, parabola, or hyperbola. For further discussion of these loci we must refer to books on Analytical Geometry. 22. Polar coordinates. In what precedes we have determined the position of P by the lengths of its coordinates OM = x, M P = y. If OP = r and M OP = θ, θ being an angle between 0 and 2π (measured in the positive direction), it is evident that x = r cos θ, y = r sin θ, r = px2 + y2, cos θ : sin θ : 1 :: x : y : r, [II : 23] FUNCTIONS OF REAL VARIABLES 49 and that the position of P is equally well determined by a knowledge of r and θ. We call r and θ the polar coordinates of P . The former, it should be observed, is essentially positive.*O Mx r y θ N P Fig. 7. If P moves on a locus there will be some relation between r and θ, say r = f (θ) or θ = F (r). This we call the polar equation of the locus. The polar equation may be deduced from the (x, y) equation (or vice versa) by means of the formulae above. Thus the polar equation of a straight line is of the form r cos(θ – α) = p, where p and α are constants. The equation r = 2a cos θ represents a circle passing through the origin; and the general equation of a circle is of the form r2 + c2 – 2rc cos(θ – α) = A2, where A, c, and α are constants. *Polar coordinates are sometimes defined so that r may be positive or negative. In this case two pairs of coordinates—e.g. (1, 0) and (–1, π)—correspond to the same point. The distinction between the two systems may be illustrated by means of the equation l/r = 1 – e cos θ, where l > 0, e > 1. According to our definitions r must be positive and therefore cos θ < 1/e: the equation represents one branch only of a hyperbola, the other having the equation –l/r = 1 – e cos θ. With the system of coordinates which admits negative values of r, the equation represents the whole hyperbola. [II : 23] FUNCTIONS OF REAL VARIABLES 50 23. Further examples of functions and their graphical rep- resentation. The examples which follow will give the reader a better notion of the infinite variety of possible types of functions. A. Polynomials. A polynomial in x is a function of the form a0xm + a1xm–1 + · · · + am, where a0, a1, . . . , am are constants. The simplest polynomials are the simple powers y = x, x2, x3, . . . , xm, ... The graph of the function xm is of two distinct types, according as m is even or odd. First let m = 2. Then three points on the graph are (0, 0), (1, 1), (–1, 1). Any number of additional points on the graph may be found by assigning other special values to x: thus the values x = 1 2 , 2, 3, –1 2 , –2, 3 give y = 1 4 , 4, 9, 1 4 , 4, 9. If the reader will plot off a fair number of points on the

graph, he will be led to conjecture that the form of the graph is something like that shown in Fig. 8. If he draws a curve through the special points which he has proved to lie on the graph and then tests its accuracy by giving x new values, and calculating the corresponding values of y, he will find that they lie as near to the curve as it is reasonable to expect, when the inevitable inaccuracies of drawing are considered. The curve is of course a parabola. There is, however, one fundamental question which we cannot answer adequately at present. The reader has no doubt some notion as to what is meant by a continuous curve, a curve without breaks or jumps; such a curve, in fact, as is roughly represented in Fig. 8. The question is whether the graph of the function y = x2 is in fact such a curve. This cannot be proved by merely constructing any number of isolated points on the curve, although the more such points we construct the more probable it will appear. [II : 23] FUNCTIONS OF REAL VARIABLES 51(–1, 1) (1, 1) (0, 0) P0 P1 N y = x2 Fig. 8. This question cannot be discussed properly until Ch. V. In that chapter we shall consider in detail what our common sense idea of continuity really means, and how we can prove that such graphs as the one now considered, and others which we shall consider later on in this chapter, are really continuous curves. For the present the reader may be content to draw his curves as common sense dictates. It is easy to see that the curve y = x2 is everywhere convex to the axis of x. Let P0, P1 (Fig. 8) be the points (x0, x2 0), (x1, x2 1). Then the coordinates of a point on the chord P0P1 are x = λx0 + μx1, y = λx2 0 + μx2 1, where λ and μ are positive numbers whose sum is 1. And y – x2 = (λ + μ)(λx2 0 + μx2 1) – (λx0 + μx1)2 = λμ(x1 – x0)2 ■ 0, so that the chord lies entirely above the curve. The curve y = x4 is similar to y = x2 in general appearance, but flatter near O, and steeper beyond the points A, A′ (Fig. 9), and y = xm, where m is even and greater than 4, is still more so. As m gets larger and larger the flatness and steepness grow more and more pronounced, until the curve is practically indistinguishable from the thick line in the figure. The reader should next consider the curves given by y = xm, when m is odd. The fundamental difference between the two cases is that whereas when m is even (–x)m = xm, so that the curve is symmetrical about OY , when m is odd (–x)m = –xm, so that y is negative when x is negative. [II : 23] FUNCTIONS OF REAL VARIABLES 52OM N AA′ y = x2 y = x4 Fig. 9.O A A′ y = x y = x3 Fig. 10. Fig. 10 shows the curves y = x, y = x3, and the form to which y = xm approximates for larger odd values of m. It is now easy to see how (theoretically at any rate) the graph of any polynomial may be constructed. In the first place, from the graph of y = xm we can at once derive that of Cxm, where C is a constant, by multiplying the ordinate of every point of the curve by C. And if we know the graphs of f (x) and F (x), we can find that of f (x) + F (x) by taking the ordinate of every point to be the sum of the ordinates of the corresponding points on the two original curves. The drawing of graphs of polynomials is however so much facilitated by the use of more advanced methods, which will be explained later on, that we shall not pursue the subject further here. Examples XI. 1. Trace the curves y = 7x4, y = 3x5, y = x10. [The reader should draw the curves carefully, and all three should be drawn in one figure.* He will then realise how rapidly the higher powers of x increase, *It will be found convenient to take the scale of measurement along the axis of y a good deal smaller than that along the axis of x, in order to prevent the figure becoming of an awkward size. [II : 24] FUNCTIONS OF REAL VARIABLES 53 as x gets larger and larger, and will see that, in such a polynomial as x10 + 3x5 + 7x4 (or even x10 + 30x5 + 700x4), it is the first term which is of really preponderant importance when x is fairly large. Thus even when x = 4, x10 > 1,000,000, while 30x5 < 35,000 and 700x4 < 180,000; while if x = 10 the preponderance of the first term is still more marked.] 2. Compare the relative magnitudes of x12, 1,000,000x6, 1,000,000,000,000x when x = 1, 10, 100, etc. [The reader should make up a number of examples of this type for himself. This idea of the relative rate of growth of different functions of x is one with which we shall often be concerned in the following chapters.] 3. Draw the graph of ax2 + 2bx + c. [Here y – {(ac – b2)/a} = a{x + (b/a)}2. If we take new axes parallel to the old and passing through the point x = –b/a, y = (ac – b2)/a, the new equation is y′ = ax′2. The curve is a parabola.] 4. Trace the curves y = x3 – 3x + 1, y = x2(x – 1), y = x(x – 1)2. 24. B. Rational Functions. The class of functions which ranks next to that of polynomials in simplicity and importance is that of rational functions. A rational function is the quotient of one polynomial by another: thus if P (x), Q(x) are polynomials, we may denote the general rational function by R(x) = P (x) Q(x). In the particular case when Q(x) reduces to unity or any other constant (i.e. does not involve x), R(x) reduces to a polynomial: thus the class of rational functions includes that of polynomials as a sub-class. The following points concerning the definition should be noticed. (1) We usually suppose that P (x) and Q(x) have no common factor x + a or xp + axp–1 + bxp–2 + · · · + k, all such factors being removed by division. (2) It should however be observed that this removal of common factors does as a rule change the function. Consider for example the function x/x, which is a rational function. On removing the common factor x we obtain 1/1 = 1. But the [II : 24] FUNCTIONS OF REAL VARIABLES 54 original function is not always equal to 1: it is equal to 1 only so long as x■ = 0. If x = 0 it takes the form 0/0, which is meaningless. Thus the function x/x is equal to 1 if x■ = 0 and is undefined when x = 0. It therefore differs from the function 1, which is always equal to 1. (3) Such a function as 1 x + 1 + 1 x – 1 1 x + 1 x – 2

may be reduced, by the ordinary rules of algebra, to the form x2(x – 2) (x – 1)2(x + 1) , which is a rational function of the standard form. But here again it must be noticed that the reduction is not always legitimate. In order to calculate the value of a function for a given value of x we must substitute the value for x in the function in the form in which it is given. In the case of this function the

values x = –1, 1, 0, 2 all lead to a meaningless expression, and so the function is not defined for these values. The same is true of the reduced form, so far as the values –1 and 1 are concerned. But x = 0 and x = 2 give the value 0. Thus once more the two functions are not the same. (4) But, as appears from the particular example considered under (3), there will generally be a certain number of values of x for which the function is not defined even when it has been reduced to a rational function of the standard form. These are the values of x (if any) for which the denominator vanishes. Thus (x2 – 7)/(x2 – 3x + 2) is not defined when x = 1 or 2. (5) Generally we agree, in dealing with expressions such as those considered in (2) and (3), to disregard the exceptional values of x for which such processes of simplification as were used there are illegitimate, and to reduce our function to the standard form of rational function. The reader will easily verify that (on this understanding) the sum, product, or quotient of two rational functions may themselves be reduced to rational functions of the standard type. And generally a rational function of a rational function is itself a rational function: i.e. if in z = P (y)/Q(y), where P and Q are polynomials, we substitute y = P1(x)/Q1(x), we obtain on simplification an equation of the form z = P2(x)/Q2(x). (6) It is in no way presupposed in the definition of a rational function that the constants which occur as coefficients should be rational numbers. The word [II : 25] FUNCTIONS OF REAL VARIABLES 55 rational has reference solely to the way in which the variable x appears in the function. Thus x2 + x + √3 x 3 √2 – π is a rational function. The use of the word rational arises as follows. The rational function P (x)/Q(x) may be generated from x by a finite number of operations upon x, including only multiplication of x by itself or a constant, addition of terms thus obtained and division of one function, obtained by such multiplications and additions, by another. In so far as the variable x is concerned, this procedure is very much like that by which all rational numbers can be obtained from unity, a procedure exemplified in the equation 5 3 = 1 + 1 + 1 + 1 + 1 1 + 1 + 1 . Again, any function which can be deduced from x by the elementary oper- ations mentioned above using at each stage of the process functions which have already been obtained from x in the same way, can be reduced to the stan- dard type of rational function. The most general kind of function which can be obtained in this way is sufficiently illustrated by the example x x2 + 1 + 2x + 7 x2 + 11x – 3√2 9x + 1 !, 17 + 2 x3

, which can obviously be reduced to the standard type of rational function. 25. The drawing of graphs of rational functions, even more than that of polynomials, is immensely facilitated by the use of methods depend- ing upon the differential calculus. We shall therefore content ourselves at present with a very few examples. Examples XII. 1. Draw the graphs of y = 1/x, y = 1/x2, y = 1/x3, ... [The figures show the graphs of the first two curves. It should be observed that since 1/0, 1/02, . . . are meaningless expressions, these functions are not defined for x = 0.] [II : 26] FUNCTIONS OF REAL VARIABLES 56y = 1/x (–1, –1) (1, 1) Fig. 11.y = 1/x2 Fig. 12. 2. Trace y = x + (1/x), x – (1/x), x2 + (1/x2), x2 – (1/x2) and ax + (b/x) taking various values, positive and negative, for a and b. 3. Trace y = x + 1 x – 1 , x + 1 x – 1 2 , 1 (x – 1)2 , x2 + 1 x2 – 1 . 4. Trace y = 1/(x – a)(x – b), 1/(x – a)(x – b)(x – c), where a < b < c. 5. Sketch the general form assumed by the curves y = 1/xm as m becomes larger and larger, considering separately the cases in which m is odd or even. 26. C. Explicit Algebraical Functions. The next important class of functions is that of explicit algebraical functions. These are func- tions which can be generated from x by a finite number of operations such as those used in generating rational functions, together with a finite num- ber of operations of root extraction. Thus √1 + x – 3 √1 – x √1 + x + 3 √1 – x , √x + q x + √x, x2 + x + √3 x 3 √2 – π !2 3 are explicit algebraical functions, and so is xm/n (i.e. n √xm), where m and n are any integers. [II : 27] FUNCTIONS OF REAL VARIABLES 57 It should be noticed that there is an ambiguity of notation involved in such an equation as y = √x. We have, up to the present, regarded (e.g.) √2 as denoting the positive square root of 2, and it would be natural to denote by √x, where x is any positive number, the positive square root of x, in which case y = √x would be a one-valued function of x. It is however often more convenient to regard √x as standing for the two-valued function whose two values are the positive and negative square roots of x. The reader will observe that, when this course is adopted, the func- tion √x differs fundamentally from rational functions in two respects. In the first place a rational function is always defined for all values of x with a certain number of isolated exceptions. But √x is undefined for a whole range of values of x (i.e. all negative values). Secondly the function, when x has a value for which it is defined, has generally two values of opposite signs. The function 3 √x, on the other hand, is one-valued and defined for all values of x. Examples XIII. 1. p(x – a)(b – x), where a < b, is defined only for a ■ x ■ b. If a < x < b it has two values: if x = a or b only one, viz. 0. 2. Consider similarly p(x – a)(x – b)(x – c) (a < b < c), px(x2 – a2), 3 p(x – a)2(b – x) (a < b), √1 + x – √1 – x √1 + x + √1 – x , q x + √x. 3. Trace the curves y2 = x, y3 = x, y2 = x3. 4. Draw the graphs of the functions y = pa2 – x2, y = bp1 – (x2/a2). 27. D. Implicit Algebraical Functions. It is easy to verify that if y = √1 + x – 3 √1 – x √1 + x + 3 √1 – x , [II : 27] FUNCTIONS OF REAL VARIABLES 58 then 1 + y 1 – y 6 = (1 + x)3 (1 – x)2 ; or if y = √x + q x + √x, then y4 – (4y2 + 4y + 1)x = 0. Each of these equations may be expressed in the form ym + R1ym–1 + · · · + Rm = 0, (1) where R1, R2, . . . , Rm are rational functions of x: and the reader will easily verify that, if y is any one of the functions considered in the last set of examples, y satisfies an equation of this form. It is naturally suggested that the same is true of any explicit algebraic function. And this is in fact true, and indeed not difficult to prove, though we shall not delay to write out a formal proof here. An example should make clear to the reader the lines on which such a proof would proceed. Let y = x + √x + px + √x + 3 √1 + x x – √x + px + √x – 3 √1 + x. Then we have the

equations y = x + u + v + w x – u + v – w , u2 = x, v2 = x + u, w3 = 1 + x, and we have only to eliminate u, v, w between these equations in order to obtain an equation of the form desired. We are therefore led to give the following definition: a function y = f (x) will be said to be an algebraical function of x if it is the root of an equation such as (1), i.e. the root of an equation of the mth degree in y, whose coefficients are rational functions of x. There is plainly no loss of generality in supposing the first coefficient to be unity. [II : 27] FUNCTIONS OF REAL VARIABLES 59 This class of functions includes all the explicit algebraical functions considered in § 26. But it also includes other functions which cannot be expressed as explicit algebraical functions. For it is known that in general such an equation as (1) cannot be solved explicitly for y in terms of x, when m is greater than 4, though such a solution is always possible if m = 1, 2, 3, or 4 and in special cases for higher values of m. The definition of an algebraical function should be compared with that of an algebraical number given in the last chapter (Misc. Exs. 32). Examples XIV. 1. If m = 1, y is a rational function. 2. If m = 2, the equation is y2 + R1y + R2 = 0, so that y = 1 2 {–R1 ± q R2 1 – 4R2}. This function is defined for all values of x for which R2 1 ■ 4R2. It has two values if R2 1 > 4R2 and one if R2 1 = 4R2. If m = 3 or 4, we can use the methods explained in treatises on Algebra for the solution of cubic and biquadratic equations. But as a rule the process is complicated and the results inconvenient in form, and we can generally study the properties of the function better by means of the original equation. 3. Consider the functions defined by the equations y2 – 2y – x2 = 0, y2 – 2y + x2 = 0, y4 – 2y2 + x2 = 0, in each case obtaining y as an explicit function of x, and stating for what values of x it is defined. 4. Find algebraical equations, with coefficients rational in x, satisfied by each of the functions √x + p1/x, 3 √x + 3 p1/x, q x + √x, r x + q x + √x. 5. Consider the equation y4 = x2. [Here y2 = ±x. If x is positive, y = √x: if negative, y = √–x. Thus the function has two values for all values of x save x = 0.] 6. An algebraical function of an algebraical function of x is itself an alge- braical function of x. [II : 28] FUNCTIONS OF REAL VARIABLES 60 [For we have ym + R1(z)ym–1 + . . . + Rm(z) = 0, where zn + S1(x)zn–1 + . . . + Sn(x) = 0. Eliminating z we find an equation of the form yp + T1(x)yp–1 + . . . + Tp(x) = 0. Here all the capital letters denote rational functions.] 7. An example should perhaps be given of an algebraical function which cannot be expressed in an explicit algebraical form. Such an example is the function y defined by the equation y5 – y – x = 0. But the proof that we cannot find an explicit algebraical expression for y in terms of x is difficult, and cannot be attempted here. 28. Transcendental functions. All functions of x which are not rational or even algebraical are called transcendental functions. This class of functions, being defined in so purely negative a manner, naturally in- cludes an infinite variety of whole kinds of functions of varying degrees of simplicity and importance. Among these we can at present distinguish two kinds which are particularly interesting. E. The direct and inverse trigonometrical or circular func- tions. These are the sine and cosine functions of elementary trigonometry, and their inverses, and the functions derived from them. We may assume provisionally that the reader is familiar with their most important proper- ties.* *The definitions of the circular functions given in elementary trigonometry presup- pose that any sector of a circle has associated with it a definite number called its area. How this assumption is justified will appear in Ch. VII. [II : 28] FUNCTIONS OF REAL VARIABLES 61 Examples XV. 1. Draw the graphs of cos x, sin x, and a cos x + b sin x. [Since a cos x + b sin x = β cos(x – α), where β = √a2 + b2, and α is an angle whose cosine and sine are a/√a2 + b2 and b/√a2 + b2, the graphs of these three functions are similar in character.] 2. Draw the graphs of cos2 x, sin2 x, a cos2 x + b sin2 x. 3. Suppose the graphs of f (x) and F (x) drawn. Then the graph of f (x) cos2 x + F (x) sin2 x is a wavy curve which oscillates between the curves y = f (x), y = F (x). Draw the graph when f (x) = x, F (x) = x2. 4. Show that the graph of cos px+cos qx lies between those of 2 cos 1 2 (p–q)x and –2 cos 1 2 (p+q)x, touching each in turn. Sketch the graph when (p–q)/(p+q) is small. (Math. Trip. 1908.) 5. Draw the graphs of x + sin x, (1/x) + sin x, x sin x, (sin x)/x. 6. Draw the graph of sin(1/x). [If y = sin(1/x), then y = 0 when x = 1/mπ, where m is any integer. Similarly y = 1 when x = 1/(2m + 1 2)π and y = –1 when x = 1/(2m – 1 2)π. The curve is entirely comprised between the lines y = –1 and y = 1 (Fig. 13). It oscillates up and down, the rapidity of the oscillations becoming greater and greater as x approaches 0. For x = 0 the function is undefined. When x is large y is small.* The negative half of the curve is similar in character to the positive half.] 7. Draw the graph of x sin(1/x). [This curve is comprised between the lines y = –x and y = x just as the last curve is comprised between the lines y = –1 and y = 1 (Fig. 14).] 8. Draw the graphs of x2 sin(1/x), (1/x) sin(1/x), sin2(1/x), {x sin(1/x)}2, a cos2(1/x) + b sin2(1/x), sin x + sin(1/x), sin x sin(1/x). 9. Draw the graphs of cos x2, sin x2, a cos x2 + b sin x2. 10. Draw the graphs of arc cos x and arc sin x. [If y = arc cos x, x = cos y. This enables us to draw the graph of x, considered as a function of y, and the same curve shows y as a function of x. It is clear that y is only defined for –1 ■ x ■ 1, and is infinitely many-valued for these values of x. As the reader no doubt remembers, there is, when –1 < x < 1, a *See Chs. IV and V for explanations as to the precise meaning of this phrase. [II : 28] FUNCTIONS OF REAL VARIABLES 62 Fig. 13. Fig. 14. value of y between 0 and π, say α, and the other values of y are given by the formula 2nπ ± α, where n is any integer, positive or negative.] 11. Draw the graphs of tan x, cot x, sec x, cosec x, tan2 x, cot2 x, sec2 x, cosec2 x. 12. Draw the graphs of arc tan x, arc cot x, arc sec x, arc cosec x. Give for- mulae (as in Ex. 10) expressing all the values of each of these functions in terms of any particular value. 13. Draw the graphs of tan(1/x), cot(1/x), sec(1/x), cosec(1/x). 14. Show that cos x and sin x are not rational functions of x. [A function is said to be periodic, with period a, if f (x) = f (x + a) for all values of x for which f (x) is defined. Thus cos x and sin x have the period 2π. It is easy to see that no periodic

function can be a rational function, unless it is a constant. For suppose that f (x) = P (x)/Q(x), where P and Q are polynomials, and that f (x) = f (x+a), each of these equations holding for all values of x. Let f (0) = k. Then the equation P (x) – kQ(x) = 0 is satisfied by an infinite number of values of x, viz. x = 0, a, 2a, etc., and therefore for all values of x. Thus f (x) = k for all values of x, i.e. f (x) is a constant.] 15. Show, more generally, that no function with a period can be an alge- braical function of x. [II : 29] FUNCTIONS OF REAL VARIABLES 63 [Let the equation which defines the algebraical function be ym + R1ym–1 + · · · + Rm = 0 (1) where R1, . . . are rational functions of x. This may be put in the form P0ym + P1ym–1 + · · · + Pm = 0, where P0, P1, . . . are polynomials in x. Arguing as above, we see that P0km + P1km–1 + · · · + Pm = 0 for all values of x. Hence y = k satisfies the equation (1) for all values of x, and one set of values of our algebraical function reduces to a constant. Now divide (1) by y – k and repeat the argument. Our final conclusion is that our algebraical function has, for any value of x, the same set of values k, k′, . . . ; i.e. it is composed of a certain number of constants.] 16. The inverse sine and inverse cosine are not rational or algebraical func- tions. [This follows from the fact that, for any value of x between –1 and +1, arc sin x and arc cos x have infinitely many values.] 29. F. Other classes of transcendental functions. Next in importance to the trigonometrical functions come the exponential and log- arithmic functions, which will be discussed in Chs. IX and X. But these functions are beyond our range at present. And most of the other classes of transcendental functions whose properties have been studied, such as the el- liptic functions, Bessel's and Legendre's functions, Gamma-functions, and so forth, lie altogether beyond the scope of this book. There are however some elementary types of functions which, though of much less importance theoretically than the rational, algebraical, or trigonometrical functions, are particularly instructive as illustrations of the possible varieties of the functional relation. Examples XVI. 1. Let y = [x], where [x] denotes the greatest integer not greater than x. The graph is shown in Fig. 15a. The left-hand end points of the thick lines, but not the right-hand ones, belong to the graph. 2. y = x – [x]. (Fig. 15b.) [II : 29] FUNCTIONS OF REAL VARIABLES 640 1 2 Fig. 15a.0 1 2 Fig. 15b. 3. y = px – [x]. (Fig. 15c.) 4. y = [x] + px – [x]. (Fig. 15d.) 5. y = (x – [x])2, [x] + (x – [x])2. 6. y = [√x], [x2], √x – [√x], x2 – [x2], [1 – x2].0 1 2 Fig. 15c.0 1 2 Fig. 15d. 7. Let y be defined as the largest prime factor of x (cf. Exs. x. 6). Then [II : 29] FUNCTIONS OF REAL VARIABLES 65 y is defined only for integral values of x. If x = 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, . . . , then y = 1, 2, 3, 2, 5, 3, 7, 2, 3, 5, 11, 3, 13, ... The graph consists of a number of isolated points. 8. Let y be the denominator of x (Exs. x. 7). In this case y is defined only for rational values of x. We can mark off as many points on the graph as we please, but the result is not in any ordinary sense of the word a curve, and there are no points corresponding to any irrational values of x. Draw the straight line joining the points (N – 1, N), (N, N), where N is a positive integer. Show that the number of points of the locus which lie on this line is equal to the number of positive integers less than and prime to N . 9. Let y = 0 when x is an integer, y = x when x is not an integer. The graph is derived from the straight line y = x by taking out the points . . . (–1, –1), (0, 0), (1, 1), (2, 2), . . . and adding the points (–1, 0), (0, 0), (1, 0), . . . on the axis of x. The reader may possibly regard this as an unreasonable function. Why, he may ask, if y is equal to x for all values of x save integral values, should it not be equal to x for integral values too? The answer is simply, why should it? The function y does in point of fact answer to the definition of a function: there is a relation between x and y such that when x is known y is known. We are perfectly at liberty to take this relation to be what we please, however arbitrary and apparently futile. This function y is, of course, a quite different function from that one which is always equal to x, whatever value, integral or otherwise, x may have. 10. Let y = 1 when x is rational, but y = 0 when x is irrational. The graph consists of two series of points arranged upon the lines y = 1 and y = 0. To the eye it is not distinguishable from two continuous straight lines, but in reality an infinite number of points are missing from each line. 11. Let y = x when x is irrational and y = p(1 + p2)/(1 + q2) when x is a rational fraction p/q. [II : 29] FUNCTIONS OF REAL VARIABLES 66 Fig. 16. The irrational values of x contribute to the graph a curve in reality discon- tinuous, but apparently not to be distinguished from the straight line y = x. Now consider the rational values of x. First let x be positive. Thenp(1 + p2)/(1 + q2) cannot be equal to p/q unless p = q, i.e. x = 1. Thus all the points which correspond to rational values of x lie off the line, ex- cept the one point (1, 1). Again, if p < q, p(1 + p2)/(1 + q2) > p/q; if p > q,p(1 + p2)/(1 + q2) < p/q. Thus the points lie above the line y = x if 0 < x < 1, below if x > 1. If p and q are large, p(1 + p2)/(1 + q2) is nearly equal to p/q. Near any value of x we can find any number of rational fractions with large numerators and denominators. Hence the graph contains a large number of points which crowd round the line y = x. Its general appearance (for positive values of x) is that of a line surrounded by a swarm of isolated points which gets denser and denser as the points approach the line. The part of the graph which corresponds to negative values of x consists of the rest of the discontinuous line together with the reflections of all these [II : 30] FUNCTIONS OF REAL VARIABLES 67 isolated points in the axis of y. Thus to the left of the axis of y the swarm of points is not round y = x but round y = –x, which is not itself part of the graph. See Fig. 16. 30. Graphical solution of equations containing a single un- known number. Many equations can be expressed in the form f (x) = φ(x), (1) where f (x) and φ(x) are functions whose graphs are easy to draw. And if the curves y = f (x), y = φ(x) intersect in a point P whose abscissa is ξ, then ξ is a root of the equa- tion (1). Examples XVII. 1. The quadratic equation ax2 + 2bx + c = 0. This may be solved graphically in a variety of ways. For instance we may draw the graphs of y = ax + 2b, y = –c/x, whose intersections, if any, give the roots. Or we may take y =

x2, y = –(2bx + c)/a. But the most elementary method is probably to draw the circle a(x2 + y2) + 2bx + c = 0, whose centre is (–b/a, 0) and radius {√b2 – ac}/a. The abscissae of its inter- sections with the axis of x are the roots of the equation. 2. Solve by any of these methods x2 + 2x – 3 = 0, x2 – 7x + 4 = 0, 3x2 + 2x – 2 = 0. 3. The equation xm + ax + b = 0. This may be solved by constructing the curves y = xm, y = –ax – b. Verify the following table for the number of [II : 31] FUNCTIONS OF REAL VARIABLES 68 roots of xm + ax + b = 0 : (a) m even (b positive, two or none, b negative, two; (b) m odd (a positive, one, a negative, three or one. Construct numerical examples to illustrate all possible cases. 4. Show that the equation tan x = ax + b has always an infinite number of roots. 5. Determine the number of roots of sin x = x, sin x = 1 3 x, sin x = 1 8 x, sin x = 1 120 x. 6. Show that if a is small and positive (e.g. a = .01), the equation x – a = 1 2 π sin2 x has three roots. Consider also the case in which a is small and negative. Explain how the number of roots varies as a varies. 31. Functions of two variables and their graphical represen- tation. In § 20 we considered two variables connected by a relation. We may similarly consider three variables (x, y, and z) connected by a rela- tion such that when the values of x and y are both given, the value or values of z are known. In this case we call z a function of the two variables x and y; x and y the independent variables, z the dependent variable; and we express this dependence of z upon x and y by writing z = f (x, y). The remarks of § 20 may all be applied, mutatis mutandis, to this more complicated case. The method of representing such functions of two variables graphically is exactly the same in principle as in the case of functions of a single vari- able. We must take three axes, OX, OY , OZ in space of three dimensions, [II : 32] FUNCTIONS OF REAL VARIABLES 69 each axis being perpendicular to the other two. The point (a, b, c) is the point whose distances from the planes Y OZ, ZOX, XOY , measured par- allel to OX, OY , OZ, are a, b, and c. Regard must of course be paid to sign, lengths measured in the directions OX, OY , OZ being regarded as positive. The definitions of coordinates, axes, origin are the same as before. Now let z = f (x, y). As x and y vary, the point (x, y, z) will move in space. The aggregate of all the positions it assumes is called the locus of the point (x, y, z) or the graph of the function z = f (x, y). When the relation between x, y, and z which defines z can be expressed in an analytical formula, this formula is called the equation of the locus. It is easy to show, for example, that the equation Ax + By + Cz + D = 0 (the general equation of the first degree) represents a plane, and that the equation of any plane is of this form. The equation (x – α)2 + (y – β)2 + (z – γ)2 = ρ2, or x2 + y2 + z2 + 2F x + 2Gy + 2Hz + C = 0, where F 2 + G2 + H2 – C > 0, represents a sphere; and so on. For proofs of these propositions we must again refer to text-books of Analytical Ge- ometry. 32. Curves in a plane. We have hitherto used the notation y = f (x) (1) to express functional dependence of y upon x. It is evident that this no- tation is most appropriate in the case in which y is expressed explicitly in terms of x by means of a formula, as when for example y = x2, sin x, a cos2 x + b sin2 x. [II : 32] FUNCTIONS OF REAL VARIABLES 70 We have however very often to deal with functional relations which it is impossible or inconvenient to express in this form. If, for example, y5 – y – x = 0 or x5 + y5 – ay = 0, it is known to be impossible to express y explicitly as an algebraical function of x. If x2 + y2 + 2Gx + 2F y + C = 0, y can indeed be so expressed, viz. by the formula y = –F + √F 2 – x2 – 2Gx – C; but the functional dependence of y upon x is better and more simply expressed by the original equation. It will be observed that in these two cases the functional relation is fully expressed by equating a function of the two variables x and y to zero, i.e. by means of an equation f (x, y) = 0. (2) We shall adopt this equation as the standard method of expressing the functional relation. It includes the equation (1) as a special case, since y – f (x) is a special form of a function of x and y. We can then speak of the locus of the point (x, y) subject to f (x, y) = 0, the graph of the function y defined by f (x, y) = 0, the curve or locus f (x, y) = 0, and the equation of this curve or locus. There is another method of representing curves which is often useful. Suppose that x and y are both functions of a third variable t, which is to be regarded as essentially auxiliary and devoid of any particular geometrical significance. We may write x = f (t), y = F (t). (3) If a particular value is assigned to t, the corresponding values of x and of y are known. Each pair of such values defines a point (x, y). If we construct all the points which correspond in this way to different values [II : 33] FUNCTIONS OF REAL VARIABLES 71 of t, we obtain the graph of the locus defined by the equations (3). Suppose for example x = a cos t, y = a sin t. Let t vary from 0 to 2π. Then it is easy to see that the point (x, y) describes the circle whose centre is the origin and whose radius is a. If t varies beyond these limits, (x, y) describes the circle over and over again. We can in this case at once obtain a direct relation between x and y by squaring and adding: we find that x2 + y2 = a2, t being now eliminated. Examples XVIII. 1. The points of intersection of the two curves whose equations are f (x, y) = 0, φ(x, y) = 0, where f and φ are polynomials, can be determined if these equations can be solved as a pair of simultaneous equations in x and y. The solution generally consists of a finite number of pairs of values of x and y. The two equations therefore generally represent a finite number of isolated points. 2. Trace the curves (x + y)2 = 1, xy = 1, x2 – y2 = 1. 3. The curve f (x, y) + λφ(x, y) = 0 represents a curve passing through the points of intersection of f = 0 and φ = 0. 4. What loci are represented by (α) x = at + b, y = ct + d, (β) x/a = 2t/(1 + t2), y/a = (1 – t2)/(1 + t2), when t varies through all real values? 33. Loci in space. In space of three dimensions there are two fun- damentally different kinds of loci, of which the simplest examples are the plane and the straight line. A particle which moves along a straight line has only one degree of freedom. Its direction of motion is fixed; its position can be completely fixed by one measurement of position, e.g. by its distance from a fixed point on the line. If we take the line as our fundamental line Λ of

Chap. I, the position of any of its points is determined by a single coordinate x. A particle which moves in a plane, on the other hand, has two degrees of freedom; its position can only be fixed by the determination of two coordinates. [II : 33] FUNCTIONS OF REAL VARIABLES 72 A locus represented by a single equation z = f (x, y) plainly belongs to the second of these two classes of loci, and is called a surface. It may or may not (in the obvious simple cases it will) satisfy our common-sense notion of what a surface should be. The considerations of § 31 may evidently be generalised so as to give definitions of a function f (x, y, z) of three variables (or of functions of any number of variables). And as in § 32 we agreed to adopt f (x, y) = 0 as the standard form of the equation of a plane curve, so now we shall agree to adopt f (x, y, z) = 0 as the standard form of equation of a surface. The locus represented by two equations of the form z = f (x, y) or f (x, y, z) = 0 belongs to the first class of loci, and is called a curve. Thus a straight line may be represented by two equations of the type Ax + By + Cz + D = 0. A circle in space may be regarded as the intersection of a sphere and a plane; it may therefore be represented by two equations of the forms $(x - \alpha)2 + (y - \beta)2 + (z - \gamma)2 = \rho 2$, Ax + By + Cz + D = 0. Examples XIX. 1. What is represented by three equations of the type f (x, y, z) = 0? 2. Three linear equations in general represent a single point. What are the exceptional cases? 3. What are the equations of a plane curve f (x, y) = 0 in the plane XOY , when regarded as a curve in space? [f (x, y) = 0, z = 0.] 4. Cylinders. What is the meaning of a single equation f (x, y) = 0, considered as a locus in space of three dimensions? [All points on the surface satisfy f (x, y) = 0, whatever be the value of z. The curve f (x, y) = 0, z = 0 is the curve in which the locus cuts the plane XOY . The locus is the surface formed by drawing lines parallel to OZ through all points of this curve. Such a surface is called a cylinder.] [II : 33] FUNCTIONS OF REAL VARIABLES 73 5. Graphical representation of a surface on a plane. Contour Maps. It might seem to be impossible to represent a surface adequately by a drawing on a plane; and so indeed it is: but a very fair notion of the nature of the surface may often be obtained as follows. Let the equation of the surface be z = f (x, y). If we give z a particular value a, we have an equation f (x, y) = a, which we may regard as determining a plane curve on the paper. We trace this curve and mark it (a). Actually the curve (a) is the projection on the plane XOY of the section of the surface by the plane z = a. We do this for all values of a (practically, of course, for a selection of values of a). We obtain some such figure as is shown in Fig. 17. It will at once suggest a contoured Ordnance Survey map: and in fact this is the principle on which such maps are constructed. The contour line 1000 is the projection, on the plane of the sea level, of the section of the surface of the land by the plane parallel to the plane of the sea level and 1000 ft. above it.*1000 2000 3000 4000 5000 5000 Fig. 17. 6. Draw a series of contour lines to illustrate the form of the surface 2z = 3xy. 7. Right circular cones. Take the origin of coordinates at the vertex of *We assume that the effects of the earth's curvature may be neglected. [II : 33] FUNCTIONS OF REAL VARIABLES 74 the cone and the axis of z along the axis of the cone; and let α be the semi- vertical angle of the cone. The equation of the cone (which must be regarded as extending both ways from its vertex) is $x2 + y2 - z2 \tan 2 \alpha = 0$. 8. Surfaces of revolution in general. The cone of Ex. 7 cuts ZOX in two lines whose equations may be combined in the equation $x2 = z2 \tan 2 \alpha$. That is to say, the equation of the surface generated by the revolution of the curve y = 0, $x2 = z2 \tan 2 \alpha$ round the axis of z is derived from the second of these equations by changing x2 into x2 + y2. Show generally that the equation of the surface generated by the revolution of the curve y = 0, x = f (z), round the axis of z, is px2 + y2 = f (z). 9. Cones in general. A surface formed by straight lines passing through a fixed point is called a cone: the point is called the vertex. A particular case is given by the right circular cone of Ex. 7. Show that the equation of a cone whose vertex is O is of the form f (z/x, z/y) = 0, and that any equation of this form represents a cone. [If (x, y, z) lies on the cone, so must (λx, λy, λz), for any value of λ.] 10. Ruled surfaces. Cylinders and cones are special cases of surfaces composed of straight lines. Such surfaces are called ruled surfaces. The two equations x = az + b, y = cz + d, (1) represent the intersection of two planes, i.e. a straight line. Now suppose that a, b, c, d instead of being fixed are functions of an auxiliary variable t. For any particular value of t the equations (1) give a line. As t varies, this line moves and generates a surface, whose equation may be found by eliminating t between the two equations (1). For instance, in Ex. 7 the equations of the line which generates the cone are x = z tan α cos t, y = z tan α sin t, where t is the angle between the plane XOZ and a plane through the line and the axis of z. Another simple example of a ruled surface may be constructed as follows. Take two sections of a right circular cylinder perpendicular to the axis and at a distance l apart (Fig. 18a). We can imagine the surface of the cylinder to be [II : 33] FUNCTIONS OF REAL VARIABLES 75 made up of a number of thin parallel rigid rods of length l, such as P Q, the ends of the rods being fastened to two circular rods of radius a. Now let us take a third circular rod of the same radius and place it round the surface of the cylinder at a distance h from one of the first two rods (see Fig. 18a, where P q = h). Unfasten the end Q of the rod P Q and turn P Q about P until Q can be fastened to the third circular rod in the position Q′. The angle qOQ′ = α in the figure is evidently given by $l2 - h2 = qQ'2 = 2a \sin 1\ 2\ \alpha 2$. Let all the other rods of which the cylinder was composed be treated in the same way. We obtain a ruled surface whose form is indicated in Fig. 18b. It is entirely built up of straight lines; but the surface is curved everywhere, and is in general shape not unlike certain forms of table-napkin rings (Fig. 18c).P O q Q Q′ Fig. 18a. Fig. 18b. Fig. 18c. MISCELLANEOUS EXAMPLES ON CHAPTER II. 1. Show that if y = f (x) = (ax + b)/(cx – a) then x = f (y). 2. If f (x) = f (–x) for all values of x, f (x) is called an even function. If f (x) = –f (–x), it is called an odd function. Show that any function of x,

defined for all values of x, is the sum of an even and an odd function of x. [Use the identity f (x) = 1 2 {f (x) + f (–x)} + 1 2 {f (x) – f (–x)}.] [II : 33] FUNCTIONS OF REAL VARIABLES 76 3. Draw the graphs of the functions 3 sin x + 4 cos x, sin π √2 sin x

. (Math. Trip. 1896.) 4. Draw the graphs of the functions sin x(a cos2 x + b sin2 x), sin x x (a cos2 x + b sin2 x), sin x x 2 . 5. Draw the graphs of the functions x[1/x], [x]/x. 6. Draw the graphs of the functions (i) arc cos(2x2 – 1) – 2 arc cos x, (ii) arc tan a + x 1 – ax – arc tan a – arc tan x, where the symbols arc cos a, arc tan a denote, for any value of a, the least positive (or zero) angle, whose cosine or tangent is a. 7. Verify the following method of constructing the graph of f {φ(x)} by means of the line y = x and the graphs of f (x) and φ(x): take OA = x along OX, draw AB parallel to OY to meet y = φ(x) in B, BC parallel to OX to meet y = x in C, CD parallel to OY to meet y = f (x) in D, and DP parallel to OX to meet AB in P ; then P is a point on the graph required. 8. Show that the roots of x3 + px + q = 0 are the abscissae of the points of intersection (other than the origin) of the parabola y = x2 and the circle x2 + y2 + (p – 1)y + qx = 0. 9. The roots of x4 + nx3 + px2 + qx + r = 0 are the abscissae of the points of intersection of the parabola x2 = y – 1 2 nx and the circle x2 + y2 + (1 8 n2 – 1 2 pn + 1 2 n + q)x + (p – 1 – 1 4 n2)y + r = 0. 10. Discuss the graphical solution of the equation xm + ax2 + bx + c = 0 [II : 33] FUNCTIONS OF REAL VARIABLES 77 by means of the curves y = xm, y = –ax2 – bx – c. Draw up a table of the various possible numbers of roots. 11. Solve the equation sec θ + cosec θ = 2√2; and show that the equation sec θ + cosec θ = c has two roots between 0 and 2π if c2 < 8 and four if c2 > 8. 12. Show that the equation 2x = (2n + 1)π(1 – cos x), where n is a positive integer, has 2n + 3 roots and no more, indicating their localities roughly. (Math. Trip. 1896.) 13. Show that the equation 2 3 x sin x = 1 has four roots between –π and π. 14. Discuss the number and values of the roots of the equations (1) cot x + x – 3 2 π = 0, (2) x2 + sin2 x = 1, (3) tan x = 2x/(1 + x2), (4) sin x – x + 1 6 x3 = 0, (5) (1 – cos x) tan α – x + sin x = 0. 15. The polynomial of the second degree which assumes, when x = a, b, c the values α, β, γ is α (x – b)(x – c) (a – b)(a – c) + β (x – c)(x – a) (b – c)(b – a) + γ (x – a)(x – b) (c – a)(c – b) . Give a similar formula for the polynomial of the (n – 1)th degree which assumes, when x = a1, a2, . . . an, the values α1, α2, . . . αn. 16. Find a polynomial in x of the second degree which for the values 0, 1, 2 of x takes the values 1/c, 1/(c + 1), 1/(c + 2); and show that when x = c + 2 its value is 1/(c + 1). (Math. Trip. 1911.) 17. Show that if x is a rational function of y, and y is a rational function of x, then Axy + Bx + Cy + D = 0. 18. If y is an algebraical function of x, then x is an algebraical function of y. 19. Verify that the equation cos 1 2 πx = 1 – x2 x + (x – 1) r 2 – x 3 [II : 33] FUNCTIONS OF REAL VARIABLES 78 is approximately true for all values of x between 0 and 1. [Take x = 0, 1 6 , 1 3 , 1 2 , 2 3 , 5 6 , 1, and use tables. For which of these values is the formula exact?] 20. What is the form of the graph of the functions z = [x] + [y], z = x + y – [x] – [y]? 21. What is the form of the graph of the functions z = sin x + sin y, z = sin x sin y, z = sin xy, z = sin(x2 + y2)? 22. Geometrical constructions for irrational numbers. In Chapter I we indicated one or two simple geometrical constructions for a length equal to √2, starting from a given unit length. We also showed how to construct the roots of any quadratic equation ax2 + 2bx + c = 0, it being supposed that we can construct lines whose lengths are equal to any of the ratios of the coefficients a, b, c, as is certainly the case if a, b, c are rational. All these constructions were what may be called Euclidean constructions; they depended on the ruler and compasses only. It is fairly obvious that we can construct by these methods the length mea- sured by any irrational number which is defined by any combination of square roots, however complicated. Thus 4 v u u t s 17 + 3√11 17 – 3√11 – s 17 – 3√11 17 + 3√11 is a case in point. This expression contains a fourth root, but this is of course the square root of a square root. We should begin by constructing √11, e.g. as the mean between 1 and 11: then 17 + 3√11 and 17 – 3√11, and so on. Or these two mixed surds might be constructed directly as the roots of x2 –34x+190 = 0. Conversely, only irrationals of this kind can be constructed by Euclidean methods. Starting from a unit length we can construct any rational length. And hence we can construct the line Ax + By + C = 0, provided that the ratios of A, B, C are rational, and the circle (x – α)2 + (y – β)2 = ρ2 (or x2 + y2 + 2gx + 2f y + c = 0), provided that α, β, ρ are rational, a condition which implies that g, f , c are rational. [II : 33] FUNCTIONS OF REAL VARIABLES 79 Now in any Euclidean construction each new point introduced into the figure is determined as the intersection of two lines or circles, or a line and a circle. But if the coefficients are rational, such a pair of equations as Ax + By + C = 0, x2 + y2 + 2gx + 2f y + c = 0 give, on solution, values of x and y of the form m + n√p, where m, n, p are rational: for if we substitute for x in terms of y in the second equation we obtain a quadratic in y with rational coefficients. Hence the coordinates of all points obtained by means of lines and circles with rational coefficients are expressible by rational numbers and quadratic surds. And so the same is true of the distancep(x1 – x2)2 + (y1 – y2)2 between any two points so obtained. With the irrational distances thus constructed we may proceed to construct a number of lines and circles whose coefficients may now themselves involve quadratic surds. It is evident, however, that all the lengths which we can con- struct by the use of such lines and circles are still expressible by square roots only, though our surd expressions may now be of a more complicated form. And this remains true however often our constructions are repeated. Hence Euclidean methods will construct any surd expression involving square roots only, and no others. One of the famous problems of antiquity was that of the duplication of the cube, that is to say of the construction by Euclidean methods of a length measured by 3 √2. It can be shown that 3 √2 cannot be expressed by means of any finite combination of rational numbers and square roots, and so that the problem is an impossible one. See Hobson, Squaring the Circle, pp. 47 et seq.; the first stage of

the proof, viz. the proof that 3 √2 cannot be a root of a quadratic equation ax2 + 2bx + c = 0 with rational coefficients, was given in Ch. I (Misc. Exs. 24). 23. Approximate quadrature of the circle. Let O be the centre of a circle of radius R. On the tangent at A take AP = 11 5 R and AQ = 13 5 R, in the same direction. On AO take AN = OP and draw N M parallel to OQ and cutting AP in M . Show that AM/R = 13 25 √146, and that to take AM as being equal to the circumference of the circle would lead to a value of π correct to five places of decimals. If R is the earth's radius, the error in supposing AM to be its circumference is less than 11 yards. [II : 33] FUNCTIONS OF REAL VARIABLES 80 24. Show that the only lengths which can be constructed with the ruler only, starting from a given unit length, are rational lengths. 25. Constructions for 3 √2. O is the vertex and S the focus of the parabola y2 = 4x, and P is one of its points of intersection with the parabola x2 = 2y. Show that OP meets the latus rectum of the first parabola in a point Q such that SQ = 3 √2. 26. Take a circle of unit diameter, a diameter OA and the tangent at A. Draw a chord OBC cutting the circle at B and the tangent at C. On this line take OM = BC. Taking O as origin and OA as axis of x, show that the locus of M is the curve (x2 + y2)x – y2 = 0 (the Cissoid of Diocles). Sketch the curve. Take along the axis of y a length OD = 2. Let AD cut the curve in P and OP cut the tangent to the circle at A in Q. Show that AQ = 3 √2. CHAPTER III COMPLEX NUMBERS 34. Displacements along a line and in a plane. The 'real num- ber' x, with which we have been concerned in the two preceding chapters, may be regarded from many different points of view. It may be regarded as a pure number, destitute of geometrical significance, or a geometrical significance may be attached to it in at least three different ways. It may be regarded as the measure of a length, viz. the length A0P along the line Λ of Chap. I. It may be regarded as the mark of a point, viz. the point P whose distance from A0 is x. Or it may be regarded as the measure of a displacement or change of position on the line Λ. It is on this last point of view that we shall now concentrate our attention. Imagine a small particle placed at P on the line Λ and then displaced to Q. We shall call the displacement or change of position which is needed to transfer the particle from P to Q the displacement P Q. To specify a displacement completely three things are needed, its magnitude, its sense forwards or backwards along the line, and what may be called its point of application, i.e. the original position P of the particle. But, when we are thinking merely of the change of position produced by the displacement, it is natural to disregard the point of application and to consider all dis- placements as equivalent whose lengths and senses are the same. Then the displacement is completely specified by the length P Q = x, the sense of the displacement being fixed by the sign of x. We may therefore, without ambiguity, speak of the displacement [x],* and we may write P Q = [x]. We use the square bracket to distinguish the displacement [x] from the length or number x. If the coordinate of P is a, that of Q will be a + x; *It is hardly necessary to caution the reader against confusing this use of the sym- bol [x] and that of Chap. II (Exs. xvi. and Misc. Exs.). Strictly speaking we ought, by some similar difference of notation, to distinguish the actual length x from the number x which measures it. The reader will perhaps be inclined to consider such distinctions futile and pedantic. But increasing experience of mathematics will reveal to him the great importance of distinguishing clearly between things which, however intimately connected, are not the same. If cricket were a math- 81 [III : 34] COMPLEX NUMBERS 82 the displacement [x] therefore transfers a particle from the point a to the point a + x. We come now to consider displacements in a plane. We may define the displacement P Q as before. But now more data are required in order to specify it completely. We require to know: (i) the magnitude of the displacement, i.e. the length of the straight line P Q; (ii) the direction of the displacement, which is determined by the angle which P Q makes with some fixed line in the plane; (iii) the sense of the displacement; and (iv) its point of application. Of these requirements we may disregard the fourth, if we consider two displacements as equivalent if they are the sameA P Q R S B O X Y Fig. 19. in magnitude, direction, and sense. In other words, if P Q and RS are equal and parallel, and the sense of motion from P to Q is the same as that of motion from R to S, we regard the displacements P Q and RS as equivalent, and write P Q = RS. Now let us take any pair of coordinate axes in the plane (such as OX, OY in Fig. 19). Draw a line OA equal and parallel to P Q, the sense of motion from O to A being the same as that from P to Q. Then P Q and OA are equivalent displacements. Let x and y be the coordinates ematical science, it would be very important to distinguish between the motion of the batsman between the wickets, the run which he scores, and the mark which is put down in the score-book. [III : 35] COMPLEX NUMBERS 83 of A. Then it is evident that OA is completely specified if x and y are given. We call OA the displacement [x, y] and write OA = P Q = RS = [x, y]. 35. Equivalence of displacements. Multiplication of displace- ments by numbers. If ξ and η are the coordinates of P , and ξ′ and η′ those of Q, it is evident that x = ξ′ – ξ, y = η′ – η. The displacement from (ξ, η) to (ξ′, η′) is therefore [ξ′ – ξ, η′ – η]. It is clear that two displacements [x, y], [x′, y′] are equivalent if, and only if, x = x′, y = y′. Thus [x, y] = [x′, y′] if and only if x = x′, y = y′. (1) The reverse displacement QP would be [ξ – ξ′, η – η′], and it is natural to agree that [ξ – ξ′, η – η′] = –[ξ′ – ξ, η′ – η], QP = –P Q, these equations being really definitions of the meaning of the symbols –[ξ′ – ξ, η′ – η], –P Q. Having thus agreed that –[x, y] = [–x, –y], it is natural to agree further that α[x, y] = [αx, αy], (2) [III : 36] COMPLEX NUMBERS 84 where α is any real number, positive or negative. Thus (Fig. 19) if OB = –1 2 OA then OB = –1 2 OA = –1 2 [x, y] = [–1 2 x, –1 2 y]. The equations (1) and (2) define the first two important ideas connected with displacements, viz. equivalence of displacements, and multiplication of displacements by numbers. 36. Addition of displacements. We have not yet given any defi- nition which enables us to attach any meaning to the expressions P Q + P ′Q′, [x, y]

+ [x′, y′]. Common sense at once suggests that we should define the sum of two displacements as the displacement which is the result of the successive application of the two given displacements. In other words, it suggests that if QQ1 be drawn equal and parallel to P ′Q′, so that the result of successive displacements P Q, P ′Q′ on a particle at P is to transfer it first to Q and then to Q1 then we should define the sum of P Q and P ′Q′ as being P Q1. If then we draw OA equal and parallel to P Q, and OB equal and parallel to P ′Q′, and complete the parallelogram OACB, we have P Q + P ′Q′ = P Q1 = OA + OB = OC. Let us consider the consequences of adopting this definition. If the coordinates of B are x′, y′, then those of the middle point of AB are 1 2 (x + x′), 1 2 (y + y′), and those of C are x + x′, y + y′. Hence [x, y] + [x′, y′] = [x + x′, y + y′], (3) which may be regarded as the symbolic definition of addition of displace- ments. We observe that [x′, y′] + [x, y] = [x′ + x, y′ + y] = [x + x′, y + y′] = [x, y] + [x′, y′] [III : 36] COMPLEX NUMBERS 85P Q O A B C Q1 Q2 P ′ Q′ Fig. 20. In other words, addition of displacements obeys the commutative law ex- pressed in ordinary algebra by the equation a+b = b+a. This law expresses the obvious geometrical fact that if we move from P first through a dis- tance P Q2 equal and parallel to P ′Q′, and then through a distance equal and parallel to P Q, we shall arrive at the same point Q1 as before. In particular [x, y] = [x, 0] + [0, y]. (4) Here [x, 0] denotes a displacement through a distance x in a direction par- allel to OX. It is in fact what we previously denoted by [x], when we were considering only displacements along a line. We call [x, 0] and [0, y] the components of [x, y], and [x, y] their resultant. When we have once defined addition of two displacements, there is no further difficulty in the way of defining addition of any number. Thus, by [III : 36] COMPLEX NUMBERS 86 definition, [x, y] + [x′, y′] + [x″, y″] = ([x, y] + [x′, y′]) + [x″, y″] = [x + x′, y + y′] + [x″, y″] = [x + x′ + x″, y + y′ + y″]. We define subtraction of displacements by the equation [x, y] – [x′, y′] = [x, y] + (–[x′, y′]), (5) which is the same thing as [x, y] + [–x′, –y′] or as [x – x′, y – y′]. In particular [x, y] – [x, y] = [0, 0]. The displacement [0, 0] leaves the particle where it was; it is the zero displacement, and we agree to write [0, 0] = 0. Examples XX. 1. Prove that (i) $\alpha[\beta x, \beta y] = \beta[\alpha x, \alpha y] = [\alpha\beta x, \alpha\beta y]$, (ii) ([x, y] + [x′, y′]) + [x″, y″] = [x, y] + ([x′, y′] + [x″, y″]), (iii) [x, y] + [x′, y′] = [x′, y′] + [x, y], (iv) $(\alpha + \beta)[x, y] = \alpha[x, y] + \beta[x, y]$, (v) $\alpha\{[x, y] + [x', y']\} = \alpha[x, y] + \alpha[x', y']$. [We have already proved (iii). The remaining equations follow with equal ease from the definitions. The reader should in each case consider the geometrical significance of the equation, as we did above in the case of (iii).] 2. If M is the middle point of P Q, then OM = 1 2 (OP + OQ). More generally, if M divides P Q in the ratio $\mu : \lambda$, then OM = λ $\lambda + \mu$ OP + μ $\lambda + \mu$ OQ. 3. If G is the centre of mass of equal particles at P1, P2, . . . , Pn, then OG = (OP1 + OP2 + · · · + OPn)/n. [III : 36] COMPLEX NUMBERS 87 4. If P , Q, R are collinear points in the plane, then it is possible to find real numbers α, β, γ, not all zero, and such that $\alpha \cdot OP + \beta \cdot OQ + \gamma \cdot OR = 0$; and conversely. [This is really only another way of stating Ex. 2.] 5. If AB and AC are two displacements not in the same straight line, and $\alpha \cdot AB + \beta \cdot AC = \gamma \cdot AB + \delta \cdot AC$, then $\alpha = \gamma$ and $\beta = \delta$. [Take $AB1 = \alpha \cdot AB$, $AC1 = \beta \cdot AC$. Complete the parallelogram AB1P1C1. Then $AP1 = \alpha \cdot AB + \beta \cdot AC$. It is evident that AP1 can only be expressed in this form in one way, whence the theorem follows.] 6. ABCD is a parallelogram. Through Q, a point inside the parallelogram, RQS and T QU are drawn parallel to the sides. Show that RU , T S intersect on AC.A BT D CU R S Q Fig. 21. [Let the ratios AT : AB, AR : AD be denoted by α, β. Then $AT = \alpha \cdot AB$, $AR = \beta \cdot AD$, $AU = \alpha \cdot AB + AD$, $AS = AB + \beta \cdot AD$. Let RU meet AC in P . Then, since R, U , P are collinear, AP = λ $\lambda + \mu$ AR + μ $\lambda + \mu$ AU , [III : 37] COMPLEX NUMBERS 88 where μ/λ is the ratio in which P divides RU . That is to say AP = $\alpha\mu$ $\lambda + \mu$ AB + $\beta\lambda + \mu$ $\lambda + \mu$ AD. But since P lies on AC, AP is a numerical multiple of AC; say AP = k · AC = k · AB + k · AD. Hence (Ex. 5) $\alpha\mu = \beta\lambda + \mu = (\lambda + \mu)k$, from which we deduce $k = \alpha\beta$ $\alpha + \beta - 1$. The symmetry of this result shows that a similar argument would also give AP ′ = $\alpha\beta$ $\alpha + \beta - 1$ AC, if P ′ is the point where T S meets AC. Hence P and P ′ are the same point.] 7. ABCD is a parallelogram, and M the middle point of AB. Show that DM trisects and is trisected by AC.* 37. Multiplication of displacements. So far we have made no attempt to attach any meaning whatever to the notion of the product of two displacements. The only kind of multiplication which we have considered is that in which a displacement is multiplied by a number. The expression [x, y] × [x′, y′] so far means nothing, and we are at liberty to define it to mean anything we like. It is, however, fairly clear that if any definition of such a product is to be of any use, the product of two displacements must itself be a displacement. We might, for example, define it as being equal to [x + x′, y + y′]; *The two preceding examples are taken from Willard Gibbs' Vector Analysis. [III : 37] COMPLEX NUMBERS 89 in other words, we might agree that the product of two displacements was to be always equal to their sum. But there would be two serious objections to such a definition. In the first place our definition would be futile. We should only be introducing a new method of expressing something which we can perfectly well express without it. In the second place our definition would be inconvenient and misleading for the following reasons. If α is a real number, we have already defined $\alpha[x, y]$ as $[\alpha x, \alpha y]$. Now, as we saw in § 34, the real number α may itself from one point of view be regarded as a displacement, viz. the displacement $[\alpha]$ along the axis OX, or, in our later notation, the displacement $[\alpha, 0]$. It is therefore, if not absolutely necessary, at any rate most desirable, that our definition should be such that $[\alpha, 0][x, y] = [\alpha x, \alpha y]$, and the suggested definition does not give this result. A more reasonable definition might appear to be [x, y][x′, y′] = [xx′, yy′]. But this would give $[\alpha, 0][x, y] = [\alpha x, 0]$; and so this definition also would be open to the second objection. In fact, it is by no means obvious what is the best meaning to attach to the product [x, y][x′, y′]. All that is clear is (1) that, if our definition is to be of any use, this product must itself be a displacement whose coordinates depend on x and y, or in other

words that we must have [x, y][x′, y′] = [X, Y], where X and Y are functions of x, y, x′, and y′; (2) that the definition must be such as to agree with the equation [x, 0][x′, y′] = [xx′, xy′]; [III : 38] COMPLEX NUMBERS 90 and (3) that the definition must obey the ordinary commutative, distribu- tive, and associative laws of multiplication, so that [x, y][x′, y′] = [x′, y′][x, y], ([x, y] + [x′, y′])[x″, y″] = [x, y][x″, y″] + [x′, y′][x″, y″], [x, y]([x′, y′] + [x″, y″]) = [x, y][x′, y′] + [x, y][x″, y″], and [x, y]([x′, y′][x″, y″]) = ([x, y][x′, y′])[x″, y″]. 38. The right definition to take is suggested as follows. We know that, if OAB, OCD are two similar triangles, the angles corresponding in the order in which they are written, then OB/OA = OD/OC, or OB · OC = OA · OD. This suggests that we should try to define multiplication and division of displacements in such a way that OB/OA = OD/OC, OB · OC = OA · OD. Now let OB = [x, y], OC = [x′, y′], OD = [X, Y], and suppose that A is the point (1, 0), so that OA = [1, 0]. Then OA · OD = [1, 0][X, Y] = [X, Y], and so [x, y][x′, y′] = [X, Y]. The product OB · OC is therefore to be defined as OD, D being obtained by constructing on OC a triangle similar to OAB. In order to free this [III : 38] COMPLEX NUMBERS 91O A BC D′ D Fig. 22. definition from ambiguity, it should be observed that on OC we can de- scribe two such triangles, OCD and OCD′. We choose that for which the angle COD is equal to AOB in sign as well as in magnitude. We say that the two triangles are then similar in the same sense. If the polar coordinates of B and C are (ρ, θ) and (σ, φ), so that x = ρ cos θ, y = ρ sin θ, x′ = σ cos φ, y′ = σ sin φ, then the polar coordinates of D are evidently ρσ and θ + φ. Hence X = ρσ cos(θ + φ) = xx′ – yy′, Y = ρσ sin(θ + φ) = xy′ + yx′. The required definition is therefore [x, y][x′, y′] = [xx′ – yy′, xy′ + yx′]. (6) We observe (1) that if y = 0, then X = xx′, Y = xy′, as we desired; (2) that the right-hand side is not altered if we interchange x and x′, and y and y′, so that [x, y][x′, y′] = [x′, y′][x, y]; [III : 39] COMPLEX NUMBERS 92 and (3) that {[x, y] + [x′, y′]}[x″, y″] = [x + x′, y + y′][x″, y″] = [(x + x′)x″ – (y + y′)y″, (x + x′)y″ + (y + y′)x″] = [xx″ – yy″, xy″ + yx″] + [x′x″ – y′y″, x′y″ + y′x″] = [x, y][x″, y″] + [x′, y′][x″, y″]. Similarly we can verify that all the equations at the end of § 37 are satisfied. Thus the definition (6) fulfils all the requirements which we made of it in § 37. Example. Show directly from the geometrical definition given above that multiplication of displacements obeys the commutative and distributive laws. [Take the commutative law for example. The product OB · OC is OD (Fig. 22), COD being similar to AOB. To construct the product OC · OB we should have to construct on OB a triangle BOD1 similar to AOC; and so what we want to prove is that D and D1 coincide, or that BOD is similar to AOC. This is an easy piece of elementary geometry.] 39. Complex numbers. Just as to a displacement [x] along OX correspond a point (x) and a real number x, so to a displacement [x, y] in the plane correspond a point (x, y) and a pair of real numbers x, y. We shall find it convenient to denote this pair of real numbers x, y by the symbol x + yi. The reason for the choice of this notation will appear later. For the present the reader must regard x + yi as simply another way of writing [x, y]. The expression x + yi is called a complex number. We proceed next to define equivalence, addition, and multiplication of complex numbers. To every complex number corresponds a displacement. Two complex numbers are equivalent if the corresponding displacements are equivalent. The sum or product of two complex numbers is the complex [III : 39] COMPLEX NUMBERS 93 number which corresponds to the sum or product of the two corresponding displacements. Thus x + yi = x′ + y′i, (1) if and only if x = x′, y = y′; (x + yi) + (x′ + y′i) = (x + x′) + (y + y′)i; (2) (x + yi)(x′ + y′i) = xx′ – yy′ + (xy′ + yx′)i. (3) In particular we have, as special cases of (2) and (3), x + yi = (x + 0i) + (0 + yi), (x + 0i)(x′ + y′i) = xx′ + xy′i; and these equations suggest that there will be no danger of confusion if, when dealing with complex numbers, we write x for x + 0i and yi for 0 + yi, as we shall henceforth. Positive integral powers and polynomials of complex numbers are then defined as in ordinary algebra. Thus, by putting x = x′, y = y′ in (3), we obtain (x + yi)2 = (x + yi)(x + yi) = x2 – y2 + 2xyi. The reader will easily verify for himself that addition and multiplication of complex numbers obey the laws of algebra expressed by the equations (x + yi) + (x′ + y′i) = (x′ + y′i) + (x + yi), {(x + yi) + (x′ + y′i)} + (x″ + y″i) = (x + yi) + {(x′ + y′i) + (x″ + y″i)}, (x + yi)(x′ + y′i) = (x′ + y′i)(x + yi), (x + yi){(x′ + y′i) + (x″ + y″i)} = (x + yi)(x′ + y′i) + (x + yi)(x″ + y″i), {(x + yi) + (x′ + y′i)}(x″ + y″i) = (x + yi)(x″ + y″i) + (x′ + y′i)(x″ + y″i), (x + yi){(x′ + y′i)(x″ + y″i)} = {(x + yi)(x′ + y′i)}(x″ + y″i), the proofs of these equations being practically the same as those of the corresponding equations for the corresponding displacements. [III : 40] COMPLEX NUMBERS 94 Subtraction and division of complex numbers are defined as in ordinary algebra. Thus we may define (x + yi) – (x′ + y′i) as (x + yi) + {–(x′ + y′i)} = x + yi + (–x′ – y′i) = (x – x′) + (y – y′)i; or again, as the number ξ + ηi such that (x′ + y′i) + (ξ + ηi) = x + yi, which leads to the same result. And (x + yi)/(x′ + y′i) is defined as being the complex number ξ + ηi such that (x′ + y′i)(ξ + ηi) = x + yi, or x′ξ – y′η + (x′η + y′ξ)i = x + yi, or x′ξ – y′η = x, x′η + y′ξ = y. (4) Solving these equations for ξ and η, we obtain ξ = xx′ + yy′ x′2 + y′2 , η = yx′ – xy′ x′2 + y′2 . This solution fails if x′ and y′ are both zero, i.e. if x′ + y′i = 0. Thus subtraction is always possible; division is always possible unless the divisor is zero. Examples. (1) From a geometrical point of view, the problem of the divi- sion of the displacement OB by OC is that of finding D so that the triangles COB, AOD are similar, and this is evidently possible (and the solution unique) unless C coincides with 0, or OC = 0. (2) The numbers x + yi, x – yi are said to be conjugate. Verify that (x + yi)(x – yi) = x2 + y2, so that the product of two conjugate numbers is real, and that x + yi x′ + y′i = (x + yi)(x′ – y′i) (x′ + y′i)(x′ – y′i) = xx′ + yy′ + (x′y – xy′)i x′2 + y′2 . [III : 41] COMPLEX NUMBERS 95O A B C D Fig. 23. 40. One most important property of real numbers is that known as the factor theorem, which asserts that the product of two numbers cannot be zero unless one of the two is itself zero. To prove that this is also true of complex numbers we put x = 0, y = 0 in the equations (4) of the preceding section. Then x′ξ – y′η = 0, x′η + y′ξ = 0. These

equations give ξ = 0, η = 0, i.e. ξ + ηi = 0, unless x′ = 0 and y′ = 0, or x′ + y′i = 0. Thus x + yi cannot vanish unless either x′ + y′i or ξ + ηi vanishes. 41. The equation i2 = –1. We agreed to simplify our notation by writing x instead of x + 0i and yi instead of 0 + yi. The particular complex number 1i we shall denote simply by i. It is the number which corresponds to a unit displacement along OY . Also i2 = ii = (0 + 1i)(0 + 1i) = (0 · 0 – 1 · 1) + (0 · 1 + 1 · 0)i = –1. Similarly (–i)2 = –1. Thus the complex numbers i and –i satisfy the equation x2 = –1. [III : 43] COMPLEX NUMBERS 96 The reader will now easily satisfy himself that the upshot of the rules for addition and multiplication of complex numbers is this, that we oper- ate with complex numbers in exactly the same way as with real numbers, treating the symbol i as itself a number, but replacing the product ii = i2 by –1 whenever it occurs. Thus, for example, (x + yi)(x′ + y′i) = xx′ + xy′i + yx′i + yy′i2 = (xx′ – yy′) + (xy′ + yx′)i. 42. The geometrical interpretation of multiplication by i. Since (x + yi)i = –y + xi, it follows that if x + yi corresponds to OP , and OQ is drawn equal to OP and so that P OQ is a positive right angle, then (x + yi)i corresponds to OQ. In other words, multiplication of a complex number by i turns the corresponding displacement through a right angle. We might have developed the whole theory of complex numbers from this point of view. Starting with the ideas of x as representing a displace- ment along OX, and of i as a symbol of operation equivalent to turning x through a right angle, we should have been led to regard yi as a displace- ment of magnitude y along OY . It would then have been natural to define x + yi as in §§ 37 and 40, and (x + yi)i would have represented the dis- placement obtained by turning x + yi through a right angle, i.e. –y + xi. Finally, we should naturally have defined (x+yi)x′ as xx′ +yx′i, (x+yi)y′i as –yy′ + xy′i, and (x + yi)(x′ + y′i) as the sum of these displacements, i.e. as xx′ – yy′ + (xy′ + yx′)i. 43. The equations z2 + 1 = 0, az2 + 2bz + c = 0. There is no real number z such that z2 + 1 = 0; this is expressed by saying that the equation has no real roots. But, as we have just seen, the two complex numbers i and –i satisfy this equation. We express this by saying that the equation has the two complex roots i and –i. Since i satisfies z2 = –1, it is sometimes written in the form √–1. [III : 43] COMPLEX NUMBERS 97 Complex numbers are sometimes called imaginary.* The expression is by no means a happily chosen one, but it is firmly established and has to be accepted. It cannot, however, be too strongly impressed upon the reader that an ‘imaginary number’ is no more ‘imaginary’, in any ordinary sense of the word, than a ‘real’ number; and that it is not a number at all, in the sense in which the ‘real’ numbers are numbers, but, as should be clear from the preceding discussion, a pair of numbers (x, y), united symbolically, for purposes of technical convenience, in the form x + yi. Such a pair of numbers is no less ‘real’ than any ordinary number such as 1 2 , or than the paper on which this is printed, or than the Solar System. Thus i = 0 + 1i stands for the pair of numbers (0, 1), and may be represented geometrically by a point or by the displacement [0, 1]. And when we say that i is a root of the equation z2 + 1 = 0, what we mean is simply that we have defined a method of combining such pairs of numbers (or displacements) which we call ‘multiplication’, and which, when we so combine (0, 1) with itself, gives the result (–1, 0). Now let us consider the more general equation az2 + 2bz + c = 0, where a, b, c are real numbers. If b2 > ac, the ordinary method of solution gives two real roots {–b ± √b2 – ac}/a. If b2 < ac, the equation has no real roots. It may be written in the form {z + (b/a)}2 = –(ac – b2)/a2, an equation which is evidently satisfied if we substitute for z + (b/a) either of the complex numbers ±i√ac – b2/a. We express this by saying that the equation has the two complex roots {–b ± i√ac – b2}/a. *The phrase ‘real number’ was introduced as an antithesis to ‘imaginary number’. We shall sometimes write x + iy instead of x + yi for convenience in printing. [III : 43] COMPLEX NUMBERS 98 If we agree as a matter of convention to say that when b2 = ac (in which case the equation is satisfied by one value of x only, viz. –b/a), the equation has two equal roots, we can say that a quadratic equation with real coefficients has two roots in all cases, either two distinct real roots, or two equal real roots, or two distinct complex roots. The question is naturally suggested whether a quadratic equation may not, when complex roots are once admitted, have more than two roots. It is easy to see that this is not possible. Its impossibility may in fact be proved by precisely the same chain of reasoning as is used in elementary algebra to prove that an equation of the nth degree cannot have more than n real roots. Let us denote the complex number x + yi by the single letter z, a convention which we may express by writing z = x + yi. Let f (z) denote any polynomial in z, with real or complex coefficients. Then we prove in succession: (1) that the remainder, when f (z) is divided by z – a, a being any real or complex number, is f (a); (2) that if a is a root of the equation f (z) = 0, then f (z) is divisible by z – a; (3) that if f (z) is of the nth degree, and f (z) = 0 has the n roots a1, a2, . . . , an, then f (z) = A(z – a1)(z – a2) . . . (z – an), where A is a constant, real or complex, in fact the coefficient of zn in f (z). From the last result, and the theorem of § 40, it follows that f (z) cannot have more than n roots. We conclude that a quadratic equation with real coefficients has exactly two roots. We shall see later on that a similar theorem is true for an equation of any degree and with either real or complex coefficients: an equation of the nth degree has exactly n roots. The only point in the proof which presents any difficulty is the first, viz. the proof that any equation must have at least one root. This we must postpone for the present.* We may, however, at once call attention to one very interesting result of this *See Appendix I. [III : 43] COMPLEX NUMBERS 99 theorem. In the theory of number we start from the positive integers and from the ideas of addition and multiplication and the converse operations of subtraction and division. We find that these operations are not always possible unless we admit new kinds of numbers. We can only attach a meaning to 3 – 7 if we admit negative numbers, or to 3 7 if we admit rational fractions. When we extend our list of arithmetical operations so as to include

root extraction and the solution of equations, we find that some of them, such as that of the extraction of the square root of a number which (like 2) is not a perfect square, are not possible unless we widen our conception of a number, and admit the irrational numbers of Chap. I. Others, such as the extraction of the square root of –1, are not possible unless we go still further, and admit the complex numbers of this chapter. And it would not be unnatural to suppose that, when we come to consider equations of higher degree, some might prove to be insoluble even by the aid of complex numbers, and that thus we might be led to the considerations of higher and higher types of, so to say, hyper-complex numbers. The fact that the roots of any algebraical equation whatever are ordinary complex numbers shows that this is not the case. The application of any of the ordinary algebraical operations to complex numbers will yield only complex numbers. In technical language 'the field of the complex numbers is closed for algebraical operations'. Before we pass on to other matters, let us add that all theorems of elementary algebra which are proved merely by the application of the rules of addition and multiplication are true whether the numbers which occur in them are real or complex, since the rules referred to apply to complex as well as real numbers. For example, we know that, if α and β are the roots of az2 + 2bz + c = 0, then $\alpha + \beta = -(2b/a)$, $\alpha\beta = (c/a)$. Similarly, if α, β, γ are the roots of az3 + 3bz2 + 3cz + d = 0, [III : 44] COMPLEX NUMBERS 100 then $\alpha + \beta + \gamma = -(3b/a)$, $\beta\gamma + \gamma\alpha + \alpha\beta = (3c/a)$, $\alpha\beta\gamma = -(d/a)$. All such theorems as these are true whether a, b, . . . , α, β, . . . are real or complex. 44. Argand's diagram. Let P (Fig. 24) be the point (x, y), r the length OP , and θ the angle XOP , so that x = r cos θ, y = r sin θ, r = px2 + y2, cos θ : sin θ : 1 :: x : y : r. We denote the complex number x + yi by z, as in § 43, and we call z the complex variable. We call P the point z, or the point corresponding to z;O X Y x r y θ P Fig. 24. z the argument of P , x the real part, y the imaginary part, r the modulus, and θ the amplitude of z; and we write x = R(z), y = I(z), r = |z|, θ = am z. When y = 0 we say that z is real, when x = 0 that z is purely imag- inary. Two numbers x + yi, x – yi which differ only in the signs of their [III : 45] COMPLEX NUMBERS 101 imaginary parts, we call conjugate. It will be observed that the sum 2x of two conjugate numbers and their product x2 + y2 are both real, that they have the same modulus px2 + y2 and that their product is equal to the square of the modulus of either. The roots of a quadratic with real coefficients, for example, are conjugate, when not real. It must be observed that θ or am z is a many-valued function of x and y, having an infinity of values, which are angles differing by multiples of 2π.* A line originally lying along OX will, if turned through any of these angles, come to lie along OP . We shall describe that one of these angles which lies between $-\pi$ and π as the principal value of the amplitude of z. This definition is unambiguous except when one of the values is π, in which case $-\pi$ is also a value. In this case we must make some special provision as to which value is to be regarded as the principal value. In general, when we speak of the amplitude of z we shall, unless the contrary is stated, mean the principal value of the amplitude. Fig. 24 is usually known as Argand's diagram. 45. De Moivre's Theorem. The following statements follow im- mediately from the definitions of addition and multiplication. (1) The real (or imaginary) part of the sum of two complex numbers is equal to the sum of their real (or imaginary) parts. (2) The modulus of the product of two complex numbers is equal to the product of their moduli. (3) The amplitude of the product of two complex numbers is either equal to the sum of their amplitudes, or differs from it by 2π. It should be observed that it is not always true that the principal value of am(zz′) is the sum of the principal values of am z and am z′. For example, if z = z′ = –1 + i, then the principal values of the amplitudes of z and z′ are each 3 4 π. But zz′ = –2i, and the principal value of am(zz′) is – 1 2 π and not 3 2 π. *It is evident that |z| is identical with the polar coordinate r of P , and that the other polar coordinate θ is one value of am z. This value is not necessarily the principal value, as defined below, for the polar coordinate of § 22 lies between 0 and 2π, and the principal value between $-\pi$ and π. [III : 45] COMPLEX NUMBERS 102 The two last theorems may be expressed in the equation r(cos θ + i sin θ) × ρ(cos φ + i sin φ) = rρ{cos(θ + φ) + i sin(θ + φ)}, which may be proved at once by multiplying out and using the ordinary trigonometrical formulae for cos(θ + φ) and sin(θ + φ). More generally r1(cos θ1 + i sin θ1) × r2(cos θ2 + i sin θ2) × . . . × rn(cos θn + i sin θn) = r1r2 . . . rn{cos(θ1 + θ2 + · · · + θn) + i sin(θ1 + θ2 + · · · + θn)}. A particularly interesting case is that in which r1 = r2 = · · · = rn = 1, θ1 = θ2 = · · · = θn = θ. We then obtain the equation (cos θ + i sin θ)n = cos nθ + i sin nθ, where n is any positive integer: a result known as De Moivre's Theorem.* Again, if z = r(cos θ + i sin θ) then 1/z = (cos θ – i sin θ)/r. Thus the modulus of the reciprocal of z is the reciprocal of the modulus of z, and the amplitude of the reciprocal is the negative of the amplitude of z. We can now state the theorems for quotients which correspond to (2) and (3). (4) The modulus of the quotient of two complex numbers is equal to the quotient of their moduli. (5) The amplitude of the quotient of two complex numbers either is equal to the difference of their amplitudes, or differs from it by 2π. *It will sometimes be convenient, for the sake of brevity, to denote cos θ + i sin θ by Cis θ: in this notation, suggested by Profs. Harkness and Morley, De Moivre's theo- rem is expressed by the equation (Cis θ)n = Cis nθ. [III : 45] COMPLEX NUMBERS 103 Again (cos θ + i sin θ)–n = (cos θ – i sin θ)n = {cos(–θ) + i sin(–θ)}n = cos(–nθ) + i sin(–nθ). Hence De Moivre's Theorem holds for all integral values of n, positive or negative. To the theorems (1)–(5) we may add the following theorem, which is also of very great importance. (6) The modulus of the sum of any number of complex numbers is not greater than the sum of their moduli.O P Q R S T U P ′ P ″ P ‴ P (iv) P (v) Fig. 25. Let OP , OP ′, . . . be the displacements corresponding to the various complex numbers. Draw P Q equal and parallel to OP ′, QR equal and parallel to OP ″, and so on. Finally we reach a point U , such that OU = OP + OP ′ + OP ″ + ... [III : 46] COMPLEX

NUMBERS 104 The length OU is the modulus of the sum of the complex numbers, whereas the sum of their moduli is the total length of the broken line OP QR . . . U , which is not less than OU . A purely arithmetical proof of this theorem is outlined in Exs. xxi. 1. 46. We add some theorems concerning rational functions of complex numbers. A rational function of the complex variable z is defined exactly as is a rational function of a real variable x, viz. as the quotient of two polynomials in z. Theorem 1. Any rational function R(z) can be reduced to the form X + Y i, where X and Y are rational functions of x and y with real coeffi- cients. In the first place it is evident that any polynomial P (x + yi) can be reduced, in virtue of the definitions of addition and multiplication, to the form A + Bi, where A and B are polynomials in x and y with real coeffi- cients. Similarly Q(x + yi) can be reduced to the form C + Di. Hence R(x + yi) = P (x + yi)/Q(x + yi) can be expressed in the form (A + Bi)/(C + Di) = (A + Bi)(C – Di)/(C + Di)(C – Di) = AC + BD C2 + D2 + BC – AD C2 + D2 i, which proves the theorem. Theorem 2. If R(x + yi) = X + Y i, R denoting a rational function as before, but with real coefficients, then R(x – yi) = X – Y i. In the first place this is easily verified for a power (x+yi)n by actual ex- pansion. It follows by addition that the theorem is true for any polynomial with real coefficients. Hence, in the notation used above, R(x – yi) = A – Bi C – Di = AC + BD C2 + D2 – BC – AD C2 + D2 i, [III : 46] COMPLEX NUMBERS 105 the reduction being the same as before except that the sign of i is changed throughout. It is evident that results similar to those of Theorems 1 and 2 hold for functions of any number of complex variables. Theorem 3. The roots of an equation a0zn + a1zn–1 + · · · + an = 0, whose coefficients are real, may, in so far as they are not themselves real, be arranged in conjugate pairs. For it follows from Theorem 2 that if x + yi is a root then so is x – yi. A particular case of this theorem is the result (§ 43) that the roots of a quadratic equation with real coefficients are either real or conjugate. This theorem is sometimes stated as follows: in an equation with real coefficients complex roots occur in conjugate pairs. It should be compared with the result of Exs. viii. 7, which may be stated as follows: in an equation with rational coefficients irrational roots occur in conjugate pairs.* Examples XXI. 1. Prove theorem (6) of § 45 directly from the defini- tions and without the aid of geometrical considerations. [First, to prove that |z + z′| ■ |z| + |z′| is to prove that (x + x′)2 + (y + y′)2 ■ {px2 + y2 + px′2 + y′2}2. The theorem is then easily extended to the general case.] 2. The one and only case in which |z| + |z′| + · · · = |z + z′ + . . . |, is that in which the numbers z, z′, . . . have all the same amplitude. Prove this both geometrically and analytically. 3. The modulus of the sum of any number of complex numbers is not less than the sum of their real (or imaginary) parts. 4. If the sum and product of two complex numbers are both real, then the two numbers must either be real or conjugate. *The numbers a + √b, a – √b, where a, b are rational, are sometimes said to be ‘conjugate’. [III : 46] COMPLEX NUMBERS 106 5. If a + b√2 + (c + d√2)i = A + B√2 + (C + D√2)i, where a, b, c, d, A, B, C, D are real rational numbers, then a = A, b = B, c = C, d = D. 6. Express the following numbers in the form A + Bi, where A and B are real numbers: (1 + i)2, 1 + i 1 – i 2 , 1 – i 1 + i 2 , λ + μi λ – μi , λ + μi λ – μi 2 – λ – μi λ + μi 2 , where λ and μ are real numbers. 7. Express the following functions of z = x + yi in the form X + Y i, where X and Y are real functions of x and y: z2, z3, zn, 1/z, z+(1/z), (α+βz)/(γ+δz), where α, β, γ, δ are real numbers. 8. Find the moduli of the numbers and functions in the two preceding examples. 9. The two lines joining the points z = a, z = b and z = c, z = d will be perpendicular if am a – b c – d

= ± 1 2 π, i.e. if (a – b)/(c – d) is purely imaginary. What is the condition that the lines should be parallel? 10. The three angular points of a triangle are given by z = α, z = β, z = γ, where α, β, γ are complex numbers. Establish the following propositions: (i) the centre of gravity is given by z = 1 3 (α + β + γ); (ii) the circum-centre is given by |z – α| = |z – β| = |z – γ|; (iii) the three perpendiculars from the angular points on the opposite sides meet in a point given by R z – α β – γ

= R z – β γ – α

= R z – γ α – β

= 0; (iv) there is a point P inside the triangle such that CBP = ACP = BAP = ω, [III : 46] COMPLEX NUMBERS 107 and cot ω = cot A + cot B + cot C. [To prove (iii) we observe that if A, B, C are the vertices, and P any point z, then the condition that AP should be perpendicular to BC is (Ex. 9) that (z – α)/(β – γ) should be purely imaginary, or that R(z – α) R(β – γ) + I(z – α) I(β – γ) = 0. This equation, and the two similar equations obtained by permuting α, β, γ cyclically, are satisfied by the same value of z, as appears from the fact that the sum of the three left-hand sides is zero. To prove (iv), take BC parallel to the positive direction of the axis of x. Then* γ – β = a, α – γ = –b Cis(–C), β – α = –c Cis B. We have to determine z and ω from the equations (z – α)(β0 – α0) (z0 – α0)(β – α) = (z – β)(γ0 – β0) (z0 – β0)(γ – β) = (z – γ)(α0 – γ0) (z0 – γ0)(α – γ) = Cis 2ω, where z0, α0, β0, γ0 denote the conjugates of z, α, β, γ. Adding the numerators and denominators of the three equal fractions, and using the equation i cot ω = (1 + Cis 2ω)/(1 – Cis 2ω), we find that i cot ω = (β – γ)(β0 – γ0) + (γ – α)(γ0 – α0) + (α – β)(α0 – β0) βγ0 – β0γ + γα0 – γ0α + αβ0 – α0β . From this it is easily deduced that the value of cot ω is (a2 + b2 + c2)/4Δ, where Δ is the area of the triangle; and this is equivalent to the result given. To determine z, we multiply the numerators and denominators of the equal fractions by (γ0 – β0)/(β – α), (α0 – γ0)/(γ – β), (β0 – α0)/(α – γ), and add to form a new fraction. It will be found that z = aα Cis A + bβ Cis B + cγ Cis C a Cis A + b Cis B + c Cis C .]

*We suppose that as we go round the triangle in the direction ABC we leave it on our left. [III : 46] COMPLEX NUMBERS 108 11. The two triangles whose vertices are the points a, b, c and x, y, z re- spectively will be similar if 1 1 1 a b c x y z = 0 [The condition required is that AB/AC = XY /XZ (large letters denoting the points whose arguments are the corresponding small letters), or (b – a)/(c – a) = (y – x)/(z – x), which is the same as the condition given.] 12. Deduce from the last example that if the points x, y, z are collinear then we can find real numbers α, β, γ such that $\alpha + \beta + \gamma = 0$ and $\alpha x + \beta y + \gamma z = 0$, and conversely (cf. Exs. xx. 4). [Use the fact that in this case the triangle formed by x, y, z is similar to a certain line-triangle on the axis OX, and apply the result of the last example.] 13. The general linear equation with complex coefficients. The equa- tion $\alpha z + \beta = 0$ has the one solution $z = -(\beta/\alpha)$, unless $\alpha = 0$. If we put $\alpha = a + Ai$, $\beta = b + Bi$, $z = x + yi$, and equate real and imaginary parts, we obtain two equations to determine the two real numbers x and y. The equation will have a real root if y = 0, which gives ax + b = 0, Ax + B = 0, and the condition that these equations should be consistent is aB – bA = 0. 14. The general quadratic equation with complex coefficients. This equation is (a + Ai)z2 + 2(b + Bi)z + (c + Ci) = 0. Unless a and A are both zero we can divide through by a + iA. Hence we may consider z2 + 2(b + Bi)z + (c + Ci) = 0 (1) as the standard form of our equation. Putting z = x + yi and equating real and imaginary parts, we obtain a pair of simultaneous equations for x and y, viz. x2 – y2 + 2(bx – By) + c = 0, 2xy + 2(by + Bx) + C = 0. If we put x + b = ξ, y + B = η, b2 – B2 – c = h, 2bB – C = k, [III : 46] COMPLEX NUMBERS 109 these equations become ξ2 – η2 = h, 2$\xi\eta$ = k. Squaring and adding we obtain ξ2 + η2 = ph2 + k2, ξ = ± q 1 2 {ph2 + k2 + h}, η = ± q 1 2 {ph2 + k2 – h}. We must choose the signs so that $\xi\eta$ has the sign of k: i.e. if k is positive we must take like signs, if k is negative unlike signs. Conditions for equal roots. The two roots can only be equal if both the square roots above vanish, i.e. if h = 0, k = 0, or if c = b2 – B2, C = 2bB. These conditions are equivalent to the single condition c + Ci = (b + Bi)2, which obviously expresses the fact that the left-hand side of (1) is a perfect square. Condition for a real root. If x2 +2(b+Bi)x+(c+Ci) = 0, where x is real, then x2 + 2bx + c = 0, 2Bx + C = 0. Eliminating x we find that the required condition is C2 – 4bBC + 4cB2 = 0. Condition for a purely imaginary root. This is easily found to be C2 – 4bBC – 4b2c = 0. Conditions for a pair of conjugate complex roots. Since the sum and the product of two conjugate complex numbers are both real, b + Bi and c + Ci must both be real, i.e. B = 0, C = 0. Thus the equation (1) can have a pair of conjugate complex roots only if its coefficients are real. The reader should verify this conclusion by means of the explicit expressions of the roots. Moreover, if b2 ■ c, the roots will be real even in this case. Hence for a pair of conjugate roots we must have B = 0, C = 0, b2 < c. 15. The Cubic equation. Consider the cubic equation z3 + 3Hz + G = 0, where G and H are complex numbers, it being given that the equation has (a) a real root, (b) a purely imaginary root, (c) a pair of conjugate roots. If H = λ + μi, G = ρ + σi, we arrive at the following conclusions. [III : 46] COMPLEX NUMBERS 110 (a) Conditions for a real root. If μ is not zero, then the real root is $-\sigma/3\mu$, and σ3 + 27$\lambda\mu$2σ – 27μ3ρ = 0. On the other hand, if μ = 0 then we must also have σ = 0, so that the coefficients of the equation are real. In this case there may be three real roots. (b) Conditions for a purely imaginary root. If μ is not zero then the purely imaginary root is (ρ/3μ)i, and ρ3 – 27$\lambda\mu$2ρ – 27μ3σ = 0. If μ = 0 then also ρ = 0, and the root is yi, where y is given by the equation y3 – 3λy – σ = 0, which has real coefficients. In this case there may be three purely imaginary roots. (c) Conditions for a pair of conjugate complex roots. Let these be x+yi and x – yi. Then since the sum of the three roots is zero the third root must be –2x. From the relations between the coefficients and the roots of an equation we deduce y2 – 3x2 = 3H, 2x(x2 + y2) = G. Hence G and H must both be real. In each case we can either find a root (in which case the equation can be reduced to a quadratic by dividing by a known factor) or we can reduce the solution of the equation to the solution of a cubic equation with real coefficients. 16. The cubic equation x3 +a1x2 +a2x+a3 = 0, where a1 = A1 +A′ 1i, . . . , has a pair of conjugate complex roots. Prove that the remaining root is –A′ 1a3/A′ 3, unless A′ 3 = 0. Examine the case in which A′ 3 = 0. 17. Prove that if z3 + 3Hz + G = 0 has two complex roots then the equation 8α3 + 6αH – G = 0 has one real root which is the real part α of the complex roots of the original equation; and show that α has the same sign as G. 18. An equation of any order with complex coefficients will in general have no real roots nor pairs of conjugate complex roots. How many conditions must be satisfied by the coefficients in order that the equation should have (a) a real root, (b) a pair of conjugate roots? [III : 46] COMPLEX NUMBERS 111 19. Coaxal circles. In Fig. 26, let a, b, z be the arguments of A, B, P . Then am z – b z – a = AP B, if the principal value of the amplitude is chosen. If the two circles shown in the figure are equal, and z′, z1, z′ 1 are the arguments of P ′, P1, P ′ 1, and AP B = θ, it is easy to see that am z′ – b z′ – a = $\pi - \theta$, am z1 – b z1 – a = $-\theta$, and am z′ 1 – b z′ 1 – a = $-\pi + \theta$. The locus defined by the equation am z – b z – a = θ, where θ is constant, is the arc AP B. By writing $\pi - \theta$, $-\theta$, $-\pi + \theta$ for θ, we obtain the other three arcs shown. The system of equations obtained by supposing that θ is a parameter, varying from $-\pi$ to $+\pi$, represents the system of circles which can be drawn through the points A, B. It should however be observed that each circle has to be divided into two parts to which correspond different values of θ. 20. Now let us consider the equation z – b z – a = λ, (1) where λ is a constant. Let K be the point in which the tangent to the circle ABP at P meets AB. Then the triangles KP A, KBP are similar, and so AP/P B = P K/BK = KA/KP = λ. Hence KA/KB = λ2, and therefore K is a fixed point for all positions of P which satisfy the equation (1). Also KP 2 = KA · KB, and so is constant. Hence the locus of P is a circle whose centre is K. [III : 46] COMPLEX NUMBERS 112A B P P1 P ′ P ′ 1 Fig. 26. The system of equations obtained by

varying λ represents a system of circles, and every circle of this system cuts at right angles every circle of the system of Ex. 19. The system of Ex. 19 is called a system of coaxal circles of the common point kind. The system of Ex. 20 is called a system of coaxal circles of the limiting point kind, A and B being the limiting points of the system. If λ is very large or very small then the circle is a very small circle containing A or B in its interior. 21. Bilinear Transformations. Consider the equation z = Z + a, (1) where z = x + yi and Z = X + Y i are two complex variables which we may sup- pose to be represented in two planes xoy, XOY . To every value of z corresponds [III : 46] COMPLEX NUMBERS 113 one of Z, and conversely. If a = α + βi then x = X + α, y = Y + β, and to the point (x, y) corresponds the point (X, Y). If (x, y) describes a curve of any kind in its plane, (X, Y) describes a curve in its plane. Thus to any figure in one plane corresponds a figure in the other. A passage of this kind from a figure in the plane xoy to a figure in the plane XOY by means of a relation such as (1) between z and Z is called a transformation. In this particular case the relation between corresponding figures is very easily defined. The (X, Y) figure is the same in size, shape, and orientation as the (x, y) figure, but is shifted a distance α to the left, and a distance β downwards. Such a transformation is called a translation. Now consider the equation z = ρZ, (2) where ρ is real. This gives x = ρX, y = ρY . The two figures are similar and similarly situated about their respective origins, but the scale of the (x, y) figure is ρ times that of the (X, Y) figure. Such a transformation is called a magnification. Finally consider the equation z = (cos φ + i sin φ)Z. (3) It is clear that |z| = |Z| and that one value of am z is am Z + φ, and that the two figures differ only in that the (x, y) figure is the (X, Y) figure turned about the origin through an angle φ in the positive direction. Such a transformation is called a rotation. The general linear transformation z = aZ + b (4) is a combination of the three transformations (1), (2), (3). For, if |a| = ρ and am a = φ, we can replace (4) by the three equations z = z′ + b, z′ = ρZ′, Z′ = (cos φ + i sin φ)Z. Thus the general linear transformation is equivalent to the combination of a translation, a magnification, and a rotation. [III : 46] COMPLEX NUMBERS 114 Next let us consider the transformation z = 1/Z. (5) If |Z| = R and am Z = Θ, then |z| = 1/R and am z = –Θ, and to pass from the (x, y) figure to the (X, Y) figure we invert the former with respect to o, with unit radius of inversion, and then construct the image of the new figure in the axis ox (i.e. the symmetrical figure on the other side of ox). Finally consider the transformation z = aZ + b cZ + d . (6) This is equivalent to the combination of the transformations z = (a/c) + (bc – ad)(z′/c), z′ = 1/Z′, Z′ = cZ + d, i.e. to a certain combination of transformations of the types already considered. The transformation (6) is called the general bilinear transformation. Solving for Z we obtain Z = dz – b cz – a . The general bilinear transformation is the most general type of transforma- tion for which one and only one value of z corresponds to each value of Z, and conversely. 22. The general bilinear transformation transforms circles into circles. This may be proved in a variety of ways. We may assume the well-known theorem in pure geometry, that inversion transforms circles into circles (which may of course in particular cases be straight lines). Or we may use the results of Exs. 19 and 20. If, e.g., the (x, y) circle is |(z – σ)/(z – ρ)| = λ, and we substitute for z in terms of Z, we obtain |(Z – σ′)/(Z – ρ′)| = λ′, where σ′ = – b – σd a – σc , ρ′ = – b – ρd a – ρc , λ′ = a – ρc a – σc λ. [III : 46] COMPLEX NUMBERS 115 23. Consider the transformations z = 1/Z, z = (1 + Z)/(1 – Z), and draw the (X, Y) curves which correspond to (1) circles whose centre is the origin, (2) straight lines through the origin. 24. The condition that the transformation z = (aZ + b)/(cZ + d) should make the circle x2 + y2 = 1 correspond to a straight line in the (X, Y) plane is |a| = |c|. 25. Cross ratios. The cross ratio (z1, z2; z3, z4) is defined to be (z1 – z3)(z2 – z4) (z1 – z4)(z2 – z3) . If the four points z1, z2, z3, z4 are on the same line, this definition agrees with that adopted in elementary geometry. There are 24 cross ratios which can be formed from z1, z2, z3, z4 by permuting the suffixes. These consist of six groups of four equal cross ratios. If one ratio is λ, then the six distinct cross ratios are λ, 1 – λ, 1/λ, 1/(1 – λ), (λ – 1)/λ, λ/(λ – 1). The four points are said to be harmonic or harmonically related if any one of these is equal to –1. In this case the six ratios are –1, 2, –1, 1 2 , 2, 1 2 . If any cross ratio is real then all are real and the four points lie on a circle. For in this case am (z1 – z3)(z2 – z4) (z1 – z4)(z2 – z3) must have one of the three values –π, 0, π, so that am{(z1 – z3)/(z1 – z4)} and am{(z2 – z3)/(z2 – z4)} must either be equal or differ by π (cf. Ex. 19). If (z1, z2; z3, z4) = –1, we have the two equations am z1 – z3 z1 – z4 = ±π + am z2 – z3 z2 – z4 , z1 – z3 z1 – z4 = z2 – z3 z2 – z4 . The four points A1, A2, A3, A4 lie on a circle, A1 and A2 being separated by A3 and A4. Also A1A3/A1A4 = A2A3/A2A4. Let O be the middle point of A3A4. The equation (z1 – z3)(z2 – z4) (z1 – z4)(z2 – z3) = –1 may be put in the form (z1 + z2)(z3 + z4) = 2(z1z2 + z3z4), [III : 46] COMPLEX NUMBERS 116 or, what is the same thing, {z1 – 1 2 (z3 + z4)}{z2 – 1 2 (z3 + z4)} = { 1 2 (z3 – z4)}2. But this is equivalent to OA1 ·OA2 = OA3 2 = OA4 2. Hence OA1 and OA2 make equal angles with A3A4, and OA1 · OA2 = OA2 3 = OA2 4. It will be observed that the relation between the pairs A1, A2 and A3, A4 is symmetrical. Hence, if O′ is the middle point of A1A2, O′A3 and O′A4 are equally inclined to A1A2, and O′A3 · O′A4 = O′A2 1 = O′A2 2. 26. If the points A1, A2 are given by az2 +2bz +c = 0, and the points A3, A4 by a′z2 +2b′z +c′ = 0, and O is the middle point of A3A4, and ac′ +a′c–2bb′ = 0, then OA1, OA2 are equally inclined to A3A4 and OA1 · OA2 = OA2 3 = OA2 4. (Math. Trip. 1901.) 27. AB, CD are two intersecting lines in Argand's diagram, and P , Q their middle points. Prove that, if AB bisects the angle CP D and P A2 = P B2 = P C · P D, then CD bisects the angle AQB and QC2 = QD2 = QA · QB. (Math. Trip. 1909.) 28. The condition that four points should lie on a circle. A sufficient condition is that one (and therefore all) of the cross ratios should be real (Ex. 25); this condition is also necessary. Another form of the condition is that it

should be possible to choose real numbers α, β, γ such that 1 1 1 α β γ z1z4 + z2z3 z2z4 + z3z1 z3z4 + z1z2 = 0. [To prove this we observe that the transformation Z = 1/(z – z4) is equivalent to an inversion with respect to the point z4, coupled with a certain reflexion (Ex. 21). If z1, z2, z3 lie on a circle through z4, the corresponding points Z1 = 1/(z1 – z4), Z2 = 1/(z2 – z4), Z3 = 1/(z3 – z4) lie on a straight line. Hence (Ex. 12) we can find real numbers α′, β′, γ′ such that α′ + β′ + γ′ = 0 and α′/(z1 – z4) + β′/(z2 – z4) + γ′/(z3 – z4) = 0, and it is easy to prove that this is equivalent to the given condition.] 29. Prove the following analogue of De Moivre's Theorem for real numbers: if φ1, φ2, φ3, . . . is a series of positive acute angles such that tan φm+1 = tan φm sec φ1 + sec φm tan φ1, [III : 46] COMPLEX NUMBERS 117 then tan φm+n = tan φm sec φn + sec φm tan φn, sec φm+n = sec φm sec φn + tan φm tan φn, and tan φm + sec φm = (tan φ1 + sec φ1)m. [Use the method of mathematical induction.] 30. The transformation z = Zm. In this case r = Rm, and θ and mΘ differ by a multiple of 2π. If Z describes a circle round the origin then z describes a circle round the origin m times. The whole (x, y) plane corresponds to any one of m sectors in the (X, Y) plane, each of angle 2π/m. To each point in the (x, y) plane correspond m points in the (X, Y) plane. 31. Complex functions of a real variable. If f (t), φ(t) are two real functions of a real variable t defined for a certain range of values of t, we call z = f (t) + iφ(t) (1) a complex function of t. We can represent it graphically by drawing the curve x = f (t), y = φ(t); the equation of the curve may be obtained by eliminating t between these equa- tions. If z is a polynomial in t, or rational function of t, with complex coefficients, we can express it in the form (1) and so determine the curve represented by the function. (i) Let z = a + (b – a)t, where a and b are complex numbers. If a = α + α′i, b = β + β′i, then x = α + (β – α)t, y = α′ + (β′ – α′)t. The curve is the straight line joining the points z = a and z = b. The segment between the points corresponds to the range of values of t from 0 to 1. Find the values of t which correspond to the two produced segments of the line. [III : 48] COMPLEX NUMBERS 118 (ii) If z = c + ρ 1 + ti 1 – ti

, where ρ is positive, then the curve is the circle of centre c and radius ρ. As t varies through all real values z describes the circle once. (iii) In general the equation z = (a + bt)/(c + dt) represents a circle. This can be proved by calculating x and y and eliminating: but this process is rather cumbrous. A simpler method is obtained by using the result of Ex. 22. Let z = (a + bZ)/(c + dZ), Z = t. As t varies Z describes a straight line, viz. the axis of X. Hence z describes a circle. (iv) The equation z = a + 2bt + ct2 represents a parabola generally, a straight line if b/c is real. (v) The equation z = (a + 2bt + ct2)/(α + 2βt + γt2), where α, β, γ are real, represents a conic section. [Eliminate t from x = (A + 2Bt + Ct2)/(α + 2βt + γt2), y = (A′ + 2B′t + C′t2)/(α + 2βt + γt2), where A + A′i = a, B + B′i = b, C + C′i = c.] 47. Roots of complex numbers. We have not, up to the present, attributed any meaning to symbols such as n √a, am/n, when a is a complex number, and m and n integers. It is, however, natural to adopt the def- initions which are given in elementary algebra for real values of a. Thus we define n √a or a1/n, where n is a positive integer, as a number z which satisfies the equation zn = a; and am/n, where m is an integer, as (a1/n)m. These definitions do not prejudge the question as to whether there are or are not more than one (or any) roots of the equation. 48. Solution of the equation zn = a. Let a = ρ(cos φ + i sin φ), [III : 48] COMPLEX NUMBERS 119 where ρ is positive and φ is an angle such that –π < φ ■ π. If we put z = r(cos θ + i sin θ), the equation takes the form rn(cos nθ + i sin nθ) = ρ(cos φ + i sin φ); so that rn = ρ, cos nθ = cos φ, sin nθ = sin φ. (1) The only possible value of r is n √ρ, the ordinary arithmetical nth root of ρ; and in order that the last two equations should be satisfied it is necessary and sufficient that nθ = φ + 2kπ, where k is an integer, or θ = (φ + 2kπ)/n. If k = pn + q, where p and q are integers, and 0 ■ q < n, the value of θ is 2pπ + (φ + 2qπ)/n, and in this the value of p is a matter of indifference. Hence the equation zn = a = ρ(cos φ + i sin φ) has n roots and n only, given by z = r(cos θ + i sin θ), where r = n √ρ, θ = (φ + 2qπ)/n, (q = 0, 1, 2, . . . , n – 1). That these n roots are in reality all distinct is easily seen by plotting them on Argand's diagram. The particular root n √ρ{cos(φ/n) + i sin(φ/n)} is called the principal value of n √a. The case in which a = 1, ρ = 1, φ = 0 is of particular interest. The n roots of the equation xn = 1 are cos(2qπ/n) + i sin(2qπ/n), (q = 0, 1, . . . , n – 1). These numbers are called the nth roots of unity; the principal value is unity itself. If we write ωn for cos(2π/n) + i sin(2π/n), we see that the nth roots of unity are 1, ωn, ω2 n, . . . , ωn–1 n . [III : 48] COMPLEX NUMBERS 120 Examples XXII. 1. The two square roots of 1 are 1, –1; the three cube roots are 1, 1 2 (–1 + i√3), 1 2 (–1 – i√3); the four fourth roots are 1, i, –1, –i; and the five fifth roots are 1, 1 4 h √5 – 1 + i q 10 + 2√5 i , 1 4 h –√5 – 1 + i q 10 – 2√5 i , 1 4 h –√5 – 1 – i q 10 – 2√5 i , 1 4 h √5 – 1 – i q 10 + 2√5 i . 2. Prove that 1 + ωn + ω2 n + · · · + ωn–1 n = 0. 3. Prove that (x + yω3 + zω2 3)(x + yω2 3 + zω3) = x2 + y2 + z2 – yz – zx – xy. 4. The nth roots of a are the products of the nth roots of unity by the principal value of n √a. 5. It follows from Exs. xxi. 14 that the roots of z2 = α + βi are ± q 1 2 {pα2 + β2 + α} ± i q 1 2 {pα2 + β2 – α}, like or unlike signs being chosen according as β is positive or negative. Show that this result agrees with the result of § 48. 6. Show that (x2m – a2m)/(x2 – a2) is equal to

x2 – 2ax cos π m + a2 x2 – 2ax cos 2π m + a2 . . .

x2 – 2ax cos (m – 1)π m + a2 . [The factors of x2m – a2m are (x – a), (x – aω2m), (x – aω2 2m), . . . (x – aω2m–1 2m). The factor x – aωm 2m is x + a. The factors (x – aωs 2m), (x – aω2m–s 2m) taken together give a factor x2 – 2ax cos(sπ/m) + a2.] 7. Resolve x2m+1 – a2m+1, x2m + a2m, and x2m+1 + a2m+1 into factors in a similar way. [III : 49] COMPLEX NUMBERS 121 8. Show that

x2n – 2xnan cos θ + a2n is equal to

x2 – 2xa cos θ n + a2

x2 – 2xa cos θ + 2π n + a2

. . . . . .

x2 – 2xa cos θ + 2(n – 1)π n + a2

. [Use the formula x2n – 2xnan cos θ + a2n = {xn – an(cos θ + i sin θ)}{xn – an(cos θ – i sin θ)}, and split up each of the last two expressions into n factors.] 9. Find all the roots of the equation x6 – 2x3 + 2 = 0. (Math. Trip. 1910.) 10. The problem of finding the accurate value of ωn in a numerical form involving square roots only, as in the formula ω3 = 1 2 (–1+i√3), is the algebraical equivalent of the geometrical problem of inscribing a regular polygon of n sides in a circle of unit radius by Euclidean methods, i.e. by ruler and compasses. For this construction will be possible if and only if we can construct lengths measured by cos(2π/n) and sin(2π/n); and this is possible (Ch. II, Misc. Exs. 22) if and only if these numbers are expressible in a form involving square roots only. Euclid gives constructions for n = 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 12, and 15. It is evident that the construction is possible for any value of n which can be found from these by multiplication by any power of 2. There are other special values of n for which such constructions are possible, the most interesting being n = 17. 49. The general form of De Moivre's Theorem. It follows from the results of the last section that if q is a positive integer then one of the values of (cos θ + i sin θ)1/q is cos(θ/q) + i sin(θ/q). Raising each of these expressions to the power p (where p is any integer positive or negative), we obtain the theorem that one of the values of (cos θ + i sin θ)p/q is cos(pθ/q) + i sin(pθ/q), or that if α is any rational number then one of the values of (cos θ + i sin θ)α is cos αθ + i sin αθ. This is a generalised form of De Moivre's Theorem (§ 45). [III : 49] COMPLEX NUMBERS 122 MISCELLANEOUS EXAMPLES ON CHAPTER III. 1. The condition that a triangle (xyz) should be equilateral is that x2 + y2 + z2 – yz – zx – xy = 0. [Let XY Z be the triangle. The displacement ZX is Y Z turned through an angle 2 3 π in the positive or negative direction. Since Cis 2 3 π = ω3, Cis(– 2 3 π) = 1/ω3 = ω2 3 , we have x – z = (z – y)ω3 or x – z = (z – y)ω2 3 . Hence x + yω3 + zω2 3 = 0 or x + yω2 3 + zω3 = 0. The result follows from Exs. xxii. 3.] 2. If XY Z, X′Y ′Z′ are two triangles, and Y Z · Y ′Z′ = ZX · Z′X′ = XY · X′Y ′, then both triangles are equilateral. [From the equations (y – z)(y′ – z′) = (z – x)(z′ – x′) = (x – y)(x′ – y′) = κ2, say, we deduce P 1/(y′ – z′) = 0, or P x′2 – P y′z′ = 0. Now apply the result of the last example.] 3. Similar triangles BCX, CAY , ABZ are described on the sides of a triangle ABC. Show that the centres of gravity of ABC, XY Z are coincident. [We have (x – c)/(b – c) = (y – a)/(c – a) = (z – b)/(a – b) = λ, say. Express 1 3 (x + y + z) in terms of a, b, c.] 4. If X, Y , Z are points on the sides of the triangle ABC, such that BX/XC = CY /Y A = AZ/ZB = r, and if ABC, XY Z are similar, then either r = 1 or both triangles are equilateral. 5. If A, B, C, D are four points in a plane, then AD · BC ■ BD · CA + CD · AB. [Let z1, z2, z3, z4 be the complex numbers corresponding to A, B, C, D. Then we have identically (x1 – x4)(x2 – x3) + (x2 – x4)(x3 – x1) + (x3 – x4)(x1 – x2) = 0. [III : 49] COMPLEX NUMBERS 123 Hence |(x1 – x4)(x2 – x3)| = |(x2 – x4)(x3 – x1) + (x3 – x4)(x1 – x2)| ■ |(x2 – x4)(x3 – x1)| + |(x3 – x4)(x1 – x2)|.] 6. Deduce Ptolemy's Theorem concerning cyclic quadrilaterals from the fact that the cross ratios of four concyclic points are real. [Use the same identity as in the last example.] 7. If z2 +z′2 = 1, then the points z, z′ are ends of conjugate diameters of an ellipse whose foci are the points 1, –1. [If CP , CD are conjugate semi-diameters of an ellipse and S, H its foci, then CD is parallel to the external bisector of the angle SP H, and SP · HP = CD2.] 8. Prove that |a + b|2 + |a – b|2 = 2{|a|2 + |b|2}. [This is the analytical equivalent of the geometrical theorem that, if M is the middle point of P Q, then OP 2 + OQ2 = 2OM 2 + 2M P 2.] 9. Deduce from Ex. 8 that |a + pa2 – b2| + |a – pa2 – b2| = |a + b| + |a – b|. [If a + √a2 – b2 = z1, a – √a2 – b2 = z2, we have |z1|2 + |z2|2 = 1 2 |z1 + z2|2 + 1 2 |z1 – z2|2 = 2|a|2 + 2|a2 – b2|, and so (|z1| + |z2|)2 = 2{|a|2 + |a2 – b2| + |b|2} = |a + b|2 + |a – b|2 + 2|a2 – b2|. Another way of stating the result is: if z1 and z2 are the roots of αz2 + 2βz + γ = 0, then |z1| + |z2| = (1/|α|){(| – β + √αγ|) + (| – β – √αγ|)}.] 10. Show that the necessary and sufficient conditions that both the roots of the equation z2 + az + b = 0 should be of unit modulus are |a| ■ 2, |b| = 1, am b = 2 am a. [The amplitudes have not necessarily their principal values.] [III : 49] COMPLEX NUMBERS 124 11. If x4 + 4a1x3 + 6a2x2 + 4a3x + a4 = 0 is an equation with real coefficients and has two real and two complex roots, concyclic in the Argand diagram, then a2 3 + a2 1a4 + a3 2 – a2a4 – 2a1a2a3 = 0. 12. The four roots of a0x4+4a1x3+6a2x2+4a3x+a4 = 0 will be harmonically related if a0a2 3 + a2 1a4 + a3 2 – a0a2a4 – 2a1a2a3 = 0. [Express Z23,14Z31,24Z12,34, where Z23,14 = (z1 –z2)(z3 –z4)+(z1 –z3)(z2 –z4) and z1, z2, z3, z4 are the roots of the equation, in terms of the coefficients.] 13. Imaginary points and straight lines. Let ax + by + c = 0 be an equation with complex coefficients (which of course may be real in special cases). If we give x any particular real or complex value, we can find the correspond- ing value of y. The aggregate of pairs of real or complex values of x and y which satisfy the equation is called an imaginary straight line; the pairs of values are called imaginary points, and are said to lie on the line. The values of x and y are called the coordinates of the point (x, y). When x and y are real, the point is called a real point: when a, b, c are all real (or can be made all real by division by a common factor), the line is called a real line. The points x = α + βi, y = γ + δi and x = α – βi, y = γ –

δi are said to be conjugate; and so are the lines (A + A′i)x + (B + B′i)y + C + C′i = 0, (A – A′i)x + (B – B′i)y + C – C′i = 0. Verify the following assertions:—every real line contains infinitely many pairs of conjugate imaginary points; an imaginary line in general contains one and only one real point; an imaginary line cannot contain a pair of conjugate imaginary points:—and find the conditions (a) that the line joining two given imaginary points should be real, and (b) that the point of intersection of two imaginary lines should be real. 14. Prove the identities (x + y + z)(x + yω3 + zω2 3)(x + yω2 3 + zω3) = x3 + y3 + z3 – 3xyz, (x + y + z)(x + yω5 + zω4 5)(x + yω2 5 + zω3 5)(x + yω3 5 + zω2 5)(x + yω4 5 + zω5) = x5 + y5 + z5 – 5x3yz + 5xy2z2. [III : 49] COMPLEX NUMBERS 125 15. Solve the equations x3 – 3ax + (a3 + 1) = 0, x5 – 5ax3 + 5a2x + (a5 + 1) = 0. 16. If f (x) = a0 + a1x + · · · + akxk, then {f (x) + f (ωx) + · · · + f (ωn–1x)}/n = a0 + anxn + a2nx2n + · · · + aλnxλn, ω being any root of xn = 1 (except x = 1), and λn the greatest multiple of n contained in k. Find a similar formula for aμ + aμ+nxn + aμ+2nx2n + ... 17. If (1 + x)n = p0 + p1x + p2x2 + . . . , n being a positive integer, then p0 – p2 + p4 – · · · = 2 1 2 n cos 1 4 nπ, p1 – p3 + p5 – · · · = 2 1 2 n sin 1 4 nπ. 18. Sum the series x 2!(n – 2)! + x2 5!(n – 5)! + x3 8!(n – 8)! + · · · + xn/3 (n – 1)! , n being a multiple of 3. (Math. Trip. 1899.) 19. If t is a complex number such that |t| = 1, then the point x = (at + b)/(t – c) describes a circle as t varies, unless |c| = 1, when it describes a straight line. 20. If t varies as in the last example then the point x = 1 2 {at + (b/t)} in general describes an ellipse whose foci are given by x2 = ab, and whose axes are |a| + |b| and |a| – |b|. But if |a| = |b| then x describes the finite straight line joining the points –√ab, √ab. 21. Prove that if t is real and z = t2 – 1 + √t4 – t2, then, when t2 < 1, z is represented by a point which lies on the circle x2 + y2 + x = 0. Assuming that, when t2 > 1, √t4 – t2 denotes the positive square root of t4 – t2, discuss the motion of the point which represents z, as t diminishes from a large positive value to a large negative value. (Math. Trip. 1912.) 22. The coefficients of the transformation z = (aZ + b)/(cZ + d) are subject to the condition ad – bc = 1. Show that, if c■ = 0, there are two fixed points α, β, i.e. points unaltered by the transformation, except when (a + d)2 = 4, when [III : 49] COMPLEX NUMBERS 126 there is only one fixed point α; and that in these two cases the transformation may be expressed in the forms z – α z – β = K Z – α Z – β , 1 z – α = 1 Z – α + K. Show further that, if c = 0, there will be one fixed point α unless a = d, and that in these two cases the transformation may be expressed in the forms z – α = K(Z – α), z = Z + K. Finally, if a, b, c, d are further restricted to positive integral values (including zero), show that the only transformations with less than two fixed points are of the forms (1/z) = (1/Z) + K, z = Z + K. (Math. Trip. 1911.) 23. Prove that the relation z = (1 + Zi)/(Z + i) transforms the part of the axis of x between the points z = 1 and z = –1 into a semicircle passing through the points Z = 1 and Z = –1. Find all the figures that can be obtained from the originally selected part of the axis of x by successive applications of the transformation. (Math. Trip. 1912.) 24. If z = 2Z + Z2 then the circle |Z| = 1 corresponds to a cardioid in the plane of z. 25. Discuss the transformation z = 1 2 {Z +(1/Z)}, showing in particular that to the circles X2 + Y 2 = α2 correspond the confocal ellipses x2 1 2

α + 1 α 2 + y2 1 2

α – 1 α 2 = 1. 26. If (z + 1)2 = 4/Z then the unit circle in the z-plane corresponds to the parabola R cos2 1 2 Θ = 1 in the Z-plane, and the inside of the circle to the outside of the parabola. 27. Show that, by means of the transformation z = {(Z – ci)/(Z + ci)}2, the upper half of the z-plane may be made to correspond to the interior of a certain semicircle in the Z-plane. 28. If z = Z2 –1, then as z describes the circle |z| = κ, the two corresponding positions of Z each describe the Cassinian oval ρ1ρ2 = κ, where ρ1, ρ2 are the distances of Z from the points –1, 1. Trace the ovals for different values of κ. [III : 49] COMPLEX NUMBERS 127 29. Consider the relation az2 + 2hzZ + bZ2 + 2gz + 2f Z + c = 0. Show that there are two values of Z for which the corresponding values of z are equal, and vice versa. We call these the branch points in the Z and z-planes respectively. Show that, if z describes an ellipse whose foci are the branch points, then so does Z. [We can, without loss of generality, take the given relation in the form z2 + 2zZ cos ω + Z2 = 1 : the reader should satisfy himself that this is the case. The branch points in either plane are cosec ω and – cosec ω. An ellipse of the form specified is given by |z + cosec ω| + |z – cosec ω| = C, where C is a constant. This is equivalent (Ex. 9) to |z + pz2 – cosec2 ω| + |z – pz2 – cosec2 ω| = C. Express this in terms of Z.] 30. If z = aZm + bZn, where m, n are positive integers and a, b real, then as Z describes the unit circle, z describes a hypo- or epi-cycloid. 31. Show that the transformation z = (a + di)Z0 + b cZ0 – (a – di) , where a, b, c, d are real and a2 + d2 + bc > 0, and Z0 denotes the conjugate of Z, is equivalent to an inversion with respect to the circle c(x2 + y2) – 2ax – 2dy – b = 0. What is the geometrical interpretation of the transformation when a2 + d2 + bc < 0? 32. The transformation 1 – z 1 + z = 1 – Z 1 + Z c , where c is rational and 0 < c < 1, transforms the circle |z| = 1 into the boundary of a circular lune of angle π/c. CHAPTER IV LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A POSITIVE INTEGRAL VARIABLE 50. Functions of a positive integral variable. In Chapter II we discussed the notion of a function of a real variable x, and illustrated the discussion by a large number of examples of such functions. And the reader will remember that there was one important particular with regard to which the functions which we took as illustrations differed very widely. Some were defined for all values of x, some for rational values only, some for integral values only, and so on. Consider, for example, the following functions: (i) x, (ii) √x, (iii) the de- nominator of x, (iv) the square root of the product of the numerator and the denominator of x, (v) the largest prime factor of x,

(vi) the product of √x and the largest prime factor of x, (vii) the xth prime number, (viii) the height measured in inches of convict x in Dartmoor prison. Then the aggregates of values of x for which these functions are defined or, as we may say, the fields of definition of the functions, consist of (i) all values of x, (ii) all positive values of x, (iii) all rational values of x, (iv) all positive rational values of x, (v) all integral values of x, (vi), (vii) all positive integral values of x, (viii) a certain number of positive integral values of x, viz., 1, 2, . . . , N , where N is the total number of convicts at Dartmoor at a given moment of time.* Now let us consider a function, such as (vii) above, which is defined for all positive integral values of x and no others. This function may be regarded from two slightly different points of view. We may consider it, as has so far been our custom, as a function of the real variable x defined for some only of the values of x, viz. positive integral values, and say that for all other values of x the definition fails. Or we may leave values of x *In the last case N depends on the time, and convict x, where x has a definite value, is a different individual at different moments of time. Thus if we take different moments of time into consideration we have a simple example of a function y = F (x, t) of two variables, defined for a certain range of values of t, viz. from the time of the establishment of Dartmoor prison to the time of its abandonment, and for a certain number of positive integral values of x, this number varying with t. 128 [IV : 51] POSITIVE INTEGRAL VARIABLE 129 other than positive integral values entirely out of account, and regard our function as a function of the positive integral variable n, whose values are the positive integers 1, 2, 3, 4, ... In this case we may write y = φ(n) and regard y now as a function of n defined for all values of n. It is obvious that any function of x defined for all values of x gives rise to a function of n defined for all values of n. Thus from the function y = x2 we deduce the function y = n2 by merely omitting from consideration all values of x other than positive integers, and the corresponding values of y. On the other hand from any function of n we can deduce any number of functions of x by merely assigning values to y, corresponding to values of x other than positive integral values, in any way we please. 51. Interpolation. The problem of determining a function of x which shall assume, for all positive integral values of x, values agreeing with those of a given function of n, is of extreme importance in higher mathematics. It is called the problem of functional interpolation. Were the problem however merely that of finding some function of x to fulfil the condition stated, it would of course present no difficulty whatever. We could, as explained above, simply fill in the missing values as we pleased: we might indeed simply regard the given values of the function of n as all the values of the function of x and say that the definition of the latter function failed for all other values of x. But such purely theoretical solutions are obviously not what is usually wanted. What is usually wanted is some formula involving x (of as simple a kind as possible) which assumes the given values for x = 1, 2, ... In some cases, especially when the function of n is itself defined by a formula, there is an obvious solution. If for example y = φ(n), where φ(n) is a function of n, such as n2 or cos nπ, which would have a meaning even were n not a positive integer, we naturally take our function of x to be y = φ(x). But even in this very simple case it is easy to write down other almost equally obvious solutions of the problem. For example y = φ(x) + sin xπ [IV : 52] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A 130 assumes the value φ(n) for x = n, since sin nπ = 0. In other cases φ(n) may be defined by a formula, such as (–1)n, which ceases to define for some values of x (as here in the case of fractional values of x with even denominators, or irrational values). But it may be possible to transform the formula in such a way that it does define for all values of x. In this case, for example, (–1)n = cos nπ, if n is an integer, and the problem of interpolation is solved by the func- tion cos xπ. In other cases φ(x) may be defined for some values of x other than positive integers, but not for all. Thus from y = nn we are led to y = xx. This expression has a meaning for some only of the remaining values of x. If for simplicity we confine ourselves to positive values of x, then xx has a meaning for all rational values of x, in virtue of the definitions of fractional powers adopted in elementary algebra. But when x is irrational xx has (so far as we are in a position to say at the present moment) no meaning at all. Thus in this case the problem of interpolation at once leads us to consider the question of extending our definitions in such a way that xx shall have a meaning even when x is irrational. We shall see later on how the desired extension may be effected. Again, consider the case in which y = 1 · 2 . . . n = n!. In this case there is no obvious formula in x which reduces to n! for x = n, as x! means nothing for values of x other than the positive integers. This is a case in which attempts to solve the problem of interpolation have led to important advances in mathematics. For mathematicians have succeeded in discovering a function (the Gamma-function) which possesses the desired property and many other interesting and important properties besides. 52. Finite and infinite classes. Before we proceed further it is necessary to make a few remarks about certain ideas of an abstract and logical nature which are of constant occurrence in Pure Mathematics. In the first place, the reader is probably familiar with the notion of a class. It is unnecessary to discuss here any logical difficulties which may be involved in the notion of a ‘class’: roughly speaking we may say that [IV : 53] POSITIVE INTEGRAL VARIABLE 131 a class is the aggregate or collection of all the entities or objects which possess a certain property, simple or complex. Thus we have the class of British subjects, or members of Parliament, or positive integers, or real numbers. Moreover, the reader has probably an idea of what is meant by a finite or infinite class. Thus the class of British subjects is a finite class: the aggregate of all British subjects, past, present, and future, has a finite number n, though of course we cannot tell at present the actual value of n. The class of present British subjects, on the other hand, has a number n which could be ascertained by counting, were the methods of the census

effective enough. On the other hand the class of positive integers is not finite but infinite. This may be expressed more precisely as follows. If n is any positive integer, such as 1000, 1,000,000 or any number we like to think of, then there are more than n positive integers. Thus, if the number we think of is 1,000,000, there are obviously at least 1,000,001 positive integers. Similarly the class of rational numbers, or of real numbers, is infinite. It is convenient to express this by saying that there are an infinite number of positive integers, or rational numbers, or real numbers. But the reader must be careful always to remember that by saying this we mean simply that the class in question has not a finite number of members such as 1000 or 1,000,000. 53. Properties possessed by a function of n for large values of n. We may now return to the 'functions of n' which we were discussing in §§ 50–51. They have many points of difference from the functions of x which we discussed in Chap. II. But there is one fundamental character- istic which the two classes of functions have in common: the values of the variable for which they are defined form an infinite class. It is this fact which forms the basis of all the considerations which follow and which, as we shall see in the next chapter, apply, mutatis mutandis, to functions of x as well. Suppose that $\varphi(n)$ is any function of n, and that P is any property which $\varphi(n)$ may or may not have, such as that of being a positive integer [IV : 53] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A 132 or of being greater than 1. Consider, for each of the values n = 1, 2, 3, . . . , whether $\varphi(n)$ has the property P or not. Then there are three possibilities:— (a) $\varphi(n)$ may have the property P for all values of n, or for all values of n except a finite number N of such values: (b) $\varphi(n)$ may have the property for no values of n, or only for a finite number N of such values: (c) neither (a) nor (b) may be true. If (b) is true, the values of n for which $\varphi(n)$ has the property form a finite class. If (a) is true, the values of n for which $\varphi(n)$ has not the property form a finite class. In the third case neither class is finite. Let us consider some particular cases. (1) Let $\varphi(n) = n$, and let P be the property of being a positive integer. Then $\varphi(n)$ has the property P for all values of n. If on the other hand P denotes the property of being a positive integer greater than or equal to 1000, then $\varphi(n)$ has the property for all values of n except a finite number of values of n, viz. 1, 2, 3, . . . , 999. In either of these cases (a) is true. (2) If $\varphi(n) = n$, and P is the property of being less than 1000, then (b) is true. (3) If $\varphi(n) = n$, and P is the property of being odd, then (c) is true. For $\varphi(n)$ is odd if n is odd and even if n is even, and both the odd and the even values of n form an infinite class. Example. Consider, in each of the following cases, whether (a), (b), or (c) is true: (i) $\varphi(n) = n$, P being the property of being a perfect square, (ii) $\varphi(n) = p_n$, where p_n denotes the nth prime number, P being the property of being odd, (iii) $\varphi(n) = p_n$, P being the property of being even, (iv) $\varphi(n) = p_n$, P being the property $\varphi(n) > n$, (v) $\varphi(n) = 1 - (-1)^n(1/n)$, P being the property $\varphi(n) < 1$, (vi) $\varphi(n) = 1 - (-1)^n(1/n)$, P being the property $\varphi(n) < 2$, (vii) $\varphi(n) = 1000\{1 + (-1)^n\}/n$, P being the property $\varphi(n) < 1$, [IV : 54] POSITIVE INTEGRAL VARIABLE 133 (viii) $\varphi(n) = 1/n$, P being the property $\varphi(n) < .001$, (ix) $\varphi(n) = (-1)^n/n$, P being the property $|\varphi(n)| < .001$, (x) $\varphi(n) = 10{,}000/n$, or $(-1)^n 10{,}000/n$, P being either of the properties $\varphi(n) < .001$ or $|\varphi(n)| < .001$, (xi) $\varphi(n) = (n - 1)/(n + 1)$, P being the property $1 - \varphi(n) < .0001$. 54. Let us now suppose that $\varphi(n)$ and P are such that the asser- tion (a) is true, i.e. that $\varphi(n)$ has the property P , if not for all values of n, at any rate for all values of n except a finite number N of such values. We may denote these exceptional values by $n_1, n_2, \ldots, n_N$. There is of course no reason why these N values should be the first N values 1, 2, . . . , N , though, as the preceding examples show, this is frequently the case in practice. But whether this is so or not we know that $\varphi(n)$ has the property P if $n > n_N$. Thus the nth prime is odd if $n > 2$, n = 2 being the only exception to the statement; and $1/n < .001$ if $n > 1000$, the first 1000 values of n being the exceptions; and $1000\{1 + (-1)^n\}/n < 1$ if $n > 2000$, the exceptional values being 2, 4, 6, . . . , 2000. That is to say, in each of these cases the property is possessed for all values of n from a definite value onwards. We shall frequently express this by saying that $\varphi(n)$ has the property for large, or very large, or all sufficiently large values of n. Thus when we say that $\varphi(n)$ has the property P (which will as a rule be a property expressed by some relation of inequality) for large values of n, what we mean is that we can determine some definite number, n_0 say, such that $\varphi(n)$ has the property for all values of n greater than or equal to n_0. This number n_0, in the examples considered above, may be taken to be any number greater than n_N , the greatest of the exceptional numbers: it is most natural to take it to be $n_N + 1$. [IV : 55] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A 134 Thus we may say that 'all large primes are odd', or that '1/n is less than .001 for large values of n'. And the reader must make himself familiar with the use of the word large in statements of this kind. Large is in fact a word which, standing by itself, has no more absolute meaning in mathematics than in the language of common life. It is a truism that in common life a number which is large in one connection is small in another; 6 goals is a large score in a football match, but 6 runs is not a large score in a cricket match; and 400 runs is a large score, but £400 is not a large income: and so of course in mathematics large generally means large enough, and what is large enough for one purpose may not be large enough for another. We know now what is meant by the assertion '$\varphi(n)$ has the property P for large values of n'. It is with assertions of this kind that we shall be concerned throughout this chapter. 55. The phrase 'n tends to infinity'. There is a somewhat dif- ferent way of looking at the matter which it is natural to adopt. Suppose that n assumes successively the values 1, 2, 3, ... The word 'successively' naturally suggests succession in time, and we may suppose n, if we like, to assume these values at successive moments of time (e.g. at the beginnings of successive seconds). Then as the seconds pass n gets larger and larger and there is no limit to the extent of its increase. However large a number we may think of (e.g. 2,147,483,647), a time will come when n has become larger than this

number. It is convenient to have a short phrase to express this unending growth of n, and we shall say that n tends to infinity, or n → ∞, this last symbol being usually employed as an abbreviation for ‘infinity’. The phrase ‘tends to’ like the word ‘successively’ naturally suggests the idea of change in time, and it is convenient to think of the variation of n as accomplished in time in the manner described above. This however is a mere matter of convenience. The variable n is a purely logical entity which has in itself nothing to do with time. The reader cannot too strongly impress upon himself that when we say that n ‘tends to ∞’ we mean simply that n is supposed to assume a series of values which increase continually and without limit. There is no [IV : 56] POSITIVE INTEGRAL VARIABLE 135 number ‘infinity’: such an equation as n = ∞ is as it stands absolutely meaningless: n cannot be equal to ∞, because ‘equal to ∞’ means nothing. So far in fact the symbol ∞ means nothing at all except in the one phrase ‘tends to ∞’, the meaning of which we have explained above. Later on we shall learn how to attach a meaning to other phrases involving the symbol ∞, but the reader will always have to bear in mind (1) that ∞ by itself means nothing, although phrases containing it sometimes mean something, (2) that in every case in which a phrase containing the symbol ∞ means something it will do so simply because we have previously attached a meaning to this particular phrase by means of a special definition. Now it is clear that if φ(n) has the property P for large values of n, and if n ‘tends to ∞’, in the sense which we have just explained, then n will ultimately assume values large enough to ensure that φ(n) has the property P . And so another way of putting the question ‘what properties has φ(n) for sufficiently large values of n?’ is ‘how does φ(n) behave as n tends to ∞?’ 56. The behaviour of a function of n as n tends to infinity. We shall now proceed, in the light of the remarks made in the preceding sections, to consider the meaning of some kinds of statements which are perpetually occurring in higher mathematics. Let us consider, for example, the two following statements: (a) 1/n is small for large values of n, (b) 1 – (1/n) is nearly equal to 1 for large values of n. Obvious as they may seem, there is a good deal in them which will repay the reader’s attention. Let us take (a) first, as being slightly the simpler. We have already considered the statement ‘1/n is less than .01 for large values of n’. This, we saw, means that the inequality 1/n < .01 is true for all values of n greater than some definite value, in fact greater than 100. Similarly it is true that ‘1/n is less than .0001 for large values of n’: in [IV : 56] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A 136 fact 1/n < .0001 if n > 10,000. And instead of .01 or .0001 we might take .000 001 or .000 000 01, or indeed any positive number we like. It is obviously convenient to have some way of expressing the fact that any such statement as ‘1/n is less than .01 for large values of n’ is true, when we substitute for .01 any smaller number, such as .0001 or .000 001 or any other number we care to choose. And clearly we can do this by saying that ‘however small ■ may be (provided of course it is positive), then 1/n < ■ for sufficiently large values of n’. That this is true is obvious. For 1/n < ■ if n > 1/■, so that our ‘sufficiently large’ values of n need only all be greater than 1/■. The assertion is however a complex one, in that it really stands for the whole class of assertions which we obtain by giving to ■ special values such as .01. And of course the smaller ■ is, and the larger 1/■, the larger must be the least of the ‘sufficiently large’ values of n: values which are sufficiently large when ■ has one value are inadequate when it has a smaller. The last statement italicised is what is really meant by the state- ment (a), that 1/n is small when n is large. Similarly (b) really means “if φ(n) = 1 – (1/n), then the statement ‘1 – φ(n) < ■ for sufficiently large values of n’ is true whatever positive value (such as .01 or .0001) we attribute to ■”. That the statement (b) is true is obvious from the fact that 1 – φ(n) = 1/n. There is another way in which it is common to state the facts expressed by the assertions (a) and (b). This is suggested at once by § 55. Instead of saying ‘1/n is small for large values of n’ we say ‘1/n tends to 0 as n tends to ∞’. Similarly we say that ‘1 – (1/n) tends to 1 as n tends to ∞’: and these statements are to be regarded as precisely equivalent to (a) and (b). Thus the statements ‘1/n is small when n is large’, ‘1/n tends to 0 as n tends to ∞’, are equivalent to one another and to the more formal statement ‘if ■ is any positive number, however small, then 1/n < ■ for sufficiently large values of n’, [IV : 57] POSITIVE INTEGRAL VARIABLE 137 or to the still more formal statement ‘if ■ is any positive number, however small, then we can find a number n0 such that 1/n < ■ for all values of n greater than or equal to n0’. The number n0 which occurs in the last statement is of course a function of ■. We shall sometimes emphasize this fact by writing n0 in the form n0(■). The reader should imagine himself confronted by an opponent who questions the truth of the statement. He would name a series of numbers growing smaller and smaller. He might begin with .001. The reader would reply that 1/n < .001 as soon as n > 1000. The opponent would be bound to admit this, but would try again with some smaller number, such as .000 000 1. The reader would reply that 1/n < .000 000 1 as soon as n > 10,000,000: and so on. In this simple case it is evident that the reader would always have the better of the argument. We shall now introduce yet another way of expressing this property of the function 1/n. We shall say that ‘the limit of 1/n as n tends to ∞ is 0’, a statement which we may express symbolically in the form lim n→∞ 1 n = 0, or simply lim(1/n) = 0. We shall also sometimes write ‘1/n → 0 as n → ∞’, which may be read ‘1/n tends to 0 as n tends to ∞’; or simply ‘1/n → 0’. In the same way we shall write lim n→∞

1 – 1 n

= 1, lim

1 – 1 n

= 1, or 1 – (1/n) → 1. 57. Now let us consider a different example: let φ(n) = n2. Then ‘n2 is large when n is large’. This statement is equivalent to the more formal statements [IV : 58] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A 138 ‘if Δ is any positive number, however large, then n2 > Δ for sufficiently large values of n’, ‘we can find a number n0(Δ) such that n2 > Δ for all values of n greater than or equal to n0(Δ)’. And it is natural in this case to say that ‘n2 tends to ∞ as n tends to ∞’, or ‘n2 tends to ∞ with n’, and to write n2 → ∞. Finally consider the function φ(n) = –n2. In this case φ(n) is large, but negative, when n is large, and we naturally say that ‘–n2 tends to –∞ as n tends to ∞’ and write –n2 → –∞. And the use of the symbol –∞ in this sense suggests that it will sometimes be convenient to write n2 → +∞ for n2 → ∞ and generally to use +∞ instead of ∞, in order to secure greater uniformity of notation. But we must once more repeat that in all these statements the symbols ∞, +∞, –∞ mean nothing whatever by themselves, and only acquire a meaning when they occur in certain special connections in virtue of the explanations which we have just given. 58. Definition of a limit. After the discussion which precedes the reader should be in a position to appreciate the general notion of a limit. Roughly we may say that φ(n) tends to a limit l as n tends to ∞ if φ(n) is nearly equal to l when n is large. But although the meaning of this state- ment should be clear enough after the preceding explanations, it is not, as it stands, precise enough to serve as a strict mathematical definition. It is, in fact, equivalent to a whole class of statements of the type ‘for sufficiently large values of n, φ(n) differs from l by less than ■’. This statement has to be true for ■ = .01 or .0001 or any positive number; and for any such value of ■ it has to be true for any value of n after a certain definite value n0(■), though the smaller ■ is the larger, as a rule, will be this value n0(■). [IV : 59] POSITIVE INTEGRAL VARIABLE 139 We accordingly frame the following formal definition: Definition I. The function φ(n) is said to tend to the limit l as n tends to ∞, if, however small be the positive number ■, φ(n) differs from l by less than ■ for sufficiently large values of n; that is to say if, however small be the positive number ■, we can determine a number n0(■) corresponding to ■, such that φ(n) differs from l by less than ■ for all values of n greater than or equal to n0(■). It is usual to denote the difference between φ(n) and l, taken positively, by |φ(n)–l|. It is equal to φ(n)–l or to l –φ(n), whichever is positive, and agrees with the definition of the modulus of φ(n) – l, as given in Chap. III, though at present we are only considering real values, positive or negative. With this notation the definition may be stated more shortly as follows: ‘if, given any positive number, ■, however small, we can find n0(■) so that |φ(n) – l| < ■ when n ■ n0(■), then we say that φ(n) tends to the limit l as n tends to ∞, and write lim n→∞ φ(n) = l’. Sometimes we may omit the ‘n → ∞’; and sometimes it is convenient, for brevity, to write φ(n) → l. The reader will find it instructive to work out, in a few simple cases, the explicit expression of n0 as a function of ■. Thus if φ(n) = 1/n then l = 0, and the condition reduces to 1/n < ■ for n ■ n0, which is satisfied if n0 = 1 + [1/■].* There is one and only one case in which the same n0 will do for all values of ■. If, from a certain value N of n onwards, φ(n) is constant, say equal to C, then it is evident that φ(n) – C = 0 for n ■ N , so that the inequality |φ(n) – C| < ■ is satisfied for n ■ N and all positive values of ■. And if |φ(n) – l| < ■ for n ■ N and all positive values of ■, then it is evident that φ(n) = l when n ■ N , so that φ(n) is constant for all such values of n. *Here and henceforward we shall use [x] in the sense of Chap. II, i.e. as the greatest integer not greater than x. [IV : 60] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A 140 59. The definition of a limit may be illustrated geometrically as fol- lows. The graph of φ(n) consists of a number of points corresponding to the values n = 1, 2, 3, ... Draw the line y = l, and the parallel lines y = l – ■, y = l + ■ at distance ■ from it. Then lim n→∞ φ(n) = l, if, when once these lines have been drawn, no matter how close they may1 2 3O X Y n0 y = l – ■ y = l + ■ Fig. 27. be together, we can always draw a line x = n0, as in the figure, in such a way that the point of the graph on this line, and all points to the right of it, lie between them. We shall find this geometrical way of looking at our definition particularly useful when we come to deal with functions defined for all values of a real variable and not merely for positive integral values. 60. So much for functions of n which tend to a limit as n tends to ∞. We must now frame corresponding definitions for functions which, like the functions n2 or –n2, tend to positive or negative infinity. The reader should by now find no difficulty in appreciating the point of Definition II. The function φ(n) is said to tend to +∞ (positive infinity) with n, if, when any number Δ, however large, is assigned, we [IV : 61] POSITIVE INTEGRAL VARIABLE 141 can determine n0(Δ) so that φ(n) > Δ when n ■ n0(Δ); that is to say if, however large Δ may be, φ(n) > Δ for sufficiently large values of n. Another, less precise, form of statement is ‘if we can make φ(n) as large as we please by sufficiently increasing n’. This is open to the objection that it obscures a fundamental point, viz. that φ(n) must be greater than Δ for all values of n such that n ■ n0(Δ), and not merely for some such values. But there is no harm in using this form of expression if we are clear what it means. When φ(n) tends to +∞ we write φ(n) → +∞. We may leave it to the reader to frame the corresponding definition for functions which tend to negative infinity. 61. Some points concerning the definitions. The reader should be careful to observe the following points. (1) We may obviously alter the values of φ(n) for any finite number of values of n, in any way we please, without in the least affecting the behaviour of φ(n) as n tends to ∞. For example 1/n tends to 0 as n tends to ∞. We may deduce any number of new functions from 1/n by altering a finite number of its values. For instance we may consider the function φ(n) which is equal to 3 for n = 1, 2, 7, 11, 101, 107, 109, 237 and equal to 1/n for all other values of n. For this function, just as for the original function 1/n, lim φ(n) = 0. Similarly, for the function φ(n) which is equal to 3 if n = 1, 2, 7, 11, 101, 107, 109, 237, and to n2 otherwise, it is true that φ(n) → +∞. (2) On the other hand we cannot as a rule alter an

infinite number of the values of φ(n) without affecting fundamentally its behaviour as n tends to ∞. If for example we altered the function 1/n by changing its value to 1 whenever n is a multiple of 100, it would no longer be true that lim φ(n) = 0. So long as a finite number of values only were affected we could always choose the number n0 of the definition so as to be greater than the greatest of the values of n for which φ(n) was altered. In the examples above, for instance, we could always take n0 > 237, and indeed [IV : 61] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A 142 we should be compelled to do so as soon as our imaginary opponent of § 56 had assigned a value of ■ as small as 3 (in the first example) or a value of Δ as great as 3 (in the second). But now however large n0 may be there will be greater values of n for which φ(n) has been altered. (3) In applying the test of Definition I it is of course absolutely essential that we should have |φ(n)–l| < ■ not merely when n = n0 but when n ■ n0, i.e. for n0 and for all larger values of n. It is obvious, for example, that, if φ(n) is the function last considered, then given ■ we can choose n0 so that |φ(n)| < ■ when n = n0: we have only to choose a sufficiently large value of n which is not a multiple of 100. But, when n0 is thus chosen, it is not true that |φ(n)| < ■ when n ■ n0: all the multiples of 100 which are greater than n0 are exceptions to this statement. (4) If φ(n) is always greater than l, we can replace |φ(n)–l| by φ(n)–l. Thus the test whether 1/n tends to the limit 0 as n tends to ∞ is simply whether 1/n < ■ when n ■ n0. If however φ(n) = (–1)n/n, then l is again 0, but φ(n) – l is sometimes positive and sometimes negative. In such a case we must state the condition in the form |φ(n) – l| < ■, for example, in this particular case, in the form |φ(n)| < ■. (5) The limit l may itself be one of the actual values of φ(n). Thus if φ(n) = 0 for all values of n, it is obvious that lim φ(n) = 0. Again, if we had, in (2) and (3) above, altered the value of the function, when n is a multiple of 100, to 0 instead of to 1, we should have obtained a function φ(n) which is equal to 0 when n is a multiple of 100 and to 1/n otherwise. The limit of this function as n tends to ∞ is still obviously zero. This limit is itself the value of the function for an infinite number of values of n, viz. all multiples of 100. On the other hand the limit itself need not (and in general will not) be the value of the function for any value of n. This is sufficiently obvious in the case of φ(n) = 1/n. The limit is zero; but the function is never equal to zero for any value of n. The reader cannot impress these facts too strongly on his mind. A limit is not a value of the function: it is something quite distinct from these values, though it is defined by its relations to them and may possibly [IV : 61] POSITIVE INTEGRAL VARIABLE 143 be equal to some of them. For the functions φ(n) = 0, 1, the limit is equal to all the values of φ(n): for φ(n) = 1/n, (–1)n/n, 1 + (1/n), 1 + {(–1)n/n} it is not equal to any value of φ(n): for φ(n) = (sin 1 2 nπ)/n, 1 + {(sin 1 2 nπ)/n} (whose limits as n tends to ∞ are easily seen to be 0 and 1, since sin 1 2 nπ is never numerically greater than 1) the limit is equal to the value which φ(n) assumes for all even values of n, but the values assumed for odd values of n are all different from the limit and from one another. (6) A function may be always numerically very large when n is very large without tending either to +∞ or to –∞. A sufficient illustration of this is given by φ(n) = (–1)nn. A function can only tend to +∞ or to –∞ if, after a certain value of n, it maintains a constant sign. Examples XXIII. Consider the behaviour of the following functions of n as n tends to ∞: 1. φ(n) = nk, where k is a positive or negative integer or rational fraction. If k is positive, then nk tends to +∞ with n. If k is negative, then lim nk = 0. If k = 0, then nk = 1 for all values of n. Hence lim nk = 1. The reader will find it instructive, even in so simple a case as this, to write down a formal proof that the conditions of our definitions are satisfied. Take for instance the case of k > 0. Let Δ be any assigned number, however large. We wish to choose n0 so that nk > Δ when n ■ n0. We have in fact only to take for n0 any number greater than k √Δ. If e.g. k = 4, then n4 > 10,000 when n ■ 11, n4 > 100,000,000 when n ■ 101, and so on. 2. φ(n) = pn, where pn is the nth prime number. If there were only a finite number of primes then φ(n) would be defined only for a finite number of values of n. There are however, as was first shown by Euclid, infinitely many primes. Euclid's proof is as follows. If there are only a finite number of primes, let them [IV : 62] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A 144 be 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, 11, . . . N . Consider the number 1 + (1 · 2 · 3 · 5 · 7 · 11 . . . N). This number is evidently not divisible by any of 2, 3, 5, . . . N , since the remainder when it is divided by any of these numbers is 1. It is therefore not divisible by any prime save 1, and is therefore itself prime, which is contrary to our hypothesis. It is moreover obvious that φ(n) > n for all values of n (save n = 1, 2, 3). Hence φ(n) → +∞. 3. Let φ(n) be the number of primes less than n. Here again φ(n) → +∞. 4. φ(n) = [αn], where α is any positive number. Here φ(n) = 0 (0 ■ n < 1/α), φ(n) = 1 (1/α ■ n < 2/α), and so on; and φ(n) → +∞. 5. If φ(n) = 1,000,000/n, then lim φ(n) = 0: and if ψ(n) = n/1,000,000, then ψ(n) → +∞. These conclusions are in no way affected by the fact that at first φ(n) is much larger than ψ(n), being in fact larger until n = 1,000,000. 6. φ(n) = 1/{n–(–1)n}, n–(–1)n, n{1–(–1)n}. The first function tends to 0, the second to +∞, the third does not tend either to a limit or to +∞. 7. φ(n) = (sin nθπ)/n, where θ is any real number. Here |φ(n)| < 1/n, since | sin nθπ| ■ 1, and lim φ(n) = 0. 8. φ(n) = (sin nθπ)/√n, (a cos2 nθ + b sin2 nθ)/n, where a and b are any real numbers. 9. φ(n) = sin nθπ. If θ is integral then φ(n) = 0 for all values of n, and therefore lim φ(n) = 0. Next let θ be rational, e.g. θ = p/q, where p and q are positive integers. Let n = aq + b where a is the quotient and b the remainder when n is divided by q. Then sin(npπ/q) = (–1)ap sin(bpπ/q). Suppose, for example, p even; then, as n increases from 0 to q – 1, φ(n) takes the values 0, sin(pπ/q), sin(2pπ/q), . . . sin{(q – 1)pπ/q}. When n increases from q to 2q – 1 these values are repeated; and so also as n goes from 2q to 3q – 1, 3q to 4q – 1, and so on. Thus the values of φ(n) form a perpetual cyclic repetition of a finite series of different values. It is evident that when this is the case φ(n) cannot tend to a limit, nor to +∞, nor to –∞, as n tends to infinity. The case in which θ is irrational is a little more difficult. It is

discussed in the next set of examples. [IV : 62] POSITIVE INTEGRAL VARIABLE 145 62. Oscillating Functions. Definition. When φ(n) does not tend to a limit, nor to +∞, nor to –∞, as n tends to ∞, we say that φ(n) oscillates as n tends to ∞. A function φ(n) certainly oscillates if its values form, as in the case considered in the last example above, a continual repetition of a cycle of values. But of course it may oscillate without possessing this peculiarity. Oscillation is defined in a purely negative manner: a function oscillates when it does not do certain other things. The simplest example of an oscillatory function is given by φ(n) = (–1)n, which is equal to +1 when n is even and to –1 when n is odd. In this case the values recur cyclically. But consider φ(n) = (–1)n + (1/n), the values of which are –1 + 1, 1 + (1/2), – 1 + (1/3), 1 + (1/4), – 1 + (1/5), ... When n is large every value is nearly equal to +1 or –1, and obviously φ(n) does not tend to a limit or to +∞ or to –∞, and therefore it oscillates: but the values do not recur. It is to be observed that in this case every value of φ(n) is numerically less than or equal to 3/2. Similarly φ(n) = (–1)n100 + (1000/n) oscillates. When n is large, every value is nearly equal to 100 or to –100. The numerically greatest value is 900 (for n = 1). But now consider φ(n) = (–1)nn, the values of which are –1, 2, –3, 4, –5, ... This function oscillates, for it does not tend to a limit, nor to +∞, nor to –∞. And in this case we cannot assign any limit beyond which the numerical value of the terms does not rise. The distinction between these two examples suggests a further definition. Definition. If φ(n) oscillates as n tends to ∞, then φ(n) will be said to oscillate finitely or infinitely according as it is or is not possible to [IV : 62] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A 146 assign a number K such that all the values of φ(n) are numerically less than K, i.e. |φ(n)| < K for all values of n. These definitions, as well as those of §§ 58 and 60, are further illustrated in the following examples. Examples XXIV. Consider the behaviour as n tends to ∞ of the following functions: 1. (–1)n, 5 + 3(–1)n, (1,000,000/n) + (–1)n, 1,000,000(–1)n + (1/n). 2. (–1)nn, 1,000,000 + (–1)nn. 3. 1,000,000 – n, (–1)n(1,000,000 – n). 4. n{1 + (–1)n}. In this case the values of φ(n) are 0, 4, 0, 8, 0, 12, 0, 16, ... The odd terms are all zero and the even terms tend to +∞: φ(n) oscillates infinitely. 5. n2 + (–1)n2n. The second term oscillates infinitely, but the first is very much larger than the second when n is large. In fact φ(n) ■ n2 – 2n and n2 – 2n = (n – 1)2 – 1 is greater than any assigned value Δ if n > 1 + √Δ + 1. Thus φ(n) → +∞. It should be observed that in this case φ(2k + 1) is always less than φ(2k), so that the function progresses to infinity by a continual series of steps forwards and backwards. It does not however ‘oscillate’ according to our definition of the term. 6. n2{1 + (–1)n}, (–1)nn2 + n, n3 + (–1)nn2. 7. sin nθπ. We have already seen (Exs. xxiii. 9) that φ(n) oscillates finitely when θ is rational, unless θ is an integer, when φ(n) = 0, φ(n) → 0. The case in which θ is irrational is a little more difficult. But it is not difficult to see that φ(n) still oscillates finitely. We can without loss of generality suppose 0 < θ < 1. In the first place |φ(n)| < 1. Hence φ(n) must oscillate finitely or tend to a limit. We shall consider whether the second alternative is really possible. Let us suppose that lim sin nθπ = l. Then, however small ■ may be, we can choose n0 so that sin nθπ lies between l – ■ and l + ■ for all values of n greater than or equal to n0. Hence sin(n + 1)θπ – sin nθπ is numerically less than 2■ for all such values of n, and so | sin 1 2 θπ cos(n + 1 2)θπ| < ■. [IV : 62] POSITIVE INTEGRAL VARIABLE 147 Hence cos(n + 1 2)θπ = cos nθπ cos 1 2 θπ – sin nθπ sin 1 2 θπ must be numerically less than ■/| sin 1 2 θπ|. Similarly cos(n – 1 2)θπ = cos nθπ cos 1 2 θπ + sin nθπ sin 1 2 θπ must be numerically less than ■/| sin 1 2 θπ|; and so each of cos nθπ cos 1 2 θπ, sin nθπ sin 1 2 θπ must be numerically less than ■/| sin 1 2 θπ|. That is to say, cos nθπ cos 1 2 θπ is very small if n is large, and this can only be the case if cos nθπ is very small. Similarly sin nθπ must be very small, so that l must be zero. But it is impossible that cos nθπ and sin nθπ can both be very small, as the sum of their squares is unity. Thus the hypothesis that sin nθπ tends to a limit l is impossible, and therefore sin nθπ oscillates as n tends to ∞. The reader should consider with particular care the argument ‘cos nθπ cos 1 2 θπ is very small, and this can only be the case if cos nθπ is very small’. Why, he may ask, should it not be the other factor cos 1 2 θπ which is ‘very small’ ? The answer is to be found, of course, in the meaning of the phrase ‘very small’ as used in this connection. When we say ‘φ(n) is very small’ for large values of n, we mean that we can choose n0 so that φ(n) is numerically smaller than any assigned number, if n ■ n0. Such an assertion is palpably absurd when made of a fixed number such as cos 1 2 θπ, which is not zero. Prove similarly that cos nθπ oscillates finitely, unless θ is an even integer. 8. sin nθπ + (1/n), sin nθπ + 1, sin nθπ + n, (–1)n sin nθπ. 9. a cos nθπ + b sin nθπ, sin2 nθπ, a cos2 nθπ + b sin2 nθπ. 10. a + bn + (–1)n(c + dn) + e cos nθπ + f sin nθπ. 11. n sin nθπ. If θ is integral, then φ(n) = 0, φ(n) → 0. If θ is rational but not integral, or irrational, then φ(n) oscillates infinitely. 12. n(a cos2 nθπ + b sin2 nθπ). In this case φ(n) tends to +∞ if a and b are both positive, but to –∞ if both are negative. Consider the special cases in which a = 0, b > 0, or a > 0, b = 0, or a = 0, b = 0. If a and b have opposite signs φ(n) generally oscillates infinitely. Consider any exceptional cases. 13. sin(n2θπ). If θ is integral, then φ(n) → 0. Otherwise φ(n) oscillates finitely, as may be shown by arguments similar to though more complex than those used in Exs. xxiii. 9 and xxiv. 7.* *See Bromwich’s Infinite Series, p. 485. [IV : 62] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A 148 14. sin(n! θπ). If θ has a rational value p/q, then n! θ is certainly integral for all values of n greater than or equal to q. Hence φ(n) → 0. The case in which θ is irrational cannot be dealt with without the aid of considerations of a much more difficult character. 15. cos(n! θπ), a cos2(n! θπ) + b sin2(n! θπ), where θ is rational. 16. an – [bn], (–1)n(an – [bn]). 17. [√n], (–1)n[√n], √n – [√n]. 18. The smallest prime factor of n. When n is a prime, φ(n) = n. When n is even, φ(n) = 2. Thus φ(n) oscillates infinitely. 19. The largest prime factor of n. 20. The number of days in the year n a.d. Examples XXV. 1. If φ(n) → +∞ and ψ(n) ■ φ(n) for all values of n, then ψ(n) → +∞.

2. If φ(n) → 0, and |ψ(n)| ■ |φ(n)| for all values of n, then ψ(n) → 0. 3. If lim |φ(n)| = 0, then lim φ(n) = 0. 4. If φ(n) tends to a limit or oscillates finitely, and |ψ(n)| ■ |φ(n)| when n ■ n0, then ψ(n) tends to a limit or oscillates finitely. 5. If φ(n) tends to +∞, or to –∞, or oscillates infinitely, and |ψ(n)| ■ |φ(n)| when n ■ n0, then ψ(n) tends to +∞ or to –∞ or oscillates infinitely. 6. 'If φ(n) oscillates and, however great be n0, we can find values of n greater than n0 for which ψ(n) > φ(n), and values of n greater than n0 for which ψ(n) < φ(n), then ψ(n) oscillates'. Is this true? If not give an example to the contrary. 7. If φ(n) → l as n → ∞, then also φ(n + p) → l, p being any fixed integer. [This follows at once from the definition. Similarly we see that if φ(n) tends to +∞ or –∞ or oscillates so also does φ(n + p).] 8. The same conclusions hold (except in the case of oscillation) if p varies with n but is always numerically less than a fixed positive integer N ; or if p varies with n in any way, so long as it is always positive. 9. Determine the least value of n0 for which it is true that (a) n2 + 2n > 999,999 (n ■ n0), (b) n2 + 2n > 1,000,000 (n ■ n0). [IV : 63] POSITIVE INTEGRAL VARIABLE 149 10. Determine the least value of n0 for which it is true that (a) n + (–1)n > 1000 (n ■ n0), (b) n + (–1)n > 1,000,000 (n ■ n0). 11. Determine the least value of n0 for which it is true that (a) n2 + 2n > Δ (n ■ n0), (b) n + (–1)n > Δ (n ■ n0), Δ being any positive number. [(a) n0 = [√Δ + 1]: (b) n0 = 1 + [Δ] or 2 + [Δ], according as [Δ] is odd or even, i.e. n0 = 1 + [Δ] + 1 2 {1 + (–1)[Δ]}.] 12. Determine the least value of n0 such that (a) n/(n2 + 1) < .0001, (b) (1/n) + {(–1)n/n2} < .000 01, when n ■ n0. [Let us take the latter case. In the first place (1/n) + {(–1)n/n2} ■ (n + 1)/n2, and it is easy to see that the least value of n0, such that (n + 1)/n2 < .000 001 when n ■ n0, is 1,000,002. But the inequality given is satisfied by n = 1,000,001, and this is the value of n0 required.] 63. Some general theorems with regard to limits. A. The behaviour of the sum of two functions whose behaviour is known. Theorem I. If φ(n) and ψ(n) tend to limits a, b, then φ(n) + ψ(n) tends to the limit a + b. This is almost obvious.* The argument which the reader will at once form in his mind is roughly this: 'when n is large, φ(n) is nearly equal to a *There is a certain ambiguity in this phrase which the reader will do well to notice. When one says 'such and such a theorem is almost obvious' one may mean one or other of two things. One may mean 'it is difficult to doubt the truth of the theorem', 'the theorem is such as common-sense instinctively accepts', as it accepts, for example, the truth of the propositions '2 + 2 = 4' or 'the base-angles of an isosceles triangle are equal'. That a theorem is 'obvious' in this sense does not prove that it is true, since the most confident of the intuitive judgments of common sense are often found to be mistaken; and even if the theorem is true, the fact that it is also 'obvious' is no reason for not proving it, if a proof can be found. The object of mathematics is to prove that [IV : 63] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A 150 and ψ(n) to b, and therefore their sum is nearly equal to a + b'. It is well to state the argument quite formally, however. Let ■ be any assigned positive number (e.g. .001, .000 000 1, . . .). We require to show that a number n0 can be found such that |φ(n) + ψ(n) – a – b| < ■, (1) when n ■ n0. Now by a proposition proved in Chap. III (more generally indeed than we need here) the modulus of the sum of two numbers is less than or equal to the sum of their moduli. Thus |φ(n) + ψ(n) – a – b| ■ |φ(n) – a| + |ψ(n) – b|. It follows that the desired condition will certainly be satisfied if n0 can be so chosen that |φ(n) – a| + |ψ(n) – b| < ■, (2) when n ■ n0. But this is certainly the case. For since lim φ(n) = a we can, by the definition of a limit, find n1 so that |φ(n) – a| < ■′ when n ■ n1, and this however small ■′ may be. Nothing prevents our taking ■′ = 1 2 ■, so that |φ(n) – a| < 1 2 ■ when n ■ n1. Similarly we can find n2 so that |ψ(n) – b| < 1 2 ■ when n ■ n2. Now take n0 to be the greater of the two numbers n1, n2. Then |φ(n) – a| < 1 2 ■ and |ψ(n) – b| < 1 2 ■ when n ■ n0, and therefore (2) is satisfied and the theorem is proved. The argument may be concisely stated thus: since lim φ(n) = a and lim ψ(n) = b, we can choose n1, n2 so that |φ(n) – a| < 1 2 ■ (n ■ n1), |ψ(n) – b| < 1 2 ■ (n ■ n2); certain premises imply certain conclusions; and the fact that the conclusions may be as 'obvious' as the premises never detracts from the necessity, and often not even from the interest of the proof. But sometimes (as for example here) we mean by 'this is almost obvious' something quite different from this. We mean 'a moment's reflection should not only convince the reader of the truth of what is stated, but should also suggest to him the general lines of a rigorous proof'. And often, when a statement is 'obvious' in this sense, one may well omit the proof, not because the proof is in any sense unnecessary, but because it is a waste of time and space to state in detail what the reader can easily supply for himself. [IV : 64] POSITIVE INTEGRAL VARIABLE 151 and then, if n is not less than either n1 or n2, |φ(n) + ψ(n) – a – b| ■ |φ(n) – a| + |ψ(n) – b| < ■; and therefore lim{φ(n) + ψ(n)} = a + b. 64. Results subsidiary to Theorem I. The reader should have no difficulty in verifying the following subsidiary results. 1. If φ(n) tends to a limit, but ψ(n) tends to +∞ or to –∞ or oscil- lates finitely or infinitely, then φ(n) + ψ(n) behaves like ψ(n). 2. If φ(n) → +∞, and ψ(n) → +∞ or oscillates finitely, then φ(n) + ψ(n) → +∞. In this statement we may obviously change +∞ into –∞ throughout. 3. If φ(n) → +∞ and ψ(n) → –∞, then φ(n) + ψ(n) may tend either to a limit or to +∞ or to –∞ or may oscillate either finitely or infinitely. These five possibilities are illustrated in order by (i) φ(n) = n, ψ(n) = –n, (ii) φ(n) = n2, ψ(n) = –n, (iii) φ(n) = n, ψ(n) = –n2, (iv) φ(n) = n + (–1)n, ψ(n) = –n, (v) φ(n) = n2 + (–1)nn, ψ(n) = –n2. The reader should construct additional examples of each case. 4. If φ(n) → +∞ and ψ(n) oscillates infinitely, then φ(n) + ψ(n) may tend to +∞ or oscillate infinitely, but cannot tend to a limit, or to –∞, or oscillate finitely. For ψ(n) = {φ(n) + ψ(n)} – φ(n); and, if φ(n) + ψ(n) behaved in any of the three last ways, it would follow, from the previous results, that ψ(n) → –∞, which is not the case. As examples of the two cases which are possible, consider (i) φ(n) = n2, ψ(n) = (–1)nn, (ii) φ(n) = n, ψ(n) = (–1)nn2. Here again the signs of +∞ and –∞ may be permuted throughout. 5. If φ(n) and ψ(n) both oscillate finitely, then φ(n) + ψ(n) must tend to a

limit or oscillate finitely. As examples take (i) φ(n) = (–1)n, ψ(n) = (–1)n+1, (ii) φ(n) = ψ(n) = (–1)n. [IV : 65] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A 152 6. If φ(n) oscillates finitely, and ψ(n) infinitely, then φ(n) + ψ(n) oscillates infinitely. For φ(n) is in absolute value always less than a certain constant, say K. On the other hand ψ(n), since it oscillates infinitely, must assume values numerically greater than any assignable number (e.g. 10K, 100K, . . .). Hence φ(n) + ψ(n) must assume values numerically greater than any assignable number (e.g. 9K, 99K, . . .). Hence φ(n) + ψ(n) must either tend to +∞ or –∞ or oscillate infinitely. But if it tended to +∞ then ψ(n) = {φ(n) + ψ(n)} – φ(n) would also tend to +∞, in virtue of the preceding results. Thus φ(n) + ψ(n) cannot tend to +∞, nor, for similar reasons, to –∞: hence it oscillates infinitely. 7. If both φ(n) and ψ(n) oscillate infinitely, then φ(n)+ψ(n) may tend to a limit, or to +∞, or to –∞, or oscillate either finitely or infinitely. Suppose, for instance, that φ(n) = (–1)nn, while ψ(n) is in turn each of the functions (–1)n+1n, {1 + (–1)n+1}n, –{1 + (–1)n}n, (–1)n+1(n + 1), (–1)nn. We thus obtain examples of all five possibilities. The results 1–7 cover all the cases which are really distinct. Before passing on to consider the product of two functions, we may point out that the result of Theorem I may be immediately extended to the sum of three or more functions which tend to limits as n → ∞. 65. B. The behaviour of the product of two functions whose behaviour is known. We can now prove a similar set of theorems concerning the product of two functions. The principal result is the following. Theorem II. If lim φ(n) = a and lim ψ(n) = b, then lim φ(n)ψ(n) = ab. Let φ(n) = a + φ1(n), ψ(n) = b + ψ1(n), [IV : 65] POSITIVE INTEGRAL VARIABLE 153 so that lim φ1(n) = 0 and lim ψ1(n) = 0. Then φ(n)ψ(n) = ab + aψ1(n) + bφ1(n) + φ1(n)ψ1(n). Hence the numerical value of the difference φ(n)ψ(n) – ab is certainly not greater than the sum of the numerical values of aψ1(n), bφ1(n), φ1(n)ψ1(n). From this it follows that lim{φ(n)ψ(n) – ab} = 0, which proves the theorem. The following is a strictly formal proof. We have |φ(n)ψ(n) – ab| ■ |aψ1(n)| + |bφ1(n)| + |φ1(n)||ψ1(n)|. Assuming that neither a nor b is zero, we may choose n0 so that |φ1(n)| < 1 3 ■/|b|, |ψ1(n)| < 1 3 ■/|a|, when n ■ n0. Then |φ(n)ψ(n) – ab| < 1 3 ■ + 1 3 ■ + { 1 9 ■2/(|a||b|)}, which is certainly less than ■ if ■ < 1 3 |a||b|. That is to say we can choose n0 so that |φ(n)ψ(n) – ab| < ■ when n ■ n0, and so the theorem follows. The reader should supply a proof for the case in which at least one of a and b is zero. We need hardly point out that this theorem, like Theorem I, may be immediately extended to the product of any number of functions of n. There is also a series of subsidiary theorems concerning products analogous to those stated in § 64 for sums. We must distinguish now six different ways in which φ(n) may behave as n tends to ∞. It may (1) tend to a limit other than zero, (2) tend to zero, (3a) tend to +∞, (3b) tend to –∞, (4) oscillate finitely, (5) oscillate infinitely. It is not necessary, as a rule, to take account separately of (3a) and (3b), as the results for one case may be deduced from those for the other by a change of sign. To state these subsidiary theorems at length would occupy more space than we can afford. We select the two which follow as examples, leaving the verifica- tion of them to the reader. He will find it an instructive exercise to formulate some of the remaining theorems himself. [IV : 66] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A 154 (i) If φ(n) → +∞ and ψ(n) oscillates finitely, then φ(n)ψ(n) must tend to +∞ or to –∞ or oscillate infinitely. Examples of these three possibilities may be obtained by taking φ(n) to be n and ψ(n) to be one of the three functions 2 + (–1)n, –2 – (–1)n, (–1)n. (ii) If φ(n) and ψ(n) oscillate finitely, then φ(n)ψ(n) must tend to a limit (which may be zero) or oscillate finitely. For examples, take (a) φ(n) = ψ(n) = (–1)n, (b) φ(n) = 1 + (–1)n, ψ(n) = 1 – (–1)n, and (c) φ(n) = cos 1 3 nπ, ψ(n) = sin 1 3 nπ. A particular case of Theorem II which is important is that in which ψ(n) is constant. The theorem then asserts simply that lim kφ(n) = ka if lim φ(n) = a. To this we may join the subsidiary theorem that if φ(n) → +∞ then kφ(n) → +∞ or kφ(n) → –∞, according as k is positive or negative, unless k = 0, when of course kφ(n) = 0 for all values of n and lim kφ(n) = 0. And if φ(n) oscillates finitely or infinitely, then so does kφ(n), unless k = 0. 66. C. The behaviour of the difference or quotient of two functions whose behaviour is known. There is, of course, a similar set of theorems for the difference of two given functions, which are obvious corollaries from what precedes. In order to deal with the quotient φ(n) ψ(n), we begin with the following theorem. Theorem III. If lim φ(n) = a, and a is not zero, then lim 1 φ(n) = 1 a. Let φ(n) = a + φ1(n), so that lim φ1(n) = 0. Then 1 φ(n) – 1 a = |φ1(n)| |a||a + φ1(n)|, [IV : 68] POSITIVE INTEGRAL VARIABLE 155 and it is plain, since lim φ1(n) = 0, that we can choose n0 so that this is smaller than any assigned number ■ when n ■ n0. From Theorems II and III we can at once deduce the principal theorem for quotients, viz. Theorem IV. If lim φ(n) = a and lim ψ(n) = b, and b is not zero, then lim φ(n) ψ(n) = a b . The reader will again find it instructive to formulate, prove, and il- lustrate by examples some of the ‘subsidiary theorems’ corresponding to Theorems III and IV. 67. Theorem V. If R{φ(n), ψ(n), χ(n), . . . } is any rational function of φ(n), ψ(n), χ(n), . . . , i.e. any function of the form P {φ(n), ψ(n), χ(n), . . . }/Q{φ(n), ψ(n), χ(n), . . . }, where P and Q denote polynomials in φ(n), ψ(n), χ(n), . . . : and if lim φ(n) = a, lim ψ(n) = b, lim χ(n) = c, . . . , and Q(a, b, c, . . .)■ = 0; then lim R{φ(n), ψ(n), χ(n), . . . } = R(a, b, c, . . .). For P is a sum of a finite number of terms of the type A{φ(n)}p{ψ(n)}q . . . , where A is a constant and p, q, . . . positive integers. This term, by Theorem II (or rather by its obvious extension to the product of any number of functions) tends to the limit Aapbq . . . , and so P tends to the limit P (a, b, c, . . .), by the similar extension of Theorem I. Similarly Q tends to Q(a, b, c, . . .); and the result then follows from Theorem IV. [IV : 68] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A 156 68. The preceding general theorem may be applied to the following very important particular problem: what is the behaviour of the most gen- eral rational function of n, viz. S(n) = a0np + a1np–1 + · · · + ap b0nq + b1nq–1 + · · · + bq , as n tends to ∞? * In order to apply the theorem we transform S(n) by writing it in the form np–q

a0 + a1 n + · · · + ap np

b0 + b1 n + · · · + bq nq

. The function in curly brackets is of the form R{φ(n)}, where φ(n) = 1/n, and therefore tends, as n tends to ∞, to the limit R(0) = a0/b0. Now np–q → 0 if p < q; np–q = 1 and np–q → 1 if p = q; and np–q → +∞ if p > q. Hence, by Theorem II, lim S(n) = 0 (p < q), lim S(n) = a0/b0 (p = q), S(n) → +∞ (p > q, a0/b0 positive), S(n) → –∞ (p > q, a0/b0 negative). Examples XXVI. 1. What is the behaviour of the functions n – 1 n + 1 2 , (–1)n n – 1 n + 1 2 , n2 + 1 n , (–1)n n2 + 1 n , as n → ∞? 2. Which (if any) of the functions 1/(cos2 1 2 nπ + n sin2 1 2 nπ), 1/{n(cos2 1 2 nπ + n sin2 1 2 nπ)}, (n cos2 1 2 nπ + sin2 1 2 nπ)/{n(cos2 1 2 nπ + n sin2 1 2 nπ)} tend to a limit as n → ∞? *We naturally suppose that neither a0 nor b0 is zero. [IV : 69] POSITIVE INTEGRAL VARIABLE 157 3. Denoting by S(n) the general rational function of n considered above, show that in all cases lim S(n + 1) S(n) = 1, lim S{n + (1/n)} S(n) = 1. 69. Functions of n which increase steadily with n. A special but particularly important class of functions of n is formed by those whose variation as n tends to ∞ is always in the same direction, that is to say those which always increase (or always decrease) as n increases. Since –φ(n) always increases if φ(n) always decreases, it is not necessary to consider the two kinds of functions separately; for theorems proved for one kind can at once be extended to the other. Definition. The function φ(n) will be said to increase steadily with n if φ(n + 1) ■ φ(n) for all values of n. It is to be observed that we do not exclude the case in which φ(n) has the same value for several values of n; all we exclude is possible decrease. Thus the function φ(n) = 2n + (–1)n, whose values for n = 0, 1, 2, 3, 4, . . . are 1, 1, 5, 5, 9, 9, . . . is said to increase steadily with n. Our definition would indeed include even functions which remain constant from some value of n onwards; thus φ(n) = 1 steadily increases according to our definition. However, as these functions are extremely special ones, and as there can be no doubt as to their behaviour as n tends to ∞, this apparent incongruity in the definition is not a serious defect. There is one exceedingly important theorem concerning functions of this class. Theorem. If φ(n) steadily increases with n, then either (i) φ(n) tends to a limit as n tends to ∞, or (ii) φ(n) → +∞. That is to say, while there are in general five alternatives as to the behaviour of a function, there are two only for this special kind of function. [IV : 69] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A 158 This theorem is a simple corollary of Dedekind's Theorem (§ 17). We divide the real numbers ξ into two classes L and R, putting ξ in L or R according as φ(n) ■ ξ for some value of n (and so of course for all greater values), or φ(n) < ξ for all values of n. The class L certainly exists; the class R may or may not. If it does not, then, given any number Δ, however large, φ(n) > Δ for all sufficiently large values of n, and so φ(n) → +∞. If on the other hand R exists, the classes L and R form a section of the real numbers in the sense of § 17. Let a be the number corresponding to the section, and let ■ be any positive number. Then φ(n) < a + ■ for all values of n, and so, since ■ is arbitrary, φ(n) ■ a. On the other hand φ(n) > a – ■ for some value of n, and so for all sufficiently large values. Thus a – ■ < φ(n) ■ a for all sufficiently large values of n; i.e. φ(n) → a. It should be observed that in general φ(n) < a for all values of n; for if φ(n) is equal to a for any value of n it must be equal to a for all greater values of n. Thus φ(n) can never be equal to a except in the case in which the values of φ(n) are ultimately all the same. If this is so, a is the largest member of L; otherwise L has no largest member. Cor 1. If φ(n) increases steadily with n, then it will tend to a limit or to +∞ according as it is or is not possible to find a number K such that φ(n) < K for all values of n. We shall find this corollary exceedingly useful later on. Cor 2. If φ(n) increases steadily with n, and φ(n) < K for all values of n, then φ(n) tends to a limit and this limit is less than or equal to K. It should be noticed that the limit may be equal to K: if e.g. φ(n) = 3 – (1/n), then every value of φ(n) is less than 3, but the limit is equal to 3. [IV : 71] POSITIVE INTEGRAL VARIABLE 159 Cor 3. If φ(n) increases steadily with n, and tends to a limit, then φ(n) ■ lim φ(n) for all values of n. The reader should write out for himself the corresponding theorems and corollaries for the case in which φ(n) decreases as n increases. 70. The great importance of these theorems lies in the fact that they give us (what we have so far been without) a means of deciding, in a great many cases, whether a given function of n does or does not tend to a limit as n → ∞, without requiring us to be able to guess or otherwise infer beforehand what the limit is. If we know what the limit, if there is one, must be, we can use the test |φ(n) – l| < ■ (n ■ n0) : as for example in the case of φ(n) = 1/n, where it is obvious that the limit can only be zero. But suppose we have to determine whether φ(n) =

1 + 1 n n tends to a limit. In this case it is not obvious what the limit, if there is one, will be: and it is evident that the test above, which involves l, cannot be used, at any rate directly, to decide whether l exists or not. Of course the test can sometimes be used indirectly, to prove by means of a reductio ad absurdum that l cannot exist. If e.g. φ(n) = (–1)n, it is clear that l would have to be equal to 1 and also equal to –1, which is obviously impossible. 71. Alternative proof of Weierstrass's Theorem of § 19. The results of § 69 enable us to give an alternative proof of the important theorem proved in § 19. If we divide P Q into two equal parts, one at least of them must contain infinitely many points of S. We select the one which does, or, if both do, we [IV : 72] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A 160P P1 Q2 Q1 QP2 P3 Q4 Q3 P4 T Fig. 28. select the left-hand half; and we denote the selected half by P1Q1 (Fig. 28). If P1Q1 is the left-hand half, P1 is the same point as P . Similarly, if we divide P1Q1 into two halves, one at least of

them must contain infinitely many points of S. We select the half P2Q2 which does so, or, if both do so, we select the left-hand half. Proceeding in this way we can define a sequence of intervals P Q, P1Q1, P2Q2, P3Q3, . . . , each of which is a half of its predecessor, and each of which contains infinitely many points of S. The points P , P1, P2, . . . progress steadily from left to right, and so Pn tends to a limiting position T . Similarly Qn tends to a limiting position T ′. But T T ′ is plainly less than PnQn, whatever the value of n; and PnQn, being equal to P Q/2n, tends to zero. Hence T ′ coincides with T , and Pn and Qn both tend to T . Then T is a point of accumulation of S. For suppose that ξ is its coordinate, and consider any interval of the type [ξ – ■, ξ + ■]. If n is sufficiently large, PnQn will lie entirely inside this interval.* Hence [ξ – ■, ξ + ■] contains infinitely many points of S. 72. The limit of xn as n tends to ∞. Let us apply the results of § 69 to the particularly important case in which φ(n) = xn. If x = 1 then φ(n) = 1, lim φ(n) = 1, and if x = 0 then φ(n) = 0, lim φ(n) = 0, so that these special cases need not detain us. First, suppose x positive. Then, since φ(n + 1) = xφ(n), φ(n) increases with n if x > 1, decreases as n increases if x < 1. *This will certainly be the case as soon as P Q/2n < ■. [IV : 72] POSITIVE INTEGRAL VARIABLE 161 If x > 1, then xn must tend either to a limit (which must obviously be greater than 1) or to +∞. Suppose it tends to a limit l. Then lim φ(n + 1) = lim φ(n) = l, by Exs. xxv. 7; but lim φ(n + 1) = lim xφ(n) = x lim φ(n) = xl, and therefore l = xl: and as x and l are both greater than 1, this is impossible. Hence xn → +∞ (x > 1). Example. The reader may give an alternative proof, showing by the bino- mial theorem that xn > 1 + nδ if δ is positive and x = 1 + δ, and so that xn → +∞. On the other hand xn is a decreasing function if x < 1, and must there- fore tend to a limit or to –∞. Since xn is positive the second alternative may be ignored. Thus lim xn = l, say, and as above l = xl, so that l must be zero. Hence lim xn = 0 (0 < x < 1). Example. Prove as in the preceding example that (1/x)n tends to +∞ if 0 < x < 1, and deduce that xn tends to 0. We have finally to consider the case in which x is negative. If –1 < x < 0 and x = –y, so that 0 < y < 1, then it follows from what precedes that lim yn = 0 and therefore lim xn = 0. If x = –1 it is obvious that xn oscillates, taking the values –1, 1 alternatively. Finally if x < –1, and x = –y, so that y > 1, then yn tends to +∞, and therefore xn takes values, both positive and negative, numerically greater than any assigned [IV : 72] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A 162 number. Hence xn oscillates infinitely. To sum up: φ(n) = xn → +∞ (x > 1), lim φ(n) = 1 (x = 1), lim φ(n) = 0 (–1 < x < 1), φ(n) oscillates finitely (x = –1), φ(n) oscillates infinitely (x < –1). Examples XXVII.* 1. If φ(n) is positive and φ(n+1) > Kφ(n), where K > 1, for all values of n, then φ(n) → +∞. [For φ(n) > Kφ(n – 1) > K2φ(n – 2) · · · > Kn–1φ(1), from which the conclusion follows at once, as Kn → ∞.] 2. The same result is true if the conditions above stated are satisfied only when n ■ n0. 3. If φ(n) is positive and φ(n + 1) < Kφ(n), where 0 < K < 1, then lim φ(n) = 0. This result also is true if the conditions are satisfied only when n ■ n0. 4. If |φ(n + 1)| < K|φ(n)| when n ■ n0, and 0 < K < 1, then lim φ(n) = 0. 5. If φ(n) is positive and lim{φ(n + 1)}/{φ(n)} = l > 1, then φ(n) → +∞. [For we can determine n0 so that {φ(n + 1)}/{φ(n)} > K > 1 when n ■ n0: we may, e.g., take K halfway between 1 and l. Now apply Ex. 1.] 6. If lim{φ(n + 1)}/{φ(n)} = l, where l is numerically less than unity, then lim φ(n) = 0. [This follows from Ex. 4 as Ex. 5 follows from Ex. 1.] 7. Determine the behaviour, as n → ∞, of φ(n) = nrxn, where r is any positive integer. [If x = 0 then φ(n) = 0 for all values of n, and φ(n) → 0. In all other cases φ(n + 1) φ(n) = n + 1 n r x → x. First suppose x positive. Then φ(n) → +∞ if x > 1 (Ex. 5) and φ(n) → 0 if x < 1 (Ex. 6). If x = 1, then φ(n) = nr → +∞. Next suppose x negative. Then *These examples are particularly important and several of them will be made use of later in the text. They should therefore be studied very carefully. [IV : 73] POSITIVE INTEGRAL VARIABLE 163 |φ(n)| = nr|x|n tends to +∞ if |x| ■ 1 and to 0 if |x| < 1. Hence φ(n) oscillates infinitely if x ■ –1 and φ(n) → 0 if –1 < x < 0.] 8. Discuss n–rxn in the same way. [The results are the same, except that φ(n) → 0 when x = 1 or –1.] 9. Draw up a table to show how nkxn behaves as n → ∞, for all real values of x, and all positive and negative integral values of k. [The reader will observe that the value of k is immaterial except in the special cases when x = 1 or –1. Since lim{(n + 1)/n}k = 1, whether k be positive or negative, the limit of the ratio φ(n + 1)/φ(n) depends only on x, and the behaviour of φ(n) is in general dominated by the factor xn. The factor nk only asserts itself when x is numerically equal to 1.] 10. Prove that if x is positive then n √x → 1 as n → ∞. [Suppose, e.g., x > 1. Then x, √x, 3 √x, . . . is a decreasing sequence, and n √x > 1 for all values of n. Thus n √x → l, where l ■ 1. But if l > 1 we can find values of n, as large as we please, for which n √x > l or x > ln; and, since ln → +∞ as n → ∞, this is impossible.] 11. n √n → 1. [For n+1 √n + 1 < n √n if (n + 1)n < nn+1 or {1 + (1/n)}n < n, which is certainly satisfied if n ■ 3 (see § 73 for a proof). Thus n √n decreases as n increases from 3 onwards, and, as it is always greater than unity, it tends to a limit which is greater than or equal to unity. But if n √n → l, where l > 1, then n > ln, which is certainly untrue for sufficiently large values of n, since ln/n → +∞ with n (Exs. 7, 8).] 12. n √n! → +∞. [However large Δ may be, n! > Δn if n is large enough. For if un = Δn/n! then un+1/un = Δ/(n + 1), which tends to zero as n → ∞, so that un does the same (Ex. 6).] 13. Show that if –1 < x < 1 then un = m(m – 1) . . . (m – n + 1) n! xn = m n

xn tends to zero as n → ∞. [If m is a positive integer, un = 0 for n > m. Otherwise un+1 un = m – n n + 1 x → –x, unless x = 0.] [IV : 74] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A 164 73. The limit of

1 + 1 n n . A more difficult problem which can be solved by the help of § 69 arises when φ(n) = {1 + 1/n}n. It follows from the binomial theorem* that

1 + 1 n n = 1 + n · 1 n + n(n – 1) 1 · 2 1 n2 + · · · + n(n – 1) . . . (n – n + 1) 1 · 2 . . . n 1 nn = 1 + 1 + 1 1 · 2

1 – 1 n

+ 1 1 · 2 · 3

1 – 1 n

1 – 2 n

+ . . . + 1 1 · 2 . . . n

1 – 1 n

1 – 2 n

. . .

1 – n – 1 n

. The (p + 1)th term in this expression, viz. 1 1 · 2 . . . p

1 – 1 n

1 – 2 n

. . .

1 – p – 1 n

, is positive and an increasing function of n, and the number of terms also increases with n. Hence

1 + 1 n n increases with n, and so tends to a limit or to +∞, as n → ∞. But 1 + 1 n n < 1 + 1 + 1 1 · 2 + 1 1 · 2 · 3 + · · · + 1 1 · 2 · 3 . . . n < 1 + 1 + 1 2 + 1 22 + · · · + 1 2n–1 < 3. Thus

1 + 1 n n cannot tend to +∞, and so lim n→∞

1 + 1 n n = e, where e is a number such that 2 < e ■ 3. *The binomial theorem for a positive integral exponent, which is what is used here, is a theorem of elementary algebra. The other cases of the theorem belong to the theory of infinite series, and will be considered later. [IV : 74] POSITIVE INTEGRAL VARIABLE 165 74. Some algebraical lemmas. It will be convenient to prove at this stage a number of elementary inequalities which will be useful to us later on. (i) It is evident that if α > 1 and r is a positive integer then rαr > αr–1 + αr–2 + · · · + 1. Multiplying both sides of this inequality by α – 1, we obtain rαr(α – 1) > αr – 1; and adding r(αr – 1) to each side, and dividing by r(r + 1), we obtain αr+1 – 1 r + 1 > αr – 1 r (α > 1). (1) Similarly we can prove that 1 – βr+1 r + 1 < 1 – βr r (0 < β < 1). (2) It follows that if r and s are positive integers, and r > s, then αr – 1 r > as – 1 s , 1 – βr r < 1 – βs s . (3) Here 0 < β < 1 < α. In particular, when s = 1, we have αr – 1 > r(α – 1), 1 – βr < r(1 – β). (4) (ii) The inequalities (3) and (4) have been proved on the supposition that r and s are positive integers. But it is easy to see that they hold under the more general hypothesis that r and s are any positive rational numbers. Let us consider, for example, the first of the inequalities (3). Let r = a/b, s = c/d, where a, b, c, d are positive integers; so that ad > bc. If we put α = γbd, the inequality takes the form (γad – 1)/ad > (γbc – 1)/bc; and this we have proved already. The same argument applies to the remaining inequalities; and it can evidently be proved in a similar manner that αs – 1 < s(α – 1), 1 – βs > s(1 – β), (5) [IV : 74] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A 166 if s is a positive rational number less than 1. (iii) In what follows it is to be understood that all the letters denote positive numbers, that r and s are rational, and that α and r are greater than 1, β and s less than 1. Writing 1/β for α, and 1/α for β, in (4), we obtain αr – 1 < rαr–1(α – 1), 1 – βr > rβr–1(1 – β). (6) Similarly, from (5), we deduce αs – 1 > sαs–1(α – 1), 1 – βs < sβs–1(1 – β). (7) Combining (4) and (6), we see that rαr–1(α – 1) > αr – 1 > r(α – 1). (8) Writing x/y for α, we obtain rxr–1(x – y) > xr – yr > ryr–1(x – y) (9) if x > y > 0. And the same argument, applied to (5) and (7), leads to sxs–1(x – y) < xs – ys < sys–1(x – y). (10) Examples XXVIII. 1. Verify (9) for r = 2, 3, and (10) for s = 1 2 , 1 3 . 2. Show that (9) and (10) are also true if y > x > 0. 3. Show that (9) also holds for r < 0. [See Chrystal's Algebra, vol. ii, pp. 43–45.] 4. If φ(n) → l, where l > 0, as n → ∞, then φk → lk, k being any rational number. [We may suppose that k > 0, in virtue of Theorem III of § 66; and that 1 2 l < φ < 2l, as is certainly the case from a certain value of n onwards. If k > 1, kφk–1(φ – l) > φk – lk > klk–1(φ – l) or klk–1(l – φ) > lk – φk > kφk–1(l – φ), [IV : 75] POSITIVE INTEGRAL VARIABLE 167 according as φ > l or φ < l. It follows that the ratio of |φk – lk| and |φ – l| lies between k(1 2 l)k–1 and k(2l)k–1. The proof is similar when 0 < k < 1. The result is still true when l =

0, if k > 0.] 5. Extend the results of Exs. xxvii. 7, 8, 9 to the case in which r or k are any rational numbers. 75. The limit of n(n √x – 1). If in the first inequality (3) of § 74 we put r = 1/(n – 1), s = 1/n, we see that (n – 1)(n–1 √α – 1) > n(n √α – 1) when α > 1. Thus if φ(n) = n(n √α – 1) then φ(n) decreases steadily as n in- creases. Also φ(n) is always positive. Hence φ(n) tends to a limit l as n → ∞, and l ■ 0. Again if, in the first inequality (7) of § 74, we put s = 1/n, we obtain n(n √α – 1) > n √α

1 – 1 α

> 1 – 1 α . Thus l ■ 1 – (1/α) > 0. Hence, if α > 1, we have lim n→∞ n(n √α – 1) = f (α), where f (α) > 0. Next suppose β < 1, and let β = 1/α; then n(n √β – 1) = –n(√α – 1)/ n √α. Now n(n √α – 1) → f (α), and (Exs. xxvii. 10) n √α → 1. Hence, if β = 1/α < 1, we have n(n pβ – 1) → –f (α). Finally, if x = 1, then n(n √x – 1) = 0 for all values of n. Thus we arrive at the result: the limit lim n(n √x – 1) defines a function of x for all positive values of x. This function f (x) possesses the properties f (1/x) = –f (x), f (1) = 0, and is positive or negative according as x > 1 or x < 1. Later on we shall be able to identify this function with the Napierian logarithm of x. [IV : 76] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A 168 Example. Prove that f (xy) = f (x) + f (y). [Use the equations f (xy) = lim n(n √xy – 1) = lim{n(n √x – 1) n √y + n(n √y – 1)}.] 76. Infinite Series. Suppose that u(n) is any function of n defined for all values of n. If we add up the values of u(ν) for ν = 1, 2, . . . n, we obtain another function of n, viz. s(n) = u(1) + u(2) + · · · + u(n), also defined for all values of n. It is generally most convenient to alter our notation slightly and write this equation in the form sn = u1 + u2 + · · · + un, or, more shortly, sn = nX ν=1 uν . If now we suppose that sn tends to a limit s when n tends to ∞, we have lim n→∞ nX ν=1 uν = s. This equation is usually written in one of the forms ∞X ν=1 uν = s, u1 + u2 + u3 + · · · = s, the dots denoting the indefinite continuance of the series of u's. The meaning of the above equations, expressed roughly, is that by adding more and more of the u's together we get nearer and nearer to the limit s. More precisely, if any small positive number ■ is chosen, we can [IV : 77] POSITIVE INTEGRAL VARIABLE 169 choose n0(■) so that the sum of the first n0(■) terms, or any of greater number of terms, lies between s – ■ and s + ■; or in symbols s – ■ < sn < s + ■, if n ■ n0(■). In these circumstances we shall call the series u1 + u2 + . . . a convergent infinite series, and we shall call s the sum of the series, or the sum of all the terms of the series. Thus to say that the series u1 + u2 + . . . converges and has the sum s, or converges to the sum s or simply converges to s, is merely another way of stating that the sum sn = u1 + u2 + · · · + un of the first n terms tends to the limit s as n → ∞, and the consideration of such infinite series introduces no new ideas beyond those with which the early part of this chapter should already have made the reader familiar. In fact the sum sn is merely a function φ(n), such as we have been considering, expressed in a particular form. Any function φ(n) may be expressed in this form, by writing φ(n) = φ(1) + {φ(2) – φ(1)} + · · · + {φ(n) – φ(n – 1)}; and it is sometimes convenient to say that φ(n) converges (instead of 'tends') to the limit l, say, as n → ∞. If sn → +∞ or sn → –∞, we shall say that the series u1 + u2 + . . . is divergent or diverges to +∞, or –∞, as the case may be. These phrases too may be applied to any function φ(n): thus if φ(n) → +∞ we may say that φ(n) diverges to +∞. If sn does not tend to a limit or to +∞ or to –∞, then it oscillates finitely or infinitely: in this case we say that the series u1 + u2 + . . . oscillates finitely or infinitely.* *The reader should be warned that the words 'divergent' and 'oscillatory' are used differently by different writers. The use of the words here agrees with that of Bromwich's Infinite Series. In Hobson's Theory of Functions of a Real Variable a series is said to oscillate only if it oscillates finitely, series which oscillate infinitely being classed as 'divergent'. Many foreign writers use 'divergent' as meaning merely 'not convergent'. [IV : 77] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A 170 77. General theorems concerning infinite series. When we are dealing with infinite series we shall constantly have occasion to use the following general theorems. (1) If u1 +u2 +. . . is convergent, and has the sum s, then a+u1 +u2 +. . . is convergent and has the sum a+s. Similarly a+b+c+· · ·+k+u1 +u2 +. . . is convergent and has the sum a + b + c + · · · + k + s. (2) If u1 + u2 + . . . is convergent and has the sum s, then um+1 + um+2 + . . . is convergent and has the sum s – u1 – u2 – · · · – um. (3) If any series considered in (1) or (2) diverges or oscillates, then so do the others. (4) If u1 +u2 +. . . is convergent and has the sum s, then ku1 +ku2 +. . . is convergent and has the sum ks. (5) If the first series considered in (4) diverges or oscillates, then so does the second, unless k = 0. (6) If u1 + u2 + . . . and v1 + v2 + . . . are both convergent, then the series (u1 + v1) + (u2 + v2) + . . . is convergent and its sum is the sum of the first two series. All these theorems are almost obvious and may be proved at once from the definitions or by applying the results of §§ 63–66 to the sum sn = u1 + u2 + · · · + un. Those which follow are of a somewhat different character. (7) If u1 + u2 + . . . is convergent, then lim un = 0. For un = sn – sn–1, and sn and sn–1 have the same limit s. Hence lim un = s – s = 0. The reader may be tempted to think that the converse of the theorem is true and that if lim un = 0 then the series P un must be convergent. That this is not the case is easily seen from an example. Let the series be 1 + 1 2 + 1 3 + 1 4 + . . . so that un = 1/n. The sum of the first four terms is 1 + 1 2 + 1 3 + 1 4 > 1 + 1 2 + 2 4 = 1 + 1 2 + 1 2 . [IV : 77] POSITIVE INTEGRAL VARIABLE 171 The sum of the next four terms is 1 5 + 1 6 + 1 7 + 1 8 > 4 8 = 1 2 ; the sum of the next eight terms is greater than 8 16 = 1 2 , and so on. The sum of the first 4 + 4 + 8 + 16 + · · · + 2n = 2n+1 terms is greater than 2 + 1 2 + 1 2 + 1 2 + · · · + 1 2 = 1 2 (n + 3), and this increases beyond all limit with n: hence the series diverges to +∞. (8) If u1 + u2 + u3 + . . . is convergent, then so is any series formed by grouping the terms in brackets in any way to form new single terms, and the sums of

the two series are the same. The reader will be able to supply the proof of this theorem. Here again the converse is not true. Thus 1 – 1 + 1 – 1 + . . . oscillates, while (1 – 1) + (1 – 1) + . . . or 0 + 0 + 0 + . . . converges to 0. (9) If every term un is positive (or zero), then the series P un must either converge or diverge to +∞. If it converges, its sum must be positive (unless all the terms are zero, when of course its sum is zero). For sn is an increasing function of n, according to the definition of § 69, and we can apply the results of that section to sn. (10)If every term un is positive (or zero), then the necessary and suffi- cient condition that the series P un should be convergent is that it should be possible to find a number K such that the sum of any number of terms is less than K; and, if K can be so found, then the sum of the series is not greater than K. This also follows at once from § 69. It is perhaps hardly necessary to point out that the theorem is not true if the condition that every un is positive is not fulfilled. For example 1 – 1 + 1 – 1 + . . . obviously oscillates, sn being alternately equal to 1 and to 0. [IV : 78] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A 172 (11) If u1 + u2 + . . . , v1 + v2 + . . . are two series of positive (or zero) terms, and the second series is convergent, and if un ■ Kvn, where K is a constant, for all values of n, then the first series is also convergent, and its sum is less than or equal to K times that of the second. For if v1 + v2 + · · · = t then v1 + v2 + · · · + vn ■ t for all values of n, and so u1 + u2 + · · · + un ■ Kt; which proves the theorem. Conversely, if P un is divergent, and vn ■ Kun, then P vn is divergent. 78. The infinite geometrical series. We shall now consider the ‘geometrical’ series, whose general term is un = rn–1. In this case sn = 1 + r + r2 + · · · + rn–1 = (1 – rn)/(1 – r), except in the special case in which r = 1, when sn = 1 + 1 + · · · + 1 = n. In the last case sn → +∞. In the general case sn will tend to a limit if and only if rn does so. Referring to the results of § 72 we see that the series 1 + r + r2 + . . . is convergent and has the sum 1/(1 – r) if and only if –1 < r < 1. If r ■ 1, then sn ■ n, and so sn → +∞; i.e. the series diverges to +∞. If r = –1, then sn = 1 or sn = 0 according as n is odd or even: i.e. sn oscillates finitely. If r < –1, then sn oscillates infinitely. Thus, to sum up, the series 1 + r + r2 + . . . diverges to +∞ if r ■ 1, converges to 1/(1 – r) if –1 < r < 1, oscillates finitely if r = –1, and oscillates infinitely if r < –1. Examples XXIX. 1. Recurring decimals. The commonest exam- ple of an infinite geometric series is given by an ordinary recurring decimal. Consider, for example, the decimal .21713. This stands, according to the ordi- nary rules of arithmetic, for 2 10 + 1 102 + 7 103 + 1 104 + 3 105 + 1 106 + 3 107 +· · · = 217 1000 + 13 105

1 – 1 102

= 2687 12,375 . [IV : 78] POSITIVE INTEGRAL VARIABLE 173 The reader should consider where and how any of the general theorems of § 77 have been used in this reduction. 2. Show that in general .a1a2 . . . amα1α2 . . . αn = a1a2 . . . amα1 . . . αn – a1a2 . . . an 99 . . . 900 . . . 0 , the denominator containing n 9’s and m 0’s. 3. Show that a pure recurring decimal is always equal to a proper fraction whose denominator does not contain 2 or 5 as a factor. 4. A decimal with m non-recurring and n recurring decimal figures is equal to a proper fraction whose denominator is divisible by 2m or 5m but by no higher power of either. 5. The converses of Exs. 3, 4 are also true. Let r = p/q, and suppose first that q is prime to 10. If we divide all powers of 10 by q we can obtain at most q different remainders. It is therefore possible to find two numbers n1 and n2, where n1 > n2, such that 10n1 and 10n2 give the same remainder. Hence 10n1 – 10n2 = 10n2 (10n1–n2 – 1) is divisible by q, and so 10n – 1, where n = n1 –n2, is divisible by q. Hence r may be expressed in the form P/(10n –1), or in the form P 10n + P 102n + . . . , i.e. as a pure recurring decimal with n figures. If on the other hand q = 2α5β Q, where Q is prime to 10, and m is the greater of α and β, then 10mr has a denominator prime to 10, and is therefore expressible as the sum of an integer and a pure recurring decimal. But this is not true of 10μr, for any value of μ less than m; hence the decimal for r has exactly m non-recurring figures. 6. To the results of Exs. 2–5 we must add that of Ex. i. 3. Finally, if we observe that .9 = 9 10 + 9 102 + 9 103 + · · · = 1, we see that every terminating decimal can also be expressed as a mixed recurring decimal whose recurring part is composed entirely of 9’s. For example, .217 = .2169. Thus every proper fraction can be expressed as a recurring decimal, and conversely. 7. Decimals in general. The expression of irrational numbers as non-recurring decimals. Any decimal, whether recurring or not, corresponds [IV : 78] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A 174 to a definite number between 0 and 1. For the decimal .a1a2a3a4 . . . stands for the series a1 10 + a2 102 + a3 103 + ... Since all the digits ar are positive, the sum sn of the first n terms of this series increases with n, and it is certainly not greater than .9 or 1. Hence sn tends to a limit between 0 and 1. Moreover no two decimals can correspond to the same number (except in the special case noticed in Ex. 6). For suppose that .a1a2a3 . . . , .b1b2b3 . . . are two decimals which agree as far as the figures ar–1, br–1, while ar > br. Then ar ■ br + 1 > br.br+1br+2 . . . (unless br+1, br+2, . . . are all 9’s), and so .a1a2 . . . arar+1 · · · > .b1b2 . . . brbr+1 . . . . It follows that the expression of a rational fraction as a recurring decimal (Exs. 2–6) is unique. It also follows that every decimal which does not recur represents some irrational number between 0 and 1. Conversely, any such number can be expressed as such a decimal. For it must lie in one of the intervals 0, 1/10; 1/10, 2/10; . . . ; 9/10, 1. If it lies between r/10 and (r + 1)/10, then the first figure is r. By subdividing this interval into 10 parts we can determine the second figure; and so on. But (Exs. 3, 4) the decimal cannot recur. Thus, for example, the decimal 1.414 . . . , obtained by the ordinary process for the extraction of √2, cannot recur. 8. The decimals .101 001 000 100 001 0 . . . and .202 002 000 200 002 0 . . . , in which the number of zeros between two 1’s

or 2's increases by one at each stage, represent irrational numbers. 9. The decimal .111 010 100 010 10 . . . , in which the nth figure is 1 if n is prime, and zero otherwise, represents an irrational number. [Since the number of primes is infinite the decimal does not terminate. Nor can it recur: for if it did we could determine m and p so that m, m + p, m + 2p, m + 3p, . . . are all prime numbers; and this is absurd, since the series includes m + mp.]* *All the results of Exs. xxix may be extended, with suitable modifications, to decimals in any scale of notation. For a fuller discussion see Bromwich, Infinite Series, Appendix I. [IV : 78] POSITIVE INTEGRAL VARIABLE 175 Examples XXX. 1. The series rm + rm+1 + . . . is convergent if –1 < r < 1, and its sum is 1/(1 – r) – 1 – r – · · · – rm–1 (§ 77, (2)). 2. The series rm + rm+1 + . . . is convergent if –1 < r < 1, and its sum is rm/(1 – r) (§ 77, (4)). Verify that the results of Exs. 1 and 2 are in agreement. 3. Prove that the series 1 + 2r + 2r2 + . . . is convergent, and that its sum is (1 + r)/(1 – r), (α) by writing it in the form –1 + 2(1 + r + r2 + . . .), (β) by writing it in the form 1 + 2(r + r2 + . . .), (γ) by adding the two series 1 + r + r2 + . . . , r + r2 + ... In each case mention which of the theorems of § 77 are used in your proof. 4. Prove that the 'arithmetic' series a + (a + b) + (a + 2b) + . . . is always divergent, unless both a and b are zero. Show that, if b is not zero, the series diverges to +∞ or to –∞ according to the sign of b, while if b = 0 it diverges to +∞ or –∞ according to the sign of a. 5. What is the sum of the series (1 – r) + (r – r2) + (r2 – r3) + . . . when the series is convergent? [The series converges only if –1 < r ■ 1. Its sum is 1, except when r = 1, when its sum is 0.] 6. Sum the series r2 + r2 1 + r2 + r2 (1 + r2)2 + ... [The series is always convergent. Its sum is 1 + r2, except when r = 0, when its sum is 0.] 7. If we assume that 1 + r + r2 + . . . is convergent then we can prove that its sum is 1/(1 – r) by means of § 77, (1) and (4). For if 1 + r + r2 + · · · = s then s = 1 + r(1 + r2 + . . .) = 1 + rs. 8. Sum the series r + r 1 + r + r (1 + r)2 + . . . [IV : 78] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A 176 when it is convergent. [The series is convergent if –1 < 1/(1 + r) < 1, i.e. if r < –2 or if r > 0, and its sum is 1 + r. It is also convergent when r = 0, when its sum is 0.] 9. Answer the same question for the series r – r 1 + r + r (1 + r)2 – . . . , r + r 1 – r + r (1 – r)2 + . . . , 1 – r 1 + r + r 1 + r 2 – . . . , 1 + r 1 – r + r 1 – r 2 + ... 10. Consider the convergence of the series (1 + r) + (r2 + r3) + . . . , (1 + r + r2) + (r3 + r4 + r5) + . . . , 1 – 2r + r2 + r3 – 2r4 + r5 + . . . , (1 – 2r + r2) + (r3 – 2r4 + r5) + . . . , and find their sums when they are convergent. 11. If 0 ■ an ■ 1 then the series a0 + a1r + a2r2 + . . . is convergent for 0 ■ r < 1, and its sum is not greater than 1/(1 – r). 12. If in addition the series a0 + a1 + a2 + . . . is convergent, then the series a0 + a1r + a2r2 + . . . is convergent for 0 ■ r ■ 1, and its sum is not greater than the lesser of a0 + a1 + a2 + . . . and 1/(1 – r). 13. The series 1 + 1 1 + 1 1 · 2 + 1 1 · 2 · 3 + . . . is convergent. [For 1/(1 · 2 . . . n) ■ 1/2n–1.] 14. The series 1 + 1 1 · 2 + 1 1 · 2 · 3 · 4 + . . . , 1 1 + 1 1 · 2 · 3 + 1 1 · 2 · 3 · 4 · 5 + . . . are convergent. 15. The general harmonic series 1 a + 1 a + b + 1 a + 2b + . . . , where a and b are positive, diverges to +∞. [For un = 1/(a + nb) > 1/{n(a + b)}. Now compare with 1 + 1 2 + 1 3 + ...] [IV : 79] POSITIVE INTEGRAL VARIABLE 177 16. Show that the series (u0 – u1) + (u1 – u2) + (u2 – u3) + . . . is convergent if and only if un tends to a limit as n → ∞. 17. If u1 + u2 + u3 + . . . is divergent then so is any series formed by grouping the terms in brackets in any way to form new single terms. 18. Any series, formed by taking a selection of the terms of a convergent series of positive terms, is itself convergent. 79. The representation of functions of a continuous real vari- able by means of limits. In the preceding sections we have frequently been concerned with limits such as lim n→∞ φn(x), and series such as u1(x) + u2(x) + · · · = lim n→∞{u1(x) + u2(x) + · · · + un(x)}, in which the function of n whose limit we are seeking involves, besides n, another variable x. In such cases the limit is of course a function of x. Thus in § 75 we encountered the function f (x) = lim n→∞ n(n √x – 1) : and the sum of the geometrical series 1 + x + x2 + . . . is a function of x, viz. the function which is equal to 1/(1 – x) if –1 < x < 1 and is undefined for all other values of x. Many of the apparently 'arbitrary' or 'unnatural' functions considered in Ch. II are capable of a simple representation of this kind, as will appear from the following examples. [IV : 79] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A 178 Examples XXXI. 1. φn(x) = x. Here n does not appear at all in the expression of φn(x), and φ(x) = lim φn(x) = x for all values of x. 2. φn(x) = x/n. Here φ(x) = lim φn(x) = 0 for all values of x. 3. φn(x) = nx. If x > 0, φn(x) → +∞; if x < 0, φn(x) → –∞: only when x = 0 has φn(x) a limit (viz. 0) as n → ∞. Thus φ(x) = 0 when x = 0 and is not defined for any other value of x. 4. φn(x) = 1/nx, nx/(nx + 1). 5. φn(x) = xn. Here φ(x) = 0, (–1 < x < 1); φ(x) = 1, (x = 1); and φ(x) is not defined for any other value of x. 6. φn(x) = xn(1 – x). Here φ(x) differs from the φ(x) of Ex. 5 in that it has the value 0 when x = 1. 7. φn(x) = xn/n. Here φ(x) differs from the φ(x) of Ex. 6 in that it has the value 0 when x = –1 as well as when x = 1. 8. φn(x) = xn/(xn + 1). [φ(x) = 0, (–1 < x < 1); φ(x) = 1 2 , (x = 1); φ(x) = 1, (x < –1 or x > 1); and φ(x) is not defined when x = –1.] 9. φn(x) = xn/(xn – 1), 1/(xn + 1), 1/(xn – 1), 1/(xn + x–n), 1/(xn – x–n). 10. φn(x) = (xn – 1)/(xn + 1), (nxn – 1)/(nxn + 1), (xn – n)/(xn + n). [In the first case φ(x) = 1 when |x| > 1, φ(x) = –1 when |x| < 1, φ(x) = 0 when x = 1 and φ(x) is not defined when x = –1. The second and third functions differ from the first in that they are defined both when x = 1 and when x = –1: the second has the value 1 and the third the value –1 for both these values of x.] 11. Construct an example in which φ(x) = 1, (|x| > 1); φ(x) = –1, (|x| < 1); and φ(x) = 0, (x = 1 and x = –1). 12. φn(x) = x{(x2n – 1)/(x2n + 1)}2, n/(xn + x–n + n). 13. φn(x) = {xnf (x) + g(x)}/(xn + 1). [Here φ(x) = f (x), (|x| > 1); φ(x) = g(x), (|x| < 1); φ(x) = 1 2 {f (x) + g(x)}, (x = 1); and φ(x) is undefined when x = –1.] 14. φn(x) = (2/π) arc tan(nx). [φ(x) = 1, (x > 0); φ(x) = 0, (x = 0); φ(x) = –1, (x < 0). This function is important in the Theory of Numbers, and is usually denoted by sgn x.] 15. φn(x) = sin nxπ. [φ(x) = 0 when x is an integer; and φ(x) is otherwise undefined (Ex. xxiv. 7).] 16. If φn(x) = sin(n! xπ) then φ(x) = 0 for all rational values of x (Ex. xxiv. 14). [The consideration of irrational

values presents greater difficul- [IV : 80] POSITIVE INTEGRAL VARIABLE 179 ties.] 17. φn(x) = (cos2 xπ)n. [φ(x) = 0 except when x is integral, when φ(x) = 1.] 18. If N ■ 1752 then the number of days in the year N a.d. is lim{365 + (cos2 1 4 N π)n – (cos2 1 100 N π)n + (cos2 1 400 N π)n}. 80. The bounds of a bounded aggregate. Let S be any system or aggregate of real numbers s. If there is a number K such that s ■ K for every s of S, we say that S is bounded above. If there is a number k such that s ■ k for every s, we say that S is bounded below. If S is both bounded above and bounded below, we say simply that S is bounded. Suppose first that S is bounded above (but not necessarily below). There will be an infinity of numbers which possess the property possessed by K; any number greater than K, for example, possesses it. We shall prove that among these numbers there is a least,* which we shall call M . This number M is not exceeded by any member of S, but every number less than M is exceeded by at least one member of S. We divide the real numbers ξ into two classes L and R, putting ξ into L or R according as it is or is not exceeded by members of S. Then every ξ belongs to one and one only of the classes L and R. Each class exists; for any number less than any member of S belongs to L, while K belongs to R. Finally, any member of L is less than some member of S, and therefore less than any member of R. Thus the three conditions of Dedekind's Theorem (§ 17) are satisfied, and there is a number M dividing the classes. The number M is the number whose existence we had to prove. In the first place, M cannot be exceeded by any member of S. For if there were such a member s of S, we could write s = M + η, where η is positive. The number M + 1 2 η would then belong to L, because it is less than s, and to R, because it is greater than M ; and this is impossible. On the other hand, any number less *An infinite aggregate of numbers does not necessarily possess a least member. The set consisting of the numbers 1, 1 2 , 1 3 , . . . , 1 n , . . . , for example, has no least member. [IV : 82] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A 180 than M belongs to L, and is therefore exceeded by at least one member of S. Thus M has all the properties required. This number M we call the upper bound of S, and we may enunciate the fol- lowing theorem. Any aggregate S which is bounded above has an upper bound M . No member of S exceeds M ; but any number less than M is exceeded by at least one member of S. In exactly the same way we can prove the corresponding theorem for an aggregate bounded below (but not necessarily above). Any aggregate S which is bounded below has a lower bound m. No member of S is less than m; but there is at least one member of S which is less than any number greater than m. It will be observed that, when S is bounded above, M ■ K, and when S is bounded below, m ■ k. When S is bounded, k ■ m ■ M ■ K. 81. The bounds of a bounded function. Suppose that φ(n) is a function of the positive integral variable n. The aggregate of all the values φ(n) defines a set S, to which we may apply all the arguments of § 80. If S is bounded above, or bounded below, or bounded, we say that φ(n) is bounded above, or bounded below, or bounded. If φ(n) is bounded above, that is to say if there is a number K such that φ(n) ■ K for all values of n, then there is a number M such that (i) φ(n) ■ M for all values of n; (ii) if ■ is any positive number then φ(n) > M – ■ for at least one value of n. This number M we call the upper bound of φ(n). Similarly, if φ(n) is bounded below, that is to say if there is a number k such that φ(n) ■ k for all values of n, then there is a number m such that (i) φ(n) ■ m for all values of n; (ii) if ■ is any positive number then φ(n) < m + ■ for at least one value of n. This number m we call the lower bound of φ(n). If K exists, M ■ K; if k exists, m ■ k; and if both k and K exist then k ■ m ■ M ■ K. 82. The limits of indetermination of a bounded function. Sup- pose that φ(n) is a bounded function, and M and m its upper and lower bounds. Let us take any real number ξ, and consider now the relations of inequality which [IV : 82] POSITIVE INTEGRAL VARIABLE 181 may hold between ξ and the values assumed by φ(n) for large values of n. There are three mutually exclusive possibilities: (1) ξ ■ φ(n) for all sufficiently large values of n; (2) ξ ■ φ(n) for all sufficiently large values of n; (3) ξ < φ(n) for an infinity of values of n, and also ξ > φ(n) for an infinity of values of n. In case (1) we shall say that ξ is a superior number, in case (2) that it is an inferior number, and in case (3) that it is an intermediate number. It is plain that no superior number can be less than m, and no inferior number greater than M . Let us consider the aggregate of all superior numbers. It is bounded below, since none of its members are less than m, and has therefore a lower bound, which we shall denote by Λ. Similarly the aggregate of inferior numbers has an upper bound, which we denote by λ. We call Λ and λ respectively the upper and lower limits of indetermination of φ(n) as n tends to infinity; and write Λ = lim φ(n), λ = lim φ(n). These numbers have the following properties: (1) m ■ λ ■ Λ ■ M ; (2) Λ and λ are the upper and lower bounds of the aggregate of intermediate numbers, if any such exist; (3) if ■ is any positive number, then φ(n) < Λ + ■ for all sufficiently large values of n, and φ(n) > Λ – ■ for an infinity of values of n; (4) similarly φ(n) > λ – ■ for all sufficiently large values of n, and φ(n) < λ + ■ for an infinity of values of n; (5) the necessary and sufficient condition that φ(n) should tend to a limit is that Λ = λ, and in this case the limit is l, the common value of λ and Λ. Of these properties, (1) is an immediate consequence of the definitions; and we can prove (2) as follows. If Λ = λ = l, there can be at most one intermediate number, viz. l, and there is nothing to prove. Suppose then that Λ > λ. Any intermediate number ξ is less than any superior and greater than any inferior number, so that λ ■ ξ ■ Λ. But if λ < ξ < Λ then ξ must be intermediate, since it is plainly neither superior nor inferior. Hence there are intermediate numbers as near as we please to either λ or Λ. [IV : 82] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A 182 To prove (3) we observe that Λ + ■ is superior and Λ – ■ intermediate or inferior. The result is then an immediate consequence of the definitions; and the proof of (4) is substantially the same. Finally (5) may be proved as follows. If Λ = λ = l, then l – ■ < φ(n) < l + ■ for every positive

value of ■ and all sufficiently large values of n, so that φ(n) → l. Conversely, if φ(n) → l, then the inequalities above written hold for all sufficiently large values of n. Hence l – ■ is inferior and l + ■ superior, so that λ ■ l – ■, Λ ■ l + ■, and therefore Λ – λ ■ 2■. As Λ – λ ■ 0, this can only be true if Λ = λ. Examples XXXII. 1. Neither Λ nor λ is affected by any alteration in any finite number of values of φ(n). 2. If φ(n) = a for all values of n, then m = λ = Λ = M = a. 3. If φ(n) = 1/n, then m = λ = Λ = 0 and M = 1. 4. If φ(n) = (–1)n, then m = λ = –1 and Λ = M = 1. 5. If φ(n) = (–1)n/n, then m = –1, λ = Λ = 0, M = 1 2 . 6. If φ(n) = (–1)n{1 + (1/n)}, then m = –2, λ = –1, Λ = 1, M = 3 2 . 7. Let φ(n) = sin nθπ, where θ > 0. If θ is an integer then m = λ = Λ = M = 0. If θ is rational but not integral a variety of cases arise. Suppose, e.g., that θ = p/q, p and q being positive, odd, and prime to one another, and q > 1. Then φ(n) assumes the cyclical sequence of values sin(pπ/q), sin(2pπ/q), . . . , sin{(2q – 1)pπ/q}, sin(2qpπ/q), ... It is easily verified that the numerically greatest and least values of φ(n) are cos(π/2q) and – cos(π/2q), so that m = λ = – cos(π/2q), Λ = M = cos(π/2q). The reader may discuss similarly the cases which arise when p and q are not both odd. [IV : 84] POSITIVE INTEGRAL VARIABLE 183 The case in which θ is irrational is more difficult: it may be shown that in this case m = λ = –1 and Λ = M = 1. It may also be shown that the values of φ(n) are scattered all over the interval [–1, 1] in such a way that, if ξ is any number of the interval, then there is a sequence n1, n2, . . . such that φ(nk) → ξ as k → ∞.* The results are very similar when φ(n) is the fractional part of nθ. 83. The general principle of convergence for a bounded func- tion. The results of the preceding sections enable us to formulate a very important necessary and sufficient condition that a bounded function φ(n) should tend to a limit, a condition usually referred to as the general principle of con- vergence to a limit. Theorem 1. The necessary and sufficient condition that a bounded func- tion φ(n) should tend to a limit is that, when any positive number ■ is given, it should be possible to find a number n0(■) such that |φ(n2) – φ(n1)| < ■ for all values of n1 and n2 such that n2 > n1 ■ n0(■). In the first place, the condition is necessary. For if φ(n) → l then we can find n0 so that l – 1 2 ■ < φ(n) < l + 1 2 ■ when n ■ n0, and so |φ(n2) – φ(n1)| < ■ (1) when n1 ■ n0 and n2 ■ n0. In the second place, the condition is sufficient. In order to prove this we have only to show that it involves λ = Λ. But if λ < Λ then there are, however small ■ may be, infinitely many values of n such that φ(n) < λ + ■ and infinitely many such that φ(n) > Λ – ■; and therefore we can find values of n1 and n2, each greater than any assigned number n0, and such that φ(n2) – φ(n1) > Λ – λ – 2■, which is greater than 1 2 (Λ – λ) if ■ is small enough. This plainly contradicts the inequality (1). Hence λ = Λ, and so φ(n) tends to a limit. *A number of simple proofs of this result are given by Hardy and Littlewood, “Some Problems of Diophantine Approximation”, Acta Mathematica, vol. xxxvii. [IV : 85] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A 184 84. Unbounded functions. So far we have restricted ourselves to bounded functions; but the ‘general principle of convergence’ is the same for unbounded as for bounded functions, and the words ‘a bounded function’ may be omitted from the enunciation of Theorem 1. In the first place, if φ(n) tends to a limit l then it is certainly bounded; for all but a finite number of its values are less than l + ■ and greater than l – ■. In the second place, if the condition of Theorem 1 is satisfied, we have |φ(n2) – φ(n1)| < ■ whenever n1 ■ n0 and n2 ■ n0. Let us choose some particular value n1 greater than n0. Then φ(n1) – ■ < φ(n2) < φ(n1) + ■ when n2 ■ n0. Hence φ(n) is bounded; and so the second part of the proof of the last section applies also. The theoretical importance of the ‘general principle of convergence’ can hardly be overestimated. Like the theorems of § 69, it gives us a means of deciding whether a function φ(n) tends to a limit or not, without requiring us to be able to tell beforehand what the limit, if it exists, must be; and it has not the limitations inevitable in theorems of such a special character as those of § 69. But in elementary work it is generally possible to dispense with it, and to obtain all we want from these special theorems. And it will be found that, in spite of the importance of the principle, practically no applications are made of it in the chapters which follow.* We will only remark that, if we suppose that φ(n) = sn = u1 + u2 + · · · + un, we obtain at once a necessary and sufficient condition for the convergence of an infinite series, viz: Theorem 2. The necessary and sufficient condition for the convergence of the series u1 + u2 + . . . is that, given any positive number ■, it should be possible to find n0 so that |un1+1 + un1+2 + · · · + un2 | < ■ for all values of n1 and n2 such that n2 > n1 ■ n0. *A few proofs given in Ch. VIII can be simplified by the use of the principle. [IV : 86] POSITIVE INTEGRAL VARIABLE 185 85. Limits of complex functions and series of complex terms. In this chapter we have, up to the present, concerned ourselves only with real functions of n and series all of whose terms are real. There is however no difficulty in extending our ideas and definitions to the case in which the functions or the terms of the series are complex. Suppose that φ(n) is complex and equal to ρ(n) + iσ(n), where ρ(n), σ(n) are real functions of n. Then if ρ(n) and σ(n) converge respectively to limits r and s as n → ∞, we shall say that φ(n) converges to the limit l = r + is, and write lim φ(n) = l. Similarly, when un is complex and equal to vn + iwn, we shall say that the series u1 + u2 + u3 + . . . is convergent and has the sum l = r + is, if the series v1 + v2 + v3 + . . . , w1 + w2 + w3 + . . . are convergent and have the sums r, s respectively. To say that u1 + u2 + u3 + . . . is convergent and has the sum l is of course the same as to say that the sum sn = u1 + u2 + · · · + un = (v1 + v2 + · · · + vn) + i(w1 + w2 + · · · + wn) converges to the limit l as n → ∞. In the case of real functions and series we also gave definitions of di- vergence and oscillation, finite or infinite. But in the case of complex functions and series, where we have to consider the behaviour both of ρ(n) and of σ(n), there are so many possibilities that this is hardly worth while. When it is necessary to make further distinctions of this kind, we shall make them by stating the way in which the real or imaginary parts behave when

taken separately. [IV : 86] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A 186 86. The reader will find no difficulty in proving such theorems as the following, which are obvious extensions of theorems already proved for real functions and series. (1) If lim φ(n) = l then lim φ(n + p) = l for any fixed value of p. (2) If u1 + u2 + . . . is convergent and has the sum l, then a + b + c + · · · + k + u1 + u2 + . . . is convergent and has the sum a + b + c + · · · + k + l, and up+1 + up+2 + . . . is convergent and has the sum l – u1 – u2 – · · · – up. (3) If lim φ(n) = l and lim ψ(n) = m, then lim{φ(n) + ψ(n)} = l + m. (4) If lim φ(n) = l, then lim kφ(n) = kl. (5) If lim φ(n) = l and lim ψ(n) = m, then lim φ(n)ψ(n) = lm. (6) If u1 + u2 + . . . converges to the sum l, and v1 + v2 + . . . to the sum m, then (u1 + v1) + (u2 + v2) + . . . converges to the sum l + m. (7) If u1 +u2 +. . . converges to the sum l then ku1 +ku2 +. . . converges to the sum kl. (8) If u1 + u2 + u3 + . . . is convergent then lim un = 0. (9) If u1 + u2 + u3 + . . . is convergent, then so is any series formed by grouping the terms in brackets, and the sums of the two series are the same. As an example, let us prove theorem (5). Let φ(n) = ρ(n) + iσ(n), ψ(n) = ρ′(n) + iσ′(n), l = r + is, m = r′ + is′. Then ρ(n) → r, σ(n) → s, ρ′(n) → r′, σ′(n) → s′. But φ(n)ψ(n) = ρρ′ – σσ′ + i(ρσ′ + ρ′σ), and ρρ′ – σσ′ → rr′ – ss′, ρσ′ + ρ′σ → rs′ + r′s; so that φ(n)ψ(n) → rr′ – ss′ + i(rs′ + r′s), [IV : 86] POSITIVE INTEGRAL VARIABLE 187 i.e. φ(n)ψ(n) → (r + is)(r′ + is′) = lm. The following theorems are of a somewhat different character. (10)In order that φ(n) = ρ(n)+iσ(n) should converge to zero as n → ∞, it is necessary and sufficient that |φ(n)| = p{ρ(n)}2 + {σ(n)}2 should converge to zero. If ρ(n) and σ(n) both converge to zero then it is plain that pρ2 + σ2 does so. The converse follows from the fact that the numerical value of ρ or σ cannot be greater than pρ2 + σ2. (11) More generally, in order that φ(n) should converge to a limit l, it is necessary and sufficient that |φ(n) – l| should converge to zero. For φ(n) – l converges to zero, and we can apply (10). (12) Theorems 1 and 2 of §§ 83–84 are still true when φ(n) and un are complex. We have to show that the necessary and sufficient condition that φ(n) should tend to l is that |φ(n2) – φ(n1)| < ■ (1) when n2 > n1 ■ n0. If φ(n) → l then ρ(n) → r and σ(n) → s, and so we can find numbers n′ 0 and n′′ 0 depending on ■ and such that |ρ(n2) – ρ(n1)| < 1 2 ■, |σ(n2) – σ(n1)| < 1 2 ■, the first inequality holding when n2 > n1 ■ n′ 0, and the second when n2 > n1 ■ n′′ 0 . Hence |φ(n2) – φ(n1)| ■ |ρ(n2) – ρ(n1)| + |σ(n2) – σ(n1)| < ■ [IV : 88] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A 188 when n2 > n1 ■ n0, where n0 is the greater of n′ 0 and n′′ 0 . Thus the condition (1) is necessary. To prove that it is sufficient we have only to observe that |ρ(n2) – ρ(n1)| ■ |φ(n2) – φ(n1)| < ■ when n2 > n1 ■ n0. Thus ρ(n) tends to a limit r, and in the same way it may be shown that σ(n) tends to a limit s. 87. The limit of zn as n → ∞, z being any complex number. Let us consider the important case in which φ(n) = zn. This problem has already been discussed for real values of z in § 72. If zn → l then zn+1 → l, by (1) of § 86. But, by (4) of § 86, zn+1 = zzn → zl, and therefore l = zl, which is only possible if (a) l = 0 or (b) z = 1. If z = 1 then lim zn = 1. Apart from this special case the limit, if it exists, can only be zero. Now if z = r(cos θ + i sin θ), where r is positive, then zn = rn(cos nθ + i sin nθ), so that |zn| = rn. Thus |zn| tends to zero if and only if r < 1; and it follows from (10) of § 86 that lim zn = 0 if and only if r < 1. In no other case does zn converge to a limit, except when z = 1 and zn → 1. 88. The geometric series 1 + z + z2 + . . . when z is complex. Since sn = 1 + z + z2 + · · · + zn–1 = (1 – zn)/(1 – z), unless z = 1, when the value of sn is n, it follows that the series 1 + z + z2 + . . . is convergent if and only if r = |z| < 1. And its sum when convergent is 1/(1 – z). [IV : 88] POSITIVE INTEGRAL VARIABLE 189 Thus if z = r(cos θ + i sin θ) = r Cis θ, and r < 1, we have 1 + z + z2 + . . . = 1/(1 – r Cis θ), or 1 + r Cis θ + r2 Cis 2θ + . . . = 1/(1 – r Cis θ) = (1 – r cos θ + ir sin θ)/(1 – 2r cos θ + r2). Separating the real and imaginary parts, we obtain 1 + r cos θ + r2 cos 2θ + . . . = (1 – r cos θ)/(1 – 2r cos θ + r2), r sin θ + r2 sin 2θ + . . . = r sin θ/(1 – 2r cos θ + r2), provided r < 1. If we change θ into θ + π, we see that these results hold also for negative values of r numerically less than 1. Thus they hold when –1 < r < 1. Examples XXXIII. 1. Prove directly that φ(n) = rn cos nθ converges to 0 when r < 1 and to 1 when r = 1 and θ is a multiple of 2π. Prove further that if r = 1 and θ is not a multiple of 2π, then φ(n) oscillates finitely; if r > 1 and θ is a multiple of 2π, then φ(n) → +∞; and if r > 1 and θ is not a multiple of 2π, then φ(n) oscillates infinitely. 2. Establish a similar series of results for φ(n) = rn sin nθ. 3. Prove that zm + zm+1 + · · · = zm/(1 – z), zm + 2zm+1 + 2zm+2 + · · · = zm(1 + z)/(1 – z), if and only if |z| < 1. Which of the theorems of § 86 do you use? 4. Prove that if –1 < r < 1 then 1 + 2r cos θ + 2r2 cos 2θ + · · · = (1 – r2)/(1 – 2r cos θ + r2). 5. The series 1 + z 1 + z + z 1 + z 2 + . . . converges to the sum 1

1 – z 1 + z

= 1 + z if |z/(1 + z)| < 1. Show that this condition is equivalent to the condition that z has a real part greater than – 1 2 . [IV : 88] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A 190 MISCELLANEOUS EXAMPLES ON CHAPTER IV. 1. The function φ(n) takes the values 1, 0, 0, 0, 1, 0, 0, 0, 1, . . . when n = 0, 1, 2, ... Express φ(n) in terms of n by a formula which does not involve trigonometrical functions. [φ(n) = 1 4 {1 + (–1)n + in + (–i)n}.] 2. If φ(n) steadily increases, and ψ(n) steadily decreases, as n tends to ∞, and if ψ(n) > φ(n) for all values of n, then both φ(n) and ψ(n) tend to limits, and lim φ(n) ■ lim ψ(n). [This is an immediate corollary from § 69.] 3. Prove that, if φ(n) =

1 + 1 n n , ψ(n) =

1 – 1 n –n , then φ(n + 1) > φ(n) and ψ(n + 1) < ψ(n). [The first result has already been proved in § 73.] 4. Prove also that ψ(n) > φ(n) for all values of n: and deduce (by means of the preceding examples) that both φ(n) and ψ(n) tend to limits as n tends to ∞.* 5. The arithmetic mean of the products of all distinct pairs of positive integers whose sum is n is denoted by Sn. Show that lim(Sn/n2) = 1/6. (Math. Trip. 1903.) 6. Prove that if x1 = 1 2 {x + (A/x)}, x2 = 1 2 {x1 + (A/x1)}, and so on, x and A being positive, then lim xn = √A. [Prove first that xn – √A xn + √A = x – √A x + √A 2n .] 7. If φ(n) is a positive integer for all values of n, and tends to ∞ with n, then xφ(n) tends to 0 if 0 < x < 1 and to +∞ if x > 1. Discuss the behaviour of xφ(n), as n → ∞, for other values of x. 8. If an increases or decreases steadily as n increases, then the same is true of (a1 + a2 + · · · + an)/n. 9. If xn+1 = √k + xn, and k and x1 are positive, then the sequence x1, x2, x3, . . . is an increasing or decreasing sequence according as x1 is less than or *A proof that lim{ψ(n) – φ(n)} = 0, and that therefore each function tends to the limit e, will be found in Chrystal's Algebra, vol. ii, p. 78. We shall however prove this in Ch. IX by a different method. Exs. 8–12 are taken from Bromwich's Infinite Series. [IV : 88] POSITIVE INTEGRAL VARIABLE 191 greater than α, the positive root of the equation x2 = x + k; and in either case xn → α as n → ∞. 10. If xn+1 = k/(1 + xn), and k and x1 are positive, then the sequences x1, x3, x5, . . . and x2, x4, x6, . . . are one an increasing and the other a decreas- ing sequence, and each sequence tends to the limit α, the positive root of the equation x2 + x = k. 11. The function f (x) is increasing and continuous (see Ch. V) for all values of x, and a sequence x1, x2, x3, . . . is defined by the equation xn+1 = f (xn). Discuss on general graphical grounds the question as to whether xn tends to a root of the equation x = f (x). Consider in particular the case in which this equation has only one root, distinguishing the cases in which the curve y = f (x) crosses the line y = x from above to below and from below to above. 12. If x1, x2 are positive and xn+1 = 1 2 (xn +xn–1), then the sequences x1, x3, x5, . . . and x2, x4, x6, . . . are one a decreasing and the other an increasing sequence, and they have the common limit 1 3 (x1 + 2x2). 13. Draw a graph of the function y defined by the equation y = lim n→∞ x2n sin 1 2 πx + x2 x2n + 1 . (Math. Trip. 1901.) 14. The function y = lim n→∞ 1 1 + n sin2 πx is equal to 0 except when x is an integer, and then equal to 1. The function y = lim n→∞ ψ(x) + nφ(x) sin2 πx 1 + n sin2 πx is equal to φ(x) unless x is an integer, and then equal to ψ(x). 15. Show that the graph of the function y = lim n→∞ xnφ(x) + x–nψ(x) xn + x–n is composed of parts of the graphs of φ(x) and ψ(x), together with (as a rule) two isolated points. Is y defined when (a) x = 1, (b) x = –1, (c) x = 0? [IV : 88] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A 192 16. Prove that the function y which is equal to 0 when x is rational, and to 1 when x is irrational, may be represented in the form y = lim m→∞ sgn {sin2(m! πx)}, where sgn x = lim n→∞(2/π) arc tan(nx), as in Ex. xxxi. 14. [If x is rational then sin2(m! πx), and therefore sgn {sin2(m! πx)}, is equal to zero from a certain value of m onwards: if x is irrational then sin2(m! πx) is always positive, and so sgn {sin2(m! πx)} is always equal to 1.] Prove that y may also be represented in the form 1 – lim m→∞[lim n→∞{cos(m! πx)}2n]. 17. Sum the series ∞X 1 1 ν(ν + 1) , ∞X 1 1 ν(ν + 1) . . . (ν + k) . [Since 1 ν(ν + 1) . . . (ν + k) = 1 k 1 ν(ν + 1) . . . (ν + k – 1) – 1 (ν + 1)(ν + 2) . . . (ν + k)

, we have nX 1 1 ν(ν + 1) . . . (ν + k) = 1 k 1 1 · 2 . . . k – 1 (n + 1)(n + 2) . . . (n + k)

and so ∞X 1 1 ν(ν + 1) . . . (ν + k) = 1 k(k!) .] 18. If |z| < |α|, then L z – α = – L α

1 + z α + z2 α2 + . . .

; [IV : 88] POSITIVE INTEGRAL VARIABLE 193 and if |z| > |α|, then L z – α = L z

1 + α z + α2 z2 + . . .

. 19. Expansion of (Az + B)/(az2 + 2bz + c) in powers of z. Let α, β be the roots of az2 + 2bz + c = 0, so that az2 + 2bz + c = a(z – α)(z – β). We shall suppose that A, B, a, b, c are all real, and α and β unequal. It is then easy to verify that Az + B az2 + 2bz + c = 1 a(α – β) Aα + B z – α – Aβ + B z – β

. There are two cases, according as b2 > ac or b2 < ac. (1) If b2 > ac then the roots α, β are real and distinct. If |z| is less than either |α| or |β| we can expand 1/(z – α) and 1/(z – β) in ascending powers of z (Ex. 18). If |z| is greater than either |α| or |β| we must expand in descending powers of z; while if |z| lies between |α| and |β| one fraction must be expanded in ascending and one in descending powers of z. The reader should write down the actual results. If |z| is equal to |α| or |β| then no such expansion is possible. (2) If b2 < ac then the roots are conjugate complex numbers (Ch. III § 43), and we can write α = ρ Cis φ, β = ρ Cis(–φ), where ρ2 = αβ = c/a, ρ cos φ = 1 2 (α + β) = –b/a, so that cos φ = –pb2/ac, sin φ = p1 – (b2/ac). If |z| < ρ then each fraction may be expanded in ascending powers of z. The coefficient of zn will be found to be Aρ sin nφ + B sin{(n + 1)φ} aρn+1 sin φ . If |z| > ρ we obtain a similar expansion in descending powers, while if |z| = ρ no such expansion is possible. 20. Show that if |z| < 1 then 1 + 2z + 3z2 + · · · + (n + 1)zn + · · · = 1/(1 – z)2. [IV : 88] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A 194 [The sum to n terms is 1 – zn (1 – z)2 – nzn 1 – z .] 21. Expand L/(z – α)2 in powers of z, ascending or descending according as |z| < |α| or |z| > |α|. 22. Show that if b2 = ac and |az| < |b| then Az + B az2 + 2bz + c = ∞X 0 pnzn, where pn = {(–a)n/bn+2}{(n + 1)aB – nbA}; and find the corresponding ex-

pansion, in descending powers of z, which holds when |az| > |b|. 23. Verify the result of Ex. 19 in the case of the fraction 1/(1 + z2). [We have 1/(1 + z2) = P zn sin{ 1 2 (n + 1)π} = 1 – z2 + z4 – . . . .] 24. Prove that if |z| < 1 then 1 1 + z + z2 = 2 √3 ∞X 0 zn sin{ 2 3 (n + 1)π}. 25. Expand (1 + z)/(1 + z2), (1 + z2)/(1 + z3) and (1 + z + z2)/(1 + z4) in ascending powers of z. For what values of z do your results hold? 26. If a/(a + bz + cz2) = 1 + p1z + p2z2 + . . . then 1 + p2 1z + p2 2z2 + · · · = a + cz a – cz a2 a2 – (b2 – 2ac)z + c2z2 . (Math. Trip. 1900.) 27. If lim n→∞ sn = l then lim n→∞ s1 + s2 + · · · + sn n = l. [Let sn = l + tn. Then we have to prove that (t1 + t2 + · · · + tn)/n tends to zero if tn does so. We divide the numbers t1, t2, . . . , tn into two sets t1, t2, . . . , tp and tp+1, tp+2, . . . , tn. Here we suppose that p is a function of n which tends to ∞ as n → ∞, but more slowly than n, so that p → ∞ and p/n → 0: e.g. we might suppose p to be the integral part of √n. [IV : 88] POSITIVE INTEGRAL VARIABLE 195 Let ■ be any positive number. However small ■ may be, we can choose n0 so that tp+1, tp+2, . . . , tn are all numerically less than 1 2 ■ when n ■ n0, and so |(tp+1 + tp+2 + · · · + tn)/n| < 1 2 ■(n – p)/n < 1 2 ■. But, if A is the greatest of the moduli of all the numbers t1, t2, . . . , we have |(t1 + t2 + · · · + tp)/n| < pA/n, and this also will be less than 1 2 ■ when n ■ n0, if n0 is large enough, since p/n → 0 as n → ∞. Thus |(t1 + t2 + · · · + tn)/n| ■ |(t1 + t2 + · · · + tp)/n| + |(tp+1 + · · · + tn)/n| < ■ when n ■ n0; which proves the theorem. The reader, if he desires to become expert in dealing with questions about limits, should study the argument above with great care. It is very often neces- sary, in proving the limit of some given expression to be zero, to split it into two parts which have to be proved to have the limit zero in slightly different ways. When this is the case the proof is never very easy. The point of the proof is this: we have to prove that (t1 + t2 + · · · + tn)/n is small when n is large, the t's being small when their suffixes are large. We split up the terms in the bracket into two groups. The terms in the first group are not all small, but their number is small compared with n. The number in the second group is not small compared with n, but the terms are all small, and their number at any rate less than n, so that their sum is small compared with n. Hence each of the parts into which (t1 + t2 + · · · + tn)/n has been divided is small when n is large.] 28. If φ(n) – φ(n – 1) → l as n → ∞, then φ(n)/n → l. [If φ(n) = s1 + s2 + · · · + sn then φ(n) – φ(n – 1) = sn, and the theorem reduces to that proved in the last example.] 29. If sn = 1 2 {1 – (–1)n}, so that sn is equal to 1 or 0 according as n is odd or even, then (s1 + s2 + · · · + sn)/n → 1 2 as n → ∞. [This example proves that the converse of Ex. 27 is not true: for sn oscillates as n → ∞.] 30. If cn, sn denote the sums of the first n terms of the series 1 2 + cos θ + cos 2θ + . . . , sin θ + sin 2θ + . . . , [IV : 88] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A 196 then lim(c1 + c2 + · · · + cn)/n = 0, lim(s1 + s2 + · · · + sn)/n = 1 2 cot 1 2 θ. CHAPTER V LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A CONTINUOUS VARIABLE. CONTINUOUS AND DISCONTINUOUS FUNCTIONS 89. Limits as x tends to ∞. We shall now return to functions of a continuous real variable. We shall confine ourselves entirely to one-valued functions,* and we shall denote such a function by φ(x). We suppose x to assume successively all values corresponding to points on our fundamental straight line Λ, starting from some definite point on the line and progressing always to the right. In these circumstances we say that x tends to infinity, or to ∞, and write x → ∞. The only difference between the 'tending of n to ∞' discussed in the last chapter, and this 'tending of x to ∞', is that x assumes all values as it tends to ∞, i.e. that the point P which corresponds to x coincides in turn with every point of Λ to the right of its initial position, whereas n tended to ∞ by a series of jumps. We can express this distinction by saying that x tends continuously to ∞. As we explained at the beginning of the last chapter, there is a very close correspondence between functions of x and functions of n. Every function of n may be regarded as a selection from the values of a function of x. In the last chapter we discussed the peculiarities which may characterise the behaviour of a function φ(n) as n tends to ∞. Now we are concerned with the same problem for a function φ(x); and the definitions and theorems to which we are led are practically repetitions of those of the last chapter. Thus corresponding to Def. 1 of § 58 we have: Definition 1. The function φ(x) is said to tend to the limit l as x tends to ∞ if, when any positive number ■, however small, is assigned, a number x0(■) can be chosen such that, for all values of x equal to or greater than x0(■), φ(x) differs from l by less than ■, i.e. if |φ(x) – l| < ■ when x ■ x0(■). *Thus √x stands in this chapter for the one-valued function +√x and not (as in § 26) for the two-valued function whose values are +√x and –√x. 197 [V : 89] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A CONTINUOUS VARIABLE 198 When this is the case we may write lim x→∞ φ(x) = l, or, when there is no risk of ambiguity, simply lim φ(x) = l, or φ(x) → l. Similarly we have: Definition 2. The function φ(x) is said to tend to ∞ with x if, when any number Δ, however large, is assigned, we can choose a number x0(Δ) such that φ(x) > Δ when x ■ x0(Δ). We then write φ(x) → ∞. Similarly we define φ(x) → –∞.* Finally we have: Definition 3. If the conditions of neither of the two preceding def- initions are satisfied, then φ(x) is said to oscillate as x tends to ∞. If |φ(x)| is less than some constant K when x ■ x0, then φ(x) is said to oscillate finitely, and otherwise infinitely. The reader will remember that in the last chapter we considered very carefully various less formal ways of expressing the facts represented by the formulae φ(n) → l, φ(n) → ∞. Similar modes of expression may of course be used in the present case. Thus we may say that φ(x) is small or nearly equal to l or large when x is large, using the words 'small', 'nearly', 'large' in a sense similar to that in which they were used in Ch. IV. *We shall sometimes find it convenient to write +∞, x → +∞, φ(x) → +∞ instead of ∞, x → ∞, φ(x) → ∞. In the corresponding definition of § 62, we postulated that |φ(n)| < K for all values of n, and not merely when n ■ n0. But then the two hypotheses would have been equivalent; for if |φ(n)| < K when n ■ n0, then |φ(n)| < K′ for all values of n, where K′ is the greatest of |φ(1)|, |φ(2)|, . . . , |φ(n0 – 1)| and K. Here the matter

is not quite so simple, as there are infinitely many values of x less than x0. [V : 90] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A CONTINUOUS VARIABLE 199 Examples XXXIV. 1. Consider the behaviour of the following func- tions as $x \to \infty$: 1/x, 1 + (1/x), x2, xk, [x], x – [x], [x] + px – [x]. The first four functions correspond exactly to functions of n fully discussed in Ch. IV. The graphs of the last three were constructed in Ch. II (Exs. xvi. 1, 2, 4), and the reader will see at once that $[x] \to \infty$, x – [x] oscillates finitely, and [x] + px – [x] $\to \infty$. One simple remark may be inserted here. The function $\varphi(x) = x - [x]$ oscillates between 0 and 1, as is obvious from the form of its graph. It is equal to zero whenever x is an integer, so that the function $\varphi(n)$ derived from it is always zero and so tends to the limit zero. The same is true if $\varphi(x) = \sin x\pi$, $\varphi(n) = \sin n\pi = 0$. It is evident that $\varphi(x) \to l$ or $\varphi(x) \to \infty$ or $\varphi(x) \to -\infty$ involves the corre- sponding property for $\varphi(n)$, but that the converse is by no means always true. 2. Consider in the same way the functions: $(\sin x\pi)/x$, $x \sin x\pi$, $(x \sin x\pi)2$, $\tan x\pi$, $a \cos2\, x\pi + b \sin2\, x\pi$, illustrating your remarks by means of the graphs of the functions. 3. Give a geometrical explanation of Def. 1, analogous to the geometrical explanation of Ch. IV, § 59. 4. If $\varphi(x) \to l$, and l is not zero, then $\varphi(x) \cos x\pi$ and $\varphi(x) \sin x\pi$ oscillate finitely. If $\varphi(x) \to \infty$ or $\varphi(x) \to -\infty$, then they oscillate infinitely. The graph of either function is a wavy curve oscillating between the curves $y = \varphi(x)$ and $y = -\varphi(x)$. 5. Discuss the behaviour, as $x \to \infty$, of the function $y = f(x) \cos2\, x\pi + F(x) \sin2\, x\pi$, where f (x) and F (x) are some pair of simple functions (e.g. x and x2). [The graph of y is a curve oscillating between the curves y = f (x), y = F (x).] 90. Limits as x tends to $-\infty$. The reader will have no difficulty in framing for himself definitions of the meaning of the assertions 'x tends to $-\infty$', or 'x $\to -\infty$' and $\lim x \to -\infty\, \varphi(x) = l$, $\varphi(x) \to \infty$, $\varphi(x) \to -\infty$. [V : 93] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A CONTINUOUS VARIABLE 200 In fact, if x = –y and $\varphi(x) = \varphi(-y) = \psi(y)$, then y tends to ∞ as x tends to $-\infty$, and the question of the behaviour of $\varphi(x)$ as x tends to $-\infty$ is the same as that of the behaviour of $\psi(y)$ as y tends to ∞. 91. Theorems corresponding to those of Ch. IV, §§ 63–67. The theorems concerning the sums, products, and quotients of functions proved in Ch. IV are all true (with obvious verbal alterations which the reader will have no difficulty in supplying) for functions of the continuous variable x. Not only the enunciations but the proofs remain substantially the same. 92. Steadily increasing or decreasing functions. The definition which corresponds to that of § 69 is as follows: the function $\varphi(x)$ will be said to increase steadily with x if $\varphi(x2) \blacksquare \varphi(x1)$ whenever x2 > x1. In many cases, of course, this condition is only satisfied from a definite value of x onwards, i.e. when x2 > x1 ■ x0. The theorem which follows in that section requires no alteration but that of n into x: and the proof is the same, except for obvious verbal changes. If $\varphi(x2) > \varphi(x1)$, the possibility of equality being excluded, whenever x2 > x1, then $\varphi(x)$ will be said to be steadily increasing in the stricter sense. We shall find that the distinction is often important (cf. §§ 108–109). The reader should consider whether or no the following functions increase steadily with x (or at any rate increase steadily from a certain value of x on- wards): x2 – x, x + sin x, x + 2 sin x, x2 + 2 sin x, [x], [x] + sin x, [x] + px – [x]. All these functions tend to ∞ as $x \to \infty$. 93. Limits as x tends to 0. Let $\varphi(x)$ be such a function of x that $\lim x \to \infty\, \varphi(x) = l$, and let y = 1/x. Then $\varphi(x) = \varphi(1/y) = \psi(y)$, say. As x tends to ∞, y tends to the limit 0, and $\psi(y)$ tends to the limit l. Let us now dismiss x and consider $\psi(y)$ simply as a function of y. We are for the moment concerned only with those values of y which correspond to large positive values of x, that is to say with small positive values of y. And $\psi(y)$ has the property that by making y sufficiently small we can [V : 93] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A CONTINUOUS VARIABLE 201 make $\psi(y)$ differ by as little as we please from l. To put the matter more precisely, the statement expressed by $\lim \varphi(x) = l$ means that, when any positive number ■, however small, is assigned, we can choose x0 so that $|\varphi(x) - l| <$ ■ for all values of x greater than or equal to x0. But this is the same thing as saying that we can choose y0 = 1/x0 so that $|\psi(y) - l| <$ ■ for all positive values of y less than or equal to y0. We are thus led to the following definitions: A. If, when any positive number ■, however small, is assigned, we can choose y0(■) so that $|\varphi(y) - l| <$ ■ when 0 < y ■ y0(■), then we say that $\varphi(y)$ tends to the limit l as y tends to 0 by positive values, and we write $\lim y \to +0\, \varphi(y) = l$. B. If, when any number Δ, however large, is assigned, we can choose y0(Δ) so that $\varphi(y) > \Delta$ when 0 < y ■ y0(Δ), then we say that $\varphi(y)$ tends to ∞ as y tends to 0 by positive values, and we write $\varphi(y) \to \infty$. We define in a similar way the meaning of '$\varphi(y)$ tends to the limit l as y tends to 0 by negative values', or '$\lim \varphi(y) = l$ when $y \to -0$'. We have in fact only to alter 0 < y ■ y0(■) to –y0(■) ■ y < 0 in definition A. There is of course a corresponding analogue of definition B, and similar definitions in which $\varphi(y) \to -\infty$ as $y \to +0$ or $y \to -0$. If $\lim y \to +0\, \varphi(y) = l$ and $\lim y \to -0\, \varphi(y) = l$, we write simply $\lim y \to 0\, \varphi(y) = l$. [V : 94] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A CONTINUOUS VARIABLE 202 This case is so important that it is worth while to give a formal definition. If, when any positive number ■, however small, is assigned, we can choose y0(■) so that, for all values of y different from zero but numerically less than or equal to y0(■), $\varphi(y)$ differs from l by less than ■, then we say that $\varphi(y)$ tends to the limit l as y tends to 0, and write $\lim y \to 0\, \varphi(y) = l$. So also, if $\varphi(y) \to \infty$ as $y \to +0$ and also as $y \to -0$, we say that $\varphi(y) \to \infty$ as $y \to 0$. We define in a similar manner the statement that $\varphi(y) \to -\infty$ as $y \to 0$. Finally, if $\varphi(y)$ does not tend to a limit, or to ∞, or to $-\infty$, as $y \to +0$, we say that $\varphi(y)$ oscillates as $y \to +0$, finitely or infinitely as the case may be; and we define oscillation as $y \to -0$ in a similar manner. The preceding definitions have been stated in terms of a variable de- noted by y: what letter is used is of course immaterial, and we may suppose x written instead of y throughout them. 94. Limits as x tends to a. Suppose that $\varphi(y) \to l$ as $y \to 0$, and write y = x – a, $\varphi(y) = \varphi(x - a) = \psi(x)$. If $y \to 0$ then $x \to a$ and $\psi(x) \to l$, and we are naturally led to write $\lim x \to a\, \psi(x) = l$, or simply $\lim \psi(x) = l$ or $\psi(x) \to l$, and to say that $\psi(x)$ tends to the limit l as x tends to a. The meaning

of this equation may be formally and directly defined as follows: if, given ■, we can always determine δ(■) so that |φ(x) – l| < ■ when 0 < |x – a| ■ δ(■), then lim x→a φ(x) = l. [V : 96] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A CONTINUOUS VARIABLE 203 By restricting ourselves to values of x greater than a, i.e. by replacing 0 < |x – a| ■ δ(■) by a < x ■ a + δ(■), we define 'φ(x) tends to l when x approaches a from the right', which we may write as lim x→a+0 φ(x) = l. In the same way we can define the meaning of lim x→a–0 φ(x) = l. Thus lim x→a φ(x) = l is equivalent to the two assertions lim x→a+0 φ(x) = l, lim x→a–0 φ(x) = l. We can give similar definitions referring to the cases in which φ(x) → ∞ or φ(x) → –∞ as x → a through values greater or less than a; but it is probably unnecessary to dwell further on these definitions, since they are exactly similar to those stated above in the special case when a = 0, and we can always discuss the behaviour of φ(x) as x → a by putting x – a = y and supposing that y → 0. 95. Steadily increasing or decreasing functions. If there is a number δ such that φ(x′) ■ φ(x″) whenever a – δ < x′ < x″ < a + δ, then φ(x) will be said to increase steadily in the neighbourhood of x = a. Suppose first that x < a, and put y = 1/(a – x). Then y → ∞ as x → a – 0, and φ(x) = ψ(y) is a steadily increasing function of y, never greater than φ(a). It follows from § 92 that φ(x) tends to a limit not greater than φ(a). We shall write lim x→a+0 φ(x) = φ(a + 0). We can define φ(a – 0) in a similar manner; and it is clear that φ(a – 0) ■ φ(a) ■ φ(a + 0). It is obvious that similar considerations may be applied to decreasing functions. If φ(x′) < φ(x″), the possibility of equality being excluded, whenever a – δ < x′ < x″ < a + δ, then φ(x) will be said to be steadily increasing in the stricter sense. [V : 96] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A CONTINUOUS VARIABLE 204 96. Limits of indetermination and the principle of conver- gence. All of the argument of §§ 80–84 may be applied to functions of a con- tinuous variable x which tends to a limit a. In particular, if φ(x) is bounded in an interval including a (i.e. if we can find δ, H, and K so that H < φ(x) < K when a – δ ■ x ■ a + δ).* then we can define λ and Λ, the lower and up- per limits of indetermination of φ(x) as x → a, and prove that the necessary and sufficient condition that φ(x) → l as x → a is that λ = Λ = l. We can also establish the analogue of the principle of convergence, i.e. prove that the necessary and sufficient condition that φ(x) should tend to a limit as x → a is that, when ■ is given, we can choose δ(■) so that |φ(x2) – φ(x1)| < ■ when 0 < |x2 – a| < |x1 – a| ■ δ(■). Examples XXXV. 1. If φ(x) → l, ψ(x) → l′, as x → a, then φ(x) + ψ(x) → l + l′, φ(x)ψ(x) → ll′, and φ(x)/ψ(x) → l/l′, unless in the last case l′ = 0. [We saw in § 91 that the theorems of Ch. IV, §§ 63 et seq. hold also for functions of x when x → ∞ or x → –∞. By putting x = 1/y we may extend them to functions of y, when y → 0, and by putting y = z – a to functions of z, when z → a. The reader should however try to prove them directly from the formal def- inition given above. Thus, in order to obtain a strict direct proof of the first result he need only take the proof of Theorem I of § 63 and write throughout x for n, a for ∞ and 0 < |x – a| ■ δ for n ■ n0.] 2. If m is a positive integer then xm → 0 as x → 0. 3. If m is a negative integer then xm → +∞ as x → +0, while xm → –∞ or xm → +∞ as x → –0, according as m is odd or even. If m = 0 then xm = 1 and xm → 1. 4. lim x→0(a + bx + cx2 + · · · + kxm) = a. 5. lim x→0 {(a + bx + · · · + kxm)/(α + βx + · · · + κxμ)} = a/α, unless α = 0. If α = 0 and a■ = 0, β■ = 0, then the function tends to +∞ or –∞, as x → +0, *For some further discussion of the notion of a function bounded in an interval see § 102. [V : 97] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A CONTINUOUS VARIABLE 205 according as a and β have like or unlike signs; the case is reversed if x → –0. The case in which both a and α vanish is considered in Ex. xxxvi. 5. Discuss the cases which arise when a■ = 0 and more than one of the first coefficients in the denominator vanish. 6. lim x→a xm = am, if m is any positive or negative integer, except when a = 0 and m is negative. [If m > 0, put x = y + a and apply Ex. 4. When m < 0, the result follows from Ex. 1 above. It follows at once that lim P (x) = P (a), if P (x) is any polynomial.] 7. lim x→a R(x) = R(a), if R denotes any rational function and a is not one of the roots of its denominator. 8. Show that lim x→a xm = am for all rational values of m, except when a = 0 and m is negative. [This follows at once, when a is positive, from the inequalities (9) or (10) of § 74. For |xm – am| < H|x – a|, where H is the greater of the absolute values of mxm–1 and mam–1 (cf. Ex. xxviii. 4). If a is negative we write x = –y and a = –b. Then lim xm = lim(–1)mym = (–1)mbm = am.] 97. The reader will probably fail to see at first that any proof of such results as those of Exs. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 above is necessary. He may ask 'why not simply put x = 0, or x = a? Of course we then get a, a/α, am, P (a), R(a)'. It is very important that he should see exactly where he is wrong. We shall therefore consider this point carefully before passing on to any further examples. The statement lim x→0 φ(x) = l is a statement about the values of φ(x) when x has any value distinct from but differing by little from zero.* It is not a statement about the value of φ(x) when x = 0. When we make the statement we assert that, when x is nearly equal to zero, φ(x) is nearly equal to l. We assert nothing whatever about what happens when x is actually equal to 0. So far as we *Thus in Def. A of § 93 we make a statement about values of y such that 0 < y ■ y0, the first of these inequalities being inserted expressly in order to exclude the value y = 0. [V : 97] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A CONTINUOUS VARIABLE 206 know, φ(x) may not be defined at all for x = 0; or it may have some value other than l. For example, consider the function defined for all values of x by the equation φ(x) = 0. It is obvious that lim φ(x) = 0. (1) Now consider the function ψ(x) which differs from φ(x) only in that ψ(x) = 1 when x = 0. Then lim ψ(x) = 0, (2) for, when x is nearly equal to zero, ψ(x) is not only nearly but exactly equal to zero. But ψ(0) = 1. The graph of this function consists of the axis of x, with the point x = 0 left out, and one isolated point, viz. the point (0, 1). The equation (2) expresses the fact that if we move along the graph towards the axis of y, from either side, then the ordinate of the curve, being always equal to zero, tends to the limit zero. This fact is in no way affected by the position of the

isolated point (0, 1). The reader may object to this example on the score of artificiality: but it is easy to write down simple formulae representing functions which behave precisely like this near x = 0. One is ψ(x) = [1 – x2], where [1 – x2] denotes as usual the greatest integer not greater than 1 – x2. For if x = 0 then ψ(x) = [1] = 1; while if 0 < x < 1, or –1 < x < 0, then 0 < 1 – x2 < 1 and so ψ(x) = [1 – x2] = 0. Or again, let us consider the function y = x/x already discussed in Ch. II, § 24, (2). This function is equal to 1 for all values of x save x = 0. It is not equal to 1 when x = 0: it is in fact not defined at all for x = 0. For when we say that φ(x) is defined for x = 0 we mean (as we explained in Ch. II, l.c.) that we can calculate its value for x = 0 by putting x = 0 in the actual expression of φ(x). In [V : 97] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A CONTINUOUS VARIABLE 207 this case we cannot. When we put x = 0 in φ(x) we obtain 0/0, which is a meaningless expression. The reader may object 'divide numerator and denominator by x'. But he must admit that when x = 0 this is impossible. Thus y = x/x is a function which differs from y = 1 solely in that it is not defined for x = 0. None the less lim(x/x) = 1, for x/x is equal to 1 so long as x differs from zero, however small the difference may be. Similarly φ(x) = {(x + 1)2 – 1}/x = x + 2 so long as x is not equal to zero, but is undefined when x = 0. None the less lim φ(x) = 2. On the other hand there is of course nothing to prevent the limit of φ(x) as x tends to zero from being equal to φ(0), the value of φ(x) for x = 0. Thus if φ(x) = x then φ(0) = 0 and lim φ(x) = 0. This is in fact, from a practical point of view, i.e. from the point of view of what most frequently occurs in applications, the ordinary case. Examples XXXVI. 1. lim x→a(x2 – a2)/(x – a) = 2a. 2. lim x→a(xm – am)/(x – a) = mam–1, if m is any integer (zero included). 3. Show that the result of Ex. 2 remains true for all rational values of m, provided a is positive. [This follows at once from the inequalities (9) and (10) of § 74.] 4. lim x→1(x7 – 2x5 + 1)/(x3 – 3x2 + 2) = 1. [Observe that x – 1 is a factor of both numerator and denominator.] 5. Discuss the behaviour of φ(x) = (a0xm + a1xm+1 + · · · + akxm+k)/(b0xn + b1xn+1 + · · · + blxn+l) as x tends to 0 by positive or negative values. [If m > n, lim φ(x) = 0. If m = n, lim φ(x) = a0/b0. If m < n and n – m is even, φ(x) → +∞ or φ(x) → –∞ according as a0/b0 > 0 or a0/b0 < 0. If m < n and n – m is odd, φ(x) → +∞ as x → +0 and φ(x) → –∞ as x → –0, or φ(x) → –∞ as x → +0 and φ(x) → +∞ as x → –0, according as a0/b0 > 0 or a0/b0 < 0.] [V : 97] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A CONTINUOUS VARIABLE 208 6. Orders of smallness. When x is small x2 is very much smaller, x3 much smaller still, and so on: in other words lim x→0(x2/x) = 0, lim x→0(x3/x2) = 0, ... Another way of stating the matter is to say that, when x tends to 0, x2, x3, . . . all also tend to 0, but x2 tends to 0 more rapidly than x, x3 than x2, and so on. It is convenient to have some scale by which to measure the rapidity with which a function, whose limit, as x tends to 0, is 0, diminishes with x, and it is natural to take the simple functions x, x2, x3, . . . as the measures of our scale. We say, therefore, that φ(x) is of the first order of smallness if φ(x)/x tends to a limit other than 0 as x tends to 0. Thus 2x + 3x2 + x7 is of the first order of smallness, since lim(2x + 3x2 + x7)/x = 2. Similarly we define the second, third, fourth, . . . orders of smallness. It must not be imagined that this scale of orders of smallness is in any way complete. If it were complete, then every function φ(x) which tends to zero with x would be of either the first or second or some higher order of smallness. This is obviously not the case. For example φ(x) = x7/5 tends to zero more rapidly than x and less rapidly than x2. The reader may not unnaturally think that our scale might be made complete by including in it fractional orders of smallness. Thus we might say that x7/5 was of the 7 5 th order of smallness. We shall however see later on that such a scale of orders would still be altogether incomplete. And as a matter of fact the integral orders of smallness defined above are so much more important in applications than any others that it is hardly necessary to attempt to make our definitions more precise. Orders of greatness. Similar definitions are at once suggested to meet the case in which φ(x) is large (positively or negatively) when x is small. We shall say that φ(x) is of the kth order of greatness when x is small if φ(x)/x–k = xkφ(x) tends to a limit different from 0 as x tends to 0. These definitions have reference to the case in which x → 0. There are of course corresponding definitions relating to the cases in which x → ∞ or x → a. Thus if xkφ(x) tends to a limit other than zero, as x → ∞, then we say that φ(x) is of the kth order of smallness when x is large: while if (x – a)kφ(x) tends to a limit other than zero, as x → a, then we say that φ(x) is of the kth order of greatness when x is nearly equal to a. [V : 97] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A CONTINUOUS VARIABLE 209 7.* lim √1 + x = lim √1 – x = 1. [Put 1 + x = y or 1 – x = y, and use Ex. xxxv. 8.] 8. lim{√1 + x – √1 – x}/x = 1. [Multiply numerator and denominator by√1 + x + √1 – x.] 9. Consider the behaviour of {√1 + xm – √1 – xm}/xn as x → 0, m and n being positive integers. 10. lim{√1 + x + x2 – 1}/x = 1 2 . 11. lim √1 + x – √1 + x2 √1 – x2 – √1 – x = 1. 12. Draw a graph of the function y = 1 x – 1 + 1 x – 1 2 + 1 x – 1 3 + 1 x – 1 4 1 x – 1 + 1 x – 1 2 + 1 x – 1 3 + 1 x – 1 4

. Has it a limit as x → 0? [Here y = 1 except for x = 1, 1 2 , 1 3 , 1 4 , when y is not defined, and y → 1 as x → 0.] 13. lim sin x x = 1. [It may be deduced from the definitions of the trigonometrical ratios that if x is positive and less than 1 2 π then sin x < x < tan x or cos x < sin x x < 1 or 0 < 1 – sin x x < 1 – cos x = 2 sin2 1 2 x. But 2 sin2 1 2 x < 2(1 2 x)2 = 1 2 x2. Hence lim x→+0

1 – sin x x

= 0, and lim x→+0 sin x x = 1. As sin x x is an even function, the result follows.] *In the examples which follow it is to be assumed that limits as x → 0 are required, unless (as in Exs. 19, 22) the contrary is explicitly stated. The proofs of the inequalities which are used here depend on certain properties of the area of a sector of a circle which are usually taken as geometrically intuitive; for

example, that the area of the sector is greater than that of the triangle inscribed in the sector. The justification of these assumptions must be postponed to Ch. VII. [V : 98] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A CONTINUOUS VARIABLE 210 14. lim 1 – cos x x2 = 1 2 . 15. lim sin αx x = α. Is this true if α = 0? 16. lim arc sin x x = 1. [Put x = sin y.] 17. lim tan αx x = α, lim arc tan αx x = α. 18. lim cosec x – cot x x = 1 2 . 19. lim x→1 1 + cos πx tan2 πx = 1 2 . 20. How do the functions sin(1/x), (1/x) sin(1/x), x sin(1/x) behave as x → 0? [The first oscillates finitely, the second infinitely, the third tends to the limit 0. None is defined when x = 0. See Exs. xv. 6, 7, 8.] 21. Does the function y =

sin 1 x

sin 1 x

tend to a limit as x tends to 0? [No. The function is equal to 1 except when sin(1/x) = 0; i.e. when x = 1/π, 1/2π, . . . , –1/π, –1/2π, ... For these values the formula for y assumes the meaningless form 0/0, and y is therefore not defined for an infinity of values of x near x = 0.] 22. Prove that if m is any integer then [x] → m and x–[x] → 0 as x → m+0, and [x] → m – 1, x – [x] → 1 as x → m – 0. 98. Continuous functions of a real variable. The reader has no doubt some idea as to what is meant by a continuous curve. Thus he would call the curve C in Fig. 29 continuous, the curve C′ generally continuous but discontinuous for x = ξ′ and x = ξ″. Either of these curves may be regarded as the graph of a function φ(x). It is natural to call a function continuous if its graph is a continuous curve, and otherwise discontinuous. Let us take this as a provisional definition and try to distinguish more precisely some of the properties which are involved in it. In the first place it is evident that the property of the function y = φ(x) of which C is the graph may be analysed into some property possessed by [V : 98] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A CONTINUOUS VARIABLE 211X Y ξ′ 0 ξ″ ξ1 ξ2 ξ C C′ C′ C′ P Fig. 29. the curve at each of its points. To be able to define continuity for all values of x we must first define continuity for any particular value of x. Let us therefore fix on some particular value of x, say the value x = ξ corresponding to the point P of the graph. What are the characteristic properties of φ(x) associated with this value of x? In the first place φ(x) is defined for x = ξ. This is obviously essential. If φ(ξ) were not defined there would be a point missing from the curve. Secondly φ(x) is defined for all values of x near x = ξ; i.e. we can find an interval, including x = ξ in its interior, for all points of which φ(x) is defined. Thirdly if x approaches the value ξ from either side then φ(x) ap- proaches the limit φ(ξ). The properties thus defined are far from exhausting those which are possessed by the curve as pictured by the eye of common sense. This pic- ture of a curve is a generalisation from particular curves such as straight lines and circles. But they are the simplest and most fundamental proper- ties: and the graph of any function which has these properties would, so far as drawing it is practically possible, satisfy our geometrical feeling of what a continuous curve should be. We therefore select these properties as embodying the mathematical notion of continuity. We are thus led to the following Definition. The function φ(x) is said to be continuous for x = ξ if it tends to a limit as x tends to ξ from either side, and each of these limits [V : 99] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A CONTINUOUS VARIABLE 212 is equal to φ(ξ). We can now define continuity throughout an interval. The function φ(x) is said to be continuous throughout a certain interval of values of x if it is continuous for all values of x in that interval. It is said to be continuous everywhere if it is continuous for every value of x. Thus [x] is continuous in the interval [δ, 1 – δ], where δ is any positive number less than 1 2 ; and 1 and x are continuous everywhere. If we recur to the definitions of a limit we see that our definition is equivalent to ‘φ(x) is continuous for x = ξ if, given ■, we can choose δ(■) so that |φ(x) – φ(ξ)| < ■ if 0 ■ |x – ξ| ■ δ(■)’. We have often to consider functions defined only in an interval [a, b]. In this case it is convenient to make a slight and obvious change in our definition of continuity in so far as it concerns the particular points a and b. We shall then say that φ(x) is continuous for x = a if φ(a + 0) exists and is equal to φ(a), and for x = b if φ(b – 0) exists and is equal to φ(b). 99. The definition of continuity given in the last section may be illus- trated geometrically as follows. Draw the two horizontal lines y = φ(ξ) – ■ and y = φ(ξ) + ■. Then |φ(x) – φ(ξ)| < ■ expresses the fact that the point on the curve corresponding to x lies between these two lines. SimilarlyX Y 0 P ξ – δ ξ + δ y = φ(ξ) – ■ y = φ(ξ) + ■ Fig. 30. |x – ξ| ■ δ expresses the fact that x lies in the interval [ξ – δ, ξ + δ]. Thus [V : 99] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A CONTINUOUS VARIABLE 213 our definition asserts that if we draw two such horizontal lines, no matter how close together, we can always cut off a vertical strip of the plane by two vertical lines in such a way that all that part of the curve which is con- tained in the strip lies between the two horizontal lines. This is evidently true of the curve C (Fig. 29), whatever value ξ may have. We shall now discuss the continuity of some special types of functions. Some of the results which follow were (as we pointed out at the time) tacitly assumed in Ch. II. Examples XXXVII. 1. The sum or product of two functions continu- ous at a point is continuous at that point. The quotient is also continuous unless the denominator vanishes at the point. [This follows at once from Ex. xxxv. 1.] 2. Any polynomial is continuous for all values of x. Any rational fraction is continuous except for values of x for which the denominator vanishes. [This follows from Exs. xxxv. 6, 7.] 3. √x is continuous for all positive values of x (Ex. xxxv. 8). It is not defined when x < 0, but is continuous for x = 0 in virtue of the remark made at the end of § 98. The same is true of xm/n, where m and n are any positive integers of which n is even. 4. The function xm/n, where n is odd, is continuous for all values of x. 5. 1/x is not continuous for x = 0. It has no value for x = 0, nor

does it tend to a limit as x → 0. In fact 1/x → +∞ or 1/x → –∞ according as x → 0 by positive or negative values. 6. Discuss the continuity of x–m/n, where m and n are positive integers, for x = 0. 7. The standard rational function R(x) = P (x)/Q(x) is discontinuous for x = a, where a is any root of Q(x) = 0. Thus (x2 + 1)/(x2 – 3x + 2) is dis- continuous for x = 1. It will be noticed that in the case of rational functions a discontinuity is always associated with (a) a failure of the definition for a partic- ular value of x and (b) a tending of the function to +∞ or –∞ as x approaches this value from either side. Such a particular kind of point of discontinuity is usually described as an infinity of the function. An 'infinity' is the kind of discontinuity of most common occurrence in ordinary work. 8. Discuss the continuity of p(x – a)(b – x), 3 p(x – a)(b – x), p(x – a)/(b – x), 3 p(x – a)/(b – x). [V : 99] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A CONTINUOUS VARIABLE 214 9. sin x and cos x are continuous for all values of x. [We have sin(x + h) – sin x = 2 sin 1 2 h cos(x + 1 2 h), which is numerically less than the numerical value of h.] 10. For what values of x are tan x, cot x, sec x, and cosec x continuous or discontinuous? 11. If f (y) is continuous for y = η, and φ(x) is a continuous function of x which is equal to η when x = ξ, then f {φ(x)} is continuous for x = ξ. 12. If φ(x) is continuous for any particular value of x, then any polynomial in φ(x), such as a{φ(x)}m + . . . , is so too. 13. Discuss the continuity of 1/(a cos2 x + b sin2 x), √2 + cos x, √1 + sin x, 1/√1 + sin x. 14. sin(1/x), x sin(1/x), and x2 sin(1/x) are continuous except for x = 0. 15. The function which is equal to x sin(1/x) except when x = 0, and to zero when x = 0, is continuous for all values of x. 16. [x] and x – [x] are discontinuous for all integral values of x. 17. For what (if any) values of x are the following functions discontinuous: [x2], [√x], px – [x], [x] + px – [x], [2x], [x] + [–x]? 18. Classification of discontinuities. Some of the preceding examples suggest a classification of different types of discontinuity. (1) Suppose that φ(x) tends to a limit as x → a either by values less than or by values greater than a. Denote these limits, as in § 95, by φ(a – 0) and φ(a + 0) respectively. Then, for continuity, it is necessary and sufficient that φ(x) should be defined for x = a, and that φ(a – 0) = φ(a) = φ(a + 0). Discontinuity may arise in a variety of ways. (α) φ(a – 0) may be equal to φ(a + 0), but φ(a) may not be defined, or may differ from φ(a – 0) and φ(a + 0). Thus if φ(x) = x sin(1/x) and a = 0, φ(0 – 0) = φ(0 + 0) = 0, but φ(x) is not defined for x = 0. Or if φ(x) = [1 – x2] and a = 0, φ(0 – 0) = φ(0 + 0) = 0, but φ(0) = 1. (β) φ(a – 0) and φ(a + 0) may be unequal. In this case φ(a) may be equal to one or to neither, or be undefined. The first case is illustrated by φ(x) = [x], for which φ(0 – 0) = –1, φ(0 + 0) = φ(0) = 0; the second by φ(x) = [x] – [–x], for which φ(0 – 0) = –1, φ(0 + 0) = 1, φ(0) = 0; and the [V : 100] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A CONTINUOUS VARIABLE 215 third by φ(x) = [x] + x sin(1/x), for which φ(0 – 0) = –1, φ(0 + 0) = 0, and φ(0) is undefined. In any of these cases we say that φ(x) has a simple discontinuity at x = a. And to these cases we may add those in which φ(x) is defined only on one side of x = a, and φ(a – 0) or φ(a + 0), as the case may be, exists, but φ(x) is either not defined when x = a or has when x = a a value different from φ(a–0) or φ(a+0). It is plain from § 95 that a function which increases or decreases steadily in the neighbourhood of x = a can have at most a simple discontinuity for x = a. (2) It may be the case that only one (or neither) of φ(a – 0) and φ(a + 0) exists, but that, supposing for example φ(a + 0) not to exist, φ(x) → +∞ or φ(x) → –∞ as x → a + 0, so that φ(x) tends to a limit or to +∞ or to –∞ as x approaches a from either side. Such is the case, for instance, if φ(x) = 1/x or φ(x) = 1/x2, and a = 0. In such cases we say (cf. Ex. 7) that x = a is an infinity of φ(x). And again we may add to these cases those in which φ(x) → +∞ or φ(x) → –∞ as x → a from one side, but φ(x) is not defined at all on the other side of x = a. (3) Any point of discontinuity which is not a point of simple discontinuity nor an infinity is called a point of oscillatory discontinuity. Such is the point x = 0 for the functions sin(1/x), (1/x) sin(1/x). 19. What is the nature of the discontinuities at x = 0 of the functions (sin x)/x, [x] + [–x], cosec x, p1/x, 3 p1/x, cosec(1/x), sin(1/x)/ sin(1/x)? 20. The function which is equal to 1 when x is rational and to 0 when x is irrational (Ch. II, Ex. xvi. 10) is discontinuous for all values of x. So too is any function which is defined only for rational or for irrational values of x. 21. The function which is equal to x when x is irrational and top(1 + p2)/(1 + q2) when x is a rational fraction p/q (Ch. II, Ex. xvi. 11) is discontinuous for all negative and for positive rational values of x, but continuous for positive irrational values. 22. For what points are the functions considered in Ch. IV, Exs. xxxi dis- continuous, and what is the nature of their discontinuities? [Consider, e.g., the function y = lim xn (Ex. 5). Here y is only defined when –1 < x ■ 1: it is equal to 0 when –1 < x < 1 and to 1 when x = 1. The points x = 1 and x = –1 are points of simple discontinuity.] [V : 100] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A CONTINUOUS VARIABLE 216 100. The fundamental property of a continuous function. It may perhaps be thought that the analysis of the idea of a continuous curve given in § 98 is not the simplest or most natural possible. Another method of analysing our idea of continuity is the following. Let A and B be two points on the graph of φ(x) whose coordinates are x0, φ(x0) and x1, φ(x1) respectively. Draw any straight line λ which passes between A and B. Then common sense certainly declares that if the graph of φ(x) is continuous it must cut λ. If we consider this property as an intrinsic geometrical property of con- tinuous curves it is clear that there is no real loss of generality in supposing λ to be parallel to the axis of x. In this case the ordinates of A and B cannot be equal: let us suppose, for definiteness, that φ(x1) > φ(x0). And let λ be the line y = η, where φ(x0) < η < φ(x1). Then to say that the graph of φ(x) must cut λ is the same thing as to say that there is a value of x between x0 and x1 for which φ(x) = η. We conclude then that a continuous function φ(x) must possess the following property: if φ(x0) = y0, φ(x1) = y1, and y0 < η < y1, then there is a value of x between x0 and x1 for which φ(x) = η. In other words as x varies from x0 to x1, y must assume at least once every value between y0 and y1. We shall now prove that if φ(x)

is a continuous function of x in the sense defined in § 98 then it does in fact possess this property. There is a certain range of values of x, to the right of x0, for which φ(x) < η. For φ(x0) < η, and so φ(x) is certainly less than η if φ(x)–φ(x0) is numerically less than η – φ(x0). But since φ(x) is continuous for x = x0, this condition is certainly satisfied if x is near enough to x0. Similarly there is a certain range of values, to the left of x1, for which φ(x) > η. Let us divide the values of x between x0 and x1 into two classes L, R as follows: (1) in the class L we put all values ξ of x such that φ(x) < η when x = ξ and for all values of x between x0 and ξ; (2) in the class R we put all the other values of x, i.e. all numbers ξ [V : 100] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A CONTINUOUS VARIABLE 217 such that either φ(ξ) ■ η or there is a value of x between x0 and ξ for which φ(x) ■ η. Then it is evident that these two classes satisfy all the conditions im- posed upon the classes L, R of § 17, and so constitute a section of the real numbers. Let ξ0 be the number corresponding to the section. First suppose φ(ξ0) > η, so that ξ0 belongs to the upper class: and let φ(ξ0) = η + k, say. Then φ(ξ′) < η and so φ(ξ0) – φ(ξ′) > k, for all values of ξ′ less than ξ0, which contradicts the condition of continuity for x = ξ0. Next suppose φ(ξ0) = η – k < η. Then, if ξ′ is any number greater than ξ0, either φ(ξ′) ■ η or we can find a number ξ″ between ξ0 and ξ′ such that φ(ξ″) ■ η. In either case we can find a number as near to ξ0 as we please and such that the corresponding values of φ(x) differ by more than k. And this again contradicts the hypothesis that φ(x) is continuous for x = ξ0. Hence φ(ξ0) = η, and the theorem is established. It should be observed that we have proved more than is asserted explicitly in the theorem; we have proved in fact that ξ0 is the least value of x for which φ(x) = η. It is not obvious, or indeed generally true, that there is a least among the values of x for which a function assumes a given value, though this is true for continuous functions. It is easy to see that the converse of the theorem just proved is not true. Thus such a function as the function φ(x) whose graph is represented by Fig. 31 obviously assumes at least once every value between φ(x0) and φ(x1): yet φ(x) is discontinuous. Indeed it is not even true that φ(x) must be continuous when it assumes each value once and once only. Thus let φ(x) be defined as follows from x = 0 to x = 1. If x = 0 let φ(x) = 0; if 0 < x < 1 let φ(x) = 1 – x; and if x = 1 let φ(x) = 1. The graph of the function is shown in Fig. 32; it includes the points O, C but not the points A, B. It is clear that, as x varies from 0 to 1, φ(x) assumes once and once only every value between φ(0) = 0 and φ(1) = 1; but φ(x) is discontinuous for x = 0 and x = 1. As a matter of fact, however, the curves which usually occur in elementary mathematics are composed of a finite number of pieces along which y always [V : 101] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A CONTINUOUS VARIABLE 218x0 x1 Fig. 31.O B A C Fig. 32. varies in the same direction. It is easy to show that if y = φ(x) always varies in the same direction, i.e. steadily increases or decreases, as x varies from x0 to x1, then the two notions of continuity are really equivalent, i.e. that if φ(x) takes every value between φ(x0) and φ(x1) then it must be a continuous function in the sense of § 98. For let ξ be any value of x between x0 and x1. As x → ξ through values less than ξ, φ(x) tends to the limit φ(ξ – 0) (§ 95). Similarly as x → ξ through values greater than ξ, φ(x) tends to the limit φ(ξ + 0). The function will be continuous for x = ξ if and only if φ(ξ – 0) = φ(ξ) = φ(ξ + 0). But if either of these equations is untrue, say the first, then it is evident that φ(x) never assumes any value which lies between φ(ξ – 0) and φ(ξ), which is contrary to our assumption. Thus φ(x) must be continuous. The net result of this and the last section is consequently to show that our common-sense notion of what we mean by continuity is substantially accurate, and capable of precise statement in mathematical terms. 101. In this and the following paragraphs we shall state and prove some general theorems concerning continuous functions. [V : 102] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A CONTINUOUS VARIABLE 219 Theorem 1. Suppose that φ(x) is continuous for x = ξ, and that φ(ξ) is positive. Then we can determine a positive number δ such that φ(ξ) is positive throughout the interval [ξ – δ, ξ + δ]. For, taking ■ = 1 2 φ(ξ) in the fundamental inequality of p. 212, we can choose δ so that |φ(x) – φ(ξ)| < 1 2 φ(ξ) throughout [ξ – δ, ξ + δ], and then φ(x) ■ φ(ξ) – |φ(x) – φ(ξ)| > 1 2 φ(ξ) > 0, so that φ(x) is positive. There is plainly a corresponding theorem referring to negative values of φ(x). Theorem 2. If φ(x) is continuous for x = ξ, and φ(x) vanishes for values of x as near to ξ as we please, or assumes, for values of x as near to ξ as we please, both positive and negative values, then φ(ξ) = 0. This is an obvious corollary of Theorem 1. If φ(ξ) is not zero, it must be positive or negative; and if it were, for example, positive, it would be positive for all values of x sufficiently near to ξ, which contradicts the hypotheses of the theorem. 102. The range of values of a continuous function. Let us consider a function φ(x) about which we shall only assume at present that it is defined for every value of x in an interval [a, b]. The values assumed by φ(x) for values of x in [a, b] form an aggregate S to which we can apply the arguments of § 80, as we applied them in § 81 to the aggregate of values of a function of n. If there is a number K such that φ(x) ■ K, for all values of x in question, we say that φ(x) is bounded above. In this case φ(x) possesses an upper bound M : no value of φ(x) exceeds M , but any number less than M is exceeded by at least one value of φ(x). Similarly we define ‘bounded below ’, ‘lower bound ’, ‘bounded’, as applied to functions of a continuous variable x. Theorem 1. If φ(x) is continuous throughout [a, b], then it is bounded in [a, b]. [V : 102] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A CONTINUOUS VARIABLE 220 We can certainly determine an interval [a, ξ], extending to the right from a, in which φ(x) is bounded. For since φ(x) is continuous for x = a, we can, given any positive number ■ however small, determine an interval [a, ξ] throughout which φ(x) lies between φ(a) – ■ and φ(a) + ■; and obviously φ(x) is bounded in this interval. Now divide the points ξ of the interval [a, b] into two classes L, R, putting ξ in L if φ(ξ) is bounded in [a, ξ], and in R if this is not the case. It follows from what precedes that L certainly

exists: what we propose to prove is that R does not. Suppose that R does exist, and let β be the number corresponding to the section whose lower and upper classes are L and R. Since φ(x) is continuous for x = β, we can, however small ■ may be, determine an interval [β – η, β + η]* throughout which φ(β) – ■ < φ(x) < φ(β) + ■. Thus φ(x) is bounded in [β – η, β + η]. Now β – η belongs to L. Therefore φ(x) is bounded in [a, β – η]: and therefore it is bounded in the whole interval [a, β + η]. But β + η belongs to R and so φ(x) is not bounded in [a, β +η]. This contradiction shows that R does not exist. And so φ(x) is bounded in the whole interval [a, b]. Theorem 2. If φ(x) is continuous throughout [a, b], and M and m are its upper and lower bounds, then φ(x) assumes the values M and m at least once each in the interval. For, given any positive number ■, we can find a value of x for which M – φ(x) < ■ or 1/{M – φ(x)} > 1/■. Hence 1/{M – φ(x)} is not bounded, and therefore, by Theorem 1, is not continuous. But M – φ(x) is a continuous function, and so 1/{M – φ(x)} is continuous at any point at which its denominator does not vanish (Ex. xxxvii. 1). There must therefore be one point at which the denominator vanishes: at this point φ(x) = M . Similarly it may be shown that there is a point at which φ(x) = m. *If β = b we must replace this interval by [β – η, β], and β + η by β, throughout the argument which follows. [V : 103] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A CONTINUOUS VARIABLE 221 The proof just given is somewhat subtle and indirect, and it may be well, in view of the great importance of the theorem, to indicate alterna- tive lines of proof. It will however be convenient to postpone these for a moment.* Examples XXXVIII. 1. If φ(x) = 1/x except when x = 0, and φ(x) = 0 when x = 0, then φ(x) has neither an upper nor a lower bound in any interval which includes x = 0 in its interior, as e.g. the interval [–1, +1]. 2. If φ(x) = 1/x2 except when x = 0, and φ(x) = 0 when x = 0, then φ(x) has the lower bound 0, but no upper bound, in the interval [–1, +1]. 3. Let φ(x) = sin(1/x) except when x = 0, and φ(x) = 0 when x = 0. Then φ(x) is discontinuous for x = 0. In any interval [–■, +■] the lower bound is –1 and the upper bound +1, and each of these values is assumed by φ(x) an infinity of times. 4. Let φ(x) = x – [x]. This function is discontinuous for all integral values of x. In the interval [0, 1] its lower bound is 0 and its upper bound 1. It is equal to 0 when x = 0 or x = 1, but it is never equal to 1. Thus φ(x) never assumes a value equal to its upper bound. 5. Let φ(x) = 0 when x is irrational, and φ(x) = q when x is a rational fraction p/q. Then φ(x) has the lower bound 0, but no upper bound, in any interval [a, b]. But if φ(x) = (–1)pq when x = p/q, then φ(x) has neither an upper nor a lower bound in any interval. 103. The oscillation of a function in an interval. Let φ(x) be any function bounded throughout [a, b], and M and m its upper and lower bounds. We shall now use the notation M (a, b), m(a, b) for M , m, in order to exhibit explicitly the dependence of M and m on a and b, and we shall write O(a, b) = M (a, b) – m(a, b). This number O(a, b), the difference between the upper and lower bounds of φ(x) in [a, b], we shall call the oscillation of φ(x) in [a, b]. The simplest of the properties of the functions M (a, b), m(a, b), O(a, b) are as follows. *See § 104. [V : 104] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A CONTINUOUS VARIABLE 222 (1) If a ■ c ■ b then M (a, b) is equal to the greater of M (a, c) and M (c, b), and m(a, b) to the lesser of m(a, c) and m(c, b). (2) M (a, b) is an increasing, m(a, b) a decreasing, and O(a, b) an in- creasing function of b. (3) O(a, b) ■ O(a, c) + O(c, b). The first two theorems are almost immediate consequences of our def- initions. Let μ be the greater of M (a, c) and M (c, b), and let ■ be any positive number. Then φ(x) ■ μ throughout [a, c] and [c, b], and there- fore throughout [a, b]; and φ(x) > μ – ■ somewhere in [a, c] or in [c, b], and therefore somewhere in [a, b]. Hence M (a, b) = μ. The proposition concerning m may be proved similarly. Thus (1) is proved, and (2) is an obvious corollary. Suppose now that M1 is the greater and M2 the less of M (a, c) and M (c, b), and that m1 is the less and m2 the greater of m(a, c) and m(c, b). Then, since c belongs to both intervals, φ(c) is not greater than M2 nor less than m2. Hence M2 ■ m2, whether these numbers correspond to the same one of the intervals [a, c] and [c, b] or not, and O(a, b) = M1 – m1 ■ M1 + M2 – m1 – m2. But O(a, c) + O(c, b) = M1 + M2 – m1 – m2; and (3) follows. 104. Alternative proofs of Theorem 2 of § 102. The most straight- forward proof of Theorem 2 of § 102 is as follows. Let ξ be any number of the interval [a, b]. The function M (a, ξ) increases steadily with ξ and never ex- ceeds M . We can therefore construct a section of the numbers ξ by putting ξ in L or in R according as M (a, ξ) < M or M (a, ξ) = M . Let β be the number corresponding to the section. If a < β < b, we have M (a, β – η) < M, M (a, β + η) = M for all positive values of η, and so M (β – η, β + η) = M, [V : 105] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A CONTINUOUS VARIABLE 223 by (1) of § 103. Hence φ(x) assumes, for values of x as near as we please to β, values as near as we please to M , and so, since φ(x) is continuous, φ(β) must be equal to M . If β = a then M (a, a + η) = M . And if β = b then M (a, b – η) < M , and so M (b – η, b) = M . In either case the argument may be completed as before. The theorem may also be proved by the method of repeated bisection used in § 71. If M is the upper bound of φ(x) in an interval P Q, and P Q is divided into two equal parts, then it is possible to find a half P1Q1 in which the upper bound of φ(x) is also M . Proceeding as in § 71, we construct a sequence of intervals P Q, P1Q1, P2Q2, . . . in each of which the upper bound of φ(x) is M . These intervals, as in § 71, converge to a point T , and it is easily proved that the value of φ(x) at this point is M . 105. Sets of intervals on a line. The Heine-Borel Theorem. We shall now proceed to prove some theorems concerning the oscillation of a function which are of a somewhat abstract character but of very great importance, particularly, as we shall see later, in the theory of integration. These theorems depend upon a general theorem concerning intervals on a line. Suppose that we are given a set of intervals in a straight line, that is to say an aggregate each of whose members is an interval [α, β]. We make no restriction as to the nature of these intervals; they may be finite or infinite in number; they may or may not overlap;*

and any number of them may be included in others. It is worth while in passing to give a few examples of sets of intervals to which we shall have occasion to return later. (i) If the interval [0, 1] is divided into n equal parts then the n intervals thus formed define a finite set of non-overlapping intervals which just cover up the line. (ii) We take every point ξ of the interval [0, 1], and associate with ξ the interval [ξ – δ, ξ + δ], where δ is a positive number less than 1, except that with 0 we associate [0, δ] and with 1 we associate [1 – δ, 1], and in general we reject any *The word overlap is used in its obvious sense: two intervals overlap if they have points in common which are not end points of either. Thus [0, 2 3] and [1 3 , 1] overlap. A pair of intervals such as [0, 1 2] and [1 2 , 1] may be said to abut. [V : 105] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A CONTINUOUS VARIABLE 224 part of any interval which projects outside the interval [0, 1]. We thus define an infinite set of intervals, and it is obvious that many of them overlap with one another. (iii) We take the rational points p/q of the interval [0, 1], and associate with p/q the interval p q – δ q3 , p q + δ q3

, where δ is positive and less than 1. We regard 0 as 0/1 and 1 as 1/1: in these two cases we reject the part of the interval which lies outside [0, 1]. We obtain thus an infinite set of intervals, which plainly overlap with one another, since there are an infinity of rational points, other than p/q, in the interval associated with p/q. The Heine-Borel Theorem. Suppose that we are given an inter- val [a, b], and a set of intervals I each of whose members is included in [a, b]. Suppose further that I possesses the following properties: (i) every point of [a, b], other than a and b, lies inside* at least one interval of I; (ii) a is the left-hand end point, and b the right-hand end point, of at least one interval of I. Then it is possible to choose a finite number of intervals from the set I which form a set of intervals possessing the properties (i) and (ii). We know that a is the left-hand end point of at least one interval of I, say [a, a1]. We know also that a1 lies inside at least one interval of I, say [a′ 1, a2]. Similarly a2 lies inside an interval [a′ 2, a3] of I. It is plain that this argument may be repeated indefinitely, unless after a finite number of steps an coincides with b. If an does coincide with b after a finite number of steps then there is nothing further to prove, for we have obtained a finite set of intervals, selected from the intervals of I, and possessing the properties required. If an never coincides with b, then the points a1, a2, a3, . . . must (since each lies to the right of its predecessor) tend to a limiting position, but this limiting position may, so far as we can tell, lie anywhere in [a, b]. *That is to say ‘in and not at an end of’. [V : 105] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A CONTINUOUS VARIABLE 225 Let us suppose now that the process just indicated, starting from a, is performed in all possible ways, so that we obtain all possible sequences of the type a1, a2, a3, ... Then we can prove that there must be at least one such sequence which arrives at b after a finite number of steps.a a′ 1 a1 a′ 2 a2 ξ a3 ξ′ ξ0 ξ″ b1 b Fig. 33. There are two possibilities with regard to any point ξ between a and b. Either (i) ξ lies to the left of some point an of some sequence or (ii) it does not. We divide the points ξ into two classes L and R according as to whether (i) or (ii) is true. The class L certainly exists, since all points of the interval [a, a1] belong to L. We shall now prove that R does not exist, so that every point ξ belongs to L. If R exists then L lies entirely to the left of R, and the classes L, R form a section of the real numbers between a and b, to which corresponds a number ξ0. The point ξ0 lies inside an interval of I, say [ξ′, ξ″], and ξ′ belongs to L, and so lies to the left of some term an of some sequence. But then we can take [ξ′, ξ″] as the interval [a′ n, an+1] associated with an in our construction of the sequence a1, a2, a3, . . . ; and all points to the left of ξ″ lie to the left of an+1. There are therefore points of L to the right of ξ0, and this contradicts the definition of R. It is therefore impossible that R should exist. Thus every point ξ belongs to L. Now b is the right-hand end point of an interval of I, say [b1, b], and b1 belongs to L. Hence there is a member an of a sequence a1, a2, a3, . . . such that an > b1. But then we may take the interval [a′ n, an+1] corresponding to an to be [b1, b], and so we obtain a sequence in which the term after the nth coincides with b, and therefore a finite set of intervals having the properties required. Thus the theorem is proved. It is instructive to consider the examples of p. 223 in the light of this theorem. [V : 106] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A CONTINUOUS VARIABLE 226 (i) Here the conditions of the theorem are not satisfied: the points 1/n, 2/n, 3/n, . . . do not lie inside any interval of I. (ii) Here the conditions of the theorem are satisfied. The set of intervals [0, 2δ], [δ, 3δ], [2δ, 4δ], . . . , [1 – 2δ, 1], associated with the points δ, 2δ, 3δ, . . . , 1 – δ, possesses the properties required. (iii) In this case we can prove, by using the theorem, that there are, if δ is small enough, points of [0, 1] which do not lie in any interval of I. If every point of [0, 1] lay inside an interval of I (with the obvious reservation as to the end points), then we could find a finite number of intervals of I possess- ing the same property and having therefore a total length greater than 1. Now there are two intervals, of total length 2δ, for which q = 1, and q – 1 intervals, of total length 2δ(q – 1)/q3, associated with any other value of q. The sum of any finite number of intervals of I can therefore not be greater than 2δ times that of the series 1 + 1 23 + 2 33 + 3 43 + . . . , which will be shown to be convergent in Ch. VIII. Hence it follows that, if δ is small enough, the supposition that every point of [0, 1] lies inside an interval of I leads to a contradiction. The reader may be tempted to think that this proof is needlessly elaborate, and that the existence of points of the interval, not in any interval of I, follows at once from the fact that the sum of all these intervals is less than 1. But the theorem to which he would be appealing is (when the set of intervals is infinite) far from obvious, and can only be proved rigorously by some such use of the Heine-Borel Theorem as is made in the text. 106. We shall now apply the Heine-Borel Theorem to the proof of two important theorems concerning the oscillation of a continuous function. Theorem I. If φ(x) is continuous throughout the interval [a, b], then we can divide [a, b] into a finite number of sub-intervals [a, x1], [x1, x2], . . . , [xn, b], in each of

which the oscillation of φ(x) is less than an assigned positive number ■. Let ξ be any number between a and b. Since φ(x) is continuous for x = ξ, we can determine an interval [ξ – δ, ξ + δ] such that the oscillation [V : 106] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A CONTINUOUS VARIABLE 227 of φ(x) in this interval is less than ■. It is indeed obvious that there are an infinity of such intervals corresponding to every ξ and every ■, for if the condition is satisfied for any particular value of δ, then it is satisfied a fortiori for any smaller value. What values of δ are admissible will naturally depend upon ξ; we have at present no reason for supposing that a value of δ admissible for one value of ξ will be admissible for another. We shall call the intervals thus associated with ξ the ■-intervals of ξ. If ξ = a then we can determine an interval [a, a + δ], and so an infinity of such intervals, having the same property. These we call the ■-intervals of a, and we can define in a similar manner the ■-intervals of b. Consider now the set I of intervals formed by taking all the ■-intervals of all points of [a, b]. It is plain that this set satisfies the conditions of the Heine-Borel Theorem; every point interior to the interval is interior to at least one interval of I, and a and b are end points of at least one such interval. We can therefore determine a set I′ which is formed by a finite number of intervals of I, and which possesses the same property as I itself. The intervals which compose the set I′ will in general overlap as in Fig. 34. But their end points obviously divide up [a, b] into a finite set ofa b Fig. 34. intervals I″ each of which is included in an interval of I′, and in each of which the oscillation of φ(x) is less than ■. Thus Theorem I is proved. Theorem II. Given any positive number ■, we can find a number η such that, if the interval [a, b] is divided in any manner into sub-intervals of length less than η, then the oscillation of φ(x) in each of them will be less than ■. Take ■1 < 1 2 ■, and construct, as in Theorem I, a finite set of sub- intervals j in each of which the oscillation of φ(x) is less than ■1. Let η be the length of the least of these sub-intervals j. If now we divide [a, b] into parts each of length less than η, then any such part must lie entirely within at most two successive sub-intervals j. Hence, in virtue of (3) of § 103, the [V : 107] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A CONTINUOUS VARIABLE 228 oscillation of φ(x), in one of the parts of length less than η, cannot exceed twice the greatest oscillation of φ(x) in a sub-interval j, and is therefore less than 2■1, and therefore than ■. This theorem is of fundamental importance in the theory of definite integrals (Ch. VII). It is impossible, without the use of this or some sim- ilar theorem, to prove that a function continuous throughout an interval necessarily possesses an integral over that interval. 107. Continuous functions of several variables. The notions of continuity and discontinuity may be extended to functions of several inde- pendent variables (Ch. II, §§ 31 et seq.). Their application to such functions however, raises questions much more complicated and difficult than those which we have considered in this chapter. It would be impossible for us to discuss these questions in any detail here; but we shall, in the sequel, require to know what is meant by a continuous function of two variables, and we accordingly give the following definition. It is a straightforward generalisation of the last form of the definition of § 98. The function φ(x, y) of the two variables x and y is said to be contin- uous for x = ξ, y = η if, given any positive number ■, however small, we can choose δ(■) so that |φ(x, y) – φ(ξ, η)| < ■ when 0 ■ |x – ξ| ■ δ(■) and 0 ■ |y – η| ■ δ(■); that is to say if we can draw a square, whose sides are parallel to the axes of coordinates and of length 2δ(■), whose centre is the point (ξ, η), and which is such that the value of φ(x, y) at any point inside it or on its boundary differs from φ(ξ, η) by less than ■.* This definition of course presupposes that φ(x, y) is defined at all points of the square in question, and in particular at the point (ξ, η). Another method of stating the definition is this: φ(x, y) is continuous for x = ξ, y = η if φ(x, y) → φ(ξ, η) when x → ξ, y → η in any manner. This state- ment is apparently simpler; but it contains phrases the precise meaning of *The reader should draw a figure to illustrate the definition. [V : 108] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A CONTINUOUS VARIABLE 229 which has not yet been explained and can only be explained by the help of inequalities like those which occur in our original statement. It is easy to prove that the sums, the products, and in general the quo- tients of continuous functions of two variables are themselves continuous. A polynomial in two variables is continuous for all values of the variables; and the ordinary functions of x and y which occur in every-day analysis are generally continuous, i.e. are continuous except for pairs of values of x and y connected by special relations. The reader should observe carefully that to assert the continuity of φ(x, y) with respect to the two variables x and y is to assert much more than its con- tinuity with respect to each variable considered separately. It is plain that if φ(x, y) is continuous with respect to x and y then it is certainly continuous with respect to x (or y) when any fixed value is assigned to y (or x). But the converse is by no means true. Suppose, for example, that φ(x, y) = 2xy x2 + y2 when neither x nor y is zero, and φ(x, y) = 0 when either x or y is zero. Then if y has any fixed value, zero or not, φ(x, y) is a continuous function of x, and in particular continuous for x = 0; for its value when x = 0 is zero, and it tends to the limit zero as x → 0. In the same way it may be shown that φ(x, y) is a continuous function of y. But φ(x, y) is not a continuous function of x and y for x = 0, y = 0. Its value when x = 0, y = 0 is zero; but if x and y tend to zero along the straight line y = ax, then φ(x, y) = 2a 1 + a2 , lim φ(x, y) = 2a 1 + a2 , which may have any value between –1 and 1. 108. Implicit functions. We have already, in Ch. II, met with the idea of an implicit function. Thus, if x and y are connected by the relation y5 – xy – y – x = 0, (1) then y is an ‘implicit function’ of x. But it is far from obvious that such an equation as this does really define a function y of x, or several such functions. In Ch. II we were content to take this [V : 108] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A CONTINUOUS VARIABLE 230 for granted. We are now in a position to consider whether the assumption we made then was justified. We shall find the following terminology

useful. Suppose that it is possible to surround a point (a, b), as in § 107, with a square throughout which a certain condition is satisfied. We shall call such a square a neighbourhood of (a, b), and say that the condition in question is satisfied in the neighbourhood of (a, b), or near (a, b), meaning by this simply that it is possible to find some square throughout which the condition is satisfied. It is obvious that similar language may be used when we are dealing with a single variable, the square being replaced by an interval on a line. Theorem. If (i) f (x, y) is a continuous function of x and y in the neigh- bourhood of (a, b), (ii) f (a, b) = 0, (iii) f (x, y) is, for all values of x in the neighbourhood of a, a steadily increasing function of y, in the stricter sense of § 95, then (1) there is a unique function y = φ(x) which, when substituted in the equation f (x, y) = 0, satisfies it identically for all values of x in the neighbour- hood of a, (2) φ(x) is continuous for all values of x in the neighbourhood of a. In the figure the square represents a 'neighbourhood' of (a, b) throughout which the conditions (i) and (iii) are satisfied, and P the point (a, b). If we takeP P ′ Q Q′ R R′ (a, b) Fig. 35. Q and R as in the figure, it follows from (iii) that f (x, y) is positive at Q and [V : 108] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A CONTINUOUS VARIABLE 231 negative at R. This being so, and f (x, y) being continuous at Q and at R, we can draw lines QQ′ and RR′ parallel to OX, so that R′Q′ is parallel to OY and f (x, y) is positive at all points of QQ′ and negative at all points of RR′. In particular f (x, y) is positive at Q′ and negative at R′, and therefore, in virtue of (iii) and § 100, vanishes once and only once at a point P ′ on R′Q′. The same construction gives us a unique point at which f (x, y) = 0 on each ordinate between RQ and R′Q′. It is obvious, moreover, that the same construction can be carried out to the left of RQ. The aggregate of points such as P ′ gives us the graph of the required function y = φ(x). It remains to prove that φ(x) is continuous. This is most simply effected by using the idea of the 'limits of indetermination' of φ(x) as x → a (§ 96). Suppose that x → a, and let λ and Λ be the limits of indetermination of φ(x) as x → a. It is evident that the points (a, λ) and (a, Λ) lie on QR. Moreover, we can find a sequence of values of x such that φ(x) → λ when x → a through the values of the sequence; and since f {x, φ(x)} = 0, and f (x, y) is a continuous function of x and y, we have f (a, λ) = 0. Hence λ = b; and similarly Λ = b. Thus φ(x) tends to the limit b as x → a, and so φ(x) is continuous for x = a. It is evident that we can show in exactly the same way that φ(x) is continuous for any value of x in the neighbourhood of a. It is clear that the truth of the theorem would not be affected if we were to change 'increasing' to 'decreasing' in condition (iii). As an example, let us consider the equation (1), taking a = 0, b = 0. It is evident that the conditions (i) and (ii) are satisfied. Moreover f (x, y) – f (x, y′) = (y – y′)(y4 + y3y′ + y2y′2 + yy′3 + y′4 – x – 1) has, when x, y, and y′ are sufficiently small, the sign opposite to that of y – y′. Hence condition (iii) (with 'decreasing' for 'increasing') is satisfied. It follows that there is one and only one continuous function y which satisfies the equa- tion (1) identically and vanishes with x. The same conclusion would follow if the equation were y2 – xy – y – x = 0. The function in question is in this case y = 1 2 {1 + x – p1 + 6x + x2}, [V : 109] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A CONTINUOUS VARIABLE 232 where the square root is positive. The second root, in which the sign of the square root is changed, does not satisfy the condition of vanishing with x. There is one point in the proof which the reader should be careful to observe. We supposed that the hypotheses of the theorem were satisfied 'in the neigh- bourhood of (a, b)', that is to say throughout a certain square ξ – δ ■ x ■ ξ + δ, η – δ ■ y ■ η + δ. The conclusion holds 'in the neighbourhood of x = a', that is to say throughout a certain interval ξ – δ1 ■ x ■ ξ + δ1. There is nothing to show that the δ1 of the conclusion is the δ of the hypotheses, and indeed this is generally untrue. 109. Inverse Functions. Suppose in particular that f (x, y) is of the form F (y) – x. We then obtain the following theorem. If F (y) is a function of y, continuous and steadily increasing (or decreasing), in the stricter sense of § 95, in the neighbourhood of y = b, and F (b) = a, then there is a unique continuous function y = φ(x) which is equal to b when x = a and satisfies the equation F (y) = x identically in the neighbourhood of x = a. The function thus defined is called the inverse function of F (y). Suppose for example that y3 = x, a = 0, b = 0. Then all the conditions of the theorem are satisfied. The inverse function is x = 3 √y. If we had supposed that y2 = x then the conditions of the theorem would not have been satisfied, for y2 is not a steadily increasing function of y in any interval which includes y = 0: it decreases when y is negative and increases when y is positive. And in this case the conclusion of the theorem does not hold, for y2 = x defines two functions of x, viz. y = √x and y = –√x, both of which vanish when x = 0, and each of which is defined only for positive values of x, so that the equation has sometimes two solutions and sometimes none. The reader should consider the more general equations y2n = x, y2n+1 = x, in the same way. Another interesting example is given by the equation y5 – y – x = 0, already considered in Ex. xiv. 7. Similarly the equation sin y = x [V : 109] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A CONTINUOUS VARIABLE 233 has just one solution which vanishes with x, viz. the value of arc sin x which vanishes with x. There are of course an infinity of solutions, given by the other values of arc sin x (cf. Ex. xv. 10), which do not satisfy this condition. So far we have considered only what happens in the neighbourhood of a particular value of x. Let us suppose now that F (y) is positive and steadily in- creasing (or decreasing) throughout an interval [a, b]. Given any point ξ of [a, b], we can determine an interval i including ξ, and a unique and continuous inverse function φi(x) defined throughout i. From the set I of intervals i we can, in virtue of the Heine-Borel Theorem, pick out a finite sub-set covering up the whole interval [a, b]; and it is plain that the finite set of functions φi(x), corresponding to the sub-set of intervals i thus selected, define together a unique inverse function φ(x) continuous through- out [a, b]. We thus obtain the theorem: if x = F (y), where F (y) is continuous and increases steadily and strictly from A to B as x

increases from a to b, then there is a unique inverse function y = φ(x) which is continuous and increases steadily and strictly from a to b as x increases from A to B. It is worth while to show how this theorem can be obtained directly without the help of the more difficult theorem of § 108. Suppose that A < ξ < B, and consider the class of values of y such that (i) a < y < b and (ii) F (y) ■ ξ. This class has an upper bound η, and plainly F (η) ■ ξ. If F (η) were less than ξ, we could find a value of y such that y > η and F (y) < ξ, and η would not be the upper bound of the class considered. Hence F (η) = ξ. The equation F (y) = ξ has therefore a unique solution y = η = φ(ξ), say; and plainly η increases steadily and continuously with ξ, which proves the theorem. MISCELLANEOUS EXAMPLES ON CHAPTER V. 1. Show that, if neither a nor b is zero, then axn + bxn–1 + · · · + k = axn(1 + ■x), where ■x is of the first order of smallness when x is large. 2. If P (x) = axn + bxn–1 + · · · + k, and a is not zero, then as x increases P (x) has ultimately the sign of a; and so has P (x + λ) – P (x), where λ is any constant. [V : 109] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A CONTINUOUS VARIABLE 234 3. Show that in general (axn + bxn–1 + · · · + k)/(Axn + Bxn–1 + · · · + K) = α + (β/x)(1 + ■x), where α = a/A, β = (bA – aB)/A2, and ■x is of the first order of smallness when x is large. Indicate any exceptional cases. 4. Express (ax2 + bx + c)/(Ax2 + Bx + C) in the form α + (β/x) + (γ/x2)(1 + ■x), where ■x is of the first order of smallness when x is large. 5. Show that lim x→∞ √x{√x + a – √x} = 1 2 a. [Use the formula √x + a – √x = a/{√x + a + √x}.] 6. Show that √x + a = √x + 1 2 (a/√x)(1 + ■x), where ■x is of the first order of smallness when x is large. 7. Find values of α and β such that √ax2 + 2bx + c – αx – β has the limit zero as x → ∞; and prove that lim x{√ax2 + 2bx + c – αx – β} = (ac – b2)/2a. 8. Evaluate lim x→∞ x q x2 + px4 + 1 – x√2

. 9. Prove that (sec x – tan x) → 0 as x → 1 2 π. 10. Prove that φ(x) = 1 – cos(1 – cos x) is of the fourth order of smallness when x is small; and find the limit of φ(x)/x4 as x → 0. 11. Prove that φ(x) = x sin(sin x) – sin2 x is of the sixth order of smallness when x is small; and find the limit of φ(x)/x6 as x → 0. 12. From a point P on a radius OA of a circle, produced beyond the cir- cle, a tangent P T is drawn to the circle, touching it in T , and T N is drawn perpendicular to OA. Show that N A/AP → 1 as P moves up to A. 13. Tangents are drawn to a circular arc at its middle point and its ex- tremities; Δ is the area of the triangle formed by the chord of the arc and the two tangents at the extremities, and Δ′ the area of that formed by the three tangents. Show that Δ/Δ′ → 4 as the length of the arc tends to zero. [V : 109] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A CONTINUOUS VARIABLE 235 14. For what values of a does {a + sin(1/x)}/x tend to (1) ∞, (2) –∞, as x → 0? [To ∞ if a > 1, to –∞ if a < –1: the function oscillates if –1 ■ a ■ 1.] 15. If φ(x) = 1/q when x = p/q, and φ(x) = 0 when x is irrational, then φ(x) is continuous for all irrational and discontinuous for all rational values of x. 16. Show that the function whose graph is drawn in Fig. 32 may be repre- sented by either of the formulae 1 – x + [x] – [1 – x], 1 – x – lim n→∞(cos2n+1 πx). 17. Show that the function φ(x) which is equal to 0 when x = 0, to 1 2 – x when 0 < x < 1 2 , to 1 2 when x = 1 2 , to 3 2 – x when 1 2 < x < 1, and to 1 when x = 1, assumes every value between 0 and 1 once and once only as x increases from 0 to 1, but is discontinuous for x = 0, x = 1 2 , and x = 1. Show also that the function may be represented by the formula 1 2 – x – 1 2 [2x] – 1 2 [1 – 2x]. 18. Let φ(x) = x when x is rational and φ(x) = 1 – x when x is irrational. Show that φ(x) assumes every value between 0 and 1 once and once only as x increases from 0 to 1, but is discontinuous for every value of x except x = 1 2 . 19. As x increases from – 1 2 π to 1 2 π, y = sin x is continuous and steadily increases, in the stricter sense, from –1 to 1. Deduce the existence of a function x = arc sin y which is a continuous and steadily increasing function of y from y = –1 to y = 1. 20. Show that the numerically least value of arc tan y is continuous for all values of y and increases steadily from – 1 2 π to 1 2 π as y varies through all real values. 21. Discuss, on the lines of §§ 108–109, the solution of the equations y2 – y – x = 0, y4 – y2 – x2 = 0, y4 – y2 + x2 = 0 in the neighbourhood of x = 0, y = 0. 22. If ax2 + 2bxy + cy2 + 2dx + 2ey = 0 and Δ = 2bde – ae2 – cd2, then one value of y is given by y = αx + βx2 + (γ + ■x)x3, where α = –d/e, β = Δ/2e3, γ = (cd – be)Δ/2e5, [V : 109] LIMITS OF FUNCTIONS OF A CONTINUOUS VARIABLE 236 and ■x is of the first order of smallness when x is small. [If y – αx = η then –2eη = ax2 + 2bx(η + αx) + c(η + αx)2 = Ax2 + 2Bxη + Cη2, say. It is evident that η is of the second order of smallness, xη of the third, and η2 of the fourth; and –2eη = Ax2 – (AB/e)x3, the error being of the fourth order.] 23. If x = ay + by2 + cy3 then one value of y is given by y = αx + βx2 + (γ + ■x)x3, where α = 1/a, β = –b/a3, γ = (2b2 – ac)/a5, and ■x is of the first order of smallness when x is small. 24. If x = ay + byn, where n is an integer greater than unity, then one value of y is given by y = αx + βxn + (γ + ■x)x2n–1, where α = 1/a, β = –b/an+1, γ = nb2/a2n+1, and ■x is of the (n – 1)th order of smallness when x is small. 25. Show that the least positive root of the equation xy = sin x is a con- tinuous function of y throughout the interval [0, 1], and decreases steadily from π to 0 as y increases from 0 to 1. [The function is the inverse of (sin x)/x: apply § 109.] 26. The least positive root of xy = tan x is a continuous function of y throughout the interval [1, ∞), and increases steadily from 0 to 1 2 π as y increases from 1 towards ∞. CHAPTER VI DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 110. Derivatives or Differential Coefficients. Let us return to the consideration of the properties which we naturally associate with the notion of a curve. The first and most obvious property is, as we saw in the last chapter, that which gives a curve its appearance of connectedness, and which we embodied in our definition of a continuous function. The ordinary curves which occur in elementary geometry, such as straight lines, circles and conic sections, have of course many other prop- erties of a general character. The simplest and most noteworthy of these is perhaps that they have a definite direction at every point, or what is the same thing, that at every point of the curve we can draw a tangent to it. The reader will probably

remember that in elementary geometry the tangent to a curve at P is defined to be ‘the limiting position of the chord P Q, when Q moves up towards coincidence with P ’. Let us consider what is implied in the assumption of the existence of such a limiting position. In the figure (Fig. 36) P is a fixed point on the curve, and Q a variable point; P M , QN are parallel to OY and P R to OX. We denote the coor- dinates of P by x, y and those of Q by x + h, y + k: h will be positive or negative according as N lies to the right or left of M . We have assumed that there is a tangent to the curve at P , or that there is a definite ‘limiting position’ of the chord P Q. Suppose that P T , the tangent at P , makes an angle ψ with OX. Then to say that P T is the limiting position of P Q is equivalent to saying that the limit of the angle QP R is ψ, when Q approaches P along the curve from either side. We have now to distinguish two cases, a general case and an exceptional one. The general case is that in which ψ is not equal to 1 2 π, so that P T is not parallel to OY . In this case RP Q tends to the limit ψ, and RQ/P R = tan RP Q tends to the limit tan ψ. Now RQ/P R = (N Q – M P)/M N = {φ(x + h) – φ(x)}/h; 237 [VI : 110] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 238P Q Q R R T O X Y N NM ψ Fig. 36. and so lim h→0 φ(x + h) – φ(x) h = tan ψ. (1) The reader should be careful to note that in all these equations all lengths are regarded as affected with the proper sign, so that (e.g.) RQ is negative in the figure when Q lies to the left of P ; and that the convergence to the limit is unaffected by the sign of h. Thus the assumption that the curve which is the graph of φ(x) has a tangent at P , which is not perpendicular to the axis of x, implies that φ(x) has, for the particular value of x corresponding to P , the property that {φ(x + h) – φ(x)}/h tends to a limit when h tends to zero. This of course implies that both of {φ(x + h) – φ(x)}/h, {φ(x – h) – φ(x)}/(–h) tend to limits when h → 0 by positive values only, and that the two limits are equal. If these limits exist but are not equal, then the curve y = φ(x) has an angle at the particular point considered, as in Fig. 37. Now let us suppose that the curve has (like the circle or ellipse) a tangent at every point of its length, or at any rate every portion of its length which corresponds to a certain range of variation of x. Further let us suppose this tangent never perpendicular to the axis of x: in the case of a circle this would of course restrict us to considering an arc less than a semicircle. Then an equation such as (1) holds for all values of x which [VI : 111] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 239 fall inside this range. To each such value of x corresponds a value of tan ψ: tan ψ is a function of x, which is defined for all values of x in the range of values under consideration, and which may be calculated or derived from the original function φ(x). We shall call this function the derivative or derived function of φ(x), and we shall denote it by φ'(x). Another name for the derived function of φ(x) is the differential co- efficient of φ(x); and the operation of calculating φ'(x) from φ(x) is gen- erally known as differentiation. This terminology is firmly established for historical reasons: see § 115. Before we proceed to consider the special case mentioned above, in which ψ = 1 2 π, we shall illustrate our definition by some general remarks and particular illustrations. 111. Some general remarks. (1) The existence of a derived func- tion φ'(x) for all values of x in the interval a ■ x ■ b implies that φ(x) is continuous at every point of this interval. For it is evident that {φ(x + h) – φ(x)}/h cannot tend to a limit unless lim φ(x + h) = φ(x), and it is this which is the property denoted by continuity. (2) It is natural to ask whether the converse is true, i.e. whether every continuous curve has a definite tangent at every point, and every functionP O X Y α β Fig. 37. a differential coefficient for every value of x for which it is continuous.* The *We leave out of account the exceptional case (which we have still to examine) in [VI : 111] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 240 answer is obviously No: it is sufficient to consider the curve formed by two straight lines meeting to form an angle (Fig. 37). The reader will see at once that in this case {φ(x + h) – φ(x)}/h has the limit tan β when h → 0 by positive values and the limit tan α when h → 0 by negative values. This is of course a case in which a curve might reasonably be said to have two directions at a point. But the following example, although a little more difficult, shows conclusively that there are cases in which a continuous curve cannot be said to have either one direction or several directions at one of its points. Draw the graph (Fig. 14, p. 61) of the function x sin(1/x). The function is not defined for x = 0, and so is discontinuous for x = 0. On the other hand the function defined by the equations φ(x) = x sin(1/x) (x■ = 0), φ(x) = 0 (x = 0) is continuous for x = 0 (Exs. xxxvii. 14, 15), and the graph of this function is a continuous curve. But φ(x) has no derivative for x = 0. For φ'(0) would be, by definition, lim{φ(h) – φ(0)}/h or lim sin(1/h); and no such limit exists. It has even been shown that a function of x may be continuous and yet have no derivative for any value of x, but the proof of this is much more difficult. The reader who is interested in the question may be referred to Bromwich’s Infinite Series, pp. 490–1, or Hobson’s Theory of Functions of a Real Variable, pp. 620–5. (3) The notion of a derivative or differential coefficient was suggested to us by geometrical considerations. But there is nothing geometrical in the notion itself. The derivative φ'(x) of a function φ(x) may be defined, without any reference to any kind of geometrical representation of φ(x), by the equation φ'(x) = lim h→0 φ(x + h) – φ(x) h ; and φ(x) has or has not a derivative, for any particular value of x, according as this limit does or does not exist. The geometry of curves is merely one which the curve is supposed to have a tangent perpendicular to OX: apart from this possibility the two forms of the question stated above are equivalent. [VI : 111] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 241 of many departments of mathematics in which the idea of a derivative finds an application. Another important application is in dynamics. Suppose that a particle is moving in a straight line in such a way that at time t its distance from a fixed point on the line is s = φ(t). Then the ‘velocity of the particle at time t’ is by definition the limit of φ(t + h) – φ(t) h as h → 0. The notion of ‘velocity’ is in fact merely a special case of that of the derivative of a function. Examples XXXIX. 1. If φ(x) is a constant

then φ′(x) = 0. Interpret this result geometrically. 2. If φ(x) = ax + b then φ′(x) = a. Prove this (i) from the formal definition and (ii) by geometrical considerations. 3. If φ(x) = xm, where m is a positive integer, then φ′(x) = mxm–1. [For φ′(x) = lim (x + h)m – xm h = lim

mxm–1 + m(m – 1) 1 · 2 xm–2h + · · · + hm–1

. The reader should observe that this method cannot be applied to xp/q, where p/q is a rational fraction, as we have no means of expressing (x + h)p/q as a finite series of powers of h. We shall show later on (§ 118) that the result of this example holds for all rational values of m. Meanwhile the reader will find it instructive to determine φ′(x) when m has some special fractional value (e.g. 1 2), by means of some special device.] 4. If φ(x) = sin x, then φ′(x) = cos x; and if φ(x) = cos x, then φ′(x) = – sin x. [For example, if φ(x) = sin x, we have {φ(x + h) – φ(x)}/h = {2 sin 1 2 h cos(x + 1 2 h)}/h, the limit of which, when h → 0, is cos x, since lim cos(x + 1 2 h) = cos x (the cosine being a continuous function) and lim{(sin 1 2 h)/ 1 2 h} = 1 (Ex. xxxvi. 13).] [VI : 112] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 242 5. Equations of the tangent and normal to a curve y = φ(x). The tangent to the curve at the point (x0, y0) is the line through (x0, y0) which makes with OX an angle ψ, where tan ψ = φ′(x0). Its equation is therefore y – y0 = (x – x0)φ′(x0); and the equation of the normal (the perpendicular to the tangent at the point of contact) is (y – y0)φ′(x0) + x – x0 = 0. We have assumed that the tangent is not parallel to the axis of y. In this special case it is obvious that the tangent and normal are x = x0 and y = y0 respectively. 6. Write down the equations of the tangent and normal at any point of the parabola x2 = 4ay. Show that if x0 = 2a/m, y0 = a/m2, then the tangent at (x0, y0) is x = my + (a/m). 112. We have seen that if φ(x) is not continuous for a value of x then it cannot possibly have a derivative for that value of x. Thus such functions as 1/x or sin(1/x), which are not defined for x = 0, and so necessarily discontinuous for x = 0, cannot have derivatives for x = 0. Or again the function [x], which is discontinuous for every integral value of x, has no derivative for any such value of x. Example. Since [x] is constant between every two integral values of x, its derivative, whenever it exists, has the value zero. Thus the derivative of [x], which we may represent by [x]′, is a function equal to zero for all values of x save integral values and undefined for integral values. It is interesting to note that the function 1 – sin πx sin πx has exactly the same properties. We saw also in Ex. xxxvii. 7 that the types of discontinuity which occur most commonly, when we are dealing with the very simplest and most ob- vious kinds of functions, such as polynomials or rational or trigonometrical functions, are associated with a relation of the type φ(x) → +∞ [VI : 112] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 243O X Y P Q Q R R (a) P Q Q RR (b) P Q Q R R (c) P Q Q R R (d) Fig. 38. or φ(x) → –∞. In all these cases, as in such cases as those considered above, there is no derivative for certain special values of x. In fact, as was pointed out in § 111, (1), all discontinuities of φ(x) are also discontinuities of φ′(x). But the converse is not true, as we may easily see if we return to the geometrical point of view of § 110 and consider the special case, hitherto left aside, in which the graph of φ(x) has a tangent parallel to OY . This case may be subdivided into a number of cases, of which the most typical are shown in Fig. 38. In cases (c) and (d) the function is two valued on one side of P and not defined on the other. In such cases we may consider the two sets of values of φ(x), which occur on one side of P or the other, as defining distinct functions φ1(x) and φ2(x), the upper part of the curve corresponding to φ1(x). The reader will easily convince himself that in (a) {φ(x + h) – φ(x)}/h → +∞, as h → 0, and in (b) {φ(x + h) – φ(x)}/h → –∞; while in (c) {φ1(x + h) – φ1(x)}/h → +∞, {φ2(x + h) – φ2(x)}/h → –∞, [VI : 113] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 244 and in (d) {φ1(x + h) – φ1(x)}/h → –∞, {φ2(x + h) – φ2(x)}/h → +∞, though of course in (c) only positive and in (d) only negative values of h can be considered, a fact which by itself would preclude the existence of a derivative. We can obtain examples of these four cases by considering the functions defined by the equations (a) y3 = x, (b) y3 = –x, (c) y2 = x, (d) y2 = –x, the special value of x under consideration being x = 0. 113. Some general rules for differentiation. Throughout the theorems which follow we assume that the functions f (x) and F (x) have derivatives f ′(x) and F ′(x) for the values of x considered. (1) If φ(x) = f (x) + F (x), then φ(x) has a derivative φ′(x) = f ′(x) + F ′(x). (2) If φ(x) = kf (x), where k is a constant, then φ(x) has a derivative φ′(x) = kf ′(x). We leave it as an exercise to the reader to deduce these results from the general theorems stated in Ex. xxxv. 1. (3) If φ(x) = f (x)F (x), then φ(x) has a derivative φ′(x) = f (x)F ′(x) + f ′(x)F (x). For φ′(x) = lim f (x + h)F (x + h) – f (x)F (x) h = lim

f (x + h)F (x + h) – F (x) h + F (x)f (x + h) – f (x) h

= f (x)F ′(x) + F (x)f ′(x). [VI : 113] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 245 (4) If φ(x) = 1 f (x), then φ(x) has a derivative φ′(x) = – f ′(x) {f (x)}2 . In this theorem we of course suppose that f (x) is not equal to zero for the particular value of x under consideration. Then φ′(x) = lim 1 h f (x) – f (x + h) f (x + h)f (x)

= – f ′(x) {f (x)}2 . (5) If φ(x) = f (x) F (x), then φ(x) has a derivative φ′(x) = f ′(x)F (x) – f (x)F ′(x) {F (x)}2 . This follows at once from (3) and (4). (6) If φ(x) = F {f (x)}, then φ(x) has a derivative φ′(x) = F ′{f (x)}f ′(x). For let f (x) = y, f (x + h) = y + k. Then k → 0 as h → 0, and k/h → f ′(x). And φ′(x) = lim F {f (x + h)} – F {f (x)} h = lim F (y + k) – F (y) k

× lim k h

= F ′(y)f ′(x). This theorem includes (2) and (4) as special cases, as we see on taking F (x) = kx or F (x) = 1/x. Another interesting special case is that in which [VI : 115] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 246 f (x) = ax + b: the theorem then shows that the derivative of F (ax + b) is aF ′(ax + b). Our last theorem requires a few words of preliminary explanation. Sup- pose that x = ψ(y), where ψ(y) is continuous and steadily increasing (or decreasing), in the stricter sense of § 95, in a certain interval of values of y. Then we may write y = φ(x), where φ is the 'inverse' function (§ 109) of ψ. (7) If y = φ(x), where φ is the inverse function of ψ, so that x = ψ(y), and ψ(y) has a derivative ψ′(y) which is not equal to zero, then φ(x) has a derivative φ′(x) = 1 ψ′(y). For if φ(x + h) = y + k, then k → 0 as h → 0, and φ′(x) = lim h→0 φ(x + h) – φ(x) (x + h) – x = lim k→0 (y + k) – y ψ(y + k) – ψ(y) = 1 ψ′(y). The last function may now be expressed in terms of x by means of the relation y = φ(x), so that φ′(x) is the reciprocal of ψ′{φ(x)}. This theorem enables us to differentiate any function if we know the derivative of the inverse function. 114. Derivatives of complex functions. So far we have supposed that y = φ(x) is a purely real function of x. If y is a complex function φ(x) + iψ(x), then we define the derivative of y as being φ′(x) + iψ′(x). The reader will have no difficulty in seeing that Theorems (1)–(5) above retain their validity when φ(x) is complex. Theorems (6) and (7) have also analogues for complex functions, but these depend upon the general notion of a 'function of a complex variable', a notion which we have encountered at present only in a few particular cases. 115. The notation of the differential calculus. We have already explained that what we call a derivative is often called a differential coeffi- cient. Not only a different name but a different notation is often used; the [VI : 115] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 247 derivative of the function y = φ(x) is often denoted by one or other of the expressions Dxy, dy dx. Of these the last is the most usual and convenient: the reader must however be careful to remember that dy/dx does not mean 'a certain number dy divided by another number dx': it means 'the result of a certain opera- tion Dx or d/dx applied to y = φ(x)', the operation being that of forming the quotient {φ(x + h) – φ(x)}/h and making h → 0. Of course a notation at first sight so peculiar would not have been adopted without some reason, and the reason was as follows. The denominator h of the fraction {φ(x+h)–φ(x)}/h is the difference of the values x+h, x of the indepen- dent variable x; similarly the numerator is the difference of the corresponding values φ(x + h), φ(x) of the dependent variable y. These differences may be called the increments of x and y respectively, and denoted by δx and δy. Then the fraction is δy/δx, and it is for many purposes convenient to denote the limit of the fraction, which is the same thing as φ′(x), by dy/dx. But this notation must for the present be regarded as purely symbolical. The dy and dx which occur in it cannot be separated, and standing by themselves they would mean nothing: in particular dy and dx do not mean lim δy and lim δx, these limits being simply equal to zero. The reader will have to become familiar with this notation, but so long as it puzzles him he will be wise to avoid it by writing the differential coefficient in the form Dxy, or using the notation φ(x), φ′(x), as we have done in the preceding sections of this chapter. In Ch. VII, however, we shall show how it is possible to define the symbols dx and dy in such a way that they have an independent meaning and that the derivative dy/dx is actually their quotient. The theorems of § 113 may of course at once be translated into this notation. They may be stated as follows: (1) if y = y1 + y2, then dy dx = dy1 dx + dy2 dx ; (2) if y = ky1, then dy dx = k dy1 dx ; [VI : 116] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 248 (3) if y = y1y2, then dy dx = y1 dy2 dx + y2 dy1 dx ; (4) if y = 1 y1 , then dy dx = – 1 y2 1 dy1 dx ; (5) if y = y1 y2 , then dy dx =

y2 dy1 dx – y1 dy2 dx

y2 2 ; (6) if y is a function of x, and z a function of y, then dz dx = dz dy dy dx; (7) dy dx = 1 dx dy

. Examples XL. 1. If y = y1y2y3 then dy dx = y2y3 dy1 dx + y3y1 dy2 dx + y1y2 dy3 dx , and if y = y1y2 . . . yn then dy dx = nX r=1 y1y2 . . . yr–1yr+1 . . . yn dyr dx . In particular, if y = zn, then dy/dx = nzn–1(dz/dx); and if y = xn, then dy/dx = nxn–1, as was proved otherwise in Ex. xxxix. 3. 2. If y = y1y2 . . . yn then 1 y dy dx = 1 y1 dy1 dx + 1 y2 dy2 dx + · · · + 1 yn dyn dx . In particular, if y = zn, then 1 y dy dx = n z dz dx . [VI : 116] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 249 116. Standard forms. We shall now investigate more systematically the forms of the derivatives of a few of the the simplest types of functions. A. Polynomials. If φ(x) = a0xn + a1xn–1 + · · · + an, then φ′(x) = na0xn–1 + (n – 1)a1xn–2 + · · · + an–1. It is sometimes more convenient to use for the standard form of a polyno- mial of degree n in x what is known as the binomial form, viz. a0xn + n 1

a1xn–1 + n 2

a2xn–2 + · · · + an. In this case φ′(x) = n

a0xn–1 + n – 1 1

a1xn–2 + n – 1 2

a2xn–3 + · · · + an–1

. The binomial form of φ(x) is often written symbolically as (a0, a1, . . . , an)(x, 1)n; and then φ′(x) = n(a0, a1, . . . , an–1)(x, 1)n–1. We shall see later that φ(x) can always be expressed as the product of n factors in the form φ(x) = a0(x – α1)(x – α2) . . . (x – αn), where the α's are real or complex numbers. Then φ′(x) = a0 P(x – α2)(x – α3) . . . (x – αn), the notation implying that we form all possible products of n – 1 factors, and add them all together. This form of the result holds even if several of the numbers α are equal; but of course then some of the terms on the right-hand side are repeated. The reader will easily verify that if φ(x) = a0(x – α1)m1 (x – α2)m2 . . . (x – αν)mν , then φ′(x) = a0 Pm1(x – α1)m1–1(x – α2)m2 . . . (x – αν)mν . [VI : 116] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 250 Examples XLI. 1. Show that if φ(x) is a polynomial then φ′(x) is the coefficient of h in the expansion of φ(x + h) in powers of h. 2. If φ(x) is divisible by (x – α)2, then φ′(x) is divisible by x – α: and generally, if φ(x) is divisible by (x – α)m, then φ′(x) is divisible by (x – α)m–1. 3. Conversely, if φ(x) and φ′(x) are both divisible by x – α, then φ(x) is divisible by (x – α)2; and if φ(x) is divisible by x – α and φ′(x) by (x – α)m–1, then φ(x) is divisible by (x – α)m. 4. Show how to determine as completely as possible the multiple roots of P (x) = 0, where P (x) is a polynomial, with their degrees of multiplicity, by means of the elementary algebraical operations. [If H1 is the highest common factor of P and P ′, H2 the highest common factor of H1 and P ″, H3 that of H2 and P ‴, and so on, then the roots of H1H3/H2 2 = 0 are the double roots of P = 0, the roots of H2H4/H2 3 = 0 the treble roots, and so on. But it may not be possible to complete the solution of H1H3/H2 2 = 0, H2H4/H2 3 = 0, ... Thus if P (x) = (x – 1)3(x5 – x – 7)2 then H1H3/H2 2 = x5 – x – 7 and H2H4/H2 3 = x – 1; and we cannot solve the first equation.] 5. Find all the roots, with their degrees of multiplicity, of x4 + 3x3 – 3x2 – 11x – 6 = 0, x6 + 2x5 – 8x4 – 14x3 + 11x2 + 28x + 12 = 0. 6. If ax2 + 2bx + c has a double root, i.e. is of the form a(x – α)2, then 2(ax + b) must be divisible by x – α, so that α = –b/a. This value of x must satisfy ax2 + 2bx + c = 0. Verify that the condition thus arrived at is ac – b2 = 0. 7. The equation 1/(x – a) + 1/(x – b) + 1/(x – c) = 0 can have a pair of equal roots only if a = b = c. (Math. Trip. 1905.) 8. Show that ax3 + 3bx2 + 3cx + d = 0 has a double root if G2 + 4H3 = 0, where H = ac – b2, G = a2d – 3abc + 2b3. [Put ax + b = y, when the equation reduces to y3 + 3Hy + G = 0. This must have a root in common with y2 + H = 0.] 9. The reader may verify that if α, β, γ, δ are the roots of ax4 + 4bx3 + 6cx2 + 4dx + e = 0, then the equation whose roots are 1 12 a{(α – β)(γ – δ) – (γ – α)(β – δ)}, [VI : 117] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 251 and two similar expressions formed by permuting α, β, γ cyclically, is 4θ3 – g2θ – g3 = 0, where g2 = ae – 4bd + 3c2, g3 = ace + 2bcd – ad2 – eb2 – c3. It is clear that if two of α, β, γ, δ are equal then two of the roots of this cubic will be equal. Using the result of Ex. 8 we deduce that g3 2 – 27g2 3 = 0. 10. Rolle's Theorem for polynomials. If φ(x) is any polynomial, then between any pair of roots of φ(x) = 0 lies a root of φ′(x) = 0. A general proof of this theorem, applying not only to polynomials but to other classes of functions, will be given later. The following is an algebraical proof valid for polynomials only. We suppose that α, β are two successive roots, repeated respectively m and n times, so that φ(x) = (x – α)m(x – β)nθ(x), where θ(x) is a polynomial which has the same sign, say the positive sign, for α ■ x ■ β. Then φ′(x) = (x – α)m(x – β)nθ′(x) + {m(x – α)m–1(x – β)n + n(x – α)m(x – β)n–1}θ(x) = (x – α)m–1(x – β)n–1[(x – α)(x – β)θ′(x) + {m(x – β) + n(x – α)}θ(x)] = (x – α)m–1(x – β)n–1F (x), say. Now F (α) = m(α – β)θ(α) and F (β) = n(β – α)θ(β), which have opposite signs. Hence F (x), and so φ′(x), vanishes for some value of x between α and β. 117. B. Rational Functions. If R(x) = P (x) Q(x), where P and Q are polynomials, it follows at once from § 113, (5) that R′(x) = P ′(x)Q(x) – P (x)Q′(x) {Q(x)}2 , and this formula enables us to write down the derivative of any rational function. The form in which we obtain it, however, may or may not be the [VI : 117] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 252 simplest possible. It will be the simplest possible if Q(x) and Q′(x) have no common factor, i.e. if Q(x) has no repeated factor. But if Q(x) has a repeated factor then the expression which we obtain for R′(x) will be capable of further reduction. It is very often convenient, in differentiating a rational function, to employ the method of partial fractions. We shall suppose that Q(x), as in § 116, is expressed in the form a0(x – α1)m1 (x – α2)m2 . . . (x – αν)mν . Then it is proved in treatises on Algebra* that R(x) can be expressed in the form Π(x) + A1,1 x – α1 + A1,2 (x – α1)2 + · · · + A1,m1 (x – α1)m1 + A2,1 x – α2 + A2,2 (x – α2)2 + · · · + A2,m2 (x – α2)m2 + . . . , where Π(x) is a polynomial; i.e. as the sum of a polynomial and the sum of a number of terms of the type A (x – α)p , where α is a root of Q(x) = 0. We know already how to find the derivative of the polynomial: and it follows at once from Theorem (4) of § 113, or, if α is complex, from its extension indicated in § 114, that the derivative of the rational function last written is –pA(x – α)p–1 (x – α)2p = – pA (x – α)p+1 . We are now able to write down the derivative of the general rational function R(x), in the form Π′(x) – A1,1 (x – α1)2 – 2A1,2 (x – α1)3 – · · · · – A2,1 (x – α2)2 – 2A2,2 (x – α2)3 – . . . . *See, e.g., Chrystal's Algebra, vol. i, pp. 151 et seq. [VI : 118] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 253 Incidentally we have proved that the derivative of xm is mxm–1, for all integral values of m positive or negative. The method explained in this section is particularly useful when we have to differentiate a rational function several times (see Exs. xlv). Examples XLII. 1. Prove that d dx x 1 + x2

= 1 – x2 (1 + x2)2 , d dx 1 – x2 1 + x2

= – 4x (1 + x2)2 . 2. Prove that d dx ax2 + 2bx + c Ax2 + 2Bx + C

= (ax + b)(Bx + C) – (bx + c)(Ax + B) (Ax2 + 2Bx + C)2 . 3. If Q has a factor (x – α)m then the denominator of R′ (when R′ is reduced to its lowest terms) is divisible by (x – α)m+1 but by no higher power of x – α. 4. In no case can the denominator of R′ have a simple factor x – α. Hence no rational function (such as 1/x) whose denominator contains any simple factor can be the derivative of another rational function. 118. C. Algebraical Functions. The results of the preceding sec- tions, together with Theorem (6) of § 113, enable us to obtain the derivative of any explicit algebraical function whatsoever. The most important such function is xm, where m is a rational number. We have seen already (§ 117) that the derivative of this function is mxm–1 when m is an integer positive or negative; and we shall now prove that this result is true for all rational values of m. Suppose that y = xm = xp/q, where p and q are integers and q positive; and let z = x1/q, so that x = zq and y = zp. Then dy dx = dy dz dx dz

= p q zp–q = mxm–1. [VI : 118] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 254 This result may also be deduced as a corollary from Ex. xxxvi. 3. For, if φ(x) = xm, we have φ′(x) = lim h→0 (x + h)m – xm h = lim ξ→x ξm – xm ξ – x = mxm–1. It is clear that the more general formula d dx(ax + b)m = ma(ax + b)m–1 holds also for all rational values of m. The differentiation of implicit algebraical functions involves certain the- oretical difficulties to which we shall return in Ch. VII. But there is no practical difficulty in the actual calculation of the derivative of such a function: the method to be adopted will be illustrated sufficiently by an example. Suppose that y is given by the equation x3 + y3 – 3axy = 0. Differentiating with respect to x we find x2 + y2 dy dx – a

y + x dy dx

= 0 and so dy dx = –x2 – ay y2 – ax. Examples XLIII. 1. Find the derivatives of r 1 + x 1 – x , r ax + b cx + d , r ax2 + 2bx + c Ax2 + 2Bx + C , (ax + b)m(cx + d)n. 2. Prove that d dx x √a2 + x2

= a2 (a2 + x2)(3/2) , d dx x √a2 – x2

= a2 (a2 – x2)3/2 . [VI : 119] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 255 3. Find the differential coefficient of y when (i) ax2 + 2hxy + by2 + 2gx + 2f y + c = 0, (ii) x5 + y5 – 5ax2y2 = 0. 119. D. Transcendental Functions. We have already proved (Ex. xxxix. 4) that Dx sin x = cos x, Dx cos x = – sin x. By means of Theorems (4) and (5) of § 113, the reader will easily verify that Dx tan x = sec2 x, Dx cot x = – cosec2 x, Dx sec x = tan x sec x, Dx cosec x = – cot x cosec x. And by means of Theorem (7) we can determine the derivatives of the ordinary inverse trigonometrical functions. The reader should verify the following formulae: Dx arc sin x = ±1/√1 – x2, Dx arc cos x = ■1/√1 – x2, Dx arc tan x = 1/(1 + x2), Dx arc cot x = –1/(1 + x2), Dx arc sec x = ±1/{x√x2 – 1}, Dx arc cosec x = ■1/{x√x2 – 1}. In the case of the inverse sine and cosecant the ambiguous sign is the same as that of cos(arc sin x), in the case of the inverse cosine and secant the same as that of sin(arc cos x). The more general formulae Dx arc sin(x/a) = ±1/√a2 – x2, Dx arc tan(x/a) = a/(x2 + a2), which are also easily derived from Theorem (7) of § 113, are also of consid- erable importance. In the first of them the ambiguous sign is the same as that of a cos{arc sin(x/a)}, since ap1 – (x2/a2) = ±√a2 – x2 [VI : 119] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 256 according as a is positive or negative. Finally, by means of Theorem (6) of § 113, we are enabled to differenti- ate composite functions involving symbols both of algebraical and trigono- metrical functionality, and so to write down the derivative of any such function as occurs in the following examples. Examples XLIV.* 1. Find the derivatives of cosm x, sinm x, cos xm, sin xm, cos(sin x), sin(cos x), p a2 cos2 x + b2 sin2 x, cos x sin x pa2 cos2 x + b2 sin2 x , x arc sin x + p1 – x2, (1 + x) arc tan √x – √x. 2. Verify by differentiation that arc sin x+arc cos x is constant for all values of x between 0 and 1, and arc tan x + arc cot x for all positive values of x. 3. Find the derivatives of arc sin p1 – x2, arc sin{2xp1 – x2}, arc tan a + x 1 – ax

. How do you explain the simplicity of the results? 4. Differentiate 1 √ac – b2 arc tan ax + b √ac – b2 , – 1 √–a arc sin ax + b √b2 – ac . 5. Show that each of the functions 2 arc sin s x – β α – β , 2 arc tan r x – β α – x , arc sin 2p(α – x)(x – β) α – β has the derivative 1 p(α – x)(x – β) . *In these examples m is a rational number and a, b, . . . , α, β . . . have such values that the functions which involve them are real. [VI : 119] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 257 6. Prove that d dθ (arc cos r cos 3θ cos3 θ) = r 3 cos θ cos 3θ . (Math. Trip. 1904.) 7. Show that 1 pC(Ac – aC) d dx " arc cos s C(ax2 + c) c(Ax2 + C) # = 1 (Ax2 + C)√ax2 + c . 8. Each of the functions 1 √a2 – b2 arc cos a cos x + b a + b cos x

, 2 √a2 – b2 arc tan (r a – b a + b tan 1 2 x) has the derivative 1/(a + b cos x). 9. If X = a + b cos x + c sin x, and y = 1 √a2 – b2 – c2 arc cos aX – a2 + b2 + c2 X √b2 + c2 , then dy/dx = 1/X. 10. Prove that the derivative of F [f {φ(x)}] is F ′[f {φ(x)}] f ′{φ(x)}φ′(x), and extend the result to still more complicated cases. 11. If u and v are functions of x, then Dx arc tan(u/v) = (vDxu – uDxv)/(u2 + v2). 12. The derivative of y = (tan x + sec x)m is my sec x. 13. The derivative of y = cos x + i sin x is iy. 14. Differentiate x cos x, (sin x)/x. Show that the values of x for which the tangents to the curves y = x cos x, y = (sin x)/x are parallel to the axis of x are roots of cot x = x, tan x = x respectively. 15. It is easy to see (cf. Ex. xvii. 5) that the equation sin x = ax, where a is positive, has no real roots except x = 0 if a ■ 1, and if a < 1 a finite number of roots which increases as a diminishes. Prove that the values of a for which the

[VI : 120] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 258 number of roots changes are the values of cos ξ, where ξ is a positive root of the equation tan ξ = ξ. [The values required are the values of a for which y = ax touches y = sin x.] 16. If φ(x) = x2 sin(1/x) when x■ = 0, and φ(0) = 0, then φ′(x) = 2x sin(1/x) – cos(1/x) when x■ = 0, and φ′(0) = 0. And φ′(x) is discontinuous for x = 0 (cf. § 111, (2)). 17. Find the equations of the tangent and normal at the point (x0, y0) of the circle x2 + y2 = a2. [Here y = √a2 – x2, dy/dx = –x/√a2 – x2, and the tangent is y – y0 = (x – x0)

–x0/ q a2 – x2 0

, which may be reduced to the form xx0 + yy0 = a2. The normal is xy0 – yx0 = 0, which of course passes through the origin.] 18. Find the equations of the tangent and normal at any point of the ellipse (x/a)2 + (y/b)2 = 1 and the hyperbola (x/a)2 – (y/b)2 = 1. 19. The equations of the tangent and normal to the curve x = φ(t), y = ψ(t), at the point whose parameter is t, are x – φ(t) φ′(t) = y – ψ(t) ψ′(t) , {x – φ(t)}φ′(t) + {y – ψ(t)}ψ′(t) = 0. 120. Repeated differentiation. We may form a new function φ′′(x) from φ′(x) just as we formed φ′(x) from φ(x). This function is called the second derivative or second differential coefficient of φ(x). The second derivative of y = φ(x) may also be written in any of the forms D2 xy, d dx 2 y, d2y dx2 . In exactly the same way we may define the nth derivative or nth dif- ferential coefficient of y = φ(x), which may be written in any of the forms φ(n)(x), Dn x y, d dx n y, dny dxn . [VI : 120] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 259 But it is only in a few cases that it is easy to write down a general formula for the nth differential coefficient of a given function. Some of these cases will be found in the examples which follow. Examples XLV. 1. If φ(x) = xm then φ(n)(x) = m(m – 1) . . . (m – n + 1)xm–n. This result enables us to write down the nth derivative of any polynomial. 2. If φ(x) = (ax + b)m then φ(n)(x) = m(m – 1) . . . (m – n + 1)an(ax + b)m–n. In these two examples m may have any rational value. If m is a positive integer, and n > m, then φ(n)(x) = 0. 3. The formula d dx n A (x – α)p = (–1)n p(p + 1) . . . (p + n – 1)A (x – α)p+n enables us to write down the nth derivative of any rational function expressed in the standard form as a sum of partial fractions. 4. Prove that the nth derivative of 1/(1 – x2) is 1 2 (n!){(1 – x)–n–1 + (–1)n(1 + x)–n–1}. 5. Leibniz' Theorem. If y is a product uv, and we can form the first n derivatives of u and v, then we can form the nth derivative of y by means of Leibniz' Theorem, which gives the rule (uv)n = unv + n 1

un–1v1 + n 2

un–2v2 + · · · + n r

un–rvr + · · · + uvn, where suffixes indicate differentiations, so that un, for example, denotes the nth derivative of u. To prove the theorem we observe that (uv)1 = u1v + uv1, (uv)2 = u2v + 2u1v1 + uv2, [VI : 120] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 260 and so on. It is obvious that by repeating this process we arrive at a formula of the type (uv)n = unv + an,1un–1v1 + an,2un–2v2 + · · · + an,run–rvr + · · · + uvn. Let us assume that an,r = n r

for r = 1, 2, . . . , n – 1, and show that if this is so then an+1,r = n + 1 r

for r = 1, 2, . . . n. It will then follow by the principle of mathematical induction that an,r = n r

for all values of n and r in question. When we form (uv)n+1 by differentiating (uv)n it is clear that the coefficient of un+1–rvr is an,r + an,r–1 = n r

+ n r – 1

= n + 1 r

. This establishes the theorem. 6. The nth derivative of xmf (x) is m! (m – n)! xm–nf (x) + n m! (m – n + 1)! xm–n+1f ′(x) + n(n – 1) 1 · 2 m! (m – n + 2)! xm–n+2f ′′(x) + . . . , the series being continued for n + 1 terms or until it terminates. 7. Prove that Dn x cos x = cos(x + 1 2 nπ), Dn x sin x = sin(x + 1 2 nπ). 8. If y = A cos mx + B sin mx then D2 xy + m2y = 0. And if y = A cos mx + B sin mx + Pn(x), where Pn(x) is a polynomial of degree n, then Dn+3 x y + m2Dn+1 x y = 0. 9. If x2D2 xy + xDxy + y = 0 then x2Dn+2 x y + (2n + 1)xDn+1 x y + (n2 + 1)Dn x y = 0. [Differentiate n times by Leibniz' Theorem.] [VI : 120] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 261 10. If Un denotes the nth derivative of (Lx + M)/(x2 – 2Bx + C), then x2 – 2Bx + C (n + 1)(n + 2) Un+2 + 2(x – B) n + 1 Un+1 + Un = 0. (Math. Trip. 1900.) [First obtain the equation when n = 0; then differentiate n times by Leibniz' Theorem.] 11. The nth derivatives of a/(a2 + x2) and x/(a2 + x2). Since a a2 + x2 = 1 2i 1 x – ai – 1 x + ai

, x a2 + x2 = 1 2 1 x – ai + 1 x + ai

, we have Dn x a a2 + x2

= (–1)nn! 2i 1 (x – ai)n+1 – 1 (x + ai)n+1

, and a similar formula for Dn x {x/(a2 + x2)}. If ρ = √x2 + a2, and θ is the numerically smallest angle whose cosine and sine are x/ρ and a/ρ, then x + ai = ρ Cis θ and x – ai = ρ Cis(–θ), and so Dn x {a/(a2 + x2)} = {(–1)nn!/2i}ρ–n–1[Cis{(n + 1)θ} – Cis{–(n + 1)θ}] = (–1)nn! (x2 + a2)–(n+1)/2 sin{(n + 1) arc tan(a/x)}. Similarly Dn x {x/(a2 + x2)} = (–1)nn! (x2 + a2)–(n+1)/2 cos{(n + 1) arc tan(a/x)}. 12. Prove that Dn x {(cos x)/x} = {Pn cos(x + 1 2 nπ) + Qn sin(x + 1 2 nπ)}/xn+1, Dn x {(sin x)/x} = {Pn sin(x + 1 2 nπ) – Qn cos(x + 1 2 nπ)}/xn+1, where Pn and Qn are polynomials in x of degree n and n – 1 respectively. 13. Establish the formulae dx dy = 1 dy dx

, d2x dy2 = – d2y dx2 dy dx 3 , d3x dy3 = – d3y dx3 dy dx – 3 d2y dx2 dy dx 5 . [VI : 121] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 262 14. If yz = 1 and yr = (1/r!)Dr xy, zs = (1/s!)Ds xz, then 1 z3 z z1 z2 z1 z2 z3 z2 z3 z4 = 1 y2 y2 y3 y3 y4 . (Math. Trip. 1905.) 15. If W (y, z, u) = y z u y′ z′ u′ y′′ z′′ u′′ , dashes denoting differentiations with respect to x, then W (y, z, u) = y3 W

1, z y , u y

. 16. If ax2 + 2hxy + by2 + 2gx + 2f y + c = 0, then dy/dx = –(ax + hy + g)/(hx + by + f) and d2y/dx2 = (abc + 2f gh – af 2 – bg2 – ch2)/(hx + by + f)3. 121. Some general theorems concerning derived functions. In all that follows we suppose that φ(x) is a function of x which has a derivative φ′(x) for all values of x in question. This assumption of course involves the continuity of φ(x). The meaning of the sign of φ′(x). Theorem A. If φ′(x0) > 0 then φ(x) < φ(x0) for all values of x less than x0 but sufficiently near to x0, and φ(x) > φ(x0) for all values of x greater than x0 but sufficiently near to x0. For {φ(x0 + h) – φ(x0)}/h converges to a positive limit φ′(x0) as h → 0. This can only be the case if φ(x0 + h) – φ(x0) and h have the same sign [VI : 121] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 263 for sufficiently small values of h, and this is precisely what the theorem states. Of course from a geometrical point of view the result is intuitive, the inequality φ′(x) > 0 expressing the fact that the tangent to the curve y = φ(x) makes a positive acute angle with the axis of x. The reader should formulate for himself the corresponding theorem for the case in which φ′(x) < 0. An immediate deduction from Theorem A is the following important theorem, generally known as Rolle's Theorem. In view of the great importance of this theorem it may be well to repeat that its truth depends on the assumption of the existence of the derivative φ′(x) for all values of x in question. Theorem B. If φ(a) = 0 and φ(b) = 0, then there must be at least one value of x which lies between a and b and for which φ′(x) = 0. There are two possibilities: the first is that φ(x) is equal to zero throughout the whole interval [a, b]. In this case φ′(x) is also equal to zero throughout the interval. If on the other hand φ(x) is not always equal to zero, then there must be values of x for which φ(x) is positive or nega- tive. Let us suppose, for example, that φ(x) is sometimes positive. Then, by Theorem 2 of § 102, there is a value ξ of x, not equal to a or b, and such that φ(ξ) is at least as great as the value of φ(x) at any other point in the interval. And φ′(ξ) must be equal to zero. For if it were positive then φ(x) would, by Theorem A, be greater than φ(ξ) for values of x greater than ξ but sufficiently near to ξ, so that there would certainly be values of φ(x) greater than φ(ξ). Similarly we can show that φ′(ξ) cannot be negative. Cor 1. If φ(a) = φ(b) = k, then there must be a value of x between a and b such that φ′(x) = 0. We have only to put φ(x) – k = ψ(x) and apply Theorem B to ψ(x). Cor 2. If φ′(x) > 0 for all values of x in a certain interval, then φ(x) is an increasing function of x, in the stricter sense of § 95, throughout that interval. Let x1 and x2 be two values of x in the interval in question, and x1 < x2. We have to show that φ(x1) < φ(x2). In the first place φ(x1) cannot be equal to φ(x2); for, if this were so, there would, by Theorem B, be a value of x between x1 and x2 for which φ′(x) = 0. Nor can φ(x1) be greater [VI : 122] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 264 than φ(x2). For, since φ′(x1) is positive, φ(x) is, by Theorem A, greater than φ(x1) when x is greater than x1 and sufficiently near to x1. It follows that there is a value x3 of x between x1 and x2 such that φ(x3) = φ(x1); and so, by Theorem B, that there is a value of x between x1 and x3 for which φ′(x) = 0. Cor 3. The conclusion of Cor. 2 still holds if the interval [a, b] consid- ered includes a finite number of exceptional values of x for which φ′(x) does not exist, or is not positive, provided φ(x) is continuous even for these ex- ceptional values of x. It is plainly sufficient to consider the case in which there is one excep- tional value of x only, and that corresponding to an end of the interval, say to a. If a < x1 < x2 < b, we can choose a + δ so that a + δ < x1, and φ′(x) > 0 throughout [a + δ, b], so that φ(x1) < φ(x2), by Cor. 2. All that remains is to prove that φ(a) < φ(x1). Now φ(x1) decreases steadily, and in the stricter sense, as x1 decreases towards a, and so φ(a) = φ(a + 0) = lim x1→a+0 φ(x1) < φ(x1). Cor 4. If φ′(x) > 0 throughout the interval [a, b], and φ(a) ■ 0, then φ(x) is positive throughout the interval [a, b]. The reader should compare the second of these corollaries very carefully with Theorem A. If, as in Theorem A, we assume only that φ′(x) is positive at a single point x = x0, then we can prove that φ(x1) < φ(x2) when x1 and x2 are sufficiently near to x0 and x1 < x0 < x2. For φ(x1) < φ(x0) and φ(x2) > φ(x0), by Theorem A. But this does not prove that there is any interval including x0 throughout which φ(x) is a steadily increasing function, for the assumption that x1 and x2 lie on opposite sides of x0 is essential to our conclusion. We shall return to this point, and illustrate it by an actual example, in a moment (§ 124). 122. Maxima and Minima. We shall say that the value φ(ξ) as- sumed by φ(x) when x = ξ is a maximum if φ(ξ) is greater than any other value assumed by φ(x) in the immediate neighbourhood of x = ξ, i.e. if we can find an interval [ξ – δ, ξ + δ] of values of x such that φ(ξ) > φ(x) [VI : 122] DERIVATIVES AND

INTEGRALS 265 when $\xi - \delta < x < \xi$ and when $\xi < x < \xi + \delta$; and we define a minimum in a similar manner. Thus in the figure the points A correspond to maxima, the points B to minima of the function whose graph is there shown. It isA1 A2 A3 B1 B2 B3 C Fig. 39. to be observed that the fact that A3 corresponds to a maximum and B1 to a minimum is in no way inconsistent with the fact that the value of the function is greater at B1 than at A3. Theorem C. A necessary condition for a maximum or minimum value of $\varphi(x)$ at $x = \xi$ is that $\varphi'(\xi) = 0$.* This follows at once from Theorem A. That the condition is not suffi- cient is evident from a glance at the point C in the figure. Thus if $y = x3$ then $\varphi'(x) = 3x2$, which vanishes when $x = 0$. But $x = 0$ does not give either a maximum or a minimum of x3, as is obvious from the form of the graph of x3 (Fig. 10, p. 51). But there will certainly be a maximum at $x = \xi$ if $\varphi'(\xi) = 0$, $\varphi'(x) > 0$ for all values of x less than but near to ξ, and $\varphi'(x) < 0$ for all values of x greater than but near to ξ: and if the signs of these two inequali- ties are reversed there will certainly be a minimum. For then we can (by Cor. 3 of § 121) determine an interval $[\xi - \delta, \xi]$ throughout which $\varphi(x)$ in- creases with x, and an interval $[\xi, \xi + \delta]$ throughout which it decreases as x increases: and obviously this ensures that $\varphi(\xi)$ shall be a maximum. *A function which is continuous but has no derivative may have maxima and minima. We are of course assuming the existence of the derivative. [VI : 124] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 266 This result may also be stated thus. If the sign of $\varphi'(x)$ changes at $x = \xi$ from positive to negative, then $x = \xi$ gives a maximum of $\varphi(x)$: and if the sign of $\varphi'(x)$ changes in the opposite sense, then $x = \xi$ gives a minimum. 123. There is another way of stating the conditions for a maximum or minimum which is often useful. Let us assume that $\varphi(x)$ has a second derivative $\varphi''(x)$: this of course does not follow from the existence of $\varphi'(x)$, any more than the existence of $\varphi'(x)$ follows from that of $\varphi(x)$. But in such cases as we are likely to meet with at present the condition is generally satisfied. Theorem D. If $\varphi'(\xi) = 0$ and $\varphi''(\xi) \neq 0$, then $\varphi(x)$ has a maximum or minimum at $x = \xi$, a maximum if $\varphi''(\xi) < 0$, a minimum if $\varphi''(\xi) > 0$. Suppose, e.g., that $\varphi''(\xi) < 0$. Then, by Theorem A, $\varphi'(x)$ is negative when x is less than ξ but sufficiently near to ξ, and positive when x is greater than ξ but sufficiently near to ξ. Thus $x = \xi$ gives a maximum. 124. In what has preceded (apart from the last paragraph) we have as- sumed simply that $\varphi(x)$ has a derivative for all values of x in the interval under consideration. If this condition is not fulfilled the theorems cease to be true. Thus Theorem B fails in the case of the function $y = 1 - \sqrt{x2}$, where the square root is to be taken positive. The graph of this function is shown in Fig. 40. Here $\varphi(-1) = \varphi(1) = 0$: but $\varphi'(x)$, as is evident from the figure, is equal to 1 if x is negative and to -1 if x is positive, and never vanishes. There is no derivative for $x = 0$, and no tangent to the graph at P . And in this case $x = 0$ obviously gives a maximum of $\varphi(x)$, but $\varphi'(0)$, as it does not exist, cannot be equal to zero, so that the test for a maximum fails. The bare existence of the derivative $\varphi'(x)$, however, is all that we have as- sumed. And there is one assumption in particular that we have not made, and that is that $\varphi'(x)$ itself is a continuous function. This raises a rather subtle but still a very interesting point. Can a function $\varphi(x)$ have a derivative for all values of x which is not itself continuous? In other words can a curve have a tangent at every point, and yet the direction of the tangent not vary continuously? The [VI : 124] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 267O X Y P –1 1 Fig. 40. reader, if he considers what the question means and tries to answer it in the light of common sense, will probably incline to the answer No. It is, however, not difficult to see that this answer is wrong. Consider the function $\varphi(x)$ defined, when $x \neq 0$, by the equation $\varphi(x) = x2 \sin(1/x)$; and suppose that $\varphi(0) = 0$. Then $\varphi(x)$ is continuous for all values of x. If $x \neq 0$ then $\varphi'(x) = 2x \sin(1/x) - \cos(1/x)$; while $\varphi'(0) = \lim h \to 0$ $h2 \sin(1/h) h = 0$. Thus $\varphi'(x)$ exists for all values of x. But $\varphi'(x)$ is discontinuous for $x = 0$; for $2x \sin(1/x)$ tends to 0 as $x \to 0$, and $\cos(1/x)$ oscillates between the limits of indetermination -1 and 1, so that $\varphi'(x)$ oscillates between the same limits. What is practically the same example enables us also to illustrate the point referred to at the end of § 121. Let $\varphi(x) = x2 \sin(1/x) + ax$, where $0 < a < 1$, when $x \neq 0$, and $\varphi(0) = 0$. Then $\varphi'(0) = a > 0$. Thus the conditions of Theorem A of § 121 are satisfied. But if $x \neq 0$ then $\varphi'(x) = 2x \sin(1/x) - \cos(1/x) + a$, [VI : 124] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 268 which oscillates between the limits of indetermination $a - 1$ and $a + 1$ as $x \to 0$. As $a - 1 < 0$, we can find values of x, as near to 0 as we like, for which $\varphi'(x) < 0$; and it is therefore impossible to find any interval, including $x = 0$, throughout which $\varphi(x)$ is a steadily increasing function of x. It is, however, impossible that $\varphi'(x)$ should have what was called in Ch. V (Ex. xxxvii. 18) a 'simple' discontinuity; e.g. that $\varphi'(x) \to a$ when $x \to +0$, $\varphi'(x) \to b$ when $x \to -0$, and $\varphi'(0) = c$, unless $a = b = c$, in which case $\varphi'(x)$ is continuous for $x = 0$. For a proof see § 125, Ex. xlvii. 3. Examples XLVI. 1. Verify Theorem B when $\varphi(x) = (x - a)m(x - b)n$ or $\varphi(x) = (x - a)m(x - b)n(x - c)p$, where m, n, p are positive integers and $a < b < c$. [The first function vanishes for $x = a$ and $x = b$. And $\varphi'(x) = (x - a)m-1(x - b)n-1\{(m + n)x - mb - na\}$ vanishes for $x = (mb + na)/(m + n)$, which lies between a and b. In the second case we have to verify that the quadratic equation $(m + n + p)x2 - \{m(b + c) + n(c + a) + p(a + b)\}x + mbc + nca + pab = 0$ has roots between a and b and between b and c.] 2. Show that the polynomials $2x3 + 3x2 - 12x + 7$, $3x4 + 8x3 - 6x2 - 24x + 19$ are positive when $x > 1$. 3. Show that $x - \sin x$ is an increasing function throughout any interval of values of x, and that $\tan x - x$ increases as x increases from $-1\ 2\ \pi$ to $1\ 2\ \pi$. For what values of a is $ax - \sin x$ a steadily increasing or decreasing function of x? 4. Show that $\tan x - x$ also increases from $x = 1\ 2\ \pi$ to $x = 3\ 2\ \pi$, from $x = 3\ 2\ \pi$ to $x = 5\ 2\ \pi$, and so on, and deduce that there is one and only one root of the equation $\tan x = x$ in each of these intervals (cf. Ex. xvii. 4). 5. Deduce from Ex. 3 that $\sin x - x < 0$ if $x > 0$, from this that $\cos x - 1 + 1\ 2\ x2 > 0$, and from this that $\sin x - x + 1\ 6\ x3 > 0$. And, generally, [VI : 124] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 269 prove that if $C2m = \cos x - 1 + x2\ 2! - \cdots - (-1)m$

x2m (2m)! , S2m+1 = sin x – x + x3 3! – · · · – (–1)m x2m+1 (2m + 1)! , and x > 0, then C2m and S2m+1 are positive or negative according as m is odd or even. 6. If f (x) and f ″(x) are continuous and have the same sign at every point of an interval [a, b], then this interval can include at most one root of either of the equations f (x) = 0, f ′(x) = 0. 7. The functions u, v and their derivatives u′, v′ are continuous throughout a certain interval of values of x, and uv′ – u′v never vanishes at any point of the interval. Show that between any two roots of u = 0 lies one of v = 0, and conversely. Verify the theorem when u = cos x, v = sin x. [If v does not vanish between two roots of u = 0, say α and β, then the function u/v is continuous throughout the interval [α, β] and vanishes at its extremities. Hence (u/v)′ = (u′v – uv′)/v2 must vanish between α and β, which contradicts our hypothesis.] 8. Determine the maxima and minima (if any) of (x – 1)2(x + 2), x3 – 3x, 2x3 – 3x2 – 36x + 10, 4x3 – 18x2 + 27x – 7, 3x4 – 4x3 + 1, x5 – 15x3 + 3. In each case sketch the form of the graph of the function. [Consider the last function, for example. Here φ′(x) = 5x2(x2 – 9), which vanishes for x = –3, x = 0, and x = 3. It is easy to see that x = –3 gives a maximum and x = 3 a minimum, while x = 0 gives neither, as φ′(x) is negative on both sides of x = 0.] 9. Discuss the maxima and minima of the function (x – a)m(x – b)n, where m and n are any positive integers, considering the different cases which occur according as m and n are odd or even. Sketch the graph of the function. 10. Discuss similarly the function (x – a)(x – b)2(x – c)3, distinguishing the different forms of the graph which correspond to different hypotheses as to the relative magnitudes of a, b, c. 11. Show that (ax + b)/(cx + d) has no maxima or minima, whatever values a, b, c, d may have. Draw a graph of the function. [VI : 124] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 270 12. Discuss the maxima and minima of the function y = (ax2 + 2bx + c)/(Ax2 + 2Bx + C), when the denominator has complex roots. [We may suppose a and A positive. The derivative vanishes if (ax + b)(Bx + C) – (Ax + B)(bx + c) = 0. (1) This equation must have real roots. For if not the derivative would always have the same sign, and this is impossible, since y is continuous for all values of x, and y → a/A as x → +∞ or x → –∞. It is easy to verify that the curve cuts the line y = a/A in one and only one point, and that it lies above this line for large positive values of x, and below it for large negative values, or vice versa, according as b/a > B/A or b/a < B/A. Thus the algebraically greater root of (1) gives a maximum if b/a > B/A, a minimum in the contrary case.] 13. The maximum and minimum values themselves are the values of λ for which ax2 +2bx+c–λ(Ax2 +2Bx+C) is a perfect square. [This is the condition that y = λ should touch the curve.] 14. In general the maxima and maxima of R(x) = P (x)/Q(x) are among the values of λ obtained by expressing the condition that P (x) – λQ(x) = 0 should have a pair of equal roots. 15. If Ax2 + 2Bx + C = 0 has real roots then it is convenient to proceed as follows. We have y – (a/A) = (λx + μ)/{A(Ax2 + 2Bx + C)}, where λ = bA – aB, μ = cA – aC. Writing further ξ for λx + μ and η for (A/λ2)(Ay – a), we obtain an equation of the form η = ξ/{(ξ – p)(ξ – q)}. This transformation from (x, y) to (ξ, η) amounts only to a shifting of the origin, keeping the axes parallel to themselves, a change of scale along each axis, and (if λ < 0) a reversal in direction of the axis of abscissae; and so a minimum of y, considered as a function of x, corresponds to a minimum of η considered as a function of ξ, and vice versa, and similarly for a maximum. [VI : 124] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 271 The derivative of η with respect to ξ vanishes if (ξ – p)(ξ – q) – ξ(ξ – p) – ξ(ξ – q) = 0, or if ξ2 = pq. Thus there are two roots of the derivative if p and q have the same sign, none if they have opposite signs. In the latter case the form of the graph of η is as shown in Fig. 41a.O ξ η p q Fig. 41a.O ξ η p q Fig. 41b.O ξ η p Fig. 41c. When p and q are positive the general form of the graph is as shown in Fig 41b, and it is easy to see that ξ = √pq gives a maximum and ξ = –√pq a minimum.* In the particular case in which p = q the function is η = ξ/(ξ – p)2, and its graph is of the form shown in Fig. 41c. The preceding discussion fails if λ = 0, i.e. if a/A = b/B. But in this case we have y – (a/A) = μ/{A(Ax2 + 2Bx + C)} = μ/{A2(x – x1)(x – x2)}, say, and dy/dx = 0 gives the single value x = 1 2 (x1 + x2). On drawing a graph it becomes clear that this value gives a maximum or minimum according as μ is positive or negative. The graph shown in Fig. 42 corresponds to the former case. *The maximum is –1/(√p–√q)2, the minimum –1/(√p+√q)2, of which the latter is the greater. [VI : 124] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 272O X Y x1 x2 Fig. 42. [A full discussion of the general function y = (ax2 +2bx+c)/(Ax2 +2Bx+C), by purely algebraical methods, will be found in Chrystal's Algebra, vol i, pp. 464–7.] 16. Show that (x – α)(x – β)/(x – γ) assumes all real values as x varies, if γ lies between α and β, and otherwise assumes all values except those included in an interval of length 4p|α – γ||β – γ|. 17. Show that y = x2 + 2x + c x2 + 4x + 3c can assume any real value if 0 < c < 1, and draw a graph of the function in this case. (Math. Trip. 1910.) 18. Determine the function of the form (ax2 + 2bx + c)/(Ax2 + 2Bx + C) which has turning values (i.e. maxima or minima) 2 and 3 when x = 1 and x = –1 respectively, and has the value 2.5 when x = 0. (Math. Trip. 1908.) 19. The maximum and minimum of (x + a)(x + b)/(x – a)(x – b), where a and b are positive, are – √a + √b √a – √b !2 , – √a – √b √a + √b !2 . 20. The maximum value of (x – 1)2/(x + 1)3 is 2 27 . 21. Discuss the maxima and minima of x(x – 1)/(x2 + 3x + 3), x4/(x – 1)(x – 3)3, (x – 1)2(3x2 – 2x – 37)/(x + 5)2(3x2 – 14x – 1). (Math. Trip. 1898.) [VI : 124] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 273 [If the last function be denoted by P (x)/Q(x), it will be found that P ′Q – P Q′ = 72(x – 7)(x – 3)(x – 1)(x + 1)(x + 2)(x + 5).] 22. Find the maxima and minima of a cos x + b sin x. Verify the result by expressing the function in the form A cos(x – a). 23. Find the maxima and minima of a2 cos2 x + b2 sin2 x, A cos2 x + 2H cos x sin x + B sin2 x. 24. Show that sin(x + a)/ sin(x + b) has no maxima or minima. Draw a graph of the function. 25. Show that the function sin2 x sin(x + a) sin(x + b) (0 < a < b < π) has an infinity of minima equal to 0 and of maxima equal to –4 sin a sin b/ sin2(a – b). (Math. Trip. 1909.) 26. The least value of a2 sec2 x + b2 cosec2 x is (a

+ b)2. 27. Show that tan 3x cot 2x cannot lie between 1 9 and 3 2 . 28. Show that, if the sum of the lengths of the hypothenuse and another side of a right-angled triangle is given, then the area of the triangle is a maximum when the angle between those sides is 60■. (Math. Trip. 1909.) 29. A line is drawn through a fixed point (a, b) to meet the axes OX, OY in P and Q. Show that the minimum values of P Q, OP + OQ, and OP · OQ are respectively (a2/3 + b2/3)3/2, (√a + √b)2, and 4ab. 30. A tangent to an ellipse meets the axes in P and Q. Show that the least value of P Q is equal to the sum of the semiaxes of the ellipse. 31. Find the lengths and directions of the axes of the conic ax2 + 2hxy + by2 = 1. [The length r of the semi-diameter which makes an angle θ with the axis of x is given by 1/r2 = a cos2 θ + 2h cos θ sin θ + b sin2 θ. [VI : 125] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 274 The condition for a maximum or minimum value of r is tan 2θ = 2h/(a – b). Eliminating θ between these two equations we find {a – (1/r2)}{b – (1/r2)} = h2.] 32. The greatest value of xmyn, where x and y are positive and x + y = k, is mmnnkm+n/(m + n)m+n. 33. The greatest value of ax + by, where x and y are positive and x2 + xy + y2 = 3κ2, is 2κpa2 – ab + b2. [If ax + by is a maximum then a + b(dy/dx) = 0. The relation between x and y gives (2x + y) + (x + 2y)(dy/dx) = 0. Equate the two values of dy/dx.] 34. If θ and φ are acute angles connected by the relation a sec θ + b sec φ = c, where a, b, c are positive, then a cos θ + b cos φ is a minimum when θ = φ. 125. The Mean Value Theorem. We can proceed now to the proof of another general theorem of extreme importance, a theorem commonly known as ‘The Mean Value Theorem’ or ‘The Theorem of the Mean’. Theorem. If φ(x) has a derivative for all values of x in the inter- val [a, b], then there is a value ξ of x between a and b, such that φ(b) – φ(a) = (b – a)φ′(ξ). Before we give a strict proof of this theorem, which is perhaps the most important theorem in the Differential Calculus, it will be well to point out its obvious geometrical meaning. This is simply (see Fig. 43) that if the curve AP B has a tangent at all points of its length then there must be a point, such as P , where the tangent is parallel to AB. For φ′(ξ) is the tangent of the angle which the tangent at P makes with OX, and {φ(b) – φ(a)}/(b – a) the tangent of the angle which AB makes with OX. It is easy to give a strict analytical proof. Consider the function φ(b) – φ(x) – b – x b – a {φ(b) – φ(a)}, [VI : 125] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 275O X Y a b A B ϕ(a) ϕ(b)P Fig. 43. which vanishes when x = a and x = b. It follows from Theorem B of § 121 that there is a value ξ for which its derivative vanishes. But this derivative is φ(b) – φ(a) b – a – φ′(x); which proves the theorem. It should be observed that it has not been assumed in this proof that φ′(x) is continuous. It is often convenient to express the Mean Value Theorem in the form φ(b) = φ(a) + (b – a)φ′{a + θ(b – a)}, where θ is a number lying between 0 and 1. Of course a + θ(b – a) is merely another way of writing ‘some number ξ between a and b’. If we put b = a + h we obtain φ(a + h) = φ(a) + hφ′(a + θh), which is the form in which the theorem is most often quoted. Examples XLVII. 1. Show that φ(b) – φ(x) – b – x b – a {φ(b) – φ(a)} is the difference between the ordinates of a point on the curve and the corre- sponding point on the chord. [VI : 127] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 276 2. Verify the theorem when φ(x) = x2 and when φ(x) = x3. [In the latter case we have to prove that (b3 – a3)/(b – a) = 3ξ2, where a < ξ < b; i.e. that if 1 3 (b2 + ab + a2) = ξ2 then ξ lies between a and b.] 3. Establish the theorem stated at the end of § 124 by means of the Mean Value Theorem. [Since φ′(0) = c, we can find a small positive value of x such that {φ(x) – φ(0)}/x is nearly equal to c; and therefore, by the theorem, a small positive value of ξ such that φ′(ξ) is nearly equal to c, which is inconsistent with lim x→+0 φ′(x) = a, unless a = c. Similarly b = c.] 4. Use the Mean Value Theorem to prove Theorem (6) of § 113, assuming that the derivatives which occur are continuous. [The derivative of F {f (x)} is by definition lim F {f (x + h)} – F {f (x)} h . But, by the Mean Value Theorem, f (x+h) = f (x)+hf ′(ξ), where ξ is a number lying between x and x + h. And F {f (x) + hf ′(ξ)} = F {f (x)} + hf ′(ξ) F ′(ξ1), where ξ1 is a number lying between f (x) and f (x)+hf ′(ξ). Hence the derivative of F {f (x)} is lim f ′(ξ) F ′(ξ1) = f ′(x) F ′{f (x)}, since ξ → x and ξ1 → f (x) as h → 0.] 126. The Mean Value Theorem furnishes us with a proof of a result which is of great importance in what follows: if φ′(x) = 0, throughout a certain interval of values of x, then φ(x) is constant throughout that interval. For, if a and b are any two values of x in the interval, then φ(b) – φ(a) = (b – a)φ′{a + θ(b – a)} = 0. An immediate corollary is that if φ′(x) = ψ′(x), throughout a certain interval, then the functions φ(x) and ψ(x) differ throughout that interval by a constant. [VI : 127] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 277 127. Integration. We have in this chapter seen how we can find the derivative of a given function φ(x) in a variety of cases, including all those of the commonest occurrence. It is natural to consider the converse question, that of determining a function whose derivative is a given function. Suppose that ψ(x) is the given function. Then we wish to determine a function such that φ′(x) = ψ(x). A little reflection shows us that this question may really be analysed into three parts. (1) In the first place we want to know whether such a function as φ(x) actually exists. This question must be carefully distinguished from the question as to whether (supposing that there is such a function) we can find any simple formula to express it. (2) We want to know whether it is possible that more than one such function should exist, i.e. we want to know whether our problem is one which admits of a unique solution or not; and if not, we want to know whether there is any simple relation between the different solutions which will enable us to express all of them in terms of any particular one. (3) If there is a solution, we want to know how to find an actual ex- pression for it. It will throw light on the nature of these three distinct questions if we compare them with the three corresponding questions which arise with regard to the differentiation of functions. (1) A function φ(x) may have a derivative for all values of x, like xm, where m is a positive integer, or sin x. It may generally, but not always have one, like 3 √x or tan x or sec x. Or again it may never have one: for example, the function

considered in Ex. xxxvii. 20, which is nowhere continuous, has obviously no derivative for any value of x. Of course during this chapter we have confined ourselves to functions which are continuous except for some special values of x. The example of the function 3 √x, however, shows that a continuous function may not have a derivative for some special value of x, in this case x = 0. Whether there are continuous functions which never have derivatives, or continuous curves which never have tangents, is a further question which is at present beyond us. Common-sense says No: but, as we have already stated in § 111, this is one of the cases in which higher mathematics has proved common-sense to be mistaken. [VI : 128] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 278 But at any rate it is clear enough that the question 'has φ(x) a deriva- tive φ′(x)?' is one which has to be answered differently in different cir- cumstances. And we may expect that the converse question 'is there a function φ(x) of which ψ(x) is the derivative?' will have different answers too. We have already seen that there are cases in which the answer is No: thus if ψ(x) is the function which is equal to a, b, or c according as x is less than, equal to, or greater than 0, then the answer is No (Ex. xlvii. 3), unless a = b = c. This is a case in which the given function is discontinuous. In what follows, however, we shall always suppose ψ(x) continuous. And then the answer is Yes: if ψ(x) is continuous then there is always a function φ(x) such that φ′(x) = ψ(x). The proof of this will be given in Ch. VII. (2) The second question presents no difficulties. In the case of differ- entiation we have a direct definition of the derivative which makes it clear from the beginning that there cannot possibly be more than one. In the case of the converse problem the answer is almost equally simple. It is that if φ(x) is one solution of the problem then φ(x) + C is another, for any value of the constant C, and that all possible solutions are comprised in the form φ(x) + C. This follows at once from § 126. (3) The practical problem of actually finding φ′(x) is a fairly simple one in the case of any function defined by some finite combination of the ordinary functional symbols. The converse problem is much more difficult. The nature of the difficulties will appear more clearly later on. Definitions. If ψ(x) is the derivative of φ(x), then we call φ(x) an integral or integral function of ψ(x). The operation of forming ψ(x) from φ(x) we call integration. We shall use the notation φ(x) = Z ψ(x) dx. It is hardly necessary to point out that R . . . dx like d/dx must, at present at any rate, be regarded purely as a symbol of operation: the R and the dx no more mean anything when taken by themselves than do the d and dx of the other operative symbol d/dx. [VI : 128] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 279 128. The practical problem of integration. The results of the earlier part of this chapter enable us to write down at once the integrals of some of the commonest functions. Thus Z xm dx = xm+1 m + 1, Z cos x dx = sin x, Z sin x dx = – cos x. (1) These formulae must be understood as meaning that the function on the right-hand side is one integral of that under the sign of integration. The most general integral is of course obtained by adding to the former a constant C, known as the arbitrary constant of integration. There is however one case of exception to the first formula, that in which m = –1. In this case the formula becomes meaningless, as is only to be expected, since we have seen already (Ex. xlii. 4) that 1/x cannot be the derivative of any polynomial or rational fraction. That there really is a function F (x) such that DxF (x) = 1/x will be proved in the next chapter. For the present we shall be content to assume its existence. This function F (x) is certainly not a polynomial or rational function; and it can be proved that it is not an algebraical function. It can indeed be proved that F (x) is an essentially new function, independent of any of the classes of functions which we have considered yet, that is to say incapable of expression by means of any finite combination of the functional symbols corresponding to them. The proof of this is unfortunately too detailed and tedious to be inserted in this book; but some further discussion of the subject will be found in Ch. IX, where the properties of F (x) are investigated systematically. Suppose first that x is positive. Then we shall write Z dx x = log x, (2) and we shall call the function on the right-hand side of this equation the logarithmic function: it is defined so far only for positive values of x. Next suppose x negative. Then –x is positive, and so log(–x) is defined by what precedes. Also d dx log(–x) = –1 –x = 1 x, [VI : 129] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 280 so that, when x is negative, Z dx x = log(–x). (3) The formulae (2) and (3) may be united in the formulae Z dx x = log(±x) = log |x|, (4) where the ambiguous sign is to be chosen so that ±x is positive: these formulae hold for all real values of x other than x = 0. The most fundamental of the properties of log x which will be proved in Ch. IX are expressed by the equations log 1 = 0, log(1/x) = – log x, log xy = log x + log y, of which the second is an obvious deduction from the first and third. It is not really necessary, for the purposes of this chapter, to assume the truth of any of these formulae; but they sometimes enable us to write our formulae in a more compact form than would otherwise be possible. It follows from the last of the formulae that log x2 is equal to 2 log x if x > 0 and to 2 log(–x) if x < 0, and in either case to 2 log |x|. Either of the formulae (4) is therefore equivalent to the formula Z dx x = 1 2 log x2. (5) The five formulae (1)–(3) are the five most fundamental standard forms of the Integral Calculus. To them should be added two more, viz. Z dx 1 + x2 = arc tan x, Z x √1 – x2 = ± arc sin x.* (6) *See § 119 for the rule for determining the ambiguous sign. [VI : 130] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 281 129. Polynomials. All the general theorems of § 113 may of course also be stated as theorems in integration. Thus we have, to begin with, the formulae Z {f (x) + F (x)} dx = Z f (x)dx + Z F (x) dx, (1) Z kf (x) dx = k Z f (x) dx. (2) Here it is assumed, of course, that the arbitrary constants are adjusted properly. Thus the formula (1) asserts that the sum of any integral of f (x) and any integral of F (x) is an integral of f (x) + F (x). These theorems enable us to write down at once the integral of any function of the form P Aν fν (x), the sum of a finite number of constant multiples of functions whose integrals are known. In particular we can write down the integral of any

polynomial : thus Z (a0xn + a1xn–1 + · · · + an) dx = a0xn+1 n + 1 + a1xn n + · · · + anx. 130. Rational Functions. After integrating polynomials it is natu- ral to turn our attention next to rational functions. Let us suppose R(x) to be any rational function expressed in the standard form of § 117, viz. as the sum of a polynomial Π(x) and a number of terms of the form A/(x – α)p. We can at once write down the integrals of the polynomial and of all the other terms except those for which p = 1, since Z A (x – α)p dx = – A p – 1 1 (x – α)p–1 , whether α be real or complex (§ 117). The terms for which p = 1 present rather more difficulty. It follows immediately from Theorem (6) of § 113 that Z F ′{f (x)} f ′(x) dx = F {f (x)}. (3) [VI : 130] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 282 In particular, if we take f (x) = ax + b, where a and b are real, and write φ(x) for F (x) and ψ(x) for F ′(x), so that φ(x) is an integral of ψ(x), we obtain Z ψ(ax + b) dx = 1 aφ(ax + b). (4) Thus, for example, Z dx ax + b = 1 a log |ax + b|, and in particular, if α is real, Z dx x – α = log |x – α|. We can therefore write down the integrals of all the terms in R(x) for which p = 1 and α is real. There remain the terms for which p = 1 and α is complex. In order to deal with these we shall introduce a restrictive hypothesis, viz. that all the coefficients in R(x) are real. Then if α = γ + δi is a root of Q(x) = 0, of multiplicity m, so is its conjugate ¯α = γ – δi; and if a partial fraction Ap/(x – α)p occurs in the expression of R(x), so does ¯Ap/(x – ¯α)p, where ¯Ap is conjugate to Ap. This follows from the nature of the algebraical processes by means of which the partial fractions can be found, and which are explained at length in treatises on Algebra.* Thus, if a term (λ + μi)/(x – γ – δi) occurs in the expression of R(x) in partial fractions, so will a term (λ – μi)/(x – γ + δi); and the sum of these two terms is 2{λ(x – γ) – μδ} (x – γ)2 + δ2 . This fraction is in reality the most general fraction of the form Ax + B ax2 + 2bx + c, *See, for example, Chrystal’s Algebra, vol. i, pp. 151–9. [VI : 130] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 283 where b2 < ac. The reader will easily verify the equivalence of the two forms, the formulae which express λ, μ, γ, δ in terms of A, B, a, b, c being λ = A/2a, μ = –D/(2a√Δ), γ = –b/a, δ = √Δ/a, where Δ = ac – b2, and D = aB – bA. If in (3) we suppose F {f (x)} to be log |f (x)|, we obtain Z f ′(x) f (x) dx = log |f (x)|; (5) and if we further suppose that f (x) = (x – λ)2 + μ2, we obtain Z 2(x – λ) (x – λ)2 + μ2 dx = log{(x – λ)2 + μ2}. And, in virtue of the equations (6) of § 128 and (4) above, we have Z –2δμ (x – λ)2 + μ2 dx = –2δ arc tan x – λ μ

. These two formulae enable us to integrate the sum of the two terms which we have been considering in the expression of R(x); and we are thus enabled to write down the integral of any real rational function, if all the factors of its denominator can be determined. The integral of any such function is composed of the sum of a polynomial, a number of rational functions of the type – A p – 1 1 (x – α)p–1 , a number of logarithmic functions, and a number of inverse tangents. It only remains to add that if α is complex then the rational function just written always occurs in conjunction with another in which A and α are replaced by the complex numbers conjugate to them, and that the sum of the two functions is a real rational function. [VI : 130] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 284 Examples XLVIII. 1. Prove that Z Ax + B ax2 + 2bx + c dx = A 2a log |X| + D 2a√–Δ log ax + b – √–Δ ax + b + √–Δ (where X = ax2 + bx + c) if Δ < 0, and Z Ax + B ax2 + 2bx + c dx = A 2a log |X| + D 2a√Δ arc tan ax + b √Δ

if Δ > 0, Δ and D having the same meanings as on p. 283. 2. In the particular case in which ac = b2 the integral is – D a(ax + b) + A a log |ax + b|. 3. Show that if the roots of Q(x) = 0 are all real and distinct, and P (x) is of lower degree than Q(x), then Z R(x) dx = P P (α) Q′(α) log |x – α|, the summation applying to all the roots α of Q(x) = 0. [The form of the fraction corresponding to α may be deduced from the facts that Q(x) x – α → Q′(α), (x – α)R(x) → P (α) Q′(α) , as x → α.] 4. If all the roots of Q(x) are real and α is a double root, the other roots being simple roots, and P (x) is of lower degree than Q(x), then the integral is A/(x – α) + A′ log |x – α| + P B log |x – β|, where A = – 2P (α) Q′′(α) , A′ = 2{3P ′(α)Q′′(α) – P (a)Q′′′(α)} 3{Q′′(α)}2 , B = P (β) Q′(β) , and the summation applies to all roots β of Q(x) = 0 other than α. 5. Calculate Z dx {(x – 1)(x2 + 1)}2 . [VI : 132] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 285 [The expression in partial fractions is 1 4(x – 1)2 – 1 2(x – 1) – i 8(x – i)2 + 2 – i 8(x – i) + i 8(x + i)2 + 2 + i 8(x + i) , and the integral is – 1 4(x – 1) – 1 4(x2 + 1) – 1 2 log |x – 1| + 1 4 log(x2 + 1) + 1 4 arc tan x.] 6. Integrate x (x – a)(x – b)(x – c) , x (x – a)2(x – b) , x (x – a)2(x – b)2 , x (x – a)3 , x (x2 + a2)(x2 + b2) , x2 (x2 + a2)(x2 + b)2 , x2 – a2 x2(x2 + a2) , x2 – a2 x(x2 + a2)2 . 7. Prove the formulae: Z dx 1 + x4 = 1 4√2

log 1 + x√2 + x2 1 – x√2 + x2

+ 2 arc tan x√2 1 – x2

, Z x2 dx 1 + x4 = 1 4√2

– log 1 + x√2 + x2 1 – x√2 + x2

+ 2 arc tan x√2 1 – x2

, Z dx 1 + x2 + x4 = 1 4√3 √3 log 1 + x + x2 1 – x + x2

+ 2 arc tan x√3 1 – x2

. 131. Note on the practical integration of rational functions. The analysis of § 130 gives us a general method by which we can find the integral of any real rational function R(x), provided we can solve the equation Q(x) = 0. In simple cases (as in Ex. 5 above) the application of the method is fairly simple. In more complicated cases the labour involved is sometimes prohibitive, and other devices have to be used. It is not part of the purpose of this book to go into practical problems of integration in detail. The reader who desires fuller information may be referred to Goursat's Cours d'Analyse, second ed., vol. i, pp. 246 et seq., Bertrand's Calcul Int´egral, and Dr Bromwich's tract Elementary Integrals (Bowes and Bowes, 1911). [VI : 133] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 286 If the equation Q(x) = 0 cannot be solved algebraically, then the method of partial fractions naturally fails and recourse must be had to other methods.* 132. Algebraical Functions. We naturally pass on next to the question of the integration of algebraical functions. We have to consider the problem of integrating y, where y is an algebraical function of x. It is however convenient to consider an apparently more general integral, viz. Z R(x, y) dx, where R(x, y) is any rational function of x and y. The greater generality of this form is only apparent, since (Ex. xiv. 6) the function R(x, y) is itself an algebraical function of x. The choice of this form is in fact dictated simply by motives of convenience: such a function as px + q + √ax2 + 2bx + c px + q – √ax2 + 2bx + c is far more conveniently regarded as a rational function of x and the simple algebraical function √ax2 + 2bx + c, than directly as itself an algebraical function of x. 133. Integration by substitution and rationalisation. It follows from equation (3) of § 130 that if Z ψ(x) dx = φ(x) then Z ψ{f (t)} f ′(t) dt = φ{f (t)}. (1) This equation supplies us with a method for determining the integral of ψ(x) in a large number of cases in which the form of the integral is not directly obvious. It may be stated as a rule as follows: put x = f (t), *See the author's tract "The integration of functions of a single variable" (Cambridge Tracts in Mathematics, No. 2, second edition, 1915). This does not often happen in practice. [VI : 134] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 287 where f (t) is any function of a new variable t which it may be convenient to choose; multiply by f ′(t), and determine (if possible) the integral of ψ{f (t)} f ′(t); express the result in terms of x. It will often be found that the function of t to which we are led by the application of this rule is one whose integral can easily be calculated. This is always so, for example, if it is a rational function, and it is very often possible to choose the relation between x and t so that this shall be the case. Thus the integral of R(√x), where R denotes a rational function, is reduced by the substitution x = t2 to the integral of 2tR(t2), i.e. to the integral of a rational function of t. This method of integration is called integration by rationalisation, and is of extremely wide application. Its application to the problem immediately under consideration is obvi- ous. If we can find a variable t such that x and y are both rational functions of t, say x = R1(t), y = R2(t), then Z R(x, y) dx = Z R{R1(t), R2(t)} R′ 1(t) dt, and the latter integral, being that of a rational function of t, can be calcu- lated by the methods of § 130. It would carry us beyond our present range to enter upon any general discussion as to when it is and when it is not possible to find an auxiliary variable t connected with x and y in the manner indicated above. We shall consider only a few simple and interesting special cases. 134. Integrals connected with conics. Let us suppose that x and y are connected by an equation of the form ax2 + 2hxy + by2 + 2gx + 2f y + c = 0; in other words that the graph of y, considered as a function of x is a conic. Suppose that (ξ, η) is any point on the conic, and let x – ξ = X, y – η = Y . If the relation between x and y is expressed in terms of X and Y , it assumes the form aX2 + 2hXY + bY 2 + 2GX + 2F Y = 0, [VI : 135] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 288 where F = hξ+bη+f , G = aξ+hη+g. In this equation put Y = tX. It will then be found that X and Y can both be expressed as rational functions of t, and therefore x and y can be so expressed, the actual formulae being x – ξ = – 2(G + F t) a + 2ht + bt2 , y – η = – 2t(G + F t) a + 2ht + bt2 . Hence the process of rationalisation described in the last section can be carried out. The reader should verify that hx + by + f = –1 2 (a + 2ht + bt2)dx dt , so that Z dx hx + by + f = –2 Z dt a + 2ht + bt2 . When h2 > ab it is in some ways advantageous to proceed as follows. The conic is a hyperbola whose asymptotes are parallel to the lines ax2 + 2hxy + by2 = 0, or b(y – μx)(y – μ′x) = 0, say. If we put y – μx = t, we obtain y – μx = t, y – μ′x = –2gx + 2f y + c bt , and it is clear that x and y can be calculated from these equations as rational functions of t. We shall illustrate this process by an application to an important special case. [VI : 136] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 289 135. The integral Z dx √ax2 + 2bx + c. Suppose in particular that y2 = ax2 + 2bx + c, where a > 0. It will be found that, if we put y + x√a = t, we obtain 2 dx dt = (t2 + c)√a + 2bt (t√a + b)2 , 2y = (t2 + c)√a + 2bt t√a + b , and so Z dx y = Z dt t√a + b = 1 √a log x√a + y + b √a . (1) If in particular a = 1, b = 0, c = a2, or a = 1, b = 0, c = –a2, we obtain Z dx √x2 + a2 = log{x + px2 + a2}, Z dx √x2 – a2 = log |x + px2 – a2|, (2) equations whose truth may be verified immediately by differentiation. With these formulae should be associated the third formula Z dx √a2 – x2 = arc sin(x/a), (3) which corresponds to a case of the general integral of this section in which a < 0. In (3) it is supposed that a > 0; if a < 0 then the integral is arc sin(x/|a|) (cf. § 119). In practice we should evaluate the general integral by reducing it (as in the next section) to one or other of these standard forms. The formula (3) appears very different from the formulae (2): the reader will hardly be in a position to appreciate the connection between them until he has read Ch. X. 136. The integral Z λx + μ √ax2 + 2bx + c dx. This integral can be inte- grated in all cases by means of the results of the preceding sections. It is most convenient to proceed as follows. Since λx + μ = (λ/a)(ax + b) + μ – (λb/a), Z ax + b √ax2 + 2bx + c dx = √ax2 + 2bx + c, [VI : 138] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 290 we have Z (λx + μ) dx √ax2 + 2bx + c = λ a √ax2 + 2bx + c +

μ – λb a Z dx √ax2 + 2bx + c. In the last integral a may be positive or negative. If a is positive we put x√a + (b/√a) = t, when we obtain 1 √a Z dt √t2 + κ, where κ = (ac – b2)/a. If a is negative we write A for –a and put x√A – (b/√A) = t, when we obtain 1 √–a Z dt √–κ – t2 . It thus appears that in any case the calculation of the integral may be made to depend on that of the integral considered in § 135, and that this integral may be reduced to one or other of the three forms Z dt √t2 + a2 , Z dt √t2 – a2 , Z dt √a2 – t2 . 137. The integral Z (λx + μ)√ax2 + 2bx + c dx. In exactly the same way we find Z (λx + μ)pax2 + 2bx + c dx = λ 3a

(ax2 + 2bx + c)3/2 +

μ – λb a Z pax2 + 2bx + c dx; and the last integral may be reduced to one or other of the three forms Z pt2 + a2 dt, Z pt2 – a2 dt, Z pa2 – t2 dt. In order to obtain these integrals it is convenient to introduce at this point another general theorem in integration. [VI : 138] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 291 138. Integration by parts. The theorem of integration by parts is merely another way of stating the rule for the differentiation of a product proved in § 113. It follows at once from Theorem (3) of § 113 that Z f ′(x)F (x) dx = f (x)F (x) – Z f (x)F ′(x) dx. It may happen that the function which we wish to integrate is expressible in the form f ′(x)F (x), and that f (x)F ′(x) can be integrated. Suppose, for example, that φ(x) = xψ(x), where ψ(x) is the second derivative of a known function χ(x). Then Z φ(x) dx = Z xχ′′(x) dx = xχ′(x) – Z χ′(x) dx = xχ′(x) – χ(x). We can illustrate the working of this method of integration by applying it to the integrals of the last section. Taking f (x) = ax + b, F (x) = pax2 + 2bx + c = y, we obtain a Z y dx = (ax + b)y – Z (ax + b)2 y dx = (ax + b)y – a Z y dx + (ac – b2) Z dx y , so that Z y dx = (ax + b)y 2a + ac – b2 2a Z dx y ; and we have seen already (§ 135) how to determine the last integral. Examples XLIX. 1. Prove that if a > 0 then Z px2 + a2 dx = 1 2 xpx2 + a2 + 1 2 a2 log{x + px2 + a2}, Z px2 – a2 dx = 1 2 xpx2 – a2 – 1 2 a2 log |x + px2 – a2|, Z pa2 – x2 dx = 1 2 xpa2 – x2 + 1 2 a2 arc sin(x/a). [VI : 138] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 292 2. Calculate the integrals Z dx √a2 – x2 , Z pa2 – x2 dx by means of the substitution x = a sin θ, and verify that the results agree with those obtained in § 135 and Ex. 1. 3. Calculate Z x(x + a)m dx, where m is any rational number, in three ways, viz. (i) by integration by parts, (ii) by the substitution (x + a)m = t, and (iii) by writing (x + a) – a for x; and verify that the results agree. 4. Prove, by means of the substitutions ax + b = 1/t and x = 1/u, that (in the notation of §§ 130 and 138) Z dx y3 = ax + b Δy , Z x dx y3 = – bx + c Δy . 5. Calculate Z dx p(x – a)(b – x) , where b > a, in three ways, viz. (i) by the methods of the preceding sections, (ii) by the substitution (b – x)/(x – a) = t2, and (iii) by the substitution x = a cos2 θ + b sin2 θ; and verify that the results agree. 6. Integrate p(x – a)(b – x) and p(b – x)/(x – a). 7. Show, by means of the substitution 2x + a + b = 1 2 (a – b){t2 + (1/t)2}, or by multiplying numerator and denominator by √x + a – √x + b, that if a > b then Z dx √x + a + √x + b = 1 2 √a – b

t + 1 3t3

. 8. Find a substitution which will reduce Z dx (x + a)3/2 + (x – a)3/2 to the integral of a rational function. (Math. Trip. 1899.) 9. Show that Z R{x, n √ax + b} dx is reduced, by the substitution ax + b = yn, to the integral of a rational function. 10. Prove that Z f ′′(x)F (x) dx = f ′(x)F (x) – f (x)F ′(x) + Z f (x)F ′′(x) dx [VI : 139] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 293 and generally Z f (n)(x)F (x) dx = f (n–1)(x)F (x) – f (n–2)(x)F ′(x) + · · · + (–1)n Z f (x)F (n)(x) dx. 11. The integral Z (1 + x)pxq dx, where p and q are rational, can be found in three cases, viz. (i) if p is an integer, (ii) if q is an integer, and (iii) if p + q is an integer. [In case (i) put x = us, where s is the denominator of q; in case (ii) put 1 + x = ts, where s is the denominator of p; and in case (iii) put 1 + x = xts, where s is the denominator of p.] 12. The integral Z xm(axn + b)q dx can be reduced to the preceding integral by the substitution axn = bt. [In practice it is often most convenient to calculate a particular integral of this kind by a ‘formula of reduction’ (cf. Misc. Ex. 39).] 13. The integral Z R{x, √ax + b, √cx + d} dx can be reduced to that of a rational function by the substitution 4x = –(b/a){t + (1/t)}2 – (d/c){t – (1/t)}2. 14. Reduce Z R(x, y) dx, where y2(x – y) = x2, to the integral of a rational function. [Putting y = tx we obtain x = 1/{t2(1 – t)}, y = 1/{t(1 – t)}.] 15. Reduce the integral in the same way when (a) y(x – y)2 = x, (b) (x2 + y2)2 = a2(x2 – y2). [In case (a) put x – y = t: in case (b) put x2 + y2 = t(x – y), when we obtain x = a2t(t2 + a2)/(t4 + a4), y = a2t(t2 – a2)/(t4 + a4).] 16. If y(x – y)2 = x then Z dx x – 3y = 1 2 log{(x – y)2 – 1}. 17. If (x2 + y2)2 = 2c2(x2 – y2) then Z dx y(x2 + y2 + c2) = – 1 c2 log x2 + y2 x – y

. [VI : 139] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 294 139. The general integral Z R(x, y) dx, where y2 = ax2 + 2bx + c. The most general integral, of the type considered in § 134, and associated with the special conic y2 = ax2 + 2bx + c, is Z R(x, √X) dx, (1) where X = y2 = ax2 + 2bx + c. We suppose that R is a real function. The subject of integration is of the form P/Q, where P and Q are polyno- mials in x and √X. It may therefore be reduced to the form A + B√X C + D√X = (A + B√X)(C – D√X) C2 – D2X = E + F √X, where A, B, . . . are rational functions of x. The only new problem which arises is that of the integration of a function of the form F √X, or, what is the same thing, G/√X, where G is a rational function of x. And the integral Z G √X dx (2) can always be evaluated by splitting up G into partial fractions. When we do this, integrals of three different types may arise. (i) In the first place there may be integrals of the type Z xm √X dx, (3) where m is a positive integer. The cases in which m = 0 or m = 1 have been disposed of in § 136. In order to calculate the integrals corresponding to larger values of m we observe that d dx (xm–1√X) = (m – 1)xm–2√X + (ax + b)xm–1 √X = αxm + βxm–1 + γxm–2 √X , where α, β, γ are constants whose values may be easily calculated. It is clear that, when

we integrate this equation, we obtain a relation between three suc- cessive integrals of the type (3). As we know the values of the integral for m = 0 and m = 1, we can calculate in turn its values for all other values of m. [VI : 139] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 295 (ii) In the second place there may be integrals of the type Z dx (x – p)m√X , (4) where p is real. If we make the substitution x – p = 1/t then this integral is reduced to an integral in t of the type (3). (iii) Finally, there may be integrals corresponding to complex roots of the denominator of G. We shall confine ourselves to the simplest case, that in which all such roots are simple roots. In this case (cf. § 130) a pair of conjugate complex roots of G gives rise to an integral of the type Z Lx + M (Ax2 + 2Bx + C)√ax2 + 2bx + c dx. (5) In order to evaluate this integral we put x = μt + ν t + 1 , where μ and ν are so chosen that aμν + b(μ + ν) + c = 0, Aμν + B(μ + ν) + C = 0; so that μ and ν are the roots of the equation (aB – bA)ξ2 – (cA – aC)ξ + (bC – cB) = 0. This equation has certainly real roots, for it is the same equation as equation (1) of Ex. xlvi. 12; and it is therefore certainly possible to find real values of μ and ν fulfilling our requirements. It will be found, on carrying out the substitution, that the integral (5) as- sumes the form H Z t dt (αt2 + β)pγt2 + δ + K Z dt (αt2 + β)pγt2 + δ . (6) The second of these integrals is rationalised by the substitution t pγt2 + δ = u, [VI : 139] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 296 which gives Z dt (αt2 + β)pγt2 + δ = Z du β + (αδ – βγ)u2 . Finally, if we put t = 1/u in the first of the integrals (6), it is transformed into an integral of the second type, and may therefore be calculated in the manner just explained, viz. by putting u/pγ + δu2 = u, i.e. 1/pγt2 + δ = v.* Examples L. 1. Evaluate Z dx x√x2 + 2x + 3 , Z dx (x – 1)√x2 + 1 , Z dx (x + 1)√1 + 2x – x2 . 2. Prove that Z dx (x – p)p(x – p)(x – q) = 2 q – p r x – q x – p . 3. If ag2 + ch2 = –ν < 0 then Z dx (hx + g)√ax2 + c = – 1 √ν arc tan " pν(ax2 + c) ch – agx # . 4. Show that Z dx (x – x0)y , where y2 = ax2 + 2bx + c, may be expressed in one or other of the forms – 1 y0 log axx0 + b(x + x0) + c + yy0 x – x0 , 1 z0 arc tan axx0 + b(x + x0) + c yz0

, according as ax2 0 + 2bx0 + c is positive and equal to y2 0 or negative and equal to –z2 0 . *The method of integration explained here fails if a/A = b/B; but then the integral may be reduced by the substitution ax + b = t. For further information concern- ing the integration of algebraical functions see Stolz, Grundz¨uge der Differential-und- integralrechnung, vol. i, pp. 331 et seq.; Bromwich, Elementary Integrals (Bowes and Bowes, 1911). An alternative method of reduction has been given by Sir G. Greenhill: see his A Chapter in the Integral Calculus, pp. 12 et seq., and the author's tract quoted on p. 286. [VI : 140] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 297 5. Show by means of the substitution y = √ax2 + 2bx + c/(x – p) that Z dx (x – p)√ax2 + 2bx + c = Z dy pλy2 – μ , where λ = ap2 + 2bp + c, μ = ac – b2. [This method of reduction is elegant but less straightforward than that explained in § 139.] 6. Show that the integral Z dx x√3x2 + 2x + 1 is rationalised by the substitution x = (1 + y2)/(3 – y2). (Math. Trip. 1911.) 7. Calculate Z (x + 1) dx (x2 + 4)√x2 + 9 . 8. Calculate Z dx (5x2 + 12x + 8)√5x2 + 2x – 7 . [Apply the method of § 139. The equation satisfied by μ and ν is ξ2 + 3ξ + 2 = 0, so that μ = –2, ν = –1, and the appropriate substitution is x = –(2t + 1)/(t + 1). This reduces the integral to – Z dt (4t2 + 1)√9t2 – 4 – Z t dt (4t2 + 1)√9t2 – 4 . The first of these integrals may be rationalised by putting t/√9t2 – 4 = u and the second by putting 1/√9t2 – 4 = v.] 9. Calculate Z (x + 1) dx (2x2 – 2x + 1)√3x2 – 2x + 1 , Z (x – 1) dx (2x2 – 6x + 5)√7x2 – 22x + 19 . (Math. Trip. 1911.) 10. Show that the integral Z R(x, y) dx, where y2 = ax2 + 2bx + c, is ra- tionalised by the substitution t = (x – p)/(y + q), where (p, q) is any point on the conic y2 = ax2 + 2bx + c. [The integral is of course also rationalised by the substitution t = (x – p)/(y – q): cf. § 134.] [VI : 141] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 298 140. Transcendental Functions. Owing to the immense variety of the different classes of transcendental functions, the theory of their in- tegration is a good deal less systematic than that of the integration of rational or algebraical functions. We shall consider in order a few classes of transcendental functions whose integrals can always be found. 141. Polynomials in cosines and sines of multiples of x. We can always integrate any function which is the sum of a finite number of terms such as A cosm ax sinm′ ax cosn bx sinn′ bx . . . , where m, m′, n, n′, . . . are positive integers and a, b, . . . any real numbers whatever. For such a term can be expressed as the sum of a finite number of terms of the types α cos{(pa + qb + . . .)x}, β sin{(pa + qb + . . .)x} and the integrals of these terms can be written down at once. Examples LI. 1. Integrate sin3 x cos2 2x. In this case we use the for- mulae sin3 x = 1 4 (3 sin x – sin 3x), cos2 2x = 1 2 (1 + cos 4x). Multiplying these two expressions and replacing sin x cos 4x, for example, by 1 2 (sin 5x – sin 3x), we obtain 1 16 Z (7 sin x – 5 sin 3x + 3 sin 5x – sin 7x) dx = – 7 16 cos x + 5 48 cos 3x – 3 80 cos 5x + 1 112 cos 7x. The integral may of course be obtained in different forms by different meth- ods. For example Z sin3 x cos2 2x dx = Z (4 cos4 x – 4 cos2 x + 1)(1 – cos2 x) sin x dx, which reduces, on making the substitution cos x = t, to Z (4t6 – 8t4 + 5t2 – 1) dt = 4 7 cos7 x – 8 5 cos5 x + 5 3 cos3 x – cos x. [VI : 143] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 299 It may be verified that this expression and that obtained above differ only by a constant. 2. Integrate by any method cos ax cos bx, sin ax sin bx, cos ax sin bx, cos2 x, sin3 x, cos4 x, cos x cos 2x cos 3x, cos3 2x sin2 3x, cos5 x sin7 x. [In cases of this kind it is sometimes convenient to use a formula of reduction (Misc. Ex. 39).] 142. The integrals Z xn cos x dx, Z xn sin x dx and associated integrals. The method of integration by parts enables us to generalise the preceding results. For Z xn cos x dx = xn sin x – n Z xn–1 sin x dx, Z xn sin x dx =–xn cos x + n Z xn–1 cos x dx, and clearly the integrals can be calculated completely by a repetition of this process whenever n is a positive integer. It follows that we can always calculate Z xn cos ax dx and Z xn sin ax dx if n is a positive integer; and so, by a process similar to that of the preceding paragraph, we can calculate Z P (x, cos ax, sin ax, cos bx, sin bx, . . .) dx, where P is any polynomial. Examples LII. 1. Integrate x sin x, x2 cos x, x2

cos2 x, x2 sin2 x sin2 2x, x sin2 x cos4 x, x3 sin3 1 3 x. 2. Find polynomials P and Q such that Z {(3x – 1) cos x + (1 – 2x) sin x} dx = P cos x + Q sin x. 3. Prove that Z xn cos x dx = Pn cos x + Qn sin x, where Pn = nxn–1 – n(n – 1)(n – 2)xn–3 + . . . , Qn = xn – n(n – 1)xn–2 + ... [VI : 143] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 300 143. Rational Functions of cos x and sin x. The integral of any rational function of cos x and sin x may be calculated by the substitution tan 1 2 x = t. For cos x = 1 – t2 1 + t2 , sin x = 2t 1 + t2 , dx dt = 2 1 + t2 , so that the substitution reduces the integral to that of a rational function of t. Examples LIII. 1. Prove that Z sec x dx = log | sec x + tan x|, Z cosec x dx = log | tan 1 2 x|. [Another form of the first integral is log | tan(1 4 π + 1 2 x)|; a third form is 1 2 log |(1 + sin x)/(1 – sin x)|.] 2. Z tan x dx = – log | cos x|, Z cot x dx = log | sin x|, Z sec2 x dx = tan x, Z cosec2 x dx = – cot x, Z tan x sec x dx = sec x, Z cot x cosec x dx = – cosec x. [These integrals are included in the general form, but there is no need to use a substitution, as the results follow at once from § 119 and equation (5) of § 130.] 3. Show that the integral of 1/(a + b cos x), where a + b is positive, may be expressed in one or other of the forms 2 √a2 – b2 arc tan (t r a – b a + b) , 1 √b2 – a2 log √b + a + t√b – a √b + a – t√b – a , where t = tan 1 2 x, according as a2 > b2 or a2 < b2. If a2 = b2 then the integral reduces to a constant multiple of that of sec2 1 2 x or cosec2 1 2 x, and its value may at once be written down. Deduce the forms of the integral when a+b is negative. 4. Show that if y is defined in terms of x by means of the equation (a + b cos x)(a – b cos y) = a2 – b2, where a is positive and a2 > b2, then as x varies from 0 to π one value of y also varies from 0 to π. Show also that sin x = √a2 – b2 sin y a – b cos y , sin x a + b cos x dx dy = sin y a – b cos y ; [VI : 144] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 301 and deduce that if 0 < x < π then Z dx a + b cos x = 1 √a2 – b2 arc cos a cos x + b a + b cos x

. Show that this result agrees with that of Ex. 3. 5. Show how to integrate 1/(a + b cos x + c sin x). [Express b cos x + c sin x in the form √b2 + c2 cos(x – α).] 6. Integrate (a + b cos x + c sin x)/(α + β cos x + γ sin x). [Determine λ, μ, ν so that a + b cos x + c sin x = λ + μ(α + β cos x + γ sin x) + ν(–β sin x + γ cos x). Then the integral is μx + ν log |α + β cos x + γ sin x| + λ Z dx α + β cos x + γ sin x .] 7. Integrate 1/(a cos2 x+2b cos x sin x+c sin2 x). [The subject of integration may be expressed in the form 1/(A + B cos 2x + C sin 2x), where A = 1 2 (a + c), B = 1 2 (a – c), C = b: but the integral may be calculated more simply by putting tan x = t, when we obtain Z sec2 x dx a + 2b tan x + c tan2 x = Z dt a + 2bt + ct2 .] 144. Integrals involving arc sin x, arc tan x, and log x. The inte- grals of the inverse sine and tangent and of the logarithm can easily be calculated by integration by parts. Thus Z arc sin x dx = x arc sin x – Z x dx √1 – x2 = x arc sin x + √1 – x2, Z arc tan x dx = x arc tan x – Z x dx 1 + x2 = x arc tan x – 1 2 log(1 + x2), Z log x dx = x log x – Z dx = x(log x – 1). [VI : 145] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 302 It is easy to see that if we can find the integral of y = f (x) then we can always find that of x = φ(y), where φ is the function inverse to f . For on making the substitution y = f (x) we obtain Z φ(y) dy = Z xf ′(x) dx = xf (x) – Z f (x) dx. The reader should evaluate the integrals of arc sin y and arc tan y in this way. Integrals of the form Z P (x, arc sin x) dx, Z P (x, log x) dx, where P is a polynomial, can always be calculated. Take the first form, for example. We have to calculate a number of integrals of the type Z xm(arc sin x)n dx. Making the substitution x = sin y, we obtain Z yn sinm y cos y dy, which can be found by the method of § 142. In the case of the second form we have to calculate a number of integrals of the type Z xm(log x)n dx. Integrating by parts we obtain Z xm(log x)n dx = xm+1(log x)n m + 1 – n m + 1 Z xm(log x)n–1 dx, and it is evident that by repeating this process often enough we shall always arrive finally at the complete value of the integral. 145. Areas of plane curves. One of the most important appli- cations of the processes of integration which have been explained in the preceding sections is to the calculation of areas of plane curves. Suppose that P0P P ′ (Fig. 44) is the graph of a continuous curve y = φ(x) which lies wholly above the axis of x, P being the point (x, y) and P ′ the point (x+h, y+k), and h being either positive or negative (positive in the figure). [VI : 145] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 303O N1 N N′ P0 P1 P P ′ R Fig. 44.P R P ′ Fig. 44a. The reader is of course familiar with the idea of an ‘area’, and in par- ticular with that of an area such as ON P P0. This idea we shall at present take for granted. It is indeed one which needs and has received the most careful mathematical analysis: later on we shall return to it and explain precisely what is meant by ascribing an ‘area’ to such a region of space as ON P P0. For the present we shall simply assume that any such region has associated with it a definite positive number (ON P P0) which we call its area, and that these areas possess the obvious properties indicated by common sense, e.g. that (P RP ′) + (N N ′RP) = (N N ′P ′P), (N1N P P1) < (ON P P0), and so on. Taking all this for granted it is obvious that the area ON P P0 is a function of x; we denote it by Φ(x). Also Φ(x) is a continuous function. For Φ(x + h) – Φ(x) = (N N ′P ′P) = (N N ′RP) + (P RP ′) = hφ(x) + (P RP ′). As the figure is drawn, the area P RP ′ is less than hk. This is not however necessarily true in general, because it is not necessarily the case [VI : 146] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 304 (see for example Fig. 44a) that the arc P P ′ should rise or fall steadily from P to P ′. But the area P RP ′ is always less than |h|λ(h), where λ(h) is the greatest distance of any point of the arc P P ′ from P R. Moreover, since φ(x) is a continuous function, λ(h) → 0 as h → 0. Thus we have Φ(x + h) – Φ(x) = h{φ(x) + μ(h)}, where |μ(h)| < λ(h) and λ(h) → 0 as h → 0. From this it follows at once that Φ(x) is continuous. Moreover Φ′(x) = lim h→0 Φ(x + h) – Φ(x) h = lim h→0{φ(x) + μ(h)} = φ(x). Thus the ordinate of the curve is the derivative of the area, and the area is the integral of the ordinate. We are thus able to formulate a rule for determining the area ON P P0. Calculate Φ(x), the integral of φ(x). This involves an arbitrary constant, which we suppose so chosen that Φ(0) = 0. Then the area required is Φ(x). If it were the area N1N P P1 which was wanted, we

should of course determine the constant so that Φ(x1) = 0, where x1 is the abscissa of P1. If the curve lay below the axis of x, Φ(x) would be negative, and the area would be the absolute value of Φ(x). 146. Lengths of plane curves. The notion of the length of a curve, other than a straight line, is in reality a more difficult one even than that of an area. In fact the assumption that P0P (Fig. 44) has a definite length, which we may denote by S(x), does not suffice for our purposes, as did the corresponding assumption about areas. We cannot even prove that S(x) is continuous, i.e. that lim{S(P ′) – S(P)} = 0. This looks obvious enough in the larger figure, but less so in such a case as is shown in the smaller figure. Indeed it is not possible to proceed further, with any degree of rigour, without a careful analysis of precisely what is meant by the length of a curve. It is however easy to see what the formula must be. Let us suppose that the curve has a tangent whose direction varies continuously, so that [VI : 146] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 305 φ′(x) is continuous. Then the assumption that the curve has a length leads to the equation {S(x + h) – S(x)}/h = {P P ′}/h = (P P ′/h) × ({P P ′}/P P ′), where {P P ′} is the arc whose chord is P P ′. Now P P ′ + √P R2 + RP ′2 = h r 1 + k2 h2 , and k = φ(x + h) – φ(x) = hφ′(ξ), where ξ lies between x and x + h. Hence lim(P P ′/h) = lim p1 + [φ′(ξ)]2 = p1 + [φ′(x)]2. If also we assume that lim{P P ′}/P P ′ = 1, we obtain the result S′(x) = lim{S(x + h) – S(x)}/h = p1 + [φ′(x)]2 and so S(x) = Z p1 + [φ′(x)]2 dx. Examples LIV. 1. Calculate the area of the segment cut off from the parabola y = x2/4a by the ordinate x = ξ, and the length of the arc which bounds it. 2. Answer the same questions for the curve ay2 = x3, showing that the length of the arc is 8a 27 (1 + 9ξ 4a 3/2 – 1) . 3. Calculate the areas and lengths of the circles x2 + y2 = a2, x2 + y2 = 2ax by means of the formulae of §§ 145–146. [VI : 146] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 306 4. Show that the area of the ellipse (x2/a2) + (y2/b2) = 1 is πab. 5. Find the area bounded by the curve y = sin x and the segment of the axis of x from x = 0 to x = 2π. [Here Φ(x) = – cos x, and the difference between the values of – cos x for x = 0 and x = 2π is zero. The explanation of this is of course that between x = π and x = 2π the curve lies below the axis of x, and so the corresponding part of the area is counted negative in applying the method. The area from x = 0 to x = π is – cos π + cos 0 = 2; and the whole area required, when every part is counted positive, is twice this, i.e. is 4.] 6. Suppose that the coordinates of any point on a curve are expressed as functions of a parameter t by equations of the type x = φ(t), y = ψ(t), φ and ψ being functions of t with continuous derivatives. Prove that if x steadily increases as t varies from t0 to t1, then the area of the region bounded by the corresponding portion of the curve, the axis of x, and the two ordinates corresponding to t0 and t1, is, apart from sign, A(t1) – A(t0), where A(t) = Z ψ(t)φ′(t) dt = Z y dx dt dt. 7. Suppose that C is a closed curve formed of a single loop and not met by any parallel to either axis in more than two points. And suppose that the coordinates of any point P on the curve can be expressed as in Ex. 6 in terms of t, and that, as t varies from t0 to t1, P moves in the same direction round the curve and returns after a single circuit to its original position. Show that the area of the loop is equal to the difference of the initial and final values of any one of the integrals – Z y dx dt dt, Z x dy dt dt, 1 2 Z x dy dt – y dx dt

dt, this difference being of course taken positively. 8. Apply the result of Ex. 7 to determine the areas of the curves given by (i) x a = 1 – t2 1 + t2 , y a = 2t 1 + t2 , (ii) x = a cos3 t, y = b sin3 t. 9. Find the area of the loop of the curve x3 + y3 = 3axy. [Putting y = tx we obtain x = 3at/(1 + t3), y = 3at2/(1 + t3). As t varies from 0 towards ∞ the [VI : 146] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 307 loop is described once. Also 1 2 Z y dx dt – x dy dt

dt = – 1 2 Z x2 d dt y x

dt = – 1 2 Z 9a2t2 (1 + t3)2 dt = 3a2 2(1 + t3) , which tends to 0 as t → ∞. Thus the area of the loop is 3 2 a2.] 10. Find the area of the loop of the curve x5 + y5 = 5ax2y2. 11. Prove that the area of a loop of the curve x = a sin 2t, y = a sin t is 4 3 a2. (Math. Trip. 1908.) 12. The arc of the ellipse given by x = a cos t, y = b sin t, between the points t = t1 and t = t2, is F (t2) – F (t1), where F (t) = a Z p 1 – e2 sin2 t dt, e being the eccentricity. [This integral cannot however be evaluated in terms of such functions as are at present at our disposal.] 13. Polar coordinates. Show that the area bounded by the curve r = f (θ), where f (θ) is a one-valued function of θ, and the radii θ = θ1, θ = θ2, is F (θ2) – F (θ1), where F (θ) = 1 2 Z r2 dθ. And the length of the corresponding arc of the curve is Φ(θ2) – Φ(θ1), where Φ(θ) = Z s r2 + dr dθ 2 dθ. Hence determine (i) the area and perimeter of the circle r = 2a sin θ; (ii) the area between the parabola r = 1 2 l sec2 1 2 θ and its latus rectum, and the length of the corresponding arc of the parabola; (iii) the area of the lima¸con r = a+b cos θ, distinguishing the cases in which a > b, a = b, and a < b; and (iv) the areas of the ellipses 1/r2 = a cos2 θ + 2h cos θ sin θ + b sin2 θ and l/r = 1 + e cos θ. [In the last case we are led to the integral Z dθ (1 + e cos θ)2 , which may be calculated (cf. Ex. liii. 4) by the help of the substitution (1 + e cos θ)(1 – e cos φ) = 1 – e2.] 14. Trace the curve 2θ = (a/r) + (r/a), and show that the area bounded by the radius vector θ = β, and the two branches which touch at the point r = a, θ = 1, is 2 3 a2(β2 – 1)3/2. (Math. Trip. 1900.) [VI : 146] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 308 15. A curve is given by an equation p = f (r), r being the radius vector and p the perpendicular from the origin on to the tangent. Show that the calculation of the area of the region bounded by an arc of the curve and two radii vectores depends upon that of the integral 1 2 Z pr dr pr2 – p2 . MISCELLANEOUS EXAMPLES ON CHAPTER VI. 1. A function f (x) is defined as being equal to 1 + x when x ■ 0, to x when 0 < x < 1, to 2 – x when 1 ■ x ■ 2, and to 3x – x2 when x > 2. Discuss the continuity of f (x) and the existence and continuity of f ′(x) for x = 0, x = 1, and x = 2.

(Math. Trip. 1908.) 2. Denoting a, ax + b, ax2 + 2bx + c, . . . by u0, u1, u2, . . . , show that u2 0u3 – 3u0u1u2 + 2u3 1 and u0u4 – 4u1u3 + 3u2 2 are independent of x. 3. If a0, a1, . . . , a2n are constants and Ur = (a0, a1, . . . , ar)(x, 1)r, then U0U2n – 2nU1U2n–1 + 2n(2n – 1) 1 · 2 U2U2n–2 – · · · + U2nU0 is independent of x. (Math. Trip. 1896.) [Differentiate and use the relation U ′ r = rUr–1.] 4. The first three derivatives of the function arc sin(μ sin x) – x, where μ > 1, are positive when 0 ■ x ■ 1 2 π. 5. The constituents of a determinant are functions of x. Show that its differential coefficient is the sum of the determinants formed by differentiating the constituents of one row only, leaving the rest unaltered. 6. If f1, f2, f3, f4 are polynomials of degree not greater than 4, then f1 f2 f3 f4 f ′ 1 f ′ 2 f ′ 3 f ′ 4 f ″ 1 f ″ 2 f ″ 3 f ″ 4 f ‴ 1 f ‴ 2 f ‴ 3 f ‴ 4 is also a polynomial of degree not greater than 4. [Differentiate five times, using the result of Ex. 5, and rejecting vanishing determinants.] 7. If y3 + 3yx + 2x3 = 0 then x2(1 + x3)y″ – 3 2 xy′ + y = 0. (Math. Trip. 1903.) [VI : 146] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 309 8. Verify that the differential equation y = φ{ψ(y1)} + φ{x – ψ(y1)}, where y1 is the derivative of y, and ψ is the function inverse to φ′, is satisfied by y = φ(c) + φ(x – c) or by y = 2φ(1 2 x). 9. Verify that the differential equation y = {x/ψ(y1)}φ{ψ(y1)}, where the notation is the same as that of Ex. 8, is satisfied by y = cφ(x/c) or by y = βx, where β = φ(α)/α and α is any root of the equation φ(α) – αφ′(α) = 0. 10. If ax + by + c = 0 then y2 = 0 (suffixes denoting differentiations with re- spect to x). We may express this by saying that the general differential equation of all straight lines is y2 = 0. Find the general differential equations of (i) all circles with their centres on the axis of x, (ii) all parabolas with their axes along the axis of x, (iii) all parabolas with their axes parallel to the axis of y, (iv) all circles, (v) all parabolas, (vi) all conics. [The equations are (i) 1 + y2 1 + yy2 = 0, (ii) y2 1 + yy2 = 0, (iii) y3 = 0, (iv) (1 + y2 1)y3 = 3y1y2 2 , (v) 5y2 3 = 3y2y4, (vi) 9y2 2 y5 – 45y2y3y4 + 40y3 3 = 0. In each case we have only to write down the general equation of the curves in question, and differentiate until we have enough equations to eliminate all the arbitrary constants.] 11. Show that the general differential equations of all parabolas and of all conics are respectively D2 x(y–2/3 2) = 0, D3 x(y–2/3 2) = 0. [The equation of a conic may be put in the form y = ax + b ± ppx2 + 2qx + r. From this we deduce y2 = ±(pr – q2)/(px2 + 2qx + r)3/2. If the conic is a parabola then p = 0.] 12. Denoting dy dx , 1 2! d2y dx2 , 1 3! d3y dx3 , 1 4! d4y dx4 , . . . by t, a, b, c, . . . and dx dy , 1 2! d2x dy2 , 1 3! d3x dy3 , 1 4! d4x dy4 , . . . by τ , α, β, γ, . . . , show that 4ac – 5b2 = (4αγ – 5β2)/τ 8, bt – a2 = –(βτ – α2)/τ 6. [VI : 146] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 310 Establish similar formulae for the functions a2d – 3abc – 2b3, (1 + t2)b – 2a2t, 2ct – 5ab. 13. Prove that, if yk is the kth derivative of y = sin(n arc sin x), then (1 – x2)yk+2 – (2k + 1)xyk+1 + (n2 – k2)yk = 0. [Prove first when k = 0, and differentiate k times by Leibniz' Theorem.] 14. Prove the formula vDn x u = Dn x (uv) – nDn–1 x (uDxv) + n(n – 1) 1 · 2 Dn–2 x (uD2 xv) – . . . where n is any positive integer. [Use the method of induction.] 15. A curve is given by x = a(2 cos t + cos 2t), y = a(2 sin t – sin 2t). Prove (i) that the equations of the tangent and normal, at the point P whose parameter is t, are x sin 1 2 t + y cos 1 2 t = a sin 3 2 t, x cos 1 2 t – y sin 1 2 t = 3a cos 3 2 t; (ii) that the tangent at P meets the curve in the points Q, R whose parameters are – 1 2 t and π – 1 2 t; (iii) that QR = 4a; (iv) that the tangents at Q and R are at right angles and intersect on the circle x2 + y2 = a2; (v) that the normals at P , Q, and R are concurrent and intersect on the circle x2 + y2 = 9a2; (vi) that the equation of the curve is (x2 + y2 + 12ax + 9a2)2 = 4a(2x + 3a)3. Sketch the form of the curve. 16. Show that the equations which define the curve of Ex. 15 may be replaced by ξ/a = 2u + (1/u2), η/a = (2/u) + u2, where ξ = x + yi, η = x – yi, u = Cis t. Show that the tangent and normal, at the point defined by u, are u2ξ – uη = a(u3 – 1), u2ξ + uη = 3a(u3 + 1), and deduce the properties (ii)–(v) of Ex. 15. 17. Show that the condition that x4 + 4px3 – 4qx – 1 = 0 should have equal roots may be expressed in the form (p + q)2/3 – (p – q)2/3 = 1. (Math. Trip. 1898.) [VI : 146] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 311 18. The roots of a cubic f (x) = 0 are α, β, γ in ascending order of magnitude. Show that if [α, β] and [β, γ] are each divided into six equal sub-intervals, then a root of f ′(x) = 0 will fall in the fourth interval from β on each side. What will be the nature of the cubic in the two cases when a root of f ′(x) = 0 falls at a point of division? (Math. Trip. 1907.) 19. Investigate the maxima and minima of f (x), and the real roots of f (x) = 0, f (x) being either of the functions x – sin x – tan α(1 – cos x), x – sin x – (α – sin α) – tan 1 2 α(cos α – cos x), and α an angle between 0 and π. Show that in the first case the condition for a double root is that tan α – α should be a multiple of π. 20. Show that by choice of the ratio λ : μ we can make the roots of λ(ax2 + bx + c) + μ(a′x2 + b′x + c′) = 0 real and having a difference of any magnitude, unless the roots of the two quadratics are all real and interlace; and that in the excepted case the roots are always real, but there is a lower limit for the magnitude of their difference. (Math. Trip. 1895.) [Consider the form of the graph of the function (ax2 +bx+c)/(a′x2 +b′x+c′): cf. Exs. xlvi. 12 et seq.] 21. Prove that π < sin πx x(1 – x) ■ 4 when 0 < x < 1, and draw the graph of the function. 22. Draw the graph of the function π cot πx – 1 x – 1 x – 1 . 23. Sketch the general form of the graph of y, given that dy dx = (6x2 + x – 1)(x – 1)2(x + 1)3 x2 . (Math. Trip. 1908.) 24. A sheet of paper is folded over so that one corner just reaches the opposite side. Show how the paper must be folded to make the length of the crease a maximum. 25. The greatest acute angle at which the ellipse (x2/a2) + (y2/b2) = 1 can be cut by a concentric circle is arc tan{(a2 – b2)/2ab}. (Math. Trip. 1900.) [VI : 146] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 312 26. In a triangle the area Δ and the semi-perimeter s are fixed. Show that any maximum or minimum of one of the sides is a root of the equation s(x – s)x2 + 4Δ2 = 0. Discuss the reality of the roots of this equation, and whether they correspond to maxima or minima. [The equations a + b + c = 2s, s(s – a)(s – b)(s – c) = Δ2 determine a and b as functions of c. Differentiate with respect to c, and

suppose that da/dc = 0. It will be found that b = c, s – b = s – c = 1 2 a, from which we deduce that s(a – s)a2 + 4∆2 = 0. This equation has three real roots if s4 > 27∆2, and one in the contrary case. In an equilateral triangle (the triangle of minimum perimeter for a given area) s4 = 27∆2; thus it is impossible that s4 < 27∆2. Hence the equation in a has three real roots, and, since their sum is positive and their product negative, two roots are positive and the third negative. Of the two positive roots one corresponds to a maximum and one to a minimum.] 27. The area of the greatest equilateral triangle which can be drawn with its sides passing through three given points A, B, C is 2∆ + a2 + b2 + c2 2√3 , a, b, c being the sides and ∆ the area of ABC. (Math. Trip. 1899.) 28. If ∆, ∆′ are the areas of the two maximum isosceles triangles which can be described with their vertices at the origin and their base angles on the cardioid r = a(1 + cos θ), then 256∆∆′ = 25a4√5. (Math. Trip. 1907.) 29. Find the limiting values which (x2 – 4y + 8)/(y2 – 6x + 3) approaches as the point (x, y) on the curve x2y – 4x2 – 4xy + y2 + 16x – 2y – 7 = 0 approaches the position (2, 3). (Math. Trip. 1903.) [If we take (2, 3) as a new origin, the equation of the curve becomes ξ2η – ξ2 + η2 = 0, and the function given becomes (ξ2 + 4ξ – 4η)/(η2 + 6η – 6ξ). If we put η = tξ, we obtain ξ = (1 – t2)/t, η = 1 – t2. The curve has a loop branching at the origin, which corresponds to the two values t = –1 and t = 1. Expressing the given function in terms of t, and making t tend to –1 or 1, we obtain the limiting values – 3 2 , – 2 3 .] 30. If f (x) = 1 sin x – sin a – 1 (x – a) cos a , then d da { lim x→a f (x)} – lim x→a f ′(x) = 3 4 sec3 a – 5 12 sec a. (Math. Trip. 1896.) [VI : 146] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 313 31. Show that if φ(x) = 1/(1 + x2) then φn(x) = Qn(x)/(1 + x2)n+1, where Qn(x) is a polynomial of degree n. Show also that (i) Qn+1 = (1 + x2)Q′ n – 2(n + 1)xQn, (ii) Qn+2 + 2(n + 2)xQn+1 + (n + 2)(n + 1)(1 + x2)Qn = 0, (iii) (1 + x2)Q′′ n – 2nxQ′ n + n(n + 1)Qn = 0, (iv) Qn = (–1)nn!

(n + 1)xn – (n + 1)n(n – 1) 3! xn–2 + . . .

, (v) all the roots of Qn = 0 are real and separated by those of Qn–1 = 0. 32. If f (x), φ(x), ψ(x) have derivatives when a ■ x ■ b, then there is a value of ξ lying between a and b and such that f (a) φ(a) ψ(a) f (b) φ(b) ψ(b) f ′(ξ) φ′(ξ) ψ′(ξ) = 0. [Consider the function formed by replacing the constituents of the third row by f (x), φ(x), ψ(x). This theorem reduces to the Mean Value Theorem (§ 125) when φ(x) = x and ψ(x) = 1.] 33. Deduce from Ex. 32 the formula f (b) – f (a) φ(b) – φ(a) = f ′(ξ) φ′(ξ) . 34. If φ′(x) → a as x → ∞, then φ(x)/x → a. If φ′(x) → ∞ then φ(x) → ∞. [Use the formula φ(x) – φ(x0) = (x – x0)φ′(ξ), where x0 < ξ < x.] 35. If φ(x) → a as x → ∞, then φ′(x) cannot tend to any limit other than zero. 36. If φ(x) + φ′(x) → a as x → ∞, then φ(x) → a and φ′(x) → 0. [Let φ(x) = a + ψ(x), so that ψ(x) + ψ′(x) → 0. If ψ′(x) is of constant sign, say positive, for all sufficiently large values of x, then ψ(x) steadily increases and must tend to a limit l or to ∞. If ψ(x) → ∞ then ψ′(x) → –∞, which contradicts our hypothesis. If ψ(x) → l then ψ′(x) → –l, and this is impossible (Ex. 35) unless l = 0. Similarly we may dispose of the case in which ψ′(x) is ultimately negative. If ψ(x) changes sign for values of x which surpass all limit, then these are the maxima and minima of ψ(x). If x has a large value corresponding to a maximum or minimum of ψ(x), then ψ(x) + ψ′(x) is small and [VI : 146] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 314 ψ′(x) = 0, so that ψ(x) is small. A fortiori are the other values of ψ(x) small when x is large. For generalisations of this theorem, and alternative lines of proof, see a paper by the author entitled “Generalisations of a limit theorem of Mr Mercer,” in volume 43 of the Quarterly Journal of Mathematics. The simple proof sketched above was suggested by Prof. E. W. Hobson.] 37. Show how to reduce Z R (x, r ax + b mx + n , r cx + d mx + n) dx to the integral of a rational function. [Put mx + n = 1/t and use Ex. xlix. 13.] 38. Calculate the integrals: Z dx (1 + x2)3 , Z r x – 1 x + 1 dx x , Z x dx √1 + x – 3 √1 + x , Z s a2 + r b2 + c x dx, Z cosec3 x dx, Z 5 cos x + 6 2 cos x + sin x + 3 dx, Z dx (2 – sin2 x)(2 + sin x – sin2 x) , Z cos x sin x dx cos4 x + sin4 x , Z cosec x√sec 2x dx, Z dx p(1 + sin x)(2 + sin x) , Z x + sin x 1 + cos x dx, Z arc sec x dx, Z (arc sin x)2 dx, Z x arc sin x dx, Z x arc sin x √1 – x2 dx, Z arc sin x x3 dx, Z arc sin x (1 + x)2 dx, Z arc tan x x2 dx, Z arc tan x (1 + x2)3/2 dx, Z log(α2 + β2x2) x2 dx, Z log(α + βx) (a + bx)2 dx. 39. Formulae of reduction. (i) Show that 2(n – 1)(q – 1 4 p2) Z dx (x2 + px + q)n = x + 1 2 p (x2 + px + q)n–1 + (2n – 3) Z dx (x2 + px + q)n–1 . [VI : 146] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 315 [Put x + 1 2 p = t, q – 1 4 p2 = λ: then we obtain Z dt (t2 + λ)n = 1 λ Z dt (t2 + λ)n–1 – 1 λ Z t2 dt (t2 + λ)n = 1 λ Z dt (t2 + λ)n–1 + 1 2λ(n – 1) Z t d dt 1 (t2 + λ)n–1

dt, and the result follows on integrating by parts. A formula such as this is called a formula of reduction. It is most useful when n is a positive integer. We can then express Z dx (x2 + px + q)n in terms of Z dx (x2 + px + q)n–1 , and so evaluate the integral for every value of n in turn.] (ii) Show that if Ip,q = Z xp(1 + x)q dx then (p + 1)Ip,q = xp+1(1 + x)q – qIp+1,q–1, and obtain a similar formula connecting Ip,q with Ip–1,q+1. Show also, by means of the substitution x = –y/(1 + y), that Ip,q = (–1)p+1 Z yp(1 + y)–p–q–2 dy. (iii) Show that if X = a + bx then Z xX–1/3 dx = –3(3a – 2bx)X2/3/10b2, Z x2X–1/3 dx = 3(9a2 – 6abx + 5b2x2)X2/3/40b3, Z xX–1/4 dx = –4(4a – 3bx)X3/4/21b2, Z x2X–1/4 dx = 4(32a2 – 24abx + 21b2x2)X3/4/231b3. (iv) If Im,n = Z xm dx (1 + x2)n then 2(n – 1)Im,n = –xm–1(1 + x2)–(n–1) + (m – 1)Im–2,n–1. [VI : 146] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 316 (v) If In = Z xn cos βx dx and Jn = Z xn sin βx dx then βIn = xn sin βx – nJn–1, βJn = –xn cos βx + nIn–1. (vi) If In = Z cosn x dx and Jn = Z sinn x dx then nIn = sin x cosn–1 x + (n – 1)In–2, nJn = – cos x sinn–1 x + (n – 1)Jn–2. (vii) If In = Z tann x dx then (n – 1)(In + In–2) = tann–1 x. (viii) If Im,n = Z cosm x sinn x dx then (m + n)Im,n = – cosm+1 x sinn–1 x + (n – 1)Im,n–2 = cosm–1 x sinn+1 x + (m – 1)Im–2,n. [We have (m + 1)Im,n = – Z sinn–1 x d dx (cosm+1 x) dx = – cosm+1 x sinn–1 x + (n – 1) Z cosm+2 x sinn–2 x dx = – cosm+1 x sinn–1 x + (n – 1)(Im,n–2 –

Im,n), which leads to the first reduction formula.] (ix) Connect Im,n = Z sinm x sin nx dx with Im–2,n. (Math. Trip. 1897.) (x) If Im,n = Z xm cosecn x dx then (n – 1)(n – 2)Im,n = (n – 2)2Im,n–2 + m(m – 1)Im–2,n–2 – xm–1 cosecn–1 x{m sin x + (n – 2)x cos x}. (Math. Trip. 1896.) [VI : 146] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 317 (xi) If In = Z (a + b cos x)–n dx then (n – 1)(a2 – b2)In = –b sin x(a + b cos x)–(n–1) + (2n – 3)aIn–1 – (n – 2)In–2. (xii) If In = Z (a cos2 x + 2h cos x sin x + b sin2 x)–n dx then 4n(n + 1)(ab – h2)In+2 – 2n(2n + 1)(a + b)In+1 + 4n2In = – d2In dx2 . (Math. Trip. 1898.) (xiii) If Im,n = Z xm(log x)n dx then (m + 1)Im,n = xm+1(log x)n – nIm,n–1. 40. If n is a positive integer then the value of Z xm(log x)n dx is xm+1 (log x)n m + 1 – n(log x)n–1 (m + 1)2 + n(n – 1)(log x)n–2 (m + 1)3 – · · · + (–1)nn! (m + 1)n+1

. 41. Show that the most general function φ(x), such that φ′′ + a2φ = 0 for all values of x, may be expressed in either of the forms A cos ax + B sin ax, ρ cos(ax+■), where A, B, ρ, ■ are constants. [Multiplying by 2φ′ and integrating we obtain φ′2 + a2φ2 = a2b2, where b is a constant, from which we deduce that ax = Z dφ pb2 – φ2 .] 42. Determine the most general functions y and z such that y′ + ωz = 0, and z′ – ωy = 0, where ω is a constant and dashes denote differentiation with respect to x. 43. The area of the curve given by x = cos φ + sin α sin φ 1 – cos2 α sin2 φ , y = sin φ – sin α cos φ 1 – cos2 α sin2 φ , where α is a positive acute angle, is 1 2 π(1 + sin α)2/ sin α. (Math. Trip. 1904.) [VI : 146] DERIVATIVES AND INTEGRALS 318 44. The projection of a chord of a circle of radius a on a diameter is of constant length 2a cos β; show that the locus of the middle point of the chord consists of two loops, and that the area of either is a2(β – cos β sin β). (Math. Trip. 1903.) 45. Show that the length of a quadrant of the curve (x/a)2/3 + (y/b)2/3 = 1 is (a2 + ab + b2)/(a + b). (Math. Trip. 1911.) 46. A point A is inside a circle of radius a, at a distance b from the centre. Show that the locus of the foot of the perpendicular drawn from A to a tangent to the circle encloses an area π(a2 + 1 2 b2). (Math. Trip. 1909.) 47. Prove that if (a, b, c, f, g, h)(x, y, 1)2 = 0 is the equation of a conic, then Z dx (lx + my + n)(hx + by + f) = α log P T P T ′ + β, where P T , P T ′ are the perpendiculars from a point P of the conic on the tangents at the ends of the chord lx + my + n = 0, and α, β are constants. (Math. Trip. 1902.) 48. Show that Z ax2 + 2bx + c (Ax2 + 2Bx + C)2 dx will be a rational function of x if and only if one or other of AC – B2 and aC + cA – 2bB is zero.* 49. Show that the necessary and sufficient condition that Z f (x) {F (x)}2 dx, where f and F are polynomials of which the latter has no repeated factor, should be a rational function of x, is that f ′F ′ – f F ′′ should be divisible by F . (Math. Trip. 1910.) 50. Show that Z α cos x + β sin x + γ (1 – e cos x)2 dx is a rational function of cos x and sin x if and only if αe + γ = 0; and determine the integral when this condition is satisfied. (Math. Trip. 1910.) *See the author's tract quoted on p. 286. CHAPTER VII ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE DIFFERENTIAL AND INTEGRAL CALCULUS 147. Higher Mean Value Theorems. In the preceding chapter (§ 125) we proved that if f (x) has a derivative f ′(x) throughout the interval [a, b] then f (b) – f (a) = (b – a)f ′(ξ), where a < ξ < b; or that, if f (x) has a derivative throughout [a, a + h], then f (a + h) – f (a) = hf ′(a + θ1h), (1) where 0 < θ1 < 1. This we proved by considering the function f (b) – f (x) – b – x b – a {f (b) – f (a)} which vanishes when x = a and when x = b. Let us now suppose that f (x) has also a second derivative f ′′(x) throughout [a, b], an assumption which of course involves the continuity of the first derivative f ′(x), and consider the function f (b) – f (x) – (b – x)f ′(x) – b – x b – a 2 {f (b) – f (a) – (b – a)f ′(a)}. This function also vanishes when x = a and when x = b; and its derivative is 2(b – x) (b – a)2 {f (b) – f (a) – (b – a)f ′(a) – 1 2 (b – a)2f ′′(x)}, and this must vanish (§ 121) for some value of x between a and b (exclusive of a and b). Hence there is a value ξ of x, between a and b, and therefore capable of representation in the form a + θ2(b – a), where 0 < θ2 < 1, for which f (b) = f (a) + (b – a)f ′(a) + 1 2 (b – a)2f ′′(ξ). 319 [VII : 147] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 320 If we put b = a + h we obtain the equation f (a + h) = f (a) + hf ′(a) + 1 2 h2f ′′(a + θ2h), (2) which is the standard form of what may be called the Mean Value Theorem of the second order. The analogy suggested by (1) and (2) at once leads us to formulate the following theorem: Taylor's or the General Mean Value Theorem. If f (x) is a function of x which has derivatives of the first n orders throughout the interval [a, b], then f (b) = f (a) + (b – a)f ′(a) + (b – a)2 2! f ′′(a) + . . . + (b – a)n–1 (n – 1)! f (n–1)(a) + (b – a)n n! f (n)(ξ), where a < ξ < b; and if b = a + h then f (a + h) = f (a) + hf ′(a) + 1 2 h2f ′′(a) + . . . + hn–1 (n – 1)!f (n–1)(a) + hn n! f (n)(a + θnh), where 0 < θn < 1. The proof proceeds on precisely the same lines as were adopted before in the special cases in which n = 1 and n = 2. We consider the function Fn(x) – b – x b – a n Fn(a), where Fn(x) = f (b) – f (x) – (b – x)f ′(x) – (b – x)2 2! f ′′(x) – . . . – (b – x)n–1 (n – 1)! f (n–1)(x). [VII : 147] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 321 This function vanishes for x = a and x = b; its derivative is n(b – x)n–1 (b – a)n

Fn(a) – (b – a)n n! f (n)(x)

; and there must be some value of x between a and b for which the derivative vanishes. This leads at once to the desired result. In view of the great importance of this theorem we shall give at the end of this chapter another proof, not essentially distinct from that given above, but different in form and depending on the method of integration by parts. Examples LV. 1. Suppose that f (x) is a polynomial of degree r. Then f (n)(x) is identically zero when n > r, and the theorem leads to the algebraical identity f (a + h) = f (a) + hf ′(a) + h2 2! f ′′(a) + · · · + hr r! f (r)(a). 2. By applying the theorem to f (x) = 1/x, and supposing x and x + h positive, obtain the result 1 x + h = 1 x – h x2 + h2 x3 – · · · + (–1)n–1hn–1 xn + (–1)nhn (x + θnh)n+1 . [Since 1 x + h = 1 x – h x2 + h2 x3 – · · · +

(–1)n–1hn–1 xn + (–1)nhn xn(x + h) , we can verify the result by showing that xn(x + h) can be put in the form (x + θnh)n+1, or that xn+1 < xn(x + h) < (x + h)n+1, as is evidently the case.] 3. Obtain the formula sin(x + h) = sin x + h cos x – h2 2! sin x – h3 3! cos x + . . . + (–1)n–1 h2n–1 (2n – 1)! cos x + (–1)nh2n 2n! sin (x + θ2nh), [VII : 147] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 322 the corresponding formula for cos(x + h), and similar formulae involving powers of h extending up to h2n+1. 4. Show that if m is a positive integer, and n a positive integer not greater than m, then (x+h)m = xm + m 1

xm–1h+· · ·+ m n – 1

xm–n+1hn–1 + m n

(x+θnh)m–nhn. Show also that, if the interval [x, x + h] does not include x = 0, the formula holds for all real values of m and all positive integral values of n; and that, even if x < 0 < x + h or x + h < 0 < x, the formula still holds if m – n is positive. 5. The formula f (x + h) = f (x) + hf ′(x + θ1h) is not true if f (x) = 1/x and x < 0 < x + h. [For f (x + h) – f (x) > 0 and hf ′(x + θ1h) = –h/(x + θ1h)2 < 0; it is evident that the conditions for the truth of the Mean Value Theorem are not satisfied.] 6. If x = –a, h = 2a, f (x) = x1/3, then the equation f (x + h) = f (x) + hf ′(x + θ1h) is satisfied by θ1 = 1 2 ± 1 18 √3. [This example shows that the result of the theorem may hold even if the conditions under which it was proved are not satisfied.] 7. Newton's method of approximation to the roots of equations. Let ξ be an approximation to a root of an algebraical equation f (x) = 0, the actual root being ξ + h. Then 0 = f (ξ + h) = f (ξ) + hf ′(ξ) + 1 2 h2f ′′(ξ + θ2h), so that h = – f (ξ) f ′(ξ) – 1 2 h2 f ′′(ξ + θ2h) f ′(ξ) . It follows that in general a better approximation than x = ξ is x = ξ – f (ξ) f ′(ξ) . If the root is a simple root, so that f ′(ξ +h)■ = 0, we can, when h is small enough, find a positive constant K such that |f ′(x)| > K for all the values of x which we are considering, and then, if h is regarded as of the first order of smallness, [VII : 147] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 323 f (ξ) is of the first order of smallness, and the error in taking ξ – {f (ξ)/f ′(ξ)} as the root is of the second order. 8. Apply this process to the equation x2 = 2, taking ξ = 3/2 as the first approximation. [We find h = –1/12, ξ + h = 17/12 = 1.417 . . . , which is quite a good approximation, in spite of the roughness of the first. If now we repeat the process, taking ξ = 17/12, we obtain ξ + h = 577/408 = 1.414 215 . . . , which is correct to 5 places of decimals.] 9. By considering in this way the equation x2 – 1 – y = 0, where y is small, show that √1 + y = 1 + 1 2 y – { 1 4 y2/(2 + y)} approximately, the error being of the fourth order. 10. Show that the error in taking the root to be ξ – (f /f ′) – 1 2 (f 2f ′′/f ′3), where ξ is the argument of every function, is in general of the third order. 11. The equation sin x = αx, where α is small, has a root nearly equal to π. Show that (1 – α)π is a better approximation, and (1 – α + α2)π a better still. [The method of Exs. 7–10 does not depend on f (x) = 0 being an algebraical equation, so long as f ′ and f ′′ are continuous.] 12. Show that the limit when h → 0 of the number θn which occurs in the general Mean Value Theorem is 1/(n+1), provided that f (n+1)(x) is continuous. [For f (x + h) is equal to each of f (x)+· · ·+ hn n! f (n)(x+θnh), f (x)+· · ·+ hn n! f (n)(x)+ hn+1 (n + 1)! f (n+1)(x+θn+1h), where θn+1 as well as θn lies between 0 and 1. Hence f (n)(x + θnh) = f (n)(x) + hf (n+1)(x + θn+1h) n + 1 . But if we apply the original Mean Value Theorem to the function f (n)(x), taking θnh in place of h, we find f (n)(x + θnh) = f (n)(x) + θnhf (n+1)(x + θθnh), where θ also lies between 0 and 1. Hence θnf (n+1)(x + θθnh) = f (n+1)(x + θn+1h) n + 1 , from which the result follows, since f (n+1)(x + θθnh) and f (n+1)(x + θn+1h) tend to the same limit f (n+1)(x) as h → 0.] [VII : 148] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 324 13. Prove that {f (x+2h)–2f (x+h)+f (x)}/h2 → f ′′(x) as h → 0, provided that f ′′(x) is continuous. [Use equation (2) of § 147.] 14. Show that, if the f (n)(x) is continuous for x = 0, then f (x) = a0 + a1x + a2x2 + · · · + (an + ■x)xn, where ar = f (r)(0)/r! and ■x → 0 as x → 0.* 15. Show that if a0 + a1x + a2x2 + · · · + (an + ■x)xn = b0 + b1x + b2x2 + · · · + (bn + ηx)xn, where ■x and ηx tend to zero as x → 0, then a0 = b0, a1 = b1, . . . , an = bn. [Making x → 0 we see that a0 = b0. Now divide by x and afterwards make x → 0. We thus obtain a1 = b1; and this process may be repeated as often as is necessary. It follows that if f (x) = a0 + a1x + a2x2 + · · · + (an + ■x)xn, and the first n derivatives of f (x) are continuous, then ar = f (r)(0)/r!.] 148. Taylor's Series. Suppose that f (x) is a function all of whose differential coefficients are continuous in an interval [a–η, a+η] surrounding the point x = a. Then, if h is numerically less than η, we have f (a + h) = f (a) + hf ′(a) + · · · + hn–1 (n – 1)!f (n–1)(a) + hn n! f (n)(a + θnh), where 0 < θn < 1, for all values of n. Or, if Sn = n–1X 0 hν ν! f (ν)(a), Rn = hn n! f (n)(a + θnh), we have f (a + h) – Sn = Rn. *It is in fact sufficient to suppose that f (n)(0) exists. See R. H. Fowler, "The elementary differential geometry of plane curves" (Cambridge Tracts in Mathematics, No. 20, p. 104). [VII : 148] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 325 Now let us suppose, in addition, that we can prove that Rn → 0 as n → ∞. Then f (a + h) = lim n→∞ Sn = f (a) + hf ′(a) + h2 2! f ′′(a) + ... This expansion of f (a + h) is known as Taylor's Series. When a = 0 the formula reduces to f (h) = f (0) + hf ′(0) + h2 2! f ′′(0) + . . . , which is known as Maclaurin's Series. The function Rn is known as Lagrange's form of the remainder. The reader should be careful to guard himself against supposing that the continuity of all the derivatives of f (x) is a sufficient condition for the validity of Taylor's series. A direct discussion of the behaviour of Rn is always essential. Examples LVI. 1. Let f (x) = sin x. Then all the derivatives of f (x) are continuous for all values of x. Also |f n(x)| ■ 1 for all values of x and n. Hence in this case |Rn| ■ hn/n!, which tends to zero as n → ∞ (Ex. xxvii. 12) whatever value h may have. It follows that sin(x + h) = sin x + h cos x – h2 2! sin x – h3 3! cos x + h4 4! sin x + . . . , for all values of x and h. In particular sin h = h – h3 3! + h5 5! – .

. . , for all values of h. Similarly we can prove that cos(x+h) = cos x–h sin x– h2 2! cos x+ h3 3! sin x+. . . , cos h = 1– h2 2! + h4 4! –. . . . 2. The Binomial Series. Let f (x) = (1 + x)m, where m is any rational number, positive or negative. Then f (n)(x) = m(m–1) . . . (m–n+1)(1+x)m–n and Maclaurin's Series takes the form (1 + x)m = 1 + m 1

x + m 2

x2 + ... [VII : 149] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 326 When m is a positive integer the series terminates, and we obtain the ordi- nary formula for the Binomial Theorem with a positive integral exponent. In the general case Rn = xn n! f (n)(θnx) = m n

xn(1 + θnx)m–n, and in order to show that Maclaurin's Series really represents (1 + x)m for any range of values of x when m is not a positive integer, we must show that Rn → 0 for every value of x in that range. This is so in fact if –1 < x < 1, and may be proved, when 0 ■ x < 1, by means of the expression given above for Rn, since (1 + θnx)m–n < 1 if n > m, and m n

xn → 0 as n → ∞ (Ex. xxvii. 13). But a difficulty arises if –1 < x < 0, since 1 + θnx < 1 and (1 + θnx)m–n > 1 if n > m; knowing only that 0 < θn < 1, we cannot be assured that 1 + θnx is not quite small and (1 + θnx)m–n quite large. In fact, in order to prove the Binomial Theorem by means of Taylor's The- orem, we need some different form for Rn, such as will be given later (§ 162). 149. Applications of Taylor's Theorem. A. Maxima and minima. Taylor's Theorem may be applied to give greater theoretical completeness to the tests of Ch. VI, §§ 122–123, though the results are not of much practical importance. It will be remembered that, assuming that φ(x) has derivatives of the first two orders, we stated the following as being sufficient conditions for a maximum or minimum of φ(x) at x = ξ: for a maximum, φ′(ξ) = 0, φ′′(ξ) < 0; for a minimum, φ′(ξ) = 0, φ′′(ξ) > 0. It is evident that these tests fail if φ′′(ξ) as well as φ′(ξ) is zero. Let us suppose that the first n derivatives φ′(x), φ′′(x), . . . , φ(n)(x) are continuous, and that all save the last vanish when x = ξ. Then, for sufficiently small values of h, φ(ξ + h) – φ(ξ) = hn n! φ(n)(ξ + θnh). [VII : 150] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 327 In order that there should be a maximum or a minimum this expression must be of constant sign for all sufficiently small values of h, positive or negative. This evidently requires that n should be even. And if n is even there will be a maximum or a minimum according as φ(n)(ξ) is negative or positive. Thus we obtain the test: if there is to be a maximum or minimum the first derivative which does not vanish must be an even derivative, and there will be a maximum if it is negative, a minimum if it is positive. Examples LVII. 1. Verify the result when φ(x) = (x – a)m, m being a positive integer, and ξ = a. 2. Test the function (x – a)m(x – b)n, where m and n are positive integers, for maxima and minima at the points x = a, x = b. Draw graphs of the different possible forms of the curve y = (x – a)m(x – b)n. 3. Test the functions sin x – x, sin x – x + x3 6 , sin x – x + x3 6 – x5 120 , . . . , cos x – 1, cos x – 1 + x2 2 , cos x – 1 + x2 2 – x4 24 , . . . for maxima or minima at x = 0. 150. B. The calculation of certain limits. Suppose that f (x) and φ(x) are two functions of x whose derivatives f ′(x) and φ′(x) are continuous for x = ξ and that f (ξ) and φ(ξ) are both equal to zero. Then the function ψ(x) = f (x)/φ(x) is not defined when x = ξ. But of course it may well tend to a limit as x → ξ. Now f (x) = f (x) – f (ξ) = (x – ξ)f ′(x1), where x1 lies between ξ and x; and similarly φ(x) = (x – ξ)φ′(x2), where x2 also lies between ξ and x. Thus ψ(x) = f ′(x1)/φ′(x2). We must now distinguish four cases. [VII : 150] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 328 (1) If neither f ′(ξ) nor φ′(ξ) is zero, then f (x)/φ(x) → f ′(ξ)/φ′(ξ). (2) If f ′(ξ) = 0, φ′(ξ)■ = 0, then f (x)/φ(x) → 0. (3) If f ′(ξ)■ = 0, φ′(ξ) = 0, then f (x)/φ(x) becomes numerically very large as x → ξ: but whether f (x)/φ(x) tends to ∞ or –∞, or is some- times large and positive and sometimes large and negative, we cannot say, without further information as to the way in which φ′(x) → 0 as x → ξ. (4) If f ′(ξ) = 0, φ′(ξ) = 0, then we can as yet say nothing about the behaviour of f (x)/φ(x) as x → 0. But in either of the last two cases it may happen that f (x) and φ(x) have continuous second derivatives. And then f (x) = f (x) – f (ξ) – (x – ξ)f ′(ξ) = 1 2 (x – ξ)2f ′′(x1), φ(x) = φ(x) – φ(ξ) – (x – ξ)φ′(ξ) = 1 2 (x – ξ)2φ′′(x2), where again x1 and x2 lie between ξ and x; so that ψ(x) = f ′′(x1)/φ′′(x2). We can now distinguish a variety of cases similar to those considered above. In particular, if neither second derivative vanishes for x = ξ, we have f (x)/φ(x) → f ′′(ξ)/φ′′(ξ). It is obvious that this argument can be repeated indefinitely, and we obtain the following theorem: suppose that f (x) and φ(x) and their deriva- tives, so far as may be wanted, are continuous for x = ξ. Suppose further that f (p)(x) and φ(q)(x) are the first derivatives of f (x) and φ(x) which do not vanish when x = ξ. Then (1) if p = q, f (x)/φ(x) → f (p)(ξ)/φ(p)(ξ); (2) if p > q, f (x)/φ(x) → 0; [VII : 151] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 329 (3) if p < q, and q – p is even, either f (x)/φ(x) → +∞ or f (x)/φ(x) → –∞, the sign being the same as that of f (p)(ξ)/φ(q)(ξ); (4) if p < q and q – p is odd, either f (x)/φ(x) → +∞ or f (x)/φ(x) → –∞, as x → ξ + 0, the sign being the same as that of f (p)(ξ)/φ(q)(ξ), while if x → ξ – 0 the sign must be reversed. This theorem is in fact an immediate corollary from the equations f (x) = (x – ξ)p p! f (p)(x1), φ(x) = (x – ξ)q q! φ(q)(x2). Examples LVIII. 1. Find the limit of {x – (n + 1)xn+1 + nxn+2}/(1 – x)2, as x → 1. [Here the functions and their first derivatives vanish for x = 1, and f ′′(1) = n(n + 1), φ′′(1) = 2.] 2. Find the limits as x → 0 of (tan x – x)/(x – sin x), (tan nx – n tan x)/(n sin x – sin nx). 3. Find the limit of x{√x2 + a2 – x} as x → ∞. [Put x = 1/y.] 4. Prove that lim x→n(x – n) cosec xπ = (–1)n π , lim x→n 1 x – n

cosec xπ – (–1)n (x – n)π

= (–1)nπ 6 , n being any integer; and evaluate the corresponding limits involving cot xπ. 5. Find the limits as x → 0 of 1 x3

cosec x – 1 x – x 6

, 1 x3

cot x – 1 x + x 3

. 6. (sin x arc sin x – x2)/x6 → 1 18 , (tan x arc tan x – x2)/x6 → 2 9 , as x → 0. [VII : 151] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 330 151. C. The contact of plane curves. Two curves are said to intersect (or cut) at a point if the point lies on each of them. They are said to touch at the point if they have the same tangent at the point. Let us suppose now that f (x), φ(x) are two functions which possess derivatives of all orders continuous for x = ξ, and let us consider the curves y = f (x), y = φ(x). In general f (ξ) and φ(ξ) will not be equal. In this case the abscissa x = ξ does not correspond to a point of intersection of the curves. If however f (ξ) = φ(ξ), the curves intersect in the point x = ξ, y = f (ξ) = φ(ξ). Let us suppose this to be the case. Then in order that the curves should not only cut but touch at this point it is obviously necessary and sufficient that the first derivatives f ′(x), φ′(x) should also have the same value when x = ξ. The contact of the curves in this case may be regarded from a different point of view. In the figure the two curves are drawn touching at P , andO X Y P Q R y = f (x) y = ϕ(x) ξ ξ + h Fig. 45. QR is equal to φ(ξ + h) – f (ξ + h), or, since φ(ξ) = f (ξ), φ′(ξ) = f ′(ξ), to 1 2 h2{φ″(ξ + θh) – f ″(ξ + θh)}, where θ lies between 0 and 1. Hence lim QR h2 = 1 2 {φ″(ξ) – f ″(ξ)}, [VII : 151] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 331 when h → 0. In other words, when the curves touch at the point whose abscissa is ξ, the difference of their ordinates at the point whose abscissa is ξ + h is at least of the second order of smallness when h is small. The reader will easily verify that lim(QR/h) = φ′(ξ) – f ′(ξ) when the curves cut and do not touch, so that QR is then of the first order of smallness only. It is evident that the degree of smallness of QR may be taken as a kind of measure of the closeness of the contact of the curves. It is at once suggested that if the first n – 1 derivatives of f and φ have equal values when x = ξ, then QR will be of nth order of smallness; and the reader will have no difficulty in proving that this is so and that lim QR hn = 1 n!{φ(n)(ξ) – f (n)(ξ)}. We are therefore led to frame the following definition: Contact of the nth order. If f (ξ) = φ(ξ), f ′(ξ) = φ′(ξ), . . . , f (n)(ξ) = φ(n)(ξ), but f (n+1)(ξ)■ = φ(n+1)(ξ), then the curves y = f (x), y = φ(x) will be said to have contact of the nth order at the point whose abscissa is ξ. The preceding discussion makes the notion of contact of the nth order dependent on the choice of axes, and fails entirely when the tangent to the curves is parallel to the axis of y. We can deal with this case by taking y as the independent and x as the dependent variable. It is better, however, to consider x and y as functions of a parameter t. An excellent account of the theory will be found in Mr Fowler's tract referred to on p. 324, or in de la Vall´ee Poussin's Cours d'Analyse, vol. ii, pp. 396 et seq. Examples LIX. 1. Let φ(x) = ax + b, so that y = φ(x) is a straight line. The conditions for contact at the point for which x = ξ are f (ξ) = aξ + b, f ′(ξ) = a. If we determine a and b so as to satisfy these equations we find a = f ′(ξ), b = f (ξ) – ξf ′(ξ), and the equation of the tangent to y = f (x) at the point x = ξ is y = xf ′(ξ) + {f (ξ) – ξf ′(ξ)}, or y – f (ξ) = (x – ξ)f ′(ξ). Cf. Ex. xxxix. 5. [VII : 151] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 332 2. The fact that the line is to have simple contact with the curve completely determines the line. In order that the tangent should have contact of the second order with the curve we must have f ″(ξ) = φ″(ξ), i.e. f ″(ξ) = 0. A point at which the tangent to a curve has contact of the second order is called a point of inflexion. 3. Find the points of inflexion on the graphs of the functions 3x4 – 6x3 + 1, 2x/(1 + x2), sin x, a cos2 x + b sin2 x, tan x, arc tan x. 4. Show that the conic ax2 + 2hxy + by2 + 2gx + 2f y + c = 0 cannot have a point of inflexion. [Here ax + hy + g + (hx + by + f)y1 = 0 and a + 2hy1 + by2 1 + (hx + by + f)y2 = 0, suffixes denoting differentiations. Thus at a point of inflexion a + 2hy1 + by2 1 = 0, or a(hx + by + f)2 – 2h(ax + hy + g)(hx + by + f) + b(ax + hy + g)2 = 0, or (ab – h2){ax2 + 2hxy + by2 + 2gx + 2f y} + af 2 – 2f gh + bg2 = 0. But this is inconsistent with the equation of the conic unless af 2 – 2f gh + bg2 = c(ab – h2) or abc + 2f gh – af 2 – bg2 – ch2 = 0; and this is the condition that the conic should degenerate into two straight lines.] 5. The curve y = (ax2 + 2bx + c)/(αx2 + 2βx + γ) has one or three points of inflexion according as the roots of αx2 + 2βx + γ = 0 are real or complex. [The equation of the curve can, by a change of origin (cf. Ex. xlvi. 15), be reduced to the form η = ξ/(Aξ2 + 2Bξ + C) = ξ/{A(ξ – p)(ξ – q)}, where p, q are real or conjugate. The condition for a point of inflexion will be found to be ξ3 – 3pqξ + pq(p + q) = 0, which has one or three real roots [VII : 151] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 333 according as {pq(p – q)}2 is positive or negative, i.e. according as p and q are real or conjugate.] 6. Discuss in particular the curves y = (1–x)/(1+x2), y = (1–x2)/(1+x2), y = (1 + x2)/(1 – x2). 7. Show that when the curve of Ex. 5 has three points of inflexion, they lie on a straight line. [The equation ξ3 – 3pqξ + pq(p + q) = 0 can be put in the form (ξ – p)(ξ – q)(ξ + p + q) + (p – q)2ξ = 0, so that the points of inflexion lie on the line ξ + A(p – q)2η + p + q = 0 or Aξ – 4(AC – B2)η = 2B.] 8. Show that the curves y = x sin x, y = (sin x)/x have each infinitely many points of inflexion. 9. Contact of a circle with a curve. Curvature.* The general equation of a circle, viz. (x – a)2 + (y – b)2 = r2, (1) contains three arbitrary constants. Let us attempt to determine them so that the circle has contact of as high an order as possible with the curve y = f (x) at the point (ξ, η), where η = f (ξ). We write η1, η2 for f ′(ξ), f ″(ξ). Differentiating the equation of the circle twice we obtain (x – a) + (y – b)y1 = 0,

(2) 1 + y2 1 + (y – b)y2 = 0. (3) If the circle touches the curve then the equations (1) and (2) are satisfied when x = ξ, y = η, y1 = η1. This gives (ξ – a)/η1 = –(η – b) = r/p1 + η2 1 . If the contact is of the second order then the equation (3) must also be satisfied when y2 = η2. Thus b = η + {(1 + η2 1)/η2}; and hence we find a = ξ – η1(1 + η2 1) η2 , b = η + 1 + η2 1 η2 , r = (1 + η2 1)3/2 η2 . The circle which has contact of the second order with the curve at the point (ξ, η) is called the circle of curvature, and its radius the radius of curvature. The measure of curvature (or simply the curvature) is the reciprocal of the radius: thus the measure of curvature is f ″(ξ)/{1 + [f ′(ξ)]2}3/2, or d2η dξ2

1 + dη dξ 23/2 . *A much fuller discussion of the theory of curvature will be found in Mr Fowler's tract referred to on p. 324. [VII : 151] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 334 10. Verify that the curvature of a circle is constant and equal to the reciprocal of the radius; and show that the circle is the only curve whose curvature is constant. 11. Find the centre and radius of curvature at any point of the conics y2 = 4ax, (x/a)2 + (y/b)2 = 1. 12. In an ellipse the radius of curvature at P is CD3/ab, where CD is the semi-diameter conjugate to CP . 13. Show that in general a conic can be drawn to have contact of the fourth order with the curve y = f (x) at a given point P . [Take the general equation of a conic, viz. ax2 + 2hxy + by2 + 2gx + 2f y + c = 0, and differentiate four times with respect to x. Using suffixes to denote differen- tiation we obtain ax + hy + g + (hx + by + f)y1 = 0, a + 2hy1 + by2 1 + (hx + by + f)y2 = 0, 3(h + by1)y2 + (hx + by + f)y3 = 0, 4(h + by1)y3 + 3by2 2 + (hx + by + f)y4 = 0. If the conic has contact of the fourth order, then these five equations must be satisfied by writing ξ, η, η1, η2, η3, η4, for x, y, y1, y2, y3, y4. We have thus just enough equations to determine the ratios a : b : c : f : g : h.] 14. An infinity of conics can be drawn having contact of the third order with the curve at P . Show that their centres all lie on a straight line. [Take the tangent and normal as axes. Then the equation of the conic is of the form 2y = ax2 + 2hxy + by2, and when x is small one value of y may be expressed (Ch. V, Misc. Ex. 22) in the form y = 1 2 ax2 + 1 2 ah + ■x x3, where ■x → 0 with x. But this expression must be the same as y = 1 2 f ″(0)x2 + { 1 6 f ‴(0) + ■′ x}x3, where ■′ x → 0 with x, and so a = f ″(0), h = f ‴(0)/3f ″(0), in virtue of the result of Ex. lv. 15. But the centre lies on the line ax + hy = 0.] [VII : 152] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 335 15. Determine a parabola which has contact of the third order with the ellipse (x/a)2 + (y/b)2 = 1 at the extremity of the major axis. 16. The locus of the centres of conics which have contact of the third order with the ellipse (x/a)2 + (y/b)2 = 1 at the point (a cos α, b sin α) is the diameter x/(a cos α) = y/(b sin α). [For the ellipse itself is one such conic.] 152. Differentiation of functions of several variables. So far we have been concerned exclusively with functions of a single variable x, but there is nothing to prevent us applying the notion of differentiation to functions of several variables x, y, ... Suppose then that f (x, y) is a function of two* real variables x and y, and that the limits lim h→0 f (x + h, y) – f (x, y) h , lim k→0 f (x, y + k) – f (x, y) k exist for all values of x and y in question, that is to say that f (x, y) possesses a derivative df /dx or Dxf (x, y) with respect to x and a derivative df /dy or Dyf (x, y) with respect to y. It is usual to call these derivatives the partial differential coefficients of f , and to denote them by ∂f ∂x , ∂f ∂y or f ′ x(x, y), f ′ y(x, y) or simply f ′ x, f ′ y or fx, fy. The reader must not suppose, however, that these new notations imply any essential novelty of idea: 'partial differentiation' with respect to x is exactly the same process as ordinary differentiation, the only novelty lying in the presence in f of a second variable y independent of x. In what precedes we have supposed x and y to be two real variables entirely independent of one another. If x and y were connected by a relation *The new points which arise when we consider functions of several variables are illustrated sufficiently when there are two variables only. The generalisations of our theorems for three or more variables are in general of an obvious character. [VII : 152] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 336 the state of affairs would be very different. In this case our definition of f ′ x would fail entirely, as we could not change x into x + h without at the same time changing y. But then f (x, y) would not really be a function of two variables at all. A function of two variables, as we defined it in Ch. II, is essentially a function of two independent variables. If y depends on x, y is a function of x, say y = φ(x); and then f (x, y) = f {x, φ(x)} is really a function of the single variable x. Of course we may also represent it as a function of the single variable y. Or, as is often most convenient, we may regard x and y as functions of a third variable t, and then f (x, y), which is of the form f {φ(t), ψ(t)}, is a function of the single variable t. Examples LX. 1. Prove that if x = r cos θ, y = r sin θ, so that r = px2 + y2, θ = arc tan(y/x), then ∂r ∂x = x px2 + y2 , ∂r ∂y = y px2 + y2 , ∂θ ∂x = – y x2 + y2 , ∂θ ∂y = x x2 + y2 , ∂x ∂r = cos θ, ∂y ∂r = sin θ, ∂x ∂θ = –r sin θ, ∂y ∂θ = r cos θ. 2. Account for the fact that ∂r ∂x■ = 1 ∂x ∂r

and ∂θ ∂x■ = 1 ∂x ∂θ

. [When we were considering a function y of one variable x it followed from the definitions that dy/dx and dx/dy were reciprocals. This is no longer the case when we are dealing with functions of two variables. Let P (Fig. 46) be the point (x, y) or (r, θ). To find ∂r/∂x we must increase x, say by an increment M M1 = δx, while keeping y constant. This brings P to P1. If along OP1 we take OP ′ = OP , the increment of r is P ′P1 = δr, say; and ∂r/∂x = lim(δr/δx). If on the other hand we want to calculate ∂x/∂r, x and y being now regarded as functions of r and θ, we must increase r by Δr, say, keeping θ constant. This brings P to P2, where P P2 = Δr: the corresponding increment of x is M M1 = Δx, say; and ∂x/∂r = lim(Δx/Δr). [VII : 152] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS

337O M M′ M1 P P ′ P1 P2 Fig. 46. Now Δx = δx:* but Δr■ = δr. Indeed it is easy to see from the figure that lim(δr/δx) = lim(P ′P1/P P1) = cos θ, but lim(Δr/Δx) = lim(P P2/P P1) = sec θ, so that lim(δr/Δr) = cos2 θ. The fact is of course that ∂x/∂r and ∂r/∂x are not formed upon the same hypothesis as to the variation of P .] 3. Prove that if z = f (ax + by) then b(∂z/∂x) = a(∂z/∂y). 4. Find ∂X/∂x, ∂X/∂y, . . . when X + Y = x, Y = xy. Express x, y as functions of X, Y and find ∂x/∂X, ∂x/∂Y , ... 5. Find ∂X/∂x, . . . when X + Y + Z = x, Y + Z = xy, Z = xyz; express x, y, z in terms of X, Y , Z and find ∂x/∂X, ... [There is of course no difficulty in extending the ideas of the last section to functions of any number of variables. But the reader must be careful to *Of course the fact that Δx = δx is due merely to the particular value of Δr that we have chosen (viz. P P2). Any other choice would give us values of Δx, Δr proportional to those used here. [VII : 153] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 338 impress on his mind that the notion of the partial derivative of a function of several variables is only determinate when all the independent variables are specified. Thus if u = x + y + z, x, y, and z being the independent variables, then ∂u/∂x = 1. But if we regard u as a function of the variables x, x + y = η, and x + y + z = ζ, so that u = ζ, then ∂u/∂x = 0.] 153. Differentiation of a function of two functions. There is a theorem concerning the differentiation of a function of one variable, known generally as the Theorem of the Total Differential Coefficient, which is of very great importance and depends on the notions explained in the preceding section regarding functions of two variables. This theorem gives us a rule for differentiating f {φ(t), ψ(t)}, with respect to t. Let us suppose, in the first instance, that f (x, y) is a function of the two variables x and y, and that f ′ x, f ′ y are continuous functions of both variables (§ 107) for all of their values which come in question. And now let us suppose that the variation of x and y is restricted in that (x, y) lies on a curve x = φ(t), y = ψ(t), where φ and ψ are functions of t with continuous differential coefficients φ′(t), ψ′(t). Then f (x, y) reduces to a function of the single variable t, say F (t). The problem is to determine F ′(t). Suppose that, when t changes to t + τ , x and y change to x + ξ and y + η. Then by definition dF (t) dt = lim τ →0 1 τ [f {φ(t + τ), ψ(t + τ)} – f {φ(t), ψ(t)}] = lim 1 τ {f (x + ξ, y + η) – f (x, y)} = lim f (x + ξ, y + η) – f (x, y + η) ξ ξ τ + f (x, y + η) – f (x, y) η η τ

. [VII : 153] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 339 But, by the Mean Value Theorem, {f (x + ξ, y + η) – f (x, y + η)}/ξ = f ′ x(x + θξ, y + η), {f (x, y + η) – f (x, y)}/η = f ′ y(x, y + θ′η), where θ and θ′ each lie between 0 and 1. As τ → 0, ξ → 0 and η → 0, and ξ/τ → φ′(t), η/τ → ψ′(t): also f ′ x(x + θξ, y + η) → f ′ x(x, y), f ′ y(x, y + θ′η) → f ′ y(x, y). Hence F ′(t) = Dtf {φ(t), ψ(t)} = f ′ x(x, y)φ′(t) + f ′ y(x, y)ψ′(t), where we are to put x = φ(t), y = ψ(t) after carrying out the differenti- ations with respect to x and y. This result may also be expressed in the form df dt = ∂f ∂x dx dt + ∂f ∂y dy dt . Examples LXI. 1. Suppose φ(t) = (1 – t2)/(1 + t2), ψ(t) = 2t/(1 + t2), so that the locus of (x, y) is the circle x2 + y2 = 1. Then φ′(t) = –4t/(1 + t2)2, ψ′(t) = 2(1 – t2)/(1 + t2)2, F ′(t) = {–4t/(1 + t2)2}f ′ x + {2(1 – t2)/(1 + t2)2}f ′ y, where x and y are to be put equal to (1 – t2)/(1 + t2) and 2t/(1 + t2) after carrying out the differentiations. We can easily verify this formula in particular cases. Suppose, e.g., that f (x, y) = x2 + y2. Then f ′ x = 2x, f ′ y = 2y, and it is easily verified that F ′(t) = 2xφ′(t) + 2yψ′(t) = 0, which is obviously correct, since F (t) = 1. 2. Verify the theorem in the same way when (a) x = tm, y = 1 – tm, f (x, y) = x + y; (b) x = a cos t, y = a sin t, f (x, y) = x2 + y2. 3. One of the most important cases is that in which t is x itself. We then obtain Dxf {x, ψ(x)} = Dxf (x, y) + Dyf (x, y)ψ′(x). [VII : 154] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 340 where y is to be replaced by ψ(x) after differentiation. It was this case which led to the introduction of the notation ∂f /∂x, ∂f /∂y. For it would seem natural to use the notation df /dx for either of the functions Dxf {x, ψ(x)} and Dxf (x, y), in one of which y is put equal to ψ(x) before and in the other after differentiation. Suppose for example that y = 1 – x and f (x, y) = x + y. Then Dxf (x, 1 – x) = Dx1 = 0, but Dxf (x, y) = 1. The distinction between the two functions is adequately shown by denoting the first by df /dx and the second by ∂f /∂x, in which case the theorem takes the form df dx = ∂f ∂x + ∂f ∂y dy dx ; though this notation is also open to objection, in that it is a little misleading to denote the functions f {x, ψ(x)} and f (x, y), whose forms as functions of x are quite different from one another, by the same letter f in df /dx and ∂f /∂x. 4. If the result of eliminating t between x = φ(t), y = ψ(t) is f (x, y) = 0, then ∂f ∂x dx dt + ∂f ∂y dy dt = 0. 5. If x and y are functions of t, and r and θ are the polar coordinates of (x, y), then r′ = (xx′ + yy′)/r, θ′ = (xy′ – yx′)/r2, dashes denoting differentia- tions with respect to t. 154. The Mean Value Theorem for functions of two variables. Many of the results of the last chapter depended upon the Mean Value Theorem, expressed by the equation φ(x + h) – φ(x) = hf ′(x + θh), or as it may be written, if y = φ(x), δy = f ′(x + θ δx) δx. Now suppose that z = f (x, y) is a function of the two independent variables x and y, and that x and y receive increments h, k or δx, δy respectively: and let us attempt to express the corresponding increment of z, viz. δz = f (x + h, y + k) – f (x, y), [VII : 154] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 341 in terms of h, k and the derivatives of z with respect to x and y. Let f (x + ht, y + kt) = F (t). Then f (x + h, y + k) – f (x, y) = F (1) – F (0) = F ′(θ), where 0 < θ < 1. But, by § 153, F ′(t) = Dtf (x + ht, y + kt) = hf ′ x(x + ht, y + kt) + kf ′ y(x + ht, y + kt). Hence finally δz = f (x + h, y + k) – f (x, y) = hf ′ x(x + θh, y + θk) + kf ′ y(x + θh, y + θk), which is the formula desired. Since f ′ x, f ′ y are supposed to be continuous functions of x and y, we have f ′ x(x + θh, y + θk) = f ′ x(x, y) + ■h,k, f ′ y(x + θh, y + θk) = f ′ y(x, y) + ηh,k, where ■h,k and ηh,k tend to zero as h and k tend to zero. Hence the theorem may be written in the form δz = (f ′ x + ■) δx + (f ′ y + η) δy, (1) where ■ and η are small when δx and δy are small. The result embodied in (1) may be expressed by saying that the equa- tion δz = f ′ x δx + f ′ y δy is approximately true; i.e. that the difference between the two sides of the equation is small in comparison with the

larger of δx and δy.* We must say ‘the larger of δx and δy’ because one of them might be small in comparison with the other; we might indeed have δx = 0 or δy = 0. *Or with |δx| + |δy| or pδx2 + δy2. [VII : 155] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 342 It should be observed that if any equation of the form δz = λ δx + μ δy is ‘approximately true’ in this sense, we must have λ = f ′ x, μ = f ′ y. For we have δz – f ′ x δx – f ′ y δy = ■ δx + η δy, δz – λ δx – μ δy = ■′ δx + η′ δy where ■, η, ■′, η′ all tend to zero as δx and δy tend to zero; and so (λ – f ′ x) δx + (μ – f ′ y) δy = ρ δx + ρ′ δy where ρ and ρ′ tend to zero. Hence, if ζ is any assigned positive number, we can choose σ so that |(λ – f ′ x) δx + (μ – f ′ y) δy| < ζ(|δx| + |δy|) for all values of δx and δy numerically less than σ. Taking δy = 0 we obtain |(λ – f ′ x) δx| < ζ|δx|, or |λ – f ′ x| < ζ, and, as ζ may be as small as we please, this can only be the case if λ = f ′ x. Similarly μ = f ′ y. 155. Differentials. In the applications of the Calculus, especially in geometry, it is usually most convenient to work with equations expressed not, like equation (1) of § 154, in terms of the increments δx, δy, δz of the functions x, y, z, but in terms of what are called their differentials dx, dy, dz. Let us return for a moment to a function y = f (x) of a single variable x. If f ′(x) is continuous then δy = {f ′(x) + ■} δx, (1) where ■ → 0 as δx → 0: in other words the equation δy = f ′(x) δx (2) is ‘approximately’ true. We have up to the present attributed no meaning of any kind to the symbol dy standing by itself. We now agree to define dy by the equation dy = f ′(x) δx. (3) [VII : 155] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 343 If we choose for y the particular function x, we obtain dx = δx, (4) so that dy = f ′(x) dx. (5) If we divide both sides of (5) by dx we obtain dy dx = f ′(x), (6) where dy/dx denotes not, as heretofore, the differential coefficient of y, but the quotient of the differentials dy, dx. The symbol dy/dx thus acquires a double meaning; but there is no inconvenience in this, since (6) is true whichever meaning we choose. The equation (5) has two apparent advantages over (2). It is exact and not merely approximate, and its truth does not depend on any assumption as to the continuity of f ′(x). On the other hand it is precisely the fact that we can, under certain conditions, pass from the exact equation (5) to the approximate equation (2), which gives the former its importance. The advantages of the ‘dif- ferential’ notation are in reality of a purely technical character. These technical advantages are however so great, especially when we come to deal with functions of several variables, that the use of the notation is almost inevitable. When f ′(x) is continuous, we have lim dy δy = 1 when δx → 0. This is sometimes expressed by saying that dy is the principal part of δy when δx is small, just as we might say that ax is the ‘principal part’ of ax + bx2 when x is small. We pass now to the corresponding definitions connected with a func- tion z of two independent variables x and y. We define the differential dz by the equation dz = f ′ x δx + f ′ y δy. (7) [VII : 155] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 344 Putting z = x and z = y in turn, we obtain dx = δx, dy = δy, (8) so that dz = f ′ x dx + f ′ y dy, (9) which is the exact equation corresponding to the approximate equation (1) of § 154. Here again it is to be observed that the former is of importance only for reasons of practical convenience in working and because the latter can in certain circumstances be deduced from it. One property of the equation (9) deserves special remark. We saw in § 153 that if z = f (x, y), x and y being not independent but functions of a single variable t, so that z is also a function of t alone, then dz dt = ∂f ∂x dx dt + ∂f ∂y dy dt . Multiplying this equation by dt and observing that dx = dx dt dt, dy = dy dt dt, dz = dz dt dt, we obtain dz = f ′ x dx + f ′ y dy, which is the same in form as (9). Thus the formula which expresses dz in terms of dx and dy is the same whether the variables x and y are independent or not. This remark is of great importance in applications. It should also be observed that if z is a function of the two independent variables x and y, and dz = λ dx + μ dy, then λ = f ′ x, μ = f ′ y. This follows at once from the last paragraph of § 154. It is obvious that the theorems and definitions of the last three sections are capable of immediate extension to functions of any number of variables. [VII : 155] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 345 Examples LXII. 1. The area of an ellipse is given by A = πab, where a, b are the semiaxes. Prove that dA A = da a + db b , and state the corresponding approximate equation connecting the increments of the axes and the area. 2. Express Δ, the area of a triangle ABC, as a function of (i) a, B, C, (ii) A, b, c, and (iii) a, b, c, and establish the formulae dΔ Δ = 2 da a + c dB a sin B + b dC a sin C , dΔ Δ = cot A dA + db b + dc c , dΔ = R(cos A da + cos B db + cos C dc), where R is the radius of the circumcircle. 3. The sides of a triangle vary in such a way that the area remains constant, so that a may be regarded as a function of b and c. Prove that ∂a ∂b = – cos B cos A , ∂a ∂c = – cos C cos A . [This follows from the equations da = ∂a ∂b db + ∂a ∂c dc, cos A da + cos B db + cos C dc = 0.] 4. If a, b, c vary so that R remains constant, then da cos A + db cos B + dc cos C = 0, and so ∂a ∂b = – cos A cos B , ∂a ∂c = – cos A cos C . [Use the formulae a = 2R sin A, . . . , and the facts that R and A + B + C are constant.] 5. If z is a function of u and v, which are functions of x and y, then ∂z ∂x = ∂z ∂u ∂u ∂x + ∂z ∂v ∂v ∂x , ∂z ∂y = ∂z ∂u ∂u ∂y + ∂z ∂v ∂v ∂y . [VII : 155] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 346 [We have dz = ∂z ∂u du + ∂z ∂v dv, du = ∂u ∂x dx + ∂u ∂y dy, dv = ∂v ∂x dx + ∂v ∂y dy. Substitute for du and dv in the first equation and compare the result with the equation dz = ∂z ∂x dx + ∂z ∂y dy.] 6. Let z be a function of x and y, and let X, Y , Z be defined by the equations x = a1X + b1Y + c1Z, y = a2X + b2Y + c2Z, z = a3X + b3Y + c3Z. Then Z may be expressed as a function of X and Y . Express ∂Z/∂X, ∂Z/∂Y in terms of ∂z/∂x, ∂z/∂y. [Let these differential coefficients be denoted by P , Q and p, q. Then dz – p dx – q dy = 0, or (c1p + c2q – c3) dZ + (a1p + a2q – a3) dX + (b1p + b2q – b3) dY = 0. Comparing this equation with dZ – P dX – Q dY = 0 we see that P = – a1p + a2q – a3 c1p + c2q – c3 , Q = – b1p + b2q – b3 c1p + c2q – c3 .] 7. If (a1x + b1y + c1z)p + (a2x + b2y + c2z)q = a3x + b3y + c3z, then (a1X + b1Y + c1Z)P + (a2X + b2Y + c2Z)Q = a3X + b3Y + c3Z. (Math. Trip. 1899.) 8. Differentiation of

implicit functions. Suppose that f (x, y) and its derivative f ′ y(x, y) are continuous in the neighbourhood of the point (a, b), and that f (a, b) = 0, f ′ b(a, b)■ = 0. [VII : 156] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 347 Then we can find a neighbourhood of (a, b) throughout which f ′ y(x, y) has always the same sign. Let us suppose, for example, that f ′ y(x, y) is positive near (a, b). Then f (x, y) is, for any value of x sufficiently near to a, and for values of y sufficiently near to b, an increasing function of y in the stricter sense of § 95. It follows, by the theorem of § 108, that there is a unique continuous function y which is equal to b when x = a and which satisfies the equation f (x, y) = 0 for all values of x sufficiently near to a. Let us now suppose that f (x, y) possesses a derivative f ′ x(x, y) which is also continuous near (a, b). If f (x, y) = 0, x = a + h, y = b + k, we have 0 = f (x, y) – f (a, b) = (f ′ a + ■)h + (f ′ b + η)k, where ■ and η tend to zero with h and k. Thus k h = – f ′ a + ■ f ′ b + η → – f ′ a f ′ b , or dy dx = – f ′ a f ′ b . 9. The equation of the tangent to the curve f (x, y) = 0, at the point x0, y0, is (x – x0)f ′ x0 (x0, y0) + (y – y0)f ′ y0 (x0, y0) = 0. 156. Definite Integrals and Areas. It will be remembered that, in Ch. VI, § 145, we assumed that, if f (x) is a continuous function of x, and P Q is the graph of y = f (x), then the region P pqQ shown in Fig. 47 has associated with it a definite number which we call its area. It is clear that, if we denote Op and Oq by a and x, and allow x to vary, this area is a function of x, which we denote by F (x). Making this assumption, we proved in § 145 that F ′(x) = f (x), and we showed how this result might be used in the calculation of the areas of particular curves. But we have still to justify the fundamental assumption that there is such a number as the area F (x). We know indeed what is meant by the area of a rectangle, and that it is measured by the product of its sides. Also the properties of triangles, [VII : 156] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 348O X Y p q P Q Fig. 47. parallelograms, and polygons proved by Euclid enable us to attach a defi- nite meaning to the areas of such figures. But nothing which we know so far provides us with a direct definition of the area of a figure bounded by curved lines. We shall now show how to give a definition of F (x) which will enable us to prove its existence.* Let us suppose f (x) continuous throughout the interval [a, b], and let us divide up the interval into a number of sub-intervals by means of the points of division x0, x1, x2, . . . , xn, where a = x0 < x1 < · · · < xn–1 < xn = b. Further, let us denote by δν the interval [xν , xν+1], and by mν the lower bound (§ 102) of f (x) in δν , and let us write s = m0δ0 + m1δ1 + · · · + mnδn = Pmν δν , say. It is evident that, if M is the upper bound of f (x) in [a, b], then s ■ M (b – a). The aggregate of values of s is therefore, in the language of *The argument which follows is modelled on that given in Goursat's Cours d'Analyse (second edition), vol. i, pp. 171 et seq.; but Goursat's treatment is much more general. [VII : 156] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 349 § 80, bounded above, and possesses an upper bound which we will denote by j. No value of s exceeds j, but there are values of s which exceed any number less than j. In the same way, if Mν is the upper bound of f (x) in δν , we can define the sum S = PMν δν . It is evident that, if m is the lower bound of f (x) in [a, b], then S ■ m(b – a). The aggregate of values of S is therefore bounded below, and possesses a lower bound which we will denote by J. No value of S is less than J, but there are values of S less than any number greater than J. It will help to make clear the significance of the sums s and S if we observe that, in the simple case in which f (x) increases steadily from x = a to x = b, mν is f (xν) and Mν is f (xν+1). In this case s is the total area of the rectangles shaded in Fig. 48, and S is the area bounded by a thick line. In general s and S Fig. 48. will still be areas, composed of rectangles, respectively included in and including the curvilinear region whose area we are trying to define. We shall now show that no sum such as s can exceed any sum such as S. Let s, S be the sums corresponding to one mode of subdivision, and [VII : 156] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 350 s′, S′ those corresponding to another. We have to show that s ■ S′ and s′ ■ S. We can form a third mode of subdivision by taking as dividing points all points which are such for either s, S or s′, S′. Let s, S be the sums corresponding to this third mode of subdivision. Then it is easy to see that s ■ s, s ■ s′, S ■ S, S ■ S′. (1) For example, s differs from s in that at least one interval δν which occurs in s is divided into a number of smaller intervals δν,1, δν,2, . . . , δν,p, so that a term mν δν of s is replaced in s by a sum mν,1δν,1 + mν,2δν,2 + · · · + mν,pδν,p, where mν,1, mν,2, . . . are the lower bounds of f (x) in δν,1, δν,2, ... But evidently mν,1 ■ mν , mν,2 ■ mν , . . . , so that the sum just written is not less than mν δν . Hence s ■ s; and the other inequalities (1) can be established in the same way. But, since s ■ S, it follows that s ■ s ■ S ■ S′, which is what we wanted to prove. It also follows that j ■ J. For we can find an s as near to j as we please and an S as near to J as we please,* and so j > J would involve the existence of an s and an S for which s > S. So far we have made no use of the fact that f (x) is continuous. We shall now show that j = J, and that the sums s, S tend to the limit J when the points of division xν are multiplied indefinitely in such a way that all the intervals δν tend to zero. More precisely, we shall show that, given any positive number ■, it is possible to find δ so that 0 ■ J – s < ■, 0 ■ S – J < ■ *The s and the S do not in general correspond to the same mode of subdivision. [VII : 157] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 351 whenever δν < δ for all values of ν. There is, by Theorem II of § 106, a number δ such that Mν – mν < ■/(b – a), whenever every δν is less than δ. Hence S – s = P(Mν – mν) δν < ■. But S – s = (S – J) + (J – j) + (j – s); and all the three terms on the right-hand side are positive, and therefore all less than ■. As J – j is a constant, it must be zero. Hence j = J and 0 ■ j – s < ■, 0 ■ S – J < ■, as was to be proved. We define the area of P pqQ as being the common limit of s and S, that is to say J. It is easy to give a more general form to this definition. Consider the sum σ = Pfν δν where fν denotes the value of f (x) at any point in δν . Then σ plainly lies between s and S, and so tends to the limit J when the

intervals δν tend to zero. We may therefore define the area as the limit of σ. 157. The definite integral. Let us now suppose that f (x) is a continuous function, so that the region bounded by the curve y = f (x), the ordinates x = a and x = b, and the axis of x, has a definite area. We proved in Ch. VI, § 145, that if F (x) is an 'integral function' of f (x), i.e. if F ′(x) = f (x), F (x) = Z f (x) dx, then the area in question is F (b) – F (a). As it is not always practicable actually to determine the form of F (x), it is convenient to have a formula which represents the area P pqQ and contains no explicit reference to F (x). We shall write (P pqQ) = Z b a f (x) dx. [VII : 157] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 352 The expression on the right-hand side of this equation may then be regarded as being defined in either of two ways. We may regard it as simply an abbreviation for F (b) – F (a), where F (x) is some integral function of f (x), whether an actual formula expressing it is known or not; or we may regard it as the value of the area P pqQ, as directly defined in § 156. The number Z b a f (x) dx is called a definite integral; a and b are called its lower and upper limits; f (x) is called the subject of integration or integrand; and the interval [a, b] the range of integration. The definite integral depends on a and b and the form of the function f (x) only, and is not a function of x. On the other hand the integral function F (x) = Z f (x) dx is sometimes called the indefinite integral of f (x). The distinction between the definite and the indefinite integral is merely one of point of view. The definite integral Z b a f (x) dx = F (b) – F (a) is a function of b, and may be regarded as a particular integral function of f (b). On the other hand the indefinite integral F (x) can always be expressed by means of a definite integral, since F (x) = F (a) + Z x a f (t) dt. But when we are considering 'indefinite integrals' or 'integral functions' we are usually thinking of a relation between two functions, in virtue of which one is the derivative of the other. And when we are considering a 'definite integral' we are not as a rule concerned with any possible variation of the limits. Usually the limits are constants such as 0 and 1; and Z 1 0 f (x) dx = F (1) – F (0) is not a function at all, but a mere number. [VII : 158] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 353 It should be observed that the integral Z x a f (t) dt, having a differential co- efficient f (x), is a fortiori a continuous function of x. Since 1/x is continuous for all positive values of x, the investigations of the preceding paragraphs supply us with a proof of the actual existence of the function log x, which we agreed to assume provisionally in § 128. 158. Area of a sector of a circle. The circular functions. The theory of the trigonometrical functions cos x, sin x, etc., as usually pre- sented in text-books of elementary trigonometry, rests on an unproved assumption. An angle is the configuration formed by two straight lines OA, OP ; there is no particular difficulty in translating this 'geometrical' definition into purely analytical terms. The assumption comes at the next stage, when it is assumed that angles are capable of numerical measure- ment, that is to say that there is a real number x associated with the con-O N A P Fig. 49. figuration, just as there is a real number associated with the region P pqQ of Fig. 47. This point once admitted, cos x and sin x may be defined in the ordinary way, and there is no further difficulty of principle in the elabora- tion of the theory. The whole difficulty lies in the question, what is the x which occurs in cos x and sin x? To answer this question, we must define the measure of an angle, and we are now in a position to do so. The most natural definition would be this: suppose that AP is an arc of a circle whose centre is O and whose radius is unity, so that OA = OP = 1. Then x, the [VII : 158] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 354 measure of the angle, is the length of the arc AP . This is, in substance, the definition adopted in the text-books, in the accounts which they give of the theory of 'circular measure'. It has however, for our present purpose, a fatal defect; for we have not proved that the arc of a curve, even of a circle, possesses a length. The notion of the length of a curve is capable of precise mathematical analysis just as much as that of an area; but the analysis, although of the same general character as that of the preceding sections, is decidedly more difficult, and it is impossible that we should give any general treatment of the subject here. We must therefore found our definition on the notion not of length but of area. We define the measure of the angle AOP as twice the area of the sector AOP of the unit circle. Suppose, in particular, that OA is y = 0 and that OP is y = mx, where m > 0. The area is a function of m, which we may denote by φ(m). If we write μ for (1 + m2)– 1 2 , P is the point (μ, mμ), and we have φ(m) = 1 2 mμ2 + Z 1 μ √1 – x2 dx. Differentiating with respect to m, we find φ′(m) = 1 2(1 + m2), φ(m) = 1 2 Z m 0 dt 1 + t2 . Thus the analytical equivalent of our definition would be to define arc tan m by the equation arc tan m = Z m 0 dt 1 + t2 ; and the whole theory of the circular functions could be worked out from this starting point, just as the theory of the logarithm is worked out from a similar definition in Ch. IX. See Appendix III. Examples LXIII. Calculation of the definite from the indefinite integral. 1. Show that Z b a xn dx = bn+1 – an+1 n + 1 , [VII : 158] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 355 and in particular that Z 1 0 xn dx = 1 n + 1 . 2. Z b a cos mx dx = sin mb – sin ma m , Z b a sin mx dx = cos ma – cos mb m . 3. Z b a dx 1 + x2 = arc tan b – arc tan a, Z 1 0 dx 1 + x2 = 1 4 π. [There is an apparent difficulty here owing to the fact that arc tan x is a many valued function. The difficulty may be avoided by observing that, in the equation Z x 0 dt 1 + t2 = arc tan x, arc tan x must denote an angle lying between – 1 2 π and 1 2 π. For the integral vanishes when x = 0 and increases steadily and continuously as x increases. Thus the same is true of arc tan x, which therefore tends to 1 2 π as x → ∞. In the same way we can show that arc tan x → – 1 2 π as x → –∞. Similarly, in the equation Z x 0 dt √1 – t2 = arc sin x, where –1 < x < 1, arc sin x denotes an angle lying between – 1 2 π and 1 2 π. Thus, if a and b are both numerically less than unity, we have Z b a dx √1 – x2 = arc sin b – arc sin a.] 4. Z 1 0 dx 1 – x + x2 = 2π 3√3 , Z 1 0 dx 1 + x + x2 = π 3√3 . 5. Z 1 0 dx 1 + 2x cos α + x2 = α 2 sin α if –π < α < π, except when α = 0, when the value of the integral is 1 2 , which is the limit of 1 2 α cosec

α as α → 0. 6. Z 1 0 p1 – x2 dx = 1 4 π, Z a 0 pa2 – x2 dx = 1 4 πa2 (a > 0). 7. Z π 0 dx a + b cos x = π √a2 – b2 , if a > |b|. [For the form of the indefinite integral see Exs. liii. 3, 4. If |a| < |b| then the subject of integration has an [VII : 159] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 356 infinity between 0 and π. What is the value of the integral when a is negative and –a > |b|?] 8. Z 1 2 π 0 dx a2 cos2 x + b2 sin2 x = π 2ab , if a and b are positive. What is the value of the integral when a and b have opposite signs, or when both are negative? 9. Fourier's integrals. Prove that if m and n are positive integers then Z 2π 0 cos mx sin nx dx is always equal to zero, and Z 2π 0 cos mx cos nx dx, Z 2π 0 sin mx sin nx dx are equal to zero unless m = n, when each is equal to π. 10. Prove that Z π 0 cos mx cos nx dx and Z π 0 sin mx sin nx dx are each equal to zero except when m = n, when each is equal to 1 2 π; and that Z π 0 cos mx sin nx dx = 2n n2 – m2 , Z π 0 cos mx sin nx dx = 0, according as n – m is odd or even. 159. Calculation of the definite integral from its definition as the limit of a sum. In a few cases we can evaluate a definite integral by direct calculation, starting from the definitions of §§ 156 and 157. As a rule it is much simpler to use the indefinite integral, but the reader will find it instructive to work through a few examples. Examples LXIV. 1. Evaluate Z b a x dx by dividing [a, b] into n equal parts by the points of division a = x0, x1, x2, . . . , xn = b, and calculating the limit as n → ∞ of (x1 – x0)f (x0) + (x2 – x1)f (x1) + · · · + (xn – xn–1)f (xn–1). [VII : 160] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 357 [This sum is b – a n

a +

a + b – a n

+

a + 2 b – a n

+ · · · +

a + (n – 1) b – a n

= b – a n

na + b – a n {1 + 2 + · · · + (n – 1)}

= (b – a)

a + (b – a) n(n – 1) 2n2

, which tends to the limit 1 2 (b2 – a2) as n → ∞. Verify the result by graphical reasoning.] 2. Calculate Z b a x2 dx in the same way. 3. Calculate Z b a x dx, where 0 < a < b, by dividing [a, b] into n parts by the points of division a, ar, ar2, . . . , arn–1, arn, where rn = b/a. Apply the same method to the more general integral Z b a xm dx. 4. Calculate Z b a cos mx dx and Z b a sin mx dx by the method of Ex. 1. 5. Prove that n n–1P r=0 1 n2 + r2 → 1 4 π as n → ∞. [This follows from the fact that n n2 + n n2 + 12 + · · · + n n2 + (n – 1)2 = n–1X r=0 (1/n) 1 + (r/n)2 , which tends to the limit Z 1 0 dx 1 + x2 as n → ∞, in virtue of the direct definition of the integral.] 6. Prove that 1 n2 n–1P r=0 √n2 – r2 → 1 4 π. [The limit is Z 1 0 p1 – x2 dx.] 160. General properties of the definite integral. The definite integral possesses the important properties expressed by the following equa- [VII : 160] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 358 tions.* (1) Z b a f (x) dx = – Z a b f (x) dx. This follows at once from the definition of the integral by means of the integral function F (x), since F (b) – F (a) = –{F (a) – F (b)}. It should be observed that in the direct definition it was presupposed that the upper limit is greater than the lower; thus this method of definition does not apply to the integral Z a b f (x) dx when a < b. If we adopt this definition as fundamental we must extend it to such cases by regarding the equation (1) as a definition of its right-hand side. (2) Z a a f (x) dx = 0. (3) Z b a f (x) dx + Z c b f (x) dx = Z c a f (x) dx. (4) Z b a kf (x) dx = k Z b a f (x) dx. (5) Z b a {f (x) + φ(x)} dx = Z b a f (x) dx + Z b a φ(x) dx. The reader will find it an instructive exercise to write out formal proofs of these properties, in each case giving a proof starting from (α) the definition by means of the integral function and (β) the direct definition. The following theorems are also important. (6) If f (x) ■ 0 when a ■ x ■ b, then Z b a f (x) dx ■ 0. We have only to observe that the sum s of § 156 cannot be negative. It will be shown later (Misc. Ex. 41) that the value of the integral cannot be zero unless *All functions mentioned in these equations are of course continuous, as the definite integral has been defined for continuous functions only. [VII : 160] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 359 f (x) is always equal to zero: this may also be deduced from the second corollary of § 121. (7) If H ■ f (x) ■ K when a ■ x ■ b, then H(b – a) ■ Z b a f (x) dx ■ K(b – a). This follows at once if we apply (6) to f (x) – H and K – f (x). (8) Z b a f (x) dx = (b – a)f (ξ), where ξ lies between a and b. This follows from (7). For we can take H to be the least and K the greatest value of f (x) in [a, b]. Then the integral is equal to η(b–a), where η lies between H and K. But, since f (x) is continuous, there must be a value of ξ for which f (ξ) = η (§ 100). If F (x) is

the integral function, we can write the result of (8) in the form F (b) – F (a) = (b – a)F ′(ξ), so that (8) appears now to be only another way of stating the Mean Value Theorem of § 125. We may call (8) the First Mean Value Theorem for Integrals. (9) The Generalised Mean Value Theorem for integrals. If φ(x) is positive, and H and K are defined as in (7), then H Z b a φ(x) dx ■ Z b a f (x)φ(x) dx ■ K Z b a φ(x) dx; and Z b a f (x)φ(x) dx = f (ξ) Z b a φ(x) dx, where ξ is defined as in (8). [VII : 160] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 360 This follows at once by applying Theorem (6) to the integrals Z b a {f (x) – H}φ(x) dx, Z b a {K – f (x)}φ(x) dx. The reader should formulate for himself the corresponding result which holds when φ(x) is always negative. (10) The Fundamental Theorem of the Integral Calculus. The function F (x) = Z x a f (t) dt has a derivative equal to f (x). This has been proved already in § 145, but it is convenient to restate the result here as a formal theorem. It follows as a corollary, as was pointed out in § 157, that F (x) is a continuous function of x. Examples LXV. 1. Show, by means of the direct definition of the definite integral, and equations (1)–(5) above, that (i) Z a –a φ(x2) dx = 2 Z a 0 φ(x2) dx, Z a –a xφ(x2) dx = 0; (ii) Z 1 2 π 0 φ(cos x) dx = Z 1 2 π 0 φ(sin x) dx = 1 2 Z π 0 φ(sin x) dx; (iii) Z mπ 0 φ(cos2 x) dx = m Z π 0 φ(cos2 x) dx, m being an integer. [The truth of these equations will appear geometrically intuitive, if the graphs of the functions under the sign of integration are sketched.] 2. Prove that Z π 0 sin nx sin x dx is equal to π or to 0 according as n is odd or or even. [Use the formula (sin nx)/(sin x) = 2 cos{(n – 1)x} + 2 cos{(n – 3)x} + . . . , the last term being 1 or 2 cos x.] 3. Prove that Z π 0 sin nx cot x dx is equal to 0 or to π according as n is odd or even. [VII : 160] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 361 4. If φ(x) = a0 + a1 cos x + b1 sin x + a2 cos 2x + · · · + an cos nx + bn sin nx, and k is a positive integer not greater than n, then Z 2π 0 φ(x) dx = 2πa0, Z 2π 0 cos kxφ(x) dx = πak, Z 2π 0 sin kxφ(x) dx = πbk. If k > n then the value of each of the last two integrals is zero. [Use Ex. lxiii. 9.] 5. If φ(x) = a0 + a1 cos x + a2 cos 2x + · · · + an cos nx, and k is a positive integer not greater than n, then Z π 0 φ(x) dx = πa0, Z π 0 cos kxφ(x) dx = 1 2 πak. If k > n then the value of the last integral is zero. [Use Ex. lxiii. 10.] 6. Prove that if a and b are positive then Z 2π 0 dx a2 cos2 x + b2 sin2 x = 2π ab . [Use Ex. lxiii. 8 and Ex. 1 above.] 7. If f (x) ■ φ(x) when a ■ x ■ b, then Z b a f dx ■ Z b a φ dx. 8. Prove that 0 < Z 1 2 π 0 sinn+1 x dx < Z 1 2 π 0 sinn x dx, 0 < Z 1 4 π 0 tann+1 x dx < Z 1 4 π 0 tann x dx. 9.* If n > 1 then .5 < Z 1 2 0 dx √1 – x2n < .524. [The first inequality follows from the fact that √1 – x2n < 1, the second from the fact that √1 – x2n > √1 – x2.] *Exs. 9–13 are taken from Prof. Gibson's Elementary Treatise on the Calculus. [VII : 161] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 362 10. Prove that 1 2 < Z 1 0 dx √4 – x2 + x3 < 1 6 π. 11. Prove that (3x + 8)/16 < 1/√4 – 3x + x3 < 1/√4 – 3x if 0 < x < 1, and hence that 19 32 < Z 1 0 dx √4 – 3x + x3 < 2 3 . 12. Prove that .573 < Z 2 1 dx √4 – 3x + x3 < .595. [Put x = 1 + u: then replace 2 + 3u2 + u3 by 2 + 4u2 and by 2 + 3u2.] 13. If α and φ are positive acute angles then φ < Z φ 0 dx p1 – sin2 α sin2 x < φ p1 – sin2 α sin2 φ . If α = φ = 1 6 π, then the integral lies between .523 and .541. 14. Prove that Z b a f (x) dx ■ Z b a |f (x)| dx. [If σ is the sum considered at the end of § 156, and σ′ the corresponding sum formed from the function |f (x)|, then |σ| ■ σ′.] 15. If |f (x)| ■ M , then Z b a f (x)φ(x) dx ■ M Z b a |φ(x)| dx. 161. Integration by parts and by substitution. It follows from § 138 that Z b a f (x)φ′(x) dx = f (b)φ(b) – f (a)φ(a) – Z b a f ′(x)φ(x) dx. This formula is known as the formula for integration of a definite in- tegral by parts. [VII : 161] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 363 Again, we know (§ 133) that if F (t) is the integral function of f (t), then Z f {φ(x)}φ′(x) dx = F {φ(x)}. Hence, if φ(a) = c, φ(b) = d, we have Z d c f (t) dt = F (d) – F (c) = F {φ(b)} – F {φ(a)} = Z b a f {φ(x)}φ′(x) dx; which is the formula for the transformation of a definite integral by sub- stitution. The formulae for integration by parts and for transformation often en- able us to evaluate a definite integral without the labour of actually find- ing the integral function of the subject of integration, and sometimes even when the integral function cannot be found. Some instances of this will be found in the following examples. That the value of a definite integral may sometimes be found without a knowledge of the integral function is only to be expected, for the fact that we cannot determine the general form of a function F (x) in no way precludes the possibility that we may be able to determine the difference F (b) – F (a) between two of its particular values. But as a rule this can only be effected by the use of more advanced methods than are at present at our disposal. Examples LXVI. 1. Prove that Z b a xf ′′(x) dx = {bf ′(b) – f (b)} – {af ′(a) – f (a)}. 2. More generally, Z b a xmf (m+1)(x) dx = F (b) – F (a), where F (x) = xmf (m)(x) – mxm–1f (m–1)(x) + m(m – 1)xm–2f (m–2)(x) – · · · + (–1)mm! f (x). [VII : 161] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 364 3. Prove that Z 1 0 arc sin x dx = 1 2 π – 1, Z 1 0 x arc tan x dx = 1 4 π – 1 2 . 4. Prove that if a and b are positive then Z 1 2 π 0 x cos x sin x dx (a2 cos2 x + b2 sin2 x)2 = π 4ab2(a + b) . [Integrate by parts and use Ex. lxiii. 8.] 5. If f1(x) = Z x 0 f (t) dt, f2(x) = Z x 0 f1(t) dt, . . . , fk(x) = Z x 0 fk–1(t) dt, then fk(x) = 1 (k – 1)! Z x 0 f (t)(x – t)k–1 dt. [Integrate repeatedly by parts.] 6. Prove by integration by parts that if um,n = Z 1 0 xm(1 – x)n dx, where m and n are positive integers, then (m + n + 1)um,n = num,n–1, and deduce that um,n = m! n! (m + n + 1)! . 7. Prove that if un = Z 1 4 π 0 tann x dx then un + un–2 = 1/(n – 1). Hence evaluate the integral for all positive integral values of n. [Put tann x = tann–2 x(sec2 x – 1) and integrate by parts.] 8. Deduce from the last example that un lies between 1/{2(n – 1)} and 1/{2(n + 1)}. [VII : 161] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 365 9. Prove that if un = Z 1 2 π 0 sinn x dx then un = {(n – 1)/n}un–2. [Write sinn–1 x sin x for sinn x and integrate by parts.] 10. Deduce that un is equal to 2 · 4 · 6 . . . (n – 1) 3 · 5 · 7 . . . n , 1 2 π 1 · 3 · 5 . . . (n – 1) 2 · 4 · 6 . . . n , according as n is odd or even. 11. The Second Mean Value Theorem. If f (x) is a function of x which has a differential coefficient of constant sign for all values of x from x = a to x = b, then there is a number ξ between a and b

such that Z b a f (x)φ(x) dx = f (a) Z ξ a φ(x) dx + f (b) Z b ξ φ(x) dx. [Let Z x a φ(t) dt = Φ(x). Then Z b a f (x)φ(x) dx = Z b a f (x)Φ′(x) dx = f (b)Φ(b) – Z b a f ′(x)Φ(x) dx = f (b)Φ(b) – Φ(ξ) Z b a f ′(x) dx, by the generalised Mean Value Theorem of § 160: i.e. Z b a f (x)φ(x) dx = f (b)Φ(b) + {f (a) – f (b)}Φ(ξ), which is equivalent to the result given.] 12. Bonnet's form of the Second Mean Value Theorem. If f ′(x) is of constant sign, and f (b) and f (a) – f (b) have the same sign, then Z b a f (x)φ(x) dx = f (a) Z X a φ(x) dx, [VII : 161] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 366 where X lies between a and b. [For f (b)Φ(b)+{f (a)–f (b)}Φ(ξ) = μf (a), where μ lies between Φ(ξ) and Φ(b), and so is the value of Φ(x) for a value of x such as X. The important case is that in which 0 ■ f (b) ■ f (x) ■ f (a).] Prove similarly that if f (a) and f (b) – f (a) have the same sign, then Z b a f (x)φ(x) dx = f (b) Z b X φ(x) dx, where X lies between a and b. [Use the function Ψ(ξ) = Z b ξ φ(x) dx. It will be found that the integral can be expressed in the form f (a)Ψ(a) + {f (b) – f (a)}Ψ(ξ). The important case is that in which 0 ■ f (a) ■ f (x) ■ f (b).] 13. Prove that Z X′ X sin x x dx < 2 X if X′ > X > 0. [Apply the first formula of Ex. 12, and note that the integral of sin x over any interval whatever is numerically less than 2.] 14. Establish the results of Ex. lxv. 1 by means of the rule for substitution. [In (i) divide the range of integration into the two parts [–a, 0], [0, a], and put x = –y in the first. In (ii) use the substitution x = 1 2 π – y to obtain the first equation: to obtain the second divide the range [0, π] into two equal parts and use the substitution x = 1 2 π + y. In (iii) divide the range into m equal parts and use the substitutions x = π + y, x = 2π + y, ...] 15. Prove that Z b a F (x) dx = Z b a F (a + b – x) dx. 16. Prove that Z 1 2 π 0 cosm x sinm x dx = 2–m Z 1 2 π 0 cosm x dx. 17. Prove that Z π 0 xφ(sin x) dx = 1 2 π Z π 0 φ(sin x) dx. [VII : 162] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 367 [Put x = π – y.] 18. Prove that Z π 0 x sin x 1 + cos2 x dx = 1 4 π2. 19. Show by means of the transformation x = a cos2 θ + b sin2 θ that Z b a p(x – a)(b – x) dx = 1 8 π(b – a)2. 20. Show by means of the substitution (a + b cos x)(a – b cos y) = a2 – b2 that Z π 0 (a + b cos x)–n dx = (a2 – b2)–(n– 1 2) Z π 0 (a – b cos y)n–1 dy, when n is a positive integer and a > |b|, and evaluate the integral when n = 1, 2, 3. 21. If m and n are positive integers then Z b a (x – a)m(b – x)n dx = (b – a)m+n+1 m! n! (m + n + 1)! . [Put x = a + (b – a)y, and use Ex. 6.] 162. Proof of Taylor's Theorem by Integration by Parts. We shall now give the alternative form of the proof of Taylor's Theorem to which we alluded in § 147. Let f (x) be a function whose first n derivatives are continuous, and let Fn(x) = f (b) – f (x) – (b – x)f ′(x) – · · · · – (b – x)n–1 (n – 1)! f (n–1)(x). Then F ′ n(x) = –(b – x)n–1 (n – 1)! f (n)(x), and so Fn(a) = Fn(b) – Z b a F ′ n(x) dx = 1 (n – 1)! Z b a (b – x)n–1f (n)(x) dx. [VII : 163] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 368 If now we write a+h for b, and transform the integral by putting x = a+th, we obtain f (a + h) = f (a) + hf ′(a) + · · · + hn–1 (n – 1)!f (n–1)(a) + Rn, (1) where Rn = hn (n – 1)! Z 1 0 (1 – t)n–1f (n)(a + th) dt. (2) Now, if p is any positive integer not greater than n, we have, by Theo- rem (9) of § 160, Z 1 0 (1 – t)n–1f (n)(a + th) dt = Z 1 0 (1 – t)n–p(1 – t)p–1f (n)(a + th) dt = (1 – θ)n–pf (n)(a + θh) Z 1 0 (1 – t)p–1 dt, where 0 < θ < 1. Hence Rn = (1 – θ)n–pf (n)(a + θh)hn p(n – 1)! . (3) If we take p = n we obtain Lagrange's form of Rn (§ 148). If on the other hand we take p = 1 we obtain Cauchy's form, viz. Rn = (1 – θ)n–1f (n)(a + θh)hn (n – 1)! .* (4) 163. Application of Cauchy's form to the Binomial Series. If f (x) = (1 + x)m, where m is not a positive integer, then Cauchy's form of the remainder is Rn = m(m – 1) . . . (m – n + 1) 1 · 2 . . . (n – 1) (1 – θ)n–1xn (1 + θx)n–m . *The method used in § 147 can also be modified so as to obtain these alternative forms of the remainder. [VII : 164] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 369 Now (1 – θ)/(1 + θx) is less than unity, so long as –1 < x < 1, whether x is positive or negative; and (1 + θx)m–1 is less than a constant K for all values of n, being in fact less than (1 + |x|)m–1 if m > 1 and than (1 – |x|)m–1 if m < 1. Hence |Rn| < K|m| m – 1 n – 1

|xn| = ρn, say. But ρn → 0 as n → ∞, by Ex. xxvii. 13, and so Rn → 0. The truth of the Binomial Theorem is thus established for all rational values of m and all values of x between –1 and 1. It will be remembered that the difficulty in using Lagrange's form, in Ex. lvi. 2, arose in connection with negative values of x. 164. Integrals of complex functions of a real variable. So far we have always supposed that the subject of integration in a definite integral is real. We define the integral of a complex function f (x) = φ(x) + iψ(x) of the real variable x, between the limits a and b, by the equations Z b a f (x) dx = Z b a {φ(x) + iψ(x)} dx = Z b a φ(x) dx + i Z b a ψ(x) dx; and it is evident that the properties of such integrals may be deduced from those of the real integrals already considered. There is one of these properties that we shall make use of later on. It is expressed by the inequality Z b a f (x) dx ■ Z b a |f (x)| dx.* (1) This inequality may be deduced without difficulty from the definitions of §§ 156 and 157. If δν has the same meaning as in § 156, φν and ψν are the values of φ and ψ at a point of δν , and fν = φν + iψν , then we have Z b a f dx = Z b a φ dx + i Z b a ψ dx = lim Pφν δν + i lim Pψν δν = lim P(φν + iψν) δν = lim Pfν δν , *The corresponding inequality for a real integral was proved in Ex. lxv. 14. [VII : 164] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 370 and so Z b a f dx = | lim Pfν δν | = lim |Pfν δν |; while Z b a |f | dx = lim P|fν | δν . The result now follows at once from the inequality |Pfν δν | ■ P|fν | δν . It is evident that the formulae (1) and (2) of § 162 remain true when f is a complex function φ + iψ. MISCELLANEOUS EXAMPLES ON CHAPTER VII. 1. Verify the terms given of the following Taylor's Series: (1) tan x = x + 1 3 x3 + 2 15 x5 + . . . , (2) sec x = 1 + 1 2 x2 + 5 24 x4 + . . . , (3) x cosec x = 1 + 1 6 x2 + 7 360 x4 + . . . , (4) x cot x = 1 – 1 3 x2 – 1 45 x4 – . . . . 2. Show that if f (x) and its first n + 2 derivatives are continuous, and f (n+1)(0)■ = 0, and θn is the value of θ which occurs in Lagrange's form of the remainder after n terms of Taylor's Series, then θn = 1 n + 1 + n 2(n + 1)2(n + 2) (f (n+2)(0) f (n+1)(0) + ■x) x, where ■x → 0 as x → 0. [Follow the method of Ex. lv. 12.] 3. Verify the

last result when f (x) = 1/(1+x). [Here (1+θnx)n+1 = 1+x.] 4. Show that if f (x) has derivatives of the first three orders then f (b) = f (a) + 1 2 (b – a){f ′(a) + f ′(b)} – 1 12 (b – a)3f ′′′(α), [VII : 164] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 371 where a < α < b. [Apply to the function f (x) – f (a) – 1 2 (x – a){f ′(a) + f ′(x)} – x – a b – a 3 [f (b) – f (a) – 1 2 (b – a){f ′(a) + f ′(b)}] arguments similar to those of § 147.] 5. Show that under the same conditions f (b) = f (a) + (b – a)f ′{ 1 2 (a + b)} + 1 24 (b – a)3f ′′′(α). 6. Show that if f (x) has derivatives of the first five orders then f (b) = f (a) + 1 6 (b – a)[f ′(a) + f ′(b) + 4f ′{ 1 2 (a + b)}] – 1 2880 (b – a)5f (5)(α). 7. Show that under the same conditions f (b) = f (a)+ 1 2 (b–a){f ′(a)+f ′(b)}– 1 12 (b–a)2{f ′′(b)–f ′′(a)}+ 1 720 (b–a)5f (5)(α). 8. Establish the formulae (i) f (a) f (b) g(a) g(b) = (b – a) f (a) f ′(β) g(a) g′(β) , where β lies between a and b, and (ii) f (a) f (b) f (c) g(a) g(b) g(c) h(a) h(b) h(c) = 1 2 (b – c)(c – a)(a – b) f (a) f ′(β) f ′′(γ) g(a) g′(β) g′′(γ) h(a) h′(β) h′′(γ) , where β and γ lie between the least and greatest of a, b, c. [To prove (ii) consider the function φ(x) = f (a) f (b) f (x) g(a) g(b) g(x) h(a) h(b) h(x) – (x – a)(x – b) (c – a)(c – b) f (a) f (b) f (c) g(a) g(b) g(c) h(a) h(b) h(c) , which vanishes when x = a, x = b, and x = c. Its first derivative, by Theorem B of § 121, must vanish for two distinct values of x lying between the least and [VII : 164] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 372 greatest of a, b, c; and its second derivative must therefore vanish for a value γ of x satisfying the same condition. We thus obtain the formula f (a) f (b) f (c) g(a) g(b) g(c) h(a) h(b) h(c) = 1 2 (c – a)(c – b) f (a) f (b) f ′′(γ) g(a) g(b) g′′(γ) h(a) h(b) h′′(γ) . The reader will now complete the proof without difficulty.] 9. If F (x) is a function which has continuous derivatives of the first n orders, of which the first n–1 vanish when x = 0, and A ■ F (n)(x) ■ B when 0 ■ x ■ h, then A(xn/n!) ■ F (x) ■ B(xn/n!) when 0 ■ x ■ h. Apply this result to f (x) – f (0) – xf ′(0) – · · · – xn–1 (n – 1)! f (n–1)(0), and deduce Taylor's Theorem. 10. If Δhφ(x) = φ(x) – φ(x + h), Δ2 hφ(x) = Δh{Δhφ(x)}, and so on, and φ(x) has derivatives of the first n orders, then Δn hφ(x) = nX r=0 (–1)r n r

φ(x + rh) = (–h)nφ(n)(ξ), where ξ lies between x and x + nh. Deduce that if φ(n)(x) is continuous then {Δn hφ(x)}/hn → (–1)nφ(n)(x) as h → 0. [This result has been stated already when n = 2, in Ex. lv. 13.] 11. Deduce from Ex. 10 that xn–m Δn hxm → m(m – 1) . . . (m – n + 1)hn as x → ∞, m being any rational number and n any positive integer. In particular prove that x√x{√x – 2√x + 1 + √x + 2} → – 1 4 . 12. Suppose that y = φ(x) is a function of x with continuous derivatives of at least the first four orders, and that φ(0) = 0, φ′(0) = 1, so that y = φ(x) = x + a2x2 + a3x3 + (a4 + ■x)x4, where ■x → 0 as x → 0. Establish the formula x = ψ(y) = y – a2y2 + (2a2 2 – a3)y3 – (5a3 2 – 5a2a3 + a4 + ■y)y4, [VII : 164] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 373 where ■y → 0 as y → 0, for that value of x which vanishes with y; and prove that φ(x)ψ(x) – x2 x4 → a2 2 as x → 0. 13. The coordinates (ξ, η) of the centre of curvature of the curve x = f (t), y = F (t), at the point (x, y), are given by –(ξ – x)/y′ = (η – y)/x′ = (x′2 + y′2)/(x′y′′ – x′′y′); and the radius of curvature of the curve is (x′2 + y′2)3/2/(x′y′′ – x′′y′), dashes denoting differentiations with respect to t. 14. The coordinates (ξ, η) of the centre of curvature of the curve 27ay2 = 4x3, at the point (x, y), are given by 3a(ξ + x) + 2x2 = 0, η = 4y + (9ay)/x. (Math. Trip. 1899.) 15. Prove that the circle of curvature at a point (x, y) will have contact of the third order with the curve if (1 + y2 1)y3 = 3y1y2 2 at that point. Prove also that the circle is the only curve which possesses this property at every point; and that the only points on a conic which possess the property are the extremities of the axes. [Cf. Ch. VI, Misc. Ex. 10 (iv).] 16. The conic of closest contact with the curve y = ax2 +bx3 +cx4 +· · ·+kxn, at the origin, is a3y = a4x2 +a2bxy +(ac–b2)y2. Deduce that the conic of closest contact at the point (ξ, η) of the curve y = f (x) is 18η3 2 T = 9η4 2 (x – ξ)2 + 6η2 2 η3(x – ξ)T + (3η2η4 – 4η2 3)T 2, where T = (y – η) – η1(x – ξ). (Math. Trip. 1907.) 17. Homogeneous functions.* If u = xnf (y/x, z/x, . . .) then u is unal- tered, save for a factor λn, when x, y, z, . . . are all increased in the ratio λ : 1. *In this and the following examples the reader is to assume the continuity of all the derivatives which occur. [VII : 164] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 374 In these circumstances u is called a homogeneous function of degree n in the variables x, y, z, ... Prove that if u is homogeneous and of degree n then x ∂u ∂x + y ∂u ∂y + z ∂u ∂z + · · · = nu. This result is known as Euler's Theorem on homogeneous functions. 18. If u is homogeneous and of degree n then ∂u/∂x, ∂u/∂y, . . . are homo- geneous and of degree n – 1. 19. Let f (x, y) = 0 be an equation in x and y (e.g. xn + yn – x = 0), and let F (x, y, z) = 0 be the form it assumes when made homogeneous by the introduction of a third variable z in place of unity (e.g. xn + yn – xzn–1 = 0). Show that the equation of the tangent at the point (ξ, η) of the curve f (x, y) = 0 is xFξ + yFη + zFζ = 0, where Fξ, Fη, Fζ denote the values of Fx, Fy, Fz when x = ξ, y = η, z = ζ = 1. 20. Dependent and independent functions. Jacobians or functional determinants. Suppose that u and v are functions of x and y connected by an identical relation φ(u, v) = 0. (1) Differentiating (1) with respect to x and y, we obtain ∂φ ∂u ∂u ∂x + ∂φ ∂v ∂v ∂x = 0, ∂φ ∂u ∂u ∂y + ∂φ ∂v ∂v ∂y = 0, (2) and, eliminating the derivatives of φ, J = ux uy vx vy = uxvy – uyvx = 0, (3) where ux, uy, vx, vy are the derivatives of u and v with respect to x and y. This condition is therefore necessary for the existence of a relation such as (1). It can be proved that the condition is also sufficient; for this we must refer to Goursat's Cours d' Analyse, vol. i, pp. 125 et seq. Two functions u and v are said to be dependent or independent according as they are or are not connected by such a relation as (1). It is usual to call J [VII : 164] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 375 the Jacobian or functional determinant of u and v with respect to x and y, and to write J = ∂(u, v) ∂(x, y) . Similar results hold for functions of any number of variables. Thus three functions u, v, w of three variables x, y, z are or are not connected by a relation φ(u, v, w) = 0 according as J = ux uy uz vx vy vz wx wy wz = ∂(u, v, w) ∂(x, y, z) does or does not vanish for all values of x, y, z. 21. Show that ax2 + 2hxy + by2 and Ax2 + 2Hxy + By2 are independent

unless a/A = h/H = b/B. 22. Show that ax2 + by2 + cz2 + 2f yz + 2gzx + 2hxy can be expressed as a product of two linear functions of x, y, and z if and only if abc + 2f gh – af 2 – bg2 – ch2 = 0. [Write down the condition that px + qy + rz and p′x + q′y + r′z should be connected with the given function by a functional relation.] 23. If u and v are functions of ξ and η, which are themselves functions of x and y, then ∂(u, v) ∂(x, y) = ∂(u, v) ∂(ξ, η) ∂(ξ, η) ∂(x, y) . Extend the result to any number of variables. 24. Let f (x) be a function of x whose derivative is 1/x and which vanishes when x = 1. Show that if u = f (x) + f (y), v = xy, then uxvy – uyvx = 0, and hence that u and v are connected by a functional relation. By putting y = 1, show that this relation must be f (x) + f (y) = f (xy). Prove in a similar manner that if the derivative of f (x) is 1/(1 + x2), and f (0) = 0, then f (x) must satisfy the equation f (x) + f (y) = f x + y 1 – xy

. [VII : 164] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 376 25. Prove that if f (x) = Z x 0 dt √1 – t4 then f (x) + f (y) = f (xp1 – y4 + y√1 – x4 1 + x2y2) . 26. Show that if a functional relation exists between u = f (x)+f (y)+f (z), v = f (y)f (z)+f (z)f (x)+f (x)f (y), w = f (x)f (y)f (z), then f must be a constant. [The condition for a functional relation will be found to be f ′(x)f ′(y)f ′(z){f (y) – f (z)}{f (z) – f (x)}{f (x) – f (y)} = 0.] 27. If f (y, z), f (z, x), and f (x, y) are connected by a functional relation then f (x, x) is independent of x. (Math. Trip. 1909.) 28. If u = 0, v = 0, w = 0 are the equations of three circles, rendered homogeneous as in Ex. 19, then the equation ∂(u, v, w) ∂(x, y, z) = 0 represents the circle which cuts them all orthogonally. (Math. Trip. 1900.) 29. If A, B, C are three functions of x such that A A′ A′′ B B′ B′′ C C′ C′′ vanishes identically, then we can find constants λ, μ, ν such that λA + μB + νC vanishes identically; and conversely. [The converse is almost obvious. To prove the direct theorem let α = BC′ – B′C, ... Then α′ = BC′′ – B′′C, . . . , and it follows from the vanishing of the determinant that βγ′ – β′γ = 0, . . . ; and so that the ratios α : β : γ are constant. But αA + βB + γC = 0.] 30. Suppose that three variables x, y, z are connected by a relation in virtue of which (i) z is a function of x and y, with derivatives zx, zy, and (ii) x is a function of y and z, with derivatives xy, xz . Prove that xy = –zy/zx, xz = 1/zx. [VII : 164] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 377 [We have dz = zx dx + zy dy, dx = xy dy + xz dz. The result of substituting for dx in the first equation is dz = (zxxy + zy) dy + zxxz dz, which can be true only if zxxy + zy = 0, zxxz = 1.] 31. Four variables x, y, z, u are connected by two relations in virtue of which any two can be expressed as functions of the others. Show that yu z zu x xu y = –yx z zy xxz y = 1, xu z zy x + yu z zx y = 1, where yu z denotes the derivative of y, when expressed as a function of z and u, with respect to z. (Math. Trip. 1897.) 32. Find A, B, C, λ so that the first four derivatives of Z a+x a f (t) dt – x[Af (a) + Bf (a + λx) + Cf (a + x)] vanish when x = 0; and A, B, C, D, λ, μ so that the first six derivatives of Z a+x a f (t) dt – x[Af (a) + Bf (a + λx) + Cf (a + μx) + Df (a + x)] vanish when x = 0. 33. If a > 0, ac – b2 > 0, and x1 > x0, then Z x1 x0 dx ax2 + 2bx + c = 1 √ac – b2 arc tan ((x1 – x0)√ac – b2 ax1x0 + b(x1 + x0) + c) , the inverse tangent lying between 0 and π.* 34. Evaluate the integral Z 1 –1 sin α dx 1 – 2x cos α + x2 . For what values of α is the integral a discontinuous function of α? (Math. Trip. 1904.) *In connection with Exs. 33–35, 38, and 40 see a paper by Dr Bromwich in vol. xxxv of the Messenger of Mathematics. [VII : 164] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 378 [The value of the integral is 1 2 π if 2nπ < α < (2n + 1)π, and – 1 2 π if (2n – 1)π < α < 2nπ, n being any integer; and 0 if α is a multiple of π.] 35. If ax2 + 2bx + c > 0 when x0 ■ x ■ x1, f (x) = √ax2 + 2bx + c, and y = f (x), y0 = f (x0), y1 = f (x1), X = (x1 – x0)/(y1 + y0), then Z x1 x0 dx y = 1 √a log 1 + X√a 1 – X√a , –2 √–a arc tan{X √–a}, according as a is positive or negative. In the latter case the inverse tangent lies between 0 and 1 2 π. [It will be found that the substitution t = x – x0 y + y0 reduces the integral to the form 2 Z X 0 dt 1 – at2 .] 36. Prove that Z a 0 dx x + √a2 – x2 = 1 4 π. (Math. Trip. 1913.) 37. If a > 1 then Z 1 –1 √1 – x2 a – x dx = π{a – pa2 – 1}. 38. If p > 1, 0 < q < 1, then Z 1 0 dx p{1 + (p2 – 1)x}{1 – (1 – q2)x} = 2ω (p + q) sin ω , where ω is the positive acute angle whose cosine is (1 + pq)/(p + q). 39. If a > b > 0, then Z 2π 0 sin2 θ dθ a – b cos θ = 2π b2 {a – pa2 – b2}. (Math. Trip. 1904.) [VII : 164] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 379 40. Prove that if a > √b2 + c2 then Z π 0 dθ a + b cos θ + c sin θ = 2 √a2 – b2 – c2 arc tan (√a2 – b2 – c2 c) , the inverse tangent lying between 0 and π. 41. If f (x) is continuous and never negative, and Z b a f (x) dx = 0, then f (x) = 0 for all values of x between a and b. [If f (x) were equal to a positive number k when x = ξ, say, then we could, in virtue of the continuity of f (x), find an interval [ξ – δ, ξ + δ] throughout which f (x) > 1 2 k; and then the value of the integral would be greater than δk.] 42. Schwarz's inequality for integrals. Prove that Z b a φψ dx 2 ■ Z b a φ2 dx Z b a ψ2 dx. [Use the definitions of §§ 156 and 157, and the inequality (Pφν ψν δν)2 ■ Pφ2 ν δν Pψ2 ν δν (Ch. I, Misc. Ex. 10).] 43. If Pn(x) = 1 (β – α)nn! d dx n {(x – α)(β – x)}n, then Pn(x) is a polynomial of degree n, which possesses the property that Z β α Pn(x)θ(x) dx = 0 if θ(x) is any polynomial of degree less than n. [Integrate by parts m + 1 times, where m is the degree of θ(x), and observe that θ(m+1)(x) = 0.] 44. Prove that Z β α Pm(x)Pn(x) dx = 0 if m■ = n, but that if m = n then the value of the integral is (β – α)/(2n + 1). [VII : 164] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 380 45. If Qn(x) is a polynomial of degree n, which possesses the property that Z β α Qn(x)θ(x) dx = 0 if θ(x) is any polynomial of degree less than n, then Qn(x) is a constant multiple of Pn(x). [We can choose κ so that Qn – κPn is of degree n – 1: then Z β α Qn(Qn – κPn) dx = 0, Z β α Pn(Qn – κPn) dx = 0, and so Z β α (Qn – κPn)2 dx = 0. Now apply Ex. 41.] 46. Approximate Values of definite integrals. Show that the error in taking 1 2 (b – a){φ(a) + φ(b)} as the value of the integral Z b a φ(x) dx is less than 1 12 M (b – a)3, where M is the maximum of |φ′′(x)| in the interval [a, b]; and that the error in taking (b – a)φ{ 1 2 (a + b)} is less than 1 24 M (b – a)3. [Write f ′(x) = φ(x) in Exs. 4 and 5.] Show

that the error in taking 1 6 (b – a)[φ(a) + φ(b) + 4φ{ 1 2 (a + b)}] as the value is less than 1 2880 M (b – a)5, where M is the maximum of φ(4)(x). [Use Ex. 6. This rule, which gives a very good approximation, is known as Simpson's Rule. It amounts to taking one-third of the first approximation given above and two-thirds of the second.] Show that the approximation assigned by Simpson's Rule is the area bounded by the lines x = a, x = b, y = 0, and a parabola with its axis parallel to OY and passing through the three points on the curve y = φ(x) whose abscissae are a, 1 2 (a + b), b. It should be observed that if φ(x) is any cubic polynomial then φ(4)(x) = 0, and Simpson's Rule is exact. That is to say, given three points whose abscissae are a, 1 2 (a + b), b, we can draw through them an infinity of curves of the type y = α + βx + γx2 + δx3; and all such curves give the same area. For one curve δ = 0, and this curve is a parabola. [VII : 164] ADDITIONAL THEOREMS IN THE CALCULUS 381 47. If φ(x) is a polynomial of the fifth degree, then Z 1 0 φ(x) dx = 1 18 {5φ(α) + 8φ(1 2) + 5φ(β)}, α and β being the roots of the equation x2 – x + 1 10 = 0. (Math. Trip. 1909.) 48. Apply Simpson's Rule to the calculation of π from the formula 1 4 π = Z 1 0 dx 1 + x2 . [The result is .7833 . . . . If we divide the integral into two, from 0 to 1 2 and 1 2 to 1, and apply Simpson's Rule to the two integrals separately, we obtain .785 391 6 . . . . The correct value is .785 398 1 . . . .] 49. Show that 8.9 < Z 5 3 p4 + x2 dx < 9. (Math. Trip. 1903.) 50. Calculate the integrals Z 1 0 dx 1 + x , Z 1 0 dx √1 + x4 , Z π 0 √sin x dx, Z π 0 sin x x dx, to two places of decimals. [In the last integral the subject of integration is not defined when x = 0: but if we assign to it, when x = 0, the value 1, it becomes continuous throughout the range of integration.] CHAPTER VIII THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES AND INFINITE INTEGRALS 165. In Ch. IV we explained what was meant by saying that an infi- nite series is convergent, divergent, or oscillatory, and illustrated our def- initions by a few simple examples, mainly derived from the geometrical series 1 + x + x2 + . . . and other series closely connected with it. In this chapter we shall pursue the subject in a more systematic manner, and prove a number of theorems which enable us to determine when the simplest series which commonly occur in analysis are convergent. We shall often use the notation um + um+1 + · · · + un = nX m φ(ν), and write ∞P 0 un, or simply P un, for the infinite series u0 + u1 + u2 + ...* 166. Series of Positive Terms. The theory of the convergence of series is comparatively simple when all the terms of the series considered are positive. We shall consider such series first, not only because they are the easiest to deal with, but also because the discussion of the convergence *It is of course a matter of indifference whether we denote our series by u1 + u2 + . . . (as in Ch. IV) or by u0 + u1 + . . . (as here). Later in this chapter we shall be concerned with series of the type a0 + a1x + a2x2 + . . . : for these the latter notation is clearly more convenient. We shall therefore adopt this as our standard notation. But we shall not adhere to it systematically, and we shall suppose that u1 is the first term whenever this course is more convenient. It is more convenient, for example, when dealing with the series 1 + 1 2 + 1 3 + . . . , to suppose that un = 1/n and that the series begins with u1, than to suppose that un = 1/(n + 1) and that the series begins with u0. This remark applies, e.g., to Ex. lxviii. 4. Here and in what follows 'positive' is to be regarded as including zero. 382 [VIII : 168] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 383 of a series containing negative or complex terms can often be made to depend upon a similar discussion of a series of positive terms only. When we are discussing the convergence or divergence of a series we may disregard any finite number of terms. Thus, when a series contains a finite number only of negative or complex terms, we may omit them and apply the theorems which follow to the remainder. 167. It will be well to recall the following fundamental theorems es- tablished in § 77. A. A series of positive terms must be convergent or diverge to ∞, and cannot oscillate. B. The necessary and sufficient condition that P un should be conver- gent is that there should be a number K such that u0 + u1 + · · · + un < K for all values of n. C. The comparison theorem. If P un is convergent, and vn ■ un for all values of n, then P vn is convergent, and P vn ■ P un. More generally, if vn ■ Kun, where K is a constant, then P vn is convergent and P vn ■ K P un. And if P un is divergent, and vn ■ Kun, thenP vn is divergent.* Moreover, in inferring the convergence or divergence of P vn by means of one of these tests, it is sufficient to know that the test is satisfied for sufficiently large values of n, i.e. for all values of n greater than a definite value n0. But of course the conclusion that P vn ■ K P un does not necessarily hold in this case. A particularly useful case of this theorem is D. If P un is convergent (divergent) and un/vn tends to a limit other than zero as n → ∞, then P vn is convergent (divergent). *The last part of this theorem was not actually stated in § 77, but the reader will have no difficulty in supplying the proof. [VIII : 168] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 384 168. First applications of these tests. The one important fact which we know at present, as regards the convergence of any special class of series, is that P rn is convergent if r < 1 and divergent if r ■ 1.* It is therefore natural to try to apply Theorem C, taking un = rn. We at once find 1. The series P vn is convergent if vn ■ Krn, where r < 1, for all sufficiently large values of n. When K = 1, this condition may be written in the form v1/n n ■ r. Hence we obtain what is known as Cauchy's test for the convergence of a series of positive terms; viz. 2. The series P vn is convergent if v1/n n ■ r, where r < 1, for all sufficiently large values of n. There is a corresponding test for divergence, viz. 2a. The series P vn is divergent if v1/n n ■ 1 for an infinity of values of n. This hardly requires proof, for v1/n n ■ 1 involves vn ■ 1. The two theorems 2 and 2a are of very wide application, but for some purposes it is more convenient to use a different test of convergence, viz. 3. The series P vn is convergent if vn+1/vn ■ r, r < 1, for all suffi- ciently large values of n. To prove this we observe that if vn+1/vn ■ r when n ■ n0 then vn = vn vn–1 vn–1 vn–2 . . . vn0+1 vn0 vn0 ■ vn0 rn0 rn; and the result follows by

comparison with the convergent series P rn. This test is known as d'Alembert's test. We shall see later that it is less gen- eral, theoretically, than Cauchy's, in that Cauchy's test can be applied whenever d'Alembert's can, and sometimes when the latter cannot. More- over the test for divergence which corresponds to d'Alembert's test for convergence is much less general than the test given by Theorem 2a. It is true, as the reader will easily prove for himself, that if vn+1/vn ■ r ■ 1 for all values of n, or all sufficiently large values, then P vn is divergent. *We shall use r in this chapter to denote a number which is always positive or zero. [VIII : 168] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 385 But it is not true (see Ex. lxvii. 9) that this is so if only vn+1/vn ■ r ■ 1 for an infinity of values of n, whereas in Theorem 2a our test had only to be satisfied for such an infinity of values. None the less d'Alembert's test is very useful in practice, because when vn is a complicated function vn+1/vn is often much less complicated and so easier to work with. In the simplest cases which occur in analysis it often happens that vn+1/vn or v1/n n tends to a limit as n → ∞.* When this limit is less than 1, it is evident that the conditions of Theorems 2 or 3 above are satisfied. Thus 4. If v1/n n or vn+1/vn tends to a limit less than unity as n → ∞, then the series P vn is convergent. It is almost obvious that if either function tend to a limit greater than unity, then P vn is divergent. We leave the formal proof of this as an exercise to the reader. But when v1/n n or vn+1/vn tends to 1 these tests generally fail completely, and they fail also when v1/n n or vn+1/vn oscillates in such a way that, while always less than 1, it assumes for an infinity of values of n values approaching indefinitely near to 1. And the tests which involve vn+1/vn fail even when that ratio oscillates so as to be sometimes less than and sometimes greater than 1. When v1/n n behaves in this way Theorem 2a is sufficient to prove the divergence of the series. But it is clear that there is a wide margin of cases in which some more subtle tests will be needed. Examples LXVII. 1. Apply Cauchy's and d'Alembert's tests (as spe- cialised in 4 above) to the series P nkrn, where k is a positive rational number. [Here vn+1/vn = {(n + 1)/n}kr → r, so that d'Alembert's test shows at once that the series is convergent if r < 1 and divergent if r > 1. The test fails if r = 1: but the series is then obviously divergent. Since lim n1/n = 1 (Ex. xxvii. 11), Cauchy's test leads at once to the same conclusions.] 2. Consider the series P(Ank + Bnk–1 + · · · + K)rn. [We may suppose A positive. If the coefficient of rn is denoted by P (n), then P (n)/nk → A and, by *It will be proved in Ch. IX (Ex. lxxxvii. 36) that if vn+1/vn → l then v1/n n → l. That the converse is not true may be seen by supposing that vn = 1 when n is odd and vn = 2 when n is even. [VIII : 168] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 386 D of § 167, the series behaves like P nkrn.] 3. Consider X Ank + Bnk–1 + · · · + K αnl + βnl–1 + · · · + κ rn (A > 0, α > 0). [The series behaves like P nk–lrn. The case in which r = 1, k < l requires further consideration.] 4. We have seen (Ch. IV, Misc. Ex. 17) that the series X 1 n(n + 1) , X 1 n(n + 1) . . . (n + p) are convergent. Show that Cauchy's and d'Alembert's tests both fail when applied to them. [For lim u1/n n = lim(un+1/un) = 1.] 5. Show that the series P n–p, where p is an integer not less than 2, is convergent. [Since lim{n(n + 1) . . . (n + p – 1)}/np = 1, this follows from the convergence of the series considered in Ex. 4. It has already been shown in § 77, (7) that the series is divergent if p = 1, and it is obviously divergent if p ■ 0.] 6. Show that the series X Ank + Bnk–1 + · · · + K αnl + βnl–1 + · · · + κ is convergent if l > k + 1 and divergent if l ■ k + 1. 7. If mn is a positive integer, and mn+1 > mn, then the series P rmn is convergent if r < 1 and divergent if r ■ 1. For example the series 1 + r + r4 + r9 + . . . is convergent if r < 1 and divergent if r ■ 1. 8. Sum the series 1 + 2r + 2r4 + . . . to 24 places of decimals when r = .1 and to 2 places when r = .9. [If r = .1, then the first 5 terms give the sum 1.200 200 002 000 000 2, and the error is 2r25 + 2r36 + · · · < 2r25 + 2r36 + 2r47 + · · · = 2r25/(1 – r11) < 3/1025. If r = .9, then the first 8 terms give the sum 5.458 . . . , and the error is less than 2r64/(1 – r17) < .003.] [VIII : 169] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 387 9. If 0 < a < b < 1, then the series a + b + a2 + b2 + a3 + . . . is convergent. Show that Cauchy's test may be applied to this series, but that d'Alembert's test fails. [For v2n+1/v2n = (b/a)n+1 → ∞, v2n+2/v2n+1 = b(a/b)n+2 → 0.] 10. The series 1 + r + r2 2! + r3 3! + . . . and 1 + r + r2 22 + r3 33 + . . . are convergent for all positive values of r. 11. If P un is convergent then so are P u2 n and P un/(1 + un). 12. If P u2 n is convergent then so is P un/n. [For 2un/n ■ u2 n + (1/n2) andP(1/n2) is convergent.] 13. Show that 1 + 1 32 + 1 52 + · · · = 3 4

1 + 1 22 + 1 32 + . . .

and 1 + 1 22 + 1 32 + 1 52 + 1 62 + 1 72 + 1 92 + · · · = 15 16

1 + 1 22 + 1 32 + . . .

. [To prove the first result we note that 1 + 1 22 + 1 32 + . . . =

1 + 1 22

+ 1 32 + 1 42

+ . . . = 1 + 1 32 + 1 52 + · · · + 1 22

1 + 1 22 + 1 32 + . . .

, by theorems (8) and (6) of § 77.] 14. Prove by a reductio ad absurdum that P(1/n) is divergent. [If the series were convergent we should have, by the argument used in Ex. 13, 1 + 1 2 + 1 3 + · · · = (1 + 1 3 + 1 5 + . . .) + 1 2 (1 + 1 2 + 1 3 + . . .), or 1 2 + 1 4 + 1 6 + · · · = 1 + 1 3 + 1 5 + . . . which is obviously absurd, since every term of the first series is less than the corresponding term of the second.] [VIII : 170] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 388 169. Before proceeding further in the investigation of tests of con- vergence and divergence, we shall prove an important general theorem concerning series of positive terms. Dirichlet's Theorem.* The sum of a series of positive terms is the same in whatever order the terms are taken. This theorem asserts that if we have a convergent series of positive terms, u0 + u1 + u2 + . . . say, and form any other series v0 + v1 + v2 + . . . out of the same terms, by taking them in any new order, then the second series is convergent and has the same sum as the first. Of course no terms must be omitted: every u must come somewhere among the v′s, and vice versa. The proof is extremely simple. Let s be the sum of the series of u′s. Then the sum of any number of terms, selected from the u′s, is not greater than s. But every v is a u, and therefore the sum of any number of terms selected from the v′s is not greater than s. Hence P vn is convergent, and its sum t is not greater than s. But we can show in exactly the same way that s ■ t. Thus s = t. 170. Multiplication of Series of Positive Terms. An immediate corollary from Dirichlet's Theorem is the following theorem: if u0 + u1 + u2 + . . . and v0 + v1 + v2 + . . . are two convergent series of positive terms, and s and t are their respective sums, then the series u0v0 + (u1v0 + u0v1) + (u2v0 + u1v1 + u0v2) + . . . is convergent and has the sum st. *This theorem seems to have first been stated explicitly by Dirichlet in 1837. It was no doubt known to earlier writers, and in particular to Cauchy. [VIII : 170] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 389 Arrange all the possible products of pairs umvn in the form of a doubly infinite array u0v0 u1v0 u2v0 u3v0 . . . u0v1 u1v1 u2v1 u3v1 . . . u0v2 u1v2 u2v2 u3v2 . . . u0v3 u1v3 u2v3 u3v3 . . . . . We can rearrange these terms in the form of a simply infinite series in a variety of ways. Among these are the following. (1) We begin with the single term u0v0 for which m + n = 0; then we take the two terms u1v0, u0v1 for which m + n = 1; then the three terms u2v0, u1v1, u0v2 for which m + n = 2; and so on. We thus obtain the series u0v0 + (u1v0 + u0v1) + (u2v0 + u1v1 + u0v2) + . . . of the theorem. (2) We begin with the single term u0v0 for which both suffixes are zero; then we take the terms u1v0, u1v1, u0v1 which involve a suffix 1 but no higher suffix; then the terms u2v0, u2v1, u2v2, u1v2, u0v2 which involve a suffix 2 but no higher suffix; and so on. The sums of these groups of terms are respectively equal to u0v0, (u0 + u1)(v0 + v1) – u0v0, (u0 + u1 + u2)(v0 + v1 + v2) – (u0 + u1)(v0 + v1), . . . and the sum of the first n + 1 groups is (u0 + u1 + · · · + un)(v0 + v1 + · · · + vn), and tends to st as n → ∞. When the sum of the series is formed in this manner the sum of the first one, two, three, . . . groups comprises all the terms in the first, second, third, . . . rectangles indicated in the diagram above. The sum of the series formed in the second manner is st. But the first series is (when the brackets are removed) a rearrangement of the second; and therefore, by Dirichlet's Theorem, it converges to the sum st. Thus the theorem is proved. [VIII : 171] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 390 Examples LXVIII. 1. Verify that if r < 1 then 1 + r2 + r + r4 + r6 + r3 + · · · = 1 + r + r3 + r2 + r5 + r7 + · · · = 1/(1 – r). 2.* If either of the series u0 + u1 + . . . , v0 + v1 + . . . is divergent, then so is the series u0v0 + (u1v0 + u0v1) + (u2v0 + u1v1 + u0v2) + . . . , except in the trivial case in which every term of one series is zero. 3. If the series u0 + u1 + . . . , v0 + v1 + . . . , w0 + w1 + . . . converge to sums r, s, t, then the series P λk, where λk = P umvnwp, the summation being extended to all sets of values of m, n, p such that m + n + p = k, converges to the sum rst. 4. If P un and P vn converge to sums s and t, then the series P wn, where wn = P ulvm, the summation extending to all pairs l, m for which lm = n, converges to the sum st. 171. Further tests for convergence and divergence. The exam- ples on pp. 385–387 suffice to show that there are simple and interesting types of series of positive terms which cannot be dealt with by the general tests of § 168. In fact, if we consider the simplest type of series, in which un+1/un tends to a limit as n → ∞, the tests of § 168 generally fail when this limit is 1. Thus in Ex. lxvii. 5 these tests failed, and we had to fall back upon a special device, which was in essence that of using the series of Ex. lxvii. 4 as our comparison series, instead of the geometric series. The fact is that the geometric series, by comparison with which the tests of § 168 were obtained, is not only convergent but very rapidly convergent, far more rapidly than is necessary in order to ensure convergence. The tests derived from comparison with it are therefore naturally very crude, and much more delicate tests are often wanted. We proved in Ex. xxvii. 7 that nkrn → 0 as n → ∞, provided r < 1, whatever value k may have; and in Ex. lxvii. 1 we proved more than this, viz. that the series P nkrn is convergent. It follows that the sequence r, r2, r3, . . . , rn, . . . , where r < 1, diminishes more rapidly than the sequence 1–k, 2–k, 3–k, . . . , n–k, ... This seems at first paradoxical if r is not much less than unity, and k is large. Thus of the two sequences 2 3 , 4 9 , 8 27 , . . . ; 1, 1 4096 , 1 531,441 , . . . [VIII : 172] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 391 whose general terms are (2 3)n and n–12, the second seems at first sight to decrease far more rapidly. But this is far from being the case; if only we go far enough into the sequences we shall find the terms of the first sequence very much the smaller. For example, (2/3)4 = 16/81 < 1/5, (2/3)12 < (1/5)3 < (1/10)2, (2/3)1000 < (1/10)166, while 1000–12 = 10–36; so that the 1000th term of the first sequence is less than the 10130th part of the corresponding term of the second sequence. Thus the series P(2/3)n is far more rapidly convergent than the series P n–12, and even this series is very much more rapidly convergent than P n–2.* 172. We shall proceed to establish two further tests for the con- vergence or divergence of

series of positive terms, Maclaurin's (or Cauchy's) Integral Test and Cauchy's Condensation Test, which, though very far from being completely general, are sufficiently general for our needs in this chapter. In applying either of these tests we make a further assumption as to the nature of the function un, about which we have so far assumed only that it is positive. We assume that un decreases steadily with n: i.e. that un+1 ■ un for all values of n, or at any rate all sufficiently large values. This condition is satisfied in all the most important cases. From one point of view it may be regarded as no restriction at all, so long as we are dealing with series of positive terms: for in virtue of Dirichlet's theorem above we may rearrange the terms without affecting the question of convergence or divergence; and there is nothing to prevent us rearranging the terms in descending order of magnitude, and applying our tests to the series of decreasing terms thus obtained. *Five terms suffice to give the sum of P n–12 correctly to 7 places of decimals, whereas some 10,000,000 are needed to give an equally good approximation to P n–2. A large number of numerical results of this character will be found in Appendix III (compiled by Mr J. Jackson) to the author's tract 'Orders of Infinity' (Cambridge Math. Tracts, No. 12). [VIII : 173] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 392 But before we proceed to the statement of these two tests, we shall state and prove a simple and important theorem, which we shall call Abel's Theorem.* This is a one-sided theorem in that it gives a sufficient test for divergence only and not for convergence, but it is essentially of a more elementary character than the two theorems mentioned above. 173. Abel's (or Pringsheim's) Theorem. If P un is a convergent series of positive and decreasing terms, then lim nun = 0. Suppose that nun does not tend to zero. Then it is possible to find a positive number δ such that nun ■ δ for an infinity of values of n. Let n1 be the first such value of n; n2 the next such value of n which is more than twice as large as n1; n3 the next such value of n which is more than twice as large as n2; and so on. Then we have a sequence of numbers n1, n2, n3, . . . such that n2 > 2n1, n3 > 2n2, . . . and so n2 – n1 > 1 2 n2, n3 – n2 > 1 2 n3, . . . ; and also n1un1 ■ δ, n2un2 ■ δ, ... But, since un decreases as n increases, we have u0 + u1 + · · · + un1–1 ■ n1un1 ■ δ, un1 + · · · + un2–1 ■ (n2 – n1)un2 > 1 2 n2un2 ■ 1 2 δ, un2 + · · · + un3–1 ■ (n3 – n2)un3 > 1 2 n3un3 ■ 1 2 δ, and so on. Thus we can bracket the terms of the series P un so as to obtain a new series whose terms are severally greater than those of the divergent series δ + 1 2 δ + 1 2 δ + . . . ; and therefore P un is divergent. Examples LXIX. 1. Use Abel's theorem to show that P(1/n) andP{1/(an + b)} are divergent. [Here nun → 1 or nun → 1/a.] 2. Show that Abel's theorem is not true if we omit the condition that un decreases as n increases. [The series 1 + 1 22 + 1 32 + 1 4 + 1 52 + 1 62 + 1 72 + 1 82 + 1 9 + 1 102 + . . . , *This theorem was discovered by Abel but forgotten, and rediscovered by Pring- sheim. [VIII : 174] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 393 in which un = 1/n or 1/n2, according as n is or is not a perfect square, is convergent, since it may be rearranged in the form 1 22 + 1 32 + 1 52 + 1 62 + 1 72 + 1 82 + 1 102 + · · · +

1 + 1 4 + 1 9 + . . .

, and each of these series is convergent. But, since nun = 1 whenever n is a perfect square, it is clearly not true that nun → 0.] 3. The converse of Abel's theorem is not true, i.e. it is not true that, if un decreases with n and lim nun = 0, then P un is convergent. [Take the series P(1/n) and multiply the first term by 1, the second by 1 2 , the next two by 1 3 , the next four by 1 4 , the next eight by 1 5 , and so on. On grouping in brackets the terms of the new series thus formed we obtain 1 + 1 2 · 1 2 + 1 3 1 3 + 1 4 + 1 4 1 5 + 1 6 + 1 7 + 1 8 + . . . ; and this series is divergent, since its terms are greater than those of 1 + 1 2 · 1 2 + 1 3 · 1 2 + 1 4 · 1 2 + . . . , which is divergent. But it is easy to see that the terms of the series 1 + 1 2 · 1 2 + 1 3 · 1 3 + 1 3 · 1 4 + 1 4 · 1 5 + 1 4 · 1 6 + . . . satisfy the condition that nun → 0. In fact nun = 1/ν if 2ν–2 < n ■ 2ν–1, and ν → ∞ as n → ∞.] 174. Maclaurin's (or Cauchy's) Integral Test.* If un decreases steadily as n increases, we can write un = φ(n) and suppose that φ(n) is the value assumed, when x = n, by a continuous and steadily decreasing function φ(x) of the continuous variable x. Then, If ν is any positive integer, we have φ(ν – 1) ■ φ(x) ■ φ(ν) when ν – 1 ■ x ■ ν. Let vν = φ(ν – 1) – Z ν ν–1 φ(x) dx = Z ν ν–1 {φ(ν – 1) – φ(x)} dx, *The test was discovered by Maclaurin and rediscovered by Cauchy, to whom it is usually attributed. [VIII : 174] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 394 so that 0 ■ vν ■ φ(ν – 1) – φ(ν). Then P vν is a series of positive terms, and v2 + v3 + · · · + vn ■ φ(1) – φ(n) ■ φ(1). Hence P vν is convergent, and so v2 + v3 + · · · + vn or n–1X 1 φ(ν) – Z n 1 φ(x) dx tends to a positive limit as n → ∞. Let us write Φ(ξ) = Z ξ 1 φ(x) dx, so that Φ(ξ) is a continuous and steadily increasing function of ξ. Then u1 + u2 + · · · + un–1 – Φ(n) tends to a positive limit, not greater than φ(1), as n → ∞. Hence P uν is convergent or divergent according as Φ(n) tends to a limit or to infin- ity as n → ∞, and therefore, since Φ(n) increases steadily, according as Φ(ξ) tends to a limit or to infinity as ξ → ∞. Hence if φ(x) is a function of x which is positive and continuous for all values of x greater than unity, and decreases steadily as x increases, then the series φ(1) + φ(2) + . . . does or does not converge according as Φ(ξ) = Z ξ 1 φ(x) dx does or does not tend to a limit l as ξ → ∞; and, in the first case, the sum of the series is not greater than φ(1) + l. The sum must in fact be less than φ(1) + l. For it follows from (6) of § 160, and Ch. VII, Misc. Ex. 41, that vν < φ(ν – 1) – φ(ν), unless φ(x) = φ(ν) throughout the interval [ν – 1, ν]; and this cannot be true for all values of ν. [VIII : 175] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 395 Examples LXX. 1. Prove that ∞X 1 1 n2 + 1 < 1 2 + 1 4 π. 2. Prove that – 1 2 π < ∞X 1 a a2 + n2 < 1 2 π. (Math. Trip. 1909.) 3. Prove that if m > 0 then 1 m2 + 1

(m + 1)2 + 1 (m + 2)2 + · · · < m + 1 m . 175. The series P n–s. By far the most important application of the Integral Test is to the series 1–s + 2–s + 3–s + · · · + n–s + . . . , where s is any rational number. We have seen already (§ 77 and Exs. lxvii. 14, lxix. 1) that the series is divergent when s = 1. If s ■ 0 then it is obvious that the series is divergent. If s > 0 then un decreases as n increases, and we can apply the test. Here Φ(ξ) = Z ξ 1 dx xs = ξ1–s – 1 1 – s , unless s = 1. If s > 1 then ξ1–s → 0 as ξ → ∞, and Φ(ξ) → 1 (s – 1) = l, say. And if s < 1 then ξ1–s → ∞ as ξ → ∞, and so Φ(ξ) → ∞. Thus the series P n–s is convergent if s > 1, divergent if s ■ 1, and in the first case its sum is less than s/(s – 1). [VIII : 175] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 396 So far as divergence for s < 1 is concerned, this result might have been derived at once from comparison with P(1/n), which we already know to be divergent. It is however interesting to see how the Integral Test may be applied to the series P(1/n), when the preceding analysis fails. In this case Φ(ξ) = Z ξ 1 dx x , and it is easy to see that Φ(ξ) → ∞ as ξ → ∞. For if ξ > 2n then Φ(ξ) > Z 2n 1 dx x = Z 2 1 dx x + Z 4 2 dx x + · · · + Z 2n 2n–1 dx x . But by putting x = 2ru we obtain Z 2r+1 2r dx x = Z 2 1 du u , and so Φ(ξ) > n Z 2 1 du u , which shows that Φ(ξ) → ∞ as ξ → ∞. Examples LXXI. 1. Prove by an argument similar to that used above, and without integration, that Φ(ξ) = Z ξ 1 dx xs , where s < 1, tends to infinity with ξ. 2. The series P n–2, P n–3/2, P n–11/10 are convergent, and their sums are not greater than 2, 3, 11 respectively. The series P n–1/2, P n–10/11 are divergent. 3. The series P ns/(nt + a), where a > 0, is convergent or divergent ac- cording as t > 1 + s or t ■ 1 + s. [Compare with P ns–t.] 4. Discuss the convergence or divergence of the series P(a1ns1 + a2ns2 + · · · + aknsk)/(b1nt1 + b2nt2 + · · · + blntl), where all the letters denote positive numbers and the s's and t's are rational and arranged in descending order of magnitude. [VIII : 176] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 397 5. Prove that 2√n – 2 < 1 √1 + 1 √2 + · · · + 1 √n < 2√n – 1, 1 2 π < 1 2√1 + 1 3√2 + 1 4√3 + · · · < 1 2 (π + 1). (Math. Trip. 1911.) 6. If φ(n) → l > 1 then the series P n–φ(n) is convergent. If φ(n) → l < 1 then it is divergent. 176. Cauchy's Condensation Test. The second of the two tests mentioned in § 172 is as follows: if un = φ(n) is a decreasing function of n, then the series P φ(n) is convergent or divergent according as P 2nφ(2n) is convergent or divergent. We can prove this by an argument which we have used already (§ 77) in the special case of the series P(1/n). In the first place φ(3) + φ(4) ■ 2φ(4), φ(5) + φ(6) + · · · + φ(8) ■ 4φ(8), ... φ(2n + 1) + φ(2n + 2) + · · · + φ(2n+1) ■ 2nφ(2n+1). If P 2nφ(2n) diverges then so do P 2n+1φ(2n+1) and P 2nφ(2n+1), and then the inequalities just obtained show that P φ(n) diverges. On the other hand φ(2) + φ(3) ■ 2φ(2), φ(4) + φ(5) + · · · + φ(7) ■ 4φ(4), and so on. And from this set of inequalities it follows that if P 2nφ(2n) converges then so does P φ(n). Thus the theorem is established. For our present purposes the field of application of this test is practically the same as that of the Integral Test. It enables us to discuss the seriesP n–s with equal ease. For P n–s will converge or diverge according asP 2n2–ns converges or diverges, i.e. according as s > 1 or s ■ 1. [VIII : 177] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 398 Examples LXXII. 1. Show that if a is any positive integer greater than 1 then P φ(n) is convergent or divergent according as P anφ(an) is con- vergent or divergent. [Use the same arguments as above, taking groups of a, a2, a3, . . . terms.] 2. If P 2nφ(2n) converges then it is obvious that lim 2nφ(2n) = 0. Hence deduce Abel's Theorem of § 173. 177. Infinite Integrals. The Integral Test of § 174 shows that, if φ(x) is a positive and decreasing function of x, then the series P φ(n) is convergent or divergent according as the integral function Φ(x) does or does not tend to a limit as x → ∞. Let us suppose that it does tend to a limit, and that lim x→∞ Z x 1 φ(t) dt = l. Then we shall say that the integral Z ∞ 1 φ(t) dt is convergent, and has the value l; and we shall call the integral an infi- nite integral. So far we have supposed φ(t) positive and decreasing. But it is natural to extend our definition to other cases. Nor is there any special point in supposing the lower limit to be unity. We are accordingly led to formulate the following definition: If φ(t) is a function of t continuous when t ■ a, and lim x→∞ Z x a φ(t) dt = l, then we shall say that the infinite integral Z ∞ a φ(t) dt (1) is convergent and has the value l. [VIII : 177] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 399 The ordinary integral between limits a and A, as defined in Ch. VII, we shall sometimes call in contrast a finite integral. On the other hand, when Z x a φ(t) dt → ∞, we shall say that the integral diverges to ∞, and we can give a similar definition of divergence to –∞. Finally, when none of these alternatives occur, we shall say that the integral oscillates, finitely or infinitely, as x → ∞. These definitions suggest the following remarks. (i) If we write Z x a φ(t) dt = Φ(x), then the integral converges, diverges, or oscillates according as Φ(x) tends to a limit, tends to ∞ (or to –∞), or oscillates, as x → ∞. If Φ(x) tends to a limit, which we may denote by Φ(∞), then the value of the integral is Φ(∞). More generally, if Φ(x) is any integral function of φ(x), then the value of the integral is Φ(∞) – Φ(a). (ii) In the special case in which φ(t) is always positive it is clear that Φ(x) is an increasing function of x. Hence the only alternatives are convergence and divergence to ∞. (iii) The integral (1) of course depends on a, but is quite independent of t, and is in no way altered by the substitution of any other letter for t (cf. § 157). (iv) Of course the reader will not be puzzled by the use of the term infinite integral to denote something which has a definite value such as 2 or 1 2 π. The distinction between an infinite integral and a finite integral is similar to that between an infinite series and a finite series: no one supposes that an infinite series is necessarily divergent. (v) The integral Z x a φ(t) dt was defined in §§ 156 and 157 as a simple limit, i.e. the limit of a certain finite sum. The infinite integral is therefore the limit of a limit, or what is known as a repeated limit. The notion of the infinite integral is in fact essentially more complex than that of the finite integral, of which it is a development. [VIII : 178] THE

CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 400 (vi) The Integral Test of § 174 may now be stated in the form: if φ(x) is positive and steadily decreases as x increases, then the infinite series P φ(n) and the infinite integral Z ∞ 1 φ(x) dx converge or diverge together. (vii) The reader will find no difficulty in formulating and proving theorems for infinite integrals analogous to those stated in (1)–(6) of § 77. Thus the result analogous to (2) is that if Z ∞ a φ(x) dx is convergent, and b > a, then Z ∞ b φ(x) dx is convergent and Z ∞ a φ(x) dx = Z b a φ(x) dx + Z ∞ b φ(x) dx. 178. The case in which φ(x) is positive. It is natural to consider what are the general theorems, concerning the convergence or divergence of the infinite integral (1) of § 177, analogous to theorems A–D of § 167. That A is true of integrals as well as of series we have already seen in § 177, (ii). Corresponding to B we have the theorem that the necessary and sufficient condition for the convergence of the integral (1) is that it should be possible to find a constant K such that Z x a φ(t) dt < K for all values of x greater than a. Similarly, corresponding to C, we have the theorem: if Z ∞ a φ(x) dx is convergent, and ψ(x) ■ Kφ(x) for all values of x greater than a, thenZ ∞ a ψ(x) dx is convergent and Z ∞ a ψ(x) dx ■ K Z ∞ a φ(x) dx. We leave it to the reader to formulate the corresponding test for divergence. We may observe that d'Alembert's test (§ 168), depending as it does on the notion of successive terms, has no analogue for integrals; and that the [VIII : 178] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 401 analogue of Cauchy's test is not of much importance, and in any case could only be formulated when we have investigated in greater detail the theory of the function φ(x) = rx, as we shall do in Ch. IX. The most important special tests are obtained by comparison with the integral Z ∞ a dx xs (a > 0), whose convergence or divergence we have investigated in § 175, and are as follows: if φ(x) < Kx–s, where s > 1, when x ■ a, then Z ∞ a φ(x) dx is convergent; and if φ(x) > Kx–s, where s ■ 1, when x ■ a, then the integral is divergent; and in particular, if lim xsφ(x) = l, where l > 0, then the integral is convergent or divergent according as s > 1 or s ■ 1. There is one fundamental property of a convergent infinite series in regard to which the analogy between infinite series and infinite integrals breaks down. If P φ(n) is convergent then φ(n) → 0; but it is not always true, even when φ(x) is always positive, that if Z ∞ a φ(x) dx is convergent then φ(x) → 0. Consider for example the function φ(x) whose graph is indicated by the thick line in the figure. Here the height of the peaks corresponding to the points x = 1, 2, 3, . . . is in each case unity, and the breadth of the peak corresponding to x = n is 2/(n + 1)2. The area of the peak is 1/(n + 1)2, and it is evident that,0 X Y 1 2 3 Fig. 50. for any value of ξ, Z ξ 0 φ(x) dx < ∞X 0 1 (n + 1)2 , [VIII : 178] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 402 so that Z ∞ 0 φ(x) dx is convergent; but it is not true that φ(x) → 0. Examples LXXIII. 1. The integral Z ∞ a αxr + βxr–1 + · · · + λ Axs + Bxs–1 + · · · + L dx, where α and A are positive and a is greater than the greatest root of the de- nominator, is convergent if s > r + 1 and otherwise divergent. 2. Which of the integrals Z ∞ a dx √x , Z ∞ a dx x4/3 , Z ∞ a dx c2 + x2 , Z ∞ a x dx c2 + x2 , Z ∞ a x2 dx c2 + x2 , Z ∞ a x2 dx α + 2βx2 + γx4 are convergent? In the first two integrals it is supposed that a > 0, and in the last that a is greater than the greatest root (if any) of the denominator. 3. The integrals Z ξ a cos x dx, Z ξ a sin x dx, Z ξ a cos(αx + β) dx oscillate finitely as ξ → ∞. 4. The integrals Z ξ a x cos x dx, Z ξ a x2 sin x dx Z ξ a xn cos(αx + β) dx, where n is any positive integer, oscillate infinitely as ξ → ∞. 5. Integrals to –∞. If Z a ξ φ(x) dx tends to a limit l as ξ → –∞, then we say that Z a –∞ φ(x) dx is convergent and equal to l. Such integrals possess properties in every respect analogous to those of the integrals discussed in the preceding sections: the reader will find no difficulty in formulating them. 6. Integrals from –∞ to +∞. If the integrals Z a –∞ φ(x) dx, Z ∞ a φ(x) dx [VIII : 179] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 403 are both convergent, and have the values k, l respectively, then we say that Z ∞ –∞ φ(x) dx is convergent and has the value k + l. 7. Prove that Z 0 –∞ dx 1 + x2 = Z ∞ 0 dx 1 + x2 = 1 2 Z ∞ –∞ dx 1 + x2 = 1 2 π. 8. Prove generally that Z ∞ –∞ φ(x2) dx = 2 Z ∞ 0 φ(x2) dx, provided that the integral Z ∞ 0 φ(x2) dx is convergent. 9. Prove that if Z ∞ 0 xφ(x2) dx is convergent then Z ∞ –∞ xφ(x2) dx = 0. 10. Analogue of Abel's Theorem of § 173. If φ(x) is positive and steadily decreases, and Z ∞ a φ(x) dx is convergent, then xφ(x) → 0. Prove this (a) by means of Abel's Theorem and the Integral Test and (b) directly, by arguments analogous to those of § 173. 11. If a = x0 < x1 < x2 < . . . and xn → ∞, and un = Z xn+1 xn φ(x) dx, then the convergence of Z ∞ a φ(x) dx involves that of P un. If φ(x) is always positive the converse statement is also true. [That the converse is not true in general is shown by the example in which φ(x) = cos x, xn = nπ.] 179. Application to infinite integrals of the rules for substitu- tion and integration by parts. The rules for the transformation of a definite integral which were discussed in § 161 may be extended so as to apply to infinite integrals. (1) Transformation by substitution. Suppose that Z ∞ a φ(x) dx (1) [VIII : 179] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 404 is convergent. Further suppose that, for any value of ξ greater than a, we have, as in § 161, Z ξ a φ(x) dx = Z τ b φ{f (t)}f ′(t) dt, (2) where a = f (b), ξ = f (τ). Finally suppose that the functional relation x = f (t) is such that x → ∞ as t → ∞. Then, making τ and so ξ tend to ∞ in (2), we see that the integral Z ∞ b φ{f (t)}f ′(t) dt (3) is convergent and equal to the integral (1). On the other hand it may happen that ξ → ∞ as τ → –∞ or as τ → c. In the first case we obtain Z ∞ a φ(x) dx = lim τ →–∞ Z τ b φ{f (t)}f ′(t) dt = – lim τ →–∞ Z b τ φ{f (t)}f ′(t) dt = – Z b –∞ φ{f (t)}f ′(t) dt. In the second case we obtain Z ∞ a φ(x) dx = lim τ →c Z τ b φ{f (t)}f ′(t) dt. (4) We shall return to this equation in § 181. There are of course corresponding results for the integrals Z a –∞ φ(x) dx, Z ∞ –∞ φ(x) dx, which it is not worth while to set out in detail: the reader will be able to formulate them for himself. [VIII : 179] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 405 Examples LXXIV. 1. Show, by means of the substitution x = tα, that if s > 1 and α > 0 then Z ∞ 1 x–s dx = α Z ∞

1 tα(1–s)–1 dt; and verify the result by calculating the value of each integral directly. 2. If Z ∞ a φ(x) dx is convergent then it is equal to one or other of α Z ∞ (a–β)/α φ(αt + β) dt, – α Z (a–β)/α –∞ φ(αt + β) dt, according as α is positive or negative. 3. If φ(x) is a positive and steadily decreasing function of x, and α and β are any positive numbers, then the convergence of the series P φ(n) implies and is implied by that of the series P φ(αn + β). [It follows at once, on making the substitution x = αt + β, that the integrals Z ∞ a φ(x) dx, Z ∞ (a–β)/α φ(αt + β) dt converge or diverge together. Now use the Integral Test.] 4. Show that Z ∞ 1 dx (1 + x)√x = 1 2 π. [Put x = t2.] 5. Show that Z ∞ 0 √x (1 + x)2 dx = 1 2 π. [Put x = t2 and integrate by parts.] 6. If φ(x) → h as x → ∞, and φ(x) → k as x → –∞, then Z ∞ –∞ {φ(x – a) – φ(x – b)} dx = –(a – b)(h – k). [VIII : 179] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 406 [For Z ξ –ξ′ {φ(x – a) – φ(x – b)} dx = Z ξ –ξ′ φ(x – a) dx – Z ξ –ξ′ φ(x – b) dx = Z ξ–a –ξ′–a φ(t) dt – Z ξ–b –ξ′–b φ(t) dt = Z –ξ′–b –ξ′–a φ(t) dt – Z ξ–b ξ–a φ(t) dt. The first of these two integrals may be expressed in the form (a – b)k + Z –ξ′–b –ξ′–a ρ dt, where ρ → 0 as ξ′ → ∞, and the modulus of the last integral is less than or equal to |a – b|κ, where κ is the greatest value of ρ throughout the interval [–ξ′ – a, –ξ′ – b]. Hence Z –ξ′–b –ξ′–a φ(t) dt → (a – b)k. The second integral may be discussed similarly.] (2) Integration by parts. The formula for integration by parts (§ 161) is Z ξ a f (x)φ′(x) dx = f (ξ)φ(ξ) – f (a)φ(a) – Z ξ a f ′(x)φ(x) dx. Suppose now that ξ → ∞. Then if any two of the three terms in the above equation which involve ξ tend to limits, so does the third, and we obtain the result Z ∞ a f (x)φ′(x) dx = lim ξ→∞ f (ξ)φ(ξ) – f (a)φ(a) – Z ∞ a f ′(x)φ(x) dx. There are of course similar results for integrals to –∞, or from –∞ to ∞. [VIII : 180] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 407 Examples LXXV. 1. Show that Z ∞ 0 x (1 + x)3 dx = 1 2 Z ∞ 0 dx (1 + x)2 = 1 2 . 2. Z ∞ 0 x2 (1 + x)4 dx = 2 3 Z ∞ 0 x (1 + x)3 dx = 1 3 . 3. If m and n are positive integers, and Im,n = Z ∞ 0 xm dx (1 + x)m+n , then Im,n = {m/(m + n – 1)}Im–1,n. Hence prove that Im,n = m! (n – 2)!/(m + n – 1)!. 4. Show similarly that if Im,n = Z ∞ 0 x2m+1 dx (1 + x2)m+n then Im,n = {m/(m + n – 1)}Im–1,n, 2Im,n = m! (n – 2)!/(m + n – 1)!. Verify the result by applying the substitution x = t2 to the result of Ex. 3. 180. Other types of infinite integrals. It was assumed, in the definition of the ordinary or finite integral given in Ch. VII, that (1) the range of integration is finite and (2) the subject of integration is continuous. It is possible, however, to extend the notion of the ‘definite integral’ so as to apply to many cases in which these conditions are not satisfied. The ‘infinite’ integrals which we have discussed in the preceding sections, for example, differ from those of Ch. VII in that the range of integration is infinite. We shall now suppose that it is the second of the conditions (1), (2) that is not satisfied. It is natural to try to frame definitions applicable to some such cases at any rate. There is only one such case which we shall consider here. We shall suppose that φ(x) is continuous throughout the [VIII : 180] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 408 range of integration [a, A] except for a finite number of values of x, say x = ξ1, ξ2, . . . , and that φ(x) → ∞ or φ(x) → –∞ as x tends to any of these exceptional values from either side. It is evident that we need only consider the case in which [a, A] contains one such point ξ. When there is more than one such point we can divide up [a, A] into a finite number of sub-intervals each of which contains only one; and, if the value of the integral over each of these sub-intervals has been defined, we can then define the integral over the whole interval as being the sum of the integrals over each sub-interval. Further, we can suppose that the one point ξ in [a, A] comes at one or other of the limits a, A. For, if it comes between a and A, we can then define Z A a φ(x) dx as Z ξ a φ(x) dx + Z A ξ φ(x) dx, assuming each of these integrals to have been satisfactorily defined. We shall suppose, then, that ξ = a; it is evident that the definitions to which we are led will apply, with trifling changes, to the case in which ξ = A. Let us then suppose φ(x) to be continuous throughout [a, A] except for x = a, while φ(x) → ∞ as x → a through values greater than a. A typical example of such a function is given by φ(x) = (x – a)–s, where s > 0; or, in particular, if a = 0, by φ(x) = x–s. Let us therefore consider how we can define Z A 0 dx xs , (1) when s > 0. The integral Z ∞ 1/A ys–2 dy is convergent if s < 1 (§ 175) and means lim η→∞ Z η 1/A ys–2 dy. But if we make the substitution y = 1/x, we obtain Z η 1/A ys–2 dy = Z A 1/η x–s dx. [VIII : 181] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 409 Thus lim η→∞ Z A 1/η x–s dx, or, what is the same thing, lim ■→+0 Z A ■ x–s dx, exists provided that s < 1; and it is natural to define the value of the integral (1) as being equal to this limit. Similar considerations lead us to define Z A a (x – a)–s dx by the equation Z A a (x – a)–s dx = lim ■→+0 Z A a+■ (x – a)–s dx. We are thus led to the following general definition: if the integral Z A a+■ φ(x) dx tends to a limit l as ■ → +0, we shall say that the integral Z A a φ(x) dx is convergent and has the value l. Similarly, when φ(x) → ∞ as x tends to the upper limit A, we define Z A a φ(x) dx as being lim ■→+0 Z A–■ a φ(x) dx : and then, as we explained above, we can extend our definitions to cover the case in which the interval [a, A] contains any finite number of infinities of φ(x). An integral in which the subject of integration tends to ∞ or to –∞ as x tends to some value or values included in the range of integration will be called an infinite integral of the second kind : the first kind of infinite integrals being the class discussed in §§ 177 et seq. Nearly all the remarks (i)–(vii) made at the end of § 177 apply to infinite integrals of the second kind as well as to those of the first. [VIII : 181] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 410 181. We may now write the equation (4) of § 179 in the form Z ∞ a φ(x) dx = Z c b φ{f (t)}f ′(t) dt. (1) The integral on the right-hand side is defined as the limit, as τ → c, of the corresponding integral over the range [b, τ], i.e. as an infinite integral of the second kind. And when φ{f (t)}f ′(t) has an infinity at t = c the integral is essentially an infinite integral. Suppose for example, that φ(x) = (1 + x)–m, where 1 < m < 2, and a = 0, and that f (t) = t/(1 – t). Then b = 0, c = 1, and (1) becomes Z ∞ 0 dx (1 + x)m = Z 1 0 (1 – t)m–2 dt; (2) and the integral on the

right-hand side is an infinite integral of the second kind. On the other hand it may happen that φ{f (t)}f ′(t) is continuous for t = c. In this case Z c b φ{f (t)}f ′(t) dt is a finite integral, and lim τ →c Z τ b φ{f (t)}f ′(t) dt = Z c b φ{f (t)}f ′(t) dt, in virtue of the corollary to Theorem (10) of § 160. In this case the substitution x = f (t) transforms an infinite into a finite integral. This case arises if m ■ 2 in the example considered a moment ago. Examples LXXVI. 1. If φ(x) is continuous except for x = a, while φ(x) → ∞ as x → a, then the necessary and sufficient condition that Z A a φ(x) dx should be convergent is that we can find a constant K such that Z A a+■ φ(x) dx < K for all values of ■, however small (cf. § 178). [VIII : 181] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 411 It is clear that we can choose a number A′ between a and A, such that φ(x) is positive throughout [a, A′]. If φ(x) is positive throughout the whole interval [a, A] then we can of course identify A′ and A. Now Z A a–■ φ(x) dx = Z A′ a–■ φ(x) dx + Z A A′ φ(x) dx. The first integral on the right-hand side of the above equation increases as ■ decreases, and therefore tends to a limit or to ∞; and the truth of the result stated becomes evident. If the condition is not satisfied then Z A a–■ φ(x) dx → ∞. We shall then say that the integral Z A a φ(x) dx diverges to ∞. It is clear that, if φ(x) → ∞ as x → a + 0, then convergence and divergence to ∞ are the only alternatives for the integral. We may discuss similarly the case in which φ(x) → –∞. 2. Prove that Z A a (x – a)–s dx = (A – a)1–s 1 – s if s < 1, while the integral is divergent if s ■ 1. 3. If φ(x) → ∞ as x → a + 0 and φ(x) < K(x – a)–s, where s < 1, then Z A a φ(x) dx is convergent; and if φ(x) > K(x – a)–s, where s ■ 1, then the integral is divergent. [This is merely a particular case of a general comparison theorem analogous to that stated in § 178.] 4. Are the integrals Z A a dx p(x – a)(A – x) , Z A a dx (A – x) 3 √x – a , Z A a dx (A – x) 3 √A – x , Z A a dx √x2 – a2 , Z A a dx 3 √A3 – x3 , Z A a dx x2 – a2 , Z A a dx A3 – x3 convergent or divergent? 5. The integrals Z 1 –1 dx 3 √x , Z a+1 a–1 dx 3 √x – a are convergent, and the value of each is zero. [VIII : 181] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 412 6. The integral Z π 0 dx √sin x is convergent. [The subject of integration tends to ∞ as x tends to either limit.] 7. The integral Z π 0 dx (sin x)s is convergent if and only if s < 1. 8. The integral Z 1 2 π 0 xs (sin x)t dx is convergent if t < s + 1. 9. Show that Z h 0 sin x xp dx, where h > 0, is convergent if p < 2. Show also that, if 0 < p < 2, the integrals Z π 0 sin x xp dx, Z 2π π sin x xp dx, Z 3π 2π sin x xp dx, . . . alternate in sign and steadily decrease in absolute value. [Transform the integral whose limits are kπ and (k + 1)π by the substitution x = kπ + y.] 10. Show that Z h 0 sin x xp dx, where 0 < p < 2, attains its greatest value when h = π. (Math. Trip. 1911.) 11. The integral Z 1 2 π 0 (cos x)l(sin x)m dx is convergent if and only if l > –1, m > –1. 12. Such an integral as Z ∞ 0 xs–1 dx 1 + x , [VIII : 181] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 413 where s < 1, does not fall directly under any of our previous definitions. For the range of integration is infinite and the subject of integration tends to ∞ as x → +0. It is natural to define this integral as being equal to the sum Z 1 0 xs–1 dx 1 + x + Z ∞ 1 xs–1 dx 1 + x , provided that these two integrals are both convergent. The first integral is a convergent infinite integral of the second kind if 0 < s < 1. The second is a convergent infinite integral of the first kind if s < 1. It should be noted that when s > 1 the first integral is an ordinary finite integral; but then the second is divergent. Thus the integral from 0 to ∞ is convergent if and only if 0 < s < 1. 13. Prove that Z ∞ 0 xs–1 1 + xt dx is convergent if and only if 0 < s < t. 14. The integral Z ∞ 0 xs–1 – xt–1 1 – x dx is convergent if and only if 0 < s < 1, 0 < t < 1. [It should be noticed that the subject of integration is undefined when x = 1; but (xs–1 – xt–1)/(1 – x) → t – s as x → 1 from either side; so that the subject of integration becomes a continuous function of x if we assign to it the value t – s when x = 1. It often happens that the subject of integration has a discontinuity which is due simply to a failure in its definition at a particular point in the range of integration, and can be removed by attaching a particular value to it at that point. In this case it is usual to suppose the definition of the subject of integration completed in this way. Thus the integrals Z 1 2 π 0 sin mx x dx, Z 1 2 π 0 sin mx sin x dx are ordinary finite integrals, if the subjects of integration are regarded as having the value m when x = 0.] 15. Substitution and integration by parts. The formulae for transfor- mation by substitution and integration by parts may of course be extended to [VIII : 181] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 414 infinite integrals of the second as well as of the first kind. The reader should formulate the general theorems for himself, on the lines of § 179. 16. Prove by integration by parts that if s > 0, t > 1, then Z 1 0 xs–1(1 – x)t–1 dx = t – 1 s Z 1 0 xs(1 – x)t–2 dx. 17. If s > 0 then Z 1 0 xs–1 dx 1 + x = Z ∞ 1 t–s dt 1 + t . [Put x = 1/t.] 18. If 0 < s < 1 then Z 1 0 xs–1 + x–s 1 + x dx = Z ∞ 0 t–s dt 1 + t = Z ∞ 0 ts–1 dt 1 + t . 19. If a + b > 0 then Z ∞ b dx (x + a)√x – b = π √a + b . (Math. Trip. 1909.) 20. Show, by means of the substitution x = t/(1 – t), that if l and m are both positive then Z ∞ 0 xl–1 (1 + x)l+m dx = Z 1 0 tl–1(1 – t)m–1 dt. 21. Show, by means of the substitution x = pt/(p + 1 – t), that if l, m, and p are all positive then Z 1 0 xl–1(1 – x)m–1 dx (x + p)l+m = 1 (1 + p)lpm Z 1 0 tl–1(1 – t)m–1 dt. 22. Prove that Z b a dx p(x – a)(b – x) = π and Z b a x dx p(x – a)(b – x) = 1 2 π(a + b), [VIII : 182] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 415 (i) by means of the substitution x = a+(b–a)t2, (ii) by means of the substitution (b – x)/(x – a) = t, and (iii) by means of the substitution x = a cos2 t + b sin2 t. 23. If s > –1 then Z 1 2 π 0 (sin θ)s dθ = Z 1 0 xs dx √1 – x2 = 1 2 Z 1 0 x 1 2 (s–1) dx √1 – x = 1 2 Z 1 0 (1 – x) 1 2 (s–1) dx √x . 24. Establish the formulae Z 1 0 f (x) dx √1 – x2 = Z 1 2 π 0 f (sin θ) dθ, Z b a f (x) dx p(x – a)(b – x) = 2 Z 1 2 π 0 f (a cos2 θ + b sin2 θ) dθ, Z a –a f r a – x a + x

dx = 4a Z 1 2 π 0 f (tan θ) cos θ sin θ dθ. 25. Prove that Z 1 0 dx (1 + x)(2 + x)px(1 – x) = π 1 √2 – 1 √6

. [Put x = sin2 θ and use Ex. lxiii. 8.] (Math. Trip. 1912.) 182. Some care has occasionally to be exercised in applying the rule for transformation by substitution. The following example affords a good illustra- tion of this. Let J = Z 7 1 (x2 – 6x + 13) dx. We find by direct integration that J = 48. Now let us apply the substitution y = x2 – 6x + 13, which gives x = 3 ± √y – 4. Since y = 8 when x = 1 and y = 20 when x = 7, we appear to be led to the result J = Z 20 8 y dx dy dy = ± 1 2 Z 20 8 y dy √y – 4 . [VIII : 183] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 416 The indefinite integral is 1 3 (y – 4)3/2 + 4(y – 4)1/2, and so we obtain the value ± 80 3 , which is certainly wrong whichever sign we choose. The explanation is to be found in a closer consideration of the relation be- tween x and y. The function x2 – 6x + 13 has a minimum for x = 3, when y = 4. As x increases from 1 to 3, y decreases from 8 to 4, and dx/dy is negative, so that dx dy = – 1 2√y – 4 . As x increases from 3 to 7, y increases from 4 to 20, and the other sign must be chosen. Thus J = Z 7 1 y dx = Z 4 8

– y 2√y – 4

dy + Z 20 4 y 2√y – 4 dy, a formula which will be found to lead to the correct result. Similarly, if we transform the integral Z π 0 dx = π by the substitution x = arc sin y, we must observe that dx/dy = 1/p1 – y2 or dx/dy = –1/p1 – y2 according as 0 ■ x < 1 2 π or 1 2 π < x ■ π. Example. Verify the results of transforming the integrals Z 1 0 (4x2 – x + 1 16) dx, Z π 0 cos2 x dx by the substitutions 4x2 – x + 1 16 = y, x = arc sin y respectively. 183. Series of positive and negative terms. Our definitions of the sum of an infinite series, and the value of an infinite integral, whether of the first or the second kind, apply to series of terms or integrals of functions whose values may be either positive or negative. But the special tests for convergence or divergence which we have established in this chapter, and the examples by which we have illustrated them, have had reference almost entirely to the case in which all these values are positive. Of course the [VIII : 184] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 417 case in which they are all negative is not essentially different, as it can be reduced to the former by changing un into –un or φ(x) into –φ(x). In the case of a series it has always been explicitly or tacitly assumed that any conditions imposed upon un may be violated for a finite number of terms: all that is necessary is that such a condition (e.g. that all the terms are positive) should be satisfied from some definite term onwards. Similarly in the case of an infinite integral the conditions have been supposed to be satisfied for all values of x greater than some definite value, or for all values of x within some definite interval [a, a + δ] which includes the value a near which the subject of integration tends to infinity. Thus our tests apply to such a series as X n2 – 10 n4 , since n2 – 10 > 0 when n ■ 4, and to such integrals as Z ∞ 1 3x – 7 (x + 1)3 dx, Z 1 0 1 – 2x √x dx, since 3x – 7 > 0 when x > 7 3 , and 1 – 2x > 0 when 0 < x < 1 2 . But when the changes of sign of un persist throughout the series, i.e. when the number of both positive and negative terms is infinite, as in the series 1 – 1 2 + 1 3 – 1 4 + . . . ; or when φ(x) continually changes sign as x → ∞, as in the integral Z ∞ 1 sin x xs dx, or as x → a, where a is a point of discontinuity of φ(x), as in the integral Z A a sin 1 x – a dx x – a; then the problem of discussing convergence or divergence becomes more difficult. For now we have to consider the possibility of oscillation as well as of convergence or divergence. We shall not, in this volume, have to consider the more general problem for integrals. But we shall, in the ensuing chapters, have to consider certain simple examples of series containing an infinite number of both positive and negative terms. [VIII : 184] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 418 184. Absolutely Convergent Series. Let us then consider a seriesP un in which any term may be either positive or negative. Let |un| = αn, so that αn = un if un is positive and αn = –un if un is negative. Further, let vn = un or vn = 0, according as un is positive or negative, and wn = –un or wn = 0, according as un is negative or positive; or, what is the same thing, let vn or wn be equal to αn according as un is positive or negative, the other being in either case equal to zero. Then it is evident that vn and wn are always positive, and that un = vn – wn, αn = vn + wn. If, for example, our series is 1 – (1/2)2 + (1/3)2 – . . . , then un = (–1)n–1/n2 and αn = 1/n2, while vn = 1/n2 or vn = 0 according as n is odd or even and wn = 1/n2 or wn = 0 according as n is even or odd. We can now distinguish two cases. A. Suppose that the series P αn is convergent. This is the case, for instance, in the example above, where P αn is 1 + (1/2)2 + (1/3)2 + ... Then both P vn and P wn are convergent: for (Ex. xxx. 18) any series se- lected from the terms of a convergent series of positive terms is convergent. And hence, by theorem (6) of § 77, P un or P(vn – wn) is convergent and equal to P vn – P wn. We are thus led to formulate the following definition. Definition. When P αn or P |un| is convergent, the series P un is said to be absolutely convergent. And what we have proved above amounts to this: if P un is absolutely convergent then it is convergent; so are the series formed by its positive and negative terms taken separately; and the sum of the series is equal to the sum of the positive terms plus the sum of the negative terms. [VIII : 185] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 419 The reader should carefully guard himself against supposing that the state- ment ‘an absolutely convergent series is convergent’ is a mere tautology. When we say that P un is ‘absolutely convergent’ we do not assert directly that P un is convergent: we assert the convergence of another series P |un|, and it is by no means evident a priori that this precludes oscillation on the part of P un. Examples LXXVII. 1. Employ the ‘general principle of convergence’ (§ 84) to prove the theorem that an absolutely convergent series is convergent. [Since P |un| is convergent, we can, when any positive number ■ is assigned, choose n0 so that |un1+1| + |un1+2| + · · · + |un2 | < ■ when n2 > n1

■ n0. A fortiori |un1+1 + un1+2 + · · · + un2 | < ■, and therefore P un is convergent.] 2. If P an is a convergent series of positive terms, and |bn| ■ Kan, thenP bn is absolutely convergent. 3. If P an is a convergent series of positive terms, then the series P anxn is absolutely convergent when –1 ■ x ■ 1. 4. If P an is a convergent series of positive terms, then the seriesP an cos nθ, P an sin nθ are absolutely convergent for all values of θ. [Ex- amples are afforded by the series P rn cos nθ, P rn sin nθ of § 88.] 5. Any series selected from the terms of an absolutely convergent series is absolutely convergent. [For the series of the moduli of its terms is a selection from the series of the moduli of the terms of the original series.] 6. Prove that if P |un| is convergent then |Pun| ■ P|un|, and that the only case to which the sign of equality can apply is that in which every term has the same sign. [VIII : 186] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 420 185. Extension of Dirichlet's Theorem to absolutely conver- gent series. Dirichlet's Theorem (§ 169) shows that the terms of a se- ries of positive terms may be rearranged in any way without affecting its sum. It is now easy to see that any absolutely convergent series has the same property. For let P un be so rearranged as to become P u′ n, and let α′ n, v′ n, w′ n be formed from u′ n as αn, vn, wn were formed from un. ThenP α′ n is convergent, as it is a rearrangement of P αn, and so are P v′ n,P w′ n, which are rearrangements of P vn, P wn. Also, by Dirichlet's The- orem, P v′ n = P vn and P w′ n = P wn and so Pu′ n = Pv′ n – Pw′ n = Pvn – Pwn = Pun. 186. Conditionally convergent series. B. We have now to con- sider the second case indicated above, viz. that in which the series of moduliP αn diverges to ∞. Definition. If P un is convergent, but P |un| divergent, the original series is said to be conditionally convergent. In the first place we note that, if P un is conditionally convergent, then the series P vn, P wn of § 184 must both diverge to ∞. For they obviously cannot both converge, as this would involve the convergence of P(vn + wn) or P αn. And if one of them, say P wn, is convergent, and P vn divergent, then NX 0 un = NX 0 vn – NX 0 wn, (1) and therefore tends to ∞ with N , which is contrary to the hypothesis thatP un is convergent. Hence P vn, P wn are both divergent. It is clear from equation (1) above that the sum of a conditionally convergent series is the limit of the difference of two functions each of which tends to ∞ with n. It is obvious too that P un no longer possesses the property of convergent se- ries of positive terms (Ex. xxx. 18), and all absolutely convergent series (Ex. lxxvii. 5), that any selection from the terms itself forms a conver- gent series. And it seems more than likely that the property prescribed by Dirichlet's Theorem will not be possessed by conditionally convergent [VIII : 187] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 421 series; at any rate the proof of § 185 fails completely, as it depended essen- tially on the convergence of P vn and P wn separately. We shall see in a moment that this conjecture is well founded, and that the theorem is not true for series such as we are now considering. 187. Tests of convergence for conditionally convergent series. It is not to be expected that we should be able to find tests for conditional convergence as simple and general as those of §§ 167 et seq. It is naturally a much more difficult matter to formulate tests of convergence for series whose convergence, as is shown by equation (1) above, depends essentially on the cancelling of the positive by the negative terms. In the first instance there are no comparison tests for convergence of conditionally convergent series. For suppose we wish to infer the convergence of P vn from that of P un. We have to compare v0 + v1 + · · · + vn, u0 + u1 + · · · + un. If every u and every v were positive, and every v less than the correspond- ing u, we could at once infer that v0 + v1 + · · · + vn < u0 + · · · + un, and so that P vn is convergent. If the u's only were positive and every v numerically less than the corresponding u, we could infer that |v0| + |v1| + · · · + |vn| < u0 + · · · + un, and so that P vn is absolutely convergent. But in the general case, when the u's and v's are both unrestricted as to sign, all that we can infer is that |v0| + |v1| + · · · + |vn| < |u0| + · · · + |un|. This would enable us to infer the absolute convergence of P vn from the absolute convergence of P un; but if P un is only conditionally convergent we can draw no inference at all. [VIII : 188] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 422 Example. We shall see shortly that the series 1– 1 2 + 1 3 – 1 4 +. . . is convergent. But the series 1 2 + 1 3 + 1 4 + 1 5 + . . . is divergent, although each of its terms is numerically less than the corresponding term of the former series. It is therefore only natural that such tests as we can obtain should be of a much more special character than those given in the early part of this chapter. 188. Alternating Series. The simplest and most common condi- tionally convergent series are what is known as alternating series, series whose terms are alternately positive and negative. The convergence of the most important series of this type is established by the following theorem. If φ(n) is a positive function of n which tends steadily to zero as n → ∞, then the series φ(0) – φ(1) + φ(2) – . . . is convergent, and its sum lies between φ(0) and φ(0) – φ(1). Let us write φ0, φ1, . . . for φ(0), φ(1), . . . ; and let sn = φ0 – φ1 + φ2 – · · · + (–1)nφn. Then s2n+1 – s2n–1 = φ2n – φ2n+1 ■ 0, s2n – s2n–2 = –(φ2n–1 – φ2n) ■ 0. Hence s0, s2, s4, . . . , s2n, . . . is a decreasing sequence, and therefore tends to a limit or to –∞, and s1, s3, s5, . . . , s2n+1, . . . is an increasing sequence, and therefore tends to a limit or to ∞. But lim(s2n+1 – s2n) = lim(–1)2n+1φ2n+1 = 0, from which it follows that both sequences must tend to limits, and that the two limits must be the same. That is to say, the sequence s0, s1, . . . , sn, . . . tends to a limit. Since s0 = φ0, s1 = φ0 – φ1, it is clear that this limit lies between φ0 and φ0 – φ1. [VIII : 188] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 423 Examples LXXVIII. 1. The series 1 – 1 2 + 1 3 – 1 4 + . . . , 1 – 1 √2 + 1 √3 – 1 √4 + . . . , X (–1)n (n + a) , X (–1)n √n + a , X (–1)n (√n + √a) , X (–1)n (√n + √a)2 , where a > 0, are conditionally convergent. 2. The series P(–1)n(n + a)–s, where a > 0, is absolutely convergent if s > 1, conditionally convergent if 0 < s ■ 1, and oscillatory if s ■ 0. 3. The sum of the series of § 188 lies between sn and sn+1 for all

values of n; and the error committed by taking the sum of the first n terms instead of the sum of the whole series is numerically not greater than the modulus of the (n + 1)th term. 4. Consider the series X (–1)n √n + (–1)n , which we suppose to begin with the term for which n = 2, to avoid any difficulty as to the definitions of the first few terms. This series may be written in the form X (–1)n √n + (–1)n – (–1)n √n

+ (–1)n √n

or X (–1)n √n – 1 n + (–1)n√n

= X(ψn – χn), say. The series P ψn is convergent; but P χn is divergent, as all its terms are positive, and lim nχn = 1. Hence the original series is divergent, although it is of the form φ2 – φ3 + φ4 – . . . , where φn → 0. This example shows that the condition that φn should tend steadily to zero is essential to the truth of the theorem. The reader will easily verify that √2n + 1 – 1 < √2n + 1, so that this condition is not satisfied. 5. If the conditions of § 188 are satisfied except that φn tends steadily to a positive limit l, then the series P(–1)nφn oscillates finitely. 6. Alteration of the sum of a conditionally convergent series by rearrangement of the terms. Let s be the sum of the series 1– 1 2 + 1 3 – 1 4 +. . . , and s2n the sum of its first 2n terms, so that lim s2n = s. [VIII : 189] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 424 Now consider the series 1 + 1 3 – 1 2 + 1 5 + 1 7 – 1 4 + . . . (1) in which two positive terms are followed by one negative term, and let t3n denote the sum of the first 3n terms. Then t3n = 1 + 1 3 + · · · + 1 4n – 1 – 1 2 – 1 4 – · · · – 1 2n = s2n + 1 2n + 1 + 1 2n + 3 + · · · + 1 4n – 1 . Now lim 1 2n + 1 – 1 2n + 2 + 1 2n + 3 – · · · + 1 4n – 1 – 1 4n

= 0, since the sum of the terms inside the bracket is clearly less than n/(2n + 1)(2n + 2); and lim 1 2n + 2 + 1 2n + 4 + · · · + 1 4n

= 1 2 lim 1 n nX r=1 1 1 + (r/n) = 1 2 Z 2 1 dx x , by §§ 156 and 158. Hence lim t3n = s + 1 2 Z 2 1 dx x , and it follows that the sum of the series (1) is not s, but the right-hand side of the last equation. Later on we shall give the actual values of the sums of the two series: see § 213 and Ch. IX, Misc. Ex. 19. It can indeed be proved that a conditionally convergent series can always be so rearranged as to converge to any sum whatever, or to diverge to ∞ or to –∞. For a proof we may refer to Bromwich's Infinite Series, p. 68. 7. The series 1 + 1 √3 – 1 √2 + 1 √5 + 1 √7 – 1 √4 + . . . diverges to ∞. [Here t3n = s2n + 1 √2n + 1 + 1 √2n + 3 + · · · + 1 √4n – 1 > s2n + n √4n – 1 , where s2n = 1 – 1 √2 + · · · – 1 √2n , which tends to a limit as n → ∞.] [VIII : 189] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 425 189. Abel's and Dirichlet's Tests of Convergence. A more gen- eral test, which includes the test of § 188 as a particular test case, is the following. Dirichlet's Test. If φn satisfies the same conditions as in § 188, andP an is any series which converges or oscillates finitely, then the series a0φ0 + a1φ1 + a2φ2 + . . . is convergent. The reader will easily verify the identity a0φ0 +a1φ1 +· · ·+anφn = s0(φ0 –φ1)+s1(φ1 –φ2)+· · ·+sn–1(φn–1 –φn)+snφn, where sn = a0 + a1 + · · · + an. Now the series (φ0 – φ1) + (φ1 – φ2) + . . . is convergent, since the sum to n terms is φ0 – φn and lim φn = 0; and all its terms are positive. Also since P an, if not actually convergent, at any rate oscillates finitely, we can determine a constant K so that |sν | < K for all values of ν. Hence the series Psν (φν – φν+1) is absolutely convergent, and so s0(φ0 – φ1) + s1(φ1 – φ2) + · · · + sn–1(φn–1 – φn) tends to a limit as n → ∞. Also φn, and therefore snφn, tends to zero. And therefore a0φ0 + a1φ1 + · · · + anφn tends to a limit, i.e. the series P aν φν is convergent. Abel's Test. There is another test, due to Abel, which, though of less frequent application than Dirichlet's, is sometimes useful. Suppose that φn, as in Dirichlet's Test, is a positive and decreasing function of n, but that its limit as n → ∞ is not necessarily zero. Thus we postulate less about φn, but to make up for this we postulate more about P an, viz. that it is convergent. Then we have the theorem: if φn is a positive and decreasing function of n, and P an is convergent, then P anφn is convergent. For φn has a limit as n → ∞, say l: and lim(φn – l) = 0. Hence, by Dirichlet's Test, P an(φn – l) is convergent; and as P an is convergent it follows that P anφn is convergent. This theorem may be stated as follows: a convergent series remains conver- gent if we multiply its terms by any sequence of positive and decreasing factors. [VIII : 189] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 426 Examples LXXIX. 1. Dirichlet's and Abel's Tests may also be estab- lished by means of the general principle of convergence (§ 84). Let us suppose, for example, that the conditions of Abel's Test are satisfied. We have identically amφm + am+1φm+1 + · · · + anφn = sm,m(φm – φm+1) + sm,m+1(φm+1 – φm+2) + · · · + sm,n–1(φn–1 – φn) + sm,nφn . . . , (1) where sm,ν = am + am+1 + · · · + aν . The left-hand side of (1) therefore lies between hφm and Hφm, where h and H are the algebraically least and greatest of sm,m, sm,m+1, . . . , sm,n. But, given any positive number ■, we can choose m0 so that |sm,ν | < ■ when m ■ m0, and so |amφm + am+1φm+1 + · · · + anφn| < ■φm ■ ■φ1 when n > m ■ m0. Thus the series P anφn is convergent. 2. The series P cos nθ and P sin nθ oscillate finitely when θ is not a mul- tiple of π. For, if we denote the sums of the first n terms of the two series by sn and tn, and write z = Cis θ, so that |z| = 1 and z■ = 1, we have |sn + itn| = 1 – zn 1 – z ■ 1 + |zn| |1 – z| ■ 2 |1 – z| ; and so |sn| and |tn| are also not greater than 2/|1 – z|. That the series are not actually convergent follows from the fact that their nth terms do not tend to zero (Exs. xxiv. 7, 8). The sine series converges to zero if θ is a multiple of π. The cosine series oscillates finitely if θ is an odd multiple of π and diverges if θ is an even multiple of π. It follows that if θn is a positive function of n which tends steadily to

zero as n → ∞, then the series Pφn cos nθ, Pφn sin nθ are convergent, except perhaps the first series when θ is a multiple of 2π. In this case the first series reduces to P φn, which may or may not be convergent: the second series vanishes identically. If P φn is convergent then both series are absolutely convergent (Ex. lxxvii. 4) for all values of θ, and the whole [VIII : 190] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 427 interest of the result lies in its application to the case in which P φn is divergent. And in this case the series above written are conditionally and not absolutely convergent, as will be proved in Ex. lxxix. 6. If we put θ = π in the cosine series we are led back to the result of § 188, since cos nπ = (–1)n. 3. The series P n–s cos nθ, P n–s sin nθ are convergent if s > 0, unless (in the case of the first series) θ is a multiple of 2π and 0 < s ■ 1. 4. The series of Ex. 3 are in general absolutely convergent if s > 1, condi- tionally convergent if 0 < s ■ 1, and oscillatory if s ■ 0 (finitely if s = 0 and infinitely if s < 0). Mention any exceptional cases. 5. If P ann–s is convergent or oscillates finitely, then P ann–t is convergent when t > s. 6. If φn is a positive function of n which tends steadily to 0 as n → ∞, andP φn is divergent, then the series P φn cos nθ, P φn sin nθ are not absolutely convergent, except the sine-series when θ is a multiple of π. [For suppose, e.g., that P φn| cos nθ| is convergent. Since cos2 nθ ■ | cos nθ|, it follows thatP φn cos2 nθ or 1 2 Pφn(1 + cos 2nθ) is convergent. But this is impossible, since P φn is divergent and P φn cos 2nθ, by Dirichlet's Test, convergent, unless θ is a multiple of π. And in this case it is obvious that P φn| cos nθ| is divergent. The reader should write out the corresponding argument for the sine-series, noting where it fails when θ is a multiple of π.] 190. Series of complex terms. So far we have confined ourselves to series all of whose terms are real. We shall now consider the series Pun = P(vn + iwn), where vn and wn are real. The consideration of such series does not, of course, introduce anything really novel. The series is convergent if, and only if, the series Pvn, Pwn are separately convergent. There is however one class of such series so im- portant as to require special treatment. Accordingly we give the following definition, which is an obvious extension of that of § 184. [VIII : 191] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 428 Definition. The series P un, where un = vn +iwn, is said to be abso- lutely convergent if the series P vn and P wn are absolutely convergent. Theorem. The necessary and sufficient condition for the absolute con- vergence of P un is the convergence of P |un| or P pv2 n + w2 n. For if P un is absolutely convergent, then both of the series P |vn|,P |wn| are convergent, and so P{|vn| + |wn|} is convergent: but |un| = pv2 n + w2 n ■ |vn| + |wn|, and therefore P |un| is convergent. On the other hand |vn| ■ pv2 n + w2 n, |wn| ■ pv2 n + w2 n, so that P |vn| and P |wn| are convergent whenever P |un| is convergent. It is obvious that an absolutely convergent series is convergent, since its real and imaginary parts converge separately. And Dirichlet's Theorem (§§ 169, 185) may be extended at once to absolutely convergent complex series by applying it to the separate series P vn and P wn. The convergence of an absolutely convergent series may also be deduced directly from the general principle of convergence (cf. Ex. lxxvii. 1). We leave this as an exercise to the reader. 191. Power Series. One of the most important parts of the theory of the ordinary functions which occur in elementary analysis (such as the sine and cosine, and the logarithm and exponential, which will be discussed in the next chapter) is that which is concerned with their expansion in series of the form P anxn. Such a series is called a power series in x. We have already come across some cases of expansion in series of this kind in connection with Taylor's and Maclaurin's series (§ 148). There, however, we were concerned only with a real variable x. We shall now consider a few general properties of power series in z, where z is a complex variable. A. A power series P anzn may be convergent for all values of z, for a certain region of values, or for no values except z = 0. It is sufficient to give an example of each possibility. [VIII : 193] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 429 1. The series P zn n! is convergent for all values of z. For if un = zn n! then |un+1|/|un| = |z|/(n + 1) → 0 as n → ∞, whatever value z may have. Hence, by d'Alembert's Test, P |un| is convergent for all values of z, and the original series is absolutely convergent for all values of z. We shall see later on that a power series, when convergent, is generally absolutely convergent. 2. The series P n! zn is not convergent for any value of z except z = 0. For if un = n! zn then |un+1|/|un| = (n + 1)|z|, which tends to ∞ with n, unless z = 0. Hence (cf. Exs. xxvii. 1, 2, 5) the modulus of the nth term tends to ∞ with n; and so the series cannot converge, except when z = 0. It is obvious that any power series converges when z = 0. 3. The series P zn is always convergent when |z| < 1, and never convergent when |z| ■ 1. This was proved in § 88. Thus we have an actual example of each of the three possibilities. 192. B. If a power series P anzn is convergent for a particular value of z, say z1 = r1(cos θ1 + i sin θ1), then it is absolutely convergent for all values of z such that |z| < r1. For lim anzn 1 = 0, since P anzn 1 is convergent, and therefore we can certainly find a constant K such that |anzn 1 | < K for all values of n. But, if |z| = r < r1, we have |anzn| = |anzn 1 | r r1 n < K r r1 n , and the result follows at once by comparison with the convergent geomet- rical series P(r/r1)n. In other words, if the series converges at P then it converges absolutely at all points nearer to the origin than P . Example. Show that the result is true even if the series oscillates finitely when z = z1. [If sn = a0 + a1z1 + · · · + anzn 1 then we can find K so that |sn| < K for all values of n. But |anzn 1 | = |sn – sn–1| ■ |sn–1| + |sn| < 2K, and the argument can be completed as before.] [VIII : 193] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 430 193. The region of convergence of a power series. The circle of convergence. Let z = r be any point on the positive real axis. If the power series converges when z = r then it converges absolutely at all points inside the circle |z| = r. In particular it converges for all real values of z less than r. Now let us divide the points r of the positive real axis into two classes, the

class at which the series converges and the class at which it does not. The first class must contain at least the one point z = 0. The second class, on the other hand, need not exist, as the series may converge for all values of z. Suppose however that it does exist, and that the first class of points does include points besides z = 0. Then it is clear that every point of the first class lies to the left of every point of the second class. Hence there is a point, say the point z = R, which divides the two classes, and may itself belong to either one or the other. Then the series is absolutely convergent at all points inside the circle |z| = R. For let P be any such point. We can draw a circle, whose centre is O and whose radius is less than R, so as to include P inside it. Let thisO XQ A Q′ P P ′ Fig. 51. circle cut OA in Q. Then the series is convergent at Q, and therefore, by Theorem B, absolutely convergent at P . On the other hand the series cannot converge at any point P ′ outside the circle. For if it converged at P ′ it would converge absolutely at all points nearer to O than P ; and this is absurd, as it does not converge at any point between A and Q′ (Fig. 51). So far we have excepted the cases in which the power series (1) does not [VIII : 193] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 431 converge at any point on the positive real axis except z = 0 or (2) converges at all points on the positive real axis. It is clear that in case (1) the power series converges nowhere except when z = 0, and that in case (2) it is absolutely convergent everywhere. Thus we obtain the following result: a power series either (1) converges for z = 0 and for no other value of z; or (2) converges absolutely for all values of z; or (3) converges absolutely for all values of z within a certain circle of radius R, and does not converge for any value of z outside this circle. In case (3) the circle is called the circle of convergence and its radius the radius of convergence of the power series. It should be observed that this general result gives absolutely no infor- mation about the behaviour of the series on the circle of convergence. The examples which follow show that as a matter of fact there are very diverse possibilities as to this. Examples LXXX. 1. The series 1 + az + a2z2 + . . . , where a > 0, has a radius of convergence equal to 1/a. It does not converge anywhere on its circle of convergence, diverging when z = 1/a and oscillating finitely at all other points on the circle. 2. The series z 12 + z2 22 + z3 32 + . . . has its radius of convergence equal to 1; it converges absolutely at all points on its circle of convergence. 3. More generally, if |an+1|/|an| → λ, or |an|1/n → λ, as n → ∞, then the series a0 + a1z + a2z2 + . . . has 1/λ as its radius of convergence. In the first case lim |an+1zn+1|/|anzn| = λ|z|, which is less or greater than unity according as |z| is less or greater than 1/λ, so that we can use d'Alembert's Test (§ 168, 3). In the second case we can use Cauchy's Test (§ 168, 2) similarly. 4. The logarithmic series. The series z – 1 2 z2 + 1 3 z3 – . . . [VIII : 194] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 432 is called (for reasons which will appear later) the 'logarithmic' series. It follows from Ex. 3 that its radius of convergence is unity. When z is on the circle of convergence we may write z = cos θ + i sin θ, and the series assumes the form cos θ – 1 2 cos 2θ + 1 3 cos 3θ – · · · + i(sin θ – 1 2 sin 2θ + 1 3 sin 3θ – . . .). The real and imaginary parts are both convergent, though not absolutely convergent, unless θ is an odd multiple of π (Exs. lxxix. 3, 4). If θ is an odd multiple of π then z = –1, and the series assumes the form –1 – 1 2 – 1 3 – . . . , and so diverges to –∞. Thus the logarithmic series converges at all points of its circle of convergence except the point z = –1. 5. The binomial series. Consider the series 1 + mz + m(m – 1) 2! z2 + m(m – 1)(m – 2) 3! z3 + ... If m is a positive integer then the series terminates. In general |an+1| |an| = |m – n| n + 1 → 1, so that the radius of convergence is unity. We shall not discuss here the question of its convergence on the circle, which is a little more difficult.* 194. Uniqueness of a power series. If P anzn is a power series which is convergent for some values of z at any rate besides z = 0, and f (z) is its sum, then it is easy to see that f (z) can be expressed in the form a0 + a1z + a2z2 + · · · + (an + ■z)zn, where ■z → 0 as |z| → 0. For if μ is any number less than the radius of convergence of the series, and |z| < μ, then |an|μn < K, where K is a constant (cf. § 192), and so f (z) – nX 0 aν zν ■ |an+1||zn+1| + |an+2||zn+2| + . . . < K |z| μ n+1 1 + |z| μ + |z|2 μ2 + . . .

= K|z|n+1 μn(μ – |z|) , *See Bromwich, Infinite Series, pp. 225 et seq.; Hobson, Plane Trigonometry (3rd edition), pp. 268 et seq. [VIII : 195] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 433 where K is a number independent of z. It follows from Ex. lv. 15 that if P anzn = P bnzn for all values of z whose modulus is less than some number μ, then an = bn for all values of n. This result is capable of considerable general- isations into which we cannot enter now. It shows that the same function f (z) cannot be represented by two different power series. 195. Multiplication of Series. We saw in § 170 that if P un andP vn are two convergent series of positive terms, then P un × P vn =P wn, where wn = u0vn + u1vn–1 + · · · + unv0. We can now extend this result to all cases in which P un and P vn are absolutely convergent; for our proof was merely a simple application of Dirichlet's Theorem, which we have already extended to all absolutely convergent series. Examples LXXXI. 1. If |z| is less than the radius of convergence of either of the series P anzn, P bnzn, then the product of the two series is P cnzn, where cn = a0bn + a1bn–1 + · · · + anb0. 2. If the radius of convergence of P anzn is R, and f (z) is the sum of the series when |z| < R, and |z| is less than either R or unity, then f (z)/(1 – z) = P snzn, where sn = a0 + a1 + · · · + an. 3. Prove, by squaring the series for 1/(1 – z), that 1/(1 – z)2 = 1 + 2z + 3z2 + . . . if |z| < 1. 4. Prove similarly that 1/(1 – z)3 = 1 + 3z + 6z2 + . . . , the general term being 1 2 (n + 1)(n + 2)zn. 5. The Binomial Theorem for a negative integral exponent. If |z| < 1, and m is a positive integer, then 1 (1 – z)m = 1 + mz + m(m + 1) 1 · 2 z2 + · · · + m(m + 1) . . . (m + n – 1) 1 · 2 . . . n zn + ... [Assume the truth of the theorem for all indices up to m. Then, by Ex. 2, [VIII : 195] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 434 1/(1 – z)m+1 = P snzn, where sn = 1 + m + m(m + 1) 1 · 2 + · · ·

+ m(m + 1) . . . (m + n – 1) 1 · 2 . . . n = (m + 1)(m + 2) . . . (m + n) 1 · 2 . . . n , as is easily proved by induction.] 6. Prove by multiplication of series that if f (m, z) = 1 + m 1

z + m 2

z2 + . . . , and |z| < 1, then f (m, z)f (m′, z) = f (m + m′, z). [This equation forms the basis of Euler's proof of the Binomial Theorem. The coefficient of zn in the product series is m′ n

+ m 1 m′ n – 1

+ m 2 m′ n – 2

+ · · · + m n – 1 m′ 1

+ m n

. This is a polynomial in m and m′: but when m and m′ are positive integers this polynomial must reduce to m + m′ k

in virtue of the Binomial Theorem for a positive integral exponent, and if two such polynomials are equal for all positive integral values of m and m′ then they must be equal identically.] 7. If f (z) = 1 + z + z2 2! + . . . then f (z)f (z′) = f (z + z′). [For the series for f (z) is absolutely convergent for all values of z: and it is easy to see that if un = zn n! , vn = z′n n! , then wn = (z + z′)n n! .] 8. If C(z) = 1 – z2 2! + z4 4! – . . . , S(z) = z – z3 3! + z5 5! – . . . , then C(z + z′) = C(z)C(z′) – S(z)S(z′), S(z + z′) = S(z)C(z′) + C(z)S(z′), and {C(z)}2 + {S(z)}2 = 1. [VIII : 195] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 435 9. Failure of the Multiplication Theorem. That the theorem is not always true when P un and P vn are not absolutely convergent may be seen by considering the case in which un = vn = (–1)n √n + 1 . Then wn = (–1)n nX r=0 1 p(r + 1)(n + 1 – r) . But p(r + 1)(n + 1 – r) ■ 1 2 (n+2), and so |wn| > (2n+2)/(n+2), which tends to 2; so that P wn is certainly not convergent. MISCELLANEOUS EXAMPLES ON CHAPTER VIII. 1. Discuss the convergence of the series P nk{√n + 1 – 2√n + √n – 1}, where k is real. (Math. Trip. 1890.) 2. Show that Pnr∆k(ns), where ∆un = un – un+1, ∆2un = ∆(∆un), and so on, is convergent if and only if k > r + s + 1, except when s is a positive integer less than k, when every term of the series is zero. [The result of Ch. VII, Misc. Ex. 11, shows that ∆k(ns) is in general of order ns–k.] 3. Show that ∞X 1 n2 + 9n + 5 (n + 1)(2n + 3)(2n + 5)(n + 4) = 5 36 . (Math. Trip. 1912.) [Resolve the general term into partial fractions.] 4. Show that, if R(n) is any rational function of n, we can determine a polynomial P (n) and a constant A such that P{R(n) – P (n) – (A/n)} is convergent. Consider in particular the cases in which R(n) is one of the functions 1/(an + b), (an2 + 2bn + c)/(αn2 + 2βn + γ). [VIII : 195] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 436 5. Show that the series 1 – 1 1 + z + 1 2 – 1 2 + z + 1 3 – 1 3 + z + . . . is convergent provided only that z is not a negative integer. 6. Investigate the convergence or divergence of the series X sin a n , X 1 n sin a n , X(–1)n sin a n , X 1 – cos a n

, X(–1)nn

1 – cos a n

, where a is real. 7. Discuss the convergence of the series ∞X 1

1 + 1 2 + 1 3 + · · · + 1 n sin(nθ + α) n , where θ and α are real. (Math. Trip. 1989.) 8. Prove that the series 1 – 1 2 – 1 3 + 1 4 + 1 5 + 1 6 – 1 7 – 1 8 – 1 9 – 1 10 + . . . , in which successive terms of the same sign form groups of 1, 2, 3, 4, . . . terms, is convergent; but that the corresponding series in which the groups contain 1, 2, 4, 8, . . . terms oscillates finitely. (Math. Trip. 1908.) 9. If u1, u2, u3, . . . is a decreasing sequence of positive numbers whose limit is zero, then the series u1 – 1 2 (u1 + u2) + 1 3 (u1 + u2 + u3) – . . . , u1 – 1 3 (u1 + u3) + 1 5 (u1 + u3 + u5) – . . . are convergent. [For if (u1 + u2 + · · · + un)/n = vn then v1, v2, v3, . . . is also a decreasing sequence whose limit is zero (Ch. IV, Misc. Exs. 8, 27). This shows that the first series is convergent; the second we leave to the reader. In particular the series 1 – 1 2 1 + 1 2 + 1 3 1 + 1 2 + 1 3 – . . . , 1 – 1 3 1 + 1 3 + 1 5 1 + 1 3 + 1 5 – . . . are convergent.] [VIII : 195] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 437 10. If u0 +u1 +u2 +. . . is a divergent series of positive and decreasing terms, then (u0 + u2 + · · · + u2n)/(u1 + u3 + · · · + u2n+1) → 1. 11. Prove that if α > 0 then lim p→∞ ∞P n=0 (p + n)–1–α = 0. 12. Prove that lim α→0+ α ∞P 1 n–1–α = 1. [It follows from § 174 that 0 < 1–1–α + 2–1–α + · · · + (n – 1)–1–α – Z n 1 x–1–α dx ■ 1, and it is easy to deduce that P n–1–α lies between 1/α and (1/α) + 1.] 13. Find the sum of the series ∞P 1 un, where un = xn – x–n–1 (xn + x–n)(xn+1 + x–n–1) = 1 x – 1 1 xn + x–n – 1 xn+1 + x–n–1

, for all real values of x for which the series is convergent. (Math. Trip. 1901.) [If |x| is not equal to unity then the series has the sum x/{(x – 1)(x2 + 1)}. If x = 1 then un = 0 and the sum is 0. If x = –1 then un = 1 2 (–1)n+1 and the series oscillates finitely.] 14. Find

the sums of the series z 1 + z + 2z2 1 + z2 + 4z4 1 + z4 + . . . , z 1 – z2 + z2 1 – z4 + z4 1 – z8 + . . . (in which all the indices are powers of 2), whenever they are convergent. [The first series converges only if |z| < 1, its sum then being z/(1 – z); the second series converges to z/(1 – z) if |z| < 1 and to 1/(1 – z) if |z| > 1.] 15. If |an| ■ 1 for all values of n then the equation 0 = 1 + a1z + a2z2 + . . . cannot have a root whose modulus is less than 1 2 , and the only case in which it can have a root whose modulus is equal to 1 2 is that in which an = – Cis(nθ), when z = 1 2 Cis(–θ) is a root. [VIII : 195] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 438 16. Recurring Series. A power series P anzn is said to be a recurring series if its coefficients satisfy a relation of the type an + p1an–1 + p2an–2 + · · · + pkan–k = 0, (1) where n ■ k and p1, p2, . . . , pk are independent of n. Any recurring series is the expansion of a rational function of z. To prove this we observe in the first place that the series is certainly convergent for values of z whose modulus is sufficiently small. For let G be the greater of the two numbers 1, |p1| + |p2| + · · · + |pk|. Then it follows from the equation (1) that |an| ■ Gαn, where αn is the modulus of the numerically greatest of the preceding coefficients; and from this that |an| < KGn, where K is independent of n. Thus the recurring series is certainly convergent for values of z whose modulus is less than 1/G. But if we multiply the series f (z) = P anzn by p1z, p2z2, . . . , pkzk, and add the results, we obtain a new series in which all the coefficients after the (k – 1)th vanish in virtue of the relation (1), so that (1 + p1z + p2z2 + · · · + pkzk)f (z) = P0 + P1z + · · · + Pk–1zk–1, where P0, P1, . . . , Pk–1 are constants. The polynomial 1+p1z +p2z2 +· · ·+pkzk is called the scale of relation of the series. Conversely, it follows from the known results as to the expression of any rational function as the sum of a polynomial and certain partial fractions of the type A/(z – a)p, and from the Binomial Theorem for a negative integral exponent, that any rational function whose denominator is not divisible by z can be expanded in a power series convergent for values of z whose modulus is sufficiently small, in fact if |z| < ρ, where ρ is the least of the moduli of the roots of the denominator (cf. Ch. IV, Misc. Exs. 18 et seq.). And it is easy to see, by reversing the argument above, that the series is a recurring series. Thus the necessary and sufficient condition that a power series should be a recurring series is that it should be the expansion of such a rational function of z. 17. Solution of Difference-Equations. A relation of the type of (1) in Ex. 16 is called a linear difference-equation in an with constant coefficients. Such equations may be solved by a method which will be sufficiently explained by an example. Suppose that the equation is an – an–1 – 8an–2 + 12an–3 = 0. [VIII : 195] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 439 Consider the recurring power series P anzn. We find, as in Ex. 16, that its sum is a0 + (a1 – a0)z + (a2 – a1 – 8a0)z2 1 – z – 8z2 + 12z3 = A1 1 – 2z + A2 (1 – 2z)2 + B 1 + 3z , where A1, A2, and B are numbers easily expressible in terms of a0, a1, and a2. Expanding each fraction separately we see that the coefficient of zn is an = 2n{A1 + (n + 1)A2} + (–3)nB. The values of A1, A2, B depend upon the first three coefficients a0, a1, a2, which may of course be chosen arbitrarily. 18. The solution of the difference-equation un – 2 cos θun–1 + un–2 = 0 is un = A cos nθ + B sin nθ, where A and B are arbitrary constants. 19. If un is a polynomial in n of degree k, then P unzn is a recurring series whose scale of relation is (1 – z)k+1. (Math. Trip. 1904.) 20. Expand 9/{(z – 1)(z + 2)2} in ascending powers of z. (Math. Trip. 1913.) 21. Prove that if f (n) is the coefficient of zn in the expansion of z/(1+z +z2) in powers of z, then (1) f (n) + f (n – 1) + f (n – 2) = 0, (2) f (n) = (ωn 3 – ω2n 3)/(ω3 – ω2 3), where ω3 is a complex cube root of unity. Deduce that f (n) is equal to 0 or 1 or –1 according as n is of the form 3k or 3k + 1 or 3k + 2, and verify this by means of the identity z/(1 + z + z2) = z(1 – z)/(1 – z3). 22. A player tossing a coin is to score one point for every head he turns up and two for every tail, and is to play on until his score reaches or passes a total n. Show that his chance of making exactly the total n is 1 3 {2 + (– 1 2)n}. (Math. Trip. 1898.) [If pn is the probability then pn = 1 2 (pn–1 + pn–2). Also p0 = 1, p1 = 1 2 .] 23. Prove that 1 a + 1 + 1 a + 2 + · · · + 1 a + n = n 1 1 a + 1 – n 2 1! (a + 1)(a + 2) + . . . if n is a positive integer and a is not one of the numbers –1, –2, . . . , –n. [VIII : 195] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 440 [This follows from splitting up each term on the right-hand side into partial fractions. When a > –1, the result may be deduced very simply from the equation Z 1 0 xa 1 – xn 1 – x dx = Z 1 0 (1 – x)a{1 – (1 – x)n} dx x by expanding (1 – xn)/(1 – x) and 1 – (1 – x)n in powers of x and integrating each term separately. The result, being merely an algebraical identity, must be true for all values of a save –1, –2, . . . , –n.] 24. Prove by multiplication of series that ∞X 0 zn n! ∞X 1 (–1)n–1zn n · n! = ∞X 1

1 + 1 2 + 1 3 + · · · + 1 n zn n! . [The coefficient of zn will be found to be 1 n! n 1

– 1 2 n 2

+ 1 3 n 3

– . . .

. Now use Ex. 23, taking a = 0.] 25. If An → A and Bn → B as n → ∞, then (A1Bn + A2Bn–1 + · · · + AnB1)/n → AB. [Let An = A + ■n. Then the expression given is equal to A B1 + B2 + · · · + Bn n + ■1Bn + ■2Bn–1 + · · · + ■nB1 n . The first term tends to AB (Ch. IV, Misc. Ex. 27). The modulus of the second is less than β{|■1| + |■2| + · · · + |■n|}/n, where β is any number greater than the greatest value of |Bν |: and this expression tends to zero.] 26. Prove that if cn = a1bn + a2bn–1 + · · · + anb1 and An = a1 + a2 + · · ·

+ an, Bn = b1 + b2 + · · · + bn, Cn = c1 + c2 + · · · + cn, then Cn = a1Bn + a2Bn–1 + · · · + anB1 = b1An + b2An–1 + · · · + bnA1 [VIII : 195] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 441 and C1 + C2 + · · · + Cn = A1Bn + A2Bn–1 + · · · + AnB1. Hence prove that if the series P an, P bn are convergent and have the sums A, B, so that An → A, Bn → B, then (C1 + C2 + · · · + Cn)/n → AB. Deduce that if P cn is convergent then its sum is AB. This result is known as Abel's Theorem on the multiplication of Series. We have already seen that we can multiply the series P an, P bn in this way if both series are absolutely convergent: Abel's Theorem shows that we can do so even if one or both are not absolutely convergent, provided only that the product series is convergent. 27. Prove that 1 2 1 – 1 2 + 1 3 – . . . 2 = 1 2 – 1 3 1 + 1 2 + 1 4 1 + 1 2 + 1 3 – . . . , 1 2 1 – 1 3 + 1 5 – . . . 2 = 1 2 – 1 4 1 + 1 3 + 1 6 1 + 1 3 + 1 5 – . . . . [Use Ex. 9 to establish the convergence of the series.] 28. For what values of m and n is the integral Z π 0 sinm x(1 – cos x)n dx convergent? [If m + 1 and m + 2n + 1 are positive.] 29. Prove that if a > 1 then Z 1 –1 dx (a – x)√1 – x2 = π √a2 – 1 . 30. Establish the formulae Z ∞ 0 F {px2 + 1 + x} dx = 1 2 Z ∞ 1

1 + 1 y2

F (y) dy, Z ∞ 0 F {px2 + 1 – x} dx = 1 2 Z 1 0

1 + 1 y2

F (y) dy. In particular, prove that if n > 1 then Z ∞ 0 dx {√x2 + 1 + x}n = Z ∞ 0 {px2 + 1 – x}n dx = n n2 – 1 . [VIII : 195] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 442 [In this and the succeeding examples it is of course supposed that the arbitrary functions which occur are such that the integrals considered have a meaning in accordance with the definitions of §§ 177 et seq.] 31. Show that if 2y = ax–(b/x), where a and b are positive, then y increases steadily from –∞ to ∞ as x increases from 0 to ∞. Hence show that Z ∞ 0 f

1 2

ax + b x

dx = 1 a Z ∞ –∞ f {py2 + ab} (1 + y py2 + ab) dy = 2 a Z ∞ 0 f {py2 + ab} dy. 32. Show that if 2y = ax+(b/x), where a and b are positive, then two values of x correspond to any value of y greater than √ab. Denoting the greater of these by x1 and the less by x2, show that, as y increases from √ab towards ∞, x1 increases from pb/a towards ∞, and x2 decreases from pb/a to 0. Hence show that Z ∞ √b/a f (y) dx1 = 1 a Z ∞ √ab f (y) (y py2 – ab + 1) dy, Z √b/a 0 f (y) dx2 = 1 a Z ∞ √ab f (y) (y py2 – ab – 1) dy, and that Z ∞ 0 f

1 2

ax + b x

dx = 2 a Z ∞ √ab yf (y) py2 – ab dy = 2 a Z ∞ 0 f {pz2 + ab} dz. 33. Prove the formula Z π 0 f (sec 1 2 x + tan 1 2 x) dx √sin x = Z π 0 f (cosec x) dx √sin x . 34. If a and b are positive, then Z ∞ 0 dx (x2 + a2)(x2 + b2) = π 2ab(a + b) , Z ∞ 0 x2 dx (x2 + a2)(x2 + b2) = π 2(a + b) . [VIII : 195] THE CONVERGENCE OF INFINITE SERIES, ETC. 443 Deduce that if α, β, and γ are positive, and β2 ■ αγ, then Z ∞ 0 dx αx4 + 2βx2 + γ = π 2√2γA , Z ∞ 0 x2 dx αx4 + 2βx2 + γ = π 2√2αA , where A = β + √αγ. Also deduce the last result from Ex. 31, by putting f (y) = 1/(c2 + y2). The last two results remain true when β2 < αγ, but their proof is then not quite so simple. 35. Prove that if b is positive then Z ∞ 0 x2 dx (x2 – a2)2 + b2x2 = π 2b , Z ∞ 0 x4 dx {(x2 – a2)2 + b2x2}2 = π 4b3 . 36. Extend Schwarz's inequality (Ch. VII, Misc. Ex. 42) to infinite integrals of the first and second kinds. 37. Prove that if φ(x) is the function considered at the end of § 178 then Z ∞ 0 φ(x) dx = ∞X 0 1 (n + 1)2 . 38. Prove that Z ∞ 1 dx Z ∞ 1 x – y (x + y)3 dy

= –1, Z ∞ 1 dy Z ∞ 1 x – y (x + y)3 dx

= 1; Z ∞ 1 dx Z ∞ 1 x2 – y2 (x2 + y2)2 dy

= – 1 4 π, Z ∞ 1 dy Z ∞ 1 x2 – y2 (x2 + y2)2 dx

= 1 4 π. Establish similar results in which the limits of integration are 0 and 1. (Math. Trip. 1913.) CHAPTER IX THE LOGARITHMIC AND EXPONENTIAL FUNCTIONS OF A REAL VARIABLE 196. The number of essentially different types of functions with which we have been concerned in the foregoing chapters is not very large. Among those which have occurred the most important for ordinary purposes are polynomials, rational functions, algebraical functions, explicit or implicit, and trigonometrical functions, direct or inverse. We are however far from having exhausted the list of functions which are important in mathematics. The gradual expansion of the range of mathematical knowledge has been accompanied by the introduction into analysis of one new class of

function after another. These new functions have generally been introduced because it appeared that some problem which was occupying the attention of mathematicians was incapable of solution by means of the functions already known. The process may fairly be compared with that by which the irrational and complex numbers were first introduced, when it was found that certain algebraical equations could not be solved by means of the numbers already recognised. One of the most fruitful sources of new functions has been the problem of integration. Attempts have been made to integrate some function f (x) in terms of functions already known. These attempts have failed; and after a certain number of failures it has begun to appear probable that the problem is insoluble. Sometimes it has been proved that this is so; but as a rule such a strict proof has not been forthcoming until later on. Generally it has happened that mathematicians have taken the impossibility for granted as soon as they have become reasonably convinced of it, and have introduced a new function F (x) defined by its possessing the required property, viz. that F ′(x) = f (x). Starting from this definition, they have investigated the properties of F (x); and it has then appeared that F (x) has properties which no finite combination of the functions previously known could possibly have; and thus the correctness of the assumption that the original problem could not possibly be solved has been established. One such case occurred in the preceding pages, when in Ch. VI we defined the function log x by 444 [IX : 197] THE LOGARITHMIC AND EXPONENTIAL FUNCTIONS 445 means of the equation log x = Z dx x . Let us consider what grounds we have for supposing log x to be a really new function. We have seen already (Ex. xlii. 4) that it cannot be a rational function, since the derivative of a rational function is a rational function whose denominator contains only repeated factors. The question whether it can be an algebraical or trigonometrical function is more difficult. But it is very easy to become convinced by a few experiments that differentiation will never get rid of algebraical irrationalities. For example, the result of differentiating √1 + x any number of times is always the product of √1 + x by a rational function, and so generally. The reader should test the correctness of the statement by experimenting with a number of examples. Similarly, if we differentiate a func- tion which involves sin x or cos x, one or other of these functions persists in the result. We have, therefore, not indeed a strict proof that log x is a new function— that we do not profess to give*—but a reasonable presumption that it is. We shall therefore treat it as such, and we shall find on examination that its prop- erties are quite unlike those of any function which we have as yet encountered. 197. Definition of log x. We define log x, the logarithm of x, by the equation log x = Z x 1 dt t . We must suppose that x is positive, since (Ex. lxxvi. 2) the integral has no meaning if the range of integration includes the point x = 0. We might have chosen a lower limit other than 1; but 1 proves to be the most convenient. With this definition log 1 = 0. We shall now consider how log x behaves as x varies from 0 towards ∞. It follows at once from the definition that log x is a continuous function of x which increases steadily with x and has a derivative Dx log x = 1/x; *For such a proof see the author's tract quoted on p. 286. [IX : 197] THE LOGARITHMIC AND EXPONENTIAL FUNCTIONS 446 and it follows from § 175 that log x tends to ∞ as x → ∞. If x is positive but less than 1, then log x is negative. For log x = Z x 1 dt t = – Z 1 x dt t < 0. Moreover, if we make the substitution t = 1/u in the integral, we obtain log x = Z x 1 dt t = – Z 1/x 1 du u = – log(1/x). Thus log x tends steadily to –∞ as x decreases from 1 to 0. The general form of the graph of the logarithmic function is shown in Fig. 52. Since the derivative of log x is 1/x, the slope of the curve is very0 X Y 1 Fig. 52. gentle when x is very large, and very steep when x is very small. Examples LXXXII. 1. Prove from the definition that if u > 0 then u/(1 + u) < log(1 + u) < u. [For log(1 + u) = Z u 0 dt 1 + t , and the subject of integration lies between 1 and 1/(1 + u).] [IX : 198] THE LOGARITHMIC AND EXPONENTIAL FUNCTIONS 447 2. Prove that log(1 + u) lies between u – u2 2 and u – u2 2(1 + u) when u is positive. [Use the fact that log(1 + u) = u – Z u 0 t dt 1 + t .] 3. If 0 < u < 1 then u < – log(1 – u) < u/(1 – u). 4. Prove that lim x→1 log x x – 1 = lim t→0 log(1 + t) t = 1. [Use Ex. 1.] 198. The functional equation satisfied by log x. The function log x satisfies the functional equation f (xy) = f (x) + f (y). (1) For, making the substitution t = yu, we see that log xy = Z xy 1 dt t = Z x 1/y du u = Z x 1 du u – Z 1/y 1 du u = log x – log(1/y) = log x + log y, which proves the theorem. Examples LXXXIII. 1. It can be shown that there is no solution of the equation (1) which possesses a differential coefficient and is fundamentally distinct from log x. For when we differentiate the functional equation, first with respect to x and then with respect to y, we obtain the two equations yf ′(xy) = f ′(x), xf ′(xy) = f ′(y); and so, eliminating f ′(xy), xf ′(x) = yf ′(y). But if this is true for every pair of values of x and y, then we must have xf ′(x) = C, or f ′(x) = C/x, where C is a constant. Hence f (x) = Z C x dx + C′ = C log x + C′, and it is easy to see that C′ = 0. Thus there is no solution fundamentally distinct from log x, except the trivial solution f (x) = 0, obtained by taking C = 0. [IX : 199] THE LOGARITHMIC AND EXPONENTIAL FUNCTIONS 448 2. Show in the same way that there is no solution of the equation f (x) + f (y) = f x + y 1 – xy

which possesses a differential coefficient and is fundamentally distinct from arc tan x. 199. The manner in which log x tends to infinity with x. It will be remembered that in Ex. xxxvi. 6 we defined certain different ways in which a function of x may tend to infinity with x, distinguishing between functions which, when x is large, are of the first, second, third, . . . orders of greatness. A function f (x) was said to be of the kth order of greatness when f (x)/xk tends to a limit different from zero as x tends to infinity. It is easy to define a whole series of functions which tend to infinity with x, but whose order of greatness is smaller than the first. Thus √x, 3 √x, 4 √x, . . . are such functions. We may say generally that xα, where α is any positive rational number, is of the αth order of greatness

when x is large. We may suppose α as small as we please, e.g. less than .000 000 1. And it might be thought that by giving α all possible values we should exhaust the possible ‘orders of infinity’ of f (x). At any rate it might be supposed that if f (x) tends to infinity with x, however slowly, we could always find a value of α so small that xα would tend to infinity more slowly still; and, conversely, that if f (x) tends to infinity with x, however rapidly, we could always find a value of α so great that xα would tend to infinity more rapidly still. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the function log x is its be- haviour as x tends to infinity. It shows that the presupposition stated above, which seems so natural, is unfounded. The logarithm of x tends to infinity with x, but more slowly than any positive power of x, integral or fractional. In other words log x → ∞ but log x xα → 0 for all positive values of α. This fact is sometimes expressed loosely by say- ing that the ‘order of infinity of log x is infinitely small’; but the reader will [IX : 202] THE LOGARITHMIC AND EXPONENTIAL FUNCTIONS 449 hardly require at this stage to be warned against such modes of expression. 200. Proof that (log x)/xα → 0 as x → ∞. Let β be any positive number. Then 1/t < 1/t1–β when t > 1, and so log x = Z x 1 dt t < Z x 1 dt t1–β , or log x < (xβ – 1)/β < xβ /β, when x > 1. Now if α is any positive number we can choose a smaller positive value of β. And then 0 < (log x)/xα < xβ–α/β (x > 1). But, since α > β, xβ–α/β → 0 as x → ∞, and therefore (log x)/xα → 0. 201. The behaviour of log x as x → +0. Since (log x)/xα = –yα log y if x = 1/y, it follows from the theorem proved above that lim y→+0 yα log y = – lim x→+∞(log x)/xα = 0. Thus log x tends to –∞ and log(1/x) = – log x to ∞ as x tends to zero by positive values, but log(1/x) tends to ∞ more slowly than any positive power of 1/x, integral or fractional. [IX : 202] THE LOGARITHMIC AND EXPONENTIAL FUNCTIONS 450 202. Scales of infinity. The logarithmic scale. Let us consider once more the series of functions x, √x, 3 √x, . . . , n √x, . . . , which possesses the property that, if f (x) and φ(x) are any two of the functions contained in it, then f (x) and φ(x) both tend to ∞ as x → ∞, while f (x)/φ(x) tends to 0 or to ∞ according as f (x) occurs to the right or the left of φ(x) in the series. We can now continue this series by the insertion of new terms to the right of all those already written down. We can begin with log x, which tends to infinity more slowly than any of the old terms. Then √log x tends to ∞ more slowly than log x, 3 √log x than √log x, and so on. Thus we obtain a series x, √x, 3 √x, . . . , n √x, . . . log x, plog x, 3 plog x, . . . n plog x, . . . formed of two simply infinite series arranged one after the other. But this is not all. Consider the function log log x, the logarithm of log x. Since (log x)/xα → 0, for all positive values of α, it follows on putting x = log y that (log log y)/(log y)α = (log x)/xα → 0. Thus log log y tends to ∞ with y, but more slowly than any power of log y. Hence we may continue our series in the form x, √x, 3 √x, . . . log x, plog x, 3 plog x, . . . log log x, plog log x, . . . n plog log x, . . . ; and it will by now be obvious that by introducing the functions log log log x, log log log log x, . . . we can prolong the series to any extent we like. By putting x = 1/y we obtain a similar scale of infinity for functions of y which tend to ∞ as y tends to 0 by positive values.* Examples LXXXIV. 1. Between any two terms f (x), F (x) of the series we can insert a new term φ(x) such that φ(x) tends to ∞ more slowly than f (x) and more rapidly than F (x). [Thus between √x and 3 √x we could *For fuller information as to ‘scales of infinity’ see the author’s tract ‘Orders of Infinity’, Camb. Math. Tracts, No. 12. [IX : 202] THE LOGARITHMIC AND EXPONENTIAL FUNCTIONS 451 insert x5/12: between √log x and 3 √log x we could insert (log x)5/12. And, gen- erally, φ(x) = pf (x)F (x) satisfies the conditions stated.] 2. Find a function which tends to ∞ more slowly than √x, but more rapidly than xα, where α is any rational number less than 1/2. [√x/(log x) is such a function; or √x/(log x)β , where β is any positive rational number.] 3. Find a function which tends to ∞ more slowly than √x, but more rapidly than √x/(log x)α, where α is any rational number. [The function √x/(log log x) is such a function. It will be gathered from these examples that incompleteness is an inherent characteristic of the logarithmic scale of infinity.] 4. How does the function f (x) = {xα(log x)α′ (log log x)α′′ }/{xβ (log x)β′ (log log x)β′′ } behave as x tends to ∞? [If α■ = β then the behaviour of f (x) = xα–β (log x)α′–β′ (log log x)α′′–β′′ is dominated by that of xα–β . If α = β then the power of x disappears and the behaviour of f (x) is dominated by that of (log x)α′–β′ , unless α′ = β′, when it is dominated by that of (log log x)α′′–β′′ . Thus f (x) → ∞ if α > β, or α = β, α′ > β′, or α = β, α′ = β′, α′′ > β′′, and f (x) → 0 if α < β, or α = β, α′ < β′, or α = β, α′ = β′, α′′ < β′′.] 5. Arrange the functions x/√log x, x√log x/ log log x, x log log x/√log x, (x log log log x)/√log log x according to the rapidity with which they tend to infinity as x → ∞. 6. Arrange log log x/(x log x), (log x)/x, x log log x/px2 + 1, {√x + 1}/x(log x)2 according to the rapidity with which they tend to zero as x → ∞. 7. Arrange x log log(1/x), √x/{log(1/x)}, px sin x log(1/x), (1 – cos x) log(1/x) according to the rapidity with which they tend to zero as x → +0. 8. Show that Dx log log x = 1/(x log x), Dx log log log x = 1/(x log x log log x), [IX : 203] THE LOGARITHMIC AND EXPONENTIAL FUNCTIONS 452 and so on. 9. Show that Dx(log x)α = α/{x(log x)1–α}, Dx(log log x)α = α/{x log x(log log x)1–α}, and so on. 203. The number e. We shall now introduce a number, usually denoted by e, which is of immense importance in higher mathematics. It is, like π, one of the fundamental constants of analysis. We define e as the number whose logarithm is 1. In other words e is defined by the equation 1 = Z e 1 dt t . Since log x is an increasing function of x, in the stricter sense of § 95, it can only pass once through the value 1. Hence our definition does in fact define one definite number. Now log xy = log x + log y and so log x2 = 2 log x, log x3 = 3 log x, . . . , log xn = n log x, where n is any positive integer. Hence log en = n log e = n. Again, if p and q are any positive integers, and ep/q denotes the positive qth root of ep, we have p = log ep = log(ep/q)q = q log ep/q, so that log ep/q = p/q. Thus, if y has any positive rational value, and ey denotes the positive yth power of e, we have log ey = y, (1) and log e–y = – log ey = –y. Hence the equation (1) is true for all

rational values of y, positive or negative. In other words the equations y = log x, x = ey (2) [IX : 204] THE LOGARITHMIC AND EXPONENTIAL FUNCTIONS 453 are consequences of one another so long as y is rational and ey has its positive value. At present we have not given any definition of a power such as ey in which the index is irrational, and the function ey is defined for rational values of y only. Example. Prove that 2 < e < 3. [In the first place it is evident that Z 2 1 dt t < 1, and so 2 < e. Also Z 3 1 dt t = Z 2 1 dt t + Z 3 2 dt t = Z 1 0 du 2 – u + Z 1 0 du 2 + u = 4 Z 1 0 du 4 – u2 > 1, so that e < 3.] 204. The exponential function. We now define the exponential function ey for all real values of y as the inverse of the logarithmic function. In other words we write x = ey if y = log x. We saw that, as x varies from 0 towards ∞, y increases steadily, in the stricter sense, from –∞ towards ∞. Thus to one value of x corresponds one value of y, and conversely. Also y is a continuous function of x, and it follows from § 109 that x is likewise a continuous function of y. It is easy to give a direct proof of the continuity of the exponential function. For if x = ey and x + ξ = ey+η then η = Z x+ξ x dt t . Thus |η| is greater than ξ/(x + ξ) if ξ > 0, and than |ξ|/x if ξ < 0; and if η is very small ξ must also be very small. Thus ey is a positive and continuous function of y which increases steadily from 0 towards ∞ as y increases from –∞ towards ∞. More- over ey is the positive yth power of the number e, in accordance with [IX : 205] THE LOGARITHMIC AND EXPONENTIAL FUNCTIONS 454 the elementary definitions, whenever y is a rational number. In particular ey = 1 when y = 0. The general form of the graph of ey is as shown in Fig. 53.0 X Y 1 Fig. 53. 205. The principal properties of the exponential function. (1) If x = ey, so that y = log x, then dy/dx = 1/x and dx dy = x = ey. Thus the derivative of the exponential function is equal to the function itself. More generally, if x = eay then dx/dy = aeay. (2) The exponential function satisfies the functional equation f (y + z) = f (y)f (z). This follows, when y and z are rational, from the ordinary rules of indices. If y or z, or both, are irrational then we can choose two sequences y1, y2, . . . , yn, . . . and z1, z2, . . . , zn, . . . of rational numbers such that lim yn = y, lim zn = z. Then, since the exponential function is continuous, we have ey × ez = lim eyn × lim ezn = lim eyn+zn = ey+z . In particular ey × e–y = e0 = 1, or e–y = 1/ey. [IX : 206] THE LOGARITHMIC AND EXPONENTIAL FUNCTIONS 455 We may also deduce the functional equation satisfied by ey from that satisfied by log x. For if y1 = log x1, y2 = log x2, so that x1 = ey1 , x2 = ey2 , then y1 + y2 = log x1 + log x2 = log x1x2 and ey1+y2 = elog x1x2 = x1x2 = ey1 × ey2 . Examples LXXXV. 1. If dx/dy = ax then x = Keay, where K is a constant. 2. There is no solution of the equation f (y + z) = f (y)f (z) fundamentally distinct from the exponential function. [We assume that f (y) has a differential coefficient. Differentiating the equation with respect to y and z in turn, we obtain f ′(y + z) = f ′(y)f (z), f ′(y + z) = f (y)f ′(z) and so f ′(y)/f (y) = f ′(z)/f (z), and therefore each is constant. Thus if x = f (y) then dx/dy = ax, where a is a constant, so that x = Keay (Ex. 1).] 3. Prove that (eay – 1)/y → a as y → 0. [Applying the Mean Value Theorem, we obtain eay – 1 = ayeaη, where 0 < |η| < |y|.] 206. (3) The function ey tends to infinity with y more rapidly than any power of y, or lim yα/ey = lim e–yyα = 0 as y → ∞, for all values of α however great. We saw that (log x)/xβ → 0 as x → ∞, for any positive value of β however small. Writing α for 1/β, we see that (log x)α/x → 0 for any value of α however large. The result follows on putting x = ey. It is clear also that eγy tends to ∞ if γ > 0, and to 0 if γ < 0, and in each case more rapidly than any power of y. From this result it follows that we can construct a ‘scale of infinity’ similar to that constructed in § 202, but extending in the opposite direction; i.e. a scale [IX : 207] THE LOGARITHMIC AND EXPONENTIAL FUNCTIONS 456 of functions which tend to ∞ more and more rapidly as x → ∞.* The scale is x, x2, x3, . . . ex, e2x, . . . ex2 , . . . , ex3 , . . . , eex , . . . , where of course ex2 , . . . , eex , . . . denote e(x2), . . . , e(ex), ... The reader should try to apply the remarks about the logarithmic scale, made in § 202 and Exs. lxxxiv, to this ‘exponential scale’ also. The two scales may of course (if the order of one is reversed) be combined into one scale . . . log log x, . . . log x, . . . x, . . . ex, . . . eex , ... 207. The general power ax. The function ax has been defined only for rational values of x, except in the particular case when a = e. We shall now consider the case in which a is any positive number. Suppose that x is a positive rational number p/q. Then the positive value y of the power ap/q is given by yq = ap; from which it follows that q log y = p log a, log y = (p/q) log a = x log a, and so y = ex log a. We take this as our definition of ax when x is irrational. Thus 10√2 = e√2 log 10. It is to be observed that ax, when x is irrational, is defined only for positive values of a, and is itself essentially positive; and that log ax = x log a. The most important properties of the function ax are as follows. *The exponential function was introduced by inverting the equation y = log x into x = ey ; and we have accordingly, up to the present, used y as the independent and x as the dependent variable in discussing its properties. We shall now revert to the more natural plan of taking x as the independent variable, except when it is necessary to consider a pair of equations of the type y = log x, x = ey simultaneously, or when there is some other special reason to the contrary. [IX : 208] THE LOGARITHMIC AND EXPONENTIAL FUNCTIONS 457 (1) Whatever value a may have, ax × ay = ax+y and (ax)y = axy. In other words the laws of indices hold for irrational no less than for rational indices. For, in the first place, ax × ay = ex log a × ey log a = e(x+y) log a = ax+y; and in the second (ax)y = ey log ax = exy log a = axy. (2) If a > 1 then ax = ex log a = eαx, where α is positive. The graph of ax is in this case similar to that of ex, and ax → ∞ as x → ∞, more rapidly than any power of x. If a < 1 then ax = ex log a = e–βx, where β is positive. The graph of ax is then similar in shape to that of ex, but reversed as regards right and left, and ax → 0 as x → ∞, more rapidly than any power of 1/x. (3) ax is a continuous function of x, and Dxax = Dxex log a = ex log a log a = ax log a. (4) ax is also a continuous function of a, and Daax = Daex log a = ex log a(x/a) = xax–1. (5) (ax – 1)/x → log a as x → 0. This of

course is a mere corollary from the fact that Dxax = ax log a, but the particular form of the result is often useful; it is of course equivalent to the result (Ex. lxxxv. 3) that (eαx – 1)/x → α as x → 0. In the course of the preceding chapters a great many results involving the function ax have been stated with the limitation that x is rational. The definition and theorems given in this section enable us to remove this restriction. 208. The representation of ex as a limit. In Ch. IV, § 73, we proved that {1 + (1/n)}n tends, as n → ∞, to a limit which we denoted provisionally by e. We shall now identify this limit with the number e of [IX : 208] THE LOGARITHMIC AND EXPONENTIAL FUNCTIONS 458 the preceding sections. We can however establish a more general result, viz. that expressed by the equations lim n→∞

1 + x n n = lim n→∞

1 – x n –n = ex. (1) As the result is of very great importance, we shall indicate alternative lines of proof. (1) Since d dt log(1 + xt) = x 1 + xt, it follows that lim h→0 log(1 + xh) h = x. If we put h = 1/ξ, we see that lim ξ log

1 + x ξ

= x as ξ → ∞ or ξ → –∞. Since the exponential function is continuous it follows that 1 + x ξ ξ = eξ log{1+(x/ξ)} → ex as ξ → ∞ or ξ → –∞: i.e. that lim ξ→∞

1 + x ξ ξ = lim ξ→–∞

1 + x ξ ξ = ex. (2) If we suppose that ξ → ∞ or ξ → –∞ through integral values only, we obtain the result expressed by the equations (1). (2) If n is any positive integer, however large, and x > 1, we have Z x 1 dt t1+(1/n) < Z x 1 dt t < Z x 1 dt t1–(1/n) , or n(1 – x–1/n) < log x < n(x1/n – 1). (3) [IX : 209] THE LOGARITHMIC AND EXPONENTIAL FUNCTIONS 459 Writing y for log x, so that y is positive and x = ey, we obtain, after some simple transformations, 1 + y n n < x <

1 – y n –n . (4) Now let 1 + y n = η1, 1 – y n = 1 η2 . Then 0 < η1 < η2, at any rate for sufficiently large values of n; and, by (9) of § 74, ηn 2 – ηn 1 < nηn–1 2 (η2 – η1) = y2ηn 2 /n, which evidently tends to 0 as n → ∞. The result now follows from the inequal- ities (4). The more general result (2) may be proved in the same way, if we replace 1/n by a continuous variable h. 209. The representation of log x as a limit. We can also prove (cf. § 75) that lim n(1 – x–1/n) = lim n(x1/n – 1) = log x. For n(x1/n – 1) – n(1 – x–1/n) = n(x1/n – 1)(1 – x–1/n), which tends to zero as n → ∞, since n(x1/n – 1) tends to a limit (§ 75) and x–1/n to 1 (Ex. xxvii. 10). The result now follows from the inequalities (3) of § 208. Examples LXXXVI. 1. Prove, by taking y = 1 and n = 6 in the inequalities (4) of § 208, that 2.5 < e < 2.9. 2. Prove that if t > 1 then (t1/n – t–1/n)/(t – t–1) < 1/n, and so that if x > 1 then Z x 1 dt t1–(1/n) – Z x 1 dt t1+(1/n) < 1 n Z x 1

t – 1 t dt t = 1 n

x + 1 x – 2

. Hence deduce the results of § 209. 3. If ξn is a function of n such that nξn → l as n → ∞, then (1 + ξn)n → el. [Writing n log(1 + ξn) in the form l nξn l log(1 + ξn) ξn , [IX : 210] THE LOGARITHMIC AND EXPONENTIAL FUNCTIONS 460 and using Ex. lxxxii. 4, we see that n log(1 + ξn) → l.] 4. If nξn → ∞, then (1 + ξn)n → ∞; and if 1 + ξn > 0 and nξn → –∞, then (1 + ξn)n → 0. 5. Deduce from (1) of § 208 the theorem that ey tends to infinity more rapidly than any power of y. 210. Common logarithms. The reader is probably familiar with the idea of a logarithm and its use in numerical calculation. He will re- member that in elementary algebra loga x, the logarithm of x to the base a, is defined by the equations x = ay, y = loga x. This definition is of course applicable only when y is rational, though this point is often passed over in silence. Our logarithms are therefore logarithms to the base e. For numerical work logarithms to the base 10 are used. If y = log x = loge x, z = log10 x, then x = ey and also x = 10z = ez log 10, so that log10 x = (loge x)/(loge 10). Thus it is easy to pass from one system to the other when once loge 10 has been calculated. It is no part of our purpose in this book to go into details concerning the practical uses of logarithms. If the reader is not familiar with them he should consult some text-book on Elementary Algebra or Trigonometry.* *See for example Chrystal's Algebra, vol. i, ch. xxi. The value of loge 10 is 2.302 . . . and that of its reciprocal .434 . . . . [IX : 210] THE LOGARITHMIC AND EXPONENTIAL FUNCTIONS 461 Examples LXXXVII. 1. Show that Dxeax cos bx = reax cos(bx + θ), Dxeax sin bx = reax sin(bx + θ) where r = √a2 + b2, cos θ = a/r, sin θ = b/r. Hence determine the nth deriva- tives of the functions eax cos bx, eax sin bx, and show in particular that Dn x eax = aneax. 2. Trace the curve y = e–ax sin bx, where a and b are positive. Show that y has an infinity of maxima whose values form a geometrical progression and which lie on the curve y = b √a2 + b2 e–ax. (Math. Trip. 1912.) 3. Integrals containing the exponential function. Prove that Z eax cos bx dx = a cos bx + b sin bx a2 + b2 eax, Z eax sin bx dx = a sin bx – b cos bx a2 + b2 eax. [Denoting the two integrals by I, J, and integrating by parts, we obtain aI = eax cos bx + bJ, aJ = eax sin bx – bI. Solve these equations for I

and J.] 4. Prove that the successive areas bounded by the curve of Ex. 2 and the positive half of the axis of x form a geometrical progression, and that their sum is b a2 + b2 1 + e–aπ/b 1 – e–aπ/b . 5. Prove that if a > 0 then Z ∞ 0 e–ax cos bx dx = a a2 + b2 , Z ∞ 0 e–ax sin bx dx = b a2 + b2 . 6. If In = Z eaxxn dx then aIn = eaxxn – nIn–1. [Integrate by parts. It follows that In can be calculated for all positive integral values of n.] [IX : 210] THE LOGARITHMIC AND EXPONENTIAL FUNCTIONS 462 7. Prove that, if n is a positive integer, then Z ξ 0 e–xxn dx = n! e–ξ

eξ – 1 – ξ – ξ2 2! – · · · – ξn n!

and Z ∞ 0 e–xxn dx = n!. 8. Show how to find the integral of any rational function of ex. [Put x = log u, when ex = u, dx/du = 1/u, and the integral is transformed into that of a rational function of u.] 9. Integrate e2x (c2ex + a2e–x)(c2ex + b2e–x) , distinguishing the cases in which a is and is not equal to b. 10. Prove that we can integrate any function of the form P (x, eax, ebx, . . .), where P denotes a polynomial. [This follows from the fact that P can be ex- pressed as the sum of a number of terms of the type Axmekx, where m is a positive integer.] 11. Show how to integrate any function of the form P (x, eax, ebx, . . . , cos lx, cos mx, . . . , sin lx, sin mx, . . .). 12. Prove that Z ∞ a e–λxR(x) dx, where λ > 0 and a is greater than the greatest root of the denominator of R(x), is convergent. [This follows from the fact that eλx tends to infinity more rapidly than any power of x.] 13. Prove that Z ∞ –∞ e–λx2+µx dx, where λ > 0, is convergent for all values of µ, and that the same is true of Z ∞ –∞ e–λx2+µxxn dx, where n is any positive integer. 14. Draw the graphs of ex2 , e–x2 , xex, xe–x, xex2 , xe–x2 , and x log x, de- termining any maxima and minima of the functions and any points of inflexion on their graphs. 15. Show that the equation eax = bx, where a and b are positive, has two real roots, one, or none, according as b > ae, b = ae, or b < ae. [The tangent to [IX : 210] THE LOGARITHMIC AND EXPONENTIAL FUNCTIONS 463 the curve y = eax at the point (ξ, eaξ) is y – eaξ = aeaξ(x – ξ), which passes through the origin if aξ = 1, so that the line y = aex touches the curve at the point (1/a, e). The result now becomes obvious when we draw the line y = bx. The reader should discuss the cases in which a or b or both are negative.] 16. Show that the equation ex = 1 + x has no real root except x = 0, and that ex = 1 + x + 1 2 x2 has three real roots. 17. Draw the graphs of the functions log(x + px2 + 1), log 1 + x 1 – x

, e–ax cos2 bx, e–(1/x)2 , e–(1/x)2 p1/x, e– cot x, e– cot2 x. 18. Determine roughly the positions of the real roots of the equations log(x+px2 + 1) = x 100 , ex– 2 + x 2 – x = 1 10,000 , ex sin x = 7, ex2 sin x = 10,000. 19. The hyperbolic functions. The hyperbolic functions cosh x,* sinh x, . . . are defined by the equations cosh x = 1 2 (ex + e–x), sinh x = 1 2 (ex – e–x), tanh x = (sinh x)/(cosh x), coth x = (cosh x)/(sinh x), sech x = 1/(cosh x), cosech x = 1/(sinh x). Draw the graphs of these functions. 20. Establish the formulae cosh(–x) = cosh x, sinh(–x) = – sinh x, tanh(–x) = – tanh x, cosh2 x – sinh2 x = 1, sech2 x + tanh2 x = 1, coth2 x – cosech2 x = 1, cosh 2x = cosh2 x + sinh2 x, sinh 2x = 2 sinh x cosh x, *‘Hyperbolic cosine’: for an explanation of this phrase see Hobson’s Trigonometry, ch. xvi. [IX : 210] THE LOGARITHMIC AND EXPONENTIAL FUNCTIONS 464 cosh(x + y) = cosh x cosh y + sinh x sinh y, sinh(x + y) = sinh x cosh y + cosh x sinh y. 21. Verify that these formulae may be deduced from the corresponding for- mulae in cos x and sin x, by writing cosh x for cos x and i sinh x for sin x. [It follows that the same is true of all the formulae involving cos nx and sin nx which are deduced from the corresponding elementary properties of cos x and sin x. The reason of this analogy will appear in Ch. X.] 22. Express cosh x and sinh x in terms (a) of cosh 2x (b) of sinh 2x. Discuss any ambiguities of sign that may occur. (Math. Trip. 1908.) 23. Prove that Dx cosh x = sinh x, Dx sinh x = cosh x, Dx tanh x = sech2 x, Dx coth x = – cosech2 x, Dx sech x = – sech x tanh x, Dx cosech x = – cosech x coth x, Dx log cosh x = tanh x, Dx log | sinh x| = coth x, Dx arc tan ex = 1 2 sech x, Dx log | tanh 1 2 x| = cosech x. [All these formulae may of course be transformed into formulae in integra- tion.] 24. Prove that cosh x > 1 and –1 < tanh x < 1. 25. Prove that if y = cosh x then x = log{y ± py2 – 1}, if y = sinh x then x = log{y + py2 + 1}, and if y = tanh x then x = 1 2 log{(1 + y)/(1 – y)}. Account for the ambiguity of sign in the first case. 26. We shall denote the functions inverse to cosh x, sinh x, tanh x by arg cosh x, arg sinh x, arg tanh x. Show that arg cosh x is defined only when x ■ 1, and is in general two-valued, while arg sinh x is defined for all real values of x, and arg tanh x when –1 < x < 1, and both of the two latter functions are one-valued. Sketch the graphs of the functions. 27. Show that if – 1 2 π < x < 1 2 π and y is positive, and cos x cosh y = 1, then y = log(sec x + tan x), Dxy = sec x, Dyx = sech y. 28. Prove that if a > 0 then Z dx √x2 + a2 = arg sinh(x/a), and Z dx √x2 – a2 is equal to arg cosh(x/a) or to – arg cosh(–x/a), according as x > 0 or x < 0. [IX : 210] THE LOGARITHMIC AND EXPONENTIAL FUNCTIONS 465 29. Prove that if a > 0 then Z dx x2 – a2 is equal to –(1/a) arg tanh(x/a) or to –(1/a) arg coth(x/a), according as |x| is less than or greater than a. [The results of Exs. 28 and 29 furnish us with an alternative method of writing a good many of the formulae of Ch. VI.] 30. Prove that Z dx p(x – a)(x – b) = 2 log{√x – a + √x – b} (a < b < x), Z dx p(a – x)(b – x) = –2 log{√a – x + √b – x} (x < a < b), Z dx p(x – a)(b – x) = 2 arc tan r x – a b – x (a < x < b). 31. Prove that Z 1 0 x log(1 + 1 2 x) dx = 3 4 – 3 2 log 3 2 < 1 2 Z 1 0 x2 dx = 1 6 . (Math. Trip. 1913.) 32. Solve the equation a cosh x + b sinh x = c, where c > 0, showing that it has no real roots if b2 + c2 – a2 < 0, while if b2 + c2 – a2 > 0 it has two, one, or no real roots according as a + b and a – b are both positive, of opposite signs, or both negative. Discuss the case in which b2 + c2 – a2 = 0. 33. Solve the simultaneous equations cosh x cosh y = a, sinh x sinh y = b. 34. x1/x → 1 as x → ∞. [For x1/x = e(log x)/x, and (log x)/x → 0. Cf. Ex. xxvii. 11.] Show also that the function x1/x has a

maximum when x = e, and draw the graph of the function for positive values of x. 35. xx → 1 as x → +0. 36. If {f (n + 1)}/{f (n)} → l, where l > 0, as n → ∞, then n pf (n) → l. [For log f (n + 1) – log f (n) → log l, and so (1/n) log f (n) → log l (Ch. IV, Misc. Ex. 27).] 37. n √n!/n → 1/e as n → ∞. [If f (n) = n–nn! then {f (n + 1)}/{f (n)} = {1 + (1/n)}–n → 1/e. Now use Ex. 36.] 38. n p(2n)!/(n!)2 → 4 as n → ∞. [IX : 211] THE LOGARITHMIC AND EXPONENTIAL FUNCTIONS 466 39. Discuss the approximate solution of the equation ex = x1,000,000. [It is easy to see by general graphical considerations that the equation has two positive roots, one a little greater than 1 and one very large,* and one negative root a little greater than –1. To determine roughly the size of the large positive root we may proceed as follows. If ex = x1,000,000 then x = 106 log x, log x = 13.82 + log log x, log log x = 2.63 + log

1 + log log x 13.82

, roughly, since 13.82 and 2.63 are approximate values of log 106 and log log 106 respectively. It is easy to see from these equations that the ratios log x : 13.82 and log log x : 2.63 do not differ greatly from unity, and that x = 106(13.82 + log log x) = 106(13.82 + 2.63) = 16,450,000 gives a tolerable approximation to the root, the error involved being roughly measured by 106(log log x – 2.63) or (106 log log x)/13.82 or (106 × 2.63)/13.82, which is less than 200,000. The approximations are of course very rough, but suffice to give us a good idea of the scale of magnitude of the root.] 40. Discuss similarly the equations ex = 1,000,000x1,000,000, ex2 = x1,000,000,000. 211. Logarithmic tests of convergence for series and integrals. We showed in Ch. VIII (§§ 175 et seq.) that ∞X 1 1 ns , Z ∞ a dx xs (a > 0) are convergent if s > 1 and divergent if s ■ 1. Thus P(1/n) is divergent, but P n–1–α is convergent for all positive values of α. *The phrase ‘very large’ is of course not used here in the technical sense explained in Ch. IV. It means ‘a good deal larger than the roots of such equations as usually occur in elementary mathematics’. The phrase ‘a little greater than’ must be interpreted similarly. [IX : 211] THE LOGARITHMIC AND EXPONENTIAL FUNCTIONS 467 We saw however in § 200 that with the aid of logarithms we can con- struct functions which tend to zero, as n → ∞, more rapidly than 1/n, yet less rapidly than n–1–α, however small α may be, provided of course that it is positive. For example 1/(n log n) is such a function, and the question as to whether the series X 1 n log n is convergent or divergent cannot be settled by comparison with any series of the type P n–s. The same is true of such series as X 1 n(log n)2 , X log log n n√log n. It is a question of some interest to find tests which shall enable us to decide whether series such as these are convergent or divergent; and such tests are easily deduced from the Integral Test of § 174. For since Dx(log x)1–s = 1 – s x(log x)s , Dx log log x = 1 x log x, we have Z ξ a dx x(log x)s = (log ξ)1–s – (log a)1–s 1 – s , Z ξ a dx x log x = log log ξ – log log a, if a > 1. The first integral tends to the limit –(log a)1–s/(1 – s) as ξ → ∞, if s > 1, and to ∞ if s < 1. The second integral tends to ∞. Hence the series and integral ∞X n0 1 n(log n)s , Z ∞ a dx x(log x)s , where n0 and a are greater than unity, are convergent if s > 1, divergent if s ■ 1. [IX : 211] THE LOGARITHMIC AND EXPONENTIAL FUNCTIONS 468 It follows, of course, that P φ(n) is convergent if φ(n) is positive and less than K/{n(log n)s}, where s > 1, for all values of n greater than some definite value, and divergent if φ(n) is positive and greater than K/(n log n) for all values of n greater than some definite value. And there is a corresponding theorem for integrals which we may leave to the reader. Examples LXXXVIII. 1. The series X 1 n(log n)2 , X (log n)100 n101/100 , X n2 – 1 n2 + 1 1 n(log n)7/6 are convergent. [The convergence of the first series is a direct consequence of the theorem of the preceding section. That of the second follows from the fact that (log n)100 is less than nβ for sufficiently large values of n, however small β may be, provided that it is positive. And so, taking β = 1/200, (log n)100n–101/100 is less than n–201/200 for sufficiently large values of n. The convergence of the third series follows from the comparison test at the end of the last section.] 2. The series X 1 n(log n)6/7 , X 1 n100/101(log n)100 , X n log n (n log n)2 + 1 are divergent. 3. The series X (log n)p n1+s , X (log n)p(log log n)q n1+s , X (log log n)p n(log n)1+s , where s > 0, are convergent for all values of p and q; similarly the series X 1 n1–s(log n)p , X 1 n1–s(log n)p(log log n)q , X 1 n(log n)1–s(log log n)p are divergent. 4. The question of the convergence or divergence of such series as X 1 n log n log log n , X log log log n n log n√log log n cannot be settled by the theorem of p. 467, since in each case the function under the sign of summation tends to zero more rapidly than 1/(n log n) yet less rapidly [IX : 211] THE LOGARITHMIC AND EXPONENTIAL FUNCTIONS 469 than n–1(log n)–1–α, where α is any positive number however small. For such series we need a still more delicate test. The reader should be able, starting from the equations Dx(logk x)1–s = 1 – s x log x log2 x . . . logk–1 x(logk x)s , Dx logk+1 x = 1 x log x log2 x . . . logk–1 x logk x , where log2 x = log log x, log3 x = log log log x, . . . , to prove the following theo- rem: the series and integral ∞X n0 1 n log n log2 n . . . logk–1 n(logk n)s , Z ∞ a dx x log x log2 x . . . logk–1 x(logk x)s are convergent if s > 1 and divergent if s ■ 1, n0 and a being any numbers sufficiently great to ensure that logk n and logk x are positive when n ■ n0 or x ■ a. These values of n0 and a increase very rapidly as k increases: thus log x > 0 requires x > 1, log2 x > 0 requires x > e, log3 x > 0 requires x > ee, and so on; and it is easy to see that ee > 10, eee > e10 > 20,000, eeee > e20,000 > 108000. The reader should observe the extreme rapidity with which the higher ex- ponential functions, such as eex and eeex , increase with x. The same remark of course applies to such functions as aax and aaax , where a has any value greater than unity. It has been computed that 999 has 369,693,100 figures, while 101010 has of course 10,000,000,000. Conversely, the rate of increase of the higher log- arithmic functions is extremely slow.

Thus to make log log log log x > 1 we have to suppose x a number with over 8000 figures.* 5. Prove that the integral Z a 0 1 x

log 1 x s dx, where 0 < a < 1, is convergent if s < –1, divergent if s ■ –1. [Consider the behaviour of Z a ■ 1 x

log 1 x s dx as ■ → +0. This result also may be refined upon by the introduction of higher logarithmic factors.] *See the footnote to p. 450. [IX : 211] THE LOGARITHMIC AND EXPONENTIAL FUNCTIONS 470 6. Prove that Z 1 0 1 x

log 1 x s dx has no meaning for any value of s. [The last example shows that s < –1 is a necessary condition for convergence at the lower limit: but {log(1/x)}s tends to ∞ like (1 – x)s, as x → 1 – 0, if s is negative, and so the integral diverges at the upper limit when s < –1.] 7. The necessary and sufficient conditions for the convergence ofZ 1 0 xa–1

log 1 x s dx are a > 0, s > –1. Examples LXXXIX. 1. Euler's limit. Show that φ(n) = 1 + 1 2 + 1 3 + · · · + 1 n – 1 – log n tends to a limit γ as n → ∞, and that 0 < γ ■ 1. [This follows at once from § 174. The value of γ is in fact .577 . . . , and γ is usually called Euler's constant.] 2. If a and b are positive then 1 a + 1 a + b + 1 a + 2b + · · · + 1 a + (n – 1)b – 1 b log(a + nb) tends to a limit as n → ∞. 3. If 0 < s < 1 then φ(n) = 1 + 2–s + 3–s + · · · + (n – 1)–s – n1–s 1 – s tends to a limit as n → ∞. 4. Show that the series 1 1 + 1 2(1 + 1 2) + 1 3(1 + 1 2 + 1 3) + . . . is divergent. [Compare the general term of the series with 1/(n log n).] Show also that the series derived from P n–s, in the same way that the above series is derived from P(1/n), is convergent if s > 1 and otherwise divergent. 5. Prove generally that if P un is a series of positive terms, and sn = u1 + u2 + · · · + un, [IX : 212] THE LOGARITHMIC AND EXPONENTIAL FUNCTIONS 471 then P(un/sn–1) is convergent or divergent according as P un is convergent or divergent. [If P un is convergent then sn–1 tends to a positive limit l, and soP(un/sn–1) is convergent. If P un is divergent then sn–1 → ∞, and un/sn–1 > log{1 + (un/sn–1)} = log(sn/sn–1) (Ex. lxxxii. 1); and it is evident that log(s2/s1) + log(s3/s2) + · · · + log(sn/sn–1) = log(sn/s1) tends to ∞ as n → ∞.] 6. Prove that the same result holds for the series P(un/sn). [The proof is the same in the case of convergence. If P un is divergent, and un < sn–1 from a certain value of n onwards, then sn < 2sn–1, and the divergence of P(un/sn) follows from that of P(un/sn–1). If on the other hand un ■ sn–1 for an infinity of values of n, as might happen with a rapidly divergent series, then un/sn ■ 1 2 for all these values of n.] 7. Sum the series 1 – 1 2 + 1 3 – . . . . [We have 1+ 1 2 +· · ·+ 1 2n = log(2n+1)+γ+■n, 2 1 2 + 1 4 + · · · + 1 2n

= log(n+1)+γ+■′ n, by Ex. 1, γ denoting Euler's constant, and ■n, ■′ n being numbers which tend to zero as n → ∞. Subtracting and making n → ∞ we see that the sum of the given series is log 2. See also § 213.] 8. Prove that the series ∞X 0 (–1)n

1 + 1 2 + · · · + 1 n + 1 – log n – C

oscillates finitely except when C = γ, when it converges. 212. Series connected with the exponential and logarithmic functions. Expansion of ex by Taylor's Theorem. Since all the derivatives of the exponential function are equal to the function itself, we have ex = 1 + x + x2 2! + · · · + xn–1 (n – 1)! + xn n! eθx [IX : 212] THE LOGARITHMIC AND EXPONENTIAL FUNCTIONS 472 where 0 < θ < 1. But xn/n! → 0 as n → ∞, whatever be the value of x (Ex. xxvii. 12); and eθx < ex. Hence, making n tend to ∞, we have ex = 1 + x + x2 2! + · · · + xn n! + ... (1) The series on the right-hand side of this equation is known as the ex- ponential series. In particular we have e = 1 + 1 + 1 2! + · · · + 1 n! + . . . ; (2) and so

1 + 1 + 1 2! + · · · + 1 n! + . . . x = 1 + x + x2 2! + · · · + xn n! + . . . , (3) a result known as the exponential theorem. Also ax = ex log a = 1 + (x log a) + (x log a)2 2! + . . . (4) for all positive values of a. The reader will observe that the exponential series has the property of repro- ducing itself when every term is differentiated, and that no other series of powers of x would possess this property: for some further remarks in this connection see Appendix II. The power series for ex is so important that it is worth while to investigate it by an alternative method which does not depend upon Taylor's Theorem. Let En(x) = 1 + x + x2 2! + · · · + xn n! , and suppose that x > 0. Then

1 + x n n = 1 + n x n

+ n(n – 1) 1 · 2 x n 2 + · · · + n(n – 1) . . . 1 1 · 2 . . . n x n n , which is less than En(x). And, provided n > x, we have also, by the binomial theorem for a negative integral exponent,

1 – x n –n = 1 + n x n

+ n(n + 1) 1 · 2 x n 2 + · · · > En(x). [IX : 212] THE LOGARITHMIC AND EXPONENTIAL FUNCTIONS 473 Thus 1 + x n n < En(x) <

1 – x n –n . But (§ 208) the first and last functions tend to the limit ex as n → ∞, and therefore En(x) must do the same. From this the equation (1) follows when x is positive; its truth when x is negative follows from the fact that the exponential series, as was

shown in Ex. lxxxi. 7, satisfies the functional equation f (x)f (y) = f (x + y), so that f (x)f (–x) = f (0) = 1. Examples XC. 1. Show that cosh x = 1 + x2 2! + x4 4! + . . . , sinh x = x + x3 3! + x5 5! + ... 2. If x is positive then the greatest term in the exponential series is the ([x] + 1)-th, unless x is an integer, when the preceding term is equal to it. 3. Show that n! > (n/e)n. [For nn/n! is one term in the series for en.] 4. Prove that en = (nn/n!)(2 + S1 + S2), where S1 = 1 1 + ν + 1 (1 + ν)(1 + 2ν) + . . . , S2 = (1 – ν) + (1 – ν)(1 – 2ν) + . . . , and ν = 1/n; and deduce that n! lies between 2(n/e)n and 2(n + 1)(n/e)n. 5. Employ the exponential series to prove that ex tends to infinity more rapidly than any power of x. [Use the inequality ex > xn/n!.] 6. Show that e is not a rational number. [If e = p/q, where p and q are integers, we must have p q = 1 + 1 + 1 2! + 1 3! + · · · + 1 q! + . . . or, multiplying up by q!, q! p q – 1 – 1 – 1 2! – · · · – 1 q!

= 1 q + 1 + 1 (q + 1)(q + 2) + . . . and this is absurd, since the left-hand side is integral, and the right-hand side less than {1/(q + 1)} + {1/(q + 1)}2 + · · · = 1/q.] [IX : 212] THE LOGARITHMIC AND EXPONENTIAL FUNCTIONS 474 7. Sum the series ∞P 0 Pr(n) xn n! , where Pr(n) is a polynomial of degree r in n. [We can express Pr(n) in the form A0 + A1n + A2n(n – 1) + · · · + Arn(n – 1) . . . (n – r + 1), and ∞X 0 Pr(n) xn n! = A0 ∞X 0 xn n! + A1 ∞X 1 xn (n – 1)! + · · · + Ar ∞X r xn (n – r)! = (A0 + A1x + A2x2 + · · · + Arxr)ex.] 8. Show that ∞X 1 n3 n! xn = (x + 3x2 + x3)ex, ∞X 1 n4 n! xn = (x + 7x2 + 6x3 + x4)ex; and that if Sn = 13 + 23 + · · · + n3 then ∞X 1 Sn xn n! = 1 4 (4x + 14x2 + 8x3 + x4)ex. In particular the last series is equal to zero when x = –2. (Math. Trip. 1904.) 9. Prove that P(n/n!) = e, P(n2/n!) = 2e, P(n3/n!) = 5e, and thatP(nk/n!), where k is any positive integer, is a positive integral multiple of e. 10. Prove that ∞P 1 (n – 1)xn (n + 2)n! = (x2 – 3x + 3)ex + 1 2 x2 – 3 /x2. [Multiply numerator and denominator by n + 1, and proceed as in Ex. 7.] 11. Determine a, b, c so that {(x + a)ex + (bx + c)}/x3 tends to a limit as x → 0, evaluate the limit, and draw the graph of the function ex + bx + c x + a . 12. Draw the graphs of 1 + x, 1 + x + 1 2 x2, 1 + x + 1 2 x2 + 1 6 x3, and compare them with that of ex. 13. Prove that e–x – 1 + x – xn 2! + · · · – (–1)n xn n! is positive or negative according as n is odd or even. Deduce the exponential theorem. 14. If X0 = ex, X1 = ex – 1, X2 = ex – 1 – x, X3 = ex – 1 – x – (x2/2!), . . . , [IX : 213] THE LOGARITHMIC AND EXPONENTIAL FUNCTIONS 475 then dXν /dx = Xν–1. Hence prove that if t > 0 then X1(t) = Z t 0 X0 dx < tet, X2(t) = Z t 0 X1 dx < Z t 0 xex dx < et Z t 0 x dx = t2 2! et, and generally Xν (t) < tν ν! et. Deduce the exponential theorem. 15. Show that the expansion in powers of p of the positive root of x2+p = a2 begins with the terms a{1 – 1 2 p log a + 1 8 p2 log a(2 + log a)}. (Math. Trip. 1909.) 213. The logarithmic series. Another very important expansion in powers of x is that for log(1 + x). Since log(1 + x) = Z x 0 dt 1 + t, and 1/(1 + t) = 1 – t + t2 – . . . if t is numerically less than unity, it is natural to expect* that log(1 + x) will be equal, when –1 < x < 1, to the series obtained by integrating each term of the series 1 – t + t2 – . . . from t = 0 to t = x, i.e. to the series x – 1 2 x2 + 1 3 x3 – . . . . And this is in fact the case. For 1/(1 + t) = 1 – t + t2 – · · · + (–1)m–1tm–1 + (–1)mtm 1 + t , and so, if x > –1, log(1 + x) = Z x 0 dt 1 + t = x – x2 2 + · · · + (–1)m–1 xm m + (–1)mRm, where Rm = Z x 0 tm dt 1 + t. *See Appendix II for some further remarks on this subject. [IX : 214] THE LOGARITHMIC AND EXPONENTIAL FUNCTIONS 476 We require to show that the limit of Rm, when m tends to ∞, is zero. This is almost obvious when 0 < x ■ 1; for then Rm is positive and less than Z x 0 tm dt = xm+1 m + 1, and therefore less than 1/(m + 1). If on the other hand –1 < x < 0, we put t = –u and x = –ξ, so that Rm = (–1)m Z ξ 0 um du 1 – u , which shows that Rm has the sign of (–1)m. Also, since the greatest value of 1/(1 – u) in the range of integration is 1/(1 – ξ), we have 0 < |Rm| < 1 1 – ξ Z ξ 0 um du = ξm (m + 1)(1 – ξ) < 1 (m + 1)(1 – ξ) : and so Rm → 0. Hence log(1 + x) = x – 1 2 x2 + 1 3 x3 – . . . , provided that –1 < x ■ 1. If x lies outside these limits the series is not convergent. If x = 1 we obtain log 2 = 1 – 1 2 + 1 3 – . . . , a result already proved otherwise (Ex. lxxxix. 7). 214. The series for the inverse tangent. It is easy to prove in a similar manner that arc tan x = Z x 0 dt 1 + t2 = Z x 0 (1 – t2 + t4 – . . .) dt = x – 1 3 x3 + 1 5 x5 – . . . , provided that –1 ■ x ■ 1. The only difference is that the proof is a little simpler; for, since arc tan x is an odd function of x, we need only consider [IX : 214] THE LOGARITHMIC AND EXPONENTIAL FUNCTIONS 477 positive values of x. And the series is convergent when x = –1 as well as when x = 1. We leave the discussion to the reader. The value of arc tan x which is represented by the series is of course that which lies between –1 4 π and 1 4 π when –1 ■ x ■ 1, and which we saw in Ch. VII (Ex. lxiii. 3) to be the value represented by the integral. If x = 1, we obtain the formula 1 4 π = 1 – 1 3 + 1 5 – . . . . Examples XCI. 1. log 1 1 – x

= x + 1 2 x2 + 1 3 x3 + . . . if –1 ■ x < 1. 2. arg tanh x = 1 2 log 1 + x 1 – x

= x + 1 3 x3 + 1 5 x5 + . . . if –1 < x < 1. 3. Prove that if x is positive then log(1 + x) = x 1 + x + 1 2 x 1 + x 2 + 1 3 x 1 + x 3 + ... (Math. Trip. 1911.) 4. Obtain the series for log(1 + x) and arc tan x by means of Taylor's the- orem. [A difficulty presents itself in the discussion of the remainder in the first series when x is negative, if Lagrange's form Rn = (–1)n–1xn/{n(1 + θx)n} is used; Cauchy's form, viz. Rn = (–1)n–1(1 – θ)n–1xn/(1 + θx)n, should be used (cf. the corresponding discussion for the Binomial Series, Ex. lvi. 2 and § 163). In the case of the second series we have Dn x arc tan x = Dn–1 x {1/(1 + x2)} = (–1)n–1(n – 1)!(x2 + 1)–n/2 sin{n arc tan(1/x)} (Ex. xlv. 11), and there is no difficulty about the remainder, which is obviously not greater in absolute value than 1/n.*] *The formula for Dn x arc tan x fails when x = 0, as arc tan(1/x) is then undefined. It is easy to see (cf. Ex. xlv. 11) that arc tan(1/x) must then be interpreted as meaning 1 2 π. [IX : 214] THE LOGARITHMIC AND EXPONENTIAL FUNCTIONS 478 5. If y > 0 then

log y = 2 (y – 1 y + 1 + 1 3 y – 1 y + 1 3 + 1 5 y – 1 y + 1 5 + . . .) . [Use the identity y =

1 + y – 1 y + 1

1 – y – 1 y + 1

. This series may be used to calculate log 2, a purpose for which the series 1 – 1 2 + 1 3 – . . . , owing to the slowness of its convergence, is practically useless. Put y = 2 and find log 2 to 3 places of decimals.] 6. Find log 10 to 3 places of decimals from the formula log 10 = 3 log 2 + log(1 + 1 4). 7. Prove that log x + 1 x

= 2 1 2x + 1 + 1 3(2x + 1)3 + 1 5(2x + 1)5 + . . .

if x > 0, and that log (x – 1)2(x + 2) (x + 1)2(x – 2) = 2 (2 x3 – 3x + 1 3 2 x3 – 3x 3 + 1 5 2 x3 – 3x 5 + . . .) if x > 2. Given that log 2 = .693 147 1 . . . and log 3 = 1.098 612 3 . . . , show, by putting x = 10 in the second formula, that log 11 = 2.397 895 . . . . (Math. Trip. 1912.) 8. Show that if log 2, log 5, and log 11 are known, then the formula log 13 = 3 log 11 + log 5 – 9 log 2 gives log 13 with an error practically equal to .000 15. (Math. Trip. 1910.) 9. Show that 1 2 log 2 = 7a + 5b + 3c, 1 2 log 3 = 11a + 8b + 5c, 1 2 log 5 = 16a + 12b + 7c, where a = arg tanh(1/31), b = arg tanh(1/49), c = arg tanh(1/161). [These formulae enable us to find log 2, log 3, and log 5 rapidly and with any degree of accuracy.] [IX : 214] THE LOGARITHMIC AND EXPONENTIAL FUNCTIONS 479 10. Show that 1 4 π = arc tan(1/2) + arc tan(1/3) = 4 arc tan(1/5) – arc tan(1/239), and calculate π to 6 places of decimals. 11. Show that the expansion of (1 + x)1+x in powers of x begins with the terms 1 + x + x2 + 1/2x3. (Math. Trip. 1910.) 12. Show that log10 e – px(x + 1) log10 1 + x x

= log10 e 24x2 , approximately, for large values of x. Apply the formula, when x = 10, to obtain an approximate value of log10 e, and estimate the accuracy of the result. (Math. Trip. 1910.) 13. Show that 1 1 – x log 1 1 – x

= x + 1 + 1 2 x2 + 1 + 1 2 + 1 3 x3 + . . . , if –1 < x < 1. [Use Ex. lxxxi. 2.] 14. Using the logarithmic series and the facts that log10 2.3758 = .375 809 9 . . . and log10 e = .4343 . . . , show that an approximate solution of the equation x = 100 log10 x is 237.581 21. (Math. Trip. 1910.) 15. Expand log cos x and log(sin x/x) in powers of x as far as x4, and verify that, to this order, log sin x = log x – 1 45 log cos x + 64 45 log cos 1 2 x. (Math. Trip. 1908.) 16. Show that Z x 0 dt 1 + t4 = x – 1 5 x5 + 1 9 x9 – . . . if –1 ■ x ■ 1. Deduce that 1 – 1 5 + 1 9 – · · · = {π + 2 log(√2 + 1)}/4√2. (Math. Trip. 1896.) [IX : 215] THE LOGARITHMIC AND EXPONENTIAL FUNCTIONS 480 [Proceed as in § 214 and use the result of Ex. xlviii. 7.] 17. Prove similarly that 1 3 – 1 7 + 1 11 – · · · = Z 1 0 t2 dt 1 + t4 = {π – 2 log(√2 + 1)}/4√2. 18. Prove generally that if a and b are positive integers then 1 a – 1 a + b + 1 a + 2b – · · · = Z 1 0 ta–1 dt 1 + tb , and so that the sum of the series can be found. Calculate in this way the sums of 1 – 1 4 + 1 7 – . . . and 1 2 – 1 5 + 1 8 – . . . . 215. The Binomial Series. We have already (§ 163) investigated the Binomial Theorem (1 + x)m = 1 + m 1

x + m 2

x2 + . . . , assuming that –1 < x < 1 and that m is rational. When m is irrational we have (1 + x)m = em log(1+x), Dx(1 + x)m = {m/(1 + x)}em log(1+x) = m(1 + x)m–1, so that the rule for the differentiation of (1+x)m remains the same, and the proof of the theorem given in § 163 retains its validity. We shall not discuss the question of the convergence of the series when x = 1 or x = –1.* Examples XCII. 1. Prove that if –1 < x < 1 then 1 √1 + x2 = 1 – 1 2 x2 + 1 · 3 2 · 4 x4 – . . . , 1 √1 – x2 = 1 + 1 2 x2 + 1 · 3 2 · 4 x4 + ... *See Bromwich, Infinite Series, pp. 150 et seq.; Hobson, Plane Trigonometry (3rd edition), p. 271. [IX : 215] THE LOGARITHMIC AND EXPONENTIAL FUNCTIONS 481 2. Approximation to quadratic and other surds. Let √M be a quadratic surd whose numerical value is required. Let N 2 be the square nearest to M ; and let M = N 2 + x or M = N 2 – x, x being positive. Since x cannot be greater than N , x/N 2 is comparatively small and the surd√M = N p1 ± (x/N 2) can be expressed in a series = N

1 ± 1 2 x N 2

– 1 · 1 2 · 4 x N 2 2 ± . . .

, which is at any rate fairly rapidly convergent, and may be very rapidly so. Thus √67 = √64 + 3 = 8 (1 + 1 2 3 64

– 1 · 1 2 · 4 3 64 2 + . . .) . Let us consider the error committed in taking 8 3 16 (the value given by the first two terms) as an approximate value. After the second term the terms alternate in sign and decrease. Hence the error is one of excess, and is less than 32/642, which is less than .003. 3. If x is small compared with N 2 then pN 2 + x = N + x 4N + N x 2(2N 2 + x) , the error being of the order x4/N 7. Apply the process to √907. [Expanding by the binomial theorem, we have pN 2 + x = N + x 2N – x2 8N 3 + x3 16N 5 , the error being less than the numerical value of the next term, viz. 5x4/128N 7. Also N x 2(2N 2 + x) = x 4N

1 + x 2N 2 –1 = x 4N – x2 8N 3 + x3 16N 5 , the error being less than x4/32N 7. The result follows. The same method may be applied to surds other than quadratic surds, e.g. to 3 √1031.] 4. If M differs from N 3 by less than 1 per cent. of either then 3 √M differs from 2 3 N + 1 3 (M/N 2) by less than N/90,000. (Math. Trip. 1882.) [IX : 216] THE LOGARITHMIC AND EXPONENTIAL FUNCTIONS 482 5. If M = N 4 + x, and x is small compared with N , then a good approxi- mation for 4 √M is 51 56 N + 5 56 M N 3 + 27N x 14(7M + 5N 4) . Show that when N = 10, x = 1, this approximation is accurate to 16 places of decimals. (Math. Trip. 1886.) 6. Show how to sum the series ∞X 0 Pr(n) m n

xn, where Pr(n) is a polynomial of degree r in n. [Express Pr(n) in the form A0 + A1n + A2n(n – 1) + . . . as in Ex. xc. 7.] 7. Sum the series ∞P 0 n m n

xn, ∞P 0 n2 m n

xn and prove that ∞X 0 n3 m n

xn = {m3x3 + m(3m – 1)x2 + mx}(1 + x)m–3. 216. An alternative method of development of the theory of the exponential and logarithmic functions. We shall now give an outline of a method of investigation of the properties of ex and log x entirely different in logical order from that followed in the preceding pages. This method starts from the exponential series 1 + x + x2 2! + ... We know that this series is convergent for all values of x, and we may therefore define the function exp x by the equation exp x = 1 + x + x2 2! + ... (1) We then prove, as in Ex. lxxxi. 7, that exp x × exp y = exp(x + y). (2) Again exp h – 1 h = 1 + h 2! + h2 3! + · · · = 1 + ρ(h), [IX : 216] THE LOGARITHMIC AND EXPONENTIAL FUNCTIONS 483 where ρ(h) is numerically less than | 1 2 h| + | 1 2 h|2 + | 1 2 h|3 + · · · = | 1 2 h|/(1 – | 1 2 h|), so that ρ(h) → 0 as h → 0. And so exp(x + h) – exp x h = exp x exp h – 1 h

→ exp x as h → 0, or Dx exp x = exp x. (3) Incidentally we have proved that exp x is a continuous function. We have now a choice of procedure. Writing y = exp x and observing that exp 0 = 1, we have dy dx = y, x = Z y 1 dt t , and, if we define the logarithmic function as the function inverse to the expo- nential function, we are brought back to the point of view adopted earlier in this chapter. But we may proceed differently. From (2) it follows that if n is a positive integer then (exp x)n = exp nx, (exp 1)n = exp n. If x is a positive rational fraction m/n, then {exp(m/n)}n = exp m = (exp 1)m, and so exp(m/n) is equal to the positive value of (exp 1)m/n. This result may be extended to negative rational values of x by means of the equation exp x exp(–x) = 1; and so we have exp x = (exp 1)x = ex, say, where e = exp 1 = 1 + 1 + 1 2! + 1 3! + . . . , for all rational values of x. Finally we define ex, when x is irrational, as being equal to exp x. The logarithm is then defined as the function inverse to exp x or ex. [IX : 216] THE LOGARITHMIC AND EXPONENTIAL FUNCTIONS 484 Example. Develop the theory of the binomial series 1 + m 1

x + m 2

x2 + · · · = f (m, x), where –1 < x < 1, in a similar manner, starting from the equation f (m, x)f (m′, x) = f (m + m′, x) (Ex. lxxxi. 6). MISCELLANEOUS EXAMPLES ON CHAPTER IX* 1. Given that log10 e = .4343 and that 210 and 321 are nearly equal to powers of 10, calculate log10 2 and log10 3 to four places of decimals. (Math. Trip. 1905.) 2. Determine which of (1 2 e)√3 and (√2) 1 2 π is the greater. [Take logarithms and observe that √3/(√3 + 1 4 π) < 2 5 √3 < .6929 < log 2.] 3. Show that log10 n cannot be a rational number if n is any positive integer not a power of 10. [If n is not divisible by 10, and log10 n = p/q, we have 10p = nq, which is impossible, since 10p ends with 0 and nq does not. If n = 10aN , where N is not divisible by 10, then log10 N and therefore log10 n = a + log10 N cannot be rational.] 4. For what values of x are the functions log x, log log x, log log log x

[... TRUNCATED at 800,000 chars for file-size management — full text in original source ...]

==========

Discourse on the Method of Rightly Conducting One's Reason and of Seeking Truth in the Sciences

René Descartes

Project Gutenberg Release: March 01, 1993 · eBook #59

DISCOURSE ON THE METHOD OF RIGHTLY CONDUCTING THE REASON, AND SEEKING TRUTH IN THE SCIENCES

by René Descartes

Contents

PREFATORY NOTE PART I PART II PART III PART IV PART V PART VI

PREFATORY NOTE BY THE AUTHOR

If this Discourse appear too long to be read at once, it may be divided into six Parts: and, in the first, will be found various considerations touching the Sciences; in the second, the principal rules of the Method which the Author has discovered, in the third, certain of the rules of Morals which he has deduced from this Method; in the fourth, the reasonings by which he establishes the existence of God and of the Human Soul, which are the foundations of his Metaphysic; in the fifth, the order of the Physical questions which he has investigated, and, in particular, the explication of the motion of the heart and of some other difficulties pertaining to Medicine, as also the difference between the soul of man and that of the brutes; and, in the last, what the Author believes to be required in order to greater advancement in the investigation of Nature than has yet been made, with the reasons that have induced him to write.

PART I

Good sense is, of all things among men, the most equally distributed; for every one thinks himself so abundantly provided with it, that those even who are the most difficult to satisfy in everything else, do not usually desire a larger measure of this quality than they already possess. And in this it is not likely that all are mistaken the conviction is rather to be held as testifying that the power of judging aright and of distinguishing truth from error, which is properly what is called good sense or reason, is by nature equal in all men; and that the diversity of our opinions, consequently, does not arise from some being endowed with a larger share of reason than others, but solely from this, that we conduct our thoughts along different ways, and do not fix our attention on the same objects. For to be possessed of a vigorous mind is not enough; the prime requisite is rightly to apply it. The greatest minds, as they are capable of the highest excellences, are open likewise to the greatest aberrations; and those who travel very slowly may yet make far greater progress, provided they keep always to the straight road, than those who, while they run, forsake it.

For myself, I have never fancied my mind to be in any respect more perfect than those of the generality; on the contrary, I have often wished that I were equal to some others in promptitude of thought, or in clearness and distinctness of imagination, or in fullness and readiness of memory. And besides these, I know of no other qualities that contribute to the perfection of the mind; for as to the reason or sense, inasmuch as it is that alone which constitutes us men, and distinguishes us from the brutes, I am disposed to believe that it is to be found complete in each individual; and on this point to adopt the common opinion of philosophers, who say that the difference of greater and less holds only among the accidents, and not among the forms or natures of individuals of the same species.

I will not hesitate, however, to avow my belief that it has been my singular good fortune to have very early in life fallen in with certain tracks which have conducted me to considerations and maxims, of which I have formed a method that gives me the means, as I think, of gradually augmenting my knowledge, and of raising it by little and little to the highest point which the mediocrity of my talents and the brief duration of my life will permit me to reach. For I have already reaped from it such fruits that, although I have been accustomed to think lowly enough of myself, and although when I look with the eye of a philosopher at the varied courses and

pursuits of mankind at large, I find scarcely one which does not appear in vain and useless, I nevertheless derive the highest satisfaction from the progress I conceive myself to have already made in the search after truth, and cannot help entertaining such expectations of the future as to believe that if, among the occupations of men as men, there is any one really excellent and important, it is that which I have chosen.

After all, it is possible I may be mistaken; and it is but a little copper and glass, perhaps, that I take for gold and diamonds. I know how very liable we are to delusion in what relates to ourselves, and also how much the judgments of our friends are to be suspected when given in our favor. But I shall endeavor in this discourse to describe the paths I have followed, and to delineate my life as in a picture, in order that each one may also be able to judge of them for himself, and that in the general opinion entertained of them, as gathered from current report, I myself may have a new help towards instruction to be added to those I have been in the habit of employing.

My present design, then, is not to teach the method which each ought to follow for the right conduct of his reason, but solely to describe the way in which I have endeavored to conduct my own. They who set themselves to give precepts must of course regard themselves as possessed of greater skill than those to whom they prescribe; and if they err in the slightest particular, they subject themselves to censure. But as this tract is put forth merely as a history, or, if you will, as a tale, in which, amid some examples worthy of imitation, there will be found, perhaps, as many more which it were advisable not to follow, I hope it will prove useful to some without being hurtful to any, and that my openness will find some favor with all.

From my childhood, I have been familiar with letters; and as I was given to believe that by their help a clear and certain knowledge of all that is useful in life might be acquired, I was ardently desirous of instruction. But as soon as I had finished the entire course of study, at the close of which it is customary to be admitted into the order of the learned, I completely changed my opinion. For I found myself involved in so many doubts and errors, that I was convinced I had advanced no farther in all my attempts at learning, than the discovery at every turn of my own ignorance. And yet I was studying in one of the most celebrated schools in Europe, in which I thought there must be learned men, if such were anywhere to be found. I had been taught all that others learned there; and not contented with the sciences actually taught us, I had, in addition, read all the books that had fallen into my hands, treating of such branches as are esteemed the most curious and rare. I knew the judgment which others had formed of me; and I did not find that I was considered inferior to my fellows, although there were among them some who were already marked out to fill the places of our instructors. And, in fine, our age appeared to me as flourishing, and as fertile in powerful minds as any preceding one. I was thus led to take the liberty of judging of all other men by myself, and of concluding that there was no science in existence that was of such a nature as I had previously been given to believe.

I still continued, however, to hold in esteem the studies of the schools. I was aware that the languages taught in them are necessary to the understanding of the writings of the ancients; that the grace of fable stirs the mind; that the memorable deeds of history elevate it; and, if read with discretion, aid in forming the judgment; that the perusal of all excellent books is, as it were, to interview with the noblest men of past ages, who have written them, and even a studied interview, in which are discovered to us only their choicest thoughts; that eloquence has incomparable force and beauty; that poesy has its ravishing graces and delights; that in the mathematics there are many refined discoveries eminently suited to gratify the inquisitive, as well as further all the arts an lessen the labour of man; that numerous highly useful precepts and exhortations to virtue are contained in treatises on morals; that theology points out the path to heaven; that philosophy affords the means of discoursing with an appearance of truth on all matters, and commands the admiration of the more simple; that jurisprudence, medicine, and the other sciences, secure for their cultivators honors and riches; and, in fine, that it is useful to bestow some attention upon all, even upon those abounding the most in superstition and error, that we may be in a position to determine their real value, and guard against being deceived.

But I believed that I had already given sufficient time to languages, and likewise to the reading of the writings of the ancients, to their histories and fables. For to hold converse with those of other ages and to travel, are almost the same thing. It is useful to know something of the manners of different nations, that we may be enabled to form a more correct judgment regarding our own, and be prevented from thinking that everything contrary to our customs is ridiculous and irrational, a conclusion usually come to by those whose experience has been limited to their own country. On the other hand, when too much time is occupied in traveling, we become strangers to our native country; and the over curious in the customs of the past are generally ignorant of those of the present. Besides, fictitious narratives lead us to imagine the possibility of many events that are impossible; and even the most faithful histories, if they do not wholly misrepresent matters, or exaggerate their importance to render the account of them more worthy of perusal, omit, at least, almost always the meanest and least striking of the attendant circumstances; hence it happens that the remainder does not represent the truth, and that such as regulate their conduct by examples drawn from this source, are

apt to fall into the extravagances of the knight-errants of romance, and to entertain projects that exceed their powers.

I esteemed eloquence highly, and was in raptures with poesy; but I thought that both were gifts of nature rather than fruits of study. Those in whom the faculty of reason is predominant, and who most skillfully dispose their thoughts with a view to render them clear and intelligible, are always the best able to persuade others of the truth of what they lay down, though they should speak only in the language of Lower Brittany, and be wholly ignorant of the rules of rhetoric; and those whose minds are stored with the most agreeable fancies, and who can give expression to them with the greatest embellishment and harmony, are still the best poets, though unacquainted with the art of poetry.

I was especially delighted with the mathematics, on account of the certitude and evidence of their reasonings; but I had not as yet a precise knowledge of their true use; and thinking that they but contributed to the advancement of the mechanical arts, I was astonished that foundations, so strong and solid, should have had no loftier superstructure reared on them. On the other hand, I compared the disquisitions of the ancient moralists to very towering and magnificent palaces with no better foundation than sand and mud: they laud the virtues very highly, and exhibit them as estimable far above anything on earth; but they give us no adequate criterion of virtue, and frequently that which they designate with so fine a name is but apathy, or pride, or despair, or parricide.

I revered our theology, and aspired as much as any one to reach heaven: but being given assuredly to understand that the way is not less open to the most ignorant than to the most learned, and that the revealed truths which lead to heaven are above our comprehension, I did not presume to subject them to the impotency of my reason; and I thought that in order competently to undertake their examination, there was need of some special help from heaven, and of being more than man.

Of philosophy I will say nothing, except that when I saw that it had been cultivated for many ages by the most distinguished men, and that yet there is not a single matter within its sphere which is not still in dispute, and nothing, therefore, which is above doubt, I did not presume to anticipate that my success would be greater in it than that of others; and further, when I considered the number of conflicting opinions touching a single matter that may be upheld by learned men, while there can be but one true, I reckoned as well-nigh false all that was only probable.

As to the other sciences, inasmuch as these borrow their principles from philosophy, I judged that no solid superstructures could be reared on foundations so infirm; and neither the honor nor the gain held out by them was sufficient to determine me to their cultivation: for I was not, thank Heaven, in a condition which compelled me to make merchandise of science for the bettering of my fortune; and though I might not profess to scorn glory as a cynic, I yet made very slight account of that honor which I hoped to acquire only through fictitious titles. And, in fine, of false sciences I thought I knew the worth sufficiently to escape being deceived by the professions of an alchemist, the predictions of an astrologer, the impostures of a magician, or by the artifices and boasting of any of those who profess to know things of which they are ignorant.

For these reasons, as soon as my age permitted me to pass from under the control of my instructors, I entirely abandoned the study of letters, and resolved no longer to seek any other science than the knowledge of myself, or of the great book of the world. I spent the remainder of my youth in traveling, in visiting courts and armies, in holding intercourse with men of different dispositions and ranks, in collecting varied experience, in proving myself in the different situations into which fortune threw me, and, above all, in making such reflection on the matter of my experience as to secure my improvement. For it occurred to me that I should find much more truth in the reasonings of each individual with reference to the affairs in which he is personally interested, and the issue of which must presently punish him if he has judged amiss, than in those conducted by a man of letters in his study, regarding speculative matters that are of no practical moment, and followed by no consequences to himself, farther, perhaps, than that they foster his vanity the better the more remote they are from common sense; requiring, as they must in this case, the exercise of greater ingenuity and art to render them probable. In addition, I had always a most earnest desire to know how to distinguish the true from the false, in order that I might be able clearly to discriminate the right path in life, and proceed in it with confidence.

It is true that, while busied only in considering the manners of other men, I found here, too, scarce any ground for settled conviction, and remarked hardly less contradiction among them than in the opinions of the philosophers. So that the greatest advantage I derived from the study consisted in this, that, observing many things which, however extravagant and ridiculous to our apprehension, are yet by common consent received and approved by other great nations, I learned to entertain too decided a belief in regard to nothing of the truth of which I had been persuaded merely by example and custom; and thus I gradually extricated myself from many errors powerful enough to darken our natural intelligence, and incapacitate us in great measure from listening to reason. But after I had been occupied several years in thus studying the book of the world, and in essaying to gather some

experience, I at length resolved to make myself an object of study, and to employ all the powers of my mind in choosing the paths I ought to follow, an undertaking which was accompanied with greater success than it would have been had I never quitted my country or my books.

PART II

I was then in Germany, attracted thither by the wars in that country, which have not yet been brought to a termination; and as I was returning to the army from the coronation of the emperor, the setting in of winter arrested me in a locality where, as I found no society to interest me, and was besides fortunately undisturbed by any cares or passions, I remained the whole day in seclusion, with full opportunity to occupy my attention with my own thoughts. Of these one of the very first that occurred to me was, that there is seldom so much perfection in works composed of many separate parts, upon which different hands had been employed, as in those completed by a single master. Thus it is observable that the buildings which a single architect has planned and executed, are generally more elegant and commodious than those which several have attempted to improve, by making old walls serve for purposes for which they were not originally built. Thus also, those ancient cities which, from being at first only villages, have become, in course of time, large towns, are usually but ill laid out compared with the regularity constructed towns which a professional architect has freely planned on an open plain; so that although the several buildings of the former may often equal or surpass in beauty those of the latter, yet when one observes their indiscriminate juxtaposition, there a large one and here a small, and the consequent crookedness and irregularity of the streets, one is disposed to allege that chance rather than any human will guided by reason must have led to such an arrangement. And if we consider that nevertheless there have been at all times certain officers whose duty it was to see that private buildings contributed to public ornament, the difficulty of reaching high perfection with but the materials of others to operate on, will be readily acknowledged. In the same way I fancied that those nations which, starting from a semi-barbarous state and advancing to civilization by slow degrees, have had their laws successively determined, and, as it were, forced upon them simply by experience of the hurtfulness of particular crimes and disputes, would by this process come to be possessed of less perfect institutions than those which, from the commencement of their association as communities, have followed the appointments of some wise legislator. It is thus quite certain that the constitution of the true religion, the ordinances of which are derived from God, must be incomparably superior to that of every other. And, to speak of human affairs, I believe that the pre-eminence of Sparta was due not to the goodness of each of its laws in particular, for many of these were very strange, and even opposed to good morals, but to the circumstance that, originated by a single individual, they all tended to a single end. In the same way I thought that the sciences contained in books (such of them at least as are made up of probable reasonings, without demonstrations), composed as they are of the opinions of many different individuals massed together, are farther removed from truth than the simple inferences which a man of good sense using his natural and unprejudiced judgment draws respecting the matters of his experience. And because we have all to pass through a state of infancy to manhood, and have been of necessity, for a length of time, governed by our desires and preceptors (whose dictates were frequently conflicting, while neither perhaps always counseled us for the best), I farther concluded that it is almost impossible that our judgments can be so correct or solid as they would have been, had our reason been mature from the moment of our birth, and had we always been guided by it alone.

It is true, however, that it is not customary to pull down all the houses of a town with the single design of rebuilding them differently, and thereby rendering the streets more handsome; but it often happens that a private individual takes down his own with the view of erecting it anew, and that people are even sometimes constrained to this when their houses are in danger of falling from age, or when the foundations are insecure. With this before me by way of example, I was persuaded that it would indeed be preposterous for a private individual to think of reforming a state by fundamentally changing it throughout, and overturning it in order to set it up amended; and the same I thought was true of any similar project for reforming the body of the sciences, or the order of teaching them established in the schools: but as for the opinions which up to that time I had embraced, I thought that I could not do better than resolve at once to sweep them wholly away, that I might afterwards be in a position to admit either others more correct, or even perhaps the same when they had undergone the scrutiny of reason. I firmly believed that in this way I should much better succeed in the conduct of my life, than if I built only upon old foundations, and leaned upon principles which, in my youth, I had taken upon trust. For although I recognized various difficulties in this undertaking, these were not, however, without remedy, nor once to be compared with such as attend the slightest reformation in public affairs. Large bodies, if once overthrown, are with great difficulty set up again, or even kept erect when once seriously shaken, and the fall of such is always disastrous. Then if there are any imperfections in the constitutions of states (and that many such exist the diversity of constitutions is alone sufficient to assure us), custom has without doubt materially smoothed their inconveniences, and has even managed to steer altogether clear of, or insensibly corrected a number which sagacity could not have provided against with equal effect; and, in fine, the defects are almost

always more tolerable than the change necessary for their removal; in the same manner that highways which wind among mountains, by being much frequented, become gradually so smooth and commodious, that it is much better to follow them than to seek a straighter path by climbing over the tops of rocks and descending to the bottoms of precipices.

Hence it is that I cannot in any degree approve of those restless and busy meddlers who, called neither by birth nor fortune to take part in the management of public affairs, are yet always projecting reforms; and if I thought that this tract contained aught which might justify the suspicion that I was a victim of such folly, I would by no means permit its publication. I have never contemplated anything higher than the reformation of my own opinions, and basing them on a foundation wholly my own. And although my own satisfaction with my work has led me to present here a draft of it, I do not by any means therefore recommend to every one else to make a similar attempt. Those whom God has endowed with a larger measure of genius will entertain, perhaps, designs still more exalted; but for the many I am much afraid lest even the present undertaking be more than they can safely venture to imitate. The single design to strip one's self of all past beliefs is one that ought not to be taken by every one. The majority of men is composed of two classes, for neither of which would this be at all a befitting resolution: in the first place, of those who with more than a due confidence in their own powers, are precipitate in their judgments and want the patience requisite for orderly and circumspect thinking; whence it happens, that if men of this class once take the liberty to doubt of their accustomed opinions, and quit the beaten highway, they will never be able to thread the byway that would lead them by a shorter course, and will lose themselves and continue to wander for life; in the second place, of those who, possessed of sufficient sense or modesty to determine that there are others who excel them in the power of discriminating between truth and error, and by whom they may be instructed, ought rather to content themselves with the opinions of such than trust for more correct to their own reason.

For my own part, I should doubtless have belonged to the latter class, had I received instruction from but one master, or had I never known the diversities of opinion that from time immemorial have prevailed among men of the greatest learning. But I had become aware, even so early as during my college life, that no opinion, however absurd and incredible, can be imagined, which has not been maintained by some on of the philosophers; and afterwards in the course of my travels I remarked that all those whose opinions are decidedly repugnant to ours are not in that account barbarians and savages, but on the contrary that many of these nations make an equally good, if not better, use of their reason than we do. I took into account also the very different character which a person brought up from infancy in France or Germany exhibits, from that which, with the same mind originally, this individual would have possessed had he lived always among the Chinese or with savages, and the circumstance that in dress itself the fashion which pleased us ten years ago, and which may again, perhaps, be received into favor before ten years have gone, appears to us at this moment extravagant and ridiculous. I was thus led to infer that the ground of our opinions is far more custom and example than any certain knowledge. And, finally, although such be the ground of our opinions, I remarked that a plurality of suffrages is no guarantee of truth where it is at all of difficult discovery, as in such cases it is much more likely that it will be found by one than by many. I could, however, select from the crowd no one whose opinions seemed worthy of preference, and thus I found myself constrained, as it were, to use my own reason in the conduct of my life.

But like one walking alone and in the dark, I resolved to proceed so slowly and with such circumspection, that if I did not advance far, I would at least guard against falling. I did not even choose to dismiss summarily any of the opinions that had crept into my belief without having been introduced by reason, but first of all took sufficient time carefully to satisfy myself of the general nature of the task I was setting myself, and ascertain the true method by which to arrive at the knowledge of whatever lay within the compass of my powers.

Among the branches of philosophy, I had, at an earlier period, given some attention to logic, and among those of the mathematics to geometrical analysis and algebra,--three arts or sciences which ought, as I conceived, to contribute something to my design. But, on examination, I found that, as for logic, its syllogisms and the majority of its other precepts are of avail--rather in the communication of what we already know, or even as the art of Lully, in speaking without judgment of things of which we are ignorant, than in the investigation of the unknown; and although this science contains indeed a number of correct and very excellent precepts, there are, nevertheless, so many others, and these either injurious or superfluous, mingled with the former, that it is almost quite as difficult to effect a severance of the true from the false as it is to extract a Diana or a Minerva from a rough block of marble. Then as to the analysis of the ancients and the algebra of the moderns, besides that they embrace only matters highly abstract, and, to appearance, of no use, the former is so exclusively restricted to the consideration of figures, that it can exercise the understanding only on condition of greatly fatiguing the imagination; and, in the latter, there is so complete a subjection to certain rules and formulas, that there results an art full of confusion and obscurity calculated to embarrass, instead of a science fitted to cultivate the mind. By these considerations I was induced to seek some other method which would comprise the

advantages of the three and be exempt from their defects. And as a multitude of laws often only hampers justice, so that a state is best governed when, with few laws, these are rigidly administered; in like manner, instead of the great number of precepts of which logic is composed, I believed that the four following would prove perfectly sufficient for me, provided I took the firm and unwavering resolution never in a single instance to fail in observing them.

The first was never to accept anything for true which I did not clearly know to be such; that is to say, carefully to avoid precipitancy and prejudice, and to comprise nothing more in my judgement than what was presented to my mind so clearly and distinctly as to exclude all ground of doubt.

The second, to divide each of the difficulties under examination into as many parts as possible, and as might be necessary for its adequate solution.

The third, to conduct my thoughts in such order that, by commencing with objects the simplest and easiest to know, I might ascend by little and little, and, as it were, step by step, to the knowledge of the more complex; assigning in thought a certain order even to those objects which in their own nature do not stand in a relation of antecedence and sequence.

And the _last_, in every case to make enumerations so complete, and reviews so general, that I might be assured that nothing was omitted.

The long chains of simple and easy reasonings by means of which geometers are accustomed to reach the conclusions of their most difficult demonstrations, had led me to imagine that all things, to the knowledge of which man is competent, are mutually connected in the same way, and that there is nothing so far removed from us as to be beyond our reach, or so hidden that we cannot discover it, provided only we abstain from accepting the false for the true, and always preserve in our thoughts the order necessary for the deduction of one truth from another. And I had little difficulty in determining the objects with which it was necessary to commence, for I was already persuaded that it must be with the simplest and easiest to know, and, considering that of all those who have hitherto sought truth in the sciences, the mathematicians alone have been able to find any demonstrations, that is, any certain and evident reasons, I did not doubt but that such must have been the rule of their investigations. I resolved to commence, therefore, with the examination of the simplest objects, not anticipating, however, from this any other advantage than that to be found in accustoming my mind to the love and nourishment of truth, and to a distaste for all such reasonings as were unsound. But I had no intention on that account of attempting to master all the particular sciences commonly denominated mathematics: but observing that, however different their objects, they all agree in considering only the various relations or proportions subsisting among those objects, I thought it best for my purpose to consider these proportions in the most general form possible, without referring them to any objects in particular, except such as would most facilitate the knowledge of them, and without by any means restricting them to these, that afterwards I might thus be the better able to apply them to every other class of objects to which they are legitimately applicable. Perceiving further, that in order to understand these relations I should sometimes have to consider them one by one and sometimes only to bear them in mind, or embrace them in the aggregate, I thought that, in order the better to consider them individually, I should view them as subsisting between straight lines, than which I could find no objects more simple, or capable of being more distinctly represented to my imagination and senses; and on the other hand, that in order to retain them in the memory or embrace an aggregate of many, I should express them by certain characters the briefest possible. In this way I believed that I could borrow all that was best both in geometrical analysis and in algebra, and correct all the defects of the one by help of the other.

And, in point of fact, the accurate observance of these few precepts gave me, I take the liberty of saying, such ease in unraveling all the questions embraced in these two sciences, that in the two or three months I devoted to their examination, not only did I reach solutions of questions I had formerly deemed exceedingly difficult but even as regards questions of the solution of which I continued ignorant, I was enabled, as it appeared to me, to determine the means whereby, and the extent to which a solution was possible; results attributable to the circumstance that I commenced with the simplest and most general truths, and that thus each truth discovered was a rule available in the discovery of subsequent ones Nor in this perhaps shall I appear too vain, if it be considered that, as the truth on any particular point is one whoever apprehends the truth, knows all that on that point can be known. The child, for example, who has been instructed in the elements of arithmetic, and has made a particular addition, according to rule, may be assured that he has found, with respect to the sum of the numbers before him, and that in this instance is within the reach of human genius. Now, in conclusion, the method which teaches adherence to the true order, and an exact enumeration of all the conditions of the thing sought includes all that gives certitude to the rules of arithmetic.

But the chief ground of my satisfaction with thus method, was the assurance I had of thereby exercising my reason in all matters, if not with absolute perfection, at least with the greatest attainable by me: besides, I was conscious that by its use my mind was becoming gradually habituated to clearer and more distinct conceptions of its objects; and I hoped also, from not having restricted this method to any particular matter, to apply it to the difficulties of the other sciences, with not less success than to those of algebra. I should not, however, on this account have ventured at once on the examination of all the difficulties of the sciences which presented themselves to me, for this would have been contrary to the order prescribed in the method, but observing that the knowledge of such is dependent on principles borrowed from philosophy, in which I found nothing certain, I thought it necessary first of all to endeavor to establish its principles. And because I observed, besides, that an inquiry of this kind was of all others of the greatest moment, and one in which precipitancy and anticipation in judgment were most to be dreaded, I thought that I ought not to approach it till I had reached a more mature age (being at that time but twenty-three), and had first of all employed much of my time in preparation for the work, as well by eradicating from my mind all the erroneous opinions I had up to that moment accepted, as by amassing variety of experience to afford materials for my reasonings, and by continually exercising myself in my chosen method with a view to increased skill in its application.

PART III

And finally, as it is not enough, before commencing to rebuild the house in which we live, that it be pulled down, and materials and builders provided, or that we engage in the work ourselves, according to a plan which we have beforehand carefully drawn out, but as it is likewise necessary that we be furnished with some other house in which we may live commodiously during the operations, so that I might not remain irresolute in my actions, while my reason compelled me to suspend my judgement, and that I might not be prevented from living thenceforward in the greatest possible felicity, I formed a provisory code of morals, composed of three or four maxims, with which I am desirous to make you acquainted.

The _first_ was to obey the laws and customs of my country, adhering firmly to the faith in which, by the grace of God, I had been educated from my childhood and regulating my conduct in every other matter according to the most moderate opinions, and the farthest removed from extremes, which should happen to be adopted in practice with general consent of the most judicious of those among whom I might be living. For as I had from that time begun to hold my own opinions for nought because I wished to subject them all to examination, I was convinced that I could not do better than follow in the meantime the opinions of the most judicious; and although there are some perhaps among the Persians and Chinese as judicious as among ourselves, expediency seemed to dictate that I should regulate my practice conformably to the opinions of those with whom I should have to live; and it appeared to me that, in order to ascertain the real opinions of such, I ought rather to take cognizance of what they practised than of what they said, not only because, in the corruption of our manners, there are few disposed to speak exactly as they believe, but also because very many are not aware of what it is that they really believe; for, as the act of mind by which a thing is believed is different from that by which we know that we believe it, the one act is often found without the other. Also, amid many opinions held in equal repute, I chose always the most moderate, as much for the reason that these are always the most convenient for practice, and probably the best (for all excess is generally vicious), as that, in the event of my falling into error, I might be at less distance from the truth than if, having chosen one of the extremes, it should turn out to be the other which I ought to have adopted. And I placed in the class of extremes especially all promises by which somewhat of our freedom is abridged; not that I disapproved of the laws which, to provide against the instability of men of feeble resolution, when what is sought to be accomplished is some good, permit engagements by vows and contracts binding the parties to persevere in it, or even, for the security of commerce, sanction similar engagements where the purpose sought to be realized is indifferent: but because I did not find anything on earth which was wholly superior to change, and because, for myself in particular, I hoped gradually to perfect my judgments, and not to suffer them to deteriorate, I would have deemed it a grave sin against good sense, if, for the reason that I approved of something at a particular time, I therefore bound myself to hold it for good at a subsequent time, when perhaps it had ceased to be so, or I had ceased to esteem it such.

My _second_ maxim was to be as firm and resolute in my actions as I was able, and not to adhere less steadfastly to the most doubtful opinions, when once adopted, than if they had been highly certain; imitating in this the example of travelers who, when they have lost their way in a forest, ought not to wander from side to side, far less remain in one place, but proceed constantly towards the same side in as straight a line as possible, without changing their direction for slight reasons, although perhaps it might be chance alone which at first determined the selection; for in this way, if they do not exactly reach the point they desire, they will come at least in the end to some place that will probably be preferable to the middle of a forest. In the same way, since in action it

frequently happens that no delay is permissible, it is very certain that, when it is not in our power to determine what is true, we ought to act according to what is most probable; and even although we should not remark a greater probability in one opinion than in another, we ought notwithstanding to choose one or the other, and afterwards consider it, in so far as it relates to practice, as no longer dubious, but manifestly true and certain, since the reason by which our choice has been determined is itself possessed of these qualities. This principle was sufficient thenceforward to rid me of all those repentings and pangs of remorse that usually disturb the consciences of such feeble and uncertain minds as, destitute of any clear and determinate principle of choice, allow themselves one day to adopt a course of action as the best, which they abandon the next, as the opposite.

My _third_ maxim was to endeavor always to conquer myself rather than fortune, and change my desires rather than the order of the world, and in general, accustom myself to the persuasion that, except our own thoughts, there is nothing absolutely in our power; so that when we have done our best in things external to us, all wherein we fail of success is to be held, as regards us, absolutely impossible: and this single principle seemed to me sufficient to prevent me from desiring for the future anything which I could not obtain, and thus render me contented; for since our will naturally seeks those objects alone which the understanding represents as in some way possible of attainment, it is plain, that if we consider all external goods as equally beyond our power, we shall no more regret the absence of such goods as seem due to our birth, when deprived of them without any fault of ours, than our not possessing the kingdoms of China or Mexico, and thus making, so to speak, a virtue of necessity, we shall no more desire health in disease, or freedom in imprisonment, than we now do bodies incorruptible as diamonds, or the wings of birds to fly with. But I confess there is need of prolonged discipline and frequently repeated meditation to accustom the mind to view all objects in this light; and I believe that in this chiefly consisted the secret of the power of such philosophers as in former times were enabled to rise superior to the influence of fortune, and, amid suffering and poverty, enjoy a happiness which their gods might have envied. For, occupied incessantly with the consideration of the limits prescribed to their power by nature, they became so entirely convinced that nothing was at their disposal except their own thoughts, that this conviction was of itself sufficient to prevent their entertaining any desire of other objects; and over their thoughts they acquired a sway so absolute, that they had some ground on this account for esteeming themselves more rich and more powerful, more free and more happy, than other men who, whatever be the favors heaped on them by nature and fortune, if destitute of this philosophy, can never command the realization of all their desires.

In fine, to conclude this code of morals, I thought of reviewing the different occupations of men in this life, with the view of making choice of the best. And, without wishing to offer any remarks on the employments of others, I may state that it was my conviction that I could not do better than continue in that in which I was engaged, viz., in devoting my whole life to the culture of my reason, and in making the greatest progress I was able in the knowledge of truth, on the principles of the method which I had prescribed to myself. This method, from the time I had begun to apply it, had been to me the source of satisfaction so intense as to lead me to, believe that more perfect or more innocent could not be enjoyed in this life; and as by its means I daily discovered truths that appeared to me of some importance, and of which other men were generally ignorant, the gratification thence arising so occupied my mind that I was wholly indifferent to every other object. Besides, the three preceding maxims were founded singly on the design of continuing the work of self-instruction. For since God has endowed each of us with some light of reason by which to distinguish truth from error, I could not have believed that I ought for a single moment to rest satisfied with the opinions of another, unless I had resolved to exercise my own judgment in examining these whenever I should be duly qualified for the task. Nor could I have proceeded on such opinions without scruple, had I supposed that I should thereby forfeit any advantage for attaining still more accurate, should such exist. And, in fine, I could not have restrained my desires, nor remained satisfied had I not followed a path in which I thought myself certain of attaining all the knowledge to the acquisition of which I was competent, as well as the largest amount of what is truly good which I could ever hope to secure Inasmuch as we neither seek nor shun any object except in so far as our understanding represents it as good or bad, all that is necessary to right action is right judgment, and to the best action the most correct judgment, that is, to the acquisition of all the virtues with all else that is truly valuable and within our reach; and the assurance of such an acquisition cannot fail to render us contented.

Having thus provided myself with these maxims, and having placed them in reserve along with the truths of faith, which have ever occupied the first place in my belief, I came to the conclusion that I might with freedom set about ridding myself of what remained of my opinions. And, inasmuch as I hoped to be better able successfully to accomplish this work by holding intercourse with mankind, than by remaining longer shut up in the retirement where these thoughts had occurred to me, I betook me again to traveling before the winter was well ended. And, during the nine subsequent years, I did nothing but roam from one place to another, desirous of being a spectator rather than an actor in the plays exhibited on the theater of the world; and, as I made it my business in each matter to reflect particularly upon what might fairly be doubted and prove a source of error, I gradually rooted out from my mind all

the errors which had hitherto crept into it. Not that in this I imitated the sceptics who doubt only that they may doubt, and seek nothing beyond uncertainty itself; for, on the contrary, my design was singly to find ground of assurance, and cast aside the loose earth and sand, that I might reach the rock or the clay. In this, as appears to me, I was successful enough; for, since I endeavored to discover the falsehood or incertitude of the propositions I examined, not by feeble conjectures, but by clear and certain reasonings, I met with nothing so doubtful as not to yield some conclusion of adequate certainty, although this were merely the inference, that the matter in question contained nothing certain. And, just as in pulling down an old house, we usually reserve the ruins to contribute towards the erection, so, in destroying such of my opinions as I judged to be Ill-founded, I made a variety of observations and acquired an amount of experience of which I availed myself in the establishment of more certain. And further, I continued to exercise myself in the method I had prescribed; for, besides taking care in general to conduct all my thoughts according to its rules, I reserved some hours from time to time which I expressly devoted to the employment of the method in the solution of mathematical difficulties, or even in the solution likewise of some questions belonging to other sciences, but which, by my having detached them from such principles of these sciences as were of inadequate certainty, were rendered almost mathematical: the truth of this will be manifest from the numerous examples contained in this volume. And thus, without in appearance living otherwise than those who, with no other occupation than that of spending their lives agreeably and innocently, study to sever pleasure from vice, and who, that they may enjoy their leisure without ennui, have recourse to such pursuits as are honorable, I was nevertheless prosecuting my design, and making greater progress in the knowledge of truth, than I might, perhaps, have made had I been engaged in the perusal of books merely, or in holding converse with men of letters.

These nine years passed away, however, before I had come to any determinate judgment respecting the difficulties which form matter of dispute among the learned, or had commenced to seek the principles of any philosophy more certain than the vulgar. And the examples of many men of the highest genius, who had, in former times, engaged in this inquiry, but, as appeared to me, without success, led me to imagine it to be a work of so much difficulty, that I would not perhaps have ventured on it so soon had I not heard it currently rumored that I had already completed the inquiry. I know not what were the grounds of this opinion; and, if my conversation contributed in any measure to its rise, this must have happened rather from my having confessed my Ignorance with greater freedom than those are accustomed to do who have studied a little, and expounded perhaps, the reasons that led me to doubt of many of those things that by others are esteemed certain, than from my having boasted of any system of philosophy. But, as I am of a disposition that makes me unwilling to be esteemed different from what I really am, I thought it necessary to endeavor by all means to render myself worthy of the reputation accorded to me; and it is now exactly eight years since this desire constrained me to remove from all those places where interruption from any of my acquaintances was possible, and betake myself to this country, in which the long duration of the war has led to the establishment of such discipline, that the armies maintained seem to be of use only in enabling the inhabitants to enjoy more securely the blessings of peace and where, in the midst of a great crowd actively engaged in business, and more careful of their own affairs than curious about those of others, I have been enabled to live without being deprived of any of the conveniences to be had in the most populous cities, and yet as solitary and as retired as in the midst of the most remote deserts.

PART IV

I am in doubt as to the propriety of making my first meditations in the place above mentioned matter of discourse; for these are so metaphysical, and so uncommon, as not, perhaps, to be acceptable to every one. And yet, that it may be determined whether the foundations that I have laid are sufficiently secure, I find myself in a measure constrained to advert to them. I had long before remarked that, in relation to practice, it is sometimes necessary to adopt, as if above doubt, opinions which we discern to be highly uncertain, as has been already said; but as I then desired to give my attention solely to the search after truth, I thought that a procedure exactly the opposite was called for, and that I ought to reject as absolutely false all opinions in regard to which I could suppose the least ground for doubt, in order to ascertain whether after that there remained aught in my belief that was wholly indubitable. Accordingly, seeing that our senses sometimes deceive us, I was willing to suppose that there existed nothing really such as they presented to us; and because some men err in reasoning, and fall into paralogisms, even on the simplest matters of geometry, I, convinced that I was as open to error as any other, rejected as false all the reasonings I had hitherto taken for demonstrations; and finally, when I considered that the very same thoughts (presentations) which we experience when awake may also be experienced when we are asleep, while there is at that time not one of them true, I supposed that all the objects (presentations) that had ever entered into my mind when awake, had in them no more truth than the illusions of my dreams. But immediately upon this I observed that, whilst I thus wished to think that all was false, it was absolutely necessary that I, who thus thought, should be somewhat; and as I observed that this truth, I think, therefore I am (COGITO ERGO SUM), was so certain and

of such evidence that no ground of doubt, however extravagant, could be alleged by the sceptics capable of shaking it, I concluded that I might, without scruple, accept it as the first principle of the philosophy of which I was in search.

In the next place, I attentively examined what I was and as I observed that I could suppose that I had no body, and that there was no world nor any place in which I might be; but that I could not therefore suppose that I was not; and that, on the contrary, from the very circumstance that I thought to doubt of the truth of other things, it most clearly and certainly followed that I was; while, on the other hand, if I had only ceased to think, although all the other objects which I had ever imagined had been in reality existent, I would have had no reason to believe that I existed; I thence concluded that I was a substance whose whole essence or nature consists only in thinking, and which, that it may exist, has need of no place, nor is dependent on any material thing; so that "I," that is to say, the mind by which I am what I am, is wholly distinct from the body, and is even more easily known than the latter, and is such, that although the latter were not, it would still continue to be all that it is.

After this I inquired in general into what is essential to the truth and certainty of a proposition; for since I had discovered one which I knew to be true, I thought that I must likewise be able to discover the ground of this certitude. And as I observed that in the words I think, therefore I am, there is nothing at all which gives me assurance of their truth beyond this, that I see very clearly that in order to think it is necessary to exist, I concluded that I might take, as a general rule, the principle, that all the things which we very clearly and distinctly conceive are true, only observing, however, that there is some difficulty in rightly determining the objects which we distinctly conceive.

In the next place, from reflecting on the circumstance that I doubted, and that consequently my being was not wholly perfect (for I clearly saw that it was a greater perfection to know than to doubt), I was led to inquire whence I had learned to think of something more perfect than myself; and I clearly recognized that I must hold this notion from some nature which in reality was more perfect. As for the thoughts of many other objects external to me, as of the sky, the earth, light, heat, and a thousand more, I was less at a loss to know whence these came; for since I remarked in them nothing which seemed to render them superior to myself, I could believe that, if these were true, they were dependencies on my own nature, in so far as it possessed a certain perfection, and, if they were false, that I held them from nothing, that is to say, that they were in me because of a certain imperfection of my nature. But this could not be the case with-the idea of a nature more perfect than myself; for to receive it from nothing was a thing manifestly impossible; and, because it is not less repugnant that the more perfect should be an effect of, and dependence on the less perfect, than that something should proceed from nothing, it was equally impossible that I could hold it from myself: accordingly, it but remained that it had been placed in me by a nature which was in reality more perfect than mine, and which even possessed within itself all the perfections of which I could form any idea; that is to say, in a single word, which was God. And to this I added that, since I knew some perfections which I did not possess, I was not the only being in existence (I will here, with your permission, freely use the terms of the schools); but, on the contrary, that there was of necessity some other more perfect Being upon whom I was dependent, and from whom I had received all that I possessed; for if I had existed alone, and independently of every other being, so as to have had from myself all the perfection, however little, which I actually possessed, I should have been able, for the same reason, to have had from myself the whole remainder of perfection, of the want of which I was conscious, and thus could of myself have become infinite, eternal, immutable, omniscient, all-powerful, and, in fine, have possessed all the perfections which I could recognize in God. For in order to know the nature of God (whose existence has been established by the preceding reasonings), as far as my own nature permitted, I had only to consider in reference to all the properties of which I found in my mind some idea, whether their possession was a mark of perfection; and I was assured that no one which indicated any imperfection was in him, and that none of the rest was awanting. Thus I perceived that doubt, inconstancy, sadness, and such like, could not be found in God, since I myself would have been happy to be free from them. Besides, I had ideas of many sensible and corporeal things; for although I might suppose that I was dreaming, and that all which I saw or imagined was false, I could not, nevertheless, deny that the ideas were in reality in my thoughts. But, because I had already very clearly recognized in myself that the intelligent nature is distinct from the corporeal, and as I observed that all composition is an evidence of dependency, and that a state of dependency is manifestly a state of imperfection, I therefore determined that it could not be a perfection in God to be compounded of these two natures and that consequently he was not so compounded; but that if there were any bodies in the world, or even any intelligences, or other natures that were not wholly perfect, their existence depended on his power in such a way that they could not subsist without him for a single moment.

I was disposed straightway to search for other truths and when I had represented to myself the object of the geometers, which I conceived to be a continuous body or a space indefinitely extended in length, breadth, and height or depth, divisible into divers parts which admit of different figures and sizes, and of being moved or transposed in all manner of ways (for all this the geometers

suppose to be in the object they contemplate), I went over some of their simplest demonstrations. And, in the first place, I observed, that the great certitude which by common consent is accorded to these demonstrations, is founded solely upon this, that they are clearly conceived in accordance with the rules I have already laid down In the next place, I perceived that there was nothing at all in these demonstrations which could assure me of the existence of their object: thus, for example, supposing a triangle to be given, I distinctly perceived that its three angles were necessarily equal to two right angles, but I did not on that account perceive anything which could assure me that any triangle existed: while, on the contrary, recurring to the examination of the idea of a Perfect Being, I found that the existence of the Being was comprised in the idea in the same way that the equality of its three angles to two right angles is comprised in the idea of a triangle, or as in the idea of a sphere, the equidistance of all points on its surface from the center, or even still more clearly; and that consequently it is at least as certain that God, who is this Perfect Being, is, or exists, as any demonstration of geometry can be.

But the reason which leads many to persuade them selves that there is a difficulty in knowing this truth, and even also in knowing what their mind really is, is that they never raise their thoughts above sensible objects, and are so accustomed to consider nothing except by way of imagination, which is a mode of thinking limited to material objects, that all that is not imaginable seems to them not intelligible. The truth of this is sufficiently manifest from the single circumstance, that the philosophers of the schools accept as a maxim that there is nothing in the understanding which was not previously in the senses, in which however it is certain that the ideas of God and of the soul have never been; and it appears to me that they who make use of their imagination to comprehend these ideas do exactly the some thing as if, in order to hear sounds or smell odors, they strove to avail themselves of their eyes; unless indeed that there is this difference, that the sense of sight does not afford us an inferior assurance to those of smell or hearing; in place of which, neither our imagination nor our senses can give us assurance of anything unless our understanding intervene.

Finally, if there be still persons who are not sufficiently persuaded of the existence of God and of the soul, by the reasons I have adduced, I am desirous that they should know that all the other propositions, of the truth of which they deem themselves perhaps more assured, as that we have a body, and that there exist stars and an earth, and such like, are less certain; for, although we have a moral assurance of these things, which is so strong that there is an appearance of extravagance in doubting of their existence, yet at the same time no one, unless his intellect is impaired, can deny, when the question relates to a metaphysical certitude, that there is sufficient reason to exclude entire assurance, in the observation that when asleep we can in the same way imagine ourselves possessed of another body and that we see other stars and another earth, when there is nothing of the kind. For how do we know that the thoughts which occur in dreaming are false rather than those other which we experience when awake, since the former are often not less vivid and distinct than the latter? And though men of the highest genius study this question as long as they please, I do not believe that they will be able to give any reason which can be sufficient to remove this doubt, unless they presuppose the existence of God. For, in the first place even the principle which I have already taken as a rule, viz., that all the things which we clearly and distinctly conceive are true, is certain only because God is or exists and because he is a Perfect Being, and because all that we possess is derived from him: whence it follows that our ideas or notions, which to the extent of their clearness and distinctness are real, and proceed from God, must to that extent be true. Accordingly, whereas we not infrequently have ideas or notions in which some falsity is contained, this can only be the case with such as are to some extent confused and obscure, and in this proceed from nothing (participate of negation), that is, exist in us thus confused because we are not wholly perfect. And it is evident that it is not less repugnant that falsity or imperfection, in so far as it is imperfection, should proceed from God, than that truth or perfection should proceed from nothing. But if we did not know that all which we possess of real and true proceeds from a Perfect and Infinite Being, however clear and distinct our ideas might be, we should have no ground on that account for the assurance that they possessed the perfection of being true.

But after the knowledge of God and of the soul has rendered us certain of this rule, we can easily understand that the truth of the thoughts we experience when awake, ought not in the slightest degree to be called in question on account of the illusions of our dreams. For if it happened that an individual, even when asleep, had some very distinct idea, as, for example, if a geometer should discover some new demonstration, the circumstance of his being asleep would not militate against its truth; and as for the most ordinary error of our dreams, which consists in their representing to us various objects in the same way as our external senses, this is not prejudicial, since it leads us very properly to suspect the truth of the ideas of sense; for we are not infrequently deceived in the same manner when awake; as when persons in the jaundice see all objects yellow, or when the stars or bodies at a great distance appear to us much smaller than they are. For, in fine, whether awake or asleep, we ought never to allow ourselves to be persuaded of the truth of anything unless on the evidence of our reason. And it must be noted that I say of our reason, and not of our imagination or of our senses: thus, for example, although we very clearly see the sun, we ought not therefore to determine that

it is only of the size which our sense of sight presents; and we may very distinctly imagine the head of a lion joined to the body of a goat, without being therefore shut up to the conclusion that a chimaera exists; for it is not a dictate of reason that what we thus see or imagine is in reality existent; but it plainly tells us that all our ideas or notions contain in them some truth; for otherwise it could not be that God, who is wholly perfect and veracious, should have placed them in us. And because our reasonings are never so clear or so complete during sleep as when we are awake, although sometimes the acts of our imagination are then as lively and distinct, if not more so than in our waking moments, reason further dictates that, since all our thoughts cannot be true because of our partial imperfection, those possessing truth must infallibly be found in the experience of our waking moments rather than in that of our dreams.

PART V

I would here willingly have proceeded to exhibit the whole chain of truths which I deduced from these primary but as with a view to this it would have been necessary now to treat of many questions in dispute among the earned, with whom I do not wish to be embroiled, I believe that it will be better for me to refrain from this exposition, and only mention in general what these truths are, that the more judicious may be able to determine whether a more special account of them would conduce to the public advantage. I have ever remained firm in my original resolution to suppose no other principle than that of which I have recently availed myself in demonstrating the existence of God and of the soul, and to accept as true nothing that did not appear to me more clear and certain than the demonstrations of the geometers had formerly appeared; and yet I venture to state that not only have I found means to satisfy myself in a short time on all the principal difficulties which are usually treated of in philosophy, but I have also observed certain laws established in nature by God in such a manner, and of which he has impressed on our minds such notions, that after we have reflected sufficiently upon these, we cannot doubt that they are accurately observed in all that exists or takes place in the world and farther, by considering the concatenation of these laws, it appears to me that I have discovered many truths more useful and more important than all I had before learned, or even had expected to learn.

But because I have essayed to expound the chief of these discoveries in a treatise which certain considerations prevent me from publishing, I cannot make the results known more conveniently than by here giving a summary of the contents of this treatise. It was my design to comprise in it all that, before I set myself to write it, I thought I knew of the nature of material objects. But like the painters who, finding themselves unable to represent equally well on a plain surface all the different faces of a solid body, select one of the chief, on which alone they make the light fall, and throwing the rest into the shade, allow them to appear only in so far as they can be seen while looking at the principal one; so, fearing lest I should not be able to compense in my discourse all that was in my mind, I resolved to expound singly, though at considerable length, my opinions regarding light; then to take the opportunity of adding something on the sun and the fixed stars, since light almost wholly proceeds from them; on the heavens since they transmit it; on the planets, comets, and earth, since they reflect it; and particularly on all the bodies that are upon the earth, since they are either colored, or transparent, or luminous; and finally on man, since he is the spectator of these objects. Further, to enable me to cast this variety of subjects somewhat into the shade, and to express my judgment regarding them with greater freedom, without being necessitated to adopt or refute the opinions of the learned, I resolved to leave all the people here to their disputes, and to speak only of what would happen in a new world, if God were now to create somewhere in the imaginary spaces matter sufficient to compose one, and were to agitate variously and confusedly the different parts of this matter, so that there resulted a chaos as disordered as the poets ever feigned, and after that did nothing more than lend his ordinary concurrence to nature, and allow her to act in accordance with the laws which he had established. On this supposition, I, in the first place, described this matter, and essayed to represent it in such a manner that to my mind there can be nothing clearer and more intelligible, except what has been recently said regarding God and the soul; for I even expressly supposed that it possessed none of those forms or qualities which are so debated in the schools, nor in general anything the knowledge of which is not so natural to our minds that no one can so much as imagine himself ignorant of it. Besides, I have pointed out what are the laws of nature; and, with no other principle upon which to found my reasonings except the infinite perfection of God, I endeavored to demonstrate all those about which there could be any room for doubt, and to prove that they are such, that even if God had created more worlds, there could have been none in which these laws were not observed. Thereafter, I showed how the greatest part of the matter of this chaos must, in accordance with these laws, dispose and arrange itself in such a way as to present the appearance of heavens; how in the meantime some of its parts must compose an earth and some planets and comets, and others a sun and fixed stars. And, making a digression at this stage on the subject of light, I expounded at considerable length what the nature of that light must be which is found in the sun and the stars, and how thence in an instant of time it traverses the immense spaces of the heavens, and how from the planets and comets it is reflected towards the earth. To this I likewise added much respecting the substance, the situation, the motions, and all

the different qualities of these heavens and stars; so that I thought I had said enough respecting them to show that there is nothing observable in the heavens or stars of our system that must not, or at least may not appear precisely alike in those of the system which I described. I came next to speak of the earth in particular, and to show how, even though I had expressly supposed that God had given no weight to the matter of which it is composed, this should not prevent all its parts from tending exactly to its center; how with water and air on its surface, the disposition of the heavens and heavenly bodies, more especially of the moon, must cause a flow and ebb, like in all its circumstances to that observed in our seas, as also a certain current both of water and air from east to west, such as is likewise observed between the tropics; how the mountains, seas, fountains, and rivers might naturally be formed in it, and the metals produced in the mines, and the plants grow in the fields and in general, how all the bodies which are commonly denominated mixed or composite might be generated and, among other things in the discoveries alluded to inasmuch as besides the stars, I knew nothing except fire which produces light, I spared no pains to set forth all that pertains to its nature,--the manner of its production and support, and to explain how heat is sometimes found without light, and light without heat; to show how it can induce various colors upon different bodies and other diverse qualities; how it reduces some to a liquid state and hardens others; how it can consume almost all bodies, or convert them into ashes and smoke; and finally, how from these ashes, by the mere intensity of its action, it forms glass: for as this transmutation of ashes into glass appeared to me as wonderful as any other in nature, I took a special pleasure in describing it. I was not, however, disposed, from these circumstances, to conclude that this world had been created in the manner I described; for it is much more likely that God made it at the first such as it was to be. But this is certain, and an opinion commonly received among theologians, that the action by which he now sustains it is the same with that by which he originally created it; so that even although he had from the beginning given it no other form than that of chaos, provided only he had established certain laws of nature, and had lent it his concurrence to enable it to act as it is wont to do, it may be believed, without discredit to the miracle of creation, that, in this way alone, things purely material might, in course of time, have become such as we observe them at present; and their nature is much more easily conceived when they are beheld coming in this manner gradually into existence, than when they are only considered as produced at once in a finished and perfect state.

From the description of inanimate bodies and plants, I passed to animals, and particularly to man. But since I had not as yet sufficient knowledge to enable me to treat of these in the same manner as of the rest, that is to say, by deducing effects from their causes, and by showing from what elements and in what manner nature must produce them, I remained satisfied with the supposition that God formed the body of man wholly like to one of ours, as well in the external shape of the members as in the internal conformation of the organs, of the same matter with that I had described, and at first placed in it no rational soul, nor any other principle, in room of the vegetative or sensitive soul, beyond kindling in the heart one of those fires without light, such as I had already described, and which I thought was not different from the heat in hay that has been heaped together before it is dry, or that which causes fermentation in new wines before they are run clear of the fruit. For, when I examined the kind of functions which might, as consequences of this supposition, exist in this body, I found precisely all those which may exist in us independently of all power of thinking, and consequently without being in any measure owing to the soul; in other words, to that part of us which is distinct from the body, and of which it has been said above that the nature distinctively consists in thinking, functions in which the animals void of reason may be said wholly to resemble us; but among which I could not discover any of those that, as dependent on thought alone, belong to us as men, while, on the other hand, I did afterwards discover these as soon as I supposed God to have created a rational soul, and to have annexed it to this body in a particular manner which I described.

But, in order to show how I there handled this matter, I mean here to give the explication of the motion of the heart and arteries, which, as the first and most general motion observed in animals, will afford the means of readily determining what should be thought of all the rest. And that there may be less difficulty in understanding what I am about to say on this subject, I advise those who are not versed in anatomy, before they commence the perusal of these observations, to take the trouble of getting dissected in their presence the heart of some large animal possessed of lungs (for this is throughout sufficiently like the human), and to have shown to them its two ventricles or cavities: in the first place, that in the right side, with which correspond two very ample tubes, viz., the hollow vein (_vena cava_), which is the principal receptacle of the blood, and the trunk of the tree, as it were, of which all the other veins in the body are branches; and the arterial vein (_vena arteriosa_), inappropriately so denominated, since it is in truth only an artery, which, taking its rise in the heart, is divided, after passing out from it, into many branches which presently disperse themselves all over the lungs; in the second place, the cavity in the left side, with which correspond in the same manner two canals in size equal to or larger than the preceding, viz., the venous artery (_arteria venosa_), likewise inappropriately thus designated, because it is simply a vein which comes from the lungs, where it is divided into many branches, interlaced with those of the arterial vein, and those of the tube called the windpipe, through which the air we breathe enters; and the great artery which, issuing from the heart, sends its branches all over the body. I should wish also that such persons were carefully shown the eleven pellicles

which, like so many small valves, open and shut the four orifices that are in these two cavities, viz., three at the entrance of the hollow veins where they are disposed in such a manner as by no means to prevent the blood which it contains from flowing into the right ventricle of the heart, and yet exactly to prevent its flowing out; three at the entrance to the arterial vein, which, arranged in a manner exactly the opposite of the former, readily permit the blood contained in this cavity to pass into the lungs, but hinder that contained in the lungs from returning to this cavity; and, in like manner, two others at the mouth of the venous artery, which allow the blood from the lungs to flow into the left cavity of the heart, but preclude its return; and three at the mouth of the great artery, which suffer the blood to flow from the heart, but prevent its reflux. Nor do we need to seek any other reason for the number of these pellicles beyond this that the orifice of the venous artery being of an oval shape from the nature of its situation, can be adequately closed with two, whereas the others being round are more conveniently closed with three. Besides, I wish such persons to observe that the grand artery and the arterial vein are of much harder and firmer texture than the venous artery and the hollow vein; and that the two last expand before entering the heart, and there form, as it were, two pouches denominated the auricles of the heart, which are composed of a substance similar to that of the heart itself; and that there is always more warmth in the heart than in any other part of the body--and finally, that this heat is capable of causing any drop of blood that passes into the cavities rapidly to expand and dilate, just as all liquors do when allowed to fall drop by drop into a highly heated vessel.

For, after these things, it is not necessary for me to say anything more with a view to explain the motion of the heart, except that when its cavities are not full of blood, into these the blood of necessity flows,--from the hollow vein into the right, and from the venous artery into the left; because these two vessels are always full of blood, and their orifices, which are turned towards the heart, cannot then be closed. But as soon as two drops of blood have thus passed, one into each of the cavities, these drops which cannot but be very large, because the orifices through which they pass are wide, and the vessels from which they come full of blood, are immediately rarefied, and dilated by the heat they meet with. In this way they cause the whole heart to expand, and at the same time press home and shut the five small valves that are at the entrances of the two vessels from which they flow, and thus prevent any more blood from coming down into the heart, and becoming more and more rarefied, they push open the six small valves that are in the orifices of the other two vessels, through which they pass out, causing in this way all the branches of the arterial vein and of the grand artery to expand almost simultaneously with the heart which immediately thereafter begins to contract, as do also the arteries, because the blood that has entered them has cooled, and the six small valves close, and the five of the hollow vein and of the venous artery open anew and allow a passage to other two drops of blood, which cause the heart and the arteries again to expand as before. And, because the blood which thus enters into the heart passes through these two pouches called auricles, it thence happens that their motion is the contrary of that of the heart, and that when it expands they contract. But lest those who are ignorant of the force of mathematical demonstrations and who are not accustomed to distinguish true reasons from mere verisimilitudes, should venture, without examination, to deny what has been said, I wish it to be considered that the motion which I have now explained follows as necessarily from the very arrangement of the parts, which may be observed in the heart by the eye alone, and from the heat which may be felt with the fingers, and from the nature of the blood as learned from experience, as does the motion of a clock from the power, the situation, and shape of its counterweights and wheels.

But if it be asked how it happens that the blood in the veins, flowing in this way continually into the heart, is not exhausted, and why the arteries do not become too full, since all the blood which passes through the heart flows into them, I need only mention in reply what has been written by a physician of England, who has the honor of having broken the ice on this subject, and of having been the first to teach that there are many small passages at the extremities of the arteries, through which the blood received by them from the heart passes into the small branches of the veins, whence it again returns to the heart; so that its course amounts precisely to a perpetual circulation. Of this we have abundant proof in the ordinary experience of surgeons, who, by binding the arm with a tie of moderate straitness above the part where they open the vein, cause the blood to flow more copiously than it would have done without any ligature; whereas quite the contrary would happen were they to bind it below; that is, between the hand and the opening, or were to make the ligature above the opening very tight. For it is manifest that the tie, moderately straightened, while adequate to hinder the blood already in the arm from returning towards the heart by the veins, cannot on that account prevent new blood from coming forward through the arteries, because these are situated below the veins, and their coverings, from their greater consistency, are more difficult to compress; and also that the blood which comes from the heart tends to pass through them to the hand with greater force than it does to return from the hand to the heart through the veins. And since the latter current escapes from the arm by the opening made in one of the veins, there must of necessity be certain passages below the ligature, that is, towards the extremities of the arm through which it can come thither from the arteries. This physician likewise abundantly establishes what he has advanced respecting the motion of the blood, from the existence of certain pellicles, so disposed in various places along the course of the veins, in the manner of small valves, as not to permit the blood to pass from the middle of the body towards the

extremities, but only to return from the extremities to the heart; and farther, from experience which shows that all the blood which is in the body may flow out of it in a very short time through a single artery that has been cut, even although this had been closely tied in the immediate neighborhood of the heart and cut between the heart and the ligature, so as to prevent the supposition that the blood flowing out of it could come from any other quarter than the heart.

But there are many other circumstances which evince that what I have alleged is the true cause of the motion of the blood: thus, in the first place, the difference that is observed between the blood which flows from the veins, and that from the arteries, can only arise from this, that being rarefied, and, as it were, distilled by passing through the heart, it is thinner, and more vivid, and warmer immediately after leaving the heart, in other words, when in the arteries, than it was a short time before passing into either, in other words, when it was in the veins; and if attention be given, it will be found that this difference is very marked only in the neighborhood of the heart; and is not so evident in parts more remote from it. In the next place, the consistency of the coats of which the arterial vein and the great artery are composed, sufficiently shows that the blood is impelled against them with more force than against the veins. And why should the left cavity of the heart and the great artery be wider and larger than the right cavity and the arterial vein, were it not that the blood of the venous artery, having only been in the lungs after it has passed through the heart, is thinner, and rarefies more readily, and in a higher degree, than the blood which proceeds immediately from the hollow vein? And what can physicians conjecture from feeling the pulse unless they know that according as the blood changes its nature it can be rarefied by the warmth of the heart, in a higher or lower degree, and more or less quickly than before? And if it be inquired how this heat is communicated to the other members, must it not be admitted that this is effected by means of the blood, which, passing through the heart, is there heated anew, and thence diffused over all the body? Whence it happens, that if the blood be withdrawn from any part, the heat is likewise withdrawn by the same means; and although the heart were as-hot as glowing iron, it would not be capable of warming the feet and hands as at present, unless it continually sent thither new blood. We likewise perceive from this, that the true use of respiration is to bring sufficient fresh air into the lungs, to cause the blood which flows into them from the right ventricle of the heart, where it has been rarefied and, as it were, changed into vapors, to become thick, and to convert it anew into blood, before it flows into the left cavity, without which process it would be unfit for the nourishment of the fire that is there. This receives confirmation from the circumstance, that it is observed of animals destitute of lungs that they have also but one cavity in the heart, and that in children who cannot use them while in the womb, there is a hole through which the blood flows from the hollow vein into the left cavity of the heart, and a tube through which it passes from the arterial vein into the grand artery without passing through the lung. In the next place, how could digestion be carried on in the stomach unless the heart communicated heat to it through the arteries, and along with this certain of the more fluid parts of the blood, which assist in the dissolution of the food that has been taken in? Is not also the operation which converts the juice of food into blood easily comprehended, when it is considered that it is distilled by passing and repassing through the heart perhaps more than one or two hundred times in a day? And what more need be adduced to explain nutrition, and the production of the different humors of the body, beyond saying, that the force with which the blood, in being rarefied, passes from the heart towards the extremities of the arteries, causes certain of its parts to remain in the members at which they arrive, and there occupy the place of some others expelled by them; and that according to the situation, shape, or smallness of the pores with which they meet, some rather than others flow into certain parts, in the same way that some sieves are observed to act, which, by being variously perforated, serve to separate different species of grain? And, in the last place, what above all is here worthy of observation, is the generation of the animal spirits, which are like a very subtle wind, or rather a very pure and vivid flame which, continually ascending in great abundance from the heart to the brain, thence penetrates through the nerves into the muscles, and gives motion to all the members; so that to account for other parts of the blood which, as most agitated and penetrating, are the fittest to compose these spirits, proceeding towards the brain, it is not necessary to suppose any other cause, than simply, that the arteries which carry them thither proceed from the heart in the most direct lines, and that, according to the rules of mechanics which are the same with those of nature, when many objects tend at once to the same point where there is not sufficient room for all (as is the case with the parts of the blood which flow forth from the left cavity of the heart and tend towards the brain), the weaker and less agitated parts must necessarily be driven aside from that point by the stronger which alone in this way reach it I had expounded all these matters with sufficient minuteness in the treatise which I formerly thought of publishing. And after these, I had shown what must be the fabric of the nerves and muscles of the human body to give the animal spirits contained in it the power to move the members, as when we see heads shortly after they have been struck off still move and bite the earth, although no longer animated; what changes must take place in the brain to produce waking, sleep, and dreams; how light, sounds, odors, tastes, heat, and all the other qualities of external objects impress it with different ideas by means of the senses; how hunger, thirst, and the other internal affections can likewise impress upon it divers ideas; what must be understood by the common sense (_sensus communis_) in which these ideas are received, by the memory which retains them, by the fantasy which can change them in various ways, and out of them compose new ideas, and which, by the same means,

distributing the animal spirits through the muscles, can cause the members of such a body to move in as many different ways, and in a manner as suited, whether to the objects that are presented to its senses or to its internal affections, as can take place in our own case apart from the guidance of the will. Nor will this appear at all strange to those who are acquainted with the variety of movements performed by the different automata, or moving machines fabricated by human industry, and that with help of but few pieces compared with the great multitude of bones, muscles, nerves, arteries, veins, and other parts that are found in the body of each animal. Such persons will look upon this body as a machine made by the hands of God, which is incomparably better arranged, and adequate to movements more admirable than is any machine of human invention. And here I specially stayed to show that, were there such machines exactly resembling organs and outward form an ape or any other irrational animal, we could have no means of knowing that they were in any respect of a different nature from these animals; but if there were machines bearing the image of our bodies, and capable of imitating our actions as far as it is morally possible, there would still remain two most certain tests whereby to know that they were not therefore really men. Of these the first is that they could never use words or other signs arranged in such a manner as is competent to us in order to declare our thoughts to others: for we may easily conceive a machine to be so constructed that it emits vocables, and even that it emits some correspondent to the action upon it of external objects which cause a change in its organs; for example, if touched in a particular place it may demand what we wish to say to it; if in another it may cry out that it is hurt, and such like; but not that it should arrange them variously so as appositely to reply to what is said in its presence, as men of the lowest grade of intellect can do. The second test is, that although such machines might execute many things with equal or perhaps greater perfection than any of us, they would, without doubt, fail in certain others from which it could be discovered that they did not act from knowledge, but solely from the disposition of their organs: for while reason is an universal instrument that is alike available on every occasion, these organs, on the contrary, need a particular arrangement for each particular action; whence it must be morally impossible that there should exist in any machine a diversity of organs sufficient to enable it to act in all the occurrences of life, in the way in which our reason enables us to act. Again, by means of these two tests we may likewise know the difference between men and brutes. For it is highly deserving of remark, that there are no men so dull and stupid, not even idiots, as to be incapable of joining together different words, and thereby constructing a declaration by which to make their thoughts understood; and that on the other hand, there is no other animal, however perfect or happily circumstanced, which can do the like. Nor does this inability arise from want of organs: for we observe that magpies and parrots can utter words like ourselves, and are yet unable to speak as we do, that is, so as to show that they understand what they say; in place of which men born deaf and dumb, and thus not less, but rather more than the brutes, destitute of the organs which others use in speaking, are in the habit of spontaneously inventing certain signs by which they discover their thoughts to those who, being usually in their company, have leisure to learn their language. And this proves not only that the brutes have less reason than man, but that they have none at all: for we see that very little is required to enable a person to speak; and since a certain inequality of capacity is observable among animals of the same species, as well as among men, and since some are more capable of being instructed than others, it is incredible that the most perfect ape or parrot of its species, should not in this be equal to the most stupid infant of its kind or at least to one that was crack-brained, unless the soul of brutes were of a nature wholly different from ours. And we ought not to confound speech with the natural movements which indicate the passions, and can be imitated by machines as well as manifested by animals; nor must it be thought with certain of the ancients, that the brutes speak, although we do not understand their language. For if such were the case, since they are endowed with many organs analogous to ours, they could as easily communicate their thoughts to us as to their fellows. It is also very worthy of remark, that, though there are many animals which manifest more industry than we in certain of their actions, the same animals are yet observed to show none at all in many others: so that the circumstance that they do better than we does not prove that they are endowed with mind, for it would thence follow that they possessed greater reason than any of us, and could surpass us in all things; on the contrary, it rather proves that they are destitute of reason, and that it is nature which acts in them according to the disposition of their organs: thus it is seen, that a clock composed only of wheels and weights can number the hours and measure time more exactly than we with all our skin.

I had after this described the reasonable soul, and shown that it could by no means be educed from the power of matter, as the other things of which I had spoken, but that it must be expressly created; and that it is not sufficient that it be lodged in the human body exactly like a pilot in a ship, unless perhaps to move its members, but that it is necessary for it to be joined and united more closely to the body, in order to have sensations and appetites similar to ours, and thus constitute a real man. I here entered, in conclusion, upon the subject of the soul at considerable length, because it is of the greatest moment: for after the error of those who deny the existence of God, an error which I think I have already sufficiently refuted, there is none that is more powerful in leading feeble minds astray from the straight path of virtue than the supposition that the soul of the brutes is of the same nature with our own; and consequently that after this life we have nothing to hope for or fear, more than flies and ants; in place of which, when we know how far they differ we much better comprehend the reasons which establish that the soul is of a nature wholly

independent of the body, and that consequently it is not liable to die with the latter and, finally, because no other causes are observed capable of destroying it, we are naturally led thence to judge that it is immortal.

PART VI

Three years have now elapsed since I finished the treatise containing all these matters; and I was beginning to revise it, with the view to put it into the hands of a printer, when I learned that persons to whom I greatly defer, and whose authority over my actions is hardly less influential than is my own reason over my thoughts, had condemned a certain doctrine in physics, published a short time previously by another individual to which I will not say that I adhered, but only that, previously to their censure I had observed in it nothing which I could imagine to be prejudicial either to religion or to the state, and nothing therefore which would have prevented me from giving expression to it in writing, if reason had persuaded me of its truth; and this led me to fear lest among my own doctrines likewise some one might be found in which I had departed from the truth, notwithstanding the great care I have always taken not to accord belief to new opinions of which I had not the most certain demonstrations, and not to give expression to aught that might tend to the hurt of any one. This has been sufficient to make me alter my purpose of publishing them; for although the reasons by which I had been induced to take this resolution were very strong, yet my inclination, which has always been hostile to writing books, enabled me immediately to discover other considerations sufficient to excuse me for not undertaking the task. And these reasons, on one side and the other, are such, that not only is it in some measure my interest here to state them, but that of the public, perhaps, to know them.

I have never made much account of what has proceeded from my own mind; and so long as I gathered no other advantage from the method I employ beyond satisfying myself on some difficulties belonging to the speculative sciences, or endeavoring to regulate my actions according to the principles it taught me, I never thought myself bound to publish anything respecting it. For in what regards manners, every one is so full of his own wisdom, that there might be found as many reformers as heads, if any were allowed to take upon themselves the task of mending them, except those whom God has constituted the supreme rulers of his people or to whom he has given sufficient grace and zeal to be prophets; and although my speculations greatly pleased myself, I believed that others had theirs, which perhaps pleased them still more. But as soon as I had acquired some general notions respecting physics, and beginning to make trial of them in various particular difficulties, had observed how far they can carry us, and how much they differ from the principles that have been employed up to the present time, I believed that I could not keep them concealed without sinning grievously against the law by which we are bound to promote, as far as in us lies, the general good of mankind. For by them I perceived it to be possible to arrive at knowledge highly useful in life; and in room of the speculative philosophy usually taught in the schools, to discover a practical, by means of which, knowing the force and action of fire, water, air the stars, the heavens, and all the other bodies that surround us, as distinctly as we know the various crafts of our artisans, we might also apply them in the same way to all the uses to which they are adapted, and thus render ourselves the lords and possessors of nature. And this is a result to be desired, not only in order to the invention of an infinity of arts, by which we might be enabled to enjoy without any trouble the fruits of the earth, and all its comforts, but also and especially for the preservation of health, which is without doubt, of all the blessings of this life, the first and fundamental one; for the mind is so intimately dependent upon the condition and relation of the organs of the body, that if any means can ever be found to render men wiser and more ingenious than hitherto, I believe that it is in medicine they must be sought for. It is true that the science of medicine, as it now exists, contains few things whose utility is very remarkable: but without any wish to depreciate it, I am confident that there is no one, even among those whose profession it is, who does not admit that all at present known in it is almost nothing in comparison of what remains to be discovered; and that we could free ourselves from an infinity of maladies of body as well as of mind, and perhaps also even from the debility of age, if we had sufficiently ample knowledge of their causes, and of all the remedies provided for us by nature. But since I designed to employ my whole life in the search after so necessary a science, and since I had fallen in with a path which seems to me such, that if any one follow it he must inevitably reach the end desired, unless he be hindered either by the shortness of life or the want of experiments, I judged that there could be no more effectual provision against these two impediments than if I were faithfully to communicate to the public all the little I might myself have found, and incite men of superior genius to strive to proceed farther, by contributing, each according to his inclination and ability, to the experiments which it would be necessary to make, and also by informing the public of all they might discover, so that, by the last beginning where those before them had left off, and thus connecting the lives and labours of many, we might collectively proceed much farther than each by himself could do.

I remarked, moreover, with respect to experiments, that they become always more necessary the more one is advanced in knowledge; for, at the commencement, it is better to make use only of what is spontaneously presented to our senses, and of which we cannot remain ignorant, provided we bestow on it any reflection, however slight, than to concern ourselves about more uncommon and recondite phenomena: the reason of which is, that the more uncommon often only mislead us so long as the causes of the more ordinary are still unknown; and the circumstances upon which they depend are almost always so special and minute as to be highly difficult to detect. But in this I have adopted the following order: first, I have essayed to find in general the principles, or first causes of all that is or can be in the world, without taking into consideration for this end anything but God himself who has created it, and without educing them from any other source than from certain germs of truths naturally existing in our minds In the second place, I examined what were the first and most ordinary effects that could be deduced from these causes; and it appears to me that, in this way, I have found heavens, stars, an earth, and even on the earth water, air, fire, minerals, and some other things of this kind, which of all others are the most common and simple, and hence the easiest to know. Afterwards when I wished to descend to the more particular, so many diverse objects presented themselves to me, that I believed it to be impossible for the human mind to distinguish the forms or species of bodies that are upon the earth, from an infinity of others which might have been, if it had pleased God to place them there, or consequently to apply them to our use, unless we rise to causes through their effects, and avail ourselves of many particular experiments. Thereupon, turning over in my mind I the objects that had ever been presented to my senses I freely venture to state that I have never observed any which I could not satisfactorily explain by the principles had discovered. But it is necessary also to confess that the power of nature is so ample and vast, and these principles so simple and general, that I have hardly observed a single particular effect which I cannot at once recognize as capable of being deduced in man different modes from the principles, and that my greatest difficulty usually is to discover in which of these modes the effect is dependent upon them; for out of this difficulty cannot otherwise extricate myself than by again seeking certain experiments, which may be such that their result is not the same, if it is in the one of these modes at we must explain it, as it would be if it were to be explained in the other. As to what remains, I am now in a position to discern, as I think, with sufficient clearness what course must be taken to make the majority those experiments which may conduce to this end: but I perceive likewise that they are such and so numerous, that neither my hands nor my income, though it were a thousand times larger than it is, would be sufficient for them all; so that according as henceforward I shall have the means of making more or fewer experiments, I shall in the same proportion make greater or less progress in the knowledge of nature. This was what I had hoped to make known by the treatise I had written, and so clearly to exhibit the advantage that would thence accrue to the public, as to induce all who have the common good of man at heart, that is, all who are virtuous in truth, and not merely in appearance, or according to opinion, as well to communicate to me the experiments they had already made, as to assist me in those that remain to be made.

But since that time other reasons have occurred to me, by which I have been led to change my opinion, and to think that I ought indeed to go on committing to writing all the results which I deemed of any moment, as soon as I should have tested their truth, and to bestow the same care upon them as I would have done had it been my design to publish them. This course commended itself to me, as well because I thus afforded myself more ample inducement to examine them thoroughly, for doubtless that is always more narrowly scrutinized which we believe will be read by many, than that which is written merely for our private use (and frequently what has seemed to me true when I first conceived it, has appeared false when I have set about committing it to writing), as because I thus lost no opportunity of advancing the interests of the public, as far as in me lay, and since thus likewise, if my writings possess any value, those into whose hands they may fall after my death may be able to put them to what use they deem proper. But I resolved by no means to consent to their publication during my lifetime, lest either the oppositions or the controversies to which they might give rise, or even the reputation, such as it might be, which they would acquire for me, should be any occasion of my losing the time that I had set apart for my own improvement. For though it be true that every one is bound to promote to the extent of his ability the good of others, and that to be useful to no one is really to be worthless, yet it is likewise true that our cares ought to extend beyond the present, and it is good to omit doing what might perhaps bring some profit to the living, when we have in view the accomplishment of other ends that will be of much greater advantage to posterity. And in truth, I am quite willing it should be known that the little I have hitherto learned is almost nothing in comparison with that of which I am ignorant, and to the knowledge of which I do not despair of being able to attain; for it is much the same with those who gradually discover truth in the sciences, as with those who when growing rich find less difficulty in making great acquisitions, than they formerly experienced when poor in making acquisitions of much smaller amount. Or they may be compared to the commanders of armies, whose forces usually increase in proportion to their victories, and who need greater prudence to keep together the residue of their troops after a defeat than after a victory to take towns and provinces. For he truly engages in battle who endeavors to surmount all the difficulties and errors which prevent him from reaching the knowledge of truth, and he is overcome in fight who admits a false opinion touching a matter of any generality and importance, and he requires thereafter much more skill to recover his former position than to make

great advances when once in possession of thoroughly ascertained principles. As for myself, if I have succeeded in discovering any truths in the sciences (and I trust that what is contained in this volume I will show that I have found some), I can declare that they are but the consequences and results of five or six principal difficulties which I have surmounted, and my encounters with which I reckoned as battles in which victory declared for me. I will not hesitate even to avow my belief that nothing further is wanting to enable me fully to realize my designs than to gain two or three similar victories; and that I am not so far advanced in years but that, according to the ordinary course of nature, I may still have sufficient leisure for this end. But I conceive myself the more bound to husband the time that remains the greater my expectation of being able to employ it aright, and I should doubtless have much to rob me of it, were I to publish the principles of my physics: for although they are almost all so evident that to assent to them no more is needed than simply to understand them, and although there is not one of them of which I do not expect to be able to give demonstration, yet, as it is impossible that they can be in accordance with all the diverse opinions of others, I foresee that I should frequently be turned aside from my grand design, on occasion of the opposition which they would be sure to awaken.

It may be said, that these oppositions would be useful both in making me aware of my errors, and, if my speculations contain anything of value, in bringing others to a fuller understanding of it; and still farther, as many can see better than one, in leading others who are now beginning to avail themselves of my principles, to assist me in turn with their discoveries. But though I recognize my extreme liability to error, and scarce ever trust to the first thoughts which occur to me, yet-the experience I have had of possible objections to my views prevents me from anticipating any profit from them. For I have already had frequent proof of the judgments, as well of those I esteemed friends, as of some others to whom I thought I was an object of indifference, and even of some whose malignancy and envy would, I knew, determine them to endeavor to discover what partiality concealed from the eyes of my friends. But it has rarely happened that anything has been objected to me which I had myself altogether overlooked, unless it were something far removed from the subject: so that I have never met with a single critic of my opinions who did not appear to me either less rigorous or less equitable than myself. And further, I have never observed that any truth before unknown has been brought to light by the disputations that are practised in the schools; for while each strives for the victory, each is much more occupied in making the best of mere verisimilitude, than in weighing the reasons on both sides of the question; and those who have been long good advocates are not afterwards on that account the better judges.

As for the advantage that others would derive from the communication of my thoughts, it could not be very great; because I have not yet so far prosecuted them as that much does not remain to be added before they can be applied to practice. And I think I may say without vanity, that if there is any one who can carry them out that length, it must be myself rather than another: not that there may not be in the world many minds incomparably superior to mine, but because one cannot so well seize a thing and make it one’s own, when it has been learned from another, as when one has himself discovered it. And so true is this of the present subject that, though I have often explained some of my opinions to persons of much acuteness, who, whilst I was speaking, appeared to understand them very distinctly, yet, when they repeated them, I have observed that they almost always changed them to such an extent that I could no longer acknowledge them as mine. I am glad, by the way, to take this opportunity of requesting posterity never to believe on hearsay that anything has proceeded from me which has not been published by myself; and I am not at all astonished at the extravagances attributed to those ancient philosophers whose own writings we do not possess; whose thoughts, however, I do not on that account suppose to have been really absurd, seeing they were among the ablest men of their times, but only that these have been falsely represented to us. It is observable, accordingly, that scarcely in a single instance has any one of their disciples surpassed them; and I am quite sure that the most devoted of the present followers of Aristotle would think themselves happy if they had as much knowledge of nature as he possessed, were it even under the condition that they should never afterwards attain to higher. In this respect they are like the ivy which never strives to rise above the tree that sustains it, and which frequently even returns downwards when it has reached the top; for it seems to me that they also sink, in other words, render themselves less wise than they would be if they gave up study, who, not contented with knowing all that is intelligibly explained in their author, desire in addition to find in him the solution of many difficulties of which he says not a word, and never perhaps so much as thought. Their fashion of philosophizing, however, is well suited to persons whose abilities fall below mediocrity; for the obscurity of the distinctions and principles of which they make use enables them to speak of all things with as much confidence as if they really knew them, and to defend all that they say on any subject against the most subtle and skillful, without its being possible for any one to convict them of error. In this they seem to me to be like a blind man, who, in order to fight on equal terms with a person that sees, should have made him descend to the bottom of an intensely dark cave: and I may say that such persons have an interest in my refraining from publishing the principles of the philosophy of which I make use; for, since these are of a kind the simplest and most evident, I should, by publishing them, do much the same as if I were to throw open the windows, and allow the light of day to enter the cave into which the combatants had descended. But even superior men have no reason for any great

anxiety to know these principles, for if what they desire is to be able to speak of all things, and to acquire a reputation for learning, they will gain their end more easily by remaining satisfied with the appearance of truth, which can be found without much difficulty in all sorts of matters, than by seeking the truth itself which unfolds itself but slowly and that only in some departments, while it obliges us, when we have to speak of others, freely to confess our ignorance. If, however, they prefer the knowledge of some few truths to the vanity of appearing ignorant of none, as such knowledge is undoubtedly much to be preferred, and, if they choose to follow a course similar to mine, they do not require for this that I should say anything more than I have already said in this discourse. For if they are capable of making greater advancement than I have made, they will much more be able of themselves to discover all that I believe myself to have found; since as I have never examined aught except in order, it is certain that what yet remains to be discovered is in itself more difficult and recondite, than that which I have already been enabled to find, and the gratification would be much less in learning it from me than in discovering it for themselves. Besides this, the habit which they will acquire, by seeking first what is easy, and then passing onward slowly and step by step to the more difficult, will benefit them more than all my instructions. Thus, in my own case, I am persuaded that if I had been taught from my youth all the truths of which I have since sought out demonstrations, and had thus learned them without labour, I should never, perhaps, have known any beyond these; at least, I should never have acquired the habit and the facility which I think I possess in always discovering new truths in proportion as I give myself to the search. And, in a single word, if there is any work in the world which cannot be so well finished by another as by him who has commenced it, it is that at which I labour.

It is true, indeed, as regards the experiments which may conduce to this end, that one man is not equal to the task of making them all; but yet he can advantageously avail himself, in this work, of no hands besides his own, unless those of artisans, or parties of the same kind, whom he could pay, and whom the hope of gain (a means of great efficacy) might stimulate to accuracy in the performance of what was prescribed to them. For as to those who, through curiosity or a desire of learning, of their own accord, perhaps, offer him their services, besides that in general their promises exceed their performance, and that they sketch out fine designs of which not one is ever realized, they will, without doubt, expect to be compensated for their trouble by the explication of some difficulties, or, at least, by compliments and useless speeches, in which he cannot spend any portion of his time without loss to himself. And as for the experiments that others have already made, even although these parties should be willing of themselves to communicate them to him (which is what those who esteem them secrets will never do), the experiments are, for the most part, accompanied with so many circumstances and superfluous elements, as to make it exceedingly difficult to disentangle the truth from its adjuncts--besides, he will find almost all of them so ill described, or even so false (because those who made them have wished to see in them only such facts as they deemed conformable to their principles), that, if in the entire number there should be some of a nature suited to his purpose, still their value could not compensate for the time what would be necessary to make the selection. So that if there existed any one whom we assuredly knew to be capable of making discoveries of the highest kind, and of the greatest possible utility to the public; and if all other men were therefore eager by all means to assist him in successfully prosecuting his designs, I do not see that they could do aught else for him beyond contributing to defray the expenses of the experiments that might be necessary; and for the rest, prevent his being deprived of his leisure by the unseasonable interruptions of any one. But besides that I neither have so high an opinion of myself as to be willing to make promise of anything extraordinary, nor feed on imaginations so vain as to fancy that the public must be much interested in my designs; I do not, on the other hand, own a soul so mean as to be capable of accepting from any one a favor of which it could be supposed that I was unworthy.

These considerations taken together were the reason why, for the last three years, I have been unwilling to publish the treatise I had on hand, and why I even resolved to give publicity during my life to no other that was so general, or by which the principles of my physics might be understood. But since then, two other reasons have come into operation that have determined me here to subjoin some particular specimens, and give the public some account of my doings and designs. Of these considerations, the first is, that if I failed to do so, many who were cognizant of my previous intention to publish some writings, might have imagined that the reasons which induced me to refrain from so doing, were less to my credit than they really are; for although I am not immoderately desirous of glory, or even, if I may venture so to say, although I am averse from it in so far as I deem it hostile to repose which I hold in greater account than aught else, yet, at the same time, I have never sought to conceal my actions as if they were crimes, nor made use of many precautions that I might remain unknown; and this partly because I should have thought such a course of conduct a wrong against myself, and partly because it would have occasioned me some sort of uneasiness which would again have been contrary to the perfect mental tranquillity which I court. And forasmuch as, while thus indifferent to the thought alike of fame or of forgetfulness, I have yet been unable to prevent myself from acquiring some sort of reputation, I have thought it incumbent on me to do my best to save myself at least from being ill-spoken of. The other reason that has determined me to commit to writing these specimens of philosophy is, that I am becoming daily more and more alive to the delay which my design of self-instruction suffers,

for want of the infinity of experiments I require, and which it is impossible for me to make without the assistance of others: and, without flattering myself so much as to expect the public to take a large share in my interests, I am yet unwilling to be found so far wanting in the duty I owe to myself, as to give occasion to those who shall survive me to make it matter of reproach against me some day, that I might have left them many things in a much more perfect state than I have done, had I not too much neglected to make them aware of the ways in which they could have promoted the accomplishment of my designs.

And I thought that it was easy for me to select some matters which should neither be obnoxious to much controversy, nor should compel me to expound more of my principles than I desired, and which should yet be sufficient clearly to exhibit what I can or cannot accomplish in the sciences. Whether or not I have succeeded in this it is not for me to say; and I do not wish to forestall the judgments of others by speaking myself of my writings; but it will gratify me if they be examined, and, to afford the greater inducement to this I request all who may have any objections to make to them, to take the trouble of forwarding these to my publisher, who will give me notice of them, that I may endeavor to subjoin at the same time my reply; and in this way readers seeing both at once will more easily determine where the truth lies; for I do not engage in any case to make prolix replies, but only with perfect frankness to avow my errors if I am convinced of them, or if I cannot perceive them, simply to state what I think is required for defense of the matters I have written, adding thereto no explication of any new matte that it may not be necessary to pass without end from one thing to another.

If some of the matters of which I have spoken in the beginning of the “Dioptrics” and “Meteorics” should offend at first sight, because I call them hypotheses and seem indifferent about giving proof of them, I request a patient and attentive reading of the whole, from which I hope those hesitating will derive satisfaction; for it appears to me that the reasonings are so mutually connected in these treatises, that, as the last are demonstrated by the first which are their causes, the first are in their turn demonstrated by the last which are their effects. Nor must it be imagined that I here commit the fallacy which the logicians call a circle; for since experience renders the majority of these effects most certain, the causes from which I deduce them do not serve so much to establish their reality as to explain their existence; but on the contrary, the reality of the causes is established by the reality of the effects. Nor have I called them hypotheses with any other end in view except that it may be known that I think I am able to deduce them from those first truths which I have already expounded; and yet that I have expressly determined not to do so, to prevent a certain class of minds from thence taking occasion to build some extravagant philosophy upon what they may take to be my principles, and my being blamed for it. I refer to those who imagine that they can master in a day all that another has taken twenty years to think out, as soon as he has spoken two or three words to them on the subject; or who are the more liable to error and the less capable of perceiving truth in very proportion as they are more subtle and lively. As to the opinions which are truly and wholly mine, I offer no apology for them as new,--persuaded as I am that if their reasons be well considered they will be found to be so simple and so conformed, to common sense as to appear less extraordinary and less paradoxical than any others which can be held on the same subjects; nor do I even boast of being the earliest discoverer of any of them, but only of having adopted them, neither because they had nor because they had not been held by others, but solely because reason has convinced me of their truth.

Though artisans may not be able at once to execute the invention which is explained in the “Dioptrics,” I do not think that any one on that account is entitled to condemn it; for since address and practice are required in order so to make and adjust the machines described by me as not to overlook the smallest particular, I should not be less astonished if they succeeded on the first attempt than if a person were in one day to become an accomplished performer on the guitar, by merely having excellent sheets of music set up before him. And if I write in French, which is the language of my country, in preference to Latin, which is that of my preceptors, it is because I expect that those who make use of their unprejudiced natural reason will be better judges of my opinions than those who give heed to the writings of the ancients only; and as for those who unite good sense with habits of study, whom alone I desire for judges, they will not, I feel assured, be so partial to Latin as to refuse to listen to my reasonings merely because I expound them in the vulgar tongue.

In conclusion, I am unwilling here to say anything very specific of the progress which I expect to make for the future in the sciences, or to bind myself to the public by any promise which I am not certain of being able to fulfill; but this only will I say, that I have resolved to devote what time I may still have to live to no other occupation than that of endeavoring to acquire some knowledge of Nature, which shall be of such a kind as to enable us therefrom to deduce rules in medicine of greater certainty than those at present in use; and that my inclination is so much opposed to all other pursuits, especially to such as cannot be useful to some without being hurtful to others, that if, by any circumstances, I had been constrained to engage in such, I do not believe that I should have been able to succeed. Of this I here make a public declaration, though well aware that it cannot serve to procure for

me any consideration in the world, which, however, I do not in the least affect; and I shall always hold myself more obliged to those through whose favor I am permitted to enjoy my retirement without interruption than to any who might offer me the highest earthly preferments.

==========

Discourse on the Method of Rightly Conducting One's Reason and of Seeking Truth in the Sciences

René Descartes

Project Gutenberg Release: March 01, 1993 · eBook #59

DISCOURSE ON THE METHOD OF RIGHTLY CONDUCTING THE REASON, AND SEEKING TRUTH IN THE SCIENCES

by René Descartes

Contents

PREFATORY NOTE PART I PART II PART III PART IV PART V PART VI

PREFATORY NOTE BY THE AUTHOR

If this Discourse appear too long to be read at once, it may be divided into six Parts: and, in the first, will be found various considerations touching the Sciences; in the second, the principal rules of the Method which the Author has discovered, in the third, certain of the rules of Morals which he has deduced from this Method; in the fourth, the reasonings by which he establishes the existence of God and of the Human Soul, which are the foundations of his Metaphysic; in the fifth, the order of the Physical questions which he has investigated, and, in particular, the explication of the motion of the heart and of some other difficulties pertaining to Medicine, as also the difference between the soul of man and that of the brutes; and, in the last, what the Author believes to be required in order to greater advancement in the investigation of Nature than has yet been made, with the reasons that have induced him to write.

PART I

Good sense is, of all things among men, the most equally distributed; for every one thinks himself so abundantly provided with it, that those even who are the most difficult to satisfy in everything else, do not usually desire a larger measure of this quality than they already possess. And in this it is not likely that all are mistaken the conviction is rather to be held as testifying that the power of judging aright and of distinguishing truth from error, which is properly what is called good sense or reason, is by nature equal in all men; and that the diversity of our opinions, consequently, does not arise from some being endowed with a larger share of reason than others, but solely from this, that we conduct our thoughts along different ways, and do not fix our attention on the same objects. For to be possessed of a vigorous mind is not enough; the prime requisite is rightly to apply it. The greatest minds, as they are capable of the highest excellences, are open likewise to the greatest aberrations; and those who travel very slowly may yet make far greater progress, provided they keep always to the straight road, than those who, while they run, forsake it.

For myself, I have never fancied my mind to be in any respect more perfect than those of the generality; on the contrary, I have often wished that I were equal to some others in promptitude of thought, or in clearness and distinctness of imagination, or in fullness and readiness of memory. And besides these, I know of no other qualities that contribute to the perfection of the mind; for as to the reason or sense, inasmuch as it is that alone which constitutes us men, and distinguishes us from the brutes, I am disposed to believe that it is to be found complete in each individual; and on this point to adopt the common opinion of philosophers, who say that the difference of greater and less holds only among the accidents, and not among the forms or natures of individuals of the same species.

I will not hesitate, however, to avow my belief that it has been my singular good fortune to have very early in life fallen in with certain tracks which have conducted me to considerations and maxims, of which I have formed a method that gives me the means, as I think, of gradually augmenting my knowledge, and of raising it by little and little to the highest point which the mediocrity of my talents and the brief duration of my life will permit me to reach. For I have already reaped from it such fruits that, although I have been accustomed to think lowly enough of myself, and although when I look with the eye of a philosopher at the varied courses and pursuits of mankind at large, I find scarcely one which does not appear in vain and useless, I nevertheless derive the highest satisfaction from the progress I conceive myself to have already made in the search after truth, and cannot help entertaining such

expectations of the future as to believe that if, among the occupations of men as men, there is any one really excellent and important, it is that which I have chosen.

After all, it is possible I may be mistaken; and it is but a little copper and glass, perhaps, that I take for gold and diamonds. I know how very liable we are to delusion in what relates to ourselves, and also how much the judgments of our friends are to be suspected when given in our favor. But I shall endeavor in this discourse to describe the paths I have followed, and to delineate my life as in a picture, in order that each one may also be able to judge of them for himself, and that in the general opinion entertained of them, as gathered from current report, I myself may have a new help towards instruction to be added to those I have been in the habit of employing.

My present design, then, is not to teach the method which each ought to follow for the right conduct of his reason, but solely to describe the way in which I have endeavored to conduct my own. They who set themselves to give precepts must of course regard themselves as possessed of greater skill than those to whom they prescribe; and if they err in the slightest particular, they subject themselves to censure. But as this tract is put forth merely as a history, or, if you will, as a tale, in which, amid some examples worthy of imitation, there will be found, perhaps, as many more which it were advisable not to follow, I hope it will prove useful to some without being hurtful to any, and that my openness will find some favor with all.

From my childhood, I have been familiar with letters; and as I was given to believe that by their help a clear and certain knowledge of all that is useful in life might be acquired, I was ardently desirous of instruction. But as soon as I had finished the entire course of study, at the close of which it is customary to be admitted into the order of the learned, I completely changed my opinion. For I found myself involved in so many doubts and errors, that I was convinced I had advanced no farther in all my attempts at learning, than the discovery at every turn of my own ignorance. And yet I was studying in one of the most celebrated schools in Europe, in which I thought there must be learned men, if such were anywhere to be found. I had been taught all that others learned there; and not contented with the sciences actually taught us, I had, in addition, read all the books that had fallen into my hands, treating of such branches as are esteemed the most curious and rare. I knew the judgment which others had formed of me; and I did not find that I was considered inferior to my fellows, although there were among them some who were already marked out to fill the places of our instructors. And, in fine, our age appeared to me as flourishing, and as fertile in powerful minds as any preceding one. I was thus led to take the liberty of judging of all other men by myself, and of concluding that there was no science in existence that was of such a nature as I had previously been given to believe.

I still continued, however, to hold in esteem the studies of the schools. I was aware that the languages taught in them are necessary to the understanding of the writings of the ancients; that the grace of fable stirs the mind; that the memorable deeds of history elevate it; and, if read with discretion, aid in forming the judgment; that the perusal of all excellent books is, as it were, to interview with the noblest men of past ages, who have written them, and even a studied interview, in which are discovered to us only their choicest thoughts; that eloquence has incomparable force and beauty; that poesy has its ravishing graces and delights; that in the mathematics there are many refined discoveries eminently suited to gratify the inquisitive, as well as further all the arts an lessen the labour of man; that numerous highly useful precepts and exhortations to virtue are contained in treatises on morals; that theology points out the path to heaven; that philosophy affords the means of discoursing with an appearance of truth on all matters, and commands the admiration of the more simple; that jurisprudence, medicine, and the other sciences, secure for their cultivators honors and riches; and, in fine, that it is useful to bestow some attention upon all, even upon those abounding the most in superstition and error, that we may be in a position to determine their real value, and guard against being deceived.

But I believed that I had already given sufficient time to languages, and likewise to the reading of the writings of the ancients, to their histories and fables. For to hold converse with those of other ages and to travel, are almost the same thing. It is useful to know something of the manners of different nations, that we may be enabled to form a more correct judgment regarding our own, and be prevented from thinking that everything contrary to our customs is ridiculous and irrational, a conclusion usually come to by those whose experience has been limited to their own country. On the other hand, when too much time is occupied in traveling, we become strangers to our native country; and the over curious in the customs of the past are generally ignorant of those of the present. Besides, fictitious narratives lead us to imagine the possibility of many events that are impossible; and even the most faithful histories, if they do not wholly misrepresent matters, or exaggerate their importance to render the account of them more worthy of perusal, omit, at least, almost always the meanest and least striking of the attendant circumstances; hence it happens that the remainder does not represent the truth, and that such as regulate their conduct by examples drawn from this source, are apt to fall into the extravagances of the knight-errants of romance, and to entertain projects that exceed their powers.

I esteemed eloquence highly, and was in raptures with poesy; but I thought that both were gifts of nature rather than fruits of study. Those in whom the faculty of reason is predominant, and who most skillfully dispose their thoughts with a view to render them clear and intelligible, are always the best able to persuade others of the truth of what they lay down, though they should speak only in the language of Lower Brittany, and be wholly ignorant of the rules of rhetoric; and those whose minds are stored with the most agreeable fancies, and who can give expression to them with the greatest embellishment and harmony, are still the best poets, though unacquainted with the art of poetry.

I was especially delighted with the mathematics, on account of the certitude and evidence of their reasonings; but I had not as yet a precise knowledge of their true use; and thinking that they but contributed to the advancement of the mechanical arts, I was astonished that foundations, so strong and solid, should have had no loftier superstructure reared on them. On the other hand, I compared the disquisitions of the ancient moralists to very towering and magnificent palaces with no better foundation than sand and mud: they laud the virtues very highly, and exhibit them as estimable far above anything on earth; but they give us no adequate criterion of virtue, and frequently that which they designate with so fine a name is but apathy, or pride, or despair, or parricide.

I revered our theology, and aspired as much as any one to reach heaven: but being given assuredly to understand that the way is not less open to the most ignorant than to the most learned, and that the revealed truths which lead to heaven are above our comprehension, I did not presume to subject them to the impotency of my reason; and I thought that in order competently to undertake their examination, there was need of some special help from heaven, and of being more than man.

Of philosophy I will say nothing, except that when I saw that it had been cultivated for many ages by the most distinguished men, and that yet there is not a single matter within its sphere which is not still in dispute, and nothing, therefore, which is above doubt, I did not presume to anticipate that my success would be greater in it than that of others; and further, when I considered the number of conflicting opinions touching a single matter that may be upheld by learned men, while there can be but one true, I reckoned as well-nigh false all that was only probable.

As to the other sciences, inasmuch as these borrow their principles from philosophy, I judged that no solid superstructures could be reared on foundations so infirm; and neither the honor nor the gain held out by them was sufficient to determine me to their cultivation: for I was not, thank Heaven, in a condition which compelled me to make merchandise of science for the bettering of my fortune; and though I might not profess to scorn glory as a cynic, I yet made very slight account of that honor which I hoped to acquire only through fictitious titles. And, in fine, of false sciences I thought I knew the worth sufficiently to escape being deceived by the professions of an alchemist, the predictions of an astrologer, the impostures of a magician, or by the artifices and boasting of any of those who profess to know things of which they are ignorant.

For these reasons, as soon as my age permitted me to pass from under the control of my instructors, I entirely abandoned the study of letters, and resolved no longer to seek any other science than the knowledge of myself, or of the great book of the world. I spent the remainder of my youth in traveling, in visiting courts and armies, in holding intercourse with men of different dispositions and ranks, in collecting varied experience, in proving myself in the different situations into which fortune threw me, and, above all, in making such reflection on the matter of my experience as to secure my improvement. For it occurred to me that I should find much more truth in the reasonings of each individual with reference to the affairs in which he is personally interested, and the issue of which must presently punish him if he has judged amiss, than in those conducted by a man of letters in his study, regarding speculative matters that are of no practical moment, and followed by no consequences to himself, farther, perhaps, than that they foster his vanity the better the more remote they are from common sense; requiring, as they must in this case, the exercise of greater ingenuity and art to render them probable. In addition, I had always a most earnest desire to know how to distinguish the true from the false, in order that I might be able clearly to discriminate the right path in life, and proceed in it with confidence.

It is true that, while busied only in considering the manners of other men, I found here, too, scarce any ground for settled conviction, and remarked hardly less contradiction among them than in the opinions of the philosophers. So that the greatest advantage I derived from the study consisted in this, that, observing many things which, however extravagant and ridiculous to our apprehension, are yet by common consent received and approved by other great nations, I learned to entertain too decided a belief in regard to nothing of the truth of which I had been persuaded merely by example and custom; and thus I gradually extricated myself from many errors powerful enough to darken our natural intelligence, and incapacitate us in great measure from listening to reason. But after I had been occupied several years in thus studying the book of the world, and in essaying to gather some experience, I at length resolved to make myself an object of study, and to employ all the powers of my mind in choosing the paths I ought to follow, an undertaking which was accompanied with greater success than it would have been had I never quitted my

country or my books.

PART II

I was then in Germany, attracted thither by the wars in that country, which have not yet been brought to a termination; and as I was returning to the army from the coronation of the emperor, the setting in of winter arrested me in a locality where, as I found no society to interest me, and was besides fortunately undisturbed by any cares or passions, I remained the whole day in seclusion, with full opportunity to occupy my attention with my own thoughts. Of these one of the very first that occurred to me was, that there is seldom so much perfection in works composed of many separate parts, upon which different hands had been employed, as in those completed by a single master. Thus it is observable that the buildings which a single architect has planned and executed, are generally more elegant and commodious than those which several have attempted to improve, by making old walls serve for purposes for which they were not originally built. Thus also, those ancient cities which, from being at first only villages, have become, in course of time, large towns, are usually but ill laid out compared with the regularity constructed towns which a professional architect has freely planned on an open plain; so that although the several buildings of the former may often equal or surpass in beauty those of the latter, yet when one observes their indiscriminate juxtaposition, there a large one and here a small, and the consequent crookedness and irregularity of the streets, one is disposed to allege that chance rather than any human will guided by reason must have led to such an arrangement. And if we consider that nevertheless there have been at all times certain officers whose duty it was to see that private buildings contributed to public ornament, the difficulty of reaching high perfection with but the materials of others to operate on, will be readily acknowledged. In the same way I fancied that those nations which, starting from a semi-barbarous state and advancing to civilization by slow degrees, have had their laws successively determined, and, as it were, forced upon them simply by experience of the hurtfulness of particular crimes and disputes, would by this process come to be possessed of less perfect institutions than those which, from the commencement of their association as communities, have followed the appointments of some wise legislator. It is thus quite certain that the constitution of the true religion, the ordinances of which are derived from God, must be incomparably superior to that of every other. And, to speak of human affairs, I believe that the pre-eminence of Sparta was due not to the goodness of each of its laws in particular, for many of these were very strange, and even opposed to good morals, but to the circumstance that, originated by a single individual, they all tended to a single end. In the same way I thought that the sciences contained in books (such of them at least as are made up of probable reasonings, without demonstrations), composed as they are of the opinions of many different individuals massed together, are farther removed from truth than the simple inferences which a man of good sense using his natural and unprejudiced judgment draws respecting the matters of his experience. And because we have all to pass through a state of infancy to manhood, and have been of necessity, for a length of time, governed by our desires and preceptors (whose dictates were frequently conflicting, while neither perhaps always counseled us for the best), I farther concluded that it is almost impossible that our judgments can be so correct or solid as they would have been, had our reason been mature from the moment of our birth, and had we always been guided by it alone.

It is true, however, that it is not customary to pull down all the houses of a town with the single design of rebuilding them differently, and thereby rendering the streets more handsome; but it often happens that a private individual takes down his own with the view of erecting it anew, and that people are even sometimes constrained to this when their houses are in danger of falling from age, or when the foundations are insecure. With this before me by way of example, I was persuaded that it would indeed be preposterous for a private individual to think of reforming a state by fundamentally changing it throughout, and overturning it in order to set it up amended; and the same I thought was true of any similar project for reforming the body of the sciences, or the order of teaching them established in the schools: but as for the opinions which up to that time I had embraced, I thought that I could not do better than resolve at once to sweep them wholly away, that I might afterwards be in a position to admit either others more correct, or even perhaps the same when they had undergone the scrutiny of reason. I firmly believed that in this way I should much better succeed in the conduct of my life, than if I built only upon old foundations, and leaned upon principles which, in my youth, I had taken upon trust. For although I recognized various difficulties in this undertaking, these were not, however, without remedy, nor once to be compared with such as attend the slightest reformation in public affairs. Large bodies, if once overthrown, are with great difficulty set up again, or even kept erect when once seriously shaken, and the fall of such is always disastrous. Then if there are any imperfections in the constitutions of states (and that many such exist the diversity of constitutions is alone sufficient to assure us), custom has without doubt materially smoothed their inconveniences, and has even managed to steer altogether clear of, or insensibly corrected a number which sagacity could not have provided against with equal effect; and, in fine, the defects are almost always more tolerable than the change necessary for their removal; in the same manner that highways which wind among mountains, by being much frequented, become gradually so smooth and commodious, that it is much better to follow them than to

seek a straighter path by climbing over the tops of rocks and descending to the bottoms of precipices.

Hence it is that I cannot in any degree approve of those restless and busy meddlers who, called neither by birth nor fortune to take part in the management of public affairs, are yet always projecting reforms; and if I thought that this tract contained aught which might justify the suspicion that I was a victim of such folly, I would by no means permit its publication. I have never contemplated anything higher than the reformation of my own opinions, and basing them on a foundation wholly my own. And although my own satisfaction with my work has led me to present here a draft of it, I do not by any means therefore recommend to every one else to make a similar attempt. Those whom God has endowed with a larger measure of genius will entertain, perhaps, designs still more exalted; but for the many I am much afraid lest even the present undertaking be more than they can safely venture to imitate. The single design to strip one's self of all past beliefs is one that ought not to be taken by every one. The majority of men is composed of two classes, for neither of which would this be at all a befitting resolution: in the first place, of those who with more than a due confidence in their own powers, are precipitate in their judgments and want the patience requisite for orderly and circumspect thinking; whence it happens, that if men of this class once take the liberty to doubt of their accustomed opinions, and quit the beaten highway, they will never be able to thread the byway that would lead them by a shorter course, and will lose themselves and continue to wander for life; in the second place, of those who, possessed of sufficient sense or modesty to determine that there are others who excel them in the power of discriminating between truth and error, and by whom they may be instructed, ought rather to content themselves with the opinions of such than trust for more correct to their own reason.

For my own part, I should doubtless have belonged to the latter class, had I received instruction from but one master, or had I never known the diversities of opinion that from time immemorial have prevailed among men of the greatest learning. But I had become aware, even so early as during my college life, that no opinion, however absurd and incredible, can be imagined, which has not been maintained by some on of the philosophers; and afterwards in the course of my travels I remarked that all those whose opinions are decidedly repugnant to ours are not in that account barbarians and savages, but on the contrary that many of these nations make an equally good, if not better, use of their reason than we do. I took into account also the very different character which a person brought up from infancy in France or Germany exhibits, from that which, with the same mind originally, this individual would have possessed had he lived always among the Chinese or with savages, and the circumstance that in dress itself the fashion which pleased us ten years ago, and which may again, perhaps, be received into favor before ten years have gone, appears to us at this moment extravagant and ridiculous. I was thus led to infer that the ground of our opinions is far more custom and example than any certain knowledge. And, finally, although such be the ground of our opinions, I remarked that a plurality of suffrages is no guarantee of truth where it is at all of difficult discovery, as in such cases it is much more likely that it will be found by one than by many. I could, however, select from the crowd no one whose opinions seemed worthy of preference, and thus I found myself constrained, as it were, to use my own reason in the conduct of my life.

But like one walking alone and in the dark, I resolved to proceed so slowly and with such circumspection, that if I did not advance far, I would at least guard against falling. I did not even choose to dismiss summarily any of the opinions that had crept into my belief without having been introduced by reason, but first of all took sufficient time carefully to satisfy myself of the general nature of the task I was setting myself, and ascertain the true method by which to arrive at the knowledge of whatever lay within the compass of my powers.

Among the branches of philosophy, I had, at an earlier period, given some attention to logic, and among those of the mathematics to geometrical analysis and algebra,--three arts or sciences which ought, as I conceived, to contribute something to my design. But, on examination, I found that, as for logic, its syllogisms and the majority of its other precepts are of avail--rather in the communication of what we already know, or even as the art of Lully, in speaking without judgment of things of which we are ignorant, than in the investigation of the unknown; and although this science contains indeed a number of correct and very excellent precepts, there are, nevertheless, so many others, and these either injurious or superfluous, mingled with the former, that it is almost quite as difficult to effect a severance of the true from the false as it is to extract a Diana or a Minerva from a rough block of marble. Then as to the analysis of the ancients and the algebra of the moderns, besides that they embrace only matters highly abstract, and, to appearance, of no use, the former is so exclusively restricted to the consideration of figures, that it can exercise the understanding only on condition of greatly fatiguing the imagination; and, in the latter, there is so complete a subjection to certain rules and formulas, that there results an art full of confusion and obscurity calculated to embarrass, instead of a science fitted to cultivate the mind. By these considerations I was induced to seek some other method which would comprise the advantages of the three and be exempt from their defects. And as a multitude of laws often only hampers justice, so that a state is best governed when, with few laws, these are rigidly administered; in like manner, instead of the great number of precepts of which

logic is composed, I believed that the four following would prove perfectly sufficient for me, provided I took the firm and unwavering resolution never in a single instance to fail in observing them.

The first was never to accept anything for true which I did not clearly know to be such; that is to say, carefully to avoid precipitancy and prejudice, and to comprise nothing more in my judgement than what was presented to my mind so clearly and distinctly as to exclude all ground of doubt.

The second, to divide each of the difficulties under examination into as many parts as possible, and as might be necessary for its adequate solution.

The third, to conduct my thoughts in such order that, by commencing with objects the simplest and easiest to know, I might ascend by little and little, and, as it were, step by step, to the knowledge of the more complex; assigning in thought a certain order even to those objects which in their own nature do not stand in a relation of antecedence and sequence.

And the _last_, in every case to make enumerations so complete, and reviews so general, that I might be assured that nothing was omitted.

The long chains of simple and easy reasonings by means of which geometers are accustomed to reach the conclusions of their most difficult demonstrations, had led me to imagine that all things, to the knowledge of which man is competent, are mutually connected in the same way, and that there is nothing so far removed from us as to be beyond our reach, or so hidden that we cannot discover it, provided only we abstain from accepting the false for the true, and always preserve in our thoughts the order necessary for the deduction of one truth from another. And I had little difficulty in determining the objects with which it was necessary to commence, for I was already persuaded that it must be with the simplest and easiest to know, and, considering that of all those who have hitherto sought truth in the sciences, the mathematicians alone have been able to find any demonstrations, that is, any certain and evident reasons, I did not doubt but that such must have been the rule of their investigations. I resolved to commence, therefore, with the examination of the simplest objects, not anticipating, however, from this any other advantage than that to be found in accustoming my mind to the love and nourishment of truth, and to a distaste for all such reasonings as were unsound. But I had no intention on that account of attempting to master all the particular sciences commonly denominated mathematics: but observing that, however different their objects, they all agree in considering only the various relations or proportions subsisting among those objects, I thought it best for my purpose to consider these proportions in the most general form possible, without referring them to any objects in particular, except such as would most facilitate the knowledge of them, and without by any means restricting them to these, that afterwards I might thus be the better able to apply them to every other class of objects to which they are legitimately applicable. Perceiving further, that in order to understand these relations I should sometimes have to consider them one by one and sometimes only to bear them in mind, or embrace them in the aggregate, I thought that, in order the better to consider them individually, I should view them as subsisting between straight lines, than which I could find no objects more simple, or capable of being more distinctly represented to my imagination and senses; and on the other hand, that in order to retain them in the memory or embrace an aggregate of many, I should express them by certain characters the briefest possible. In this way I believed that I could borrow all that was best both in geometrical analysis and in algebra, and correct all the defects of the one by help of the other.

And, in point of fact, the accurate observance of these few precepts gave me, I take the liberty of saying, such ease in unraveling all the questions embraced in these two sciences, that in the two or three months I devoted to their examination, not only did I reach solutions of questions I had formerly deemed exceedingly difficult but even as regards questions of the solution of which I continued ignorant, I was enabled, as it appeared to me, to determine the means whereby, and the extent to which a solution was possible; results attributable to the circumstance that I commenced with the simplest and most general truths, and that thus each truth discovered was a rule available in the discovery of subsequent ones Nor in this perhaps shall I appear too vain, if it be considered that, as the truth on any particular point is one whoever apprehends the truth, knows all that on that point can be known. The child, for example, who has been instructed in the elements of arithmetic, and has made a particular addition, according to rule, may be assured that he has found, with respect to the sum of the numbers before him, and that in this instance is within the reach of human genius. Now, in conclusion, the method which teaches adherence to the true order, and an exact enumeration of all the conditions of the thing sought includes all that gives certitude to the rules of arithmetic.

But the chief ground of my satisfaction with thus method, was the assurance I had of thereby exercising my reason in all matters, if not with absolute perfection, at least with the greatest attainable by me: besides, I was conscious that by its use my mind was

becoming gradually habituated to clearer and more distinct conceptions of its objects; and I hoped also, from not having restricted this method to any particular matter, to apply it to the difficulties of the other sciences, with not less success than to those of algebra. I should not, however, on this account have ventured at once on the examination of all the difficulties of the sciences which presented themselves to me, for this would have been contrary to the order prescribed in the method, but observing that the knowledge of such is dependent on principles borrowed from philosophy, in which I found nothing certain, I thought it necessary first of all to endeavor to establish its principles. And because I observed, besides, that an inquiry of this kind was of all others of the greatest moment, and one in which precipitancy and anticipation in judgment were most to be dreaded, I thought that I ought not to approach it till I had reached a more mature age (being at that time but twenty-three), and had first of all employed much of my time in preparation for the work, as well by eradicating from my mind all the erroneous opinions I had up to that moment accepted, as by amassing variety of experience to afford materials for my reasonings, and by continually exercising myself in my chosen method with a view to increased skill in its application.

PART III

And finally, as it is not enough, before commencing to rebuild the house in which we live, that it be pulled down, and materials and builders provided, or that we engage in the work ourselves, according to a plan which we have beforehand carefully drawn out, but as it is likewise necessary that we be furnished with some other house in which we may live commodiously during the operations, so that I might not remain irresolute in my actions, while my reason compelled me to suspend my judgement, and that I might not be prevented from living thenceforward in the greatest possible felicity, I formed a provisory code of morals, composed of three or four maxims, with which I am desirous to make you acquainted.

The _first_ was to obey the laws and customs of my country, adhering firmly to the faith in which, by the grace of God, I had been educated from my childhood and regulating my conduct in every other matter according to the most moderate opinions, and the farthest removed from extremes, which should happen to be adopted in practice with general consent of the most judicious of those among whom I might be living. For as I had from that time begun to hold my own opinions for nought because I wished to subject them all to examination, I was convinced that I could not do better than follow in the meantime the opinions of the most judicious; and although there are some perhaps among the Persians and Chinese as judicious as among ourselves, expediency seemed to dictate that I should regulate my practice conformably to the opinions of those with whom I should have to live; and it appeared to me that, in order to ascertain the real opinions of such, I ought rather to take cognizance of what they practised than of what they said, not only because, in the corruption of our manners, there are few disposed to speak exactly as they believe, but also because very many are not aware of what it is that they really believe; for, as the act of mind by which a thing is believed is different from that by which we know that we believe it, the one act is often found without the other. Also, amid many opinions held in equal repute, I chose always the most moderate, as much for the reason that these are always the most convenient for practice, and probably the best (for all excess is generally vicious), as that, in the event of my falling into error, I might be at less distance from the truth than if, having chosen one of the extremes, it should turn out to be the other which I ought to have adopted. And I placed in the class of extremes especially all promises by which somewhat of our freedom is abridged; not that I disapproved of the laws which, to provide against the instability of men of feeble resolution, when what is sought to be accomplished is some good, permit engagements by vows and contracts binding the parties to persevere in it, or even, for the security of commerce, sanction similar engagements where the purpose sought to be realized is indifferent: but because I did not find anything on earth which was wholly superior to change, and because, for myself in particular, I hoped gradually to perfect my judgments, and not to suffer them to deteriorate, I would have deemed it a grave sin against good sense, if, for the reason that I approved of something at a particular time, I therefore bound myself to hold it for good at a subsequent time, when perhaps it had ceased to be so, or I had ceased to esteem it such.

My _second_ maxim was to be as firm and resolute in my actions as I was able, and not to adhere less steadfastly to the most doubtful opinions, when once adopted, than if they had been highly certain; imitating in this the example of travelers who, when they have lost their way in a forest, ought not to wander from side to side, far less remain in one place, but proceed constantly towards the same side in as straight a line as possible, without changing their direction for slight reasons, although perhaps it might be chance alone which at first determined the selection; for in this way, if they do not exactly reach the point they desire, they will come at least in the end to some place that will probably be preferable to the middle of a forest. In the same way, since in action it frequently happens that no delay is permissible, it is very certain that, when it is not in our power to determine what is true, we ought to act according to what is most probable; and even although we should not remark a greater probability in one opinion than

in another, we ought notwithstanding to choose one or the other, and afterwards consider it, in so far as it relates to practice, as no longer dubious, but manifestly true and certain, since the reason by which our choice has been determined is itself possessed of these qualities. This principle was sufficient thenceforward to rid me of all those repentings and pangs of remorse that usually disturb the consciences of such feeble and uncertain minds as, destitute of any clear and determinate principle of choice, allow themselves one day to adopt a course of action as the best, which they abandon the next, as the opposite.

My _third_ maxim was to endeavor always to conquer myself rather than fortune, and change my desires rather than the order of the world, and in general, accustom myself to the persuasion that, except our own thoughts, there is nothing absolutely in our power; so that when we have done our best in things external to us, all wherein we fail of success is to be held, as regards us, absolutely impossible: and this single principle seemed to me sufficient to prevent me from desiring for the future anything which I could not obtain, and thus render me contented; for since our will naturally seeks those objects alone which the understanding represents as in some way possible of attainment, it is plain, that if we consider all external goods as equally beyond our power, we shall no more regret the absence of such goods as seem due to our birth, when deprived of them without any fault of ours, than our not possessing the kingdoms of China or Mexico, and thus making, so to speak, a virtue of necessity, we shall no more desire health in disease, or freedom in imprisonment, than we now do bodies incorruptible as diamonds, or the wings of birds to fly with. But I confess there is need of prolonged discipline and frequently repeated meditation to accustom the mind to view all objects in this light; and I believe that in this chiefly consisted the secret of the power of such philosophers as in former times were enabled to rise superior to the influence of fortune, and, amid suffering and poverty, enjoy a happiness which their gods might have envied. For, occupied incessantly with the consideration of the limits prescribed to their power by nature, they became so entirely convinced that nothing was at their disposal except their own thoughts, that this conviction was of itself sufficient to prevent their entertaining any desire of other objects; and over their thoughts they acquired a sway so absolute, that they had some ground on this account for esteeming themselves more rich and more powerful, more free and more happy, than other men who, whatever be the favors heaped on them by nature and fortune, if destitute of this philosophy, can never command the realization of all their desires.

In fine, to conclude this code of morals, I thought of reviewing the different occupations of men in this life, with the view of making choice of the best. And, without wishing to offer any remarks on the employments of others, I may state that it was my conviction that I could not do better than continue in that in which I was engaged, viz., in devoting my whole life to the culture of my reason, and in making the greatest progress I was able in the knowledge of truth, on the principles of the method which I had prescribed to myself. This method, from the time I had begun to apply it, had been to me the source of satisfaction so intense as to lead me to, believe that more perfect or more innocent could not be enjoyed in this life; and as by its means I daily discovered truths that appeared to me of some importance, and of which other men were generally ignorant, the gratification thence arising so occupied my mind that I was wholly indifferent to every other object. Besides, the three preceding maxims were founded singly on the design of continuing the work of self-instruction. For since God has endowed each of us with some light of reason by which to distinguish truth from error, I could not have believed that I ought for a single moment to rest satisfied with the opinions of another, unless I had resolved to exercise my own judgment in examining these whenever I should be duly qualified for the task. Nor could I have proceeded on such opinions without scruple, had I supposed that I should thereby forfeit any advantage for attaining still more accurate, should such exist. And, in fine, I could not have restrained my desires, nor remained satisfied had I not followed a path in which I thought myself certain of attaining all the knowledge to the acquisition of which I was competent, as well as the largest amount of what is truly good which I could ever hope to secure Inasmuch as we neither seek nor shun any object except in so far as our understanding represents it as good or bad, all that is necessary to right action is right judgment, and to the best action the most correct judgment, that is, to the acquisition of all the virtues with all else that is truly valuable and within our reach; and the assurance of such an acquisition cannot fail to render us contented.

Having thus provided myself with these maxims, and having placed them in reserve along with the truths of faith, which have ever occupied the first place in my belief, I came to the conclusion that I might with freedom set about ridding myself of what remained of my opinions. And, inasmuch as I hoped to be better able successfully to accomplish this work by holding intercourse with mankind, than by remaining longer shut up in the retirement where these thoughts had occurred to me, I betook me again to traveling before the winter was well ended. And, during the nine subsequent years, I did nothing but roam from one place to another, desirous of being a spectator rather than an actor in the plays exhibited on the theater of the world; and, as I made it my business in each matter to reflect particularly upon what might fairly be doubted and prove a source of error, I gradually rooted out from my mind all the errors which had hitherto crept into it. Not that in this I imitated the sceptics who doubt only that they may doubt, and seek nothing beyond uncertainty itself; for, on the contrary, my design was singly to find ground of assurance, and cast aside the loose

earth and sand, that I might reach the rock or the clay. In this, as appears to me, I was successful enough; for, since I endeavored to discover the falsehood or incertitude of the propositions I examined, not by feeble conjectures, but by clear and certain reasonings, I met with nothing so doubtful as not to yield some conclusion of adequate certainty, although this were merely the inference, that the matter in question contained nothing certain. And, just as in pulling down an old house, we usually reserve the ruins to contribute towards the erection, so, in destroying such of my opinions as I judged to be Ill-founded, I made a variety of observations and acquired an amount of experience of which I availed myself in the establishment of more certain. And further, I continued to exercise myself in the method I had prescribed; for, besides taking care in general to conduct all my thoughts according to its rules, I reserved some hours from time to time which I expressly devoted to the employment of the method in the solution of mathematical difficulties, or even in the solution likewise of some questions belonging to other sciences, but which, by my having detached them from such principles of these sciences as were of inadequate certainty, were rendered almost mathematical: the truth of this will be manifest from the numerous examples contained in this volume. And thus, without in appearance living otherwise than those who, with no other occupation than that of spending their lives agreeably and innocently, study to sever pleasure from vice, and who, that they may enjoy their leisure without ennui, have recourse to such pursuits as are honorable, I was nevertheless prosecuting my design, and making greater progress in the knowledge of truth, than I might, perhaps, have made had I been engaged in the perusal of books merely, or in holding converse with men of letters.

These nine years passed away, however, before I had come to any determinate judgment respecting the difficulties which form matter of dispute among the learned, or had commenced to seek the principles of any philosophy more certain than the vulgar. And the examples of many men of the highest genius, who had, in former times, engaged in this inquiry, but, as appeared to me, without success, led me to imagine it to be a work of so much difficulty, that I would not perhaps have ventured on it so soon had I not heard it currently rumored that I had already completed the inquiry. I know not what were the grounds of this opinion; and, if my conversation contributed in any measure to its rise, this must have happened rather from my having confessed my Ignorance with greater freedom than those are accustomed to do who have studied a little, and expounded perhaps, the reasons that led me to doubt of many of those things that by others are esteemed certain, than from my having boasted of any system of philosophy. But, as I am of a disposition that makes me unwilling to be esteemed different from what I really am, I thought it necessary to endeavor by all means to render myself worthy of the reputation accorded to me; and it is now exactly eight years since this desire constrained me to remove from all those places where interruption from any of my acquaintances was possible, and betake myself to this country, in which the long duration of the war has led to the establishment of such discipline, that the armies maintained seem to be of use only in enabling the inhabitants to enjoy more securely the blessings of peace and where, in the midst of a great crowd actively engaged in business, and more careful of their own affairs than curious about those of others, I have been enabled to live without being deprived of any of the conveniences to be had in the most populous cities, and yet as solitary and as retired as in the midst of the most remote deserts.

PART IV

I am in doubt as to the propriety of making my first meditations in the place above mentioned matter of discourse; for these are so metaphysical, and so uncommon, as not, perhaps, to be acceptable to every one. And yet, that it may be determined whether the foundations that I have laid are sufficiently secure, I find myself in a measure constrained to advert to them. I had long before remarked that, in relation to practice, it is sometimes necessary to adopt, as if above doubt, opinions which we discern to be highly uncertain, as has been already said; but as I then desired to give my attention solely to the search after truth, I thought that a procedure exactly the opposite was called for, and that I ought to reject as absolutely false all opinions in regard to which I could suppose the least ground for doubt, in order to ascertain whether after that there remained aught in my belief that was wholly indubitable. Accordingly, seeing that our senses sometimes deceive us, I was willing to suppose that there existed nothing really such as they presented to us; and because some men err in reasoning, and fall into paralogisms, even on the simplest matters of geometry, I, convinced that I was as open to error as any other, rejected as false all the reasonings I had hitherto taken for demonstrations; and finally, when I considered that the very same thoughts (presentations) which we experience when awake may also be experienced when we are asleep, while there is at that time not one of them true, I supposed that all the objects (presentations) that had ever entered into my mind when awake, had in them no more truth than the illusions of my dreams. But immediately upon this I observed that, whilst I thus wished to think that all was false, it was absolutely necessary that I, who thus thought, should be somewhat; and as I observed that this truth, I think, therefore I am (COGITO ERGO SUM), was so certain and of such evidence that no ground of doubt, however extravagant, could be alleged by the sceptics capable of shaking it, I concluded that I might, without scruple, accept it as the first principle of the philosophy of which I was in search.

In the next place, I attentively examined what I was and as I observed that I could suppose that I had no body, and that there was no world nor any place in which I might be; but that I could not therefore suppose that I was not; and that, on the contrary, from the very circumstance that I thought to doubt of the truth of other things, it most clearly and certainly followed that I was; while, on the other hand, if I had only ceased to think, although all the other objects which I had ever imagined had been in reality existent, I would have had no reason to believe that I existed; I thence concluded that I was a substance whose whole essence or nature consists only in thinking, and which, that it may exist, has need of no place, nor is dependent on any material thing; so that "I," that is to say, the mind by which I am what I am, is wholly distinct from the body, and is even more easily known than the latter, and is such, that although the latter were not, it would still continue to be all that it is.

After this I inquired in general into what is essential to the truth and certainty of a proposition; for since I had discovered one which I knew to be true, I thought that I must likewise be able to discover the ground of this certitude. And as I observed that in the words I think, therefore I am, there is nothing at all which gives me assurance of their truth beyond this, that I see very clearly that in order to think it is necessary to exist, I concluded that I might take, as a general rule, the principle, that all the things which we very clearly and distinctly conceive are true, only observing, however, that there is some difficulty in rightly determining the objects which we distinctly conceive.

In the next place, from reflecting on the circumstance that I doubted, and that consequently my being was not wholly perfect (for I clearly saw that it was a greater perfection to know than to doubt), I was led to inquire whence I had learned to think of something more perfect than myself; and I clearly recognized that I must hold this notion from some nature which in reality was more perfect. As for the thoughts of many other objects external to me, as of the sky, the earth, light, heat, and a thousand more, I was less at a loss to know whence these came; for since I remarked in them nothing which seemed to render them superior to myself, I could believe that, if these were true, they were dependencies on my own nature, in so far as it possessed a certain perfection, and, if they were false, that I held them from nothing, that is to say, that they were in me because of a certain imperfection of my nature. But this could not be the case with-the idea of a nature more perfect than myself; for to receive it from nothing was a thing manifestly impossible; and, because it is not less repugnant that the more perfect should be an effect of, and dependence on the less perfect, than that something should proceed from nothing, it was equally impossible that I could hold it from myself: accordingly, it but remained that it had been placed in me by a nature which was in reality more perfect than mine, and which even possessed within itself all the perfections of which I could form any idea; that is to say, in a single word, which was God. And to this I added that, since I knew some perfections which I did not possess, I was not the only being in existence (I will here, with your permission, freely use the terms of the schools); but, on the contrary, that there was of necessity some other more perfect Being upon whom I was dependent, and from whom I had received all that I possessed; for if I had existed alone, and independently of every other being, so as to have had from myself all the perfection, however little, which I actually possessed, I should have been able, for the same reason, to have had from myself the whole remainder of perfection, of the want of which I was conscious, and thus could of myself have become infinite, eternal, immutable, omniscient, all-powerful, and, in fine, have possessed all the perfections which I could recognize in God. For in order to know the nature of God (whose existence has been established by the preceding reasonings), as far as my own nature permitted, I had only to consider in reference to all the properties of which I found in my mind some idea, whether their possession was a mark of perfection; and I was assured that no one which indicated any imperfection was in him, and that none of the rest was awanting. Thus I perceived that doubt, inconstancy, sadness, and such like, could not be found in God, since I myself would have been happy to be free from them. Besides, I had ideas of many sensible and corporeal things; for although I might suppose that I was dreaming, and that all which I saw or imagined was false, I could not, nevertheless, deny that the ideas were in reality in my thoughts. But, because I had already very clearly recognized in myself that the intelligent nature is distinct from the corporeal, and as I observed that all composition is an evidence of dependency, and that a state of dependency is manifestly a state of imperfection, I therefore determined that it could not be a perfection in God to be compounded of these two natures and that consequently he was not so compounded; but that if there were any bodies in the world, or even any intelligences, or other natures that were not wholly perfect, their existence depended on his power in such a way that they could not subsist without him for a single moment.

I was disposed straightway to search for other truths and when I had represented to myself the object of the geometers, which I conceived to be a continuous body or a space indefinitely extended in length, breadth, and height or depth, divisible into divers parts which admit of different figures and sizes, and of being moved or transposed in all manner of ways (for all this the geometers suppose to be in the object they contemplate), I went over some of their simplest demonstrations. And, in the first place, I observed, that the great certitude which by common consent is accorded to these demonstrations, is founded solely upon this, that they are

clearly conceived in accordance with the rules I have already laid down In the next place, I perceived that there was nothing at all in these demonstrations which could assure me of the existence of their object: thus, for example, supposing a triangle to be given, I distinctly perceived that its three angles were necessarily equal to two right angles, but I did not on that account perceive anything which could assure me that any triangle existed: while, on the contrary, recurring to the examination of the idea of a Perfect Being, I found that the existence of the Being was comprised in the idea in the same way that the equality of its three angles to two right angles is comprised in the idea of a triangle, or as in the idea of a sphere, the equidistance of all points on its surface from the center, or even still more clearly; and that consequently it is at least as certain that God, who is this Perfect Being, is, or exists, as any demonstration of geometry can be.

But the reason which leads many to persuade them selves that there is a difficulty in knowing this truth, and even also in knowing what their mind really is, is that they never raise their thoughts above sensible objects, and are so accustomed to consider nothing except by way of imagination, which is a mode of thinking limited to material objects, that all that is not imaginable seems to them not intelligible. The truth of this is sufficiently manifest from the single circumstance, that the philosophers of the schools accept as a maxim that there is nothing in the understanding which was not previously in the senses, in which however it is certain that the ideas of God and of the soul have never been; and it appears to me that they who make use of their imagination to comprehend these ideas do exactly the some thing as if, in order to hear sounds or smell odors, they strove to avail themselves of their eyes; unless indeed that there is this difference, that the sense of sight does not afford us an inferior assurance to those of smell or hearing; in place of which, neither our imagination nor our senses can give us assurance of anything unless our understanding intervene.

Finally, if there be still persons who are not sufficiently persuaded of the existence of God and of the soul, by the reasons I have adduced, I am desirous that they should know that all the other propositions, of the truth of which they deem themselves perhaps more assured, as that we have a body, and that there exist stars and an earth, and such like, are less certain; for, although we have a moral assurance of these things, which is so strong that there is an appearance of extravagance in doubting of their existence, yet at the same time no one, unless his intellect is impaired, can deny, when the question relates to a metaphysical certitude, that there is sufficient reason to exclude entire assurance, in the observation that when asleep we can in the same way imagine ourselves possessed of another body and that we see other stars and another earth, when there is nothing of the kind. For how do we know that the thoughts which occur in dreaming are false rather than those other which we experience when awake, since the former are often not less vivid and distinct than the latter? And though men of the highest genius study this question as long as they please, I do not believe that they will be able to give any reason which can be sufficient to remove this doubt, unless they presuppose the existence of God. For, in the first place even the principle which I have already taken as a rule, viz., that all the things which we clearly and distinctly conceive are true, is certain only because God is or exists and because he is a Perfect Being, and because all that we possess is derived from him: whence it follows that our ideas or notions, which to the extent of their clearness and distinctness are real, and proceed from God, must to that extent be true. Accordingly, whereas we not infrequently have ideas or notions in which some falsity is contained, this can only be the case with such as are to some extent confused and obscure, and in this proceed from nothing (participate of negation), that is, exist in us thus confused because we are not wholly perfect. And it is evident that it is not less repugnant that falsity or imperfection, in so far as it is imperfection, should proceed from God, than that truth or perfection should proceed from nothing. But if we did not know that all which we possess of real and true proceeds from a Perfect and Infinite Being, however clear and distinct our ideas might be, we should have no ground on that account for the assurance that they possessed the perfection of being true.

But after the knowledge of God and of the soul has rendered us certain of this rule, we can easily understand that the truth of the thoughts we experience when awake, ought not in the slightest degree to be called in question on account of the illusions of our dreams. For if it happened that an individual, even when asleep, had some very distinct idea, as, for example, if a geometer should discover some new demonstration, the circumstance of his being asleep would not militate against its truth; and as for the most ordinary error of our dreams, which consists in their representing to us various objects in the same way as our external senses, this is not prejudicial, since it leads us very properly to suspect the truth of the ideas of sense; for we are not infrequently deceived in the same manner when awake; as when persons in the jaundice see all objects yellow, or when the stars or bodies at a great distance appear to us much smaller than they are. For, in fine, whether awake or asleep, we ought never to allow ourselves to be persuaded of the truth of anything unless on the evidence of our reason. And it must be noted that I say of our reason, and not of our imagination or of our senses: thus, for example, although we very clearly see the sun, we ought not therefore to determine that it is only of the size which our sense of sight presents; and we may very distinctly imagine the head of a lion joined to the body of a goat, without being therefore shut up to the conclusion that a chimaera exists; for it is not a dictate of reason that what we thus see

or imagine is in reality existent; but it plainly tells us that all our ideas or notions contain in them some truth; for otherwise it could not be that God, who is wholly perfect and veracious, should have placed them in us. And because our reasonings are never so clear or so complete during sleep as when we are awake, although sometimes the acts of our imagination are then as lively and distinct, if not more so than in our waking moments, reason further dictates that, since all our thoughts cannot be true because of our partial imperfection, those possessing truth must infallibly be found in the experience of our waking moments rather than in that of our dreams.

PART V

I would here willingly have proceeded to exhibit the whole chain of truths which I deduced from these primary but as with a view to this it would have been necessary now to treat of many questions in dispute among the earned, with whom I do not wish to be embroiled, I believe that it will be better for me to refrain from this exposition, and only mention in general what these truths are, that the more judicious may be able to determine whether a more special account of them would conduce to the public advantage. I have ever remained firm in my original resolution to suppose no other principle than that of which I have recently availed myself in demonstrating the existence of God and of the soul, and to accept as true nothing that did not appear to me more clear and certain than the demonstrations of the geometers had formerly appeared; and yet I venture to state that not only have I found means to satisfy myself in a short time on all the principal difficulties which are usually treated of in philosophy, but I have also observed certain laws established in nature by God in such a manner, and of which he has impressed on our minds such notions, that after we have reflected sufficiently upon these, we cannot doubt that they are accurately observed in all that exists or takes place in the world and farther, by considering the concatenation of these laws, it appears to me that I have discovered many truths more useful and more important than all I had before learned, or even had expected to learn.

But because I have essayed to expound the chief of these discoveries in a treatise which certain considerations prevent me from publishing, I cannot make the results known more conveniently than by here giving a summary of the contents of this treatise. It was my design to comprise in it all that, before I set myself to write it, I thought I knew of the nature of material objects. But like the painters who, finding themselves unable to represent equally well on a plain surface all the different faces of a solid body, select one of the chief, on which alone they make the light fall, and throwing the rest into the shade, allow them to appear only in so far as they can be seen while looking at the principal one; so, fearing lest I should not be able to compense in my discourse all that was in my mind, I resolved to expound singly, though at considerable length, my opinions regarding light; then to take the opportunity of adding something on the sun and the fixed stars, since light almost wholly proceeds from them; on the heavens since they transmit it; on the planets, comets, and earth, since they reflect it; and particularly on all the bodies that are upon the earth, since they are either colored, or transparent, or luminous; and finally on man, since he is the spectator of these objects. Further, to enable me to cast this variety of subjects somewhat into the shade, and to express my judgment regarding them with greater freedom, without being necessitated to adopt or refute the opinions of the learned, I resolved to leave all the people here to their disputes, and to speak only of what would happen in a new world, if God were now to create somewhere in the imaginary spaces matter sufficient to compose one, and were to agitate variously and confusedly the different parts of this matter, so that there resulted a chaos as disordered as the poets ever feigned, and after that did nothing more than lend his ordinary concurrence to nature, and allow her to act in accordance with the laws which he had established. On this supposition, I, in the first place, described this matter, and essayed to represent it in such a manner that to my mind there can be nothing clearer and more intelligible, except what has been recently said regarding God and the soul; for I even expressly supposed that it possessed none of those forms or qualities which are so debated in the schools, nor in general anything the knowledge of which is not so natural to our minds that no one can so much as imagine himself ignorant of it. Besides, I have pointed out what are the laws of nature; and, with no other principle upon which to found my reasonings except the infinite perfection of God, I endeavored to demonstrate all those about which there could be any room for doubt, and to prove that they are such, that even if God had created more worlds, there could have been none in which these laws were not observed. Thereafter, I showed how the greatest part of the matter of this chaos must, in accordance with these laws, dispose and arrange itself in such a way as to present the appearance of heavens; how in the meantime some of its parts must compose an earth and some planets and comets, and others a sun and fixed stars. And, making a digression at this stage on the subject of light, I expounded at considerable length what the nature of that light must be which is found in the sun and the stars, and how thence in an instant of time it traverses the immense spaces of the heavens, and how from the planets and comets it is reflected towards the earth. To this I likewise added much respecting the substance, the situation, the motions, and all the different qualities of these heavens and stars; so that I thought I had said enough respecting them to show that there is nothing observable in the heavens or stars of our system that must not, or at least may not appear precisely alike in those of the system

which I described. I came next to speak of the earth in particular, and to show how, even though I had expressly supposed that God had given no weight to the matter of which it is composed, this should not prevent all its parts from tending exactly to its center; how with water and air on its surface, the disposition of the heavens and heavenly bodies, more especially of the moon, must cause a flow and ebb, like in all its circumstances to that observed in our seas, as also a certain current both of water and air from east to west, such as is likewise observed between the tropics; how the mountains, seas, fountains, and rivers might naturally be formed in it, and the metals produced in the mines, and the plants grow in the fields and in general, how all the bodies which are commonly denominated mixed or composite might be generated and, among other things in the discoveries alluded to inasmuch as besides the stars, I knew nothing except fire which produces light, I spared no pains to set forth all that pertains to its nature,--the manner of its production and support, and to explain how heat is sometimes found without light, and light without heat; to show how it can induce various colors upon different bodies and other diverse qualities; how it reduces some to a liquid state and hardens others; how it can consume almost all bodies, or convert them into ashes and smoke; and finally, how from these ashes, by the mere intensity of its action, it forms glass: for as this transmutation of ashes into glass appeared to me as wonderful as any other in nature, I took a special pleasure in describing it. I was not, however, disposed, from these circumstances, to conclude that this world had been created in the manner I described; for it is much more likely that God made it at the first such as it was to be. But this is certain, and an opinion commonly received among theologians, that the action by which he now sustains it is the same with that by which he originally created it; so that even although he had from the beginning given it no other form than that of chaos, provided only he had established certain laws of nature, and had lent it his concurrence to enable it to act as it is wont to do, it may be believed, without discredit to the miracle of creation, that, in this way alone, things purely material might, in course of time, have become such as we observe them at present; and their nature is much more easily conceived when they are beheld coming in this manner gradually into existence, than when they are only considered as produced at once in a finished and perfect state.

From the description of inanimate bodies and plants, I passed to animals, and particularly to man. But since I had not as yet sufficient knowledge to enable me to treat of these in the same manner as of the rest, that is to say, by deducing effects from their causes, and by showing from what elements and in what manner nature must produce them, I remained satisfied with the supposition that God formed the body of man wholly like to one of ours, as well in the external shape of the members as in the internal conformation of the organs, of the same matter with that I had described, and at first placed in it no rational soul, nor any other principle, in room of the vegetative or sensitive soul, beyond kindling in the heart one of those fires without light, such as I had already described, and which I thought was not different from the heat in hay that has been heaped together before it is dry, or that which causes fermentation in new wines before they are run clear of the fruit. For, when I examined the kind of functions which might, as consequences of this supposition, exist in this body, I found precisely all those which may exist in us independently of all power of thinking, and consequently without being in any measure owing to the soul; in other words, to that part of us which is distinct from the body, and of which it has been said above that the nature distinctively consists in thinking, functions in which the animals void of reason may be said wholly to resemble us; but among which I could not discover any of those that, as dependent on thought alone, belong to us as men, while, on the other hand, I did afterwards discover these as soon as I supposed God to have created a rational soul, and to have annexed it to this body in a particular manner which I described.

But, in order to show how I there handled this matter, I mean here to give the explication of the motion of the heart and arteries, which, as the first and most general motion observed in animals, will afford the means of readily determining what should be thought of all the rest. And that there may be less difficulty in understanding what I am about to say on this subject, I advise those who are not versed in anatomy, before they commence the perusal of these observations, to take the trouble of getting dissected in their presence the heart of some large animal possessed of lungs (for this is throughout sufficiently like the human), and to have shown to them its two ventricles or cavities: in the first place, that in the right side, with which correspond two very ample tubes, viz., the hollow vein (_vena cava_), which is the principal receptacle of the blood, and the trunk of the tree, as it were, of which all the other veins in the body are branches; and the arterial vein (_vena arteriosa_), inappropriately so denominated, since it is in truth only an artery, which, taking its rise in the heart, is divided, after passing out from it, into many branches which presently disperse themselves all over the lungs; in the second place, the cavity in the left side, with which correspond in the same manner two canals in size equal to or larger than the preceding, viz., the venous artery (_arteria venosa_), likewise inappropriately thus designated, because it is simply a vein which comes from the lungs, where it is divided into many branches, interlaced with those of the arterial vein, and those of the tube called the windpipe, through which the air we breathe enters; and the great artery which, issuing from the heart, sends its branches all over the body. I should wish also that such persons were carefully shown the eleven pellicles which, like so many small valves, open and shut the four orifices that are in these two cavities, viz., three at the entrance of the hollow veins where they are disposed in such a manner as by no means to prevent the blood which it contains from flowing into the

right ventricle of the heart, and yet exactly to prevent its flowing out; three at the entrance to the arterial vein, which, arranged in a manner exactly the opposite of the former, readily permit the blood contained in this cavity to pass into the lungs, but hinder that contained in the lungs from returning to this cavity; and, in like manner, two others at the mouth of the venous artery, which allow the blood from the lungs to flow into the left cavity of the heart, but preclude its return; and three at the mouth of the great artery, which suffer the blood to flow from the heart, but prevent its reflux. Nor do we need to seek any other reason for the number of these pellicles beyond this that the orifice of the venous artery being of an oval shape from the nature of its situation, can be adequately closed with two, whereas the others being round are more conveniently closed with three. Besides, I wish such persons to observe that the grand artery and the arterial vein are of much harder and firmer texture than the venous artery and the hollow vein; and that the two last expand before entering the heart, and there form, as it were, two pouches denominated the auricles of the heart, which are composed of a substance similar to that of the heart itself; and that there is always more warmth in the heart than in any other part of the body--and finally, that this heat is capable of causing any drop of blood that passes into the cavities rapidly to expand and dilate, just as all liquors do when allowed to fall drop by drop into a highly heated vessel.

For, after these things, it is not necessary for me to say anything more with a view to explain the motion of the heart, except that when its cavities are not full of blood, into these the blood of necessity flows,--from the hollow vein into the right, and from the venous artery into the left; because these two vessels are always full of blood, and their orifices, which are turned towards the heart, cannot then be closed. But as soon as two drops of blood have thus passed, one into each of the cavities, these drops which cannot but be very large, because the orifices through which they pass are wide, and the vessels from which they come full of blood, are immediately rarefied, and dilated by the heat they meet with. In this way they cause the whole heart to expand, and at the same time press home and shut the five small valves that are at the entrances of the two vessels from which they flow, and thus prevent any more blood from coming down into the heart, and becoming more and more rarefied, they push open the six small valves that are in the orifices of the other two vessels, through which they pass out, causing in this way all the branches of the arterial vein and of the grand artery to expand almost simultaneously with the heart which immediately thereafter begins to contract, as do also the arteries, because the blood that has entered them has cooled, and the six small valves close, and the five of the hollow vein and of the venous artery open anew and allow a passage to other two drops of blood, which cause the heart and the arteries again to expand as before. And, because the blood which thus enters into the heart passes through these two pouches called auricles, it thence happens that their motion is the contrary of that of the heart, and that when it expands they contract. But lest those who are ignorant of the force of mathematical demonstrations and who are not accustomed to distinguish true reasons from mere verisimilitudes, should venture, without examination, to deny what has been said, I wish it to be considered that the motion which I have now explained follows as necessarily from the very arrangement of the parts, which may be observed in the heart by the eye alone, and from the heat which may be felt with the fingers, and from the nature of the blood as learned from experience, as does the motion of a clock from the power, the situation, and shape of its counterweights and wheels.

But if it be asked how it happens that the blood in the veins, flowing in this way continually into the heart, is not exhausted, and why the arteries do not become too full, since all the blood which passes through the heart flows into them, I need only mention in reply what has been written by a physician of England, who has the honor of having broken the ice on this subject, and of having been the first to teach that there are many small passages at the extremities of the arteries, through which the blood received by them from the heart passes into the small branches of the veins, whence it again returns to the heart; so that its course amounts precisely to a perpetual circulation. Of this we have abundant proof in the ordinary experience of surgeons, who, by binding the arm with a tie of moderate straitness above the part where they open the vein, cause the blood to flow more copiously than it would have done without any ligature; whereas quite the contrary would happen were they to bind it below; that is, between the hand and the opening, or were to make the ligature above the opening very tight. For it is manifest that the tie, moderately straightened, while adequate to hinder the blood already in the arm from returning towards the heart by the veins, cannot on that account prevent new blood from coming forward through the arteries, because these are situated below the veins, and their coverings, from their greater consistency, are more difficult to compress; and also that the blood which comes from the heart tends to pass through them to the hand with greater force than it does to return from the hand to the heart through the veins. And since the latter current escapes from the arm by the opening made in one of the veins, there must of necessity be certain passages below the ligature, that is, towards the extremities of the arm through which it can come thither from the arteries. This physician likewise abundantly establishes what he has advanced respecting the motion of the blood, from the existence of certain pellicles, so disposed in various places along the course of the veins, in the manner of small valves, as not to permit the blood to pass from the middle of the body towards the extremities, but only to return from the extremities to the heart; and farther, from experience which shows that all the blood which is in the body may flow out of it in a very short time through a single artery that has been cut, even although this had been closely tied

in the immediate neighborhood of the heart and cut between the heart and the ligature, so as to prevent the supposition that the blood flowing out of it could come from any other quarter than the heart.

But there are many other circumstances which evince that what I have alleged is the true cause of the motion of the blood: thus, in the first place, the difference that is observed between the blood which flows from the veins, and that from the arteries, can only arise from this, that being rarefied, and, as it were, distilled by passing through the heart, it is thinner, and more vivid, and warmer immediately after leaving the heart, in other words, when in the arteries, than it was a short time before passing into either, in other words, when it was in the veins; and if attention be given, it will be found that this difference is very marked only in the neighborhood of the heart; and is not so evident in parts more remote from it. In the next place, the consistency of the coats of which the arterial vein and the great artery are composed, sufficiently shows that the blood is impelled against them with more force than against the veins. And why should the left cavity of the heart and the great artery be wider and larger than the right cavity and the arterial vein, were it not that the blood of the venous artery, having only been in the lungs after it has passed through the heart, is thinner, and rarefies more readily, and in a higher degree, than the blood which proceeds immediately from the hollow vein? And what can physicians conjecture from feeling the pulse unless they know that according as the blood changes its nature it can be rarefied by the warmth of the heart, in a higher or lower degree, and more or less quickly than before? And if it be inquired how this heat is communicated to the other members, must it not be admitted that this is effected by means of the blood, which, passing through the heart, is there heated anew, and thence diffused over all the body? Whence it happens, that if the blood be withdrawn from any part, the heat is likewise withdrawn by the same means; and although the heart were as-hot as glowing iron, it would not be capable of warming the feet and hands as at present, unless it continually sent thither new blood. We likewise perceive from this, that the true use of respiration is to bring sufficient fresh air into the lungs, to cause the blood which flows into them from the right ventricle of the heart, where it has been rarefied and, as it were, changed into vapors, to become thick, and to convert it anew into blood, before it flows into the left cavity, without which process it would be unfit for the nourishment of the fire that is there. This receives confirmation from the circumstance, that it is observed of animals destitute of lungs that they have also but one cavity in the heart, and that in children who cannot use them while in the womb, there is a hole through which the blood flows from the hollow vein into the left cavity of the heart, and a tube through which it passes from the arterial vein into the grand artery without passing through the lung. In the next place, how could digestion be carried on in the stomach unless the heart communicated heat to it through the arteries, and along with this certain of the more fluid parts of the blood, which assist in the dissolution of the food that has been taken in? Is not also the operation which converts the juice of food into blood easily comprehended, when it is considered that it is distilled by passing and repassing through the heart perhaps more than one or two hundred times in a day? And what more need be adduced to explain nutrition, and the production of the different humors of the body, beyond saying, that the force with which the blood, in being rarefied, passes from the heart towards the extremities of the arteries, causes certain of its parts to remain in the members at which they arrive, and there occupy the place of some others expelled by them; and that according to the situation, shape, or smallness of the pores with which they meet, some rather than others flow into certain parts, in the same way that some sieves are observed to act, which, by being variously perforated, serve to separate different species of grain? And, in the last place, what above all is here worthy of observation, is the generation of the animal spirits, which are like a very subtle wind, or rather a very pure and vivid flame which, continually ascending in great abundance from the heart to the brain, thence penetrates through the nerves into the muscles, and gives motion to all the members; so that to account for other parts of the blood which, as most agitated and penetrating, are the fittest to compose these spirits, proceeding towards the brain, it is not necessary to suppose any other cause, than simply, that the arteries which carry them thither proceed from the heart in the most direct lines, and that, according to the rules of mechanics which are the same with those of nature, when many objects tend at once to the same point where there is not sufficient room for all (as is the case with the parts of the blood which flow forth from the left cavity of the heart and tend towards the brain), the weaker and less agitated parts must necessarily be driven aside from that point by the stronger which alone in this way reach it I had expounded all these matters with sufficient minuteness in the treatise which I formerly thought of publishing. And after these, I had shown what must be the fabric of the nerves and muscles of the human body to give the animal spirits contained in it the power to move the members, as when we see heads shortly after they have been struck off still move and bite the earth, although no longer animated; what changes must take place in the brain to produce waking, sleep, and dreams; how light, sounds, odors, tastes, heat, and all the other qualities of external objects impress it with different ideas by means of the senses; how hunger, thirst, and the other internal affections can likewise impress upon it divers ideas; what must be understood by the common sense (_sensus communis_) in which these ideas are received, by the memory which retains them, by the fantasy which can change them in various ways, and out of them compose new ideas, and which, by the same means, distributing the animal spirits through the muscles, can cause the members of such a body to move in as many different ways, and in a manner as suited, whether to the objects that are presented to its senses or to its internal affections, as can take place in our

own case apart from the guidance of the will. Nor will this appear at all strange to those who are acquainted with the variety of movements performed by the different automata, or moving machines fabricated by human industry, and that with help of but few pieces compared with the great multitude of bones, muscles, nerves, arteries, veins, and other parts that are found in the body of each animal. Such persons will look upon this body as a machine made by the hands of God, which is incomparably better arranged, and adequate to movements more admirable than is any machine of human invention. And here I specially stayed to show that, were there such machines exactly resembling organs and outward form an ape or any other irrational animal, we could have no means of knowing that they were in any respect of a different nature from these animals; but if there were machines bearing the image of our bodies, and capable of imitating our actions as far as it is morally possible, there would still remain two most certain tests whereby to know that they were not therefore really men. Of these the first is that they could never use words or other signs arranged in such a manner as is competent to us in order to declare our thoughts to others: for we may easily conceive a machine to be so constructed that it emits vocables, and even that it emits some correspondent to the action upon it of external objects which cause a change in its organs; for example, if touched in a particular place it may demand what we wish to say to it; if in another it may cry out that it is hurt, and such like; but not that it should arrange them variously so as appositely to reply to what is said in its presence, as men of the lowest grade of intellect can do. The second test is, that although such machines might execute many things with equal or perhaps greater perfection than any of us, they would, without doubt, fail in certain others from which it could be discovered that they did not act from knowledge, but solely from the disposition of their organs: for while reason is an universal instrument that is alike available on every occasion, these organs, on the contrary, need a particular arrangement for each particular action; whence it must be morally impossible that there should exist in any machine a diversity of organs sufficient to enable it to act in all the occurrences of life, in the way in which our reason enables us to act. Again, by means of these two tests we may likewise know the difference between men and brutes. For it is highly deserving of remark, that there are no men so dull and stupid, not even idiots, as to be incapable of joining together different words, and thereby constructing a declaration by which to make their thoughts understood; and that on the other hand, there is no other animal, however perfect or happily circumstanced, which can do the like. Nor does this inability arise from want of organs: for we observe that magpies and parrots can utter words like ourselves, and are yet unable to speak as we do, that is, so as to show that they understand what they say; in place of which men born deaf and dumb, and thus not less, but rather more than the brutes, destitute of the organs which others use in speaking, are in the habit of spontaneously inventing certain signs by which they discover their thoughts to those who, being usually in their company, have leisure to learn their language. And this proves not only that the brutes have less reason than man, but that they have none at all: for we see that very little is required to enable a person to speak; and since a certain inequality of capacity is observable among animals of the same species, as well as among men, and since some are more capable of being instructed than others, it is incredible that the most perfect ape or parrot of its species, should not in this be equal to the most stupid infant of its kind or at least to one that was crack-brained, unless the soul of brutes were of a nature wholly different from ours. And we ought not to confound speech with the natural movements which indicate the passions, and can be imitated by machines as well as manifested by animals; nor must it be thought with certain of the ancients, that the brutes speak, although we do not understand their language. For if such were the case, since they are endowed with many organs analogous to ours, they could as easily communicate their thoughts to us as to their fellows. It is also very worthy of remark, that, though there are many animals which manifest more industry than we in certain of their actions, the same animals are yet observed to show none at all in many others: so that the circumstance that they do better than we does not prove that they are endowed with mind, for it would thence follow that they possessed greater reason than any of us, and could surpass us in all things; on the contrary, it rather proves that they are destitute of reason, and that it is nature which acts in them according to the disposition of their organs: thus it is seen, that a clock composed only of wheels and weights can number the hours and measure time more exactly than we with all our skin.

I had after this described the reasonable soul, and shown that it could by no means be educed from the power of matter, as the other things of which I had spoken, but that it must be expressly created; and that it is not sufficient that it be lodged in the human body exactly like a pilot in a ship, unless perhaps to move its members, but that it is necessary for it to be joined and united more closely to the body, in order to have sensations and appetites similar to ours, and thus constitute a real man. I here entered, in conclusion, upon the subject of the soul at considerable length, because it is of the greatest moment: for after the error of those who deny the existence of God, an error which I think I have already sufficiently refuted, there is none that is more powerful in leading feeble minds astray from the straight path of virtue than the supposition that the soul of the brutes is of the same nature with our own; and consequently that after this life we have nothing to hope for or fear, more than flies and ants; in place of which, when we know how far they differ we much better comprehend the reasons which establish that the soul is of a nature wholly independent of the body, and that consequently it is not liable to die with the latter and, finally, because no other causes are observed capable of destroying it, we are naturally led thence to judge that it is immortal.

PART VI

Three years have now elapsed since I finished the treatise containing all these matters; and I was beginning to revise it, with the view to put it into the hands of a printer, when I learned that persons to whom I greatly defer, and whose authority over my actions is hardly less influential than is my own reason over my thoughts, had condemned a certain doctrine in physics, published a short time previously by another individual to which I will not say that I adhered, but only that, previously to their censure I had observed in it nothing which I could imagine to be prejudicial either to religion or to the state, and nothing therefore which would have prevented me from giving expression to it in writing, if reason had persuaded me of its truth; and this led me to fear lest among my own doctrines likewise some one might be found in which I had departed from the truth, notwithstanding the great care I have always taken not to accord belief to new opinions of which I had not the most certain demonstrations, and not to give expression to aught that might tend to the hurt of any one. This has been sufficient to make me alter my purpose of publishing them; for although the reasons by which I had been induced to take this resolution were very strong, yet my inclination, which has always been hostile to writing books, enabled me immediately to discover other considerations sufficient to excuse me for not undertaking the task. And these reasons, on one side and the other, are such, that not only is it in some measure my interest here to state them, but that of the public, perhaps, to know them.

I have never made much account of what has proceeded from my own mind; and so long as I gathered no other advantage from the method I employ beyond satisfying myself on some difficulties belonging to the speculative sciences, or endeavoring to regulate my actions according to the principles it taught me, I never thought myself bound to publish anything respecting it. For in what regards manners, every one is so full of his own wisdom, that there might be found as many reformers as heads, if any were allowed to take upon themselves the task of mending them, except those whom God has constituted the supreme rulers of his people or to whom he has given sufficient grace and zeal to be prophets; and although my speculations greatly pleased myself, I believed that others had theirs, which perhaps pleased them still more. But as soon as I had acquired some general notions respecting physics, and beginning to make trial of them in various particular difficulties, had observed how far they can carry us, and how much they differ from the principles that have been employed up to the present time, I believed that I could not keep them concealed without sinning grievously against the law by which we are bound to promote, as far as in us lies, the general good of mankind. For by them I perceived it to be possible to arrive at knowledge highly useful in life; and in room of the speculative philosophy usually taught in the schools, to discover a practical, by means of which, knowing the force and action of fire, water, air the stars, the heavens, and all the other bodies that surround us, as distinctly as we know the various crafts of our artisans, we might also apply them in the same way to all the uses to which they are adapted, and thus render ourselves the lords and possessors of nature. And this is a result to be desired, not only in order to the invention of an infinity of arts, by which we might be enabled to enjoy without any trouble the fruits of the earth, and all its comforts, but also and especially for the preservation of health, which is without doubt, of all the blessings of this life, the first and fundamental one; for the mind is so intimately dependent upon the condition and relation of the organs of the body, that if any means can ever be found to render men wiser and more ingenious than hitherto, I believe that it is in medicine they must be sought for. It is true that the science of medicine, as it now exists, contains few things whose utility is very remarkable: but without any wish to depreciate it, I am confident that there is no one, even among those whose profession it is, who does not admit that all at present known in it is almost nothing in comparison of what remains to be discovered; and that we could free ourselves from an infinity of maladies of body as well as of mind, and perhaps also even from the debility of age, if we had sufficiently ample knowledge of their causes, and of all the remedies provided for us by nature. But since I designed to employ my whole life in the search after so necessary a science, and since I had fallen in with a path which seems to me such, that if any one follow it he must inevitably reach the end desired, unless he be hindered either by the shortness of life or the want of experiments, I judged that there could be no more effectual provision against these two impediments than if I were faithfully to communicate to the public all the little I might myself have found, and incite men of superior genius to strive to proceed farther, by contributing, each according to his inclination and ability, to the experiments which it would be necessary to make, and also by informing the public of all they might discover, so that, by the last beginning where those before them had left off, and thus connecting the lives and labours of many, we might collectively proceed much farther than each by himself could do.

I remarked, moreover, with respect to experiments, that they become always more necessary the more one is advanced in knowledge; for, at the commencement, it is better to make use only of what is spontaneously presented to our senses, and of which we cannot remain ignorant, provided we bestow on it any reflection, however slight, than to concern ourselves about more uncommon and recondite phenomena: the reason of which is, that the more uncommon often only mislead us so long as the

causes of the more ordinary are still unknown; and the circumstances upon which they depend are almost always so special and minute as to be highly difficult to detect. But in this I have adopted the following order: first, I have essayed to find in general the principles, or first causes of all that is or can be in the world, without taking into consideration for this end anything but God himself who has created it, and without educing them from any other source than from certain germs of truths naturally existing in our minds In the second place, I examined what were the first and most ordinary effects that could be deduced from these causes; and it appears to me that, in this way, I have found heavens, stars, an earth, and even on the earth water, air, fire, minerals, and some other things of this kind, which of all others are the most common and simple, and hence the easiest to know. Afterwards when I wished to descend to the more particular, so many diverse objects presented themselves to me, that I believed it to be impossible for the human mind to distinguish the forms or species of bodies that are upon the earth, from an infinity of others which might have been, if it had pleased God to place them there, or consequently to apply them to our use, unless we rise to causes through their effects, and avail ourselves of many particular experiments. Thereupon, turning over in my mind I the objects that had ever been presented to my senses I freely venture to state that I have never observed any which I could not satisfactorily explain by the principles had discovered. But it is necessary also to confess that the power of nature is so ample and vast, and these principles so simple and general, that I have hardly observed a single particular effect which I cannot at once recognize as capable of being deduced in man different modes from the principles, and that my greatest difficulty usually is to discover in which of these modes the effect is dependent upon them; for out of this difficulty cannot otherwise extricate myself than by again seeking certain experiments, which may be such that their result is not the same, if it is in the one of these modes at we must explain it, as it would be if it were to be explained in the other. As to what remains, I am now in a position to discern, as I think, with sufficient clearness what course must be taken to make the majority those experiments which may conduce to this end: but I perceive likewise that they are such and so numerous, that neither my hands nor my income, though it were a thousand times larger than it is, would be sufficient for them all; so that according as henceforward I shall have the means of making more or fewer experiments, I shall in the same proportion make greater or less progress in the knowledge of nature. This was what I had hoped to make known by the treatise I had written, and so clearly to exhibit the advantage that would thence accrue to the public, as to induce all who have the common good of man at heart, that is, all who are virtuous in truth, and not merely in appearance, or according to opinion, as well to communicate to me the experiments they had already made, as to assist me in those that remain to be made.

But since that time other reasons have occurred to me, by which I have been led to change my opinion, and to think that I ought indeed to go on committing to writing all the results which I deemed of any moment, as soon as I should have tested their truth, and to bestow the same care upon them as I would have done had it been my design to publish them. This course commended itself to me, as well because I thus afforded myself more ample inducement to examine them thoroughly, for doubtless that is always more narrowly scrutinized which we believe will be read by many, than that which is written merely for our private use (and frequently what has seemed to me true when I first conceived it, has appeared false when I have set about committing it to writing), as because I thus lost no opportunity of advancing the interests of the public, as far as in me lay, and since thus likewise, if my writings possess any value, those into whose hands they may fall after my death may be able to put them to what use they deem proper. But I resolved by no means to consent to their publication during my lifetime, lest either the oppositions or the controversies to which they might give rise, or even the reputation, such as it might be, which they would acquire for me, should be any occasion of my losing the time that I had set apart for my own improvement. For though it be true that every one is bound to promote to the extent of his ability the good of others, and that to be useful to no one is really to be worthless, yet it is likewise true that our cares ought to extend beyond the present, and it is good to omit doing what might perhaps bring some profit to the living, when we have in view the accomplishment of other ends that will be of much greater advantage to posterity. And in truth, I am quite willing it should be known that the little I have hitherto learned is almost nothing in comparison with that of which I am ignorant, and to the knowledge of which I do not despair of being able to attain; for it is much the same with those who gradually discover truth in the sciences, as with those who when growing rich find less difficulty in making great acquisitions, than they formerly experienced when poor in making acquisitions of much smaller amount. Or they may be compared to the commanders of armies, whose forces usually increase in proportion to their victories, and who need greater prudence to keep together the residue of their troops after a defeat than after a victory to take towns and provinces. For he truly engages in battle who endeavors to surmount all the difficulties and errors which prevent him from reaching the knowledge of truth, and he is overcome in fight who admits a false opinion touching a matter of any generality and importance, and he requires thereafter much more skill to recover his former position than to make great advances when once in possession of thoroughly ascertained principles. As for myself, if I have succeeded in discovering any truths in the sciences (and I trust that what is contained in this volume I will show that I have found some), I can declare that they are but the consequences and results of five or six principal difficulties which I have surmounted, and my encounters with which I reckoned as battles in which victory declared for me. I will not hesitate even to avow my belief that nothing further is wanting to

enable me fully to realize my designs than to gain two or three similar victories; and that I am not so far advanced in years but that, according to the ordinary course of nature, I may still have sufficient leisure for this end. But I conceive myself the more bound to husband the time that remains the greater my expectation of being able to employ it aright, and I should doubtless have much to rob me of it, were I to publish the principles of my physics: for although they are almost all so evident that to assent to them no more is needed than simply to understand them, and although there is not one of them of which I do not expect to be able to give demonstration, yet, as it is impossible that they can be in accordance with all the diverse opinions of others, I foresee that I should frequently be turned aside from my grand design, on occasion of the opposition which they would be sure to awaken.

It may be said, that these oppositions would be useful both in making me aware of my errors, and, if my speculations contain anything of value, in bringing others to a fuller understanding of it; and still farther, as many can see better than one, in leading others who are now beginning to avail themselves of my principles, to assist me in turn with their discoveries. But though I recognize my extreme liability to error, and scarce ever trust to the first thoughts which occur to me, yet-the experience I have had of possible objections to my views prevents me from anticipating any profit from them. For I have already had frequent proof of the judgments, as well of those I esteemed friends, as of some others to whom I thought I was an object of indifference, and even of some whose malignancy and envy would, I knew, determine them to endeavor to discover what partiality concealed from the eyes of my friends. But it has rarely happened that anything has been objected to me which I had myself altogether overlooked, unless it were something far removed from the subject: so that I have never met with a single critic of my opinions who did not appear to me either less rigorous or less equitable than myself. And further, I have never observed that any truth before unknown has been brought to light by the disputations that are practised in the schools; for while each strives for the victory, each is much more occupied in making the best of mere verisimilitude, than in weighing the reasons on both sides of the question; and those who have been long good advocates are not afterwards on that account the better judges.

As for the advantage that others would derive from the communication of my thoughts, it could not be very great; because I have not yet so far prosecuted them as that much does not remain to be added before they can be applied to practice. And I think I may say without vanity, that if there is any one who can carry them out that length, it must be myself rather than another: not that there may not be in the world many minds incomparably superior to mine, but because one cannot so well seize a thing and make it one’s own, when it has been learned from another, as when one has himself discovered it. And so true is this of the present subject that, though I have often explained some of my opinions to persons of much acuteness, who, whilst I was speaking, appeared to understand them very distinctly, yet, when they repeated them, I have observed that they almost always changed them to such an extent that I could no longer acknowledge them as mine. I am glad, by the way, to take this opportunity of requesting posterity never to believe on hearsay that anything has proceeded from me which has not been published by myself; and I am not at all astonished at the extravagances attributed to those ancient philosophers whose own writings we do not possess; whose thoughts, however, I do not on that account suppose to have been really absurd, seeing they were among the ablest men of their times, but only that these have been falsely represented to us. It is observable, accordingly, that scarcely in a single instance has any one of their disciples surpassed them; and I am quite sure that the most devoted of the present followers of Aristotle would think themselves happy if they had as much knowledge of nature as he possessed, were it even under the condition that they should never afterwards attain to higher. In this respect they are like the ivy which never strives to rise above the tree that sustains it, and which frequently even returns downwards when it has reached the top; for it seems to me that they also sink, in other words, render themselves less wise than they would be if they gave up study, who, not contented with knowing all that is intelligibly explained in their author, desire in addition to find in him the solution of many difficulties of which he says not a word, and never perhaps so much as thought. Their fashion of philosophizing, however, is well suited to persons whose abilities fall below mediocrity; for the obscurity of the distinctions and principles of which they make use enables them to speak of all things with as much confidence as if they really knew them, and to defend all that they say on any subject against the most subtle and skillful, without its being possible for any one to convict them of error. In this they seem to me to be like a blind man, who, in order to fight on equal terms with a person that sees, should have made him descend to the bottom of an intensely dark cave: and I may say that such persons have an interest in my refraining from publishing the principles of the philosophy of which I make use; for, since these are of a kind the simplest and most evident, I should, by publishing them, do much the same as if I were to throw open the windows, and allow the light of day to enter the cave into which the combatants had descended. But even superior men have no reason for any great anxiety to know these principles, for if what they desire is to be able to speak of all things, and to acquire a reputation for learning, they will gain their end more easily by remaining satisfied with the appearance of truth, which can be found without much difficulty in all sorts of matters, than by seeking the truth itself which unfolds itself but slowly and that only in some departments, while it obliges us, when we have to speak of others, freely to confess our ignorance. If, however, they prefer the knowledge of some few

truths to the vanity of appearing ignorant of none, as such knowledge is undoubtedly much to be preferred, and, if they choose to follow a course similar to mine, they do not require for this that I should say anything more than I have already said in this discourse. For if they are capable of making greater advancement than I have made, they will much more be able of themselves to discover all that I believe myself to have found; since as I have never examined aught except in order, it is certain that what yet remains to be discovered is in itself more difficult and recondite, than that which I have already been enabled to find, and the gratification would be much less in learning it from me than in discovering it for themselves. Besides this, the habit which they will acquire, by seeking first what is easy, and then passing onward slowly and step by step to the more difficult, will benefit them more than all my instructions. Thus, in my own case, I am persuaded that if I had been taught from my youth all the truths of which I have since sought out demonstrations, and had thus learned them without labour, I should never, perhaps, have known any beyond these; at least, I should never have acquired the habit and the facility which I think I possess in always discovering new truths in proportion as I give myself to the search. And, in a single word, if there is any work in the world which cannot be so well finished by another as by him who has commenced it, it is that at which I labour.

It is true, indeed, as regards the experiments which may conduce to this end, that one man is not equal to the task of making them all; but yet he can advantageously avail himself, in this work, of no hands besides his own, unless those of artisans, or parties of the same kind, whom he could pay, and whom the hope of gain (a means of great efficacy) might stimulate to accuracy in the performance of what was prescribed to them. For as to those who, through curiosity or a desire of learning, of their own accord, perhaps, offer him their services, besides that in general their promises exceed their performance, and that they sketch out fine designs of which not one is ever realized, they will, without doubt, expect to be compensated for their trouble by the explication of some difficulties, or, at least, by compliments and useless speeches, in which he cannot spend any portion of his time without loss to himself. And as for the experiments that others have already made, even although these parties should be willing of themselves to communicate them to him (which is what those who esteem them secrets will never do), the experiments are, for the most part, accompanied with so many circumstances and superfluous elements, as to make it exceedingly difficult to disentangle the truth from its adjuncts--besides, he will find almost all of them so ill described, or even so false (because those who made them have wished to see in them only such facts as they deemed conformable to their principles), that, if in the entire number there should be some of a nature suited to his purpose, still their value could not compensate for the time what would be necessary to make the selection. So that if there existed any one whom we assuredly knew to be capable of making discoveries of the highest kind, and of the greatest possible utility to the public; and if all other men were therefore eager by all means to assist him in successfully prosecuting his designs, I do not see that they could do aught else for him beyond contributing to defray the expenses of the experiments that might be necessary; and for the rest, prevent his being deprived of his leisure by the unseasonable interruptions of any one. But besides that I neither have so high an opinion of myself as to be willing to make promise of anything extraordinary, nor feed on imaginations so vain as to fancy that the public must be much interested in my designs; I do not, on the other hand, own a soul so mean as to be capable of accepting from any one a favor of which it could be supposed that I was unworthy.

These considerations taken together were the reason why, for the last three years, I have been unwilling to publish the treatise I had on hand, and why I even resolved to give publicity during my life to no other that was so general, or by which the principles of my physics might be understood. But since then, two other reasons have come into operation that have determined me here to subjoin some particular specimens, and give the public some account of my doings and designs. Of these considerations, the first is, that if I failed to do so, many who were cognizant of my previous intention to publish some writings, might have imagined that the reasons which induced me to refrain from so doing, were less to my credit than they really are; for although I am not immoderately desirous of glory, or even, if I may venture so to say, although I am averse from it in so far as I deem it hostile to repose which I hold in greater account than aught else, yet, at the same time, I have never sought to conceal my actions as if they were crimes, nor made use of many precautions that I might remain unknown; and this partly because I should have thought such a course of conduct a wrong against myself, and partly because it would have occasioned me some sort of uneasiness which would again have been contrary to the perfect mental tranquillity which I court. And forasmuch as, while thus indifferent to the thought alike of fame or of forgetfulness, I have yet been unable to prevent myself from acquiring some sort of reputation, I have thought it incumbent on me to do my best to save myself at least from being ill-spoken of. The other reason that has determined me to commit to writing these specimens of philosophy is, that I am becoming daily more and more alive to the delay which my design of self-instruction suffers, for want of the infinity of experiments I require, and which it is impossible for me to make without the assistance of others: and, without flattering myself so much as to expect the public to take a large share in my interests, I am yet unwilling to be found so far wanting in the duty I owe to myself, as to give occasion to those who shall survive me to make it matter of reproach against me some day, that I might have left them many things in a much more perfect state than I have done, had I not too much neglected to

make them aware of the ways in which they could have promoted the accomplishment of my designs.

And I thought that it was easy for me to select some matters which should neither be obnoxious to much controversy, nor should compel me to expound more of my principles than I desired, and which should yet be sufficient clearly to exhibit what I can or cannot accomplish in the sciences. Whether or not I have succeeded in this it is not for me to say; and I do not wish to forestall the judgments of others by speaking myself of my writings; but it will gratify me if they be examined, and, to afford the greater inducement to this I request all who may have any objections to make to them, to take the trouble of forwarding these to my publisher, who will give me notice of them, that I may endeavor to subjoin at the same time my reply; and in this way readers seeing both at once will more easily determine where the truth lies; for I do not engage in any case to make prolix replies, but only with perfect frankness to avow my errors if I am convinced of them, or if I cannot perceive them, simply to state what I think is required for defense of the matters I have written, adding thereto no explication of any new matte that it may not be necessary to pass without end from one thing to another.

If some of the matters of which I have spoken in the beginning of the “Dioptrics” and “Meteorics” should offend at first sight, because I call them hypotheses and seem indifferent about giving proof of them, I request a patient and attentive reading of the whole, from which I hope those hesitating will derive satisfaction; for it appears to me that the reasonings are so mutually connected in these treatises, that, as the last are demonstrated by the first which are their causes, the first are in their turn demonstrated by the last which are their effects. Nor must it be imagined that I here commit the fallacy which the logicians call a circle; for since experience renders the majority of these effects most certain, the causes from which I deduce them do not serve so much to establish their reality as to explain their existence; but on the contrary, the reality of the causes is established by the reality of the effects. Nor have I called them hypotheses with any other end in view except that it may be known that I think I am able to deduce them from those first truths which I have already expounded; and yet that I have expressly determined not to do so, to prevent a certain class of minds from thence taking occasion to build some extravagant philosophy upon what they may take to be my principles, and my being blamed for it. I refer to those who imagine that they can master in a day all that another has taken twenty years to think out, as soon as he has spoken two or three words to them on the subject; or who are the more liable to error and the less capable of perceiving truth in very proportion as they are more subtle and lively. As to the opinions which are truly and wholly mine, I offer no apology for them as new,--persuaded as I am that if their reasons be well considered they will be found to be so simple and so conformed, to common sense as to appear less extraordinary and less paradoxical than any others which can be held on the same subjects; nor do I even boast of being the earliest discoverer of any of them, but only of having adopted them, neither because they had nor because they had not been held by others, but solely because reason has convinced me of their truth.

Though artisans may not be able at once to execute the invention which is explained in the “Dioptrics,” I do not think that any one on that account is entitled to condemn it; for since address and practice are required in order so to make and adjust the machines described by me as not to overlook the smallest particular, I should not be less astonished if they succeeded on the first attempt than if a person were in one day to become an accomplished performer on the guitar, by merely having excellent sheets of music set up before him. And if I write in French, which is the language of my country, in preference to Latin, which is that of my preceptors, it is because I expect that those who make use of their unprejudiced natural reason will be better judges of my opinions than those who give heed to the writings of the ancients only; and as for those who unite good sense with habits of study, whom alone I desire for judges, they will not, I feel assured, be so partial to Latin as to refuse to listen to my reasonings merely because I expound them in the vulgar tongue.

In conclusion, I am unwilling here to say anything very specific of the progress which I expect to make for the future in the sciences, or to bind myself to the public by any promise which I am not certain of being able to fulfill; but this only will I say, that I have resolved to devote what time I may still have to live to no other occupation than that of endeavoring to acquire some knowledge of Nature, which shall be of such a kind as to enable us therefrom to deduce rules in medicine of greater certainty than those at present in use; and that my inclination is so much opposed to all other pursuits, especially to such as cannot be useful to some without being hurtful to others, that if, by any circumstances, I had been constrained to engage in such, I do not believe that I should have been able to succeed. Of this I here make a public declaration, though well aware that it cannot serve to procure for me any consideration in the world, which, however, I do not in the least affect; and I shall always hold myself more obliged to those through whose favor I am permitted to enjoy my retirement without interruption than to any who might offer me the highest earthly preferments.

==========

Collected Articles of Frederick Douglass

Frederick Douglass

Project Gutenberg Release: January 01, 1994 · eBook #99

Collected Articles of Frederick Douglass

by Frederick Douglass

Contents

My Escape from Slavery Reconstruction

Douglass, Frederick. “My Escape from Slavery.” The Century Illustrated Magazine 23, n.s. 1 (Nov. 1881): 125-131.

My Escape from Slavery

In the first narrative of my experience in slavery, written nearly forty years ago, and in various writings since, I have given the public what I considered very good reasons for withholding the manner of my escape. In substance these reasons were, first, that such publication at any time during the existence of slavery might be used by the master against the slave, and prevent the future escape of any who might adopt the same means that I did. The second reason was, if possible, still more binding to silence: the publication of details would certainly have put in peril the persons and property of those who assisted. Murder itself was not more sternly and certainly punished in the State of Maryland than that of aiding and abetting the escape of a slave. Many colored men, for no other crime than that of giving aid to a fugitive slave, have, like Charles T. Torrey, perished in prison. The abolition of slavery in my native State and throughout the country, and the lapse of time, render the caution hitherto observed no longer necessary. But even since the abolition of slavery, I have sometimes thought it well enough to baffle curiosity by saying that while slavery existed there were good reasons for not telling the manner of my escape, and since slavery had ceased to exist, there was no reason for telling it. I shall now, however, cease to avail myself of this formula, and, as far as I can, endeavor to satisfy this very natural curiosity. I should, perhaps, have yielded to that feeling sooner, had there been anything very heroic or thrilling in the incidents connected with my escape, for I am sorry to say I have nothing of that sort to tell; and yet the courage that could risk betrayal and the bravery which was ready to encounter death, if need be, in pursuit of freedom, were essential features in the undertaking. My success was due to address rather than courage, to good luck rather than bravery. My means of escape were provided for me by the very men who were making laws to hold and bind me more securely in slavery.

It was the custom in the State of Maryland to require the free colored people to have what were called free papers. These instruments they were required to renew very often, and by charging a fee for this writing, considerable sums from time to time were collected by the State. In these papers the name, age, color, height, and form of the freeman were described, together with any scars or other marks upon his person which could assist in his identification. This device in some measure defeated itself—since more than one man could be found to answer the same general description. Hence many slaves could escape by personating the owner of one set of papers; and this was often done as follows: A slave, nearly or sufficiently answering the description set forth in the papers, would borrow or hire them till by means of them he could escape to a free State, and then, by mail or otherwise, would return them to the owner. The operation was a hazardous one for the lender as well as for the borrower. A failure on the part of the fugitive to send back the papers would imperil his benefactor, and the discovery of the papers in possession of the wrong man would imperil both the fugitive and his friend. It was, therefore, an act of supreme trust on the part of a freeman of color thus to put in jeopardy his own liberty that another might be free. It was, however, not unfrequently bravely done, and was seldom discovered. I was not so fortunate as to resemble any of my free acquaintances sufficiently to answer the description of their papers. But I had a friend—a sailor—who owned a sailor’s protection, which answered somewhat the purpose of free papers—describing his person, and certifying to the fact that he was a free American sailor. The instrument had at its head the American eagle, which gave it the appearance at once of an authorized document. This protection, when in my hands, did not describe its bearer very accurately. Indeed, it called for a man much darker than myself, and close examination of it would have caused my arrest at the start.

In order to avoid this fatal scrutiny on the part of railroad officials, I arranged with Isaac Rolls, a Baltimore hackman, to bring my baggage to the Philadelphia train just on the moment of starting, and jumped upon the car myself when the train was in motion. Had I gone into the station and offered to purchase a ticket, I should have been instantly and carefully examined, and undoubtedly arrested. In choosing this plan I considered the jostle of the train, and the natural haste of the conductor, in a train crowded with passengers, and relied upon my skill and address in playing the sailor, as described in my protection, to do the rest. One element in my favor was the kind feeling which prevailed in Baltimore and other sea-ports at the time, toward “those who go down to the sea in ships.” “Free trade and sailors’ rights” just then expressed the sentiment of the country. In my clothing I was rigged out in sailor style. I had on a red shirt and a tarpaulin hat, and a black cravat tied in sailor fashion carelessly and loosely about my neck. My knowledge of ships and sailor’s talk came much to my assistance, for I knew a ship from stem to stern, and from keelson to cross-trees, and could talk sailor like an “old salt.” I was well on the way to Havre de Grace before the conductor came into the negro car to collect tickets and examine the papers of his black passengers. This was a critical moment in the drama. My whole future depended upon the decision of this conductor. Agitated though I was while this ceremony was proceeding, still, externally, at least, I was apparently calm and self-possessed. He went on with his duty—examining several colored passengers before reaching me. He was somewhat harsh in tome and peremptory in manner until he reached me, when, strange enough, and to my surprise and relief, his whole manner changed. Seeing that I did not readily produce my free papers, as the other colored persons in the car had done, he said to me, in friendly contrast with his bearing toward the others:

“I suppose you have your free papers?”

To which I answered:

“No sir; I never carry my free papers to sea with me.”

“But you have something to show that you are a freeman, haven’t you?”

“Yes, sir,” I answered; “I have a paper with the American Eagle on it, and that will carry me around the world.”

With this I drew from my deep sailor’s pocket my seaman’s protection, as before described. The merest glance at the paper satisfied him, and he took my fare and went on about his business. This moment of time was one of the most anxious I ever experienced. Had the conductor looked closely at the paper, he could not have failed to discover that it called for a very different-looking person from myself, and in that case it would have been his duty to arrest me on the instant, and send me back to Baltimore from the first station. When he left me with the assurance that I was all right, though much relieved, I realized that I was still in great danger: I was still in Maryland, and subject to arrest at any moment. I saw on the train several persons who would have known me in any other clothes, and I feared they might recognize me, even in my sailor “rig,” and report me to the conductor, who would then subject me to a closer examination, which I knew well would be fatal to me.

Though I was not a murderer fleeing from justice, I felt perhaps quite as miserable as such a criminal. The train was moving at a very high rate of speed for that epoch of railroad travel, but to my anxious mind it was moving far too slowly. Minutes were hours, and hours were days during this part of my flight. After Maryland, I was to pass through Delaware—another slave State, where slave-catchers generally awaited their prey, for it was not in the interior of the State, but on its borders, that these human hounds were most vigilant and active. The border lines between slavery and freedom were the dangerous ones for the fugitives. The heart of no fox or deer, with hungry hounds on his trail in full chase, could have beaten more anxiously or noisily than did mine from the time I left Baltimore till I reached Philadelphia. The passage of the Susquehanna River at Havre de Grace was at that time made by ferry-boat, on board of which I met a young colored man by the name of Nichols, who came very near betraying me. He was a “hand” on the boat, but, instead of minding his business, he insisted upon knowing me, and asking me dangerous questions as to where I was going, when I was coming back, etc. I got away from my old and inconvenient acquaintance as soon as I could decently do so, and went to another part of the boat. Once across the river, I encountered a new danger. Only a few days before, I had been at work on a revenue cutter, in Mr. Price’s ship-yard in Baltimore, under the care of Captain McGowan. On the meeting at this point of the two trains, the one going south stopped on the track just opposite to the one going north, and it so happened that this Captain McGowan sat at a window where he could see me very distinctly, and would certainly have recognized me had he looked at me but for a second. Fortunately, in the hurry of the moment, he did not see me; and the trains soon passed each other on their respective ways. But this was not my only hair-breadth escape. A German blacksmith whom I knew well was on the train with me, and looked at me very intently, as if he thought he had seen me somewhere before in his travels. I really believe he knew me, but had no heart to betray me. At any rate, he saw me escaping and held his peace.

The last point of imminent danger, and the one I dreaded most, was Wilmington. Here we left the train and took the steam-boat for Philadelphia. In making the change here I again apprehended arrest, but no one disturbed me, and I was soon on the broad and beautiful Delaware, speeding away to the Quaker City. On reaching Philadelphia in the afternoon, I inquired of a colored man how I could get on to New York. He directed me to the William-street depot, and thither I went, taking the train that night. I reached New York Tuesday morning, having completed the journey in less than twenty-four hours.

My free life began on the third of September, 1838. On the morning of the fourth of that month, after an anxious and most perilous but safe journey, I found myself in the big city of New York, a _free man_—one more added to the mighty throng which, like the confused waves of the troubled sea, surged to and fro between the lofty walls of Broadway. Though dazzled with the wonders which met me on every hand, my thoughts could not be much withdrawn from my strange situation. For the moment, the dreams of my youth and the hopes of my manhood were completely fulfilled. The bonds that had held me to “old master” were broken. No man now had a right to call me his slave or assert mastery over me. I was in the rough and tumble of an outdoor world, to take my chance with the rest of its busy number. I have often been asked how I felt when first I found myself on free soil. There is scarcely anything in my experience about which I could not give a more satisfactory answer. A new world had opened upon me. If life is more than breath and the “quick round of blood,” I lived more in that one day than in a year of my slave life. It was a time of joyous excitement which words can but tamely describe. In a letter written to a friend soon after reaching New York, I said: “I felt as one might feel upon escape from a den of hungry lions.” Anguish and grief, like darkness and rain, may be depicted; but gladness and joy, like the rainbow, defy the skill of pen or pencil. During ten or fifteen years I had been, as it were, dragging a heavy chain which no strength of mine could break; I was not only a slave, but a slave for life. I might become a husband, a father, an aged man, but through all, from birth to death, from the cradle to the grave, I had felt myself doomed. All efforts I had previously made to secure my freedom had not only failed, but had seemed only to rivet my fetters the more firmly, and to render my escape more difficult. Baffled, entangled, and discouraged, I had at times asked myself the question, May not my condition after all be God’s work, and ordered for a wise purpose, and if so, Is not submission my duty? A contest had in fact been going on in my mind for a long time, between the clear consciousness of right and the plausible make-shifts of theology and superstition. The one held me an abject slave—a prisoner for life, punished for some transgression in which I had no lot nor part; and the other counseled me to manly endeavor to secure my freedom. This contest was now ended; my chains were broken, and the victory brought me unspeakable joy.

But my gladness was short-lived, for I was not yet out of the reach and power of the slave-holders. I soon found that New York was not quite so free or so safe a refuge as I had supposed, and a sense of loneliness and insecurity again oppressed me most sadly. I chanced to meet on the street, a few hours after my landing, a fugitive slave whom I had once known well in slavery. The information received from him alarmed me. The fugitive in question was known in Baltimore as “Allender’s Jake,” but in New York he wore the more respectable name of “William Dixon.” Jake, in law, was the property of Doctor Allender, and Tolly Allender, the son of the doctor, had once made an effort to recapture _Mr. Dixon_, but had failed for want of evidence to support his claim. Jake told me the circumstances of this attempt, and how narrowly he escaped being sent back to slavery and torture. He told me that New York was then full of Southerners returning from the Northern watering-places; that the colored people of New York were not to be trusted; that there were hired men of my own color who would betray me for a few dollars; that there were hired men ever on the lookout for fugitives; that I must trust no man with my secret; that I must not think of going either upon the wharves or into any colored boarding-house, for all such places were closely watched; that he was himself unable to help me; and, in fact, he seemed while speaking to me to fear lest I myself might be a spy and a betrayer. Under this apprehension, as I suppose, he showed signs of wishing to be rid of me, and with whitewash brush in hand, in search of work, he soon disappeared.

This picture, given by poor “Jake,” of New York, was a damper to my enthusiasm. My little store of money would soon be exhausted, and since it would be unsafe for me to go on the wharves for work, and I had no introductions elsewhere, the prospect for me was far from cheerful. I saw the wisdom of keeping away from the ship-yards, for, if pursued, as I felt certain I should be, Mr. Auld, my “master,” would naturally seek me there among the calkers. Every door seemed closed against me. I was in the midst of an ocean of my fellow-men, and yet a perfect stranger to every one. I was without home, without acquaintance, without money, without credit, without work, and without any definite knowledge as to what course to take, or where to look for succor. In such an extremity, a man had something besides his new-born freedom to think of. While wandering about the streets of New York, and lodging at least one night among the barrels on one of the wharves, I was indeed free—from slavery, but free from food and shelter as well. I kept my secret to myself as long as I could, but I was compelled at last to seek some one who would befriend me without taking advantage of my destitution to betray me. Such a person I found in a sailor named Stuart, a warm-hearted and generous fellow, who, from his humble home on Centre street, saw me standing on the opposite sidewalk, near the Tombs prison. As he

approached me, I ventured a remark to him which at once enlisted his interest in me. He took me to his home to spend the night, and in the morning went with me to Mr. David Ruggles, the secretary of the New York Vigilance Committee, a co-worker with Isaac T. Hopper, Lewis and Arthur Tappan, Theodore S. Wright, Samuel Cornish, Thomas Downing, Philip A. Bell, and other true men of their time. All these (save Mr. Bell, who still lives, and is editor and publisher of a paper called the “Elevator,” in San Francisco) have finished their work on earth. Once in the hands of these brave and wise men, I felt comparatively safe. With Mr. Ruggles, on the corner of Lispenard and Church streets, I was hidden several days, during which time my intended wife came on from Baltimore at my call, to share the burdens of life with me. She was a free woman, and came at once on getting the good news of my safety. We were married by Rev. J. W. C. Pennington, then a well-known and respected Presbyterian minister. I had no money with which to pay the marriage fee, but he seemed well pleased with our thanks.

Mr. Ruggles was the first officer on the “Underground Railroad” whom I met after coming North, and was, indeed, the only one with whom I had anything to do till I became such an officer myself. Learning that my trade was that of a calker, he promptly decided that the best place for me was in New Bedford, Mass. He told me that many ships for whaling voyages were fitted out there, and that I might there find work at my trade and make a good living. So, on the day of the marriage ceremony, we took our little luggage to the steamer _John W. Richmond_, which, at that time, was one of the line running between New York and Newport, R. I. Forty-three years ago colored travelers were not permitted in the cabin, nor allowed abaft the paddle-wheels of a steam vessel. They were compelled, whatever the weather might be,—whether cold or hot, wet or dry,—to spend the night on deck. Unjust as this regulation was, it did not trouble us much; we had fared much harder before. We arrived at Newport the next morning, and soon after an old fashioned stage-coach, with “New Bedford” in large yellow letters on its sides, came down to the wharf. I had not money enough to pay our fare, and stood hesitating what to do. Fortunately for us, there were two Quaker gentlemen who were about to take passage on the stage,—Friends William C. Taber and Joseph Ricketson,—who at once discerned our true situation, and, in a peculiarly quiet way, addressing me, Mr. Taber said: “Thee get in.” I never obeyed an order with more alacrity, and we were soon on our way to our new home. When we reached “Stone Bridge” the passengers alighted for breakfast, and paid their fares to the driver. We took no breakfast, and, when asked for our fares, I told the driver I would make it right with him when we reached New Bedford. I expected some objection to this on his part, but he made none. When, however, we reached New Bedford, he took our baggage, including three music-books,—two of them collections by Dyer, and one by Shaw,—and held them until I was able to redeem them by paying to him the amount due for our rides. This was soon done, for Mr. Nathan Johnson not only received me kindly and hospitably, but, on being informed about our baggage, at once loaned me the two dollars with which to square accounts with the stage-driver. Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Johnson reached a good old age, and now rest from their labors. I am under many grateful obligations to them. They not only “took me in when a stranger” and “fed me when hungry,” but taught me how to make an honest living. Thus, in a fortnight after my flight from Maryland, I was safe in New Bedford, a citizen of the grand old commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Once initiated into my new life of freedom and assured by Mr. Johnson that I need not fear recapture in that city, a comparatively unimportant question arose as to the name by which I should be known thereafter in my new relation as a free man. The name given me by my dear mother was no less pretentious and long than Frederick Augustus Washington Bailey. I had, however, while living in Maryland, dispensed with the Augustus Washington, and retained only Frederick Bailey. Between Baltimore and New Bedford, the better to conceal myself from the slave-hunters, I had parted with Bailey and called myself Johnson; but in New Bedford I found that the Johnson family was already so numerous as to cause some confusion in distinguishing them, hence a change in this name seemed desirable. Nathan Johnson, mine host, placed great emphasis upon this necessity, and wished me to allow him to select a name for me. I consented, and he called me by my present name—the one by which I have been known for three and forty years—Frederick Douglass. Mr. Johnson had just been reading the “Lady of the Lake,” and so pleased was he with its great character that he wished me to bear his name. Since reading that charming poem myself, I have often thought that, considering the noble hospitality and manly character of Nathan Johnson—black man though he was—he, far more than I, illustrated the virtues of the Douglas of Scotland. Sure am I that, if any slave-catcher had entered his domicile with a view to my recapture, Johnson would have shown himself like him of the “stalwart hand.”

The reader may be surprised at the impressions I had in some way conceived of the social and material condition of the people at the North. I had no proper idea of the wealth, refinement, enterprise, and high civilization of this section of the country. My “Columbian Orator,” almost my only book, had done nothing to enlighten me concerning Northern society. I had been taught that slavery was the bottom fact of all wealth. With this foundation idea, I came naturally to the conclusion that poverty must be the general condition of the people of the free States. In the country from which I came, a white man holding no slaves was usually an ignorant and poverty-stricken man, and men of this class were contemptuously called “poor white trash.” Hence I supposed that,

since the non-slave-holders at the South were ignorant, poor, and degraded as a class, the non-slave-holders at the North must be in a similar condition. I could have landed in no part of the United States where I should have found a more striking and gratifying contrast, not only to life generally in the South, but in the condition of the colored people there, than in New Bedford. I was amazed when Mr. Johnson told me that there was nothing in the laws or constitution of Massachusetts that would prevent a colored man from being governor of the State, if the people should see fit to elect him. There, too, the black man's children attended the public schools with the white man's children, and apparently without objection from any quarter. To impress me with my security from recapture and return to slavery, Mr. Johnson assured me that no slave-holder could take a slave out of New Bedford; that there were men there who would lay down their lives to save me from such a fate.

The fifth day after my arrival, I put on the clothes of a common laborer, and went upon the wharves in search of work. On my way down Union street I saw a large pile of coal in front of the house of Rev. Ephraim Peabody, the Unitarian minister. I went to the kitchen door and asked the privilege of bringing in and putting away this coal. "What will you charge?" said the lady. "I will leave that to you, madam." "You may put it away," she said. I was not long in accomplishing the job, when the dear lady put into my hand _two silver half-dollars_. To understand the emotion which swelled my heart as I clasped this money, realizing that I had no master who could take it from me,—_that it was mine—that my hands were my own_, and could earn more of the precious coin,—one must have been in some sense himself a slave. My next job was stowing a sloop at Uncle Gid. Howland's wharf with a cargo of oil for New York. I was not only a freeman, but a free working-man, and no "master" stood ready at the end of the week to seize my hard earnings.

The season was growing late and work was plenty. Ships were being fitted out for whaling, and much wood was used in storing them. The sawing this wood was considered a good job. With the help of old Friend Johnson (blessings on his memory) I got a saw and "buck," and went at it. When I went into a store to buy a cord with which to brace up my saw in the frame, I asked for a "fip's" worth of cord. The man behind the counter looked rather sharply at me, and said with equal sharpness, "You don't belong about here." I was alarmed, and thought I had betrayed myself. A fip in Maryland was six and a quarter cents, called fourpence in Massachusetts. But no harm came from the "fi'penny-bit" blunder, and I confidently and cheerfully went to work with my saw and buck. It was new business to me, but I never did better work, or more of it, in the same space of time on the plantation for Covey, the negro-breaker, than I did for myself in these earliest years of my freedom.

Notwithstanding the just and humane sentiment of New Bedford three and forty years ago, the place was not entirely free from race and color prejudice. The good influence of the Roaches, Rodmans, Arnolds, Grinnells, and Robesons did not pervade all classes of its people. The test of the real civilization of the community came when I applied for work at my trade, and then my repulse was emphatic and decisive. It so happened that Mr. Rodney French, a wealthy and enterprising citizen, distinguished as an anti-slavery man, was fitting out a vessel for a whaling voyage, upon which there was a heavy job of calking and coppering to be done. I had some skill in both branches, and applied to Mr. French for work. He, generous man that he was, told me he would employ me, and I might go at once to the vessel. I obeyed him, but upon reaching the float-stage, where others [sic] calkers were at work, I was told that every white man would leave the ship, in her unfinished condition, if I struck a blow at my trade upon her. This uncivil, inhuman, and selfish treatment was not so shocking and scandalous in my eyes at the time as it now appears to me. Slavery had inured me to hardships that made ordinary trouble sit lightly upon me. Could I have worked at my trade I could have earned two dollars a day, but as a common laborer I received but one dollar. The difference was of great importance to me, but if I could not get two dollars, I was glad to get one; and so I went to work for Mr. French as a common laborer. The consciousness that I was free—no longer a slave—kept me cheerful under this, and many similar proscriptions, which I was destined to meet in New Bedford and elsewhere on the free soil of Massachusetts. For instance, though colored children attended the schools, and were treated kindly by their teachers, the New Bedford Lyceum refused, till several years after my residence in that city, to allow any colored person to attend the lectures delivered in its hall. Not until such men as Charles Sumner, Theodore Parker, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Horace Mann refused to lecture in their course while there was such a restriction, was it abandoned.

Becoming satisfied that I could not rely on my trade in New Bedford to give me a living, I prepared myself to do any kind of work that came to hand. I sawed wood, shoveled coal, dug cellars, moved rubbish from back yards, worked on the wharves, loaded and unloaded vessels, and scoured their cabins.

I afterward got steady work at the brass-foundry owned by Mr. Richmond. My duty here was to blow the bellows, swing the crane, and empty the flasks in which castings were made; and at times this was hot and heavy work. The articles produced here were mostly for ship work, and in the busy season the foundry was in operation night and day. I have often worked two nights and every working day of the week. My foreman, Mr. Cobb, was a good man, and more than once protected me from abuse that one or more

of the hands was disposed to throw upon me. While in this situation I had little time for mental improvement. Hard work, night and day, over a furnace hot enough to keep the metal running like water, was more favorable to action than thought; yet here I often nailed a newspaper to the post near my bellows, and read while I was performing the up and down motion of the heavy beam by which the bellows was inflated and discharged. It was the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, and I look back to it now, after so many years, with some complacency and a little wonder that I could have been so earnest and persevering in any pursuit other than for my daily bread. I certainly saw nothing in the conduct of those around to inspire me with such interest: they were all devoted exclusively to what their hands found to do. I am glad to be able to say that, during my engagement in this foundry, no complaint was ever made against me that I did not do my work, and do it well. The bellows which I worked by main strength was, after I left, moved by a steam-engine.

Douglass, Frederick. “Reconstruction.” Atlantic Monthly 18 (1866): 761-765.

Reconstruction

The assembling of the Second Session of the Thirty-ninth Congress may very properly be made the occasion of a few earnest words on the already much-worn topic of reconstruction.

Seldom has any legislative body been the subject of a solicitude more intense, or of aspirations more sincere and ardent. There are the best of reasons for this profound interest. Questions of vast moment, left undecided by the last session of Congress, must be manfully grappled with by this. No political skirmishing will avail. The occasion demands statesmanship.

Whether the tremendous war so heroically fought and so victoriously ended shall pass into history a miserable failure, barren of permanent results,—a scandalous and shocking waste of blood and treasure,—a strife for empire, as Earl Russell characterized it, of no value to liberty or civilization,—an attempt to re-establish a Union by force, which must be the merest mockery of a Union,—an effort to bring under Federal authority States into which no loyal man from the North may safely enter, and to bring men into the national councils who deliberate with daggers and vote with revolvers, and who do not even conceal their deadly hate of the country that conquered them; or whether, on the other hand, we shall, as the rightful reward of victory over treason, have a solid nation, entirely delivered from all contradictions and social antagonisms, based upon loyalty, liberty, and equality, must be determined one way or the other by the present session of Congress. The last session really did nothing which can be considered final as to these questions. The Civil Rights Bill and the Freedmen’s Bureau Bill and the proposed constitutional amendments, with the amendment already adopted and recognized as the law of the land, do not reach the difficulty, and cannot, unless the whole structure of the government is changed from a government by States to something like a despotic central government, with power to control even the municipal regulations of States, and to make them conform to its own despotic will. While there remains such an idea as the right of each State to control its own local affairs,—an idea, by the way, more deeply rooted in the minds of men of all sections of the country than perhaps any one other political idea,—no general assertion of human rights can be of any practical value. To change the character of the government at this point is neither possible nor desirable. All that is necessary to be done is to make the government consistent with itself, and render the rights of the States compatible with the sacred rights of human nature.

The arm of the Federal government is long, but it is far too short to protect the rights of individuals in the interior of distant States. They must have the power to protect themselves, or they will go unprotected, spite of all the laws the Federal government can put upon the national statute-book.

Slavery, like all other great systems of wrong, founded in the depths of human selfishness, and existing for ages, has not neglected its own conservation. It has steadily exerted an influence upon all around it favorable to its own continuance. And to-day it is so strong that it could exist, not only without law, but even against law. Custom, manners, morals, religion, are all on its side everywhere in the South; and when you add the ignorance and servility of the ex-slave to the intelligence and accustomed authority of the master, you have the conditions, not out of which slavery will again grow, but under which it is impossible for the Federal government to wholly destroy it, unless the Federal government be armed with despotic power, to blot out State authority, and to station a Federal officer at every cross-road. This, of course, cannot be done, and ought not even if it could. The true way and the easiest way is to make our government entirely consistent with itself, and give to every loyal citizen the elective franchise,—a right and power which will be ever present, and will form a wall of fire for his protection.

One of the invaluable compensations of the late Rebellion is the highly instructive disclosure it made of the true source of danger to republican government. Whatever may be tolerated in monarchical and despotic governments, no republic is safe that tolerates a privileged class, or denies to any of its citizens equal rights and equal means to maintain them. What was theory before the war has been made fact by the war.

There is cause to be thankful even for rebellion. It is an impressive teacher, though a stern and terrible one. In both characters it has come to us, and it was perhaps needed in both. It is an instructor never a day before its time, for it comes only when all other means of progress and enlightenment have failed. Whether the oppressed and despairing bondman, no longer able to repress his deep yearnings for manhood, or the tyrant, in his pride and impatience, takes the initiative, and strikes the blow for a firmer hold and a longer lease of oppression, the result is the same,—society is instructed, or may be.

Such are the limitations of the common mind, and so thoroughly engrossing are the cares of common life, that only the few among men can discern through the glitter and dazzle of present prosperity the dark outlines of approaching disasters, even though they may have come up to our very gates, and are already within striking distance. The yawning seam and corroded bolt conceal their defects from the mariner until the storm calls all hands to the pumps. Prophets, indeed, were abundant before the war; but who cares for prophets while their predictions remain unfulfilled, and the calamities of which they tell are masked behind a blinding blaze of national prosperity?

It is asked, said Henry Clay, on a memorable occasion, Will slavery never come to an end? That question, said he, was asked fifty years ago, and it has been answered by fifty years of unprecedented prosperity. Spite of the eloquence of the earnest Abolitionists,—poured out against slavery during thirty years,—even they must confess, that, in all the probabilities of the case, that system of barbarism would have continued its horrors far beyond the limits of the nineteenth century but for the Rebellion, and perhaps only have disappeared at last in a fiery conflict, even more fierce and bloody than that which has now been suppressed.

It is no disparagement to truth, that it can only prevail where reason prevails. War begins where reason ends. The thing worse than rebellion is the thing that causes rebellion. What that thing is, we have been taught to our cost. It remains now to be seen whether we have the needed courage to have that cause entirely removed from the Republic. At any rate, to this grand work of national regeneration and entire purification Congress must now address Itself, with full purpose that the work shall this time be thoroughly done. The deadly upas, root and branch, leaf and fibre, body and sap, must be utterly destroyed. The country is evidently not in a condition to listen patiently to pleas for postponement, however plausible, nor will it permit the responsibility to be shifted to other shoulders. Authority and power are here commensurate with the duty imposed. There are no cloud-flung shadows to obscure the way. Truth shines with brighter light and intenser heat at every moment, and a country torn and rent and bleeding implores relief from its distress and agony.

If time was at first needed, Congress has now had time. All the requisite materials from which to form an intelligent judgment are now before it. Whether its members look at the origin, the progress, the termination of the war, or at the mockery of a peace now existing, they will find only one unbroken chain of argument in favor of a radical policy of reconstruction. For the omissions of the last session, some excuses may be allowed. A treacherous President stood in the way; and it can be easily seen how reluctant good men might be to admit an apostasy which involved so much of baseness and ingratitude. It was natural that they should seek to save him by bending to him even when he leaned to the side of error. But all is changed now. Congress knows now that it must go on without his aid, and even against his machinations. The advantage of the present session over the last is immense. Where that investigated, this has the facts. Where that walked by faith, this may walk by sight. Where that halted, this must go forward, and where that failed, this must succeed, giving the country whole measures where that gave us half-measures, merely as a means of saving the elections in a few doubtful districts. That Congress saw what was right, but distrusted the enlightenment of the loyal masses; but what was forborne in distrust of the people must now be done with a full knowledge that the people expect and require it. The members go to Washington fresh from the inspiring presence of the people. In every considerable public meeting, and in almost every conceivable way, whether at court-house, school-house, or cross-roads, in doors and out, the subject has been discussed, and the people have emphatically pronounced in favor of a radical policy. Listening to the doctrines of expediency and compromise with pity, impatience, and disgust, they have everywhere broken into demonstrations of the wildest enthusiasm when a brave word has been spoken in favor of equal rights and impartial suffrage. Radicalism, so far from being odious, is not the popular passport to power. The men most bitterly charged with it go to Congress with the largest majorities, while the timid and doubtful are sent by lean majorities, or else left at home. The strange controversy between the President and the Congress, at one time so threatening, is disposed of by the people. The high reconstructive powers which he so confidently, ostentatiously, and haughtily claimed, have been disallowed, denounced, and utterly repudiated; while those claimed by Congress have been confirmed.

Of the spirit and magnitude of the canvass nothing need be said. The appeal was to the people, and the verdict was worthy of the tribunal. Upon an occasion of his own selection, with the advice and approval of his astute Secretary, soon after the members of the Congress had returned to their constituents, the President quitted the executive mansion, sandwiched himself between two recognized heroes,—men whom the whole country delighted to honor,—and, with all the advantage which such company could give him, stumped the country from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, advocating everywhere his policy as against that of Congress. It was a strange sight, and perhaps the most disgraceful exhibition ever made by any President; but, as no evil is entirely unmixed, good has come of this, as from many others. Ambitious, unscrupulous, energetic, indefatigable, voluble, and plausible,—a political gladiator, ready for a “set-to” in any crowd,—he is beaten in his own chosen field, and stands to-day before the country as a convicted usurper, a political criminal, guilty of a bold and persistent attempt to possess himself of the legislative powers solemnly secured to Congress by the Constitution. No vindication could be more complete, no condemnation could be more absolute and humiliating. Unless reopened by the sword, as recklessly threatened in some circles, this question is now closed for all time.

Without attempting to settle here the metaphysical and somewhat theological question (about which so much has already been said and written), whether once in the Union means always in the Union,—agreeably to the formula, Once in grace always in grace,—it is obvious to common sense that the rebellious States stand to-day, in point of law, precisely where they stood when, exhausted, beaten, conquered, they fell powerless at the feet of Federal authority. Their State governments were overthrown, and the lives and property of the leaders of the Rebellion were forfeited. In reconstructing the institutions of these shattered and overthrown States, Congress should begin with a clean slate, and make clean work of it. Let there be no hesitation. It would be a cowardly deference to a defeated and treacherous President, if any account were made of the illegitimate, one-sided, sham governments hurried into existence for a malign purpose in the absence of Congress. These pretended governments, which were never submitted to the people, and from participation in which four millions of the loyal people were excluded by Presidential order, should now be treated according to their true character, as shams and impositions, and supplanted by true and legitimate governments, in the formation of which loyal men, black and white, shall participate.

It is not, however, within the scope of this paper to point out the precise steps to be taken, and the means to be employed. The people are less concerned about these than the grand end to be attained. They demand such a reconstruction as shall put an end to the present anarchical state of things in the late rebellious States,—where frightful murders and wholesale massacres are perpetrated in the very presence of Federal soldiers. This horrible business they require shall cease. They want a reconstruction such as will protect loyal men, black and white, in their persons and property; such a one as will cause Northern industry, Northern capital, and Northern civilization to flow into the South, and make a man from New England as much at home in Carolina as elsewhere in the Republic. No Chinese wall can now be tolerated. The South must be opened to the light of law and liberty, and this session of Congress is relied upon to accomplish this important work.

The plain, common-sense way of doing this work, as intimated at the beginning, is simply to establish in the South one law, one government, one administration of justice, one condition to the exercise of the elective franchise, for men of all races and colors alike. This great measure is sought as earnestly by loyal white men as by loyal blacks, and is needed alike by both. Let sound political prescience but take the place of an unreasoning prejudice, and this will be done.

Men denounce the negro for his prominence in this discussion; but it is no fault of his that in peace as in war, that in conquering Rebel armies as in reconstructing the rebellious States, the right of the negro is the true solution of our national troubles. The stern logic of events, which goes directly to the point, disdaining all concern for the color or features of men, has determined the interests of the country as identical with and inseparable from those of the negro.

The policy that emancipated and armed the negro—now seen to have been wise and proper by the dullest—was not certainly more sternly demanded than is now the policy of enfranchisement. If with the negro was success in war, and without him failure, so in peace it will be found that the nation must fall or flourish with the negro.

Fortunately, the Constitution of the United States knows no distinction between citizens on account of color. Neither does it know any difference between a citizen of a State and a citizen of the United States. Citizenship evidently includes all the rights of citizens, whether State or national. If the Constitution knows none, it is clearly no part of the duty of a Republican Congress now to institute one. The mistake of the last session was the attempt to do this very thing, by a renunciation of its power to secure political rights to any class of citizens, with the obvious purpose to allow the rebellious States to disfranchise, if they should see fit, their colored citizens. This unfortunate blunder must now be retrieved, and the emasculated citizenship given to the negro supplanted by that contemplated in the Constitution of the United States, which declares that the citizens of each State shall enjoy all the rights and

immunities of citizens of the several States,—so that a legal voter in any State shall be a legal voter in all the States.

==========

The Count of Monte Cristo

Alexandre Dumas

Project Gutenberg Release: January 01, 1998 · eBook #1184

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO

by Alexandre Dumas [père]

Contents

VOLUME ONE Chapter 1. Marseilles—The Arrival Chapter 2. Father and Son Chapter 3. The Catalans Chapter 4. Conspiracy Chapter 5. The Marriage Feast Chapter 6. The Deputy Procureur du Roi Chapter 7. The Examination Chapter 8. The Château d'If Chapter 9. The Evening of the Betrothal Chapter 10. The King's Closet at the Tuileries Chapter 11. The Corsican Ogre Chapter 12. Father and Son Chapter 13. The Hundred Days Chapter 14. The Two Prisoners Chapter 15. Number 34 and Number 27 Chapter 16. A Learned Italian Chapter 17. The Abbé's Chamber Chapter 18. The Treasure Chapter 19. The Third Attack Chapter 20. The Cemetery of the Château d'If Chapter 21. The Island of Tiboulen Chapter 22. The Smugglers Chapter 23. The Island of Monte Cristo Chapter 24. The Secret Cave Chapter 25. The Unknown Chapter 26. The Pont du Gard Inn Chapter 27. The Story

VOLUME TWO Chapter 28. The Prison Register Chapter 29. The House of Morrel & Son Chapter 30. The Fifth of September Chapter 31. Italy: Sinbad the Sailor Chapter 32. The Waking Chapter 33. Roman Bandits Chapter 34. The Colosseum Chapter 35. La Mazzolata Chapter 36. The Carnival at Rome. Chapter 37. The Catacombs of Saint Sebastian Chapter 38. The Rendezvous Chapter 39. The Guests Chapter 40. The Breakfast Chapter 41. The Presentation Chapter 42. Monsieur Bertuccio Chapter 43. The House at Auteuil Chapter 44. The Vendetta Chapter 45. The Rain of Blood Chapter 46. Unlimited Credit Chapter 47. The Dappled Grays

VOLUME THREE Chapter 48. Ideology Chapter 49. Haydée Chapter 50. The Morrel Family Chapter 51. Pyramus and Thisbe Chapter 52. Toxicology Chapter 53. Robert le Diable Chapter 54. A Flurry in Stocks Chapter 55. Major Cavalcanti Chapter 56. Andrea Cavalcanti Chapter 57. In the Lucern Patch Chapter 58. M. Noirtier de Villefort Chapter 59. The Will Chapter 60. The Telegraph Chapter 61. How a Gardener May Get Rid of the Dormice Chapter 62. Ghosts Chapter 63. The Dinner Chapter 64. The Beggar Chapter 65. A Conjugal Scene Chapter 66. Matrimonial Projects Chapter 67. The Office of the King's Attorney Chapter 68. A Summer Ball Chapter 69. The Inquiry Chapter 70. The Ball Chapter 71. Bread and Salt Chapter 72. Madame de Saint-Méran Chapter 73. The Promise

VOLUME FOUR Chapter 74. The Villefort Family Vault Chapter 75. A Signed Statement Chapter 76. Progress of Cavalcanti the Younger Chapter 77. Haydée Chapter 78. We hear From Yanina Chapter 79. The Lemonade Chapter 80. The Accusation Chapter 81. The Room of the Retired Baker Chapter 82. The Burglary Chapter 83. The Hand of God Chapter 84. Beauchamp Chapter 85. The Journey Chapter 86. The Trial Chapter 87. The Challenge Chapter 88. The Insult Chapter 89. The Night Chapter 90. The Meeting Chapter 91. Mother and Son Chapter 92. The Suicide Chapter 93. Valentine Chapter 94. Maximilian's Avowal Chapter 95. Father and Daughter

VOLUME FIVE Chapter 96. The Contract Chapter 97. The Departure for Belgium Chapter 98. The Bell and Bottle Tavern Chapter 99. The Law Chapter 100. The Apparition Chapter 101. Locusta Chapter 102. Valentine Chapter 103. Maximilian Chapter 104. Danglars' Signature Chapter 105. The Cemetery of Père-Lachaise Chapter 106. Dividing the Proceeds Chapter 107. The Lions' Den Chapter 108. The Judge Chapter 109. The Assizes Chapter 110. The Indictment Chapter 111. Expiation Chapter 112. The Departure Chapter 113. The Past Chapter 114. Peppino Chapter 115. Luigi Vampa's Bill of Fare Chapter 116. The Pardon Chapter 117. The Fifth of October

VOLUME ONE

Chapter 1. Marseilles—The Arrival

On the 24th of February, 1815, the look-out at Notre-Dame de la Garde signalled the three-master, the _Pharaon_ from Smyrna, Trieste, and Naples.

As usual, a pilot put off immediately, and rounding the Château d'If, got on board the vessel between Cape Morgiou and Rion island.

Immediately, and according to custom, the ramparts of Fort Saint-Jean were covered with spectators; it is always an event at Marseilles for a ship to come into port, especially when this ship, like the _Pharaon_, has been built, rigged, and laden at the old Phocee docks, and belongs to an owner of the city.

The ship drew on and had safely passed the strait, which some volcanic shock has made between the Calasareigne and Jaros islands; had doubled Pomègue, and approached the harbor under topsails, jib, and spanker, but so slowly and sedately that the idlers, with that instinct which is the forerunner of evil, asked one another what misfortune could have happened on board. However, those experienced in navigation saw plainly that if any accident had occurred, it was not to the vessel herself, for she bore down with all the evidence of being skilfully handled, the anchor a-cockbill, the jib-boom guys already eased off, and standing by the side of the pilot, who was steering the _Pharaon_ towards the narrow entrance of the inner port, was a young man, who, with activity and vigilant eye, watched every motion of the ship, and repeated each direction of the pilot.

The vague disquietude which prevailed among the spectators had so much affected one of the crowd that he did not await the arrival of the vessel in harbor, but jumping into a small skiff, desired to be pulled alongside the _Pharaon_, which he reached as she rounded into La Réserve basin.

When the young man on board saw this person approach, he left his station by the pilot, and, hat in hand, leaned over the ship's bulwarks.

He was a fine, tall, slim young fellow of eighteen or twenty, with black eyes, and hair as dark as a raven's wing; and his whole appearance bespoke that calmness and resolution peculiar to men accustomed from their cradle to contend with danger.

"Ah, is it you, Dantès?" cried the man in the skiff. "What's the matter? and why have you such an air of sadness aboard?"

"A great misfortune, M. Morrel," replied the young man, "a great misfortune, for me especially! Off Civita Vecchia we lost our brave Captain Leclere."

"And the cargo?" inquired the owner, eagerly.

"Is all safe, M. Morrel; and I think you will be satisfied on that head. But poor Captain Leclere——"

"What happened to him?" asked the owner, with an air of considerable resignation. "What happened to the worthy captain?"

"He died."

"Fell into the sea?"

"No, sir, he died of brain-fever in dreadful agony." Then turning to the crew, he said, "Bear a hand there, to take in sail!"

All hands obeyed, and at once the eight or ten seamen who composed the crew, sprang to their respective stations at the spanker brails and outhaul, topsail sheets and halyards, the jib downhaul, and the topsail clewlines and buntlines. The young sailor gave a look to see that his orders were promptly and accurately obeyed, and then turned again to the owner.

"And how did this misfortune occur?" inquired the latter, resuming the interrupted conversation.

0023m

"Alas, sir, in the most unexpected manner. After a long talk with the harbor-master, Captain Leclere left Naples greatly disturbed in mind. In twenty-four hours he was attacked by a fever, and died three days afterwards. We performed the usual burial service, and he is at his rest, sewn up in his hammock with a thirty-six-pound shot at his head and his heels, off El Giglio island. We bring to his widow his sword and cross of honor. It was worth while, truly," added the young man with a melancholy smile, "to make war against the English for ten years, and to die in his bed at last, like everybody else."

“Why, you see, Edmond,” replied the owner, who appeared more comforted at every moment, “we are all mortal, and the old must make way for the young. If not, why, there would be no promotion; and since you assure me that the cargo——”

“Is all safe and sound, M. Morrel, take my word for it; and I advise you not to take 25,000 francs for the profits of the voyage.”

Then, as they were just passing the Round Tower, the young man shouted: “Stand by there to lower the topsails and jib; brail up the spanker!”

The order was executed as promptly as it would have been on board a man-of-war.

“Let go—and clue up!” At this last command all the sails were lowered, and the vessel moved almost imperceptibly onwards.

“Now, if you will come on board, M. Morrel,” said Dantès, observing the owner’s impatience, “here is your supercargo, M. Danglars, coming out of his cabin, who will furnish you with every particular. As for me, I must look after the anchoring, and dress the ship in mourning.”

The owner did not wait for a second invitation. He seized a rope which Dantès flung to him, and with an activity that would have done credit to a sailor, climbed up the side of the ship, while the young man, going to his task, left the conversation to Danglars, who now came towards the owner. He was a man of twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, of unprepossessing countenance, obsequious to his superiors, insolent to his subordinates; and this, in addition to his position as responsible agent on board, which is always obnoxious to the sailors, made him as much disliked by the crew as Edmond Dantès was beloved by them.

“Well, M. Morrel,” said Danglars, “you have heard of the misfortune that has befallen us?”

“Yes—yes: poor Captain Leclere! He was a brave and an honest man.”

“And a first-rate seaman, one who had seen long and honorable service, as became a man charged with the interests of a house so important as that of Morrel & Son,” replied Danglars.

“But,” replied the owner, glancing after Dantès, who was watching the anchoring of his vessel, “it seems to me that a sailor needs not be so old as you say, Danglars, to understand his business, for our friend Edmond seems to understand it thoroughly, and not to require instruction from anyone.”

“Yes,” said Danglars, darting at Edmond a look gleaming with hate. “Yes, he is young, and youth is invariably self-confident. Scarcely was the captain’s breath out of his body when he assumed the command without consulting anyone, and he caused us to lose a day and a half at the Island of Elba, instead of making for Marseilles direct.”

0025m

“As to taking command of the vessel,” replied Morrel, “that was his duty as captain’s mate; as to losing a day and a half off the Island of Elba, he was wrong, unless the vessel needed repairs.”

“The vessel was in as good condition as I am, and as, I hope you are, M. Morrel, and this day and a half was lost from pure whim, for the pleasure of going ashore, and nothing else.”

“Dantès,” said the shipowner, turning towards the young man, “come this way!”

“In a moment, sir,” answered Dantès, “and I’m with you.” Then calling to the crew, he said, “Let go!”

The anchor was instantly dropped, and the chain ran rattling through the port-hole. Dantès continued at his post in spite of the presence of the pilot, until this manœuvre was completed, and then he added, “Half-mast the colors, and square the yards!”

“You see,” said Danglars, “he fancies himself captain already, upon my word.”

“And so, in fact, he is,” said the owner.

“Except your signature and your partner’s, M. Morrel.”

“And why should he not have this?” asked the owner; “he is young, it is true, but he seems to me a thorough seaman, and of full experience.”

A cloud passed over Danglars' brow.

"Your pardon, M. Morrel," said Dantès, approaching, "the vessel now rides at anchor, and I am at your service. You hailed me, I think?"

Danglars retreated a step or two. "I wished to inquire why you stopped at the Island of Elba?"

"I do not know, sir; it was to fulfil the last instructions of Captain Leclere, who, when dying, gave me a packet for Marshal Bertrand."

"Then did you see him, Edmond?"

"Who?"

"The marshal."

"Yes."

Morrel looked around him, and then, drawing Dantès on one side, he said suddenly—

"And how is the emperor?"

"Very well, as far as I could judge from the sight of him."

"You saw the emperor, then?"

"He entered the marshal's apartment while I was there."

"And you spoke to him?"

"Why, it was he who spoke to me, sir," said Dantès, with a smile.

"And what did he say to you?"

"Asked me questions about the vessel, the time she left Marseilles, the course she had taken, and what was her cargo. I believe, if she had not been laden, and I had been her master, he would have bought her. But I told him I was only mate, and that she belonged to the firm of Morrel & Son. 'Ah, yes,' he said, 'I know them. The Morrels have been shipowners from father to son; and there was a Morrel who served in the same regiment with me when I was in garrison at Valence.'"

"_Pardieu!_ and that is true!" cried the owner, greatly delighted. "And that was Policar Morrel, my uncle, who was afterwards a captain. Dantès, you must tell my uncle that the emperor remembered him, and you will see it will bring tears into the old soldier's eyes. Come, come," continued he, patting Edmond's shoulder kindly, "you did very right, Dantès, to follow Captain Leclere's instructions, and touch at Elba, although if it were known that you had conveyed a packet to the marshal, and had conversed with the emperor, it might bring you into trouble."

0027m

"How could that bring me into trouble, sir?" asked Dantès; "for I did not even know of what I was the bearer; and the emperor merely made such inquiries as he would of the first comer. But, pardon me, here are the health officers and the customs inspectors coming alongside." And the young man went to the gangway. As he departed, Danglars approached, and said,—

"Well, it appears that he has given you satisfactory reasons for his landing at Porto-Ferrajo?"

"Yes, most satisfactory, my dear Danglars."

"Well, so much the better," said the supercargo; "for it is not pleasant to think that a comrade has not done his duty."

"Dantès has done his," replied the owner, "and that is not saying much. It was Captain Leclere who gave orders for this delay."

"Talking of Captain Leclere, has not Dantès given you a letter from him?"

"To me?—no—was there one?"

"I believe that, besides the packet, Captain Leclere confided a letter to his care."

“Of what packet are you speaking, Danglars?”

“Why, that which Dantès left at Porto-Ferrajo.”

“How do you know he had a packet to leave at Porto-Ferrajo?”

Danglars turned very red.

“I was passing close to the door of the captain’s cabin, which was half open, and I saw him give the packet and letter to Dantès.”

“He did not speak to me of it,” replied the shipowner; “but if there be any letter he will give it to me.”

Danglars reflected for a moment. “Then, M. Morrel, I beg of you,” said he, “not to say a word to Dantès on the subject. I may have been mistaken.”

At this moment the young man returned; Danglars withdrew.

“Well, my dear Dantès, are you now free?” inquired the owner.

“Yes, sir.”

“You have not been long detained.”

“No. I gave the custom-house officers a copy of our bill of lading; and as to the other papers, they sent a man off with the pilot, to whom I gave them.”

“Then you have nothing more to do here?”

“No—everything is all right now.”

“Then you can come and dine with me?”

“I really must ask you to excuse me, M. Morrel. My first visit is due to my father, though I am not the less grateful for the honor you have done me.”

0029m

“Right, Dantès, quite right. I always knew you were a good son.”

“And,” inquired Dantès, with some hesitation, “do you know how my father is?”

“Well, I believe, my dear Edmond, though I have not seen him lately.”

“Yes, he likes to keep himself shut up in his little room.”

“That proves, at least, that he has wanted for nothing during your absence.”

Dantès smiled. “My father is proud, sir, and if he had not a meal left, I doubt if he would have asked anything from anyone, except from Heaven.”

“Well, then, after this first visit has been made we shall count on you.”

“I must again excuse myself, M. Morrel, for after this first visit has been paid I have another which I am most anxious to pay.”

“True, Dantès, I forgot that there was at the Catalans someone who expects you no less impatiently than your father—the lovely Mercédès.”

Dantès blushed.

“Ah, ha,” said the shipowner, “I am not in the least surprised, for she has been to me three times, inquiring if there were any news of the _Pharaon_. _Peste!_ Edmond, you have a very handsome mistress!”

“She is not my mistress,” replied the young sailor, gravely; “she is my betrothed.”

“Sometimes one and the same thing,” said Morrel, with a smile.

“Not with us, sir,” replied Dantès.

“Well, well, my dear Edmond,” continued the owner, “don’t let me detain you. You have managed my affairs so well that I ought to allow you all the time you require for your own. Do you want any money?”

“No, sir; I have all my pay to take—nearly three months’ wages.”

“You are a careful fellow, Edmond.”

“Say I have a poor father, sir.”

“Yes, yes, I know how good a son you are, so now hasten away to see your father. I have a son too, and I should be very wroth with those who detained him from me after a three months’ voyage.”

“Then I have your leave, sir?”

“Yes, if you have nothing more to say to me.”

“Nothing.”

“Captain Leclere did not, before he died, give you a letter for me?”

“He was unable to write, sir. But that reminds me that I must ask your leave of absence for some days.”

“To get married?”

“Yes, first, and then to go to Paris.”

“Very good; have what time you require, Dantès. It will take quite six weeks to unload the cargo, and we cannot get you ready for sea until three months after that; only be back again in three months, for the _Pharaon_,” added the owner, patting the young sailor on the back, “cannot sail without her captain.”

“Without her captain!” cried Dantès, his eyes sparkling with animation; “pray mind what you say, for you are touching on the most secret wishes of my heart. Is it really your intention to make me captain of the _Pharaon_?”

“If I were sole owner we’d shake hands on it now, my dear Dantès, and call it settled; but I have a partner, and you know the Italian proverb—_Chi ha compagno ha padrone_—‘He who has a partner has a master.’ But the thing is at least half done, as you have one out of two votes. Rely on me to procure you the other; I will do my best.”

“Ah, M. Morrel,” exclaimed the young seaman, with tears in his eyes, and grasping the owner’s hand, “M. Morrel, I thank you in the name of my father and of Mercédès.”

“That’s all right, Edmond. There’s a providence that watches over the deserving. Go to your father; go and see Mercédès, and afterwards come to me.”

“Shall I row you ashore?”

“No, thank you; I shall remain and look over the accounts with Danglars. Have you been satisfied with him this voyage?”

“That is according to the sense you attach to the question, sir. Do you mean is he a good comrade? No, for I think he never liked me since the day when I was silly enough, after a little quarrel we had, to propose to him to stop for ten minutes at the island of Monte Cristo to settle the dispute—a proposition which I was wrong to suggest, and he quite right to refuse. If you mean as responsible agent when you ask me the question, I believe there is nothing to say against him, and that you will be content with the way in which he has performed his duty.”

“But tell me, Dantès, if you had command of the _Pharaon_ should you be glad to see Danglars remain?”

“Captain or mate, M. Morrel, I shall always have the greatest respect for those who possess the owners’ confidence.”

“That’s right, that’s right, Dantès! I see you are a thoroughly good fellow, and will detain you no longer. Go, for I see how impatient you are.”

“Then I have leave?”

“Go, I tell you.”

“May I have the use of your skiff?”

“Certainly.”

“Then, for the present, M. Morrel, farewell, and a thousand thanks!”

“I hope soon to see you again, my dear Edmond. Good luck to you.”

The young sailor jumped into the skiff, and sat down in the stern sheets, with the order that he be put ashore at La Canebière. The two oarsmen bent to their work, and the little boat glided away as rapidly as possible in the midst of the thousand vessels which choke up the narrow way which leads between the two rows of ships from the mouth of the harbor to the Quai d’Orléans.

The shipowner, smiling, followed him with his eyes until he saw him spring out on the quay and disappear in the midst of the throng, which from five o’clock in the morning until nine o’clock at night, swarms in the famous street of La Canebière,—a street of which the modern Phocéens are so proud that they say with all the gravity in the world, and with that accent which gives so much character to what is said, “If Paris had La Canebière, Paris would be a second Marseilles.” On turning round the owner saw Danglars behind him, apparently awaiting orders, but in reality also watching the young sailor,—but there was a great difference in the expression of the two men who thus followed the movements of Edmond Dantès.

Chapter 2. Father and Son

We will leave Danglars struggling with the demon of hatred, and endeavoring to insinuate in the ear of the shipowner some evil suspicions against his comrade, and follow Dantès, who, after having traversed La Canebière, took the Rue de Noailles, and entering a small house, on the left of the Allées de Meilhan, rapidly ascended four flights of a dark staircase, holding the baluster with one hand, while with the other he repressed the beatings of his heart, and paused before a half-open door, from which he could see the whole of a small room.

This room was occupied by Dantès’ father. The news of the arrival of the _Pharaon_ had not yet reached the old man, who, mounted on a chair, was amusing himself by training with trembling hand the nasturtiums and sprays of clematis that clambered over the trellis at his window. Suddenly, he felt an arm thrown around his body, and a well-known voice behind him exclaimed, “Father—dear father!”

The old man uttered a cry, and turned round; then, seeing his son, he fell into his arms, pale and trembling.

“What ails you, my dearest father? Are you ill?” inquired the young man, much alarmed.

“No, no, my dear Edmond—my boy—my son!—no; but I did not expect you; and joy, the surprise of seeing you so suddenly—Ah, I feel as if I were going to die.”

“Come, come, cheer up, my dear father! ’Tis I—really I! They say joy never hurts, and so I came to you without any warning. Come now, do smile, instead of looking at me so solemnly. Here I am back again, and we are going to be happy.”

“Yes, yes, my boy, so we will—so we will,” replied the old man; “but how shall we be happy? Shall you never leave me again? Come, tell me all the good fortune that has befallen you.”

“God forgive me,” said the young man, “for rejoicing at happiness derived from the misery of others, but, Heaven knows, I did not seek this good fortune; it has happened, and I really cannot pretend to lament it. The good Captain Leclere is dead, father, and it is probable that, with the aid of M. Morrel, I shall have his place. Do you understand, father? Only imagine me a captain at twenty, with a hundred louis pay, and a share in the profits! Is this not more than a poor sailor like me could have hoped for?”

“Yes, my dear boy,” replied the old man, “it is very fortunate.”

“Well, then, with the first money I touch, I mean you to have a small house, with a garden in which to plant clematis, nasturtiums, and honeysuckle. But what ails you, father? Are you not well?”

“’Tis nothing, nothing; it will soon pass away”—and as he said so the old man’s strength failed him, and he fell backwards.

“Come, come,” said the young man, “a glass of wine, father, will revive you. Where do you keep your wine?”

“No, no; thanks. You need not look for it; I do not want it,” said the old man.

“Yes, yes, father, tell me where it is,” and he opened two or three cupboards.

“It is no use,” said the old man, “there is no wine.”

“What, no wine?” said Dantès, turning pale, and looking alternately at the hollow cheeks of the old man and the empty cupboards. “What, no wine? Have you wanted money, father?”

“I want nothing now that I have you,” said the old man.

“Yet,” stammered Dantès, wiping the perspiration from his brow,—“yet I gave you two hundred francs when I left, three months ago.”

“Yes, yes, Edmond, that is true, but you forgot at that time a little debt to our neighbor, Caderousse. He reminded me of it, telling me if I did not pay for you, he would be paid by M. Morrel; and so, you see, lest he might do you an injury——”

“Well?”

“Why, I paid him.”

“But,” cried Dantès, “it was a hundred and forty francs I owed Caderousse.”

“Yes,” stammered the old man.

“And you paid him out of the two hundred francs I left you?”

The old man nodded.

“So that you have lived for three months on sixty francs,” muttered Edmond.

“You know how little I require,” said the old man.

“Heaven pardon me,” cried Edmond, falling on his knees before his father.

“What are you doing?”

“You have wounded me to the heart.”

“Never mind it, for I see you once more,” said the old man; “and now it’s all over—everything is all right again.”

0035m

“Yes, here I am,” said the young man, “with a promising future and a little money. Here, father, here!” he said, “take this—take it, and send for something immediately.” And he emptied his pockets on the table, the contents consisting of a dozen gold pieces, five or six five-franc pieces, and some smaller coin. The countenance of old Dantès brightened.

“Whom does this belong to?” he inquired.

“To me, to you, to us! Take it; buy some provisions; be happy, and tomorrow we shall have more.”

“Gently, gently,” said the old man, with a smile; “and by your leave I will use your purse moderately, for they would say, if they saw me buy too many things at a time, that I had been obliged to await your return, in order to be able to purchase them.”

“Do as you please; but, first of all, pray have a servant, father. I will not have you left alone so long. I have some smuggled coffee and most capital tobacco, in a small chest in the hold, which you shall have tomorrow. But, hush, here comes somebody.”

“’Tis Caderousse, who has heard of your arrival, and no doubt comes to congratulate you on your fortunate return.”

“Ah, lips that say one thing, while the heart thinks another,” murmured Edmond. “But, never mind, he is a neighbor who has done us a service on a time, so he’s welcome.”

As Edmond paused, the black and bearded head of Caderousse appeared at the door. He was a man of twenty-five or six, and held a piece of cloth, which, being a tailor, he was about to make into a coat-lining.

“What, is it you, Edmond, back again?” said he, with a broad Marseillaise accent, and a grin that displayed his ivory-white teeth.

“Yes, as you see, neighbor Caderousse; and ready to be agreeable to you in any and every way,” replied Dantès, but ill-concealing his coldness under this cloak of civility.

“Thanks—thanks; but, fortunately, I do not want for anything; and it chances that at times there are others who have need of me.” Dantès made a gesture. “I do not allude to you, my boy. No!—no! I lent you money, and you returned it; that’s like good neighbors, and we are quits.”

“We are never quits with those who oblige us,” was Dantès’ reply; “for when we do not owe them money, we owe them gratitude.”

“What’s the use of mentioning that? What is done is done. Let us talk of your happy return, my boy. I had gone on the quay to match a piece of mulberry cloth, when I met friend Danglars. ‘You at Marseilles?’—‘Yes,’ says he.

“‘I thought you were at Smyrna.’—‘I was; but am now back again.’

“‘And where is the dear boy, our little Edmond?’

“‘Why, with his father, no doubt,’ replied Danglars. And so I came,” added Caderousse, “as fast as I could to have the pleasure of shaking hands with a friend.”

0037m

“Worthy Caderousse!” said the old man, “he is so much attached to us.”

“Yes, to be sure I am. I love and esteem you, because honest folks are so rare. But it seems you have come back rich, my boy,” continued the tailor, looking askance at the handful of gold and silver which Dantès had thrown on the table.

The young man remarked the greedy glance which shone in the dark eyes of his neighbor. “Eh,” he said, negligently, “this money is not mine. I was expressing to my father my fears that he had wanted many things in my absence, and to convince me he emptied his purse on the table. Come, father” added Dantès, “put this money back in your box—unless neighbor Caderousse wants anything, and in that case it is at his service.”

“No, my boy, no,” said Caderousse. “I am not in any want, thank God, my living is suited to my means. Keep your money—keep it, I say;—one never has too much;—but, at the same time, my boy, I am as much obliged by your offer as if I took advantage of it.”

“It was offered with good will,” said Dantès.

“No doubt, my boy; no doubt. Well, you stand well with M. Morrel I hear,—you insinuating dog, you!”

“M. Morrel has always been exceedingly kind to me,” replied Dantès.

“Then you were wrong to refuse to dine with him.”

“What, did you refuse to dine with him?” said old Dantès; “and did he invite you to dine?”

“Yes, my dear father,” replied Edmond, smiling at his father’s astonishment at the excessive honor paid to his son.

“And why did you refuse, my son?” inquired the old man.

“That I might the sooner see you again, my dear father,” replied the young man. “I was most anxious to see you.”

“But it must have vexed M. Morrel, good, worthy man,” said Caderousse. “And when you are looking forward to be captain, it was wrong to annoy the owner.”

“But I explained to him the cause of my refusal,” replied Dantès, “and I hope he fully understood it.”

“Yes, but to be captain one must do a little flattery to one’s patrons.”

“I hope to be captain without that,” said Dantès.

“So much the better—so much the better! Nothing will give greater pleasure to all your old friends; and I know one down there behind the Saint Nicolas citadel who will not be sorry to hear it.”

“Mercédès?” said the old man.

“Yes, my dear father, and with your permission, now I have seen you, and know you are well and have all you require, I will ask your consent to go and pay a visit to the Catalans.”

“Go, my dear boy,” said old Dantès; “and Heaven bless you in your wife, as it has blessed me in my son!”

“His wife!” said Caderousse; “why, how fast you go on, father Dantès; she is not his wife yet, as it seems to me.”

“No, but according to all probability she soon will be,” replied Edmond.

“Yes—yes,” said Caderousse; “but you were right to return as soon as possible, my boy.”

“And why?”

“Because Mercédès is a very fine girl, and fine girls never lack followers; she particularly has them by dozens.”

“Really?” answered Edmond, with a smile which had in it traces of slight uneasiness.

0039m

“Ah, yes,” continued Caderousse, “and capital offers, too; but you know, you will be captain, and who could refuse you then?”

“Meaning to say,” replied Dantès, with a smile which but ill-concealed his trouble, “that if I were not a captain——”

“Eh—eh!” said Caderousse, shaking his head.

“Come, come,” said the sailor, “I have a better opinion than you of women in general, and of Mercédès in particular; and I am certain that, captain or not, she will remain ever faithful to me.”

“So much the better—so much the better,” said Caderousse. “When one is going to be married, there is nothing like implicit confidence; but never mind that, my boy,—go and announce your arrival, and let her know all your hopes and prospects.”

“I will go directly,” was Edmond’s reply; and, embracing his father, and nodding to Caderousse, he left the apartment.

Caderousse lingered for a moment, then taking leave of old Dantès, he went downstairs to rejoin Danglars, who awaited him at the corner of the Rue Senac.

“Well,” said Danglars, “did you see him?”

“I have just left him,” answered Caderousse.

“Did he allude to his hope of being captain?”

“He spoke of it as a thing already decided.”

“Indeed!” said Danglars, “he is in too much hurry, it appears to me.”

“Why, it seems M. Morrel has promised him the thing.”

“So that he is quite elated about it?”

“Why, yes, he is actually insolent over the matter—has already offered me his patronage, as if he were a grand personage, and proffered me a loan of money, as though he were a banker.”

“Which you refused?”

“Most assuredly; although I might easily have accepted it, for it was I who put into his hands the first silver he ever earned; but now M. Dantès has no longer any occasion for assistance—he is about to become a captain.”

“Pooh!” said Danglars, “he is not one yet.”

“_Ma foi!_ it will be as well if he is not,” answered Caderousse; “for if he should be, there will be really no speaking to him.”

“If we choose,” replied Danglars, “he will remain what he is; and perhaps become even less than he is.”

“What do you mean?”

“Nothing—I was speaking to myself. And is he still in love with the Catalane?”

“Over head and ears; but, unless I am much mistaken, there will be a storm in that quarter.”

0041m

“Explain yourself.”

“Why should I?”

“It is more important than you think, perhaps. You do not like Dantès?”

“I never like upstarts.”

“Then tell me all you know about the Catalane.”

“I know nothing for certain; only I have seen things which induce me to believe, as I told you, that the future captain will find some annoyance in the vicinity of the Vieilles Infirmeries.”

“What have you seen?—come, tell me!”

“Well, every time I have seen Mercédès come into the city she has been accompanied by a tall, strapping, black-eyed Catalan, with a red complexion, brown skin, and fierce air, whom she calls cousin.”

“Really; and you think this cousin pays her attentions?”

“I only suppose so. What else can a strapping chap of twenty-one mean with a fine wench of seventeen?”

“And you say that Dantès has gone to the Catalans?”

“He went before I came down.”

“Let us go the same way; we will stop at La Réserve, and we can drink a glass of La Malgue, whilst we wait for news.”

“Come along,” said Caderousse; “but you pay the score.”

“Of course,” replied Danglars; and going quickly to the designated place, they called for a bottle of wine, and two glasses.

Père Pamphile had seen Dantès pass not ten minutes before; and assured that he was at the Catalans, they sat down under the budding foliage of the planes and sycamores, in the branches of which the birds were singing their welcome to one of the first days of spring.

Chapter 3. The Catalans

Beyond a bare, weather-worn wall, about a hundred paces from the spot where the two friends sat looking and listening as they drank their wine, was the village of the Catalans. Long ago this mysterious colony quitted Spain, and settled on the tongue of land on which it is to this day. Whence it came no one knew, and it spoke an unknown tongue. One of its chiefs, who understood Provençal, begged the commune of Marseilles to give them this bare and barren promontory, where, like the sailors of old, they had run their boats ashore. The request was granted; and three months afterwards, around the twelve or fifteen small vessels which

had brought these gypsies of the sea, a small village sprang up. This village, constructed in a singular and picturesque manner, half Moorish, half Spanish, still remains, and is inhabited by descendants of the first comers, who speak the language of their fathers. For three or four centuries they have remained upon this small promontory, on which they had settled like a flight of seabirds, without mixing with the Marseillaise population, intermarrying, and preserving their original customs and the costume of their mother-country as they have preserved its language.

Our readers will follow us along the only street of this little village, and enter with us one of the houses, which is sunburned to the beautiful dead-leaf color peculiar to the buildings of the country, and within coated with whitewash, like a Spanish posada. A young and beautiful girl, with hair as black as jet, her eyes as velvety as the gazelle's, was leaning with her back against the wainscot, rubbing in her slender delicately moulded fingers a bunch of heath blossoms, the flowers of which she was picking off and strewing on the floor; her arms, bare to the elbow, brown, and modelled after those of the Arlesian Venus, moved with a kind of restless impatience, and she tapped the earth with her arched and supple foot, so as to display the pure and full shape of her well-turned leg, in its red cotton, gray and blue clocked, stocking. At three paces from her, seated in a chair which he balanced on two legs, leaning his elbow on an old worm-eaten table, was a tall young man of twenty, or two-and-twenty, who was looking at her with an air in which vexation and uneasiness were mingled. He questioned her with his eyes, but the firm and steady gaze of the young girl controlled his look.

"You see, Mercédès," said the young man, "here is Easter come round again; tell me, is this the moment for a wedding?"

"I have answered you a hundred times, Fernand, and really you must be very stupid to ask me again."

"Well, repeat it,—repeat it, I beg of you, that I may at last believe it! Tell me for the hundredth time that you refuse my love, which had your mother's sanction. Make me understand once for all that you are trifling with my happiness, that my life or death are nothing to you. Ah, to have dreamed for ten years of being your husband, Mercédès, and to lose that hope, which was the only stay of my existence!"

"At least it was not I who ever encouraged you in that hope, Fernand," replied Mercédès; "you cannot reproach me with the slightest coquetry. I have always said to you, 'I love you as a brother; but do not ask from me more than sisterly affection, for my heart is another's.' Is not this true, Fernand?"

"Yes, that is very true, Mercédès," replied the young man, "Yes, you have been cruelly frank with me; but do you forget that it is among the Catalans a sacred law to intermarry?"

0045m

"You mistake, Fernand; it is not a law, but merely a custom, and, I pray of you, do not cite this custom in your favor. You are included in the conscription, Fernand, and are only at liberty on sufferance, liable at any moment to be called upon to take up arms. Once a soldier, what would you do with me, a poor orphan, forlorn, without fortune, with nothing but a half-ruined hut and a few ragged nets, the miserable inheritance left by my father to my mother, and by my mother to me? She has been dead a year, and you know, Fernand, I have subsisted almost entirely on public charity. Sometimes you pretend I am useful to you, and that is an excuse to share with me the produce of your fishing, and I accept it, Fernand, because you are the son of my father's brother, because we were brought up together, and still more because it would give you so much pain if I refuse. But I feel very deeply that this fish which I go and sell, and with the produce of which I buy the flax I spin,—I feel very keenly, Fernand, that this is charity."

"And if it were, Mercédès, poor and lone as you are, you suit me as well as the daughter of the first shipowner or the richest banker of Marseilles! What do such as we desire but a good wife and careful housekeeper, and where can I look for these better than in you?"

"Fernand," answered Mercédès, shaking her head, "a woman becomes a bad manager, and who shall say she will remain an honest woman, when she loves another man better than her husband? Rest content with my friendship, for I say once more that is all I can promise, and I will promise no more than I can bestow."

"I understand," replied Fernand, "you can endure your own wretchedness patiently, but you are afraid to share mine. Well, Mercédès, beloved by you, I would tempt fortune; you would bring me good luck, and I should become rich. I could extend my occupation as a fisherman, might get a place as clerk in a warehouse, and become in time a dealer myself."

“You could do no such thing, Fernand; you are a soldier, and if you remain at the Catalans it is because there is no war; so remain a fisherman, and contented with my friendship, as I cannot give you more.”

“Well, I will do better, Mercédès. I will be a sailor; instead of the costume of our fathers, which you despise, I will wear a varnished hat, a striped shirt, and a blue jacket, with an anchor on the buttons. Would not that dress please you?”

“What do you mean?” asked Mercédès, with an angry glance,—“what do you mean? I do not understand you?”

“I mean, Mercédès, that you are thus harsh and cruel with me, because you are expecting someone who is thus attired; but perhaps he whom you await is inconstant, or if he is not, the sea is so to him.”

“Fernand,” cried Mercédès, “I believed you were good-hearted, and I was mistaken! Fernand, you are wicked to call to your aid jealousy and the anger of God! Yes, I will not deny it, I do await, and I do love him of whom you speak; and, if he does not return, instead of accusing him of the inconstancy which you insinuate, I will tell you that he died loving me and me only.” The young girl made a gesture of rage. “I understand you, Fernand; you would be revenged on him because I do not love you; you would cross your Catalan knife with his dirk. What end would that answer? To lose you my friendship if he were conquered, and see that friendship changed into hate if you were victor. Believe me, to seek a quarrel with a man is a bad method of pleasing the woman who loves that man. No, Fernand, you will not thus give way to evil thoughts. Unable to have me for your wife, you will content yourself with having me for your friend and sister; and besides,” she added, her eyes troubled and moistened with tears, “wait, wait, Fernand; you said just now that the sea was treacherous, and he has been gone four months, and during these four months there have been some terrible storms.”

Fernand made no reply, nor did he attempt to check the tears which flowed down the cheeks of Mercédès, although for each of these tears he would have shed his heart’s blood; but these tears flowed for another. He arose, paced a while up and down the hut, and then, suddenly stopping before Mercédès, with his eyes glowing and his hands clenched,—“Say, Mercédès,” he said, “once for all, is this your final determination?”

“I love Edmond Dantès,” the young girl calmly replied, “and none but Edmond shall ever be my husband.”

“And you will always love him?”

“As long as I live.”

Fernand let fall his head like a defeated man, heaved a sigh that was like a groan, and then suddenly looking her full in the face, with clenched teeth and expanded nostrils, said,—“But if he is dead——”

“If he is dead, I shall die too.”

“If he has forgotten you——”

“Mercédès!” called a joyous voice from without,—“Mercédès!”

“Ah,” exclaimed the young girl, blushing with delight, and fairly leaping in excess of love, “you see he has not forgotten me, for here he is!” And rushing towards the door, she opened it, saying, “Here, Edmond, here I am!”

Fernand, pale and trembling, drew back, like a traveller at the sight of a serpent, and fell into a chair beside him. Edmond and Mercédès were clasped in each other’s arms. The burning Marseilles sun, which shot into the room through the open door, covered them with a flood of light. At first they saw nothing around them. Their intense happiness isolated them from all the rest of the world, and they only spoke in broken words, which are the tokens of a joy so extreme that they seem rather the expression of sorrow. Suddenly Edmond saw the gloomy, pale, and threatening countenance of Fernand, as it was defined in the shadow. By a movement for which he could scarcely account to himself, the young Catalan placed his hand on the knife at his belt.

“Ah, your pardon,” said Dantès, frowning in his turn; “I did not perceive that there were three of us.” Then, turning to Mercédès, he inquired, “Who is this gentleman?”

“One who will be your best friend, Dantès, for he is my friend, my cousin, my brother; it is Fernand—the man whom, after you, Edmond, I love the best in the world. Do you not remember him?”

“Yes!” said Dantès, and without relinquishing Mercédès’ hand clasped in one of his own, he extended the other to the Catalan with a cordial air. But Fernand, instead of responding to this amiable gesture, remained mute and trembling. Edmond then cast his eyes scrutinizingly at the agitated and embarrassed Mercédès, and then again on the gloomy and menacing Fernand. This look told him all, and his anger waxed hot.

“I did not know, when I came with such haste to you, that I was to meet an enemy here.”

“An enemy!” cried Mercédès, with an angry look at her cousin. “An enemy in my house, do you say, Edmond! If I believed that, I would place my arm under yours and go with you to Marseilles, leaving the house to return to it no more.”

Fernand’s eye darted lightning. “And should any misfortune occur to you, dear Edmond,” she continued with the same calmness which proved to Fernand that the young girl had read the very innermost depths of his sinister thought, “if misfortune should occur to you, I would ascend the highest point of the Cape de Morgiou and cast myself headlong from it.”

Fernand became deadly pale. “But you are deceived, Edmond,” she continued. “You have no enemy here—there is no one but Fernand, my brother, who will grasp your hand as a devoted friend.”

And at these words the young girl fixed her imperious look on the Catalan, who, as if fascinated by it, came slowly towards Edmond, and offered him his hand. His hatred, like a powerless though furious wave, was broken against the strong ascendancy which Mercédès exercised over him. Scarcely, however, had he touched Edmond’s hand when he felt he had done all he could do, and rushed hastily out of the house.

“Oh,” he exclaimed, running furiously and tearing his hair—“Oh, who will deliver me from this man? Wretched—wretched that I am!”

“Hallo, Catalan! Hallo, Fernand! where are you running to?” exclaimed a voice.

The young man stopped suddenly, looked around him, and perceived Caderousse sitting at table with Danglars, under an arbor.

“Well”, said Caderousse, “why don’t you come? Are you really in such a hurry that you have no time to pass the time of day with your friends?”

“Particularly when they have still a full bottle before them,” added Danglars. Fernand looked at them both with a stupefied air, but did not say a word.

“He seems besotted,” said Danglars, pushing Caderousse with his knee. “Are we mistaken, and is Dantès triumphant in spite of all we have believed?”

“Why, we must inquire into that,” was Caderousse’s reply; and turning towards the young man, said, “Well, Catalan, can’t you make up your mind?”

Fernand wiped away the perspiration steaming from his brow, and slowly entered the arbor, whose shade seemed to restore somewhat of calmness to his senses, and whose coolness somewhat of refreshment to his exhausted body.

“Good-day,” said he. “You called me, didn’t you?” And he fell, rather than sat down, on one of the seats which surrounded the table.

“I called you because you were running like a madman, and I was afraid you would throw yourself into the sea,” said Caderousse, laughing. “Why, when a man has friends, they are not only to offer him a glass of wine, but, moreover, to prevent his swallowing three or four pints of water unnecessarily!”

Fernand gave a groan, which resembled a sob, and dropped his head into his hands, his elbows leaning on the table.

“Well, Fernand, I must say,” said Caderousse, beginning the conversation, with that brutality of the common people in which curiosity destroys all diplomacy, “you look uncommonly like a rejected lover;” and he burst into a hoarse laugh.

“Bah!” said Danglars, “a lad of his make was not born to be unhappy in love. You are laughing at him, Caderousse.”

“No,” he replied, “only hark how he sighs! Come, come, Fernand,” said Caderousse, “hold up your head, and answer us. It’s not polite not to reply to friends who ask news of your health.”

“My health is well enough,” said Fernand, clenching his hands without raising his head.

“Ah, you see, Danglars,” said Caderousse, winking at his friend, “this is how it is; Fernand, whom you see here, is a good and brave Catalan, one of the best fishermen in Marseilles, and he is in love with a very fine girl, named Mercédès; but it appears, unfortunately, that the fine girl is in love with the mate of the _Pharaon_; and as the _Pharaon_ arrived today—why, you understand!”

“No; I do not understand,” said Danglars.

“Poor Fernand has been dismissed,” continued Caderousse.

“Well, and what then?” said Fernand, lifting up his head, and looking at Caderousse like a man who looks for someone on whom to vent his anger; “Mercédès is not accountable to any person, is she? Is she not free to love whomsoever she will?”

“Oh, if you take it in that sense,” said Caderousse, “it is another thing. But I thought you were a Catalan, and they told me the Catalans were not men to allow themselves to be supplanted by a rival. It was even told me that Fernand, especially, was terrible in his vengeance.”

Fernand smiled piteously. “A lover is never terrible,” he said.

“Poor fellow!” remarked Danglars, affecting to pity the young man from the bottom of his heart. “Why, you see, he did not expect to see Dantès return so suddenly—he thought he was dead, perhaps; or perchance faithless! These things always come on us more severely when they come suddenly.”

“Ah, _ma foi_, under any circumstances!” said Caderousse, who drank as he spoke, and on whom the fumes of the wine began to take effect,—“under any circumstances Fernand is not the only person put out by the fortunate arrival of Dantès; is he, Danglars?”

“No, you are right—and I should say that would bring him ill-luck.”

“Well, never mind,” answered Caderousse, pouring out a glass of wine for Fernand, and filling his own for the eighth or ninth time, while Danglars had merely sipped his. “Never mind—in the meantime he marries Mercédès—the lovely Mercédès—at least he returns to do that.”

During this time Danglars fixed his piercing glance on the young man, on whose heart Caderousse’s words fell like molten lead.

“And when is the wedding to be?” he asked.

“Oh, it is not yet fixed!” murmured Fernand.

“No, but it will be,” said Caderousse, “as surely as Dantès will be captain of the _Pharaon_—eh, Danglars?”

Danglars shuddered at this unexpected attack, and turned to Caderousse, whose countenance he scrutinized, to try and detect whether the blow was premeditated; but he read nothing but envy in a countenance already rendered brutal and stupid by drunkenness.

“Well,” said he, filling the glasses, “let us drink to Captain Edmond Dantès, husband of the beautiful Catalane!”

Caderousse raised his glass to his mouth with unsteady hand, and swallowed the contents at a gulp. Fernand dashed his on the ground.

“Eh, eh, eh!” stammered Caderousse. “What do I see down there by the wall, in the direction of the Catalans? Look, Fernand, your eyes are better than mine. I believe I see double. You know wine is a deceiver; but I should say it was two lovers walking side by side, and hand in hand. Heaven forgive me, they do not know that we can see them, and they are actually embracing!”

Danglars did not lose one pang that Fernand endured.

“Do you know them, Fernand?” he said.

“Yes,” was the reply, in a low voice. “It is Edmond and Mercédès!”

“Ah, see there, now!” said Caderousse; “and I did not recognize them! Hallo, Dantès! hello, lovely damsel! Come this way, and let us know when the wedding is to be, for Fernand here is so obstinate he will not tell us.”

“Hold your tongue, will you?” said Danglars, pretending to restrain Caderousse, who, with the tenacity of drunkards, leaned out of the arbor. “Try to stand upright, and let the lovers make love without interruption. See, look at Fernand, and follow his example; he is well-behaved!”

0051m

Fernand, probably excited beyond bearing, pricked by Danglars, as the bull is by the bandilleros, was about to rush out; for he had risen from his seat, and seemed to be collecting himself to dash headlong upon his rival, when Mercédès, smiling and graceful, lifted up her lovely head, and looked at them with her clear and bright eyes. At this Fernand recollected her threat of dying if Edmond died, and dropped again heavily on his seat. Danglars looked at the two men, one after the other, the one brutalized by liquor, the other overwhelmed with love.

“I shall get nothing from these fools,” he muttered; “and I am very much afraid of being here between a drunkard and a coward. Here’s an envious fellow making himself boozy on wine when he ought to be nursing his wrath, and here is a fool who sees the woman he loves stolen from under his nose and takes on like a big baby. Yet this Catalan has eyes that glisten like those of the vengeful Spaniards, Sicilians, and Calabrians, and the other has fists big enough to crush an ox at one blow. Unquestionably, Edmond’s star is in the ascendant, and he will marry the splendid girl—he will be captain, too, and laugh at us all, unless”—a sinister smile passed over Danglars’ lips—“unless I take a hand in the affair,” he added.

“Hallo!” continued Caderousse, half-rising, and with his fist on the table, “hallo, Edmond! do you not see your friends, or are you too proud to speak to them?”

“No, my dear fellow!” replied Dantès, “I am not proud, but I am happy, and happiness blinds, I think, more than pride.”

“Ah, very well, that’s an explanation!” said Caderousse. “How do you do, Madame Dantès?”

Mercédès courtesied gravely, and said—“That is not my name, and in my country it bodes ill fortune, they say, to call a young girl by the name of her betrothed before he becomes her husband. So call me Mercédès, if you please.”

“We must excuse our worthy neighbor, Caderousse,” said Dantès, “he is so easily mistaken.”

“So, then, the wedding is to take place immediately, M. Dantès,” said Danglars, bowing to the young couple.

“As soon as possible, M. Danglars; today all preliminaries will be arranged at my father’s, and tomorrow, or next day at latest, the wedding festival here at La Réserve. My friends will be there, I hope; that is to say, you are invited, M. Danglars, and you, Caderousse.”

“And Fernand,” said Caderousse with a chuckle; “Fernand, too, is invited!”

“My wife’s brother is my brother,” said Edmond; “and we, Mercédès and I, should be very sorry if he were absent at such a time.”

Fernand opened his mouth to reply, but his voice died on his lips, and he could not utter a word.

“Today the preliminaries, tomorrow or next day the ceremony! You are in a hurry, captain!”

“Danglars,” said Edmond, smiling, “I will say to you as Mercédès said just now to Caderousse, ‘Do not give me a title which does not belong to me’; that may bring me bad luck.”

“Your pardon,” replied Danglars, “I merely said you seemed in a hurry, and we have lots of time; the _Pharaon_ cannot be under weigh again in less than three months.”

“We are always in a hurry to be happy, M. Danglars; for when we have suffered a long time, we have great difficulty in believing in good fortune. But it is not selfishness alone that makes me thus in haste; I must go to Paris.”

“Ah, really?—to Paris! and will it be the first time you have ever been there, Dantès?”

“Yes.”

“Have you business there?”

“Not of my own; the last commission of poor Captain Leclere; you know to what I allude, Danglars—it is sacred. Besides, I shall only take the time to go and return.”

“Yes, yes, I understand,” said Danglars, and then in a low tone, he added, “To Paris, no doubt to deliver the letter which the grand marshal gave him. Ah, this letter gives me an idea—a capital idea! Ah; Dantès, my friend, you are not yet registered number one on board the good ship _Pharaon_;” then turning towards Edmond, who was walking away, “A pleasant journey,” he cried.

“Thank you,” said Edmond with a friendly nod, and the two lovers continued on their way, as calm and joyous as if they were the very elect of heaven.

Chapter 4. Conspiracy

Danglars followed Edmond and Mercédès with his eyes until the two lovers disappeared behind one of the angles of Fort Saint Nicolas; then, turning round, he perceived Fernand, who had fallen, pale and trembling, into his chair, while Caderousse stammered out the words of a drinking-song.

“Well, my dear sir,” said Danglars to Fernand, “here is a marriage which does not appear to make everybody happy.”

“It drives me to despair,” said Fernand.

“Do you, then, love Mercédès?”

“I adore her!”

“For long?”

“As long as I have known her—always.”

“And you sit there, tearing your hair, instead of seeking to remedy your condition; I did not think that was the way of your people.”

“What would you have me do?” said Fernand.

“How do I know? Is it my affair? I am not in love with Mademoiselle Mercédès; but for you—in the words of the gospel, seek, and you shall find.”

“I have found already.”

“What?”

“I would stab the man, but the woman told me that if any misfortune happened to her betrothed, she would kill herself.”

“Pooh! Women say those things, but never do them.”

“You do not know Mercédès; what she threatens she will do.”

“Idiot!” muttered Danglars; “whether she kill herself or not, what matter, provided Dantès is not captain?”

“Before Mercédès should die,” replied Fernand, with the accents of unshaken resolution, “I would die myself!”

“That’s what I call love!” said Caderousse with a voice more tipsy than ever. “That’s love, or I don’t know what love is.”

“Come,” said Danglars, “you appear to me a good sort of fellow, and hang me, I should like to help you, but——”

“Yes,” said Caderousse, “but how?”

“My dear fellow,” replied Danglars, “you are three parts drunk; finish the bottle, and you will be completely so. Drink then, and do not meddle with what we are discussing, for that requires all one’s wit and cool judgment.”

“I—drunk!” said Caderousse; “well that’s a good one! I could drink four more such bottles; they are no bigger than cologne flasks. Père Pamphile, more wine!”

And Caderousse rattled his glass upon the table.

“You were saying, sir——” said Fernand, awaiting with great anxiety the end of this interrupted remark.

“What was I saying? I forget. This drunken Caderousse has made me lose the thread of my sentence.”

“Drunk, if you like; so much the worse for those who fear wine, for it is because they have bad thoughts which they are afraid the liquor will extract from their hearts;” and Caderousse began to sing the two last lines of a song very popular at the time:

‘Tous les méchants sont buveurs d’eau;

C’est bien prouvé par le déluge.’1

“You said, sir, you would like to help me, but——”

“Yes; but I added, to help you it would be sufficient that Dantès did not marry her you love; and the marriage may easily be thwarted, methinks, and yet Dantès need not die.”

“Death alone can separate them,” remarked Fernand.

“You talk like a noodle, my friend,” said Caderousse; “and here is Danglars, who is a wide-awake, clever, deep fellow, who will prove to you that you are wrong. Prove it, Danglars. I have answered for you. Say there is no need why Dantès should die; it would, indeed, be a pity he should. Dantès is a good fellow; I like Dantès. Dantès, your health.”

Fernand rose impatiently. “Let him run on,” said Danglars, restraining the young man; “drunk as he is, he is not much out in what he says. Absence severs as well as death, and if the walls of a prison were between Edmond and Mercédès they would be as effectually separated as if he lay under a tombstone.”

0056m

“Yes; but one gets out of prison,” said Caderousse, who, with what sense was left him, listened eagerly to the conversation, “and when one gets out and one’s name is Edmond Dantès, one seeks revenge——”

“What matters that?” muttered Fernand.

“And why, I should like to know,” persisted Caderousse, “should they put Dantès in prison? he has neither robbed, nor killed, nor murdered.”

“Hold your tongue!” said Danglars.

“I won’t hold my tongue!” replied Caderousse; “I say I want to know why they should put Dantès in prison; I like Dantès; Dantès, your health!” and he swallowed another glass of wine.

0057m

Danglars saw in the muddled look of the tailor the progress of his intoxication, and turning towards Fernand, said, “Well, you understand there is no need to kill him.”

“Certainly not, if, as you said just now, you have the means of having Dantès arrested. Have you that means?”

“It is to be found for the searching. But why should I meddle in the matter? it is no affair of mine.”

“I know not why you meddle,” said Fernand, seizing his arm; “but this I know, you have some motive of personal hatred against Dantès, for he who himself hates is never mistaken in the sentiments of others.”

“I! motives of hatred against Dantès? None, on my word! I saw you were unhappy, and your unhappiness interested me; that’s all; but since you believe I act for my own account, adieu, my dear friend, get out of the affair as best you may;” and Danglars rose as if he meant to depart.

“No, no,” said Fernand, restraining him, “stay! It is of very little consequence to me at the end of the matter whether you have any angry feeling or not against Dantès. I hate him! I confess it openly. Do you find the means, I will execute it, provided it is not to kill the man, for Mercédès has declared she will kill herself if Dantès is killed.”

Caderousse, who had let his head drop on the table, now raised it, and looking at Fernand with his dull and fishy eyes, he said, “Kill Dantès! who talks of killing Dantès? I won’t have him killed—I won’t! He’s my friend, and this morning offered to share his money with me, as I shared mine with him. I won’t have Dantès killed—I won’t!”

“And who has said a word about killing him, muddlehead?” replied Danglars. “We were merely joking; drink to his health,” he added, filling Caderousse’s glass, “and do not interfere with us.”

“Yes, yes, Dantès’ good health!” said Caderousse, emptying his glass, “here’s to his health! his health—hurrah!”

“But the means—the means?” said Fernand.

“Have you not hit upon any?” asked Danglars.

“No!—you undertook to do so.”

“True,” replied Danglars; “the French have the superiority over the Spaniards, that the Spaniards ruminate, while the French invent.”

“Do you invent, then,” said Fernand impatiently.

“Waiter,” said Danglars, “pen, ink, and paper.”

“Pen, ink, and paper,” muttered Fernand.

“Yes; I am a supercargo; pen, ink, and paper are my tools, and without my tools I am fit for nothing.”

“Pen, ink, and paper, then,” called Fernand loudly.

“There’s what you want on that table,” said the waiter.

“Bring them here.” The waiter did as he was desired.

0059m

“When one thinks,” said Caderousse, letting his hand drop on the paper, “there is here wherewithal to kill a man more sure than if we waited at the corner of a wood to assassinate him! I have always had more dread of a pen, a bottle of ink, and a sheet of paper, than of a sword or pistol.”

“The fellow is not so drunk as he appears to be,” said Danglars. “Give him some more wine, Fernand.” Fernand filled Caderousse’s glass, who, like the confirmed toper he was, lifted his hand from the paper and seized the glass.

The Catalan watched him until Caderousse, almost overcome by this fresh assault on his senses, rested, or rather dropped, his glass upon the table.

“Well!” resumed the Catalan, as he saw the final glimmer of Caderousse’s reason vanishing before the last glass of wine.

“Well, then, I should say, for instance,” resumed Danglars, “that if after a voyage such as Dantès has just made, in which he touched at the Island of Elba, someone were to denounce him to the king’s procureur as a Bonapartist agent——”

“I will denounce him!” exclaimed the young man hastily.

“Yes, but they will make you then sign your declaration, and confront you with him you have denounced; I will supply you with the means of supporting your accusation, for I know the fact well. But Dantès cannot remain forever in prison, and one day or other he will leave it, and the day when he comes out, woe betide him who was the cause of his incarceration!”

“Oh, I should wish nothing better than that he would come and seek a quarrel with me.”

“Yes, and Mercédès! Mercédès, who will detest you if you have only the misfortune to scratch the skin of her dearly beloved Edmond!”

“True!” said Fernand.

“No, no,” continued Danglars; “if we resolve on such a step, it would be much better to take, as I now do, this pen, dip it into this ink, and write with the left hand (that the writing may not be recognized) the denunciation we propose.” And Danglars, uniting practice with theory, wrote with his left hand, and in a writing reversed from his usual style, and totally unlike it, the following lines, which he handed to Fernand, and which Fernand read in an undertone:

“The honorable, the king’s attorney, is informed by a friend of the throne and religion, that one Edmond Dantès, mate of the ship _Pharaon_, arrived this morning from Smyrna, after having touched at Naples and Porto-Ferrajo, has been intrusted by Murat with a letter for the usurper, and by the usurper with a letter for the Bonapartist committee in Paris. Proof of this crime will be found on arresting him, for the letter will be found upon him, or at his father’s, or in his cabin on board the _Pharaon_.”

“Very good,” resumed Danglars; “now your revenge looks like common sense, for in no way can it revert to yourself, and the matter will thus work its own way; there is nothing to do now but fold the letter as I am doing, and write upon it, ‘To the king’s attorney,’ and that’s all settled.” And Danglars wrote the address as he spoke.

“Yes, and that’s all settled!” exclaimed Caderousse, who, by a last effort of intellect, had followed the reading of the letter, and instinctively comprehended all the misery which such a denunciation must entail. “Yes, and that’s all settled; only it will be an infamous shame;” and he stretched out his hand to reach the letter.

“Yes,” said Danglars, taking it from beyond his reach; “and as what I say and do is merely in jest, and I, amongst the first and foremost, should be sorry if anything happened to Dantès—the worthy Dantès—look here!” And taking the letter, he squeezed it up in his hands and threw it into a corner of the arbor.

“All right!” said Caderousse. “Dantès is my friend, and I won’t have him ill-used.”

“And who thinks of using him ill? Certainly neither I nor Fernand,” said Danglars, rising and looking at the young man, who still remained seated, but whose eye was fixed on the denunciatory sheet of paper flung into the corner.

“In this case,” replied Caderousse, “let’s have some more wine. I wish to drink to the health of Edmond and the lovely Mercédès.”

“You have had too much already, drunkard,” said Danglars; “and if you continue, you will be compelled to sleep here, because unable to stand on your legs.”

“I?” said Caderousse, rising with all the offended dignity of a drunken man, “I can’t keep on my legs? Why, I’ll wager I can go up into the belfry of the Accoules, and without staggering, too!”

“Done!” said Danglars, “I’ll take your bet; but tomorrow—today it is time to return. Give me your arm, and let us go.”

“Very well, let us go,” said Caderousse; “but I don’t want your arm at all. Come, Fernand, won’t you return to Marseilles with us?”

“No,” said Fernand; “I shall return to the Catalans.”

“You’re wrong. Come with us to Marseilles—come along.”

“I will not.”

“What do you mean? you will not? Well, just as you like, my prince; there’s liberty for all the world. Come along, Danglars, and let the young gentleman return to the Catalans if he chooses.”

Danglars took advantage of Caderousse’s temper at the moment, to take him off towards Marseilles by the Porte Saint-Victor, staggering as he went.

When they had advanced about twenty yards, Danglars looked back and saw Fernand stoop, pick up the crumpled paper, and putting it into his pocket then rush out of the arbor towards Pillon.

“Well,” said Caderousse, “why, what a lie he told! He said he was going to the Catalans, and he is going to the city. Hallo, Fernand! You are coming, my boy!”

“Oh, you don’t see straight,” said Danglars; “he’s gone right by the road to the Vieilles Infirmeries.”

“Well,” said Caderousse, “I should have sworn that he turned to the right—how treacherous wine is!”

“Come, come,” said Danglars to himself, “now the thing is at work and it will effect its purpose unassisted.”

Chapter 5. The Marriage Feast

The morning’s sun rose clear and resplendent, touching the foamy waves into a network of ruby-tinted light.

The feast had been made ready on the second floor at La Réserve, with whose arbor the reader is already familiar. The apartment destined for the purpose was spacious and lighted by a number of windows, over each of which was written in golden letters for some inexplicable reason the name of one of the principal cities of France; beneath these windows a wooden balcony extended the entire length of the house. And although the entertainment was fixed for twelve o’clock, an hour previous to that time the balcony was filled with impatient and expectant guests, consisting of the favored part of the crew of the _Pharaon_, and other personal friends of the bridegroom, the whole of whom had arrayed themselves in their choicest costumes, in order to do greater honor to the occasion.

Various rumors were afloat to the effect that the owners of the _Pharaon_ had promised to attend the nuptial feast; but all seemed unanimous in doubting that an act of such rare and exceeding condescension could possibly be intended.

Danglars, however, who now made his appearance, accompanied by Caderousse, effectually confirmed the report, stating that he had recently conversed with M. Morrel, who had himself assured him of his intention to dine at La Réserve.

In fact, a moment later M. Morrel appeared and was saluted with an enthusiastic burst of applause from the crew of the _Pharaon_, who hailed the visit of the shipowner as a sure indication that the man whose wedding feast he thus delighted to honor would ere long be first in command of the ship; and as Dantès was universally beloved on board his vessel, the sailors put no restraint on their tumultuous joy at finding that the opinion and choice of their superiors so exactly coincided with their own.

With the entrance of M. Morrel, Danglars and Caderousse were despatched in search of the bridegroom to convey to him the intelligence of the arrival of the important personage whose coming had created such a lively sensation, and to beseech him to make haste.

Danglars and Caderousse set off upon their errand at full speed; but ere they had gone many steps they perceived a group advancing towards them, composed of the betrothed pair, a party of young girls in attendance on the bride, by whose side walked Dantès’ father; the whole brought up by Fernand, whose lips wore their usual sinister smile.

Neither Mercédès nor Edmond observed the strange expression of his countenance; they were so happy that they were conscious only of the sunshine and the presence of each other.

Having acquitted themselves of their errand, and exchanged a hearty shake of the hand with Edmond, Danglars and Caderousse took their places beside Fernand and old Dantès,—the latter of whom attracted universal notice.

The old man was attired in a suit of glistening watered silk, trimmed with steel buttons, beautifully cut and polished. His thin but wiry legs were arrayed in a pair of richly embroidered clocked stockings, evidently of English manufacture, while from his three-cornered hat depended a long streaming knot of white and blue ribbons. Thus he came along, supporting himself on a curiously carved stick, his aged countenance lit up with happiness, looking for all the world like one of the aged dandies of 1796, parading the newly opened gardens of the Luxembourg and Tuileries.

Beside him glided Caderousse, whose desire to partake of the good things provided for the wedding party had induced him to become reconciled to the Dantès, father and son, although there still lingered in his mind a faint and unperfect recollection of the events of the preceding night; just as the brain retains on waking in the morning the dim and misty outline of a dream.

0065m

As Danglars approached the disappointed lover, he cast on him a look of deep meaning, while Fernand, as he slowly paced behind the happy pair, who seemed, in their own unmixed content, to have entirely forgotten that such a being as himself existed, was pale and abstracted; occasionally, however, a deep flush would overspread his countenance, and a nervous contraction distort his features, while, with an agitated and restless gaze, he would glance in the direction of Marseilles, like one who either anticipated or foresaw some great and important event.

Dantès himself was simply, but becomingly, clad in the dress peculiar to the merchant service—a costume somewhat between a military and a civil garb; and with his fine countenance, radiant with joy and happiness, a more perfect specimen of manly beauty could scarcely be imagined.

Lovely as the Greek girls of Cyprus or Chios, Mercédès boasted the same bright flashing eyes of jet, and ripe, round, coral lips. She moved with the light, free step of an Arlesienne or an Andalusian. One more practiced in the arts of great cities would have hid her blushes beneath a veil, or, at least, have cast down her thickly fringed lashes, so as to have concealed the liquid lustre of her animated eyes; but, on the contrary, the delighted girl looked around her with a smile that seemed to say: “If you are my friends, rejoice with me, for I am very happy.”

As soon as the bridal party came in sight of La Réserve, M. Morrel descended and came forth to meet it, followed by the soldiers and sailors there assembled, to whom he had repeated the promise already given, that Dantès should be the successor to the late Captain Leclere. Edmond, at the approach of his patron, respectfully placed the arm of his affianced bride within that of M. Morrel, who, forthwith conducting her up the flight of wooden steps leading to the chamber in which the feast was prepared, was gayly followed by the guests, beneath whose heavy tread the slight structure creaked and groaned for the space of several minutes.

“Father,” said Mercédès, stopping when she had reached the centre of the table, “sit, I pray you, on my right hand; on my left I will place him who has ever been as a brother to me,” pointing with a soft and gentle smile to Fernand; but her words and look seemed to inflict the direst torture on him, for his lips became ghastly pale, and even beneath the dark hue of his complexion the blood might be seen retreating as though some sudden pang drove it back to the heart.

During this time, Dantès, at the opposite side of the table, had been occupied in similarly placing his most honored guests. M. Morrel was seated at his right hand, Danglars at his left; while, at a sign from Edmond, the rest of the company ranged themselves as they found it most agreeable.

Then they began to pass around the dusky, piquant, Arlesian sausages, and lobsters in their dazzling red cuirasses, prawns of large size and brilliant color, the echinus with its prickly outside and dainty morsel within, the clovis, esteemed by the epicures of the South as more than rivalling the exquisite flavor of the oyster, North. All the delicacies, in fact, that are cast up by the wash of waters on the sandy beach, and styled by the grateful fishermen “fruits of the sea.”

“A pretty silence truly!” said the old father of the bridegroom, as he carried to his lips a glass of wine of the hue and brightness of the topaz, and which had just been placed before Mercédès herself. “Now, would anybody think that this room contained a happy, merry party, who desire nothing better than to laugh and dance the hours away?”

“Ah,” sighed Caderousse, “a man cannot always feel happy because he is about to be married.”

“The truth is,” replied Dantès, “that I am too happy for noisy mirth; if that is what you meant by your observation, my worthy friend, you are right; joy takes a strange effect at times, it seems to oppress us almost the same as sorrow.”

Danglars looked towards Fernand, whose excitable nature received and betrayed each fresh impression.

“Why, what ails you?” asked he of Edmond. “Do you fear any approaching evil? I should say that you were the happiest man alive at this instant.”

“And that is the very thing that alarms me,” returned Dantès. “Man does not appear to me to be intended to enjoy felicity so unmixed; happiness is like the enchanted palaces we read of in our childhood, where fierce, fiery dragons defend the entrance and approach; and monsters of all shapes and kinds, requiring to be overcome ere victory is ours. I own that I am lost in wonder to find myself promoted to an honor of which I feel myself unworthy—that of being the husband of Mercédès.”

“Nay, nay!” cried Caderousse, smiling, “you have not attained that honor yet. Mercédès is not yet your wife. Just assume the tone and manner of a husband, and see how she will remind you that your hour is not yet come!”

The bride blushed, while Fernand, restless and uneasy, seemed to start at every fresh sound, and from time to time wiped away the large drops of perspiration that gathered on his brow.

“Well, never mind that, neighbor Caderousse; it is not worthwhile to contradict me for such a trifle as that. ’Tis true that Mercédès is not actually my wife; but,” added he, drawing out his watch, “in an hour and a half she will be.”

A general exclamation of surprise ran round the table, with the exception of the elder Dantès, whose laugh displayed the still perfect beauty of his large white teeth. Mercédès looked pleased and gratified, while Fernand grasped the handle of his knife with a convulsive clutch.

“In an hour?” inquired Danglars, turning pale. “How is that, my friend?”

“Why, thus it is,” replied Dantès. “Thanks to the influence of M. Morrel, to whom, next to my father, I owe every blessing I enjoy, every difficulty has been removed. We have purchased permission to waive the usual delay; and at half-past two o’clock the Mayor of Marseilles will be waiting for us at the city hall. Now, as a quarter-past one has already struck, I do not consider I have asserted too much in saying, that, in another hour and thirty minutes Mercédès will have become Madame Dantès.”

0069m

Fernand closed his eyes, a burning sensation passed across his brow, and he was compelled to support himself by the table to prevent his falling from his chair; but in spite of all his efforts, he could not refrain from uttering a deep groan, which, however, was lost amid the noisy felicitations of the company.

“Upon my word,” cried the old man, “you make short work of this kind of affair. Arrived here only yesterday morning, and married today at three o’clock! Commend me to a sailor for going the quick way to work!”

“But,” asked Danglars, in a timid tone, “how did you manage about the other formalities—the contract—the settlement?”

“The contract,” answered Dantès, laughingly, “it didn’t take long to fix that. Mercédès has no fortune; I have none to settle on her. So, you see, our papers were quickly written out, and certainly do not come very expensive.” This joke elicited a fresh burst of applause.

“So that what we presumed to be merely the betrothal feast turns out to be the actual wedding dinner!” said Danglars.

“No, no,” answered Dantès; “don’t imagine I am going to put you off in that shabby manner. Tomorrow morning I start for Paris; four days to go, and the same to return, with one day to discharge the commission entrusted to me, is all the time I shall be absent. I shall be back here by the first of March, and on the second I give my real marriage feast.”

This prospect of fresh festivity redoubled the hilarity of the guests to such a degree, that the elder Dantès, who, at the commencement of the repast, had commented upon the silence that prevailed, now found it difficult, amid the general din of voices, to obtain a moment’s tranquillity in which to drink to the health and prosperity of the bride and bridegroom.

Dantès, perceiving the affectionate eagerness of his father, responded by a look of grateful pleasure; while Mercédès glanced at the clock and made an expressive gesture to Edmond.

Around the table reigned that noisy hilarity which usually prevails at such a time among people sufficiently free from the demands of social position not to feel the trammels of etiquette. Such as at the commencement of the repast had not been able to seat themselves according to their inclination rose unceremoniously, and sought out more agreeable companions. Everybody talked at once, without waiting for a reply and each one seemed to be contented with expressing his or her own thoughts.

Fernand’s paleness appeared to have communicated itself to Danglars. As for Fernand himself, he seemed to be enduring the tortures of the damned; unable to rest, he was among the first to quit the table, and, as though seeking to avoid the hilarious mirth that rose in such deafening sounds, he continued, in utter silence, to pace the farther end of the salon.

Caderousse approached him just as Danglars, whom Fernand seemed most anxious to avoid, had joined him in a corner of the room.

“Upon my word,” said Caderousse, from whose mind the friendly treatment of Dantès, united with the effect of the excellent wine he had partaken of, had effaced every feeling of envy or jealousy at Dantès’ good fortune,—“upon my word, Dantès is a downright good fellow, and when I see him sitting there beside his pretty wife that is so soon to be. I cannot help thinking it would have been a great pity to have served him that trick you were planning yesterday.”

“Oh, there was no harm meant,” answered Danglars; “at first I certainly did feel somewhat uneasy as to what Fernand might be tempted to do; but when I saw how completely he had mastered his feelings, even so far as to become one of his rival’s attendants,

I knew there was no further cause for apprehension.” Caderousse looked full at Fernand—he was ghastly pale.

“Certainly,” continued Danglars, “the sacrifice was no trifling one, when the beauty of the bride is concerned. Upon my soul, that future captain of mine is a lucky dog! Gad! I only wish he would let me take his place.”

“Shall we not set forth?” asked the sweet, silvery voice of Mercédès; “two o’clock has just struck, and you know we are expected in a quarter of an hour.”

0071m

“To be sure!—to be sure!” cried Dantès, eagerly quitting the table; “let us go directly!”

His words were re-echoed by the whole party, with vociferous cheers.

At this moment Danglars, who had been incessantly observing every change in Fernand’s look and manner, saw him stagger and fall back, with an almost convulsive spasm, against a seat placed near one of the open windows. At the same instant his ear caught a sort of indistinct sound on the stairs, followed by the measured tread of soldiery, with the clanking of swords and military accoutrements; then came a hum and buzz as of many voices, so as to deaden even the noisy mirth of the bridal party, among whom a vague feeling of curiosity and apprehension quelled every disposition to talk, and almost instantaneously the most deathlike stillness prevailed.

The sounds drew nearer. Three blows were struck upon the panel of the door. The company looked at each other in consternation.

“I demand admittance,” said a loud voice outside the room, “in the name of the law!” As no attempt was made to prevent it, the door was opened, and a magistrate, wearing his official scarf, presented himself, followed by four soldiers and a corporal. Uneasiness now yielded to the most extreme dread on the part of those present.

“May I venture to inquire the reason of this unexpected visit?” said M. Morrel, addressing the magistrate, whom he evidently knew; “there is doubtless some mistake easily explained.”

“If it be so,” replied the magistrate, “rely upon every reparation being made; meanwhile, I am the bearer of an order of arrest, and although I most reluctantly perform the task assigned me, it must, nevertheless, be fulfilled. Who among the persons here assembled answers to the name of Edmond Dantès?”

Every eye was turned towards the young man who, spite of the agitation he could not but feel, advanced with dignity, and said, in a firm voice:

“I am he; what is your pleasure with me?”

“Edmond Dantès,” replied the magistrate, “I arrest you in the name of the law!”

“Me!” repeated Edmond, slightly changing color, “and wherefore, I pray?”

“I cannot inform you, but you will be duly acquainted with the reasons that have rendered such a step necessary at the preliminary examination.”

M. Morrel felt that further resistance or remonstrance was useless. He saw before him an officer delegated to enforce the law, and perfectly well knew that it would be as unavailing to seek pity from a magistrate decked with his official scarf, as to address a petition to some cold marble effigy. Old Dantès, however, sprang forward. There are situations which the heart of a father or a mother cannot be made to understand. He prayed and supplicated in terms so moving, that even the officer was touched, and, although firm in his duty, he kindly said, “My worthy friend, let me beg of you to calm your apprehensions. Your son has probably neglected some prescribed form or attention in registering his cargo, and it is more than probable he will be set at liberty directly he has given the information required, whether touching the health of his crew, or the value of his freight.”

“What is the meaning of all this?” inquired Caderousse, frowningly, of Danglars, who had assumed an air of utter surprise.

0073m

“How can I tell you?” replied he; “I am, like yourself, utterly bewildered at all that is going on, and cannot in the least make out what it is about.” Caderousse then looked around for Fernand, but he had disappeared.

The scene of the previous night now came back to his mind with startling clearness. The painful catastrophe he had just witnessed appeared effectually to have rent away the veil which the intoxication of the evening before had raised between himself and his memory.

“So, so,” said he, in a hoarse and choking voice, to Danglars, “this, then, I suppose, is a part of the trick you were concerting yesterday? All I can say is, that if it be so, ’tis an ill turn, and well deserves to bring double evil on those who have projected it.”

“Nonsense,” returned Danglars, “I tell you again I have nothing whatever to do with it; besides, you know very well that I tore the paper to pieces.”

“No, you did not!” answered Caderousse, “you merely threw it by—I saw it lying in a corner.”

“Hold your tongue, you fool!—what should you know about it?—why, you were drunk!”

“Where is Fernand?” inquired Caderousse.

“How do I know?” replied Danglars; “gone, as every prudent man ought to be, to look after his own affairs, most likely. Never mind where he is, let you and I go and see what is to be done for our poor friends.”

During this conversation, Dantès, after having exchanged a cheerful shake of the hand with all his sympathizing friends, had surrendered himself to the officer sent to arrest him, merely saying, “Make yourselves quite easy, my good fellows, there is some little mistake to clear up, that’s all, depend upon it; and very likely I may not have to go so far as the prison to effect that.”

0075m

“Oh, to be sure!” responded Danglars, who had now approached the group, “nothing more than a mistake, I feel quite certain.”

Dantès descended the staircase, preceded by the magistrate, and followed by the soldiers. A carriage awaited him at the door; he got in, followed by two soldiers and the magistrate, and the vehicle drove off towards Marseilles.

“Adieu, adieu, dearest Edmond!” cried Mercédès, stretching out her arms to him from the balcony.

The prisoner heard the cry, which sounded like the sob of a broken heart, and leaning from the coach he called out, “Good-bye, Mercédès—we shall soon meet again!” Then the vehicle disappeared round one of the turnings of Fort Saint Nicholas.

“Wait for me here, all of you!” cried M. Morrel; “I will take the first conveyance I find, and hurry to Marseilles, whence I will bring you word how all is going on.”

“That’s right!” exclaimed a multitude of voices, “go, and return as quickly as you can!”

This second departure was followed by a long and fearful state of terrified silence on the part of those who were left behind. The old father and Mercédès remained for some time apart, each absorbed in grief; but at length the two poor victims of the same blow raised their eyes, and with a simultaneous burst of feeling rushed into each other’s arms.

Meanwhile Fernand made his appearance, poured out for himself a glass of water with a trembling hand; then hastily swallowing it, went to sit down at the first vacant place, and this was, by mere chance, placed next to the seat on which poor Mercédès had fallen half fainting, when released from the warm and affectionate embrace of old Dantès. Instinctively Fernand drew back his chair.

“He is the cause of all this misery—I am quite sure of it,” whispered Caderousse, who had never taken his eyes off Fernand, to Danglars.

“I don’t think so,” answered the other; “he’s too stupid to imagine such a scheme. I only hope the mischief will fall upon the head of whoever wrought it.”

“You don’t mention those who aided and abetted the deed,” said Caderousse.

“Surely,” answered Danglars, “one cannot be held responsible for every chance arrow shot into the air.”

“You can, indeed, when the arrow lights point downward on somebody’s head.”

Meantime the subject of the arrest was being canvassed in every different form.

“What think you, Danglars,” said one of the party, turning towards him, “of this event?”

“Why,” replied he, “I think it just possible Dantès may have been detected with some trifling article on board ship considered here as contraband.”

“But how could he have done so without your knowledge, Danglars, since you are the ship’s supercargo?”

“Why, as for that, I could only know what I was told respecting the merchandise with which the vessel was laden. I know she was loaded with cotton, and that she took in her freight at Alexandria from Pastret’s warehouse, and at Smyrna from Pascal’s; that is all I was obliged to know, and I beg I may not be asked for any further particulars.”

“Now I recollect,” said the afflicted old father; “my poor boy told me yesterday he had got a small case of coffee, and another of tobacco for me!”

“There, you see,” exclaimed Danglars. “Now the mischief is out; depend upon it the custom-house people went rummaging about the ship in our absence, and discovered poor Dantès’ hidden treasures.”

Mercédès, however, paid no heed to this explanation of her lover’s arrest. Her grief, which she had hitherto tried to restrain, now burst out in a violent fit of hysterical sobbing.

“Come, come,” said the old man, “be comforted, my poor child; there is still hope!”

“Hope!” repeated Danglars.

“Hope!” faintly murmured Fernand, but the word seemed to die away on his pale agitated lips, and a convulsive spasm passed over his countenance.

“Good news! good news!” shouted forth one of the party stationed in the balcony on the lookout. “Here comes M. Morrel back. No doubt, now, we shall hear that our friend is released!”

Mercédès and the old man rushed to meet the shipowner and greeted him at the door. He was very pale.

“What news?” exclaimed a general burst of voices.

“Alas, my friends,” replied M. Morrel, with a mournful shake of his head, “the thing has assumed a more serious aspect than I expected.”

“Oh, indeed—indeed, sir, he is innocent!” sobbed forth Mercédès.

“That I believe!” answered M. Morrel; “but still he is charged——”

“With what?” inquired the elder Dantès.

“With being an agent of the Bonapartist faction!” Many of our readers may be able to recollect how formidable such an accusation became in the period at which our story is dated.

A despairing cry escaped the pale lips of Mercédès; the old man sank into a chair.

“Ah, Danglars!” whispered Caderousse, “you have deceived me—the trick you spoke of last night has been played; but I cannot suffer a poor old man or an innocent girl to die of grief through your fault. I am determined to tell them all about it.”

“Be silent, you simpleton!” cried Danglars, grasping him by the arm, “or I will not answer even for your own safety. Who can tell whether Dantès be innocent or guilty? The vessel did touch at Elba, where he quitted it, and passed a whole day in the island. Now, should any letters or other documents of a compromising character be found upon him, will it not be taken for granted that all who uphold him are his accomplices?”

With the rapid instinct of selfishness, Caderousse readily perceived the solidity of this mode of reasoning; he gazed, doubtfully, wistfully, on Danglars, and then caution supplanted generosity.

“Suppose we wait a while, and see what comes of it,” said he, casting a bewildered look on his companion.

“To be sure!” answered Danglars. “Let us wait, by all means. If he be innocent, of course he will be set at liberty; if guilty, why, it is no use involving ourselves in a conspiracy.”

“Let us go, then. I cannot stay here any longer.”

“With all my heart!” replied Danglars, pleased to find the other so tractable. “Let us take ourselves out of the way, and leave things for the present to take their course.”

After their departure, Fernand, who had now again become the friend and protector of Mercédès, led the girl to her home, while some friends of Dantès conducted his father, nearly lifeless, to the Allées de Meilhan.

The rumor of Edmond’s arrest as a Bonapartist agent was not slow in circulating throughout the city.

“Could you ever have credited such a thing, my dear Danglars?” asked M. Morrel, as, on his return to the port for the purpose of gleaning fresh tidings of Dantès, from M. de Villefort, the assistant procureur, he overtook his supercargo and Caderousse. “Could you have believed such a thing possible?”

“Why, you know I told you,” replied Danglars, “that I considered the circumstance of his having anchored at the Island of Elba as a very suspicious circumstance.”

“And did you mention these suspicions to any person beside myself?”

0079m

“Certainly not!” returned Danglars. Then added in a low whisper, “You understand that, on account of your uncle, M. Policar Morrel, who served under the _other_ government, and who does not altogether conceal what he thinks on the subject, you are strongly suspected of regretting the abdication of Napoleon. I should have feared to injure both Edmond and yourself, had I divulged my own apprehensions to a soul. I am too well aware that though a subordinate, like myself, is bound to acquaint the shipowner with everything that occurs, there are many things he ought most carefully to conceal from all else.”

“’Tis well, Danglars—’tis well!” replied M. Morrel. “You are a worthy fellow; and I had already thought of your interests in the event of poor Edmond having become captain of the _Pharaon_.”

“Is it possible you were so kind?”

“Yes, indeed; I had previously inquired of Dantès what was his opinion of you, and if he should have any reluctance to continue you in your post, for somehow I have perceived a sort of coolness between you.”

“And what was his reply?”

“That he certainly did think he had given you offence in an affair which he merely referred to without entering into particulars, but that whoever possessed the good opinion and confidence of the ship’s owners would have his preference also.”

“The hypocrite!” murmured Danglars.

“Poor Dantès!” said Caderousse. “No one can deny his being a noble-hearted young fellow.”

“But meanwhile,” continued M. Morrel, “here is the _Pharaon_ without a captain.”

“Oh,” replied Danglars, “since we cannot leave this port for the next three months, let us hope that ere the expiration of that period Dantès will be set at liberty.”

“No doubt; but in the meantime?”

“I am entirely at your service, M. Morrel,” answered Danglars. “You know that I am as capable of managing a ship as the most experienced captain in the service; and it will be so far advantageous to you to accept my services, that upon Edmond’s release from prison no further change will be requisite on board the _Pharaon_ than for Dantès and myself each to resume our respective posts.”

“Thanks, Danglars—that will smooth over all difficulties. I fully authorize you at once to assume the command of the _Pharaon_, and look carefully to the unloading of her freight. Private misfortunes must never be allowed to interfere with business.”

“Be easy on that score, M. Morrel; but do you think we shall be permitted to see our poor Edmond?”

“I will let you know that directly I have seen M. de Villefort, whom I shall endeavor to interest in Edmond’s favor. I am aware he is a furious royalist; but, in spite of that, and of his being king’s attorney, he is a man like ourselves, and I fancy not a bad sort of one.”

“Perhaps not,” replied Danglars; “but I hear that he is ambitious, and that’s rather against him.”

“Well, well,” returned M. Morrel, “we shall see. But now hasten on board, I will join you there ere long.”

So saying, the worthy shipowner quitted the two allies, and proceeded in the direction of the Palais de Justice.

0081m

“You see,” said Danglars, addressing Caderousse, “the turn things have taken. Do you still feel any desire to stand up in his defence?”

“Not the slightest, but yet it seems to me a shocking thing that a mere joke should lead to such consequences.”

“But who perpetrated that joke, let me ask? neither you nor myself, but Fernand; you knew very well that I threw the paper into a corner of the room—indeed, I fancied I had destroyed it.”

“Oh, no,” replied Caderousse, “that I can answer for, you did not. I only wish I could see it now as plainly as I saw it lying all crushed and crumpled in a corner of the arbor.”

“Well, then, if you did, depend upon it, Fernand picked it up, and either copied it or caused it to be copied; perhaps, even, he did not take the trouble of recopying it. And now I think of it, by Heavens, he may have sent the letter itself! Fortunately, for me, the handwriting was disguised.”

“Then you were aware of Dantès being engaged in a conspiracy?”

“Not I. As I before said, I thought the whole thing was a joke, nothing more. It seems, however, that I have unconsciously stumbled upon the truth.”

“Still,” argued Caderousse, “I would give a great deal if nothing of the kind had happened; or, at least, that I had had no hand in it. You will see, Danglars, that it will turn out an unlucky job for both of us.”

“Nonsense! If any harm come of it, it should fall on the guilty person; and that, you know, is Fernand. How can we be implicated in any way? All we have got to do is, to keep our own counsel, and remain perfectly quiet, not breathing a word to any living soul; and you will see that the storm will pass away without in the least affecting us.”

“Amen!” responded Caderousse, waving his hand in token of adieu to Danglars, and bending his steps towards the Allées de Meilhan, moving his head to and fro, and muttering as he went, after the manner of one whose mind was overcharged with one absorbing idea.

“So far, then,” said Danglars, mentally, “all has gone as I would have it. I am, temporarily, commander of the _Pharaon_, with the certainty of being permanently so, if that fool of a Caderousse can be persuaded to hold his tongue. My only fear is the chance of Dantès being released. But, there, he is in the hands of Justice; and,” added he with a smile, “she will take her own.” So saying, he leaped into a boat, desiring to be rowed on board the _Pharaon_, where M. Morrel had agreed to meet him.

Chapter 6. The Deputy Procureur du Roi

In one of the aristocratic mansions built by Puget in the Rue du Grand Cours opposite the Medusa fountain, a second marriage feast was being celebrated, almost at the same hour with the nuptial repast given by Dantès. In this case, however, although the occasion of the entertainment was similar, the company was strikingly dissimilar. Instead of a rude mixture of sailors, soldiers, and those belonging to the humblest grade of life, the present assembly was composed of the very flower of Marseilles society,—magistrates who had resigned their office during the usurper’s reign; officers who had deserted from the imperial army

and joined forces with Condé; and younger members of families, brought up to hate and execrate the man whom five years of exile would convert into a martyr, and fifteen of restoration elevate to the rank of a god.

The guests were still at table, and the heated and energetic conversation that prevailed betrayed the violent and vindictive passions that then agitated each dweller of the South, where unhappily, for five centuries religious strife had long given increased bitterness to the violence of party feeling.

The emperor, now king of the petty Island of Elba, after having held sovereign sway over one-half of the world, counting as his subjects a small population of five or six thousand souls,—after having been accustomed to hear the "_Vive Napoléons_" of a hundred and twenty millions of human beings, uttered in ten different languages,—was looked upon here as a ruined man, separated forever from any fresh connection with France or claim to her throne.

The magistrates freely discussed their political views; the military part of the company talked unreservedly of Moscow and Leipsic, while the women commented on the divorce of Josephine. It was not over the downfall of the man, but over the defeat of the Napoleonic idea, that they rejoiced, and in this they foresaw for themselves the bright and cheering prospect of a revivified political existence.

An old man, decorated with the cross of Saint Louis, now rose and proposed the health of King Louis XVIII. It was the Marquis de Saint-Méran. This toast, recalling at once the patient exile of Hartwell and the peace-loving King of France, excited universal enthusiasm; glasses were elevated in the air _à l'Anglaise_, and the ladies, snatching their bouquets from their fair bosoms, strewed the table with their floral treasures. In a word, an almost poetical fervor prevailed.

"Ah," said the Marquise de Saint-Méran, a woman with a stern, forbidding eye, though still noble and distinguished in appearance, despite her fifty years—"ah, these revolutionists, who have driven us from those very possessions they afterwards purchased for a mere trifle during the Reign of Terror, would be compelled to own, were they here, that all true devotion was on our side, since we were content to follow the fortunes of a falling monarch, while they, on the contrary, made their fortune by worshipping the rising sun; yes, yes, they could not help admitting that the king, for whom we sacrificed rank, wealth, and station was truly our 'Louis the well-beloved,' while their wretched usurper has been, and ever will be, to them their evil genius, their 'Napoleon the accursed.' Am I not right, Villefort?"

"I beg your pardon, madame. I really must pray you to excuse me, but—in truth—I was not attending to the conversation."

"Marquise, marquise!" interposed the old nobleman who had proposed the toast, "let the young people alone; let me tell you, on one's wedding day there are more agreeable subjects of conversation than dry politics."

"Never mind, dearest mother," said a young and lovely girl, with a profusion of light brown hair, and eyes that seemed to float in liquid crystal, "'tis all my fault for seizing upon M. de Villefort, so as to prevent his listening to what you said. But there—now take him—he is your own for as long as you like. M. Villefort, I beg to remind you my mother speaks to you."

"If the marquise will deign to repeat the words I but imperfectly caught, I shall be delighted to answer," said M. de Villefort.

"Never mind, Renée," replied the marquise, with a look of tenderness that seemed out of keeping with her harsh dry features; but, however all other feelings may be withered in a woman's nature, there is always one bright smiling spot in the desert of her heart, and that is the shrine of maternal love. "I forgive you. What I was saying, Villefort, was, that the Bonapartists had not our sincerity, enthusiasm, or devotion."

"They had, however, what supplied the place of those fine qualities," replied the young man, "and that was fanaticism. Napoleon is the Mahomet of the West, and is worshipped by his commonplace but ambitious followers, not only as a leader and lawgiver, but also as the personification of equality."

"He!" cried the marquise: "Napoleon the type of equality! For mercy's sake, then, what would you call Robespierre? Come, come, do not strip the latter of his just rights to bestow them on the Corsican, who, to my mind, has usurped quite enough."

0085m

"Nay, madame; I would place each of these heroes on his right pedestal—that of Robespierre on his scaffold in the Place Louis Quinze; that of Napoleon on the column of the Place Vendôme. The only difference consists in the opposite character of the

equality advocated by these two men; one is the equality that elevates, the other is the equality that degrades; one brings a king within reach of the guillotine, the other elevates the people to a level with the throne. Observe," said Villefort, smiling, "I do not mean to deny that both these men were revolutionary scoundrels, and that the 9th Thermidor and the 4th of April, in the year 1814, were lucky days for France, worthy of being gratefully remembered by every friend to monarchy and civil order; and that explains how it comes to pass that, fallen, as I trust he is forever, Napoleon has still retained a train of parasitical satellites. Still, marquise, it has been so with other usurpers—Cromwell, for instance, who was not half so bad as Napoleon, had his partisans and advocates."

"Do you know, Villefort, that you are talking in a most dreadfully revolutionary strain? But I excuse it, it is impossible to expect the son of a Girondin to be free from a small spice of the old leaven." A deep crimson suffused the countenance of Villefort.

"'Tis true, madame," answered he, "that my father was a Girondin, but he was not among the number of those who voted for the king's death; he was an equal sufferer with yourself during the Reign of Terror, and had well-nigh lost his head on the same scaffold on which your father perished."

"True," replied the marquise, without wincing in the slightest degree at the tragic remembrance thus called up; "but bear in mind, if you please, that our respective parents underwent persecution and proscription from diametrically opposite principles; in proof of which I may remark, that while my family remained among the staunchest adherents of the exiled princes, your father lost no time in joining the new government; and that while the Citizen Noirtier was a Girondin, the Count Noirtier became a senator."

"Dear mother," interposed Renée, "you know very well it was agreed that all these disagreeable reminiscences should forever be laid aside."

"Suffer me, also, madame," replied Villefort, "to add my earnest request to Mademoiselle de Saint-Méran's, that you will kindly allow the veil of oblivion to cover and conceal the past. What avails recrimination over matters wholly past recall? For my own part, I have laid aside even the name of my father, and altogether disown his political principles. He was—nay, probably may still be—a Bonapartist, and is called Noirtier; I, on the contrary, am a staunch royalist, and style myself de Villefort. Let what may remain of revolutionary sap exhaust itself and die away with the old trunk, and condescend only to regard the young shoot which has started up at a distance from the parent tree, without having the power, any more than the wish, to separate entirely from the stock from which it sprung."

"Bravo, Villefort!" cried the marquis; "excellently well said! Come, now, I have hopes of obtaining what I have been for years endeavoring to persuade the marquise to promise; namely, a perfect amnesty and forgetfulness of the past."

"With all my heart," replied the marquise; "let the past be forever forgotten. I promise you it affords _me_ as little pleasure to revive it as it does you. All I ask is, that Villefort will be firm and inflexible for the future in his political principles. Remember, also, Villefort, that we have pledged ourselves to his majesty for your fealty and strict loyalty, and that at our recommendation the king consented to forget the past, as I do" (and here she extended to him her hand)—"as I now do at your entreaty. But bear in mind, that should there fall in your way anyone guilty of conspiring against the government, you will be so much the more bound to visit the offence with rigorous punishment, as it is known you belong to a suspected family."

"Alas, madame," returned Villefort, "my profession, as well as the times in which we live, compels me to be severe. I have already successfully conducted several public prosecutions, and brought the offenders to merited punishment. But we have not done with the thing yet."

0087m

"Do you, indeed, think so?" inquired the marquise.

"I am, at least, fearful of it. Napoleon, in the Island of Elba, is too near France, and his proximity keeps up the hopes of his partisans. Marseilles is filled with half-pay officers, who are daily, under one frivolous pretext or other, getting up quarrels with the royalists; from hence arise continual and fatal duels among the higher classes of persons, and assassinations in the lower."

"You have heard, perhaps," said the Comte de Salvieux, one of M. de Saint-Méran's oldest friends, and chamberlain to the Comte d'Artois, "that the Holy Alliance purpose removing him from thence?"

"Yes; they were talking about it when we left Paris," said M. de Saint-Méran; "and where is it decided to transfer him?"

“To Saint Helena.”

“For heaven’s sake, where is that?” asked the marquise.

“An island situated on the other side of the equator, at least two thousand leagues from here,” replied the count.

“So much the better. As Villefort observes, it is a great act of folly to have left such a man between Corsica, where he was born, and Naples, of which his brother-in-law is king, and face to face with Italy, the sovereignty of which he coveted for his son.”

“Unfortunately,” said Villefort, “there are the treaties of 1814, and we cannot molest Napoleon without breaking those compacts.”

“Oh, well, we shall find some way out of it,” responded M. de Salvieux. “There wasn’t any trouble over treaties when it was a question of shooting the poor Duc d’Enghien.”

“Well,” said the marquise, “it seems probable that, by the aid of the Holy Alliance, we shall be rid of Napoleon; and we must trust to the vigilance of M. de Villefort to purify Marseilles of his partisans. The king is either a king or no king; if he be acknowledged as sovereign of France, he should be upheld in peace and tranquillity; and this can best be effected by employing the most inflexible agents to put down every attempt at conspiracy—’tis the best and surest means of preventing mischief.”

“Unfortunately, madame,” answered Villefort, “the strong arm of the law is not called upon to interfere until the evil has taken place.”

“Then all he has got to do is to endeavor to repair it.”

“Nay, madame, the law is frequently powerless to effect this; all it can do is to avenge the wrong done.”

“Oh, M. de Villefort,” cried a beautiful young creature, daughter to the Comte de Salvieux, and the cherished friend of Mademoiselle de Saint-Méran, “do try and get up some famous trial while we are at Marseilles. I never was in a law-court; I am told it is so very amusing!”

“Amusing, certainly,” replied the young man, “inasmuch as, instead of shedding tears as at the fictitious tale of woe produced at a theatre, you behold in a law-court a case of real and genuine distress—a drama of life. The prisoner whom you there see pale, agitated, and alarmed, instead of—as is the case when a curtain falls on a tragedy—going home to sup peacefully with his family, and then retiring to rest, that he may recommence his mimic woes on the morrow,—is removed from your sight merely to be reconducted to his prison and delivered up to the executioner. I leave you to judge how far your nerves are calculated to bear you through such a scene. Of this, however, be assured, that should any favorable opportunity present itself, I will not fail to offer you the choice of being present.”

“For shame, M. de Villefort!” said Renée, becoming quite pale; “don’t you see how you are frightening us?—and yet you laugh.”

“What would you have? ’Tis like a duel. I have already recorded sentence of death, five or six times, against the movers of political conspiracies, and who can say how many daggers may be ready sharpened, and only waiting a favorable opportunity to be buried in my heart?”

“Gracious heavens, M. de Villefort,” said Renée, becoming more and more terrified; “you surely are not in earnest.”

“Indeed I am,” replied the young magistrate with a smile; “and in the interesting trial that young lady is anxious to witness, the case would only be still more aggravated. Suppose, for instance, the prisoner, as is more than probable, to have served under Napoleon—well, can you expect for an instant, that one accustomed, at the word of his commander, to rush fearlessly on the very bayonets of his foe, will scruple more to drive a stiletto into the heart of one he knows to be his personal enemy, than to slaughter his fellow-creatures, merely because bidden to do so by one he is bound to obey? Besides, one requires the excitement of being hateful in the eyes of the accused, in order to lash one’s self into a state of sufficient vehemence and power. I would not choose to see the man against whom I pleaded smile, as though in mockery of my words. No; my pride is to see the accused pale, agitated, and as though beaten out of all composure by the fire of my eloquence.” Renée uttered a smothered exclamation.

“Bravo!” cried one of the guests; “that is what I call talking to some purpose.”

“Just the person we require at a time like the present,” said a second.

“What a splendid business that last case of yours was, my dear Villefort!” remarked a third; “I mean the trial of the man for murdering his father. Upon my word, you killed him ere the executioner had laid his hand upon him.”

“Oh, as for parricides, and such dreadful people as that,” interposed Renée, “it matters very little what is done to them; but as regards poor unfortunate creatures whose only crime consists in having mixed themselves up in political intrigues——”

“Why, that is the very worst offence they could possibly commit; for, don’t you see, Renée, the king is the father of his people, and he who shall plot or contrive aught against the life and safety of the parent of thirty-two millions of souls, is a parricide upon a fearfully great scale?”

“I don’t know anything about that,” replied Renée; “but, M. de Villefort, you have promised me—have you not?—always to show mercy to those I plead for.”

“Make yourself quite easy on that point,” answered Villefort, with one of his sweetest smiles; “you and I will always consult upon our verdicts.”

“My love,” said the marquise, “attend to your doves, your lap-dogs, and embroidery, but do not meddle with what you do not understand. Nowadays the military profession is in abeyance and the magisterial robe is the badge of honor. There is a wise Latin proverb that is very much in point.”

“_Cedant arma togæ_,” said Villefort with a bow.

“I cannot speak Latin,” responded the marquise.

“Well,” said Renée, “I cannot help regretting you had not chosen some other profession than your own—a physician, for instance. Do you know I always felt a shudder at the idea of even a _destroying_ angel?”

“Dear, good Renée,” whispered Villefort, as he gazed with unutterable tenderness on the lovely speaker.

“Let us hope, my child,” cried the marquis, “that M. de Villefort may prove the moral and political physician of this province; if so, he will have achieved a noble work.”

“And one which will go far to efface the recollection of his father’s conduct,” added the incorrigible marquise.

“Madame,” replied Villefort, with a mournful smile, “I have already had the honor to observe that my father has—at least, I hope so—abjured his past errors, and that he is, at the present moment, a firm and zealous friend to religion and order—a better royalist, possibly, than his son; for he has to atone for past dereliction, while I have no other impulse than warm, decided preference and conviction.” Having made this well-turned speech, Villefort looked carefully around to mark the effect of his oratory, much as he would have done had he been addressing the bench in open court.

“Do you know, my dear Villefort,” cried the Comte de Salvieux, “that is exactly what I myself said the other day at the Tuileries, when questioned by his majesty’s principal chamberlain touching the singularity of an alliance between the son of a Girondin and the daughter of an officer of the Duc de Condé; and I assure you he seemed fully to comprehend that this mode of reconciling political differences was based upon sound and excellent principles. Then the king, who, without our suspecting it, had overheard our conversation, interrupted us by saying, ‘Villefort’—observe that the king did not pronounce the word Noirtier, but, on the contrary, placed considerable emphasis on that of Villefort—‘Villefort,’ said his majesty, ‘is a young man of great judgment and discretion, who will be sure to make a figure in his profession; I like him much, and it gave me great pleasure to hear that he was about to become the son-in-law of the Marquis and Marquise de Saint-Méran. I should myself have recommended the match, had not the noble marquis anticipated my wishes by requesting my consent to it.’”

“Is it possible the king could have condescended so far as to express himself so favorably of me?” asked the enraptured Villefort.

“I give you his very words; and if the marquis chooses to be candid, he will confess that they perfectly agree with what his majesty said to him, when he went six months ago to consult him upon the subject of your espousing his daughter.”

0091m

“That is true,” answered the marquis.

“How much do I owe this gracious prince! What is there I would not do to evince my earnest gratitude!”

“That is right,” cried the marquise. “I love to see you thus. Now, then, were a conspirator to fall into your hands, he would be most welcome.”

“For my part, dear mother,” interposed Renée, “I trust your wishes will not prosper, and that Providence will only permit petty offenders, poor debtors, and miserable cheats to fall into M. de Villefort’s hands,—then I shall be contented.”

“Just the same as though you prayed that a physician might only be called upon to prescribe for headaches, measles, and the stings of wasps, or any other slight affection of the epidermis. If you wish to see me the king’s attorney, you must desire for me some of those violent and dangerous diseases from the cure of which so much honor redounds to the physician.”

At this moment, and as though the utterance of Villefort’s wish had sufficed to effect its accomplishment, a servant entered the room, and whispered a few words in his ear. Villefort immediately rose from table and quitted the room upon the plea of urgent business; he soon, however, returned, his whole face beaming with delight. Renée regarded him with fond affection; and certainly his handsome features, lit up as they then were with more than usual fire and animation, seemed formed to excite the innocent admiration with which she gazed on her graceful and intelligent lover.

“You were wishing just now,” said Villefort, addressing her, “that I were a doctor instead of a lawyer. Well, I at least resemble the disciples of Esculapius in one thing [people spoke in this style in 1815], that of not being able to call a day my own, not even that of my betrothal.”

“And wherefore were you called away just now?” asked Mademoiselle de Saint-Méran, with an air of deep interest.

“For a very serious matter, which bids fair to make work for the executioner.”

“How dreadful!” exclaimed Renée, turning pale.

“Is it possible?” burst simultaneously from all who were near enough to the magistrate to hear his words.

“Why, if my information prove correct, a sort of Bonapartist conspiracy has just been discovered.”

“Can I believe my ears?” cried the marquise.

“I will read you the letter containing the accusation, at least,” said Villefort:

“‘The king’s attorney is informed by a friend to the throne and the religious institutions of his country, that one named Edmond Dantès, mate of the ship _Pharaon_, this day arrived from Smyrna, after having touched at Naples and Porto-Ferrajo, has been the bearer of a letter from Murat to the usurper, and again taken charge of another letter from the usurper to the Bonapartist club in Paris. Ample corroboration of this statement may be obtained by arresting the above-mentioned Edmond Dantès, who either carries the letter for Paris about with him, or has it at his father’s abode. Should it not be found in the possession of father or son, then it will assuredly be discovered in the cabin belonging to the said Dantès on board the _Pharaon_.’”

“But,” said Renée, “this letter, which, after all, is but an anonymous scrawl, is not even addressed to you, but to the king’s attorney.”

0093m

“True; but that gentleman being absent, his secretary, by his orders, opened his letters; thinking this one of importance, he sent for me, but not finding me, took upon himself to give the necessary orders for arresting the accused party.”

“Then the guilty person is absolutely in custody?” said the marquise.

“Nay, dear mother, say the accused person. You know we cannot yet pronounce him guilty.”

“He is in safe custody,” answered Villefort; “and rely upon it, if the letter is found, he will not be likely to be trusted abroad again, unless he goes forth under the especial protection of the headsman.”

“And where is the unfortunate being?” asked Renée.

“He is at my house.”

“Come, come, my friend,” interrupted the marquise, “do not neglect your duty to linger with us. You are the king’s servant, and must go wherever that service calls you.”

“Oh, Villefort!” cried Renée, clasping her hands, and looking towards her lover with piteous earnestness, “be merciful on this the day of our betrothal.”

The young man passed round to the side of the table where the fair pleader sat, and leaning over her chair said tenderly:

“To give you pleasure, my sweet Renée, I promise to show all the lenity in my power; but if the charges brought against this Bonapartist hero prove correct, why, then, you really must give me leave to order his head to be cut off.”

Renée shuddered at the word _cut_, for the growth in question had a head.

“Never mind that foolish girl, Villefort,” said the marquise. “She will soon get over these things.” So saying, Madame de Saint-Méran extended her dry bony hand to Villefort, who, while imprinting a son-in-law’s respectful salute on it, looked at Renée, as much as to say, “I must try and fancy ’tis your dear hand I kiss, as it should have been.”

“These are mournful auspices to accompany a betrothal,” sighed poor Renée.

“Upon my word, child!” exclaimed the angry marquise, “your folly exceeds all bounds. I should be glad to know what connection there can possibly be between your sickly sentimentality and the affairs of the state!”

“Oh, mother!” murmured Renée.

“Nay, madame, I pray you pardon this little traitor. I promise you that to make up for her want of loyalty, I will be most inflexibly severe;” then casting an expressive glance at his betrothed, which seemed to say, “Fear not, for your dear sake my justice shall be tempered with mercy,” and receiving a sweet and approving smile in return, Villefort departed with paradise in his heart.

Chapter 7. The Examination

No sooner had Villefort left the salon, than he assumed the grave air of a man who holds the balance of life and death in his hands. Now, in spite of the nobility of his countenance, the command of which, like a finished actor, he had carefully studied before the glass, it was by no means easy for him to assume an air of judicial severity. Except the recollection of the line of politics his father had adopted, and which might interfere, unless he acted with the greatest prudence, with his own career, Gérard de Villefort was as happy as a man could be. Already rich, he held a high official situation, though only twenty-seven. He was about to marry a young and charming woman, whom he loved, not passionately, but reasonably, as became a deputy attorney of the king; and besides her personal attractions, which were very great, Mademoiselle de Saint-Méran’s family possessed considerable political influence, which they would, of course, exert in his favor. The dowry of his wife amounted to fifty thousand crowns, and he had, besides, the prospect of seeing her fortune increased to half a million at her father’s death. These considerations naturally gave Villefort a feeling of such complete felicity that his mind was fairly dazzled in its contemplation.

At the door he met the commissary of police, who was waiting for him. The sight of this officer recalled Villefort from the third heaven to earth; he composed his face, as we have before described, and said, “I have read the letter, sir, and you have acted rightly in arresting this man; now inform me what you have discovered concerning him and the conspiracy.”

“We know nothing as yet of the conspiracy, monsieur; all the papers found have been sealed up and placed on your desk. The prisoner himself is named Edmond Dantès, mate on board the three-master the _Pharaon_, trading in cotton with Alexandria and Smyrna, and belonging to Morrel & Son, of Marseilles.”

“Before he entered the merchant service, had he ever served in the marines?”

“Oh, no, monsieur, he is very young.”

“How old?”

“Nineteen or twenty at the most.”

At this moment, and as Villefort had arrived at the corner of the Rue des Conseils, a man, who seemed to have been waiting for him, approached; it was M. Morrel.

“Ah, M. de Villefort,” cried he, “I am delighted to see you. Some of your people have committed the strangest mistake—they have just arrested Edmond Dantès, mate of my vessel.”

“I know it, monsieur,” replied Villefort, “and I am now going to examine him.”

“Oh,” said Morrel, carried away by his friendship, “you do not know him, and I do. He is the most estimable, the most trustworthy creature in the world, and I will venture to say, there is not a better seaman in all the merchant service. Oh, M. de Villefort, I beseech your indulgence for him.”

Villefort, as we have seen, belonged to the aristocratic party at Marseilles, Morrel to the plebeian; the first was a royalist, the other suspected of Bonapartism. Villefort looked disdainfully at Morrel, and replied coldly:

“You are aware, monsieur, that a man may be estimable and trustworthy in private life, and the best seaman in the merchant service, and yet be, politically speaking, a great criminal. Is it not true?”

The magistrate laid emphasis on these words, as if he wished to apply them to the owner himself, while his eyes seemed to plunge into the heart of one who, interceding for another, had himself need of indulgence. Morrel reddened, for his own conscience was not quite clear on politics; besides, what Dantès had told him of his interview with the grand-marshal, and what the emperor had said to him, embarrassed him. He replied, however, in a tone of deep interest:

“I entreat you, M. de Villefort, be, as you always are, kind and equitable, and give him back to us soon.” This _give us_ sounded revolutionary in the deputy’s ears.

“Ah, ah,” murmured he, “is Dantès then a member of some Carbonari society, that his protector thus employs the collective form? He was, if I recollect, arrested in a tavern, in company with a great many others.” Then he added, “Monsieur, you may rest assured I shall perform my duty impartially, and that if he be innocent you shall not have appealed to me in vain; should he, however, be guilty, in this present epoch, impunity would furnish a dangerous example, and I must do my duty.”

0097m

As he had now arrived at the door of his own house, which adjoined the Palais de Justice, he entered, after having, coldly saluted the shipowner, who stood, as if petrified, on the spot where Villefort had left him. The antechamber was full of police agents and gendarmes, in the midst of whom, carefully watched, but calm and smiling, stood the prisoner. Villefort traversed the antechamber, cast a side glance at Dantès, and taking a packet which a gendarme offered him, disappeared, saying, “Bring in the prisoner.”

Rapid as had been Villefort’s glance, it had served to give him an idea of the man he was about to interrogate. He had recognized intelligence in the high forehead, courage in the dark eye and bent brow, and frankness in the thick lips that showed a set of pearly teeth. Villefort’s first impression was favorable; but he had been so often warned to mistrust first impulses, that he applied the maxim to the impression, forgetting the difference between the two words. He stifled, therefore, the feelings of compassion that were rising, composed his features, and sat down, grim and sombre, at his desk. An instant after Dantès entered. He was pale, but calm and collected, and saluting his judge with easy politeness, looked round for a seat, as if he had been in M. Morrel’s salon. It was then that he encountered for the first time Villefort’s look,—that look peculiar to the magistrate, who, while seeming to read the thoughts of others, betrays nothing of his own.

“Who and what are you?” demanded Villefort, turning over a pile of papers, containing information relative to the prisoner, that a police agent had given to him on his entry, and that, already, in an hour’s time, had swelled to voluminous proportions, thanks to the corrupt espionage of which “the accused” is always made the victim.

“My name is Edmond Dantès,” replied the young man calmly; “I am mate of the _Pharaon_, belonging to Messrs. Morrel & Son.”

“Your age?” continued Villefort.

“Nineteen,” returned Dantès.

“What were you doing at the moment you were arrested?”

“I was at the festival of my marriage, monsieur,” said the young man, his voice slightly tremulous, so great was the contrast between that happy moment and the painful ceremony he was now undergoing; so great was the contrast between the sombre

aspect of M. de Villefort and the radiant face of Mercédès.

“You were at the festival of your marriage?” said the deputy, shuddering in spite of himself.

“Yes, monsieur; I am on the point of marrying a young girl I have been attached to for three years.” Villefort, impassive as he was, was struck with this coincidence; and the tremulous voice of Dantès, surprised in the midst of his happiness, struck a sympathetic chord in his own bosom—he also was on the point of being married, and he was summoned from his own happiness to destroy that of another. “This philosophic reflection,” thought he, “will make a great sensation at M. de Saint-Méran’s;” and he arranged mentally, while Dantès awaited further questions, the antithesis by which orators often create a reputation for eloquence. When this speech was arranged, Villefort turned to Dantès.

0099m

“Go on, sir,” said he.

“What would you have me say?”

“Give all the information in your power.”

“Tell me on which point you desire information, and I will tell all I know; only,” added he, with a smile, “I warn you I know very little.”

“Have you served under the usurper?”

“I was about to be mustered into the Royal Marines when he fell.”

“It is reported your political opinions are extreme,” said Villefort, who had never heard anything of the kind, but was not sorry to make this inquiry, as if it were an accusation.

“My political opinions!” replied Dantès. “Alas, sir, I never had any opinions. I am hardly nineteen; I know nothing; I have no part to play. If I obtain the situation I desire, I shall owe it to M. Morrel. Thus all my opinions—I will not say public, but private—are confined to these three sentiments,—I love my father, I respect M. Morrel, and I adore Mercédès. This, sir, is all I can tell you, and you see how uninteresting it is.” As Dantès spoke, Villefort gazed at his ingenuous and open countenance, and recollected the words of Renée, who, without knowing who the culprit was, had besought his indulgence for him. With the deputy’s knowledge of crime and criminals, every word the young man uttered convinced him more and more of his innocence. This lad, for he was scarcely a man,—simple, natural, eloquent with that eloquence of the heart never found when sought for; full of affection for everybody, because he was happy, and because happiness renders even the wicked good—extended his affection even to his judge, spite of Villefort’s severe look and stern accent. Dantès seemed full of kindness.

“Pardieu!” said Villefort, “he is a noble fellow. I hope I shall gain Renée’s favor easily by obeying the first command she ever imposed on me. I shall have at least a pressure of the hand in public, and a sweet kiss in private.” Full of this idea, Villefort’s face became so joyous, that when he turned to Dantès, the latter, who had watched the change on his physiognomy, was smiling also.

“Sir,” said Villefort, “have you any enemies, at least, that you know.”

“I have enemies?” replied Dantès; “my position is not sufficiently elevated for that. As for my disposition, that is, perhaps, somewhat too hasty; but I have striven to repress it. I have had ten or twelve sailors under me, and if you question them, they will tell you that they love and respect me, not as a father, for I am too young, but as an elder brother.”

“But you may have excited jealousy. You are about to become captain at nineteen—an elevated post; you are about to marry a pretty girl, who loves you; and these two pieces of good fortune may have excited the envy of someone.”

“You are right; you know men better than I do, and what you say may possibly be the case, I confess; but if such persons are among my acquaintances I prefer not to know it, because then I should be forced to hate them.”

“You are wrong; you should always strive to see clearly around you. You seem a worthy young man; I will depart from the strict line of my duty to aid you in discovering the author of this accusation. Here is the paper; do you know the writing?” As he spoke, Villefort drew the letter from his pocket, and presented it to Dantès. Dantès read it. A cloud passed over his brow as he said:

“No, monsieur, I do not know the writing, and yet it is tolerably plain. Whoever did it writes well. I am very fortunate,” added he, looking gratefully at Villefort, “to be examined by such a man as you; for this envious person is a real enemy.” And by the rapid glance that the young man’s eyes shot forth, Villefort saw how much energy lay hid beneath this mildness.

“Now,” said the deputy, “answer me frankly, not as a prisoner to a judge, but as one man to another who takes an interest in him, what truth is there in the accusation contained in this anonymous letter?” And Villefort threw disdainfully on his desk the letter Dantès had just given back to him.

“None at all. I will tell you the real facts. I swear by my honor as a sailor, by my love for Mercédès, by the life of my father——”

“Speak, monsieur,” said Villefort. Then, internally, “If Renée could see me, I hope she would be satisfied, and would no longer call me a decapitator.”

“Well, when we quitted Naples, Captain Leclere was attacked with a brain fever. As we had no doctor on board, and he was so anxious to arrive at Elba, that he would not touch at any other port, his disorder rose to such a height, that at the end of the third day, feeling he was dying, he called me to him. ‘My dear Dantès,’ said he, ‘swear to perform what I am going to tell you, for it is a matter of the deepest importance.’

“‘I swear, captain,’ replied I.

“‘Well, as after my death the command devolves on you as mate, assume the command, and bear up for the Island of Elba, disembark at Porto-Ferrajo, ask for the grand-marshal, give him this letter—perhaps they will give you another letter, and charge you with a commission. You will accomplish what I was to have done, and derive all the honor and profit from it.’

“‘I will do it, captain; but perhaps I shall not be admitted to the grand-marshal’s presence as easily as you expect?’

“‘Here is a ring that will obtain audience of him, and remove every difficulty,’ said the captain. At these words he gave me a ring. It was time—two hours after he was delirious; the next day he died.”

“And what did you do then?”

“What I ought to have done, and what everyone would have done in my place. Everywhere the last requests of a dying man are sacred; but with a sailor the last requests of his superior are commands. I sailed for the Island of Elba, where I arrived the next day; I ordered everybody to remain on board, and went on shore alone. As I had expected, I found some difficulty in obtaining access to the grand-marshal; but I sent the ring I had received from the captain to him, and was instantly admitted. He questioned me concerning Captain Leclere’s death; and, as the latter had told me, gave me a letter to carry on to a person in Paris. I undertook it because it was what my captain had bade me do. I landed here, regulated the affairs of the vessel, and hastened to visit my affianced bride, whom I found more lovely than ever. Thanks to M. Morrel, all the forms were got over; in a word I was, as I told you, at my marriage feast; and I should have been married in an hour, and tomorrow I intended to start for Paris, had I not been arrested on this charge which you as well as I now see to be unjust.”

“Ah,” said Villefort, “this seems to me the truth. If you have been culpable, it was imprudence, and this imprudence was in obedience to the orders of your captain. Give up this letter you have brought from Elba, and pass your word you will appear should you be required, and go and rejoin your friends.

“I am free, then, sir?” cried Dantès joyfully.

“Yes; but first give me this letter.”

“You have it already, for it was taken from me with some others which I see in that packet.”

“Stop a moment,” said the deputy, as Dantès took his hat and gloves. “To whom is it addressed?”

“To Monsieur Noirtier, Rue Coq-Héron, Paris.” Had a thunderbolt fallen into the room, Villefort could not have been more stupefied. He sank into his seat, and hastily turning over the packet, drew forth the fatal letter, at which he glanced with an expression of terror.

“M. Noirtier, Rue Coq-Héron, No. 13,” murmured he, growing still paler.

“Yes,” said Dantès; “do you know him?”

“No,” replied Villefort; “a faithful servant of the king does not know conspirators.”

0103m

“It is a conspiracy, then?” asked Dantès, who after believing himself free, now began to feel a tenfold alarm. “I have, however, already told you, sir, I was entirely ignorant of the contents of the letter.”

“Yes; but you knew the name of the person to whom it was addressed,” said Villefort.

“I was forced to read the address to know to whom to give it.”

“Have you shown this letter to anyone?” asked Villefort, becoming still more pale.

“To no one, on my honor.”

“Everybody is ignorant that you are the bearer of a letter from the Island of Elba, and addressed to M. Noirtier?”

“Everybody, except the person who gave it to me.”

“And that was too much, far too much,” murmured Villefort. Villefort’s brow darkened more and more, his white lips and clenched teeth filled Dantès with apprehension. After reading the letter, Villefort covered his face with his hands.

“Oh,” said Dantès timidly, “what is the matter?” Villefort made no answer, but raised his head at the expiration of a few seconds, and again perused the letter.

“And you say that you are ignorant of the contents of this letter?”

“I give you my word of honor, sir,” said Dantès; “but what is the matter? You are ill—shall I ring for assistance?—shall I call?”

“No,” said Villefort, rising hastily; “stay where you are. It is for me to give orders here, and not you.”

“Monsieur,” replied Dantès proudly, “it was only to summon assistance for you.”

“I want none; it was a temporary indisposition. Attend to yourself; answer me.” Dantès waited, expecting a question, but in vain. Villefort fell back on his chair, passed his hand over his brow, moist with perspiration, and, for the third time, read the letter.

“Oh, if he knows the contents of this!” murmured he, “and that Noirtier is the father of Villefort, I am lost!” And he fixed his eyes upon Edmond as if he would have penetrated his thoughts.

“Oh, it is impossible to doubt it,” cried he, suddenly.

“In heaven’s name!” cried the unhappy young man, “if you doubt me, question me; I will answer you.” Villefort made a violent effort, and in a tone he strove to render firm:

“Sir,” said he, “I am no longer able, as I had hoped, to restore you immediately to liberty; before doing so, I must consult the trial justice; what my own feeling is you already know.”

“Oh, monsieur,” cried Dantès, “you have been rather a friend than a judge.”

0105m

“Well, I must detain you some time longer, but I will strive to make it as short as possible. The principal charge against you is this letter, and you see——” Villefort approached the fire, cast it in, and waited until it was entirely consumed.

“You see, I destroy it?”

“Oh,” exclaimed Dantès, “you are goodness itself.”

“Listen,” continued Villefort; “you can now have confidence in me after what I have done.”

“Oh, command, and I will obey.”

“Listen; this is not a command, but advice I give you.”

“Speak, and I will follow your advice.”

“I shall detain you until this evening in the Palais de Justice. Should anyone else interrogate you, say to him what you have said to me, but do not breathe a word of this letter.”

“I promise.” It was Villefort who seemed to entreat, and the prisoner who reassured him.

“You see,” continued he, glancing toward the grate, where fragments of burnt paper fluttered in the flames, “the letter is destroyed; you and I alone know of its existence; should you, therefore, be questioned, deny all knowledge of it—deny it boldly, and you are saved.”

“Be satisfied; I will deny it.”

“It was the only letter you had?”

“It was.”

“Swear it.”

“I swear it.”

Villefort rang. A police agent entered. Villefort whispered some words in his ear, to which the officer replied by a motion of his head.

“Follow him,” said Villefort to Dantès. Dantès saluted Villefort and retired. Hardly had the door closed when Villefort threw himself half-fainting into a chair.

“Alas, alas,” murmured he, “if the procureur himself had been at Marseilles I should have been ruined. This accursed letter would have destroyed all my hopes. Oh, my father, must your past career always interfere with my successes?” Suddenly a light passed over his face, a smile played round his set mouth, and his haggard eyes were fixed in thought.

“This will do,” said he, “and from this letter, which might have ruined me, I will make my fortune. Now to the work I have in hand.” And after having assured himself that the prisoner was gone, the deputy procureur hastened to the house of his betrothed.

0107m

Chapter 8. The Château d’If

The commissary of police, as he traversed the antechamber, made a sign to two gendarmes, who placed themselves one on Dantès’ right and the other on his left. A door that communicated with the Palais de Justice was opened, and they went through a long range of gloomy corridors, whose appearance might have made even the boldest shudder. The Palais de Justice communicated with the prison,—a sombre edifice, that from its grated windows looks on the clock-tower of the Accoules. After numberless windings, Dantès saw a door with an iron wicket. The commissary took up an iron mallet and knocked thrice, every blow seeming to Dantès as if struck on his heart. The door opened, the two gendarmes gently pushed him forward, and the door closed with a loud sound behind him. The air he inhaled was no longer pure, but thick and mephitic,—he was in prison.

He was conducted to a tolerably neat chamber, but grated and barred, and its appearance, therefore, did not greatly alarm him; besides, the words of Villefort, who seemed to interest himself so much, resounded still in his ears like a promise of freedom. It was four o’clock when Dantès was placed in this chamber. It was, as we have said, the 1st of March, and the prisoner was soon buried in darkness. The obscurity augmented the acuteness of his hearing; at the slightest sound he rose and hastened to the door, convinced they were about to liberate him, but the sound died away, and Dantès sank again into his seat. At last, about ten o’clock, and just as Dantès began to despair, steps were heard in the corridor, a key turned in the lock, the bolts creaked, the massy oaken door flew open, and a flood of light from two torches pervaded the apartment.

By the torchlight Dantès saw the glittering sabres and carbines of four gendarmes. He had advanced at first, but stopped at the sight of this display of force.

“Are you come to fetch me?” asked he.

“Yes,” replied a gendarme.

“By the orders of the deputy procureur?”

“I believe so.” The conviction that they came from M. de Villefort relieved all Dantès’ apprehensions; he advanced calmly, and placed himself in the centre of the escort. A carriage waited at the door, the coachman was on the box, and a police officer sat beside him.

“Is this carriage for me?” said Dantès.

“It is for you,” replied a gendarme.

Dantès was about to speak; but feeling himself urged forward, and having neither the power nor the intention to resist, he mounted the steps, and was in an instant seated inside between two gendarmes; the two others took their places opposite, and the carriage rolled heavily over the stones.

The prisoner glanced at the windows—they were grated; he had changed his prison for another that was conveying him he knew not whither. Through the grating, however, Dantès saw they were passing through the Rue Caisserie, and by the Rue Saint-Laurent and the Rue Taramis, to the quay. Soon he saw the lights of La Consigne.

The carriage stopped, the officer descended, approached the guardhouse, a dozen soldiers came out and formed themselves in order; Dantès saw the reflection of their muskets by the light of the lamps on the quay.

“Can all this force be summoned on my account?” thought he.

The officer opened the door, which was locked, and, without speaking a word, answered Dantès’ question; for he saw between the ranks of the soldiers a passage formed from the carriage to the port. The two gendarmes who were opposite to him descended first, then he was ordered to alight and the gendarmes on each side of him followed his example. They advanced towards a boat, which a custom-house officer held by a chain, near the quay.

The soldiers looked at Dantès with an air of stupid curiosity. In an instant he was placed in the stern-sheets of the boat, between the gendarmes, while the officer stationed himself at the bow; a shove sent the boat adrift, and four sturdy oarsmen impelled it rapidly towards the Pilon. At a shout from the boat, the chain that closes the mouth of the port was lowered and in a second they were, as Dantès knew, in the Frioul and outside the inner harbor.

The prisoner’s first feeling was of joy at again breathing the pure air—for air is freedom; but he soon sighed, for he passed before La Réserve, where he had that morning been so happy, and now through the open windows came the laughter and revelry of a ball. Dantès folded his hands, raised his eyes to heaven, and prayed fervently.

0111m

The boat continued her voyage. They had passed the Tête de Mort, were now off the Anse du Pharo, and about to double the battery. This manœuvre was incomprehensible to Dantès.

“Whither are you taking me?” asked he.

“You will soon know.”

“But still——”

“We are forbidden to give you any explanation.” Dantès, trained in discipline, knew that nothing would be more absurd than to question subordinates, who were forbidden to reply; and so he remained silent.

The most vague and wild thoughts passed through his mind. The boat they were in could not make a long voyage; there was no vessel at anchor outside the harbor; he thought, perhaps, they were going to leave him on some distant point. He was not bound, nor had they made any attempt to handcuff him; this seemed a good augury. Besides, had not the deputy, who had been so kind to him, told him that provided he did not pronounce the dreaded name of Noirtier, he had nothing to apprehend? Had not Villefort in his presence destroyed the fatal letter, the only proof against him?

He waited silently, striving to pierce through the darkness.

They had left the Ile Ratonneau, where the lighthouse stood, on the right, and were now opposite the Point des Catalans. It seemed to the prisoner that he could distinguish a feminine form on the beach, for it was there Mercédès dwelt. How was it that a presentiment did not warn Mercédès that her lover was within three hundred yards of her?

One light alone was visible; and Dantès saw that it came from Mercédès' chamber. Mercédès was the only one awake in the whole settlement. A loud cry could be heard by her. But pride restrained him and he did not utter it. What would his guards think if they heard him shout like a madman?

He remained silent, his eyes fixed upon the light; the boat went on, but the prisoner thought only of Mercédès. An intervening elevation of land hid the light. Dantès turned and perceived that they had got out to sea. While he had been absorbed in thought, they had shipped their oars and hoisted sail; the boat was now moving with the wind.

In spite of his repugnance to address the guards, Dantès turned to the nearest gendarme, and taking his hand,

"Comrade," said he, "I adjure you, as a Christian and a soldier, to tell me where we are going. I am Captain Dantès, a loyal Frenchman, thought accused of treason; tell me where you are conducting me, and I promise you on my honor I will submit to my fate."

The gendarme looked irresolutely at his companion, who returned for answer a sign that said, "I see no great harm in telling him now," and the gendarme replied:

"You are a native of Marseilles, and a sailor, and yet you do not know where you are going?"

"On my honor, I have no idea."

"Have you no idea whatever?"

"None at all."

"That is impossible."

"I swear to you it is true. Tell me, I entreat."

"But my orders."

"Your orders do not forbid your telling me what I must know in ten minutes, in half an hour, or an hour. You see I cannot escape, even if I intended."

"Unless you are blind, or have never been outside the harbor, you must know."

"I do not."

"Look round you then." Dantès rose and looked forward, when he saw rise within a hundred yards of him the black and frowning rock on which stands the Château d'If. This gloomy fortress, which has for more than three hundred years furnished food for so many wild legends, seemed to Dantès like a scaffold to a malefactor.

"The Château d'If?" cried he, "what are we going there for?"

The gendarme smiled.

"I am not going there to be imprisoned," said Dantès; "it is only used for political prisoners. I have committed no crime. Are there any magistrates or judges at the Château d'If?"

"There are only," said the gendarme, "a governor, a garrison, turnkeys, and good thick walls. Come, come, do not look so astonished, or you will make me think you are laughing at me in return for my good nature."

Dantès pressed the gendarme's hand as though he would crush it.

"You think, then," said he, "that I am taken to the Château d'If to be imprisoned there?"

"It is probable; but there is no occasion to squeeze so hard."

“Without any inquiry, without any formality?”

“All the formalities have been gone through; the inquiry is already made.”

“And so, in spite of M. de Villefort’s promises?”

“I do not know what M. de Villefort promised you,” said the gendarme, “but I know we are taking you to the Château d’If. But what are you doing? Help, comrades, help!”

By a rapid movement, which the gendarme’s practiced eye had perceived, Dantès sprang forward to precipitate himself into the sea; but four vigorous arms seized him as his feet quitted the bottom of the boat. He fell back cursing with rage.

“Good!” said the gendarme, placing his knee on his chest; “this is the way you keep your word as a sailor! Believe soft-spoken gentlemen again! Hark ye, my friend, I have disobeyed my first order, but I will not disobey the second; and if you move, I will blow your brains out.” And he levelled his carbine at Dantès, who felt the muzzle against his temple.

For a moment the idea of struggling crossed his mind, and of so ending the unexpected evil that had overtaken him. But he bethought him of M. de Villefort’s promise; and, besides, death in a boat from the hand of a gendarme seemed too terrible. He remained motionless, but gnashing his teeth and wringing his hands with fury.

At this moment the boat came to a landing with a violent shock. One of the sailors leaped on shore, a cord creaked as it ran through a pulley, and Dantès guessed they were at the end of the voyage, and that they were mooring the boat.

His guards, taking him by the arms and coat-collar, forced him to rise, and dragged him towards the steps that lead to the gate of the fortress, while the police officer carrying a musket with fixed bayonet followed behind.

Dantès made no resistance; he was like a man in a dream; he saw soldiers drawn up on the embankment; he knew vaguely that he was ascending a flight of steps; he was conscious that he passed through a door, and that the door closed behind him; but all this indistinctly as through a mist. He did not even see the ocean, that terrible barrier against freedom, which the prisoners look upon with utter despair.

They halted for a minute, during which he strove to collect his thoughts. He looked around; he was in a court surrounded by high walls; he heard the measured tread of sentinels, and as they passed before the light he saw the barrels of their muskets shine.

They waited upwards of ten minutes. Certain Dantès could not escape, the gendarmes released him. They seemed awaiting orders. The orders came.

“Where is the prisoner?” said a voice.

“Here,” replied the gendarmes.

“Let him follow me; I will take him to his cell.”

“Go!” said the gendarmes, thrusting Dantès forward.

The prisoner followed his guide, who led him into a room almost under ground, whose bare and reeking walls seemed as though impregnated with tears; a lamp placed on a stool illumined the apartment faintly, and showed Dantès the features of his conductor, an under-jailer, ill-clothed, and of sullen appearance.

0113m

“Here is your chamber for tonight,” said he. “It is late, and the governor is asleep. Tomorrow, perhaps, he may change you. In the meantime there is bread, water, and fresh straw; and that is all a prisoner can wish for. Goodnight.” And before Dantès could open his mouth—before he had noticed where the jailer placed his bread or the water—before he had glanced towards the corner where the straw was, the jailer disappeared, taking with him the lamp and closing the door, leaving stamped upon the prisoner’s mind the dim reflection of the dripping walls of his dungeon.

Dantès was alone in darkness and in silence—cold as the shadows that he felt breathe on his burning forehead. With the first dawn of day the jailer returned, with orders to leave Dantès where he was. He found the prisoner in the same position, as if fixed there, his eyes swollen with weeping. He had passed the night standing, and without sleep. The jailer advanced; Dantès appeared not to

perceive him. He touched him on the shoulder. Edmond started.

“Have you not slept?” said the jailer.

“I do not know,” replied Dantès. The jailer stared.

“Are you hungry?” continued he.

“I do not know.”

“Do you wish for anything?”

“I wish to see the governor.”

The jailer shrugged his shoulders and left the chamber.

Dantès followed him with his eyes, and stretched forth his hands towards the open door; but the door closed. All his emotion then burst forth; he cast himself on the ground, weeping bitterly, and asking himself what crime he had committed that he was thus punished.

The day passed thus; he scarcely tasted food, but walked round and round the cell like a wild beast in its cage. One thought in particular tormented him: namely, that during his journey hither he had sat so still, whereas he might, a dozen times, have plunged into the sea, and, thanks to his powers of swimming, for which he was famous, have gained the shore, concealed himself until the arrival of a Genoese or Spanish vessel, escaped to Spain or Italy, where Mercédès and his father could have joined him. He had no fears as to how he should live—good seamen are welcome everywhere. He spoke Italian like a Tuscan, and Spanish like a Castilian; he would have been free, and happy with Mercédès and his father, whereas he was now confined in the Château d’If, that impregnable fortress, ignorant of the future destiny of his father and Mercédès; and all this because he had trusted to Villefort’s promise. The thought was maddening, and Dantès threw himself furiously down on his straw. The next morning at the same hour, the jailer came again.

“Well,” said the jailer, “are you more reasonable today?” Dantès made no reply.

“Come, cheer up; is there anything that I can do for you?”

“I wish to see the governor.”

“I have already told you it was impossible.”

“Why so?”

“Because it is against prison rules, and prisoners must not even ask for it.”

“What is allowed, then?”

“Better fare, if you pay for it, books, and leave to walk about.”

“I do not want books, I am satisfied with my food, and do not care to walk about; but I wish to see the governor.”

“If you worry me by repeating the same thing, I will not bring you any more to eat.”

“Well, then,” said Edmond, “if you do not, I shall die of hunger—that is all.”

The jailer saw by his tone he would be happy to die; and as every prisoner is worth ten sous a day to his jailer, he replied in a more subdued tone.

“What you ask is impossible; but if you are very well behaved you will be allowed to walk about, and some day you will meet the governor, and if he chooses to reply, that is his affair.”

“But,” asked Dantès, “how long shall I have to wait?”

“Ah, a month—six months—a year.”

“It is too long a time. I wish to see him at once.”

“Ah,” said the jailer, “do not always brood over what is impossible, or you will be mad in a fortnight.”

“You think so?”

“Yes; we have an instance here; it was by always offering a million of francs to the governor for his liberty that an abbé became mad, who was in this chamber before you.”

0119m

“How long has he left it?”

“Two years.”

“Was he liberated, then?”

“No; he was put in a dungeon.”

“Listen!” said Dantès. “I am not an abbé, I am not mad; perhaps I shall be, but at present, unfortunately, I am not. I will make you another offer.”

“What is that?”

“I do not offer you a million, because I have it not; but I will give you a hundred crowns if, the first time you go to Marseilles, you will seek out a young girl named Mercédès, at the Catalans, and give her two lines from me.”

0120m

“If I took them, and were detected, I should lose my place, which is worth two thousand francs a year; so that I should be a great fool to run such a risk for three hundred.”

“Well,” said Dantès, “mark this; if you refuse at least to tell Mercédès I am here, I will some day hide myself behind the door, and when you enter I will dash out your brains with this stool.”

“Threats!” cried the jailer, retreating and putting himself on the defensive; “you are certainly going mad. The abbé began like you, and in three days you will be like him, mad enough to tie up; but, fortunately, there are dungeons here.”

Dantès whirled the stool round his head.

“All right, all right,” said the jailer; “all right, since you will have it so. I will send word to the governor.”

“Very well,” returned Dantès, dropping the stool and sitting on it as if he were in reality mad. The jailer went out, and returned in an instant with a corporal and four soldiers.

“By the governor’s orders,” said he, “conduct the prisoner to the tier beneath.”

“To the dungeon, then,” said the corporal.

“Yes; we must put the madman with the madmen.” The soldiers seized Dantès, who followed passively.

He descended fifteen steps, and the door of a dungeon was opened, and he was thrust in. The door closed, and Dantès advanced with outstretched hands until he touched the wall; he then sat down in the corner until his eyes became accustomed to the darkness. The jailer was right; Dantès wanted but little of being utterly mad.

Chapter 9. The Evening of the Betrothal

Villefort had, as we have said, hastened back to Madame de Saint-Méran’s in the Place du Grand Cours, and on entering the house found that the guests whom he had left at table were taking coffee in the salon. Renée was, with all the rest of the company, anxiously awaiting him, and his entrance was followed by a general exclamation.

“Well, Decapitator, Guardian of the State, Royalist, Brutus, what is the matter?” said one. “Speak out.”

“Are we threatened with a fresh Reign of Terror?” asked another.

“Has the Corsican ogre broken loose?” cried a third.

“Marquise,” said Villefort, approaching his future mother-in-law, “I request your pardon for thus leaving you. Will the marquis honor me by a few moments’ private conversation?”

“Ah, it is really a serious matter, then?” asked the marquis, remarking the cloud on Villefort’s brow.

“So serious that I must take leave of you for a few days; so,” added he, turning to Renée, “judge for yourself if it be not important.”

“You are going to leave us?” cried Renée, unable to hide her emotion at this unexpected announcement.

“Alas,” returned Villefort, “I must!”

“Where, then, are you going?” asked the marquise.

“That, madame, is an official secret; but if you have any commissions for Paris, a friend of mine is going there tonight, and will with pleasure undertake them.” The guests looked at each other.

“You wish to speak to me alone?” said the marquis.

“Yes, let us go to the library, please.” The marquis took his arm, and they left the salon.

“Well,” asked he, as soon as they were by themselves, “tell me what it is?”

“An affair of the greatest importance, that demands my immediate presence in Paris. Now, excuse the indiscretion, marquis, but have you any landed property?”

“All my fortune is in the funds; seven or eight hundred thousand francs.”

“Then sell out—sell out, marquis, or you will lose it all.”

0123m

“But how can I sell out here?”

“You have a broker, have you not?”

“Yes.”

“Then give me a letter to him, and tell him to sell out without an instant’s delay, perhaps even now I shall arrive too late.”

“The deuce you say!” replied the marquis, “let us lose no time, then!”

And, sitting down, he wrote a letter to his broker, ordering him to sell out at the market price.

“Now, then,” said Villefort, placing the letter in his pocketbook, “I must have another!”

“To whom?”

“To the king.”

“To the king?”

“Yes.”

“I dare not write to his majesty.”

“I do not ask you to write to his majesty, but ask M. de Salvieux to do so. I want a letter that will enable me to reach the king’s presence without all the formalities of demanding an audience; that would occasion a loss of precious time.”

“But address yourself to the keeper of the seals; he has the right of entry at the Tuileries, and can procure you audience at any hour of the day or night.”

“Doubtless; but there is no occasion to divide the honors of my discovery with him. The keeper would leave me in the background, and take all the glory to himself. I tell you, marquis, my fortune is made if I only reach the Tuileries the first, for the king will not forget the service I do him.”

“In that case go and get ready. I will call Salvieux and make him write the letter.”

“Be as quick as possible, I must be on the road in a quarter of an hour.”

“Tell your coachman to stop at the door.”

“You will present my excuses to the marquise and Mademoiselle Renée, whom I leave on such a day with great regret.”

“You will find them both here, and can make your farewells in person.”

“A thousand thanks—and now for the letter.”

The marquis rang, a servant entered.

“Say to the Comte de Salvieux that I would like to see him.”

“Now, then, go,” said the marquis.

“I shall be gone only a few moments.”

Villefort hastily quitted the apartment, but reflecting that the sight of the deputy procureur running through the streets would be enough to throw the whole city into confusion, he resumed his ordinary pace. At his door he perceived a figure in the shadow that seemed to wait for him. It was Mercédès, who, hearing no news of her lover, had come unobserved to inquire after him.

As Villefort drew near, she advanced and stood before him. Dantès had spoken of Mercédès, and Villefort instantly recognized her. Her beauty and high bearing surprised him, and when she inquired what had become of her lover, it seemed to him that she was the judge, and he the accused.

“The young man you speak of,” said Villefort abruptly, “is a great criminal, and I can do nothing for him, mademoiselle.” Mercédès burst into tears, and, as Villefort strove to pass her, again addressed him.

“But, at least, tell me where he is, that I may know whether he is alive or dead,” said she.

0125m

“I do not know; he is no longer in my hands,” replied Villefort.

And desirous of putting an end to the interview, he pushed by her, and closed the door, as if to exclude the pain he felt. But remorse is not thus banished; like Virgil’s wounded hero, he carried the arrow in his wound, and, arrived at the salon, Villefort uttered a sigh that was almost a sob, and sank into a chair.

Then the first pangs of an unending torture seized upon his heart. The man he sacrificed to his ambition, that innocent victim immolated on the altar of his father’s faults, appeared to him pale and threatening, leading his affianced bride by the hand, and bringing with him remorse, not such as the ancients figured, furious and terrible, but that slow and consuming agony whose pangs are intensified from hour to hour up to the very moment of death. Then he had a moment’s hesitation. He had frequently called for capital punishment on criminals, and owing to his irresistible eloquence they had been condemned, and yet the slightest shadow of remorse had never clouded Villefort’s brow, because they were guilty; at least, he believed so; but here was an innocent man whose happiness he had destroyed. In this case he was not the judge, but the executioner.

As he thus reflected, he felt the sensation we have described, and which had hitherto been unknown to him, arise in his bosom, and fill him with vague apprehensions. It is thus that a wounded man trembles instinctively at the approach of the finger to his wound until it be healed, but Villefort’s was one of those that never close, or if they do, only close to reopen more agonizing than ever. If at this moment the sweet voice of Renée had sounded in his ears pleading for mercy, or the fair Mercédès had entered and said, “In the name of God, I conjure you to restore me my affianced husband,” his cold and trembling hands would have signed his release; but no voice broke the stillness of the chamber, and the door was opened only by Villefort’s valet, who came to tell him that the travelling carriage was in readiness.

Villefort rose, or rather sprang, from his chair, hastily opened one of the drawers of his desk, emptied all the gold it contained into his pocket, stood motionless an instant, his hand pressed to his head, muttered a few inarticulate sounds, and then, perceiving that his servant had placed his cloak on his shoulders, he sprang into the carriage, ordering the postilions to drive to M. de Saint-Méran's. The hapless Dantès was doomed.

As the marquis had promised, Villefort found the marquise and Renée in waiting. He started when he saw Renée, for he fancied she was again about to plead for Dantès. Alas, her emotions were wholly personal: she was thinking only of Villefort's departure.

She loved Villefort, and he left her at the moment he was about to become her husband. Villefort knew not when he should return, and Renée, far from pleading for Dantès, hated the man whose crime separated her from her lover.

0127m

Meanwhile what of Mercédès? She had met Fernand at the corner of the Rue de la Loge; she had returned to the Catalans, and had despairingly cast herself on her couch. Fernand, kneeling by her side, took her hand, and covered it with kisses that Mercédès did not even feel. She passed the night thus. The lamp went out for want of oil, but she paid no heed to the darkness, and dawn came, but she knew not that it was day. Grief had made her blind to all but one object—that was Edmond.

"Ah, you are there," said she, at length, turning towards Fernand.

"I have not quitted you since yesterday," returned Fernand sorrowfully.

M. Morrel had not readily given up the fight. He had learned that Dantès had been taken to prison, and he had gone to all his friends, and the influential persons of the city; but the report was already in circulation that Dantès was arrested as a Bonapartist agent; and as the most sanguine looked upon any attempt of Napoleon to remount the throne as impossible, he met with nothing but refusal, and had returned home in despair, declaring that the matter was serious and that nothing more could be done.

Caderousse was equally restless and uneasy, but instead of seeking, like M. Morrel, to aid Dantès, he had shut himself up with two bottles of black currant brandy, in the hope of drowning reflection. But he did not succeed, and became too intoxicated to fetch any more drink, and yet not so intoxicated as to forget what had happened. With his elbows on the table he sat between the two empty bottles, while spectres danced in the light of the unsnuffed candle—spectres such as Hoffmann strews over his punch-drenched pages, like black, fantastic dust.

Danglars alone was content and joyous—he had got rid of an enemy and made his own situation on the _Pharaon_ secure. Danglars was one of those men born with a pen behind the ear, and an inkstand in place of a heart. Everything with him was multiplication or subtraction. The life of a man was to him of far less value than a numeral, especially when, by taking it away, he could increase the sum total of his own desires. He went to bed at his usual hour, and slept in peace.

Villefort, after having received M. de Salvieux's letter, embraced Renée, kissed the marquise's hand, and shaken that of the marquis, started for Paris along the Aix road.

Old Dantès was dying with anxiety to know what had become of Edmond. But we know very well what had become of Edmond.

Chapter 10. The King's Closet at the Tuileries

We will leave Villefort on the road to Paris, travelling—thanks to trebled fees—with all speed, and passing through two or three apartments, enter at the Tuileries the little room with the arched window, so well known as having been the favorite closet of Napoleon and Louis XVIII., and now of Louis Philippe.

There, seated before a walnut table he had brought with him from Hartwell, and to which, from one of those fancies not uncommon to great people, he was particularly attached, the king, Louis XVIII., was carelessly listening to a man of fifty or fifty-two years of age, with gray hair, aristocratic bearing, and exceedingly gentlemanly attire, and meanwhile making a marginal note in a volume of Gryphius's rather inaccurate, but much sought-after, edition of Horace—a work which was much indebted to the sagacious observations of the philosophical monarch.

"You say, sir——" said the king.

“That I am exceedingly disquieted, sire.”

“Really, have you had a vision of the seven fat kine and the seven lean kine?”

“No, sire, for that would only betoken for us seven years of plenty and seven years of scarcity; and with a king as full of foresight as your majesty, scarcity is not a thing to be feared.”

“Then of what other scourge are you afraid, my dear Blacas?”

“Sire, I have every reason to believe that a storm is brewing in the south.”

“Well, my dear duke,” replied Louis XVIII., “I think you are wrongly informed, and know positively that, on the contrary, it is very fine weather in that direction.” Man of ability as he was, Louis XVIII. liked a pleasant jest.

“Sire,” continued M. de Blacas, “if it only be to reassure a faithful servant, will your majesty send into Languedoc, Provence, and Dauphiné, trusty men, who will bring you back a faithful report as to the feeling in these three provinces?”

“_Canimus surdis_,” replied the king, continuing the annotations in his Horace.

“Sire,” replied the courtier, laughing, in order that he might seem to comprehend the quotation, “your majesty may be perfectly right in relying on the good feeling of France, but I fear I am not altogether wrong in dreading some desperate attempt.”

“By whom?”

“By Bonaparte, or, at least, by his adherents.”

“My dear Blacas,” said the king, “you with your alarms prevent me from working.”

“And you, sire, prevent me from sleeping with your security.”

“Wait, my dear sir, wait a moment; for I have such a delightful note on the _Pastor quum traheret_—wait, and I will listen to you afterwards.”

There was a brief pause, during which Louis XVIII. wrote, in a hand as small as possible, another note on the margin of his Horace, and then looking at the duke with the air of a man who thinks he has an idea of his own, while he is only commenting upon the idea of another, said:

“Go on, my dear duke, go on—I listen.”

“Sire,” said Blacas, who had for a moment the hope of sacrificing Villefort to his own profit, “I am compelled to tell you that these are not mere rumors destitute of foundation which thus disquiet me; but a serious-minded man, deserving all my confidence, and charged by me to watch over the south” (the duke hesitated as he pronounced these words), “has arrived by post to tell me that a great peril threatens the king, and so I hastened to you, sire.”

“_Mala ducis avi domum_,” continued Louis XVIII., still annotating.

“Does your majesty wish me to drop the subject?”

“By no means, my dear duke; but just stretch out your hand.”

“Which?”

“Whichever you please—there to the left.”

“Here, sire?”

“I tell you to the left, and you are looking to the right; I mean on my left—yes, there. You will find yesterday’s report of the minister of police. But here is M. Dandré himself;” and M. Dandré, announced by the chamberlain-in-waiting, entered.

“Come in,” said Louis XVIII., with repressed smile, “come in, Baron, and tell the duke all you know—the latest news of M. de Bonaparte; do not conceal anything, however serious,—let us see, the Island of Elba is a volcano, and we may expect to have issuing thence flaming and bristling war—_bella, horrida bella_.”

M. Dandré leaned very respectfully on the back of a chair with his two hands, and said:

“Has your majesty perused yesterday’s report?”

“Yes, yes; but tell the duke himself, who cannot find anything, what the report contains—give him the particulars of what the usurper is doing in his islet.”

“Monsieur,” said the baron to the duke, “all the servants of his majesty must approve of the latest intelligence which we have from the Island of Elba. Bonaparte——”

M. Dandré looked at Louis XVIII., who, employed in writing a note, did not even raise his head. “Bonaparte,” continued the baron, “is mortally wearied, and passes whole days in watching his miners at work at Porto-Longone.”

“And scratches himself for amusement,” added the king.

“Scratches himself?” inquired the duke, “what does your majesty mean?”

“Yes, indeed, my dear duke. Did you forget that this great man, this hero, this demigod, is attacked with a malady of the skin which worries him to death, _prurigo_?”

“And, moreover, my dear duke,” continued the minister of police, “we are almost assured that, in a very short time, the usurper will be insane.”

“Insane?”

“Raving mad; his head becomes weaker. Sometimes he weeps bitterly, sometimes laughs boisterously, at other time he passes hours on the seashore, flinging stones in the water and when the flint makes ‘duck-and-drake’ five or six times, he appears as delighted as if he had gained another Marengo or Austerlitz. Now, you must agree that these are indubitable symptoms of insanity.”

“Or of wisdom, my dear baron—or of wisdom,” said Louis XVIII., laughing; “the greatest captains of antiquity amused themselves by casting pebbles into the ocean—see Plutarch’s life of Scipio Africanus.”

M. de Blacas pondered deeply between the confident monarch and the truthful minister. Villefort, who did not choose to reveal the whole secret, lest another should reap all the benefit of the disclosure, had yet communicated enough to cause him the greatest uneasiness.

“Well, well, Dandré,” said Louis XVIII., “Blacas is not yet convinced; let us proceed, therefore, to the usurper’s conversion.” The minister of police bowed.

“The usurper’s conversion!” murmured the duke, looking at the king and Dandré, who spoke alternately, like Virgil’s shepherds. “The usurper converted!”

“Decidedly, my dear duke.”

“In what way converted?”

“To good principles. Tell him all about it, baron.”

“Why, this is the way of it,” said the minister, with the gravest air in the world: “Napoleon lately had a review, and as two or three of his old veterans expressed a desire to return to France, he gave them their dismissal, and exhorted them to ‘serve the good king.’ These were his own words, of that I am certain.”

“Well, Blacas, what think you of this?” inquired the king triumphantly, and pausing for a moment from the voluminous scholiast before him.

“I say, sire, that the minister of police is greatly deceived or I am; and as it is impossible it can be the minister of police as he has the guardianship of the safety and honor of your majesty, it is probable that I am in error. However, sire, if I might advise, your majesty will interrogate the person of whom I spoke to you, and I will urge your majesty to do him this honor.”

“Most willingly, duke; under your auspices I will receive any person you please, but you must not expect me to be too confiding. Baron, have you any report more recent than this, dated the 20th February, and this is the 3rd of March?”

“No, sire, but I am hourly expecting one; it may have arrived since I left my office.”

“Go thither, and if there be none—well, well,” continued Louis XVIII., “make one; that is the usual way, is it not?” and the king laughed facetiously.

“Oh, sire,” replied the minister, “we have no occasion to invent any; every day our desks are loaded with most circumstantial denunciations, coming from hosts of people who hope for some return for services which they seek to render, but cannot; they trust to fortune, and rely upon some unexpected event in some way to justify their predictions.”

“Well, sir, go,” said Louis XVIII., “and remember that I am waiting for you.”

“I will but go and return, sire; I shall be back in ten minutes.”

“And I, sire,” said M. de Blacas, “will go and find my messenger.”

“Wait, sir, wait,” said Louis XVIII. “Really, M. de Blacas, I must change your armorial bearings; I will give you an eagle with outstretched wings, holding in its claws a prey which tries in vain to escape, and bearing this device—_Tenax_.”

0133m

“Sire, I listen,” said De Blacas, biting his nails with impatience.

“I wish to consult you on this passage, ‘_Molli fugiens anhelitu_,’ you know it refers to a stag flying from a wolf. Are you not a sportsman and a great wolf-hunter? Well, then, what do you think of the _molli anhelitu_?”

“Admirable, sire; but my messenger is like the stag you refer to, for he has posted two hundred and twenty leagues in scarcely three days.”

“Which is undergoing great fatigue and anxiety, my dear duke, when we have a telegraph which transmits messages in three or four hours, and that without getting in the least out of breath.”

“Ah, sire, you recompense but badly this poor young man, who has come so far, and with so much ardor, to give your majesty useful information. If only for the sake of M. de Salvieux, who recommends him to me, I entreat your majesty to receive him graciously.”

“M. de Salvieux, my brother’s chamberlain?”

“Yes, sire.”

“He is at Marseilles.”

“And writes me thence.”

“Does he speak to you of this conspiracy?”

“No; but strongly recommends M. de Villefort, and begs me to present him to your majesty.”

“M. de Villefort!” cried the king, “is the messenger’s name M. de Villefort?”

“Yes, sire.”

“And he comes from Marseilles?”

“In person.”

“Why did you not mention his name at once?” replied the king, betraying some uneasiness.

“Sire, I thought his name was unknown to your majesty.”

“No, no, Blacas; he is a man of strong and elevated understanding, ambitious, too, and, _pardieu!_ you know his father’s name!”

“His father?”

“Yes, Noirtier.”

“Noirtier the Girondin?—Noirtier the senator?”

“He himself.”

“And your majesty has employed the son of such a man?”

“Blacas, my friend, you have but limited comprehension. I told you Villefort was ambitious, and to attain this ambition Villefort would sacrifice everything, even his father.”

“Then, sire, may I present him?”

“This instant, duke! Where is he?”

“Waiting below, in my carriage.”

“Seek him at once.”

“I hasten to do so.”

The duke left the royal presence with the speed of a young man; his really sincere royalism made him youthful again. Louis XVIII. remained alone, and turning his eyes on his half-opened Horace, muttered:

“_Justum et tenacem propositi virum_.”

M. de Blacas returned as speedily as he had departed, but in the antechamber he was forced to appeal to the king’s authority. Villefort’s dusty garb, his costume, which was not of courtly cut, excited the susceptibility of M. de Brezé, who was all astonishment at finding that this young man had the audacity to enter before the king in such attire. The duke, however, overcame all difficulties with a word—his majesty’s order; and, in spite of the protestations which the master of ceremonies made for the honor of his office and principles, Villefort was introduced.

The king was seated in the same place where the duke had left him. On opening the door, Villefort found himself facing him, and the young magistrate’s first impulse was to pause.

“Come in, M. de Villefort,” said the king, “come in.”

Villefort bowed, and advancing a few steps, waited until the king should interrogate him.

“M. de Villefort,” said Louis XVIII., “the Duc de Blacas assures me you have some interesting information to communicate.”

“Sire, the duke is right, and I believe your majesty will think it equally important.”

0137m

“In the first place, and before everything else, sir, is the news as bad in your opinion as I am asked to believe?”

“Sire, I believe it to be most urgent, but I hope, by the speed I have used, that it is not irreparable.”

“Speak as fully as you please, sir,” said the king, who began to give way to the emotion which had showed itself in Blacas’s face and affected Villefort’s voice. “Speak, sir, and pray begin at the beginning; I like order in everything.”

“Sire,” said Villefort, “I will render a faithful report to your majesty, but I must entreat your forgiveness if my anxiety leads to some obscurity in my language.” A glance at the king after this discreet and subtle exordium, assured Villefort of the benignity of his august auditor, and he went on:

“Sire, I have come as rapidly to Paris as possible, to inform your majesty that I have discovered, in the exercise of my duties, not a commonplace and insignificant plot, such as is every day got up in the lower ranks of the people and in the army, but an actual conspiracy—a storm which menaces no less than your majesty’s throne. Sire, the usurper is arming three ships, he meditates some project, which, however mad, is yet, perhaps, terrible. At this moment he will have left Elba, to go whither I know not, but assuredly to attempt a landing either at Naples, or on the coast of Tuscany, or perhaps on the shores of France. Your majesty is

well aware that the sovereign of the Island of Elba has maintained his relations with Italy and France?”

“I am, sir,” said the king, much agitated; “and recently we have had information that the Bonapartist clubs have had meetings in the Rue Saint-Jacques. But proceed, I beg of you. How did you obtain these details?”

“Sire, they are the results of an examination which I have made of a man of Marseilles, whom I have watched for some time, and arrested on the day of my departure. This person, a sailor, of turbulent character, and whom I suspected of Bonapartism, has been secretly to the Island of Elba. There he saw the grand-marshal, who charged him with an oral message to a Bonapartist in Paris, whose name I could not extract from him; but this mission was to prepare men’s minds for a return (it is the man who says this, sire)—a return which will soon occur.”

“And where is this man?”

“In prison, sire.”

“And the matter seems serious to you?”

“So serious, sire, that when the circumstance surprised me in the midst of a family festival, on the very day of my betrothal, I left my bride and friends, postponing everything, that I might hasten to lay at your majesty’s feet the fears which impressed me, and the assurance of my devotion.”

“True,” said Louis XVIII., “was there not a marriage engagement between you and Mademoiselle de Saint-Méran?”

“Daughter of one of your majesty’s most faithful servants.”

“Yes, yes; but let us talk of this plot, M. de Villefort.”

“Sire, I fear it is more than a plot; I fear it is a conspiracy.”

“A conspiracy in these times,” said Louis XVIII., smiling, “is a thing very easy to meditate, but more difficult to conduct to an end, inasmuch as, re-established so recently on the throne of our ancestors, we have our eyes open at once upon the past, the present, and the future. For the last ten months my ministers have redoubled their vigilance, in order to watch the shore of the Mediterranean. If Bonaparte landed at Naples, the whole coalition would be on foot before he could even reach Piombino; if he land in Tuscany, he will be in an unfriendly territory; if he land in France, it must be with a handful of men, and the result of that is easily foretold, execrated as he is by the population. Take courage, sir; but at the same time rely on our royal gratitude.”

“Ah, here is M. Dandré!” cried de Blacas. At this instant the minister of police appeared at the door, pale, trembling, and as if ready to faint. Villefort was about to retire, but M. de Blacas, taking his hand, restrained him.

Chapter 11. The Corsican Ogre

At the sight of this agitation Louis XVIII. pushed from him violently the table at which he was sitting.

“What ails you, baron?” he exclaimed. “You appear quite aghast. Has your uneasiness anything to do with what M. de Blacas has told me, and M. de Villefort has just confirmed?” M. de Blacas moved suddenly towards the baron, but the fright of the courtier pleaded for the forbearance of the statesman; and besides, as matters were, it was much more to his advantage that the prefect of police should triumph over him than that he should humiliate the prefect.

“Sire,——” stammered the baron.

“Well, what is it?” asked Louis XVIII. The minister of police, giving way to an impulse of despair, was about to throw himself at the feet of Louis XVIII., who retreated a step and frowned.

“Will you speak?” he said.

“Oh, sire, what a dreadful misfortune! I am, indeed, to be pitied. I can never forgive myself!”

“Monsieur,” said Louis XVIII., “I command you to speak.”

“Well, sire, the usurper left Elba on the 26th February, and landed on the 1st of March.”

“And where? In Italy?” asked the king eagerly.

“In France, sire,—at a small port, near Antibes, in the Gulf of Juan.”

“The usurper landed in France, near Antibes, in the Gulf of Juan, two hundred and fifty leagues from Paris, on the 1st of March, and you only acquired this information today, the 3rd of March! Well, sir, what you tell me is impossible. You must have received a false report, or you have gone mad.”

“Alas, sire, it is but too true!” Louis made a gesture of indescribable anger and alarm, and then drew himself up as if this sudden blow had struck him at the same moment in heart and countenance.

“In France!” he cried, “the usurper in France! Then they did not watch over this man. Who knows? they were, perhaps, in league with him.”

“Oh, sire,” exclaimed the Duc de Blacas, “M. Dandré is not a man to be accused of treason! Sire, we have all been blind, and the minister of police has shared the general blindness, that is all.”

“But——” said Villefort, and then suddenly checking himself, he was silent; then he continued, “Your pardon, sire,” he said, bowing, “my zeal carried me away. Will your majesty deign to excuse me?”

“Speak, sir, speak boldly,” replied Louis. “You alone forewarned us of the evil; now try and aid us with the remedy.”

“Sire,” said Villefort, “the usurper is detested in the south; and it seems to me that if he ventured into the south, it would be easy to raise Languedoc and Provence against him.”

“Yes, assuredly,” replied the minister; “but he is advancing by Gap and Sisteron.”

“Advancing—he is advancing!” said Louis XVIII. “Is he then advancing on Paris?” The minister of police maintained a silence which was equivalent to a complete avowal.

“And Dauphiné, sir?” inquired the king, of Villefort. “Do you think it possible to rouse that as well as Provence?”

“Sire, I am sorry to tell your majesty a cruel fact; but the feeling in Dauphiné is quite the reverse of that in Provence or Languedoc. The mountaineers are Bonapartists, sire.”

“Then,” murmured Louis, “he was well informed. And how many men had he with him?”

“I do not know, sire,” answered the minister of police.

“What, you do not know! Have you neglected to obtain information on that point? Of course it is of no consequence,” he added, with a withering smile.

“Sire, it was impossible to learn; the despatch simply stated the fact of the landing and the route taken by the usurper.”

“And how did this despatch reach you?” inquired the king. The minister bowed his head, and while a deep color overspread his cheeks, he stammered out:

“By the telegraph, sire.” Louis XVIII. advanced a step, and folded his arms over his chest as Napoleon would have done.

0141m

“So then,” he exclaimed, turning pale with anger, “seven conjoined and allied armies overthrew that man. A miracle of heaven replaced me on the throne of my fathers after five-and-twenty years of exile. I have, during those five-and-twenty years, spared no pains to understand the people of France and the interests which were confided to me; and now, when I see the fruition of my wishes almost within reach, the power I hold in my hands bursts and shatters me to atoms!”

“Sire, it is fatality!” murmured the minister, feeling that the pressure of circumstances, however light a thing to destiny, was too much for any human strength to endure.

“What our enemies say of us is then true. We have learnt nothing, forgotten nothing! If I were betrayed as he was, I would console myself; but to be in the midst of persons elevated by myself to places of honor, who ought to watch over me more carefully than

over themselves,—for my fortune is theirs—before me they were nothing—after me they will be nothing, and perish miserably from incapacity—ineptitude! Oh, yes, sir, you are right—it is fatality!"

The minister quailed before this outburst of sarcasm. M. de Blacas wiped the moisture from his brow. Villefort smiled within himself, for he felt his increased importance.

"To fall," continued King Louis, who at the first glance had sounded the abyss on which the monarchy hung suspended,—"to fall, and learn of that fall by telegraph! Oh, I would rather mount the scaffold of my brother, Louis XVI., than thus descend the staircase at the Tuileries driven away by ridicule. Ridicule, sir—why, you know not its power in France, and yet you ought to know it!"

"Sire, sire," murmured the minister, "for pity's——"

"Approach, M. de Villefort," resumed the king, addressing the young man, who, motionless and breathless, was listening to a conversation on which depended the destiny of a kingdom. "Approach, and tell monsieur that it is possible to know beforehand all that he has not known."

"Sire, it was really impossible to learn secrets which that man concealed from all the world."

"Really impossible! Yes—that is a great word, sir. Unfortunately, there are great words, as there are great men; I have measured them. Really impossible for a minister who has an office, agents, spies, and fifteen hundred thousand francs for secret service money, to know what is going on at sixty leagues from the coast of France! Well, then, see, here is a gentleman who had none of these resources at his disposal—a gentleman, only a simple magistrate, who learned more than you with all your police, and who would have saved my crown, if, like you, he had the power of directing a telegraph." The look of the minister of police was turned with concentrated spite on Villefort, who bent his head in modest triumph.

"I do not mean that for you, Blacas," continued Louis XVIII.; "for if you have discovered nothing, at least you have had the good sense to persevere in your suspicions. Any other than yourself would have considered the disclosure of M. de Villefort insignificant, or else dictated by venal ambition." These words were an allusion to the sentiments which the minister of police had uttered with so much confidence an hour before.

Villefort understood the king's intent. Any other person would, perhaps, have been overcome by such an intoxicating draught of praise; but he feared to make for himself a mortal enemy of the police minister, although he saw that Dandré was irrevocably lost. In fact, the minister, who, in the plenitude of his power, had been unable to unearth Napoleon's secret, might in despair at his own downfall interrogate Dantès and so lay bare the motives of Villefort's plot. Realizing this, Villefort came to the rescue of the crest-fallen minister, instead of aiding to crush him.

"Sire," said Villefort, "the suddenness of this event must prove to your majesty that the issue is in the hands of Providence; what your majesty is pleased to attribute to me as profound perspicacity is simply owing to chance, and I have profited by that chance, like a good and devoted servant—that's all. Do not attribute to me more than I deserve, sire, that your majesty may never have occasion to recall the first opinion you have been pleased to form of me." The minister of police thanked the young man by an eloquent look, and Villefort understood that he had succeeded in his design; that is to say, that without forfeiting the gratitude of the king, he had made a friend of one on whom, in case of necessity, he might rely.

"'Tis well," resumed the king. "And now, gentlemen," he continued, turning towards M. de Blacas and the minister of police, "I have no further occasion for you, and you may retire; what now remains to do is in the department of the minister of war."

"Fortunately, sire," said M. de Blacas, "we can rely on the army; your majesty knows how every report confirms their loyalty and attachment."

"Do not mention reports, duke, to me, for I know now what confidence to place in them. Yet, speaking of reports, baron, what have you learned with regard to the affair in the Rue Saint-Jacques?"

"The affair in the Rue Saint-Jacques!" exclaimed Villefort, unable to repress an exclamation. Then, suddenly pausing, he added, "Your pardon, sire, but my devotion to your majesty has made me forget, not the respect I have, for that is too deeply engraved in my heart, but the rules of etiquette."

"Go on, go on, sir," replied the king; "you have today earned the right to make inquiries here."

“Sire,” interposed the minister of police, “I came a moment ago to give your majesty fresh information which I had obtained on this head, when your majesty’s attention was attracted by the terrible event that has occurred in the gulf, and now these facts will cease to interest your majesty.”

“On the contrary, sir,—on the contrary,” said Louis XVIII., “this affair seems to me to have a decided connection with that which occupies our attention, and the death of General Quesnel will, perhaps, put us on the direct track of a great internal conspiracy.” At the name of General Quesnel, Villefort trembled.

“Everything points to the conclusion, sire,” said the minister of police, “that death was not the result of suicide, as we first believed, but of assassination. General Quesnel, it appears, had just left a Bonapartist club when he disappeared. An unknown person had been with him that morning, and made an appointment with him in the Rue Saint-Jacques; unfortunately, the general’s valet, who was dressing his hair at the moment when the stranger entered, heard the street mentioned, but did not catch the number.” As the police minister related this to the king, Villefort, who looked as if his very life hung on the speaker’s lips, turned alternately red and pale. The king looked towards him.

“Do you not think with me, M. de Villefort, that General Quesnel, whom they believed attached to the usurper, but who was really entirely devoted to me, has perished the victim of a Bonapartist ambush?”

“It is probable, sire,” replied Villefort. “But is this all that is known?”

“They are on the track of the man who appointed the meeting with him.”

“On his track?” said Villefort.

“Yes, the servant has given his description. He is a man of from fifty to fifty-two years of age, dark, with black eyes covered with shaggy eyebrows, and a thick moustache. He was dressed in a blue frock-coat, buttoned up to the chin, and wore at his button-hole the rosette of an officer of the Legion of Honor. Yesterday a person exactly corresponding with this description was followed, but he was lost sight of at the corner of the Rue de la Jussienne and the Rue Coq-Héron.” Villefort leaned on the back of an armchair, for as the minister of police went on speaking he felt his legs bend under him; but when he learned that the unknown had escaped the vigilance of the agent who followed him, he breathed again.

“Continue to seek for this man, sir,” said the king to the minister of police; “for if, as I am all but convinced, General Quesnel, who would have been so useful to us at this moment, has been murdered, his assassins, Bonapartists or not, shall be cruelly punished.” It required all Villefort’s coolness not to betray the terror with which this declaration of the king inspired him.

“How strange,” continued the king, with some asperity; “the police think that they have disposed of the whole matter when they say, ‘A murder has been committed,’ and especially so when they can add, ‘And we are on the track of the guilty persons.’”

“Sire, your majesty will, I trust, be amply satisfied on this point at least.”

“We shall see. I will no longer detain you, M. de Villefort, for you must be fatigued after so long a journey; go and rest. Of course you stopped at your father’s?” A feeling of faintness came over Villefort.

0145m

“No, sire,” he replied, “I alighted at the Hotel de Madrid, in the Rue de Tournon.”

“But you have seen him?”

“Sire, I went straight to the Duc de Blacas.”

“But you will see him, then?”

“I think not, sire.”

“Ah, I forgot,” said Louis, smiling in a manner which proved that all these questions were not made without a motive; “I forgot you and M. Noirtier are not on the best terms possible, and that is another sacrifice made to the royal cause, and for which you should be recompensed.”

“Sire, the kindness your majesty deigns to evince towards me is a recompense which so far surpasses my utmost ambition that I have nothing more to ask for.”

“Never mind, sir, we will not forget you; make your mind easy. In the meanwhile” (the king here detached the cross of the Legion of Honor which he usually wore over his blue coat, near the cross of St. Louis, above the order of Notre-Dame-du-Mont-Carmel and St. Lazare, and gave it to Villefort)—“in the meanwhile take this cross.”

“Sire,” said Villefort, “your majesty mistakes; this is an officer’s cross.”

“_Ma foi!_” said Louis XVIII., “take it, such as it is, for I have not the time to procure you another. Blacas, let it be your care to see that the brevet is made out and sent to M. de Villefort.” Villefort’s eyes were filled with tears of joy and pride; he took the cross and kissed it.

“And now,” he said, “may I inquire what are the orders with which your majesty deigns to honor me?”

“Take what rest you require, and remember that if you are not able to serve me here in Paris, you may be of the greatest service to me at Marseilles.”

“Sire,” replied Villefort, bowing, “in an hour I shall have quitted Paris.”

“Go, sir,” said the king; “and should I forget you (kings’ memories are short), do not be afraid to bring yourself to my recollection. Baron, send for the minister of war. Blacas, remain.”

“Ah, sir,” said the minister of police to Villefort, as they left the Tuileries, “you entered by luck’s door—your fortune is made.”

“Will it be long first?” muttered Villefort, saluting the minister, whose career was ended, and looking about him for a hackney-coach. One passed at the moment, which he hailed; he gave his address to the driver, and springing in, threw himself on the seat, and gave loose to dreams of ambition.

Ten minutes afterwards Villefort reached his hotel, ordered horses to be ready in two hours, and asked to have his breakfast brought to him. He was about to begin his repast when the sound of the bell rang sharp and loud. The valet opened the door, and Villefort heard someone speak his name.

0147m

“Who could know that I was here already?” said the young man. The valet entered.

“Well,” said Villefort, “what is it?—Who rang?—Who asked for me?”

“A stranger who will not send in his name.”

“A stranger who will not send in his name! What can he want with me?”

“He wishes to speak to you.”

“To me?”

“Yes.”

“Did he mention my name?”

“Yes.”

“What sort of person is he?”

“Why, sir, a man of about fifty.”

“Short or tall?”

“About your own height, sir.”

“Dark or fair?”

“Dark,—very dark; with black eyes, black hair, black eyebrows.”

“And how dressed?” asked Villefort quickly.

“In a blue frock-coat, buttoned up close, decorated with the Legion of Honor.”

“It is he!” said Villefort, turning pale.

0148m

“Eh, _pardieu!_” said the individual whose description we have twice given, entering the door, “what a great deal of ceremony! Is it the custom in Marseilles for sons to keep their fathers waiting in their anterooms?”

“Father!” cried Villefort, “then I was not deceived; I felt sure it must be you.”

“Well, then, if you felt so sure,” replied the new-comer, putting his cane in a corner and his hat on a chair, “allow me to say, my dear Gérard, that it was not very filial of you to keep me waiting at the door.”

“Leave us, Germain,” said Villefort. The servant quitted the apartment with evident signs of astonishment.

Chapter 12. Father and Son

M. Noirtier—for it was, indeed, he who entered—looked after the servant until the door was closed, and then, fearing, no doubt, that he might be overheard in the antechamber, he opened the door again, nor was the precaution useless, as appeared from the rapid retreat of Germain, who proved that he was not exempt from the sin which ruined our first parents. M. Noirtier then took the trouble to close and bolt the antechamber door, then that of the bedchamber, and then extended his hand to Villefort, who had followed all his motions with surprise which he could not conceal.

“Well, now, my dear Gérard,” said he to the young man, with a very significant look, “do you know, you seem as if you were not very glad to see me?”

“My dear father,” said Villefort, “I am, on the contrary, delighted; but I so little expected your visit, that it has somewhat overcome me.”

“But, my dear fellow,” replied M. Noirtier, seating himself, “I might say the same thing to you, when you announce to me your wedding for the 28th of February, and on the 3rd of March you turn up here in Paris.”

“And if I have come, my dear father,” said Gérard, drawing closer to M. Noirtier, “do not complain, for it is for you that I came, and my journey will be your salvation.”

“Ah, indeed!” said M. Noirtier, stretching himself out at his ease in the chair. “Really, pray tell me all about it, for it must be interesting.”

“Father, you have heard speak of a certain Bonapartist club in the Rue Saint-Jacques?”

“No. 53; yes, I am vice-president.”

“Father, your coolness makes me shudder.”

“Why, my dear boy, when a man has been proscribed by the mountaineers, has escaped from Paris in a hay-cart, been hunted over the plains of Bordeaux by Robespierre’s bloodhounds, he becomes accustomed to most things. But go on, what about the club in the Rue Saint-Jacques?”

“Why, they induced General Quesnel to go there, and General Quesnel, who quitted his own house at nine o’clock in the evening, was found the next day in the Seine.”

0151m

“And who told you this fine story?”

“The king himself.”

“Well, then, in return for your story,” continued Noirtier, “I will tell you another.”

“My dear father, I think I already know what you are about to tell me.”

“Ah, you have heard of the landing of the emperor?”

“Not so loud, father, I entreat of you—for your own sake as well as mine. Yes, I heard this news, and knew it even before you could; for three days ago I posted from Marseilles to Paris with all possible speed, half-desperate at the enforced delay.”

“Three days ago? You are crazy. Why, three days ago the emperor had not landed.”

“No matter, I was aware of his intention.”

“How did you know about it?”

“By a letter addressed to you from the Island of Elba.”

“To me?”

“To you; and which I discovered in the pocket-book of the messenger. Had that letter fallen into the hands of another, you, my dear father, would probably ere this have been shot.” Villefort’s father laughed.

“Come, come,” said he, “will the Restoration adopt imperial methods so promptly? Shot, my dear boy? What an idea! Where is the letter you speak of? I know you too well to suppose you would allow such a thing to pass you.”

“I burnt it, for fear that even a fragment should remain; for that letter must have led to your condemnation.”

“And the destruction of your future prospects,” replied Noirtier; “yes, I can easily comprehend that. But I have nothing to fear while I have you to protect me.”

“I do better than that, sir—I save you.”

“You do? Why, really, the thing becomes more and more dramatic—explain yourself.”

“I must refer again to the club in the Rue Saint-Jacques.”

“It appears that this club is rather a bore to the police. Why didn’t they search more vigilantly? they would have found——”

“They have not found; but they are on the track.”

“Yes, that the usual phrase; I am quite familiar with it. When the police is at fault, it declares that it is on the track; and the government patiently awaits the day when it comes to say, with a sneaking air, that the track is lost.”

“Yes, but they have found a corpse; the general has been killed, and in all countries they call that a murder.”

“A murder do you call it? why, there is nothing to prove that the general was murdered. People are found every day in the Seine, having thrown themselves in, or having been drowned from not knowing how to swim.”

“Father, you know very well that the general was not a man to drown himself in despair, and people do not bathe in the Seine in the month of January. No, no, do not be deceived; this was murder in every sense of the word.”

“And who thus designated it?”

“The king himself.”

“The king! I thought he was philosopher enough to allow that there was no murder in politics. In politics, my dear fellow, you know, as well as I do, there are no men, but ideas—no feelings, but interests; in politics we do not kill a man, we only remove an obstacle, that is all. Would you like to know how matters have progressed? Well, I will tell you. It was thought reliance might be placed in General Quesnel; he was recommended to us from the Island of Elba; one of us went to him, and invited him to the Rue Saint-Jacques, where he would find some friends. He came there, and the plan was unfolded to him for leaving Elba, the projected landing, etc. When he had heard and comprehended all to the fullest extent, he replied that he was a royalist. Then all looked at

each other,—he was made to take an oath, and did so, but with such an ill grace that it was really tempting Providence to swear thus, and yet, in spite of that, the general was allowed to depart free—perfectly free. Yet he did not return home. What could that mean? why, my dear fellow, that on leaving us he lost his way, that's all. A murder? really, Villefort, you surprise me. You, a deputy procureur, to found an accusation on such bad premises! Did I ever say to you, when you were fulfilling your character as a royalist, and cut off the head of one of my party, 'My son, you have committed a murder?' No, I said, 'Very well, sir, you have gained the victory; tomorrow, perchance, it will be our turn.'"

"But, father, take care; when our turn comes, our revenge will be sweeping."

"I do not understand you."

"You rely on the usurper's return?"

"We do."

"You are mistaken; he will not advance two leagues into the interior of France without being followed, tracked, and caught like a wild beast."

"My dear fellow, the emperor is at this moment on the way to Grenoble; on the 10th or 12th he will be at Lyons, and on the 20th or 25th at Paris."

"The people will rise."

"Yes, to go and meet him."

"He has but a handful of men with him, and armies will be despatched against him."

"Yes, to escort him into the capital. Really, my dear Gérard, you are but a child; you think yourself well informed because the telegraph has told you, three days after the landing, 'The usurper has landed at Cannes with several men. He is pursued.' But where is he? what is he doing? You do not know at all, and in this way they will chase him to Paris, without drawing a trigger."

"Grenoble and Lyons are faithful cities, and will oppose to him an impassable barrier."

"Grenoble will open her gates to him with enthusiasm—all Lyons will hasten to welcome him. Believe me, we are as well informed as you, and our police are as good as your own. Would you like a proof of it? well, you wished to conceal your journey from me, and yet I knew of your arrival half an hour after you had passed the barrier. You gave your direction to no one but your postilion, yet I have your address, and in proof I am here the very instant you are going to sit at table. Ring, then, if you please, for a second knife, fork, and plate, and we will dine together."

"Indeed!" replied Villefort, looking at his father with astonishment, "you really do seem very well informed."

"Eh? the thing is simple enough. You who are in power have only the means that money produces—we who are in expectation, have those which devotion prompts."

"Devotion!" said Villefort, with a sneer.

"Yes, devotion; for that is, I believe, the phrase for hopeful ambition."

And Villefort's father extended his hand to the bell-rope, to summon the servant whom his son had not called. Villefort caught his arm.

"Wait, my dear father," said the young man, "one word more."

"Say on."

"However stupid the royalist police may be, they do know one terrible thing."

"What is that?"

"The description of the man who, on the morning of the day when General Quesnel disappeared, presented himself at his house."

"Oh, the admirable police have found that out, have they? And what may be that description?"

“Dark complexion; hair, eyebrows, and whiskers black; blue frock-coat, buttoned up to the chin; rosette of an officer of the Legion of Honor in his button-hole; a hat with wide brim, and a cane.”

“Ah, ha, that’s it, is it?” said Noirtier; “and why, then, have they not laid hands on him?”

“Because yesterday, or the day before, they lost sight of him at the corner of the Rue Coq-Héron.”

“Didn’t I say that your police were good for nothing?”

“Yes; but they may catch him yet.”

“True,” said Noirtier, looking carelessly around him, “true, if this person were not on his guard, as he is;” and he added with a smile, “He will consequently make a few changes in his personal appearance.” At these words he rose, and put off his frock-coat and cravat, went towards a table on which lay his son’s toilet articles, lathered his face, took a razor, and, with a firm hand, cut off the compromising whiskers. Villefort watched him with alarm not devoid of admiration.

His whiskers cut off, Noirtier gave another turn to his hair; took, instead of his black cravat, a colored neckerchief which lay at the top of an open portmanteau; put on, in lieu of his blue and high-buttoned frock-coat, a coat of Villefort’s of dark brown, and cut away in front; tried on before the glass a narrow-brimmed hat of his son’s, which appeared to fit him perfectly, and, leaving his cane in the corner where he had deposited it, he took up a small bamboo switch, cut the air with it once or twice, and walked about with that easy swagger which was one of his principal characteristics.

“Well,” he said, turning towards his wondering son, when this disguise was completed, “well, do you think your police will recognize me now.”

“No, father,” stammered Villefort; “at least, I hope not.”

“And now, my dear boy,” continued Noirtier, “I rely on your prudence to remove all the things which I leave in your care.”

“Oh, rely on me,” said Villefort.

“Yes, yes; and now I believe you are right, and that you have really saved my life; be assured I will return the favor hereafter.”

Villefort shook his head.

“You are not convinced yet?”

“I hope at least, that you may be mistaken.”

“Shall you see the king again?”

“Perhaps.”

“Would you pass in his eyes for a prophet?”

“Prophets of evil are not in favor at the court, father.”

“True, but some day they do them justice; and supposing a second restoration, you would then pass for a great man.”

“Well, what should I say to the king?”

“Say this to him: ‘Sire, you are deceived as to the feeling in France, as to the opinions of the towns, and the prejudices of the army; he whom in Paris you call the Corsican ogre, who at Nevers is styled the usurper, is already saluted as Bonaparte at Lyons, and emperor at Grenoble. You think he is tracked, pursued, captured; he is advancing as rapidly as his own eagles. The soldiers you believe to be dying with hunger, worn out with fatigue, ready to desert, gather like atoms of snow about the rolling ball as it hastens onward. Sire, go, leave France to its real master, to him who acquired it, not by purchase, but by right of conquest; go, sire, not that you incur any risk, for your adversary is powerful enough to show you mercy, but because it would be humiliating for a grandson of Saint Louis to owe his life to the man of Arcola, Marengo, Austerlitz.’ Tell him this, Gérard; or, rather, tell him nothing. Keep your journey a secret; do not boast of what you have come to Paris to do, or have done; return with all speed; enter Marseilles at night, and your house by the back-door, and there remain, quiet, submissive, secret, and, above all, inoffensive; for this time, I swear to you, we shall act like powerful men who know their enemies. Go, my son—go, my dear Gérard, and by your obedience to my

paternal orders, or, if you prefer it, friendly counsels, we will keep you in your place. This will be," added Noirtier, with a smile, "one means by which you may a second time save me, if the political balance should some day take another turn, and cast you aloft while hurling me down. Adieu, my dear Gérard, and at your next journey alight at my door."

Noirtier left the room when he had finished, with the same calmness that had characterized him during the whole of this remarkable and trying conversation. Villefort, pale and agitated, ran to the window, put aside the curtain, and saw him pass, cool and collected, by two or three ill-looking men at the corner of the street, who were there, perhaps, to arrest a man with black whiskers, and a blue frock-coat, and hat with broad brim.

Villefort stood watching, breathless, until his father had disappeared at the Rue Bussy. Then he turned to the various articles he had left behind him, put the black cravat and blue frock-coat at the bottom of the portmanteau, threw the hat into a dark closet, broke the cane into small bits and flung it in the fire, put on his travelling-cap, and calling his valet, checked with a look the thousand questions he was ready to ask, paid his bill, sprang into his carriage, which was ready, learned at Lyons that Bonaparte had entered Grenoble, and in the midst of the tumult which prevailed along the road, at length reached Marseilles, a prey to all the hopes and fears which enter into the heart of man with ambition and its first successes.

Chapter 13. The Hundred Days

M. Noirtier was a true prophet, and things progressed rapidly, as he had predicted. Everyone knows the history of the famous return from Elba, a return which was unprecedented in the past, and will probably remain without a counterpart in the future.

Louis XVIII. made but a faint attempt to parry this unexpected blow; the monarchy he had scarcely reconstructed tottered on its precarious foundation, and at a sign from the emperor the incongruous structure of ancient prejudices and new ideas fell to the ground. Villefort, therefore, gained nothing save the king's gratitude (which was rather likely to injure him at the present time) and the cross of the Legion of Honor, which he had the prudence not to wear, although M. de Blacas had duly forwarded the brevet.

Napoleon would, doubtless, have deprived Villefort of his office had it not been for Noirtier, who was all powerful at court, and thus the Girondin of '93 and the Senator of 1806 protected him who so lately had been his protector. All Villefort's influence barely enabled him to stifle the secret Dantès had so nearly divulged. The king's procureur alone was deprived of his office, being suspected of royalism.

However, scarcely was the imperial power established—that is, scarcely had the emperor re-entered the Tuileries and begun to issue orders from the closet into which we have introduced our readers,—he found on the table there Louis XVIII.'s half-filled snuff-box,—scarcely had this occurred when Marseilles began, in spite of the authorities, to rekindle the flames of civil war, always smouldering in the south, and it required but little to excite the populace to acts of far greater violence than the shouts and insults with which they assailed the royalists whenever they ventured abroad.

0159m

Owing to this change, the worthy shipowner became at that moment—we will not say all powerful, because Morrel was a prudent and rather a timid man, so much so, that many of the most zealous partisans of Bonaparte accused him of "moderation"—but sufficiently influential to make a demand in favor of Dantès.

Villefort retained his place, but his marriage was put off until a more favorable opportunity. If the emperor remained on the throne, Gérard required a different alliance to aid his career; if Louis XVIII. returned, the influence of M. de Saint-Méran, like his own, could be vastly increased, and the marriage be still more suitable. The deputy procureur was, therefore, the first magistrate of Marseilles, when one morning his door opened, and M. Morrel was announced.

Anyone else would have hastened to receive him; but Villefort was a man of ability, and he knew this would be a sign of weakness. He made Morrel wait in the antechamber, although he had no one with him, for the simple reason that the king's procureur always makes everyone wait, and after passing a quarter of an hour in reading the papers, he ordered M. Morrel to be admitted.

Morrel expected Villefort would be dejected; he found him as he had found him six weeks before, calm, firm, and full of that glacial politeness, that most insurmountable barrier which separates the well-bred from the vulgar man.

He had entered Villefort's office expecting that the magistrate would tremble at the sight of him; on the contrary, he felt a cold shudder all over him when he saw Villefort sitting there with his elbow on his desk, and his head leaning on his hand. He stopped at the door; Villefort gazed at him as if he had some difficulty in recognizing him; then, after a brief interval, during which the honest shipowner turned his hat in his hands,

"M. Morrel, I believe?" said Villefort.

"Yes, sir."

"Come nearer," said the magistrate, with a patronizing wave of the hand, "and tell me to what circumstance I owe the honor of this visit."

"Do you not guess, monsieur?" asked Morrel.

"Not in the least; but if I can serve you in any way I shall be delighted."

"Everything depends on you."

"Explain yourself, pray."

"Monsieur," said Morrel, recovering his assurance as he proceeded, "do you recollect that a few days before the landing of his majesty the emperor, I came to intercede for a young man, the mate of my ship, who was accused of being concerned in correspondence with the Island of Elba? What was the other day a crime is today a title to favor. You then served Louis XVIII., and you did not show any favor—it was your duty; today you serve Napoleon, and you ought to protect him—it is equally your duty; I come, therefore, to ask what has become of him?"

0161m

Villefort by a strong effort sought to control himself. "What is his name?" said he. "Tell me his name."

"Edmond Dantès."

Villefort would probably have rather stood opposite the muzzle of a pistol at five-and-twenty paces than have heard this name spoken; but he did not blanch.

"Dantès," repeated he, "Edmond Dantès."

"Yes, monsieur." Villefort opened a large register, then went to a table, from the table turned to his registers, and then, turning to Morrel,

"Are you quite sure you are not mistaken, monsieur?" said he, in the most natural tone in the world.

Had Morrel been a more quick-sighted man, or better versed in these matters, he would have been surprised at the king's procureur answering him on such a subject, instead of referring him to the governors of the prison or the prefect of the department. But Morrel, disappointed in his expectations of exciting fear, was conscious only of the other's condescension. Villefort had calculated rightly.

"No," said Morrel; "I am not mistaken. I have known him for ten years, the last four of which he was in my service. Do not you recollect, I came about six weeks ago to plead for clemency, as I come today to plead for justice. You received me very coldly. Oh, the royalists were very severe with the Bonapartists in those days."

"Monsieur," returned Villefort, "I was then a royalist, because I believed the Bourbons not only the heirs to the throne, but the chosen of the nation. The miraculous return of Napoleon has conquered me, the legitimate monarch is he who is loved by his people."

"That's right!" cried Morrel. "I like to hear you speak thus, and I augur well for Edmond from it."

"Wait a moment," said Villefort, turning over the leaves of a register; "I have it—a sailor, who was about to marry a young Catalan girl. I recollect now; it was a very serious charge."

“How so?”

“You know that when he left here he was taken to the Palais de Justice.”

“Well?”

“I made my report to the authorities at Paris, and a week after he was carried off.”

“Carried off!” said Morrel. “What can they have done with him?”

“Oh, he has been taken to Fenestrelles, to Pignerol, or to the Sainte-Marguérite islands. Some fine morning he will return to take command of your vessel.”

“Come when he will, it shall be kept for him. But how is it he is not already returned? It seems to me the first care of government should be to set at liberty those who have suffered for their adherence to it.”

“Do not be too hasty, M. Morrel,” replied Villefort. “The order of imprisonment came from high authority, and the order for his liberation must proceed from the same source; and, as Napoleon has scarcely been reinstated a fortnight, the letters have not yet been forwarded.”

“But,” said Morrel, “is there no way of expediting all these formalities—of releasing him from arrest?”

“There has been no arrest.”

“How?”

“It is sometimes essential to government to cause a man’s disappearance without leaving any traces, so that no written forms or documents may defeat their wishes.”

“It might be so under the Bourbons, but at present——”

“It has always been so, my dear Morrel, since the reign of Louis XIV. The emperor is more strict in prison discipline than even Louis himself, and the number of prisoners whose names are not on the register is incalculable.” Had Morrel even any suspicions, so much kindness would have dispelled them.

“Well, M. de Villefort, how would you advise me to act?” asked he.

“Petition the minister.”

“Oh, I know what that is; the minister receives two hundred petitions every day, and does not read three.”

“That is true; but he will read a petition countersigned and presented by me.”

“And will you undertake to deliver it?”

“With the greatest pleasure. Dantès was then guilty, and now he is innocent, and it is as much my duty to free him as it was to condemn him.” Villefort thus forestalled any danger of an inquiry, which, however improbable it might be, if it did take place would leave him defenceless.

“But how shall I address the minister?”

“Sit down there,” said Villefort, giving up his place to Morrel, “and write what I dictate.”

“Will you be so good?”

“Certainly. But lose no time; we have lost too much already.”

“That is true. Only think what the poor fellow may even now be suffering.”

Villefort shuddered at the suggestion; but he had gone too far to draw back. Dantès must be crushed to gratify Villefort’s ambition.

Villefort dictated a petition, in which, from an excellent intention, no doubt, Dantès’ patriotic services were exaggerated, and he was made out one of the most active agents of Napoleon’s return. It was evident that at the sight of this document the minister would

instantly release him. The petition finished, Villefort read it aloud.

“That will do,” said he; “leave the rest to me.”

“Will the petition go soon?”

“Today.”

“Countersigned by you?”

“The best thing I can do will be to certify the truth of the contents of your petition.” And, sitting down, Villefort wrote the certificate at the bottom.

“What more is to be done?”

“I will do whatever is necessary.” This assurance delighted Morrel, who took leave of Villefort, and hastened to announce to old Dantès that he would soon see his son.

As for Villefort, instead of sending to Paris, he carefully preserved the petition that so fearfully compromised Dantès, in the hopes of an event that seemed not unlikely,—that is, a second restoration. Dantès remained a prisoner, and heard not the noise of the fall of Louis XVIII.’s throne, or the still more tragic destruction of the empire.

Twice during the Hundred Days had Morrel renewed his demand, and twice had Villefort soothed him with promises. At last there was Waterloo, and Morrel came no more; he had done all that was in his power, and any fresh attempt would only compromise himself uselessly.

Louis XVIII. remounted the throne; Villefort, to whom Marseilles had become filled with remorseful memories, sought and obtained the situation of king’s procureur at Toulouse, and a fortnight afterwards he married Mademoiselle de Saint-Méran, whose father now stood higher at court than ever.

And so Dantès, after the Hundred Days and after Waterloo, remained in his dungeon, forgotten of earth and heaven.

Danglars comprehended the full extent of the wretched fate that overwhelmed Dantès; and, when Napoleon returned to France, he, after the manner of mediocre minds, termed the coincidence, _a decree of Providence_. But when Napoleon returned to Paris, Danglars’ heart failed him, and he lived in constant fear of Dantès’ return on a mission of vengeance. He therefore informed M. Morrel of his wish to quit the sea, and obtained a recommendation from him to a Spanish merchant, into whose service he entered at the end of March, that is, ten or twelve days after Napoleon’s return. He then left for Madrid, and was no more heard of.

Fernand understood nothing except that Dantès was absent. What had become of him he cared not to inquire. Only, during the respite the absence of his rival afforded him, he reflected, partly on the means of deceiving Mercédès as to the cause of his absence, partly on plans of emigration and abduction, as from time to time he sat sad and motionless on the summit of Cape Pharo, at the spot from whence Marseilles and the Catalans are visible, watching for the apparition of a young and handsome man, who was for him also the messenger of vengeance. Fernand’s mind was made up; he would shoot Dantès, and then kill himself. But Fernand was mistaken; a man of his disposition never kills himself, for he constantly hopes.

During this time the empire made its last conscription, and every man in France capable of bearing arms rushed to obey the summons of the emperor. Fernand departed with the rest, bearing with him the terrible thought that while he was away, his rival would perhaps return and marry Mercédès. Had Fernand really meant to kill himself, he would have done so when he parted from Mercédès. His devotion, and the compassion he showed for her misfortunes, produced the effect they always produce on noble minds—Mercédès had always had a sincere regard for Fernand, and this was now strengthened by gratitude.

“My brother,” said she, as she placed his knapsack on his shoulders, “be careful of yourself, for if you are killed, I shall be alone in the world.” These words carried a ray of hope into Fernand’s heart. Should Dantès not return, Mercédès might one day be his.

0165m

Mercédès was left alone face to face with the vast plain that had never seemed so barren, and the sea that had never seemed so vast. Bathed in tears she wandered about the Catalan village. Sometimes she stood mute and motionless as a statue, looking towards Marseilles, at other times gazing on the sea, and debating as to whether it were not better to cast herself into the abyss of

the ocean, and thus end her woes. It was not want of courage that prevented her putting this resolution into execution; but her religious feelings came to her aid and saved her.

Caderousse was, like Fernand, enrolled in the army, but, being married and eight years older, he was merely sent to the frontier. Old Dantès, who was only sustained by hope, lost all hope at Napoleon's downfall. Five months after he had been separated from his son, and almost at the hour of his arrest, he breathed his last in Mercédès' arms. M. Morrel paid the expenses of his funeral, and a few small debts the poor old man had contracted.

There was more than benevolence in this action; there was courage; the south was aflame, and to assist, even on his death-bed, the father of so dangerous a Bonapartist as Dantès, was stigmatized as a crime.

Chapter 14. The Two Prisoners

A year after Louis XVIII.'s restoration, a visit was made by the inspector-general of prisons. Dantès in his cell heard the noise of preparation,—sounds that at the depth where he lay would have been inaudible to any but the ear of a prisoner, who could hear the splash of the drop of water that every hour fell from the roof of his dungeon. He guessed something uncommon was passing among the living; but he had so long ceased to have any intercourse with the world, that he looked upon himself as dead.

The inspector visited, one after another, the cells and dungeons of several of the prisoners, whose good behavior or stupidity recommended them to the clemency of the government. He inquired how they were fed, and if they had any request to make. The universal response was, that the fare was detestable, and that they wanted to be set free.

The inspector asked if they had anything else to ask for. They shook their heads. What could they desire beyond their liberty? The inspector turned smilingly to the governor.

"I do not know what reason government can assign for these useless visits; when you see one prisoner, you see all,—always the same thing,—ill fed and innocent. Are there any others?"

"Yes; the dangerous and mad prisoners are in the dungeons."

"Let us visit them," said the inspector with an air of fatigue. "We must play the farce to the end. Let us see the dungeons."

"Let us first send for two soldiers," said the governor. "The prisoners sometimes, through mere uneasiness of life, and in order to be sentenced to death, commit acts of useless violence, and you might fall a victim."

"Take all needful precautions," replied the inspector.

Two soldiers were accordingly sent for, and the inspector descended a stairway, so foul, so humid, so dark, as to be loathsome to sight, smell, and respiration.

"Oh," cried the inspector, "who can live here?"

"A most dangerous conspirator, a man we are ordered to keep the most strict watch over, as he is daring and resolute."

"He is alone?"

"Certainly."

"How long has he been there?"

"Nearly a year."

"Was he placed here when he first arrived?"

"No; not until he attempted to kill the turnkey, who took his food to him."

"To kill the turnkey?"

"Yes, the very one who is lighting us. Is it not true, Antoine?" asked the governor.

"True enough; he wanted to kill me!" returned the turnkey.

“He must be mad,” said the inspector.

“He is worse than that,—he is a devil!” returned the turnkey.

“Shall I complain of him?” demanded the inspector.

“Oh, no; it is useless. Besides, he is almost mad now, and in another year he will be quite so.”

“So much the better for him,—he will suffer less,” said the inspector. He was, as this remark shows, a man full of philanthropy, and in every way fit for his office.

“You are right, sir,” replied the governor; “and this remark proves that you have deeply considered the subject. Now we have in a dungeon about twenty feet distant, and to which you descend by another stair, an old abbé, formerly leader of a party in Italy, who has been here since 1811, and in 1813 he went mad, and the change is astonishing. He used to weep, he now laughs; he grew thin, he now grows fat. You had better see him, for his madness is amusing.”

“I will see them both,” returned the inspector; “I must conscientiously perform my duty.”

This was the inspector’s first visit; he wished to display his authority.

“Let us visit this one first,” added he.

“By all means,” replied the governor, and he signed to the turnkey to open the door. At the sound of the key turning in the lock, and the creaking of the hinges, Dantès, who was crouched in a corner of the dungeon, whence he could see the ray of light that came through a narrow iron grating above, raised his head. Seeing a stranger, escorted by two turnkeys holding torches and accompanied by two soldiers, and to whom the governor spoke bareheaded, Dantès, who guessed the truth, and that the moment to address himself to the superior authorities was come, sprang forward with clasped hands.

The soldiers interposed their bayonets, for they thought that he was about to attack the inspector, and the latter recoiled two or three steps. Dantès saw that he was looked upon as dangerous. Then, infusing all the humility he possessed into his eyes and voice, he addressed the inspector, and sought to inspire him with pity.

The inspector listened attentively; then, turning to the governor, observed, “He will become religious—he is already more gentle; he is afraid, and retreated before the bayonets—madmen are not afraid of anything; I made some curious observations on this at Charenton.” Then, turning to the prisoner, “What is it you want?” said he.

“I want to know what crime I have committed—to be tried; and if I am guilty, to be shot; if innocent, to be set at liberty.”

“Are you well fed?” said the inspector.

“I believe so; I don’t know; it’s of no consequence. What matters really, not only to me, but to officers of justice and the king, is that an innocent man should languish in prison, the victim of an infamous denunciation, to die here cursing his executioners.”

“You are very humble today,” remarked the governor; “you are not so always; the other day, for instance, when you tried to kill the turnkey.”

“It is true, sir, and I beg his pardon, for he has always been very good to me, but I was mad.”

“And you are not so any longer?”

“No; captivity has subdued me—I have been here so long.”

“So long?—when were you arrested, then?” asked the inspector.

“The 28th of February, 1815, at half-past two in the afternoon.”

“Today is the 30th of July, 1816,—why, it is but seventeen months.”

“Only seventeen months,” replied Dantès. “Oh, you do not know what is seventeen months in prison!—seventeen ages rather, especially to a man who, like me, had arrived at the summit of his ambition—to a man, who, like me, was on the point of marrying a woman he adored, who saw an honorable career opened before him, and who loses all in an instant—who sees his prospects

destroyed, and is ignorant of the fate of his affianced wife, and whether his aged father be still living! Seventeen months' captivity to a sailor accustomed to the boundless ocean, is a worse punishment than human crime ever merited. Have pity on me, then, and ask for me, not intelligence, but a trial; not pardon, but a verdict—a trial, sir, I ask only for a trial; that, surely, cannot be denied to one who is accused!"

"We shall see," said the inspector; then, turning to the governor, "On my word, the poor devil touches me. You must show me the proofs against him."

"Certainly; but you will find terrible charges."

"Monsieur," continued Dantès, "I know it is not in your power to release me; but you can plead for me—you can have me tried—and that is all I ask. Let me know my crime, and the reason why I was condemned. Uncertainty is worse than all."

"Go on with the lights," said the inspector.

"Monsieur," cried Dantès, "I can tell by your voice you are touched with pity; tell me at least to hope."

"I cannot tell you that," replied the inspector; "I can only promise to examine into your case."

"Oh, I am free—then I am saved!"

"Who arrested you?"

"M. Villefort. See him, and hear what he says."

"M. Villefort is no longer at Marseilles; he is now at Toulouse."

"I am no longer surprised at my detention," murmured Dantès, "since my only protector is removed."

"Had M. de Villefort any cause of personal dislike to you?"

"None; on the contrary, he was very kind to me."

"I can, then, rely on the notes he has left concerning you?"

"Entirely."

"That is well; wait patiently, then."

Dantès fell on his knees, and prayed earnestly. The door closed; but this time a fresh inmate was left with Dantès—Hope.

0173m

"Will you see the register at once," asked the governor, "or proceed to the other cell?"

"Let us visit them all," said the inspector. "If I once went up those stairs. I should never have the courage to come down again."

"Ah, this one is not like the other, and his madness is less affecting than this one's display of reason."

"What is his folly?"

"He fancies he possesses an immense treasure. The first year he offered government a million of francs for his release; the second, two; the third, three; and so on progressively. He is now in his fifth year of captivity; he will ask to speak to you in private, and offer you five millions."

"How curious!—what is his name?"

"The Abbé Faria."

"No. 27," said the inspector.

"It is here; unlock the door, Antoine."

The turnkey obeyed, and the inspector gazed curiously into the chamber of the _mad abbé_, as the prisoner was usually called.

In the centre of the cell, in a circle traced with a fragment of plaster detached from the wall, sat a man whose tattered garments scarcely covered him. He was drawing in this circle geometrical lines, and seemed as much absorbed in his problem as Archimedes was when the soldier of Marcellus slew him. He did not move at the sound of the door, and continued his calculations until the flash of the torches lighted up with an unwonted glare the sombre walls of his cell; then, raising his head, he perceived with astonishment the number of persons present. He hastily seized the coverlet of his bed, and wrapped it round him.

“What is it you want?” said the inspector.

“I, monsieur,” replied the abbé with an air of surprise,—“I want nothing.”

“You do not understand,” continued the inspector; “I am sent here by government to visit the prison, and hear the requests of the prisoners.”

“Oh, that is different,” cried the abbé; “and we shall understand each other, I hope.”

“There, now,” whispered the governor, “it is just as I told you.”

“Monsieur,” continued the prisoner, “I am the Abbé Faria, born at Rome. I was for twenty years Cardinal Spada’s secretary; I was arrested, why, I know not, toward the beginning of the year 1811; since then I have demanded my liberty from the Italian and French government.”

“Why from the French government?”

“Because I was arrested at Piombino, and I presume that, like Milan and Florence, Piombino has become the capital of some French department.”

“Ah,” said the inspector, “you have not the latest news from Italy?”

“My information dates from the day on which I was arrested,” returned the Abbé Faria; “and as the emperor had created the kingdom of Rome for his infant son, I presume that he has realized the dream of Machiavelli and Cæsar Borgia, which was to make Italy a united kingdom.”

“Monsieur,” returned the inspector, “Providence has changed this gigantic plan you advocate so warmly.”

“It is the only means of rendering Italy strong, happy, and independent.”

“Very possibly; only I am not come to discuss politics, but to inquire if you have anything to ask or to complain of.”

“The food is the same as in other prisons,—that is, very bad; the lodging is very unhealthful, but, on the whole, passable for a dungeon; but it is not that which I wish to speak of, but a secret I have to reveal of the greatest importance.”

“We are coming to the point,” whispered the governor.

“It is for that reason I am delighted to see you,” continued the abbé, “although you have disturbed me in a most important calculation, which, if it succeeded, would possibly change Newton’s system. Could you allow me a few words in private.”

“What did I tell you?” said the governor.

“You knew him,” returned the inspector with a smile.

“What you ask is impossible, monsieur,” continued he, addressing Faria.

0175m

“But,” said the abbé, “I would speak to you of a large sum, amounting to five millions.”

“The very sum you named,” whispered the inspector in his turn.

“However,” continued Faria, seeing that the inspector was about to depart, “it is not absolutely necessary for us to be alone; the governor can be present.”

“Unfortunately,” said the governor, “I know beforehand what you are about to say; it concerns your treasures, does it not?” Faria fixed his eyes on him with an expression that would have convinced anyone else of his sanity.

“Of course,” said he; “of what else should I speak?”

“Mr. Inspector,” continued the governor, “I can tell you the story as well as he, for it has been dinned in my ears for the last four or five years.”

“That proves,” returned the abbé, “that you are like those of Holy Writ, who having eyes see not, and having ears hear not.”

“My dear sir, the government is rich and does not want your treasures,” replied the inspector; “keep them until you are liberated.” The abbé’s eyes glistened; he seized the inspector’s hand.

“But what if I am not liberated,” cried he, “and am detained here until my death? this treasure will be lost. Had not government better profit by it? I will offer six millions, and I will content myself with the rest, if they will only give me my liberty.”

“On my word,” said the inspector in a low tone, “had I not been told beforehand that this man was mad, I should believe what he says.”

“I am not mad,” replied Faria, with that acuteness of hearing peculiar to prisoners. “The treasure I speak of really exists, and I offer to sign an agreement with you, in which I promise to lead you to the spot where you shall dig; and if I deceive you, bring me here again,—I ask no more.”

The governor laughed. “Is the spot far from here?”

“A hundred leagues.”

“It is not ill-planned,” said the governor. “If all the prisoners took it into their heads to travel a hundred leagues, and their guardians consented to accompany them, they would have a capital chance of escaping.”

“The scheme is well known,” said the inspector; “and the abbé’s plan has not even the merit of originality.”

Then turning to Faria, “I inquired if you are well fed?” said he.

“Swear to me,” replied Faria, “to free me if what I tell you prove true, and I will stay here while you go to the spot.”

“Are you well fed?” repeated the inspector.

“Monsieur, you run no risk, for, as I told you, I will stay here; so there is no chance of my escaping.”

“You do not reply to my question,” replied the inspector impatiently.

“Nor you to mine,” cried the abbé. “You will not accept my gold; I will keep it for myself. You refuse me my liberty; God will give it me.” And the abbé, casting away his coverlet, resumed his place, and continued his calculations.

0177m

“What is he doing there?” said the inspector.

“Counting his treasures,” replied the governor.

Faria replied to this sarcasm with a glance of profound contempt. They went out. The turnkey closed the door behind them.

“He was wealthy once, perhaps?” said the inspector.

“Or dreamed he was, and awoke mad.”

“After all,” said the inspector, “if he had been rich, he would not have been here.”

So the matter ended for the Abbé Faria. He remained in his cell, and this visit only increased the belief in his insanity.

Caligula or Nero, those treasure-seekers, those desirers of the impossible, would have accorded to the poor wretch, in exchange for his wealth, the liberty he so earnestly prayed for. But the kings of modern times, restrained by the limits of mere probability, have

neither courage nor desire. They fear the ear that hears their orders, and the eye that scrutinizes their actions. Formerly they believed themselves sprung from Jupiter, and shielded by their birth; but nowadays they are not inviolable.

It has always been against the policy of despotic governments to suffer the victims of their persecutions to reappear. As the Inquisition rarely allowed its victims to be seen with their limbs distorted and their flesh lacerated by torture, so madness is always concealed in its cell, from whence, should it depart, it is conveyed to some gloomy hospital, where the doctor has no thought for man or mind in the mutilated being the jailer delivers to him. The very madness of the Abbé Faria, gone mad in prison, condemned him to perpetual captivity.

The inspector kept his word with Dantès; he examined the register, and found the following note concerning him:

Edmond Dantès:

Violent Bonapartist; took an active part in the return from Elba.

The greatest watchfulness and care to be exercised.

This note was in a different hand from the rest, which showed that it had been added since his confinement. The inspector could not contend against this accusation; he simply wrote, _Nothing to be done._

This visit had infused new vigor into Dantès; he had, till then, forgotten the date; but now, with a fragment of plaster, he wrote the date, 30th July, 1816, and made a mark every day, in order not to lose his reckoning again. Days and weeks passed away, then months—Dantès still waited; he at first expected to be freed in a fortnight. This fortnight expired, he decided that the inspector would do nothing until his return to Paris, and that he would not reach there until his circuit was finished, he therefore fixed three months; three months passed away, then six more. Finally ten months and a half had gone by and no favorable change had taken place, and Dantès began to fancy the inspector's visit but a dream, an illusion of the brain.

At the expiration of a year the governor was transferred; he had obtained charge of the fortress at Ham. He took with him several of his subordinates, and amongst them Dantès' jailer. A new governor arrived; it would have been too tedious to acquire the names of the prisoners; he learned their numbers instead. This horrible place contained fifty cells; their inhabitants were designated by the numbers of their cell, and the unhappy young man was no longer called Edmond Dantès—he was now number 34.

Chapter 15. Number 34 and Number 27

Dantès passed through all the stages of torture natural to prisoners in suspense. He was sustained at first by that pride of conscious innocence which is the sequence to hope; then he began to doubt his own innocence, which justified in some measure the governor's belief in his mental alienation; and then, relaxing his sentiment of pride, he addressed his supplications, not to God, but to man. God is always the last resource. Unfortunates, who ought to begin with God, do not have any hope in him till they have exhausted all other means of deliverance.

Dantès asked to be removed from his present dungeon into another, even if it were darker and deeper, for a change, however disadvantageous, was still a change, and would afford him some amusement. He entreated to be allowed to walk about, to have fresh air, books, and writing materials. His requests were not granted, but he went on asking all the same. He accustomed himself to speaking to the new jailer, although the latter was, if possible, more taciturn than the old one; but still, to speak to a man, even though mute, was something. Dantès spoke for the sake of hearing his own voice; he had tried to speak when alone, but the sound of his voice terrified him.

Often, before his captivity, Dantès' mind had revolted at the idea of assemblages of prisoners, made up of thieves, vagabonds, and murderers. He now wished to be amongst them, in order to see some other face besides that of his jailer; he sighed for the galleys, with the infamous costume, the chain, and the brand on the shoulder. The galley-slaves breathed the fresh air of heaven, and saw each other. They were very happy.

He besought the jailer one day to let him have a companion, were it even the mad abbé. The jailer, though rough and hardened by the constant sight of so much suffering, was yet a man. At the bottom of his heart he had often had a feeling of pity for this unhappy young man who suffered so; and he laid the request of number 34 before the governor; but the latter sapiently imagined that Dantès wished to conspire or attempt an escape, and refused his request. Dantès had exhausted all human resources, and he then turned to God.

All the pious ideas that had been so long forgotten, returned; he recollected the prayers his mother had taught him, and discovered a new meaning in every word; for in prosperity prayers seem but a mere medley of words, until misfortune comes and the unhappy sufferer first understands the meaning of the sublime language in which he invokes the pity of heaven! He prayed, and prayed aloud, no longer terrified at the sound of his own voice, for he fell into a sort of ecstasy. He laid every action of his life before the Almighty, proposed tasks to accomplish, and at the end of every prayer introduced the entreaty oftener addressed to man than to God: “Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us.” Yet in spite of his earnest prayers, Dantès remained a prisoner.

Then gloom settled heavily upon him. Dantès was a man of great simplicity of thought, and without education; he could not, therefore, in the solitude of his dungeon, traverse in mental vision the history of the ages, bring to life the nations that had perished, and rebuild the ancient cities so vast and stupendous in the light of the imagination, and that pass before the eye glowing with celestial colors in Martin’s Babylonian pictures. He could not do this, he whose past life was so short, whose present so melancholy, and his future so doubtful. Nineteen years of light to reflect upon in eternal darkness! No distraction could come to his aid; his energetic spirit, that would have exalted in thus revisiting the past, was imprisoned like an eagle in a cage. He clung to one idea—that of his happiness, destroyed, without apparent cause, by an unheard-of fatality; he considered and reconsidered this idea, devoured it (so to speak), as the implacable Ugolino devours the skull of Archbishop Roger in the Inferno of Dante.

Rage supplanted religious fervor. Dantès uttered blasphemies that made his jailer recoil with horror, dashed himself furiously against the walls of his prison, wreaked his anger upon everything, and chiefly upon himself, so that the least thing,—a grain of sand, a straw, or a breath of air that annoyed him, led to paroxysms of fury. Then the letter that Villefort had showed to him recurred to his mind, and every line gleamed forth in fiery letters on the wall like the _mene, mene, tekel upharsin_ of Belshazzar. He told himself that it was the enmity of man, and not the vengeance of Heaven, that had thus plunged him into the deepest misery. He consigned his unknown persecutors to the most horrible tortures he could imagine, and found them all insufficient, because after torture came death, and after death, if not repose, at least the boon of unconsciousness.

By dint of constantly dwelling on the idea that tranquillity was death, and if punishment were the end in view other tortures than death must be invented, he began to reflect on suicide. Unhappy he, who, on the brink of misfortune, broods over ideas like these!

Before him is a dead sea that stretches in azure calm before the eye; but he who unwarily ventures within its embrace finds himself struggling with a monster that would drag him down to perdition. Once thus ensnared, unless the protecting hand of God snatch him thence, all is over, and his struggles but tend to hasten his destruction. This state of mental anguish is, however, less terrible than the sufferings that precede or the punishment that possibly will follow. There is a sort of consolation at the contemplation of the yawning abyss, at the bottom of which lie darkness and obscurity.

Edmond found some solace in these ideas. All his sorrows, all his sufferings, with their train of gloomy spectres, fled from his cell when the angel of death seemed about to enter. Dantès reviewed his past life with composure, and, looking forward with terror to his future existence, chose that middle line that seemed to afford him a refuge.

“Sometimes,” said he, “in my voyages, when I was a man and commanded other men, I have seen the heavens overcast, the sea rage and foam, the storm arise, and, like a monstrous bird, beating the two horizons with its wings. Then I felt that my vessel was a vain refuge, that trembled and shook before the tempest. Soon the fury of the waves and the sight of the sharp rocks announced the approach of death, and death then terrified me, and I used all my skill and intelligence as a man and a sailor to struggle against the wrath of God. But I did so because I was happy, because I had not courted death, because to be cast upon a bed of rocks and seaweed seemed terrible, because I was unwilling that I, a creature made for the service of God, should serve for food to the gulls and ravens. But now it is different; I have lost all that bound me to life, death smiles and invites me to repose; I die after my own manner, I die exhausted and broken-spirited, as I fall asleep when I have paced three thousand times round my cell,—that is thirty thousand steps, or about ten leagues.”

No sooner had this idea taken possession of him than he became more composed, arranged his couch to the best of his power, ate little and slept less, and found existence almost supportable, because he felt that he could throw it off at pleasure, like a worn-out garment. Two methods of self-destruction were at his disposal. He could hang himself with his handkerchief to the window bars, or refuse food and die of starvation. But the first was repugnant to him. Dantès had always entertained the greatest horror of pirates, who are hung up to the yard-arm; he would not die by what seemed an infamous death. He resolved to adopt the second, and began that day to carry out his resolve.

0185m

Nearly four years had passed away; at the end of the second he had ceased to mark the lapse of time. Dantès said, “I wish to die,” and had chosen the manner of his death, and fearful of changing his mind, he had taken an oath to die. “When my morning and evening meals are brought,” thought he, “I will cast them out of the window, and they will think that I have eaten them.”

He kept his word; twice a day he cast out, through the barred aperture, the provisions his jailer brought him—at first gayly, then with deliberation, and at last with regret. Nothing but the recollection of his oath gave him strength to proceed. Hunger made viands once repugnant, now acceptable; he held the plate in his hand for an hour at a time, and gazed thoughtfully at the morsel of bad meat, of tainted fish, of black and mouldy bread. It was the last yearning for life contending with the resolution of despair; then his dungeon seemed less sombre, his prospects less desperate. He was still young—he was only four or five-and-twenty—he had nearly fifty years to live. What unforseen events might not open his prison door, and restore him to liberty? Then he raised to his lips the repast that, like a voluntary Tantalus, he refused himself; but he thought of his oath, and he would not break it. He persisted until, at last, he had not sufficient strength to rise and cast his supper out of the loophole. The next morning he could not see or hear; the jailer feared he was dangerously ill. Edmond hoped he was dying.

Thus the day passed away. Edmond felt a sort of stupor creeping over him which brought with it a feeling almost of content; the gnawing pain at his stomach had ceased; his thirst had abated; when he closed his eyes he saw myriads of lights dancing before them like the will-o’-the-wisps that play about the marshes. It was the twilight of that mysterious country called Death!

Suddenly, about nine o’clock in the evening, Edmond heard a hollow sound in the wall against which he was lying.

So many loathsome animals inhabited the prison, that their noise did not, in general, awake him; but whether abstinence had quickened his faculties, or whether the noise was really louder than usual, Edmond raised his head and listened. It was a continual scratching, as if made by a huge claw, a powerful tooth, or some iron instrument attacking the stones.

Although weakened, the young man’s brain instantly responded to the idea that haunts all prisoners—liberty! It seemed to him that heaven had at length taken pity on him, and had sent this noise to warn him on the very brink of the abyss. Perhaps one of those beloved ones he had so often thought of was thinking of him, and striving to diminish the distance that separated them.

No, no, doubtless he was deceived, and it was but one of those dreams that forerun death!

Edmond still heard the sound. It lasted nearly three hours; he then heard a noise of something falling, and all was silent.

Some hours afterwards it began again, nearer and more distinct. Edmond was intensely interested. Suddenly the jailer entered.

For a week since he had resolved to die, and during the four days that he had been carrying out his purpose, Edmond had not spoken to the attendant, had not answered him when he inquired what was the matter with him, and turned his face to the wall when he looked too curiously at him; but now the jailer might hear the noise and put an end to it, and so destroy a ray of something like hope that soothed his last moments.

The jailer brought him his breakfast. Dantès raised himself up and began to talk about everything; about the bad quality of the food, about the coldness of his dungeon, grumbling and complaining, in order to have an excuse for speaking louder, and wearying the patience of his jailer, who out of kindness of heart had brought broth and white bread for his prisoner.

Fortunately, he fancied that Dantès was delirious; and placing the food on the rickety table, he withdrew. Edmond listened, and the sound became more and more distinct.

“There can be no doubt about it,” thought he; “it is some prisoner who is striving to obtain his freedom. Oh, if I were only there to help him!”

Suddenly another idea took possession of his mind, so used to misfortune, that it was scarcely capable of hope—the idea that the noise was made by workmen the governor had ordered to repair the neighboring dungeon.

It was easy to ascertain this; but how could he risk the question? It was easy to call his jailer’s attention to the noise, and watch his countenance as he listened; but might he not by this means destroy hopes far more important than the short-lived satisfaction of his own curiosity? Unfortunately, Edmond’s brain was still so feeble that he could not bend his thoughts to anything in particular. He saw but one means of restoring lucidity and clearness to his judgment. He turned his eyes towards the soup which the jailer had

brought, rose, staggered towards it, raised the vessel to his lips, and drank off the contents with a feeling of indescribable pleasure.

He had the resolution to stop with this. He had often heard that shipwrecked persons had died through having eagerly devoured too much food. Edmond replaced on the table the bread he was about to devour, and returned to his couch—he did not wish to die. He soon felt that his ideas became again collected—he could think, and strengthen his thoughts by reasoning. Then he said to himself:

“I must put this to the test, but without compromising anybody. If it is a workman, I need but knock against the wall, and he will cease to work, in order to find out who is knocking, and why he does so; but as his occupation is sanctioned by the governor, he will soon resume it. If, on the contrary, it is a prisoner, the noise I make will alarm him, he will cease, and not begin again until he thinks everyone is asleep.”

Edmond rose again, but this time his legs did not tremble, and his sight was clear; he went to a corner of his dungeon, detached a stone, and with it knocked against the wall where the sound came. He struck thrice.

At the first blow the sound ceased, as if by magic.

Edmond listened intently; an hour passed, two hours passed, and no sound was heard from the wall—all was silent there.

Full of hope, Edmond swallowed a few mouthfuls of bread and water, and, thanks to the vigor of his constitution, found himself well-nigh recovered.

The day passed away in utter silence—night came without recurrence of the noise.

“It is a prisoner,” said Edmond joyfully. His brain was on fire, and life and energy returned.

The night passed in perfect silence. Edmond did not close his eyes.

In the morning the jailer brought him fresh provisions—he had already devoured those of the previous day; he ate these listening anxiously for the sound, walking round and round his cell, shaking the iron bars of the loophole, restoring vigor and agility to his limbs by exercise, and so preparing himself for his future destiny. At intervals he listened to learn if the noise had not begun again, and grew impatient at the prudence of the prisoner, who did not guess he had been disturbed by a captive as anxious for liberty as himself.

Three days passed—seventy-two long tedious hours which he counted off by minutes!

At length one evening, as the jailer was visiting him for the last time that night, Dantès, with his ear for the hundredth time at the wall, fancied he heard an almost imperceptible movement among the stones. He moved away, walked up and down his cell to collect his thoughts, and then went back and listened.

The matter was no longer doubtful. Something was at work on the other side of the wall; the prisoner had discovered the danger, and had substituted a lever for a chisel.

Encouraged by this discovery, Edmond determined to assist the indefatigable laborer. He began by moving his bed, and looked around for anything with which he could pierce the wall, penetrate the moist cement, and displace a stone.

He saw nothing, he had no knife or sharp instrument, the window grating was of iron, but he had too often assured himself of its solidity. All his furniture consisted of a bed, a chair, a table, a pail, and a jug. The bed had iron clamps, but they were screwed to the wood, and it would have required a screw-driver to take them off. The table and chair had nothing, the pail had once possessed a handle, but that had been removed.

0189m

Dantès had but one resource, which was to break the jug, and with one of the sharp fragments attack the wall. He let the jug fall on the floor, and it broke in pieces.

Dantès concealed two or three of the sharpest fragments in his bed, leaving the rest on the floor. The breaking of his jug was too natural an accident to excite suspicion. Edmond had all the night to work in, but in the darkness he could not do much, and he soon felt that he was working against something very hard; he pushed back his bed, and waited for day.

All night he heard the subterranean workman, who continued to mine his way. Day came, the jailer entered. Dantès told him that the jug had fallen from his hands while he was drinking, and the jailer went grumblingly to fetch another, without giving himself the trouble to remove the fragments of the broken one. He returned speedily, advised the prisoner to be more careful, and departed.

Dantès heard joyfully the key grate in the lock; he listened until the sound of steps died away, and then, hastily displacing his bed, saw by the faint light that penetrated into his cell, that he had labored uselessly the previous evening in attacking the stone instead of removing the plaster that surrounded it.

The damp had rendered it friable, and Dantès was able to break it off—in small morsels, it is true, but at the end of half an hour he had scraped off a handful; a mathematician might have calculated that in two years, supposing that the rock was not encountered, a passage twenty feet long and two feet broad, might be formed.

The prisoner reproached himself with not having thus employed the hours he had passed in vain hopes, prayer, and despondency. During the six years that he had been imprisoned, what might he not have accomplished?

This idea imparted new energy, and in three days he had succeeded, with the utmost precaution, in removing the cement, and exposing the stone-work. The wall was built of rough stones, among which, to give strength to the structure, blocks of hewn stone were at intervals imbedded. It was one of these he had uncovered, and which he must remove from its socket.

Dantès strove to do this with his nails, but they were too weak. The fragments of the jug broke, and after an hour of useless toil, Dantès paused with anguish on his brow.

Was he to be thus stopped at the beginning, and was he to wait inactive until his fellow workman had completed his task? Suddenly an idea occurred to him—he smiled, and the perspiration dried on his forehead.

The jailer always brought Dantès' soup in an iron saucepan; this saucepan contained soup for both prisoners, for Dantès had noticed that it was either quite full, or half empty, according as the turnkey gave it to him or to his companion first.

The handle of this saucepan was of iron; Dantès would have given ten years of his life in exchange for it.

0191m

The jailer was accustomed to pour the contents of the saucepan into Dantès' plate, and Dantès, after eating his soup with a wooden spoon, washed the plate, which thus served for every day. Now when evening came Dantès put his plate on the ground near the door; the jailer, as he entered, stepped on it and broke it.

This time he could not blame Dantès. He was wrong to leave it there, but the jailer was wrong not to have looked before him. The jailer, therefore, only grumbled. Then he looked about for something to pour the soup into; Dantès' entire dinner service consisted of one plate—there was no alternative.

"Leave the saucepan," said Dantès; "you can take it away when you bring me my breakfast."

This advice was to the jailer's taste, as it spared him the necessity of making another trip. He left the saucepan.

Dantès was beside himself with joy. He rapidly devoured his food, and after waiting an hour, lest the jailer should change his mind and return, he removed his bed, took the handle of the saucepan, inserted the point between the hewn stone and rough stones of the wall, and employed it as a lever. A slight oscillation showed Dantès that all went well. At the end of an hour the stone was extricated from the wall, leaving a cavity a foot and a half in diameter.

Dantès carefully collected the plaster, carried it into the corner of his cell, and covered it with earth. Then, wishing to make the best use of his time while he had the means of labor, he continued to work without ceasing. At the dawn of day he replaced the stone, pushed his bed against the wall, and lay down. The breakfast consisted of a piece of bread; the jailer entered and placed the bread on the table.

"Well, don't you intend to bring me another plate?" said Dantès.

"No," replied the turnkey; "you destroy everything. First you break your jug, then you make me break your plate; if all the prisoners followed your example, the government would be ruined. I shall leave you the saucepan, and pour your soup into that. So for the future I hope you will not be so destructive."

Dantès raised his eyes to heaven and clasped his hands beneath the coverlet. He felt more gratitude for the possession of this piece of iron than he had ever felt for anything. He had noticed, however, that the prisoner on the other side had ceased to labor; no matter, this was a greater reason for proceeding—if his neighbor would not come to him, he would go to his neighbor. All day he toiled on untiringly, and by the evening he had succeeded in extracting ten handfuls of plaster and fragments of stone. When the hour for his jailer's visit arrived, Dantès straightened the handle of the saucepan as well as he could, and placed it in its accustomed place. The turnkey poured his ration of soup into it, together with the fish—for thrice a week the prisoners were deprived of meat. This would have been a method of reckoning time, had not Dantès long ceased to do so. Having poured out the soup, the turnkey retired.

Dantès wished to ascertain whether his neighbor had really ceased to work. He listened—all was silent, as it had been for the last three days. Dantès sighed; it was evident that his neighbor distrusted him. However, he toiled on all the night without being discouraged; but after two or three hours he encountered an obstacle. The iron made no impression, but met with a smooth surface; Dantès touched it, and found that it was a beam. This beam crossed, or rather blocked up, the hole Dantès had made; it was necessary, therefore, to dig above or under it. The unhappy young man had not thought of this.

"Oh, my God, my God!" murmured he, "I have so earnestly prayed to you, that I hoped my prayers had been heard. After having deprived me of my liberty, after having deprived me of death, after having recalled me to existence, my God, have pity on me, and do not let me die in despair!"

0193m

"Who talks of God and despair at the same time?" said a voice that seemed to come from beneath the earth, and, deadened by the distance, sounded hollow and sepulchral in the young man's ears. Edmond's hair stood on end, and he rose to his knees.

"Ah," said he, "I hear a human voice." Edmond had not heard anyone speak save his jailer for four or five years; and a jailer is no man to a prisoner—he is a living door, a barrier of flesh and blood adding strength to restraints of oak and iron.

"In the name of Heaven," cried Dantès, "speak again, though the sound of your voice terrifies me. Who are you?"

"Who are you?" said the voice.

"An unhappy prisoner," replied Dantès, who made no hesitation in answering.

"Of what country?"

"A Frenchman."

"Your name?"

"Edmond Dantès."

"Your profession?"

"A sailor."

"How long have you been here?"

"Since the 28th of February, 1815."

"Your crime?"

"I am innocent."

"But of what are you accused?"

"Of having conspired to aid the emperor's return."

"What! For the emperor's return?—the emperor is no longer on the throne, then?"

"He abdicated at Fontainebleau in 1814, and was sent to the Island of Elba. But how long have you been here that you are ignorant of all this?"

“Since 1811.”

Dantès shuddered; this man had been four years longer than himself in prison.

“Do not dig any more,” said the voice; “only tell me how high up is your excavation?”

“On a level with the floor.”

“How is it concealed?”

“Behind my bed.”

“Has your bed been moved since you have been a prisoner?”

“No.”

“What does your chamber open on?”

“A corridor.”

“And the corridor?”

“On a court.”

“Alas!” murmured the voice.

“Oh, what is the matter?” cried Dantès.

“I have made a mistake owing to an error in my plans. I took the wrong angle, and have come out fifteen feet from where I intended. I took the wall you are mining for the outer wall of the fortress.”

“But then you would be close to the sea?”

“That is what I hoped.”

“And supposing you had succeeded?”

“I should have thrown myself into the sea, gained one of the islands near here—the Isle de Daume or the Isle de Tiboulen—and then I should have been safe.”

“Could you have swum so far?”

“Heaven would have given me strength; but now all is lost.”

“All?”

“Yes; stop up your excavation carefully, do not work any more, and wait until you hear from me.”

“Tell me, at least, who you are?”

“I am—I am No. 27.”

“You mistrust me, then,” said Dantès. Edmond fancied he heard a bitter laugh resounding from the depths.

“Oh, I am a Christian,” cried Dantès, guessing instinctively that this man meant to abandon him. “I swear to you by him who died for us that naught shall induce me to breathe one syllable to my jailers; but I conjure you do not abandon me. If you do, I swear to you, for I have got to the end of my strength, that I will dash my brains out against the wall, and you will have my death to reproach yourself with.”

“How old are you? Your voice is that of a young man.”

“I do not know my age, for I have not counted the years I have been here. All I do know is, that I was just nineteen when I was arrested, the 28th of February, 1815.”

“Not quite twenty-six!” murmured the voice; “at that age he cannot be a traitor.”

“Oh, no, no,” cried Dantès. “I swear to you again, rather than betray you, I would allow myself to be hacked in pieces!”

“You have done well to speak to me, and ask for my assistance, for I was about to form another plan, and leave you; but your age reassures me. I will not forget you. Wait.”

“How long?”

“I must calculate our chances; I will give you the signal.”

“But you will not leave me; you will come to me, or you will let me come to you. We will escape, and if we cannot escape we will talk; you of those whom you love, and I of those whom I love. You must love somebody?”

“No, I am alone in the world.”

“Then you will love me. If you are young, I will be your comrade; if you are old, I will be your son. I have a father who is seventy if he yet lives; I only love him and a young girl called Mercédès. My father has not yet forgotten me, I am sure, but God alone knows if she loves me still; I shall love you as I loved my father.”

“It is well,” returned the voice; “tomorrow.”

These few words were uttered with an accent that left no doubt of his sincerity; Dantès rose, dispersed the fragments with the same precaution as before, and pushed his bed back against the wall. He then gave himself up to his happiness. He would no longer be alone. He was, perhaps, about to regain his liberty; at the worst, he would have a companion, and captivity that is shared is but half captivity. Plaints made in common are almost prayers, and prayers where two or three are gathered together invoke the mercy of heaven.

All day Dantès walked up and down his cell. He sat down occasionally on his bed, pressing his hand on his heart. At the slightest noise he bounded towards the door. Once or twice the thought crossed his mind that he might be separated from this unknown, whom he loved already; and then his mind was made up—when the jailer moved his bed and stooped to examine the opening, he would kill him with his water jug. He would be condemned to die, but he was about to die of grief and despair when this miraculous noise recalled him to life.

The jailer came in the evening. Dantès was on his bed. It seemed to him that thus he better guarded the unfinished opening. Doubtless there was a strange expression in his eyes, for the jailer said, “Come, are you going mad again?”

Dantès did not answer; he feared that the emotion of his voice would betray him. The jailer went away shaking his head. Night came; Dantès hoped that his neighbor would profit by the silence to address him, but he was mistaken. The next morning, however, just as he removed his bed from the wall, he heard three knocks; he threw himself on his knees.

“Is it you?” said he; “I am here.”

“Is your jailer gone?”

“Yes,” said Dantès; “he will not return until the evening; so that we have twelve hours before us.”

“I can work, then?” said the voice.

“Oh, yes, yes; this instant, I entreat you.”

In a moment that part of the floor on which Dantès was resting his two hands, as he knelt with his head in the opening, suddenly gave way; he drew back smartly, while a mass of stones and earth disappeared in a hole that opened beneath the aperture he himself had formed. Then from the bottom of this passage, the depth of which it was impossible to measure, he saw appear, first the head, then the shoulders, and lastly the body of a man, who sprang lightly into his cell.

0197m

Chapter 16. A Learned Italian

Seizing in his arms the friend so long and ardently desired, Dantès almost carried him towards the window, in order to obtain a better view of his features by the aid of the imperfect light that struggled through the grating.

He was a man of small stature, with hair blanched rather by suffering and sorrow than by age. He had a deep-set, penetrating eye, almost buried beneath the thick gray eyebrow, and a long (and still black) beard reaching down to his breast. His thin face, deeply furrowed by care, and the bold outline of his strongly marked features, betokened a man more accustomed to exercise his mental faculties than his physical strength. Large drops of perspiration were now standing on his brow, while the garments that hung about him were so ragged that one could only guess at the pattern upon which they had originally been fashioned.

The stranger might have numbered sixty or sixty-five years; but a certain briskness and appearance of vigor in his movements made it probable that he was aged more from captivity than the course of time. He received the enthusiastic greeting of his young acquaintance with evident pleasure, as though his chilled affections were rekindled and invigorated by his contact with one so warm and ardent. He thanked him with grateful cordiality for his kindly welcome, although he must at that moment have been suffering bitterly to find another dungeon where he had fondly reckoned on discovering a means of regaining his liberty.

“Let us first see,” said he, “whether it is possible to remove the traces of my entrance here—our future tranquillity depends upon our jailers being entirely ignorant of it.”

Advancing to the opening, he stooped and raised the stone easily in spite of its weight; then, fitting it into its place, he said:

“You removed this stone very carelessly; but I suppose you had no tools to aid you.”

“Why,” exclaimed Dantès, with astonishment, “do you possess any?”

“I made myself some; and with the exception of a file, I have all that are necessary,—a chisel, pincers, and lever.”

0201m

“Oh, how I should like to see these products of your industry and patience.”

“Well, in the first place, here is my chisel.”

So saying, he displayed a sharp strong blade, with a handle made of beechwood.

“And with what did you contrive to make that?” inquired Dantès.

“With one of the clamps of my bedstead; and this very tool has sufficed me to hollow out the road by which I came hither, a distance of about fifty feet.”

“Fifty feet!” responded Dantès, almost terrified.

“Do not speak so loud, young man—don’t speak so loud. It frequently occurs in a state prison like this, that persons are stationed outside the doors of the cells purposely to overhear the conversation of the prisoners.”

“But they believe I am shut up alone here.”

“That makes no difference.”

“And you say that you dug your way a distance of fifty feet to get here?”

“I do; that is about the distance that separates your chamber from mine; only, unfortunately, I did not curve aright; for want of the necessary geometrical instruments to calculate my scale of proportion, instead of taking an ellipsis of forty feet, I made it fifty. I expected, as I told you, to reach the outer wall, pierce through it, and throw myself into the sea; I have, however, kept along the corridor on which your chamber opens, instead of going beneath it. My labor is all in vain, for I find that the corridor looks into a courtyard filled with soldiers.”

“That’s true,” said Dantès; “but the corridor you speak of only bounds _one_ side of my cell; there are three others—do you know anything of their situation?”

“This one is built against the solid rock, and it would take ten experienced miners, duly furnished with the requisite tools, as many years to perforate it. This adjoins the lower part of the governor’s apartments, and were we to work our way through, we should only get into some lock-up cellars, where we must necessarily be recaptured. The fourth and last side of your cell faces on—faces on—stop a minute, now where does it face?”

The wall of which he spoke was the one in which was fixed the loophole by which light was admitted to the chamber. This loophole, which gradually diminished in size as it approached the outside, to an opening through which a child could not have passed, was, for better security, furnished with three iron bars, so as to quiet all apprehensions even in the mind of the most suspicious jailer as to the possibility of a prisoner’s escape. As the stranger asked the question, he dragged the table beneath the window.

“Climb up,” said he to Dantès.

The young man obeyed, mounted on the table, and, divining the wishes of his companion, placed his back securely against the wall and held out both hands. The stranger, whom as yet Dantès knew only by the number of his cell, sprang up with an agility by no means to be expected in a person of his years, and, light and steady on his feet as a cat or a lizard, climbed from the table to the outstretched hands of Dantès, and from them to his shoulders; then, bending double, for the ceiling of the dungeon prevented him from holding himself erect, he managed to slip his head between the upper bars of the window, so as to be able to command a perfect view from top to bottom.

An instant afterwards he hastily drew back his head, saying, “I thought so!” and sliding from the shoulders of Dantès as dextrously as he had ascended, he nimbly leaped from the table to the ground.

“What was it that you thought?” asked the young man anxiously, in his turn descending from the table.

The elder prisoner pondered the matter. “Yes,” said he at length, “it is so. This side of your chamber looks out upon a kind of open gallery, where patrols are continually passing, and sentries keep watch day and night.”

“Are you quite sure of that?”

“Certain. I saw the soldier’s shape and the top of his musket; that made me draw in my head so quickly, for I was fearful he might also see me.”

“Well?” inquired Dantès.

“You perceive then the utter impossibility of escaping through your dungeon?”

“Then——” pursued the young man eagerly.

“Then,” answered the elder prisoner, “the will of God be done!” And as the old man slowly pronounced those words, an air of profound resignation spread itself over his careworn countenance. Dantès gazed on the man who could thus philosophically resign hopes so long and ardently nourished with an astonishment mingled with admiration.

“Tell me, I entreat of you, who and what you are?” said he at length. “Never have I met with so remarkable a person as yourself.”

“Willingly,” answered the stranger; “if, indeed, you feel any curiosity respecting one, now, alas, powerless to aid you in any way.”

“Say not so; you can console and support me by the strength of your own powerful mind. Pray let me know who you really are?”

The stranger smiled a melancholy smile. “Then listen,” said he. “I am the Abbé Faria, and have been imprisoned as you know in this Château d’If since the year 1811; previously to which I had been confined for three years in the fortress of Fenestrelle. In the year 1811 I was transferred to Piedmont in France. It was at this period I learned that the destiny which seemed subservient to every wish formed by Napoleon, had bestowed on him a son, named king of Rome even in his cradle. I was very far then from expecting the change you have just informed me of; namely, that four years afterwards, this colossus of power would be overthrown. Then who reigns in France at this moment—Napoleon II.?”

“No, Louis XVIII.”

“The brother of Louis XVI.! How inscrutable are the ways of Providence—for what great and mysterious purpose has it pleased Heaven to abase the man once so elevated, and raise up him who was so abased?”

Dantès' whole attention was riveted on a man who could thus forget his own misfortunes while occupying himself with the destinies of others.

"Yes, yes," continued he, "'Twill be the same as it was in England. After Charles I., Cromwell; after Cromwell, Charles II., and then James II., and then some son-in-law or relation, some Prince of Orange, a stadtholder who becomes a king. Then new concessions to the people, then a constitution, then liberty. Ah, my friend!" said the abbé, turning towards Dantès, and surveying him with the kindling gaze of a prophet, "you are young, you will see all this come to pass."

"Probably, if ever I get out of prison!"

"True," replied Faria, "we are prisoners; but I forget this sometimes, and there are even moments when my mental vision transports me beyond these walls, and I fancy myself at liberty."

"But wherefore are you here?"

"Because in 1807 I dreamed of the very plan Napoleon tried to realize in 1811; because, like Machiavelli, I desired to alter the political face of Italy, and instead of allowing it to be split up into a quantity of petty principalities, each held by some weak or tyrannical ruler, I sought to form one large, compact, and powerful empire; and, lastly, because I fancied I had found my Cæsar Borgia in a crowned simpleton, who feigned to enter into my views only to betray me. It was the plan of Alexander VI. and Clement VII., but it will never succeed now, for they attempted it fruitlessly, and Napoleon was unable to complete his work. Italy seems fated to misfortune." And the old man bowed his head.

Dantès could not understand a man risking his life for such matters. Napoleon certainly he knew something of, inasmuch as he had seen and spoken with him; but of Clement VII. and Alexander VI. he knew nothing.

"Are you not," he asked, "the priest who here in the Château d'If is generally thought to be—ill?"

"Mad, you mean, don't you?"

"I did not like to say so," answered Dantès, smiling.

"Well, then," resumed Faria with a bitter smile, "let me answer your question in full, by acknowledging that I am the poor mad prisoner of the Château d'If, for many years permitted to amuse the different visitors with what is said to be my insanity; and, in all probability, I should be promoted to the honor of making sport for the children, if such innocent beings could be found in an abode devoted like this to suffering and despair."

Dantès remained for a short time mute and motionless; at length he said:

"Then you abandon all hope of escape?"

"I perceive its utter impossibility; and I consider it impious to attempt that which the Almighty evidently does not approve."

"Nay, be not discouraged. Would it not be expecting too much to hope to succeed at your first attempt? Why not try to find an opening in another direction from that which has so unfortunately failed?"

"Alas, it shows how little notion you can have of all it has cost me to effect a purpose so unexpectedly frustrated, that you talk of beginning over again. In the first place, I was four years making the tools I possess, and have been two years scraping and digging out earth, hard as granite itself; then what toil and fatigue has it not been to remove huge stones I should once have deemed impossible to loosen. Whole days have I passed in these Titanic efforts, considering my labor well repaid if, by night-time I had contrived to carry away a square inch of this hard-bound cement, changed by ages into a substance unyielding as the stones themselves; then to conceal the mass of earth and rubbish I dug up, I was compelled to break through a staircase, and throw the fruits of my labor into the hollow part of it; but the well is now so completely choked up, that I scarcely think it would be possible to add another handful of dust without leading to discovery. Consider also that I fully believed I had accomplished the end and aim of my undertaking, for which I had so exactly husbanded my strength as to make it just hold out to the termination of my enterprise; and now, at the moment when I reckoned upon success, my hopes are forever dashed from me. No, I repeat again, that nothing shall induce me to renew attempts evidently at variance with the Almighty's pleasure."

Dantès held down his head, that the other might not see how joy at the thought of having a companion outweighed the sympathy he felt for the failure of the abbé's plans.

The abbé sank upon Edmond's bed, while Edmond himself remained standing. Escape had never once occurred to him. There are, indeed, some things which appear so impossible that the mind does not dwell on them for an instant. To undermine the ground for fifty feet—to devote three years to a labor which, if successful, would conduct you to a precipice overhanging the sea—to plunge into the waves from the height of fifty, sixty, perhaps a hundred feet, at the risk of being dashed to pieces against the rocks, should you have been fortunate enough to have escaped the fire of the sentinels; and even, supposing all these perils past, then to have to swim for your life a distance of at least three miles ere you could reach the shore—were difficulties so startling and formidable that Dantès had never even dreamed of such a scheme, resigning himself rather to death.

But the sight of an old man clinging to life with so desperate a courage, gave a fresh turn to his ideas, and inspired him with new courage. Another, older and less strong than he, had attempted what he had not had sufficient resolution to undertake, and had failed only because of an error in calculation. This same person, with almost incredible patience and perseverance, had contrived to provide himself with tools requisite for so unparalleled an attempt. Another had done all this; why, then, was it impossible to Dantès? Faria had dug his way through fifty feet, Dantès would dig a hundred; Faria, at the age of fifty, had devoted three years to the task; he, who was but half as old, would sacrifice six; Faria, a priest and savant, had not shrunk from the idea of risking his life by trying to swim a distance of three miles to one of the islands—Daume, Rattonneau, or Lemaire; should a hardy sailor, an experienced diver, like himself, shrink from a similar task; should he, who had so often for mere amusement's sake plunged to the bottom of the sea to fetch up the bright coral branch, hesitate to entertain the same project? He could do it in an hour, and how many times had he, for pure pastime, continued in the water for more than twice as long! At once Dantès resolved to follow the brave example of his energetic companion, and to remember that what has once been done may be done again.

After continuing some time in profound meditation, the young man suddenly exclaimed, "I have found what you were in search of!"

Faria started: "Have you, indeed?" cried he, raising his head with quick anxiety; "pray, let me know what it is you have discovered?"

"The corridor through which you have bored your way from the cell you occupy here, extends in the same direction as the outer gallery, does it not?"

0207m

"It does."

"And is not above fifteen feet from it?"

"About that."

"Well, then, I will tell you what we must do. We must pierce through the corridor by forming a side opening about the middle, as it were the top part of a cross. This time you will lay your plans more accurately; we shall get out into the gallery you have described; kill the sentinel who guards it, and make our escape. All we require to insure success is courage, and that you possess, and strength, which I am not deficient in; as for patience, you have abundantly proved yours—you shall now see me prove mine."

"One instant, my dear friend," replied the abbé; "it is clear you do not understand the nature of the courage with which I am endowed, and what use I intend making of my strength. As for patience, I consider that I have abundantly exercised that in beginning every morning the task of the night before, and every night renewing the task of the day. But then, young man (and I pray of you to give me your full attention), then I thought I could not be doing anything displeasing to the Almighty in trying to set an innocent being at liberty—one who had committed no offence, and merited not condemnation."

"And have your notions changed?" asked Dantès with much surprise; "do you think yourself more guilty in making the attempt since you have encountered me?"

"No; neither do I wish to incur guilt. Hitherto I have fancied myself merely waging war against circumstances, not men. I have thought it no sin to bore through a wall, or destroy a staircase; but I cannot so easily persuade myself to pierce a heart or take away a life."

A slight movement of surprise escaped Dantès.

"Is it possible," said he, "that where your liberty is at stake you can allow any such scruple to deter you from obtaining it?"

“Tell me,” replied Faria, “what has hindered you from knocking down your jailer with a piece of wood torn from your bedstead, dressing yourself in his clothes, and endeavoring to escape?”

“Simply the fact that the idea never occurred to me,” answered Dantès.

“Because,” said the old man, “the natural repugnance to the commission of such a crime prevented you from thinking of it; and so it ever is because in simple and allowable things our natural instincts keep us from deviating from the strict line of duty. The tiger, whose nature teaches him to delight in shedding blood, needs but the sense of smell to show him when his prey is within his reach, and by following this instinct he is enabled to measure the leap necessary to permit him to spring on his victim; but man, on the contrary, loathes the idea of blood—it is not alone that the laws of social life inspire him with a shrinking dread of taking life; his natural construction and physiological formation——”

Dantès was confused and silent at this explanation of the thoughts which had unconsciously been working in his mind, or rather soul; for there are two distinct sorts of ideas, those that proceed from the head and those that emanate from the heart.

0209m

“Since my imprisonment,” said Faria, “I have thought over all the most celebrated cases of escape on record. They have rarely been successful. Those that have been crowned with full success have been long meditated upon, and carefully arranged; such, for instance, as the escape of the Duc de Beaufort from the Château de Vincennes, that of the Abbé Dubuquoi from For l’Evêque; of Latude from the Bastille. Then there are those for which chance sometimes affords opportunity, and those are the best of all. Let us, therefore, wait patiently for some favorable moment, and when it presents itself, profit by it.”

“Ah,” said Dantès, “you might well endure the tedious delay; you were constantly employed in the task you set yourself, and when weary with toil, you had your hopes to refresh and encourage you.”

“I assure you,” replied the old man, “I did not turn to that source for recreation or support.”

“What did you do then?”

“I wrote or studied.”

“Were you then permitted the use of pens, ink, and paper?”

“Oh, no,” answered the abbé; “I had none but what I made for myself.”

“You made paper, pens and ink?”

“Yes.”

Dantès gazed with admiration, but he had some difficulty in believing. Faria saw this.

“When you pay me a visit in my cell, my young friend,” said he, “I will show you an entire work, the fruits of the thoughts and reflections of my whole life; many of them meditated over in the shades of the Colosseum at Rome, at the foot of St. Mark’s column at Venice, and on the borders of the Arno at Florence, little imagining at the time that they would be arranged in order within the walls of the Château d’If. The work I speak of is called _A Treatise on the Possibility of a General Monarchy in Italy_, and will make one large quarto volume.”

“And on what have you written all this?”

“On two of my shirts. I invented a preparation that makes linen as smooth and as easy to write on as parchment.”

“You are, then, a chemist?”

“Somewhat; I know Lavoisier, and was the intimate friend of Cabanis.”

“But for such a work you must have needed books—had you any?”

“I had nearly five thousand volumes in my library at Rome; but after reading them over many times, I found out that with one hundred and fifty well-chosen books a man possesses, if not a complete summary of all human knowledge, at least all that a man

need really know. I devoted three years of my life to reading and studying these one hundred and fifty volumes, till I knew them nearly by heart; so that since I have been in prison, a very slight effort of memory has enabled me to recall their contents as readily as though the pages were open before me. I could recite you the whole of Thucydides, Xenophon, Plutarch, Titus Livius, Tacitus, Strada, Jornandes, Dante, Montaigne, Shakespeare, Spinoza, Machiavelli, and Bossuet. I name only the most important."

"You are, doubtless, acquainted with a variety of languages, so as to have been able to read all these?"

"Yes, I speak five of the modern tongues—that is to say, German, French, Italian, English, and Spanish; by the aid of ancient Greek I learned modern Greek—I don't speak it so well as I could wish, but I am still trying to improve myself."

"Improve yourself!" repeated Dantès; "why, how can you manage to do so?"

"Why, I made a vocabulary of the words I knew; turned, returned, and arranged them, so as to enable me to express my thoughts through their medium. I know nearly one thousand words, which is all that is absolutely necessary, although I believe there are nearly one hundred thousand in the dictionaries. I cannot hope to be very fluent, but I certainly should have no difficulty in explaining my wants and wishes; and that would be quite as much as I should ever require."

Stronger grew the wonder of Dantès, who almost fancied he had to do with one gifted with supernatural powers; still hoping to find some imperfection which might bring him down to a level with human beings, he added, "Then if you were not furnished with pens, how did you manage to write the work you speak of?"

"I made myself some excellent ones, which would be universally preferred to all others if once known. You are aware what huge whitings are served to us on _maigre_ days. Well, I selected the cartilages of the heads of these fishes, and you can scarcely imagine the delight with which I welcomed the arrival of each Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, as affording me the means of increasing my stock of pens; for I will freely confess that my historical labors have been my greatest solace and relief. While retracing the past, I forget the present; and traversing at will the path of history I cease to remember that I am myself a prisoner."

"But the ink," said Dantès; "of what did you make your ink?"

"There was formerly a fireplace in my dungeon," replied Faria, "but it was closed up long ere I became an occupant of this prison. Still, it must have been many years in use, for it was thickly covered with a coating of soot; this soot I dissolved in a portion of the wine brought to me every Sunday, and I assure you a better ink cannot be desired. For very important notes, for which closer attention is required, I pricked one of my fingers, and wrote with my own blood."

"And when," asked Dantès, "may I see all this?"

"Whenever you please," replied the abbé.

"Oh, then let it be directly!" exclaimed the young man.

"Follow me, then," said the abbé, as he re-entered the subterranean passage, in which he soon disappeared, followed by Dantès.

Chapter 17. The Abbé's Chamber

After having passed with tolerable ease through the subterranean passage, which, however, did not admit of their holding themselves erect, the two friends reached the further end of the corridor, into which the abbé's cell opened; from that point the passage became much narrower, and barely permitted one to creep through on hands and knees. The floor of the abbé's cell was paved, and it had been by raising one of the stones in the most obscure corner that Faria had been able to commence the laborious task of which Dantès had witnessed the completion.

As he entered the chamber of his friend, Dantès cast around one eager and searching glance in quest of the expected marvels, but nothing more than common met his view.

"It is well," said the abbé; "we have some hours before us—it is now just a quarter past twelve o'clock." Instinctively Dantès turned round to observe by what watch or clock the abbé had been able so accurately to specify the hour.

"Look at this ray of light which enters by my window," said the abbé, "and then observe the lines traced on the wall. Well, by means of these lines, which are in accordance with the double motion of the earth, and the ellipse it describes round the sun, I am enabled to ascertain the precise hour with more minuteness than if I possessed a watch; for that might be broken or deranged in its

movements, while the sun and earth never vary in their appointed paths."

This last explanation was wholly lost upon Dantès, who had always imagined, from seeing the sun rise from behind the mountains and set in the Mediterranean, that it moved, and not the earth. A double movement of the globe he inhabited, and of which he could feel nothing, appeared to him perfectly impossible. Each word that fell from his companion's lips seemed fraught with the mysteries of science, as worthy of digging out as the gold and diamonds in the mines of Guzerat and Golconda, which he could just recollect having visited during a voyage made in his earliest youth.

"Come," said he to the abbé, "I am anxious to see your treasures."

The abbé smiled, and, proceeding to the disused fireplace, raised, by the help of his chisel, a long stone, which had doubtless been the hearth, beneath which was a cavity of considerable depth, serving as a safe depository of the articles mentioned to Dantès.

0213m

"What do you wish to see first?" asked the abbé.

"Oh, your great work on the monarchy of Italy!"

Faria then drew forth from his hiding-place three or four rolls of linen, laid one over the other, like folds of papyrus. These rolls consisted of slips of cloth about four inches wide and eighteen long; they were all carefully numbered and closely covered with writing, so legible that Dantès could easily read it, as well as make out the sense—it being in Italian, a language he, as a Provençal, perfectly understood.

"There," said he, "there is the work complete. I wrote the word _finis_ at the end of the sixty-eighth strip about a week ago. I have torn up two of my shirts, and as many handkerchiefs as I was master of, to complete the precious pages. Should I ever get out of prison and find in all Italy a printer courageous enough to publish what I have composed, my literary reputation is forever secured."

"I see," answered Dantès. "Now let me behold the curious pens with which you have written your work."

"Look!" said Faria, showing to the young man a slender stick about six inches long, and much resembling the size of the handle of a fine painting-brush, to the end of which was tied, by a piece of thread, one of those cartilages of which the abbé had before spoken to Dantès; it was pointed, and divided at the nib like an ordinary pen. Dantès examined it with intense admiration, then looked around to see the instrument with which it had been shaped so correctly into form.

"Ah, yes," said Faria; "the penknife. That's my masterpiece. I made it, as well as this larger knife, out of an old iron candlestick." The penknife was sharp and keen as a razor; as for the other knife, it would serve a double purpose, and with it one could cut and thrust.

Dantès examined the various articles shown to him with the same attention that he had bestowed on the curiosities and strange tools exhibited in the shops at Marseilles as the works of the savages in the South Seas from whence they had been brought by the different trading vessels.

"As for the ink," said Faria, "I told you how I managed to obtain that—and I only just make it from time to time, as I require it."

"One thing still puzzles me," observed Dantès, "and that is how you managed to do all this by daylight?"

"I worked at night also," replied Faria.

"Night!—why, for Heaven's sake, are your eyes like cats', that you can see to work in the dark?"

"Indeed they are not; but God has supplied man with the intelligence that enables him to overcome the limitations of natural conditions. I furnished myself with a light."

"You did? Pray tell me how."

"I separated the fat from the meat served to me, melted it, and so made oil—here is my lamp." So saying, the abbé exhibited a sort of torch very similar to those used in public illuminations.

"But how do you procure a light?"

“Oh, here are two flints and a piece of burnt linen.”

“And matches?”

“I pretended that I had a disorder of the skin, and asked for a little sulphur, which was readily supplied.”

Dantès laid the different things he had been looking at on the table, and stood with his head drooping on his breast, as though overwhelmed by the perseverance and strength of Faria’s mind.

0215m

“You have not seen all yet,” continued Faria, “for I did not think it wise to trust all my treasures in the same hiding-place. Let us shut this one up.” They put the stone back in its place; the abbé sprinkled a little dust over it to conceal the traces of its having been removed, rubbed his foot well on it to make it assume the same appearance as the other, and then, going towards his bed, he removed it from the spot it stood in. Behind the head of the bed, and concealed by a stone fitting in so closely as to defy all suspicion, was a hollow space, and in this space a ladder of cords between twenty-five and thirty feet in length. Dantès closely and eagerly examined it; he found it firm, solid, and compact enough to bear any weight.

“Who supplied you with the materials for making this wonderful work?”

“I tore up several of my shirts, and ripped out the seams in the sheets of my bed, during my three years’ imprisonment at Fenestrelle; and when I was removed to the Château d’If, I managed to bring the ravellings with me, so that I have been able to finish my work here.”

“And was it not discovered that your sheets were unhemmed?”

“Oh, no, for when I had taken out the thread I required, I hemmed the edges over again.”

“With what?”

“With this needle,” said the abbé, as, opening his ragged vestments, he showed Dantès a long, sharp fish-bone, with a small perforated eye for the thread, a small portion of which still remained in it.

“I once thought,” continued Faria, “of removing these iron bars, and letting myself down from the window, which, as you see, is somewhat wider than yours, although I should have enlarged it still more preparatory to my flight; however, I discovered that I should merely have dropped into a sort of inner court, and I therefore renounced the project altogether as too full of risk and danger. Nevertheless, I carefully preserved my ladder against one of those unforeseen opportunities of which I spoke just now, and which sudden chance frequently brings about.”

While affecting to be deeply engaged in examining the ladder, the mind of Dantès was, in fact, busily occupied by the idea that a person so intelligent, ingenious, and clear-sighted as the abbé might probably be able to solve the dark mystery of his own misfortunes, where he himself could see nothing.

“What are you thinking of?” asked the abbé smilingly, imputing the deep abstraction in which his visitor was plunged to the excess of his awe and wonder.

“I was reflecting, in the first place,” replied Dantès, “upon the enormous degree of intelligence and ability you must have employed to reach the high perfection to which you have attained. What would you not have accomplished if you had been free?”

“Possibly nothing at all; the overflow of my brain would probably, in a state of freedom, have evaporated in a thousand follies; misfortune is needed to bring to light the treasures of the human intellect. Compression is needed to explode gunpowder. Captivity has brought my mental faculties to a focus; and you are well aware that from the collision of clouds electricity is produced—from electricity, lightning, from lightning, illumination.”

“No,” replied Dantès. “I know nothing. Some of your words are to me quite empty of meaning. You must be blessed indeed to possess the knowledge you have.”

The abbé smiled. “Well,” said he, “but you had another subject for your thoughts; did you not say so just now?”

“I did!”

“You have told me as yet but one of them—let me hear the other.”

“It was this,—that while you had related to me all the particulars of your past life, you were perfectly unacquainted with mine.”

“Your life, my young friend, has not been of sufficient length to admit of your having passed through any very important events.”

“It has been long enough to inflict on me a great and undeserved misfortune. I would fain fix the source of it on man that I may no longer vent reproaches upon Heaven.”

“Then you profess ignorance of the crime with which you are charged?”

“I do, indeed; and this I swear by the two beings most dear to me upon earth,—my father and Mercédès.”

“Come,” said the abbé, closing his hiding-place, and pushing the bed back to its original situation, “let me hear your story.”

Dantès obeyed, and commenced what he called his history, but which consisted only of the account of a voyage to India, and two or three voyages to the Levant, until he arrived at the recital of his last cruise, with the death of Captain Leclere, and the receipt of a packet to be delivered by himself to the grand marshal; his interview with that personage, and his receiving, in place of the packet brought, a letter addressed to a Monsieur Noirtier—his arrival at Marseilles, and interview with his father—his affection for Mercédès, and their nuptial feast—his arrest and subsequent examination, his temporary detention at the Palais de Justice, and his final imprisonment in the Château d’If. From this point everything was a blank to Dantès—he knew nothing more, not even the length of time he had been imprisoned. His recital finished, the abbé reflected long and earnestly.

“There is,” said he, at the end of his meditations, “a clever maxim, which bears upon what I was saying to you some little while ago, and that is, that unless wicked ideas take root in a naturally depraved mind, human nature, in a right and wholesome state, revolts at crime. Still, from an artificial civilization have originated wants, vices, and false tastes, which occasionally become so powerful as to stifle within us all good feelings, and ultimately to lead us into guilt and wickedness. From this view of things, then, comes the axiom that if you visit to discover the author of any bad action, seek first to discover the person to whom the perpetration of that bad action could be in any way advantageous. Now, to apply it in your case,—to whom could your disappearance have been serviceable?”

“To no one, by Heaven! I was a very insignificant person.”

“Do not speak thus, for your reply evinces neither logic nor philosophy; everything is relative, my dear young friend, from the king who stands in the way of his successor, to the employee who keeps his rival out of a place. Now, in the event of the king’s death, his successor inherits a crown,—when the employee dies, the supernumerary steps into his shoes, and receives his salary of twelve thousand livres. Well, these twelve thousand livres are his civil list, and are as essential to him as the twelve millions of a king. Everyone, from the highest to the lowest degree, has his place on the social ladder, and is beset by stormy passions and conflicting interests, as in Descartes’ theory of pressure and impulsion. But these forces increase as we go higher, so that we have a spiral which in defiance of reason rests upon the apex and not on the base. Now let us return to your particular world. You say you were on the point of being made captain of the _Pharaon_?”

“Yes.”

“And about to become the husband of a young and lovely girl?”

“Yes.”

“Now, could anyone have had any interest in preventing the accomplishment of these two things? But let us first settle the question as to its being the interest of anyone to hinder you from being captain of the _Pharaon_. What say you?”

“I cannot believe such was the case. I was generally liked on board, and had the sailors possessed the right of selecting a captain themselves, I feel convinced their choice would have fallen on me. There was only one person among the crew who had any feeling of ill-will towards me. I had quarelled with him some time previously, and had even challenged him to fight me; but he refused.”

“Now we are getting on. And what was this man’s name?”

“Danglars.”

“What rank did he hold on board?”

“He was supercargo.”

“And had you been captain, should you have retained him in his employment?”

“Not if the choice had remained with me, for I had frequently observed inaccuracies in his accounts.”

“Good again! Now then, tell me, was any person present during your last conversation with Captain Leclere?”

“No; we were quite alone.”

“Could your conversation have been overheard by anyone?”

“It might, for the cabin door was open—and—stay; now I recollect,—Danglars himself passed by just as Captain Leclere was giving me the packet for the grand marshal.”

“That’s better,” cried the abbé; “now we are on the right scent. Did you take anybody with you when you put into the port of Elba?”

“Nobody.”

“Somebody there received your packet, and gave you a letter in place of it, I think?”

“Yes; the grand marshal did.”

“And what did you do with that letter?”

“Put it into my portfolio.”

“You had your portfolio with you, then? Now, how could a sailor find room in his pocket for a portfolio large enough to contain an official letter?”

“You are right; it was left on board.”

“Then it was not till your return to the ship that you put the letter in the portfolio?”

“No.”

“And what did you do with this same letter while returning from Porto-Ferrajo to the vessel?”

“I carried it in my hand.”

“So that when you went on board the _Pharaon_, everybody could see that you held a letter in your hand?”

“Yes.”

“Danglars, as well as the rest?”

“Danglars, as well as others.”

“Now, listen to me, and try to recall every circumstance attending your arrest. Do you recollect the words in which the information against you was formulated?”

“Oh yes, I read it over three times, and the words sank deeply into my memory.”

“Repeat it to me.”

Dantès paused a moment, then said, “This is it, word for word: ‘The king’s attorney is informed by a friend to the throne and religion, that one Edmond Dantès, mate on board the _Pharaon_, this day arrived from Smyrna, after having touched at Naples and Porto-Ferrajo, has been intrusted by Murat with a packet for the usurper; again, by the usurper, with a letter for the Bonapartist Club in Paris. This proof of his guilt may be procured by his immediate arrest, as the letter will be found either about his person, at his father’s residence, or in his cabin on board the _Pharaon_.’”

The abbé shrugged his shoulders. “The thing is clear as day,” said he; “and you must have had a very confiding nature, as well as a good heart, not to have suspected the origin of the whole affair.”

“Do you really think so? Ah, that would indeed be infamous.”

“How did Danglars usually write?”

“In a handsome, running hand.”

“And how was the anonymous letter written?”

“Backhanded.”

Again the abbé smiled. “Disguised.”

“It was very boldly written, if disguised.”

“Stop a bit,” said the abbé, taking up what he called his pen, and, after dipping it into the ink, he wrote on a piece of prepared linen, with his left hand, the first two or three words of the accusation. Dantès drew back, and gazed on the abbé with a sensation almost amounting to terror.

“How very astonishing!” cried he at length. “Why your writing exactly resembles that of the accusation.”

“Simply because that accusation had been written with the left hand; and I have noticed that——”

“What?”

“That while the writing of different persons done with the right hand varies, that performed with the left hand is invariably uniform.”

“You have evidently seen and observed everything.”

“Let us proceed.”

“Oh, yes, yes!”

“Now as regards the second question.”

“I am listening.”

“Was there any person whose interest it was to prevent your marriage with Mercédès?”

“Yes; a young man who loved her.”

“And his name was——”

“Fernand.”

“That is a Spanish name, I think?”

“He was a Catalan.”

“You imagine him capable of writing the letter?”

“Oh, no; he would more likely have got rid of me by sticking a knife into me.”

“That is in strict accordance with the Spanish character; an assassination they will unhesitatingly commit, but an act of cowardice, never.”

“Besides,” said Dantès, “the various circumstances mentioned in the letter were wholly unknown to him.”

“You had never spoken of them yourself to anyone?”

“To no one.”

“Not even to your mistress?”

“No, not even to my betrothed.”

“Then it is Danglars.”

“I feel quite sure of it now.”

“Wait a little. Pray, was Danglars acquainted with Fernand?”

“No—yes, he was. Now I recollect——”

“What?”

“To have seen them both sitting at table together under an arbor at Père Pamphile’s the evening before the day fixed for my wedding. They were in earnest conversation. Danglars was joking in a friendly way, but Fernand looked pale and agitated.”

“Were they alone?”

“There was a third person with them whom I knew perfectly well, and who had, in all probability made their acquaintance; he was a tailor named Caderousse, but he was very drunk. Stay!—stay!—How strange that it should not have occurred to me before! Now I remember quite well, that on the table round which they were sitting were pens, ink, and paper. Oh, the heartless, treacherous scoundrels!” exclaimed Dantès, pressing his hand to his throbbing brows.

“Is there anything else I can assist you in discovering, besides the villany of your friends?” inquired the abbé with a laugh.

“Yes, yes,” replied Dantès eagerly; “I would beg of you, who see so completely to the depths of things, and to whom the greatest mystery seems but an easy riddle, to explain to me how it was that I underwent no second examination, was never brought to trial, and, above all, was condemned without ever having had sentence passed on me?”

“That is altogether a different and more serious matter,” responded the abbé. “The ways of justice are frequently too dark and mysterious to be easily penetrated. All we have hitherto done in the matter has been child’s play. If you wish me to enter upon the more difficult part of the business, you must assist me by the most minute information on every point.”

“Pray ask me whatever questions you please; for, in good truth, you see more clearly into my life than I do myself.”

“In the first place, then, who examined you,—the king’s attorney, his deputy, or a magistrate?”

“The deputy.”

“Was he young or old?”

“About six or seven-and-twenty years of age, I should say.”

“So,” answered the abbé. “Old enough to be ambitious, but too young to be corrupt. And how did he treat you?”

“With more of mildness than severity.”

“Did you tell him your whole story?”

“I did.”

“And did his conduct change at all in the course of your examination?”

“He did appear much disturbed when he read the letter that had brought me into this scrape. He seemed quite overcome by my misfortune.”

“By your misfortune?”

“Yes.”

“Then you feel quite sure that it was your misfortune he deplored?”

“He gave me one great proof of his sympathy, at any rate.”

“And that?”

“He burnt the sole evidence that could at all have criminated me.”

“What? the accusation?”

“No; the letter.”

“Are you sure?”

“I saw it done.”

“That alters the case. This man might, after all, be a greater scoundrel than you have thought possible.”

“Upon my word,” said Dantès, “you make me shudder. Is the world filled with tigers and crocodiles?”

“Yes; and remember that two-legged tigers and crocodiles are more dangerous than the others.”

“Never mind; let us go on.”

“With all my heart! You tell me he burned the letter?”

“He did; saying at the same time, ‘You see I thus destroy the only proof existing against you.’”

“This action is somewhat too sublime to be natural.”

“You think so?”

“I am sure of it. To whom was this letter addressed?”

“To M. Noirtier, Rue Coq-Héron, No. 13, Paris.”

“Now can you conceive of any interest that your heroic deputy could possibly have had in the destruction of that letter?”

“Why, it is not altogether impossible he might have had, for he made me promise several times never to speak of that letter to anyone, assuring me he so advised me for my own interest; and, more than this, he insisted on my taking a solemn oath never to utter the name mentioned in the address.”

“Noirtier!” repeated the abbé; “Noirtier!—I knew a person of that name at the court of the Queen of Etruria,—a Noirtier, who had been a Girondin during the Revolution! What was your deputy called?”

“De Villefort!” The abbé burst into a fit of laughter, while Dantès gazed on him in utter astonishment.

“What ails you?” said he at length.

“Do you see that ray of sunlight?”

“I do.”

“Well, the whole thing is more clear to me than that sunbeam is to you. Poor fellow! poor young man! And you tell me this magistrate expressed great sympathy and commiseration for you?”

“He did.”

“And the worthy man destroyed your compromising letter?”

“Yes.”

“And then made you swear never to utter the name of Noirtier?”

“Yes.”

“Why, you poor short-sighted simpleton, can you not guess who this Noirtier was, whose very name he was so careful to keep concealed? This Noirtier was his father!”

Had a thunderbolt fallen at the feet of Dantès, or hell opened its yawning gulf before him, he could not have been more completely transfixed with horror than he was at the sound of these unexpected words. Starting up, he clasped his hands around his head as though to prevent his very brain from bursting, and exclaimed, “His father! his father!”

“Yes, his father,” replied the abbé; “his right name was Noirtier de Villefort.”

At this instant a bright light shot through the mind of Dantès, and cleared up all that had been dark and obscure before. The change that had come over Villefort during the examination, the destruction of the letter, the exacted promise, the almost supplicating tones of the magistrate, who seemed rather to implore mercy than to pronounce punishment,—all returned with a stunning force to his memory. He cried out, and staggered against the wall like a drunken man, then he hurried to the opening that led from the abbé’s cell to his own, and said, “I must be alone, to think over all this.”

When he regained his dungeon, he threw himself on his bed, where the turnkey found him in the evening visit, sitting with fixed gaze and contracted features, dumb and motionless as a statue. During these hours of profound meditation, which to him had seemed only minutes, he had formed a fearful resolution, and bound himself to its fulfilment by a solemn oath.

Dantès was at length roused from his reverie by the voice of Faria, who, having also been visited by his jailer, had come to invite his fellow-sufferer to share his supper. The reputation of being out of his mind, though harmlessly and even amusingly so, had procured for the abbé unusual privileges. He was supplied with bread of a finer, whiter quality than the usual prison fare, and even regaled each Sunday with a small quantity of wine. Now this was a Sunday, and the abbé had come to ask his young companion to share the luxuries with him.

Dantès followed him; his features were no longer contracted, and now wore their usual expression, but there was that in his whole appearance that bespoke one who had come to a fixed and desperate resolve. Faria bent on him his penetrating eye.

“I regret now,” said he, “having helped you in your late inquiries, or having given you the information I did.”

“Why so?” inquired Dantès.

“Because it has instilled a new passion in your heart—that of vengeance.”

Dantès smiled. “Let us talk of something else,” said he.

Again the abbé looked at him, then mournfully shook his head; but in accordance with Dantès’ request, he began to speak of other matters. The elder prisoner was one of those persons whose conversation, like that of all who have experienced many trials, contained many useful and important hints as well as sound information; but it was never egotistical, for the unfortunate man never alluded to his own sorrows. Dantès listened with admiring attention to all he said; some of his remarks corresponded with what he already knew, or applied to the sort of knowledge his nautical life had enabled him to acquire. A part of the good abbé’s words, however, were wholly incomprehensible to him; but, like the aurora which guides the navigator in northern latitudes, opened new vistas to the inquiring mind of the listener, and gave fantastic glimpses of new horizons, enabling him justly to estimate the delight an intellectual mind would have in following one so richly gifted as Faria along the heights of truth, where he was so much at home.

“You must teach me a small part of what you know,” said Dantès, “if only to prevent your growing weary of me. I can well believe that so learned a person as yourself would prefer absolute solitude to being tormented with the company of one as ignorant and uninformed as myself. If you will only agree to my request, I promise you never to mention another word about escaping.”

The abbé smiled.

“Alas, my boy,” said he, “human knowledge is confined within very narrow limits; and when I have taught you mathematics, physics, history, and the three or four modern languages with which I am acquainted, you will know as much as I do myself. Now, it will scarcely require two years for me to communicate to you the stock of learning I possess.”

“Two years!” exclaimed Dantès; “do you really believe I can acquire all these things in so short a time?”

“Not their application, certainly, but their principles you may; to learn is not to know; there are the learners and the learned. Memory makes the one, philosophy the other.”

“But cannot one learn philosophy?”

“Philosophy cannot be taught; it is the application of the sciences to truth; it is like the golden cloud in which the Messiah went up into heaven.”

“Well, then,” said Dantès, “What shall you teach me first? I am in a hurry to begin. I want to learn.”

“Everything,” said the abbé. And that very evening the prisoners sketched a plan of education, to be entered upon the following day. Dantès possessed a prodigious memory, combined with an astonishing quickness and readiness of conception; the mathematical turn of his mind rendered him apt at all kinds of calculation, while his naturally poetical feelings threw a light and pleasing veil over the dry reality of arithmetical computation, or the rigid severity of geometry. He already knew Italian, and had also picked up a little of the Romaic dialect during voyages to the East; and by the aid of these two languages he easily comprehended the construction of all the others, so that at the end of six months he began to speak Spanish, English, and German.

In strict accordance with the promise made to the abbé, Dantès spoke no more of escape. Perhaps the delight his studies afforded him left no room for such thoughts; perhaps the recollection that he had pledged his word (on which his sense of honor was keen) kept him from referring in any way to the possibilities of flight. Days, even months, passed by unheeded in one rapid and instructive course. At the end of a year Dantès was a new man. Dantès observed, however, that Faria, in spite of the relief his society afforded, daily grew sadder; one thought seemed incessantly to harass and distract his mind. Sometimes he would fall into long reveries, sigh heavily and involuntarily, then suddenly rise, and, with folded arms, begin pacing the confined space of his dungeon. One day he stopped all at once, and exclaimed:

“Ah, if there were no sentinel!”

“There shall not be one a minute longer than you please,” said Dantès, who had followed the working of his thoughts as accurately as though his brain were enclosed in crystal so clear as to display its minutest operations.

“I have already told you,” answered the abbé, “that I loathe the idea of shedding blood.”

“And yet the murder, if you choose to call it so, would be simply a measure of self-preservation.”

“No matter! I could never agree to it.”

“Still, you have thought of it?”

“Incessantly, alas!” cried the abbé.

“And you have discovered a means of regaining our freedom, have you not?” asked Dantès eagerly.

“I have; if it were only possible to place a deaf and blind sentinel in the gallery beyond us.”

“He shall be both blind and deaf,” replied the young man, with an air of determination that made his companion shudder.

“No, no,” cried the abbé; “impossible!”

Dantès endeavored to renew the subject; the abbé shook his head in token of disapproval, and refused to make any further response. Three months passed away.

“Are you strong?” the abbé asked one day of Dantès. The young man, in reply, took up the chisel, bent it into the form of a horseshoe, and then as readily straightened it.

“And will you engage not to do any harm to the sentry, except as a last resort?”

“I promise on my honor.”

“Then,” said the abbé, “we may hope to put our design into execution.”

“And how long shall we be in accomplishing the necessary work?”

“At least a year.”

“And shall we begin at once?”

“At once.”

“We have lost a year to no purpose!” cried Dantès.

“Do you consider the last twelve months to have been wasted?” asked the abbé.

“Forgive me!” cried Edmond, blushing deeply.

“Tut, tut!” answered the abbé, “man is but man after all, and you are about the best specimen of the genus I have ever known. Come, let me show you my plan.”

The abbé then showed Dantès the sketch he had made for their escape. It consisted of a plan of his own cell and that of Dantès, with the passage which united them. In this passage he proposed to drive a level as they do in mines; this level would bring the two prisoners immediately beneath the gallery where the sentry kept watch; once there, a large excavation would be made, and one of the flag-stones with which the gallery was paved be so completely loosened that at the desired moment it would give way beneath the feet of the soldier, who, stunned by his fall, would be immediately bound and gagged by Dantès before he had power to offer any resistance. The prisoners were then to make their way through one of the gallery windows, and to let themselves down from the outer walls by means of the abbé’s ladder of cords.

Dantès’ eyes sparkled with joy, and he rubbed his hands with delight at the idea of a plan so simple, yet apparently so certain to succeed. That very day the miners began their labors, with a vigor and alacrity proportionate to their long rest from fatigue and their hopes of ultimate success. Nothing interrupted the progress of the work except the necessity that each was under of returning to his cell in anticipation of the turnkey’s visits. They had learned to distinguish the almost imperceptible sound of his footsteps as he descended towards their dungeons, and happily, never failed of being prepared for his coming. The fresh earth excavated during their present work, and which would have entirely blocked up the old passage, was thrown, by degrees and with the utmost precaution, out of the window in either Faria’s or Dantès’ cell, the rubbish being first pulverized so finely that the night wind carried it far away without permitting the smallest trace to remain.

More than a year had been consumed in this undertaking, the only tools for which had been a chisel, a knife, and a wooden lever; Faria still continuing to instruct Dantès by conversing with him, sometimes in one language, sometimes in another; at others, relating to him the history of nations and great men who from time to time have risen to fame and trodden the path of glory. The abbé was a man of the world, and had, moreover, mixed in the first society of the day; he wore an air of melancholy dignity which Dantès, thanks to the imitative powers bestowed on him by nature, easily acquired, as well as that outward polish and politeness he had before been wanting in, and which is seldom possessed except by those who have been placed in constant intercourse with persons of high birth and breeding.

At the end of fifteen months the level was finished, and the excavation completed beneath the gallery, and the two workmen could distinctly hear the measured tread of the sentinel as he paced to and fro over their heads. Compelled, as they were, to await a night sufficiently dark to favor their flight, they were obliged to defer their final attempt till that auspicious moment should arrive; their greatest dread now was lest the stone through which the sentry was doomed to fall should give way before its right time, and this they had in some measure provided against by propping it up with a small beam which they had discovered in the walls through which they had worked their way. Dantès was occupied in arranging this piece of wood when he heard Faria, who had remained in Edmond’s cell for the purpose of cutting a peg to secure their rope-ladder, call to him in a tone indicative of great suffering. Dantès hastened to his dungeon, where he found him standing in the middle of the room, pale as death, his forehead streaming with perspiration, and his hands clenched tightly together.

“Gracious heavens!” exclaimed Dantès, “what is the matter? what has happened?”

“Quick! quick!” returned the abbé, “listen to what I have to say.”

Dantès looked in fear and wonder at the livid countenance of Faria, whose eyes, already dull and sunken, were surrounded by purple circles, while his lips were white as those of a corpse, and his very hair seemed to stand on end.

“Tell me, I beseech you, what ails you?” cried Dantès, letting his chisel fall to the floor.

“Alas,” faltered out the abbé, “all is over with me. I am seized with a terrible, perhaps mortal illness; I can feel that the paroxysm is fast approaching. I had a similar attack the year previous to my imprisonment. This malady admits but of one remedy; I will tell you what that is. Go into my cell as quickly as you can; draw out one of the feet that support the bed; you will find it has been hollowed out for the purpose of containing a small phial you will see there half-filled with a red-looking fluid. Bring it to me—or rather—no,

no!—I may be found here, therefore help me back to my room while I have the strength to drag myself along. Who knows what may happen, or how long the attack may last?”

In spite of the magnitude of the misfortune which thus suddenly frustrated his hopes, Dantès did not lose his presence of mind, but descended into the passage, dragging his unfortunate companion with him; then, half-carrying, half-supporting him, he managed to reach the abbé’s chamber, when he immediately laid the sufferer on his bed.

“Thanks,” said the poor abbé, shivering as though his veins were filled with ice. “I am about to be seized with a fit of catalepsy; when it comes to its height I shall probably lie still and motionless as though dead, uttering neither sigh nor groan. On the other hand, the symptoms may be much more violent, and cause me to fall into fearful convulsions, foam at the mouth, and cry out loudly. Take care my cries are not heard, for if they are it is more than probable I should be removed to another part of the prison, and we be separated forever. When I become quite motionless, cold, and rigid as a corpse, then, and not before,—be careful about this,—force open my teeth with the knife, pour from eight to ten drops of the liquor contained in the phial down my throat, and I may perhaps revive.”

“Perhaps!” exclaimed Dantès in grief-stricken tones.

“Help! help!” cried the abbé, “I—I—die—I——”

0229m

So sudden and violent was the fit that the unfortunate prisoner was unable to complete the sentence; a violent convulsion shook his whole frame, his eyes started from their sockets, his mouth was drawn on one side, his cheeks became purple, he struggled, foamed, dashed himself about, and uttered the most dreadful cries, which, however, Dantès prevented from being heard by covering his head with the blanket. The fit lasted two hours; then, more helpless than an infant, and colder and paler than marble, more crushed and broken than a reed trampled under foot, he fell back, doubled up in one last convulsion, and became as rigid as a corpse.

Edmond waited till life seemed extinct in the body of his friend, then, taking up the knife, he with difficulty forced open the closely fixed jaws, carefully administered the appointed number of drops, and anxiously awaited the result. An hour passed away and the old man gave no sign of returning animation. Dantès began to fear he had delayed too long ere he administered the remedy, and, thrusting his hands into his hair, continued gazing on the lifeless features of his friend. At length a slight color tinged the livid cheeks, consciousness returned to the dull, open eyeballs, a faint sigh issued from the lips, and the sufferer made a feeble effort to move.

“He is saved! he is saved!” cried Dantès in a paroxysm of delight.

The sick man was not yet able to speak, but he pointed with evident anxiety towards the door. Dantès listened, and plainly distinguished the approaching steps of the jailer. It was therefore near seven o’clock; but Edmond’s anxiety had put all thoughts of time out of his head.

The young man sprang to the entrance, darted through it, carefully drawing the stone over the opening, and hurried to his cell. He had scarcely done so before the door opened, and the jailer saw the prisoner seated as usual on the side of his bed. Almost before the key had turned in the lock, and before the departing steps of the jailer had died away in the long corridor he had to traverse, Dantès, whose restless anxiety concerning his friend left him no desire to touch the food brought him, hurried back to the abbé’s chamber, and raising the stone by pressing his head against it, was soon beside the sick man’s couch. Faria had now fully regained his consciousness, but he still lay helpless and exhausted on his miserable bed.

“I did not expect to see you again,” said he feebly, to Dantès.

“And why not?” asked the young man. “Did you fancy yourself dying?”

“No, I had no such idea; but, knowing that all was ready for flight, I thought you might have made your escape.”

The deep glow of indignation suffused the cheeks of Dantès.

“Without you? Did you really think me capable of that?”

“At least,” said the abbé, “I now see how wrong such an opinion would have been. Alas, alas! I am fearfully exhausted and debilitated by this attack.”

“Be of good cheer,” replied Dantès; “your strength will return.” And as he spoke he seated himself near the bed beside Faria, and took his hands. The abbé shook his head.

“The last attack I had,” said he, “lasted but half an hour, and after it I was hungry, and got up without help; now I can move neither my right arm nor leg, and my head seems uncomfortable, which shows that there has been a suffusion of blood on the brain. The third attack will either carry me off, or leave me paralyzed for life.”

“No, no,” cried Dantès; “you are mistaken—you will not die! And your third attack (if, indeed, you should have another) will find you at liberty. We shall save you another time, as we have done this, only with a better chance of success, because we shall be able to command every requisite assistance.”

“My good Edmond,” answered the abbé, “be not deceived. The attack which has just passed away, condemns me forever to the walls of a prison. None can fly from a dungeon who cannot walk.”

“Well, we will wait,—a week, a month, two months, if need be,—and meanwhile your strength will return. Everything is in readiness for our flight, and we can select any time we choose. As soon as you feel able to swim we will go.”

“I shall never swim again,” replied Faria. “This arm is paralyzed; not for a time, but forever. Lift it, and judge if I am mistaken.”

The young man raised the arm, which fell back by its own weight, perfectly inanimate and helpless. A sigh escaped him.

“You are convinced now, Edmond, are you not?” asked the abbé. “Depend upon it, I know what I say. Since the first attack I experienced of this malady, I have continually reflected on it. Indeed, I expected it, for it is a family inheritance; both my father and grandfather died of it in a third attack. The physician who prepared for me the remedy I have twice successfully taken, was no other than the celebrated Cabanis, and he predicted a similar end for me.”

0233m

“The physician may be mistaken!” exclaimed Dantès. “And as for your poor arm, what difference will that make? I can take you on my shoulders, and swim for both of us.”

“My son,” said the abbé, “you, who are a sailor and a swimmer, must know as well as I do that a man so loaded would sink before he had done fifty strokes. Cease, then, to allow yourself to be duped by vain hopes, that even your own excellent heart refuses to believe in. Here I shall remain till the hour of my deliverance arrives, and that, in all human probability, will be the hour of my death. As for you, who are young and active, delay not on my account, but fly—go—I give you back your promise.”

“It is well,” said Dantès. “Then I shall also remain.” Then, rising and extending his hand with an air of solemnity over the old man’s head, he slowly added, “By the blood of Christ I swear never to leave you while you live.”

Faria gazed fondly on his noble-minded, single-hearted, high-principled young friend, and read in his countenance ample confirmation of the sincerity of his devotion and the loyalty of his purpose.

“Thanks,” murmured the invalid, extending one hand. “I accept. You may one of these days reap the reward of your disinterested devotion. But as I cannot, and you will not, quit this place, it becomes necessary to fill up the excavation beneath the soldier’s gallery; he might, by chance, hear the hollow sound of his footsteps, and call the attention of his officer to the circumstance. That would bring about a discovery which would inevitably lead to our being separated. Go, then, and set about this work, in which, unhappily, I can offer you no assistance; keep at it all night, if necessary, and do not return here tomorrow till after the jailer has visited me. I shall have something of the greatest importance to communicate to you.”

Dantès took the hand of the abbé in his, and affectionately pressed it. Faria smiled encouragingly on him, and the young man retired to his task, in the spirit of obedience and respect which he had sworn to show towards his aged friend.

Chapter 18. The Treasure

When Dantès returned next morning to the chamber of his companion in captivity, he found Faria seated and looking composed. In the ray of light which entered by the narrow window of his cell, he held open in his left hand, of which alone, it will be recollected, he retained the use, a sheet of paper, which, from being constantly rolled into a small compass, had the form of a cylinder, and was not easily kept open. He did not speak, but showed the paper to Dantès.

“What is that?” he inquired.

“Look at it,” said the abbé with a smile.

“I have looked at it with all possible attention,” said Dantès, “and I only see a half-burnt paper, on which are traces of Gothic characters inscribed with a peculiar kind of ink.”

“This paper, my friend,” said Faria, “I may now avow to you, since I have the proof of your fidelity—this paper is my treasure, of which, from this day forth, one-half belongs to you.”

The sweat started forth on Dantès’ brow. Until this day and for how long a time!—he had refrained from talking of the treasure, which had brought upon the abbé the accusation of madness. With his instinctive delicacy Edmond had preferred avoiding any touch on this painful chord, and Faria had been equally silent. He had taken the silence of the old man for a return to reason; and now these few words uttered by Faria, after so painful a crisis, seemed to indicate a serious relapse into mental alienation.

“Your treasure?” stammered Dantès. Faria smiled.

“Yes,” said he. “You have, indeed, a noble nature, Edmond, and I see by your paleness and agitation what is passing in your heart at this moment. No, be assured, I am not mad. This treasure exists, Dantès, and if I have not been allowed to possess it, you will. Yes—you. No one would listen or believe me, because everyone thought me mad; but you, who must know that I am not, listen to me, and believe me so afterwards if you will.”

“Alas,” murmured Edmond to himself, “this is a terrible relapse! There was only this blow wanting.” Then he said aloud, “My dear friend, your attack has, perhaps, fatigued you; had you not better repose awhile? Tomorrow, if you will, I will hear your narrative; but today I wish to nurse you carefully. Besides,” he said, “a treasure is not a thing we need hurry about.”

“On the contrary, it is a matter of the utmost importance, Edmond!” replied the old man. “Who knows if tomorrow, or the next day after, the third attack may not come on? and then must not all be over? Yes, indeed, I have often thought with a bitter joy that these riches, which would make the wealth of a dozen families, will be forever lost to those men who persecute me. This idea was one of vengeance to me, and I tasted it slowly in the night of my dungeon and the despair of my captivity. But now I have forgiven the world for the love of you; now that I see you, young and with a promising future,—now that I think of all that may result to you in the good fortune of such a disclosure, I shudder at any delay, and tremble lest I should not assure to one as worthy as yourself the possession of so vast an amount of hidden wealth.”

Edmond turned away his head with a sigh.

“You persist in your incredulity, Edmond,” continued Faria. “My words have not convinced you. I see you require proofs. Well, then, read this paper, which I have never shown to anyone.”

“Tomorrow, my dear friend,” said Edmond, desirous of not yielding to the old man’s madness. “I thought it was understood that we should not talk of that until tomorrow.”

“Then we will not talk of it until tomorrow; but read this paper today.”

“I will not irritate him,” thought Edmond, and taking the paper, of which half was wanting,—having been burnt, no doubt, by some accident,—he read:

“this treasure, which may amount to two...

of Roman crowns in the most distant a...

of the second opening wh...

declare to belong to him alo...

heir.

“25th April, 149’”

“Well!” said Faria, when the young man had finished reading it.

“Why,” replied Dantès, “I see nothing but broken lines and unconnected words, which are rendered illegible by fire.”

“Yes, to you, my friend, who read them for the first time; but not for me, who have grown pale over them by many nights’ study, and have reconstructed every phrase, completed every thought.”

“And do you believe you have discovered the hidden meaning?”

“I am sure I have, and you shall judge for yourself; but first listen to the history of this paper.”

“Silence!” exclaimed Dantès. “Steps approach—I go—adieu!”

And Dantès, happy to escape the history and explanation which would be sure to confirm his belief in his friend’s mental instability, glided like a snake along the narrow passage; while Faria, restored by his alarm to a certain amount of activity, pushed the stone into place with his foot, and covered it with a mat in order the more effectually to avoid discovery.

It was the governor, who, hearing of Faria’s illness from the jailer, had come in person to see him.

Faria sat up to receive him, avoiding all gestures in order that he might conceal from the governor the paralysis that had already half stricken him with death. His fear was lest the governor, touched with pity, might order him to be removed to better quarters, and thus separate him from his young companion. But fortunately this was not the case, and the governor left him, convinced that the poor madman, for whom in his heart he felt a kind of affection, was only troubled with a slight indisposition.

During this time, Edmond, seated on his bed with his head in his hands, tried to collect his scattered thoughts. Faria, since their first acquaintance, had been on all points so rational and logical, so wonderfully sagacious, in fact, that he could not understand how so much wisdom on all points could be allied with madness. Was Faria deceived as to his treasure, or was all the world deceived as to Faria?

Dantès remained in his cell all day, not daring to return to his friend, thinking thus to defer the moment when he should be convinced, once for all, that the abbé was mad—such a conviction would be so terrible!

But, towards the evening after the hour for the customary visit had gone by, Faria, not seeing the young man appear, tried to move and get over the distance which separated them. Edmond shuddered when he heard the painful efforts which the old man made to drag himself along; his leg was inert, and he could no longer make use of one arm. Edmond was obliged to assist him, for otherwise he would not have been able to enter by the small aperture which led to Dantès’ chamber.

“Here I am, pursuing you remorselessly,” he said with a benignant smile. “You thought to escape my munificence, but it is in vain. Listen to me.”

Edmond saw there was no escape, and placing the old man on his bed, he seated himself on the stool beside him.

“You know,” said the abbé, “that I was the secretary and intimate friend of Cardinal Spada, the last of the princes of that name. I owe to this worthy lord all the happiness I ever knew. He was not rich, although the wealth of his family had passed into a proverb, and I heard the phrase very often, ‘As rich as a Spada.’ But he, like public rumor, lived on this reputation for wealth; his palace was my paradise. I was tutor to his nephews, who are dead; and when he was alone in the world, I tried by absolute devotion to his will, to make up to him all he had done for me during ten years of unremitting kindness. The cardinal’s house had no secrets for me. I had often seen my noble patron annotating ancient volumes, and eagerly searching amongst dusty family manuscripts. One day when I was reproaching him for his unavailing searches, and deploring the prostration of mind that followed them, he looked at me, and, smiling bitterly, opened a volume relating to the History of the City of Rome. There, in the twentieth chapter of the Life of Pope Alexander VI., were the following lines, which I can never forget:—

“‘The great wars of Romagna had ended; Cæsar Borgia, who had completed his conquest, had need of money to purchase all Italy. The pope had also need of money to bring matters to an end with Louis XII. King of France, who was formidable still in spite of his recent reverses; and it was necessary, therefore, to have recourse to some profitable scheme, which was a matter of great difficulty

in the impoverished condition of exhausted Italy. His holiness had an idea. He determined to make two cardinals.'

"By choosing two of the greatest personages of Rome, especially rich men—_this_ was the return the Holy Father looked for. In the first place, he could sell the great appointments and splendid offices which the cardinals already held; and then he had the two hats to sell besides. There was a third point in view, which will appear hereafter.

"The pope and Cæsar Borgia first found the two future cardinals; they were Giovanni Rospigliosi, who held four of the highest dignities of the Holy See, and Cæsar Spada, one of the noblest and richest of the Roman nobility; both felt the high honor of such a favor from the pope. They were ambitious, and Cæsar Borgia soon found purchasers for their appointments. The result was, that Rospigliosi and Spada paid for being cardinals, and eight other persons paid for the offices the cardinals held before their elevation, and thus eight hundred thousand crowns entered into the coffers of the speculators.

0239m

"It is time now to proceed to the last part of the speculation. The pope heaped attentions upon Rospigliosi and Spada, conferred upon them the insignia of the cardinalate, and induced them to arrange their affairs and take up their residence at Rome. Then the pope and Cæsar Borgia invited the two cardinals to dinner. This was a matter of dispute between the Holy Father and his son. Cæsar thought they could make use of one of the means which he always had ready for his friends, that is to say, in the first place, the famous key which was given to certain persons with the request that they go and open a designated cupboard. This key was furnished with a small iron point,—a negligence on the part of the locksmith. When this was pressed to effect the opening of the cupboard, of which the lock was difficult, the person was pricked by this small point, and died next day. Then there was the ring with the lion's head, which Cæsar wore when he wanted to greet his friends with a clasp of the hand. The lion bit the hand thus favored, and at the end of twenty-four hours, the bite was mortal.

"Cæsar proposed to his father, that they should either ask the cardinals to open the cupboard, or shake hands with them; but Alexander VI. replied: 'Now as to the worthy cardinals, Spada and Rospigliosi, let us ask both of them to dinner, something tells me that we shall get that money back. Besides, you forget, Cæsar, an indigestion declares itself immediately, while a prick or a bite occasions a delay of a day or two.' Cæsar gave way before such cogent reasoning, and the cardinals were consequently invited to dinner.

"The table was laid in a vineyard belonging to the pope, near San Pierdarena, a charming retreat which the cardinals knew very well by report. Rospigliosi, quite set up with his new dignities, went with a good appetite and his most ingratiating manner. Spada, a prudent man, and greatly attached to his only nephew, a young captain of the highest promise, took paper and pen, and made his will. He then sent word to his nephew to wait for him near the vineyard; but it appeared the servant did not find him.

"Spada knew what these invitations meant; since Christianity, so eminently civilizing, had made progress in Rome, it was no longer a centurion who came from the tyrant with a message, 'Cæsar wills that you die.' but it was a legate _à latere_, who came with a smile on his lips to say from the pope, 'His holiness requests you to dine with him.'

"Spada set out about two o'clock to San Pierdarena. The pope awaited him. The first sight that attracted the eyes of Spada was that of his nephew, in full costume, and Cæsar Borgia paying him most marked attentions. Spada turned pale, as Cæsar looked at him with an ironical air, which proved that he had anticipated all, and that the snare was well spread.

"They began dinner and Spada was only able to inquire of his nephew if he had received his message. The nephew replied no; perfectly comprehending the meaning of the question. It was too late, for he had already drunk a glass of excellent wine, placed for him expressly by the pope's butler. Spada at the same moment saw another bottle approach him, which he was pressed to taste. An hour afterwards a physician declared they were both poisoned through eating mushrooms. Spada died on the threshold of the vineyard; the nephew expired at his own door, making signs which his wife could not comprehend.

"Then Cæsar and the pope hastened to lay hands on the heritage, under pretense of seeking for the papers of the dead man. But the inheritance consisted in this only, a scrap of paper on which Spada had written:—'I bequeath to my beloved nephew my coffers, my books, and, amongst others, my breviary with the gold corners, which I beg he will preserve in remembrance of his affectionate uncle.'

"The heirs sought everywhere, admired the breviary, laid hands on the furniture, and were greatly astonished that Spada, the rich man, was really the most miserable of uncles—no treasures—unless they were those of science, contained in the library and

laboratories. That was all. Cæsar and his father searched, examined, scrutinized, but found nothing, or at least very little; not exceeding a few thousand crowns in plate, and about the same in ready money; but the nephew had time to say to his wife before he expired: ‘Look well among my uncle’s papers; there is a will.’

“They sought even more thoroughly than the august heirs had done, but it was fruitless. There were two palaces and a vineyard behind the Palatine Hill; but in these days landed property had not much value, and the two palaces and the vineyard remained to the family since they were beneath the rapacity of the pope and his son. Months and years rolled on. Alexander VI. died, poisoned,—you know by what mistake. Cæsar, poisoned at the same time, escaped by shedding his skin like a snake; but the new skin was spotted by the poison till it looked like a tiger’s. Then, compelled to quit Rome, he went and got himself obscurely killed in a night skirmish, scarcely noticed in history.

“After the pope’s death and his son’s exile, it was supposed that the Spada family would resume the splendid position they had held before the cardinal’s time; but this was not the case. The Spadas remained in doubtful ease, a mystery hung over this dark affair, and the public rumor was, that Cæsar, a better politician than his father, had carried off from the pope the fortune of the two cardinals. I say the two, because Cardinal Rospigliosi, who had not taken any precaution, was completely despoiled.

“Up to this point,” said Faria, interrupting the thread of his narrative, “this seems to you very meaningless, no doubt, eh?”

“Oh, my friend,” cried Dantès, “on the contrary, it seems as if I were reading a most interesting narrative; go on, I beg of you.”

“I will. The family began to get accustomed to their obscurity. Years rolled on, and amongst the descendants some were soldiers, others diplomatists; some churchmen, some bankers; some grew rich, and some were ruined. I come now to the last of the family, whose secretary I was—the Count of Spada. I had often heard him complain of the disproportion of his rank with his fortune; and I advised him to invest all he had in an annuity. He did so, and thus doubled his income. The celebrated breviary remained in the family, and was in the count’s possession. It had been handed down from father to son; for the singular clause of the only will that had been found, had caused it to be regarded as a genuine relic, preserved in the family with superstitious veneration. It was an illuminated book, with beautiful Gothic characters, and so weighty with gold, that a servant always carried it before the cardinal on days of great solemnity.

“At the sight of papers of all sorts,—titles, contracts, parchments, which were kept in the archives of the family, all descending from the poisoned cardinal, I in my turn examined the immense bundles of documents, like twenty servitors, stewards, secretaries before me; but in spite of the most exhaustive researches, I found—nothing. Yet I had read, I had even written a precise history of the Borgia family, for the sole purpose of assuring myself whether any increase of fortune had occurred to them on the death of the Cardinal Cæsar Spada; but could only trace the acquisition of the property of the Cardinal Rospigliosi, his companion in misfortune.

“I was then almost assured that the inheritance had neither profited the Borgias nor the family, but had remained unpossessed like the treasures of the Arabian Nights, which slept in the bosom of the earth under the eyes of the genie. I searched, ransacked, counted, calculated a thousand and a thousand times the income and expenditure of the family for three hundred years. It was useless. I remained in my ignorance, and the Count of Spada in his poverty.

“My patron died. He had reserved from his annuity his family papers, his library, composed of five thousand volumes, and his famous breviary. All these he bequeathed to me, with a thousand Roman crowns, which he had in ready money, on condition that I would have anniversary masses said for the repose of his soul, and that I would draw up a genealogical tree and history of his house. All this I did scrupulously. Be easy, my dear Edmond, we are near the conclusion.

“In 1807, a month before I was arrested, and a fortnight after the death of the Count of Spada, on the 25th of December (you will see presently how the date became fixed in my memory), I was reading, for the thousandth time, the papers I was arranging, for the palace was sold to a stranger, and I was going to leave Rome and settle at Florence, intending to take with me twelve thousand francs I possessed, my library, and the famous breviary, when, tired with my constant labor at the same thing, and overcome by a heavy dinner I had eaten, my head dropped on my hands, and I fell asleep about three o’clock in the afternoon.

0243m

“I awoke as the clock was striking six. I raised my head; I was in utter darkness. I rang for a light, but, as no one came, I determined to find one for myself. It was indeed but anticipating the simple manners which I should soon be under the necessity of adopting. I took a wax-candle in one hand, and with the other groped about for a piece of paper (my match-box being empty), with which I

proposed to get a light from the small flame still playing on the embers. Fearing, however, to make use of any valuable piece of paper, I hesitated for a moment, then recollected that I had seen in the famous breviary, which was on the table beside me, an old paper quite yellow with age, and which had served as a marker for centuries, kept there by the request of the heirs. I felt for it, found it, twisted it up together, and putting it into the expiring flame, set light to it.

“But beneath my fingers, as if by magic, in proportion as the fire ascended, I saw yellowish characters appear on the paper. I grasped it in my hand, put out the flame as quickly as I could, lighted my taper in the fire itself, and opened the crumpled paper with inexpressible emotion, recognizing, when I had done so, that these characters had been traced in mysterious and sympathetic ink, only appearing when exposed to the fire; nearly one-third of the paper had been consumed by the flame. It was that paper you read this morning; read it again, Dantès, and then I will complete for you the incomplete words and unconnected sense.”

Faria, with an air of triumph, offered the paper to Dantès, who this time read the following words, traced with an ink of a reddish color resembling rust:

“This 25th day of April, 1498, be...

Alexander VI., and fearing that not...

he may desire to become my heir, and re...

and Bentivoglio, who were poisoned,...

my sole heir, that I have bu...

and has visited with me, that is, in...

Island of Monte Cristo, all I poss...

jewels, diamonds, gems; that I alone...

may amount to nearly two mil...

will find on raising the twentieth ro...

creek to the east in a right line. Two open...

in these caves; the treasure is in the furthest a...

which treasure I bequeath and leave en...

as my sole heir.

“25th April, 1498.

“Cæs...

“And now,” said the abbé, “read this other paper;” and he presented to Dantès a second leaf with fragments of lines written on it, which Edmond read as follows:

“...ing invited to dine by his Holiness

...content with making me pay for my hat,

...serves for me the fate of Cardinals Caprara

...I declare to my nephew, Guido Spada

...ried in a place he knows

...the caves of the small

...essed of ingots, gold, money,

...know of the existence of this treasure, which

...lions of Roman crowns, and which he

...ck from the small

...ings have been made

...ngle in the second;

...tire to him

...ar † Spada."

Faria followed him with an excited look.

"And now," he said, when he saw that Dantès had read the last line, "put the two fragments together, and judge for yourself." Dantès obeyed, and the conjointed pieces gave the following:

0245m

"This 25th day of April, 1498, be...ing invited to dine by his Holiness Alexander VI., and fearing that not...content with making me pay for my hat, he may desire to become my heir, and re...serves for me the fate of Cardinals Caprara and Bentivoglio, who were poisoned,...I declare to my nephew, Guido Spada, my sole heir, that I have bu...ried in a place he knows and has visited with me, that is, in...the caves of the small Island of Monte Cristo, all I poss...essed of ingots, gold, money, jewels, diamonds, gems; that I alone...know of the existence of this treasure, which may amount to nearly two mil...lions of Roman crowns, and which he will find on raising the twentieth ro...ck from the small creek to the east in a right line. Two open...ings have been made in these caves; the treasure is in the furthest a...ngle in the second; which treasure I bequeath and leave en...tire to him as my sole heir. "25th April, 1498. "Cæs...ar † Spada."

"Well, do you comprehend now?" inquired Faria.

"It is the declaration of Cardinal Spada, and the will so long sought for," replied Edmond, still incredulous.

"Yes; a thousand times, yes!"

"And who completed it as it now is?"

"I did. Aided by the remaining fragment, I guessed the rest; measuring the length of the lines by those of the paper, and divining the hidden meaning by means of what was in part revealed, as we are guided in a cavern by the small ray of light above us."

"And what did you do when you arrived at this conclusion?"

"I resolved to set out, and did set out at that very instant, carrying with me the beginning of my great work, the unity of the Italian kingdom; but for some time the imperial police (who at this period, quite contrary to what Napoleon desired so soon as he had a son born to him, wished for a partition of provinces) had their eyes on me; and my hasty departure, the cause of which they were unable to guess, having aroused their suspicions, I was arrested at the very moment I was leaving Piombino.

"Now," continued Faria, addressing Dantès with an almost paternal expression, "now, my dear fellow, you know as much as I do myself. If we ever escape together, half this treasure is yours; if I die here, and you escape alone, the whole belongs to you."

"But," inquired Dantès hesitating, "has this treasure no more legitimate possessor in the world than ourselves?"

"No, no, be easy on that score; the family is extinct. The last Count of Spada, moreover, made me his heir, bequeathing to me this symbolic breviary, he bequeathed to me all it contained; no, no, make your mind satisfied on that point. If we lay hands on this fortune, we may enjoy it without remorse."

"And you say this treasure amounts to——"

"Two millions of Roman crowns; nearly thirteen millions of our money."2

“Impossible!” said Dantès, staggered at the enormous amount.

“Impossible? and why?” asked the old man. “The Spada family was one of the oldest and most powerful families of the fifteenth century; and in those times, when other opportunities for investment were wanting, such accumulations of gold and jewels were by no means rare; there are at this day Roman families perishing of hunger, though possessed of nearly a million in diamonds and jewels, handed down by entail, and which they cannot touch.”

Edmond thought he was in a dream—he wavered between incredulity and joy.

“I have only kept this secret so long from you,” continued Faria, “that I might test your character, and then surprise you. Had we escaped before my attack of catalepsy, I should have conducted you to Monte Cristo; now,” he added, with a sigh, “it is you who will conduct me thither. Well, Dantès, you do not thank me?”

“This treasure belongs to you, my dear friend,” replied Dantès, “and to you only. I have no right to it. I am no relation of yours.”

“You are my son, Dantès,” exclaimed the old man. “You are the child of my captivity. My profession condemns me to celibacy. God has sent you to me to console, at one and the same time, the man who could not be a father, and the prisoner who could not get free.”

And Faria extended the arm of which alone the use remained to him to the young man, who threw himself upon his neck and wept.

Chapter 19. The Third Attack

Now that this treasure, which had so long been the object of the abbé’s meditations, could insure the future happiness of him whom Faria really loved as a son, it had doubled its value in his eyes, and every day he expatiated on the amount, explaining to Dantès all the good which, with thirteen or fourteen millions of francs, a man could do in these days to his friends; and then Dantès’ countenance became gloomy, for the oath of vengeance he had taken recurred to his memory, and he reflected how much ill, in these times, a man with thirteen or fourteen millions could do to his enemies.

The abbé did not know the Island of Monte Cristo; but Dantès knew it, and had often passed it, situated twenty-five miles from Pianosa, between Corsica and the Island of Elba, and had once touched there. This island was, always had been, and still is, completely deserted. It is a rock of almost conical form, which looks as though it had been thrust up by volcanic force from the depth to the surface of the ocean. Dantès drew a plan of the island for Faria, and Faria gave Dantès advice as to the means he should employ to recover the treasure. But Dantès was far from being as enthusiastic and confident as the old man. It was past a question now that Faria was not a lunatic, and the way in which he had achieved the discovery, which had given rise to the suspicion of his madness, increased Edmond’s admiration of him; but at the same time Dantès could not believe that the deposit, supposing it had ever existed, still existed; and though he considered the treasure as by no means chimerical, he yet believed it was no longer there.

However, as if fate resolved on depriving the prisoners of their last chance, and making them understand that they were condemned to perpetual imprisonment, a new misfortune befell them; the gallery on the sea side, which had long been in ruins, was rebuilt. They had repaired it completely, and stopped up with vast masses of stone the hole Dantès had partly filled in. But for this precaution, which, it will be remembered, the abbé had made to Edmond, the misfortune would have been still greater, for their attempt to escape would have been detected, and they would undoubtedly have been separated. Thus a new, a stronger, and more inexorable barrier was interposed to cut off the realization of their hopes.

“You see,” said the young man, with an air of sorrowful resignation, to Faria, “that God deems it right to take from me any claim to merit for what you call my devotion to you. I have promised to remain forever with you, and now I could not break my promise if I would. The treasure will be no more mine than yours, and neither of us will quit this prison. But my real treasure is not that, my dear friend, which awaits me beneath the sombre rocks of Monte Cristo, it is your presence, our living together five or six hours a day, in spite of our jailers; it is the rays of intelligence you have elicited from my brain, the languages you have implanted in my memory, and which have taken root there with all their philological ramifications. These different sciences that you have made so easy to me by the depth of the knowledge you possess of them, and the clearness of the principles to which you have reduced them—this is my treasure, my beloved friend, and with this you have made me rich and happy. Believe me, and take comfort, this is better for me than tons of gold and cases of diamonds, even were they not as problematical as the clouds we see in the morning floating over the sea, which we take for _terra firma_, and which evaporate and vanish as we draw near to them. To have you as long as possible

near me, to hear your eloquent speech,—which embellishes my mind, strengthens my soul, and makes my whole frame capable of great and terrible things, if I should ever be free,—so fills my whole existence, that the despair to which I was just on the point of yielding when I knew you, has no longer any hold over me; and this—this is my fortune—not chimerical, but actual. I owe you my real good, my present happiness; and all the sovereigns of the earth, even Cæsar Borgia himself, could not deprive me of this."

Thus, if not actually happy, yet the days these two unfortunates passed together went quickly. Faria, who for so long a time had kept silence as to the treasure, now perpetually talked of it. As he had prophesied would be the case, he remained paralyzed in the right arm and the left leg, and had given up all hope of ever enjoying it himself. But he was continually thinking over some means of escape for his young companion, and anticipating the pleasure he would enjoy. For fear the letter might be some day lost or stolen, he compelled Dantès to learn it by heart; and Dantès knew it from the first to the last word. Then he destroyed the second portion, assured that if the first were seized, no one would be able to discover its real meaning. Whole hours sometimes passed while Faria was giving instructions to Dantès,—instructions which were to serve him when he was at liberty. Then, once free, from the day and hour and moment when he was so, he could have but one only thought, which was, to gain Monte Cristo by some means, and remain there alone under some pretext which would arouse no suspicions; and once there, to endeavor to find the wonderful caverns, and search in the appointed spot,—the appointed spot, be it remembered, being the farthest angle in the second opening.

In the meanwhile the hours passed, if not rapidly, at least tolerably. Faria, as we have said, without having recovered the use of his hand and foot, had regained all the clearness of his understanding, and had gradually, besides the moral instructions we have detailed, taught his youthful companion the patient and sublime duty of a prisoner, who learns to make something from nothing. They were thus perpetually employed,—Faria, that he might not see himself grow old; Dantès, for fear of recalling the almost extinct past which now only floated in his memory like a distant light wandering in the night. So life went on for them as it does for those who are not victims of misfortune and whose activities glide along mechanically and tranquilly beneath the eye of Providence.

But beneath this superficial calm there were in the heart of the young man, and perhaps in that of the old man, many repressed desires, many stifled sighs, which found vent when Faria was left alone, and when Edmond returned to his cell.

One night Edmond awoke suddenly, believing that he heard someone calling him. He opened his eyes upon utter darkness. His name, or rather a plaintive voice which essayed to pronounce his name, reached him. He sat up in bed and a cold sweat broke out upon his brow. Undoubtedly the call came from Faria's dungeon.

"Alas," murmured Edmond; "can it be?"

He moved his bed, drew up the stone, rushed into the passage, and reached the opposite extremity; the secret entrance was open. By the light of the wretched and wavering lamp, of which we have spoken, Dantès saw the old man, pale, but yet erect, clinging to the bedstead. His features were writhing with those horrible symptoms which he already knew, and which had so seriously alarmed him when he saw them for the first time.

"Alas, my dear friend," said Faria in a resigned tone, "you understand, do you not, and I need not attempt to explain to you?"

Edmond uttered a cry of agony, and, quite out of his senses, rushed towards the door, exclaiming, "Help, help!"

Faria had just sufficient strength to restrain him.

"Silence," he said, "or you are lost. We must now only think of you, my dear friend, and so act as to render your captivity supportable or your flight possible. It would require years to do again what I have done here, and the results would be instantly destroyed if our jailers knew we had communicated with each other. Besides, be assured, my dear Edmond, the dungeon I am about to leave will not long remain empty; some other unfortunate being will soon take my place, and to him you will appear like an angel of salvation. Perhaps he will be young, strong, and enduring, like yourself, and will aid you in your escape, while I have been but a hindrance. You will no longer have half a dead body tied to you as a drag to all your movements. At length Providence has done something for you; he restores to you more than he takes away, and it was time I should die."

Edmond could only clasp his hands and exclaim, "Oh, my friend, my friend, speak not thus!" and then resuming all his presence of mind, which had for a moment staggered under this blow, and his strength, which had failed at the words of the old man, he said, "Oh, I have saved you once, and I will save you a second time!" And raising the foot of the bed, he drew out the phial, still a third filled with the red liquor.

“See,” he exclaimed, “there remains still some of the magic draught. Quick, quick! tell me what I must do this time; are there any fresh instructions? Speak, my friend; I listen.”

“There is not a hope,” replied Faria, shaking his head, “but no matter; God wills it that man whom he has created, and in whose heart he has so profoundly rooted the love of life, should do all in his power to preserve that existence, which, however painful it may be, is yet always so dear.”

“Oh, yes, yes!” exclaimed Dantès; “and I tell you that I will save you yet.”

“Well, then, try. The cold gains upon me. I feel the blood flowing towards my brain. These horrible chills, which make my teeth chatter and seem to dislocate my bones, begin to pervade my whole frame; in five minutes the malady will reach its height, and in a quarter of an hour there will be nothing left of me but a corpse.”

“Oh!” exclaimed Dantès, his heart wrung with anguish.

“Do as you did before, only do not wait so long, all the springs of life are now exhausted in me, and death,” he continued, looking at his paralyzed arm and leg, “has but half its work to do. If, after having made me swallow twelve drops instead of ten, you see that I do not recover, then pour the rest down my throat. Now lift me on my bed, for I can no longer support myself.”

Edmond took the old man in his arms, and laid him on the bed.

“And now, my dear friend,” said Faria, “sole consolation of my wretched existence,—you whom Heaven gave me somewhat late, but still gave me, a priceless gift, and for which I am most grateful,—at the moment of separating from you forever, I wish you all the happiness and all the prosperity you so well deserve. My son, I bless thee!”

The young man cast himself on his knees, leaning his head against the old man’s bed.

“Listen, now, to what I say in this my dying moment. The treasure of the Spadas exists. God grants me the boon of vision unrestricted by time or space. I see it in the depths of the inner cavern. My eyes pierce the inmost recesses of the earth, and are dazzled at the sight of so much riches. If you do escape, remember that the poor abbé, whom all the world called mad, was not so. Hasten to Monte Cristo—avail yourself of the fortune—for you have indeed suffered long enough.”

A violent convulsion attacked the old man. Dantès raised his head and saw Faria’s eyes injected with blood. It seemed as if a flow of blood had ascended from the chest to the head.

“Adieu, adieu!” murmured the old man, clasping Edmond’s hand convulsively—“adieu!”

“Oh, no,—no, not yet,” he cried; “do not forsake me! Oh, succor him! Help—help—help!”

“Hush! hush!” murmured the dying man, “that they may not separate us if you save me!”

“You are right. Oh, yes, yes; be assured I shall save you! Besides, although you suffer much, you do not seem to be in such agony as you were before.”

“Do not mistake! I suffer less because there is in me less strength to endure. At your age we have faith in life; it is the privilege of youth to believe and hope, but old men see death more clearly. Oh, ’tis here—’tis here—’tis over—my sight is gone—my senses fail! Your hand, Dantès! Adieu! adieu!”

And raising himself by a final effort, in which he summoned all his faculties, he said,—“Monte Cristo, forget not Monte Cristo!” And he fell back on the bed.

The crisis was terrible, and a rigid form with twisted limbs, swollen eyelids, and lips flecked with bloody foam, lay on the bed of torture, in place of the intellectual being who so lately rested there.

Dantès took the lamp, placed it on a projecting stone above the bed, whence its tremulous light fell with strange and fantastic ray on the distorted countenance and motionless, stiffened body. With steady gaze he awaited confidently the moment for administering the restorative.

When he believed that the right moment had arrived, he took the knife, pried open the teeth, which offered less resistance than before, counted one after the other twelve drops, and watched; the phial contained, perhaps, twice as much more. He waited ten

minutes, a quarter of an hour, half an hour,—no change took place. Trembling, his hair erect, his brow bathed with perspiration, he counted the seconds by the beating of his heart. Then he thought it was time to make the last trial, and he put the phial to the purple lips of Faria, and without having occasion to force open his jaws, which had remained extended, he poured the whole of the liquid down his throat.

0255m

The draught produced a galvanic effect, a violent trembling pervaded the old man's limbs, his eyes opened until it was fearful to gaze upon them, he heaved a sigh which resembled a shriek, and then his convulsed body returned gradually to its former immobility, the eyes remaining open.

Half an hour, an hour, an hour and a half elapsed, and during this period of anguish, Edmond leaned over his friend, his hand applied to his heart, and felt the body gradually grow cold, and the heart's pulsation become more and more deep and dull, until at length it stopped; the last movement of the heart ceased, the face became livid, the eyes remained open, but the eyeballs were glazed.

It was six o'clock in the morning, the dawn was just breaking, and its feeble ray came into the dungeon, and paled the ineffectual light of the lamp. Strange shadows passed over the countenance of the dead man, and at times gave it the appearance of life. While the struggle between day and night lasted, Dantès still doubted; but as soon as the daylight gained the pre-eminence, he saw that he was alone with a corpse. Then an invincible and extreme terror seized upon him, and he dared not again press the hand that hung out of bed, he dared no longer to gaze on those fixed and vacant eyes, which he tried many times to close, but in vain—they opened again as soon as shut. He extinguished the lamp, carefully concealed it, and then went away, closing as well as he could the entrance to the secret passage by the large stone as he descended.

It was time, for the jailer was coming. On this occasion he began his rounds at Dantès' cell, and on leaving him he went on to Faria's dungeon, taking thither breakfast and some linen. Nothing betokened that the man knew anything of what had occurred. He went on his way.

Dantès was then seized with an indescribable desire to know what was going on in the dungeon of his unfortunate friend. He therefore returned by the subterraneous gallery, and arrived in time to hear the exclamations of the turnkey, who called out for help. Other turnkeys came, and then was heard the regular tramp of soldiers. Last of all came the governor.

Edmond heard the creaking of the bed as they moved the corpse, heard the voice of the governor, who asked them to throw water on the dead man's face; and seeing that, in spite of this application, the prisoner did not recover, they sent for the doctor. The governor then went out, and words of pity fell on Dantès' listening ears, mingled with brutal laughter.

"Well, well," said one, "the madman has gone to look after his treasure. Good journey to him!"

"With all his millions, he will not have enough to pay for his shroud!" said another.

"Oh," added a third voice, "the shrouds of the Château d'If are not dear!"

0257m

"Perhaps," said one of the previous speakers, "as he was a churchman, they may go to some expense in his behalf."

"They may give him the honors of the sack."

Edmond did not lose a word, but comprehended very little of what was said. The voices soon ceased, and it seemed to him as if everyone had left the cell. Still he dared not to enter, as they might have left some turnkey to watch the dead. He remained, therefore, mute and motionless, hardly venturing to breathe. At the end of an hour, he heard a faint noise, which increased. It was the governor who returned, followed by the doctor and other attendants. There was a moment's silence,—it was evident that the doctor was examining the dead body. The inquiries soon commenced.

The doctor analyzed the symptoms of the malady to which the prisoner had succumbed, and declared that he was dead. Questions and answers followed in a nonchalant manner that made Dantès indignant, for he felt that all the world should have for the poor abbé a love and respect equal to his own.

“I am very sorry for what you tell me,” said the governor, replying to the assurance of the doctor, “that the old man is really dead; for he was a quiet, inoffensive prisoner, happy in his folly, and required no watching.”

“Ah,” added the turnkey, “there was no occasion for watching him; he would have stayed here fifty years, I’ll answer for it, without any attempt to escape.”

“Still,” said the governor, “I believe it will be requisite, notwithstanding your certainty, and not that I doubt your science, but in discharge of my official duty, that we should be perfectly assured that the prisoner is dead.”

There was a moment of complete silence, during which Dantès, still listening, knew that the doctor was examining the corpse a second time.

“You may make your mind easy,” said the doctor; “he is dead. I will answer for that.”

“You know, sir,” said the governor, persisting, “that we are not content in such cases as this with such a simple examination. In spite of all appearances, be so kind, therefore, as to finish your duty by fulfilling the formalities described by law.”

“Let the irons be heated,” said the doctor; “but really it is a useless precaution.”

This order to heat the irons made Dantès shudder. He heard hasty steps, the creaking of a door, people going and coming, and some minutes afterwards a turnkey entered, saying:

“Here is the brazier, lighted.”

There was a moment’s silence, and then was heard the crackling of burning flesh, of which the peculiar and nauseous smell penetrated even behind the wall where Dantès was listening in horror. The perspiration poured forth upon the young man’s brow, and he felt as if he should faint.

“You see, sir, he is really dead,” said the doctor; “this burn in the heel is decisive. The poor fool is cured of his folly, and delivered from his captivity.”

“Wasn’t his name Faria?” inquired one of the officers who accompanied the governor.

0259m

“Yes, sir; and, as he said, it was an ancient name. He was, too, very learned, and rational enough on all points which did not relate to his treasure; but on that, indeed, he was intractable.”

“It is the sort of malady which we call monomania,” said the doctor.

“You had never anything to complain of?” said the governor to the jailer who had charge of the abbé.

“Never, sir,” replied the jailer, “never; on the contrary, he sometimes amused me very much by telling me stories. One day, too, when my wife was ill, he gave me a prescription which cured her.”

“Ah, ah!” said the doctor, “I did not know that I had a rival; but I hope, governor, that you will show him all proper respect in consequence.”

“Yes, yes, make your mind easy, he shall be decently interred in the newest sack we can find. Will that satisfy you?”

“Must this last formality take place in your presence, sir?” inquired a turnkey.

“Certainly. But make haste—I cannot stay here all day.” Other footsteps, going and coming, were now heard, and a moment afterwards the noise of rustling canvas reached Dantès’ ears, the bed creaked, and the heavy footfall of a man who lifts a weight sounded on the floor; then the bed again creaked under the weight deposited upon it.

“This evening,” said the governor.

“Will there be any mass?” asked one of the attendants.

“That is impossible,” replied the governor. “The chaplain of the château came to me yesterday to beg for leave of absence, in order to take a trip to Hyères for a week. I told him I would attend to the prisoners in his absence. If the poor abbé had not been in such a hurry, he might have had his requiem.”

“Pooh, pooh;” said the doctor, with the impiety usual in persons of his profession; “he is a churchman. God will respect his profession, and not give the devil the wicked delight of sending him a priest.” A shout of laughter followed this brutal jest. Meanwhile the operation of putting the body in the sack was going on.

“This evening,” said the governor, when the task was ended.

“At what hour?” inquired a turnkey.

“Why, about ten or eleven o’clock.”

“Shall we watch by the corpse?”

“Of what use would it be? Shut the dungeon as if he were alive—that is all.”

Then the steps retreated, and the voices died away in the distance; the noise of the door, with its creaking hinges and bolts ceased, and a silence more sombre than that of solitude ensued,—the silence of death, which was all-pervasive, and struck its icy chill to the very soul of Dantès.

Then he raised the flag-stone cautiously with his head, and looked carefully around the chamber. It was empty, and Dantès emerged from the tunnel.

Chapter 20. The Cemetery of the Château d’If

On the bed, at full length, and faintly illuminated by the pale light that came from the window, lay a sack of canvas, and under its rude folds was stretched a long and stiffened form; it was Faria’s last winding-sheet,—a winding-sheet which, as the turnkey said, cost so little. Everything was in readiness. A barrier had been placed between Dantès and his old friend. No longer could Edmond look into those wide-open eyes which had seemed to be penetrating the mysteries of death; no longer could he clasp the hand which had done so much to make his existence blessed. Faria, the beneficent and cheerful companion, with whom he was accustomed to live so intimately, no longer breathed. He seated himself on the edge of that terrible bed, and fell into melancholy and gloomy reverie.

Alone! he was alone again! again condemned to silence—again face to face with nothingness! Alone!—never again to see the face, never again to hear the voice of the only human being who united him to earth! Was not Faria’s fate the better, after all—to solve the problem of life at its source, even at the risk of horrible suffering?

The idea of suicide, which his friend had driven away and kept away by his cheerful presence, now hovered like a phantom over the abbé’s dead body.

“If I could die,” he said, “I should go where he goes, and should assuredly find him again. But how to die? It is very easy,” he went on with a smile; “I will remain here, rush on the first person that opens the door, strangle him, and then they will guillotine me.”

But excessive grief is like a storm at sea, where the frail bark is tossed from the depths to the top of the wave. Dantès recoiled from the idea of so infamous a death, and passed suddenly from despair to an ardent desire for life and liberty.

“Die? oh, no,” he exclaimed—“not die now, after having lived and suffered so long and so much! Die? yes, had I died years ago; but now to die would be, indeed, to give way to the sarcasm of destiny. No, I want to live; I shall struggle to the very last; I will yet win back the happiness of which I have been deprived. Before I die I must not forget that I have my executioners to punish, and perhaps, too, who knows, some friends to reward. Yet they will forget me here, and I shall die in my dungeon like Faria.”

As he said this, he became silent and gazed straight before him like one overwhelmed with a strange and amazing thought. Suddenly he arose, lifted his hand to his brow as if his brain were giddy, paced twice or thrice round the dungeon, and then paused abruptly by the bed.

“Just God!” he muttered, “whence comes this thought? Is it from thee? Since none but the dead pass freely from this dungeon, let me take the place of the dead!”

Without giving himself time to reconsider his decision, and, indeed, that he might not allow his thoughts to be distracted from his desperate resolution, he bent over the appalling shroud, opened it with the knife which Faria had made, drew the corpse from the sack, and bore it along the tunnel to his own chamber, laid it on his couch, tied around its head the rag he wore at night around his own, covered it with his counterpane, once again kissed the ice-cold brow, and tried vainly to close the resisting eyes, which glared horribly, turned the head towards the wall, so that the jailer might, when he brought the evening meal, believe that he was asleep, as was his frequent custom; entered the tunnel again, drew the bed against the wall, returned to the other cell, took from the hiding-place the needle and thread, flung off his rags, that they might feel only naked flesh beneath the coarse canvas, and getting inside the sack, placed himself in the posture in which the dead body had been laid, and sewed up the mouth of the sack from the inside.

He would have been discovered by the beating of his heart, if by any mischance the jailers had entered at that moment. Dantès might have waited until the evening visit was over, but he was afraid that the governor would change his mind, and order the dead body to be removed earlier. In that case his last hope would have been destroyed.

Now his plans were fully made, and this is what he intended to do. If while he was being carried out the grave-diggers should discover that they were bearing a live instead of a dead body, Dantès did not intend to give them time to recognize him, but with a sudden cut of the knife, he meant to open the sack from top to bottom, and, profiting by their alarm, escape; if they tried to catch him, he would use his knife to better purpose.

0263m

If they took him to the cemetery and laid him in a grave, he would allow himself to be covered with earth, and then, as it was night, the grave-diggers could scarcely have turned their backs before he would have worked his way through the yielding soil and escaped. He hoped that the weight of earth would not be so great that he could not overcome it. If he was detected in this and the earth proved too heavy, he would be stifled, and then—so much the better, all would be over.

Dantès had not eaten since the preceding evening, but he had not thought of hunger, nor did he think of it now. His situation was too precarious to allow him even time to reflect on any thought but one.

The first risk that Dantès ran was, that the jailer, when he brought him his supper at seven o’clock, might perceive the change that had been made; fortunately, twenty times at least, from misanthropy or fatigue, Dantès had received his jailer in bed, and then the man placed his bread and soup on the table, and went away without saying a word. This time the jailer might not be as silent as usual, but speak to Dantès, and seeing that he received no reply, go to the bed, and thus discover all.

When seven o’clock came, Dantès’ agony really began. His hand placed upon his heart was unable to redress its throbbings, while, with the other he wiped the perspiration from his temples. From time to time chills ran through his whole body, and clutched his heart in a grasp of ice. Then he thought he was going to die. Yet the hours passed on without any unusual disturbance, and Dantès knew that he had escaped the first peril. It was a good augury.

At length, about the hour the governor had appointed, footsteps were heard on the stairs. Edmond felt that the moment had arrived, summoned up all his courage, held his breath, and would have been happy if at the same time he could have repressed the throbbing of his veins. The footsteps—they were double—paused at the door—and Dantès guessed that the two grave-diggers had come to seek him—this idea was soon converted into certainty, when he heard the noise they made in putting down the hand-bier.

The door opened, and a dim light reached Dantès’ eyes through the coarse sack that covered him; he saw two shadows approach his bed, a third remaining at the door with a torch in its hand. The two men, approaching the ends of the bed, took the sack by its extremities.

“He’s heavy, though, for an old and thin man,” said one, as he raised the head.

“They say every year adds half a pound to the weight of the bones,” said another, lifting the feet.

“Have you tied the knot?” inquired the first speaker.

“What would be the use of carrying so much more weight?” was the reply, “I can do that when we get there.”

“Yes, you’re right,” replied the companion.

“What’s the knot for?” thought Dantès.

They deposited the supposed corpse on the bier. Edmond stiffened himself in order to play the part of a dead man, and then the party, lighted by the man with the torch, who went first, ascended the stairs. Suddenly he felt the fresh and sharp night air, and Dantès knew that the mistral was blowing. It was a sensation in which pleasure and pain were strangely mingled.

The bearers went on for twenty paces, then stopped, putting the bier down on the ground. One of them went away, and Dantès heard his shoes striking on the pavement.

“Where am I?” he asked himself.

“Really, he is by no means a light load!” said the other bearer, sitting on the edge of the hand-barrow.

Dantès’ first impulse was to escape, but fortunately he did not attempt it.

“Give us a light,” said the other bearer, “or I shall never find what I am looking for.”

The man with the torch complied, although not asked in the most polite terms.

“What can he be looking for?” thought Edmond. “The spade, perhaps.”

An exclamation of satisfaction indicated that the grave-digger had found the object of his search. “Here it is at last,” he said, “not without some trouble, though.”

“Yes,” was the answer, “but it has lost nothing by waiting.”

As he said this, the man came towards Edmond, who heard a heavy metallic substance laid down beside him, and at the same moment a cord was fastened round his feet with sudden and painful violence.

“Well, have you tied the knot?” inquired the grave-digger, who was looking on.

“Yes, and pretty tight too, I can tell you,” was the answer.

“Move on, then.” And the bier was lifted once more, and they proceeded.

They advanced fifty paces farther, and then stopped to open a door, then went forward again. The noise of the waves dashing against the rocks on which the château is built, reached Dantès’ ear distinctly as they went forward.

“Bad weather!” observed one of the bearers; “not a pleasant night for a dip in the sea.”

“Why, yes, the abbé runs a chance of being wet,” said the other; and then there was a burst of brutal laughter.

Dantès did not comprehend the jest, but his hair stood erect on his head.

“Well, here we are at last,” said one of them.

“A little farther—a little farther,” said the other. “You know very well that the last was stopped on his way, dashed on the rocks, and the governor told us next day that we were careless fellows.”

They ascended five or six more steps, and then Dantès felt that they took him, one by the head and the other by the heels, and swung him to and fro.

“One!” said the grave-diggers, “two! three!”

And at the same instant Dantès felt himself flung into the air like a wounded bird, falling, falling, with a rapidity that made his blood curdle. Although drawn downwards by the heavy weight which hastened his rapid descent, it seemed to him as if the fall lasted for a century. At last, with a horrible splash, he darted like an arrow into the ice-cold water, and as he did so he uttered a shrill cry, stifled in a moment by his immersion beneath the waves.

Dantès had been flung into the sea, and was dragged into its depths by a thirty-six-pound shot tied to his feet.

The sea is the cemetery of the Château d’If.

0267m

Chapter 21. The Island of Tiboulen

Dantès, although stunned and almost suffocated, had sufficient presence of mind to hold his breath, and as his right hand (prepared as he was for every chance) held his knife open, he rapidly ripped up the sack, extricated his arm, and then his body; but in spite of all his efforts to free himself from the shot, he felt it dragging him down still lower. He then bent his body, and by a desperate effort severed the cord that bound his legs, at the moment when it seemed as if he were actually strangled. With a mighty leap he rose to the surface of the sea, while the shot dragged down to the depths the sack that had so nearly become his shroud.

Dantès waited only to get breath, and then dived, in order to avoid being seen. When he arose a second time, he was fifty paces from where he had first sunk. He saw overhead a black and tempestuous sky, across which the wind was driving clouds that occasionally suffered a twinkling star to appear; before him was the vast expanse of waters, sombre and terrible, whose waves foamed and roared as if before the approach of a storm. Behind him, blacker than the sea, blacker than the sky, rose phantom-like the vast stone structure, whose projecting crags seemed like arms extended to seize their prey, and on the highest rock was a torch lighting two figures.

He fancied that these two forms were looking at the sea; doubtless these strange grave-diggers had heard his cry. Dantès dived again, and remained a long time beneath the water. This was an easy feat to him, for he usually attracted a crowd of spectators in the bay before the lighthouse at Marseilles when he swam there, and was unanimously declared to be the best swimmer in the port. When he came up again the light had disappeared.

He must now get his bearings. Ratonneau and Pomègue are the nearest islands of all those that surround the Château d'If, but Ratonneau and Pomègue are inhabited, as is also the islet of Daume. Tiboulen and Lemaire were therefore the safest for Dantès' venture. The islands of Tiboulen and Lemaire are a league from the Château d'If; Dantès, nevertheless, determined to make for them. But how could he find his way in the darkness of the night?

At this moment he saw the light of Planier, gleaming in front of him like a star. By leaving this light on the right, he kept the Island of Tiboulen a little on the left; by turning to the left, therefore, he would find it. But, as we have said, it was at least a league from the Château d'If to this island. Often in prison Faria had said to him, when he saw him idle and inactive:

"Dantès, you must not give way to this listlessness; you will be drowned if you seek to escape, and your strength has not been properly exercised and prepared for exertion."

These words rang in Dantès' ears, even beneath the waves; he hastened to cleave his way through them to see if he had not lost his strength. He found with pleasure that his captivity had taken away nothing of his power, and that he was still master of that element on whose bosom he had so often sported as a boy.

Fear, that relentless pursuer, clogged Dantès' efforts. He listened for any sound that might be audible, and every time that he rose to the top of a wave he scanned the horizon, and strove to penetrate the darkness. He fancied that every wave behind him was a pursuing boat, and he redoubled his exertions, increasing rapidly his distance from the château, but exhausting his strength. He swam on still, and already the terrible château had disappeared in the darkness. He could not see it, but he _felt_ its presence.

An hour passed, during which Dantès, excited by the feeling of freedom, continued to cleave the waves.

"Let us see," said he, "I have swum above an hour, but as the wind is against me, that has retarded my speed; however, if I am not mistaken, I must be close to Tiboulen. But what if I were mistaken?"

A shudder passed over him. He sought to tread water, in order to rest himself; but the sea was too violent, and he felt that he could not make use of this means of recuperation.

"Well," said he, "I will swim on until I am worn out, or the cramp seizes me, and then I shall sink;" and he struck out with the energy of despair.

Suddenly the sky seemed to him to become still darker and more dense, and heavy clouds seemed to sweep down towards him; at the same time he felt a sharp pain in his knee. He fancied for a moment that he had been shot, and listened for the report; but he

heard nothing. Then he put out his hand, and encountered an obstacle and with another stroke knew that he had gained the shore.

Before him rose a grotesque mass of rocks, that resembled nothing so much as a vast fire petrified at the moment of its most fervent combustion. It was the Island of Tiboulen. Dantès rose, advanced a few steps, and, with a fervent prayer of gratitude, stretched himself on the granite, which seemed to him softer than down. Then, in spite of the wind and rain, he fell into the deep, sweet sleep of utter exhaustion. At the expiration of an hour Edmond was awakened by the roar of thunder. The tempest was let loose and beating the atmosphere with its mighty wings; from time to time a flash of lightning stretched across the heavens like a fiery serpent, lighting up the clouds that rolled on in vast chaotic waves.

Dantès had not been deceived—he had reached the first of the two islands, which was, in fact, Tiboulen. He knew that it was barren and without shelter; but when the sea became more calm, he resolved to plunge into its waves again, and swim to Lemaire, equally arid, but larger, and consequently better adapted for concealment.

An overhanging rock offered him a temporary shelter, and scarcely had he availed himself of it when the tempest burst forth in all its fury. Edmond felt the trembling of the rock beneath which he lay; the waves, dashing themselves against it, wetted him with their spray. He was safely sheltered, and yet he felt dizzy in the midst of the warring of the elements and the dazzling brightness of the lightning. It seemed to him that the island trembled to its base, and that it would, like a vessel at anchor, break moorings, and bear him off into the centre of the storm.

He then recollected that he had not eaten or drunk for four-and-twenty hours. He extended his hands, and drank greedily of the rainwater that had lodged in a hollow of the rock.

As he rose, a flash of lightning, that seemed to rive the remotest heights of heaven, illumined the darkness. By its light, between the Island of Lemaire and Cape Croiselle, a quarter of a league distant, Dantès saw a fishing-boat driven rapidly like a spectre before the power of winds and waves. A second after, he saw it again, approaching with frightful rapidity. Dantès cried at the top of his voice to warn them of their danger, but they saw it themselves. Another flash showed him four men clinging to the shattered mast and the rigging, while a fifth clung to the broken rudder. The men he beheld saw him undoubtedly, for their cries were carried to his ears by the wind. Above the splintered mast a sail rent to tatters was waving; suddenly the ropes that still held it gave way, and it disappeared in the darkness of the night like a vast sea-bird.

At the same moment a violent crash was heard, and cries of distress. Dantès from his rocky perch saw the shattered vessel, and among the fragments the floating forms of the hapless sailors. Then all was dark again.

Dantès ran down the rocks at the risk of being himself dashed to pieces; he listened, he groped about, but he heard and saw nothing—the cries had ceased, and the tempest continued to rage. By degrees the wind abated, vast gray clouds rolled towards the west, and the blue firmament appeared studded with bright stars. Soon a red streak became visible in the horizon, the waves whitened, a light played over them, and gilded their foaming crests with gold. It was day.

Dantès stood mute and motionless before this majestic spectacle, as if he now beheld it for the first time; and indeed since his captivity in the Château d'If he had forgotten that such scenes were ever to be witnessed. He turned towards the fortress, and looked at both sea and land. The gloomy building rose from the bosom of the ocean with imposing majesty and seemed to dominate the scene. It was about five o'clock. The sea continued to get calmer.

"In two or three hours," thought Dantès, "the turnkey will enter my chamber, find the body of my poor friend, recognize it, seek for me in vain, and give the alarm. Then the tunnel will be discovered; the men who cast me into the sea and who must have heard the cry I uttered, will be questioned. Then boats filled with armed soldiers will pursue the wretched fugitive. The cannon will warn everyone to refuse shelter to a man wandering about naked and famished. The police of Marseilles will be on the alert by land, whilst the governor pursues me by sea. I am cold, I am hungry. I have lost even the knife that saved me. Oh, my God, I have suffered enough surely! Have pity on me, and do for me what I am unable to do for myself."

As Dantès (his eyes turned in the direction of the Château d'If) uttered this prayer, he saw off the farther point of the Island of Pomègue a small vessel with lateen sail skimming the sea like a gull in search of prey; and with his sailor's eye he knew it to be a Genoese tartan. She was coming out of Marseilles harbor, and was standing out to sea rapidly, her sharp prow cleaving through the waves.

“Oh,” cried Edmond, “to think that in half an hour I could join her, did I not fear being questioned, detected, and conveyed back to Marseilles! What can I do? What story can I invent? under pretext of trading along the coast, these men, who are in reality smugglers, will prefer selling me to doing a good action. I must wait. But I cannot—I am starving. In a few hours my strength will be utterly exhausted; besides, perhaps I have not been missed at the fortress. I can pass as one of the sailors wrecked last night. My story will be accepted, for there is no one left to contradict me.”

As he spoke, Dantès looked toward the spot where the fishing-vessel had been wrecked, and started. The red cap of one of the sailors hung to a point of the rock and some timbers that had formed part of the vessel’s keel, floated at the foot of the crag. In an instant Dantès’ plan was formed. He swam to the cap, placed it on his head, seized one of the timbers, and struck out so as to cut across the course the vessel was taking.

“I am saved!” murmured he. And this conviction restored his strength.

He soon saw that the vessel, with the wind dead ahead, was tacking between the Château d’If and the tower of Planier. For an instant he feared lest, instead of keeping in shore, she should stand out to sea; but he soon saw that she would pass, like most vessels bound for Italy, between the islands of Jaros and Calaseraigne.

However, the vessel and the swimmer insensibly neared one another, and in one of its tacks the tartan bore down within a quarter of a mile of him. He rose on the waves, making signs of distress; but no one on board saw him, and the vessel stood on another tack. Dantès would have shouted, but he knew that the wind would drown his voice.

It was then he rejoiced at his precaution in taking the timber, for without it he would have been unable, perhaps, to reach the vessel—certainly to return to shore, should he be unsuccessful in attracting attention.

Dantès, though almost sure as to what course the vessel would take, had yet watched it anxiously until it tacked and stood towards him. Then he advanced; but before they could meet, the vessel again changed her course. By a violent effort he rose half out of the water, waving his cap, and uttering a loud shout peculiar to sailors. This time he was both seen and heard, and the tartan instantly steered towards him. At the same time, he saw they were about to lower the boat.

An instant after, the boat, rowed by two men, advanced rapidly towards him. Dantès let go of the timber, which he now thought to be useless, and swam vigorously to meet them. But he had reckoned too much upon his strength, and then he realized how serviceable the timber had been to him. His arms became stiff, his legs lost their flexibility, and he was almost breathless.

He shouted again. The two sailors redoubled their efforts, and one of them cried in Italian, “Courage!”

The word reached his ear as a wave which he no longer had the strength to surmount passed over his head. He rose again to the surface, struggled with the last desperate effort of a drowning man, uttered a third cry, and felt himself sinking, as if the fatal cannon shot were again tied to his feet. The water passed over his head, and the sky turned gray. A convulsive movement again brought him to the surface. He felt himself seized by the hair, then he saw and heard nothing. He had fainted.

When he opened his eyes Dantès found himself on the deck of the tartan. His first care was to see what course they were taking. They were rapidly leaving the Château d’If behind. Dantès was so exhausted that the exclamation of joy he uttered was mistaken for a sigh.

As we have said, he was lying on the deck. A sailor was rubbing his limbs with a woollen cloth; another, whom he recognized as the one who had cried out “Courage!” held a gourd full of rum to his mouth; while the third, an old sailor, at once the pilot and captain, looked on with that egotistical pity men feel for a misfortune that they have escaped yesterday, and which may overtake them tomorrow.

A few drops of the rum restored suspended animation, while the friction of his limbs restored their elasticity.

“Who are you?” said the pilot in bad French.

“I am,” replied Dantès, in bad Italian, “a Maltese sailor. We were coming from Syracuse laden with grain. The storm of last night overtook us at Cape Morgiou, and we were wrecked on these rocks.”

“Where do you come from?”

“From these rocks that I had the good luck to cling to while our captain and the rest of the crew were all lost. I saw your vessel, and fearful of being left to perish on the desolate island, I swam off on a piece of wreckage to try and intercept your course. You have saved my life, and I thank you,” continued Dantès. “I was lost when one of your sailors caught hold of my hair.”

“It was I,” said a sailor of a frank and manly appearance; “and it was time, for you were sinking.”

“Yes,” returned Dantès, holding out his hand, “I thank you again.”

“I almost hesitated, though,” replied the sailor; “you looked more like a brigand than an honest man, with your beard six inches, and your hair a foot long.”

Dantès recollected that his hair and beard had not been cut all the time he was at the Château d’If.

“Yes,” said he, “I made a vow, to our Lady of the Grotto not to cut my hair or beard for ten years if I were saved in a moment of danger; but today the vow expires.”

“Now what are we to do with you?” said the captain.

“Alas, anything you please. My captain is dead; I have barely escaped; but I am a good sailor. Leave me at the first port you make; I shall be sure to find employment.”

“Do you know the Mediterranean?”

“I have sailed over it since my childhood.”

“You know the best harbors?”

“There are few ports that I could not enter or leave with a bandage over my eyes.”

“I say, captain,” said the sailor who had cried “Courage!” to Dantès, “if what he says is true, what hinders his staying with us?”

“If he says true,” said the captain doubtingly. “But in his present condition he will promise anything, and take his chance of keeping it afterwards.”

“I will do more than I promise,” said Dantès.

“We shall see,” returned the other, smiling.

“Where are you going?” asked Dantès.

“To Leghorn.”

“Then why, instead of tacking so frequently, do you not sail nearer the wind?”

“Because we should run straight on to the Island of Rion.”

“You shall pass it by twenty fathoms.”

“Take the helm, and let us see what you know.”

The young man took the helm, felt to see if the vessel answered the rudder promptly and seeing that, without being a first-rate sailor, she yet was tolerably obedient.

“To the sheets,” said he. The four seamen, who composed the crew, obeyed, while the pilot looked on. “Haul taut.”

They obeyed.

“Belay.” This order was also executed; and the vessel passed, as Dantès had predicted, twenty fathoms to windward.

“Bravo!” said the captain.

“Bravo!” repeated the sailors. And they all looked with astonishment at this man whose eye now disclosed an intelligence and his body a vigor they had not thought him capable of showing.

“You see,” said Dantès, quitting the helm, “I shall be of some use to you, at least during the voyage. If you do not want me at Leghorn, you can leave me there, and I will pay you out of the first wages I get, for my food and the clothes you lend me.”

“Ah,” said the captain, “we can agree very well, if you are reasonable.”

“Give me what you give the others, and it will be all right,” returned Dantès.

“That’s not fair,” said the seaman who had saved Dantès; “for you know more than we do.”

“What is that to you, Jacopo?” returned the Captain. “Everyone is free to ask what he pleases.”

“That’s true,” replied Jacopo; “I only make a remark.”

“Well, you would do much better to find him a jacket and a pair of trousers, if you have them.”

“No,” said Jacopo; “but I have a shirt and a pair of trousers.”

“That is all I want,” interrupted Dantès. Jacopo dived into the hold and soon returned with what Edmond wanted.

“Now, then, do you wish for anything else?” said the patron.

“A piece of bread and another glass of the capital rum I tasted, for I have not eaten or drunk for a long time.” He had not tasted food for forty hours. A piece of bread was brought, and Jacopo offered him the gourd.

“Larboard your helm,” cried the captain to the steersman. Dantès glanced that way as he lifted the gourd to his mouth; then paused with hand in mid-air.

“Hollo! what’s the matter at the Château d’If?” said the captain.

A small white cloud, which had attracted Dantès’ attention, crowned the summit of the bastion of the Château d’If. At the same moment the faint report of a gun was heard. The sailors looked at one another.

“What is this?” asked the captain.

“A prisoner has escaped from the Château d’If, and they are firing the alarm gun,” replied Dantès. The captain glanced at him, but he had lifted the rum to his lips and was drinking it with so much composure, that suspicions, if the captain had any, died away.

0277m

“Pretty strong rum!” said Dantès, wiping his brow with his sleeve.

“At any rate,” murmured he, “if it be, so much the better, for I have made a rare acquisition.”

0279m

Under pretence of being fatigued, Dantès asked to take the helm; the steersman, glad to be relieved, looked at the captain, and the latter by a sign indicated that he might abandon it to his new comrade. Dantès could thus keep his eyes on Marseilles.

“What is the day of the month?” asked he of Jacopo, who sat down beside him.

“The 28th of February.”

“In what year?”

“In what year—you ask me in what year?”

“Yes,” replied the young man, “I ask you in what year!”

“You have forgotten then?”

“I got such a fright last night,” replied Dantès, smiling, “that I have almost lost my memory. I ask you what year is it?”

“The year 1829,” returned Jacopo.

It was fourteen years, day for day, since Dantès' arrest. He was nineteen when he entered the Château d'If; he was thirty-three when he escaped. A sorrowful smile passed over his face; he asked himself what had become of Mercédès, who must believe him dead. Then his eyes lighted up with hatred as he thought of the three men who had caused him so long and wretched a captivity. He renewed against Danglars, Fernand, and Villefort the oath of implacable vengeance he had made in his dungeon.

This oath was no longer a vain menace; for the fastest sailor in the Mediterranean would have been unable to overtake the little tartan, that with every stitch of canvas set was flying before the wind to Leghorn.

Chapter 22. The Smugglers

Dantès had not been a day on board before he had a very clear idea of the men with whom his lot had been cast. Without having been in the school of the Abbé Faria, the worthy master of _La Jeune Amélie_ (the name of the Genoese tartan) knew a smattering of all the tongues spoken on the shores of that large lake called the Mediterranean, from the Arabic to the Provençal, and this, while it spared him interpreters, persons always troublesome and frequently indiscreet, gave him great facilities of communication, either with the vessels he met at sea, with the small boats sailing along the coast, or with the people without name, country, or occupation, who are always seen on the quays of seaports, and who live by hidden and mysterious means which we must suppose to be a direct gift of Providence, as they have no visible means of support. It is fair to assume that Dantès was on board a smuggler.

At first the captain had received Dantès on board with a certain degree of distrust. He was very well known to the customs officers of the coast; and as there was between these worthies and himself a perpetual battle of wits, he had at first thought that Dantès might be an emissary of these industrious guardians of rights and duties, who perhaps employed this ingenious means of learning some of the secrets of his trade. But the skilful manner in which Dantès had handled the lugger had entirely reassured him; and then, when he saw the light plume of smoke floating above the bastion of the Château d'If, and heard the distant report, he was instantly struck with the idea that he had on board his vessel one whose coming and going, like that of kings, was accompanied with salutes of artillery. This made him less uneasy, it must be owned, than if the new-comer had proved to be a customs officer; but this supposition also disappeared like the first, when he beheld the perfect tranquillity of his recruit.

Edmond thus had the advantage of knowing what the owner was, without the owner knowing who he was; and however the old sailor and his crew tried to "pump" him, they extracted nothing more from him; he gave accurate descriptions of Naples and Malta, which he knew as well as Marseilles, and held stoutly to his first story. Thus the Genoese, subtle as he was, was duped by Edmond, in whose favor his mild demeanor, his nautical skill, and his admirable dissimulation, pleaded. Moreover, it is possible that the Genoese was one of those shrewd persons who know nothing but what they should know, and believe nothing but what they should believe.

In this state of mutual understanding, they reached Leghorn. Here Edmond was to undergo another trial; he was to find out whether he could recognize himself, as he had not seen his own face for fourteen years. He had preserved a tolerably good remembrance of what the youth had been, and was now to find out what the man had become. His comrades believed that his vow was fulfilled. As he had twenty times touched at Leghorn, he remembered a barber in St. Ferdinand Street; he went there to have his beard and hair cut. The barber gazed in amazement at this man with the long, thick and black hair and beard, which gave his head the appearance of one of Titian's portraits. At this period it was not the fashion to wear so large a beard and hair so long; now a barber would only be surprised if a man gifted with such advantages should consent voluntarily to deprive himself of them. The Leghorn barber said nothing and went to work.

When the operation was concluded, and Edmond felt that his chin was completely smooth, and his hair reduced to its usual length, he asked for a looking-glass. He was now, as we have said, three-and-thirty years of age, and his fourteen years' imprisonment had produced a great transformation in his appearance.

Dantès had entered the Château d'If with the round, open, smiling face of a young and happy man, with whom the early paths of life have been smooth, and who anticipates a future corresponding with his past. This was now all changed. The oval face was lengthened, his smiling mouth had assumed the firm and marked lines which betoken resolution; his eyebrows were arched beneath a brow furrowed with thought; his eyes were full of melancholy, and from their depths occasionally sparkled gloomy fires of misanthropy and hatred; his complexion, so long kept from the sun, had now that pale color which produces, when the features are encircled with black hair, the aristocratic beauty of the man of the north; the profound learning he had acquired had besides

diffused over his features a refined intellectual expression; and he had also acquired, being naturally of a goodly stature, that vigor which a frame possesses which has so long concentrated all its force within itself.

0283m

To the elegance of a nervous and slight form had succeeded the solidity of a rounded and muscular figure. As to his voice, prayers, sobs, and imprecations had changed it so that at times it was of a singularly penetrating sweetness, and at others rough and almost hoarse.

Moreover, from being so long in twilight or darkness, his eyes had acquired the faculty of distinguishing objects in the night, common to the hyena and the wolf. Edmond smiled when he beheld himself; it was impossible that his best friend—if, indeed, he had any friend left—could recognize him; he could not recognize himself.

The master of _La Jeune Amélie_, who was very desirous of retaining amongst his crew a man of Edmond's value, had offered to advance him funds out of his future profits, which Edmond had accepted. His next care on leaving the barber's who had achieved his first metamorphosis was to enter a shop and buy a complete sailor's suit—a garb, as we all know, very simple, and consisting of white trousers, a striped shirt, and a cap.

It was in this costume, and bringing back to Jacopo the shirt and trousers he had lent him, that Edmond reappeared before the captain of the lugger, who had made him tell his story over and over again before he could believe him, or recognize in the neat and trim sailor the man with thick and matted beard, hair tangled with seaweed, and body soaking in seabrine, whom he had picked up naked and nearly drowned. Attracted by his prepossessing appearance, he renewed his offers of an engagement to Dantès; but Dantès, who had his own projects, would not agree for a longer time than three months.

La Jeune Amélie had a very active crew, very obedient to their captain, who lost as little time as possible. He had scarcely been a week at Leghorn before the hold of his vessel was filled with printed muslins, contraband cottons, English powder, and tobacco on which the excise had forgotten to put its mark. The master was to get all this out of Leghorn free of duties, and land it on the shores of Corsica, where certain speculators undertook to forward the cargo to France.

They sailed; Edmond was again cleaving the azure sea which had been the first horizon of his youth, and which he had so often dreamed of in prison. He left Gorgone on his right and La Pianosa on his left, and went towards the country of Paoli and Napoleon.

The next morning going on deck, as he always did at an early hour, the patron found Dantès leaning against the bulwarks gazing with intense earnestness at a pile of granite rocks, which the rising sun tinged with rosy light. It was the Island of Monte Cristo.

La Jeune Amélie left it three-quarters of a league to the larboard and kept on for Corsica. Dantès thought, as they passed so closely to the island whose name was so interesting to him, that he had only to leap into the sea and in half an hour be at the promised land. But then what could he do without instruments to discover his treasure, without arms to defend himself? Besides, what would the sailors say? What would the patron think? He must wait.

Fortunately, Dantès had learned how to wait; he had waited fourteen years for his liberty, and now he was free he could wait at least six months or a year for wealth. Would he not have accepted liberty without riches if it had been offered to him? Besides, were not those riches chimerical?—offspring of the brain of the poor Abbé Faria, had they not died with him? It is true, the letter of the Cardinal Spada was singularly circumstantial, and Dantès repeated it to himself, from one end to the other, for he had not forgotten a word.

0285m

Evening came, and Edmond saw the island tinged with the shades of twilight, and then disappear in the darkness from all eyes but his own, for he, with vision accustomed to the gloom of a prison, continued to behold it last of all, for he remained alone upon deck. The next morn broke off the coast of Aleria; all day they coasted, and in the evening saw fires lighted on land; the position of these was no doubt a signal for landing, for a ship's lantern was hung up at the mast-head instead of the streamer, and they came to within a gunshot of the shore. Dantès noticed that the captain of _La Jeune Amélie_ had, as he neared the land, mounted two small culverins, which, without making much noise, can throw a four ounce ball a thousand paces or so.

But on this occasion the precaution was superfluous, and everything proceeded with the utmost smoothness and politeness. Four shallops came off with very little noise alongside the lugger, which, no doubt, in acknowledgement of the compliment, lowered her own shallop into the sea, and the five boats worked so well that by two o'clock in the morning all the cargo was out of _La Jeune Amélie_ and on _terra firma_. The same night, such a man of regularity was the patron of _La Jeune Amélie_, the profits were divided, and each man had a hundred Tuscan livres, or about eighty francs.

But the voyage was not ended. They turned the bowsprit towards Sardinia, where they intended to take in a cargo, which was to replace what had been discharged. The second operation was as successful as the first, _La Jeune Amélie_ was in luck. This new cargo was destined for the coast of the Duchy of Lucca, and consisted almost entirely of Havana cigars, sherry, and Malaga wines.

There they had a bit of a skirmish in getting rid of the duties; the excise was, in truth, the everlasting enemy of the patron of _La Jeune Amélie_. A customs officer was laid low, and two sailors wounded; Dantès was one of the latter, a ball having touched him in the left shoulder. Dantès was almost glad of this affray, and almost pleased at being wounded, for they were rude lessons which taught him with what eye he could view danger, and with what endurance he could bear suffering. He had contemplated danger with a smile, and when wounded had exclaimed with the great philosopher, "Pain, thou art not an evil."

He had, moreover, looked upon the customs officer wounded to death, and, whether from heat of blood produced by the encounter, or the chill of human sentiment, this sight had made but slight impression upon him. Dantès was on the way he desired to follow, and was moving towards the end he wished to achieve; his heart was in a fair way of petrifying in his bosom. Jacopo, seeing him fall, had believed him killed, and rushing towards him raised him up, and then attended to him with all the kindness of a devoted comrade.

This world was not then so good as Doctor Pangloss believed it, neither was it so wicked as Dantès thought it, since this man, who had nothing to expect from his comrade but the inheritance of his share of the prize-money, manifested so much sorrow when he saw him fall. Fortunately, as we have said, Edmond was only wounded, and with certain herbs gathered at certain seasons, and sold to the smugglers by the old Sardinian women, the wound soon closed. Edmond then resolved to try Jacopo, and offered him in return for his attention a share of his prize-money, but Jacopo refused it indignantly.

As a result of the sympathetic devotion which Jacopo had from the first bestowed on Edmond, the latter was moved to a certain degree of affection. But this sufficed for Jacopo, who instinctively felt that Edmond had a right to superiority of position—a superiority which Edmond had concealed from all others. And from this time the kindness which Edmond showed him was enough for the brave seaman.

Then in the long days on board ship, when the vessel, gliding on with security over the azure sea, required no care but the hand of the helmsman, thanks to the favorable winds that swelled her sails, Edmond, with a chart in his hand, became the instructor of Jacopo, as the poor Abbé Faria had been his tutor. He pointed out to him the bearings of the coast, explained to him the variations of the compass, and taught him to read in that vast book opened over our heads which they call heaven, and where God writes in azure with letters of diamonds.

And when Jacopo inquired of him, "What is the use of teaching all these things to a poor sailor like me?" Edmond replied, "Who knows? You may one day be the captain of a vessel. Your fellow-countryman, Bonaparte, became emperor." We had forgotten to say that Jacopo was a Corsican.

Two months and a half elapsed in these trips, and Edmond had become as skilful a coaster as he had been a hardy seaman; he had formed an acquaintance with all the smugglers on the coast, and learned all the Masonic signs by which these half pirates recognize each other. He had passed and re-passed his Island of Monte Cristo twenty times, but not once had he found an opportunity of landing there.

He then formed a resolution. As soon as his engagement with the patron of _La Jeune Amélie_ ended, he would hire a small vessel on his own account—for in his several voyages he had amassed a hundred piastres—and under some pretext land at the Island of Monte Cristo. Then he would be free to make his researches, not perhaps entirely at liberty, for he would be doubtless watched by those who accompanied him. But in this world we must risk something. Prison had made Edmond prudent, and he was desirous of running no risk whatever. But in vain did he rack his imagination; fertile as it was, he could not devise any plan for reaching the island without companionship.

Dantès was tossed about on these doubts and wishes, when the patron, who had great confidence in him, and was very desirous of retaining him in his service, took him by the arm one evening and led him to a tavern on the Via del' Oglio, where the leading smugglers of Leghorn used to congregate and discuss affairs connected with their trade. Already Dantès had visited this maritime Bourse two or three times, and seeing all these hardy free-traders, who supplied the whole coast for nearly two hundred leagues in extent, he had asked himself what power might not that man attain who should give the impulse of his will to all these contrary and diverging minds. This time it was a great matter that was under discussion, connected with a vessel laden with Turkey carpets, stuffs of the Levant, and cashmeres. It was necessary to find some neutral ground on which an exchange could be made, and then to try and land these goods on the coast of France. If the venture was successful the profit would be enormous, there would be a gain of fifty or sixty piastres each for the crew.

The patron of _La Jeune Amélie_ proposed as a place of landing the Island of Monte Cristo, which being completely deserted, and having neither soldiers nor revenue officers, seemed to have been placed in the midst of the ocean since the time of the heathen Olympus by Mercury, the god of merchants and robbers, classes of mankind which we in modern times have separated if not made distinct, but which antiquity appears to have included in the same category.

At the mention of Monte Cristo Dantès started with joy; he rose to conceal his emotion, and took a turn around the smoky tavern, where all the languages of the known world were jumbled in a _lingua franca_.

When he again joined the two persons who had been discussing the matter, it had been decided that they should touch at Monte Cristo and set out on the following night. Edmond, being consulted, was of opinion that the island afforded every possible security, and that great enterprises to be well done should be done quickly.

Nothing then was altered in the plan, and orders were given to get under weigh next night, and, wind and weather permitting, to make the neutral island by the following day.

0289m

Chapter 23. The Island of Monte Cristo

Thus, at length, by one of the unexpected strokes of fortune which sometimes befall those who have for a long time been the victims of an evil destiny, Dantès was about to secure the opportunity he wished for, by simple and natural means, and land on the island without incurring any suspicion. One night more and he would be on his way.

The night was one of feverish distraction, and in its progress visions, good and evil, passed through Dantès' mind. If he closed his eyes, he saw Cardinal Spada's letter written on the wall in characters of flame—if he slept for a moment the wildest dreams haunted his brain. He ascended into grottos paved with emeralds, with panels of rubies, and the roof glowing with diamond stalactites. Pearls fell drop by drop, as subterranean waters filter in their caves. Edmond, amazed, wonderstruck, filled his pockets with the radiant gems and then returned to daylight, when he discovered that his prizes had all changed into common pebbles. He then endeavored to re-enter the marvellous grottos, but they had suddenly receded, and now the path became a labyrinth, and then the entrance vanished, and in vain did he tax his memory for the magic and mysterious word which opened the splendid caverns of Ali Baba to the Arabian fisherman. All was useless, the treasure disappeared, and had again reverted to the genii from whom for a moment he had hoped to carry it off.

The day came at length, and was almost as feverish as the night had been, but it brought reason to the aid of imagination, and Dantès was then enabled to arrange a plan which had hitherto been vague and unsettled in his brain. Night came, and with it the preparation for departure, and these preparations served to conceal Dantès' agitation. He had by degrees assumed such authority over his companions that he was almost like a commander on board; and as his orders were always clear, distinct, and easy of execution, his comrades obeyed him with celerity and pleasure.

The old patron did not interfere, for he too had recognized the superiority of Dantès over the crew and himself. He saw in the young man his natural successor, and regretted that he had not a daughter, that he might have bound Edmond to him by a more secure alliance. At seven o'clock in the evening all was ready, and at ten minutes past seven they doubled the lighthouse just as the beacon was kindled. The sea was calm, and, with a fresh breeze from the south-east, they sailed beneath a bright blue sky, in which God also lighted up in turn his beacon lights, each of which is a world. Dantès told them that all hands might turn in, and he would take the helm. When the Maltese (for so they called Dantès) had said this, it was sufficient, and all went to their bunks

contentedly.

This frequently happened. Dantès, cast from solitude into the world, frequently experienced an imperious desire for solitude; and what solitude is more complete, or more poetical, than that of a ship floating in isolation on the sea during the obscurity of the night, in the silence of immensity, and under the eye of Heaven?

Now this solitude was peopled with his thoughts, the night lighted up by his illusions, and the silence animated by his anticipations. When the patron awoke, the vessel was hurrying on with every sail set, and every sail full with the breeze. They were making nearly ten knots an hour. The Island of Monte Cristo loomed large in the horizon. Edmond resigned the lugger to the master's care, and went and lay down in his hammock; but, in spite of a sleepless night, he could not close his eyes for a moment.

Two hours afterwards he came on deck, as the boat was about to double the Island of Elba. They were just abreast of Mareciana, and beyond the flat but verdant Island of La Pianosa. The peak of Monte Cristo reddened by the burning sun, was seen against the azure sky. Dantès ordered the helmsman to put down his helm, in order to leave La Pianosa to starboard, as he knew that he should shorten his course by two or three knots. About five o'clock in the evening the island was distinct, and everything on it was plainly perceptible, owing to that clearness of the atmosphere peculiar to the light which the rays of the sun cast at its setting.

Edmond gazed very earnestly at the mass of rocks which gave out all the variety of twilight colors, from the brightest pink to the deepest blue; and from time to time his cheeks flushed, his brow darkened, and a mist passed over his eyes. Never did a gamester, whose whole fortune is staked on one cast of the die, experience the anguish which Edmond felt in his paroxysms of hope.

Night came, and at ten o'clock they anchored. _La Jeune Amélie_ was first at the rendezvous. In spite of his usual command over himself, Dantès could not restrain his impetuosity. He was the first to jump on shore; and had he dared, he would, like Lucius Brutus, have "kissed his mother earth." It was dark, but at eleven o'clock the moon rose in the midst of the ocean, whose every wave she silvered, and then, "ascending high," played in floods of pale light on the rocky hills of this second Pelion.

The island was familiar to the crew of _La Jeune Amélie_,—it was one of her regular haunts. As to Dantès, he had passed it on his voyage to and from the Levant, but never touched at it. He questioned Jacopo.

"Where shall we pass the night?" he inquired.

"Why, on board the tartan," replied the sailor.

"Should we not do better in the grottos?"

"What grottos?"

"Why, the grottos—caves of the island."

"I do not know of any grottos," replied Jacopo.

The cold sweat sprang forth on Dantès' brow.

"What, are there no grottos at Monte Cristo?" he asked.

"None."

For a moment Dantès was speechless; then he remembered that these caves might have been filled up by some accident, or even stopped up, for the sake of greater security, by Cardinal Spada. The point was, then, to discover the hidden entrance. It was useless to search at night, and Dantès therefore delayed all investigation until the morning. Besides, a signal made half a league out at sea, and to which _La Jeune Amélie_ replied by a similar signal, indicated that the moment for business had come.

The boat that now arrived, assured by the answering signal that all was well, soon came in sight, white and silent as a phantom, and cast anchor within a cable's length of shore.

Then the landing began. Dantès reflected, as he worked, on the shout of joy which, with a single word, he could evoke from all these men, if he gave utterance to the one unchanging thought that pervaded his heart; but, far from disclosing this precious secret, he almost feared that he had already said too much, and by his restlessness and continual questions, his minute observations and evident preoccupation, aroused suspicions. Fortunately, as regarded this circumstance at least, his painful past gave to his countenance an indelible sadness, and the glimmerings of gayety seen beneath this cloud were indeed but transitory.

No one had the slightest suspicion; and when next day, taking a fowling-piece, powder, and shot, Dantès declared his intention to go and kill some of the wild goats that were seen springing from rock to rock, his wish was construed into a love of sport, or a desire for solitude. However, Jacopo insisted on following him, and Dantès did not oppose this, fearing if he did so that he might incur distrust. Scarcely, however, had they gone a quarter of a league when, having killed a kid, he begged Jacopo to take it to his comrades, and request them to cook it, and when ready to let him know by firing a gun. This and some dried fruits and a flask of Monte Pulciano, was the bill of fare.

Dantès went on, looking from time to time behind and around about him. Having reached the summit of a rock, he saw, a thousand feet beneath him, his companions, whom Jacopo had rejoined, and who were all busy preparing the repast which Edmond's skill as a marksman had augmented with a capital dish.

Edmond looked at them for a moment with the sad and gentle smile of a man superior to his fellows.

"In two hours' time," said he, "these persons will depart richer by fifty piastres each, to go and risk their lives again by endeavoring to gain fifty more; then they will return with a fortune of six hundred francs, and waste this treasure in some city with the pride of sultans and the insolence of nabobs. At this moment hope makes me despise their riches, which seem to me contemptible. Yet perchance tomorrow deception will so act on me, that I shall, on compulsion, consider such a contemptible possession as the utmost happiness. Oh, no!" exclaimed Edmond, "that will not be. The wise, unerring Faria could not be mistaken in this one thing. Besides, it were better to die than to continue to lead this low and wretched life."

Thus Dantès, who but three months before had no desire but liberty had now not liberty enough, and panted for wealth. The cause was not in Dantès, but in Providence, who, while limiting the power of man, has filled him with boundless desires.

Meanwhile, by a cleft between two walls of rock, following a path worn by a torrent, and which, in all human probability, human foot had never before trod, Dantès approached the spot where he supposed the grottos must have existed. Keeping along the shore, and examining the smallest object with serious attention, he thought he could trace, on certain rocks, marks made by the hand of man.

Time, which encrusts all physical substances with its mossy mantle, as it invests all things of the mind with forgetfulness, seemed to have respected these signs, which apparently had been made with some degree of regularity, and probably with a definite purpose. Occasionally the marks were hidden under tufts of myrtle, which spread into large bushes laden with blossoms, or beneath parasitical lichen. So Edmond had to separate the branches or brush away the moss to know where the guide-marks were. The sight of marks renewed Edmond's fondest hopes. Might it not have been the cardinal himself who had first traced them, in order that they might serve as a guide for his nephew in the event of a catastrophe, which he could not foresee would have been so complete. This solitary place was precisely suited to the requirements of a man desirous of burying treasure. Only, might not these betraying marks have attracted other eyes than those for whom they were made? and had the dark and wondrous island indeed faithfully guarded its precious secret?

0295m

It seemed, however, to Edmond, who was hidden from his comrades by the inequalities of the ground, that at sixty paces from the harbor the marks ceased; nor did they terminate at any grotto. A large round rock, placed solidly on its base, was the only spot to which they seemed to lead. Edmond concluded that perhaps instead of having reached the end of the route he had only explored its beginning, and he therefore turned round and retraced his steps.

Meanwhile his comrades had prepared the repast, had got some water from a spring, spread out the fruit and bread, and cooked the kid. Just at the moment when they were taking the dainty animal from the spit, they saw Edmond springing with the boldness of a chamois from rock to rock, and they fired the signal agreed upon. The sportsman instantly changed his direction, and ran quickly towards them. But even while they watched his daring progress, Edmond's foot slipped, and they saw him stagger on the edge of a rock and disappear. They all rushed towards him, for all loved Edmond in spite of his superiority; yet Jacopo reached him first.

He found Edmond lying prone, bleeding, and almost senseless. He had rolled down a declivity of twelve or fifteen feet. They poured a little rum down his throat, and this remedy which had before been so beneficial to him, produced the same effect as formerly. Edmond opened his eyes, complained of great pain in his knee, a feeling of heaviness in his head, and severe pains in his loins. They wished to carry him to the shore; but when they touched him, although under Jacopo's directions, he declared, with heavy

groans, that he could not bear to be moved.

It may be supposed that Dantès did not now think of his dinner, but he insisted that his comrades, who had not his reasons for fasting, should have their meal. As for himself, he declared that he had only need of a little rest, and that when they returned he should be easier. The sailors did not require much urging. They were hungry, and the smell of the roasted kid was very savory, and your tars are not very ceremonious. An hour afterwards they returned. All that Edmond had been able to do was to drag himself about a dozen paces forward to lean against a moss-grown rock.

But, instead of growing easier, Dantès' pains appeared to increase in violence. The old patron, who was obliged to sail in the morning in order to land his cargo on the frontiers of Piedmont and France, between Nice and Fréjus, urged Dantès to try and rise. Edmond made great exertions in order to comply; but at each effort he fell back, moaning and turning pale.

"He has broken his ribs," said the commander, in a low voice. "No matter; he is an excellent fellow, and we must not leave him. We will try and carry him on board the tartan."

Dantès declared, however, that he would rather die where he was than undergo the agony which the slightest movement cost him.

"Well," said the patron, "let what may happen, it shall never be said that we deserted a good comrade like you. We will not go till evening."

This very much astonished the sailors, although, not one opposed it. The patron was so strict that this was the first time they had ever seen him give up an enterprise, or even delay in its execution. Dantès would not allow that any such infraction of regular and proper rules should be made in his favor.

"No, no," he said to the patron, "I was awkward, and it is just that I pay the penalty of my clumsiness. Leave me a small supply of biscuit, a gun, powder, and balls, to kill the kids or defend myself at need, and a pickaxe, that I may build a shelter if you delay in coming back for me."

"But you'll die of hunger," said the patron.

"I would rather do so," was Edmond's reply, "than suffer the inexpressible agonies which the slightest movement causes me."

The patron turned towards his vessel, which was rolling on the swell in the little harbor, and, with sails partly set, would be ready for sea when her toilet should be completed.

"What are we to do, Maltese?" asked the captain. "We cannot leave you here so, and yet we cannot stay."

"Go, go!" exclaimed Dantès.

"We shall be absent at least a week," said the patron, "and then we must run out of our course to come here and take you up again."

"Why," said Dantès, "if in two or three days you hail any fishing-boat, desire them to come here to me. I will pay twenty-five piastres for my passage back to Leghorn. If you do not come across one, return for me." The patron shook his head.

"Listen, Captain Baldi; there's one way of settling this," said Jacopo. "Do you go, and I will stay and take care of the wounded man."

"And give up your share of the venture," said Edmond, "to remain with me?"

"Yes," said Jacopo, "and without any hesitation."

"You are a good fellow and a kind-hearted messmate," replied Edmond, "and heaven will recompense you for your generous intentions; but I do not wish anyone to stay with me. A day or two of rest will set me up, and I hope I shall find among the rocks certain herbs most excellent for bruises."

A peculiar smile passed over Dantès' lips; he squeezed Jacopo's hand warmly, but nothing could shake his determination to remain—and remain alone.

The smugglers left with Edmond what he had requested and set sail, but not without turning about several times, and each time making signs of a cordial farewell, to which Edmond replied with his hand only, as if he could not move the rest of his body.

Then, when they had disappeared, he said with a smile,—"'Tis strange that it should be among such men that we find proofs of friendship and devotion." Then he dragged himself cautiously to the top of a rock, from which he had a full view of the sea, and thence he saw the tartan complete her preparations for sailing, weigh anchor, and, balancing herself as gracefully as a water-fowl ere it takes to the wing, set sail.

At the end of an hour she was completely out of sight; at least, it was impossible for the wounded man to see her any longer from the spot where he was. Then Dantès rose more agile and light than the kid among the myrtles and shrubs of these wild rocks, took his gun in one hand, his pickaxe in the other, and hastened towards the rock on which the marks he had noted terminated.

"And now," he exclaimed, remembering the tale of the Arabian fisherman, which Faria had related to him, "now, Open Sesame!"

Chapter 24. The Secret Cave

The sun had nearly reached the meridian, and his scorching rays fell full on the rocks, which seemed themselves sensible of the heat. Thousands of grasshoppers, hidden in the bushes, chirped with a monotonous and dull note; the leaves of the myrtle and olive trees waved and rustled in the wind. At every step that Edmond took he disturbed the lizards glittering with the hues of the emerald; afar off he saw the wild goats bounding from crag to crag. In a word, the island was inhabited, yet Edmond felt himself alone, guided by the hand of God.

He felt an indescribable sensation somewhat akin to dread—that dread of the daylight which even in the desert makes us fear we are watched and observed. This feeling was so strong that at the moment when Edmond was about to begin his labor, he stopped, laid down his pickaxe, seized his gun, mounted to the summit of the highest rock, and from thence gazed round in every direction.

But it was not upon Corsica, the very houses of which he could distinguish; or on Sardinia; or on the Island of Elba, with its historical associations; or upon the almost imperceptible line that to the experienced eye of a sailor alone revealed the coast of Genoa the proud, and Leghorn the commercial, that he gazed. It was at the brigantine that had left in the morning, and the tartan that had just set sail, that Edmond fixed his eyes.

The first was just disappearing in the straits of Bonifacio; the other, following an opposite direction, was about to round the Island of Corsica.

This sight reassured him. He then looked at the objects near him. He saw that he was on the highest point of the island,—a statue on this vast pedestal of granite, nothing human appearing in sight, while the blue ocean beat against the base of the island, and covered it with a fringe of foam. Then he descended with cautious and slow step, for he dreaded lest an accident similar to that he had so adroitly feigned should happen in reality.

Dantès, as we have said, had traced the marks along the rocks, and he had noticed that they led to a small creek, which was hidden like the bath of some ancient nymph. This creek was sufficiently wide at its mouth, and deep in the centre, to admit of the entrance of a small vessel of the lugger class, which would be perfectly concealed from observation.

Then following the clew that, in the hands of the Abbé Faria, had been so skilfully used to guide him through the Dædalian labyrinth of probabilities, he thought that the Cardinal Spada, anxious not to be watched, had entered the creek, concealed his little barque, followed the line marked by the notches in the rock, and at the end of it had buried his treasure. It was this idea that had brought Dantès back to the circular rock. One thing only perplexed Edmond, and destroyed his theory. How could this rock, which weighed several tons, have been lifted to this spot, without the aid of many men?

Suddenly an idea flashed across his mind. Instead of raising it, thought he, they have lowered it. And he sprang from the rock in order to inspect the base on which it had formerly stood.

He soon perceived that a slope had been formed, and the rock had slid along this until it stopped at the spot it now occupied. A large stone had served as a wedge; flints and pebbles had been inserted around it, so as to conceal the orifice; this species of masonry had been covered with earth, and grass and weeds had grown there, moss had clung to the stones, myrtle-bushes had taken root, and the old rock seemed fixed to the earth.

Dantès dug away the earth carefully, and detected, or fancied he detected, the ingenious artifice. He attacked this wall, cemented by the hand of time, with his pickaxe. After ten minutes' labor the wall gave way, and a hole large enough to insert the arm was opened.

Dantès went and cut the strongest olive-tree he could find, stripped off its branches, inserted it in the hole, and used it as a lever. But the rock was too heavy, and too firmly wedged, to be moved by anyone man, were he Hercules himself. Dantès saw that he must attack the wedge. But how?

He cast his eyes around, and saw the horn full of powder which his friend Jacopo had left him. He smiled; the infernal invention would serve him for this purpose.

With the aid of his pickaxe, Dantès, after the manner of a labor-saving pioneer, dug a mine between the upper rock and the one that supported it, filled it with powder, then made a match by rolling his handkerchief in saltpetre. He lighted it and retired.

The explosion soon followed; the upper rock was lifted from its base by the terrific force of the powder; the lower one flew into pieces; thousands of insects escaped from the aperture Dantès had previously formed, and a huge snake, like the guardian demon of the treasure, rolled himself along in darkening coils, and disappeared.

Dantès approached the upper rock, which now, without any support, leaned towards the sea. The intrepid treasure-seeker walked round it, and, selecting the spot from whence it appeared most susceptible to attack, placed his lever in one of the crevices, and strained every nerve to move the mass.

The rock, already shaken by the explosion, tottered on its base. Dantès redoubled his efforts; he seemed like one of the ancient Titans, who uprooted the mountains to hurl against the father of the gods. The rock yielded, rolled over, bounded from point to point, and finally disappeared in the ocean.

On the spot it had occupied was a circular space, exposing an iron ring let into a square flag-stone.

Dantès uttered a cry of joy and surprise; never had a first attempt been crowned with more perfect success. He would fain have continued, but his knees trembled, and his heart beat so violently, and his sight became so dim, that he was forced to pause.

This feeling lasted but for a moment. Edmond inserted his lever in the ring and exerted all his strength; the flag-stone yielded, and disclosed steps that descended until they were lost in the obscurity of a subterraneous grotto.

Anyone else would have rushed on with a cry of joy. Dantès turned pale, hesitated, and reflected.

"Come," said he to himself, "be a man. I am accustomed to adversity. I must not be cast down by the discovery that I have been deceived. What, then, would be the use of all I have suffered? The heart breaks when, after having been elated by flattering hopes, it sees all its illusions destroyed. Faria has dreamed this; the Cardinal Spada buried no treasure here; perhaps he never came here, or if he did, Cæsar Borgia, the intrepid adventurer, the stealthy and indefatigable plunderer, has followed him, discovered his traces, pursued them as I have done, raised the stone, and descending before me, has left me nothing."

He remained motionless and pensive, his eyes fixed on the gloomy aperture that was open at his feet.

"Now that I expect nothing, now that I no longer entertain the slightest hopes, the end of this adventure becomes simply a matter of curiosity." And he remained again motionless and thoughtful.

"Yes, yes; this is an adventure worthy a place in the varied career of that royal bandit. This fabulous event formed but a link in a long chain of marvels. Yes, Borgia has been here, a torch in one hand, a sword in the other, and within twenty paces, at the foot of this rock, perhaps two guards kept watch on land and sea, while their master descended, as I am about to descend, dispelling the darkness before his awe-inspiring progress."

0303m

"But what was the fate of the guards who thus possessed his secret?" asked Dantès of himself.

"The fate," replied he, smiling, "of those who buried Alaric, and were interred with the corpse."

“Yet, had he come,” thought Dantès, “he would have found the treasure, and Borgia, he who compared Italy to an artichoke, which he could devour leaf by leaf, knew too well the value of time to waste it in replacing this rock. I will go down.”

Then he descended, a smile on his lips, and murmuring that last word of human philosophy, “Perhaps!”

But instead of the darkness, and the thick and mephitic atmosphere he had expected to find, Dantès saw a dim and bluish light, which, as well as the air, entered, not merely by the aperture he had just formed, but by the interstices and crevices of the rock which were visible from without, and through which he could distinguish the blue sky and the waving branches of the evergreen oaks, and the tendrils of the creepers that grew from the rocks.

After having stood a few minutes in the cavern, the atmosphere of which was rather warm than damp, Dantès’ eye, habituated as it was to darkness, could pierce even to the remotest angles of the cavern, which was of granite that sparkled like diamonds.

“Alas,” said Edmond, smiling, “these are the treasures the cardinal has left; and the good abbé, seeing in a dream these glittering walls, has indulged in fallacious hopes.”

But he called to mind the words of the will, which he knew by heart. “In the farthest angle of the second opening,” said the cardinal’s will. He had only found the first grotto; he had now to seek the second. Dantès continued his search. He reflected that this second grotto must penetrate deeper into the island; he examined the stones, and sounded one part of the wall where he fancied the opening existed, masked for precaution’s sake.

The pickaxe struck for a moment with a dull sound that drew out of Dantès’ forehead large drops of perspiration. At last it seemed to him that one part of the wall gave forth a more hollow and deeper echo; he eagerly advanced, and with the quickness of perception that no one but a prisoner possesses, saw that there, in all probability, the opening must be.

However, he, like Cæsar Borgia, knew the value of time; and, in order to avoid fruitless toil, he sounded all the other walls with his pickaxe, struck the earth with the butt of his gun, and finding nothing that appeared suspicious, returned to that part of the wall whence issued the consoling sound he had before heard.

He again struck it, and with greater force. Then a singular thing occurred. As he struck the wall, pieces of stucco similar to that used in the ground work of arabesques broke off, and fell to the ground in flakes, exposing a large white stone. The aperture of the rock had been closed with stones, then this stucco had been applied, and painted to imitate granite. Dantès struck with the sharp end of his pickaxe, which entered someway between the interstices.

It was there he must dig.

But by some strange play of emotion, in proportion as the proofs that Faria, had not been deceived became stronger, so did his heart give way, and a feeling of discouragement stole over him. This last proof, instead of giving him fresh strength, deprived him of it; the pickaxe descended, or rather fell; he placed it on the ground, passed his hand over his brow, and remounted the stairs, alleging to himself, as an excuse, a desire to be assured that no one was watching him, but in reality because he felt that he was about to faint.

The island was deserted, and the sun seemed to cover it with its fiery glance; afar off, a few small fishing boats studded the bosom of the blue ocean.

Dantès had tasted nothing, but he thought not of hunger at such a moment; he hastily swallowed a few drops of rum, and again entered the cavern.

The pickaxe that had seemed so heavy, was now like a feather in his grasp; he seized it, and attacked the wall. After several blows he perceived that the stones were not cemented, but had been merely placed one upon the other, and covered with stucco; he inserted the point of his pickaxe, and using the handle as a lever, with joy soon saw the stone turn as if on hinges, and fall at his feet.

He had nothing more to do now, but with the iron tooth of the pickaxe to draw the stones towards him one by one. The aperture was already sufficiently large for him to enter, but by waiting, he could still cling to hope, and retard the certainty of deception. At last, after renewed hesitation, Dantès entered the second grotto.

The second grotto was lower and more gloomy than the first; the air that could only enter by the newly formed opening had the mephitic smell Dantès was surprised not to find in the outer cavern. He waited in order to allow pure air to displace the foul atmosphere, and then went on.

At the left of the opening was a dark and deep angle. But to Dantès' eye there was no darkness. He glanced around this second grotto; it was, like the first, empty.

The treasure, if it existed, was buried in this corner. The time had at length arrived; two feet of earth removed, and Dantès' fate would be decided.

He advanced towards the angle, and summoning all his resolution, attacked the ground with the pickaxe. At the fifth or sixth blow the pickaxe struck against an iron substance. Never did funeral knell, never did alarm-bell, produce a greater effect on the hearer. Had Dantès found nothing he could not have become more ghastly pale.

He again struck his pickaxe into the earth, and encountered the same resistance, but not the same sound.

"It is a casket of wood bound with iron," thought he.

At this moment a shadow passed rapidly before the opening; Dantès seized his gun, sprang through the opening, and mounted the stair. A wild goat had passed before the mouth of the cave, and was feeding at a little distance. This would have been a favorable occasion to secure his dinner; but Dantès feared lest the report of his gun should attract attention.

He thought a moment, cut a branch of a resinous tree, lighted it at the fire at which the smugglers had prepared their breakfast, and descended with this torch.

He wished to see everything. He approached the hole he had dug, and now, with the aid of the torch, saw that his pickaxe had in reality struck against iron and wood. He planted his torch in the ground and resumed his labor.

In an instant a space three feet long by two feet broad was cleared, and Dantès could see an oaken coffer, bound with cut steel; in the middle of the lid he saw engraved on a silver plate, which was still untarnished, the arms of the Spada family—viz., a sword, _en pale_, on an oval shield, like all the Italian armorial bearings, and surmounted by a cardinal's hat.

Dantès easily recognized them, Faria had so often drawn them for him. There was no longer any doubt: the treasure was there—no one would have been at such pains to conceal an empty casket. In an instant he had cleared every obstacle away, and he saw successively the lock, placed between two padlocks, and the two handles at each end, all carved as things were carved at that epoch, when art rendered the commonest metals precious.

Dantès seized the handles, and strove to lift the coffer; it was impossible. He sought to open it; lock and padlock were fastened; these faithful guardians seemed unwilling to surrender their trust. Dantès inserted the sharp end of the pickaxe between the coffer and the lid, and pressing with all his force on the handle, burst open the fastenings. The hinges yielded in their turn and fell, still holding in their grasp fragments of the wood, and the chest was open.

0307m

Edmond was seized with vertigo; he cocked his gun and laid it beside him. He then closed his eyes as children do in order that they may see in the resplendent night of their own imagination more stars than are visible in the firmament; then he re-opened them, and stood motionless with amazement.

Three compartments divided the coffer. In the first, blazed piles of golden coin; in the second, were ranged bars of unpolished gold, which possessed nothing attractive save their value; in the third, Edmond grasped handfuls of diamonds, pearls, and rubies, which, as they fell on one another, sounded like hail against glass.

After having touched, felt, examined these treasures, Edmond rushed through the caverns like a man seized with frenzy; he leaped on a rock, from whence he could behold the sea. He was alone—alone with these countless, these unheard-of treasures! Was he awake, or was it but a dream? Was it a transient vision, or was he face to face with reality?

He would fain have gazed upon his gold, and yet he had not strength enough; for an instant he leaned his head in his hands as if to prevent his senses from leaving him, and then rushed madly about the rocks of Monte Cristo, terrifying the wild goats and scaring

the sea-fowls with his wild cries and gestures; then he returned, and, still unable to believe the evidence of his senses, rushed into the grotto, and found himself before this mine of gold and jewels.

This time he fell on his knees, and, clasping his hands convulsively, uttered a prayer intelligible to God alone. He soon became calmer and more happy, for only now did he begin to realize his felicity.

He then set himself to work to count his fortune. There were a thousand ingots of gold, each weighing from two to three pounds; then he piled up twenty-five thousand crowns, each worth about eighty francs of our money, and bearing the effigies of Alexander VI. and his predecessors; and he saw that the complement was not half empty. And he measured ten double handfuls of pearls, diamonds, and other gems, many of which, mounted by the most famous workmen, were valuable beyond their intrinsic worth.

Dantès saw the light gradually disappear, and fearing to be surprised in the cavern, left it, his gun in his hand. A piece of biscuit and a small quantity of rum formed his supper, and he snatched a few hours' sleep, lying over the mouth of the cave.

It was a night of joy and terror, such as this man of stupendous emotions had already experienced twice or thrice in his lifetime.

Chapter 25. The Unknown

Day, for which Dantès had so eagerly and impatiently waited with open eyes, again dawned. With the first light Dantès resumed his search. Again he climbed the rocky height he had ascended the previous evening, and strained his view to catch every peculiarity of the landscape; but it wore the same wild, barren aspect when seen by the rays of the morning sun which it had done when surveyed by the fading glimmer of eve.

Descending into the grotto, he lifted the stone, filled his pockets with gems, put the box together as well and securely as he could, sprinkled fresh sand over the spot from which it had been taken, and then carefully trod down the earth to give it everywhere a uniform appearance; then, quitting the grotto, he replaced the stone, heaping on it broken masses of rocks and rough fragments of crumbling granite, filling the interstices with earth, into which he deftly inserted rapidly growing plants, such as the wild myrtle and flowering thorn, then carefully watering these new plantations, he scrupulously effaced every trace of footsteps, leaving the approach to the cavern as savage-looking and untrodden as he had found it. This done, he impatiently awaited the return of his companions. To wait at Monte Cristo for the purpose of watching like a dragon over the almost incalculable riches that had thus fallen into his possession satisfied not the cravings of his heart, which yearned to return to dwell among mankind, and to assume the rank, power, and influence which are always accorded to wealth—that first and greatest of all the forces within the grasp of man.

On the sixth day, the smugglers returned. From a distance Dantès recognized the rig and handling of _La Jeune Amélie_, and dragging himself with affected difficulty towards the landing-place, he met his companions with an assurance that, although considerably better than when they quitted him, he still suffered acutely from his late accident. He then inquired how they had fared in their trip. To this question the smugglers replied that, although successful in landing their cargo in safety, they had scarcely done so when they received intelligence that a guard-ship had just quitted the port of Toulon and was crowding all sail towards them. This obliged them to make all the speed they could to evade the enemy, when they could but lament the absence of Dantès, whose superior skill in the management of a vessel would have availed them so materially. In fact, the pursuing vessel had almost overtaken them when, fortunately, night came on, and enabled them to double the Cape of Corsica, and so elude all further pursuit. Upon the whole, however, the trip had been sufficiently successful to satisfy all concerned; while the crew, and particularly Jacopo, expressed great regrets that Dantès had not been an equal sharer with themselves in the profits, which amounted to no less a sum than fifty piastres each.

0311m

Edmond preserved the most admirable self-command, not suffering the faintest indication of a smile to escape him at the enumeration of all the benefits he would have reaped had he been able to quit the island; but as _La Jeune Amélie_ had merely come to Monte Cristo to fetch him away, he embarked that same evening, and proceeded with the captain to Leghorn.

Arrived at Leghorn, he repaired to the house of a Jew, a dealer in precious stones, to whom he disposed of four of his smallest diamonds for five thousand francs each. Dantès half feared that such valuable jewels in the hands of a poor sailor like himself might excite suspicion; but the cunning purchaser asked no troublesome questions concerning a bargain by which he gained a round

profit of at least eighty per cent.

The following day Dantès presented Jacopo with an entirely new vessel, accompanying the gift by a donation of one hundred piastres, that he might provide himself with a suitable crew and other requisites for his outfit, upon condition that he would go at once to Marseilles for the purpose of inquiring after an old man named Louis Dantès, residing in the Allées de Meilhan, and also a young woman called Mercédès, an inhabitant of the Catalan village.

Jacopo could scarcely believe his senses at receiving this magnificent present, which Dantès hastened to account for by saying that he had merely been a sailor from whim and a desire to spite his family, who did not allow him as much money as he liked to spend; but that on his arrival at Leghorn he had come into possession of a large fortune, left him by an uncle, whose sole heir he was. The superior education of Dantès gave an air of such extreme probability to this statement that it never once occurred to Jacopo to doubt its accuracy.

The term for which Edmond had engaged to serve on board _La Jeune Amélie_ having expired, Dantès took leave of the captain, who at first tried all his powers of persuasion to induce him to remain as one of the crew, but having been told the history of the legacy, he ceased to importune him further.

The following morning Jacopo set sail for Marseilles, with directions from Dantès to join him at the Island of Monte Cristo.

Having seen Jacopo fairly out of the harbor, Dantès proceeded to make his final adieus on board _La Jeune Amélie_, distributing so liberal a gratuity among her crew as to secure for him the good wishes of all, and expressions of cordial interest in all that concerned him. To the captain he promised to write when he had made up his mind as to his future plans. Then Dantès departed for Genoa.

At the moment of his arrival a small yacht was under trial in the bay; this yacht had been built by order of an Englishman, who, having heard that the Genoese excelled all other builders along the shores of the Mediterranean in the construction of fast-sailing vessels, was desirous of possessing a specimen of their skill; the price agreed upon between the Englishman and the Genoese builder was forty thousand francs. Dantès, struck with the beauty and capability of the little vessel, applied to its owner to transfer it to him, offering sixty thousand francs, upon condition that he should be allowed to take immediate possession. The proposal was too advantageous to be refused, the more so as the person for whom the yacht was intended had gone upon a tour through Switzerland, and was not expected back in less than three weeks or a month, by which time the builder reckoned upon being able to complete another. A bargain was therefore struck. Dantès led the owner of the yacht to the dwelling of a Jew; retired with the latter for a few minutes to a small back parlor, and upon their return the Jew counted out to the shipbuilder the sum of sixty thousand francs in bright gold pieces.

The delighted builder then offered his services in providing a suitable crew for the little vessel, but this Dantès declined with many thanks, saying he was accustomed to cruise about quite alone, and his principal pleasure consisted in managing his yacht himself; the only thing the builder could oblige him in would be to contrive a sort of secret closet in the cabin at his bed’s head, the closet to contain three divisions, so constructed as to be concealed from all but himself. The builder cheerfully undertook the commission, and promised to have these secret places completed by the next day, Dantès furnishing the dimensions and plan in accordance with which they were to be constructed.

0313m

Two hours afterward Dantès sailed from the port of Genoa, under the inspection of an immense crowd drawn together by curiosity to see the rich Spanish nobleman who preferred managing his own yacht. But their wonder was soon changed to admiration at seeing the perfect skill with which Dantès handled the helm. The boat, indeed, seemed to be animated with almost human intelligence, so promptly did it obey the slightest touch; and Dantès required but a short trial of his beautiful craft to acknowledge that the Genoese had not without reason attained their high reputation in the art of shipbuilding.

The spectators followed the little vessel with their eyes as long as it remained visible; they then turned their conjectures upon her probable destination. Some insisted she was making for Corsica, others the Island of Elba; bets were offered to any amount that she was bound for Spain; while Africa was positively reported by many persons as her intended course; but no one thought of Monte Cristo.

Yet thither it was that Dantès guided his vessel, and at Monte Cristo he arrived at the close of the second day; his boat had proved herself a first-class sailor, and had come the distance from Genoa in thirty-five hours. Dantès had carefully noted the general appearance of the shore, and, instead of landing at the usual place, he dropped anchor in the little creek. The island was utterly deserted, and bore no evidence of having been visited since he went away; his treasure was just as he had left it.

Early on the following morning he commenced the removal of his riches, and ere nightfall the whole of his immense wealth was safely deposited in the compartments of the secret locker.

A week passed by. Dantès employed it in manœuvring his yacht round the island, studying it as a skilful horseman would the animal he destined for some important service, till at the end of that time he was perfectly conversant with its good and bad qualities. The former Dantès proposed to augment, the latter to remedy.

Upon the eighth day he discerned a small vessel under full sail approaching Monte Cristo. As it drew near, he recognized it as the boat he had given to Jacopo. He immediately signalled it. His signal was returned, and in two hours afterwards the new-comer lay at anchor beside the yacht.

A mournful answer awaited each of Edmond's eager inquiries as to the information Jacopo had obtained. Old Dantès was dead, and Mercédès had disappeared.

Dantès listened to these melancholy tidings with outward calmness; but, leaping lightly ashore, he signified his desire to be quite alone. In a couple of hours he returned. Two of the men from Jacopo's boat came on board the yacht to assist in navigating it, and he gave orders that she should be steered direct to Marseilles. For his father's death he was in some manner prepared; but he knew not how to account for the mysterious disappearance of Mercédès.

Without divulging his secret, Dantès could not give sufficiently clear instructions to an agent. There were, besides, other particulars he was desirous of ascertaining, and those were of a nature he alone could investigate in a manner satisfactory to himself. His looking-glass had assured him, during his stay at Leghorn, that he ran no risk of recognition; moreover, he had now the means of adopting any disguise he thought proper. One fine morning, then, his yacht, followed by the little fishing-boat, boldly entered the port of Marseilles, and anchored exactly opposite the spot from whence, on the never-to-be-forgotten night of his departure for the Château d'If, he had been put on board the boat destined to convey him thither.

0315m

Still Dantès could not view without a shudder the approach of a gendarme who accompanied the officers deputed to demand his bill of health ere the yacht was permitted to hold communication with the shore; but with that perfect self-possession he had acquired during his acquaintance with Faria, Dantès coolly presented an English passport he had obtained from Leghorn, and as this gave him a standing which a French passport would not have afforded, he was informed that there existed no obstacle to his immediate debarkation.

The first person to attract the attention of Dantès, as he landed on the Canebière, was one of the crew belonging to the _Pharaon_. Edmond welcomed the meeting with this fellow—who had been one of his own sailors—as a sure means of testing the extent of the change which time had worked in his own appearance. Going straight towards him, he propounded a variety of questions on different subjects, carefully watching the man's countenance as he did so; but not a word or look implied that he had the slightest idea of ever having seen before the person with whom he was then conversing.

Giving the sailor a piece of money in return for his civility, Dantès proceeded onwards; but ere he had gone many steps he heard the man loudly calling him to stop.

Dantès instantly turned to meet him.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the honest fellow, in almost breathless haste, "but I believe you made a mistake; you intended to give me a two-franc piece, and see, you gave me a double Napoleon."

"Thank you, my good friend. I see that I have made a trifling mistake, as you say; but by way of rewarding your honesty I give you another double Napoleon, that you may drink to my health, and be able to ask your messmates to join you."

So extreme was the surprise of the sailor, that he was unable even to thank Edmond, whose receding figure he continued to gaze after in speechless astonishment. “Some nabob from India,” was his comment.

Dantès, meanwhile, went on his way. Each step he trod oppressed his heart with fresh emotion; his first and most indelible recollections were there; not a tree, not a street, that he passed but seemed filled with dear and cherished memories. And thus he proceeded onwards till he arrived at the end of the Rue de Noailles, from whence a full view of the Allées de Meilhan was obtained. At this spot, so pregnant with fond and filial remembrances, his heart beat almost to bursting, his knees tottered under him, a mist floated over his sight, and had he not clung for support to one of the trees, he would inevitably have fallen to the ground and been crushed beneath the many vehicles continually passing there. Recovering himself, however, he wiped the perspiration from his brows, and stopped not again till he found himself at the door of the house in which his father had lived.

The nasturtiums and other plants, which his father had delighted to train before his window, had all disappeared from the upper part of the house.

Leaning against the tree, he gazed thoughtfully for a time at the upper stories of the shabby little house. Then he advanced to the door, and asked whether there were any rooms to be let. Though answered in the negative, he begged so earnestly to be permitted to visit those on the fifth floor, that, in despite of the oft-repeated assurance of the _concierge_ that they were occupied, Dantès succeeded in inducing the man to go up to the tenants, and ask permission for a gentleman to be allowed to look at them.

The tenants of the humble lodging were a young couple who had been scarcely married a week; and seeing them, Dantès sighed heavily. Nothing in the two small chambers forming the apartments remained as it had been in the time of the elder Dantès; the very paper was different, while the articles of antiquated furniture with which the rooms had been filled in Edmond’s time had all disappeared; the four walls alone remained as he had left them.

The bed belonging to the present occupants was placed as the former owner of the chamber had been accustomed to have his; and, in spite of his efforts to prevent it, the eyes of Edmond were suffused in tears as he reflected that on that spot the old man had breathed his last, vainly calling for his son.

The young couple gazed with astonishment at the sight of their visitor’s emotion, and wondered to see the large tears silently chasing each other down his otherwise stern and immovable features; but they felt the sacredness of his grief, and kindly refrained from questioning him as to its cause, while, with instinctive delicacy, they left him to indulge his sorrow alone.

0317m

When he withdrew from the scene of his painful recollections, they both accompanied him downstairs, reiterating their hope that he would come again whenever he pleased, and assuring him that their poor dwelling would ever be open to him.

As Edmond passed the door on the fourth floor, he paused to inquire whether Caderousse the tailor still dwelt there; but he received for reply, that the person in question had got into difficulties, and at the present time kept a small inn on the route from Bellegarde to Beaucaire.

Having obtained the address of the person to whom the house in the Allées de Meilhan belonged, Dantès next proceeded thither, and, under the name of Lord Wilmore (the name and title inscribed on his passport), purchased the small dwelling for the sum of twenty-five thousand francs, at least ten thousand more than it was worth; but had its owner asked half a million, it would unhesitatingly have been given.

The very same day the occupants of the apartments on the fifth floor of the house, now become the property of Dantès, were duly informed by the notary who had arranged the necessary transfer of deeds, etc., that the new landlord gave them their choice of any of the rooms in the house, without the least augmentation of rent, upon condition of their giving instant possession of the two small chambers they at present inhabited.

This strange event aroused great wonder and curiosity in the neighborhood of the Allées de Meilhan, and a multitude of theories were afloat, none of which was anywhere near the truth. But what raised public astonishment to a climax, and set all conjecture at defiance, was the knowledge that the same stranger who had in the morning visited the Allées de Meilhan had been seen in the evening walking in the little village of the Catalans, and afterwards observed to enter a poor fisherman’s hut, and to pass more than an hour in inquiring after persons who had either been dead or gone away for more than fifteen or sixteen years.

But on the following day the family from whom all these particulars had been asked received a handsome present, consisting of an entirely new fishing-boat, with two seines and a tender.

The delighted recipients of these munificent gifts would gladly have poured out their thanks to their generous benefactor, but they had seen him, upon quitting the hut, merely give some orders to a sailor, and then springing lightly on horseback, leave Marseilles by the Porte d'Aix.

Chapter 26. The Pont du Gard Inn

Such of my readers as have made a pedestrian excursion to the south of France may perchance have noticed, about midway between the town of Beaucaire and the village of Bellegarde,—a little nearer to the former than to the latter,—a small roadside inn, from the front of which hung, creaking and flapping in the wind, a sheet of tin covered with a grotesque representation of the Pont du Gard. This modern place of entertainment stood on the left-hand side of the post road, and backed upon the Rhône. It also boasted of what in Languedoc is styled a garden, consisting of a small plot of ground, on the side opposite to the main entrance reserved for the reception of guests. A few dingy olives and stunted fig-trees struggled hard for existence, but their withered dusty foliage abundantly proved how unequal was the conflict. Between these sickly shrubs grew a scanty supply of garlic, tomatoes, and eschalots; while, lone and solitary, like a forgotten sentinel, a tall pine raised its melancholy head in one of the corners of this unattractive spot, and displayed its flexible stem and fan-shaped summit dried and cracked by the fierce heat of the sub-tropical sun.

All these trees, great or small, were turned in the direction to which the Mistral blows, one of the three curses of Provence, the others being the Durance and the Parliament.

In the surrounding plain, which more resembled a dusty lake than solid ground, were scattered a few miserable stalks of wheat, the effect, no doubt, of a curious desire on the part of the agriculturists of the country to see whether such a thing as the raising of grain in those parched regions was practicable. Each stalk served as a perch for a grasshopper, which regaled the passers-by through this Egyptian scene with its strident, monotonous note.

For about seven or eight years the little tavern had been kept by a man and his wife, with two servants,—a chambermaid named Trinette, and a hostler called Pecaud. This small staff was quite equal to all the requirements, for a canal between Beaucaire and Aiguemortes had revolutionized transportation by substituting boats for the cart and the stagecoach. And, as though to add to the daily misery which this prosperous canal inflicted on the unfortunate innkeeper, whose utter ruin it was fast accomplishing, it was situated between the Rhône from which it had its source and the post-road it had depleted, not a hundred steps from the inn, of which we have given a brief but faithful description.

The innkeeper himself was a man of from forty to fifty-five years of age, tall, strong, and bony, a perfect specimen of the natives of those southern latitudes; he had dark, sparkling, and deep-set eyes, hooked nose, and teeth white as those of a carnivorous animal; his hair, like his beard, which he wore under his chin, was thick and curly, and in spite of his age but slightly interspersed with a few silvery threads. His naturally dark complexion had assumed a still further shade of brown from the habit the unfortunate man had acquired of stationing himself from morning till eve at the threshold of his door, on the lookout for guests who seldom came, yet there he stood, day after day, exposed to the meridional rays of a burning sun, with no other protection for his head than a red handkerchief twisted around it, after the manner of the Spanish muleteers. This man was our old acquaintance, Gaspard Caderousse.

His wife, on the contrary, whose maiden name had been Madeleine Radelle, was pale, meagre, and sickly-looking. Born in the neighborhood of Arles, she had shared in the beauty for which its women are proverbial; but that beauty had gradually withered beneath the devastating influence of the slow fever so prevalent among dwellers by the ponds of Aiguemortes and the marshes of Camargue. She remained nearly always in her second-floor chamber, shivering in her chair, or stretched languid and feeble on her bed, while her husband kept his daily watch at the door—a duty he performed with so much the greater willingness, as it saved him the necessity of listening to the endless plaints and murmurs of his helpmate, who never saw him without breaking out into bitter invectives against fate; to all of which her husband would calmly return an unvarying reply, in these philosophic words:

"Hush, La Carconte. It is God's pleasure that things should be so."

The sobriquet of La Carconte had been bestowed on Madeleine Radelle from the fact that she had been born in a village, so called, situated between Salon and Lambesc; and as a custom existed among the inhabitants of that part of France where Caderousse lived of styling every person by some particular and distinctive appellation, her husband had bestowed on her the name of La Carconte in place of her sweet and euphonious name of Madeleine, which, in all probability, his rude guttural language would not have enabled him to pronounce.

Still, let it not be supposed that amid this affected resignation to the will of Providence, the unfortunate innkeeper did not writhe under the double misery of seeing the hateful canal carry off his customers and his profits, and the daily infliction of his peevish partner's murmurs and lamentations.

0323m

Like other dwellers in the south, he was a man of sober habits and moderate desires, but fond of external show, vain, and addicted to display. During the days of his prosperity, not a festivity took place without himself and wife being among the spectators. He dressed in the picturesque costume worn upon grand occasions by the inhabitants of the south of France, bearing equal resemblance to the style adopted both by the Catalans and Andalusians; while La Carconte displayed the charming fashion prevalent among the women of Arles, a mode of attire borrowed equally from Greece and Arabia. But, by degrees, watch-chains, necklaces, parti-colored scarves, embroidered bodices, velvet vests, elegantly worked stockings, striped gaiters, and silver buckles for the shoes, all disappeared; and Gaspard Caderousse, unable to appear abroad in his pristine splendor, had given up any further participation in the pomps and vanities, both for himself and wife, although a bitter feeling of envious discontent filled his mind as the sound of mirth and merry music from the joyous revellers reached even the miserable hostelry to which he still clung, more for the shelter than the profit it afforded.

Caderousse, then, was, as usual, at his place of observation before the door, his eyes glancing listlessly from a piece of closely shaven grass—on which some fowls were industriously, though fruitlessly, endeavoring to turn up some grain or insect suited to their palate—to the deserted road, which led away to the north and south, when he was aroused by the shrill voice of his wife, and grumbling to himself as he went, he mounted to her chamber, first taking care, however, to set the entrance door wide open, as an invitation to any chance traveller who might be passing.

At the moment Caderousse quitted his sentry-like watch before the door, the road on which he so eagerly strained his sight was void and lonely as a desert at midday. There it lay stretching out into one interminable line of dust and sand, with its sides bordered by tall, meagre trees, altogether presenting so uninviting an appearance, that no one in his senses could have imagined that any traveller, at liberty to regulate his hours for journeying, would choose to expose himself in such a formidable Sahara.

Nevertheless, had Caderousse but retained his post a few minutes longer, he might have caught a dim outline of something approaching from the direction of Bellegarde; as the moving object drew nearer, he would easily have perceived that it consisted of a man and horse, between whom the kindest and most amiable understanding appeared to exist. The horse was of Hungarian breed, and ambled along at an easy pace. His rider was a priest, dressed in black, and wearing a three-cornered hat; and, despite of the ardent rays of a noonday sun, the pair came on with a fair degree of rapidity.

Having arrived before the Pont du Gard, the horse stopped, but whether for his own pleasure or that of his rider would have been difficult to say. However that might have been, the priest, dismounting, led his steed by the bridle in search of some place to which he could secure him. Availing himself of a handle that projected from a half-fallen door, he tied the animal safely and having drawn a red cotton handkerchief, from his pocket, wiped away the perspiration that streamed from his brow, then, advancing to the door, struck thrice with the end of his iron-shod stick.

At this unusual sound, a huge black dog came rushing to meet the daring assailant of his ordinarily tranquil abode, snarling and displaying his sharp white teeth with a determined hostility that abundantly proved how little he was accustomed to society. At that moment a heavy footstep was heard descending the wooden staircase that led from the upper floor, and, with many bows and courteous smiles, the host of the Pont du Gard besought his guest to enter.

0319m

"You are welcome, sir, most welcome!" repeated the astonished Caderousse. "Now, then, Margotin," cried he, speaking to the dog, "will you be quiet? Pray don't heed him, sir!—he only barks, he never bites. I make no doubt a glass of good wine would be

acceptable this dreadfully hot day.” Then perceiving for the first time the garb of the traveller he had to entertain, Caderousse hastily exclaimed: “A thousand pardons! I really did not observe whom I had the honor to receive under my poor roof. What would the abbé please to have? What refreshment can I offer? All I have is at his service.”

The priest gazed on the person addressing him with a long and searching gaze—there even seemed a disposition on his part to court a similar scrutiny on the part of the innkeeper; then, observing in the countenance of the latter no other expression than extreme surprise at his own want of attention to an inquiry so courteously worded, he deemed it as well to terminate this dumb show, and therefore said, speaking with a strong Italian accent, “You are, I presume, M. Caderousse?”

“Yes, sir,” answered the host, even more surprised at the question than he had been by the silence which had preceded it; “I am Gaspard Caderousse, at your service.”

“Gaspard Caderousse,” rejoined the priest. “Yes,—Christian and surname are the same. You formerly lived, I believe in the Allées de Meilhan, on the fourth floor?”

0325m

“I did.”

“And you followed the business of a tailor?”

“True, I was a tailor, till the trade fell off. It is so hot at Marseilles, that really I believe that the respectable inhabitants will in time go without any clothing whatever. But talking of heat, is there nothing I can offer you by way of refreshment?”

“Yes; let me have a bottle of your best wine, and then, with your permission, we will resume our conversation from where we left off.”

“As you please, sir,” said Caderousse, who, anxious not to lose the present opportunity of finding a customer for one of the few bottles of Cahors still remaining in his possession, hastily raised a trap-door in the floor of the apartment they were in, which served both as parlor and kitchen.

Upon issuing forth from his subterranean retreat at the expiration of five minutes, he found the abbé seated upon a wooden stool, leaning his elbow on a table, while Margotin, whose animosity seemed appeased by the unusual command of the traveller for refreshments, had crept up to him, and had established himself very comfortably between his knees, his long, skinny neck resting on his lap, while his dim eye was fixed earnestly on the traveller’s face.

“Are you quite alone?” inquired the guest, as Caderousse placed before him the bottle of wine and a glass.

“Quite, quite alone,” replied the man—“or, at least, practically so, for my poor wife, who is the only person in the house besides myself, is laid up with illness, and unable to render me the least assistance, poor thing!”

“You are married, then?” said the priest, with a show of interest, glancing round as he spoke at the scanty furnishings of the apartment.

“Ah, sir,” said Caderousse with a sigh, “it is easy to perceive I am not a rich man; but in this world a man does not thrive the better for being honest.” The abbé fixed on him a searching, penetrating glance.

“Yes, honest—I can certainly say that much for myself,” continued the innkeeper, fairly sustaining the scrutiny of the abbé’s gaze; “I can boast with truth of being an honest man; and,” continued he significantly, with a hand on his breast and shaking his head, “that is more than everyone can say nowadays.”

0327m

“So much the better for you, if what you assert be true,” said the abbé; “for I am firmly persuaded that, sooner or later, the good will be rewarded, and the wicked punished.”

“Such words as those belong to your profession,” answered Caderousse, “and you do well to repeat them; but,” added he, with a bitter expression of countenance, “one is free to believe them or not, as one pleases.”

“You are wrong to speak thus,” said the abbé; “and perhaps I may, in my own person, be able to prove to you how completely you are in error.”

“What mean you?” inquired Caderousse with a look of surprise.

“In the first place, I must be satisfied that you are the person I am in search of.”

“What proofs do you require?”

“Did you, in the year 1814 or 1815, know anything of a young sailor named Dantès?”

“Dantès? Did I know poor dear Edmond? Why, Edmond Dantès and myself were intimate friends!” exclaimed Caderousse, whose countenance flushed darkly as he caught the penetrating gaze of the abbé fixed on him, while the clear, calm eye of the questioner seemed to dilate with feverish scrutiny.

“You remind me,” said the priest, “that the young man concerning whom I asked you was said to bear the name of Edmond.”

“Said to bear the name!” repeated Caderousse, becoming excited and eager. “Why, he was so called as truly as I myself bore the appellation of Gaspard Caderousse; but tell me, I pray, what has become of poor Edmond? Did you know him? Is he alive and at liberty? Is he prosperous and happy?”

“He died a more wretched, hopeless, heart-broken prisoner than the felons who pay the penalty of their crimes at the galleys of Toulon.”

A deadly pallor followed the flush on the countenance of Caderousse, who turned away, and the priest saw him wiping the tears from his eyes with the corner of the red handkerchief twisted round his head.

“Poor fellow, poor fellow!” murmured Caderousse. “Well, there, sir, is another proof that good people are never rewarded on this earth, and that none but the wicked prosper. Ah,” continued Caderousse, speaking in the highly colored language of the South, “the world grows worse and worse. Why does not God, if he really hates the wicked, as he is said to do, send down brimstone and fire, and consume them altogether?”

“You speak as though you had loved this young Dantès,” observed the abbé, without taking any notice of his companion’s vehemence.

“And so I did,” replied Caderousse; “though once, I confess, I envied him his good fortune. But I swear to you, sir, I swear to you, by everything a man holds dear, I have, since then, deeply and sincerely lamented his unhappy fate.”

There was a brief silence, during which the fixed, searching eye of the abbé was employed in scrutinizing the agitated features of the innkeeper.

“You knew the poor lad, then?” continued Caderousse.

“I was called to see him on his dying bed, that I might administer to him the consolations of religion.”

“And of what did he die?” asked Caderousse in a choking voice.

“Of what, think you, do young and strong men die in prison, when they have scarcely numbered their thirtieth year, unless it be of imprisonment?” Caderousse wiped away the large beads of perspiration that gathered on his brow.

0329m

“But the strangest part of the story is,” resumed the abbé, “that Dantès, even in his dying moments, swore by his crucified Redeemer, that he was utterly ignorant of the cause of his detention.”

“And so he was,” murmured Caderousse. “How should he have been otherwise? Ah, sir, the poor fellow told you the truth.”

“And for that reason, he besought me to try and clear up a mystery he had never been able to penetrate, and to clear his memory should any foul spot or stain have fallen on it.”

And here the look of the abbé, becoming more and more fixed, seemed to rest with ill-concealed satisfaction on the gloomy depression which was rapidly spreading over the countenance of Caderousse.

“A rich Englishman,” continued the abbé, “who had been his companion in misfortune, but had been released from prison during the second restoration, was possessed of a diamond of immense value; this jewel he bestowed on Dantès upon himself quitting the prison, as a mark of his gratitude for the kindness and brotherly care with which Dantès had nursed him in a severe illness he underwent during his confinement. Instead of employing this diamond in attempting to bribe his jailers, who might only have taken it and then betrayed him to the governor, Dantès carefully preserved it, that in the event of his getting out of prison he might have wherewithal to live, for the sale of such a diamond would have quite sufficed to make his fortune.”

“Then, I suppose,” asked Caderousse, with eager, glowing looks, “that it was a stone of immense value?”

“Why, everything is relative,” answered the abbé. “To one in Edmond’s position the diamond certainly was of great value. It was estimated at fifty thousand francs.”

“Bless me!” exclaimed Caderousse, “fifty thousand francs! Surely the diamond was as large as a nut to be worth all that.”

“No,” replied the abbé, “it was not of such a size as that; but you shall judge for yourself. I have it with me.”

The sharp gaze of Caderousse was instantly directed towards the priest’s garments, as though hoping to discover the location of the treasure. Calmly drawing forth from his pocket a small box covered with black shagreen, the abbé opened it, and displayed to the dazzled eyes of Caderousse the sparkling jewel it contained, set in a ring of admirable workmanship.

“And that diamond,” cried Caderousse, almost breathless with eager admiration, “you say, is worth fifty thousand francs?”

“It is, without the setting, which is also valuable,” replied the abbé, as he closed the box, and returned it to his pocket, while its brilliant hues seemed still to dance before the eyes of the fascinated innkeeper.

“But how comes the diamond in your possession, sir? Did Edmond make you his heir?”

“No, merely his testamentary executor. ‘I once possessed four dear and faithful friends, besides the maiden to whom I was betrothed’ he said; ‘and I feel convinced they have all unfeignedly grieved over my loss. The name of one of the four friends is Caderousse.’” The innkeeper shivered.

“‘Another of the number,’” continued the abbé, without seeming to notice the emotion of Caderousse, “‘is called Danglars; and the third, in spite of being my rival, entertained a very sincere affection for me.’”

A fiendish smile played over the features of Caderousse, who was about to break in upon the abbé’s speech, when the latter, waving his hand, said, “Allow me to finish first, and then if you have any observations to make, you can do so afterwards. ‘The third of my friends, although my rival, was much attached to me,—his name was Fernand; that of my betrothed was’—Stay, stay,” continued the abbé, “I have forgotten what he called her.”

“Mercédès,” said Caderousse eagerly.

“True,” said the abbé, with a stifled sigh, “Mercédès it was.”

“Go on,” urged Caderousse.

“Bring me a _carafe_ of water,” said the abbé.

Caderousse quickly performed the stranger’s bidding; and after pouring some into a glass, and slowly swallowing its contents, the abbé, resuming his usual placidity of manner, said, as he placed his empty glass on the table:

“Where did we leave off?”

“The name of Edmond’s betrothed was Mercédès.”

“To be sure. ‘You will go to Marseilles,’ said Dantès,—for you understand, I repeat his words just as he uttered them. Do you understand?”

“Perfectly.”

“‘You will sell this diamond; you will divide the money into five equal parts, and give an equal portion to these good friends, the only persons who have loved me upon earth.’”

“But why into five parts?” asked Caderousse; “you only mentioned four persons.”

“Because the fifth is dead, as I hear. The fifth sharer in Edmond’s bequest, was his own father.”

“Too true, too true!” ejaculated Caderousse, almost suffocated by the contending passions which assailed him, “the poor old man did die.”

“I learned so much at Marseilles,” replied the abbé, making a strong effort to appear indifferent; “but from the length of time that has elapsed since the death of the elder Dantès, I was unable to obtain any particulars of his end. Can you enlighten me on that point?”

“I do not know who could if I could not,” said Caderousse. “Why, I lived almost on the same floor with the poor old man. Ah, yes, about a year after the disappearance of his son the poor old man died.”

“Of what did he die?”

“Why, the doctors called his complaint gastro-enteritis, I believe; his acquaintances say he died of grief; but I, who saw him in his dying moments, I say he died of——”

Caderousse paused.

“Of what?” asked the priest, anxiously and eagerly.

“Why, of downright starvation.”

“Starvation!” exclaimed the abbé, springing from his seat. “Why, the vilest animals are not suffered to die by such a death as that. The very dogs that wander houseless and homeless in the streets find some pitying hand to cast them a mouthful of bread; and that a man, a Christian, should be allowed to perish of hunger in the midst of other men who call themselves Christians, is too horrible for belief. Oh, it is impossible!—utterly impossible!”

“What I have said, I have said,” answered Caderousse.

“And you are a fool for having said anything about it,” said a voice from the top of the stairs. “Why should you meddle with what does not concern you?”

The two men turned quickly, and saw the sickly countenance of La Carconte peering between the baluster rails; attracted by the sound of voices, she had feebly dragged herself down the stairs, and, seated on the lower step, head on knees, she had listened to the foregoing conversation.

“Mind your own business, wife,” replied Caderousse sharply. “This gentleman asks me for information, which common politeness will not permit me to refuse.”

“Politeness, you simpleton!” retorted La Carconte. “What have you to do with politeness, I should like to know? Better study a little common prudence. How do you know the motives that person may have for trying to extract all he can from you?”

“I pledge you my word, madam,” said the abbé, “that my intentions are good; and that your husband can incur no risk, provided he answers me candidly.”

“Ah, that’s all very fine,” retorted the woman. “Nothing is easier than to begin with fair promises and assurances of nothing to fear; but when poor, silly folks, like my husband there, have been persuaded to tell all they know, the promises and assurances of safety are quickly forgotten; and at some moment when nobody is expecting it, behold trouble and misery, and all sorts of persecutions, are heaped on the unfortunate wretches, who cannot even see whence all their afflictions come.”

“Nay, nay, my good woman, make yourself perfectly easy, I beg of you. Whatever evils may befall you, they will not be occasioned by my instrumentality, that I solemnly promise you.”

La Carconte muttered a few inarticulate words, then let her head again drop upon her knees, and went into a fit of ague, leaving the two speakers to resume the conversation, but remaining so as to be able to hear every word they uttered. Again the abbé had been

obliged to swallow a draught of water to calm the emotions that threatened to overpower him.

When he had sufficiently recovered himself, he said, “It appears, then, that the miserable old man you were telling me of was forsaken by everyone. Surely, had not such been the case, he would not have perished by so dreadful a death.”

“Why, he was not altogether forsaken,” continued Caderousse, “for Mercédès the Catalan and Monsieur Morrel were very kind to him; but somehow the poor old man had contracted a profound hatred for Fernand—the very person,” added Caderousse with a bitter smile, “that you named just now as being one of Dantès’ faithful and attached friends.”

“And was he not so?” asked the abbé.

“Gaspard, Gaspard!” murmured the woman, from her seat on the stairs, “mind what you are saying!”

Caderousse made no reply to these words, though evidently irritated and annoyed by the interruption, but, addressing the abbé, said, “Can a man be faithful to another whose wife he covets and desires for himself? But Dantès was so honorable and true in his own nature, that he believed everybody’s professions of friendship. Poor Edmond, he was cruelly deceived; but it was fortunate that he never knew, or he might have found it more difficult, when on his deathbed, to pardon his enemies. And, whatever people may say,” continued Caderousse, in his native language, which was not altogether devoid of rude poetry, “I cannot help being more frightened at the idea of the malediction of the dead than the hatred of the living.”

“Imbecile!” exclaimed La Carconte.

“Do you, then, know in what manner Fernand injured Dantès?” inquired the abbé of Caderousse.

“Do I? No one better.”

“Speak out then, say what it was!”

“Gaspard!” cried La Carconte, “do as you will; you are master—but if you take my advice you’ll hold your tongue.”

“Well, wife,” replied Caderousse, “I don’t know but what you’re right!”

“So you will say nothing?” asked the abbé.

“Why, what good would it do?” asked Caderousse. “If the poor lad were living, and came to me and begged that I would candidly tell which were his true and which his false friends, why, perhaps, I should not hesitate. But you tell me he is no more, and therefore can have nothing to do with hatred or revenge, so let all such feeling be buried with him.”

“You prefer, then,” said the abbé, “that I should bestow on men you say are false and treacherous, the reward intended for faithful friendship?”

“That is true enough,” returned Caderousse. “You say truly, the gift of poor Edmond was not meant for such traitors as Fernand and Danglars; besides, what would it be to them? no more than a drop of water in the ocean.”

“Remember,” chimed in La Carconte, “those two could crush you at a single blow!”

“How so?” inquired the abbé. “Are these persons, then, so rich and powerful?”

“Do you not know their history?”

“I do not. Pray relate it to me!”

Caderousse seemed to reflect for a few moments, then said, “No, truly, it would take up too much time.”

“Well, my good friend,” returned the abbé, in a tone that indicated utter indifference on his part, “you are at liberty, either to speak or be silent, just as you please; for my own part, I respect your scruples and admire your sentiments; so let the matter end. I shall do my duty as conscientiously as I can, and fulfil my promise to the dying man. My first business will be to dispose of this diamond.”

So saying, the abbé again drew the small box from his pocket, opened it, and contrived to hold it in such a light, that a bright flash of brilliant hues passed before the dazzled gaze of Caderousse.

“Wife, wife!” cried he in a hoarse voice, “come here!”

“Diamond!” exclaimed La Carconte, rising and descending to the chamber with a tolerably firm step; “what diamond are you talking about?”

“Why, did you not hear all we said?” inquired Caderousse. “It is a beautiful diamond left by poor Edmond Dantès, to be sold, and the money divided between his father, Mercédès, his betrothed bride, Fernand, Danglars, and myself. The jewel is worth at least fifty thousand francs.”

“Oh, what a magnificent jewel!” cried the astonished woman.

“The fifth part of the profits from this stone belongs to us then, does it not?” asked Caderousse.

“It does,” replied the abbé; “with the addition of an equal division of that part intended for the elder Dantès, which I believe myself at liberty to divide equally with the four survivors.”

“And why among us four?” inquired Caderousse.

“As being the friends Edmond esteemed most faithful and devoted to him.”

“I don’t call those friends who betray and ruin you,” murmured the wife in her turn, in a low, muttering voice.

“Of course not!” rejoined Caderousse quickly; “no more do I, and that was what I was observing to this gentleman just now. I said I looked upon it as a sacrilegious profanation to reward treachery, perhaps crime.”

“Remember,” answered the abbé calmly, as he replaced the jewel and its case in the pocket of his cassock, “it is your fault, not mine, that I do so. You will have the goodness to furnish me with the address of both Fernand and Danglars, in order that I may execute Edmond’s last wishes.”

The agitation of Caderousse became extreme, and large drops of perspiration rolled from his heated brow. As he saw the abbé rise from his seat and go towards the door, as though to ascertain if his horse were sufficiently refreshed to continue his journey, Caderousse and his wife exchanged looks of deep meaning.

0335m

“There, you see, wife,” said the former, “this splendid diamond might all be ours, if we chose!”

“Do you believe it?”

“Why, surely a man of his holy profession would not deceive us!”

“Well,” replied La Carconte, “do as you like. For my part, I wash my hands of the affair.”

So saying, she once more climbed the staircase leading to her chamber, her body convulsed with chills, and her teeth rattling in her head, in spite of the intense heat of the weather. Arrived at the top stair, she turned round, and called out, in a warning tone, to her husband, “Gaspard, consider well what you are about to do!”

“I have both reflected and decided,” answered he.

La Carconte then entered her chamber, the flooring of which creaked beneath her heavy, uncertain tread, as she proceeded towards her armchair, into which she fell as though exhausted.

“Well,” asked the abbé, as he returned to the apartment below, “what have you made up your mind to do?”

“To tell you all I know,” was the reply.

“I certainly think you act wisely in so doing,” said the priest. “Not because I have the least desire to learn anything you may please to conceal from me, but simply that if, through your assistance, I could distribute the legacy according to the wishes of the testator, why, so much the better, that is all.”

“I hope it may be so,” replied Caderousse, his face flushed with cupidity.

“I am all attention,” said the abbé.

“Stop a minute,” answered Caderousse; “we might be interrupted in the most interesting part of my story, which would be a pity; and it is as well that your visit hither should be made known only to ourselves.”

With these words he went stealthily to the door, which he closed, and, by way of still greater precaution, bolted and barred it, as he was accustomed to do at night.

During this time the abbé had chosen his place for listening at his ease. He removed his seat into a corner of the room, where he himself would be in deep shadow, while the light would be fully thrown on the narrator; then, with head bent down and hands clasped, or rather clenched together, he prepared to give his whole attention to Caderousse, who seated himself on the little stool, exactly opposite to him.

“Remember, this is no affair of mine,” said the trembling voice of La Carconte, as though through the flooring of her chamber she viewed the scene that was enacting below.

“Enough, enough!” replied Caderousse; “say no more about it; I will take all the consequences upon myself.”

And he began his story.

Chapter 27. The Story

First, sir,” said Caderousse, “you must make me a promise.”

“What is that?” inquired the abbé.

“Why, if you ever make use of the details I am about to give you, that you will never let anyone know that it was I who supplied them; for the persons of whom I am about to talk are rich and powerful, and if they only laid the tips of their fingers on me, I should break to pieces like glass.”

“Make yourself easy, my friend,” replied the abbé. “I am a priest, and confessions die in my breast. Recollect, our only desire is to carry out, in a fitting manner, the last wishes of our friend. Speak, then, without reserve, as without hatred; tell the truth, the whole truth; I do not know, never may know, the persons of whom you are about to speak; besides, I am an Italian, and not a Frenchman, and belong to God, and not to man, and I shall shortly retire to my convent, which I have only quitted to fulfil the last wishes of a dying man.”

This positive assurance seemed to give Caderousse a little courage.

“Well, then, under these circumstances,” said Caderousse, “I will, I even believe I ought to undeceive you as to the friendship which poor Edmond thought so sincere and unquestionable.”

“Begin with his father, if you please.” said the abbé; “Edmond talked to me a great deal about the old man for whom he had the deepest love.”

“The history is a sad one, sir,” said Caderousse, shaking his head; “perhaps you know all the earlier part of it?”

“Yes.” answered the abbé; “Edmond related to me everything until the moment when he was arrested in a small cabaret close to Marseilles.”

“At La Réserve! Oh, yes; I can see it all before me this moment.”

“Was it not his betrothal feast?”

“It was and the feast that began so gayly had a very sorrowful ending; a police commissary, followed by four soldiers, entered, and Dantès was arrested.”

“Yes, and up to this point I know all,” said the priest. “Dantès himself only knew that which personally concerned him, for he never beheld again the five persons I have named to you, or heard mention of anyone of them.”

“Well, when Dantès was arrested, Monsieur Morrel hastened to obtain the particulars, and they were very sad. The old man returned alone to his home, folded up his wedding suit with tears in his eyes, and paced up and down his chamber the whole day, and would not go to bed at all, for I was underneath him and heard him walking the whole night; and for myself, I assure you I could

not sleep either, for the grief of the poor father gave me great uneasiness, and every step he took went to my heart as really as if his foot had pressed against my breast.

“The next day Mercédès came to implore the protection of M. de Villefort; she did not obtain it, however, and went to visit the old man; when she saw him so miserable and heart-broken, having passed a sleepless night, and not touched food since the previous day, she wished him to go with her that she might take care of him; but the old man would not consent. ‘No,’ was the old man’s reply, ‘I will not leave this house, for my poor dear boy loves me better than anything in the world; and if he gets out of prison he will come and see me the first thing, and what would he think if I did not wait here for him?’ I heard all this from the window, for I was anxious that Mercédès should persuade the old man to accompany her, for his footsteps over my head night and day did not leave me a moment’s repose.”

“But did you not go upstairs and try to console the poor old man?” asked the abbé.

“Ah, sir,” replied Caderousse, “we cannot console those who will not be consoled, and he was one of these; besides, I know not why, but he seemed to dislike seeing me. One night, however, I heard his sobs, and I could not resist my desire to go up to him, but when I reached his door he was no longer weeping but praying. I cannot now repeat to you, sir, all the eloquent words and imploring language he made use of; it was more than piety, it was more than grief, and I, who am no canter, and hate the Jesuits, said then to myself, ‘It is really well, and I am very glad that I have not any children; for if I were a father and felt such excessive grief as the old man does, and did not find in my memory or heart all he is now saying, I should throw myself into the sea at once, for I could not bear it.’”

“Poor father!” murmured the priest.

“From day to day he lived on alone, and more and more solitary. M. Morrel and Mercédès came to see him, but his door was closed; and, although I was certain he was at home, he would not make any answer. One day, when, contrary to his custom, he had admitted Mercédès, and the poor girl, in spite of her own grief and despair, endeavored to console him, he said to her,—‘Be assured, my dear daughter, he is dead; and instead of expecting him, it is he who is awaiting us; I am quite happy, for I am the oldest, and of course shall see him first.’

“However well disposed a person may be, why, you see we leave off after a time seeing persons who are in sorrow, they make one melancholy; and so at last old Dantès was left all to himself, and I only saw from time to time strangers go up to him and come down again with some bundle they tried to hide; but I guessed what these bundles were, and that he sold by degrees what he had to pay for his subsistence. At length the poor old fellow reached the end of all he had; he owed three quarters’ rent, and they threatened to turn him out; he begged for another week, which was granted to him. I know this, because the landlord came into my apartment when he left his.

“For the first three days I heard him walking about as usual, but, on the fourth I heard nothing. I then resolved to go up to him at all risks. The door was closed, but I looked through the keyhole, and saw him so pale and haggard, that believing him very ill, I went and told M. Morrel and then ran on to Mercédès. They both came immediately, M. Morrel bringing a doctor, and the doctor said it was inflammation of the bowels, and ordered him a limited diet. I was there, too, and I never shall forget the old man’s smile at this prescription.

“From that time he received all who came; he had an excuse for not eating any more; the doctor had put him on a diet.”

The abbé uttered a kind of groan.

“The story interests you, does it not, sir?” inquired Caderousse.

“Yes,” replied the abbé, “it is very affecting.”

“Mercédès came again, and she found him so altered that she was even more anxious than before to have him taken to her own home. This was M. Morrel’s wish also, who would fain have conveyed the old man against his consent; but the old man resisted, and cried so that they were actually frightened. Mercédès remained, therefore, by his bedside, and M. Morrel went away, making a sign to the Catalan that he had left his purse on the chimney-piece; but, availing himself of the doctor’s order, the old man would not take any sustenance; at length (after nine days of despair and fasting), the old man died, cursing those who had caused his misery, and saying to Mercédès, ‘If you ever see my Edmond again, tell him I die blessing him.’”

The abbé rose from his chair, made two turns round the chamber, and pressed his trembling hand against his parched throat.

“And you believe he died——”

“Of hunger, sir, of hunger,” said Caderousse. “I am as certain of it as that we two are Christians.”

The abbé, with a shaking hand, seized a glass of water that was standing by him half-full, swallowed it at one gulp, and then resumed his seat, with red eyes and pale cheeks.

“This was, indeed, a horrid event,” said he in a hoarse voice.

“The more so, sir, as it was men’s and not God’s doing.”

“Tell me of those men,” said the abbé, “and remember too,” he added in an almost menacing tone, “you have promised to tell me everything. Tell me, therefore, who are these men who killed the son with despair, and the father with famine?”

“Two men jealous of him, sir; one from love, and the other from ambition,—Fernand and Danglars.”

“How was this jealousy manifested? Speak on.”

“They denounced Edmond as a Bonapartist agent.”

“Which of the two denounced him? Which was the real delinquent?”

“Both, sir; one with a letter, and the other put it in the post.”

“And where was this letter written?”

“At La Réserve, the day before the betrothal feast.”

“’Twas so, then—’twas so, then,” murmured the abbé. “Oh, Faria, Faria, how well did you judge men and things!”

“What did you please to say, sir?” asked Caderousse.

“Nothing, nothing,” replied the priest; “go on.”

“It was Danglars who wrote the denunciation with his left hand, that his writing might not be recognized, and Fernand who put it in the post.”

“But,” exclaimed the abbé suddenly, “you were there yourself.”

“I!” said Caderousse, astonished; “who told you I was there?”

The abbé saw he had overshot the mark, and he added quickly,—“No one; but in order to have known everything so well, you must have been an eye-witness.”

“True, true!” said Caderousse in a choking voice, “I was there.”

“And did you not remonstrate against such infamy?” asked the abbé; “if not, you were an accomplice.”

“Sir,” replied Caderousse, “they had made me drink to such an excess that I nearly lost all perception. I had only an indistinct understanding of what was passing around me. I said all that a man in such a state could say; but they both assured me that it was a jest they were carrying on, and perfectly harmless.”

“Next day—next day, sir, you must have seen plain enough what they had been doing, yet you said nothing, though you were present when Dantès was arrested.”

“Yes, sir, I was there, and very anxious to speak; but Danglars restrained me. ‘If he should really be guilty,’ said he, ‘and did really put in to the Island of Elba; if he is really charged with a letter for the Bonapartist committee at Paris, and if they find this letter upon him, those who have supported him will pass for his accomplices.’ I confess I had my fears, in the state in which politics then were, and I held my tongue. It was cowardly, I confess, but it was not criminal.”

“I understand—you allowed matters to take their course, that was all.”

“Yes, sir,” answered Caderousse; “and remorse preys on me night and day. I often ask pardon of God, I swear to you, because this action, the only one with which I have seriously to reproach myself in all my life, is no doubt the cause of my abject condition. I am expiating a moment of selfishness, and so I always say to La Carconte, when she complains, ‘Hold your tongue, woman; it is the will of God.’” And Caderousse bowed his head with every sign of real repentance.

“Well, sir,” said the abbé, “you have spoken unreservedly; and thus to accuse yourself is to deserve pardon.”

“Unfortunately, Edmond is dead, and has not pardoned me.”

“He did not know,” said the abbé.

“But he knows it all now,” interrupted Caderousse; “they say the dead know everything.”

There was a brief silence; the abbé rose and paced up and down pensively, and then resumed his seat.

“You have two or three times mentioned a M. Morrel,” he said; “who was he?”

“The owner of the _Pharaon_ and patron of Dantès.”

“And what part did he play in this sad drama?” inquired the abbé.

“The part of an honest man, full of courage and real regard. Twenty times he interceded for Edmond. When the emperor returned, he wrote, implored, threatened, and so energetically, that on the second restoration he was persecuted as a Bonapartist. Ten times, as I told you, he came to see Dantès’ father, and offered to receive him in his own house; and the night or two before his death, as I have already said, he left his purse on the mantelpiece, with which they paid the old man’s debts, and buried him decently; and so Edmond’s father died, as he had lived, without doing harm to anyone. I have the purse still by me—a large one, made of red silk.”

“And,” asked the abbé, “is M. Morrel still alive?”

“Yes,” replied Caderousse.

“In that case,” replied the abbé, “he should be a man blessed of God, rich, happy.”

Caderousse smiled bitterly. “Yes, happy as myself,” said he.

“What! M. Morrel unhappy?” exclaimed the abbé.

“He is reduced almost to the last extremity—nay, he is almost at the point of dishonor.”

“How?”

“Yes,” continued Caderousse, “so it is; after five-and-twenty years of labor, after having acquired a most honorable name in the trade of Marseilles, M. Morrel is utterly ruined; he has lost five ships in two years, has suffered by the bankruptcy of three large houses, and his only hope now is in that very _Pharaon_ which poor Dantès commanded, and which is expected from the Indies with a cargo of cochineal and indigo. If this ship founders, like the others, he is a ruined man.”

“And has the unfortunate man wife or children?” inquired the abbé.

“Yes, he has a wife, who through everything has behaved like an angel; he has a daughter, who was about to marry the man she loved, but whose family now will not allow him to wed the daughter of a ruined man; he has, besides, a son, a lieutenant in the army; and, as you may suppose, all this, instead of lessening, only augments his sorrows. If he were alone in the world he would blow out his brains, and there would be an end.”

“Horrible!” ejaculated the priest.

“And it is thus heaven recompenses virtue, sir,” added Caderousse. “You see, I, who never did a bad action but that I have told you of—am in destitution, with my poor wife dying of fever before my very eyes, and I unable to do anything in the world for her; I shall die of hunger, as old Dantès did, while Fernand and Danglars are rolling in wealth.”

“How is that?”

“Because their deeds have brought them good fortune, while honest men have been reduced to misery.”

“What has become of Danglars, the instigator, and therefore the most guilty?”

“What has become of him? Why, he left Marseilles, and was taken, on the recommendation of M. Morrel, who did not know his crime, as cashier into a Spanish bank. During the war with Spain he was employed in the commissariat of the French army, and made a fortune; then with that money he speculated in the funds, and trebled or quadrupled his capital; and, having first married his banker’s daughter, who left him a widower, he has married a second time, a widow, a Madame de Nargonne, daughter of M. de Servieux, the king’s chamberlain, who is in high favor at court. He is a millionaire, and they have made him a baron, and now he is the Baron Danglars, with a fine residence in the Rue du Mont-Blanc, with ten horses in his stables, six footmen in his antechamber, and I know not how many millions in his strongbox.”

“Ah!” said the abbé, in a peculiar tone, “he is happy.”

“Happy? Who can answer for that? Happiness or unhappiness is the secret known but to one’s self and the walls—walls have ears but no tongue; but if a large fortune produces happiness, Danglars is happy.”

“And Fernand?”

“Fernand? Why, much the same story.”

“But how could a poor Catalan fisher-boy, without education or resources, make a fortune? I confess this staggers me.”

“And it has staggered everybody. There must have been in his life some strange secret that no one knows.”

“But, then, by what visible steps has he attained this high fortune or high position?”

“Both, sir—he has both fortune and position—both.”

“This must be impossible!”

“It would seem so; but listen, and you will understand. Some days before the return of the emperor, Fernand was drafted. The Bourbons left him quietly enough at the Catalans, but Napoleon returned, a special levy was made, and Fernand was compelled to join. I went too; but as I was older than Fernand, and had just married my poor wife, I was only sent to the coast. Fernand was enrolled in the active army, went to the frontier with his regiment, and was at the battle of Ligny. The night after that battle he was sentry at the door of a general who carried on a secret correspondence with the enemy. That same night the general was to go over to the English. He proposed to Fernand to accompany him; Fernand agreed to do so, deserted his post, and followed the general.

“Fernand would have been court-martialed if Napoleon had remained on the throne, but his action was rewarded by the Bourbons. He returned to France with the epaulet of sub-lieutenant, and as the protection of the general, who is in the highest favor, was accorded to him, he was a captain in 1823, during the Spanish war—that is to say, at the time when Danglars made his early speculations. Fernand was a Spaniard, and being sent to Spain to ascertain the feeling of his fellow-countrymen, found Danglars there, got on very intimate terms with him, won over the support of the royalists at the capital and in the provinces, received promises and made pledges on his own part, guided his regiment by paths known to himself alone through the mountain gorges which were held by the royalists, and, in fact, rendered such services in this brief campaign that, after the taking of Trocadero, he was made colonel, and received the title of count and the cross of an officer of the Legion of Honor.”

“Destiny! destiny!” murmured the abbé.

“Yes, but listen: this was not all. The war with Spain being ended, Fernand’s career was checked by the long peace which seemed likely to endure throughout Europe. Greece only had risen against Turkey, and had begun her war of independence; all eyes were turned towards Athens—it was the fashion to pity and support the Greeks. The French government, without protecting them openly, as you know, gave countenance to volunteer assistance. Fernand sought and obtained leave to go and serve in Greece, still having his name kept on the army roll.

Some time after, it was stated that the Comte de Morcerf (this was the name he bore) had entered the service of Ali Pasha with the rank of instructor-general. Ali Pasha was killed, as you know, but before he died he recompensed the services of Fernand by leaving him a considerable sum, with which he returned to France, when he was gazetted lieutenant-general."

"So that now——?" inquired the abbé.

"So that now," continued Caderousse, "he owns a magnificent house—No. 27, Rue du Helder, Paris."

The abbé opened his mouth, hesitated for a moment, then, making an effort at self-control, he said, "And Mercédès—they tell me that she has disappeared?"

"Disappeared," said Caderousse, "yes, as the sun disappears, to rise the next day with still more splendor."

"Has she made a fortune also?" inquired the abbé, with an ironical smile.

"Mercédès is at this moment one of the greatest ladies in Paris," replied Caderousse.

"Go on," said the abbé; "it seems as if I were listening to the story of a dream. But I have seen things so extraordinary, that what you tell me seems less astonishing than it otherwise might."

"Mercédès was at first in the deepest despair at the blow which deprived her of Edmond. I have told you of her attempts to propitiate M. de Villefort, her devotion to the elder Dantès. In the midst of her despair, a new affliction overtook her. This was the departure of Fernand—of Fernand, whose crime she did not know, and whom she regarded as her brother. Fernand went, and Mercédès remained alone.

"Three months passed and still she wept—no news of Edmond, no news of Fernand, no companionship save that of an old man who was dying with despair. One evening, after a day of accustomed vigil at the angle of two roads leading to Marseilles from the Catalans, she returned to her home more depressed than ever. Suddenly she heard a step she knew, turned anxiously around, the door opened, and Fernand, dressed in the uniform of a sub-lieutenant, stood before her.

"It was not the one she wished for most, but it seemed as if a part of her past life had returned to her.

"Mercédès seized Fernand's hands with a transport which he took for love, but which was only joy at being no longer alone in the world, and seeing at last a friend, after long hours of solitary sorrow. And then, it must be confessed, Fernand had never been hated—he was only not precisely loved. Another possessed all Mercédès' heart; that other was absent, had disappeared, perhaps was dead. At this last thought Mercédès burst into a flood of tears, and wrung her hands in agony; but the thought, which she had always repelled before when it was suggested to her by another, came now in full force upon her mind; and then, too, old Dantès incessantly said to her, 'Our Edmond is dead; if he were not, he would return to us.'

"The old man died, as I have told you; had he lived, Mercédès, perchance, had not become the wife of another, for he would have been there to reproach her infidelity. Fernand saw this, and when he learned of the old man's death he returned. He was now a lieutenant. At his first coming he had not said a word of love to Mercédès; at the second he reminded her that he loved her.

"Mercédès begged for six months more in which to await and mourn for Edmond."

"So that," said the abbé, with a bitter smile, "that makes eighteen months in all. What more could the most devoted lover desire?" Then he murmured the words of the English poet, "'Frailty, thy name is woman.'"

"Six months afterwards," continued Caderousse, "the marriage took place in the church of Accoules."

"The very church in which she was to have married Edmond," murmured the priest; "there was only a change of bridegrooms."

"Well, Mercédès was married," proceeded Caderousse; "but although in the eyes of the world she appeared calm, she nearly fainted as she passed La Réserve, where, eighteen months before, the betrothal had been celebrated with him whom she might have known she still loved, had she looked to the bottom of her heart. Fernand, more happy, but not more at his ease—for I saw at this time he was in constant dread of Edmond's return—Fernand was very anxious to get his wife away, and to depart himself. There were too many unpleasant possibilities associated with the Catalans, and eight days after the wedding they left Marseilles."

"Did you ever see Mercédès again?" inquired the priest.

“Yes, during the Spanish war, at Perpignan, where Fernand had left her; she was attending to the education of her son.”

The abbé started. “Her son?” said he.

“Yes,” replied Caderousse, “little Albert.”

“But, then, to be able to instruct her child,” continued the abbé, “she must have received an education herself. I understood from Edmond that she was the daughter of a simple fisherman, beautiful but uneducated.”

“Oh,” replied Caderousse, “did he know so little of his lovely betrothed? Mercédès might have been a queen, sir, if the crown were to be placed on the heads of the loveliest and most intelligent. Fernand’s fortune was already waxing great, and she developed with his growing fortune. She learned drawing, music—everything. Besides, I believe, between ourselves, she did this in order to distract her mind, that she might forget; and she only filled her head in order to alleviate the weight on her heart. But now her position in life is assured,” continued Caderousse; “no doubt fortune and honors have comforted her; she is rich, a countess, and yet——”

Caderousse paused.

“And yet what?” asked the abbé.

“Yet, I am sure, she is not happy,” said Caderousse.

“What makes you believe this?”

“Why, when I found myself utterly destitute, I thought my old friends would, perhaps, assist me. So I went to Danglars, who would not even receive me. I called on Fernand, who sent me a hundred francs by his valet-de-chambre.”

“Then you did not see either of them?”

“No, but Madame de Morcerf saw me.”

“How was that?”

“As I went away a purse fell at my feet—it contained five-and-twenty louis; I raised my head quickly, and saw Mercédès, who at once shut the blind.”

“And M. de Villefort?” asked the abbé.

“Oh, he never was a friend of mine, I did not know him, and I had nothing to ask of him.”

“Do you not know what became of him, and the share he had in Edmond’s misfortunes?”

“No; I only know that some time after Edmond’s arrest, he married Mademoiselle de Saint-Méran, and soon after left Marseilles; no doubt he has been as lucky as the rest; no doubt he is as rich as Danglars, as high in station as Fernand. I only, as you see, have remained poor, wretched, and forgotten.”

“You are mistaken, my friend,” replied the abbé; “God may seem sometimes to forget for a time, while his justice reposes, but there always comes a moment when he remembers—and behold—a proof!”

As he spoke, the abbé took the diamond from his pocket, and giving it to Caderousse, said, “Here, my friend, take this diamond, it is yours.”

“What, for me only?” cried Caderousse, “ah, sir, do not jest with me!”

“This diamond was to have been shared among his friends. Edmond had one friend only, and thus it cannot be divided. Take the diamond, then, and sell it; it is worth fifty thousand francs, and I repeat my wish that this sum may suffice to release you from your wretchedness.”

0351m

“Oh, sir,” said Caderousse, putting out one hand timidly, and with the other wiping away the perspiration which bedewed his brow,—“Oh, sir, do not make a jest of the happiness or despair of a man.”

“I know what happiness and what despair are, and I never make a jest of such feelings. Take it, then, but in exchange——”

Caderousse, who touched the diamond, withdrew his hand.

The abbé smiled.

“In exchange,” he continued, “give me the red silk purse that M. Morrel left on old Dantès’ chimney-piece, and which you tell me is still in your hands.”

Caderousse, more and more astonished, went toward a large oaken cupboard, opened it, and gave the abbé a long purse of faded red silk, round which were two copper runners that had once been gilt. The abbé took it, and in return gave Caderousse the diamond.

“Oh, you are a man of God, sir,” cried Caderousse; “for no one knew that Edmond had given you this diamond, and you might have kept it.”

“Which,” said the abbé to himself, “you would have done.” The abbé rose, took his hat and gloves. “Well,” he said, “all you have told me is perfectly true, then, and I may believe it in every particular.”

“See, sir,” replied Caderousse, “in this corner is a crucifix in holy wood—here on this shelf is my wife’s testament; open this book, and I will swear upon it with my hand on the crucifix. I will swear to you by my soul’s salvation, my faith as a Christian, I have told everything to you as it occurred, and as the recording angel will tell it to the ear of God at the day of the last judgment!”

“’Tis well,” said the abbé, convinced by his manner and tone that Caderousse spoke the truth. “’Tis well, and may this money profit you! Adieu; I go far from men who thus so bitterly injure each other.”

The abbé with difficulty got away from the enthusiastic thanks of Caderousse, opened the door himself, got out and mounted his horse, once more saluted the innkeeper, who kept uttering his loud farewells, and then returned by the road he had travelled in coming.

When Caderousse turned around, he saw behind him La Carconte, paler and trembling more than ever.

“Is, then, all that I have heard really true?” she inquired.

“What? That he has given the diamond to us only?” inquired Caderousse, half bewildered with joy; “yes, nothing more true! See, here it is.”

The woman gazed at it a moment, and then said, in a gloomy voice, “Suppose it’s false?”

Caderousse started and turned pale.

“False!” he muttered. “False! Why should that man give me a false diamond?”

0349m

“To get your secret without paying for it, you blockhead!”

Caderousse remained for a moment aghast under the weight of such an idea.

“Oh!” he said, taking up his hat, which he placed on the red handkerchief tied round his head, “we will soon find out.”

“In what way?”

“Why, the fair is on at Beaucaire, there are always jewellers from Paris there, and I will show it to them. Look after the house, wife, and I shall be back in two hours,” and Caderousse left the house in haste, and ran rapidly in the direction opposite to that which the priest had taken.

“Fifty thousand francs!” muttered La Carconte when left alone; “it is a large sum of money, but it is not a fortune.”

VOLUME TWO

20009m

20011m

20019m

Chapter 28. The Prison Register

The day after that in which the scene we have just described had taken place on the road between Bellegarde and Beaucaire, a man of about thirty or two-and-thirty, dressed in a bright blue frock coat, nankeen trousers, and a white waistcoat, having the appearance and accent of an Englishman, presented himself before the mayor of Marseilles.

“Sir,” said he, “I am chief clerk of the house of Thomson & French, of Rome. We are, and have been these ten years, connected with the house of Morrel & Son, of Marseilles. We have a hundred thousand francs or thereabouts loaned on their securities, and we are a little uneasy at reports that have reached us that the firm is on the brink of ruin. I have come, therefore, express from Rome, to ask you for information.”

“Sir,” replied the mayor. “I know very well that during the last four or five years misfortune has seemed to pursue M. Morrel. He has lost four or five vessels, and suffered by three or four bankruptcies; but it is not for me, although I am a creditor myself to the amount of ten thousand francs, to give any information as to the state of his finances. Ask of me, as mayor, what is my opinion of M. Morrel, and I shall say that he is a man honorable to the last degree, and who has up to this time fulfilled every engagement with scrupulous punctuality. This is all I can say, sir; if you wish to learn more, address yourself to M. de Boville, the inspector of prisons, No. 15, Rue de Nouailles; he has, I believe, two hundred thousand francs in Morrel’s hands, and if there be any grounds for apprehension, as this is a greater amount than mine, you will most probably find him better informed than myself.”

The Englishman seemed to appreciate this extreme delicacy, made his bow and went away, proceeding with a characteristic British stride towards the street mentioned.

M. de Boville was in his private room, and the Englishman, on perceiving him, made a gesture of surprise, which seemed to indicate that it was not the first time he had been in his presence. As to M. de Boville, he was in such a state of despair, that it was evident all the faculties of his mind, absorbed in the thought which occupied him at the moment, did not allow either his memory or his imagination to stray to the past.

The Englishman, with the coolness of his nation, addressed him in terms nearly similar to those with which he had accosted the mayor of Marseilles.

“Oh, sir,” exclaimed M. de Boville, “your fears are unfortunately but too well founded, and you see before you a man in despair. I had two hundred thousand francs placed in the hands of Morrel & Son; these two hundred thousand francs were the dowry of my daughter, who was to be married in a fortnight, and these two hundred thousand francs were payable, half on the 15th of this month, and the other half on the 15th of next month. I had informed M. Morrel of my desire to have these payments punctually, and he has been here within the last half-hour to tell me that if his ship, the _Pharaon_, did not come into port on the 15th, he would be wholly unable to make this payment.”

“But,” said the Englishman, “this looks very much like a suspension of payment.”

“It looks more like bankruptcy!” exclaimed M. de Boville despairingly.

The Englishman appeared to reflect a moment, and then said, “From which it would appear, sir, that this credit inspires you with considerable apprehension?”

“To tell you the truth, I consider it lost.”

“Well, then, I will buy it of you!”

“You?”

“Yes, I!”

“But at a tremendous discount, of course?”

“No, for two hundred thousand francs. Our house,” added the Englishman with a laugh, “does not do things in that way.”

“And you will pay——”

“Ready money.”

20023m

And the Englishman drew from his pocket a bundle of bank-notes, which might have been twice the sum M. de Boville feared to lose. A ray of joy passed across M. de Boville’s countenance, yet he made an effort at self-control, and said:

“Sir, I ought to tell you that, in all probability, you will not realize six per cent of this sum.”

“That’s no affair of mine,” replied the Englishman, “that is the affair of the house of Thomson & French, in whose name I act. They have, perhaps, some motive to serve in hastening the ruin of a rival firm. But all I know, sir, is, that I am ready to hand you over this sum in exchange for your assignment of the debt. I only ask a brokerage.”

“Of course, that is perfectly just,” cried M. de Boville. “The commission is usually one and a half; will you have two—three—five per cent, or even more? Whatever you say.”

“Sir,” replied the Englishman, laughing, “I am like my house, and do not do such things—no, the commission I ask is quite different.”

“Name it, sir, I beg.”

“You are the inspector of prisons?”

“I have been so these fourteen years.”

“You keep the registers of entries and departures?”

“I do.”

“To these registers there are added notes relative to the prisoners?”

“There are special reports on every prisoner.”

“Well, sir, I was educated at Rome by a poor devil of an abbé, who disappeared suddenly. I have since learned that he was confined in the Château d’If, and I should like to learn some particulars of his death.”

“What was his name?”

“The Abbé Faria.”

“Oh, I recollect him perfectly,” cried M. de Boville; “he was crazy.”

“So they said.”

“Oh, he was, decidedly.”

“Very possibly; but what sort of madness was it?”

“He pretended to know of an immense treasure, and offered vast sums to the government if they would liberate him.”

“Poor devil!—and he is dead?”

“Yes, sir, five or six months ago, last February.”

“You have a good memory, sir, to recollect dates so well.”

“I recollect this, because the poor devil’s death was accompanied by a singular incident.”

“May I ask what that was?” said the Englishman with an expression of curiosity, which a close observer would have been astonished at discovering in his phlegmatic countenance.

“Oh dear, yes, sir; the abbé’s dungeon was forty or fifty feet distant from that of one of Bonaparte’s emissaries,—one of those who had contributed the most to the return of the usurper in 1815, a very resolute and very dangerous man.”

“Indeed!” said the Englishman.

“Yes,” replied M. de Boville; “I myself had occasion to see this man in 1816 or 1817, and we could only go into his dungeon with a file of soldiers. That man made a deep impression on me; I shall never forget his countenance!”

20025m

The Englishman smiled imperceptibly.

“And you say, sir,” he interposed, “that the two dungeons——”

“Were separated by a distance of fifty feet; but it appears that this Edmond Dantès——”

“This dangerous man’s name was——”

“Edmond Dantès. It appears, sir, that this Edmond Dantès had procured tools, or made them, for they found a tunnel through which the prisoners held communication with one another.”

“This tunnel was dug, no doubt, with an intention of escape?”

“No doubt; but unfortunately for the prisoners, the Abbé Faria had an attack of catalepsy, and died.”

“That must have cut short the projects of escape.”

“For the dead man, yes,” replied M. de Boville, “but not for the survivor; on the contrary, this Dantès saw a means of accelerating his escape. He, no doubt, thought that prisoners who died in the Château d’If were interred in an ordinary burial-ground, and he conveyed the dead man into his own cell, took his place in the sack in which they had sewed up the corpse, and awaited the moment of interment.”

“It was a bold step, and one that showed some courage,” remarked the Englishman.

“As I have already told you, sir, he was a very dangerous man; and, fortunately, by his own act disembarrassed the government of the fears it had on his account.”

“How was that?”

“How? Do you not comprehend?”

“No.”

“The Château d’If has no cemetery, and they simply throw the dead into the sea, after fastening a thirty-six-pound cannon-ball to their feet.”

“Well?” observed the Englishman as if he were slow of comprehension.

“Well, they fastened a thirty-six-pound ball to his feet, and threw him into the sea.”

“Really!” exclaimed the Englishman.

“Yes, sir,” continued the inspector of prisons. “You may imagine the amazement of the fugitive when he found himself flung headlong over the rocks! I should like to have seen his face at that moment.”

“That would have been difficult.”

“No matter,” replied De Boville, in supreme good-humor at the certainty of recovering his two hundred thousand francs,—“no matter, I can fancy it.” And he shouted with laughter.

“So can I,” said the Englishman, and he laughed too; but he laughed as the English do, “at the end of his teeth.”

“And so,” continued the Englishman who first gained his composure, “he was drowned?”

“Unquestionably.”

“So that the governor got rid of the dangerous and the crazy prisoner at the same time?”

“Precisely.”

20027m

“But some official document was drawn up as to this affair, I suppose?” inquired the Englishman.

“Yes, yes, the mortuary deposition. You understand, Dantès’ relations, if he had any, might have some interest in knowing if he were dead or alive.”

“So that now, if there were anything to inherit from him, they may do so with easy conscience. He is dead, and no mistake about it.”

“Oh, yes; and they may have the fact attested whenever they please.”

“So be it,” said the Englishman. “But to return to these registers.”

“True, this story has diverted our attention from them. Excuse me.”

“Excuse you for what? For the story? By no means; it really seems to me very curious.”

“Yes, indeed. So, sir, you wish to see all relating to the poor abbé, who really was gentleness itself.”

“Yes, you will much oblige me.”

“Go into my study here, and I will show it to you.”

And they both entered M. de Boville’s study. Everything was here arranged in perfect order; each register had its number, each file of papers its place. The inspector begged the Englishman to seat himself in an armchair, and placed before him the register and documents relative to the Château d’If, giving him all the time he desired for the examination, while De Boville seated himself in a corner, and began to read his newspaper. The Englishman easily found the entries relative to the Abbé Faria; but it seemed that the history which the inspector had related interested him greatly, for after having perused the first documents he turned over the leaves until he reached the deposition respecting Edmond Dantès. There he found everything arranged in due order,—the accusation, examination, Morrel’s petition, M. de Villefort’s marginal notes. He folded up the accusation quietly, and put it as quietly in his pocket; read the examination, and saw that the name of Noirtier was not mentioned in it; perused, too, the application dated 10th April, 1815, in which Morrel, by the deputy procureur’s advice, exaggerated with the best intentions (for Napoleon was then on the throne) the services Dantès had rendered to the imperial cause—services which Villefort’s certificates rendered indisputable. Then he saw through the whole thing. This petition to Napoleon, kept back by Villefort, had become, under the second restoration, a terrible weapon against him in the hands of the king’s attorney. He was no longer astonished when he searched on to find in the register this note, placed in a bracket against his name:

Edmond Dantès.

An inveterate Bonapartist; took an active part in the return from the Island of Elba.

To be kept in strict solitary confinement, and to be closely watched and guarded.

Beneath these lines was written in another hand: “See note above—nothing can be done.”

He compared the writing in the bracket with the writing of the certificate placed beneath Morrel’s petition, and discovered that the note in the bracket was the same writing as the certificate—that is to say, was in Villefort’s handwriting.

20029m

As to the note which accompanied this, the Englishman understood that it might have been added by some inspector who had taken a momentary interest in Dantès' situation, but who had, from the remarks we have quoted, found it impossible to give any effect to the interest he had felt.

As we have said, the inspector, from discretion, and that he might not disturb the Abbé Faria's pupil in his researches, had seated himself in a corner, and was reading _Le Drapeau Blanc_. He did not see the Englishman fold up and place in his pocket the accusation written by Danglars under the arbor of La Réserve, and which had the postmark, "Marseilles, 27th February, delivery 6 o'clock, P.M."

But it must be said that if he had seen it, he attached so little importance to this scrap of paper, and so much importance to his two hundred thousand francs, that he would not have opposed whatever the Englishman might do, however irregular it might be.

"Thanks," said the latter, closing the register with a slam, "I have all I want; now it is for me to perform my promise. Give me a simple assignment of your debt; acknowledge therein the receipt of the cash, and I will hand you over the money."

He rose, gave his seat to M. de Boville, who took it without ceremony, and quickly drew up the required assignment, while the Englishman counted out the bank-notes on the other side of the desk.

Chapter 29. The House of Morrel & Son

Anyone who had quitted Marseilles a few years previously, well acquainted with the interior of Morrel's warehouse, and had returned at this date, would have found a great change. Instead of that air of life, of comfort, and of happiness that permeates a flourishing and prosperous business establishment—instead of merry faces at the windows, busy clerks hurrying to and fro in the long corridors—instead of the court filled with bales of goods, re-echoing with the cries and the jokes of porters, one would have immediately perceived all aspect of sadness and gloom. Out of all the numerous clerks that used to fill the deserted corridor and the empty office, but two remained. One was a young man of three or four-and-twenty, who was in love with M. Morrel's daughter, and had remained with him in spite of the efforts of his friends to induce him to withdraw; the other was an old one-eyed cashier, called "Cocles," or "Cock-eye," a nickname given him by the young men who used to throng this vast now almost deserted bee-hive, and which had so completely replaced his real name that he would not, in all probability, have replied to anyone who addressed him by it.

Cocles remained in M. Morrel's service, and a most singular change had taken place in his position; he had at the same time risen to the rank of cashier, and sunk to the rank of a servant. He was, however, the same Cocles, good, patient, devoted, but inflexible on the subject of arithmetic, the only point on which he would have stood firm against the world, even against M. Morrel; and strong in the multiplication-table, which he had at his fingers' ends, no matter what scheme or what trap was laid to catch him.

In the midst of the disasters that befell the house, Cocles was the only one unmoved. But this did not arise from a want of affection; on the contrary, from a firm conviction. Like the rats that one by one forsake the doomed ship even before the vessel weighs anchor, so all the numerous clerks had by degrees deserted the office and the warehouse. Cocles had seen them go without thinking of inquiring the cause of their departure. Everything was as we have said, a question of arithmetic to Cocles, and during twenty years he had always seen all payments made with such exactitude, that it seemed as impossible to him that the house should stop payment, as it would to a miller that the river that had so long turned his mill should cease to flow.

Nothing had as yet occurred to shake Cocles' belief; the last month's payment had been made with the most scrupulous exactitude; Cocles had detected an overbalance of fourteen sous in his cash, and the same evening he had brought them to M. Morrel, who, with a melancholy smile, threw them into an almost empty drawer, saying:

"Thanks, Cocles; you are the pearl of cashiers."

Cocles went away perfectly happy, for this eulogium of M. Morrel, himself the pearl of the honest men of Marseilles, flattered him more than a present of fifty crowns. But since the end of the month M. Morrel had passed many an anxious hour.

In order to meet the payments then due; he had collected all his resources, and, fearing lest the report of his distress should get bruited abroad at Marseilles when he was known to be reduced to such an extremity, he went to the Beaucaire fair to sell his wife's and daughter's jewels and a portion of his plate. By this means the end of the month was passed, but his resources were now exhausted. Credit, owing to the reports afloat, was no longer to be had; and to meet the one hundred thousand francs due on the

15th of the present month, and the one hundred thousand francs due on the 15th of the next month to M. de Boville, M. Morrel had, in reality, no hope but the return of the _Pharaon_, of whose departure he had learnt from a vessel which had weighed anchor at the same time, and which had already arrived in harbor.

But this vessel which, like the _Pharaon_, came from Calcutta, had been in for a fortnight, while no intelligence had been received of the _Pharaon_.

20033m

Such was the state of affairs when, the day after his interview with M. de Boville, the confidential clerk of the house of Thomson & French of Rome, presented himself at M. Morrel's.

Emmanuel received him; this young man was alarmed by the appearance of every new face, for every new face might be that of a new creditor, come in anxiety to question the head of the house. The young man, wishing to spare his employer the pain of this interview, questioned the new-comer; but the stranger declared that he had nothing to say to M. Emmanuel, and that his business was with M. Morrel in person.

Emmanuel sighed, and summoned Cocles. Cocles appeared, and the young man bade him conduct the stranger to M. Morrel's apartment. Cocles went first, and the stranger followed him. On the staircase they met a beautiful girl of sixteen or seventeen, who looked with anxiety at the stranger.

"M. Morrel is in his room, is he not, Mademoiselle Julie?" said the cashier.

"Yes; I think so, at least," said the young girl hesitatingly. "Go and see, Cocles, and if my father is there, announce this gentleman."

"It will be useless to announce me, mademoiselle," returned the Englishman. "M. Morrel does not know my name; this worthy gentleman has only to announce the confidential clerk of the house of Thomson & French of Rome, with whom your father does business."

The young girl turned pale and continued to descend, while the stranger and Cocles continued to mount the staircase. She entered the office where Emmanuel was, while Cocles, by the aid of a key he possessed, opened a door in the corner of a landing-place on the second staircase, conducted the stranger into an antechamber, opened a second door, which he closed behind him, and after having left the clerk of the house of Thomson & French alone, returned and signed to him that he could enter.

The Englishman entered, and found Morrel seated at a table, turning over the formidable columns of his ledger, which contained the list of his liabilities. At the sight of the stranger, M. Morrel closed the ledger, arose, and offered a seat to the stranger; and when he had seen him seated, resumed his own chair. Fourteen years had changed the worthy merchant, who, in his thirty-sixth year at the opening of this history, was now in his fiftieth; his hair had turned white, time and sorrow had ploughed deep furrows on his brow, and his look, once so firm and penetrating, was now irresolute and wandering, as if he feared being forced to fix his attention on some particular thought or person.

The Englishman looked at him with an air of curiosity, evidently mingled with interest. "Monsieur," said Morrel, whose uneasiness was increased by this examination, "you wish to speak to me?"

"Yes, monsieur; you are aware from whom I come?"

"The house of Thomson & French; at least, so my cashier tells me."

"He has told you rightly. The house of Thomson & French had 300,000 or 400,000 francs to pay this month in France; and, knowing your strict punctuality, have collected all the bills bearing your signature, and charged me as they became due to present them, and to employ the money otherwise."

Morrel sighed deeply, and passed his hand over his forehead, which was covered with perspiration.

"So then, sir," said Morrel, "you hold bills of mine?"

"Yes, and for a considerable sum."

"What is the amount?" asked Morrel with a voice he strove to render firm.

20035m

“Here is,” said the Englishman, taking a quantity of papers from his pocket, “an assignment of 200,000 francs to our house by M. de Boville, the inspector of prisons, to whom they are due. You acknowledge, of course, that you owe this sum to him?”

“Yes; he placed the money in my hands at four and a half per cent nearly five years ago.”

“When are you to pay?”

“Half the 15th of this month, half the 15th of next.”

“Just so; and now here are 32,500 francs payable shortly; they are all signed by you, and assigned to our house by the holders.”

“I recognize them,” said Morrel, whose face was suffused, as he thought that, for the first time in his life, he would be unable to honor his own signature. “Is this all?”

“No, I have for the end of the month these bills which have been assigned to us by the house of Pascal, and the house of Wild & Turner of Marseilles, amounting to nearly 55,000 francs; in all, 287,500 francs.”

It is impossible to describe what Morrel suffered during this enumeration. “Two hundred and eighty-seven thousand five hundred francs,” repeated he.

“Yes, sir,” replied the Englishman. “I will not,” continued he, after a moment’s silence, “conceal from you, that while your probity and exactitude up to this moment are universally acknowledged, yet the report is current in Marseilles that you are not able to meet your liabilities.”

At this almost brutal speech Morrel turned deathly pale.

“Sir,” said he, “up to this time—and it is now more than four-and-twenty years since I received the direction of this house from my father, who had himself conducted it for five-and-thirty years—never has anything bearing the signature of Morrel & Son been dishonored.”

“I know that,” replied the Englishman. “But as a man of honor should answer another, tell me fairly, shall you pay these with the same punctuality?”

Morrel shuddered, and looked at the man, who spoke with more assurance than he had hitherto shown.

“To questions frankly put,” said he, “a straightforward answer should be given. Yes, I shall pay, if, as I hope, my vessel arrives safely; for its arrival will again procure me the credit which the numerous accidents, of which I have been the victim, have deprived me; but if the _Pharaon_ should be lost, and this last resource be gone——”

The poor man’s eyes filled with tears.

“Well,” said the other, “if this last resource fail you?”

“Well,” returned Morrel, “it is a cruel thing to be forced to say, but, already used to misfortune, I must habituate myself to shame. I fear I shall be forced to suspend payment.”

“Have you no friends who could assist you?”

Morrel smiled mournfully.

“In business, sir,” said he, “one has no friends, only correspondents.”

“It is true,” murmured the Englishman; “then you have but one hope.”

“But one.”

“The last?”

“The last.”

“So that if this fail——”

“I am ruined,—completely ruined!”

“As I was on my way here, a vessel was coming into port.”

“I know it, sir; a young man, who still adheres to my fallen fortunes, passes a part of his time in a belvedere at the top of the house, in hopes of being the first to announce good news to me; he has informed me of the arrival of this ship.”

“And it is not yours?”

“No, she is a Bordeaux vessel, _La Gironde_; she comes from India also; but she is not mine.”

“Perhaps she has spoken to the _Pharaon_, and brings you some tidings of her?”

“Shall I tell you plainly one thing, sir? I dread almost as much to receive any tidings of my vessel as to remain in doubt. Uncertainty is still hope.” Then in a low voice Morrel added,—“This delay is not natural. The _Pharaon_ left Calcutta the 5th of February; she ought to have been here a month ago.”

“What is that?” said the Englishman. “What is the meaning of that noise?”

“Oh, my God!” cried Morrel, turning pale, “what is it?”

A loud noise was heard on the stairs of people moving hastily, and half-stifled sobs. Morrel rose and advanced to the door; but his strength failed him and he sank into a chair. The two men remained opposite one another, Morrel trembling in every limb, the stranger gazing at him with an air of profound pity. The noise had ceased; but it seemed that Morrel expected something—something had occasioned the noise, and something must follow. The stranger fancied he heard footsteps on the stairs; and that the footsteps, which were those of several persons, stopped at the door. A key was inserted in the lock of the first door, and the creaking of hinges was audible.

“There are only two persons who have the key to that door,” murmured Morrel, “Cocles and Julie.”

At this instant the second door opened, and the young girl, her eyes bathed with tears, appeared. Morrel rose tremblingly, supporting himself by the arm of the chair. He would have spoken, but his voice failed him.

“Oh, father!” said she, clasping her hands, “forgive your child for being the bearer of evil tidings.”

Morrel again changed color. Julie threw herself into his arms.

“Oh, father, father!” murmured she, “courage!”

“The _Pharaon_ has gone down, then?” said Morrel in a hoarse voice. The young girl did not speak; but she made an affirmative sign with her head as she lay on her father’s breast.

“And the crew?” asked Morrel.

“Saved,” said the girl; “saved by the crew of the vessel that has just entered the harbor.”

Morrel raised his two hands to heaven with an expression of resignation and sublime gratitude.

“Thanks, my God,” said he, “at least thou strikest but me alone.”

A tear moistened the eye of the phlegmatic Englishman.

“Come in, come in,” said Morrel, “for I presume you are all at the door.”

Scarcely had he uttered those words when Madame Morrel entered weeping bitterly. Emmanuel followed her, and in the antechamber were visible the rough faces of seven or eight half-naked sailors. At the sight of these men the Englishman started and advanced a step; then restrained himself, and retired into the farthest and most obscure corner of the apartment. Madame Morrel sat down by her husband and took one of his hands in hers, Julie still lay with her head on his shoulder, Emmanuel stood in the centre of the chamber and seemed to form the link between Morrel’s family and the sailors at the door.

“How did this happen?” said Morrel.

“Draw nearer, Penelon,” said the young man, “and tell us all about it.”

An old seaman, bronzed by the tropical sun, advanced, twirling the remains of a hat between his hands.

“Good-day, M. Morrel,” said he, as if he had just quitted Marseilles the previous evening, and had just returned from Aix or Toulon.

“Good-day, Penelon,” returned Morrel, who could not refrain from smiling through his tears, “where is the captain?”

“The captain, M. Morrel,—he has stayed behind sick at Palma; but please God, it won’t be much, and you will see him in a few days all alive and hearty.”

“Well, now tell your story, Penelon.”

20039m

Penelon rolled his quid in his cheek, placed his hand before his mouth, turned his head, and sent a long jet of tobacco-juice into the antechamber, advanced his foot, balanced himself, and began.

“You see, M. Morrel,” said he, “we were somewhere between Cape Blanc and Cape Boyador, sailing with a fair breeze, south-south-west after a week’s calm, when Captain Gaumard comes up to me—I was at the helm I should tell you—and says, ‘Penelon, what do you think of those clouds coming up over there?’ I was just then looking at them myself. ‘What do I think, captain? Why I think that they are rising faster than they have any business to do, and that they would not be so black if they didn’t mean mischief.’—‘That’s my opinion too,’ said the captain, ‘and I’ll take precautions accordingly. We are carrying too much canvas. Avast, there, all hands! Take in the studding-sails and stow the flying jib.’ It was time; the squall was on us, and the vessel began to heel. ‘Ah,’ said the captain, ‘we have still too much canvas set; all hands lower the mainsail!’ Five minutes after, it was down; and we sailed under mizzen-topsails and top-gallant sails. ‘Well, Penelon,’ said the captain, ‘what makes you shake your head?’ ‘Why,’ I says, ‘I still think you’ve got too much on.’ ‘I think you’re right,’ answered he, ‘we shall have a gale.’ ‘A gale? More than that, we shall have a tempest, or I don’t know what’s what.’ You could see the wind coming like the dust at Montredon; luckily the captain understood his business. ‘Take in two reefs in the top-sails,’ cried the captain; ‘let go the bowlin’s, haul the brace, lower the top-gallant sails, haul out the reef-tackles on the yards.’”

20041m

“That was not enough for those latitudes,” said the Englishman; “I should have taken four reefs in the topsails and furled the spanker.”

His firm, sonorous, and unexpected voice made everyone start. Penelon put his hand over his eyes, and then stared at the man who thus criticized the manœuvres of his captain.

“We did better than that, sir,” said the old sailor respectfully; “we put the helm up to run before the tempest; ten minutes after we struck our top-sails and scudded under bare poles.”

“The vessel was very old to risk that,” said the Englishman.

“Eh, it was that that did the business; after pitching heavily for twelve hours we sprung a leak. ‘Penelon,’ said the captain, ‘I think we are sinking, give me the helm, and go down into the hold.’ I gave him the helm, and descended; there was already three feet of water. ‘All hands to the pumps!’ I shouted; but it was too late, and it seemed the more we pumped the more came in. ‘Ah,’ said I, after four hours’ work, ‘since we are sinking, let us sink; we can die but once.’ ‘Is that the example you set, Penelon?’ cries the captain; ‘very well, wait a minute.’ He went into his cabin and came back with a brace of pistols. ‘I will blow the brains out of the first man who leaves the pump,’ said he.”

“Well done!” said the Englishman.

20043m

“There’s nothing gives you so much courage as good reasons,” continued the sailor; “and during that time the wind had abated, and the sea gone down, but the water kept rising; not much, only two inches an hour, but still it rose. Two inches an hour does not seem much, but in twelve hours that makes two feet, and three we had before, that makes five. ‘Come,’ said the captain, ‘we have done all in our power, and M. Morrel will have nothing to reproach us with, we have tried to save the ship, let us now save ourselves. To the boats, my lads, as quick as you can.’ Now,” continued Penelon, “you see, M. Morrel, a sailor is attached to his ship, but still more to his life, so we did not wait to be told twice; the more so, that the ship was sinking under us, and seemed to say, ‘Get along—save yourselves.’ We soon launched the boat, and all eight of us got into it. The captain descended last, or rather, he did not descend, he would not quit the vessel; so I took him round the waist, and threw him into the boat, and then I jumped after him. It was time, for just as I jumped the deck burst with a noise like the broadside of a man-of-war. Ten minutes after she pitched forward, then the other way, spun round and round, and then good-bye to the _Pharaon_. As for us, we were three days without anything to eat or drink, so that we began to think of drawing lots who should feed the rest, when we saw _La Gironde_; we made signals of distress, she perceived us, made for us, and took us all on board. There now, M. Morrel, that’s the whole truth, on the honor of a sailor; is not it true, you fellows there?” A general murmur of approbation showed that the narrator had faithfully detailed their misfortunes and sufferings.

“Well, well,” said M. Morrel, “I know there was no one in fault but destiny. It was the will of God that this should happen, blessed be his name. What wages are due to you?”

“Oh, don’t let us talk of that, M. Morrel.”

“Yes, but we will talk of it.”

“Well, then, three months,” said Penelon.

“Cocles, pay two hundred francs to each of these good fellows,” said Morrel. “At another time,” added he, “I should have said, Give them, besides, two hundred francs over as a present; but times are changed, and the little money that remains to me is not my own, so do not think me mean on this account.”

Penelon turned to his companions, and exchanged a few words with them.

“As for that, M. Morrel,” said he, again turning his quid, “as for that——”

“As for what?”

“The money.”

“Well——”

“Well, we all say that fifty francs will be enough for us at present, and that we will wait for the rest.”

“Thanks, my friends, thanks!” cried Morrel gratefully; “take it—take it; and if you can find another employer, enter his service; you are free to do so.”

These last words produced a prodigious effect on the seaman. Penelon nearly swallowed his quid; fortunately he recovered.

“What, M. Morrel!” said he in a low voice, “you send us away; you are then angry with us!”

“No, no,” said M. Morrel, “I am not angry, quite the contrary, and I do not send you away; but I have no more ships, and therefore I do not want any sailors.”

“No more ships!” returned Penelon; “well, then, you’ll build some; we’ll wait for you.”

“I have no money to build ships with, Penelon,” said the poor owner mournfully, “so I cannot accept your kind offer.”

“No more money? Then you must not pay us; we can scud, like the _Pharaon_, under bare poles.”

“Enough, enough!” cried Morrel, almost overpowered; “leave me, I pray you; we shall meet again in a happier time. Emmanuel, go with them, and see that my orders are executed.”

“At least, we shall see each other again, M. Morrel?” asked Penelon.

“Yes; I hope so, at least. Now go.” He made a sign to Cocles, who went first; the seamen followed him and Emmanuel brought up the rear. “Now,” said the owner to his wife and daughter, “leave me; I wish to speak with this gentleman.”

20045m

And he glanced towards the clerk of Thomson & French, who had remained motionless in the corner during this scene, in which he had taken no part, except the few words we have mentioned. The two women looked at this person whose presence they had entirely forgotten, and retired; but, as she left the apartment, Julie gave the stranger a supplicating glance, to which he replied by a smile that an indifferent spectator would have been surprised to see on his stern features. The two men were left alone. “Well, sir,” said Morrel, sinking into a chair, “you have heard all, and I have nothing further to tell you.”

“I see,” returned the Englishman, “that a fresh and unmerited misfortune has overwhelmed you, and this only increases my desire to serve you.”

“Oh, sir!” cried Morrel.

“Let me see,” continued the stranger, “I am one of your largest creditors.”

“Your bills, at least, are the first that will fall due.”

“Do you wish for time to pay?”

“A delay would save my honor, and consequently my life.”

“How long a delay do you wish for?”

Morrel reflected. “Two months,” said he.

“I will give you three,” replied the stranger.

“But,” asked Morrel, “will the house of Thomson & French consent?”

“Oh, I take everything on myself. Today is the 5th of June.”

“Yes.”

“Well, renew these bills up to the 5th of September; and on the 5th of September at eleven o’clock (the hand of the clock pointed to eleven), I shall come to receive the money.”

“I shall expect you,” returned Morrel; “and I will pay you—or I shall be dead.” These last words were uttered in so low a tone that the stranger could not hear them. The bills were renewed, the old ones destroyed, and the poor ship-owner found himself with three months before him to collect his resources. The Englishman received his thanks with the phlegm peculiar to his nation; and Morrel, overwhelming him with grateful blessings, conducted him to the staircase. The stranger met Julie on the stairs; she pretended to be descending, but in reality she was waiting for him. “Oh, sir”—said she, clasping her hands.

“Mademoiselle,” said the stranger, “one day you will receive a letter signed ‘Sinbad the Sailor.’ Do exactly what the letter bids you, however strange it may appear.”

“Yes, sir,” returned Julie.

“Do you promise?”

“I swear to you I will.”

“It is well. Adieu, mademoiselle. Continue to be the good, sweet girl you are at present, and I have great hopes that Heaven will reward you by giving you Emmanuel for a husband.”

Julie uttered a faint cry, blushed like a rose, and leaned against the baluster. The stranger waved his hand, and continued to descend. In the court he found Penelon, who, with a rouleau of a hundred francs in either hand, seemed unable to make up his mind to retain them. “Come with me, my friend,” said the Englishman; “I wish to speak to you.”

Chapter 30. The Fifth of September

The extension provided for by the agent of Thomson & French, at the moment when Morrel expected it least, was to the poor shipowner so decided a stroke of good fortune that he almost dared to believe that fate was at length grown weary of wasting her spite upon him. The same day he told his wife, Emmanuel, and his daughter all that had occurred; and a ray of hope, if not of tranquillity, returned to the family. Unfortunately, however, Morrel had not only engagements with the house of Thomson & French, who had shown themselves so considerate towards him; and, as he had said, in business he had correspondents, and not friends. When he thought the matter over, he could by no means account for this generous conduct on the part of Thomson & French towards him; and could only attribute it to some such selfish argument as this: “We had better help a man who owes us nearly 300,000 francs, and have those 300,000 francs at the end of three months than hasten his ruin, and get only six or eight per cent of our money back again.”

Unfortunately, whether through envy or stupidity, all Morrel’s correspondents did not take this view; and some even came to a contrary decision. The bills signed by Morrel were presented at his office with scrupulous exactitude, and, thanks to the delay granted by the Englishman, were paid by Cocles with equal punctuality. Cocles thus remained in his accustomed tranquillity. It was Morrel alone who remembered with alarm, that if he had to repay on the 15th the 50,000 francs of M. de Boville, and on the 30th the 32,500 francs of bills, for which, as well as the debt due to the inspector of prisons, he had time granted, he must be a ruined man.

The opinion of all the commercial men was that, under the reverses which had successively weighed down Morrel, it was impossible for him to remain solvent. Great, therefore, was the astonishment when at the end of the month, he cancelled all his obligations with his usual punctuality. Still confidence was not restored to all minds, and the general opinion was that the complete ruin of the unfortunate shipowner had been postponed only until the end of the month.

The month passed, and Morrel made extraordinary efforts to get in all his resources. Formerly his paper, at any date, was taken with confidence, and was even in request. Morrel now tried to negotiate bills at ninety days only, and none of the banks would give him credit. Fortunately, Morrel had some funds coming in on which he could rely; and, as they reached him, he found himself in a condition to meet his engagements when the end of July came.

The agent of Thomson & French had not been again seen at Marseilles; the day after, or two days after his visit to Morrel, he had disappeared; and as in that city he had had no intercourse but with the mayor, the inspector of prisons, and M. Morrel, his departure left no trace except in the memories of these three persons. As to the sailors of the _Pharaon_, they must have found snug berths elsewhere, for they also had disappeared.

Captain Gaumard, recovered from his illness, had returned from Palma. He delayed presenting himself at Morrel’s, but the owner, hearing of his arrival, went to see him. The worthy shipowner knew, from Penelon’s recital, of the captain’s brave conduct during the storm, and tried to console him. He brought him also the amount of his wages, which Captain Gaumard had not dared to apply for.

As he descended the staircase, Morrel met Penelon, who was going up. Penelon had, it would seem, made good use of his money, for he was newly clad. When he saw his employer, the worthy tar seemed much embarrassed, drew on one side into the corner of the landing-place, passed his quid from one cheek to the other, stared stupidly with his great eyes, and only acknowledged the squeeze of the hand which Morrel as usual gave him by a slight pressure in return. Morrel attributed Penelon’s embarrassment to the elegance of his attire; it was evident the good fellow had not gone to such an expense on his own account; he was, no doubt, engaged on board some other vessel, and thus his bashfulness arose from the fact of his not having, if we may so express ourselves, worn mourning for the _Pharaon_ longer. Perhaps he had come to tell Captain Gaumard of his good luck, and to offer him employment from his new master.

“Worthy fellows!” said Morrel, as he went away, “may your new master love you as I loved you, and be more fortunate than I have been!”

20049m

August rolled by in unceasing efforts on the part of Morrel to renew his credit or revive the old. On the 20th of August it was known at Marseilles that he had left town in the mailcoach, and then it was said that the bills would go to protest at the end of the month,

and that Morrel had gone away and left his chief clerk Emmanuel, and his cashier Cocles, to meet the creditors. But, contrary to all expectation, when the 31st of August came, the house opened as usual, and Cocles appeared behind the grating of the counter, examined all bills presented with the usual scrutiny, and, from first to last, paid all with the usual precision. There came in, moreover, two drafts which M. Morrel had fully anticipated, and which Cocles paid as punctually as the bills which the shipowner had accepted. All this was incomprehensible, and then, with the tenacity peculiar to prophets of bad news, the failure was put off until the end of September.

On the 1st, Morrel returned; he was awaited by his family with extreme anxiety, for from this journey to Paris they hoped great things. Morrel had thought of Danglars, who was now immensely rich, and had lain under great obligations to Morrel in former days, since to him it was owing that Danglars entered the service of the Spanish banker, with whom he had laid the foundations of his vast wealth. It was said at this moment that Danglars was worth from six to eight millions of francs, and had unlimited credit. Danglars, then, without taking a crown from his pocket, could save Morrel; he had but to pass his word for a loan, and Morrel was saved. Morrel had long thought of Danglars, but had kept away from some instinctive motive, and had delayed as long as possible availing himself of this last resource. And Morrel was right, for he returned home crushed by the humiliation of a refusal.

Yet, on his arrival, Morrel did not utter a complaint, or say one harsh word. He embraced his weeping wife and daughter, pressed Emmanuel's hand with friendly warmth, and then going to his private room on the second floor had sent for Cocles.

"Then," said the two women to Emmanuel, "we are indeed ruined."

It was agreed in a brief council held among them, that Julie should write to her brother, who was in garrison at Nîmes, to come to them as speedily as possible. The poor women felt instinctively that they required all their strength to support the blow that impended. Besides, Maximilian Morrel, though hardly two-and-twenty, had great influence over his father.

He was a strong-minded, upright young man. At the time when he decided on his profession his father had no desire to choose for him, but had consulted young Maximilian's taste. He had at once declared for a military life, and had in consequence studied hard, passed brilliantly through the Polytechnic School, and left it as sub-lieutenant of the 53rd of the line. For a year he had held this rank, and expected promotion on the first vacancy. In his regiment Maximilian Morrel was noted for his rigid observance, not only of the obligations imposed on a soldier, but also of the duties of a man; and he thus gained the name of "the stoic." We need hardly say that many of those who gave him this epithet repeated it because they had heard it, and did not even know what it meant.

This was the young man whom his mother and sister called to their aid to sustain them under the serious trial which they felt they would soon have to endure. They had not mistaken the gravity of this event, for the moment after Morrel had entered his private office with Cocles, Julie saw the latter leave it pale, trembling, and his features betraying the utmost consternation. She would have questioned him as he passed by her, but the worthy creature hastened down the staircase with unusual precipitation, and only raised his hands to heaven and exclaimed:

"Oh, mademoiselle, mademoiselle, what a dreadful misfortune! Who could ever have believed it!"

A moment afterwards Julie saw him go upstairs carrying two or three heavy ledgers, a portfolio, and a bag of money.

Morrel examined the ledgers, opened the portfolio, and counted the money. All his funds amounted to 6,000 or 8,000 francs, his bills receivable up to the 5th to 4,000 or 5,000, which, making the best of everything, gave him 14,000 francs to meet debts amounting to 287,500 francs. He had not even the means for making a possible settlement on account.

However, when Morrel went down to his dinner, he appeared very calm. This calmness was more alarming to the two women than the deepest dejection would have been. After dinner Morrel usually went out and used to take his coffee at the club of the Phocéens, and read the _Semaphore_; this day he did not leave the house, but returned to his office.

As to Cocles, he seemed completely bewildered. For part of the day he went into the courtyard, seated himself on a stone with his head bare and exposed to the blazing sun. Emmanuel tried to comfort the women, but his eloquence faltered. The young man was too well acquainted with the business of the house, not to feel that a great catastrophe hung over the Morrel family. Night came, the two women had watched, hoping that when he left his room Morrel would come to them, but they heard him pass before their door, and trying to conceal the noise of his footsteps. They listened; he went into his sleeping-room, and fastened the door inside. Madame Morrel sent her daughter to bed, and half an hour after Julie had retired, she rose, took off her shoes, and went stealthily along the passage, to see through the keyhole what her husband was doing.

In the passage she saw a retreating shadow; it was Julie, who, uneasy herself, had anticipated her mother. The young lady went towards Madame Morrel.

“He is writing,” she said.

They had understood each other without speaking. Madame Morrel looked again through the keyhole, Morrel was writing; but Madame Morrel remarked, what her daughter had not observed, that her husband was writing on stamped paper. The terrible idea that he was writing his will flashed across her; she shuddered, and yet had not strength to utter a word.

Next day M. Morrel seemed as calm as ever, went into his office as usual, came to his breakfast punctually, and then, after dinner, he placed his daughter beside him, took her head in his arms, and held her for a long time against his bosom. In the evening, Julie told her mother, that although he was apparently so calm, she had noticed that her father’s heart beat violently.

The next two days passed in much the same way. On the evening of the 4th of September, M. Morrel asked his daughter for the key of his study. Julie trembled at this request, which seemed to her of bad omen. Why did her father ask for this key which she always kept, and which was only taken from her in childhood as a punishment? The young girl looked at Morrel.

“What have I done wrong, father,” she said, “that you should take this key from me?”

“Nothing, my dear,” replied the unhappy man, the tears starting to his eyes at this simple question,—“nothing, only I want it.”

Julie made a pretence to feel for the key. “I must have left it in my room,” she said.

And she went out, but instead of going to her apartment she hastened to consult Emmanuel.

“Do not give this key to your father,” said he, “and tomorrow morning, if possible, do not quit him for a moment.”

She questioned Emmanuel, but he knew nothing, or would not say what he knew.

During the night, between the 4th and 5th of September, Madame Morrel remained listening for every sound, and, until three o’clock in the morning, she heard her husband pacing the room in great agitation. It was three o’clock when he threw himself on the bed. The mother and daughter passed the night together. They had expected Maximilian since the previous evening. At eight o’clock in the morning Morrel entered their chamber. He was calm; but the agitation of the night was legible in his pale and careworn visage. They did not dare to ask him how he had slept. Morrel was kinder to his wife, more affectionate to his daughter, than he had ever been. He could not cease gazing at and kissing the sweet girl. Julie, mindful of Emmanuel’s request, was following her father when he quitted the room, but he said to her quickly:

“Remain with your mother, dearest.” Julie wished to accompany him. “I wish you to do so,” said he.

This was the first time Morrel had ever so spoken, but he said it in a tone of paternal kindness, and Julie did not dare to disobey. She remained at the same spot standing mute and motionless. An instant afterwards the door opened, she felt two arms encircle her, and a mouth pressed her forehead. She looked up and uttered an exclamation of joy.

20053m

“Maximilian, my dearest brother!” she cried.

At these words Madame Morrel rose, and threw herself into her son’s arms.

“Mother,” said the young man, looking alternately at Madame Morrel and her daughter, “what has occurred—what has happened? Your letter has frightened me, and I have come hither with all speed.”

“Julie,” said Madame Morrel, making a sign to the young man, “go and tell your father that Maximilian has just arrived.”

The young lady rushed out of the apartment, but on the first step of the staircase she found a man holding a letter in his hand.

“Are you not Mademoiselle Julie Morrel?” inquired the man, with a strong Italian accent.

“Yes, sir,” replied Julie with hesitation; “what is your pleasure? I do not know you.”

“Read this letter,” he said, handing it to her. Julie hesitated. “It concerns the best interests of your father,” said the messenger.

The young girl hastily took the letter from him. She opened it quickly and read:

“Go this moment to the Allées de Meilhan, enter the house No. 15, ask the porter for the key of the room on the fifth floor, enter the apartment, take from the corner of the mantelpiece a purse netted in red silk, and give it to your father. It is important that he should receive it before eleven o’clock. You promised to obey me implicitly. Remember your oath.

“Sinbad the Sailor.”

The young girl uttered a joyful cry, raised her eyes, looked round to question the messenger, but he had disappeared. She cast her eyes again over the note to peruse it a second time, and saw there was a postscript. She read:

“It is important that you should fulfil this mission in person and alone. If you go accompanied by any other person, or should anyone else go in your place, the porter will reply that he does not know anything about it.”

This postscript decreased greatly the young girl’s happiness. Was there nothing to fear? was there not some snare laid for her? Her innocence had kept her in ignorance of the dangers that might assail a young girl of her age. But there is no need to know danger in order to fear it; indeed, it may be observed, that it is usually unknown perils that inspire the greatest terror.

Julie hesitated, and resolved to take counsel. Yet, through a singular impulse, it was neither to her mother nor her brother that she applied, but to Emmanuel. She hastened down and told him what had occurred on the day when the agent of Thomson & French had come to her father’s, related the scene on the staircase, repeated the promise she had made, and showed him the letter.

“You must go, then, mademoiselle,” said Emmanuel.

“Go there?” murmured Julie.

“Yes; I will accompany you.”

“But did you not read that I must be alone?” said Julie.

“And you shall be alone,” replied the young man. “I will await you at the corner of the Rue du Musée, and if you are so long absent as to make me uneasy, I will hasten to rejoin you, and woe to him of whom you shall have cause to complain to me!”

“Then, Emmanuel?” said the young girl with hesitation, “it is your opinion that I should obey this invitation?”

“Yes. Did not the messenger say your father’s safety depended upon it?”

“But what danger threatens him, then, Emmanuel?” she asked.

Emmanuel hesitated a moment, but his desire to make Julie decide immediately made him reply.

“Listen,” he said; “today is the 5th of September, is it not?”

“Yes.”

“Today, then, at eleven o’clock, your father has nearly three hundred thousand francs to pay?”

“Yes, we know that.”

“Well, then,” continued Emmanuel, “we have not fifteen thousand francs in the house.”

“What will happen then?”

“Why, if today before eleven o’clock your father has not found someone who will come to his aid, he will be compelled at twelve o’clock to declare himself a bankrupt.”

“Oh, come, then, come!” cried she, hastening away with the young man.

During this time, Madame Morrel had told her son everything. The young man knew quite well that, after the succession of misfortunes which had befallen his father, great changes had taken place in the style of living and housekeeping; but he did not know that matters had reached such a point. He was thunderstruck. Then, rushing hastily out of the apartment, he ran upstairs, expecting to find his father in his study, but he rapped there in vain.

While he was yet at the door of the study he heard the bedroom door open, turned, and saw his father. Instead of going direct to his study, M. Morrel had returned to his bedchamber, which he was only this moment quitting. Morrel uttered a cry of surprise at the sight of his son, of whose arrival he was ignorant. He remained motionless on the spot, pressing with his left hand something he had concealed under his coat. Maximilian sprang down the staircase, and threw his arms round his father's neck; but suddenly he recoiled, and placed his right hand on Morrel's breast.

"Father," he exclaimed, turning pale as death, "what are you going to do with that brace of pistols under your coat?"

"Oh, this is what I feared!" said Morrel.

"Father, father, in Heaven's name," exclaimed the young man, "what are these weapons for?"

"Maximilian," replied Morrel, looking fixedly at his son, "you are a man, and a man of honor. Come, and I will explain to you."

And with a firm step Morrel went up to his study, while Maximilian followed him, trembling as he went. Morrel opened the door, and closed it behind his son; then, crossing the anteroom, went to his desk on which he placed the pistols, and pointed with his finger to an open ledger. In this ledger was made out an exact balance-sheet of his affairs. Morrel had to pay, within half an hour, 287,500 francs. All he possessed was 15,257 francs.

"Read!" said Morrel.

The young man was overwhelmed as he read. Morrel said not a word. What could he say? What need he add to such a desperate proof in figures?

"And have you done all that is possible, father, to meet this disastrous result?" asked the young man, after a moment's pause.

"I have," replied Morrel.

"You have no money coming in on which you can rely?"

"None."

"You have exhausted every resource?"

"All."

"And in half an hour," said Maximilian in a gloomy voice, "our name is dishonored!"

"Blood washes out dishonor," said Morrel.

"You are right, father; I understand you." Then extending his hand towards one of the pistols, he said, "There is one for you and one for me—thanks!"

Morrel caught his hand. "Your mother—your sister! Who will support them?"

A shudder ran through the young man's frame. "Father," he said, "do you reflect that you are bidding me to live?"

"Yes, I do so bid you," answered Morrel, "it is your duty. You have a calm, strong mind, Maximilian. Maximilian, you are no ordinary man. I make no requests or commands; I only ask you to examine my position as if it were your own, and then judge for yourself."

The young man reflected for a moment, then an expression of sublime resignation appeared in his eyes, and with a slow and sad gesture he took off his two epaulets, the insignia of his rank.

"Be it so, then, my father," he said, extending his hand to Morrel, "die in peace, my father; I will live."

Morrel was about to cast himself on his knees before his son, but Maximilian caught him in his arms, and those two noble hearts were pressed against each other for a moment.

"You know it is not my fault," said Morrel.

20057m

Maximilian smiled. “I know, father, you are the most honorable man I have ever known.”

“Good, my son. And now there is no more to be said; go and rejoin your mother and sister.”

“My father,” said the young man, bending his knee, “bless me!” Morrel took the head of his son between his two hands, drew him forward, and kissing his forehead several times said:

“Oh, yes, yes, I bless you in my own name, and in the name of three generations of irreproachable men, who say through me, ‘The edifice which misfortune has destroyed, Providence may build up again.’ On seeing me die such a death, the most inexorable will have pity on you. To you, perhaps, they will accord the time they have refused to me. Then do your best to keep our name free from dishonor. Go to work, labor, young man, struggle ardently and courageously; live, yourself, your mother and sister, with the most rigid economy, so that from day to day the property of those whom I leave in your hands may augment and fructify. Reflect how glorious a day it will be, how grand, how solemn, that day of complete restoration, on which you will say in this very office, ‘My father died because he could not do what I have this day done; but he died calmly and peaceably, because in dying he knew what I should do.’”

“My father, my father!” cried the young man, “why should you not live?”

“If I live, all would be changed; if I live, interest would be converted into doubt, pity into hostility; if I live I am only a man who has broken his word, failed in his engagements—in fact, only a bankrupt. If, on the contrary, I die, remember, Maximilian, my corpse is that of an honest but unfortunate man. Living, my best friends would avoid my house; dead, all Marseilles will follow me in tears to my last home. Living, you would feel shame at my name; dead, you may raise your head and say, ‘I am the son of him you killed, because, for the first time, he has been compelled to break his word.’”

The young man uttered a groan, but appeared resigned.

“And now,” said Morrel, “leave me alone, and endeavor to keep your mother and sister away.”

“Will you not see my sister once more?” asked Maximilian. A last but final hope was concealed by the young man in the effect of this interview, and therefore he had suggested it. Morrel shook his head. “I saw her this morning, and bade her adieu.”

“Have you no particular commands to leave with me, my father?” inquired Maximilian in a faltering voice.

“Yes; my son, and a sacred command.”

“Say it, my father.”

“The house of Thomson & French is the only one who, from humanity, or, it may be, selfishness—it is not for me to read men’s hearts—has had any pity for me. Its agent, who will in ten minutes present himself to receive the amount of a bill of 287,500 francs, I will not say granted, but offered me three months. Let this house be the first repaid, my son, and respect this man.”

“Father, I will,” said Maximilian.

“And now, once more, adieu,” said Morrel. “Go, leave me; I would be alone. You will find my will in the secretaire in my bedroom.”

The young man remained standing and motionless, having but the force of will and not the power of execution.

“Hear me, Maximilian,” said his father. “Suppose I were a soldier like you, and ordered to carry a certain redoubt, and you knew I must be killed in the assault, would you not say to me, as you said just now, ‘Go, father; for you are dishonored by delay, and death is preferable to shame!’”

“Yes, yes,” said the young man, “yes;” and once again embracing his father with convulsive pressure, he said, “Be it so, my father.”

And he rushed out of the study. When his son had left him, Morrel remained an instant standing with his eyes fixed on the door; then putting forth his arm, he pulled the bell. After a moment’s interval, Cocles appeared.

It was no longer the same man—the fearful revelations of the three last days had crushed him. This thought—the house of Morrel is about to stop payment—bent him to the earth more than twenty years would otherwise have done.

“My worthy Cocles,” said Morrel in a tone impossible to describe, “do you remain in the antechamber. When the gentleman who came three months ago—the agent of Thomson & French—arrives, announce his arrival to me.”

Cocles made no reply; he made a sign with his head, went into the anteroom, and seated himself. Morrel fell back in his chair, his eyes fixed on the clock; there were seven minutes left, that was all. The hand moved on with incredible rapidity, he seemed to see its motion.

What passed in the mind of this man at the supreme moment of his agony cannot be told in words. He was still comparatively young, he was surrounded by the loving care of a devoted family, but he had convinced himself by a course of reasoning, illogical perhaps, yet certainly plausible, that he must separate himself from all he held dear in the world, even life itself. To form the slightest idea of his feelings, one must have seen his face with its expression of enforced resignation and its tear-moistened eyes raised to heaven. The minute hand moved on. The pistols were loaded; he stretched forth his hand, took one up, and murmured his daughter’s name. Then he laid it down, seized his pen, and wrote a few words. It seemed to him as if he had not taken a sufficient farewell of his beloved daughter. Then he turned again to the clock, counting time now not by minutes, but by seconds.

He took up the deadly weapon again, his lips parted and his eyes fixed on the clock, and then shuddered at the click of the trigger as he cocked the pistol. At this moment of mortal anguish the cold sweat came forth upon his brow, a pang stronger than death clutched at his heart-strings. He heard the door of the staircase creak on its hinges—the clock gave its warning to strike eleven—the door of his study opened. Morrel did not turn round—he expected these words of Cocles, “The agent of Thomson & French.”

He placed the muzzle of the pistol between his teeth. Suddenly he heard a cry—it was his daughter’s voice. He turned and saw Julie. The pistol fell from his hands.

“My father!” cried the young girl, out of breath, and half dead with joy—“saved, you are saved!” And she threw herself into his arms, holding in her extended hand a red, netted silk purse.

20061m

“Saved, my child!” said Morrel; “what do you mean?”

“Yes, saved—saved! See, see!” said the young girl.

Morrel took the purse, and started as he did so, for a vague remembrance reminded him that it once belonged to himself. At one end was the receipted bill for the 287,000 francs, and at the other was a diamond as large as a hazel-nut, with these words on a small slip of parchment: _Julie’s Dowry_.

Morrel passed his hand over his brow; it seemed to him a dream. At this moment the clock struck eleven. He felt as if each stroke of the hammer fell upon his heart.

“Explain, my child,” he said, “Explain, my child,” he said, “explain—where did you find this purse?”

“In a house in the Allées de Meilhan, No. 15, on the corner of a mantelpiece in a small room on the fifth floor.”

“But,” cried Morrel, “this purse is not yours!” Julie handed to her father the letter she had received in the morning.

“And did you go alone?” asked Morrel, after he had read it.

“Emmanuel accompanied me, father. He was to have waited for me at the corner of the Rue du Musée, but, strange to say, he was not there when I returned.”

“Monsieur Morrel!” exclaimed a voice on the stairs; “Monsieur Morrel!”

“It is his voice!” said Julie. At this moment Emmanuel entered, his countenance full of animation and joy.

“The _Pharaon_!” he cried; “the _Pharaon_!”

“What!—what!—the _Pharaon_! Are you mad, Emmanuel? You know the vessel is lost.”

“The _Pharaon_, sir—they signal the _Pharaon_! The _Pharaon_ is entering the harbor!”

Morrel fell back in his chair, his strength was failing him; his understanding weakened by such events, refused to comprehend such incredible, unheard-of, fabulous facts. But his son came in.

“Father,” cried Maximilian, “how could you say the _Pharaon_ was lost? The lookout has signalled her, and they say she is now coming into port.”

20063m

“My dear friends,” said Morrel, “if this be so, it must be a miracle of heaven! Impossible, impossible!”

But what was real and not less incredible was the purse he held in his hand, the acceptance receipted—the splendid diamond.

“Ah, sir,” exclaimed Cocles, “what can it mean?—the _Pharaon_?”

“Come, dear ones,” said Morrel, rising from his seat, “let us go and see, and Heaven have pity upon us if it be false intelligence!”

They all went out, and on the stairs met Madame Morrel, who had been afraid to go up into the study. In a moment they were at the Canebière. There was a crowd on the pier. All the crowd gave way before Morrel. “The _Pharaon_! the _Pharaon_!” said every voice.

And, wonderful to see, in front of the tower of Saint-Jean, was a ship bearing on her stern these words, printed in white letters, “The _Pharaon_, Morrel & Son, of Marseilles.” She was the exact duplicate of the other _Pharaon_, and loaded, as that had been, with cochineal and indigo. She cast anchor, clued up sails, and on the deck was Captain Gaumard giving orders, and good old Penelon making signals to M. Morrel. To doubt any longer was impossible; there was the evidence of the senses, and ten thousand persons who came to corroborate the testimony.

As Morrel and his son embraced on the pier-head, in the presence and amid the applause of the whole city witnessing this event, a man, with his face half-covered by a black beard, and who, concealed behind the sentry-box, watched the scene with delight, uttered these words in a low tone:

“Be happy, noble heart, be blessed for all the good thou hast done and wilt do hereafter, and let my gratitude remain in obscurity like your good deeds.”

20064m

And with a smile expressive of supreme content, he left his hiding-place, and without being observed, descended one of the flights of steps provided for debarkation, and hailing three times, shouted “Jacopo, Jacopo, Jacopo!”

Then a launch came to shore, took him on board, and conveyed him to a yacht splendidly fitted up, on whose deck he sprung with the activity of a sailor; thence he once again looked towards Morrel, who, weeping with joy, was shaking hands most cordially with all the crowd around him, and thanking with a look the unknown benefactor whom he seemed to be seeking in the skies.

“And now,” said the unknown, “farewell kindness, humanity, and gratitude! Farewell to all the feelings that expand the heart! I have been Heaven’s substitute to recompense the good—now the god of vengeance yields to me his power to punish the wicked!”

At these words he gave a signal, and, as if only awaiting this signal, the yacht instantly put out to sea.

Chapter 31. Italy: Sinbad the Sailor

Towards the beginning of the year 1838, two young men belonging to the first society of Paris, the Viscount Albert de Morcerf and the Baron Franz d’Épinay, were at Florence. They had agreed to see the Carnival at Rome that year, and that Franz, who for the last three or four years had inhabited Italy, should act as _cicerone_ to Albert.

As it is no inconsiderable affair to spend the Carnival at Rome, especially when you have no great desire to sleep on the Piazza del Popolo, or the Campo Vaccino, they wrote to Signor Pastrini, the proprietor of the Hôtel de Londres, Piazza di Spagna, to reserve comfortable apartments for them. Signor Pastrini replied that he had only two rooms and a parlor on the third floor, which he offered at the low charge of a louis per diem. They accepted his offer; but wishing to make the best use of the time that was left, Albert started for Naples. As for Franz, he remained at Florence, and after having passed a few days in exploring the paradise of the

Cascine, and spending two or three evenings at the houses of the Florentine nobility, he took a fancy into his head (having already visited Corsica, the cradle of Bonaparte) to visit Elba, the waiting-place of Napoleon.

One evening he cast off the painter of a sailboat from the iron ring that secured it to the dock at Leghorn, wrapped himself in his coat and lay down, and said to the crew,—"To the Island of Elba!"

The boat shot out of the harbor like a bird and the next morning Franz disembarked at Porto-Ferrajo. He traversed the island, after having followed the traces which the footsteps of the giant have left, and re-embarked for Marciana.

Two hours after he again landed at Pianosa, where he was assured that red partridges abounded. The sport was bad; Franz only succeeded in killing a few partridges, and, like every unsuccessful sportsman, he returned to the boat very much out of temper.

"Ah, if your excellency chose," said the captain, "you might have capital sport."

"Where?"

"Do you see that island?" continued the captain, pointing to a conical pile rising from the indigo sea.

"Well, what is this island?"

"The Island of Monte Cristo."

"But I have no permission to shoot over this island."

"Your excellency does not require a permit, for the island is uninhabited."

"Ah, indeed!" said the young man. "A desert island in the midst of the Mediterranean must be a curiosity."

"It is very natural; this island is a mass of rocks, and does not contain an acre of land capable of cultivation."

"To whom does this island belong?"

"To Tuscany."

"What game shall I find there!"

"Thousands of wild goats."

"Who live upon the stones, I suppose," said Franz with an incredulous smile.

"No, but by browsing the shrubs and trees that grow out of the crevices of the rocks."

"Where can I sleep?"

"On shore in the grottos, or on board in your cloak; besides, if your excellency pleases, we can leave as soon as you like—we can sail as well by night as by day, and if the wind drops we can use our oars."

As Franz had sufficient time, and his apartments at Rome were not yet available, he accepted the proposition. Upon his answer in the affirmative, the sailors exchanged a few words together in a low tone. "Well," asked he, "what now? Is there any difficulty in the way?"

"No." replied the captain, "but we must warn your excellency that the island is an infected port."

"What do you mean?"

"Monte Cristo although uninhabited, yet serves occasionally as a refuge for the smugglers and pirates who come from Corsica, Sardinia, and Africa, and if it becomes known that we have been there, we shall have to perform quarantine for six days on our return to Leghorn."

"The deuce! That puts a different face on the matter. Six days! Why, that's as long as the Almighty took to make the world! Too long a wait—too long."

"But who will say your excellency has been to Monte Cristo?"

“Oh, I shall not,” cried Franz.

“Nor I, nor I,” chorused the sailors.

“Then steer for Monte Cristo.”

The captain gave his orders, the helm was put up, and the boat was soon sailing in the direction of the island. Franz waited until all was in order, and when the sail was filled, and the four sailors had taken their places—three forward, and one at the helm—he resumed the conversation. “Gaetano,” said he to the captain, “you tell me Monte Cristo serves as a refuge for pirates, who are, it seems to me, a very different kind of game from the goats.”

“Yes, your excellency, and it is true.”

“I knew there were smugglers, but I thought that since the capture of Algiers, and the destruction of the regency, pirates existed only in the romances of Cooper and Captain Marryat.”

“Your excellency is mistaken; there are pirates, like the bandits who were believed to have been exterminated by Pope Leo XII., and who yet, every day, rob travellers at the gates of Rome. Has not your excellency heard that the French _chargé d’affaires_ was robbed six months ago within five hundred paces of Velletri?”

“Oh, yes, I heard that.”

“Well, then, if, like us, your excellency lived at Leghorn, you would hear, from time to time, that a little merchant vessel, or an English yacht that was expected at Bastia, at Porto-Ferrajo, or at Civita Vecchia, has not arrived; no one knows what has become of it, but, doubtless, it has struck on a rock and foundered. Now this rock it has met has been a long and narrow boat, manned by six or eight men, who have surprised and plundered it, some dark and stormy night, near some desert and gloomy island, as bandits plunder a carriage in the recesses of a forest.”

“But,” asked Franz, who lay wrapped in his cloak at the bottom of the boat, “why do not those who have been plundered complain to the French, Sardinian, or Tuscan governments?”

“Why?” said Gaetano with a smile.

“Yes, why?”

“Because, in the first place, they transfer from the vessel to their own boat whatever they think worth taking, then they bind the crew hand and foot, they attach to everyone’s neck a four-and-twenty-pound ball, a large hole is chopped in the vessel’s bottom, and then they leave her. At the end of ten minutes the vessel begins to roll heavily and settle down. First one gun’l goes under, then the other. Then they lift and sink again, and both go under at once. All at once there’s a noise like a cannon—that’s the air blowing up the deck. Soon the water rushes out of the scupper-holes like a whale spouting, the vessel gives a last groan, spins round and round, and disappears, forming a vast whirlpool in the ocean, and then all is over, so that in five minutes nothing but the eye of God can see the vessel where she lies at the bottom of the sea. Do you understand now,” said the captain, “why no complaints are made to the government, and why the vessel never reaches port?”

It is probable that if Gaetano had related this previous to proposing the expedition, Franz would have hesitated, but now that they had started, he thought it would be cowardly to draw back. He was one of those men who do not rashly court danger, but if danger presents itself, combat it with the most unalterable coolness. Calm and resolute, he treated any peril as he would an adversary in a duel,—calculated its probable method of approach; retreated, if at all, as a point of strategy and not from cowardice; was quick to see an opening for attack, and won victory at a single thrust.

“Bah!” said he, “I have travelled through Sicily and Calabria—I have sailed two months in the Archipelago, and yet I never saw even the shadow of a bandit or a pirate.”

“I did not tell your excellency this to deter you from your project,” replied Gaetano, “but you questioned me, and I have answered; that’s all.”

“Yes, and your conversation is most interesting; and as I wish to enjoy it as long as possible, steer for Monte Cristo.”

The wind blew strongly, the boat made six or seven knots an hour, and they were rapidly reaching the end of their voyage. As they drew near the island seemed to lift from the sea, and the air was so clear that they could already distinguish the rocks heaped on one another, like cannon balls in an arsenal, with green bushes and trees growing in the crevices. As for the sailors, although they appeared perfectly tranquil yet it was evident that they were on the alert, and that they carefully watched the glassy surface over which they were sailing, and on which a few fishing-boats, with their white sails, were alone visible.

They were within fifteen miles of Monte Cristo when the sun began to set behind Corsica, whose mountains appeared against the sky, showing their rugged peaks in bold relief; this mass of rock, like the giant Adamastor, rose dead ahead, a formidable barrier, and intercepting the light that gilded its massive peaks so that the voyagers were in shadow. Little by little the shadow rose higher and seemed to drive before it the last rays of the expiring day; at last the reflection rested on the summit of the mountain, where it paused an instant, like the fiery crest of a volcano, then gloom gradually covered the summit as it had covered the base, and the island now only appeared to be a gray mountain that grew continually darker; half an hour after, the night was quite dark.

Fortunately, the mariners were used to these latitudes, and knew every rock in the Tuscan Archipelago; for in the midst of this obscurity Franz was not without uneasiness—Corsica had long since disappeared, and Monte Cristo itself was invisible; but the sailors seemed, like the lynx, to see in the dark, and the pilot who steered did not evince the slightest hesitation.

An hour had passed since the sun had set, when Franz fancied he saw, at a quarter of a mile to the left, a dark mass, but he could not precisely make out what it was, and fearing to excite the mirth of the sailors by mistaking a floating cloud for land, he remained silent; suddenly a great light appeared on the strand; land might resemble a cloud, but the fire was not a meteor.

“What is this light?” asked he.

“Hush!” said the captain; “it is a fire.”

“But you told me the island was uninhabited?”

“I said there were no fixed habitations on it, but I said also that it served sometimes as a harbor for smugglers.”

“And for pirates?”

“And for pirates,” returned Gaetano, repeating Franz’s words. “It is for that reason I have given orders to pass the island, for, as you see, the fire is behind us.”

“But this fire?” continued Franz. “It seems to me rather reassuring than otherwise; men who did not wish to be seen would not light a fire.”

“Oh, that goes for nothing,” said Gaetano. “If you can guess the position of the island in the darkness, you will see that the fire cannot be seen from the side or from Pianosa, but only from the sea.”

“You think, then, this fire indicates the presence of unpleasant neighbors?”

“That is what we must find out,” returned Gaetano, fixing his eyes on this terrestrial star.

“How can you find out?”

“You shall see.”

Gaetano consulted with his companions, and after five minutes’ discussion a manœuvre was executed which caused the vessel to tack about, they returned the way they had come, and in a few minutes the fire disappeared, hidden by an elevation of the land. The pilot again changed the course of the boat, which rapidly approached the island, and was soon within fifty paces of it. Gaetano lowered the sail, and the boat came to rest. All this was done in silence, and from the moment that their course was changed not a word was spoken.

Gaetano, who had proposed the expedition, had taken all the responsibility on himself; the four sailors fixed their eyes on him, while they got out their oars and held themselves in readiness to row away, which, thanks to the darkness, would not be difficult. As for Franz, he examined his arms with the utmost coolness; he had two double-barrelled guns and a rifle; he loaded them, looked at the priming, and waited quietly.

During this time the captain had thrown off his vest and shirt, and secured his trousers round his waist; his feet were naked, so he had no shoes and stockings to take off; after these preparations he placed his finger on his lips, and lowering himself noiselessly into the sea, swam towards the shore with such precaution that it was impossible to hear the slightest sound; he could only be traced by the phosphorescent line in his wake. This track soon disappeared; it was evident that he had touched the shore.

Everyone on board remained motionless for half an hour, when the same luminous track was again observed, and the swimmer was soon on board.

“Well?” exclaimed Franz and the sailors in unison.

“They are Spanish smugglers,” said he; “they have with them two Corsican bandits.”

“And what are these Corsican bandits doing here with Spanish smugglers?”

“Alas,” returned the captain with an accent of the most profound pity, “we ought always to help one another. Very often the bandits are hard pressed by gendarmes or carbineers; well, they see a vessel, and good fellows like us on board, they come and demand hospitality of us; you can’t refuse help to a poor hunted devil; we receive them, and for greater security we stand out to sea. This costs us nothing, and saves the life, or at least the liberty, of a fellow-creature, who on the first occasion returns the service by pointing out some safe spot where we can land our goods without interruption.”

“Ah!” said Franz, “then you are a smuggler occasionally, Gaetano?”

“Your excellency, we must live somehow,” returned the other, smiling impenetrably.

“Then you know the men who are now on Monte Cristo?”

“Oh, yes, we sailors are like freemasons, and recognize each other by signs.”

“And do you think we have nothing to fear if we land?”

“Nothing at all; smugglers are not thieves.”

“But these two Corsican bandits?” said Franz, calculating the chances of peril.

“It is not their fault that they are bandits, but that of the authorities.”

“How so?”

“Because they are pursued for having made a stiff, as if it was not in a Corsican’s nature to revenge himself.”

“What do you mean by having made a stiff?—having assassinated a man?” said Franz, continuing his investigation.

“I mean that they have killed an enemy, which is a very different thing,” returned the captain.

“Well,” said the young man, “let us demand hospitality of these smugglers and bandits. Do you think they will grant it?”

“Without doubt.”

“How many are they?”

“Four, and the two bandits make six.”

“Just our number, so that if they prove troublesome, we shall be able to hold them in check; so, for the last time, steer to Monte Cristo.”

“Yes, but your excellency will permit us to take all due precautions.”

“By all means, be as wise as Nestor and as prudent as Ulysses; I do more than permit, I exhort you.”

“Silence, then!” said Gaetano.

Everyone obeyed. For a man who, like Franz, viewed his position in its true light, it was a grave one. He was alone in the darkness with sailors whom he did not know, and who had no reason to be devoted to him; who knew that he had several thousand francs in

his belt, and who had often examined his weapons,—which were very beautiful,—if not with envy, at least with curiosity. On the other hand, he was about to land, without any other escort than these men, on an island which had, indeed, a very religious name, but which did not seem to Franz likely to afford him much hospitality, thanks to the smugglers and bandits. The history of the scuttled vessels, which had appeared improbable during the day, seemed very probable at night; placed as he was between two possible sources of danger, he kept his eye on the crew, and his gun in his hand.

The sailors had again hoisted sail, and the vessel was once more cleaving the waves. Through the darkness Franz, whose eyes were now more accustomed to it, could see the looming shore along which the boat was sailing, and then, as they rounded a rocky point, he saw the fire more brilliant than ever, and about it five or six persons seated. The blaze illumined the sea for a hundred paces around. Gaetano skirted the light, carefully keeping the boat in the shadow; then, when they were opposite the fire, he steered to the centre of the circle, singing a fishing song, of which his companions sung the chorus.

At the first words of the song the men seated round the fire arose and approached the landing-place, their eyes fixed on the boat, evidently seeking to know who the new-comers were and what were their intentions. They soon appeared satisfied and returned (with the exception of one, who remained at the shore) to their fire, at which the carcass of a goat was roasting. When the boat was within twenty paces of the shore, the man on the beach, who carried a carbine, presented arms after the manner of a sentinel, and cried, “Who comes there?” in Sardinian.

Franz coolly cocked both barrels. Gaetano then exchanged a few words with this man which the traveller did not understand, but which evidently concerned him.

“Will your excellency give your name, or remain _incognito_?” asked the captain.

“My name must rest unknown,” replied Franz; “merely say I am a Frenchman travelling for pleasure.”

As soon as Gaetano had transmitted this answer, the sentinel gave an order to one of the men seated round the fire, who rose and disappeared among the rocks. Not a word was spoken, everyone seemed occupied, Franz with his disembarkment, the sailors with their sails, the smugglers with their goat; but in the midst of all this carelessness it was evident that they mutually observed each other.

The man who had disappeared returned suddenly on the opposite side to that by which he had left; he made a sign with his head to the sentinel, who, turning to the boat, said, “_S’accommodi_.” The Italian _s’accommodi_ is untranslatable; it means at once, “Come, enter, you are welcome; make yourself at home; you are the master.” It is like that Turkish phrase of Molière’s that so astonished the bourgeois gentleman by the number of things implied in its utterance.

The sailors did not wait for a second invitation; four strokes of the oar brought them to land; Gaetano sprang to shore, exchanged a few words with the sentinel, then his comrades disembarked, and lastly came Franz. One of his guns was swung over his shoulder, Gaetano had the other, and a sailor held his rifle; his dress, half artist, half dandy, did not excite any suspicion, and, consequently, no disquietude. The boat was moored to the shore, and they advanced a few paces to find a comfortable bivouac; but, doubtless, the spot they chose did not suit the smuggler who filled the post of sentinel, for he cried out:

“Not that way, if you please.”

Gaetano faltered an excuse, and advanced to the opposite side, while two sailors kindled torches at the fire to light them on their way.

They advanced about thirty paces, and then stopped at a small esplanade surrounded with rocks, in which seats had been cut, not unlike sentry-boxes. Around in the crevices of the rocks grew a few dwarf oaks and thick bushes of myrtles. Franz lowered a torch, and saw by the mass of cinders that had accumulated that he was not the first to discover this retreat, which was, doubtless, one of the halting-places of the wandering visitors of Monte Cristo.

As for his suspicions, once on _terra firma_, once that he had seen the indifferent, if not friendly, appearance of his hosts, his anxiety had quite disappeared, or rather, at sight of the goat, had turned to appetite. He mentioned this to Gaetano, who replied that nothing could be more easy than to prepare a supper when they had in their boat, bread, wine, half a dozen partridges, and a good fire to roast them by.

“Besides,” added he, “if the smell of their roast meat tempts you, I will go and offer them two of our birds for a slice.”

“You are a born diplomat,” returned Franz; “go and try.”

Meanwhile the sailors had collected dried sticks and branches with which they made a fire. Franz waited impatiently, inhaling the aroma of the roasted meat, when the captain returned with a mysterious air.

“Well,” said Franz, “anything new?—do they refuse?”

“On the contrary,” returned Gaetano, “the chief, who was told you were a young Frenchman, invites you to sup with him.”

“Well,” observed Franz, “this chief is very polite, and I see no objection—the more so as I bring my share of the supper.”

“Oh, it is not that; he has plenty, and to spare, for supper; but he makes one condition, and rather a peculiar one, before he will receive you at his house.”

“His house? Has he built one here, then?”

“No, but he has a very comfortable one all the same, so they say.”

“You know this chief, then?”

“I have heard talk of him.”

“Favorably or otherwise?”

“Both.”

“The deuce!—and what is this condition?”

“That you are blindfolded, and do not take off the bandage until he himself bids you.”

Franz looked at Gaetano, to see, if possible, what he thought of this proposal. “Ah,” replied he, guessing Franz’s thought, “I know this is a serious matter.”

“What should you do in my place?”

“I, who have nothing to lose,—I should go.”

20075m

“You would accept?”

“Yes, were it only out of curiosity.”

“There is something very peculiar about this chief, then?”

“Listen,” said Gaetano, lowering his voice, “I do not know if what they say is true”—he stopped to see if anyone was near.

“What do they say?”

“That this chief inhabits a cavern to which the Pitti Palace is nothing.”

“What nonsense!” said Franz, reseating himself.

“It is no nonsense; it is quite true. Cama, the pilot of the _Saint Ferdinand_, went in once, and he came back amazed, vowing that such treasures were only to be heard of in fairy tales.”

“Do you know,” observed Franz, “that with such stories you make me think of Ali Baba’s enchanted cavern?”

“I tell you what I have been told.”

“Then you advise me to accept?”

“Oh, I don’t say that; your excellency will do as you please; I should be sorry to advise you in the matter.”

Franz pondered the matter for a few moments, concluded that a man so rich could not have any intention of plundering him of what little he had, and seeing only the prospect of a good supper, accepted. Gaetano departed with the reply. Franz was prudent, and wished to learn all he possibly could concerning his host. He turned towards the sailor, who, during this dialogue, had sat gravely plucking the partridges with the air of a man proud of his office, and asked him how these men had landed, as no vessel of any kind was visible.

“Never mind that,” returned the sailor, “I know their vessel.”

“Is it a very beautiful vessel?”

“I would not wish for a better to sail round the world.”

“Of what burden is she?”

“About a hundred tons; but she is built to stand any weather. She is what the English call a yacht.”

“Where was she built?”

“I know not; but my own opinion is she is a Genoese.”

“And how did a leader of smugglers,” continued Franz, “venture to build a vessel designed for such a purpose at Genoa?”

“I did not say that the owner was a smuggler,” replied the sailor.

“No; but Gaetano did, I thought.”

“Gaetano had only seen the vessel from a distance, he had not then spoken to anyone.”

“And if this person be not a smuggler, who is he?”

“A wealthy signor, who travels for his pleasure.”

“Come,” thought Franz, “he is still more mysterious, since the two accounts do not agree.”

“What is his name?”

“If you ask him, he says Sinbad the Sailor; but I doubt if it be his real name.”

“Sinbad the Sailor?”

“Yes.”

“And where does he reside?”

“On the sea.”

“What country does he come from?”

“I do not know.”

“Have you ever seen him?”

“Sometimes.”

“What sort of a man is he?”

“Your excellency will judge for yourself.”

“Where will he receive me?”

“No doubt in the subterranean palace Gaetano told you of.”

“Have you never had the curiosity, when you have landed and found this island deserted, to seek for this enchanted palace?”

“Oh, yes, more than once, but always in vain; we examined the grotto all over, but we never could find the slightest trace of any opening; they say that the door is not opened by a key, but a magic word.”

“Decidedly,” muttered Franz, “this is an Arabian Nights’ adventure.”

“His excellency waits for you,” said a voice, which he recognized as that of the sentinel. He was accompanied by two of the yacht’s crew.

Franz drew his handkerchief from his pocket, and presented it to the man who had spoken to him. Without uttering a word, they bandaged his eyes with a care that showed their apprehensions of his committing some indiscretion. Afterwards he was made to promise that he would not make the least attempt to raise the bandage. He promised.

Then his two guides took his arms, and he went on, guided by them, and preceded by the sentinel. After going about thirty paces, he smelt the appetizing odor of the kid that was roasting, and knew thus that he was passing the bivouac; they then led him on about fifty paces farther, evidently advancing towards that part of the shore where they would not allow Gaetano to go—a refusal he could now comprehend.

Presently, by a change in the atmosphere, he knew that they were entering a cave; after going on for a few seconds more he heard a crackling, and it seemed to him as though the atmosphere again changed, and became balmy and perfumed. At length his feet touched on a thick and soft carpet, and his guides let go their hold of him. There was a moment’s silence, and then a voice, in excellent French, although, with a foreign accent, said:

“Welcome, sir. I beg you will remove your bandage.”

It may be supposed, then, Franz did not wait for a repetition of this permission, but took off the handkerchief, and found himself in the presence of a man from thirty-eight to forty years of age, dressed in a Tunisian costume, that is to say, a red cap with a long blue silk tassel, a vest of black cloth embroidered with gold, pantaloons of deep red, large and full gaiters of the same color, embroidered with gold like the vest, and yellow slippers; he had a splendid cashmere round his waist, and a small sharp and crooked cangiar was passed through his girdle.

Although of a paleness that was almost livid, this man had a remarkably handsome face; his eyes were penetrating and sparkling; his nose, quite straight, and projecting direct from the brow, was of the pure Greek type, while his teeth, as white as pearls, were set off to admiration by the black moustache that encircled them.

His pallor was so peculiar, that it seemed to pertain to one who had been long entombed, and who was incapable of resuming the healthy glow and hue of life. He was not particularly tall, but extremely well made, and, like the men of the South, had small hands and feet. But what astonished Franz, who had treated Gaetano’s description as a fable, was the splendor of the apartment in which he found himself.

The entire chamber was lined with crimson brocade, worked with flowers of gold. In a recess was a kind of divan, surmounted with a stand of Arabian swords in silver scabbards, and the handles resplendent with gems; from the ceiling hung a lamp of Venetian glass, of beautiful shape and color, while the feet rested on a Turkey carpet, in which they sunk to the instep; tapestry hung before the door by which Franz had entered, and also in front of another door, leading into a second apartment which seemed to be brilliantly illuminated.

The host gave Franz time to recover from his surprise, and, moreover, returned look for look, not even taking his eyes off him.

“Sir,” he said, after a pause, “a thousand excuses for the precaution taken in your introduction hither; but as, during the greater portion of the year, this island is deserted, if the secret of this abode were discovered, I should doubtless, find on my return my temporary retirement in a state of great disorder, which would be exceedingly annoying, not for the loss it occasioned me, but because I should not have the certainty I now possess of separating myself from all the rest of mankind at pleasure. Let me now endeavor to make you forget this temporary unpleasantness, and offer you what no doubt you did not expect to find here—that is to say, a tolerable supper and pretty comfortable beds.”

“_Ma foi_, my dear sir,” replied Franz, “make no apologies. I have always observed that they bandage people’s eyes who penetrate enchanted palaces, for instance, those of Raoul in the _Huguenots_, and really I have nothing to complain of, for what I see makes me think of the wonders of the _Arabian Nights_.”

20079m

“Alas! I may say with Lucullus, if I could have anticipated the honor of your visit, I would have prepared for it. But such as is my hermitage, it is at your disposal; such as is my supper, it is yours to share, if you will. Ali, is the supper ready?”

At this moment the tapestry moved aside, and a Nubian, black as ebony, and dressed in a plain white tunic, made a sign to his master that all was prepared in the dining-room.

“Now,” said the unknown to Franz, “I do not know if you are of my opinion, but I think nothing is more annoying than to remain two or three hours together without knowing by name or appellation how to address one another. Pray observe, that I too much respect the laws of hospitality to ask your name or title. I only request you to give me one by which I may have the pleasure of addressing you. As for myself, that I may put you at your ease, I tell you that I am generally called ‘Sinbad the Sailor.’”

“And I,” replied Franz, “will tell you, as I only require his wonderful lamp to make me precisely like Aladdin, that I see no reason why at this moment I should not be called Aladdin. That will keep us from going away from the East whither I am tempted to think I have been conveyed by some good genius.”

“Well, then, Signor Aladdin,” replied the singular Amphitryon, “you heard our repast announced, will you now take the trouble to enter the dining-room, your humble servant going first to show the way?”

At these words, moving aside the tapestry, Sinbad preceded his guest. Franz now looked upon another scene of enchantment; the table was splendidly covered, and once convinced of this important point he cast his eyes around him. The dining-room was scarcely less striking than the room he had just left; it was entirely of marble, with antique bas-reliefs of priceless value; and at the four corners of this apartment, which was oblong, were four magnificent statues, having baskets in their hands. These baskets contained four pyramids of most splendid fruit; there were Sicily pine-apples, pomegranates from Malaga, oranges from the Balearic Isles, peaches from France, and dates from Tunis.

The supper consisted of a roast pheasant garnished with Corsican blackbirds; a boar’s ham with jelly, a quarter of a kid with tartar sauce, a glorious turbot, and a gigantic lobster. Between these large dishes were smaller ones containing various dainties. The dishes were of silver, and the plates of Japanese china.

Franz rubbed his eyes in order to assure himself that this was not a dream. Ali alone was present to wait at table, and acquitted himself so admirably, that the guest complimented his host thereupon.

“Yes,” replied he, while he did the honors of the supper with much ease and grace—“yes, he is a poor devil who is much devoted to me, and does all he can to prove it. He remembers that I saved his life, and as he has a regard for his head, he feels some gratitude towards me for having kept it on his shoulders.”

Ali approached his master, took his hand, and kissed it.

“Would it be impertinent, Signor Sinbad,” said Franz, “to ask you the particulars of this kindness?”

20081m

“Oh, they are simple enough,” replied the host. “It seems the fellow had been caught wandering nearer to the harem of the Bey of Tunis than etiquette permits to one of his color, and he was condemned by the Bey to have his tongue cut out, and his hand and head cut off; the tongue the first day, the hand the second, and the head the third. I always had a desire to have a mute in my service, so learning the day his tongue was cut out, I went to the Bey, and proposed to give him for Ali a splendid double-barreled gun, which I knew he was very desirous of having. He hesitated a moment, he was so very desirous to complete the poor devil’s punishment. But when I added to the gun an English cutlass with which I had shivered his highness’s yataghan to pieces, the Bey yielded, and agreed to forgive the hand and head, but on condition that the poor fellow never again set foot in Tunis. This was a useless clause in the bargain, for whenever the coward sees the first glimpse of the shores of Africa, he runs down below, and can only be induced to appear again when we are out of sight of that quarter of the globe.”

Franz remained a moment silent and pensive, hardly knowing what to think of the half-kindness, half-cruelty, with which his host related the brief narrative.

“And like the celebrated sailor whose name you have assumed,” he said, by way of changing the conversation, “you pass your life in travelling?”

“Yes. I made a vow at a time when I little thought I should ever be able to accomplish it,” said the unknown with a singular smile; “and I made some others also which I hope I may fulfil in due season.”

Although Sinbad pronounced these words with much calmness, his eyes gave forth gleams of extraordinary ferocity.

“You have suffered a great deal, sir?” said Franz inquiringly.

Sinbad started and looked fixedly at him, as he replied, “What makes you suppose so?”

“Everything,” answered Franz,—“your voice, your look, your pallid complexion, and even the life you lead.”

“I?—I live the happiest life possible, the real life of a pasha. I am king of all creation. I am pleased with one place, and stay there; I get tired of it, and leave it; I am free as a bird and have wings like one; my attendants obey my slightest wish. Sometimes I amuse myself by delivering some bandit or criminal from the bonds of the law. Then I have my mode of dispensing justice, silent and sure, without respite or appeal, which condemns or pardons, and which no one sees. Ah, if you had tasted my life, you would not desire any other, and would never return to the world unless you had some great project to accomplish there.”

“Revenge, for instance!” observed Franz.

The unknown fixed on the young man one of those looks which penetrate into the depth of the heart and thoughts. “And why revenge?” he asked.

“Because,” replied Franz, “you seem to me like a man who, persecuted by society, has a fearful account to settle with it.”

“Ah!” responded Sinbad, laughing with his singular laugh, which displayed his white and sharp teeth. “You have not guessed rightly. Such as you see me I am, a sort of philosopher, and one day perhaps I shall go to Paris to rival Monsieur Appert, and the man in the little blue cloak.”

“And will that be the first time you ever took that journey?”

“Yes; it will. I must seem to you by no means curious, but I assure you that it is not my fault I have delayed it so long—it will happen one day or the other.”

20083m

“And do you propose to make this journey very shortly?”

“I do not know; it depends on circumstances which depend on certain arrangements.”

“I should like to be there at the time you come, and I will endeavor to repay you, as far as lies in my power, for your liberal hospitality displayed to me at Monte Cristo.”

“I should avail myself of your offer with pleasure,” replied the host, “but, unfortunately, if I go there, it will be, in all probability, _incognito_.”

The supper appeared to have been supplied solely for Franz, for the unknown scarcely touched one or two dishes of the splendid banquet to which his guest did ample justice. Then Ali brought on the dessert, or rather took the baskets from the hands of the statues and placed them on the table. Between the two baskets he placed a small silver cup with a silver cover. The care with which Ali placed this cup on the table roused Franz’s curiosity. He raised the cover and saw a kind of greenish paste, something like preserved angelica, but which was perfectly unknown to him. He replaced the lid, as ignorant of what the cup contained as he was before he had looked at it, and then casting his eyes towards his host he saw him smile at his disappointment.

“You cannot guess,” said he, “what there is in that small vase, can you?”

“No, I really cannot.”

“Well, then, that green preserve is nothing less than the ambrosia which Hebe served at the table of Jupiter.”

“But,” replied Franz, “this ambrosia, no doubt, in passing through mortal hands has lost its heavenly appellation and assumed a human name; in vulgar phrase, what may you term this composition, for which, to tell the truth, I do not feel any particular desire?”

“Ah, thus it is that our material origin is revealed,” cried Sinbad; “we frequently pass so near to happiness without seeing, without regarding it, or if we do see and regard it, yet without recognizing it. Are you a man for the substantials, and is gold your god? taste this, and the mines of Peru, Guzerat, and Golconda are opened to you. Are you a man of imagination—a poet? taste this, and the boundaries of possibility disappear; the fields of infinite space open to you, you advance free in heart, free in mind, into the boundless realms of unfettered reverie. Are you ambitious, and do you seek after the greatnesses of the earth? taste this, and in an hour you will be a king, not a king of a petty kingdom hidden in some corner of Europe like France, Spain, or England, but king of the world, king of the universe, king of creation; without bowing at the feet of Satan, you will be king and master of all the kingdoms of the earth. Is it not tempting what I offer you, and is it not an easy thing, since it is only to do thus? look!”

At these words he uncovered the small cup which contained the substance so lauded, took a teaspoonful of the magic sweetmeat, raised it to his lips, and swallowed it slowly with his eyes half shut and his head bent backwards. Franz did not disturb him whilst he absorbed his favorite sweetmeat, but when he had finished, he inquired:

“What, then, is this precious stuff?”

“Did you ever hear,” he replied, “of the Old Man of the Mountain, who attempted to assassinate Philippe Auguste?”

“Of course I have.”

“Well, you know he reigned over a rich valley which was overhung by the mountain whence he derived his picturesque name. In this valley were magnificent gardens planted by Hassen-ben-Sabah, and in these gardens isolated pavilions. Into these pavilions he admitted the elect, and there, says Marco Polo, gave them to eat a certain herb, which transported them to Paradise, in the midst of ever-blooming shrubs, ever-ripe fruit, and ever-lovely virgins. What these happy persons took for reality was but a dream; but it was a dream so soft, so voluptuous, so enthralling, that they sold themselves body and soul to him who gave it to them, and obedient to his orders as to those of a deity, struck down the designated victim, died in torture without a murmur, believing that the death they underwent was but a quick transition to that life of delights of which the holy herb, now before you, had given them a slight foretaste.”

“Then,” cried Franz, “it is hashish! I know that—by name at least.”

“That is it precisely, Signor Aladdin; it is hashish—the purest and most unadulterated hashish of Alexandria,—the hashish of Abou-Gor, the celebrated maker, the only man, the man to whom there should be built a palace, inscribed with these words, _A grateful world to the dealer in happiness_.”

“Do you know,” said Franz, “I have a very great inclination to judge for myself of the truth or exaggeration of your eulogies.”

“Judge for yourself, Signor Aladdin—judge, but do not confine yourself to one trial. Like everything else, we must habituate the senses to a fresh impression, gentle or violent, sad or joyous. There is a struggle in nature against this divine substance,—in nature which is not made for joy and clings to pain. Nature subdued must yield in the combat, the dream must succeed to reality, and then the dream reigns supreme, then the dream becomes life, and life becomes the dream. But what changes occur! It is only by comparing the pains of actual being with the joys of the assumed existence, that you would desire to live no longer, but to dream thus forever. When you return to this mundane sphere from your visionary world, you would seem to leave a Neapolitan spring for a Lapland winter—to quit paradise for earth—heaven for hell! Taste the hashish, guest of mine—taste the hashish.”

Franz’s only reply was to take a teaspoonful of the marvellous preparation, about as much in quantity as his host had eaten, and lift it to his mouth.

“_Diable!_” he said, after having swallowed the divine preserve. “I do not know if the result will be as agreeable as you describe, but the thing does not appear to me as palatable as you say.”

“Because your palate his not yet been attuned to the sublimity of the substances it flavors. Tell me, the first time you tasted oysters, tea, porter, truffles, and sundry other dainties which you now adore, did you like them? Could you comprehend how the Romans stuffed their pheasants with assafœtida, and the Chinese eat swallows’ nests? Eh? no! Well, it is the same with hashish; only eat for a week, and nothing in the world will seem to you to equal the delicacy of its flavor, which now appears to you flat and

distasteful. Let us now go into the adjoining chamber, which is your apartment, and Ali will bring us coffee and pipes."

They both arose, and while he who called himself Sinbad—and whom we have occasionally named so, that we might, like his guest, have some title by which to distinguish him—gave some orders to the servant, Franz entered still another apartment.

It was simply yet richly furnished. It was round, and a large divan completely encircled it. Divan, walls, ceiling, floor, were all covered with magnificent skins as soft and downy as the richest carpets; there were heavy-maned lion-skins from Atlas, striped tiger-skins from Bengal; panther-skins from the Cape, spotted beautifully, like those that appeared to Dante; bear-skins from Siberia, fox-skins from Norway, and so on; and all these skins were strewn in profusion one on the other, so that it seemed like walking over the most mossy turf, or reclining on the most luxurious bed.

Both laid themselves down on the divan; chibouques with jasmine tubes and amber mouthpieces were within reach, and all prepared so that there was no need to smoke the same pipe twice. Each of them took one, which Ali lighted and then retired to prepare the coffee.

There was a moment's silence, during which Sinbad gave himself up to thoughts that seemed to occupy him incessantly, even in the midst of his conversation; and Franz abandoned himself to that mute reverie, into which we always sink when smoking excellent tobacco, which seems to remove with its fume all the troubles of the mind, and to give the smoker in exchange all the visions of the soul. Ali brought in the coffee.

"How do you take it?" inquired the unknown; "in the French or Turkish style, strong or weak, sugar or none, cool or boiling? As you please; it is ready in all ways."

"I will take it in the Turkish style," replied Franz.

"And you are right," said his host; "it shows you have a tendency for an Oriental life. Ah, those Orientals; they are the only men who know how to live. As for me," he added, with one of those singular smiles which did not escape the young man, "when I have completed my affairs in Paris, I shall go and die in the East; and should you wish to see me again, you must seek me at Cairo, Bagdad, or Ispahan."

20087m

"_Ma foi_," said Franz, "it would be the easiest thing in the world; for I feel eagle's wings springing out at my shoulders, and with those wings I could make a tour of the world in four-and-twenty hours."

"Ah, yes, the hashish is beginning its work. Well, unfurl your wings, and fly into superhuman regions; fear nothing, there is a watch over you; and if your wings, like those of Icarus, melt before the sun, we are here to ease your fall."

He then said something in Arabic to Ali, who made a sign of obedience and withdrew, but not to any distance.

As to Franz a strange transformation had taken place in him. All the bodily fatigue of the day, all the preoccupation of mind which the events of the evening had brought on, disappeared as they do at the first approach of sleep, when we are still sufficiently conscious to be aware of the coming of slumber. His body seemed to acquire an airy lightness, his perception brightened in a remarkable manner, his senses seemed to redouble their power, the horizon continued to expand; but it was not the gloomy horizon of vague alarms, and which he had seen before he slept, but a blue, transparent, unbounded horizon, with all the blue of the ocean, all the spangles of the sun, all the perfumes of the summer breeze; then, in the midst of the songs of his sailors,—songs so clear and sonorous, that they would have made a divine harmony had their notes been taken down,—he saw the Island of Monte Cristo, no longer as a threatening rock in the midst of the waves, but as an oasis in the desert; then, as his boat drew nearer, the songs became louder, for an enchanting and mysterious harmony rose to heaven, as if some Loreley had decreed to attract a soul thither, or Amphion, the enchanter, intended there to build a city.

At length the boat touched the shore, but without effort, without shock, as lips touch lips; and he entered the grotto amidst continued strains of most delicious melody. He descended, or rather seemed to descend, several steps, inhaling the fresh and balmy air, like that which may be supposed to reign around the grotto of Circe, formed from such perfumes as set the mind a-dreaming, and such fires as burn the very senses; and he saw again all he had seen before his sleep, from Sinbad, his singular host, to Ali, the mute attendant; then all seemed to fade away and become confused before his eyes, like the last shadows of the magic lantern before it is extinguished, and he was again in the chamber of statues, lighted only by one of those pale and antique

lamps which watch in the dead of the night over the sleep of pleasure.

They were the same statues, rich in form, in attraction, and poesy, with eyes of fascination, smiles of love, and bright and flowing hair. They were Phryne, Cleopatra, Messalina, those three celebrated courtesans. Then among them glided like a pure ray, like a Christian angel in the midst of Olympus, one of those chaste figures, those calm shadows, those soft visions, which seemed to veil its virgin brow before these marble wantons.

Then the three statues advanced towards him with looks of love, and approached the couch on which he was reposing, their feet hidden in their long white tunics, their throats bare, hair flowing like waves, and assuming attitudes which the gods could not resist, but which saints withstood, and looks inflexible and ardent like those with which the serpent charms the bird; and then he gave way before looks that held him in a torturing grasp and delighted his senses as with a voluptuous kiss.

It seemed to Franz that he closed his eyes, and in a last look about him saw the vision of modesty completely veiled; and then followed a dream of passion like that promised by the Prophet to the elect. Lips of stone turned to flame, breasts of ice became like heated lava, so that to Franz, yielding for the first time to the sway of the drug, love was a sorrow and voluptuousness a torture, as burning mouths were pressed to his thirsty lips, and he was held in cool serpent-like embraces. The more he strove against this unhallowed passion the more his senses yielded to its thrall, and at length, weary of a struggle that taxed his very soul, he gave way and sank back breathless and exhausted beneath the kisses of these marble goddesses, and the enchantment of his marvellous dream.

Chapter 32. The Waking

When Franz returned to himself, he seemed still to be in a dream. He thought himself in a sepulchre, into which a ray of sunlight in pity scarcely penetrated. He stretched forth his hand, and touched stone; he rose to his seat, and found himself lying on his bournous in a bed of dry heather, very soft and odoriferous. The vision had fled; and as if the statues had been but shadows from the tomb, they had vanished at his waking.

He advanced several paces towards the point whence the light came, and to all the excitement of his dream succeeded the calmness of reality. He found that he was in a grotto, went towards the opening, and through a kind of fanlight saw a blue sea and an azure sky. The air and water were shining in the beams of the morning sun; on the shore the sailors were sitting, chatting and laughing; and at ten yards from them the boat was at anchor, undulating gracefully on the water.

There for some time he enjoyed the fresh breeze which played on his brow, and listened to the dash of the waves on the beach, that left against the rocks a lace of foam as white as silver. He was for some time without reflection or thought for the divine charm which is in the things of nature, specially after a fantastic dream; then gradually this view of the outer world, so calm, so pure, so grand, reminded him of the illusiveness of his vision, and once more awakened memory. He recalled his arrival on the island, his presentation to a smuggler chief, a subterranean palace full of splendor, an excellent supper, and a spoonful of hashish.

It seemed, however, even in the very face of open day, that at least a year had elapsed since all these things had passed, so deep was the impression made in his mind by the dream, and so strong a hold had it taken of his imagination. Thus every now and then he saw in fancy amid the sailors, seated on a rock, or undulating in the vessel, one of the shadows which had shared his dream with looks and kisses. Otherwise, his head was perfectly clear, and his body refreshed; he was free from the slightest headache; on the contrary, he felt a certain degree of lightness, a faculty for absorbing the pure air, and enjoying the bright sunshine more vividly than ever.

He went gayly up to the sailors, who rose as soon as they perceived him; and the patron, accosting him, said:

“The Signor Sinbad has left his compliments for your excellency, and desires us to express the regret he feels at not being able to take his leave in person; but he trusts you will excuse him, as very important business calls him to Malaga.”

“So, then, Gaetano,” said Franz, “this is, then, all reality; there exists a man who has received me in this island, entertained me right royally, and has departed while I was asleep?”

“He exists as certainly as that you may see his small yacht with all her sails spread; and if you will use your glass, you will, in all probability, recognize your host in the midst of his crew.”

So saying, Gaetano pointed in a direction in which a small vessel was making sail towards the southern point of Corsica. Franz adjusted his telescope, and directed it towards the yacht. Gaetano was not mistaken. At the stern the mysterious stranger was standing up looking towards the shore, and holding a spy-glass in his hand. He was attired as he had been on the previous evening, and waved his pocket-handkerchief to his guest in token of adieu. Franz returned the salute by shaking his handkerchief as an exchange of signals. After a second, a slight cloud of smoke was seen at the stern of the vessel, which rose gracefully as it expanded in the air, and then Franz heard a slight report.

“There, do you hear?” observed Gaetano; “he is bidding you adieu.”

The young man took his carbine and fired it in the air, but without any idea that the noise could be heard at the distance which separated the yacht from the shore.

“What are your excellency’s orders?” inquired Gaetano.

“In the first place, light me a torch.”

“Ah, yes, I understand,” replied the patron, “to find the entrance to the enchanted apartment. With much pleasure, your excellency, if it would amuse you; and I will get you the torch you ask for. But I too have had the idea you have, and two or three times the same fancy has come over me; but I have always given it up. Giovanni, light a torch,” he added, “and give it to his excellency.”

Giovanni obeyed. Franz took the lamp, and entered the subterranean grotto, followed by Gaetano. He recognized the place where he had awaked by the bed of heather that was there; but it was in vain that he carried his torch all round the exterior surface of the grotto. He saw nothing, unless that, by traces of smoke, others had before him attempted the same thing, and, like him, in vain. Yet he did not leave a foot of this granite wall, as impenetrable as futurity, without strict scrutiny; he did not see a fissure without introducing the blade of his hunting sword into it, or a projecting point on which he did not lean and press in the hopes it would give way. All was vain; and he lost two hours in his attempts, which were at last utterly useless. At the end of this time he gave up his search, and Gaetano smiled.

When Franz appeared again on the shore, the yacht only seemed like a small white speck on the horizon. He looked again through his glass, but even then he could not distinguish anything.

Gaetano reminded him that he had come for the purpose of shooting goats, which he had utterly forgotten. He took his fowling-piece, and began to hunt over the island with the air of a man who is fulfilling a duty, rather than enjoying a pleasure; and at the end of a quarter of an hour he had killed a goat and two kids. These animals, though wild and agile as chamois, were too much like domestic goats, and Franz could not consider them as game. Moreover, other ideas, much more enthralling, occupied his mind. Since, the evening before, he had really been the hero of one of the tales of the _Thousand and One Nights_, and he was irresistibly attracted towards the grotto.

Then, in spite of the failure of his first search, he began a second, after having told Gaetano to roast one of the two kids. The second visit was a long one, and when he returned the kid was roasted and the repast ready. Franz was sitting on the spot where he was on the previous evening when his mysterious host had invited him to supper; and he saw the little yacht, now like a sea-gull on the wave, continuing her flight towards Corsica.

“Why,” he remarked to Gaetano, “you told me that Signor Sinbad was going to Malaga, while it seems he is in the direction of Porto-Vecchio.”

“Don’t you remember,” said the patron, “I told you that among the crew there were two Corsican brigands?”

“True; and he is going to land them,” added Franz.

“Precisely so,” replied Gaetano. “Ah, he is one who fears neither God nor Satan, they say, and would at any time run fifty leagues out of his course to do a poor devil a service.”

20093m

“But such services as these might involve him with the authorities of the country in which he practices this kind of philanthropy,” said Franz.

“And what cares he for that,” replied Gaetano with a laugh, “or any authorities? He smiles at them. Let them try to pursue him! Why, in the first place, his yacht is not a ship, but a bird, and he would beat any frigate three knots in every nine; and if he were to throw himself on the coast, why, is he not certain of finding friends everywhere?”

It was perfectly clear that the Signor Sinbad, Franz’s host, had the honor of being on excellent terms with the smugglers and bandits along the whole coast of the Mediterranean, and so enjoyed exceptional privileges. As to Franz, he had no longer any inducement to remain at Monte Cristo. He had lost all hope of detecting the secret of the grotto; he consequently despatched his breakfast, and, his boat being ready, he hastened on board, and they were soon under way. At the moment the boat began her course they lost sight of the yacht, as it disappeared in the gulf of Porto-Vecchio. With it was effaced the last trace of the preceding night; and then supper, Sinbad, hashish, statues,—all became a dream for Franz.

The boat sailed on all day and all night, and next morning, when the sun rose, they had lost sight of Monte Cristo.

When Franz had once again set foot on shore, he forgot, for the moment at least, the events which had just passed, while he finished his affairs of pleasure at Florence, and then thought of nothing but how he should rejoin his companion, who was awaiting him at Rome.

He set out, and on the Saturday evening reached the Place de la Douane by the mail-coach. An apartment, as we have said, had been retained beforehand, and thus he had but to go to Signor Pastrini’s hotel. But this was not so easy a matter, for the streets were thronged with people, and Rome was already a prey to that low and feverish murmur which precedes all great events; and at Rome there are four great events in every year,—the Carnival, Holy Week, Corpus Christi, and the Feast of St. Peter.

All the rest of the year the city is in that state of dull apathy, between life and death, which renders it similar to a kind of station between this world and the next—a sublime spot, a resting-place full of poetry and character, and at which Franz had already halted five or six times, and at each time found it more marvellous and striking.

At last he made his way through the mob, which was continually increasing and getting more and more turbulent, and reached the hotel. On his first inquiry he was told, with the impertinence peculiar to hired hackney-coachmen and innkeepers with their houses full, that there was no room for him at the Hôtel de Londres. Then he sent his card to Signor Pastrini, and asked for Albert de Morcerf. This plan succeeded; and Signor Pastrini himself ran to him, excusing himself for having made his excellency wait, scolding the waiters, taking the candlestick from the porter, who was ready to pounce on the traveller and was about to lead him to Albert, when Morcerf himself appeared.

The apartment consisted of two small rooms and a parlor. The two rooms looked on to the street—a fact which Signor Pastrini commented upon as an inappreciable advantage. The rest of the floor was hired by a very rich gentleman who was supposed to be a Sicilian or Maltese; but the host was unable to decide to which of the two nations the traveller belonged.

“Very good, signor Pastrini,” said Franz; “but we must have some supper instantly, and a carriage for tomorrow and the following days.”

“As to supper,” replied the landlord, “you shall be served immediately; but as for the carriage——”

“What as to the carriage?” exclaimed Albert. “Come, come, Signor Pastrini, no joking; we must have a carriage.”

“Sir,” replied the host, “we will do all in our power to procure you one—this is all I can say.”

“And when shall we know?” inquired Franz.

“Tomorrow morning,” answered the innkeeper.

“Oh, the deuce! then we shall pay the more, that’s all, I see plainly enough. At Drake’s or Aaron’s one pays twenty-five lire for common days, and thirty or thirty-five lire a day more for Sundays and feast days; add five lire a day more for extras, that will make forty, and there’s an end of it.”

“I am afraid if we offer them double that we shall not procure a carriage.”

“Then they must put horses to mine. It is a little worse for the journey, but that’s no matter.”

“There are no horses.”

Albert looked at Franz like a man who hears a reply he does not understand.

“Do you understand that, my dear Franz—no horses?” he said, “but can’t we have post-horses?”

“They have been all hired this fortnight, and there are none left but those absolutely requisite for posting.”

“What are we to say to this?” asked Franz.

“I say, that when a thing completely surpasses my comprehension, I am accustomed not to dwell on that thing, but to pass to another. Is supper ready, Signor Pastrini?”

“Yes, your excellency.”

“Well, then, let us sup.”

“But the carriage and horses?” said Franz.

“Be easy, my dear boy; they will come in due season; it is only a question of how much shall be charged for them.” Morcerf then, with that delighted philosophy which believes that nothing is impossible to a full purse or well-lined pocketbook, supped, went to bed, slept soundly, and dreamed he was racing all over Rome at Carnival time in a coach with six horses.

Chapter 33. Roman Bandits

The next morning Franz woke first, and instantly rang the bell. The sound had not yet died away when Signor Pastrini himself entered.

“Well, excellency,” said the landlord triumphantly, and without waiting for Franz to question him, “I feared yesterday, when I would not promise you anything, that you were too late—there is not a single carriage to be had—that is, for the three last days”

“Yes,” returned Franz, “for the very three days it is most needed.”

“What is the matter?” said Albert, entering; “no carriage to be had?”

“Just so,” returned Franz, “you have guessed it.”

“Well, your Eternal City is a nice sort of place.”

“That is to say, excellency,” replied Pastrini, who was desirous of keeping up the dignity of the capital of the Christian world in the eyes of his guest, “that there are no carriages to be had from Sunday to Tuesday evening, but from now till Sunday you can have fifty if you please.”

“Ah, that is something,” said Albert; “today is Thursday, and who knows what may arrive between this and Sunday?”

“Ten or twelve thousand travellers will arrive,” replied Franz, “which will make it still more difficult.”

“My friend,” said Morcerf, “let us enjoy the present without gloomy forebodings for the future.”

“At least we can have a window?”

“Where?”

“In the Corso.”

“Ah, a window!” exclaimed Signor Pastrini,—“utterly impossible; there was only one left on the fifth floor of the Doria Palace, and that has been let to a Russian prince for twenty sequins a day.”

The two young men looked at each other with an air of stupefaction.

“Well,” said Franz to Albert, “do you know what is the best thing we can do? It is to pass the Carnival at Venice; there we are sure of obtaining gondolas if we cannot have carriages.”

“Ah, the devil, no,” cried Albert; “I came to Rome to see the Carnival, and I will, though I see it on stilts.”

“Bravo! an excellent idea. We will disguise ourselves as monster pulchinellos or shepherds of the Landes, and we shall have complete success.”

“Do your excellencies still wish for a carriage from now to Sunday morning?”

“_Parbleu!_” said Albert, “do you think we are going to run about on foot in the streets of Rome, like lawyers’ clerks?”

“I hasten to comply with your excellencies’ wishes; only, I tell you beforehand, the carriage will cost you six piastres a day.”

“And, as I am not a millionaire, like the gentleman in the next apartments,” said Franz, “I warn you, that as I have been four times before at Rome, I know the prices of all the carriages; we will give you twelve piastres for today, tomorrow, and the day after, and then you will make a good profit.”

“But, excellency”—said Pastrini, still striving to gain his point.

“Now go,” returned Franz, “or I shall go myself and bargain with your _affettatore_, who is mine also; he is an old friend of mine, who has plundered me pretty well already, and, in the hope of making more out of me, he will take a less price than the one I offer you; you will lose the preference, and that will be your fault.”

“Do not give yourselves the trouble, excellency,” returned Signor Pastrini, with the smile peculiar to the Italian speculator when he confesses defeat; “I will do all I can, and I hope you will be satisfied.”

“And now we understand each other.”

“When do you wish the carriage to be here?”

“In an hour.”

“In an hour it will be at the door.”

An hour after the vehicle was at the door; it was a hack conveyance which was elevated to the rank of a private carriage in honor of the occasion, but, in spite of its humble exterior, the young men would have thought themselves happy to have secured it for the last three days of the Carnival.

“Excellency,” cried the _cicerone_, seeing Franz approach the window, “shall I bring the carriage nearer to the palace?”

Accustomed as Franz was to the Italian phraseology, his first impulse was to look round him, but these words were addressed to him. Franz was the “excellency,” the vehicle was the “carriage,” and the Hôtel de Londres was the “palace.” The genius for laudation characteristic of the race was in that phrase.

Franz and Albert descended, the carriage approached the palace; their excellencies stretched their legs along the seats; the _cicerone_ sprang into the seat behind.

“Where do your excellencies wish to go?” asked he.

“To Saint Peter’s first, and then to the Colosseum,” returned Albert. But Albert did not know that it takes a day to see Saint Peter’s, and a month to study it. The day was passed at Saint Peter’s alone.

Suddenly the daylight began to fade away; Franz took out his watch—it was half-past four. They returned to the hotel; at the door Franz ordered the coachman to be ready at eight. He wished to show Albert the Colosseum by moonlight, as he had shown him Saint Peter’s by daylight. When we show a friend a city one has already visited, we feel the same pride as when we point out a woman whose lover we have been.

He was to leave the city by the Porta del Popolo, skirt the outer wall, and re-enter by the Porta San Giovanni; thus they would behold the Colosseum without finding their impressions dulled by first looking on the Capitol, the Forum, the Arch of Septimus Severus, the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, and the Via Sacra.

They sat down to dinner. Signor Pastrini had promised them a banquet; he gave them a tolerable repast. At the end of the dinner he entered in person. Franz thought that he came to hear his dinner praised, and began accordingly, but at the first words he was interrupted.

“Excellency,” said Pastrini, “I am delighted to have your approbation, but it was not for that I came.”

“Did you come to tell us you have procured a carriage?” asked Albert, lighting his cigar.

“No; and your excellencies will do well not to think of that any longer; at Rome things can or cannot be done; when you are told anything cannot be done, there is an end of it.”

“It is much more convenient at Paris,—when anything cannot be done, you pay double, and it is done directly.”

“That is what all the French say,” returned Signor Pastrini, somewhat piqued; “for that reason, I do not understand why they travel.”

“But,” said Albert, emitting a volume of smoke and balancing his chair on its hind legs, “only madmen, or blockheads like us, ever do travel. Men in their senses do not quit their hotel in the Rue du Helder, their walk on the Boulevard de Gand, and the Café de Paris.”

It is of course understood that Albert resided in the aforesaid street, appeared every day on the fashionable walk, and dined frequently at the only restaurant where you can really dine, that is, if you are on good terms with its waiters.

Signor Pastrini remained silent a short time; it was evident that he was musing over this answer, which did not seem very clear.

“But,” said Franz, in his turn interrupting his host’s meditations, “you had some motive for coming here, may I beg to know what it was?”

20099m

“Ah, yes; you have ordered your carriage at eight o’clock precisely?”

“I have.”

“You intend visiting _Il Colosseo_.”

“You mean the Colosseum?”

“It is the same thing. You have told your coachman to leave the city by the Porta del Popolo, to drive round the walls, and re-enter by the Porta San Giovanni?”

“These are my words exactly.”

“Well, this route is impossible.”

“Impossible!”

“Very dangerous, to say the least.”

“Dangerous!—and why?”

“On account of the famous Luigi Vampa.”

“Pray, who may this famous Luigi Vampa be?” inquired Albert; “he may be very famous at Rome, but I can assure you he is quite unknown at Paris.”

“What! do you not know him?”

“I have not that honor.”

“You have never heard his name?”

“Never.”

“Well, then, he is a bandit, compared to whom the Decesaris and the Gasparones were mere children.”

“Now then, Albert,” cried Franz, “here is a bandit for you at last.”

“I forewarn you, Signor Pastrini, that I shall not believe one word of what you are going to tell us; having told you this, begin. ‘Once upon a time——’ Well, go on.”

Signor Pastrini turned toward Franz, who seemed to him the more reasonable of the two; we must do him justice,—he had had a great many Frenchmen in his house, but had never been able to comprehend them.

“Excellency,” said he gravely, addressing Franz, “if you look upon me as a liar, it is useless for me to say anything; it was for your interest I——”

“Albert does not say you are a liar, Signor Pastrini,” said Franz, “but that he will not believe what you are going to tell us,—but I will believe all you say; so proceed.”

“But if your excellency doubt my veracity——”

“Signor Pastrini,” returned Franz, “you are more susceptible than Cassandra, who was a prophetess, and yet no one believed her; while you, at least, are sure of the credence of half your audience. Come, sit down, and tell us all about this Signor Vampa.”

“I had told your excellency he is the most famous bandit we have had since the days of Mastrilla.”

“Well, what has this bandit to do with the order I have given the coachman to leave the city by the Porta del Popolo, and to re-enter by the Porta San Giovanni?”

20101m

“This,” replied Signor Pastrini, “that you will go out by one, but I very much doubt your returning by the other.”

“Why?” asked Franz.

“Because, after nightfall, you are not safe fifty yards from the gates.”

“On your honor, is that true?” cried Albert.

“Count,” returned Signor Pastrini, hurt at Albert’s repeated doubts of the truth of his assertions, “I do not say this to you, but to your companion, who knows Rome, and knows, too, that these things are not to be laughed at.”

“My dear fellow,” said Albert, turning to Franz, “here is an admirable adventure; we will fill our carriage with pistols, blunderbusses, and double-barrelled guns. Luigi Vampa comes to take us, and we take him—we bring him back to Rome, and present him to his holiness the Pope, who asks how he can repay so great a service; then we merely ask for a carriage and a pair of horses, and we see the Carnival in the carriage, and doubtless the Roman people will crown us at the Capitol, and proclaim us, like Curtius and Horatius Cocles, the preservers of their country.”

Whilst Albert proposed this scheme, Signor Pastrini’s face assumed an expression impossible to describe.

“And pray,” asked Franz, “where are these pistols, blunderbusses, and other deadly weapons with which you intend filling the carriage?”

“Not out of my armory, for at Terracina I was plundered even of my hunting-knife. And you?”

“I shared the same fate at Aquapendente.”

“Do you know, Signor Pastrini,” said Albert, lighting a second cigar at the first, “that this practice is very convenient for bandits, and that it seems to be due to an arrangement of their own.”

Doubtless Signor Pastrini found this pleasantry compromising, for he only answered half the question, and then he spoke to Franz, as the only one likely to listen with attention. “Your excellency knows that it is not customary to defend yourself when attacked by bandits.”

“What!” cried Albert, whose courage revolted at the idea of being plundered tamely, “not make any resistance!”

“No, for it would be useless. What could you do against a dozen bandits who spring out of some pit, ruin, or aqueduct, and level their pieces at you?”

“Eh, _parbleu!_—they should kill me.”

The innkeeper turned to Franz with an air that seemed to say, “Your friend is decidedly mad.”

“My dear Albert,” returned Franz, “your answer is sublime, and worthy the ‘_Let him die_,’ of Corneille, only, when Horace made that answer, the safety of Rome was concerned; but, as for us, it is only to gratify a whim, and it would be ridiculous to risk our lives for so foolish a motive.”

Albert poured himself out a glass of _lacryma Christi_, which he sipped at intervals, muttering some unintelligible words.

“Well, Signor Pastrini,” said Franz, “now that my companion is quieted, and you have seen how peaceful my intentions are, tell me who is this Luigi Vampa. Is he a shepherd or a nobleman?—young or old?—tall or short? Describe him, in order that, if we meet him by chance, like Jean Sbogar or Lara, we may recognize him.”

“You could not apply to anyone better able to inform you on all these points, for I knew him when he was a child, and one day that I fell into his hands, going from Ferentino to Alatri, he, fortunately for me, recollected me, and set me free, not only without ransom, but made me a present of a very splendid watch, and related his history to me.”

“Let us see the watch,” said Albert.

Signor Pastrini drew from his fob a magnificent Bréguet, bearing the name of its maker, of Parisian manufacture, and a count’s coronet.

“Here it is,” said he.

“_Peste!_” returned Albert, “I compliment you on it; I have its fellow”—he took his watch from his waistcoat pocket—“and it cost me 3,000 francs.”

“Let us hear the history,” said Franz, motioning Signor Pastrini to seat himself.

“Your excellencies permit it?” asked the host.

“_Pardieu!_” cried Albert, “you are not a preacher, to remain standing!”

The host sat down, after having made each of them a respectful bow, which meant that he was ready to tell them all they wished to know concerning Luigi Vampa.

“You tell me,” said Franz, at the moment Signor Pastrini was about to open his mouth, “that you knew Luigi Vampa when he was a child—he is still a young man, then?”

“A young man? he is only two-and-twenty;—he will gain himself a reputation.”

“What do you think of that, Albert?—at two-and-twenty to be thus famous?”

“Yes, and at his age, Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon, who have all made some noise in the world, were quite behind him.”

“So,” continued Franz, “the hero of this history is only two-and-twenty?”

“Scarcely so much.”

“Is he tall or short?”

“Of the middle height—about the same stature as his excellency,” returned the host, pointing to Albert.

“Thanks for the comparison,” said Albert, with a bow.

“Go on, Signor Pastrini,” continued Franz, smiling at his friend’s susceptibility. “To what class of society does he belong?”

“He was a shepherd-boy attached to the farm of the Count of San-Felice, situated between Palestrina and the Lake of Gabri; he was born at Pampinara, and entered the count’s service when he was five years old; his father was also a shepherd, who owned a small flock, and lived by the wool and the milk, which he sold at Rome. When quite a child, the little Vampa displayed a most extraordinary precocity. One day, when he was seven years old, he came to the curate of Palestrina, and asked to be taught to

read; it was somewhat difficult, for he could not quit his flock; but the good curate went every day to say mass at a little hamlet too poor to pay a priest and which, having no other name, was called Borgo; he told Luigi that he might meet him on his return, and that then he would give him a lesson, warning him that it would be short, and that he must profit as much as possible by it. The child accepted joyfully. Every day Luigi led his flock to graze on the road that leads from Palestrina to Borgo; every day, at nine o'clock in the morning, the priest and the boy sat down on a bank by the wayside, and the little shepherd took his lesson out of the priest's breviary. At the end of three months he had learned to read. This was not enough—he must now learn to write. The priest had a writing teacher at Rome make three alphabets—one large, one middling, and one small; and pointed out to him that by the help of a sharp instrument he could trace the letters on a slate, and thus learn to write. The same evening, when the flock was safe at the farm, the little Luigi hastened to the smith at Palestrina, took a large nail, heated and sharpened it, and formed a sort of stylus. The next morning he gathered an armful of pieces of slate and began. At the end of three months he had learned to write. The curate, astonished at his quickness and intelligence, made him a present of pens, paper, and a penknife. This demanded new effort, but nothing compared to the first; at the end of a week he wrote as well with this pen as with the stylus. The curate related the incident to the Count of San-Felice, who sent for the little shepherd, made him read and write before him, ordered his attendant to let him eat with the domestics, and to give him two piastres a month. With this, Luigi purchased books and pencils. He applied his imitative powers to everything, and, like Giotto, when young, he drew on his slate sheep, houses, and trees. Then, with his knife, he began to carve all sorts of objects in wood; it was thus that Pinelli, the famous sculptor, had commenced.

20105m

"A girl of six or seven—that is, a little younger than Vampa—tended sheep on a farm near Palestrina; she was an orphan, born at Valmontone and was named Teresa. The two children met, sat down near each other, let their flocks mingle together, played, laughed, and conversed together; in the evening they separated the Count of San-Felice's flock from those of Baron Cervetri, and the children returned to their respective farms, promising to meet the next morning. The next day they kept their word, and thus they grew up together. Vampa was twelve, and Teresa eleven. And yet their natural disposition revealed itself. Beside his taste for the fine arts, which Luigi had carried as far as he could in his solitude, he was given to alternating fits of sadness and enthusiasm, was often angry and capricious, and always sarcastic. None of the lads of Pampinara, Palestrina, or Valmontone had been able to gain any influence over him or even to become his companion. His disposition (always inclined to exact concessions rather than to make them) kept him aloof from all friendships. Teresa alone ruled by a look, a word, a gesture, this impetuous character, which yielded beneath the hand of a woman, and which beneath the hand of a man might have broken, but could never have been bended. Teresa was lively and gay, but coquettish to excess. The two piastres that Luigi received every month from the Count of San-Felice's steward, and the price of all the little carvings in wood he sold at Rome, were expended in ear-rings, necklaces, and gold hairpins. So that, thanks to her friend's generosity, Teresa was the most beautiful and the best-attired peasant near Rome.

"The two children grew up together, passing all their time with each other, and giving themselves up to the wild ideas of their different characters. Thus, in all their dreams, their wishes, and their conversations, Vampa saw himself the captain of a vessel, general of an army, or governor of a province. Teresa saw herself rich, superbly attired, and attended by a train of liveried domestics. Then, when they had thus passed the day in building castles in the air, they separated their flocks, and descended from the elevation of their dreams to the reality of their humble position.

"One day the young shepherd told the count's steward that he had seen a wolf come out of the Sabine mountains, and prowl around his flock. The steward gave him a gun; this was what Vampa longed for. This gun had an excellent barrel, made at Brescia, and carrying a ball with the precision of an English rifle; but one day the count broke the stock, and had then cast the gun aside. This, however, was nothing to a sculptor like Vampa; he examined the broken stock, calculated what change it would require to adapt the gun to his shoulder, and made a fresh stock, so beautifully carved that it would have fetched fifteen or twenty piastres, had he chosen to sell it. But nothing could be farther from his thoughts.

"For a long time a gun had been the young man's greatest ambition. In every country where independence has taken the place of liberty, the first desire of a manly heart is to possess a weapon, which at once renders him capable of defence or attack, and, by rendering its owner terrible, often makes him feared. From this moment Vampa devoted all his leisure time to perfecting himself in the use of his precious weapon; he purchased powder and ball, and everything served him for a mark—the trunk of some old and moss-grown olive-tree, that grew on the Sabine mountains; the fox, as he quitted his earth on some marauding excursion; the eagle that soared above their heads: and thus he soon became so expert, that Teresa overcame the terror she at first felt at the report, and amused herself by watching him direct the ball wherever he pleased, with as much accuracy as if he placed it by hand.

20107m

“One evening a wolf emerged from a pine-wood near which they were usually stationed, but the wolf had scarcely advanced ten yards ere he was dead. Proud of this exploit, Vampa took the dead animal on his shoulders, and carried him to the farm. These exploits had gained Luigi considerable reputation. The man of superior abilities always finds admirers, go where he will. He was spoken of as the most adroit, the strongest, and the most courageous _contadino_ for ten leagues around; and although Teresa was universally allowed to be the most beautiful girl of the Sabines, no one had ever spoken to her of love, because it was known that she was beloved by Vampa. And yet the two young people had never declared their affection; they had grown together like two trees whose roots are mingled, whose branches intertwined, and whose intermingled perfume rises to the heavens. Only their wish to see each other had become a necessity, and they would have preferred death to a day’s separation.

“Teresa was sixteen, and Vampa seventeen. About this time, a band of brigands that had established itself in the Lepini mountains began to be much spoken of. The brigands have never been really extirpated from the neighborhood of Rome. Sometimes a chief is wanted, but when a chief presents himself he rarely has to wait long for a band of followers.

“The celebrated Cucumetto, pursued in the Abruzzo, driven out of the kingdom of Naples, where he had carried on a regular war, had crossed the Garigliano, like Manfred, and had taken refuge on the banks of the Amasine between Sonnino and Juperno. He strove to collect a band of followers, and followed the footsteps of Decesaris and Gasparone, whom he hoped to surpass. Many young men of Palestrina, Frascati, and Pampinara had disappeared. Their disappearance at first caused much disquietude; but it was soon known that they had joined Cucumetto. After some time Cucumetto became the object of universal attention; the most extraordinary traits of ferocious daring and brutality were related of him.

“One day he carried off a young girl, the daughter of a surveyor of Frosinone. The bandit’s laws are positive; a young girl belongs first to him who carries her off, then the rest draw lots for her, and she is abandoned to their brutality until death relieves her sufferings. When their parents are sufficiently rich to pay a ransom, a messenger is sent to negotiate; the prisoner is hostage for the security of the messenger; should the ransom be refused, the prisoner is irrevocably lost. The young girl’s lover was in Cucumetto’s troop; his name was Carlini. When she recognized her lover, the poor girl extended her arms to him, and believed herself safe; but Carlini felt his heart sink, for he but too well knew the fate that awaited her. However, as he was a favorite with Cucumetto, as he had for three years faithfully served him, and as he had saved his life by shooting a dragoon who was about to cut him down, he hoped the chief would have pity on him. He took Cucumetto one side, while the young girl, seated at the foot of a huge pine that stood in the centre of the forest, made a veil of her picturesque head-dress to hide her face from the lascivious gaze of the bandits. There he told the chief all—his affection for the prisoner, their promises of mutual fidelity, and how every night, since he had been near, they had met in some neighboring ruins.

20109m

“It so happened that night that Cucumetto had sent Carlini to a village, so that he had been unable to go to the place of meeting. Cucumetto had been there, however, by accident, as he said, and had carried the maiden off. Carlini besought his chief to make an exception in Rita’s favor, as her father was rich, and could pay a large ransom. Cucumetto seemed to yield to his friend’s entreaties, and bade him find a shepherd to send to Rita’s father at Frosinone.

“Carlini flew joyfully to Rita, telling her she was saved, and bidding her write to her father, to inform him what had occurred, and that her ransom was fixed at three hundred piastres. Twelve hours’ delay was all that was granted—that is, until nine the next morning. The instant the letter was written, Carlini seized it, and hastened to the plain to find a messenger. He found a young shepherd watching his flock. The natural messengers of the bandits are the shepherds who live between the city and the mountains, between civilized and savage life. The boy undertook the commission, promising to be in Frosinone in less than an hour. Carlini returned, anxious to see his mistress, and announce the joyful intelligence. He found the troop in the glade, supping off the provisions exacted as contributions from the peasants; but his eye vainly sought Rita and Cucumetto among them.

“He inquired where they were, and was answered by a burst of laughter. A cold perspiration burst from every pore, and his hair stood on end. He repeated his question. One of the bandits rose, and offered him a glass filled with Orvietto, saying, ‘To the health of the brave Cucumetto and the fair Rita.’ At this moment Carlini heard a woman’s cry; he divined the truth, seized the glass, broke it across the face of him who presented it, and rushed towards the spot whence the cry came. After a hundred yards he turned the corner of the thicket; he found Rita senseless in the arms of Cucumetto. At the sight of Carlini, Cucumetto rose, a pistol in each

hand. The two brigands looked at each other for a moment—the one with a smile of lasciviousness on his lips, the other with the pallor of death on his brow. A terrible battle between the two men seemed imminent; but by degrees Carlini's features relaxed, his hand, which had grasped one of the pistols in his belt, fell to his side. Rita lay between them. The moon lighted the group.

"'Well,' said Cucumetto, 'have you executed your commission?'

"'Yes, captain,' returned Carlini. 'At nine o'clock tomorrow Rita's father will be here with the money.'

"'It is well; in the meantime, we will have a merry night; this young girl is charming, and does credit to your taste. Now, as I am not egotistical, we will return to our comrades and draw lots for her.'

"'You have determined, then, to abandon her to the common law?' said Carlini.

"'Why should an exception be made in her favor?'

"'I thought that my entreaties——'

"'What right have you, any more than the rest, to ask for an exception?'

"'It is true.'

"'But never mind,' continued Cucumetto, laughing, 'sooner or later your turn will come.' Carlini's teeth clenched convulsively.

"'Now, then,' said Cucumetto, advancing towards the other bandits, 'are you coming?'

"'I follow you.'

20111m

"Cucumetto departed, without losing sight of Carlini, for, doubtless, he feared lest he should strike him unawares; but nothing betrayed a hostile design on Carlini's part. He was standing, his arms folded, near Rita, who was still insensible. Cucumetto fancied for a moment the young man was about to take her in his arms and fly; but this mattered little to him now Rita had been his; and as for the money, three hundred piastres distributed among the band was so small a sum that he cared little about it. He continued to follow the path to the glade; but, to his great surprise, Carlini arrived almost as soon as himself.

"'Let us draw lots! let us draw lots!' cried all the brigands, when they saw the chief.

"Their demand was fair, and the chief inclined his head in sign of acquiescence. The eyes of all shone fiercely as they made their demand, and the red light of the fire made them look like demons. The names of all, including Carlini, were placed in a hat, and the youngest of the band drew forth a ticket; the ticket bore the name of Diavolaccio. He was the man who had proposed to Carlini the health of their chief, and to whom Carlini replied by breaking the glass across his face. A large wound, extending from the temple to the mouth, was bleeding profusely. Diavolaccio, seeing himself thus favored by fortune, burst into a loud laugh.

"'Captain,' said he, 'just now Carlini would not drink your health when I proposed it to him; propose mine to him, and let us see if he will be more condescending to you than to me.'

"Everyone expected an explosion on Carlini's part; but to their great surprise, he took a glass in one hand and a flask in the other, and filling it,—

"'Your health, Diavolaccio,' said he calmly, and he drank it off, without his hand trembling in the least. Then sitting down by the fire, 'My supper,' said he; 'my expedition has given me an appetite.'

"'Well done, Carlini!' cried the brigands; 'that is acting like a good fellow;' and they all formed a circle round the fire, while Diavolaccio disappeared.

"Carlini ate and drank as if nothing had happened. The bandits looked on with astonishment at this singular conduct until they heard footsteps. They turned round, and saw Diavolaccio bearing the young girl in his arms. Her head hung back, and her long hair swept the ground. As they entered the circle, the bandits could perceive, by the firelight, the unearthly pallor of the young girl and of Diavolaccio. This apparition was so strange and so solemn, that everyone rose, with the exception of Carlini, who remained seated, and ate and drank calmly. Diavolaccio advanced amidst the most profound silence, and laid Rita at the captain's feet. Then

everyone could understand the cause of the unearthly pallor in the young girl and the bandit. A knife was plunged up to the hilt in Rita's left breast. Everyone looked at Carlini; the sheath at his belt was empty.

"'Ah, ah,' said the chief, 'I now understand why Carlini stayed behind.'

"All savage natures appreciate a desperate deed. No other of the bandits would, perhaps, have done the same; but they all understood what Carlini had done.

"'Now, then,' cried Carlini, rising in his turn, and approaching the corpse, his hand on the butt of one of his pistols, 'does anyone dispute the possession of this woman with me?'

"'No,' returned the chief, 'she is thine.'

"Carlini raised her in his arms, and carried her out of the circle of firelight. Cucumetto placed his sentinels for the night, and the bandits wrapped themselves in their cloaks, and lay down before the fire. At midnight the sentinel gave the alarm, and in an instant all were on the alert. It was Rita's father, who brought his daughter's ransom in person.

"'Here,' said he, to Cucumetto, 'here are three hundred piastres; give me back my child.

"But the chief, without taking the money, made a sign to him to follow. The old man obeyed. They both advanced beneath the trees, through whose branches streamed the moonlight. Cucumetto stopped at last, and pointed to two persons grouped at the foot of a tree.

"'There,' said he, 'demand thy child of Carlini; he will tell thee what has become of her;' and he returned to his companions.

"The old man remained motionless; he felt that some great and unforeseen misfortune hung over his head. At length he advanced toward the group, the meaning of which he could not comprehend. As he approached, Carlini raised his head, and the forms of two persons became visible to the old man's eyes. A woman lay on the ground, her head resting on the knees of a man, who was seated by her; as he raised his head, the woman's face became visible. The old man recognized his child, and Carlini recognized the old man.

"'I expected thee,' said the bandit to Rita's father.

"'Wretch!' returned the old man, 'what hast thou done?' and he gazed with terror on Rita, pale and bloody, a knife buried in her bosom. A ray of moonlight poured through the trees, and lighted up the face of the dead.

"'Cucumetto had violated thy daughter,' said the bandit; 'I loved her, therefore I slew her; for she would have served as the sport of the whole band.' The old man spoke not, and grew pale as death. 'Now,' continued Carlini, 'if I have done wrongly, avenge her;' and withdrawing the knife from the wound in Rita's bosom, he held it out to the old man with one hand, while with the other he tore open his vest.

"'Thou hast done well!' returned the old man in a hoarse voice; 'embrace me, my son.'

20115m

Carlini threw himself, sobbing like a child, into the arms of his mistress's father. These were the first tears the man of blood had ever wept.

"'Now,' said the old man, 'aid me to bury my child.' Carlini fetched two pickaxes; and the father and the lover began to dig at the foot of a huge oak, beneath which the young girl was to repose. When the grave was formed, the father embraced her first, and then the lover; afterwards, one taking the head, the other the feet, they placed her in the grave. Then they knelt on each side of the grave, and said the prayers of the dead. Then, when they had finished, they cast the earth over the corpse, until the grave was filled. Then, extending his hand, the old man said; 'I thank you, my son; and now leave me alone.'

"'Yet——' replied Carlini.

"'Leave me, I command you.'

"Carlini obeyed, rejoined his comrades, folded himself in his cloak, and soon appeared to sleep as soundly as the rest. It had been resolved the night before to change their encampment. An hour before daybreak, Cucumetto aroused his men, and gave the word

to march. But Carlini would not quit the forest, without knowing what had become of Rita's father. He went toward the place where he had left him. He found the old man suspended from one of the branches of the oak which shaded his daughter's grave. He then took an oath of bitter vengeance over the dead body of the one and the tomb of the other. But he was unable to complete this oath, for two days afterwards, in an encounter with the Roman carbineers, Carlini was killed. There was some surprise, however, that, as he was with his face to the enemy, he should have received a ball between his shoulders. That astonishment ceased when one of the brigands remarked to his comrades that Cucumetto was stationed ten paces in Carlini's rear when he fell. On the morning of the departure from the forest of Frosinone he had followed Carlini in the darkness, and heard this oath of vengeance, and, like a wise man, anticipated it.

"They told ten other stories of this bandit chief, each more singular than the other. Thus, from Fondi to Perusia, everyone trembles at the name of Cucumetto.

"These narratives were frequently the theme of conversation between Luigi and Teresa. The young girl trembled very much at hearing the stories; but Vampa reassured her with a smile, tapping the butt of his good fowling-piece, which threw its ball so well; and if that did not restore her courage, he pointed to a crow, perched on some dead branch, took aim, touched the trigger, and the bird fell dead at the foot of the tree. Time passed on, and the two young people had agreed to be married when Vampa should be twenty and Teresa nineteen years of age. They were both orphans, and had only their employers' leave to ask, which had been already sought and obtained. One day when they were talking over their plans for the future, they heard two or three reports of firearms, and then suddenly a man came out of the wood, near which the two young persons used to graze their flocks, and hurried towards them. When he came within hearing, he exclaimed:

'I am pursued; can you conceal me?'

"They knew full well that this fugitive must be a bandit; but there is an innate sympathy between the Roman brigand and the Roman peasant and the latter is always ready to aid the former. Vampa, without saying a word, hastened to the stone that closed up the entrance to their grotto, drew it away, made a sign to the fugitive to take refuge there, in a retreat unknown to everyone, closed the stone upon him, and then went and resumed his seat by Teresa. Instantly afterwards four carbineers, on horseback, appeared on the edge of the wood; three of them appeared to be looking for the fugitive, while the fourth dragged a brigand prisoner by the neck. The three carbineers looked about carefully on every side, saw the young peasants, and galloping up, began to question them. They had seen no one.

"'That is very annoying,' said the brigadier; for the man we are looking for is the chief.'

"'Cucumetto?' cried Luigi and Teresa at the same moment.

"'Yes,' replied the brigadier; 'and as his head is valued at a thousand Roman crowns, there would have been five hundred for you, if you had helped us to catch him.' The two young persons exchanged looks. The brigadier had a moment's hope. Five hundred Roman crowns are three thousand lire, and three thousand lire are a fortune for two poor orphans who are going to be married.

"'Yes, it is very annoying,' said Vampa; 'but we have not seen him.'

"Then the carbineers scoured the country in different directions, but in vain; then, after a time, they disappeared. Vampa then removed the stone, and Cucumetto came out. Through the crevices in the granite he had seen the two young peasants talking with the carbineers, and guessed the subject of their parley. He had read in the countenances of Luigi and Teresa their steadfast resolution not to surrender him, and he drew from his pocket a purse full of gold, which he offered to them. But Vampa raised his head proudly; as to Teresa, her eyes sparkled when she thought of all the fine gowns and gay jewellery she could buy with this purse of gold.

"Cucumetto was a cunning fiend, and had assumed the form of a brigand instead of a serpent, and this look from Teresa showed to him that she was a worthy daughter of Eve, and he returned to the forest, pausing several times on his way, under the pretext of saluting his protectors.

"Several days elapsed, and they neither saw nor heard of Cucumetto. The time of the Carnival was at hand. The Count of San-Felice announced a grand masked ball, to which all that were distinguished in Rome were invited. Teresa had a great desire to see this ball. Luigi asked permission of his protector, the steward, that she and he might be present amongst the servants of the house. This was granted. The ball was given by the Count for the particular pleasure of his daughter Carmela, whom he adored.

Carmela was precisely the age and figure of Teresa, and Teresa was as handsome as Carmela. On the evening of the ball Teresa was attired in her best, her most brilliant ornaments in her hair, and gayest glass beads,—she was in the costume of the women of Frascati. Luigi wore the very picturesque garb of the Roman peasant at holiday time. They both mingled, as they had leave to do, with the servants and peasants.

“The _festa_ was magnificent; not only was the villa brilliantly illuminated, but thousands of colored lanterns were suspended from the trees in the garden; and very soon the palace overflowed to the terraces, and the terraces to the garden-walks. At each cross-path was an orchestra, and tables spread with refreshments; the guests stopped, formed quadrilles, and danced in any part of the grounds they pleased. Carmela was attired like a woman of Sonnino. Her cap was embroidered with pearls, the pins in her hair were of gold and diamonds, her girdle was of Turkey silk, with large embroidered flowers, her bodice and skirt were of cashmere, her apron of Indian muslin, and the buttons of her corset were of jewels. Two of her companions were dressed, the one as a woman of Nettuno, and the other as a woman of La Riccia. Four young men of the richest and noblest families of Rome accompanied them with that Italian freedom which has not its parallel in any other country in the world. They were attired as peasants of Albano, Velletri, Civita-Castellana, and Sora. We need hardly add that these peasant costumes, like those of the young women, were brilliant with gold and jewels.

“Carmela wished to form a quadrille, but there was one lady wanting. Carmela looked all around her, but not one of the guests had a costume similar to her own, or those of her companions. The Count of San-Felice pointed out Teresa, who was hanging on Luigi’s arm in a group of peasants.

“‘Will you allow me, father?’ said Carmela.

“‘Certainly,’ replied the count, ‘are we not in Carnival time?’

“Carmela turned towards the young man who was talking with her, and saying a few words to him, pointed with her finger to Teresa. The young man looked, bowed in obedience, and then went to Teresa, and invited her to dance in a quadrille directed by the count’s daughter. Teresa felt a flush pass over her face; she looked at Luigi, who could not refuse his assent. Luigi slowly relinquished Teresa’s arm, which he had held beneath his own, and Teresa, accompanied by her elegant cavalier, took her appointed place with much agitation in the aristocratic quadrille. Certainly, in the eyes of an artist, the exact and strict costume of Teresa had a very different character from that of Carmela and her companions; and Teresa was frivolous and coquettish, and thus the embroidery and muslins, the cashmere waist-girdles, all dazzled her, and the reflection of sapphires and diamonds almost turned her giddy brain.

“Luigi felt a sensation hitherto unknown arising in his mind. It was like an acute pain which gnawed at his heart, and then thrilled through his whole body. He followed with his eye each movement of Teresa and her cavalier; when their hands touched, he felt as though he should swoon; every pulse beat with violence, and it seemed as though a bell were ringing in his ears. When they spoke, although Teresa listened timidly and with downcast eyes to the conversation of her cavalier, as Luigi could read in the ardent looks of the good-looking young man that his language was that of praise, it seemed as if the whole world was turning round with him, and all the voices of hell were whispering in his ears ideas of murder and assassination. Then fearing that his paroxysm might get the better of him, he clutched with one hand the branch of a tree against which he was leaning, and with the other convulsively grasped the dagger with a carved handle which was in his belt, and which, unwittingly, he drew from the scabbard from time to time.

“Luigi was jealous!

“He felt that, influenced by her ambitions and coquettish disposition, Teresa might escape him.

“The young peasant girl, at first timid and scared, soon recovered herself. We have said that Teresa was handsome, but this is not all; Teresa was endowed with all those wild graces which are so much more potent than our affected and studied elegancies. She had almost all the honors of the quadrille, and if she were envious of the Count of San-Felice’s daughter, we will not undertake to say that Carmela was not jealous of her. And with overpowering compliments her handsome cavalier led her back to the place whence he had taken her, and where Luigi awaited her. Twice or thrice during the dance the young girl had glanced at Luigi, and each time she saw that he was pale and that his features were agitated, once even the blade of his knife, half drawn from its sheath, had dazzled her eyes with its sinister glare. Thus, it was almost tremblingly that she resumed her lover’s arm. The quadrille had been most perfect, and it was evident there was a great demand for a repetition, Carmela alone objecting to it, but the Count of

San-Felice besought his daughter so earnestly, that she acceded.

“One of the cavaliers then hastened to invite Teresa, without whom it was impossible for the quadrille to be formed, but the young girl had disappeared.

“The truth was, that Luigi had not felt the strength to support another such trial, and, half by persuasion and half by force, he had removed Teresa toward another part of the garden. Teresa had yielded in spite of herself, but when she looked at the agitated countenance of the young man, she understood by his silence and trembling voice that something strange was passing within him. She herself was not exempt from internal emotion, and without having done anything wrong, yet fully comprehended that Luigi was right in reproaching her. Why, she did not know, but yet she did not the less feel that these reproaches were merited.

“However, to Teresa’s great astonishment, Luigi remained mute, and not a word escaped his lips the rest of the evening. When the chill of the night had driven away the guests from the gardens, and the gates of the villa were closed on them for the _festa_ in-doors, he took Teresa quite away, and as he left her at her home, he said:

“‘Teresa, what were you thinking of as you danced opposite the young Countess of San-Felice?’

“‘I thought,’ replied the young girl, with all the frankness of her nature, ‘that I would give half my life for a costume such as she wore.’

“‘And what said your cavalier to you?’

“‘He said it only depended on myself to have it, and I had only one word to say.’

“‘He was right,’ said Luigi. ‘Do you desire it as ardently as you say?’

“‘Yes.’

“‘Well, then, you shall have it!’

“The young girl, much astonished, raised her head to look at him, but his face was so gloomy and terrible that her words froze to her lips. As Luigi spoke thus, he left her. Teresa followed him with her eyes into the darkness as long as she could, and when he had quite disappeared, she went into the house with a sigh.

20121m

“That night a memorable event occurred, due, no doubt, to the imprudence of some servant who had neglected to extinguish the lights. The Villa of San-Felice took fire in the rooms adjoining the very apartment of the lovely Carmela. Awakened in the night by the light of the flames, she sprang out of bed, wrapped herself in a dressing-gown, and attempted to escape by the door, but the corridor by which she hoped to fly was already a prey to the flames. She then returned to her room, calling for help as loudly as she could, when suddenly her window, which was twenty feet from the ground, was opened, a young peasant jumped into the chamber, seized her in his arms, and with superhuman skill and strength conveyed her to the turf of the grass-plot, where she fainted. When she recovered, her father was by her side. All the servants surrounded her, offering her assistance. An entire wing of the villa was burnt down; but what of that, as long as Carmela was safe and uninjured?

“Her preserver was everywhere sought for, but he did not appear; he was inquired after, but no one had seen him. Carmela was greatly troubled that she had not recognized him.

“As the count was immensely rich, excepting the danger Carmela had run,—and the marvellous manner in which she had escaped, made that appear to him rather a favor of Providence than a real misfortune,—the loss occasioned by the conflagration was to him but a trifle.

“The next day, at the usual hour, the two young peasants were on the borders of the forest. Luigi arrived first. He came toward Teresa in high spirits, and seemed to have completely forgotten the events of the previous evening. The young girl was very pensive, but seeing Luigi so cheerful, she on her part assumed a smiling air, which was natural to her when she was not excited or in a passion.

“Luigi took her arm beneath his own, and led her to the door of the grotto. Then he paused. The young girl, perceiving that there was something extraordinary, looked at him steadfastly.

“‘Teresa,’ said Luigi, ‘yesterday evening you told me you would give all the world to have a costume similar to that of the count’s daughter.’

“‘Yes,’ replied Teresa with astonishment; ‘but I was mad to utter such a wish.’

“‘And I replied, “Very well, you shall have it.”’

“‘Yes,’ replied the young girl, whose astonishment increased at every word uttered by Luigi, ‘but of course your reply was only to please me.’

“‘I have promised no more than I have given you, Teresa,’ said Luigi proudly. ‘Go into the grotto and dress yourself.’

“At these words he drew away the stone, and showed Teresa the grotto, lighted up by two wax lights, which burnt on each side of a splendid mirror; on a rustic table, made by Luigi, were spread out the pearl necklace and the diamond pins, and on a chair at the side was laid the rest of the costume.

“Teresa uttered a cry of joy, and, without inquiring whence this attire came, or even thanking Luigi, darted into the grotto, transformed into a dressing-room.

“Luigi pushed the stone behind her, for on the crest of a small adjacent hill which cut off the view toward Palestrina, he saw a traveller on horseback, stopping a moment, as if uncertain of his road, and thus presenting against the blue sky that perfect outline which is peculiar to distant objects in southern climes. When he saw Luigi, he put his horse into a gallop and advanced toward him.

“Luigi was not mistaken. The traveller, who was going from Palestrina to Tivoli, had mistaken his way; the young man directed him; but as at a distance of a quarter of a mile the road again divided into three ways, and on reaching these the traveller might again stray from his route, he begged Luigi to be his guide.

“Luigi threw his cloak on the ground, placed his carbine on his shoulder, and freed from his heavy covering, preceded the traveller with the rapid step of a mountaineer, which a horse can scarcely keep up with. In ten minutes Luigi and the traveller reached the cross-roads. On arriving there, with an air as majestic as that of an emperor, he stretched his hand towards that one of the roads which the traveller was to follow.

“‘That is your road, excellency, and now you cannot again mistake.’

“‘And here is your recompense,’ said the traveller, offering the young herdsman some small pieces of money.

“‘Thank you,’ said Luigi, drawing back his hand; ‘I render a service, I do not sell it.’

“‘Well,’ replied the traveller, who seemed used to this difference between the servility of a man of the cities and the pride of the mountaineer, ‘if you refuse wages, you will, perhaps, accept a gift.’

“‘Ah, yes, that is another thing.’

“‘Then,’ said the traveller, ‘take these two Venetian sequins and give them to your bride, to make herself a pair of earrings.’

“‘And then do you take this poniard,’ said the young herdsman; ‘you will not find one better carved between Albano and Civita-Castellana.’

“‘I accept it,’ answered the traveller, ‘but then the obligation will be on my side, for this poniard is worth more than two sequins.’

“‘For a dealer perhaps; but for me, who engraved it myself, it is hardly worth a piastre.’

“‘What is your name?’ inquired the traveller.

“‘Luigi Vampa,’ replied the shepherd, with the same air as he would have replied, Alexander, King of Macedon. ‘And yours?’

“‘I,’ said the traveller, ‘am called Sinbad the Sailor.’”

Franz d’Épinay started with surprise.

“Sinbad the Sailor?” he said.

“Yes,” replied the narrator; “that was the name which the traveller gave to Vampa as his own.”

“Well, and what may you have to say against this name?” inquired Albert; “it is a very pretty name, and the adventures of the gentleman of that name amused me very much in my youth, I must confess.”

Franz said no more. The name of Sinbad the Sailor, as may well be supposed, awakened in him a world of recollections, as had the name of the Count of Monte Cristo on the previous evening.

“Proceed!” said he to the host.

“Vampa put the two sequins haughtily into his pocket, and slowly returned by the way he had gone. As he came within two or three hundred paces of the grotto, he thought he heard a cry. He listened to know whence this sound could proceed. A moment afterwards he thought he heard his own name pronounced distinctly.

“The cry proceeded from the grotto. He bounded like a chamois, cocking his carbine as he went, and in a moment reached the summit of a hill opposite to that on which he had perceived the traveller. Three cries for help came more distinctly to his ear. He cast his eyes around him and saw a man carrying off Teresa, as Nessus, the centaur, carried Deianira.

“This man, who was hastening towards the wood, was already three-quarters of the way on the road from the grotto to the forest. Vampa measured the distance; the man was at least two hundred paces in advance of him, and there was not a chance of overtaking him. The young shepherd stopped, as if his feet had been rooted to the ground; then he put the butt of his carbine to his shoulder, took aim at the ravisher, followed him for a second in his track, and then fired.

“The ravisher stopped suddenly, his knees bent under him, and he fell with Teresa in his arms. The young girl rose instantly, but the man lay on the earth struggling in the agonies of death. Vampa then rushed towards Teresa; for at ten paces from the dying man her legs had failed her, and she had dropped on her knees, so that the young man feared that the ball that had brought down his enemy, had also wounded his betrothed.

“Fortunately, she was unscathed, and it was fright alone that had overcome Teresa. When Luigi had assured himself that she was safe and unharmed, he turned towards the wounded man. He had just expired, with clenched hands, his mouth in a spasm of agony, and his hair on end in the sweat of death. His eyes remained open and menacing. Vampa approached the corpse, and recognized Cucumetto.

“From the day on which the bandit had been saved by the two young peasants, he had been enamoured of Teresa, and had sworn she should be his. From that time he had watched them, and profiting by the moment when her lover had left her alone, had carried her off, and believed he at length had her in his power, when the ball, directed by the unerring skill of the young herdsman, had pierced his heart. Vampa gazed on him for a moment without betraying the slightest emotion; while, on the contrary, Teresa, shuddering in every limb, dared not approach the slain ruffian but by degrees, and threw a hesitating glance at the dead body over the shoulder of her lover. Suddenly Vampa turned toward his mistress:

“‘Ah,’ said he—‘good, good! You are dressed; it is now my turn to dress myself.’

20125m

“Teresa was clothed from head to foot in the garb of the Count of San-Felice’s daughter. Vampa took Cucumetto’s body in his arms and conveyed it to the grotto, while in her turn Teresa remained outside. If a second traveller had passed, he would have seen a strange thing,—a shepherdess watching her flock, clad in a cashmere grown, with ear-rings and necklace of pearls, diamond pins, and buttons of sapphires, emeralds, and rubies. He would, no doubt, have believed that he had returned to the times of Florian, and would have declared, on reaching Paris, that he had met an Alpine shepherdess seated at the foot of the Sabine Hill.

“At the end of a quarter of an hour Vampa quitted the grotto; his costume was no less elegant than that of Teresa. He wore a vest of garnet-colored velvet, with buttons of cut gold; a silk waistcoat covered with embroidery; a Roman scarf tied round his neck; a cartridge-box worked with gold, and red and green silk; sky-blue velvet breeches, fastened above the knee with diamond buckles; garters of deerskin, worked with a thousand arabesques, and a hat whereon hung ribbons of all colors; two watches hung from his girdle, and a splendid poniard was in his belt.

“Teresa uttered a cry of admiration. Vampa in this attire resembled a painting by Léopold Robert or Schnetz. He had assumed the entire costume of Cucumetto. The young man saw the effect produced on his betrothed, and a smile of pride passed over his lips.

“‘Now,’ he said to Teresa, ‘are you ready to share my fortune, whatever it may be?’

“‘Oh, yes!’ exclaimed the young girl enthusiastically.

“‘And follow me wherever I go?’

“‘To the world’s end.’

“‘Then take my arm, and let us on; we have no time to lose.’

“The young girl did so without questioning her lover as to where he was conducting her, for he appeared to her at this moment as handsome, proud, and powerful as a god. They went towards the forest, and soon entered it.

“We need scarcely say that all the paths of the mountain were known to Vampa; he therefore went forward without a moment’s hesitation, although there was no beaten track, but he knew his path by looking at the trees and bushes, and thus they kept on advancing for nearly an hour and a half. At the end of this time they had reached the thickest part of the forest. A torrent, whose bed was dry, led into a deep gorge. Vampa took this wild road, which, enclosed between two ridges, and shadowed by the tufted umbrage of the pines, seemed, but for the difficulties of its descent, that path to Avernus of which Virgil speaks. Teresa had become alarmed at the wild and deserted look of the plain around her, and pressed closely against her guide, not uttering a syllable; but as she saw him advance with even step and composed countenance, she endeavored to repress her emotion.

“Suddenly, about ten paces from them, a man advanced from behind a tree and aimed at Vampa.

“‘Not another step,’ he said, ‘or you are a dead man.’

“‘What, then,’ said Vampa, raising his hand with a gesture of disdain, while Teresa, no longer able to restrain her alarm, clung closely to him, ‘do wolves rend each other?’

“‘Who are you?’ inquired the sentinel.

“‘I am Luigi Vampa, shepherd of the San-Felice farm.’

“‘What do you want?’

“‘I would speak with your companions who are in the glade at Rocca Bianca.’

“‘Follow me, then,’ said the sentinel; ‘or, as you know your way, go first.’

“Vampa smiled disdainfully at this precaution on the part of the bandit, went before Teresa, and continued to advance with the same firm and easy step as before. At the end of ten minutes the bandit made them a sign to stop. The two young persons obeyed. Then the bandit thrice imitated the cry of a crow; a croak answered this signal.

“‘Good!’ said the sentry, ‘you may now go on.’

“Luigi and Teresa again set forward; as they went on Teresa clung tremblingly to her lover at the sight of weapons and the glistening of carbines through the trees. The retreat of Rocca Bianca was at the top of a small mountain, which no doubt in former days had been a volcano—an extinct volcano before the days when Remus and Romulus had deserted Alba to come and found the city of Rome.

“Teresa and Luigi reached the summit, and all at once found themselves in the presence of twenty bandits.

“‘Here is a young man who seeks and wishes to speak to you,’ said the sentinel.

“‘What has he to say?’ inquired the young man who was in command in the chief’s absence.

“‘I wish to say that I am tired of a shepherd’s life,’ was Vampa’s reply.

“‘Ah, I understand,’ said the lieutenant; ‘and you seek admittance into our ranks?’

“‘Welcome!’ cried several bandits from Ferrusino, Pampinara, and Anagni, who had recognized Luigi Vampa.

“‘Yes, but I came to ask something more than to be your companion.’

“‘And what may that be?’ inquired the bandits with astonishment.

“‘I come to ask to be your captain,’ said the young man.

“The bandits shouted with laughter.

“‘And what have you done to aspire to this honor?’ demanded the lieutenant.

“‘I have killed your chief, Cucumetto, whose dress I now wear; and I set fire to the villa San-Felice to procure a wedding-dress for my betrothed.’

“An hour afterwards Luigi Vampa was chosen captain, vice Cucumetto, deceased.”

20129m

“Well, my dear Albert,” said Franz, turning towards his friend; “what think you of citizen Luigi Vampa?”

“I say he is a myth,” replied Albert, “and never had an existence.”

“And what may a myth be?” inquired Pastrini.

“The explanation would be too long, my dear landlord,” replied Franz.

“And you say that Signor Vampa exercises his profession at this moment in the environs of Rome?”

“And with a boldness of which no bandit before him ever gave an example.”

“Then the police have vainly tried to lay hands on him?”

“Why, you see, he has a good understanding with the shepherds in the plains, the fishermen of the Tiber, and the smugglers of the coast. They seek for him in the mountains, and he is on the waters; they follow him on the waters, and he is on the open sea; then they pursue him, and he has suddenly taken refuge in the islands, at Giglio, Giannutri, or Monte Cristo; and when they hunt for him there, he reappears suddenly at Albano, Tivoli, or La Riccia.”

“And how does he behave towards travellers?”

“Alas! his plan is very simple. It depends on the distance he may be from the city, whether he gives eight hours, twelve hours, or a day wherein to pay their ransom; and when that time has elapsed he allows another hour’s grace. At the sixtieth minute of this hour, if the money is not forthcoming, he blows out the prisoner’s brains with a pistol-shot, or plants his dagger in his heart, and that settles the account.”

“Well, Albert,” inquired Franz of his companion, “are you still disposed to go to the Colosseum by the outer wall?”

“Quite so,” said Albert, “if the way be picturesque.”

The clock struck nine as the door opened, and a coachman appeared.

“Excellencies,” said he, “the coach is ready.”

“Well, then,” said Franz, “let us to the Colosseum.”

“By the Porta del Popolo or by the streets, your excellencies?”

“By the streets, _morbleu!_ by the streets!” cried Franz.

“Ah, my dear fellow,” said Albert, rising, and lighting his third cigar, “really, I thought you had more courage.”

So saying, the two young men went down the staircase, and got into the carriage.

20131m

Chapter 34. The Colosseum

Franz had so managed his route, that during the ride to the Colosseum they passed not a single ancient ruin, so that no preliminary impression interfered to mitigate the colossal proportions of the gigantic building they came to admire. The road selected was a continuation of the Via Sistina; then by cutting off the right angle of the street in which stands Santa Maria Maggiore and proceeding by the Via Urbana and San Pietro in Vincoli, the travellers would find themselves directly opposite the Colosseum.

This itinerary possessed another great advantage,—that of leaving Franz at full liberty to indulge his deep reverie upon the subject of Signor Pastrini's story, in which his mysterious host of Monte Cristo was so strangely mixed up. Seated with folded arms in a corner of the carriage, he continued to ponder over the singular history he had so lately listened to, and to ask himself an interminable number of questions touching its various circumstances without, however, arriving at a satisfactory reply to any of them.

One fact more than the rest brought his friend "Sinbad the Sailor" back to his recollection, and that was the mysterious sort of intimacy that seemed to exist between the brigands and the sailors; and Pastrini's account of Vampa's having found refuge on board the vessels of smugglers and fishermen, reminded Franz of the two Corsican bandits he had found supping so amicably with the crew of the little yacht, which had even deviated from its course and touched at Porto-Vecchio for the sole purpose of landing them. The very name assumed by his host of Monte Cristo and again repeated by the landlord of the Hôtel de Londres, abundantly proved to him that his island friend was playing his philanthropic part on the shores of Piombino, Civita Vecchia, Ostia, and Gaëta, as on those of Corsica, Tuscany, and Spain; and further, Franz bethought him of having heard his singular entertainer speak both of Tunis and Palermo, proving thereby how largely his circle of acquaintances extended.

But however the mind of the young man might be absorbed in these reflections, they were at once dispersed at the sight of the dark frowning ruins of the stupendous Colosseum, through the various openings of which the pale moonlight played and flickered like the unearthly gleam from the eyes of the wandering dead. The carriage stopped near the Meta Sudans; the door was opened, and the young men, eagerly alighting, found themselves opposite a _cicerone_, who appeared to have sprung up from the ground, so unexpected was his appearance.

The usual guide from the hotel having followed them, they had paid two conductors, nor is it possible, at Rome, to avoid this abundant supply of guides; besides the ordinary _cicerone_, who seizes upon you directly you set foot in your hotel, and never quits you while you remain in the city, there is also a special _cicerone_ belonging to each monument—nay, almost to each part of a monument. It may, therefore, be easily imagined there is no scarcity of guides at the Colosseum, that wonder of all ages, which Martial thus eulogizes:

"Let Memphis cease to boast the barbarous miracles of her pyramids, and the wonders of Babylon be talked of no more among us; all must bow to the superiority of the gigantic labor of the Cæsars, and the many voices of Fame spread far and wide the surpassing merits of this incomparable monument."

As for Albert and Franz, they essayed not to escape from their _ciceronian_ tyrants; and, indeed, it would have been so much the more difficult to break their bondage, as the guides alone are permitted to visit these monuments with torches in their hands. Thus, then, the young men made no attempt at resistance, but blindly and confidingly surrendered themselves into the care and custody of their conductors.

Franz had already made seven or eight similar excursions to the Colosseum, while his less favored companion trod for the first time in his life the classic ground forming the monument of Flavius Vespasian; and, to his credit be it spoken, his mind, even amid the glib loquacity of the guides, was duly and deeply touched with awe and enthusiastic admiration of all he saw; and certainly no adequate notion of these stupendous ruins can be formed save by such as have visited them, and more especially by moonlight, at which time the vast proportions of the building appear twice as large when viewed by the mysterious beams of a southern moonlit sky, whose rays are sufficiently clear and vivid to light the horizon with a glow equal to the soft twilight of a western clime.

Scarcely, therefore, had the reflective Franz walked a hundred steps beneath the interior porticoes of the ruin, when, abandoning Albert to the guides (who would by no means yield their prescriptive right of carrying their victims through the routine regularly laid down, and as regularly followed by them, but dragged the unconscious visitor to the various objects with a pertinacity that admitted of no appeal, beginning, as a matter of course, with the "Lions' Den", the "Hall of the Gladiators" and finishing with "Cæsar's Podium"), to escape a jargon and mechanical survey of the wonders by which he was surrounded, Franz ascended a

half-dilapidated staircase, and, leaving them to follow their monotonous round, seated himself at the foot of a column, and immediately opposite a large aperture, which permitted him to enjoy a full and undisturbed view of the gigantic dimensions of the majestic ruin.

Franz had remained for nearly a quarter of an hour perfectly hidden by the shadow of the vast column at whose base he had found a resting-place, and from whence his eyes followed the motions of Albert and his guides, who, holding torches in their hands, had emerged from a vomitorium at the opposite extremity of the Colosseum, and then again disappeared down the steps conducting to the seats reserved for the Vestal virgins, resembling, as they glided along, some restless shades following the flickering glare of so many _ignes fatui_. All at once his ear caught a sound resembling that of a stone rolling down the staircase opposite the one by which he had himself ascended. There was nothing remarkable in the circumstance of a fragment of granite giving way and falling heavily below; but it seemed to him that the substance that fell gave way beneath the pressure of a foot, and also that someone, who endeavored as much as possible to prevent his footsteps from being heard, was approaching the spot where he sat.

Conjecture soon became certainty, for the figure of a man was distinctly visible to Franz, gradually emerging from the staircase opposite, upon which the moon was at that moment pouring a full tide of silvery brightness.

The stranger thus presenting himself was probably a person who, like Franz, preferred the enjoyment of solitude and his own thoughts to the frivolous gabble of the guides. And his appearance had nothing extraordinary in it; but the hesitation with which he proceeded, stopping and listening with anxious attention at every step he took, convinced Franz that he expected the arrival of some person.

By a sort of instinctive impulse, Franz withdrew as much as possible behind his pillar.

About ten feet from the spot where he and the stranger were, the roof had given way, leaving a large round opening, through which might be seen the blue vault of heaven, thickly studded with stars.

Around this opening, which had, possibly, for ages permitted a free entrance to the brilliant moonbeams that now illumined the vast pile, grew a quantity of creeping plants, whose delicate green branches stood out in bold relief against the clear azure of the firmament, while large masses of thick, strong fibrous shoots forced their way through the chasm, and hung floating to and fro, like so many waving strings.

The person whose mysterious arrival had attracted the attention of Franz stood in a kind of half-light, that rendered it impossible to distinguish his features, although his dress was easily made out. He wore a large brown mantle, one fold of which, thrown over his left shoulder, served likewise to mask the lower part of his countenance, while the upper part was completely hidden by his broad-brimmed hat. The lower part of his dress was more distinctly visible by the bright rays of the moon, which, entering through the broken ceiling, shed their refulgent beams on feet cased in elegantly made boots of polished leather, over which descended fashionably cut trousers of black cloth.

20135m

From the imperfect means Franz had of judging, he could only come to one conclusion,—that the person whom he was thus watching certainly belonged to no inferior station of life.

Some few minutes had elapsed, and the stranger began to show manifest signs of impatience, when a slight noise was heard outside the aperture in the roof, and almost immediately a dark shadow seemed to obstruct the flood of light that had entered it, and the figure of a man was clearly seen gazing with eager scrutiny on the immense space beneath him; then, as his eye caught sight of him in the mantle, he grasped a floating mass of thickly matted boughs, and glided down by their help to within three or four feet of the ground, and then leaped lightly on his feet. The man who had performed this daring act with so much indifference wore the Transtevere costume.

“I beg your excellency’s pardon for keeping you waiting,” said the man, in the Roman dialect, “but I don’t think I’m many minutes after my time, ten o’clock has just struck by the clock of Saint John Lateran.”

“Say not a word about being late,” replied the stranger in purest Tuscan; “’tis I who am too soon. But even if you had caused me to wait a little while, I should have felt quite sure that the delay was not occasioned by any fault of yours.”

“Your excellency is perfectly right in so thinking,” said the man; “I came here direct from the Castle of St. Angelo, and I had an immense deal of trouble before I could get a chance to speak to Beppo.”

“And who is Beppo?”

“Oh, Beppo is employed in the prison, and I give him so much a year to let me know what is going on within his holiness’s castle.”

“Indeed! You are a provident person, I see.”

“Why, you see, no one knows what may happen. Perhaps some of these days I may be entrapped, like poor Peppino and may be very glad to have some little nibbling mouse to gnaw the meshes of my net, and so help me out of prison.”

“Briefly, what did you learn?”

“That two executions of considerable interest will take place the day after tomorrow at two o’clock, as is customary at Rome at the commencement of all great festivals. One of the culprits will be _mazzolato_;3 he is an atrocious villain, who murdered the priest who brought him up, and deserves not the smallest pity. The other sufferer is sentenced to be _decapitato_;4 and he, your excellency, is poor Peppino.”

“The fact is, that you have inspired not only the pontifical government, but also the neighboring states, with such extreme fear, that they are glad of all opportunity of making an example.”

“But Peppino did not even belong to my band; he was merely a poor shepherd, whose only crime consisted in furnishing us with provisions.”

“Which makes him your accomplice to all intents and purposes. But mark the distinction with which he is treated; instead of being knocked on the head as you would be if once they caught hold of you, he is simply sentenced to be guillotined, by which means, too, the amusements of the day are diversified, and there is a spectacle to please every spectator.”

“Without reckoning the wholly unexpected one I am preparing to surprise them with.”

“My good friend,” said the man in the cloak, “excuse me for saying that you seem to me precisely in the mood to commit some wild or extravagant act.”

“Perhaps I am; but one thing I have resolved on, and that is, to stop at nothing to restore a poor devil to liberty, who has got into this scrape solely from having served me. I should hate and despise myself as a coward did I desert the brave fellow in his present extremity.”

“And what do you mean to do?”

“To surround the scaffold with twenty of my best men, who, at a signal from me, will rush forward directly Peppino is brought for execution, and, by the assistance of their stilettos, drive back the guard, and carry off the prisoner.”

“That seems to me as hazardous as uncertain, and convinces me that my scheme is far better than yours.”

“And what is your excellency’s project?”

“Just this. I will so advantageously bestow 2,000 piastres, that the person receiving them shall obtain a respite till next year for Peppino; and during that year, another skilfully placed 1,000 piastres will afford him the means of escaping from his prison.”

“And do you feel sure of succeeding?”

“_Pardieu!_” exclaimed the man in the cloak, suddenly expressing himself in French.

“What did your excellency say?” inquired the other.

“I said, my good fellow, that I would do more single-handed by the means of gold than you and all your troop could effect with stilettos, pistols, carbines, and blunderbusses included. Leave me, then, to act, and have no fears for the result.”

“At least, there can be no harm in myself and party being in readiness, in case your excellency should fail.”

“None whatever. Take what precautions you please, if it is any satisfaction to you to do so; but rely upon my obtaining the reprieve I seek.”

“Remember, the execution is fixed for the day after tomorrow, and that you have but one day to work in.”

“And what of that? Is not a day divided into twenty-four hours, each hour into sixty minutes, and every minute sub-divided into sixty seconds? Now in 86,400 seconds very many things can be done.”

“And how shall I know whether your excellency has succeeded or not.”

“Oh, that is very easily arranged. I have engaged the three lower windows at the Café Rospoli; should I have obtained the requisite pardon for Peppino, the two outside windows will be hung with yellow damasks, and the centre with white, having a large cross in red marked on it.”

“And whom will you employ to carry the reprieve to the officer directing the execution?”

“Send one of your men, disguised as a penitent friar, and I will give it to him. His dress will procure him the means of approaching the scaffold itself, and he will deliver the official order to the officer, who, in his turn, will hand it to the executioner; in the meantime, it will be as well to acquaint Peppino with what we have determined on, if it be only to prevent his dying of fear or losing his senses, because in either case a very useless expense will have been incurred.”

“Your excellency,” said the man, “you are fully persuaded of my entire devotion to you, are you not?”

“Nay, I flatter myself that there can be no doubt of it,” replied the cavalier in the cloak.

“Well, then, only fulfil your promise of rescuing Peppino, and henceforward you shall receive not only devotion, but the most absolute obedience from myself and those under me that one human being can render to another.”

“Have a care how far you pledge yourself, my good friend, for I may remind you of your promise at some, perhaps, not very distant period, when I, in my turn, may require your aid and influence.”

“Let that day come sooner or later, your excellency will find me what I have found you in this my heavy trouble; and if from the other end of the world you but write me word to do such or such a thing, you may regard it as done, for done it shall be, on the word and faith of——”

“Hush!” interrupted the stranger; “I hear a noise.”

“’Tis some travellers, who are visiting the Colosseum by torchlight.”

“’Twere better we should not be seen together; those guides are nothing but spies, and might possibly recognize you; and, however I may be honored by your friendship, my worthy friend, if once the extent of our intimacy were known, I am sadly afraid both my reputation and credit would suffer thereby.”

“Well, then, if you obtain the reprieve?”

“The middle window at the Café Rospoli will be hung with white damask, bearing a red cross.”

“And if you fail?”

“Then all three windows will have yellow draperies.”

“And then?”

“And then, my good fellow, use your daggers in any way you please, and I further promise you to be there as a spectator of your prowess.”

“We understand each other perfectly, then. Adieu, your excellency; depend upon me as firmly as I do upon you.”

Saying these words, the Transteverin disappeared down the staircase, while his companion, muffling his features more closely than before in the folds of his mantle, passed almost close to Franz, and descended to the arena by an outward flight of steps. The next minute Franz heard himself called by Albert, who made the lofty building re-echo with the sound of his friend’s name. Franz,

however, did not obey the summons till he had satisfied himself that the two men whose conversation he had overheard were at a sufficient distance to prevent his encountering them in his descent. In ten minutes after the strangers had departed, Franz was on the road to the Piazza di Spagna, listening with studied indifference to the learned dissertation delivered by Albert, after the manner of Pliny and Calpurnius, touching the iron-pointed nets used to prevent the ferocious beasts from springing on the spectators.

Franz let him proceed without interruption, and, in fact, did not hear what was said; he longed to be alone, and free to ponder over all that had occurred. One of the two men, whose mysterious meeting in the Colosseum he had so unintentionally witnessed, was an entire stranger to him, but not so the other; and though Franz had been unable to distinguish his features, from his being either wrapped in his mantle or obscured by the shadow, the tones of his voice had made too powerful an impression on him the first time he had heard them for him ever again to forget them, hear them when or where he might. It was more especially when this man was speaking in a manner half jesting, half bitter, that Franz's ear recalled most vividly the deep sonorous, yet well-pitched voice that had addressed him in the grotto of Monte Cristo, and which he heard for the second time amid the darkness and ruined grandeur of the Colosseum. And the more he thought, the more entire was his conviction, that the person who wore the mantle was no other than his former host and entertainer, "Sinbad the Sailor."

20139m

Under any other circumstances, Franz would have found it impossible to resist his extreme curiosity to know more of so singular a personage, and with that intent have sought to renew their short acquaintance; but in the present instance, the confidential nature of the conversation he had overheard made him, with propriety, judge that his appearance at such a time would be anything but agreeable. As we have seen, therefore, he permitted his former host to retire without attempting a recognition, but fully promising himself a rich indemnity for his present forbearance should chance afford him another opportunity.

In vain did Franz endeavor to forget the many perplexing thoughts which assailed him; in vain did he court the refreshment of sleep. Slumber refused to visit his eyelids and the night was passed in feverish contemplation of the chain of circumstances tending to prove the identity of the mysterious visitant to the Colosseum with the inhabitant of the grotto of Monte Cristo; and the more he thought, the firmer grew his opinion on the subject.

Worn out at length, he fell asleep at daybreak, and did not awake till late. Like a genuine Frenchman, Albert had employed his time in arranging for the evening's diversion; he had sent to engage a box at the Teatro Argentina; and Franz, having a number of letters to write, relinquished the carriage to Albert for the whole of the day.

At five o'clock Albert returned, delighted with his day's work; he had been occupied in leaving his letters of introduction, and had received in return more invitations to balls and routs than it would be possible for him to accept; besides this, he had seen (as he called it) all the remarkable sights at Rome. Yes, in a single day he had accomplished what his more serious-minded companion would have taken weeks to effect. Neither had he neglected to ascertain the name of the piece to be played that night at the Teatro Argentina, and also what performers appeared in it. The opera of _Parisina_ was announced for representation, and the principal actors were Coselli, Moriani, and La Specchia.

The young men, therefore, had reason to consider themselves fortunate in having the opportunity of hearing one of the best works by the composer of _Lucia di Lammermoor_, supported by three of the most renowned vocalists of Italy.

Albert had never been able to endure the Italian theatres, with their orchestras from which it is impossible to see, and the absence of balconies, or open boxes; all these defects pressed hard on a man who had had his stall at the Bouffes, and had shared a lower box at the Opera. Still, in spite of this, Albert displayed his most dazzling and effective costumes each time he visited the theatres; but, alas, his elegant toilet was wholly thrown away, and one of the most worthy representatives of Parisian fashion had to carry with him the mortifying reflection that he had nearly overrun Italy without meeting with a single adventure.

Sometimes Albert would affect to make a joke of his want of success; but internally he was deeply wounded, and his self-love immensely piqued, to think that Albert de Morcerf, the most admired and most sought after of any young person of his day, should thus be passed over, and merely have his labor for his pains. And the thing was so much the more annoying, as, according to the characteristic modesty of a Frenchman, Albert had quitted Paris with the full conviction that he had only to show himself in Italy to carry all before him, and that upon his return he should astonish the Parisian world with the recital of his numerous love-affairs.

Alas, poor Albert! None of those interesting adventures fell in his way; the lovely Genoese, Florentines, and Neapolitans were all faithful, if not to their husbands, at least to their lovers, and thought not of changing even for the splendid appearance of Albert de Morcerf; and all he gained was the painful conviction that the ladies of Italy have this advantage over those of France, that they are faithful even in their infidelity.

Yet he could not restrain a hope that in Italy, as elsewhere, there might be an exception to the general rule.

Albert, besides being an elegant, well-looking young man, was also possessed of considerable talent and ability; moreover, he was a viscount—a recently created one, certainly, but in the present day it is not necessary to go as far back as Noah in tracing a descent, and a genealogical tree is equally estimated, whether dated from 1399 or merely 1815; but to crown all these advantages, Albert de Morcerf commanded an income of 50,000 livres, a more than sufficient sum to render him a personage of considerable importance in Paris. It was therefore no small mortification to him to have visited most of the principal cities in Italy without having excited the most trifling observation.

Albert, however, hoped to indemnify himself for all these slights and indifferences during the Carnival, knowing full well that among the different states and kingdoms in which this festivity is celebrated, Rome is the spot where even the wisest and gravest throw off the usual rigidity of their lives, and deign to mingle in the follies of this time of liberty and relaxation. The Carnival was to commence on the morrow; therefore Albert had not an instant to lose in setting forth the programme of his hopes, expectations, and claims to notice.

With this design he had engaged a box in the most conspicuous part of the theatre, and exerted himself to set off his personal attractions by the aid of the most rich and elaborate toilet. The box taken by Albert was in the first circle; although each of the three tiers of boxes is deemed equally aristocratic, and is, for this reason, generally styled the “nobility’s boxes,” and although the box engaged for the two friends was sufficiently capacious to contain at least a dozen persons, it had cost less than would be paid at some of the French theatres for one admitting merely four occupants.

Another motive had influenced Albert’s selection of his seat,—who knew but that, thus advantageously placed, he might not in truth attract the notice of some fair Roman, and an introduction might ensue that would procure him the offer of a seat in a carriage, or a place in a princely balcony, from which he might behold the gayeties of the Carnival?

These united considerations made Albert more lively and anxious to please than he had hitherto been. Totally disregarding the business of the stage, he leaned from his box and began attentively scrutinizing the beauty of each pretty woman, aided by a powerful opera-glass; but, alas, this attempt to attract notice wholly failed; not even curiosity had been excited, and it was but too apparent that the lovely creatures, into whose good graces he was desirous of stealing, were all so much engrossed with themselves, their lovers, or their own thoughts, that they had not so much as noticed him or the manipulation of his glass.

The truth was, that the anticipated pleasures of the Carnival, with the “Holy Week” that was to succeed it, so filled every fair breast, as to prevent the least attention being bestowed even on the business of the stage. The actors made their entries and exits unobserved or unthought of; at certain conventional moments, the spectators would suddenly cease their conversation, or rouse themselves from their musings, to listen to some brilliant effort of Moriani’s, a well-executed recitative by Coselli, or to join in loud applause at the wonderful powers of La Specchia; but that momentary excitement over, they quickly relapsed into their former state of preoccupation or interesting conversation.

Towards the close of the first act, the door of a box which had been hitherto vacant was opened; a lady entered to whom Franz had been introduced in Paris, where indeed, he had imagined she still was. The quick eye of Albert caught the involuntary start with which his friend beheld the new arrival, and, turning to him, he said hastily:

“Do you know the woman who has just entered that box?”

“Yes; what do you think of her?”

“Oh, she is perfectly lovely—what a complexion! And such magnificent hair! Is she French?”

“No; a Venetian.”

“And her name is——”

“Countess G——.”

“Ah, I know her by name!” exclaimed Albert; “she is said to possess as much wit and cleverness as beauty. I was to have been presented to her when I met her at Madame Villefort’s ball.”

“Shall I assist you in repairing your negligence?” asked Franz.

“My dear fellow, are you really on such good terms with her as to venture to take me to her box?”

“Why, I have only had the honor of being in her society and conversing with her three or four times in my life; but you know that even such an acquaintance as that might warrant my doing what you ask.”

At that instant, the countess perceived Franz, and graciously waved her hand to him, to which he replied by a respectful inclination of the head. “Upon my word,” said Albert, “you seem to be on excellent terms with the beautiful countess.”

“You are mistaken in thinking so,” returned Franz calmly; “but you merely fall into the same error which leads so many of our countrymen to commit the most egregious blunders,—I mean that of judging the habits and customs of Italy and Spain by our Parisian notions; believe me, nothing is more fallacious than to form any estimate of the degree of intimacy you may suppose existing among persons by the familiar terms they seem upon; there is a similarity of feeling at this instant between ourselves and the countess—nothing more.”

“Is there, indeed, my good fellow? Pray tell me, is it sympathy of heart?”

“No; of taste,” continued Franz gravely.

“And in what manner has this congeniality of mind been evinced?”

“By the countess’s visiting the Colosseum, as we did last night, by moonlight, and nearly alone.”

“You were with her, then?”

“I was.”

“And what did you say to her?”

“Oh, we talked of the illustrious dead of whom that magnificent ruin is a glorious monument!”

“Upon my word,” cried Albert, “you must have been a very entertaining companion alone, or all but alone, with a beautiful woman in such a place of sentiment as the Colosseum, and yet to find nothing better to talk about than the dead! All I can say is, if ever I should get such a chance, the living should be my theme.”

20143m

“And you will probably find your theme ill-chosen.”

“But,” said Albert, breaking in upon his discourse, “never mind the past; let us only remember the present. Are you not going to keep your promise of introducing me to the fair subject of our remarks?”

“Certainly, directly the curtain falls on the stage.”

“What a confounded long time this first act lasts. I believe, on my soul, that they never mean to finish it.”

“Oh, yes, they will; only listen to that charming finale. How exquisitely Coselli sings his part.”

“But what an awkward, inelegant fellow he is.”

“Well, then, what do you say to La Specchia? Did you ever see anything more perfect than her acting?”

“Why, you know, my dear fellow, when one has been accustomed to Malibran and Sontag, such singers as these don’t make the same impression on you they perhaps do on others.”

“At least, you must admire Moriani’s style and execution.”

“I never fancied men of his dark, ponderous appearance singing with a voice like a woman’s.”

“My good friend,” said Franz, turning to him, while Albert continued to point his glass at every box in the theatre, “you seem determined not to approve; you are really too difficult to please.”

The curtain at length fell on the performances, to the infinite satisfaction of the Viscount of Morcerf, who seized his hat, rapidly passed his fingers through his hair, arranged his cravat and wristbands, and signified to Franz that he was waiting for him to lead the way.

Franz, who had mutely interrogated the countess, and received from her a gracious smile in token that he would be welcome, sought not to retard the gratification of Albert’s eager impatience, but began at once the tour of the house, closely followed by Albert, who availed himself of the few minutes required to reach the opposite side of the theatre to settle the height and smoothness of his collar, and to arrange the lappets of his coat. This important task was just completed as they arrived at the countess’s box.

At the knock, the door was immediately opened, and the young man who was seated beside the countess, in obedience to the Italian custom, instantly rose and surrendered his place to the strangers, who, in turn, would be expected to retire upon the arrival of other visitors.

Franz presented Albert as one of the most distinguished young men of the day, both as regarded his position in society and extraordinary talents; nor did he say more than the truth, for in Paris and the circle in which the viscount moved, he was looked upon and cited as a model of perfection. Franz added that his companion, deeply grieved at having been prevented the honor of being presented to the countess during her sojourn in Paris, was most anxious to make up for it, and had requested him (Franz) to remedy the past misfortune by conducting him to her box, and concluded by asking pardon for his presumption in having taken it upon himself to do so.

The countess, in reply, bowed gracefully to Albert, and extended her hand with cordial kindness to Franz; then, inviting Albert to take the vacant seat beside her, she recommended Franz to take the next best, if he wished to view the ballet, and pointed to the one behind her own chair.

Albert was soon deeply engrossed in discoursing upon Paris and Parisian matters, speaking to the countess of the various persons they both knew there. Franz perceived how completely he was in his element; and, unwilling to interfere with the pleasure he so evidently felt, took up Albert’s glass, and began in his turn to survey the audience.

Sitting alone, in the front of a box immediately opposite, but situated on the third row, was a woman of exquisite beauty, dressed in a Greek costume, which evidently, from the ease and grace with which she wore it, was her national attire. Behind her, but in deep shadow, was the outline of a masculine figure; but the features of this latter personage it was not possible to distinguish. Franz could not forbear breaking in upon the apparently interesting conversation passing between the countess and Albert, to inquire of the former if she knew who was the fair Albanian opposite, since beauty such as hers was well worthy of being observed by either sex.

“All I can tell about her,” replied the countess, “is, that she has been at Rome since the beginning of the season; for I saw her where she now sits the very first night of the season, and since then she has never missed a performance. Sometimes she is accompanied by the person who is now with her, and at others she is merely attended by a black servant.”

“And what do you think of her personal appearance?”

“Oh, I consider her perfectly lovely—she is just my idea of what Medora must have been.”

Franz and the countess exchanged a smile, and then the latter resumed her conversation with Albert, while Franz returned to his previous survey of the house and company. The curtain rose on the ballet, which was one of those excellent specimens of the Italian school, admirably arranged and put on the stage by Henri, who has established for himself a great reputation throughout Italy for his taste and skill in the choreographic art—one of those masterly productions of grace, method, and elegance in which the whole _corps de ballet_, from the principal dancers to the humblest supernumerary, are all engaged on the stage at the same time; and a hundred and fifty persons may be seen exhibiting the same attitude, or elevating the same arm or leg with a simultaneous movement, that would lead you to suppose that but one mind, one act of volition, influenced the moving mass.

The ballet was called _Poliska_.

However much the ballet might have claimed his attention, Franz was too deeply occupied with the beautiful Greek to take any note of it; while she seemed to experience an almost childlike delight in watching it, her eager, animated looks contrasting strongly with the utter indifference of her companion, who, during the whole time the piece lasted, never even moved, not even when the furious, crashing din produced by the trumpets, cymbals, and Chinese bells sounded their loudest from the orchestra. Of this he took no heed, but was, as far as appearances might be trusted, enjoying soft repose and bright celestial dreams.

The ballet at length came to a close, and the curtain fell amid the loud, unanimous plaudits of an enthusiastic and delighted audience.

Owing to the very judicious plan of dividing the two acts of the opera with a ballet, the pauses between the performances are very short, the singers in the opera having time to repose themselves and change their costume, when necessary, while the dancers are executing their pirouettes and exhibiting their graceful steps.

The overture to the second act began; and, at the first sound of the leader's bow across his violin, Franz observed the sleeper slowly arise and approach the Greek girl, who turned around to say a few words to him, and then, leaning forward again on the railing of her box, she became as absorbed as before in what was going on.

The countenance of the person who had addressed her remained so completely in the shade, that, though Franz tried his utmost, he could not distinguish a single feature. The curtain rose, and the attention of Franz was attracted by the actors; and his eyes turned from the box containing the Greek girl and her strange companion to watch the business of the stage.

Most of my readers are aware that the second act of _Parisina_ opens with the celebrated and effective duet in which Parisina, while sleeping, betrays to Azzo the secret of her love for Ugo. The injured husband goes through all the emotions of jealousy, until conviction seizes on his mind, and then, in a frenzy of rage and indignation, he awakens his guilty wife to tell her that he knows her guilt and to threaten her with his vengeance.

This duet is one of the most beautiful, expressive and terrible conceptions that has ever emanated from the fruitful pen of Donizetti. Franz now listened to it for the third time; yet its notes, so tenderly expressive and fearfully grand as the wretched husband and wife give vent to their different griefs and passions, thrilled through the soul of Franz with an effect equal to his first emotions upon hearing it. Excited beyond his usual calm demeanor, Franz rose with the audience, and was about to join the loud, enthusiastic applause that followed; but suddenly his purpose was arrested, his hands fell by his sides, and the half-uttered "bravos" expired on his lips.

The occupant of the box in which the Greek girl sat appeared to share the universal admiration that prevailed; for he left his seat to stand up in front, so that, his countenance being fully revealed, Franz had no difficulty in recognizing him as the mysterious inhabitant of Monte Cristo, and the very same person he had encountered the preceding evening in the ruins of the Colosseum, and whose voice and figure had seemed so familiar to him.

All doubt of his identity was now at an end; his singular host evidently resided at Rome. The surprise and agitation occasioned by this full confirmation of Franz's former suspicion had no doubt imparted a corresponding expression to his features; for the countess, after gazing with a puzzled look at his face, burst into a fit of laughter, and begged to know what had happened.

"Countess," returned Franz, totally unheeding her raillery, "I asked you a short time since if you knew any particulars respecting the Albanian lady opposite; I must now beseech you to inform me who and what is her husband?"

"Nay," answered the countess, "I know no more of him than yourself."

"Perhaps you never before noticed him?"

"What a question—so truly French! Do you not know that we Italians have eyes only for the man we love?"

"True," replied Franz.

"All I can say is," continued the countess, taking up the _lorgnette_, and directing it toward the box in question, "that the gentleman, whose history I am unable to furnish, seems to me as though he had just been dug up; he looks more like a corpse permitted by some friendly grave-digger to quit his tomb for a while, and revisit this earth of ours, than anything human. How ghastly pale he is!"

"Oh, he is always as colorless as you now see him," said Franz.

“Then you know him?” almost screamed the countess. “Oh, pray do, for heaven’s sake, tell us all about—is he a vampire, or a resuscitated corpse, or what?”

“I fancy I have seen him before; and I even think he recognizes me.”

“And I can well understand,” said the countess, shrugging up her beautiful shoulders, as though an involuntary shudder passed through her veins, “that those who have once seen that man will never be likely to forget him.”

The sensation experienced by Franz was evidently not peculiar to himself; another, and wholly uninterested person, felt the same unaccountable awe and misgiving.

“Well.” inquired Franz, after the countess had a second time directed her _lorgnette_ at the box, “what do you think of our opposite neighbor?”

20147m

“Why, that he is no other than Lord Ruthven himself in a living form.”

This fresh allusion to Byron5 drew a smile to Franz’s countenance; although he could but allow that if anything was likely to induce belief in the existence of vampires, it would be the presence of such a man as the mysterious personage before him.

“I must positively find out who and what he is,” said Franz, rising from his seat.

“No, no,” cried the countess; “you must not leave me. I depend upon you to escort me home. Oh, indeed, I cannot permit you to go.”

“Is it possible,” whispered Franz, “that you entertain any fear?”

“I’ll tell you,” answered the countess. “Byron had the most perfect belief in the existence of vampires, and even assured me that he had seen them. The description he gave me perfectly corresponds with the features and character of the man before us. Oh, he is the exact personification of what I have been led to expect! The coal-black hair, large bright, glittering eyes, in which a wild, unearthly fire seems burning,—the same ghastly paleness. Then observe, too, that the woman with him is altogether unlike all others of her sex. She is a foreigner—a stranger. Nobody knows who she is, or where she comes from. No doubt she belongs to the same horrible race he does, and is, like himself, a dealer in magical arts. I entreat of you not to go near him—at least tonight; and if tomorrow your curiosity still continues as great, pursue your researches if you will; but tonight you neither can nor shall. For that purpose I mean to keep you all to myself.”

Franz protested he could not defer his pursuit till the following day, for many reasons.

“Listen to me,” said the countess, “and do not be so very headstrong. I am going home. I have a party at my house tonight, and therefore cannot possibly remain till the end of the opera. Now, I cannot for one instant believe you so devoid of gallantry as to refuse a lady your escort when she even condescends to ask you for it.”

There was nothing else left for Franz to do but to take up his hat, open the door of the box, and offer the countess his arm. It was quite evident, by her manner, that her uneasiness was not feigned; and Franz himself could not resist a feeling of superstitious dread—so much the stronger in him, as it arose from a variety of corroborative recollections, while the terror of the countess sprang from an instinctive belief, originally created in her mind by the wild tales she had listened to till she believed them truths. Franz could even feel her arm tremble as he assisted her into the carriage. Upon arriving at her hotel, Franz perceived that she had deceived him when she spoke of expecting company; on the contrary, her own return before the appointed hour seemed greatly to astonish the servants.

“Excuse my little subterfuge,” said the countess, in reply to her companion’s half-reproachful observation on the subject; “but that horrid man had made me feel quite uncomfortable, and I longed to be alone, that I might compose my startled mind.”

Franz essayed to smile.

“Nay,” said she, “do not smile; it ill accords with the expression of your countenance, and I am sure it does not spring from your heart. However, promise me one thing.”

“What is it?”

“Promise me, I say.”

“I will do anything you desire, except relinquish my determination of finding out who this man is. I have more reasons than you can imagine for desiring to know who he is, from whence he came, and whither he is going.”

“Where he comes from I am ignorant; but I can readily tell you where he is going to, and that is down below, without the least doubt.”

“Let us only speak of the promise you wished me to make,” said Franz.

“Well, then, you must give me your word to return immediately to your hotel, and make no attempt to follow this man tonight. There are certain affinities between the persons we quit and those we meet afterwards. For heaven’s sake, do not serve as a conductor between that man and me. Pursue your chase after him tomorrow as eagerly as you please; but never bring him near me, if you would not see me die of terror. And now, good-night; go to your rooms, and try to sleep away all recollections of this evening. For my own part, I am quite sure I shall not be able to close my eyes.”

So saying, the countess quitted Franz, leaving him unable to decide whether she were merely amusing herself at his expense, or whether her fears and agitations were genuine.

Upon his return to the hotel, Franz found Albert in his dressing-gown and slippers, listlessly extended on a sofa, smoking a cigar.

“My dear fellow!” cried he, springing up, “is it really you? Why, I did not expect to see you before tomorrow.”

“My dear Albert,” replied Franz, “I am glad of this opportunity to tell you, once and forever, that you entertain a most erroneous notion concerning Italian women. I should have thought the continual failures you have met with in all your own love affairs might have taught you better by this time.”

“Upon my soul, these women would puzzle the very Devil to read them aright. Why, here—they give you their hand—they press yours in return—they keep up a whispering conversation—permit you to accompany them home. Why, if a Parisian were to indulge in a quarter of these marks of flattering attention, her reputation would be gone forever.”

“And the very reason why the women of this fine country, ‘where sounds the _si_,’ as Dante writes, put so little restraint on their words and actions, is because they live so much in public, and have really nothing to conceal. Besides, you must have perceived that the countess was really alarmed.”

“At what? At the sight of that respectable gentleman sitting opposite to us in the same box with the lovely Greek girl? Now, for my part, I met them in the lobby after the conclusion of the piece; and hang me, if I can guess where you took your notions of the other world from. I can assure you that this hobgoblin of yours is a deuced fine-looking fellow—admirably dressed. Indeed, I feel quite sure, from the cut of his clothes, they are made by a first-rate Paris tailor—probably Blin or Humann. He was rather too pale, certainly; but then, you know, paleness is always looked upon as a strong proof of aristocratic descent and distinguished breeding.”

Franz smiled; for he well remembered that Albert particularly prided himself on the entire absence of color in his own complexion.

“Well, that tends to confirm my own ideas,” said Franz, “that the countess’s suspicions were destitute alike of sense and reason. Did he speak in your hearing? and did you catch any of his words?”

“I did; but they were uttered in the Romaic dialect. I knew that from the mixture of Greek words. I don’t know whether I ever told you that when I was at college I was rather—rather strong in Greek.”

“He spoke the Romaic language, did he?”

“I think so.”

“That settles it,” murmured Franz. “’Tis he, past all doubt.”

“What do you say?”

“Nothing, nothing. But tell me, what were you thinking about when I came in?”

“Oh, I was arranging a little surprise for you.”

“Indeed. Of what nature?”

“Why, you know it is quite impossible to procure a carriage.”

“Certainly; and I also know that we have done all that human means afforded to endeavor to get one.”

“Now, then, in this difficulty a bright idea has flashed across my brain.”

Franz looked at Albert as though he had not much confidence in the suggestions of his imagination.

“I tell you what, M. Franz,” cried Albert, “you deserve to be called out for such a misgiving and incredulous glance as that you were pleased to bestow on me just now.”

“And I promise to give you the satisfaction of a gentleman if your scheme turns out as ingenious as you assert.”

“Well, then, hearken to me.”

“I listen.”

“You agree, do you not, that obtaining a carriage is out of the question?”

“I do.”

“Neither can we procure horses?”

“True; we have offered any sum, but have failed.”

“Well, now, what do you say to a cart? I dare say such a thing might be had.”

“Very possibly.”

“And a pair of oxen?”

“As easily found as the cart.”

“Then you see, my good fellow, with a cart and a couple of oxen our business can be managed. The cart must be tastefully ornamented; and if you and I dress ourselves as Neapolitan reapers, we may get up a striking tableau, after the manner of that splendid picture by Léopold Robert. It would add greatly to the effect if the countess would join us in the costume of a peasant from Puzzoli or Sorrento. Our group would then be quite complete, more especially as the countess is quite beautiful enough to represent a Madonna.”

“Well,” said Franz, “this time, M. Albert, I am bound to give you credit for having hit upon a most capital idea.”

“And quite a national one, too,” replied Albert with gratified pride. “A mere masque borrowed from our own festivities. Ha, ha, ye Romans! you thought to make us, unhappy strangers, trot at the heels of your processions, like so many lazzaroni, because no carriages or horses are to be had in your beggarly city. But you don’t know us; when we can’t have one thing we invent another.”

“And have you communicated your triumphant idea to anybody?”

“Only to our host. Upon my return home I sent for him, and I then explained to him what I wished to procure. He assured me that nothing would be easier than to furnish all I desired. One thing I was sorry for; when I bade him have the horns of the oxen gilded, he told me there would not be time, as it would require three days to do that; so you see we must do without this little superfluity.”

“And where is he now?”

“Who?”

“Our host.”

“Gone out in search of our equipage, by tomorrow it might be too late.”

“Then he will be able to give us an answer tonight.”

“Oh, I expect him every minute.”

At this instant the door opened, and the head of Signor Pastrini appeared. “_Permesso_?” inquired he.

“Certainly—certainly,” cried Franz. “Come in, my host.”

“Now, then,” asked Albert eagerly, “have you found the desired cart and oxen?”

“Better than that!” replied Signor Pastrini, with the air of a man perfectly well satisfied with himself.

“Take care, my worthy host,” said Albert, “_better_ is a sure enemy to _well_.”

“Let your excellencies only leave the matter to me,” returned Signor Pastrini in a tone indicative of unbounded self-confidence.

“But what _have_ you done?” asked Franz. “S

[... TRUNCATED at 800,000 chars for file-size management — full text in original source ...]

==========

The Republic

Plato

Project Gutenberg Release: October 01, 1998 · eBook #1497

THE REPUBLIC

By Plato

Translated by Benjamin Jowett

Note: See also “The Republic” by Plato, Jowett, eBook #150

Contents

INTRODUCTION AND ANALYSIS. THE REPUBLIC. PERSONS OF THE DIALOGUE. BOOK I. BOOK II. BOOK III. BOOK IV. BOOK V. BOOK VI. BOOK VII. BOOK VIII. BOOK IX. BOOK X.

INTRODUCTION AND ANALYSIS.

The Republic of Plato is the longest of his works with the exception of the Laws, and is certainly the greatest of them. There are nearer approaches to modern metaphysics in the Philebus and in the Sophist; the Politicus or Statesman is more ideal; the form and institutions of the State are more clearly drawn out in the Laws; as works of art, the Symposium and the Protagoras are of higher excellence. But no other Dialogue of Plato has the same largeness of view and the same perfection of style; no other shows an equal knowledge of the world, or contains more of those thoughts which are new as well as old, and not of one age only but of all. Nowhere in Plato is there a deeper irony or a greater wealth of humour or imagery, or more dramatic power. Nor in any other of his writings is the attempt made to interweave life and speculation, or to connect politics with philosophy. The Republic is the centre around which the other Dialogues may be grouped; here philosophy reaches the highest point (cp, especially in Books V, VI, VII) to which ancient thinkers ever attained. Plato among the Greeks, like Bacon among the moderns, was the first who conceived a method of knowledge, although neither of them always distinguished the bare outline or form from the substance of truth; and both of them had to be content with an abstraction of science which was not yet realized. He was the greatest metaphysical genius whom the world has seen; and in him, more than in any other ancient thinker, the germs of future knowledge are contained. The sciences of logic and psychology, which have supplied so many instruments of thought to after-ages, are based upon the analyses of Socrates and Plato. The principles of definition, the law of contradiction, the fallacy of arguing in a circle, the distinction between the essence and accidents of a thing or notion, between means and ends, between causes and conditions; also the division of the mind into the rational, concupiscent, and irascible elements, or of pleasures and desires into necessary and unnecessary—these and other great forms of thought are all of them to be found in the Republic, and were probably first invented by Plato. The greatest of all logical truths, and the one of which writers on philosophy are most apt to lose sight, the difference between words and things, has been most strenuously insisted on by him (cp. Rep.; Polit.; Cratyl. 435, 436 ff), although he has not always avoided the confusion of them in his own writings (e.g. Rep.). But he does not bind up truth in logical formulae,—logic is still veiled in metaphysics; and the science which he imagines to ‘contemplate all truth and all existence’ is very unlike the doctrine of the syllogism which Aristotle claims to have discovered (Soph. Elenchi, 33. 18).

Neither must we forget that the Republic is but the third part of a still larger design which was to have included an ideal history of Athens, as well as a political and physical philosophy. The fragment of the Critias has given birth to a world-famous fiction, second only in importance to the tale of Troy and the legend of Arthur; and is said as a fact to have inspired some of the early navigators of the sixteenth century. This mythical tale, of which the subject was a history of the wars of the Athenians against the Island of Atlantis, is supposed to be founded upon an unfinished poem of Solon, to which it would have stood in the same relation as the writings of the logographers to the poems of Homer. It would have told of a struggle for Liberty (cp. Tim. 25 C), intended to represent the conflict of Persia and Hellas. We may judge from the noble commencement of the Timaeus, from the fragment of the Critias itself, and from the third book of the Laws, in what manner Plato would have treated this high argument. We can only guess why the great design was abandoned; perhaps because Plato became sensible of some incongruity in a fictitious history, or because he had lost his interest in it, or because advancing years forbade the completion of it; and we may please ourselves with

the fancy that had this imaginary narrative ever been finished, we should have found Plato himself sympathising with the struggle for Hellenic independence (cp. Laws, iii. 698 ff.), singing a hymn of triumph over Marathon and Salamis, perhaps making the reflection of Herodotus (v. 78) where he contemplates the growth of the Athenian empire—'How brave a thing is freedom of speech, which has made the Athenians so far exceed every other state of Hellas in greatness!' or, more probably, attributing the victory to the ancient good order of Athens and to the favor of Apollo and Athene (cp. Introd. to Critias).

Again, Plato may be regarded as the 'captain' ('arhchegoz') or leader of a goodly band of followers; for in the Republic is to be found the original of Cicero's De Republica, of St. Augustine's City of God, of the Utopia of Sir Thomas More, and of the numerous other imaginary States which are framed upon the same model. The extent to which Aristotle or the Aristotelian school were indebted to him in the Politics has been little recognised, and the recognition is the more necessary because it is not made by Aristotle himself. The two philosophers had more in common than they were conscious of; and probably some elements of Plato remain still undetected in Aristotle. In English philosophy too, many affinities may be traced, not only in the works of the Cambridge Platonists, but in great original writers like Berkeley or Coleridge, to Plato and his ideas. That there is a truth higher than experience, of which the mind bears witness to herself, is a conviction which in our own generation has been enthusiastically asserted, and is perhaps gaining ground. Of the Greek authors who at the Renaissance brought a new life into the world Plato has had the greatest influence. The Republic of Plato is also the first treatise upon education, of which the writings of Milton and Locke, Rousseau, Jean Paul, and Goethe are the legitimate descendants. Like Dante or Bunyan, he has a revelation of another life; like Bacon, he is profoundly impressed with the unity of knowledge; in the early Church he exercised a real influence on theology, and at the Revival of Literature on politics. Even the fragments of his words when 'repeated at second-hand' (Symp. 215 D) have in all ages ravished the hearts of men, who have seen reflected in them their own higher nature. He is the father of idealism in philosophy, in politics, in literature. And many of the latest conceptions of modern thinkers and statesmen, such as the unity of knowledge, the reign of law, and the equality of the sexes, have been anticipated in a dream by him.

The argument of the Republic is the search after Justice, the nature of which is first hinted at by Cephalus, the just and blameless old man—then discussed on the basis of proverbial morality by Socrates and Polemarchus—then caricatured by Thrasymachus and partially explained by Socrates—reduced to an abstraction by Glaucon and Adeimantus, and having become invisible in the individual reappears at length in the ideal State which is constructed by Socrates. The first care of the rulers is to be education, of which an outline is drawn after the old Hellenic model, providing only for an improved religion and morality, and more simplicity in music and gymnastic, a manlier strain of poetry, and greater harmony of the individual and the State. We are thus led on to the conception of a higher State, in which 'no man calls anything his own,' and in which there is neither 'marrying nor giving in marriage,' and 'kings are philosophers' and 'philosophers are kings;' and there is another and higher education, intellectual as well as moral and religious, of science as well as of art, and not of youth only but of the whole of life. Such a State is hardly to be realized in this world and quickly degenerates. To the perfect ideal succeeds the government of the soldier and the lover of honour, this again declining into democracy, and democracy into tyranny, in an imaginary but regular order having not much resemblance to the actual facts. When 'the wheel has come full circle' we do not begin again with a new period of human life; but we have passed from the best to the worst, and there we end. The subject is then changed and the old quarrel of poetry and philosophy which had been more lightly treated in the earlier books of the Republic is now resumed and fought out to a conclusion. Poetry is discovered to be an imitation thrice removed from the truth, and Homer, as well as the dramatic poets, having been condemned as an imitator, is sent into banishment along with them. And the idea of the State is supplemented by the revelation of a future life.

The division into books, like all similar divisions (Cp. Sir G.C. Lewis in the Classical Museum, vol. ii. p 1.), is probably later than the age of Plato. The natural divisions are five in number;—(1) Book I and the first half of Book II down to the paragraph beginning, 'I had always admired the genius of Glaucon and Adeimantus,' which is introductory; the first book containing a refutation of the popular and sophistical notions of justice, and concluding, like some of the earlier Dialogues, without arriving at any definite result. To this is appended a restatement of the nature of justice according to common opinion, and an answer is demanded to the question—What is justice, stripped of appearances? The second division (2) includes the remainder of the second and the whole of the third and fourth books, which are mainly occupied with the construction of the first State and the first education. The third division (3) consists of the fifth, sixth, and seventh books, in which philosophy rather than justice is the subject of enquiry, and the second State is constructed on principles of communism and ruled by philosophers, and the contemplation of the idea of good takes the place of the social and political virtues. In the eighth and ninth books (4) the perversions of States and of the individuals who correspond to them are reviewed in succession; and the nature of pleasure and the principle of tyranny are further analysed in the individual man. The tenth book (5) is the conclusion of the whole, in which the relations of philosophy to poetry are finally determined, and the happiness of the citizens in this life, which has now been assured, is crowned by the vision of another.

Or a more general division into two parts may be adopted; the first (Books I - IV) containing the description of a State framed generally in accordance with Hellenic notions of religion and morality, while in the second (Books V - X) the Hellenic State is transformed into an ideal kingdom of philosophy, of which all other governments are the perversions. These two points of view are really opposed, and the opposition is only veiled by the genius of Plato. The Republic, like the Phaedrus (see Introduction to Phaedrus), is an imperfect whole; the higher light of philosophy breaks through the regularity of the Hellenic temple, which at last fades away into the heavens. Whether this imperfection of structure arises from an enlargement of the plan; or from the imperfect reconcilement in the writer's own mind of the struggling elements of thought which are now first brought together by him; or, perhaps, from the composition of the work at different times—are questions, like the similar question about the Iliad and the Odyssey, which are worth asking, but which cannot have a distinct answer. In the age of Plato there was no regular mode of publication, and an author would have the less scruple in altering or adding to a work which was known only to a few of his friends. There is no absurdity in supposing that he may have laid his labours aside for a time, or turned from one work to another; and such interruptions would be more likely to occur in the case of a long than of a short writing. In all attempts to determine the chronological order of the Platonic writings on internal evidence, this uncertainty about any single Dialogue being composed at one time is a disturbing element, which must be admitted to affect longer works, such as the Republic and the Laws, more than shorter ones. But, on the other hand, the seeming discrepancies of the Republic may only arise out of the discordant elements which the philosopher has attempted to unite in a single whole, perhaps without being himself able to recognise the inconsistency which is obvious to us. For there is a judgment of after ages which few great writers have ever been able to anticipate for themselves. They do not perceive the want of connexion in their own writings, or the gaps in their systems which are visible enough to those who come after them. In the beginnings of literature and philosophy, amid the first efforts of thought and language, more inconsistencies occur than now, when the paths of speculation are well worn and the meaning of words precisely defined. For consistency, too, is the growth of time; and some of the greatest creations of the human mind have been wanting in unity. Tried by this test, several of the Platonic Dialogues, according to our modern ideas, appear to be defective, but the deficiency is no proof that they were composed at different times or by different hands. And the supposition that the Republic was written uninterruptedly and by a continuous effort is in some degree confirmed by the numerous references from one part of the work to another.

The second title, 'Concerning Justice,' is not the one by which the Republic is quoted, either by Aristotle or generally in antiquity, and, like the other second titles of the Platonic Dialogues, may therefore be assumed to be of later date. Morgenstern and others have asked whether the definition of justice, which is the professed aim, or the construction of the State is the principal argument of the work. The answer is, that the two blend in one, and are two faces of the same truth; for justice is the order of the State, and the State is the visible embodiment of justice under the conditions of human society. The one is the soul and the other is the body, and the Greek ideal of the State, as of the individual, is a fair mind in a fair body. In Hegelian phraseology the state is the reality of which justice is the idea. Or, described in Christian language, the kingdom of God is within, and yet developes into a Church or external kingdom; 'the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens,' is reduced to the proportions of an earthly building. Or, to use a Platonic image, justice and the State are the warp and the woof which run through the whole texture. And when the constitution of the State is completed, the conception of justice is not dismissed, but reappears under the same or different names throughout the work, both as the inner law of the individual soul, and finally as the principle of rewards and punishments in another life. The virtues are based on justice, of which common honesty in buying and selling is the shadow, and justice is based on the idea of good, which is the harmony of the world, and is reflected both in the institutions of states and in motions of the heavenly bodies (cp. Tim. 47). The Timaeus, which takes up the political rather than the ethical side of the Republic, and is chiefly occupied with hypotheses concerning the outward world, yet contains many indications that the same law is supposed to reign over the State, over nature, and over man.

Too much, however, has been made of this question both in ancient and modern times. There is a stage of criticism in which all works, whether of nature or of art, are referred to design. Now in ancient writings, and indeed in literature generally, there remains often a large element which was not comprehended in the original design. For the plan grows under the author's hand; new thoughts occur to him in the act of writing; he has not worked out the argument to the end before he begins. The reader who seeks to find some one idea under which the whole may be conceived, must necessarily seize on the vaguest and most general. Thus Stallbaum, who is dissatisfied with the ordinary explanations of the argument of the Republic, imagines himself to have found the true argument 'in the representation of human life in a State perfected by justice, and governed according to the idea of good.' There may be some use in such general descriptions, but they can hardly be said to express the design of the writer. The truth is, that we may as well speak of many designs as of one; nor need anything be excluded from the plan of a great work to which the mind is naturally led by the association of ideas, and which does not interfere with the general purpose. What kind or degree of

unity is to be sought after in a building, in the plastic arts, in poetry, in prose, is a problem which has to be determined relatively to the subject-matter. To Plato himself, the enquiry ‘what was the intention of the writer,’ or ‘what was the principal argument of the Republic’ would have been hardly intelligible, and therefore had better be at once dismissed (cp. the Introduction to the Phaedrus).

Is not the Republic the vehicle of three or four great truths which, to Plato’s own mind, are most naturally represented in the form of the State? Just as in the Jewish prophets the reign of Messiah, or ‘the day of the Lord,’ or the suffering Servant or people of God, or the ‘Sun of righteousness with healing in his wings’ only convey, to us at least, their great spiritual ideals, so through the Greek State Plato reveals to us his own thoughts about divine perfection, which is the idea of good—like the sun in the visible world;—about human perfection, which is justice—about education beginning in youth and continuing in later years—about poets and sophists and tyrants who are the false teachers and evil rulers of mankind—about ‘the world’ which is the embodiment of them—about a kingdom which exists nowhere upon earth but is laid up in heaven to be the pattern and rule of human life. No such inspired creation is at unity with itself, any more than the clouds of heaven when the sun pierces through them. Every shade of light and dark, of truth, and of fiction which is the veil of truth, is allowable in a work of philosophical imagination. It is not all on the same plane; it easily passes from ideas to myths and fancies, from facts to figures of speech. It is not prose but poetry, at least a great part of it, and ought not to be judged by the rules of logic or the probabilities of history. The writer is not fashioning his ideas into an artistic whole; they take possession of him and are too much for him. We have no need therefore to discuss whether a State such as Plato has conceived is practicable or not, or whether the outward form or the inward life came first into the mind of the writer. For the practicability of his ideas has nothing to do with their truth; and the highest thoughts to which he attains may be truly said to bear the greatest ‘marks of design’—justice more than the external frame-work of the State, the idea of good more than justice. The great science of dialectic or the organisation of ideas has no real content; but is only a type of the method or spirit in which the higher knowledge is to be pursued by the spectator of all time and all existence. It is in the fifth, sixth, and seventh books that Plato reaches the ‘summit of speculation,’ and these, although they fail to satisfy the requirements of a modern thinker, may therefore be regarded as the most important, as they are also the most original, portions of the work.

It is not necessary to discuss at length a minor question which has been raised by Boeckh, respecting the imaginary date at which the conversation was held (the year 411 B.C. which is proposed by him will do as well as any other); for a writer of fiction, and especially a writer who, like Plato, is notoriously careless of chronology (cp. Rep., Symp., 193 A, etc.), only aims at general probability. Whether all the persons mentioned in the Republic could ever have met at any one time is not a difficulty which would have occurred to an Athenian reading the work forty years later, or to Plato himself at the time of writing (any more than to Shakespeare respecting one of his own dramas); and need not greatly trouble us now. Yet this may be a question having no answer ‘which is still worth asking,’ because the investigation shows that we cannot argue historically from the dates in Plato; it would be useless therefore to waste time in inventing far-fetched reconcilements of them in order to avoid chronological difficulties, such, for example, as the conjecture of C.F. Hermann, that Glaucon and Adeimantus are not the brothers but the uncles of Plato (cp. Apol. 34 A), or the fancy of Stallbaum that Plato intentionally left anachronisms indicating the dates at which some of his Dialogues were written.

The principal characters in the Republic are Cephalus, Polemarchus, Thrasymachus, Socrates, Glaucon, and Adeimantus. Cephalus appears in the introduction only, Polemarchus drops at the end of the first argument, and Thrasymachus is reduced to silence at the close of the first book. The main discussion is carried on by Socrates, Glaucon, and Adeimantus. Among the company are Lysias (the orator) and Euthydemus, the sons of Cephalus and brothers of Polemarchus, an unknown Charmantides—these are mute auditors; also there is Cleitophon, who once interrupts, where, as in the Dialogue which bears his name, he appears as the friend and ally of Thrasymachus.

Cephalus, the patriarch of the house, has been appropriately engaged in offering a sacrifice. He is the pattern of an old man who has almost done with life, and is at peace with himself and with all mankind. He feels that he is drawing nearer to the world below, and seems to linger around the memory of the past. He is eager that Socrates should come to visit him, fond of the poetry of the last generation, happy in the consciousness of a well-spent life, glad at having escaped from the tyranny of youthful lusts. His love of conversation, his affection, his indifference to riches, even his garrulity, are interesting traits of character. He is not one of those who have nothing to say, because their whole mind has been absorbed in making money. Yet he acknowledges that riches have the advantage of placing men above the temptation to dishonesty or falsehood. The respectful attention shown to him by Socrates, whose love of conversation, no less than the mission imposed upon him by the Oracle, leads him to ask questions of all men, young and old alike, should also be noted. Who better suited to raise the question of justice than Cephalus, whose life might seem to be the expression of it? The moderation with which old age is pictured by Cephalus as a very tolerable portion of existence is

characteristic, not only of him, but of Greek feeling generally, and contrasts with the exaggeration of Cicero in the De Senectute. The evening of life is described by Plato in the most expressive manner, yet with the fewest possible touches. As Cicero remarks (Ep. ad Attic. iv. 16), the aged Cephalus would have been out of place in the discussion which follows, and which he could neither have understood nor taken part in without a violation of dramatic propriety (cp. Lysimachus in the Laches).

His ‘son and heir’ Polemarchus has the frankness and impetuousness of youth; he is for detaining Socrates by force in the opening scene, and will not ‘let him off’ on the subject of women and children. Like Cephalus, he is limited in his point of view, and represents the proverbial stage of morality which has rules of life rather than principles; and he quotes Simonides (cp. Aristoph. Clouds) as his father had quoted Pindar. But after this he has no more to say; the answers which he makes are only elicited from him by the dialectic of Socrates. He has not yet experienced the influence of the Sophists like Glaucon and Adeimantus, nor is he sensible of the necessity of refuting them; he belongs to the pre-Socratic or pre-dialectical age. He is incapable of arguing, and is bewildered by Socrates to such a degree that he does not know what he is saying. He is made to admit that justice is a thief, and that the virtues follow the analogy of the arts. From his brother Lysias (contra Eratosth.) we learn that he fell a victim to the Thirty Tyrants, but no allusion is here made to his fate, nor to the circumstance that Cephalus and his family were of Syracusan origin, and had migrated from Thurii to Athens.

The ‘Chalcedonian giant,’ Thrasymachus, of whom we have already heard in the Phaedrus, is the personification of the Sophists, according to Plato’s conception of them, in some of their worst characteristics. He is vain and blustering, refusing to discourse unless he is paid, fond of making an oration, and hoping thereby to escape the inevitable Socrates; but a mere child in argument, and unable to foresee that the next ‘move’ (to use a Platonic expression) will ‘shut him up.’ He has reached the stage of framing general notions, and in this respect is in advance of Cephalus and Polemarchus. But he is incapable of defending them in a discussion, and vainly tries to cover his confusion with banter and insolence. Whether such doctrines as are attributed to him by Plato were really held either by him or by any other Sophist is uncertain; in the infancy of philosophy serious errors about morality might easily grow up—they are certainly put into the mouths of speakers in Thucydides; but we are concerned at present with Plato’s description of him, and not with the historical reality. The inequality of the contest adds greatly to the humour of the scene. The pompous and empty Sophist is utterly helpless in the hands of the great master of dialectic, who knows how to touch all the springs of vanity and weakness in him. He is greatly irritated by the irony of Socrates, but his noisy and imbecile rage only lays him more and more open to the thrusts of his assailant. His determination to cram down their throats, or put ‘bodily into their souls’ his own words, elicits a cry of horror from Socrates. The state of his temper is quite as worthy of remark as the process of the argument. Nothing is more amusing than his complete submission when he has been once thoroughly beaten. At first he seems to continue the discussion with reluctance, but soon with apparent good-will, and he even testifies his interest at a later stage by one or two occasional remarks. When attacked by Glaucon he is humorously protected by Socrates ‘as one who has never been his enemy and is now his friend.’ From Cicero and Quintilian and from Aristotle’s Rhetoric we learn that the Sophist whom Plato has made so ridiculous was a man of note whose writings were preserved in later ages. The play on his name which was made by his contemporary Herodicus (Aris. Rhet.), ‘thou wast ever bold in battle,’ seems to show that the description of him is not devoid of verisimilitude.

When Thrasymachus has been silenced, the two principal respondents, Glaucon and Adeimantus, appear on the scene: here, as in Greek tragedy (cp. Introd. to Phaedo), three actors are introduced. At first sight the two sons of Ariston may seem to wear a family likeness, like the two friends Simmias and Cebes in the Phaedo. But on a nearer examination of them the similarity vanishes, and they are seen to be distinct characters. Glaucon is the impetuous youth who can ‘just never have enough of fechting’ (cp. the character of him in Xen. Mem. iii. 6); the man of pleasure who is acquainted with the mysteries of love; the ‘juvenis qui gaudet canibus,’ and who improves the breed of animals; the lover of art and music who has all the experiences of youthful life. He is full of quickness and penetration, piercing easily below the clumsy platitudes of Thrasymachus to the real difficulty; he turns out to the light the seamy side of human life, and yet does not lose faith in the just and true. It is Glaucon who seizes what may be termed the ludicrous relation of the philosopher to the world, to whom a state of simplicity is ‘a city of pigs,’ who is always prepared with a jest when the argument offers him an opportunity, and who is ever ready to second the humour of Socrates and to appreciate the ridiculous, whether in the connoisseurs of music, or in the lovers of theatricals, or in the fantastic behaviour of the citizens of democracy. His weaknesses are several times alluded to by Socrates, who, however, will not allow him to be attacked by his brother Adeimantus. He is a soldier, and, like Adeimantus, has been distinguished at the battle of Megara (anno 456?)...The character of Adeimantus is deeper and graver, and the profounder objections are commonly put into his mouth. Glaucon is more demonstrative, and generally opens the game. Adeimantus pursues the argument further. Glaucon has more of the liveliness and quick sympathy of youth; Adeimantus has the maturer judgment of a grown-up man of the world. In the second book, when

Glaucon insists that justice and injustice shall be considered without regard to their consequences, Adeimantus remarks that they are regarded by mankind in general only for the sake of their consequences; and in a similar vein of reflection he urges at the beginning of the fourth book that Socrates fails in making his citizens happy, and is answered that happiness is not the first but the second thing, not the direct aim but the indirect consequence of the good government of a State. In the discussion about religion and mythology, Adeimantus is the respondent, but Glaucon breaks in with a slight jest, and carries on the conversation in a lighter tone about music and gymnastic to the end of the book. It is Adeimantus again who volunteers the criticism of common sense on the Socratic method of argument, and who refuses to let Socrates pass lightly over the question of women and children. It is Adeimantus who is the respondent in the more argumentative, as Glaucon in the lighter and more imaginative portions of the Dialogue. For example, throughout the greater part of the sixth book, the causes of the corruption of philosophy and the conception of the idea of good are discussed with Adeimantus. Glaucon resumes his place of principal respondent; but he has a difficulty in apprehending the higher education of Socrates, and makes some false hits in the course of the discussion. Once more Adeimantus returns with the allusion to his brother Glaucon whom he compares to the contentious State; in the next book he is again superseded, and Glaucon continues to the end.

Thus in a succession of characters Plato represents the successive stages of morality, beginning with the Athenian gentleman of the olden time, who is followed by the practical man of that day regulating his life by proverbs and saws; to him succeeds the wild generalization of the Sophists, and lastly come the young disciples of the great teacher, who know the sophistical arguments but will not be convinced by them, and desire to go deeper into the nature of things. These too, like Cephalus, Polemarchus, Thrasymachus, are clearly distinguished from one another. Neither in the Republic, nor in any other Dialogue of Plato, is a single character repeated.

The delineation of Socrates in the Republic is not wholly consistent. In the first book we have more of the real Socrates, such as he is depicted in the Memorabilia of Xenophon, in the earliest Dialogues of Plato, and in the Apology. He is ironical, provoking, questioning, the old enemy of the Sophists, ready to put on the mask of Silenus as well as to argue seriously. But in the sixth book his enmity towards the Sophists abates; he acknowledges that they are the representatives rather than the corrupters of the world. He also becomes more dogmatic and constructive, passing beyond the range either of the political or the speculative ideas of the real Socrates. In one passage Plato himself seems to intimate that the time had now come for Socrates, who had passed his whole life in philosophy, to give his own opinion and not to be always repeating the notions of other men. There is no evidence that either the idea of good or the conception of a perfect state were comprehended in the Socratic teaching, though he certainly dwelt on the nature of the universal and of final causes (cp. Xen. Mem.; Phaedo); and a deep thinker like him, in his thirty or forty years of public teaching, could hardly have failed to touch on the nature of family relations, for which there is also some positive evidence in the Memorabilia (Mem.) The Socratic method is nominally retained; and every inference is either put into the mouth of the respondent or represented as the common discovery of him and Socrates. But any one can see that this is a mere form, of which the affectation grows wearisome as the work advances. The method of enquiry has passed into a method of teaching in which by the help of interlocutors the same thesis is looked at from various points of view. The nature of the process is truly characterized by Glaucon, when he describes himself as a companion who is not good for much in an investigation, but can see what he is shown, and may, perhaps, give the answer to a question more fluently than another.

Neither can we be absolutely certain that Socrates himself taught the immortality of the soul, which is unknown to his disciple Glaucon in the Republic (cp. Apol.); nor is there any reason to suppose that he used myths or revelations of another world as a vehicle of instruction, or that he would have banished poetry or have denounced the Greek mythology. His favorite oath is retained, and a slight mention is made of the daemonium, or internal sign, which is alluded to by Socrates as a phenomenon peculiar to himself. A real element of Socratic teaching, which is more prominent in the Republic than in any of the other Dialogues of Plato, is the use of example and illustration τ■ φορτικ■ α■τ■ προσφ■ροντες, ‘Let us apply the test of common instances.’ ‘You,’ says Adeimantus, ironically, in the sixth book, ‘are so unaccustomed to speak in images.’ And this use of examples or images, though truly Socratic in origin, is enlarged by the genius of Plato into the form of an allegory or parable, which embodies in the concrete what has been already described, or is about to be described, in the abstract. Thus the figure of the cave in Book VII is a recapitulation of the divisions of knowledge in Book VI. The composite animal in Book IX is an allegory of the parts of the soul. The noble captain and the ship and the true pilot in Book VI are a figure of the relation of the people to the philosophers in the State which has been described. Other figures, such as the dog, or the marriage of the portionless maiden, or the drones and wasps in the eighth and ninth books, also form links of connexion in long passages, or are used to recall previous discussions.

Plato is most true to the character of his master when he describes him as ‘not of this world.’ And with this representation of him the ideal state and the other paradoxes of the Republic are quite in accordance, though they cannot be shown to have been speculations of Socrates. To him, as to other great teachers both philosophical and religious, when they looked upward, the world seemed to be the embodiment of error and evil. The common sense of mankind has revolted against this view, or has only partially admitted it. And even in Socrates himself the sterner judgement of the multitude at times passes into a sort of ironical pity or love. Men in general are incapable of philosophy, and are therefore at enmity with the philosopher; but their misunderstanding of him is unavoidable: for they have never seen him as he truly is in his own image; they are only acquainted with artificial systems possessing no native force of truth—words which admit of many applications. Their leaders have nothing to measure with, and are therefore ignorant of their own stature. But they are to be pitied or laughed at, not to be quarrelled with; they mean well with their nostrums, if they could only learn that they are cutting off a Hydra’s head. This moderation towards those who are in error is one of the most characteristic features of Socrates in the Republic. In all the different representations of Socrates, whether of Xenophon or Plato, and amid the differences of the earlier or later Dialogues, he always retains the character of the unwearied and disinterested seeker after truth, without which he would have ceased to be Socrates.

Leaving the characters we may now analyse the contents of the Republic, and then proceed to consider (1) The general aspects of this Hellenic ideal of the State, (2) The modern lights in which the thoughts of Plato may be read.

BOOK I. The Republic opens with a truly Greek scene—a festival in honour of the goddess Bendis which is held in the Piraeus; to this is added the promise of an equestrian torch-race in the evening. The whole work is supposed to be recited by Socrates on the day after the festival to a small party, consisting of Critias, Timaeus, Hermocrates, and another; this we learn from the first words of the Timaeus.

When the rhetorical advantage of reciting the Dialogue has been gained, the attention is not distracted by any reference to the audience; nor is the reader further reminded of the extraordinary length of the narrative. Of the numerous company, three only take any serious part in the discussion; nor are we informed whether in the evening they went to the torch-race, or talked, as in the Symposium, through the night. The manner in which the conversation has arisen is described as follows:—Socrates and his companion Glaucon are about to leave the festival when they are detained by a message from Polemarchus, who speedily appears accompanied by Adeimantus, the brother of Glaucon, and with playful violence compels them to remain, promising them not only the torch-race, but the pleasure of conversation with the young, which to Socrates is a far greater attraction. They return to the house of Cephalus, Polemarchus’ father, now in extreme old age, who is found sitting upon a cushioned seat crowned for a sacrifice. ‘You should come to me oftener, Socrates, for I am too old to go to you; and at my time of life, having lost other pleasures, I care the more for conversation.’ Socrates asks him what he thinks of age, to which the old man replies, that the sorrows and discontents of age are to be attributed to the tempers of men, and that age is a time of peace in which the tyranny of the passions is no longer felt. Yes, replies Socrates, but the world will say, Cephalus, that you are happy in old age because you are rich. ‘And there is something in what they say, Socrates, but not so much as they imagine—as Themistocles replied to the Seriphian, “Neither you, if you had been an Athenian, nor I, if I had been a Seriphian, would ever have been famous,” I might in like manner reply to you, Neither a good poor man can be happy in age, nor yet a bad rich man.’ Socrates remarks that Cephalus appears not to care about riches, a quality which he ascribes to his having inherited, not acquired them, and would like to know what he considers to be the chief advantage of them. Cephalus answers that when you are old the belief in the world below grows upon you, and then to have done justice and never to have been compelled to do injustice through poverty, and never to have deceived anyone, are felt to be unspeakable blessings. Socrates, who is evidently preparing for an argument, next asks, What is the meaning of the word justice? To tell the truth and pay your debts? No more than this? Or must we admit exceptions? Ought I, for example, to put back into the hands of my friend, who has gone mad, the sword which I borrowed of him when he was in his right mind? ‘There must be exceptions.’ ‘And yet,’ says Polemarchus, ‘the definition which has been given has the authority of Simonides.’ Here Cephalus retires to look after the sacrifices, and bequeaths, as Socrates facetiously remarks, the possession of the argument to his heir, Polemarchus...

The description of old age is finished, and Plato, as his manner is, has touched the key-note of the whole work in asking for the definition of justice, first suggesting the question which Glaucon afterwards pursues respecting external goods, and preparing for the concluding mythus of the world below in the slight allusion of Cephalus. The portrait of the just man is a natural frontispiece or introduction to the long discourse which follows, and may perhaps imply that in all our perplexity about the nature of justice, there is no difficulty in discerning ‘who is a just man.’ The first explanation has been supported by a saying of Simonides; and now Socrates has a mind to show that the resolution of justice into two unconnected precepts, which have no common principle, fails to satisfy

the demands of dialectic.

...He proceeds: What did Simonides mean by this saying of his? Did he mean that I was to give back arms to a madman? ‘No, not in that case, not if the parties are friends, and evil would result. He meant that you were to do what was proper, good to friends and harm to enemies.’ Every act does something to somebody; and following this analogy, Socrates asks, What is this due and proper thing which justice does, and to whom? He is answered that justice does good to friends and harm to enemies. But in what way good or harm? ‘In making alliances with the one, and going to war with the other.’ Then in time of peace what is the good of justice? The answer is that justice is of use in contracts, and contracts are money partnerships. Yes; but how in such partnerships is the just man of more use than any other man? ‘When you want to have money safely kept and not used.’ Then justice will be useful when money is useless. And there is another difficulty: justice, like the art of war or any other art, must be of opposites, good at attack as well as at defence, at stealing as well as at guarding. But then justice is a thief, though a hero notwithstanding, like Autolycus, the Homeric hero, who was ‘excellent above all men in theft and perjury’—to such a pass have you and Homer and Simonides brought us; though I do not forget that the thieving must be for the good of friends and the harm of enemies. And still there arises another question: Are friends to be interpreted as real or seeming; enemies as real or seeming? And are our friends to be only the good, and our enemies to be the evil? The answer is, that we must do good to our seeming and real good friends, and evil to our seeming and real evil enemies—good to the good, evil to the evil. But ought we to render evil for evil at all, when to do so will only make men more evil? Can justice produce injustice any more than the art of horsemanship can make bad horsemen, or heat produce cold? The final conclusion is, that no sage or poet ever said that the just return evil for evil; this was a maxim of some rich and mighty man, Periander, Perdiccas, or Ismenias the Theban (about B.C. 398-381)...

Thus the first stage of aphoristic or unconscious morality is shown to be inadequate to the wants of the age; the authority of the poets is set aside, and through the winding mazes of dialectic we make an approach to the Christian precept of forgiveness of injuries. Similar words are applied by the Persian mystic poet to the Divine being when the questioning spirit is stirred within him:—‘If because I do evil, Thou punishest me by evil, what is the difference between Thee and me?’ In this both Plato and Kheyam rise above the level of many Christian (?) theologians. The first definition of justice easily passes into the second; for the simple words ‘to speak the truth and pay your debts’ is substituted the more abstract ‘to do good to your friends and harm to your enemies.’ Either of these explanations gives a sufficient rule of life for plain men, but they both fall short of the precision of philosophy. We may note in passing the antiquity of casuistry, which not only arises out of the conflict of established principles in particular cases, but also out of the effort to attain them, and is prior as well as posterior to our fundamental notions of morality. The ‘interrogation’ of moral ideas; the appeal to the authority of Homer; the conclusion that the maxim, ‘Do good to your friends and harm to your enemies,’ being erroneous, could not have been the word of any great man, are all of them very characteristic of the Platonic Socrates.

...Here Thrasymachus, who has made several attempts to interrupt, but has hitherto been kept in order by the company, takes advantage of a pause and rushes into the arena, beginning, like a savage animal, with a roar. ‘Socrates,’ he says, ‘what folly is this?—Why do you agree to be vanquished by one another in a pretended argument?’ He then prohibits all the ordinary definitions of justice; to which Socrates replies that he cannot tell how many twelve is, if he is forbidden to say 2 x 6, or 3 x 4, or 6 x 2, or 4 x 3. At first Thrasymachus is reluctant to argue; but at length, with a promise of payment on the part of the company and of praise from Socrates, he is induced to open the game. ‘Listen,’ he says, ‘my answer is that might is right, justice the interest of the stronger: now praise me.’ Let me understand you first. Do you mean that because Polydamas the wrestler, who is stronger than we are, finds the eating of beef for his interest, the eating of beef is also for our interest, who are not so strong? Thrasymachus is indignant at the illustration, and in pompous words, apparently intended to restore dignity to the argument, he explains his meaning to be that the rulers make laws for their own interests. But suppose, says Socrates, that the ruler or stronger makes a mistake—then the interest of the stronger is not his interest. Thrasymachus is saved from this speedy downfall by his disciple Cleitophon, who introduces the word ‘thinks;’—not the actual interest of the ruler, but what he thinks or what seems to be his interest, is justice. The contradiction is escaped by the unmeaning evasion: for though his real and apparent interests may differ, what the ruler thinks to be his interest will always remain what he thinks to be his interest.

Of course this was not the original assertion, nor is the new interpretation accepted by Thrasymachus himself. But Socrates is not disposed to quarrel about words, if, as he significantly insinuates, his adversary has changed his mind. In what follows Thrasymachus does in fact withdraw his admission that the ruler may make a mistake, for he affirms that the ruler as a ruler is infallible. Socrates is quite ready to accept the new position, which he equally turns against Thrasymachus by the help of the analogy of the arts. Every art or science has an interest, but this interest is to be distinguished from the accidental interest of the

artist, and is only concerned with the good of the things or persons which come under the art. And justice has an interest which is the interest not of the ruler or judge, but of those who come under his sway.

Thrasymachus is on the brink of the inevitable conclusion, when he makes a bold diversion. ‘Tell me, Socrates,’ he says, ‘have you a nurse?’ What a question! Why do you ask? ‘Because, if you have, she neglects you and lets you go about drivelling, and has not even taught you to know the shepherd from the sheep. For you fancy that shepherds and rulers never think of their own interest, but only of their sheep or subjects, whereas the truth is that they fatten them for their use, sheep and subjects alike. And experience proves that in every relation of life the just man is the loser and the unjust the gainer, especially where injustice is on the grand scale, which is quite another thing from the petty rogueries of swindlers and burglars and robbers of temples. The language of men proves this—our ‘gracious’ and ‘blessed’ tyrant and the like—all which tends to show (1) that justice is the interest of the stronger; and (2) that injustice is more profitable and also stronger than justice.’

Thrasymachus, who is better at a speech than at a close argument, having deluged the company with words, has a mind to escape. But the others will not let him go, and Socrates adds a humble but earnest request that he will not desert them at such a crisis of their fate. ‘And what can I do more for you?’ he says; ‘would you have me put the words bodily into your souls?’ God forbid! replies Socrates; but we want you to be consistent in the use of terms, and not to employ ‘physician’ in an exact sense, and then again ‘shepherd’ or ‘ruler’ in an inexact,—if the words are strictly taken, the ruler and the shepherd look only to the good of their people or flocks and not to their own: whereas you insist that rulers are solely actuated by love of office. ‘No doubt about it,’ replies Thrasymachus. Then why are they paid? Is not the reason, that their interest is not comprehended in their art, and is therefore the concern of another art, the art of pay, which is common to the arts in general, and therefore not identical with any one of them? Nor would any man be a ruler unless he were induced by the hope of reward or the fear of punishment;—the reward is money or honour, the punishment is the necessity of being ruled by a man worse than himself. And if a State (or Church) were composed entirely of good men, they would be affected by the last motive only; and there would be as much ‘nolo episcopari’ as there is at present of the opposite...

The satire on existing governments is heightened by the simple and apparently incidental manner in which the last remark is introduced. There is a similar irony in the argument that the governors of mankind do not like being in office, and that therefore they demand pay.

...Enough of this: the other assertion of Thrasymachus is far more important—that the unjust life is more gainful than the just. Now, as you and I, Glaucon, are not convinced by him, we must reply to him; but if we try to compare their respective gains we shall want a judge to decide for us; we had better therefore proceed by making mutual admissions of the truth to one another.

Thrasymachus had asserted that perfect injustice was more gainful than perfect justice, and after a little hesitation he is induced by Socrates to admit the still greater paradox that injustice is virtue and justice vice. Socrates praises his frankness, and assumes the attitude of one whose only wish is to understand the meaning of his opponents. At the same time he is weaving a net in which Thrasymachus is finally enclosed. The admission is elicited from him that the just man seeks to gain an advantage over the unjust only, but not over the just, while the unjust would gain an advantage over either. Socrates, in order to test this statement, employs once more the favourite analogy of the arts. The musician, doctor, skilled artist of any sort, does not seek to gain more than the skilled, but only more than the unskilled (that is to say, he works up to a rule, standard, law, and does not exceed it), whereas the unskilled makes random efforts at excess. Thus the skilled falls on the side of the good, and the unskilled on the side of the evil, and the just is the skilled, and the unjust is the unskilled.

There was great difficulty in bringing Thrasymachus to the point; the day was hot and he was streaming with perspiration, and for the first time in his life he was seen to blush. But his other thesis that injustice was stronger than justice has not yet been refuted, and Socrates now proceeds to the consideration of this, which, with the assistance of Thrasymachus, he hopes to clear up; the latter is at first churlish, but in the judicious hands of Socrates is soon restored to good-humour: Is there not honour among thieves? Is not the strength of injustice only a remnant of justice? Is not absolute injustice absolute weakness also? A house that is divided against itself cannot stand; two men who quarrel detract from one another’s strength, and he who is at war with himself is the enemy of himself and the gods. Not wickedness therefore, but semi-wickedness flourishes in states,—a remnant of good is needed in order to make union in action possible,—there is no kingdom of evil in this world.

Another question has not been answered: Is the just or the unjust the happier? To this we reply, that every art has an end and an excellence or virtue by which the end is accomplished. And is not the end of the soul happiness, and justice the excellence of the

soul by which happiness is attained? Justice and happiness being thus shown to be inseparable, the question whether the just or the unjust is the happier has disappeared.

Thrasymachus replies: ‘Let this be your entertainment, Socrates, at the festival of Bendis.’ Yes; and a very good entertainment with which your kindness has supplied me, now that you have left off scolding. And yet not a good entertainment—but that was my own fault, for I tasted of too many things. First of all the nature of justice was the subject of our enquiry, and then whether justice is virtue and wisdom, or evil and folly; and then the comparative advantages of just and unjust: and the sum of all is that I know not what justice is; how then shall I know whether the just is happy or not?...

Thus the sophistical fabric has been demolished, chiefly by appealing to the analogy of the arts. ‘Justice is like the arts (1) in having no external interest, and (2) in not aiming at excess, and (3) justice is to happiness what the implement of the workman is to his work.’ At this the modern reader is apt to stumble, because he forgets that Plato is writing in an age when the arts and the virtues, like the moral and intellectual faculties, were still undistinguished. Among early enquirers into the nature of human action the arts helped to fill up the void of speculation; and at first the comparison of the arts and the virtues was not perceived by them to be fallacious. They only saw the points of agreement in them and not the points of difference. Virtue, like art, must take means to an end; good manners are both an art and a virtue; character is naturally described under the image of a statue; and there are many other figures of speech which are readily transferred from art to morals. The next generation cleared up these perplexities; or at least supplied after ages with a further analysis of them. The contemporaries of Plato were in a state of transition, and had not yet fully realized the common-sense distinction of Aristotle, that ‘virtue is concerned with action, art with production’ (Nic. Eth.), or that ‘virtue implies intention and constancy of purpose,’ whereas ‘art requires knowledge only’. And yet in the absurdities which follow from some uses of the analogy, there seems to be an intimation conveyed that virtue is more than art. This is implied in the reductio ad absurdum that ‘justice is a thief,’ and in the dissatisfaction which Socrates expresses at the final result.

The expression ‘an art of pay’ which is described as ‘common to all the arts’ is not in accordance with the ordinary use of language. Nor is it employed elsewhere either by Plato or by any other Greek writer. It is suggested by the argument, and seems to extend the conception of art to doing as well as making. Another flaw or inaccuracy of language may be noted in the words ‘men who are injured are made more unjust.’ For those who are injured are not necessarily made worse, but only harmed or ill-treated.

The second of the three arguments, ‘that the just does not aim at excess,’ has a real meaning, though wrapped up in an enigmatical form. That the good is of the nature of the finite is a peculiarly Hellenic sentiment, which may be compared with the language of those modern writers who speak of virtue as fitness, and of freedom as obedience to law. The mathematical or logical notion of limit easily passes into an ethical one, and even finds a mythological expression in the conception of envy (Greek). Ideas of measure, equality, order, unity, proportion, still linger in the writings of moralists; and the true spirit of the fine arts is better conveyed by such terms than by superlatives.

‘When workmen strive to do better than well, They do confound their skill in covetousness.’ (King John. Act. iv. Sc. 2.)

The harmony of the soul and body, and of the parts of the soul with one another, a harmony ‘fairer than that of musical notes,’ is the true Hellenic mode of conceiving the perfection of human nature.

In what may be called the epilogue of the discussion with Thrasymachus, Plato argues that evil is not a principle of strength, but of discord and dissolution, just touching the question which has been often treated in modern times by theologians and philosophers, of the negative nature of evil. In the last argument we trace the germ of the Aristotelian doctrine of an end and a virtue directed towards the end, which again is suggested by the arts. The final reconcilement of justice and happiness and the identity of the individual and the State are also intimated. Socrates reassumes the character of a ‘know-nothing;’ at the same time he appears to be not wholly satisfied with the manner in which the argument has been conducted. Nothing is concluded; but the tendency of the dialectical process, here as always, is to enlarge our conception of ideas, and to widen their application to human life.

BOOK II. Thrasymachus is pacified, but the intrepid Glaucon insists on continuing the argument. He is not satisfied with the indirect manner in which, at the end of the last book, Socrates had disposed of the question ‘Whether the just or the unjust is the happier.’ He begins by dividing goods into three classes:—first, goods desirable in themselves; secondly, goods desirable in themselves and for their results; thirdly, goods desirable for their results only. He then asks Socrates in which of the three classes he would place justice. In the second class, replies Socrates, among goods desirable for themselves and also for their results. ‘Then the world in general are of another mind, for they say that justice belongs to the troublesome class of goods which are desirable for their results only. Socrates answers that this is the doctrine of Thrasymachus which he rejects. Glaucon thinks that Thrasymachus was too

ready to listen to the voice of the charmer, and proposes to consider the nature of justice and injustice in themselves and apart from the results and rewards of them which the world is always dinning in his ears. He will first of all speak of the nature and origin of justice; secondly, of the manner in which men view justice as a necessity and not a good; and thirdly, he will prove the reasonableness of this view.

'To do injustice is said to be a good; to suffer injustice an evil. As the evil is discovered by experience to be greater than the good, the sufferers, who cannot also be doers, make a compact that they will have neither, and this compact or mean is called justice, but is really the impossibility of doing injustice. No one would observe such a compact if he were not obliged. Let us suppose that the just and unjust have two rings, like that of Gyges in the well-known story, which make them invisible, and then no difference will appear in them, for every one will do evil if he can. And he who abstains will be regarded by the world as a fool for his pains. Men may praise him in public out of fear for themselves, but they will laugh at him in their hearts (Cp. Gorgias.)

'And now let us frame an ideal of the just and unjust. Imagine the unjust man to be master of his craft, seldom making mistakes and easily correcting them; having gifts of money, speech, strength—the greatest villain bearing the highest character: and at his side let us place the just in his nobleness and simplicity—being, not seeming—without name or reward—clothed in his justice only—the best of men who is thought to be the worst, and let him die as he has lived. I might add (but I would rather put the rest into the mouth of the panegyrists of injustice—they will tell you) that the just man will be scourged, racked, bound, will have his eyes put out, and will at last be crucified (literally impaled)—and all this because he ought to have preferred seeming to being. How different is the case of the unjust who clings to appearance as the true reality! His high character makes him a ruler; he can marry where he likes, trade where he likes, help his friends and hurt his enemies; having got rich by dishonesty he can worship the gods better, and will therefore be more loved by them than the just.'

I was thinking what to answer, when Adeimantus joined in the already unequal fray. He considered that the most important point of all had been omitted:—'Men are taught to be just for the sake of rewards; parents and guardians make reputation the incentive to virtue. And other advantages are promised by them of a more solid kind, such as wealthy marriages and high offices. There are the pictures in Homer and Hesiod of fat sheep and heavy fleeces, rich corn-fields and trees toppling with fruit, which the gods provide in this life for the just. And the Orphic poets add a similar picture of another. The heroes of Musaeus and Eumolpus lie on couches at a festival, with garlands on their heads, enjoying as the meed of virtue a paradise of immortal drunkenness. Some go further, and speak of a fair posterity in the third and fourth generation. But the wicked they bury in a slough and make them carry water in a sieve: and in this life they attribute to them the infamy which Glaucon was assuming to be the lot of the just who are supposed to be unjust.

'Take another kind of argument which is found both in poetry and prose:—"Virtue," as Hesiod says, "is honourable but difficult, vice is easy and profitable." You may often see the wicked in great prosperity and the righteous afflicted by the will of heaven. And mendicant prophets knock at rich men's doors, promising to atone for the sins of themselves or their fathers in an easy fashion with sacrifices and festive games, or with charms and invocations to get rid of an enemy good or bad by divine help and at a small charge;—they appeal to books professing to be written by Musaeus and Orpheus, and carry away the minds of whole cities, and promise to "get souls out of purgatory;" and if we refuse to listen to them, no one knows what will happen to us.

'When a lively-minded ingenuous youth hears all this, what will be his conclusion? "Will he," in the language of Pindar, "make justice his high tower, or fortify himself with crooked deceit?" Justice, he reflects, without the appearance of justice, is misery and ruin; injustice has the promise of a glorious life. Appearance is master of truth and lord of happiness. To appearance then I will turn,—I will put on the show of virtue and trail behind me the fox of Archilochus. I hear some one saying that "wickedness is not easily concealed," to which I reply that "nothing great is easy." Union and force and rhetoric will do much; and if men say that they cannot prevail over the gods, still how do we know that there are gods? Only from the poets, who acknowledge that they may be appeased by sacrifices. Then why not sin and pay for indulgences out of your sin? For if the righteous are only unpunished, still they have no further reward, while the wicked may be unpunished and have the pleasure of sinning too. But what of the world below? Nay, says the argument, there are atoning powers who will set that matter right, as the poets, who are the sons of the gods, tell us; and this is confirmed by the authority of the State.

'How can we resist such arguments in favour of injustice? Add good manners, and, as the wise tell us, we shall make the best of both worlds. Who that is not a miserable caitiff will refrain from smiling at the praises of justice? Even if a man knows the better part he will not be angry with others; for he knows also that more than human virtue is needed to save a man, and that he only praises justice who is incapable of injustice.

‘The origin of the evil is that all men from the beginning, heroes, poets, instructors of youth, have always asserted “the temporal dispensation,” the honours and profits of justice. Had we been taught in early youth the power of justice and injustice inherent in the soul, and unseen by any human or divine eye, we should not have needed others to be our guardians, but every one would have been the guardian of himself. This is what I want you to show, Socrates;—other men use arguments which rather tend to strengthen the position of Thrasymachus that “might is right;” but from you I expect better things. And please, as Glaucon said, to exclude reputation; let the just be thought unjust and the unjust just, and do you still prove to us the superiority of justice’...

The thesis, which for the sake of argument has been maintained by Glaucon, is the converse of that of Thrasymachus—not right is the interest of the stronger, but right is the necessity of the weaker. Starting from the same premises he carries the analysis of society a step further back;—might is still right, but the might is the weakness of the many combined against the strength of the few.

There have been theories in modern as well as in ancient times which have a family likeness to the speculations of Glaucon; e.g. that power is the foundation of right; or that a monarch has a divine right to govern well or ill; or that virtue is self-love or the love of power; or that war is the natural state of man; or that private vices are public benefits. All such theories have a kind of plausibility from their partial agreement with experience. For human nature oscillates between good and evil, and the motives of actions and the origin of institutions may be explained to a certain extent on either hypothesis according to the character or point of view of a particular thinker. The obligation of maintaining authority under all circumstances and sometimes by rather questionable means is felt strongly and has become a sort of instinct among civilized men. The divine right of kings, or more generally of governments, is one of the forms under which this natural feeling is expressed. Nor again is there any evil which has not some accompaniment of good or pleasure; nor any good which is free from some alloy of evil; nor any noble or generous thought which may not be attended by a shadow or the ghost of a shadow of self-interest or of self-love. We know that all human actions are imperfect; but we do not therefore attribute them to the worse rather than to the better motive or principle. Such a philosophy is both foolish and false, like that opinion of the clever rogue who assumes all other men to be like himself. And theories of this sort do not represent the real nature of the State, which is based on a vague sense of right gradually corrected and enlarged by custom and law (although capable also of perversion), any more than they describe the origin of society, which is to be sought in the family and in the social and religious feelings of man. Nor do they represent the average character of individuals, which cannot be explained simply on a theory of evil, but has always a counteracting element of good. And as men become better such theories appear more and more untruthful to them, because they are more conscious of their own disinterestedness. A little experience may make a man a cynic; a great deal will bring him back to a truer and kindlier view of the mixed nature of himself and his fellow men.

The two brothers ask Socrates to prove to them that the just is happy when they have taken from him all that in which happiness is ordinarily supposed to consist. Not that there is (1) any absurdity in the attempt to frame a notion of justice apart from circumstances. For the ideal must always be a paradox when compared with the ordinary conditions of human life. Neither the Stoical ideal nor the Christian ideal is true as a fact, but they may serve as a basis of education, and may exercise an ennobling influence. An ideal is none the worse because ‘some one has made the discovery’ that no such ideal was ever realized. And in a few exceptional individuals who are raised above the ordinary level of humanity, the ideal of happiness may be realized in death and misery. This may be the state which the reason deliberately approves, and which the utilitarian as well as every other moralist may be bound in certain cases to prefer.

Nor again, (2) must we forget that Plato, though he agrees generally with the view implied in the argument of the two brothers, is not expressing his own final conclusion, but rather seeking to dramatize one of the aspects of ethical truth. He is developing his idea gradually in a series of positions or situations. He is exhibiting Socrates for the first time undergoing the Socratic interrogation. Lastly, (3) the word ‘happiness’ involves some degree of confusion because associated in the language of modern philosophy with conscious pleasure or satisfaction, which was not equally present to his mind.

Glaucon has been drawing a picture of the misery of the just and the happiness of the unjust, to which the misery of the tyrant in Book IX is the answer and parallel. And still the unjust must appear just; that is ‘the homage which vice pays to virtue.’ But now Adeimantus, taking up the hint which had been already given by Glaucon, proceeds to show that in the opinion of mankind justice is regarded only for the sake of rewards and reputation, and points out the advantage which is given to such arguments as those of Thrasymachus and Glaucon by the conventional morality of mankind. He seems to feel the difficulty of ‘justifying the ways of God to man.’ Both the brothers touch upon the question, whether the morality of actions is determined by their consequences; and both of them go beyond the position of Socrates, that justice belongs to the class of goods not desirable for themselves only, but desirable for themselves and for their results, to which he recalls them. In their attempt to view justice as an internal principle, and in their

condemnation of the poets, they anticipate him. The common life of Greece is not enough for them; they must penetrate deeper into the nature of things.

It has been objected that justice is honesty in the sense of Glaucon and Adeimantus, but is taken by Socrates to mean all virtue. May we not more truly say that the old-fashioned notion of justice is enlarged by Socrates, and becomes equivalent to universal order or well-being, first in the State, and secondly in the individual? He has found a new answer to his old question (Protag.), 'whether the virtues are one or many,' viz. that one is the ordering principle of the three others. In seeking to establish the purely internal nature of justice, he is met by the fact that man is a social being, and he tries to harmonise the two opposite theses as well as he can. There is no more inconsistency in this than was inevitable in his age and country; there is no use in turning upon him the cross lights of modern philosophy, which, from some other point of view, would appear equally inconsistent. Plato does not give the final solution of philosophical questions for us; nor can he be judged of by our standard.

The remainder of the Republic is developed out of the question of the sons of Ariston. Three points are deserving of remark in what immediately follows:—First, that the answer of Socrates is altogether indirect. He does not say that happiness consists in the contemplation of the idea of justice, and still less will he be tempted to affirm the Stoical paradox that the just man can be happy on the rack. But first he dwells on the difficulty of the problem and insists on restoring man to his natural condition, before he will answer the question at all. He too will frame an ideal, but his ideal comprehends not only abstract justice, but the whole relations of man. Under the fanciful illustration of the large letters he implies that he will only look for justice in society, and that from the State he will proceed to the individual. His answer in substance amounts to this,—that under favourable conditions, i.e. in the perfect State, justice and happiness will coincide, and that when justice has been once found, happiness may be left to take care of itself. That he falls into some degree of inconsistency, when in the tenth book he claims to have got rid of the rewards and honours of justice, may be admitted; for he has left those which exist in the perfect State. And the philosopher 'who retires under the shelter of a wall' can hardly have been esteemed happy by him, at least not in this world. Still he maintains the true attitude of moral action. Let a man do his duty first, without asking whether he will be happy or not, and happiness will be the inseparable accident which attends him. 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.'

Secondly, it may be remarked that Plato preserves the genuine character of Greek thought in beginning with the State and in going on to the individual. First ethics, then politics—this is the order of ideas to us; the reverse is the order of history. Only after many struggles of thought does the individual assert his right as a moral being. In early ages he is not ONE, but one of many, the citizen of a State which is prior to him; and he has no notion of good or evil apart from the law of his country or the creed of his church. And to this type he is constantly tending to revert, whenever the influence of custom, or of party spirit, or the recollection of the past becomes too strong for him.

Thirdly, we may observe the confusion or identification of the individual and the State, of ethics and politics, which pervades early Greek speculation, and even in modern times retains a certain degree of influence. The subtle difference between the collective and individual action of mankind seems to have escaped early thinkers, and we too are sometimes in danger of forgetting the conditions of united human action, whenever we either elevate politics into ethics, or lower ethics to the standard of politics. The good man and the good citizen only coincide in the perfect State; and this perfection cannot be attained by legislation acting upon them from without, but, if at all, by education fashioning them from within.

...Socrates praises the sons of Ariston, 'inspired offspring of the renowned hero,' as the elegiac poet terms them; but he does not understand how they can argue so eloquently on behalf of injustice while their character shows that they are uninfluenced by their own arguments. He knows not how to answer them, although he is afraid of deserting justice in the hour of need. He therefore makes a condition, that having weak eyes he shall be allowed to read the large letters first and then go on to the smaller, that is, he must look for justice in the State first, and will then proceed to the individual. Accordingly he begins to construct the State.

Society arises out of the wants of man. His first want is food; his second a house; his third a coat. The sense of these needs and the possibility of satisfying them by exchange, draw individuals together on the same spot; and this is the beginning of a State, which we take the liberty to invent, although necessity is the real inventor. There must be first a husbandman, secondly a builder, thirdly a weaver, to which may be added a cobbler. Four or five citizens at least are required to make a city. Now men have different natures, and one man will do one thing better than many; and business waits for no man. Hence there must be a division of labour into different employments; into wholesale and retail trade; into workers, and makers of workmen's tools; into shepherds and husbandmen. A city which includes all this will have far exceeded the limit of four or five, and yet not be very large. But then again imports will be required, and imports necessitate exports, and this implies variety of produce in order to attract the taste of

purchasers; also merchants and ships. In the city too we must have a market and money and retail trades; otherwise buyers and sellers will never meet, and the valuable time of the producers will be wasted in vain efforts at exchange. If we add hired servants the State will be complete. And we may guess that somewhere in the intercourse of the citizens with one another justice and injustice will appear.

Here follows a rustic picture of their way of life. They spend their days in houses which they have built for themselves; they make their own clothes and produce their own corn and wine. Their principal food is meal and flour, and they drink in moderation. They live on the best of terms with each other, and take care not to have too many children. 'But,' said Glaucon, interposing, 'are they not to have a relish?' Certainly; they will have salt and olives and cheese, vegetables and fruits, and chestnuts to roast at the fire. ''Tis a city of pigs, Socrates.' Why, I replied, what do you want more? 'Only the comforts of life,—sofas and tables, also sauces and sweets.' I see; you want not only a State, but a luxurious State; and possibly in the more complex frame we may sooner find justice and injustice. Then the fine arts must go to work—every conceivable instrument and ornament of luxury will be wanted. There will be dancers, painters, sculptors, musicians, cooks, barbers, tire-women, nurses, artists; swineherds and neatherds too for the animals, and physicians to cure the disorders of which luxury is the source. To feed all these superfluous mouths we shall need a part of our neighbour's land, and they will want a part of ours. And this is the origin of war, which may be traced to the same causes as other political evils. Our city will now require the slight addition of a camp, and the citizen will be converted into a soldier. But then again our old doctrine of the division of labour must not be forgotten. The art of war cannot be learned in a day, and there must be a natural aptitude for military duties. There will be some warlike natures who have this aptitude—dogs keen of scent, swift of foot to pursue, and strong of limb to fight. And as spirit is the foundation of courage, such natures, whether of men or animals, will be full of spirit. But these spirited natures are apt to bite and devour one another; the union of gentleness to friends and fierceness against enemies appears to be an impossibility, and the guardian of a State requires both qualities. Who then can be a guardian? The image of the dog suggests an answer. For dogs are gentle to friends and fierce to strangers. Your dog is a philosopher who judges by the rule of knowing or not knowing; and philosophy, whether in man or beast, is the parent of gentleness. The human watchdogs must be philosophers or lovers of learning which will make them gentle. And how are they to be learned without education?

But what shall their education be? Is any better than the old-fashioned sort which is comprehended under the name of music and gymnastic? Music includes literature, and literature is of two kinds, true and false. 'What do you mean?' he said. I mean that children hear stories before they learn gymnastics, and that the stories are either untrue, or have at most one or two grains of truth in a bushel of falsehood. Now early life is very impressible, and children ought not to learn what they will have to unlearn when they grow up; we must therefore have a censorship of nursery tales, banishing some and keeping others. Some of them are very improper, as we may see in the great instances of Homer and Hesiod, who not only tell lies but bad lies; stories about Uranus and Saturn, which are immoral as well as false, and which should never be spoken of to young persons, or indeed at all; or, if at all, then in a mystery, after the sacrifice, not of an Eleusinian pig, but of some unprocurable animal. Shall our youth be encouraged to beat their fathers by the example of Zeus, or our citizens be incited to quarrel by hearing or seeing representations of strife among the gods? Shall they listen to the narrative of Hephaestus binding his mother, and of Zeus sending him flying for helping her when she was beaten? Such tales may possibly have a mystical interpretation, but the young are incapable of understanding allegory. If any one asks what tales are to be allowed, we will answer that we are legislators and not book-makers; we only lay down the principles according to which books are to be written; to write them is the duty of others.

And our first principle is, that God must be represented as he is; not as the author of all things, but of good only. We will not suffer the poets to say that he is the steward of good and evil, or that he has two casks full of destinies;—or that Athene and Zeus incited Pandarus to break the treaty; or that God caused the sufferings of Niobe, or of Pelops, or the Trojan war; or that he makes men sin when he wishes to destroy them. Either these were not the actions of the gods, or God was just, and men were the better for being punished. But that the deed was evil, and God the author, is a wicked, suicidal fiction which we will allow no one, old or young, to utter. This is our first and great principle—God is the author of good only.

And the second principle is like unto it:—With God is no variableness or change of form. Reason teaches us this; for if we suppose a change in God, he must be changed either by another or by himself. By another?—but the best works of nature and art and the noblest qualities of mind are least liable to be changed by any external force. By himself?—but he cannot change for the better; he will hardly change for the worse. He remains for ever fairest and best in his own image. Therefore we refuse to listen to the poets who tell us of Here begging in the likeness of a priestess or of other deities who prowl about at night in strange disguises; all that blasphemous nonsense with which mothers fool the manhood out of their children must be suppressed. But some one will say that God, who is himself unchangeable, may take a form in relation to us. Why should he? For gods as well as men hate the lie in the

soul, or principle of falsehood; and as for any other form of lying which is used for a purpose and is regarded as innocent in certain exceptional cases—what need have the gods of this? For they are not ignorant of antiquity like the poets, nor are they afraid of their enemies, nor is any madman a friend of theirs. God then is true, he is absolutely true; he changes not, he deceives not, by day or night, by word or sign. This is our second great principle—God is true. Away with the lying dream of Agamemnon in Homer, and the accusation of Thetis against Apollo in Aeschylus...

In order to give clearness to his conception of the State, Plato proceeds to trace the first principles of mutual need and of division of labour in an imaginary community of four or five citizens. Gradually this community increases; the division of labour extends to countries; imports necessitate exports; a medium of exchange is required, and retailers sit in the market-place to save the time of the producers. These are the steps by which Plato constructs the first or primitive State, introducing the elements of political economy by the way. As he is going to frame a second or civilized State, the simple naturally comes before the complex. He indulges, like Rousseau, in a picture of primitive life—an idea which has indeed often had a powerful influence on the imagination of mankind, but he does not seriously mean to say that one is better than the other (Politicus); nor can any inference be drawn from the description of the first state taken apart from the second, such as Aristotle appears to draw in the Politics. We should not interpret a Platonic dialogue any more than a poem or a parable in too literal or matter-of-fact a style. On the other hand, when we compare the lively fancy of Plato with the dried-up abstractions of modern treatises on philosophy, we are compelled to say with Protagoras, that the ‘mythus is more interesting’ (Protag.)

Several interesting remarks which in modern times would have a place in a treatise on Political Economy are scattered up and down the writings of Plato: especially Laws, Population; Free Trade; Adulteration; Wills and Bequests; Begging; Eryxias, (though not Plato’s), Value and Demand; Republic, Division of Labour. The last subject, and also the origin of Retail Trade, is treated with admirable lucidity in the second book of the Republic. But Plato never combined his economic ideas into a system, and never seems to have recognized that Trade is one of the great motive powers of the State and of the world. He would make retail traders only of the inferior sort of citizens (Rep., Laws), though he remarks, quaintly enough (Laws), that ‘if only the best men and the best women everywhere were compelled to keep taverns for a time or to carry on retail trade, etc., then we should knew how pleasant and agreeable all these things are.’

The disappointment of Glaucon at the ‘city of pigs,’ the ludicrous description of the ministers of luxury in the more refined State, and the afterthought of the necessity of doctors, the illustration of the nature of the guardian taken from the dog, the desirableness of offering some almost unprocurable victim when impure mysteries are to be celebrated, the behaviour of Zeus to his father and of Hephaestus to his mother, are touches of humour which have also a serious meaning. In speaking of education Plato rather startles us by affirming that a child must be trained in falsehood first and in truth afterwards. Yet this is not very different from saying that children must be taught through the medium of imagination as well as reason; that their minds can only develope gradually, and that there is much which they must learn without understanding. This is also the substance of Plato’s view, though he must be acknowledged to have drawn the line somewhat differently from modern ethical writers, respecting truth and falsehood. To us, economies or accommodations would not be allowable unless they were required by the human faculties or necessary for the communication of knowledge to the simple and ignorant. We should insist that the word was inseparable from the intention, and that we must not be ‘falsely true,’ i.e. speak or act falsely in support of what was right or true. But Plato would limit the use of fictions only by requiring that they should have a good moral effect, and that such a dangerous weapon as falsehood should be employed by the rulers alone and for great objects.

A Greek in the age of Plato attached no importance to the question whether his religion was an historical fact. He was just beginning to be conscious that the past had a history; but he could see nothing beyond Homer and Hesiod. Whether their narratives were true or false did not seriously affect the political or social life of Hellas. Men only began to suspect that they were fictions when they recognised them to be immoral. And so in all religions: the consideration of their morality comes first, afterwards the truth of the documents in which they are recorded, or of the events natural or supernatural which are told of them. But in modern times, and in Protestant countries perhaps more than in Catholic, we have been too much inclined to identify the historical with the moral; and some have refused to believe in religion at all, unless a superhuman accuracy was discernible in every part of the record. The facts of an ancient or religious history are amongst the most important of all facts; but they are frequently uncertain, and we only learn the true lesson which is to be gathered from them when we place ourselves above them. These reflections tend to show that the difference between Plato and ourselves, though not unimportant, is not so great as might at first sight appear. For we should agree with him in placing the moral before the historical truth of religion; and, generally, in disregarding those errors or misstatements of fact which necessarily occur in the early stages of all religions. We know also that changes in the traditions of a

country cannot be made in a day; and are therefore tolerant of many things which science and criticism would condemn.

We note in passing that the allegorical interpretation of mythology, said to have been first introduced as early as the sixth century before Christ by Theagenes of Rhegium, was well established in the age of Plato, and here, as in the Phaedrus, though for a different reason, was rejected by him. That anachronisms whether of religion or law, when men have reached another stage of civilization, should be got rid of by fictions is in accordance with universal experience. Great is the art of interpretation; and by a natural process, which when once discovered was always going on, what could not be altered was explained away. And so without any palpable inconsistency there existed side by side two forms of religion, the tradition inherited or invented by the poets and the customary worship of the temple; on the other hand, there was the religion of the philosopher, who was dwelling in the heaven of ideas, but did not therefore refuse to offer a cock to Aesculapius, or to be seen saying his prayers at the rising of the sun. At length the antagonism between the popular and philosophical religion, never so great among the Greeks as in our own age, disappeared, and was only felt like the difference between the religion of the educated and uneducated among ourselves. The Zeus of Homer and Hesiod easily passed into the 'royal mind' of Plato (Philebus); the giant Heracles became the knight-errant and benefactor of mankind. These and still more wonderful transformations were readily effected by the ingenuity of Stoics and neo-Platonists in the two or three centuries before and after Christ. The Greek and Roman religions were gradually permeated by the spirit of philosophy; having lost their ancient meaning, they were resolved into poetry and morality; and probably were never purer than at the time of their decay, when their influence over the world was waning.

A singular conception which occurs towards the end of the book is the lie in the soul; this is connected with the Platonic and Socratic doctrine that involuntary ignorance is worse than voluntary. The lie in the soul is a true lie, the corruption of the highest truth, the deception of the highest part of the soul, from which he who is deceived has no power of delivering himself. For example, to represent God as false or immoral, or, according to Plato, as deluding men with appearances or as the author of evil; or again, to affirm with Protagoras that 'knowledge is sensation,' or that 'being is becoming,' or with Thrasymachus 'that might is right,' would have been regarded by Plato as a lie of this hateful sort. The greatest unconsciousness of the greatest untruth, e.g. if, in the language of the Gospels (John), 'he who was blind' were to say 'I see,' is another aspect of the state of mind which Plato is describing. The lie in the soul may be further compared with the sin against the Holy Ghost (Luke), allowing for the difference between Greek and Christian modes of speaking. To this is opposed the lie in words, which is only such a deception as may occur in a play or poem, or allegory or figure of speech, or in any sort of accommodation,—which though useless to the gods may be useful to men in certain cases. Socrates is here answering the question which he had himself raised about the propriety of deceiving a madman; and he is also contrasting the nature of God and man. For God is Truth, but mankind can only be true by appearing sometimes to be partial, or false. Reserving for another place the greater questions of religion or education, we may note further, (1) the approval of the old traditional education of Greece; (2) the preparation which Plato is making for the attack on Homer and the poets; (3) the preparation which he is also making for the use of economies in the State; (4) the contemptuous and at the same time euphemistic manner in which here as below he alludes to the 'Chronique Scandaleuse' of the gods.

BOOK III. There is another motive in purifying religion, which is to banish fear; for no man can be courageous who is afraid of death, or who believes the tales which are repeated by the poets concerning the world below. They must be gently requested not to abuse hell; they may be reminded that their stories are both untrue and discouraging. Nor must they be angry if we expunge obnoxious passages, such as the depressing words of Achilles—'I would rather be a serving-man than rule over all the dead;' and the verses which tell of the squalid mansions, the senseless shadows, the flitting soul mourning over lost strength and youth, the soul with a gibber going beneath the earth like smoke, or the souls of the suitors which flutter about like bats. The terrors and horrors of Cocytus and Styx, ghosts and sapless shades, and the rest of their Tartarean nomenclature, must vanish. Such tales may have their use; but they are not the proper food for soldiers. As little can we admit the sorrows and sympathies of the Homeric heroes:—Achilles, the son of Thetis, in tears, throwing ashes on his head, or pacing up and down the sea-shore in distraction; or Priam, the cousin of the gods, crying aloud, rolling in the mire. A good man is not prostrated at the loss of children or fortune. Neither is death terrible to him; and therefore lamentations over the dead should not be practised by men of note; they should be the concern of inferior persons only, whether women or men. Still worse is the attribution of such weakness to the gods; as when the goddesses say, 'Alas! my travail!' and worst of all, when the king of heaven himself laments his inability to save Hector, or sorrows over the impending doom of his dear Sarpedon. Such a character of God, if not ridiculed by our young men, is likely to be imitated by them. Nor should our citizens be given to excess of laughter—'Such violent delights' are followed by a violent re-action. The description in the Iliad of the gods shaking their sides at the clumsiness of Hephaestus will not be admitted by us. 'Certainly not.'

Truth should have a high place among the virtues, for falsehood, as we were saying, is useless to the gods, and only useful to men as a medicine. But this employment of falsehood must remain a privilege of state; the common man must not in return tell a lie to the ruler; any more than the patient would tell a lie to his physician, or the sailor to his captain.

In the next place our youth must be temperate, and temperance consists in self-control and obedience to authority. That is a lesson which Homer teaches in some places: 'The Achaeans marched on breathing prowess, in silent awe of their leaders;'—but a very different one in other places: 'O heavy with wine, who hast the eyes of a dog, but the heart of a stag.' Language of the latter kind will not impress self-control on the minds of youth. The same may be said about his praises of eating and drinking and his dread of starvation; also about the verses in which he tells of the rapturous loves of Zeus and Here, or of how Hephaestus once detained Ares and Aphrodite in a net on a similar occasion. There is a nobler strain heard in the words:—'Endure, my soul, thou hast endured worse.' Nor must we allow our citizens to receive bribes, or to say, 'Gifts persuade the gods, gifts reverend kings;' or to applaud the ignoble advice of Phoenix to Achilles that he should get money out of the Greeks before he assisted them; or the meanness of Achilles himself in taking gifts from Agamemnon; or his requiring a ransom for the body of Hector; or his cursing of Apollo; or his insolence to the river-god Scamander; or his dedication to the dead Patroclus of his own hair which had been already dedicated to the other river-god Spercheius; or his cruelty in dragging the body of Hector round the walls, and slaying the captives at the pyre: such a combination of meanness and cruelty in Cheiron's pupil is inconceivable. The amatory exploits of Peirithous and Theseus are equally unworthy. Either these so-called sons of gods were not the sons of gods, or they were not such as the poets imagine them, any more than the gods themselves are the authors of evil. The youth who believes that such things are done by those who have the blood of heaven flowing in their veins will be too ready to imitate their example.

Enough of gods and heroes;—what shall we say about men? What the poets and story-tellers say—that the wicked prosper and the righteous are afflicted, or that justice is another's gain? Such misrepresentations cannot be allowed by us. But in this we are anticipating the definition of justice, and had therefore better defer the enquiry.

The subjects of poetry have been sufficiently treated; next follows style. Now all poetry is a narrative of events past, present, or to come; and narrative is of three kinds, the simple, the imitative, and a composition of the two. An instance will make my meaning clear. The first scene in Homer is of the last or mixed kind, being partly description and partly dialogue. But if you throw the dialogue into the 'oratio obliqua,' the passage will run thus: The priest came and prayed Apollo that the Achaeans might take Troy and have a safe return if Agamemnon would only give him back his daughter; and the other Greeks assented, but Agamemnon was wroth, and so on—The whole then becomes descriptive, and the poet is the only speaker left; or, if you omit the narrative, the whole becomes dialogue. These are the three styles—which of them is to be admitted into our State? 'Do you ask whether tragedy and comedy are to be admitted?' Yes, but also something more—Is it not doubtful whether our guardians are to be imitators at all? Or rather, has not the question been already answered, for we have decided that one man cannot in his life play many parts, any more than he can act both tragedy and comedy, or be rhapsodist and actor at once? Human nature is coined into very small pieces, and as our guardians have their own business already, which is the care of freedom, they will have enough to do without imitating. If they imitate they should imitate, not any meanness or baseness, but the good only; for the mask which the actor wears is apt to become his face. We cannot allow men to play the parts of women, quarrelling, weeping, scolding, or boasting against the gods,—least of all when making love or in labour. They must not represent slaves, or bullies, or cowards, drunkards, or madmen, or blacksmiths, or neighing horses, or bellowing bulls, or sounding rivers, or a raging sea. A good or wise man will be willing to perform good and wise actions, but he will be ashamed to play an inferior part which he has never practised; and he will prefer to employ the descriptive style with as little imitation as possible. The man who has no self-respect, on the contrary, will imitate anybody and anything; sounds of nature and cries of animals alike; his whole performance will be imitation of gesture and voice. Now in the descriptive style there are few changes, but in the dramatic there are a great many. Poets and musicians use either, or a compound of both, and this compound is very attractive to youth and their teachers as well as to the vulgar. But our State in which one man plays one part only is not adapted for complexity. And when one of these polyphonous pantomimic gentlemen offers to exhibit himself and his poetry we will show him every observance of respect, but at the same time tell him that there is no room for his kind in our State; we prefer the rough, honest poet, and will not depart from our original models (Laws).

Next as to the music. A song or ode has three parts,—the subject, the harmony, and the rhythm; of which the two last are dependent upon the first. As we banished strains of lamentation, so we may now banish the mixed Lydian harmonies, which are the harmonies of lamentation; and as our citizens are to be temperate, we may also banish convivial harmonies, such as the Ionian and pure Lydian. Two remain—the Dorian and Phrygian, the first for war, the second for peace; the one expressive of courage, the other of obedience or instruction or religious feeling. And as we reject varieties of harmony, we shall also reject the many-stringed,

variously-shaped instruments which give utterance to them, and in particular the flute, which is more complex than any of them. The lyre and the harp may be permitted in the town, and the Pan's-pipe in the fields. Thus we have made a purgation of music, and will now make a purgation of metres. These should be like the harmonies, simple and suitable to the occasion. There are four notes of the tetrachord, and there are three ratios of metre, 3/2, 2/2, 2/1, which have all their characteristics, and the feet have different characteristics as well as the rhythms. But about this you and I must ask Damon, the great musician, who speaks, if I remember rightly, of a martial measure as well as of dactylic, trochaic, and iambic rhythms, which he arranges so as to equalize the syllables with one another, assigning to each the proper quantity. We only venture to affirm the general principle that the style is to conform to the subject and the metre to the style; and that the simplicity and harmony of the soul should be reflected in them all. This principle of simplicity has to be learnt by every one in the days of his youth, and may be gathered anywhere, from the creative and constructive arts, as well as from the forms of plants and animals.

Other artists as well as poets should be warned against meanness or unseemliness. Sculpture and painting equally with music must conform to the law of simplicity. He who violates it cannot be allowed to work in our city, and to corrupt the taste of our citizens. For our guardians must grow up, not amid images of deformity which will gradually poison and corrupt their souls, but in a land of health and beauty where they will drink in from every object sweet and harmonious influences. And of all these influences the greatest is the education given by music, which finds a way into the innermost soul and imparts to it the sense of beauty and of deformity. At first the effect is unconscious; but when reason arrives, then he who has been thus trained welcomes her as the friend whom he always knew. As in learning to read, first we acquire the elements or letters separately, and afterwards their combinations, and cannot recognize reflections of them until we know the letters themselves;—in like manner we must first attain the elements or essential forms of the virtues, and then trace their combinations in life and experience. There is a music of the soul which answers to the harmony of the world; and the fairest object of a musical soul is the fair mind in the fair body. Some defect in the latter may be excused, but not in the former. True love is the daughter of temperance, and temperance is utterly opposed to the madness of bodily pleasure. Enough has been said of music, which makes a fair ending with love.

Next we pass on to gymnastics; about which I would remark, that the soul is related to the body as a cause to an effect, and therefore if we educate the mind we may leave the education of the body in her charge, and need only give a general outline of the course to be pursued. In the first place the guardians must abstain from strong drink, for they should be the last persons to lose their wits. Whether the habits of the palaestra are suitable to them is more doubtful, for the ordinary gymnastic is a sleepy sort of thing, and if left off suddenly is apt to endanger health. But our warrior athletes must be wide-awake dogs, and must also be inured to all changes of food and climate. Hence they will require a simpler kind of gymnastic, akin to their simple music; and for their diet a rule may be found in Homer, who feeds his heroes on roast meat only, and gives them no fish although they are living at the sea-side, nor boiled meats which involve an apparatus of pots and pans; and, if I am not mistaken, he nowhere mentions sweet sauces. Sicilian cookery and Attic confections and Corinthian courtezans, which are to gymnastic what Lydian and Ionian melodies are to music, must be forbidden. Where gluttony and intemperance prevail the town quickly fills with doctors and pleaders; and law and medicine give themselves airs as soon as the freemen of a State take an interest in them. But what can show a more disgraceful state of education than to have to go abroad for justice because you have none of your own at home? And yet there IS a worse stage of the same disease—when men have learned to take a pleasure and pride in the twists and turns of the law; not considering how much better it would be for them so to order their lives as to have no need of a nodding justice. And there is a like disgrace in employing a physician, not for the cure of wounds or epidemic disorders, but because a man has by laziness and luxury contracted diseases which were unknown in the days of Asclepius. How simple is the Homeric practice of medicine. Eurypylus after he has been wounded drinks a posset of Pramnian wine, which is of a heating nature; and yet the sons of Asclepius blame neither the damsel who gives him the drink, nor Patroclus who is attending on him. The truth is that this modern system of nursing diseases was introduced by Herodicus the trainer; who, being of a sickly constitution, by a compound of training and medicine tortured first himself and then a good many other people, and lived a great deal longer than he had any right. But Asclepius would not practise this art, because he knew that the citizens of a well-ordered State have no leisure to be ill, and therefore he adopted the 'kill or cure' method, which artisans and labourers employ. 'They must be at their business,' they say, 'and have no time for coddling: if they recover, well; if they don't, there is an end of them.' Whereas the rich man is supposed to be a gentleman who can afford to be ill. Do you know a maxim of Phocylides—that 'when a man begins to be rich' (or, perhaps, a little sooner) 'he should practise virtue'? But how can excessive care of health be inconsistent with an ordinary occupation, and yet consistent with that practice of virtue which Phocylides inculcates? When a student imagines that philosophy gives him a headache, he never does anything; he is always unwell. This was the reason why Asclepius and his sons practised no such art. They were acting in the interest of the public, and did not wish to preserve useless lives, or raise up a puny offspring to wretched sires. Honest diseases they honestly cured; and

if a man was wounded, they applied the proper remedies, and then let him eat and drink what he liked. But they declined to treat intemperate and worthless subjects, even though they might have made large fortunes out of them. As to the story of Pindar, that Asclepius was slain by a thunderbolt for restoring a rich man to life, that is a lie—following our old rule we must say either that he did not take bribes, or that he was not the son of a god.

Glaucon then asks Socrates whether the best physicians and the best judges will not be those who have had severally the greatest experience of diseases and of crimes. Socrates draws a distinction between the two professions. The physician should have had experience of disease in his own body, for he cures with his mind and not with his body. But the judge controls mind by mind; and therefore his mind should not be corrupted by crime. Where then is he to gain experience? How is he to be wise and also innocent? When young a good man is apt to be deceived by evil-doers, because he has no pattern of evil in himself; and therefore the judge should be of a certain age; his youth should have been innocent, and he should have acquired insight into evil not by the practice of it, but by the observation of it in others. This is the ideal of a judge; the criminal turned detective is wonderfully suspicious, but when in company with good men who have experience, he is at fault, for he foolishly imagines that every one is as bad as himself. Vice may be known of virtue, but cannot know virtue. This is the sort of medicine and this the sort of law which will prevail in our State; they will be healing arts to better natures; but the evil body will be left to die by the one, and the evil soul will be put to death by the other. And the need of either will be greatly diminished by good music which will give harmony to the soul, and good gymnastic which will give health to the body. Not that this division of music and gymnastic really corresponds to soul and body; for they are both equally concerned with the soul, which is tamed by the one and aroused and sustained by the other. The two together supply our guardians with their twofold nature. The passionate disposition when it has too much gymnastic is hardened and brutalized, the gentle or philosophic temper which has too much music becomes enervated. While a man is allowing music to pour like water through the funnel of his ears, the edge of his soul gradually wears away, and the passionate or spirited element is melted out of him. Too little spirit is easily exhausted; too much quickly passes into nervous irritability. So, again, the athlete by feeding and training has his courage doubled, but he soon grows stupid; he is like a wild beast, ready to do everything by blows and nothing by counsel or policy. There are two principles in man, reason and passion, and to these, not to the soul and body, the two arts of music and gymnastic correspond. He who mingles them in harmonious concord is the true musician,—he shall be the presiding genius of our State.

The next question is, Who are to be our rulers? First, the elder must rule the younger; and the best of the elders will be the best guardians. Now they will be the best who love their subjects most, and think that they have a common interest with them in the welfare of the state. These we must select; but they must be watched at every epoch of life to see whether they have retained the same opinions and held out against force and enchantment. For time and persuasion and the love of pleasure may enchant a man into a change of purpose, and the force of grief and pain may compel him. And therefore our guardians must be men who have been tried by many tests, like gold in the refiner's fire, and have been passed first through danger, then through pleasure, and at every age have come out of such trials victorious and without stain, in full command of themselves and their principles; having all their faculties in harmonious exercise for their country's good. These shall receive the highest honours both in life and death. (It would perhaps be better to confine the term 'guardians' to this select class: the younger men may be called 'auxiliaries.')

And now for one magnificent lie, in the belief of which, Oh that we could train our rulers!—at any rate let us make the attempt with the rest of the world. What I am going to tell is only another version of the legend of Cadmus; but our unbelieving generation will be slow to accept such a story. The tale must be imparted, first to the rulers, then to the soldiers, lastly to the people. We will inform them that their youth was a dream, and that during the time when they seemed to be undergoing their education they were really being fashioned in the earth, who sent them up when they were ready; and that they must protect and cherish her whose children they are, and regard each other as brothers and sisters. 'I do not wonder at your being ashamed to propound such a fiction.' There is more behind. These brothers and sisters have different natures, and some of them God framed to rule, whom he fashioned of gold; others he made of silver, to be auxiliaries; others again to be husbandmen and craftsmen, and these were formed by him of brass and iron. But as they are all sprung from a common stock, a golden parent may have a silver son, or a silver parent a golden son, and then there must be a change of rank; the son of the rich must descend, and the child of the artisan rise, in the social scale; for an oracle says 'that the State will come to an end if governed by a man of brass or iron.' Will our citizens ever believe all this? 'Not in the present generation, but in the next, perhaps, Yes.'

Now let the earthborn men go forth under the command of their rulers, and look about and pitch their camp in a high place, which will be safe against enemies from without, and likewise against insurrections from within. There let them sacrifice and set up their tents; for soldiers they are to be and not shopkeepers, the watchdogs and guardians of the sheep; and luxury and avarice will turn

them into wolves and tyrants. Their habits and their dwellings should correspond to their education. They should have no property; their pay should only meet their expenses; and they should have common meals. Gold and silver we will tell them that they have from God, and this divine gift in their souls they must not alloy with that earthly dross which passes under the name of gold. They only of the citizens may not touch it, or be under the same roof with it, or drink from it; it is the accursed thing. Should they ever acquire houses or lands or money of their own, they will become householders and tradesmen instead of guardians, enemies and tyrants instead of helpers, and the hour of ruin, both to themselves and the rest of the State, will be at hand.

The religious and ethical aspect of Plato's education will hereafter be considered under a separate head. Some lesser points may be more conveniently noticed in this place.

1. The constant appeal to the authority of Homer, whom, with grave irony, Plato, after the manner of his age, summons as a witness about ethics and psychology, as well as about diet and medicine; attempting to distinguish the better lesson from the worse, sometimes altering the text from design; more than once quoting or alluding to Homer inaccurately, after the manner of the early logographers turning the Iliad into prose, and delighting to draw far-fetched inferences from his words, or to make ludicrous applications of them. He does not, like Heracleitus, get into a rage with Homer and Archilochus (Heracl.), but uses their words and expressions as vehicles of a higher truth; not on a system like Theagenes of Rhegium or Metrodorus, or in later times the Stoics, but as fancy may dictate. And the conclusions drawn from them are sound, although the premises are fictitious. These fanciful appeals to Homer add a charm to Plato's style, and at the same time they have the effect of a satire on the follies of Homeric interpretation. To us (and probably to himself), although they take the form of arguments, they are really figures of speech. They may be compared with modern citations from Scripture, which have often a great rhetorical power even when the original meaning of the words is entirely lost sight of. The real, like the Platonic Socrates, as we gather from the Memorabilia of Xenophon, was fond of making similar adaptations. Great in all ages and countries, in religion as well as in law and literature, has been the art of interpretation.

2. 'The style is to conform to the subject and the metre to the style.' Notwithstanding the fascination which the word 'classical' exercises over us, we can hardly maintain that this rule is observed in all the Greek poetry which has come down to us. We cannot deny that the thought often exceeds the power of lucid expression in Aeschylus and Pindar; or that rhetoric gets the better of the thought in the Sophist-poet Euripides. Only perhaps in Sophocles is there a perfect harmony of the two; in him alone do we find a grace of language like the beauty of a Greek statue, in which there is nothing to add or to take away; at least this is true of single plays or of large portions of them. The connection in the Tragic Choruses and in the Greek lyric poets is not unfrequently a tangled thread which in an age before logic the poet was unable to draw out. Many thoughts and feelings mingled in his mind, and he had no power of disengaging or arranging them. For there is a subtle influence of logic which requires to be transferred from prose to poetry, just as the music and perfection of language are infused by poetry into prose. In all ages the poet has been a bad judge of his own meaning (Apol.); for he does not see that the word which is full of associations to his own mind is difficult and unmeaning to that of another; or that the sequence which is clear to himself is puzzling to others. There are many passages in some of our greatest modern poets which are far too obscure; in which there is no proportion between style and subject, in which any half-expressed figure, any harsh construction, any distorted collocation of words, any remote sequence of ideas is admitted; and there is no voice 'coming sweetly from nature,' or music adding the expression of feeling to thought. As if there could be poetry without beauty, or beauty without ease and clearness. The obscurities of early Greek poets arose necessarily out of the state of language and logic which existed in their age. They are not examples to be followed by us; for the use of language ought in every generation to become clearer and clearer. Like Shakespere, they were great in spite, not in consequence, of their imperfections of expression. But there is no reason for returning to the necessary obscurity which prevailed in the infancy of literature. The English poets of the last century were certainly not obscure; and we have no excuse for losing what they had gained, or for going back to the earlier or transitional age which preceded them. The thought of our own times has not out-stripped language; a want of Plato's 'art of measuring' is the rule cause of the disproportion between them.

3. In the third book of the Republic a nearer approach is made to a theory of art than anywhere else in Plato. His views may be summed up as follows:—True art is not fanciful and imitative, but simple and ideal,—the expression of the highest moral energy, whether in action or repose. To live among works of plastic art which are of this noble and simple character, or to listen to such strains, is the best of influences,—the true Greek atmosphere, in which youth should be brought up. That is the way to create in them a natural good taste, which will have a feeling of truth and beauty in all things. For though the poets are to be expelled, still art is recognized as another aspect of reason—like love in the Symposium, extending over the same sphere, but confined to the preliminary education, and acting through the power of habit; and this conception of art is not limited to strains of music or the forms

of plastic art, but pervades all nature and has a wide kindred in the world. The Republic of Plato, like the Athens of Pericles, has an artistic as well as a political side.

There is hardly any mention in Plato of the creative arts; only in two or three passages does he even allude to them (Rep.; Soph.). He is not lost in rapture at the great works of Phidias, the Parthenon, the Propylea, the statues of Zeus or Athene. He would probably have regarded any abstract truth of number or figure as higher than the greatest of them. Yet it is hard to suppose that some influence, such as he hopes to inspire in youth, did not pass into his own mind from the works of art which he saw around him. We are living upon the fragments of them, and find in a few broken stones the standard of truth and beauty. But in Plato this feeling has no expression; he nowhere says that beauty is the object of art; he seems to deny that wisdom can take an external form (Phaedrus); he does not distinguish the fine from the mechanical arts. Whether or no, like some writers, he felt more than he expressed, it is at any rate remarkable that the greatest perfection of the fine arts should coincide with an almost entire silence about them. In one very striking passage he tells us that a work of art, like the State, is a whole; and this conception of a whole and the love of the newly-born mathematical sciences may be regarded, if not as the inspiring, at any rate as the regulating principles of Greek art (Xen. Mem.; and Sophist).

4. Plato makes the true and subtle remark that the physician had better not be in robust health; and should have known what illness is in his own person. But the judge ought to have had no similar experience of evil; he is to be a good man who, having passed his youth in innocence, became acquainted late in life with the vices of others. And therefore, according to Plato, a judge should not be young, just as a young man according to Aristotle is not fit to be a hearer of moral philosophy. The bad, on the other hand, have a knowledge of vice, but no knowledge of virtue. It may be doubted, however, whether this train of reflection is well founded. In a remarkable passage of the Laws it is acknowledged that the evil may form a correct estimate of the good. The union of gentleness and courage in Book ii. at first seemed to be a paradox, yet was afterwards ascertained to be a truth. And Plato might also have found that the intuition of evil may be consistent with the abhorrence of it. There is a directness of aim in virtue which gives an insight into vice. And the knowledge of character is in some degree a natural sense independent of any special experience of good or evil.

5. One of the most remarkable conceptions of Plato, because un-Greek and also very different from anything which existed at all in his age of the world, is the transposition of ranks. In the Spartan state there had been enfranchisement of Helots and degradation of citizens under special circumstances. And in the ancient Greek aristocracies, merit was certainly recognized as one of the elements on which government was based. The founders of states were supposed to be their benefactors, who were raised by their great actions above the ordinary level of humanity; at a later period, the services of warriors and legislators were held to entitle them and their descendants to the privileges of citizenship and to the first rank in the state. And although the existence of an ideal aristocracy is slenderly proven from the remains of early Greek history, and we have a difficulty in ascribing such a character, however the idea may be defined, to any actual Hellenic state—or indeed to any state which has ever existed in the world—still the rule of the best was certainly the aspiration of philosophers, who probably accommodated a good deal their views of primitive history to their own notions of good government. Plato further insists on applying to the guardians of his state a series of tests by which all those who fell short of a fixed standard were either removed from the governing body, or not admitted to it; and this ‘academic’ discipline did to a certain extent prevail in Greek states, especially in Sparta. He also indicates that the system of caste, which existed in a great part of the ancient, and is by no means extinct in the modern European world, should be set aside from time to time in favour of merit. He is aware how deeply the greater part of mankind resent any interference with the order of society, and therefore he proposes his novel idea in the form of what he himself calls a ‘monstrous fiction.’ (Compare the ceremony of preparation for the two ‘great waves’ in Book v.) Two principles are indicated by him: first, that there is a distinction of ranks dependent on circumstances prior to the individual: second, that this distinction is and ought to be broken through by personal qualities. He adapts mythology like the Homeric poems to the wants of the state, making ‘the Phoenician tale’ the vehicle of his ideas. Every Greek state had a myth respecting its own origin; the Platonic republic may also have a tale of earthborn men. The gravity and verisimilitude with which the tale is told, and the analogy of Greek tradition, are a sufficient verification of the ‘monstrous falsehood.’ Ancient poetry had spoken of a gold and silver and brass and iron age succeeding one another, but Plato supposes these differences in the natures of men to exist together in a single state. Mythology supplies a figure under which the lesson may be taught (as Protagoras says, ‘the myth is more interesting’), and also enables Plato to touch lightly on new principles without going into details. In this passage he shadows forth a general truth, but he does not tell us by what steps the transposition of ranks is to be effected. Indeed throughout the Republic he allows the lower ranks to fade into the distance. We do not know whether they are to carry arms, and whether in the fifth book they are or are not included in the communistic regulations respecting property and marriage. Nor is there any use in arguing strictly either from a few chance words, or from the silence of Plato, or in drawing

inferences which were beyond his vision. Aristotle, in his criticism on the position of the lower classes, does not perceive that the poetical creation is ‘like the air, invulnerable,’ and cannot be penetrated by the shafts of his logic (Pol.).

6. Two paradoxes which strike the modern reader as in the highest degree fanciful and ideal, and which suggest to him many reflections, are to be found in the third book of the Republic: first, the great power of music, so much beyond any influence which is experienced by us in modern times, when the art or science has been far more developed, and has found the secret of harmony, as well as of melody; secondly, the indefinite and almost absolute control which the soul is supposed to exercise over the body.

In the first we suspect some degree of exaggeration, such as we may also observe among certain masters of the art, not unknown to us, at the present day. With this natural enthusiasm, which is felt by a few only, there seems to mingle in Plato a sort of Pythagorean reverence for numbers and numerical proportion to which Aristotle is a stranger. Intervals of sound and number are to him sacred things which have a law of their own, not dependent on the variations of sense. They rise above sense, and become a connecting link with the world of ideas. But it is evident that Plato is describing what to him appears to be also a fact. The power of a simple and characteristic melody on the impressible mind of the Greek is more than we can easily appreciate. The effect of national airs may bear some comparison with it. And, besides all this, there is a confusion between the harmony of musical notes and the harmony of soul and body, which is so potently inspired by them.

The second paradox leads up to some curious and interesting questions—How far can the mind control the body? Is the relation between them one of mutual antagonism or of mutual harmony? Are they two or one, and is either of them the cause of the other? May we not at times drop the opposition between them, and the mode of describing them, which is so familiar to us, and yet hardly conveys any precise meaning, and try to view this composite creature, man, in a more simple manner? Must we not at any rate admit that there is in human nature a higher and a lower principle, divided by no distinct line, which at times break asunder and take up arms against one another? Or again, they are reconciled and move together, either unconsciously in the ordinary work of life, or consciously in the pursuit of some noble aim, to be attained not without an effort, and for which every thought and nerve are strained. And then the body becomes the good friend or ally, or servant or instrument of the mind. And the mind has often a wonderful and almost superhuman power of banishing disease and weakness and calling out a hidden strength. Reason and the desires, the intellect and the senses are brought into harmony and obedience so as to form a single human being. They are ever parting, ever meeting; and the identity or diversity of their tendencies or operations is for the most part unnoticed by us. When the mind touches the body through the appetites, we acknowledge the responsibility of the one to the other. There is a tendency in us which says ‘Drink.’ There is another which says, ‘Do not drink; it is not good for you.’ And we all of us know which is the rightful superior. We are also responsible for our health, although into this sphere there enter some elements of necessity which may be beyond our control. Still even in the management of health, care and thought, continued over many years, may make us almost free agents, if we do not exact too much of ourselves, and if we acknowledge that all human freedom is limited by the laws of nature and of mind.

We are disappointed to find that Plato, in the general condemnation which he passes on the practice of medicine prevailing in his own day, depreciates the effects of diet. He would like to have diseases of a definite character and capable of receiving a definite treatment. He is afraid of invalidism interfering with the business of life. He does not recognize that time is the great healer both of mental and bodily disorders; and that remedies which are gradual and proceed little by little are safer than those which produce a sudden catastrophe. Neither does he see that there is no way in which the mind can more surely influence the body than by the control of eating and drinking; or any other action or occasion of human life on which the higher freedom of the will can be more simple or truly asserted.

7. Lesser matters of style may be remarked.

(1) The affected ignorance of music, which is Plato’s way of expressing that he is passing lightly over the subject.

(2) The tentative manner in which here, as in the second book, he proceeds with the construction of the State.

(3) The description of the State sometimes as a reality, and then again as a work of imagination only; these are the arts by which he sustains the reader’s interest.

(4) Connecting links, or the preparation for the entire expulsion of the poets in Book X.

(5) The companion pictures of the lover of litigation and the valetudinarian, the satirical jest about the maxim of Phocylides, the manner in which the image of the gold and silver citizens is taken up into the subject, and the argument from the practice of

Asclepius, should not escape notice.

BOOK IV. Adeimantus said: ‘Suppose a person to argue, Socrates, that you make your citizens miserable, and this by their own free-will; they are the lords of the city, and yet instead of having, like other men, lands and houses and money of their own, they live as mercenaries and are always mounting guard.’ You may add, I replied, that they receive no pay but only their food, and have no money to spend on a journey or a mistress. ‘Well, and what answer do you give?’ My answer is, that our guardians may or may not be the happiest of men,—I should not be surprised to find in the long-run that they were,—but this is not the aim of our constitution, which was designed for the good of the whole and not of any one part. If I went to a sculptor and blamed him for having painted the eye, which is the noblest feature of the face, not purple but black, he would reply: ‘The eye must be an eye, and you should look at the statue as a whole.’ ‘Now I can well imagine a fool’s paradise, in which everybody is eating and drinking, clothed in purple and fine linen, and potters lie on sofas and have their wheel at hand, that they may work a little when they please; and cobblers and all the other classes of a State lose their distinctive character. And a State may get on without cobblers; but when the guardians degenerate into boon companions, then the ruin is complete. Remember that we are not talking of peasants keeping holiday, but of a State in which every man is expected to do his own work. The happiness resides not in this or that class, but in the State as a whole. I have another remark to make:—A middle condition is best for artisans; they should have money enough to buy tools, and not enough to be independent of business. And will not the same condition be best for our citizens? If they are poor, they will be mean; if rich, luxurious and lazy; and in neither case contented. ‘But then how will our poor city be able to go to war against an enemy who has money?’ There may be a difficulty in fighting against one enemy; against two there will be none. In the first place, the contest will be carried on by trained warriors against well-to-do citizens: and is not a regular athlete an easy match for two stout opponents at least? Suppose also, that before engaging we send ambassadors to one of the two cities, saying, ‘Silver and gold we have not; do you help us and take our share of the spoil;’—who would fight against the lean, wiry dogs, when they might join with them in preying upon the fatted sheep? ‘But if many states join their resources, shall we not be in danger?’ I am amused to hear you use the word ‘state’ of any but our own State. They are ‘states,’ but not ‘a state’—many in one. For in every state there are two hostile nations, rich and poor, which you may set one against the other. But our State, while she remains true to her principles, will be in very deed the mightiest of Hellenic states.

To the size of the state there is no limit but the necessity of unity; it must be neither too large nor too small to be one. This is a matter of secondary importance, like the principle of transposition which was intimated in the parable of the earthborn men. The meaning there implied was that every man should do that for which he was fitted, and be at one with himself, and then the whole city would be united. But all these things are secondary, if education, which is the great matter, be duly regarded. When the wheel has once been set in motion, the speed is always increasing; and each generation improves upon the preceding, both in physical and moral qualities. The care of the governors should be directed to preserve music and gymnastic from innovation; alter the songs of a country, Damon says, and you will soon end by altering its laws. The change appears innocent at first, and begins in play; but the evil soon becomes serious, working secretly upon the characters of individuals, then upon social and commercial relations, and lastly upon the institutions of a state; and there is ruin and confusion everywhere. But if education remains in the established form, there will be no danger. A restorative process will be always going on; the spirit of law and order will raise up what has fallen down. Nor will any regulations be needed for the lesser matters of life—rules of deportment or fashions of dress. Like invites like for good or for evil. Education will correct deficiencies and supply the power of self-government. Far be it from us to enter into the particulars of legislation; let the guardians take care of education, and education will take care of all other things.

But without education they may patch and mend as they please; they will make no progress, any more than a patient who thinks to cure himself by some favourite remedy and will not give up his luxurious mode of living. If you tell such persons that they must first alter their habits, then they grow angry; they are charming people. ‘Charming,—nay, the very reverse.’ Evidently these gentlemen are not in your good graces, nor the state which is like them. And such states there are which first ordain under penalty of death that no one shall alter the constitution, and then suffer themselves to be flattered into and out of anything; and he who indulges them and fawns upon them, is their leader and saviour. ‘Yes, the men are as bad as the states.’ But do you not admire their cleverness? ‘Nay, some of them are stupid enough to believe what the people tell them.’ And when all the world is telling a man that he is six feet high, and he has no measure, how can he believe anything else? But don’t get into a passion: to see our statesmen trying their nostrums, and fancying that they can cut off at a blow the Hydra-like rogueries of mankind, is as good as a play. Minute enactments are superfluous in good states, and are useless in bad ones.

And now what remains of the work of legislation? Nothing for us; but to Apollo the god of Delphi we leave the ordering of the greatest of all things—that is to say, religion. Only our ancestral deity sitting upon the centre and navel of the earth will be trusted by

us if we have any sense, in an affair of such magnitude. No foreign god shall be supreme in our realms...

Here, as Socrates would say, let us ‘reflect on’ (Greek) what has preceded: thus far we have spoken not of the happiness of the citizens, but only of the well-being of the State. They may be the happiest of men, but our principal aim in founding the State was not to make them happy. They were to be guardians, not holiday-makers. In this pleasant manner is presented to us the famous question both of ancient and modern philosophy, touching the relation of duty to happiness, of right to utility.

First duty, then happiness, is the natural order of our moral ideas. The utilitarian principle is valuable as a corrective of error, and shows to us a side of ethics which is apt to be neglected. It may be admitted further that right and utility are co-extensive, and that he who makes the happiness of mankind his object has one of the highest and noblest motives of human action. But utility is not the historical basis of morality; nor the aspect in which moral and religious ideas commonly occur to the mind. The greatest happiness of all is, as we believe, the far-off result of the divine government of the universe. The greatest happiness of the individual is certainly to be found in a life of virtue and goodness. But we seem to be more assured of a law of right than we can be of a divine purpose, that ‘all mankind should be saved;’ and we infer the one from the other. And the greatest happiness of the individual may be the reverse of the greatest happiness in the ordinary sense of the term, and may be realised in a life of pain, or in a voluntary death. Further, the word ‘happiness’ has several ambiguities; it may mean either pleasure or an ideal life, happiness subjective or objective, in this world or in another, of ourselves only or of our neighbours and of all men everywhere. By the modern founder of Utilitarianism the self-regarding and disinterested motives of action are included under the same term, although they are commonly opposed by us as benevolence and self-love. The word happiness has not the definiteness or the sacredness of ‘truth’ and ‘right’; it does not equally appeal to our higher nature, and has not sunk into the conscience of mankind. It is associated too much with the comforts and conveniences of life; too little with ‘the goods of the soul which we desire for their own sake.’ In a great trial, or danger, or temptation, or in any great and heroic action, it is scarcely thought of. For these reasons ‘the greatest happiness’ principle is not the true foundation of ethics. But though not the first principle, it is the second, which is like unto it, and is often of easier application. For the larger part of human actions are neither right nor wrong, except in so far as they tend to the happiness of mankind (Introd. to Gorgias and Philebus).

The same question reappears in politics, where the useful or expedient seems to claim a larger sphere and to have a greater authority. For concerning political measures, we chiefly ask: How will they affect the happiness of mankind? Yet here too we may observe that what we term expediency is merely the law of right limited by the conditions of human society. Right and truth are the highest aims of government as well as of individuals; and we ought not to lose sight of them because we cannot directly enforce them. They appeal to the better mind of nations; and sometimes they are too much for merely temporal interests to resist. They are the watchwords which all men use in matters of public policy, as well as in their private dealings; the peace of Europe may be said to depend upon them. In the most commercial and utilitarian states of society the power of ideas remains. And all the higher class of statesmen have in them something of that idealism which Pericles is said to have gathered from the teaching of Anaxagoras. They recognise that the true leader of men must be above the motives of ambition, and that national character is of greater value than material comfort and prosperity. And this is the order of thought in Plato; first, he expects his citizens to do their duty, and then under favourable circumstances, that is to say, in a well-ordered State, their happiness is assured. That he was far from excluding the modern principle of utility in politics is sufficiently evident from other passages; in which ‘the most beneficial is affirmed to be the most honourable’, and also ‘the most sacred’.

We may note

(1) The manner in which the objection of Adeimantus here, is designed to draw out and deepen the argument of Socrates.

(2) The conception of a whole as lying at the foundation both of politics and of art, in the latter supplying the only principle of criticism, which, under the various names of harmony, symmetry, measure, proportion, unity, the Greek seems to have applied to works of art.

(3) The requirement that the State should be limited in size, after the traditional model of a Greek state; as in the Politics of Aristotle, the fact that the cities of Hellas were small is converted into a principle.

(4) The humorous pictures of the lean dogs and the fatted sheep, of the light active boxer upsetting two stout gentlemen at least, of the ‘charming’ patients who are always making themselves worse; or again, the playful assumption that there is no State but our own; or the grave irony with which the statesman is excused who believes that he is six feet high because he is told so, and having nothing to measure with is to be pardoned for his ignorance—he is too amusing for us to be seriously angry with him.

(5) The light and superficial manner in which religion is passed over when provision has been made for two great principles,—first, that religion shall be based on the highest conception of the gods, secondly, that the true national or Hellenic type shall be maintained...

Socrates proceeds: But where amid all this is justice? Son of Ariston, tell me where. Light a candle and search the city, and get your brother and the rest of our friends to help in seeking for her. ‘That won’t do,’ replied Glaucon, ‘you yourself promised to make the search and talked about the impiety of deserting justice.’ Well, I said, I will lead the way, but do you follow. My notion is, that our State being perfect will contain all the four virtues—wisdom, courage, temperance, justice. If we eliminate the three first, the unknown remainder will be justice.

First then, of wisdom: the State which we have called into being will be wise because politic. And policy is one among many kinds of skill,—not the skill of the carpenter, or of the worker in metal, or of the husbandman, but the skill of him who advises about the interests of the whole State. Of such a kind is the skill of the guardians, who are a small class in number, far smaller than the blacksmiths; but in them is concentrated the wisdom of the State. And if this small ruling class have wisdom, then the whole State will be wise.

Our second virtue is courage, which we have no difficulty in finding in another class—that of soldiers. Courage may be defined as a sort of salvation—the never-failing salvation of the opinions which law and education have prescribed concerning dangers. You know the way in which dyers first prepare the white ground and then lay on the dye of purple or of any other colour. Colours dyed in this way become fixed, and no soap or lye will ever wash them out. Now the ground is education, and the laws are the colours; and if the ground is properly laid, neither the soap of pleasure nor the lye of pain or fear will ever wash them out. This power which preserves right opinion about danger I would ask you to call ‘courage,’ adding the epithet ‘political’ or ‘civilized’ in order to distinguish it from mere animal courage and from a higher courage which may hereafter be discussed.

Two virtues remain; temperance and justice. More than the preceding virtues temperance suggests the idea of harmony. Some light is thrown upon the nature of this virtue by the popular description of a man as ‘master of himself’—which has an absurd sound, because the master is also the servant. The expression really means that the better principle in a man masters the worse. There are in cities whole classes—women, slaves and the like—who correspond to the worse, and a few only to the better; and in our State the former class are held under control by the latter. Now to which of these classes does temperance belong? ‘To both of them.’ And our State if any will be the abode of temperance; and we were right in describing this virtue as a harmony which is diffused through the whole, making the dwellers in the city to be of one mind, and attuning the upper and middle and lower classes like the strings of an instrument, whether you suppose them to differ in wisdom, strength or wealth.

And now we are near the spot; let us draw in and surround the cover and watch with all our eyes, lest justice should slip away and escape. Tell me, if you see the thicket move first. ‘Nay, I would have you lead.’ Well then, offer up a prayer and follow. The way is dark and difficult; but we must push on. I begin to see a track. ‘Good news.’ Why, Glaucon, our dulness of scent is quite ludicrous! While we are straining our eyes into the distance, justice is tumbling out at our feet. We are as bad as people looking for a thing which they have in their hands. Have you forgotten our old principle of the division of labour, or of every man doing his own business, concerning which we spoke at the foundation of the State—what but this was justice? Is there any other virtue remaining which can compete with wisdom and temperance and courage in the scale of political virtue? For ‘every one having his own’ is the great object of government; and the great object of trade is that every man should do his own business. Not that there is much harm in a carpenter trying to be a cobbler, or a cobbler transforming himself into a carpenter; but great evil may arise from the cobbler leaving his last and turning into a guardian or legislator, or when a single individual is trainer, warrior, legislator, all in one. And this evil is injustice, or every man doing another’s business. I do not say that as yet we are in a condition to arrive at a final conclusion. For the definition which we believe to hold good in states has still to be tested by the individual. Having read the large letters we will now come back to the small. From the two together a brilliant light may be struck out...

Socrates proceeds to discover the nature of justice by a method of residues. Each of the first three virtues corresponds to one of the three parts of the soul and one of the three classes in the State, although the third, temperance, has more of the nature of a harmony than the first two. If there be a fourth virtue, that can only be sought for in the relation of the three parts in the soul or classes in the State to one another. It is obvious and simple, and for that very reason has not been found out. The modern logician will be inclined to object that ideas cannot be separated like chemical substances, but that they run into one another and may be only different aspects or names of the same thing, and such in this instance appears to be the case. For the definition here given of justice is verbally the same as one of the definitions of temperance given by Socrates in the Charmides, which however is only

provisional, and is afterwards rejected. And so far from justice remaining over when the other virtues are eliminated, the justice and temperance of the Republic can with difficulty be distinguished. Temperance appears to be the virtue of a part only, and one of three, whereas justice is a universal virtue of the whole soul. Yet on the other hand temperance is also described as a sort of harmony, and in this respect is akin to justice. Justice seems to differ from temperance in degree rather than in kind; whereas temperance is the harmony of discordant elements, justice is the perfect order by which all natures and classes do their own business, the right man in the right place, the division and co-operation of all the citizens. Justice, again, is a more abstract notion than the other virtues, and therefore, from Plato's point of view, the foundation of them, to which they are referred and which in idea precedes them. The proposal to omit temperance is a mere trick of style intended to avoid monotony.

There is a famous question discussed in one of the earlier Dialogues of Plato (Protagoras; Arist. Nic. Ethics), 'Whether the virtues are one or many?' This receives an answer which is to the effect that there are four cardinal virtues (now for the first time brought together in ethical philosophy), and one supreme over the rest, which is not like Aristotle's conception of universal justice, virtue relative to others, but the whole of virtue relative to the parts. To this universal conception of justice or order in the first education and in the moral nature of man, the still more universal conception of the good in the second education and in the sphere of speculative knowledge seems to succeed. Both might be equally described by the terms 'law,' 'order,' 'harmony;' but while the idea of good embraces 'all time and all existence,' the conception of justice is not extended beyond man.

...Socrates is now going to identify the individual and the State. But first he must prove that there are three parts of the individual soul. His argument is as follows:—Quantity makes no difference in quality. The word 'just,' whether applied to the individual or to the State, has the same meaning. And the term 'justice' implied that the same three principles in the State and in the individual were doing their own business. But are they really three or one? The question is difficult, and one which can hardly be solved by the methods which we are now using; but the truer and longer way would take up too much of our time. 'The shorter will satisfy me.' Well then, you would admit that the qualities of states mean the qualities of the individuals who compose them? The Scythians and Thracians are passionate, our own race intellectual, and the Egyptians and Phoenicians covetous, because the individual members of each have such and such a character; the difficulty is to determine whether the several principles are one or three; whether, that is to say, we reason with one part of our nature, desire with another, are angry with another, or whether the whole soul comes into play in each sort of action. This enquiry, however, requires a very exact definition of terms. The same thing in the same relation cannot be affected in two opposite ways. But there is no impossibility in a man standing still, yet moving his arms, or in a top which is fixed on one spot going round upon its axis. There is no necessity to mention all the possible exceptions; let us provisionally assume that opposites cannot do or be or suffer opposites in the same relation. And to the class of opposites belong assent and dissent, desire and avoidance. And one form of desire is thirst and hunger: and here arises a new point—thirst is thirst of drink, hunger is hunger of food; not of warm drink or of a particular kind of food, with the single exception of course that the very fact of our desiring anything implies that it is good. When relative terms have no attributes, their correlatives have no attributes; when they have attributes, their correlatives also have them. For example, the term 'greater' is simply relative to 'less,' and knowledge refers to a subject of knowledge. But on the other hand, a particular knowledge is of a particular subject. Again, every science has a distinct character, which is defined by an object; medicine, for example, is the science of health, although not to be confounded with health. Having cleared our ideas thus far, let us return to the original instance of thirst, which has a definite object—drink. Now the thirsty soul may feel two distinct impulses; the animal one saying 'Drink;' the rational one, which says 'Do not drink.' The two impulses are contradictory; and therefore we may assume that they spring from distinct principles in the soul. But is passion a third principle, or akin to desire? There is a story of a certain Leontius which throws some light on this question. He was coming up from the Piraeus outside the north wall, and he passed a spot where there were dead bodies lying by the executioner. He felt a longing desire to see them and also an abhorrence of them; at first he turned away and shut his eyes, then, suddenly tearing them open, he said,—'Take your fill, ye wretches, of the fair sight.' Now is there not here a third principle which is often found to come to the assistance of reason against desire, but never of desire against reason? This is passion or spirit, of the separate existence of which we may further convince ourselves by putting the following case:—When a man suffers justly, if he be of a generous nature he is not indignant at the hardships which he undergoes: but when he suffers unjustly, his indignation is his great support; hunger and thirst cannot tame him; the spirit within him must do or die, until the voice of the shepherd, that is, of reason, bidding his dog bark no more, is heard within. This shows that passion is the ally of reason. Is passion then the same with reason? No, for the former exists in children and brutes; and Homer affords a proof of the distinction between them when he says, 'He smote his breast, and thus rebuked his soul.'

And now, at last, we have reached firm ground, and are able to infer that the virtues of the State and of the individual are the same. For wisdom and courage and justice in the State are severally the wisdom and courage and justice in the individuals who form the

State. Each of the three classes will do the work of its own class in the State, and each part in the individual soul; reason, the superior, and passion, the inferior, will be harmonized by the influence of music and gymnastic. The counsellor and the warrior, the head and the arm, will act together in the town of Mansoul, and keep the desires in proper subjection. The courage of the warrior is that quality which preserves a right opinion about dangers in spite of pleasures and pains. The wisdom of the counsellor is that small part of the soul which has authority and reason. The virtue of temperance is the friendship of the ruling and the subject principles, both in the State and in the individual. Of justice we have already spoken; and the notion already given of it may be confirmed by common instances. Will the just state or the just individual steal, lie, commit adultery, or be guilty of impiety to gods and men? 'No.' And is not the reason of this that the several principles, whether in the state or in the individual, do their own business? And justice is the quality which makes just men and just states. Moreover, our old division of labour, which required that there should be one man for one use, was a dream or anticipation of what was to follow; and that dream has now been realized in justice, which begins by binding together the three chords of the soul, and then acts harmoniously in every relation of life. And injustice, which is the insubordination and disobedience of the inferior elements in the soul, is the opposite of justice, and is inharmonious and unnatural, being to the soul what disease is to the body; for in the soul as well as in the body, good or bad actions produce good or bad habits. And virtue is the health and beauty and well-being of the soul, and vice is the disease and weakness and deformity of the soul.

Again the old question returns upon us: Is justice or injustice the more profitable? The question has become ridiculous. For injustice, like mortal disease, makes life not worth having. Come up with me to the hill which overhangs the city and look down upon the single form of virtue, and the infinite forms of vice, among which are four special ones, characteristic both of states and of individuals. And the state which corresponds to the single form of virtue is that which we have been describing, wherein reason rules under one of two names—monarchy and aristocracy. Thus there are five forms in all, both of states and of souls...

In attempting to prove that the soul has three separate faculties, Plato takes occasion to discuss what makes difference of faculties. And the criterion which he proposes is difference in the working of the faculties. The same faculty cannot produce contradictory effects. But the path of early reasoners is beset by thorny entanglements, and he will not proceed a step without first clearing the ground. This leads him into a tiresome digression, which is intended to explain the nature of contradiction. First, the contradiction must be at the same time and in the same relation. Secondly, no extraneous word must be introduced into either of the terms in which the contradictory proposition is expressed: for example, thirst is of drink, not of warm drink. He implies, what he does not say, that if, by the advice of reason, or by the impulse of anger, a man is restrained from drinking, this proves that thirst, or desire under which thirst is included, is distinct from anger and reason. But suppose that we allow the term 'thirst' or 'desire' to be modified, and say an 'angry thirst,' or a 'revengeful desire,' then the two spheres of desire and anger overlap and become confused. This case therefore has to be excluded. And still there remains an exception to the rule in the use of the term 'good,' which is always implied in the object of desire. These are the discussions of an age before logic; and any one who is wearied by them should remember that they are necessary to the clearing up of ideas in the first development of the human faculties.

The psychology of Plato extends no further than the division of the soul into the rational, irascible, and concupiscent elements, which, as far as we know, was first made by him, and has been retained by Aristotle and succeeding ethical writers. The chief difficulty in this early analysis of the mind is to define exactly the place of the irascible faculty (Greek), which may be variously described under the terms righteous indignation, spirit, passion. It is the foundation of courage, which includes in Plato moral courage, the courage of enduring pain, and of surmounting intellectual difficulties, as well as of meeting dangers in war. Though irrational, it inclines to side with the rational: it cannot be aroused by punishment when justly inflicted: it sometimes takes the form of an enthusiasm which sustains a man in the performance of great actions. It is the 'lion heart' with which the reason makes a treaty. On the other hand it is negative rather than positive; it is indignant at wrong or falsehood, but does not, like Love in the Symposium and Phaedrus, aspire to the vision of Truth or Good. It is the peremptory military spirit which prevails in the government of honour. It differs from anger (Greek), this latter term having no accessory notion of righteous indignation. Although Aristotle has retained the word, yet we may observe that 'passion' (Greek) has with him lost its affinity to the rational and has become indistinguishable from 'anger' (Greek). And to this vernacular use Plato himself in the Laws seems to revert, though not always. By modern philosophy too, as well as in our ordinary conversation, the words anger or passion are employed almost exclusively in a bad sense; there is no connotation of a just or reasonable cause by which they are aroused. The feeling of 'righteous indignation' is too partial and accidental to admit of our regarding it as a separate virtue or habit. We are tempted also to doubt whether Plato is right in supposing that an offender, however justly condemned, could be expected to acknowledge the justice of his sentence; this is the spirit of a philosopher or martyr rather than of a criminal.

We may observe how nearly Plato approaches Aristotle's famous thesis, that 'good actions produce good habits.' The words 'as healthy practices (Greek) produce health, so do just practices produce justice,' have a sound very like the Nicomachean Ethics. But we note also that an incidental remark in Plato has become a far-reaching principle in Aristotle, and an inseparable part of a great Ethical system.

There is a difficulty in understanding what Plato meant by 'the longer way': he seems to intimate some metaphysic of the future which will not be satisfied with arguing from the principle of contradiction. In the sixth and seventh books (compare Sophist and Parmenides) he has given us a sketch of such a metaphysic; but when Glaucon asks for the final revelation of the idea of good, he is put off with the declaration that he has not yet studied the preliminary sciences. How he would have filled up the sketch, or argued about such questions from a higher point of view, we can only conjecture. Perhaps he hoped to find some a priori method of developing the parts out of the whole; or he might have asked which of the ideas contains the other ideas, and possibly have stumbled on the Hegelian identity of the 'ego' and the 'universal.' Or he may have imagined that ideas might be constructed in some manner analogous to the construction of figures and numbers in the mathematical sciences. The most certain and necessary truth was to Plato the universal; and to this he was always seeking to refer all knowledge or opinion, just as in modern times we seek to rest them on the opposite pole of induction and experience. The aspirations of metaphysicians have always tended to pass beyond the limits of human thought and language: they seem to have reached a height at which they are 'moving about in worlds unrealized,' and their conceptions, although profoundly affecting their own minds, become invisible or unintelligible to others. We are not therefore surprized to find that Plato himself has nowhere clearly explained his doctrine of ideas; or that his school in a later generation, like his contemporaries Glaucon and Adeimantus, were unable to follow him in this region of speculation. In the Sophist, where he is refuting the scepticism which maintained either that there was no such thing as predication, or that all might be predicated of all, he arrives at the conclusion that some ideas combine with some, but not all with all. But he makes only one or two steps forward on this path; he nowhere attains to any connected system of ideas, or even to a knowledge of the most elementary relations of the sciences to one another.

BOOK V. I was going to enumerate the four forms of vice or decline in states, when Polemarchus—he was sitting a little farther from me than Adeimantus—taking him by the coat and leaning towards him, said something in an undertone, of which I only caught the words, 'Shall we let him off?' 'Certainly not,' said Adeimantus, raising his voice. Whom, I said, are you not going to let off? 'You,' he said. Why? 'Because we think that you are not dealing fairly with us in omitting women and children, of whom you have slily disposed under the general formula that friends have all things in common.' And was I not right? 'Yes,' he replied, 'but there are many sorts of communism or community, and we want to know which of them is right. The company, as you have just heard, are resolved to have a further explanation.' Thrasymachus said, 'Do you think that we have come hither to dig for gold, or to hear you discourse?' Yes, I said; but the discourse should be of a reasonable length. Glaucon added, 'Yes, Socrates, and there is reason in spending the whole of life in such discussions; but pray, without more ado, tell us how this community is to be carried out, and how the interval between birth and education is to be filled up.' Well, I said, the subject has several difficulties—What is possible? is the first question. What is desirable? is the second. 'Fear not,' he replied, 'for you are speaking among friends.' That, I replied, is a sorry consolation; I shall destroy my friends as well as myself. Not that I mind a little innocent laughter; but he who kills the truth is a murderer. 'Then,' said Glaucon, laughing, 'in case you should murder us we will acquit you beforehand, and you shall be held free from the guilt of deceiving us.'

Socrates proceeds:—The guardians of our state are to be watch-dogs, as we have already said. Now dogs are not divided into hes and shes—we do not take the masculine gender out to hunt and leave the females at home to look after their puppies. They have the same employments—the only difference between them is that the one sex is stronger and the other weaker. But if women are to have the same employments as men, they must have the same education—they must be taught music and gymnastics, and the art of war. I know that a great joke will be made of their riding on horseback and carrying weapons; the sight of the naked old wrinkled women showing their agility in the palaestra will certainly not be a vision of beauty, and may be expected to become a famous jest. But we must not mind the wits; there was a time when they might have laughed at our present gymnastics. All is habit: people have at last found out that the exposure is better than the concealment of the person, and now they laugh no more. Evil only should be the subject of ridicule.

The first question is, whether women are able either wholly or partially to share in the employments of men. And here we may be charged with inconsistency in making the proposal at all. For we started originally with the division of labour; and the diversity of employments was based on the difference of natures. But is there no difference between men and women? Nay, are they not wholly different? THERE was the difficulty, Glaucon, which made me unwilling to speak of family relations. However, when a man is

out of his depth, whether in a pool or in an ocean, he can only swim for his life; and we must try to find a way of escape, if we can.

The argument is, that different natures have different uses, and the natures of men and women are said to differ. But this is only a verbal opposition. We do not consider that the difference may be purely nominal and accidental; for example, a bald man and a hairy man are opposed in a single point of view, but you cannot infer that because a bald man is a cobbler a hairy man ought not to be a cobbler. Now why is such an inference erroneous? Simply because the opposition between them is partial only, like the difference between a male physician and a female physician, not running through the whole nature, like the difference between a physician and a carpenter. And if the difference of the sexes is only that the one beget and the other bear children, this does not prove that they ought to have distinct educations. Admitting that women differ from men in capacity, do not men equally differ from one another? Has not nature scattered all the qualities which our citizens require indifferently up and down among the two sexes? and even in their peculiar pursuits, are not women often, though in some cases superior to men, ridiculously enough surpassed by them? Women are the same in kind as men, and have the same aptitude or want of aptitude for medicine or gymnastic or war, but in a less degree. One woman will be a good guardian, another not; and the good must be chosen to be the colleagues of our guardians. If however their natures are the same, the inference is that their education must also be the same; there is no longer anything unnatural or impossible in a woman learning music and gymnastic. And the education which we give them will be the very best, far superior to that of cobblers, and will train up the very best women, and nothing can be more advantageous to the State than this. Therefore let them strip, clothed in their chastity, and share in the toils of war and in the defence of their country; he who laughs at them is a fool for his pains.

The first wave is past, and the argument is compelled to admit that men and women have common duties and pursuits. A second and greater wave is rolling in—community of wives and children; is this either expedient or possible? The expediency I do not doubt; I am not so sure of the possibility. ‘Nay, I think that a considerable doubt will be entertained on both points.’ I meant to have escaped the trouble of proving the first, but as you have detected the little stratagem I must even submit. Only allow me to feed my fancy like the solitary in his walks, with a dream of what might be, and then I will return to the question of what can be.

In the first place our rulers will enforce the laws and make new ones where they are wanted, and their allies or ministers will obey. You, as legislator, have already selected the men; and now you shall select the women. After the selection has been made, they will dwell in common houses and have their meals in common, and will be brought together by a necessity more certain than that of mathematics. But they cannot be allowed to live in licentiousness; that is an unholy thing, which the rulers are determined to prevent. For the avoidance of this, holy marriage festivals will be instituted, and their holiness will be in proportion to their usefulness. And here, Glaucon, I should like to ask (as I know that you are a breeder of birds and animals), Do you not take the greatest care in the mating? ‘Certainly.’ And there is no reason to suppose that less care is required in the marriage of human beings. But then our rulers must be skilful physicians of the State, for they will often need a strong dose of falsehood in order to bring about desirable unions between their subjects. The good must be paired with the good, and the bad with the bad, and the offspring of the one must be reared, and of the other destroyed; in this way the flock will be preserved in prime condition. Hymeneal festivals will be celebrated at times fixed with an eye to population, and the brides and bridegrooms will meet at them; and by an ingenious system of lots the rulers will contrive that the brave and the fair come together, and that those of inferior breed are paired with inferiors—the latter will ascribe to chance what is really the invention of the rulers. And when children are born, the offspring of the brave and fair will be carried to an enclosure in a certain part of the city, and there attended by suitable nurses; the rest will be hurried away to places unknown. The mothers will be brought to the fold and will suckle the children; care however must be taken that none of them recognise their own offspring; and if necessary other nurses may also be hired. The trouble of watching and getting up at night will be transferred to attendants. ‘Then the wives of our guardians will have a fine easy time when they are having children.’ And quite right too, I said, that they should.

The parents ought to be in the prime of life, which for a man may be reckoned at thirty years—from twenty-five, when he has ‘passed the point at which the speed of life is greatest,’ to fifty-five; and at twenty years for a woman—from twenty to forty. Any one above or below those ages who partakes in the hymeneals shall be guilty of impiety; also every one who forms a marriage connexion at other times without the consent of the rulers. This latter regulation applies to those who are within the specified ages, after which they may range at will, provided they avoid the prohibited degrees of parents and children, or of brothers and sisters, which last, however, are not absolutely prohibited, if a dispensation be procured. ‘But how shall we know the degrees of affinity, when all things are common?’ The answer is, that brothers and sisters are all such as are born seven or nine months after the espousals, and their parents those who are then espoused, and every one will have many children and every child many parents.

Socrates proceeds: I have now to prove that this scheme is advantageous and also consistent with our entire polity. The greatest good of a State is unity; the greatest evil, discord and distraction. And there will be unity where there are no private pleasures or pains or interests—where if one member suffers all the members suffer, if one citizen is touched all are quickly sensitive; and the least hurt to the little finger of the State runs through the whole body and vibrates to the soul. For the true State, like an individual, is injured as a whole when any part is affected. Every State has subjects and rulers, who in a democracy are called rulers, and in other States masters: but in our State they are called saviours and allies; and the subjects who in other States are termed slaves, are by us termed nurturers and paymasters, and those who are termed comrades and colleagues in other places, are by us called fathers and brothers. And whereas in other States members of the same government regard one of their colleagues as a friend and another as an enemy, in our State no man is a stranger to another; for every citizen is connected with every other by ties of blood, and these names and this way of speaking will have a corresponding reality—brother, father, sister, mother, repeated from infancy in the ears of children, will not be mere words. Then again the citizens will have all things in common, in having common property they will have common pleasures and pains.

Can there be strife and contention among those who are of one mind; or lawsuits about property when men have nothing but their bodies which they call their own; or suits about violence when every one is bound to defend himself? The permission to strike when insulted will be an ‘antidote’ to the knife and will prevent disturbances in the State. But no younger man will strike an elder; reverence will prevent him from laying hands on his kindred, and he will fear that the rest of the family may retaliate. Moreover, our citizens will be rid of the lesser evils of life; there will be no flattery of the rich, no sordid household cares, no borrowing and not paying. Compared with the citizens of other States, ours will be Olympic victors, and crowned with blessings greater still—they and their children having a better maintenance during life, and after death an honourable burial. Nor has the happiness of the individual been sacrificed to the happiness of the State; our Olympic victor has not been turned into a cobbler, but he has a happiness beyond that of any cobbler. At the same time, if any conceited youth begins to dream of appropriating the State to himself, he must be reminded that ‘half is better than the whole.’ ‘I should certainly advise him to stay where he is when he has the promise of such a brave life.’

But is such a community possible?—as among the animals, so also among men; and if possible, in what way possible? About war there is no difficulty; the principle of communism is adapted to military service. Parents will take their children to look on at a battle, just as potters’ boys are trained to the business by looking on at the wheel. And to the parents themselves, as to other animals, the sight of their young ones will prove a great incentive to bravery. Young warriors must learn, but they must not run into danger, although a certain degree of risk is worth incurring when the benefit is great. The young creatures should be placed under the care of experienced veterans, and they should have wings—that is to say, swift and tractable steeds on which they may fly away and escape. One of the first things to be done is to teach a youth to ride.

Cowards and deserters shall be degraded to the class of husbandmen; gentlemen who allow themselves to be taken prisoners, may be presented to the enemy. But what shall be done to the hero? First of all he shall be crowned by all the youths in the army; secondly, he shall receive the right hand of fellowship; and thirdly, do you think that there is any harm in his being kissed? We have already determined that he shall have more wives than others, in order that he may have as many children as possible. And at a feast he shall have more to eat; we have the authority of Homer for honouring brave men with ‘long chines,’ which is an appropriate compliment, because meat is a very strengthening thing. Fill the bowl then, and give the best seats and meats to the brave—may they do them good! And he who dies in battle will be at once declared to be of the golden race, and will, as we believe, become one of Hesiod’s guardian angels. He shall be worshipped after death in the manner prescribed by the oracle; and not only he, but all other benefactors of the State who die in any other way, shall be admitted to the same honours.

The next question is, How shall we treat our enemies? Shall Hellenes be enslaved? No; for there is too great a risk of the whole race passing under the yoke of the barbarians. Or shall the dead be despoiled? Certainly not; for that sort of thing is an excuse for skulking, and has been the ruin of many an army. There is meanness and feminine malice in making an enemy of the dead body, when the soul which was the owner has fled—like a dog who cannot reach his assailants, and quarrels with the stones which are thrown at him instead. Again, the arms of Hellenes should not be offered up in the temples of the Gods; they are a pollution, for they are taken from brethren. And on similar grounds there should be a limit to the devastation of Hellenic territory—the houses should not be burnt, nor more than the annual produce carried off. For war is of two kinds, civil and foreign; the first of which is properly termed ‘discord,’ and only the second ‘war;’ and war between Hellenes is in reality civil war—a quarrel in a family, which is ever to be regarded as unpatriotic and unnatural, and ought to be prosecuted with a view to reconciliation in a true phil-Hellenic spirit, as of those who would chasten but not utterly enslave. The war is not against a whole nation who are a friendly multitude of

men, women, and children, but only against a few guilty persons; when they are punished peace will be restored. That is the way in which Hellenes should war against one another—and against barbarians, as they war against one another now.

‘But, my dear Socrates, you are forgetting the main question: Is such a State possible? I grant all and more than you say about the blessedness of being one family—fathers, brothers, mothers, daughters, going out to war together; but I want to ascertain the possibility of this ideal State.’ You are too unmerciful. The first wave and the second wave I have hardly escaped, and now you will certainly drown me with the third. When you see the towering crest of the wave, I expect you to take pity. ‘Not a whit.’

Well, then, we were led to form our ideal polity in the search after justice, and the just man answered to the just State. Is this ideal at all the worse for being impracticable? Would the picture of a perfectly beautiful man be any the worse because no such man ever lived? Can any reality come up to the idea? Nature will not allow words to be fully realized; but if I am to try and realize the ideal of the State in a measure, I think that an approach may be made to the perfection of which I dream by one or two, I do not say slight, but possible changes in the present constitution of States. I would reduce them to a single one—the great wave, as I call it. Until, then, kings are philosophers, or philosophers are kings, cities will never cease from ill: no, nor the human race; nor will our ideal polity ever come into being. I know that this is a hard saying, which few will be able to receive. ‘Socrates, all the world will take off his coat and rush upon you with sticks and stones, and therefore I would advise you to prepare an answer.’ You got me into the scrape, I said. ‘And I was right,’ he replied; ‘however, I will stand by you as a sort of do-nothing, well-meaning ally.’ Having the help of such a champion, I will do my best to maintain my position. And first, I must explain of whom I speak and what sort of natures these are who are to be philosophers and rulers. As you are a man of pleasure, you will not have forgotten how indiscriminate lovers are in their attachments; they love all, and turn blemishes into beauties. The snub-nosed youth is said to have a winning grace; the beak of another has a royal look; the featureless are faultless; the dark are manly, the fair angels; the sickly have a new term of endearment invented expressly for them, which is ‘honey-pale.’ Lovers of wine and lovers of ambition also desire the objects of their affection in every form. Now here comes the point:—The philosopher too is a lover of knowledge in every form; he has an insatiable curiosity. ‘But will curiosity make a philosopher? Are the lovers of sights and sounds, who let out their ears to every chorus at the Dionysiac festivals, to be called philosophers?’ They are not true philosophers, but only an imitation. ‘Then how are we to describe the true?’

You would acknowledge the existence of abstract ideas, such as justice, beauty, good, evil, which are severally one, yet in their various combinations appear to be many. Those who recognize these realities are philosophers; whereas the other class hear sounds and see colours, and understand their use in the arts, but cannot attain to the true or waking vision of absolute justice or beauty or truth; they have not the light of knowledge, but of opinion, and what they see is a dream only. Perhaps he of whom we say the last will be angry with us; can we pacify him without revealing the disorder of his mind? Suppose we say that, if he has knowledge we rejoice to hear it, but knowledge must be of something which is, as ignorance is of something which is not; and there is a third thing, which both is and is not, and is matter of opinion only. Opinion and knowledge, then, having distinct objects, must also be distinct faculties. And by faculties I mean powers unseen and distinguishable only by the difference in their objects, as opinion and knowledge differ, since the one is liable to err, but the other is unerring and is the mightiest of all our faculties. If being is the object of knowledge, and not-being of ignorance, and these are the extremes, opinion must lie between them, and may be called darker than the one and brighter than the other. This intermediate or contingent matter is and is not at the same time, and partakes both of existence and of non-existence. Now I would ask my good friend, who denies abstract beauty and justice, and affirms a many beautiful and a many just, whether everything he sees is not in some point of view different—the beautiful ugly, the pious impious, the just unjust? Is not the double also the half, and are not heavy and light relative terms which pass into one another? Everything is and is not, as in the old riddle—‘A man and not a man shot and did not shoot a bird and not a bird with a stone and not a stone.’ The mind cannot be fixed on either alternative; and these ambiguous, intermediate, erring, half-lighted objects, which have a disorderly movement in the region between being and not-being, are the proper matter of opinion, as the immutable objects are the proper matter of knowledge. And he who grovels in the world of sense, and has only this uncertain perception of things, is not a philosopher, but a lover of opinion only...

The fifth book is the new beginning of the Republic, in which the community of property and of family are first maintained, and the transition is made to the kingdom of philosophers. For both of these Plato, after his manner, has been preparing in some chance words of Book IV, which fall unperceived on the reader’s mind, as they are supposed at first to have fallen on the ear of Glaucon and Adeimantus. The ‘paradoxes,’ as Morgenstern terms them, of this book of the Republic will be reserved for another place; a few remarks on the style, and some explanations of difficulties, may be briefly added.

First, there is the image of the waves, which serves for a sort of scheme or plan of the book. The first wave, the second wave, the third and greatest wave come rolling in, and we hear the roar of them. All that can be said of the extravagance of Plato's proposals is anticipated by himself. Nothing is more admirable than the hesitation with which he proposes the solemn text, 'Until kings are philosophers,' etc.; or the reaction from the sublime to the ridiculous, when Glaucon describes the manner in which the new truth will be received by mankind.

Some defects and difficulties may be noted in the execution of the communistic plan. Nothing is told us of the application of communism to the lower classes; nor is the table of prohibited degrees capable of being made out. It is quite possible that a child born at one hymeneal festival may marry one of its own brothers or sisters, or even one of its parents, at another. Plato is afraid of incestuous unions, but at the same time he does not wish to bring before us the fact that the city would be divided into families of those born seven and nine months after each hymeneal festival. If it were worth while to argue seriously about such fancies, we might remark that while all the old affinities are abolished, the newly prohibited affinity rests not on any natural or rational principle, but only upon the accident of children having been born in the same month and year. Nor does he explain how the lots could be so manipulated by the legislature as to bring together the fairest and best. The singular expression which is employed to describe the age of five-and-twenty may perhaps be taken from some poet.

In the delineation of the philosopher, the illustrations of the nature of philosophy derived from love are more suited to the apprehension of Glaucon, the Athenian man of pleasure, than to modern tastes or feelings. They are partly facetious, but also contain a germ of truth. That science is a whole, remains a true principle of inductive as well as of metaphysical philosophy; and the love of universal knowledge is still the characteristic of the philosopher in modern as well as in ancient times.

At the end of the fifth book Plato introduces the figment of contingent matter, which has exercised so great an influence both on the Ethics and Theology of the modern world, and which occurs here for the first time in the history of philosophy. He did not remark that the degrees of knowledge in the subject have nothing corresponding to them in the object. With him a word must answer to an idea; and he could not conceive of an opinion which was an opinion about nothing. The influence of analogy led him to invent 'parallels and conjugates' and to overlook facts. To us some of his difficulties are puzzling only from their simplicity: we do not perceive that the answer to them 'is tumbling out at our feet.' To the mind of early thinkers, the conception of not-being was dark and mysterious; they did not see that this terrible apparition which threatened destruction to all knowledge was only a logical determination. The common term under which, through the accidental use of language, two entirely different ideas were included was another source of confusion. Thus through the ambiguity of (Greek) Plato, attempting to introduce order into the first chaos of human thought, seems to have confused perception and opinion, and to have failed to distinguish the contingent from the relative. In the Theaetetus the first of these difficulties begins to clear up; in the Sophist the second; and for this, as well as for other reasons, both these dialogues are probably to be regarded as later than the Republic.

BOOK VI. Having determined that the many have no knowledge of true being, and have no clear patterns in their minds of justice, beauty, truth, and that philosophers have such patterns, we have now to ask whether they or the many shall be rulers in our State. But who can doubt that philosophers should be chosen, if they have the other qualities which are required in a ruler? For they are lovers of the knowledge of the eternal and of all truth; they are haters of falsehood; their meaner desires are absorbed in the interests of knowledge; they are spectators of all time and all existence; and in the magnificence of their contemplation the life of man is as nothing to them, nor is death fearful. Also they are of a social, gracious disposition, equally free from cowardice and arrogance. They learn and remember easily; they have harmonious, well-regulated minds; truth flows to them sweetly by nature. Can the god of Jealousy himself find any fault with such an assemblage of good qualities?

Here Adeimantus interposes:—'No man can answer you, Socrates; but every man feels that this is owing to his own deficiency in argument. He is driven from one position to another, until he has nothing more to say, just as an unskilful player at draughts is reduced to his last move by a more skilled opponent. And yet all the time he may be right. He may know, in this very instance, that those who make philosophy the business of their lives, generally turn out rogues if they are bad men, and fools if they are good. What do you say?' I should say that he is quite right. 'Then how is such an admission reconcileable with the doctrine that philosophers should be kings?'

I shall answer you in a parable which will also let you see how poor a hand I am at the invention of allegories. The relation of good men to their governments is so peculiar, that in order to defend them I must take an illustration from the world of fiction. Conceive the captain of a ship, taller by a head and shoulders than any of the crew, yet a little deaf, a little blind, and rather ignorant of the seaman's art. The sailors want to steer, although they know nothing of the art; and they have a theory that it cannot be learned. If

the helm is refused them, they drug the captain's posset, bind him hand and foot, and take possession of the ship. He who joins in the mutiny is termed a good pilot and what not; they have no conception that the true pilot must observe the winds and the stars, and must be their master, whether they like it or not;—such an one would be called by them fool, prater, star-gazer. This is my parable; which I will beg you to interpret for me to those gentlemen who ask why the philosopher has such an evil name, and to explain to them that not he, but those who will not use him, are to blame for his uselessness. The philosopher should not beg of mankind to be put in authority over them. The wise man should not seek the rich, as the proverb bids, but every man, whether rich or poor, must knock at the door of the physician when he has need of him. Now the pilot is the philosopher—he whom in the parable they call star-gazer, and the mutinous sailors are the mob of politicians by whom he is rendered useless. Not that these are the worst enemies of philosophy, who is far more dishonoured by her own professing sons when they are corrupted by the world. Need I recall the original image of the philosopher? Did we not say of him just now, that he loved truth and hated falsehood, and that he could not rest in the multiplicity of phenomena, but was led by a sympathy in his own nature to the contemplation of the absolute? All the virtues as well as truth, who is the leader of them, took up their abode in his soul. But as you were observing, if we turn aside to view the reality, we see that the persons who were thus described, with the exception of a small and useless class, are utter rogues.

The point which has to be considered, is the origin of this corruption in nature. Every one will admit that the philosopher, in our description of him, is a rare being. But what numberless causes tend to destroy these rare beings! There is no good thing which may not be a cause of evil—health, wealth, strength, rank, and the virtues themselves, when placed under unfavourable circumstances. For as in the animal or vegetable world the strongest seeds most need the accompaniment of good air and soil, so the best of human characters turn out the worst when they fall upon an unsuitable soil; whereas weak natures hardly ever do any considerable good or harm; they are not the stuff out of which either great criminals or great heroes are made. The philosopher follows the same analogy: he is either the best or the worst of all men. Some persons say that the Sophists are the corrupters of youth; but is not public opinion the real Sophist who is everywhere present—in those very persons, in the assembly, in the courts, in the camp, in the applauses and hisses of the theatre re-echoed by the surrounding hills? Will not a young man's heart leap amid these discordant sounds? and will any education save him from being carried away by the torrent? Nor is this all. For if he will not yield to opinion, there follows the gentle compulsion of exile or death. What principle of rival Sophists or anybody else can overcome in such an unequal contest? Characters there may be more than human, who are exceptions—God may save a man, but not his own strength. Further, I would have you consider that the hireling Sophist only gives back to the world their own opinions; he is the keeper of the monster, who knows how to flatter or anger him, and observes the meaning of his inarticulate grunts. Good is what pleases him, evil what he dislikes; truth and beauty are determined only by the taste of the brute. Such is the Sophist's wisdom, and such is the condition of those who make public opinion the test of truth, whether in art or in morals. The curse is laid upon them of being and doing what it approves, and when they attempt first principles the failure is ludicrous. Think of all this and ask yourself whether the world is more likely to be a believer in the unity of the idea, or in the multiplicity of phenomena. And the world if not a believer in the idea cannot be a philosopher, and must therefore be a persecutor of philosophers. There is another evil:—the world does not like to lose the gifted nature, and so they flatter the young (Alcibiades) into a magnificent opinion of his own capacity; the tall, proper youth begins to expand, and is dreaming of kingdoms and empires. If at this instant a friend whispers to him, 'Now the gods lighten thee; thou art a great fool' and must be educated—do you think that he will listen? Or suppose a better sort of man who is attracted towards philosophy, will they not make Herculean efforts to spoil and corrupt him? Are we not right in saying that the love of knowledge, no less than riches, may divert him? Men of this class (Critias) often become politicians—they are the authors of great mischief in states, and sometimes also of great good. And thus philosophy is deserted by her natural protectors, and others enter in and dishonour her. Vulgar little minds see the land open and rush from the prisons of the arts into her temple. A clever mechanic having a soul coarse as his body, thinks that he will gain caste by becoming her suitor. For philosophy, even in her fallen estate, has a dignity of her own—and he, like a bald little blacksmith's apprentice as he is, having made some money and got out of durance, washes and dresses himself as a bridegroom and marries his master's daughter. What will be the issue of such marriages? Will they not be vile and bastard, devoid of truth and nature? 'They will.' Small, then, is the remnant of genuine philosophers; there may be a few who are citizens of small states, in which politics are not worth thinking of, or who have been detained by Theages' bridle of ill health; for my own case of the oracular sign is almost unique, and too rare to be worth mentioning. And these few when they have tasted the pleasures of philosophy, and have taken a look at that den of thieves and place of wild beasts, which is human life, will stand aside from the storm under the shelter of a wall, and try to preserve their own innocence and to depart in peace. 'A great work, too, will have been accomplished by them.' Great, yes, but not the greatest; for man is a social being, and can only attain his highest development in the society which is best suited to him.

Enough, then, of the causes why philosophy has such an evil name. Another question is, Which of existing states is suited to her? Not one of them; at present she is like some exotic seed which degenerates in a strange soil; only in her proper state will she be shown to be of heavenly growth. ‘And is her proper state ours or some other?’ Ours in all points but one, which was left undetermined. You may remember our saying that some living mind or witness of the legislator was needed in states. But we were afraid to enter upon a subject of such difficulty, and now the question recurs and has not grown easier:—How may philosophy be safely studied? Let us bring her into the light of day, and make an end of the inquiry.

In the first place, I say boldly that nothing can be worse than the present mode of study. Persons usually pick up a little philosophy in early youth, and in the intervals of business, but they never master the real difficulty, which is dialectic. Later, perhaps, they occasionally go to a lecture on philosophy. Years advance, and the sun of philosophy, unlike that of Heracleitus, sets never to rise again. This order of education should be reversed; it should begin with gymnastics in youth, and as the man strengthens, he should increase the gymnastics of his soul. Then, when active life is over, let him finally return to philosophy. ‘You are in earnest, Socrates, but the world will be equally earnest in withstanding you—no more than Thrasymachus.’ Do not make a quarrel between Thrasymachus and me, who were never enemies and are now good friends enough. And I shall do my best to convince him and all mankind of the truth of my words, or at any rate to prepare for the future when, in another life, we may again take part in similar discussions. ‘That will be a long time hence.’ Not long in comparison with eternity. The many will probably remain incredulous, for they have never seen the natural unity of ideas, but only artificial juxtapositions; not free and generous thoughts, but tricks of controversy and quips of law;—a perfect man ruling in a perfect state, even a single one they have not known. And we foresaw that there was no chance of perfection either in states or individuals until a necessity was laid upon philosophers—not the rogues, but those whom we called the useless class—of holding office; or until the sons of kings were inspired with a true love of philosophy. Whether in the infinity of past time there has been, or is in some distant land, or ever will be hereafter, an ideal such as we have described, we stoutly maintain that there has been, is, and will be such a state whenever the Muse of philosophy rules. Will you say that the world is of another mind? O, my friend, do not revile the world! They will soon change their opinion if they are gently entreated, and are taught the true nature of the philosopher. Who can hate a man who loves him? Or be jealous of one who has no jealousy? Consider, again, that the many hate not the true but the false philosophers—the pretenders who force their way in without invitation, and are always speaking of persons and not of principles, which is unlike the spirit of philosophy. For the true philosopher despises earthly strife; his eye is fixed on the eternal order in accordance with which he moulds himself into the Divine image (and not himself only, but other men), and is the creator of the virtues private as well as public. When mankind see that the happiness of states is only to be found in that image, will they be angry with us for attempting to delineate it? ‘Certainly not. But what will be the process of delineation?’ The artist will do nothing until he has made a tabula rasa; on this he will inscribe the constitution of a state, glancing often at the divine truth of nature, and from that deriving the godlike among men, mingling the two elements, rubbing out and painting in, until there is a perfect harmony or fusion of the divine and human. But perhaps the world will doubt the existence of such an artist. What will they doubt? That the philosopher is a lover of truth, having a nature akin to the best?—and if they admit this will they still quarrel with us for making philosophers our kings? ‘They will be less disposed to quarrel.’ Let us assume then that they are pacified. Still, a person may hesitate about the probability of the son of a king being a philosopher. And we do not deny that they are very liable to be corrupted; but yet surely in the course of ages there might be one exception—and one is enough. If one son of a king were a philosopher, and had obedient citizens, he might bring the ideal polity into being. Hence we conclude that our laws are not only the best, but that they are also possible, though not free from difficulty.

I gained nothing by evading the troublesome questions which arose concerning women and children. I will be wiser now and acknowledge that we must go to the bottom of another question: What is to be the education of our guardians? It was agreed that they were to be lovers of their country, and were to be tested in the refiner’s fire of pleasures and pains, and those who came forth pure and remained fixed in their principles were to have honours and rewards in life and after death. But at this point, the argument put on her veil and turned into another path. I hesitated to make the assertion which I now hazard,—that our guardians must be philosophers. You remember all the contradictory elements, which met in the philosopher—how difficult to find them all in a single person! Intelligence and spirit are not often combined with steadiness; the stolid, fearless, nature is averse to intellectual toil. And yet these opposite elements are all necessary, and therefore, as we were saying before, the aspirant must be tested in pleasures and dangers; and also, as we must now further add, in the highest branches of knowledge. You will remember, that when we spoke of the virtues mention was made of a longer road, which you were satisfied to leave unexplored. ‘Enough seemed to have been said.’ Enough, my friend; but what is enough while anything remains wanting? Of all men the guardian must not faint in the search after truth; he must be prepared to take the longer road, or he will never reach that higher region which is above the four virtues; and of the virtues too he must not only get an outline, but a clear and distinct vision. (Strange that we should be so precise about

trifles, so careless about the highest truths!) ‘And what are the highest?’ You to pretend unconsciousness, when you have so often heard me speak of the idea of good, about which we know so little, and without which though a man gain the world he has no profit of it! Some people imagine that the good is wisdom; but this involves a circle,—the good, they say, is wisdom, wisdom has to do with the good. According to others the good is pleasure; but then comes the absurdity that good is bad, for there are bad pleasures as well as good. Again, the good must have reality; a man may desire the appearance of virtue, but he will not desire the appearance of good. Ought our guardians then to be ignorant of this supreme principle, of which every man has a presentiment, and without which no man has any real knowledge of anything? ‘But, Socrates, what is this supreme principle, knowledge or pleasure, or what? You may think me troublesome, but I say that you have no business to be always repeating the doctrines of others instead of giving us your own.’ Can I say what I do not know? ‘You may offer an opinion.’ And will the blindness and crookedness of opinion content you when you might have the light and certainty of science? ‘I will only ask you to give such an explanation of the good as you have given already of temperance and justice.’ I wish that I could, but in my present mood I cannot reach to the height of the knowledge of the good. To the parent or principal I cannot introduce you, but to the child begotten in his image, which I may compare with the interest on the principal, I will. (Audit the account, and do not let me give you a false statement of the debt.) You remember our old distinction of the many beautiful and the one beautiful, the particular and the universal, the objects of sight and the objects of thought? Did you ever consider that the objects of sight imply a faculty of sight which is the most complex and costly of our senses, requiring not only objects of sense, but also a medium, which is light; without which the sight will not distinguish between colours and all will be a blank? For light is the noble bond between the perceiving faculty and the thing perceived, and the god who gives us light is the sun, who is the eye of the day, but is not to be confounded with the eye of man. This eye of the day or sun is what I call the child of the good, standing in the same relation to the visible world as the good to the intellectual. When the sun shines the eye sees, and in the intellectual world where truth is, there is sight and light. Now that which is the sun of intelligent natures, is the idea of good, the cause of knowledge and truth, yet other and fairer than they are, and standing in the same relation to them in which the sun stands to light. O inconceivable height of beauty, which is above knowledge and above truth! (‘You cannot surely mean pleasure,’ he said. Peace, I replied.) And this idea of good, like the sun, is also the cause of growth, and the author not of knowledge only, but of being, yet greater far than either in dignity and power. ‘That is a reach of thought more than human; but, pray, go on with the image, for I suspect that there is more behind.’ There is, I said; and bearing in mind our two suns or principles, imagine further their corresponding worlds—one of the visible, the other of the intelligible; you may assist your fancy by figuring the distinction under the image of a line divided into two unequal parts, and may again subdivide each part into two lesser segments representative of the stages of knowledge in either sphere. The lower portion of the lower or visible sphere will consist of shadows and reflections, and its upper and smaller portion will contain real objects in the world of nature or of art. The sphere of the intelligible will also have two divisions,—one of mathematics, in which there is no ascent but all is descent; no inquiring into premises, but only drawing of inferences. In this division the mind works with figures and numbers, the images of which are taken not from the shadows, but from the objects, although the truth of them is seen only with the mind’s eye; and they are used as hypotheses without being analysed. Whereas in the other division reason uses the hypotheses as stages or steps in the ascent to the idea of good, to which she fastens them, and then again descends, walking firmly in the region of ideas, and of ideas only, in her ascent as well as descent, and finally resting in them. ‘I partly understand,’ he replied; ‘you mean that the ideas of science are superior to the hypothetical, metaphorical conceptions of geometry and the other arts or sciences, whichever is to be the name of them; and the latter conceptions you refuse to make subjects of pure intellect, because they have no first principle, although when resting on a first principle, they pass into the higher sphere.’ You understand me very well, I said. And now to those four divisions of knowledge you may assign four corresponding faculties—pure intelligence to the highest sphere; active intelligence to the second; to the third, faith; to the fourth, the perception of shadows—and the clearness of the several faculties will be in the same ratio as the truth of the objects to which they are related...

Like Socrates, we may recapitulate the virtues of the philosopher. In language which seems to reach beyond the horizon of that age and country, he is described as ‘the spectator of all time and all existence.’ He has the noblest gifts of nature, and makes the highest use of them. All his desires are absorbed in the love of wisdom, which is the love of truth. None of the graces of a beautiful soul are wanting in him; neither can he fear death, or think much of human life. The ideal of modern times hardly retains the simplicity of the antique; there is not the same originality either in truth or error which characterized the Greeks. The philosopher is no longer living in the unseen, nor is he sent by an oracle to convince mankind of ignorance; nor does he regard knowledge as a system of ideas leading upwards by regular stages to the idea of good. The eagerness of the pursuit has abated; there is more division of labour and less of comprehensive reflection upon nature and human life as a whole; more of exact observation and less of anticipation and inspiration. Still, in the altered conditions of knowledge, the parallel is not wholly lost; and there may be a use in translating the conception of Plato into the language of our own age. The philosopher in modern times is one who fixes his mind on

the laws of nature in their sequence and connexion, not on fragments or pictures of nature; on history, not on controversy; on the truths which are acknowledged by the few, not on the opinions of the many. He is aware of the importance of ‘classifying according to nature,’ and will try to ‘separate the limbs of science without breaking them’ (Phaedr.). There is no part of truth, whether great or small, which he will dishonour; and in the least things he will discern the greatest (Parmen.). Like the ancient philosopher he sees the world pervaded by analogies, but he can also tell ‘why in some cases a single instance is sufficient for an induction’ (Mill’s Logic), while in other cases a thousand examples would prove nothing. He inquires into a portion of knowledge only, because the whole has grown too vast to be embraced by a single mind or life. He has a clearer conception of the divisions of science and of their relation to the mind of man than was possible to the ancients. Like Plato, he has a vision of the unity of knowledge, not as the beginning of philosophy to be attained by a study of elementary mathematics, but as the far-off result of the working of many minds in many ages. He is aware that mathematical studies are preliminary to almost every other; at the same time, he will not reduce all varieties of knowledge to the type of mathematics. He too must have a nobility of character, without which genius loses the better half of greatness. Regarding the world as a point in immensity, and each individual as a link in a never-ending chain of existence, he will not think much of his own life, or be greatly afraid of death.

Adeimantus objects first of all to the form of the Socratic reasoning, thus showing that Plato is aware of the imperfection of his own method. He brings the accusation against himself which might be brought against him by a modern logician—that he extracts the answer because he knows how to put the question. In a long argument words are apt to change their meaning slightly, or premises may be assumed or conclusions inferred with rather too much certainty or universality; the variation at each step may be unobserved, and yet at last the divergence becomes considerable. Hence the failure of attempts to apply arithmetical or algebraic formulae to logic. The imperfection, or rather the higher and more elastic nature of language, does not allow words to have the precision of numbers or of symbols. And this quality in language impairs the force of an argument which has many steps.

The objection, though fairly met by Socrates in this particular instance, may be regarded as implying a reflection upon the Socratic mode of reasoning. And here, as elsewhere, Plato seems to intimate that the time had come when the negative and interrogative method of Socrates must be superseded by a positive and constructive one, of which examples are given in some of the later dialogues. Adeimantus further argues that the ideal is wholly at variance with facts; for experience proves philosophers to be either useless or rogues. Contrary to all expectation Socrates has no hesitation in admitting the truth of this, and explains the anomaly in an allegory, first characteristically depreciating his own inventive powers. In this allegory the people are distinguished from the professional politicians, and, as elsewhere, are spoken of in a tone of pity rather than of censure under the image of ‘the noble captain who is not very quick in his perceptions.’

The uselessness of philosophers is explained by the circumstance that mankind will not use them. The world in all ages has been divided between contempt and fear of those who employ the power of ideas and know no other weapons. Concerning the false philosopher, Socrates argues that the best is most liable to corruption; and that the finer nature is more likely to suffer from alien conditions. We too observe that there are some kinds of excellence which spring from a peculiar delicacy of constitution; as is evidently true of the poetical and imaginative temperament, which often seems to depend on impressions, and hence can only breathe or live in a certain atmosphere. The man of genius has greater pains and greater pleasures, greater powers and greater weaknesses, and often a greater play of character than is to be found in ordinary men. He can assume the disguise of virtue or disinterestedness without having them, or veil personal enmity in the language of patriotism and philosophy,—he can say the word which all men are thinking, he has an insight which is terrible into the follies and weaknesses of his fellow-men. An Alcibiades, a Mirabeau, or a Napoleon the First, are born either to be the authors of great evils in states, or ‘of great good, when they are drawn in that direction.’

Yet the thesis, ‘corruptio optimi pessima,’ cannot be maintained generally or without regard to the kind of excellence which is corrupted. The alien conditions which are corrupting to one nature, may be the elements of culture to another. In general a man can only receive his highest development in a congenial state or family, among friends or fellow-workers. But also he may sometimes be stirred by adverse circumstances to such a degree that he rises up against them and reforms them. And while weaker or coarser characters will extract good out of evil, say in a corrupt state of the church or of society, and live on happily, allowing the evil to remain, the finer or stronger natures may be crushed or spoiled by surrounding influences—may become misanthrope and philanthrope by turns; or in a few instances, like the founders of the monastic orders, or the Reformers, owing to some peculiarity in themselves or in their age, may break away entirely from the world and from the church, sometimes into great good, sometimes into great evil, sometimes into both. And the same holds in the lesser sphere of a convent, a school, a family.

Plato would have us consider how easily the best natures are overpowered by public opinion, and what efforts the rest of mankind will make to get possession of them. The world, the church, their own profession, any political or party organization, are always carrying them off their legs and teaching them to apply high and holy names to their own prejudices and interests. The ‘monster’ corporation to which they belong judges right and truth to be the pleasure of the community. The individual becomes one with his order; or, if he resists, the world is too much for him, and will sooner or later be revenged on him. This is, perhaps, a one-sided but not wholly untrue picture of the maxims and practice of mankind when they ‘sit down together at an assembly,’ either in ancient or modern times.

When the higher natures are corrupted by politics, the lower take possession of the vacant place of philosophy. This is described in one of those continuous images in which the argument, to use a Platonic expression, ‘veils herself,’ and which is dropped and reappears at intervals. The question is asked,—Why are the citizens of states so hostile to philosophy? The answer is, that they do not know her. And yet there is also a better mind of the many; they would believe if they were taught. But hitherto they have only known a conventional imitation of philosophy, words without thoughts, systems which have no life in them; a (divine) person uttering the words of beauty and freedom, the friend of man holding communion with the Eternal, and seeking to frame the state in that image, they have never known. The same double feeling respecting the mass of mankind has always existed among men. The first thought is that the people are the enemies of truth and right; the second, that this only arises out of an accidental error and confusion, and that they do not really hate those who love them, if they could be educated to know them.

In the latter part of the sixth book, three questions have to be considered: 1st, the nature of the longer and more circuitous way, which is contrasted with the shorter and more imperfect method of Book IV; 2nd, the heavenly pattern or idea of the state; 3rd, the relation of the divisions of knowledge to one another and to the corresponding faculties of the soul:

1. Of the higher method of knowledge in Plato we have only a glimpse. Neither here nor in the Phaedrus or Symposium, nor yet in the Philebus or Sophist, does he give any clear explanation of his meaning. He would probably have described his method as proceeding by regular steps to a system of universal knowledge, which inferred the parts from the whole rather than the whole from the parts. This ideal logic is not practised by him in the search after justice, or in the analysis of the parts of the soul; there, like Aristotle in the Nicomachean Ethics, he argues from experience and the common use of language. But at the end of the sixth book he conceives another and more perfect method, in which all ideas are only steps or grades or moments of thought, forming a connected whole which is self-supporting, and in which consistency is the test of truth. He does not explain to us in detail the nature of the process. Like many other thinkers both in ancient and modern times his mind seems to be filled with a vacant form which he is unable to realize. He supposes the sciences to have a natural order and connexion in an age when they can hardly be said to exist. He is hastening on to the ‘end of the intellectual world’ without even making a beginning of them.

In modern times we hardly need to be reminded that the process of acquiring knowledge is here confused with the contemplation of absolute knowledge. In all science a priori and a posteriori truths mingle in various proportions. The a priori part is that which is derived from the most universal experience of men, or is universally accepted by them; the a posteriori is that which grows up around the more general principles and becomes imperceptibly one with them. But Plato erroneously imagines that the synthesis is separable from the analysis, and that the method of science can anticipate science. In entertaining such a vision of a priori knowledge he is sufficiently justified, or at least his meaning may be sufficiently explained by the similar attempts of Descartes, Kant, Hegel, and even of Bacon himself, in modern philosophy. Anticipations or divinations, or prophetic glimpses of truths whether concerning man or nature, seem to stand in the same relation to ancient philosophy which hypotheses bear to modern inductive science. These ‘guesses at truth’ were not made at random; they arose from a superficial impression of uniformities and first principles in nature which the genius of the Greek, contemplating the expanse of heaven and earth, seemed to recognize in the distance. Nor can we deny that in ancient times knowledge must have stood still, and the human mind been deprived of the very instruments of thought, if philosophy had been strictly confined to the results of experience.

2. Plato supposes that when the tablet has been made blank the artist will fill in the lineaments of the ideal state. Is this a pattern laid up in heaven, or mere vacancy on which he is supposed to gaze with wondering eye? The answer is, that such ideals are framed partly by the omission of particulars, partly by imagination perfecting the form which experience supplies (Phaedo). Plato represents these ideals in a figure as belonging to another world; and in modern times the idea will sometimes seem to precede, at other times to co-operate with the hand of the artist. As in science, so also in creative art, there is a synthetical as well as an analytical method. One man will have the whole in his mind before he begins; to another the processes of mind and hand will be simultaneous.

3. There is no difficulty in seeing that Plato's divisions of knowledge are based, first, on the fundamental antithesis of sensible and intellectual which pervades the whole pre-Socratic philosophy; in which is implied also the opposition of the permanent and transient, of the universal and particular. But the age of philosophy in which he lived seemed to require a further distinction;—numbers and figures were beginning to separate from ideas. The world could no longer regard justice as a cube, and was learning to see, though imperfectly, that the abstractions of sense were distinct from the abstractions of mind. Between the Eleatic being or essence and the shadows of phenomena, the Pythagorean principle of number found a place, and was, as Aristotle remarks, a conducting medium from one to the other. Hence Plato is led to introduce a third term which had not hitherto entered into the scheme of his philosophy. He had observed the use of mathematics in education; they were the best preparation for higher studies. The subjective relation between them further suggested an objective one; although the passage from one to the other is really imaginary (Metaph.). For metaphysical and moral philosophy has no connexion with mathematics; number and figure are the abstractions of time and space, not the expressions of purely intellectual conceptions. When divested of metaphor, a straight line or a square has no more to do with right and justice than a crooked line with vice. The figurative association was mistaken for a real one; and thus the three latter divisions of the Platonic proportion were constructed.

There is more difficulty in comprehending how he arrived at the first term of the series, which is nowhere else mentioned, and has no reference to any other part of his system. Nor indeed does the relation of shadows to objects correspond to the relation of numbers to ideas. Probably Plato has been led by the love of analogy (Timaeus) to make four terms instead of three, although the objects perceived in both divisions of the lower sphere are equally objects of sense. He is also preparing the way, as his manner is, for the shadows of images at the beginning of the seventh book, and the imitation of an imitation in the tenth. The line may be regarded as reaching from unity to infinity, and is divided into two unequal parts, and subdivided into two more; each lower sphere is the multiplication of the preceding. Of the four faculties, faith in the lower division has an intermediate position (cp. for the use of the word faith or belief, (Greek), Timaeus), contrasting equally with the vagueness of the perception of shadows (Greek) and the higher certainty of understanding (Greek) and reason (Greek).

The difference between understanding and mind or reason (Greek) is analogous to the difference between acquiring knowledge in the parts and the contemplation of the whole. True knowledge is a whole, and is at rest; consistency and universality are the tests of truth. To this self-evidencing knowledge of the whole the faculty of mind is supposed to correspond. But there is a knowledge of the understanding which is incomplete and in motion always, because unable to rest in the subordinate ideas. Those ideas are called both images and hypotheses—images because they are clothed in sense, hypotheses because they are assumptions only, until they are brought into connexion with the idea of good.

The general meaning of the passage, 'Noble, then, is the bond which links together sight...And of this kind I spoke as the intelligible...' so far as the thought contained in it admits of being translated into the terms of modern philosophy, may be described or explained as follows:—There is a truth, one and self-existent, to which by the help of a ladder let down from above, the human intelligence may ascend. This unity is like the sun in the heavens, the light by which all things are seen, the being by which they are created and sustained. It is the IDEA of good. And the steps of the ladder leading up to this highest or universal existence are the mathematical sciences, which also contain in themselves an element of the universal. These, too, we see in a new manner when we connect them with the idea of good. They then cease to be hypotheses or pictures, and become essential parts of a higher truth which is at once their first principle and their final cause.

We cannot give any more precise meaning to this remarkable passage, but we may trace in it several rudiments or vestiges of thought which are common to us and to Plato: such as (1) the unity and correlation of the sciences, or rather of science, for in Plato's time they were not yet parted off or distinguished; (2) the existence of a Divine Power, or life or idea or cause or reason, not yet conceived or no longer conceived as in the Timaeus and elsewhere under the form of a person; (3) the recognition of the hypothetical and conditional character of the mathematical sciences, and in a measure of every science when isolated from the rest; (4) the conviction of a truth which is invisible, and of a law, though hardly a law of nature, which permeates the intellectual rather than the visible world.

The method of Socrates is hesitating and tentative, awaiting the fuller explanation of the idea of good, and of the nature of dialectic in the seventh book. The imperfect intelligence of Glaucon, and the reluctance of Socrates to make a beginning, mark the difficulty of the subject. The allusion to Theages' bridle, and to the internal oracle, or demonic sign, of Socrates, which here, as always in Plato, is only prohibitory; the remark that the salvation of any remnant of good in the present evil state of the world is due to God only; the reference to a future state of existence, which is unknown to Glaucon in the tenth book, and in which the discussions of Socrates and his disciples would be resumed; the surprise in the answers; the fanciful irony of Socrates, where he pretends that he

can only describe the strange position of the philosopher in a figure of speech; the original observation that the Sophists, after all, are only the representatives and not the leaders of public opinion; the picture of the philosopher standing aside in the shower of sleet under a wall; the figure of 'the great beast' followed by the expression of good-will towards the common people who would not have rejected the philosopher if they had known him; the 'right noble thought' that the highest truths demand the greatest exactness; the hesitation of Socrates in returning once more to his well-worn theme of the idea of good; the ludicrous earnestness of Glaucon; the comparison of philosophy to a deserted maiden who marries beneath her—are some of the most interesting characteristics of the sixth book.

Yet a few more words may be added, on the old theme, which was so oft discussed in the Socratic circle, of which we, like Glaucon and Adeimantus, would fain, if possible, have a clearer notion. Like them, we are dissatisfied when we are told that the idea of good can only be revealed to a student of the mathematical sciences, and we are inclined to think that neither we nor they could have been led along that path to any satisfactory goal. For we have learned that differences of quantity cannot pass into differences of quality, and that the mathematical sciences can never rise above themselves into the sphere of our higher thoughts, although they may sometimes furnish symbols and expressions of them, and may train the mind in habits of abstraction and self-concentration. The illusion which was natural to an ancient philosopher has ceased to be an illusion to us. But if the process by which we are supposed to arrive at the idea of good be really imaginary, may not the idea itself be also a mere abstraction? We remark, first, that in all ages, and especially in primitive philosophy, words such as being, essence, unity, good, have exerted an extraordinary influence over the minds of men. The meagreness or negativeness of their content has been in an inverse ratio to their power. They have become the forms under which all things were comprehended. There was a need or instinct in the human soul which they satisfied; they were not ideas, but gods, and to this new mythology the men of a later generation began to attach the powers and associations of the elder deities.

The idea of good is one of those sacred words or forms of thought, which were beginning to take the place of the old mythology. It meant unity, in which all time and all existence were gathered up. It was the truth of all things, and also the light in which they shone forth, and became evident to intelligences human and divine. It was the cause of all things, the power by which they were brought into being. It was the universal reason divested of a human personality. It was the life as well as the light of the world, all knowledge and all power were comprehended in it. The way to it was through the mathematical sciences, and these too were dependent on it. To ask whether God was the maker of it, or made by it, would be like asking whether God could be conceived apart from goodness, or goodness apart from God. The God of the Timaeus is not really at variance with the idea of good; they are aspects of the same, differing only as the personal from the impersonal, or the masculine from the neuter, the one being the expression or language of mythology, the other of philosophy.

This, or something like this, is the meaning of the idea of good as conceived by Plato. Ideas of number, order, harmony, development may also be said to enter into it. The paraphrase which has just been given of it goes beyond the actual words of Plato. We have perhaps arrived at the stage of philosophy which enables us to understand what he is aiming at, better than he did himself. We are beginning to realize what he saw darkly and at a distance. But if he could have been told that this, or some conception of the same kind, but higher than this, was the truth at which he was aiming, and the need which he sought to supply, he would gladly have recognized that more was contained in his own thoughts than he himself knew. As his words are few and his manner reticent and tentative, so must the style of his interpreter be. We should not approach his meaning more nearly by attempting to define it further. In translating him into the language of modern thought, we might insensibly lose the spirit of ancient philosophy. It is remarkable that although Plato speaks of the idea of good as the first principle of truth and being, it is nowhere mentioned in his writings except in this passage. Nor did it retain any hold upon the minds of his disciples in a later generation; it was probably unintelligible to them. Nor does the mention of it in Aristotle appear to have any reference to this or any other passage in his extant writings.

BOOK VII. And now I will describe in a figure the enlightenment or unenlightenment of our nature:—Imagine human beings living in an underground den which is open towards the light; they have been there from childhood, having their necks and legs chained, and can only see into the den. At a distance there is a fire, and between the fire and the prisoners a raised way, and a low wall is built along the way, like the screen over which marionette players show their puppets. Behind the wall appear moving figures, who hold in their hands various works of art, and among them images of men and animals, wood and stone, and some of the passers-by are talking and others silent. 'A strange parable,' he said, 'and strange captives.' They are ourselves, I replied; and they see only the shadows of the images which the fire throws on the wall of the den; to these they give names, and if we add an echo which returns from the wall, the voices of the passengers will seem to proceed from the shadows. Suppose now that you suddenly turn

them round and make them look with pain and grief to themselves at the real images; will they believe them to be real? Will not their eyes be dazzled, and will they not try to get away from the light to something which they are able to behold without blinking? And suppose further, that they are dragged up a steep and rugged ascent into the presence of the sun himself, will not their sight be darkened with the excess of light? Some time will pass before they get the habit of perceiving at all; and at first they will be able to perceive only shadows and reflections in the water; then they will recognize the moon and the stars, and will at length behold the sun in his own proper place as he is. Last of all they will conclude:—This is he who gives us the year and the seasons, and is the author of all that we see. How will they rejoice in passing from darkness to light! How worthless to them will seem the honours and glories of the den! But now imagine further, that they descend into their old habitations;—in that underground dwelling they will not see as well as their fellows, and will not be able to compete with them in the measurement of the shadows on the wall; there will be many jokes about the man who went on a visit to the sun and lost his eyes, and if they find anybody trying to set free and enlighten one of their number, they will put him to death, if they can catch him. Now the cave or den is the world of sight, the fire is the sun, the way upwards is the way to knowledge, and in the world of knowledge the idea of good is last seen and with difficulty, but when seen is inferred to be the author of good and right—parent of the lord of light in this world, and of truth and understanding in the other. He who attains to the beatific vision is always going upwards; he is unwilling to descend into political assemblies and courts of law; for his eyes are apt to blink at the images or shadows of images which they behold in them—he cannot enter into the ideas of those who have never in their lives understood the relation of the shadow to the substance. But blindness is of two kinds, and may be caused either by passing out of darkness into light or out of light into darkness, and a man of sense will distinguish between them, and will not laugh equally at both of them, but the blindness which arises from fulness of light he will deem blessed, and pity the other; or if he laugh at the puzzled soul looking at the sun, he will have more reason to laugh than the inhabitants of the den at those who descend from above. There is a further lesson taught by this parable of ours. Some persons fancy that instruction is like giving eyes to the blind, but we say that the faculty of sight was always there, and that the soul only requires to be turned round towards the light. And this is conversion; other virtues are almost like bodily habits, and may be acquired in the same manner, but intelligence has a diviner life, and is indestructible, turning either to good or evil according to the direction given. Did you never observe how the mind of a clever rogue peers out of his eyes, and the more clearly he sees, the more evil he does? Now if you take such an one, and cut away from him those leaden weights of pleasure and desire which bind his soul to earth, his intelligence will be turned round, and he will behold the truth as clearly as he now discerns his meaner ends. And have we not decided that our rulers must neither be so uneducated as to have no fixed rule of life, nor so over-educated as to be unwilling to leave their paradise for the business of the world? We must choose out therefore the natures who are most likely to ascend to the light and knowledge of the good; but we must not allow them to remain in the region of light; they must be forced down again among the captives in the den to partake of their labours and honours. ‘Will they not think this a hardship?’ You should remember that our purpose in framing the State was not that our citizens should do what they like, but that they should serve the State for the common good of all. May we not fairly say to our philosopher,—Friend, we do you no wrong; for in other States philosophy grows wild, and a wild plant owes nothing to the gardener, but you have been trained by us to be the rulers and kings of our hive, and therefore we must insist on your descending into the den. You must, each of you, take your turn, and become able to use your eyes in the dark, and with a little practice you will see far better than those who quarrel about the shadows, whose knowledge is a dream only, whilst yours is a waking reality. It may be that the saint or philosopher who is best fitted, may also be the least inclined to rule, but necessity is laid upon him, and he must no longer live in the heaven of ideas. And this will be the salvation of the State. For those who rule must not be those who are desirous to rule; and, if you can offer to our citizens a better life than that of rulers generally is, there will be a chance that the rich, not only in this world’s goods, but in virtue and wisdom, may bear rule. And the only life which is better than the life of political ambition is that of philosophy, which is also the best preparation for the government of a State.

Then now comes the question,—How shall we create our rulers; what way is there from darkness to light? The change is effected by philosophy; it is not the turning over of an oyster-shell, but the conversion of a soul from night to day, from becoming to being. And what training will draw the soul upwards? Our former education had two branches, gymnastic, which was occupied with the body, and music, the sister art, which infused a natural harmony into mind and literature; but neither of these sciences gave any promise of doing what we want. Nothing remains to us but that universal or primary science of which all the arts and sciences are partakers, I mean number or calculation. ‘Very true.’ Including the art of war? ‘Yes, certainly.’ Then there is something ludicrous about Palamedes in the tragedy, coming in and saying that he had invented number, and had counted the ranks and set them in order. For if Agamemnon could not count his feet (and without number how could he?) he must have been a pretty sort of general indeed. No man should be a soldier who cannot count, and indeed he is hardly to be called a man. But I am not speaking of these practical applications of arithmetic, for number, in my view, is rather to be regarded as a conductor to thought and being. I will explain what I mean by the last expression:—Things sensible are of two kinds; the one class invite or stimulate the mind, while in

the other the mind acquiesces. Now the stimulating class are the things which suggest contrast and relation. For example, suppose that I hold up to the eyes three fingers—a fore finger, a middle finger, a little finger—the sight equally recognizes all three fingers, but without number cannot further distinguish them. Or again, suppose two objects to be relatively great and small, these ideas of greatness and smallness are supplied not by the sense, but by the mind. And the perception of their contrast or relation quickens and sets in motion the mind, which is puzzled by the confused intimations of sense, and has recourse to number in order to find out whether the things indicated are one or more than one. Number replies that they are two and not one, and are to be distinguished from one another. Again, the sight beholds great and small, but only in a confused chaos, and not until they are distinguished does the question arise of their respective natures; we are thus led on to the distinction between the visible and intelligible. That was what I meant when I spoke of stimulants to the intellect; I was thinking of the contradictions which arise in perception. The idea of unity, for example, like that of a finger, does not arouse thought unless involving some conception of plurality; but when the one is also the opposite of one, the contradiction gives rise to reflection; an example of this is afforded by any object of sight. All number has also an elevating effect; it raises the mind out of the foam and flux of generation to the contemplation of being, having lesser military and retail uses also. The retail use is not required by us; but as our guardian is to be a soldier as well as a philosopher, the military one may be retained. And to our higher purpose no science can be better adapted; but it must be pursued in the spirit of a philosopher, not of a shopkeeper. It is concerned, not with visible objects, but with abstract truth; for numbers are pure abstractions—the true arithmetician indignantly denies that his unit is capable of division. When you divide, he insists that you are only multiplying; his ‘one’ is not material or resolvable into fractions, but an unvarying and absolute equality; and this proves the purely intellectual character of his study. Note also the great power which arithmetic has of sharpening the wits; no other discipline is equally severe, or an equal test of general ability, or equally improving to a stupid person.

Let our second branch of education be geometry. ‘I can easily see,’ replied Glaucon, ‘that the skill of the general will be doubled by his knowledge of geometry.’ That is a small matter; the use of geometry, to which I refer, is the assistance given by it in the contemplation of the idea of good, and the compelling the mind to look at true being, and not at generation only. Yet the present mode of pursuing these studies, as any one who is the least of a mathematician is aware, is mean and ridiculous; they are made to look downwards to the arts, and not upwards to eternal existence. The geometer is always talking of squaring, subtending, apposing, as if he had in view action; whereas knowledge is the real object of the study. It should elevate the soul, and create the mind of philosophy; it should raise up what has fallen down, not to speak of lesser uses in war and military tactics, and in the improvement of the faculties.

Shall we propose, as a third branch of our education, astronomy? ‘Very good,’ replied Glaucon; ‘the knowledge of the heavens is necessary at once for husbandry, navigation, military tactics.’ I like your way of giving useful reasons for everything in order to make friends of the world. And there is a difficulty in proving to mankind that education is not only useful information but a purification of the eye of the soul, which is better than the bodily eye, for by this alone is truth seen. Now, will you appeal to mankind in general or to the philosopher? or would you prefer to look to yourself only? ‘Every man is his own best friend.’ Then take a step backward, for we are out of order, and insert the third dimension which is of solids, after the second which is of planes, and then you may proceed to solids in motion. But solid geometry is not popular and has not the patronage of the State, nor is the use of it fully recognized; the difficulty is great, and the votaries of the study are conceited and impatient. Still the charm of the pursuit wins upon men, and, if government would lend a little assistance, there might be great progress made. ‘Very true,’ replied Glaucon; ‘but do I understand you now to begin with plane geometry, and to place next geometry of solids, and thirdly, astronomy, or the motion of solids?’ Yes, I said; my hastiness has only hindered us.

‘Very good, and now let us proceed to astronomy, about which I am willing to speak in your lofty strain. No one can fail to see that the contemplation of the heavens draws the soul upwards.’ I am an exception, then; astronomy as studied at present appears to me to draw the soul not upwards, but downwards. Star-gazing is just looking up at the ceiling—no better; a man may lie on his back on land or on water—he may look up or look down, but there is no science in that. The vision of knowledge of which I speak is seen not with the eyes, but with the mind. All the magnificence of the heavens is but the embroidery of a copy which falls far short of the divine Original, and teaches nothing about the absolute harmonies or motions of things. Their beauty is like the beauty of figures drawn by the hand of Daedalus or any other great artist, which may be used for illustration, but no mathematician would seek to obtain from them true conceptions of equality or numerical relations. How ridiculous then to look for these in the map of the heavens, in which the imperfection of matter comes in everywhere as a disturbing element, marring the symmetry of day and night, of months and years, of the sun and stars in their courses. Only by problems can we place astronomy on a truly scientific basis. Let the heavens alone, and exert the intellect.

Still, mathematics admit of other applications, as the Pythagoreans say, and we agree. There is a sister science of harmonical motion, adapted to the ear as astronomy is to the eye, and there may be other applications also. Let us inquire of the Pythagoreans about them, not forgetting that we have an aim higher than theirs, which is the relation of these sciences to the idea of good. The error which pervades astronomy also pervades harmonics. The musicians put their ears in the place of their minds. 'Yes,' replied Glaucon, 'I like to see them laying their ears alongside of their neighbours' faces—some saying, "That's a new note," others declaring that the two notes are the same.' Yes, I said; but you mean the empirics who are always twisting and torturing the strings of the lyre, and quarrelling about the tempers of the strings; I am referring rather to the Pythagorean harmonists, who are almost equally in error. For they investigate only the numbers of the consonances which are heard, and ascend no higher,—of the true numerical harmony which is unheard, and is only to be found in problems, they have not even a conception. 'That last,' he said, 'must be a marvellous thing.' A thing, I replied, which is only useful if pursued with a view to the good.

All these sciences are the prelude of the strain, and are profitable if they are regarded in their natural relations to one another. 'I dare say, Socrates,' said Glaucon; 'but such a study will be an endless business.' What study do you mean—of the prelude, or what? For all these things are only the prelude, and you surely do not suppose that a mere mathematician is also a dialectician? 'Certainly not. I have hardly ever known a mathematician who could reason.' And yet, Glaucon, is not true reasoning that hymn of dialectic which is the music of the intellectual world, and which was by us compared to the effort of sight, when from beholding the shadows on the wall we arrived at last at the images which gave the shadows? Even so the dialectical faculty withdrawing from sense arrives by the pure intellect at the contemplation of the idea of good, and never rests but at the very end of the intellectual world. And the royal road out of the cave into the light, and the blinking of the eyes at the sun and turning to contemplate the shadows of reality, not the shadows of an image only—this progress and gradual acquisition of a new faculty of sight by the help of the mathematical sciences, is the elevation of the soul to the contemplation of the highest ideal of being.

'So far, I agree with you. But now, leaving the prelude, let us proceed to the hymn. What, then, is the nature of dialectic, and what are the paths which lead thither?' Dear Glaucon, you cannot follow me here. There can be no revelation of the absolute truth to one who has not been disciplined in the previous sciences. But that there is a science of absolute truth, which is attained in some way very different from those now practised, I am confident. For all other arts or sciences are relative to human needs and opinions; and the mathematical sciences are but a dream or hypothesis of true being, and never analyse their own principles. Dialectic alone rises to the principle which is above hypotheses, converting and gently leading the eye of the soul out of the barbarous slough of ignorance into the light of the upper world, with the help of the sciences which we have been describing—sciences, as they are often termed, although they require some other name, implying greater clearness than opinion and less clearness than science, and this in our previous sketch was understanding. And so we get four names—two for intellect, and two for opinion,—reason or mind, understanding, faith, perception of shadows—which make a proportion— being:becoming::intellect:opinion—and science:belief::understanding: perception of shadows. Dialectic may be further described as that science which defines and explains the essence or being of each nature, which distinguishes and abstracts the good, and is ready to do battle against all opponents in the cause of good. To him who is not a dialectician life is but a sleepy dream; and many a man is in his grave before his is well waked up. And would you have the future rulers of your ideal State intelligent beings, or stupid as posts? 'Certainly not the latter.' Then you must train them in dialectic, which will teach them to ask and answer questions, and is the coping-stone of the sciences.

I dare say that you have not forgotten how our rulers were chosen; and the process of selection may be carried a step further:—As before, they must be constant and valiant, good-looking, and of noble manners, but now they must also have natural ability which education will improve; that is to say, they must be quick at learning, capable of mental toil, retentive, solid, diligent natures, who combine intellectual with moral virtues; not lame and one-sided, diligent in bodily exercise and indolent in mind, or conversely; not a maimed soul, which hates falsehood and yet unintentionally is always wallowing in the mire of ignorance; not a bastard or feeble person, but sound in wind and limb, and in perfect condition for the great gymnastic trial of the mind. Justice herself can find no fault with natures such as these; and they will be the saviours of our State; disciples of another sort would only make philosophy more ridiculous than she is at present. Forgive my enthusiasm; I am becoming excited; but when I see her trampled underfoot, I am angry at the authors of her disgrace. 'I did not notice that you were more excited than you ought to have been.' But I felt that I was. Now do not let us forget another point in the selection of our disciples—that they must be young and not old. For Solon is mistaken in saying that an old man can be always learning; youth is the time of study, and here we must remember that the mind is free and dainty, and, unlike the body, must not be made to work against the grain. Learning should be at first a sort of play, in which the natural bent is detected. As in training them for war, the young dogs should at first only taste blood; but when the necessary gymnastics are over which during two or three years divide life between sleep and bodily exercise, then the education of the soul

will become a more serious matter. At twenty years of age, a selection must be made of the more promising disciples, with whom a new epoch of education will begin. The sciences which they have hitherto learned in fragments will now be brought into relation with each other and with true being; for the power of combining them is the test of speculative and dialectical ability. And afterwards at thirty a further selection shall be made of those who are able to withdraw from the world of sense into the abstraction of ideas. But at this point, judging from present experience, there is a danger that dialectic may be the source of many evils. The danger may be illustrated by a parallel case:—Imagine a person who has been brought up in wealth and luxury amid a crowd of flatterers, and who is suddenly informed that he is a supposititious son. He has hitherto honoured his reputed parents and disregarded the flatterers, and now he does the reverse. This is just what happens with a man's principles. There are certain doctrines which he learnt at home and which exercised a parental authority over him. Presently he finds that imputations are cast upon them; a troublesome querist comes and asks, 'What is the just and good?' or proves that virtue is vice and vice virtue, and his mind becomes unsettled, and he ceases to love, honour, and obey them as he has hitherto done. He is seduced into the life of pleasure, and becomes a lawless person and a rogue. The case of such speculators is very pitiable, and, in order that our thirty years' old pupils may not require this pity, let us take every possible care that young persons do not study philosophy too early. For a young man is a sort of puppy who only plays with an argument; and is reasoned into and out of his opinions every day; he soon begins to believe nothing, and brings himself and philosophy into discredit. A man of thirty does not run on in this way; he will argue and not merely contradict, and adds new honour to philosophy by the sobriety of his conduct. What time shall we allow for this second gymnastic training of the soul?—say, twice the time required for the gymnastics of the body; six, or perhaps five years, to commence at thirty, and then for fifteen years let the student go down into the den, and command armies, and gain experience of life. At fifty let him return to the end of all things, and have his eyes uplifted to the idea of good, and order his life after that pattern; if necessary, taking his turn at the helm of State, and training up others to be his successors. When his time comes he shall depart in peace to the islands of the blest. He shall be honoured with sacrifices, and receive such worship as the Pythian oracle approves.

'You are a statuary, Socrates, and have made a perfect image of our governors.' Yes, and of our governesses, for the women will share in all things with the men. And you will admit that our State is not a mere aspiration, but may really come into being when there shall arise philosopher-kings, one or more, who will despise earthly vanities, and will be the servants of justice only. 'And how will they begin their work?' Their first act will be to send away into the country all those who are more than ten years of age, and to proceed with those who are left...

At the commencement of the sixth book, Plato anticipated his explanation of the relation of the philosopher to the world in an allegory, in this, as in other passages, following the order which he prescribes in education, and proceeding from the concrete to the abstract. At the commencement of Book VII, under the figure of a cave having an opening towards a fire and a way upwards to the true light, he returns to view the divisions of knowledge, exhibiting familiarly, as in a picture, the result which had been hardly won by a great effort of thought in the previous discussion; at the same time casting a glance onward at the dialectical process, which is represented by the way leading from darkness to light. The shadows, the images, the reflection of the sun and stars in the water, the stars and sun themselves, severally correspond,—the first, to the realm of fancy and poetry,—the second, to the world of sense,—the third, to the abstractions or universals of sense, of which the mathematical sciences furnish the type,—the fourth and last to the same abstractions, when seen in the unity of the idea, from which they derive a new meaning and power. The true dialectical process begins with the contemplation of the real stars, and not mere reflections of them, and ends with the recognition of the sun, or idea of good, as the parent not only of light but of warmth and growth. To the divisions of knowledge the stages of education partly answer:—first, there is the early education of childhood and youth in the fancies of the poets, and in the laws and customs of the State;—then there is the training of the body to be a warrior athlete, and a good servant of the mind;—and thirdly, after an interval follows the education of later life, which begins with mathematics and proceeds to philosophy in general.

There seem to be two great aims in the philosophy of Plato,—first, to realize abstractions; secondly, to connect them. According to him, the true education is that which draws men from becoming to being, and to a comprehensive survey of all being. He desires to develop in the human mind the faculty of seeing the universal in all things; until at last the particulars of sense drop away and the universal alone remains. He then seeks to combine the universals which he has disengaged from sense, not perceiving that the correlation of them has no other basis but the common use of language. He never understands that abstractions, as Hegel says, are 'mere abstractions'—of use when employed in the arrangement of facts, but adding nothing to the sum of knowledge when pursued apart from them, or with reference to an imaginary idea of good. Still the exercise of the faculty of abstraction apart from facts has enlarged the mind, and played a great part in the education of the human race. Plato appreciated the value of this faculty, and saw that it might be quickened by the study of number and relation. All things in which there is opposition or proportion are suggestive of reflection. The mere impression of sense evokes no power of thought or of mind, but when sensible objects ask to be

compared and distinguished, then philosophy begins. The science of arithmetic first suggests such distinctions. The follow in order the other sciences of plain and solid geometry, and of solids in motion, one branch of which is astronomy or the harmony of the spheres,—to this is appended the sister science of the harmony of sounds. Plato seems also to hint at the possibility of other applications of arithmetical or mathematical proportions, such as we employ in chemistry and natural philosophy, such as the Pythagoreans and even Aristotle make use of in Ethics and Politics, e.g. his distinction between arithmetical and geometrical proportion in the Ethics (Book V), or between numerical and proportional equality in the Politics.

The modern mathematician will readily sympathise with Plato's delight in the properties of pure mathematics. He will not be disinclined to say with him:—Let alone the heavens, and study the beauties of number and figure in themselves. He too will be apt to depreciate their application to the arts. He will observe that Plato has a conception of geometry, in which figures are to be dispensed with; thus in a distant and shadowy way seeming to anticipate the possibility of working geometrical problems by a more general mode of analysis. He will remark with interest on the backward state of solid geometry, which, alas! was not encouraged by the aid of the State in the age of Plato; and he will recognize the grasp of Plato's mind in his ability to conceive of one science of solids in motion including the earth as well as the heavens,—not forgetting to notice the intimation to which allusion has been already made, that besides astronomy and harmonics the science of solids in motion may have other applications. Still more will he be struck with the comprehensiveness of view which led Plato, at a time when these sciences hardly existed, to say that they must be studied in relation to one another, and to the idea of good, or common principle of truth and being. But he will also see (and perhaps without surprise) that in that stage of physical and mathematical knowledge, Plato has fallen into the error of supposing that he can construct the heavens a priori by mathematical problems, and determine the principles of harmony irrespective of the adaptation of sounds to the human ear. The illusion was a natural one in that age and country. The simplicity and certainty of astronomy and harmonics seemed to contrast with the variation and complexity of the world of sense; hence the circumstance that there was some elementary basis of fact, some measurement of distance or time or vibrations on which they must ultimately rest, was overlooked by him. The modern predecessors of Newton fell into errors equally great; and Plato can hardly be said to have been very far wrong, or may even claim a sort of prophetic insight into the subject, when we consider that the greater part of astronomy at the present day consists of abstract dynamics, by the help of which most astronomical discoveries have been made.

The metaphysical philosopher from his point of view recognizes mathematics as an instrument of education,—which strengthens the power of attention, developes the sense of order and the faculty of construction, and enables the mind to grasp under simple formulae the quantitative differences of physical phenomena. But while acknowledging their value in education, he sees also that they have no connexion with our higher moral and intellectual ideas. In the attempt which Plato makes to connect them, we easily trace the influences of ancient Pythagorean notions. There is no reason to suppose that he is speaking of the ideal numbers; but he is describing numbers which are pure abstractions, to which he assigns a real and separate existence, which, as 'the teachers of the art' (meaning probably the Pythagoreans) would have affirmed, repel all attempts at subdivision, and in which unity and every other number are conceived of as absolute. The truth and certainty of numbers, when thus disengaged from phenomena, gave them a kind of sacredness in the eyes of an ancient philosopher. Nor is it easy to say how far ideas of order and fixedness may have had a moral and elevating influence on the minds of men, 'who,' in the words of the Timaeus, 'might learn to regulate their erring lives according to them.' It is worthy of remark that the old Pythagorean ethical symbols still exist as figures of speech among ourselves. And those who in modern times see the world pervaded by universal law, may also see an anticipation of this last word of modern philosophy in the Platonic idea of good, which is the source and measure of all things, and yet only an abstraction (Philebus).

Two passages seem to require more particular explanations. First, that which relates to the analysis of vision. The difficulty in this passage may be explained, like many others, from differences in the modes of conception prevailing among ancient and modern thinkers. To us, the perceptions of sense are inseparable from the act of the mind which accompanies them. The consciousness of form, colour, distance, is indistinguishable from the simple sensation, which is the medium of them. Whereas to Plato sense is the Heraclitean flux of sense, not the vision of objects in the order in which they actually present themselves to the experienced sight, but as they may be imagined to appear confused and blurred to the half-awakened eye of the infant. The first action of the mind is aroused by the attempt to set in order this chaos, and the reason is required to frame distinct conceptions under which the confused impressions of sense may be arranged. Hence arises the question, 'What is great, what is small?' and thus begins the distinction of the visible and the intelligible.

The second difficulty relates to Plato's conception of harmonics. Three classes of harmonists are distinguished by him:—first, the Pythagoreans, whom he proposes to consult as in the previous discussion on music he was to consult Damon—they are

acknowledged to be masters in the art, but are altogether deficient in the knowledge of its higher import and relation to the good; secondly, the mere empirics, whom Glaucon appears to confuse with them, and whom both he and Socrates ludicrously describe as experimenting by mere auscultation on the intervals of sounds. Both of these fall short in different degrees of the Platonic idea of harmony, which must be studied in a purely abstract way, first by the method of problems, and secondly as a part of universal knowledge in relation to the idea of good.

The allegory has a political as well as a philosophical meaning. The den or cave represents the narrow sphere of politics or law (compare the description of the philosopher and lawyer in the Theaetetus), and the light of the eternal ideas is supposed to exercise a disturbing influence on the minds of those who return to this lower world. In other words, their principles are too wide for practical application; they are looking far away into the past and future, when their business is with the present. The ideal is not easily reduced to the conditions of actual life, and may often be at variance with them. And at first, those who return are unable to compete with the inhabitants of the den in the measurement of the shadows, and are derided and persecuted by them; but after a while they see the things below in far truer proportions than those who have never ascended into the upper world. The difference between the politician turned into a philosopher and the philosopher turned into a politician, is symbolized by the two kinds of disordered eyesight, the one which is experienced by the captive who is transferred from darkness to day, the other, of the heavenly messenger who voluntarily for the good of his fellow-men descends into the den. In what way the brighter light is to dawn on the inhabitants of the lower world, or how the idea of good is to become the guiding principle of politics, is left unexplained by Plato. Like the nature and divisions of dialectic, of which Glaucon impatiently demands to be informed, perhaps he would have said that the explanation could not be given except to a disciple of the previous sciences. (Symposium.)

Many illustrations of this part of the Republic may be found in modern Politics and in daily life. For among ourselves, too, there have been two sorts of Politicians or Statesmen, whose eyesight has become disordered in two different ways. First, there have been great men who, in the language of Burke, ‘have been too much given to general maxims,’ who, like J.S. Mill or Burke himself, have been theorists or philosophers before they were politicians, or who, having been students of history, have allowed some great historical parallel, such as the English Revolution of 1688, or possibly Athenian democracy or Roman Imperialism, to be the medium through which they viewed contemporary events. Or perhaps the long projecting shadow of some existing institution may have darkened their vision. The Church of the future, the Commonwealth of the future, the Society of the future, have so absorbed their minds, that they are unable to see in their true proportions the Politics of to-day. They have been intoxicated with great ideas, such as liberty, or equality, or the greatest happiness of the greatest number, or the brotherhood of humanity, and they no longer care to consider how these ideas must be limited in practice or harmonized with the conditions of human life. They are full of light, but the light to them has become only a sort of luminous mist or blindness. Almost every one has known some enthusiastic half-educated person, who sees everything at false distances, and in erroneous proportions.

With this disorder of eyesight may be contrasted another—of those who see not far into the distance, but what is near only; who have been engaged all their lives in a trade or a profession; who are limited to a set or sect of their own. Men of this kind have no universal except their own interests or the interests of their class, no principle but the opinion of persons like themselves, no knowledge of affairs beyond what they pick up in the streets or at their club. Suppose them to be sent into a larger world, to undertake some higher calling, from being tradesmen to turn generals or politicians, from being schoolmasters to become philosophers:—or imagine them on a sudden to receive an inward light which reveals to them for the first time in their lives a higher idea of God and the existence of a spiritual world, by this sudden conversion or change is not their daily life likely to be upset; and on the other hand will not many of their old prejudices and narrownesses still adhere to them long after they have begun to take a more comprehensive view of human things? From familiar examples like these we may learn what Plato meant by the eyesight which is liable to two kinds of disorders.

Nor have we any difficulty in drawing a parallel between the young Athenian in the fifth century before Christ who became unsettled by new ideas, and the student of a modern University who has been the subject of a similar ‘aufklärung.’ We too observe that when young men begin to criticise customary beliefs, or to analyse the constitution of human nature, they are apt to lose hold of solid principle (■παν τ■ β■βαιον α■τ■ν ■ξο■χεται). They are like trees which have been frequently transplanted. The earth about them is loose, and they have no roots reaching far into the soil. They ‘light upon every flower,’ following their own wayward wills, or because the wind blows them. They catch opinions, as diseases are caught—when they are in the air. Borne hither and thither, ‘they speedily fall into beliefs’ the opposite of those in which they were brought up. They hardly retain the distinction of right and wrong; they seem to think one thing as good as another. They suppose themselves to be searching after truth when they are playing the game of ‘follow my leader.’ They fall in love ‘at first sight’ with paradoxes respecting morality, some fancy about art,

some novelty or eccentricity in religion, and like lovers they are so absorbed for a time in their new notion that they can think of nothing else. The resolution of some philosophical or theological question seems to them more interesting and important than any substantial knowledge of literature or science or even than a good life. Like the youth in the Philebus, they are ready to discourse to any one about a new philosophy. They are generally the disciples of some eminent professor or sophist, whom they rather imitate than understand. They may be counted happy if in later years they retain some of the simple truths which they acquired in early education, and which they may, perhaps, find to be worth all the rest. Such is the picture which Plato draws and which we only reproduce, partly in his own words, of the dangers which beset youth in times of transition, when old opinions are fading away and the new are not yet firmly established. Their condition is ingeniously compared by him to that of a supposititious son, who has made the discovery that his reputed parents are not his real ones, and, in consequence, they have lost their authority over him.

The distinction between the mathematician and the dialectician is also noticeable. Plato is very well aware that the faculty of the mathematician is quite distinct from the higher philosophical sense which recognizes and combines first principles. The contempt which he expresses for distinctions of words, the danger of involuntary falsehood, the apology which Socrates makes for his earnestness of speech, are highly characteristic of the Platonic style and mode of thought. The quaint notion that if Palamedes was the inventor of number Agamemnon could not have counted his feet; the art by which we are made to believe that this State of ours is not a dream only; the gravity with which the first step is taken in the actual creation of the State, namely, the sending out of the city all who had arrived at ten years of age, in order to expedite the business of education by a generation, are also truly Platonic. (For the last, compare the passage at the end of the third book, in which he expects the lie about the earthborn men to be believed in the second generation.)

BOOK VIII. And so we have arrived at the conclusion, that in the perfect State wives and children are to be in common; and the education and pursuits of men and women, both in war and peace, are to be common, and kings are to be philosophers and warriors, and the soldiers of the State are to live together, having all things in common; and they are to be warrior athletes, receiving no pay but only their food, from the other citizens. Now let us return to the point at which we digressed. ‘That is easily done,’ he replied: ‘You were speaking of the State which you had constructed, and of the individual who answered to this, both of whom you affirmed to be good; and you said that of inferior States there were four forms and four individuals corresponding to them, which although deficient in various degrees, were all of them worth inspecting with a view to determining the relative happiness or misery of the best or worst man. Then Polemarchus and Adeimantus interrupted you, and this led to another argument,—and so here we are.’ Suppose that we put ourselves again in the same position, and do you repeat your question. ‘I should like to know of what constitutions you were speaking?’ Besides the perfect State there are only four of any note in Hellas:—first, the famous Lacedaemonian or Cretan commonwealth; secondly, oligarchy, a State full of evils; thirdly, democracy, which follows next in order; fourthly, tyranny, which is the disease or death of all government. Now, States are not made of ‘oak and rock,’ but of flesh and blood; and therefore as there are five States there must be five human natures in individuals, which correspond to them. And first, there is the ambitious nature, which answers to the Lacedaemonian State; secondly, the oligarchical nature; thirdly, the democratical; and fourthly, the tyrannical. This last will have to be compared with the perfectly just, which is the fifth, that we may know which is the happier, and then we shall be able to determine whether the argument of Thrasymachus or our own is the more convincing. And as before we began with the State and went on to the individual, so now, beginning with timocracy, let us go on to the timocratical man, and then proceed to the other forms of government, and the individuals who answer to them.

But how did timocracy arise out of the perfect State? Plainly, like all changes of government, from division in the rulers. But whence came division? ‘Sing, heavenly Muses,’ as Homer says;—let them condescend to answer us, as if we were children, to whom they put on a solemn face in jest. ‘And what will they say?’ They will say that human things are fated to decay, and even the perfect State will not escape from this law of destiny, when ‘the wheel comes full circle’ in a period short or long. Plants or animals have times of fertility and sterility, which the intelligence of rulers because alloyed by sense will not enable them to ascertain, and children will be born out of season. For whereas divine creations are in a perfect cycle or number, the human creation is in a number which declines from perfection, and has four terms and three intervals of numbers, increasing, waning, assimilating, dissimilating, and yet perfectly commensurate with each other. The base of the number with a fourth added (or which is 3:4), multiplied by five and cubed, gives two harmonies:—the first a square number, which is a hundred times the base (or a hundred times a hundred); the second, an oblong, being a hundred squares of the rational diameter of a figure the side of which is five, subtracting one from each square or two perfect squares from all, and adding a hundred cubes of three. This entire number is geometrical and contains the rule or law of generation. When this law is neglected marriages will be unpropitious; the inferior offspring who are then born will in time become the rulers; the State will decline, and education fall into decay; gymnastic will be

preferred to music, and the gold and silver and brass and iron will form a chaotic mass—thus division will arise. Such is the Muses' answer to our question. 'And a true answer, of course:—but what more have they to say?' They say that the two races, the iron and brass, and the silver and gold, will draw the State different ways;—the one will take to trade and moneymaking, and the others, having the true riches and not caring for money, will resist them: the contest will end in a compromise; they will agree to have private property, and will enslave their fellow-citizens who were once their friends and nurturers. But they will retain their warlike character, and will be chiefly occupied in fighting and exercising rule. Thus arises timocracy, which is intermediate between aristocracy and oligarchy.

The new form of government resembles the ideal in obedience to rulers and contempt for trade, and having common meals, and in devotion to warlike and gymnastic exercises. But corruption has crept into philosophy, and simplicity of character, which was once her note, is now looked for only in the military class. Arts of war begin to prevail over arts of peace; the ruler is no longer a philosopher; as in oligarchies, there springs up among them an extravagant love of gain—get another man's and save your own, is their principle; and they have dark places in which they hoard their gold and silver, for the use of their women and others; they take their pleasures by stealth, like boys who are running away from their father—the law; and their education is not inspired by the Muse, but imposed by the strong arm of power. The leading characteristic of this State is party spirit and ambition.

And what manner of man answers to such a State? 'In love of contention,' replied Adeimantus, 'he will be like our friend Glaucon.' In that respect, perhaps, but not in others. He is self-asserting and ill-educated, yet fond of literature, although not himself a speaker,—fierce with slaves, but obedient to rulers, a lover of power and honour, which he hopes to gain by deeds of arms,—fond, too, of gymnastics and of hunting. As he advances in years he grows avaricious, for he has lost philosophy, which is the only saviour and guardian of men. His origin is as follows:—His father is a good man dwelling in an ill-ordered State, who has retired from politics in order that he may lead a quiet life. His mother is angry at her loss of precedence among other women; she is disgusted at her husband's selfishness, and she expatiates to her son on the unmanliness and indolence of his father. The old family servant takes up the tale, and says to the youth:—'When you grow up you must be more of a man than your father.' All the world are agreed that he who minds his own business is an idiot, while a busybody is highly honoured and esteemed. The young man compares this spirit with his father's words and ways, and as he is naturally well disposed, although he has suffered from evil influences, he rests at a middle point and becomes ambitious and a lover of honour.

And now let us set another city over against another man. The next form of government is oligarchy, in which the rule is of the rich only; nor is it difficult to see how such a State arises. The decline begins with the possession of gold and silver; illegal modes of expenditure are invented; one draws another on, and the multitude are infected; riches outweigh virtue; lovers of money take the place of lovers of honour; misers of politicians; and, in time, political privileges are confined by law to the rich, who do not shrink from violence in order to effect their purposes.

Thus much of the origin,—let us next consider the evils of oligarchy. Would a man who wanted to be safe on a voyage take a bad pilot because he was rich, or refuse a good one because he was poor? And does not the analogy apply still more to the State? And there are yet greater evils: two nations are struggling together in one—the rich and the poor; and the rich dare not put arms into the hands of the poor, and are unwilling to pay for defenders out of their own money. And have we not already condemned that State in which the same persons are warriors as well as shopkeepers? The greatest evil of all is that a man may sell his property and have no place in the State; while there is one class which has enormous wealth, the other is entirely destitute. But observe that these destitutes had not really any more of the governing nature in them when they were rich than now that they are poor; they were miserable spendthrifts always. They are the drones of the hive; only whereas the actual drone is unprovided by nature with a sting, the two-legged things whom we call drones are some of them without stings and some of them have dreadful stings; in other words, there are paupers and there are rogues. These are never far apart; and in oligarchical cities, where nearly everybody is a pauper who is not a ruler, you will find abundance of both. And this evil state of society originates in bad education and bad government.

Like State, like man,—the change in the latter begins with the representative of timocracy; he walks at first in the ways of his father, who may have been a statesman, or general, perhaps; and presently he sees him 'fallen from his high estate,' the victim of informers, dying in prison or exile, or by the hand of the executioner. The lesson which he thus receives, makes him cautious; he leaves politics, represses his pride, and saves pence. Avarice is enthroned as his bosom's lord, and assumes the style of the Great King; the rational and spirited elements sit humbly on the ground at either side, the one immersed in calculation, the other absorbed in the admiration of wealth. The love of honour turns to love of money; the conversion is instantaneous. The man is mean, saving, toiling, the slave of one passion which is the master of the rest: Is he not the very image of the State? He has had no education, or he would never have allowed the blind god of riches to lead the dance within him. And being uneducated he will have many slavish

desires, some beggarly, some knavish, breeding in his soul. If he is the trustee of an orphan, and has the power to defraud, he will soon prove that he is not without the will, and that his passions are only restrained by fear and not by reason. Hence he leads a divided existence; in which the better desires mostly prevail. But when he is contending for prizes and other distinctions, he is afraid to incur a loss which is to be repaid only by barren honour; in time of war he fights with a small part of his resources, and usually keeps his money and loses the victory.

Next comes democracy and the democratic man, out of oligarchy and the oligarchical man. Insatiable avarice is the ruling passion of an oligarchy; and they encourage expensive habits in order that they may gain by the ruin of extravagant youth. Thus men of family often lose their property or rights of citizenship; but they remain in the city, full of hatred against the new owners of their estates and ripe for revolution. The usurer with stooping walk pretends not to see them; he passes by, and leaves his sting—that is, his money—in some other victim; and many a man has to pay the parent or principal sum multiplied into a family of children, and is reduced into a state of dronage by him. The only way of diminishing the evil is either to limit a man in his use of his property, or to insist that he shall lend at his own risk. But the ruling class do not want remedies; they care only for money, and are as careless of virtue as the poorest of the citizens. Now there are occasions on which the governors and the governed meet together,—at festivals, on a journey, voyaging or fighting. The sturdy pauper finds that in the hour of danger he is not despised; he sees the rich man puffing and panting, and draws the conclusion which he privately imparts to his companions,—'that our people are not good for much;' and as a sickly frame is made ill by a mere touch from without, or sometimes without external impulse is ready to fall to pieces of itself, so from the least cause, or with none at all, the city falls ill and fights a battle for life or death. And democracy comes into power when the poor are the victors, killing some and exiling some, and giving equal shares in the government to all the rest.

The manner of life in such a State is that of democrats; there is freedom and plainness of speech, and every man does what is right in his own eyes, and has his own way of life. Hence arise the most various developments of character; the State is like a piece of embroidery of which the colours and figures are the manners of men, and there are many who, like women and children, prefer this variety to real beauty and excellence. The State is not one but many, like a bazaar at which you can buy anything. The great charm is, that you may do as you like; you may govern if you like, let it alone if you like; go to war and make peace if you feel disposed, and all quite irrespective of anybody else. When you condemn men to death they remain alive all the same; a gentleman is desired to go into exile, and he stalks about the streets like a hero; and nobody sees him or cares for him. Observe, too, how grandly Democracy sets her foot upon all our fine theories of education,—how little she cares for the training of her statesmen! The only qualification which she demands is the profession of patriotism. Such is democracy;—a pleasing, lawless, various sort of government, distributing equality to equals and unequals alike.

Let us now inspect the individual democrat; and first, as in the case of the State, we will trace his antecedents. He is the son of a miserly oligarch, and has been taught by him to restrain the love of unnecessary pleasures. Perhaps I ought to explain this latter term:—Necessary pleasures are those which are good, and which we cannot do without; unnecessary pleasures are those which do no good, and of which the desire might be eradicated by early training. For example, the pleasures of eating and drinking are necessary and healthy, up to a certain point; beyond that point they are alike hurtful to body and mind, and the excess may be avoided. When in excess, they may be rightly called expensive pleasures, in opposition to the useful ones. And the drone, as we called him, is the slave of these unnecessary pleasures and desires, whereas the miserly oligarch is subject only to the necessary.

The oligarch changes into the democrat in the following manner:—The youth who has had a miserly bringing up, gets a taste of the drone's honey; he meets with wild companions, who introduce him to every new pleasure. As in the State, so in the individual, there are allies on both sides, temptations from without and passions from within; there is reason also and external influences of parents and friends in alliance with the oligarchical principle; and the two factions are in violent conflict with one another. Sometimes the party of order prevails, but then again new desires and new disorders arise, and the whole mob of passions gets possession of the Acropolis, that is to say, the soul, which they find void and unguarded by true words and works. Falsehoods and illusions ascend to take their place; the prodigal goes back into the country of the Lotophagi or drones, and openly dwells there. And if any offer of alliance or parley of individual elders comes from home, the false spirits shut the gates of the castle and permit no one to enter,—there is a battle, and they gain the victory; and straightway making alliance with the desires, they banish modesty, which they call folly, and send temperance over the border. When the house has been swept and garnished, they dress up the exiled vices, and, crowning them with garlands, bring them back under new names. Insolence they call good breeding, anarchy freedom, waste magnificence, impudence courage. Such is the process by which the youth passes from the necessary pleasures to the unnecessary. After a while he divides his time impartially between them; and perhaps, when he gets older and the violence of passion has abated, he restores some of the exiles and lives in a sort of equilibrium, indulging first one pleasure and then another;

and if reason comes and tells him that some pleasures are good and honourable, and others bad and vile, he shakes his head and says that he can make no distinction between them. Thus he lives in the fancy of the hour; sometimes he takes to drink, and then he turns abstainer; he practises in the gymnasium or he does nothing at all; then again he would be a philosopher or a politician; or again, he would be a warrior or a man of business; he is

'Every thing by starts and nothing long.'

There remains still the finest and fairest of all men and all States—tyranny and the tyrant. Tyranny springs from democracy much as democracy springs from oligarchy. Both arise from excess; the one from excess of wealth, the other from excess of freedom. 'The great natural good of life,' says the democrat, 'is freedom.' And this exclusive love of freedom and regardlessness of everything else, is the cause of the change from democracy to tyranny. The State demands the strong wine of freedom, and unless her rulers give her a plentiful draught, punishes and insults them; equality and fraternity of governors and governed is the approved principle. Anarchy is the law, not of the State only, but of private houses, and extends even to the animals. Father and son, citizen and foreigner, teacher and pupil, old and young, are all on a level; fathers and teachers fear their sons and pupils, and the wisdom of the young man is a match for the elder, and the old imitate the jaunty manners of the young because they are afraid of being thought morose. Slaves are on a level with their masters and mistresses, and there is no difference between men and women. Nay, the very animals in a democratic State have a freedom which is unknown in other places. The she-dogs are as good as their she-mistresses, and horses and asses march along with dignity and run their noses against anybody who comes in their way. 'That has often been my experience.' At last the citizens become so sensitive that they cannot endure the yoke of laws, written or unwritten; they would have no man call himself their master. Such is the glorious beginning of things out of which tyranny springs. 'Glorious, indeed; but what is to follow?' The ruin of oligarchy is the ruin of democracy; for there is a law of contraries; the excess of freedom passes into the excess of slavery, and the greater the freedom the greater the slavery. You will remember that in the oligarchy were found two classes—rogues and paupers, whom we compared to drones with and without stings. These two classes are to the State what phlegm and bile are to the human body; and the State-physician, or legislator, must get rid of them, just as the bee-master keeps the drones out of the hive. Now in a democracy, too, there are drones, but they are more numerous and more dangerous than in the oligarchy; there they are inert and unpractised, here they are full of life and animation; and the keener sort speak and act, while the others buzz about the bema and prevent their opponents from being heard. And there is another class in democratic States, of respectable, thriving individuals, who can be squeezed when the drones have need of their possessions; there is moreover a third class, who are the labourers and the artisans, and they make up the mass of the people. When the people meet, they are omnipotent, but they cannot be brought together unless they are attracted by a little honey; and the rich are made to supply the honey, of which the demagogues keep the greater part themselves, giving a taste only to the mob. Their victims attempt to resist; they are driven mad by the stings of the drones, and so become downright oligarchs in self-defence. Then follow informations and convictions for treason. The people have some protector whom they nurse into greatness, and from this root the tree of tyranny springs. The nature of the change is indicated in the old fable of the temple of Zeus Lycaeus, which tells how he who tastes human flesh mixed up with the flesh of other victims will turn into a wolf. Even so the protector, who tastes human blood, and slays some and exiles others with or without law, who hints at abolition of debts and division of lands, must either perish or become a wolf—that is, a tyrant. Perhaps he is driven out, but he soon comes back from exile; and then if his enemies cannot get rid of him by lawful means, they plot his assassination. Thereupon the friend of the people makes his well-known request to them for a body-guard, which they readily grant, thinking only of his danger and not of their own. Now let the rich man make to himself wings, for he will never run away again if he does not do so then. And the Great Protector, having crushed all his rivals, stands proudly erect in the chariot of State, a full-blown tyrant: Let us enquire into the nature of his happiness.

In the early days of his tyranny he smiles and beams upon everybody; he is not a 'dominus,' no, not he: he has only come to put an end to debt and the monopoly of land. Having got rid of foreign enemies, he makes himself necessary to the State by always going to war. He is thus enabled to depress the poor by heavy taxes, and so keep them at work; and he can get rid of bolder spirits by handing them over to the enemy. Then comes unpopularity; some of his old associates have the courage to oppose him. The consequence is, that he has to make a purgation of the State; but, unlike the physician who purges away the bad, he must get rid of the high-spirited, the wise and the wealthy; for he has no choice between death and a life of shame and dishonour. And the more hated he is, the more he will require trusty guards; but how will he obtain them? 'They will come flocking like birds—for pay.' Will he not rather obtain them on the spot? He will take the slaves from their owners and make them his body-guard; these are his trusted friends, who admire and look up to him. Are not the tragic poets wise who magnify and exalt the tyrant, and say that he is wise by association with the wise? And are not their praises of tyranny alone a sufficient reason why we should exclude them from our

State? They may go to other cities, and gather the mob about them with fine words, and change commonwealths into tyrannies and democracies, receiving honours and rewards for their services; but the higher they and their friends ascend constitution hill, the more their honour will fail and become 'too asthmatic to mount.' To return to the tyrant—How will he support that rare army of his? First, by robbing the temples of their treasures, which will enable him to lighten the taxes; then he will take all his father's property, and spend it on his companions, male or female. Now his father is the demus, and if the demus gets angry, and says that a great hulking son ought not to be a burden on his parents, and bids him and his riotous crew begone, then will the parent know what a monster he has been nurturing, and that the son whom he would fain expel is too strong for him. 'You do not mean to say that he will beat his father?' Yes, he will, after having taken away his arms. 'Then he is a parricide and a cruel, unnatural son.' And the people have jumped from the fear of slavery into slavery, out of the smoke into the fire. Thus liberty, when out of all order and reason, passes into the worst form of servitude...

In the previous books Plato has described the ideal State; now he returns to the perverted or declining forms, on which he had lightly touched at the end of Book IV. These he describes in a succession of parallels between the individuals and the States, tracing the origin of either in the State or individual which has preceded them. He begins by asking the point at which he digressed; and is thus led shortly to recapitulate the substance of the three former books, which also contain a parallel of the philosopher and the State.

Of the first decline he gives no intelligible account; he would not have liked to admit the most probable causes of the fall of his ideal State, which to us would appear to be the impracticability of communism or the natural antagonism of the ruling and subject classes. He throws a veil of mystery over the origin of the decline, which he attributes to ignorance of the law of population. Of this law the famous geometrical figure or number is the expression. Like the ancients in general, he had no idea of the gradual perfectibility of man or of the education of the human race. His ideal was not to be attained in the course of ages, but was to spring in full armour from the head of the legislator. When good laws had been given, he thought only of the manner in which they were likely to be corrupted, or of how they might be filled up in detail or restored in accordance with their original spirit. He appears not to have reflected upon the full meaning of his own words, 'In the brief space of human life, nothing great can be accomplished'; or again, as he afterwards says in the Laws, 'Infinite time is the maker of cities.' The order of constitutions which is adopted by him represents an order of thought rather than a succession of time, and may be considered as the first attempt to frame a philosophy of history.

The first of these declining States is timocracy, or the government of soldiers and lovers of honour, which answers to the Spartan State; this is a government of force, in which education is not inspired by the Muses, but imposed by the law, and in which all the finer elements of organization have disappeared. The philosopher himself has lost the love of truth, and the soldier, who is of a simpler and honester nature, rules in his stead. The individual who answers to timocracy has some noticeable qualities. He is described as ill educated, but, like the Spartan, a lover of literature; and although he is a harsh master to his servants he has no natural superiority over them. His character is based upon a reaction against the circumstances of his father, who in a troubled city has retired from politics; and his mother, who is dissatisfied at her own position, is always urging him towards the life of political ambition. Such a character may have had this origin, and indeed Livy attributes the Licinian laws to a feminine jealousy of a similar kind. But there is obviously no connection between the manner in which the timocratic State springs out of the ideal, and the mere accident by which the timocratic man is the son of a retired statesman.

The two next stages in the decline of constitutions have even less historical foundation. For there is no trace in Greek history of a polity like the Spartan or Cretan passing into an oligarchy of wealth, or of the oligarchy of wealth passing into a democracy. The order of history appears to be different; first, in the Homeric times there is the royal or patriarchal form of government, which a century or two later was succeeded by an oligarchy of birth rather than of wealth, and in which wealth was only the accident of the hereditary possession of land and power. Sometimes this oligarchical government gave way to a government based upon a qualification of property, which, according to Aristotle's mode of using words, would have been called a timocracy; and this in some cities, as at Athens, became the conducting medium to democracy. But such was not the necessary order of succession in States; nor, indeed, can any order be discerned in the endless fluctuation of Greek history (like the tides in the Euripus), except, perhaps, in the almost uniform tendency from monarchy to aristocracy in the earliest times. At first sight there appears to be a similar inversion in the last step of the Platonic succession; for tyranny, instead of being the natural end of democracy, in early Greek history appears rather as a stage leading to democracy; the reign of Peisistratus and his sons is an episode which comes between the legislation of Solon and the constitution of Cleisthenes; and some secret cause common to them all seems to have led the greater part of Hellas at her first appearance in the dawn of history, e.g. Athens, Argos, Corinth, Sicyon, and nearly every State with

the exception of Sparta, through a similar stage of tyranny which ended either in oligarchy or democracy. But then we must remember that Plato is describing rather the contemporary governments of the Sicilian States, which alternated between democracy and tyranny, than the ancient history of Athens or Corinth.

The portrait of the tyrant himself is just such as the later Greek delighted to draw of Phalaris and Dionysius, in which, as in the lives of mediaeval saints or mythic heroes, the conduct and actions of one were attributed to another in order to fill up the outline. There was no enormity which the Greek was not today to believe of them; the tyrant was the negation of government and law; his assassination was glorious; there was no crime, however unnatural, which might not with probability be attributed to him. In this, Plato was only following the common thought of his countrymen, which he embellished and exaggerated with all the power of his genius. There is no need to suppose that he drew from life; or that his knowledge of tyrants is derived from a personal acquaintance with Dionysius. The manner in which he speaks of them would rather tend to render doubtful his ever having ‘consorted’ with them, or entertained the schemes, which are attributed to him in the Epistles, of regenerating Sicily by their help.

Plato in a hyperbolical and serio-comic vein exaggerates the follies of democracy which he also sees reflected in social life. To him democracy is a state of individualism or dissolution; in which every one is doing what is right in his own eyes. Of a people animated by a common spirit of liberty, rising as one man to repel the Persian host, which is the leading idea of democracy in Herodotus and Thucydides, he never seems to think. But if he is not a believer in liberty, still less is he a lover of tyranny. His deeper and more serious condemnation is reserved for the tyrant, who is the ideal of wickedness and also of weakness, and who in his utter helplessness and suspiciousness is leading an almost impossible existence, without that remnant of good which, in Plato’s opinion, was required to give power to evil (Book I). This ideal of wickedness living in helpless misery, is the reverse of that other portrait of perfect injustice ruling in happiness and splendour, which first of all Thrasymachus, and afterwards the sons of Ariston had drawn, and is also the reverse of the king whose rule of life is the good of his subjects.

Each of these governments and individuals has a corresponding ethical gradation: the ideal State is under the rule of reason, not extinguishing but harmonizing the passions, and training them in virtue; in the timocracy and the timocratic man the constitution, whether of the State or of the individual, is based, first, upon courage, and secondly, upon the love of honour; this latter virtue, which is hardly to be esteemed a virtue, has superseded all the rest. In the second stage of decline the virtues have altogether disappeared, and the love of gain has succeeded to them; in the third stage, or democracy, the various passions are allowed to have free play, and the virtues and vices are impartially cultivated. But this freedom, which leads to many curious extravagances of character, is in reality only a state of weakness and dissipation. At last, one monster passion takes possession of the whole nature of man—this is tyranny. In all of them excess—the excess first of wealth and then of freedom, is the element of decay.

The eighth book of the Republic abounds in pictures of life and fanciful allusions; the use of metaphorical language is carried to a greater extent than anywhere else in Plato. We may remark,

(1), the description of the two nations in one, which become more and more divided in the Greek Republics, as in feudal times, and perhaps also in our own;

(2), the notion of democracy expressed in a sort of Pythagorean formula as equality among unequals;

(3), the free and easy ways of men and animals, which are characteristic of liberty, as foreign mercenaries and universal mistrust are of the tyrant;

(4), the proposal that mere debts should not be recoverable by law is a speculation which has often been entertained by reformers of the law in modern times, and is in harmony with the tendencies of modern legislation. Debt and land were the two great difficulties of the ancient lawgiver: in modern times we may be said to have almost, if not quite, solved the first of these difficulties, but hardly the second.

Still more remarkable are the corresponding portraits of individuals: there is the family picture of the father and mother and the old servant of the timocratical man, and the outward respectability and inherent meanness of the oligarchical; the uncontrolled licence and freedom of the democrat, in which the young Alcibiades seems to be depicted, doing right or wrong as he pleases, and who at last, like the prodigal, goes into a far country (note here the play of language by which the democratic man is himself represented under the image of a State having a citadel and receiving embassies); and there is the wild-beast nature, which breaks loose in his successor. The hit about the tyrant being a parricide; the representation of the tyrant’s life as an obscene dream; the rhetorical surprise of a more miserable than the most miserable of men in Book IX; the hint to the poets that if they are the friends of tyrants

there is no place for them in a constitutional State, and that they are too clever not to see the propriety of their own expulsion; the continuous image of the drones who are of two kinds, swelling at last into the monster drone having wings (Book IX),—are among Plato's happiest touches.

There remains to be considered the great difficulty of this book of the Republic, the so-called number of the State. This is a puzzle almost as great as the Number of the Beast in the Book of Revelation, and though apparently known to Aristotle, is referred to by Cicero as a proverb of obscurity (Ep. ad Att.). And some have imagined that there is no answer to the puzzle, and that Plato has been practising upon his readers. But such a deception as this is inconsistent with the manner in which Aristotle speaks of the number (Pol.), and would have been ridiculous to any reader of the Republic who was acquainted with Greek mathematics. As little reason is there for supposing that Plato intentionally used obscure expressions; the obscurity arises from our want of familiarity with the subject. On the other hand, Plato himself indicates that he is not altogether serious, and in describing his number as a solemn jest of the Muses, he appears to imply some degree of satire on the symbolical use of number. (Compare Cratylus; Protag.)

Our hope of understanding the passage depends principally on an accurate study of the words themselves; on which a faint light is thrown by the parallel passage in the ninth book. Another help is the allusion in Aristotle, who makes the important remark that the latter part of the passage (Greek) describes a solid figure. (Pol.—'He only says that nothing is abiding, but that all things change in a certain cycle; and that the origin of the change is a base of numbers which are in the ratio of 4:3; and this when combined with a figure of five gives two harmonies; he means when the number of this figure becomes solid.') Some further clue may be gathered from the appearance of the Pythagorean triangle, which is denoted by the numbers 3, 4, 5, and in which, as in every right-angled triangle, the squares of the two lesser sides equal the square of the hypotenuse (9 + 16 = 25).

Plato begins by speaking of a perfect or cyclical number (Tim.), i.e. a number in which the sum of the divisors equals the whole; this is the divine or perfect number in which all lesser cycles or revolutions are complete. He also speaks of a human or imperfect number, having four terms and three intervals of numbers which are related to one another in certain proportions; these he converts into figures, and finds in them when they have been raised to the third power certain elements of number, which give two 'harmonies,' the one square, the other oblong; but he does not say that the square number answers to the divine, or the oblong number to the human cycle; nor is any intimation given that the first or divine number represents the period of the world, the second the period of the state, or of the human race as Zeller supposes; nor is the divine number afterwards mentioned (Arist.). The second is the number of generations or births, and presides over them in the same mysterious manner in which the stars preside over them, or in which, according to the Pythagoreans, opportunity, justice, marriage, are represented by some number or figure. This is probably the number 216.

The explanation given in the text supposes the two harmonies to make up the number 8000. This explanation derives a certain plausibility from the circumstance that 8000 is the ancient number of the Spartan citizens (Herod.), and would be what Plato might have called 'a number which nearly concerns the population of a city'; the mysterious disappearance of the Spartan population may possibly have suggested to him the first cause of his decline of States. The lesser or square 'harmony,' of 400, might be a symbol of the guardians,—the larger or oblong 'harmony,' of the people, and the numbers 3, 4, 5 might refer respectively to the three orders in the State or parts of the soul, the four virtues, the five forms of government. The harmony of the musical scale, which is elsewhere used as a symbol of the harmony of the state, is also indicated. For the numbers 3, 4, 5, which represent the sides of the Pythagorean triangle, also denote the intervals of the scale.

The terms used in the statement of the problem may be explained as follows. A perfect number (Greek), as already stated, is one which is equal to the sum of its divisors. Thus 6, which is the first perfect or cyclical number, = 1 + 2 + 3. The words (Greek), 'terms' or 'notes,' and (Greek), 'intervals,' are applicable to music as well as to number and figure. (Greek) is the 'base' on which the whole calculation depends, or the 'lowest term' from which it can be worked out. The words (Greek) have been variously translated—'squared and cubed' (Donaldson), 'equalling and equalled in power' (Weber), 'by involution and evolution,' i.e. by raising the power and extracting the root (as in the translation). Numbers are called 'like and unlike' (Greek) when the factors or the sides of the planes and cubes which they represent are or are not in the same ratio: e.g. 8 and 27 = 2 cubed and 3 cubed; and conversely. 'Waxing' (Greek) numbers, called also 'increasing' (Greek), are those which are exceeded by the sum of their divisors: e.g. 12 and 18 are less than 16 and 21. 'Waning' (Greek) numbers, called also 'decreasing' (Greek) are those which succeed the sum of their divisors: e.g. 8 and 27 exceed 7 and 13. The words translated 'commensurable and agreeable to one another' (Greek) seem to be different ways of describing the same relation, with more or less precision. They are equivalent to 'expressible in terms having the same relation to one another,' like the series 8, 12, 18, 27, each of which numbers is in the relation of (1 and 1/2) to the preceding. The 'base,' or 'fundamental number, which has 1/3 added to it' (1 and 1/3) = 4/3 or a musical fourth. (Greek) is a

‘proportion’ of numbers as of musical notes, applied either to the parts or factors of a single number or to the relation of one number to another. The first harmony is a ‘square’ number (Greek); the second harmony is an ‘oblong’ number (Greek), i.e. a number representing a figure of which the opposite sides only are equal. (Greek) = ‘numbers squared from’ or ‘upon diameters’; (Greek) = ‘rational,’ i.e. omitting fractions, (Greek), ‘irrational,’ i.e. including fractions; e.g. 49 is a square of the rational diameter of a figure the side of which = 5: 50, of an irrational diameter of the same. For several of the explanations here given and for a good deal besides I am indebted to an excellent article on the Platonic Number by Dr. Donaldson (Proc. of the Philol. Society).

The conclusions which he draws from these data are summed up by him as follows. Having assumed that the number of the perfect or divine cycle is the number of the world, and the number of the imperfect cycle the number of the state, he proceeds: ‘The period of the world is defined by the perfect number 6, that of the state by the cube of that number or 216, which is the product of the last pair of terms in the Platonic Tetractys (a series of seven terms, 1, 2, 3, 4, 9, 8, 27); and if we take this as the basis of our computation, we shall have two cube numbers (Greek), viz. 8 and 27; and the mean proportionals between these, viz. 12 and 18, will furnish three intervals and four terms, and these terms and intervals stand related to one another in the sesqui-altera ratio, i.e. each term is to the preceding as 3/2. Now if we remember that the number 216 = 8 x 27 = 3 cubed + 4 cubed + 5 cubed, and 3 squared + 4 squared = 5 squared, we must admit that this number implies the numbers 3, 4, 5, to which musicians attach so much importance. And if we combine the ratio 4/3 with the number 5, or multiply the ratios of the sides by the hypotenuse, we shall by first squaring and then cubing obtain two expressions, which denote the ratio of the two last pairs of terms in the Platonic Tetractys, the former multiplied by the square, the latter by the cube of the number 10, the sum of the first four digits which constitute the Platonic Tetractys.’ The two (Greek) he elsewhere explains as follows: ‘The first (Greek) is (Greek), in other words (4/3 x 5) all squared = 100 x 2 squared over 3 squared. The second (Greek), a cube of the same root, is described as 100 multiplied (alpha) by the rational diameter of 5 diminished by unity, i.e., as shown above, 48: (beta) by two incommensurable diameters, i.e. the two first irrationals, or 2 and 3: and (gamma) by the cube of 3, or 27. Thus we have (48 + 5 + 27) 100 = 1000 x 2 cubed. This second harmony is to be the cube of the number of which the former harmony is the square, and therefore must be divided by the cube of 3. In other words, the whole expression will be: (1), for the first harmony, 400/9: (2), for the second harmony, 8000/27.’

The reasons which have inclined me to agree with Dr. Donaldson and also with Schleiermacher in supposing that 216 is the Platonic number of births are: (1) that it coincides with the description of the number given in the first part of the passage (Greek...): (2) that the number 216 with its permutations would have been familiar to a Greek mathematician, though unfamiliar to us: (3) that 216 is the cube of 6, and also the sum of 3 cubed, 4 cubed, 5 cubed, the numbers 3, 4, 5 representing the Pythagorean triangle, of which the sides when squared equal the square of the hypotenuse (9 + 16 = 25): (4) that it is also the period of the Pythagorean Metempsychosis: (5) the three ultimate terms or bases (3, 4, 5) of which 216 is composed answer to the third, fourth, fifth in the musical scale: (6) that the number 216 is the product of the cubes of 2 and 3, which are the two last terms in the Platonic Tetractys: (7) that the Pythagorean triangle is said by Plutarch (de Is. et Osir.), Proclus (super prima Eucl.), and Quintilian (de Musica) to be contained in this passage, so that the tradition of the school seems to point in the same direction: (8) that the Pythagorean triangle is called also the figure of marriage (Greek).

But though agreeing with Dr. Donaldson thus far, I see no reason for supposing, as he does, that the first or perfect number is the world, the human or imperfect number the state; nor has he given any proof that the second harmony is a cube. Nor do I think that (Greek) can mean ‘two incommensurables,’ which he arbitrarily assumes to be 2 and 3, but rather, as the preceding clause implies, (Greek), i.e. two square numbers based upon irrational diameters of a figure the side of which is 5 = 50 x 2.

The greatest objection to the translation is the sense given to the words (Greek), ‘a base of three with a third added to it, multiplied by 5.’ In this somewhat forced manner Plato introduces once more the numbers of the Pythagorean triangle. But the coincidences in the numbers which follow are in favour of the explanation. The first harmony of 400, as has been already remarked, probably represents the rulers; the second and oblong harmony of 7600, the people.

And here we take leave of the difficulty. The discovery of the riddle would be useless, and would throw no light on ancient mathematics. The point of interest is that Plato should have used such a symbol, and that so much of the Pythagorean spirit should have prevailed in him. His general meaning is that divine creation is perfect, and is represented or presided over by a perfect or cyclical number; human generation is imperfect, and represented or presided over by an imperfect number or series of numbers. The number 5040, which is the number of the citizens in the Laws, is expressly based by him on utilitarian grounds, namely, the convenience of the number for division; it is also made up of the first seven digits multiplied by one another. The contrast of the perfect and imperfect number may have been easily suggested by the corrections of the cycle, which were made first by Meton and secondly by Callippus; (the latter is said to have been a pupil of Plato). Of the degree of importance or of exactness to be attributed

to the problem, the number of the tyrant in Book IX (729 = 365 x 2), and the slight correction of the error in the number 5040/12 (Laws), may furnish a criterion. There is nothing surprising in the circumstance that those who were seeking for order in nature and had found order in number, should have imagined one to give law to the other. Plato believes in a power of number far beyond what he could see realized in the world around him, and he knows the great influence which 'the little matter of 1, 2, 3' exercises upon education. He may even be thought to have a prophetic anticipation of the discoveries of Quetelet and others, that numbers depend upon numbers; e.g.—in population, the numbers of births and the respective numbers of children born of either sex, on the respective ages of parents, i.e. on other numbers.

BOOK IX. Last of all comes the tyrannical man, about whom we have to enquire, Whence is he, and how does he live—in happiness or in misery? There is, however, a previous question of the nature and number of the appetites, which I should like to consider first. Some of them are unlawful, and yet admit of being chastened and weakened in various degrees by the power of reason and law. 'What appetites do you mean?' I mean those which are awake when the reasoning powers are asleep, which get up and walk about naked without any self-respect or shame; and there is no conceivable folly or crime, however cruel or unnatural, of which, in imagination, they may not be guilty. 'True,' he said; 'very true.' But when a man's pulse beats temperately; and he has supped on a feast of reason and come to a knowledge of himself before going to rest, and has satisfied his desires just enough to prevent their perturbing his reason, which remains clear and luminous, and when he is free from quarrel and heat,—the visions which he has on his bed are least irregular and abnormal. Even in good men there is such an irregular wild-beast nature, which peers out in sleep.

To return:—You remember what was said of the democrat; that he was the son of a miserly father, who encouraged the saving desires and repressed the ornamental and expensive ones; presently the youth got into fine company, and began to entertain a dislike to his father's narrow ways; and being a better man than the corrupters of his youth, he came to a mean, and led a life, not of lawless or slavish passion, but of regular and successive indulgence. Now imagine that the youth has become a father, and has a son who is exposed to the same temptations, and has companions who lead him into every sort of iniquity, and parents and friends who try to keep him right. The counsellors of evil find that their only chance of retaining him is to implant in his soul a monster drone, or love; while other desires buzz around him and mystify him with sweet sounds and scents, this monster love takes possession of him, and puts an end to every true or modest thought or wish. Love, like drunkenness and madness, is a tyranny; and the tyrannical man, whether made by nature or habit, is just a drinking, lusting, furious sort of animal.

And how does such an one live? 'Nay, that you must tell me.' Well then, I fancy that he will live amid revelries and harlotries, and love will be the lord and master of the house. Many desires require much money, and so he spends all that he has and borrows more; and when he has nothing the young ravens are still in the nest in which they were hatched, crying for food. Love urges them on; and they must be gratified by force or fraud, or if not, they become painful and troublesome; and as the new pleasures succeed the old ones, so will the son take possession of the goods of his parents; if they show signs of refusing, he will defraud and deceive them; and if they openly resist, what then? 'I can only say, that I should not much like to be in their place.' But, O heavens, Adeimantus, to think that for some new-fangled and unnecessary love he will give up his old father and mother, best and dearest of friends, or enslave them to the fancies of the hour! Truly a tyrannical son is a blessing to his father and mother! When there is no more to be got out of them, he turns burglar or pickpocket, or robs a temple. Love overmasters the thoughts of his youth, and he becomes in sober reality the monster that he was sometimes in sleep. He waxes strong in all violence and lawlessness; and is ready for any deed of daring that will supply the wants of his rabble-rout. In a well-ordered State there are only a few such, and these in time of war go out and become the mercenaries of a tyrant. But in time of peace they stay at home and do mischief; they are the thieves, footpads, cut-purses, man-stealers of the community; or if they are able to speak, they turn false-witnesses and informers. 'No small catalogue of crimes truly, even if the perpetrators are few.' Yes, I said; but small and great are relative terms, and no crimes which are committed by them approach those of the tyrant, whom this class, growing strong and numerous, create out of themselves. If the people yield, well and good, but, if they resist, then, as before he beat his father and mother, so now he beats his fatherland and motherland, and places his mercenaries over them. Such men in their early days live with flatterers, and they themselves flatter others, in order to gain their ends; but they soon discard their followers when they have no longer any need of them; they are always either masters or servants,—the joys of friendship are unknown to them. And they are utterly treacherous and unjust, if the nature of justice be at all understood by us. They realize our dream; and he who is the most of a tyrant by nature, and leads the life of a tyrant for the longest time, will be the worst of them, and being the worst of them, will also be the most miserable.

Like man, like State,—the tyrannical man will answer to tyranny, which is the extreme opposite of the royal State; for one is the best and the other the worst. But which is the happier? Great and terrible as the tyrant may appear enthroned amid his satellites, let us not be afraid to go in and ask; and the answer is, that the monarchical is the happiest, and the tyrannical the most miserable of States. And may we not ask the same question about the men themselves, requesting some one to look into them who is able to penetrate the inner nature of man, and will not be panic-struck by the vain pomp of tyranny? I will suppose that he is one who has lived with him, and has seen him in family life, or perhaps in the hour of trouble and danger.

Assuming that we ourselves are the impartial judge for whom we seek, let us begin by comparing the individual and State, and ask first of all, whether the State is likely to be free or enslaved—Will there not be a little freedom and a great deal of slavery? And the freedom is of the bad, and the slavery of the good; and this applies to the man as well as to the State; for his soul is full of meanness and slavery, and the better part is enslaved to the worse. He cannot do what he would, and his mind is full of confusion; he is the very reverse of a freeman. The State will be poor and full of misery and sorrow; and the man's soul will also be poor and full of sorrows, and he will be the most miserable of men. No, not the most miserable, for there is yet a more miserable. 'Who is that?' The tyrannical man who has the misfortune also to become a public tyrant. 'There I suspect that you are right.' Say rather, 'I am sure;' conjecture is out of place in an enquiry of this nature. He is like a wealthy owner of slaves, only he has more of them than any private individual. You will say, 'The owners of slaves are not generally in any fear of them.' But why? Because the whole city is in a league which protects the individual. Suppose however that one of these owners and his household is carried off by a god into a wilderness, where there are no freemen to help him—will he not be in an agony of terror?—will he not be compelled to flatter his slaves and to promise them many things sore against his will? And suppose the same god who carried him off were to surround him with neighbours who declare that no man ought to have slaves, and that the owners of them should be punished with death. 'Still worse and worse! He will be in the midst of his enemies.' And is not our tyrant such a captive soul, who is tormented by a swarm of passions which he cannot indulge; living indoors always like a woman, and jealous of those who can go out and see the world?

Having so many evils, will not the most miserable of men be still more miserable in a public station? Master of others when he is not master of himself; like a sick man who is compelled to be an athlete; the meanest of slaves and the most abject of flatterers; wanting all things, and never able to satisfy his desires; always in fear and distraction, like the State of which he is the representative. His jealous, hateful, faithless temper grows worse with command; he is more and more faithless, envious, unrighteous,—the most wretched of men, a misery to himself and to others. And so let us have a final trial and proclamation; need we hire a herald, or shall I proclaim the result? 'Made the proclamation yourself.' The son of Ariston (the best) is of opinion that the best and justest of men is also the happiest, and that this is he who is the most royal master of himself; and that the unjust man is he who is the greatest tyrant of himself and of his State. And I add further—'seen or unseen by gods or men.'

This is our first proof. The second is derived from the three kinds of pleasure, which answer to the three elements of the soul—reason, passion, desire; under which last is comprehended avarice as well as sensual appetite, while passion includes ambition, party-feeling, love of reputation. Reason, again, is solely directed to the attainment of truth, and careless of money and reputation. In accordance with the difference of men's natures, one of these three principles is in the ascendant, and they have their several pleasures corresponding to them. Interrogate now the three natures, and each one will be found praising his own pleasures and depreciating those of others. The money-maker will contrast the vanity of knowledge with the solid advantages of wealth. The ambitious man will despise knowledge which brings no honour; whereas the philosopher will regard only the fruition of truth, and will call other pleasures necessary rather than good. Now, how shall we decide between them? Is there any better criterion than experience and knowledge? And which of the three has the truest knowledge and the widest experience? The experience of youth makes the philosopher acquainted with the two kinds of desire, but the avaricious and the ambitious man never taste the pleasures of truth and wisdom. Honour he has equally with them; they are 'judged of him,' but he is 'not judged of them,' for they never attain to the knowledge of true being. And his instrument is reason, whereas their standard is only wealth and honour; and if by reason we are to judge, his good will be the truest. And so we arrive at the result that the pleasure of the rational part of the soul, and a life passed in such pleasure is the pleasantest. He who has a right to judge judges thus. Next comes the life of ambition, and, in the third place, that of money-making.

Twice has the just man overthrown the unjust—once more, as in an Olympian contest, first offering up a prayer to the saviour Zeus, let him try a fall. A wise man whispers to me that the pleasures of the wise are true and pure; all others are a shadow only. Let us examine this: Is not pleasure opposed to pain, and is there not a mean state which is neither? When a man is sick, nothing is more pleasant to him than health. But this he never found out while he was well. In pain he desires only to cease from pain; on the other

hand, when he is in an ecstasy of pleasure, rest is painful to him. Thus rest or cessation is both pleasure and pain. But can that which is neither become both? Again, pleasure and pain are motions, and the absence of them is rest; but if so, how can the absence of either of them be the other? Thus we are led to infer that the contradiction is an appearance only, and witchery of the senses. And these are not the only pleasures, for there are others which have no preceding pains. Pure pleasure then is not the absence of pain, nor pure pain the absence of pleasure; although most of the pleasures which reach the mind through the body are reliefs of pain, and have not only their reactions when they depart, but their anticipations before they come. They can be best described in a simile. There is in nature an upper, lower, and middle region, and he who passes from the lower to the middle imagines that he is going up and is already in the upper world; and if he were taken back again would think, and truly think, that he was descending. All this arises out of his ignorance of the true upper, middle, and lower regions. And a like confusion happens with pleasure and pain, and with many other things. The man who compares grey with black, calls grey white; and the man who compares absence of pain with pain, calls the absence of pain pleasure. Again, hunger and thirst are inanitions of the body, ignorance and folly of the soul; and food is the satisfaction of the one, knowledge of the other. Now which is the purer satisfaction—that of eating and drinking, or that of knowledge? Consider the matter thus: The satisfaction of that which has more existence is truer than of that which has less. The invariable and immortal has a more real existence than the variable and mortal, and has a corresponding measure of knowledge and truth. The soul, again, has more existence and truth and knowledge than the body, and is therefore more really satisfied and has a more natural pleasure. Those who feast only on earthly food, are always going at random up to the middle and down again; but they never pass into the true upper world, or have a taste of true pleasure. They are like fatted beasts, full of gluttony and sensuality, and ready to kill one another by reason of their insatiable lust; for they are not filled with true being, and their vessel is leaky (Gorgias). Their pleasures are mere shadows of pleasure, mixed with pain, coloured and intensified by contrast, and therefore intensely desired; and men go fighting about them, as Stesichorus says that the Greeks fought about the shadow of Helen at Troy, because they know not the truth.

The same may be said of the passionate element:—the desires of the ambitious soul, as well as of the covetous, have an inferior satisfaction. Only when under the guidance of reason do either of the other principles do their own business or attain the pleasure which is natural to them. When not attaining, they compel the other parts of the soul to pursue a shadow of pleasure which is not theirs. And the more distant they are from philosophy and reason, the more distant they will be from law and order, and the more illusive will be their pleasures. The desires of love and tyranny are the farthest from law, and those of the king are nearest to it. There is one genuine pleasure, and two spurious ones: the tyrant goes beyond even the latter; he has run away altogether from law and reason. Nor can the measure of his inferiority be told, except in a figure. The tyrant is the third removed from the oligarch, and has therefore, not a shadow of his pleasure, but the shadow of a shadow only. The oligarch, again, is thrice removed from the king, and thus we get the formula 3 x 3, which is the number of a surface, representing the shadow which is the tyrant's pleasure, and if you like to cube this 'number of the beast,' you will find that the measure of the difference amounts to 729; the king is 729 times more happy than the tyrant. And this extraordinary number is NEARLY equal to the number of days and nights in a year (365 x 2 = 730); and is therefore concerned with human life. This is the interval between a good and bad man in happiness only: what must be the difference between them in comeliness of life and virtue!

Perhaps you may remember some one saying at the beginning of our discussion that the unjust man was profited if he had the reputation of justice. Now that we know the nature of justice and injustice, let us make an image of the soul, which will personify his words. First of all, fashion a multitudinous beast, having a ring of heads of all manner of animals, tame and wild, and able to produce and change them at pleasure. Suppose now another form of a lion, and another of a man; the second smaller than the first, the third than the second; join them together and cover them with a human skin, in which they are completely concealed. When this has been done, let us tell the supporter of injustice that he is feeding up the beasts and starving the man. The maintainer of justice, on the other hand, is trying to strengthen the man; he is nourishing the gentle principle within him, and making an alliance with the lion heart, in order that he may be able to keep down the many-headed hydra, and bring all into unity with each other and with themselves. Thus in every point of view, whether in relation to pleasure, honour, or advantage, the just man is right, and the unjust wrong.

But now, let us reason with the unjust, who is not intentionally in error. Is not the noble that which subjects the beast to the man, or rather to the God in man; the ignoble, that which subjects the man to the beast? And if so, who would receive gold on condition that he was to degrade the noblest part of himself under the worst?—who would sell his son or daughter into the hands of brutal and evil men, for any amount of money? And will he sell his own fairer and diviner part without any compunction to the most godless and foul? Would he not be worse than Eriphyle, who sold her husband's life for a necklace? And intemperance is the letting loose of the multiform monster, and pride and sullenness are the growth and increase of the lion and serpent element, while luxury and

effeminacy are caused by a too great relaxation of spirit. Flattery and meanness again arise when the spirited element is subjected to avarice, and the lion is habituated to become a monkey. The real disgrace of handicraft arts is, that those who are engaged in them have to flatter, instead of mastering their desires; therefore we say that they should be placed under the control of the better principle in another because they have none in themselves; not, as Thrasymachus imagined, to the injury of the subjects, but for their good. And our intention in educating the young, is to give them self-control; the law desires to nurse up in them a higher principle, and when they have acquired this, they may go their ways.

'What, then, shall a man profit, if he gain the whole world' and become more and more wicked? Or what shall he profit by escaping discovery, if the concealment of evil prevents the cure? If he had been punished, the brute within him would have been silenced, and the gentler element liberated; and he would have united temperance, justice, and wisdom in his soul—a union better far than any combination of bodily gifts. The man of understanding will honour knowledge above all; in the next place he will keep under his body, not only for the sake of health and strength, but in order to attain the most perfect harmony of body and soul. In the acquisition of riches, too, he will aim at order and harmony; he will not desire to heap up wealth without measure, but he will fear that the increase of wealth will disturb the constitution of his own soul. For the same reason he will only accept such honours as will make him a better man; any others he will decline. 'In that case,' said he, 'he will never be a politician.' Yes, but he will, in his own city; though probably not in his native country, unless by some divine accident. 'You mean that he will be a citizen of the ideal city, which has no place upon earth.' But in heaven, I replied, there is a pattern of such a city, and he who wishes may order his life after that image. Whether such a state is or ever will be matters not; he will act according to that pattern and no other...

The most noticeable points in the 9th Book of the Republic are:—(1) the account of pleasure; (2) the number of the interval which divides the king from the tyrant; (3) the pattern which is in heaven.

1. Plato's account of pleasure is remarkable for moderation, and in this respect contrasts with the later Platonists and the views which are attributed to them by Aristotle. He is not, like the Cynics, opposed to all pleasure, but rather desires that the several parts of the soul shall have their natural satisfaction; he even agrees with the Epicureans in describing pleasure as something more than the absence of pain. This is proved by the circumstance that there are pleasures which have no antecedent pains (as he also remarks in the Philebus), such as the pleasures of smell, and also the pleasures of hope and anticipation. In the previous book he had made the distinction between necessary and unnecessary pleasure, which is repeated by Aristotle, and he now observes that there are a further class of 'wild beast' pleasures, corresponding to Aristotle's (Greek). He dwells upon the relative and unreal character of sensual pleasures and the illusion which arises out of the contrast of pleasure and pain, pointing out the superiority of the pleasures of reason, which are at rest, over the fleeting pleasures of sense and emotion. The pre-eminence of royal pleasure is shown by the fact that reason is able to form a judgment of the lower pleasures, while the two lower parts of the soul are incapable of judging the pleasures of reason. Thus, in his treatment of pleasure, as in many other subjects, the philosophy of Plato is 'sawn up into quantities' by Aristotle; the analysis which was originally made by him became in the next generation the foundation of further technical distinctions. Both in Plato and Aristotle we note the illusion under which the ancients fell of regarding the transience of pleasure as a proof of its unreality, and of confounding the permanence of the intellectual pleasures with the unchangeableness of the knowledge from which they are derived. Neither do we like to admit that the pleasures of knowledge, though more elevating, are not more lasting than other pleasures, and are almost equally dependent on the accidents of our bodily state (Introduction to Philebus).

2. The number of the interval which separates the king from the tyrant, and royal from tyrannical pleasures, is 729, the cube of 9. Which Plato characteristically designates as a number concerned with human life, because NEARLY equivalent to the number of days and nights in the year. He is desirous of proclaiming that the interval between them is immeasurable, and invents a formula to give expression to his idea. Those who spoke of justice as a cube, of virtue as an art of measuring (Prot.), saw no inappropriateness in conceiving the soul under the figure of a line, or the pleasure of the tyrant as separated from the pleasure of the king by the numerical interval of 729. And in modern times we sometimes use metaphorically what Plato employed as a philosophical formula. 'It is not easy to estimate the loss of the tyrant, except perhaps in this way,' says Plato. So we might say, that although the life of a good man is not to be compared to that of a bad man, yet you may measure the difference between them by valuing one minute of the one at an hour of the other ('One day in thy courts is better than a thousand'), or you might say that 'there is an infinite difference.' But this is not so much as saying, in homely phrase, 'They are a thousand miles asunder.' And accordingly Plato finds the natural vehicle of his thoughts in a progression of numbers; this arithmetical formula he draws out with the utmost seriousness, and both here and in the number of generation seems to find an additional proof of the truth of his speculation in forming the number into a geometrical figure; just as persons in our own day are apt to fancy that a statement is verified when it has

been only thrown into an abstract form. In speaking of the number 729 as proper to human life, he probably intended to intimate that one year of the tyrannical = 12 hours of the royal life.

The simple observation that the comparison of two similar solids is effected by the comparison of the cubes of their sides, is the mathematical groundwork of this fanciful expression. There is some difficulty in explaining the steps by which the number 729 is obtained; the oligarch is removed in the third degree from the royal and aristocratical, and the tyrant in the third degree from the oligarchical; but we have to arrange the terms as the sides of a square and to count the oligarch twice over, thus reckoning them not as = 5 but as = 9. The square of 9 is passed lightly over as only a step towards the cube.

3. Towards the close of the Republic, Plato seems to be more and more convinced of the ideal character of his own speculations. At the end of the 9th Book the pattern which is in heaven takes the place of the city of philosophers on earth. The vision which has received form and substance at his hands, is now discovered to be at a distance. And yet this distant kingdom is also the rule of man's life. ('Say not lo! here, or lo! there, for the kingdom of God is within you.') Thus a note is struck which prepares for the revelation of a future life in the following Book. But the future life is present still; the ideal of politics is to be realized in the individual.

BOOK X. Many things pleased me in the order of our State, but there was nothing which I liked better than the regulation about poetry. The division of the soul throws a new light on our exclusion of imitation. I do not mind telling you in confidence that all poetry is an outrage on the understanding, unless the hearers have that balm of knowledge which heals error. I have loved Homer ever since I was a boy, and even now he appears to me to be the great master of tragic poetry. But much as I love the man, I love truth more, and therefore I must speak out: and first of all, will you explain what is imitation, for really I do not understand? 'How likely then that I should understand!' That might very well be, for the duller often sees better than the keener eye. 'True, but in your presence I can hardly venture to say what I think.' Then suppose that we begin in our old fashion, with the doctrine of universals. Let us assume the existence of beds and tables. There is one idea of a bed, or of a table, which the maker of each had in his mind when making them; he did not make the ideas of beds and tables, but he made beds and tables according to the ideas. And is there not a maker of the works of all workmen, who makes not only vessels but plants and animals, himself, the earth and heaven, and things in heaven and under the earth? He makes the Gods also. 'He must be a wizard indeed!' But do you not see that there is a sense in which you could do the same? You have only to take a mirror, and catch the reflection of the sun, and the earth, or anything else—there now you have made them. 'Yes, but only in appearance.' Exactly so; and the painter is such a creator as you are with the mirror, and he is even more unreal than the carpenter; although neither the carpenter nor any other artist can be supposed to make the absolute bed. 'Not if philosophers may be believed.' Nor need we wonder that his bed has but an imperfect relation to the truth. Reflect:—Here are three beds; one in nature, which is made by God; another, which is made by the carpenter; and the third, by the painter. God only made one, nor could he have made more than one; for if there had been two, there would always have been a third—more absolute and abstract than either, under which they would have been included. We may therefore conceive God to be the natural maker of the bed, and in a lower sense the carpenter is also the maker; but the painter is rather the imitator of what the other two make; he has to do with a creation which is thrice removed from reality. And the tragic poet is an imitator, and, like every other imitator, is thrice removed from the king and from the truth. The painter imitates not the original bed, but the bed made by the carpenter. And this, without being really different, appears to be different, and has many points of view, of which only one is caught by the painter, who represents everything because he represents a piece of everything, and that piece an image. And he can paint any other artist, although he knows nothing of their arts; and this with sufficient skill to deceive children or simple people. Suppose now that somebody came to us and told us, how he had met a man who knew all that everybody knows, and better than anybody:—should we not infer him to be a simpleton who, having no discernment of truth and falsehood, had met with a wizard or enchanter, whom he fancied to be all-wise? And when we hear persons saying that Homer and the tragedians know all the arts and all the virtues, must we not infer that they are under a similar delusion? they do not see that the poets are imitators, and that their creations are only imitations. 'Very true.' But if a person could create as well as imitate, he would rather leave some permanent work and not an imitation only; he would rather be the receiver than the giver of praise? 'Yes, for then he would have more honour and advantage.'

Let us now interrogate Homer and the poets. Friend Homer, say I to him, I am not going to ask you about medicine, or any art to which your poems incidentally refer, but about their main subjects—war, military tactics, politics. If you are only twice and not thrice removed from the truth—not an imitator or an image-maker, please to inform us what good you have ever done to mankind? Is there any city which professes to have received laws from you, as Sicily and Italy have from Charondas, Sparta from Lycurgus, Athens from Solon? Or was any war ever carried on by your counsels? or is any invention attributed to you, as there is to Thales and Anacharsis? Or is there any Homeric way of life, such as the Pythagorean was, in which you instructed men, and which is

called after you? ‘No, indeed; and Creophylus (Flesh-child) was even more unfortunate in his breeding than he was in his name, if, as tradition says, Homer in his lifetime was allowed by him and his other friends to starve.’ Yes, but could this ever have happened if Homer had really been the educator of Hellas? Would he not have had many devoted followers? If Protagoras and Prodicus can persuade their contemporaries that no one can manage house or State without them, is it likely that Homer and Hesiod would have been allowed to go about as beggars—I mean if they had really been able to do the world any good?—would not men have compelled them to stay where they were, or have followed them about in order to get education? But they did not; and therefore we may infer that Homer and all the poets are only imitators, who do but imitate the appearances of things. For as a painter by a knowledge of figure and colour can paint a cobbler without any practice in cobbling, so the poet can delineate any art in the colours of language, and give harmony and rhythm to the cobbler and also to the general; and you know how mere narration, when deprived of the ornaments of metre, is like a face which has lost the beauty of youth and never had any other. Once more, the imitator has no knowledge of reality, but only of appearance. The painter paints, and the artificer makes a bridle and reins, but neither understands the use of them—the knowledge of this is confined to the horseman; and so of other things. Thus we have three arts: one of use, another of invention, a third of imitation; and the user furnishes the rule to the two others. The flute-player will know the good and bad flute, and the maker will put faith in him; but the imitator will neither know nor have faith—neither science nor true opinion can be ascribed to him. Imitation, then, is devoid of knowledge, being only a kind of play or sport, and the tragic and epic poets are imitators in the highest degree.

And now let us enquire, what is the faculty in man which answers to imitation. Allow me to explain my meaning: Objects are differently seen when in the water and when out of the water, when near and when at a distance; and the painter or juggler makes use of this variation to impose upon us. And the art of measuring and weighing and calculating comes in to save our bewildered minds from the power of appearance; for, as we were saying, two contrary opinions of the same about the same and at the same time, cannot both of them be true. But which of them is true is determined by the art of calculation; and this is allied to the better faculty in the soul, as the arts of imitation are to the worse. And the same holds of the ear as well as of the eye, of poetry as well as painting. The imitation is of actions voluntary or involuntary, in which there is an expectation of a good or bad result, and present experience of pleasure and pain. But is a man in harmony with himself when he is the subject of these conflicting influences? Is there not rather a contradiction in him? Let me further ask, whether he is more likely to control sorrow when he is alone or when he is in company. ‘In the latter case.’ Feeling would lead him to indulge his sorrow, but reason and law control him and enjoin patience; since he cannot know whether his affliction is good or evil, and no human thing is of any great consequence, while sorrow is certainly a hindrance to good counsel. For when we stumble, we should not, like children, make an uproar; we should take the measures which reason prescribes, not raising a lament, but finding a cure. And the better part of us is ready to follow reason, while the irrational principle is full of sorrow and distraction at the recollection of our troubles. Unfortunately, however, this latter furnishes the chief materials of the imitative arts. Whereas reason is ever in repose and cannot easily be displayed, especially to a mixed multitude who have no experience of her. Thus the poet is like the painter in two ways: first he paints an inferior degree of truth, and secondly, he is concerned with an inferior part of the soul. He indulges the feelings, while he enfeebles the reason; and we refuse to allow him to have authority over the mind of man; for he has no measure of greater and less, and is a maker of images and very far gone from truth.

But we have not yet mentioned the heaviest count in the indictment—the power which poetry has of injuriously exciting the feelings. When we hear some passage in which a hero laments his sufferings at tedious length, you know that we sympathize with him and praise the poet; and yet in our own sorrows such an exhibition of feeling is regarded as effeminate and unmanly (Ion). Now, ought a man to feel pleasure in seeing another do what he hates and abominates in himself? Is he not giving way to a sentiment which in his own case he would control?—he is off his guard because the sorrow is another’s; and he thinks that he may indulge his feelings without disgrace, and will be the gainer by the pleasure. But the inevitable consequence is that he who begins by weeping at the sorrows of others, will end by weeping at his own. The same is true of comedy,—you may often laugh at buffoonery which you would be ashamed to utter, and the love of coarse merriment on the stage will at last turn you into a buffoon at home. Poetry feeds and waters the passions and desires; she lets them rule instead of ruling them. And therefore, when we hear the encomiasts of Homer affirming that he is the educator of Hellas, and that all life should be regulated by his precepts, we may allow the excellence of their intentions, and agree with them in thinking Homer a great poet and tragedian. But we shall continue to prohibit all poetry which goes beyond hymns to the Gods and praises of famous men. Not pleasure and pain, but law and reason shall rule in our State.

These are our grounds for expelling poetry; but lest she should charge us with discourtesy, let us also make an apology to her. We will remind her that there is an ancient quarrel between poetry and philosophy, of which there are many traces in the writings of the

poets, such as the saying of ‘the she-dog, yelping at her mistress,’ and ‘the philosophers who are ready to circumvent Zeus,’ and ‘the philosophers who are paupers.’ Nevertheless we bear her no ill-will, and will gladly allow her to return upon condition that she makes a defence of herself in verse; and her supporters who are not poets may speak in prose. We confess her charms; but if she cannot show that she is useful as well as delightful, like rational lovers, we must renounce our love, though endeared to us by early associations. Having come to years of discretion, we know that poetry is not truth, and that a man should be careful how he introduces her to that state or constitution which he himself is; for there is a mighty issue at stake—no less than the good or evil of a human soul. And it is not worth while to forsake justice and virtue for the attractions of poetry, any more than for the sake of honour or wealth. ‘I agree with you.’

And yet the rewards of virtue are greater far than I have described. ‘And can we conceive things greater still?’ Not, perhaps, in this brief span of life: but should an immortal being care about anything short of eternity? ‘I do not understand what you mean?’ Do you not know that the soul is immortal? ‘Surely you are not prepared to prove that?’ Indeed I am. ‘Then let me hear this argument, of which you make so light.’

You would admit that everything has an element of good and of evil. In all things there is an inherent corruption; and if this cannot destroy them, nothing else will. The soul too has her own corrupting principles, which are injustice, intemperance, cowardice, and the like. But none of these destroy the soul in the same sense that disease destroys the body. The soul may be full of all iniquities, but is not, by reason of them, brought any nearer to death. Nothing which was not destroyed from within ever perished by external affection of evil. The body, which is one thing, cannot be destroyed by food, which is another, unless the badness of the food is communicated to the body. Neither can the soul, which is one thing, be corrupted by the body, which is another, unless she herself is infected. And as no bodily evil can infect the soul, neither can any bodily evil, whether disease or violence, or any other destroy the soul, unless it can be shown to render her unholy and unjust. But no one will ever prove that the souls of men become more unjust when they die. If a person has the audacity to say the contrary, the answer is—Then why do criminals require the hand of the executioner, and not die of themselves? ‘Truly,’ he said, ‘injustice would not be very terrible if it brought a cessation of evil; but I rather believe that the injustice which murders others may tend to quicken and stimulate the life of the unjust.’ You are quite right. If sin which is her own natural and inherent evil cannot destroy the soul, hardly will anything else destroy her. But the soul which cannot be destroyed either by internal or external evil must be immortal and everlasting. And if this be true, souls will always exist in the same number. They cannot diminish, because they cannot be destroyed; nor yet increase, for the increase of the immortal must come from something mortal, and so all would end in immortality. Neither is the soul variable and diverse; for that which is immortal must be of the fairest and simplest composition. If we would conceive her truly, and so behold justice and injustice in their own nature, she must be viewed by the light of reason pure as at birth, or as she is reflected in philosophy when holding converse with the divine and immortal and eternal. In her present condition we see her only like the sea-god Glaucus, bruised and maimed in the sea which is the world, and covered with shells and stones which are incrusted upon her from the entertainments of earth.

Thus far, as the argument required, we have said nothing of the rewards and honours which the poets attribute to justice; we have contented ourselves with showing that justice in herself is best for the soul in herself, even if a man should put on a Gyges’ ring and have the helmet of Hades too. And now you shall repay me what you borrowed; and I will enumerate the rewards of justice in life and after death. I granted, for the sake of argument, as you will remember, that evil might perhaps escape the knowledge of Gods and men, although this was really impossible. And since I have shown that justice has reality, you must grant me also that she has the palm of appearance. In the first place, the just man is known to the Gods, and he is therefore the friend of the Gods, and he will receive at their hands every good, always excepting such evil as is the necessary consequence of former sins. All things end in good to him, either in life or after death, even what appears to be evil; for the Gods have a care of him who desires to be in their likeness. And what shall we say of men? Is not honesty the best policy? The clever rogue makes a great start at first, but breaks down before he reaches the goal, and slinks away in dishonour; whereas the true runner perseveres to the end, and receives the prize. And you must allow me to repeat all the blessings which you attributed to the fortunate unjust—they bear rule in the city, they marry and give in marriage to whom they will; and the evils which you attributed to the unfortunate just, do really fall in the end on the unjust, although, as you implied, their sufferings are better veiled in silence.

But all the blessings of this present life are as nothing when compared with those which await good men after death. ‘I should like to hear about them.’ Come, then, and I will tell you the story of Er, the son of Armenius, a valiant man. He was supposed to have died in battle, but ten days afterwards his body was found untouched by corruption and sent home for burial. On the twelfth day he was placed on the funeral pyre and there he came to life again, and told what he had seen in the world below. He said that his soul went with a great company to a place, in which there were two chasms near together in the earth beneath, and two corresponding

chasms in the heaven above. And there were judges sitting in the intermediate space, bidding the just ascend by the heavenly way on the right hand, having the seal of their judgment set upon them before, while the unjust, having the seal behind, were bidden to descend by the way on the left hand. Him they told to look and listen, as he was to be their messenger to men from the world below. And he beheld and saw the souls departing after judgment at either chasm; some who came from earth, were worn and travel-stained; others, who came from heaven, were clean and bright. They seemed glad to meet and rest awhile in the meadow; here they discoursed with one another of what they had seen in the other world. Those who came from earth wept at the remembrance of their sorrows, but the spirits from above spoke of glorious sights and heavenly bliss. He said that for every evil deed they were punished tenfold—now the journey was of a thousand years' duration, because the life of man was reckoned as a hundred years—and the rewards of virtue were in the same proportion. He added something hardly worth repeating about infants dying almost as soon as they were born. Of parricides and other murderers he had tortures still more terrible to narrate. He was present when one of the spirits asked—Where is Ardiaeus the Great? (This Ardiaeus was a cruel tyrant, who had murdered his father, and his elder brother, a thousand years before.) Another spirit answered, 'He comes not hither, and will never come. And I myself,' he added, 'actually saw this terrible sight. At the entrance of the chasm, as we were about to reascend, Ardiaeus appeared, and some other sinners—most of whom had been tyrants, but not all—and just as they fancied that they were returning to life, the chasm gave a roar, and then wild, fiery-looking men who knew the meaning of the sound, seized him and several others, and bound them hand and foot and threw them down, and dragged them along at the side of the road, lacerating them and carding them like wool, and explaining to the passers-by, that they were going to be cast into hell.' The greatest terror of the pilgrims ascending was lest they should hear the voice, and when there was silence one by one they passed up with joy. To these sufferings there were corresponding delights.

On the eighth day the souls of the pilgrims resumed their journey, and in four days came to a spot whence they looked down upon a line of light, in colour like a rainbow, only brighter and clearer. One day more brought them to the place, and they saw that this was the column of light which binds together the whole universe. The ends of the column were fastened to heaven, and from them hung the distaff of Necessity, on which all the heavenly bodies turned—the hook and spindle were of adamant, and the whorl of a mixed substance. The whorl was in form like a number of boxes fitting into one another with their edges turned upwards, making together a single whorl which was pierced by the spindle. The outermost had the rim broadest, and the inner whorls were smaller and smaller, and had their rims narrower. The largest (the fixed stars) was spangled—the seventh (the sun) was brightest—the eighth (the moon) shone by the light of the seventh—the second and fifth (Saturn and Mercury) were most like one another and yellower than the eighth—the third (Jupiter) had the whitest light—the fourth (Mars) was red—the sixth (Venus) was in whiteness second. The whole had one motion, but while this was revolving in one direction the seven inner circles were moving in the opposite, with various degrees of swiftness and slowness. The spindle turned on the knees of Necessity, and a Siren stood hymning upon each circle, while Lachesis, Clotho, and Atropos, the daughters of Necessity, sat on thrones at equal intervals, singing of past, present, and future, responsive to the music of the Sirens; Clotho from time to time guiding the outer circle with a touch of her right hand; Atropos with her left hand touching and guiding the inner circles; Lachesis in turn putting forth her hand from time to time to guide both of them. On their arrival the pilgrims went to Lachesis, and there was an interpreter who arranged them, and taking from her knees lots, and samples of lives, got up into a pulpit and said: 'Mortal souls, hear the words of Lachesis, the daughter of Necessity. A new period of mortal life has begun, and you may choose what divinity you please; the responsibility of choosing is with you—God is blameless.' After speaking thus, he cast the lots among them and each one took up the lot which fell near him. He then placed on the ground before them the samples of lives, many more than the souls present; and there were all sorts of lives, of men and of animals. There were tyrannies ending in misery and exile, and lives of men and women famous for their different qualities; and also mixed lives, made up of wealth and poverty, sickness and health. Here, Glaucon, is the great risk of human life, and therefore the whole of education should be directed to the acquisition of such a knowledge as will teach a man to refuse the evil and choose the good. He should know all the combinations which occur in life—of beauty with poverty or with wealth,—of knowledge with external goods,—and at last choose with reference to the nature of the soul, regarding that only as the better life which makes men better, and leaving the rest. And a man must take with him an iron sense of truth and right into the world below, that there too he may remain undazzled by wealth or the allurements of evil, and be determined to avoid the extremes and choose the mean. For this, as the messenger reported the interpreter to have said, is the true happiness of man; and any one, as he proclaimed, may, if he choose with understanding, have a good lot, even though he come last. 'Let not the first be careless in his choice, nor the last despair.' He spoke; and when he had spoken, he who had drawn the first lot chose a tyranny: he did not see that he was fated to devour his own children—and when he discovered his mistake, he wept and beat his breast, blaming chance and the Gods and anybody rather than himself. He was one of those who had come from heaven, and in his previous life had been a citizen of a well-ordered State, but he had only habit and no philosophy. Like many another, he made a bad choice, because he

had no experience of life; whereas those who came from earth and had seen trouble were not in such a hurry to choose. But if a man had followed philosophy while upon earth, and had been moderately fortunate in his lot, he might not only be happy here, but his pilgrimage both from and to this world would be smooth and heavenly. Nothing was more curious than the spectacle of the choice, at once sad and laughable and wonderful; most of the souls only seeking to avoid their own condition in a previous life. He saw the soul of Orpheus changing into a swan because he would not be born of a woman; there was Thamyras becoming a nightingale; musical birds, like the swan, choosing to be men; the twentieth soul, which was that of Ajax, preferring the life of a lion to that of a man, in remembrance of the injustice which was done to him in the judgment of the arms; and Agamemnon, from a like enmity to human nature, passing into an eagle. About the middle was the soul of Atalanta choosing the honours of an athlete, and next to her Epeus taking the nature of a workwoman; among the last was Thersites, who was changing himself into a monkey. Thither, the last of all, came Odysseus, and sought the lot of a private man, which lay neglected and despised, and when he found it he went away rejoicing, and said that if he had been first instead of last, his choice would have been the same. Men, too, were seen passing into animals, and wild and tame animals changing into one another.

When all the souls had chosen they went to Lachesis, who sent with each of them their genius or attendant to fulfil their lot. He first of all brought them under the hand of Clotho, and drew them within the revolution of the spindle impelled by her hand; from her they were carried to Atropos, who made the threads irreversible; whence, without turning round, they passed beneath the throne of Necessity; and when they had all passed, they moved on in scorching heat to the plain of Forgetfulness and rested at evening by the river Unmindful, whose water could not be retained in any vessel; of this they had all to drink a certain quantity—some of them drank more than was required, and he who drank forgot all things. Er himself was prevented from drinking. When they had gone to rest, about the middle of the night there were thunderstorms and earthquakes, and suddenly they were all driven divers ways, shooting like stars to their birth. Concerning his return to the body, he only knew that awaking suddenly in the morning he found himself lying on the pyre.

Thus, Glaucon, the tale has been saved, and will be our salvation, if we believe that the soul is immortal, and hold fast to the heavenly way of Justice and Knowledge. So shall we pass undefiled over the river of Forgetfulness, and be dear to ourselves and to the Gods, and have a crown of reward and happiness both in this world and also in the millennial pilgrimage of the other.

The Tenth Book of the Republic of Plato falls into two divisions: first, resuming an old thread which has been interrupted, Socrates assails the poets, who, now that the nature of the soul has been analyzed, are seen to be very far gone from the truth; and secondly, having shown the reality of the happiness of the just, he demands that appearance shall be restored to him, and then proceeds to prove the immortality of the soul. The argument, as in the Phaedo and Gorgias, is supplemented by the vision of a future life.

Why Plato, who was himself a poet, and whose dialogues are poems and dramas, should have been hostile to the poets as a class, and especially to the dramatic poets; why he should not have seen that truth may be embodied in verse as well as in prose, and that there are some indefinable lights and shadows of human life which can only be expressed in poetry—some elements of imagination which always entwine with reason; why he should have supposed epic verse to be inseparably associated with the impurities of the old Hellenic mythology; why he should try Homer and Hesiod by the unfair and prosaic test of utility,—are questions which have always been debated amongst students of Plato. Though unable to give a complete answer to them, we may show—first, that his views arose naturally out of the circumstances of his age; and secondly, we may elicit the truth as well as the error which is contained in them.

He is the enemy of the poets because poetry was declining in his own lifetime, and a theatrocracy, as he says in the Laws, had taken the place of an intellectual aristocracy. Euripides exhibited the last phase of the tragic drama, and in him Plato saw the friend and apologist of tyrants, and the Sophist of tragedy. The old comedy was almost extinct; the new had not yet arisen. Dramatic and lyric poetry, like every other branch of Greek literature, was falling under the power of rhetoric. There was no ‘second or third’ to Aeschylus and Sophocles in the generation which followed them. Aristophanes, in one of his later comedies (Frogs), speaks of ‘thousands of tragedy-making prattlers,’ whose attempts at poetry he compares to the chirping of swallows; ‘their garrulity went far beyond Euripides,’—‘they appeared once upon the stage, and there was an end of them.’ To a man of genius who had a real appreciation of the godlike Aeschylus and the noble and gentle Sophocles, though disagreeing with some parts of their ‘theology’ (Rep.), these ‘minor poets’ must have been contemptible and intolerable. There is no feeling stronger in the dialogues of Plato than a sense of the decline and decay both in literature and in politics which marked his own age. Nor can he have been expected to look with favour on the licence of Aristophanes, now at the end of his career, who had begun by satirizing Socrates in the Clouds, and in a similar spirit forty years afterwards had satirized the founders of ideal commonwealths in his Eccleziazusae, or Female

Parliament (Laws).

There were other reasons for the antagonism of Plato to poetry. The profession of an actor was regarded by him as a degradation of human nature, for ‘one man in his life’ cannot ‘play many parts;’ the characters which the actor performs seem to destroy his own character, and to leave nothing which can be truly called himself. Neither can any man live his life and act it. The actor is the slave of his art, not the master of it. Taking this view Plato is more decided in his expulsion of the dramatic than of the epic poets, though he must have known that the Greek tragedians afforded noble lessons and examples of virtue and patriotism, to which nothing in Homer can be compared. But great dramatic or even great rhetorical power is hardly consistent with firmness or strength of mind, and dramatic talent is often incidentally associated with a weak or dissolute character.

In the Tenth Book Plato introduces a new series of objections. First, he says that the poet or painter is an imitator, and in the third degree removed from the truth. His creations are not tested by rule and measure; they are only appearances. In modern times we should say that art is not merely imitation, but rather the expression of the ideal in forms of sense. Even adopting the humble image of Plato, from which his argument derives a colour, we should maintain that the artist may ennoble the bed which he paints by the folds of the drapery, or by the feeling of home which he introduces; and there have been modern painters who have imparted such an ideal interest to a blacksmith’s or a carpenter’s shop. The eye or mind which feels as well as sees can give dignity and pathos to a ruined mill, or a straw-built shed (Rembrandt), to the hull of a vessel ‘going to its last home’ (Turner). Still more would this apply to the greatest works of art, which seem to be the visible embodiment of the divine. Had Plato been asked whether the Zeus or Athene of Pheidias was the imitation of an imitation only, would he not have been compelled to admit that something more was to be found in them than in the form of any mortal; and that the rule of proportion to which they conformed was ‘higher far than any geometry or arithmetic could express?’ (Statesman.)

Again, Plato objects to the imitative arts that they express the emotional rather than the rational part of human nature. He does not admit Aristotle’s theory, that tragedy or other serious imitations are a purgation of the passions by pity and fear; to him they appear only to afford the opportunity of indulging them. Yet we must acknowledge that we may sometimes cure disordered emotions by giving expression to them; and that they often gain strength when pent up within our own breast. It is not every indulgence of the feelings which is to be condemned. For there may be a gratification of the higher as well as of the lower—thoughts which are too deep or too sad to be expressed by ourselves, may find an utterance in the words of poets. Every one would acknowledge that there have been times when they were consoled and elevated by beautiful music or by the sublimity of architecture or by the peacefulness of nature. Plato has himself admitted, in the earlier part of the Republic, that the arts might have the effect of harmonizing as well as of enervating the mind; but in the Tenth Book he regards them through a Stoic or Puritan medium. He asks only ‘What good have they done?’ and is not satisfied with the reply, that ‘They have given innocent pleasure to mankind.’

He tells us that he rejoices in the banishment of the poets, since he has found by the analysis of the soul that they are concerned with the inferior faculties. He means to say that the higher faculties have to do with universals, the lower with particulars of sense. The poets are on a level with their own age, but not on a level with Socrates and Plato; and he was well aware that Homer and Hesiod could not be made a rule of life by any process of legitimate interpretation; his ironical use of them is in fact a denial of their authority; he saw, too, that the poets were not critics—as he says in the Apology, ‘Any one was a better interpreter of their writings than they were themselves. He himself ceased to be a poet when he became a disciple of Socrates; though, as he tells us of Solon, ‘he might have been one of the greatest of them, if he had not been deterred by other pursuits’ (Tim.) Thus from many points of view there is an antagonism between Plato and the poets, which was foreshadowed to him in the old quarrel between philosophy and poetry. The poets, as he says in the Protagoras, were the Sophists of their day; and his dislike of the one class is reflected on the other. He regards them both as the enemies of reasoning and abstraction, though in the case of Euripides more with reference to his immoral sentiments about tyrants and the like. For Plato is the prophet who ‘came into the world to convince men’—first of the fallibility of sense and opinion, and secondly of the reality of abstract ideas. Whatever strangeness there may be in modern times in opposing philosophy to poetry, which to us seem to have so many elements in common, the strangeness will disappear if we conceive of poetry as allied to sense, and of philosophy as equivalent to thought and abstraction. Unfortunately the very word ‘idea,’ which to Plato is expressive of the most real of all things, is associated in our minds with an element of subjectiveness and unreality. We may note also how he differs from Aristotle who declares poetry to be truer than history, for the opposite reason, because it is concerned with universals, not like history, with particulars (Poet).

The things which are seen are opposed in Scripture to the things which are unseen—they are equally opposed in Plato to universals and ideas. To him all particulars appear to be floating about in a world of sense; they have a taint of error or even of evil. There is no difficulty in seeing that this is an illusion; for there is no more error or variation in an individual man, horse, bed, etc.,

than in the class man, horse, bed, etc.; nor is the truth which is displayed in individual instances less certain than that which is conveyed through the medium of ideas. But Plato, who is deeply impressed with the real importance of universals as instruments of thought, attributes to them an essential truth which is imaginary and unreal; for universals may be often false and particulars true. Had he attained to any clear conception of the individual, which is the synthesis of the universal and the particular; or had he been able to distinguish between opinion and sensation, which the ambiguity of the words (Greek) and the like, tended to confuse, he would not have denied truth to the particulars of sense.

But the poets are also the representatives of falsehood and feigning in all departments of life and knowledge, like the sophists and rhetoricians of the Gorgias and Phaedrus; they are the false priests, false prophets, lying spirits, enchanters of the world. There is another count put into the indictment against them by Plato, that they are the friends of the tyrant, and bask in the sunshine of his patronage. Despotism in all ages has had an apparatus of false ideas and false teachers at its service—in the history of Modern Europe as well as of Greece and Rome. For no government of men depends solely upon force; without some corruption of literature and morals—some appeal to the imagination of the masses—some pretence to the favour of heaven—some element of good giving power to evil, tyranny, even for a short time, cannot be maintained. The Greek tyrants were not insensible to the importance of awakening in their cause a Pseudo-Hellenic feeling; they were proud of successes at the Olympic games; they were not devoid of the love of literature and art. Plato is thinking in the first instance of Greek poets who had graced the courts of Dionysius or Archelaus: and the old spirit of freedom is roused within him at their prostitution of the Tragic Muse in the praises of tyranny. But his prophetic eye extends beyond them to the false teachers of other ages who are the creatures of the government under which they live. He compares the corruption of his contemporaries with the idea of a perfect society, and gathers up into one mass of evil the evils and errors of mankind; to him they are personified in the rhetoricians, sophists, poets, rulers who deceive and govern the world.

A further objection which Plato makes to poetry and the imitative arts is that they excite the emotions. Here the modern reader will be disposed to introduce a distinction which appears to have escaped him. For the emotions are neither bad nor good in themselves, and are not most likely to be controlled by the attempt to eradicate them, but by the moderate indulgence of them. And the vocation of art is to present thought in the form of feeling, to enlist the feelings on the side of reason, to inspire even for a moment courage or resignation; perhaps to suggest a sense of infinity and eternity in a way which mere language is incapable of attaining. True, the same power which in the purer age of art embodies gods and heroes only, may be made to express the voluptuous image of a Corinthian courtezan. But this only shows that art, like other outward things, may be turned to good and also to evil, and is not more closely connected with the higher than with the lower part of the soul. All imitative art is subject to certain limitations, and therefore necessarily partakes of the nature of a compromise. Something of ideal truth is sacrificed for the sake of the representation, and something in the exactness of the representation is sacrificed to the ideal. Still, works of art have a permanent element; they idealize and detain the passing thought, and are the intermediates between sense and ideas.

In the present stage of the human mind, poetry and other forms of fiction may certainly be regarded as a good. But we can also imagine the existence of an age in which a severer conception of truth has either banished or transformed them. At any rate we must admit that they hold a different place at different periods of the world's history. In the infancy of mankind, poetry, with the exception of proverbs, is the whole of literature, and the only instrument of intellectual culture; in modern times she is the shadow or echo of her former self, and appears to have a precarious existence. Milton in his day doubted whether an epic poem was any longer possible. At the same time we must remember, that what Plato would have called the charms of poetry have been partly transferred to prose; he himself (Statesman) admits rhetoric to be the handmaiden of Politics, and proposes to find in the strain of law (Laws) a substitute for the old poets. Among ourselves the creative power seems often to be growing weaker, and scientific fact to be more engrossing and overpowering to the mind than formerly. The illusion of the feelings commonly called love, has hitherto been the inspiring influence of modern poetry and romance, and has exercised a humanizing if not a strengthening influence on the world. But may not the stimulus which love has given to fancy be some day exhausted? The modern English novel which is the most popular of all forms of reading is not more than a century or two old: will the tale of love a hundred years hence, after so many thousand variations of the same theme, be still received with unabated interest?

Art cannot claim to be on a level with philosophy or religion, and may often corrupt them. It is possible to conceive a mental state in which all artistic representations are regarded as a false and imperfect expression, either of the religious ideal or of the philosophical ideal. The fairest forms may be revolting in certain moods of mind, as is proved by the fact that the Mahometans, and many sects of Christians, have renounced the use of pictures and images. The beginning of a great religion, whether Christian or Gentile, has not been 'wood or stone,' but a spirit moving in the hearts of men. The disciples have met in a large upper room or in

‘holes and caves of the earth’; in the second or third generation, they have had mosques, temples, churches, monasteries. And the revival or reform of religions, like the first revelation of them, has come from within and has generally disregarded external ceremonies and accompaniments.

But poetry and art may also be the expression of the highest truth and the purest sentiment. Plato himself seems to waver between two opposite views—when, as in the third Book, he insists that youth should be brought up amid wholesome imagery; and again in Book X, when he banishes the poets from his Republic. Admitting that the arts, which some of us almost deify, have fallen short of their higher aim, we must admit on the other hand that to banish imagination wholly would be suicidal as well as impossible. For nature too is a form of art; and a breath of the fresh air or a single glance at the varying landscape would in an instant revive and reillumine the extinguished spark of poetry in the human breast. In the lower stages of civilization imagination more than reason distinguishes man from the animals; and to banish art would be to banish thought, to banish language, to banish the expression of all truth. No religion is wholly devoid of external forms; even the Mahometan who renounces the use of pictures and images has a temple in which he worships the Most High, as solemn and beautiful as any Greek or Christian building. Feeling too and thought are not really opposed; for he who thinks must feel before he can execute. And the highest thoughts, when they become familiarized to us, are always tending to pass into the form of feeling.

Plato does not seriously intend to expel poets from life and society. But he feels strongly the unreality of their writings; he is protesting against the degeneracy of poetry in his own day as we might protest against the want of serious purpose in modern fiction, against the unseemliness or extravagance of some of our poets or novelists, against the time-serving of preachers or public writers, against the regardlessness of truth which to the eye of the philosopher seems to characterize the greater part of the world. For we too have reason to complain that our poets and novelists ‘paint inferior truth’ and ‘are concerned with the inferior part of the soul’; that the readers of them become what they read and are injuriously affected by them. And we look in vain for that healthy atmosphere of which Plato speaks,—‘the beauty which meets the sense like a breeze and imperceptibly draws the soul, even in childhood, into harmony with the beauty of reason.’

For there might be a poetry which would be the hymn of divine perfection, the harmony of goodness and truth among men: a strain which should renew the youth of the world, and bring back the ages in which the poet was man’s only teacher and best friend,—which would find materials in the living present as well as in the romance of the past, and might subdue to the fairest forms of speech and verse the intractable materials of modern civilisation,—which might elicit the simple principles, or, as Plato would have called them, the essential forms, of truth and justice out of the variety of opinion and the complexity of modern society,—which would preserve all the good of each generation and leave the bad unsung,—which should be based not on vain longings or faint imaginings, but on a clear insight into the nature of man. Then the tale of love might begin again in poetry or prose, two in one, united in the pursuit of knowledge, or the service of God and man; and feelings of love might still be the incentive to great thoughts and heroic deeds as in the days of Dante or Petrarch; and many types of manly and womanly beauty might appear among us, rising above the ordinary level of humanity, and many lives which were like poems (Laws), be not only written, but lived by us. A few such strains have been heard among men in the tragedies of Aeschylus and Sophocles, whom Plato quotes, not, as Homer is quoted by him, in irony, but with deep and serious approval,—in the poetry of Milton and Wordsworth, and in passages of other English poets,—first and above all in the Hebrew prophets and psalmists. Shakespeare has taught us how great men should speak and act; he has drawn characters of a wonderful purity and depth; he has ennobled the human mind, but, like Homer (Rep.), he ‘has left no way of life.’ The next greatest poet of modern times, Goethe, is concerned with ‘a lower degree of truth’; he paints the world as a stage on which ‘all the men and women are merely players’; he cultivates life as an art, but he furnishes no ideals of truth and action. The poet may rebel against any attempt to set limits to his fancy; and he may argue truly that moralizing in verse is not poetry. Possibly, like Mephistopheles in Faust, he may retaliate on his adversaries. But the philosopher will still be justified in asking, ‘How may the heavenly gift of poesy be devoted to the good of mankind?’

Returning to Plato, we may observe that a similar mixture of truth and error appears in other parts of the argument. He is aware of the absurdity of mankind framing their whole lives according to Homer; just as in the Phaedrus he intimates the absurdity of interpreting mythology upon rational principles; both these were the modern tendencies of his own age, which he deservedly ridicules. On the other hand, his argument that Homer, if he had been able to teach mankind anything worth knowing, would not have been allowed by them to go about begging as a rhapsodist, is both false and contrary to the spirit of Plato (Rep.). It may be compared with those other paradoxes of the Gorgias, that ‘No statesman was ever unjustly put to death by the city of which he was the head’; and that ‘No Sophist was ever defrauded by his pupils’ (Gorg.)...

The argument for immortality seems to rest on the absolute dualism of soul and body. Admitting the existence of the soul, we know of no force which is able to put an end to her. Vice is her own proper evil; and if she cannot be destroyed by that, she cannot be destroyed by any other. Yet Plato has acknowledged that the soul may be so overgrown by the incrustations of earth as to lose her original form; and in the Timaeus he recognizes more strongly than in the Republic the influence which the body has over the mind, denying even the voluntariness of human actions, on the ground that they proceed from physical states (Tim.). In the Republic, as elsewhere, he wavers between the original soul which has to be restored, and the character which is developed by training and education...

The vision of another world is ascribed to Er, the son of Armenius, who is said by Clement of Alexandria to have been Zoroaster. The tale has certainly an oriental character, and may be compared with the pilgrimages of the soul in the Zend Avesta (Haug, Avesta). But no trace of acquaintance with Zoroaster is found elsewhere in Plato's writings, and there is no reason for giving him the name of Er the Pamphylian. The philosophy of Heracleitus cannot be shown to be borrowed from Zoroaster, and still less the myths of Plato.

The local arrangement of the vision is less distinct than that of the Phaedrus and Phaedo. Astronomy is mingled with symbolism and mythology; the great sphere of heaven is represented under the symbol of a cylinder or box, containing the seven orbits of the planets and the fixed stars; this is suspended from an axis or spindle which turns on the knees of Necessity; the revolutions of the seven orbits contained in the cylinder are guided by the fates, and their harmonious motion produces the music of the spheres. Through the innermost or eighth of these, which is the moon, is passed the spindle; but it is doubtful whether this is the continuation of the column of light, from which the pilgrims contemplate the heavens; the words of Plato imply that they are connected, but not the same. The column itself is clearly not of adamant. The spindle (which is of adamant) is fastened to the ends of the chains which extend to the middle of the column of light—this column is said to hold together the heaven; but whether it hangs from the spindle, or is at right angles to it, is not explained. The cylinder containing the orbits of the stars is almost as much a symbol as the figure of Necessity turning the spindle;—for the outermost rim is the sphere of the fixed stars, and nothing is said about the intervals of space which divide the paths of the stars in the heavens. The description is both a picture and an orrery, and therefore is necessarily inconsistent with itself. The column of light is not the Milky Way—which is neither straight, nor like a rainbow—but the imaginary axis of the earth. This is compared to the rainbow in respect not of form but of colour, and not to the undergirders of a trireme, but to the straight rope running from prow to stern in which the undergirders meet.

The orrery or picture of the heavens given in the Republic differs in its mode of representation from the circles of the same and of the other in the Timaeus. In both the fixed stars are distinguished from the planets, and they move in orbits without them, although in an opposite direction: in the Republic as in the Timaeus they are all moving round the axis of the world. But we are not certain that in the former they are moving round the earth. No distinct mention is made in the Republic of the circles of the same and other; although both in the Timaeus and in the Republic the motion of the fixed stars is supposed to coincide with the motion of the whole. The relative thickness of the rims is perhaps designed to express the relative distances of the planets. Plato probably intended to represent the earth, from which Er and his companions are viewing the heavens, as stationary in place; but whether or not herself revolving, unless this is implied in the revolution of the axis, is uncertain (Timaeus). The spectator may be supposed to look at the heavenly bodies, either from above or below. The earth is a sort of earth and heaven in one, like the heaven of the Phaedrus, on the back of which the spectator goes out to take a peep at the stars and is borne round in the revolution. There is no distinction between the equator and the ecliptic. But Plato is no doubt led to imagine that the planets have an opposite motion to that of the fixed stars, in order to account for their appearances in the heavens. In the description of the meadow, and the retribution of the good and evil after death, there are traces of Homer.

The description of the axis as a spindle, and of the heavenly bodies as forming a whole, partly arises out of the attempt to connect the motions of the heavenly bodies with the mythological image of the web, or weaving of the Fates. The giving of the lots, the weaving of them, and the making of them irreversible, which are ascribed to the three Fates—Lachesis, Clotho, Atropos, are obviously derived from their names. The element of chance in human life is indicated by the order of the lots. But chance, however adverse, may be overcome by the wisdom of man, if he knows how to choose aright; there is a worse enemy to man than chance; this enemy is himself. He who was moderately fortunate in the number of the lot—even the very last comer—might have a good life if he chose with wisdom. And as Plato does not like to make an assertion which is unproven, he more than confirms this statement a few sentences afterwards by the example of Odysseus, who chose last. But the virtue which is founded on habit is not sufficient to enable a man to choose; he must add to virtue knowledge, if he is to act rightly when placed in new circumstances. The routine of good actions and good habits is an inferior sort of goodness; and, as Coleridge says, 'Common sense is intolerable which is not

based on metaphysics,' so Plato would have said, 'Habit is worthless which is not based upon philosophy.'

The freedom of the will to refuse the evil and to choose the good is distinctly asserted. 'Virtue is free, and as a man honours or dishonours her he will have more or less of her.' The life of man is 'rounded' by necessity; there are circumstances prior to birth which affect him (Pol.). But within the walls of necessity there is an open space in which he is his own master, and can study for himself the effects which the variously compounded gifts of nature or fortune have upon the soul, and act accordingly. All men cannot have the first choice in everything. But the lot of all men is good enough, if they choose wisely and will live diligently.

The verisimilitude which is given to the pilgrimage of a thousand years, by the intimation that Ardiaeus had lived a thousand years before; the coincidence of Er coming to life on the twelfth day after he was supposed to have been dead with the seven days which the pilgrims passed in the meadow, and the four days during which they journeyed to the column of light; the precision with which the soul is mentioned who chose the twentieth lot; the passing remarks that there was no definite character among the souls, and that the souls which had chosen ill blamed any one rather than themselves; or that some of the souls drank more than was necessary of the waters of Forgetfulness, while Er himself was hindered from drinking; the desire of Odysseus to rest at last, unlike the conception of him in Dante and Tennyson; the feigned ignorance of how Er returned to the body, when the other souls went shooting like stars to their birth,—add greatly to the probability of the narrative. They are such touches of nature as the art of Defoe might have introduced when he wished to win credibility for marvels and apparitions.

There still remain to be considered some points which have been intentionally reserved to the end: (1) the Janus-like character of the Republic, which presents two faces—one an Hellenic state, the other a kingdom of philosophers. Connected with the latter of the two aspects are (2) the paradoxes of the Republic, as they have been termed by Morgenstern: (a) the community of property; (b) of families; (c) the rule of philosophers; (d) the analogy of the individual and the State, which, like some other analogies in the Republic, is carried too far. We may then proceed to consider (3) the subject of education as conceived by Plato, bringing together in a general view the education of youth and the education of after-life; (4) we may note further some essential differences between ancient and modern politics which are suggested by the Republic; (5) we may compare the Politicus and the Laws; (6) we may observe the influence exercised by Plato on his imitators; and (7) take occasion to consider the nature and value of political, and (8) of religious ideals.

1. Plato expressly says that he is intending to found an Hellenic State (Book V). Many of his regulations are characteristically Spartan; such as the prohibition of gold and silver, the common meals of the men, the military training of the youth, the gymnastic exercises of the women. The life of Sparta was the life of a camp (Laws), enforced even more rigidly in time of peace than in war; the citizens of Sparta, like Plato's, were forbidden to trade—they were to be soldiers and not shopkeepers. Nowhere else in Greece was the individual so completely subjected to the State; the time when he was to marry, the education of his children, the clothes which he was to wear, the food which he was to eat, were all prescribed by law. Some of the best enactments in the Republic, such as the reverence to be paid to parents and elders, and some of the worst, such as the exposure of deformed children, are borrowed from the practice of Sparta. The encouragement of friendships between men and youths, or of men with one another, as affording incentives to bravery, is also Spartan; in Sparta too a nearer approach was made than in any other Greek State to equality of the sexes, and to community of property; and while there was probably less of licentiousness in the sense of immorality, the tie of marriage was regarded more lightly than in the rest of Greece. The 'suprema lex' was the preservation of the family, and the interest of the State. The coarse strength of a military government was not favourable to purity and refinement; and the excessive strictness of some regulations seems to have produced a reaction. Of all Hellenes the Spartans were most accessible to bribery; several of the greatest of them might be described in the words of Plato as having a 'fierce secret longing after gold and silver.' Though not in the strict sense communists, the principle of communism was maintained among them in their division of lands, in their common meals, in their slaves, and in the free use of one another's goods. Marriage was a public institution: and the women were educated by the State, and sang and danced in public with the men.

Many traditions were preserved at Sparta of the severity with which the magistrates had maintained the primitive rule of music and poetry; as in the Republic of Plato, the new-fangled poet was to be expelled. Hymns to the Gods, which are the only kind of music admitted into the ideal State, were the only kind which was permitted at Sparta. The Spartans, though an unpoetical race, were nevertheless lovers of poetry; they had been stirred by the Elegiac strains of Tyrtaeus, they had crowded around Hippias to hear his recitals of Homer; but in this they resembled the citizens of the timocratic rather than of the ideal State. The council of elder men also corresponds to the Spartan gerousia; and the freedom with which they are permitted to judge about matters of detail agrees with what we are told of that institution. Once more, the military rule of not spoiling the dead or offering arms at the temples; the

moderation in the pursuit of enemies; the importance attached to the physical well-being of the citizens; the use of warfare for the sake of defence rather than of aggression—are features probably suggested by the spirit and practice of Sparta.

To the Spartan type the ideal State reverts in the first decline; and the character of the individual timocrat is borrowed from the Spartan citizen. The love of Lacedaemon not only affected Plato and Xenophon, but was shared by many undistinguished Athenians; there they seemed to find a principle which was wanting in their own democracy. The (Greek) of the Spartans attracted them, that is to say, not the goodness of their laws, but the spirit of order and loyalty which prevailed. Fascinated by the idea, citizens of Athens would imitate the Lacedaemonians in their dress and manners; they were known to the contemporaries of Plato as 'the persons who had their ears bruised,' like the Roundheads of the Commonwealth. The love of another church or country when seen at a distance only, the longing for an imaginary simplicity in civilized times, the fond desire of a past which never has been, or of a future which never will be,—these are aspirations of the human mind which are often felt among ourselves. Such feelings meet with a response in the Republic of Plato.

But there are other features of the Platonic Republic, as, for example, the literary and philosophical education, and the grace and beauty of life, which are the reverse of Spartan. Plato wishes to give his citizens a taste of Athenian freedom as well as of Lacedaemonian discipline. His individual genius is purely Athenian, although in theory he is a lover of Sparta; and he is something more than either—he has also a true Hellenic feeling. He is desirous of humanizing the wars of Hellenes against one another; he acknowledges that the Delphian God is the grand hereditary interpreter of all Hellas. The spirit of harmony and the Dorian mode are to prevail, and the whole State is to have an external beauty which is the reflex of the harmony within. But he has not yet found out the truth which he afterwards enunciated in the Laws—that he was a better legislator who made men to be of one mind, than he who trained them for war. The citizens, as in other Hellenic States, democratic as well as aristocratic, are really an upper class; for, although no mention is made of slaves, the lower classes are allowed to fade away into the distance, and are represented in the individual by the passions. Plato has no idea either of a social State in which all classes are harmonized, or of a federation of Hellas or the world in which different nations or States have a place. His city is equipped for war rather than for peace, and this would seem to be justified by the ordinary condition of Hellenic States. The myth of the earth-born men is an embodiment of the orthodox tradition of Hellas, and the allusion to the four ages of the world is also sanctioned by the authority of Hesiod and the poets. Thus we see that the Republic is partly founded on the ideal of the old Greek polis, partly on the actual circumstances of Hellas in that age. Plato, like the old painters, retains the traditional form, and like them he has also a vision of a city in the clouds.

There is yet another thread which is interwoven in the texture of the work; for the Republic is not only a Dorian State, but a Pythagorean league. The 'way of life' which was connected with the name of Pythagoras, like the Catholic monastic orders, showed the power which the mind of an individual might exercise over his contemporaries, and may have naturally suggested to Plato the possibility of reviving such 'mediaeval institutions.' The Pythagoreans, like Plato, enforced a rule of life and a moral and intellectual training. The influence ascribed to music, which to us seems exaggerated, is also a Pythagorean feature; it is not to be regarded as representing the real influence of music in the Greek world. More nearly than any other government of Hellas, the Pythagorean league of three hundred was an aristocracy of virtue. For once in the history of mankind the philosophy of order or (Greek), expressing and consequently enlisting on its side the combined endeavours of the better part of the people, obtained the management of public affairs and held possession of it for a considerable time (until about B.C. 500). Probably only in States prepared by Dorian institutions would such a league have been possible. The rulers, like Plato's (Greek), were required to submit to a severe training in order to prepare the way for the education of the other members of the community. Long after the dissolution of the Order, eminent Pythagoreans, such as Archytas of Tarentum, retained their political influence over the cities of Magna Graecia. There was much here that was suggestive to the kindred spirit of Plato, who had doubtless meditated deeply on the 'way of life of Pythagoras' (Rep.) and his followers. Slight traces of Pythagoreanism are to be found in the mystical number of the State, in the number which expresses the interval between the king and the tyrant, in the doctrine of transmigration, in the music of the spheres, as well as in the great though secondary importance ascribed to mathematics in education.

But as in his philosophy, so also in the form of his State, he goes far beyond the old Pythagoreans. He attempts a task really impossible, which is to unite the past of Greek history with the future of philosophy, analogous to that other impossibility, which has often been the dream of Christendom, the attempt to unite the past history of Europe with the kingdom of Christ. Nothing actually existing in the world at all resembles Plato's ideal State; nor does he himself imagine that such a State is possible. This he repeats again and again; e.g. in the Republic, or in the Laws where, casting a glance back on the Republic, he admits that the perfect state of communism and philosophy was impossible in his own age, though still to be retained as a pattern. The same doubt is implied in the earnestness with which he argues in the Republic that ideals are none the worse because they cannot be realized in fact, and in

the chorus of laughter, which like a breaking wave will, as he anticipates, greet the mention of his proposals; though like other writers of fiction, he uses all his art to give reality to his inventions. When asked how the ideal polity can come into being, he answers ironically, ‘When one son of a king becomes a philosopher’; he designates the fiction of the earth-born men as ‘a noble lie’; and when the structure is finally complete, he fairly tells you that his Republic is a vision only, which in some sense may have reality, but not in the vulgar one of a reign of philosophers upon earth. It has been said that Plato flies as well as walks, but this falls short of the truth; for he flies and walks at the same time, and is in the air and on firm ground in successive instants.

Niebuhr has asked a trifling question, which may be briefly noticed in this place—Was Plato a good citizen? If by this is meant, Was he loyal to Athenian institutions?—he can hardly be said to be the friend of democracy: but neither is he the friend of any other existing form of government; all of them he regarded as ‘states of faction’ (Laws); none attained to his ideal of a voluntary rule over voluntary subjects, which seems indeed more nearly to describe democracy than any other; and the worst of them is tyranny. The truth is, that the question has hardly any meaning when applied to a great philosopher whose writings are not meant for a particular age and country, but for all time and all mankind. The decline of Athenian politics was probably the motive which led Plato to frame an ideal State, and the Republic may be regarded as reflecting the departing glory of Hellas. As well might we complain of St. Augustine, whose great work ‘The City of God’ originated in a similar motive, for not being loyal to the Roman Empire. Even a nearer parallel might be afforded by the first Christians, who cannot fairly be charged with being bad citizens because, though ‘subject to the higher powers,’ they were looking forward to a city which is in heaven.

2. The idea of the perfect State is full of paradox when judged of according to the ordinary notions of mankind. The paradoxes of one age have been said to become the commonplaces of the next; but the paradoxes of Plato are at least as paradoxical to us as they were to his contemporaries. The modern world has either sneered at them as absurd, or denounced them as unnatural and immoral; men have been pleased to find in Aristotle’s criticisms of them the anticipation of their own good sense. The wealthy and cultivated classes have disliked and also dreaded them; they have pointed with satisfaction to the failure of efforts to realize them in practice. Yet since they are the thoughts of one of the greatest of human intelligences, and of one who had done most to elevate morality and religion, they seem to deserve a better treatment at our hands. We may have to address the public, as Plato does poetry, and assure them that we mean no harm to existing institutions. There are serious errors which have a side of truth and which therefore may fairly demand a careful consideration: there are truths mixed with error of which we may indeed say, ‘The half is better than the whole.’ Yet ‘the half’ may be an important contribution to the study of human nature.

(a) The first paradox is the community of goods, which is mentioned slightly at the end of the third Book, and seemingly, as Aristotle observes, is confined to the guardians; at least no mention is made of the other classes. But the omission is not of any real significance, and probably arises out of the plan of the work, which prevents the writer from entering into details.

Aristotle censures the community of property much in the spirit of modern political economy, as tending to repress industry, and as doing away with the spirit of benevolence. Modern writers almost refuse to consider the subject, which is supposed to have been long ago settled by the common opinion of mankind. But it must be remembered that the sacredness of property is a notion far more fixed in modern than in ancient times. The world has grown older, and is therefore more conservative. Primitive society offered many examples of land held in common, either by a tribe or by a township, and such may probably have been the original form of landed tenure. Ancient legislators had invented various modes of dividing and preserving the divisions of land among the citizens; according to Aristotle there were nations who held the land in common and divided the produce, and there were others who divided the land and stored the produce in common. The evils of debt and the inequality of property were far greater in ancient than in modern times, and the accidents to which property was subject from war, or revolution, or taxation, or other legislative interference, were also greater. All these circumstances gave property a less fixed and sacred character. The early Christians are believed to have held their property in common, and the principle is sanctioned by the words of Christ himself, and has been maintained as a counsel of perfection in almost all ages of the Church. Nor have there been wanting instances of modern enthusiasts who have made a religion of communism; in every age of religious excitement notions like Wycliffe’s ‘inheritance of grace’ have tended to prevail. A like spirit, but fiercer and more violent, has appeared in politics. ‘The preparation of the Gospel of peace’ soon becomes the red flag of Republicanism.

We can hardly judge what effect Plato’s views would have upon his own contemporaries; they would perhaps have seemed to them only an exaggeration of the Spartan commonwealth. Even modern writers would acknowledge that the right of private property is based on expediency, and may be interfered with in a variety of ways for the public good. Any other mode of vesting property which was found to be more advantageous, would in time acquire the same basis of right; ‘the most useful,’ in Plato’s words, ‘would be the most sacred.’ The lawyers and ecclesiastics of former ages would have spoken of property as a sacred institution. But they only

meant by such language to oppose the greatest amount of resistance to any invasion of the rights of individuals and of the Church.

When we consider the question, without any fear of immediate application to practice, in the spirit of Plato's Republic, are we quite sure that the received notions of property are the best? Is the distribution of wealth which is customary in civilized countries the most favourable that can be conceived for the education and development of the mass of mankind? Can 'the spectator of all time and all existence' be quite convinced that one or two thousand years hence, great changes will not have taken place in the rights of property, or even that the very notion of property, beyond what is necessary for personal maintenance, may not have disappeared? This was a distinction familiar to Aristotle, though likely to be laughed at among ourselves. Such a change would not be greater than some other changes through which the world has passed in the transition from ancient to modern society, for example, the emancipation of the serfs in Russia, or the abolition of slavery in America and the West Indies; and not so great as the difference which separates the Eastern village community from the Western world. To accomplish such a revolution in the course of a few centuries, would imply a rate of progress not more rapid than has actually taken place during the last fifty or sixty years. The kingdom of Japan underwent more change in five or six years than Europe in five or six hundred. Many opinions and beliefs which have been cherished among ourselves quite as strongly as the sacredness of property have passed away; and the most untenable propositions respecting the right of bequests or entail have been maintained with as much fervour as the most moderate. Some one will be heard to ask whether a state of society can be final in which the interests of thousands are perilled on the life or character of a single person. And many will indulge the hope that our present condition may, after all, be only transitional, and may conduct to a higher, in which property, besides ministering to the enjoyment of the few, may also furnish the means of the highest culture to all, and will be a greater benefit to the public generally, and also more under the control of public authority. There may come a time when the saying, 'Have I not a right to do what I will with my own?' will appear to be a barbarous relic of individualism;—when the possession of a part may be a greater blessing to each and all than the possession of the whole is now to any one.

Such reflections appear visionary to the eye of the practical statesman, but they are within the range of possibility to the philosopher. He can imagine that in some distant age or clime, and through the influence of some individual, the notion of common property may or might have sunk as deep into the heart of a race, and have become as fixed to them, as private property is to ourselves. He knows that this latter institution is not more than four or five thousand years old: may not the end revert to the beginning? In our own age even Utopias affect the spirit of legislation, and an abstract idea may exercise a great influence on practical politics.

The objections that would be generally urged against Plato's community of property, are the old ones of Aristotle, that motives for exertion would be taken away, and that disputes would arise when each was dependent upon all. Every man would produce as little and consume as much as he liked. The experience of civilized nations has hitherto been adverse to Socialism. The effort is too great for human nature; men try to live in common, but the personal feeling is always breaking in. On the other hand it may be doubted whether our present notions of property are not conventional, for they differ in different countries and in different states of society. We boast of an individualism which is not freedom, but rather an artificial result of the industrial state of modern Europe. The individual is nominally free, but he is also powerless in a world bound hand and foot in the chains of economic necessity. Even if we cannot expect the mass of mankind to become disinterested, at any rate we observe in them a power of organization which fifty years ago would never have been suspected. The same forces which have revolutionized the political system of Europe, may effect a similar change in the social and industrial relations of mankind. And if we suppose the influence of some good as well as neutral motives working in the community, there will be no absurdity in expecting that the mass of mankind having power, and becoming enlightened about the higher possibilities of human life, when they learn how much more is attainable for all than is at present the possession of a favoured few, may pursue the common interest with an intelligence and persistency which mankind have hitherto never seen.

Now that the world has once been set in motion, and is no longer held fast under the tyranny of custom and ignorance; now that criticism has pierced the veil of tradition and the past no longer overpowers the present,—the progress of civilization may be expected to be far greater and swifter than heretofore. Even at our present rate of speed the point at which we may arrive in two or three generations is beyond the power of imagination to foresee. There are forces in the world which work, not in an arithmetical, but in a geometrical ratio of increase. Education, to use the expression of Plato, moves like a wheel with an ever-multiplying rapidity. Nor can we say how great may be its influence, when it becomes universal,—when it has been inherited by many generations,—when it is freed from the trammels of superstition and rightly adapted to the wants and capacities of different classes of men and women. Neither do we know how much more the co-operation of minds or of hands may be capable of accomplishing, whether in labour or in study. The resources of the natural sciences are not half-developed as yet; the soil of the earth, instead of

growing more barren, may become many times more fertile than hitherto; the uses of machinery far greater, and also more minute than at present. New secrets of physiology may be revealed, deeply affecting human nature in its innermost recesses. The standard of health may be raised and the lives of men prolonged by sanitary and medical knowledge. There may be peace, there may be leisure, there may be innocent refreshments of many kinds. The ever-increasing power of locomotion may join the extremes of earth. There may be mysterious workings of the human mind, such as occur only at great crises of history. The East and the West may meet together, and all nations may contribute their thoughts and their experience to the common stock of humanity. Many other elements enter into a speculation of this kind. But it is better to make an end of them. For such reflections appear to the majority far-fetched, and to men of science, commonplace.

(b) Neither to the mind of Plato nor of Aristotle did the doctrine of community of property present at all the same difficulty, or appear to be the same violation of the common Hellenic sentiment, as the community of wives and children. This paradox he prefaces by another proposal, that the occupations of men and women shall be the same, and that to this end they shall have a common training and education. Male and female animals have the same pursuits—why not also the two sexes of man?

But have we not here fallen into a contradiction? for we were saying that different natures should have different pursuits. How then can men and women have the same? And is not the proposal inconsistent with our notion of the division of labour?—These objections are no sooner raised than answered; for, according to Plato, there is no organic difference between men and women, but only the accidental one that men beget and women bear children. Following the analogy of the other animals, he contends that all natural gifts are scattered about indifferently among both sexes, though there may be a superiority of degree on the part of the men. The objection on the score of decency to their taking part in the same gymnastic exercises, is met by Plato's assertion that the existing feeling is a matter of habit.

That Plato should have emancipated himself from the ideas of his own country and from the example of the East, shows a wonderful independence of mind. He is conscious that women are half the human race, in some respects the more important half (Laws); and for the sake both of men and women he desires to raise the woman to a higher level of existence. He brings, not sentiment, but philosophy to bear upon a question which both in ancient and modern times has been chiefly regarded in the light of custom or feeling. The Greeks had noble conceptions of womanhood in the goddesses Athene and Artemis, and in the heroines Antigone and Andromache. But these ideals had no counterpart in actual life. The Athenian woman was in no way the equal of her husband; she was not the entertainer of his guests or the mistress of his house, but only his housekeeper and the mother of his children. She took no part in military or political matters; nor is there any instance in the later ages of Greece of a woman becoming famous in literature. 'Hers is the greatest glory who has the least renown among men,' is the historian's conception of feminine excellence. A very different ideal of womanhood is held up by Plato to the world; she is to be the companion of the man, and to share with him in the toils of war and in the cares of government. She is to be similarly trained both in bodily and mental exercises. She is to lose as far as possible the incidents of maternity and the characteristics of the female sex.

The modern antagonist of the equality of the sexes would argue that the differences between men and women are not confined to the single point urged by Plato; that sensibility, gentleness, grace, are the qualities of women, while energy, strength, higher intelligence, are to be looked for in men. And the criticism is just: the differences affect the whole nature, and are not, as Plato supposes, confined to a single point. But neither can we say how far these differences are due to education and the opinions of mankind, or physically inherited from the habits and opinions of former generations. Women have been always taught, not exactly that they are slaves, but that they are in an inferior position, which is also supposed to have compensating advantages; and to this position they have conformed. It is also true that the physical form may easily change in the course of generations through the mode of life; and the weakness or delicacy, which was once a matter of opinion, may become a physical fact. The characteristics of sex vary greatly in different countries and ranks of society, and at different ages in the same individuals. Plato may have been right in denying that there was any ultimate difference in the sexes of man other than that which exists in animals, because all other differences may be conceived to disappear in other states of society, or under different circumstances of life and training.

The first wave having been passed, we proceed to the second—community of wives and children. 'Is it possible? Is it desirable?' For as Glaucon intimates, and as we far more strongly insist, 'Great doubts may be entertained about both these points.' Any free discussion of the question is impossible, and mankind are perhaps right in not allowing the ultimate bases of social life to be examined. Few of us can safely enquire into the things which nature hides, any more than we can dissect our own bodies. Still, the manner in which Plato arrived at his conclusions should be considered. For here, as Mr. Grote has remarked, is a wonderful thing, that one of the wisest and best of men should have entertained ideas of morality which are wholly at variance with our own. And if we would do Plato justice, we must examine carefully the character of his proposals. First, we may observe that the relations of the

sexes supposed by him are the reverse of licentious: he seems rather to aim at an impossible strictness. Secondly, he conceives the family to be the natural enemy of the state; and he entertains the serious hope that an universal brotherhood may take the place of private interests—an aspiration which, although not justified by experience, has possessed many noble minds. On the other hand, there is no sentiment or imagination in the connections which men and women are supposed by him to form; human beings return to the level of the animals, neither exalting to heaven, nor yet abusing the natural instincts. All that world of poetry and fancy which the passion of love has called forth in modern literature and romance would have been banished by Plato. The arrangements of marriage in the Republic are directed to one object—the improvement of the race. In successive generations a great development both of bodily and mental qualities might be possible. The analogy of animals tends to show that mankind can within certain limits receive a change of nature. And as in animals we should commonly choose the best for breeding, and destroy the others, so there must be a selection made of the human beings whose lives are worthy to be preserved.

We start back horrified from this Platonic ideal, in the belief, first, that the higher feelings of humanity are far too strong to be crushed out; secondly, that if the plan could be carried into execution we should be poorly recompensed by improvements in the breed for the loss of the best things in life. The greatest regard for the weakest and meanest of human beings—the infant, the criminal, the insane, the idiot, truly seems to us one of the noblest results of Christianity. We have learned, though as yet imperfectly, that the individual man has an endless value in the sight of God, and that we honour Him when we honour the darkened and disfigured image of Him (Laws). This is the lesson which Christ taught in a parable when He said, 'Their angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in heaven.' Such lessons are only partially realized in any age; they were foreign to the age of Plato, as they have very different degrees of strength in different countries or ages of the Christian world. To the Greek the family was a religious and customary institution binding the members together by a tie inferior in strength to that of friendship, and having a less solemn and sacred sound than that of country. The relationship which existed on the lower level of custom, Plato imagined that he was raising to the higher level of nature and reason; while from the modern and Christian point of view we regard him as sanctioning murder and destroying the first principles of morality.

The great error in these and similar speculations is that the difference between man and the animals is forgotten in them. The human being is regarded with the eye of a dog- or bird-fancier, or at best of a slave-owner; the higher or human qualities are left out. The breeder of animals aims chiefly at size or speed or strength; in a few cases at courage or temper; most often the fitness of the animal for food is the great desideratum. But mankind are not bred to be eaten, nor yet for their superiority in fighting or in running or in drawing carts. Neither does the improvement of the human race consist merely in the increase of the bones and flesh, but in the growth and enlightenment of the mind. Hence there must be 'a marriage of true minds' as well as of bodies, of imagination and reason as well as of lusts and instincts. Men and women without feeling or imagination are justly called brutes; yet Plato takes away these qualities and puts nothing in their place, not even the desire of a noble offspring, since parents are not to know their own children. The most important transaction of social life, he who is the idealist philosopher converts into the most brutal. For the pair are to have no relation to one another, except at the hymeneal festival; their children are not theirs, but the state's; nor is any tie of affection to unite them. Yet here the analogy of the animals might have saved Plato from a gigantic error, if he had 'not lost sight of his own illustration.' For the 'nobler sort of birds and beasts' nourish and protect their offspring and are faithful to one another.

An eminent physiologist thinks it worth while 'to try and place life on a physical basis.' But should not life rest on the moral rather than upon the physical? The higher comes first, then the lower, first the human and rational, afterwards the animal. Yet they are not absolutely divided; and in times of sickness or moments of self-indulgence they seem to be only different aspects of a common human nature which includes them both. Neither is the moral the limit of the physical, but the expansion and enlargement of it,—the highest form which the physical is capable of receiving. As Plato would say, the body does not take care of the body, and still less of the mind, but the mind takes care of both. In all human action not that which is common to man and the animals is the characteristic element, but that which distinguishes him from them. Even if we admit the physical basis, and resolve all virtue into health of body 'la facon que notre sang circule,' still on merely physical grounds we must come back to ideas. Mind and reason and duty and conscience, under these or other names, are always reappearing. There cannot be health of body without health of mind; nor health of mind without the sense of duty and the love of truth (Charm).

That the greatest of ancient philosophers should in his regulations about marriage have fallen into the error of separating body and mind, does indeed appear surprising. Yet the wonder is not so much that Plato should have entertained ideas of morality which to our own age are revolting, but that he should have contradicted himself to an extent which is hardly credible, falling in an instant from the heaven of idealism into the crudest animalism. Rejoicing in the newly found gift of reflection, he appears to have thought

out a subject about which he had better have followed the enlightened feeling of his own age. The general sentiment of Hellas was opposed to his monstrous fancy. The old poets, and in later time the tragedians, showed no want of respect for the family, on which much of their religion was based. But the example of Sparta, and perhaps in some degree the tendency to defy public opinion, seems to have misled him. He will make one family out of all the families of the state. He will select the finest specimens of men and women and breed from these only.

Yet because the illusion is always returning (for the animal part of human nature will from time to time assert itself in the disguise of philosophy as well as of poetry), and also because any departure from established morality, even where this is not intended, is apt to be unsettling, it may be worth while to draw out a little more at length the objections to the Platonic marriage. In the first place, history shows that wherever polygamy has been largely allowed the race has deteriorated. One man to one woman is the law of God and nature. Nearly all the civilized peoples of the world at some period before the age of written records, have become monogamists; and the step when once taken has never been retraced. The exceptions occurring among Brahmins or Mahometans or the ancient Persians, are of that sort which may be said to prove the rule. The connexions formed between superior and inferior races hardly ever produce a noble offspring, because they are licentious; and because the children in such cases usually despise the mother and are neglected by the father who is ashamed of them. Barbarous nations when they are introduced by Europeans to vice die out; polygamist peoples either import and adopt children from other countries, or dwindle in numbers, or both. Dynasties and aristocracies which have disregarded the laws of nature have decreased in numbers and degenerated in stature; ‘mariages de convenance’ leave their enfeebling stamp on the offspring of them (King Lear). The marriage of near relations, or the marrying in and in of the same family tends constantly to weakness or idiocy in the children, sometimes assuming the form as they grow older of passionate licentiousness. The common prostitute rarely has any offspring. By such unmistakable evidence is the authority of morality asserted in the relations of the sexes: and so many more elements enter into this ‘mystery’ than are dreamed of by Plato and some other philosophers.

Recent enquirers have indeed arrived at the conclusion that among primitive tribes there existed a community of wives as of property, and that the captive taken by the spear was the only wife or slave whom any man was permitted to call his own. The partial existence of such customs among some of the lower races of man, and the survival of peculiar ceremonies in the marriages of some civilized nations, are thought to furnish a proof of similar institutions having been once universal. There can be no question that the study of anthropology has considerably changed our views respecting the first appearance of man upon the earth. We know more about the aborigines of the world than formerly, but our increasing knowledge shows above all things how little we know. With all the helps which written monuments afford, we do but faintly realize the condition of man two thousand or three thousand years ago. Of what his condition was when removed to a distance 200,000 or 300,000 years, when the majority of mankind were lower and nearer the animals than any tribe now existing upon the earth, we cannot even entertain conjecture. Plato (Laws) and Aristotle (Metaph.) may have been more right than we imagine in supposing that some forms of civilisation were discovered and lost several times over. If we cannot argue that all barbarism is a degraded civilization, neither can we set any limits to the depth of degradation to which the human race may sink through war, disease, or isolation. And if we are to draw inferences about the origin of marriage from the practice of barbarous nations, we should also consider the remoter analogy of the animals. Many birds and animals, especially the carnivorous, have only one mate, and the love and care of offspring which seems to be natural is inconsistent with the primitive theory of marriage. If we go back to an imaginary state in which men were almost animals and the companions of them, we have as much right to argue from what is animal to what is human as from the barbarous to the civilized man. The record of animal life on the globe is fragmentary,—the connecting links are wanting and cannot be supplied; the record of social life is still more fragmentary and precarious. Even if we admit that our first ancestors had no such institution as marriage, still the stages by which men passed from outer barbarism to the comparative civilization of China, Assyria, and Greece, or even of the ancient Germans, are wholly unknown to us.

Such speculations are apt to be unsettling, because they seem to show that an institution which was thought to be a revelation from heaven, is only the growth of history and experience. We ask what is the origin of marriage, and we are told that like the right of property, after many wars and contests, it has gradually arisen out of the selfishness of barbarians. We stand face to face with human nature in its primitive nakedness. We are compelled to accept, not the highest, but the lowest account of the origin of human society. But on the other hand we may truly say that every step in human progress has been in the same direction, and that in the course of ages the idea of marriage and of the family has been more and more defined and consecrated. The civilized East is immeasurably in advance of any savage tribes; the Greeks and Romans have improved upon the East; the Christian nations have been stricter in their views of the marriage relation than any of the ancients. In this as in so many other things, instead of looking back with regret to the past, we should look forward with hope to the future. We must consecrate that which we believe to be the

most holy, and that ‘which is the most holy will be the most useful.’ There is more reason for maintaining the sacredness of the marriage tie, when we see the benefit of it, than when we only felt a vague religious horror about the violation of it. But in all times of transition, when established beliefs are being undermined, there is a danger that in the passage from the old to the new we may insensibly let go the moral principle, finding an excuse for listening to the voice of passion in the uncertainty of knowledge, or the fluctuations of opinion. And there are many persons in our own day who, enlightened by the study of anthropology, and fascinated by what is new and strange, some using the language of fear, others of hope, are inclined to believe that a time will come when through the self-assertion of women, or the rebellious spirit of children, by the analysis of human relations, or by the force of outward circumstances, the ties of family life may be broken or greatly relaxed. They point to societies in America and elsewhere which tend to show that the destruction of the family need not necessarily involve the overthrow of all morality. Wherever we may think of such speculations, we can hardly deny that they have been more rife in this generation than in any other; and whither they are tending, who can predict?

To the doubts and queries raised by these ‘social reformers’ respecting the relation of the sexes and the moral nature of man, there is a sufficient answer, if any is needed. The difference about them and us is really one of fact. They are speaking of man as they wish or fancy him to be, but we are speaking of him as he is. They isolate the animal part of his nature; we regard him as a creature having many sides, or aspects, moving between good and evil, striving to rise above himself and to become ‘a little lower than the angels.’ We also, to use a Platonic formula, are not ignorant of the dissatisfactions and incompatibilities of family life, of the meannesses of trade, of the flatteries of one class of society by another, of the impediments which the family throws in the way of lofty aims and aspirations. But we are conscious that there are evils and dangers in the background greater still, which are not appreciated, because they are either concealed or suppressed. What a condition of man would that be, in which human passions were controlled by no authority, divine or human, in which there was no shame or decency, no higher affection overcoming or sanctifying the natural instincts, but simply a rule of health! Is it for this that we are asked to throw away the civilization which is the growth of ages?

For strength and health are not the only qualities to be desired; there are the more important considerations of mind and character and soul. We know how human nature may be degraded; we do not know how by artificial means any improvement in the breed can be effected. The problem is a complex one, for if we go back only four steps (and these at least enter into the composition of a child), there are commonly thirty progenitors to be taken into account. Many curious facts, rarely admitting of proof, are told us respecting the inheritance of disease or character from a remote ancestor. We can trace the physical resemblances of parents and children in the same family—

‘Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat’;

but scarcely less often the differences which distinguish children both from their parents and from one another. We are told of similar mental peculiarities running in families, and again of a tendency, as in the animals, to revert to a common or original stock. But we have a difficulty in distinguishing what is a true inheritance of genius or other qualities, and what is mere imitation or the result of similar circumstances. Great men and great women have rarely had great fathers and mothers. Nothing that we know of in the circumstances of their birth or lineage will explain their appearance. Of the English poets of the last and two preceding centuries scarcely a descendant remains,—none have ever been distinguished. So deeply has nature hidden her secret, and so ridiculous is the fancy which has been entertained by some that we might in time by suitable marriage arrangements or, as Plato would have said, ‘by an ingenious system of lots,’ produce a Shakespeare or a Milton. Even supposing that we could breed men having the tenacity of bulldogs, or, like the Spartans, ‘lacking the wit to run away in battle,’ would the world be any the better? Many of the noblest specimens of the human race have been among the weakest physically. Tyrtaeus or Aesop, or our own Newton, would have been exposed at Sparta; and some of the fairest and strongest men and women have been among the wickedest and worst. Not by the Platonic device of uniting the strong and fair with the strong and fair, regardless of sentiment and morality, nor yet by his other device of combining dissimilar natures (Statesman), have mankind gradually passed from the brutality and licentiousness of primitive marriage to marriage Christian and civilized.

Few persons would deny that we bring into the world an inheritance of mental and physical qualities derived first from our parents, or through them from some remoter ancestor, secondly from our race, thirdly from the general condition of mankind into which we are born. Nothing is commoner than the remark, that ‘So and so is like his father or his uncle’; and an aged person may not unfrequently note a resemblance in a youth to a long-forgotten ancestor, observing that ‘Nature sometimes skips a generation.’ It may be true also, that if we knew more about our ancestors, these similarities would be even more striking to us. Admitting the facts which are thus described in a popular way, we may however remark that there is no method of difference by which they can be

defined or estimated, and that they constitute only a small part of each individual. The doctrine of heredity may seem to take out of our hands the conduct of our own lives, but it is the idea, not the fact, which is really terrible to us. For what we have received from our ancestors is only a fraction of what we are, or may become. The knowledge that drunkenness or insanity has been prevalent in a family may be the best safeguard against their recurrence in a future generation. The parent will be most awake to the vices or diseases in his child of which he is most sensible within himself. The whole of life may be directed to their prevention or cure. The traces of consumption may become fainter, or be wholly effaced: the inherent tendency to vice or crime may be eradicated. And so heredity, from being a curse, may become a blessing. We acknowledge that in the matter of our birth, as in our nature generally, there are previous circumstances which affect us. But upon this platform of circumstances or within this wall of necessity, we have still the power of creating a life for ourselves by the informing energy of the human will.

There is another aspect of the marriage question to which Plato is a stranger. All the children born in his state are foundlings. It never occurred to him that the greater part of them, according to universal experience, would have perished. For children can only be brought up in families. There is a subtle sympathy between the mother and the child which cannot be supplied by other mothers, or by ‘strong nurses one or more’ (Laws). If Plato’s ‘pen’ was as fatal as the Creches of Paris, or the foundling hospital of Dublin, more than nine-tenths of his children would have perished. There would have been no need to expose or put out of the way the weaklier children, for they would have died of themselves. So emphatically does nature protest against the destruction of the family.

What Plato had heard or seen of Sparta was applied by him in a mistaken way to his ideal commonwealth. He probably observed that both the Spartan men and women were superior in form and strength to the other Greeks; and this superiority he was disposed to attribute to the laws and customs relating to marriage. He did not consider that the desire of a noble offspring was a passion among the Spartans, or that their physical superiority was to be attributed chiefly, not to their marriage customs, but to their temperance and training. He did not reflect that Sparta was great, not in consequence of the relaxation of morality, but in spite of it, by virtue of a political principle stronger far than existed in any other Grecian state. Least of all did he observe that Sparta did not really produce the finest specimens of the Greek race. The genius, the political inspiration of Athens, the love of liberty—all that has made Greece famous with posterity, were wanting among the Spartans. They had no Themistocles, or Pericles, or Aeschylus, or Sophocles, or Socrates, or Plato. The individual was not allowed to appear above the state; the laws were fixed, and he had no business to alter or reform them. Yet whence has the progress of cities and nations arisen, if not from remarkable individuals, coming into the world we know not how, and from causes over which we have no control? Something too much may have been said in modern times of the value of individuality. But we can hardly condemn too strongly a system which, instead of fostering the scattered seeds or sparks of genius and character, tends to smother and extinguish them.

Still, while condemning Plato, we must acknowledge that neither Christianity, nor any other form of religion and society, has hitherto been able to cope with this most difficult of social problems, and that the side from which Plato regarded it is that from which we turn away. Population is the most untameable force in the political and social world. Do we not find, especially in large cities, that the greatest hindrance to the amelioration of the poor is their improvidence in marriage?—a small fault truly, if not involving endless consequences. There are whole countries too, such as India, or, nearer home, Ireland, in which a right solution of the marriage question seems to lie at the foundation of the happiness of the community. There are too many people on a given space, or they marry too early and bring into the world a sickly and half-developed offspring; or owing to the very conditions of their existence, they become emaciated and hand on a similar life to their descendants. But who can oppose the voice of prudence to the ‘mightiest passions of mankind’ (Laws), especially when they have been licensed by custom and religion? In addition to the influences of education, we seem to require some new principles of right and wrong in these matters, some force of opinion, which may indeed be already heard whispering in private, but has never affected the moral sentiments of mankind in general. We unavoidably lose sight of the principle of utility, just in that action of our lives in which we have the most need of it. The influences which we can bring to bear upon this question are chiefly indirect. In a generation or two, education, emigration, improvements in agriculture and manufactures, may have provided the solution. The state physician hardly likes to probe the wound: it is beyond his art; a matter which he cannot safely let alone, but which he dare not touch:

‘We do but skin and film the ulcerous place.’

When again in private life we see a whole family one by one dropping into the grave under the Ate of some inherited malady, and the parents perhaps surviving them, do our minds ever go back silently to that day twenty-five or thirty years before on which under the fairest auspices, amid the rejoicings of friends and acquaintances, a bride and bridegroom joined hands with one another? In making such a reflection we are not opposing physical considerations to moral, but moral to physical; we are seeking to make the voice of reason heard, which drives us back from the extravagance of sentimentalism on common sense. The late Dr. Combe is

said by his biographer to have resisted the temptation to marriage, because he knew that he was subject to hereditary consumption. One who deserved to be called a man of genius, a friend of my youth, was in the habit of wearing a black ribbon on his wrist, in order to remind him that, being liable to outbreaks of insanity, he must not give way to the natural impulses of affection: he died unmarried in a lunatic asylum. These two little facts suggest the reflection that a very few persons have done from a sense of duty what the rest of mankind ought to have done under like circumstances, if they had allowed themselves to think of all the misery which they were about to bring into the world. If we could prevent such marriages without any violation of feeling or propriety, we clearly ought; and the prohibition in the course of time would be protected by a 'horror naturalis' similar to that which, in all civilized ages and countries, has prevented the marriage of near relations by blood. Mankind would have been the happier, if some things which are now allowed had from the beginning been denied to them; if the sanction of religion could have prohibited practices inimical to health; if sanitary principles could in early ages have been invested with a superstitious awe. But, living as we do far on in the world's history, we are no longer able to stamp at once with the impress of religion a new prohibition. A free agent cannot have his fancies regulated by law; and the execution of the law would be rendered impossible, owing to the uncertainty of the cases in which marriage was to be forbidden. Who can weigh virtue, or even fortune against health, or moral and mental qualities against bodily? Who can measure probabilities against certainties? There has been some good as well as evil in the discipline of suffering; and there are diseases, such as consumption, which have exercised a refining and softening influence on the character. Youth is too inexperienced to balance such nice considerations; parents do not often think of them, or think of them too late. They are at a distance and may probably be averted; change of place, a new state of life, the interests of a home may be the cure of them. So persons vainly reason when their minds are already made up and their fortunes irrevocably linked together. Nor is there any ground for supposing that marriages are to any great extent influenced by reflections of this sort, which seem unable to make any head against the irresistible impulse of individual attachment.

Lastly, no one can have observed the first rising flood of the passions in youth, the difficulty of regulating them, and the effects on the whole mind and nature which follow from them, the stimulus which is given to them by the imagination, without feeling that there is something unsatisfactory in our method of treating them. That the most important influence on human life should be wholly left to chance or shrouded in mystery, and instead of being disciplined or understood, should be required to conform only to an external standard of propriety—cannot be regarded by the philosopher as a safe or satisfactory condition of human things. And still those who have the charge of youth may find a way by watchfulness, by affection, by the manliness and innocence of their own lives, by occasional hints, by general admonitions which every one can apply for himself, to mitigate this terrible evil which eats out the heart of individuals and corrupts the moral sentiments of nations. In no duty towards others is there more need of reticence and self-restraint. So great is the danger lest he who would be the counsellor of another should reveal the secret prematurely, lest he should get another too much into his power; or fix the passing impression of evil by demanding the confession of it.

Nor is Plato wrong in asserting that family attachments may interfere with higher aims. If there have been some who 'to party gave up what was meant for mankind,' there have certainly been others who to family gave up what was meant for mankind or for their country. The cares of children, the necessity of procuring money for their support, the flatteries of the rich by the poor, the exclusiveness of caste, the pride of birth or wealth, the tendency of family life to divert men from the pursuit of the ideal or the heroic, are as lowering in our own age as in that of Plato. And if we prefer to look at the gentle influences of home, the development of the affections, the amenities of society, the devotion of one member of a family for the good of the others, which form one side of the picture, we must not quarrel with him, or perhaps ought rather to be grateful to him, for having presented to us the reverse. Without attempting to defend Plato on grounds of morality, we may allow that there is an aspect of the world which has not unnaturally led him into error.

We hardly appreciate the power which the idea of the State, like all other abstract ideas, exercised over the mind of Plato. To us the State seems to be built up out of the family, or sometimes to be the framework in which family and social life is contained. But to Plato in his present mood of mind the family is only a disturbing influence which, instead of filling up, tends to disarrange the higher unity of the State. No organization is needed except a political, which, regarded from another point of view, is a military one. The State is all-sufficing for the wants of man, and, like the idea of the Church in later ages, absorbs all other desires and affections. In time of war the thousand citizens are to stand like a rampart impregnable against the world or the Persian host; in time of peace the preparation for war and their duties to the State, which are also their duties to one another, take up their whole life and time. The only other interest which is allowed to them besides that of war, is the interest of philosophy. When they are too old to be soldiers they are to retire from active life and to have a second novitiate of study and contemplation. There is an element of monasticism even in Plato's communism. If he could have done without children, he might have converted his Republic into a religious order. Neither in the Laws, when the daylight of common sense breaks in upon him, does he retract his error. In the state of which he

would be the founder, there is no marrying or giving in marriage: but because of the infirmity of mankind, he condescends to allow the law of nature to prevail.

(c) But Plato has an equal, or, in his own estimation, even greater paradox in reserve, which is summed up in the famous text, 'Until kings are philosophers or philosophers are kings, cities will never cease from ill.' And by philosophers he explains himself to mean those who are capable of apprehending ideas, especially the idea of good. To the attainment of this higher knowledge the second education is directed. Through a process of training which has already made them good citizens they are now to be made good legislators. We find with some surprise (not unlike the feeling which Aristotle in a well-known passage describes the hearers of Plato's lectures as experiencing, when they went to a discourse on the idea of good, expecting to be instructed in moral truths, and received instead of them arithmetical and mathematical formulae) that Plato does not propose for his future legislators any study of finance or law or military tactics, but only of abstract mathematics, as a preparation for the still more abstract conception of good. We ask, with Aristotle, What is the use of a man knowing the idea of good, if he does not know what is good for this individual, this state, this condition of society? We cannot understand how Plato's legislators or guardians are to be fitted for their work of statesmen by the study of the five mathematical sciences. We vainly search in Plato's own writings for any explanation of this seeming absurdity.

The discovery of a great metaphysical conception seems to ravish the mind with a prophetic consciousness which takes away the power of estimating its value. No metaphysical enquirer has ever fairly criticised his own speculations; in his own judgment they have been above criticism; nor has he understood that what to him seemed to be absolute truth may reappear in the next generation as a form of logic or an instrument of thought. And posterity have also sometimes equally misapprehended the real value of his speculations. They appear to them to have contributed nothing to the stock of human knowledge. The IDEA of good is apt to be regarded by the modern thinker as an unmeaning abstraction; but he forgets that this abstraction is waiting ready for use, and will hereafter be filled up by the divisions of knowledge. When mankind do not as yet know that the world is subject to law, the introduction of the mere conception of law or design or final cause, and the far-off anticipation of the harmony of knowledge, are great steps onward. Even the crude generalization of the unity of all things leads men to view the world with different eyes, and may easily affect their conception of human life and of politics, and also their own conduct and character (Tim). We can imagine how a great mind like that of Pericles might derive elevation from his intercourse with Anaxagoras (Phaedr.). To be struggling towards a higher but unattainable conception is a more favourable intellectual condition than to rest satisfied in a narrow portion of ascertained fact. And the earlier, which have sometimes been the greater ideas of science, are often lost sight of at a later period. How rarely can we say of any modern enquirer in the magnificent language of Plato, that 'He is the spectator of all time and of all existence!'

Nor is there anything unnatural in the hasty application of these vast metaphysical conceptions to practical and political life. In the first enthusiasm of ideas men are apt to see them everywhere, and to apply them in the most remote sphere. They do not understand that the experience of ages is required to enable them to fill up 'the intermediate axioms.' Plato himself seems to have imagined that the truths of psychology, like those of astronomy and harmonics, would be arrived at by a process of deduction, and that the method which he has pursued in the Fourth Book, of inferring them from experience and the use of language, was imperfect and only provisional. But when, after having arrived at the idea of good, which is the end of the science of dialectic, he is asked, What is the nature, and what are the divisions of the science? He refuses to answer, as if intending by the refusal to intimate that the state of knowledge which then existed was not such as would allow the philosopher to enter into his final rest. The previous sciences must first be studied, and will, we may add, continue to be studied till the end of time, although in a sense different from any which Plato could have conceived. But we may observe, that while he is aware of the vacancy of his own ideal, he is full of enthusiasm in the contemplation of it. Looking into the orb of light, he sees nothing, but he is warmed and elevated. The Hebrew prophet believed that faith in God would enable him to govern the world; the Greek philosopher imagined that contemplation of the good would make a legislator. There is as much to be filled up in the one case as in the other, and the one mode of conception is to the Israelite what the other is to the Greek. Both find a repose in a divine perfection, which, whether in a more personal or impersonal form, exists without them and independently of them, as well as within them.

There is no mention of the idea of good in the Timaeus, nor of the divine Creator of the world in the Republic; and we are naturally led to ask in what relation they stand to one another. Is God above or below the idea of good? Or is the Idea of Good another mode of conceiving God? The latter appears to be the truer answer. To the Greek philosopher the perfection and unity of God was a far higher conception than his personality, which he hardly found a word to express, and which to him would have seemed to be borrowed from mythology. To the Christian, on the other hand, or to the modern thinker in general, it is difficult, if not impossible, to

attach reality to what he terms mere abstraction; while to Plato this very abstraction is the truest and most real of all things. Hence, from a difference in forms of thought, Plato appears to be resting on a creation of his own mind only. But if we may be allowed to paraphrase the idea of good by the words 'intelligent principle of law and order in the universe, embracing equally man and nature,' we begin to find a meeting-point between him and ourselves.

The question whether the ruler or statesman should be a philosopher is one that has not lost interest in modern times. In most countries of Europe and Asia there has been some one in the course of ages who has truly united the power of command with the power of thought and reflection, as there have been also many false combinations of these qualities. Some kind of speculative power is necessary both in practical and political life; like the rhetorician in the Phaedrus, men require to have a conception of the varieties of human character, and to be raised on great occasions above the commonplaces of ordinary life. Yet the idea of the philosopher-statesman has never been popular with the mass of mankind; partly because he cannot take the world into his confidence or make them understand the motives from which he acts; and also because they are jealous of a power which they do not understand. The revolution which human nature desires to effect step by step in many ages is likely to be precipitated by him in a single year or life. They are afraid that in the pursuit of his greater aims he may disregard the common feelings of humanity, he is too apt to be looking into the distant future or back into the remote past, and unable to see actions or events which, to use an expression of Plato's 'are tumbling out at his feet.' Besides, as Plato would say, there are other corruptions of these philosophical statesmen. Either 'the native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,' and at the moment when action above all things is required he is undecided, or general principles are enunciated by him in order to cover some change of policy; or his ignorance of the world has made him more easily fall a prey to the arts of others; or in some cases he has been converted into a courtier, who enjoys the luxury of holding liberal opinions, but was never known to perform a liberal action. No wonder that mankind have been in the habit of calling statesmen of this class pedants, sophisters, doctrinaires, visionaries. For, as we may be allowed to say, a little parodying the words of Plato, 'they have seen bad imitations of the philosopher-statesman.' But a man in whom the power of thought and action are perfectly balanced, equal to the present, reaching forward to the future, 'such a one,' ruling in a constitutional state, 'they have never seen.'

But as the philosopher is apt to fail in the routine of political life, so the ordinary statesman is also apt to fail in extraordinary crises. When the face of the world is beginning to alter, and thunder is heard in the distance, he is still guided by his old maxims, and is the slave of his inveterate party prejudices; he cannot perceive the signs of the times; instead of looking forward he looks back; he learns nothing and forgets nothing; with 'wise saws and modern instances' he would stem the rising tide of revolution. He lives more and more within the circle of his own party, as the world without him becomes stronger. This seems to be the reason why the old order of things makes so poor a figure when confronted with the new, why churches can never reform, why most political changes are made blindly and convulsively. The great crises in the history of nations have often been met by an ecclesiastical positiveness, and a more obstinate reassertion of principles which have lost their hold upon a nation. The fixed ideas of a reactionary statesman may be compared to madness; they grow upon him, and he becomes possessed by them; no judgement of others is ever admitted by him to be weighed in the balance against his own.

(d) Plato, labouring under what, to modern readers, appears to have been a confusion of ideas, assimilates the state to the individual, and fails to distinguish Ethics from Politics. He thinks that to be most of a state which is most like one man, and in which the citizens have the greatest uniformity of character. He does not see that the analogy is partly fallacious, and that the will or character of a state or nation is really the balance or rather the surplus of individual wills, which are limited by the condition of having to act in common. The movement of a body of men can never have the pliancy or facility of a single man; the freedom of the individual, which is always limited, becomes still more straitened when transferred to a nation. The powers of action and feeling are necessarily weaker and more balanced when they are diffused through a community; whence arises the often discussed question, 'Can a nation, like an individual, have a conscience?' We hesitate to say that the characters of nations are nothing more than the sum of the characters of the individuals who compose them; because there may be tendencies in individuals which react upon one another. A whole nation may be wiser than any one man in it; or may be animated by some common opinion or feeling which could not equally have affected the mind of a single person, or may have been inspired by a leader of genius to perform acts more than human. Plato does not appear to have analysed the complications which arise out of the collective action of mankind. Neither is he capable of seeing that analogies, though specious as arguments, may often have no foundation in fact, or of distinguishing between what is intelligible or vividly present to the mind, and what is true. In this respect he is far below Aristotle, who is comparatively seldom imposed upon by false analogies. He cannot disentangle the arts from the virtues—at least he is always arguing from one to the other. His notion of music is transferred from harmony of sounds to harmony of life: in this he is assisted by the ambiguities of language as well as by the prevalence of Pythagorean notions. And having once assimilated the state to the individual, he imagines

that he will find the succession of states paralleled in the lives of individuals.

Still, through this fallacious medium, a real enlargement of ideas is attained. When the virtues as yet presented no distinct conception to the mind, a great advance was made by the comparison of them with the arts; for virtue is partly art, and has an outward form as well as an inward principle. The harmony of music affords a lively image of the harmonies of the world and of human life, and may be regarded as a splendid illustration which was naturally mistaken for a real analogy. In the same way the identification of ethics with politics has a tendency to give definiteness to ethics, and also to elevate and ennoble men's notions of the aims of government and of the duties of citizens; for ethics from one point of view may be conceived as an idealized law and politics; and politics, as ethics reduced to the conditions of human society. There have been evils which have arisen out of the attempt to identify them, and this has led to the separation or antagonism of them, which has been introduced by modern political writers. But we may likewise feel that something has been lost in their separation, and that the ancient philosophers who estimated the moral and intellectual wellbeing of mankind first, and the wealth of nations and individuals second, may have a salutary influence on the speculations of modern times. Many political maxims originate in a reaction against an opposite error; and when the errors against which they were directed have passed away, they in turn become errors.

3. Plato's views of education are in several respects remarkable; like the rest of the Republic they are partly Greek and partly ideal, beginning with the ordinary curriculum of the Greek youth, and extending to after-life. Plato is the first writer who distinctly says that education is to comprehend the whole of life, and to be a preparation for another in which education begins again. This is the continuous thread which runs through the Republic, and which more than any other of his ideas admits of an application to modern life.

He has long given up the notion that virtue cannot be taught; and he is disposed to modify the thesis of the Protagoras, that the virtues are one and not many. He is not unwilling to admit the sensible world into his scheme of truth. Nor does he assert in the Republic the involuntariness of vice, which is maintained by him in the Timaeus, Sophist, and Laws (Protag., Apol., Gorg.). Nor do the so-called Platonic ideas recovered from a former state of existence affect his theory of mental improvement. Still we observe in him the remains of the old Socratic doctrine, that true knowledge must be elicited from within, and is to be sought for in ideas, not in particulars of sense. Education, as he says, will implant a principle of intelligence which is better than ten thousand eyes. The paradox that the virtues are one, and the kindred notion that all virtue is knowledge, are not entirely renounced; the first is seen in the supremacy given to justice over the rest; the second in the tendency to absorb the moral virtues in the intellectual, and to centre all goodness in the contemplation of the idea of good. The world of sense is still depreciated and identified with opinion, though admitted to be a shadow of the true. In the Republic he is evidently impressed with the conviction that vice arises chiefly from ignorance and may be cured by education; the multitude are hardly to be deemed responsible for what they do. A faint allusion to the doctrine of reminiscence occurs in the Tenth Book; but Plato's views of education have no more real connection with a previous state of existence than our own; he only proposes to elicit from the mind that which is there already. Education is represented by him, not as the filling of a vessel, but as the turning the eye of the soul towards the light.

He treats first of music or literature, which he divides into true and false, and then goes on to gymnastics; of infancy in the Republic he takes no notice, though in the Laws he gives sage counsels about the nursing of children and the management of the mothers, and would have an education which is even prior to birth. But in the Republic he begins with the age at which the child is capable of receiving ideas, and boldly asserts, in language which sounds paradoxical to modern ears, that he must be taught the false before he can learn the true. The modern and ancient philosophical world are not agreed about truth and falsehood; the one identifies truth almost exclusively with fact, the other with ideas. This is the difference between ourselves and Plato, which is, however, partly a difference of words. For we too should admit that a child must receive many lessons which he imperfectly understands; he must be taught some things in a figure only, some too which he can hardly be expected to believe when he grows older; but we should limit the use of fiction by the necessity of the case. Plato would draw the line differently; according to him the aim of early education is not truth as a matter of fact, but truth as a matter of principle; the child is to be taught first simple religious truths, and then simple moral truths, and insensibly to learn the lesson of good manners and good taste. He would make an entire reformation of the old mythology; like Xenophanes and Heracleitus he is sensible of the deep chasm which separates his own age from Homer and Hesiod, whom he quotes and invests with an imaginary authority, but only for his own purposes. The lusts and treacheries of the gods are to be banished; the terrors of the world below are to be dispelled; the misbehaviour of the Homeric heroes is not to be a model for youth. But there is another strain heard in Homer which may teach our youth endurance; and something may be learnt in medicine from the simple practice of the Homeric age. The principles on which religion is to be based are two only: first, that God is true; secondly, that he is good. Modern and Christian writers have often fallen short of these; they can hardly be said to have gone

beyond them.

The young are to be brought up in happy surroundings, out of the way of sights or sounds which may hurt the character or vitiate the taste. They are to live in an atmosphere of health; the breeze is always to be wafting to them the impressions of truth and goodness. Could such an education be realized, or if our modern religious education could be bound up with truth and virtue and good manners and good taste, that would be the best hope of human improvement. Plato, like ourselves, is looking forward to changes in the moral and religious world, and is preparing for them. He recognizes the danger of unsettling young men's minds by sudden changes of laws and principles, by destroying the sacredness of one set of ideas when there is nothing else to take their place. He is afraid too of the influence of the drama, on the ground that it encourages false sentiment, and therefore he would not have his children taken to the theatre; he thinks that the effect on the spectators is bad, and on the actors still worse. His idea of education is that of harmonious growth, in which are insensibly learnt the lessons of temperance and endurance, and the body and mind develope in equal proportions. The first principle which runs through all art and nature is simplicity; this also is to be the rule of human life.

The second stage of education is gymnastic, which answers to the period of muscular growth and development. The simplicity which is enforced in music is extended to gymnastic; Plato is aware that the training of the body may be inconsistent with the training of the mind, and that bodily exercise may be easily overdone. Excessive training of the body is apt to give men a headache or to render them sleepy at a lecture on philosophy, and this they attribute not to the true cause, but to the nature of the subject. Two points are noticeable in Plato's treatment of gymnastic:—First, that the time of training is entirely separated from the time of literary education. He seems to have thought that two things of an opposite and different nature could not be learnt at the same time. Here we can hardly agree with him; and, if we may judge by experience, the effect of spending three years between the ages of fourteen and seventeen in mere bodily exercise would be far from improving to the intellect. Secondly, he affirms that music and gymnastic are not, as common opinion is apt to imagine, intended, the one for the cultivation of the mind and the other of the body, but that they are both equally designed for the improvement of the mind. The body, in his view, is the servant of the mind; the subjection of the lower to the higher is for the advantage of both. And doubtless the mind may exercise a very great and paramount influence over the body, if exerted not at particular moments and by fits and starts, but continuously, in making preparation for the whole of life. Other Greek writers saw the mischievous tendency of Spartan discipline (Arist. Pol; Thuc.). But only Plato recognized the fundamental error on which the practice was based.

The subject of gymnastic leads Plato to the sister subject of medicine, which he further illustrates by the parallel of law. The modern disbelief in medicine has led in this, as in some other departments of knowledge, to a demand for greater simplicity; physicians are becoming aware that they often make diseases 'greater and more complicated' by their treatment of them (Rep.). In two thousand years their art has made but slender progress; what they have gained in the analysis of the parts is in a great degree lost by their feebler conception of the human frame as a whole. They have attended more to the cure of diseases than to the conditions of health; and the improvements in medicine have been more than counterbalanced by the disuse of regular training. Until lately they have hardly thought of air and water, the importance of which was well understood by the ancients; as Aristotle remarks, 'Air and water, being the elements which we most use, have the greatest effect upon health' (Polit.). For ages physicians have been under the dominion of prejudices which have only recently given way; and now there are as many opinions in medicine as in theology, and an equal degree of scepticism and some want of toleration about both. Plato has several good notions about medicine; according to him, 'the eye cannot be cured without the rest of the body, nor the body without the mind' (Charm.). No man of sense, he says in the Timaeus, would take physic; and we heartily sympathize with him in the Laws when he declares that 'the limbs of the rustic worn with toil will derive more benefit from warm baths than from the prescriptions of a not over wise doctor.' But we can hardly praise him when, in obedience to the authority of Homer, he depreciates diet, or approve of the inhuman spirit in which he would get rid of invalid and useless lives by leaving them to die. He does not seem to have considered that the 'bridle of Theages' might be accompanied by qualities which were of far more value to the State than the health or strength of the citizens; or that the duty of taking care of the helpless might be an important element of education in a State. The physician himself (this is a delicate and subtle observation) should not be a man in robust health; he should have, in modern phraseology, a nervous temperament; he should have experience of disease in his own person, in order that his powers of observation may be quickened in the case of others.

The perplexity of medicine is paralleled by the perplexity of law; in which, again, Plato would have men follow the golden rule of simplicity. Greater matters are to be determined by the legislator or by the oracle of Delphi, lesser matters are to be left to the temporary regulation of the citizens themselves. Plato is aware that laissez faire is an important element of government. The

diseases of a State are like the heads of a hydra; they multiply when they are cut off. The true remedy for them is not extirpation but prevention. And the way to prevent them is to take care of education, and education will take care of all the rest. So in modern times men have often felt that the only political measure worth having—the only one which would produce any certain or lasting effect, was a measure of national education. And in our own more than in any previous age the necessity has been recognized of restoring the ever-increasing confusion of law to simplicity and common sense.

When the training in music and gymnastic is completed, there follows the first stage of active and public life. But soon education is to begin again from a new point of view. In the interval between the Fourth and Seventh Books we have discussed the nature of knowledge, and have thence been led to form a higher conception of what was required of us. For true knowledge, according to Plato, is of abstractions, and has to do, not with particulars or individuals, but with universals only; not with the beauties of poetry, but with the ideas of philosophy. And the great aim of education is the cultivation of the habit of abstraction. This is to be acquired through the study of the mathematical sciences. They alone are capable of giving ideas of relation, and of arousing the dormant energies of thought.

Mathematics in the age of Plato comprehended a very small part of that which is now included in them; but they bore a much larger proportion to the sum of human knowledge. They were the only organon of thought which the human mind at that time possessed, and the only measure by which the chaos of particulars could be reduced to rule and order. The faculty which they trained was naturally at war with the poetical or imaginative; and hence to Plato, who is everywhere seeking for abstractions and trying to get rid of the illusions of sense, nearly the whole of education is contained in them. They seemed to have an inexhaustible application, partly because their true limits were not yet understood. These Plato himself is beginning to investigate; though not aware that number and figure are mere abstractions of sense, he recognizes that the forms used by geometry are borrowed from the sensible world. He seeks to find the ultimate ground of mathematical ideas in the idea of good, though he does not satisfactorily explain the connexion between them; and in his conception of the relation of ideas to numbers, he falls very far short of the definiteness attributed to him by Aristotle (Met.). But if he fails to recognize the true limits of mathematics, he also reaches a point beyond them; in his view, ideas of number become secondary to a higher conception of knowledge. The dialectician is as much above the mathematician as the mathematician is above the ordinary man. The one, the self-proving, the good which is the higher sphere of dialectic, is the perfect truth to which all things ascend, and in which they finally repose.

This self-proving unity or idea of good is a mere vision of which no distinct explanation can be given, relative only to a particular stage in Greek philosophy. It is an abstraction under which no individuals are comprehended, a whole which has no parts (Arist., Nic. Eth.). The vacancy of such a form was perceived by Aristotle, but not by Plato. Nor did he recognize that in the dialectical process are included two or more methods of investigation which are at variance with each other. He did not see that whether he took the longer or the shorter road, no advance could be made in this way. And yet such visions often have an immense effect; for although the method of science cannot anticipate science, the idea of science, not as it is, but as it will be in the future, is a great and inspiring principle. In the pursuit of knowledge we are always pressing forward to something beyond us; and as a false conception of knowledge, for example the scholastic philosophy, may lead men astray during many ages, so the true ideal, though vacant, may draw all their thoughts in a right direction. It makes a great difference whether the general expectation of knowledge, as this indefinite feeling may be termed, is based upon a sound judgment. For mankind may often entertain a true conception of what knowledge ought to be when they have but a slender experience of facts. The correlation of the sciences, the consciousness of the unity of nature, the idea of classification, the sense of proportion, the unwillingness to stop short of certainty or to confound probability with truth, are important principles of the higher education. Although Plato could tell us nothing, and perhaps knew that he could tell us nothing, of the absolute truth, he has exercised an influence on the human mind which even at the present day is not exhausted; and political and social questions may yet arise in which the thoughts of Plato may be read anew and receive a fresh meaning.

The Idea of good is so called only in the Republic, but there are traces of it in other dialogues of Plato. It is a cause as well as an idea, and from this point of view may be compared with the creator of the Timaeus, who out of his goodness created all things. It corresponds to a certain extent with the modern conception of a law of nature, or of a final cause, or of both in one, and in this regard may be connected with the measure and symmetry of the Philebus. It is represented in the Symposium under the aspect of beauty, and is supposed to be attained there by stages of initiation, as here by regular gradations of knowledge. Viewed subjectively, it is the process or science of dialectic. This is the science which, according to the Phaedrus, is the true basis of rhetoric, which alone is able to distinguish the natures and classes of men and things; which divides a whole into the natural parts, and reunites the scattered parts into a natural or organized whole; which defines the abstract essences or universal ideas of all

things, and connects them; which pierces the veil of hypotheses and reaches the final cause or first principle of all; which regards the sciences in relation to the idea of good. This ideal science is the highest process of thought, and may be described as the soul conversing with herself or holding communion with eternal truth and beauty, and in another form is the everlasting question and answer—the ceaseless interrogative of Socrates. The dialogues of Plato are themselves examples of the nature and method of dialectic. Viewed objectively, the idea of good is a power or cause which makes the world without us correspond with the world within. Yet this world without us is still a world of ideas. With Plato the investigation of nature is another department of knowledge, and in this he seeks to attain only probable conclusions (Timaeus).

If we ask whether this science of dialectic which Plato only half explains to us is more akin to logic or to metaphysics, the answer is that in his mind the two sciences are not as yet distinguished, any more than the subjective and objective aspects of the world and of man, which German philosophy has revealed to us. Nor has he determined whether his science of dialectic is at rest or in motion, concerned with the contemplation of absolute being, or with a process of development and evolution. Modern metaphysics may be described as the science of abstractions, or as the science of the evolution of thought; modern logic, when passing beyond the bounds of mere Aristotelian forms, may be defined as the science of method. The germ of both of them is contained in the Platonic dialectic; all metaphysicians have something in common with the ideas of Plato; all logicians have derived something from the method of Plato. The nearest approach in modern philosophy to the universal science of Plato, is to be found in the Hegelian 'succession of moments in the unity of the idea.' Plato and Hegel alike seem to have conceived the world as the correlation of abstractions; and not impossibly they would have understood one another better than any of their commentators understand them (Swift's Voyage to Laputa. 'Having a desire to see those ancients who were most renowned for wit and learning, I set apart one day on purpose. I proposed that Homer and Aristotle might appear at the head of all their commentators; but these were so numerous that some hundreds were forced to attend in the court and outward rooms of the palace. I knew, and could distinguish these two heroes, at first sight, not only from the crowd, but from each other. Homer was the taller and comelier person of the two, walked very erect for one of his age, and his eyes were the most quick and piercing I ever beheld. Aristotle stooped much, and made use of a staff. His visage was meagre, his hair lank and thin, and his voice hollow. I soon discovered that both of them were perfect strangers to the rest of the company, and had never seen or heard of them before. And I had a whisper from a ghost, who shall be nameless, "That these commentators always kept in the most distant quarters from their principals, in the lower world, through a consciousness of shame and guilt, because they had so horribly misrepresented the meaning of these authors to posterity." I introduced Didymus and Eustathius to Homer, and prevailed on him to treat them better than perhaps they deserved, for he soon found they wanted a genius to enter into the spirit of a poet. But Aristotle was out of all patience with the account I gave him of Scotus and Ramus, as I presented them to him; and he asked them "whether the rest of the tribe were as great dunces as themselves?"'). There is, however, a difference between them: for whereas Hegel is thinking of all the minds of men as one mind, which developes the stages of the idea in different countries or at different times in the same country, with Plato these gradations are regarded only as an order of thought or ideas; the history of the human mind had not yet dawned upon him.

Many criticisms may be made on Plato's theory of education. While in some respects he unavoidably falls short of modern thinkers, in others he is in advance of them. He is opposed to the modes of education which prevailed in his own time; but he can hardly be said to have discovered new ones. He does not see that education is relative to the characters of individuals; he only desires to impress the same form of the state on the minds of all. He has no sufficient idea of the effect of literature on the formation of the mind, and greatly exaggerates that of mathematics. His aim is above all things to train the reasoning faculties; to implant in the mind the spirit and power of abstraction; to explain and define general notions, and, if possible, to connect them. No wonder that in the vacancy of actual knowledge his followers, and at times even he himself, should have fallen away from the doctrine of ideas, and have returned to that branch of knowledge in which alone the relation of the one and many can be truly seen—the science of number. In his views both of teaching and training he might be styled, in modern language, a doctrinaire; after the Spartan fashion he would have his citizens cast in one mould; he does not seem to consider that some degree of freedom, 'a little wholesome neglect,' is necessary to strengthen and develope the character and to give play to the individual nature. His citizens would not have acquired that knowledge which in the vision of Er is supposed to be gained by the pilgrims from their experience of evil.

On the other hand, Plato is far in advance of modern philosophers and theologians when he teaches that education is to be continued through life and will begin again in another. He would never allow education of some kind to cease; although he was aware that the proverbial saying of Solon, 'I grow old learning many things,' cannot be applied literally. Himself ravished with the contemplation of the idea of good, and delighting in solid geometry (Rep.), he has no difficulty in imagining that a lifetime might be passed happily in such pursuits. We who know how many more men of business there are in the world than real students or thinkers, are not equally sanguine. The education which he proposes for his citizens is really the ideal life of the philosopher or man

of genius, interrupted, but only for a time, by practical duties,—a life not for the many, but for the few.

Yet the thought of Plato may not be wholly incapable of application to our own times. Even if regarded as an ideal which can never be realized, it may have a great effect in elevating the characters of mankind, and raising them above the routine of their ordinary occupation or profession. It is the best form under which we can conceive the whole of life. Nevertheless the idea of Plato is not easily put into practice. For the education of after life is necessarily the education which each one gives himself. Men and women cannot be brought together in schools or colleges at forty or fifty years of age; and if they could the result would be disappointing. The destination of most men is what Plato would call ‘the Den’ for the whole of life, and with that they are content. Neither have they teachers or advisers with whom they can take counsel in riper years. There is no ‘schoolmaster abroad’ who will tell them of their faults, or inspire them with the higher sense of duty, or with the ambition of a true success in life; no Socrates who will convict them of ignorance; no Christ, or follower of Christ, who will reprove them of sin. Hence they have a difficulty in receiving the first element of improvement, which is self-knowledge. The hopes of youth no longer stir them; they rather wish to rest than to pursue high objects. A few only who have come across great men and women, or eminent teachers of religion and morality, have received a second life from them, and have lighted a candle from the fire of their genius.

The want of energy is one of the main reasons why so few persons continue to improve in later years. They have not the will, and do not know the way. They ‘never try an experiment,’ or look up a point of interest for themselves; they make no sacrifices for the sake of knowledge; their minds, like their bodies, at a certain age become fixed. Genius has been defined as ‘the power of taking pains’; but hardly any one keeps up his interest in knowledge throughout a whole life. The troubles of a family, the business of making money, the demands of a profession destroy the elasticity of the mind. The waxen tablet of the memory which was once capable of receiving ‘true thoughts and clear impressions’ becomes hard and crowded; there is not room for the accumulations of a long life (Theaet.). The student, as years advance, rather makes an exchange of knowledge than adds to his stores. There is no pressing necessity to learn; the stock of Classics or History or Natural Science which was enough for a man at twenty-five is enough for him at fifty. Neither is it easy to give a definite answer to any one who asks how he is to improve. For self-education consists in a thousand things, commonplace in themselves,—in adding to what we are by nature something of what we are not; in learning to see ourselves as others see us; in judging, not by opinion, but by the evidence of facts; in seeking out the society of superior minds; in a study of lives and writings of great men; in observation of the world and character; in receiving kindly the natural influence of different times of life; in any act or thought which is raised above the practice or opinions of mankind; in the pursuit of some new or original enquiry; in any effort of mind which calls forth some latent power.

If any one is desirous of carrying out in detail the Platonic education of after-life, some such counsels as the following may be offered to him:—That he shall choose the branch of knowledge to which his own mind most distinctly inclines, and in which he takes the greatest delight, either one which seems to connect with his own daily employment, or, perhaps, furnishes the greatest contrast to it. He may study from the speculative side the profession or business in which he is practically engaged. He may make Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Plato, Bacon the friends and companions of his life. He may find opportunities of hearing the living voice of a great teacher. He may select for enquiry some point of history or some unexplained phenomenon of nature. An hour a day passed in such scientific or literary pursuits will furnish as many facts as the memory can retain, and will give him ‘a pleasure not to be repented of’ (Timaeus). Only let him beware of being the slave of crotchets, or of running after a Will o’ the Wisp in his ignorance, or in his vanity of attributing to himself the gifts of a poet or assuming the air of a philosopher. He should know the limits of his own powers. Better to build up the mind by slow additions, to creep on quietly from one thing to another, to gain insensibly new powers and new interests in knowledge, than to form vast schemes which are never destined to be realized. But perhaps, as Plato would say, ‘This is part of another subject’ (Tim.); though we may also defend our digression by his example (Theaet.).

4. We remark with surprise that the progress of nations or the natural growth of institutions which fill modern treatises on political philosophy seem hardly ever to have attracted the attention of Plato and Aristotle. The ancients were familiar with the mutability of human affairs; they could moralize over the ruins of cities and the fall of empires (Plato, Statesman, and Sulpicius’ Letter to Cicero); by them fate and chance were deemed to be real powers, almost persons, and to have had a great share in political events. The wiser of them like Thucydides believed that ‘what had been would be again,’ and that a tolerable idea of the future could be gathered from the past. Also they had dreams of a Golden Age which existed once upon a time and might still exist in some unknown land, or might return again in the remote future. But the regular growth of a state enlightened by experience, progressing in knowledge, improving in the arts, of which the citizens were educated by the fulfilment of political duties, appears never to have come within the range of their hopes and aspirations. Such a state had never been seen, and therefore could not be conceived by them. Their experience (Aristot. Metaph.; Plato, Laws) led them to conclude that there had been cycles of civilization in which the

arts had been discovered and lost many times over, and cities had been overthrown and rebuilt again and again, and deluges and volcanoes and other natural convulsions had altered the face of the earth. Tradition told them of many destructions of mankind and of the preservation of a remnant. The world began again after a deluge and was reconstructed out of the fragments of itself. Also they were acquainted with empires of unknown antiquity, like the Egyptian or Assyrian; but they had never seen them grow, and could not imagine, any more than we can, the state of man which preceded them. They were puzzled and awestricken by the Egyptian monuments, of which the forms, as Plato says, not in a figure, but literally, were ten thousand years old (Laws), and they contrasted the antiquity of Egypt with their own short memories.

The early legends of Hellas have no real connection with the later history: they are at a distance, and the intermediate region is concealed from view; there is no road or path which leads from one to the other. At the beginning of Greek history, in the vestibule of the temple, is seen standing first of all the figure of the legislator, himself the interpreter and servant of the God. The fundamental laws which he gives are not supposed to change with time and circumstances. The salvation of the state is held rather to depend on the inviolable maintenance of them. They were sanctioned by the authority of heaven, and it was deemed impiety to alter them. The desire to maintain them unaltered seems to be the origin of what at first sight is very surprising to us—the intolerant zeal of Plato against innovators in religion or politics (Laws); although with a happy inconsistency he is also willing that the laws of other countries should be studied and improvements in legislation privately communicated to the Nocturnal Council (Laws). The additions which were made to them in later ages in order to meet the increasing complexity of affairs were still ascribed by a fiction to the original legislator; and the words of such enactments at Athens were disputed over as if they had been the words of Solon himself. Plato hopes to preserve in a later generation the mind of the legislator; he would have his citizens remain within the lines which he has laid down for them. He would not harass them with minute regulations, he would have allowed some changes in the laws: but not changes which would affect the fundamental institutions of the state, such for example as would convert an aristocracy into a timocracy, or a timocracy into a popular form of government.

Passing from speculations to facts, we observe that progress has been the exception rather than the law of human history. And therefore we are not surprised to find that the idea of progress is of modern rather than of ancient date; and, like the idea of a philosophy of history, is not more than a century or two old. It seems to have arisen out of the impression left on the human mind by the growth of the Roman Empire and of the Christian Church, and to be due to the political and social improvements which they introduced into the world; and still more in our own century to the idealism of the first French Revolution and the triumph of American Independence; and in a yet greater degree to the vast material prosperity and growth of population in England and her colonies and in America. It is also to be ascribed in a measure to the greater study of the philosophy of history. The optimist temperament of some great writers has assisted the creation of it, while the opposite character has led a few to regard the future of the world as dark. The ‘spectator of all time and of all existence’ sees more of ‘the increasing purpose which through the ages ran’ than formerly: but to the inhabitant of a small state of Hellas the vision was necessarily limited like the valley in which he dwelt. There was no remote past on which his eye could rest, nor any future from which the veil was partly lifted up by the analogy of history. The narrowness of view, which to ourselves appears so singular, was to him natural, if not unavoidable.

5. For the relation of the Republic to the Statesman and the Laws, and the two other works of Plato which directly treat of politics, see the Introductions to the two latter; a few general points of comparison may be touched upon in this place.

And first of the Laws.

(1) The Republic, though probably written at intervals, yet speaking generally and judging by the indications of thought and style, may be reasonably ascribed to the middle period of Plato’s life: the Laws are certainly the work of his declining years, and some portions of them at any rate seem to have been written in extreme old age.

(2) The Republic is full of hope and aspiration: the Laws bear the stamp of failure and disappointment. The one is a finished work which received the last touches of the author: the other is imperfectly executed, and apparently unfinished. The one has the grace and beauty of youth: the other has lost the poetical form, but has more of the severity and knowledge of life which is characteristic of old age.

(3) The most conspicuous defect of the Laws is the failure of dramatic power, whereas the Republic is full of striking contrasts of ideas and oppositions of character.

(4) The Laws may be said to have more the nature of a sermon, the Republic of a poem; the one is more religious, the other more intellectual.

(5) Many theories of Plato, such as the doctrine of ideas, the government of the world by philosophers, are not found in the Laws; the immortality of the soul is first mentioned in xii; the person of Socrates has altogether disappeared. The community of women and children is renounced; the institution of common or public meals for women (Laws) is for the first time introduced (Ar. Pol.).

(6) There remains in the Laws the old enmity to the poets, who are ironically saluted in high-flown terms, and, at the same time, are peremptorily ordered out of the city, if they are not willing to submit their poems to the censorship of the magistrates (Rep.).

(7) Though the work is in most respects inferior, there are a few passages in the Laws, such as the honour due to the soul, the evils of licentious or unnatural love, the whole of Book x. (religion), the dishonesty of retail trade, and bequests, which come more home to us, and contain more of what may be termed the modern element in Plato than almost anything in the Republic.

The relation of the two works to one another is very well given:

(1) by Aristotle in the Politics from the side of the Laws:—

'The same, or nearly the same, objections apply to Plato's later work, the Laws, and therefore we had better examine briefly the constitution which is therein described. In the Republic, Socrates has definitely settled in all a few questions only; such as the community of women and children, the community of property, and the constitution of the state. The population is divided into two classes—one of husbandmen, and the other of warriors; from this latter is taken a third class of counsellors and rulers of the state. But Socrates has not determined whether the husbandmen and artists are to have a share in the government, and whether they too are to carry arms and share in military service or not. He certainly thinks that the women ought to share in the education of the guardians, and to fight by their side. The remainder of the work is filled up with digressions foreign to the main subject, and with discussions about the education of the guardians. In the Laws there is hardly anything but laws; not much is said about the constitution. This, which he had intended to make more of the ordinary type, he gradually brings round to the other or ideal form. For with the exception of the community of women and property, he supposes everything to be the same in both states; there is to be the same education; the citizens of both are to live free from servile occupations, and there are to be common meals in both. The only difference is that in the Laws the common meals are extended to women, and the warriors number about 5000, but in the Republic only 1000.'

(2) by Plato in the Laws (Book v.), from the side of the Republic:—

'The first and highest form of the state and of the government and of the law is that in which there prevails most widely the ancient saying that "Friends have all things in common." Whether there is now, or ever will be, this communion of women and children and of property, in which the private and individual is altogether banished from life, and things which are by nature private, such as eyes and ears and hands, have become common, and all men express praise and blame, and feel joy and sorrow, on the same occasions, and the laws unite the city to the utmost,—whether all this is possible or not, I say that no man, acting upon any other principle, will ever constitute a state more exalted in virtue, or truer or better than this. Such a state, whether inhabited by Gods or sons of Gods, will make them blessed who dwell therein; and therefore to this we are to look for the pattern of the state, and to cling to this, and, as far as possible, to seek for one which is like this. The state which we have now in hand, when created, will be nearest to immortality and unity in the next degree; and after that, by the grace of God, we will complete the third one. And we will begin by speaking of the nature and origin of the second.'

The comparatively short work called the Statesman or Politicus in its style and manner is more akin to the Laws, while in its idealism it rather resembles the Republic. As far as we can judge by various indications of language and thought, it must be later than the one and of course earlier than the other. In both the Republic and Statesman a close connection is maintained between Politics and Dialectic. In the Statesman, enquiries into the principles of Method are interspersed with discussions about Politics. The comparative advantages of the rule of law and of a person are considered, and the decision given in favour of a person (Arist. Pol.). But much may be said on the other side, nor is the opposition necessary; for a person may rule by law, and law may be so applied as to be the living voice of the legislator. As in the Republic, there is a myth, describing, however, not a future, but a former existence of mankind. The question is asked, 'Whether the state of innocence which is described in the myth, or a state like our own which possesses art and science and distinguishes good from evil, is the preferable condition of man.' To this question of the comparative happiness of civilized and primitive life, which was so often discussed in the last century and in our own, no answer is given. The Statesman, though less perfect in style than the Republic and of far less range, may justly be regarded as one of the greatest of Plato's dialogues.

6. Others as well as Plato have chosen an ideal Republic to be the vehicle of thoughts which they could not definitely express, or which went beyond their own age. The classical writing which approaches most nearly to the Republic of Plato is the ‘De Republica’ of Cicero; but neither in this nor in any other of his dialogues does he rival the art of Plato. The manners are clumsy and inferior; the hand of the rhetorician is apparent at every turn. Yet noble sentiments are constantly recurring: the true note of Roman patriotism—‘We Romans are a great people’—resounds through the whole work. Like Socrates, Cicero turns away from the phenomena of the heavens to civil and political life. He would rather not discuss the ‘two Suns’ of which all Rome was talking, when he can converse about ‘the two nations in one’ which had divided Rome ever since the days of the Gracchi. Like Socrates again, speaking in the person of Scipio, he is afraid lest he should assume too much the character of a teacher, rather than of an equal who is discussing among friends the two sides of a question. He would confine the terms King or State to the rule of reason and justice, and he will not concede that title either to a democracy or to a monarchy. But under the rule of reason and justice he is willing to include the natural superior ruling over the natural inferior, which he compares to the soul ruling over the body. He prefers a mixture of forms of government to any single one. The two portraits of the just and the unjust, which occur in the second book of the Republic, are transferred to the state—Philus, one of the interlocutors, maintaining against his will the necessity of injustice as a principle of government, while the other, Laelius, supports the opposite thesis. His views of language and number are derived from Plato; like him he denounces the drama. He also declares that if his life were to be twice as long he would have no time to read the lyric poets. The picture of democracy is translated by him word for word, though he had hardly shown himself able to ‘carry the jest’ of Plato. He converts into a stately sentence the humorous fancy about the animals, who ‘are so imbued with the spirit of democracy that they make the passers-by get out of their way.’ His description of the tyrant is imitated from Plato, but is far inferior. The second book is historical, and claims for the Roman constitution (which is to him the ideal) a foundation of fact such as Plato probably intended to have given to the Republic in the Critias. His most remarkable imitation of Plato is the adaptation of the vision of Er, which is converted by Cicero into the ‘Somnium Scipionis’; he has ‘romanized’ the myth of the Republic, adding an argument for the immortality of the soul taken from the Phaedrus, and some other touches derived from the Phaedo and the Timaeus. Though a beautiful tale and containing splendid passages, the ‘Somnium Scipionis; is very inferior to the vision of Er; it is only a dream, and hardly allows the reader to suppose that the writer believes in his own creation. Whether his dialogues were framed on the model of the lost dialogues of Aristotle, as he himself tells us, or of Plato, to which they bear many superficial resemblances, he is still the Roman orator; he is not conversing, but making speeches, and is never able to mould the intractable Latin to the grace and ease of the Greek Platonic dialogue. But if he is defective in form, much more is he inferior to the Greek in matter; he nowhere in his philosophical writings leaves upon our minds the impression of an original thinker.

Plato’s Republic has been said to be a church and not a state; and such an ideal of a city in the heavens has always hovered over the Christian world, and is embodied in St. Augustine’s ‘De Civitate Dei,’ which is suggested by the decay and fall of the Roman Empire, much in the same manner in which we may imagine the Republic of Plato to have been influenced by the decline of Greek politics in the writer’s own age. The difference is that in the time of Plato the degeneracy, though certain, was gradual and insensible: whereas the taking of Rome by the Goths stirred like an earthquake the age of St. Augustine. Men were inclined to believe that the overthrow of the city was to be ascribed to the anger felt by the old Roman deities at the neglect of their worship. St. Augustine maintains the opposite thesis; he argues that the destruction of the Roman Empire is due, not to the rise of Christianity, but to the vices of Paganism. He wanders over Roman history, and over Greek philosophy and mythology, and finds everywhere crime, impiety and falsehood. He compares the worst parts of the Gentile religions with the best elements of the faith of Christ. He shows nothing of the spirit which led others of the early Christian Fathers to recognize in the writings of the Greek philosophers the power of the divine truth. He traces the parallel of the kingdom of God, that is, the history of the Jews, contained in their scriptures, and of the kingdoms of the world, which are found in gentile writers, and pursues them both into an ideal future. It need hardly be remarked that his use both of Greek and of Roman historians and of the sacred writings of the Jews is wholly uncritical. The heathen mythology, the Sybilline oracles, the myths of Plato, the dreams of Neo-Platonists are equally regarded by him as matter of fact. He must be acknowledged to be a strictly polemical or controversial writer who makes the best of everything on one side and the worst of everything on the other. He has no sympathy with the old Roman life as Plato has with Greek life, nor has he any idea of the ecclesiastical kingdom which was to arise out of the ruins of the Roman empire. He is not blind to the defects of the Christian Church, and looks forward to a time when Christian and Pagan shall be alike brought before the judgment-seat, and the true City of God shall appear...The work of St. Augustine is a curious repertory of antiquarian learning and quotations, deeply penetrated with Christian ethics, but showing little power of reasoning, and a slender knowledge of the Greek literature and language. He was a great genius, and a noble character, yet hardly capable of feeling or understanding anything external to his own theology. Of all the ancient philosophers he is most attracted by Plato, though he is very slightly acquainted with his writings. He is inclined to believe that the idea of creation in the Timaeus is derived from the narrative in Genesis; and he is strangely taken

with the coincidence (?) of Plato's saying that 'the philosopher is the lover of God,' and the words of the Book of Exodus in which God reveals himself to Moses (Exod.) He dwells at length on miracles performed in his own day, of which the evidence is regarded by him as irresistible. He speaks in a very interesting manner of the beauty and utility of nature and of the human frame, which he conceives to afford a foretaste of the heavenly state and of the resurrection of the body. The book is not really what to most persons the title of it would imply, and belongs to an age which has passed away. But it contains many fine passages and thoughts which are for all time.

The short treatise de Monarchia of Dante is by far the most remarkable of mediaeval ideals, and bears the impress of the great genius in whom Italy and the Middle Ages are so vividly reflected. It is the vision of an Universal Empire, which is supposed to be the natural and necessary government of the world, having a divine authority distinct from the Papacy, yet coextensive with it. It is not 'the ghost of the dead Roman Empire sitting crowned upon the grave thereof,' but the legitimate heir and successor of it, justified by the ancient virtues of the Romans and the beneficence of their rule. Their right to be the governors of the world is also confirmed by the testimony of miracles, and acknowledged by St. Paul when he appealed to Caesar, and even more emphatically by Christ Himself, Who could not have made atonement for the sins of men if He had not been condemned by a divinely authorized tribunal. The necessity for the establishment of an Universal Empire is proved partly by a priori arguments such as the unity of God and the unity of the family or nation; partly by perversions of Scripture and history, by false analogies of nature, by misapplied quotations from the classics, and by odd scraps and commonplaces of logic, showing a familiar but by no means exact knowledge of Aristotle (of Plato there is none). But a more convincing argument still is the miserable state of the world, which he touchingly describes. He sees no hope of happiness or peace for mankind until all nations of the earth are comprehended in a single empire. The whole treatise shows how deeply the idea of the Roman Empire was fixed in the minds of his contemporaries. Not much argument was needed to maintain the truth of a theory which to his own contemporaries seemed so natural and congenial. He speaks, or rather preaches, from the point of view, not of the ecclesiastic, but of the layman, although, as a good Catholic, he is willing to acknowledge that in certain respects the Empire must submit to the Church. The beginning and end of all his noble reflections and of his arguments, good and bad, is the aspiration 'that in this little plot of earth belonging to mortal man life may pass in freedom and peace.' So inextricably is his vision of the future bound up with the beliefs and circumstances of his own age.

The 'Utopia' of Sir Thomas More is a surprising monument of his genius, and shows a reach of thought far beyond his contemporaries. The book was written by him at the age of about 34 or 35, and is full of the generous sentiments of youth. He brings the light of Plato to bear upon the miserable state of his own country. Living not long after the Wars of the Roses, and in the dregs of the Catholic Church in England, he is indignant at the corruption of the clergy, at the luxury of the nobility and gentry, at the sufferings of the poor, at the calamities caused by war. To the eye of More the whole world was in dissolution and decay; and side by side with the misery and oppression which he has described in the First Book of the Utopia, he places in the Second Book the ideal state which by the help of Plato he had constructed. The times were full of stir and intellectual interest. The distant murmur of the Reformation was beginning to be heard. To minds like More's, Greek literature was a revelation: there had arisen an art of interpretation, and the New Testament was beginning to be understood as it had never been before, and has not often been since, in its natural sense. The life there depicted appeared to him wholly unlike that of Christian commonwealths, in which 'he saw nothing but a certain conspiracy of rich men procuring their own commodities under the name and title of the Commonwealth.' He thought that Christ, like Plato, 'instituted all things common,' for which reason, he tells us, the citizens of Utopia were the more willing to receive his doctrines ('Howbeit, I think this was no small help and furtherance in the matter, that they heard us say that Christ instituted among his, all things common, and that the same community doth yet remain in the rightest Christian communities' (Utopia).). The community of property is a fixed idea with him, though he is aware of the arguments which may be urged on the other side ('These things (I say), when I consider with myself, I hold well with Plato, and do nothing marvel that he would make no laws for them that refused those laws, whereby all men should have and enjoy equal portions of riches and commodities. For the wise men did easily foresee this to be the one and only way to the wealth of a community, if equality of all things should be brought in and established' (Utopia).). We wonder how in the reign of Henry VIII, though veiled in another language and published in a foreign country, such speculations could have been endured.

He is gifted with far greater dramatic invention than any one who succeeded him, with the exception of Swift. In the art of feigning he is a worthy disciple of Plato. Like him, starting from a small portion of fact, he founds his tale with admirable skill on a few lines in the Latin narrative of the voyages of Amerigo Vespucci. He is very precise about dates and facts, and has the power of making us believe that the narrator of the tale must have been an eyewitness. We are fairly puzzled by his manner of mixing up real and imaginary persons; his boy John Clement and Peter Giles, citizen of Antwerp, with whom he disputes about the precise words which are supposed to have been used by the (imaginary) Portuguese traveller, Raphael Hythloday. 'I have the more cause,' says

Hythloday, ‘to fear that my words shall not be believed, for that I know how difficultly and hardly I myself would have believed another man telling the same, if I had not myself seen it with mine own eyes.’ Or again: ‘If you had been with me in Utopia, and had presently seen their fashions and laws as I did which lived there five years and more, and would never have come thence, but only to make the new land known here,’ etc. More greatly regrets that he forgot to ask Hythloday in what part of the world Utopia is situated; he ‘would have spent no small sum of money rather than it should have escaped him,’ and he begs Peter Giles to see Hythloday or write to him and obtain an answer to the question. After this we are not surprised to hear that a Professor of Divinity (perhaps ‘a late famous vicar of Croydon in Surrey,’ as the translator thinks) is desirous of being sent thither as a missionary by the High Bishop, ‘yea, and that he may himself be made Bishop of Utopia, nothing doubting that he must obtain this Bishopric with suit; and he counteth that a godly suit which proceedeth not of the desire of honour or lucre, but only of a godly zeal.’ The design may have failed through the disappearance of Hythloday, concerning whom we have ‘very uncertain news’ after his departure. There is no doubt, however, that he had told More and Giles the exact situation of the island, but unfortunately at the same moment More’s attention, as he is reminded in a letter from Giles, was drawn off by a servant, and one of the company from a cold caught on shipboard coughed so loud as to prevent Giles from hearing. And ‘the secret has perished’ with him; to this day the place of Utopia remains unknown.

The words of Phaedrus, ‘O Socrates, you can easily invent Egyptians or anything,’ are recalled to our mind as we read this lifelike fiction. Yet the greater merit of the work is not the admirable art, but the originality of thought. More is as free as Plato from the prejudices of his age, and far more tolerant. The Utopians do not allow him who believes not in the immortality of the soul to share in the administration of the state (Laws), ‘howbeit they put him to no punishment, because they be persuaded that it is in no man’s power to believe what he list’; and ‘no man is to be blamed for reasoning in support of his own religion (‘One of our company in my presence was sharply punished. He, as soon as he was baptised, began, against our wills, with more earnest affection than wisdom, to reason of Christ’s religion, and began to wax so hot in his matter, that he did not only prefer our religion before all other, but also did despise and condemn all other, calling them profane, and the followers of them wicked and devilish, and the children of everlasting damnation. When he had thus long reasoned the matter, they laid hold on him, accused him, and condemned him into exile, not as a despiser of religion, but as a seditious person and a raiser up of dissension among the people’).’ In the public services ‘no prayers be used, but such as every man may boldly pronounce without giving offence to any sect.’ He says significantly, ‘There be that give worship to a man that was once of excellent virtue or of famous glory, not only as God, but also the chiefest and highest God. But the most and the wisest part, rejecting all these, believe that there is a certain godly power unknown, far above the capacity and reach of man’s wit, dispersed throughout all the world, not in bigness, but in virtue and power. Him they call the Father of all. To Him alone they attribute the beginnings, the increasings, the proceedings, the changes, and the ends of all things. Neither give they any divine honours to any other than him.’ So far was More from sharing the popular beliefs of his time. Yet at the end he reminds us that he does not in all respects agree with the customs and opinions of the Utopians which he describes. And we should let him have the benefit of this saving clause, and not rudely withdraw the veil behind which he has been pleased to conceal himself.

Nor is he less in advance of popular opinion in his political and moral speculations. He would like to bring military glory into contempt; he would set all sorts of idle people to profitable occupation, including in the same class, priests, women, noblemen, gentlemen, and ‘sturdy and valiant beggars,’ that the labour of all may be reduced to six hours a day. His dislike of capital punishment, and plans for the reformation of offenders; his detestation of priests and lawyers (Compare his satirical observation: ‘They (the Utopians) have priests of exceeding holiness, and therefore very few.); his remark that ‘although every one may hear of ravenous dogs and wolves and cruel man-eaters, it is not easy to find states that are well and wisely governed,’ are curiously at variance with the notions of his age and indeed with his own life. There are many points in which he shows a modern feeling and a prophetic insight like Plato. He is a sanitary reformer; he maintains that civilized states have a right to the soil of waste countries; he is inclined to the opinion which places happiness in virtuous pleasures, but herein, as he thinks, not disagreeing from those other philosophers who define virtue to be a life according to nature. He extends the idea of happiness so as to include the happiness of others; and he argues ingeniously, ‘All men agree that we ought to make others happy; but if others, how much more ourselves!’ And still he thinks that there may be a more excellent way, but to this no man’s reason can attain unless heaven should inspire him with a higher truth. His ceremonies before marriage; his humane proposal that war should be carried on by assassinating the leaders of the enemy, may be compared to some of the paradoxes of Plato. He has a charming fancy, like the affinities of Greeks and barbarians in the Timaeus, that the Utopians learnt the language of the Greeks with the more readiness because they were originally of the same race with them. He is penetrated with the spirit of Plato, and quotes or adapts many thoughts both from the Republic and from the Timaeus. He prefers public duties to private, and is somewhat impatient of the importunity of relations. His

citizens have no silver or gold of their own, but are ready enough to pay them to their mercenaries. There is nothing of which he is more contemptuous than the love of money. Gold is used for fetters of criminals, and diamonds and pearls for children's necklaces (When the ambassadors came arrayed in gold and peacocks' feathers 'to the eyes of all the Utopians except very few, which had been in other countries for some reasonable cause, all that gorgeousness of apparel seemed shameful and reproachful. In so much that they most reverently saluted the vilest and most abject of them for lords—passing over the ambassadors themselves without any honour, judging them by their wearing of golden chains to be bondmen. You should have seen children also, that had cast away their pearls and precious stones, when they saw the like sticking upon the ambassadors' caps, dig and push their mothers under the sides, saying thus to them—"Look, though he were a little child still." But the mother; yea and that also in good earnest: "Peace, son," saith she, "I think he be some of the ambassadors' fools."')

Like Plato he is full of satirical reflections on governments and princes; on the state of the world and of knowledge. The hero of his discourse (Hythloday) is very unwilling to become a minister of state, considering that he would lose his independence and his advice would never be heeded (Compare an exquisite passage, of which the conclusion is as follows: 'And verily it is naturally given...suppressed and ended.') He ridicules the new logic of his time; the Utopians could never be made to understand the doctrine of Second Intentions ('For they have not devised one of all those rules of restrictions, amplifications, and suppositions, very wittily invented in the small Logicals, which here our children in every place do learn. Furthermore, they were never yet able to find out the second intentions; insomuch that none of them all could ever see man himself in common, as they call him, though he be (as you know) bigger than was ever any giant, yea, and pointed to of us even with our finger.') He is very severe on the sports of the gentry; the Utopians count 'hunting the lowest, the vilest, and the most abject part of butchery.' He quotes the words of the Republic in which the philosopher is described 'standing out of the way under a wall until the driving storm of sleet and rain be overpast,' which admit of a singular application to More's own fate; although, writing twenty years before (about the year 1514), he can hardly be supposed to have foreseen this. There is no touch of satire which strikes deeper than his quiet remark that the greater part of the precepts of Christ are more at variance with the lives of ordinary Christians than the discourse of Utopia ('And yet the most part of them is more dissident from the manners of the world now a days, than my communication was. But preachers, sly and wily men, following your counsel (as I suppose) because they saw men evil-willing to frame their manners to Christ's rule, they have wrested and wried his doctrine, and, like a rule of lead, have applied it to men's manners, that by some means at the least way, they might agree together.')

The 'New Atlantis' is only a fragment, and far inferior in merit to the 'Utopia.' The work is full of ingenuity, but wanting in creative fancy, and by no means impresses the reader with a sense of credibility. In some places Lord Bacon is characteristically different from Sir Thomas More, as, for example, in the external state which he attributes to the governor of Solomon's House, whose dress he minutely describes, while to Sir Thomas More such trappings appear simple ridiculous. Yet, after this programme of dress, Bacon adds the beautiful trait, 'that he had a look as though he pitied men.' Several things are borrowed by him from the Timaeus; but he has injured the unity of style by adding thoughts and passages which are taken from the Hebrew Scriptures.

The 'City of the Sun' written by Campanella (1568-1639), a Dominican friar, several years after the 'New Atlantis' of Bacon, has many resemblances to the Republic of Plato. The citizens have wives and children in common; their marriages are of the same temporary sort, and are arranged by the magistrates from time to time. They do not, however, adopt his system of lots, but bring together the best natures, male and female, 'according to philosophical rules.' The infants until two years of age are brought up by their mothers in public temples; and since individuals for the most part educate their children badly, at the beginning of their third year they are committed to the care of the State, and are taught at first, not out of books, but from paintings of all kinds, which are emblazoned on the walls of the city. The city has six interior circuits of walls, and an outer wall which is the seventh. On this outer wall are painted the figures of legislators and philosophers, and on each of the interior walls the symbols or forms of some one of the sciences are delineated. The women are, for the most part, trained, like the men, in warlike and other exercises; but they have two special occupations of their own. After a battle, they and the boys soothe and relieve the wounded warriors; also they encourage them with embraces and pleasant words. Some elements of the Christian or Catholic religion are preserved among them. The life of the Apostles is greatly admired by this people because they had all things in common; and the short prayer which Jesus Christ taught men is used in their worship. It is a duty of the chief magistrates to pardon sins, and therefore the whole people make secret confession of them to the magistrates, and they to their chief, who is a sort of Rector Metaphysicus; and by this means he is well informed of all that is going on in the minds of men. After confession, absolution is granted to the citizens collectively, but no one is mentioned by name. There also exists among them a practice of perpetual prayer, performed by a succession of priests, who change every hour. Their religion is a worship of God in Trinity, that is of Wisdom, Love and Power, but without any distinction of persons. They behold in the sun the reflection of His glory; mere graven images they reject, refusing to fall under the 'tyranny' of

idolatry.

Many details are given about their customs of eating and drinking, about their mode of dressing, their employments, their wars. Campanella looks forward to a new mode of education, which is to be a study of nature, and not of Aristotle. He would not have his citizens waste their time in the consideration of what he calls ‘the dead signs of things.’ He remarks that he who knows one science only, does not really know that one any more than the rest, and insists strongly on the necessity of a variety of knowledge. More scholars are turned out in the City of the Sun in one year than by contemporary methods in ten or fifteen. He evidently believes, like Bacon, that henceforward natural science will play a great part in education, a hope which seems hardly to have been realized, either in our own or in any former age; at any rate the fulfilment of it has been long deferred.

There is a good deal of ingenuity and even originality in this work, and a most enlightened spirit pervades it. But it has little or no charm of style, and falls very far short of the ‘New Atlantis’ of Bacon, and still more of the ‘Utopia’ of Sir Thomas More. It is full of inconsistencies, and though borrowed from Plato, shows but a superficial acquaintance with his writings. It is a work such as one might expect to have been written by a philosopher and man of genius who was also a friar, and who had spent twenty-seven years of his life in a prison of the Inquisition. The most interesting feature of the book, common to Plato and Sir Thomas More, is the deep feeling which is shown by the writer, of the misery and ignorance prevailing among the lower classes in his own time. Campanella takes note of Aristotle’s answer to Plato’s community of property, that in a society where all things are common, no individual would have any motive to work (Arist. Pol.): he replies, that his citizens being happy and contented in themselves (they are required to work only four hours a day), will have greater regard for their fellows than exists among men at present. He thinks, like Plato, that if he abolishes private feelings and interests, a great public feeling will take their place.

Other writings on ideal states, such as the ‘Oceana’ of Harrington, in which the Lord Archon, meaning Cromwell, is described, not as he was, but as he ought to have been; or the ‘Argenis’ of Barclay, which is an historical allegory of his own time, are too unlike Plato to be worth mentioning. More interesting than either of these, and far more Platonic in style and thought, is Sir John Eliot’s ‘Monarchy of Man,’ in which the prisoner of the Tower, no longer able ‘to be a politician in the land of his birth,’ turns away from politics to view ‘that other city which is within him,’ and finds on the very threshold of the grave that the secret of human happiness is the mastery of self. The change of government in the time of the English Commonwealth set men thinking about first principles, and gave rise to many works of this class...The great original genius of Swift owes nothing to Plato; nor is there any trace in the conversation or in the works of Dr. Johnson of any acquaintance with his writings. He probably would have refuted Plato without reading him, in the same fashion in which he supposed himself to have refuted Bishop Berkeley’s theory of the non-existence of matter. If we except the so-called English Platonists, or rather Neo-Platonists, who never understood their master, and the writings of Coleridge, who was to some extent a kindred spirit, Plato has left no permanent impression on English literature.

7. Human life and conduct are affected by ideals in the same way that they are affected by the examples of eminent men. Neither the one nor the other are immediately applicable to practice, but there is a virtue flowing from them which tends to raise individuals above the common routine of society or trade, and to elevate States above the mere interests of commerce or the necessities of self-defence. Like the ideals of art they are partly framed by the omission of particulars; they require to be viewed at a certain distance, and are apt to fade away if we attempt to approach them. They gain an imaginary distinctness when embodied in a State or in a system of philosophy, but they still remain the visions of ‘a world unrealized.’ More striking and obvious to the ordinary mind are the examples of great men, who have served their own generation and are remembered in another. Even in our own family circle there may have been some one, a woman, or even a child, in whose face has shone forth a goodness more than human. The ideal then approaches nearer to us, and we fondly cling to it. The ideal of the past, whether of our own past lives or of former states of society, has a singular fascination for the minds of many. Too late we learn that such ideals cannot be recalled, though the recollection of them may have a humanizing influence on other times. But the abstractions of philosophy are to most persons cold and vacant; they give light without warmth; they are like the full moon in the heavens when there are no stars appearing. Men cannot live by thought alone; the world of sense is always breaking in upon them. They are for the most part confined to a corner of earth, and see but a little way beyond their own home or place of abode; they ‘do not lift up their eyes to the hills’; they are not awake when the dawn appears. But in Plato we have reached a height from which a man may look into the distance and behold the future of the world and of philosophy. The ideal of the State and of the life of the philosopher; the ideal of an education continuing through life and extending equally to both sexes; the ideal of the unity and correlation of knowledge; the faith in good and immortality—are the vacant forms of light on which Plato is seeking to fix the eye of mankind.

8. Two other ideals, which never appeared above the horizon in Greek Philosophy, float before the minds of men in our own day: one seen more clearly than formerly, as though each year and each generation brought us nearer to some great change; the other

almost in the same degree retiring from view behind the laws of nature, as if oppressed by them, but still remaining a silent hope of we know not what hidden in the heart of man. The first ideal is the future of the human race in this world; the second the future of the individual in another. The first is the more perfect realization of our own present life; the second, the abnegation of it: the one, limited by experience, the other, transcending it. Both of them have been and are powerful motives of action; there are a few in whom they have taken the place of all earthly interests. The hope of a future for the human race at first sight seems to be the more disinterested, the hope of individual existence the more egotistical, of the two motives. But when men have learned to resolve their hope of a future either for themselves or for the world into the will of God—'not my will but Thine,' the difference between them falls away; and they may be allowed to make either of them the basis of their lives, according to their own individual character or temperament. There is as much faith in the willingness to work for an unseen future in this world as in another. Neither is it inconceivable that some rare nature may feel his duty to another generation, or to another century, almost as strongly as to his own, or that living always in the presence of God, he may realize another world as vividly as he does this.

The greatest of all ideals may, or rather must be conceived by us under similitudes derived from human qualities; although sometimes, like the Jewish prophets, we may dash away these figures of speech and describe the nature of God only in negatives. These again by degrees acquire a positive meaning. It would be well, if when meditating on the higher truths either of philosophy or religion, we sometimes substituted one form of expression for another, lest through the necessities of language we should become the slaves of mere words.

There is a third ideal, not the same, but akin to these, which has a place in the home and heart of every believer in the religion of Christ, and in which men seem to find a nearer and more familiar truth, the Divine man, the Son of Man, the Saviour of mankind, Who is the first-born and head of the whole family in heaven and earth, in Whom the Divine and human, that which is without and that which is within the range of our earthly faculties, are indissolubly united. Neither is this divine form of goodness wholly separable from the ideal of the Christian Church, which is said in the New Testament to be 'His body,' or at variance with those other images of good which Plato sets before us. We see Him in a figure only, and of figures of speech we select but a few, and those the simplest, to be the expression of Him. We behold Him in a picture, but He is not there. We gather up the fragments of His discourses, but neither do they represent Him as He truly was. His dwelling is neither in heaven nor earth, but in the heart of man. This is that image which Plato saw dimly in the distance, which, when existing among men, he called, in the language of Homer, 'the likeness of God,' the likeness of a nature which in all ages men have felt to be greater and better than themselves, and which in endless forms, whether derived from Scripture or nature, from the witness of history or from the human heart, regarded as a person or not as a person, with or without parts or passions, existing in space or not in space, is and will always continue to be to mankind the Idea of Good.

THE REPUBLIC.

PERSONS OF THE DIALOGUE.

Socrates, who is the narrator.

Glaucon.

Adeimantus.

Polemarchus.

Cephalus.

Thrasymachus.

Cleitophon.

And others who are mute auditors.

The scene is laid in the house of Cephalus at the Piraeus; and the whole dialogue is narrated by Socrates the day after it actually took place to Timaeus, Hermocrates, Critias, and a nameless person, who are introduced in the Timaeus.

BOOK I.

I went down yesterday to the Piraeus with Glaucon the son of Ariston, that I might offer up my prayers to the goddess (Bendis, the Thracian Artemis.); and also because I wanted to see in what manner they would celebrate the festival, which was a new thing. I was delighted with the procession of the inhabitants; but that of the Thracians was equally, if not more, beautiful. When we had finished our prayers and viewed the spectacle, we turned in the direction of the city; and at that instant Polemarchus the son of Cephalus chanced to catch sight of us from a distance as we were starting on our way home, and told his servant to run and bid us wait for him. The servant took hold of me by the cloak behind, and said: Polemarchus desires you to wait.

I turned round, and asked him where his master was.

There he is, said the youth, coming after you, if you will only wait.

Certainly we will, said Glaucon; and in a few minutes Polemarchus appeared, and with him Adeimantus, Glaucon's brother, Niceratus the son of Nicias, and several others who had been at the procession.

Polemarchus said to me: I perceive, Socrates, that you and your companion are already on your way to the city.

You are not far wrong, I said.

But do you see, he rejoined, how many we are?

Of course.

And are you stronger than all these? for if not, you will have to remain where you are.

May there not be the alternative, I said, that we may persuade you to let us go?

But can you persuade us, if we refuse to listen to you? he said.

Certainly not, replied Glaucon.

Then we are not going to listen; of that you may be assured.

Adeimantus added: Has no one told you of the torch-race on horseback in honour of the goddess which will take place in the evening?

With horses! I replied: That is a novelty. Will horsemen carry torches and pass them one to another during the race?

Yes, said Polemarchus, and not only so, but a festival will be celebrated at night, which you certainly ought to see. Let us rise soon after supper and see this festival; there will be a gathering of young men, and we will have a good talk. Stay then, and do not be perverse.

Glaucon said: I suppose, since you insist, that we must.

Very good, I replied.

Accordingly we went with Polemarchus to his house; and there we found his brothers Lysias and Euthydemus, and with them Thrasymachus the Chalcedonian, Charmantides the Paeanian, and Cleitophon the son of Aristonymus. There too was Cephalus the father of Polemarchus, whom I had not seen for a long time, and I thought him very much aged. He was seated on a cushioned chair, and had a garland on his head, for he had been sacrificing in the court; and there were some other chairs in the room arranged in a semicircle, upon which we sat down by him. He saluted me eagerly, and then he said:—

You don't come to see me, Socrates, as often as you ought: If I were still able to go and see you I would not ask you to come to me. But at my age I can hardly get to the city, and therefore you should come oftener to the Piraeus. For let me tell you, that the more the pleasures of the body fade away, the greater to me is the pleasure and charm of conversation. Do not then deny my request, but make our house your resort and keep company with these young men; we are old friends, and you will be quite at home with us.

I replied: There is nothing which for my part I like better, Cephalus, than conversing with aged men; for I regard them as travellers who have gone a journey which I too may have to go, and of whom I ought to enquire, whether the way is smooth and easy, or rugged and difficult. And this is a question which I should like to ask of you who have arrived at that time which the poets call the

‘threshold of old age’—Is life harder towards the end, or what report do you give of it?

I will tell you, Socrates, he said, what my own feeling is. Men of my age flock together; we are birds of a feather, as the old proverb says; and at our meetings the tale of my acquaintance commonly is—I cannot eat, I cannot drink; the pleasures of youth and love are fled away: there was a good time once, but now that is gone, and life is no longer life. Some complain of the slights which are put upon them by relations, and they will tell you sadly of how many evils their old age is the cause. But to me, Socrates, these complainers seem to blame that which is not really in fault. For if old age were the cause, I too being old, and every other old man, would have felt as they do. But this is not my own experience, nor that of others whom I have known. How well I remember the aged poet Sophocles, when in answer to the question, How does love suit with age, Sophocles,—are you still the man you were? Peace, he replied; most gladly have I escaped the thing of which you speak; I feel as if I had escaped from a mad and furious master. His words have often occurred to my mind since, and they seem as good to me now as at the time when he uttered them. For certainly old age has a great sense of calm and freedom; when the passions relax their hold, then, as Sophocles says, we are freed from the grasp not of one mad master only, but of many. The truth is, Socrates, that these regrets, and also the complaints about relations, are to be attributed to the same cause, which is not old age, but men’s characters and tempers; for he who is of a calm and happy nature will hardly feel the pressure of age, but to him who is of an opposite disposition youth and age are equally a burden.

I listened in admiration, and wanting to draw him out, that he might go on—Yes, Cephalus, I said: but I rather suspect that people in general are not convinced by you when you speak thus; they think that old age sits lightly upon you, not because of your happy disposition, but because you are rich, and wealth is well known to be a great comforter.

You are right, he replied; they are not convinced: and there is something in what they say; not, however, so much as they imagine. I might answer them as Themistocles answered the Seriphian who was abusing him and saying that he was famous, not for his own merits but because he was an Athenian: ‘If you had been a native of my country or I of yours, neither of us would have been famous.’ And to those who are not rich and are impatient of old age, the same reply may be made; for to the good poor man old age cannot be a light burden, nor can a bad rich man ever have peace with himself.

May I ask, Cephalus, whether your fortune was for the most part inherited or acquired by you?

Acquired! Socrates; do you want to know how much I acquired? In the art of making money I have been midway between my father and grandfather: for my grandfather, whose name I bear, doubled and trebled the value of his patrimony, that which he inherited being much what I possess now; but my father Lysanias reduced the property below what it is at present: and I shall be satisfied if I leave to these my sons not less but a little more than I received.

That was why I asked you the question, I replied, because I see that you are indifferent about money, which is a characteristic rather of those who have inherited their fortunes than of those who have acquired them; the makers of fortunes have a second love of money as a creation of their own, resembling the affection of authors for their own poems, or of parents for their children, besides that natural love of it for the sake of use and profit which is common to them and all men. And hence they are very bad company, for they can talk about nothing but the praises of wealth.

That is true, he said.

Yes, that is very true, but may I ask another question?—What do you consider to be the greatest blessing which you have reaped from your wealth?

One, he said, of which I could not expect easily to convince others. For let me tell you, Socrates, that when a man thinks himself to be near death, fears and cares enter into his mind which he never had before; the tales of a world below and the punishment which is exacted there of deeds done here were once a laughing matter to him, but now he is tormented with the thought that they may be true: either from the weakness of age, or because he is now drawing nearer to that other place, he has a clearer view of these things; suspicions and alarms crowd thickly upon him, and he begins to reflect and consider what wrongs he has done to others. And when he finds that the sum of his transgressions is great he will many a time like a child start up in his sleep for fear, and he is filled with dark forebodings. But to him who is conscious of no sin, sweet hope, as Pindar charmingly says, is the kind nurse of his age:

‘Hope,’ he says, ‘cherishes the soul of him who lives in justice and holiness, and is the nurse of his age and the companion of his journey;—hope which is mightiest to sway the restless soul of man.’

How admirable are his words! And the great blessing of riches, I do not say to every man, but to a good man, is, that he has had no occasion to deceive or to defraud others, either intentionally or unintentionally; and when he departs to the world below he is not in any apprehension about offerings due to the gods or debts which he owes to men. Now to this peace of mind the possession of wealth greatly contributes; and therefore I say, that, setting one thing against another, of the many advantages which wealth has to give, to a man of sense this is in my opinion the greatest.

Well said, Cephalus, I replied; but as concerning justice, what is it?—to speak the truth and to pay your debts—no more than this? And even to this are there not exceptions? Suppose that a friend when in his right mind has deposited arms with me and he asks for them when he is not in his right mind, ought I to give them back to him? No one would say that I ought or that I should be right in doing so, any more than they would say that I ought always to speak the truth to one who is in his condition.

You are quite right, he replied.

But then, I said, speaking the truth and paying your debts is not a correct definition of justice.

Quite correct, Socrates, if Simonides is to be believed, said Polemarchus interposing.

I fear, said Cephalus, that I must go now, for I have to look after the sacrifices, and I hand over the argument to Polemarchus and the company.

Is not Polemarchus your heir? I said.

To be sure, he answered, and went away laughing to the sacrifices.

Tell me then, O thou heir of the argument, what did Simonides say, and according to you truly say, about justice?

He said that the repayment of a debt is just, and in saying so he appears to me to be right.

I should be sorry to doubt the word of such a wise and inspired man, but his meaning, though probably clear to you, is the reverse of clear to me. For he certainly does not mean, as we were just now saying, that I ought to return a deposit of arms or of anything else to one who asks for it when he is not in his right senses; and yet a deposit cannot be denied to be a debt.

True.

Then when the person who asks me is not in his right mind I am by no means to make the return?

Certainly not.

When Simonides said that the repayment of a debt was justice, he did not mean to include that case?

Certainly not; for he thinks that a friend ought always to do good to a friend and never evil.

You mean that the return of a deposit of gold which is to the injury of the receiver, if the two parties are friends, is not the repayment of a debt,—that is what you would imagine him to say?

Yes.

And are enemies also to receive what we owe to them?

To be sure, he said, they are to receive what we owe them, and an enemy, as I take it, owes to an enemy that which is due or proper to him—that is to say, evil.

Simonides, then, after the manner of poets, would seem to have spoken darkly of the nature of justice; for he really meant to say that justice is the giving to each man what is proper to him, and this he termed a debt.

That must have been his meaning, he said.

By heaven! I replied; and if we asked him what due or proper thing is given by medicine, and to whom, what answer do you think that he would make to us?

He would surely reply that medicine gives drugs and meat and drink to human bodies.

And what due or proper thing is given by cookery, and to what?

Seasoning to food.

And what is that which justice gives, and to whom?

If, Socrates, we are to be guided at all by the analogy of the preceding instances, then justice is the art which gives good to friends and evil to enemies.

That is his meaning then?

I think so.

And who is best able to do good to his friends and evil to his enemies in time of sickness?

The physician.

Or when they are on a voyage, amid the perils of the sea?

The pilot.

And in what sort of actions or with a view to what result is the just man most able to do harm to his enemy and good to his friend?

In going to war against the one and in making alliances with the other.

But when a man is well, my dear Polemarchus, there is no need of a physician?

No.

And he who is not on a voyage has no need of a pilot?

No.

Then in time of peace justice will be of no use?

I am very far from thinking so.

You think that justice may be of use in peace as well as in war?

Yes.

Like husbandry for the acquisition of corn?

Yes.

Or like shoemaking for the acquisition of shoes,—that is what you mean?

Yes.

And what similar use or power of acquisition has justice in time of peace?

In contracts, Socrates, justice is of use.

And by contracts you mean partnerships?

Exactly.

But is the just man or the skilful player a more useful and better partner at a game of draughts?

The skilful player.

And in the laying of bricks and stones is the just man a more useful or better partner than the builder?

Quite the reverse.

Then in what sort of partnership is the just man a better partner than the harp-player, as in playing the harp the harp-player is certainly a better partner than the just man?

In a money partnership.

Yes, Polemarchus, but surely not in the use of money; for you do not want a just man to be your counsellor in the purchase or sale of a horse; a man who is knowing about horses would be better for that, would he not?

Certainly.

And when you want to buy a ship, the shipwright or the pilot would be better?

True.

Then what is that joint use of silver or gold in which the just man is to be preferred?

When you want a deposit to be kept safely.

You mean when money is not wanted, but allowed to lie?

Precisely.

That is to say, justice is useful when money is useless?

That is the inference.

And when you want to keep a pruning-hook safe, then justice is useful to the individual and to the state; but when you want to use it, then the art of the vine-dresser?

Clearly.

And when you want to keep a shield or a lyre, and not to use them, you would say that justice is useful; but when you want to use them, then the art of the soldier or of the musician?

Certainly.

And so of all other things;—justice is useful when they are useless, and useless when they are useful?

That is the inference.

Then justice is not good for much. But let us consider this further point: Is not he who can best strike a blow in a boxing match or in any kind of fighting best able to ward off a blow?

Certainly.

And he who is most skilful in preventing or escaping from a disease is best able to create one?

True.

And he is the best guard of a camp who is best able to steal a march upon the enemy?

Certainly.

Then he who is a good keeper of anything is also a good thief?

That, I suppose, is to be inferred.

Then if the just man is good at keeping money, he is good at stealing it.

That is implied in the argument.

Then after all the just man has turned out to be a thief. And this is a lesson which I suspect you must have learnt out of Homer; for he, speaking of Autolycus, the maternal grandfather of Odysseus, who is a favourite of his, affirms that

‘He was excellent above all men in theft and perjury.’

And so, you and Homer and Simonides are agreed that justice is an art of theft; to be practised however ‘for the good of friends and for the harm of enemies,’—that was what you were saying?

No, certainly not that, though I do not now know what I did say; but I still stand by the latter words.

Well, there is another question: By friends and enemies do we mean those who are so really, or only in seeming?

Surely, he said, a man may be expected to love those whom he thinks good, and to hate those whom he thinks evil.

Yes, but do not persons often err about good and evil: many who are not good seem to be so, and conversely?

That is true.

Then to them the good will be enemies and the evil will be their friends? True.

And in that case they will be right in doing good to the evil and evil to the good?

Clearly.

But the good are just and would not do an injustice?

True.

Then according to your argument it is just to injure those who do no wrong?

Nay, Socrates; the doctrine is immoral.

Then I suppose that we ought to do good to the just and harm to the unjust?

I like that better.

But see the consequence:—Many a man who is ignorant of human nature has friends who are bad friends, and in that case he ought to do harm to them; and he has good enemies whom he ought to benefit; but, if so, we shall be saying the very opposite of that which we affirmed to be the meaning of Simonides.

Very true, he said: and I think that we had better correct an error into which we seem to have fallen in the use of the words ‘friend’ and ‘enemy.’

What was the error, Polemarchus? I asked.

We assumed that he is a friend who seems to be or who is thought good.

And how is the error to be corrected?

We should rather say that he is a friend who is, as well as seems, good; and that he who seems only, and is not good, only seems to be and is not a friend; and of an enemy the same may be said.

You would argue that the good are our friends and the bad our enemies?

Yes.

And instead of saying simply as we did at first, that it is just to do good to our friends and harm to our enemies, we should further say: It is just to do good to our friends when they are good and harm to our enemies when they are evil?

Yes, that appears to me to be the truth.

But ought the just to injure any one at all?

Undoubtedly he ought to injure those who are both wicked and his enemies.

When horses are injured, are they improved or deteriorated?

The latter.

Deteriorated, that is to say, in the good qualities of horses, not of dogs?

Yes, of horses.

And dogs are deteriorated in the good qualities of dogs, and not of horses?

Of course.

And will not men who are injured be deteriorated in that which is the proper virtue of man?

Certainly.

And that human virtue is justice?

To be sure.

Then men who are injured are of necessity made unjust?

That is the result.

But can the musician by his art make men unmusical?

Certainly not.

Or the horseman by his art make them bad horsemen?

Impossible.

And can the just by justice make men unjust, or speaking generally, can the good by virtue make them bad?

Assuredly not.

Any more than heat can produce cold?

It cannot.

Or drought moisture?

Clearly not.

Nor can the good harm any one?

Impossible.

And the just is the good?

Certainly.

Then to injure a friend or any one else is not the act of a just man, but of the opposite, who is the unjust?

I think that what you say is quite true, Socrates.

Then if a man says that justice consists in the repayment of debts, and that good is the debt which a just man owes to his friends, and evil the debt which he owes to his enemies,—to say this is not wise; for it is not true, if, as has been clearly shown, the injuring of another can be in no case just.

I agree with you, said Polemarchus.

Then you and I are prepared to take up arms against any one who attributes such a saying to Simonides or Bias or Pittacus, or any other wise man or seer?

I am quite ready to do battle at your side, he said.

Shall I tell you whose I believe the saying to be?

Whose?

I believe that Periander or Perdiccas or Xerxes or Ismenias the Theban, or some other rich and mighty man, who had a great opinion of his own power, was the first to say that justice is ‘doing good to your friends and harm to your enemies.’

Most true, he said.

Yes, I said; but if this definition of justice also breaks down, what other can be offered?

Several times in the course of the discussion Thrasymachus had made an attempt to get the argument into his own hands, and had been put down by the rest of the company, who wanted to hear the end. But when Polemarchus and I had done speaking and there was a pause, he could no longer hold his peace; and, gathering himself up, he came at us like a wild beast, seeking to devour us. We were quite panic-stricken at the sight of him.

He roared out to the whole company: What folly, Socrates, has taken possession of you all? And why, sillybillies, do you knock under to one another? I say that if you want really to know what justice is, you should not only ask but answer, and you should not seek honour to yourself from the refutation of an opponent, but have your own answer; for there is many a one who can ask and cannot answer. And now I will not have you say that justice is duty or advantage or profit or gain or interest, for this sort of nonsense will not do for me; I must have clearness and accuracy.

I was panic-stricken at his words, and could not look at him without trembling. Indeed I believe that if I had not fixed my eye upon him, I should have been struck dumb: but when I saw his fury rising, I looked at him first, and was therefore able to reply to him.

Thrasymachus, I said, with a quiver, don’t be hard upon us. Polemarchus and I may have been guilty of a little mistake in the argument, but I can assure you that the error was not intentional. If we were seeking for a piece of gold, you would not imagine that we were ‘knocking under to one another,’ and so losing our chance of finding it. And why, when we are seeking for justice, a thing more precious than many pieces of gold, do you say that we are weakly yielding to one another and not doing our utmost to get at the truth? Nay, my good friend, we are most willing and anxious to do so, but the fact is that we cannot. And if so, you people who know all things should pity us and not be angry with us.

How characteristic of Socrates! he replied, with a bitter laugh;—that’s your ironical style! Did I not foresee—have I not already told you, that whatever he was asked he would refuse to answer, and try irony or any other shuffle, in order that he might avoid answering?

You are a philosopher, Thrasymachus, I replied, and well know that if you ask a person what numbers make up twelve, taking care to prohibit him whom you ask from answering twice six, or three times four, or six times two, or four times three, ‘for this sort of nonsense will not do for me,’—then obviously, if that is your way of putting the question, no one can answer you. But suppose that he were to retort, ‘Thrasymachus, what do you mean? If one of these numbers which you interdict be the true answer to the question, am I falsely to say some other number which is not the right one?—is that your meaning?’—How would you answer him?

Just as if the two cases were at all alike! he said.

Why should they not be? I replied; and even if they are not, but only appear to be so to the person who is asked, ought he not to say what he thinks, whether you and I forbid him or not?

I presume then that you are going to make one of the interdicted answers?

I dare say that I may, notwithstanding the danger, if upon reflection I approve of any of them.

But what if I give you an answer about justice other and better, he said, than any of these? What do you deserve to have done to you?

Done to me!—as becomes the ignorant, I must learn from the wise—that is what I deserve to have done to me.

What, and no payment! a pleasant notion!

I will pay when I have the money, I replied.

But you have, Socrates, said Glaucon: and you, Thrasymachus, need be under no anxiety about money, for we will all make a contribution for Socrates.

Yes, he replied, and then Socrates will do as he always does—refuse to answer himself, but take and pull to pieces the answer of some one else.

Why, my good friend, I said, how can any one answer who knows, and says that he knows, just nothing; and who, even if he has some faint notions of his own, is told by a man of authority not to utter them? The natural thing is, that the speaker should be some one like yourself who professes to know and can tell what he knows. Will you then kindly answer, for the edification of the company and of myself?

Glaucon and the rest of the company joined in my request, and Thrasymachus, as any one might see, was in reality eager to speak; for he thought that he had an excellent answer, and would distinguish himself. But at first he affected to insist on my answering; at length he consented to begin. Behold, he said, the wisdom of Socrates; he refuses to teach himself, and goes about learning of others, to whom he never even says Thank you.

That I learn of others, I replied, is quite true; but that I am ungrateful I wholly deny. Money I have none, and therefore I pay in praise, which is all I have; and how ready I am to praise any one who appears to me to speak well you will very soon find out when you answer; for I expect that you will answer well.

Listen, then, he said; I proclaim that justice is nothing else than the interest of the stronger. And now why do you not praise me? But of course you won't.

Let me first understand you, I replied. Justice, as you say, is the interest of the stronger. What, Thrasymachus, is the meaning of this? You cannot mean to say that because Polydamas, the pancratiast, is stronger than we are, and finds the eating of beef conducive to his bodily strength, that to eat beef is therefore equally for our good who are weaker than he is, and right and just for us?

That's abominable of you, Socrates; you take the words in the sense which is most damaging to the argument.

Not at all, my good sir, I said; I am trying to understand them; and I wish that you would be a little clearer.

Well, he said, have you never heard that forms of government differ; there are tyrannies, and there are democracies, and there are aristocracies?

Yes, I know.

And the government is the ruling power in each state?

Certainly.

And the different forms of government make laws democratical, aristocratical, tyrannical, with a view to their several interests; and these laws, which are made by them for their own interests, are the justice which they deliver to their subjects, and him who transgresses them they punish as a breaker of the law, and unjust. And that is what I mean when I say that in all states there is the same principle of justice, which is the interest of the government; and as the government must be supposed to have power, the only reasonable conclusion is, that everywhere there is one principle of justice, which is the interest of the stronger.

Now I understand you, I said; and whether you are right or not I will try to discover. But let me remark, that in defining justice you have yourself used the word 'interest' which you forbade me to use. It is true, however, that in your definition the words 'of the stronger' are added.

A small addition, you must allow, he said.

Great or small, never mind about that: we must first enquire whether what you are saying is the truth. Now we are both agreed that justice is interest of some sort, but you go on to say 'of the stronger'; about this addition I am not so sure, and must therefore consider further.

Proceed.

I will; and first tell me, Do you admit that it is just for subjects to obey their rulers?

I do.

But are the rulers of states absolutely infallible, or are they sometimes liable to err?

To be sure, he replied, they are liable to err.

Then in making their laws they may sometimes make them rightly, and sometimes not?

True.

When they make them rightly, they make them agreeably to their interest; when they are mistaken, contrary to their interest; you admit that?

Yes.

And the laws which they make must be obeyed by their subjects,—and that is what you call justice?

Doubtless.

Then justice, according to your argument, is not only obedience to the interest of the stronger but the reverse?

What is that you are saying? he asked.

I am only repeating what you are saying, I believe. But let us consider: Have we not admitted that the rulers may be mistaken about their own interest in what they command, and also that to obey them is justice? Has not that been admitted?

Yes.

Then you must also have acknowledged justice not to be for the interest of the stronger, when the rulers unintentionally command things to be done which are to their own injury. For if, as you say, justice is the obedience which the subject renders to their commands, in that case, O wisest of men, is there any escape from the conclusion that the weaker are commanded to do, not what is for the interest, but what is for the injury of the stronger?

Nothing can be clearer, Socrates, said Polemarchus.

Yes, said Cleitophon, interposing, if you are allowed to be his witness.

But there is no need of any witness, said Polemarchus, for Thrasymachus himself acknowledges that rulers may sometimes command what is not for their own interest, and that for subjects to obey them is justice.

Yes, Polemarchus,—Thrasymachus said that for subjects to do what was commanded by their rulers is just.

Yes, Cleitophon, but he also said that justice is the interest of the stronger, and, while admitting both these propositions, he further acknowledged that the stronger may command the weaker who are his subjects to do what is not for his own interest; whence follows that justice is the injury quite as much as the interest of the stronger.

But, said Cleitophon, he meant by the interest of the stronger what the stronger thought to be his interest,—this was what the weaker had to do; and this was affirmed by him to be justice.

Those were not his words, rejoined Polemarchus.

Never mind, I replied, if he now says that they are, let us accept his statement. Tell me, Thrasymachus, I said, did you mean by justice what the stronger thought to be his interest, whether really so or not?

Certainly not, he said. Do you suppose that I call him who is mistaken the stronger at the time when he is mistaken?

Yes, I said, my impression was that you did so, when you admitted that the ruler was not infallible but might be sometimes mistaken.

You argue like an informer, Socrates. Do you mean, for example, that he who is mistaken about the sick is a physician in that he is mistaken? or that he who errs in arithmetic or grammar is an arithmetician or grammarian at the time when he is making the mistake, in respect of the mistake? True, we say that the physician or arithmetician or grammarian has made a mistake, but this is only a way of speaking; for the fact is that neither the grammarian nor any other person of skill ever makes a mistake in so far as he is what his name implies; they none of them err unless their skill fails them, and then they cease to be skilled artists. No artist or

sage or ruler errs at the time when he is what his name implies; though he is commonly said to err, and I adopted the common mode of speaking. But to be perfectly accurate, since you are such a lover of accuracy, we should say that the ruler, in so far as he is a ruler, is unerring, and, being unerring, always commands that which is for his own interest; and the subject is required to execute his commands; and therefore, as I said at first and now repeat, justice is the interest of the stronger.

Indeed, Thrasymachus, and do I really appear to you to argue like an informer?

Certainly, he replied.

And do you suppose that I ask these questions with any design of injuring you in the argument?

Nay, he replied, ‘suppose’ is not the word—I know it; but you will be found out, and by sheer force of argument you will never prevail.

I shall not make the attempt, my dear man; but to avoid any misunderstanding occurring between us in future, let me ask, in what sense do you speak of a ruler or stronger whose interest, as you were saying, he being the superior, it is just that the inferior should execute—is he a ruler in the popular or in the strict sense of the term?

In the strictest of all senses, he said. And now cheat and play the informer if you can; I ask no quarter at your hands. But you never will be able, never.

And do you imagine, I said, that I am such a madman as to try and cheat, Thrasymachus? I might as well shave a lion.

Why, he said, you made the attempt a minute ago, and you failed.

Enough, I said, of these civilities. It will be better that I should ask you a question: Is the physician, taken in that strict sense of which you are speaking, a healer of the sick or a maker of money? And remember that I am now speaking of the true physician.

A healer of the sick, he replied.

And the pilot—that is to say, the true pilot—is he a captain of sailors or a mere sailor?

A captain of sailors.

The circumstance that he sails in the ship is not to be taken into account; neither is he to be called a sailor; the name pilot by which he is distinguished has nothing to do with sailing, but is significant of his skill and of his authority over the sailors.

Very true, he said.

Now, I said, every art has an interest?

Certainly.

For which the art has to consider and provide?

Yes, that is the aim of art.

And the interest of any art is the perfection of it—this and nothing else?

What do you mean?

I mean what I may illustrate negatively by the example of the body. Suppose you were to ask me whether the body is self-sufficing or has wants, I should reply: Certainly the body has wants; for the body may be ill and require to be cured, and has therefore interests to which the art of medicine ministers; and this is the origin and intention of medicine, as you will acknowledge. Am I not right?

Quite right, he replied.

But is the art of medicine or any other art faulty or deficient in any quality in the same way that the eye may be deficient in sight or the ear fail of hearing, and therefore requires another art to provide for the interests of seeing and hearing—has art in itself, I say, any similar liability to fault or defect, and does every art require another supplementary art to provide for its interests, and that another and another without end? Or have the arts to look only after their own interests? Or have they no need either of themselves

or of another?—having no faults or defects, they have no need to correct them, either by the exercise of their own art or of any other; they have only to consider the interest of their subject-matter. For every art remains pure and faultless while remaining true—that is to say, while perfect and unimpaired. Take the words in your precise sense, and tell me whether I am not right.

Yes, clearly.

Then medicine does not consider the interest of medicine, but the interest of the body?

True, he said.

Nor does the art of horsemanship consider the interests of the art of horsemanship, but the interests of the horse; neither do any other arts care for themselves, for they have no needs; they care only for that which is the subject of their art?

True, he said.

But surely, Thrasymachus, the arts are the superiors and rulers of their own subjects?

To this he assented with a good deal of reluctance.

Then, I said, no science or art considers or enjoins the interest of the stronger or superior, but only the interest of the subject and weaker?

He made an attempt to contest this proposition also, but finally acquiesced.

Then, I continued, no physician, in so far as he is a physician, considers his own good in what he prescribes, but the good of his patient; for the true physician is also a ruler having the human body as a subject, and is not a mere money-maker; that has been admitted?

Yes.

And the pilot likewise, in the strict sense of the term, is a ruler of sailors and not a mere sailor?

That has been admitted.

And such a pilot and ruler will provide and prescribe for the interest of the sailor who is under him, and not for his own or the ruler's interest?

He gave a reluctant 'Yes.'

Then, I said, Thrasymachus, there is no one in any rule who, in so far as he is a ruler, considers or enjoins what is for his own interest, but always what is for the interest of his subject or suitable to his art; to that he looks, and that alone he considers in everything which he says and does.

When we had got to this point in the argument, and every one saw that the definition of justice had been completely upset, Thrasymachus, instead of replying to me, said: Tell me, Socrates, have you got a nurse?

Why do you ask such a question, I said, when you ought rather to be answering?

Because she leaves you to snivel, and never wipes your nose: she has not even taught you to know the shepherd from the sheep.

What makes you say that? I replied.

Because you fancy that the shepherd or neatherd fattens or tends the sheep or oxen with a view to their own good and not to the good of himself or his master; and you further imagine that the rulers of states, if they are true rulers, never think of their subjects as sheep, and that they are not studying their own advantage day and night. Oh, no; and so entirely astray are you in your ideas about the just and unjust as not even to know that justice and the just are in reality another's good; that is to say, the interest of the ruler and stronger, and the loss of the subject and servant; and injustice the opposite; for the unjust is lord over the truly simple and just: he is the stronger, and his subjects do what is for his interest, and minister to his happiness, which is very far from being their own. Consider further, most foolish Socrates, that the just is always a loser in comparison with the unjust. First of all, in private contracts: wherever the unjust is the partner of the just you will find that, when the partnership is dissolved, the unjust man has always more and the just less. Secondly, in their dealings with the State: when there is an income-tax, the just man will pay more and the unjust

less on the same amount of income; and when there is anything to be received the one gains nothing and the other much. Observe also what happens when they take an office; there is the just man neglecting his affairs and perhaps suffering other losses, and getting nothing out of the public, because he is just; moreover he is hated by his friends and acquaintance for refusing to serve them in unlawful ways. But all this is reversed in the case of the unjust man. I am speaking, as before, of injustice on a large scale in which the advantage of the unjust is most apparent; and my meaning will be most clearly seen if we turn to that highest form of injustice in which the criminal is the happiest of men, and the sufferers or those who refuse to do injustice are the most miserable—that is to say tyranny, which by fraud and force takes away the property of others, not little by little but wholesale; comprehending in one, things sacred as well as profane, private and public; for which acts of wrong, if he were detected perpetrating any one of them singly, he would be punished and incur great disgrace—they who do such wrong in particular cases are called robbers of temples, and man-stealers and burglars and swindlers and thieves. But when a man besides taking away the money of the citizens has made slaves of them, then, instead of these names of reproach, he is termed happy and blessed, not only by the citizens but by all who hear of his having achieved the consummation of injustice. For mankind censure injustice, fearing that they may be the victims of it and not because they shrink from committing it. And thus, as I have shown, Socrates, injustice, when on a sufficient scale, has more strength and freedom and mastery than justice; and, as I said at first, justice is the interest of the stronger, whereas injustice is a man's own profit and interest.

Thrasymachus, when he had thus spoken, having, like a bath-man, deluged our ears with his words, had a mind to go away. But the company would not let him; they insisted that he should remain and defend his position; and I myself added my own humble request that he would not leave us. Thrasymachus, I said to him, excellent man, how suggestive are your remarks! And are you going to run away before you have fairly taught or learned whether they are true or not? Is the attempt to determine the way of man's life so small a matter in your eyes—to determine how life may be passed by each one of us to the greatest advantage?

And do I differ from you, he said, as to the importance of the enquiry?

You appear rather, I replied, to have no care or thought about us, Thrasymachus—whether we live better or worse from not knowing what you say you know, is to you a matter of indifference. Prithee, friend, do not keep your knowledge to yourself; we are a large party; and any benefit which you confer upon us will be amply rewarded. For my own part I openly declare that I am not convinced, and that I do not believe injustice to be more gainful than justice, even if uncontrolled and allowed to have free play. For, granting that there may be an unjust man who is able to commit injustice either by fraud or force, still this does not convince me of the superior advantage of injustice, and there may be others who are in the same predicament with myself. Perhaps we may be wrong; if so, you in your wisdom should convince us that we are mistaken in preferring justice to injustice.

And how am I to convince you, he said, if you are not already convinced by what I have just said; what more can I do for you? Would you have me put the proof bodily into your souls?

Heaven forbid! I said; I would only ask you to be consistent; or, if you change, change openly and let there be no deception. For I must remark, Thrasymachus, if you will recall what was previously said, that although you began by defining the true physician in an exact sense, you did not observe a like exactness when speaking of the shepherd; you thought that the shepherd as a shepherd tends the sheep not with a view to their own good, but like a mere diner or banquetter with a view to the pleasures of the table; or, again, as a trader for sale in the market, and not as a shepherd. Yet surely the art of the shepherd is concerned only with the good of his subjects; he has only to provide the best for them, since the perfection of the art is already ensured whenever all the requirements of it are satisfied. And that was what I was saying just now about the ruler. I conceived that the art of the ruler, considered as ruler, whether in a state or in private life, could only regard the good of his flock or subjects; whereas you seem to think that the rulers in states, that is to say, the true rulers, like being in authority.

Think! Nay, I am sure of it.

Then why in the case of lesser offices do men never take them willingly without payment, unless under the idea that they govern for the advantage not of themselves but of others? Let me ask you a question: Are not the several arts different, by reason of their each having a separate function? And, my dear illustrious friend, do say what you think, that we may make a little progress.

Yes, that is the difference, he replied.

And each art gives us a particular good and not merely a general one—medicine, for example, gives us health; navigation, safety at sea, and so on?

Yes, he said.

And the art of payment has the special function of giving pay: but we do not confuse this with other arts, any more than the art of the pilot is to be confused with the art of medicine, because the health of the pilot may be improved by a sea voyage. You would not be inclined to say, would you, that navigation is the art of medicine, at least if we are to adopt your exact use of language?

Certainly not.

Or because a man is in good health when he receives pay you would not say that the art of payment is medicine?

I should not.

Nor would you say that medicine is the art of receiving pay because a man takes fees when he is engaged in healing?

Certainly not.

And we have admitted, I said, that the good of each art is specially confined to the art?

Yes.

Then, if there be any good which all artists have in common, that is to be attributed to something of which they all have the common use?

True, he replied.

And when the artist is benefited by receiving pay the advantage is gained by an additional use of the art of pay, which is not the art professed by him?

He gave a reluctant assent to this.

Then the pay is not derived by the several artists from their respective arts. But the truth is, that while the art of medicine gives health, and the art of the builder builds a house, another art attends them which is the art of pay. The various arts may be doing their own business and benefiting that over which they preside, but would the artist receive any benefit from his art unless he were paid as well?

I suppose not.

But does he therefore confer no benefit when he works for nothing?

Certainly, he confers a benefit.

Then now, Thrasymachus, there is no longer any doubt that neither arts nor governments provide for their own interests; but, as we were before saying, they rule and provide for the interests of their subjects who are the weaker and not the stronger—to their good they attend and not to the good of the superior. And this is the reason, my dear Thrasymachus, why, as I was just now saying, no one is willing to govern; because no one likes to take in hand the reformation of evils which are not his concern without remuneration. For, in the execution of his work, and in giving his orders to another, the true artist does not regard his own interest, but always that of his subjects; and therefore in order that rulers may be willing to rule, they must be paid in one of three modes of payment, money, or honour, or a penalty for refusing.

What do you mean, Socrates? said Glaucon. The first two modes of payment are intelligible enough, but what the penalty is I do not understand, or how a penalty can be a payment.

You mean that you do not understand the nature of this payment which to the best men is the great inducement to rule? Of course you know that ambition and avarice are held to be, as indeed they are, a disgrace?

Very true.

And for this reason, I said, money and honour have no attraction for them; good men do not wish to be openly demanding payment for governing and so to get the name of hirelings, nor by secretly helping themselves out of the public revenues to get the name of thieves. And not being ambitious they do not care about honour. Wherefore necessity must be laid upon them, and they must be induced to serve from the fear of punishment. And this, as I imagine, is the reason why the forwardness to take office, instead of

waiting to be compelled, has been deemed dishonourable. Now the worst part of the punishment is that he who refuses to rule is liable to be ruled by one who is worse than himself. And the fear of this, as I conceive, induces the good to take office, not because they would, but because they cannot help—not under the idea that they are going to have any benefit or enjoyment themselves, but as a necessity, and because they are not able to commit the task of ruling to any one who is better than themselves, or indeed as good. For there is reason to think that if a city were composed entirely of good men, then to avoid office would be as much an object of contention as to obtain office is at present; then we should have plain proof that the true ruler is not meant by nature to regard his own interest, but that of his subjects; and every one who knew this would choose rather to receive a benefit from another than to have the trouble of conferring one. So far am I from agreeing with Thrasymachus that justice is the interest of the stronger. This latter question need not be further discussed at present; but when Thrasymachus says that the life of the unjust is more advantageous than that of the just, his new statement appears to me to be of a far more serious character. Which of us has spoken truly? And which sort of life, Glaucon, do you prefer?

I for my part deem the life of the just to be the more advantageous, he answered.

Did you hear all the advantages of the unjust which Thrasymachus was rehearsing?

Yes, I heard him, he replied, but he has not convinced me.

Then shall we try to find some way of convincing him, if we can, that he is saying what is not true?

Most certainly, he replied.

If, I said, he makes a set speech and we make another recounting all the advantages of being just, and he answers and we rejoin, there must be a numbering and measuring of the goods which are claimed on either side, and in the end we shall want judges to decide; but if we proceed in our enquiry as we lately did, by making admissions to one another, we shall unite the offices of judge and advocate in our own persons.

Very good, he said.

And which method do I understand you to prefer? I said.

That which you propose.

Well, then, Thrasymachus, I said, suppose you begin at the beginning and answer me. You say that perfect injustice is more gainful than perfect justice?

Yes, that is what I say, and I have given you my reasons.

And what is your view about them? Would you call one of them virtue and the other vice?

Certainly.

I suppose that you would call justice virtue and injustice vice?

What a charming notion! So likely too, seeing that I affirm injustice to be profitable and justice not.

What else then would you say?

The opposite, he replied.

And would you call justice vice?

No, I would rather say sublime simplicity.

Then would you call injustice malignity?

No; I would rather say discretion.

And do the unjust appear to you to be wise and good?

Yes, he said; at any rate those of them who are able to be perfectly unjust, and who have the power of subduing states and nations; but perhaps you imagine me to be talking of cutpurses. Even this profession if undetected has advantages, though they are not to

be compared with those of which I was just now speaking.

I do not think that I misapprehend your meaning, Thrasymachus, I replied; but still I cannot hear without amazement that you class injustice with wisdom and virtue, and justice with the opposite.

Certainly I do so class them.

Now, I said, you are on more substantial and almost unanswerable ground; for if the injustice which you were maintaining to be profitable had been admitted by you as by others to be vice and deformity, an answer might have been given to you on received principles; but now I perceive that you will call injustice honourable and strong, and to the unjust you will attribute all the qualities which were attributed by us before to the just, seeing that you do not hesitate to rank injustice with wisdom and virtue.

You have guessed most infallibly, he replied.

Then I certainly ought not to shrink from going through with the argument so long as I have reason to think that you, Thrasymachus, are speaking your real mind; for I do believe that you are now in earnest and are not amusing yourself at our expense.

I may be in earnest or not, but what is that to you?—to refute the argument is your business.

Very true, I said; that is what I have to do: But will you be so good as answer yet one more question? Does the just man try to gain any advantage over the just?

Far otherwise; if he did he would not be the simple amusing creature which he is.

And would he try to go beyond just action?

He would not.

And how would he regard the attempt to gain an advantage over the unjust; would that be considered by him as just or unjust?

He would think it just, and would try to gain the advantage; but he would not be able.

Whether he would or would not be able, I said, is not to the point. My question is only whether the just man, while refusing to have more than another just man, would wish and claim to have more than the unjust?

Yes, he would.

And what of the unjust—does he claim to have more than the just man and to do more than is just?

Of course, he said, for he claims to have more than all men.

And the unjust man will strive and struggle to obtain more than the unjust man or action, in order that he may have more than all?

True.

We may put the matter thus, I said—the just does not desire more than his like but more than his unlike, whereas the unjust desires more than both his like and his unlike?

Nothing, he said, can be better than that statement.

And the unjust is good and wise, and the just is neither?

Good again, he said.

And is not the unjust like the wise and good and the just unlike them?

Of course, he said, he who is of a certain nature, is like those who are of a certain nature; he who is not, not.

Each of them, I said, is such as his like is?

Certainly, he replied.

Very good, Thrasymachus, I said; and now to take the case of the arts: you would admit that one man is a musician and another not a musician?

Yes.

And which is wise and which is foolish?

Clearly the musician is wise, and he who is not a musician is foolish.

And he is good in as far as he is wise, and bad in as far as he is foolish?

Yes.

And you would say the same sort of thing of the physician?

Yes.

And do you think, my excellent friend, that a musician when he adjusts the lyre would desire or claim to exceed or go beyond a musician in the tightening and loosening the strings?

I do not think that he would.

But he would claim to exceed the non-musician?

Of course.

And what would you say of the physician? In prescribing meats and drinks would he wish to go beyond another physician or beyond the practice of medicine?

He would not.

But he would wish to go beyond the non-physician?

Yes.

And about knowledge and ignorance in general; see whether you think that any man who has knowledge ever would wish to have the choice of saying or doing more than another man who has knowledge. Would he not rather say or do the same as his like in the same case?

That, I suppose, can hardly be denied.

And what of the ignorant? would he not desire to have more than either the knowing or the ignorant?

I dare say.

And the knowing is wise?

Yes.

And the wise is good?

True.

Then the wise and good will not desire to gain more than his like, but more than his unlike and opposite?

I suppose so.

Whereas the bad and ignorant will desire to gain more than both?

Yes.

But did we not say, Thrasymachus, that the unjust goes beyond both his like and unlike? Were not these your words?

They were.

And you also said that the just will not go beyond his like but his unlike?

Yes.

Then the just is like the wise and good, and the unjust like the evil and ignorant?

That is the inference.

And each of them is such as his like is?

That was admitted.

Then the just has turned out to be wise and good and the unjust evil and ignorant.

Thrasymachus made all these admissions, not fluently, as I repeat them, but with extreme reluctance; it was a hot summer's day, and the perspiration poured from him in torrents; and then I saw what I had never seen before, Thrasymachus blushing. As we were now agreed that justice was virtue and wisdom, and injustice vice and ignorance, I proceeded to another point:

Well, I said, Thrasymachus, that matter is now settled; but were we not also saying that injustice had strength; do you remember?

Yes, I remember, he said, but do not suppose that I approve of what you are saying or have no answer; if however I were to answer, you would be quite certain to accuse me of haranguing; therefore either permit me to have my say out, or if you would rather ask, do so, and I will answer 'Very good,' as they say to story-telling old women, and will nod 'Yes' and 'No.'

Certainly not, I said, if contrary to your real opinion.

Yes, he said, I will, to please you, since you will not let me speak. What else would you have?

Nothing in the world, I said; and if you are so disposed I will ask and you shall answer.

Proceed.

Then I will repeat the question which I asked before, in order that our examination of the relative nature of justice and injustice may be carried on regularly. A statement was made that injustice is stronger and more powerful than justice, but now justice, having been identified with wisdom and virtue, is easily shown to be stronger than injustice, if injustice is ignorance; this can no longer be questioned by any one. But I want to view the matter, Thrasymachus, in a different way: You would not deny that a state may be unjust and may be unjustly attempting to enslave other states, or may have already enslaved them, and may be holding many of them in subjection?

True, he replied; and I will add that the best and most perfectly unjust state will be most likely to do so.

I know, I said, that such was your position; but what I would further consider is, whether this power which is possessed by the superior state can exist or be exercised without justice or only with justice.

If you are right in your view, and justice is wisdom, then only with justice; but if I am right, then without justice.

I am delighted, Thrasymachus, to see you not only nodding assent and dissent, but making answers which are quite excellent.

That is out of civility to you, he replied.

You are very kind, I said; and would you have the goodness also to inform me, whether you think that a state, or an army, or a band of robbers and thieves, or any other gang of evil-doers could act at all if they injured one another?

No indeed, he said, they could not.

But if they abstained from injuring one another, then they might act together better?

Yes.

And this is because injustice creates divisions and hatreds and fighting, and justice imparts harmony and friendship; is not that true, Thrasymachus?

I agree, he said, because I do not wish to quarrel with you.

How good of you, I said; but I should like to know also whether injustice, having this tendency to arouse hatred, wherever existing, among slaves or among freemen, will not make them hate one another and set them at variance and render them incapable of

common action?

Certainly.

And even if injustice be found in two only, will they not quarrel and fight, and become enemies to one another and to the just?

They will.

And suppose injustice abiding in a single person, would your wisdom say that she loses or that she retains her natural power?

Let us assume that she retains her power.

Yet is not the power which injustice exercises of such a nature that wherever she takes up her abode, whether in a city, in an army, in a family, or in any other body, that body is, to begin with, rendered incapable of united action by reason of sedition and distraction; and does it not become its own enemy and at variance with all that opposes it, and with the just? Is not this the case?

Yes, certainly.

And is not injustice equally fatal when existing in a single person; in the first place rendering him incapable of action because he is not at unity with himself, and in the second place making him an enemy to himself and the just? Is not that true, Thrasymachus?

Yes.

And O my friend, I said, surely the gods are just?

Granted that they are.

But if so, the unjust will be the enemy of the gods, and the just will be their friend?

Feast away in triumph, and take your fill of the argument; I will not oppose you, lest I should displease the company.

Well then, proceed with your answers, and let me have the remainder of my repast. For we have already shown that the just are clearly wiser and better and abler than the unjust, and that the unjust are incapable of common action; nay more, that to speak as we did of men who are evil acting at any time vigorously together, is not strictly true, for if they had been perfectly evil, they would have laid hands upon one another; but it is evident that there must have been some remnant of justice in them, which enabled them to combine; if there had not been they would have injured one another as well as their victims; they were but half-villains in their enterprises; for had they been whole villains, and utterly unjust, they would have been utterly incapable of action. That, as I believe, is the truth of the matter, and not what you said at first. But whether the just have a better and happier life than the unjust is a further question which we also proposed to consider. I think that they have, and for the reasons which I have given; but still I should like to examine further, for no light matter is at stake, nothing less than the rule of human life.

Proceed.

I will proceed by asking a question: Would you not say that a horse has some end?

I should.

And the end or use of a horse or of anything would be that which could not be accomplished, or not so well accomplished, by any other thing?

I do not understand, he said.

Let me explain: Can you see, except with the eye?

Certainly not.

Or hear, except with the ear?

No.

These then may be truly said to be the ends of these organs?

They may.

But you can cut off a vine-branch with a dagger or with a chisel, and in many other ways?

Of course.

And yet not so well as with a pruning-hook made for the purpose?

True.

May we not say that this is the end of a pruning-hook?

We may.

Then now I think you will have no difficulty in understanding my meaning when I asked the question whether the end of anything would be that which could not be accomplished, or not so well accomplished, by any other thing?

I understand your meaning, he said, and assent.

And that to which an end is appointed has also an excellence? Need I ask again whether the eye has an end?

It has.

And has not the eye an excellence?

Yes.

And the ear has an end and an excellence also?

True.

And the same is true of all other things; they have each of them an end and a special excellence?

That is so.

Well, and can the eyes fulfil their end if they are wanting in their own proper excellence and have a defect instead?

How can they, he said, if they are blind and cannot see?

You mean to say, if they have lost their proper excellence, which is sight; but I have not arrived at that point yet. I would rather ask the question more generally, and only enquire whether the things which fulfil their ends fulfil them by their own proper excellence, and fail of fulfilling them by their own defect?

Certainly, he replied.

I might say the same of the ears; when deprived of their own proper excellence they cannot fulfil their end?

True.

And the same observation will apply to all other things?

I agree.

Well; and has not the soul an end which nothing else can fulfil? for example, to superintend and command and deliberate and the like. Are not these functions proper to the soul, and can they rightly be assigned to any other?

To no other.

And is not life to be reckoned among the ends of the soul?

Assuredly, he said.

And has not the soul an excellence also?

Yes.

And can she or can she not fulfil her own ends when deprived of that excellence?

She cannot.

Then an evil soul must necessarily be an evil ruler and superintendent, and the good soul a good ruler?

Yes, necessarily.

And we have admitted that justice is the excellence of the soul, and injustice the defect of the soul?

That has been admitted.

Then the just soul and the just man will live well, and the unjust man will live ill?

That is what your argument proves.

And he who lives well is blessed and happy, and he who lives ill the reverse of happy?

Certainly.

Then the just is happy, and the unjust miserable?

So be it.

But happiness and not misery is profitable.

Of course.

Then, my blessed Thrasymachus, injustice can never be more profitable than justice.

Let this, Socrates, he said, be your entertainment at the Bendidea.

For which I am indebted to you, I said, now that you have grown gentle towards me and have left off scolding. Nevertheless, I have not been well entertained; but that was my own fault and not yours. As an epicure snatches a taste of every dish which is successively brought to table, he not having allowed himself time to enjoy the one before, so have I gone from one subject to another without having discovered what I sought at first, the nature of justice. I left that enquiry and turned away to consider whether justice is virtue and wisdom or evil and folly; and when there arose a further question about the comparative advantages of justice and injustice, I could not refrain from passing on to that. And the result of the whole discussion has been that I know nothing at all. For I know not what justice is, and therefore I am not likely to know whether it is or is not a virtue, nor can I say whether the just man is happy or unhappy.

BOOK II.

With these words I was thinking that I had made an end of the discussion; but the end, in truth, proved to be only a beginning. For Glaucon, who is always the most pugnacious of men, was dissatisfied at Thrasymachus' retirement; he wanted to have the battle out. So he said to me: Socrates, do you wish really to persuade us, or only to seem to have persuaded us, that to be just is always better than to be unjust?

I should wish really to persuade you, I replied, if I could.

Then you certainly have not succeeded. Let me ask you now:—How would you arrange goods—are there not some which we welcome for their own sakes, and independently of their consequences, as, for example, harmless pleasures and enjoyments, which delight us at the time, although nothing follows from them?

I agree in thinking that there is such a class, I replied.

Is there not also a second class of goods, such as knowledge, sight, health, which are desirable not only in themselves, but also for their results?

Certainly, I said.

And would you not recognize a third class, such as gymnastic, and the care of the sick, and the physician's art; also the various ways of money-making—these do us good but we regard them as disagreeable; and no one would choose them for their own

sakes, but only for the sake of some reward or result which flows from them?

There is, I said, this third class also. But why do you ask?

Because I want to know in which of the three classes you would place justice?

In the highest class, I replied,—among those goods which he who would be happy desires both for their own sake and for the sake of their results.

Then the many are of another mind; they think that justice is to be reckoned in the troublesome class, among goods which are to be pursued for the sake of rewards and of reputation, but in themselves are disagreeable and rather to be avoided.

I know, I said, that this is their manner of thinking, and that this was the thesis which Thrasymachus was maintaining just now, when he censured justice and praised injustice. But I am too stupid to be convinced by him.

I wish, he said, that you would hear me as well as him, and then I shall see whether you and I agree. For Thrasymachus seems to me, like a snake, to have been charmed by your voice sooner than he ought to have been; but to my mind the nature of justice and injustice have not yet been made clear. Setting aside their rewards and results, I want to know what they are in themselves, and how they inwardly work in the soul. If you, please, then, I will revive the argument of Thrasymachus. And first I will speak of the nature and origin of justice according to the common view of them. Secondly, I will show that all men who practise justice do so against their will, of necessity, but not as a good. And thirdly, I will argue that there is reason in this view, for the life of the unjust is after all better far than the life of the just—if what they say is true, Socrates, since I myself am not of their opinion. But still I acknowledge that I am perplexed when I hear the voices of Thrasymachus and myriads of others dinning in my ears; and, on the other hand, I have never yet heard the superiority of justice to injustice maintained by any one in a satisfactory way. I want to hear justice praised in respect of itself; then I shall be satisfied, and you are the person from whom I think that I am most likely to hear this; and therefore I will praise the unjust life to the utmost of my power, and my manner of speaking will indicate the manner in which I desire to hear you too praising justice and censuring injustice. Will you say whether you approve of my proposal?

Indeed I do; nor can I imagine any theme about which a man of sense would oftener wish to converse.

I am delighted, he replied, to hear you say so, and shall begin by speaking, as I proposed, of the nature and origin of justice.

They say that to do injustice is, by nature, good; to suffer injustice, evil; but that the evil is greater than the good. And so when men have both done and suffered injustice and have had experience of both, not being able to avoid the one and obtain the other, they think that they had better agree among themselves to have neither; hence there arise laws and mutual covenants; and that which is ordained by law is termed by them lawful and just. This they affirm to be the origin and nature of justice;—it is a mean or compromise, between the best of all, which is to do injustice and not be punished, and the worst of all, which is to suffer injustice without the power of retaliation; and justice, being at a middle point between the two, is tolerated not as a good, but as the lesser evil, and honoured by reason of the inability of men to do injustice. For no man who is worthy to be called a man would ever submit to such an agreement if he were able to resist; he would be mad if he did. Such is the received account, Socrates, of the nature and origin of justice.

Now that those who practise justice do so involuntarily and because they have not the power to be unjust will best appear if we imagine something of this kind: having given both to the just and the unjust power to do what they will, let us watch and see whither desire will lead them; then we shall discover in the very act the just and unjust man to be proceeding along the same road, following their interest, which all natures deem to be their good, and are only diverted into the path of justice by the force of law. The liberty which we are supposing may be most completely given to them in the form of such a power as is said to have been possessed by Gyges, the ancestor of Croesus the Lydian. According to the tradition, Gyges was a shepherd in the service of the king of Lydia; there was a great storm, and an earthquake made an opening in the earth at the place where he was feeding his flock. Amazed at the sight, he descended into the opening, where, among other marvels, he beheld a hollow brazen horse, having doors, at which he stooping and looking in saw a dead body of stature, as appeared to him, more than human, and having nothing on but a gold ring; this he took from the finger of the dead and reascended. Now the shepherds met together, according to custom, that they might send their monthly report about the flocks to the king; into their assembly he came having the ring on his finger, and as he was sitting among them he chanced to turn the collet of the ring inside his hand, when instantly he became invisible to the rest of the company and they began to speak of him as if he were no longer present. He was astonished at this, and again touching the ring he turned the collet outwards and reappeared; he made several trials of the ring, and always with the same result—when he turned

the collet inwards he became invisible, when outwards he reappeared. Whereupon he contrived to be chosen one of the messengers who were sent to the court; whereas soon as he arrived he seduced the queen, and with her help conspired against the king and slew him, and took the kingdom. Suppose now that there were two such magic rings, and the just put on one of them and the unjust the other; no man can be imagined to be of such an iron nature that he would stand fast in justice. No man would keep his hands off what was not his own when he could safely take what he liked out of the market, or go into houses and lie with any one at his pleasure, or kill or release from prison whom he would, and in all respects be like a God among men. Then the actions of the just would be as the actions of the unjust; they would both come at last to the same point. And this we may truly affirm to be a great proof that a man is just, not willingly or because he thinks that justice is any good to him individually, but of necessity, for wherever any one thinks that he can safely be unjust, there he is unjust. For all men believe in their hearts that injustice is far more profitable to the individual than justice, and he who argues as I have been supposing, will say that they are right. If you could imagine any one obtaining this power of becoming invisible, and never doing any wrong or touching what was another's, he would be thought by the lookers-on to be a most wretched idiot, although they would praise him to one another's faces, and keep up appearances with one another from a fear that they too might suffer injustice. Enough of this.

Now, if we are to form a real judgment of the life of the just and unjust, we must isolate them; there is no other way; and how is the isolation to be effected? I answer: Let the unjust man be entirely unjust, and the just man entirely just; nothing is to be taken away from either of them, and both are to be perfectly furnished for the work of their respective lives. First, let the unjust be like other distinguished masters of craft; like the skilful pilot or physician, who knows intuitively his own powers and keeps within their limits, and who, if he fails at any point, is able to recover himself. So let the unjust make his unjust attempts in the right way, and lie hidden if he means to be great in his injustice: (he who is found out is nobody:) for the highest reach of injustice is, to be deemed just when you are not. Therefore I say that in the perfectly unjust man we must assume the most perfect injustice; there is to be no deduction, but we must allow him, while doing the most unjust acts, to have acquired the greatest reputation for justice. If he have taken a false step he must be able to recover himself; he must be one who can speak with effect, if any of his deeds come to light, and who can force his way where force is required by his courage and strength, and command of money and friends. And at his side let us place the just man in his nobleness and simplicity, wishing, as Aeschylus says, to be and not to seem good. There must be no seeming, for if he seem to be just he will be honoured and rewarded, and then we shall not know whether he is just for the sake of justice or for the sake of honours and rewards; therefore, let him be clothed in justice only, and have no other covering; and he must be imagined in a state of life the opposite of the former. Let him be the best of men, and let him be thought the worst; then he will have been put to the proof; and we shall see whether he will be affected by the fear of infamy and its consequences. And let him continue thus to the hour of death; being just and seeming to be unjust. When both have reached the uttermost extreme, the one of justice and the other of injustice, let judgment be given which of them is the happier of the two.

Heavens! my dear Glaucon, I said, how energetically you polish them up for the decision, first one and then the other, as if they were two statues.

I do my best, he said. And now that we know what they are like there is no difficulty in tracing out the sort of life which awaits either of them. This I will proceed to describe; but as you may think the description a little too coarse, I ask you to suppose, Socrates, that the words which follow are not mine.—Let me put them into the mouths of the eulogists of injustice: They will tell you that the just man who is thought unjust will be scourged, racked, bound—will have his eyes burnt out; and, at last, after suffering every kind of evil, he will be impaled: Then he will understand that he ought to seem only, and not to be, just; the words of Aeschylus may be more truly spoken of the unjust than of the just. For the unjust is pursuing a reality; he does not live with a view to appearances—he wants to be really unjust and not to seem only:—

'His mind has a soil deep and fertile, Out of which spring his prudent counsels.'

In the first place, he is thought just, and therefore bears rule in the city; he can marry whom he will, and give in marriage to whom he will; also he can trade and deal where he likes, and always to his own advantage, because he has no misgivings about injustice; and at every contest, whether in public or private, he gets the better of his antagonists, and gains at their expense, and is rich, and out of his gains he can benefit his friends, and harm his enemies; moreover, he can offer sacrifices, and dedicate gifts to the gods abundantly and magnificently, and can honour the gods or any man whom he wants to honour in a far better style than the just, and therefore he is likely to be dearer than they are to the gods. And thus, Socrates, gods and men are said to unite in making the life of the unjust better than the life of the just.

I was going to say something in answer to Glaucon, when Adeimantus, his brother, interposed: Socrates, he said, you do not suppose that there is nothing more to be urged?

Why, what else is there? I answered.

The strongest point of all has not been even mentioned, he replied.

Well, then, according to the proverb, 'Let brother help brother'—if he fails in any part do you assist him; although I must confess that Glaucon has already said quite enough to lay me in the dust, and take from me the power of helping justice.

Nonsense, he replied. But let me add something more: There is another side to Glaucon's argument about the praise and censure of justice and injustice, which is equally required in order to bring out what I believe to be his meaning. Parents and tutors are always telling their sons and their wards that they are to be just; but why? not for the sake of justice, but for the sake of character and reputation; in the hope of obtaining for him who is reputed just some of those offices, marriages, and the like which Glaucon has enumerated among the advantages accruing to the unjust from the reputation of justice. More, however, is made of appearances by this class of persons than by the others; for they throw in the good opinion of the gods, and will tell you of a shower of benefits which the heavens, as they say, rain upon the pious; and this accords with the testimony of the noble Hesiod and Homer, the first of whom says, that the gods make the oaks of the just—

'To bear acorns at their summit, and bees in the middle; And the sheep are bowed down with the weight of their fleeces,'

and many other blessings of a like kind are provided for them. And Homer has a very similar strain; for he speaks of one whose fame is—

'As the fame of some blameless king who, like a god, Maintains justice; to whom the black earth brings forth Wheat and barley, whose trees are bowed with fruit, And his sheep never fail to bear, and the sea gives him fish.'

Still grander are the gifts of heaven which Musaeus and his son vouchsafe to the just; they take them down into the world below, where they have the saints lying on couches at a feast, everlastingly drunk, crowned with garlands; their idea seems to be that an immortality of drunkenness is the highest meed of virtue. Some extend their rewards yet further; the posterity, as they say, of the faithful and just shall survive to the third and fourth generation. This is the style in which they praise justice. But about the wicked there is another strain; they bury them in a slough in Hades, and make them carry water in a sieve; also while they are yet living they bring them to infamy, and inflict upon them the punishments which Glaucon described as the portion of the just who are reputed to be unjust; nothing else does their invention supply. Such is their manner of praising the one and censuring the other.

Once more, Socrates, I will ask you to consider another way of speaking about justice and injustice, which is not confined to the poets, but is found in prose writers. The universal voice of mankind is always declaring that justice and virtue are honourable, but grievous and toilsome; and that the pleasures of vice and injustice are easy of attainment, and are only censured by law and opinion. They say also that honesty is for the most part less profitable than dishonesty; and they are quite ready to call wicked men happy, and to honour them both in public and private when they are rich or in any other way influential, while they despise and overlook those who may be weak and poor, even though acknowledging them to be better than the others. But most extraordinary of all is their mode of speaking about virtue and the gods: they say that the gods apportion calamity and misery to many good men, and good and happiness to the wicked. And mendicant prophets go to rich men's doors and persuade them that they have a power committed to them by the gods of making an atonement for a man's own or his ancestor's sins by sacrifices or charms, with rejoicings and feasts; and they promise to harm an enemy, whether just or unjust, at a small cost; with magic arts and incantations binding heaven, as they say, to execute their will. And the poets are the authorities to whom they appeal, now smoothing the path of vice with the words of Hesiod;—

'Vice may be had in abundance without trouble; the way is smooth and her dwelling-place is near. But before virtue the gods have set toil,'

and a tedious and uphill road: then citing Homer as a witness that the gods may be influenced by men; for he also says:—

'The gods, too, may be turned from their purpose; and men pray to them and avert their wrath by sacrifices and soothing entreaties, and by libations and the odour of fat, when they have sinned and transgressed.'

And they produce a host of books written by Musaeus and Orpheus, who were children of the Moon and the Muses—that is what they say—according to which they perform their ritual, and persuade not only individuals, but whole cities, that expiations and atonements for sin may be made by sacrifices and amusements which fill a vacant hour, and are equally at the service of the living and the dead; the latter sort they call mysteries, and they redeem us from the pains of hell, but if we neglect them no one knows what awaits us.

He proceeded: And now when the young hear all this said about virtue and vice, and the way in which gods and men regard them, how are their minds likely to be affected, my dear Socrates,—those of them, I mean, who are quickwitted, and, like bees on the wing, light on every flower, and from all that they hear are prone to draw conclusions as to what manner of persons they should be and in what way they should walk if they would make the best of life? Probably the youth will say to himself in the words of Pindar—

'Can I by justice or by crooked ways of deceit ascend a loftier tower which may be a fortress to me all my days?'

For what men say is that, if I am really just and am not also thought just profit there is none, but the pain and loss on the other hand are unmistakeable. But if, though unjust, I acquire the reputation of justice, a heavenly life is promised to me. Since then, as philosophers prove, appearance tyrannizes over truth and is lord of happiness, to appearance I must devote myself. I will describe around me a picture and shadow of virtue to be the vestibule and exterior of my house; behind I will trail the subtle and crafty fox, as Archilochus, greatest of sages, recommends. But I hear some one exclaiming that the concealment of wickedness is often difficult; to which I answer, Nothing great is easy. Nevertheless, the argument indicates this, if we would be happy, to be the path along which we should proceed. With a view to concealment we will establish secret brotherhoods and political clubs. And there are professors of rhetoric who teach the art of persuading courts and assemblies; and so, partly by persuasion and partly by force, I shall make unlawful gains and not be punished. Still I hear a voice saying that the gods cannot be deceived, neither can they be compelled. But what if there are no gods? or, suppose them to have no care of human things—why in either case should we mind about concealment? And even if there are gods, and they do care about us, yet we know of them only from tradition and the genealogies of the poets; and these are the very persons who say that they may be influenced and turned by 'sacrifices and soothing entreaties and by offerings.' Let us be consistent then, and believe both or neither. If the poets speak truly, why then we had better be unjust, and offer of the fruits of injustice; for if we are just, although we may escape the vengeance of heaven, we shall lose the gains of injustice; but, if we are unjust, we shall keep the gains, and by our sinning and praying, and praying and sinning, the gods will be propitiated, and we shall not be punished. 'But there is a world below in which either we or our posterity will suffer for our unjust deeds.' Yes, my friend, will be the reflection, but there are mysteries and atoning deities, and these have great power. That is what mighty cities declare; and the children of the gods, who were their poets and prophets, bear a like testimony.

On what principle, then, shall we any longer choose justice rather than the worst injustice? when, if we only unite the latter with a deceitful regard to appearances, we shall fare to our mind both with gods and men, in life and after death, as the most numerous and the highest authorities tell us. Knowing all this, Socrates, how can a man who has any superiority of mind or person or rank or wealth, be willing to honour justice; or indeed to refrain from laughing when he hears justice praised? And even if there should be some one who is able to disprove the truth of my words, and who is satisfied that justice is best, still he is not angry with the unjust, but is very ready to forgive them, because he also knows that men are not just of their own free will; unless, peradventure, there be some one whom the divinity within him may have inspired with a hatred of injustice, or who has attained knowledge of the truth—but no other man. He only blames injustice who, owing to cowardice or age or some weakness, has not the power of being unjust. And this is proved by the fact that when he obtains the power, he immediately becomes unjust as far as he can be.

The cause of all this, Socrates, was indicated by us at the beginning of the argument, when my brother and I told you how astonished we were to find that of all the professing panegyrists of justice—beginning with the ancient heroes of whom any memorial has been preserved to us, and ending with the men of our own time—no one has ever blamed injustice or praised justice except with a view to the glories, honours, and benefits which flow from them. No one has ever adequately described either in verse or prose the true essential nature of either of them abiding in the soul, and invisible to any human or divine eye; or shown that of all the things of a man's soul which he has within him, justice is the greatest good, and injustice the greatest evil. Had this been the universal strain, had you sought to persuade us of this from our youth upwards, we should not have been on the watch to keep one another from doing wrong, but every one would have been his own watchman, because afraid, if he did wrong, of harbouring in himself the greatest of evils. I dare say that Thrasymachus and others would seriously hold the language which I have been merely repeating, and words even stronger than these about justice and injustice, grossly, as I conceive, perverting their true nature. But I speak in this vehement manner, as I must frankly confess to you, because I want to hear from you the opposite side; and I would ask you to show not only the superiority which justice has over injustice, but what effect they have on the possessor of them which

makes the one to be a good and the other an evil to him. And please, as Glaucon requested of you, to exclude reputations; for unless you take away from each of them his true reputation and add on the false, we shall say that you do not praise justice, but the appearance of it; we shall think that you are only exhorting us to keep injustice dark, and that you really agree with Thrasymachus in thinking that justice is another's good and the interest of the stronger, and that injustice is a man's own profit and interest, though injurious to the weaker. Now as you have admitted that justice is one of that highest class of goods which are desired indeed for their results, but in a far greater degree for their own sakes—like sight or hearing or knowledge or health, or any other real and natural and not merely conventional good—I would ask you in your praise of justice to regard one point only: I mean the essential good and evil which justice and injustice work in the possessors of them. Let others praise justice and censure injustice, magnifying the rewards and honours of the one and abusing the other; that is a manner of arguing which, coming from them, I am ready to tolerate, but from you who have spent your whole life in the consideration of this question, unless I hear the contrary from your own lips, I expect something better. And therefore, I say, not only prove to us that justice is better than injustice, but show what they either of them do to the possessor of them, which makes the one to be a good and the other an evil, whether seen or unseen by gods and men.

I had always admired the genius of Glaucon and Adeimantus, but on hearing these words I was quite delighted, and said: Sons of an illustrious father, that was not a bad beginning of the Elegiac verses which the admirer of Glaucon made in honour of you after you had distinguished yourselves at the battle of Megara:—

'Sons of Ariston,' he sang, 'divine offspring of an illustrious hero.'

The epithet is very appropriate, for there is something truly divine in being able to argue as you have done for the superiority of injustice, and remaining unconvinced by your own arguments. And I do believe that you are not convinced—this I infer from your general character, for had I judged only from your speeches I should have mistrusted you. But now, the greater my confidence in you, the greater is my difficulty in knowing what to say. For I am in a strait between two; on the one hand I feel that I am unequal to the task; and my inability is brought home to me by the fact that you were not satisfied with the answer which I made to Thrasymachus, proving, as I thought, the superiority which justice has over injustice. And yet I cannot refuse to help, while breath and speech remain to me; I am afraid that there would be an impiety in being present when justice is evil spoken of and not lifting up a hand in her defence. And therefore I had best give such help as I can.

Glaucon and the rest entreated me by all means not to let the question drop, but to proceed in the investigation. They wanted to arrive at the truth, first, about the nature of justice and injustice, and secondly, about their relative advantages. I told them, what I really thought, that the enquiry would be of a serious nature, and would require very good eyes. Seeing then, I said, that we are no great wits, I think that we had better adopt a method which I may illustrate thus; suppose that a short-sighted person had been asked by some one to read small letters from a distance; and it occurred to some one else that they might be found in another place which was larger and in which the letters were larger—if they were the same and he could read the larger letters first, and then proceed to the lesser—this would have been thought a rare piece of good fortune.

Very true, said Adeimantus; but how does the illustration apply to our enquiry?

I will tell you, I replied; justice, which is the subject of our enquiry, is, as you know, sometimes spoken of as the virtue of an individual, and sometimes as the virtue of a State.

True, he replied.

And is not a State larger than an individual?

It is.

Then in the larger the quantity of justice is likely to be larger and more easily discernible. I propose therefore that we enquire into the nature of justice and injustice, first as they appear in the State, and secondly in the individual, proceeding from the greater to the lesser and comparing them.

That, he said, is an excellent proposal.

And if we imagine the State in process of creation, we shall see the justice and injustice of the State in process of creation also.

I dare say.

When the State is completed there may be a hope that the object of our search will be more easily discovered.

Yes, far more easily.

But ought we to attempt to construct one? I said; for to do so, as I am inclined to think, will be a very serious task. Reflect therefore.

I have reflected, said Adeimantus, and am anxious that you should proceed.

A State, I said, arises, as I conceive, out of the needs of mankind; no one is self-sufficing, but all of us have many wants. Can any other origin of a State be imagined?

There can be no other.

Then, as we have many wants, and many persons are needed to supply them, one takes a helper for one purpose and another for another; and when these partners and helpers are gathered together in one habitation the body of inhabitants is termed a State.

True, he said.

And they exchange with one another, and one gives, and another receives, under the idea that the exchange will be for their good.

Very true.

Then, I said, let us begin and create in idea a State; and yet the true creator is necessity, who is the mother of our invention.

Of course, he replied.

Now the first and greatest of necessities is food, which is the condition of life and existence.

Certainly.

The second is a dwelling, and the third clothing and the like.

True.

And now let us see how our city will be able to supply this great demand: We may suppose that one man is a husbandman, another a builder, some one else a weaver—shall we add to them a shoemaker, or perhaps some other purveyor to our bodily wants?

Quite right.

The barest notion of a State must include four or five men.

Clearly.

And how will they proceed? Will each bring the result of his labours into a common stock?—the individual husbandman, for example, producing for four, and labouring four times as long and as much as he need in the provision of food with which he supplies others as well as himself; or will he have nothing to do with others and not be at the trouble of producing for them, but provide for himself alone a fourth of the food in a fourth of the time, and in the remaining three fourths of his time be employed in making a house or a coat or a pair of shoes, having no partnership with others, but supplying himself all his own wants?

Adeimantus thought that he should aim at producing food only and not at producing everything.

Probably, I replied, that would be the better way; and when I hear you say this, I am myself reminded that we are not all alike; there are diversities of natures among us which are adapted to different occupations.

Very true.

And will you have a work better done when the workman has many occupations, or when he has only one?

When he has only one.

Further, there can be no doubt that a work is spoilt when not done at the right time?

No doubt.

For business is not disposed to wait until the doer of the business is at leisure; but the doer must follow up what he is doing, and make the business his first object.

He must.

And if so, we must infer that all things are produced more plentifully and easily and of a better quality when one man does one thing which is natural to him and does it at the right time, and leaves other things.

Undoubtedly.

Then more than four citizens will be required; for the husbandman will not make his own plough or mattock, or other implements of agriculture, if they are to be good for anything. Neither will the builder make his tools—and he too needs many; and in like manner the weaver and shoemaker.

True.

Then carpenters, and smiths, and many other artisans, will be sharers in our little State, which is already beginning to grow?

True.

Yet even if we add neatherds, shepherds, and other herdsmen, in order that our husbandmen may have oxen to plough with, and builders as well as husbandmen may have draught cattle, and curriers and weavers fleeces and hides,—still our State will not be very large.

That is true; yet neither will it be a very small State which contains all these.

Then, again, there is the situation of the city—to find a place where nothing need be imported is wellnigh impossible.

Impossible.

Then there must be another class of citizens who will bring the required supply from another city?

There must.

But if the trader goes empty-handed, having nothing which they require who would supply his need, he will come back empty-handed.

That is certain.

And therefore what they produce at home must be not only enough for themselves, but such both in quantity and quality as to accommodate those from whom their wants are supplied.

Very true.

Then more husbandmen and more artisans will be required?

They will.

Not to mention the importers and exporters, who are called merchants?

Yes.

Then we shall want merchants?

We shall.

And if merchandise is to be carried over the sea, skilful sailors will also be needed, and in considerable numbers?

Yes, in considerable numbers.

Then, again, within the city, how will they exchange their productions? To secure such an exchange was, as you will remember, one of our principal objects when we formed them into a society and constituted a State.

Clearly they will buy and sell.

Then they will need a market-place, and a money-token for purposes of exchange.

Certainly.

Suppose now that a husbandman, or an artisan, brings some production to market, and he comes at a time when there is no one to exchange with him,—is he to leave his calling and sit idle in the market-place?

Not at all; he will find people there who, seeing the want, undertake the office of salesmen. In well-ordered states they are commonly those who are the weakest in bodily strength, and therefore of little use for any other purpose; their duty is to be in the market, and to give money in exchange for goods to those who desire to sell and to take money from those who desire to buy.

This want, then, creates a class of retail-traders in our State. Is not 'retailer' the term which is applied to those who sit in the market-place engaged in buying and selling, while those who wander from one city to another are called merchants?

Yes, he said.

And there is another class of servants, who are intellectually hardly on the level of companionship; still they have plenty of bodily strength for labour, which accordingly they sell, and are called, if I do not mistake, hirelings, hire being the name which is given to the price of their labour.

True.

Then hirelings will help to make up our population?

Yes.

And now, Adeimantus, is our State matured and perfected?

I think so.

Where, then, is justice, and where is injustice, and in what part of the State did they spring up?

Probably in the dealings of these citizens with one another. I cannot imagine that they are more likely to be found any where else.

I dare say that you are right in your suggestion, I said; we had better think the matter out, and not shrink from the enquiry.

Let us then consider, first of all, what will be their way of life, now that we have thus established them. Will they not produce corn, and wine, and clothes, and shoes, and build houses for themselves? And when they are housed, they will work, in summer, commonly, stripped and barefoot, but in winter substantially clothed and shod. They will feed on barley-meal and flour of wheat, baking and kneading them, making noble cakes and loaves; these they will serve up on a mat of reeds or on clean leaves, themselves reclining the while upon beds strewn with yew or myrtle. And they and their children will feast, drinking of the wine which they have made, wearing garlands on their heads, and hymning the praises of the gods, in happy converse with one another. And they will take care that their families do not exceed their means; having an eye to poverty or war.

But, said Glaucon, interposing, you have not given them a relish to their meal.

True, I replied, I had forgotten; of course they must have a relish—salt, and olives, and cheese, and they will boil roots and herbs such as country people prepare; for a dessert we shall give them figs, and peas, and beans; and they will roast myrtle-berries and acorns at the fire, drinking in moderation. And with such a diet they may be expected to live in peace and health to a good old age, and bequeath a similar life to their children after them.

Yes, Socrates, he said, and if you were providing for a city of pigs, how else would you feed the beasts?

But what would you have, Glaucon? I replied.

Why, he said, you should give them the ordinary conveniences of life. People who are to be comfortable are accustomed to lie on sofas, and dine off tables, and they should have sauces and sweets in the modern style.

Yes, I said, now I understand: the question which you would have me consider is, not only how a State, but how a luxurious State is created; and possibly there is no harm in this, for in such a State we shall be more likely to see how justice and injustice originate. In my opinion the true and healthy constitution of the State is the one which I have described. But if you wish also to see a State at

fever-heat, I have no objection. For I suspect that many will not be satisfied with the simpler way of life. They will be for adding sofas, and tables, and other furniture; also dainties, and perfumes, and incense, and courtesans, and cakes, all these not of one sort only, but in every variety; we must go beyond the necessaries of which I was at first speaking, such as houses, and clothes, and shoes: the arts of the painter and the embroiderer will have to be set in motion, and gold and ivory and all sorts of materials must be procured.

True, he said.

Then we must enlarge our borders; for the original healthy State is no longer sufficient. Now will the city have to fill and swell with a multitude of callings which are not required by any natural want; such as the whole tribe of hunters and actors, of whom one large class have to do with forms and colours; another will be the votaries of music—poets and their attendant train of rhapsodists, players, dancers, contractors; also makers of divers kinds of articles, including women's dresses. And we shall want more servants. Will not tutors be also in request, and nurses wet and dry, tirewomen and barbers, as well as confectioners and cooks; and swineherds, too, who were not needed and therefore had no place in the former edition of our State, but are needed now? They must not be forgotten: and there will be animals of many other kinds, if people eat them.

Certainly.

And living in this way we shall have much greater need of physicians than before?

Much greater.

And the country which was enough to support the original inhabitants will be too small now, and not enough?

Quite true.

Then a slice of our neighbours' land will be wanted by us for pasture and tillage, and they will want a slice of ours, if, like ourselves, they exceed the limit of necessity, and give themselves up to the unlimited accumulation of wealth?

That, Socrates, will be inevitable.

And so we shall go to war, Glaucon. Shall we not?

Most certainly, he replied.

Then without determining as yet whether war does good or harm, thus much we may affirm, that now we have discovered war to be derived from causes which are also the causes of almost all the evils in States, private as well as public.

Undoubtedly.

And our State must once more enlarge; and this time the enlargement will be nothing short of a whole army, which will have to go out and fight with the invaders for all that we have, as well as for the things and persons whom we were describing above.

Why? he said; are they not capable of defending themselves?

No, I said; not if we were right in the principle which was acknowledged by all of us when we were framing the State: the principle, as you will remember, was that one man cannot practise many arts with success.

Very true, he said.

But is not war an art?

Certainly.

And an art requiring as much attention as shoemaking?

Quite true.

And the shoemaker was not allowed by us to be a husbandman, or a weaver, or a builder—in order that we might have our shoes well made; but to him and to every other worker was assigned one work for which he was by nature fitted, and at that he was to continue working all his life long and at no other; he was not to let opportunities slip, and then he would become a good workman.

Now nothing can be more important than that the work of a soldier should be well done. But is war an art so easily acquired that a man may be a warrior who is also a husbandman, or shoemaker, or other artisan; although no one in the world would be a good dice or draught player who merely took up the game as a recreation, and had not from his earliest years devoted himself to this and nothing else? No tools will make a man a skilled workman, or master of defence, nor be of any use to him who has not learned how to handle them, and has never bestowed any attention upon them. How then will he who takes up a shield or other implement of war become a good fighter all in a day, whether with heavy-armed or any other kind of troops?

Yes, he said, the tools which would teach men their own use would be beyond price.

And the higher the duties of the guardian, I said, the more time, and skill, and art, and application will be needed by him?

No doubt, he replied.

Will he not also require natural aptitude for his calling?

Certainly.

Then it will be our duty to select, if we can, natures which are fitted for the task of guarding the city?

It will.

And the selection will be no easy matter, I said; but we must be brave and do our best.

We must.

Is not the noble youth very like a well-bred dog in respect of guarding and watching?

What do you mean?

I mean that both of them ought to be quick to see, and swift to overtake the enemy when they see him; and strong too if, when they have caught him, they have to fight with him.

All these qualities, he replied, will certainly be required by them.

Well, and your guardian must be brave if he is to fight well?

Certainly.

And is he likely to be brave who has no spirit, whether horse or dog or any other animal? Have you never observed how invincible and unconquerable is spirit and how the presence of it makes the soul of any creature to be absolutely fearless and indomitable?

I have.

Then now we have a clear notion of the bodily qualities which are required in the guardian.

True.

And also of the mental ones; his soul is to be full of spirit?

Yes.

But are not these spirited natures apt to be savage with one another, and with everybody else?

A difficulty by no means easy to overcome, he replied.

Whereas, I said, they ought to be dangerous to their enemies, and gentle to their friends; if not, they will destroy themselves without waiting for their enemies to destroy them.

True, he said.

What is to be done then? I said; how shall we find a gentle nature which has also a great spirit, for the one is the contradiction of the other?

True.

He will not be a good guardian who is wanting in either of these two qualities; and yet the combination of them appears to be impossible; and hence we must infer that to be a good guardian is impossible.

I am afraid that what you say is true, he replied.

Here feeling perplexed I began to think over what had preceded.—My friend, I said, no wonder that we are in a perplexity; for we have lost sight of the image which we had before us.

What do you mean? he said.

I mean to say that there do exist natures gifted with those opposite qualities.

And where do you find them?

Many animals, I replied, furnish examples of them; our friend the dog is a very good one: you know that well-bred dogs are perfectly gentle to their familiars and acquaintances, and the reverse to strangers.

Yes, I know.

Then there is nothing impossible or out of the order of nature in our finding a guardian who has a similar combination of qualities?

Certainly not.

Would not he who is fitted to be a guardian, besides the spirited nature, need to have the qualities of a philosopher?

I do not apprehend your meaning.

The trait of which I am speaking, I replied, may be also seen in the dog, and is remarkable in the animal.

What trait?

Why, a dog, whenever he sees a stranger, is angry; when an acquaintance, he welcomes him, although the one has never done him any harm, nor the other any good. Did this never strike you as curious?

The matter never struck me before; but I quite recognise the truth of your remark.

And surely this instinct of the dog is very charming;—your dog is a true philosopher.

Why?

Why, because he distinguishes the face of a friend and of an enemy only by the criterion of knowing and not knowing. And must not an animal be a lover of learning who determines what he likes and dislikes by the test of knowledge and ignorance?

Most assuredly.

And is not the love of learning the love of wisdom, which is philosophy?

They are the same, he replied.

And may we not say confidently of man also, that he who is likely to be gentle to his friends and acquaintances, must by nature be a lover of wisdom and knowledge?

That we may safely affirm.

Then he who is to be a really good and noble guardian of the State will require to unite in himself philosophy and spirit and swiftness and strength?

Undoubtedly.

Then we have found the desired natures; and now that we have found them, how are they to be reared and educated? Is not this an enquiry which may be expected to throw light on the greater enquiry which is our final end—How do justice and injustice grow up in States? for we do not want either to omit what is to the point or to draw out the argument to an inconvenient length.

Adeimantus thought that the enquiry would be of great service to us.

Then, I said, my dear friend, the task must not be given up, even if somewhat long.

Certainly not.

Come then, and let us pass a leisure hour in story-telling, and our story shall be the education of our heroes.

By all means.

And what shall be their education? Can we find a better than the traditional sort?—and this has two divisions, gymnastic for the body, and music for the soul.

True.

Shall we begin education with music, and go on to gymnastic afterwards?

By all means.

And when you speak of music, do you include literature or not?

I do.

And literature may be either true or false?

Yes.

And the young should be trained in both kinds, and we begin with the false?

I do not understand your meaning, he said.

You know, I said, that we begin by telling children stories which, though not wholly destitute of truth, are in the main fictitious; and these stories are told them when they are not of an age to learn gymnastics.

Very true.

That was my meaning when I said that we must teach music before gymnastics.

Quite right, he said.

You know also that the beginning is the most important part of any work, especially in the case of a young and tender thing; for that is the time at which the character is being formed and the desired impression is more readily taken.

Quite true.

And shall we just carelessly allow children to hear any casual tales which may be devised by casual persons, and to receive into their minds ideas for the most part the very opposite of those which we should wish them to have when they are grown up?

We cannot.

Then the first thing will be to establish a censorship of the writers of fiction, and let the censors receive any tale of fiction which is good, and reject the bad; and we will desire mothers and nurses to tell their children the authorised ones only. Let them fashion the mind with such tales, even more fondly than they mould the body with their hands; but most of those which are now in use must be discarded.

Of what tales are you speaking? he said.

You may find a model of the lesser in the greater, I said; for they are necessarily of the same type, and there is the same spirit in both of them.

Very likely, he replied; but I do not as yet know what you would term the greater.

Those, I said, which are narrated by Homer and Hesiod, and the rest of the poets, who have ever been the great story-tellers of mankind.

But which stories do you mean, he said; and what fault do you find with them?

A fault which is most serious, I said; the fault of telling a lie, and, what is more, a bad lie.

But when is this fault committed?

Whenever an erroneous representation is made of the nature of gods and heroes,—as when a painter paints a portrait not having the shadow of a likeness to the original.

Yes, he said, that sort of thing is certainly very blameable; but what are the stories which you mean?

First of all, I said, there was that greatest of all lies in high places, which the poet told about Uranus, and which was a bad lie too,—I mean what Hesiod says that Uranus did, and how Cronus retaliated on him. The doings of Cronus, and the sufferings which in turn his son inflicted upon him, even if they were true, ought certainly not to be lightly told to young and thoughtless persons; if possible, they had better be buried in silence. But if there is an absolute necessity for their mention, a chosen few might hear them in a mystery, and they should sacrifice not a common (Eleusinian) pig, but some huge and unprocurable victim; and then the number of the hearers will be very few indeed.

Why, yes, said he, those stories are extremely objectionable.

Yes, Adeimantus, they are stories not to be repeated in our State; the young man should not be told that in committing the worst of crimes he is far from doing anything outrageous; and that even if he chastises his father when he does wrong, in whatever manner, he will only be following the example of the first and greatest among the gods.

I entirely agree with you, he said; in my opinion those stories are quite unfit to be repeated.

Neither, if we mean our future guardians to regard the habit of quarrelling among themselves as of all things the basest, should any word be said to them of the wars in heaven, and of the plots and fightings of the gods against one another, for they are not true. No, we shall never mention the battles of the giants, or let them be embroidered on garments; and we shall be silent about the innumerable other quarrels of gods and heroes with their friends and relatives. If they would only believe us we would tell them that quarrelling is unholy, and that never up to this time has there been any quarrel between citizens; this is what old men and old women should begin by telling children; and when they grow up, the poets also should be told to compose for them in a similar spirit. But the narrative of Hephaestus binding Here his mother, or how on another occasion Zeus sent him flying for taking her part when she was being beaten, and all the battles of the gods in Homer—these tales must not be admitted into our State, whether they are supposed to have an allegorical meaning or not. For a young person cannot judge what is allegorical and what is literal; anything that he receives into his mind at that age is likely to become indelible and unalterable; and therefore it is most important that the tales which the young first hear should be models of virtuous thoughts.

There you are right, he replied; but if any one asks where are such models to be found and of what tales are you speaking—how shall we answer him?

I said to him, You and I, Adeimantus, at this moment are not poets, but founders of a State: now the founders of a State ought to know the general forms in which poets should cast their tales, and the limits which must be observed by them, but to make the tales is not their business.

Very true, he said; but what are these forms of theology which you mean?

Something of this kind, I replied:—God is always to be represented as he truly is, whatever be the sort of poetry, epic, lyric or tragic, in which the representation is given.

Right.

And is he not truly good? and must he not be represented as such?

Certainly.

And no good thing is hurtful?

No, indeed.

And that which is not hurtful hurts not?

Certainly not.

And that which hurts not does no evil?

No.

And can that which does no evil be a cause of evil?

Impossible.

And the good is advantageous?

Yes.

And therefore the cause of well-being?

Yes.

It follows therefore that the good is not the cause of all things, but of the good only?

Assuredly.

Then God, if he be good, is not the author of all things, as the many assert, but he is the cause of a few things only, and not of most things that occur to men. For few are the goods of human life, and many are the evils, and the good is to be attributed to God alone; of the evils the causes are to be sought elsewhere, and not in him.

That appears to me to be most true, he said.

Then we must not listen to Homer or to any other poet who is guilty of the folly of saying that two casks

'Lie at the threshold of Zeus, full of lots, one of good, the other of evil lots,'

and that he to whom Zeus gives a mixture of the two

'Sometimes meets with evil fortune, at other times with good;'

but that he to whom is given the cup of unmingled ill,

'Him wild hunger drives o'er the beauteous earth.'

And again—

'Zeus, who is the dispenser of good and evil to us.'

And if any one asserts that the violation of oaths and treaties, which was really the work of Pandarus, was brought about by Athene and Zeus, or that the strife and contention of the gods was instigated by Themis and Zeus, he shall not have our approval; neither will we allow our young men to hear the words of Aeschylus, that

'God plants guilt among men when he desires utterly to destroy a house.'

And if a poet writes of the sufferings of Niobe—the subject of the tragedy in which these iambic verses occur—or of the house of Pelops, or of the Trojan war or on any similar theme, either we must not permit him to say that these are the works of God, or if they are of God, he must devise some explanation of them such as we are seeking; he must say that God did what was just and right, and they were the better for being punished; but that those who are punished are miserable, and that God is the author of their misery—the poet is not to be permitted to say; though he may say that the wicked are miserable because they require to be punished, and are benefited by receiving punishment from God; but that God being good is the author of evil to any one is to be strenuously denied, and not to be said or sung or heard in verse or prose by any one whether old or young in any well-ordered commonwealth. Such a fiction is suicidal, ruinous, impious.

I agree with you, he replied, and am ready to give my assent to the law.

Let this then be one of our rules and principles concerning the gods, to which our poets and reciters will be expected to conform,—that God is not the author of all things, but of good only.

That will do, he said.

And what do you think of a second principle? Shall I ask you whether God is a magician, and of a nature to appear insidiously now in one shape, and now in another—sometimes himself changing and passing into many forms, sometimes deceiving us with the semblance of such transformations; or is he one and the same immutably fixed in his own proper image?

I cannot answer you, he said, without more thought.

Well, I said; but if we suppose a change in anything, that change must be effected either by the thing itself, or by some other thing?

Most certainly.

And things which are at their best are also least liable to be altered or discomposed; for example, when healthiest and strongest, the human frame is least liable to be affected by meats and drinks, and the plant which is in the fullest vigour also suffers least from winds or the heat of the sun or any similar causes.

Of course.

And will not the bravest and wisest soul be least confused or deranged by any external influence?

True.

And the same principle, as I should suppose, applies to all composite things—furniture, houses, garments: when good and well made, they are least altered by time and circumstances.

Very true.

Then everything which is good, whether made by art or nature, or both, is least liable to suffer change from without?

True.

But surely God and the things of God are in every way perfect?

Of course they are.

Then he can hardly be compelled by external influence to take many shapes?

He cannot.

But may he not change and transform himself?

Clearly, he said, that must be the case if he is changed at all.

And will he then change himself for the better and fairer, or for the worse and more unsightly?

If he change at all he can only change for the worse, for we cannot suppose him to be deficient either in virtue or beauty.

Very true, Adeimantus; but then, would any one, whether God or man, desire to make himself worse?

Impossible.

Then it is impossible that God should ever be willing to change; being, as is supposed, the fairest and best that is conceivable, every God remains absolutely and for ever in his own form.

That necessarily follows, he said, in my judgment.

Then, I said, my dear friend, let none of the poets tell us that

‘The gods, taking the disguise of strangers from other lands, walk up and down cities in all sorts of forms;’

and let no one slander Proteus and Thetis, neither let any one, either in tragedy or in any other kind of poetry, introduce Here disguised in the likeness of a priestess asking an alms

‘For the life-giving daughters of Inachus the river of Argos;’

—let us have no more lies of that sort. Neither must we have mothers under the influence of the poets scaring their children with a bad version of these myths—telling how certain gods, as they say, ‘Go about by night in the likeness of so many strangers and in divers forms;’ but let them take heed lest they make cowards of their children, and at the same time speak blasphemy against the gods.

Heaven forbid, he said.

But although the gods are themselves unchangeable, still by witchcraft and deception they may make us think that they appear in various forms?

Perhaps, he replied.

Well, but can you imagine that God will be willing to lie, whether in word or deed, or to put forth a phantom of himself?

I cannot say, he replied.

Do you not know, I said, that the true lie, if such an expression may be allowed, is hated of gods and men?

What do you mean? he said.

I mean that no one is willingly deceived in that which is the truest and highest part of himself, or about the truest and highest matters; there, above all, he is most afraid of a lie having possession of him.

Still, he said, I do not comprehend you.

The reason is, I replied, that you attribute some profound meaning to my words; but I am only saying that deception, or being deceived or uninformed about the highest realities in the highest part of themselves, which is the soul, and in that part of them to have and to hold the lie, is what mankind least like;—that, I say, is what they utterly detest.

There is nothing more hateful to them.

And, as I was just now remarking, this ignorance in the soul of him who is deceived may be called the true lie; for the lie in words is only a kind of imitation and shadowy image of a previous affection of the soul, not pure unadulterated falsehood. Am I not right?

Perfectly right.

The true lie is hated not only by the gods, but also by men?

Yes.

Whereas the lie in words is in certain cases useful and not hateful; in dealing with enemies—that would be an instance; or again, when those whom we call our friends in a fit of madness or illusion are going to do some harm, then it is useful and is a sort of medicine or preventive; also in the tales of mythology, of which we were just now speaking—because we do not know the truth about ancient times, we make falsehood as much like truth as we can, and so turn it to account.

Very true, he said.

But can any of these reasons apply to God? Can we suppose that he is ignorant of antiquity, and therefore has recourse to invention?

That would be ridiculous, he said.

Then the lying poet has no place in our idea of God?

I should say not.

Or perhaps he may tell a lie because he is afraid of enemies?

That is inconceivable.

But he may have friends who are senseless or mad?

But no mad or senseless person can be a friend of God.

Then no motive can be imagined why God should lie?

None whatever.

Then the superhuman and divine is absolutely incapable of falsehood?

Yes.

Then is God perfectly simple and true both in word and deed; he changes not; he deceives not, either by sign or word, by dream or waking vision.

Your thoughts, he said, are the reflection of my own.

You agree with me then, I said, that this is the second type or form in which we should write and speak about divine things. The gods are not magicians who transform themselves, neither do they deceive mankind in any way.

I grant that.

Then, although we are admirers of Homer, we do not admire the lying dream which Zeus sends to Agamemnon; neither will we praise the verses of Aeschylus in which Thetis says that Apollo at her nuptials

'Was celebrating in song her fair progeny whose days were to be long, and to know no sickness. And when he had spoken of my lot as in all things blessed of heaven he raised a note of triumph and cheered my soul. And I thought that the word of Phoebus, being divine and full of prophecy, would not fail. And now he himself who uttered the strain, he who was present at the banquet, and who said this—he it is who has slain my son.'

These are the kind of sentiments about the gods which will arouse our anger; and he who utters them shall be refused a chorus; neither shall we allow teachers to make use of them in the instruction of the young, meaning, as we do, that our guardians, as far as men can be, should be true worshippers of the gods and like them.

I entirely agree, he said, in these principles, and promise to make them my laws.

BOOK III.

Such then, I said, are our principles of theology—some tales are to be told, and others are not to be told to our disciples from their youth upwards, if we mean them to honour the gods and their parents, and to value friendship with one another.

Yes; and I think that our principles are right, he said.

But if they are to be courageous, must they not learn other lessons besides these, and lessons of such a kind as will take away the fear of death? Can any man be courageous who has the fear of death in him?

Certainly not, he said.

And can he be fearless of death, or will he choose death in battle rather than defeat and slavery, who believes the world below to be real and terrible?

Impossible.

Then we must assume a control over the narrators of this class of tales as well as over the others, and beg them not simply to revile but rather to commend the world below, intimating to them that their descriptions are untrue, and will do harm to our future warriors.

That will be our duty, he said.

Then, I said, we shall have to obliterate many obnoxious passages, beginning with the verses,

‘I would rather be a serf on the land of a poor and portionless man than rule over all the dead who have come to nought.’

We must also expunge the verse, which tells us how Pluto feared,

‘Lest the mansions grim and squalid which the gods abhor should be seen both of mortals and immortals.’

And again:—

‘O heavens! verily in the house of Hades there is soul and ghostly form but no mind at all!’

Again of Tiresias:—

‘(To him even after death did Persephone grant mind,) that he alone should be wise; but the other souls are flitting shades.’

Again:—

‘The soul flying from the limbs had gone to Hades, lamenting her fate, leaving manhood and youth.’

Again:—

‘And the soul, with shrilling cry, passed like smoke beneath the earth.’

And,—

‘As bats in hollow of mystic cavern, whenever any of them has dropped out of the string and falls from the rock, fly shrilling and cling to one another, so did they with shrilling cry hold together as they moved.’

And we must beg Homer and the other poets not to be angry if we strike out these and similar passages, not because they are unpoetical, or unattractive to the popular ear, but because the greater the poetical charm of them, the less are they meet for the ears of boys and men who are meant to be free, and who should fear slavery more than death.

Undoubtedly.

Also we shall have to reject all the terrible and appalling names which describe the world below—Cocytus and Styx, ghosts under the earth, and sapless shades, and any similar words of which the very mention causes a shudder to pass through the inmost soul of him who hears them. I do not say that these horrible stories may not have a use of some kind; but there is a danger that the nerves of our guardians may be rendered too excitable and effeminate by them.

There is a real danger, he said.

Then we must have no more of them.

True.

Another and a nobler strain must be composed and sung by us.

Clearly.

And shall we proceed to get rid of the weepings and wailings of famous men?

They will go with the rest.

But shall we be right in getting rid of them? Reflect: our principle is that the good man will not consider death terrible to any other good man who is his comrade.

Yes; that is our principle.

And therefore he will not sorrow for his departed friend as though he had suffered anything terrible?

He will not.

Such an one, as we further maintain, is sufficient for himself and his own happiness, and therefore is least in need of other men.

True, he said.

And for this reason the loss of a son or brother, or the deprivation of fortune, is to him of all men least terrible.

Assuredly.

And therefore he will be least likely to lament, and will bear with the greatest equanimity any misfortune of this sort which may befall him.

Yes, he will feel such a misfortune far less than another.

Then we shall be right in getting rid of the lamentations of famous men, and making them over to women (and not even to women who are good for anything), or to men of a baser sort, that those who are being educated by us to be the defenders of their country may scorn to do the like.

That will be very right.

Then we will once more entreat Homer and the other poets not to depict Achilles, who is the son of a goddess, first lying on his side, then on his back, and then on his face; then starting up and sailing in a frenzy along the shores of the barren sea; now taking the sooty ashes in both his hands and pouring them over his head, or weeping and wailing in the various modes which Homer has delineated. Nor should he describe Priam the kinsman of the gods as praying and beseeching,

‘Rolling in the dirt, calling each man loudly by his name.’

Still more earnestly will we beg of him at all events not to introduce the gods lamenting and saying,

‘Alas! my misery! Alas! that I bore the bravest to my sorrow.’

But if he must introduce the gods, at any rate let him not dare so completely to misrepresent the greatest of the gods, as to make him say—

‘O heavens! with my eyes verily I behold a dear friend of mine chased round and round the city, and my heart is sorrowful.’

Or again:—

Woe is me that I am fated to have Sarpedon, dearest of men to me, subdued at the hands of Patroclus the son of Menoetius.’

For if, my sweet Adeimantus, our youth seriously listen to such unworthy representations of the gods, instead of laughing at them as they ought, hardly will any of them deem that he himself, being but a man, can be dishonoured by similar actions; neither will he rebuke any inclination which may arise in his mind to say and do the like. And instead of having any shame or self-control, he will be always whining and lamenting on slight occasions.

Yes, he said, that is most true.

Yes, I replied; but that surely is what ought not to be, as the argument has just proved to us; and by that proof we must abide until it is disproved by a better.

It ought not to be.

Neither ought our guardians to be given to laughter. For a fit of laughter which has been indulged to excess almost always produces a violent reaction.

So I believe.

Then persons of worth, even if only mortal men, must not be represented as overcome by laughter, and still less must such a representation of the gods be allowed.

Still less of the gods, as you say, he replied.

Then we shall not suffer such an expression to be used about the gods as that of Homer when he describes how

‘Inextinguishable laughter arose among the blessed gods, when they saw Hephaestus bustling about the mansion.’

On your views, we must not admit them.

On my views, if you like to father them on me; that we must not admit them is certain.

Again, truth should be highly valued; if, as we were saying, a lie is useless to the gods, and useful only as a medicine to men, then the use of such medicines should be restricted to physicians; private individuals have no business with them.

Clearly not, he said.

Then if any one at all is to have the privilege of lying, the rulers of the State should be the persons; and they, in their dealings either with enemies or with their own citizens, may be allowed to lie for the public good. But nobody else should meddle with anything of the kind; and although the rulers have this privilege, for a private man to lie to them in return is to be deemed a more heinous fault than for the patient or the pupil of a gymnasium not to speak the truth about his own bodily illnesses to the physician or to the trainer, or for a sailor not to tell the captain what is happening about the ship and the rest of the crew, and how things are going with himself or his fellow sailors.

Most true, he said.

If, then, the ruler catches anybody beside himself lying in the State,

‘Any of the craftsmen, whether he be priest or physician or carpenter,’

he will punish him for introducing a practice which is equally subversive and destructive of ship or State.

Most certainly, he said, if our idea of the State is ever carried out.

In the next place our youth must be temperate?

Certainly.

Are not the chief elements of temperance, speaking generally, obedience to commanders and self-control in sensual pleasures?

True.

Then we shall approve such language as that of Diomede in Homer,

‘Friend, sit still and obey my word,’

and the verses which follow,

‘The Greeks marched breathing prowess, ...in silent awe of their leaders,’

and other sentiments of the same kind.

We shall.

What of this line,

‘O heavy with wine, who hast the eyes of a dog and the heart of a stag,’

and of the words which follow? Would you say that these, or any similar impertinences which private individuals are supposed to address to their rulers, whether in verse or prose, are well or ill spoken?

They are ill spoken.

They may very possibly afford some amusement, but they do not conduce to temperance. And therefore they are likely to do harm to our young men—you would agree with me there?

Yes.

And then, again, to make the wisest of men say that nothing in his opinion is more glorious than

‘When the tables are full of bread and meat, and the cup-bearer carries round wine which he draws from the bowl and pours into the cups,’

is it fit or conducive to temperance for a young man to hear such words? Or the verse

‘The saddest of fates is to die and meet destiny from hunger?’

What would you say again to the tale of Zeus, who, while other gods and men were asleep and he the only person awake, lay devising plans, but forgot them all in a moment through his lust, and was so completely overcome at the sight of Here that he would not even go into the hut, but wanted to lie with her on the ground, declaring that he had never been in such a state of rapture before, even when they first met one another

‘Without the knowledge of their parents;’

or that other tale of how Hephaestus, because of similar goings on, cast a chain around Ares and Aphrodite?

Indeed, he said, I am strongly of opinion that they ought not to hear that sort of thing.

But any deeds of endurance which are done or told by famous men, these they ought to see and hear; as, for example, what is said in the verses,

‘He smote his breast, and thus reproached his heart, Endure, my heart; far worse hast thou endured!’

Certainly, he said.

In the next place, we must not let them be receivers of gifts or lovers of money.

Certainly not.

Neither must we sing to them of

‘Gifts persuading gods, and persuading reverend kings.’

Neither is Phoenix, the tutor of Achilles, to be approved or deemed to have given his pupil good counsel when he told him that he should take the gifts of the Greeks and assist them; but that without a gift he should not lay aside his anger. Neither will we believe or acknowledge Achilles himself to have been such a lover of money that he took Agamemnon’s gifts, or that when he had received payment he restored the dead body of Hector, but that without payment he was unwilling to do so.

Undoubtedly, he said, these are not sentiments which can be approved.

Loving Homer as I do, I hardly like to say that in attributing these feelings to Achilles, or in believing that they are truly attributed to him, he is guilty of downright impiety. As little can I believe the narrative of his insolence to Apollo, where he says,

‘Thou hast wronged me, O far-darter, most abominable of deities. Verily I would be even with thee, if I had only the power;’

or his insubordination to the river-god, on whose divinity he is ready to lay hands; or his offering to the dead Patroclus of his own hair, which had been previously dedicated to the other river-god Spercheius, and that he actually performed this vow; or that he dragged Hector round the tomb of Patroclus, and slaughtered the captives at the pyre; of all this I cannot believe that he was guilty, any more than I can allow our citizens to believe that he, the wise Cheiron’s pupil, the son of a goddess and of Peleus who was the gentlest of men and third in descent from Zeus, was so disordered in his wits as to be at one time the slave of two seemingly inconsistent passions, meanness, not untainted by avarice, combined with overweening contempt of gods and men.

You are quite right, he replied.

And let us equally refuse to believe, or allow to be repeated, the tale of Theseus son of Poseidon, or of Peirithous son of Zeus, going forth as they did to perpetrate a horrid rape; or of any other hero or son of a god daring to do such impious and dreadful things as they falsely ascribe to them in our day: and let us further compel the poets to declare either that these acts were not done by them, or that they were not the sons of gods;—both in the same breath they shall not be permitted to affirm. We will not have them trying to persuade our youth that the gods are the authors of evil, and that heroes are no better than men—sentiments which, as we were saying, are neither pious nor true, for we have already proved that evil cannot come from the gods.

Assuredly not.

And further they are likely to have a bad effect on those who hear them; for everybody will begin to excuse his own vices when he is convinced that similar wickednesses are always being perpetrated by—

‘The kindred of the gods, the relatives of Zeus, whose ancestral altar, the altar of Zeus, is aloft in air on the peak of Ida,’

and who have

‘the blood of deities yet flowing in their veins.’

And therefore let us put an end to such tales, lest they engender laxity of morals among the young.

By all means, he replied.

But now that we are determining what classes of subjects are or are not to be spoken of, let us see whether any have been omitted by us. The manner in which gods and demigods and heroes and the world below should be treated has been already laid down.

Very true.

And what shall we say about men? That is clearly the remaining portion of our subject.

Clearly so.

But we are not in a condition to answer this question at present, my friend.

Why not?

Because, if I am not mistaken, we shall have to say that about men poets and story-tellers are guilty of making the gravest misstatements when they tell us that wicked men are often happy, and the good miserable; and that injustice is profitable when undetected, but that justice is a man’s own loss and another’s gain—these things we shall forbid them to utter, and command them to sing and say the opposite.

To be sure we shall, he replied.

But if you admit that I am right in this, then I shall maintain that you have implied the principle for which we have been all along contending.

I grant the truth of your inference.

That such things are or are not to be said about men is a question which we cannot determine until we have discovered what justice is, and how naturally advantageous to the possessor, whether he seem to be just or not.

Most true, he said.

Enough of the subjects of poetry: let us now speak of the style; and when this has been considered, both matter and manner will have been completely treated.

I do not understand what you mean, said Adeimantus.

Then I must make you understand; and perhaps I may be more intelligible if I put the matter in this way. You are aware, I suppose, that all mythology and poetry is a narration of events, either past, present, or to come?

Certainly, he replied.

And narration may be either simple narration, or imitation, or a union of the two?

That again, he said, I do not quite understand.

I fear that I must be a ridiculous teacher when I have so much difficulty in making myself apprehended. Like a bad speaker, therefore, I will not take the whole of the subject, but will break a piece off in illustration of my meaning. You know the first lines of the Iliad, in which the poet says that Chryses prayed Agamemnon to release his daughter, and that Agamemnon flew into a passion with him; whereupon Chryses, failing of his object, invoked the anger of the God against the Achaeans. Now as far as these lines,

‘And he prayed all the Greeks, but especially the two sons of Atreus, the chiefs of the people,’

the poet is speaking in his own person; he never leads us to suppose that he is any one else. But in what follows he takes the person of Chryses, and then he does all that he can to make us believe that the speaker is not Homer, but the aged priest himself.

And in this double form he has cast the entire narrative of the events which occurred at Troy and in Ithaca and throughout the Odyssey.

Yes.

And a narrative it remains both in the speeches which the poet recites from time to time and in the intermediate passages?

Quite true.

But when the poet speaks in the person of another, may we not say that he assimilates his style to that of the person who, as he informs you, is going to speak?

Certainly.

And this assimilation of himself to another, either by the use of voice or gesture, is the imitation of the person whose character he assumes?

Of course.

Then in this case the narrative of the poet may be said to proceed by way of imitation?

Very true.

Or, if the poet everywhere appears and never conceals himself, then again the imitation is dropped, and his poetry becomes simple narration. However, in order that I may make my meaning quite clear, and that you may no more say, 'I don't understand,' I will show how the change might be effected. If Homer had said, 'The priest came, having his daughter's ransom in his hands, supplicating the Achaeans, and above all the kings;' and then if, instead of speaking in the person of Chryses, he had continued in his own person, the words would have been, not imitation, but simple narration. The passage would have run as follows (I am no poet, and therefore I drop the metre), 'The priest came and prayed the gods on behalf of the Greeks that they might capture Troy and return safely home, but begged that they would give him back his daughter, and take the ransom which he brought, and respect the God. Thus he spoke, and the other Greeks revered the priest and assented. But Agamemnon was wroth, and bade him depart and not come again, lest the staff and chaplets of the God should be of no avail to him—the daughter of Chryses should not be released, he said—she should grow old with him in Argos. And then he told him to go away and not to provoke him, if he intended to get home unscathed. And the old man went away in fear and silence, and, when he had left the camp, he called upon Apollo by his many names, reminding him of everything which he had done pleasing to him, whether in building his temples, or in offering sacrifice, and praying that his good deeds might be returned to him, and that the Achaeans might expiate his tears by the arrows of the god,'—and so on. In this way the whole becomes simple narrative.

I understand, he said.

Or you may suppose the opposite case—that the intermediate passages are omitted, and the dialogue only left.

That also, he said, I understand; you mean, for example, as in tragedy.

You have conceived my meaning perfectly; and if I mistake not, what you failed to apprehend before is now made clear to you, that poetry and mythology are, in some cases, wholly imitative—instances of this are supplied by tragedy and comedy; there is likewise the opposite style, in which the poet is the only speaker—of this the dithyramb affords the best example; and the combination of both is found in epic, and in several other styles of poetry. Do I take you with me?

Yes, he said; I see now what you meant.

I will ask you to remember also what I began by saying, that we had done with the subject and might proceed to the style.

Yes, I remember.

In saying this, I intended to imply that we must come to an understanding about the mimetic art,—whether the poets, in narrating their stories, are to be allowed by us to imitate, and if so, whether in whole or in part, and if the latter, in what parts; or should all imitation be prohibited?

You mean, I suspect, to ask whether tragedy and comedy shall be admitted into our State?

Yes, I said; but there may be more than this in question: I really do not know as yet, but whither the argument may blow, thither we go.

And go we will, he said.

Then, Adeimantus, let me ask you whether our guardians ought to be imitators; or rather, has not this question been decided by the rule already laid down that one man can only do one thing well, and not many; and that if he attempt many, he will altogether fail of gaining much reputation in any?

Certainly.

And this is equally true of imitation; no one man can imitate many things as well as he would imitate a single one?

He cannot.

Then the same person will hardly be able to play a serious part in life, and at the same time to be an imitator and imitate many other parts as well; for even when two species of imitation are nearly allied, the same persons cannot succeed in both, as, for example, the writers of tragedy and comedy—did you not just now call them imitations?

Yes, I did; and you are right in thinking that the same persons cannot succeed in both.

Any more than they can be rhapsodists and actors at once?

True.

Neither are comic and tragic actors the same; yet all these things are but imitations.

They are so.

And human nature, Adeimantus, appears to have been coined into yet smaller pieces, and to be as incapable of imitating many things well, as of performing well the actions of which the imitations are copies.

Quite true, he replied.

If then we adhere to our original notion and bear in mind that our guardians, setting aside every other business, are to dedicate themselves wholly to the maintenance of freedom in the State, making this their craft, and engaging in no work which does not bear on this end, they ought not to practise or imitate anything else; if they imitate at all, they should imitate from youth upward only those characters which are suitable to their profession—the courageous, temperate, holy, free, and the like; but they should not depict or be skilful at imitating any kind of illiberality or baseness, lest from imitation they should come to be what they imitate. Did you never observe how imitations, beginning in early youth and continuing far into life, at length grow into habits and become a second nature, affecting body, voice, and mind?

Yes, certainly, he said.

Then, I said, we will not allow those for whom we profess a care and of whom we say that they ought to be good men, to imitate a woman, whether young or old, quarrelling with her husband, or striving and vaunting against the gods in conceit of her happiness, or when she is in affliction, or sorrow, or weeping; and certainly not one who is in sickness, love, or labour.

Very right, he said.

Neither must they represent slaves, male or female, performing the offices of slaves?

They must not.

And surely not bad men, whether cowards or any others, who do the reverse of what we have just been prescribing, who scold or mock or revile one another in drink or out of drink, or who in any other manner sin against themselves and their neighbours in word or deed, as the manner of such is. Neither should they be trained to imitate the action or speech of men or women who are mad or bad; for madness, like vice, is to be known but not to be practised or imitated.

Very true, he replied.

Neither may they imitate smiths or other artificers, or oarsmen, or boatswains, or the like?

How can they, he said, when they are not allowed to apply their minds to the callings of any of these?

Nor may they imitate the neighing of horses, the bellowing of bulls, the murmur of rivers and roll of the ocean, thunder, and all that sort of thing?

Nay, he said, if madness be forbidden, neither may they copy the behaviour of madmen.

You mean, I said, if I understand you aright, that there is one sort of narrative style which may be employed by a truly good man when he has anything to say, and that another sort will be used by a man of an opposite character and education.

And which are these two sorts? he asked.

Suppose, I answered, that a just and good man in the course of a narration comes on some saying or action of another good man,—I should imagine that he will like to personate him, and will not be ashamed of this sort of imitation: he will be most ready to play the part of the good man when he is acting firmly and wisely; in a less degree when he is overtaken by illness or love or drink, or has met with any other disaster. But when he comes to a character which is unworthy of him, he will not make a study of that; he will disdain such a person, and will assume his likeness, if at all, for a moment only when he is performing some good action; at other times he will be ashamed to play a part which he has never practised, nor will he like to fashion and frame himself after the baser models; he feels the employment of such an art, unless in jest, to be beneath him, and his mind revolts at it.

So I should expect, he replied.

Then he will adopt a mode of narration such as we have illustrated out of Homer, that is to say, his style will be both imitative and narrative; but there will be very little of the former, and a great deal of the latter. Do you agree?

Certainly, he said; that is the model which such a speaker must necessarily take.

But there is another sort of character who will narrate anything, and, the worse he is, the more unscrupulous he will be; nothing will be too bad for him: and he will be ready to imitate anything, not as a joke, but in right good earnest, and before a large company. As I was just now saying, he will attempt to represent the roll of thunder, the noise of wind and hail, or the creaking of wheels, and pulleys, and the various sounds of flutes, pipes, trumpets, and all sorts of instruments: he will bark like a dog, bleat like a sheep, or crow like a cock; his entire art will consist in imitation of voice and gesture, and there will be very little narration.

That, he said, will be his mode of speaking.

These, then, are the two kinds of style?

Yes.

And you would agree with me in saying that one of them is simple and has but slight changes; and if the harmony and rhythm are also chosen for their simplicity, the result is that the speaker, if he speaks correctly, is always pretty much the same in style, and he will keep within the limits of a single harmony (for the changes are not great), and in like manner he will make use of nearly the same rhythm?

That is quite true, he said.

Whereas the other requires all sorts of harmonies and all sorts of rhythms, if the music and the style are to correspond, because the style has all sorts of changes.

That is also perfectly true, he replied.

And do not the two styles, or the mixture of the two, comprehend all poetry, and every form of expression in words? No one can say anything except in one or other of them or in both together.

They include all, he said.

And shall we receive into our State all the three styles, or one only of the two unmixed styles? or would you include the mixed?

I should prefer only to admit the pure imitator of virtue.

Yes, I said, Adeimantus, but the mixed style is also very charming: and indeed the pantomimic, which is the opposite of the one chosen by you, is the most popular style with children and their attendants, and with the world in general.

I do not deny it.

But I suppose you would argue that such a style is unsuitable to our State, in which human nature is not twofold or manifold, for one man plays one part only?

Yes; quite unsuitable.

And this is the reason why in our State, and in our State only, we shall find a shoemaker to be a shoemaker and not a pilot also, and a husbandman to be a husbandman and not a dicast also, and a soldier a soldier and not a trader also, and the same throughout?

True, he said.

And therefore when any one of these pantomimic gentlemen, who are so clever that they can imitate anything, comes to us, and makes a proposal to exhibit himself and his poetry, we will fall down and worship him as a sweet and holy and wonderful being; but we must also inform him that in our State such as he are not permitted to exist; the law will not allow them. And so when we have anointed him with myrrh, and set a garland of wool upon his head, we shall send him away to another city. For we mean to employ for our souls' health the rougher and severer poet or story-teller, who will imitate the style of the virtuous only, and will follow those models which we prescribed at first when we began the education of our soldiers.

We certainly will, he said, if we have the power.

Then now, my friend, I said, that part of music or literary education which relates to the story or myth may be considered to be finished; for the matter and manner have both been discussed.

I think so too, he said.

Next in order will follow melody and song.

That is obvious.

Every one can see already what we ought to say about them, if we are to be consistent with ourselves.

I fear, said Glaucon, laughing, that the word 'every one' hardly includes me, for I cannot at the moment say what they should be; though I may guess.

At any rate you can tell that a song or ode has three parts—the words, the melody, and the rhythm; that degree of knowledge I may presuppose?

Yes, he said; so much as that you may.

And as for the words, there will surely be no difference between words which are and which are not set to music; both will conform to the same laws, and these have been already determined by us?

Yes.

And the melody and rhythm will depend upon the words?

Certainly.

We were saying, when we spoke of the subject-matter, that we had no need of lamentation and strains of sorrow?

True.

And which are the harmonies expressive of sorrow? You are musical, and can tell me.

The harmonies which you mean are the mixed or tenor Lydian, and the full-toned or bass Lydian, and such like.

These then, I said, must be banished; even to women who have a character to maintain they are of no use, and much less to men.

Certainly.

In the next place, drunkenness and softness and indolence are utterly unbecoming the character of our guardians.

Utterly unbecoming.

And which are the soft or drinking harmonies?

The Ionian, he replied, and the Lydian; they are termed ‘relaxed.’

Well, and are these of any military use?

Quite the reverse, he replied; and if so the Dorian and the Phrygian are the only ones which you have left.

I answered: Of the harmonies I know nothing, but I want to have one warlike, to sound the note or accent which a brave man utters in the hour of danger and stern resolve, or when his cause is failing, and he is going to wounds or death or is overtaken by some other evil, and at every such crisis meets the blows of fortune with firm step and a determination to endure; and another to be used by him in times of peace and freedom of action, when there is no pressure of necessity, and he is seeking to persuade God by prayer, or man by instruction and admonition, or on the other hand, when he is expressing his willingness to yield to persuasion or entreaty or admonition, and which represents him when by prudent conduct he has attained his end, not carried away by his success, but acting moderately and wisely under the circumstances, and acquiescing in the event. These two harmonies I ask you to leave; the strain of necessity and the strain of freedom, the strain of the unfortunate and the strain of the fortunate, the strain of courage, and the strain of temperance; these, I say, leave.

And these, he replied, are the Dorian and Phrygian harmonies of which I was just now speaking.

Then, I said, if these and these only are to be used in our songs and melodies, we shall not want multiplicity of notes or a panharmonic scale?

I suppose not.

Then we shall not maintain the artificers of lyres with three corners and complex scales, or the makers of any other many-stringed curiously-harmonised instruments?

Certainly not.

But what do you say to flute-makers and flute-players? Would you admit them into our State when you reflect that in this composite use of harmony the flute is worse than all the stringed instruments put together; even the panharmonic music is only an imitation of the flute?

Clearly not.

There remain then only the lyre and the harp for use in the city, and the shepherds may have a pipe in the country.

That is surely the conclusion to be drawn from the argument.

The preferring of Apollo and his instruments to Marsyas and his instruments is not at all strange, I said.

Not at all, he replied.

And so, by the dog of Egypt, we have been unconsciously purging the State, which not long ago we termed luxurious.

And we have done wisely, he replied.

Then let us now finish the purgation, I said. Next in order to harmonies, rhythms will naturally follow, and they should be subject to the same rules, for we ought not to seek out complex systems of metre, or metres of every kind, but rather to discover what rhythms are the expressions of a courageous and harmonious life; and when we have found them, we shall adapt the foot and the melody to words having a like spirit, not the words to the foot and melody. To say what these rhythms are will be your duty—you must teach me them, as you have already taught me the harmonies.

But, indeed, he replied, I cannot tell you. I only know that there are some three principles of rhythm out of which metrical systems are framed, just as in sounds there are four notes (i.e. the four notes of the tetrachord.) out of which all the harmonies are composed; that is an observation which I have made. But of what sort of lives they are severally the imitations I am unable to say.

Then, I said, we must take Damon into our counsels; and he will tell us what rhythms are expressive of meanness, or insolence, or fury, or other unworthiness, and what are to be reserved for the expression of opposite feelings. And I think that I have an indistinct recollection of his mentioning a complex Cretic rhythm; also a dactylic or heroic, and he arranged them in some manner which I do not quite understand, making the rhythms equal in the rise and fall of the foot, long and short alternating; and, unless I am mistaken, he spoke of an iambic as well as of a trochaic rhythm, and assigned to them short and long quantities. Also in some cases he appeared to praise or censure the movement of the foot quite as much as the rhythm; or perhaps a combination of the two; for I am not certain what he meant. These matters, however, as I was saying, had better be referred to Damon himself, for the analysis of the subject would be difficult, you know? (Socrates expresses himself carelessly in accordance with his assumed ignorance of the details of the subject. In the first part of the sentence he appears to be speaking of paeonic rhythms which are in the ratio of 3/2; in the second part, of dactylic and anapaestic rhythms, which are in the ratio of 1/1; in the last clause, of iambic and trochaic rhythms, which are in the ratio of 1/2 or 2/1.)

Rather so, I should say.

But there is no difficulty in seeing that grace or the absence of grace is an effect of good or bad rhythm.

None at all.

And also that good and bad rhythm naturally assimilate to a good and bad style; and that harmony and discord in like manner follow style; for our principle is that rhythm and harmony are regulated by the words, and not the words by them.

Just so, he said, they should follow the words.

And will not the words and the character of the style depend on the temper of the soul?

Yes.

And everything else on the style?

Yes.

Then beauty of style and harmony and grace and good rhythm depend on simplicity,—I mean the true simplicity of a rightly and nobly ordered mind and character, not that other simplicity which is only an euphemism for folly?

Very true, he replied.

And if our youth are to do their work in life, must they not make these graces and harmonies their perpetual aim?

They must.

And surely the art of the painter and every other creative and constructive art are full of them,—weaving, embroidery, architecture, and every kind of manufacture; also nature, animal and vegetable,—in all of them there is grace or the absence of grace. And ugliness and discord and inharmonious motion are nearly allied to ill words and ill nature, as grace and harmony are the twin sisters of goodness and virtue and bear their likeness.

That is quite true, he said.

But shall our superintendence go no further, and are the poets only to be required by us to express the image of the good in their works, on pain, if they do anything else, of expulsion from our State? Or is the same control to be extended to other artists, and are they also to be prohibited from exhibiting the opposite forms of vice and intemperance and meanness and indecency in sculpture and building and the other creative arts; and is he who cannot conform to this rule of ours to be prevented from practising his art in our State, lest the taste of our citizens be corrupted by him? We would not have our guardians grow up amid images of moral deformity, as in some noxious pasture, and there browse and feed upon many a baneful herb and flower day by day, little by little, until they silently gather a festering mass of corruption in their own soul. Let our artists rather be those who are gifted to discern the true nature of the beautiful and graceful; then will our youth dwell in a land of health, amid fair sights and sounds, and receive the

good in everything; and beauty, the effluence of fair works, shall flow into the eye and ear, like a health-giving breeze from a purer region, and insensibly draw the soul from earliest years into likeness and sympathy with the beauty of reason.

There can be no nobler training than that, he replied.

And therefore, I said, Glaucon, musical training is a more potent instrument than any other, because rhythm and harmony find their way into the inward places of the soul, on which they mightily fasten, imparting grace, and making the soul of him who is rightly educated graceful, or of him who is ill-educated ungraceful; and also because he who has received this true education of the inner being will most shrewdly perceive omissions or faults in art and nature, and with a true taste, while he praises and rejoices over and receives into his soul the good, and becomes noble and good, he will justly blame and hate the bad, now in the days of his youth, even before he is able to know the reason why; and when reason comes he will recognise and salute the friend with whom his education has made him long familiar.

Yes, he said, I quite agree with you in thinking that our youth should be trained in music and on the grounds which you mention.

Just as in learning to read, I said, we were satisfied when we knew the letters of the alphabet, which are very few, in all their recurring sizes and combinations; not slighting them as unimportant whether they occupy a space large or small, but everywhere eager to make them out; and not thinking ourselves perfect in the art of reading until we recognise them wherever they are found:

True—

Or, as we recognise the reflection of letters in the water, or in a mirror, only when we know the letters themselves; the same art and study giving us the knowledge of both:

Exactly—

Even so, as I maintain, neither we nor our guardians, whom we have to educate, can ever become musical until we and they know the essential forms of temperance, courage, liberality, magnificence, and their kindred, as well as the contrary forms, in all their combinations, and can recognise them and their images wherever they are found, not slighting them either in small things or great, but believing them all to be within the sphere of one art and study.

Most assuredly.

And when a beautiful soul harmonizes with a beautiful form, and the two are cast in one mould, that will be the fairest of sights to him who has an eye to see it?

The fairest indeed.

And the fairest is also the loveliest?

That may be assumed.

And the man who has the spirit of harmony will be most in love with the loveliest; but he will not love him who is of an inharmonious soul?

That is true, he replied, if the deficiency be in his soul; but if there be any merely bodily defect in another he will be patient of it, and will love all the same.

I perceive, I said, that you have or have had experiences of this sort, and I agree. But let me ask you another question: Has excess of pleasure any affinity to temperance?

How can that be? he replied; pleasure deprives a man of the use of his faculties quite as much as pain.

Or any affinity to virtue in general?

None whatever.

Any affinity to wantonness and intemperance?

Yes, the greatest.

And is there any greater or keener pleasure than that of sensual love?

No, nor a madder.

Whereas true love is a love of beauty and order—temperate and harmonious?

Quite true, he said.

Then no intemperance or madness should be allowed to approach true love?

Certainly not.

Then mad or intemperate pleasure must never be allowed to come near the lover and his beloved; neither of them can have any part in it if their love is of the right sort?

No, indeed, Socrates, it must never come near them.

Then I suppose that in the city which we are founding you would make a law to the effect that a friend should use no other familiarity to his love than a father would use to his son, and then only for a noble purpose, and he must first have the other's consent; and this rule is to limit him in all his intercourse, and he is never to be seen going further, or, if he exceeds, he is to be deemed guilty of coarseness and bad taste.

I quite agree, he said.

Thus much of music, which makes a fair ending; for what should be the end of music if not the love of beauty?

I agree, he said.

After music comes gymnastic, in which our youth are next to be trained.

Certainly.

Gymnastic as well as music should begin in early years; the training in it should be careful and should continue through life. Now my belief is,—and this is a matter upon which I should like to have your opinion in confirmation of my own, but my own belief is,—not that the good body by any bodily excellence improves the soul, but, on the contrary, that the good soul, by her own excellence, improves the body as far as this may be possible. What do you say?

Yes, I agree.

Then, to the mind when adequately trained, we shall be right in handing over the more particular care of the body; and in order to avoid prolixity we will now only give the general outlines of the subject.

Very good.

That they must abstain from intoxication has been already remarked by us; for of all persons a guardian should be the last to get drunk and not know where in the world he is.

Yes, he said; that a guardian should require another guardian to take care of him is ridiculous indeed.

But next, what shall we say of their food; for the men are in training for the great contest of all—are they not?

Yes, he said.

And will the habit of body of our ordinary athletes be suited to them?

Why not?

I am afraid, I said, that a habit of body such as they have is but a sleepy sort of thing, and rather perilous to health. Do you not observe that these athletes sleep away their lives, and are liable to most dangerous illnesses if they depart, in ever so slight a degree, from their customary regimen?

Yes, I do.

Then, I said, a finer sort of training will be required for our warrior athletes, who are to be like wakeful dogs, and to see and hear with the utmost keenness; amid the many changes of water and also of food, of summer heat and winter cold, which they will have to endure when on a campaign, they must not be liable to break down in health.

That is my view.

The really excellent gymnastic is twin sister of that simple music which we were just now describing.

How so?

Why, I conceive that there is a gymnastic which, like our music, is simple and good; and especially the military gymnastic.

What do you mean?

My meaning may be learned from Homer; he, you know, feeds his heroes at their feasts, when they are campaigning, on soldiers' fare; they have no fish, although they are on the shores of the Hellespont, and they are not allowed boiled meats but only roast, which is the food most convenient for soldiers, requiring only that they should light a fire, and not involving the trouble of carrying about pots and pans.

True.

And I can hardly be mistaken in saying that sweet sauces are nowhere mentioned in Homer. In proscribing them, however, he is not singular; all professional athletes are well aware that a man who is to be in good condition should take nothing of the kind.

Yes, he said; and knowing this, they are quite right in not taking them.

Then you would not approve of Syracusan dinners, and the refinements of Sicilian cookery?

I think not.

Nor, if a man is to be in condition, would you allow him to have a Corinthian girl as his fair friend?

Certainly not.

Neither would you approve of the delicacies, as they are thought, of Athenian confectionary?

Certainly not.

All such feeding and living may be rightly compared by us to melody and song composed in the panharmonic style, and in all the rhythms.

Exactly.

There complexity engendered licence, and here disease; whereas simplicity in music was the parent of temperance in the soul; and simplicity in gymnastic of health in the body.

Most true, he said.

But when intemperance and diseases multiply in a State, halls of justice and medicine are always being opened; and the arts of the doctor and the lawyer give themselves airs, finding how keen is the interest which not only the slaves but the freemen of a city take about them.

Of course.

And yet what greater proof can there be of a bad and disgraceful state of education than this, that not only artisans and the meaner sort of people need the skill of first-rate physicians and judges, but also those who would profess to have had a liberal education? Is it not disgraceful, and a great sign of want of good-breeding, that a man should have to go abroad for his law and physic because he has none of his own at home, and must therefore surrender himself into the hands of other men whom he makes lords and judges over him?

Of all things, he said, the most disgraceful.

Would you say ‘most,’ I replied, when you consider that there is a further stage of the evil in which a man is not only a life-long litigant, passing all his days in the courts, either as plaintiff or defendant, but is actually led by his bad taste to pride himself on his litigiousness; he imagines that he is a master in dishonesty; able to take every crooked turn, and wriggle into and out of every hole, bending like a withy and getting out of the way of justice: and all for what?—in order to gain small points not worth mentioning, he not knowing that so to order his life as to be able to do without a napping judge is a far higher and nobler sort of thing. Is not that still more disgraceful?

Yes, he said, that is still more disgraceful.

Well, I said, and to require the help of medicine, not when a wound has to be cured, or on occasion of an epidemic, but just because, by indolence and a habit of life such as we have been describing, men fill themselves with waters and winds, as if their bodies were a marsh, compelling the ingenious sons of Asclepius to find more names for diseases, such as flatulence and catarrh; is not this, too, a disgrace?

Yes, he said, they do certainly give very strange and newfangled names to diseases.

Yes, I said, and I do not believe that there were any such diseases in the days of Asclepius; and this I infer from the circumstance that the hero Eurypylus, after he has been wounded in Homer, drinks a posset of Pramnian wine well besprinkled with barley-meal and grated cheese, which are certainly inflammatory, and yet the sons of Asclepius who were at the Trojan war do not blame the damsel who gives him the drink, or rebuke Patroclus, who is treating his case.

Well, he said, that was surely an extraordinary drink to be given to a person in his condition.

Not so extraordinary, I replied, if you bear in mind that in former days, as is commonly said, before the time of Herodicus, the guild of Asclepius did not practise our present system of medicine, which may be said to educate diseases. But Herodicus, being a trainer, and himself of a sickly constitution, by a combination of training and doctoring found out a way of torturing first and chiefly himself, and secondly the rest of the world.

How was that? he said.

By the invention of lingering death; for he had a mortal disease which he perpetually tended, and as recovery was out of the question, he passed his entire life as a valetudinarian; he could do nothing but attend upon himself, and he was in constant torment whenever he departed in anything from his usual regimen, and so dying hard, by the help of science he struggled on to old age.

A rare reward of his skill!

Yes, I said; a reward which a man might fairly expect who never understood that, if Asclepius did not instruct his descendants in valetudinarian arts, the omission arose, not from ignorance or inexperience of such a branch of medicine, but because he knew that in all well-ordered states every individual has an occupation to which he must attend, and has therefore no leisure to spend in continually being ill. This we remark in the case of the artisan, but, ludicrously enough, do not apply the same rule to people of the richer sort.

How do you mean? he said.

I mean this: When a carpenter is ill he asks the physician for a rough and ready cure; an emetic or a purge or a cautery or the knife,—these are his remedies. And if some one prescribes for him a course of dietetics, and tells him that he must swathe and swaddle his head, and all that sort of thing, he replies at once that he has no time to be ill, and that he sees no good in a life which is spent in nursing his disease to the neglect of his customary employment; and therefore bidding good-bye to this sort of physician, he resumes his ordinary habits, and either gets well and lives and does his business, or, if his constitution fails, he dies and has no more trouble.

Yes, he said, and a man in his condition of life ought to use the art of medicine thus far only.

Has he not, I said, an occupation; and what profit would there be in his life if he were deprived of his occupation?

Quite true, he said.

But with the rich man this is otherwise; of him we do not say that he has any specially appointed work which he must perform, if he would live.

He is generally supposed to have nothing to do.

Then you never heard of the saying of Phocylides, that as soon as a man has a livelihood he should practise virtue?

Nay, he said, I think that he had better begin somewhat sooner.

Let us not have a dispute with him about this, I said; but rather ask ourselves: Is the practice of virtue obligatory on the rich man, or can he live without it? And if obligatory on him, then let us raise a further question, whether this dieting of disorders, which is an impediment to the application of the mind in carpentering and the mechanical arts, does not equally stand in the way of the sentiment of Phocylides?

Of that, he replied, there can be no doubt; such excessive care of the body, when carried beyond the rules of gymnastic, is most inimical to the practice of virtue.

Yes, indeed, I replied, and equally incompatible with the management of a house, an army, or an office of state; and, what is most important of all, irreconcileable with any kind of study or thought or self-reflection—there is a constant suspicion that headache and giddiness are to be ascribed to philosophy, and hence all practising or making trial of virtue in the higher sense is absolutely stopped; for a man is always fancying that he is being made ill, and is in constant anxiety about the state of his body.

Yes, likely enough.

And therefore our politic Asclepius may be supposed to have exhibited the power of his art only to persons who, being generally of healthy constitution and habits of life, had a definite ailment; such as these he cured by purges and operations, and bade them live as usual, herein consulting the interests of the State; but bodies which disease had penetrated through and through he would not have attempted to cure by gradual processes of evacuation and infusion: he did not want to lengthen out good-for-nothing lives, or to have weak fathers begetting weaker sons;—if a man was not able to live in the ordinary way he had no business to cure him; for such a cure would have been of no use either to himself, or to the State.

Then, he said, you regard Asclepius as a statesman.

Clearly; and his character is further illustrated by his sons. Note that they were heroes in the days of old and practised the medicines of which I am speaking at the siege of Troy: You will remember how, when Pandarus wounded Menelaus, they

‘Sucked the blood out of the wound, and sprinkled soothing remedies,’

but they never prescribed what the patient was afterwards to eat or drink in the case of Menelaus, any more than in the case of Eurypylus; the remedies, as they conceived, were enough to heal any man who before he was wounded was healthy and regular in his habits; and even though he did happen to drink a posset of Pramnian wine, he might get well all the same. But they would have nothing to do with unhealthy and intemperate subjects, whose lives were of no use either to themselves or others; the art of medicine was not designed for their good, and though they were as rich as Midas, the sons of Asclepius would have declined to attend them.

They were very acute persons, those sons of Asclepius.

Naturally so, I replied. Nevertheless, the tragedians and Pindar disobeying our behests, although they acknowledge that Asclepius was the son of Apollo, say also that he was bribed into healing a rich man who was at the point of death, and for this reason he was struck by lightning. But we, in accordance with the principle already affirmed by us, will not believe them when they tell us both;—if he was the son of a god, we maintain that he was not avaricious; or, if he was avaricious, he was not the son of a god.

All that, Socrates, is excellent; but I should like to put a question to you: Ought there not to be good physicians in a State, and are not the best those who have treated the greatest number of constitutions good and bad? and are not the best judges in like manner those who are acquainted with all sorts of moral natures?

Yes, I said, I too would have good judges and good physicians. But do you know whom I think good?

Will you tell me?

I will, if I can. Let me however note that in the same question you join two things which are not the same.

How so? he asked.

Why, I said, you join physicians and judges. Now the most skilful physicians are those who, from their youth upwards, have combined with the knowledge of their art the greatest experience of disease; they had better not be robust in health, and should have had all manner of diseases in their own persons. For the body, as I conceive, is not the instrument with which they cure the body; in that case we could not allow them ever to be or to have been sickly; but they cure the body with the mind, and the mind which has become and is sick can cure nothing.

That is very true, he said.

But with the judge it is otherwise; since he governs mind by mind; he ought not therefore to have been trained among vicious minds, and to have associated with them from youth upwards, and to have gone through the whole calendar of crime, only in order that he may quickly infer the crimes of others as he might their bodily diseases from his own self-consciousness; the honourable mind which is to form a healthy judgment should have had no experience or contamination of evil habits when young. And this is the reason why in youth good men often appear to be simple, and are easily practised upon by the dishonest, because they have no examples of what evil is in their own souls.

Yes, he said, they are far too apt to be deceived.

Therefore, I said, the judge should not be young; he should have learned to know evil, not from his own soul, but from late and long observation of the nature of evil in others: knowledge should be his guide, not personal experience.

Yes, he said, that is the ideal of a judge.

Yes, I replied, and he will be a good man (which is my answer to your question); for he is good who has a good soul. But the cunning and suspicious nature of which we spoke,—he who has committed many crimes, and fancies himself to be a master in wickedness, when he is amongst his fellows, is wonderful in the precautions which he takes, because he judges of them by himself: but when he gets into the company of men of virtue, who have the experience of age, he appears to be a fool again, owing to his unseasonable suspicions; he cannot recognise an honest man, because he has no pattern of honesty in himself; at the same time, as the bad are more numerous than the good, and he meets with them oftener, he thinks himself, and is by others thought to be, rather wise than foolish.

Most true, he said.

Then the good and wise judge whom we are seeking is not this man, but the other; for vice cannot know virtue too, but a virtuous nature, educated by time, will acquire a knowledge both of virtue and vice: the virtuous, and not the vicious, man has wisdom—in my opinion.

And in mine also.

This is the sort of medicine, and this is the sort of law, which you will sanction in your state. They will minister to better natures, giving health both of soul and of body; but those who are diseased in their bodies they will leave to die, and the corrupt and incurable souls they will put an end to themselves.

That is clearly the best thing both for the patients and for the State.

And thus our youth, having been educated only in that simple music which, as we said, inspires temperance, will be reluctant to go to law.

Clearly.

And the musician, who, keeping to the same track, is content to practise the simple gymnastic, will have nothing to do with medicine unless in some extreme case.

That I quite believe.

The very exercises and tolls which he undergoes are intended to stimulate the spirited element of his nature, and not to increase his strength; he will not, like common athletes, use exercise and regimen to develope his muscles.

Very right, he said.

Neither are the two arts of music and gymnastic really designed, as is often supposed, the one for the training of the soul, the other for the training of the body.

What then is the real object of them?

I believe, I said, that the teachers of both have in view chiefly the improvement of the soul.

How can that be? he asked.

Did you never observe, I said, the effect on the mind itself of exclusive devotion to gymnastic, or the opposite effect of an exclusive devotion to music?

In what way shown? he said.

The one producing a temper of hardness and ferocity, the other of softness and effeminacy, I replied.

Yes, he said, I am quite aware that the mere athlete becomes too much of a savage, and that the mere musician is melted and softened beyond what is good for him.

Yet surely, I said, this ferocity only comes from spirit, which, if rightly educated, would give courage, but, if too much intensified, is liable to become hard and brutal.

That I quite think.

On the other hand the philosopher will have the quality of gentleness. And this also, when too much indulged, will turn to softness, but, if educated rightly, will be gentle and moderate.

True.

And in our opinion the guardians ought to have both these qualities?

Assuredly.

And both should be in harmony?

Beyond question.

And the harmonious soul is both temperate and courageous?

Yes.

And the inharmonious is cowardly and boorish?

Very true.

And, when a man allows music to play upon him and to pour into his soul through the funnel of his ears those sweet and soft and melancholy airs of which we were just now speaking, and his whole life is passed in warbling and the delights of song; in the first stage of the process the passion or spirit which is in him is tempered like iron, and made useful, instead of brittle and useless. But, if he carries on the softening and soothing process, in the next stage he begins to melt and waste, until he has wasted away his spirit and cut out the sinews of his soul; and he becomes a feeble warrior.

Very true.

If the element of spirit is naturally weak in him the change is speedily accomplished, but if he have a good deal, then the power of music weakening the spirit renders him excitable;—on the least provocation he flames up at once, and is speedily extinguished; instead of having spirit he grows irritable and passionate and is quite impracticable.

Exactly.

And so in gymnastics, if a man takes violent exercise and is a great feeder, and the reverse of a great student of music and philosophy, at first the high condition of his body fills him with pride and spirit, and he becomes twice the man that he was.

Certainly.

And what happens? if he do nothing else, and holds no converse with the Muses, does not even that intelligence which there may be in him, having no taste of any sort of learning or enquiry or thought or culture, grow feeble and dull and blind, his mind never waking up or receiving nourishment, and his senses not being purged of their mists?

True, he said.

And he ends by becoming a hater of philosophy, uncivilized, never using the weapon of persuasion,—he is like a wild beast, all violence and fierceness, and knows no other way of dealing; and he lives in all ignorance and evil conditions, and has no sense of propriety and grace.

That is quite true, he said.

And as there are two principles of human nature, one the spirited and the other the philosophical, some God, as I should say, has given mankind two arts answering to them (and only indirectly to the soul and body), in order that these two principles (like the strings of an instrument) may be relaxed or drawn tighter until they are duly harmonized.

That appears to be the intention.

And he who mingles music with gymnastic in the fairest proportions, and best attempers them to the soul, may be rightly called the true musician and harmonist in a far higher sense than the tuner of the strings.

You are quite right, Socrates.

And such a presiding genius will be always required in our State if the government is to last.

Yes, he will be absolutely necessary.

Such, then, are our principles of nurture and education: Where would be the use of going into further details about the dances of our citizens, or about their hunting and coursing, their gymnastic and equestrian contests? For these all follow the general principle, and having found that, we shall have no difficulty in discovering them.

I dare say that there will be no difficulty.

Very good, I said; then what is the next question? Must we not ask who are to be rulers and who subjects?

Certainly.

There can be no doubt that the elder must rule the younger.

Clearly.

And that the best of these must rule.

That is also clear.

Now, are not the best husbandmen those who are most devoted to husbandry?

Yes.

And as we are to have the best of guardians for our city, must they not be those who have most the character of guardians?

Yes.

And to this end they ought to be wise and efficient, and to have a special care of the State?

True.

And a man will be most likely to care about that which he loves?

To be sure.

And he will be most likely to love that which he regards as having the same interests with himself, and that of which the good or evil fortune is supposed by him at any time most to affect his own?

Very true, he replied.

Then there must be a selection. Let us note among the guardians those who in their whole life show the greatest eagerness to do what is for the good of their country, and the greatest repugnance to do what is against her interests.

Those are the right men.

And they will have to be watched at every age, in order that we may see whether they preserve their resolution, and never, under the influence either of force or enchantment, forget or cast off their sense of duty to the State.

How cast off? he said.

I will explain to you, I replied. A resolution may go out of a man's mind either with his will or against his will; with his will when he gets rid of a falsehood and learns better, against his will whenever he is deprived of a truth.

I understand, he said, the willing loss of a resolution; the meaning of the unwilling I have yet to learn.

Why, I said, do you not see that men are unwillingly deprived of good, and willingly of evil? Is not to have lost the truth an evil, and to possess the truth a good? and you would agree that to conceive things as they are is to possess the truth?

Yes, he replied; I agree with you in thinking that mankind are deprived of truth against their will.

And is not this involuntary deprivation caused either by theft, or force, or enchantment?

Still, he replied, I do not understand you.

I fear that I must have been talking darkly, like the tragedians. I only mean that some men are changed by persuasion and that others forget; argument steals away the hearts of one class, and time of the other; and this I call theft. Now you understand me?

Yes.

Those again who are forced, are those whom the violence of some pain or grief compels to change their opinion.

I understand, he said, and you are quite right.

And you would also acknowledge that the enchanted are those who change their minds either under the softer influence of pleasure, or the sterner influence of fear?

Yes, he said; everything that deceives may be said to enchant.

Therefore, as I was just now saying, we must enquire who are the best guardians of their own conviction that what they think the interest of the State is to be the rule of their lives. We must watch them from their youth upwards, and make them perform actions in which they are most likely to forget or to be deceived, and he who remembers and is not deceived is to be selected, and he who fails in the trial is to be rejected. That will be the way?

Yes.

And there should also be toils and pains and conflicts prescribed for them, in which they will be made to give further proof of the same qualities.

Very right, he replied.

And then, I said, we must try them with enchantments—that is the third sort of test—and see what will be their behaviour: like those who take colts amid noise and tumult to see if they are of a timid nature, so must we take our youth amid terrors of some kind, and again pass them into pleasures, and prove them more thoroughly than gold is proved in the furnace, that we may discover whether they are armed against all enchantments, and of a noble bearing always, good guardians of themselves and of the music which they have learned, and retaining under all circumstances a rhythmical and harmonious nature, such as will be most serviceable to the individual and to the State. And he who at every age, as boy and youth and in mature life, has come out of the trial victorious and pure, shall be appointed a ruler and guardian of the State; he shall be honoured in life and death, and shall receive sepulture and other memorials of honour, the greatest that we have to give. But him who fails, we must reject. I am inclined to think that this is the sort of way in which our rulers and guardians should be chosen and appointed. I speak generally, and not with any pretension

to exactness.

And, speaking generally, I agree with you, he said.

And perhaps the word ‘guardian’ in the fullest sense ought to be applied to this higher class only who preserve us against foreign enemies and maintain peace among our citizens at home, that the one may not have the will, or the others the power, to harm us. The young men whom we before called guardians may be more properly designated auxiliaries and supporters of the principles of the rulers.

I agree with you, he said.

How then may we devise one of those needful falsehoods of which we lately spoke—just one royal lie which may deceive the rulers, if that be possible, and at any rate the rest of the city?

What sort of lie? he said.

Nothing new, I replied; only an old Phoenician tale (Laws) of what has often occurred before now in other places, (as the poets say, and have made the world believe,) though not in our time, and I do not know whether such an event could ever happen again, or could now even be made probable, if it did.

How your words seem to hesitate on your lips!

You will not wonder, I replied, at my hesitation when you have heard.

Speak, he said, and fear not.

Well then, I will speak, although I really know not how to look you in the face, or in what words to utter the audacious fiction, which I propose to communicate gradually, first to the rulers, then to the soldiers, and lastly to the people. They are to be told that their youth was a dream, and the education and training which they received from us, an appearance only; in reality during all that time they were being formed and fed in the womb of the earth, where they themselves and their arms and appurtenances were manufactured; when they were completed, the earth, their mother, sent them up; and so, their country being their mother and also their nurse, they are bound to advise for her good, and to defend her against attacks, and her citizens they are to regard as children of the earth and their own brothers.

You had good reason, he said, to be ashamed of the lie which you were going to tell.

True, I replied, but there is more coming; I have only told you half. Citizens, we shall say to them in our tale, you are brothers, yet God has framed you differently. Some of you have the power of command, and in the composition of these he has mingled gold, wherefore also they have the greatest honour; others he has made of silver, to be auxiliaries; others again who are to be husbandmen and craftsmen he has composed of brass and iron; and the species will generally be preserved in the children. But as all are of the same original stock, a golden parent will sometimes have a silver son, or a silver parent a golden son. And God proclaims as a first principle to the rulers, and above all else, that there is nothing which they should so anxiously guard, or of which they are to be such good guardians, as of the purity of the race. They should observe what elements mingle in their offspring; for if the son of a golden or silver parent has an admixture of brass and iron, then nature orders a transposition of ranks, and the eye of the ruler must not be pitiful towards the child because he has to descend in the scale and become a husbandman or artisan, just as there may be sons of artisans who having an admixture of gold or silver in them are raised to honour, and become guardians or auxiliaries. For an oracle says that when a man of brass or iron guards the State, it will be destroyed. Such is the tale; is there any possibility of making our citizens believe in it?

Not in the present generation, he replied; there is no way of accomplishing this; but their sons may be made to believe in the tale, and their sons’ sons, and posterity after them.

I see the difficulty, I replied; yet the fostering of such a belief will make them care more for the city and for one another. Enough, however, of the fiction, which may now fly abroad upon the wings of rumour, while we arm our earth-born heroes, and lead them forth under the command of their rulers. Let them look round and select a spot whence they can best suppress insurrection, if any prove refractory within, and also defend themselves against enemies, who like wolves may come down on the fold from without; there let them encamp, and when they have encamped, let them sacrifice to the proper Gods and prepare their dwellings.

Just so, he said.

And their dwellings must be such as will shield them against the cold of winter and the heat of summer.

I suppose that you mean houses, he replied.

Yes, I said; but they must be the houses of soldiers, and not of shop-keepers.

What is the difference? he said.

That I will endeavour to explain, I replied. To keep watch-dogs, who, from want of discipline or hunger, or some evil habit or other, would turn upon the sheep and worry them, and behave not like dogs but wolves, would be a foul and monstrous thing in a shepherd?

Truly monstrous, he said.

And therefore every care must be taken that our auxiliaries, being stronger than our citizens, may not grow to be too much for them and become savage tyrants instead of friends and allies?

Yes, great care should be taken.

And would not a really good education furnish the best safeguard?

But they are well-educated already, he replied.

I cannot be so confident, my dear Glaucon, I said; I am much more certain that they ought to be, and that true education, whatever that may be, will have the greatest tendency to civilize and humanize them in their relations to one another, and to those who are under their protection.

Very true, he replied.

And not only their education, but their habitations, and all that belongs to them, should be such as will neither impair their virtue as guardians, nor tempt them to prey upon the other citizens. Any man of sense must acknowledge that.

He must.

Then now let us consider what will be their way of life, if they are to realize our idea of them. In the first place, none of them should have any property of his own beyond what is absolutely necessary; neither should they have a private house or store closed against any one who has a mind to enter; their provisions should be only such as are required by trained warriors, who are men of temperance and courage; they should agree to receive from the citizens a fixed rate of pay, enough to meet the expenses of the year and no more; and they will go to mess and live together like soldiers in a camp. Gold and silver we will tell them that they have from God; the diviner metal is within them, and they have therefore no need of the dross which is current among men, and ought not to pollute the divine by any such earthly admixture; for that commoner metal has been the source of many unholy deeds, but their own is undefiled. And they alone of all the citizens may not touch or handle silver or gold, or be under the same roof with them, or wear them, or drink from them. And this will be their salvation, and they will be the saviours of the State. But should they ever acquire homes or lands or moneys of their own, they will become housekeepers and husbandmen instead of guardians, enemies and tyrants instead of allies of the other citizens; hating and being hated, plotting and being plotted against, they will pass their whole life in much greater terror of internal than of external enemies, and the hour of ruin, both to themselves and to the rest of the State, will be at hand. For all which reasons may we not say that thus shall our State be ordered, and that these shall be the regulations appointed by us for guardians concerning their houses and all other matters?

Yes, said Glaucon.

BOOK IV.

Here Adeimantus interposed a question: How would you answer, Socrates, said he, if a person were to say that you are making these people miserable, and that they are the cause of their own unhappiness; the city in fact belongs to them, but they are none the better for it; whereas other men acquire lands, and build large and handsome houses, and have everything handsome about them, offering sacrifices to the gods on their own account, and practising hospitality; moreover, as you were saying just now, they

have gold and silver, and all that is usual among the favourites of fortune; but our poor citizens are no better than mercenaries who are quartered in the city and are always mounting guard?

Yes, I said; and you may add that they are only fed, and not paid in addition to their food, like other men; and therefore they cannot, if they would, take a journey of pleasure; they have no money to spend on a mistress or any other luxurious fancy, which, as the world goes, is thought to be happiness; and many other accusations of the same nature might be added.

But, said he, let us suppose all this to be included in the charge.

You mean to ask, I said, what will be our answer?

Yes.

If we proceed along the old path, my belief, I said, is that we shall find the answer. And our answer will be that, even as they are, our guardians may very likely be the happiest of men; but that our aim in founding the State was not the disproportionate happiness of any one class, but the greatest happiness of the whole; we thought that in a State which is ordered with a view to the good of the whole we should be most likely to find justice, and in the ill-ordered State injustice: and, having found them, we might then decide which of the two is the happier. At present, I take it, we are fashioning the happy State, not piecemeal, or with a view of making a few happy citizens, but as a whole; and by-and-by we will proceed to view the opposite kind of State. Suppose that we were painting a statue, and some one came up to us and said, Why do you not put the most beautiful colours on the most beautiful parts of the body—the eyes ought to be purple, but you have made them black—to him we might fairly answer, Sir, you would not surely have us beautify the eyes to such a degree that they are no longer eyes; consider rather whether, by giving this and the other features their due proportion, we make the whole beautiful. And so I say to you, do not compel us to assign to the guardians a sort of happiness which will make them anything but guardians; for we too can clothe our husbandmen in royal apparel, and set crowns of gold on their heads, and bid them till the ground as much as they like, and no more. Our potters also might be allowed to repose on couches, and feast by the fireside, passing round the winecup, while their wheel is conveniently at hand, and working at pottery only as much as they like; in this way we might make every class happy—and then, as you imagine, the whole State would be happy. But do not put this idea into our heads; for, if we listen to you, the husbandman will be no longer a husbandman, the potter will cease to be a potter, and no one will have the character of any distinct class in the State. Now this is not of much consequence where the corruption of society, and pretension to be what you are not, is confined to cobblers; but when the guardians of the laws and of the government are only seeming and not real guardians, then see how they turn the State upside down; and on the other hand they alone have the power of giving order and happiness to the State. We mean our guardians to be true saviours and not the destroyers of the State, whereas our opponent is thinking of peasants at a festival, who are enjoying a life of revelry, not of citizens who are doing their duty to the State. But, if so, we mean different things, and he is speaking of something which is not a State. And therefore we must consider whether in appointing our guardians we would look to their greatest happiness individually, or whether this principle of happiness does not rather reside in the State as a whole. But if the latter be the truth, then the guardians and auxiliaries, and all others equally with them, must be compelled or induced to do their own work in the best way. And thus the whole State will grow up in a noble order, and the several classes will receive the proportion of happiness which nature assigns to them.

I think that you are quite right.

I wonder whether you will agree with another remark which occurs to me.

What may that be?

There seem to be two causes of the deterioration of the arts.

What are they?

Wealth, I said, and poverty.

How do they act?

The process is as follows: When a potter becomes rich, will he, think you, any longer take the same pains with his art?

Certainly not.

He will grow more and more indolent and careless?

Very true.

And the result will be that he becomes a worse potter?

Yes; he greatly deteriorates.

But, on the other hand, if he has no money, and cannot provide himself with tools or instruments, he will not work equally well himself, nor will he teach his sons or apprentices to work equally well.

Certainly not.

Then, under the influence either of poverty or of wealth, workmen and their work are equally liable to degenerate?

That is evident.

Here, then, is a discovery of new evils, I said, against which the guardians will have to watch, or they will creep into the city unobserved.

What evils?

Wealth, I said, and poverty; the one is the parent of luxury and indolence, and the other of meanness and viciousness, and both of discontent.

That is very true, he replied; but still I should like to know, Socrates, how our city will be able to go to war, especially against an enemy who is rich and powerful, if deprived of the sinews of war.

There would certainly be a difficulty, I replied, in going to war with one such enemy; but there is no difficulty where there are two of them.

How so? he asked.

In the first place, I said, if we have to fight, our side will be trained warriors fighting against an army of rich men.

That is true, he said.

And do you not suppose, Adeimantus, that a single boxer who was perfect in his art would easily be a match for two stout and well-to-do gentlemen who were not boxers?

Hardly, if they came upon him at once.

What, now, I said, if he were able to run away and then turn and strike at the one who first came up? And supposing he were to do this several times under the heat of a scorching sun, might he not, being an expert, overturn more than one stout personage?

Certainly, he said, there would be nothing wonderful in that.

And yet rich men probably have a greater superiority in the science and practise of boxing than they have in military qualities.

Likely enough.

Then we may assume that our athletes will be able to fight with two or three times their own number?

I agree with you, for I think you right.

And suppose that, before engaging, our citizens send an embassy to one of the two cities, telling them what is the truth: Silver and gold we neither have nor are permitted to have, but you may; do you therefore come and help us in war, and take the spoils of the other city: Who, on hearing these words, would choose to fight against lean wiry dogs, rather than, with the dogs on their side, against fat and tender sheep?

That is not likely; and yet there might be a danger to the poor State if the wealth of many States were to be gathered into one.

But how simple of you to use the term State at all of any but our own!

Why so?

You ought to speak of other States in the plural number; not one of them is a city, but many cities, as they say in the game. For indeed any city, however small, is in fact divided into two, one the city of the poor, the other of the rich; these are at war with one another; and in either there are many smaller divisions, and you would be altogether beside the mark if you treated them all as a single State. But if you deal with them as many, and give the wealth or power or persons of the one to the others, you will always have a great many friends and not many enemies. And your State, while the wise order which has now been prescribed continues to prevail in her, will be the greatest of States, I do not mean to say in reputation or appearance, but in deed and truth, though she number not more than a thousand defenders. A single State which is her equal you will hardly find, either among Hellenes or barbarians, though many that appear to be as great and many times greater.

That is most true, he said.

And what, I said, will be the best limit for our rulers to fix when they are considering the size of the State and the amount of territory which they are to include, and beyond which they will not go?

What limit would you propose?

I would allow the State to increase so far as is consistent with unity; that, I think, is the proper limit.

Very good, he said.

Here then, I said, is another order which will have to be conveyed to our guardians: Let our city be accounted neither large nor small, but one and self-sufficing.

And surely, said he, this is not a very severe order which we impose upon them.

And the other, said I, of which we were speaking before is lighter still,—I mean the duty of degrading the offspring of the guardians when inferior, and of elevating into the rank of guardians the offspring of the lower classes, when naturally superior. The intention was, that, in the case of the citizens generally, each individual should be put to the use for which nature intended him, one to one work, and then every man would do his own business, and be one and not many; and so the whole city would be one and not many.

Yes, he said; that is not so difficult.

The regulations which we are prescribing, my good Adeimantus, are not, as might be supposed, a number of great principles, but trifles all, if care be taken, as the saying is, of the one great thing,—a thing, however, which I would rather call, not great, but sufficient for our purpose.

What may that be? he asked.

Education, I said, and nurture: If our citizens are well educated, and grow into sensible men, they will easily see their way through all these, as well as other matters which I omit; such, for example, as marriage, the possession of women and the procreation of children, which will all follow the general principle that friends have all things in common, as the proverb says.

That will be the best way of settling them.

Also, I said, the State, if once started well, moves with accumulating force like a wheel. For good nurture and education implant good constitutions, and these good constitutions taking root in a good education improve more and more, and this improvement affects the breed in man as in other animals.

Very possibly, he said.

Then to sum up: This is the point to which, above all, the attention of our rulers should be directed,—that music and gymnastic be preserved in their original form, and no innovation made. They must do their utmost to maintain them intact. And when any one says that mankind most regard

‘The newest song which the singers have,’

they will be afraid that he may be praising, not new songs, but a new kind of song; and this ought not to be praised, or conceived to be the meaning of the poet; for any musical innovation is full of danger to the whole State, and ought to be prohibited. So Damon tells me, and I can quite believe him;—he says that when modes of music change, the fundamental laws of the State always

change with them.

Yes, said Adeimantus; and you may add my suffrage to Damon's and your own.

Then, I said, our guardians must lay the foundations of their fortress in music?

Yes, he said; the lawlessness of which you speak too easily steals in.

Yes, I replied, in the form of amusement; and at first sight it appears harmless.

Why, yes, he said, and there is no harm; were it not that little by little this spirit of licence, finding a home, imperceptibly penetrates into manners and customs; whence, issuing with greater force, it invades contracts between man and man, and from contracts goes on to laws and constitutions, in utter recklessness, ending at last, Socrates, by an overthrow of all rights, private as well as public.

Is that true? I said.

That is my belief, he replied.

Then, as I was saying, our youth should be trained from the first in a stricter system, for if amusements become lawless, and the youths themselves become lawless, they can never grow up into well-conducted and virtuous citizens.

Very true, he said.

And when they have made a good beginning in play, and by the help of music have gained the habit of good order, then this habit of order, in a manner how unlike the lawless play of the others! will accompany them in all their actions and be a principle of growth to them, and if there be any fallen places in the State will raise them up again.

Very true, he said.

Thus educated, they will invent for themselves any lesser rules which their predecessors have altogether neglected.

What do you mean?

I mean such things as these:—when the young are to be silent before their elders; how they are to show respect to them by standing and making them sit; what honour is due to parents; what garments or shoes are to be worn; the mode of dressing the hair; deportment and manners in general. You would agree with me?

Yes.

But there is, I think, small wisdom in legislating about such matters,—I doubt if it is ever done; nor are any precise written enactments about them likely to be lasting.

Impossible.

It would seem, Adeimantus, that the direction in which education starts a man, will determine his future life. Does not like always attract like?

To be sure.

Until some one rare and grand result is reached which may be good, and may be the reverse of good?

That is not to be denied.

And for this reason, I said, I shall not attempt to legislate further about them.

Naturally enough, he replied.

Well, and about the business of the agora, and the ordinary dealings between man and man, or again about agreements with artisans; about insult and injury, or the commencement of actions, and the appointment of juries, what would you say? there may also arise questions about any impositions and exactions of market and harbour dues which may be required, and in general about the regulations of markets, police, harbours, and the like. But, oh heavens! shall we condescend to legislate on any of these

particulars?

I think, he said, that there is no need to impose laws about them on good men; what regulations are necessary they will find out soon enough for themselves.

Yes, I said, my friend, if God will only preserve to them the laws which we have given them.

And without divine help, said Adeimantus, they will go on for ever making and mending their laws and their lives in the hope of attaining perfection.

You would compare them, I said, to those invalids who, having no self-restraint, will not leave off their habits of intemperance?

Exactly.

Yes, I said; and what a delightful life they lead! they are always doctoring and increasing and complicating their disorders, and always fancying that they will be cured by any nostrum which anybody advises them to try.

Such cases are very common, he said, with invalids of this sort.

Yes, I replied; and the charming thing is that they deem him their worst enemy who tells them the truth, which is simply that, unless they give up eating and drinking and wenching and idling, neither drug nor cautery nor spell nor amulet nor any other remedy will avail.

Charming! he replied. I see nothing charming in going into a passion with a man who tells you what is right.

These gentlemen, I said, do not seem to be in your good graces.

Assuredly not.

Nor would you praise the behaviour of States which act like the men whom I was just now describing. For are there not ill-ordered States in which the citizens are forbidden under pain of death to alter the constitution; and yet he who most sweetly courts those who live under this regime and indulges them and fawns upon them and is skilful in anticipating and gratifying their humours is held to be a great and good statesman—do not these States resemble the persons whom I was describing?

Yes, he said; the States are as bad as the men; and I am very far from praising them.

But do you not admire, I said, the coolness and dexterity of these ready ministers of political corruption?

Yes, he said, I do; but not of all of them, for there are some whom the applause of the multitude has deluded into the belief that they are really statesmen, and these are not much to be admired.

What do you mean? I said; you should have more feeling for them. When a man cannot measure, and a great many others who cannot measure declare that he is four cubits high, can he help believing what they say?

Nay, he said, certainly not in that case.

Well, then, do not be angry with them; for are they not as good as a play, trying their hand at paltry reforms such as I was describing; they are always fancying that by legislation they will make an end of frauds in contracts, and the other rascalities which I was mentioning, not knowing that they are in reality cutting off the heads of a hydra?

Yes, he said; that is just what they are doing.

I conceive, I said, that the true legislator will not trouble himself with this class of enactments whether concerning laws or the constitution either in an ill-ordered or in a well-ordered State; for in the former they are quite useless, and in the latter there will be no difficulty in devising them; and many of them will naturally flow out of our previous regulations.

What, then, he said, is still remaining to us of the work of legislation?

Nothing to us, I replied; but to Apollo, the God of Delphi, there remains the ordering of the greatest and noblest and chiefest things of all.

Which are they? he said.

The institution of temples and sacrifices, and the entire service of gods, demigods, and heroes; also the ordering of the repositories of the dead, and the rites which have to be observed by him who would propitiate the inhabitants of the world below. These are matters of which we are ignorant ourselves, and as founders of a city we should be unwise in trusting them to any interpreter but our ancestral deity. He is the god who sits in the centre, on the navel of the earth, and he is the interpreter of religion to all mankind.

You are right, and we will do as you propose.

But where, amid all this, is justice? son of Ariston, tell me where. Now that our city has been made habitable, light a candle and search, and get your brother and Polemarchus and the rest of our friends to help, and let us see where in it we can discover justice and where injustice, and in what they differ from one another, and which of them the man who would be happy should have for his portion, whether seen or unseen by gods and men.

Nonsense, said Glaucon: did you not promise to search yourself, saying that for you not to help justice in her need would be an impiety?

I do not deny that I said so, and as you remind me, I will be as good as my word; but you must join.

We will, he replied.

Well, then, I hope to make the discovery in this way: I mean to begin with the assumption that our State, if rightly ordered, is perfect.

That is most certain.

And being perfect, is therefore wise and valiant and temperate and just.

That is likewise clear.

And whichever of these qualities we find in the State, the one which is not found will be the residue?

Very good.

If there were four things, and we were searching for one of them, wherever it might be, the one sought for might be known to us from the first, and there would be no further trouble; or we might know the other three first, and then the fourth would clearly be the one left.

Very true, he said.

And is not a similar method to be pursued about the virtues, which are also four in number?

Clearly.

First among the virtues found in the State, wisdom comes into view, and in this I detect a certain peculiarity.

What is that?

The State which we have been describing is said to be wise as being good in counsel?

Very true.

And good counsel is clearly a kind of knowledge, for not by ignorance, but by knowledge, do men counsel well?

Clearly.

And the kinds of knowledge in a State are many and diverse?

Of course.

There is the knowledge of the carpenter; but is that the sort of knowledge which gives a city the title of wise and good in counsel?

Certainly not; that would only give a city the reputation of skill in carpentering.

Then a city is not to be called wise because possessing a knowledge which counsels for the best about wooden implements?

Certainly not.

Nor by reason of a knowledge which advises about brazen pots, I said, nor as possessing any other similar knowledge?

Not by reason of any of them, he said.

Nor yet by reason of a knowledge which cultivates the earth; that would give the city the name of agricultural?

Yes.

Well, I said, and is there any knowledge in our recently-founded State among any of the citizens which advises, not about any particular thing in the State, but about the whole, and considers how a State can best deal with itself and with other States?

There certainly is.

And what is this knowledge, and among whom is it found? I asked.

It is the knowledge of the guardians, he replied, and is found among those whom we were just now describing as perfect guardians.

And what is the name which the city derives from the possession of this sort of knowledge?

The name of good in counsel and truly wise.

And will there be in our city more of these true guardians or more smiths?

The smiths, he replied, will be far more numerous.

Will not the guardians be the smallest of all the classes who receive a name from the profession of some kind of knowledge?

Much the smallest.

And so by reason of the smallest part or class, and of the knowledge which resides in this presiding and ruling part of itself, the whole State, being thus constituted according to nature, will be wise; and this, which has the only knowledge worthy to be called wisdom, has been ordained by nature to be of all classes the least.

Most true.

Thus, then, I said, the nature and place in the State of one of the four virtues has somehow or other been discovered.

And, in my humble opinion, very satisfactorily discovered, he replied.

Again, I said, there is no difficulty in seeing the nature of courage, and in what part that quality resides which gives the name of courageous to the State.

How do you mean?

Why, I said, every one who calls any State courageous or cowardly, will be thinking of the part which fights and goes out to war on the State's behalf.

No one, he replied, would ever think of any other.

The rest of the citizens may be courageous or may be cowardly, but their courage or cowardice will not, as I conceive, have the effect of making the city either the one or the other.

Certainly not.

The city will be courageous in virtue of a portion of herself which preserves under all circumstances that opinion about the nature of things to be feared and not to be feared in which our legislator educated them; and this is what you term courage.

I should like to hear what you are saying once more, for I do not think that I perfectly understand you.

I mean that courage is a kind of salvation.

Salvation of what?

Of the opinion respecting things to be feared, what they are and of what nature, which the law implants through education; and I mean by the words ‘under all circumstances’ to intimate that in pleasure or in pain, or under the influence of desire or fear, a man preserves, and does not lose this opinion. Shall I give you an illustration?

If you please.

You know, I said, that dyers, when they want to dye wool for making the true sea-purple, begin by selecting their white colour first; this they prepare and dress with much care and pains, in order that the white ground may take the purple hue in full perfection. The dyeing then proceeds; and whatever is dyed in this manner becomes a fast colour, and no washing either with lyes or without them can take away the bloom. But, when the ground has not been duly prepared, you will have noticed how poor is the look either of purple or of any other colour.

Yes, he said; I know that they have a washed-out and ridiculous appearance.

Then now, I said, you will understand what our object was in selecting our soldiers, and educating them in music and gymnastic; we were contriving influences which would prepare them to take the dye of the laws in perfection, and the colour of their opinion about dangers and of every other opinion was to be indelibly fixed by their nurture and training, not to be washed away by such potent lyes as pleasure—mightier agent far in washing the soul than any soda or lye; or by sorrow, fear, and desire, the mightiest of all other solvents. And this sort of universal saving power of true opinion in conformity with law about real and false dangers I call and maintain to be courage, unless you disagree.

But I agree, he replied; for I suppose that you mean to exclude mere uninstructed courage, such as that of a wild beast or of a slave—this, in your opinion, is not the courage which the law ordains, and ought to have another name.

Most certainly.

Then I may infer courage to be such as you describe?

Why, yes, said I, you may, and if you add the words ‘of a citizen,’ you will not be far wrong;—hereafter, if you like, we will carry the examination further, but at present we are seeking not for courage but justice; and for the purpose of our enquiry we have said enough.

You are right, he replied.

Two virtues remain to be discovered in the State—first, temperance, and then justice which is the end of our search.

Very true.

Now, can we find justice without troubling ourselves about temperance?

I do not know how that can be accomplished, he said, nor do I desire that justice should be brought to light and temperance lost sight of; and therefore I wish that you would do me the favour of considering temperance first.

Certainly, I replied, I should not be justified in refusing your request.

Then consider, he said.

Yes, I replied; I will; and as far as I can at present see, the virtue of temperance has more of the nature of harmony and symphony than the preceding.

How so? he asked.

Temperance, I replied, is the ordering or controlling of certain pleasures and desires; this is curiously enough implied in the saying of ‘a man being his own master;’ and other traces of the same notion may be found in language.

No doubt, he said.

There is something ridiculous in the expression ‘master of himself;’ for the master is also the servant and the servant the master; and in all these modes of speaking the same person is denoted.

Certainly.

The meaning is, I believe, that in the human soul there is a better and also a worse principle; and when the better has the worse under control, then a man is said to be master of himself; and this is a term of praise: but when, owing to evil education or association, the better principle, which is also the smaller, is overwhelmed by the greater mass of the worse—in this case he is blamed and is called the slave of self and unprincipled.

Yes, there is reason in that.

And now, I said, look at our newly-created State, and there you will find one of these two conditions realized; for the State, as you will acknowledge, may be justly called master of itself, if the words ‘temperance’ and ‘self-mastery’ truly express the rule of the better part over the worse.

Yes, he said, I see that what you say is true.

Let me further note that the manifold and complex pleasures and desires and pains are generally found in children and women and servants, and in the freemen so called who are of the lowest and more numerous class.

Certainly, he said.

Whereas the simple and moderate desires which follow reason, and are under the guidance of mind and true opinion, are to be found only in a few, and those the best born and best educated.

Very true.

These two, as you may perceive, have a place in our State; and the meaner desires of the many are held down by the virtuous desires and wisdom of the few.

That I perceive, he said.

Then if there be any city which may be described as master of its own pleasures and desires, and master of itself, ours may claim such a designation?

Certainly, he replied.

It may also be called temperate, and for the same reasons?

Yes.

And if there be any State in which rulers and subjects will be agreed as to the question who are to rule, that again will be our State?

Undoubtedly.

And the citizens being thus agreed among themselves, in which class will temperance be found—in the rulers or in the subjects?

In both, as I should imagine, he replied.

Do you observe that we were not far wrong in our guess that temperance was a sort of harmony?

Why so?

Why, because temperance is unlike courage and wisdom, each of which resides in a part only, the one making the State wise and the other valiant; not so temperance, which extends to the whole, and runs through all the notes of the scale, and produces a harmony of the weaker and the stronger and the middle class, whether you suppose them to be stronger or weaker in wisdom or power or numbers or wealth, or anything else. Most truly then may we deem temperance to be the agreement of the naturally superior and inferior, as to the right to rule of either, both in states and individuals.

I entirely agree with you.

And so, I said, we may consider three out of the four virtues to have been discovered in our State. The last of those qualities which make a state virtuous must be justice, if we only knew what that was.

The inference is obvious.

The time then has arrived, Glaucon, when, like huntsmen, we should surround the cover, and look sharp that justice does not steal away, and pass out of sight and escape us; for beyond a doubt she is somewhere in this country: watch therefore and strive to catch a sight of her, and if you see her first, let me know.

Would that I could! but you should regard me rather as a follower who has just eyes enough to see what you show him—that is about as much as I am good for.

Offer up a prayer with me and follow.

I will, but you must show me the way.

Here is no path, I said, and the wood is dark and perplexing; still we must push on.

Let us push on.

Here I saw something: Halloo! I said, I begin to perceive a track, and I believe that the quarry will not escape.

Good news, he said.

Truly, I said, we are stupid fellows.

Why so?

Why, my good sir, at the beginning of our enquiry, ages ago, there was justice tumbling out at our feet, and we never saw her; nothing could be more ridiculous. Like people who go about looking for what they have in their hands—that was the way with us—we looked not at what we were seeking, but at what was far off in the distance; and therefore, I suppose, we missed her.

What do you mean?

I mean to say that in reality for a long time past we have been talking of justice, and have failed to recognise her.

I grow impatient at the length of your exordium.

Well then, tell me, I said, whether I am right or not: You remember the original principle which we were always laying down at the foundation of the State, that one man should practise one thing only, the thing to which his nature was best adapted;—now justice is this principle or a part of it.

Yes, we often said that one man should do one thing only.

Further, we affirmed that justice was doing one's own business, and not being a busybody; we said so again and again, and many others have said the same to us.

Yes, we said so.

Then to do one's own business in a certain way may be assumed to be justice. Can you tell me whence I derive this inference?

I cannot, but I should like to be told.

Because I think that this is the only virtue which remains in the State when the other virtues of temperance and courage and wisdom are abstracted; and, that this is the ultimate cause and condition of the existence of all of them, and while remaining in them is also their preservative; and we were saying that if the three were discovered by us, justice would be the fourth or remaining one.

That follows of necessity.

If we are asked to determine which of these four qualities by its presence contributes most to the excellence of the State, whether the agreement of rulers and subjects, or the preservation in the soldiers of the opinion which the law ordains about the true nature of dangers, or wisdom and watchfulness in the rulers, or whether this other which I am mentioning, and which is found in children and women, slave and freeman, artisan, ruler, subject,—the quality, I mean, of every one doing his own work, and not being a busybody, would claim the palm—the question is not so easily answered.

Certainly, he replied, there would be a difficulty in saying which.

Then the power of each individual in the State to do his own work appears to compete with the other political virtues, wisdom, temperance, courage.

Yes, he said.

And the virtue which enters into this competition is justice?

Exactly.

Let us look at the question from another point of view: Are not the rulers in a State those to whom you would entrust the office of determining suits at law?

Certainly.

And are suits decided on any other ground but that a man may neither take what is another's, nor be deprived of what is his own?

Yes; that is their principle.

Which is a just principle?

Yes.

Then on this view also justice will be admitted to be the having and doing what is a man's own, and belongs to him?

Very true.

Think, now, and say whether you agree with me or not. Suppose a carpenter to be doing the business of a cobbler, or a cobbler of a carpenter; and suppose them to exchange their implements or their duties, or the same person to be doing the work of both, or whatever be the change; do you think that any great harm would result to the State?

Not much.

But when the cobbler or any other man whom nature designed to be a trader, having his heart lifted up by wealth or strength or the number of his followers, or any like advantage, attempts to force his way into the class of warriors, or a warrior into that of legislators and guardians, for which he is unfitted, and either to take the implements or the duties of the other; or when one man is trader, legislator, and warrior all in one, then I think you will agree with me in saying that this interchange and this meddling of one with another is the ruin of the State.

Most true.

Seeing then, I said, that there are three distinct classes, any meddling of one with another, or the change of one into another, is the greatest harm to the State, and may be most justly termed evil-doing?

Precisely.

And the greatest degree of evil-doing to one's own city would be termed by you injustice?

Certainly.

This then is injustice; and on the other hand when the trader, the auxiliary, and the guardian each do their own business, that is justice, and will make the city just.

I agree with you.

We will not, I said, be over-positive as yet; but if, on trial, this conception of justice be verified in the individual as well as in the State, there will be no longer any room for doubt; if it be not verified, we must have a fresh enquiry. First let us complete the old investigation, which we began, as you remember, under the impression that, if we could previously examine justice on the larger scale, there would be less difficulty in discerning her in the individual. That larger example appeared to be the State, and accordingly we constructed as good a one as we could, knowing well that in the good State justice would be found. Let the discovery which we made be now applied to the individual—if they agree, we shall be satisfied; or, if there be a difference in the individual, we will come back to the State and have another trial of the theory. The friction of the two when rubbed together may

possibly strike a light in which justice will shine forth, and the vision which is then revealed we will fix in our souls.

That will be in regular course; let us do as you say.

I proceeded to ask: When two things, a greater and less, are called by the same name, are they like or unlike in so far as they are called the same?

Like, he replied.

The just man then, if we regard the idea of justice only, will be like the just State?

He will.

And a State was thought by us to be just when the three classes in the State severally did their own business; and also thought to be temperate and valiant and wise by reason of certain other affections and qualities of these same classes?

True, he said.

And so of the individual; we may assume that he has the same three principles in his own soul which are found in the State; and he may be rightly described in the same terms, because he is affected in the same manner?

Certainly, he said.

Once more then, O my friend, we have alighted upon an easy question—whether the soul has these three principles or not?

An easy question! Nay, rather, Socrates, the proverb holds that hard is the good.

Very true, I said; and I do not think that the method which we are employing is at all adequate to the accurate solution of this question; the true method is another and a longer one. Still we may arrive at a solution not below the level of the previous enquiry.

May we not be satisfied with that? he said;—under the circumstances, I am quite content.

I too, I replied, shall be extremely well satisfied.

Then faint not in pursuing the speculation, he said.

Must we not acknowledge, I said, that in each of us there are the same principles and habits which there are in the State; and that from the individual they pass into the State?—how else can they come there? Take the quality of passion or spirit;—it would be ridiculous to imagine that this quality, when found in States, is not derived from the individuals who are supposed to possess it, e.g. the Thracians, Scythians, and in general the northern nations; and the same may be said of the love of knowledge, which is the special characteristic of our part of the world, or of the love of money, which may, with equal truth, be attributed to the Phoenicians and Egyptians.

Exactly so, he said.

There is no difficulty in understanding this.

None whatever.

But the question is not quite so easy when we proceed to ask whether these principles are three or one; whether, that is to say, we learn with one part of our nature, are angry with another, and with a third part desire the satisfaction of our natural appetites; or whether the whole soul comes into play in each sort of action—to determine that is the difficulty.

Yes, he said; there lies the difficulty.

Then let us now try and determine whether they are the same or different.

How can we? he asked.

I replied as follows: The same thing clearly cannot act or be acted upon in the same part or in relation to the same thing at the same time, in contrary ways; and therefore whenever this contradiction occurs in things apparently the same, we know that they are really not the same, but different.

Good.

For example, I said, can the same thing be at rest and in motion at the same time in the same part?

Impossible.

Still, I said, let us have a more precise statement of terms, lest we should hereafter fall out by the way. Imagine the case of a man who is standing and also moving his hands and his head, and suppose a person to say that one and the same person is in motion and at rest at the same moment—to such a mode of speech we should object, and should rather say that one part of him is in motion while another is at rest.

Very true.

And suppose the objector to refine still further, and to draw the nice distinction that not only parts of tops, but whole tops, when they spin round with their pegs fixed on the spot, are at rest and in motion at the same time (and he may say the same of anything which revolves in the same spot), his objection would not be admitted by us, because in such cases things are not at rest and in motion in the same parts of themselves; we should rather say that they have both an axis and a circumference, and that the axis stands still, for there is no deviation from the perpendicular; and that the circumference goes round. But if, while revolving, the axis inclines either to the right or left, forwards or backwards, then in no point of view can they be at rest.

That is the correct mode of describing them, he replied.

Then none of these objections will confuse us, or incline us to believe that the same thing at the same time, in the same part or in relation to the same thing, can act or be acted upon in contrary ways.

Certainly not, according to my way of thinking.

Yet, I said, that we may not be compelled to examine all such objections, and prove at length that they are untrue, let us assume their absurdity, and go forward on the understanding that hereafter, if this assumption turn out to be untrue, all the consequences which follow shall be withdrawn.

Yes, he said, that will be the best way.

Well, I said, would you not allow that assent and dissent, desire and aversion, attraction and repulsion, are all of them opposites, whether they are regarded as active or passive (for that makes no difference in the fact of their opposition)?

Yes, he said, they are opposites.

Well, I said, and hunger and thirst, and the desires in general, and again willing and wishing,—all these you would refer to the classes already mentioned. You would say—would you not?—that the soul of him who desires is seeking after the object of his desire; or that he is drawing to himself the thing which he wishes to possess: or again, when a person wants anything to be given him, his mind, longing for the realization of his desire, intimates his wish to have it by a nod of assent, as if he had been asked a question?

Very true.

And what would you say of unwillingness and dislike and the absence of desire; should not these be referred to the opposite class of repulsion and rejection?

Certainly.

Admitting this to be true of desire generally, let us suppose a particular class of desires, and out of these we will select hunger and thirst, as they are termed, which are the most obvious of them?

Let us take that class, he said.

The object of one is food, and of the other drink?

Yes.

And here comes the point: is not thirst the desire which the soul has of drink, and of drink only; not of drink qualified by anything else; for example, warm or cold, or much or little, or, in a word, drink of any particular sort: but if the thirst be accompanied by heat, then the desire is of cold drink; or, if accompanied by cold, then of warm drink; or, if the thirst be excessive, then the drink which is desired will be excessive; or, if not great, the quantity of drink will also be small: but thirst pure and simple will desire drink pure and simple, which is the natural satisfaction of thirst, as food is of hunger?

Yes, he said; the simple desire is, as you say, in every case of the simple object, and the qualified desire of the qualified object.

But here a confusion may arise; and I should wish to guard against an opponent starting up and saying that no man desires drink only, but good drink, or food only, but good food; for good is the universal object of desire, and thirst being a desire, will necessarily be thirst after good drink; and the same is true of every other desire.

Yes, he replied, the opponent might have something to say.

Nevertheless I should still maintain, that of relatives some have a quality at

[... TRUNCATED at 800,000 chars for file-size management — full text in original source ...]

==========

Romeo and Juliet

William Shakespeare

Project Gutenberg Release: November 01, 1998 · eBook #1513

THE TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET

by William Shakespeare

Contents

THE PROLOGUE.

ACT I Scene I. A public place. Scene II. A Street. Scene III. Room in Capulet’s House. Scene IV. A Street. Scene V. A Hall in Capulet’s House.

ACT II CHORUS. Scene I. An open place adjoining Capulet’s Garden. Scene II. Capulet’s Garden. Scene III. Friar Lawrence’s Cell. Scene IV. A Street. Scene V. Capulet’s Garden. Scene VI. Friar Lawrence’s Cell.

ACT III Scene I. A public Place. Scene II. A Room in Capulet’s House. Scene III. Friar Lawrence’s cell. Scene IV. A Room in Capulet’s House. Scene V. An open Gallery to Juliet’s Chamber, overlooking the Garden.

ACT IV Scene I. Friar Lawrence’s Cell. Scene II. Hall in Capulet’s House. Scene III. Juliet’s Chamber. Scene IV. Hall in Capulet’s House. Scene V. Juliet’s Chamber; Juliet on the bed.

ACT V Scene I. Mantua. A Street. Scene II. Friar Lawrence’s Cell. Scene III. A churchyard; in it a Monument belonging to the Capulets.

Dramatis Personæ

ESCALUS, Prince of Verona. MERCUTIO, kinsman to the Prince, and friend to Romeo. PARIS, a young Nobleman, kinsman to the Prince. Page to Paris.

MONTAGUE, head of a Veronese family at feud with the Capulets. LADY MONTAGUE, wife to Montague. ROMEO, son to Montague. BENVOLIO, nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo. ABRAM, servant to Montague. BALTHASAR, servant to Romeo.

CAPULET, head of a Veronese family at feud with the Montagues. LADY CAPULET, wife to Capulet. JULIET, daughter to Capulet. TYBALT, nephew to Lady Capulet. CAPULET’S COUSIN, an old man. NURSE to Juliet. PETER, servant to Juliet’s Nurse. SAMPSON, servant to Capulet. GREGORY, servant to Capulet. Servants.

FRIAR LAWRENCE, a Franciscan. FRIAR JOHN, of the same Order. An Apothecary. CHORUS. Three Musicians. An Officer. Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, relations to both houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen and Attendants.

SCENE. During the greater part of the Play in Verona; once, in the Fifth Act, at Mantua.

THE PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus.

CHORUS. Two households, both alike in dignity, In fair Verona, where we lay our scene, From ancient grudge break to new mutiny, Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean. From forth the fatal loins of these two foes A pair of star-cross’d lovers take their life; Whose misadventur’d piteous overthrows Doth with their death bury their parents’ strife. The fearful passage of their death-mark’d love, And the continuance of their parents’ rage, Which, but their children’s end, nought could remove, Is now the two hours’ traffic of our stage; The which, if you with patient ears attend, What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

[_Exit._]

ACT I

SCENE I. A public place.

Enter Sampson and Gregory armed with swords and bucklers.

SAMPSON. Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals.

GREGORY. No, for then we should be colliers.

SAMPSON. I mean, if we be in choler, we'll draw.

GREGORY. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.

SAMPSON. I strike quickly, being moved.

GREGORY. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

SAMPSON. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

GREGORY. To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand: therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

SAMPSON. A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

GREGORY. That shows thee a weak slave, for the weakest goes to the wall.

SAMPSON. True, and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

GREGORY. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

SAMPSON. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men I will be civil with the maids, I will cut off their heads.

GREGORY. The heads of the maids?

SAMPSON. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

GREGORY. They must take it in sense that feel it.

SAMPSON. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

GREGORY. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes of the house of Montagues.

Enter Abram and Balthasar.

SAMPSON. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back thee.

GREGORY. How? Turn thy back and run?

SAMPSON. Fear me not.

GREGORY. No, marry; I fear thee!

SAMPSON. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

GREGORY. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

SAMPSON. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them, which is disgrace to them if they bear it.

ABRAM. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON. I do bite my thumb, sir.

ABRAM. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON. Is the law of our side if I say ay?

GREGORY. No.

SAMPSON. No sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

GREGORY. Do you quarrel, sir?

ABRAM. Quarrel, sir? No, sir.

SAMPSON. But if you do, sir, I am for you. I serve as good a man as you.

ABRAM. No better.

SAMPSON. Well, sir.

Enter Benvolio.

GREGORY. Say better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

SAMPSON. Yes, better, sir.

ABRAM. You lie.

SAMPSON. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy washing blow.

[_They fight._]

BENVOLIO. Part, fools! put up your swords, you know not what you do.

[_Beats down their swords._]

Enter Tybalt.

TYBALT. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds? Turn thee Benvolio, look upon thy death.

BENVOLIO. I do but keep the peace, put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.

TYBALT. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee: Have at thee, coward.

[_They fight._]

Enter three or four Citizens with clubs.

FIRST CITIZEN. Clubs, bills and partisans! Strike! Beat them down! Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues!

Enter Capulet in his gown, and Lady Capulet.

CAPULET. What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!

LADY CAPULET. A crutch, a crutch! Why call you for a sword?

CAPULET. My sword, I say! Old Montague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter Montague and his Lady Montague.

MONTAGUE. Thou villain Capulet! Hold me not, let me go.

LADY MONTAGUE. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince Escalus, with Attendants.

PRINCE. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace, Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,— Will they not hear? What, ho! You men, you beasts, That quench the fire of your pernicious rage With purple fountains issuing from your veins, On pain of torture,

from those bloody hands Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground And hear the sentence of your moved prince. Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word, By thee, old Capulet, and Montague, Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets, And made Verona's ancient citizens Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments, To wield old partisans, in hands as old, Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate. If ever you disturb our streets again, Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace. For this time all the rest depart away: You, Capulet, shall go along with me, And Montague, come you this afternoon, To know our farther pleasure in this case, To old Free-town, our common judgement-place. Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[_Exeunt Prince and Attendants; Capulet, Lady Capulet, Tybalt, Citizens and Servants._]

MONTAGUE. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach? Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

BENVOLIO. Here were the servants of your adversary And yours, close fighting ere I did approach. I drew to part them, in the instant came The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd, Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears, He swung about his head, and cut the winds, Who nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn. While we were interchanging thrusts and blows Came more and more, and fought on part and part, Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

LADY MONTAGUE. O where is Romeo, saw you him today? Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

BENVOLIO. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun Peer'd forth the golden window of the east, A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad, Where underneath the grove of sycamore That westward rooteth from this city side, So early walking did I see your son. Towards him I made, but he was ware of me, And stole into the covert of the wood. I, measuring his affections by my own, Which then most sought where most might not be found, Being one too many by my weary self, Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his, And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

MONTAGUE. Many a morning hath he there been seen, With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew, Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs; But all so soon as the all-cheering sun Should in the farthest east begin to draw The shady curtains from Aurora's bed, Away from light steals home my heavy son, And private in his chamber pens himself, Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out And makes himself an artificial night. Black and portentous must this humour prove, Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

BENVOLIO. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

MONTAGUE. I neither know it nor can learn of him.

BENVOLIO. Have you importun'd him by any means?

MONTAGUE. Both by myself and many other friends; But he, his own affections' counsellor, Is to himself—I will not say how true— But to himself so secret and so close, So far from sounding and discovery, As is the bud bit with an envious worm Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air, Or dedicate his beauty to the sun. Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow, We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter Romeo.

BENVOLIO. See, where he comes. So please you step aside; I'll know his grievance or be much denied.

MONTAGUE. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let's away,

[_Exeunt Montague and Lady Montague._]

BENVOLIO. Good morrow, cousin.

ROMEO. Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO. But new struck nine.

ROMEO. Ay me, sad hours seem long. Was that my father that went hence so fast?

BENVOLIO. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

ROMEO. Not having that which, having, makes them short.

BENVOLIO. In love?

ROMEO. Out.

BENVOLIO. Of love?

ROMEO. Out of her favour where I am in love.

BENVOLIO. Alas that love so gentle in his view, Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof.

ROMEO. Alas that love, whose view is muffled still, Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will! Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here? Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all. Here's much to do with hate, but more with love: Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate! O anything, of nothing first create! O heavy lightness! serious vanity! Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms! Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health! Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is! This love feel I, that feel no love in this. Dost thou not laugh?

BENVOLIO. No coz, I rather weep.

ROMEO. Good heart, at what?

BENVOLIO. At thy good heart's oppression.

ROMEO. Why such is love's transgression. Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast, Which thou wilt propagate to have it prest With more of thine. This love that thou hast shown Doth add more grief to too much of mine own. Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs; Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes; Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears: What is it else? A madness most discreet, A choking gall, and a preserving sweet. Farewell, my coz.

[_Going._]

BENVOLIO. Soft! I will go along: And if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

ROMEO. Tut! I have lost myself; I am not here. This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

BENVOLIO. Tell me in sadness who is that you love?

ROMEO. What, shall I groan and tell thee?

BENVOLIO. Groan! Why, no; but sadly tell me who.

ROMEO. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will, A word ill urg'd to one that is so ill. In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

BENVOLIO. I aim'd so near when I suppos'd you lov'd.

ROMEO. A right good markman, and she's fair I love.

BENVOLIO. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

ROMEO. Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit; And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd, From love's weak childish bow she lives uncharm'd. She will not stay the siege of loving terms Nor bide th'encounter of assailing eyes, Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold: O she's rich in beauty, only poor That when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

BENVOLIO. Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

ROMEO. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste; For beauty starv'd with her severity, Cuts beauty off from all posterity. She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair, To merit bliss by making me despair. She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

BENVOLIO. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

ROMEO. O teach me how I should forget to think.

BENVOLIO. By giving liberty unto thine eyes; Examine other beauties.

ROMEO. ’Tis the way To call hers, exquisite, in question more. These happy masks that kiss fair ladies’ brows, Being black, puts us in mind they hide the fair; He that is strucken blind cannot forget The precious treasure of his eyesight lost. Show me a mistress that is passing fair, What doth her beauty serve but as a note Where I may read who pass’d that passing fair? Farewell, thou canst not teach me to forget.

BENVOLIO. I’ll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[_Exeunt._]

SCENE II. A Street.

Enter Capulet, Paris and Servant.

CAPULET. But Montague is bound as well as I, In penalty alike; and ’tis not hard, I think, For men so old as we to keep the peace.

PARIS. Of honourable reckoning are you both, And pity ’tis you liv’d at odds so long. But now my lord, what say you to my suit?

CAPULET. But saying o’er what I have said before. My child is yet a stranger in the world, She hath not seen the change of fourteen years; Let two more summers wither in their pride Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

PARIS. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

CAPULET. And too soon marr’d are those so early made. The earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she, She is the hopeful lady of my earth: But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart, My will to her consent is but a part; And she agree, within her scope of choice Lies my consent and fair according voice. This night I hold an old accustom’d feast, Whereto I have invited many a guest, Such as I love, and you among the store, One more, most welcome, makes my number more. At my poor house look to behold this night Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light: Such comfort as do lusty young men feel When well apparell’d April on the heel Of limping winter treads, even such delight Among fresh female buds shall you this night Inherit at my house. Hear all, all see, And like her most whose merit most shall be: Which, on more view of many, mine, being one, May stand in number, though in reckoning none. Come, go with me. Go, sirrah, trudge about Through fair Verona; find those persons out Whose names are written there, [_gives a paper_] and to them say, My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[_Exeunt Capulet and Paris._]

SERVANT. Find them out whose names are written here! It is written that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned. In good time!

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

BENVOLIO. Tut, man, one fire burns out another’s burning, One pain is lessen’d by another’s anguish; Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning; One desperate grief cures with another’s languish: Take thou some new infection to thy eye, And the rank poison of the old will die.

ROMEO. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

BENVOLIO. For what, I pray thee?

ROMEO. For your broken shin.

BENVOLIO. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

ROMEO. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is: Shut up in prison, kept without my food, Whipp’d and tormented and—God-den, good fellow.

SERVANT. God gi’ go-den. I pray, sir, can you read?

ROMEO. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

SERVANT. Perhaps you have learned it without book. But I pray, can you read anything you see?

ROMEO. Ay, If I know the letters and the language.

SERVANT. Ye say honestly, rest you merry!

ROMEO. Stay, fellow; I can read.

[_He reads the letter._]

_Signior Martino and his wife and daughters; County Anselmo and his beauteous sisters; The lady widow of Utruvio; Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; Mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; My fair niece Rosaline and Livia; Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio and the lively Helena. _

A fair assembly. [_Gives back the paper_] Whither should they come?

SERVANT. Up.

ROMEO. Whither to supper?

SERVANT. To our house.

ROMEO. Whose house?

SERVANT. My master's.

ROMEO. Indeed I should have ask'd you that before.

SERVANT. Now I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry.

[_Exit._]

BENVOLIO. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so lov'st; With all the admired beauties of Verona. Go thither and with unattainted eye, Compare her face with some that I shall show, And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

ROMEO. When the devout religion of mine eye Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fire; And these who, often drown'd, could never die, Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars. One fairer than my love? The all-seeing sun Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

BENVOLIO. Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by, Herself pois'd with herself in either eye: But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd Your lady's love against some other maid That I will show you shining at this feast, And she shall scant show well that now shows best.

ROMEO. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown, But to rejoice in splendour of my own.

[_Exeunt._]

SCENE III. Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

LADY CAPULET. Nurse, where's my daughter? Call her forth to me.

NURSE. Now, by my maidenhead, at twelve year old, I bade her come. What, lamb! What ladybird! God forbid! Where's this girl? What, Juliet!

Enter Juliet.

JULIET. How now, who calls?

NURSE. Your mother.

JULIET. Madam, I am here. What is your will?

LADY CAPULET. This is the matter. Nurse, give leave awhile, We must talk in secret. Nurse, come back again, I have remember'd me, thou's hear our counsel. Thou knowest my daughter's of a pretty age.

NURSE. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

LADY CAPULET. She's not fourteen.

NURSE. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth, And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four, She is not fourteen. How long is it now To Lammas-tide?

LADY CAPULET. A fortnight and odd days.

NURSE. Even or odd, of all days in the year, Come Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen. Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!— Were of an age. Well, Susan is with God; She was too good for me. But as I said, On Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen; That shall she, marry; I remember it well. 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years; And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it—, Of all the days of the year, upon that day: For I had then laid wormwood to my dug, Sitting in the sun under the dovehouse wall; My lord and you were then at Mantua: Nay, I do bear a brain. But as I said, When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool, To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug! Shake, quoth the dovehouse: 'twas no need, I trow, To bid me trudge. And since that time it is eleven years; For then she could stand alone; nay, by th'rood She could have run and waddled all about; For even the day before she broke her brow, And then my husband,—God be with his soul! A was a merry man,—took up the child: 'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face? Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit; Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by my holidame, The pretty wretch left crying, and said 'Ay'. To see now how a jest shall come about. I warrant, and I should live a thousand years, I never should forget it. 'Wilt thou not, Jule?' quoth he; And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said 'Ay.'

LADY CAPULET. Enough of this; I pray thee hold thy peace.

NURSE. Yes, madam, yet I cannot choose but laugh, To think it should leave crying, and say 'Ay'; And yet I warrant it had upon it brow A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone; A perilous knock, and it cried bitterly. 'Yea,' quoth my husband, 'fall'st upon thy face? Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age; Wilt thou not, Jule?' it stinted, and said 'Ay'.

JULIET. And stint thou too, I pray thee, Nurse, say I.

NURSE. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd: And I might live to see thee married once, I have my wish.

LADY CAPULET. Marry, that marry is the very theme I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet, How stands your disposition to be married?

JULIET. It is an honour that I dream not of.

NURSE. An honour! Were not I thine only nurse, I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

LADY CAPULET. Well, think of marriage now: younger than you, Here in Verona, ladies of esteem, Are made already mothers. By my count I was your mother much upon these years That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief; The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

NURSE. A man, young lady! Lady, such a man As all the world—why he's a man of wax.

LADY CAPULET. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

NURSE. Nay, he's a flower, in faith a very flower.

LADY CAPULET. What say you, can you love the gentleman? This night you shall behold him at our feast; Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face, And find delight writ there with beauty's pen. Examine every married lineament, And see how one another lends content; And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies, Find written in the margent of his eyes. This precious book of love, this unbound lover, To beautify him, only lacks a cover: The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride For fair without the fair within to hide. That book in many's eyes doth share the glory, That in gold clasps locks in the golden story; So shall you share all that he doth possess, By having him, making yourself no less.

NURSE. No less, nay bigger. Women grow by men.

LADY CAPULET. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

JULIET. I'll look to like, if looking liking move: But no more deep will I endart mine eye Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

SERVANT. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the Nurse cursed in the pantry, and everything in extremity. I must hence to wait, I beseech you follow straight.

LADY CAPULET. We follow thee.

[_Exit Servant._]

Juliet, the County stays.

NURSE. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[_Exeunt._]

SCENE IV. A Street.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six Maskers; Torch-bearers and others.

ROMEO. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse? Or shall we on without apology?

BENVOLIO. The date is out of such prolixity: We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf, Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath, Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper; Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke After the prompter, for our entrance: But let them measure us by what they will, We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

ROMEO. Give me a torch, I am not for this ambling; Being but heavy I will bear the light.

MERCUTIO. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

ROMEO. Not I, believe me, you have dancing shoes, With nimble soles, I have a soul of lead So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

MERCUTIO. You are a lover, borrow Cupid's wings, And soar with them above a common bound.

ROMEO. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft To soar with his light feathers, and so bound, I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe. Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

MERCUTIO. And, to sink in it, should you burden love; Too great oppression for a tender thing.

ROMEO. Is love a tender thing? It is too rough, Too rude, too boisterous; and it pricks like thorn.

MERCUTIO. If love be rough with you, be rough with love; Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down. Give me a case to put my visage in: [_Putting on a mask._] A visor for a visor. What care I What curious eye doth quote deformities? Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

BENVOLIO. Come, knock and enter; and no sooner in But every man betake him to his legs.

ROMEO. A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart, Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels; For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase, I'll be a candle-holder and look on, The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

MERCUTIO. Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word: If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire Or save your reverence love, wherein thou stickest Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho.

ROMEO. Nay, that's not so.

MERCUTIO. I mean sir, in delay We waste our lights in vain, light lights by day. Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits Five times in that ere once in our five wits.

ROMEO. And we mean well in going to this mask; But ’tis no wit to go.

MERCUTIO. Why, may one ask?

ROMEO. I dreamt a dream tonight.

MERCUTIO. And so did I.

ROMEO. Well what was yours?

MERCUTIO. That dreamers often lie.

ROMEO. In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

MERCUTIO. O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you. She is the fairies’ midwife, and she comes In shape no bigger than an agate-stone On the fore-finger of an alderman, Drawn with a team of little atomies Over men’s noses as they lie asleep: Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners’ legs; The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers; Her traces, of the smallest spider’s web; The collars, of the moonshine’s watery beams; Her whip of cricket’s bone; the lash, of film; Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat, Not half so big as a round little worm Prick’d from the lazy finger of a maid: Her chariot is an empty hazelnut, Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub, Time out o’ mind the fairies’ coachmakers. And in this state she gallops night by night Through lovers’ brains, and then they dream of love; O’er courtiers’ knees, that dream on curtsies straight; O’er lawyers’ fingers, who straight dream on fees; O’er ladies’ lips, who straight on kisses dream, Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues, Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are: Sometime she gallops o’er a courtier’s nose, And then dreams he of smelling out a suit; And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig’s tail, Tickling a parson’s nose as a lies asleep, Then dreams he of another benefice: Sometime she driveth o’er a soldier’s neck, And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats, Of breaches, ambuscados, Spanish blades, Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes; And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two, And sleeps again. This is that very Mab That plats the manes of horses in the night; And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs, Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes: This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs, That presses them, and learns them first to bear, Making them women of good carriage: This is she,—

ROMEO. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace, Thou talk’st of nothing.

MERCUTIO. True, I talk of dreams, Which are the children of an idle brain, Begot of nothing but vain fantasy, Which is as thin of substance as the air, And more inconstant than the wind, who woos Even now the frozen bosom of the north, And, being anger’d, puffs away from thence, Turning his side to the dew-dropping south.

BENVOLIO. This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves: Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

ROMEO. I fear too early: for my mind misgives Some consequence yet hanging in the stars, Shall bitterly begin his fearful date With this night’s revels; and expire the term Of a despised life, clos’d in my breast By some vile forfeit of untimely death. But he that hath the steerage of my course Direct my suit. On, lusty gentlemen!

BENVOLIO. Strike, drum.

[_Exeunt._]

SCENE V. A Hall in Capulet’s House.

Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.

FIRST SERVANT. Where’s Potpan, that he helps not to take away? He shift a trencher! He scrape a trencher!

SECOND SERVANT. When good manners shall lie all in one or two men’s hands, and they unwash’d too, ’tis a foul thing.

FIRST SERVANT. Away with the join-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate. Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane; and as thou loves me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell. Antony and Potpan!

SECOND SERVANT. Ay, boy, ready.

FIRST SERVANT. You are looked for and called for, asked for and sought for, in the great chamber.

SECOND SERVANT. We cannot be here and there too. Cheerly, boys. Be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all.

[_Exeunt._]

Enter Capulet, &c. with the Guests and Gentlewomen to the Maskers.

CAPULET. Welcome, gentlemen, ladies that have their toes Unplagu'd with corns will have a bout with you. Ah my mistresses, which of you all Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty, She I'll swear hath corns. Am I come near ye now? Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day That I have worn a visor, and could tell A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear, Such as would please; 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone, You are welcome, gentlemen! Come, musicians, play. A hall, a hall, give room! And foot it, girls.

[_Music plays, and they dance._]

More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up, And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot. Ah sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well. Nay sit, nay sit, good cousin Capulet, For you and I are past our dancing days; How long is't now since last yourself and I Were in a mask?

CAPULET'S COUSIN. By'r Lady, thirty years.

CAPULET. What, man, 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much: 'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio, Come Pentecost as quickly as it will, Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

CAPULET'S COUSIN. 'Tis more, 'tis more, his son is elder, sir; His son is thirty.

CAPULET. Will you tell me that? His son was but a ward two years ago.

ROMEO. What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand Of yonder knight?

SERVANT. I know not, sir.

ROMEO. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright! It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear; Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear! So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows. The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand, And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand. Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight! For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

TYBALT. This by his voice, should be a Montague. Fetch me my rapier, boy. What, dares the slave Come hither, cover'd with an antic face, To fleer and scorn at our solemnity? Now by the stock and honour of my kin, To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

CAPULET. Why how now, kinsman! Wherefore storm you so?

TYBALT. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe; A villain that is hither come in spite, To scorn at our solemnity this night.

CAPULET. Young Romeo, is it?

TYBALT. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

CAPULET. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone, A bears him like a portly gentleman; And, to say truth, Verona brags of him To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth. I would not for the wealth of all the town Here in my house do him disparagement. Therefore be patient, take no note of him, It is my will; the which if thou respect, Show a fair presence and put off these frowns, An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

TYBALT. It fits when such a villain is a guest: I'll not endure him.

CAPULET. He shall be endur'd. What, goodman boy! I say he shall, go to; Am I the master here, or you? Go to. You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul, You'll make a mutiny among my guests! You will set cock-a-hoop, you'll be the man!

TYBALT. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

CAPULET. Go to, go to! You are a saucy boy. Is’t so, indeed? This trick may chance to scathe you, I know what. You must contrary me! Marry, ’tis time. Well said, my hearts!—You are a princox; go: Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—For shame! I’ll make you quiet. What, cheerly, my hearts.

TYBALT. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting. I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall, Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

[_Exit._]

ROMEO. [_To Juliet._] If I profane with my unworthiest hand This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this, My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

JULIET. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much, Which mannerly devotion shows in this; For saints have hands that pilgrims’ hands do touch, And palm to palm is holy palmers’ kiss.

ROMEO. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

JULIET. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

ROMEO. O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do: They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

JULIET. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers’ sake.

ROMEO. Then move not while my prayer’s effect I take. Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purg’d. [_Kissing her._]

JULIET. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

ROMEO. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg’d! Give me my sin again.

JULIET. You kiss by the book.

NURSE. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

ROMEO. What is her mother?

NURSE. Marry, bachelor, Her mother is the lady of the house, And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous. I nurs’d her daughter that you talk’d withal. I tell you, he that can lay hold of her Shall have the chinks.

ROMEO. Is she a Capulet? O dear account! My life is my foe’s debt.

BENVOLIO. Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.

ROMEO. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

CAPULET. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone, We have a trifling foolish banquet towards. Is it e’en so? Why then, I thank you all; I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night. More torches here! Come on then, let’s to bed. Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late, I’ll to my rest.

[_Exeunt all but Juliet and Nurse._]

JULIET. Come hither, Nurse. What is yond gentleman?

NURSE. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

JULIET. What’s he that now is going out of door?

NURSE. Marry, that I think be young Petruchio.

JULIET. What’s he that follows here, that would not dance?

NURSE. I know not.

JULIET. Go ask his name. If he be married, My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

NURSE. His name is Romeo, and a Montague, The only son of your great enemy.

JULIET. My only love sprung from my only hate! Too early seen unknown, and known too late! Prodigious birth of love it is to me, That I must love a loathed enemy.

NURSE. What's this? What's this?

JULIET. A rhyme I learn'd even now Of one I danc'd withal.

[_One calls within, 'Juliet'._]

NURSE. Anon, anon! Come let's away, the strangers all are gone.

[_Exeunt._]

ACT II

Enter Chorus.

CHORUS. Now old desire doth in his deathbed lie, And young affection gapes to be his heir; That fair for which love groan'd for and would die, With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair. Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again, Alike bewitched by the charm of looks; But to his foe suppos'd he must complain, And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks: Being held a foe, he may not have access To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear; And she as much in love, her means much less To meet her new beloved anywhere. But passion lends them power, time means, to meet, Tempering extremities with extreme sweet.

[_Exit._]

SCENE I. An open place adjoining Capulet's Garden.

Enter Romeo.

ROMEO. Can I go forward when my heart is here? Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.

[_He climbs the wall and leaps down within it._]

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

BENVOLIO. Romeo! My cousin Romeo! Romeo!

MERCUTIO. He is wise, And on my life hath stol'n him home to bed.

BENVOLIO. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall: Call, good Mercutio.

MERCUTIO. Nay, I'll conjure too. Romeo! Humours! Madman! Passion! Lover! Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh, Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied; Cry but 'Ah me!' Pronounce but Love and dove; Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word, One nickname for her purblind son and heir, Young Abraham Cupid, he that shot so trim When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid. He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not; The ape is dead, and I must conjure him. I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes, By her high forehead and her scarlet lip, By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh, And the demesnes that there adjacent lie, That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

BENVOLIO. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

MERCUTIO. This cannot anger him. 'Twould anger him To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle, Of some strange nature, letting it there stand Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down; That were some spite. My invocation Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name, I conjure only but to raise up him.

BENVOLIO. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees To be consorted with the humorous night. Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

MERCUTIO. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark. Now will he sit under a medlar tree, And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit As maids call medlars when they laugh alone. O Romeo, that she were, O that she were An open-arse and thou a poperin

pear! Romeo, good night. I'll to my truckle-bed. This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep. Come, shall we go?

BENVOLIO. Go then; for 'tis in vain To seek him here that means not to be found.

[_Exeunt._]

SCENE II. Capulet's Garden.

Enter Romeo.

ROMEO. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

Juliet appears above at a window.

But soft, what light through yonder window breaks? It is the east, and Juliet is the sun! Arise fair sun and kill the envious moon, Who is already sick and pale with grief, That thou her maid art far more fair than she. Be not her maid since she is envious; Her vestal livery is but sick and green, And none but fools do wear it; cast it off. It is my lady, O it is my love! O, that she knew she were! She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that? Her eye discourses, I will answer it. I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks. Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven, Having some business, do entreat her eyes To twinkle in their spheres till they return. What if her eyes were there, they in her head? The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars, As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven Would through the airy region stream so bright That birds would sing and think it were not night. See how she leans her cheek upon her hand. O that I were a glove upon that hand, That I might touch that cheek.

JULIET. Ay me.

ROMEO. She speaks. O speak again bright angel, for thou art As glorious to this night, being o'er my head, As is a winged messenger of heaven Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him When he bestrides the lazy-puffing clouds And sails upon the bosom of the air.

JULIET. O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo? Deny thy father and refuse thy name. Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love, And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

ROMEO. [_Aside._] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

JULIET. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy; Thou art thyself, though not a Montague. What's Montague? It is nor hand nor foot, Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part Belonging to a man. O be some other name. What's in a name? That which we call a rose By any other name would smell as sweet; So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd, Retain that dear perfection which he owes Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name, And for thy name, which is no part of thee, Take all myself.

ROMEO. I take thee at thy word. Call me but love, and I'll be new baptis'd; Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

JULIET. What man art thou that, thus bescreen'd in night So stumblest on my counsel?

ROMEO. By a name I know not how to tell thee who I am: My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself, Because it is an enemy to thee. Had I it written, I would tear the word.

JULIET. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words Of thy tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound. Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

ROMEO. Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

JULIET. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore? The orchard walls are high and hard to climb, And the place death, considering who thou art, If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

ROMEO. With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls, For stony limits cannot hold love out, And what love can do, that dares love attempt: Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

JULIET. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

ROMEO. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye Than twenty of their swords. Look thou but sweet, And I am proof against their enmity.

JULIET. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

ROMEO. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes, And but thou love me, let them find me here. My life were better ended by their hate Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

JULIET. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

ROMEO. By love, that first did prompt me to enquire; He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes. I am no pilot; yet wert thou as far As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea, I should adventure for such merchandise.

JULIET. Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face, Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight. Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny What I have spoke; but farewell compliment. Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say Ay, And I will take thy word. Yet, if thou swear'st, Thou mayst prove false. At lovers' perjuries, They say Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo, If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully. Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly won, I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay, So thou wilt woo. But else, not for the world. In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond; And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light: But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true Than those that have more cunning to be strange. I should have been more strange, I must confess, But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware, My true-love passion; therefore pardon me, And not impute this yielding to light love, Which the dark night hath so discovered.

ROMEO. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow, That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

JULIET. O swear not by the moon, th'inconstant moon, That monthly changes in her circled orb, Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

ROMEO. What shall I swear by?

JULIET. Do not swear at all. Or if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self, Which is the god of my idolatry, And I'll believe thee.

ROMEO. If my heart's dear love,—

JULIET. Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee, I have no joy of this contract tonight; It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden, Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be Ere one can say "It lightens." Sweet, good night. This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath, May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet. Good night, good night. As sweet repose and rest Come to thy heart as that within my breast.

ROMEO. O wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JULIET. What satisfaction canst thou have tonight?

ROMEO. Th'exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

JULIET. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it; And yet I would it were to give again.

ROMEO. Would'st thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love?

JULIET. But to be frank and give it thee again. And yet I wish but for the thing I have; My bounty is as boundless as the sea, My love as deep; the more I give to thee, The more I have, for both are infinite. I hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu. [_Nurse calls within._] Anon, good Nurse!—Sweet Montague be true. Stay but a little, I will come again.

[_Exit._]

ROMEO. O blessed, blessed night. I am afeard, Being in night, all this is but a dream, Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

Enter Juliet above.

JULIET. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed. If that thy bent of love be honourable, Thy purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow, By one that I'll procure to come to thee, Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite, And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

NURSE. [_Within._] Madam.

JULIET. I come, anon.— But if thou meanest not well, I do beseech thee,—

NURSE. [_Within._] Madam.

JULIET. By and by I come— To cease thy strife and leave me to my grief. Tomorrow will I send.

ROMEO. So thrive my soul,—

JULIET. A thousand times good night.

[_Exit._]

ROMEO. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light. Love goes toward love as schoolboys from their books, But love from love, towards school with heavy looks.

[_Retiring slowly._]

Re-enter Juliet, above.

JULIET. Hist! Romeo, hist! O for a falconer's voice To lure this tassel-gentle back again. Bondage is hoarse and may not speak aloud, Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies, And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine With repetition of my Romeo's name.

ROMEO. It is my soul that calls upon my name. How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night, Like softest music to attending ears.

JULIET. Romeo.

ROMEO. My dear?

JULIET. What o'clock tomorrow Shall I send to thee?

ROMEO. By the hour of nine.

JULIET. I will not fail. 'Tis twenty years till then. I have forgot why I did call thee back.

ROMEO. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

JULIET. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there, Remembering how I love thy company.

ROMEO. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget, Forgetting any other home but this.

JULIET. 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone, And yet no farther than a wanton's bird, That lets it hop a little from her hand, Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves, And with a silk thread plucks it back again, So loving-jealous of his liberty.

ROMEO. I would I were thy bird.

JULIET. Sweet, so would I: Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing. Good night, good night. Parting is such sweet sorrow That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

[_Exit._]

ROMEO. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast. Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest. Hence will I to my ghostly Sire's cell, His help to crave and my dear hap to tell.

[_Exit._]

SCENE III. Friar Lawrence's Cell.

Enter Friar Lawrence with a basket.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night, Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light; And fleckled darkness like a drunkard reels From forth day's pathway, made by Titan's fiery wheels Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye, The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry, I must upfill this osier cage of ours With baleful weeds and

precious-juiced flowers. The earth that's nature's mother, is her tomb; What is her burying grave, that is her womb: And from her womb children of divers kind We sucking on her natural bosom find. Many for many virtues excellent, None but for some, and yet all different. O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities. For naught so vile that on the earth doth live But to the earth some special good doth give; Nor aught so good but, strain'd from that fair use, Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse. Virtue itself turns vice being misapplied, And vice sometime's by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant rind of this weak flower Poison hath residence, and medicine power: For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part; Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart. Two such opposed kings encamp them still In man as well as herbs,—grace and rude will; And where the worser is predominant, Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

ROMEO. Good morrow, father.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Benedicite! What early tongue so sweet saluteth me? Young son, it argues a distemper'd head So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed. Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye, And where care lodges sleep will never lie; But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign. Therefore thy earliness doth me assure Thou art uprous'd with some distemperature; Or if not so, then here I hit it right, Our Romeo hath not been in bed tonight.

ROMEO. That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. God pardon sin. Wast thou with Rosaline?

ROMEO. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? No. I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. That's my good son. But where hast thou been then?

ROMEO. I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again. I have been feasting with mine enemy, Where on a sudden one hath wounded me That's by me wounded. Both our remedies Within thy help and holy physic lies. I bear no hatred, blessed man; for lo, My intercession likewise steads my foe.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift; Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

ROMEO. Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set On the fair daughter of rich Capulet. As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine; And all combin'd, save what thou must combine By holy marriage. When, and where, and how We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow, I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray, That thou consent to marry us today.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Holy Saint Francis! What a change is here! Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear, So soon forsaken? Young men's love then lies Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes. Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline! How much salt water thrown away in waste, To season love, that of it doth not taste. The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears, Thy old groans yet ring in mine ancient ears. Lo here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet. If ere thou wast thyself, and these woes thine, Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline, And art thou chang'd? Pronounce this sentence then, Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

ROMEO. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

ROMEO. And bad'st me bury love.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Not in a grave To lay one in, another out to have.

ROMEO. I pray thee chide me not, her I love now Doth grace for grace and love for love allow. The other did not so.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. O, she knew well Thy love did read by rote, that could not spell. But come young waverer, come go with me, In one respect I'll thy assistant be; For this alliance may so happy prove, To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

ROMEO. O let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.

[_Exeunt._]

SCENE IV. A Street.

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

MERCUTIO. Where the devil should this Romeo be? Came he not home tonight?

BENVOLIO. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

MERCUTIO. Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline, torments him so that he will sure run mad.

BENVOLIO. Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet, hath sent a letter to his father's house.

MERCUTIO. A challenge, on my life.

BENVOLIO. Romeo will answer it.

MERCUTIO. Any man that can write may answer a letter.

BENVOLIO. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

MERCUTIO. Alas poor Romeo, he is already dead, stabbed with a white wench's black eye; run through the ear with a love song, the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft. And is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

BENVOLIO. Why, what is Tybalt?

MERCUTIO. More than Prince of cats. O, he's the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion. He rests his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal passado, the punto reverso, the hay.

BENVOLIO. The what?

MERCUTIO. The pox of such antic lisping, affecting phantasies; these new tuners of accent. By Jesu, a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these pardon-me's, who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O their bones, their bones!

Enter Romeo.

BENVOLIO. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo!

MERCUTIO. Without his roe, like a dried herring. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in. Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen wench,—marry, she had a better love to berhyme her: Dido a dowdy; Cleopatra a gypsy; Helen and Hero hildings and harlots; Thisbe a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, bonjour! There's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

ROMEO. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

MERCUTIO. The slip sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

ROMEO. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great, and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

MERCUTIO. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

ROMEO. Meaning, to curtsy.

MERCUTIO. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

ROMEO. A most courteous exposition.

MERCUTIO. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

ROMEO. Pink for flower.

MERCUTIO. Right.

ROMEO. Why, then is my pump well flowered.

MERCUTIO. Sure wit, follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain after the wearing, solely singular.

ROMEO. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

MERCUTIO. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint.

ROMEO. Swits and spurs, swits and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

MERCUTIO. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I am done. For thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?

ROMEO. Thou wast never with me for anything, when thou wast not there for the goose.

MERCUTIO. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

ROMEO. Nay, good goose, bite not.

MERCUTIO. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting, it is a most sharp sauce.

ROMEO. And is it not then well served in to a sweet goose?

MERCUTIO. O here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad.

ROMEO. I stretch it out for that word broad, which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

MERCUTIO. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? Now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature. For this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

BENVOLIO. Stop there, stop there.

MERCUTIO. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

BENVOLIO. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

MERCUTIO. O, thou art deceived; I would have made it short, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer.

Enter Nurse and Peter.

ROMEO. Here's goodly gear! A sail, a sail!

MERCUTIO. Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

NURSE. Peter!

PETER. Anon.

NURSE. My fan, Peter.

MERCUTIO. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face.

NURSE. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

MERCUTIO. God ye good-den, fair gentlewoman.

NURSE. Is it good-den?

MERCUTIO. ’Tis no less, I tell ye; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

NURSE. Out upon you! What a man are you?

ROMEO. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for himself to mar.

NURSE. By my troth, it is well said; for himself to mar, quoth a? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

ROMEO. I can tell you: but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him. I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

NURSE. You say well.

MERCUTIO. Yea, is the worst well? Very well took, i’faith; wisely, wisely.

NURSE. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

BENVOLIO. She will endite him to some supper.

MERCUTIO. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

ROMEO. What hast thou found?

MERCUTIO. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent. [_Sings._] An old hare hoar, And an old hare hoar, Is very good meat in Lent; But a hare that is hoar Is too much for a score When it hoars ere it be spent. Romeo, will you come to your father’s? We’ll to dinner thither.

ROMEO. I will follow you.

MERCUTIO. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady.

[_Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio._]

NURSE. I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this that was so full of his ropery?

ROMEO. A gentleman, Nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

NURSE. And a speak anything against me, I’ll take him down, and a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks. And if I cannot, I’ll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates.—And thou must stand by too and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure!

PETER. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out. I warrant you, I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

NURSE. Now, afore God, I am so vexed that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave. Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bid me enquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself. But first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her in a fool’s paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say; for the gentlewoman is young. And therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

ROMEO. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

NURSE. Good heart, and i’faith I will tell her as much. Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

ROMEO. What wilt thou tell her, Nurse? Thou dost not mark me.

NURSE. I will tell her, sir, that you do protest, which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

ROMEO. Bid her devise Some means to come to shrift this afternoon, And there she shall at Friar Lawrence’ cell Be shriv’d and married. Here is for thy pains.

NURSE. No truly, sir; not a penny.

ROMEO. Go to; I say you shall.

NURSE. This afternoon, sir? Well, she shall be there.

ROMEO. And stay, good Nurse, behind the abbey wall. Within this hour my man shall be with thee, And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair, Which to the high topgallant of my joy Must be my convoy in the secret night. Farewell, be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains; Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.

NURSE. Now God in heaven bless thee. Hark you, sir.

ROMEO. What say'st thou, my dear Nurse?

NURSE. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say, Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

ROMEO. I warrant thee my man's as true as steel.

NURSE. Well, sir, my mistress is the sweetest lady. Lord, Lord! When 'twas a little prating thing,—O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man, but I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

ROMEO. Ay, Nurse; what of that? Both with an R.

NURSE. Ah, mocker! That's the dog's name. R is for the—no, I know it begins with some other letter, and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

ROMEO. Commend me to thy lady.

NURSE. Ay, a thousand times. Peter!

[_Exit Romeo._]

PETER. Anon.

NURSE. Before and apace.

[_Exeunt._]

SCENE V. Capulet's Garden.

Enter Juliet.

JULIET. The clock struck nine when I did send the Nurse, In half an hour she promised to return. Perchance she cannot meet him. That's not so. O, she is lame. Love's heralds should be thoughts, Which ten times faster glides than the sun's beams, Driving back shadows over lowering hills: Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love, And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings. Now is the sun upon the highmost hill Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve Is three long hours, yet she is not come. Had she affections and warm youthful blood, She'd be as swift in motion as a ball; My words would bandy her to my sweet love, And his to me. But old folks, many feign as they were dead; Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse and Peter.

O God, she comes. O honey Nurse, what news? Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

NURSE. Peter, stay at the gate.

[_Exit Peter._]

JULIET. Now, good sweet Nurse,—O Lord, why look'st thou sad? Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily; If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news By playing it to me with so sour a face.

NURSE. I am aweary, give me leave awhile; Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!

JULIET. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news: Nay come, I pray thee speak; good, good Nurse, speak.

NURSE. Jesu, what haste? Can you not stay a while? Do you not see that I am out of breath?

JULIET. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath To say to me that thou art out of breath? The excuse that thou dost make in this delay Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse. Is thy news good or bad? Answer to that; Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance. Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

NURSE. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man. Romeo? No, not he. Though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's, and for a hand and a foot, and a body, though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy, but I'll warrant him as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench, serve God. What, have you dined at home?

JULIET. No, no. But all this did I know before. What says he of our marriage? What of that?

NURSE. Lord, how my head aches! What a head have I! It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces. My back o' t'other side,—O my back, my back! Beshrew your heart for sending me about To catch my death with jauncing up and down.

JULIET. I'faith, I am sorry that thou art not well. Sweet, sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me, what says my love?

NURSE. Your love says like an honest gentleman, And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, And I warrant a virtuous,—Where is your mother?

JULIET. Where is my mother? Why, she is within. Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest. 'Your love says, like an honest gentleman, 'Where is your mother?'

NURSE. O God's lady dear, Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow. Is this the poultice for my aching bones? Henceforward do your messages yourself.

JULIET. Here's such a coil. Come, what says Romeo?

NURSE. Have you got leave to go to shrift today?

JULIET. I have.

NURSE. Then hie you hence to Friar Lawrence' cell; There stays a husband to make you a wife. Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks, They'll be in scarlet straight at any news. Hie you to church. I must another way, To fetch a ladder by the which your love Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark. I am the drudge, and toil in your delight; But you shall bear the burden soon at night. Go. I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

JULIET. Hie to high fortune! Honest Nurse, farewell.

[_Exeunt._]

SCENE VI. Friar Lawrence's Cell.

Enter Friar Lawrence and Romeo.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. So smile the heavens upon this holy act That after-hours with sorrow chide us not.

ROMEO. Amen, amen, but come what sorrow can, It cannot countervail the exchange of joy That one short minute gives me in her sight. Do thou but close our hands with holy words, Then love-devouring death do what he dare, It is enough I may but call her mine.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. These violent delights have violent ends, And in their triumph die; like fire and powder, Which as they kiss consume. The sweetest honey Is loathsome in his own deliciousness, And in the taste confounds the appetite. Therefore love moderately: long love doth so; Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the lady. O, so light a foot Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint. A lover may bestride the gossamers That idles in the wanton summer air And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

JULIET. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

JULIET. As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

ROMEO. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both Receive in either by this dear encounter.

JULIET. Conceit more rich in matter than in words, Brags of his substance, not of ornament. They are but beggars that can count their worth; But my true love is grown to such excess, I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Come, come with me, and we will make short work, For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone Till holy church incorporate two in one.

[_Exeunt._]

ACT III

SCENE I. A public Place.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, Page and Servants.

BENVOLIO. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire: The day is hot, the Capulets abroad, And if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl, For now these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

MERCUTIO. Thou art like one of these fellows that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says 'God send me no need of thee!' and by the operation of the second cup draws him on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

BENVOLIO. Am I like such a fellow?

MERCUTIO. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

BENVOLIO. And what to?

MERCUTIO. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou? Why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more or a hair less in his beard than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes. What eye but such an eye would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another for tying his new shoes with an old riband? And yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

BENVOLIO. And I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

MERCUTIO. The fee simple! O simple!

Enter Tybalt and others.

BENVOLIO. By my head, here comes the Capulets.

MERCUTIO. By my heel, I care not.

TYBALT. Follow me close, for I will speak to them. Gentlemen, good-den: a word with one of you.

MERCUTIO. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

TYBALT. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, and you will give me occasion.

MERCUTIO. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

TYBALT. Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo.

MERCUTIO. Consort? What, dost thou make us minstrels? And thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords. Here's my fiddlestick, here's that shall make you dance. Zounds, consort!

BENVOLIO. We talk here in the public haunt of men. Either withdraw unto some private place, And reason coldly of your grievances, Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

MERCUTIO. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze. I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter Romeo.

TYBALT. Well, peace be with you, sir, here comes my man.

MERCUTIO. But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery. Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower; Your worship in that sense may call him man.

TYBALT. Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford No better term than this: Thou art a villain.

ROMEO. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee Doth much excuse the appertaining rage To such a greeting. Villain am I none; Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

TYBALT. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries That thou hast done me, therefore turn and draw.

ROMEO. I do protest I never injur'd thee, But love thee better than thou canst devise Till thou shalt know the reason of my love. And so good Capulet, which name I tender As dearly as mine own, be satisfied.

MERCUTIO. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission! [_Draws._] Alla stoccata carries it away. Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

TYBALT. What wouldst thou have with me?

MERCUTIO. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? Make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

TYBALT. [_Drawing._] I am for you.

ROMEO. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

MERCUTIO. Come, sir, your passado.

[_They fight._]

ROMEO. Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons. Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage, Tybalt, Mercutio, the Prince expressly hath Forbid this bandying in Verona streets. Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!

[_Exeunt Tybalt with his Partizans._]

MERCUTIO. I am hurt. A plague o' both your houses. I am sped. Is he gone, and hath nothing?

BENVOLIO. What, art thou hurt?

MERCUTIO. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch. Marry, 'tis enough. Where is my page? Go villain, fetch a surgeon.

[_Exit Page._]

ROMEO. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

MERCUTIO. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve. Ask for me tomorrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' both your houses. Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a

cat, to scratch a man to death. A braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!—Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

ROMEO. I thought all for the best.

MERCUTIO. Help me into some house, Benvolio, Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses. They have made worms' meat of me. I have it, and soundly too. Your houses!

[_Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio._]

ROMEO. This gentleman, the Prince's near ally, My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt In my behalf; my reputation stain'd With Tybalt's slander,—Tybalt, that an hour Hath been my cousin. O sweet Juliet, Thy beauty hath made me effeminate And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter Benvolio.

BENVOLIO. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead, That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds, Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

ROMEO. This day's black fate on mo days doth depend; This but begins the woe others must end.

Re-enter Tybalt.

BENVOLIO. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

ROMEO. Again in triumph, and Mercutio slain? Away to heaven respective lenity, And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now! Now, Tybalt, take the 'villain' back again That late thou gav'st me, for Mercutio's soul Is but a little way above our heads, Staying for thine to keep him company. Either thou or I, or both, must go with him.

TYBALT. Thou wretched boy, that didst consort him here, Shalt with him hence.

ROMEO. This shall determine that.

[_They fight; Tybalt falls._]

BENVOLIO. Romeo, away, be gone! The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain. Stand not amaz'd. The Prince will doom thee death If thou art taken. Hence, be gone, away!

ROMEO. O, I am fortune's fool!

BENVOLIO. Why dost thou stay?

[_Exit Romeo._]

Enter Citizens.

FIRST CITIZEN. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio? Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

BENVOLIO. There lies that Tybalt.

FIRST CITIZEN. Up, sir, go with me. I charge thee in the Prince's name obey.

Enter Prince, attended; Montague, Capulet, their Wives and others.

PRINCE. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

BENVOLIO. O noble Prince, I can discover all The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl. There lies the man, slain by young Romeo, That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

LADY CAPULET. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child! O Prince! O husband! O, the blood is spill'd Of my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true, For blood of ours shed blood of Montague. O cousin, cousin.

PRINCE. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

BENVOLIO. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay; Romeo, that spoke him fair, bid him bethink How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal Your high displeasure. All this uttered With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd Could not take truce with the unruly spleen Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast, Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point, And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats Cold death aside, and with the other sends It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity Retorts it. Romeo he cries aloud, 'Hold, friends! Friends, part!' and swifter than his tongue, His agile arm beats down their fatal points, And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled. But by and by comes back to Romeo, Who had but newly entertain'd revenge, And to't they go like lightning; for, ere I Could draw to part them was stout Tybalt slain; And as he fell did Romeo turn and fly. This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

LADY CAPULET. He is a kinsman to the Montague. Affection makes him false, he speaks not true. Some twenty of them fought in this black strife, And all those twenty could but kill one life. I beg for justice, which thou, Prince, must give; Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

PRINCE. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio. Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

MONTAGUE. Not Romeo, Prince, he was Mercutio's friend; His fault concludes but what the law should end, The life of Tybalt.

PRINCE. And for that offence Immediately we do exile him hence. I have an interest in your hate's proceeding, My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding. But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine That you shall all repent the loss of mine. I will be deaf to pleading and excuses; Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses. Therefore use none. Let Romeo hence in haste, Else, when he is found, that hour is his last. Bear hence this body, and attend our will. Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[_Exeunt._]

SCENE II. A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Juliet.

JULIET. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds, Towards Phoebus' lodging. Such a waggoner As Phaeton would whip you to the west And bring in cloudy night immediately. Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night, That runaway's eyes may wink, and Romeo Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen. Lovers can see to do their amorous rites By their own beauties: or, if love be blind, It best agrees with night. Come, civil night, Thou sober-suited matron, all in black, And learn me how to lose a winning match, Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods. Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks, With thy black mantle, till strange love, grow bold, Think true love acted simple modesty. Come, night, come Romeo; come, thou day in night; For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back. Come gentle night, come loving black-brow'd night, Give me my Romeo, and when I shall die, Take him and cut him out in little stars, And he will make the face of heaven so fine That all the world will be in love with night, And pay no worship to the garish sun. O, I have bought the mansion of a love, But not possess'd it; and though I am sold, Not yet enjoy'd. So tedious is this day As is the night before some festival To an impatient child that hath new robes And may not wear them. O, here comes my Nurse, And she brings news, and every tongue that speaks But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

Enter Nurse, with cords.

Now, Nurse, what news? What hast thou there? The cords that Romeo bid thee fetch?

NURSE. Ay, ay, the cords.

[_Throws them down._]

JULIET. Ay me, what news? Why dost thou wring thy hands?

NURSE. Ah, well-a-day, he's dead, he's dead, he's dead! We are undone, lady, we are undone. Alack the day, he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead.

JULIET. Can heaven be so envious?

NURSE. Romeo can, Though heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo. Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

JULIET. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus? This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell. Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but Ay, And that bare vowel I shall poison more Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice. I am not I if there be such an I; Or those eyes shut that make thee answer Ay. If he be slain, say Ay; or if not, No. Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

NURSE. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes, God save the mark!—here on his manly breast. A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse; Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood, All in gore-blood. I swounded at the sight.

JULIET. O, break, my heart. Poor bankrout, break at once. To prison, eyes; ne'er look on liberty. Vile earth to earth resign; end motion here, And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier.

NURSE. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had. O courteous Tybalt, honest gentleman! That ever I should live to see thee dead.

JULIET. What storm is this that blows so contrary? Is Romeo slaughter'd and is Tybalt dead? My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord? Then dreadful trumpet sound the general doom, For who is living, if those two are gone?

NURSE. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished, Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished.

JULIET. O God! Did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

NURSE. It did, it did; alas the day, it did.

JULIET. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face! Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave? Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical, Dove-feather'd raven, wolvish-ravening lamb! Despised substance of divinest show! Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st, A damned saint, an honourable villain! O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh? Was ever book containing such vile matter So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell In such a gorgeous palace.

NURSE. There's no trust, No faith, no honesty in men. All perjur'd, All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers. Ah, where's my man? Give me some aqua vitae. These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old. Shame come to Romeo.

JULIET. Blister'd be thy tongue For such a wish! He was not born to shame. Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit; For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd Sole monarch of the universal earth. O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

NURSE. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

JULIET. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband? Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name, When I thy three-hours' wife have mangled it? But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin? That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband. Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring, Your tributary drops belong to woe, Which you mistaking offer up to joy. My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain, And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband. All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then? Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death, That murder'd me. I would forget it fain, But O, it presses to my memory Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds. Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished. That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,' Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death Was woe enough, if it had ended there. Or if sour woe delights in fellowship, And needly will be rank'd with other griefs, Why follow'd not, when she said Tybalt's dead, Thy father or thy mother, nay or both, Which modern lamentation might have mov'd? But with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death, 'Romeo is banished'—to speak that word Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet, All slain, all dead. Romeo is banished, There is no end, no limit, measure, bound, In that word's death, no words can that woe sound. Where is my father and my mother, Nurse?

NURSE. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse. Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

JULIET. Wash they his wounds with tears. Mine shall be spent, When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment. Take up those cords. Poor ropes, you are beguil'd, Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd. He made you for a highway to my bed, But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed. Come cords, come Nurse, I'll to my wedding bed, And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead.

NURSE. Hie to your chamber. I'll find Romeo To comfort you. I wot well where he is. Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night. I'll to him, he is hid at Lawrence' cell.

JULIET. O find him, give this ring to my true knight, And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[_Exeunt._]

SCENE III. Friar Lawrence’s cell.

Enter Friar Lawrence.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man. Affliction is enanmour’d of thy parts And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter Romeo.

ROMEO. Father, what news? What is the Prince’s doom? What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand, That I yet know not?

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Too familiar Is my dear son with such sour company. I bring thee tidings of the Prince’s doom.

ROMEO. What less than doomsday is the Prince’s doom?

FRIAR LAWRENCE. A gentler judgment vanish’d from his lips, Not body’s death, but body’s banishment.

ROMEO. Ha, banishment? Be merciful, say death; For exile hath more terror in his look, Much more than death. Do not say banishment.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Hence from Verona art thou banished. Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

ROMEO. There is no world without Verona walls, But purgatory, torture, hell itself. Hence banished is banish’d from the world, And world’s exile is death. Then banished Is death misterm’d. Calling death banished, Thou cutt’st my head off with a golden axe, And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. O deadly sin, O rude unthankfulness! Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind Prince, Taking thy part, hath brush’d aside the law, And turn’d that black word death to banishment. This is dear mercy, and thou see’st it not.

ROMEO. ’Tis torture, and not mercy. Heaven is here Where Juliet lives, and every cat and dog, And little mouse, every unworthy thing, Live here in heaven and may look on her, But Romeo may not. More validity, More honourable state, more courtship lives In carrion flies than Romeo. They may seize On the white wonder of dear Juliet’s hand, And steal immortal blessing from her lips, Who, even in pure and vestal modesty Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin. But Romeo may not, he is banished. This may flies do, when I from this must fly. They are free men but I am banished. And say’st thou yet that exile is not death? Hadst thou no poison mix’d, no sharp-ground knife, No sudden mean of death, though ne’er so mean, But banished to kill me? Banished? O Friar, the damned use that word in hell. Howling attends it. How hast thou the heart, Being a divine, a ghostly confessor, A sin-absolver, and my friend profess’d, To mangle me with that word banished?

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Thou fond mad man, hear me speak a little,

ROMEO. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. I’ll give thee armour to keep off that word, Adversity’s sweet milk, philosophy, To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

ROMEO. Yet banished? Hang up philosophy. Unless philosophy can make a Juliet, Displant a town, reverse a Prince’s doom, It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. O, then I see that mad men have no ears.

ROMEO. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

ROMEO. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel. Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love, An hour but married, Tybalt murdered, Doting like me, and like me banished, Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair, And fall upon the ground as I do now, Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[_Knocking within._]

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Arise; one knocks. Good Romeo, hide thyself.

ROMEO. Not I, unless the breath of heartsick groans Mist-like infold me from the search of eyes.

[_Knocking._]

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—Romeo, arise, Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile.—Stand up.

[_Knocking._]

Run to my study.—By-and-by.—God's will, What simpleness is this.—I come, I come.

[_Knocking._]

Who knocks so hard? Whence come you, what's your will?

NURSE. [_Within._] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand. I come from Lady Juliet.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

NURSE. O holy Friar, O, tell me, holy Friar, Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

FRIAR LAWRENCE. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

NURSE. O, he is even in my mistress' case. Just in her case! O woeful sympathy! Piteous predicament. Even so lies she, Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering. Stand up, stand up; stand, and you be a man. For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand. Why should you fall into so deep an O?

ROMEO. Nurse.

NURSE. Ah sir, ah sir, death's the end of all.

ROMEO. Spakest thou of Juliet? How is it with her? Doth not she think me an old murderer, Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy With blood remov'd but little from her own? Where is she? And how doth she? And what says My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

NURSE. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps; And now falls on her bed, and then starts up, And Tybalt calls, and then on Romeo cries, And then down falls again.

ROMEO. As if that name, Shot from the deadly level of a gun, Did murder her, as that name's cursed hand Murder'd her kinsman. O, tell me, Friar, tell me, In what vile part of this anatomy Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sack The hateful mansion.

[_Drawing his sword._]

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Hold thy desperate hand. Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art. Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts denote The unreasonable fury of a beast. Unseemly woman in a seeming man, And ill-beseeming beast in seeming both! Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order, I thought thy disposition better temper'd. Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself? And slay thy lady, that in thy life lives, By doing damned hate upon thyself? Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven and earth? Since birth, and heaven and earth, all three do meet In thee at once; which thou at once wouldst lose. Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit, Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all, And usest none in that true use indeed Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit. Thy noble shape is but a form of wax, Digressing from the valour of a man; Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury, Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish; Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love, Misshapen in the conduct of them both, Like powder in a skilless soldier's flask, Is set afire by thine own ignorance, And thou dismember'd with thine own defence. What, rouse thee, man. Thy Juliet is alive, For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead. There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee, But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy. The law that threaten'd death becomes thy friend, And turns it to exile; there art thou happy. A pack of blessings light upon thy back; Happiness courts thee in her best array; But like a misshaped and sullen wench, Thou putt'st up thy Fortune and thy love. Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable. Go, get thee to thy love as was decreed, Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her. But look thou stay not till the watch be set, For then thou canst not pass to Mantua; Where thou shalt live till we can find a time To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends, Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back With twenty hundred thousand times more joy Than thou went'st forth in lamentation. Go before, Nurse. Commend me to thy lady, And

bid her hasten all the house to bed, Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto. Romeo is coming.

NURSE. O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night To hear good counsel. O, what learning is! My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

ROMEO. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

NURSE. Here sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir. Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

[_Exit._]

ROMEO. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Go hence, good night, and here stands all your state: Either be gone before the watch be set, Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence. Sojourn in Mantua. I'll find out your man, And he shall signify from time to time Every good hap to you that chances here. Give me thy hand; 'tis late; farewell; good night.

ROMEO. But that a joy past joy calls out on me, It were a grief so brief to part with thee. Farewell.

[_Exeunt._]

SCENE IV. A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet and Paris.

CAPULET. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily That we have had no time to move our daughter. Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly, And so did I. Well, we were born to die. 'Tis very late; she'll not come down tonight. I promise you, but for your company, I would have been abed an hour ago.

PARIS. These times of woe afford no tune to woo. Madam, good night. Commend me to your daughter.

LADY CAPULET. I will, and know her mind early tomorrow; Tonight she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

CAPULET. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender Of my child's love. I think she will be rul'd In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not. Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed, Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love, And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next, But, soft, what day is this?

PARIS. Monday, my lord.

CAPULET. Monday! Ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon, A Thursday let it be; a Thursday, tell her, She shall be married to this noble earl. Will you be ready? Do you like this haste? We'll keep no great ado,—a friend or two, For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late, It may be thought we held him carelessly, Being our kinsman, if we revel much. Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends, And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

PARIS. My lord, I would that Thursday were tomorrow.

CAPULET. Well, get you gone. A Thursday be it then. Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed, Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day. Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho! Afore me, it is so very very late that we May call it early by and by. Good night.

[_Exeunt._]

SCENE V. An open Gallery to Juliet's Chamber, overlooking the Garden.

Enter Romeo and Juliet.

JULIET. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day. It was the nightingale, and not the lark, That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear; Nightly she sings on yond pomegranate tree. Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

ROMEO. It was the lark, the herald of the morn, No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east. Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops. I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

JULIET. Yond light is not daylight, I know it, I. It is some meteor that the sun exhales To be to thee this night a torchbearer And light thee on thy way to Mantua. Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

ROMEO. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death, I am content, so thou wilt have it so. I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye, 'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow. Nor that is not the lark whose notes do beat The vaulty heaven so high above our heads. I have more care to stay than will to go. Come, death, and welcome. Juliet wills it so. How is't, my soul? Let's talk. It is not day.

JULIET. It is, it is! Hie hence, be gone, away. It is the lark that sings so out of tune, Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps. Some say the lark makes sweet division; This doth not so, for she divideth us. Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes. O, now I would they had chang'd voices too, Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray, Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day. O now be gone, more light and light it grows.

ROMEO. More light and light, more dark and dark our woes.

Enter Nurse.

NURSE. Madam.

JULIET. Nurse?

NURSE. Your lady mother is coming to your chamber. The day is broke, be wary, look about.

[_Exit._]

JULIET. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

ROMEO. Farewell, farewell, one kiss, and I'll descend.

[_Descends._]

JULIET. Art thou gone so? Love, lord, ay husband, friend, I must hear from thee every day in the hour, For in a minute there are many days. O, by this count I shall be much in years Ere I again behold my Romeo.

ROMEO. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

JULIET. O thinkest thou we shall ever meet again?

ROMEO. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serve For sweet discourses in our time to come.

JULIET. O God! I have an ill-divining soul! Methinks I see thee, now thou art so low, As one dead in the bottom of a tomb. Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

ROMEO. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you. Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu.

[_Exit below._]

JULIET. O Fortune, Fortune! All men call thee fickle, If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, Fortune; For then, I hope thou wilt not keep him long But send him back.

LADY CAPULET. [_Within._] Ho, daughter, are you up?

JULIET. Who is't that calls? Is it my lady mother? Is she not down so late, or up so early? What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter Lady Capulet.

LADY CAPULET. Why, how now, Juliet?

JULIET. Madam, I am not well.

LADY CAPULET. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death? What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears? And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live. Therefore have done: some grief shows much of love, But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

JULIET. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

LADY CAPULET. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend Which you weep for.

JULIET. Feeling so the loss, I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

LADY CAPULET. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

JULIET. What villain, madam?

LADY CAPULET. That same villain Romeo.

JULIET. Villain and he be many miles asunder. God pardon him. I do, with all my heart. And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

LADY CAPULET. That is because the traitor murderer lives.

JULIET. Ay madam, from the reach of these my hands. Would none but I might venge my cousin's death.

LADY CAPULET. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not. Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua, Where that same banish'd runagate doth live, Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram That he shall soon keep Tybalt company: And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

JULIET. Indeed I never shall be satisfied With Romeo till I behold him—dead— Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd. Madam, if you could find out but a man To bear a poison, I would temper it, That Romeo should upon receipt thereof, Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors To hear him nam'd, and cannot come to him, To wreak the love I bore my cousin Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him.

LADY CAPULET. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man. But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

JULIET. And joy comes well in such a needy time. What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

LADY CAPULET. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child; One who to put thee from thy heaviness, Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy, That thou expects not, nor I look'd not for.

JULIET. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

LADY CAPULET. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn The gallant, young, and noble gentleman, The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church, Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

JULIET. Now by Saint Peter's Church, and Peter too, He shall not make me there a joyful bride. I wonder at this haste, that I must wed Ere he that should be husband comes to woo. I pray you tell my lord and father, madam, I will not marry yet; and when I do, I swear It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate, Rather than Paris. These are news indeed.

LADY CAPULET. Here comes your father, tell him so yourself, And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

CAPULET. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew; But for the sunset of my brother's son It rains downright. How now? A conduit, girl? What, still in tears? Evermore showering? In one little body Thou counterfeits a bark, a sea, a wind. For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea, Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is, Sailing in this salt flood, the winds, thy sighs, Who raging with thy tears and they with them, Without a sudden calm will overset Thy tempest-tossed body. How now, wife? Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

LADY CAPULET. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks. I would the fool were married to her grave.

CAPULET. Soft. Take me with you, take me with you, wife. How, will she none? Doth she not give us thanks? Is she not proud? Doth she not count her blest, Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

JULIET. Not proud you have, but thankful that you have. Proud can I never be of what I hate; But thankful even for hate that is meant love.

CAPULET. How now, how now, chopp'd logic? What is this? Proud, and, I thank you, and I thank you not; And yet not proud. Mistress minion you, Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds, But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church, Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither. Out, you green-sickness carrion! Out, you baggage! You tallow-face!

LADY CAPULET. Fie, fie! What, are you mad?

JULIET. Good father, I beseech you on my knees, Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

CAPULET. Hang thee young baggage, disobedient wretch! I tell thee what,—get thee to church a Thursday, Or never after look me in the face. Speak not, reply not, do not answer me. My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest That God had lent us but this only child; But now I see this one is one too much, And that we have a curse in having her. Out on her, hilding.

NURSE. God in heaven bless her. You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

CAPULET. And why, my lady wisdom? Hold your tongue, Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

NURSE. I speak no treason.

CAPULET. O God ye good-en!

NURSE. May not one speak?

CAPULET. Peace, you mumbling fool! Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl, For here we need it not.

LADY CAPULET. You are too hot.

CAPULET. God's bread, it makes me mad! Day, night, hour, ride, time, work, play, Alone, in company, still my care hath been To have her match'd, and having now provided A gentleman of noble parentage, Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly allied, Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts, Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man, And then to have a wretched puling fool, A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender, To answer, 'I'll not wed, I cannot love, I am too young, I pray you pardon me.' But, and you will not wed, I'll pardon you. Graze where you will, you shall not house with me. Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest. Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise. And you be mine, I'll give you to my friend; And you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets, For by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee, Nor what is mine shall never do thee good. Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn.

[_Exit._]

JULIET. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds, That sees into the bottom of my grief? O sweet my mother, cast me not away, Delay this marriage for a month, a week, Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

LADY CAPULET. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word. Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

[_Exit._]

JULIET. O God! O Nurse, how shall this be prevented? My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven. How shall that faith return again to earth, Unless that husband send it me from heaven By leaving earth? Comfort me, counsel me. Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems Upon so soft a subject as myself. What say'st thou? Hast thou not a word of joy? Some comfort, Nurse.

NURSE. Faith, here it is. Romeo is banished; and all the world to nothing That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you. Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth. Then, since the case so stands as now it doth, I think it best you married with the County. O, he's a lovely gentleman. Romeo's a dishclout to him. An eagle, madam, Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart, I think you are happy in this second match, For it excels your first: or if it did not, Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were, As living here and you no use of him.

JULIET. Speakest thou from thy heart?

NURSE. And from my soul too, Or else beshrew them both.

JULIET. Amen.

NURSE. What?

JULIET. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much. Go in, and tell my lady I am gone, Having displeas'd my father, to Lawrence' cell, To make confession and to be absolv'd.

NURSE. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

[_Exit._]

JULIET. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend! Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn, Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue Which she hath prais'd him with above compare So many thousand times? Go, counsellor. Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain. I'll to the Friar to know his remedy. If all else fail, myself have power to die.

[_Exit._]

ACT IV

SCENE I. Friar Lawrence's Cell.

Enter Friar Lawrence and Paris.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. On Thursday, sir? The time is very short.

PARIS. My father Capulet will have it so; And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. You say you do not know the lady's mind. Uneven is the course; I like it not.

PARIS. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death, And therefore have I little talk'd of love; For Venus smiles not in a house of tears. Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous That she do give her sorrow so much sway; And in his wisdom, hastes our marriage, To stop the inundation of her tears, Which, too much minded by herself alone, May be put from her by society. Now do you know the reason of this haste.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. [_Aside._] I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.— Look, sir, here comes the lady toward my cell.

Enter Juliet.

PARIS. Happily met, my lady and my wife!

JULIET. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

PARIS. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.

JULIET. What must be shall be.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. That's a certain text.

PARIS. Come you to make confession to this father?

JULIET. To answer that, I should confess to you.

PARIS. Do not deny to him that you love me.

JULIET. I will confess to you that I love him.

PARIS. So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.

JULIET. If I do so, it will be of more price, Being spoke behind your back than to your face.

PARIS. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

JULIET. The tears have got small victory by that; For it was bad enough before their spite.

PARIS. Thou wrong'st it more than tears with that report.

JULIET. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth, And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

PARIS. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

JULIET. It may be so, for it is not mine own. Are you at leisure, holy father, now, Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

FRIAR LAWRENCE. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.— My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

PARIS. God shield I should disturb devotion!— Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye, Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss.

[_Exit._]

JULIET. O shut the door, and when thou hast done so, Come weep with me, past hope, past cure, past help!

FRIAR LAWRENCE. O Juliet, I already know thy grief; It strains me past the compass of my wits. I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it, On Thursday next be married to this County.

JULIET. Tell me not, Friar, that thou hear'st of this, Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it. If in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help, Do thou but call my resolution wise, And with this knife I'll help it presently. God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands; And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo's seal'd, Shall be the label to another deed, Or my true heart with treacherous revolt Turn to another, this shall slay them both. Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time, Give me some present counsel, or behold 'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife Shall play the empire, arbitrating that Which the commission of thy years and art Could to no issue of true honour bring. Be not so long to speak. I long to die, If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Hold, daughter. I do spy a kind of hope, Which craves as desperate an execution As that is desperate which we would prevent. If, rather than to marry County Paris Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself, Then is it likely thou wilt undertake A thing like death to chide away this shame, That cop'st with death himself to scape from it. And if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

JULIET. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris, From off the battlements of yonder tower, Or walk in thievish ways, or bid me lurk Where serpents are. Chain me with roaring bears; Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house, O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones, With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls. Or bid me go into a new-made grave, And hide me with a dead man in his shroud; Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble, And I will do it without fear or doubt, To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Hold then. Go home, be merry, give consent To marry Paris. Wednesday is tomorrow; Tomorrow night look that thou lie alone, Let not thy Nurse lie with thee in thy chamber. Take thou this vial, being then in bed, And this distilled liquor drink thou off, When presently through all thy veins shall run A cold and drowsy humour; for no pulse Shall keep his native progress, but surcease. No warmth, no breath shall testify thou livest, The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall, Like death when he shuts up the day of life. Each part depriv'd of supple government, Shall stiff and stark and cold appear like death. And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death Thou shalt continue two and forty hours, And then awake as from a pleasant sleep. Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead. Then as the manner of our country is, In thy best robes, uncover'd, on the bier, Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie. In the meantime, against thou shalt awake, Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift, And hither shall he come, and he and I Will watch thy waking, and that very night Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua. And this shall free thee from this present shame, If no inconstant toy nor womanish fear Abate thy valour in the acting it.

JULIET. Give me, give me! O tell not me of fear!

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

JULIET. Love give me strength, and strength shall help afford. Farewell, dear father.

[_Exeunt._]

SCENE II. Hall in Capulet's House.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse and Servants.

CAPULET. So many guests invite as here are writ.

[_Exit first Servant._]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

SECOND SERVANT. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

CAPULET. How canst thou try them so?

SECOND SERVANT. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers; therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

CAPULET. Go, begone.

[_Exit second Servant._]

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time. What, is my daughter gone to Friar Lawrence?

NURSE. Ay, forsooth.

CAPULET. Well, he may chance to do some good on her. A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

NURSE. See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

CAPULET. How now, my headstrong. Where have you been gadding?

JULIET. Where I have learnt me to repent the sin Of disobedient opposition To you and your behests; and am enjoin'd By holy Lawrence to fall prostrate here, To beg your pardon. Pardon, I beseech you. Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

CAPULET. Send for the County, go tell him of this. I'll have this knot knit up tomorrow morning.

JULIET. I met the youthful lord at Lawrence' cell, And gave him what becomed love I might, Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

CAPULET. Why, I am glad on't. This is well. Stand up. This is as't should be. Let me see the County. Ay, marry. Go, I say, and fetch him hither. Now afore God, this reverend holy Friar, All our whole city is much bound to him.

JULIET. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet, To help me sort such needful ornaments As you think fit to furnish me tomorrow?

LADY CAPULET. No, not till Thursday. There is time enough.

CAPULET. Go, Nurse, go with her. We'll to church tomorrow.

[_Exeunt Juliet and Nurse._]

LADY CAPULET. We shall be short in our provision, 'Tis now near night.

CAPULET. Tush, I will stir about, And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife. Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her. I'll not to bed tonight, let me alone. I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!— They are all forth: well, I will walk myself To County Paris, to prepare him up Against tomorrow. My heart is wondrous light Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[_Exeunt._]

SCENE III. Juliet's Chamber.

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

JULIET. Ay, those attires are best. But, gentle Nurse, I pray thee leave me to myself tonight; For I have need of many orisons To move the heavens to smile upon my state, Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

LADY CAPULET. What, are you busy, ho? Need you my help?

JULIET. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries As are behoveful for our state tomorrow. So please you, let me now be left alone, And let the nurse this night sit up with you, For I am sure you have your hands full all In this so sudden business.

LADY CAPULET. Good night. Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.

[_Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse._]

JULIET. Farewell. God knows when we shall meet again. I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins That almost freezes up the heat of life. I'll call them back again to comfort me. Nurse!—What should she do here? My dismal scene I needs must act alone. Come, vial. What if this mixture do not work at all? Shall I be married then tomorrow morning? No, No! This shall forbid it. Lie thou there.

[_Laying down her dagger._]

What if it be a poison, which the Friar Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead, Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd, Because he married me before to Romeo? I fear it is. And yet methinks it should not, For he hath still been tried a holy man. How if, when I am laid into the tomb, I wake before the time that Romeo Come to redeem me? There's a fearful point! Shall I not then be stifled in the vault, To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in, And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes? Or, if I live, is it not very like, The horrible conceit of death and night, Together with the terror of the place, As in a vault, an ancient receptacle, Where for this many hundred years the bones Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd, Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth, Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say, At some hours in the night spirits resort— Alack, alack, is it not like that I, So early waking, what with loathsome smells, And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth, That living mortals, hearing them, run mad. O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught, Environed with all these hideous fears, And madly play with my forefathers' joints? And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud? And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone, As with a club, dash out my desperate brains? O look, methinks I see my cousin's ghost Seeking out Romeo that did spit his body Upon a rapier's point. Stay, Tybalt, stay! Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, here's drink! I drink to thee.

[_Throws herself on the bed._]

SCENE IV. Hall in Capulet's House.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

LADY CAPULET. Hold, take these keys and fetch more spices, Nurse.

NURSE. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter Capulet.

CAPULET. Come, stir, stir, stir! The second cock hath crow'd, The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock. Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica; Spare not for cost.

NURSE. Go, you cot-quean, go, Get you to bed; faith, you'll be sick tomorrow For this night's watching.

CAPULET. No, not a whit. What! I have watch'd ere now All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

LADY CAPULET. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time; But I will watch you from such watching now.

[_Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse._]

CAPULET. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!

Enter Servants, with spits, logs and baskets.

Now, fellow, what's there?

FIRST SERVANT. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.

CAPULET. Make haste, make haste.

[_Exit First Servant._]

—Sirrah, fetch drier logs. Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

SECOND SERVANT. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs And never trouble Peter for the matter.

[_Exit._]

CAPULET. Mass and well said; a merry whoreson, ha. Thou shalt be loggerhead.—Good faith, 'tis day. The County will be here with music straight, For so he said he would. I hear him near.

[_Play music._]

Nurse! Wife! What, ho! What, Nurse, I say!

Re-enter Nurse.

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up. I'll go and chat with Paris. Hie, make haste, Make haste; the bridegroom he is come already. Make haste I say.

[_Exeunt._]

SCENE V. Juliet's Chamber; Juliet on the bed.

Enter Nurse.

NURSE. Mistress! What, mistress! Juliet! Fast, I warrant her, she. Why, lamb, why, lady, fie, you slug-abed! Why, love, I say! Madam! Sweetheart! Why, bride! What, not a word? You take your pennyworths now. Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant, The County Paris hath set up his rest That you shall rest but little. God forgive me! Marry and amen. How sound is she asleep! I needs must wake her. Madam, madam, madam! Ay, let the County take you in your bed, He'll fright you up, i'faith. Will it not be? What, dress'd, and in your clothes, and down again? I must needs wake you. Lady! Lady! Lady! Alas, alas! Help, help! My lady's dead! O, well-a-day that ever I was born. Some aqua vitae, ho! My lord! My lady!

Enter Lady Capulet.

LADY CAPULET. What noise is here?

NURSE. O lamentable day!

LADY CAPULET. What is the matter?

NURSE. Look, look! O heavy day!

LADY CAPULET. O me, O me! My child, my only life. Revive, look up, or I will die with thee. Help, help! Call help.

Enter Capulet.

CAPULET. For shame, bring Juliet forth, her lord is come.

NURSE. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack the day!

LADY CAPULET. Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!

CAPULET. Ha! Let me see her. Out alas! She's cold, Her blood is settled and her joints are stiff. Life and these lips have long been separated. Death lies on her like an untimely frost Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

NURSE. O lamentable day!

LADY CAPULET. O woful time!

CAPULET. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail, Ties up my tongue and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar Lawrence and Paris with Musicians.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

CAPULET. Ready to go, but never to return. O son, the night before thy wedding day Hath death lain with thy bride. There she lies, Flower as she was, deflowered by him. Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir; My daughter he hath wedded. I will die And leave him all; life, living, all is death's.

PARIS. Have I thought long to see this morning's face, And doth it give me such a sight as this?

LADY CAPULET. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day. Most miserable hour that e'er time saw In lasting labour of his pilgrimage. But one, poor one, one poor and loving child, But one thing to rejoice and solace in, And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

NURSE. O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day. Most lamentable day, most woeful day That ever, ever, I did yet behold! O day, O day, O day, O hateful day. Never was seen so black a day as this. O woeful day, O woeful day.

PARIS. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain. Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd, By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown. O love! O life! Not life, but love in death!

CAPULET. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd. Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now To murder, murder our solemnity? O child! O child! My soul, and not my child, Dead art thou. Alack, my child is dead, And with my child my joys are buried.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Peace, ho, for shame. Confusion's cure lives not In these confusions. Heaven and yourself Had part in this fair maid, now heaven hath all, And all the better is it for the maid. Your part in her you could not keep from death, But heaven keeps his part in eternal life. The most you sought was her promotion, For 'twas your heaven she should be advanc'd, And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself? O, in this love, you love your child so ill That you run mad, seeing that she is well. She's not well married that lives married long, But she's best married that dies married young. Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary On this fair corse, and, as the custom is, And in her best array bear her to church; For though fond nature bids us all lament, Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

CAPULET. All things that we ordained festival Turn from their office to black funeral: Our instruments to melancholy bells, Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast; Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change; Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse, And all things change them to the contrary.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Sir, go you in, and, madam, go with him, And go, Sir Paris, everyone prepare To follow this fair corse unto her grave. The heavens do lower upon you for some ill; Move them no more by crossing their high will.

[_Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris and Friar._]

FIRST MUSICIAN. Faith, we may put up our pipes and be gone.

NURSE. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up, For well you know this is a pitiful case.

FIRST MUSICIAN. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

[_Exit Nurse._]

Enter Peter.

PETER. Musicians, O, musicians, 'Heart's ease,' 'Heart's ease', O, and you will have me live, play 'Heart's ease.'

FIRST MUSICIAN. Why 'Heart's ease'?

PETER. O musicians, because my heart itself plays 'My heart is full'. O play me some merry dump to comfort me.

FIRST MUSICIAN. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.

PETER. You will not then?

FIRST MUSICIAN. No.

PETER. I will then give it you soundly.

FIRST MUSICIAN. What will you give us?

PETER. No money, on my faith, but the gleek! I will give you the minstrel.

FIRST MUSICIAN. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

PETER. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets. I'll re you, I'll fa you. Do you note me?

FIRST MUSICIAN. And you re us and fa us, you note us.

SECOND MUSICIAN. Pray you put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

PETER. Then have at you with my wit. I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. Answer me like men. 'When griping griefs the heart doth wound, And doleful dumps the mind oppress, Then music with her silver sound'— Why 'silver sound'? Why 'music with her silver sound'? What say you, Simon Catling?

FIRST MUSICIAN. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

PETER. Prates. What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

SECOND MUSICIAN. I say 'silver sound' because musicians sound for silver.

PETER. Prates too! What say you, James Soundpost?

THIRD MUSICIAN. Faith, I know not what to say.

PETER. O, I cry you mercy, you are the singer. I will say for you. It is 'music with her silver sound' because musicians have no gold for sounding. 'Then music with her silver sound With speedy help doth lend redress.'

[_Exit._]

FIRST MUSICIAN. What a pestilent knave is this same!

SECOND MUSICIAN. Hang him, Jack. Come, we'll in here, tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.

[_Exeunt._]

ACT V

SCENE I. Mantua. A Street.

Enter Romeo.

ROMEO. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep, My dreams presage some joyful news at hand. My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne; And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts. I dreamt my lady came and found me dead,— Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think!— And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips, That I reviv'd, and was an emperor. Ah me, how sweet is love itself possess'd, When but love's shadows are so rich in joy.

Enter Balthasar.

News from Verona! How now, Balthasar? Dost thou not bring me letters from the Friar? How doth my lady? Is my father well? How fares my Juliet? That I ask again; For nothing can be ill if she be well.

BALTHASAR. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill. Her body sleeps in Capel's monument, And her immortal part with angels lives. I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault, And presently took post to tell it you. O pardon me for bringing these ill news, Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

ROMEO. Is it even so? Then I defy you, stars! Thou know'st my lodging. Get me ink and paper, And hire post-horses. I will hence tonight.

BALTHASAR. I do beseech you sir, have patience. Your looks are pale and wild, and do import Some misadventure.

ROMEO. Tush, thou art deceiv'd. Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do. Hast thou no letters to me from the Friar?

BALTHASAR. No, my good lord.

ROMEO. No matter. Get thee gone, And hire those horses. I'll be with thee straight.

[_Exit Balthasar._]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee tonight. Let's see for means. O mischief thou art swift To enter in the thoughts of desperate men. I do remember an apothecary,— And hereabouts he dwells,—which late I noted In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows, Culling of simples, meagre were his looks, Sharp misery had worn him to the bones; And in his needy shop a tortoise hung, An alligator stuff'd, and other skins Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves A beggarly account of empty boxes, Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds, Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show. Noting this penury, to myself I said, And if a man did need a poison now, Whose sale is present death in Mantua, Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him. O, this same thought did but forerun my need, And this same needy man must sell it me. As I remember, this should be the house. Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut. What, ho! Apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

APOTHECARY. Who calls so loud?

ROMEO. Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor. Hold, there is forty ducats. Let me have A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear As will disperse itself through all the veins, That the life-weary taker may fall dead, And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath As violently as hasty powder fir'd Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

APOTHECARY. Such mortal drugs I have, but Mantua's law Is death to any he that utters them.

ROMEO. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness, And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheeks, Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes, Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back. The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law; The world affords no law to make thee rich; Then be not poor, but break it and take this.

APOTHECARY. My poverty, but not my will consents.

ROMEO. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

APOTHECARY. Put this in any liquid thing you will And drink it off; and, if you had the strength Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.

ROMEO. There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls, Doing more murder in this loathsome world Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell. I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none. Farewell, buy food, and get thyself in flesh. Come, cordial and not poison, go with me To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

[_Exeunt._]

SCENE II. Friar Lawrence's Cell.

Enter Friar John.

FRIAR JOHN. Holy Franciscan Friar! Brother, ho!

Enter Friar Lawrence.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. This same should be the voice of Friar John. Welcome from Mantua. What says Romeo? Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

FRIAR JOHN. Going to find a barefoot brother out, One of our order, to associate me, Here in this city visiting the sick, And finding him, the searchers of the town, Suspecting that we both were in a house Where the infectious pestilence did reign, Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth, So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

FRIAR JOHN. I could not send it,—here it is again,— Nor get a messenger to bring it thee, So fearful were they of infection.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Unhappy fortune! By my brotherhood, The letter was not nice, but full of charge, Of dear import, and the neglecting it May do much danger. Friar John, go hence, Get me an iron crow and bring it straight Unto my cell.

FRIAR JOHN. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.

[_Exit._]

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Now must I to the monument alone. Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake. She will beshrew me much that Romeo Hath had no notice of these accidents; But I will write again to Mantua, And keep her at my cell till Romeo come. Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb.

[_Exit._]

SCENE III. A churchyard; in it a Monument belonging to the Capulets.

Enter Paris, and his Page bearing flowers and a torch.

PARIS. Give me thy torch, boy. Hence and stand aloof. Yet put it out, for I would not be seen. Under yond yew tree lay thee all along, Holding thy ear close to the hollow ground; So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread, Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves, But thou shalt hear it. Whistle then to me, As signal that thou hear'st something approach. Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

PAGE. [_Aside._] I am almost afraid to stand alone Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

[_Retires._]

PARIS. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew. O woe, thy canopy is dust and stones, Which with sweet water nightly I will dew, Or wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans. The obsequies that I for thee will keep, Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

[_The Page whistles._]

The boy gives warning something doth approach. What cursed foot wanders this way tonight, To cross my obsequies and true love's rite? What, with a torch! Muffle me, night, awhile.

[_Retires._]

Enter Romeo and Balthasar with a torch, mattock, &c.

ROMEO. Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron. Hold, take this letter; early in the morning See thou deliver it to my lord and father. Give me the light; upon thy life I charge thee, Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof And do not interrupt me in my course. Why I descend into this bed of death Is partly to behold my lady's face, But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger A precious ring, a ring that I must use In dear employment. Therefore hence, be gone. But if thou jealous dost return to pry In what I further shall intend to do, By heaven I will tear thee joint by joint, And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs. The time and my intents are savage-wild; More fierce and more inexorable far Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

BALTHASAR. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

ROMEO. So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that. Live, and be prosperous, and farewell, good fellow.

BALTHASAR. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout. His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

[_Retires_]

ROMEO. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death, Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth, Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[_Breaking open the door of the monument._]

And in despite, I'll cram thee with more food.

PARIS. This is that banish’d haughty Montague That murder’d my love’s cousin,—with which grief, It is supposed, the fair creature died,— And here is come to do some villainous shame To the dead bodies. I will apprehend him.

[_Advances._]

Stop thy unhallow’d toil, vile Montague. Can vengeance be pursu’d further than death? Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee. Obey, and go with me, for thou must die.

ROMEO. I must indeed; and therefore came I hither. Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man. Fly hence and leave me. Think upon these gone; Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth, Put not another sin upon my head By urging me to fury. O be gone. By heaven I love thee better than myself; For I come hither arm’d against myself. Stay not, be gone, live, and hereafter say, A madman’s mercy bid thee run away.

PARIS. I do defy thy conjuration, And apprehend thee for a felon here.

ROMEO. Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee, boy!

[_They fight._]

PAGE. O lord, they fight! I will go call the watch.

[_Exit._]

PARIS. O, I am slain! [_Falls._] If thou be merciful, Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.

[_Dies._]

ROMEO. In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face. Mercutio’s kinsman, noble County Paris! What said my man, when my betossed soul Did not attend him as we rode? I think He told me Paris should have married Juliet. Said he not so? Or did I dream it so? Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet, To think it was so? O, give me thy hand, One writ with me in sour misfortune’s book. I’ll bury thee in a triumphant grave. A grave? O no, a lantern, slaught’red youth, For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes This vault a feasting presence full of light. Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr’d.

[_Laying Paris in the monument._]

How oft when men are at the point of death Have they been merry! Which their keepers call A lightning before death. O, how may I Call this a lightning? O my love, my wife, Death that hath suck’d the honey of thy breath, Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty. Thou art not conquer’d. Beauty’s ensign yet Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks, And death’s pale flag is not advanced there. Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet? O, what more favour can I do to thee Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain To sunder his that was thine enemy? Forgive me, cousin. Ah, dear Juliet, Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe That unsubstantial death is amorous; And that the lean abhorred monster keeps Thee here in dark to be his paramour? For fear of that I still will stay with thee, And never from this palace of dim night Depart again. Here, here will I remain With worms that are thy chambermaids. O, here Will I set up my everlasting rest; And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last. Arms, take your last embrace! And, lips, O you The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss A dateless bargain to engrossing death. Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide. Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark. Here’s to my love! [_Drinks._] O true apothecary! Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

[_Dies._]

Enter, at the other end of the Churchyard, Friar Lawrence, with a lantern, crow, and spade.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Saint Francis be my speed. How oft tonight Have my old feet stumbled at graves? Who’s there? Who is it that consorts, so late, the dead?

BALTHASAR. Here’s one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Bliss be upon you. Tell me, good my friend, What torch is yond that vainly lends his light To grubs and eyeless skulls? As I discern, It burneth in the Capels’ monument.

BALTHASAR. It doth so, holy sir, and there’s my master, One that you love.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Who is it?

BALTHASAR. Romeo.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. How long hath he been there?

BALTHASAR. Full half an hour.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Go with me to the vault.

BALTHASAR. I dare not, sir; My master knows not but I am gone hence, And fearfully did menace me with death If I did stay to look on his intents.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Stay then, I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me. O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

BALTHASAR. As I did sleep under this yew tree here, I dreamt my master and another fought, And that my master slew him.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. Romeo! [_Advances._] Alack, alack, what blood is this which stains The stony entrance of this sepulchre? What mean these masterless and gory swords To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[_Enters the monument._]

Romeo! O, pale! Who else? What, Paris too? And steep'd in blood? Ah what an unkind hour Is guilty of this lamentable chance? The lady stirs.

[_Juliet wakes and stirs._]

JULIET. O comfortable Friar, where is my lord? I do remember well where I should be, And there I am. Where is my Romeo?

[_Noise within._]

FRIAR LAWRENCE. I hear some noise. Lady, come from that nest Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep. A greater power than we can contradict Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away. Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead; And Paris too. Come, I'll dispose of thee Among a sisterhood of holy nuns. Stay not to question, for the watch is coming. Come, go, good Juliet. I dare no longer stay.

JULIET. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.

[_Exit Friar Lawrence._]

What's here? A cup clos'd in my true love's hand? Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end. O churl. Drink all, and left no friendly drop To help me after? I will kiss thy lips. Haply some poison yet doth hang on them, To make me die with a restorative.

[_Kisses him._]

Thy lips are warm!

FIRST WATCH. [_Within._] Lead, boy. Which way?

JULIET. Yea, noise? Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger.

[_Snatching Romeo's dagger._]

This is thy sheath. [_stabs herself_] There rest, and let me die.

[_Falls on Romeo's body and dies._]

Enter Watch with the Page of Paris.

PAGE. This is the place. There, where the torch doth burn.

FIRST WATCH. The ground is bloody. Search about the churchyard. Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach.

[_Exeunt some of the Watch._]

Pitiful sight! Here lies the County slain, And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead, Who here hath lain this two days buried. Go tell the Prince; run to the Capulets. Raise up the Montagues, some others search.

[_Exeunt others of the Watch._]

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie, But the true ground of all these piteous woes We cannot without circumstance descry.

Re-enter some of the Watch with Balthasar.

SECOND WATCH. Here's Romeo's man. We found him in the churchyard.

FIRST WATCH. Hold him in safety till the Prince come hither.

Re-enter others of the Watch with Friar Lawrence.

THIRD WATCH. Here is a Friar that trembles, sighs, and weeps. We took this mattock and this spade from him As he was coming from this churchyard side.

FIRST WATCH. A great suspicion. Stay the Friar too.

Enter the Prince and Attendants.

PRINCE. What misadventure is so early up, That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet and others.

CAPULET. What should it be that they so shriek abroad?

LADY CAPULET. O the people in the street cry Romeo, Some Juliet, and some Paris, and all run With open outcry toward our monument.

PRINCE. What fear is this which startles in our ears?

FIRST WATCH. Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain, And Romeo dead, and Juliet, dead before, Warm and new kill'd.

PRINCE. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

FIRST WATCH. Here is a Friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man, With instruments upon them fit to open These dead men's tombs.

CAPULET. O heaven! O wife, look how our daughter bleeds! This dagger hath mista'en, for lo, his house Is empty on the back of Montague, And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

LADY CAPULET. O me! This sight of death is as a bell That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter Montague and others.

PRINCE. Come, Montague, for thou art early up, To see thy son and heir more early down.

MONTAGUE. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead tonight. Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath. What further woe conspires against mine age?

PRINCE. Look, and thou shalt see.

MONTAGUE. O thou untaught! What manners is in this, To press before thy father to a grave?

PRINCE. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while, Till we can clear these ambiguities, And know their spring, their head, their true descent, And then will I be general of your woes, And lead you even to death. Meantime forbear, And let mischance be slave to patience. Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. I am the greatest, able to do least, Yet most suspected, as the time and place Doth make against me, of this direful murder. And here I stand, both to impeach and purge Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

PRINCE. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

FRIAR LAWRENCE. I will be brief, for my short date of breath Is not so long as is a tedious tale. Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet, And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife. I married them; and their stol'n marriage day Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city; For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd. You, to remove that siege of grief from her, Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce To County Paris. Then comes she to me, And with wild looks, bid me devise some means To rid her from this second marriage, Or in my cell there would she kill herself. Then gave I her, so tutored by my art, A sleeping potion, which so took effect As I intended, for it wrought on her The form of death. Meantime I writ to Romeo That he should hither come as this dire night To help to take her from her borrow'd grave, Being the time the potion's force should cease. But he which bore my letter, Friar John, Was stay'd by accident; and yesternight Return'd my letter back. Then all alone At the prefixed hour of her waking Came I to take her from her kindred's vault, Meaning to keep her closely at my cell Till I conveniently could send to Romeo. But when I came, some minute ere the time Of her awaking, here untimely lay The noble Paris and true Romeo dead. She wakes; and I entreated her come forth And bear this work of heaven with patience. But then a noise did scare me from the tomb; And she, too desperate, would not go with me, But, as it seems, did violence on herself. All this I know; and to the marriage Her Nurse is privy. And if ought in this Miscarried by my fault, let my old life Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time, Unto the rigour of severest law.

PRINCE. We still have known thee for a holy man. Where's Romeo's man? What can he say to this?

BALTHASAR. I brought my master news of Juliet's death, And then in post he came from Mantua To this same place, to this same monument. This letter he early bid me give his father, And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault, If I departed not, and left him there.

PRINCE. Give me the letter, I will look on it. Where is the County's Page that rais'd the watch? Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

PAGE. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave, And bid me stand aloof, and so I did. Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb, And by and by my master drew on him, And then I ran away to call the watch.

PRINCE. This letter doth make good the Friar's words, Their course of love, the tidings of her death. And here he writes that he did buy a poison Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet. Where be these enemies? Capulet, Montague, See what a scourge is laid upon your hate, That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love! And I, for winking at your discords too, Have lost a brace of kinsmen. All are punish'd.

CAPULET. O brother Montague, give me thy hand. This is my daughter's jointure, for no more Can I demand.

MONTAGUE. But I can give thee more, For I will raise her statue in pure gold, That whiles Verona by that name is known, There shall no figure at such rate be set As that of true and faithful Juliet.

CAPULET. As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie, Poor sacrifices of our enmity.

PRINCE. A glooming peace this morning with it brings; The sun for sorrow will not show his head. Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things. Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished, For never was a story of more woe Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

[_Exeunt._]

==========

Untitled

William Shakespeare

Project Gutenberg Release: November 01, 1998 · eBook #1522

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR

by William Shakespeare

Contents

ACT I Scene I. Rome. A street Scene II. The same. A public place Scene III. The same. A street

ACT II Scene I. Rome. Brutus' orchard Scene II. A room in Caesar's palace Scene III. A street near the Capitol Scene IV. Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus

ACT III Scene I. Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting Scene II. The same. The Forum Scene III. The same. A street

ACT IV Scene I. A room in Antony's house Scene II. Before Brutus' tent, in the camp near Sardis Scene III. Within the tent of Brutus

ACT V Scene I. The plains of Philippi Scene II. The same. The field of battle Scene III. Another part of the field Scene IV. Another part of the field Scene V. Another part of the field

Dramatis Personæ

JULIUS CAESAR OCTAVIUS CAESAR, Triumvir after his death. MARCUS ANTONIUS, " " " M. AEMILIUS LEPIDUS, " " " CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA, Senators. MARCUS BRUTUS, Conspirator against Caesar. CASSIUS, " " " CASCA, " " " TREBONIUS, " " " LIGARIUS," " " DECIUS BRUTUS, " " " METELLUS CIMBER, " " " CINNA, " " " FLAVIUS, tribune MARULLUS, tribune ARTEMIDORUS, a Sophist of Cnidos. A Soothsayer CINNA, a poet. Another Poet. LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, young CATO, and VOLUMNIUS, Friends to Brutus and Cassius. VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DARDANIUS, Servants to Brutus PINDARUS, Servant to Cassius

CALPHURNIA, wife to Caesar PORTIA, wife to Brutus

The Ghost of Caesar

Senators, Citizens, Soldiers, Commoners, Messengers, and Servants.

SCENE: Rome, the conspirators' camp near Sardis, and the plains of Philippi.

ACT I

SCENE I. Rome. A street.

Enter Flavius, Marullus and a throng of Citizens.

FLAVIUS. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home. Is this a holiday? What, know you not, Being mechanical, you ought not walk Upon a labouring day without the sign Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

CARPENTER. Why, sir, a carpenter.

MARULLUS. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule? What dost thou with thy best apparel on? You, sir, what trade are you?

COBBLER. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

MARULLUS. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

COBBLER. A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience, which is indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

MARULLUS. What trade, thou knave? Thou naughty knave, what trade?

COBBLER. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me; yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

MARULLUS. What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow!

COBBLER. Why, sir, cobble you.

FLAVIUS. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

COBBLER. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl; I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but withal I am indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes: when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

FLAVIUS. But wherefore art not in thy shop today? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

COBBLER. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But indeed, sir, we make holiday to see Caesar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

MARULLUS. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home? What tributaries follow him to Rome, To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels? You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things! O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome, Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements, To towers and windows, yea, to chimney tops, Your infants in your arms, and there have sat The livelong day with patient expectation, To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome. And when you saw his chariot but appear, Have you not made an universal shout, That Tiber trembled underneath her banks To hear the replication of your sounds Made in her concave shores? And do you now put on your best attire? And do you now cull out a holiday? And do you now strew flowers in his way, That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood? Be gone! Run to your houses, fall upon your knees, Pray to the gods to intermit the plague That needs must light on this ingratitude.

FLAVIUS. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault Assemble all the poor men of your sort, Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears Into the channel, till the lowest stream Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[_Exeunt Citizens._]

See whether their basest metal be not mov'd; They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness. Go you down that way towards the Capitol; This way will I. Disrobe the images, If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

MARULLUS. May we do so? You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

FLAVIUS. It is no matter; let no images Be hung with Caesar's trophies. I'll about And drive away the vulgar from the streets; So do you too, where you perceive them thick. These growing feathers pluck'd from Caesar's wing Will make him fly an ordinary pitch, Who else would soar above the view of men, And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[_Exeunt._]

SCENE II. The same. A public place.

Enter, in procession, with music, Caesar; Antony, for the course; Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius and Casca; a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.

CAESAR. Calphurnia.

CASCA. Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.

[_Music ceases._]

CAESAR. Calphurnia.

CALPHURNIA. Here, my lord.

CAESAR. Stand you directly in Antonius' way, When he doth run his course. Antonius.

ANTONY. Caesar, my lord?

CAESAR. Forget not in your speed, Antonius, To touch Calphurnia; for our elders say, The barren, touched in this holy chase, Shake off their sterile curse.

ANTONY. I shall remember. When Caesar says “Do this,” it is perform’d.

CAESAR. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

[_Music._]

SOOTHSAYER. Caesar!

CAESAR. Ha! Who calls?

CASCA. Bid every noise be still; peace yet again!

[_Music ceases._]

CAESAR. Who is it in the press that calls on me? I hear a tongue shriller than all the music, Cry “Caesar”! Speak. Caesar is turn’d to hear.

SOOTHSAYER. Beware the Ides of March.

CAESAR. What man is that?

BRUTUS. A soothsayer bids you beware the Ides of March.

CAESAR. Set him before me; let me see his face.

CASSIUS. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Caesar.

CAESAR. What say’st thou to me now? Speak once again.

SOOTHSAYER. Beware the Ides of March.

CAESAR. He is a dreamer; let us leave him. Pass.

[_Sennet. Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius._]

CASSIUS. Will you go see the order of the course?

BRUTUS. Not I.

CASSIUS. I pray you, do.

BRUTUS. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part Of that quick spirit that is in Antony. Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires; I’ll leave you.

CASSIUS. Brutus, I do observe you now of late: I have not from your eyes that gentleness And show of love as I was wont to have. You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand Over your friend that loves you.

BRUTUS. Cassius, Be not deceived: if I have veil’d my look, I turn the trouble of my countenance Merely upon myself. Vexed I am Of late with passions of some difference, Conceptions only proper to myself, Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviors; But let not therefore my good friends be grieved (Among which number, Cassius, be you one) Nor construe any further my neglect, Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war, Forgets the shows of love to other men.

CASSIUS. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion; By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations. Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

BRUTUS. No, Cassius, for the eye sees not itself But by reflection, by some other thing.

CASSIUS. ’Tis just: And it is very much lamented, Brutus, That you have no such mirrors as will turn Your hidden worthiness into your eye, That you might see your shadow. I have heard Where many of the best respect in Rome, (Except immortal Caesar) speaking of Brutus, And groaning underneath this age’s yoke, Have wish’d that noble Brutus had his eyes.

BRUTUS. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius, That you would have me seek into myself For that which is not in me?

CASSIUS. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear; And since you know you cannot see yourself So well as by reflection, I, your glass, Will modestly discover to yourself That of yourself which you yet know not of. And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus: Were I a common laugher, or did use To stale with ordinary oaths my love To every new protester; if you know That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard, And after scandal them; or if you know That I profess myself in banqueting, To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[_Flourish and shout._]

BRUTUS. What means this shouting? I do fear the people Choose Caesar for their king.

CASSIUS. Ay, do you fear it? Then must I think you would not have it so.

BRUTUS. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well, But wherefore do you hold me here so long? What is it that you would impart to me? If it be aught toward the general good, Set honour in one eye and death i' the other, And I will look on both indifferently; For let the gods so speed me as I love The name of honour more than I fear death.

CASSIUS. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus, As well as I do know your outward favour. Well, honour is the subject of my story. I cannot tell what you and other men Think of this life; but, for my single self, I had as lief not be as live to be In awe of such a thing as I myself. I was born free as Caesar; so were you; We both have fed as well, and we can both Endure the winter's cold as well as he: For once, upon a raw and gusty day, The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores, Caesar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now Leap in with me into this angry flood, And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word, Accoutred as I was, I plunged in, And bade him follow: so indeed he did. The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it With lusty sinews, throwing it aside And stemming it with hearts of controversy. But ere we could arrive the point propos'd, Caesar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!" I, as Aeneas, our great ancestor, Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber Did I the tired Caesar. And this man Is now become a god; and Cassius is A wretched creature, and must bend his body, If Caesar carelessly but nod on him. He had a fever when he was in Spain, And when the fit was on him I did mark How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake: His coward lips did from their colour fly, And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world Did lose his lustre. I did hear him groan: Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans Mark him, and write his speeches in their books, Alas, it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius," As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me, A man of such a feeble temper should So get the start of the majestic world, And bear the palm alone.

[_Shout. Flourish._]

BRUTUS. Another general shout? I do believe that these applauses are For some new honours that are heap'd on Caesar.

CASSIUS. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world Like a Colossus, and we petty men Walk under his huge legs, and peep about To find ourselves dishonourable graves. Men at some time are masters of their fates: The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, But in ourselves, that we are underlings. "Brutus" and "Caesar": what should be in that "Caesar"? Why should that name be sounded more than yours? Write them together, yours is as fair a name; Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well; Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em, "Brutus" will start a spirit as soon as "Caesar." Now in the names of all the gods at once, Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed, That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd! Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods! When went there by an age since the great flood, But it was fam'd with more than with one man? When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome, That her wide walls encompass'd but one man? Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough, When there is in it but one only man. O, you and I have heard our fathers say, There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome, As easily as a king!

BRUTUS. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous; What you would work me to, I have some aim: How I have thought of this, and of these times, I shall recount hereafter. For this present, I would not, so with love I might entreat you, Be any further mov'd. What you have said, I will consider; what you have to say I will with patience hear; and find a time Both meet to hear and answer such high things. Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this: Brutus had rather be a villager Than to repute himself a son of Rome Under these hard conditions as this time Is like to lay upon us.

CASSIUS. I am glad that my weak words Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Enter Caesar and his Train.

BRUTUS. The games are done, and Caesar is returning.

CASSIUS. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve, And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you What hath proceeded worthy note today.

BRUTUS. I will do so. But, look you, Cassius, The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow, And all the rest look like a chidden train: Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes As we have seen him in the Capitol, Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

CASSIUS. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

CAESAR. Antonius.

ANTONY. Caesar?

CAESAR. Let me have men about me that are fat, Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep a-nights: Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look; He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

ANTONY. Fear him not, Caesar; he's not dangerous; He is a noble Roman and well given.

CAESAR. Would he were fatter! But I fear him not: Yet if my name were liable to fear, I do not know the man I should avoid So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much, He is a great observer, and he looks Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays, As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music. Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit That could be mov'd to smile at anything. Such men as he be never at heart's ease Whiles they behold a greater than themselves, And therefore are they very dangerous. I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd Than what I fear; for always I am Caesar. Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf, And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[_Exeunt Caesar and his Train. Casca stays._]

CASCA. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

BRUTUS. Ay, Casca, tell us what hath chanc'd today, That Caesar looks so sad.

CASCA. Why, you were with him, were you not?

BRUTUS. I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.

CASCA. Why, there was a crown offer'd him; and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

BRUTUS. What was the second noise for?

CASCA. Why, for that too.

CASSIUS. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

CASCA. Why, for that too.

BRUTUS. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

CASCA. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting-by mine honest neighbours shouted.

CASSIUS. Who offer'd him the crown?

CASCA. Why, Antony.

BRUTUS. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

CASCA. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown; yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets; and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again: then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his

fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still, as he refus'd it, the rabblement hooted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Caesar refus'd the crown, that it had, almost, choked Caesar, for he swooned, and fell down at it. And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

CASSIUS. But, soft! I pray you. What, did Caesar swoon?

CASCA. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

BRUTUS. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling-sickness.

CASSIUS. No, Caesar hath it not; but you, and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

CASCA. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure Caesar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

BRUTUS. What said he when he came unto himself?

CASCA. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut. And I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said anything amiss, he desir'd their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches where I stood cried, "Alas, good soul!" and forgave him with all their hearts. But there's no heed to be taken of them: if Caesar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

BRUTUS. And, after that, he came thus sad away?

CASCA. Ay.

CASSIUS. Did Cicero say anything?

CASCA. Ay, he spoke Greek.

CASSIUS. To what effect?

CASCA. Nay, and I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again. But those that understood him smil'd at one another and shook their heads; but for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Caesar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

CASSIUS. Will you sup with me tonight, Casca?

CASCA. No, I am promis'd forth.

CASSIUS. Will you dine with me tomorrow?

CASCA. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

CASSIUS. Good. I will expect you.

CASCA. Do so; farewell both.

[_Exit Casca._]

BRUTUS. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be! He was quick mettle when he went to school.

CASSIUS. So is he now in execution Of any bold or noble enterprise, However he puts on this tardy form. This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit, Which gives men stomach to digest his words With better appetite.

BRUTUS. And so it is. For this time I will leave you: Tomorrow, if you please to speak with me, I will come home to you; or, if you will, Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

CASSIUS. I will do so: till then, think of the world.

[_Exit Brutus._]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet I see, Thy honourable metal may be wrought From that it is dispos'd: therefore 'tis meet That noble minds keep ever with their likes; For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd? Caesar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus. If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius, He should not humour me. I will this night, In several hands, in at his windows throw, As if they came from several citizens, Writings, all tending to the great opinion That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at. And after this, let Caesar seat him sure, For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[_Exit._]

SCENE III. The same. A street.

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, Casca with his sword drawn, and Cicero.

CICERO. Good even, Casca: brought you Caesar home? Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?

CASCA. Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero, I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen Th' ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam, To be exalted with the threatening clouds: But never till tonight, never till now, Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. Either there is a civil strife in heaven, Or else the world too saucy with the gods, Incenses them to send destruction.

CICERO. Why, saw you anything more wonderful?

CASCA. A common slave, you'd know him well by sight, Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand, Not sensible of fire remain'd unscorch'd. Besides, I ha' not since put up my sword, Against the Capitol I met a lion, Who glared upon me, and went surly by, Without annoying me. And there were drawn Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women, Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets. And yesterday the bird of night did sit, Even at noonday upon the marketplace, Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies Do so conjointly meet, let not men say, "These are their reasons; they are natural"; For I believe, they are portentous things Unto the climate that they point upon.

CICERO. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time. But men may construe things after their fashion, Clean from the purpose of the things themselves. Comes Caesar to the Capitol tomorrow?

CASCA. He doth, for he did bid Antonius Send word to you he would be there tomorrow.

CICERO. Goodnight then, Casca: this disturbed sky Is not to walk in.

CASCA. Farewell, Cicero.

[_Exit Cicero._]

Enter Cassius.

CASSIUS. Who's there?

CASCA. A Roman.

CASSIUS. Casca, by your voice.

CASCA. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!

CASSIUS. A very pleasing night to honest men.

CASCA. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

CASSIUS. Those that have known the earth so full of faults. For my part, I have walk'd about the streets, Submitting me unto the perilous night; And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see, Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone; And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open The breast of heaven, I did present myself Even in the aim and very flash of it.

CASCA. But wherefore did you so much tempt the Heavens? It is the part of men to fear and tremble, When the most mighty gods by tokens send Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

CASSIUS. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life That should be in a Roman you do want, Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze, And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder, To see the strange impatience of the Heavens: But if you would consider the true cause Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts, Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind; Why old men, fools, and children calculate, Why all these things change from their ordinance, Their natures, and pre-formed faculties, To monstrous quality; why, you shall find That Heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits, To make them instruments of fear and warning Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man Most like this dreadful night, That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars, As doth the lion in the Capitol; A man no mightier than thyself, or me, In personal action; yet prodigious grown, And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

CASCA. 'Tis Caesar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

CASSIUS. Let it be who it is: for Romans now Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors; But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead, And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits; Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

CASCA. Indeed, they say the senators tomorrow Mean to establish Caesar as a king; And he shall wear his crown by sea and land, In every place, save here in Italy.

CASSIUS. I know where I will wear this dagger then; Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius: Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong; Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat. Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass, Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron, Can be retentive to the strength of spirit; But life, being weary of these worldly bars, Never lacks power to dismiss itself. If I know this, know all the world besides, That part of tyranny that I do bear I can shake off at pleasure.

[_Thunder still._]

CASCA. So can I: So every bondman in his own hand bears The power to cancel his captivity.

CASSIUS. And why should Caesar be a tyrant then? Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf, But that he sees the Romans are but sheep: He were no lion, were not Romans hinds. Those that with haste will make a mighty fire Begin it with weak straws. What trash is Rome, What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves For the base matter to illuminate So vile a thing as Caesar! But, O grief, Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this Before a willing bondman: then I know My answer must be made; but I am arm'd, And dangers are to me indifferent.

CASCA. You speak to Casca, and to such a man That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand: Be factious for redress of all these griefs, And I will set this foot of mine as far As who goes farthest.

CASSIUS. There's a bargain made. Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans To undergo with me an enterprise Of honourable-dangerous consequence; And I do know by this, they stay for me In Pompey's Porch: for now, this fearful night, There is no stir or walking in the streets; And the complexion of the element In favour's like the work we have in hand, Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

CASCA. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

CASSIUS. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait; He is a friend. Cinna, where haste you so?

CINNA. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

CASSIUS. No, it is Casca, one incorporate To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

CINNA. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this! There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

CASSIUS. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

CINNA. Yes, you are. O Cassius, if you could But win the noble Brutus to our party—

CASSIUS. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper, And look you lay it in the praetor's chair, Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this In at his window; set this up with wax Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done, Repair to Pompey's Porch, where you shall find us. Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

CINNA. All but Metellus Cimber, and he's gone To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie, And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

CASSIUS. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[_Exit Cinna._]

Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day, See Brutus at his house: three parts of him Is ours already, and the man entire Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

CASCA. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts! And that which would appear offence in us, His countenance, like richest alchemy, Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

CASSIUS. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him, You have right well conceited. Let us go, For it is after midnight; and ere day, We will awake him, and be sure of him.

[_Exeunt._]

ACT II

SCENE I. Rome. Brutus' orchard.

Enter Brutus.

BRUTUS. What, Lucius, ho! I cannot, by the progress of the stars, Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say! I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly. When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say! What, Lucius!

Enter Lucius.

LUCIUS. Call'd you, my lord?

BRUTUS. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius: When it is lighted, come and call me here.

LUCIUS. I will, my lord.

[_Exit._]

BRUTUS. It must be by his death: and for my part, I know no personal cause to spurn at him, But for the general. He would be crown'd: How that might change his nature, there's the question. It is the bright day that brings forth the adder, And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that; And then, I grant, we put a sting in him, That at his will he may do danger with. Th' abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins Remorse from power; and, to speak truth of Caesar, I have not known when his affections sway'd More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof, That lowliness is young ambition's ladder, Whereto the climber-upward turns his face; But when he once attains the upmost round, He then unto the ladder turns his back, Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees By which he did ascend. So Caesar may; Then lest he may, prevent. And since the quarrel Will bear no colour for the thing he is, Fashion it thus: that what he is, augmented, Would run to these and these extremities: And therefore think him as a serpent's egg Which hatch'd, would, as his kind grow mischievous; And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius.

LUCIUS. The taper burneth in your closet, sir. Searching the window for a flint, I found This paper, thus seal'd up, and I am sure It did not lie there when I went to bed.

[_Gives him the letter._]

BRUTUS. Get you to bed again; it is not day. Is not tomorrow, boy, the Ides of March?

LUCIUS. I know not, sir.

BRUTUS. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

LUCIUS. I will, sir.

[_Exit._]

BRUTUS. The exhalations, whizzing in the air Give so much light that I may read by them.

[_Opens the letter and reads._]

Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake and see thyself. Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress! "Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!" Such instigations have been often dropp'd Where I have took them up. "Shall Rome, &c." Thus must I piece it out: Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome? My ancestors did from the streets of Rome The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king. "Speak, strike, redress!" Am I entreated To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise, If the redress will follow, thou receivest Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus.

Enter Lucius.

LUCIUS. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

[_Knock within._]

BRUTUS. 'Tis good. Go to the gate, somebody knocks.

[_Exit Lucius._]

Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar, I have not slept. Between the acting of a dreadful thing And the first motion, all the interim is Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream: The genius and the mortal instruments Are then in council; and the state of man, Like to a little kingdom, suffers then The nature of an insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

LUCIUS. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door, Who doth desire to see you.

BRUTUS. Is he alone?

LUCIUS. No, sir, there are moe with him.

BRUTUS. Do you know them?

LUCIUS. No, sir, their hats are pluck'd about their ears, And half their faces buried in their cloaks, That by no means I may discover them By any mark of favour.

BRUTUS. Let 'em enter.

[_Exit Lucius._]

They are the faction. O conspiracy, Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night, When evils are most free? O, then, by day Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy; Hide it in smiles and affability: For if thou path, thy native semblance on, Not Erebus itself were dim enough To hide thee from prevention.

Enter Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus Cimber and Trebonius.

CASSIUS. I think we are too bold upon your rest: Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

BRUTUS. I have been up this hour, awake all night. Know I these men that come along with you?

CASSIUS. Yes, every man of them; and no man here But honours you; and everyone doth wish You had but that opinion of yourself Which every noble Roman bears of you. This is Trebonius.

BRUTUS. He is welcome hither.

CASSIUS. This Decius Brutus.

BRUTUS. He is welcome too.

CASSIUS. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.

BRUTUS. They are all welcome. What watchful cares do interpose themselves Betwixt your eyes and night?

CASSIUS. Shall I entreat a word?

[_They whisper._]

DECIUS. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?

CASCA. No.

CINNA. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

CASCA. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd. Here, as I point my sword, the Sun arises; Which is a great way growing on the South, Weighing the youthful season of the year. Some two months hence, up higher toward the North He first presents his fire; and the high East Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

BRUTUS. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

CASSIUS. And let us swear our resolution.

BRUTUS. No, not an oath. If not the face of men, The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse— If these be motives weak, break off betimes, And every man hence to his idle bed. So let high-sighted tyranny range on, Till each man drop by lottery. But if these, As I am sure they do, bear fire enough To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen, What need we any spur but our own cause To prick us to redress? what other bond Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word, And will not palter? and what other oath Than honesty to honesty engag'd, That this shall be, or we will fall for it? Swear priests and cowards, and men cautelous, Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain The even virtue of our enterprise, Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits, To think that or our cause or our performance Did need an oath; when every drop of blood That every Roman bears, and nobly bears, Is guilty of a several bastardy, If he do break the smallest particle Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

CASSIUS. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him? I think he will stand very strong with us.

CASCA. Let us not leave him out.

CINNA. No, by no means.

METELLUS. O, let us have him, for his silver hairs Will purchase us a good opinion, And buy men's voices to commend our deeds. It shall be said, his judgement rul'd our hands; Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear, But all be buried in his gravity.

BRUTUS. O, name him not; let us not break with him; For he will never follow anything That other men begin.

CASSIUS. Then leave him out.

CASCA. Indeed, he is not fit.

DECIUS. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Caesar?

CASSIUS. Decius, well urg'd. I think it is not meet, Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Caesar, Should outlive Caesar: we shall find of him A shrewd contriver; and you know, his means, If he improve them, may well stretch so far As to annoy us all; which to prevent, Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

BRUTUS. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius, To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs, Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards; For Antony is but a limb of Caesar. Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius. We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar, And in the spirit of men there is no blood. O, that we then could come by Caesar's spirit, And not dismember Caesar! But, alas, Caesar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends, Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully; Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods, Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds. And let our hearts, as subtle masters do, Stir up their servants to an act of rage, And after seem to chide 'em. This shall mark Our purpose necessary, and not envious; Which so appearing to the common eyes, We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers. And for Mark Antony, think not of him; For he can do no more than Caesar's arm When Caesar's head is off.

CASSIUS. Yet I fear him; For in the ingrafted love he bears to Caesar—

BRUTUS. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him: If he love Caesar, all that he can do Is to himself; take thought and die for Caesar. And that were much he should; for he is given To sports, to wildness, and much company.

TREBONIUS. There is no fear in him; let him not die; For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[_Clock strikes._]

BRUTUS. Peace! count the clock.

CASSIUS. The clock hath stricken three.

TREBONIUS. 'Tis time to part.

CASSIUS. But it is doubtful yet Whether Caesar will come forth today or no; For he is superstitious grown of late, Quite from the main opinion he held once Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies. It may be these apparent prodigies, The unaccustom'd terror of this night, And the persuasion of his augurers, May hold him from the Capitol today.

DECIUS. Never fear that: if he be so resolved, I can o'ersway him, for he loves to hear That unicorns may be betray'd with trees, And bears with glasses, elephants with holes, Lions with toils, and men with flatterers. But when I tell him he hates flatterers, He says he does, being then most flattered. Let me work; For I can give his humour the true bent, And I will bring him to the Capitol.

CASSIUS. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

BRUTUS. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

CINNA. Be that the uttermost; and fail not then.

METELLUS. Caius Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard, Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey; I wonder none of you have thought of him.

BRUTUS. Now, good Metellus, go along by him: He loves me well, and I have given him reason; Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

CASSIUS. The morning comes upon's. We'll leave you, Brutus. And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

BRUTUS. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily; Let not our looks put on our purposes, But bear it as our Roman actors do, With untired spirits and formal constancy. And so, good morrow to you everyone.

[_Exeunt all but Brutus._]

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter; Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber: Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies, Which busy care draws in the brains of men; Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

PORTIA. Brutus, my lord.

BRUTUS. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now? It is not for your health thus to commit Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

PORTIA. Nor for yours neither. Y' have ungently, Brutus, Stole from my bed; and yesternight at supper, You suddenly arose, and walk'd about, Musing and sighing, with your arms across; And when I ask'd you what the matter was, You star'd upon me with ungentle looks. I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head, And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot; Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not, But with an angry wafture of your hand Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did, Fearing to strengthen that impatience Which seem'd too much enkindled; and withal Hoping it was but an effect of humour, Which sometime hath his hour with every man. It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep; And could it work so much upon your shape As it hath much prevail'd on your condition, I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord, Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

BRUTUS. I am not well in health, and that is all.

PORTIA. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health, He would embrace the means to come by it.

BRUTUS. Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.

PORTIA. Is Brutus sick, and is it physical To walk unbraced and suck up the humours Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick, And will he steal out of his wholesome bed To dare the vile contagion of the night, And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus; You have some sick offence within your mind, Which, by the right and virtue of my place, I ought to know of: and, upon my knees, I charm you, by my once commended beauty, By all your vows of love, and that great vow Which did incorporate and make us one, That you unfold to me, your self, your half, Why you are heavy, and what men tonight Have had resort to you; for here have been Some six or seven, who did hide their faces Even from darkness.

BRUTUS. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

PORTIA. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus. Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus, Is it excepted I should know no secrets That appertain to you? Am I your self But, as it were, in sort or limitation, To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed, And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs Of your good pleasure? If it be no more, Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

BRUTUS. You are my true and honourable wife, As dear to me as are the ruddy drops That visit my sad heart.

PORTIA. If this were true, then should I know this secret. I grant I am a woman; but withal A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife; I grant I am a woman; but withal A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter. Think you I am no stronger than my sex, Being so father'd and so husbanded? Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em. I have made strong proof of my constancy, Giving myself a voluntary wound Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience And not my husband's secrets?

BRUTUS. O ye gods, Render me worthy of this noble wife!

[_Knock._]

Hark, hark, one knocks. Portia, go in awhile; And by and by thy bosom shall partake The secrets of my heart. All my engagements I will construe to thee, All the charactery of my sad brows. Leave me with haste.

[_Exit Portia._]

Enter Lucius with Ligarius.

Lucius, who's that knocks?

LUCIUS. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

BRUTUS. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of. Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius, how?

LIGARIUS. Vouchsafe good-morrow from a feeble tongue.

BRUTUS. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius, To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!

LIGARIUS. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

BRUTUS. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius, Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

LIGARIUS. By all the gods that Romans bow before, I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome! Brave son, derived from honourable loins! Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up My mortified spirit. Now bid me run, And I will strive with things impossible, Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

BRUTUS. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

LIGARIUS. But are not some whole that we must make sick?

BRUTUS. That must we also. What it is, my Caius, I shall unfold to thee, as we are going, To whom it must be done.

LIGARIUS. Set on your foot, And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you, To do I know not what; but it sufficeth That Brutus leads me on.

[_Thunder._]

BRUTUS. Follow me then.

[_Exeunt._]

SCENE II. A room in Caesar's palace.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Caesar, in his nightgown.

CAESAR. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace tonight: Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out, "Help, ho! They murder Caesar!" Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

SERVANT. My lord?

CAESAR. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice, And bring me their opinions of success.

SERVANT. I will, my lord.

[_Exit._]

Enter Calphurnia.

CALPHURNIA. What mean you, Caesar? Think you to walk forth? You shall not stir out of your house today.

CAESAR. Caesar shall forth. The things that threaten'd me Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see The face of Caesar, they are vanished.

CALPHURNIA. Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies, Yet now they fright me. There is one within, Besides the things that we have heard and seen, Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch. A lioness hath whelped in the streets, And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead; Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds In ranks and squadrons and right form of war, Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol; The noise of battle hurtled in the air, Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan, And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets. O Caesar, these things are beyond all use, And I do fear them!

CAESAR. What can be avoided Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods? Yet Caesar shall go forth; for these predictions Are to the world in general as to Caesar.

CALPHURNIA. When beggars die, there are no comets seen; The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

CAESAR. Cowards die many times before their deaths; The valiant never taste of death but once. Of all the wonders that I yet have heard, It seems to me most strange that men should fear, Seeing that death, a necessary end, Will come when it will come.

Enter Servant.

What say the augurers?

SERVANT. They would not have you to stir forth today. Plucking the entrails of an offering forth, They could not find a heart within the beast.

CAESAR. The gods do this in shame of cowardice: Caesar should be a beast without a heart If he should stay at home today for fear. No, Caesar shall not. Danger knows full well That Caesar is more dangerous than he. We are two lions litter'd in one day, And I the elder and more terrible, And Caesar shall go forth.

CALPHURNIA. Alas, my lord, Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence. Do not go forth today: call it my fear That keeps you in the house, and not your own. We'll send Mark Antony to the Senate-house, And he shall say you are not well today. Let me upon my knee prevail in this.

CAESAR. Mark Antony shall say I am not well, And for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here’s Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

DECIUS. Caesar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Caesar. I come to fetch you to the Senate-house.

CAESAR. And you are come in very happy time To bear my greeting to the Senators, And tell them that I will not come today. Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser: I will not come today. Tell them so, Decius.

CALPHURNIA. Say he is sick.

CAESAR. Shall Caesar send a lie? Have I in conquest stretch’d mine arm so far, To be afeard to tell grey-beards the truth? Decius, go tell them Caesar will not come.

DECIUS. Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause, Lest I be laugh’d at when I tell them so.

CAESAR. The cause is in my will; I will not come. That is enough to satisfy the Senate. But for your private satisfaction, Because I love you, I will let you know: Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home. She dreamt tonight she saw my statue, Which like a fountain with an hundred spouts Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it. And these does she apply for warnings and portents And evils imminent; and on her knee Hath begg’d that I will stay at home today.

DECIUS. This dream is all amiss interpreted: It was a vision fair and fortunate. Your statue spouting blood in many pipes, In which so many smiling Romans bath’d, Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck Reviving blood, and that great men shall press For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance. This by Calphurnia’s dream is signified.

CAESAR. And this way have you well expounded it.

DECIUS. I have, when you have heard what I can say; And know it now. The Senate have concluded To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar. If you shall send them word you will not come, Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock Apt to be render’d, for someone to say, “Break up the Senate till another time, When Caesar’s wife shall meet with better dreams.” If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper “Lo, Caesar is afraid”? Pardon me, Caesar; for my dear dear love To your proceeding bids me tell you this, And reason to my love is liable.

CAESAR. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia! I am ashamed I did yield to them. Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, Cinna and Publius.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

PUBLIUS. Good morrow, Caesar.

CAESAR. Welcome, Publius. What, Brutus, are you stirr’d so early too? Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius, Caesar was ne’er so much your enemy As that same ague which hath made you lean. What is’t o’clock?

BRUTUS. Caesar, ’tis strucken eight.

CAESAR. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

See! Antony, that revels long a-nights, Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

ANTONY. So to most noble Caesar.

CAESAR. Bid them prepare within. I am to blame to be thus waited for. Now, Cinna; now, Metellus; what, Trebonius! I have an hour’s talk in store for you: Remember that you call on me today; Be near me, that I may remember you.

TREBONIUS. Caesar, I will. [_Aside._] and so near will I be, That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

CAESAR. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me; And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

BRUTUS. [_Aside._] That every like is not the same, O Caesar, The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon.

[_Exeunt._]

SCENE III. A street near the Capitol.

Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper.

ARTEMIDORUS. _“Caesar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wrong’d Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Caesar. If thou be’st not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover, Artemidorus.”_ Here will I stand till Caesar pass along, And as a suitor will I give him this. My heart laments that virtue cannot live Out of the teeth of emulation. If thou read this, O Caesar, thou mayest live; If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.

[_Exit._]

SCENE IV. Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

PORTIA. I pr’ythee, boy, run to the Senate-house; Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone. Why dost thou stay?

LUCIUS. To know my errand, madam.

PORTIA. I would have had thee there and here again, Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there. [_Aside._] O constancy, be strong upon my side, Set a huge mountain ’tween my heart and tongue! I have a man’s mind, but a woman’s might. How hard it is for women to keep counsel! Art thou here yet?

LUCIUS. Madam, what should I do? Run to the Capitol, and nothing else? And so return to you, and nothing else?

PORTIA. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well, For he went sickly forth: and take good note What Caesar doth, what suitors press to him. Hark, boy, what noise is that?

LUCIUS. I hear none, madam.

PORTIA. Pr’ythee, listen well. I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray, And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

LUCIUS. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

PORTIA. Come hither, fellow: Which way hast thou been?

SOOTHSAYER. At mine own house, good lady.

PORTIA. What is’t o’clock?

SOOTHSAYER. About the ninth hour, lady.

PORTIA. Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?

SOOTHSAYER. Madam, not yet. I go to take my stand, To see him pass on to the Capitol.

PORTIA. Thou hast some suit to Caesar, hast thou not?

SOOTHSAYER. That I have, lady, if it will please Caesar To be so good to Caesar as to hear me, I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

PORTIA. Why, know’st thou any harm’s intended towards him?

SOOTHSAYER. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance. Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow. The throng that follows Caesar at the heels, Of Senators, of Praetors, common suitors, Will crowd a feeble man almost to death: I’ll get me to a place more void, and there Speak to great Caesar as he comes along.

[_Exit._]

PORTIA. I must go in. [_Aside._] Ay me, how weak a thing The heart of woman is! O Brutus, The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise! Sure, the boy heard me. Brutus hath a suit That Caesar will not grant. O, I grow faint. Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord; Say I am merry; come to me again, And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[_Exeunt._]

ACT III

SCENE I. Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting.

A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol. Flourish. Enter Caesar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Publius, Popilius and the Soothsayer.

CAESAR. The Ides of March are come.

SOOTHSAYER. Ay, Caesar; but not gone.

ARTEMIDORUS. Hail, Caesar! Read this schedule.

DECIUS. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read, At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

ARTEMIDORUS. O Caesar, read mine first; for mine's a suit That touches Caesar nearer. Read it, great Caesar.

CAESAR. What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.

ARTEMIDORUS. Delay not, Caesar. Read it instantly.

CAESAR. What, is the fellow mad?

PUBLIUS. Sirrah, give place.

CASSIUS. What, urge you your petitions in the street? Come to the Capitol.

Caesar enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the Senators rise.

POPILIUS. I wish your enterprise today may thrive.

CASSIUS. What enterprise, Popilius?

POPILIUS. Fare you well.

[_Advances to Caesar._]

BRUTUS. What said Popilius Lena?

CASSIUS. He wish'd today our enterprise might thrive. I fear our purpose is discovered.

BRUTUS. Look how he makes to Caesar: mark him.

CASSIUS. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention. Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known, Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back, For I will slay myself.

BRUTUS. Cassius, be constant: Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes; For look, he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.

CASSIUS. Trebonius knows his time, for look you, Brutus, He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[_Exeunt Antony and Trebonius. Caesar and the Senators take their seats._]

DECIUS. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go, And presently prefer his suit to Caesar.

BRUTUS. He is address'd; press near and second him.

CINNA. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

CAESAR. Are we all ready? What is now amiss That Caesar and his Senate must redress?

METELLUS. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar, Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat An humble heart.

[_Kneeling._]

CAESAR. I must prevent thee, Cimber. These couchings and these lowly courtesies Might fire the blood of ordinary men, And turn pre-ordinance and first decree Into the law of children. Be not fond, To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood That will be thaw'd from the true quality With that which melteth fools; I mean sweet words, Low-crooked curtsies, and base spaniel fawning. Thy brother by decree is banished: If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him, I spurn thee like a cur out of my way. Know, Caesar dost not wrong, nor without cause Will he be satisfied.

METELLUS. Is there no voice more worthy than my own, To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

BRUTUS. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Caesar; Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

CAESAR. What, Brutus?

CASSIUS. Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, pardon: As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall, To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

CAESAR. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you; If I could pray to move, prayers would move me: But I am constant as the northern star, Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality There is no fellow in the firmament. The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks, They are all fire, and every one doth shine; But there's but one in all doth hold his place. So in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men, And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive; Yet in the number I do know but one That unassailable holds on his rank, Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he, Let me a little show it, even in this, That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd, And constant do remain to keep him so.

CINNA. O Caesar,—

CAESAR. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

DECIUS. Great Caesar,—

CAESAR. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

CASCA. Speak, hands, for me!

[_Casca stabs Caesar in the neck. Caesar catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by Marcus Brutus._]

CAESAR. _Et tu, Brute?_—Then fall, Caesar!

[_Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion._]

CINNA. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead! Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

CASSIUS. Some to the common pulpits and cry out, "Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"

BRUTUS. People and Senators, be not affrighted. Fly not; stand still; ambition's debt is paid.

CASCA. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

DECIUS. And Cassius too.

BRUTUS. Where's Publius?

CINNA. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

METELLUS. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Caesar's Should chance—

BRUTUS. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer! There is no harm intended to your person, Nor to no Roman else. So tell them, Publius.

CASSIUS. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

BRUTUS. Do so; and let no man abide this deed But we the doers.

Enter Trebonius.

CASSIUS. Where's Antony?

TREBONIUS. Fled to his house amaz'd. Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run, As it were doomsday.

BRUTUS. Fates, we will know your pleasures. That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

CASCA. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

BRUTUS. Grant that, and then is death a benefit: So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridg'd His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop, And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords: Then walk we forth, even to the market-place, And waving our red weapons o'er our heads, Let's all cry, "Peace, freedom, and liberty!"

CASSIUS. Stoop then, and wash. How many ages hence Shall this our lofty scene be acted over In States unborn, and accents yet unknown!

BRUTUS. How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport, That now on Pompey's basis lies along, No worthier than the dust!

CASSIUS. So oft as that shall be, So often shall the knot of us be call'd The men that gave their country liberty.

DECIUS. What, shall we forth?

CASSIUS. Ay, every man away. Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

BRUTUS. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

SERVANT. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel; Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down; And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say: Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest; Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving; Say I love Brutus and I honour him; Say I fear'd Caesar, honour'd him, and lov'd him. If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony May safely come to him, and be resolv'd How Caesar hath deserv'd to lie in death, Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead So well as Brutus living; but will follow The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus Thorough the hazards of this untrod state, With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

BRUTUS. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman; I never thought him worse. Tell him, so please him come unto this place, He shall be satisfied and, by my honour, Depart untouch'd.

SERVANT. I'll fetch him presently.

[_Exit._]

BRUTUS. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

CASSIUS. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind That fears him much; and my misgiving still Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Enter Antony.

BRUTUS. But here comes Antony. Welcome, Mark Antony.

ANTONY. O mighty Caesar! Dost thou lie so low? Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils, Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well. I know not, gentlemen, what you intend, Who else must be let blood, who else is rank: If I myself, there is no hour so fit As Caesar's death's hour; nor no instrument Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich With the most noble blood of all this world. I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard, Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke, Fulfill your pleasure. Live a thousand years, I shall not find myself so apt to die. No place will please me so, no means of death, As here by Caesar, and by you cut off, The choice and master spirits of this age.

BRUTUS. O Antony, beg not your death of us. Though now we must appear bloody and cruel, As by our hands and this our present act You see we do; yet see you but our hands And this the bleeding business they have done. Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful; And pity to the general wrong of Rome— As fire drives out fire, so pity pity— Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part, To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony; Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts Of brothers' temper, do receive you in With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

CASSIUS. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's In the disposing of new dignities.

BRUTUS. Only be patient till we have appeas'd The multitude, beside themselves with fear, And then we will deliver you the cause Why I, that did love Caesar when I struck him, Have thus proceeded.

ANTONY. I doubt not of your wisdom. Let each man render me his bloody hand. First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you; Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand. Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus; Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours; Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius. Gentlemen all—alas, what shall I say? My credit now stands on such slippery ground, That one of two bad ways you must conceit me, Either a coward or a flatterer. That I did love thee, Caesar, O, 'tis true: If then thy spirit look upon us now, Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death, To see thy Antony making his peace, Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes, Most noble, in the presence of thy corse? Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds, Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood, It would become me better than to close In terms of friendship with thine enemies. Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart; Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand, Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe. O world, thou wast the forest to this hart; And this indeed, O world, the heart of thee. How like a deer strucken by many princes, Dost thou here lie!

CASSIUS. Mark Antony,—

ANTONY. Pardon me, Caius Cassius: The enemies of Caesar shall say this; Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

CASSIUS. I blame you not for praising Caesar so; But what compact mean you to have with us? Will you be prick'd in number of our friends, Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

ANTONY. Therefore I took your hands; but was indeed Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Caesar. Friends am I with you all, and love you all, Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons Why, and wherein, Caesar was dangerous.

BRUTUS. Or else were this a savage spectacle. Our reasons are so full of good regard That were you, Antony, the son of Caesar, You should be satisfied.

ANTONY. That's all I seek, And am moreover suitor that I may Produce his body to the market-place; And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend, Speak in the order of his funeral.

BRUTUS. You shall, Mark Antony.

CASSIUS. Brutus, a word with you. [_Aside to Brutus._] You know not what you do. Do not consent That Antony speak in his funeral. Know you how much the people may be mov'd By that which he will utter?

BRUTUS. [_Aside to Cassius._] By your pardon: I will myself into the pulpit first, And show the reason of our Caesar's death. What Antony shall speak, I will protest He speaks by leave and by permission; And that we are contented Caesar shall Have all true rights and lawful ceremonies. It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

CASSIUS. [_Aside to Brutus._] I know not what may fall; I like it not.

BRUTUS. Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body. You shall not in your funeral speech blame us, But speak all good you can devise of Caesar, And say you do't by our permission; Else shall you not have any hand at all About his funeral. And you shall speak In the same pulpit whereto I am going, After my speech is ended.

ANTONY. Be it so; I do desire no more.

BRUTUS. Prepare the body, then, and follow us.

[_Exeunt all but Antony._]

ANTONY. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth, That I am meek and gentle with these butchers. Thou art the ruins of the noblest man That ever lived in the tide of times. Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood! Over thy wounds now do I prophesy, Which, like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue, A curse shall light upon the limbs of men; Domestic fury and fierce civil strife Shall cumber all the parts of Italy; Blood and destruction shall be so in use, And dreadful objects so familiar, That mothers shall but smile when they behold Their infants quartered with the hands of war; All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds: And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge, With Ate by his side come hot from Hell, Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice Cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war, That this foul deed shall smell above the earth With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?

SERVANT. I do, Mark Antony.

ANTONY. Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.

SERVANT. He did receive his letters, and is coming, And bid me say to you by word of mouth,— [_Seeing the body._] O Caesar!

ANTONY. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep. Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes, Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine, Began to water. Is thy master coming?

SERVANT. He lies tonight within seven leagues of Rome.

ANTONY. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd. Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome, No Rome of safety for Octavius yet. Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay awhile; Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse Into the market-place: there shall I try, In my oration, how the people take The cruel issue of these bloody men; According to the which thou shalt discourse To young Octavius of the state of things. Lend me your hand.

[_Exeunt with Caesar's body._]

SCENE II. The same. The Forum.

Enter Brutus and goes into the pulpit, and Cassius, with a throng of Citizens.

CITIZENS. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

BRUTUS. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends. Cassius, go you into the other street And part the numbers. Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here; Those that will follow Cassius, go with him; And public reasons shall be rendered Of Caesar's death.

FIRST CITIZEN. I will hear Brutus speak.

SECOND CITIZEN. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons, When severally we hear them rendered.

[_Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes into the rostrum._]

THIRD CITIZEN. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

BRUTUS. Be patient till the last. Romans, countrymen, and lovers, hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living, and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears, for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

CITIZENS. None, Brutus, none.

BRUTUS. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol, his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter Antony and others, with Caesar's body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

CITIZENS. Live, Brutus! live, live!

FIRST CITIZEN. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

SECOND CITIZEN. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

THIRD CITIZEN. Let him be Caesar.

FOURTH CITIZEN. Caesar's better parts Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

FIRST CITIZEN. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

BRUTUS. My countrymen,—

SECOND CITIZEN. Peace! Silence! Brutus speaks.

FIRST CITIZEN. Peace, ho!

BRUTUS. Good countrymen, let me depart alone, And, for my sake, stay here with Antony. Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech Tending to Caesar's glories, which Mark Antony, By our permission, is allow'd to make. I do entreat you, not a man depart, Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[_Exit._]

FIRST CITIZEN. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

THIRD CITIZEN. Let him go up into the public chair. We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

ANTONY. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

[_Goes up._]

FOURTH CITIZEN. What does he say of Brutus?

THIRD CITIZEN. He says, for Brutus' sake He finds himself beholding to us all.

FOURTH CITIZEN. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here!

FIRST CITIZEN. This Caesar was a tyrant.

THIRD CITIZEN. Nay, that's certain. We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

SECOND CITIZEN. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

ANTONY. You gentle Romans,—

CITIZENS. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

ANTONY. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears; I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him. The evil that men do lives after them, The good is oft interred with their bones; So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus Hath told you Caesar was ambitious. If it were so, it was a grievous fault, And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it. Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest, For Brutus is an honourable man, So are they all, all honourable men, Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral. He was my friend, faithful and just to me; But Brutus says he was ambitious, And Brutus is an honourable man. He hath brought many captives home to Rome, Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill: Did this in Caesar seem ambitious? When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept; Ambition

should be made of sterner stuff: Yet Brutus says he was ambitious; And Brutus is an honourable man. You all did see that on the Lupercal I thrice presented him a kingly crown, Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition? Yet Brutus says he was ambitious; And sure he is an honourable man. I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke, But here I am to speak what I do know. You all did love him once, not without cause; What cause withholds you then to mourn for him? O judgement, thou art fled to brutish beasts, And men have lost their reason. Bear with me. My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar, And I must pause till it come back to me.

FIRST CITIZEN. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

SECOND CITIZEN. If thou consider rightly of the matter, Caesar has had great wrong.

THIRD CITIZEN. Has he, masters? I fear there will a worse come in his place.

FOURTH CITIZEN. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown; Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

FIRST CITIZEN. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

SECOND CITIZEN. Poor soul, his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

THIRD CITIZEN. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

FOURTH CITIZEN. Now mark him; he begins again to speak.

ANTONY. But yesterday the word of Caesar might Have stood against the world; now lies he there, And none so poor to do him reverence. O masters! If I were dispos'd to stir Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage, I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong, Who, you all know, are honourable men. I will not do them wrong; I rather choose To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you, Than I will wrong such honourable men. But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar, I found it in his closet; 'tis his will: Let but the commons hear this testament, Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read, And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds, And dip their napkins in his sacred blood; Yea, beg a hair of him for memory, And, dying, mention it within their wills, Bequeathing it as a rich legacy Unto their issue.

FOURTH CITIZEN. We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

CITIZENS. The will, the will! We will hear Caesar's will.

ANTONY. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it. It is not meet you know how Caesar loved you. You are not wood, you are not stones, but men; And being men, hearing the will of Caesar, It will inflame you, it will make you mad. 'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs; For if you should, O, what would come of it?

FOURTH CITIZEN. Read the will! We'll hear it, Antony; You shall read us the will, Caesar's will!

ANTONY. Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile? I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it. I fear I wrong the honourable men Whose daggers have stabb'd Caesar; I do fear it.

FOURTH CITIZEN. They were traitors. Honourable men!

CITIZENS. The will! The testament!

SECOND CITIZEN. They were villains, murderers. The will! Read the will!

ANTONY. You will compel me then to read the will? Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar, And let me show you him that made the will. Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

CITIZENS. Come down.

SECOND CITIZEN. Descend.

[_He comes down._]

THIRD CITIZEN. You shall have leave.

FOURTH CITIZEN. A ring! Stand round.

FIRST CITIZEN. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

SECOND CITIZEN. Room for Antony, most noble Antony!

ANTONY. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

CITIZENS. Stand back; room! bear back.

ANTONY. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. You all do know this mantle. I remember The first time ever Caesar put it on; 'Twas on a Summer's evening, in his tent, That day he overcame the Nervii. Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through: See what a rent the envious Casca made: Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd; And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away, Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it, As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no; For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel. Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar lov'd him. This was the most unkindest cut of all; For when the noble Caesar saw him stab, Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms, Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart; And in his mantle muffling up his face, Even at the base of Pompey's statue Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell. O, what a fall was there, my countrymen! Then I, and you, and all of us fell down, Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us. O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel The dint of pity. These are gracious drops. Kind souls, what weep you when you but behold Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here, Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

FIRST CITIZEN. O piteous spectacle!

SECOND CITIZEN. O noble Caesar!

THIRD CITIZEN. O woeful day!

FOURTH CITIZEN. O traitors, villains!

FIRST CITIZEN. O most bloody sight!

SECOND CITIZEN. We will be revenged.

CITIZENS. Revenge,—about,—seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay,—let not a traitor live!

ANTONY. Stay, countrymen.

FIRST CITIZEN. Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.

SECOND CITIZEN. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

ANTONY. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up To such a sudden flood of mutiny. They that have done this deed are honourable. What private griefs they have, alas, I know not, That made them do it. They're wise and honourable, And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you. I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts. I am no orator, as Brutus is; But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man, That love my friend; and that they know full well That gave me public leave to speak of him. For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth, Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech, To stir men's blood. I only speak right on. I tell you that which you yourselves do know, Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths, And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus, And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue In every wound of Caesar, that should move The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

CITIZENS. We'll mutiny.

FIRST CITIZEN. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

THIRD CITIZEN. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

ANTONY. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

CITIZENS. Peace, ho! Hear Antony; most noble Antony.

ANTONY. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what. Wherein hath Caesar thus deserved your loves? Alas, you know not; I must tell you then. You have forgot the will I told you of.

CITIZENS. Most true; the will!—let’s stay, and hear the will.

ANTONY. Here is the will, and under Caesar’s seal. To every Roman citizen he gives, To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

SECOND CITIZEN. Most noble Caesar! We’ll revenge his death.

THIRD CITIZEN. O, royal Caesar!

ANTONY. Hear me with patience.

CITIZENS. Peace, ho!

ANTONY. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks, His private arbors, and new-planted orchards, On this side Tiber; he hath left them you, And to your heirs forever; common pleasures, To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves. Here was a Caesar! when comes such another?

FIRST CITIZEN. Never, never. Come, away, away! We’ll burn his body in the holy place, And with the brands fire the traitors’ houses. Take up the body.

SECOND CITIZEN. Go, fetch fire.

THIRD CITIZEN. Pluck down benches.

FOURTH CITIZEN. Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[_Exeunt Citizens, with the body._]

ANTONY. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot, Take thou what course thou wilt!

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow?

SERVANT. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

ANTONY. Where is he?

SERVANT. He and Lepidus are at Caesar’s house.

ANTONY. And thither will I straight to visit him. He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry, And in this mood will give us anything.

SERVANT. I heard him say Brutus and Cassius Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

ANTONY. Belike they had some notice of the people, How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

[_Exeunt._]

SCENE III. The same. A street.

Enter Cinna, the poet, and after him the citizens.

CINNA. I dreamt tonight that I did feast with Caesar, And things unluckily charge my fantasy. I have no will to wander forth of doors, Yet something leads me forth.

FIRST CITIZEN. What is your name?

SECOND CITIZEN. Whither are you going?

THIRD CITIZEN. Where do you dwell?

FOURTH CITIZEN. Are you a married man or a bachelor?

SECOND CITIZEN. Answer every man directly.

FIRST CITIZEN. Ay, and briefly.

FOURTH CITIZEN. Ay, and wisely.

THIRD CITIZEN. Ay, and truly, you were best.

CINNA. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly. Wisely I say I am a bachelor.

SECOND CITIZEN. That's as much as to say they are fools that marry; you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed, directly.

CINNA. Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.

FIRST CITIZEN. As a friend, or an enemy?

CINNA. As a friend.

SECOND CITIZEN. That matter is answered directly.

FOURTH CITIZEN. For your dwelling, briefly.

CINNA. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

THIRD CITIZEN. Your name, sir, truly.

CINNA. Truly, my name is Cinna.

FIRST CITIZEN. Tear him to pieces! He's a conspirator.

CINNA. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

FOURTH CITIZEN. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

CINNA. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

FOURTH CITIZEN. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

THIRD CITIZEN. Tear him, tear him! Come; brands, ho! firebrands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's, some to Ligarius'. Away, go!

[_Exeunt._]

ACT IV

SCENE I. Rome. A room in Antony's house.

Enter Antony, Octavius and Lepidus, seated at a table.

ANTONY. These many then shall die; their names are prick'd.

OCTAVIUS. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

LEPIDUS. I do consent,—

OCTAVIUS. Prick him down, Antony.

LEPIDUS. Upon condition Publius shall not live, Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

ANTONY. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him. But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house; Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine How to cut off some charge in legacies.

LEPIDUS. What, shall I find you here?

OCTAVIUS. Or here, or at the Capitol.

[_Exit Lepidus._]

ANTONY. This is a slight unmeritable man, Meet to be sent on errands. Is it fit, The three-fold world divided, he should stand One of the three to share it?

OCTAVIUS. So you thought him, And took his voice who should be prick'd to die In our black sentence and proscription.

ANTONY. Octavius, I have seen more days than you; And though we lay these honours on this man, To ease ourselves of divers sland'rous loads, He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold, To groan and sweat under the business, Either led or driven, as we point the way; And having brought our treasure where we will, Then take we down his load, and turn him off, Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears, And graze in commons.

OCTAVIUS. You may do your will; But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

ANTONY. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that I do appoint him store of provender. It is a creature that I teach to fight, To wind, to stop, to run directly on, His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit. And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so: He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth: A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds On objects, arts, and imitations, Which, out of use and stal'd by other men, Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him But as a property. And now, Octavius, Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius Are levying powers; we must straight make head. Therefore let our alliance be combin'd, Our best friends made, our means stretch'd; And let us presently go sit in council, How covert matters may be best disclos'd, And open perils surest answered.

OCTAVIUS. Let us do so: for we are at the stake, And bay'd about with many enemies; And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear, Millions of mischiefs.

[_Exeunt._]

SCENE II. Before Brutus' tent, in the camp near Sardis.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, Titinius and Soldiers; Pindarus meeting them; Lucius at some distance.

BRUTUS. Stand, ho!

LUCILIUS. Give the word, ho! and stand.

BRUTUS. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

LUCILIUS. He is at hand, and Pindarus is come To do you salutation from his master.

[_Pindarus gives a letter to Brutus._]

BRUTUS. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus, In his own change, or by ill officers, Hath given me some worthy cause to wish Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand, I shall be satisfied.

PINDARUS. I do not doubt But that my noble master will appear Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

BRUTUS. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius; How he received you, let me be resolv'd.

LUCILIUS. With courtesy and with respect enough, But not with such familiar instances, Nor with such free and friendly conference, As he hath us'd of old.

BRUTUS. Thou hast describ'd A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius, When love begins to sicken and decay It useth an enforced ceremony. There are no tricks in plain and simple faith; But hollow men, like horses hot at hand, Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;

[_Low march within._]

But when they should endure the bloody spur, They fall their crests, and like deceitful jades Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

LUCILIUS. They meant this night in Sardis to be quarter'd; The greater part, the horse in general, Are come with Cassius.

Enter Cassius and Soldiers.

BRUTUS. Hark! he is arriv'd. March gently on to meet him.

CASSIUS. Stand, ho!

BRUTUS. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

FIRST SOLDIER. Stand!

SECOND SOLDIER. Stand!

THIRD SOLDIER. Stand!

CASSIUS. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

BRUTUS. Judge me, you gods; wrong I mine enemies? And if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

CASSIUS. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs; And when you do them—

BRUTUS. Cassius, be content. Speak your griefs softly, I do know you well. Before the eyes of both our armies here, Which should perceive nothing but love from us, Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away; Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs, And I will give you audience.

CASSIUS. Pindarus, Bid our commanders lead their charges off A little from this ground.

BRUTUS. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man Come to our tent till we have done our conference. Lucius and Titinius, guard our door.

[_Exeunt._]

SCENE III. Within the tent of Brutus.

Enter Brutus and Cassius.

CASSIUS. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this: You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella For taking bribes here of the Sardians; Wherein my letters, praying on his side Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

BRUTUS. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

CASSIUS. In such a time as this it is not meet That every nice offence should bear his comment.

BRUTUS. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm, To sell and mart your offices for gold To undeservers.

CASSIUS. I an itching palm! You know that you are Brutus that speak this, Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

BRUTUS. The name of Cassius honours this corruption, And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

CASSIUS. Chastisement!

BRUTUS. Remember March, the Ides of March remember: Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake? What villain touch'd his body, that did stab, And not for justice? What! Shall one of us, That struck the foremost man of all this world But for supporting robbers, shall we now Contaminate our fingers with base bribes, And sell the mighty space of our large honours For so much trash as may be grasped thus? I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon, Than such a Roman.

CASSIUS. Brutus, bait not me, I'll not endure it. You forget yourself, To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I, Older in practice, abler than yourself To make conditions.

BRUTUS. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

CASSIUS. I am.

BRUTUS. I say you are not.

CASSIUS. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself; Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

BRUTUS. Away, slight man!

CASSIUS. Is't possible?

BRUTUS. Hear me, for I will speak. Must I give way and room to your rash choler? Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

CASSIUS. O ye gods, ye gods! Must I endure all this?

BRUTUS. All this? ay, more: fret till your proud heart break; Go show your slaves how choleric you are, And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge? Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch Under your testy humour? By the gods, You shall digest the venom of your spleen, Though it do split you; for, from this day forth, I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter, When you are waspish.

CASSIUS. Is it come to this?

BRUTUS. You say you are a better soldier: Let it appear so; make your vaunting true, And it shall please me well. For mine own part, I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

CASSIUS. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus. I said, an elder soldier, not a better: Did I say better?

BRUTUS. If you did, I care not.

CASSIUS. When Caesar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

BRUTUS. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

CASSIUS. I durst not?

BRUTUS. No.

CASSIUS. What? durst not tempt him?

BRUTUS. For your life you durst not.

CASSIUS. Do not presume too much upon my love. I may do that I shall be sorry for.

BRUTUS. You have done that you should be sorry for. There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats, For I am arm'd so strong in honesty, That they pass by me as the idle wind, Which I respect not. I did send to you For certain sums of gold, which you denied me; For I can raise no money by vile means: By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart, And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash By any indirection. I did send To you for gold to pay my legions, Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius? Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so? When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous, To lock such rascal counters from his friends, Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts, Dash him to pieces!

CASSIUS. I denied you not.

BRUTUS. You did.

CASSIUS. I did not. He was but a fool That brought my answer back. Brutus hath riv'd my heart. A friend should bear his friend's infirmities; But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

BRUTUS. I do not, till you practise them on me.

CASSIUS. You love me not.

BRUTUS. I do not like your faults.

CASSIUS. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

BRUTUS. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear As huge as high Olympus.

CASSIUS. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come, Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius, For Cassius is a-weary of the world: Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother; Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd, Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote, To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger, And here my naked breast; within, a

heart Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold: If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth. I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart: Strike as thou didst at Caesar; for I know, When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

BRUTUS. Sheathe your dagger. Be angry when you will, it shall have scope; Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour. O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb That carries anger as the flint bears fire, Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark, And straight is cold again.

CASSIUS. Hath Cassius liv'd To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus, When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

BRUTUS. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

CASSIUS. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

BRUTUS. And my heart too.

CASSIUS. O Brutus!

BRUTUS. What's the matter?

CASSIUS. Have not you love enough to bear with me, When that rash humour which my mother gave me Makes me forgetful?

BRUTUS. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth, When you are over-earnest with your Brutus, He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Enter Poet, followed by Lucilius, Titinius and Lucius.

POET. [_Within._] Let me go in to see the generals, There is some grudge between 'em; 'tis not meet They be alone.

LUCILIUS. [_Within._] You shall not come to them.

POET. [_Within._] Nothing but death shall stay me.

CASSIUS. How now! What's the matter?

POET. For shame, you generals! What do you mean? Love, and be friends, as two such men should be; For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

CASSIUS. Ha, ha! How vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

BRUTUS. Get you hence, sirrah. Saucy fellow, hence!

CASSIUS. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

BRUTUS. I'll know his humour when he knows his time. What should the wars do with these jigging fools? Companion, hence!

CASSIUS. Away, away, be gone!

[_Exit Poet._]

BRUTUS. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders Prepare to lodge their companies tonight.

CASSIUS. And come yourselves and bring Messala with you Immediately to us.

[_Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius._]

BRUTUS. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

[_Exit Lucius._]

CASSIUS. I did not think you could have been so angry.

BRUTUS. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

CASSIUS. Of your philosophy you make no use, If you give place to accidental evils.

BRUTUS. No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

CASSIUS. Ha? Portia?

BRUTUS. She is dead.

CASSIUS. How ’scap’d I killing, when I cross’d you so? O insupportable and touching loss! Upon what sickness?

BRUTUS. Impatient of my absence, And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony Have made themselves so strong; for with her death That tidings came. With this she fell distract, And, her attendants absent, swallow’d fire.

CASSIUS. And died so?

BRUTUS. Even so.

CASSIUS. O ye immortal gods!

Enter Lucius, with wine and a taper.

BRUTUS. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine. In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.

[_Drinks._]

CASSIUS. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge. Fill, Lucius, till the wine o’erswell the cup. I cannot drink too much of Brutus’ love.

[_Drinks._]

[_Exit Lucius._]

Enter Titinius and Messala.

BRUTUS. Come in, Titinius! Welcome, good Messala. Now sit we close about this taper here, And call in question our necessities.

CASSIUS. Portia, art thou gone?

BRUTUS. No more, I pray you. Messala, I have here received letters, That young Octavius and Mark Antony Come down upon us with a mighty power, Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

MESSALA. Myself have letters of the selfsame tenor.

BRUTUS. With what addition?

MESSALA. That by proscription and bills of outlawry Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus Have put to death an hundred Senators.

BRUTUS. Therein our letters do not well agree. Mine speak of seventy Senators that died By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

CASSIUS. Cicero one!

MESSALA. Cicero is dead, And by that order of proscription. Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

BRUTUS. No, Messala.

MESSALA. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

BRUTUS. Nothing, Messala.

MESSALA. That, methinks, is strange.

BRUTUS. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

MESSALA. No, my lord.

BRUTUS. Now as you are a Roman, tell me true.

MESSALA. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell, For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

BRUTUS. Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala. With meditating that she must die once, I have the patience to endure it now.

MESSALA. Even so great men great losses should endure.

CASSIUS. I have as much of this in art as you, But yet my nature could not bear it so.

BRUTUS. Well, to our work alive. What do you think Of marching to Philippi presently?

CASSIUS. I do not think it good.

BRUTUS. Your reason?

CASSIUS. This it is: 'Tis better that the enemy seek us; So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers, Doing himself offence, whilst we, lying still, Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

BRUTUS. Good reasons must of force give place to better. The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground Do stand but in a forced affection; For they have grudg'd us contribution. The enemy, marching along by them, By them shall make a fuller number up, Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd; From which advantage shall we cut him off If at Philippi we do face him there, These people at our back.

CASSIUS. Hear me, good brother.

BRUTUS. Under your pardon. You must note besides, That we have tried the utmost of our friends, Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe. The enemy increaseth every day; We, at the height, are ready to decline. There is a tide in the affairs of men, Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; Omitted, all the voyage of their life Is bound in shallows and in miseries. On such a full sea are we now afloat, And we must take the current when it serves, Or lose our ventures.

CASSIUS. Then, with your will, go on: We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

BRUTUS. The deep of night is crept upon our talk, And nature must obey necessity, Which we will niggard with a little rest. There is no more to say?

CASSIUS. No more. Good night: Early tomorrow will we rise, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

BRUTUS. Lucius! My gown.

[_Exit Lucius._]

Farewell now, good Messala. Good night, Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius, Good night, and good repose.

CASSIUS. O my dear brother! This was an ill beginning of the night. Never come such division 'tween our souls! Let it not, Brutus.

Enter Lucius with the gown.

BRUTUS. Everything is well.

CASSIUS. Good night, my lord.

BRUTUS. Good night, good brother.

TITINIUS and MESSALA. Good night, Lord Brutus.

BRUTUS. Farewell, everyone.

[_Exeunt Cassius, Titinius and Messala._]

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

LUCIUS. Here in the tent.

BRUTUS. What, thou speak’st drowsily? Poor knave, I blame thee not, thou art o’er-watch’d. Call Claudius and some other of my men; I’ll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

LUCIUS. Varro and Claudius!

Enter Varro and Claudius.

VARRO. Calls my lord?

BRUTUS. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep; It may be I shall raise you by-and-by On business to my brother Cassius.

VARRO. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.

BRUTUS. I will not have it so; lie down, good sirs, It may be I shall otherwise bethink me. Look, Lucius, here’s the book I sought for so; I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[_Servants lie down._]

LUCIUS. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

BRUTUS. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful. Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile, And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

LUCIUS. Ay, my lord, an’t please you.

BRUTUS. It does, my boy. I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

LUCIUS. It is my duty, sir.

BRUTUS. I should not urge thy duty past thy might; I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

LUCIUS. I have slept, my lord, already.

BRUTUS. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again; I will not hold thee long. If I do live, I will be good to thee.

[_Lucius plays and sings till he falls asleep._]

This is a sleepy tune. O murd’rous slumber, Layest thou thy leaden mace upon my boy, That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night; I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee. If thou dost nod, thou break’st thy instrument; I’ll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night. Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn’d down Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghost of Caesar.

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here? I think it is the weakness of mine eyes That shapes this monstrous apparition. It comes upon me. Art thou anything? Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil, That mak’st my blood cold and my hair to stare? Speak to me what thou art.

GHOST. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

BRUTUS. Why com’st thou?

GHOST. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

BRUTUS. Well; then I shall see thee again?

GHOST. Ay, at Philippi.

BRUTUS. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.

[_Ghost vanishes._]

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest. Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee. Boy! Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake! Claudius!

LUCIUS. The strings, my lord, are false.

BRUTUS. He thinks he still is at his instrument. Lucius, awake!

LUCIUS. My lord?

BRUTUS. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

LUCIUS. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

BRUTUS. Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see anything?

LUCIUS. Nothing, my lord.

BRUTUS. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius! Fellow thou, awake!

VARRO. My lord?

CLAUDIUS. My lord?

BRUTUS. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

VARRO. CLAUDIUS. Did we, my lord?

BRUTUS. Ay. Saw you anything?

VARRO. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

CLAUDIUS. Nor I, my lord.

BRUTUS. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius; Bid him set on his powers betimes before, And we will follow.

VARRO. CLAUDIUS. It shall be done, my lord.

[_Exeunt._]

ACT V

SCENE I. The plains of Philippi.

Enter Octavius, Antony and their Army.

OCTAVIUS. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered. You said the enemy would not come down, But keep the hills and upper regions. It proves not so; their battles are at hand, They mean to warn us at Philippi here, Answering before we do demand of them.

ANTONY. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know Wherefore they do it. They could be content To visit other places, and come down With fearful bravery, thinking by this face To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage; But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER. Prepare you, generals. The enemy comes on in gallant show; Their bloody sign of battle is hung out, And something to be done immediately.

ANTONY. Octavius, lead your battle softly on Upon the left hand of the even field.

OCTAVIUS. Upon the right hand I. Keep thou the left.

ANTONY. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

OCTAVIUS. I do not cross you; but I will do so.

[_March._]

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius and their Army; Lucilius, Titinius, Messala and others.

BRUTUS. They stand, and would have parley.

CASSIUS. Stand fast, Titinius; we must out and talk.

OCTAVIUS. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

ANTONY. No, Caesar, we will answer on their charge. Make forth; the generals would have some words.

OCTAVIUS. Stir not until the signal.

BRUTUS. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

OCTAVIUS. Not that we love words better, as you do.

BRUTUS. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

ANTONY. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words; Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart, Crying, "Long live! Hail, Caesar!"

CASSIUS. Antony, The posture of your blows are yet unknown; But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees, And leave them honeyless.

ANTONY. Not stingless too.

BRUTUS. O yes, and soundless too, For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony, And very wisely threat before you sting.

ANTONY. Villains, you did not so when your vile daggers Hack'd one another in the sides of Caesar: You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds, And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet; Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind Struck Caesar on the neck. O you flatterers!

CASSIUS. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself. This tongue had not offended so today, If Cassius might have rul'd.

OCTAVIUS. Come, come, the cause. If arguing makes us sweat, The proof of it will turn to redder drops. Look, I draw a sword against conspirators. When think you that the sword goes up again? Never, till Caesar's three and thirty wounds Be well aveng'd; or till another Caesar Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

BRUTUS. Caesar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands, Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

OCTAVIUS. So I hope. I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

BRUTUS. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain, Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

CASSIUS. A peevish school-boy, worthless of such honour, Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

ANTONY. Old Cassius still!

OCTAVIUS. Come, Antony; away! Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth. If you dare fight today, come to the field; If not, when you have stomachs.

[_Exeunt Octavius, Antony and their Army._]

CASSIUS. Why now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark! The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

BRUTUS. Ho, Lucilius! Hark, a word with you.

LUCILIUS. My lord?

[_Brutus and Lucilius talk apart._]

CASSIUS. Messala.

MESSALA. What says my General?

CASSIUS. Messala, This is my birth-day; as this very day Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala: Be thou my witness that against my will As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set Upon one battle all our liberties. You know that I held Epicurus strong, And his opinion. Now I change my mind, And partly credit things that do presage. Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd, Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands, Who to Philippi here consorted us. This morning are they fled away and gone, And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us, As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem A canopy most fatal, under which Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

MESSALA. Believe not so.

CASSIUS. I but believe it partly, For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd To meet all perils very constantly.

BRUTUS. Even so, Lucilius.

CASSIUS. Now, most noble Brutus, The gods today stand friendly, that we may, Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age! But, since the affairs of men rest still incertain, Let's reason with the worst that may befall. If we do lose this battle, then is this The very last time we shall speak together: What are you then determined to do?

BRUTUS. Even by the rule of that philosophy By which I did blame Cato for the death Which he did give himself, I know not how, But I do find it cowardly and vile, For fear of what might fall, so to prevent The time of life, arming myself with patience To stay the providence of some high powers That govern us below.

CASSIUS. Then, if we lose this battle, You are contented to be led in triumph Thorough the streets of Rome?

BRUTUS. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman, That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome; He bears too great a mind. But this same day Must end that work the Ides of March begun; And whether we shall meet again I know not. Therefore our everlasting farewell take. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius. If we do meet again, why, we shall smile; If not, why then this parting was well made.

CASSIUS. For ever and for ever farewell, Brutus. If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed; If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

BRUTUS. Why then, lead on. O, that a man might know The end of this day's business ere it come! But it sufficeth that the day will end, And then the end is known. Come, ho! away!

[_Exeunt._]

SCENE II. The same. The field of battle.

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.

BRUTUS. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills Unto the legions on the other side.

[_Loud alarum._]

Let them set on at once; for I perceive But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing, And sudden push gives them the overthrow. Ride, ride, Messala; let them all come down.

[_Exeunt._]

SCENE III. Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

CASSIUS. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly! Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy: This ensign here of mine was turning back; I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

TITINIUS. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early, Who, having some advantage on Octavius, Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil, Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

PINDARUS. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off; Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord. Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

CASSIUS. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius; Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

TITINIUS. They are, my lord.

CASSIUS. Titinius, if thou lovest me, Mount thou my horse and hide thy spurs in him, Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops And here again, that I may rest assur'd Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

TITINIUS. I will be here again, even with a thought.

[_Exit._]

CASSIUS. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill, My sight was ever thick. Regard Titinius, And tell me what thou notest about the field.

[_Pindarus goes up._]

This day I breathed first. Time is come round, And where I did begin, there shall I end. My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?

PINDARUS. [_Above._] O my lord!

CASSIUS. What news?

PINDARUS. [_Above._] Titinius is enclosed round about With horsemen, that make to him on the spur, Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him. Now, Titinius! Now some light. O, he lights too. He's ta'en!

[_Shout._]

And, hark! they shout for joy.

CASSIUS. Come down; behold no more. O, coward that I am, to live so long, To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

[_Pindarus descends._]

Come hither, sirrah. In Parthia did I take thee prisoner; And then I swore thee, saving of thy life, That whatsoever I did bid thee do, Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath. Now be a freeman; and with this good sword, That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this bosom. Stand not to answer. Here, take thou the hilts; And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now, Guide thou the sword.—Caesar, thou art reveng'd, Even with the sword that kill'd thee.

[_Dies._]

PINDARUS. So, I am free, yet would not so have been, Durst I have done my will. O Cassius! Far from this country Pindarus shall run, Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[_Exit._]

Enter Titinius with Messala.

MESSALA. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power, As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

TITINIUS. These tidings would well comfort Cassius.

MESSALA. Where did you leave him?

TITINIUS. All disconsolate, With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

MESSALA. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

TITINIUS. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

MESSALA. Is not that he?

TITINIUS. No, this was he, Messala, But Cassius is no more. O setting sun, As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night, So in his red blood Cassius' day is set. The sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone; Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done. Mistrust

of my success hath done this deed.

MESSALA. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed. O hateful Error, Melancholy's child! Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men The things that are not? O Error, soon conceiv'd, Thou never com'st unto a happy birth, But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!

TITINIUS. What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?

MESSALA. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet The noble Brutus, thrusting this report Into his ears. I may say thrusting it; For piercing steel and darts envenomed Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus As tidings of this sight.

TITINIUS. Hie you, Messala, And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[_Exit Messala._]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius? Did I not meet thy friends? And did not they Put on my brows this wreath of victory, And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts? Alas, thou hast misconstrued everything! But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow; Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace, And see how I regarded Caius Cassius. By your leave, gods. This is a Roman's part. Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[_Dies._]

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, young Cato, Strato, Volumnius and Lucilius.

BRUTUS. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

MESSALA. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

BRUTUS. Titinius' face is upward.

CATO. He is slain.

BRUTUS. O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet! Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords In our own proper entrails.

[_Low alarums._]

CATO. Brave Titinius! Look whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

BRUTUS. Are yet two Romans living such as these? The last of all the Romans, fare thee well! It is impossible that ever Rome Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears To this dead man than you shall see me pay. I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time. Come therefore, and to Thassos send his body. His funerals shall not be in our camp, Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come; And come, young Cato; let us to the field. Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on. 'Tis three o'clock; and Romans, yet ere night We shall try fortune in a second fight.

[_Exeunt._]

SCENE IV. Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter fighting soldiers of both armies; then Brutus, Messala, young Cato, Lucilius, Flavius and others.

BRUTUS. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

CATO. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me? I will proclaim my name about the field. I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend. I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

[_Charges the enemy._]

LUCILIUS. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I; Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!

[_Exit, charging the enemy. Cato is overpowered, and falls._]

LUCILIUS. O young and noble Cato, art thou down? Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius, And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

FIRST SOLDIER. Yield, or thou diest.

LUCILIUS. Only I yield to die: There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;

[_Offering money_]

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

FIRST SOLDIER. We must not. A noble prisoner!

SECOND SOLDIER. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

FIRST SOLDIER. I'll tell the news. Here comes the General.

Enter Antony.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

ANTONY. Where is he?

LUCILIUS. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough. I dare assure thee that no enemy Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus. The gods defend him from so great a shame! When you do find him, or alive or dead, He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

ANTONY. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you, A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe, Give him all kindness. I had rather have Such men my friends than enemies. Go on, And see whether Brutus be alive or dead; And bring us word unto Octavius' tent How everything is chanc'd.

[_Exeunt._]

SCENE V. Another part of the field.

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato and Volumnius.

BRUTUS. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

CLITUS. Statilius show'd the torch-light; but, my lord, He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

BRUTUS. Sit thee down, Clitus. Slaying is the word; It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.

[_Whispering._]

CLITUS. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

BRUTUS. Peace then, no words.

CLITUS. I'll rather kill myself.

BRUTUS. Hark thee, Dardanius.

[_Whispers him._]

DARDANIUS. Shall I do such a deed?

CLITUS. O Dardanius!

DARDANIUS. O Clitus!

CLITUS. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

DARDANIUS. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

CLITUS. Now is that noble vessel full of grief, That it runs over even at his eyes.

BRUTUS. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

VOLUMNIUS. What says my lord?

BRUTUS. Why, this, Volumnius: The ghost of Caesar hath appear'd to me Two several times by night; at Sardis once, And this last night here in Philippi fields. I know my hour is come.

VOLUMNIUS. Not so, my lord.

BRUTUS. Nay I am sure it is, Volumnius. Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes; Our enemies have beat us to the pit.

[_Low alarums._]

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius, Thou know'st that we two went to school together; Even for that our love of old, I pr'ythee Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

VOLUMNIUS. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[_Alarums still._]

CLITUS. Fly, fly, my lord! there is no tarrying here.

BRUTUS. Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius. Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep; Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen, My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life I found no man but he was true to me. I shall have glory by this losing day More than Octavius and Mark Antony By this vile conquest shall attain unto. So fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue Hath almost ended his life's history. Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest, That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[_Alarums. Cry within, "Fly, fly, fly!"._]

CLITUS. Fly, my lord, fly!

BRUTUS. Hence! I will follow.

[_Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius and Volumnius._]

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord. Thou art a fellow of a good respect; Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it. Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face, While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

STRATO. Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my lord.

BRUTUS. Farewell, good Strato.—Caesar, now be still: I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[_He runs on his sword, and dies._]

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Messala, Lucilius and the Army.

OCTAVIUS. What man is that?

MESSALA. My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?

STRATO. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala. The conquerors can but make a fire of him; For Brutus only overcame himself, And no man else hath honour by his death.

LUCILIUS. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus, That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

OCTAVIUS. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them. Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

STRATO. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

OCTAVIUS. Do so, good Messala.

MESSALA. How died my master, Strato?

STRATO. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

MESSALA. Octavius, then take him to follow thee, That did the latest service to my master.

ANTONY. This was the noblest Roman of them all. All the conspirators save only he, Did that they did in envy of great Caesar; He only, in a general honest thought And common good to all, made one of them. His life was gentle, and the elements So mix’d in him that Nature might stand up And say to all the world, “This was a man!”

OCTAVIUS. According to his virtue let us use him With all respect and rites of burial. Within my tent his bones tonight shall lie, Most like a soldier, order’d honourably. So call the field to rest, and let’s away, To part the glories of this happy day.

[_Exeunt._]

==========

Untitled

William Shakespeare

Project Gutenberg Release: November 01, 1998 · eBook #1533

MACBETH

by William Shakespeare

Contents

ACT I Scene I. An open Place. Scene II. A Camp near Forres. Scene III. A heath. Scene IV. Forres. A Room in the Palace. Scene V. Inverness. A Room in Macbeth’s Castle. Scene VI. The same. Before the Castle. Scene VII. The same. A Lobby in the Castle.

ACT II Scene I. Inverness. Court within the Castle. Scene II. The same. Scene III. The same. Scene IV. The same. Without the Castle.

ACT III Scene I. Forres. A Room in the Palace. Scene II. The same. Another Room in the Palace. Scene III. The same. A Park or Lawn, with a gate leading to the Palace. Scene IV. The same. A Room of state in the Palace. Scene V. The heath. Scene VI. Forres. A Room in the Palace.

ACT IV Scene I. A dark Cave. In the middle, a Cauldron Boiling. Scene II. Fife. A Room in Macduff’s Castle. Scene III. England. Before the King’s Palace.

ACT V Scene I. Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle. Scene II. The Country near Dunsinane. Scene III. Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle. Scene IV. Country near Dunsinane: a Wood in view. Scene V. Dunsinane. Within the castle. Scene VI. The same. A Plain before the Castle. Scene VII. The same. Another part of the Plain. Scene VIII. The same. Another part of the field.

Dramatis Personæ

DUNCAN, King of Scotland. MALCOLM, his Son. DONALBAIN, his Son. MACBETH, General in the King’s Army. BANQUO, General in the King’s Army. MACDUFF, Nobleman of Scotland. LENNOX, Nobleman of Scotland. ROSS, Nobleman of Scotland. MENTEITH, Nobleman of Scotland. ANGUS, Nobleman of Scotland. CAITHNESS, Nobleman of Scotland. FLEANCE, Son to Banquo. SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, General of the English Forces. YOUNG SIWARD, his Son. SEYTON, an Officer attending on Macbeth. BOY, Son to Macduff. An English Doctor. A Scottish Doctor. A Soldier. A Porter. An Old Man.

LADY MACBETH. LADY MACDUFF. Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth. HECATE, and three Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants and Messengers.

The Ghost of Banquo and several other Apparitions.

SCENE: In the end of the Fourth Act, in England; through the rest of the Play, in Scotland; and chiefly at Macbeth’s Castle.

ACT I

SCENE I. An open Place.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

FIRST WITCH. When shall we three meet again? In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

SECOND WITCH. When the hurlyburly’s done, When the battle’s lost and won.

THIRD WITCH. That will be ere the set of sun.

FIRST WITCH. Where the place?

SECOND WITCH. Upon the heath.

THIRD WITCH. There to meet with Macbeth.

FIRST WITCH. I come, Graymalkin!

SECOND WITCH. Paddock calls.

THIRD WITCH. Anon.

ALL. Fair is foul, and foul is fair: Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[_Exeunt._]

SCENE II. A Camp near Forres.

Alarum within. Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.

DUNCAN. What bloody man is that? He can report, As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt The newest state.

MALCOLM. This is the sergeant Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought 'Gainst my captivity.—Hail, brave friend! Say to the King the knowledge of the broil As thou didst leave it.

SOLDIER. Doubtful it stood; As two spent swimmers that do cling together And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald (Worthy to be a rebel, for to that The multiplying villainies of nature Do swarm upon him) from the Western Isles Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied; And Fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling, Show'd like a rebel's whore. But all's too weak; For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name), Disdaining Fortune, with his brandish'd steel, Which smok'd with bloody execution, Like Valour's minion, carv'd out his passage, Till he fac'd the slave; Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him, Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chops, And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

DUNCAN. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

SOLDIER. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection Shipwracking storms and direful thunders break, So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland, mark: No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd, Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels, But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage, With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men, Began a fresh assault.

DUNCAN. Dismay'd not this Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

SOLDIER. Yes; As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion. If I say sooth, I must report they were As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks; So they Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe: Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds, Or memorize another Golgotha, I cannot tell— But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

DUNCAN. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds: They smack of honour both.—Go, get him surgeons.

[_Exit Captain, attended._]

Enter Ross and Angus.

Who comes here?

MALCOLM. The worthy Thane of Ross.

LENNOX. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look That seems to speak things strange.

ROSS. God save the King!

DUNCAN. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

ROSS. From Fife, great King, Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky And fan our people cold. Norway himself, with terrible numbers, Assisted by that most disloyal traitor, The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict; Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof, Confronted him with self-comparisons, Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm, Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to

conclude, The victory fell on us.

DUNCAN. Great happiness!

ROSS. That now Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition; Nor would we deign him burial of his men Till he disbursed at Saint Colme's Inch Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

DUNCAN. No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive Our bosom interest. Go pronounce his present death, And with his former title greet Macbeth.

ROSS. I'll see it done.

DUNCAN. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

[_Exeunt._]

SCENE III. A heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

FIRST WITCH. Where hast thou been, sister?

SECOND WITCH. Killing swine.

THIRD WITCH. Sister, where thou?

FIRST WITCH. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap, And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd. "Give me," quoth I. "Aroint thee, witch!" the rump-fed ronyon cries. Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' th' _Tiger:_ But in a sieve I'll thither sail, And, like a rat without a tail, I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

SECOND WITCH. I'll give thee a wind.

FIRST WITCH. Th'art kind.

THIRD WITCH. And I another.

FIRST WITCH. I myself have all the other, And the very ports they blow, All the quarters that they know I' the shipman's card. I will drain him dry as hay: Sleep shall neither night nor day Hang upon his pent-house lid; He shall live a man forbid. Weary sev'n-nights nine times nine, Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine: Though his bark cannot be lost, Yet it shall be tempest-tost. Look what I have.

SECOND WITCH. Show me, show me.

FIRST WITCH. Here I have a pilot's thumb, Wrack'd as homeward he did come.

[_Drum within._]

THIRD WITCH. A drum, a drum! Macbeth doth come.

ALL. The Weird Sisters, hand in hand, Posters of the sea and land, Thus do go about, about: Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine, And thrice again, to make up nine. Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

MACBETH. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

BANQUO. How far is't call'd to Forres?—What are these, So wither'd, and so wild in their attire, That look not like the inhabitants o' th' earth, And yet are on't?—Live you? or are you aught That man may question? You seem to understand me, By each at once her choppy finger laying Upon her skinny lips. You should be women, And yet your beards forbid me to interpret That you are so.

MACBETH. Speak, if you can;—what are you?

FIRST WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!

SECOND WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!

THIRD WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter!

BANQUO. Good sir, why do you start and seem to fear Things that do sound so fair?—I' th' name of truth, Are ye fantastical, or that indeed Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner You greet with present grace and great prediction Of noble having and of royal hope, That he seems rapt withal. To me you speak not. If you can look into the seeds of time, And say which grain will grow, and which will not, Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear Your favours nor your hate.

FIRST WITCH. Hail!

SECOND WITCH. Hail!

THIRD WITCH. Hail!

FIRST WITCH. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

SECOND WITCH. Not so happy, yet much happier.

THIRD WITCH. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none: So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

FIRST WITCH. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

MACBETH. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more. By Sinel's death I know I am Thane of Glamis; But how of Cawdor? The Thane of Cawdor lives, A prosperous gentleman; and to be king Stands not within the prospect of belief, No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence You owe this strange intelligence? or why Upon this blasted heath you stop our way With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge you.

[_Witches vanish._]

BANQUO. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has, And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd?

MACBETH. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal, Melted as breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!

BANQUO. Were such things here as we do speak about? Or have we eaten on the insane root That takes the reason prisoner?

MACBETH. Your children shall be kings.

BANQUO. You shall be king.

MACBETH. And Thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

BANQUO. To the selfsame tune and words. Who's here?

Enter Ross and Angus.

ROSS. The King hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth, The news of thy success, and when he reads Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight, His wonders and his praises do contend Which should be thine or his: silenc'd with that, In viewing o'er the rest o' th' selfsame day, He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks, Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make, Strange images of death. As thick as tale Came post with post; and everyone did bear Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence, And pour'd them down before him.

ANGUS. We are sent To give thee from our royal master thanks; Only to herald thee into his sight, Not pay thee.

ROSS. And, for an earnest of a greater honour, He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor: In which addition, hail, most worthy thane, For it is thine.

BANQUO. What, can the devil speak true?

MACBETH. The Thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me In borrow'd robes?

ANGUS. Who was the Thane lives yet, But under heavy judgement bears that life Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combin'd With those of Norway, or did line the rebel With hidden help and vantage, or that with both He labour'd in his country's wrack, I know not; But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd, Have overthrown him.

MACBETH. [_Aside._] Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor: The greatest is behind. [_To Ross and Angus._] Thanks for your pains. [_To Banquo._] Do you not hope your children shall be kings, When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me Promis'd no less to them?

BANQUO. That, trusted home, Might yet enkindle you unto the crown, Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange: And oftentimes to win us to our harm, The instruments of darkness tell us truths; Win us with honest trifles, to betray's In deepest consequence.— Cousins, a word, I pray you.

MACBETH. [_Aside._] Two truths are told, As happy prologues to the swelling act Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.— [_Aside._] This supernatural soliciting Cannot be ill; cannot be good. If ill, Why hath it given me earnest of success, Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor: If good, why do I yield to that suggestion Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair, And make my seated heart knock at my ribs, Against the use of nature? Present fears Are less than horrible imaginings. My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical, Shakes so my single state of man That function is smother'd in surmise, And nothing is but what is not.

BANQUO. Look, how our partner's rapt.

MACBETH. [_Aside._] If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me Without my stir.

BANQUO. New honours come upon him, Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould But with the aid of use.

MACBETH. [_Aside._] Come what come may, Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

BANQUO. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

MACBETH. Give me your favour. My dull brain was wrought With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains Are register'd where every day I turn The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the King.— Think upon what hath chanc'd; and at more time, The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak Our free hearts each to other.

BANQUO. Very gladly.

MACBETH. Till then, enough.—Come, friends.

[_Exeunt._]

SCENE IV. Forres. A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox and Attendants.

DUNCAN. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not Those in commission yet return'd?

MALCOLM. My liege, They are not yet come back. But I have spoke With one that saw him die, who did report, That very frankly he confess'd his treasons, Implor'd your Highness' pardon, and set forth A deep repentance. Nothing in his life Became him like the leaving it; he died As one that had been studied in his death, To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd As 'twere a careless trifle.

DUNCAN. There's no art To find the mind's construction in the face: He was a gentleman on whom I built An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross and Angus.

O worthiest cousin! The sin of my ingratitude even now Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before, That swiftest wing of recompense is slow To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserv'd; That the proportion both of thanks and payment Might have been mine! only I have left to say, More is thy due than more than all can pay.

MACBETH. The service and the loyalty I owe, In doing it, pays itself. Your Highness' part Is to receive our duties: and our duties Are to your throne and state, children and servants; Which do but what they should, by doing everything Safe toward your love and honour.

DUNCAN. Welcome hither: I have begun to plant thee, and will labour To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo, That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known No less to have done so, let me infold thee And hold thee to my heart.

BANQUO. There if I grow, The harvest is your own.

DUNCAN. My plenteous joys, Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes, And you whose places are the nearest, know, We will establish our estate upon Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter The Prince of Cumberland: which honour must Not unaccompanied invest him only, But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness, And bind us further to you.

MACBETH. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you: I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful The hearing of my wife with your approach; So, humbly take my leave.

DUNCAN. My worthy Cawdor!

MACBETH. [_Aside._] The Prince of Cumberland!—That is a step On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap, For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires! Let not light see my black and deep desires. The eye wink at the hand, yet let that be, Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

[_Exit._]

DUNCAN. True, worthy Banquo! He is full so valiant; And in his commendations I am fed. It is a banquet to me. Let's after him, Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome: It is a peerless kinsman.

[_Flourish. Exeunt._]

SCENE V. Inverness. A Room in Macbeth's Castle.

Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.

LADY MACBETH. "They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfect'st report they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the King, who all-hailed me, 'Thane of Cawdor'; by which title, before, these Weird Sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee (my dearest partner of greatness) that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be What thou art promis'd. Yet do I fear thy nature; It is too full o' th' milk of human kindness To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great; Art not without ambition, but without The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly, That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false, And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou'dst have, great Glamis, That which cries, "Thus thou must do," if thou have it; And that which rather thou dost fear to do, Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither, That I may pour my spirits in thine ear, And chastise with the valour of my tongue All that impedes thee from the golden round, Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter a Messenger.

What is your tidings?

MESSENGER. The King comes here tonight.

LADY MACBETH. Thou'rt mad to say it. Is not thy master with him? who, were't so, Would have inform'd for preparation.

MESSENGER. So please you, it is true. Our thane is coming. One of my fellows had the speed of him, Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more Than would make up his message.

LADY MACBETH. Give him tending. He brings great news.

[_Exit Messenger._]

The raven himself is hoarse That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan Under my battlements. Come, you spirits That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here, And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood, Stop up th' access and passage to remorse, That no compunctious visitings of nature Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between Th' effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts, And take my milk for gall, your murd'ring ministers, Wherever in your sightless substances You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night, And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell That my keen knife see not the wound it

makes, Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark To cry, “Hold, hold!”

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamis, worthy Cawdor! Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter! Thy letters have transported me beyond This ignorant present, and I feel now The future in the instant.

MACBETH. My dearest love, Duncan comes here tonight.

LADY MACBETH. And when goes hence?

MACBETH. Tomorrow, as he purposes.

LADY MACBETH. O, never Shall sun that morrow see! Your face, my thane, is as a book where men May read strange matters. To beguile the time, Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye, Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower, But be the serpent under’t. He that’s coming Must be provided for; and you shall put This night’s great business into my dispatch; Which shall to all our nights and days to come Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

MACBETH. We will speak further.

LADY MACBETH. Only look up clear; To alter favour ever is to fear. Leave all the rest to me.

[_Exeunt._]

SCENE VI. The same. Before the Castle.

Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth attending.

Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lennox, Macduff, Ross, Angus and Attendants.

DUNCAN. This castle hath a pleasant seat. The air Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself Unto our gentle senses.

BANQUO. This guest of summer, The temple-haunting martlet, does approve, By his loved mansionry, that the heaven’s breath Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze, Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle. Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ’d The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

DUNCAN. See, see, our honour’d hostess!— The love that follows us sometime is our trouble, Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you How you shall bid God ’ild us for your pains, And thank us for your trouble.

LADY MACBETH. All our service, In every point twice done, and then done double, Were poor and single business to contend Against those honours deep and broad wherewith Your Majesty loads our house: for those of old, And the late dignities heap’d up to them, We rest your hermits.

DUNCAN. Where’s the Thane of Cawdor? We cours’d him at the heels, and had a purpose To be his purveyor: but he rides well; And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess, We are your guest tonight.

LADY MACBETH. Your servants ever Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt, To make their audit at your Highness’ pleasure, Still to return your own.

DUNCAN. Give me your hand; Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly, And shall continue our graces towards him. By your leave, hostess.

[_Exeunt._]

SCENE VII. The same. A Lobby in the Castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over, a Sewer and divers Servants with dishes and service. Then enter Macbeth.

MACBETH. If it were done when ’tis done, then ’twere well It were done quickly. If th’ assassination Could trammel up the consequence, and catch With his surcease success; that but this blow Might be the be-all and the end-all—here, But here, upon

this bank and shoal of time, We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases We still have judgement here; that we but teach Bloody instructions, which being taught, return To plague th' inventor. This even-handed justice Commends th' ingredience of our poison'd chalice To our own lips. He's here in double trust: First, as I am his kinsman and his subject, Strong both against the deed; then, as his host, Who should against his murderer shut the door, Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been So clear in his great office, that his virtues Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against The deep damnation of his taking-off; And pity, like a naked new-born babe, Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd Upon the sightless couriers of the air, Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye, That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur To prick the sides of my intent, but only Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself And falls on th' other—

Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now! what news?

LADY MACBETH. He has almost supp'd. Why have you left the chamber?

MACBETH. Hath he ask'd for me?

LADY MACBETH. Know you not he has?

MACBETH. We will proceed no further in this business: He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought Golden opinions from all sorts of people, Which would be worn now in their newest gloss, Not cast aside so soon.

LADY MACBETH. Was the hope drunk Wherein you dress'd yourself? Hath it slept since? And wakes it now, to look so green and pale At what it did so freely? From this time Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard To be the same in thine own act and valour As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life, And live a coward in thine own esteem, Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would," Like the poor cat i' th' adage?

MACBETH. Pr'ythee, peace! I dare do all that may become a man; Who dares do more is none.

LADY MACBETH. What beast was't, then, That made you break this enterprise to me? When you durst do it, then you were a man; And, to be more than what you were, you would Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place Did then adhere, and yet you would make both: They have made themselves, and that their fitness now Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me: I would, while it was smiling in my face, Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you Have done to this.

MACBETH. If we should fail?

LADY MACBETH. We fail? But screw your courage to the sticking-place, And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep (Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey Soundly invite him), his two chamberlains Will I with wine and wassail so convince That memory, the warder of the brain, Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep Their drenched natures lie as in a death, What cannot you and I perform upon Th' unguarded Duncan? what not put upon His spongy officers; who shall bear the guilt Of our great quell?

MACBETH. Bring forth men-children only; For thy undaunted mettle should compose Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd, When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers, That they have done't?

LADY MACBETH. Who dares receive it other, As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar Upon his death?

MACBETH. I am settled, and bend up Each corporal agent to this terrible feat. Away, and mock the time with fairest show: False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[_Exeunt._]

ACT II

SCENE I. Inverness. Court within the Castle.

Enter Banquo and Fleance with a torch before him.

BANQUO. How goes the night, boy?

FLEANCE. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

BANQUO. And she goes down at twelve.

FLEANCE. I take't, 'tis later, sir.

BANQUO. Hold, take my sword.—There's husbandry in heaven; Their candles are all out. Take thee that too. A heavy summons lies like lead upon me, And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers, Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature Gives way to in repose!

Enter Macbeth and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my sword.—Who's there?

MACBETH. A friend.

BANQUO. What, sir, not yet at rest? The King's abed: He hath been in unusual pleasure and Sent forth great largess to your offices. This diamond he greets your wife withal, By the name of most kind hostess, and shut up In measureless content.

MACBETH. Being unprepar'd, Our will became the servant to defect, Which else should free have wrought.

BANQUO. All's well. I dreamt last night of the three Weird Sisters: To you they have show'd some truth.

MACBETH. I think not of them: Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve, We would spend it in some words upon that business, If you would grant the time.

BANQUO. At your kind'st leisure.

MACBETH. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis, It shall make honour for you.

BANQUO. So I lose none In seeking to augment it, but still keep My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear, I shall be counsell'd.

MACBETH. Good repose the while!

BANQUO. Thanks, sir: the like to you.

[_Exeunt Banquo and Fleance._]

MACBETH. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready, She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[_Exit Servant._]

Is this a dagger which I see before me, The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:— I have thee not, and yet I see thee still. Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible To feeling as to sight? or art thou but A dagger of the mind, a false creation, Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain? I see thee yet, in form as palpable As this which now I draw. Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going; And such an instrument I was to use. Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses, Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still; And on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood, Which was not so before.—There's no such thing. It is the bloody business which informs Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half-world Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse The curtain'd sleep. Witchcraft celebrates Pale Hecate's off'rings; and wither'd murder, Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf, Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace, With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth, Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear Thy very stones prate of my whereabout, And take the present horror from the time, Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives. Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[_A bell rings._]

I go, and it is done. The bell invites me. Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

[_Exit._]

SCENE II. The same.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

LADY MACBETH. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold: What hath quench’d them hath given me fire.—Hark!—Peace! It was the owl that shriek’d, the fatal bellman, Which gives the stern’st good night. He is about it. The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg’d their possets, That death and nature do contend about them, Whether they live or die.

MACBETH. [_Within._] Who’s there?—what, ho!

LADY MACBETH. Alack! I am afraid they have awak’d, And ’tis not done. Th’ attempt and not the deed Confounds us.—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready; He could not miss ’em.—Had he not resembled My father as he slept, I had done’t.—My husband!

Enter Macbeth.

MACBETH. I have done the deed.—Didst thou not hear a noise?

LADY MACBETH. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry. Did not you speak?

MACBETH. When?

LADY MACBETH. Now.

MACBETH. As I descended?

LADY MACBETH. Ay.

MACBETH. Hark!—Who lies i’ th’ second chamber?

LADY MACBETH. Donalbain.

MACBETH. This is a sorry sight.

[_Looking on his hands._]

LADY MACBETH. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

MACBETH. There’s one did laugh in’s sleep, and one cried, “Murder!” That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them. But they did say their prayers, and address’d them Again to sleep.

LADY MACBETH. There are two lodg’d together.

MACBETH. One cried, “God bless us!” and, “Amen,” the other, As they had seen me with these hangman’s hands. List’ning their fear, I could not say “Amen,” When they did say, “God bless us.”

LADY MACBETH. Consider it not so deeply.

MACBETH. But wherefore could not I pronounce “Amen”? I had most need of blessing, and “Amen” Stuck in my throat.

LADY MACBETH. These deeds must not be thought After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

MACBETH. Methought I heard a voice cry, “Sleep no more! Macbeth does murder sleep,”—the innocent sleep; Sleep that knits up the ravell’d sleave of care, The death of each day’s life, sore labour’s bath, Balm of hurt minds, great nature’s second course, Chief nourisher in life’s feast.

LADY MACBETH. What do you mean?

MACBETH. Still it cried, “Sleep no more!” to all the house: “Glamis hath murder’d sleep, and therefore Cawdor Shall sleep no more. Macbeth shall sleep no more!”

LADY MACBETH. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane, You do unbend your noble strength to think So brainsickly of things. Go get some water, And wash this filthy witness from your hand.— Why did you bring these daggers from the place? They must lie there: go carry them, and smear The sleepy grooms with blood.

MACBETH. I'll go no more: I am afraid to think what I have done; Look on't again I dare not.

LADY MACBETH. Infirm of purpose! Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead Are but as pictures. 'Tis the eye of childhood That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed, I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal, For it must seem their guilt.

[_Exit. Knocking within._]

MACBETH. Whence is that knocking? How is't with me, when every noise appals me? What hands are here? Ha, they pluck out mine eyes! Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather The multitudinous seas incarnadine, Making the green one red.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

LADY MACBETH. My hands are of your color, but I shame To wear a heart so white. [_Knocking within._] I hear knocking At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber. A little water clears us of this deed: How easy is it then! Your constancy Hath left you unattended.—[_Knocking within._] Hark, more knocking. Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us And show us to be watchers. Be not lost So poorly in your thoughts.

MACBETH. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself. [_Knocking within._] Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!

[_Exeunt._]

SCENE III. The same.

Enter a Porter. Knocking within.

PORTER. Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell gate, he should have old turning the key. [_Knocking._] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, i' th' name of Belzebub? Here's a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat for't. [_Knocking._] Knock, knock! Who's there, i' th' other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale, who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [_Knocking._] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [_Knocking._] Knock, knock. Never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire. [_Knocking._] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter.

[_Opens the gate._]

Enter Macduff and Lennox.

MACDUFF. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, That you do lie so late?

PORTER. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock; and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

MACDUFF. What three things does drink especially provoke?

PORTER. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and giving him the lie, leaves him.

MACDUFF. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

PORTER. That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me; but I requited him for his lie; and (I think) being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

MACDUFF. Is thy master stirring?

Enter Macbeth.

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

LENNOX. Good morrow, noble sir!

MACBETH. Good morrow, both!

MACDUFF. Is the King stirring, worthy thane?

MACBETH. Not yet.

MACDUFF. He did command me to call timely on him. I have almost slipp'd the hour.

MACBETH. I'll bring you to him.

MACDUFF. I know this is a joyful trouble to you; But yet 'tis one.

MACBETH. The labour we delight in physics pain. This is the door.

MACDUFF. I'll make so bold to call. For 'tis my limited service.

[_Exit Macduff._]

LENNOX. Goes the King hence today?

MACBETH. He does. He did appoint so.

LENNOX. The night has been unruly: where we lay, Our chimneys were blown down and, as they say, Lamentings heard i' th' air, strange screams of death, And prophesying, with accents terrible, Of dire combustion and confus'd events, New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obscure bird Clamour'd the live-long night. Some say the earth Was feverous, and did shake.

MACBETH. 'Twas a rough night.

LENNOX. My young remembrance cannot parallel A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

MACDUFF. O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart cannot conceive nor name thee!

MACBETH, LENNOX. What's the matter?

MACDUFF. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece! Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence The life o' th' building.

MACBETH. What is't you say? the life?

LENNOX. Mean you his majesty?

MACDUFF. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight With a new Gorgon. Do not bid me speak. See, and then speak yourselves.

[_Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox._]

Awake, awake!— Ring the alarum bell.—Murder and treason! Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake! Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit, And look on death itself! Up, up, and see The great doom's image. Malcolm! Banquo! As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites To countenance this horror!

[_Alarum-bell rings._]

Enter Lady Macbeth.

LADY MACBETH. What's the business, That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley The sleepers of the house? Speak, speak!

MACDUFF. O gentle lady, 'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak: The repetition, in a woman's ear, Would murder as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O Banquo, Banquo! Our royal master’s murder’d!

LADY MACBETH. Woe, alas! What, in our house?

BANQUO. Too cruel anywhere.— Dear Duff, I pr’ythee, contradict thyself, And say it is not so.

Enter Macbeth and Lennox with Ross.

MACBETH. Had I but died an hour before this chance, I had liv’d a blessed time; for, from this instant There’s nothing serious in mortality. All is but toys: renown and grace is dead; The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

DONALBAIN. What is amiss?

MACBETH. You are, and do not know’t: The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood Is stopp’d; the very source of it is stopp’d.

MACDUFF. Your royal father’s murder’d.

MALCOLM. O, by whom?

LENNOX. Those of his chamber, as it seem’d, had done’t: Their hands and faces were all badg’d with blood; So were their daggers, which, unwip’d, we found Upon their pillows. They star’d, and were distracted; No man’s life was to be trusted with them.

MACBETH. O, yet I do repent me of my fury, That I did kill them.

MACDUFF. Wherefore did you so?

MACBETH. Who can be wise, amaz’d, temperate, and furious, Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man: Th’ expedition of my violent love Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan, His silver skin lac’d with his golden blood; And his gash’d stabs look’d like a breach in nature For ruin’s wasteful entrance: there, the murderers, Steep’d in the colours of their trade, their daggers Unmannerly breech’d with gore. Who could refrain, That had a heart to love, and in that heart Courage to make’s love known?

LADY MACBETH. Help me hence, ho!

MACDUFF. Look to the lady.

MALCOLM. Why do we hold our tongues, That most may claim this argument for ours?

DONALBAIN. What should be spoken here, where our fate, Hid in an auger hole, may rush, and seize us? Let’s away. Our tears are not yet brew’d.

MALCOLM. Nor our strong sorrow Upon the foot of motion.

BANQUO. Look to the lady:—

[_Lady Macbeth is carried out._]

And when we have our naked frailties hid, That suffer in exposure, let us meet, And question this most bloody piece of work To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us: In the great hand of God I stand; and thence Against the undivulg’d pretence I fight Of treasonous malice.

MACDUFF. And so do I.

ALL. So all.

MACBETH. Let’s briefly put on manly readiness, And meet i’ th’ hall together.

ALL. Well contented.

[_Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain._]

MALCOLM. What will you do? Let’s not consort with them: To show an unfelt sorrow is an office Which the false man does easy. I’ll to England.

DONALBAIN. To Ireland, I. Our separated fortune Shall keep us both the safer. Where we are, There’s daggers in men’s smiles: the near in blood, The nearer bloody.

MALCOLM. This murderous shaft that’s shot Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse; And let us not be dainty of leave-taking, But shift away. There’s warrant in that theft Which steals itself, when there’s no mercy left.

[_Exeunt._]

SCENE IV. The same. Without the Castle.

Enter Ross and an Old Man.

OLD MAN. Threescore and ten I can remember well, Within the volume of which time I have seen Hours dreadful and things strange, but this sore night Hath trifled former knowings.

ROSS. Ha, good father, Thou seest the heavens, as troubled with man’s act, Threatens his bloody stage: by the clock ’tis day, And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp. Is’t night’s predominance, or the day’s shame, That darkness does the face of earth entomb, When living light should kiss it?

OLD MAN. ’Tis unnatural, Even like the deed that’s done. On Tuesday last, A falcon, towering in her pride of place, Was by a mousing owl hawk’d at and kill’d.

ROSS. And Duncan’s horses (a thing most strange and certain) Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race, Turn’d wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out, Contending ’gainst obedience, as they would make War with mankind.

OLD MAN. ’Tis said they eat each other.

ROSS. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes, That look’d upon’t. Here comes the good Macduff.

Enter Macduff.

How goes the world, sir, now?

MACDUFF. Why, see you not?

ROSS. Is’t known who did this more than bloody deed?

MACDUFF. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

ROSS. Alas, the day! What good could they pretend?

MACDUFF. They were suborn’d. Malcolm and Donalbain, the King’s two sons, Are stol’n away and fled; which puts upon them Suspicion of the deed.

ROSS. ’Gainst nature still: Thriftless ambition, that will ravin up Thine own life’s means!—Then ’tis most like The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

MACDUFF. He is already nam’d; and gone to Scone To be invested.

ROSS. Where is Duncan’s body?

MACDUFF. Carried to Colmekill, The sacred storehouse of his predecessors, And guardian of their bones.

ROSS. Will you to Scone?

MACDUFF. No, cousin, I’ll to Fife.

ROSS. Well, I will thither.

MACDUFF. Well, may you see things well done there. Adieu! Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

ROSS. Farewell, father.

OLD MAN. God’s benison go with you; and with those That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

[_Exeunt._]

ACT III

SCENE I. Forres. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Banquo.

BANQUO. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all, As the Weird Women promis’d; and, I fear, Thou play’dst most foully for’t; yet it was said It should not stand in thy posterity; But that myself should be the root and father Of many kings. If there come truth from them (As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine) Why, by the verities on thee made good, May they not be my oracles as well, And set me up in hope? But hush; no more.

Sennet sounded. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Macbeth as Queen; Lennox, Ross, Lords, and Attendants.

MACBETH. Here’s our chief guest.

LADY MACBETH. If he had been forgotten, It had been as a gap in our great feast, And all-thing unbecoming.

MACBETH. Tonight we hold a solemn supper, sir, And I’ll request your presence.

BANQUO. Let your Highness Command upon me, to the which my duties Are with a most indissoluble tie For ever knit.

MACBETH. Ride you this afternoon?

BANQUO. Ay, my good lord.

MACBETH. We should have else desir’d your good advice (Which still hath been both grave and prosperous) In this day’s council; but we’ll take tomorrow. Is’t far you ride?

BANQUO. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time ’Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better, I must become a borrower of the night, For a dark hour or twain.

MACBETH. Fail not our feast.

BANQUO. My lord, I will not.

MACBETH. We hear our bloody cousins are bestow’d In England and in Ireland; not confessing Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers With strange invention. But of that tomorrow, When therewithal we shall have cause of state Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu, Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

BANQUO. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon’s.

MACBETH. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot; And so I do commend you to their backs. Farewell.—

[_Exit Banquo._]

Let every man be master of his time Till seven at night; to make society The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself Till supper time alone: while then, God be with you.

[_Exeunt Lady Macbeth, Lords, &c._]

Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men Our pleasure?

SERVANT. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

MACBETH. Bring them before us.

[_Exit Servant._]

To be thus is nothing, But to be safely thus. Our fears in Banquo Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares; And, to that dauntless temper of his mind, He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour To act in safety. There is none but he Whose being I do fear: and under him My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said, Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the sisters When first they put the name of king upon me, And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like, They hail'd him father to a line of kings: Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown, And put a barren sceptre in my gripe, Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand, No son of mine succeeding. If't be so, For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind; For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd; Put rancours in the vessel of my peace Only for them; and mine eternal jewel Given to the common enemy of man, To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings! Rather than so, come, fate, into the list, And champion me to th' utterance!—Who's there?—

Enter Servant with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[_Exit Servant._]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

FIRST MURDERER. It was, so please your Highness.

MACBETH. Well then, now Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know That it was he, in the times past, which held you So under fortune, which you thought had been Our innocent self? This I made good to you In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instruments, Who wrought with them, and all things else that might To half a soul and to a notion craz'd Say, "Thus did Banquo."

FIRST MURDERER. You made it known to us.

MACBETH. I did so; and went further, which is now Our point of second meeting. Do you find Your patience so predominant in your nature, That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd, To pray for this good man and for his issue, Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave, And beggar'd yours forever?

FIRST MURDERER. We are men, my liege.

MACBETH. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men; As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs, Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves are clept All by the name of dogs: the valu'd file Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle, The housekeeper, the hunter, every one According to the gift which bounteous nature Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive Particular addition, from the bill That writes them all alike: and so of men. Now, if you have a station in the file, Not i' th' worst rank of manhood, say't; And I will put that business in your bosoms, Whose execution takes your enemy off, Grapples you to the heart and love of us, Who wear our health but sickly in his life, Which in his death were perfect.

SECOND MURDERER. I am one, my liege, Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world Hath so incens'd that I am reckless what I do to spite the world.

FIRST MURDERER. And I another, So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune, That I would set my life on any chance, To mend it or be rid on't.

MACBETH. Both of you Know Banquo was your enemy.

BOTH MURDERERS. True, my lord.

MACBETH. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance, That every minute of his being thrusts Against my near'st of life; and though I could With barefac'd power sweep him from my sight, And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not, For certain friends that are both his and mine, Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall Who I myself struck down: and thence it is That I to your assistance do make love, Masking the business from the common eye For sundry weighty reasons.

SECOND MURDERER. We shall, my lord, Perform what you command us.

FIRST MURDERER. Though our lives—

MACBETH. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most, I will advise you where to plant yourselves, Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' th' time, The moment on't; for't must be done tonight And something from the palace; always thought That I require a clearness. And with him (To leave no rubs nor botches in the work) Fleance his son, that keeps him company, Whose absence is no less material to me Than is his father's, must embrace the fate Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart. I'll come to you anon.

BOTH MURDERERS. We are resolv'd, my lord.

MACBETH. I'll call upon you straight: abide within.

[_Exeunt Murderers._]

It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight, If it find heaven, must find it out tonight.

[_Exit._]

SCENE II. The same. Another Room in the Palace.

Enter Lady Macbeth and a Servant.

LADY MACBETH. Is Banquo gone from court?

SERVANT. Ay, madam, but returns again tonight.

LADY MACBETH. Say to the King, I would attend his leisure For a few words.

SERVANT. Madam, I will.

[_Exit._]

LADY MACBETH. Naught's had, all's spent, Where our desire is got without content: 'Tis safer to be that which we destroy, Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord, why do you keep alone, Of sorriest fancies your companions making, Using those thoughts which should indeed have died With them they think on? Things without all remedy Should be without regard: what's done is done.

MACBETH. We have scorch'd the snake, not kill'd it. She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice Remains in danger of her former tooth. But let the frame of things disjoint, Both the worlds suffer, Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep In the affliction of these terrible dreams That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead, Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace, Than on the torture of the mind to lie In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave; After life's fitful fever he sleeps well; Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison, Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing Can touch him further.

LADY MACBETH. Come on, Gently my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks; Be bright and jovial among your guests tonight.

MACBETH. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you. Let your remembrance apply to Banquo; Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue: Unsafe the while, that we Must lave our honours in these flattering streams, And make our faces vizards to our hearts, Disguising what they are.

LADY MACBETH. You must leave this.

MACBETH. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife! Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

LADY MACBETH. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

MACBETH. There's comfort yet; they are assailable. Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's summons The shard-born beetle, with his drowsy hums, Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done A deed of dreadful note.

LADY MACBETH. What's to be done?

MACBETH. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck, Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night, Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day, And with thy bloody and invisible hand Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and the crow Makes wing to th' rooky wood. Good things of day begin to droop and drowse, Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse. Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still; Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill. So, pr'ythee, go with me.

[_Exeunt._]

SCENE III. The same. A Park or Lawn, with a gate leading to the Palace.

Enter three Murderers.

FIRST MURDERER. But who did bid thee join with us?

THIRD MURDERER. Macbeth.

SECOND MURDERER. He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers Our offices and what we have to do To the direction just.

FIRST MURDERER. Then stand with us. The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day. Now spurs the lated traveller apace, To gain the timely inn; and near approaches The subject of our watch.

THIRD MURDERER. Hark! I hear horses.

BANQUO. [_Within._] Give us a light there, ho!

SECOND MURDERER. Then 'tis he; the rest That are within the note of expectation Already are i' th' court.

FIRST MURDERER. His horses go about.

THIRD MURDERER. Almost a mile; but he does usually, So all men do, from hence to the palace gate Make it their walk.

Enter Banquo and Fleance with a torch.

SECOND MURDERER. A light, a light!

THIRD MURDERER. 'Tis he.

FIRST MURDERER. Stand to't.

BANQUO. It will be rain tonight.

FIRST MURDERER. Let it come down.

[_Assaults Banquo._]

BANQUO. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly! Thou mayst revenge—O slave!

[_Dies. Fleance escapes._]

THIRD MURDERER. Who did strike out the light?

FIRST MURDERER. Was't not the way?

THIRD MURDERER. There's but one down: the son is fled.

SECOND MURDERER. We have lost best half of our affair.

FIRST MURDERER. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

[_Exeunt._]

SCENE IV. The same. A Room of state in the Palace.

A banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Ross, Lennox, Lords and Attendants.

MACBETH. You know your own degrees, sit down. At first And last the hearty welcome.

LORDS. Thanks to your Majesty.

MACBETH. Ourself will mingle with society, And play the humble host. Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time, We will require her welcome.

LADY MACBETH. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends; For my heart speaks they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer to the door.

MACBETH. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks. Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' th' midst.

Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure The table round. There's blood upon thy face.

MURDERER. 'Tis Banquo's then.

MACBETH. 'Tis better thee without than he within. Is he dispatch'd?

MURDERER. My lord, his throat is cut. That I did for him.

MACBETH. Thou art the best o' th' cut-throats; Yet he's good that did the like for Fleance: If thou didst it, thou art the nonpareil.

MURDERER. Most royal sir, Fleance is 'scap'd.

MACBETH. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect; Whole as the marble, founded as the rock, As broad and general as the casing air: But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

MURDERER. Ay, my good lord. Safe in a ditch he bides, With twenty trenched gashes on his head; The least a death to nature.

MACBETH. Thanks for that. There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's fled Hath nature that in time will venom breed, No teeth for th' present.—Get thee gone; tomorrow We'll hear, ourselves, again.

[_Exit Murderer._]

LADY MACBETH. My royal lord, You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making, 'Tis given with welcome. To feed were best at home; From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony; Meeting were bare without it.

The Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's place.

MACBETH. Sweet remembrancer!— Now, good digestion wait on appetite, And health on both!

LENNOX. May't please your Highness sit.

MACBETH. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd, Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present; Who may I rather challenge for unkindness Than pity for mischance!

ROSS. His absence, sir, Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your Highness To grace us with your royal company?

MACBETH. The table's full.

LENNOX. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

MACBETH. Where?

LENNOX. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your Highness?

MACBETH. Which of you have done this?

LORDS. What, my good lord?

MACBETH. Thou canst not say I did it. Never shake Thy gory locks at me.

ROSS. Gentlemen, rise; his Highness is not well.

LADY MACBETH. Sit, worthy friends. My lord is often thus, And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat; The fit is momentary; upon a thought He will again be well. If much you note him, You shall offend him, and extend his passion. Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

MACBETH. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that Which might appal the devil.

LADY MACBETH. O proper stuff! This is the very painting of your fear: This is the air-drawn dagger which you said, Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and starts (Impostors to true fear), would well become A woman's story at a winter's fire, Authoris'd by her grandam. Shame itself! Why do you make such faces? When all's done, You look but on a stool.

MACBETH. Pr'ythee, see there! Behold! look! lo! how say you? Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.— If charnel houses and our graves must send Those that we bury back, our monuments Shall be the maws of kites.

[_Ghost disappears._]

LADY MACBETH. What, quite unmann'd in folly?

MACBETH. If I stand here, I saw him.

LADY MACBETH. Fie, for shame!

MACBETH. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' olden time, Ere humane statute purg'd the gentle weal; Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd Too terrible for the ear: the time has been, That, when the brains were out, the man would die, And there an end; but now they rise again, With twenty mortal murders on their crowns, And push us from our stools. This is more strange Than such a murder is.

LADY MACBETH. My worthy lord, Your noble friends do lack you.

MACBETH. I do forget.— Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends. I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing To those that know me. Come, love and health to all; Then I'll sit down.—Give me some wine, fill full.— I drink to the general joy o' th' whole table, And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss: Would he were here.

Ghost rises again.

To all, and him, we thirst, And all to all.

LORDS. Our duties, and the pledge.

MACBETH. Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee! Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold; Thou hast no speculation in those eyes Which thou dost glare with!

LADY MACBETH. Think of this, good peers, But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other, Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

MACBETH. What man dare, I dare: Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear, The arm'd rhinoceros, or th' Hyrcan tiger; Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves Shall never tremble: or be alive again, And dare me to the desert with thy sword; If trembling I inhabit then, protest me The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow! Unreal mock'ry, hence!

[_Ghost disappears._]

Why, so;—being gone, I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

LADY MACBETH. You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting With most admir'd disorder.

MACBETH. Can such things be, And overcome us like a summer's cloud, Without our special wonder? You make me strange Even to the disposition that I owe, When now I think you can behold such sights, And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks, When mine are blanch'd with fear.

ROSS. What sights, my lord?

LADY MACBETH. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse; Question enrages him. At once, good night:— Stand not upon the order of your going, But go at once.

LENNOX. Good night; and better health Attend his Majesty!

LADY MACBETH. A kind good night to all!

[_Exeunt all Lords and Attendants._]

MACBETH. It will have blood, they say, blood will have blood. Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak; Augurs, and understood relations, have By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

LADY MACBETH. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

MACBETH. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person At our great bidding?

LADY MACBETH. Did you send to him, sir?

MACBETH. I hear it by the way; but I will send. There's not a one of them but in his house I keep a servant fee'd. I will tomorrow (And betimes I will) to the Weird Sisters: More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know, By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good, All causes shall give way: I am in blood Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more, Returning were as tedious as go o'er. Strange things I have in head, that will to hand, Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

LADY MACBETH. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

MACBETH. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse Is the initiate fear that wants hard use. We are yet but young in deed.

[_Exeunt._]

SCENE V. The heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches meeting Hecate.

FIRST WITCH. Why, how now, Hecate? you look angerly.

HECATE. Have I not reason, beldams as you are, Saucy and overbold? How did you dare To trade and traffic with Macbeth In riddles and affairs of death; And I, the mistress of your charms, The close contriver of all harms, Was never call'd to bear my part, Or show the glory of our art? And, which is worse, all you have done Hath been but for a wayward son, Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do, Loves for his own ends, not for you. But make amends now: get you gone, And at the pit of Acheron Meet me i' th' morning: thither he Will come to know his destiny. Your vessels and your spells provide, Your charms, and everything beside. I am for th' air; this night I'll spend Unto a dismal and a fatal end. Great business must be wrought ere noon. Upon the corner of the moon There hangs a vap'rous drop profound; I'll catch it ere it come to ground: And that, distill'd by magic sleights, Shall raise such artificial sprites, As, by the strength of their illusion, Shall draw him on to his confusion. He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear. And you all know, security Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[_Music and song within, "Come away, come away" &c._]

Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see, Sits in a foggy cloud and stays for me.

[_Exit._]

FIRST WITCH. Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again.

[_Exeunt._]

SCENE VI. Forres. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Lennox and another Lord.

LENNOX. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts, Which can interpret farther: only, I say, Thing's have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead:— And the right valiant Banquo walk'd too late; Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd, For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late. Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain To kill their gracious father? damned fact! How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight, In pious rage, the two delinquents tear That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep? Was not that nobly done? Ay,

and wisely too; For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive, To hear the men deny't. So that, I say, He has borne all things well: and I do think, That had he Duncan's sons under his key (As, and't please heaven, he shall not) they should find What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance. But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear, Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell Where he bestows himself?

LORD. The son of Duncan, From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth, Lives in the English court and is receiv'd Of the most pious Edward with such grace That the malevolence of fortune nothing Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward That, by the help of these (with Him above To ratify the work), we may again Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights; Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives, Do faithful homage, and receive free honours, All which we pine for now. And this report Hath so exasperate the King that he Prepares for some attempt of war.

LENNOX. Sent he to Macduff?

LORD. He did: and with an absolute "Sir, not I," The cloudy messenger turns me his back, And hums, as who should say, "You'll rue the time That clogs me with this answer."

LENNOX. And that well might Advise him to a caution, t' hold what distance His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel Fly to the court of England, and unfold His message ere he come, that a swift blessing May soon return to this our suffering country Under a hand accurs'd!

LORD. I'll send my prayers with him.

[_Exeunt._]

ACT IV

SCENE I. A dark Cave. In the middle, a Cauldron Boiling.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

FIRST WITCH. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

SECOND WITCH. Thrice, and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

THIRD WITCH. Harpier cries:—'Tis time, 'tis time.

FIRST WITCH. Round about the cauldron go; In the poison'd entrails throw.— Toad, that under cold stone Days and nights has thirty-one Swelter'd venom sleeping got, Boil thou first i' th' charmed pot!

ALL. Double, double, toil and trouble; Fire, burn; and cauldron, bubble.

SECOND WITCH. Fillet of a fenny snake, In the cauldron boil and bake; Eye of newt, and toe of frog, Wool of bat, and tongue of dog, Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting, Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing, For a charm of powerful trouble, Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

ALL. Double, double, toil and trouble; Fire, burn; and cauldron, bubble.

THIRD WITCH. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf, Witch's mummy, maw and gulf Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark, Root of hemlock digg'd i' th' dark, Liver of blaspheming Jew, Gall of goat, and slips of yew Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse, Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips, Finger of birth-strangled babe Ditch-deliver'd by a drab, Make the gruel thick and slab: Add thereto a tiger's chaudron, For th' ingredients of our cauldron.

ALL. Double, double, toil and trouble; Fire, burn; and cauldron, bubble.

SECOND WITCH. Cool it with a baboon's blood. Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate.

HECATE. O, well done! I commend your pains, And everyone shall share i’ th’ gains. And now about the cauldron sing, Like elves and fairies in a ring, Enchanting all that you put in.

[_Music and a song: “Black Spirits,” &c._]

[_Exit Hecate._]

SECOND WITCH. By the pricking of my thumbs, Something wicked this way comes. Open, locks, Whoever knocks!

Enter Macbeth.

MACBETH. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags! What is’t you do?

ALL. A deed without a name.

MACBETH. I conjure you, by that which you profess, (Howe’er you come to know it) answer me: Though you untie the winds, and let them fight Against the churches; though the yesty waves Confound and swallow navigation up; Though bladed corn be lodg’d, and trees blown down; Though castles topple on their warders’ heads; Though palaces and pyramids do slope Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure Of nature’s germens tumble all together, Even till destruction sicken, answer me To what I ask you.

FIRST WITCH. Speak.

SECOND WITCH. Demand.

THIRD WITCH. We’ll answer.

FIRST WITCH. Say, if thou’dst rather hear it from our mouths, Or from our masters?

MACBETH. Call ’em, let me see ’em.

FIRST WITCH. Pour in sow’s blood, that hath eaten Her nine farrow; grease that’s sweaten From the murderer’s gibbet throw Into the flame.

ALL. Come, high or low; Thyself and office deftly show!

[_Thunder. An Apparition of an armed Head rises._]

MACBETH. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

FIRST WITCH. He knows thy thought: Hear his speech, but say thou naught.

APPARITION. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! Beware Macduff; Beware the Thane of Fife.—Dismiss me.—Enough.

[_Descends._]

MACBETH. Whate’er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks; Thou hast harp’d my fear aright.—But one word more.

FIRST WITCH. He will not be commanded. Here’s another, More potent than the first.

[_Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody Child rises._]

APPARITION. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

MACBETH. Had I three ears, I’d hear thee.

APPARITION. Be bloody, bold, and resolute. Laugh to scorn The power of man, for none of woman born Shall harm Macbeth.

[_Descends._]

MACBETH. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee? But yet I’ll make assurance double sure, And take a bond of fate. Thou shalt not live; That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies, And sleep in spite of thunder.

[_Thunder. An Apparition of a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises._]

What is this, That rises like the issue of a king, And wears upon his baby brow the round And top of sovereignty?

ALL. Listen, but speak not to't.

APPARITION. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are: Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill Shall come against him.

[_Descends._]

MACBETH. That will never be: Who can impress the forest; bid the tree Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements, good! Rebellious head, rise never till the wood Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath To time and mortal custom.—Yet my heart Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art Can tell so much, shall Banquo's issue ever Reign in this kingdom?

ALL. Seek to know no more.

MACBETH. I will be satisfied: deny me this, And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know. Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

[_Hautboys._]

FIRST WITCH. Show!

SECOND WITCH. Show!

THIRD WITCH. Show!

ALL. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart; Come like shadows, so depart!

[_A show of eight kings appear, and pass over in order, the last with a glass in his hand; Banquo following._]

MACBETH. Thou are too like the spirit of Banquo. Down! Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs:—and thy hair, Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first. A third is like the former.—Filthy hags! Why do you show me this?—A fourth!—Start, eyes! What, will the line stretch out to th' crack of doom? Another yet!—A seventh!—I'll see no more:— And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass Which shows me many more; and some I see That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry. Horrible sight!—Now I see 'tis true; For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me, And points at them for his.—What! is this so?

FIRST WITCH. Ay, sir, all this is so:—but why Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?— Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites, And show the best of our delights. I'll charm the air to give a sound, While you perform your antic round; That this great king may kindly say, Our duties did his welcome pay.

[_Music. The Witches dance, and vanish._]

MACBETH. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour Stand aye accursed in the calendar!— Come in, without there!

Enter Lennox.

LENNOX. What's your Grace's will?

MACBETH. Saw you the Weird Sisters?

LENNOX. No, my lord.

MACBETH. Came they not by you?

LENNOX. No, indeed, my lord.

MACBETH. Infected be the air whereon they ride; And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear The galloping of horse: who was't came by?

LENNOX. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word Macduff is fled to England.

MACBETH. Fled to England!

LENNOX. Ay, my good lord.

MACBETH. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits: The flighty purpose never is o'ertook Unless the deed go with it. From this moment The very firstlings of my heart shall be The firstlings of my hand. And even now, To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done: The castle of Macduff I will surprise; Seize upon Fife; give to th' edge o' th' sword His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool; This deed I'll do before this purpose cool: But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen? Come, bring me where they are.

[_Exeunt._]

SCENE II. Fife. A Room in Macduff's Castle.

Enter Lady Macduff her Son and Ross.

LADY MACDUFF. What had he done, to make him fly the land?

ROSS. You must have patience, madam.

LADY MACDUFF. He had none: His flight was madness: when our actions do not, Our fears do make us traitors.

ROSS. You know not Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

LADY MACDUFF. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes, His mansion, and his titles, in a place From whence himself does fly? He loves us not: He wants the natural touch; for the poor wren, The most diminutive of birds, will fight, Her young ones in her nest, against the owl. All is the fear, and nothing is the love; As little is the wisdom, where the flight So runs against all reason.

ROSS. My dearest coz, I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband, He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows The fits o' th' season. I dare not speak much further: But cruel are the times, when we are traitors, And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour From what we fear, yet know not what we fear, But float upon a wild and violent sea Each way and move—I take my leave of you: Shall not be long but I'll be here again. Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward To what they were before.—My pretty cousin, Blessing upon you!

LADY MACDUFF. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

ROSS. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer, It would be my disgrace and your discomfort: I take my leave at once.

[_Exit._]

LADY MACDUFF. Sirrah, your father's dead. And what will you do now? How will you live?

SON. As birds do, mother.

LADY MACDUFF. What, with worms and flies?

SON. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

LADY MACDUFF. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net nor lime, The pit-fall nor the gin.

SON. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for. My father is not dead, for all your saying.

LADY MACDUFF. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?

SON. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

LADY MACDUFF. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

SON. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

LADY MACDUFF. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; And yet, i' faith, with wit enough for thee.

SON. Was my father a traitor, mother?

LADY MACDUFF. Ay, that he was.

SON. What is a traitor?

LADY MACDUFF. Why, one that swears and lies.

SON. And be all traitors that do so?

LADY MACDUFF. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

SON. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

LADY MACDUFF. Every one.

SON. Who must hang them?

LADY MACDUFF. Why, the honest men.

SON. Then the liars and swearers are fools: for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang up them.

LADY MACDUFF. Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

SON. If he were dead, you'ld weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

LADY MACDUFF. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known, Though in your state of honour I am perfect. I doubt some danger does approach you nearly: If you will take a homely man's advice, Be not found here; hence, with your little ones. To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage; To do worse to you were fell cruelty, Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you! I dare abide no longer.

[_Exit._]

LADY MACDUFF. Whither should I fly? I have done no harm. But I remember now I am in this earthly world, where to do harm Is often laudable; to do good sometime Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas, Do I put up that womanly defence, To say I have done no harm? What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

FIRST MURDERER. Where is your husband?

LADY MACDUFF. I hope, in no place so unsanctified Where such as thou mayst find him.

FIRST MURDERER. He's a traitor.

SON. Thou liest, thou shag-ear'd villain!

FIRST MURDERER. What, you egg!

[_Stabbing him._]

Young fry of treachery!

SON. He has kill'd me, mother: Run away, I pray you!

[_Dies. Exit Lady Macduff, crying "Murder!" and pursued by the Murderers._]

SCENE III. England. Before the King's Palace.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

MALCOLM. Let us seek out some desolate shade and there Weep our sad bosoms empty.

MACDUFF. Let us rather Hold fast the mortal sword, and, like good men, Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom. Each new morn New widows howl, new orphans cry; new sorrows Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out Like syllable of dolour.

MALCOLM. What I believe, I'll wail; What know, believe; and what I can redress, As I shall find the time to friend, I will. What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance. This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues, Was once thought honest: you have loved him well; He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb To appease an angry god.

MACDUFF. I am not treacherous.

MALCOLM. But Macbeth is. A good and virtuous nature may recoil In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon. That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose. Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell: Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace, Yet grace must still look so.

MACDUFF. I have lost my hopes.

MALCOLM. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts. Why in that rawness left you wife and child, Those precious motives, those strong knots of love, Without leave-taking?—I pray you, Let not my jealousies be your dishonours, But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just, Whatever I shall think.

MACDUFF. Bleed, bleed, poor country! Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure, For goodness dare not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs; The title is affeer'd.—Fare thee well, lord: I would not be the villain that thou think'st For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp And the rich East to boot.

MALCOLM. Be not offended: I speak not as in absolute fear of you. I think our country sinks beneath the yoke; It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash Is added to her wounds. I think, withal, There would be hands uplifted in my right; And here, from gracious England, have I offer Of goodly thousands: but, for all this, When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head, Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country Shall have more vices than it had before, More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever, By him that shall succeed.

MACDUFF. What should he be?

MALCOLM. It is myself I mean; in whom I know All the particulars of vice so grafted That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd With my confineless harms.

MACDUFF. Not in the legions Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd In evils to top Macbeth.

MALCOLM. I grant him bloody, Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful, Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin That has a name: but there's no bottom, none, In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters, Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up The cistern of my lust; and my desire All continent impediments would o'erbear, That did oppose my will: better Macbeth Than such an one to reign.

MACDUFF. Boundless intemperance In nature is a tyranny; it hath been Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne, And fall of many kings. But fear not yet To take upon you what is yours: you may Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty, And yet seem cold—the time you may so hoodwink. We have willing dames enough; there cannot be That vulture in you, to devour so many As will to greatness dedicate themselves, Finding it so inclin'd.

MALCOLM. With this there grows In my most ill-compos'd affection such A staunchless avarice, that, were I king, I should cut off the nobles for their lands; Desire his jewels, and this other's house: And my more-having would be as a sauce To make me hunger more; that I should forge Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal, Destroying them for wealth.

MACDUFF. This avarice Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root Than summer-seeming lust; and it hath been The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear; Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will, Of your mere own. All these are portable, With other graces weigh'd.

MALCOLM. But I have none: the king-becoming graces, As justice, verity, temp'rance, stableness, Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness, Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude, I have no relish of them; but abound In the division of each several crime, Acting it

many ways. Nay, had I power, I should Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell, Uproar the universal peace, confound All unity on earth.

MACDUFF. O Scotland, Scotland!

MALCOLM. If such a one be fit to govern, speak: I am as I have spoken.

MACDUFF. Fit to govern? No, not to live.—O nation miserable, With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd, When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again, Since that the truest issue of thy throne By his own interdiction stands accus'd, And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father Was a most sainted king. The queen that bore thee, Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet, Died every day she lived. Fare thee well! These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O my breast, Thy hope ends here!

MALCOLM. Macduff, this noble passion, Child of integrity, hath from my soul Wiped the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth By many of these trains hath sought to win me Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me From over-credulous haste: but God above Deal between thee and me! for even now I put myself to thy direction, and Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure The taints and blames I laid upon myself, For strangers to my nature. I am yet Unknown to woman; never was forsworn; Scarcely have coveted what was mine own; At no time broke my faith; would not betray The devil to his fellow; and delight No less in truth than life: my first false speaking Was this upon myself. What I am truly, Is thine and my poor country's to command: Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach, Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men, Already at a point, was setting forth. Now we'll together, and the chance of goodness Be like our warranted quarrel. Why are you silent?

MACDUFF. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once 'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

MALCOLM. Well; more anon.—Comes the King forth, I pray you?

DOCTOR. Ay, sir. There are a crew of wretched souls That stay his cure: their malady convinces The great assay of art; but at his touch, Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand, They presently amend.

MALCOLM. I thank you, doctor.

[_Exit Doctor._]

MACDUFF. What's the disease he means?

MALCOLM. 'Tis call'd the evil: A most miraculous work in this good king; Which often, since my here-remain in England, I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven, Himself best knows, but strangely-visited people, All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye, The mere despair of surgery, he cures; Hanging a golden stamp about their necks, Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken, To the succeeding royalty he leaves The healing benediction. With this strange virtue, He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy; And sundry blessings hang about his throne, That speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross.

MACDUFF. See, who comes here?

MALCOLM. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

MACDUFF. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

MALCOLM. I know him now. Good God, betimes remove The means that makes us strangers!

ROSS. Sir, amen.

MACDUFF. Stands Scotland where it did?

ROSS. Alas, poor country, Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot Be call'd our mother, but our grave, where nothing, But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile; Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks, that rent the air, Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems A modern ecstasy. The dead man's knell Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives Expire before the flowers in

their caps, Dying or ere they sicken.

MACDUFF. O, relation Too nice, and yet too true!

MALCOLM. What's the newest grief?

ROSS. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker; Each minute teems a new one.

MACDUFF. How does my wife?

ROSS. Why, well.

MACDUFF. And all my children?

ROSS. Well too.

MACDUFF. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

ROSS. No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

MACDUFF. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes't?

ROSS. When I came hither to transport the tidings, Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour Of many worthy fellows that were out; Which was to my belief witness'd the rather, For that I saw the tyrant's power afoot. Now is the time of help. Your eye in Scotland Would create soldiers, make our women fight, To doff their dire distresses.

MALCOLM. Be't their comfort We are coming thither. Gracious England hath Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men; An older and a better soldier none That Christendom gives out.

ROSS. Would I could answer This comfort with the like! But I have words That would be howl'd out in the desert air, Where hearing should not latch them.

MACDUFF. What concern they? The general cause? or is it a fee-grief Due to some single breast?

ROSS. No mind that's honest But in it shares some woe, though the main part Pertains to you alone.

MACDUFF. If it be mine, Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

ROSS. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever, Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound That ever yet they heard.

MACDUFF. Humh! I guess at it.

ROSS. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife and babes Savagely slaughter'd. To relate the manner Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer, To add the death of you.

MALCOLM. Merciful heaven!— What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows. Give sorrow words. The grief that does not speak Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

MACDUFF. My children too?

ROSS. Wife, children, servants, all That could be found.

MACDUFF. And I must be from thence! My wife kill'd too?

ROSS. I have said.

MALCOLM. Be comforted: Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge, To cure this deadly grief.

MACDUFF. He has no children.—All my pretty ones? Did you say all?—O hell-kite!—All? What, all my pretty chickens and their dam At one fell swoop?

MALCOLM. Dispute it like a man.

MACDUFF. I shall do so; But I must also feel it as a man: I cannot but remember such things were, That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on, And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff, They were all struck for thee! Naught that I am, Not for their own demerits, but for mine, Fell slaughter on their souls: heaven rest them now!

MALCOLM. Be this the whetstone of your sword. Let grief Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

MACDUFF. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes, And braggart with my tongue!—But, gentle heavens, Cut short all intermission; front to front, Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself; Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape, Heaven forgive him too!

MALCOLM. This tune goes manly. Come, go we to the King. Our power is ready; Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may; The night is long that never finds the day.

[_Exeunt._]

ACT V

SCENE I. Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

DOCTOR. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

GENTLEWOMAN. Since his Majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

DOCTOR. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

GENTLEWOMAN. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

DOCTOR. You may to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

GENTLEWOMAN. Neither to you nor anyone; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

DOCTOR. How came she by that light?

GENTLEWOMAN. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

DOCTOR. You see, her eyes are open.

GENTLEWOMAN. Ay, but their sense are shut.

DOCTOR. What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands.

GENTLEWOMAN. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

LADY MACBETH. Yet here's a spot.

DOCTOR. Hark, she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

LADY MACBETH. Out, damned spot! out, I say! One; two. Why, then 'tis time to do't. Hell is murky! Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

DOCTOR. Do you mark that?

LADY MACBETH. The Thane of Fife had a wife. Where is she now?—What, will these hands ne’er be clean? No more o’ that, my lord, no more o’ that: you mar all with this starting.

DOCTOR. Go to, go to. You have known what you should not.

GENTLEWOMAN. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

LADY MACBETH. Here’s the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

DOCTOR. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

GENTLEWOMAN. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

DOCTOR. Well, well, well.

GENTLEWOMAN. Pray God it be, sir.

DOCTOR. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

LADY MACBETH. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale. I tell you yet again, Banquo’s buried; he cannot come out on’s grave.

DOCTOR. Even so?

LADY MACBETH. To bed, to bed. There’s knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What’s done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

[_Exit._]

DOCTOR. Will she go now to bed?

GENTLEWOMAN. Directly.

DOCTOR. Foul whisp’rings are abroad. Unnatural deeds Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets. More needs she the divine than the physician.— God, God, forgive us all! Look after her; Remove from her the means of all annoyance, And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night: My mind she has mated, and amaz’d my sight. I think, but dare not speak.

GENTLEWOMAN. Good night, good doctor.

[_Exeunt._]

SCENE II. The Country near Dunsinane.

Enter, with drum and colours Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox and Soldiers.

MENTEITH. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm, His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff. Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm Excite the mortified man.

ANGUS. Near Birnam wood Shall we well meet them. That way are they coming.

CAITHNESS. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

LENNOX. For certain, sir, he is not. I have a file Of all the gentry: there is Siward’s son And many unrough youths, that even now Protest their first of manhood.

MENTEITH. What does the tyrant?

CAITHNESS. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies. Some say he’s mad; others, that lesser hate him, Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain, He cannot buckle his distemper’d cause Within the belt of rule.

ANGUS. Now does he feel His secret murders sticking on his hands; Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach; Those he commands move only in command, Nothing in love: now does he feel his title Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe Upon a dwarfish thief.

MENTEITH. Who, then, shall blame His pester'd senses to recoil and start, When all that is within him does condemn Itself for being there?

CAITHNESS. Well, march we on, To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd: Meet we the med'cine of the sickly weal; And with him pour we, in our country's purge, Each drop of us.

LENNOX. Or so much as it needs To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds. Make we our march towards Birnam.

[_Exeunt, marching._]

SCENE III. Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor and Attendants.

MACBETH. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all: Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm? Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know All mortal consequences have pronounc'd me thus: "Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman Shall e'er have power upon thee."—Then fly, false thanes, And mingle with the English epicures: The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear, Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon! Where gott'st thou that goose look?

SERVANT. There is ten thousand—

MACBETH. Geese, villain?

SERVANT. Soldiers, sir.

MACBETH. Go prick thy face and over-red thy fear, Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch? Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

SERVANT. The English force, so please you.

MACBETH. Take thy face hence.

[_Exit Servant._]

Seyton!—I am sick at heart, When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push Will cheer me ever or disseat me now. I have liv'd long enough: my way of life Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf; And that which should accompany old age, As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends, I must not look to have; but, in their stead, Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath, Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not. Seyton!—

Enter Seyton.

SEYTON. What's your gracious pleasure?

MACBETH. What news more?

SEYTON. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

MACBETH. I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack'd. Give me my armour.

SEYTON. 'Tis not needed yet.

MACBETH. I'll put it on. Send out more horses, skirr the country round; Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.— How does your patient, doctor?

DOCTOR. Not so sick, my lord, As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies, That keep her from her rest.

MACBETH. Cure her of that: Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd, Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow, Raze out the written troubles of the brain, And with some sweet oblivious antidote Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff Which weighs upon the heart?

DOCTOR. Therein the patient Must minister to himself.

MACBETH. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it. Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff: Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the Thanes fly from me.— Come, sir, despatch.—If thou couldst, doctor, cast The water of my land, find her disease, And purge it to a sound and pristine health, I would applaud thee to the very echo, That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.— What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug, Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?

DOCTOR. Ay, my good lord. Your royal preparation Makes us hear something.

MACBETH. Bring it after me.— I will not be afraid of death and bane, Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

[_Exeunt all except Doctor._]

DOCTOR. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear, Profit again should hardly draw me here.

[_Exit._]

SCENE IV. Country near Dunsinane: a Wood in view.

Enter, with drum and colours Malcolm, old Siward and his Son, Macduff, Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, Ross and Soldiers, marching.

MALCOLM. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand That chambers will be safe.

MENTEITH. We doubt it nothing.

SIWARD. What wood is this before us?

MENTEITH. The wood of Birnam.

MALCOLM. Let every soldier hew him down a bough, And bear't before him. Thereby shall we shadow The numbers of our host, and make discovery Err in report of us.

SOLDIERS. It shall be done.

SIWARD. We learn no other but the confident tyrant Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure Our setting down before't.

MALCOLM. 'Tis his main hope; For where there is advantage to be given, Both more and less have given him the revolt, And none serve with him but constrained things, Whose hearts are absent too.

MACDUFF. Let our just censures Attend the true event, and put we on Industrious soldiership.

SIWARD. The time approaches, That will with due decision make us know What we shall say we have, and what we owe. Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate, But certain issue strokes must arbitrate; Towards which advance the war.

[_Exeunt, marching._]

SCENE V. Dunsinane. Within the castle.

Enter with drum and colours, Macbeth, Seyton and Soldiers.

MACBETH. Hang out our banners on the outward walls; The cry is still, "They come!" Our castle's strength Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie Till famine and the ague eat them up. Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours, We might have met them dareful, beard to beard, And beat them backward home.

[_A cry of women within._]

What is that noise?

SEYTON. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

[_Exit._]

MACBETH. I have almost forgot the taste of fears. The time has been, my senses would have cool'd To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir As life were in't. I have supp'd full with horrors; Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts, Cannot once start me.

Enter Seyton.

Wherefore was that cry?

SEYTON. The Queen, my lord, is dead.

MACBETH. She should have died hereafter. There would have been a time for such a word. Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow, Creeps in this petty pace from day to day, To the last syllable of recorded time; And all our yesterdays have lighted fools The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle! Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player, That struts and frets his hour upon the stage, And then is heard no more: it is a tale Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

MESSENGER. Gracious my lord, I should report that which I say I saw, But know not how to do't.

MACBETH. Well, say, sir.

MESSENGER. As I did stand my watch upon the hill, I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought, The wood began to move.

MACBETH. Liar, and slave!

MESSENGER. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so. Within this three mile may you see it coming; I say, a moving grove.

MACBETH. If thou speak'st false, Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive, Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth, I care not if thou dost for me as much.— I pull in resolution; and begin To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend, That lies like truth. "Fear not, till Birnam wood Do come to Dunsinane;" and now a wood Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!— If this which he avouches does appear, There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here. I 'gin to be aweary of the sun, And wish th' estate o' th' world were now undone.— Ring the alarum bell!—Blow, wind! come, wrack! At least we'll die with harness on our back.

[_Exeunt._]

SCENE VI. The same. A Plain before the Castle.

Enter, with drum and colours, Malcolm, old Siward, Macduff and their Army, with boughs.

MALCOLM. Now near enough. Your leafy screens throw down, And show like those you are.—You, worthy uncle, Shall with my cousin, your right noble son, Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we Shall take upon's what else remains to do, According to our order.

SIWARD. Fare you well.— Do we but find the tyrant's power tonight, Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

MACDUFF. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath, Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[_Exeunt._]

SCENE VII. The same. Another part of the Plain.

Alarums. Enter Macbeth.

MACBETH. They have tied me to a stake. I cannot fly, But, bear-like I must fight the course.—What's he That was not born of woman? Such a one Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Siward.

YOUNG SIWARD. What is thy name?

MACBETH. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

YOUNG SIWARD. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name Than any is in hell.

MACBETH. My name's Macbeth.

YOUNG SIWARD. The devil himself could not pronounce a title More hateful to mine ear.

MACBETH. No, nor more fearful.

YOUNG SIWARD. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant. With my sword I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[_They fight, and young Siward is slain._]

MACBETH. Thou wast born of woman. But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn, Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born.

[_Exit._]

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

MACDUFF. That way the noise is.—Tyrant, show thy face! If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine, My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still. I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms Are hired to bear their staves. Either thou, Macbeth, Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge, I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be; By this great clatter, one of greatest note Seems bruited. Let me find him, Fortune! And more I beg not.

[_Exit. Alarums._]

Enter Malcolm and old Siward.

SIWARD. This way, my lord;—the castle's gently render'd: The tyrant's people on both sides do fight; The noble thanes do bravely in the war, The day almost itself professes yours, And little is to do.

MALCOLM. We have met with foes That strike beside us.

SIWARD. Enter, sir, the castle.

[_Exeunt. Alarums._]

SCENE VIII. The same. Another part of the field.

Enter Macbeth.

MACBETH. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes Do better upon them.

Enter Macduff.

MACDUFF. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

MACBETH. Of all men else I have avoided thee: But get thee back; my soul is too much charg'd With blood of thine already.

MACDUFF. I have no words; My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier villain Than terms can give thee out!

[_They fight._]

MACBETH. Thou losest labour: As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed: Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests; I bear a charmed life, which must not yield To one of woman born.

MACDUFF. Despair thy charm; And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb Untimely ripp'd.

MACBETH. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so, For it hath cow'd my better part of man! And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd, That palter with us in a double sense; That keep the word of promise to our ear, And break it to our hope!—I'll not fight with

thee.

MACDUFF. Then yield thee, coward, And live to be the show and gaze o' th' time. We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are, Painted upon a pole, and underwrit, "Here may you see the tyrant."

MACBETH. I will not yield, To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet, And to be baited with the rabble's curse. Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane, And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born, Yet I will try the last. Before my body I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff; And damn'd be him that first cries, "Hold, enough!"

[_Exeunt fighting. Alarums._]

Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colours, Malcolm, old Siward, Ross, Thanes and Soldiers.

MALCOLM. I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.

SIWARD. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see, So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

MALCOLM. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

ROSS. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt: He only liv'd but till he was a man; The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd In the unshrinking station where he fought, But like a man he died.

SIWARD. Then he is dead?

ROSS. Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause of sorrow Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then It hath no end.

SIWARD. Had he his hurts before?

ROSS. Ay, on the front.

SIWARD. Why then, God's soldier be he! Had I as many sons as I have hairs, I would not wish them to a fairer death: And so his knell is knoll'd.

MALCOLM. He's worth more sorrow, And that I'll spend for him.

SIWARD. He's worth no more. They say he parted well and paid his score: And so, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduff with Macbeth's head.

MACDUFF. Hail, King, for so thou art. Behold, where stands Th' usurper's cursed head: the time is free. I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl, That speak my salutation in their minds; Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,— Hail, King of Scotland!

ALL. Hail, King of Scotland!

[_Flourish._]

MALCOLM. We shall not spend a large expense of time Before we reckon with your several loves, And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen, Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do, Which would be planted newly with the time,— As calling home our exil'd friends abroad, That fled the snares of watchful tyranny; Producing forth the cruel ministers Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen, Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands Took off her life;—this, and what needful else That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace, We will perform in measure, time, and place. So thanks to all at once, and to each one, Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[_Flourish. Exeunt._]

==========

Apology

Benedictus de SpinozaThe Project Gutenberg eBook of Apology

Project Gutenberg Release: February 01, 1999 · eBook #1656

Produced by Sue Asscher, and David Widger

Apology

by Plato

Translated by Benjamin Jowett

Contents

INTRODUCTION APOLOGY

INTRODUCTION.

In what relation the “Apology” of Plato stands to the real defence of Socrates, there are no means of determining. It certainly agrees in tone and character with the description of Xenophon, who says in the “Memorabilia” that Socrates might have been acquitted “if in any moderate degree he would have conciliated the favour of the dicasts;” and who informs us in another passage, on the testimony of Hermogenes, the friend of Socrates, that he had no wish to live; and that the divine sign refused to allow him to prepare a defence, and also that Socrates himself declared this to be unnecessary, on the ground that all his life long he had been preparing against that hour. For the speech breathes throughout a spirit of defiance, “_ut non supplex aut reus sed magister aut dominus videretur esse judicum_” (Cic. “de Orat.” i. 54); and the loose and desultory style is an imitation of the “accustomed manner” in which Socrates spoke in “the _agora_ and among the tables of the money-changers.” The allusion in the “Crito” (45 B) may, perhaps, be adduced as a further evidence of the literal accuracy of some parts (37 C, D). But in the main it must be regarded as the ideal of Socrates, according to Plato’s conception of him, appearing in the greatest and most public scene of his life, and in the height of his triumph, when he is weakest, and yet his mastery over mankind is greatest, and his habitual irony acquires a new meaning and a sort of tragic pathos in the face of death. The facts of his life are summed up, and the features of his character are brought out as if by accident in the course of the defence. The conversational manner, the seeming want of arrangement, the ironical simplicity, are found to result in a perfect work of art, which is the portrait of Socrates.

Yet some of the topics may have been actually used by Socrates; and the recollection of his very words may have rung in the ears of his disciple. The “Apology” of Plato may be compared generally with those speeches of Thucydides in which he has embodied his conception of the lofty character and policy of the great Pericles, and which at the same time furnish a commentary on the situation of affairs from the point of view of the historian. So in the “Apology” there is an ideal rather than a literal truth; much is said which was not said, and is only Plato’s view of the situation. Plato was not, like Xenophon, a chronicler of facts; he does not appear in any of his writings to have aimed at literal accuracy. He is not therefore to be supplemented from the Memorabilia and Symposium of Xenophon, who belongs to an entirely different class of writers. The Apology of Plato is not the report of what Socrates said, but an elaborate composition, quite as much so in fact as one of the Dialogues. And we may perhaps even indulge in the fancy that the actual defence of Socrates was as much greater than the Platonic defence as the master was greater than the disciple. But in any case, some of the words used by him must have been remembered, and some of the facts recorded must have actually occurred. It is significant that Plato is said to have been present at the defence (Apol.), as he is also said to have been absent at the last scene in the “Phædo”. Is it fanciful to suppose that he meant to give the stamp of authenticity to the one and not to the other?—especially when we consider that these two passages are the only ones in which Plato makes mention of himself. The circumstance that Plato was to be one of his sureties for the payment of the fine which he proposed has the appearance of truth. More suspicious is the statement that Socrates received the first impulse to his favourite calling of cross-examining the world from the Oracle of Delphi; for he must already have been famous before Chaerephon went to consult the Oracle (Riddell), and the story is of a kind which is very likely to have been invented. On the whole we arrive at the conclusion that the “Apology” is true to the character of Socrates, but we cannot show that any single sentence in it was actually spoken by him. It breathes the spirit of

Socrates, but has been cast anew in the mould of Plato.

There is not much in the other Dialogues which can be compared with the “Apology”. The same recollection of his master may have been present to the mind of Plato when depicting the sufferings of the Just in the “Republic”. The “Crito” may also be regarded as a sort of appendage to the “Apology”, in which Socrates, who has defied the judges, is nevertheless represented as scrupulously obedient to the laws. The idealization of the sufferer is carried still further in the “Georgias”, in which the thesis is maintained, that “to suffer is better than to do evil;” and the art of rhetoric is described as only useful for the purpose of self-accusation. The parallelisms which occur in the so-called “Apology” of Xenophon are not worth noticing, because the writing in which they are contained is manifestly spurious. The statements of the “Memorabilia” respecting the trial and death of Socrates agree generally with Plato; but they have lost the flavour of Socratic irony in the narrative of Xenophon.

The “Apology” or Platonic defence of Socrates is divided into three parts: 1st. The defence properly so called; 2nd. The shorter address in mitigation of the penalty; 3rd. The last words of prophetic rebuke and exhortation.

The first part commences with an apology for his colloquial style; he is, as he has always been, the enemy of rhetoric, and knows of no rhetoric but truth; he will not falsify his character by making a speech. Then he proceeds to divide his accusers into two classes; first, there is the nameless accuser—public opinion. All the world from their earliest years had heard that he was a corrupter of youth, and had seen him caricatured in the “Clouds” of Aristophanes. Secondly, there are the professed accusers, who are but the mouth-piece of the others. The accusations of both might be summed up in a formula. The first say, “Socrates is an evil-doer and a curious person, searching into things under the earth and above the heaven; and making the worse appear the better cause, and teaching all this to others.” The second, “Socrates is an evil-doer and corrupter of the youth, who does not receive the gods whom the state receives, but introduces other new divinities.” These last words appear to have been the actual indictment (compare Xen. Mem.); and the previous formula, which is a summary of public opinion, assumes the same legal style.

The answer begins by clearing up a confusion. In the representations of the Comic poets, and in the opinion of the multitude, he had been identified with the teachers of physical science and with the Sophists. But this was an error. For both of them he professes a respect in the open court, which contrasts with his manner of speaking about them in other places. (Compare for Anaxagoras, Phædo, Laws; for the Sophists, Meno, Republic, Tim., Theaet., Soph., etc.) But at the same time he shows that he is not one of them. Of natural philosophy he knows nothing; not that he despises such pursuits, but the fact is that he is ignorant of them, and never says a word about them. Nor is he paid for giving instruction—that is another mistaken notion:—he has nothing to teach. But he commends Evenus for teaching virtue at such a “moderate” rate as five minæ. Something of the “accustomed irony,” which may perhaps be expected to sleep in the ear of the multitude, is lurking here.

He then goes on to explain the reason why he is in such an evil name. That had arisen out of a peculiar mission which he had taken upon himself. The enthusiastic Chaerephon (probably in anticipation of the answer which he received) had gone to Delphi and asked the oracle if there was any man wiser than Socrates; and the answer was, that there was no man wiser. What could be the meaning of this—that he who knew nothing, and knew that he knew nothing, should be declared by the oracle to be the wisest of men? Reflecting upon the answer, he determined to refute it by finding “a wiser;” and first he went to the politicians, and then to the poets, and then to the craftsmen, but always with the same result—he found that they knew nothing, or hardly anything more than himself; and that the little advantage which in some cases they possessed was more than counter-balanced by their conceit of knowledge. He knew nothing, and knew that he knew nothing: they knew little or nothing, and imagined that they knew all things. Thus he had passed his life as a sort of missionary in detecting the pretended wisdom of mankind; and this occupation had quite absorbed him and taken him away both from public and private affairs. Young men of the richer sort had made a pastime of the same pursuit, “which was not unamusing.” And hence bitter enmities had arisen; the professors of knowledge had revenged themselves by calling him a villainous corrupter of youth, and by repeating the commonplaces about atheism and materialism and sophistry, which are the stock-accusations against all philosophers when there is nothing else to be said of them.

The second accusation he meets by interrogating Meletus, who is present and can be interrogated. “If he is the corrupter, who is the improver of the citizens?” (Compare Meno.) “All men everywhere.” But how absurd, how contrary to analogy is this! How inconceivable too, that he should make the citizens worse when he has to live with them. This surely cannot be intentional; and if unintentional, he ought to have been instructed by Meletus, and not accused in the court.

But there is another part of the indictment which says that he teaches men not to receive the gods whom the city receives, and has other new gods. “Is that the way in which he is supposed to corrupt the youth?” “Yes, it is.” “Has he only new gods, or none at all?”

“None at all.” “What, not even the sun and moon?” “No; why, he says that the sun is a stone, and the moon earth.” That, replies Socrates, is the old confusion about Anaxagoras; the Athenian people are not so ignorant as to attribute to the influence of Socrates notions which have found their way into the drama, and may be learned at the theatre. Socrates undertakes to show that Meletus (rather unjustifiably) has been compounding a riddle in this part of the indictment: “There are no gods, but Socrates believes in the existence of the sons of gods, which is absurd.”

Leaving Meletus, who has had enough words spent upon him, he returns to the original accusation. The question may be asked, Why will he persist in following a profession which leads him to death? Why?—because he must remain at his post where the god has placed him, as he remained at Potidaea, and Amphipolis, and Delium, where the generals placed him. Besides, he is not so overwise as to imagine that he knows whether death is a good or an evil; and he is certain that desertion of his duty is an evil. Anytus is quite right in saying that they should never have indicted him if they meant to let him go. For he will certainly obey God rather than man; and will continue to preach to all men of all ages the necessity of virtue and improvement; and if they refuse to listen to him he will still persevere and reprove them. This is his way of corrupting the youth, which he will not cease to follow in obedience to the god, even if a thousand deaths await him.

He is desirous that they should let him live—not for his own sake, but for theirs; because he is their heaven-sent friend (and they will never have such another), or, as he may be ludicrously described, he is the gadfly who stirs the generous steed into motion. Why then has he never taken part in public affairs? Because the familiar divine voice has hindered him; if he had been a public man, and had fought for the right, as he would certainly have fought against the many, he would not have lived, and could therefore have done no good. Twice in public matters he has risked his life for the sake of justice—once at the trial of the generals; and again in resistance to the tyrannical commands of the Thirty.

But, though not a public man, he has passed his days in instructing the citizens without fee or reward—this was his mission. Whether his disciples have turned out well or ill, he cannot justly be charged with the result, for he never promised to teach them anything. They might come if they liked, and they might stay away if they liked: and they did come, because they found an amusement in hearing the pretenders to wisdom detected. If they have been corrupted, their elder relatives (if not themselves) might surely come into court and witness against him, and there is an opportunity still for them to appear. But their fathers and brothers all appear in court (including “this” Plato), to witness on his behalf; and if their relatives are corrupted, at least they are uncorrupted; “and they are my witnesses. For they know that I am speaking the truth, and that Meletus is lying.”

This is about all that he has to say. He will not entreat the judges to spare his life; neither will he present a spectacle of weeping children, although he, too, is not made of “rock or oak.” Some of the judges themselves may have complied with this practice on similar occasions, and he trusts that they will not be angry with him for not following their example. But he feels that such conduct brings discredit on the name of Athens: he feels too, that the judge has sworn not to give away justice; and he cannot be guilty of the impiety of asking the judge to break his oath, when he is himself being tried for impiety.

As he expected, and probably intended, he is convicted. And now the tone of the speech, instead of being more conciliatory, becomes more lofty and commanding. Anytus proposes death as the penalty: and what counter-proposition shall he make? He, the benefactor of the Athenian people, whose whole life has been spent in doing them good, should at least have the Olympic victor’s reward of maintenance in the Prytaneum. Or why should he propose any counter-penalty when he does not know whether death, which Anytus proposes, is a good or an evil? And he is certain that imprisonment is an evil, exile is an evil. Loss of money might be an evil, but then he has none to give; perhaps he can make up a mina. Let that be the penalty, or, if his friends wish, thirty minæ; for which they will be excellent securities.

[_He is condemned to death._]

He is an old man already, and the Athenians will gain nothing but disgrace by depriving him of a few years of life. Perhaps he could have escaped, if he had chosen to throw down his arms and entreat for his life. But he does not at all repent of the manner of his defence; he would rather die in his own fashion than live in theirs. For the penalty of unrighteousness is swifter than death; that penalty has already overtaken his accusers as death will soon overtake him.

And now, as one who is about to die, he will prophesy to them. They have put him to death in order to escape the necessity of giving an account of their lives. But his death “will be the seed” of many disciples who will convince them of their evil ways, and will come forth to reprove them in harsher terms, because they are younger and more inconsiderate.

He would like to say a few words, while there is time, to those who would have acquitted him. He wishes them to know that the divine sign never interrupted him in the course of his defence; the reason of which, as he conjectures, is that the death to which he is going is a good and not an evil. For either death is a long sleep, the best of sleeps, or a journey to another world in which the souls of the dead are gathered together, and in which there may be a hope of seeing the heroes of old—in which, too, there are just judges; and as all are immortal, there can be no fear of any one suffering death for his opinions.

Nothing evil can happen to the good man either in life or death, and his own death has been permitted by the gods, because it was better for him to depart; and therefore he forgives his judges because they have done him no harm, although they never meant to do him any good.

He has a last request to make to them—that they will trouble his sons as he has troubled them, if they appear to prefer riches to virtue, or to think themselves something when they are nothing.

"Few persons will be found to wish that Socrates should have defended himself otherwise,"—if, as we must add, his defence was that with which Plato has provided him. But leaving this question, which does not admit of a precise solution, we may go on to ask what was the impression which Plato in the "Apology" intended to give of the character and conduct of his master in the last great scene? Did he intend to represent him (1) as employing sophistries; (2) as designedly irritating the judges? Or are these sophistries to be regarded as belonging to the age in which he lived and to his personal character, and this apparent haughtiness as flowing from the natural elevation of his position?

For example, when he says that it is absurd to suppose that one man is the corrupter and all the rest of the world the improvers of the youth; or, when he argues that he never could have corrupted the men with whom he had to live; or, when he proves his belief in the gods because he believes in the sons of gods, is he serious or jesting? It may be observed that these sophisms all occur in his cross-examination of Meletus, who is easily foiled and mastered in the hands of the great dialectician. Perhaps he regarded these answers as good enough for his accuser, of whom he makes very light. Also there is a touch of irony in them, which takes them out of the category of sophistry. (Compare Euthyph.)

That the manner in which he defends himself about the lives of his disciples is not satisfactory, can hardly be denied. Fresh in the memory of the Athenians, and detestable as they deserved to be to the newly restored democracy, were the names of Alcibiades, Critias, Charmides. It is obviously not a sufficient answer that Socrates had never professed to teach them anything, and is therefore not justly chargeable with their crimes. Yet the defence, when taken out of this ironical form, is doubtless sound: that his teaching had nothing to do with their evil lives. Here, then, the sophistry is rather in form than in substance, though we might desire that to such a serious charge Socrates had given a more serious answer.

Truly characteristic of Socrates is another point in his answer, which may also be regarded as sophistical. He says that "if he has corrupted the youth, he must have corrupted them involuntarily." But if, as Socrates argues, all evil is involuntary, then all criminals ought to be admonished and not punished. In these words the Socratic doctrine of the involuntariness of evil is clearly intended to be conveyed. Here again, as in the former instance, the defence of Socrates is untrue practically, but may be true in some ideal or transcendental sense. The commonplace reply, that if he had been guilty of corrupting the youth their relations would surely have witnessed against him, with which he concludes this part of his defence, is more satisfactory.

Again, when Socrates argues that he must believe in the gods because he believes in the sons of gods, we must remember that this is a refutation not of the original indictment, which is consistent enough—"Socrates does not receive the gods whom the city receives, and has other new divinities"—but of the interpretation put upon the words by Meletus, who has affirmed that he is a downright atheist. To this Socrates fairly answers, in accordance with the ideas of the time, that a downright atheist cannot believe in the sons of gods or in divine things. The notion that demons or lesser divinities are the sons of gods is not to be regarded as ironical or sceptical. He is arguing "ad hominem" according to the notions of mythology current in his age. Yet he abstains from saying that he believed in the gods whom the State approved. He does not defend himself, as Xenophon has defended him, by appealing to his practice of religion. Probably he neither wholly believed, nor disbelieved, in the existence of the popular gods; he had no means of knowing about them. According to Plato (compare Phædo; Symp.), as well as Xenophon (Memor.), he was punctual in the performance of the least religious duties; and he must have believed in his own oracular sign, of which he seemed to have an internal witness. But the existence of Apollo or Zeus, or the other gods whom the State approves, would have appeared to him both uncertain and unimportant in comparison of the duty of self-examination, and of those principles of truth and right which he deemed to be the foundation of religion. (Compare Phaedr.; Euthyph.; Republic.)

The second question, whether Plato meant to represent Socrates as braving or irritating his judges, must also be answered in the negative. His irony, his superiority, his audacity, “regarding not the person of man,” necessarily flow out of the loftiness of his situation. He is not acting a part upon a great occasion, but he is what he has been all his life long, “a king of men.” He would rather not appear insolent, if he could avoid it (ouch os authadizomenos touto lego). Neither is he desirous of hastening his own end, for life and death are simply indifferent to him. But such a defence as would be acceptable to his judges and might procure an acquittal, it is not in his nature to make. He will not say or do anything that might pervert the course of justice; he cannot have his tongue bound even “in the throat of death.” With his accusers he will only fence and play, as he had fenced with other “improvers of youth,” answering the Sophist according to his sophistry all his life long. He is serious when he is speaking of his own mission, which seems to distinguish him from all other reformers of mankind, and originates in an accident. The dedication of himself to the improvement of his fellow-citizens is not so remarkable as the ironical spirit in which he goes about doing good only in vindication of the credit of the oracle, and in the vain hope of finding a wiser man than himself. Yet this singular and almost accidental character of his mission agrees with the divine sign which, according to our notions, is equally accidental and irrational, and is nevertheless accepted by him as the guiding principle of his life. Socrates is nowhere represented to us as a freethinker or sceptic. There is no reason to doubt his sincerity when he speculates on the possibility of seeing and knowing the heroes of the Trojan war in another world. On the other hand, his hope of immortality is uncertain;—he also conceives of death as a long sleep (in this respect differing from the Phædo), and at last falls back on resignation to the divine will, and the certainty that no evil can happen to the good man either in life or death. His absolute truthfulness seems to hinder him from asserting positively more than this; and he makes no attempt to veil his ignorance in mythology and figures of speech. The gentleness of the first part of the speech contrasts with the aggravated, almost threatening, tone of the conclusion. He characteristically remarks that he will not speak as a rhetorician, that is to say, he will not make a regular defence such as Lysias or one of the orators might have composed for him, or, according to some accounts, did compose for him. But he first procures himself a hearing by conciliatory words. He does not attack the Sophists; for they were open to the same charges as himself; they were equally ridiculed by the Comic poets, and almost equally hateful to Anytus and Meletus. Yet incidentally the antagonism between Socrates and the Sophists is allowed to appear. He is poor and they are rich; his profession that he teaches nothing is opposed to their readiness to teach all things; his talking in the marketplace to their private instructions; his tarry-at-home life to their wandering from city to city. The tone which he assumes towards them is one of real friendliness, but also of concealed irony. Towards Anaxagoras, who had disappointed him in his hopes of learning about mind and nature, he shows a less kindly feeling, which is also the feeling of Plato in other passages (Laws). But Anaxagoras had been dead thirty years, and was beyond the reach of persecution.

It has been remarked that the prophecy of a new generation of teachers who would rebuke and exhort the Athenian people in harsher and more violent terms was, as far as we know, never fulfilled. No inference can be drawn from this circumstance as to the probability of the words attributed to him having been actually uttered. They express the aspiration of the first martyr of philosophy, that he would leave behind him many followers, accompanied by the not unnatural feeling that they would be fiercer and more inconsiderate in their words when emancipated from his control.

The above remarks must be understood as applying with any degree of certainty to the Platonic Socrates only. For, although these or similar words may have been spoken by Socrates himself, we cannot exclude the possibility, that like so much else, _e.g._ the wisdom of Critias, the poem of Solon, the virtues of Charmides, they may have been due only to the imagination of Plato. The arguments of those who maintain that the Apology was composed during the process, resting on no evidence, do not require a serious refutation. Nor are the reasonings of Schleiermacher, who argues that the Platonic defence is an exact or nearly exact reproduction of the words of Socrates, partly because Plato would not have been guilty of the impiety of altering them, and also because many points of the defence might have been improved and strengthened, at all more conclusive. (See English Translation.) What effect the death of Socrates produced on the mind of Plato, we cannot certainly determine; nor can we say how he would or must have written under the circumstances. We observe that the enmity of Aristophanes to Socrates does not prevent Plato from introducing them together in the Symposium engaged in friendly intercourse. Nor is there any trace in the Dialogues of an attempt to make Anytus or Meletus personally odious in the eyes of the Athenian public.

APOLOGY

How you, O Athenians, have been affected by my accusers, I cannot tell; but I know that they almost made me forget who I was—so persuasively did they speak; and yet they have hardly uttered a word of truth. But of the many falsehoods told by them, there was one which quite amazed me;—I mean when they said that you should be upon your guard and not allow yourselves to be

deceived by the force of my eloquence. To say this, when they were certain to be detected as soon as I opened my lips and proved myself to be anything but a great speaker, did indeed appear to me most shameless—unless by the force of eloquence they mean the force of truth; for if such is their meaning, I admit that I am eloquent. But in how different a way from theirs! Well, as I was saying, they have scarcely spoken the truth at all; but from me you shall hear the whole truth: not, however, delivered after their manner in a set oration duly ornamented with words and phrases. No, by heaven! but I shall use the words and arguments which occur to me at the moment; for I am confident in the justice of my cause (Or, I am certain that I am right in taking this course.): at my time of life I ought not to be appearing before you, O men of Athens, in the character of a juvenile orator—let no one expect it of me. And I must beg of you to grant me a favour:—If I defend myself in my accustomed manner, and you hear me using the words which I have been in the habit of using in the agora, at the tables of the money-changers, or anywhere else, I would ask you not to be surprised, and not to interrupt me on this account. For I am more than seventy years of age, and appearing now for the first time in a court of law, I am quite a stranger to the language of the place; and therefore I would have you regard me as if I were really a stranger, whom you would excuse if he spoke in his native tongue, and after the fashion of his country:—Am I making an unfair request of you? Never mind the manner, which may or may not be good; but think only of the truth of my words, and give heed to that: let the speaker speak truly and the judge decide justly.

And first, I have to reply to the older charges and to my first accusers, and then I will go on to the later ones. For of old I have had many accusers, who have accused me falsely to you during many years; and I am more afraid of them than of Anytus and his associates, who are dangerous, too, in their own way. But far more dangerous are the others, who began when you were children, and took possession of your minds with their falsehoods, telling of one Socrates, a wise man, who speculated about the heaven above, and searched into the earth beneath, and made the worse appear the better cause. The disseminators of this tale are the accusers whom I dread; for their hearers are apt to fancy that such enquirers do not believe in the existence of the gods. And they are many, and their charges against me are of ancient date, and they were made by them in the days when you were more impressible than you are now—in childhood, or it may have been in youth—and the cause when heard went by default, for there was none to answer. And hardest of all, I do not know and cannot tell the names of my accusers; unless in the chance case of a Comic poet. All who from envy and malice have persuaded you—some of them having first convinced themselves—all this class of men are most difficult to deal with; for I cannot have them up here, and cross-examine them, and therefore I must simply fight with shadows in my own defence, and argue when there is no one who answers. I will ask you then to assume with me, as I was saying, that my opponents are of two kinds; one recent, the other ancient: and I hope that you will see the propriety of my answering the latter first, for these accusations you heard long before the others, and much oftener.

Well, then, I must make my defence, and endeavour to clear away in a short time, a slander which has lasted a long time. May I succeed, if to succeed be for my good and yours, or likely to avail me in my cause! The task is not an easy one; I quite understand the nature of it. And so leaving the event with God, in obedience to the law I will now make my defence.

I will begin at the beginning, and ask what is the accusation which has given rise to the slander of me, and in fact has encouraged Meletus to proof this charge against me. Well, what do the slanderers say? They shall be my prosecutors, and I will sum up their words in an affidavit: “Socrates is an evil-doer, and a curious person, who searches into things under the earth and in heaven, and he makes the worse appear the better cause; and he teaches the aforesaid doctrines to others.” Such is the nature of the accusation: it is just what you have yourselves seen in the comedy of Aristophanes (Aristoph., Clouds.), who has introduced a man whom he calls Socrates, going about and saying that he walks in air, and talking a deal of nonsense concerning matters of which I do not pretend to know either much or little—not that I mean to speak disparagingly of any one who is a student of natural philosophy. I should be very sorry if Meletus could bring so grave a charge against me. But the simple truth is, O Athenians, that I have nothing to do with physical speculations. Very many of those here present are witnesses to the truth of this, and to them I appeal. Speak then, you who have heard me, and tell your neighbours whether any of you have ever known me hold forth in few words or in many upon such matters...You hear their answer. And from what they say of this part of the charge you will be able to judge of the truth of the rest.

As little foundation is there for the report that I am a teacher, and take money; this accusation has no more truth in it than the other. Although, if a man were really able to instruct mankind, to receive money for giving instruction would, in my opinion, be an honour to him. There is Gorgias of Leontium, and Prodicus of Ceos, and Hippias of Elis, who go the round of the cities, and are able to persuade the young men to leave their own citizens by whom they might be taught for nothing, and come to them whom they not only pay, but are thankful if they may be allowed to pay them. There is at this time a Parian philosopher residing in Athens, of whom I have heard; and I came to hear of him in this way:—I came across a man who has spent a world of money on the Sophists,

Callias, the son of Hipponicus, and knowing that he had sons, I asked him: “Callias,” I said, “if your two sons were foals or calves, there would be no difficulty in finding some one to put over them; we should hire a trainer of horses, or a farmer probably, who would improve and perfect them in their own proper virtue and excellence; but as they are human beings, whom are you thinking of placing over them? Is there any one who understands human and political virtue? You must have thought about the matter, for you have sons; is there any one?” “There is,” he said. “Who is he?” said I; “and of what country? and what does he charge?” “Evenus the Parian,” he replied; “he is the man, and his charge is five minæ.” Happy is Evenus, I said to myself, if he really has this wisdom, and teaches at such a moderate charge. Had I the same, I should have been very proud and conceited; but the truth is that I have no knowledge of the kind.

I dare say, Athenians, that some one among you will reply, “Yes, Socrates, but what is the origin of these accusations which are brought against you; there must have been something strange which you have been doing? All these rumours and this talk about you would never have arisen if you had been like other men: tell us, then, what is the cause of them, for we should be sorry to judge hastily of you.” Now I regard this as a fair challenge, and I will endeavour to explain to you the reason why I am called wise and have such an evil fame. Please to attend then. And although some of you may think that I am joking, I declare that I will tell you the entire truth. Men of Athens, this reputation of mine has come of a certain sort of wisdom which I possess. If you ask me what kind of wisdom, I reply, wisdom such as may perhaps be attained by man, for to that extent I am inclined to believe that I am wise; whereas the persons of whom I was speaking have a superhuman wisdom which I may fail to describe, because I have it not myself; and he who says that I have, speaks falsely, and is taking away my character. And here, O men of Athens, I must beg you not to interrupt me, even if I seem to say something extravagant. For the word which I will speak is not mine. I will refer you to a witness who is worthy of credit; that witness shall be the God of Delphi—he will tell you about my wisdom, if I have any, and of what sort it is. You must have known Chaerephon; he was early a friend of mine, and also a friend of yours, for he shared in the recent exile of the people, and returned with you. Well, Chaerephon, as you know, was very impetuous in all his doings, and he went to Delphi and boldly asked the oracle to tell him whether—as I was saying, I must beg you not to interrupt—he asked the oracle to tell him whether anyone was wiser than I was, and the Pythian prophetess answered, that there was no man wiser. Chaerephon is dead himself; but his brother, who is in court, will confirm the truth of what I am saying.

Why do I mention this? Because I am going to explain to you why I have such an evil name. When I heard the answer, I said to myself, What can the god mean? and what is the interpretation of his riddle? for I know that I have no wisdom, small or great. What then can he mean when he says that I am the wisest of men? And yet he is a god, and cannot lie; that would be against his nature. After long consideration, I thought of a method of trying the question. I reflected that if I could only find a man wiser than myself, then I might go to the god with a refutation in my hand. I should say to him, “Here is a man who is wiser than I am; but you said that I was the wisest.” Accordingly I went to one who had the reputation of wisdom, and observed him—his name I need not mention; he was a politician whom I selected for examination—and the result was as follows: When I began to talk with him, I could not help thinking that he was not really wise, although he was thought wise by many, and still wiser by himself; and thereupon I tried to explain to him that he thought himself wise, but was not really wise; and the consequence was that he hated me, and his enmity was shared by several who were present and heard me. So I left him, saying to myself, as I went away: Well, although I do not suppose that either of us knows anything really beautiful and good, I am better off than he is,—for he knows nothing, and thinks that he knows; I neither know nor think that I know. In this latter particular, then, I seem to have slightly the advantage of him. Then I went to another who had still higher pretensions to wisdom, and my conclusion was exactly the same. Whereupon I made another enemy of him, and of many others besides him.

Then I went to one man after another, being not unconscious of the enmity which I provoked, and I lamented and feared this: but necessity was laid upon me,—the word of God, I thought, ought to be considered first. And I said to myself, Go I must to all who appear to know, and find out the meaning of the oracle. And I swear to you, Athenians, by the dog I swear!—for I must tell you the truth—the result of my mission was just this: I found that the men most in repute were all but the most foolish; and that others less esteemed were really wiser and better. I will tell you the tale of my wanderings and of the “Herculean” labours, as I may call them, which I endured only to find at last the oracle irrefutable. After the politicians, I went to the poets; tragic, dithyrambic, and all sorts. And there, I said to myself, you will be instantly detected; now you will find out that you are more ignorant than they are. Accordingly, I took them some of the most elaborate passages in their own writings, and asked what was the meaning of them—thinking that they would teach me something. Will you believe me? I am almost ashamed to confess the truth, but I must say that there is hardly a person present who would not have talked better about their poetry than they did themselves. Then I knew that not by wisdom do poets write poetry, but by a sort of genius and inspiration; they are like diviners or soothsayers who also say many fine things, but do not understand the meaning of them. The poets appeared to me to be much in the same case; and I

further observed that upon the strength of their poetry they believed themselves to be the wisest of men in other things in which they were not wise. So I departed, conceiving myself to be superior to them for the same reason that I was superior to the politicians.

At last I went to the artisans. I was conscious that I knew nothing at all, as I may say, and I was sure that they knew many fine things; and here I was not mistaken, for they did know many things of which I was ignorant, and in this they certainly were wiser than I was. But I observed that even the good artisans fell into the same error as the poets;—because they were good workmen they thought that they also knew all sorts of high matters, and this defect in them overshadowed their wisdom; and therefore I asked myself on behalf of the oracle, whether I would like to be as I was, neither having their knowledge nor their ignorance, or like them in both; and I made answer to myself and to the oracle that I was better off as I was.

This inquisition has led to my having many enemies of the worst and most dangerous kind, and has given occasion also to many calumnies. And I am called wise, for my hearers always imagine that I myself possess the wisdom which I find wanting in others: but the truth is, O men of Athens, that God only is wise; and by his answer he intends to show that the wisdom of men is worth little or nothing; he is not speaking of Socrates, he is only using my name by way of illustration, as if he said, He, O men, is the wisest, who, like Socrates, knows that his wisdom is in truth worth nothing. And so I go about the world, obedient to the god, and search and make enquiry into the wisdom of any one, whether citizen or stranger, who appears to be wise; and if he is not wise, then in vindication of the oracle I show him that he is not wise; and my occupation quite absorbs me, and I have no time to give either to any public matter of interest or to any concern of my own, but I am in utter poverty by reason of my devotion to the god.

There is another thing:—young men of the richer classes, who have not much to do, come about me of their own accord; they like to hear the pretenders examined, and they often imitate me, and proceed to examine others; there are plenty of persons, as they quickly discover, who think that they know something, but really know little or nothing; and then those who are examined by them instead of being angry with themselves are angry with me: This confounded Socrates, they say; this villainous misleader of youth!—and then if somebody asks them, Why, what evil does he practise or teach? they do not know, and cannot tell; but in order that they may not appear to be at a loss, they repeat the ready-made charges which are used against all philosophers about teaching things up in the clouds and under the earth, and having no gods, and making the worse appear the better cause; for they do not like to confess that their pretence of knowledge has been detected—which is the truth; and as they are numerous and ambitious and energetic, and are drawn up in battle array and have persuasive tongues, they have filled your ears with their loud and inveterate calumnies. And this is the reason why my three accusers, Meletus and Anytus and Lycon, have set upon me; Meletus, who has a quarrel with me on behalf of the poets; Anytus, on behalf of the craftsmen and politicians; Lycon, on behalf of the rhetoricians: and as I said at the beginning, I cannot expect to get rid of such a mass of calumny all in a moment. And this, O men of Athens, is the truth and the whole truth; I have concealed nothing, I have dissembled nothing. And yet, I know that my plainness of speech makes them hate me, and what is their hatred but a proof that I am speaking the truth?—Hence has arisen the prejudice against me; and this is the reason of it, as you will find out either in this or in any future enquiry.

I have said enough in my defence against the first class of my accusers; I turn to the second class. They are headed by Meletus, that good man and true lover of his country, as he calls himself. Against these, too, I must try to make a defence:—Let their affidavit be read: it contains something of this kind: It says that Socrates is a doer of evil, who corrupts the youth; and who does not believe in the gods of the state, but has other new divinities of his own. Such is the charge; and now let us examine the particular counts. He says that I am a doer of evil, and corrupt the youth; but I say, O men of Athens, that Meletus is a doer of evil, in that he pretends to be in earnest when he is only in jest, and is so eager to bring men to trial from a pretended zeal and interest about matters in which he really never had the smallest interest. And the truth of this I will endeavour to prove to you.

Come hither, Meletus, and let me ask a question of you. You think a great deal about the improvement of youth?

Yes, I do.

Tell the judges, then, who is their improver; for you must know, as you have taken the pains to discover their corrupter, and are citing and accusing me before them. Speak, then, and tell the judges who their improver is.—Observe, Meletus, that you are silent, and have nothing to say. But is not this rather disgraceful, and a very considerable proof of what I was saying, that you have no interest in the matter? Speak up, friend, and tell us who their improver is.

The laws.

But that, my good sir, is not my meaning. I want to know who the person is, who, in the first place, knows the laws.

The judges, Socrates, who are present in court.

What, do you mean to say, Meletus, that they are able to instruct and improve youth?

Certainly they are.

What, all of them, or some only and not others?

All of them.

By the goddess Here, that is good news! There are plenty of improvers, then. And what do you say of the audience,—do they improve them?

Yes, they do.

And the senators?

Yes, the senators improve them.

But perhaps the members of the assembly corrupt them?—or do they too improve them?

They improve them.

Then every Athenian improves and elevates them; all with the exception of myself; and I alone am their corrupter? Is that what you affirm?

That is what I stoutly affirm.

I am very unfortunate if you are right. But suppose I ask you a question: How about horses? Does one man do them harm and all the world good? Is not the exact opposite the truth? One man is able to do them good, or at least not many;—the trainer of horses, that is to say, does them good, and others who have to do with them rather injure them? Is not that true, Meletus, of horses, or of any other animals? Most assuredly it is; whether you and Anytus say yes or no. Happy indeed would be the condition of youth if they had one corrupter only, and all the rest of the world were their improvers. But you, Meletus, have sufficiently shown that you never had a thought about the young: your carelessness is seen in your not caring about the very things which you bring against me.

And now, Meletus, I will ask you another question—by Zeus I will: Which is better, to live among bad citizens, or among good ones? Answer, friend, I say; the question is one which may be easily answered. Do not the good do their neighbours good, and the bad do them evil?

Certainly.

And is there anyone who would rather be injured than benefited by those who live with him? Answer, my good friend, the law requires you to answer—does any one like to be injured?

Certainly not.

And when you accuse me of corrupting and deteriorating the youth, do you allege that I corrupt them intentionally or unintentionally?

Intentionally, I say.

But you have just admitted that the good do their neighbours good, and the evil do them evil. Now, is that a truth which your superior wisdom has recognized thus early in life, and am I, at my age, in such darkness and ignorance as not to know that if a man with whom I have to live is corrupted by me, I am very likely to be harmed by him; and yet I corrupt him, and intentionally, too—so you say, although neither I nor any other human being is ever likely to be convinced by you. But either I do not corrupt them, or I corrupt them unintentionally; and on either view of the case you lie. If my offence is unintentional, the law has no cognizance of unintentional offences: you ought to have taken me privately, and warned and admonished me; for if I had been better advised, I should have left off doing what I only did unintentionally—no doubt I should; but you would have nothing to say to me and refused

to teach me. And now you bring me up in this court, which is a place not of instruction, but of punishment.

It will be very clear to you, Athenians, as I was saying, that Meletus has no care at all, great or small, about the matter. But still I should like to know, Meletus, in what I am affirmed to corrupt the young. I suppose you mean, as I infer from your indictment, that I teach them not to acknowledge the gods which the state acknowledges, but some other new divinities or spiritual agencies in their stead. These are the lessons by which I corrupt the youth, as you say.

Yes, that I say emphatically.

Then, by the gods, Meletus, of whom we are speaking, tell me and the court, in somewhat plainer terms, what you mean! for I do not as yet understand whether you affirm that I teach other men to acknowledge some gods, and therefore that I do believe in gods, and am not an entire atheist—this you do not lay to my charge,—but only you say that they are not the same gods which the city recognizes—the charge is that they are different gods. Or, do you mean that I am an atheist simply, and a teacher of atheism?

I mean the latter—that you are a complete atheist.

What an extraordinary statement! Why do you think so, Meletus? Do you mean that I do not believe in the godhead of the sun or moon, like other men?

I assure you, judges, that he does not: for he says that the sun is stone, and the moon earth.

Friend Meletus, you think that you are accusing Anaxagoras: and you have but a bad opinion of the judges, if you fancy them illiterate to such a degree as not to know that these doctrines are found in the books of Anaxagoras the Clazomenian, which are full of them. And so, forsooth, the youth are said to be taught them by Socrates, when there are not unfrequently exhibitions of them at the theatre (Probably in allusion to Aristophanes who caricatured, and to Euripides who borrowed the notions of Anaxagoras, as well as to other dramatic poets.) (price of admission one drachma at the most); and they might pay their money, and laugh at Socrates if he pretends to father these extraordinary views. And so, Meletus, you really think that I do not believe in any god?

I swear by Zeus that you believe absolutely in none at all.

Nobody will believe you, Meletus, and I am pretty sure that you do not believe yourself. I cannot help thinking, men of Athens, that Meletus is reckless and impudent, and that he has written this indictment in a spirit of mere wantonness and youthful bravado. Has he not compounded a riddle, thinking to try me? He said to himself:—I shall see whether the wise Socrates will discover my facetious contradiction, or whether I shall be able to deceive him and the rest of them. For he certainly does appear to me to contradict himself in the indictment as much as if he said that Socrates is guilty of not believing in the gods, and yet of believing in them—but this is not like a person who is in earnest.

I should like you, O men of Athens, to join me in examining what I conceive to be his inconsistency; and do you, Meletus, answer. And I must remind the audience of my request that they would not make a disturbance if I speak in my accustomed manner:

Did ever man, Meletus, believe in the existence of human things, and not of human beings?...I wish, men of Athens, that he would answer, and not be always trying to get up an interruption. Did ever any man believe in horsemanship, and not in horses? or in flute-playing, and not in flute-players? No, my friend; I will answer to you and to the court, as you refuse to answer for yourself. There is no man who ever did. But now please to answer the next question: Can a man believe in spiritual and divine agencies, and not in spirits or demigods?

He cannot.

How lucky I am to have extracted that answer, by the assistance of the court! But then you swear in the indictment that I teach and believe in divine or spiritual agencies (new or old, no matter for that); at any rate, I believe in spiritual agencies,—so you say and swear in the affidavit; and yet if I believe in divine beings, how can I help believing in spirits or demigods;—must I not? To be sure I must; and therefore I may assume that your silence gives consent. Now what are spirits or demigods? Are they not either gods or the sons of gods?

Certainly they are.

But this is what I call the facetious riddle invented by you: the demigods or spirits are gods, and you say first that I do not believe in gods, and then again that I do believe in gods; that is, if I believe in demigods. For if the demigods are the illegitimate sons of gods,

whether by the nymphs or by any other mothers, of whom they are said to be the sons—what human being will ever believe that there are no gods if they are the sons of gods? You might as well affirm the existence of mules, and deny that of horses and asses. Such nonsense, Meletus, could only have been intended by you to make trial of me. You have put this into the indictment because you had nothing real of which to accuse me. But no one who has a particle of understanding will ever be convinced by you that the same men can believe in divine and superhuman things, and yet not believe that there are gods and demigods and heroes.

I have said enough in answer to the charge of Meletus: any elaborate defence is unnecessary, but I know only too well how many are the enmities which I have incurred, and this is what will be my destruction if I am destroyed;—not Meletus, nor yet Anytus, but the envy and detraction of the world, which has been the death of many good men, and will probably be the death of many more; there is no danger of my being the last of them.

Some one will say: And are you not ashamed, Socrates, of a course of life which is likely to bring you to an untimely end? To him I may fairly answer: There you are mistaken: a man who is good for anything ought not to calculate the chance of living or dying; he ought only to consider whether in doing anything he is doing right or wrong—acting the part of a good man or of a bad. Whereas, upon your view, the heroes who fell at Troy were not good for much, and the son of Thetis above all, who altogether despised danger in comparison with disgrace; and when he was so eager to slay Hector, his goddess mother said to him, that if he avenged his companion Patroclus, and slew Hector, he would die himself—"Fate," she said, in these or the like words, "waits for you next after Hector;" he, receiving this warning, utterly despised danger and death, and instead of fearing them, feared rather to live in dishonour, and not to avenge his friend. "Let me die forthwith," he replies, "and be avenged of my enemy, rather than abide here by the beaked ships, a laughing-stock and a burden of the earth." Had Achilles any thought of death and danger? For wherever a man's place is, whether the place which he has chosen or that in which he has been placed by a commander, there he ought to remain in the hour of danger; he should not think of death or of anything but of disgrace. And this, O men of Athens, is a true saying.

Strange, indeed, would be my conduct, O men of Athens, if I who, when I was ordered by the generals whom you chose to command me at Potidaea and Amphipolis and Delium, remained where they placed me, like any other man, facing death—if now, when, as I conceive and imagine, God orders me to fulfil the philosopher's mission of searching into myself and other men, I were to desert my post through fear of death, or any other fear; that would indeed be strange, and I might justly be arraigned in court for denying the existence of the gods, if I disobeyed the oracle because I was afraid of death, fancying that I was wise when I was not wise. For the fear of death is indeed the pretence of wisdom, and not real wisdom, being a pretence of knowing the unknown; and no one knows whether death, which men in their fear apprehend to be the greatest evil, may not be the greatest good. Is not this ignorance of a disgraceful sort, the ignorance which is the conceit that a man knows what he does not know? And in this respect only I believe myself to differ from men in general, and may perhaps claim to be wiser than they are:—that whereas I know but little of the world below, I do not suppose that I know: but I do know that injustice and disobedience to a better, whether God or man, is evil and dishonourable, and I will never fear or avoid a possible good rather than a certain evil. And therefore if you let me go now, and are not convinced by Anytus, who said that since I had been prosecuted I must be put to death; (or if not that I ought never to have been prosecuted at all); and that if I escape now, your sons will all be utterly ruined by listening to my words—if you say to me, Socrates, this time we will not mind Anytus, and you shall be let off, but upon one condition, that you are not to enquire and speculate in this way any more, and that if you are caught doing so again you shall die;—if this was the condition on which you let me go, I should reply: Men of Athens, I honour and love you; but I shall obey God rather than you, and while I have life and strength I shall never cease from the practice and teaching of philosophy, exhorting any one whom I meet and saying to him after my manner: You, my friend,—a citizen of the great and mighty and wise city of Athens,—are you not ashamed of heaping up the greatest amount of money and honour and reputation, and caring so little about wisdom and truth and the greatest improvement of the soul, which you never regard or heed at all? And if the person with whom I am arguing, says: Yes, but I do care; then I do not leave him or let him go at once; but I proceed to interrogate and examine and cross-examine him, and if I think that he has no virtue in him, but only says that he has, I reproach him with undervaluing the greater, and overvaluing the less. And I shall repeat the same words to every one whom I meet, young and old, citizen and alien, but especially to the citizens, inasmuch as they are my brethren. For know that this is the command of God; and I believe that no greater good has ever happened in the state than my service to the God. For I do nothing but go about persuading you all, old and young alike, not to take thought for your persons or your properties, but first and chiefly to care about the greatest improvement of the soul. I tell you that virtue is not given by money, but that from virtue comes money and every other good of man, public as well as private. This is my teaching, and if this is the doctrine which corrupts the youth, I am a mischievous person. But if any one says that this is not my teaching, he is speaking an untruth. Wherefore, O men of Athens, I say to you, do as Anytus bids or not as Anytus bids, and either acquit me or not; but

whichever you do, understand that I shall never alter my ways, not even if I have to die many times.

Men of Athens, do not interrupt, but hear me; there was an understanding between us that you should hear me to the end: I have something more to say, at which you may be inclined to cry out; but I believe that to hear me will be good for you, and therefore I beg that you will not cry out. I would have you know, that if you kill such an one as I am, you will injure yourselves more than you will injure me. Nothing will injure me, not Meletus nor yet Anytus—they cannot, for a bad man is not permitted to injure a better than himself. I do not deny that Anytus may, perhaps, kill him, or drive him into exile, or deprive him of civil rights; and he may imagine, and others may imagine, that he is inflicting a great injury upon him: but there I do not agree. For the evil of doing as he is doing—the evil of unjustly taking away the life of another—is greater far.

And now, Athenians, I am not going to argue for my own sake, as you may think, but for yours, that you may not sin against the God by condemning me, who am his gift to you. For if you kill me you will not easily find a successor to me, who, if I may use such a ludicrous figure of speech, am a sort of gadfly, given to the state by God; and the state is a great and noble steed who is tardy in his motions owing to his very size, and requires to be stirred into life. I am that gadfly which God has attached to the state, and all day long and in all places am always fastening upon you, arousing and persuading and reproaching you. You will not easily find another like me, and therefore I would advise you to spare me. I dare say that you may feel out of temper (like a person who is suddenly awakened from sleep), and you think that you might easily strike me dead as Anytus advises, and then you would sleep on for the remainder of your lives, unless God in his care of you sent you another gadfly. When I say that I am given to you by God, the proof of my mission is this:—if I had been like other men, I should not have neglected all my own concerns or patiently seen the neglect of them during all these years, and have been doing yours, coming to you individually like a father or elder brother, exhorting you to regard virtue; such conduct, I say, would be unlike human nature. If I had gained anything, or if my exhortations had been paid, there would have been some sense in my doing so; but now, as you will perceive, not even the impudence of my accusers dares to say that I have ever exacted or sought pay of any one; of that they have no witness. And I have a sufficient witness to the truth of what I say—my poverty.

Some one may wonder why I go about in private giving advice and busying myself with the concerns of others, but do not venture to come forward in public and advise the state. I will tell you why. You have heard me speak at sundry times and in divers places of an oracle or sign which comes to me, and is the divinity which Meletus ridicules in the indictment. This sign, which is a kind of voice, first began to come to me when I was a child; it always forbids but never commands me to do anything which I am going to do. This is what deters me from being a politician. And rightly, as I think. For I am certain, O men of Athens, that if I had engaged in politics, I should have perished long ago, and done no good either to you or to myself. And do not be offended at my telling you the truth: for the truth is, that no man who goes to war with you or any other multitude, honestly striving against the many lawless and unrighteous deeds which are done in a state, will save his life; he who will fight for the right, if he would live even for a brief space, must have a private station and not a public one.

I can give you convincing evidence of what I say, not words only, but what you value far more—actions. Let me relate to you a passage of my own life which will prove to you that I should never have yielded to injustice from any fear of death, and that “as I should have refused to yield” I must have died at once. I will tell you a tale of the courts, not very interesting perhaps, but nevertheless true. The only office of state which I ever held, O men of Athens, was that of senator: the tribe Antiochis, which is my tribe, had the presidency at the trial of the generals who had not taken up the bodies of the slain after the battle of Arginusae; and you proposed to try them in a body, contrary to law, as you all thought afterwards; but at the time I was the only one of the Prytanes who was opposed to the illegality, and I gave my vote against you; and when the orators threatened to impeach and arrest me, and you called and shouted, I made up my mind that I would run the risk, having law and justice with me, rather than take part in your injustice because I feared imprisonment and death. This happened in the days of the democracy. But when the oligarchy of the Thirty was in power, they sent for me and four others into the rotunda, and bade us bring Leon the Salaminian from Salamis, as they wanted to put him to death. This was a specimen of the sort of commands which they were always giving with the view of implicating as many as possible in their crimes; and then I showed, not in word only but in deed, that, if I may be allowed to use such an expression, I cared not a straw for death, and that my great and only care was lest I should do an unrighteous or unholy thing. For the strong arm of that oppressive power did not frighten me into doing wrong; and when we came out of the rotunda the other four went to Salamis and fetched Leon, but I went quietly home. For which I might have lost my life, had not the power of the Thirty shortly afterwards come to an end. And many will witness to my words.

Now do you really imagine that I could have survived all these years, if I had led a public life, supposing that like a good man I had always maintained the right and had made justice, as I ought, the first thing? No indeed, men of Athens, neither I nor any other

man. But I have been always the same in all my actions, public as well as private, and never have I yielded any base compliance to those who are slanderously termed my disciples, or to any other. Not that I have any regular disciples. But if any one likes to come and hear me while I am pursuing my mission, whether he be young or old, he is not excluded. Nor do I converse only with those who pay; but any one, whether he be rich or poor, may ask and answer me and listen to my words; and whether he turns out to be a bad man or a good one, neither result can be justly imputed to me; for I never taught or professed to teach him anything. And if any one says that he has ever learned or heard anything from me in private which all the world has not heard, let me tell you that he is lying.

But I shall be asked, Why do people delight in continually conversing with you? I have told you already, Athenians, the whole truth about this matter: they like to hear the cross-examination of the pretenders to wisdom; there is amusement in it. Now this duty of cross-examining other men has been imposed upon me by God; and has been signified to me by oracles, visions, and in every way in which the will of divine power was ever intimated to any one. This is true, O Athenians, or, if not true, would be soon refuted. If I am or have been corrupting the youth, those of them who are now grown up and have become sensible that I gave them bad advice in the days of their youth should come forward as accusers, and take their revenge; or if they do not like to come themselves, some of their relatives, fathers, brothers, or other kinsmen, should say what evil their families have suffered at my hands. Now is their time. Many of them I see in the court. There is Crito, who is of the same age and of the same deme with myself, and there is Critobulus his son, whom I also see. Then again there is Lysanias of Sphettus, who is the father of Aeschines—he is present; and also there is Antiphon of Cephisus, who is the father of Epigenes; and there are the brothers of several who have associated with me. There is Nicostratus the son of Theosdotides, and the brother of Theodotus (now Theodotus himself is dead, and therefore he, at any rate, will not seek to stop him); and there is Paralus the son of Demodocus, who had a brother Theages; and Adeimantus the son of Ariston, whose brother Plato is present; and Aeantodorus, who is the brother of Apollodorus, whom I also see. I might mention a great many others, some of whom Meletus should have produced as witnesses in the course of his speech; and let him still produce them, if he has forgotten—I will make way for him. And let him say, if he has any testimony of the sort which he can produce. Nay, Athenians, the very opposite is the truth. For all these are ready to witness on behalf of the corrupter, of the injurer of their kindred, as Meletus and Anytus call me; not the corrupted youth only—there might have been a motive for that—but their uncorrupted elder relatives. Why should they too support me with their testimony? Why, indeed, except for the sake of truth and justice, and because they know that I am speaking the truth, and that Meletus is a liar.

Well, Athenians, this and the like of this is all the defence which I have to offer. Yet a word more. Perhaps there may be some one who is offended at me, when he calls to mind how he himself on a similar, or even a less serious occasion, prayed and entreated the judges with many tears, and how he produced his children in court, which was a moving spectacle, together with a host of relations and friends; whereas I, who am probably in danger of my life, will do none of these things. The contrast may occur to his mind, and he may be set against me, and vote in anger because he is displeased at me on this account. Now if there be such a person among you,—mind, I do not say that there is,—to him I may fairly reply: My friend, I am a man, and like other men, a creature of flesh and blood, and not “of wood or stone,” as Homer says; and I have a family, yes, and sons, O Athenians, three in number, one almost a man, and two others who are still young; and yet I will not bring any of them hither in order to petition you for an acquittal. And why not? Not from any self-assertion or want of respect for you. Whether I am or am not afraid of death is another question, of which I will not now speak. But, having regard to public opinion, I feel that such conduct would be discreditable to myself, and to you, and to the whole state. One who has reached my years, and who has a name for wisdom, ought not to demean himself. Whether this opinion of me be deserved or not, at any rate the world has decided that Socrates is in some way superior to other men. And if those among you who are said to be superior in wisdom and courage, and any other virtue, demean themselves in this way, how shameful is their conduct! I have seen men of reputation, when they have been condemned, behaving in the strangest manner: they seemed to fancy that they were going to suffer something dreadful if they died, and that they could be immortal if you only allowed them to live; and I think that such are a dishonour to the state, and that any stranger coming in would have said of them that the most eminent men of Athens, to whom the Athenians themselves give honour and command, are no better than women. And I say that these things ought not to be done by those of us who have a reputation; and if they are done, you ought not to permit them; you ought rather to show that you are far more disposed to condemn the man who gets up a doleful scene and makes the city ridiculous, than him who holds his peace.

But, setting aside the question of public opinion, there seems to be something wrong in asking a favour of a judge, and thus procuring an acquittal, instead of informing and convincing him. For his duty is, not to make a present of justice, but to give judgment; and he has sworn that he will judge according to the laws, and not according to his own good pleasure; and we ought not to encourage you, nor should you allow yourselves to be encouraged, in this habit of perjury—there can be no piety in that. Do not

then require me to do what I consider dishonourable and impious and wrong, especially now, when I am being tried for impiety on the indictment of Meletus. For if, O men of Athens, by force of persuasion and entreaty I could overpower your oaths, then I should be teaching you to believe that there are no gods, and in defending should simply convict myself of the charge of not believing in them. But that is not so—far otherwise. For I do believe that there are gods, and in a sense higher than that in which any of my accusers believe in them. And to you and to God I commit my cause, to be determined by you as is best for you and me.

There are many reasons why I am not grieved, O men of Athens, at the vote of condemnation. I expected it, and am only surprised that the votes are so nearly equal; for I had thought that the majority against me would have been far larger; but now, had thirty votes gone over to the other side, I should have been acquitted. And I may say, I think, that I have escaped Meletus. I may say more; for without the assistance of Anytus and Lycon, any one may see that he would not have had a fifth part of the votes, as the law requires, in which case he would have incurred a fine of a thousand drachmae.

And so he proposes death as the penalty. And what shall I propose on my part, O men of Athens? Clearly that which is my due. And what is my due? What return shall be made to the man who has never had the wit to be idle during his whole life; but has been careless of what the many care for—wealth, and family interests, and military offices, and speaking in the assembly, and magistracies, and plots, and parties. Reflecting that I was really too honest a man to be a politician and live, I did not go where I could do no good to you or to myself; but where I could do the greatest good privately to every one of you, thither I went, and sought to persuade every man among you that he must look to himself, and seek virtue and wisdom before he looks to his private interests, and look to the state before he looks to the interests of the state; and that this should be the order which he observes in all his actions. What shall be done to such an one? Doubtless some good thing, O men of Athens, if he has his reward; and the good should be of a kind suitable to him. What would be a reward suitable to a poor man who is your benefactor, and who desires leisure that he may instruct you? There can be no reward so fitting as maintenance in the Prytaneum, O men of Athens, a reward which he deserves far more than the citizen who has won the prize at Olympia in the horse or chariot race, whether the chariots were drawn by two horses or by many. For I am in want, and he has enough; and he only gives you the appearance of happiness, and I give you the reality. And if I am to estimate the penalty fairly, I should say that maintenance in the Prytaneum is the just return.

Perhaps you think that I am braving you in what I am saying now, as in what I said before about the tears and prayers. But this is not so. I speak rather because I am convinced that I never intentionally wronged any one, although I cannot convince you—the time has been too short; if there were a law at Athens, as there is in other cities, that a capital cause should not be decided in one day, then I believe that I should have convinced you. But I cannot in a moment refute great slanders; and, as I am convinced that I never wronged another, I will assuredly not wrong myself. I will not say of myself that I deserve any evil, or propose any penalty. Why should I? because I am afraid of the penalty of death which Meletus proposes? When I do not know whether death is a good or an evil, why should I propose a penalty which would certainly be an evil? Shall I say imprisonment? And why should I live in prison, and be the slave of the magistrates of the year—of the Eleven? Or shall the penalty be a fine, and imprisonment until the fine is paid? There is the same objection. I should have to lie in prison, for money I have none, and cannot pay. And if I say exile (and this may possibly be the penalty which you will affix), I must indeed be blinded by the love of life, if I am so irrational as to expect that when you, who are my own citizens, cannot endure my discourses and words, and have found them so grievous and odious that you will have no more of them, others are likely to endure me. No indeed, men of Athens, that is not very likely. And what a life should I lead, at my age, wandering from city to city, ever changing my place of exile, and always being driven out! For I am quite sure that wherever I go, there, as here, the young men will flock to me; and if I drive them away, their elders will drive me out at their request; and if I let them come, their fathers and friends will drive me out for their sakes.

Some one will say: Yes, Socrates, but cannot you hold your tongue, and then you may go into a foreign city, and no one will interfere with you? Now I have great difficulty in making you understand my answer to this. For if I tell you that to do as you say would be a disobedience to the God, and therefore that I cannot hold my tongue, you will not believe that I am serious; and if I say again that daily to discourse about virtue, and of those other things about which you hear me examining myself and others, is the greatest good of man, and that the unexamined life is not worth living, you are still less likely to believe me. Yet I say what is true, although a thing of which it is hard for me to persuade you. Also, I have never been accustomed to think that I deserve to suffer any harm. Had I money I might have estimated the offence at what I was able to pay, and not have been much the worse. But I have none, and therefore I must ask you to proportion the fine to my means. Well, perhaps I could afford a mina, and therefore I propose that penalty: Plato, Crito, Critobulus, and Apollodorus, my friends here, bid me say thirty minæ, and they will be the sureties. Let thirty minæ be the penalty; for which sum they will be ample security to you.

Not much time will be gained, O Athenians, in return for the evil name which you will get from the detractors of the city, who will say that you killed Socrates, a wise man; for they will call me wise, even although I am not wise, when they want to reproach you. If you had waited a little while, your desire would have been fulfilled in the course of nature. For I am far advanced in years, as you may perceive, and not far from death. I am speaking now not to all of you, but only to those who have condemned me to death. And I have another thing to say to them: you think that I was convicted because I had no words of the sort which would have procured my acquittal—I mean, if I had thought fit to leave nothing undone or unsaid. Not so; the deficiency which led to my conviction was not of words—certainly not. But I had not the boldness or impudence or inclination to address you as you would have liked me to do, weeping and wailing and lamenting, and saying and doing many things which you have been accustomed to hear from others, and which, as I maintain, are unworthy of me. I thought at the time that I ought not to do anything common or mean when in danger: nor do I now repent of the style of my defence; I would rather die having spoken after my manner, than speak in your manner and live. For neither in war nor yet at law ought I or any man to use every way of escaping death. Often in battle there can be no doubt that if a man will throw away his arms, and fall on his knees before his pursuers, he may escape death; and in other dangers there are other ways of escaping death, if a man is willing to say and do anything. The difficulty, my friends, is not to avoid death, but to avoid unrighteousness; for that runs faster than death. I am old and move slowly, and the slower runner has overtaken me, and my accusers are keen and quick, and the faster runner, who is unrighteousness, has overtaken them. And now I depart hence condemned by you to suffer the penalty of death,—they too go their ways condemned by the truth to suffer the penalty of villainy and wrong; and I must abide by my award—let them abide by theirs. I suppose that these things may be regarded as fated,—and I think that they are well.

And now, O men who have condemned me, I would fain prophesy to you; for I am about to die, and in the hour of death men are gifted with prophetic power. And I prophesy to you who are my murderers, that immediately after my departure punishment far heavier than you have inflicted on me will surely await you. Me you have killed because you wanted to escape the accuser, and not to give an account of your lives. But that will not be as you suppose: far otherwise. For I say that there will be more accusers of you than there are now; accusers whom hitherto I have restrained: and as they are younger they will be more inconsiderate with you, and you will be more offended at them. If you think that by killing men you can prevent some one from censuring your evil lives, you are mistaken; that is not a way of escape which is either possible or honourable; the easiest and the noblest way is not to be disabling others, but to be improving yourselves. This is the prophecy which I utter before my departure to the judges who have condemned me.

Friends, who would have acquitted me, I would like also to talk with you about the thing which has come to pass, while the magistrates are busy, and before I go to the place at which I must die. Stay then a little, for we may as well talk with one another while there is time. You are my friends, and I should like to show you the meaning of this event which has happened to me. O my judges—for you I may truly call judges—I should like to tell you of a wonderful circumstance. Hitherto the divine faculty of which the internal oracle is the source has constantly been in the habit of opposing me even about trifles, if I was going to make a slip or error in any matter; and now as you see there has come upon me that which may be thought, and is generally believed to be, the last and worst evil. But the oracle made no sign of opposition, either when I was leaving my house in the morning, or when I was on my way to the court, or while I was speaking, at anything which I was going to say; and yet I have often been stopped in the middle of a speech, but now in nothing I either said or did touching the matter in hand has the oracle opposed me. What do I take to be the explanation of this silence? I will tell you. It is an intimation that what has happened to me is a good, and that those of us who think that death is an evil are in error. For the customary sign would surely have opposed me had I been going to evil and not to good.

Let us reflect in another way, and we shall see that there is great reason to hope that death is a good; for one of two things—either death is a state of nothingness and utter unconsciousness, or, as men say, there is a change and migration of the soul from this world to another. Now if you suppose that there is no consciousness, but a sleep like the sleep of him who is undisturbed even by dreams, death will be an unspeakable gain. For if a person were to select the night in which his sleep was undisturbed even by dreams, and were to compare with this the other days and nights of his life, and then were to tell us how many days and nights he had passed in the course of his life better and more pleasantly than this one, I think that any man, I will not say a private man, but even the great king will not find many such days or nights, when compared with the others. Now if death be of such a nature, I say that to die is gain; for eternity is then only a single night. But if death is the journey to another place, and there, as men say, all the dead abide, what good, O my friends and judges, can be greater than this? If indeed when the pilgrim arrives in the world below, he is delivered from the professors of justice in this world, and finds the true judges who are said to give judgment there, Minos and Rhadamanthus and Aeacus and Triptolemus, and other sons of God who were righteous in their own life, that pilgrimage will be

worth making. What would not a man give if he might converse with Orpheus and Musaeus and Hesiod and Homer? Nay, if this be true, let me die again and again. I myself, too, shall have a wonderful interest in there meeting and conversing with Palamedes, and Ajax the son of Telamon, and any other ancient hero who has suffered death through an unjust judgment; and there will be no small pleasure, as I think, in comparing my own sufferings with theirs. Above all, I shall then be able to continue my search into true and false knowledge; as in this world, so also in the next; and I shall find out who is wise, and who pretends to be wise, and is not. What would not a man give, O judges, to be able to examine the leader of the great Trojan expedition; or Odysseus or Sisyphus, or numberless others, men and women too! What infinite delight would there be in conversing with them and asking them questions! In another world they do not put a man to death for asking questions: assuredly not. For besides being happier than we are, they will be immortal, if what is said is true.

Wherefore, O judges, be of good cheer about death, and know of a certainty, that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death. He and his are not neglected by the gods; nor has my own approaching end happened by mere chance. But I see clearly that the time had arrived when it was better for me to die and be released from trouble; wherefore the oracle gave no sign. For which reason, also, I am not angry with my condemners, or with my accusers; they have done me no harm, although they did not mean to do me any good; and for this I may gently blame them.

Still I have a favour to ask of them. When my sons are grown up, I would ask you, O my friends, to punish them; and I would have you trouble them, as I have troubled you, if they seem to care about riches, or anything, more than about virtue; or if they pretend to be something when they are really nothing,—then reprove them, as I have reproved you, for not caring about that for which they ought to care, and thinking that they are something when they are really nothing. And if you do this, both I and my sons will have received justice at your hands.

The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways—I to die, and you to live. Which is better God only knows.

==========

The Indian Cookery Book (c.1900)

Anonymous

Project Gutenberg Release: February 01, 2001 · eBook #2499

Produced by Michael Pullen, globaltraveler5565@yahoo.com, with the assistance of Stefan Langer, sl99@gmx.de, in scanning the original 1922 edition and Dr. Mary Cicora, mcicora@yahoo.com, with the proofreading of this transcription.

SIDDHARTHA

Eine indische Dichtung

von Hermann Hesse

ERSTER TEIL

Romain Rolland dem verehrten Freunde gewidmet

DER SOHN DES BRAHMANEN

Im Schatten des Hauses, in der Sonne des Flußufers bei den Booten, im Schatten des Salwaldes, im Schatten des Feigenbaumes wuchs Siddhartha auf, der schöne Sohn des Brahmanen, der junge Falke, zusammen mit Govinda, seinem Freunde, dem Brahmanensohn. Sonne bräunte seine lichten Schultern am Flußufer, beim Bade, bei den heiligen Waschungen, bei den heiligen Opfern. Schatten floß in seine schwarzen Augen im Mangohain, bei den Knabenspielen, beim Gesang der Mutter, bei den heiligen Opfern, bei den Lehren seines Vaters, des Gelehrten, beim Gespräch der Weisen. Lange schon nahm Siddhartha am Gespräch der Weisen teil, übte sich mit Govinda im Redekampf, übte sich mit Govinda in der Kunst der Betrachtung, im Dienst der Versenkung. Schon verstand er, lautlos das Om zu sprechen, das Wort der Worte, es lautlos in sich hinein zu sprechen mit dem Einhauch, es lautlos aus sich heraus zu sprechen mit dem Aushauch, mit gesammelter Seele, die Stirn umgeben vom Glanz des klardenkenden Geistes. Schon verstand er, im Innern seines Wesens Atman zu wissen, unzerstörbar, eins mit dem Weltall.

Freude sprang in seines Vaters Herzen über den Sohn, den Gelehrigen, den Wissensdurstigen, einen großen Weisen und Priester sah er in ihm heranwachsen, einen Fürsten unter den Brahmanen.

Wonne sprang in seiner Mutter Brust, wenn sie ihn sah, wenn sie ihn schreiten, wenn sie ihn niedersitzen und aufstehen sah, Siddhartha, den Starken, den Schönen, den auf schlanken Beinen Schreitenden, den mit vollkommenem Anstand sie Begrüßenden.

Liebe rührte sich in den Herzen der jungen Brahmanentöchter, wenn Siddhartha durch die Gassen der Stadt ging, mit der leuchtenden Stirn, mit dem Königsauge, mit den schmalen Hüften.

Mehr als sie alle aber liebte ihn Govinda, sein Freund, der Brahmanensohn. Er liebte Siddharthas Auge und holde Stimme, er liebte seinen Gang und den vollkommenen Anstand seiner Bewegungen, er liebte alles, was Siddhartha tat und sagte, und am meisten liebte er seinen Geist, seine hohen, feurigen Gedanken, seinen glühenden Willen, seine hohe Berufung. Govinda wußte: dieser wird kein gemeiner Brahmane werden, kein fauler Opferbeamter, kein habgieriger Händler mit Zaubersprüchen, kein eitler, leerer Redner, kein böser, hinterlistiger Priester, und auch kein gutes, dummes Schaf in der Herde der Vielen. Nein, und auch er, Govinda, wollte kein solcher werden, kein Brahmane, wie es zehntausend gibt. Er wollte Siddhartha folgen, dem Geliebten, dem Herrlichen. Und wenn Siddhartha einstmals ein Gott würde, wenn er einstmals eingehen würde zu den Strahlenden, dann wollte Govinda ihm folgen, als sein Freund, als sein Begleiter, als sein Diener, als sein Speerträger, sein Schatten.

So liebten den Siddhartha alle. Allen schuf er Freude, allen war er zur Lust.

Er aber, Siddhartha, schuf sich nicht Freude, er war sich nicht zur Lust. Wandelnd auf den rosigen Wegen des Feigengartens, sitzend im bläulichen Schatten des Hains der Betrachtung, waschend seine Glieder im täglichen Sühnebad, opfernd im tiefschattigen Mangowald, von vollkommenem Anstand der Gebärden, von allen geliebt, aller Freude, trug er doch keine Freude im

Herzen. Träume kamen ihm und rastlose Gedanken aus dem Wasser des Flusses geflossen, aus den Sternen der Nacht gefunkelt, aus den Strahlen der Sonne geschmolzen, Träume kamen ihm und Ruhelosigkeit der Seele, aus den Opfern geraucht, aus den Versen der Rig-Veda gehaucht, aus den Lehren der alten Brahmanen geträufelt.

Siddhartha hatte begonnen, Unzufriedenheit in sich zu nähren. Er hatte begonnen zu fühlen, daß die Liebe seines Vaters, und die Liebe seiner Mutter, und auch die Liebe seines Freundes, Govindas, nicht immer und für alle Zeit ihn beglücken, ihn stillen, ihn sättigen, ihm genügen werde. Er hatte begonnen zu ahnen, daß sein ehrwürdiger Vater und seine anderen Lehrer, daß die weisen Brahmanen ihm von ihrer Weisheit das meiste und beste schon mitgeteilt, daß sie ihre Fülle schon in sein wartendes Gefäß gegossen hätten, und das Gefäß war nicht voll, der Geist war nicht begnügt, die Seele war nicht ruhig, das Herz nicht gestillt. Die Waschungen waren gut, aber sie waren Wasser, sie wuschen nicht Sünde ab, sie heilten nicht Geistesdurst, sie lösten nicht Herzensangst. Vortrefflich waren die Opfer und die Anrufung der Götter--aber war dies alles? Gaben die Opfer Glück? Und wie war das mit den Göttern? War es wirklich Prajapati, der die Welt erschaffen hat? War es nicht der Atman, Er, der Einzige, der All-Eine? Waren nicht die Götter Gestaltungen, erschaffen wie ich und du, der Zeit untertan, vergänglich? War es also gut, war es richtig, war es ein sinnvolles und höchstes Tun, den Göttern zu opfern? Wem anders war zu opfern, wem anders war Verehrung darzubringen als Ihm, dem Einzigen, dem Atman? Und wo war Atman zu finden, wo wohnte Er, wo schlug Sein ewiges Herz, wo anders als im eigenen Ich, im Innersten, im Unzerstörbaren, das ein jeder in sich trug? Aber wo, wo war dies Ich, dies Innerste, dies Letzte? Es war nicht Fleisch und Bein, es war nicht Denken noch Bewußtsein, so lehrten die Weisesten. Wo, wo also war es? Dorthin zu dringen, zum Ich, zu mir, zum Atman,--gab es einen andern Weg, den zu suchen sich lohnte? Ach, und niemand zeigte diesen Weg, niemand wußte ihn, nicht der Vater, nicht die Lehrer und Weisen, nicht die heiligen Opfergesänge! Alles wußten sie, die Brahmanen und ihre heiligen Bücher, alles wußten sie, um alles hatten sie sich gekümmert und um mehr als alles, die Erschaffung der Welt, das Entstehen der Rede, der Speise, des Einatmens, des Ausatmens, die Ordnungen der Sinne, die Taten der Götter--unendlich vieles wußten sie--aber war es wertvoll, dies alles zu wissen, wenn man das Eine und Einzige nicht wußte, das Wichtigste, das allein Wichtige?

Gewiß, viele Verse der heiligen Bücher, zumal in den Upanishaden des Samaveda, sprachen von diesem Innersten und Letzten, herrliche Verse. "Deine Seele ist die ganze Welt", stand da geschrieben, und geschrieben stand, daß der Mensch im Schlafe, im Tiefschlaf, zu seinem Innersten eingehe und im Atman wohne. Wunderbare Weisheit stand in diesen Versen, alles Wissen der Weisesten stand hier in magischen Worten gesammelt, rein wie von Bienen gesammelter Honig. Nein, nicht gering zu achten war das Ungeheure an Erkenntnis, das hier von unzählbaren Geschlechterfolgen weiser Brahmanen gesammelt und bewahrt lag.--Aber wo waren die Brahmanen, wo die Priester, wo die Weisen oder Büßer, denen es gelungen war, dieses tiefste Wissen nicht bloß zu wissen, sondern zu leben? Wo war der Kundige, der das Daheimsein im Atman aus dem Schlafe herüberzauberte ins Wachsein, in das Leben, in Schritt und Tritt, in Wort und Tat? Viele ehrwürdige Brahmanen kannte Siddhartha, seinen Vater vor allen, den Reinen, den Gelehrten, den höchst Ehrwürdigen. Zu bewundern war sein Vater, still und edel war sein Gehaben, rein sein Leben, weise sein Wort, feine und adlige Gedanken wohnten in seiner Stirn--aber auch er, der so viel Wissende, lebte er denn in Seligkeit, hatte er Frieden, war er nicht auch nur ein Suchender, ein Dürstender? Mußte er nicht immer und immer wieder an heiligen Quellen, ein Durstender, trinken, am Opfer, an den Büchern, an der Wechselrede der Brahmanen? Warum mußte er, der Untadelige, jeden Tag Sünde abwaschen, jeden Tag sich um Reinigung mühen, jeden Tag von neuem? War denn nicht Atman in ihm, floß denn nicht in seinem eigenen Herzen der Urquell? Ihn mußte man finden, den Urquell im eigenen Ich, ihn mußte man zu eigen haben! Alles andre war Suchen, war Umweg, war Verirrung.

So waren Siddharthas Gedanken, dies war sein Durst, dies sein Leiden.

Oft sprach er aus einem Chandogya-Upanishad sich die Worte vor: "Fürwahr, der Name des Brahman ist Satyam--wahrlich, wer solches weiß, der geht täglich ein in die himmlische Welt." Oft schien sie nahe, die himmlische Welt, aber niemals hatte er sie ganz erreicht, nie den letzten Durst gelöscht. Und von allen Weisen und Weisesten, die er kannte und deren Belehrung er genoß, von ihnen allen war keiner, der sie ganz erreicht hatte, die himmlische Welt, der ihn ganz gelöscht hatte, den ewigen Durst.

"Govinda," sprach Siddhartha zu seinem Freunde, "Govinda, Lieber, komm mit mir unter den Banyanenbaum, wir wollen der Versenkung pflegen."

Sie gingen zum Banyanenbaum, sie setzten sich nieder, hier Siddhartha, zwanzig Schritte weiter Govinda. Indem er sich niedersetzte, bereit, das Om zu sprechen, wiederholte Siddhartha murmelnd den Vers:

Om ist Bogen, der Pfeil ist Seele, Das Brahman ist des Pfeiles Ziel, Das soll man unentwegt treffen.

Als die gewohnte Zeit der Versenkungsübung hingegangen war, erhob sich Govinda. Der Abend war gekommen, Zeit war es, die Waschung der Abendstunde vorzunehmen. Er rief Siddharthas Namen. Siddhartha gab nicht Antwort. Siddhartha saß versunken, seine Augen standen starr auf ein sehr fernes Ziel gerichtet, seine Zungenspitze stand ein wenig zwischen den Zähnen hervor, er schien nicht zu atmen. So saß er, in Versenkung gehüllt, Om denkend, seine Seele als Pfeil nach dem Brahman ausgesandt.

Einst waren Samanas durch Siddharthas Stadt gezogen, pilgernde Asketen, drei dürre, erloschene Männer, nicht alt noch jung, mit staubigen und blutigen Schultern, nahezu nackt von der Sonne versengt, von Einsamkeit umgeben, fremd und feind der Welt, Fremdlinge und hagere Schakale im Reich der Menschen. Hinter ihnen her wehte heiß ein Duft von stiller Leidenschaft, von zerstörendem Dienst, von mitleidloser Entselbstung.

Am Abend, nach der Stunde der Betrachtung, sprach Siddhartha zu Govinda: "Morgen in der Frühe, mein Freund, wird Siddhartha zu den Samanas gehen. Er wird ein Samana werden."

Govinda erbleichte, da er die Worte hörte und im unbewegten Gesicht seines Freundes den Entschluß las, unablenkbar wie der vom Bogen losgeschnellte Pfeil. Alsbald und beim ersten Blick erkannte Govinda: Nun beginnt es, nun geht Siddhartha seinen Weg, nun beginnt sein Schicksal zu sprossen, und mit seinem das meine. Und er wurde bleich wie eine trockene Bananenschale.

"O Siddhartha," rief er, "wird das dein Vater dir erlauben?"

Siddhartha blickte herüber wie ein Erwachender. Pfeilschnell las er in Govindas Seele, las die Angst, las die Ergebung.

"O Govinda," sprach er leise, "wir wollen nicht Worte verschwenden. Morgen mit Tagesanbruch werde ich das Leben der Samanas beginnen. Rede nicht mehr davon."

Siddhartha trat in die Kammer, wo sein Vater auf einer Matte aus Bast saß, und trat hinter seinen Vater und blieb da stehen, bis sein Vater fühlte, daß einer hinter ihm stehe. Sprach der Brahmane: "Bist du es, Siddhartha? So sage, was zu sagen du gekommen bist."

Sprach Siddhartha: "Mit deiner Erlaubnis, mein Vater. Ich bin gekommen, dir zu sagen, daß mich verlangt, morgen dein Haus zu verlassen und zu den Asketen zu gehen. Ein Samana zu werden ist mein Verlangen. Möge mein Vater dem nicht entgegen sein."

Der Brahmane schwieg, und schwieg so lange, daß im kleinen Fenster die Sterne wanderten und ihre Figur veränderten, ehe das Schweigen in der Kammer ein Ende fand. Stumm und regungslos stand mit gekreuzten Armen der Sohn, stumm und regungslos saß auf der Matte der Vater, und die Sterne zogen am Himmel. Da sprach der Vater: "Nicht ziemt es dem Brahmanen, heftige und zornige Worte zu reden. Aber Unwille bewegt mein Herz. Nicht möchte ich diese Bitte zum zweiten Male aus deinem Munde hören."

Langsam erhob sich der Brahmane, Siddhartha stand stumm mit gekreuzten Armen.

"Worauf wartest du?" fragte der Vater.

Sprach Siddhartha: "Du weißt es."

Unwillig ging der Vater aus der Kammer, unwillig suchte er sein Lager auf und legte sich nieder.

Nach einer Stunde, da kein Schlaf in seine Augen kam, stand der Brahmane auf, tat Schritte hin und her, trat aus dem Hause. Durch das kleine Fenster der Kammer blickte er hinein, da sah er Siddhartha stehen, mit gekreuzten Armen, unverrückt. Bleich schimmerte sein helles Obergewand. Unruhe im Herzen, kehrte der Vater zu seinem Lager zurück.

Nach einer Stunde, da kein Schlaf in seine Augen kam, stand der Brahmane von neuem auf, tat Schritte hin und her, trat vor das Haus, sah den Mond aufgegangen. Durch das Fenster der Kammer blickte er hinein, da stand Siddhartha, unverrückt, mit gekreuzten Armen, an seinen bloßen Schienbeinen spiegelte das Mondlicht. Besorgnis im Herzen, suchte der Vater sein Lager auf.

Und er kam wieder nach einer Stunde, und kam wieder nach zweien Stunden, blickte durchs kleine Fenster, sah Siddhartha stehen, im Mond, im Sternenschein, in der Finsternis. Und kam wieder von Stunde zu Stunde, schweigend, blickte in die Kammer, sah den unverrückt Stehenden, füllte sein Herz mit Zorn, füllte sein Herz mit Unruhe, füllte sein Herz mit Zagen, füllte es mit Leid.

Und in der letzten Nachtstunde, ehe der Tag begann, kehrte er wieder, trat in die Kammer, sah den Jüngling stehen, der ihm groß und wie fremd erschien.

"Siddhartha," sprach er, "worauf wartest du?"

"Du weißt es."

"Wirst du immer so stehen und warten, bis es Tag wird, Mittag wird, Abend wird?"

"Ich werde stehen und warten."

"Du wirst müde werden, Siddhartha."

"Ich werde müde werden."

"Du wirst einschlafen, Siddhartha."

"Ich werde nicht einschlafen."

"Du wirst sterben, Siddhartha."

"Ich werde sterben."

"Und willst lieber sterben, als deinem Vater gehorchen?"

"Siddhartha hat immer seinem Vater gehorcht."

"So willst du dein Vorhaben aufgeben?"

"Siddhartha wird tun, was sein Vater ihm sagen wird."

Der erste Schein des Tages fiel in die Kammer. Der Brahmane sah, daß Siddhartha in den Knien leise zitterte. In Siddharthas Gesicht sah er kein Zittern, fernhin blickten die Augen. Da erkannte der Vater, daß Siddhartha schon jetzt nicht mehr bei ihm und in der Heimat weile, daß er ihn schon jetzt verlassen habe.

Der Vater berührte Siddharthas Schulter.

"Du wirst," sprach er, "in den Wald gehen und ein Samana sein. Hast du Seligkeit gefunden im Walde, so komm und lehre mich Seligkeit. Findest du Enttäuschung, dann kehre wieder und laß uns wieder gemeinsam den Göttern opfern. Nun gehe und küsse deine Mutter, sage ihr, wohin du gehst. Für mich aber ist es Zeit, an den Fluß zu gehen und die erste Waschung vorzunehmen."

Er nahm die Hand von der Schulter seines Sohnes und ging hinaus. Siddhartha schwankte zur Seite, als er zu gehen versuchte. Er bezwang seine Glieder, verneigte sich vor seinem Vater und ging zur Mutter, um zu tun, wie der Vater gesagt hatte.

Als er im ersten Tageslicht langsam auf erstarrten Beinen die noch stille Stadt verließ, erhob sich bei der letzten Hütte ein Schatten, der dort gekauert war, und schloß sich an den Pilgernden an--Govinda.

"Du bist gekommen", sagte Siddhartha und lächelte.

"Ich bin gekommen," sagte Govinda.

BEI DEN SAMANAS

Am Abend dieses Tages holten sie die Asketen ein, die dürren Samanas, und boten ihnen Begleitschaft und Gehorsam an. Sie wurden angenommen.

Siddhartha schenkte sein Gewand einem armen Brahmanen auf der Straße. Er trug nur noch die Schambinde und den erdfarbenen ungenähten Überwurf. Er aß nur einmal am Tage, und niemals Gekochtes. Er fastete fünfzehn Tage. Er fastete acht und zwanzig Tage. Das Fleisch schwand ihm von Schenkeln und Wangen. Heiße Träume flackerten aus seinen vergrößerten Augen, an seinen dorrenden Fingern wuchsen lang die Nägel und am Kinn der trockne, struppige Bart. Eisig wurde sein Blick, wenn er Weibern begegnete; sein Mund zuckte Verachtung, wenn er durch eine Stadt mit schön gekleideten Menschen ging. Er sah Händler handeln, Fürsten zur Jagd gehen, Leidtragende ihre Toten beweinen, Huren sich anbieten, Ärzte sich um Kranke mühen, Priester den Tag für die Aussaat bestimmen, Liebende lieben, Mütter ihre Kinder stillen--und alles war nicht den Blick seines Auges wert, alles log, alles stank, alles stank nach Lüge, alles täuschte Sinn und Glück und Schönheit vor, und alles war

uneingestandene Verwesung. Bitter schmeckte die Welt. Qual war das Leben.

Ein Ziel stand vor Siddhartha, ein einziges: leer werden, leer von Durst, leer von Wunsch, leer von Traum, leer von Freude und Leid. Von sich selbst wegsterben, nicht mehr Ich sein, entleerten Herzens Ruhe zu finden, im entselbsteten Denken dem Wunder offen zu stehen, das war sein Ziel. Wenn alles Ich überwunden und gestorben war, wenn jede Sucht und jeder Trieb im Herzen schwieg, dann mußte das Letzte erwachen, das Innerste im Wesen, das nicht mehr Ich ist, das große Geheimnis.

Schweigend stand Siddhartha im senkrechten Sonnenbrand, glühend vor Schmerz, glühend vor Durst, und stand, bis er nicht Schmerz noch Durst mehr fühlte. Schweigend stand er in der Regenzeit, aus seinem Haare troff das Wasser über frierende Schultern, über frierende Hüften und Beine, und der Büßer stand, bis Schultern und Beine nicht mehr froren, bis sie schwiegen, bis sie still waren. Schweigend kauerte er im Dorngerank, aus der brennenden Haut tropfte das Blut, aus Schwären der Eiter, und Siddhartha verweilte starr, verweilte regungslos, bis kein Blut mehr floß, bis nichts mehr stach, bis nichts mehr brannte.

Siddhartha saß aufrecht und lernte den Atem sparen, lernte mit wenig Atem auskommen, lernte den Atem abzustellen. Er lernte, mit dem Atem beginnend, seinen Herzschlag beruhigen, lernte die Schläge seines Herzens vermindern, bis es wenige und fast keine mehr waren.

Vom Ältesten der Samanas belehrt, übte Siddhartha Entselbstung, übte Versenkung, nach neuen Samanaregeln. Ein Reiher flog überm Bambuswald--und Siddhartha nahm den Reiher in seine Seele auf, flog über Wald und Gebirg, war Reiher, fraß Fische, hungerte Reiherhunger, sprach Reihergekrächz, starb Reihertod. Ein toter Schakal lag am Sandufer, und Siddharthas Seele schlüpfte in den Leichnam hinein, war toter Schakal, lag am Strande, blähte sich, stank, verweste, ward von Hyänen zerstückt, ward von Geiern enthäutet, ward Gerippe, ward Staub, wehte ins Gefild. Und Siddharthas Seele kehrte zurück, war gestorben, war verwest, war zerstäubt, hatte den trüben Rausch des Kreislaufs geschmeckt, harrte in neuem Durst wie ein Jäger auf die Lücke, wo dem Kreislauf zu entrinnen wäre, wo das Ende der Ursachen, wo leidlose Ewigkeit begänne. Er tötete seine Sinne, er tötete seine Erinnerung, er schlüpfte aus seinem Ich in tausend fremde Gestaltungen, war Tier, war Aas, war Stein, war Holz, war Wasser, und fand sich jedesmal erwachend wieder, Sonne schien oder Mond, war wieder Ich, schwang im Kreislauf, fühlte Durst, überwand den Durst, fühlte neuen Durst.

Vieles lernte Siddhartha bei den Samanas, viele Wege vom Ich hinweg lernte er gehen. Er ging den Weg der Entselbstung durch den Schmerz, durch das freiwillige Erleiden und Überwinden des Schmerzes, des Hungers, des Dursts, der Müdigkeit. Er ging den Weg der Entselbstung durch Meditation, durch das Leerdenken des Sinnes von allen Vorstellungen. Diese und andere Wege lernte er gehen, tausendmal verließ er sein Ich, stundenlang und tagelang verharrte er im Nicht-Ich. Aber ob auch die Wege vom Ich hinwegführten, ihr Ende führte doch immer zum Ich zurück. Ob Siddhartha tausendmal dem Ich entfloh, im Nichts verweilte, im Tier, im Stein verweilte, unvermeidlich war die Rückkehr, unentrinnbar die Stunde, da er sich wiederfand, im Sonnenschein oder im Mondschein, im Schatten oder im Regen, und wieder Ich und Siddhartha war, und wieder die Qual des auferlegten Kreislaufes empfand.

Neben ihm lebte Govinda, sein Schatten, ging dieselben Wege, unterzog sich denselben Bemühungen. Selten sprachen sie anderes miteinander, als der Dienst und die Übungen erforderten. Zuweilen gingen sie zu zweien durch die Dörfer, um Nahrung für sich und ihre Lehrer zu betteln.

"Wie denkst du, Govinda," sprach einst auf diesem Bettelgang Siddhartha, "wie denkst du, sind wir weiter gekommen? Haben wir Ziele erreicht?"

Antwortete Govinda: "Wir haben gelernt, und wir lernen weiter. Du wirst ein großer Samana sein, Siddhartha. Schnell hast du jede Übung gelernt, oft haben die alten Samanas dich bewundert. Du wirst einst ein Heiliger sein, o Siddhartha."

Sprach Siddhartha: "Mir will es nicht so erscheinen, mein Freund. Was ich bis zu diesem Tage bei den Samanas gelernt habe, das, o Govinda, hätte ich schneller und einfacher lernen können. In jeder Kneipe eines Hurenviertels, mein Freund, unter den Fuhrleuten und Würfelspielern hätte ich es lernen können."

Sprach Govinda: "Siddhartha macht sich einen Scherz mit mir. Wie hättest du Versenkung, wie hättest du Anhalten des Atems, wie hättest du Unempfindsamkeit gegen Hunger und Schmerz dort bei jenen Elenden lernen sollen?"

Und Siddhartha sagte leise, als spräche er zu sich selber: "Was ist Versenkung? Was ist Verlassen des Körpers? Was ist Fasten? Was ist Anhalten des Atems? Es ist Flucht vor dem Ich, es ist ein kurzes Entrinnen aus der Qual des Ichseins, es ist eine kurze

Betäubung gegen den Schmerz und die Unsinnigkeit des Lebens. Dieselbe Flucht, dieselbe kurze Betäubung findet der Ochsentreiber in der Herberge, wenn er einige Schalen Reiswein trinkt oder gegorene Kokosmilch. Dann fühlt er sein Selbst nicht mehr, dann fühlt er die Schmerzen des Lebens nicht mehr, dann findet er kurze Betäubung. Er findet, über seiner Schale mit Reiswein eingeschlummert, dasselbe, was Siddhartha und Govinda finden, wenn sie in langen Übungen aus ihrem Körper entweichen, im Nicht-Ich verweilen. So ist es, o Govinda."

Sprach Govinda: "So sagst du, o Freund, und weißt doch, daß Siddhartha kein Ochsentreiber ist und ein Samana kein Trunkenbold. Wohl findet der Trinker Betäubung, wohl findet er kurze Flucht und Rast, aber er kehrt zurück aus dem Wahn und findet alles beim alten, ist nicht weiser geworden, hat nicht Erkenntnis gesammelt, ist nicht um Stufen höher gestiegen."

Und Siddhartha sprach mit Lächeln: "Ich weiß es nicht, ich bin nie ein Trinker gewesen. Aber daß ich, Siddhartha, in meinen Übungen und Versenkungen nur kurze Betäubung finde und ebenso weit von der Weisheit, von der Erlösung entfernt bin wie als Kind im Mutterleibe, das weiß ich, o Govinda, das weiß ich."

Und wieder ein anderes Mal, da Siddhartha mit Govinda den Wald verließ, um im Dorfe etwas Nahrung für ihre Brüder und Lehrer zu betteln, begann Siddhartha zu sprechen und sagte: "Wie nun, o Govinda, sind wir wohl auf dem rechten Wege? Nähern wir uns wohl der Erkenntnis? Nähern wir uns wohl der Erlösung? Oder gehen wir nicht vielleicht im Kreise--wir, die wir doch dem Kreislauf zu entrinnen dachten?"

Sprach Govinda: "Viel haben wir gelernt, Siddhartha, viel bleibt noch zu lernen. Wir gehen nicht im Kreise, wir gehen nach oben, der Kreis ist eine Spirale, manche Stufe sind wir schon gestiegen."

Antwortete Siddhartha: "Wie alt wohl, meinst du, ist unser ältester Samana, unser ehrwürdiger Lehrer?"

Sprach Govinda: "Vielleicht sechzig Jahre mag unser Ältester zählen."

Und Siddhartha: "Sechzig Jahre ist er alt geworden und hat Nirwana nicht erreicht. Er wird siebzig werden und achtzig, und du und ich, wir werden ebenso alt werden und werden uns üben, und werden fasten, und werden meditieren. Aber Nirwana werden wir nicht erreichen, er nicht, wir nicht. O Govinda, ich glaube, von allen Samanas, die es gibt, wird vielleicht nicht einer, nicht einer Nirwana erreichen. Wir finden Tröstungen, wir finden Betäubungen, wir lernen Kunstfertigkeiten, mit denen wir uns täuschen. Das Wesentliche aber, den Weg der Wege finden wir nicht."

"Mögest du doch," sprach Govinda, "nicht so erschreckende Worte aussprechen, Siddhartha! Wie sollte denn unter so vielen gelehrten Männern, unter so viel Brahmanen, unter so vielen strengen und ehrwürdigen Samanas, unter so viel suchenden, so viel innig beflissenen, so viel heiligen Männern keiner den Weg der Wege finden?"

Siddhartha aber sagte mit einer Stimme, welche so viel Trauer wie Spott enthielt, mit einer leisen, einer etwas traurigen, einer etwas spöttischen Stimme: "Bald, Govinda, wird dein Freund diesen Pfad der Samanas verlassen, den er so lang mit dir gegangen ist. Ich leide Durst, o Govinda, und auf diesem langen Samanawege ist mein Durst um nichts kleiner geworden. Immer habe ich nach Erkenntnis gedürstet, immer bin ich voll von Fragen gewesen. Ich habe die Brahmanen befragt, Jahr um Jahr, und habe die heiligen Vedas befragt, Jahr um Jahr, und habe die frommen Samanas befragt, Jahr um Jahr. Vielleicht, o Govinda, wäre es ebenso gut, wäre es ebenso klug und ebenso heilsam gewesen, wenn ich den Nashornvogel oder den Schimpansen befragt hätte. Lange Zeit habe ich gebraucht und bin noch nicht damit zu Ende, um dies zu lernen, o Govinda: daß man nichts lernen kann! Es gibt, so glaube ich, in der Tat jenes Ding nicht, das wir 'Lernen' nennen. Es gibt, o mein Freund, nur ein Wissen, das ist überall, das ist Atman, das ist in mir und in dir und in jedem Wesen. Und so beginne ich zu glauben dies Wissen hat keinen ärgeren Feind als das Wissenwollen, als das Lernen."

Da blieb Govinda auf dem Wege stehen, erhob die Hände und sprach: "Mögest du, Siddhartha, deinen Freund doch nicht mit solchen Reden beängstigen! Wahrlich, Angst erwecken deine Worte in meinem Herzen. Und denke doch nur: wo bliebe die Heiligkeit der Gebete, wo bliebe die Ehrwürdigkeit des Brahmanenstandes, wo die Heiligkeit der Samanas, wenn es so wäre wie du sagst, wenn es kein Lernen gäbe?! Was, o Siddhartha, was würde dann aus alledem werden, was auf Erden heilig, was wertvoll, was ehrwürdig ist?!"

Und Govinda murmelte einen Vers vor sich hin, einen Vers aus einer Upanishad:

Wer nachsinnend, geläuterten Geistes, in Atman sich versenkt, Unaussprechlich durch Worte ist seines Herzens Seligkeit.

Siddhartha aber schwieg. Er dachte der Worte, welche Govinda zu ihm gesagt hatte, und dachte die Worte bis an ihr Ende.

Ja, dachte er, gesenkten Hauptes stehend, was bliebe noch übrig von allem, was uns heilig schien? Was bleibt? Was bewährt sich? Und er schüttelte den Kopf.

Einstmals, als die beiden Jünglinge gegen drei Jahre bei den Samanas gelebt und ihre Übungen geteilt hatten, da erreichte sie auf mancherlei Wegen und Umwegen eine Kunde, ein Gerücht, eine Sage: Einer sei erschienen, Gotama genannt, der Erhabene, der Buddha, der habe in sich das Leid der Welt überwunden und das Rad der Wiedergeburten zum Stehen gebracht. Lehrend ziehe er, von Jüngern umgeben, durch das Land, besitzlos, heimatlos, weiblos, im gelben Mantel eines Asketen, aber mit heiterer Stirn, ein Seliger, und Brahmanen und Fürsten beugten sich vor ihm und würden seine Schüler.

Diese Sage, dies Gerücht, dies Märchen klang auf, duftete empor, hier und dort, in den Städten sprachen die Brahmanen davon, im Wald die Samanas, immer wieder drang der Name Gotamas, des Buddha, zu den Ohren der Jünglinge, im Guten und im Bösen, in Lobpreisung und in Schmähung.

Wie wenn in einem Lande die Pest herrscht, und es erhebt sich die Kunde, da und dort sei ein Mann, ein Weiser, ein Kundiger, dessen Wort und Anhauch genüge, um jeden von der Seuche Befallenen zu heilen, und wie dann diese Kunde das Land durchläuft und jedermann davon spricht, viele glauben, viele zweifeln, viele aber sich alsbald auf den Weg machen, um den Weisen, den Helfer aufzusuchen, so durchlief das Land jene Sage, jene duftende Sage von Gotama, dem Buddha, dem Weisen aus dem Geschlecht der Sakya. Ihm war, so sprachen die Gläubigen, höchste Erkenntnis zu eigen, er erinnerte sich seiner vormaligen Leben, er hatte Nirwana erreicht und kehrte nie mehr in den Kreislauf zurück, tauchte nie mehr in den trüben Strom der Gestaltungen unter. Vieles Herrliche und Unglaubliche wurde von ihm berichtet, er hatte Wunder getan, hatte den Teufel überwunden, hatte mit den Göttern gesprochen. Seine Feinde und Ungläubigen aber sagten, dieser Gotama sei ein eitler Verführer, er bringe seine Tage in Wohlleben hin, verachte die Opfer, sei ohne Gelehrsamkeit und kenne weder Übung noch Kasteiung.

Süß klang die Sage von Buddha, Zauber duftete aus diesen Berichten. Krank war ja die Welt, schwer zu ertragen war das Leben--und siehe, hier schien eine Quelle zu springen, hier schien ein Botenruf zu tönen, trostvoll, mild, edler Versprechungen voll. Überall, wohin das Gerücht vom Buddha erscholl, überall in den Ländern Indiens horchten die Jünglinge auf, fühlten Sehnsucht, fühlten Hoffnung, und unter den Brahmanensöhnen der Städte und Dörfer war jeder Pilger und Fremdling willkommen, wenn er Kunde von ihm, dem Erhabenen, dem Sakyamuni, brachte.

Auch zu den Samanas im Walde, auch zu Siddhartha, auch zu Govinda war die Sage gedrungen, langsam, in Tropfen, jeder Tropfen schwer von Hoffnung, jeder Tropfen schwer von Zweifel. Sie sprachen wenig davon, denn der Älteste der Samanas war kein Freund dieser Sage. Er hatte vernommen, daß jener angebliche Buddha vormals Asket gewesen und im Walde gelebt, sich dann aber zu Wohlleben und Weltlust zurückgewendet habe, und er hielt nichts von diesem Gotama.

"O Siddhartha", sprach einst Govinda zu seinem Freunde. "Heute war ich im Dorf, und ein Brahmane lud mich ein, in sein Haus zu treten, und in seinem Hause war ein Brahmanensohn aus Magadha, dieser hat mit seinen eigenen Augen den Buddha gesehen und hat ihn lehren hören. Wahrlich, da schmerzte mich der Atem in der Brust, und ich dachte bei mir: Möchte doch auch ich, möchten doch auch wir beide, Siddhartha und ich, die Stunde erleben, da wir die Lehre aus dem Munde jenes Vollendeten vernehmen! Sprich, Freund, wollen wir nicht auch dorthin gehen und die Lehre aus dem Munde des Buddha anhören?"

Sprach Siddhartha: "Immer, o Govinda, hatte ich gedacht, Govinda würde bei den Samanas bleiben, immer hatte ich geglaubt, es wäre sein Ziel, sechzig und siebzig Jahre alt zu worden und immer weiter die Künste und Übungen zu treiben, welche den Samana zieren. Aber sieh, ich hatte Govinda zu wenig gekannt, wenig wußte ich von seinem Herzen. Nun also willst du, Teuerster, einen neuen Pfad einschlagen und dorthin gehen, wo der Buddha seine Lehre verkündet."

Sprach Govinda: "Dir beliebt es zu spotten. Mögest du immerhin spotten, Siddhartha! Ist aber nicht auch in dir ein Verlangen, eine Lust erwacht, diese Lehre zu hören? Und hast du nicht einst zu mir gesagt, nicht lange mehr werdest du den Weg der Samanas gehen?"

Da lachte Siddhartha, auf seine Weise, wobei der Ton seiner Stimme einen Schatten von Trauer und einen Schatten von Spott annahm, und sagte: "Wohl, Govinda, wohl hast du gesprochen, richtig hast du dich erinnert. Mögest du doch auch des andern dich erinnern, das du von mir gehört hast, daß ich nämlich mißtrauisch und müde gegen Lehre und Lernen geworden bin, und daß mein Glaube klein ist an Worte, die von Lehrern zu uns kommen. Aber wohlan, Lieber, ich bin bereit, jene Lehre zu hören--obschon ich

im Herzen glaube, daß wir die beste Frucht jener Lehre schon gekostet haben."

Sprach Govinda: "Deine Bereitschaft erfreut mein Herz. Aber sage, wie sollte das möglich sein? Wie sollte die Lehre des Gotama, noch ehe wir sie vernommen, uns schon ihre beste Frucht erschlossen haben?"

Sprach Siddhartha: "Laß diese Frucht uns genießen und das weitere abwarten, o Govinda! Diese Frucht aber, die wir schon jetzt dem Gotama verdanken, besteht darin, daß er uns von den Samanas hinwegruft! Ob er uns noch anderes und Besseres zu geben hat, o Freund, darauf laß uns ruhigen Herzens warten."

An diesem selben Tage gab Siddhartha dem Ältesten der Samanas seinen Entschluß zu wissen, daß er ihn verlassen wollte. Er gab ihn dem Ältesten zu wissen mit der Höflichkeit und Bescheidenheit, welche dem Jüngeren und Schüler ziemt. Der Samana aber geriet in Zorn, daß die beiden Jünglinge ihn verlassen wollten, und redete laut und brauchte grobe Schimpfworte.

Govinda erschrak und kam in Verlegenheit, Siddhartha aber neigte den Mund zu Govindas Ohr und flüsterte ihm zu: "Nun will ich dem Alten zeigen, daß ich etwas bei ihm gelernt habe."

Indem er sich nahe vor dem Samana aufstellte, mit gesammelter Seele, fing er den Blick des Alten mit seinen Blicken ein, bannte ihn, machte ihn stumm, machte ihn willenlos, unterwarf ihn seinem Willen, befahl ihm, lautlos zu tun, was er von ihm verlangte. Der alte Mann wurde stumm, sein Auge wurde starr, sein Wille gelähmt, seine Arme hingen herab, machtlos war er Siddharthas Bezauberung erlegen. Siddharthas Gedanken aber bemächtigten sich des Samana, er mußte vollführen, was sie befahlen. Und so verneigte sich der Alte mehrmals, vollzog segnende Gebärden, sprach stammelnd einen frommen Reisewunsch. Und die Jünglinge erwiderten dankend die Verneigungen, erwiderten den Wunsch, zogen grüßend von dannen.

Unterwegs sagte Govinda: "O Siddhartha, du hast bei den Samanas mehr gelernt, als ich wußte. Es ist schwer, es ist sehr schwer, einen alten Samana zu bezaubern. Wahrlich, wärest du dort geblieben, du hättest bald gelernt, auf dem Wasser zu gehen."

"Ich begehre nicht, auf dem Wasser zu gehen", sagte Siddhartha. "Mögen alte Samanas mit solchen Künsten sich zufrieden geben!"

GOTAMA

In der Stadt Savathi kannte jedes Kind den Namen des Erhabenen Buddha, und jedes Haus war gerüstet, den Jüngern Gotamas, den schweigend Bittenden, die Almosenschale zu füllen. Nahe bei der Stadt lag Gotamas liebster Aufenthalt, der Hain Jetavana, welchen der reiche Kaufherr Anathapindika, ein ergebener Verehrer des Erhabenen, ihm und den Seinen zum Geschenk gemacht hatte.

Nach dieser Gegend hatten alle Erzählungen und Antworten hingewiesen, welche den beiden jungen Asketen auf der Suche nach Gotamas Aufenthalt zuteil wurden. Und da sie in Savathi ankamen, ward ihnen gleich im ersten Hause, vor dessen Tür sie bittend stehen blieben, Speise angeboten, und sie nahmen Speise an, und Siddhartha fragte die Frau, welche ihnen die Speise reichte:

"Gerne, du Mildtätige, gerne möchten wir erfahren, wo der Buddha weilt, der Ehrwürdigste, denn wir sind zwei Samanas aus dem Walde, und sind gekommen, um ihn, den Vollendeten, zu sehen und die Lehre aus seinem Munde zu vernehmen."

Sprach die Frau: "Am richtigen Orte wahrlich seid Ihr hier abgestiegen, Ihr Samanas aus dem Walde. Wisset, in Jetavana, im Garten Anathapindikas, weilt der Erhabene. Dort möget Ihr, Pilger, die Nacht verbringen, denn genug Raum ist daselbst für die Unzähligen, die herbeiströmen, um aus seinem Munde die Lehre zu hören."

Da freute sich Govinda, und voll Freude rief er: "Wohl denn, so ist unser Ziel erreicht und unser Weg zu Ende! Aber sage uns, du Mutter der Pilgernden, kennst du ihn, den Buddha, hast du ihn mit deinen Augen gesehen?"

Sprach die Frau: "Viele Male habe ich ihn gesehen, den Erhabenen. An vielen Tagen habe ich ihn gesehen, wie er durch die Gassen geht, schweigend, im gelben Mantel, wie er schweigend an den Haustüren seine Almosenschale darreicht, wie er die gefüllte Schale von dannen trägt."

Entzückt lauschte Govinda und wollte noch vieles fragen und hören. Aber Siddhartha mahnte zum Weitergehen. Sie sagten Dank und gingen und brauchten kaum nach dem Wege zu fragen, denn nicht wenige Pilger und auch Mönche aus Gotamas Gemeinschaft waren nach dem Jetavana unterwegs. Und da sie in der Nacht dort anlangten, war daselbst ein beständiges Ankommen, Rufen und Reden von solchen, welche Herberge heischten und bekamen. Die beiden Samanas, des Lebens im Walde

gewohnt, fanden schnell und geräuschlos einen Unterschlupf und ruhten da bis zum Morgen.

Beim Aufgang der Sonne sahen sie mit Erstaunen, welch große Schar, Gläubige und Neugierige, hier genächtigt hatte. In allen Wegen des herrlichen Haines wandelten Mönche im gelben Gewand, unter den Bäumen saßen sie hier und dort, in Betrachtung versenkt--oder im geistlichen Gespräch, wie eine Stadt waren die schattigen Gärten zu sehen, voll von Menschen, wimmelnd wie Bienen. Die Mehrzahl der Mönche zog mit der Almosenschale aus, um in der Stadt Nahrung für die Mittagsmahlzeit, die einzige des Tages, zu sammeln. Auch der Buddha selbst, der Erleuchtete, pflegte am Morgen den Bettelgang zu tun.

Siddhartha sah ihn, und er erkannte ihn alsbald, als hätte ihm ein Gott ihn gezeigt. Er sah ihn, einen schlichten Mann in gelber Kutte, die Almosenschale in der Hand tragend, still dahin gehen.

"Sieh hier!" sagte Siddhartha leise zu Govinda. "Dieser hier ist der Buddha."

Aufmerksam blickte Govinda den Mönch in der gelben Kutte an, der sich in nichts von den Hunderten der Mönche zu unterscheiden schien. Und bald erkannte auch Govinda: Dieser ist es. Und sie folgten ihm nach und betrachteten ihn.

Der Buddha ging seines Weges bescheiden und in Gedanken versunken, sein stilles Gesicht war weder fröhlich noch traurig, es schien leise nach innen zu lächeln. Mit einem verborgenen Lächeln, still, ruhig, einem gesunden Kinde nicht unähnlich, wandelte der Buddha, trug das Gewand und setzte den Fuß gleich wie alle seine Mönche, nach genauer Vorschrift. Aber sein Gesicht und sein Schritt, sein still gesenkter Blick, seine still herabhängende Hand, und noch jeder Finger an seiner still herabhängenden Hand sprach Friede, sprach Vollkommenheit, suchte nicht, ahmte nicht nach, atmete sanft in einer unverwelklichen Ruhe, in einem unverwelklichen Licht, einem unantastbaren Frieden.

So wandelte Gotama, der Stadt entgegen, um Almosen zu sammeln, und die beiden Samanas erkannten ihn einzig an der Vollkommenheit seiner Ruhe, an der Stille seiner Gestalt, in welcher kein Suchen, kein Wollen, kein Nachahmen, kein Bemühen zu erkennen war, nur Licht und Frieden.

"Heute werden wir die Lehre aus seinem Munde vernehmen," sagte Govinda.

Siddhartha gab nicht Antwort. Er war wenig neugierig auf die Lehre, er glaubte nicht, daß sie ihn Neues lehren werde, hatte er doch, ebenso wie Govinda, wieder und wieder den Inhalt dieser Buddhalehre vernommen, wenn schon aus Berichten von zweiter und dritter Hand. Aber er blickte aufmerksam auf Gotamas Haupt, auf seine Schultern, auf seine Füße, auf seine still herabhängende Hand, und ihm schien, jedes Glied an jedem Finger dieser Hand war Lehre, sprach, atmete, duftete, glänzte Wahrheit. Dieser Mann, dieser Buddha, war wahrhaftig bis in die Gebärde seines letzten Fingers. Dieser Mann war heilig. Nie hatte Siddhartha einen Menschen so verehrt, nie hatte er einen Menschen so geliebt wie diesen.

Die beiden folgten dem Buddha bis zur Stadt und kehrten schweigend zurück, denn sie selbst gedachten diesen Tag sich der Speise zu enthalten. Sie sahen Gotama wiederkehren, sahen ihn im Kreise seiner Jünger die Mahlzeit einnehmen--was er aß, hätte keinen Vogel satt gemacht--und sahen ihn sich zurückziehen in den Schatten der Mangobäume.

Am Abend aber, als die Hitze sich legte und alles im Lager lebendig ward und sich versammelte, hörten sie den Buddha lehren. Sie hörten seine Stimme, und auch sie war vollkommen, war von vollkommener Ruhe, war voll von Frieden. Gotama lehrte die Lehre vom Leiden, von der Herkunft des Leidens, vom Weg zur Aufhebung des Leidens. Ruhig floß und klar seine stille Rede. Leiden war das Leben, voll Leid war die Welt, aber Erlösung vom Leid war gefunden: Erlösung fand, wer den Weg des Buddha ging. Mit sanfter, doch fester Stimme sprach der Erhabene, lehrte die vier Hauptsätze, lehrte den achtfachen Pfad, geduldig ging er den gewohnten Weg der Lehre, der Beispiele, der Wiederholungen, hell und still schwebte seine Stimme über den Hörenden, wie ein Licht, wie ein Sternhimmel.

Als der Buddha--es war schon Nacht geworden--seine Rede schloß, traten manche Pilger hervor und baten um Aufnahme in die Gemeinschaft, nahmen ihre Zuflucht zur Lehre. Und Gotama nahm sie auf, indem er sprach: "Wohl habt ihr die Lehre vernommen, wohl ist sie verkündigt. Tretet denn herzu und wandelt in Heiligkeit, allem Leid ein Ende zu bereiten."

Siehe, da trat auch Govinda hervor, der Schüchterne, und sprach: "Auch ich nehme meine Zuflucht zum Erhabenen und zu seiner Lehre," und bat um Aufnahme in die Jüngerschaft, und ward aufgenommen.

Gleich darauf, da sich der Buddha zur Nachtruhe zurückgezogen hatte, wendete sich Govinda zu Siddhartha und sprach eifrig: "Siddhartha, nicht steht es mir zu, dir einen Vorwurf zu machen. Beide haben wir den Erhabenen gehört, beide haben wir die Lehre

vernommen. Govinda hat die Lehre gehört, er hat seine Zuflucht zu ihr genommen. Du aber, Verehrter, willst denn nicht auch du den Pfad der Erlösung gehen? Willst du zögern, willst du noch warten?"

Siddhartha erwachte wie aus einem Schlafe, als er Govindas Worte vernahm. Lange blickte er in Govindas Gesicht. Dann sprach er leise, mit einer Stimme ohne Spott: "Govinda, mein Freund, nun hast du den Schritt getan, nun hast du den Weg erwählt. Immer, o Govinda, bist du mein Freund gewesen, immer bist du einen Schritt hinter mir gegangen. Oft habe ich gedacht: Wird Govinda nicht auch einmal einen Schritt allein tun, ohne mich, aus der eigenen Seele? Siehe, nun bist du ein Mann geworden und wählst selber deinen Weg. Mögest du ihn zu Ende gehen, o mein Freund! Mögest du Erlösung finden!"

Govinda, welcher noch nicht völlig verstand, wiederholte mit einem Ton von Ungeduld seine Frage: "Sprich doch, ich bitte dich, mein Lieber! Sage mir, wie es ja nicht anders sein kann, daß auch du, mein gelehrter Freund, deine Zuflucht zum erhabenen Buddha nehmen wirst!"

Siddhartha legte seine Hand auf die Schulter Govindas: "Du hast meinen Segenswunsch überhört, o Govinda. Ich wiederhole ihn: Mögest du diesen Weg zu Ende gehen! Mögest du Erlösung finden!"

In diesem Augenblick erkannte Govinda, daß sein Freund ihn verlassen habe, und er begann zu weinen.

"Siddhartha!" rief er klagend.

Siddhartha sprach freundlich zu ihm: "Vergiß nicht, Govinda, daß du nun zu den Samanas des Buddha gehörst! Abgesagt hast du Heimat und Eltern, abgesagt Herkunft und Eigentum, abgesagt deinem eigenen Willen, abgesagt der Freundschaft. So will es die Lehre, so will es der Erhabene. So hast du selbst es gewollt. Morgen, o Govinda, werde ich dich verlassen."

Lange noch wandelten die Freunde im Gehölz, lange lagen sie und fanden nicht den Schlaf. Und immer von neuem drang Govinda in seinen Freund, er möge ihm sagen, warum er nicht seine Zuflucht zu Gotamas Lehre nehmen wolle, welchen Fehler denn er in dieser Lehre finde. Siddhartha aber wies ihn jedesmal zurück und sagte: "Gib dich zufrieden, Govinda! Sehr gut ist des Erhabenen Lehre, wie sollte ich einen Fehler an ihr finden?"

Am frühesten Morgen ging ein Nachfolger Buddhas, einer seiner ältesten Mönche, durch den Garten und rief alle jene zu sich, welche als Neulinge ihre Zuflucht zur Lehre genommen hatten, um ihnen das gelbe Gewand anzulegen und sie in den ersten Lehren und Pflichten ihres Standes zu unterweisen. Da riß Govinda sich los, umarmte noch einmal den Freund seiner Jugend und schloß sich dem Zuge der Novizen an.

Siddhartha aber wandelte in Gedanken durch den Hain.

Da begegnete ihm Gotama, der Erhabene, und als er ihn mit Ehrfurcht begrüßte und der Blick des Buddha so voll Güte und Stille war, faßte der Jüngling Mut und bat den Ehrwürdigen um Erlaubnis, zu ihm zu sprechen. Schweigend nickte der Erhabene Gewährung.

Sprach Siddhartha: "Gestern, o Erhabener, war es mir vergönnt, deine wundersame Lehre zu hören. Zusammen mit meinem Freunde kam ich aus der Ferne her, um die Lehre zu hören. Und nun wird mein Freund bei den Deinen bleiben, zu dir hat er seine Zuflucht genommen. Ich aber trete meine Pilgerschaft aufs neue an."

"Wie es dir beliebt", sprach der Ehrwürdige höflich.

"Allzu kühn ist meine Rede," fuhr Siddhartha fort, "aber ich möchte den Erhabenen nicht verlassen, ohne ihm meine Gedanken in Aufrichtigkeit mitgeteilt zu haben. Will mir der Ehrwürdige noch einen Augenblick Gehör schenken?"

Schweigend nickte der Buddha Gewährung.

Sprach Siddhartha: "Eines, o Ehrwürdigster, habe ich an deiner Lehre vor allem bewundert. Alles in deiner Lehre ist vollkommen klar, ist bewiesen; als eine vollkommene, als eine nie und nirgends unterbrochene Kette zeigst du die Welt als eine ewige Kette, gefügt aus Ursachen und Wirkungen. Niemals ist dies so klar gesehen, nie so unwiderleglich dargestellt worden; höher wahrlich muß jedem Brahmanen das Herz im Leibe schlagen, wenn er, durch deine Lehre hindurch, die Welt erblickt als vollkommenen Zusammenhang, lückenlos, klar wie ein Kristall, nicht vom Zufall abhängig, nicht von Göttern abhängig. Ob sie gut oder böse, ob das Leben in ihr Leid oder Freude sei, möge dahingestellt bleiben, es mag vielleicht sein, daß dies nicht wesentlich ist--aber die Einheit der Welt, der Zusammenhang alles Geschehens, das Umschlossensein alles Großen und Kleinen vom selben Strome, vom

selben Gesetz der Ursachen, des Werdens und des Sterbens, dies leuchtet hell aus deiner erhabenen Lehre, o Vollendeter. Nun aber ist, deiner selben Lehre nach, diese Einheit und Folgerichtigkeit aller Dinge dennoch an einer Stelle unterbrochen, durch eine kleine Lücke strömt in diese Welt der Einheit etwas Fremdes, etwas Neues, etwas, das vorher nicht war, und das nicht gezeigt und nicht bewiesen werden kann: das ist deine Lehre von der Überwindung der Welt, von der Erlösung. Mit dieser kleinen Lücke, mit dieser kleinen Durchbrechung aber ist das ganze ewige und einheitliche Weltgesetz wieder zerbrochen und aufgehoben. Mögest du mir verzeihen, wenn ich diesen Einwand ausspreche."

Still hatte Gotama ihm zugehört, unbewegt. Mit seiner gütigen, mit seiner höflichen und klaren Stimme sprach er nun, der Vollendete: "Du hast die Lehre gehört, o Brahmanensohn, und wohl dir, daß du über sie so tief nachgedacht hast. Du hast eine Lücke in ihr gefunden, einen Fehler. Mögest du weiter darüber nachdenken. Laß dich aber warnen, du Wißbegieriger, vor dem Dickicht der Meinungen und vor dem Streit um Worte. Es ist an Meinungen nichts gelegen, sie mögen schön oder häßlich, klug oder töricht sein, jeder kann ihnen anhängen oder sie verwerfen. Die Lehre aber, die du von mir gehört hast, ist nicht eine Meinung, und ihr Ziel ist nicht, die Welt für Wißbegierige zu erklären. Ihr Ziel ist ein anderes; ihr Ziel ist Erlösung vom Leiden. Diese ist es, welche Gotama lehrt, nichts anderes."

"Mögest du mir, o Erhabener, nicht zürnen", sagte der Jüngling. "Nicht um Streit mit dir zu suchen, Streit um Worte, habe ich so zu dir gesprochen. Du hast wahrlich recht, wenig ist an Meinungen gelegen. Aber laß mich dies eine noch sagen: Nicht einen Augenblick habe ich an dir gezweifelt. Ich habe nicht einen Augenblick gezweifelt, daß du Buddha bist, daß du das Ziel erreicht hast, das höchste, nach welchem so viel tausend Brahmanen und Brahmanensöhne unterwegs sind. Du hast die Erlösung vom Tode gefunden. Sie ist dir geworden aus deinem eigenen Suchen, auf deinem eigenen Wege, durch Gedanken, durch Versenkung, durch Erkenntnis, durch Erleuchtung. Nicht ist sie dir geworden durch Lehre! Und--so ist mein Gedanke, o Erhabener--keinem wird Erlösung zu teil durch Lehre! Keinem, o Ehrwürdiger, wirst du in Worten und durch Lehre mitteilen und sagen können, was dir geschehen ist in der Stunde deiner Erleuchtung! Vieles enthält die Lehre des erleuchteten Buddha, viele lehrt sie, rechtschaffen zu leben, Böses zu meiden. Eines aber enthält die so klare, die so ehrwürdige Lehre nicht: sie enthält nicht das Geheimnis dessen, was der Erhabene selbst erlebt hat, er allein unter den Hunderttausenden. Dies ist es, was ich gedacht und erkannt habe, als ich die Lehre hörte. Dies ist es, weswegen ich meine Wanderschaft fortsetze--nicht um eine andere, eine bessere Lehre zu suchen, denn ich weiß, es gibt keine, sondern um alle Lehren und alle Lehrer zu verlassen und allein mein Ziel zu erreichen oder zu sterben. Oftmals aber werde ich dieses Tages denken, o Erhabener, und dieser Stunde, da meine Augen einen Heiligen sahen."

Die Augen des Buddha blickten still zu Boden, still in vollkommenem Gleichmut strahlte sein unerforschliches Gesicht.

"Mögen deine Gedanken," sprach der Ehrwürdige langsam, "keine Irrtümer sein! Mögest du ans Ziel kommen! Aber sage mir: Hast du die Schar meiner Samanas gesehen, meiner vielen Brüder, welche ihre Zuflucht zur Lehre genommen haben? Und glaubst du, fremder Samana, glaubst du, daß es diesen allen besser wäre, die Lehre zu verlassen und in das Leben der Welt und der Lüste zurückzukehren?"

"Fern ist ein solcher Gedanke von mir", rief Siddhartha. "Mögen sie alle bei der Lehre bleiben, mögen sie ihr Ziel erreichen! Nicht steht mir zu, über eines andern Leben zu urteilen. Einzig für mich, für mich allein muß ich urteilen, muß ich wählen, muß ich ablehnen. Erlösung vom Ich suchen wir Samanas, o Erhabener. Wäre ich nun einer deiner Jünger, o Ehrwürdiger, so fürchte ich, es möchte mir geschehen, daß nur scheinbar, nur trügerisch mein Ich zur Ruhe käme und erlöst würde, daß es aber in Wahrheit weiterlebte und groß würde, denn ich hätte dann die Lehre, hätte meine Nachfolge, hätte meine Liebe zu dir, hätte die Gemeinschaft der Mönche zu meinem Ich gemacht!"

Mit halbem Lächeln, mit einer unerschütterten Helle und Freundlichkeit sah Gotama dem Fremdling ins Auge und verabschiedete ihn mit einer kaum sichtbaren Gebärde.

"Klug bist du, o Samana", sprach der Ehrwürdige.

"Klug weißt du zu reden, mein Freund. Hüte dich vor allzu großer Klugheit!"

Hinweg wandelte der Buddha, und sein Blick und halbes Lächeln blieb für immer in Siddharthas Gedächtnis eingegraben.

So habe ich noch keinen Menschen blicken und lächeln, sitzen und schreiten sehen, dachte er, so wahrlich wünsche auch ich blicken und lächeln, sitzen und schreiten zu können, so frei, so ehrwürdig, so verborgen, so offen, so kindlich und geheimnisvoll. So wahrlich blickt und schreitet nur der Mensch, der ins Innerste seines Selbst gedrungen ist. Wohl, auch ich werde ins Innerste

meines Selbst zu dringen suchen.

Einen Menschen sah ich, dachte Siddhartha, einen einzigen, vor dem ich meine Augen niederschlagen mußte. Vor keinem andern mehr will ich meine Augen niederschlagen, vor keinem mehr. Keine Lehre mehr wird mich verlocken, da dieses Menschen Lehre mich nicht verlockt hat.

Beraubt hat mich der Buddha, dachte Siddhartha, beraubt hat er mich, und mehr noch hat er mich beschenkt. Beraubt hat er mich meines Freundes, dessen, der an mich glaubte und der nun an ihn glaubt, der mein Schatten war und nun Gotamas Schatten ist. Geschenkt aber hat er mir Siddhartha, mich selbst.

ERWACHEN

Als Siddhartha den Hain verließ, in welchem der Buddha, der Vollendete, zurückblieb, in welchem Govinda zurückblieb, da fühlte er, daß in diesem Hain auch sein bisheriges Leben hinter ihm zurückblieb und sich von ihm trennte. Dieser Empfindung, die ihn ganz erfüllte, sann er im langsamen Dahingehen nach. Tief sann er nach, wie durch ein tiefes Wasser ließ er sich bis auf den Boden dieser Empfindung hinab, bis dahin, wo die Ursachen ruhen, denn Ursachen erkennen, so schien ihm, das eben ist Denken, und dadurch allein werden Empfindungen zu Erkenntnissen und gehen nicht verloren, sondern werden wesenhaft und beginnen auszustrahlen, was in ihnen ist.

Im langsamen Dahingehen dachte Siddhartha nach. Er stellte fest, daß er kein Jüngling mehr, sondern ein Mann geworden sei. Er stellte fest, daß eines ihn verlassen hatte, wie die Schlange von ihrer alten Haut verlassen wird, daß eines nicht mehr in ihm vorhanden war, das durch seine ganze Jugend ihn begleitet und zu ihm gehört hatte: der Wunsch, Lehrer zu haben und Lehren zu hören. Den letzten Lehrer, der an seinem Wege ihm erschienen war, auch ihn, den höchsten und weisesten Lehrer, den Heiligsten, Buddha, hatte er verlassen, hatte sich von ihm trennen müssen, hatte seine Lehre nicht annehmen können.

Langsamer ging der Denkende dahin und fragte sich selbst: "Was nun ist es aber, das du aus Lehren und von Lehrern hattest lernen wollen, und was sie, die dich viel gelehrt haben, dich doch nicht lehren konnten?" Und er fand: "Das Ich war es, dessen Sinn und Wesen ich lernen wollte. Das Ich war es, von dem ich loskommen, das ich überwinden wollte. Ich konnte es aber nicht überwinden, konnte es nur täuschen, konnte nur vor ihm fliehen, mich nur vor ihm verstecken. Wahrlich, kein Ding in der Welt hat so viel meine Gedanken beschäftigt wie dieses mein Ich, dies Rätsel, daß ich lebe, daß ich einer und von allen andern getrennt und abgesondert bin, daß ich Siddhartha bin! Und über kein Ding in der Welt weiß ich weniger als über mich, über Siddhartha!"

Der im langsamen Dahingehen Denkende blieb stehen, von diesem Gedanken erfaßt, und alsbald sprang aus diesem Gedanken ein anderer hervor, ein neuer Gedanke, der lautete: "Daß ich nichts von mir weiß, daß Siddhartha mir so fremd und unbekannt geblieben ist, das kommt aus einer Ursache, einer einzigen: Ich hatte Angst vor mir, ich war auf der Flucht vor mir! Atman suchte ich, Brahman suchte ich, ich war gewillt, mein Ich zu zerstücken und auseinander zu schälen, um in seinem unbekannten Innersten den Kern aller Schalen zu finden, den Atman, das Leben, das Göttliche, das Letzte. Ich selbst aber ging mir dabei verloren."

Siddhartha schlug die Augen auf und sah um sich, ein Lächeln erfüllte sein Gesicht, und ein tiefes Gefühl von Erwachen aus langen Träumen durchströmte ihn bis in die Zehen. Und alsbald lief er wieder, lief rasch, wie ein Mann, welcher weiß, was er zu tun hat.

"O," dachte er aufatmend mit tiefem Atemzug, "nun will ich mir den Siddhartha nicht mehr entschlüpfen lassen! Nicht mehr will ich mein Denken und mein Leben beginnen mit Atman und mit dem Leid der Welt. Ich will mich nicht mehr töten und zerstücken, um hinter den Trümmern ein Geheimnis zu finden. Nicht Yoga-Veda mehr soll mich lehren, noch Atharva-Veda, noch die Asketen, noch irgendwelche Lehre. Bei mir selbst will ich lernen, will ich Schüler sein, will ich mich kennen lernen, das Geheimnis Siddhartha."

Er blickte um sich, als sähe er zum ersten Male die Welt. Schön war die Welt, bunt war die Welt, seltsam und rätselhaft war die Welt! Hier war Blau, hier war Gelb, hier war Grün, Himmel floß und Fluß, Wald starrte und Gebirg, alles schön, alles rätselvoll und magisch, und inmitten er, Siddhartha, der Erwachende, auf dem Wege zu sich selbst. All dieses, all dies Gelb und Blau, Fluß und Wald, ging zum erstenmal durchs Auge in Siddhartha ein, war nicht mehr Zauber Maras, war nicht mehr der Schleier der Maya, war nicht mehr sinnlose und zufällige Vielfalt der Erscheinungswelt, verächtlich dem tief denkenden Brahmanen, der die Vielfalt verschmäht, der die Einheit sucht. Blau war Blau, Fluß war Fluß, und wenn auch im Blau und Fluß in Siddhartha das Eine und Göttliche verborgen lebte, so war es doch eben des Göttlichen Art und Sinn, hier Gelb, hier Blau, dort Himmel, dort Wald und hier

Siddhartha zu sein. Sinn und Wesen war nicht irgendwo hinter den Dingen, sie waren in ihnen, in allem.

"Wie bin ich taub und stumpf gewesen!" dachte der rasch dahin Wandelnde. "Wenn einer eine Schrift liest, deren Sinn er suchen will, so verachtet er nicht die Zeichen und Buchstaben und nennt sie Täuschung, Zufall und wertlose Schale, sondern er liest sie, er studiert und liebt sie, Buchstabe um Buchstabe. Ich aber, der ich das Buch der Welt und das Buch meines eigenen Wesens lesen wollte, ich habe, einem im voraus vermuteten Sinn zuliebe, die Zeichen und Buchstaben verachtet, ich nannte die Welt der Erscheinungen Täuschung, nannte mein Auge und meine Zunge zufällige und wertlose Erscheinungen. Nein, dies ist vorüber, ich bin erwacht, ich bin in der Tat erwacht und heute erst geboren."

Indem Siddhartha diesen Gedanken dachte, blieb er abermals stehen, plötzlich, als läge eine Schlange vor ihm auf dem Weg.

Denn plötzlich war auch dies ihm klar geworden: Er, der in der Tat wie ein Erwachter oder Neugeborener war, er mußte sein Leben neu und völlig von vorn beginnen. Als er an diesem selben Morgen den Hain Jetavana, den Hain jenes Erhabenen, verlassen hatte, schon erwachend, schon auf dem Wege zu sich selbst, da war es seine Absicht gewesen und war ihm natürlich und selbstverständlich erschienen, daß er, nach den Jahren seines Asketentums, in seine Heimat und zu seinem Vater zurückkehre. Jetzt aber, erst in diesem Augenblick, da er stehen blieb, als läge eine Schlange auf seinem Wege, erwachte er auch zu dieser Einsicht: "Ich bin ja nicht mehr, der ich war, ich bin nicht mehr Asket, ich bin nicht mehr Priester, ich bin nicht mehr Brahmane. Was denn soll ich zu Hause und bei meinem Vater tun? Studieren? Opfern? Die Versenkung pflegen? Dies alles ist ja vorüber, dies alles liegt nicht mehr an meinem Wege."

Regungslos blieb Siddhartha stehen, und einen Augenblick und Atemzug lang fror sein Herz, er fühlte es in der Brust innen frieren wie ein kleines Tier, einen Vogel oder einen Hasen, als er sah, wie allein er sei. Jahrelang war er heimatlos gewesen und hatte es nicht gefühlt. Nun fühlte er es. Immer noch, auch in der fernsten Versenkung, war er seines Vaters Sohn gewesen, war Brahmane gewesen, hohen Standes, ein Geistiger. Jetzt war er nur noch Siddhartha, der Erwachte, sonst nichts mehr. Tief sog er den Atem ein, und einen Augenblick fror er und schauderte. Niemand war so allein wie er. Kein Adliger, der nicht zu den Adligen, kein Handwerker, der nicht zu den Handwerkern gehörte und Zuflucht bei ihnen fand, ihr Leben teilte, ihre Sprache sprach. Kein Brahmane, der nicht zu den Brahmanen zählte und mit ihnen lebte, kein Asket, der nicht im Stande der Samanas seine Zuflucht fand, und auch der verlorenste Einsiedler im Walde war nicht einer und allein, auch ihn umgab Zugehörigkeit, auch er gehörte einem Stande an, der ihm Heimat war. Govinda war Mönch geworden, und tausend Mönche waren seine Brüder, trugen sein Kleid, glaubten seinen Glauben, sprachen seine Sprache. Er aber, Siddhartha, wo war er zugehörig? Wessen Leben würde er teilen? Wessen Sprache würde er sprechen?

Aus diesem Augenblick, wo die Welt rings von ihm wegschmolz, wo er allein stand wie ein Stern am Himmel, aus diesem Augenblick einer Kälte und Verzagtheit tauchte Siddhartha empor, mehr Ich als zuvor, fester geballt. Er fühlte: Dies war der letzte Schauder des Erwachens gewesen, der letzte Krampf der Geburt. Und alsbald schritt er wieder aus, begann rasch und ungeduldig zu gehen, nicht mehr nach Hause, nicht mehr zum Vater, nicht mehr zurück.

ZWEITER TEIL--Wilhelm Gundert

meinem Vetter in Japan gewidmet

KAMALA

Siddhartha lernte Neues auf jedem Schritt seines Weges, denn die Welt war verwandelt, und sein Herz war bezaubert. Er sah die Sonne überm Waldgebirge aufgehen und überm fernen Palmenstrande untergehen. Er sah nachts am Himmel die Sterne geordnet, und den Sichelmond wie ein Boot im Blauen schwimmend. Er sah Bäume, Sterne, Tiere, Wolken, Regenbogen, Felsen, Kräuter, Blumen, Bach und Fluß, Taublitz im morgendlichen Gesträuch, ferne hohe Berge blau und bleich, Vögel sangen und Bienen, Wind wehte silbern im Reisfelde. Dies alles, tausendfalt und bunt, war immer dagewesen, immer hatten Sonne und Mond geschienen, immer Flüsse gerauscht und Bienen gesummt, aber es war in den früheren Zeiten für Siddhartha dies alles nichts gewesen als ein flüchtiger und trügerischer Schleier vor seinem Auge, mit Mißtrauen betrachtet, dazu bestimmt, vom Gedanken durchdrungen und vernichtet zu werden, da es nicht Wesen war, da das Wesen jenseits der Sichtbarkeit lag. Nun aber weilte sein befreites Auge diesseits, es sah und erkannte die Sichtbarkeit, suchte Heimat in dieser Welt, suchte nicht das Wesen, zielte in kein Jenseits. Schön war die Welt, wenn man sie so betrachtete, so ohne Suchen, so einfach, so kinderhaft. Schön war Mond und Gestirn, schön war Bach und Ufer, Wald und Fels, Ziege und Goldkäfer, Blume und Schmetterling. Schön und lieblich war es, so

durch die Welt zu gehen, so kindlich, so erwacht, so dem Nahen aufgetan, so ohne Mißtrauen. Anders brannte die Sonne aufs Haupt, anders kühlte der Waldschatten, anders schmeckte Bach und Zisterne, anders Kürbis und Banane. Kurz waren die Tage, kurz die Nächte, jede Stunde floh schnell hinweg wie ein Segel auf dem Meere, unterm Segel ein Schiff voll von Schätzen, voll von Freuden. Siddhartha sah ein Affenvolk im hohen Waldgewölbe wandern, hoch im Geäst, und hörte seinen wilden, gierigen Gesang. Siddhartha sah einen Schafbock ein Schaf verfolgen und begatten. Er sah in einem Schilfsee den Hecht im Abendhunger jagen, vor ihm her schnellten angstvoll, flatternd und blitzend die jungen Fische in Scharen aus dem Wasser, Kraft und Leidenschaft duftete dringlich aus den hastigen Wasserwirbeln, die der ungestüm Jagende zog.

All dieses war immer gewesen, und er hatte es nicht gesehen; er war nicht dabei gewesen. Jetzt war er dabei, er gehörte dazu. Durch sein Auge lief Licht und Schatten, durch sein Herz lief Stern und Mond.

Siddhartha erinnerte sich unterwegs auch alles dessen, was er im Garten Jetavana erlebt hatte, der Lehre, die er dort gehört, des göttlichen Buddha, des Abschiedes von Govinda, des Gespräches mit dem Erhabenen. Seiner eigenen Worte, die er zum Erhabenen gesprochen hatte, erinnerte er sich wieder, jedes Wortes, und mit Erstaunen wurde er dessen inne, daß er da Dinge gesagt hatte, die er damals noch gar nicht eigentlich wußte. Was er zu Gotama gesagt hatte: sein, des Buddha, Schatz und Geheimnis sei nicht die Lehre, sondern das Unaussprechliche und nicht Lehrbare, das er einst zur Stunde seiner Erleuchtung erlebt habe--dies war es ja eben, was zu erleben er jetzt auszog, was zu erleben er jetzt begann. Sich selbst mußte er jetzt erleben. Wohl hatte er schon lange gewußt, daß sein Selbst Atman sei, vom selben ewigen Wesen wie Brahman. Aber nie hatte er dies Selbst wirklich gefunden, weil er es mit dem Netz des Gedankens hatte fangen wollen. War auch gewiß der Körper nicht das Selbst, und nicht das Spiel der Sinne, so war es doch auch das Denken nicht, nicht der Verstand, nicht die erlernte Weisheit, nicht die erlernte Kunst, Schlüsse zu ziehen und aus schon Gedachtem neue Gedanken zu spinnen. Nein, auch diese Gedankenwelt war noch diesseits, und es führte zu keinem Ziele, wenn man das zufällige Ich der Sinne tötete, dafür aber das zufällige Ich der Gedanken und Gelehrsamkeiten mästete. Beide, die Gedanken wie die Sinne, waren hübsche Dinge, hinter beiden lag der letzte Sinn verborgen, beide galt es zu hören, mit beiden zu spielen, beide weder zu verachten noch zu überschätzen, aus beiden die geheimen Stimmen des Innersten zu erlauschen. Nach nichts wollte er trachten, als wonach die Stimme ihm zu trachten beföhle, bei nichts verweilen, als wo die Stimme es riete. Warum war Gotama einst, in der Stunde der Stunden, unter dem Bo-Baume niedergesessen, wo die Erleuchtung ihn traf? Er hatte eine Stimme gehört, eine Stimme im eigenen Herzen, die ihm befahl, unter diesem Baume Rast zu suchen, und er hatte nicht Kasteiung, Opfer, Bad oder Gebet, nicht Essen noch Trinken, nicht Schlaf noch Traum vorgezogen, er hatte der Stimme gehorcht. So zu gehorchen, nicht äußerm Befehl, nur der Stimme, so bereit zu sein, das war gut, das war notwendig, nichts anderes war notwendig.

In der Nacht, da er in der strohernen Hütte eines Fährmanns am Flusse schlief, hatte Siddhartha einen Traum: Govinda stand vor ihm, in einem gelben Asketengewand. Traurig sah Govinda aus, traurig fragte er: Warum hast du mich verlassen? Da umarmte er Govinda, schlang seine Arme um ihn, und indem er ihn an seine Brust zog und küßte, war es nicht Govinda mehr, sondern ein Weib, und aus des Weibes Gewand quoll eine volle Brust, an der lag Siddhartha und trank, süß und stark schmeckte die Milch dieser Brust. Sie schmeckte nach Weib und Mann, nach Sonne und Wald, nach Tier und Blume, nach jeder Frucht, nach jeder Lust. Sie machte trunken und bewußtlos.--Als Siddhartha erwachte, schimmerte der bleiche Fluß durch die Tür der Hütte, und im Walde klang tief und wohllaut ein dunkler Eulenruf.

Als der Tag begann, bat Siddhartha seinen Gastgeber, den Fährmann, ihn über den Fluß zu setzen. Der Fährmann setzte ihn auf seinem Bambusfloß über den Fluß, rötlich schimmerte im Morgenschein das breite Wasser.

"Das ist ein schöner Fluß," sagte er zu seinem Begleiter.

"Ja," sagte der Fährmann, "ein sehr schöner Fluß, ich liebe ihn über alles. Oft habe ich ihm zugehört, oft in seine Augen gesehen, und immer habe ich von ihm gelernt. Man kann viel von einem Flusse lernen."

"Ich danke dir, mein Wohltäter," sprach Siddhartha, da er ans andere Ufer stieg. "Kein Gastgeschenk habe ich dir zu geben, Lieber, und keinen Lohn zu geben. Ein Heimatloser bin ich, ein Brahmanensohn und Samana."

"Ich sah es wohl," sprach der Fährmann, "und ich habe keinen Lohn vor dir erwartet, und kein Gastgeschenk. Du wirst mir das Geschenk ein anderes Mal geben."

"Glaubst du?" sagte Siddhartha lustig.

"Gewiß. Auch das habe ich vom Flusse gelernt: alles kommt wieder! Auch du, Samana, wirst wieder kommen. Nun lebe wohl! Möge deine Freundschaft mein Lohn sein. Mögest du meiner gedenken, wenn du den Göttern opferst."

Lächelnd schieden sie voneinander. Lächelnd freute sich Siddhartha über die Freundschaft und Freundlichkeit des Fährmanns. "Wie Govinda ist er," dachte er lächelnd, "alle, die ich auf meinem Wege antreffe, sind wie Govinda. Alle sind dankbar, obwohl sie selbst Anspruch auf Dank hätten. Alle sind unterwürfig, alle mögen gern Freund sein, gern gehorchen, wenig denken. Kinder sind die Menschen."

Um die Mittagszeit kam er durch ein Dorf. Vor den Lehmhütten wälzten sich Kinder auf der Gasse, spielten mit Kürbiskernen und Muscheln, schrien und balgten sich, flohen aber alle scheu vor dem fremden Samana. Am Ende des Dorfes führte der Weg durch einen Bach, und am Rande des Baches kniete ein junges Weib und wusch Kleider. Als Siddhartha sie grüßte, hob sie den Kopf, und blickte mit Lächeln zu ihm auf, daß er das Weiße in ihrem Auge blitzen sah. Er rief einen Segensspruch hinüber, wie er unter Reisenden üblich ist, und fragte, wie weit der Weg bis zur großen Stadt noch sei. Da stand sie auf und trat zu ihm her, schön schimmerte ihr feuchter Mund im jungen Gesicht. Sie tauschte Scherzreden mit ihm, fragte, ob er schon gegessen habe, und ob es wahr sei, daß die Samanas nachts allein im Walde schliefen und keine Frauen bei sich haben dürfen. Dabei setzte sie ihren linken Fuß auf seinen rechten und machte eine Bewegung, wie die Frau sie macht, wenn sie den Mann zu jener Art des Liebesgenusses auffordert, welchen die Lehrbücher "das Baumbesteigen" nennen. Siddhartha fühlte sein Blut erwarmen, und da sein Traum ihm in diesem Augenblick wieder einfiel, bückte er sich ein wenig zu dem Weibe herab und küßte mit den Lippen die braune Spitze ihrer Brust. Aufschauend sah er ihr Gesicht voll Verlangen lächeln und die verkleinerten Augen in Sehnsucht flehen.

Auch Siddhartha fühlte Sehnsucht und den Quell des Geschlechts sich bewegen; da er aber noch nie ein Weib berührt hatte, zögerte er einen Augenblick, während seine Hände schon bereit waren, nach ihr zu greifen. Und in diesem Augenblick hörte er, erschauernd, die Stimme seines Innern, und die Stimme sagte Nein. Da wich vom lächelnden Gesicht der jungen Frau aller Zauber, er sah nichts mehr als den feuchten Blick eines brünstigen Tierweibchens. Freundlich streichelte er ihre Wange, wandte sich von ihr und verschwand vor der Enttäuschten leichtfüßig in das Bambusgehölze.

An diesem Tage erreichte er vor Abend eine große Stadt, und freute sich, denn er begehrte nach Menschen. Lange hatte er in den Wäldern gelebt, und die stroherne Hütte des Fährmanns, in welcher er diese Nacht geschlafen hatte, war seit langer Zeit das erste Dach, das er über sich gehabt hatte.

Vor der Stadt, bei einem schönen umzäunten Haine, begegnete dem Wandernden ein kleiner Troß von Dienern und Dienerinnen, mit Körben beladen. Inmitten in einer geschmückten Sänfte, von Vieren getragen, saß auf roten Kissen unter einem bunten Sonnendach eine Frau, die Herrin. Siddhartha blieb beim Eingang des Lusthaines stehen und sah dem Aufzuge zu, sah die Diener, die Mägde, die Körbe, sah die Sänfte, und sah in der Sänfte die Dame. Unter hochgetürmten schwarzen Haaren sah er ein sehr helles, sehr zartes, sehr kluges Gesicht, hellroten Mund wie eine frisch aufgebrochene Feige, Augenbrauen gepflegt und gemalt in hohen Bogen, dunkle Augen klug und wachsam, lichten hohen Hals aus grün und goldenem Oberkleide steigend, ruhende helle Hände lang und schmal mit breiten Goldreifen über den Gelenken.

Siddhartha sah, wie schön sie war, und sein Herz lachte. Tief verneigte er sich, als die Sänfte nahe kam, und sich wieder aufrichtend blickte er in das helle holde Gesicht, las einen Augenblick in den klugen hochüberwölbten Augen, atmete einen Hauch von Duft, den er nicht kannte. Lächelnd nickte die schöne Frau, einen Augenblick, und verschwand im Hain, und hinter ihr die Diener.

So betrete ich diese Stadt, dachte Siddhartha, unter einem holden Zeichen. Es zog ihn, sogleich in den Hain zu treten, doch bedachte er sich, und nun erst ward ihm bewußt, wie ihn die Diener und Mägde am Eingang betrachtet hatten, wie verächtlich, wie mißtrauisch, wie abweisend.

Noch bin ich ein Samana, dachte er, noch immer, ein Asket und Bettler. Nicht so werde ich bleiben dürfen, nicht so in den Hain treten. Und er lachte.

Den nächsten Menschen, der des Weges kam, fragte er nach dem Hain und nach dem Namen dieser Frau, und erfuhr, daß dies der Hain der Kamala war, der berühmten Kurtisane, und daß sie außer dem Haine ein Haus in der Stadt besaß.

Dann betrat er die Stadt. Er hatte nun ein Ziel.

Sein Ziel verfolgend, ließ er sich von der Stadt einschlürfen, trieb im Strom der Gassen, stand auf Plätzen still, ruhte auf Steintreppen am Flusse aus. Gegen den Abend befreundete er sich mit einem Barbiergehilfen, den er im Schatten eines Gewölbes hatte arbeiten sehen, den er betend in einem Tempel Vishnus wiederfand, dem er von den Geschichten Vishnu's und der Lakschmi erzählte. Bei den Booten am Flusse schlief er die Nacht, und früh am Morgen, ehe die ersten Kunden in seinen Laden kamen, ließ er sich von dem Barbiergehilfen den Bart rasieren und das Haar beschneiden, das Haar kämmen und mit feinem Öle salben. Dann ging er im Flusse baden.

Als am Spätnachmittag die schöne Kamala in der Sänfte sich ihrem Haine näherte, stand am Eingang Siddhartha, verbeugte sich und empfing den Gruß der Kurtisane. Demjenigen Diener aber, der zuletzt im Zuge ging, winkte er und bat ihn, der Herrin zu melden, daß ein junger Brahmane mit ihr zu sprechen begehre. Nach einer Weile kam der Diener zurück, forderte den Wartenden auf, ihm zu folgen, führte den ihm Folgenden schweigend in einen Pavillon, wo Kamala auf einem Ruhebette lag, und ließ ihn bei ihr allein.

"Bist du nicht gestern schon da draußen gestanden und hast mich begrüßt?" fragte Kamala.

"Wohl habe ich gestern schon dich gesehen und begrüßt."

"Aber trugst du nicht gestern einen Bart, und lange Haare, und Staub in den Haaren?"

"Wohl hast du beobachtet, alles hast du gesehen. Du hast Siddhartha gesehen, den Brahmanensohn, welcher seine Heimat verlassen hat, um ein Samana zu werden, und drei Jahre lang ein Samana gewesen ist. Nun aber habe ich jenen Pfad verlassen, und kam in diese Stadt, und die erste, die mir noch vor dem Betreten der Stadt begegnete, warst du. Dies zu sagen, bin ich zu dir gekommen, o Kamala! Du bist die erste Frau, zu welcher Siddhartha anders als mit niedergeschlagenen Augen redet. Nie mehr will ich meine Augen niederschlagen, wenn eine schöne Frau mir begegnet."

Kamala lächelte und spielte mit ihrem Fächer aus Pfauenfedern. Und fragte: "Und nur um mir dies zu sagen, ist Siddhartha zu mir gekommen?"

"Um dir dies zu sagen, und um dir zu danken, daß du so schön bist. Und wenn es dir nicht mißfällt, Kamala, möchte ich dich bitten, meine Freundin und Lehrerin zu sein, denn ich weiß noch nichts von der Kunst, in welcher du Meisterin bist."

Da lachte Kamala laut.

"Nie ist mir das geschehen, Freund, daß ein Samana aus dem Walde zu mir kam und von mir lernen wollte! Nie ist mir das geschehen, daß ein Samana mit langen Haaren und in einem alten zerrissenen Schamtuche zu mir kam! Viele Jünglinge kommen zu mir, und auch Brahmanensöhne sind darunter, aber sie kommen in schönen Kleidern, sie kommen in feinen Schuhen, sie haben Wohlgeruch im Haar und Geld in den Beuteln. So, du Samana, sind die Jünglinge beschaffen, welche zu mir kommen."

Sprach Siddhartha: "Schon fange ich an, von dir zu lernen. Auch gestern schon habe ich gelernt. Schon habe ich den Bart abgelegt, habe das Haar gekämmt, habe Öl im Haare. Weniges ist, das mir noch fehlt, du Vortreffliche: feine Kleider, feine Schuhe, Geld im Beutel. Wisse, Schwereres hat Siddhartha sich vorgenommen, als solche Kleinigkeiten sind, und hat es erreicht. Wie sollte ich nicht erreichen, was ich gestern mir vorgenommen habe: dein Freund zu sein und die Freuden der Liebe von dir zu lernen! Du wirst mich gelehrig sehen, Kamala, Schwereres habe ich gelernt, als was du mich lehren sollst. Und nun also: Siddhartha genügt dir nicht, so wie er ist, mit Öl im Haar, aber ohne Kleider, ohne Schuhe, ohne Geld?"

Lachend rief Kamala: "Nein, Werter, er genügt noch nicht. Kleider muß er haben, hübsche Kleider, und Schuhe, hübsche Schuhe, und viel Geld im Beutel, und Geschenke für Kamala. Weißt du es nun, Samana aus dem Walde? Hast du es dir gemerkt?"

"Wohl habe ich es mir gemerkt," rief Siddhartha. "Wie sollte ich mir nicht merken, was aus einem solchen Munde kommt! Dein Mund ist wie eine frisch aufgebrochene Feige, Kamala. Auch mein Mund ist rot und frisch, er wird zu deinem passen, du wirst sehen.--Aber sage, schöne Kamala, hast du gar keine Furcht vor dem Samana aus dem Walde, der gekommen ist, um Liebe zu lernen?"

"Warum sollte ich denn Furcht vor einem Samana haben, einem dummen Samana aus dem Walde, der von den Schakalen kommt und noch gar nicht weiß, was Frauen sind?"

"O, er ist stark, der Samana, und er fürchtet nichts. Er könnte dich zwingen, schönes Mädchen. Er könnte dich rauben. Er könnte dir weh tun."

"Nein, Samana, das fürchte ich nicht. Hat je ein Samana oder ein Brahmane gefürchtet, einer könnte kommen und ihn packen und ihm seine Gelehrsamkeit, und seine Frömmigkeit, und seinen Tiefsinn rauben? Nein, denn die gehören ihm zu eigen und er gibt davon nur, was er geben will und wem er geben will. So ist es, genau ebenso ist es auch mit Kamala, und mit den Freuden der Liebe. Schön und rot ist Kamalas Mund, aber versuche, ihn gegen Kamalas Willen zu küssen, und nicht einen Tropfen Süßigkeit wirst du von ihm haben, der so viel Süßes zu geben versteht! Du bist gelehrig, Siddhartha, so lerne auch dies: Liebe kann man erbetteln, erkaufen, geschenkt bekommen, auf der Gasse finden, aber rauben kann man sie nicht. Da hast du dir einen falschen Weg ausgedacht. Nein, schade wäre es, wenn ein hübscher Jüngling wie du es so falsch angreifen wollte."

Siddhartha verneigte sich lächelnd. "Schade wäre es, Kamala, wie sehr hast du recht! Überaus schade wäre es. Nein, von deinem Munde soll mir kein Tropfen Süßigkeit verloren gehen, noch dir von dem meinen! Es bleibt also dabei: Siddhartha wird wiederkommen, wenn er hat, was ihm noch fehlt: Kleider, Schuhe, Geld. Aber sprich, holde Kamala, kannst du mir nicht noch einen kleinen Rat geben?"

"Einen Rat? Warum nicht? Wer wollte nicht gerne einem armen, unwissenden Samana, der von den Schakalen aus dem Walde kommt, einen Rat geben?"

"Liebe Kamala, so rate mir wohin soll ich gehen, daß ich am raschesten jene drei Dinge finde?"

"Freund, das möchten viele wissen. Du mußt tun, was du gelernt hast, und dir dafür Geld geben lassen, und Kleider, und Schuhe. Anders kommt ein Armer nicht zu Geld. Was kannst du denn?"

"Ich kann denken. Ich kann warten. Ich kann fasten."

"Nichts sonst?"

"Nichts. Doch, ich kann auch dichten. Willst du mir für ein Gedicht einen Kuß geben?"

"Das will ich tun, wenn dein Gedicht mir gefällt. Wie heißt es denn?"

Siddhartha sprach, nachdem er sich einen Augenblick besonnen hatte, diese Verse:

In ihren schattigen Hain trat die schöne Kamala,

An Haines Eingang stand der braune Samana.

Tief, da er die Lotusblüte erblickte,

Beugte sich jener, lächelnd dankte Kamala.

Lieblicher, dachte der Jüngling, als Göttern zu opfern,

Lieblicher ist es zu opfern der schönen Kamala.

Laut klatschte Kamala in die Hände, daß die goldenen Armringe klangen.

"Schön sind deine Verse, brauner Samana, und wahrlich, ich verliere nichts, wenn ich dir einen Kuß für sie gebe."

Sie zog ihn mit den Augen zu sich, er beugte sein Gesicht auf ihres, und legte seinen Mund auf den Mund, der wie eine frisch aufgebrochene Feige war. Lange küßte ihn Kamala, und mit tiefem Erstaunen fühlte Siddhartha, wie sie ihn lehrte, wie sie weise war, wie sie ihn beherrschte, ihn zurückwies, ihn lockte, und wie hinter diesem ersten eine lange, eine wohlgeordnete, wohlerprobte Reihe von Küssen stand, jeder vom andern verschieden, die ihn noch erwarteten. Tief atmend blieb er stehen, und war in diesem Augenblick wie ein Kind erstaunt über die Fülle des Wissens und Lernenswerten, die sich vor seinen Augen erschloß.

"Sehr schön sind deine Verse," rief Kamala, "wenn ich reich wäre, gäbe ich dir Goldstücke dafür. Aber schwer wird es dir werden, mit Versen so viel Geld zu erwerben, wie du brauchst. Denn du brauchst viel Geld, wenn du Kamalas Freund sein willst."

"Wie kannst du küssen, Kamala!" stammelte Siddhartha.

"Ja, das kann ich schon, darum fehlt es mir auch nicht an Kleidern, Schuhen, Armbändern und allen schönen Dingen. Aber was wird aus dir werden? Kannst du nichts als denken, fasten, dichten?"

"Ich kann auch die Opferlieder," sagte Siddhartha, "aber ich will sie nicht mehr singen. Ich kann auch Zaubersprüche, aber ich will sie nicht mehr sprechen. Ich habe die Schriften gelesen--"

"Halt," unterbrach ihn Kamala. "Du kannst lesen? Und schreiben?"

"Gewiß kann ich das. Manche können das."

"Die meisten können es nicht. Auch ich kann es nicht. Es ist sehr gut, daß du lesen und schreiben kannst, sehr gut. Auch die Zaubersprüche wirst du noch brauchen können."

In diesem Augenblick kam eine Dienerin gelaufen und flüsterte der Herrin eine Nachricht ins Ohr.

"Ich bekomme Besuch," rief Kamala. "Eile und verschwinde, Siddhartha, niemand darf dich hier sehen, das merke dir! Morgen sehe ich dich wieder."

Der Magd aber befahl sie, dem frommen Brahmanen ein weißes Obergewand zu geben. Ohne zu wissen, wie ihm geschah, sah sich Siddhartha von der Magd hinweggezogen, auf Umwegen in ein Gartenhaus gebracht, mit einem Oberkleid beschenkt, ins Gebüsch geführt und dringlich ermahnt, sich alsbald ungesehen aus dem Hain zu verlieren.

Zufrieden tat er, wie ihm geheißen war. Des Waldes gewohnt, brachte er sich lautlos aus dem Hain und über die Hecke. Zufrieden kehrte er in die Stadt zurück, das zusammengerollte Kleid unterm Arme tragend. In einer Herberge, wo Reisende einkehrten, stellte er sich an die Tür, bat schweigend um Essen, nahm schweigend ein Stück Reiskuchen an. Vielleicht schon morgen, dachte er, werde ich niemand mehr um Essen bitten.

Stolz flammte plötzlich in ihm auf. Er war kein Samana mehr, nicht mehr stand es ihm an, zu betteln. Er gab den Reiskuchen einem Hunde und blieb ohne Speise.

"Einfach ist das Leben, das man in der Welt hier führt," dachte Siddhartha. "Es hat keine Schwierigkeiten. Schwer war alles, mühsam und am Ende hoffnungslos, als ich noch Samana war. Nun ist alles leicht, leicht wie der Unterricht im Küssen, den mir Kamala gibt. Ich brauche Kleider und Geld, sonst nichts, das sind kleine nahe Ziele, sie stören einem nicht den Schlaf."

Längst hatte er das Stadthaus Kamalas erkundet, dort fand er sich am andern Tage ein.

"Es geht gut," rief sie ihm entgegen. "Du wirst bei Kamaswami erwartet, er ist der reichste Kaufmann dieser Stadt. Wenn du ihm gefällst, wird er dich in Dienst nehmen. Sei klug, brauner Samana. Ich habe ihm durch andre von dir erzählen lassen. Sei freundlich gegen ihn, er ist sehr mächtig. Aber sei nicht zu bescheiden! Ich will nicht, daß du sein Diener wirst, du sollst seinesgleichen werden, sonst bin ich nicht mit dir zufrieden. Kamaswami fängt an, alt und bequem zu werden. Gefällst du ihm, so wird er dir viel anvertrauen."

Siddhartha dankte ihr und lachte, und da sie erfuhr, er habe gestern und heute nichts gegessen, ließ sie Brot und Früchte bringen und bewirtete ihn.

"Du hast Glück gehabt," sagte sie beim Abschied, "eine Tür um die andre tut sich dir auf. Wie kommt das wohl? Hast du einen Zauber?"

Siddhartha sagte: "Gestern erzählte ich dir, ich verstünde zu denken, zu warten und zu fasten, du aber fandest, das sei zu nichts nütze. Es ist aber zu vielem nütze, Kamala, du wirst es sehen. Du wirst sehen, daß die dummen Samanas im Walde viel Hübsches lernen und können, das Ihr nicht könnet. Vorgestern war ich noch ein struppiger Bettler, gestern habe ich schon Kamala geküßt, und bald werde ich ein Kaufmann sein und Geld haben und all diese Dinge, auf die du Wert legst."

"Nun ja," gab sie zu. "Aber wie stünde es mit dir ohne mich? Was wärest du, wenn Kamala dir nicht hülfe?"

"Liebe Kamala," sagte Siddhartha und richtete sich hoch auf, "als ich zu dir in deinen Hain kam, tat ich den ersten Schritt. Es war mein Vorsatz, bei dieser schönsten Frau die Liebe zu lernen. Von jenem Augenblick an, da ich den Vorsatz faßte, wußte ich auch, daß ich ihn ausführen werde. Ich wußte, daß du mir helfen würdest, bei deinem ersten Blick am Eingang des Haines wußte ich es schon."

"Wenn ich aber nicht gewollt hätte?"

"Du hast gewollt. Sieh, Kamala: Wenn du einen Stein ins Wasser wirfst, so eilt er auf dem schnellsten Wege zum Grunde des Wassers. So ist es, wenn Siddhartha ein Ziel, einen Vorsatz hat. Siddhartha tut nichts, er wartet, er denkt, er fastet, aber er geht durch die Dinge der Welt hindurch wie der Stein durchs Wasser, ohne etwas zu tun, ohne sich zu rühren; er wird gezogen, er läßt sich fallen. Sein Ziel zieht ihn an sich, denn er läßt nichts in seine Seele ein, was dem Ziel widerstreben könnte. Das ist es, was Siddhartha bei den Samanas gelernt hat. Es ist das, was die Toren Zauber nennen und wovon sie meinen, es werde durch die Dämonen bewirkt. Nichts wird von Dämonen bewirkt, es gibt keine Dämonen. Jeder kann zaubern, jeder kann seine Ziele erreichen, wenn er denken kann, wenn er warten kann, wenn er fasten kann."

Kamala hörte ihm zu. Sie liebte seine Stimme, sie liebte den Blick seiner Augen.

"Vielleicht ist es so," sagte sie leise, "wie du sprichst, Freund. Vielleicht ist es aber auch so, daß Siddhartha ein hübscher Mann ist, daß sein Blick den Frauen gefällt, daß darum das Glück ihm entgegenkommt."

Mit einem Kuß nahm Siddhartha Abschied. "Möge es so sein, meine Lehrerin. Möge immer mein Blick dir gefallen, möge immer von dir mir Glück entgegenkommen!"

BEI DEN KINDERMENSCHEN

Siddhartha ging zum Kaufmann Kamaswami, in ein reiches Haus ward er gewiesen, Diener führten ihn zwischen kostbaren Teppichen in ein Gemach, wo er den Hausherrn erwartete.

Kamaswami trat ein, ein rascher, geschmeidiger Mann mit stark ergrauendem Haar, mit sehr klugen, vorsichtigen Augen, mit einem begehrlichen Mund. Freundlich begrüßten sich Herr und Gast.

"Man hat mir gesagt," begann der Kaufmann, "daß du ein Brahmane bist, ein Gelehrter, daß du aber Dienste bei einem Kaufmann suchst. Bist du denn in Not geraten, Brahmane, daß du Dienste suchst?"

"Nein," sagte Siddhartha, "ich bin nicht in Not geraten und bin nie in Not gewesen. Wisse, daß ich von den Samanas komme, bei welchen ich lange Zeit gelebt habe."

"Wenn du von den Samanas kommst, wie solltest du da nicht in Not sein? Sind nicht die Samanas völlig besitzlos?",

"Besitzlos bin ich," sagte Siddhartha, "wenn es das ist, was du meinst. Gewiß bin ich besitzlos. Doch bin ich es freiwillig, bin also nicht in Not."

"Wovon aber willst du leben, wenn du besitzlos bist?"

"Ich habe daran noch nie gedacht, Herr. Ich bin mehr als drei Jahre besitzlos gewesen, und habe niemals daran gedacht, wovon ich leben solle."

"So hast du vom Besitz anderer gelebt."

"Vermutlich ist es so. Auch der Kaufmann lebt ja von der Habe anderer."

"Wohl gesprochen. Doch nimmt er von den andern das Ihre nicht umsonst; er gibt ihnen seine Waren dafür."

"So scheint es sich in der Tat zu verhalten. Jeder nimmt, jeder gibt, so ist das Leben."

"Aber erlaube: wenn du besitzlos bist, was willst du da geben?"

"Jeder gibt, was er hat. Der Krieger gibt Kraft, der Kaufmann gibt Ware, der Lehrer Lehre, der Bauer Reis, der Fischer Fische."

"Sehr wohl. Und was ist es nun, was du zu geben hast? Was ist es, das du gelernt hast, das du kannst?"

"Ich kann denken. Ich kann warten. Ich kann fasten."

"Das ist alles?"

"Ich glaube, es ist alles!"

"Und wozu nützt es? Zum Beispiel das Fasten--wozu ist es gut?"

"Es ist sehr gut, Herr. Wenn ein Mensch nichts zu essen hat, so ist Fasten das Allerklügste, was er tun kann. Wenn, zum Beispiel, Siddhartha nicht fasten gelernt hätte, so müßte er heute noch irgendeinen Dienst annehmen, sei es bei dir oder wo immer, denn der Hunger würde ihn dazu zwingen. So aber kann Siddhartha ruhig warten, er kennt keine Ungeduld, er kennt keine Notlage, lange kann er sich vom Hunger belagern lassen und kann dazu lachen. Dazu, Herr, ist Fasten gut."

"Du hast Recht, Samana. Warte einen Augenblick."

Kamaswami ging hinaus und kehrte mit einer Rolle wieder, die er seinem Gaste hinreichte, indem er fragte: "Kannst du dies lesen?"

Siddhartha betrachtete die Rolle, in welcher ein Kaufvertrag niedergeschrieben war, und begann ihren Inhalt vorzulesen.

"Vortrefflich", sagte Kamaswami. "Und willst du mir etwas auf dieses Blatt schreiben?"

Er gab ihm ein Blatt und einen Griffel, und Siddhartha schrieb und gab das Blatt zurück.

Kamaswami las: "Schreiben ist gut, Denken ist besser. Klugheit ist gut, Geduld ist besser."

"Vorzüglich verstehst du zu schreiben," lobte der Kaufmann. "Manches werden wir noch miteinander zu sprechen haben. Für heute bitte ich dich, sei mein Gast und nimm in diesem Hause Wohnung."

Siddhartha dankte und nahm an, und wohnte nun im Hause des Händlers. Kleider wurden ihm gebracht, und Schuhe, und ein Diener bereitete ihm täglich das Bad. Zweimal am Tage wurde eine reichliche Mahlzeit aufgetragen, Siddhartha aber aß nur einmal am Tage, und aß weder Fleisch noch trank er Wein. Kamaswami erzählte ihm von seinem Handel, zeigte ihm Waren und Magazine, zeigte ihm Berechnungen. Vieles Neue lernte Siddhartha kennen, er hörte viel und sprach wenig. Und der Worte Kamalas eingedenk, ordnete er sich niemals dem Kaufmanne unter, zwang ihn, daß er ihn als seinesgleichen, ja als mehr denn seinesgleichen behandle. Kamaswami betrieb seine Geschäfte mit Sorglichkeit und oft mit Leidenschaft, Siddhartha aber betrachtete dies alles wie ein Spiel, dessen Regeln genau zu lernen er bemüht war, dessen Inhalt aber sein Herz nicht berührte.

Nicht lange war er in Kamaswamis Hause, da nahm er schon an seines Hausherrn Handel teil. Täglich aber zu der Stunde, die sie ihm nannte, besuchte er die schöne Kamala, in hübschen Kleidern, in feinen Schuhen, und bald brachte er ihr auch Geschenke mit. Vieles lehrte ihn ihr roter, kluger Mund. Vieles lehrte ihn ihre zarte, geschmeidige Hand. Ihm, der in der Liebe noch ein Knabe war und dazu neigte, sich blindlings und unersättlich in die Lust zu stürzen wie ins Bodenlose, lehrte sie von Grund auf die Lehre, daß man Lust nicht nehmen kann, ohne Lust zu geben, und daß jede Gebärde, jedes Streicheln, jede Berührung, jeder Anblick, jede kleinste Stelle des Körpers ihr Geheimnis hat, das zu wecken dem Wissenden Glück bereitet. Sie lehrte ihn, daß Liebende nach einer Liebesfeier nicht voneinander gehen dürfen, ohne eins das andere zu bewundern, ohne ebenso besiegt zu sein, wie gesiegt zu haben, so daß bei keinem von beiden Übersättigung und Öde entstehe und das böse Gefühl, mißbraucht zu haben oder mißbraucht worden zu sein. Wunderbare Stunden brachte er bei der schönen und klugen Künstlerin zu, wurde ihr Schüler, ihr Liebhaber, ihr Freund. Hier bei Kamala lag der Wert und Sinn seines jetzigen Lebens, nicht im Handel des Kamaswami.

Der Kaufmann übertrug ihm das Schreiben wichtiger Briefe und Verträge, und gewöhnte sich daran, alle wichtigen Angelegenheiten mit ihm zu beraten. Er sah bald, daß Siddhartha von Reis und Wolle, von Schiffahrt und Handel wenig verstand, daß aber seine Hand eine glückliche war, und daß Siddhartha ihn, den Kaufmann, übertraf an Ruhe und Gleichmut, und in der Kunst des Zuhörenkönnens und Eindringens in fremde Menschen. "Dieser Brahmane," sagte er zu einem Freunde, "ist kein richtiger Kaufmann und wird nie einer werden, nie ist seine Seele mit Leidenschaft bei den Geschäften. Aber er hat das Geheimnis jener Menschen, zu welchen der Erfolg von selber kommt, sei das nun ein angeborener guter Stern, sei es Zauber, sei es etwas, das er bei den Samanas gelernt hat. Immer scheint er mit den Geschäften nur zu spielen, nie gehen sie ganz in ihn ein, nie beherrschen sie ihn, nie fürchtet er Mißerfolg, nie bekümmert ihn ein Verlust."

Der Freund riet dem Händler: "Gib ihm von den Geschäften, die er für dich treibt, einen Drittel vom Gewinn, laß ihn aber auch denselben Anteil des Verlustes treffen, wenn Verlust entsteht. So wird er eifriger werden."

Kamaswami folgte dem Rat. Siddhartha aber kümmerte sich wenig darum. Traf ihn Gewinn, so nahm er ihn gleichmütig hin; traf ihn Verlust, so lachte er und sagte: "Ei sieh, dies ist also schlecht gegangen!"

Es schien in der Tat, als seien die Geschäfte ihm gleichgültig. Einmal reiste er in ein Dorf, um dort eine große Reisernte aufzukaufen. Als er ankam, war aber der Reis schon an einen andern Händler verkauft. Dennoch blieb Siddhartha manche Tage in

jenem Dorf, bewirtete die Bauern, schenkte ihren Kindern Kupfermünzen, feierte eine Hochzeit mit und kam überaus zufrieden von der Reise zurück. Kamaswami machte ihm Vorwürfe, daß er nicht sogleich umgekehrt sei, daß er Zeit und Geld vergeudet habe. Siddhartha antwortete: "Laß das Schelten, lieber Freund! Noch nie ist mit Schelten etwas erreicht worden. Ist Verlust entstanden, so laß mich den Verlust tragen. Ich bin sehr zufrieden mit dieser Reise. Ich habe vielerlei Menschen kennengelernt, ein Brahmane ist mein Freund geworden, Kinder sind auf meinen Knien geritten, Bauern haben mir ihre Felder gezeigt, niemand hat mich für einen Händler gehalten."

"Sehr hübsch ist dies alles," rief Kamaswami unwillig, "aber tatsächlich bist du doch ein Händler, sollte ich meinen! Oder bist du denn nur zu deinem Vergnügen gereist?"

"Gewiß," lachte Siddhartha, "gewiß bin ich zu meinem Vergnügen gereist. Wozu denn sonst? Ich habe Menschen und Gegenden kennengelernt, ich habe Freundlichkeit und Vertrauen genossen, ich habe Freundschaft gefunden. Sieh, Lieber, wenn ich Kamaswami gewesen wäre, so wäre ich sofort, als ich meinen Kauf vereitelt sah, voll Ärger und in Eile wieder zurückgereist, und Zeit und Geld wäre in der Tat verloren gewesen. So aber habe ich gute Tage gehabt, habe gelernt, habe Freude genossen, habe weder mich noch andre durch Ärger und durch Eilfertigkeit geschädigt. Und wenn ich jemals wieder dorthin komme, vielleicht um eine spätere Ernte zu kaufen, oder zu welchem Zwecke es sei, so werden freundliche Menschen mich freundlich und heiter empfangen, und ich werde mich dafür loben, daß ich damals nicht Eile und Unmut gezeigt habe. Also laß gut sein, Freund, und schade dir nicht durch Schelten! Wenn der Tag kommt, an dem du sehen wirst: Schaden bringt mir dieser Siddhartha, dann sprich ein Wort, und Siddhartha wird seiner Wege gehen. Bis dahin aber laß uns einer mit dem andern zufrieden sein."

Vergeblich waren auch die Versuche des Kaufmanns, Siddhartha zu überzeugen, daß er sein, Kamaswamis, Brot esse. Siddhartha aß sein eignes Brot, vielmehr sie beide aßen das Brot anderer, das Brot aller. Niemals hatte Siddhartha ein Ohr für Kamaswamis Sorgen, und Kamaswami machte sich viele Sorgen. War ein Geschäft im Gange, welchem Mißerfolg drohte, schien eine Warensendung verloren, schien ein Schuldner nicht zahlen zu können, nie konnte Kamaswami seinen Mitarbeiter überzeugen, daß es nützlich sei, Worte des Kummers oder des Zornes zu verlieren, Falten auf der Stirn zu haben, schlecht zu schlafen. Als ihm Kamaswami einstmals vorhielt, er habe alles, was er verstehe, von ihm gelernt, gab er zur Antwort: "Wolle mich doch nicht mit solchen Späßen zum Besten haben! Von dir habe ich gelernt, wieviel ein Korb voll Fische kostet, und wieviel Zins man für geliehenes Geld fordern kann. Das sind deine Wissenschaften. Denken habe ich nicht bei dir gelernt, teurer Kamaswami, suche lieber du es von mir zu lernen."

In der Tat war seine Seele nicht beim Handel. Die Geschäfte waren gut, um ihm Geld für Kamala einzubringen, und sie brachten weit mehr ein, als er brauchte. Im übrigen war Siddharthas Teilnahme und Neugierde nur bei den Menschen, deren Geschäfte, Handwerke, Sorgen, Lustbarkeiten und Torheiten ihm früher fremd und fern gewesen waren wie der Mond. So leicht es ihm gelang, mit allen zu sprechen, mit allen zu leben, von allen zu lernen, so sehr ward ihm dennoch bewußt, daß etwas sei, was ihn von ihnen trenne, und dies Trennende war sein Samanatum. Er sah die Menschen auf eine kindliche oder tierhafte Art dahinleben, welche er zugleich liebte und auch verachtete. Er sah sie sich mühen, sah sie leiden und grau werden um Dinge, die ihm dieses Preises ganz unwert schienen, um Geld, um kleine Lust, um kleine Ehren, er sah sie einander schelten und beleidigen, er sah sie um Schmerzen wehklagen, über die der Samana lächelt, und unter Entbehrungen leiden, die ein Samana nicht fühlt.

Allem stand er offen, was diese Menschen ihm zubrachten. Willkommen war ihm der Händler, der ihm Leinwand zum Kauf anbot, willkommen der Verschuldete, der ein Darlehen suchte, willkommen der Bettler, der ihm eine Stunde lang die Geschichte seiner Armut erzählte, und welcher nicht halb so arm war als ein jeder Samana. Den reichen ausländischen Händler behandelte er nicht anders als den Diener, der ihn rasierte, und den Straßenverkäufer, von dem er sich beim Bananenkauf um kleine Münze betrügen ließ. Wenn Kamaswami zu ihm kam, um über seine Sorgen zu klagen oder ihm wegen eines Geschäftes Vorwürfe zu machen, so hörte er neugierig und heiter zu, wunderte sich über ihn, suchte ihn zu verstehen, ließ ihn ein wenig Recht haben, eben soviel als ihm unentbehrlich schien, und wandte sich von ihm ab, dem Nächsten zu, der ihn begehrte. Und es kamen viele zu ihm, viele um mit ihm zu handeln, viele um ihn zu betrügen, viele um ihn auszuhorchen, viele um sein Mitleid anzurufen, viele um seinen Rat zu hören. Er gab Rat, er bemitleidete, er schenkte, er ließ sich ein wenig betrügen, und dieses ganze Spiel und die Leidenschaft, mit welcher alle Menschen dies Spiel betrieben, beschäftigte seine Gedanken ebensosehr, wie einst die Götter und das Brahman sie beschäftigt hatten.

Zuzeiten spürte er, tief in der Brust, eine sterbende, leise Stimme, die mahnte leise, klagte leise, kaum daß er sie vernahm. Alsdann kam ihm für eine Stunde zum Bewußtsein, daß er ein seltsames Leben führe, daß er da lauter Dinge tue, die bloß ein Spiel waren, daß er wohl heiter sei und zuweilen Freude fühle, daß aber das eigentliche Leben dennoch an ihm vorbeifließe und

ihn nicht berühre. Wie ein Ballspieler mit seinen Bällen spielt, so spielte er mit seinen Geschäften, mit den Menschen seiner Umgebung, sah ihnen zu, fand seinen Spaß an ihnen; mit dem Herzen, mit der Quelle seines Wesens war er nicht dabei. Die Quelle lief irgendwo, wie fern von ihm, lief und lief unsichtbar, hatte nichts mehr mit seinem Leben zu tun. Und einigemal erschrak er ob solchen Gedanken und wünschte sich, es möge doch auch ihm gegeben sein, bei all dem kindlichen Tun des Tages mit Leidenschaft und mit dem Herzen beteiligt zu sein, wirklich zu leben, wirklich zu tun, wirklich zu genießen und zu leben, statt nur so als ein Zuschauer daneben zu stehen. Immer aber kam er wieder zur schönen Kamala, lernte Liebeskunst, übte den Kult der Lust, bei welchem mehr als irgendwo geben und nehmen zu einem wird, plauderte mit ihr, lernte von ihr, gab ihr Rat, empfing Rat. Sie verstand ihn besser, als Govinda ihn einst verstanden hatte, sie war ihm ähnlicher.

Einmal sagte er zu ihr: "Du bist wie ich, du bist anders als die meisten Menschen. Du bist Kamala, nichts andres, und in dir innen ist eine Stille und Zuflucht, in welche du zu jeder Stunde eingehen und bei dir daheim sein kannst, so wie auch ich es kann. Wenige Menschen haben das, und doch könnten alle es haben."

"Nicht alle Menschen sind klug," sagte Kamala.

"Nein," sagte Siddhartha, "nicht daran liegt es. Kamaswami ist ebenso klug wie ich, und hat doch keine Zuflucht in sich. Andre haben sie, die an Verstand kleine Kinder sind. Die meisten Menschen, Kamala, sind wie ein fallendes Blatt, das weht und dreht sich durch die Luft, und schwankt, und taumelt zu Boden. Andre aber, wenige, sind wie Sterne, die gehen eine feste Bahn, kein Wind erreicht sie, in sich selber haben sie ihr Gesetz und ihre Bahn. Unter allen Gelehrten und Samanas, deren ich viele kannte, war einer von dieser Art, ein Vollkommener, nie kann ich ihn vergessen. Es ist jener Gotama, der Erhabene, der Verkündiger jener Lehre. Tausend Jünger hören jeden Tag seine Lehre, folgen jede Stunde seiner Vorschrift, aber sie alle sind fallendes Laub, nicht in sich selbst haben sie Lehre und Gesetz."

Kamala betrachtete ihn mit Lächeln. "Wieder redest du von ihm," sagte sie, "wieder hast du Samana-Gedanken."

Siddhartha schwieg, und sie spielten das Spiel der Liebe, eines von den dreißig oder vierzig verschiedenen Spielen, welche Kamala wußte. Ihr Leib war biegsam wie der eines Jaguars, und wie der Bogen eines Jägers; wer von ihr die Liebe gelernt hatte, war vieler Lüste, vieler Geheimnisse kundig. Lange spielte sie mit Siddhartha, lockte ihn, wies ihn zurück, zwang ihn, umspannte ihn: freute sich seiner Meisterschaft, bis er besiegt war und erschöpft an ihrer Seite ruhte.

Die Hetäre beugte sich über ihn, sah lang in sein Gesicht, in seine müdgewordenen Augen.

"Du bist der beste Liebende," sagte sie nachdenklich, "den ich gesehen habe. Du bist stärker als andre, biegsamer, williger. Gut hast du meine Kunst gelernt, Siddhartha. Einst, wenn ich älter bin, will ich von dir ein Kind haben. Und dennoch, Lieber, bist du ein Samana geblieben, dennoch liebst du mich nicht, du liebst keinen Menschen. Ist es nicht so?"

"Es mag wohl so sein", sagte Siddhartha müde. "Ich bin wie du. Auch du liebst nicht--wie könntest du sonst die Liebe als eine Kunst betreiben? Die Menschen von unserer Art können vielleicht nicht lieben. Die Kindermenschen können es; das ist ihr Geheimnis."

SANSARA

Lange Zeit hatte Siddhartha das Leben der Welt und der Lüste gelebt, ohne ihm doch anzugehören. Seine Sinne, die er in heißen Samana-Jahren ertötet hatte, waren wieder erwacht, er hatte Reichtum gekostet, hatte Wollust gekostet, hatte Macht gekostet; dennoch war er lange Zeit im Herzen noch ein Samana geblieben, dies hatte Kamala, die Kluge, richtig erkannt. Immer noch war es die Kunst des Denkens, des Wartens, des Fastens, von welcher sein Leben gelenkt wurde, immer noch waren die Menschen der Welt, die Kindermenschen, ihm fremd geblieben, wie er ihnen fremd war.

Die Jahre liefen dahin, in Wohlergehen eingehüllt fühlte Siddhartha ihr Schwinden kaum. Er war reich geworden, er besaß längst ein eigenes Haus und eigene Dienerschaft, und einen Garten vor der Stadt am Flusse. Die Menschen hatten ihn gerne, sie kamen zu ihm, wenn sie Geld oder Rat brauchten, niemand aber stand ihm nahe, außer Kamala.

Jenes hohe, helle Wachsein, welches er einst, auf der Höhe seiner Jugend, erlebt hatte, in den Tagen nach Gotamas Predigt, nach der Trennung von Govinda, jene gespannte Erwartung, jenes stolze Alleinstehen ohne Lehren und ohne Lehrer, jene geschmeidige Bereitschaft, die göttliche Stimme im eigenen Herzen zu hören, war allmählich Erinnerung geworden, war vergänglich gewesen; fern und leise rauschte die heilige Quelle, die einst nahe gewesen war, die einst in ihm selber gerauscht hatte. Vieles zwar, das er

von den Samanas gelernt, das er von Gotama gelernt, das er von seinem Vater, dem Brahmanen, gelernt hatte, war noch lange Zeit in ihm geblieben: mäßiges Leben, Freude am Denken, Stunden der Versenkung, heimliches Wissen vom Selbst, vom ewigen Ich, das nicht Körper noch Bewußtsein ist. Manches davon war in ihm geblieben, eines ums andre aber war untergesunken und hatte sich mit Staub bedeckt. Wie die Scheibe des Töpfers, einmal angetrieben, sich noch lange dreht und nur langsam ermüdet und ausschwingt, so hatte in Siddharthas Seele das Rad der Askese, das Rad des Denkens, das Rad der Unterscheidung lange weiter geschwungen, schwang immer noch, aber es schwang langsam und zögernd und war dem Stillstand nahe. Langsam, wie Feuchtigkeit in den absterbenden Baumstrunk dringt, ihn langsam füllt und faulen macht, war Welt und Trägheit in Siddharthas Seele gedrungen, langsam füllte sie seine Seele, machte sie schwer, machte sie müde, schläferte sie ein. Dafür waren seine Sinne lebendig geworden, viel hatten sie gelernt, viel erfahren.

Siddhartha hatte gelernt, Handel zu treiben, Macht über Menschen auszuüben, sich mit dem Weibe zu vergnügen, er hatte gelernt, schöne Kleider zu tragen, Dienern zu befehlen, sich in wohlriechenden Wassern zu baden. Er hatte gelernt, zart und sorgfältig bereitete Speisen zu essen, auch den Fisch, auch Fleisch und Vogel, Gewürze und Süßigkeiten, und den Wein zu trinken, der träge und vergessen macht. Er hatte gelernt, mit Würfeln und auf dem Schachbrette zu spielen, Tänzerinnen zuzusehen, sich in der Sänfte tragen zu lassen, auf einem weichen Bett zu schlafen. Aber immer noch hatte er sich von den andern verschieden und ihnen überlegen gefühlt, immer hatte er ihnen mit ein wenig Spott zugesehen, mit ein wenig spöttischer Verachtung, mit eben jener Verachtung, wie sie ein Samana stets für Weltleute fühlt. Wenn Kamaswami kränklich war, wenn er ärgerlich war, wenn er sich beleidigt fühlte, wenn er von seinen Kaufmannssorgen geplagt wurde, immer hatte Siddhartha es mit Spott angesehen. Langsam und unmerklich nur, mit den dahingehenden Erntezeiten und Regenzeiten, war sein Spott müder geworden, war seine Überlegenheit stiller geworden. Langsam nur, zwischen seinen wachsenden Reichtümern, hatte Siddhartha selbst etwas von der Art der Kindermenschen angenommen, etwas von ihrer Kindlichkeit und von ihrer Ängstlichkeit. Und doch beneidete er sie, beneidete sie desto mehr, je ähnlicher er ihnen wurde. Er beneidete sie um das Eine, was ihm fehlte und was sie hatten, um die Wichtigkeit, welche sie ihrem Leben beizulegen vermochten, um die Leidenschaftlichkeit ihrer Freuden und Ängste, um das bange aber süße Glück ihrer ewigen Verliebtheit. In sich selbst, in Frauen, in ihre Kinder, in Ehre oder Geld, in Pläne oder Hoffnungen verliebt waren diese Menschen immerzu. Er aber lernte dies nicht von ihnen, gerade dies nicht, diese Kinderfreude und Kindertorheit; er lernte von ihnen gerade das Unangenehme, was er selbst verachtete. Es geschah immer öfter, daß er am Morgen nach einem geselligen Abend lange liegen blieb und sich dumpf und müde fühlte. Es geschah, daß er ärgerlich und ungeduldig wurde, wenn Kamaswami ihn mit seinen Sorgen lang weilte. Es geschah, daß er allzu laut lachte, wenn er im Würfelspiel verlor. Sein Gesicht war noch immer klüger und geistiger als andre, aber es lachte selten, und nahm einen um den andern jene Züge an, die man im Gesicht reicher Leute so häufig findet, jene Züge der Unzufriedenheit, der Kränklichkeit, des Mißmutes, der Trägheit, der Lieblosigkeit. Langsam ergriff ihn die Seelenkrankheit der Reichen.

Wie ein Schleier, wie ein dünner Nebel senkte sich Müdigkeit über Siddhartha, langsam, jeden Tag ein wenig dichter, jeden Monat ein wenig trüber, jedes Jahr ein wenig schwerer. Wie ein neues Kleid mit der Zeit alt wird, mit der Zeit seine schöne Farbe verliert, Flecken bekommt, Falten bekommt, an den Säumen abgestoßen wird und hier und dort blöde, fädige Stellen zu zeigen beginnt, so war Siddharthas neues Leben, das er nach seiner Trennung von Govinda begonnen hatte, alt geworden, so verlor es mit den hinrinnenden Jahren Farbe und Glanz, so sammelten sich Falten und Flecken auf ihm, und im Grunde verborgen, hier und dort schon häßlich hervorblickend, wartete Enttäuschung und Ekel. Siddhartha merkte es nicht. Er merkte nur, dass jene helle und sichere Stimme seines Innern, die einst in ihm erwacht war und ihn in seinen glänzenden Zeiten je und je geleitet hatte, schweigsam geworden war.

Die Welt hatte ihn eingefangen, die Lust, die Begehrlichkeit, die Trägheit, und zuletzt auch noch jenes Laster, das er als das törichteste stets am meisten verachtet und gehöhnt hatte: die Habgier. Auch das Eigentum, der Besitz und Reichtum hatte ihn schließlich eingefangen, war ihm kein Spiel und Tand mehr, war Kette und Last geworden. Auf einem seltsamen und listigen Wege war Siddhartha in diese letzte und schnödeste Abhängigkeit geraten, durch das Würfelspiel. Seit der Zeit nämlich, da er im Herzen aufgehört hatte, ein Samana zu sein, begann Siddhartha das Spiel um Geld und Kostbarkeiten, das er sonst lächelnd und lässig als eine Sitte der Kindermenschen mitgemacht hatte, mit einer zunehmenden Wut und Leidenschaft zu treiben. Er war ein gefürchteter Spieler, wenige wagten es mit ihm, so hoch und frech waren seine Einsätze. Er trieb das Spiel aus der Not seines Herzens, das Verspielen und Verschleudern des elenden Geldes schuf ihm eine zornige Freude, auf keine andre Weise konnte er seine Verachtung des Reichtums, des Götzen der Kaufleute, deutlicher und höhnischer zeigen. So spielte er hoch und schonungslos, sich selbst hassend, sich selbst verhöhnend, strich Tausende ein, warf Tausende weg, verspielte Geld, verspielte Schmuck, verspielte ein Landhaus, gewann wieder, verspielte wieder. Jene Angst, jene furchtbare und beklemmende Angst, welche er während des Würfelns, während des Bangens um hohe Einsätze empfand, jene Angst liebte er und suchte sie immer zu

erneuern, immer zu steigern, immer höher zu kitzeln, denn in diesem Gefühl allein noch fühlte er etwas wie Glück, etwas wie Rausch, etwas wie erhöhtes Leben inmitten seines gesättigten, lauen, faden Lebens.

Und nach jedem großen Verluste sann er auf neuen Reichtum, ging eifriger dem Handel nach, zwang strenger seine Schuldner zum Zahlen, denn er wollte weiter spielen, er wollte weiter vergeuden, weiter dem Reichtum seine Verachtung zeigen. Siddhartha verlor die Gelassenheit bei Verlusten, er verlor die Geduld gegen säumige Zahler, verlor die Gutmütigkeit gegen Bettler, verlor die Lust am Verschenken und Wegleihen des Geldes an Bittende. Er, der zehntausend auf einen Wurf verspielte und dazu lachte, wurde im Handel strenger und kleinlicher, träumte nachts zuweilen von Geld! Und so oft er aus dieser häßlichen Bezauberung erwachte, so oft er sein Gesicht im Spiegel an der Schlafzimmerwand gealtert und häßlicher geworden sah, so oft Scham und Ekel ihn überfiel, floh er weiter, floh in neues Glücksspiel, floh in Betäubungen der Wollust, des Weines, und von da zurück in den Trieb des Häufens und Erwerbens. In diesem sinnlosen Kreislauf lief er sich müde, lief er sich alt, lief sich krank.

Da mahnte ihn einst ein Traum. Er war die Abendstunden bei Kamala gewesen, in ihrem schönen Lustgarten. Sie waren unter den Bäumen gesessen, im Gespräch, und Kamala hatte nachdenkliche Worte gesagt, Worte, hinter welchen sich eine Trauer und Müdigkeit verbarg. Von Gotama hatte sie ihn gebeten zu erzählen, und konnte nicht genug von ihm hören, wie rein sein Auge, wie still und schön sein Mund, wie gütig sein Lächeln, wie friedevoll sein Gang gewesen. Lange hatte er ihr vom erhabenen Buddha erzählen müssen, und Kamala hatte geseufzt, und hatte gesagt: "Einst, vielleicht bald, werde auch ich diesem Buddha folgen. Ich werde ihm meinen Lustgarten schenken, und werde meine Zuflucht zu seiner Lehre nehmen." Darauf aber hatte sie ihn gereizt, und ihn im Liebesspiel mit schmerzlicher Inbrunst an sich gefesselt, unter Bissen und unter Tränen, als wolle sie noch einmal aus dieser eiteln, vergänglichen Lust den letzten süßen Tropfen pressen. Nie war es Siddhartha so seltsam klar geworden, wie nahe die Wollust dem Tode verwandt ist. Dann war er an ihrer Seite gelegen, und Kamalas Antlitz war ihm nahe gewesen, und unter ihren Augen und neben ihren Mundwinkeln hatte er, deutlich wie noch niemals, eine bange Schrift gelesen, eine Schrift von feinen Linien, von leisen Furchen, eine Schrift, die an den Herbst und an das Alter erinnerte, wie denn auch Siddhartha selbst, der erst in den Vierzigen stand, schon hier und dort ergraute Haare zwischen seinen schwarzen bemerkt hatte. Müdigkeit stand auf Kamalas schönem Gesicht geschrieben, Müdigkeit vom Gehen eines langen Weges, der kein frohes Ziel hat, Müdigkeit und beginnende Welke, und verheimlichte, noch nicht gesagte, vielleicht noch nicht einmal gewußte Bangigkeit: Furcht vor dem Alter, Furcht vor dem Herbste, Furcht vor dem Sterbenmüssen. Seufzend hatte er von ihr Abschied genommen, die Seele voll Unlust, und voll verheimlichter Bangigkeit.

Dann hatte Siddhartha die Nacht in seinem Hause mit Tänzerinnen beim Weine zugebracht, hatte gegen seine Standesgenossen den überlegenen gespielt, welcher er nicht mehr war, hatte viel Wein getrunken und spät nach Mitternacht sein Lager aufgesucht, müde und dennoch erregt, dem Weinen und der Verzweiflung nahe, und hatte lang vergeblich den Schlaf gesucht, das Herz voll eines Elendes, das er nicht mehr ertragen zu können meinte, voll eines Ekels, von dem er sich durchdrungen fühlte wie vom lauen, widerlichen Geschmack des Weines, der allzu süßen, öden Musik, dem allzu weichen Lächeln der Tänzerinnen, dem allzu süßen Duft ihrer Haare und Brüste. Mehr aber als vor allem anderen ekelte ihm vor sich selbst, vor seinen duftenden Haaren, vor dem Weingeruch seines Mundes, vor der schlaffen Müdigkeit und Unlust seiner Haut. Wie wenn einer, der allzuviel gegessen oder getrunken hat, es unter Qualen wieder erbricht und doch der Erleichterung froh ist, so wünschte sich der Schlaflose, in einem ungeheuren Schwall von Ekel sich dieser Genüsse, dieser Gewohnheiten, dieses ganzen sinnlosen Lebens und seiner selbst zu entledigen. Erst beim Schein des Morgens und dem Erwachen der ersten Geschäftigkeit auf der Straße vor seinem Stadthause war er eingeschlummert, hatte für wenige Augenblicke eine halbe Betäubung, eine Ahnung von Schlaf gefunden. In diesen Augenblicken hatte er einen Traum:

Kamala besaß in einem goldenen Käfig einen kleinen seltenen Singvogel. Von diesem Vogel träumte er. Er träumte: dieser Vogel war stumm geworden, der sonst stets in der Morgenstunde sang, und da dies ihm auffiel, trat er vor den Käfig und blickte hinein, da war der kleine Vogel tot und lag steif am Boden. Er nahm ihn heraus, wog ihn einen Augenblick in der Hand und warf ihn dann weg, auf die Gasse hinaus, und im gleichen Augenblick erschrak er furchtbar, und das Herz tat ihm weh, so, als habe er mit diesem toten Vogel allen Wert und alles Gute von sich geworfen.

Aus diesem Traum auffahrend, fühlte er sich von tiefer Traurigkeit umfangen. Wertlos, so schien ihm, wertlos und sinnlos hatte er sein Leben dahingeführt; nichts Lebendiges, nichts irgendwie Köstliches oder Behaltenswertes war ihm in Händen geblieben. Allein stand er und leer, wie ein Schiffbrüchiger am Ufer.

Finster begab sich Siddhartha in einen Lustgarten, der ihm gehörte, verschloß die Pforte, setzte sich unter einem Mangobaum nieder, fühlte den Tod im Herzen und das Grauen in der Brust, saß und spürte, wie es in ihm starb, in ihm welkte, in ihm zu Ende

ging. Allmählich sammelte er seine Gedanken, und ging im Geiste nochmals den ganzen Weg seines Lebens, von den ersten Tagen an, auf welche er sich besinnen konnte. Wann denn hatte er ein Glück erlebt, eine wahre Wonne gefühlt? O ja, mehrere Male hatte er solches erlebt. In den Knabenjahren hatte er es gekostet, wenn er von den Brahmanen Lob errungen hatte er es in seinem Herzen gefühlt: "Ein Weg liegt vor dem Hersagen der heiligen Verse, im Disput mit den Gelehrten, als Gehilfe beim Opfer ausgezeichnet hatte." Da hatte er es in seinem Herzen gefühlt: "Ein Weg liegt vor dir, zu dem du berufen bist, auf dich warten die Götter." Und wieder als Jüngling, da ihn das immer höher emporfliehende Ziel alles Nachdenkens aus der Schar Gleichstrebender heraus- und hinangerissen hatte, da er in Schmerzen um den Sinn des Brahman rang, da jedes erreichte Wissen nur neuen Durst in ihm entfachte, da wieder hatte er, mitten im Durst, mitten im Schmerze dieses selbe gefühlt: "Weiter! Weiter! Du bist berufen!" Diese Stimme hatte er vernommen, als er seine Heimat verlassen und das Leben des Samana gewählt hatte, und wieder, als er von den Samanas hinweg zu jenem Vollendeten, und auch von ihm hinweg ins Ungewisse gegangen war. Wie lange hatte er diese Stimme nicht mehr gehört, wie lange keine Höhe mehr erreicht, wie eben und öde war sein Weg dahingegangen, viele lange Jahre, ohne hohes Ziel, ohne Durst, ohne Erhebung, mit kleinen Lüsten zufrieden und dennoch nie begnügt! Alle diese Jahre hatte er, ohne es selbst zu wissen, sich bemüht und danach gesehnt, ein Mensch wie diese vielen zu werden, wie diese Kinder, und dabei war sein Leben viel elender und ärmer gewesen als das ihre, denn ihre Ziele waren nicht die seinen, noch ihre Sorgen, diese ganze Welt der Kamaswami-Menschen war ihm ja nur ein Spiel gewesen, ein Tanz, dem man zusieht, eine Komödie. Einzig Kamala war ihm lieb, war ihm wertvoll gewesen--aber war sie es noch? Brauchte er sie noch, oder sie ihn? Spielten sie nicht ein Spiel ohne Ende? War es notwendig, dafür zu leben? Nein, es war nicht notwendig! Dieses Spiel hieß Sansara, ein Spiel für Kinder, ein Spiel, vielleicht hold zu spielen, einmal, zweimal, zehnmal--aber immer und immer wieder?

Da wußte Siddhartha, daß das Spiel zu Ende war, daß er es nicht mehr spielen könne. Ein Schauder lief ihm über den Leib, in seinem Innern, so fühlte er, war etwas gestorben.

Jenen ganzen Tag saß er unter dem Mangobaume, seines Vaters gedenkend, Govindas gedenkend, Gotamas gedenkend. Hatte er diese verlassen müssen, um ein Kamaswami zu werden? Er saß noch, als die Nacht angebrochen war. Als er aufschauend die Sterne erblickte, dachte er: "Hier sitze ich unter meinem Mangobaume, in meinem Lustgarten." Er lächelte ein wenig--war es denn notwendig, war es richtig, war es nicht ein törichtes Spiel, daß er einen Mangobaum, daß er einen Garten besaß?

Auch damit schloß er ab, auch das starb in ihm. Er erhob sich, nahm Abschied vom Mangobaum, Abschied vom Lustgarten. Da er den Tag ohne Speise geblieben war, fühlte er heftigen Hunger, und gedachte an sein Haus in der Stadt, an sein Gemach und Bett, an den Tisch mit den Speisen. Er lächelte müde, schüttelte sich und nahm Abschied von diesen Dingen.

In derselben Nachtstunde verließ Siddhartha seinen Garten, verließ die Stadt und kam niemals wieder. Lange ließ Kamaswami nach ihm suchen, der ihn in Räuberhand gefallen glaubte. Kamala ließ nicht nach ihm suchen. Als sie erfuhr, daß Siddhartha verschwunden sei, wunderte sie sich nicht. Hatte sie es nicht immer erwartet? War er nicht ein Samana, ein Heimloser, ein Pilger? Und am meisten hatte sie dies beim letzten Zusammensein gefühlt, und sie freute sich mitten im Schmerz des Verlustes, daß sie ihn dieses letzte Mal noch so innig an ihr Herz gezogen sich noch einmal so ganz von ihm besessen und durchdrungen gefühlt hatte.

Als sie die erste Nachricht von Siddharthas Verschwinden bekam, trat sie ans Fenster, wo sie in einem goldenen Käfig einen seltenen Singvogel gefangen hielt. Sie öffnete die Tür des Käfigs, nahm den Vogel heraus und ließ ihn fliegen. Lange sah sie ihm nach, dem fliegenden Vogel. Sie empfing von diesem Tage an keine Besucher mehr, und hielt ihr Haus verschlossen. Nach einiger Zeit aber ward sie inne, daß sie von dem letzten Zusammensein mit Siddhartha schwanger sei.

AM FLUSSE

Siddhartha wanderte im Walde, schon fern von der Stadt, und wußte nichts als das eine, daß er nicht mehr zurück konnte, daß dies Leben, wie er es nun viele Jahre lang geführt, vorüber und dahin und bis zum Ekel ausgekostet und ausgesogen war. Tot war der Singvogel, von dem er geträumt. Tot war der Vogel in seinem Herzen. Tief war er in Sansara verstrickt, Ekel und Tod hatte er von allen Seiten in sich eingesogen, wie ein Schwamm Wasser einsaugt, bis er voll ist. Voll war er von Überdruß, voll von Elend, voll von Tod, nichts mehr gab es in der Welt, das ihn locken, das ihn freuen, das ihn trösten konnte.

Sehnlich wünschte er, nichts mehr von sich zu wissen, Ruhe zu haben, tot zu sein. Käme doch ein Blitz und erschlüge ihn! Käme doch ein Tiger und fräße ihn! Gäbe es doch einen Wein, ein Gift, das ihm Betäubung brächte, Vergessen und Schlaf, und kein Erwachen mehr! Gab es denn noch irgendeinen Schmutz, mit dem er sich nicht beschmutzt hatte, eine Sünde und Torheit, die er

nicht begangen, eine Seelenöde, die er nicht auf sich geladen hatte? War es denn noch möglich, zu leben? War es möglich, nochmals und nochmals wieder Atem zu ziehen, Atem auszustoßen, Hunger zu fühlen, wieder zu essen, wieder zu schlafen, wieder beim Weibe zu liegen? War dieser Kreislauf nicht für ihn erschöpft und abgeschlossen?

Siddhartha gelangte an den großen Fluß im Walde, an denselben Fluß, über welchen ihn einst, als er noch ein junger Mann war und von der Stadt des Gotama kam, ein Fährmann geführt hatte. An diesem Flusse machte er Halt, blieb zögernd beim Ufer stehen. Müdigkeit und Hunger hatten ihn geschwächt, und wozu auch sollte er weitergehen, wohin denn, zu welchem Ziel? Nein, es gab keine Ziele mehr, es gab nichts mehr als die tiefe, leidvolle Sehnsucht, diesen ganzen wüsten Traum von sich zu schütteln, diesen schalen Wein von sich zu speien, diesem jämmerlichen und schmachvollen Leben ein Ende zu machen.

Über das Flußufer hing ein Baum gebeugt, ein Kokosbaum, an dessen Stamm lehnte sich Siddhartha mit der Schulter, legte den Arm um den Stamm und blickte in das grüne Wasser hinab, das unter ihm zog und zog, blickte hinab und fand sich ganz und gar von dem Wunsche erfüllt, sich loszulassen und in diesem Wasser unterzugehen. Eine schauerliche Leere spiegelte ihm aus dem Wasser entgegen, welcher die furchtbare Leere in seiner Seele Antwort gab. Ja, er war am Ende. Nichts mehr gab es für ihn, als sich auszulöschen, als das mißlungene Gebilde seines Lebens zu zerschlagen, es wegzuwerfen, hohnlachenden Göttern vor die Füße. Dies war das große Erbrechen, nach dem er sich gesehnt hatte: der Tod, das Zerschlagen der Form, die er haßte! Mochten ihn die Fische fressen, diesen Hund von Siddhartha, diesen Irrsinnigen, diesen verdorbenen und verfaulten Leib, diese erschlaffte und mißbrauchte Seele! Mochten die Fische und Krokodile ihn fressen, mochten die Dämonen ihn zerstücken!

Mit verzerrtem Gesichte starrte er ins Wasser, sah sein Gesicht gespiegelt und spie danach. In tiefer Müdigkeit löste er den Arm vom Baumstamme und drehte sich ein wenig, um sich senkrecht hinabfallen zu lassen, um endlich unterzugehen. Er sank, mit geschlossenen Augen, dem Tod entgegen.

Da zuckte aus entlegenen Bezirken seiner Seele, aus Vergangenheiten seines ermüdeten Lebens her ein Klang. Es war ein Wort, eine Silbe, die er ohne Gedanken mit lallender Stimme vor sich hinsprach, das alte Anfangswort und Schlußwort aller brahmanischen Gebete, das heilige "OM", das so viel bedeutet wie "das Vollkommene" oder "die Vollendung". Und im Augenblick, da der Klang "Om" Siddharthas Ohr berührte, erwachte sein entschlummerter Geist plötzlich, und erkannte die Torheit seines Tuns.

Siddhartha erschrak tief. So also stand es um ihn, so verloren war er, so verirrt und von allem Wissen verlassen, daß er den Tod hatte suchen können, daß dieser Wunsch, dieser Kinderwunsch in ihm hatte groß werden können: Ruhe zu finden, indem er seinen Leib auslöschte! Was alle Qual dieser letzten Zeiten, alle Ernüchterung, alle Verzweiflung nicht bewirkt hatte, das bewirkte dieser Augenblick, da das Om in sein Bewußtsein drang: daß er sich in seinem Elend und in seiner Irrsal erkannte.

Om! sprach er vor sich hin: Om! Und wußte um Brahman, wußte um die Unzerstörbarkeit des Lebens, wußte um alles Göttliche wieder, das er vergessen hatte.

Doch war dies nur ein Augenblick, ein Blitz. Am Fuß des Kokosbaumes sank Siddhartha nieder, von der Ermüdung hingestreckt, Om murmelnd, legte sein Haupt auf die Wurzel des Baumes und sank in tiefen Schlaf.

Tief war sein Schlaf und frei von Träumen, seit langer Zeit hatte er einen solchen Schlaf nicht mehr gekannt. Als er nach manchen Stunden erwachte, war ihm, als seien zehn Jahre vergangen, er hörte das leise Strömen des Wassers, wußte nicht, wo er sei und wer ihn hierher gebracht habe, schlug die Augen auf, sah mit Verwunderung Bäume und Himmel über sich, und erinnerte sich, wo er wäre und wie er hierher gekommen sei. Doch bedurfte er hierzu einer langen Weile, und das Vergangene erschien ihm wie von einem Schleier überzogen, unendlich fern, unendlich weit weg gelegen, unendlich gleichgültig. Er wußte nur, daß er sein früheres Leben (im ersten Augenblick der Besinnung erschien ihm dies frühere Leben wie eine weit zurückliegende, einstige Verkörperung, wie eine frühe Vorgeburt seines jetzigen Ich)--daß er sein früheres Leben verlassen habe, daß er voll Ekel und Elend sogar sein Leben habe wegwerfen wollen, daß er aber an einem Flusse, unter einem Kokosbaume, zu sich gekommen sei, das heilige Wort Om auf den Lippen, dann entschlummert sei, und nun erwacht als ein neuer Mensch in die Welt blicke. Leise sprach er das Wort Om vor sich hin, über welchem er eingeschlafen war, und ihm schien sein ganzer langer Schlaf sei nichts als ein langes, versunkenes Om-Sprechen gewesen, ein Om-Denken, ein Untertauchen und völliges Eingehen in Om, in das Namenlose, Vollendete.

Was für ein wunderbarer Schlaf war dies doch gewesen! Niemals hatte ein Schlaf ihn so erfrischt, so erneut, so verjüngt! Vielleicht war er wirklich gestorben, war untergegangen und in einer neuen Gestalt wiedergeboren? Aber nein, er kannte sich, er kannte

seine Hand und seine Füße, kannte den Ort, an dem er lag, kannte dies Ich in seiner Brust, diesen Siddhartha, den Eigenwilligen, den Seltsamen, aber dieser Siddhartha war dennoch verwandelt, war erneut, war merkwürdig ausgeschlafen, merkwürdig wach, freudig und neugierig.

Siddhartha richtete sich empor, da sah er sich gegenüber einen Menschen sitzen, einen fremden Mann, einen Mönch in gelbem Gewande mit rasiertem Kopfe, in der Stellung des Nachdenkens. Er betrachtete den Mann, der weder Haupthaar noch Bart an sich hatte, und nicht lange hatte er ihn betrachtet, da erkannte er in diesem Mönche Govinda, den Freund seiner Jugend, Govinda, der seine Zuflucht zum erhabenen Buddha genommen hatte. Govinda war gealtert, auch er, aber noch immer trug sein Gesicht die alten Züge, sprach von Eifer, von Treue, von Suchen, von Ängstlichkeit. Als nun aber Govinda, seinen Blick fühlend, das Auge aufschlug und ihn anschaute, sah Siddhartha, daß Govinda ihn nicht erkenne. Govinda freute sich, ihn wach zu finden, offenbar hatte er lange hier gesessen und auf sein Erwachen gewartet, obwohl er ihn nicht kannte.

"Ich habe geschlafen," sagte Siddhartha. "Wie bist denn du hierher gekommen?"

"Du hast geschlafen," antwortete Govinda. "Es ist nicht gut, an solchen Orten zu schlafen, wo häufig Schlangen sind und die Tiere des Waldes ihre Wege haben. Ich, o Herr, bin ein Jünger des erhabenen Gotama, des Buddha, des Sakyamuni, und bin mit einer Zahl der Unsrigen diesen Weg gepilgert, da sah ich dich liegen und schlafen an einem Orte, wo es gefährlich ist zu schlafen. Darum suchte ich dich zu wecken, o Herr, und da ich sah, daß dein Schlaf sehr tief war, blieb ich hinter den Meinigen zurück und saß bei dir. Und dann, so scheint es, bin ich selbst eingeschlafen, der ich deinen Schlaf bewachen wollte. Schlecht habe ich meinen Dienst versehen, Müdigkeit hat mich übermannt. Aber nun, da du ja wach bist, laß mich gehen, damit ich meine Brüder einhole."

"Ich danke dir, Samana, daß du meinen Schlaf behütet hast," sprach Siddhartha. "Freundlich seid Ihr Jünger des Erhabenen. Nun magst du denn gehen."

"Ich gehe, Herr. Möge der Herr sich immer wohl befinden."

"Ich danke dir, Samana."

Govinda machte das Zeichen des Grußes und sagte: "Lebe wohl."

"Lebe wohl, Govinda," sagte Siddhartha.

Der Mönch blieb stehen.

"Erlaube, Herr, woher kennst du meinen Namen?"

Da lächelte Siddhartha.

"Ich kenne dich, o Govinda, aus der Hütte deines Vaters, und aus der Brahmanenschule, und von den Opfern, und von unsrem Gang zu den Samanas, und von jener Stunde, da du im Hain Jetavana deine Zuflucht zum Erhabenen nahmest."

"Du bist Siddhartha!" rief Govinda laut. "Jetzt erkenne ich dich, und begreife nicht mehr, wie ich dich nicht sogleich erkennen konnte. Sei willkommen, Siddhartha, groß ist meine Freude, dich wiederzusehen."

"Auch mich erfreut es, dich wiederzusehen. Du bist der Wächter meines Schlafes gewesen, nochmals danke ich dir dafür, obwohl ich keines Wächters bedurft hätte. Wohin gehst du, o Freund?"

"Nirgendshin gehe ich. Immer sind wir Mönche unterwegs, solange nicht Regenzeit ist, immer ziehen wir von Ort zu Ort, leben nach der Regel, verkündigen die Lehre, nehmen Almosen, ziehen weiter. Immer ist es so. Du aber, Siddhartha, wo gehst du hin?"

Sprach Siddhartha: "Auch mit mir steht es so, Freund, wie mit dir. Ich gehe nirgendhin. Ich bin nur unterwegs. Ich pilgere."

Govinda sprach: "Du sagst: du pilgerst, und ich glaube dir. Doch verzeih, o Siddhartha, nicht wie ein Pilger siehst du aus. Du trägst das Kleid eines Reichen, du trägst die Schuhe eines Vornehmen, und dein Haar, das nach wohlriechendem Wasser duftet, ist nicht das Haar eines Pilgers, nicht das Haar eines Samanas."

"Wohl, Lieber, gut hast du beobachtet, alles sieht dein scharfes Auge. Doch habe ich nicht zu dir gesagt, daß ich ein Samana sei. Ich sagte: ich pilgere. Und so ist es: ich pilgere."

"Du pilgerst," sagte Govinda. "Aber wenige pilgern in solchem Kleide, wenige in solchen Schuhen, wenige mit solchen Haaren. Nie habe ich, der ich schon viele Jahre pilgere, solch einen Pilger angetroffen."

"Ich glaube es dir, mein Govinda. Aber nun, heute, hast du eben einen solchen Pilger angetroffen, in solchen Schuhen, mit solchem Gewande. Erinnere dich, Lieber: Vergänglich ist die Welt der Gestaltungen, vergänglich, höchst vergänglich sind unsere Gewänder, und die Tracht unserer Haare, und unsere Haare und Körper selbst. Ich trage die Kleider eines Reichen, da hast du recht gesehen. Ich trage sie, denn ich bin ein Reicher gewesen, und trage das Haar wie die Weltleute und Lüstlinge, denn einer von ihnen bin ich gewesen."

"Und jetzt, Siddhartha, was bist du jetzt?"

"Ich weiß es nicht, ich weiß es so wenig wie du. Ich bin unterwegs. Ich war ein Reicher, und bin es nicht mehr; und was ich morgen sein werde, weiß ich nicht."

"Du hast deinen Reichtum verloren?"

"Ich habe ihn verloren, oder er mich. Er ist mir abhanden gekommen. Schnell dreht sich das Rad der Gestaltungen, Govinda. Wo ist der Brahmane Siddhartha? Wo ist der Samana Siddhartha? Wo ist der Reiche Siddhartha? Schnell wechselt das Vergängliche, Govinda, du weißt es."

Govinda blickte den Freund seiner Jugend lange an, Zweifel im Auge. Darauf grüßte er ihn, wie man Vornehme grüßt, und ging seines Weges.

Mit lächelndem Gesicht schaute Siddhartha ihm nach, er liebte ihn noch immer, diesen Treuen, diesen Ängstlichen. Und wie hätte er, in diesem Augenblick, in dieser herrlichen Stunde nach seinem wunderbaren Schlafe, durchdrungen von Om, irgend jemand und irgend etwas nicht lieben sollen! Eben darin bestand die Verzauberung, welche im Schlafe und durch das Om in ihm geschehen war, daß er alles liebte, daß er voll froher Liebe war zu allem, was er sah. Und eben daran, so schien es ihm jetzt, war er vorher so sehr krank gewesen, daß er nichts und niemand hatte lieben können.

Mit lächelndem Gesichte schaute Siddhartha dem hinweggehenden Mönche nach. Der Schlaf hatte ihn sehr gestärkt, sehr aber quälte ihn der Hunger, denn er hatte nun zwei Tage nichts gegessen, und lange war die Zeit vorüber, da er hart gegen den Hunger gewesen war. Mit Kummer, und doch auch mit Lachen, gedachte er jener Zeit. Damals, so erinnerte er sich, hatte er sich vor Kamala dreier Dinge gerühmt, hatte drei edle und unüberwindliche Künste gekonnt: Fasten--Warten--Denken. Dies war sein Besitz gewesen, seine Macht und Kraft, sein fester Stab, in den fleißigen, mühseligen Jahren seiner Jugend hatte er diese drei Künste gelernt, nichts anderes. Und nun hatten sie ihn verlassen, keine von ihnen war mehr sein, nicht Fasten, nicht Warten, nicht Denken. Um das Elendeste hatte er sie hingegeben, um das Vergänglichste, um Sinnenlust, um Wohlleben, um Reichtum! Seltsam war es ihm in der Tat ergangen. Und jetzt, so schien es, jetzt war er wirklich ein Kindermensch geworden.

Siddhartha dachte über seine Lage nach. Schwer fiel ihm das Denken, er hatte im Grunde keine Lust dazu, doch zwang er sich.

Nun, dachte er, da alle diese vergänglichsten Dinge mir wieder entglitten sind, nun stehe ich wieder unter der Sonne, wie ich einst als kleines Kind gestanden bin, nichts ist mein, nichts kann ich, nichts vermag ich, nichts habe ich gelernt. Wie ist dies wunderlich! Jetzt, wo ich nicht mehr jung bin, wo meine Haare schon halb grau sind, wo die Kräfte nachlassen, jetzt fange ich wieder von vorn und beim Kinde an! Wieder mußte er lächeln. Ja, seltsam war sein Geschick! Es ging abwärts mit ihm, und nun stand er wieder leer und nackt und dumm in der Welt. Aber Kummer darüber konnte er nicht empfinden, nein, er fühlte sogar großen Anreiz zum Lachen, zum Lachen über sich, zum Lachen über diese seltsame, törichte Welt.

"Abwärts geht es mit dir!" sagte er zu sich selber, und lachte dazu, und wie er es sagte, fiel sein Blick auf den Fluß, und auch den Fluß sah er abwärts gehen, immer abwärts wandern, und dabei singen und fröhlich sein. Das gefiel ihm wohl, freundlich lächelte er dem Flusse zu. War dies nicht der Fluß, in welchem er sich hatte ertränken wollen, einst, vor hundert Jahren, oder hatte er das geträumt?

Wunderlich in der Tat war mein Leben, so dachte er, wunderliche Umwege hat es genommen. Als Knabe habe ich nur mit Göttern und Opfern zu tun gehabt. Als Jüngling habe ich nur mit Askese, mit Denken und Versenkung zu tun gehabt, war auf der Suche nach Brahman, verehrte das Ewige im Atman. Als junger Mann aber zog ich den Büßern nach, lebte im Walde, litt Hitze und Frost, lernte hungern, lehrte meinen Leib absterben. Wunderbar kam mir alsdann in der Lehre des großen Buddha Erkenntnis entgegen, ich fühlte Wissen um die Einheit der Welt in mir kreisen wie mein eigenes Blut. Aber auch von Buddha und von dem großen Wissen

mußte ich wieder fort. Ich ging und lernte bei Kamala die Liebeslust, lernte bei Kamaswami den Handel, häufte Geld, vertat Geld, lernte meinen Magen lieben, lernte meinen Sinnen schmeicheln. Viele Jahre mußte ich damit hinbringen, den Geist zu verlieren, das Denken wieder zu verlernen, die Einheit zu vergessen. Ist es nicht so, als sei ich langsam und auf großen Umwegen aus einem Mann ein Kind geworden, aus einem Denker ein Kindermensch? Und doch ist dieser Weg sehr gut gewesen, und doch ist der Vogel in meiner Brust nicht gestorben. Aber welch ein Weg war das! Ich habe durch so viel Dummheit, durch so viel Laster, durch so viel Irrtum, durch so viel Ekel und Enttäuschung und Jammer hindurchgehen müssen, bloß um wieder ein Kind zu werden und neu anfangen zu können. Aber es war richtig so, mein Herz sagt Ja dazu, meine Augen lachen dazu. Ich habe Verzweiflung erleben müssen, ich habe hinabsinken müssen bis zum törichtesten aller Gedanken, zum Gedanken des Selbstmordes, um Gnade erleben zu können, um wieder Om zu vernehmen, um wieder richtig schlafen und richtig erwachen zu können. Ich habe ein Tor werden müssen, um Atman wieder in mir zu finden. Ich habe sündigen müssen, um wieder leben zu können. Wohin noch mag mein Weg mich führen? Närrisch ist er, dieser Weg, er geht in Schleifen, er geht vielleicht im Kreise. Mag er gehen, wie er will, ich will ihn gehen.

Wunderbar fühlte er in seiner Brust die Freude wallen.

Woher denn, fragte er sein Herz, woher hast du diese Fröhlichkeit? Kommt sie wohl aus diesem langen, guten Schlafe her, der mir so sehr wohlgetan hat? Oder von dem Worte Om, das ich aussprach? Oder davon, daß ich entronnen bin, daß meine Flucht vollzogen ist, daß ich endlich wieder frei bin und wie ein Kind unter dem Himmel stehe? O wie gut ist dies Geflohensein, dies Freigewordensein! Wie rein und schön ist hier die Luft, wie gut zu atmen! Dort, von wo ich entlief, dort roch alles nach Salbe, nach Gewürzen, nach Wein, nach Überfluß, nach Trägheit. Wie haßte ich diese Welt der Reichen, der Schlemmer, der Spieler! Wie habe ich mich selbst gehaßt, daß ich so lang in dieser schrecklichen Welt geblieben bin! Wie habe ich mich gehaßt, habe mich beraubt, vergiftet, gepeinigt, habe mich alt und böse gemacht! Nein, nie mehr werde ich, wie ich es einst so gerne tat, mir einbilden, daß Siddhartha weise sei! Dies aber habe ich gut gemacht, dies gefällt mir, dies muß ich loben, daß es nun ein Ende hat mit jenem Haß gegen mich selber, mit jenem törichten und öden Leben! Ich lobe dich, Siddharta, nach soviel Jahren der Torheit hast du wieder einmal einen Einfall gehabt, hast etwas getan, hast den Vogel in deiner Brust singen hören und bist ihm gefolgt!

So lobte er sich, hatte Freude an sich, hörte neugierig seinem Magen zu, der vor Hunger knurrte. Ein Stück Leid, ein Stück Elend hatte er nun, so fühlte er, in diesen letzten Zeiten und Tagen ganz und gar durchgekostet und ausgespien, bis zur Verzweiflung und bis zum Tode ausgefressen. So war es gut. Lange noch hätte er bei Kamaswami bleiben können, Geld erwerben, Geld vergeuden, seinen Bauch mästen und seine Seele verdursten lassen, lange noch hätte er in dieser sanften, wohlgepolsterten Hölle wohnen können, wäre dies nicht gekommen: der Augenblick der vollkommenen Trostlosigkeit und Verzweiflung, jener äußerste Augenblick, da er über dem strömenden Wasser hing und bereit war, sich zu vernichten. Daß er diese Verzweiflung, diesen tiefsten Ekel gefühlt hatte, und daß er ihm nicht erlegen war, daß der Vogel, die frohe Quelle und Stimme in ihm doch noch lebendig war, darüber fühlte er diese Freude, darüber lachte er, darüber strahlte sein Gesicht unter den ergrauten Haaren.

"Es ist gut," dachte er, "alles selber zu kosten, was man zu wissen nötig hat. Daß Weltlust und Reichtum nicht vom Guten sind, habe ich schon als Kind gelernt. Gewußt habe ich es lange, erlebt habe ich es erst jetzt. Und nun weiß ich es, weiß es nicht nur mit dem Gedächtnis, sondern mit meinen Augen, mit meinem Herzen, mit meinem Magen. Wohl mir, daß ich es weiß!"

Lange sann er nach über seine Verwandlung, lauschte dem Vogel, wie er vor Freude sang. War nicht dieser Vogel in ihm gestorben, hatte er nicht seinen Tod gefühlt? Nein, etwas anderes in ihm war gestorben, etwas, das schon, lange sich nach Sterben gesehnt hatte. War es nicht das, was er einst in seinen glühenden Büßerjahren hatte abtöten wollen? War es nicht sein Ich, sein kleines, banges und stolzes Ich, mit dem er so viele Jahre gekämpft hatte, das ihn immer wieder besiegt hatte, das nach jeder Abtötung wieder da war, Freude verbot, Furcht empfand? War es nicht dies, was heute endlich seinen Tod gefunden hatte, hier im Walde an diesem lieblichen Flusse? War es nicht dieses Todes wegen, daß er jetzt wie ein Kind war, so voll Vertrauen, so ohne Furcht, so voll Freude?

Nun auch ahnte Siddhartha, warum er als Brahmane, als Büßer vergeblich mit diesem Ich gekämpft hatte. Zu viel Wissen hatte ihn gehindert, zu viel heilige Verse, zu viel Opferregeln, zu viel Kasteiung, zu viel Tun und Streben! Voll Hochmut war er gewesen, immer der Klügste, immer der Eifrigste, immer allen um einen Schritt voran, immer der Wissende und Geistige, immer der Priester oder Weise. In dies Priestertum, in diesen Hochmut, in diese Geistigkeit hinein hatte sein Ich sich verkrochen, dort saß es fest und wuchs, während er es mit Fasten und Buße zu töten meinte. Nun sah er es, und sah, daß die heimliche Stimme Recht gehabt hatte, daß kein Lehrer ihn je hätte erlösen können. Darum hatte er in die Welt gehen müssen, sich an Lust und Macht, an Weib und Geld verlieren müssen, hatte ein Händler, ein Würfelspieler, Trinker und Habgieriger werden müssen, bis der Priester und Samana

in ihm tot war. Darum hatte er weiter diese häßlichen Jahre ertragen müssen, den Ekel ertragen, die Leere, die Sinnlosigkeit eines öden und verlorenen Lebens, bis zum Ende, bis zur bittern Verzweiflung, bis auch der Lüstling Siddhartha, der Habgierige Siddhartha sterben konnte. Er war gestorben, ein neuer Siddhartha war aus dem Schlaf erwacht. Auch er würde alt werden, auch er würde einst sterben müssen, vergänglich war Siddhartha, vergänglich war jede Gestaltung. Heute aber war er jung, war ein Kind, der neue Siddhartha, und war voll Freude.

Diese Gedanken dachte er, lauschte lächelnd auf seinen Magen, hörte dankbar einer summenden Biene zu. Heiter blickte er in den strömenden Fluß, nie hatte ihm ein Wasser so wohl gefallen wie dieses, nie hatte er Stimme und Gleichnis des ziehenden Wassers so stark und schön vernommen. Ihm schien, es habe der Fluß ihm etwas Besonderes zu sagen, etwas, das er noch nicht wisse, das noch auf ihn warte. In diesem Fluß hatte sich Siddhartha ertränken wollen, in ihm war der alte, müde, verzweifelte Siddhartha heute ertrunken. Der neue Siddhartha aber fühlte eine tiefe Liebe zu diesem strömenden Wasser, und beschloß bei sich, es nicht so bald wieder zu verlassen.

DER FÄHRMANN

An diesem Fluß will ich bleiben, dachte Siddhartha, es ist der selbe, über den ich einstmals auf dem Wege zu den Kindermenschen gekommen bin, ein freundlicher Fährmann hat mich damals geführt, zu ihm will ich gehen, von seiner Hütte aus führte mich einst mein Weg in ein neues Leben, das nun alt geworden und tot ist--möge auch mein jetziger Weg, mein jetziges neues Leben dort seinen Ausgang nehmen!

Zärtlich blickte er in das strömende Wasser, in das durchsichtige Grün, in die kristallenen Linien seiner geheimnisreichen Zeichnung. Lichte Perlen sah er aus der Tiefe steigen, stille Luftblasen auf dem Spiegel schwimmen, Himmelsbläue darin abgebildet. Mit tausend Augen blickte der Fluß ihn an, mit grünen, mit weißen, mit kristallnen, mit himmelblauen. Wie liebte er dies Wasser, wie entzückte es ihn, wie war er ihm dankbar! Im Herzen hörte er die Stimme sprechen, die neu erwachte, und sie sagte ihm: Liebe dies Wasser! Bleibe bei ihm! Lerne von ihm! O ja, er wollte von ihm lernen, er wollte ihm zuhören. Wer dies Wasser und seine Geheimnisse verstünde, so schien ihm, der würde auch viel anderes verstehen, viele Geheimnisse, alle Geheimnisse.

Von den Geheimnissen des Flusses aber sah er heute nur eines, das ergriff seine Seele. Er sah: dies Wasser lief und lief, immerzu lief es, und war doch immer da, war immer und allezeit dasselbe und doch jeden Augenblick neu! O wer dies faßte, dies verstünde! Er verstand und faßte es nicht, fühlte nur Ahnung sich regen, ferne Erinnerung, göttliche Stimmen.

Siddhartha erhob sich, unerträglich wurde das Treiben des Hungers in seinem Leibe. Hingenommen wanderte er weiter, den Uferpfad hinan, dem Strom entgegen, lauschte auf die Strömung, lauschte auf den knurrenden Hunger in seinem Leibe.

Als er die Fähre erreichte, lag eben das Boot bereit, und derselbe Fährmann, welcher einst den jungen Samana über den Fluß gesetzt hatte, stand im Boot, Siddhartha erkannte ihn wieder, auch er war stark gealtert.

"Willst du mich übersetzen?" fragte er.

Der Fährmann, erstaunt, einen so vornehmen Mann allein und zu Fuße wandern zu sehen, nahm ihn ins Boot und stieß ab.

"Ein schönes Leben hast du dir erwählt," sprach der Gast. "Schön muß es sein, jeden Tag an diesem Wasser zu leben und auf ihm zu fahren."

Lächelnd wiegte sich der Ruderer: "Es ist schön, Herr, es ist, wie du sagst. Aber ist nicht jedes Leben, ist nicht jede Arbeit schön?"

"Es mag wohl sein. Dich aber beneide ich um die Deine."

"Ach, du möchtest bald die Lust an ihr verlieren. Das ist nichts für Leute in feinen Kleidern."

Siddhartha lachte. "Schon einmal bin ich heute um meiner Kleider willen betrachtet worden, mit Mißtrauen betrachtet. Willst du nicht, Fährmann, diese Kleider, die mir lästig sind, von mir annehmen? Denn du mußt wissen, ich habe kein Geld, dir einen Fährlohn zu zahlen."

"Der Herr scherzt," lachte der Fährmann.

"Ich scherze nicht, Freund. Sieh, schon einmal hast du mich in deinem Boot über dies Wasser gefahren, um Gotteslohn. So tue es auch heute, und nimm meine Kleider dafür an."

"Und will der Herr ohne Kleider weiterreisen?"

"Ach, am liebsten wollte ich gar nicht weiterreisen. Am liebsten wäre es mir, Fährmann, wenn du mir eine alte Schürze gäbest und behieltest mich als deinen Gehilfen bei dir, vielmehr als deinen Lehrling, denn erst muß ich lernen, mit dem Boot umzugehen."

Lange blickte der Fährmann den Fremden an, suchend.

"Jetzt erkenne ich dich," sagte er endlich. "Einst hast du in meiner Hütte geschlafen, lange ist es her, wohl mehr als zwanzig Jahre mag das her sein, und bist von mir über den Fluß gebracht worden, und wir nahmen Abschied voneinander wie gute Freunde. Warst du nicht ein Samana? Deines Namens kann ich mich nicht mehr entsinnen."

"Ich heiße Siddhartha, und ich war ein Samana, als du mich zuletzt gesehen hast."

"So sei willkommen, Siddhartha. Ich heiße Vasudeva. Du wirst, so hoffe ich, auch heute mein Gast sein und in meiner Hütte schlafen, und mir erzählen, woher du kommst, und warum deine schönen Kleider dir so lästig sind."

Sie waren in die Mitte des Flusses gelangt, und Vasudeva legte sich stärker ins Ruder, um gegen die Strömung anzukommen. Ruhig arbeitete er, den Blick auf der Bootspitze, mit kräftigen Armen. Siddhartha saß und sah ihm zu, und erinnerte sich, wie schon einstmals, an jenem letzten Tage seiner Samana-Zeit, Liebe zu diesem Manne sich in seinem Herzen geregt hatte. Dankbar nahm er Vasudevas Einladung an. Als sie am Ufer anlegten, half er ihm das Boot an den Pflöcken festbinden, darauf bat ihn der Fährmann, in die Hütte zu treten, bot ihm Brot und Wasser, und Siddhartha aß mit Lust, und aß mit Lust auch von den Mangofrüchten, die ihm Vasudeva anbot.

Danach setzten sie sich, es ging gegen Sonnenuntergang, auf einem Baumstamm am Ufer, und Siddhartha erzählte dem Fährmann seine Herkunft und sein Leben, wie er es heute, in jener Stunde der Verzweiflung, vor seinen Augen gesehen hatte. Bis tief in die Nacht währte sein Erzählen.

Vasudeva hörte mit großer Aufmerksamkeit zu. Alles nahm er lauschend in sich auf, Herkunft und Kindheit, all das Lernen, all das Suchen, alle Freude, alle Not. Dies war unter des Fährmanns Tugenden eine der größten: er verstand wie wenige das Zuhören. Ohne daß er ein Wort gesprochen hätte, empfand der Sprechende, wie Vasudeva seine Worte in sich einließ, still, offen, wartend, wie er keines verlor, keines mit Ungeduld erwartete, nicht Lob noch Tadel daneben stellte, nur zuhörte. Siddhartha empfand, welches Glück es ist, einem solchen Zuhörer sich zu bekennen, in sein Herz das eigene Leben zu versenken, das eigene Suchen, das eigene Leiden.

Gegen das Ende von Siddharthas Erzählung aber, als er von dem Baum am Flusse sprach, und von seinem tiefen Fall, vom heiligen Om, und wie er nach seinem Schlummer eine solche Liebe zu dem Flusse gefühlt hatte, da lauschte der Fährmann mit verdoppelter Aufmerksamkeit, ganz und völlig hingegeben, mit geschloßnem Auge.

Als aber Siddhartha schwieg, und eine lange Stille gewesen war, da sagte Vasudeva: "Es ist so, wie ich dachte. Der Fluß hat zu dir gesprochen. Auch dir ist er Freund, auch zu dir spricht er. Das ist gut, das ist sehr gut. Bleibe bei mir, Siddhartha, mein Freund. Ich hatte einst eine Frau, ihr Lager war neben dem meinen, doch ist sie schon lange gestorben, lange habe ich allein gelebt. Lebe nun du mit mir, es ist Raum und Essen für beide vorhanden."

"Ich danke dir," sagte Siddhartha, "ich danke dir und nehme an. Und auch dafür danke ich dir, Vasudeva, daß du mir so gut zugehört hast! Selten sind die Menschen, welche das Zuhören verstehen. Und keinen traf ich, der es verstand wie du. Auch hierin werde ich von dir lernen."

"Du wirst es lernen," sprach Vasudeva, "aber nicht von mir. Das Zuhören hat mich der Fluß gelehrt, von ihm wirst auch du es lernen. Er weiß alles, der Fluß, alles kann man von ihm lernen. Sieh, auch das hast du schon vom Wasser gelernt, daß es gut ist, nach unten zu streben, zu sinken, die Tiefe zu suchen. Der reiche und vornehme Siddhartha wird ein Ruderknecht, der gelehrte Brahmane Siddhartha wird ein Fährmann: auch dies ist dir vom Fluß gesagt worden. Du wirst auch das andere von ihm lernen."

Sprach Siddhartha, nach einer langen Pause: "Welches andere, Vasudeva?"

Vasudeva erhob sich. "Spät ist es geworden," sagte er, "laß uns schlafen gehen. Ich kann dir das andere nicht sagen, o Freund. Du wirst es lernen, vielleicht auch weißt du es schon. Sieh, ich bin kein Gelehrter, ich verstehe nicht zu sprechen, ich verstehe auch nicht zu denken. Ich verstehe nur zuzuhören und fromm zu sein, sonst habe ich nichts gelernt. Könnte ich es sagen und lehren, so wäre ich vielleicht ein Weiser, so aber bin ich nur ein Fährmann, und meine Aufgabe ist es, Menschen über diesen Fluß zu setzen.

Viele habe ich übergesetzt, Tausende, und ihnen allen ist mein Fluß nichts anderes gewesen als ein Hindernis auf ihren Reisen. Sie reisten nach Geld und Geschäften, und zu Hochzeiten, und zu Wallfahrten, und der Fluß war ihnen im Wege, und der Fährmann war dazu da, sie schnell über das Hindernis hinweg zubringen. Einige unter den Tausenden aber, einige wenige, vier oder fünf, denen hat der Fluß aufgehört, ein Hindernis zu sein, sie haben seine Stimme gehört, sie haben ihm zugehört, und der Fluß ist ihnen heilig geworden, wie er es mir geworden ist. Laß uns nun zur Ruhe gehen, Siddhartha."

Siddhartha blieb bei dem Fährmann und lernte das Boot bedienen, und wenn nichts an der Fähre zu tun war, arbeitete er mit Vasudeva im Reisfelde, sammelte Holz, pflückte die Früchte der Pisangbäume. Er lernte ein Ruder zimmern, und lernte das Boot ausbessern, und Körbe flechten, und war fröhlich über alles, was er lernte, und die Tage und Monate liefen schnell hinweg. Mehr aber, als Vasudeva ihn lehren konnte, lehrte ihn der Fluß. Von ihm lernte er unaufhörlich. Vor allem lernte er von ihm das Zuhören, das Lauschen mit stillem Herzen, mit wartender, geöffneter Seele, ohne Leidenschaft, ohne Wunsch, ohne Urteil, ohne Meinung.

Freundlich lebte er neben Vasudeva, und zuweilen tauschten sie Worte miteinander, wenige und lang bedachte Worte. Vasudeva war kein Freund der Worte, selten gelang es Siddhartha, ihn zum Sprechen zu bewegen.

"Hast du," so fragte er ihn einst, "hast auch du vom Flusse jenes Geheime gelernt: daß es keine Zeit gibt?"

Vasudevas Gesicht überzog sich mit hellem Lächeln.

"Ja, Siddhartha," sprach er. "Es ist doch dieses, was du meinst: daß der Fluß überall zugleich ist, am Ursprung und an der Mündung, am Wasserfall, an der Fähre, an der Stromschnelle, im Meer, im Gebirge, überall, zugleich, und daß es für ihn nur Gegenwart gibt, nicht den Schatten Vergangenheit, nicht den Schatten Zukunft?"

"Dies ist es," sagte Siddhartha. "Und als ich es gelernt hatte, da sah ich mein Leben an, und es war auch ein Fluß, und es war der Knabe Siddhartha vom Manne Siddhartha und vom Greis Siddhartha nur durch Schatten getrennt, nicht durch Wirkliches. Es waren auch Siddharthas frühere Geburten keine Vergangenheit, und sein Tod und seine Rückkehr zu Brahma keine Zukunft. Nichts war, nichts wird sein; alles ist, alles hat Wesen und Gegenwart."

Siddhartha sprach mit Entzücken, tief hatte diese Erleuchtung ihn beglückt. O, war denn nicht alles Leiden Zeit, war nicht alles Sichquälen und Sichfürchten Zeit, war nicht alles Schwere, alles Feindliche in der Welt weg und überwunden, sobald man die Zeit überwunden hatte, sobald man die Zeit wegdenken konnte? Entzückt hatte er gesprochen, Vasudeva aber lächelte ihn strahlend an und nickte Bestätigung, schweigend nickte er, strich mit der Hand über Siddharthas Schulter, wandte sich zu seiner Arbeit zurück.

Und wieder einmal, als eben der Fluß in der Regenzeit geschwollen war und mächtig rauschte, da sagte Siddhartha: "Nicht wahr, o Freund, der Fluß hat viele Stimmen, sehr viele Stimmen? Hat er nicht die Stimme eines Königs, und eines Kriegers, und eines Stieres, und eines Nachtvogels, und einer Gebärenden, und eines Seufzenden, und noch tausend andere Stimmen?"

"Es ist so," nickte Vasudeva, "alle Stimmen der Geschöpfe sind in seiner Stimme."

"Und weißt du," fuhr Siddhartha fort, "welches Wort er spricht, wenn es dir gelingt, alle seine zehntausend Stimmen zugleich zu hören?"

Glücklich lachte Vasudevas Gesicht, er neigte sich gegen Siddhartha und sprach ihm das heilige Om ins Ohr. Und eben dies war es, was auch Siddhartha gehört hatte.

Und von Mal zu Mal ward sein Lächeln dem des Fährmanns ähnlicher, ward beinahe ebenso strahlend, beinahe ebenso von Glück durchglänzt, ebenso aus tausend kleinen Falten leuchtend, ebenso kindlich, ebenso greisenhaft. Viele Reisende, wenn sie die beiden Fährmänner sahen, hielten sie für Brüder. Oft saßen sie am Abend gemeinsam beim Ufer auf dem Baumstamm, schwiegen und hörten beide dem Wasser zu, welches für sie kein Wasser war, sondern die Stimme des Lebens, die Stimme des Seienden, des ewig Werdenden. Und es geschah zuweilen, daß beide beim Anhören des Flusses an dieselben Dinge dachten, an ein Gespräch von vorgestern, an einen ihrer Reisenden, dessen Gesicht und Schicksal sie beschäftigte, an den Tod, an ihre Kindheit, und daß sie beide im selben Augenblick, wenn der Fluß ihnen etwas Gutes gesagt hatte, einander anblickten, beide genau dasselbe denkend, beide beglückt über dieselbe Antwort auf dieselbe Frage.

Es ging von der Fähre und von den beiden Fährleuten etwas aus, das manche von den Reisenden spürten. Es geschah zuweilen, daß ein Reisender, nachdem er in das Gesicht eines der Fährmänner geblickt hatte, sein Leben zu erzählen begann, Leid erzählte,

Böses bekannte, Trost und Rat erbat. Es geschah zuweilen, daß einer um Erlaubnis bat, einen Abend bei ihnen zu verweilen, um dem Flusse zuzuhören. Es geschah auch, daß Neugierige kamen, welchen erzählt worden war, an dieser Fähre lebten zwei Weise, oder Zauberer, oder Heilige. Die Neugierigen stellten viele Fragen, aber sie bekamen keine Antworten, und sie fanden weder Zauberer noch Weise, sie fanden nur zwei alte freundliche Männlein, welche stumm zu sein und etwas sonderbar und verblödet' schienen. Und die Neugierigen lachten, und unterhielten sich darüber, wie töricht und leichtgläubig doch das Volk solche leere Gerüchte verbreite.

Die Jahre gingen hin und keiner zählte sie. Da kamen einst Mönche gepilgert, Anhänger des Gotama, des Buddha, welche baten, sie über den Fluß zu setzen, und von ihnen erfuhren die Fährmänner, daß sie eiligst zu ihrem großen Lehrer zurück wanderten, denn es habe sich die Nachricht verbreitet, der Erhabene sei todkrank und werde bald seinen letzten Menschentod sterben, um zur Erlösung einzugehen. Nicht lange, so kam eine neue Schar Mönche gepilgert, und wieder eine, und sowohl die Mönche wie die meisten der übrigen Reisenden und Wanderer sprachen von nichts anderem als von Gotama und seinem nahen Tode. Und wie zu einem Kriegszug oder zur Krönung eines Königs von überall und allen Seiten her die Menschen strömen und sich gleich Ameisen in Scharen sammeln, so strömten sie, wie von einem Zauber gezogen, dahin, wo der große Buddha seinen Tod erwartete, wo das Ungeheure geschehen und der große Vollendete eines Weltalters zur Herrlichkeit eingehen sollte.

Viel gedachte Siddhartha in dieser Zeit des sterbenden Weisen, des großen Lehrers, dessen Stimme Völker ermahnt und Hunderttausende erweckt hatte, dessen Stimme auch er einst vernommen, dessen heiliges Antlitz auch er einst mit Ehrfurcht geschaut hatte. Freundlich gedachte er seiner, sah seinen Weg der Vollendung vor Augen, und erinnerte sich mit Lächeln der Worte, welche er einst als junger Mann an ihn, den Erhabenen, gerichtet hatte. Es waren, so schien ihm, stolze und altkluge Worte gewesen, lächelnd erinnerte er sich ihrer. Längst wußte er sich nicht mehr von Gotama getrennt, dessen Lehre er doch nicht hatte annehmen können. Nein, keine Lehre konnte ein wahrhaft Suchender annehmen, einer, der wahrhaft finden wollte. Der aber, der gefunden hat, der konnte jede, jede Lehre gutheißen, jeden Weg, jedes Ziel, ihn trennte nichts mehr von all den tausend anderen, welche im Ewigen lebten, welche das Göttliche atmeten.

An einem dieser Tage, da so viele zum sterbenden Buddha pilgerten, pilgerte zu ihm auch Kamala, einst die schönste der Kurtisanen. Längst hatte sie sich aus ihrem vorigen Leben zurückgezogen, hatte ihren Garten den Mönchen Gotamas geschenkt, hatte ihre Zuflucht zur Lehre genommen, gehörte zu den Freundinnen und Wohltäterinnen der Pilgernden. Zusammen mit dem Knaben Siddhartha, ihrem Sohne, hatte sie auf die Nachricht vom nahen Tode Gotamas hin sich auf den Weg gemacht, in einfachem Kleide, zu Fuß. Mit ihrem Söhnlein war sie am Flusse unterwegs; der Knabe aber war bald ermüdet, begehrte nach Hause zurück, begehrte zu rasten, begehrte zu essen, wurde trotzig und weinerlich.

Kamala mußte häufig mit ihm rasten, er war gewohnt, seinen Willen gegen sie zu behaupten, sie mußte ihn füttern, mußte ihn trösten, mußte ihn schelten. Er begriff nicht, warum er mit seiner Mutter diese mühsame und traurige Pilgerschaft habe antreten müssen, an einen unbekannten Ort, zu einem fremden Manne, welcher heilig war und welcher im Sterben lag. Mochte er sterben, was ging dies den Knaben an?

Die Pilgernden waren nicht mehr ferne von Vasudevas Fähre, als der kleine Siddhartha abermals seine Mutter zu einer Rast nötigte. Auch sie selbst, Kamala, war ermüdet, und während der Knabe an einer Banane kaute, kauerte sie sich am Boden nieder, schloß ein wenig die Augen und ruhte. Plötzlich aber stieß sie einen klagenden Schrei aus, der Knabe sah sie erschrocken an und sah ihr Gesicht von Entsetzen gebleicht, und unter ihrem Kleide hervor entwich eine kleine schwarze Schlange, von welcher Kamala gebissen war.

Eilig liefen sie nun beide des Weges, um zu Menschen zu kommen, und kamen bis in die Nähe der Fähre, dort sank Kamala zusammen, und vermochte nicht weiter zu gehen. Der Knabe aber erhob ein klägliches Geschrei, dazwischen küßte und umhalste er seine Mutter, und auch sie stimmte in seine lauten Hilferufe ein, bis die Töne Vasudevas Ohr erreichten, der bei der Fähre stand. Schnell kam er gegangen, nahm die Frau auf die Arme, trug sie ins Boot, der Knabe lief mit, und bald kamen sie alle in der Hütte an, wo Siddhartha am Herde stand und eben Feuer machte. Er blickte auf und sah zuerst das Gesicht des Knaben, das ihn wunderlich erinnerte, an Vergessenes mahnte. Dann sah er Kamala, die er alsbald erkannte, obwohl sie besinnungslos im Arm des Fährmanns lag, und nun wußte er, daß es sein eigner Sohn sei, dessen Gesicht ihn so sehr gemahnt hatte, und das Herz bewegte sich in seiner Brust.

Kamalas Wunde wurde gewaschen, war aber schon schwarz und ihr Leib angeschwollen, ein Heiltrank wurde ihr eingeflößt. Ihr Bewußtsein kehrte zurück, sie lag auf Siddharthas Lager in der Hütte, Und über sie gebeugt stand Siddhartha, der sie einst so sehr

geliebt hatte. Es schien ihr ein Traum zu sein, lächelnd blickte sie in ihres Freundes Gesicht, nur langsam erkannte sie ihre Lage, erinnerte sich des Bisses, rief ängstlich nach dem Knaben.

"Er ist bei dir, sei ohne Sorge," sagte Siddhartha.

Kamala blickte in seine Augen. Sie sprach mit schwerer Zunge, vom Gift gelähmt. "Du bist alt geworden, Lieber," sagte sie, "grau bist du geworden. Aber du gleichst dem jungen Samana, der einst ohne Kleider mit staubigen Füßen zu mir in den Garten kam. Du gleichst ihm viel mehr, als du ihm damals glichest, da du mich und Kamaswami verlassen hast. In den Augen gleichst du ihm, Siddhartha. Ach, auch ich bin alt geworden, alt--kanntest du mich denn noch?"

Siddhartha lächelte: "Sogleich kannte ich dich, Kamala, Liebe."

Kamala deutete auf ihren Knaben und sagte: "Kanntest du auch ihn? Er ist dein Sohn."

Ihre Augen wurden irr und fielen zu. Der Knabe weinte, Siddhartha nahm ihn auf seine Knie, ließ ihn weinen, streichelte sein Haar, und beim Anblick des Kindergesichtes fiel ein brahmanisches Gebet ihm ein, das er einst gelernt hatte, als er selbst ein kleiner Knabe war. Langsam, mit singender Stimme, begann er es zu sprechen, aus der Vergangenheit und Kindheit her kamen ihm die Worte geflossen. Und unter seinem Singsang wurde der Knabe ruhig, schluchzte noch hin und wieder auf und schlief ein. Siddhartha legte ihn auf Vasudevas Lager. Vasudeva stand am Herd und kochte Reis. Siddhartha warf ihm einen Blick zu, den er lächelnd erwiderte.

"Sie wird sterben," sagte Siddhartha leise.

Vasudeva nickte, über sein freundliches Gesicht lief der Feuerschein vom Herde.

Nochmals erwachte Kamala zum Bewußtsein. Schmerz verzog ihr Gesicht, Siddharthas Auge las das Leiden auf ihrem Munde, auf ihren erblaßten Wangen. Stille las er es, aufmerksam, wartend, in ihr Leiden versenkt. Kamala fühlte es, ihr Blick suchte sein Auge.

Ihn anblickend, sagte sie: "Nun sehe ich, daß auch deine Augen sich verändert haben. Ganz anders sind sie geworden. Woran doch erkenne ich noch, daß du Siddhartha bist? Du bist es, und bist es nicht."

Siddhartha sprach nicht, still blickten seine Augen in die ihren.

"Du hast es erreicht?" fragte sie. "Du hast Friede gefunden?"

Er lächelte, und legte seine Hand auf ihre.

"Ich sehe es," sagte sie, "ich sehe es. Auch ich werde Friede finden."

"Du hast ihn gefunden," sprach Siddhartha flüsternd.

Kamala blickte ihm unverwandt in die Augen. Sie dachte daran, daß sie zu Gotama hatte pilgern wollen, um das Gesicht eines Vollendeten zu sehen, um seinen Frieden zu atmen, und daß sie statt seiner nun ihn gefunden, und daß es gut war, ebenso gut, als wenn sie jenen gesehen hätte. Sie wollte es ihm sagen, aber die Zunge gehorchte ihrem Willen nicht mehr. Schweigend sah sie ihn an, und er sah in ihren Augen das Leben erlöschen. Als der letzte Schmerz ihr Auge erfüllte und brach, als der letzte Schauder über ihre Glieder lief, schloß sein Finger ihre Lider.

Lange saß er und blickte auf ihr entschlafenes Gesicht. Lange betrachtete er ihren Mund, ihren alten, müden Mund mit den schmal gewordenen Lippen, und erinnerte sich, daß er einst, im Frühling seiner Jahre, diesen Mund einer frisch aufgebrochenen Feige verglichen hatte. Lange saß er, las in dem bleichen Gesicht, in den müden Falten, füllte sich mit dem Anblick, sah sein eigenes Gesicht ebenso liegen, ebenso weiß, ebenso erloschen, und sah zugleich sein Gesicht und das ihre jung, mit den roten Lippen, mit dem brennenden Auge, und das Gefühl der Gegenwart und Gleichzeitigkeit durchdrang ihn völlig, das Gefühl der Ewigkeit. Tief empfand er, tiefer als jemals, in dieser Stunde die Unzerstörbarkeit jedes Lebens, die Ewigkeit jedes Augenblicks.

Da er sich erhob, hatte Vasudeva Reis für ihn bereitet. Doch aß Siddhartha nicht. Im Stall, wo ihre Ziege stand, machten sich die beiden Alten eine Streu zurecht, und Vasudeva legte sich schlafen. Siddhartha aber ging hinaus und saß die Nacht vor der Hütte, dem Flusse lauschend, von Vergangenheit umspült, von allen Zeiten seines Lebens zugleich berührt und umfangen. Zuweilen aber erhob er sich, trat an die Hüttentür und lauschte, ob der Knabe schlafe.

Früh am Morgen, noch ehe die Sonne sichtbar ward, kam Vasudeva aus dem Stalle und trat zu seinem Freunde.

"Du hast nicht geschlafen," sagte er.

"Nein, Vasudeva. Ich saß hier, ich hörte dem Flusse zu. Viel hat er mir gesagt, tief hat er mich mit dem heilsamen Gedanken erfüllt, mit dem Gedanken der Einheit."

"Du hast Leid erfahren, Siddhartha, doch ich sehe, es ist keine Traurigkeit in dein Herz gekommen."

"Nein, Lieber, wie sollte ich denn traurig sein? Ich, der ich reich und glücklich war, bin jetzt noch reicher und glücklicher geworden. Mein Sohn ist mir geschenkt worden."

"Willkommen sei dein Sohn auch mir. Nun aber, Siddhartha, laß uns an die Arbeit gehen, viel ist zu tun. Auf demselben Lager ist Kamala gestorben, auf welchem einst mein Weib gestorben ist. Auf demselben Hügel auch wollen wir Kamalas Scheiterhaufen bauen, auf welchem ich einst meines Weibes Scheiterhaufen gebaut habe."

Während der Knabe noch schlief, bauten sie den Scheiterhaufen.

DER SOHN

Scheu und weinend hatte der Knabe der Bestattung seiner Mutter beigewohnt, finster und scheu hatte er Siddhartha angehört, der ihn als seinen Sohn begrüßte und ihn bei sich in Vasudevas Hütte willkommen hieß. Bleich saß er tagelang am Hügel der Toten, mochte nicht essen, verschloß seinen Blick, verschloß sein Herz, wehrte und sträubte sich gegen das Schicksal.

Siddhartha schonte ihn und ließ ihn gewähren, er ehrte seine Trauer. Siddhartha verstand, daß sein Sohn ihn nicht kenne, daß er ihn nicht lieben könne wie einen Vater. Langsam sah und verstand er auch, daß der Elfjährige ein verwöhnter Knabe war, ein Mutterkind, und in Gewohnheiten des Reichtums aufgewachsen, gewohnt an feinere Speisen, an ein weiches Bett, gewohnt, Dienern zu befehlen. Siddhartha verstand, daß der Trauernde und Verwöhnte nicht plötzlich und gutwillig in der Fremde und Armut sich zufrieden geben könne. Er zwang ihn nicht, er tat manche Arbeit für ihn, suchte stets den besten Bissen für ihn aus. Langsam hoffte er ihn zu gewinnen, durch freundliche Geduld.

Reich und glücklich hatte er sich genannt, als der Knabe zu ihm gekommen war. Da indessen die Zeit hinfloß, und der Knabe fremd und finster blieb, da er ein stolzes und trotziges Herz zeigte, keine Arbeit tun wollte, den Alten keine Ehrfurcht erwies, Vasudevas Fruchtbäume beraubte, da begann Siddhartha zu verstehen, daß mit seinem Sohne nicht Glück und Friede zu ihm gekommen war, sondern Leid und Sorge. Aber er liebte ihn, und lieber war ihm Leid und Sorge der Liebe, als ihm Glück und Freude ohne den Knaben gewesen war. Seit der junge Siddhartha in der Hütte war, hatten die Alten sich in die Arbeit geteilt. Vasudeva hatte das Amt des Fährmanns wieder allein übernommen, und Siddhartha, um bei dem Sohne zu sein, die Arbeit in Hütte und Feld.

Lange Zeit, lange Monate wartete Siddhartha darauf, daß sein Sohn ihn verstehe, daß er seine Liebe annehme, daß er sie vielleicht erwidere. Lange Monate wartete Vasudeva, zusehend, wartete und schwieg. Eines Tages, als Siddhartha der Junge seinen Vater wieder sehr mit Trotz und Launen gequält und ihm beide Reisschüsseln zerbrochen hatte, nahm Vasudeva seinen Freund am Abend beiseite und sprach mit ihm.

"Entschuldige mich," sagte er, "aus freundlichem Herzen rede ich zu dir. Ich sehe, daß du dich quälst, ich sehe, daß du Kummer hast. Dein Sohn, Lieber, macht dir Sorge, und auch mir macht er Sorge. An ein anderes Leben, an ein anderes Nest ist der junge Vogel gewöhnt. Nicht wie du ist er dem Reichtum und der Stadt entlaufen aus Ekel und Überdruß, er hat wider seinen Willen dies alles dahinten lassen müssen. Ich fragte den Fluß, o Freund, vielemale habe ich ihn gefragt. Der Fluß aber lacht, er lacht mich aus, mich und dich lacht er aus, und schüttelt sich über unser Torheit. Wasser will zu Wasser, Jugend will zu Jugend, dein Sohn ist nicht an dem Orte, wo er gedeihen kann. Frage auch du den Fluß, höre auch du auf ihn!"

Bekümmert blickte Siddhartha ihm in das freundliche Gesicht, in dessen vielen Runzeln beständige Heiterkeit wohnte.

"Kann ich mich denn von ihm trennen?" sagte er leise, beschämt. "Laß mir noch Zeit, Lieber! Sieh, ich kämpfe um ihn, ich werbe um sein Herz, mit Liebe und mit freundlicher Geduld will ich es fangen. Auch zu ihm soll einst der Fluß reden, auch er ist berufen."

Vasudevas Lächeln blühte wärmer. "O ja, auch er ist berufen, auch er ist vom ewigen Leben. Aber wissen wir denn, du und ich, wozu er berufen ist, zu welchem Wege, zu welchen Taten, zu welchen Leiden? Nicht klein wird sein Leiden sein, stolz und hart ist ja sein Herz, viel müssen solche leiden, viel irren, viel Unrecht tun, sich viel Sünde aufladen. Sage mir, mein Lieber: du erziehst

deinen Sohn nicht? Du zwingst ihn nicht? Schlägst ihn nicht? Strafst ihn nicht?"

"Nein, Vasudeva, das tue ich alles nicht."

"Ich wußte es. Du zwingst ihn nicht, schlägst ihn nicht, befiehlst ihm nicht, weil du weißt, daß Weich stärker ist als Hart, Wasser stärker als Fels, Liebe stärker als Gewalt. Sehr gut, ich lobe dich. Aber ist es nicht ein Irrtum von dir, zu meinen, daß du ihn nicht zwingest, nicht strafest? Bindest du ihn nicht in Bande mit deiner Liebe? Beschämst du ihn nicht täglich, und machst es ihm noch schwerer, mit deiner Güte und Geduld? Zwingst du ihn nicht, den hochmütigen und verwöhnten Knaben, in einer Hütte bei zwei alten Bananenessern zu leben, welchen schon Reis ein Leckerbissen ist, deren Gedanken nicht seine sein können, deren Herz alt und still ist und anderen Gang hat als das seine? Ist er mit alledem nicht gezwungen, nicht gestraft?"

Betroffen blickte Siddhartha zur Erde. Leise fragte er: "Was, meinst du, soll ich tun?"

Sprach Vasudeva: "Bring ihn zur Stadt, bringe ihn in seiner Mutter Haus, es werden noch Diener dort sein, denen gib ihn. Und wenn keine mehr da sind, so bringe ihn einem Lehrer, nicht der Lehre wegen, aber daß er zu anderen Knaben komme, und zu Mädchen, und in die Welt, welche die seine ist. Hast du daran nie gedacht?"

"Du siehst in mein Herz," sprach Siddhartha traurig. "Oft habe ich daran gedacht. Aber sieh, wie soll ich ihn, der ohnehin kein sanftes Herz hat, in diese Welt geben? Wird er nicht üppig werden, wird er nicht sich an Lust und Macht verlieren, wird er nicht alle Irrtümer seines Vaters wiederholen, wird er nicht vielleicht ganz und gar in Sansara verloren gehen?"

Hell strahlte des Fährmanns Lächeln auf; er berührte zart Siddharthas Arm und sagte: "Frage den Fluß darüber, Freund! Höre ihn darüber lachen! Glaubst du denn wirklich, daß du deine Torheiten begangen habest, um sie dem Sohn zu ersparen? Und kannst du denn deinen Sohn vor Sansara schützen? Wie denn? Durch Lehre, durch Gebet, durch Ermahnung? Lieber, hast du jene Geschichte denn ganz vergessen, jene lehrreiche Geschichte vom Brahmanensohn Siddhartha, die du mir einst hier an dieser Stelle erzählt hast? Wer hat den Samana Siddhartha vor Sansara bewahrt, vor Sünde, vor Habsucht, vor Torheit? Hat seines Vaters Frömmigkeit, seiner Lehrer Ermahnung, hat sein eigenes Wissen, sein eigenes Suchen ihn bewahren können? Welcher Vater, welcher Lehrer hat ihn davor schützen können, selbst das Leben zu leben, selbst sich mit dem Leben zu beschmutzen, selbst Schuld auf sich zu laden, selbst den bitteren Trank zu trinken, selber seinen Weg zu finden?

Glaubst du denn, Lieber, dieser Weg bleibe irgend jemandem vielleicht erspart? Vielleicht deinem Söhnchen, weil du es liebst, weil du ihm gern Leid und Schmerz und Enttäuschung ersparen möchtest? Aber auch wenn du zehnmal für ihn stürbest, würdest du ihm nicht den kleinsten Teil seines Schicksals damit abnehmen können."

Noch niemals hatte Vasudeva so viele Worte gesprochen. Freundlich dankte ihm Siddhartha, ging bekümmert in die Hütte, fand lange keinen Schlaf. Vasudeva hatte ihm nichts gesagt, das er nicht selbst schon gedacht und gewußt hätte. Aber es war ein Wissen, das er nicht tun konnte, stärker als das Wissen war seine Liebe zu dem Knaben, stärker seine Zärtlichkeit, seine Angst, ihn zu verlieren. Hatte er denn jemals an irgend etwas so sehr sein Herz verloren, hatte er je irgendeinen Menschen so geliebt, so blind, so leidend, so erfolglos, und doch so glücklich?

Siddhartha konnte seines Freundes Rat nicht befolgen, er konnte den Sohn nicht hergeben. Er ließ sich von dem Knaben befehlen, er ließ sich von ihm mißachten. Er schwieg und wartete, begann täglich den stummen Kampf der Freundlichkeit, den lautlosen Krieg der Geduld. Auch Vasudeva schwieg und wartete, freundlich, wissend, langmütig. In der Geduld waren sie beide Meister.

Einst, als des Knaben Gesicht ihn sehr an Kamala erinnerte, mußte Siddhartha plötzlich eines Wortes gedenken, das Kamala vor Zeiten, in den Tagen der Jugend, einmal zu ihm gesagt hatte. "Du kannst nicht lieben," hatte sie ihm gesagt, und er hatte ihr Recht gegeben und hatte sich mit einem Stern, die Kindermenschen aber mit fallendem Laub verglichen, und dennoch hatte er in jenem Wort auch einen Vorwurf gespürt. In der Tat hatte er niemals sich an einen anderen Menschen ganz verlieren und hingeben können, sich selbst vergessen, Torheiten der Liebe eines anderen wegen begehen; nie hatte er das gekonnt, und dies war, wie ihm damals schien, der große Unterschied gewesen, der ihn von den Kindermenschen trennte. Nun aber, seit sein Sohn da war, nun war auch er, Siddhartha, vollends ein Kindermensch geworden, eines Menschen wegen leidend, einen Menschen liebend, an eine Liebe verloren, einer Liebe wegen ein Tor geworden. Nun fühlte auch er, spät, einmal im Leben diese stärkste und seltsamste Leidenschaft, litt an ihr, litt kläglich, und war doch beseligt, war doch um etwas erneuert, um etwas reicher.

Wohl spürte er, daß diese Liebe, diese blinde Liebe zu seinem Sohn eine Leidenschaft, etwas sehr Menschliches, daß sie Sansara sei, eine trübe Quelle, ein dunkles Wasser. Dennoch, so fühlte er gleichzeitig, war sie nicht wertlos, war sie notwendig, kam aus

seinem eigenen Wesen. Auch diese Lust wollte gebüßt, auch diese Schmerzen wollten gekostet sein, auch diese Torheiten begangen.

Der Sohn indessen ließ ihn seine Torheiten begehen, ließ ihn werben, ließ ihn täglich sich vor seinen Launen demütigen. Dieser Vater hatte nichts, was ihn entzückt, und nichts, was er gefürchtet hätte. Er war ein guter Mann, dieser Vater, ein guter, gütiger, sanfter Mann, vielleicht ein sehr frommer Mann, vielleicht ein Heiliger--dies alles waren nicht Eigenschaften, welche den Knaben gewinnen konnten. Langweilig war ihm dieser Vater, der ihn da in seiner elenden Hütte gefangen hielt, langweilig war er ihm, und daß er jede Unart mit Lächeln, jeden Schimpf mit Freundlichkeit, jede Bosheit mit Güte beantwortete, das eben war die verhaßteste List dieses alten Schleichers. Viel lieber wäre der Knabe von ihm bedroht, von ihm mißhandelt worden.

Es kam ein Tag, an welchem des jungen Siddhartha Sinn zum Ausbruch kam und sich offen gegen seinen Vater wandte. Der hatte ihm einen Auftrag erteilt, er hatte ihn Reisig sammeln geheißen. Der Knabe ging aber nicht aus der Hütte, er blieb trotzig und wütend stehen, stampfte den Boden, ballte die Fäuste, und schrie in gewaltigem Ausbruch seinem Vater Haß und Verachtung ins Gesicht.

"Hole du selber dein Reisig!" rief er schäumend, "ich bin nicht dein Knecht. Ich weiß ja, daß du mich nicht schlägst, du wagst es ja nicht; ich weiß ja, daß du mich mit deiner Frömmigkeit und deiner Nachsicht beständig strafen und klein machen willst. Du willst, daß ich werden soll wie du, auch so fromm, auch so sanft, auch so weise! Ich aber, höre, ich will, dir zu Leide, lieber ein Straßenräuber und Mörder werden und zur Hölle fahren, als so werden wie du! Ich hasse dich, du bist nicht mein Vater, und wenn du zehnmal meiner Mutter Buhle gewesen bist!"

Zorn und Gram liefen in ihm über, schäumten in hundert wüsten und bösen Worten dem Vater entgegen. Dann lief der Knabe davon und kam erst spät am Abend wieder.

Am andern Morgen aber war er verschwunden. Verschwunden war auch ein kleiner, aus zweifarbigem Bast geflochtener Korb, in welchem die Fährleute jene Kupfer- und Silbermünzen aufbewahrten, welche sie als Fährlohn erhielten. Verschwunden war auch das Boot, Siddhartha sah es am jenseitigen Ufer liegen. Der Knabe war entlaufen.

"Ich muß ihm folgen," sagte Siddhartha, der seit jenen gestrigen Schimpfreden des Knaben vor Jammer zitterte. "Ein Kind kann nicht allein durch den Wald gehen. Er wird umkommen. Wir müssen ein Floß bauen, Vasudeva, um übers Wasser zu kommen."

"Wir werden ein Floß bauen," sagte Vasudeva, "um unser Boot wieder zu holen, das der Junge entführt hat. Ihn aber solltest du laufen lassen, Freund, er ist kein Kind mehr, er weiß sich zu helfen. Er sucht den Weg nach der Stadt, und er hat Recht, vergiß das nicht. Er tut das, was du selbst zu tun versäumt hast. Er sorgt für sich, er geht seine Bahn. Ach, Siddhartha, ich sehe dich leiden, aber du leidest Schmerzen, über die man lachen möchte, über die du selbst bald lachen wirst."

Siddhartha antwortete nicht. Er hielt schon das Beil in Händen, und begann ein Floß aus Bambus zu machen, und Vasudeva half ihm, die Stämme mit Grasseilen zuzammen zu binden. Dann fuhren sie hinüber, wurden weit abgetrieben, zogen das Floß am jenseitigen Ufer flußauf.

"Warum hast du das Beil mitgenommen?" fragte Siddhartha.

Vasudeva sagte: "Es könnte sein, daß das Ruder unsres Bootes verloren gegangen wäre."

Siddhartha aber wußte, was sein Freund dachte. Er dachte, der Knabe werde das Ruder weggeworfen oder zerbrochen haben, um sich zu rächen und um sie an der Verfolgung zu hindern. Und wirklich war kein Ruder mehr im Boote. Vasudeva wies auf den Boden des Bootes, und sah den Freund mit Lächeln an, als wollte er sagen; "Siehst du nicht, was dein Sohn dir sagen will? Siehst du nicht, daß er nicht verfolgt sein will?" Doch sagte er dies nicht mit Worten. Er machte sich daran, ein neues Ruder zu zimmern. Siddhartha aber nahm Abschied, um nach dem Entflohenen zu suchen. Vasudeva hinderte ihn nicht.

Als Siddhartha schon lange im Walde unterwegs war, kam ihm der Gedanke, daß sein Suchen nutzlos sei. Entweder, so dachte er, war der Knabe längst voraus und schon in der Stadt angelangt, oder, wenn er noch unterwegs sein sollte, würde er vor ihm, dem Verfolgenden, sich verborgen halten. Da er weiter dachte, fand er auch, daß er selbst nicht in Sorge um seinen Sohn war, daß er im Innersten wußte, er sei weder umgekommen, noch drohe ihm im Walde Gefahr. Dennoch lief er ohne Rast, nicht mehr, um ihn zu retten, nur aus Verlangen, nur um ihn vielleicht nochmals zu sehen. Und er lief bis vor die Stadt.

Als er nahe bei der Stadt auf die breite Straße gelangte, blieb er stehen, am Eingang des schönen Lustgartens, der einst Kamala gehört hatte, wo er sie einst, in der Sänfte, zum erstenmal gesehen hatte. Das Damalige stand in seiner Seele auf, wieder sah er sich dort stehen, jung, ein bärtiger nackter Samana, das Haar voll Staub. Lange stand Siddhartha und blickte durch das offne Tor in den Garten, Mönche in gelben Kutten sah er unter den schönen Bäumen gehen.

Lange stand er, nachdenkend, Bilder sehend, der Geschichte seines Lebens lauschend. Lange stand er, blickte nach den Mönchen, sah statt ihrer den jungen Siddhartha, sah die junge Kamala unter den hohen Bäumen gehen. Deutlich sah er sich, wie er von Kamala bewirtet ward, wie er ihren ersten Kuß empfing, wie er stolz und verächtlich auf sein Brahmanentum zurückblickte, stolz und verlangend sein Weltleben begann. Er sah Kamaswami, sah die Diener, die Gelage, die Würfelspieler, die Musikanten, sah Kamalas Singvogel im Käfig, lebte dies alles nochmals, atmete Sansara, war nochmals alt und müde, fühlte nochmals den Ekel, fühlte nochmals den Wunsch, sich auszulöschen, genas nochmals am heiligen Om.

Nachdem er lange beim Tor des Gartens gestanden war, sah Siddhartha ein, daß das Verlangen töricht war, das ihn bis zu dieser Stätte getrieben hatte, daß er seinem Sohne nicht helfen konnte, daß er sich nicht an ihn hängen durfte. Tief fühlte er die Liebe zu dem Entflohenen im Herzen, wie eine Wunde, und fühlte zugleich, daß ihm die Wunde nicht gegeben war, um in ihr zu wühlen, daß sie zur Blüte werden und strahlen müsse.

Daß die Wunde zu dieser Stunde noch nicht blühte, noch nicht strahlte, machte ihn traurig. An der Stelle des Wunschzieles, das ihn hierher und dem entflohenen Sohne nachgezogen hatte, stand nun Leere. Traurig setzte er sich nieder, fühlte etwas in seinem Herzen sterben, empfand Leere, sah keine Freude mehr, kein Ziel. Er saß versunken, und wartete. Dies hatte er am Flusse gelernt, dies eine: warten, Geduld haben, lauschen. Und er saß und lauschte, im Staub der Straße, lauschte seinem Herzen, wie es müd und traurig ging, wartete auf eine Stimme. Manche Stunde kauerte er lauschend, sah keine Bilder mehr, sank in die Leere, ließ sich sinken, ohne einen Weg zu sehen. Und wenn er die Wunde brennen fühlte, sprach er lautlos das Om, füllte sich mit Om. Die Mönche im Garten sahen ihn, und da er viele Stunden kauerte, und auf seinen grauen Haaren der Staub sich sammelte, kam einer gegangen und legte zwei Pisangfrüchte vor ihm nieder. Der Alte sah ihn nicht.

Aus dieser Erstarrung weckte ihn eine Hand, welche seine Schulter berührte. Alsbald erkannte er diese Berührung, die zarte, schamhafte, und kam zu sich. Er erhob sich und begrüßte Vasudeva, welcher ihm nachgegangen war. Und da er in Vasudevas freundliches Gesicht schaute, in die kleinen, wie mit lauter Lächeln ausgefüllten Falten, in die heiteren Augen, da lächelte auch er. Er sah nun die Pisangfrüchte vor sich liegen, hob sie auf, gab eine dem Fährmann, aß selbst die andere. Darauf ging er schweigend mit Vasudeva in den Wald zurück, kehrte zur Fähre heim. Keiner sprach von dem, was heute geschehen war, keiner nannte den Namen des Knaben, keiner sprach von seiner Flucht, keiner sprach von der Wunde. In der Hütte legte sich Siddhartha auf sein Lager, und da nach einer Weile Vasudeva zu Ihm trat, um ihm eine Schale Kokosmilch anzubieten, fand er ihn schon schlafend.

OM

Lange noch brannte die Wunde. Manchen Reisenden mußte Siddhartha über den Fluß setzen, der einen Sohn oder eine Tochter bei sich hatte, und keinen von ihnen sah er, ohne daß er ihn beneidete, ohne daß er dachte: "So viele, so viel Tausende besitzen dies holdeste Glück--warum ich nicht? Auch böse Menschen, auch Diebe, und Räuber haben Kinder, und lieben sie, und werden von ihnen geliebt, nur ich nicht." So einfach, so ohne Verstand dachte er nun, so ähnlich war er den Kindermenschen geworden.

Anders sah er jetzt die Menschen an als früher, weniger klug, weniger stolz, dafür wärmer, dafür neugieriger, beteiligter. Wenn er Reisende der gewöhnlichen Art übersetzte, Kindermenschen, Geschäftsleute, Krieger, Weibervolk, so erschienen diese Leute ihm nicht fremd wie einst: er verstand sie, er verstand und teilte ihr nicht von Gedanken und Einsichten, sondern einzig von Trieben und Wünschen geleitetes Leben, er fühlte sich wie sie. Obwohl er nahe der Vollendung war, und an seiner letzten Wunde trug, schien ihm doch, diese Kindermenschen seien seine Brüder, ihre Eitelkeiten, Begehrlichkeiten und Lächerlichkeiten verloren das Lächerliche für ihn, wurden begreiflich, wurden liebenswert, wurden ihm sogar verehrungswürdig. Die blinde Liebe einer Mutter zu ihrem Kind, den dummen, blinden Stolz eines eingebildeten Vaters auf sein einziges Söhnlein, das blinde, wilde Streben nach Schmuck und nach bewundernden Männeraugen bei einem jungen, eitlen Weibe, alle diese Triebe, alle diese Kindereien, alle diese einfachen, törichten, aber ungeheuer starken, stark lebenden, stark sich durchsetzenden Triebe und Begehrlichkeiten waren für Siddhartha jetzt keine Kindereien mehr, er sah um ihretwillen die Menschen leben, sah sie um ihretwillen Unendliches leisten, Reisen tun, Kriege führen, Unendliches leiden, Unendliches ertragen, und er konnte sie dafür lieben, er sah das Leben, das Lebendige, das Unzerstörbare, das Brahman in jeder ihrer Leidenschaften, jeder ihrer Taten. Liebenswert und bewundernswert

waren diese Menschen in ihrer blinden Treue, ihrer blinden Stärke und Zähigkeit. Nichts fehlte ihnen, nichts hatte der Wissende und Denker vor ihnen voraus als eine einzige Kleinigkeit, eine einzige winzig kleine Sache: das Bewußtsein, den bewußten Gedanken der Einheit alles Lebens. Und Siddhartha zweifelte sogar zu mancher Stunde, ob dies Wissen, dieser Gedanke so sehr hoch zu werten, ob nicht auch er vielleicht eine Kinderei der Denkmenschen, der Denk-Kindermenschen sein möchte. In allem andern waren die Weltmenschen dem Weisen ebenbürtig, waren ihm oft weit überlegen, wie ja auch Tiere in ihrem zähen, unbeirrten Tun des Notwendigen in manchen Augenblicken den Menschen überlegen scheinen können.

Langsam blühte, langsam reifte in Siddhartha die Erkenntnis, das Wissen darum, was eigentlich Weisheit sei, was seines langen Suchens Ziel sei. Es war nichts als eine Bereitschaft der Seele, eine Fähigkeit, eine geheime Kunst, jeden Augenblick, mitten im Leben, den Gedanken der Einheit denken, die Einheit fühlen und einatmen zu können. Langsam blühte dies in ihm auf, strahlte ihm aus Vasudevas altem Kindergesicht wider: Harmonie, Wissen um die ewige Vollkommenheit der Welt, Lächeln, Einheit.

Die Wunde aber brannte noch, sehnlich und bitter gedachte Siddhartha seines Sohnes, pflegte seine Liebe und Zärtlichkeit im Herzen, ließ den Schmerz an sich fressen, beging alle Torheiten der Liebe. Nicht von selbst erlosch diese Flamme.

Und eines Tages, als die Wunde heftig brannte, fuhr Siddhartha über den Fluß, gejagt von Sehnsucht, stieg aus und war Willens, nach der Stadt zu gehen und seinen Sohn zu suchen. Der Fluß floß sanft und leise, es war in der trockenen Jahreszeit, aber seine Stimme klang sonderbar: sie lachte! Sie lachte deutlich. Der Fluß lachte, er lachte hell und klar den alten Fährmann aus. Siddhartha blieb stehen, er beugte sich übers Wasser, um noch besser zu hören, und im still ziehenden Wasser sah er sein Gesicht gespiegelt, und in diesem gespiegelten Gesicht war etwas, das ihn erinnerte, etwas Vergessenes, und da er sich besann, fand er es: dies Gesicht glich einem andern, das er einst gekannt und geliebt und auch gefürchtet hatte. Es glich dem Gesicht seines Vaters, des Brahmanen. Und er erinnerte sich, wie er vor Zeiten, ein Jüngling, seinen Vater gezwungen hatte, ihn zu den Büßern gehen zu lassen, wie er Abschied von ihm genommen hatte, wie er gegangen und nie mehr wiedergekommen war. Hatte nicht auch sein Vater um ihn dasselbe Leid gelitten, wie er es nun um seinen Sohn litt? War nicht sein Vater längst gestorben, allein, ohne seinen Sohn wiedergesehen zu haben? Mußte er selbst nicht dies selbe Schicksal erwarten? War es nicht eine Komödie, eine seltsame und dumme Sache, diese Wiederholung, dieses Laufen in einem verhängnisvollen Kreise?

Der Fluß lachte. Ja, es war so, es kam alles wieder, was nicht bis zu Ende gelitten und gelöst ward, es wurden immer wieder dieselben Leiden gelitten. Siddhartha aber stieg wieder in das Boot und fuhr zu der Hütte zurück, seines Vaters gedenkend, seines Sohnes gedenkend, vom Flusse verlacht, mit sich selbst im Streit, geneigt zur Verzweiflung, und nicht minder geneigt, über sich und die ganze Welt laut mitzulachen. Ach, noch blühte die Wunde nicht, noch wehrte sein Herz sich wider das Schicksal, noch strahlte nicht Heiterkeit und Sieg aus seinem Leide. Doch fühlte er Hoffnung, und da er zur Hütte zurückgekehrt war, spürte er ein unbesiegbares Verlangen, sich vor Vasudeva zu öffnen, ihm alles zu zeigen, ihm, dem Meister des Zuhörens, alles zu sagen.

Vasudeva saß in der Hütte und flocht an einem Korbe. Er fuhr nicht mehr mit dem Fährboot, seine Augen begannen schwach zu werden, und nicht nur seine Augen; auch seine Arme und Hände. Unverändert und blühend war nur die Freude und das heitere Wohlwollen seines Gesichtes.

Siddhartha setzte sich zu dem Greise, langsam begann er zu sprechen. Worüber sie niemals gesprochen hatten, davon erzählte er jetzt, von seinem Gange zur Stadt, damals, von der brennenden Wunde, von seinem Neid beim Anblick glücklicher Väter, von seinem Wissen um die Torheit solcher Wünsche, von seinem vergeblichen Kampf wider sie. Alles berichtete er, alles konnte er sagen, auch das Peinlichste, alles ließ sich sagen, alles sich zeigen, alles konnte er erzählen. Er zeigte seine Wunde dar, erzählte auch seine heutige Flucht, wie er übers Wasser gefahren sei, kindischer Flüchtling, willens nach der Stadt zu wandern, wie der Fluß gelacht habe.

Während er sprach, lange sprach, während Vasudeva mit stillem Gesicht lauschte, empfand Siddhartha dies Zuhören Vasudevas stärker, als er es jemals gefühlt hatte, er spürte, wie seine Schmerzen, seine Beängstigungen hinüberflossen, wie seine heimliche Hoffnung hinüberfloß, ihm von drüben wieder entgegenkam. Diesem Zuhörer seine Wunde zu zeigen, war dasselbe, wie sie im Flusse baden, bis sie kühl und mit dem Flusse eins wurde. Während er immer noch sprach, immer noch bekannte und beichtete, fühlte Siddhartha mehr und mehr, daß dies nicht mehr Vasudeva, nicht mehr ein Mensch war, der ihm zuhörte, daß dieser regungslos Lauschende seine Beichte in sich einsog wie ein Baum den Regen, daß dieser Regungslose der Fluß selbst, daß er Gott selbst, daß er das Ewige selbst war. Und während Siddhartha aufhörte, an sich und an seine Wunde zu denken, nahm diese Erkenntnis vom veränderten Wesen des Vasudeva von ihm Besitz, und je mehr er es empfand und darein eindrang, desto weniger wunderlich wurde es, desto mehr sah er ein, daß alles in Ordnung und natürlich war, daß Vasudeva schon lange, beinahe schon

immer so gewesen sei, daß nur er selbst es nicht ganz erkannt hatte, ja daß er selbst von jenem kaum noch verschieden sei. Er empfand, daß er den alten Vasudeva nun so sehe, wie das Volk die Götter sieht, und daß dies nicht von Dauer sein könne; er begann im Herzen von Vasudeva Abschied zu nehmen. Dabei sprach er immer fort.

Als er zu Ende gesprochen hatte, richtete Vasudeva seinen freundlichen, etwas schwach gewordenen Blick auf ihn, sprach nicht, strahlte ihm schweigend Liebe und Heiterkeit entgegen, Verständnis und Wissen. Er nahm Siddharthas Hand, führte ihn zum Sitz am Ufer, setzte sich mit ihm nieder, lächelte dem Flusse zu.

"Du hast ihn lachen hören," sagte er. "Aber du hast nicht alles gehört. Laß uns lauschen, du wirst mehr hören."

Sie lauschten. Sanft klang der vielstimmige Gesang des Flusses. Siddhartha schaute ins Wasser, und im ziehenden Wasser erschienen ihm Bilder: sein Vater erschien, einsam, um den Sohn trauernd; er selbst erschien, einsam, auch er mit den Banden der Sehnsucht an den fernen Sohn gebunden; es erschien sein Sohn, einsam auch er, der Knabe, begehrlich auf der brennenden Bahn seiner jungen Wünsche stürmend, jeder auf sein Ziel gerichtet, jeder vom Ziel besessen, jeder leidend. Der Fluß sang mit einer Stimme des Leidens, sehnlich sang er, sehnlich floß er seinem Ziele zu, klagend klang seine Stimme.

"Hörst du?" fragte Vasudevas stummer Blick. Siddhartha nickte.

"Höre besser!" flüsterte Vasudeva.

Siddhartha bemühte sich, besser zu hören. Das Bild des Vaters, sein eigenes Bild, das Bild des Sohnes flossen ineinander, auch Kamalas Bild erschien und zerfloß, und das Bild Govindas, und andre Bilder, und flossen ineinander über, wurden alle zum Fluß, strebten alle als Fluß dem Ziele zu, sehnlich, begehrend, leidend, und des Flusses Stimme klang voll Sehnsucht, voll von brennendem Weh, voll von unstillbarem Verlangen. Zum Ziele strebte der Fluß, Siddhartha sah ihn eilen, den Fluß, der aus ihm und den Seinen und aus allen Menschen bestand, die er je gesehen hatte, alle die Wellen und Wasser eilten, leidend, Zielen zu, vielen Zielen, dem Wasserfall, dem See, der Stromschnelle, dem Meere, und alle Ziele wurden erreicht, und jedem folgte ein neues, und aus dem Wasser ward Dampf und stieg in den Himmel, ward Regen und stürzte aus dem Himmel herab, ward Quelle, ward Bach, ward Fluß, strebte aufs Neue, floß aufs Neue. Aber die sehnliche Stimme hatte sich verändert. Noch tönte sie, leidvoll, suchend, aber andre Stimmen gesellten sich zu ihr, Stimmen der Freude und des Leides, gute und böse Stimmen, lachende und trauernde, hundert Stimmen, tausend Stimmen.

Siddhartha lauschte. Er war nun ganz Lauscher, ganz ins Zuhören vertieft, ganz leer, ganz einsaugend, er fühlte, daß er nun das Lauschen zu Ende gelernt habe. Oft schon hatte er all dies gehört, diese vielen Stimmen im Fluß, heute klang es neu. Schon konnte er die vielen Stimmen nicht mehr unterscheiden, nicht frohe von weinenden, nicht kindliche von männlichen, sie gehörten alle zusammen, Klage der Sehnsucht und Lachen des Wissenden, Schrei des Zorns und Stöhnen der Sterbenden, alles war eins, alles war ineinander verwoben und verknüpft, tausendfach verschlungen. Und alles zusammen, alle Stimmen, alle Ziele, alles Sehnen, alle Leiden, alle Lust, alles Gute und Böse, alles zusammen war die Welt. Alles zusammen war der Fluß des Geschehens, war die Musik des Lebens. Und wenn Siddhartha aufmerksam diesem Fluß, diesem tausendstimmigen Liede lauschte, wenn er nicht auf das Leid noch auf das Lachen hörte, wenn er seine Seele nicht an irgendeine Stimme band und mit seinem Ich in sie einging, sondern alle hörte, das Ganze, die Einheit vernahm, dann bestand das große Lied der tausend Stimmen aus einem einzigen Worte, das hieß Om: die Vollendung.

"Hörst du," fragte wieder Vasudevas Blick.

Hell glänzte Vasudevas Lächeln, über all den Runzeln seines alten Antlitzes schwebte es leuchtend, wie über all den Stimmen des Flusses das Om schwebte. Hell glänzte sein Lächeln, als er den Freund anblickte, und hell glänzte nun auch auf Siddharthas Gesicht dasselbe Lächeln auf. Seine Wunde blühte, sein Leid strahlte, sein Ich war in die Einheit geflossen.

In dieser Stunde hörte Siddhartha auf, mit dem Schicksal zu kämpfen, hörte auf zu leiden. Auf seinem Gesicht blühte die Heiterkeit des Wissens, dem kein Wille mehr entgegensteht, das die Vollendung kennt, das einverstanden ist mit dem Fluß des Geschehens, mit dem Strom des Lebens, voll Mitleid, voll Mitlust, dem Strömen hingegeben, der Einheit zugehörig.

Als Vasudeva sich von dem Sitz am Ufer erhob, als er in Siddharthas Augen blickte und die Heiterkeit des Wissens darin strahlen sah, berührte er dessen Schulter leise mit der Hand, in seiner behutsamen und zarten Weise, und sagte: "Ich habe auf diese Stunde gewartet, Lieber. Nun sie gekommen ist, laß mich gehen. Lange habe ich auf diese Stunde gewartet, lange bin ich der Fährmann Vasudeva gewesen. Nun ist es genug. Lebe wohl, Hütte, lebe wohl, Fluß, lebe wohl, Siddhartha!"

Siddhartha verneigte sich tief vor dem Abschiednehmenden.

"Ich habe es gewußt," sagte er leise. "Du wirst in die Wälder gehen?"

"Ich gehe in die Wälder, ich gehe in die Einheit," sprach Vasudeva strahlend.

Strahlend ging er hinweg; Siddhartha blickte ihm nach. Mit tiefer Freude, mit tiefem Ernst blickte er ihm nach, sah seine Schritte voll Frieden, sah sein Haupt voll Glanz, sah seine Gestalt voll Licht.

GOVINDA

Mit anderen Mönchen weilte Govinda einst während einer Rastzeit in dem Lusthain, welchen die Kurtisane Kamala den Jüngern des Gotama geschenkt hatte. Er hörte von einem alten Fährmanne sprechen, welcher eine Tagereise entfernt vom Hain am Flusse wohne, und der von vielen für einen Weisen gehalten werde. Als Govinda des Weges weiterzog, wählte er den Weg zur Fähre, begierig diesen Fährmann zu sehen. Denn ob er wohl sein Leben lang nach der Regel gelebt hatte, auch von den Jungeren Mönchen seines Alters und seiner Bescheidenheit wegen mit Ehrfurcht angesehen wurde, war doch in seinem Herzen die Unruhe und das Suchen nicht erloschen.

Er kam zum Flüsse, er bat den Alten um überfahrt, und da sie drüben aus dem Boot stiegen, sagte er zum Alten: "Viel Gutes erweisest du uns Mönchen und Pilgern, viele von uns hast du schon übergesetzt. Bist nicht auch du, Fährmann, ein Sucher nach dem rechten Pfade?"

Sprach Siddhartha, aus den alten Augen lächelnd: "Nennst du dich einen Sucher, o Ehrwürdiger, und bist doch schon hoch in den Jahren, und trägst das Gewand der Mönche Gotamas?"

"Wohl bin ich alt," sprach Govinda, "zu suchen aber habe ich nicht aufgehört. Nie werde ich aufhören zu suchen, dies scheint meine Bestimmung. Auch du, so scheint es mir, hast gesucht. Willst du mir ein Wort sagen, Verehrter?"

Sprach Siddhartha: "Was sollte ich dir, Ehrwürdiger, wohl zu sagen haben? Vielleicht das, daß du allzu viel suchst? Daß du vor Suchen nicht zum Finden kommst?"

"Wie denn?" fragte Govinda.

"Wenn jemand sucht," sagte Siddhartha, "dann geschieht es leicht, daß sein Auge nur noch das Ding sieht, das er sucht, daß er nichts zu finden, nichts in sich einzulassen vermag, weil er nur immer an das Gesuchte denkt, weil er ein Ziel hat, weil er vom Ziel besessen ist. Suchen heißt: ein Ziel haben. Finden aber heißt: frei sein, offen stehen, kein Ziel haben. Du, Ehrwürdiger, bist vielleicht in der Tat ein Sucher, denn, deinem Ziel nachstrebend, siehst du manches nicht, was nah vor deinen Augen steht."

"Noch verstehe ich nicht ganz," bat Govinda, "wie meinst du das?"

Sprach Siddhartha: "Einst, o Ehrwürdiger, vor manchen Jahren, bist du schon einmal an diesem Flusse gewesen, und hast am Fluß einen Schlafenden gefunden, und hast dich zu ihm gesetzt, um seinen Schlaf zu behüten. Erkannt aber, o Govinda, hast du den Schlafenden nicht."

Staunend, wie ein Bezauberter, blickte der Mönch in des Fährmanns Augen.

"Bist du Siddhartha?" fragte er mit scheuer Stimme. "Ich hätte dich auch diesesmal nicht erkannt! Herzlich grüße ich dich, Siddhartha, herzlich freue ich mich, dich nochmals zu sehen! Du hast dich sehr verändert, Freund.--Und nun bist du also ein Fährmann geworden?"

Freundlich lachte Siddhartha. "Ein Fährmann, ja. Manche, Govinda, müssen sich viel verändern, müssen allerlei Gewand tragen, ihrer einer bin ich, Lieber. Sei willkommen, Govinda, und bleibe die Nacht in meiner Hütte."

Govinda blieb die Nacht in der Hütte und schlief auf dem Lager, das einst Vasudevas Lager gewesen war. Viele Fragen richtete er an den Freund seiner Jugend, vieles mußte ihm Siddhartha aus seinem Leben erzählen.

Als es am andern Morgen Zeit war, die Tageswanderung anzutreten, da sagte Govinda, nicht ohne Zögern, die Worte: "Ehe ich meinen Weg fortsetze, Siddhartha, erlaube mir noch eine Frage. Hast du eine Lehre? Hast du einen Glauben, oder ein Wissen, dem du folgst, das dir leben und rechttun hilft?"

Sprach Siddhartha: "Du weißt, Lieber, daß ich schon als junger Mann, damals, als wir bei den Büßern im Walde lebten, dazu kam, den Lehren und Lehrern zu mißtrauen und ihnen den Rücken zu wenden. Ich bin dabei geblieben. Dennoch habe ich seither viele Lehrer gehabt. Eine schöne Kurtisane ist lange Zeit meine Lehrerin gewesen, und ein reicher Kaufmann war mein Lehrer, und einige Würfelspieler. Einmal ist auch ein wandernder Jünger Buddhas mein Lehrer gewesen; er saß bei mir, als ich im Walde eingeschlafen war, auf der Pilgerschaft. Auch von ihm habe ich gelernt, auch ihm bin ich dankbar, sehr dankbar. Am meisten aber habe ich hier von diesem Flusse gelernt, und von meinem Vorgänger, dem Fährmann Vasudeva. Es war ein sehr einfacher Mensch, Vasudeva, er war kein Denker, aber er wußte das Notwendige so gut wie Gotama, er war ein Vollkommener, ein Heiliger."

Govinda sagte: "Noch immer, o Siddhartha, liebst du ein wenig den Spott, wie mir scheint. Ich glaube dir und weiß es, daß du nicht einem Lehrer gefolgt bist. Aber hast nicht du selbst, wenn auch nicht eine Lehre, so doch gewisse Gedanken, gewisse Erkenntnisse gefunden, welche dein eigen sind und die dir leben helfen? Wenn du mir von diesen etwas sagen möchtest, würdest du mir das Herz erfreuen."

Sprach Siddhartha: "Ich habe Gedanken gehabt, ja, und Erkenntnisse, je und je. Ich habe manchmal, für eine Stunde oder für einen Tag, Wissen in mir gefühlt, so wie man Leben in seinem Herzen fühlt. Manche Gedanken waren es, aber schwer wäre es für mich, sie dir mitzuteilen. Sieh, mein Govinda, dies ist einer meiner Gedanken, die ich gefunden habe: Weisheit ist nicht mitteilbar. Weisheit, welche ein Weiser mitzuteilen versucht, klingt immer wie Narrheit."

"Scherzest du?" fragte Govinda.

"Ich scherze nicht. Ich sage, was ich gefunden habe. Wissen kann man mitteilen, Weisheit aber nicht. Man kann sie finden, man kann sie leben, man kann von ihr getragen werden, man kann mit ihr Wunder tun, aber sagen und lehren kann man sie nicht. Dies war es, was ich schon als Jüngling manchmal ahnte, was mich von den Lehrern fortgetrieben hat. Ich habe einen Gedanken gefunden, Govinda, den du wieder für Scherz oder für Narrheit halten wirst, der aber mein bester Gedanke ist. Er heißt: Von jeder Wahrheit ist das Gegenteil ebenso wahr! Nämlich so: eine Wahrheit läßt sich immer nur aussprechen und in Worte hüllen, wenn sie einseitig ist. Einseitig ist alles, was mit Gedanken gedacht und mit Worten gesagt werden kann, alles einseitig, alles halb, alles entbehrt der Ganzheit, des Runden, der Einheit. Wenn der erhabene Gotama lehrend von der Welt sprach, so mußte er sie teilen in Sansara und Nirvana, in Täuschung und Wahrheit, in Leid und Erlösung. Man kann nicht anders, es gibt keinen andern Weg für den, der lehren will. Die Welt selbst aber, das Seiende um uns her und in uns innen, ist nie einseitig. Nie ist ein Mensch, oder eine Tat, ganz Sansara oder ganz Nirvana, nie ist ein Mensch ganz heilig oder ganz sündig. Es scheint ja so, weil wir der Täuschung unterworfen sind, daß Zeit etwas Wirkliches sei. Zeit ist nicht wirklich, Govinda, ich habe dies oft und oft erfahren. Und wenn Zeit nicht wirklich ist, so ist die Spanne, die zwischen Welt und Ewigkeit, zwischen Leid und Seligkeit, zwischen Böse und Gut zu liegen scheint, auch eine Täuschung."

"Wie das?" fragte Govinda ängstlich.

"Höre gut, Lieber, höre gut! Der Sünder, der ich bin und der du bist, der ist Sünder, aber er wird einst wieder Brahma sein, er wird einst Nirvana erreichen, wird Buddha sein--und nun siehe: dies 'Einst' ist Täuschung, ist nur Gleichnis! Der Sünder ist nicht auf dem Weg zur Buddhaschaft unterwegs, er ist nicht in einer Entwickelung begriffen, obwohl unser Denken sich die Dinge nicht anders vorzustellen weiß. Nein, in dem Sünder ist, ist jetzt und heute schon der künftige Buddha, seine Zukunft ist alle schon da, du hast in ihm, in dir, in jedem den werdenden, den möglichen, den verborgenen Buddha zu verehren. Die Welt, Freund Govinda, ist nicht unvollkommen, oder auf einem langsamen Wege zur Vollkommenheit begriffen: nein, sie ist in jedem Augenblick vollkommen, alle Sünde trägt schon die Gnade in sich, alle kleinen Kinder haben schon den Greis in sich, alle Säuglinge den Tod, alle Sterbenden das ewige Leben. Es ist keinem Menschen möglich, vom anderen zu sehen, wie weit er auf seinem Wege sei, im Räuber und Würfelspieler wartet Buddha, im Brahmanen wartet der Räuber. Es gibt, in der tiefen Meditation, die Möglichkeit, die Zeit aufzuheben, alles gewesene, seiende und sein werdende Leben als gleichzeitig zu sehen, und da ist alles gut, alles vollkommen, alles ist Brahman. Darum scheint mir das, was ist, gut, es scheint mir Tod wie Leben, Sünde wie Heiligkeit, Klugheit wie Torheit, alles muß so sein, alles bedarf nur meiner Zustimmung, nur meiner Willigkeit, meines liebenden Einverständnisses, so ist es für mich gut, kann mich nur fördern, kann mir nie schaden. Ich habe an meinem Leibe und an meiner Seele erfahren, daß ich der Sünde sehr bedurfte, ich bedurfte der Wollust, des Strebens nach Gütern, der Eitelkeit, und bedurfte der schmählichsten Verzweiflung, um das Widerstreben aufgeben zu lernen, um die Welt lieben zu lernen, um sie nicht mehr mit irgendeiner von mir gewünschten, von mir eingebildeten Welt zu vergleichen, einer von mir ausgedachten Art der Vollkommenheit, sondern sie zu lassen, wie sie ist, und sie zu lieben, und ihr gerne anzugehören.--Dies, o Govinda, sind einige, von den Gedanken, die mir in den Sinn gekommen sind."

Siddhartha bückte sich, hob einen Stein vom Erdbodene auf und wog ihn in der Hand.

"Dies hier," sagte er spielend, "ist ein Stein, und er wird in einer bestimmten Zeit vielleicht Erde sein, und wird aus Erde Pflanze werden, oder Tier oder Mensch. Früher nun hätte ich gesagt: Dieser Stein ist bloß ein Stein, er ist wertlos, er gehört der Welt der Maja an; aber weil er vielleicht im Kreislauf der Verwandlungen auch Mensch und Geist werden kann, darum schenke ich auch ihm Geltung. So hätte ich früher vielleicht gedacht. Heute aber denke ich: dieser Stein ist Stein, er ist auch Tier, er ist auch Gott, er ist auch Buddha, ich verehre und liebe ihn nicht, weil er einstmals dies oder jenes werden könnte, sondern weil er alles längst und immer ist--und gerade dies, daß er Stein ist, daß er mir jetzt und heute als Stein erscheint, gerade darum liebe ich ihn, und sehe Wert und Sinn in jeder von seinen Adern und Höhlungen, in dem Gelb, in dem Grau, in der Härte, im Klang, den er von sich gibt, wenn ich ihn beklopfe, in der Trockenheit oder Feuchtigkeit seiner Oberfläche. Es gibt Steine, die fühlen sich wie Öl oder wie Seife an, und andre wie Blätter, andre wie Sand, und jeder ist besonders und betet das Om auf seine Weise, jeder ist Brahman, zugleich aber und ebensosehr ist er Stein, ist ölig oder saftig, und gerade das gefällt mir und scheint mir wunderbar und der Anbetung würdig.--Aber mehr laß mich davon nicht sagen. Die Worte tun dem geheimen Sinn nicht gut, es wird immer alles gleich ein wenig anders, wenn man es ausspricht, ein wenig verfälscht, ein wenig närrisch--ja, und auch das ist sehr gut und gefällt mir sehr, auch damit bin ich sehr einverstanden, daß das, was eines Menschen Schatz und Weisheit ist, dem andern immer wie Narrheit klingt."

Schweigend lauschte Govinda.

"Warum hast du mir das von dem Steine gesagt?" fragte er nach einer Pause zögernd.

"Es geschah ohne Absicht. Oder vielleicht war es so gemeint, daß ich eben den Stein, und den Fluß, und alle diese Dinge, die wir betrachten und von denen wir lernen können, liebe. Einen Stein kann ich lieben, Govinda, und auch einen Baum oder ein Stück Rinde. Das sind Dinge, und Dinge kann man lieben. Worte aber kann ich nicht lieben. Darum sind Lehren nichts für mich, sie haben keine Härte, keine Weiche, keine Farben, keine Kanten, keinen Geruch, keinen Geschmack, sie haben nichts als Worte. Vielleicht ist es dies, was dich hindert, den Frieden zu finden, vielleicht sind es die vielen Worte. Denn auch Erlösung und Tugend, auch Sansara und Nirvana sind bloße Worte, Govinda. Es gibt kein Ding, das Nirvana wäre; es gibt nur das Wort Nirvana."

Sprach Govinda: "Nicht nur ein Wort, Freund, ist Nirvana. Es ist ein Gedanke."

Siddhartha fuhr fort: "Ein Gedanke, es mag so sein. Ich muß dir gestehen, Lieber: ich unterscheide zwischen Gedanken und Worten nicht sehr. Offen gesagt, halte ich auch von Gedanken nicht viel. Ich halte von Dingen mehr. Hier auf diesem Fährboot zum Beispiel war ein Mann mein Vorgänger und Lehrer, ein heiliger Mann, der hat manche Jahre lang einfach an den Fluß geglaubt, sonst an nichts. Er hatte gemerkt, daß des Flusses Stimme zu ihm sprach, von ihr lernte er, sie erzog und lehrte ihn, der Fluß schien ihm ein Gott, viele Jahre lang wußte er nicht, daß jeder Wind, jede Wolke, jeder Vogel, jeder Käfer genau so göttlich ist und ebensoviel weiß und lehren kann wie der verehrte Fluß. Als dieser Heilige aber in die Wälder ging, da wußte er alles, wußte mehr als du und ich, ohne Lehrer, ohne Bücher, nur weil er an den Fluß geglaubt hatte."

Govinda sagte: "Aber ist das, was du 'Dinge' nennst, denn etwas Wirkliches, etwas Wesenhaftes? Ist das nicht nur Trug der Maja, nur Bild und Schein? Dein Stein, dein Baum, dein Fluß--sind sie denn Wirklichkeiten?"

"Auch dies," sprach Siddhartha, "bekümmert mich nicht sehr. Mögen die Dinge Schein sein oder nicht, auch ich bin alsdann ja Schein, und so sind sie stets meinesgleichen. Das ist es, was sie mir so lieb und verehrenswert macht: sie sind meinesgleichen. Darum kann ich sie lieben. Und dies ist nun eine Lehre, über welche du lachen wirst: die Liebe, o Govinda, scheint mir von allem die Hauptsache zu sein. Die Welt zu durchschauen, sie zu erklären, sie zu verachten, mag großer Denker Sache sein. Mir aber liegt einzig daran, die Welt lieben zu können, sie nicht zu verachten, sie und mich nicht zu hassen, sie und mich und alle Wesen mit Liebe und Bewunderung und Ehrfurcht betrachten zu können."

"Dies verstehe ich," sprach Govinda. "Aber eben dies hat er, der Erhabene, als Trug erkannt. Er gebietet Wohlwollen, Schonung, Mitleid, Duldung, nicht aber Liebe; er verbot uns, unser Herz in Liebe an Irdisches zu fesseln."

"Ich weiß es", sagte Siddhartha; sein Lächeln strahlte golden. "Ich weiß es, Govinda. Und siehe, da sind wir mitten im Dickicht der Meinungen drin, im Streit um Worte. Denn ich kann nicht leugnen, meine Worte von der Liebe stehen im Widerspruch, im scheinbaren Widerspruch zu Gotamas Worten. Eben darum mißtraue ich den Worten so sehr, denn ich weiß, dieser Widerspruch ist Täuschung. Ich weiß, daß ich mit Gotama einig bin. Wie sollte denn auch Er die Liebe nicht kennen, Er, der alles Menschensein in seiner Vergänglichkeit, in seiner Nichtigkeit erkannt hat, und dennoch die Menschen so sehr liebte, daß er ein langes, mühevolles Leben einzig darauf verwendet hat, ihnen zu helfen, sie zu lehren! Auch bei ihm, auch bei deinem großen Lehrer, ist

mir das Ding lieber als die Worte, sein Tun und Leben wichtiger als sein Reden, die Gebärde seiner Hand wichtiger als seine Meinungen. Nicht im Reden, nicht im Denken sehe ich seine Größe, nur im Tun, im Leben."

Lange schwiegen die beiden alten Männer. Dann sprach Govinda, indem er sich zum Abschied verneigte: "Ich danke dir, Siddhartha, daß du mir etwas von deinen Gedanken gesagt hast. Es sind zum Teil seltsame Gedanken, nicht alle sind mir sofort verständlich geworden. Dies möge sein, wie es wolle, ich danke dir, und ich wünsche dir ruhige Tage."

(Heimlich bei sich aber dachte er: Dieser Siddhartha ist ein wunderlicher Mensch, wunderliche Gedanken spricht er aus, närrisch klingt seine Lehre. Anders klingt des Erhabenen reine Lehre, klarer, reiner, verständlicher, nichts Seltsames, Närrisches oder Lächerliches ist in ihr enthalten. Aber anders als seine Gedanken scheinen mir Siddharthas Hände und Füße, seine Augen, seine Stirn, sein Atmen, sein Lächeln, sein Gruß, sein Gang. Nie mehr, seit unser erhabener Gotama in Nirvana einging, nie mehr habe ich einen Menschen angetroffen, von dem ich fühlte: dies ist ein Heiliger. Einzig ihn, diesen Siddhartha, habe ich so gefunden. Mag seine Lehre seltsam sein, mögen seine Worte närrisch klingen, sein Blick und seine Hand, seine Haut und sein Haar, alles an ihm strahlt eine Reinheit, strahlt eine Ruhe, strahlt eine Heiterkeit und Milde und Heiligkeit aus, welche ich an keinem anderen Menschen seit dem letzten Tode unseres erhabenen Lehrers gesehen habe.)

Indem Govinda also dachte, und ein Widerstreit in seinem Herzen war, neigte er sich nochmals zu Siddhartha, von Liebe gezogen. Tief verneigte er sich vor dem ruhig Sitzenden.

"Siddhartha", sprach er, "wir sind alte Männer geworden. Schwerlich wird einer von uns den andern in dieser Gestalt wiedersehen. Ich sehe, Geliebter, daß du den Frieden gefunden hast. Ich bekenne, ihn nicht gefunden zu haben. Sage mir, Verehrter, noch ein Wort, gib mir etwas mit, das ich fassen, das ich verstehen kann! Gib mir etwas mit auf meinen Weg. Er ist oft beschwerlich, mein Weg, oft finster, Siddhartha."

Siddhartha schwieg und blickte ihn mit dem immer gleichen, stillen Lächeln an. Starr blickte ihm Govinda ins Gesicht, mit Angst, mit Sehnsucht, Leid und ewiges Suchen stand in seinem Blick geschrieben, ewiges Nichtfinden.

Siddhartha sah es, und lächelte.

"Neige dich zu mir!" flüsterte er leise in Govindas Ohr. "Neige dich zu mir her! So, noch näher! Ganz nahe! Küsse mich auf die Stirn, Govinda!"

Während aber Govinda verwundert, und dennoch von großer Liebe und Ahnung gezogen, seinen Worten gehorchte, sich nahe zu ihm neigte und seine Stirn mit den Lippen berührte, geschah ihm etwas Wunderbares. Während seine Gedanken noch bei Siddharthas wunderlichen Worten verweilten, während er sich noch vergeblich und mit Widerstreben bemühte, sich die Zeit hinwegzudenken, sich Nirvana und Sansara als Eines vorzustellen, während sogar eine gewisse Verachtung für die Worte des Freundes in ihm mit einer ungeheuren Liebe und Ehrfurcht stritt, geschah ihm dieses:

Er sah seines Freundes Siddhartha Gesicht nicht mehr, er sah statt dessen andre Gesichter, viele, eine lange Reihe, einen strömenden Fluß von Gesichtern, von hunderten, von tausenden, welche alle kamen und vergingen, und doch alle zugleich dazusein schienen, welche alle sich beständig veränderten und erneuerten, und welche doch alle Siddhartha waren. Er sah das Gesicht eines Fisches, eines Karpfens, mit unendlich schmerzvoll geöffnetem Maule, eines sterbenden Fisches, mit brechenden Augen--er sah das Gesicht eines neugeborenen Kindes, rot und voll Falten, zum Weinen verzogen--er sah das Gesicht eines Mörders, sah ihn ein Messer in den Leib eines Menschen stechen--er sah, zur selben Sekunde, diesen Verbrecher gefesselt knien und sein Haupt vom Henker mit einem Schwertschlag abgeschlagen werden--er sah die Körper von Männern und Frauen nackt in Stellungen und Kämpfen rasender Liebe--er sah Leichen ausgestreckt, still, kalt, leer--er sah Tierköpfe, von Ebern, von Krokodilen, von Elefanten, von Stieren, von Vögeln--er sah Götter, sah Krischna, sah Agni--er sah alle diese Gestalten und Gesichter in tausend Beziehungen zueinander, jede der andern helfend, sie liebend, sie hassend, sie vernichtend, sie neu gebärend, jede war ein Sterbenwollen, ein leidenschaftlich schmerzliches Bekenntnis der Vergänglichkeit, und keine starb doch, jede verwandelte sich nur, wurde stets neu geboren, bekam stets ein neues Gesicht, ohne daß doch zwischen einem und dem anderen Gesicht Zeit gelegen wäre--und alle diese Gestalten und Gesichter ruhten, flossen, erzeugten sich, schwammen dahin und strömten ineinander, und über alle war beständig etwas Dünnes, Wesenloses, dennoch Seiendes, wie ein dünnes Glas oder Eis gezogen, wie eine durchsichtige Haut, eine Schale oder Form oder Maske von Wasser, und diese Maske lächelte, und diese Maske war Siddharthas lächelndes Gesicht, das er, Govinda, in eben diesem selben Augenblick mit den Lippen berührte. Und, so sah Govinda, dies Lächeln der Maske, dies Lächeln der Einheit über den strömenden Gestaltungen, dies Lächeln der Gleichzeitigkeit über den

tausend Geburten und Toten, dies Lächeln Siddharthas war genau dasselbe, war genau das gleiche, stille, feine, undurchdringliche, vielleicht gütige, vielleicht spöttische, weise, tausendfältige Lächeln Gotamas, des Buddha, wie er selbst es hundertmal mit Ehrfurcht gesehen hatte. So, das wußte Govinda, lächelten die Vollendeten.

Nicht mehr wissend ob es Zeit gebe, ob diese Schauung eine Sekunde oder hundert Jahre gewährt habe, nicht mehr wissend, ob es einen Siddhartha, ob es einen Gotama, ob es Ich und Du gebe, im Innersten wie von einem göttlichen Pfeile verwundet, dessen Verwundung süß schmeckt, im Innersten verzaubert und aufgelöst, stand Govinda noch eine kleine Weile, über Siddharthas stilles Gesicht gebeugt, das er soeben geküßt hatte, das soeben Schauplatz aller Gestaltungen, alles Werdens, alles Seins gewesen war. Das Antlitz war unverändert, nachdem unter seiner Oberfläche die Tiefe der Tausendfältigkeit sich wieder geschlossen hatte, er lächelte still, lächelte leise und sanft, vielleicht sehr gütig, vielleicht sehr spöttisch, genau, wie er gelächelt hatte, der Erhabene.

Tief verneigte sich Govinda, Tränen liefen, von welchen er nichts wußte, über sein altes Gesicht, wie ein Feuer brannte das Gefühl der innigsten Liebe, der demütigsten Verehrung in seinem Herzen. Tief verneigte er sich, bis zur Erde, vor dem regungslos Sitzenden, dessen Lächeln ihn an alles erinnerte, was er in seinem Leben jemals geliebt hatte, was jemals in seinem Leben ihm wert und heilig gewesen war.

==========

Untitled

Unknown

Project Gutenberg Release: February 01, 2001 · eBook #2500

Siddhartha

An Indian Tale

by Herman Hesse

Contents

FIRST PART THE SON OF THE BRAHMAN WITH THE SAMANAS GOTAMA AWAKENING

SECOND PART KAMALA WITH THE CHILDLIKE PEOPLE SANSARA BY THE RIVER THE FERRYMAN THE SON OM GOVINDA

FIRST PART

To Romain Rolland, my dear friend

THE SON OF THE BRAHMAN

In the shade of the house, in the sunshine of the riverbank near the boats, in the shade of the Sal-wood forest, in the shade of the fig tree is where Siddhartha grew up, the handsome son of the Brahman, the young falcon, together with his friend Govinda, son of a Brahman. The sun tanned his light shoulders by the banks of the river when bathing, performing the sacred ablutions, the sacred offerings. In the mango grove, shade poured into his black eyes, when playing as a boy, when his mother sang, when the sacred offerings were made, when his father, the scholar, taught him, when the wise men talked. For a long time, Siddhartha had been partaking in the discussions of the wise men, practising debate with Govinda, practising with Govinda the art of reflection, the service of meditation. He already knew how to speak the Om silently, the word of words, to speak it silently into himself while inhaling, to speak it silently out of himself while exhaling, with all the concentration of his soul, the forehead surrounded by the glow of the clear-thinking spirit. He already knew to feel Atman in the depths of his being, indestructible, one with the universe.

Joy leapt in his father’s heart for his son who was quick to learn, thirsty for knowledge; he saw him growing up to become great wise man and priest, a prince among the Brahmans.

Bliss leapt in his mother’s breast when she saw him, when she saw him walking, when she saw him sit down and get up, Siddhartha, strong, handsome, he who was walking on slender legs, greeting her with perfect respect.

Love touched the hearts of the Brahmans’ young daughters when Siddhartha walked through the lanes of the town with the luminous forehead, with the eye of a king, with his slim hips.

But more than all the others he was loved by Govinda, his friend, the son of a Brahman. He loved Siddhartha’s eye and sweet voice, he loved his walk and the perfect decency of his movements, he loved everything Siddhartha did and said and what he loved most was his spirit, his transcendent, fiery thoughts, his ardent will, his high calling. Govinda knew: he would not become a common Brahman, not a lazy official in charge of offerings; not a greedy merchant with magic spells; not a vain, vacuous speaker; not a mean, deceitful priest; and also not a decent, stupid sheep in the herd of the many. No, and he, Govinda, as well did not want to become one of those, not one of those tens of thousands of Brahmans. He wanted to follow Siddhartha, the beloved, the splendid. And in days to come, when Siddhartha would become a god, when he would join the glorious, then Govinda wanted to follow him as his friend, his companion, his servant, his spear-carrier, his shadow.

Siddhartha was thus loved by everyone. He was a source of joy for everybody, he was a delight for them all.

But he, Siddhartha, was not a source of joy for himself, he found no delight in himself. Walking the rosy paths of the fig tree garden, sitting in the bluish shade of the grove of contemplation, washing his limbs daily in the bath of repentance, sacrificing in the dim shade of the mango forest, his gestures of perfect decency, everyone's love and joy, he still lacked all joy in his heart. Dreams and restless thoughts came into his mind, flowing from the water of the river, sparkling from the stars of the night, melting from the beams of the sun, dreams came to him and a restlessness of the soul, fuming from the sacrifices, breathing forth from the verses of the Rig-Veda, being infused into him, drop by drop, from the teachings of the old Brahmans.

Siddhartha had started to nurse discontent in himself, he had started to feel that the love of his father and the love of his mother, and also the love of his friend, Govinda, would not bring him joy for ever and ever, would not nurse him, feed him, satisfy him. He had started to suspect that his venerable father and his other teachers, that the wise Brahmans had already revealed to him the most and best of their wisdom, that they had already filled his expecting vessel with their richness, and the vessel was not full, the spirit was not content, the soul was not calm, the heart was not satisfied. The ablutions were good, but they were water, they did not wash off the sin, they did not heal the spirit's thirst, they did not relieve the fear in his heart. The sacrifices and the invocation of the gods were excellent—but was that all? Did the sacrifices give a happy fortune? And what about the gods? Was it really Prajapati who had created the world? Was it not the Atman, He, the only one, the singular one? Were the gods not creations, created like me and you, subject to time, mortal? Was it therefore good, was it right, was it meaningful and the highest occupation to make offerings to the gods? For whom else were offerings to be made, who else was to be worshipped but Him, the only one, the Atman? And where was Atman to be found, where did He reside, where did his eternal heart beat, where else but in one's own self, in its innermost part, in its indestructible part, which everyone had in himself? But where, where was this self, this innermost part, this ultimate part? It was not flesh and bone, it was neither thought nor consciousness, thus the wisest ones taught. So, where, where was it? To reach this place, the self, myself, the Atman, there was another way, which was worthwhile looking for? Alas, and nobody showed this way, nobody knew it, not the father, and not the teachers and wise men, not the holy sacrificial songs! They knew everything, the Brahmans and their holy books, they knew everything, they had taken care of everything and of more than everything, the creation of the world, the origin of speech, of food, of inhaling, of exhaling, the arrangement of the senses, the acts of the gods, they knew infinitely much—but was it valuable to know all of this, not knowing that one and only thing, the most important thing, the solely important thing?

Surely, many verses of the holy books, particularly in the Upanishades of Samaveda, spoke of this innermost and ultimate thing, wonderful verses. "Your soul is the whole world", was written there, and it was written that man in his sleep, in his deep sleep, would meet with his innermost part and would reside in the Atman. Marvellous wisdom was in these verses, all knowledge of the wisest ones had been collected here in magic words, pure as honey collected by bees. No, not to be looked down upon was the tremendous amount of enlightenment which lay here collected and preserved by innumerable generations of wise Brahmans.—But where were the Brahmans, where the priests, where the wise men or penitents, who had succeeded in not just knowing this deepest of all knowledge but also to live it? Where was the knowledgeable one who wove his spell to bring his familiarity with the Atman out of the sleep into the state of being awake, into the life, into every step of the way, into word and deed? Siddhartha knew many venerable Brahmans, chiefly his father, the pure one, the scholar, the most venerable one. His father was to be admired, quiet and noble were his manners, pure his life, wise his words, delicate and noble thoughts lived behind its brow—but even he, who knew so much, did he live in blissfulness, did he have peace, was he not also just a searching man, a thirsty man? Did he not, again and again, have to drink from holy sources, as a thirsty man, from the offerings, from the books, from the disputes of the Brahmans? Why did he, the irreproachable one, have to wash off sins every day, strive for a cleansing every day, over and over every day? Was not Atman in him, did not the pristine source spring from his heart? It had to be found, the pristine source in one's own self, it had to be possessed! Everything else was searching, was a detour, was getting lost.

Thus were Siddhartha's thoughts, this was his thirst, this was his suffering.

Often he spoke to himself from a Chandogya-Upanishad the words: "Truly, the name of the Brahman is satyam—verily, he who knows such a thing, will enter the heavenly world every day." Often, it seemed near, the heavenly world, but never he had reached it completely, never he had quenched the ultimate thirst. And among all the wise and wisest men, he knew and whose instructions he had received, among all of them there was no one, who had reached it completely, the heavenly world, who had quenched it completely, the eternal thirst.

"Govinda," Siddhartha spoke to his friend, "Govinda, my dear, come with me under the Banyan tree, let's practise meditation."

They went to the Banyan tree, they sat down, Siddhartha right here, Govinda twenty paces away. While putting himself down, ready to speak the Om, Siddhartha repeated murmuring the verse:

Om is the bow, the arrow is soul, The Brahman is the arrow's target, That one should incessantly hit.

After the usual time of the exercise in meditation had passed, Govinda rose. The evening had come, it was time to perform the evening's ablution. He called Siddhartha's name. Siddhartha did not answer. Siddhartha sat there lost in thought, his eyes were rigidly focused towards a very distant target, the tip of his tongue was protruding a little between the teeth, he seemed not to breathe. Thus sat he, wrapped up in contemplation, thinking Om, his soul sent after the Brahman as an arrow.

Once, Samanas had travelled through Siddhartha's town, ascetics on a pilgrimage, three skinny, withered men, neither old nor young, with dusty and bloody shoulders, almost naked, scorched by the sun, surrounded by loneliness, strangers and enemies to the world, strangers and lank jackals in the realm of humans. Behind them blew a hot scent of quiet passion, of destructive service, of merciless self-denial.

In the evening, after the hour of contemplation, Siddhartha spoke to Govinda: "Early tomorrow morning, my friend, Siddhartha will go to the Samanas. He will become a Samana."

Govinda turned pale, when he heard these words and read the decision in the motionless face of his friend, unstoppable like the arrow shot from the bow. Soon and with the first glance, Govinda realized: Now it is beginning, now Siddhartha is taking his own way, now his fate is beginning to sprout, and with his, my own. And he turned pale like a dry banana-skin.

"O Siddhartha," he exclaimed, "will your father permit you to do that?"

Siddhartha looked over as if he was just waking up. Arrow-fast he read in Govinda's soul, read the fear, read the submission.

"O Govinda," he spoke quietly, "let's not waste words. Tomorrow, at daybreak I will begin the life of the Samanas. Speak no more of it."

Siddhartha entered the chamber, where his father was sitting on a mat of bast, and stepped behind his father and remained standing there, until his father felt that someone was standing behind him. Quoth the Brahman: "Is that you, Siddhartha? Then say what you came to say."

Quoth Siddhartha: "With your permission, my father. I came to tell you that it is my longing to leave your house tomorrow and go to the ascetics. My desire is to become a Samana. May my father not oppose this."

The Brahman fell silent, and remained silent for so long that the stars in the small window wandered and changed their relative positions, 'ere the silence was broken. Silent and motionless stood the son with his arms folded, silent and motionless sat the father on the mat, and the stars traced their paths in the sky. Then spoke the father: "Not proper it is for a Brahman to speak harsh and angry words. But indignation is in my heart. I wish not to hear this request for a second time from your mouth."

Slowly, the Brahman rose; Siddhartha stood silently, his arms folded.

"What are you waiting for?" asked the father.

Quoth Siddhartha: "You know what."

Indignant, the father left the chamber; indignant, he went to his bed and lay down.

After an hour, since no sleep had come over his eyes, the Brahman stood up, paced to and fro, and left the house. Through the small window of the chamber he looked back inside, and there he saw Siddhartha standing, his arms folded, not moving from his spot. Pale shimmered his bright robe. With anxiety in his heart, the father returned to his bed.

After another hour, since no sleep had come over his eyes, the Brahman stood up again, paced to and fro, walked out of the house and saw that the moon had risen. Through the window of the chamber he looked back inside; there stood Siddhartha, not moving from his spot, his arms folded, moonlight reflecting from his bare shins. With worry in his heart, the father went back to bed.

And he came back after an hour, he came back after two hours, looked through the small window, saw Siddhartha standing, in the moon light, by the light of the stars, in the darkness. And he came back hour after hour, silently, he looked into the chamber, saw him standing in the same place, filled his heart with anger, filled his heart with unrest, filled his heart with anguish, filled it with

sadness.

And in the night's last hour, before the day began, he returned, stepped into the room, saw the young man standing there, who seemed tall and like a stranger to him.

"Siddhartha," he spoke, "what are you waiting for?"

"You know what."

"Will you always stand that way and wait, until it'll becomes morning, noon, and evening?"

"I will stand and wait."

"You will become tired, Siddhartha."

"I will become tired."

"You will fall asleep, Siddhartha."

"I will not fall asleep."

"You will die, Siddhartha."

"I will die."

"And would you rather die, than obey your father?"

"Siddhartha has always obeyed his father."

"So will you abandon your plan?"

"Siddhartha will do what his father will tell him to do."

The first light of day shone into the room. The Brahman saw that Siddhartha was trembling softly in his knees. In Siddhartha's face he saw no trembling, his eyes were fixed on a distant spot. Then his father realized that even now Siddhartha no longer dwelt with him in his home, that he had already left him.

The Father touched Siddhartha's shoulder.

"You will," he spoke, "go into the forest and be a Samana. When you'll have found blissfulness in the forest, then come back and teach me to be blissful. If you'll find disappointment, then return and let us once again make offerings to the gods together. Go now and kiss your mother, tell her where you are going to. But for me it is time to go to the river and to perform the first ablution."

He took his hand from the shoulder of his son and went outside. Siddhartha wavered to the side, as he tried to walk. He put his limbs back under control, bowed to his father, and went to his mother to do as his father had said.

As he slowly left on stiff legs in the first light of day the still quiet town, a shadow rose near the last hut, who had crouched there, and joined the pilgrim—Govinda.

"You have come," said Siddhartha and smiled.

"I have come," said Govinda.

WITH THE SAMANAS

In the evening of this day they caught up with the ascetics, the skinny Samanas, and offered them their companionship and—obedience. They were accepted.

Siddhartha gave his garments to a poor Brahman in the street. He wore nothing more than the loincloth and the earth-coloured, unsown cloak. He ate only once a day, and never something cooked. He fasted for fifteen days. He fasted for twenty-eight days. The flesh waned from his thighs and cheeks. Feverish dreams flickered from his enlarged eyes, long nails grew slowly on his parched fingers and a dry, shaggy beard grew on his chin. His glance turned to ice when he encountered women; his mouth

twitched with contempt, when he walked through a city of nicely dressed people. He saw merchants trading, princes hunting, mourners wailing for their dead, whores offering themselves, physicians trying to help the sick, priests determining the most suitable day for seeding, lovers loving, mothers nursing their children—and all of this was not worthy of one look from his eye, it all lied, it all stank, it all stank of lies, it all pretended to be meaningful and joyful and beautiful, and it all was just concealed putrefaction. The world tasted bitter. Life was torture.

A goal stood before Siddhartha, a single goal: to become empty, empty of thirst, empty of wishing, empty of dreams, empty of joy and sorrow. Dead to himself, not to be a self any more, to find tranquility with an emptied heart, to be open to miracles in unselfish thoughts, that was his goal. Once all of my self was overcome and had died, once every desire and every urge was silent in the heart, then the ultimate part of me had to awake, the innermost of my being, which is no longer my self, the great secret.

Silently, Siddhartha exposed himself to burning rays of the sun directly above, glowing with pain, glowing with thirst, and stood there, until he neither felt any pain nor thirst any more. Silently, he stood there in the rainy season, from his hair the water was dripping over freezing shoulders, over freezing hips and legs, and the penitent stood there, until he could not feel the cold in his shoulders and legs any more, until they were silent, until they were quiet. Silently, he cowered in the thorny bushes, blood dripped from the burning skin, from festering wounds dripped pus, and Siddhartha stayed rigidly, stayed motionless, until no blood flowed any more, until nothing stung any more, until nothing burned any more.

Siddhartha sat upright and learned to breathe sparingly, learned to get along with only few breathes, learned to stop breathing. He learned, beginning with the breath, to calm the beat of his heart, learned to reduce the beats of his heart, until they were only a few and almost none.

Instructed by the oldest of the Samanas, Siddhartha practised self-denial, practised meditation, according to a new Samana rules. A heron flew over the bamboo forest—and Siddhartha accepted the heron into his soul, flew over forest and mountains, was a heron, ate fish, felt the pangs of a heron's hunger, spoke the heron's croak, died a heron's death. A dead jackal was lying on the sandy bank, and Siddhartha's soul slipped inside the body, was the dead jackal, lay on the banks, got bloated, stank, decayed, was dismembered by hyaenas, was skinned by vultures, turned into a skeleton, turned to dust, was blown across the fields. And Siddhartha's soul returned, had died, had decayed, was scattered as dust, had tasted the gloomy intoxication of the cycle, awaited in new thirst like a hunter in the gap, where he could escape from the cycle, where the end of the causes, where an eternity without suffering began. He killed his senses, he killed his memory, he slipped out of his self into thousands of other forms, was an animal, was carrion, was stone, was wood, was water, and awoke every time to find his old self again, sun shone or moon, was his self again, turned round in the cycle, felt thirst, overcame the thirst, felt new thirst.

Siddhartha learned a lot when he was with the Samanas, many ways leading away from the self he learned to go. He went the way of self-denial by means of pain, through voluntarily suffering and overcoming pain, hunger, thirst, tiredness. He went the way of self-denial by means of meditation, through imagining the mind to be void of all conceptions. These and other ways he learned to go, a thousand times he left his self, for hours and days he remained in the non-self. But though the ways led away from the self, their end nevertheless always led back to the self. Though Siddhartha fled from the self a thousand times, stayed in nothingness, stayed in the animal, in the stone, the return was inevitable, inescapable was the hour, when he found himself back in the sunshine or in the moonlight, in the shade or in the rain, and was once again his self and Siddhartha, and again felt the agony of the cycle which had been forced upon him.

By his side lived Govinda, his shadow, walked the same paths, undertook the same efforts. They rarely spoke to one another, than the service and the exercises required. Occasionally the two of them went through the villages, to beg for food for themselves and their teachers.

"How do you think, Govinda," Siddhartha spoke one day while begging this way, "how do you think did we progress? Did we reach any goals?"

Govinda answered: "We have learned, and we'll continue learning. You'll be a great Samana, Siddhartha. Quickly, you've learned every exercise, often the old Samanas have admired you. One day, you'll be a holy man, oh Siddhartha."

Quoth Siddhartha: "I can't help but feel that it is not like this, my friend. What I've learned, being among the Samanas, up to this day, this, oh Govinda, I could have learned more quickly and by simpler means. In every tavern of that part of a town where the whorehouses are, my friend, among carters and gamblers I could have learned it."

Quoth Govinda: “Siddhartha is putting me on. How could you have learned meditation, holding your breath, insensitivity against hunger and pain there among these wretched people?”

And Siddhartha said quietly, as if he was talking to himself: “What is meditation? What is leaving one’s body? What is fasting? What is holding one’s breath? It is fleeing from the self, it is a short escape of the agony of being a self, it is a short numbing of the senses against the pain and the pointlessness of life. The same escape, the same short numbing is what the driver of an ox-cart finds in the inn, drinking a few bowls of rice-wine or fermented coconut-milk. Then he won’t feel his self any more, then he won’t feel the pains of life any more, then he finds a short numbing of the senses. When he falls asleep over his bowl of rice-wine, he’ll find the same what Siddhartha and Govinda find when they escape their bodies through long exercises, staying in the non-self. This is how it is, oh Govinda.”

Quoth Govinda: “You say so, oh friend, and yet you know that Siddhartha is no driver of an ox-cart and a Samana is no drunkard. It’s true that a drinker numbs his senses, it’s true that he briefly escapes and rests, but he’ll return from the delusion, finds everything to be unchanged, has not become wiser, has gathered no enlightenment,—has not risen several steps.”

And Siddhartha spoke with a smile: “I do not know, I’ve never been a drunkard. But that I, Siddhartha, find only a short numbing of the senses in my exercises and meditations and that I am just as far removed from wisdom, from salvation, as a child in the mother’s womb, this I know, oh Govinda, this I know.”

And once again, another time, when Siddhartha left the forest together with Govinda, to beg for some food in the village for their brothers and teachers, Siddhartha began to speak and said: “What now, oh Govinda, might we be on the right path? Might we get closer to enlightenment? Might we get closer to salvation? Or do we perhaps live in a circle—we, who have thought we were escaping the cycle?”

Quoth Govinda: “We have learned a lot, Siddhartha, there is still much to learn. We are not going around in circles, we are moving up, the circle is a spiral, we have already ascended many a level.”

Siddhartha answered: “How old, would you think, is our oldest Samana, our venerable teacher?”

Quoth Govinda: “Our oldest one might be about sixty years of age.”

And Siddhartha: “He has lived for sixty years and has not reached the nirvana. He’ll turn seventy and eighty, and you and me, we will grow just as old and will do our exercises, and will fast, and will meditate. But we will not reach the nirvana, he won’t and we won’t. Oh Govinda, I believe out of all the Samanas out there, perhaps not a single one, not a single one, will reach the nirvana. We find comfort, we find numbness, we learn feats, to deceive others. But the most important thing, the path of paths, we will not find.”

“If you only,” spoke Govinda, “wouldn’t speak such terrible words, Siddhartha! How could it be that among so many learned men, among so many Brahmans, among so many austere and venerable Samanas, among so many who are searching, so many who are eagerly trying, so many holy men, no one will find the path of paths?”

But Siddhartha said in a voice which contained just as much sadness as mockery, with a quiet, a slightly sad, a slightly mocking voice: “Soon, Govinda, your friend will leave the path of the Samanas, he has walked along your side for so long. I’m suffering of thirst, oh Govinda, and on this long path of a Samana, my thirst has remained as strong as ever. I always thirsted for knowledge, I have always been full of questions. I have asked the Brahmans, year after year, and I have asked the holy Vedas, year after year, and I have asked the devote Samanas, year after year. Perhaps, oh Govinda, it had been just as well, had been just as smart and just as profitable, if I had asked the hornbill-bird or the chimpanzee. It took me a long time and am not finished learning this yet, oh Govinda: that there is nothing to be learned! There is indeed no such thing, so I believe, as what we refer to as ‘learning’. There is, oh my friend, just one knowledge, this is everywhere, this is Atman, this is within me and within you and within every creature. And so I’m starting to believe that this knowledge has no worser enemy than the desire to know it, than learning.”

At this, Govinda stopped on the path, rose his hands, and spoke: “If you, Siddhartha, only would not bother your friend with this kind of talk! Truly, you words stir up fear in my heart. And just consider: what would become of the sanctity of prayer, what of the venerability of the Brahmans’ caste, what of the holiness of the Samanas, if it was as you say, if there was no learning?! What, oh Siddhartha, what would then become of all of this what is holy, what is precious, what is venerable on earth?!”

And Govinda mumbled a verse to himself, a verse from an Upanishad:

He who ponderingly, of a purified spirit, loses himself in the meditation of Atman, unexpressable by words is his blissfulness of his heart.

But Siddhartha remained silent. He thought about the words which Govinda had said to him and thought the words through to their end.

Yes, he thought, standing there with his head low, what would remain of all that which seemed to us to be holy? What remains? What can stand the test? And he shook his head.

At one time, when the two young men had lived among the Samanas for about three years and had shared their exercises, some news, a rumour, a myth reached them after being retold many times: A man had appeared, Gotama by name, the exalted one, the Buddha, he had overcome the suffering of the world in himself and had halted the cycle of rebirths. He was said to wander through the land, teaching, surrounded by disciples, without possession, without home, without a wife, in the yellow cloak of an ascetic, but with a cheerful brow, a man of bliss, and Brahmans and princes would bow down before him and would become his students.

This myth, this rumour, this legend resounded, its fragrance rose up, here and there; in the towns, the Brahmans spoke of it and in the forest, the Samanas; again and again, the name of Gotama, the Buddha reached the ears of the young men, with good and with bad talk, with praise and with defamation.

It was as if the plague had broken out in a country and news had been spreading around that in one or another place there was a man, a wise man, a knowledgeable one, whose word and breath was enough to heal everyone who had been infected with the pestilence, and as such news would go through the land and everyone would talk about it, many would believe, many would doubt, but many would get on their way as soon as possible, to seek the wise man, the helper, just like this myth ran through the land, that fragrant myth of Gotama, the Buddha, the wise man of the family of Sakya. He possessed, so the believers said, the highest enlightenment, he remembered his previous lives, he had reached the nirvana and never returned into the cycle, was never again submerged in the murky river of physical forms. Many wonderful and unbelievable things were reported of him, he had performed miracles, had overcome the devil, had spoken to the gods. But his enemies and disbelievers said, this Gotama was a vain seducer, who spent his days in luxury, scorned the offerings, was without learning, and knew neither exercises nor self-castigation.

The myth of Buddha sounded sweet. The scent of magic flowed from these reports. After all, the world was sick, life was hard to bear—and behold, here a source seemed to spring forth, here a messenger seemed to call out, comforting, mild, full of noble promises. Everywhere where the rumour of Buddha was heard, everywhere in the lands of India, the young men listened up, felt a longing, felt hope, and among the Brahmans' sons of the towns and villages every pilgrim and stranger was welcome, when he brought news of him, the exalted one, the Sakyamuni.

The myth had also reached the Samanas in the forest, and also Siddhartha, and also Govinda, slowly, drop by drop, every drop laden with hope, every drop laden with doubt. They rarely talked about it, because the oldest one of the Samanas did not like this myth. He had heard that this alleged Buddha used to be an ascetic before and had lived in the forest, but had then turned back to luxury and worldly pleasures, and he had no high opinion of this Gotama.

"Oh Siddhartha," Govinda spoke one day to his friend. "Today, I was in the village, and a Brahman invited me into his house, and in his house, there was the son of a Brahman from Magadha, who has seen the Buddha with his own eyes and has heard him teach. Verily, this made my chest ache when I breathed, and thought to myself: If only I would too, if only we both would too, Siddhartha and me, live to see the hour when we will hear the teachings from the mouth of this perfected man! Speak, friend, wouldn't we want to go there too and listen to the teachings from the Buddha's mouth?"

Quoth Siddhartha: "Always, oh Govinda, I had thought, Govinda would stay with the Samanas, always I had believed his goal was to live to be sixty and seventy years of age and to keep on practising those feats and exercises, which are becoming a Samana. But behold, I had not known Govinda well enough, I knew little of his heart. So now you, my faithful friend, want to take a new path and go there, where the Buddha spreads his teachings."

Quoth Govinda: "You're mocking me. Mock me if you like, Siddhartha! But have you not also developed a desire, an eagerness, to hear these teachings? And have you not at one time said to me, you would not walk the path of the Samanas for much longer?"

At this, Siddhartha laughed in his very own manner, in which his voice assumed a touch of sadness and a touch of mockery, and said: "Well, Govinda, you've spoken well, you've remembered correctly. If you only remembered the other thing as well, you've

heard from me, which is that I have grown distrustful and tired against teachings and learning, and that my faith in words, which are brought to us by teachers, is small. But let's do it, my dear, I am willing to listen to these teachings—though in my heart I believe that we've already tasted the best fruit of these teachings."

Quoth Govinda: "Your willingness delights my heart. But tell me, how should this be possible? How should the Gotama's teachings, even before we have heard them, have already revealed their best fruit to us?"

Quoth Siddhartha: "Let us eat this fruit and wait for the rest, oh Govinda! But this fruit, which we already now received thanks to the Gotama, consisted in him calling us away from the Samanas! Whether he has also other and better things to give us, oh friend, let us await with calm hearts."

On this very same day, Siddhartha informed the oldest one of the Samanas of his decision, that he wanted to leave him. He informed the oldest one with all the courtesy and modesty becoming to a younger one and a student. But the Samana became angry, because the two young men wanted to leave him, and talked loudly and used crude swearwords.

Govinda was startled and became embarrassed. But Siddhartha put his mouth close to Govinda's ear and whispered to him: "Now, I want to show the old man that I've learned something from him."

Positioning himself closely in front of the Samana, with a concentrated soul, he captured the old man's glance with his glances, deprived him of his power, made him mute, took away his free will, subdued him under his own will, commanded him, to do silently, whatever he demanded him to do. The old man became mute, his eyes became motionless, his will was paralysed, his arms were hanging down; without power, he had fallen victim to Siddhartha's spell. But Siddhartha's thoughts brought the Samana under their control, he had to carry out, what they commanded. And thus, the old man made several bows, performed gestures of blessing, spoke stammeringly a godly wish for a good journey. And the young men returned the bows with thanks, returned the wish, went on their way with salutations.

On the way, Govinda said: "Oh Siddhartha, you have learned more from the Samanas than I knew. It is hard, it is very hard to cast a spell on an old Samana. Truly, if you had stayed there, you would soon have learned to walk on water."

"I do not seek to walk on water," said Siddhartha. "Let old Samanas be content with such feats!"

GOTAMA

In the town of Savathi, every child knew the name of the exalted Buddha, and every house was prepared to fill the alms-dish of Gotama's disciples, the silently begging ones. Near the town was Gotama's favourite place to stay, the grove of Jetavana, which the rich merchant Anathapindika, an obedient worshipper of the exalted one, had given him and his people for a gift.

All tales and answers, which the two young ascetics had received in their search for Gotama's abode, had pointed them towards this area. And arriving at Savathi, in the very first house, before the door of which they stopped to beg, food has been offered to them, and they accepted the food, and Siddhartha asked the woman, who handed them the food:

"We would like to know, oh charitable one, where the Buddha dwells, the most venerable one, for we are two Samanas from the forest and have come, to see him, the perfected one, and to hear the teachings from his mouth."

Quoth the woman: "Here, you have truly come to the right place, you Samanas from the forest. You should know, in Jetavana, in the garden of Anathapindika is where the exalted one dwells. There you pilgrims shall spend the night, for there is enough space for the innumerable, who flock here, to hear the teachings from his mouth."

This made Govinda happy, and full of joy he exclaimed: "Well so, thus we have reached our destination, and our path has come to an end! But tell us, oh mother of the pilgrims, do you know him, the Buddha, have you seen him with your own eyes?"

Quoth the woman: "Many times I have seen him, the exalted one. On many days, I have seen him, walking through the alleys in silence, wearing his yellow cloak, presenting his alms-dish in silence at the doors of the houses, leaving with a filled dish."

Delightedly, Govinda listened and wanted to ask and hear much more. But Siddhartha urged him to walk on. They thanked and left and hardly had to ask for directions, for rather many pilgrims and monks as well from Gotama's community were on their way to the Jetavana. And since they reached it at night, there were constant arrivals, shouts, and talk of those who sought shelter and got it.

The two Samanas, accustomed to life in the forest, found quickly and without making any noise a place to stay and rested there until the morning.

At sunrise, they saw with astonishment what a large crowd of believers and curious people had spent the night here. On all paths of the marvellous grove, monks walked in yellow robes, under the trees they sat here and there, in deep contemplation—or in a conversation about spiritual matters, the shady gardens looked like a city, full of people, bustling like bees. The majority of the monks went out with their alms-dish, to collect food in town for their lunch, the only meal of the day. The Buddha himself, the enlightened one, was also in the habit of taking this walk to beg in the morning.

Siddhartha saw him, and he instantly recognised him, as if a god had pointed him out to him. He saw him, a simple man in a yellow robe, bearing the alms-dish in his hand, walking silently.

“Look here!” Siddhartha said quietly to Govinda. “This one is the Buddha.”

Attentively, Govinda looked at the monk in the yellow robe, who seemed to be in no way different from the hundreds of other monks. And soon, Govinda also realized: This is the one. And they followed him and observed him.

The Buddha went on his way, modestly and deep in his thoughts, his calm face was neither happy nor sad, it seemed to smile quietly and inwardly. With a hidden smile, quiet, calm, somewhat resembling a healthy child, the Buddha walked, wore the robe and placed his feet just as all of his monks did, according to a precise rule. But his face and his walk, his quietly lowered glance, his quietly dangling hand and even every finger of his quietly dangling hand expressed peace, expressed perfection, did not search, did not imitate, breathed softly in an unwhithering calm, in an unwhithering light, an untouchable peace.

Thus Gotama walked towards the town, to collect alms, and the two Samanas recognised him solely by the perfection of his calm, by the quietness of his appearance, in which there was no searching, no desire, no imitation, no effort to be seen, only light and peace.

“Today, we’ll hear the teachings from his mouth,” said Govinda.

Siddhartha did not answer. He felt little curiosity for the teachings, he did not believe that they would teach him anything new, but he had, just as Govinda had, heard the contents of this Buddha’s teachings again and again, though these reports only represented second- or third-hand information. But attentively he looked at Gotama’s head, his shoulders, his feet, his quietly dangling hand, and it seemed to him as if every joint of every finger of this hand was of these teachings, spoke of, breathed of, exhaled the fragrant of, glistened of truth. This man, this Buddha was truthful down to the gesture of his last finger. This man was holy. Never before, Siddhartha had venerated a person so much, never before he had loved a person as much as this one.

They both followed the Buddha until they reached the town and then returned in silence, for they themselves intended to abstain from on this day. They saw Gotama returning—what he ate could not even have satisfied a bird’s appetite, and they saw him retiring into the shade of the mango-trees.

But in the evening, when the heat cooled down and everyone in the camp started to bustle about and gathered around, they heard the Buddha teaching. They heard his voice, and it was also perfected, was of perfect calmness, was full of peace. Gotama taught the teachings of suffering, of the origin of suffering, of the way to relieve suffering. Calmly and clearly his quiet speech flowed on. Suffering was life, full of suffering was the world, but salvation from suffering had been found: salvation was obtained by him who would walk the path of the Buddha. With a soft, yet firm voice the exalted one spoke, taught the four main doctrines, taught the eightfold path, patiently he went the usual path of the teachings, of the examples, of the repetitions, brightly and quietly his voice hovered over the listeners, like a light, like a starry sky.

When the Buddha—night had already fallen—ended his speech, many a pilgrim stepped forward and asked to be accepted into the community, sought refuge in the teachings. And Gotama accepted them by speaking: “You have heard the teachings well, it has come to you well. Thus join us and walk in holiness, to put an end to all suffering.”

Behold, then Govinda, the shy one, also stepped forward and spoke: “I also take my refuge in the exalted one and his teachings,” and he asked to be accepted into the community of his disciples and was accepted.

Right afterwards, when the Buddha had retired for the night, Govinda turned to Siddhartha and spoke eagerly: “Siddhartha, it is not my place to scold you. We have both heard the exalted one, we have both perceived the teachings. Govinda has heard the

teachings, he has taken refuge in it. But you, my honoured friend, don't you also want to walk the path of salvation? Would you want to hesitate, do you want to wait any longer?"

Siddhartha awakened as if he had been asleep, when he heard Govinda's words. For a long time, he looked into Govinda's face. Then he spoke quietly, in a voice without mockery: "Govinda, my friend, now you have taken this step, now you have chosen this path. Always, oh Govinda, you've been my friend, you've always walked one step behind me. Often I have thought: Won't Govinda for once also take a step by himself, without me, out of his own soul? Behold, now you've turned into a man and are choosing your path for yourself. I wish that you would go it up to its end, oh my friend, that you shall find salvation!"

Govinda, not completely understanding it yet, repeated his question in an impatient tone: "Speak up, I beg you, my dear! Tell me, since it could not be any other way, that you also, my learned friend, will take your refuge with the exalted Buddha!"

Siddhartha placed his hand on Govinda's shoulder: "You failed to hear my good wish for you, oh Govinda. I'm repeating it: I wish that you would go this path up to its end, that you shall find salvation!"

In this moment, Govinda realized that his friend had left him, and he started to weep.

"Siddhartha!" he exclaimed lamentingly.

Siddhartha kindly spoke to him: "Don't forget, Govinda, that you are now one of the Samanas of the Buddha! You have renounced your home and your parents, renounced your birth and possessions, renounced your free will, renounced all friendship. This is what the teachings require, this is what the exalted one wants. This is what you wanted for yourself. Tomorrow, oh Govinda, I'll leave you."

For a long time, the friends continued walking in the grove; for a long time, they lay there and found no sleep. And over and over again, Govinda urged his friend, he should tell him why he would not want to seek refuge in Gotama's teachings, what fault he would find in these teachings. But Siddhartha turned him away every time and said: "Be content, Govinda! Very good are the teachings of the exalted one, how could I find a fault in them?"

Very early in the morning, a follower of Buddha, one of his oldest monks, went through the garden and called all those to him who had as novices taken their refuge in the teachings, to dress them up in the yellow robe and to instruct them in the first teachings and duties of their position. Then Govinda broke loose, embraced once again his childhood friend and left with the novices.

But Siddhartha walked through the grove, lost in thought.

Then he happened to meet Gotama, the exalted one, and when he greeted him with respect and the Buddha's glance was so full of kindness and calm, the young man summoned his courage and asked the venerable one for the permission to talk to him. Silently the exalted one nodded his approval.

Quoth Siddhartha: "Yesterday, oh exalted one, I had been privileged to hear your wondrous teachings. Together with my friend, I had come from afar, to hear your teachings. And now my friend is going to stay with your people, he has taken his refuge with you. But I will again start on my pilgrimage."

"As you please," the venerable one spoke politely.

"Too bold is my speech," Siddhartha continued, "but I do not want to leave the exalted one without having honestly told him my thoughts. Does it please the venerable one to listen to me for one moment longer?"

Silently, the Buddha nodded his approval.

Quoth Siddhartha: "One thing, oh most venerable one, I have admired in your teachings most of all. Everything in your teachings is perfectly clear, is proven; you are presenting the world as a perfect chain, a chain which is never and nowhere broken, an eternal chain the links of which are causes and effects. Never before, this has been seen so clearly; never before, this has been presented so irrefutably; truly, the heart of every Brahman has to beat stronger with love, once he has seen the world through your teachings perfectly connected, without gaps, clear as a crystal, not depending on chance, not depending on gods. Whether it may be good or bad, whether living according to it would be suffering or joy, I do not wish to discuss, possibly this is not essential—but the uniformity of the world, that everything which happens is connected, that the great and the small things are all encompassed by the same forces of time, by the same law of causes, of coming into being and of dying, this is what shines brightly out of your exalted

teachings, oh perfected one. But according to your very own teachings, this unity and necessary sequence of all things is nevertheless broken in one place, through a small gap, this world of unity is invaded by something alien, something new, something which had not been there before, and which cannot be demonstrated and cannot be proven: these are your teachings of overcoming the world, of salvation. But with this small gap, with this small breach, the entire eternal and uniform law of the world is breaking apart again and becomes void. Please forgive me for expressing this objection."

Quietly, Gotama had listened to him, unmoved. Now he spoke, the perfected one, with his kind, with his polite and clear voice: "You've heard the teachings, oh son of a Brahman, and good for you that you've thought about it thus deeply. You've found a gap in it, an error. You should think about this further. But be warned, oh seeker of knowledge, of the thicket of opinions and of arguing about words. There is nothing to opinions, they may be beautiful or ugly, smart or foolish, everyone can support them or discard them. But the teachings, you've heard from me, are no opinion, and their goal is not to explain the world to those who seek knowledge. They have a different goal; their goal is salvation from suffering. This is what Gotama teaches, nothing else."

"I wish that you, oh exalted one, would not be angry with me," said the young man. "I have not spoken to you like this to argue with you, to argue about words. You are truly right, there is little to opinions. But let me say this one more thing: I have not doubted in you for a single moment. I have not doubted for a single moment that you are Buddha, that you have reached the goal, the highest goal towards which so many thousands of Brahmans and sons of Brahmans are on their way. You have found salvation from death. It has come to you in the course of your own search, on your own path, through thoughts, through meditation, through realizations, through enlightenment. It has not come to you by means of teachings! And—thus is my thought, oh exalted one,—nobody will obtain salvation by means of teachings! You will not be able to convey and say to anybody, oh venerable one, in words and through teachings what has happened to you in the hour of enlightenment! The teachings of the enlightened Buddha contain much, it teaches many to live righteously, to avoid evil. But there is one thing which these so clear, these so venerable teachings do not contain: they do not contain the mystery of what the exalted one has experienced for himself, he alone among hundreds of thousands. This is what I have thought and realized, when I have heard the teachings. This is why I am continuing my travels—not to seek other, better teachings, for I know there are none, but to depart from all teachings and all teachers and to reach my goal by myself or to die. But often, I'll think of this day, oh exalted one, and of this hour, when my eyes beheld a holy man."

The Buddha's eyes quietly looked to the ground; quietly, in perfect equanimity his inscrutable face was smiling.

"I wish," the venerable one spoke slowly, "that your thoughts shall not be in error, that you shall reach the goal! But tell me: Have you seen the multitude of my Samanas, my many brothers, who have taken refuge in the teachings? And do you believe, oh stranger, oh Samana, do you believe that it would be better for them all the abandon the teachings and to return into the life the world and of desires?"

"Far is such a thought from my mind," exclaimed Siddhartha. "I wish that they shall all stay with the teachings, that they shall reach their goal! It is not my place to judge another person's life. Only for myself, for myself alone, I must decide, I must chose, I must refuse. Salvation from the self is what we Samanas search for, oh exalted one. If I merely were one of your disciples, oh venerable one, I'd fear that it might happen to me that only seemingly, only deceptively my self would be calm and be redeemed, but that in truth it would live on and grow, for then I had replaced my self with the teachings, my duty to follow you, my love for you, and the community of the monks!"

With half of a smile, with an unwavering openness and kindness, Gotama looked into the stranger's eyes and bid him to leave with a hardly noticeable gesture.

"You are wise, oh Samana," the venerable one spoke. "You know how to talk wisely, my friend. Be aware of too much wisdom!"

The Buddha turned away, and his glance and half of a smile remained forever etched in Siddhartha's memory.

I have never before seen a person glance and smile, sit and walk this way, he thought; truly, I wish to be able to glance and smile, sit and walk this way, too, thus free, thus venerable, thus concealed, thus open, thus childlike and mysterious. Truly, only a person who has succeeded in reaching the innermost part of his self would glance and walk this way. Well so, I also will seek to reach the innermost part of my self.

I saw a man, Siddhartha thought, a single man, before whom I would have to lower my glance. I do not want to lower my glance before any other, not before any other. No teachings will entice me any more, since this man's teachings have not enticed me.

I am deprived by the Buddha, thought Siddhartha, I am deprived, and even more he has given to me. He has deprived me of my friend, the one who had believed in me and now believes in him, who had been my shadow and is now Gotama's shadow. But he has given me Siddhartha, myself.

AWAKENING

When Siddhartha left the grove, where the Buddha, the perfected one, stayed behind, where Govinda stayed behind, then he felt that in this grove his past life also stayed behind and parted from him. He pondered about this sensation, which filled him completely, as he was slowly walking along. He pondered deeply, like diving into a deep water he let himself sink down to the ground of the sensation, down to the place where the causes lie, because to identify the causes, so it seemed to him, is the very essence of thinking, and by this alone sensations turn into realizations and are not lost, but become entities and start to emit like rays of light what is inside of them.

Slowly walking along, Siddhartha pondered. He realized that he was no youth any more, but had turned into a man. He realized that one thing had left him, as a snake is left by its old skin, that one thing no longer existed in him, which had accompanied him throughout his youth and used to be a part of him: the wish to have teachers and to listen to teachings. He had also left the last teacher who had appeared on his path, even him, the highest and wisest teacher, the most holy one, Buddha, he had left him, had to part with him, was not able to accept his teachings.

Slower, he walked along in his thoughts and asked himself: "But what is this, what you have sought to learn from teachings and from teachers, and what they, who have taught you much, were still unable to teach you?" And he found: "It was the self, the purpose and essence of which I sought to learn. It was the self, I wanted to free myself from, which I sought to overcome. But I was not able to overcome it, could only deceive it, could only flee from it, only hide from it. Truly, no thing in this world has kept my thoughts thus busy, as this my very own self, this mystery of me being alive, of me being one and being separated and isolated from all others, of me being Siddhartha! And there is no thing in this world I know less about than about me, about Siddhartha!"

Having been pondering while slowly walking along, he now stopped as these thoughts caught hold of him, and right away another thought sprang forth from these, a new thought, which was: "That I know nothing about myself, that Siddhartha has remained thus alien and unknown to me, stems from one cause, a single cause: I was afraid of myself, I was fleeing from myself! I searched Atman, I searched Brahman, I was willing to dissect my self and peel off all of its layers, to find the core of all peels in its unknown interior, the Atman, life, the divine part, the ultimate part. But I have lost myself in the process."

Siddhartha opened his eyes and looked around, a smile filled his face and a feeling of awakening from long dreams flowed through him from his head down to his toes. And it was not long before he walked again, walked quickly like a man who knows what he has got to do.

"Oh," he thought, taking a deep breath, "now I would not let Siddhartha escape from me again! No longer, I want to begin my thoughts and my life with Atman and with the suffering of the world. I do not want to kill and dissect myself any longer, to find a secret behind the ruins. Neither Yoga-Veda shall teach me any more, nor Atharva-Veda, nor the ascetics, nor any kind of teachings. I want to learn from myself, want to be my student, want to get to know myself, the secret of Siddhartha."

He looked around, as if he was seeing the world for the first time. Beautiful was the world, colourful was the world, strange and mysterious was the world! Here was blue, here was yellow, here was green, the sky and the river flowed, the forest and the mountains were rigid, all of it was beautiful, all of it was mysterious and magical, and in its midst was he, Siddhartha, the awakening one, on the path to himself. All of this, all this yellow and blue, river and forest, entered Siddhartha for the first time through the eyes, was no longer a spell of Mara, was no longer the veil of Maya, was no longer a pointless and coincidental diversity of mere appearances, despicable to the deeply thinking Brahman, who scorns diversity, who seeks unity. Blue was blue, river was river, and if also in the blue and the river, in Siddhartha, the singular and divine lived hidden, so it was still that very divinity's way and purpose, to be here yellow, here blue, there sky, there forest, and here Siddhartha. The purpose and the essential properties were not somewhere behind the things, they were in them, in everything.

"How deaf and stupid have I been!" he thought, walking swiftly along. "When someone reads a text, wants to discover its meaning, he will not scorn the symbols and letters and call them deceptions, coincidence, and worthless hull, but he will read them, he will study and love them, letter by letter. But I, who wanted to read the book of the world and the book of my own being, I have, for the sake of a meaning I had anticipated before I read, scorned the symbols and letters, I called the visible world a deception, called my

eyes and my tongue coincidental and worthless forms without substance. No, this is over, I have awakened, I have indeed awakened and have not been born before this very day.”

In thinking these thoughts, Siddhartha stopped once again, suddenly, as if there was a snake lying in front of him on the path.

Because suddenly, he had also become aware of this: He, who was indeed like someone who had just woken up or like a new-born baby, he had to start his life anew and start again at the very beginning. When he had left in this very morning from the grove Jetavana, the grove of that exalted one, already awakening, already on the path towards himself, he had every intention, regarded as natural and took for granted, that he, after years as an ascetic, would return to his home and his father. But now, only in this moment, when he stopped as if a snake was lying on his path, he also awoke to this realization: “But I am no longer the one I was, I am no ascetic any more, I am not a priest any more, I am no Brahman any more. Whatever should I do at home and at my father’s place? Study? Make offerings? Practise meditation? But all this is over, all of this is no longer alongside my path.”

Motionless, Siddhartha remained standing there, and for the time of one moment and breath, his heart felt cold, he felt a cold in his chest, as a small animal, a bird or a rabbit, would when seeing how alone he was. For many years, he had been without home and had felt nothing. Now, he felt it. Still, even in the deepest meditation, he had been his father’s son, had been a Brahman, of a high caste, a cleric. Now, he was nothing but Siddhartha, the awoken one, nothing else was left. Deeply, he inhaled, and for a moment, he felt cold and shivered. Nobody was thus alone as he was. There was no nobleman who did not belong to the noblemen, no worker that did not belong to the workers, and found refuge with them, shared their life, spoke their language. No Brahman, who would not be regarded as Brahmans and lived with them, no ascetic who would not find his refuge in the caste of the Samanas, and even the most forlorn hermit in the forest was not just one and alone, he was also surrounded by a place he belonged to, he also belonged to a caste, in which he was at home. Govinda had become a monk, and a thousand monks were his brothers, wore the same robe as he, believed in his faith, spoke his language. But he, Siddhartha, where did he belong to? With whom would he share his life? Whose language would he speak?

Out of this moment, when the world melted away all around him, when he stood alone like a star in the sky, out of this moment of a cold and despair, Siddhartha emerged, more a self than before, more firmly concentrated. He felt: This had been the last tremor of the awakening, the last struggle of this birth. And it was not long until he walked again in long strides, started to proceed swiftly and impatiently, heading no longer for home, no longer to his father, no longer back.

SECOND PART

Dedicated to Wilhelm Gundert, my cousin in Japan

KAMALA

Siddhartha learned something new on every step of his path, for the world was transformed, and his heart was enchanted. He saw the sun rising over the mountains with their forests and setting over the distant beach with its palm-trees. At night, he saw the stars in the sky in their fixed positions and the crescent of the moon floating like a boat in the blue. He saw trees, stars, animals, clouds, rainbows, rocks, herbs, flowers, stream and river, the glistening dew in the bushes in the morning, distant high mountains which were blue and pale, birds sang and bees, wind silverishly blew through the rice-field. All of this, a thousand-fold and colourful, had always been there, always the sun and the moon had shone, always rivers had roared and bees had buzzed, but in former times all of this had been nothing more to Siddhartha than a fleeting, deceptive veil before his eyes, looked upon in distrust, destined to be penetrated and destroyed by thought, since it was not the essential existence, since this essence lay beyond, on the other side of, the visible. But now, his liberated eyes stayed on this side, he saw and became aware of the visible, sought to be at home in this world, did not search for the true essence, did not aim at a world beyond. Beautiful was this world, looking at it thus, without searching, thus simply, thus childlike. Beautiful were the moon and the stars, beautiful was the stream and the banks, the forest and the rocks, the goat and the gold-beetle, the flower and the butterfly. Beautiful and lovely it was, thus to walk through the world, thus childlike, thus awoken, thus open to what is near, thus without distrust. Differently the sun burnt the head, differently the shade of the forest cooled him down, differently the stream and the cistern, the pumpkin and the banana tasted. Short were the days, short the nights, every hour sped swiftly away like a sail on the sea, and under the sail was a ship full of treasures, full of joy. Siddhartha saw a group of apes moving through the high canopy of the forest, high in the branches, and heard their savage, greedy song. Siddhartha saw a male sheep following a female one and mating with her. In a lake of reeds, he saw the pike hungrily hunting for its dinner; propelling themselves away from it, in fear, wiggling and sparkling, the young fish jumped in droves out of the water;

the scent of strength and passion came forcefully out of the hasty eddies of the water, which the pike stirred up, impetuously hunting.

All of this had always existed, and he had not seen it; he had not been with it. Now he was with it, he was part of it. Light and shadow ran through his eyes, stars and moon ran through his heart.

On the way, Siddhartha also remembered everything he had experienced in the Garden Jetavana, the teaching he had heard there, the divine Buddha, the farewell from Govinda, the conversation with the exalted one. Again he remembered his own words, he had spoken to the exalted one, every word, and with astonishment he became aware of the fact that there he had said things which he had not really known yet at this time. What he had said to Gotama: his, the Buddha's, treasure and secret was not the teachings, but the unexpressable and not teachable, which he had experienced in the hour of his enlightenment—it was nothing but this very thing which he had now gone to experience, what he now began to experience. Now, he had to experience his self. It is true that he had already known for a long time that his self was Atman, in its essence bearing the same eternal characteristics as Brahman. But never, he had really found this self, because he had wanted to capture it in the net of thought. With the body definitely not being the self, and not the spectacle of the senses, so it also was not the thought, not the rational mind, not the learned wisdom, not the learned ability to draw conclusions and to develop previous thoughts in to new ones. No, this world of thought was also still on this side, and nothing could be achieved by killing the random self of the senses, if the random self of thoughts and learned knowledge was fattened on the other hand. Both, the thoughts as well as the senses, were pretty things, the ultimate meaning was hidden behind both of them, both had to be listened to, both had to be played with, both neither had to be scorned nor overestimated, from both the secret voices of the innermost truth had to be attentively perceived. He wanted to strive for nothing, except for what the voice commanded him to strive for, dwell on nothing, except where the voice would advise him to do so. Why had Gotama, at that time, in the hour of all hours, sat down under the bo-tree, where the enlightenment hit him? He had heard a voice, a voice in his own heart, which had commanded him to seek rest under this tree, and he had neither preferred self-castigation, offerings, ablutions, nor prayer, neither food nor drink, neither sleep nor dream, he had obeyed the voice. To obey like this, not to an external command, only to the voice, to be ready like this, this was good, this was necessary, nothing else was necessary.

In the night when he slept in the straw hut of a ferryman by the river, Siddhartha had a dream: Govinda was standing in front of him, dressed in the yellow robe of an ascetic. Sad was how Govinda looked like, sadly he asked: Why have you forsaken me? At this, he embraced Govinda, wrapped his arms around him, and as he was pulling him close to his chest and kissed him, it was not Govinda any more, but a woman, and a full breast popped out of the woman's dress, at which Siddhartha lay and drank, sweetly and strongly tasted the milk from this breast. It tasted of woman and man, of sun and forest, of animal and flower, of every fruit, of every joyful desire. It intoxicated him and rendered him unconscious.—When Siddhartha woke up, the pale river shimmered through the door of the hut, and in the forest, a dark call of an owl resounded deeply and pleasantly.

When the day began, Siddhartha asked his host, the ferryman, to get him across the river. The ferryman got him across the river on his bamboo-raft, the wide water shimmered reddishly in the light of the morning.

"This is a beautiful river," he said to his companion.

"Yes," said the ferryman, "a very beautiful river, I love it more than anything. Often I have listened to it, often I have looked into its eyes, and always I have learned from it. Much can be learned from a river."

"I thank you, my benefactor," spoke Siddhartha, disembarking on the other side of the river. "I have no gift I could give you for your hospitality, my dear, and also no payment for your work. I am a man without a home, a son of a Brahman and a Samana."

"I did see it," spoke the ferryman, "and I haven't expected any payment from you and no gift which would be the custom for guests to bear. You will give me the gift another time."

"Do you think so?" asked Siddhartha amusedly.

"Surely. This too, I have learned from the river: everything is coming back! You too, Samana, will come back. Now farewell! Let your friendship be my reward. Commemorate me, when you'll make offerings to the gods."

Smiling, they parted. Smiling, Siddhartha was happy about the friendship and the kindness of the ferryman. "He is like Govinda," he thought with a smile, "all I meet on my path are like Govinda. All are thankful, though they are the ones who would have a right to receive thanks. All are submissive, all would like to be friends, like to obey, think little. Like children are all people."

At about noon, he came through a village. In front of the mud cottages, children were rolling about in the street, were playing with pumpkin-seeds and sea-shells, screamed and wrestled, but they all timidly fled from the unknown Samana. In the end of the village, the path led through a stream, and by the side of the stream, a young woman was kneeling and washing clothes. When Siddhartha greeted her, she lifted her head and looked up to him with a smile, so that he saw the white in her eyes glistening. He called out a blessing to her, as it is the custom among travellers, and asked how far he still had to go to reach the large city. Then she got up and came to him, beautifully her wet mouth was shimmering in her young face. She exchanged humorous banter with him, asked whether he had eaten already, and whether it was true that the Samanas slept alone in the forest at night and were not allowed to have any women with them. While talking, she put her left foot on his right one and made a movement as a woman does who would want to initiate that kind of sexual pleasure with a man, which the textbooks call “climbing a tree”. Siddhartha felt his blood heating up, and since in this moment he had to think of his dream again, he bend slightly down to the woman and kissed with his lips the brown nipple of her breast. Looking up, he saw her face smiling full of lust and her eyes, with contracted pupils, begging with desire.

Siddhartha also felt desire and felt the source of his sexuality moving; but since he had never touched a woman before, he hesitated for a moment, while his hands were already prepared to reach out for her. And in this moment he heard, shuddering with awe, the voice of his innermost self, and this voice said No. Then, all charms disappeared from the young woman’s smiling face, he no longer saw anything else but the damp glance of a female animal in heat. Politely, he petted her cheek, turned away from her and disappeared away from the disappointed woman with light steps into the bamboo-wood.

On this day, he reached the large city before the evening, and was happy, for he felt the need to be among people. For a long time, he had lived in the forests, and the straw hut of the ferryman, in which he had slept that night, had been the first roof for a long time he had had over his head.

Before the city, in a beautifully fenced grove, the traveller came across a small group of servants, both male and female, carrying baskets. In their midst, carried by four servants in an ornamental sedan-chair, sat a woman, the mistress, on red pillows under a colourful canopy. Siddhartha stopped at the entrance to the pleasure-garden and watched the parade, saw the servants, the maids, the baskets, saw the sedan-chair and saw the lady in it. Under black hair, which made to tower high on her head, he saw a very fair, very delicate, very smart face, a brightly red mouth, like a freshly cracked fig, eyebrows which were well tended and painted in a high arch, smart and watchful dark eyes, a clear, tall neck rising from a green and golden garment, resting fair hands, long and thin, with wide golden bracelets over the wrists.

Siddhartha saw how beautiful she was, and his heart rejoiced. He bowed deeply, when the sedan-chair came closer, and straightening up again, he looked at the fair, charming face, read for a moment in the smart eyes with the high arcs above, breathed in a slight fragrant, he did not know. With a smile, the beautiful woman nodded for a moment and disappeared into the grove, and then the servants as well.

Thus I am entering this city, Siddhartha thought, with a charming omen. He instantly felt drawn into the grove, but he thought about it, and only now he became aware of how the servants and maids had looked at him at the entrance, how despicable, how distrustful, how rejecting.

I am still a Samana, he thought, I am still an ascetic and beggar. I must not remain like this, I will not be able to enter the grove like this. And he laughed.

The next person who came along this path he asked about the grove and for the name of the woman, and was told that this was the grove of Kamala, the famous courtesan, and that, aside from the grove, she owned a house in the city.

Then, he entered the city. Now he had a goal.

Pursuing his goal, he allowed the city to suck him in, drifted through the flow of the streets, stood still on the squares, rested on the stairs of stone by the river. When the evening came, he made friends with barber’s assistant, whom he had seen working in the shade of an arch in a building, whom he found again praying in a temple of Vishnu, whom he told about stories of Vishnu and the Lakshmi. Among the boats by the river, he slept this night, and early in the morning, before the first customers came into his shop, he had the barber’s assistant shave his beard and cut his hair, comb his hair and anoint it with fine oil. Then he went to take his bath in the river.

When late in the afternoon, beautiful Kamala approached her grove in her sedan-chair, Siddhartha was standing at the entrance, made a bow and received the courtesan's greeting. But that servant who walked at the very end of her train he motioned to him and asked him to inform his mistress that a young Brahman would wish to talk to her. After a while, the servant returned, asked him, who had been waiting, to follow him, conducted him, who was following him, without a word into a pavilion, where Kamala was lying on a couch, and left him alone with her.

"Weren't you already standing out there yesterday, greeting me?" asked Kamala.

"It's true that I've already seen and greeted you yesterday."

"But didn't you yesterday wear a beard, and long hair, and dust in your hair?"

"You have observed well, you have seen everything. You have seen Siddhartha, the son of a Brahman, who has left his home to become a Samana, and who has been a Samana for three years. But now, I have left that path and came into this city, and the first one I met, even before I had entered the city, was you. To say this, I have come to you, oh Kamala! You are the first woman whom Siddhartha is not addressing with his eyes turned to the ground. Never again I want to turn my eyes to the ground, when I'm coming across a beautiful woman."

Kamala smiled and played with her fan of peacocks' feathers. And asked: "And only to tell me this, Siddhartha has come to me?"

"To tell you this and to thank you for being so beautiful. And if it doesn't displease you, Kamala, I would like to ask you to be my friend and teacher, for I know nothing yet of that art which you have mastered in the highest degree."

At this, Kamala laughed aloud.

"Never before this has happened to me, my friend, that a Samana from the forest came to me and wanted to learn from me! Never before this has happened to me, that a Samana came to me with long hair and an old, torn loincloth! Many young men come to me, and there are also sons of Brahmans among them, but they come in beautiful clothes, they come in fine shoes, they have perfume in their hair and money in their pouches. This is, oh Samana, how the young men are like who come to me."

Quoth Siddhartha: "Already I am starting to learn from you. Even yesterday, I was already learning. I have already taken off my beard, have combed the hair, have oil in my hair. There is little which is still missing in me, oh excellent one: fine clothes, fine shoes, money in my pouch. You shall know, Siddhartha has set harder goals for himself than such trifles, and he has reached them. How shouldn't I reach that goal, which I have set for myself yesterday: to be your friend and to learn the joys of love from you! You'll see that I'll learn quickly, Kamala, I have already learned harder things than what you're supposed to teach me. And now let's get to it: You aren't satisfied with Siddhartha as he is, with oil in his hair, but without clothes, without shoes, without money?"

Laughing, Kamala exclaimed: "No, my dear, he doesn't satisfy me yet. Clothes are what he must have, pretty clothes, and shoes, pretty shoes, and lots of money in his pouch, and gifts for Kamala. Do you know it now, Samana from the forest? Did you mark my words?"

"Yes, I have marked your words," Siddhartha exclaimed. "How should I not mark words which are coming from such a mouth! Your mouth is like a freshly cracked fig, Kamala. My mouth is red and fresh as well, it will be a suitable match for yours, you'll see.—But tell me, beautiful Kamala, aren't you at all afraid of the Samana from the forest, who has come to learn how to make love?"

"Whatever for should I be afraid of a Samana, a stupid Samana from the forest, who is coming from the jackals and doesn't even know yet what women are?"

"Oh, he's strong, the Samana, and he isn't afraid of anything. He could force you, beautiful girl. He could kidnap you. He could hurt you."

"No, Samana, I am not afraid of this. Did any Samana or Brahman ever fear, someone might come and grab him and steal his learning, and his religious devotion, and his depth of thought? No, for they are his very own, and he would only give away from those whatever he is willing to give and to whomever he is willing to give. Like this it is, precisely like this it is also with Kamala and with the pleasures of love. Beautiful and red is Kamala's mouth, but just try to kiss it against Kamala's will, and you will not obtain a single drop of sweetness from it, which knows how to give so many sweet things! You are learning easily, Siddhartha, thus you should also learn this: love can be obtained by begging, buying, receiving it as a gift, finding it in the street, but it cannot be stolen. In this, you have come up with the wrong path. No, it would be a pity, if a pretty young man like you would want to tackle it in such a

wrong manner.”

Siddhartha bowed with a smile. “It would be a pity, Kamala, you are so right! It would be such a great pity. No, I shall not lose a single drop of sweetness from your mouth, nor you from mine! So it is settled: Siddhartha will return, once he’ll have what he still lacks: clothes, shoes, money. But speak, lovely Kamala, couldn’t you still give me one small advice?”

“An advice? Why not? Who wouldn’t like to give an advice to a poor, ignorant Samana, who is coming from the jackals of the forest?”

“Dear Kamala, thus advise me where I should go to, that I’ll find these three things most quickly?”

“Friend, many would like to know this. You must do what you’ve learned and ask for money, clothes, and shoes in return. There is no other way for a poor man to obtain money. What might you be able to do?”

“I can think. I can wait. I can fast.”

“Nothing else?”

“Nothing. But yes, I can also write poetry. Would you like to give me a kiss for a poem?”

“I would like to, if I’ll like your poem. What would be its title?”

Siddhartha spoke, after he had thought about it for a moment, these verses:

Into her shady grove stepped the pretty Kamala, At the grove’s entrance stood the brown Samana. Deeply, seeing the lotus’s blossom, Bowed that man, and smiling Kamala thanked. More lovely, thought the young man, than offerings for gods, More lovely is offering to pretty Kamala.

Kamala loudly clapped her hands, so that the golden bracelets clanged.

“Beautiful are your verses, oh brown Samana, and truly, I’m losing nothing when I’m giving you a kiss for them.”

She beckoned him with her eyes, he tilted his head so that his face touched hers and placed his mouth on that mouth which was like a freshly cracked fig. For a long time, Kamala kissed him, and with a deep astonishment Siddhartha felt how she taught him, how wise she was, how she controlled him, rejected him, lured him, and how after this first one there was to be a long, a well ordered, well tested sequence of kisses, every one different from the others, he was still to receive. Breathing deeply, he remained standing where he was, and was in this moment astonished like a child about the cornucopia of knowledge and things worth learning, which revealed itself before his eyes.

“Very beautiful are your verses,” exclaimed Kamala, “if I was rich, I would give you pieces of gold for them. But it will be difficult for you to earn thus much money with verses as you need. For you need a lot of money, if you want to be Kamala’s friend.”

“The way you’re able to kiss, Kamala!” stammered Siddhartha.

“Yes, this I am able to do, therefore I do not lack clothes, shoes, bracelets, and all beautiful things. But what will become of you? Aren’t you able to do anything else but thinking, fasting, making poetry?”

“I also know the sacrificial songs,” said Siddhartha, “but I do not want to sing them any more. I also know magic spells, but I do not want to speak them any more. I have read the scriptures—”

“Stop,” Kamala interrupted him. “You’re able to read? And write?”

“Certainly, I can do this. Many people can do this.”

“Most people can’t. I also can’t do it. It is very good that you’re able to read and write, very good. You will also still find use for the magic spells.”

In this moment, a maid came running in and whispered a message into her mistress’s ear.

“There’s a visitor for me,” exclaimed Kamala. “Hurry and get yourself away, Siddhartha, nobody may see you in here, remember this! Tomorrow, I’ll see you again.”

But to the maid she gave the order to give the pious Brahman white upper garments. Without fully understanding what was happening to him, Siddhartha found himself being dragged away by the maid, brought into a garden-house avoiding the direct path, being given upper garments as a gift, led into the bushes, and urgently admonished to get himself out of the grove as soon as possible without being seen.

Contently, he did as he had been told. Being accustomed to the forest, he managed to get out of the grove and over the hedge without making a sound. Contently, he returned to the city, carrying the rolled up garments under his arm. At the inn, where travellers stay, he positioned himself by the door, without words he asked for food, without a word he accepted a piece of rice-cake. Perhaps as soon as tomorrow, he thought, I will ask no one for food any more.

Suddenly, pride flared up in him. He was no Samana any more, it was no longer becoming to him to beg. He gave the rice-cake to a dog and remained without food.

“Simple is the life which people lead in this world here,” thought Siddhartha. “It presents no difficulties. Everything was difficult, toilsome, and ultimately hopeless, when I was still a Samana. Now, everything is easy, easy like that lesson in kissing, which Kamala is giving me. I need clothes and money, nothing else; these are small, near goals, they won’t make a person lose any sleep.”

He had already discovered Kamala’s house in the city long before, there he turned up the following day.

“Things are working out well,” she called out to him. “They are expecting you at Kamaswami’s, he is the richest merchant of the city. If he’ll like you, he’ll accept you into his service. Be smart, brown Samana. I had others tell him about you. Be polite towards him, he is very powerful. But don’t be too modest! I do not want you to become his servant, you shall become his equal, or else I won’t be satisfied with you. Kamaswami is starting to get old and lazy. If he’ll like you, he’ll entrust you with a lot.”

Siddhartha thanked her and laughed, and when she found out that he had not eaten anything yesterday and today, she sent for bread and fruits and treated him to it.

“You’ve been lucky,” she said when they parted, “I’m opening one door after another for you. How come? Do you have a spell?”

Siddhartha said: “Yesterday, I told you I knew how to think, to wait, and to fast, but you thought this was of no use. But it is useful for many things, Kamala, you’ll see. You’ll see that the stupid Samanas are learning and able to do many pretty things in the forest, which the likes of you aren’t capable of. The day before yesterday, I was still a shaggy beggar, as soon as yesterday I have kissed Kamala, and soon I’ll be a merchant and have money and all those things you insist upon.”

“Well yes,” she admitted. “But where would you be without me? What would you be, if Kamala wasn’t helping you?”

“Dear Kamala,” said Siddhartha and straightened up to his full height, “when I came to you into your grove, I did the first step. It was my resolution to learn love from this most beautiful woman. From that moment on when I had made this resolution, I also knew that I would carry it out. I knew that you would help me, at your first glance at the entrance of the grove I already knew it.”

“But what if I hadn’t been willing?”

“You were willing. Look, Kamala: When you throw a rock into the water, it will speed on the fastest course to the bottom of the water. This is how it is when Siddhartha has a goal, a resolution. Siddhartha does nothing, he waits, he thinks, he fasts, but he passes through the things of the world like a rock through water, without doing anything, without stirring; he is drawn, he lets himself fall. His goal attracts him, because he doesn’t let anything enter his soul which might oppose the goal. This is what Siddhartha has learned among the Samanas. This is what fools call magic and of which they think it would be effected by means of the daemons. Nothing is effected by daemons, there are no daemons. Everyone can perform magic, everyone can reach his goals, if he is able to think, if he is able to wait, if he is able to fast.”

Kamala listened to him. She loved his voice, she loved the look from his eyes.

“Perhaps it is so,” she said quietly, “as you say, friend. But perhaps it is also like this: that Siddhartha is a handsome man, that his glance pleases the women, that therefore good fortune is coming towards him.”

With one kiss, Siddhartha bid his farewell. “I wish that it should be this way, my teacher; that my glance shall please you, that always good fortune shall come to me out of your direction!”

WITH THE CHILDLIKE PEOPLE

Siddhartha went to Kamaswami the merchant, he was directed into a rich house, servants led him between precious carpets into a chamber, where he awaited the master of the house.

Kamaswami entered, a swiftly, smoothly moving man with very gray hair, with very intelligent, cautious eyes, with a greedy mouth. Politely, the host and the guest greeted one another.

“I have been told,” the merchant began, “that you were a Brahman, a learned man, but that you seek to be in the service of a merchant. Might you have become destitute, Brahman, so that you seek to serve?”

“No,” said Siddhartha, “I have not become destitute and have never been destitute. You should know that I’m coming from the Samanas, with whom I have lived for a long time.”

“If you’re coming from the Samanas, how could you be anything but destitute? Aren’t the Samanas entirely without possessions?”

“I am without possessions,” said Siddhartha, “if this is what you mean. Surely, I am without possessions. But I am so voluntarily, and therefore I am not destitute.”

“But what are you planning to live of, being without possessions?”

“I haven’t thought of this yet, sir. For more than three years, I have been without possessions, and have never thought about of what I should live.”

“So you’ve lived of the possessions of others.”

“Presumable this is how it is. After all, a merchant also lives of what other people own.”

“Well said. But he wouldn’t take anything from another person for nothing; he would give his merchandise in return.”

“So it seems to be indeed. Everyone takes, everyone gives, such is life.”

“But if you don’t mind me asking: being without possessions, what would you like to give?”

“Everyone gives what he has. The warrior gives strength, the merchant gives merchandise, the teacher teachings, the farmer rice, the fisher fish.”

“Yes indeed. And what is it now what you’ve got to give? What is it that you’ve learned, what you’re able to do?”

“I can think. I can wait. I can fast.”

“That’s everything?”

“I believe, that’s everything!”

“And what’s the use of that? For example, the fasting—what is it good for?”

“It is very good, sir. When a person has nothing to eat, fasting is the smartest thing he could do. When, for example, Siddhartha hadn’t learned to fast, he would have to accept any kind of service before this day is up, whether it may be with you or wherever, because hunger would force him to do so. But like this, Siddhartha can wait calmly, he knows no impatience, he knows no emergency, for a long time he can allow hunger to besiege him and can laugh about it. This, sir, is what fasting is good for.”

“You’re right, Samana. Wait for a moment.”

Kamaswami left the room and returned with a scroll, which he handed to his guest while asking: “Can you read this?”

Siddhartha looked at the scroll, on which a sales-contract had been written down, and began to read out its contents.

“Excellent,” said Kamaswami. “And would you write something for me on this piece of paper?”

He handed him a piece of paper and a pen, and Siddhartha wrote and returned the paper.

Kamaswami read: “Writing is good, thinking is better. Being smart is good, being patient is better.”

“It is excellent how you’re able to write,” the merchant praised him. “Many a thing we will still have to discuss with one another. For today, I’m asking you to be my guest and to live in this house.”

Siddhartha thanked and accepted, and lived in the dealer’s house from now on. Clothes were brought to him, and shoes, and every day, a servant prepared a bath for him. Twice a day, a plentiful meal was served, but Siddhartha only ate once a day, and ate neither meat nor did he drink wine. Kamaswami told him about his trade, showed him the merchandise and storage-rooms, showed him calculations. Siddhartha got to know many new things, he heard a lot and spoke little. And thinking of Kamala’s words, he was never subservient to the merchant, forced him to treat him as an equal, yes even more than an equal. Kamaswami conducted his business with care and often with passion, but Siddhartha looked upon all of this as if it was a game, the rules of which he tried hard to learn precisely, but the contents of which did not touch his heart.

He was not in Kamaswami’s house for long, when he already took part in his landlord’s business. But daily, at the hour appointed by her, he visited beautiful Kamala, wearing pretty clothes, fine shoes, and soon he brought her gifts as well. Much he learned from her red, smart mouth. Much he learned from her tender, supple hand. Him, who was, regarding love, still a boy and had a tendency to plunge blindly and insatiably into lust like into a bottomless pit, him she taught, thoroughly starting with the basics, about that school of thought which teaches that pleasure cannot be taken without giving pleasure, and that every gesture, every caress, every touch, every look, every spot of the body, however small it was, had its secret, which would bring happiness to those who know about it and unleash it. She taught him, that lovers must not part from one another after celebrating love, without one admiring the other, without being just as defeated as they have been victorious, so that none of them should start feeling fed up or bored and get that evil feeling of having abused or having been abused. Wonderful hours he spent with the beautiful and smart artist, became her student, her lover, her friend. Here with Kamala was the worth and purpose of his present life, not with the business of Kamaswami.

The merchant passed duties of writing important letters and contracts on to him and got into the habit of discussing all important affairs with him. He soon saw that Siddhartha knew little about rice and wool, shipping and trade, but that he acted in a fortunate manner, and that Siddhartha surpassed him, the merchant, in calmness and equanimity, and in the art of listening and deeply understanding previously unknown people. “This Brahman,” he said to a friend, “is no proper merchant and will never be one, there is never any passion in his soul when he conducts our business. But he has that mysterious quality of those people to whom success comes all by itself, whether this may be a good star of his birth, magic, or something he has learned among Samanas. He always seems to be merely playing with our business-affairs, they never fully become a part of him, they never rule over him, he is never afraid of failure, he is never upset by a loss.”

The friend advised the merchant: “Give him from the business he conducts for you a third of the profits, but let him also be liable for the same amount of the losses, when there is a loss. Then, he’ll become more zealous.”

Kamaswami followed the advice. But Siddhartha cared little about this. When he made a profit, he accepted it with equanimity; when he made losses, he laughed and said: “Well, look at this, so this one turned out badly!”

It seemed indeed, as if he did not care about the business. At one time, he travelled to a village to buy a large harvest of rice there. But when he got there, the rice had already been sold to another merchant. Nevertheless, Siddhartha stayed for several days in that village, treated the farmers for a drink, gave copper-coins to their children, joined in the celebration of a wedding, and returned extremely satisfied from his trip. Kamaswami held against him that he had not turned back right away, that he had wasted time and money. Siddhartha answered: “Stop scolding, dear friend! Nothing was ever achieved by scolding. If a loss has occurred, let me bear that loss. I am very satisfied with this trip. I have gotten to know many kinds of people, a Brahman has become my friend, children have sat on my knees, farmers have shown me their fields, nobody knew that I was a merchant.”

“That’s all very nice,” exclaimed Kamaswami indignantly, “but in fact, you are a merchant after all, one ought to think! Or might you have only travelled for your amusement?”

“Surely,” Siddhartha laughed, “surely I have travelled for my amusement. For what else? I have gotten to know people and places, I have received kindness and trust, I have found friendship. Look, my dear, if I had been Kamaswami, I would have travelled back, being annoyed and in a hurry, as soon as I had seen that my purchase had been rendered impossible, and time and money would indeed have been lost. But like this, I’ve had a few good days, I’ve learned, had joy, I’ve neither harmed myself nor others by annoyance and hastiness. And if I’ll ever return there again, perhaps to buy an upcoming harvest, or for whatever purpose it might be, friendly people will receive me in a friendly and happy manner, and I will praise myself for not showing any hurry and displeasure at that time. So, leave it as it is, my friend, and don’t harm yourself by scolding! If the day will come, when you will see:

this Siddhartha is harming me, then speak a word and Siddhartha will go on his own path. But until then, let's be satisfied with one another."

Futile were also the merchant's attempts, to convince Siddhartha that he should eat his bread. Siddhartha ate his own bread, or rather they both ate other people's bread, all people's bread. Siddhartha never listened to Kamaswami's worries and Kamaswami had many worries. Whether there was a business-deal going on which was in danger of failing, or whether a shipment of merchandise seemed to have been lost, or a debtor seemed to be unable to pay, Kamaswami could never convince his partner that it would be useful to utter a few words of worry or anger, to have wrinkles on the forehead, to sleep badly. When, one day, Kamaswami held against him that he had learned everything he knew from him, he replied: "Would you please not kid me with such jokes! What I've learned from you is how much a basket of fish costs and how much interest may be charged on loaned money. These are your areas of expertise. I haven't learned to think from you, my dear Kamaswami, you ought to be the one seeking to learn from me."

Indeed his soul was not with the trade. The business was good enough to provide him with the money for Kamala, and it earned him much more than he needed. Besides from this, Siddhartha's interest and curiosity was only concerned with the people, whose businesses, crafts, worries, pleasures, and acts of foolishness used to be as alien and distant to him as the moon. However easily he succeeded in talking to all of them, in living with all of them, in learning from all of them, he was still aware that there was something which separated him from them and this separating factor was him being a Samana. He saw mankind going through life in a childlike or animallike manner, which he loved and also despised at the same time. He saw them toiling, saw them suffering, and becoming gray for the sake of things which seemed to him entirely unworthy of this price, for money, for little pleasures, for being slightly honoured, he saw them scolding and insulting each other, he saw them complaining about pain at which a Samana would only smile, and suffering because of deprivations which a Samana would not feel.

He was open to everything these people brought his way. Welcome was the merchant who offered him linen for sale, welcome was the debtor who sought another loan, welcome was the beggar who told him for one hour the story of his poverty and who was not half as poor as any given Samana. He did not treat the rich foreign merchant any different than the servant who shaved him and the street-vendor whom he let cheat him out of some small change when buying bananas. When Kamaswami came to him, to complain about his worries or to reproach him concerning his business, he listened curiously and happily, was puzzled by him, tried to understand him, consented that he was a little bit right, only as much as he considered indispensable, and turned away from him, towards the next person who would ask for him. And there were many who came to him, many to do business with him, many to cheat him, many to draw some secret out of him, many to appeal to his sympathy, many to get his advice. He gave advice, he pitied, he made gifts, he let them cheat him a bit, and this entire game and the passion with which all people played this game occupied his thoughts just as much as the gods and Brahmans used to occupy them.

At times he felt, deep in his chest, a dying, quiet voice, which admonished him quietly, lamented quietly; he hardly perceived it. And then, for an hour, he became aware of the strange life he was leading, of him doing lots of things which were only a game, of, though being happy and feeling joy at times, real life still passing him by and not touching him. As a ball-player plays with his balls, he played with his business-deals, with the people around him, watched them, found amusement in them; with his heart, with the source of his being, he was not with them. The source ran somewhere, far away from him, ran and ran invisibly, had nothing to do with his life any more. And at several times he suddenly became scared on account of such thoughts and wished that he would also be gifted with the ability to participate in all of these childlike-naive occupations of the daytime with passion and with his heart, really to live, really to act, really to enjoy and to live instead of just standing by as a spectator. But again and again, he came back to beautiful Kamala, learned the art of love, practised the cult of lust, in which more than in anything else giving and taking becomes one, chatted with her, learned from her, gave her advice, received advice. She understood him better than Govinda used to understand him, she was more similar to him.

Once, he said to her: "You are like me, you are different from most people. You are Kamala, nothing else, and inside of you, there is a peace and refuge, to which you can go at every hour of the day and be at home at yourself, as I can also do. Few people have this, and yet all could have it."

"Not all people are smart," said Kamala.

"No," said Siddhartha, "that's not the reason why. Kamaswami is just as smart as I, and still has no refuge in himself. Others have it, who are small children with respect to their mind. Most people, Kamala, are like a falling leaf, which is blown and is turning around

through the air, and wavers, and tumbles to the ground. But others, a few, are like stars, they go on a fixed course, no wind reaches them, in themselves they have their law and their course. Among all the learned men and Samanas, of which I knew many, there was one of this kind, a perfected one, I'll never be able to forget him. It is that Gotama, the exalted one, who is spreading those teachings. Thousands of followers are listening to his teachings every day, follow his instructions every hour, but they are all falling leaves, not in themselves they have teachings and a law."

Kamala looked at him with a smile. "Again, you're talking about him," she said, "again, you're having a Samana's thoughts."

Siddhartha said nothing, and they played the game of love, one of the thirty or forty different games Kamala knew. Her body was flexible like that of a jaguar and like the bow of a hunter; he who had learned from her how to make love, was knowledgeable of many forms of lust, many secrets. For a long time, she played with Siddhartha, enticed him, rejected him, forced him, embraced him: enjoyed his masterful skills, until he was defeated and rested exhausted by her side.

The courtesan bent over him, took a long look at his face, at his eyes, which had grown tired.

"You are the best lover," she said thoughtfully, "I ever saw. You're stronger than others, more supple, more willing. You've learned my art well, Siddhartha. At some time, when I'll be older, I'd want to bear your child. And yet, my dear, you've remained a Samana, and yet you do not love me, you love nobody. Isn't it so?"

"It might very well be so," Siddhartha said tiredly. "I am like you. You also do not love—how else could you practise love as a craft? Perhaps, people of our kind can't love. The childlike people can; that's their secret."

SANSARA

For a long time, Siddhartha had lived the life of the world and of lust, though without being a part of it. His senses, which he had killed off in hot years as a Samana, had awoken again, he had tasted riches, had tasted lust, had tasted power; nevertheless he had still remained in his heart for a long time a Samana; Kamala, being smart, had realized this quite right. It was still the art of thinking, of waiting, of fasting, which guided his life; still the people of the world, the childlike people, had remained alien to him as he was alien to them.

Years passed by; surrounded by the good life, Siddhartha hardly felt them fading away. He had become rich, for quite a while he possessed a house of his own and his own servants, and a garden before the city by the river. The people liked him, they came to him, whenever they needed money or advice, but there was nobody close to him, except Kamala.

That high, bright state of being awake, which he had experienced that one time at the height of his youth, in those days after Gotama's sermon, after the separation from Govinda, that tense expectation, that proud state of standing alone without teachings and without teachers, that supple willingness to listen to the divine voice in his own heart, had slowly become a memory, had been fleeting; distant and quiet, the holy source murmured, which used to be near, which used to murmur within himself. Nevertheless, many things he had learned from the Samanas, he had learned from Gotama, he had learned from his father the Brahman, had remained within him for a long time afterwards: moderate living, joy of thinking, hours of meditation, secret knowledge of the self, of his eternal entity, which is neither body nor consciousness. Many a part of this he still had, but one part after another had been submerged and had gathered dust. Just as a potter's wheel, once it has been set in motion, will keep on turning for a long time and only slowly lose its vigour and come to a stop, thus Siddhartha's soul had kept on turning the wheel of asceticism, the wheel of thinking, the wheel of differentiation for a long time, still turning, but it turned slowly and hesitantly and was close to coming to a standstill. Slowly, like humidity entering the dying stem of a tree, filling it slowly and making it rot, the world and sloth had entered Siddhartha's soul, slowly it filled his soul, made it heavy, made it tired, put it to sleep. On the other hand, his senses had become alive, there was much they had learned, much they had experienced.

Siddhartha had learned to trade, to use his power over people, to enjoy himself with a woman, he had learned to wear beautiful clothes, to give orders to servants, to bathe in perfumed waters. He had learned to eat tenderly and carefully prepared food, even fish, even meat and poultry, spices and sweets, and to drink wine, which causes sloth and forgetfulness. He had learned to play with dice and on a chess-board, to watch dancing girls, to have himself carried about in a sedan-chair, to sleep on a soft bed. But still he had felt different from and superior to the others; always he had watched them with some mockery, some mocking disdain, with the same disdain which a Samana constantly feels for the people of the world. When Kamaswami was ailing, when he was annoyed, when he felt insulted, when he was vexed by his worries as a merchant, Siddhartha had always watched it with mockery.

Just slowly and imperceptibly, as the harvest seasons and rainy seasons passed by, his mockery had become more tired, his superiority had become more quiet. Just slowly, among his growing riches, Siddhartha had assumed something of the childlike people's ways for himself, something of their childlikeness and of their fearfulness. And yet, he envied them, envied them just the more, the more similar he became to them. He envied them for the one thing that was missing from him and that they had, the importance they were able to attach to their lives, the amount of passion in their joys and fears, the fearful but sweet happiness of being constantly in love. These people were all of the time in love with themselves, with women, with their children, with honours or money, with plans or hopes. But he did not learn this from them, this out of all things, this joy of a child and this foolishness of a child; he learned from them out of all things the unpleasant ones, which he himself despised. It happened more and more often that, in the morning after having had company the night before, he stayed in bed for a long time, felt unable to think and tired. It happened that he became angry and impatient, when Kamaswami bored him with his worries. It happened that he laughed just too loud when he lost a game of dice. His face was still smarter and more spiritual than others, but it rarely laughed, and assumed, one after another, those features which are so often found in the faces of rich people, those features of discontent, of sickliness, of ill-humour, of sloth, of a lack of love. Slowly the disease of the soul, which rich people have, grabbed hold of him.

Like a veil, like a thin mist, tiredness came over Siddhartha, slowly, getting a bit denser every day, a bit murkier every month, a bit heavier every year. As a new dress becomes old in time, loses its beautiful colour in time, gets stains, gets wrinkles, gets worn off at the seams, and starts to show threadbare spots here and there, thus Siddhartha's new life, which he had started after his separation from Govinda, had grown old, lost colour and splendour as the years passed by, was gathering wrinkles and stains, and hidden at bottom, already showing its ugliness here and there, disappointment and disgust were waiting. Siddhartha did not notice it. He only noticed that this bright and reliable voice inside of him, which had awoken in him at that time and had ever guided him in his best times, had become silent.

He had been captured by the world, by lust, covetousness, sloth, and finally also by that vice which he had used to despise and mock the most as the most foolish one of all vices: greed. Property, possessions, and riches also had finally captured him; they were no longer a game and trifles to him, had become a shackle and a burden. In a strange and devious way, Siddhartha had gotten into this final and most base of all dependencies, by means of the game of dice. It was since that time, when he had stopped being a Samana in his heart, that Siddhartha began to play the game for money and precious things, which he at other times only joined with a smile and casually as a custom of the childlike people, with an increasing rage and passion. He was a feared gambler, few dared to take him on, so high and audacious were his stakes. He played the game due to a pain of his heart, losing and wasting his wretched money in the game brought him an angry joy, in no other way he could demonstrate his disdain for wealth, the merchants' false god, more clearly and more mockingly. Thus he gambled with high stakes and mercilessly, hating himself, mocking himself, won thousands, threw away thousands, lost money, lost jewelry, lost a house in the country, won again, lost again. That fear, that terrible and petrifying fear, which he felt while he was rolling the dice, while he was worried about losing high stakes, that fear he loved and sought to always renew it, always increase it, always get it to a slightly higher level, for in this feeling alone he still felt something like happiness, something like an intoxication, something like an elevated form of life in the midst of his saturated, lukewarm, dull life.

And after each big loss, his mind was set on new riches, pursued the trade more zealously, forced his debtors more strictly to pay, because he wanted to continue gambling, he wanted to continue squandering, continue demonstrating his disdain of wealth. Siddhartha lost his calmness when losses occurred, lost his patience when he was not paid on time, lost his kindness towards beggars, lost his disposition for giving away and loaning money to those who petitioned him. He, who gambled away tens of thousands at one roll of the dice and laughed at it, became more strict and more petty in his business, occasionally dreaming at night about money! And whenever he woke up from this ugly spell, whenever he found his face in the mirror at the bedroom's wall to have aged and become more ugly, whenever embarrassment and disgust came over him, he continued fleeing, fleeing into a new game, fleeing into a numbing of his mind brought on by sex, by wine, and from there he fled back into the urge to pile up and obtain possessions. In this pointless cycle he ran, growing tired, growing old, growing ill.

Then the time came when a dream warned him. He had spent the hours of the evening with Kamala, in her beautiful pleasure-garden. They had been sitting under the trees, talking, and Kamala had said thoughtful words, words behind which a sadness and tiredness lay hidden. She had asked him to tell her about Gotama, and could not hear enough of him, how clear his eyes, how still and beautiful his mouth, how kind his smile, how peaceful his walk had been. For a long time, he had to tell her about the exalted Buddha, and Kamala had sighed and had said: "One day, perhaps soon, I'll also follow that Buddha. I'll give him my pleasure-garden for a gift and take my refuge in his teachings." But after this, she had aroused him, and had tied him to her in

the act of making love with painful fervour, biting and in tears, as if, once more, she wanted to squeeze the last sweet drop out of this vain, fleeting pleasure. Never before, it had become so strangely clear to Siddhartha, how closely lust was akin to death. Then he had lain by her side, and Kamala's face had been close to him, and under her eyes and next to the corners of her mouth he had, as clearly as never before, read a fearful inscription, an inscription of small lines, of slight grooves, an inscription reminiscent of autumn and old age, just as Siddhartha himself, who was only in his forties, had already noticed, here and there, gray hairs among his black ones. Tiredness was written on Kamala's beautiful face, tiredness from walking a long path, which has no happy destination, tiredness and the beginning of withering, and concealed, still unsaid, perhaps not even conscious anxiety: fear of old age, fear of the autumn, fear of having to die. With a sigh, he had bid his farewell to her, the soul full of reluctance, and full of concealed anxiety.

Then, Siddhartha had spent the night in his house with dancing girls and wine, had acted as if he was superior to them, towards the fellow-members of his caste, though this was no longer true, had drunk much wine and gone to bed a long time after midnight, being tired and yet excited, close to weeping and despair, and had for a long time sought to sleep in vain, his heart full of misery which he thought he could not bear any longer, full of a disgust which he felt penetrating his entire body like the lukewarm, repulsive taste of the wine, the just too sweet, dull music, the just too soft smile of the dancing girls, the just too sweet scent of their hair and breasts. But more than by anything else, he was disgusted by himself, by his perfumed hair, by the smell of wine from his mouth, by the flabby tiredness and listlessness of his skin. Like when someone, who has eaten and drunk far too much, vomits it back up again with agonising pain and is nevertheless glad about the relief, thus this sleepless man wished to free himself of these pleasures, these habits and all of this pointless life and himself, in an immense burst of disgust. Not until the light of the morning and the beginning of the first activities in the street before his city-house, he had slightly fallen asleep, had found for a few moments a half unconsciousness, a hint of sleep. In those moments, he had a dream:

Kamala owned a small, rare singing bird in a golden cage. Of this bird, he dreamt. He dreamt: this bird had become mute, who at other times always used to sing in the morning, and since this arose his attention, he stepped in front of the cage and looked inside; there the small bird was dead and lay stiff on the ground. He took it out, weighed it for a moment in his hand, and then threw it away, out in the street, and in the same moment, he felt terribly shocked, and his heart hurt, as if he had thrown away from himself all value and everything good by throwing out this dead bird.

Starting up from this dream, he felt encompassed by a deep sadness. Worthless, so it seemed to him, worthless and pointless was the way he had been going through life; nothing which was alive, nothing which was in some way delicious or worth keeping he had left in his hands. Alone he stood there and empty like a castaway on the shore.

With a gloomy mind, Siddhartha went to the pleasure-garden he owned, locked the gate, sat down under a mango-tree, felt death in his heart and horror in his chest, sat and sensed how everything died in him, withered in him, came to an end in him. By and by, he gathered his thoughts, and in his mind, he once again went the entire path of his life, starting with the first days he could remember. When was there ever a time when he had experienced happiness, felt a true bliss? Oh yes, several times he had experienced such a thing. In his years as a boy, he had had a taste of it, when he had obtained praise from the Brahmans, he had felt it in his heart: "There is a path in front of the one who has distinguished himself in the recitation of the holy verses, in the dispute with the learned ones, as an assistant in the offerings." Then, he had felt it in his heart: "There is a path in front of you, you are destined for, the gods are awaiting you." And again, as a young man, when the ever rising, upward fleeing, goal of all thinking had ripped him out of and up from the multitude of those seeking the same goal, when he wrestled in pain for the purpose of Brahman, when every obtained knowledge only kindled new thirst in him, then again he had, in the midst of the thirst, in the midst of the pain felt this very same thing: "Go on! Go on! You are called upon!" He had heard this voice when he had left his home and had chosen the life of a Samana, and again when he had gone away from the Samanas to that perfected one, and also when he had gone away from him to the uncertain. For how long had he not heard this voice any more, for how long had he reached no height any more, how even and dull was the manner in which his path had passed through life, for many long years, without a high goal, without thirst, without elevation, content with small lustful pleasures and yet never satisfied! For all of these many years, without knowing it himself, he had tried hard and longed to become a man like those many, like those children, and in all this, his life had been much more miserable and poorer than theirs, and their goals were not his, nor their worries; after all, that entire world of the Kamaswami-people had only been a game to him, a dance he would watch, a comedy. Only Kamala had been dear, had been valuable to him—but was she still thus? Did he still need her, or she him? Did they not play a game without an ending? Was it necessary to live for this? No, it was not necessary! The name of this game was Sansara, a game for children, a game which was perhaps enjoyable to play once, twice, ten times—but for ever and ever over again?

Then, Siddhartha knew that the game was over, that he could not play it any more. Shivers ran over his body, inside of him, so he felt, something had died.

That entire day, he sat under the mango-tree, thinking of his father, thinking of Govinda, thinking of Gotama. Did he have to leave them to become a Kamaswami? He still sat there, when the night had fallen. When, looking up, he caught sight of the stars, he thought: “Here I’m sitting under my mango-tree, in my pleasure-garden.” He smiled a little—was it really necessary, was it right, was it not as foolish game, that he owned a mango-tree, that he owned a garden?

He also put an end to this, this also died in him. He rose, bid his farewell to the mango-tree, his farewell to the pleasure-garden. Since he had been without food this day, he felt strong hunger, and thought of his house in the city, of his chamber and bed, of the table with the meals on it. He smiled tiredly, shook himself, and bid his farewell to these things.

In the same hour of the night, Siddhartha left his garden, left the city, and never came back. For a long time, Kamaswami had people look for him, thinking that he had fallen into the hands of robbers. Kamala had no one look for him. When she was told that Siddhartha had disappeared, she was not astonished. Did she not always expect it? Was he not a Samana, a man who was at home nowhere, a pilgrim? And most of all, she had felt this the last time they had been together, and she was happy, in spite of all the pain of the loss, that she had pulled him so affectionately to her heart for this last time, that she had felt one more time to be so completely possessed and penetrated by him.

When she received the first news of Siddhartha’s disappearance, she went to the window, where she held a rare singing bird captive in a golden cage. She opened the door of the cage, took the bird out and let it fly. For a long time, she gazed after it, the flying bird. From this day on, she received no more visitors and kept her house locked. But after some time, she became aware that she was pregnant from the last time she was together with Siddhartha.

BY THE RIVER

Siddhartha walked through the forest, was already far from the city, and knew nothing but that one thing, that there was no going back for him, that this life, as he had lived it for many years until now, was over and done away with, and that he had tasted all of it, sucked everything out of it until he was disgusted with it. Dead was the singing bird he had dreamt of. Dead was the bird in his heart. Deeply, he had been entangled in Sansara, he had sucked up disgust and death from all sides into his body, like a sponge sucks up water until it is full. And full he was, full of the feeling of been sick of it, full of misery, full of death, there was nothing left in this world which could have attracted him, given him joy, given him comfort.

Passionately he wished to know nothing about himself anymore, to have rest, to be dead. If there only was a lightning-bolt to strike him dead! If there only was a tiger to devour him! If there only was a wine, a poison which would numb his senses, bring him forgetfulness and sleep, and no awakening from that! Was there still any kind of filth he had not soiled himself with, a sin or foolish act he had not committed, a dreariness of the soul he had not brought upon himself? Was it still at all possible to be alive? Was it possible to breathe in again and again, to breathe out, to feel hunger, to eat again, to sleep again, to sleep with a woman again? Was this cycle not exhausted and brought to a conclusion for him?

Siddhartha reached the large river in the forest, the same river over which a long time ago, when he had still been a young man and came from the town of Gotama, a ferryman had conducted him. By this river he stopped, hesitantly he stood at the bank. Tiredness and hunger had weakened him, and whatever for should he walk on, wherever to, to which goal? No, there were no more goals, there was nothing left but the deep, painful yearning to shake off this whole desolate dream, to spit out this stale wine, to put an end to this miserable and shameful life.

A hang bent over the bank of the river, a coconut-tree; Siddhartha leaned against its trunk with his shoulder, embraced the trunk with one arm, and looked down into the green water, which ran and ran under him, looked down and found himself to be entirely filled with the wish to let go and to drown in these waters. A frightening emptiness was reflected back at him by the water, answering to the terrible emptiness in his soul. Yes, he had reached the end. There was nothing left for him, except to annihilate himself, except to smash the failure into which he had shaped his life, to throw it away, before the feet of mockingly laughing gods. This was the great vomiting he had longed for: death, the smashing to bits of the form he hated! Let him be food for fishes, this dog Siddhartha, this lunatic, this depraved and rotten body, this weakened and abused soul! Let him be food for fishes and crocodiles, let him be chopped to bits by the daemons!

With a distorted face, he stared into the water, saw the reflection of his face and spit at it. In deep tiredness, he took his arm away from the trunk of the tree and turned a bit, in order to let himself fall straight down, in order to finally drown. With his eyes closed, he slipped towards death.

Then, out of remote areas of his soul, out of past times of his now weary life, a sound stirred up. It was a word, a syllable, which he, without thinking, with a slurred voice, spoke to himself, the old word which is the beginning and the end of all prayers of the Brahmans, the holy “Om”, which roughly means “that what is perfect” or “the completion”. And in the moment when the sound of “Om” touched Siddhartha’s ear, his dormant spirit suddenly woke up and realized the foolishness of his actions.

Siddhartha was deeply shocked. So this was how things were with him, so doomed was he, so much he had lost his way and was forsaken by all knowledge, that he had been able to seek death, that this wish, this wish of a child, had been able to grow in him: to find rest by annihilating his body! What all agony of these recent times, all sobering realizations, all desperation had not brought about, this was brought on by this moment, when the Om entered his consciousness: he became aware of himself in his misery and in his error.

Om! he spoke to himself: Om! and again he knew about Brahman, knew about the indestructibility of life, knew about all that is divine, which he had forgotten.

But this was only a moment, flash. By the foot of the coconut-tree, Siddhartha collapsed, struck down by tiredness, mumbling Om, placed his head on the root of the tree and fell into a deep sleep.

Deep was his sleep and without dreams, for a long time he had not known such a sleep any more. When he woke up after many hours, he felt as if ten years had passed, he heard the water quietly flowing, did not know where he was and who had brought him here, opened his eyes, saw with astonishment that there were trees and the sky above him, and he remembered where he was and how he got here. But it took him a long while for this, and the past seemed to him as if it had been covered by a veil, infinitely distant, infinitely far away, infinitely meaningless. He only knew that his previous life (in the first moment when he thought about it, this past life seemed to him like a very old, previous incarnation, like an early pre-birth of his present self)—that his previous life had been abandoned by him, that, full of disgust and wretchedness, he had even intended to throw his life away, but that by a river, under a coconut-tree, he had come to his senses, the holy word Om on his lips, that then he had fallen asleep and had now woken up and was looking at the world as a new man. Quietly, he spoke the word Om to himself, speaking which he had fallen asleep, and it seemed to him as if his entire long sleep had been nothing but a long meditative recitation of Om, a thinking of Om, a submergence and complete entering into Om, into the nameless, the perfected.

What a wonderful sleep had this been! Never before by sleep, he had been thus refreshed, thus renewed, thus rejuvenated! Perhaps, he had really died, had drowned and was reborn in a new body? But no, he knew himself, he knew his hands and his feet, knew the place where he lay, knew this self in his chest, this Siddhartha, the eccentric, the weird one, but this Siddhartha was nevertheless transformed, was renewed, was strangely well rested, strangely awake, joyful and curious.

Siddhartha straightened up, then he saw a person sitting opposite to him, an unknown man, a monk in a yellow robe with a shaven head, sitting in the position of pondering. He observed the man, who had neither hair on his head nor a beard, and he had not observed him for long when he recognised this monk as Govinda, the friend of his youth, Govinda who had taken his refuge with the exalted Buddha. Govinda had aged, he too, but still his face bore the same features, expressed zeal, faithfulness, searching, timidness. But when Govinda now, sensing his gaze, opened his eyes and looked at him, Siddhartha saw that Govinda did not recognise him. Govinda was happy to find him awake; apparently, he had been sitting here for a long time and been waiting for him to wake up, though he did not know him.

“I have been sleeping,” said Siddhartha. “However did you get here?”

“You have been sleeping,” answered Govinda. “It is not good to be sleeping in such places, where snakes often are and the animals of the forest have their paths. I, oh sir, am a follower of the exalted Gotama, the Buddha, the Sakyamuni, and have been on a pilgrimage together with several of us on this path, when I saw you lying and sleeping in a place where it is dangerous to sleep. Therefore, I sought to wake you up, oh sir, and since I saw that your sleep was very deep, I stayed behind from my group and sat with you. And then, so it seems, I have fallen asleep myself, I who wanted to guard your sleep. Badly, I have served you, tiredness has overwhelmed me. But now that you’re awake, let me go to catch up with my brothers.”

“I thank you, Samana, for watching out over my sleep,” spoke Siddhartha. “You’re friendly, you followers of the exalted one. Now you may go then.”

“I’m going, sir. May you, sir, always be in good health.”

“I thank you, Samana.”

Govinda made the gesture of a salutation and said: “Farewell.”

“Farewell, Govinda,” said Siddhartha.

The monk stopped.

“Permit me to ask, sir, from where do you know my name?”

Now, Siddhartha smiled.

“I know you, oh Govinda, from your father’s hut, and from the school of the Brahmans, and from the offerings, and from our walk to the Samanas, and from that hour when you took your refuge with the exalted one in the grove Jetavana.”

“You’re Siddhartha,” Govinda exclaimed loudly. “Now, I’m recognising you, and don’t comprehend any more how I couldn’t recognise you right away. Be welcome, Siddhartha, my joy is great, to see you again.”

“It also gives me joy, to see you again. You’ve been the guard of my sleep, again I thank you for this, though I wouldn’t have required any guard. Where are you going to, oh friend?”

“I’m going nowhere. We monks are always travelling, whenever it is not the rainy season, we always move from one place to another, live according to the rules of the teachings passed on to us, accept alms, move on. It is always like this. But you, Siddhartha, where are you going to?”

Quoth Siddhartha: “With me too, friend, it is as it is with you. I’m going nowhere. I’m just travelling. I’m on a pilgrimage.”

Govinda spoke: “You’re saying: you’re on a pilgrimage, and I believe you. But, forgive me, oh Siddhartha, you do not look like a pilgrim. You’re wearing a rich man’s garments, you’re wearing the shoes of a distinguished gentleman, and your hair, with the fragrance of perfume, is not a pilgrim’s hair, not the hair of a Samana.”

“Right so, my dear, you have observed well, your keen eyes see everything. But I haven’t said to you that I was a Samana. I said: I’m on a pilgrimage. And so it is: I’m on a pilgrimage.”

“You’re on a pilgrimage,” said Govinda. “But few would go on a pilgrimage in such clothes, few in such shoes, few with such hair. Never I have met such a pilgrim, being a pilgrim myself for many years.”

“I believe you, my dear Govinda. But now, today, you’ve met a pilgrim just like this, wearing such shoes, such a garment. Remember, my dear: Not eternal is the world of appearances, not eternal, anything but eternal are our garments and the style of our hair, and our hair and bodies themselves. I’m wearing a rich man’s clothes, you’ve seen this quite right. I’m wearing them, because I have been a rich man, and I’m wearing my hair like the worldly and lustful people, for I have been one of them.”

“And now, Siddhartha, what are you now?”

“I don’t know it, I don’t know it just like you. I’m travelling. I was a rich man and am no rich man any more, and what I’ll be tomorrow, I don’t know.”

“You’ve lost your riches?”

“I’ve lost them or they me. They somehow happened to slip away from me. The wheel of physical manifestations is turning quickly, Govinda. Where is Siddhartha the Brahman? Where is Siddhartha the Samana? Where is Siddhartha the rich man? Non-eternal things change quickly, Govinda, you know it.”

Govinda looked at the friend of his youth for a long time, with doubt in his eyes. After that, he gave him the salutation which one would use on a gentleman and went on his way.

With a smiling face, Siddhartha watched him leave, he loved him still, this faithful man, this fearful man. And how could he not have loved everybody and everything in this moment, in the glorious hour after his wonderful sleep, filled with Om! The enchantment, which had happened inside of him in his sleep and by means of the Om, was this very thing that he loved everything, that he was full of joyful love for everything he saw. And it was this very thing, so it seemed to him now, which had been his sickness before, that he was not able to love anybody or anything.

With a smiling face, Siddhartha watched the leaving monk. The sleep had strengthened him much, but hunger gave him much pain, for by now he had not eaten for two days, and the times were long past when he had been tough against hunger. With sadness, and yet also with a smile, he thought of that time. In those days, so he remembered, he had boasted of three things to Kamala, had been able to do three noble and undefeatable feats: fasting—waiting—thinking. These had been his possessions, his power and strength, his solid staff; in the busy, laborious years of his youth, he had learned these three feats, nothing else. And now, they had abandoned him, none of them was his any more, neither fasting, nor waiting, nor thinking. For the most wretched things, he had given them up, for what fades most quickly, for sensual lust, for the good life, for riches! His life had indeed been strange. And now, so it seemed, now he had really become a childlike person.

Siddhartha thought about his situation. Thinking was hard on him, he did not really feel like it, but he forced himself.

Now, he thought, since all these most easily perishing things have slipped from me again, now I'm standing here under the sun again just as I have been standing here a little child, nothing is mine, I have no abilities, there is nothing I could bring about, I have learned nothing. How wondrous is this! Now, that I'm no longer young, that my hair is already half gray, that my strength is fading, now I'm starting again at the beginning and as a child! Again, he had to smile. Yes, his fate had been strange! Things were going downhill with him, and now he was again facing the world void and naked and stupid. But he could not feel sad about this, no, he even felt a great urge to laugh, to laugh about himself, to laugh about this strange, foolish world.

"Things are going downhill with you!" he said to himself, and laughed about it, and as he was saying it, he happened to glance at the river, and he also saw the river going downhill, always moving on downhill, and singing and being happy through it all. He liked this well, kindly he smiled at the river. Was this not the river in which he had intended to drown himself, in past times, a hundred years ago, or had he dreamed this?

Wondrous indeed was my life, so he thought, wondrous detours it has taken. As a boy, I had only to do with gods and offerings. As a youth, I had only to do with asceticism, with thinking and meditation, was searching for Brahman, worshipped the eternal in the Atman. But as a young man, I followed the penitents, lived in the forest, suffered of heat and frost, learned to hunger, taught my body to become dead. Wonderfully, soon afterwards, insight came towards me in the form of the great Buddha's teachings, I felt the knowledge of the oneness of the world circling in me like my own blood. But I also had to leave Buddha and the great knowledge. I went and learned the art of love with Kamala, learned trading with Kamaswami, piled up money, wasted money, learned to love my stomach, learned to please my senses. I had to spend many years losing my spirit, to unlearn thinking again, to forget the oneness. Isn't it just as if I had turned slowly and on a long detour from a man into a child, from a thinker into a childlike person? And yet, this path has been very good; and yet, the bird in my chest has not died. But what a path has this been! I had to pass through so much stupidity, through so much vice, through so many errors, through so much disgust and disappointments and woe, just to become a child again and to be able to start over. But it was right so, my heart says "Yes" to it, my eyes smile to it. I've had to experience despair, I've had to sink down to the most foolish one of all thoughts, to the thought of suicide, in order to be able to experience divine grace, to hear Om again, to be able to sleep properly and awake properly again. I had to become a fool, to find Atman in me again. I had to sin, to be able to live again. Where else might my path lead me to? It is foolish, this path, it moves in loops, perhaps it is going around in a circle. Let it go as it likes, I want to take it.

Wonderfully, he felt joy rolling like waves in his chest.

Wherever from, he asked his heart, where from did you get this happiness? Might it come from that long, good sleep, which has done me so good? Or from the word Om, which I said? Or from the fact that I have escaped, that I have completely fled, that I am finally free again and am standing like a child under the sky? Oh how good is it to have fled, to have become free! How clean and beautiful is the air here, how good to breathe! There, where I ran away from, there everything smelled of ointments, of spices, of wine, of excess, of sloth. How I hated this world of the rich, of those who revel in fine food, of the gamblers! How I hated myself for staying in this terrible world for so long! How I hated myself, have deprived, poisoned, tortured myself, have made myself old and evil! No, never again I will, as I used to like doing so much, delude myself into thinking that Siddhartha was wise! But this one thing I

have done well, this I like, this I must praise, that there is now an end to that hatred against myself, to that foolish and dreary life! I praise you, Siddhartha, after so many years of foolishness, you have once again had an idea, have done something, have heard the bird in your chest singing and have followed it!

Thus he praised himself, found joy in himself, listened curiously to his stomach, which was rumbling with hunger. He had now, so he felt, in these recent times and days, completely tasted and spit out, devoured up to the point of desperation and death, a piece of suffering, a piece of misery. Like this, it was good. For much longer, he could have stayed with Kamaswami, made money, wasted money, filled his stomach, and let his soul die of thirst; for much longer he could have lived in this soft, well upholstered hell, if this had not happened: the moment of complete hopelessness and despair, that most extreme moment, when he hung over the rushing waters and was ready to destroy himself. That he had felt this despair, this deep disgust, and that he had not succumbed to it, that the bird, the joyful source and voice in him was still alive after all, this was why he felt joy, this was why he laughed, this was why his face was smiling brightly under his hair which had turned gray.

“It is good,” he thought, “to get a taste of everything for oneself, which one needs to know. That lust for the world and riches do not belong to the good things, I have already learned as a child. I have known it for a long time, but I have experienced only now. And now I know it, don’t just know it in my memory, but in my eyes, in my heart, in my stomach. Good for me, to know this!”

For a long time, he pondered his transformation, listened to the bird, as it sang for joy. Had not this bird died in him, had he not felt its death? No, something else from within him had died, something which already for a long time had yearned to die. Was it not this what he used to intend to kill in his ardent years as a penitent? Was this not his self, his small, frightened, and proud self, he had wrestled with for so many years, which had defeated him again and again, which was back again after every killing, prohibited joy, felt fear? Was it not this, which today had finally come to its death, here in the forest, by this lovely river? Was it not due to this death, that he was now like a child, so full of trust, so without fear, so full of joy?

Now Siddhartha also got some idea of why he had fought this self in vain as a Brahman, as a penitent. Too much knowledge had held him back, too many holy verses, too many sacrificial rules, to much self-castigation, so much doing and striving for that goal! Full of arrogance, he had been, always the smartest, always working the most, always one step ahead of all others, always the knowing and spiritual one, always the priest or wise one. Into being a priest, into this arrogance, into this spirituality, his self had retreated, there it sat firmly and grew, while he thought he would kill it by fasting and penance. Now he saw it and saw that the secret voice had been right, that no teacher would ever have been able to bring about his salvation. Therefore, he had to go out into the world, lose himself to lust and power, to woman and money, had to become a merchant, a dice-gambler, a drinker, and a greedy person, until the priest and Samana in him was dead. Therefore, he had to continue bearing these ugly years, bearing the disgust, the teachings, the pointlessness of a dreary and wasted life up to the end, up to bitter despair, until Siddhartha the lustful, Siddhartha the greedy could also die. He had died, a new Siddhartha had woken up from the sleep. He would also grow old, he would also eventually have to die, mortal was Siddhartha, mortal was every physical form. But today he was young, was a child, the new Siddhartha, and was full of joy.

He thought these thoughts, listened with a smile to his stomach, listened gratefully to a buzzing bee. Cheerfully, he looked into the rushing river, never before he had liked a water so well as this one, never before he had perceived the voice and the parable of the moving water thus strongly and beautifully. It seemed to him, as if the river had something special to tell him, something he did not know yet, which was still awaiting him. In this river, Siddhartha had intended to drown himself, in it the old, tired, desperate Siddhartha had drowned today. But the new Siddhartha felt a deep love for this rushing water, and decided for himself, not to leave it very soon.

THE FERRYMAN

By this river I want to stay, thought Siddhartha, it is the same which I have crossed a long time ago on my way to the childlike people, a friendly ferryman had guided me then, he is the one I want to go to, starting out from his hut, my path had led me at that time into a new life, which had now grown old and is dead—my present path, my present new life, shall also take its start there!

Tenderly, he looked into the rushing water, into the transparent green, into the crystal lines of its drawing, so rich in secrets. Bright pearls he saw rising from the deep, quiet bubbles of air floating on the reflecting surface, the blue of the sky being depicted in it. With a thousand eyes, the river looked at him, with green ones, with white ones, with crystal ones, with sky-blue ones. How did he love this water, how did it delight him, how grateful was he to it! In his heart he heard the voice talking, which was newly awaking,

and it told him: Love this water! Stay near it! Learn from it! Oh yes, he wanted to learn from it, he wanted to listen to it. He who would understand this water and its secrets, so it seemed to him, would also understand many other things, many secrets, all secrets.

But out of all secrets of the river, he today only saw one, this one touched his soul. He saw: this water ran and ran, incessantly it ran, and was nevertheless always there, was always at all times the same and yet new in every moment! Great be he who would grasp this, understand this! He understood and grasped it not, only felt some idea of it stirring, a distant memory, divine voices.

Siddhartha rose, the workings of hunger in his body became unbearable. In a daze he walked on, up the path by the bank, upriver, listened to the current, listened to the rumbling hunger in his body.

When he reached the ferry, the boat was just ready, and the same ferryman who had once transported the young Samana across the river, stood in the boat, Siddhartha recognised him, he had also aged very much.

“Would you like to ferry me over?” he asked.

The ferryman, being astonished to see such an elegant man walking along and on foot, took him into his boat and pushed it off the bank.

“It’s a beautiful life you have chosen for yourself,” the passenger spoke. “It must be beautiful to live by this water every day and to cruise on it.”

With a smile, the man at the oar moved from side to side: “It is beautiful, sir, it is as you say. But isn’t every life, isn’t every work beautiful?”

“This may be true. But I envy you for yours.”

“Ah, you would soon stop enjoying it. This is nothing for people wearing fine clothes.”

Siddhartha laughed. “Once before, I have been looked upon today because of my clothes, I have been looked upon with distrust. Wouldn’t you, ferryman, like to accept these clothes, which are a nuisance to me, from me? For you must know, I have no money to pay your fare.”

“You’re joking, sir,” the ferryman laughed.

“I’m not joking, friend. Behold, once before you have ferried me across this water in your boat for the immaterial reward of a good deed. Thus, do it today as well, and accept my clothes for it.”

“And do you, sir, intent to continue travelling without clothes?”

“Ah, most of all I wouldn’t want to continue travelling at all. Most of all I would rather you, ferryman, gave me an old loincloth and kept me with you as your assistant, or rather as your trainee, for I’ll have to learn first how to handle the boat.”

For a long time, the ferryman looked at the stranger, searching.

“Now I recognise you,” he finally said. “At one time, you’ve slept in my hut, this was a long time ago, possibly more than twenty years ago, and you’ve been ferried across the river by me, and we parted like good friends. Haven’t you been a Samana? I can’t think of your name any more.”

“My name is Siddhartha, and I was a Samana, when you’ve last seen me.”

“So be welcome, Siddhartha. My name is Vasudeva. You will, so I hope, be my guest today as well and sleep in my hut, and tell me, where you’re coming from and why these beautiful clothes are such a nuisance to you.”

They had reached the middle of the river, and Vasudeva pushed the oar with more strength, in order to overcome the current. He worked calmly, his eyes fixed in on the front of the boat, with brawny arms. Siddhartha sat and watched him, and remembered, how once before, on that last day of his time as a Samana, love for this man had stirred in his heart. Gratefully, he accepted Vasudeva’s invitation. When they had reached the bank, he helped him to tie the boat to the stakes; after this, the ferryman asked him to enter the hut, offered him bread and water, and Siddhartha ate with eager pleasure, and also ate with eager pleasure of the mango fruits Vasudeva offered him.

Afterwards, it was almost the time of the sunset, they sat on a log by the bank, and Siddhartha told the ferryman about where he originally came from and about his life, as he had seen it before his eyes today, in that hour of despair. Until late at night, lasted his tale.

Vasudeva listened with great attention. Listening carefully, he let everything enter his mind, birthplace and childhood, all that learning, all that searching, all joy, all distress. This was among the ferryman's virtues one of the greatest: like only a few, he knew how to listen. Without him having spoken a word, the speaker sensed how Vasudeva let his words enter his mind, quiet, open, waiting, how he did not lose a single one, awaited not a single one with impatience, did not add his praise or rebuke, was just listening. Siddhartha felt, what a happy fortune it is, to confess to such a listener, to bury in his heart his own life, his own search, his own suffering.

But in the end of Siddhartha's tale, when he spoke of the tree by the river, and of his deep fall, of the holy Om, and how he had felt such a love for the river after his slumber, the ferryman listened with twice the attention, entirely and completely absorbed by it, with his eyes closed.

But when Siddhartha fell silent, and a long silence had occurred, then Vasudeva said: "It is as I thought. The river has spoken to you. It is your friend as well, it speaks to you as well. That is good, that is very good. Stay with me, Siddhartha, my friend. I used to have a wife, her bed was next to mine, but she has died a long time ago, for a long time, I have lived alone. Now, you shall live with me, there is space and food for both."

"I thank you," said Siddhartha, "I thank you and accept. And I also thank you for this, Vasudeva, for listening to me so well! These people are rare who know how to listen. And I did not meet a single one who knew it as well as you did. I will also learn in this respect from you."

"You will learn it," spoke Vasudeva, "but not from me. The river has taught me to listen, from it you will learn it as well. It knows everything, the river, everything can be learned from it. See, you've already learned this from the water too, that it is good to strive downwards, to sink, to seek depth. The rich and elegant Siddhartha is becoming an oarsman's servant, the learned Brahman Siddhartha becomes a ferryman: this has also been told to you by the river. You'll learn that other thing from it as well."

Quoth Siddhartha after a long pause: "What other thing, Vasudeva?"

Vasudeva rose. "It is late," he said, "let's go to sleep. I can't tell you that other thing, oh friend. You'll learn it, or perhaps you know it already. See, I'm no learned man, I have no special skill in speaking, I also have no special skill in thinking. All I'm able to do is to listen and to be godly, I have learned nothing else. If I was able to say and teach it, I might be a wise man, but like this I am only a ferryman, and it is my task to ferry people across the river. I have transported many, thousands; and to all of them, my river has been nothing but an obstacle on their travels. They travelled to seek money and business, and for weddings, and on pilgrimages, and the river was obstructing their path, and the ferryman's job was to get them quickly across that obstacle. But for some among thousands, a few, four or five, the river has stopped being an obstacle, they have heard its voice, they have listened to it, and the river has become sacred to them, as it has become sacred to me. Let's rest now, Siddhartha."

Siddhartha stayed with the ferryman and learned to operate the boat, and when there was nothing to do at the ferry, he worked with Vasudeva in the rice-field, gathered wood, plucked the fruit off the banana-trees. He learned to build an oar, and learned to mend the boat, and to weave baskets, and was joyful because of everything he learned, and the days and months passed quickly. But more than Vasudeva could teach him, he was taught by the river. Incessantly, he learned from it. Most of all, he learned from it to listen, to pay close attention with a quiet heart, with a waiting, opened soul, without passion, without a wish, without judgement, without an opinion.

In a friendly manner, he lived side by side with Vasudeva, and occasionally they exchanged some words, few and at length thought about words. Vasudeva was no friend of words; rarely, Siddhartha succeeded in persuading him to speak.

"Did you," so he asked him at one time, "did you too learn that secret from the river: that there is no time?"

Vasudeva's face was filled with a bright smile.

"Yes, Siddhartha," he spoke. "It is this what you mean, isn't it: that the river is everywhere at once, at the source and at the mouth, at the waterfall, at the ferry, at the rapids, in the sea, in the mountains, everywhere at once, and that there is only the present time for it, not the shadow of the past, not the shadow of the future?"

“This it is,” said Siddhartha. “And when I had learned it, I looked at my life, and it was also a river, and the boy Siddhartha was only separated from the man Siddhartha and from the old man Siddhartha by a shadow, not by something real. Also, Siddhartha’s previous births were no past, and his death and his return to Brahma was no future. Nothing was, nothing will be; everything is, everything has existence and is present.”

Siddhartha spoke with ecstasy; deeply, this enlightenment had delighted him. Oh, was not all suffering time, were not all forms of tormenting oneself and being afraid time, was not everything hard, everything hostile in the world gone and overcome as soon as one had overcome time, as soon as time would have been put out of existence by one’s thoughts? In ecstatic delight, he had spoken, but Vasudeva smiled at him brightly and nodded in confirmation; silently he nodded, brushed his hand over Siddhartha’s shoulder, turned back to his work.

And once again, when the river had just increased its flow in the rainy season and made a powerful noise, then said Siddhartha: “Isn’t it so, oh friend, the river has many voices, very many voices? Hasn’t it the voice of a king, and of a warrior, and of a bull, and of a bird of the night, and of a woman giving birth, and of a sighing man, and a thousand other voices more?”

“So it is,” Vasudeva nodded, “all voices of the creatures are in its voice.”

“And do you know,” Siddhartha continued, “what word it speaks, when you succeed in hearing all of its ten thousand voices at once?”

Happily, Vasudeva’s face was smiling, he bent over to Siddhartha and spoke the holy Om into his ear. And this had been the very thing which Siddhartha had also been hearing.

And time after time, his smile became more similar to the ferryman’s, became almost just as bright, almost just as thoroughly glowing with bliss, just as shining out of thousand small wrinkles, just as alike to a child’s, just as alike to an old man’s. Many travellers, seeing the two ferrymen, thought they were brothers. Often, they sat in the evening together by the bank on the log, said nothing and both listened to the water, which was no water to them, but the voice of life, the voice of what exists, of what is eternally taking shape. And it happened from time to time that both, when listening to the river, thought of the same things, of a conversation from the day before yesterday, of one of their travellers, the face and fate of whom had occupied their thoughts, of death, of their childhood, and that they both in the same moment, when the river had been saying something good to them, looked at each other, both thinking precisely the same thing, both delighted about the same answer to the same question.

There was something about this ferry and the two ferrymen which was transmitted to others, which many of the travellers felt. It happened occasionally that a traveller, after having looked at the face of one of the ferrymen, started to tell the story of his life, told about pains, confessed evil things, asked for comfort and advice. It happened occasionally that someone asked for permission to stay for a night with them to listen to the river. It also happened that curious people came, who had been told that there were two wise men, or sorcerers, or holy men living by that ferry. The curious people asked many questions, but they got no answers, and they found neither sorcerers nor wise men, they only found two friendly little old men, who seemed to be mute and to have become a bit strange and gaga. And the curious people laughed and were discussing how foolishly and gullibly the common people were spreading such empty rumours.

The years passed by, and nobody counted them. Then, at one time, monks came by on a pilgrimage, followers of Gotama, the Buddha, who were asking to be ferried across the river, and by them the ferrymen were told that they were most hurriedly walking back to their great teacher, for the news had spread the exalted one was deadly sick and would soon die his last human death, in order to become one with the salvation. It was not long, until a new flock of monks came along on their pilgrimage, and another one, and the monks as well as most of the other travellers and people walking through the land spoke of nothing else than of Gotama and his impending death. And as people are flocking from everywhere and from all sides, when they are going to war or to the coronation of a king, and are gathering like ants in droves, thus they flocked, like being drawn on by a magic spell, to where the great Buddha was awaiting his death, where the huge event was to take place and the great perfected one of an era was to become one with the glory.

Often, Siddhartha thought in those days of the dying wise man, the great teacher, whose voice had admonished nations and had awoken hundreds of thousands, whose voice he had also once heard, whose holy face he had also once seen with respect. Kindly, he thought of him, saw his path to perfection before his eyes, and remembered with a smile those words which he had once, as a young man, said to him, the exalted one. They had been, so it seemed to him, proud and precocious words; with a smile, he

remembered them. For a long time he knew that there was nothing standing between Gotama and him any more, though he was still unable to accept his teachings. No, there was no teaching a truly searching person, someone who truly wanted to find, could accept. But he who had found, he could approve of any teachings, every path, every goal, there was nothing standing between him and all the other thousand any more who lived in that what is eternal, who breathed what is divine.

On one of these days, when so many went on a pilgrimage to the dying Buddha, Kamala also went to him, who used to be the most beautiful of the courtesans. A long time ago, she had retired from her previous life, had given her garden to the monks of Gotama as a gift, had taken her refuge in the teachings, was among the friends and benefactors of the pilgrims. Together with Siddhartha the boy, her son, she had gone on her way due to the news of the near death of Gotama, in simple clothes, on foot. With her little son, she was travelling by the river; but the boy had soon grown tired, desired to go back home, desired to rest, desired to eat, became disobedient and started whining.

Kamala often had to take a rest with him, he was accustomed to having his way against her, she had to feed him, had to comfort him, had to scold him. He did not comprehend why he had to go on this exhausting and sad pilgrimage with his mother, to an unknown place, to a stranger, who was holy and about to die. So what if he died, how did this concern the boy?

The pilgrims were getting close to Vasudeva's ferry, when little Siddhartha once again forced his mother to rest. She, Kamala herself, had also become tired, and while the boy was chewing a banana, she crouched down on the ground, closed her eyes a bit, and rested. But suddenly, she uttered a wailing scream, the boy looked at her in fear and saw her face having grown pale from horror; and from under her dress, a small, black snake fled, by which Kamala had been bitten.

Hurriedly, they now both ran along the path, in order to reach people, and got near to the ferry, there Kamala collapsed, and was not able to go any further. But the boy started crying miserably, only interrupting it to kiss and hug his mother, and she also joined his loud screams for help, until the sound reached Vasudeva's ears, who stood at the ferry. Quickly, he came walking, took the woman on his arms, carried her into the boat, the boy ran along, and soon they all reached the hut, where Siddhartha stood by the stove and was just lighting the fire. He looked up and first saw the boy's face, which wondrously reminded him of something, like a warning to remember something he had forgotten. Then he saw Kamala, whom he instantly recognised, though she lay unconscious in the ferryman's arms, and now he knew that it was his own son, whose face had been such a warning reminder to him, and the heart stirred in his chest.

Kamala's wound was washed, but had already turned black and her body was swollen, she was made to drink a healing potion. Her consciousness returned, she lay on Siddhartha's bed in the hut and bent over her stood Siddhartha, who used to love her so much. It seemed like a dream to her; with a smile, she looked at her friend's face; just slowly she, realized her situation, remembered the bite, called timidly for the boy.

"He's with you, don't worry," said Siddhartha.

Kamala looked into his eyes. She spoke with a heavy tongue, paralysed by the poison. "You've become old, my dear," she said, "you've become gray. But you are like the young Samana, who at one time came without clothes, with dusty feet, to me into the garden. You are much more like him than you were like him at that time when you had left me and Kamaswami. In the eyes, you're like him, Siddhartha. Alas, I have also grown old, old—could you still recognise me?"

Siddhartha smiled: "Instantly, I recognised you, Kamala, my dear."

Kamala pointed to her boy and said: "Did you recognise him as well? He is your son."

Her eyes became confused and fell shut. The boy wept, Siddhartha took him on his knees, let him weep, petted his hair, and at the sight of the child's face, a Brahman prayer came to his mind, which he had learned a long time ago, when he had been a little boy himself. Slowly, with a singing voice, he started to speak; from his past and childhood, the words came flowing to him. And with that singsong, the boy became calm, was only now and then uttering a sob and fell asleep. Siddhartha placed him on Vasudeva's bed. Vasudeva stood by the stove and cooked rice. Siddhartha gave him a look, which he returned with a smile.

"She'll die," Siddhartha said quietly.

Vasudeva nodded; over his friendly face ran the light of the stove's fire.

Once again, Kamala returned to consciousness. Pain distorted her face, Siddhartha's eyes read the suffering on her mouth, on her pale cheeks. Quietly, he read it, attentively, waiting, his mind becoming one with her suffering. Kamala felt it, her gaze sought his eyes.

Looking at him, she said: "Now I see that your eyes have changed as well. They've become completely different. By what do I still recognise that you're Siddhartha? It's you, and it's not you."

Siddhartha said nothing, quietly his eyes looked at hers.

"You have achieved it?" she asked. "You have found peace?"

He smiled and placed his hand on hers.

"I'm seeing it," she said, "I'm seeing it. I too will find peace."

"You have found it," Siddhartha spoke in a whisper.

Kamala never stopped looking into his eyes. She thought about her pilgrimage to Gotama, which she wanted to take, in order to see the face of the perfected one, to breathe his peace, and she thought that she had now found him in his place, and that it was good, just as good, as if she had seen the other one. She wanted to tell this to him, but the tongue no longer obeyed her will. Without speaking, she looked at him, and he saw the life fading from her eyes. When the final pain filled her eyes and made them grow dim, when the final shiver ran through her limbs, his finger closed her eyelids.

For a long time, he sat and looked at her peacefully dead face. For a long time, he observed her mouth, her old, tired mouth, with those lips, which had become thin, and he remembered, that he used to, in the spring of his years, compare this mouth with a freshly cracked fig. For a long time, he sat, read in the pale face, in the tired wrinkles, filled himself with this sight, saw his own face lying in the same manner, just as white, just as quenched out, and saw at the same time his face and hers being young, with red lips, with fiery eyes, and the feeling of this both being present and at the same time real, the feeling of eternity, completely filled every aspect of his being. Deeply he felt, more deeply than ever before, in this hour, the indestructibility of every life, the eternity of every moment.

When he rose, Vasudeva had prepared rice for him. But Siddhartha did not eat. In the stable, where their goat stood, the two old men prepared beds of straw for themselves, and Vasudeva lay himself down to sleep. But Siddhartha went outside and sat this night before the hut, listening to the river, surrounded by the past, touched and encircled by all times of his life at the same time. But occasionally, he rose, stepped to the door of the hut and listened, whether the boy was sleeping.

Early in the morning, even before the sun could be seen, Vasudeva came out of the stable and walked over to his friend.

"You haven't slept," he said.

"No, Vasudeva. I sat here, I was listening to the river. A lot it has told me, deeply it has filled me with the healing thought, with the thought of oneness."

"You've experienced suffering, Siddhartha, but I see: no sadness has entered your heart."

"No, my dear, how should I be sad? I, who have been rich and happy, have become even richer and happier now. My son has been given to me."

"Your son shall be welcome to me as well. But now, Siddhartha, let's get to work, there is much to be done. Kamala has died on the same bed on which my wife had died a long time ago. Let us also build Kamala's funeral pile on the same hill on which I had then built my wife's funeral pile."

While the boy was still asleep, they built the funeral pile.

THE SON

Timid and weeping, the boy had attended his mother's funeral; gloomy and shy, he had listened to Siddhartha, who greeted him as his son and welcomed him at his place in Vasudeva's hut. Pale, he sat for many days by the hill of the dead, did not want to eat, gave no open look, did not open his heart, met his fate with resistance and denial.

Siddhartha spared him and let him do as he pleased, he honoured his mourning. Siddhartha understood that his son did not know him, that he could not love him like a father. Slowly, he also saw and understood that the eleven-year-old was a pampered boy, a mother's boy, and that he had grown up in the habits of rich people, accustomed to finer food, to a soft bed, accustomed to giving orders to servants. Siddhartha understood that the mourning, pampered child could not suddenly and willingly be content with a life among strangers and in poverty. He did not force him, he did many a chore for him, always picked the best piece of the meal for him. Slowly, he hoped to win him over, by friendly patience.

Rich and happy, he had called himself, when the boy had come to him. Since time had passed on in the meantime, and the boy remained a stranger and in a gloomy disposition, since he displayed a proud and stubbornly disobedient heart, did not want to do any work, did not pay his respect to the old men, stole from Vasudeva's fruit-trees, then Siddhartha began to understand that his son had not brought him happiness and peace, but suffering and worry. But he loved him, and he preferred the suffering and worries of love over happiness and joy without the boy. Since young Siddhartha was in the hut, the old men had split the work. Vasudeva had again taken on the job of the ferryman all by himself, and Siddhartha, in order to be with his son, did the work in the hut and the field.

For a long time, for long months, Siddhartha waited for his son to understand him, to accept his love, to perhaps reciprocate it. For long months, Vasudeva waited, watching, waited and said nothing. One day, when Siddhartha the younger had once again tormented his father very much with spite and an unsteadiness in his wishes and had broken both of his rice-bowls, Vasudeva took in the evening his friend aside and talked to him.

"Pardon me," he said, "from a friendly heart, I'm talking to you. I'm seeing that you are tormenting yourself, I'm seeing that you're in grief. Your son, my dear, is worrying you, and he is also worrying me. That young bird is accustomed to a different life, to a different nest. He has not, like you, run away from riches and the city, being disgusted and fed up with it; against his will, he had to leave all this behind. I asked the river, oh friend, many times I have asked it. But the river laughs, it laughs at me, it laughs at you and me, and is shaking with laughter at our foolishness. Water wants to join water, youth wants to join youth, your son is not in the place where he can prosper. You too should ask the river; you too should listen to it!"

Troubled, Siddhartha looked into his friendly face, in the many wrinkles of which there was incessant cheerfulness.

"How could I part with him?" he said quietly, ashamed. "Give me some more time, my dear! See, I'm fighting for him, I'm seeking to win his heart, with love and with friendly patience I intend to capture it. One day, the river shall also talk to him, he also is called upon."

Vasudeva's smile flourished more warmly. "Oh yes, he too is called upon, he too is of the eternal life. But do we, you and me, know what he is called upon to do, what path to take, what actions to perform, what pain to endure? Not a small one, his pain will be; after all, his heart is proud and hard, people like this have to suffer a lot, err a lot, do much injustice, burden themselves with much sin. Tell me, my dear: you're not taking control of your son's upbringing? You don't force him? You don't beat him? You don't punish him?"

"No, Vasudeva, I don't do anything of this."

"I knew it. You don't force him, don't beat him, don't give him orders, because you know that 'soft' is stronger than 'hard', water stronger than rocks, love stronger than force. Very good, I praise you. But aren't you mistaken in thinking that you wouldn't force him, wouldn't punish him? Don't you shackle him with your love? Don't you make him feel inferior every day, and don't you make it even harder on him with your kindness and patience? Don't you force him, the arrogant and pampered boy, to live in a hut with two old banana-eaters, to whom even rice is a delicacy, whose thoughts can't be his, whose hearts are old and quiet and beat in a different pace than his? Isn't he forced, isn't he punished by all this?"

Troubled, Siddhartha looked to the ground. Quietly, he asked: "What do you think should I do?"

Quoth Vasudeva: "Bring him into the city, bring him into his mother's house, there'll still be servants around, give him to them. And when there aren't any around any more, bring him to a teacher, not for the teachings' sake, but so that he shall be among other boys, and among girls, and in the world which is his own. Have you never thought of this?"

"You're seeing into my heart," Siddhartha spoke sadly. "Often, I have thought of this. But look, how shall I put him, who had no tender heart anyhow, into this world? Won't he become exuberant, won't he lose himself to pleasure and power, won't he repeat all

of his father's mistakes, won't he perhaps get entirely lost in Sansara?"

Brightly, the ferryman's smile lit up; softly, he touched Siddhartha's arm and said: "Ask the river about it, my friend! Hear it laugh about it! Would you actually believe that you had committed your foolish acts in order to spare your son from committing them too? And could you in any way protect your son from Sansara? How could you? By means of teachings, prayer, admonition? My dear, have you entirely forgotten that story, that story containing so many lessons, that story about Siddhartha, a Brahman's son, which you once told me here on this very spot? Who has kept the Samana Siddhartha safe from Sansara, from sin, from greed, from foolishness? Were his father's religious devotion, his teacher's warnings, his own knowledge, his own search able to keep him safe? Which father, which teacher had been able to protect him from living his life for himself, from soiling himself with life, from burdening himself with guilt, from drinking the bitter drink for himself, from finding his path for himself? Would you think, my dear, anybody might perhaps be spared from taking this path? That perhaps your little son would be spared, because you love him, because you would like to keep him from suffering and pain and disappointment? But even if you would die ten times for him, you would not be able to take the slightest part of his destiny upon yourself."

Never before, Vasudeva had spoken so many words. Kindly, Siddhartha thanked him, went troubled into the hut, could not sleep for a long time. Vasudeva had told him nothing he had not already thought and known for himself. But this was a knowledge he could not act upon, stronger than the knowledge was his love for the boy, stronger was his tenderness, his fear to lose him. Had he ever lost his heart so much to something, had he ever loved any person thus, thus blindly, thus sufferingly, thus unsuccessfully, and yet thus happily?

Siddhartha could not heed his friend's advice, he could not give up the boy. He let the boy give him orders, he let him disregard him. He said nothing and waited; daily, he began the mute struggle of friendliness, the silent war of patience. Vasudeva also said nothing and waited, friendly, knowing, patient. They were both masters of patience.

At one time, when the boy's face reminded him very much of Kamala, Siddhartha suddenly had to think of a line which Kamala a long time ago, in the days of their youth, had once said to him. "You cannot love," she had said to him, and he had agreed with her and had compared himself with a star, while comparing the childlike people with falling leaves, and nevertheless he had also sensed an accusation in that line. Indeed, he had never been able to lose or devote himself completely to another person, to forget himself, to commit foolish acts for the love of another person; never he had been able to do this, and this was, as it had seemed to him at that time, the great distinction which set him apart from the childlike people. But now, since his son was here, now he, Siddhartha, had also become completely a childlike person, suffering for the sake of another person, loving another person, lost to a love, having become a fool on account of love. Now he too felt, late, once in his lifetime, this strongest and strangest of all passions, suffered from it, suffered miserably, and was nevertheless in bliss, was nevertheless renewed in one respect, enriched by one thing.

He did sense very well that this love, this blind love for his son, was a passion, something very human, that it was Sansara, a murky source, dark waters. Nevertheless, he felt at the same time, it was not worthless, it was necessary, came from the essence of his own being. This pleasure also had to be atoned for, this pain also had to be endured, these foolish acts also had to be committed.

Through all this, the son let him commit his foolish acts, let him court for his affection, let him humiliate himself every day by giving in to his moods. This father had nothing which would have delighted him and nothing which he would have feared. He was a good man, this father, a good, kind, soft man, perhaps a very devout man, perhaps a saint, all these were no attributes which could win the boy over. He was bored by this father, who kept him prisoner here in this miserable hut of his, he was bored by him, and for him to answer every naughtiness with a smile, every insult with friendliness, every viciousness with kindness, this very thing was the hated trick of this old sneak. Much more the boy would have liked it if he had been threatened by him, if he had been abused by him.

A day came when what young Siddhartha had on his mind came bursting forth, and he openly turned against his father. The latter had given him a task, he had told him to gather brushwood. But the boy did not leave the hut, in stubborn disobedience and rage he stayed where he was, thumped on the ground with his feet, clenched his fists, and screamed in a powerful outburst his hatred and contempt into his father's face.

"Get the brushwood for yourself!" he shouted, foaming at the mouth, "I'm not your servant. I do know that you won't hit me, you don't dare; I do know that you constantly want to punish me and put me down with your religious devotion and your indulgence. You want me to become like you, just as devout, just as soft, just as wise! But I, listen up, just to make you suffer, I rather want to

become a highway-robber and murderer, and go to hell, than to become like you! I hate you, you're not my father, and if you've ten times been my mother's fornicator!"

Rage and grief boiled over in him, foamed at the father in a hundred savage and evil words. Then the boy ran away and only returned late at night.

But the next morning, he had disappeared. What had also disappeared was a small basket, woven out of bast of two colours, in which the ferrymen kept those copper and silver coins which they received as a fare. The boat had also disappeared, Siddhartha saw it lying by the opposite bank. The boy had run away.

"I must follow him," said Siddhartha, who had been shivering with grief since those ranting speeches the boy had made yesterday. "A child can't go through the forest all alone. He'll perish. We must build a raft, Vasudeva, to get over the water."

"We will build a raft," said Vasudeva, "to get our boat back, which the boy has taken away. But him, you shall let run along, my friend, he is no child any more, he knows how to get around. He's looking for the path to the city, and he is right, don't forget that. He's doing what you've failed to do yourself. He's taking care of himself, he's taking his course. Alas, Siddhartha, I see you suffering, but you're suffering a pain at which one would like to laugh, at which you'll soon laugh for yourself."

Siddhartha did not answer. He already held the axe in his hands and began to make a raft of bamboo, and Vasudeva helped him to tie the canes together with ropes of grass. Then they crossed over, drifted far off their course, pulled the raft upriver on the opposite bank.

"Why did you take the axe along?" asked Siddhartha.

Vasudeva said: "It might have been possible that the oar of our boat got lost."

But Siddhartha knew what his friend was thinking. He thought, the boy would have thrown away or broken the oar in order to get even and in order to keep them from following him. And in fact, there was no oar left in the boat. Vasudeva pointed to the bottom of the boat and looked at his friend with a smile, as if he wanted to say: "Don't you see what your son is trying to tell you? Don't you see that he doesn't want to be followed?" But he did not say this in words. He started making a new oar. But Siddhartha bid his farewell, to look for the run-away. Vasudeva did not stop him.

When Siddhartha had already been walking through the forest for a long time, the thought occurred to him that his search was useless. Either, so he thought, the boy was far ahead and had already reached the city, or, if he should still be on his way, he would conceal himself from him, the pursuer. As he continued thinking, he also found that he, on his part, was not worried for his son, that he knew deep inside that he had neither perished nor was in any danger in the forest. Nevertheless, he ran without stopping, no longer to save him, just to satisfy his desire, just to perhaps see him one more time. And he ran up to just outside of the city.

When, near the city, he reached a wide road, he stopped, by the entrance of the beautiful pleasure-garden, which used to belong to Kamala, where he had seen her for the first time in her sedan-chair. The past rose up in his soul, again he saw himself standing there, young, a bearded, naked Samana, the hair full of dust. For a long time, Siddhartha stood there and looked through the open gate into the garden, seeing monks in yellow robes walking among the beautiful trees.

For a long time, he stood there, pondering, seeing images, listening to the story of his life. For a long time, he stood there, looked at the monks, saw young Siddhartha in their place, saw young Kamala walking among the high trees. Clearly, he saw himself being served food and drink by Kamala, receiving his first kiss from her, looking proudly and disdainfully back on his Brahmanism, beginning proudly and full of desire his worldly life. He saw Kamaswami, saw the servants, the orgies, the gamblers with the dice, the musicians, saw Kamala's song-bird in the cage, lived through all this once again, breathed Sansara, was once again old and tired, felt once again disgust, felt once again the wish to annihilate himself, was once again healed by the holy Om.

After having been standing by the gate of the garden for a long time, Siddhartha realised that his desire was foolish, which had made him go up to this place, that he could not help his son, that he was not allowed to cling to him. Deeply, he felt the love for the run-away in his heart, like a wound, and he felt at the same time that this wound had not been given to him in order to turn the knife in it, that it had to become a blossom and had to shine.

That this wound did not blossom yet, did not shine yet, at this hour, made him sad. Instead of the desired goal, which had drawn him here following the run-away son, there was now emptiness. Sadly, he sat down, felt something dying in his heart, experienced

emptiness, saw no joy any more, no goal. He sat lost in thought and waited. This he had learned by the river, this one thing: waiting, having patience, listening attentively. And he sat and listened, in the dust of the road, listened to his heart, beating tiredly and sadly, waited for a voice. Many an hour he crouched, listening, saw no images any more, fell into emptiness, let himself fall, without seeing a path. And when he felt the wound burning, he silently spoke the Om, filled himself with Om. The monks in the garden saw him, and since he crouched for many hours, and dust was gathering on his gray hair, one of them came to him and placed two bananas in front of him. The old man did not see him.

From this petrified state, he was awoken by a hand touching his shoulder. Instantly, he recognised this touch, this tender, bashful touch, and regained his senses. He rose and greeted Vasudeva, who had followed him. And when he looked into Vasudeva's friendly face, into the small wrinkles, which were as if they were filled with nothing but his smile, into the happy eyes, then he smiled too. Now he saw the bananas lying in front of him, picked them up, gave one to the ferryman, ate the other one himself. After this, he silently went back into the forest with Vasudeva, returned home to the ferry. Neither one talked about what had happened today, neither one mentioned the boy's name, neither one spoke about him running away, neither one spoke about the wound. In the hut, Siddhartha lay down on his bed, and when after a while Vasudeva came to him, to offer him a bowl of coconut-milk, he already found him asleep.

OM

For a long time, the wound continued to burn. Many a traveller Siddhartha had to ferry across the river who was accompanied by a son or a daughter, and he saw none of them without envying him, without thinking: "So many, so many thousands possess this sweetest of good fortunes—why don't I? Even bad people, even thieves and robbers have children and love them, and are being loved by them, all except for me." Thus simply, thus without reason he now thought, thus similar to the childlike people he had become.

Differently than before, he now looked upon people, less smart, less proud, but instead warmer, more curious, more involved. When he ferried travellers of the ordinary kind, childlike people, businessmen, warriors, women, these people did not seem alien to him as they used to: he understood them, he understood and shared their life, which was not guided by thoughts and insight, but solely by urges and wishes, he felt like them. Though he was near perfection and was bearing his final wound, it still seemed to him as if those childlike people were his brothers, their vanities, desires for possession, and ridiculous aspects were no longer ridiculous to him, became understandable, became lovable, even became worthy of veneration to him. The blind love of a mother for her child, the stupid, blind pride of a conceited father for his only son, the blind, wild desire of a young, vain woman for jewelry and admiring glances from men, all of these urges, all of this childish stuff, all of these simple, foolish, but immensely strong, strongly living, strongly prevailing urges and desires were now no childish notions for Siddhartha any more, he saw people living for their sake, saw them achieving infinitely much for their sake, travelling, conducting wars, suffering infinitely much, bearing infinitely much, and he could love them for it, he saw life, that what is alive, the indestructible, the Brahman in each of their passions, each of their acts. Worthy of love and admiration were these people in their blind loyalty, their blind strength and tenacity. They lacked nothing, there was nothing the knowledgeable one, the thinker, had to put him above them except for one little thing, a single, tiny, small thing: the consciousness, the conscious thought of the oneness of all life. And Siddhartha even doubted in many an hour, whether this knowledge, this thought was to be valued thus highly, whether it might not also perhaps be a childish idea of the thinking people, of the thinking and childlike people. In all other respects, the worldly people were of equal rank to the wise men, were often far superior to them, just as animals too can, after all, in some moments, seem to be superior to humans in their tough, unrelenting performance of what is necessary.

Slowly blossomed, slowly ripened in Siddhartha the realisation, the knowledge, what wisdom actually was, what the goal of his long search was. It was nothing but a readiness of the soul, an ability, a secret art, to think every moment, while living his life, the thought of oneness, to be able to feel and inhale the oneness. Slowly this blossomed in him, was shining back at him from Vasudeva's old, childlike face: harmony, knowledge of the eternal perfection of the world, smiling, oneness.

But the wound still burned, longingly and bitterly Siddhartha thought of his son, nurtured his love and tenderness in his heart, allowed the pain to gnaw at him, committed all foolish acts of love. Not by itself, this flame would go out.

And one day, when the wound burned violently, Siddhartha ferried across the river, driven by a yearning, got off the boat and was willing to go to the city and to look for his son. The river flowed softly and quietly, it was the dry season, but its voice sounded strange: it laughed! It laughed clearly. The river laughed, it laughed brightly and clearly at the old ferryman. Siddhartha stopped, he

bent over the water, in order to hear even better, and he saw his face reflected in the quietly moving waters, and in this reflected face there was something, which reminded him, something he had forgotten, and as he thought about it, he found it: this face resembled another face, which he used to know and love and also fear. It resembled his father's face, the Brahman. And he remembered how he, a long time ago, as a young man, had forced his father to let him go to the penitents, how he had bid his farewell to him, how he had gone and had never come back. Had his father not also suffered the same pain for him, which he now suffered for his son? Had his father not long since died, alone, without having seen his son again? Did he not have to expect the same fate for himself? Was it not a comedy, a strange and stupid matter, this repetition, this running around in a fateful circle?

The river laughed. Yes, so it was, everything came back, which had not been suffered and solved up to its end, the same pain was suffered over and over again. But Siddhartha went back into the boat and ferried back to the hut, thinking of his father, thinking of his son, laughed at by the river, at odds with himself, tending towards despair, and not less tending towards laughing along at himself and the entire world.

Alas, the wound was not blossoming yet, his heart was still fighting his fate, cheerfulness and victory were not yet shining from his suffering. Nevertheless, he felt hope, and once he had returned to the hut, he felt an undefeatable desire to open up to Vasudeva, to show him everything, the master of listening, to say everything.

Vasudeva was sitting in the hut and weaving a basket. He no longer used the ferry-boat, his eyes were starting to get weak, and not just his eyes; his arms and hands as well. Unchanged and flourishing was only the joy and the cheerful benevolence of his face.

Siddhartha sat down next to the old man, slowly he started talking. What they had never talked about, he now told him of, of his walk to the city, at that time, of the burning wound, of his envy at the sight of happy fathers, of his knowledge of the foolishness of such wishes, of his futile fight against them. He reported everything, he was able to say everything, even the most embarrassing parts, everything could be said, everything shown, everything he could tell. He presented his wound, also told how he fled today, how he ferried across the water, a childish run-away, willing to walk to the city, how the river had laughed.

While he spoke, spoke for a long time, while Vasudeva was listening with a quiet face, Vasudeva's listening gave Siddhartha a stronger sensation than ever before, he sensed how his pain, his fears flowed over to him, how his secret hope flowed over, came back at him from his counterpart. To show his wound to this listener was the same as bathing it in the river, until it had cooled and become one with the river. While he was still speaking, still admitting and confessing, Siddhartha felt more and more that this was no longer Vasudeva, no longer a human being who was listening to him, that this motionless listener was absorbing his confession into himself like a tree the rain, that this motionless man was the river itself, that he was God himself, that he was the eternal itself. And while Siddhartha stopped thinking of himself and his wound, this realisation of Vasudeva's changed character took possession of him, and the more he felt it and entered into it, the less wondrous it became, the more he realised that everything was in order and natural, that Vasudeva had already been like this for a long time, almost forever, that only he had not quite recognised it, yes, that he himself had almost reached the same state. He felt, that he was now seeing old Vasudeva as the people see the gods, and that this could not last; in his heart, he started bidding his farewell to Vasudeva. Throughout all this, he talked incessantly.

When he had finished talking, Vasudeva turned his friendly eyes, which had grown slightly weak, at him, said nothing, let his silent love and cheerfulness, understanding and knowledge, shine at him. He took Siddhartha's hand, led him to the seat by the bank, sat down with him, smiled at the river.

"You've heard it laugh," he said. "But you haven't heard everything. Let's listen, you'll hear more."

They listened. Softly sounded the river, singing in many voices. Siddhartha looked into the water, and images appeared to him in the moving water: his father appeared, lonely, mourning for his son; he himself appeared, lonely, he also being tied with the bondage of yearning to his distant son; his son appeared, lonely as well, the boy, greedily rushing along the burning course of his young wishes, each one heading for his goal, each one obsessed by the goal, each one suffering. The river sang with a voice of suffering, longingly it sang, longingly, it flowed towards its goal, lamentingly its voice sang.

"Do you hear?" Vasudeva's mute gaze asked. Siddhartha nodded.

"Listen better!" Vasudeva whispered.

Siddhartha made an effort to listen better. The image of his father, his own image, the image of his son merged, Kamala's image also appeared and was dispersed, and the image of Govinda, and other images, and they merged with each other, turned all into

the river, headed all, being the river, for the goal, longing, desiring, suffering, and the river's voice sounded full of yearning, full of burning woe, full of unsatisfiable desire. For the goal, the river was heading, Siddhartha saw it hurrying, the river, which consisted of him and his loved ones and of all people he had ever seen, all of these waves and waters were hurrying, suffering, towards goals, many goals, the waterfall, the lake, the rapids, the sea, and all goals were reached, and every goal was followed by a new one, and the water turned into vapour and rose to the sky, turned into rain and poured down from the sky, turned into a source, a stream, a river, headed forward once again, flowed on once again. But the longing voice had changed. It still resounded, full of suffering, searching, but other voices joined it, voices of joy and of suffering, good and bad voices, laughing and sad ones, a hundred voices, a thousand voices.

Siddhartha listened. He was now nothing but a listener, completely concentrated on listening, completely empty, he felt, that he had now finished learning to listen. Often before, he had heard all this, these many voices in the river, today it sounded new. Already, he could no longer tell the many voices apart, not the happy ones from the weeping ones, not the ones of children from those of men, they all belonged together, the lamentation of yearning and the laughter of the knowledgeable one, the scream of rage and the moaning of the dying ones, everything was one, everything was intertwined and connected, entangled a thousand times. And everything together, all voices, all goals, all yearning, all suffering, all pleasure, all that was good and evil, all of this together was the world. All of it together was the flow of events, was the music of life. And when Siddhartha was listening attentively to this river, this song of a thousand voices, when he neither listened to the suffering nor the laughter, when he did not tie his soul to any particular voice and submerged his self into it, but when he heard them all, perceived the whole, the oneness, then the great song of the thousand voices consisted of a single word, which was Om: the perfection.

"Do you hear," Vasudeva's gaze asked again.

Brightly, Vasudeva's smile was shining, floating radiantly over all the wrinkles of his old face, as the Om was floating in the air over all the voices of the river. Brightly his smile was shining, when he looked at his friend, and brightly the same smile was now starting to shine on Siddhartha's face as well. His wound blossomed, his suffering was shining, his self had flown into the oneness.

In this hour, Siddhartha stopped fighting his fate, stopped suffering. On his face flourished the cheerfulness of a knowledge, which is no longer opposed by any will, which knows perfection, which is in agreement with the flow of events, with the current of life, full of sympathy for the pain of others, full of sympathy for the pleasure of others, devoted to the flow, belonging to the oneness.

When Vasudeva rose from the seat by the bank, when he looked into Siddhartha's eyes and saw the cheerfulness of the knowledge shining in them, he softly touched his shoulder with his hand, in this careful and tender manner, and said: "I've been waiting for this hour, my dear. Now that it has come, let me leave. For a long time, I've been waiting for this hour; for a long time, I've been Vasudeva the ferryman. Now it's enough. Farewell, but, farewell, river, farewell, Siddhartha!"

Siddhartha made a deep bow before him who bid his farewell.

"I've known it," he said quietly. "You'll go into the forests?"

"I'm going into the forests, I'm going into the oneness," spoke Vasudeva with a bright smile.

With a bright smile, he left; Siddhartha watched him leaving. With deep joy, with deep solemnity he watched him leave, saw his steps full of peace, saw his head full of lustre, saw his body full of light.

GOVINDA

Together with other monks, Govinda used to spend the time of rest between pilgrimages in the pleasure-grove, which the courtesan Kamala had given to the followers of Gotama for a gift. He heard talk of an old ferryman, who lived one day's journey away by the river, and who was regarded as a wise man by many. When Govinda went back on his way, he chose the path to the ferry, eager to see the ferryman. Because, though he had lived his entire life by the rules, though he was also looked upon with veneration by the younger monks on account of his age and his modesty, the restlessness and the searching still had not perished from his heart.

He came to the river and asked the old man to ferry him over, and when they got off the boat on the other side, he said to the old man: "You're very good to us monks and pilgrims, you have already ferried many of us across the river. Aren't you too, ferryman, a searcher for the right path?"

Quoth Siddhartha, smiling from his old eyes: “Do you call yourself a searcher, oh venerable one, though you are already well on in years and are wearing the robe of Gotama’s monks?”

“It’s true, I’m old,” spoke Govinda, “but I haven’t stopped searching. Never I’ll stop searching, this seems to be my destiny. You too, so it seems to me, have been searching. Would you like to tell me something, oh honourable one?”

Quoth Siddhartha: “What should I possibly have to tell you, oh venerable one? Perhaps that you’re searching far too much? That in all that searching, you don’t find the time for finding?”

“How come?” asked Govinda.

“When someone is searching,” said Siddhartha, “then it might easily happen that the only thing his eyes still see is that what he searches for, that he is unable to find anything, to let anything enter his mind, because he always thinks of nothing but the object of his search, because he has a goal, because he is obsessed by the goal. Searching means: having a goal. But finding means: being free, being open, having no goal. You, oh venerable one, are perhaps indeed a searcher, because, striving for your goal, there are many things you don’t see, which are directly in front of your eyes.”

“I don’t quite understand yet,” asked Govinda, “what do you mean by this?”

Quoth Siddhartha: “A long time ago, oh venerable one, many years ago, you’ve once before been at this river and have found a sleeping man by the river, and have sat down with him to guard his sleep. But, oh Govinda, you did not recognise the sleeping man.”

Astonished, as if he had been the object of a magic spell, the monk looked into the ferryman’s eyes.

“Are you Siddhartha?” he asked with a timid voice. “I wouldn’t have recognised you this time as well! From my heart, I’m greeting you, Siddhartha; from my heart, I’m happy to see you once again! You’ve changed a lot, my friend.—And so you’ve now become a ferryman?”

In a friendly manner, Siddhartha laughed. “A ferryman, yes. Many people, Govinda, have to change a lot, have to wear many a robe, I am one of those, my dear. Be welcome, Govinda, and spend the night in my hut.”

Govinda stayed the night in the hut and slept on the bed which used to be Vasudeva’s bed. Many questions he posed to the friend of his youth, many things Siddhartha had to tell him from his life.

When in the next morning the time had come to start the day’s journey, Govinda said, not without hesitation, these words: “Before I’ll continue on my path, Siddhartha, permit me to ask one more question. Do you have a teaching? Do you have a faith or a knowledge you follow, which helps you to live and to do right?”

Quoth Siddhartha: “You know, my dear, that I already as a young man, in those days when we lived with the penitents in the forest, started to distrust teachers and teachings and to turn my back to them. I have stuck with this. Nevertheless, I have had many teachers since then. A beautiful courtesan has been my teacher for a long time, and a rich merchant was my teacher, and some gamblers with dice. Once, even a follower of Buddha, travelling on foot, has been my teacher; he sat with me when I had fallen asleep in the forest, on the pilgrimage. I’ve also learned from him, I’m also grateful to him, very grateful. But most of all, I have learned here from this river and from my predecessor, the ferryman Vasudeva. He was a very simple person, Vasudeva, he was no thinker, but he knew what is necessary just as well as Gotama, he was a perfect man, a saint.”

Govinda said: “Still, oh Siddhartha, you love a bit to mock people, as it seems to me. I believe in you and know that you haven’t followed a teacher. But haven’t you found something by yourself, though you’ve found no teachings, you still found certain thoughts, certain insights, which are your own and which help you to live? If you would like to tell me some of these, you would delight my heart.”

Quoth Siddhartha: “I’ve had thoughts, yes, and insight, again and again. Sometimes, for an hour or for an entire day, I have felt knowledge in me, as one would feel life in one’s heart. There have been many thoughts, but it would be hard for me to convey them to you. Look, my dear Govinda, this is one of my thoughts, which I have found: wisdom cannot be passed on. Wisdom which a wise man tries to pass on to someone always sounds like foolishness.”

“Are you kidding?” asked Govinda.

“I’m not kidding. I’m telling you what I’ve found. Knowledge can be conveyed, but not wisdom. It can be found, it can be lived, it is possible to be carried by it, miracles can be performed with it, but it cannot be expressed in words and taught. This was what I, even as a young man, sometimes suspected, what has driven me away from the teachers. I have found a thought, Govinda, which you’ll again regard as a joke or foolishness, but which is my best thought. It says: The opposite of every truth is just as true! That’s like this: any truth can only be expressed and put into words when it is one-sided. Everything is one-sided which can be thought with thoughts and said with words, it’s all one-sided, all just one half, all lacks completeness, roundness, oneness. When the exalted Gotama spoke in his teachings of the world, he had to divide it into Sansara and Nirvana, into deception and truth, into suffering and salvation. It cannot be done differently, there is no other way for him who wants to teach. But the world itself, what exists around us and inside of us, is never one-sided. A person or an act is never entirely Sansara or entirely Nirvana, a person is never entirely holy or entirely sinful. It does really seem like this, because we are subject to deception, as if time was something real. Time is not real, Govinda, I have experienced this often and often again. And if time is not real, then the gap which seems to be between the world and the eternity, between suffering and blissfulness, between evil and good, is also a deception.”

“How come?” asked Govinda timidly.

“Listen well, my dear, listen well! The sinner, which I am and which you are, is a sinner, but in times to come he will be Brahma again, he will reach the Nirvana, will be Buddha—and now see: these ‘times to come’ are a deception, are only a parable! The sinner is not on his way to become a Buddha, he is not in the process of developing, though our capacity for thinking does not know how else to picture these things. No, within the sinner is now and today already the future Buddha, his future is already all there, you have to worship in him, in you, in everyone the Buddha which is coming into being, the possible, the hidden Buddha. The world, my friend Govinda, is not imperfect, or on a slow path towards perfection: no, it is perfect in every moment, all sin already carries the divine forgiveness in itself, all small children already have the old person in themselves, all infants already have death, all dying people the eternal life. It is not possible for any person to see how far another one has already progressed on his path; in the robber and dice-gambler, the Buddha is waiting; in the Brahman, the robber is waiting. In deep meditation, there is the possibility to put time out of existence, to see all life which was, is, and will be as if it was simultaneous, and there everything is good, everything is perfect, everything is Brahman. Therefore, I see whatever exists as good, death is to me like life, sin like holiness, wisdom like foolishness, everything has to be as it is, everything only requires my consent, only my willingness, my loving agreement, to be good for me, to do nothing but work for my benefit, to be unable to ever harm me. I have experienced on my body and on my soul that I needed sin very much, I needed lust, the desire for possessions, vanity, and needed the most shameful despair, in order to learn how to give up all resistance, in order to learn how to love the world, in order to stop comparing it to some world I wished, I imagined, some kind of perfection I had made up, but to leave it as it is and to love it and to enjoy being a part of it.—These, oh Govinda, are some of the thoughts which have come into my mind.”

Siddhartha bent down, picked up a stone from the ground, and weighed it in his hand.

“This here,” he said playing with it, “is a stone, and will, after a certain time, perhaps turn into soil, and will turn from soil into a plant or animal or human being. In the past, I would have said: This stone is just a stone, it is worthless, it belongs to the world of the Maya; but because it might be able to become also a human being and a spirit in the cycle of transformations, therefore I also grant it importance. Thus, I would perhaps have thought in the past. But today I think: this stone is a stone, it is also animal, it is also god, it is also Buddha, I do not venerate and love it because it could turn into this or that, but rather because it is already and always everything—and it is this very fact, that it is a stone, that it appears to me now and today as a stone, this is why I love it and see worth and purpose in each of its veins and cavities, in the yellow, in the gray, in the hardness, in the sound it makes when I knock at it, in the dryness or wetness of its surface. There are stones which feel like oil or soap, and others like leaves, others like sand, and every one is special and prays the Om in its own way, each one is Brahman, but simultaneously and just as much it is a stone, is oily or juicy, and this is the very fact which I like and regard as wonderful and worthy of worship.—But let me speak no more of this. The words are not good for the secret meaning, everything always becomes a bit different, as soon as it is put into words, gets distorted a bit, a bit silly—yes, and this is also very good, and I like it a lot, I also very much agree with this, that this what is one man’s treasure and wisdom always sounds like foolishness to another person.”

Govinda listened silently.

“Why have you told me this about the stone?” he asked hesitantly after a pause.

“I did it without any specific intention. Or perhaps what I meant was, that I love this very stone, and the river, and all these things we are looking at and from which we can learn. I can love a stone, Govinda, and also a tree or a piece of bark. These are things, and things can be loved. But I cannot love words. Therefore, teachings are no good for me, they have no hardness, no softness, no colours, no edges, no smell, no taste, they have nothing but words. Perhaps it is these which keep you from finding peace, perhaps it is the many words. Because salvation and virtue as well, Sansara and Nirvana as well, are mere words, Govinda. There is no thing which would be Nirvana; there is just the word Nirvana.”

Quoth Govinda: “Not just a word, my friend, is Nirvana. It is a thought.”

Siddhartha continued: “A thought, it might be so. I must confess to you, my dear: I don’t differentiate much between thoughts and words. To be honest, I also have no high opinion of thoughts. I have a better opinion of things. Here on this ferry-boat, for instance, a man has been my predecessor and teacher, a holy man, who has for many years simply believed in the river, nothing else. He had noticed that the river spoke to him, he learned from it, it educated and taught him, the river seemed to be a god to him, for many years he did not know that every wind, every cloud, every bird, every beetle was just as divine and knows just as much and can teach just as much as the worshipped river. But when this holy man went into the forests, he knew everything, knew more than you and me, without teachers, without books, only because he had believed in the river.”

Govinda said: “But is that what you call ‘things’, actually something real, something which has existence? Isn’t it just a deception of the Maya, just an image and illusion? Your stone, your tree, your river—are they actually a reality?”

“This too,” spoke Siddhartha, “I do not care very much about. Let the things be illusions or not, after all I would then also be an illusion, and thus they are always like me. This is what makes them so dear and worthy of veneration for me: they are like me. Therefore, I can love them. And this is now a teaching you will laugh about: love, oh Govinda, seems to me to be the most important thing of all. To thoroughly understand the world, to explain it, to despise it, may be the thing great thinkers do. But I’m only interested in being able to love the world, not to despise it, not to hate it and me, to be able to look upon it and me and all beings with love and admiration and great respect.”

“This I understand,” spoke Govinda. “But this very thing was discovered by the exalted one to be a deception. He commands benevolence, clemency, sympathy, tolerance, but not love; he forbade us to tie our heart in love to earthly things.”

“I know it,” said Siddhartha; his smile shone golden. “I know it, Govinda. And behold, with this we are right in the middle of the thicket of opinions, in the dispute about words. For I cannot deny, my words of love are in a contradiction, a seeming contradiction with Gotama’s words. For this very reason, I distrust in words so much, for I know, this contradiction is a deception. I know that I am in agreement with Gotama. How should he not know love, he, who has discovered all elements of human existence in their transitoriness, in their meaninglessness, and yet loved people thus much, to use a long, laborious life only to help them, to teach them! Even with him, even with your great teacher, I prefer the thing over the words, place more importance on his acts and life than on his speeches, more on the gestures of his hand than his opinions. Not in his speech, not in his thoughts, I see his greatness, only in his actions, in his life.”

For a long time, the two old men said nothing. Then spoke Govinda, while bowing for a farewell: “I thank you, Siddhartha, for telling me some of your thoughts. They are partially strange thoughts, not all have been instantly understandable to me. This being as it may, I thank you, and I wish you to have calm days.”

(But secretly he thought to himself: This Siddhartha is a bizarre person, he expresses bizarre thoughts, his teachings sound foolish. So differently sound the exalted one’s pure teachings, clearer, purer, more comprehensible, nothing strange, foolish, or silly is contained in them. But different from his thoughts seemed to me Siddhartha’s hands and feet, his eyes, his forehead, his breath, his smile, his greeting, his walk. Never again, after our exalted Gotama has become one with the Nirvana, never since then have I met a person of whom I felt: this is a holy man! Only him, this Siddhartha, I have found to be like this. May his teachings be strange, may his words sound foolish; out of his gaze and his hand, his skin and his hair, out of every part of him shines a purity, shines a calmness, shines a cheerfulness and mildness and holiness, which I have seen in no other person since the final death of our exalted teacher.)

As Govinda thought like this, and there was a conflict in his heart, he once again bowed to Siddhartha, drawn by love. Deeply he bowed to him who was calmly sitting.

“Siddhartha,” he spoke, “we have become old men. It is unlikely for one of us to see the other again in this incarnation. I see, beloved, that you have found peace. I confess that I haven’t found it. Tell me, oh honourable one, one more word, give me something on my way which I can grasp, which I can understand! Give me something to be with me on my path. It is often hard, my path, often dark, Siddhartha.”

Siddhartha said nothing and looked at him with the ever unchanged, quiet smile. Govinda stared at his face, with fear, with yearning, suffering, and the eternal search was visible in his look, eternal not-finding.

Siddhartha saw it and smiled.

“Bend down to me!” he whispered quietly in Govinda’s ear. “Bend down to me! Like this, even closer! Very close! Kiss my forehead, Govinda!”

But while Govinda with astonishment, and yet drawn by great love and expectation, obeyed his words, bent down closely to him and touched his forehead with his lips, something miraculous happened to him. While his thoughts were still dwelling on Siddhartha’s wondrous words, while he was still struggling in vain and with reluctance to think away time, to imagine Nirvana and Sansara as one, while even a certain contempt for the words of his friend was fighting in him against an immense love and veneration, this happened to him:

He no longer saw the face of his friend Siddhartha, instead he saw other faces, many, a long sequence, a flowing river of faces, of hundreds, of thousands, which all came and disappeared, and yet all seemed to be there simultaneously, which all constantly changed and renewed themselves, and which were still all Siddhartha. He saw the face of a fish, a carp, with an infinitely painfully opened mouth, the face of a dying fish, with fading eyes—he saw the face of a new-born child, red and full of wrinkles, distorted from crying—he saw the face of a murderer, he saw him plunging a knife into the body of another person—he saw, in the same second, this criminal in bondage, kneeling and his head being chopped off by the executioner with one blow of his sword—he saw the bodies of men and women, naked in positions and cramps of frenzied love—he saw corpses stretched out, motionless, cold, void—he saw the heads of animals, of boars, of crocodiles, of elephants, of bulls, of birds—he saw gods, saw Krishna, saw Agni—he saw all of these figures and faces in a thousand relationships with one another, each one helping the other, loving it, hating it, destroying it, giving re-birth to it, each one was a will to die, a passionately painful confession of transitoriness, and yet none of them died, each one only transformed, was always reborn, received evermore a new face, without any time having passed between the one and the other face—and all of these figures and faces rested, flowed, generated themselves, floated along and merged with each other, and they were all constantly covered by something thin, without individuality of its own, but yet existing, like a thin glass or ice, like a transparent skin, a shell or mold or mask of water, and this mask was smiling, and this mask was Siddhartha’s smiling face, which he, Govinda, in this very same moment touched with his lips. And, Govinda saw it like this, this smile of the mask, this smile of oneness above the flowing forms, this smile of simultaneousness above the thousand births and deaths, this smile of Siddhartha was precisely the same, was precisely of the same kind as the quiet, delicate, impenetrable, perhaps benevolent, perhaps mocking, wise, thousand-fold smile of Gotama, the Buddha, as he had seen it himself with great respect a hundred times. Like this, Govinda knew, the perfected ones are smiling.

Not knowing any more whether time existed, whether the vision had lasted a second or a hundred years, not knowing any more whether there existed a Siddhartha, a Gotama, a me and a you, feeling in his innermost self as if he had been wounded by a divine arrow, the injury of which tasted sweet, being enchanted and dissolved in his innermost self, Govinda still stood for a little while bent over Siddhartha’s quiet face, which he had just kissed, which had just been the scene of all manifestations, all transformations, all existence. The face was unchanged, after under its surface the depth of the thousand-foldness had closed up again, he smiled silently, smiled quietly and softly, perhaps very benevolently, perhaps very mockingly, precisely as he used to smile, the exalted one.

Deeply, Govinda bowed; tears he knew nothing of, ran down his old face; like a fire burned the feeling of the most intimate love, the humblest veneration in his heart. Deeply, he bowed, touching the ground, before him who was sitting motionlessly, whose smile reminded him of everything he had ever loved in his life, what had ever been valuable and holy to him in his life.

==========

Untitled

Bertrand Russell

Project Gutenberg Release: February 01, 2001 · eBook #2529

Produced by Dianne Bean

THE ANALYSIS OF MIND

By Bertrand Russell

1921

MUIRHEAD LIBRARY OF PHILOSOPHY

An admirable statement of the aims of the Library of Philosophy was provided by the first editor, the late Professor J. H. Muirhead, in his description of the original programme printed in Erdmann's History of Philosophy under the date 1890. This was slightly modified in subsequent volumes to take the form of the following statement:

"The Muirhead Library of Philosophy was designed as a contribution to the History of Modern Philosophy under the heads: first of Different Schools of Thought--Sensationalist, Realist, Idealist, Intuitivist; secondly of different Subjects--Psychology, Ethics, Aesthetics, Political Philosophy, Theology. While much had been done in England in tracing the course of evolution in nature, history, economics, morals and religion, little had been done in tracing the development of thought on these subjects. Yet 'the evolution of opinion is part of the whole evolution'.

"By the co-operation of different writers in carrying out this plan it was hoped that a thoroughness and completeness of treatment, otherwise unattainable, might be secured. It was believed also that from writers mainly British and American fuller consideration of English Philosophy than it had hitherto received might be looked for. In the earlier series of books containing, among others, Bosanquet's "History of Aesthetic," Pfleiderer's "Rational Theology since Kant," Albee's "History of English Utilitarianism," Bonar's "Philosophy and Political Economy," Brett's "History of Psychology," Ritchie's "Natural Rights," these objects were to a large extent effected.

"In the meantime original work of a high order was being produced both in England and America by such writers as Bradley, Stout, Bertrand Russell, Baldwin, Urban, Montague, and others, and a new interest in foreign works, German, French and Italian, which had either become classical or were attracting public attention, had developed. The scope of the Library thus became extended into something more international, and it is entering on the fifth decade of its existence in the hope that it may contribute to that mutual understanding between countries which is so pressing a need of the present time."

The need which Professor Muirhead stressed is no less pressing to-day, and few will deny that philosophy has much to do with enabling us to meet it, although no one, least of all Muirhead himself, would regard that as the sole, or even the main, object of philosophy. As Professor Muirhead continues to lend the distinction of his name to the Library of Philosophy it seemed not inappropriate to allow him to recall us to these aims in his own words. The emphasis on the history of thought also seemed to me very timely; and the number of important works promised for the Library in the very near future augur well for the continued fulfilment, in this and other ways, of the expectations of the original editor.

H. D. Lewis

PREFACE

This book has grown out of an attempt to harmonize two different tendencies, one in psychology, the other in physics, with both of which I find myself in sympathy, although at first sight they might seem inconsistent. On the one hand, many psychologists, especially those of the behaviourist school, tend to adopt what is essentially a materialistic position, as a matter of method if not of metaphysics. They make psychology increasingly dependent on physiology and external observation, and tend to think of matter as something much more solid and indubitable than mind. Meanwhile the physicists, especially Einstein and other exponents of the

theory of relativity, have been making "matter" less and less material. Their world consists of "events," from which "matter" is derived by a logical construction. Whoever reads, for example, Professor Eddington's "Space, Time and Gravitation" (Cambridge University Press, 1920), will see that an old-fashioned materialism can receive no support from modern physics. I think that what has permanent value in the outlook of the behaviourists is the feeling that physics is the most fundamental science at present in existence. But this position cannot be called materialistic, if, as seems to be the case, physics does not assume the existence of matter.

The view that seems to me to reconcile the materialistic tendency of psychology with the anti-materialistic tendency of physics is the view of William James and the American new realists, according to which the "stuff" of the world is neither mental nor material, but a "neutral stuff," out of which both are constructed. I have endeavoured in this work to develop this view in some detail as regards the phenomena with which psychology is concerned.

My thanks are due to Professor John B. Watson and to Dr. T. P. Nunn for reading my MSS. at an early stage and helping me with many valuable suggestions; also to Mr. A. Wohlgemuth for much very useful information as regards important literature. I have also to acknowledge the help of the editor of this Library of Philosophy, Professor Muirhead, for several suggestions by which I have profited.

The work has been given in the form of lectures both in London and Peking, and one lecture, that on Desire, has been published in the Athenaeum.

There are a few allusions to China in this book, all of which were written before I had been in China, and are not intended to be taken by the reader as geographically accurate. I have used "China" merely as a synonym for "a distant country," when I wanted illustrations of unfamiliar things.

Peking, January 1921.

CONTENTS

I. Recent Criticisms of "Consciousness" II. Instinct and Habit III. Desire and Feeling IV. Influence of Past History on Present Occurrences in Living Organisms V. Psychological and Physical Causal Laws VI. Introspection VII. The Definition of Perception VIII.Sensations and Images IX. Memory X. Words and Meaning XI. General Ideas and Thought XII. Belief XIII.Truth and Falsehood XIV. Emotions and Will XV. Characteristics of Mental Phenomena

THE ANALYSIS OF MIND

LECTURE I. RECENT CRITICISMS OF "CONSCIOUSNESS"

There are certain occurrences which we are in the habit of calling "mental." Among these we may take as typical BELIEVING and DESIRING. The exact definition of the word "mental" will, I hope, emerge as the lectures proceed; for the present, I shall mean by it whatever occurrences would commonly be called mental.

I wish in these lectures to analyse as fully as I can what it is that really takes place when we, e.g. believe or desire. In this first lecture I shall be concerned to refute a theory which is widely held, and which I formerly held myself: the theory that the essence of everything mental is a certain quite peculiar something called "consciousness," conceived either as a relation to objects, or as a pervading quality of psychical phenomena.

The reasons which I shall give against this theory will be mainly derived from previous authors. There are two sorts of reasons, which will divide my lecture into two parts:

(1) Direct reasons, derived from analysis and its difficulties;

(2) Indirect reasons, derived from observation of animals (comparative psychology) and of the insane and hysterical (psycho-analysis).

Few things are more firmly established in popular philosophy than the distinction between mind and matter. Those who are not professional metaphysicians are willing to confess that they do not know what mind actually is, or how matter is constituted; but they remain convinced that there is an impassable gulf between the two, and that both belong to what actually exists in the world.

Philosophers, on the other hand, have maintained often that matter is a mere fiction imagined by mind, and sometimes that mind is a mere property of a certain kind of matter. Those who maintain that mind is the reality and matter an evil dream are called "idealists"--a word which has a different meaning in philosophy from that which it bears in ordinary life. Those who argue that matter is the reality and mind a mere property of protoplasm are called "materialists." They have been rare among philosophers, but common, at certain periods, among men of science. Idealists, materialists, and ordinary mortals have been in agreement on one point: that they knew sufficiently what they meant by the words "mind" and "matter" to be able to conduct their debate intelligently. Yet it was just in this point, as to which they were at one, that they seem to me to have been all alike in error.

The stuff of which the world of our experience is composed is, in my belief, neither mind nor matter, but something more primitive than either. Both mind and matter seem to be composite, and the stuff of which they are compounded lies in a sense between the two, in a sense above them both, like a common ancestor. As regards matter, I have set forth my reasons for this view on former occasions,* and I shall not now repeat them. But the question of mind is more difficult, and it is this question that I propose to discuss in these lectures. A great deal of what I shall have to say is not original; indeed, much recent work, in various fields, has tended to show the necessity of such theories as those which I shall be advocating. Accordingly in this first lecture I shall try to give a brief description of the systems of ideas within which our investigation is to be carried on.

* "Our Knowledge of the External World" (Allen & Unwin), Chapters III and IV. Also "Mysticism and Logic," Essays VII and VIII.

If there is one thing that may be said, in the popular estimation, to characterize mind, that one thing is "consciousness." We say that we are "conscious" of what we see and hear, of what we remember, and of our own thoughts and feelings. Most of us believe that tables and chairs are not "conscious." We think that when we sit in a chair, we are aware of sitting in it, but it is not aware of being sat in. It cannot for a moment be doubted that we are right in believing that there is SOME difference between us and the chair in this respect: so much may be taken as fact, and as a datum for our inquiry. But as soon as we try to say what exactly the difference is, we become involved in perplexities. Is "consciousness" ultimate and simple, something to be merely accepted and contemplated? Or is it something complex, perhaps consisting in our way of behaving in the presence of objects, or, alternatively, in the existence in us of things called "ideas," having a certain relation to objects, though different from them, and only symbolically representative of them? Such questions are not easy to answer; but until they are answered we cannot profess to know what we mean by saying that we are possessed of "consciousness."

Before considering modern theories, let us look first at consciousness from the standpoint of conventional psychology, since this embodies views which naturally occur when we begin to reflect upon the subject. For this purpose, let us as a preliminary consider different ways of being conscious.

First, there is the way of PERCEPTION. We "perceive" tables and chairs, horses and dogs, our friends, traffic passing in the street--in short, anything which we recognize through the senses. I leave on one side for the present the question whether pure sensation is to be regarded as a form of consciousness: what I am speaking of now is perception, where, according to conventional psychology, we go beyond the sensation to the "thing" which it represents. When you hear a donkey bray, you not only hear a noise, but realize that it comes from a donkey. When you see a table, you not only see a coloured surface, but realize that it is hard. The addition of these elements that go beyond crude sensation is said to constitute perception. We shall have more to say about this at a later stage. For the moment, I am merely concerned to note that perception of objects is one of the most obvious examples of what is called "consciousness." We are "conscious" of anything that we perceive.

We may take next the way of MEMORY. If I set to work to recall what I did this morning, that is a form of consciousness different from perception, since it is concerned with the past. There are various problems as to how we can be conscious now of what no longer exists. These will be dealt with incidentally when we come to the analysis of memory.

From memory it is an easy step to what are called "ideas"--not in the Platonic sense, but in that of Locke, Berkeley and Hume, in which they are opposed to "impressions." You may be conscious of a friend either by seeing him or by "thinking" of him; and by "thought" you can be conscious of objects which cannot be seen, such as the human race, or physiology. "Thought" in the narrower sense is that form of consciousness which consists in "ideas" as opposed to impressions or mere memories.

We may end our preliminary catalogue with BELIEF, by which I mean that way of being conscious which may be either true or false. We say that a man is "conscious of looking a fool," by which we mean that he believes he looks a fool, and is not mistaken in this belief. This is a different form of consciousness from any of the earlier ones. It is the form which gives "knowledge" in the strict sense, and also error. It is, at least apparently, more complex than our previous forms of consciousness; though we shall find that

they are not so separable from it as they might appear to be.

Besides ways of being conscious there are other things that would ordinarily be called "mental," such as desire and pleasure and pain. These raise problems of their own, which we shall reach in Lecture III. But the hardest problems are those that arise concerning ways of being "conscious." These ways, taken together, are called the "cognitive" elements in mind, and it is these that will occupy us most during the following lectures.

There is one element which SEEMS obviously in common among the different ways of being conscious, and that is, that they are all directed to OBJECTS. We are conscious "of" something. The consciousness, it seems, is one thing, and that of which we are conscious is another thing. Unless we are to acquiesce in the view that we can never be conscious of anything outside our own minds, we must say that the object of consciousness need not be mental, though the consciousness must be. (I am speaking within the circle of conventional doctrines, not expressing my own beliefs.) This direction towards an object is commonly regarded as typical of every form of cognition, and sometimes of mental life altogether. We may distinguish two different tendencies in traditional psychology. There are those who take mental phenomena naively, just as they would physical phenomena. This school of psychologists tends not to emphasize the object. On the other hand, there are those whose primary interest is in the apparent fact that we have KNOWLEDGE, that there is a world surrounding us of which we are aware. These men are interested in the mind because of its relation to the world, because knowledge, if it is a fact, is a very mysterious one. Their interest in psychology is naturally centred in the relation of consciousness to its object, a problem which, properly, belongs rather to theory of knowledge. We may take as one of the best and most typical representatives of this school the Austrian psychologist Brentano, whose "Psychology from the Empirical Standpoint,"* though published in 1874, is still influential and was the starting-point of a great deal of interesting work. He says (p. 115):

* "Psychologie vom empirischen Standpunkte," vol. i, 1874. (The second volume was never published.)

"Every psychical phenomenon is characterized by what the scholastics of the Middle Ages called the intentional (also the mental) inexistence of an object, and what we, although with not quite unambiguous expressions, would call relation to a content, direction towards an object (which is not here to be understood as a reality), or immanent objectivity. Each contains something in itself as an object, though not each in the same way. In presentation something is presented, in judgment something is acknowledged or rejected, in love something is loved, in hatred hated, in desire desired, and so on.

"This intentional inexistence is exclusively peculiar to psychical phenomena. No physical phenomenon shows anything similar. And so we can define psychical phenomena by saying that they are phenomena which intentionally contain an object in themselves."

The view here expressed, that relation to an object is an ultimate irreducible characteristic of mental phenomena, is one which I shall be concerned to combat. Like Brentano, I am interested in psychology, not so much for its own sake, as for the light that it may throw on the problem of knowledge. Until very lately I believed, as he did, that mental phenomena have essential reference to objects, except possibly in the case of pleasure and pain. Now I no longer believe this, even in the case of knowledge. I shall try to make my reasons for this rejection clear as we proceed. It must be evident at first glance that the analysis of knowledge is rendered more difficult by the rejection; but the apparent simplicity of Brentano's view of knowledge will be found, if I am not mistaken, incapable of maintaining itself either against an analytic scrutiny or against a host of facts in psycho-analysis and animal psychology. I do not wish to minimize the problems. I will merely observe, in mitigation of our prospective labours, that thinking, however it is to be analysed, is in itself a delightful occupation, and that there is no enemy to thinking so deadly as a false simplicity. Travelling, whether in the mental or the physical world, is a joy, and it is good to know that, in the mental world at least, there are vast countries still very imperfectly explored.

The view expressed by Brentano has been held very generally, and developed by many writers. Among these we may take as an example his Austrian successor Meinong.* According to him there are three elements involved in the thought of an object. These three he calls the act, the content and the object. The act is the same in any two cases of the same kind of consciousness; for instance, if I think of Smith or think of Brown, the act of thinking, in itself, is exactly similar on both occasions. But the content of my thought, the particular event that is happening in my mind, is different when I think of Smith and when I think of Brown. The content, Meinong argues, must not be confounded with the object, since the content must exist in my mind at the moment when I have the thought, whereas the object need not do so. The object may be something past or future; it may be physical, not mental; it may be something abstract, like equality for example; it may be something imaginary, like a golden mountain; or it may even be something self-contradictory, like a round square. But in all these cases, so he contends, the content exists when the thought exists, and is

what distinguishes it, as an occurrence, from other thoughts.

* See, e.g. his article: "Ueber Gegenstande hoherer Ordnung und deren Verhaltniss zur inneren Wahrnehmung," "Zeitschrift fur Psychologie and Physiologie der Sinnesorgane," vol. xxi, pp. 182-272 (1899), especially pp. 185-8.

To make this theory concrete, let us suppose that you are thinking of St. Paul's. Then, according to Meinong, we have to distinguish three elements which are necessarily combined in constituting the one thought. First, there is the act of thinking, which would be just the same whatever you were thinking about. Then there is what makes the character of the thought as contrasted with other thoughts; this is the content. And finally there is St. Paul's, which is the object of your thought. There must be a difference between the content of a thought and what it is about, since the thought is here and now, whereas what it is about may not be; hence it is clear that the thought is not identical with St. Paul's. This seems to show that we must distinguish between content and object. But if Meinong is right, there can be no thought without an object: the connection of the two is essential. The object might exist without the thought, but not the thought without the object: the three elements of act, content and object are all required to constitute the one single occurrence called "thinking of St. Paul's."

The above analysis of a thought, though I believe it to be mistaken, is very useful as affording a schema in terms of which other theories can be stated. In the remainder of the present lecture I shall state in outline the view which I advocate, and show how various other views out of which mine has grown result from modifications of the threefold analysis into act, content and object.

The first criticism I have to make is that the ACT seems unnecessary and fictitious. The occurrence of the content of a thought constitutes the occurrence of the thought. Empirically, I cannot discover anything corresponding to the supposed act; and theoretically I cannot see that it is indispensable. We say: "_I_ think so-and-so," and this word "I" suggests that thinking is the act of a person. Meinong's "act" is the ghost of the subject, or what once was the full-blooded soul. It is supposed that thoughts cannot just come and go, but need a person to think them. Now, of course it is true that thoughts can be collected into bundles, so that one bundle is my thoughts, another is your thoughts, and a third is the thoughts of Mr. Jones. But I think the person is not an ingredient in the single thought: he is rather constituted by relations of the thoughts to each other and to the body. This is a large question, which need not, in its entirety, concern us at present. All that I am concerned with for the moment is that the grammatical forms "I think," "you think," and "Mr. Jones thinks," are misleading if regarded as indicating an analysis of a single thought. It would be better to say "it thinks in me," like "it rains here"; or better still, "there is a thought in me." This is simply on the ground that what Meinong calls the act in thinking is not empirically discoverable, or logically deducible from what we can observe.

The next point of criticism concerns the relation of content and object. The reference of thoughts to objects is not, I believe, the simple direct essential thing that Brentano and Meinong represent it as being. It seems to me to be derivative, and to consist largely in BELIEFS: beliefs that what constitutes the thought is connected with various other elements which together make up the object. You have, say, an image of St. Paul's, or merely the word "St. Paul's" in your head. You believe, however vaguely and dimly, that this is connected with what you would see if you went to St. Paul's, or what you would feel if you touched its walls; it is further connected with what other people see and feel, with services and the Dean and Chapter and Sir Christopher Wren. These things are not mere thoughts of yours, but your thought stands in a relation to them of which you are more or less aware. The awareness of this relation is a further thought, and constitutes your feeling that the original thought had an "object." But in pure imagination you can get very similar thoughts without these accompanying beliefs; and in this case your thoughts do not have objects or seem to have them. Thus in such instances you have content without object. On the other hand, in seeing or hearing it would be less misleading to say that you have object without content, since what you see or hear is actually part of the physical world, though not matter in the sense of physics. Thus the whole question of the relation of mental occurrences to objects grows very complicated, and cannot be settled by regarding reference to objects as of the essence of thoughts. All the above remarks are merely preliminary, and will be expanded later.

Speaking in popular and unphilosophical terms, we may say that the content of a thought is supposed to be something in your head when you think the thought, while the object is usually something in the outer world. It is held that knowledge of the outer world is constituted by the relation to the object, while the fact that knowledge is different from what it knows is due to the fact that knowledge comes by way of contents. We can begin to state the difference between realism and idealism in terms of this opposition of contents and objects. Speaking quite roughly and approximately, we may say that idealism tends to suppress the object, while realism tends to suppress the content. Idealism, accordingly, says that nothing can be known except thoughts, and all the reality that we know is mental; while realism maintains that we know objects directly, in sensation certainly, and perhaps also in memory and thought. Idealism does not say that nothing can be known beyond the present thought, but it maintains that the

context of vague belief, which we spoke of in connection with the thought of St. Paul's, only takes you to other thoughts, never to anything radically different from thoughts. The difficulty of this view is in regard to sensation, where it seems as if we came into direct contact with the outer world. But the Berkeleian way of meeting this difficulty is so familiar that I need not enlarge upon it now. I shall return to it in a later lecture, and will only observe, for the present, that there seem to me no valid grounds for regarding what we see and hear as not part of the physical world.

Realists, on the other hand, as a rule, suppress the content, and maintain that a thought consists either of act and object alone, or of object alone. I have been in the past a realist, and I remain a realist as regards sensation, but not as regards memory or thought. I will try to explain what seem to me to be the reasons for and against various kinds of realism.

Modern idealism professes to be by no means confined to the present thought or the present thinker in regard to its knowledge; indeed, it contends that the world is so organic, so dove-tailed, that from any one portion the whole can be inferred, as the complete skeleton of an extinct animal can be inferred from one bone. But the logic by which this supposed organic nature of the world is nominally demonstrated appears to realists, as it does to me, to be faulty. They argue that, if we cannot know the physical world directly, we cannot really know any thing outside our own minds: the rest of the world may be merely our dream. This is a dreary view, and they there fore seek ways of escaping from it. Accordingly they maintain that in knowledge we are in direct contact with objects, which may be, and usually are, outside our own minds. No doubt they are prompted to this view, in the first place, by bias, namely, by the desire to think that they can know of the existence of a world outside themselves. But we have to consider, not what led them to desire the view, but whether their arguments for it are valid.

There are two different kinds of realism, according as we make a thought consist of act and object, or of object alone. Their difficulties are different, but neither seems tenable all through. Take, for the sake of definiteness, the remembering of a past event. The remembering occurs now, and is therefore necessarily not identical with the past event. So long as we retain the act, this need cause no difficulty. The act of remembering occurs now, and has on this view a certain essential relation to the past event which it remembers. There is no LOGICAL objection to this theory, but there is the objection, which we spoke of earlier, that the act seems mythical, and is not to be found by observation. If, on the other hand, we try to constitute memory without the act, we are driven to a content, since we must have something that happens NOW, as opposed to the event which happened in the past. Thus, when we reject the act, which I think we must, we are driven to a theory of memory which is more akin to idealism. These arguments, however, do not apply to sensation. It is especially sensation, I think, which is considered by those realists who retain only the object.* Their views, which are chiefly held in America, are in large measure derived from William James, and before going further it will be well to consider the revolutionary doctrine which he advocated. I believe this doctrine contains important new truth, and what I shall have to say will be in a considerable measure inspired by it.

* This is explicitly the case with Mach's "Analysis of Sensations," a book of fundamental importance in the present connection. (Translation of fifth German edition, Open Court Co., 1914. First German edition, 1886.)

William James's view was first set forth in an essay called "Does 'consciousness' exist?"* In this essay he explains how what used to be the soul has gradually been refined down to the "transcendental ego," which, he says, "attenuates itself to a thoroughly ghostly condition, being only a name for the fact that the 'content' of experience IS KNOWN. It loses personal form and activity--these passing over to the content--and becomes a bare Bewusstheit or Bewusstsein uberhaupt, of which in its own right absolutely nothing can be said. I believe (he continues) that 'consciousness,' when once it has evaporated to this estate of pure diaphaneity, is on the point of disappearing altogether. It is the name of a nonentity, and has no right to a place among first principles. Those who still cling to it are clinging to a mere echo, the faint rumour left behind by the disappearing 'soul' upon the air of philosophy"(p. 2).

* "Journal of Philosophy, Psychology and Scientific Methods," vol. i, 1904. Reprinted in "Essays in Radical Empiricism" (Longmans, Green & Co., 1912), pp. 1-38, to which references in what follows refer.

He explains that this is no sudden change in his opinions. "For twenty years past," he says, "I have mistrusted 'consciousness' as an entity; for seven or eight years past I have suggested its non-existence to my students, and tried to give them its pragmatic equivalent in realities of experience. It seems to me that the hour is ripe for it to be openly and universally discarded"(p. 3).

His next concern is to explain away the air of paradox, for James was never wilfully paradoxical. "Undeniably," he says, "'thoughts' do exist." "I mean only to deny that the word stands for an entity, but to insist most emphatically that it does stand for a function.

There is, I mean, no aboriginal stuff or quality of being, contrasted with that of which material objects are made, out of which our thoughts of them are made; but there is a function in experience which thoughts perform, and for the performance of which this quality of being is invoked. That function is KNOWING"(pp. 3-4).

James's view is that the raw material out of which the world is built up is not of two sorts, one matter and the other mind, but that it is arranged in different patterns by its inter-relations, and that some arrangements may be called mental, while others may be called physical.

"My thesis is," he says, "that if we start with the supposition that there is only one primal stuff or material in the world, a stuff of which everything is composed, and if we call that stuff 'pure experience,' then knowing can easily be explained as a particular sort of relation towards one another into which portions of pure experience may enter. The relation itself is a part of pure experience; one of its 'terms' becomes the subject or bearer of the knowledge, the knower, the other becomes the object known"(p. 4).

After mentioning the duality of subject and object, which is supposed to constitute consciousness, he proceeds in italics: "EXPERIENCE, I BELIEVE, HAS NO SUCH INNER DUPLICITY; AND THE SEPARATION OF IT INTO CONSCIOUSNESS AND CONTENT COMES, NOT BY WAY OF SUBTRACTION, BUT BY WAY OF ADDITION"(p. 9).

He illustrates his meaning by the analogy of paint as it appears in a paint-shop and as it appears in a picture: in the one case it is just "saleable matter," while in the other it "performs a spiritual function. Just so, I maintain (he continues), does a given undivided portion of experience, taken in one context of associates, play the part of a knower, of a state of mind, of 'consciousness'; while in a different context the same undivided bit of experience plays the part of a thing known, of an objective 'content.' In a word, in one group it figures as a thought, in another group as a thing"(pp. 9-10).

He does not believe in the supposed immediate certainty of thought. "Let the case be what it may in others," he says, "I am as confident as I am of anything that, in myself, the stream of thinking (which I recognize emphatically as a phenomenon) is only a careless name for what, when scrutinized, reveals itself to consist chiefly of the stream of my breathing. The 'I think' which Kant said must be able to accompany all my objects, is the 'I breathe' which actually does accompany them"(pp. 36-37).

The same view of "consciousness" is set forth in the succeeding essay, "A World of Pure Experience" (ib., pp. 39-91). The use of the phrase "pure experience" in both essays points to a lingering influence of idealism. "Experience," like "consciousness," must be a product, not part of the primary stuff of the world. It must be possible, if James is right in his main contentions, that roughly the same stuff, differently arranged, would not give rise to anything that could be called "experience." This word has been dropped by the American realists, among whom we may mention specially Professor R. B. Perry of Harvard and Mr. Edwin B. Holt. The interests of this school are in general philosophy and the philosophy of the sciences, rather than in psychology; they have derived a strong impulsion from James, but have more interest than he had in logic and mathematics and the abstract part of philosophy. They speak of "neutral" entities as the stuff out of which both mind and matter are constructed. Thus Holt says: "If the terms and propositions of logic must be substantialized, they are all strictly of one substance, for which perhaps the least dangerous name is neutral-stuff. The relation of neutral-stuff to matter and mind we shall have presently to consider at considerable length." *

* "The Concept of Consciousness" (Geo. Allen & Co., 1914), p. 52.

My own belief--for which the reasons will appear in subsequent lectures--is that James is right in rejecting consciousness as an entity, and that the American realists are partly right, though not wholly, in considering that both mind and matter are composed of a neutral-stuff which, in isolation, is neither mental nor material. I should admit this view as regards sensations: what is heard or seen belongs equally to psychology and to physics. But I should say that images belong only to the mental world, while those occurrences (if any) which do not form part of any "experience" belong only to the physical world. There are, it seems to me, prima facie different kinds of causal laws, one belonging to physics and the other to psychology. The law of gravitation, for example, is a physical law, while the law of association is a psychological law. Sensations are subject to both kinds of laws, and are therefore truly "neutral" in Holt's sense. But entities subject only to physical laws, or only to psychological laws, are not neutral, and may be called respectively purely material and purely mental. Even those, however, which are purely mental will not have that intrinsic reference to objects which Brentano assigns to them and which constitutes the essence of "consciousness" as ordinarily understood. But it is now time to pass on to other modern tendencies, also hostile to "consciousness."

There is a psychological school called "Behaviourists," of whom the protagonist is Professor John B. Watson,* formerly of the Johns Hopkins University. To them also, on the whole, belongs Professor John Dewey, who, with James and Dr. Schiller, was one

of the three founders of pragmatism. The view of the "behaviourists" is that nothing can be known except by external observation. They deny altogether that there is a separate source of knowledge called "introspection," by which we can know things about ourselves which we could never observe in others. They do not by any means deny that all sorts of things MAY go on in our minds: they only say that such things, if they occur, are not susceptible of scientific observation, and do not therefore concern psychology as a science. Psychology as a science, they say, is only concerned with BEHAVIOUR, i.e. with what we DO; this alone, they contend, can be accurately observed. Whether we think meanwhile, they tell us, cannot be known; in their observation of the behaviour of human beings, they have not so far found any evidence of thought. True, we talk a great deal, and imagine that in so doing we are showing that we can think; but behaviourists say that the talk they have to listen to can be explained without supposing that people think. Where you might expect a chapter on "thought processes" you come instead upon a chapter on "The Language Habit." It is humiliating to find how terribly adequate this hypothesis turns out to be.

* See especially his "Behavior: an Introduction to Comparative Psychology," New York, 1914.

Behaviourism has not, however, sprung from observing the folly of men. It is the wisdom of animals that has suggested the view. It has always been a common topic of popular discussion whether animals "think." On this topic people are prepared to take sides without having the vaguest idea what they mean by "thinking." Those who desired to investigate such questions were led to observe the behaviour of animals, in the hope that their behaviour would throw some light on their mental faculties. At first sight, it might seem that this is so. People say that a dog "knows" its name because it comes when it is called, and that it "remembers" its master, because it looks sad in his absence, but wags its tail and barks when he returns. That the dog behaves in this way is matter of observation, but that it "knows" or "remembers" anything is an inference, and in fact a very doubtful one. The more such inferences are examined, the more precarious they are seen to be. Hence the study of animal behaviour has been gradually led to abandon all attempt at mental interpretation. And it can hardly be doubted that, in many cases of complicated behaviour very well adapted to its ends, there can be no prevision of those ends. The first time a bird builds a nest, we can hardly suppose it knows that there will be eggs to be laid in it, or that it will sit on the eggs, or that they will hatch into young birds. It does what it does at each stage because instinct gives it an impulse to do just that, not because it foresees and desires the result of its actions.*

* An interesting discussion of the question whether instinctive actions, when first performed, involve any prevision, however vague, will be found in Lloyd Morgan's "Instinct and Experience" (Methuen, 1912), chap. ii.

Careful observers of animals, being anxious to avoid precarious inferences, have gradually discovered more and more how to give an account of the actions of animals without assuming what we call "consciousness." It has seemed to the behaviourists that similar methods can be applied to human behaviour, without assuming anything not open to external observation. Let us give a crude illustration, too crude for the authors in question, but capable of affording a rough insight into their meaning. Suppose two children in a school, both of whom are asked "What is six times nine?" One says fifty-four, the other says fifty-six. The one, we say, "knows" what six times nine is, the other does not. But all that we can observe is a certain language-habit. The one child has acquired the habit of saying "six times nine is fifty-four"; the other has not. There is no more need of "thought" in this than there is when a horse turns into his accustomed stable; there are merely more numerous and complicated habits. There is obviously an observable fact called "knowing" such-and-such a thing; examinations are experiments for discovering such facts. But all that is observed or discovered is a certain set of habits in the use of words. The thoughts (if any) in the mind of the examinee are of no interest to the examiner; nor has the examiner any reason to suppose even the most successful examinee capable of even the smallest amount of thought.

Thus what is called "knowing," in the sense in which we can ascertain what other people "know," is a phenomenon exemplified in their physical behaviour, including spoken and written words. There is no reason--so Watson argues--to suppose that their knowledge IS anything beyond the habits shown in this behaviour: the inference that other people have something nonphysical called "mind" or "thought" is therefore unwarranted.

So far, there is nothing particularly repugnant to our prejudices in the conclusions of the behaviourists. We are all willing to admit that other people are thoughtless. But when it comes to ourselves, we feel convinced that we can actually perceive our own thinking. "Cogito, ergo sum" would be regarded by most people as having a true premiss. This, however, the behaviourist denies. He maintains that our knowledge of ourselves is no different in kind from our knowledge of other people. We may see MORE, because our own body is easier to observe than that of other people; but we do not see anything radically unlike what we see of others. Introspection, as a separate source of knowledge, is entirely denied by psychologists of this school. I shall discuss this question at length in a later lecture; for the present I will only observe that it is by no means simple, and that, though I believe the

behaviourists somewhat overstate their case, yet there is an important element of truth in their contention, since the things which we can discover by introspection do not seem to differ in any very fundamental way from the things which we discover by external observation.

So far, we have been principally concerned with knowing. But it might well be maintained that desiring is what is really most characteristic of mind. Human beings are constantly engaged in achieving some end they feel pleasure in success and pain in failure. In a purely material world, it may be said, there would be no opposition of pleasant and unpleasant, good and bad, what is desired and what is feared. A man's acts are governed by purposes. He decides, let us suppose, to go to a certain place, whereupon he proceeds to the station, takes his ticket and enters the train. If the usual route is blocked by an accident, he goes by some other route. All that he does is determined--or so it seems--by the end he has in view, by what lies in front of him, rather than by what lies behind. With dead matter, this is not the case. A stone at the top of a hill may start rolling, but it shows no pertinacity in trying to get to the bottom. Any ledge or obstacle will stop it, and it will exhibit no signs of discontent if this happens. It is not attracted by the pleasantness of the valley, as a sheep or cow might be, but propelled by the steepness of the hill at the place where it is. In all this we have characteristic differences between the behaviour of animals and the behaviour of matter as studied by physics.

Desire, like knowledge, is, of course, in one sense an observable phenomenon. An elephant will eat a bun, but not a mutton chop; a duck will go into the water, but a hen will not. But when we think of our own desires, most people believe that we can know them by an immediate self-knowledge which does not depend upon observation of our actions. Yet if this were the case, it would be odd that people are so often mistaken as to what they desire. It is matter of common observation that "so-and-so does not know his own motives," or that "A is envious of B and malicious about him, but quite unconscious of being so." Such people are called self-deceivers, and are supposed to have had to go through some more or less elaborate process of concealing from themselves what would otherwise have been obvious. I believe that this is an entire mistake. I believe that the discovery of our own motives can only be made by the same process by which we discover other people's, namely, the process of observing our actions and inferring the desire which could prompt them. A desire is "conscious" when we have told ourselves that we have it. A hungry man may say to himself: "Oh, I do want my lunch." Then his desire is "conscious." But it only differs from an "unconscious" desire by the presence of appropriate words, which is by no means a fundamental difference.

The belief that a motive is normally conscious makes it easier to be mistaken as to our own motives than as to other people's. When some desire that we should be ashamed of is attributed to us, we notice that we have never had it consciously, in the sense of saying to ourselves, "I wish that would happen." We therefore look for some other interpretation of our actions, and regard our friends as very unjust when they refuse to be convinced by our repudiation of what we hold to be a calumny. Moral considerations greatly increase the difficulty of clear thinking in this matter. It is commonly argued that people are not to blame for unconscious motives, but only for conscious ones. In order, therefore, to be wholly virtuous it is only necessary to repeat virtuous formulas. We say: "I desire to be kind to my friends, honourable in business, philanthropic towards the poor, public-spirited in politics." So long as we refuse to allow ourselves, even in the watches of the night, to avow any contrary desires, we may be bullies at home, shady in the City, skinflints in paying wages and profiteers in dealing with the public; yet, if only conscious motives are to count in moral valuation, we shall remain model characters. This is an agreeable doctrine, and it is not surprising that men are un willing to abandon it. But moral considerations are the worst enemies of the scientific spirit and we must dismiss them from our minds if we wish to arrive at truth.

I believe--as I shall try to prove in a later lecture--that desire, like force in mechanics, is of the nature of a convenient fiction for describing shortly certain laws of behaviour. A hungry animal is restless until it finds food; then it becomes quiescent. The thing which will bring a restless condition to an end is said to be what is desired. But only experience can show what will have this sedative effect, and it is easy to make mistakes. We feel dissatisfaction, and think that such and-such a thing would remove it; but in thinking this, we are theorizing, not observing a patent fact. Our theorizing is often mistaken, and when it is mistaken there is a difference between what we think we desire and what in fact will bring satisfaction. This is such a common phenomenon that any theory of desire which fails to account for it must be wrong.

What have been called "unconscious" desires have been brought very much to the fore in recent years by psycho-analysis. Psycho-analysis, as every one knows, is primarily a method of understanding hysteria and certain forms of insanity*; but it has been found that there is much in the lives of ordinary men and women which bears a humiliating resemblance to the delusions of the insane. The connection of dreams, irrational beliefs and foolish actions with unconscious wishes has been brought to light, though with some exaggeration, by Freud and Jung and their followers. As regards the nature of these unconscious wishes, it

seems to me--though as a layman I speak with diffidence--that many psycho-analysts are unduly narrow; no doubt the wishes they emphasize exist, but others, e.g. for honour and power, are equally operative and equally liable to concealment. This, however, does not affect the value of their general theories from the point of view of theoretic psychology, and it is from this point of view that their results are important for the analysis of mind.

* There is a wide field of "unconscious" phenomena which does not depend upon psycho-analytic theories. Such occurrences as automatic writing lead Dr. Morton Prince to say: "As I view this question of the subconscious, far too much weight is given to the point of awareness or not awareness of our conscious processes. As a matter of fact, we find entirely identical phenomena, that is, identical in every respect but one-that of awareness in which sometimes we are aware of these conscious phenomena and sometimes not"(p. 87 of "Subconscious Phenomena," by various authors, Rebman). Dr. Morton Price conceives that there may be "consciousness" without "awareness." But this is a difficult view, and one which makes some definition of "consciousness" imperative. For nay part, I cannot see how to separate consciousness from awareness.

What, I think, is clearly established, is that a man's actions and beliefs may be wholly dominated by a desire of which he is quite unconscious, and which he indignantly repudiates when it is suggested to him. Such a desire is generally, in morbid cases, of a sort which the patient would consider wicked; if he had to admit that he had the desire, he would loathe himself. Yet it is so strong that it must force an outlet for itself; hence it becomes necessary to entertain whole systems of false beliefs in order to hide the nature of what is desired. The resulting delusions in very many cases disappear if the hysteric or lunatic can be made to face the facts about himself. The consequence of this is that the treatment of many forms of insanity has grown more psychological and less physiological than it used to be. Instead of looking for a physical defect in the brain, those who treat delusions look for the repressed desire which has found this contorted mode of expression. For those who do not wish to plunge into the somewhat repulsive and often rather wild theories of psychoanalytic pioneers, it will be worth while to read a little book by Dr. Bernard Hart on "The Psychology of Insanity."* On this question of the mental as opposed to the physiological study of the causes of insanity, Dr. Hart says:

* Cambridge, 1912; 2nd edition, 1914. The following references are to the second edition.

"The psychological conception [of insanity] is based on the view that mental processes can be directly studied without any reference to the accompanying changes which are presumed to take place in the brain, and that insanity may therefore be properly attacked from the standpoint of psychology"(p. 9).

This illustrates a point which I am anxious to make clear from the outset. Any attempt to classify modern views, such as I propose to advocate, from the old standpoint of materialism and idealism, is only misleading. In certain respects, the views which I shall be setting forth approximate to materialism; in certain others, they approximate to its opposite. On this question of the study of delusions, the practical effect of the modern theories, as Dr. Hart points out, is emancipation from the materialist method. On the other hand, as he also points out (pp. 38-9), imbecility and dementia still have to be considered physiologically, as caused by defects in the brain. There is no inconsistency in this If, as we maintain, mind and matter are neither of them the actual stuff of reality, but different convenient groupings of an underlying material, then, clearly, the question whether, in regard to a given phenomenon, we are to seek a physical or a mental cause, is merely one to be decided by trial. Metaphysicians have argued endlessly as to the interaction of mind and matter. The followers of Descartes held that mind and matter are so different as to make any action of the one on the other impossible. When I will to move my arm, they said, it is not my will that operates on my arm, but God, who, by His omnipotence, moves my arm whenever I want it moved. The modern doctrine of psychophysical parallelism is not appreciably different from this theory of the Cartesian school. Psycho-physical parallelism is the theory that mental and physical events each have causes in their own sphere, but run on side by side owing to the fact that every state of the brain coexists with a definite state of the mind, and vice versa. This view of the reciprocal causal independence of mind and matter has no basis except in metaphysical theory.* For us, there is no necessity to make any such assumption, which is very difficult to harmonize with obvious facts. I receive a letter inviting me to dinner: the letter is a physical fact, but my apprehension of its meaning is mental. Here we have an effect of matter on mind. In consequence of my apprehension of the meaning of the letter, I go to the right place at the right time; here we have an effect of mind on matter. I shall try to persuade you, in the course of these lectures, that matter is not so material and mind not so mental as is generally supposed. When we are speaking of matter, it will seem as if we were inclining to idealism; when we are speaking of mind, it will seem as if we were inclining to materialism. Neither is the truth. Our world is to be constructed out of what the American realists call "neutral" entities, which have neither the hardness and indestructibility of matter, nor the reference to objects which is supposed to characterize mind.

* It would seem, however, that Dr. Hart accepts this theory as 8 methodological precept. See his contribution to "Subconscious Phenomena" (quoted above), especially pp. 121-2.

There is, it is true, one objection which might be felt, not indeed to the action of matter on mind, but to the action of mind on matter. The laws of physics, it may be urged, are apparently adequate to explain everything that happens to matter, even when it is matter in a man's brain. This, however, is only a hypothesis, not an established theory. There is no cogent empirical reason for supposing that the laws determining the motions of living bodies are exactly the same as those that apply to dead matter. Sometimes, of course, they are clearly the same. When a man falls from a precipice or slips on a piece of orange peel, his body behaves as if it were devoid of life. These are the occasions that make Bergson laugh. But when a man's bodily movements are what we call "voluntary," they are, at any rate prima facie, very different in their laws from the movements of what is devoid of life. I do not wish to say dogmatically that the difference is irreducible; I think it highly probable that it is not. I say only that the study of the behaviour of living bodies, in the present state of our knowledge, is distinct from physics. The study of gases was originally quite distinct from that of rigid bodies, and would never have advanced to its present state if it had not been independently pursued. Nowadays both the gas and the rigid body are manufactured out of a more primitive and universal kind of matter. In like manner, as a question of methodology, the laws of living bodies are to be studied, in the first place, without any undue haste to subordinate them to the laws of physics. Boyle's law and the rest had to be discovered before the kinetic theory of gases became possible. But in psychology we are hardly yet at the stage of Boyle's law. Meanwhile we need not be held up by the bogey of the universal rigid exactness of physics. This is, as yet, a mere hypothesis, to be tested empirically without any preconceptions. It may be true, or it may not. So far, that is all we can say.

Returning from this digression to our main topic, namely, the criticism of "consciousness," we observe that Freud and his followers, though they have demonstrated beyond dispute the immense importance of "unconscious" desires in determining our actions and beliefs, have not attempted the task of telling us what an "unconscious" desire actually is, and have thus invested their doctrine with an air of mystery and mythology which forms a large part of its popular attractiveness. They speak always as though it were more normal for a desire to be conscious, and as though a positive cause had to be assigned for its being unconscious. Thus "the unconscious" becomes a sort of underground prisoner, living in a dungeon, breaking in at long intervals upon our daylight respectability with dark groans and maledictions and strange atavistic lusts. The ordinary reader, almost inevitably, thinks of this underground person as another consciousness, prevented by what Freud calls the "censor" from making his voice heard in company, except on rare and dreadful occasions when he shouts so loud that every one hears him and there is a scandal. Most of us like the idea that we could be desperately wicked if only we let ourselves go. For this reason, the Freudian "unconscious" has been a consolation to many quiet and well-behaved persons.

I do not think the truth is quite so picturesque as this. I believe an "unconscious" desire is merely a causal law of our behaviour,* namely, that we remain restlessly active until a certain state of affairs is realized, when we achieve temporary equilibrium If we know beforehand what this state of affairs is, our desire is conscious; if not, unconscious. The unconscious desire is not something actually existing, but merely a tendency to a certain behaviour; it has exactly the same status as a force in dynamics. The unconscious desire is in no way mysterious; it is the natural primitive form of desire, from which the other has developed through our habit of observing and theorizing (often wrongly). It is not necessary to suppose, as Freud seems to do, that every unconscious wish was once conscious, and was then, in his terminology, "repressed" because we disapproved of it. On the contrary, we shall suppose that, although Freudian "repression" undoubtedly occurs and is important, it is not the usual reason for unconsciousness of our wishes. The usual reason is merely that wishes are all, to begin with, unconscious, and only become known when they are actively noticed. Usually, from laziness, people do not notice, but accept the theory of human nature which they find current, and attribute to themselves whatever wishes this theory would lead them to expect. We used to be full of virtuous wishes, but since Freud our wishes have become, in the words of the Prophet Jeremiah, "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." Both these views, in most of those who have held them, are the product of theory rather than observation, for observation requires effort, whereas repeating phrases does not.

* Cf. Hart, "The Psychology of Insanity," p. 19.

The interpretation of unconscious wishes which I have been advocating has been set forth briefly by Professor John B. Watson in an article called "The Psychology of Wish Fulfilment," which appeared in "The Scientific Monthly" in November, 1916. Two quotations will serve to show his point of view:

"The Freudians (he says) have made more or less of a 'metaphysical entity' out of the censor. They suppose that when wishes are repressed they are repressed into the 'unconscious,' and that this mysterious censor stands at the trapdoor lying between the conscious and the unconscious. Many of us do not believe in a world of the unconscious (a few of us even have grave doubts about the usefulness of the term consciousness), hence we try to explain censorship along ordinary biological lines. We believe that one group of habits can 'down' another group of habits--or instincts. In this case our ordinary system of habits--those which we call expressive of our 'real selves'--inhibit or quench (keep inactive or partially inactive) those habits and instinctive tendencies which belong largely in the past"(p. 483).

Again, after speaking of the frustration of some impulses which is involved in acquiring the habits of a civilized adult, he continues:

"It is among these frustrated impulses that I would find the biological basis of the unfulfilled wish. Such 'wishes' need never have been 'conscious,' and NEED NEVER HAVE BEEN SUPPRESSED INTO FREUD'S REALM OF THE UNCONSCIOUS. It may be inferred from this that there is no particular reason for applying the term 'wish' to such tendencies"(p. 485).

One of the merits of the general analysis of mind which we shall be concerned with in the following lectures is that it removes the atmosphere of mystery from the phenomena brought to light by the psycho-analysts. Mystery is delightful, but unscientific, since it depends upon ignorance. Man has developed out of the animals, and there is no serious gap between him and the amoeba. Something closely analogous to knowledge and desire, as regards its effects on behaviour, exists among animals, even where what we call "consciousness" is hard to believe in; something equally analogous exists in ourselves in cases where no trace of "consciousness" can be found. It is therefore natural to suppose that, what ever may be the correct definition of "consciousness," "consciousness" is not the essence of life or mind. In the following lectures, accordingly, this term will disappear until we have dealt with words, when it will re-emerge as mainly a trivial and unimportant outcome of linguistic habits.

LECTURE II. INSTINCT AND HABIT

In attempting to understand the elements out of which mental phenomena are compounded, it is of the greatest importance to remember that from the protozoa to man there is nowhere a very wide gap either in structure or in behaviour. From this fact it is a highly probable inference that there is also nowhere a very wide mental gap. It is, of course, POSSIBLE that there may be, at certain stages in evolution, elements which are entirely new from the standpoint of analysis, though in their nascent form they have little influence on behaviour and no very marked correlatives in structure. But the hypothesis of continuity in mental development is clearly preferable if no psychological facts make it impossible. We shall find, if I am not mistaken, that there are no facts which refute the hypothesis of mental continuity, and that, on the other hand, this hypothesis affords a useful test of suggested theories as to the nature of mind.

The hypothesis of mental continuity throughout organic evolution may be used in two different ways. On the one hand, it may be held that we have more knowledge of our own minds than those of animals, and that we should use this knowledge to infer the existence of something similar to our own mental processes in animals and even in plants. On the other hand, it may be held that animals and plants present simpler phenomena, more easily analysed than those of human minds; on this ground it may be urged that explanations which are adequate in the case of animals ought not to be lightly rejected in the case of man. The practical effects of these two views are diametrically opposite: the first leads us to level up animal intelligence with what we believe ourselves to know about our own intelligence, while the second leads us to attempt a levelling down of our own intelligence to something not too remote from what we can observe in animals. It is therefore important to consider the relative justification of the two ways of applying the principle of continuity.

It is clear that the question turns upon another, namely, which can we know best, the psychology of animals or that of human beings? If we can know most about animals, we shall use this knowledge as a basis for inference about human beings; if we can know most about human beings, we shall adopt the opposite procedure. And the question whether we can know most about the psychology of human beings or about that of animals turns upon yet another, namely: Is introspection or external observation the surer method in psychology? This is a question which I propose to discuss at length in Lecture VI; I shall therefore content myself now with a statement of the conclusions to be arrived at.

We know a great many things concerning ourselves which we cannot know nearly so directly concerning animals or even other people. We know when we have a toothache, what we are thinking of, what dreams we have when we are asleep, and a host of other occurrences which we only know about others when they tell us of them, or otherwise make them inferable by their behaviour.

Thus, so far as knowledge of detached facts is concerned, the advantage is on the side of self-knowledge as against external observation.

But when we come to the analysis and scientific understanding of the facts, the advantages on the side of self-knowledge become far less clear. We know, for example, that we have desires and beliefs, but we do not know what constitutes a desire or a belief. The phenomena are so familiar that it is difficult to realize how little we really know about them. We see in animals, and to a lesser extent in plants, behaviour more or less similar to that which, in us, is prompted by desires and beliefs, and we find that, as we descend in the scale of evolution, behaviour becomes simpler, more easily reducible to rule, more scientifically analysable and predictable. And just because we are not misled by familiarity we find it easier to be cautious in interpreting behaviour when we are dealing with phenomena remote from those of our own minds: Moreover, introspection, as psychoanalysis has demonstrated, is extraordinarily fallible even in cases where we feel a high degree of certainty. The net result seems to be that, though self-knowledge has a definite and important contribution to make to psychology, it is exceedingly misleading unless it is constantly checked and controlled by the test of external observation, and by the theories which such observation suggests when applied to animal behaviour. On the whole, therefore, there is probably more to be learnt about human psychology from animals than about animal psychology from human beings; but this conclusion is one of degree, and must not be pressed beyond a point.

It is only bodily phenomena that can be directly observed in animals, or even, strictly speaking, in other human beings. We can observe such things as their movements, their physiological processes, and the sounds they emit. Such things as desires and beliefs, which seem obvious to introspection, are not visible directly to external observation. Accordingly, if we begin our study of psychology by external observation, we must not begin by assuming such things as desires and beliefs, but only such things as external observation can reveal, which will be characteristics of the movements and physiological processes of animals. Some animals, for example, always run away from light and hide themselves in dark places. If you pick up a mossy stone which is lightly embedded in the earth, you will see a number of small animals scuttling away from the unwonted daylight and seeking again the darkness of which you have deprived them. Such animals are sensitive to light, in the sense that their movements are affected by it; but it would be rash to infer that they have sensations in any way analogous to our sensations of sight. Such inferences, which go beyond the observable facts, are to be avoided with the utmost care.

It is customary to divide human movements into three classes, voluntary, reflex and mechanical. We may illustrate the distinction by a quotation from William James ("Psychology," i, 12):

"If I hear the conductor calling 'all aboard' as I enter the depot, my heart first stops, then palpitates, and my legs respond to the air-waves falling on my tympanum by quickening their movements. If I stumble as I run, the sensation of falling provokes a movement of the hands towards the direction of the fall, the effect of which is to shield the body from too sudden a shock. If a cinder enter my eye, its lids close forcibly and a copious flow of tears tends to wash it out.

"These three responses to a sensational stimulus differ, however, in many respects. The closure of the eye and the lachrymation are quite involuntary, and so is the disturbance of the heart. Such involuntary responses we know as 'reflex' acts. The motion of the arms to break the shock of falling may also be called reflex, since it occurs too quickly to be deliberately intended. Whether it be instinctive or whether it result from the pedestrian education of childhood may be doubtful; it is, at any rate, less automatic than the previous acts, for a man might by conscious effort learn to perform it more skilfully, or even to suppress it altogether. Actions of this kind, with which instinct and volition enter upon equal terms, have been called 'semi-reflex.' The act of running towards the train, on the other hand, has no instinctive element about it. It is purely the result of education, and is preceded by a consciousness of the purpose to be attained and a distinct mandate of the will. It is a 'voluntary act.' Thus the animal's reflex and voluntary performances shade into each other gradually, being connected by acts which may often occur automatically, but may also be modified by conscious intelligence.

"An outside observer, unable to perceive the accompanying consciousness, might be wholly at a loss to discriminate between the automatic acts and those which volition escorted. But if the criterion of mind's existence be the choice of the proper means for the attainment of a supposed end, all the acts alike seem to be inspired by intelligence, for APPROPRIATENESS characterizes them all alike."

There is one movement, among those that James mentions at first, which is not subsequently classified, namely, the stumbling. This is the kind of movement which may be called "mechanical"; it is evidently of a different kind from either reflex or voluntary movements, and more akin to the movements of dead matter. We may define a movement of an animal's body as "mechanical"

when it proceeds as if only dead matter were involved. For example, if you fall over a cliff, you move under the influence of gravitation, and your centre of gravity describes just as correct a parabola as if you were already dead. Mechanical movements have not the characteristic of appropriateness, unless by accident, as when a drunken man falls into a waterbutt and is sobered. But reflex and voluntary movements are not ALWAYS appropriate, unless in some very recondite sense. A moth flying into a lamp is not acting sensibly; no more is a man who is in such a hurry to get his ticket that he cannot remember the name of his destination. Appropriateness is a complicated and merely approximate idea, and for the present we shall do well to dismiss it from our thoughts.

As James states, there is no difference, from the point of view of the outside observer, between voluntary and reflex movements. The physiologist can discover that both depend upon the nervous system, and he may find that the movements which we call voluntary depend upon higher centres in the brain than those that are reflex. But he cannot discover anything as to the presence or absence of "will" or "consciousness," for these things can only be seen from within, if at all. For the present, we wish to place ourselves resolutely in the position of outside observers; we will therefore ignore the distinction between voluntary and reflex movements. We will call the two together "vital" movements. We may then distinguish "vital" from mechanical movements by the fact that vital movements depend for their causation upon the special properties of the nervous system, while mechanical movements depend only upon the properties which animal bodies share with matter in general.

There is need for some care if the distinction between mechanical and vital movements is to be made precise. It is quite likely that, if we knew more about animal bodies, we could deduce all their movements from the laws of chemistry and physics. It is already fairly easy to see how chemistry reduces to physics, i.e. how the differences between different chemical elements can be accounted for by differences of physical structure, the constituents of the structure being electrons which are exactly alike in all kinds of matter. We only know in part how to reduce physiology to chemistry, but we know enough to make it likely that the reduction is possible. If we suppose it effected, what would become of the difference between vital and mechanical movements?

Some analogies will make the difference clear. A shock to a mass of dynamite produces quite different effects from an equal shock to a mass of steel: in the one case there is a vast explosion, while in the other case there is hardly any noticeable disturbance. Similarly, you may sometimes find on a mountain-side a large rock poised so delicately that a touch will set it crashing down into the valley, while the rocks all round are so firm that only a considerable force can dislodge them What is analogous in these two cases is the existence of a great store of energy in unstable equilibrium ready to burst into violent motion by the addition of a very slight disturbance. Similarly, it requires only a very slight expenditure of energy to send a post-card with the words "All is discovered; fly!" but the effect in generating kinetic energy is said to be amazing. A human body, like a mass of dynamite, contains a store of energy in unstable equilibrium, ready to be directed in this direction or that by a disturbance which is physically very small, such as a spoken word. In all such cases the reduction of behaviour to physical laws can only be effected by entering into great minuteness; so long as we confine ourselves to the observation of comparatively large masses, the way in which the equilibrium will be upset cannot be determined. Physicists distinguish between macroscopic and microscopic equations: the former determine the visible movements of bodies of ordinary size, the latter the minute occurrences in the smallest parts. It is only the microscopic equations that are supposed to be the same for all sorts of matter. The macroscopic equations result from a process of averaging out, and may be different in different cases. So, in our instance, the laws of macroscopic phenomena are different for mechanical and vital movements, though the laws of microscopic phenomena may be the same.

We may say, speaking somewhat roughly, that a stimulus applied to the nervous system, like a spark to dynamite, is able to take advantage of the stored energy in unstable equilibrium, and thus to produce movements out of proportion to the proximate cause. Movements produced in this way are vital movements, while mechanical movements are those in which the stored energy of a living body is not involved. Similarly dynamite may be exploded, thereby displaying its characteristic properties, or may (with due precautions) be carted about like any other mineral. The explosion is analogous to vital movements, the carting about to mechanical movements.

Mechanical movements are of no interest to the psychologist, and it has only been necessary to define them in order to be able to exclude them. When a psychologist studies behaviour, it is only vital movements that concern him. We shall, therefore, proceed to ignore mechanical movements, and study only the properties of the remainder.

The next point is to distinguish between movements that are instinctive and movements that are acquired by experience. This distinction also is to some extent one of degree. Professor Lloyd Morgan gives the following definition of "instinctive behaviour":

"That which is, on its first occurrence, independent of prior experience; which tends to the well-being of the individual and the preservation of the race; which is similarly performed by all members of the same more or less restricted group of animals; and which may be subject to subsequent modification under the guidance of experience." *

* "Instinct and Experience" (Methuen, 1912) p. 5.

This definition is framed for the purposes of biology, and is in some respects unsuited to the needs of psychology. Though perhaps unavoidable, allusion to "the same more or less restricted group of animals" makes it impossible to judge what is instinctive in the behaviour of an isolated individual. Moreover, "the well-being of the individual and the preservation of the race" is only a usual characteristic, not a universal one, of the sort of movements that, from our point of view, are to be called instinctive; instances of harmful instincts will be given shortly. The essential point of the definition, from our point of view, is that an instinctive movement is in dependent of prior experience.

We may say that an "instinctive" movement is a vital movement performed by an animal the first time that it finds itself in a novel situation; or, more correctly, one which it would perform if the situation were novel.* The instincts of an animal are different at different periods of its growth, and this fact may cause changes of behaviour which are not due to learning. The maturing and seasonal fluctuation of the sex-instinct affords a good illustration. When the sex-instinct first matures, the behaviour of an animal in the presence of a mate is different from its previous behaviour in similar circumstances, but is not learnt, since it is just the same if the animal has never previously been in the presence of a mate.

* Though this can only be decided by comparison with other members of the species, and thus exposes us to the need of comparison which we thought an objection to Professor Lloyd Morgan's definition.

On the other hand, a movement is "learnt," or embodies a "habit," if it is due to previous experience of similar situations, and is not what it would be if the animal had had no such experience.

There are various complications which blur the sharpness of this distinction in practice. To begin with, many instincts mature gradually, and while they are immature an animal may act in a fumbling manner which is very difficult to distinguish from learning. James ("Psychology," ii, 407) maintains that children walk by instinct, and that the awkwardness of their first attempts is only due to the fact that the instinct has not yet ripened. He hopes that "some scientific widower, left alone with his offspring at the critical moment, may ere long test this suggestion on the living subject." However this may be, he quotes evidence to show that "birds do not LEARN to fly," but fly by instinct when they reach the appropriate age (ib., p. 406). In the second place, instinct often gives only a rough outline of the sort of thing to do, in which case learning is necessary in order to acquire certainty and precision in action. In the third place, even in the clearest cases of acquired habit, such as speaking, some instinct is required to set in motion the process of learning. In the case of speaking, the chief instinct involved is commonly supposed to be that of imitation, but this may be questioned. (See Thorndike's "Animal Intelligence," p. 253 ff.)

In spite of these qualifications, the broad distinction between instinct and habit is undeniable. To take extreme cases, every animal at birth can take food by instinct, before it has had opportunity to learn; on the other hand, no one can ride a bicycle by instinct, though, after learning, the necessary movements become just as automatic as if they were instinctive.

The process of learning, which consists in the acquisition of habits, has been much studied in various animals.* For example: you put a hungry animal, say a cat, in a cage which has a door that can be opened by lifting a latch; outside the cage you put food. The cat at first dashes all round the cage, making frantic efforts to force a way out. At last, by accident, the latch is lifted and the cat pounces on the food. Next day you repeat the experiment, and you find that the cat gets out much more quickly than the first time, although it still makes some random movements. The third day it gets out still more quickly, and before long it goes straight to the latch and lifts it at once. Or you make a model of the Hampton Court maze, and put a rat in the middle, assaulted by the smell of food on the outside. The rat starts running down the passages, and is constantly stopped by blind alleys, but at last, by persistent attempts, it gets out. You repeat this experiment day after day; you measure the time taken by the rat in reaching the food; you find that the time rapidly diminishes, and that after a while the rat ceases to make any wrong turnings. It is by essentially similar processes that we learn speaking, writing, mathematics, or the government of an empire.

* The scientific study of this subject may almost be said to begin with Thorndike's "Animal Intelligence" (Macmillan, 1911).

Professor Watson ("Behavior," pp. 262-3) has an ingenious theory as to the way in which habit arises out of random movements. I think there is a reason why his theory cannot be regarded as alone sufficient, but it seems not unlikely that it is partly correct.

Suppose, for the sake of simplicity, that there are just ten random movements which may be made by the animal--say, ten paths down which it may go--and that only one of these leads to food, or whatever else represents success in the case in question. Then the successful movement always occurs during the animal's attempts, whereas each of the others, on the average, occurs in only half the attempts. Thus the tendency to repeat a previous performance (which is easily explicable without the intervention of "consciousness") leads to a greater emphasis on the successful movement than on any other, and in time causes it alone to be performed. The objection to this view, if taken as the sole explanation, is that on improvement ought to set in till after the SECOND trial, whereas experiment shows that already at the second attempt the animal does better than the first time. Something further is, therefore, required to account for the genesis of habit from random movements; but I see no reason to suppose that what is further required involves "consciousness."

Mr. Thorndike (op. cit., p. 244) formulates two "provisional laws of acquired behaviour or learning," as follows:

"The Law of Effect is that: Of several responses made to the same situation, those which are accompanied or closely followed by satisfaction to the animal will, other things being equal, be more firmly connected with the situation, so that, when it recurs, they will be more likely to recur; those which are accompanied or closely followed by discomfort to the animal will, other things being equal, have their connections with that situation weakened, so that, when it recurs, they will be less likely to occur. The greater the satisfaction or discomfort, the greater the strengthening or weakening of the bond.

"The Law of Exercise is that: Any response to a situation will, other things being equal, be more strongly connected with the situation in proportion to the number of times it has been connected with that situation and to the average vigour and duration of the connections."

With the explanation to be presently given of the meaning of "satisfaction" and "discomfort," there seems every reason to accept these two laws.

What is true of animals, as regards instinct and habit, is equally true of men. But the higher we rise in the evolutionary scale, broadly speaking, the greater becomes the power of learning, and the fewer are the occasions when pure instinct is exhibited unmodified in adult life. This applies with great force to man, so much so that some have thought instinct less important in the life of man than in that of animals. This, however, would be a mistake. Learning is only possible when instinct supplies the driving-force. The animals in cages, which gradually learn to get out, perform random movements at first, which are purely instinctive. But for these random movements, they would never acquire the experience which afterwards enables them to produce the right movement. (This is partly questioned by Hobhouse*--wrongly, I think.) Similarly, children learning to talk make all sorts of sounds, until one day the right sound comes by accident. It is clear that the original making of random sounds, without which speech would never be learnt, is instinctive. I think we may say the same of all the habits and aptitudes that we acquire in all of them there has been present throughout some instinctive activity, prompting at first rather inefficient movements, but supplying the driving force while more and more effective methods are being acquired. A cat which is hungry smells fish, and goes to the larder. This is a thoroughly efficient method when there is fish in the larder, and it is often successfully practised by children. But in later life it is found that merely going to the larder does not cause fish to be there; after a series of random movements it is found that this result is to be caused by going to the City in the morning and coming back in the evening. No one would have guessed a priori that this movement of a middle-aged man's body would cause fish to come out of the sea into his larder, but experience shows that it does, and the middle-aged man therefore continues to go to the City, just as the cat in the cage continues to lift the latch when it has once found it. Of course, in actual fact, human learning is rendered easier, though psychologically more complex, through language; but at bottom language does not alter the essential character of learning, or of the part played by instinct in promoting learning. Language, however, is a subject upon which I do not wish to speak until a later lecture.

* "Mind in Evolution" (Macmillan, 1915), pp. 236-237.

The popular conception of instinct errs by imagining it to be infallible and preternaturally wise, as well as incapable of modification. This is a complete delusion. Instinct, as a rule, is very rough and ready, able to achieve its result under ordinary circumstances, but easily misled by anything unusual. Chicks follow their mother by instinct, but when they are quite young they will follow with equal readiness any moving object remotely resembling their mother, or even a human being (James, "Psychology," ii, 396). Bergson, quoting Fabre, has made play with the supposed extraordinary accuracy of the solitary wasp Ammophila, which lays its eggs in a caterpillar. On this subject I will quote from Drever's "Instinct in Man," p. 92:

"According to Fabre's observations, which Bergson accepts, the Ammophila stings its prey EXACTLY and UNERRINGLY in EACH of the nervous centres. The result is that the caterpillar is paralyzed, but not immediately killed, the advantage of this being that the larva cannot be injured by any movement of the caterpillar, upon which the egg is deposited, and is provided with fresh meat when the time comes.

"Now Dr. and Mrs. Peckham have shown that the sting of the wasp is NOT UNERRING, as Fabre alleges, that the number of stings is NOT CONSTANT, that sometimes the caterpillar is NOT PARALYZED, and sometimes it is KILLED OUTRIGHT, and that THE DIFFERENT CIRCUMSTANCES DO NOT APPARENTLY MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE TO THE LARVA, which is not injured by slight movements of the caterpillar, nor by consuming food decomposed rather than fresh caterpillar."

This illustrates how love of the marvellous may mislead even so careful an observer as Fabre and so eminent a philosopher as Bergson.

In the same chapter of Dr. Drever's book there are some interesting examples of the mistakes made by instinct. I will quote one as a sample:

"The larva of the Lomechusa beetle eats the young of the ants, in whose nest it is reared. Nevertheless, the ants tend the Lomechusa larvae with the same care they bestow on their own young. Not only so, but they apparently discover that the methods of feeding, which suit their own larvae, would prove fatal to the guests, and accordingly they change their whole system of nursing" (loc. cit., p. 106).

Semon ("Die Mneme," pp. 207-9) gives a good illustration of an instinct growing wiser through experience. He relates how hunters attract stags by imitating the sounds of other members of their species, male or female, but find that the older a stag becomes the more difficult it is to deceive him, and the more accurate the imitation has to be. The literature of instinct is vast, and illustrations might be multiplied indefinitely. The main points as regards instinct, which need to be emphasized as against the popular conceptions of it, are:

(1) That instinct requires no prevision of the biological end which it serves;

(2) That instinct is only adapted to achieve this end in the usual circumstances of the animal in question, and has no more precision than is necessary for success AS A RULE;

(3) That processes initiated by instinct often come to be performed better after experience;

(4) That instinct supplies the impulses to experimental movements which are required for the process of learning;

(5) That instincts in their nascent stages are easily modifiable, and capable of being attached to various sorts of objects.

All the above characteristics of instinct can be established by purely external observation, except the fact that instinct does not require prevision. This, though not strictly capable of being PROVED by observation, is irresistibly suggested by the most obvious phenomena. Who can believe, for example, that a new-born baby is aware of the necessity of food for preserving life? Or that insects, in laying eggs, are concerned for the preservation of their species? The essence of instinct, one might say, is that it provides a mechanism for acting without foresight in a manner which is usually advantageous biologically. It is partly for this reason that it is so important to understand the fundamental position of instinct in prompting both animal and human behaviour.

LECTURE III. DESIRE AND FEELING

Desire is a subject upon which, if I am not mistaken, true views can only be arrived at by an almost complete reversal of the ordinary unreflecting opinion. It is natural to regard desire as in its essence an attitude towards something which is imagined, not actual; this something is called the END or OBJECT of the desire, and is said to be the PURPOSE of any action resulting from the desire. We think of the content of the desire as being just like the content of a belief, while the attitude taken up towards the content is different. According to this theory, when we say: "I hope it will rain," or "I expect it will rain," we express, in the first case, a desire, and in the second, a belief, with an identical content, namely, the image of rain. It would be easy to say that, just as belief is one kind of feeling in relation to this content, so desire is another kind. According to this view, what comes first in desire is something imagined, with a specific feeling related to it, namely, that specific feeling which we call "desiring" it. The discomfort associated with unsatisfied desire, and the actions which aim at satisfying desire, are, in this view, both of them effects of the desire. I think it is fair to say that this is a view against which common sense would not rebel; nevertheless, I believe it to be radically mistaken. It cannot

be refuted logically, but various facts can be adduced which make it gradually less simple and plausible, until at last it turns out to be easier to abandon it wholly and look at the matter in a totally different way.

The first set of facts to be adduced against the common sense view of desire are those studied by psycho-analysis. In all human beings, but most markedly in those suffering from hysteria and certain forms of insanity, we find what are called "unconscious" desires, which are commonly regarded as showing self-deception. Most psycho-analysts pay little attention to the analysis of desire, being interested in discovering by observation what it is that people desire, rather than in discovering what actually constitutes desire. I think the strangeness of what they report would be greatly diminished if it were expressed in the language of a behaviourist theory of desire, rather than in the language of every-day beliefs. The general description of the sort of phenomena that bear on our present question is as follows: A person states that his desires are so-and-so, and that it is these desires that inspire his actions; but the outside observer perceives that his actions are such as to realize quite different ends from those which he avows, and that these different ends are such as he might be expected to desire. Generally they are less virtuous than his professed desires, and are therefore less agreeable to profess than these are. It is accordingly supposed that they really exist as desires for ends, but in a subconscious part of the mind, which the patient refuses to admit into consciousness for fear of having to think ill of himself. There are no doubt many cases to which such a supposition is applicable without obvious artificiality. But the deeper the Freudians delve into the underground regions of instinct, the further they travel from anything resembling conscious desire, and the less possible it becomes to believe that only positive self-deception conceals from us that we really wish for things which are abhorrent to our explicit life.

In the cases in question we have a conflict between the outside observer and the patient's consciousness. The whole tendency of psycho-analysis is to trust the outside observer rather than the testimony of introspection. I believe this tendency to be entirely right, but to demand a re-statement of what constitutes desire, exhibiting it as a causal law of our actions, not as something actually existing in our minds.

But let us first get a clearer statement of the essential characteristic of the phenomena.

A person, we find, states that he desires a certain end A, and that he is acting with a view to achieving it. We observe, however, that his actions are such as are likely to achieve a quite different end B, and that B is the sort of end that often seems to be aimed at by animals and savages, though civilized people are supposed to have discarded it. We sometimes find also a whole set of false beliefs, of such a kind as to persuade the patient that his actions are really a means to A, when in fact they are a means to B. For example, we have an impulse to inflict pain upon those whom we hate; we therefore believe that they are wicked, and that punishment will reform them. This belief enables us to act upon the impulse to inflict pain, while believing that we are acting upon the desire to lead sinners to repentance. It is for this reason that the criminal law has been in all ages more severe than it would have been if the impulse to ameliorate the criminal had been what really inspired it. It seems simple to explain such a state of affairs as due to "self-deception," but this explanation is often mythical. Most people, in thinking about punishment, have had no more need to hide their vindictive impulses from themselves than they have had to hide the exponential theorem. Our impulses are not patent to a casual observation, but are only to be discovered by a scientific study of our actions, in the course of which we must regard ourselves as objectively as we should the motions of the planets or the chemical reactions of a new element.

The study of animals reinforces this conclusion, and is in many ways the best preparation for the analysis of desire. In animals we are not troubled by the disturbing influence of ethical considerations. In dealing with human beings, we are perpetually distracted by being told that such-and-such a view is gloomy or cynical or pessimistic: ages of human conceit have built up such a vast myth as to our wisdom and virtue that any intrusion of the mere scientific desire to know the facts is instantly resented by those who cling to comfortable illusions. But no one cares whether animals are virtuous or not, and no one is under the delusion that they are rational. Moreover, we do not expect them to be so "conscious," and are prepared to admit that their instincts prompt useful actions without any prevision of the ends which they achieve. For all these reasons, there is much in the analysis of mind which is more easily discovered by the study of animals than by the observation of human beings.

We all think that, by watching the behaviour of animals, we can discover more or less what they desire. If this is the case--and I fully agree that it is--desire must be capable of being exhibited in actions, for it is only the actions of animals that we can observe. They MAY have minds in which all sorts of things take place, but we can know nothing about their minds except by means of inferences from their actions; and the more such inferences are examined, the more dubious they appear. It would seem, therefore, that actions alone must be the test of the desires of animals. From this it is an easy step to the conclusion that an animal's desire is nothing but a characteristic of a certain series of actions, namely, those which would be commonly regarded as inspired by the

desire in question. And when it has been shown that this view affords a satisfactory account of animal desires, it is not difficult to see that the same explanation is applicable to the desires of human beings.

We judge easily from the behaviour of an animal of a familiar kind whether it is hungry or thirsty, or pleased or displeased, or inquisitive or terrified. The verification of our judgment, so far as verification is possible, must be derived from the immediately succeeding actions of the animal. Most people would say that they infer first something about the animal's state of mind--whether it is hungry or thirsty and so on--and thence derive their expectations as to its subsequent conduct. But this detour through the animal's supposed mind is wholly unnecessary. We can say simply: The animal's behaviour during the last minute has had those characteristics which distinguish what is called "hunger," and it is likely that its actions during the next minute will be similar in this respect, unless it finds food, or is interrupted by a stronger impulse, such as fear. An animal which is hungry is restless, it goes to the places where food is often to be found, it sniffs with its nose or peers with its eyes or otherwise increases the sensitiveness of its sense-organs; as soon as it is near enough to food for its sense-organs to be affected, it goes to it with all speed and proceeds to eat; after which, if the quantity of food has been sufficient, its whole demeanour changes it may very likely lie down and go to sleep. These things and others like them are observable phenomena distinguishing a hungry animal from one which is not hungry. The characteristic mark by which we recognize a series of actions which display hunger is not the animal's mental state, which we cannot observe, but something in its bodily behaviour; it is this observable trait in the bodily behaviour that I am proposing to call "hunger," not some possibly mythical and certainly unknowable ingredient of the animal's mind.

Generalizing what occurs in the case of hunger, we may say that what we call a desire in an animal is always displayed in a cycle of actions having certain fairly well marked characteristics. There is first a state of activity, consisting, with qualifications to be mentioned presently, of movements likely to have a certain result; these movements, unless interrupted, continue until the result is achieved, after which there is usually a period of comparative quiescence. A cycle of actions of this sort has marks by which it is broadly distinguished from the motions of dead matter. The most notable of these marks are--(1) the appropriateness of the actions for the realization of a certain result; (2) the continuance of action until that result has been achieved. Neither of these can be pressed beyond a point. Either may be (a) to some extent present in dead matter, and (b) to a considerable extent absent in animals, while vegetable are intermediate, and display only a much fainter form of the behaviour which leads us to attribute desire to animals. (a) One might say rivers "desire" the sea water, roughly speaking, remains in restless motion until it reaches either the sea or a place from which it cannot issue without going uphill, and therefore we might say that this is what it wishes while it is flowing. We do not say so, because we can account for the behaviour of water by the laws of physics; and if we knew more about animals, we might equally cease to attribute desires to them, since we might find physical and chemical reactions sufficient to account for their behaviour. (b) Many of the movements of animals do not exhibit the characteristics of the cycles which seem to embody desire. There are first of all the movements which are "mechanical," such as slipping and falling, where ordinary physical forces operate upon the animal's body almost as if it were dead matter. An animal which falls over a cliff may make a number of desperate struggles while it is in the air, but its centre of gravity will move exactly as it would if the animal were dead. In this case, if the animal is killed at the end of the fall, we have, at first sight, just the characteristics of a cycle of actions embodying desire, namely, restless movement until the ground is reached, and then quiescence. Nevertheless, we feel no temptation to say that the animal desired what occurred, partly because of the obviously mechanical nature of the whole occurrence, partly because, when an animal survives a fall, it tends not to repeat the experience.

There may be other reasons also, but of them I do not wish to speak yet. Besides mechanical movements, there are interrupted movements, as when a bird, on its way to eat your best peas, is frightened away by the boy whom you are employing for that purpose. If interruptions are frequent and completion of cycles rare, the characteristics by which cycles are observed may become so blurred as to be almost unrecognizable. The result of these various considerations is that the differences between animals and dead matter, when we confine ourselves to external unscientific observation of integral behaviour, are a matter of degree and not very precise. It is for this reason that it has always been possible for fanciful people to maintain that even stocks and stones have some vague kind of soul. The evidence that animals have souls is so very shaky that, if it is assumed to be conclusive, one might just as well go a step further and extend the argument by analogy to all matter. Nevertheless, in spite of vagueness and doubtful cases, the existence of cycles in the behaviour of animals is a broad characteristic by which they are prima facie distinguished from ordinary matter; and I think it is this characteristic which leads us to attribute desires to animals, since it makes their behaviour resemble what we do when (as we say) we are acting from desire.

I shall adopt the following definitions for describing the behaviour of animals:

A "behaviour-cycle" is a series of voluntary or reflex movements of an animal, tending to cause a certain result, and continuing until that result is caused, unless they are interrupted by death, accident, or some new behaviour-cycle. (Here "accident" may be defined as the intervention of purely physical laws causing mechanical movements.)

The "purpose" of a behaviour-cycle is the result which brings it to an end, normally by a condition of temporary quiescence-provided there is no interruption.

An animal is said to "desire" the purpose of a behaviour cycle while the behaviour-cycle is in progress.

I believe these definitions to be adequate also to human purposes and desires, but for the present I am only occupied with animals and with what can be learnt by external observation. I am very anxious that no ideas should be attached to the words "purpose" and "desire" beyond those involved in the above definitions.

We have not so far considered what is the nature of the initial stimulus to a behaviour-cycle. Yet it is here that the usual view of desire seems on the strongest ground. The hungry animal goes on making movements until it gets food; it seems natural, therefore, to suppose that the idea of food is present throughout the process, and that the thought of the end to be achieved sets the whole process in motion. Such a view, however, is obviously untenable in many cases, especially where instinct is concerned. Take, for example, reproduction and the rearing of the young. Birds mate, build a nest, lay eggs in it, sit on the eggs, feed the young birds, and care for them until they are fully grown. It is totally impossible to suppose that this series of actions, which constitutes one behaviour-cycle, is inspired by any prevision of the end, at any rate the first time it is performed.* We must suppose that the stimulus to the performance of each act is an impulsion from behind, not an attraction from the future. The bird does what it does, at each stage, because it has an impulse to that particular action, not because it perceives that the whole cycle of actions will contribute to the preservation of the species. The same considerations apply to other instincts. A hungry animal feels restless, and is led by instinctive impulses to perform the movements which give it nourishment; but the act of seeking food is not sufficient evidence from which to conclude that the animal has the thought of food in its "mind."

* For evidence as to birds' nests, cf. Semon, "Die Mneme," pp. 209, 210.

Coming now to human beings, and to what we know about our own actions, it seems clear that what, with us, sets a behaviour-cycle in motion is some sensation of the sort which we call disagreeable. Take the case of hunger: we have first an uncomfortable feeling inside, producing a disinclination to sit still, a sensitiveness to savoury smells, and an attraction towards any food that there may be in our neighbourhood. At any moment during this process we may become aware that we are hungry, in the sense of saying to ourselves, "I am hungry"; but we may have been acting with reference to food for some time before this moment. While we are talking or reading, we may eat in complete unconsciousness; but we perform the actions of eating just as we should if we were conscious, and they cease when our hunger is appeased. What we call "consciousness" seems to be a mere spectator of the process; even when it issues orders, they are usually, like those of a wise parent, just such as would have been obeyed even if they had not been given. This view may seem at first exaggerated, but the more our so-called volitions and their causes are examined, the more it is forced upon us. The part played by words in all this is complicated, and a potent source of confusions; I shall return to it later. For the present, I am still concerned with primitive desire, as it exists in man, but in the form in which man shows his affinity to his animal ancestors.

Conscious desire is made up partly of what is essential to desire, partly of beliefs as to what we want. It is important to be clear as to the part which does not consist of beliefs.

The primitive non-cognitive element in desire seems to be a push, not a pull, an impulsion away from the actual, rather than an attraction towards the ideal. Certain sensations and other mental occurrences have a property which we call discomfort; these cause such bodily movements as are likely to lead to their cessation. When the discomfort ceases, or even when it appreciably diminishes, we have sensations possessing a property which we call PLEASURE. Pleasurable sensations either stimulate no action at all, or at most stimulate such action as is likely to prolong them. I shall return shortly to the consideration of what discomfort and pleasure are in themselves; for the present, it is their connection with action and desire that concerns us. Abandoning momentarily the standpoint of behaviourism, we may presume that hungry animals experience sensations involving discomfort, and stimulating such movements as seem likely to bring them to the food which is outside the cages. When they have reached the food and eaten it, their discomfort ceases and their sensations become pleasurable. It SEEMS, mistakenly, as if the animals had had this situation in mind throughout, when in fact they have been continually pushed by discomfort. And when an animal is reflective, like some men, it comes to think that it had the final situation in mind throughout; sometimes it comes to know

what situation will bring satisfaction, so that in fact the discomfort does bring the thought of what will allay it. Nevertheless the sensation involving discomfort remains the prime mover.

This brings us to the question of the nature of discomfort and pleasure. Since Kant it has been customary to recognize three great divisions of mental phenomena, which are typified by knowledge, desire and feeling, where "feeling" is used to mean pleasure and discomfort. Of course, "knowledge" is too definite a word: the states of mind concerned are grouped together as "cognitive," and are to embrace not only beliefs, but perceptions, doubts, and the understanding of concepts. "Desire," also, is narrower than what is intended: for example, WILL is to be included in this category, and in fact every thing that involves any kind of striving, or "conation" as it is technically called. I do not myself believe that there is any value in this threefold division of the contents of mind. I believe that sensations (including images) supply all the "stuff" of the mind, and that everything else can be analysed into groups of sensations related in various ways, or characteristics of sensations or of groups of sensations. As regards belief, I shall give grounds for this view in later lectures. As regards desires, I have given some grounds in this lecture. For the present, it is pleasure and discomfort that concern us. There are broadly three theories that might be held in regard to them. We may regard them as separate existing items in those who experience them, or we may regard them as intrinsic qualities of sensations and other mental occurrences, or we may regard them as mere names for the causal characteristics of the occurrences which are uncomfortable or pleasant. The first of these theories, namely, that which regards discomfort and pleasure as actual contents in those who experience them, has, I think, nothing conclusive to be said in its favour.* It is suggested chiefly by an ambiguity in the word "pain," which has misled many people, including Berkeley, whom it supplied with one of his arguments for subjective idealism. We may use "pain" as the opposite of "pleasure," and "painful" as the opposite of "pleasant," or we may use "pain" to mean a certain sort of sensation, on a level with the sensations of heat and cold and touch. The latter use of the word has prevailed in psychological literature, and it is now no longer used as the opposite of "pleasure." Dr. H. Head, in a recent publication, has stated this distinction as follows:**

* Various arguments in its favour are advanced by A. Wohlgemuth, "On the feelings and their neural correlate, with an examination of the nature of pain," "British Journal of Psychology," viii, 4. (1917). But as these arguments are largely a reductio ad absurdum of other theories, among which that which I am advocating is not included, I cannot regard them as establishing their contention.

** "Sensation and the Cerebral Cortex," "Brain," vol. xli, part ii (September, 1918), p. 90. Cf. also Wohlgemuth, loc. cit. pp. 437, 450.

"It is necessary at the outset to distinguish clearly between 'discomfort' and 'pain.' Pain is a distinct sensory quality equivalent to heat and cold, and its intensity can be roughly graded according to the force expended in stimulation. Discomfort, on the other hand, is that feeling-tone which is directly opposed to pleasure. It may accompany sensations not in themselves essentially painful; as for instance that produced by tickling the sole of the foot. The reaction produced by repeated pricking contains both these elements; for it evokes that sensory quality known as pain, accompanied by a disagreeable feeling-tone, which we have called discomfort. On the other hand, excessive pressure, except when applied directly over some nerve-trunk, tends to excite more discomfort than pain."

The confusion between discomfort and pain has made people regard discomfort as a more substantial thing than it is, and this in turn has reacted upon the view taken of pleasure, since discomfort and pleasure are evidently on a level in this respect. As soon as discomfort is clearly distinguished from the sensation of pain, it becomes more natural to regard discomfort and pleasure as properties of mental occurrences than to regard them as separate mental occurrences on their own account. I shall therefore dismiss the view that they are separate mental occurrences, and regard them as properties of such experiences as would be called respectively uncomfortable and pleasant.

It remains to be examined whether they are actual qualities of such occurrences, or are merely differences as to causal properties. I do not myself see any way of deciding this question; either view seems equally capable of accounting for the facts. If this is true, it is safer to avoid the assumption that there are such intrinsic qualities of mental occurrences as are in question, and to assume only the causal differences which are undeniable. Without condemning the intrinsic theory, we can define discomfort and pleasure as consisting in causal properties, and say only what will hold on either of the two theories. Following this course, we shall say:

"Discomfort" is a property of a sensation or other mental occurrence, consisting in the fact that the occurrence in question stimulates voluntary or reflex movements tending to produce some more or less definite change involving the cessation of the occurrence.

"Pleasure" is a property of a sensation or other mental occurrence, consisting in the fact that the occurrence in question either does not stimulate any voluntary or reflex movement, or, if it does, stimulates only such as tend to prolong the occurrence in question.*

* Cf. Thorndike, op. cit., p. 243.

"Conscious" desire, which we have now to consider, consists of desire in the sense hitherto discussed, together with a true belief as to its "purpose," i.e. as to the state of affairs that will bring quiescence with cessation of the discomfort. If our theory of desire is correct, a belief as to its purpose may very well be erroneous, since only experience can show what causes a discomfort to cease. When the experience needed is common and simple, as in the case of hunger, a mistake is not very probable. But in other cases--e.g. erotic desire in those who have had little or no experience of its satisfaction--mistakes are to be expected, and do in fact very often occur. The practice of inhibiting impulses, which is to a great extent necessary to civilized life, makes mistakes easier, by preventing experience of the actions to which a desire would otherwise lead, and by often causing the inhibited impulses themselves to be unnoticed or quickly forgotten. The perfectly natural mistakes which thus arise constitute a large proportion of what is, mistakenly in part, called self-deception, and attributed by Freud to the "censor."

But there is a further point which needs emphasizing, namely, that a belief that something is desired has often a tendency to cause the very desire that is believed in. It is this fact that makes the effect of "consciousness" on desire so complicated.

When we believe that we desire a certain state of affairs, that often tends to cause a real desire for it. This is due partly to the influence of words upon our emotions, in rhetoric for example, and partly to the general fact that discomfort normally belongs to the belief that we desire such-and-such a thing that we do not possess. Thus what was originally a false opinion as to the object of a desire acquires a certain truth: the false opinion generates a secondary subsidiary desire, which nevertheless becomes real. Let us take an illustration. Suppose you have been jilted in a way which wounds your vanity. Your natural impulsive desire will be of the sort expressed in Donne's poem:

When by thy scorn, O Murderess, I am dead,

in which he explains how he will haunt the poor lady as a ghost, and prevent her from enjoying a moment's peace. But two things stand in the way of your expressing yourself so naturally: on the one hand, your vanity, which will not acknowledge how hard you are hit; on the other hand, your conviction that you are a civilized and humane person, who could not possibly indulge so crude a desire as revenge. You will therefore experience a restlessness which will at first seem quite aimless, but will finally resolve itself in a conscious desire to change your profession, or go round the world, or conceal your identity and live in Putney, like Arnold Bennett's hero. Although the prime cause of this desire is a false judgment as to your previous unconscious desire, yet the new conscious desire has its own derivative genuineness, and may influence your actions to the extent of sending you round the world. The initial mistake, however, will have effects of two kinds. First, in uncontrolled moments, under the influence of sleepiness or drink or delirium, you will say things calculated to injure the faithless deceiver. Secondly, you will find travel disappointing, and the East less fascinating than you had hoped--unless, some day, you hear that the wicked one has in turn been jilted. If this happens, you will believe that you feel sincere sympathy, but you will suddenly be much more delighted than before with the beauties of tropical islands or the wonders of Chinese art. A secondary desire, derived from a false judgment as to a primary desire, has its own power of influencing action, and is therefore a real desire according to our definition. But it has not the same power as a primary desire of bringing thorough satisfaction when it is realized; so long as the primary desire remains unsatisfied, restlessness continues in spite of the secondary desire's success. Hence arises a belief in the vanity of human wishes: the vain wishes are those that are secondary, but mistaken beliefs prevent us from realizing that they are secondary.

What may, with some propriety, be called self-deception arises through the operation of desires for beliefs. We desire many things which it is not in our power to achieve: that we should be universally popular and admired, that our work should be the wonder of the age, and that the universe should be so ordered as to bring ultimate happiness to all, though not to our enemies until they have repented and been purified by suffering. Such desires are too large to be achieved through our own efforts. But it is found that a considerable portion of the satisfaction which these things would bring us if they were realized is to be achieved by the much easier operation of believing that they are or will be realized. This desire for beliefs, as opposed to desire for the actual facts, is a particular case of secondary desire, and, like all secondary desire its satisfaction does not lead to a complete cessation of the initial discomfort. Nevertheless, desire for beliefs, as opposed to desire for facts, is exceedingly potent both individually and socially. According to the form of belief desired, it is called vanity, optimism, or religion. Those who have sufficient power usually imprison or put to death any one who tries to shake their faith in their own excellence or in that of the universe; it is for this reason that seditious

libel and blasphemy have always been, and still are, criminal offences.

It is very largely through desires for beliefs that the primitive nature of desire has become so hidden, and that the part played by consciousness has been so confusing and so exaggerated.

We may now summarize our analysis of desire and feeling.

A mental occurrence of any kind--sensation, image, belief, or emotion--may be a cause of a series of actions, continuing, unless interrupted, until some more or less definite state of affairs is realized. Such a series of actions we call a "behaviour-cycle." The degree of definiteness may vary greatly: hunger requires only food in general, whereas the sight of a particular piece of food raises a desire which requires the eating of that piece of food. The property of causing such a cycle of occurrences is called "discomfort"; the property of the mental occurrences in which the cycle ends is called "pleasure." The actions constituting the cycle must not be purely mechanical, i.e. they must be bodily movements in whose causation the special properties of nervous tissue are involved. The cycle ends in a condition of quiescence, or of such action as tends only to preserve the status quo. The state of affairs in which this condition of quiescence is achieved is called the "purpose" of the cycle, and the initial mental occurrence involving discomfort is called a "desire" for the state of affairs that brings quiescence. A desire is called "conscious" when it is accompanied by a true belief as to the state of affairs that will bring quiescence; otherwise it is called "unconscious." All primitive desire is unconscious, and in human beings beliefs as to the purposes of desires are often mistaken. These mistaken beliefs generate secondary desires, which cause various interesting complications in the psychology of human desire, without fundamentally altering the character which it shares with animal desire.

LECTURE IV. INFLUENCE OF PAST HISTORY ON PRESENT OCCURRENCES IN LIVING ORGANISMS

In this lecture we shall be concerned with a very general characteristic which broadly, though not absolutely, distinguishes the behaviour of living organisms from that of dead matter. The characteristic in question is this:

The response of an organism to a given stimulus is very often dependent upon the past history of the organism, and not merely upon the stimulus and the HITHERTO DISCOVERABLE present state of the organism.

This characteristic is embodied in the saying "a burnt child fears the fire." The burn may have left no visible traces, yet it modifies the reaction of the child in the presence of fire. It is customary to assume that, in such cases, the past operates by modifying the structure of the brain, not directly. I have no wish to suggest that this hypothesis is false; I wish only to point out that it is a hypothesis. At the end of the present lecture I shall examine the grounds in its favour. If we confine ourselves to facts which have been actually observed, we must say that past occurrences, in addition to the present stimulus and the present ascertainable condition of the organism, enter into the causation of the response.

The characteristic is not wholly confined to living organisms. For example, magnetized steel looks just like steel which has not been magnetized, but its behaviour is in some ways different. In the case of dead matter, however, such phenomena are less frequent and important than in the case of living organisms, and it is far less difficult to invent satisfactory hypotheses as to the microscopic changes of structure which mediate between the past occurrence and the present changed response. In the case of living organisms, practically everything that is distinctive both of their physical and of their mental behaviour is bound up with this persistent influence of the past. Further, speaking broadly, the change in response is usually of a kind that is biologically advantageous to the organism.

Following a suggestion derived from Semon ("Die Mneme," Leipzig, 1904; 2nd edition, 1908, English translation, Allen & Unwin, 1921; "Die mnemischen Empfindungen," Leipzig, 1909), we will give the name of "mnemic phenomena" to those responses of an organism which, so far as hitherto observed facts are concerned, can only be brought under causal laws by including past occurrences in the history of the organism as part of the causes of the present response. I do not mean merely--what would always be the case--that past occurrences are part of a CHAIN of causes leading to the present event. I mean that, in attempting to state the PROXIMATE cause of the present event, some past event or events must be included, unless we take refuge in hypothetical modifications of brain structure. For example: you smell peat-smoke, and you recall some occasion when you smelt it before. The cause of your recollection, so far as hitherto observable phenomena are concerned, consists both of the peat smoke (present stimulus) and of the former occasion (past experience). The same stimulus will not produce the same recollection in another man who did not share your former experience, although the former experience left no OBSERVABLE traces in the structure of the brain. According to the maxim "same cause, same effect," we cannot therefore regard the peat-smoke alone as the cause of your

recollection, since it does not have the same effect in other cases. The cause of your recollection must be both the peat-smoke and the past occurrence. Accordingly your recollection is an instance of what we are calling "mnemic phenomena."

Before going further, it will be well to give illustrations of different classes of mnemic phenomena.

(a) ACQUIRED HABITS.--In Lecture II we saw how animals can learn by experience how to get out of cages or mazes, or perform other actions which are useful to them but not provided for by their instincts alone. A cat which is put into a cage of which it has had experience behaves differently from the way in which it behaved at first. We can easily invent hypotheses, which are quite likely to be true, as to connections in the brain caused by past experience, and themselves causing the different response. But the observable fact is that the stimulus of being in the cage produces differing results with repetition, and that the ascertainable cause of the cat's behaviour is not merely the cage and its own ascertainable organization, but also its past history in regard to the cage. From our present point of view, the matter is independent of the question whether the cat's behaviour is due to some mental fact called "knowledge," or displays a merely bodily habit. Our habitual knowledge is not always in our minds, but is called up by the appropriate stimuli. If we are asked "What is the capital of France?" we answer "Paris," because of past experience; the past experience is as essential as the present question in the causation of our response. Thus all our habitual knowledge consists of acquired habits, and comes under the head of mnemic phenomena.

(b) IMAGES.--I shall have much to say about images in a later lecture; for the present I am merely concerned with them in so far as they are "copies" of past sensations. When you hear New York spoken of, some image probably comes into your mind, either of the place itself (if you have been there), or of some picture of it (if you have not). The image is due to your past experience, as well as to the present stimulus of the words "New York." Similarly, the images you have in dreams are all dependent upon your past experience, as well as upon the present stimulus to dreaming. It is generally believed that all images, in their simpler parts, are copies of sensations; if so, their mnemic character is evident. This is important, not only on its own account, but also because, as we shall see later, images play an essential part in what is called "thinking."

(c) ASSOCIATION.--The broad fact of association, on the mental side, is that when we experience something which we have experienced before, it tends to call up the context of the former experience. The smell of peat-smoke recalling a former scene is an instance which we discussed a moment ago. This is obviously a mnemic phenomenon. There is also a more purely physical association, which is indistinguishable from physical habit. This is the kind studied by Mr. Thorndike in animals, where a certain stimulus is associated with a certain act. This is the sort which is taught to soldiers in drilling, for example. In such a case there need not be anything mental, but merely a habit of the body. There is no essential distinction between association and habit, and the observations which we made concerning habit as a mnemic phenomenon are equally applicable to association.

(d) NON-SENSATIONAL ELEMENTS IN PERCEPTION.--When we perceive any object of a familiar kind, much of what appears subjectively to be immediately given is really derived from past experience. When we see an object, say a penny, we seem to be aware of its "real" shape we have the impression of something circular, not of something elliptical. In learning to draw, it is necessary to acquire the art of representing things according to the sensation, not according to the perception. And the visual appearance is filled out with feeling of what the object would be like to touch, and so on. This filling out and supplying of the "real" shape and so on consists of the most usual correlates of the sensational core in our perception. It may happen that, in the particular case, the real correlates are unusual; for example, if what we are seeing is a carpet made to look like tiles. If so, the non-sensational part of our perception will be illusory, i.e. it will supply qualities which the object in question does not in fact have. But as a rule objects do have the qualities added by perception, which is to be expected, since experience of what is usual is the cause of the addition. If our experience had been different, we should not fill out sensation in the same way, except in so far as the filling out is instinctive, not acquired. It would seem that, in man, all that makes up space perception, including the correlation of sight and touch and so on, is almost entirely acquired. In that case there is a large mnemic element in all the common perceptions by means of which we handle common objects. And, to take another kind of instance, imagine what our astonishment would be if we were to hear a cat bark or a dog mew. This emotion would be dependent upon past experience, and would therefore be a mnemic phenomenon according to the definition.

(e) MEMORY AS KNOWLEDGE.--The kind of memory of which I am now speaking is definite knowledge of some past event in one's own experience. From time to time we remember things that have happened to us, because something in the present reminds us of them. Exactly the same present fact would not call up the same memory if our past experience had been different. Thus our remembering is caused by--

(1) The present stimulus,

(2) The past occurrence.

It is therefore a mnemic phenomenon according to our definition. A definition of "mnemic phenomena" which did not include memory would, of course, be a bad one. The point of the definition is not that it includes memory, but that it includes it as one of a class of phenomena which embrace all that is characteristic in the subject matter of psychology.

(f) EXPERIENCE.--The word "experience" is often used very vaguely. James, as we saw, uses it to cover the whole primal stuff of the world, but this usage seems objection able, since, in a purely physical world, things would happen without there being any experience. It is only mnemic phenomena that embody experience. We may say that an animal "experiences" an occurrence when this occurrence modifies the animal's subsequent behaviour, i.e. when it is the mnemic portion of the cause of future occurrences in the animal's life. The burnt child that fears the fire has "experienced" the fire, whereas a stick that has been thrown on and taken off again has not "experienced" anything, since it offers no more resistance than before to being thrown on. The essence of "experience" is the modification of behaviour produced by what is experienced. We might, in fact, define one chain of experience, or one biography, as a series of occurrences linked by mnemic causation. I think it is this characteristic, more than any other, that distinguishes sciences dealing with living organisms from physics.

The best writer on mnemic phenomena known to me is Richard Semon, the fundamental part of whose theory I shall endeavour to summarize before going further:

When an organism, either animal or plant, is subjected to a stimulus, producing in it some state of excitement, the removal of the stimulus allows it to return to a condition of equilibrium. But the new state of equilibrium is different from the old, as may be seen by the changed capacity for reaction. The state of equilibrium before the stimulus may be called the "primary indifference-state"; that after the cessation of the stimulus, the "secondary indifference-state." We define the "engraphic effect" of a stimulus as the effect in making a difference between the primary and secondary indifference-states, and this difference itself we define as the "engram" due to the stimulus. "Mnemic phenomena" are defined as those due to engrams; in animals, they are specially associated with the nervous system, but not exclusively, even in man.

When two stimuli occur together, one of them, occurring afterwards, may call out the reaction for the other also. We call this an "ekphoric influence," and stimuli having this character are called "ekphoric stimuli." In such a case we call the engrams of the two stimuli "associated." All simultaneously generated engrams are associated; there is also association of successively aroused engrams, though this is reducible to simultaneous association. In fact, it is not an isolated stimulus that leaves an engram, but the totality of the stimuli at any moment; consequently any portion of this totality tends, if it recurs, to arouse the whole reaction which was aroused before. Semon holds that engrams can be inherited, and that an animal's innate habits may be due to the experience of its ancestors; on this subject he refers to Samuel Butler.

Semon formulates two "mnemic principles." The first, or "Law of Engraphy," is as follows: "All simultaneous excitements in an organism form a connected simultaneous excitement-complex, which as such works engraphically, i.e. leaves behind a connected engram-complex, which in so far forms a whole" ("Die mnemischen Empfindungen," p. 146). The second mnemic principle, or "Law of Ekphory," is as follows: "The partial return of the energetic situation which formerly worked engraphically operates ekphorically on a simultaneous engram-complex" (ib., p. 173). These two laws together represent in part a hypothesis (the engram), and in part an observable fact. The observable fact is that, when a certain complex of stimuli has originally caused a certain complex of reactions, the recurrence of part of the stimuli tends to cause the recurrence of the whole of the reactions.

Semon's applications of his fundamental ideas in various directions are interesting and ingenious. Some of them will concern us later, but for the present it is the fundamental character of mnemic phenomena that is in question.

Concerning the nature of an engram, Semon confesses that at present it is impossible to say more than that it must consist in some material alteration in the body of the organism ("Die mnemischen Empfindungen," p. 376). It is, in fact, hypothetical, invoked for theoretical uses, and not an outcome of direct observation. No doubt physiology, especially the disturbances of memory through lesions in the brain, affords grounds for this hypothesis; nevertheless it does remain a hypothesis, the validity of which will be discussed at the end of this lecture.

I am inclined to think that, in the present state of physiology, the introduction of the engram does not serve to simplify the account of mnemic phenomena. We can, I think, formulate the known laws of such phenomena in terms, wholly, of observable facts, by

recognizing provisionally what we may call "mnemic causation." By this I mean that kind of causation of which I spoke at the beginning of this lecture, that kind, namely, in which the proximate cause consists not merely of a present event, but of this together with a past event. I do not wish to urge that this form of causation is ultimate, but that, in the present state of our knowledge, it affords a simplification, and enables us to state laws of behaviour in less hypothetical terms than we should otherwise have to employ.

The clearest instance of what I mean is recollection of a past event. What we observe is that certain present stimuli lead us to recollect certain occurrences, but that at times when we are not recollecting them, there is nothing discoverable in our minds that could be called memory of them. Memories, as mental facts, arise from time to time, but do not, so far as we can see, exist in any shape while they are "latent." In fact, when we say that they are "latent," we mean merely that they will exist under certain circumstances. If, then, there is to be some standing difference between the person who can remember a certain fact and the person who cannot, that standing difference must be, not in anything mental, but in the brain. It is quite probable that there is such a difference in the brain, but its nature is unknown and it remains hypothetical. Everything that has, so far, been made matter of observation as regards this question can be put together in the statement: When a certain complex of sensations has occurred to a man, the recurrence of part of the complex tends to arouse the recollection of the whole. In like manner, we can collect all mnemic phenomena in living organisms under a single law, which contains what is hitherto verifiable in Semon's two laws. This single law is:

IF A COMPLEX STIMULUS A HAS CAUSED A COMPLEX REACTION B IN AN ORGANISM, THE OCCURRENCE OF A PART OF A ON A FUTURE OCCASION TENDS TO CAUSE THE WHOLE REACTION B.

This law would need to be supplemented by some account of the influence of frequency, and so on; but it seems to contain the essential characteristic of mnemic phenomena, without admixture of anything hypothetical.

Whenever the effect resulting from a stimulus to an organism differs according to the past history of the organism, without our being able actually to detect any relevant difference in its present structure, we will speak of "mnemic causation," provided we can discover laws embodying the influence of the past. In ordinary physical causation, as it appears to common sense, we have approximate uniformities of sequence, such as "lightning is followed by thunder," "drunkenness is followed by headache," and so on. None of these sequences are theoretically invariable, since something may intervene to disturb them. In order to obtain invariable physical laws, we have to proceed to differential equations, showing the direction of change at each moment, not the integral change after a finite interval, however short. But for the purposes of daily life many sequences are to all in tents and purposes invariable. With the behaviour of human beings, however, this is by no means the case. If you say to an Englishman, "You have a smut on your nose," he will proceed to remove it, but there will be no such effect if you say the same thing to a Frenchman who knows no English. The effect of words upon the hearer is a mnemic phenomena, since it depends upon the past experience which gave him understanding of the words. If there are to be purely psychological causal laws, taking no account of the brain and the rest of the body, they will have to be of the form, not "X now causes Y now," but--

"A, B, C,... in the past, together with X now, cause Y now." For it cannot be successfully maintained that our understanding of a word, for example, is an actual existent content of the mind at times when we are not thinking of the word. It is merely what may be called a "disposition," i.e. it is capable of being aroused whenever we hear the word or happen to think of it. A "disposition" is not something actual, but merely the mnemic portion of a mnemic causal law.

In such a law as "A, B, C,... in the past, together with X now, cause Y now," we will call A, B, C,... the mnemic cause, X the occasion or stimulus, and Y the reaction. All cases in which experience influences behaviour are instances of mnemic causation.

Believers in psycho-physical parallelism hold that psychology can theoretically be freed entirely from all dependence on physiology or physics. That is to say, they believe that every psychical event has a psychical cause and a physical concomitant. If there is to be parallelism, it is easy to prove by mathematical logic that the causation in physical and psychical matters must be of the same sort, and it is impossible that mnemic causation should exist in psychology but not in physics. But if psychology is to be independent of physiology, and if physiology can be reduced to physics, it would seem that mnemic causation is essential in psychology. Otherwise we shall be compelled to believe that all our knowledge, all our store of images and memories, all our mental habits, are at all times existing in some latent mental form, and are not merely aroused by the stimuli which lead to their display. This is a very difficult hypothesis. It seems to me that if, as a matter of method rather than metaphysics, we desire to obtain as much independence for psychology as is practically feasible, we shall do better to accept mnemic causation in psychology

protem, and therefore reject parallelism, since there is no good ground for admitting mnemic causation in physics.

It is perhaps worth while to observe that mnemic causation is what led Bergson to deny that there is causation at all in the psychical sphere. He points out, very truly, that the same stimulus, repeated, does not have the same consequences, and he argues that this is contrary to the maxim, "same cause, same effect." It is only necessary, however, to take account of past occurrences and include them with the cause, in order to re-establish the maxim, and the possibility of psychological causal laws. The metaphysical conception of a cause lingers in our manner of viewing causal laws: we want to be able to FEEL a connection between cause and effect, and to be able to imagine the cause as "operating." This makes us unwilling to regard causal laws as MERELY observed uniformities of sequence; yet that is all that science has to offer. To ask why such-and-such a kind of sequence occurs is either to ask a meaningless question, or to demand some more general kind of sequence which includes the one in question. The widest empirical laws of sequence known at any time can only be "explained" in the sense of being subsumed by later discoveries under wider laws; but these wider laws, until they in turn are subsumed, will remain brute facts, resting solely upon observation, not upon some supposed inherent rationality.

There is therefore no a priori objection to a causal law in which part of the cause has ceased to exist. To argue against such a law on the ground that what is past cannot operate now, is to introduce the old metaphysical notion of cause, for which science can find no place. The only reason that could be validly alleged against mnemic causation would be that, in fact, all the phenomena can be explained without it. They are explained without it by Semon's "engram," or by any theory which regards the results of experience as embodied in modifications of the brain and nerves. But they are not explained, unless with extreme artificiality, by any theory which regards the latent effects of experience as psychical rather than physical. Those who desire to make psychology as far as possible independent of physiology would do well, it seems to me, if they adopted mnemic causation. For my part, however, I have no such desire, and I shall therefore endeavour to state the grounds which occur to me in favour of some such view as that of the "engram."

One of the first points to be urged is that mnemic phenomena are just as much to be found in physiology as in psychology. They are even to be found in plants, as Sir Francis Darwin pointed out (cf. Semon, "Die Mneme," 2nd edition, p. 28 n.). Habit is a characteristic of the body at least as much as of the mind. We should, therefore, be compelled to allow the intrusion of mnemic causation, if admitted at all, into non-psychological regions, which ought, one feels, to be subject only to causation of the ordinary physical sort. The fact is that a great deal of what, at first sight, distinguishes psychology from physics is found, on examination, to be common to psychology and physiology; this whole question of the influence of experience is a case in point. Now it is possible, of course, to take the view advocated by Professor J. S. Haldane, who contends that physiology is not theoretically reducible to physics and chemistry.* But the weight of opinion among physiologists appears to be against him on this point; and we ought certainly to require very strong evidence before admitting any such breach of continuity as between living and dead matter. The argument from the existence of mnemic phenomena in physiology must therefore be allowed a certain weight against the hypothesis that mnemic causation is ultimate.

* See his "The New Physiology and Other Addresses," Griffin, 1919, also the symposium, "Are Physical, Biological and Psychological Categories Irreducible?" in "Life and Finite Individuality," edited for the Aristotelian Society, with an Introduction. By H. Wildon Carr, Williams & Norgate, 1918.

The argument from the connection of brain-lesions with loss of memory is not so strong as it looks, though it has also, some weight. What we know is that memory, and mnemic phenomena generally, can be disturbed or destroyed by changes in the brain. This certainly proves that the brain plays an essential part in the causation of memory, but does not prove that a certain state of the brain is, by itself, a sufficient condition for the existence of memory. Yet it is this last that has to be proved. The theory of the engram, or any similar theory, has to maintain that, given a body and brain in a suitable state, a man will have a certain memory, without the need of any further conditions. What is known, however, is only that he will not have memories if his body and brain are not in a suitable state. That is to say, the appropriate state of body and brain is proved to be necessary for memory, but not to be sufficient. So far, therefore, as our definite knowledge goes, memory may require for its causation a past occurrence as well as a certain present state of the brain.

In order to prove conclusively that mnemic phenomena arise whenever certain physiological conditions are fulfilled, we ought to be able actually to see differences between the brain of a man who speaks English and that of a man who speaks French, between the brain of a man who has seen New York and can recall it, and that of a man who has never seen that city. It may be that the time will come when this will be possible, but at present we are very far removed from it. At present, there is, so far as I am aware, no

good evidence that every difference between the knowledge possessed by A and that possessed by B is paralleled by some difference in their brains. We may believe that this is the case, but if we do, our belief is based upon analogies and general scientific maxims, not upon any foundation of detailed observation. I am myself inclined, as a working hypothesis, to adopt the belief in question, and to hold that past experience only affects present behaviour through modifications of physiological structure. But the evidence seems not quite conclusive, so that I do not think we ought to forget the other hypothesis, or to reject entirely the possibility that mnemic causation may be the ultimate explanation of mnemic phenomena. I say this, not because I think it LIKELY that mnemic causation is ultimate, but merely because I think it POSSIBLE, and because it often turns out important to the progress of science to remember hypotheses which have previously seemed improbable.

LECTURE V. PSYCHOLOGICAL AND PHYSICAL CAUSAL LAWS

The traditional conception of cause and effect is one which modern science shows to be fundamentally erroneous, and requiring to be replaced by a quite different notion, that of LAWS OF CHANGE. In the traditional conception, a particular event A caused a particular event B, and by this it was implied that, given any event B, some earlier event A could be discovered which had a relation to it, such that--

(1) Whenever A occurred, it was followed by B;

(2) In this sequence, there was something "necessary," not a mere de facto occurrence of A first and then B.

The second point is illustrated by the old discussion as to whether it can be said that day causes night, on the ground that day is always followed by night. The orthodox answer was that day could not be called the cause of night, because it would not be followed by night if the earth's rotation were to cease, or rather to grow so slow that one complete rotation would take a year. A cause, it was held, must be such that under no conceivable circumstances could it fail to be followed by its effect.

As a matter of fact, such sequences as were sought by believers in the traditional form of causation have not so far been found in nature. Everything in nature is apparently in a state of continuous change,* so that what we call one "event" turns out to be really a process. If this event is to cause another event, the two will have to be contiguous in time; for if there is any interval between them, something may happen during that interval to prevent the expected effect. Cause and effect, therefore, will have to be temporally contiguous processes. It is difficult to believe, at any rate where physical laws are concerned, that the earlier part of the process which is the cause can make any difference to the effect, so long as the later part of the process which is the cause remains unchanged. Suppose, for example, that a man dies of arsenic poisoning, we say that his taking arsenic was the cause of death. But clearly the process by which he acquired the arsenic is irrelevant: everything that happened before he swallowed it may be ignored, since it cannot alter the effect except in so far as it alters his condition at the moment of taking the dose. But we may go further: swallowing arsenic is not really the proximate cause of death, since a man might be shot through the head immediately after taking the dose, and then it would not be of arsenic that he would die. The arsenic produces certain physiological changes, which take a finite time before they end in death. The earlier parts of these changes can be ruled out in the same way as we can rule out the process by which the arsenic was acquired. Proceeding in this way, we can shorten the process which we are calling the cause more and more. Similarly we shall have to shorten the effect. It may happen that immediately after the man's death his body is blown to pieces by a bomb. We cannot say what will happen after the man's death, through merely knowing that he has died as the result of arsenic poisoning. Thus, if we are to take the cause as one event and the effect as another, both must be shortened indefinitely. The result is that we merely have, as the embodiment of our causal law, a certain direction of change at each moment. Hence we are brought to differential equations as embodying causal laws. A physical law does not say "A will be followed by B," but tells us what acceleration a particle will have under given circumstances, i.e. it tells us how the particle's motion is changing at each moment, not where the particle will be at some future moment.

* The theory of quanta suggests that the continuity is only apparent. If so, we shall be able theoretically to reach events which are not processes. But in what is directly observable there is still apparent continuity, which justifies the above remarks for the prevent.

Laws embodied in differential equations may possibly be exact, but cannot be known to be so. All that we can know empirically is approximate and liable to exceptions; the exact laws that are assumed in physics are known to be somewhere near the truth, but are not known to be true just as they stand. The laws that we actually know empirically have the form of the traditional causal laws, except that they are not to be regarded as universal or necessary. "Taking arsenic is followed by death" is a good empirical generalization; it may have exceptions, but they will be rare. As against the professedly exact laws of physics, such empirical

generalizations have the advantage that they deal with observable phenomena. We cannot observe infinitesimals, whether in time or space; we do not even know whether time and space are infinitely divisible. Therefore rough empirical generalizations have a definite place in science, in spite of not being exact of universal. They are the data for more exact laws, and the grounds for believing that they are USUALLY true are stronger than the grounds for believing that the more exact laws are ALWAYS true.

Science starts, therefore, from generalizations of the form, "A is usually followed by B." This is the nearest approach that can be made to a causal law of the traditional sort. It may happen in any particular instance that A is ALWAYS followed by B, but we cannot know this, since we cannot foresee all the perfectly possible circumstances that might make the sequence fail, or know that none of them will actually occur. If, however, we know of a very large number of cases in which A is followed by B, and few or none in which the sequence fails, we shall in PRACTICE be justified in saying "A causes B," provided we do not attach to the notion of cause any of the metaphysical superstitions that have gathered about the word.

There is another point, besides lack of universality and necessity, which it is important to realize as regards causes in the above sense, and that is the lack of uniqueness. It is generally assumed that, given any event, there is some one phenomenon which is THE cause of the event in question. This seems to be a mere mistake. Cause, in the only sense in which it can be practically applied, means "nearly invariable antecedent." We cannot in practice obtain an antecedent which is QUITE invariable, for this would require us to take account of the whole universe, since something not taken account of may prevent the expected effect. We cannot distinguish, among nearly invariable antecedents, one as THE cause, and the others as merely its concomitants: the attempt to do this depends upon a notion of cause which is derived from will, and will (as we shall see later) is not at all the sort of thing that it is generally supposed to be, nor is there any reason to think that in the physical world there is anything even remotely analogous to what will is supposed to be. If we could find one antecedent, and only one, that was QUITE invariable, we could call that one THE cause without introducing any notion derived from mistaken ideas about will. But in fact we cannot find any antecedent that we know to be quite invariable, and we can find many that are nearly so. For example, men leave a factory for dinner when the hooter sounds at twelve o'clock. You may say the hooter is THE cause of their leaving. But innumerable other hooters in other factories, which also always sound at twelve o'clock, have just as good a right to be called the cause. Thus every event has many nearly invariable antecedents, and therefore many antecedents which may be called its cause.

The laws of traditional physics, in the form in which they deal with movements of matter or electricity, have an apparent simplicity which somewhat conceals the empirical character of what they assert. A piece of matter, as it is known empirically, is not a single existing thing, but a system of existing things. When several people simultaneously see the same table, they all see something different; therefore "the" table, which they are supposed all to see, must be either a hypothesis or a construction. "The" table is to be neutral as between different observers: it does not favour the aspect seen by one man at the expense of that seen by another. It was natural, though to my mind mistaken, to regard the "real" table as the common cause of all the appearances which the table presents (as we say) to different observers. But why should we suppose that there is some one common cause of all these appearances? As we have just seen, the notion of "cause" is not so reliable as to allow us to infer the existence of something that, by its very nature, can never be observed.

Instead of looking for an impartial source, we can secure neutrality by the equal representation of all parties. Instead of supposing that there is some unknown cause, the "real" table, behind the different sensations of those who are said to be looking at the table, we may take the whole set of these sensations (together possibly with certain other particulars) as actually BEING the table. That is to say, the table which is neutral as between different observers (actual and possible) is the set of all those particulars which would naturally be called "aspects" of the table from different points of view. (This is a first approximation, modified later.)

It may be said: If there is no single existent which is the source of all these "aspects," how are they collected together? The answer is simple: Just as they would be if there were such a single existent. The supposed "real" table underlying its appearances is, in any case, not itself perceived, but inferred, and the question whether such-and-such a particular is an "aspect" of this table is only to be settled by the connection of the particular in question with the one or more particulars by which the table is defined. That is to say, even if we assume a "real" table, the particulars which are its aspects have to be collected together by their relations to each other, not to it, since it is merely inferred from them. We have only, therefore, to notice how they are collected together, and we can then keep the collection without assuming any "real" table as distinct from the collection. When different people see what they call the same table, they see things which are not exactly the same, owing to difference of point of view, but which are sufficiently alike to be described in the same words, so long as no great accuracy or minuteness is sought. These closely similar particulars are collected together by their similarity primarily and, more correctly, by the fact that they are related to each other approximately according to the laws of perspective and of reflection and diffraction of light. I suggest, as a first approximation, that these

particulars, together with such correlated others as are unperceived, jointly ARE the table; and that a similar definition applies to all physical objects.*

*See "Our Knowledge of the External World" (Allen & Unwin), chaps. iii and iv.

In order to eliminate the reference to our perceptions, which introduces an irrelevant psychological suggestion, I will take a different illustration, namely, stellar photography. A photographic plate exposed on a clear night reproduces the appearance of the portion of the sky concerned, with more or fewer stars according to the power of the telescope that is being used. Each separate star which is photographed produces its separate effect on the plate, just as it would upon ourselves if we were looking at the sky. If we assume, as science normally does, the continuity of physical processes, we are forced to conclude that, at the place where the plate is, and at all places between it and a star which it photographs, SOMETHING is happening which is specially connected with that star. In the days when the aether was less in doubt, we should have said that what was happening was a certain kind of transverse vibration in the aether. But it is not necessary or desirable to be so explicit: all that we need say is that SOMETHING happens which is specially connected with the star in question. It must be something specially connected with that star, since that star produces its own special effect upon the plate. Whatever it is must be the end of a process which starts from the star and radiates outwards, partly on general grounds of continuity, partly to account for the fact that light is transmitted with a certain definite velocity. We thus arrive at the conclusion that, if a certain star is visible at a certain place, or could be photographed by a sufficiently sensitive plate at that place, something is happening there which is specially connected with that star. Therefore in every place at all times a vast multitude of things must be happening, namely, at least one for every physical object which can be seen or photographed from that place. We can classify such happenings on either of two principles:

(1) We can collect together all the happenings in one place, as is done by photography so far as light is concerned;

(2) We can collect together all the happenings, in different places, which are connected in the way that common sense regards as being due to their emanating from one object.

Thus, to return to the stars, we can collect together either--

(1) All the appearances of different stars in a given place, or,

(2) All the appearances of a given star in different places.

But when I speak of "appearances," I do so only for brevity: I do not mean anything that must "appear" to somebody, but only that happening, whatever it may be, which is connected, at the place in question, with a given physical object--according to the old orthodox theory, it would be a transverse vibration in the aether. Like the different appearances of the table to a number of simultaneous observers, the different particulars that belong to one physical object are to be collected together by continuity and inherent laws of correlation, not by their supposed causal connection with an unknown assumed existent called a piece of matter, which would be a mere unnecessary metaphysical thing in itself. A piece of matter, according to the definition that I propose, is, as a first approximation,* the collection of all those correlated particulars which would normally be regarded as its appearances or effects in different places. Some further elaborations are desirable, but we can ignore them for the present. I shall return to them at the end of this lecture.

*The exact definition of a piece of matter as a construction will be given later.

According to the view that I am suggesting, a physical object or piece of matter is the collection of all those correlated particulars which would be regarded by common sense as its effects or appearances in different places. On the other hand, all the happenings in a given place represent what common sense would regard as the appearances of a number of different objects as viewed from that place. All the happenings in one place may be regarded as the view of the world from that place. I shall call the view of the world from a given place a "perspective." A photograph represents a perspective. On the other hand, if photographs of the stars were taken in all points throughout space, and in all such photographs a certain star, say Sirius, were picked out whenever it appeared, all the different appearances of Sirius, taken together, would represent Sirius. For the understanding of the difference between psychology and physics it is vital to understand these two ways of classifying particulars, namely:

(1) According to the place where they occur;

(2) According to the system of correlated particulars in different places to which they belong, such system being defined as a physical object.

Given a system of particulars which is a physical object, I shall define that one of the system which is in a given place (if any) as the "appearance of that object in that place."

When the appearance of an object in a given place changes, it is found that one or other of two things occurs. The two possibilities may be illustrated by an example. You are in a room with a man, whom you see: you may cease to see him either by shutting your eyes or by his going out of the room. In the first case, his appearance to other people remains unchanged; in the second, his appearance changes from all places. In the first case, you say that it is not he who has changed, but your eyes; in the second, you say that he has changed. Generalizing, we distinguish--

(1) Cases in which only certain appearances of the object change, while others, and especially appearances from places very near to the object, do not change;

(2) Cases where all, or almost all, the appearances of the object undergo a connected change.

In the first case, the change is attributed to the medium between the object and the place; in the second, it is attributed to the object itself.*

* The application of this distinction to motion raises complications due to relativity, but we may ignore these for our present purposes.

It is the frequency of the latter kind of change, and the comparatively simple nature of the laws governing the simultaneous alterations of appearances in such cases, that have made it possible to treat a physical object as one thing, and to overlook the fact that it is a system of particulars. When a number of people at a theatre watch an actor, the changes in their several perspectives are so similar and so closely correlated that all are popularly regarded as identical with each other and with the changes of the actor himself. So long as all the changes in the appearances of a body are thus correlated there is no pressing prima facie need to break up the system of appearances, or to realize that the body in question is not really one thing but a set of correlated particulars. It is especially and primarily such changes that physics deals with, i.e. it deals primarily with processes in which the unity of a physical object need not be broken up because all its appearances change simultaneously according to the same law--or, if not all, at any rate all from places sufficiently near to the object, with in creasing accuracy as we approach the object.

The changes in appearances of an object which are due to changes in the intervening medium will not affect, or will affect only very slightly, the appearances from places close to the object. If the appearances from sufficiently neighbouring places are either wholly un changed, or changed to a diminishing extent which has zero for its limit, it is usually found that the changes can be accounted for by changes in objects which are between the object in question and the places from which its appearance has changed appreciably. Thus physics is able to reduce the laws of most changes with which it deals to changes in physical objects, and to state most of its fundamental laws in terms of matter. It is only in those cases in which the unity of the system of appearances constituting a piece of matter has to be broken up, that the statement of what is happening cannot be made exclusively in terms of matter. The whole of psychology, we shall find, is included among such cases; hence their importance for our purposes.

We can now begin to understand one of the fundamental differences between physics and psychology. Physics treats as a unit the whole system of appearances of a piece of matter, whereas psychology is interested in certain of these appearances themselves. Confining ourselves for the moment to the psychology of perceptions, we observe that perceptions are certain of the appearances of physical objects. From the point of view that we have been hitherto adopting, we might define them as the appearances of objects at places from which sense-organs and the suitable parts of the nervous system form part of the intervening medium. Just as a photographic plate receives a different impression of a cluster of stars when a telescope is part of the intervening medium, so a brain receives a different impression when an eye and an optic nerve are part of the intervening medium. An impression due to this sort of intervening medium is called a perception, and is interesting to psychology on its own account, not merely as one of the set of correlated particulars which is the physical object of which (as we say) we are having a perception.

We spoke earlier of two ways of classifying particulars. One way collects together the appearances commonly regarded as a given object from different places; this is, broadly speaking, the way of physics, leading to the construction of physical objects as sets of such appearances. The other way collects together the appearances of different objects from a given place, the result being what we call a perspective. In the particular case where the place concerned is a human brain, the perspective belonging to the place consists of all the perceptions of a certain man at a given time. Thus classification by perspectives is relevant to psychology, and is essential in defining what we mean by one mind.

I do not wish to suggest that the way in which I have been defining perceptions is the only possible way, or even the best way. It is the way that arose naturally out of our present topic. But when we approach psychology from a more introspective standpoint, we have to distinguish sensations and perceptions, if possible, from other mental occurrences, if any. We have also to consider the psychological effects of sensations, as opposed to their physical causes and correlates. These problems are quite distinct from those with which we have been concerned in the present lecture, and I shall not deal with them until a later stage.

It is clear that psychology is concerned essentially with actual particulars, not merely with systems of particulars. In this it differs from physics, which, broadly speaking, is concerned with the cases in which all the particulars which make up one physical object can be treated as a single causal unit, or rather the particulars which are sufficiently near to the object of which they are appearances can be so treated. The laws which physics seeks can, broadly speaking, be stated by treating such systems of particulars as causal units. The laws which psychology seeks cannot be so stated, since the particulars themselves are what interests the psychologist. This is one of the fundamental differences between physics and psychology; and to make it clear has been the main purpose of this lecture.

I will conclude with an attempt to give a more precise definition of a piece of matter. The appearances of a piece of matter from different places change partly according to intrinsic laws (the laws of perspective, in the case of visual shape), partly according to the nature of the intervening medium--fog, blue spectacles, telescopes, microscopes, sense-organs, etc. As we approach nearer to the object, the effect of the intervening medium grows less. In a generalized sense, all the intrinsic laws of change of appearance may be called "laws of perspective." Given any appearance of an object, we can construct hypothetically a certain system of appearances to which the appearance in question would belong if the laws of perspective alone were concerned. If we construct this hypothetical system for each appearance of the object in turn, the system corresponding to a given appearance x will be independent of any distortion due to the medium beyond x, and will only embody such distortion as is due to the medium between x and the object. Thus, as the appearance by which our hypothetical system is defined is moved nearer and nearer to the object, the hypothetical system of appearances defined by its means embodies less and less of the effect of the medium. The different sets of appearances resulting from moving x nearer and nearer to the object will approach to a limiting set, and this limiting set will be that system of appearances which the object would present if the laws of perspective alone were operative and the medium exercised no distorting effect. This limiting set of appearances may be defined, for purposes of physics, as the piece of matter concerned.

LECTURE VI. INTROSPECTION

One of the main purposes of these lectures is to give grounds for the belief that the distinction between mind and matter is not so fundamental as is commonly supposed. In the preceding lecture I dealt in outline with the physical side of this problem. I attempted to show that what we call a material object is not itself a substance, but is a system of particulars analogous in their nature to sensations, and in fact often including actual sensations among their number. In this way the stuff of which physical objects are composed is brought into relation with the stuff of which part, at least, of our mental life is composed.

There is, however, a converse task which is equally necessary for our thesis, and that is, to show that the stuff of our mental life is devoid of many qualities which it is commonly supposed to have, and is not possessed of any attributes which make it incapable of forming part of the world of matter. In the present lecture I shall begin the arguments for this view.

Corresponding to the supposed duality of matter and mind, there are, in orthodox psychology, two ways of knowing what exists. One of these, the way of sensation and external perception, is supposed to furnish data for our knowledge of matter, the other, called "introspection," is supposed to furnish data for knowledge of our mental processes. To common sense, this distinction seems clear and easy. When you see a friend coming along the street, you acquire knowledge of an external, physical fact; when you realize that you are glad to meet him, you acquire knowledge of a mental fact. Your dreams and memories and thoughts, of which you are often conscious, are mental facts, and the process by which you become aware of them SEEMS to be different from sensation. Kant calls it the "inner sense"; sometimes it is spoken of as "consciousness of self"; but its commonest name in modern English psychology is "introspection." It is this supposed method of acquiring knowledge of our mental processes that I wish to analyse and examine in this lecture.

I will state at the outset the view which I shall aim at establishing. I believe that the stuff of our mental life, as opposed to its relations and structure, consists wholly of sensations and images. Sensations are connected with matter in the way that I tried to explain in Lecture V, i.e. each is a member of a system which is a certain physical object. Images, though they USUALLY have certain characteristics, especially lack of vividness, that distinguish them from sensations, are not INVARIABLY so distinguished,

and cannot therefore be defined by these characteristics. Images, as opposed to sensations, can only be defined by their different causation: they are caused by association with a sensation, not by a stimulus external to the nervous system--or perhaps one should say external to the brain, where the higher animals are concerned. The occurrence of a sensation or image does not in itself constitute knowledge but any sensation or image may come to be known if the conditions are suitable. When a sensation--like the hearing of a clap of thunder--is normally correlated with closely similar sensations in our neighbours, we regard it as giving knowledge of the external world, since we regard the whole set of similar sensations as due to a common external cause. But images and bodily sensations are not so correlated. Bodily sensations can be brought into a correlation by physiology, and thus take their place ultimately among sources of knowledge of the physical world. But images cannot be made to fit in with the simultaneous sensations and images of others. Apart from their hypothetical causes in the brain, they have a causal connection with physical objects, through the fact that they are copies of past sensations; but the physical objects with which they are thus connected are in the past, not in the present. These images remain private in a sense in which sensations are not. A sensation SEEMS to give us knowledge of a present physical object, while an image does not, except when it amounts to a hallucination, and in this case the seeming is deceptive. Thus the whole context of the two occurrences is different. But in themselves they do not differ profoundly, and there is no reason to invoke two different ways of knowing for the one and for the other. Consequently introspection as a separate kind of knowledge disappears.

The criticism of introspection has been in the main the work of American psychologists. I will begin by summarizing an article which seems to me to afford a good specimen of their arguments, namely, "The Case against Introspection," by Knight Dunlap ("Psychological Review," vol xix, No. 5, pp. 404-413, September, 1912). After a few historical quotations, he comes to two modern defenders of introspection, Stout and James. He quotes from Stout such statements as the following: "Psychical states as such become objects only when we attend to them in an introspective way. Otherwise they are not themselves objects, but only constituents of the process by which objects are recognized" ("Manual," 2nd edition, p. 134. The word "recognized" in Dunlap's quotation should be "cognized.") "The object itself can never be identified with the present modification of the individual's consciousness by which it is cognized" (ib. p. 60). This is to be true even when we are thinking about modifications of our own consciousness; such modifications are to be always at least partially distinct from the conscious experience in which we think of them.

At this point I wish to interrupt the account of Knight Dunlap's article in order to make some observations on my own account with reference to the above quotations from Stout. In the first place, the conception of "psychical states" seems to me one which demands analysis of a somewhat destructive character. This analysis I shall give in later lectures as regards cognition; I have already given it as regards desire. In the second place, the conception of "objects" depends upon a certain view as to cognition which I believe to be wholly mistaken, namely, the view which I discussed in my first lecture in connection with Brentano. In this view a single cognitive occurrence contains both content and object, the content being essentially mental, while the object is physical except in introspection and abstract thought. I have already criticized this view, and will not dwell upon it now, beyond saying that "the process by which objects are cognized" appears to be a very slippery phrase. When we "see a table," as common sense would say, the table as a physical object is not the "object" (in the psychological sense) of our perception. Our perception is made up of sensations, images and beliefs, but the supposed "object" is something inferential, externally related, not logically bound up with what is occurring in us. This question of the nature of the object also affects the view we take of self-consciousness. Obviously, a "conscious experience" is different from a physical object; therefore it is natural to assume that a thought or perception whose object is a conscious experience must be different from a thought or perception whose object is a physical object. But if the relation to the object is inferential and external, as I maintain, the difference between two thoughts may bear very little relation to the difference between their objects. And to speak of "the present modification of the individual's consciousness by which an object is cognized" is to suggest that the cognition of objects is a far more direct process, far more intimately bound up with the objects, than I believe it to be. All these points will be amplified when we come to the analysis of knowledge, but it is necessary briefly to state them now in order to suggest the atmosphere in which our analysis of "introspection" is to be carried on.

Another point in which Stout's remarks seem to me to suggest what I regard as mistakes is his use of "consciousness." There is a view which is prevalent among psychologists, to the effect that one can speak of "a conscious experience" in a curious dual sense, meaning, on the one hand, an experience which is conscious of something, and, on the other hand, an experience which has some intrinsic nature characteristic of what is called "consciousness." That is to say, a "conscious experience" is characterized on the one hand by relation to its object and on the other hand by being composed of a certain peculiar stuff, the stuff of "consciousness." And in many authors there is yet a third confusion: a "conscious experience," in this third sense, is an experience of which we are conscious. All these, it seems to me, need to be clearly separated. To say that one occurrence is "conscious" of another is, to my

mind, to assert an external and rather remote relation between them. I might illustrate it by the relation of uncle and nephew a man becomes an uncle through no effort of his own, merely through an occurrence elsewhere. Similarly, when you are said to be "conscious" of a table, the question whether this is really the case cannot be decided by examining only your state of mind: it is necessary also to ascertain whether your sensation is having those correlates which past experience causes you to assume, or whether the table happens, in this case, to be a mirage. And, as I explained in my first lecture, I do not believe that there is any "stuff" of consciousness, so that there is no intrinsic character by which a "conscious" experience could be distinguished from any other.

After these preliminaries, we can return to Knight Dunlap's article. His criticism of Stout turns on the difficulty of giving any empirical meaning to such notions as the "mind" or the "subject"; he quotes from Stout the sentence: "The most important drawback is that the mind, in watching its own workings, must necessarily have its attention divided between two objects," and he concludes: "Without question, Stout is bringing in here illicitly the concept of a single observer, and his introspection does not provide for the observation of this observer; for the process observed and the observer are distinct" (p. 407). The objections to any theory which brings in the single observer were considered in Lecture I, and were acknowledged to be cogent. In so far, therefore, as Stout's theory of introspection rests upon this assumption, we are compelled to reject it. But it is perfectly possible to believe in introspection without supposing that there is a single observer.

William James's theory of introspection, which Dunlap next examines, does not assume a single observer. It changed after the publication of his "Psychology," in consequence of his abandoning the dualism of thought and things. Dunlap summarizes his theory as follows:

"The essential points in James's scheme of consciousness are SUBJECT, OBJECT, and a KNOWING of the object by the subject. The difference between James's scheme and other schemes involving the same terms is that James considers subject and object to be the same thing, but at different times In order to satisfy this requirement James supposes a realm of existence which he at first called 'states of consciousness' or 'thoughts,' and later, 'pure experience,' the latter term including both the 'thoughts' and the 'knowing.' This scheme, with all its magnificent artificiality, James held on to until the end, simply dropping the term consciousness and the dualism between the thought and an external reality"(p. 409).

He adds: "All that James's system really amounts to is the acknowledgment that a succession of things are known, and that they are known by something. This is all any one can claim, except for the fact that the things are known together, and that the knower for the different items is one and the same" (ib.).

In this statement, to my mind, Dunlap concedes far more than James did in his later theory. I see no reason to suppose that "the knower for different items is one and the same," and I am convinced that this proposition could not possibly be ascertained except by introspection of the sort that Dunlap rejects. The first of these points must wait until we come to the analysis of belief: the second must be considered now. Dunlap's view is that there is a dualism of subject and object, but that the subject can never become object, and therefore there is no awareness of an awareness. He says in discussing the view that introspection reveals the occurrence of knowledge: "There can be no denial of the existence of the thing (knowing) which is alleged to be known or observed in this sort of 'introspection.' The allegation that the knowing is observed is that which may be denied. Knowing there certainly is; known, the knowing certainly is not"(p. 410). And again: "I am never aware of an awareness" (ib.). And on the next page: "It may sound paradoxical to say that one cannot observe the process (or relation) of observation, and yet may be certain that there is such a process: but there is really no inconsistency in the saying. How do I know that there is awareness? By being aware of something. There is no meaning in the term 'awareness' which is not expressed in the statement 'I am aware of a colour (or what-not).'"

But the paradox cannot be so lightly disposed of. The statement "I am aware of a colour" is assumed by Knight Dunlap to be known to be true, but he does not explain how it comes to be known. The argument against him is not conclusive, since he may be able to show some valid way of inferring our awareness. But he does not suggest any such way. There is nothing odd in the hypothesis of beings which are aware of objects, but not of their own awareness; it is, indeed, highly probable that young children and the higher animals are such beings. But such beings cannot make the statement "I am aware of a colour," which WE can make. We have, therefore, some knowledge which they lack. It is necessary to Knight Dunlap's position to maintain that this additional knowledge is purely inferential, but he makes no attempt to show how the inference is possible. It may, of course, be possible, but I cannot see how. To my mind the fact (which he admits) that we know there is awareness, is ALL BUT decisive against his theory, and in favour of the view that we can be aware of an awareness.

Dunlap asserts (to return to James) that the real ground for James's original belief in introspection was his belief in two sorts of objects, namely, thoughts and things. He suggests that it was a mere inconsistency on James's part to adhere to introspection after abandoning the dualism of thoughts and things. I do not wholly agree with this view, but it is difficult to disentangle the difference as to introspection from the difference as to the nature of knowing. Dunlap suggests (p. 411) that what is called introspection really consists of awareness of "images," visceral sensations, and so on. This view, in essence, seems to me sound. But then I hold that knowing itself consists of such constituents suitably related, and that in being aware of them we are sometimes being aware of instances of knowing. For this reason, much as I agree with his view as to what are the objects of which there is awareness, I cannot wholly agree with his conclusion as to the impossibility of introspection.

The behaviourists have challenged introspection even more vigorously than Knight Dunlap, and have gone so far as to deny the existence of images. But I think that they have confused various things which are very commonly confused, and that it is necessary to make several distinctions before we can arrive at what is true and what false in the criticism of introspection.

I wish to distinguish three distinct questions, any one of which may be meant when we ask whether introspection is a source of knowledge. The three questions are as follows:

(1) Can we observe anything about ourselves which we cannot observe about other people, or is everything we can observe PUBLIC, in the sense that another could also observe it if suitably placed?

(2) Does everything that we can observe obey the laws of physics and form part of the physical world, or can we observe certain things that lie outside physics?

(3) Can we observe anything which differs in its intrinsic nature from the constituents of the physical world, or is everything that we can observe composed of elements intrinsically similar to the constituents of what is called matter?

Any one of these three questions may be used to define introspection. I should favour introspection in the sense of the first question, i.e. I think that some of the things we observe cannot, even theoretically, be observed by any one else. The second question, tentatively and for the present, I should answer in favour of introspection; I think that images, in the actual condition of science, cannot be brought under the causal laws of physics, though perhaps ultimately they may be. The third question I should answer adversely to introspection I think that observation shows us nothing that is not composed of sensations and images, and that images differ from sensations in their causal laws, not intrinsically. I shall deal with the three questions successively.

(1) PUBLICITY OR PRIVACY OF WHAT IS OBSERVED. Confining ourselves, for the moment, to sensations, we find that there are different degrees of publicity attaching to different sorts of sensations. If you feel a toothache when the other people in the room do not, you are in no way surprised; but if you hear a clap of thunder when they do not, you begin to be alarmed as to your mental condition. Sight and hearing are the most public of the senses; smell only a trifle less so; touch, again, a trifle less, since two people can only touch the same spot successively, not simultaneously. Taste has a sort of semi-publicity, since people seem to experience similar taste-sensations when they eat similar foods; but the publicity is incomplete, since two people cannot eat actually the same piece of food.

But when we pass on to bodily sensations--headache, toothache, hunger, thirst, the feeling of fatigue, and so on--we get quite away from publicity, into a region where other people can tell us what they feel, but we cannot directly observe their feeling. As a natural result of this state of affairs, it has come to be thought that the public senses give us knowledge of the outer world, while the private senses only give us knowledge as to our own bodies. As regards privacy, all images, of whatever sort, belong with the sensations which only give knowledge of our own bodies, i.e. each is only observable by one observer. This is the reason why images of sight and hearing are more obviously different from sensations of sight and hearing than images of bodily sensations are from bodily sensations; and that is why the argument in favour of images is more conclusive in such cases as sight and hearing than in such cases as inner speech.

The whole distinction of privacy and publicity, however, so long as we confine ourselves to sensations, is one of degree, not of kind. No two people, there is good empirical reason to think, ever have exactly similar sensations related to the same physical object at the same moment; on the other hand, even the most private sensation has correlations which would theoretically enable another observer to infer it.

That no sensation is ever completely public, results from differences of point of view. Two people looking at the same table do not get the same sensation, because of perspective and the way the light falls. They get only correlated sensations. Two people

listening to the same sound do not hear exactly the same thing, because one is nearer to the source of the sound than the other, one has better hearing than the other, and so on. Thus publicity in sensations consists, not in having PRECISELY similar sensations, but in having more or less similar sensations correlated according to ascertainable laws. The sensations which strike us as public are those where the correlated sensations are very similar and the correlations are very easy to discover. But even the most private sensations have correlations with things that others can observe. The dentist does not observe your ache, but he can see the cavity which causes it, and could guess that you are suffering even if you did not tell him. This fact, however, cannot be used, as Watson would apparently wish, to extrude from science observations which are private to one observer, since it is by means of many such observations that correlations are established, e.g. between toothaches and cavities. Privacy, therefore does not by itself make a datum unamenable to scientific treatment. On this point, the argument against introspection must be rejected.

(2) DOES EVERYTHING OBSERVABLE OBEY THE LAWS OF PHYSICS? We come now to the second ground of objection to introspection, namely, that its data do not obey the laws of physics. This, though less emphasized, is, I think, an objection which is really more strongly felt than the objection of privacy. And we obtain a definition of introspection more in harmony with usage if we define it as observation of data not subject to physical laws than if we define it by means of privacy. No one would regard a man as introspective because he was conscious of having a stomach ache. Opponents of introspection do not mean to deny the obvious fact that we can observe bodily sensations which others cannot observe. For example, Knight Dunlap contends that images are really muscular contractions,* and evidently regards our awareness of muscular contractions as not coming under the head of introspection. I think it will be found that the essential characteristic of introspective data, in the sense which now concerns us, has to do with LOCALIZATION: either they are not localized at all, or they are localized, like visual images, in a place already physically occupied by something which would be inconsistent with them if they were regarded as part of the physical world. If you have a visual image of your friend sitting in a chair which in fact is empty, you cannot locate the image in your body, because it is visual, nor (as a physical phenomenon) in the chair, because the chair, as a physical object, is empty. Thus it seems to follow that the physical world does not include all that we are aware of, and that images, which are introspective data, have to be regarded, for the present, as not obeying the laws of physics; this is, I think, one of the chief reasons why an attempt is made to reject them. I shall try to show in Lecture VIII that the purely empirical reasons for accepting images are overwhelming. But we cannot be nearly so certain that they will not ultimately be brought under the laws of physics. Even if this should happen, however, they would still be distinguishable from sensations by their proximate causal laws, as gases remain distinguishable from solids.

* "Psychological Review," 1916, "Thought-Content and Feeling," p. 59. See also ib., 1912, "The Nature of Perceived Relations," where he says: "'Introspection,' divested of its mythological suggestion of the observing of consciousness, is really the observation of bodily sensations (sensibles) and feelings (feelables)"(p. 427 n.).

(3) CAN WE OBSERVE ANYTHING INTRINSICALLY DIFFERENT FROM SENSATIONS? We come now to our third question concerning introspection. It is commonly thought that by looking within we can observe all sorts of things that are radically different from the constituents of the physical world, e.g. thoughts, beliefs, desires, pleasures, pains and emotions. The difference between mind and matter is increased partly by emphasizing these supposed introspective data, partly by the supposition that matter is composed of atoms or electrons or whatever units physics may at the moment prefer. As against this latter supposition, I contend that the ultimate constituents of matter are not atoms or electrons, but sensations, and other things similar to sensations as regards extent and duration. As against the view that introspection reveals a mental world radically different from sensations, I propose to argue that thoughts, beliefs, desires, pleasures, pains and emotions are all built up out of sensations and images alone, and that there is reason to think that images do not differ from sensations in their intrinsic character. We thus effect a mutual rapprochement of mind and matter, and reduce the ultimate data of introspection (in our second sense) to images alone. On this third view of the meaning of introspection, therefore, our decision is wholly against it.

There remain two points to be considered concerning introspection. The first is as to how far it is trustworthy; the second is as to whether, even granting that it reveals no radically different STUFF from that revealed by what might be called external perception, it may not reveal different RELATIONS, and thus acquire almost as much importance as is traditionally assigned to it.

To begin with the trustworthiness of introspection. It is common among certain schools to regard the knowledge of our own mental processes as incomparably more certain than our knowledge of the "external" world; this view is to be found in the British philosophy which descends from Hume, and is present, somewhat veiled, in Kant and his followers. There seems no reason whatever to accept this view. Our spontaneous, unsophisticated beliefs, whether as to ourselves or as to the outer world, are always extremely rash and very liable to error. The acquisition of caution is equally necessary and equally difficult in both directions. Not only are we often un aware of entertaining a belief or desire which exists in us; we are often actually mistaken. The

fallibility of introspection as regards what we desire is made evident by psycho-analysis; its fallibility as to what we know is easily demonstrated. An autobiography, when confronted by a careful editor with documentary evidence, is usually found to be full of obviously inadvertent errors. Any of us confronted by a forgotten letter written some years ago will be astonished to find how much more foolish our opinions were than we had remembered them as being. And as to the analysis of our mental operations--believing, desiring, willing, or what not--introspection unaided gives very little help: it is necessary to construct hypotheses and test them by their consequences, just as we do in physical science. Introspection, therefore, though it is one among our sources of knowledge, is not, in isolation, in any degree more trustworthy than "external" perception.

I come now to our second question: Does introspection give us materials for the knowledge of relations other than those arrived at by reflecting upon external perception? It might be contended that the essence of what is "mental" consists of relations, such as knowing for example, and that our knowledge concerning these essentially mental relations is entirely derived from introspection. If "knowing" were an unanalysable relation, this view would be incontrovertible, since clearly no such relation forms part of the subject matter of physics. But it would seem that "knowing" is really various relations, all of them complex. Therefore, until they have been analysed, our present question must remain unanswered I shall return to it at the end of the present course of lectures.

LECTURE VII. THE DEFINITION OF PERCEPTION

In Lecture V we found reason to think that the ultimate constituents* of the world do not have the characteristics of either mind or matter as ordinarily understood: they are not solid persistent objects moving through space, nor are they fragments of "consciousness." But we found two ways of grouping particulars, one into "things" or "pieces of matter," the other into series of "perspectives," each series being what may be called a "biography." Before we can define either sensations or images, it is necessary to consider this twofold classification in somewhat greater detail, and to derive from it a definition of perception. It should be said that, in so far as the classification assumes the whole world of physics (including its unperceived portions), it contains hypothetical elements. But we will not linger on the grounds for admitting these, which belong to the philosophy of physics rather than of psychology.

* When I speak of "ultimate constituents," I do not mean necessarily such as are theoretically incapable of analysis, but only such as, at present, we can see no means of analysing. I speak of such constituents as "particulars," or as "RELATIVE particulars" when I wish to emphasize the fact that they may be themselves complex.

The physical classification of particulars collects together all those that are aspects of one "thing." Given any one particular, it is found often (we do not say always) that there are a number of other particulars differing from this one in gradually increasing degrees. Those (or some of those) that differ from it only very slightly will be found to differ approximately according to certain laws which may be called, in a generalized sense, the laws of "perspective"; they include the ordinary laws of perspective as a special case. This approximation grows more and more nearly exact as the difference grows less; in technical language, the laws of perspective account for the differences to the first order of small quantities, and other laws are only required to account for second-order differences. That is to say, as the difference diminishes, the part of the difference which is not according to the laws of perspective diminishes much more rapidly, and bears to the total difference a ratio which tends towards zero as both are made smaller and smaller. By this means we can theoretically collect together a number of particulars which may be defined as the "aspects" or "appearances" of one thing at one time. If the laws of perspective were sufficiently known, the connection between different aspects would be expressed in differential equations.

This gives us, so far, only those particulars which constitute one thing at one time. This set of particulars may be called a "momentary thing." To define that series of "momentary things" that constitute the successive states of one thing is a problem involving the laws of dynamics. These give the laws governing the changes of aspects from one time to a slightly later time, with the same sort of differential approximation to exactness as we obtained for spatially neighbouring aspects through the laws of perspective. Thus a momentary thing is a set of particulars, while a thing (which may be identified with the whole history of the thing) is a series of such sets of particulars. The particulars in one set are collected together by the laws of perspective; the successive sets are collected together by the laws of dynamics. This is the view of the world which is appropriate to traditional physics.

The definition of a "momentary thing" involves problems concerning time, since the particulars constituting a momentary thing will not be all simultaneous, but will travel outward from the thing with the velocity of light (in case the thing is in vacuo). There are complications connected with relativity, but for our present purpose they are not vital, and I shall ignore them.

Instead of first collecting together all the particulars constituting a momentary thing, and then forming the series of successive sets, we might have first collected together a series of successive aspects related by the laws of dynamics, and then have formed the set of such series related by the laws of perspective. To illustrate by the case of an actor on the stage: our first plan was to collect together all the aspects which he presents to different spectators at one time, and then to form the series of such sets. Our second plan is first to collect together all the aspects which he presents successively to a given spectator, and then to do the same thing for the other spectators, thus forming a set of series instead of a series of sets. The first plan tells us what he does; the second the impressions he produces. This second way of classifying particulars is one which obviously has more relevance to psychology than the other. It is partly by this second method of classification that we obtain definitions of one "experience" or "biography" or "person." This method of classification is also essential to the definition of sensations and images, as I shall endeavour to prove later on. But we must first amplify the definition of perspectives and biographies.

In our illustration of the actor, we spoke, for the moment, as though each spectator's mind were wholly occupied by the one actor. If this were the case, it might be possible to define the biography of one spectator as a series of successive aspects of the actor related according to the laws of dynamics. But in fact this is not the case. We are at all times during our waking life receiving a variety of impressions, which are aspects of a variety of things. We have to consider what binds together two simultaneous sensations in one person, or, more generally, any two occurrences which forte part of one experience. We might say, adhering to the standpoint of physics, that two aspects of different things belong to the same perspective when they are in the same place. But this would not really help us, since a "place" has not yet been defined. Can we define what is meant by saying that two aspects are "in the same place," without introducing anything beyond the laws of perspective and dynamics?

I do not feel sure whether it is possible to frame such a definition or not; accordingly I shall not assume that it is possible, but shall seek other characteristics by which a perspective or biography may be defined.

When (for example) we see one man and hear another speaking at the same time, what we see and what we hear have a relation which we can perceive, which makes the two together form, in some sense, one experience. It is when this relation exists that two occurrences become associated. Semon's "engram" is formed by all that we experience at one time. He speaks of two parts of this total as having the relation of "Nebeneinander" (M. 118; M.E. 33 ff.), which is reminiscent of Herbart's "Zusammen." I think the relation may be called simply "simultaneity." It might be said that at any moment all sorts of things that are not part of my experience are happening in the world, and that therefore the relation we are seeking to define cannot be merely simultaneity. This, however, would be an error--the sort of error that the theory of relativity avoids. There is not one universal time, except by an elaborate construction; there are only local times, each of which may be taken to be the time within one biography. Accordingly, if I am (say) hearing a sound, the only occurrences that are, in any simple sense, simultaneous with my sensation are events in my private world, i.e. in my biography. We may therefore define the "perspective" to which the sensation in question belongs as the set of particulars that are simultaneous with this sensation. And similarly we may define the "biography" to which the sensation belongs as the set of particulars that are earlier or later than, or simultaneous with, the given sensation. Moreover, the very same definitions can be applied to particulars which are not sensations. They are actually required for the theory of relativity, if we are to give a philosophical explanation of what is meant by "local time" in that theory The relations of simultaneity and succession are known to us in our own experience; they may be analysable, but that does not affect their suitability for defining perspectives and biographies. Such time-relations as can be constructed between events in different biographies are of a different kind: they are not experienced, and are merely logical, being designed to afford convenient ways of stating the correlations between different biographies.

It is not only by time-relations that the parts of one biography are collected together in the case of living beings. In this case there are the mnemic phenomena which constitute the unity of one "experience," and transform mere occurrences into "experiences." I have already dwelt upon the importance of mnemic phenomena for psychology, and shall not enlarge upon them now, beyond observing that they are what transforms a biography (in our technical sense) into a life. It is they that give the continuity of a "person" or a "mind." But there is no reason to suppose that mnemic phenomena are associated with biographies except in the case of animals and plants.

Our two-fold classification of particulars gives rise to the dualism of body and biography in regard to everything in the universe, and not only in regard to living things. This arises as follows. Every particular of the sort considered by physics is a member of two groups (1) The group of particulars constituting the other aspects of the same physical object; (2) The group of particulars that have direct time-relations to the given particular.

Each of these is associated with a place. When I look at a star, my sensation is (1) A member of the group of particulars which is the star, and which is associated with the place where the star is; (2) A member of the group of particulars which is my biography, and which is associated with the place where I am.*

*I have explained elsewhere the manner in which space is constructed on this theory, and in which the position of a perspective is brought into relation with the position of a physical object ("Our Knowledge of the External World," Lecture III, pp. 90, 91).

The result is that every particular of the kind relevant to physics is associated with TWO places; e.g. my sensation of the star is associated with the place where I am and with the place where the star is. This dualism has nothing to do with any "mind" that I may be supposed to possess; it exists in exactly the same sense if I am replaced by a photographic plate. We may call the two places the active and passive places respectively.* Thus in the case of a perception or photograph of a star, the active place is the place where the star is, while the passive place is the place where the percipient or photographic plate is.

* I use these as mere names; I do not want to introduce any notion of "activity."

We can thus, without departing from physics, collect together all the particulars actively at a given place, or all the particulars passively at a given place. In our own case, the one group is our body (or our brain), while the other is our mind, in so far as it consists of perceptions. In the case of the photographic plate, the first group is the plate as dealt with by physics, the second the aspect of the heavens which it photographs. (For the sake of schematic simplicity, I am ignoring various complications connected with time, which require some tedious but perfectly feasible elaborations.) Thus what may be called subjectivity in the point of view is not a distinctive peculiarity of mind: it is present just as much in the photographic plate. And the photographic plate has its biography as well as its "matter." But this biography is an affair of physics, and has none of the peculiar characteristics by which "mental" phenomena are distinguished, with the sole exception of subjectivity.

Adhering, for the moment, to the standpoint of physics, we may define a "perception" of an object as the appearance of the object from a place where there is a brain (or, in lower animals, some suitable nervous structure), with sense-organs and nerves forming part of the intervening medium. Such appearances of objects are distinguished from appearances in other places by certain peculiarities, namely:

(1) They give rise to mnemic phenomena;

(2) They are themselves affected by mnemic phenomena.

That is to say, they may be remembered and associated or influence our habits, or give rise to images, etc., and they are themselves different from what they would have been if our past experience had been different--for example, the effect of a spoken sentence upon the hearer depends upon whether the hearer knows the language or not, which is a question of past experience. It is these two characteristics, both connected with mnemic phenomena, that distinguish perceptions from the appearances of objects in places where there is no living being.

Theoretically, though often not practically, we can, in our perception of an object, separate the part which is due to past experience from the part which proceeds without mnemic influences out of the character of the object. We may define as "sensation" that part which proceeds in this way, while the remainder, which is a mnemic phenomenon, will have to be added to the sensation to make up what is called the "perception." According to this definition, the sensation is a theoretical core in the actual experience; the actual experience is the perception. It is obvious that there are grave difficulties in carrying out these definitions, but we will not linger over them. We have to pass, as soon as we can, from the physical standpoint, which we have been hitherto adopting, to the standpoint of psychology, in which we make more use of introspection in the first of the three senses discussed in the preceding lecture.

But before making the transition, there are two points which must be made clear. First: Everything outside my own personal biography is outside my experience; therefore if anything can be known by me outside my biography, it can only be known in one of two ways:

(1) By inference from things within my biography, or

(2) By some a priori principle independent of experience.

I do not myself believe that anything approaching certainty is to be attained by either of these methods, and therefore whatever lies outside my personal biography must be regarded, theoretically, as hypothesis. The theoretical argument for adopting the

hypothesis is that it simplifies the statement of the laws according to which events happen in our experience. But there is no very good ground for supposing that a simple law is more likely to be true than a complicated law, though there is good ground for assuming a simple law in scientific practice, as a working hypothesis, if it explains the facts as well as another which is less simple. Belief in the existence of things outside my own biography exists antecedently to evidence, and can only be destroyed, if at all, by a long course of philosophic doubt. For purposes of science, it is justified practically by the simplification which it introduces into the laws of physics. But from the standpoint of theoretical logic it must be regarded as a prejudice, not as a well-grounded theory. With this proviso, I propose to continue yielding to the prejudice.

The second point concerns the relating of our point of view to that which regards sensations as caused by stimuli external to the nervous system (or at least to the brain), and distinguishes images as "centrally excited," i.e. due to causes in the brain which cannot be traced back to anything affecting the sense-organs. It is clear that, if our analysis of physical objects has been valid, this way of defining sensations needs reinterpretation. It is also clear that we must be able to find such a new interpretation if our theory is to be admissible.

To make the matter clear, we will take the simplest possible illustration. Consider a certain star, and suppose for the moment that its size is negligible. That is to say, we will regard it as, for practical purposes, a luminous point. Let us further suppose that it exists only for a very brief time, say a second. Then, according to physics, what happens is that a spherical wave of light travels outward from the star through space, just as, when you drop a stone into a stagnant pond, ripples travel outward from the place where the stone hit the water. The wave of light travels with a certain very nearly constant velocity, roughly 300,000 kilometres per second. This velocity may be ascertained by sending a flash of light to a mirror, and observing how long it takes before the reflected flash reaches you, just as the velocity of sound may be ascertained by means of an echo.

What it is that happens when a wave of light reaches a given place we cannot tell, except in the sole case when the place in question is a brain connected with an eye which is turned in the right direction. In this one very special case we know what happens: we have the sensation called "seeing the star." In all other cases, though we know (more or less hypothetically) some of the correlations and abstract properties of the appearance of the star, we do not know the appearance itself. Now you may, for the sake of illustration, compare the different appearances of the star to the conjugation of a Greek verb, except that the number of its parts is really infinite, and not only apparently so to the despairing schoolboy. In vacuo, the parts are regular, and can be derived from the (imaginary) root according to the laws of grammar, i.e. of perspective. The star being situated in empty space, it may be defined, for purposes of physics, as consisting of all those appearances which it presents in vacuo, together with those which, according to the laws of perspective, it would present elsewhere if its appearances elsewhere were regular. This is merely the adaptation of the definition of matter which I gave in an earlier lecture. The appearance of a star at a certain place, if it is regular, does not require any cause or explanation beyond the existence of the star. Every regular appearance is an actual member of the system which is the star, and its causation is entirely internal to that system. We may express this by saying that a regular appearance is due to the star alone, and is actually part of the star, in the sense in which a man is part of the human race.

But presently the light of the star reaches our atmosphere. It begins to be refracted, and dimmed by mist, and its velocity is slightly diminished. At last it reaches a human eye, where a complicated process takes place, ending in a sensation which gives us our grounds for believing in all that has gone before. Now, the irregular appearances of the star are not, strictly speaking, members of the system which is the star, according to our definition of matter. The irregular appearances, however, are not merely irregular: they proceed according to laws which can be stated in terms of the matter through which the light has passed on its way. The sources of an irregular appearance are therefore twofold:

(1) The object which is appearing irregularly;

2) The intervening medium.

It should be observed that, while the conception of a regular appearance is perfectly precise, the conception of an irregular appearance is one capable of any degree of vagueness. When the distorting influence of the medium is sufficiently great, the resulting particular can no longer be regarded as an appearance of an object, but must be treated on its own account. This happens especially when the particular in question cannot be traced back to one object, but is a blend of two or more. This case is normal in perception: we see as one what the microscope or telescope reveals to be many different objects. The notion of perception is therefore not a precise one: we perceive things more or less, but always with a very considerable amount of vagueness and confusion.

In considering irregular appearances, there are certain very natural mistakes which must be avoided. In order that a particular may count as an irregular appearance of a certain object, it is not necessary that it should bear any resemblance to the regular appearances as regard its intrinsic qualities. All that is necessary is that it should be derivable from the regular appearances by the laws which express the distorting influence of the medium. When it is so derivable, the particular in question may be regarded as caused by the regular appearances, and therefore by the object itself, together with the modifications resulting from the medium. In other cases, the particular in question may, in the same sense, be regarded as caused by several objects together with the medium; in this case, it may be called a confused appearance of several objects. If it happens to be in a brain, it may be called a confused perception of these objects. All actual perception is confused to a greater or less extent.

We can now interpret in terms of our theory the distinction between those mental occurrences which are said to have an external stimulus, and those which are said to be "centrally excited," i.e. to have no stimulus external to the brain. When a mental occurrence can be regarded as an appearance of an object external to the brain, however irregular, or even as a confused appearance of several such objects, then we may regard it as having for its stimulus the object or objects in question, or their appearances at the sense-organ concerned. When, on the other hand, a mental occurrence has not sufficient connection with objects external to the brain to be regarded as an appearance of such objects, then its physical causation (if any) will have to be sought in the brain. In the former case it can be called a perception; in the latter it cannot be so called. But the distinction is one of degree, not of kind. Until this is realized, no satisfactory theory of perception, sensation, or imagination is possible.

LECTURE VIII. SENSATIONS AND IMAGES

The dualism of mind and matter, if we have been right so far, cannot be allowed as metaphysically valid. Nevertheless, we seem to find a certain dualism, perhaps not ultimate, within the world as we observe it. The dualism is not primarily as to the stuff of the world, but as to causal laws. On this subject we may again quote William James. He points out that when, as we say, we merely "imagine" things, there are no such effects as would ensue if the things were what we call "real." He takes the case of imagining a fire.

"I make for myself an experience of blazing fire; I place it near my body; but it does not warm me in the least. I lay a stick upon it and the stick either burns or remains green, as I please. I call up water, and pour it on the fire, and absolutely no difference ensues. I account for all such facts by calling this whole train of experiences unreal, a mental train. Mental fire is what won't burn real sticks; mental water is what won't necessarily (though of course it may) put out even a mental fire.... With 'real' objects, on the contrary, consequences always accrue; and thus the real experiences get sifted from the mental ones, the things from our thoughts of them, fanciful or true, and precipitated together as the stable part of the whole experience--chaos, under the name of the physical world."*

* "Essays in Radical Empiricism," pp. 32-3.

In this passage James speaks, by mere inadvertence, as though the phenomena which he is describing as "mental" had NO effects. This is, of course, not the case: they have their effects, just as much as physical phenomena do, but their effects follow different laws. For example, dreams, as Freud has shown, are just as much subject to laws as are the motions of the planets. But the laws are different: in a dream you may be transported from one place to another in a moment, or one person may turn into another under your eyes. Such differences compel you to distinguish the world of dreams from the physical world.

If the two sorts of causal laws could be sharply distinguished, we could call an occurrence "physical" when it obeys causal laws appropriate to the physical world, and "mental" when it obeys causal laws appropriate to the mental world. Since the mental world and the physical world interact, there would be a boundary between the two: there would be events which would have physical causes and mental effects, while there would be others which would have mental causes and physical effects. Those that have physical causes and mental effects we should define as "sensations." Those that have mental causes and physical effects might perhaps be identified with what we call voluntary movements; but they do not concern us at present.

These definitions would have all the precision that could be desired if the distinction between physical and psychological causation were clear and sharp. As a matter of fact, however, this distinction is, as yet, by no means sharp. It is possible that, with fuller knowledge, it will be found to be no more ultimate than the distinction between the laws of gases and the laws of rigid bodies. It also suffers from the fact that an event may be an effect of several causes according to several causal laws we cannot, in general, point to anything unique as THE cause of such-and-such an event. And finally it is by no means certain that the peculiar causal laws which govern mental events are not really physiological. The law of habit, which is one of the most distinctive, may be fully

explicable in terms of the peculiarities of nervous tissue, and these peculiarities, in turn, may be explicable by the laws of physics. It seems, therefore, that we are driven to a different kind of definition. It is for this reason that it was necessary to develop the definition of perception. With this definition, we can define a sensation as the non-mnemic elements in a perception.

When, following our definition, we try to decide what elements in our experience are of the nature of sensations, we find more difficulty than might have been expected. Prima facie, everything is sensation that comes to us through the senses: the sights we see, the sounds we hear, the smells we smell, and so on; also such things as headache or the feeling of muscular strain. But in actual fact so much interpretation, so much of habitual correlation, is mixed with all such experiences, that the core of pure sensation is only to be extracted by careful investigation. To take a simple illustration: if you go to the theatre in your own country, you seem to hear equally well in the stalls or the dress circle; in either case you think you miss nothing. But if you go in a foreign country where you have a fair knowledge of the language, you will seem to have grown partially deaf, and you will find it necessary to be much nearer the stage than you would need to be in your own country. The reason is that, in hearing our own language spoken, we quickly and unconsciously fill out what we really hear with inferences to what the man must be saying, and we never realize that we have not heard the words we have merely inferred. In a foreign language, these inferences are more difficult, and we are more dependent upon actual sensation. If we found ourselves in a foreign world, where tables looked like cushions and cushions like tables, we should similarly discover how much of what we think we see is really inference. Every fairly familiar sensation is to us a sign of the things that usually go with it, and many of these things will seem to form part of the sensation. I remember in the early days of motor-cars being with a friend when a tyre burst with a loud report. He thought it was a pistol, and supported his opinion by maintaining that he had seen the flash. But of course there had been no flash. Nowadays no one sees a flash when a tyre bursts.

In order, therefore, to arrive at what really is sensation in an occurrence which, at first sight, seems to contain nothing else, we have to pare away all that is due to habit or expectation or interpretation. This is a matter for the psychologist, and by no means an easy matter. For our purposes, it is not important to determine what exactly is the sensational core in any case; it is only important to notice that there certainly is a sensational core, since habit, expectation and interpretation are diversely aroused on diverse occasions, and the diversity is clearly due to differences in what is presented to the senses. When you open your newspaper in the morning, the actual sensations of seeing the print form a very minute part of what goes on in you, but they are the starting-point of all the rest, and it is through them that the newspaper is a means of information or mis-information. Thus, although it may be difficult to determine what exactly is sensation in any given experience, it is clear that there is sensation, unless, like Leibniz, we deny all action of the outer world upon us.

Sensations are obviously the source of our knowledge of the world, including our own body. It might seem natural to regard a sensation as itself a cognition, and until lately I did so regard it. When, say, I see a person I know coming towards me in the street, it SEEMS as though the mere seeing were knowledge. It is of course undeniable that knowledge comes THROUGH the seeing, but I think it is a mistake to regard the mere seeing itself as knowledge. If we are so to regard it, we must distinguish the seeing from what is seen: we must say that, when we see a patch of colour of a certain shape, the patch of colour is one thing and our seeing of it is another. This view, however, demands the admission of the subject, or act, in the sense discussed in our first lecture. If there is a subject, it can have a relation to the patch of colour, namely, the sort of relation which we might call awareness. In that case the sensation, as a mental event, will consist of awareness of the colour, while the colour itself will remain wholly physical, and may be called the sense-datum, to distinguish it from the sensation. The subject, however, appears to be a logical fiction, like mathematical points and instants. It is introduced, not because observation reveals it, but because it is linguistically convenient and apparently demanded by grammar. Nominal entities of this sort may or may not exist, but there is no good ground for assuming that they do. The functions that they appear to perform can always be performed by classes or series or other logical constructions, consisting of less dubious entities. If we are to avoid a perfectly gratuitous assumption, we must dispense with the subject as one of the actual ingredients of the world. But when we do this, the possibility of distinguishing the sensation from the sense-datum vanishes; at least I see no way of preserving the distinction. Accordingly the sensation that we have when we see a patch of colour simply is that patch of colour, an actual constituent of the physical world, and part of what physics is concerned with. A patch of colour is certainly not knowledge, and therefore we cannot say that pure sensation is cognitive. Through its psychological effects, it is the cause of cognitions, partly by being itself a sign of things that are correlated with it, as e.g. sensations of sight and touch are correlated, and partly by giving rise to images and memories after the sensation is faded. But in itself the pure sensation is not cognitive.

In the first lecture we considered the view of Brentano, that "we may define psychical phenomena by saying that they are phenomena which intentionally contain an object." We saw reasons to reject this view in general; we are now concerned to show

that it must be rejected in the particular case of sensations. The kind of argument which formerly made me accept Brentano's view in this case was exceedingly simple. When I see a patch of colour, it seemed to me that the colour is not psychical, but physical, while my seeing is not physical, but psychical. Hence I concluded that the colour is something other than my seeing of the colour. This argument, to me historically, was directed against idealism: the emphatic part of it was the assertion that the colour is physical, not psychical. I shall not trouble you now with the grounds for holding as against Berkeley that the patch of colour is physical; I have set them forth before, and I see no reason to modify them. But it does not follow that the patch of colour is not also psychical, unless we assume that the physical and the psychical cannot overlap, which I no longer consider a valid assumption. If we admit--as I think we should--that the patch of colour may be both physical and psychical, the reason for distinguishing the sense-datum from the sensation disappears, and we may say that the patch of colour and our sensation in seeing it are identical.

This is the view of William James, Professor Dewey, and the American realists. Perceptions, says Professor Dewey, are not per se cases of knowledge, but simply natural events with no more knowledge status than (say) a shower. "Let them [the realists] try the experiment of conceiving perceptions as pure natural events, not cases of awareness or apprehension, and they will be surprised to see how little they miss."* I think he is right in this, except in supposing that the realists will be surprised. Many of them already hold the view he is advocating, and others are very sympathetic to it. At any rate, it is the view which I shall adopt in these lectures.

* Dewey, "Essays in Experimental Logic," pp. 253, 262.

The stuff of the world, so far as we have experience of it, consists, on the view that I am advocating, of innumerable transient particulars such as occur in seeing, hearing, etc., together with images more or less resembling these, of which I shall speak shortly. If physics is true, there are, besides the particulars that we experience, others, probably equally (or almost equally) transient, which make up that part of the material world that does not come into the sort of contact with a living body that is required to turn it into a sensation. But this topic belongs to the philosophy of physics, and need not concern us in our present inquiry.

Sensations are what is common to the mental and physical worlds; they may be defined as the intersection of mind and matter. This is by no means a new view; it is advocated, not only by the American authors I have mentioned, but by Mach in his Analysis of Sensations, which was published in 1886. The essence of sensation, according to the view I am advocating, is its independence of past experience. It is a core in our actual experiences, never existing in isolation except possibly in very young infants. It is not itself knowledge, but it supplies the data for our knowledge of the physical world, including our own bodies.

There are some who believe that our mental life is built up out of sensations alone. This may be true; but in any case I think the only ingredients required in addition to sensations are images. What images are, and how they are to be defined, we have now to inquire.

The distinction between images and sensations might seem at first sight by no means difficult. When we shut our eyes and call up pictures of familiar scenes, we usually have no difficulty, so long as we remain awake, in discriminating between what we are imagining and what is really seen. If we imagine some piece of music that we know, we can go through it in our mind from beginning to end without any discoverable tendency to suppose that we are really hearing it. But although such cases are so clear that no confusion seems possible, there are many others that are far more difficult, and the definition of images is by no means an easy problem.

To begin with: we do not always know whether what we are experiencing is a sensation or an image. The things we see in dreams when our eyes are shut must count as images, yet while we are dreaming they seem like sensations. Hallucinations often begin as persistent images, and only gradually acquire that influence over belief that makes the patient regard them as sensations. When we are listening for a faint sound--the striking of a distant clock, or a horse's hoofs on the road--we think we hear it many times before we really do, because expectation brings us the image, and we mistake it for sensation. The distinction between images and sensations is, therefore, by no means always obvious to inspection.*

* On the distinction between images and sensation, cf. Semon, "Die mnemischen Empfindungen," pp. 19-20.

We may consider three different ways in which it has been sought to distinguish images from sensations, namely:

(1) By the less degree of vividness in images;

(2) By our absence of belief in their "physical reality";

(3) By the fact that their causes and effects are different from those of sensations.

I believe the third of these to be the only universally applicable criterion. The other two are applicable in very many cases, but cannot be used for purposes of definition because they are liable to exceptions. Nevertheless, they both deserve to be carefully considered.

(1) Hume, who gives the names "impressions" and "ideas" to what may, for present purposes, be identified with our "sensations" and "images," speaks of impressions as "those perceptions which enter with most force and violence" while he defines ideas as "the faint images of these (i.e. of impressions) in thinking and reasoning." His immediately following observations, however, show the inadequacy of his criteria of "force" and "faintness." He says:

"I believe it will not be very necessary to employ many words in explaining this distinction. Every one of himself will readily perceive the difference betwixt feeling and thinking. The common degrees of these are easily distinguished, though it is not impossible but in particular instances they may very nearly approach to each other. Thus in sleep, in a fever, in madness, or in any very violent emotions of soul, our ideas may approach to our impressions; as, on the other hand, it sometimes happens, that our impressions are so faint and low that we cannot distinguish them from our ideas. But notwithstanding this near resemblance in a few instances, they are in general so very different, that no one can make a scruple to rank them under distinct heads, and assign to each a peculiar name to mark the difference" ("Treatise of Human Nature," Part I, Section I).

I think Hume is right in holding that they should be ranked under distinct heads, with a peculiar name for each. But by his own confession in the above passage, his criterion for distinguishing them is not always adequate. A definition is not sound if it only applies in cases where the difference is glaring: the essential purpose of a definition is to provide a mark which is applicable even in marginal cases--except, of course, when we are dealing with a conception, like, e.g. baldness, which is one of degree and has no sharp boundaries. But so far we have seen no reason to think that the difference between sensations and images is only one of degree.

Professor Stout, in his "Manual of Psychology," after discussing various ways of distinguishing sensations and images, arrives at a view which is a modification of Hume's. He says (I quote from the second edition):

"Our conclusion is that at bottom the distinction between image and percept, as respectively faint and vivid states, is based on a difference of quality. The percept has an aggressiveness which does not belong to the image. It strikes the mind with varying degrees of force or liveliness according to the varying intensity of the stimulus. This degree of force or liveliness is part of what we ordinarily mean by the intensity of a sensation. But this constituent of the intensity of sensations is absent in mental imagery"(p. 419).

This view allows for the fact that sensations may reach any degree of faintness--e.g. in the case of a just visible star or a just audible sound--without becoming images, and that therefore mere faintness cannot be the characteristic mark of images. After explaining the sudden shock of a flash of lightning or a steam-whistle, Stout says that "no mere image ever does strike the mind in this manner"(p. 417). But I believe that this criterion fails in very much the same instances as those in which Hume's criterion fails in its original form. Macbeth speaks of--

that suggestion Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair And make my seated heart knock at my ribs Against the use of nature.

The whistle of a steam-engine could hardly have a stronger effect than this. A very intense emotion will often bring with it--especially where some future action or some undecided issue is involved--powerful compelling images which may determine the whole course of life, sweeping aside all contrary solicitations to the will by their capacity for exclusively possessing the mind. And in all cases where images, originally recognized as such, gradually pass into hallucinations, there must be just that "force or liveliness" which is supposed to be always absent from images. The cases of dreams and fever-delirium are as hard to adjust to Professor Stout's modified criterion as to Hume's. I conclude therefore that the test of liveliness, however applicable in ordinary instances, cannot be used to define the differences between sensations and images.

(2) We might attempt to distinguish images from sensations by our absence of belief in the "physical reality" of images. When we are aware that what we are experiencing is an image, we do not give it the kind of belief that we should give to a sensation: we do not think that it has the same power of producing knowledge of the "external world." Images are "imaginary"; in SOME sense they are "unreal." But this difference is hard to analyse or state correctly. What we call the "unreality" of images requires interpretation it cannot mean what would be expressed by saying "there's no such thing." Images are just as truly part of the actual world as sensations are. All that we really mean by calling an image "unreal" is that it does not have the concomitants which it would have if

it were a sensation. When we call up a visual image of a chair, we do not attempt to sit in it, because we know that, like Macbeth's dagger, it is not "sensible to feeling as to sight"--i.e. it does not have the correlations with tactile sensations which it would have if it were a visual sensation and not merely a visual image. But this means that the so-called "unreality" of images consists merely in their not obeying the laws of physics, and thus brings us back to the causal distinction between images and sensations.

This view is confirmed by the fact that we only feel images to be "unreal" when we already know them to be images. Images cannot be defined by the FEELING of unreality, because when we falsely believe an image to be a sensation, as in the case of dreams, it FEELS just as real as if it were a sensation. Our feeling of unreality results from our having already realized that we are dealing with an image, and cannot therefore be the definition of what we mean by an image. As soon as an image begins to deceive us as to its status, it also deceives us as to its correlations, which are what we mean by its "reality."

(3) This brings us to the third mode of distinguishing images from sensations, namely, by their causes and effects. I believe this to be the only valid ground of distinction. James, in the passage about the mental fire which won't burn real sticks, distinguishes images by their effects, but I think the more reliable distinction is by their causes. Professor Stout (loc. cit., p. 127) says: "One characteristic mark of what we agree in calling sensation is its mode of production. It is caused by what we call a STIMULUS. A stimulus is always some condition external to the nervous system itself and operating upon it." I think that this is the correct view, and that the distinction between images and sensations can only be made by taking account of their causation. Sensations come through sense-organs, while images do not. We cannot have visual sensations in the dark, or with our eyes shut, but we can very well have visual images under these circumstances. Accordingly images have been defined as "centrally excited sensations," i.e. sensations which have their physiological cause in the brain only, not also in the sense-organs and the nerves that run from the sense-organs to the brain. I think the phrase "centrally excited sensations" assumes more than is necessary, since it takes it for granted that an image must have a proximate physiological cause. This is probably true, but it is an hypothesis, and for our purposes an unnecessary one. It would seem to fit better with what we can immediately observe if we were to say that an image is occasioned, through association, by a sensation or another image, in other words that it has a mnemic cause--which does not prevent it from also having a physical cause. And I think it will be found that the causation of an image always proceeds according to mnemic laws, i.e. that it is governed by habit and past experience. If you listen to a man playing the pianola without looking at him, you will have images of his hands on the keys as if he were playing the piano; if you suddenly look at him while you are absorbed in the music, you will experience a shock of surprise when you notice that his hands are not touching the notes. Your image of his hands is due to the many times that you have heard similar sounds and at the same time seen the player's hands on the piano. When habit and past experience play this part, we are in the region of mnemic as opposed to ordinary physical causation. And I think that, if we could regard as ultimately valid the difference between physical and mnemic causation, we could distinguish images from sensations as having mnemic causes, though they may also have physical causes. Sensations, on the other hand, will only have physical causes.

However this may be, the practically effective distinction between sensations and images is that in the causation of sensations, but not of images, the stimulation of nerves carrying an effect into the brain, usually from the surface of the body, plays an essential part. And this accounts for the fact that images and sensations cannot always be distinguished by their intrinsic nature.

Images also differ from sensations as regards their effects. Sensations, as a rule, have both physical and mental effects. As you watch the train you meant to catch leaving the station, there are both the successive positions of the train (physical effects) and the successive waves of fury and disappointment (mental effects). Images, on the contrary, though they MAY produce bodily movements, do so according to mnemic laws, not according to the laws of physics. All their effects, of whatever nature, follow mnemic laws. But this difference is less suitable for definition than the difference as to causes.

Professor Watson, as a logical carrying-out of his behaviourist theory, denies altogether that there are any observable phenomena such as images are supposed to be. He replaces them all by faint sensations, and especially by pronunciation of words sotto voce. When we "think" of a table (say), as opposed to seeing it, what happens, according to him, is usually that we are making small movements of the throat and tongue such as would lead to our uttering the word "table" if they were more pronounced. I shall consider his view again in connection with words; for the present I am only concerned to combat his denial of images. This denial is set forth both in his book on "Behavior" and in an article called "Image and Affection in Behavior" in the "Journal of Philosophy, Psychology and Scientific Methods," vol. x (July, 1913). It seems to me that in this matter he has been betrayed into denying plain facts in the interests of a theory, namely, the supposed impossibility of introspection. I dealt with the theory in Lecture VI; for the present I wish to reinforce the view that the facts are undeniable.

Images are of various sorts, according to the nature of the sensations which they copy. Images of bodily movements, such as we have when we imagine moving an arm or, on a smaller scale, pronouncing a word, might possibly be explained away on Professor Watson's lines, as really consisting in small incipient movements such as, if magnified and prolonged, would be the movements we are said to be imagining. Whether this is the case or not might even be decided experimentally. If there were a delicate instrument for recording small movements in the mouth and throat, we might place such an instrument in a person's mouth and then tell him to recite a poem to himself, as far as possible only in imagination. I should not be at all surprised if it were found that actual small movements take place while he is "mentally" saying over the verses. The point is important, because what is called "thought" consists mainly (though I think not wholly) of inner speech. If Professor Watson is right as regards inner speech, this whole region is transferred from imagination to sensation. But since the question is capable of experimental decision, it would be gratuitous rashness to offer an opinion while that decision is lacking.

But visual and auditory images are much more difficult to deal with in this way, because they lack the connection with physical events in the outer world which belongs to visual and auditory sensations. Suppose, for example, that I am sitting in my room, in which there is an empty arm-chair. I shut my eyes, and call up a visual image of a friend sitting in the arm-chair. If I thrust my image into the world of physics, it contradicts all the usual physical laws. My friend reached the chair without coming in at the door in the usual way; subsequent inquiry will show that he was somewhere else at the moment. If regarded as a sensation, my image has all the marks of the supernatural. My image, therefore, is regarded as an event in me, not as having that position in the orderly happenings of the public world that belongs to sensations. By saying that it is an event in me, we leave it possible that it may be PHYSIOLOGICALLY caused: its privacy may be only due to its connection with my body. But in any case it is not a public event, like an actual person walking in at the door and sitting down in my chair. And it cannot, like inner speech, be regarded as a SMALL sensation, since it occupies just as large an area in my visual field as the actual sensation would do.

Professor Watson says: "I should throw out imagery altogether and attempt to show that all natural thought goes on in terms of sensori-motor processes in the larynx." This view seems to me flatly to contradict experience. If you try to persuade any uneducated person that she cannot call up a visual picture of a friend sitting in a chair, but can only use words describing what such an occurrence would be like, she will conclude that you are mad. (This statement is based upon experiment.) Galton, as every one knows, investigated visual imagery, and found that education tends to kill it: the Fellows of the Royal Society turned out to have much less of it than their wives. I see no reason to doubt his conclusion that the habit of abstract pursuits makes learned men much inferior to the average in power of visualizing, and much more exclusively occupied with words in their "thinking." And Professor Watson is a very learned man.

I shall henceforth assume that the existence of images is admitted, and that they are to be distinguished from sensations by their causes, as well as, in a lesser degree, by their effects. In their intrinsic nature, though they often differ from sensations by being more dim or vague or faint, yet they do not always or universally differ from sensations in any way that can be used for defining them. Their privacy need form no bar to the scientific study of them, any more than the privacy of bodily sensations does. Bodily sensations are admitted by even the most severe critics of introspection, although, like images, they can only be observed by one observer. It must be admitted, however, that the laws of the appearance and disappearance of images are little known and difficult to discover, because we are not assisted, as in the case of sensations, by our knowledge of the physical world.

There remains one very important point concerning images, which will occupy us much hereafter, and that is, their resemblance to previous sensations. They are said to be "copies" of sensations, always as regards the simple qualities that enter into them, though not always as regards the manner in which these are put together. It is generally believed that we cannot imagine a shade of colour that we have never seen, or a sound that we have never heard. On this subject Hume is the classic. He says, in the definitions already quoted:

"Those perceptions, which enter with most force and violence, we may name IMPRESSIONS; and under this name I comprehend all our sensations, passions and emotions, as they make their first appearance in the soul. By IDEAS I mean the faint images of these in thinking and reasoning."

He next explains the difference between simple and complex ideas, and explains that a complex idea may occur without any similar complex impression. But as regards simple ideas, he states that "every simple idea has a simple impression, which resembles it, and every simple impression a correspondent idea." He goes on to enunciate the general principle "that all our simple ideas in their first appearance are derived from simple impressions, which are correspondent to them, and which they exactly represent" ("Treatise of Human Nature," Part I, Section I).

It is this fact, that images resemble antecedent sensations, which enables us to call them images "of" this or that. For the understanding of memory, and of knowledge generally, the recognizable resemblance of images and sensations is of fundamental importance.

There are difficulties in establishing Hume's principles, and doubts as to whether it is exactly true. Indeed, he himself signalized an exception immediately after stating his maxim. Nevertheless, it is impossible to doubt that in the main simple images are copies of similar simple sensations which have occurred earlier, and that the same is true of complex images in all cases of memory as opposed to mere imagination. Our power of acting with reference to what is sensibly absent is largely due to this characteristic of images, although, as education advances, images tend to be more and more replaced by words. We shall have much to say in the next two lectures on the subject of images as copies of sensations. What has been said now is merely by way of reminder that this is their most notable characteristic.

I am by no means confident that the distinction between images and sensations is ultimately valid, and I should be glad to be convinced that images can be reduced to sensations of a peculiar kind. I think it is clear, however, that, at any rate in the case of auditory and visual images, they do differ from ordinary auditory and visual sensations, and therefore form a recognizable class of occurrences, even if it should prove that they can be regarded as a sub-class of sensations. This is all that is necessary to validate the use of images to be made in the sequel.

LECTURE IX. MEMORY

Memory, which we are to consider to-day, introduces us to knowledge in one of its forms. The analysis of knowledge will occupy us until the end of the thirteenth lecture, and is the most difficult part of our whole enterprise.

I do not myself believe that the analysis of knowledge can be effected entirely by means of purely external observation, such as behaviourists employ. I shall discuss this question in later lectures. In the present lecture I shall attempt the analysis of memory-knowledge, both as an introduction to the problem of knowledge in general, and because memory, in some form, is presupposed in almost all other knowledge. Sensation, we decided, is not a form of knowledge. It might, however, have been expected that we should begin our discussion of knowledge with PERCEPTION, i.e. with that integral experience of things in the environment, out of which sensation is extracted by psychological analysis. What is called perception differs from sensation by the fact that the sensational ingredients bring up habitual associates--images and expectations of their usual correlates--all of which are subjectively indistinguishable from the sensation. The FACT of past experience is essential in producing this filling-out of sensation, but not the RECOLLECTION of past experience. The non-sensational elements in perception can be wholly explained as the result of habit, produced by frequent correlations. Perception, according to our definition in Lecture VII, is no more a form of knowledge than sensation is, except in so far as it involves expectations. The purely psychological problems which it raises are not very difficult, though they have sometimes been rendered artificially obscure by unwillingness to admit the fallibility of the non-sensational elements of perception. On the other hand, memory raises many difficult and very important problems, which it is necessary to consider at the first possible moment.

One reason for treating memory at this early stage is that it seems to be involved in the fact that images are recognized as "copies" of past sensible experience. In the preceding lecture I alluded to Hume's principle "that all our simple ideas in their first appearance are derived from simple impressions, which are correspondent to them, and which they exactly represent." Whether or not this principle is liable to exceptions, everyone would agree that is has a broad measure of truth, though the word "exactly" might seem an overstatement, and it might seem more correct to say that ideas APPROXIMATELY represent impressions. Such modifications of Hume's principle, however, do not affect the problem which I wish to present for your consideration, namely: Why do we believe that images are, sometimes or always, approximately or exactly, copies of sensations? What sort of evidence is there? And what sort of evidence is logically possible? The difficulty of this question arises through the fact that the sensation which an image is supposed to copy is in the past when the image exists, and can therefore only be known by memory, while, on the other hand, memory of past sensations seems only possible by means of present images. How, then, are we to find any way of comparing the present image and the past sensation? The problem is just as acute if we say that images differ from their prototypes as if we say that they resemble them; it is the very possibility of comparison that is hard to understand.* We think we can know that they are alike or different, but we cannot bring them together in one experience and compare them. To deal with this problem, we must have a theory of memory. In this way the whole status of images as "copies" is bound up with the analysis of memory.

* How, for example, can we obtain such knowledge as the following: "If we look at, say, a red nose and perceive it, and after a little while ekphore, its memory-image, we note immediately how unlike, in its likeness, this memory-image is to the original perception" (A. Wohlgemuth, "On the Feelings and their Neural Correlate with an Examination of the Nature of Pain," "Journal of Psychology," vol. viii, part iv, June, 1917).

In investigating memory-beliefs, there are certain points which must be borne in mind. In the first place, everything constituting a memory-belief is happening now, not in that past time to which the belief is said to refer. It is not logically necessary to the existence of a memory-belief that the event remembered should have occurred, or even that the past should have existed at all. There is no logical impossibility in the hypothesis that the world sprang into being five minutes ago, exactly as it then was, with a population that "remembered" a wholly unreal past. There is no logically necessary connection between events at different times; therefore nothing that is happening now or will happen in the future can disprove the hypothesis that the world began five minutes ago. Hence the occurrences which are CALLED knowledge of the past are logically independent of the past; they are wholly analysable into present contents, which might, theoretically, be just what they are even if no past had existed.

I am not suggesting that the non-existence of the past should be entertained as a serious hypothesis. Like all sceptical hypotheses, it is logically tenable, but uninteresting. All that I am doing is to use its logical tenability as a help in the analysis of what occurs when we remember.

In the second place, images without beliefs are insufficient to constitute memory; and habits are still more insufficient. The behaviourist, who attempts to make psychology a record of behaviour, has to trust his memory in making the record. "Habit" is a concept involving the occurrence of similar events at different times; if the behaviourist feels confident that there is such a phenomenon as habit, that can only be because he trusts his memory, when it assures him that there have been other times. And the same applies to images. If we are to know as it is supposed we do--that images are "copies," accurate or inaccurate, of past events, something more than the mere occurrence of images must go to constitute this knowledge. For their mere occurrence, by itself, would not suggest any connection with anything that had happened before.

Can we constitute memory out of images together with suitable beliefs? We may take it that memory-images, when they occur in true memory, are (a) known to be copies, (b) sometimes known to be imperfect copies (cf. footnote on previous page). How is it possible to know that a memory-image is an imperfect copy, without having a more accurate copy by which to replace it? This would SEEM to suggest that we have a way of knowing the past which is independent of images, by means of which we can criticize image-memories. But I do not think such an inference is warranted.

What results, formally, from our knowledge of the past through images of which we recognize the inaccuracy, is that such images must have two characteristics by which we can arrange them in two series, of which one corresponds to the more or less remote period in the past to which they refer, and the other to our greater or less confidence in their accuracy. We will take the second of these points first.

Our confidence or lack of confidence in the accuracy of a memory-image must, in fundamental cases, be based upon a characteristic of the image itself, since we cannot evoke the past bodily and compare it with the present image. It might be suggested that vagueness is the required characteristic, but I do not think this is the case. We sometimes have images that are by no means peculiarly vague, which yet we do not trust--for example, under the influence of fatigue we may see a friend's face vividly and clearly, but horribly distorted. In such a case we distrust our image in spite of its being unusually clear. I think the characteristic by which we distinguish the images we trust is the feeling of FAMILIARITY that accompanies them. Some images, like some sensations, feel very familiar, while others feel strange. Familiarity is a feeling capable of degrees. In an image of a well-known face, for example, some parts may feel more familiar than others; when this happens, we have more belief in the accuracy of the familiar parts than in that of the unfamiliar parts. I think it is by this means that we become critical of images, not by some imageless memory with which we compare them. I shall return to the consideration of familiarity shortly.

I come now to the other characteristic which memory-images must have in order to account for our knowledge of the past. They must have some characteristic which makes us regard them as referring to more or less remote portions of the past. That is to say if we suppose that A is the event remembered, B the remembering, and t the interval of time between A and B, there must be some characteristic of B which is capable of degrees, and which, in accurately dated memories, varies as t varies. It may increase as t increases, or diminish as t increases. The question which of these occurs is not of any importance for the theoretic serviceability of the characteristic in question.

In actual fact, there are doubtless various factors that concur in giving us the feeling of greater or less remoteness in some remembered event. There may be a specific feeling which could be called the feeling of "pastness," especially where immediate memory is concerned. But apart from this, there are other marks. One of these is context. A recent memory has, usually, more context than a more distant one. When a remembered event has a remembered context, this may occur in two ways, either (a) by successive images in the same order as their prototypes, or (b) by remembering a whole process simultaneously, in the same way in which a present process may be apprehended, through akoluthic sensations which, by fading, acquire the mark of just-pastness in an increasing degree as they fade, and are thus placed in a series while all sensibly present. It will be context in this second sense, more specially, that will give us a sense of the nearness or remoteness of a remembered event.

There is, of course, a difference between knowing the temporal relation of a remembered event to the present, and knowing the time-order of two remembered events. Very often our knowledge of the temporal relation of a remembered event to the present is inferred from its temporal relations to other remembered events. It would seem that only rather recent events can be placed at all accurately by means of feelings giving their temporal relation to the present, but it is clear that such feelings must play an essential part in the process of dating remembered events.

We may say, then, that images are regarded by us as more or less accurate copies of past occurrences because they come to us with two sorts of feelings: (1) Those that may be called feelings of familiarity; (2) those that may be collected together as feelings giving a sense of pastness. The first lead us to trust our memories, the second to assign places to them in the time-order.

We have now to analyse the memory-belief, as opposed to the characteristics of images which lead us to base memory-beliefs upon them.

If we had retained the "subject" or "act" in knowledge, the whole problem of memory would have been comparatively simple. We could then have said that remembering is a direct relation between the present act or subject and the past occurrence remembered: the act of remembering is present, though its object is past. But the rejection of the subject renders some more complicated theory necessary. Remembering has to be a present occurrence in some way resembling, or related to, what is remembered. And it is difficult to find any ground, except a pragmatic one, for supposing that memory is not sheer delusion, if, as seems to be the case, there is not, apart from memory, any way of ascertaining that there really was a past occurrence having the required relation to our present remembering. What, if we followed Meinong's terminology, we should call the "object" in memory, i.e. the past event which we are said to be remembering, is unpleasantly remote from the "content," i.e. the present mental occurrence in remembering. There is an awkward gulf between the two, which raises difficulties for the theory of knowledge. But we must not falsify observation to avoid theoretical difficulties. For the present, therefore, let us forget these problems, and try to discover what actually occurs in memory.

Some points may be taken as fixed, and such as any theory of memory must arrive at. In this case, as in most others, what may be taken as certain in advance is rather vague. The study of any topic is like the continued observation of an object which is approaching us along a road: what is certain to begin with is the quite vague knowledge that there is SOME object on the road. If you attempt to be less vague, and to assert that the object is an elephant, or a man, or a mad dog, you run a risk of error; but the purpose of continued observation is to enable you to arrive at such more precise knowledge. In like manner, in the study of memory, the certainties with which you begin are very vague, and the more precise propositions at which you try to arrive are less certain than the hazy data from which you set out. Nevertheless, in spite of the risk of error, precision is the goal at which we must aim.

The first of our vague but indubitable data is that there is knowledge of the past. We do not yet know with any precision what we mean by "knowledge," and we must admit that in any given instance our memory may be at fault. Nevertheless, whatever a sceptic might urge in theory, we cannot practically doubt that we got up this morning, that we did various things yesterday, that a great war has been taking place, and so on. How far our knowledge of the past is due to memory, and how far to other sources, is of course a matter to be investigated, but there can be no doubt that memory forms an indispensable part of our knowledge of the past.

The second datum is that we certainly have more capacity for knowing the past than for knowing the future. We know some things about the future, for example what eclipses there will be; but this knowledge is a matter of elaborate calculation and inference, whereas some of our knowledge of the past comes to us without effort, in the same sort of immediate way in which we acquire knowledge of occurrences in our present environment. We might provisionally, though perhaps not quite correctly, define "memory" as that way of knowing about the past which has no analogue in our knowledge of the future; such a definition would at least serve

to mark the problem with which we are concerned, though some expectations may deserve to rank with memory as regards immediacy.

A third point, perhaps not quite so certain as our previous two, is that the truth of memory cannot be wholly practical, as pragmatists wish all truth to be. It seems clear that some of the things I remember are trivial and without any visible importance for the future, but that my memory is true (or false) in virtue of a past event, not in virtue of any future consequences of my belief. The definition of truth as the correspondence between beliefs and facts seems peculiarly evident in the case of memory, as against not only the pragmatist definition but also the idealist definition by means of coherence. These considerations, however, are taking us away from psychology, to which we must now return.

It is important not to confuse the two forms of memory which Bergson distinguishes in the second chapter of his "Matter and Memory," namely the sort that consists of habit, and the sort that consists of independent recollection. He gives the instance of learning a lesson by heart: when I know it by heart I am said to "remember" it, but this merely means that I have acquired certain habits; on the other hand, my recollection of (say) the second time I read the lesson while I was learning it is the recollection of a unique event, which occurred only once. The recollection of a unique event cannot, so Bergson contends, be wholly constituted by habit, and is in fact something radically different from the memory which is habit. The recollection alone is true memory. This distinction is vital to the understanding of memory. But it is not so easy to carry out in practice as it is to draw in theory. Habit is a very intrusive feature of our mental life, and is often present where at first sight it seems not to be. There is, for example, a habit of remembering a unique event. When we have once described the event, the words we have used easily become habitual. We may even have used words to describe it to ourselves while it was happening; in that case, the habit of these words may fulfil the function of Bergson's true memory, while in reality it is nothing but habit-memory. A gramophone, by the help of suitable records, might relate to us the incidents of its past; and people are not so different from gramophones as they like to believe.

In spite, however, of a difficulty in distinguishing the two forms of memory in practice, there can be no doubt that both forms exist. I can set to work now to remember things I never remembered before, such as what I had to eat for breakfast this morning, and it can hardly be wholly habit that enables me to do this. It is this sort of occurrence that constitutes the essence of memory Until we have analysed what happens in such a case as this, we have not succeeded in understanding memory.

The sort of memory with which we are here concerned is the sort which is a form of knowledge. Whether knowledge itself is reducible to habit is a question to which I shall return in a later lecture; for the present I am only anxious to point out that, whatever the true analysis of knowledge may be, knowledge of past occurrences is not proved by behaviour which is due to past experience. The fact that a man can recite a poem does not show that he remembers any previous occasion on which he has recited or read it. Similarly, the performances of animals in getting out of cages or mazes to which they are accustomed do not prove that they remember having been in the same situation before. Arguments in favour of (for example) memory in plants are only arguments in favour of habit-memory, not of knowledge-memory. Samuel Butler's arguments in favour of the view that an animal remembers something of the lives of its ancestors* are, when examined, only arguments in favour of habit-memory. Semon's two books, mentioned in an earlier lecture, do not touch knowledge-memory at all closely. They give laws according to which images of past occurrences come into our minds, but do not discuss our belief that these images refer to past occurrences, which is what constitutes knowledge-memory. It is this that is of interest to theory of knowledge. I shall speak of it as "true" memory, to distinguish it from mere habit acquired through past experience. Before considering true memory, it will be well to consider two things which are on the way towards memory, namely the feeling of familiarity and recognition.

* See his "Life and Habit and Unconscious Memory."

We often feel that something in our sensible environment is familiar, without having any definite recollection of previous occasions on which we have seen it. We have this feeling normally in places where we have often been before--at home, or in well-known streets. Most people and animals find it essential to their happiness to spend a good deal of their time in familiar surroundings, which are especially comforting when any danger threatens. The feeling of familiarity has all sorts of degrees, down to the stage where we dimly feel that we have seen a person before. It is by no means always reliable; almost everybody has at some time experienced the well-known illusion that all that is happening now happened before at some time. There are occasions when familiarity does not attach itself to any definite object, when there is merely a vague feeling that SOMETHING is familiar. This is illustrated by Turgenev's "Smoke," where the hero is long puzzled by a haunting sense that something in his present is recalling something in his past, and at last traces it to the smell of heliotrope. Whenever the sense of familiarity occurs without a definite object, it leads us to search the environment until we are satisfied that we have found the appropriate object, which leads us to the

judgment: "THIS is familiar." I think we may regard familiarity as a definite feeling, capable of existing without an object, but normally standing in a specific relation to some feature of the environment, the relation being that which we express in words by saying that the feature in question is familiar. The judgment that what is familiar has been experienced before is a product of reflection, and is no part of the feeling of familiarity, such as a horse may be supposed to have when he returns to his stable. Thus no knowledge as to the past is to be derived from the feeling of familiarity alone.

A further stage is RECOGNITION. This may be taken in two senses, the first when a thing not merely feels familiar, but we know it is such-and-such. We recognize our friend Jones, we know cats and dogs when we see them, and so on. Here we have a definite influence of past experience, but not necessarily any actual knowledge of the past. When we see a cat, we know it is a cat because of previous cats we have seen, but we do not, as a rule, recollect at the moment any particular occasion when we have seen a cat. Recognition in this sense does not necessarily involve more than a habit of association: the kind of object we are seeing at the moment is associated with the word "cat," or with an auditory image of purring, or whatever other characteristic we may happen to recognize in the cat of the moment. We are, of course, in fact able to judge, when we recognize an object, that we have seen it before, but this judgment is something over and above recognition in this first sense, and may very probably be impossible to animals that nevertheless have the experience of recognition in this first sense of the word.

There is, however, another sense of the word, in which we mean by recognition, not knowing the name of a thing or some other property of it, but knowing that we have seen it before In this sense recognition does involve knowledge about the Fast. This knowledge is memory in one sense, though in another it is not. It does not involve a definite memory of a definite past event, but only the knowledge that something happening now is similar to something that happened before. It differs from the sense of familiarity by being cognitive; it is a belief or judgment, which the sense of familiarity is not. I do not wish to undertake the analysis of belief at present, since it will be the subject of the twelfth lecture; for the present I merely wish to emphasize the fact that recognition, in our second sense, consists in a belief, which we may express approximately in the words: "This has existed before."

There are, however, several points in which such an account of recognition is inadequate. To begin with, it might seem at first sight more correct to define recognition as "I have seen this before" than as "this has existed before." We recognize a thing (it may be urged) as having been in our experience before, whatever that may mean; we do not recognize it as merely having been in the world before. I am not sure that there is anything substantial in this point. The definition of "my experience" is difficult; broadly speaking, it is everything that is connected with what I am experiencing now by certain links, of which the various forms of memory are among the most important. Thus, if I recognize a thing, the occasion of its previous existence in virtue of which I recognize it forms part of "my experience" by DEFINITION: recognition will be one of the marks by which my experience is singled out from the rest of the world. Of course, the words "this has existed before" are a very inadequate translation of what actually happens when we form a judgment of recognition, but that is unavoidable: words are framed to express a level of thought which is by no means primitive, and are quite incapable of expressing such an elementary occurrence as recognition. I shall return to what is virtually the same question in connection with true memory, which raises exactly similar problems.

A second point is that, when we recognize something, it was not in fact the very same thing, but only something similar, that we experienced on a former occasion. Suppose the object in question is a friend's face. A person's face is always changing, and is not exactly the same on any two occasions. Common sense treats it as one face with varying expressions; but the varying expressions actually exist, each at its proper time, while the one face is merely a logical construction. We regard two objects as the same, for common-sense purposes, when the reaction they call for is practically the same. Two visual appearances, to both of which it is appropriate to say: "Hullo, Jones!" are treated as appearances of one identical object, namely Jones. The name "Jones" is applicable to both, and it is only reflection that shows us that many diverse particulars are collected together to form the meaning of the name "Jones." What we see on any one occasion is not the whole series of particulars that make up Jones, but only one of them (or a few in quick succession). On another occasion we see another member of the series, but it is sufficiently similar to count as the same from the standpoint of common sense. Accordingly, when we judge "I have seen THIS before," we judge falsely if "this" is taken as applying to the actual constituent of the world that we are seeing at the moment. The word "this" must be interpreted vaguely so as to include anything sufficiently like what we are seeing at the moment. Here, again, we shall find a similar point as regards true memory; and in connection with true memory we will consider the point again. It is sometimes suggested, by those who favour behaviourist views, that recognition consists in behaving in the same way when a stimulus is repeated as we behaved on the first occasion when it occurred. This seems to be the exact opposite of the truth. The essence of recognition is in the DIFFERENCE between a repeated stimulus and a new one. On the first occasion there is no recognition; on the second occasion there is. In fact, recognition is another instance of the peculiarity of causal laws in psychology, namely, that the causal unit

is not a single event, but two or more events Habit is the great instance of this, but recognition is another. A stimulus occurring once has a certain effect; occurring twice, it has the further effect of recognition. Thus the phenomenon of recognition has as its cause the two occasions when the stimulus has occurred; either alone is insufficient. This complexity of causes in psychology might be connected with Bergson's arguments against repetition in the mental world. It does not prove that there are no causal laws in psychology, as Bergson suggests; but it does prove that the causal laws of psychology are Prima facie very different from those of physics. On the possibility of explaining away the difference as due to the peculiarities of nervous tissue I have spoken before, but this possibility must not be forgotten if we are tempted to draw unwarranted metaphysical deductions.

True memory, which we must now endeavour to understand, consists of knowledge of past events, but not of all such knowledge. Some knowledge of past events, for example what we learn through reading history, is on a par with the knowledge we can acquire concerning the future: it is obtained by inference, not (so to speak) spontaneously. There is a similar distinction in our knowledge of the present: some of it is obtained through the senses, some in more indirect ways. I know that there are at this moment a number of people in the streets of New York, but I do not know this in the immediate way in which I know of the people whom I see by looking out of my window. It is not easy to state precisely wherein the difference between these two sorts of knowledge consists, but it is easy to feel the difference. For the moment, I shall not stop to analyse it, but shall content myself with saying that, in this respect, memory resembles the knowledge derived from the senses. It is immediate, not inferred, not abstract; it differs from perception mainly by being referred to the past.

In regard to memory, as throughout the analysis of knowledge, there are two very distinct problems, namely (1) as to the nature of the present occurrence in knowing; (2) as to the relation of this occurrence to what is known. When we remember, the knowing is now, while what is known is in the past. Our two questions are, in the case of memory:

(1) What is the present occurrence when we remember?

(2) What is the relation of this present occurrence to the past event which is remembered?

Of these two questions, only the first concerns the psychologist; the second belongs to theory of knowledge. At the same time, if we accept the vague datum with which we began, to the effect that, in some sense, there is knowledge of the past, we shall have to find, if we can, such an account of the present occurrence in remembering as will make it not impossible for remembering to give us knowledge of the past. For the present, however, we shall do well to forget the problems concerning theory of knowledge, and concentrate upon the purely psychological problem of memory.

Between memory-image and sensation there is an intermediate experience concerning the immediate past. For example, a sound that we have just heard is present to us in a way which differs both from the sensation while we are hearing the sound and from the memory-image of something heard days or weeks ago. James states that it is this way of apprehending the immediate past that is "the ORIGINAL of our experience of pastness, from whence we get the meaning of the term"("Psychology," i, p. 604). Everyone knows the experience of noticing (say) that the clock HAS BEEN striking, when we did not notice it while it was striking. And when we hear a remark spoken, we are conscious of the earlier words while the later ones are being uttered, and this retention feels different from recollection of something definitely past. A sensation fades gradually, passing by continuous gradations to the status of an image. This retention of the immediate past in a condition intermediate between sensation and image may be called "immediate memory." Everything belonging to it is included with sensation in what is called the "specious present." The specious present includes elements at all stages on the journey from sensation to image. It is this fact that enables us to apprehend such things as movements, or the order of the words in a spoken sentence. Succession can occur within the specious present, of which we can distinguish some parts as earlier and others as later. It is to be supposed that the earliest parts are those that have faded most from their original force, while the latest parts are those that retain their full sensational character. At the beginning of a stimulus we have a sensation; then a gradual transition; and at the end an image. Sensations while they are fading are called "akoluthic" sensations.* When the process of fading is completed (which happens very quickly), we arrive at the image, which is capable of being revived on subsequent occasions with very little change. True memory, as opposed to "immediate memory," applies only to events sufficiently distant to have come to an end of the period of fading. Such events, if they are represented by anything present, can only be represented by images, not by those intermediate stages, between sensations and images, which occur during the period of fading.

* See Semon, "Die mnemischen Empfindungen," chap. vi.

Immediate memory is important both because it provides experience of succession, and because it bridges the gulf between sensations and the images which are their copies. But it is now time to resume the consideration of true memory.

Suppose you ask me what I ate for breakfast this morning. Suppose, further, that I have not thought about my breakfast in the meantime, and that I did not, while I was eating it, put into words what it consisted of. In this case my recollection will be true memory, not habit-memory. The process of remembering will consist of calling up images of my breakfast, which will come to me with a feeling of belief such as distinguishes memory-images from mere imagination-images. Or sometimes words may come without the intermediary of images; but in this case equally the feeling of belief is essential.

Let us omit from our consideration, for the present, the memories in which words replace images. These are always, I think, really habit-memories, the memories that use images being the typical true memories.

Memory-images and imagination-images do not differ in their intrinsic qualities, so far as we can discover. They differ by the fact that the images that constitute memories, unlike those that constitute imagination, are accompanied by a feeling of belief which may be expressed in the words "this happened." The mere occurrence of images, without this feeling of belief, constitutes imagination; it is the element of belief that is the distinctive thing in memory.*

* For belief of a specific kind, cf. Dorothy Wrinch "On the Nature of Memory," "Mind," January, 1920.

There are, if I am not mistaken, at least three different kinds of belief-feeling, which we may call respectively memory, expectation and bare assent. In what I call bare assent, there is no time-element in the feeling of belief, though there may be in the content of what is believed. If I believe that Caesar landed in Britain in B.C. 55, the time-determination lies, not in the feeling of belief, but in what is believed. I do not remember the occurrence, but have the same feeling towards it as towards the announcement of an eclipse next year. But when I have seen a flash of lightning and am waiting for the thunder, I have a belief-feeling analogous to memory, except that it refers to the future: I have an image of thunder, combined with a feeling which may be expressed in the words: "this will happen." So, in memory, the pastness lies, not in the content of what is believed, but in the nature of the belief-feeling. I might have just the same images and expect their realization; I might entertain them without any belief, as in reading a novel; or I might entertain them together with a time-determination, and give bare assent, as in reading history. I shall return to this subject in a later lecture, when we come to the analysis of belief. For the present, I wish to make it clear that a certain special kind of belief is the distinctive characteristic of memory.

The problem as to whether memory can be explained as habit or association requires to be considered afresh in connection with the causes of our remembering something. Let us take again the case of my being asked what I had for breakfast this morning. In this case the question leads to my setting to work to recollect. It is a little strange that the question should instruct me as to what it is that I am to recall. This has to do with understanding words, which will be the topic of the next lecture; but something must be said about it now. Our understanding of the words "breakfast this morning" is a habit, in spite of the fact that on each fresh day they point to a different occasion. "This morning" does not, whenever it is used, mean the same thing, as "John" or "St. Paul's" does; it means a different period of time on each different day. It follows that the habit which constitutes our understanding of the words "this morning" is not the habit of associating the words with a fixed object, but the habit of associating them with something having a fixed time-relation to our present. This morning has, to-day, the same time-relation to my present that yesterday morning had yesterday. In order to understand the phrase "this morning" it is necessary that we should have a way of feeling time-intervals, and that this feeling should give what is constant in the meaning of the words "this morning." This appreciation of time-intervals is, however, obviously a product of memory, not a presupposition of it. It will be better, therefore, if we wish to analyse the causation of memory by something not presupposing memory, to take some other instance than that of a question about "this morning."

Let us take the case of coming into a familiar room where something has been changed--say a new picture hung on the wall. We may at first have only a sense that SOMETHING is unfamiliar, but presently we shall remember, and say "that picture was not on the wall before." In order to make the case definite, we will suppose that we were only in the room on one former occasion. In this case it seems fairly clear what happens. The other objects in the room are associated, through the former occasion, with a blank space of wall where now there is a picture. They call up an image of a blank wall, which clashes with perception of the picture. The image is associated with the belief-feeling which we found to be distinctive of memory, since it can neither be abolished nor harmonized with perception. If the room had remained unchanged, we might have had only the feeling of familiarity without the definite remembering; it is the change that drives us from the present to memory of the past.

We may generalize this instance so as to cover the causes of many memories. Some present feature of the environment is associated, through past experiences, with something now absent; this absent something comes before us as an image, and is contrasted with present sensation. In cases of this sort, habit (or association) explains why the present feature of the environment brings up the memory-image, but it does not explain the memory-belief. Perhaps a more complete analysis could explain the memory-belief also on lines of association and habit, but the causes of beliefs are obscure, and we cannot investigate them yet. For the present we must content ourselves with the fact that the memory-image can be explained by habit. As regards the memory-belief, we must, at least provisionally, accept Bergson's view that it cannot be brought under the head of habit, at any rate when it first occurs, i.e. when we remember something we never remembered before.

We must now consider somewhat more closely the content of a memory-belief. The memory-belief confers upon the memory-image something which we may call "meaning;" it makes us feel that the image points to an object which existed in the past. In order to deal with this topic we must consider the verbal expression of the memory-belief. We might be tempted to put the memory-belief into the words: "Something like this image occurred." But such words would be very far from an accurate translation of the simplest kind of memory-belief. "Something like this image" is a very complicated conception. In the simplest kind of memory we are not aware of the difference between an image and the sensation which it copies, which may be called its "prototype." When the image is before us, we judge rather "this occurred." The image is not distinguished from the object which existed in the past: the word "this" covers both, and enables us to have a memory-belief which does not introduce the complicated notion "something like this."

It might be objected that, if we judge "this occurred" when in fact "this" is a present image, we judge falsely, and the memory-belief, so interpreted, becomes deceptive. This, however, would be a mistake, produced by attempting to give to words a precision which they do not possess when used by unsophisticated people. It is true that the image is not absolutely identical with its prototype, and if the word "this" meant the image to the exclusion of everything else, the judgment "this occurred" would be false. But identity is a precise conception, and no word, in ordinary speech, stands for anything precise. Ordinary speech does not distinguish between identity and close similarity. A word always applies, not only to one particular, but to a group of associated particulars, which are not recognized as multiple in common thought or speech. Thus primitive memory, when it judges that "this occurred," is vague, but not false.

Vague identity, which is really close similarity, has been a source of many of the confusions by which philosophy has lived. Of a vague subject, such as a "this," which is both an image and its prototype, contradictory predicates are true simultaneously: this existed and does not exist, since it is a thing remembered, but also this exists and did not exist, since it is a present image. Hence Bergson's interpenetration of the present by the past, Hegelian continuity and identity-in-diversity, and a host of other notions which are thought to be profound because they are obscure and confused. The contradictions resulting from confounding image and prototype in memory force us to precision. But when we become precise, our remembering becomes different from that of ordinary life, and if we forget this we shall go wrong in the analysis of ordinary memory.

Vagueness and accuracy are important notions, which it is very necessary to understand. Both are a matter of degree. All thinking is vague to some extent, and complete accuracy is a theoretical ideal not practically attainable. To understand what is meant by accuracy, it will be well to consider first instruments of measurement, such as a balance or a thermometer. These are said to be accurate when they give different results for very slightly different stimuli.* A clinical thermometer is accurate when it enables us to detect very slight differences in the temperature of the blood. We may say generally that an instrument is accurate in proportion as it reacts differently to very slightly different stimuli. When a small difference of stimulus produces a great difference of reaction, the instrument is accurate; in the contrary case it is not.

* This is a necessary but not a sufficient condition. The subject of accuracy and vagueness will be considered again in Lecture XIII.

Exactly the same thing applies in defining accuracy of thought or perception. A musician will respond differently to very minute differences in playing which would be quite imperceptible to the ordinary mortal. A negro can see the difference between one negro and another one is his friend, another his enemy. But to us such different responses are impossible: we can merely apply the word "negro" indiscriminately. Accuracy of response in regard to any particular kind of stimulus is improved by practice. Understanding a language is a case in point. Few Frenchmen can hear any difference between the sounds "hall" and "hole," which produce quite different impressions upon us. The two statements "the hall is full of water" and "the hole is full of water" call for different responses, and a hearing which cannot distinguish between them is inaccurate or vague in this respect.

Precision and vagueness in thought, as in perception, depend upon the degree of difference between responses to more or less similar stimuli. In the case of thought, the response does not follow immediately upon the sensational stimulus, but that makes no difference as regards our present question. Thus to revert to memory: A memory is "vague" when it is appropriate to many different occurrences: for instance, "I met a man" is vague, since any man would verify it. A memory is "precise" when the occurrences that would verify it are narrowly circumscribed: for instance, "I met Jones" is precise as compared to "I met a man." A memory is "accurate" when it is both precise and true, i.e. in the above instance, if it was Jones I met. It is precise even if it is false, provided some very definite occurrence would have been required to make it true.

It follows from what has been said that a vague thought has more likelihood of being true than a precise one. To try and hit an object with a vague thought is like trying to hit the bull's eye with a lump of putty: when the putty reaches the target, it flattens out all over it, and probably covers the bull's eye along with the rest. To try and hit an object with a precise thought is like trying to hit the bull's eye with a bullet. The advantage of the precise thought is that it distinguishes between the bull's eye and the rest of the target. For example, if the whole target is represented by the fungus family and the bull's eye by mushrooms, a vague thought which can only hit the target as a whole is not much use from a culinary point of view. And when I merely remember that I met a man, my memory may be very inadequate to my practical requirements, since it may make a great difference whether I met Brown or Jones. The memory "I met Jones" is relatively precise. It is accurate if I met Jones, inaccurate if I met Brown, but precise in either case as against the mere recollection that I met a man.

The distinction between accuracy and precision is however, not fundamental. We may omit precision from out thoughts and confine ourselves to the distinction between accuracy and vagueness. We may then set up the following definitions:

An instrument is "reliable" with respect to a given set of stimuli when to stimuli which are not relevantly different it gives always responses which are not relevantly different.

An instrument is a "measure" of a set of stimuli which are serially ordered when its responses, in all cases where they are relevantly different, are arranged in a series in the same order.

The "degree of accuracy" of an instrument which is a reliable measurer is the ratio of the difference of response to the difference of stimulus in cases where the difference of stimulus is small.* That is to say, if a small difference of stimulus produces a great difference of response, the instrument is very accurate; in the contrary case, very inaccurate.

* Strictly speaking, the limit of this, i.e. the derivative of the response with respect to the stimulus.

A mental response is called "vague" in proportion to its lack of accuracy, or rather precision.

These definitions will be found useful, not only in the case of memory, but in almost all questions concerned with knowledge.

It should be observed that vague beliefs, so far from being necessarily false, have a better chance of truth than precise ones, though their truth is less valuable than that of precise beliefs, since they do not distinguish between occurrences which may differ in important ways.

The whole of the above discussion of vagueness and accuracy was occasioned by the attempt to interpret the word "this" when we judge in verbal memory that "this occurred." The word "this," in such a judgment, is a vague word, equally applicable to the present memory-image and to the past occurrence which is its prototype. A vague word is not to be identified with a general word, though in practice the distinction may often be blurred. A word is general when it is understood to be applicable to a number of different objects in virtue of some common property. A word is vague when it is in fact applicable to a number of different objects because, in virtue of some common property, they have not appeared, to the person using the word, to be distinct. I emphatically do not mean that he has judged them to be identical, but merely that he has made the same response to them all and has not judged them to be different. We may compare a vague word to a jelly and a general word to a heap of shot. Vague words precede judgments of identity and difference; both general and particular words are subsequent to such judgments. The word "this" in the primitive memory-belief is a vague word, not a general word; it covers both the image and its prototype because the two are not distinguished.*

* On the vague and the general cf. Ribot: "Evolution of General Ideas," Open Court Co., 1899, p. 32: "The sole permissible formula is this: Intelligence progresses from the indefinite to the definite. If 'indefinite' is taken as synonymous with general, it may be said that the particular does not appear at the outset, but neither does the general in any exact sense: the vague would be more

appropriate. In other words, no sooner has the intellect progressed beyond the moment of perception and of its immediate reproduction in memory, than the generic image makes its appearance, i.e. a state intermediate between the particular and the general, participating in the nature of the one and of the other--a confused simplification."

But we have not yet finished our analysis of the memory-belief. The tense in the belief that "this occurred" is provided by the nature of the belief-feeling involved in memory; the word "this," as we have seen, has a vagueness which we have tried to describe. But we must still ask what we mean by "occurred." The image is, in one sense, occurring now; and therefore we must find some other sense in which the past event occurred but the image does not occur.

There are two distinct questions to be asked: (1) What causes us to say that a thing occurs? (2) What are we feeling when we say this? As to the first question, in the crude use of the word, which is what concerns us, memory-images would not be said to occur; they would not be noticed in themselves, but merely used as signs of the past event. Images are "merely imaginary"; they have not, in crude thought, the sort of reality that belongs to outside bodies. Roughly speaking, "real" things would be those that can cause sensations, those that have correlations of the sort that constitute physical objects. A thing is said to be "real" or to "occur" when it fits into a context of such correlations. The prototype of our memory-image did fit into a physical context, while our memory-image does not. This causes us to feel that the prototype was "real," while the image is "imaginary."

But the answer to our second question, namely as to what we are feeling when we say a thing "occurs" or is "real," must be somewhat different. We do not, unless we are unusually reflective, think about the presence or absence of correlations: we merely have different feelings which, intellectualized, may be represented as expectations of the presence or absence of correlations. A thing which "feels real" inspires us with hopes or fears, expectations or curiosities, which are wholly absent when a thing "feels imaginary." The feeling of reality is a feeling akin to respect: it belongs PRIMARILY to whatever can do things to us without our voluntary co-operation. This feeling of reality, related to the memory-image, and referred to the past by the specific kind of belief-feeling that is characteristic of memory, seems to be what constitutes the act of remembering in its pure form.

We may now summarize our analysis of pure memory.

Memory demands (a) an image, (b) a belief in past existence. The belief may be expressed in the words "this existed."

The belief, like every other, may be analysed into (1) the believing, (2) what is believed. The believing is a specific feeling or sensation or complex of sensations, different from expectation or bare assent in a way that makes the belief refer to the past; the reference to the past lies in the belief-feeling, not in the content believed. There is a relation between the belief-feeling and the content, making the belief-feeling refer to the content, and expressed by saying that the content is what is believed.

The content believed may or may not be expressed in words. Let us take first the case when it is not. In that case, if we are merely remembering that something of which we now have an image occurred, the content consists of (a) the image, (b) the feeling, analogous to respect, which we translate by saying that something is "real" as opposed to "imaginary," (c) a relation between the image and the feeling of reality, of the sort expressed when we say that the feeling refers to the image. This content does not contain in itself any time-determination.

The time-determination lies in the nature of the belief feeling, which is that called "remembering" or (better) "recollecting." It is only subsequent reflection upon this reference to the past that makes us realize the distinction between the image and the event recollected. When we have made this distinction, we can say that the image "means" the past event.

The content expressed in words is best represented by the words "the existence of this," since these words do not involve tense, which belongs to the belief-feeling, not to the content. Here "this" is a vague term, covering the memory-image and anything very like it, including its prototype. "Existence" expresses the feeling of a "reality" aroused primarily by whatever can have effects upon us without our voluntary co-operation. The word "of" in the phrase "the existence of this" represents the relation which subsists between the feeling of reality and the "this."

This analysis of memory is probably extremely faulty, but I do not know how to improve it.

NOTE.-When I speak of a FEELING of belief, I use the word "feeling" in a popular sense, to cover a sensation or an image or a complex of sensations or images or both; I use this word because I do not wish to commit myself to any special analysis of the belief-feeling.

LECTURE X. WORDS AND MEANING

The problem with which we shall be concerned in this lecture is the problem of determining what is the relation called "meaning." The word "Napoleon," we say, "means" a certain person. In saying this, we are asserting a relation between the word "Napoleon" and the person so designated. It is this relation that we must now investigate.

Let us first consider what sort of object a word is when considered simply as a physical thing, apart from its meaning. To begin with, there are many instances of a word, namely all the different occasions when it is employed. Thus a word is not something unique and particular, but a set of occurrences. If we confine ourselves to spoken words, a word has two aspects, according as we regard it from the point of view of the speaker or from that of the hearer. From the point of view of the speaker, a single instance of the use of a word consists of a certain set of movements in the throat and mouth, combined with breath. From the point of view of the hearer, a single instance of the use of a word consists of a certain series of sounds, each being approximately represented by a single letter in writing, though in practice a letter may represent several sounds, or several letters may represent one sound. The connection between the spoken word and the word as it reaches the hearer is causal. Let us confine ourselves to the spoken word, which is the more important for the analysis of what is called "thought." Then we may say that a single instance of the spoken word consists of a series of movements, and the word consists of a whole set of such series, each member of the set being very similar to each other member. That is to say, any two instances of the word "Napoleon" are very similar, and each instance consists of a series of movements in the mouth.

A single word, accordingly, is by no means simple it is a class of similar series of movements (confining ourselves still to the spoken word). The degree of similarity required cannot be precisely defined: a man may pronounce the word "Napoleon" so badly that it can hardly be determined whether he has really pronounced it or not. The instances of a word shade off into other movements by imperceptible degrees. And exactly analogous observations apply to words heard or written or read. But in what has been said so far we have not even broached the question of the DEFINITION of a word, since "meaning" is clearly what distinguishes a word from other sets of similar movements, and "meaning" remains to be defined.

It is natural to think of the meaning of a word as something conventional. This, however, is only true with great limitations. A new word can be added to an existing language by a mere convention, as is done, for instance, with new scientific terms. But the basis of a language is not conventional, either from the point of view of the individual or from that of the community. A child learning to speak is learning habits and associations which are just as much determined by the environment as the habit of expecting dogs to bark and cocks to crow. The community that speaks a language has learnt it, and modified it by processes almost all of which are not deliberate, but the results of causes operating according to more or less ascertainable laws. If we trace any Indo-European language back far enough, we arrive hypothetically (at any rate according to some authorities) at the stage when language consisted only of the roots out of which subsequent words have grown. How these roots acquired their meanings is not known, but a conventional origin is clearly just as mythical as the social contract by which Hobbes and Rousseau supposed civil government to have been established. We can hardly suppose a parliament of hitherto speechless elders meeting together and agreeing to call a cow a cow and a wolf a wolf. The association of words with their meanings must have grown up by some natural process, though at present the nature of the process is unknown.

Spoken and written words are, of course, not the only way of conveying meaning. A large part of one of Wundt's two vast volumes on language in his "Volkerpsychologie" is concerned with gesture-language. Ants appear to be able to communicate a certain amount of information by means of their antennae. Probably writing itself, which we now regard as merely a way of representing speech, was originally an independent language, as it has remained to this day in China. Writing seems to have consisted originally of pictures, which gradually became conventionalized, coming in time to represent syllables, and finally letters on the telephone principle of "T for Tommy." But it would seem that writing nowhere began as an attempt to represent speech it began as a direct pictorial representation of what was to be expressed. The essence of language lies, not in the use of this or that special means of communication, but in the employment of fixed associations (however these may have originated) in order that something now sensible--a spoken word, a picture, a gesture, or what not--may call up the "idea" of something else. Whenever this is done, what is now sensible may be called a "sign" or "symbol," and that of which it is intended to call up the "idea" may be called its "meaning." This is a rough outline of what constitutes "meaning." But we must fill in the outline in various ways. And, since we are concerned with what is called "thought," we must pay more attention than we otherwise should do to the private as opposed to the social use of language. Language profoundly affects our thoughts, and it is this aspect of language that is of most importance to us in our present inquiry. We are almost more concerned with the internal speech that is never uttered than we are with the things said out loud to other people.

When we ask what constitutes meaning, we are not asking what is the meaning of this or that particular word. The word "Napoleon" means a certain individual; but we are asking, not who is the individual meant, but what is the relation of the word to the individual which makes the one mean the other. But just as it is useful to realize the nature of a word as part of the physical world, so it is useful to realize the sort of thing that a word may mean. When we are clear both as to what a word is in its physical aspect, and as to what sort of thing it can mean, we are in a better position to discover the relation of the two which is meaning.

The things that words mean differ more than words do. There are different sorts of words, distinguished by the grammarians; and there are logical distinctions, which are connected to some extent, though not so closely as was formerly supposed, with the grammatical distinctions of parts of speech. It is easy, however, to be misled by grammar, particularly if all the languages we know belong to one family. In some languages, according to some authorities, the distinction of parts of speech does not exist; in many languages it is widely different from that to which we are accustomed in the Indo-European languages. These facts have to be borne in mind if we are to avoid giving metaphysical importance to mere accidents of our own speech.

In considering what words mean, it is natural to start with proper names, and we will again take "Napoleon" as our instance. We commonly imagine, when we use a proper name, that we mean one definite entity, the particular individual who was called "Napoleon." But what we know as a person is not simple. There MAY be a single simple ego which was Napoleon, and remained strictly identical from his birth to his death. There is no way of proving that this cannot be the case, but there is also not the slightest reason to suppose that it is the case. Napoleon as he was empirically known consisted of a series of gradually changing appearances: first a squalling baby, then a boy, then a slim and beautiful youth, then a fat and slothful person very magnificently dressed This series of appearances, and various occurrences having certain kinds of causal connections with them, constitute Napoleon as empirically known, and therefore are Napoleon in so far as he forms part of the experienced world. Napoleon is a complicated series of occurrences, bound together by causal laws, not, like instances of a word, by similarities. For although a person changes gradually, and presents similar appearances on two nearly contemporaneous occasions, it is not these similarities that constitute the person, as appears from the "Comedy of Errors" for example.

Thus in the case of a proper name, while the word is a set of similar series of movements, what it means is a series of occurrences bound together by causal laws of that special kind that makes the occurrences taken together constitute what we call one person, or one animal or thing, in case the name applies to an animal or thing instead of to a person. Neither the word nor what it names is one of the ultimate indivisible constituents of the world. In language there is no direct way of designating one of the ultimate brief existents that go to make up the collections we call things or persons. If we want to speak of such existents--which hardly happens except in philosophy--we have to do it by means of some elaborate phrase, such as "the visual sensation which occupied the centre of my field of vision at noon on January 1, 1919." Such ultimate simples I call "particulars." Particulars MIGHT have proper names, and no doubt would have if language had been invented by scientifically trained observers for purposes of philosophy and logic. But as language was invented for practical ends, particulars have remained one and all without a name.

We are not, in practice, much concerned with the actual particulars that come into our experience in sensation; we are concerned rather with whole systems to which the particulars belong and of which they are signs. What we see makes us say "Hullo, there's Jones," and the fact that what we see is a sign of Jones (which is the case because it is one of the particulars that make up Jones) is more interesting to us than the actual particular itself. Hence we give the name "Jones" to the whole set of particulars, but do not trouble to give separate names to the separate particulars that make up the set.

Passing on from proper names, we come next to general names, such as "man," "cat," "triangle." A word such as "man" means a whole class of such collections of particulars as have proper names. The several members of the class are assembled together in virtue of some similarity or common property. All men resemble each other in certain important respects; hence we want a word which shall be equally applicable to all of them. We only give proper names to the individuals of a species when they differ inter se in practically important respects. In other cases we do not do this. A poker, for instance, is just a poker; we do not call one "John" and another "Peter."

There is a large class of words, such as "eating," "walking," "speaking," which mean a set of similar occurrences. Two instances of walking have the same name because they resemble each other, whereas two instances of Jones have the same name because they are causally connected. In practice, however, it is difficult to make any precise distinction between a word such as "walking" and a general name such as "man." One instance of walking cannot be concentrated into an instant: it is a process in time, in which there is a causal connection between the earlier and later parts, as between the earlier and later parts of Jones. Thus an instance of walking differs from an instance of man solely by the fact that it has a shorter life. There is a notion that an instance of walking, as

compared with Jones, is unsubstantial, but this seems to be a mistake. We think that Jones walks, and that there could not be any walking unless there were somebody like Jones to perform the walking. But it is equally true that there could be no Jones unless there were something like walking for him to do. The notion that actions are performed by an agent is liable to the same kind of criticism as the notion that thinking needs a subject or ego, which we rejected in Lecture I. To say that it is Jones who is walking is merely to say that the walking in question is part of the whole series of occurrences which is Jones. There is no LOGICAL impossibility in walking occurring as an isolated phenomenon, not forming part of any such series as we call a "person."

We may therefore class with "eating," "walking," "speaking" words such as "rain," "sunrise," "lightning," which do not denote what would commonly be called actions. These words illustrate, incidentally, how little we can trust to the grammatical distinction of parts of speech, since the substantive "rain" and the verb "to rain" denote precisely the same class of meteorological occurrences. The distinction between the class of objects denoted by such a word and the class of objects denoted by a general name such as "man," "vegetable," or "planet," is that the sort of object which is an instance of (say) "lightning" is much simpler than (say) an individual man. (I am speaking of lightning as a sensible phenomenon, not as it is described in physics.) The distinction is one of degree, not of kind. But there is, from the point of view of ordinary thought, a great difference between a process which, like a flash of lightning, can be wholly comprised within one specious present and a process which, like the life of a man, has to be pieced together by observation and memory and the apprehension of causal connections. We may say broadly, therefore, that a word of the kind we have been discussing denotes a set of similar occurrences, each (as a rule) much more brief and less complex than a person or thing. Words themselves, as we have seen, are sets of similar occurrences of this kind. Thus there is more logical affinity between a word and what it means in the case of words of our present sort than in any other case.

There is no very great difference between such words as we have just been considering and words denoting qualities, such as "white" or "round." The chief difference is that words of this latter sort do not denote processes, however brief, but static features of the world. Snow falls, and is white; the falling is a process, the whiteness is not. Whether there is a universal, called "whiteness," or whether white things are to be defined as those having a certain kind of similarity to a standard thing, say freshly fallen snow, is a question which need not concern us, and which I believe to be strictly insoluble. For our purposes, we may take the word "white" as denoting a certain set of similar particulars or collections of particulars, the similarity being in respect of a static quality, not of a process.

From the logical point of view, a very important class of words are those that express relations, such as "in," "above," "before," "greater," and so on. The meaning of one of these words differs very fundamentally from the meaning of one of any of our previous classes, being more abstract and logically simpler than any of them. If our business were logic, we should have to spend much time on these words. But as it is psychology that concerns us, we will merely note their special character and pass on, since the logical classification of words is not our main business.

We will consider next the question what is implied by saying that a person "understands" a word, in the sense in which one understands a word in one's own language, but not in a language of which one is ignorant. We may say that a person understands a word when (a) suitable circumstances make him use it, (b) the hearing of it causes suitable behaviour in him. We may call these two active and passive understanding respectively. Dogs often have passive understanding of some words, but not active understanding, since they cannot use words.

It is not necessary, in order that a man should "understand" a word, that he should "know what it means," in the sense of being able to say "this word means so-and-so." Understanding words does not consist in knowing their dictionary definitions, or in being able to specify the objects to which they are appropriate. Such understanding as this may belong to lexicographers and students, but not to ordinary mortals in ordinary life. Understanding language is more like understanding cricket*: it is a matter of habits, acquired in oneself and rightly presumed in others. To say that a word has a meaning is not to say that those who use the word correctly have ever thought out what the meaning is: the use of the word comes first, and the meaning is to be distilled out of it by observation and analysis. Moreover, the meaning of a word is not absolutely definite: there is always a greater or less degree of vagueness. The meaning is an area, like a target: it may have a bull's eye, but the outlying parts of the target are still more or less within the meaning, in a gradually diminishing degree as we travel further from the bull's eye. As language grows more precise, there is less and less of the target outside the bull's eye, and the bull's eye itself grows smaller and smaller; but the bull's eye never shrinks to a point, and there is always a doubtful region, however small, surrounding it.**

* This point of view, extended to the analysis of "thought" is urged with great force by J. B. Watson, both in his "Behavior," and in "Psychology from the Standpoint of a Behaviorist" (Lippincott. 1919), chap. ix.

** On the understanding of words, a very admirable little book is Ribot's "Evolution of General Ideas," Open Court Co., 1899. Ribot says (p. 131): "We learn to understand a concept as we learn to walk, dance, fence or play a musical instrument: it is a habit, i.e. an organized memory. General terms cover an organized, latent knowledge which is the hidden capital without which we should be in a state of bankruptcy, manipulating false money or paper of no value. General ideas are habits in the intellectual order."

A word is used "correctly" when the average hearer will be affected by it in the way intended. This is a psychological, not a literary, definition of "correctness." The literary definition would substitute, for the average hearer, a person of high education living a long time ago; the purpose of this definition is to make it difficult to speak or write correctly.

The relation of a word to its meaning is of the nature of a causal law governing our use of the word and our actions when we hear it used. There is no more reason why a person who uses a word correctly should be able to tell what it means than there is why a planet which is moving correctly should know Kepler's laws.

To illustrate what is meant by "understanding" words and sentences, let us take instances of various situations.

Suppose you are walking in London with an absent-minded friend, and while crossing a street you say, "Look out, there's a motor coming." He will glance round and jump aside without the need of any "mental" intermediary. There need be no "ideas," but only a stiffening of the muscles, followed quickly by action. He "understands" the words, because he does the right thing. Such "understanding" may be taken to belong to the nerves and brain, being habits which they have acquired while the language was being learnt. Thus understanding in this sense may be reduced to mere physiological causal laws.

If you say the same thing to a Frenchman with a slight knowledge of English he will go through some inner speech which may be represented by "Que dit-il? Ah, oui, une automobile!" After this, the rest follows as with the Englishman. Watson would contend that the inner speech must be incipiently pronounced; we should argue that it MIGHT be merely imaged. But this point is not important in the present connection.

If you say the same thing to a child who does not yet know the word "motor," but does know the other words you are using, you produce a feeling of anxiety and doubt you will have to point and say, "There, that's a motor." After that the child will roughly understand the word "motor," though he may include trains and steam-rollers If this is the first time the child has heard the word "motor," he may for a long time continue to recall this scene when he hears the word.

So far we have found four ways of understanding words:

(1) On suitable occasions you use the word properly.

(2) When you hear it you act appropriately.

(3) You associate the word with another word (say in a different language) which has the appropriate effect on behaviour.

(4) When the word is being first learnt, you may associate it with an object, which is what it "means," or a representative of various objects that it "means."

In the fourth case, the word acquires, through association, some of the same causal efficacy as the object. The word "motor" can make you leap aside, just as the motor can, but it cannot break your bones. The effects which a word can share with its object are those which proceed according to laws other than the general laws of physics, i.e. those which, according to our terminology, involve vital movements as opposed to merely mechanical movements. The effects of a word that we understand are always mnemic phenomena in the sense explained in Lecture IV, in so far as they are identical with, or similar to, the effects which the object itself might have.

So far, all the uses of words that we have considered can be accounted for on the lines of behaviourism.

But so far we have only considered what may be called the "demonstrative" use of language, to point out some feature in the present environment. This is only one of the ways in which language may be used. There are also its narrative and imaginative uses, as in history and novels. Let us take as an instance the telling of some remembered event.

We spoke a moment ago of a child who hears the word "motor" for the first time when crossing a street along which a motor-car is approaching. On a later occasion, we will suppose, the child remembers the incident and relates it to someone else. In this case, both the active and passive understanding of words is different from what it is when words are used demonstratively. The child is

not seeing a motor, but only remembering one; the hearer does not look round in expectation of seeing a motor coming, but "understands" that a motor came at some earlier time. The whole of this occurrence is much more difficult to account for on behaviourist lines. It is clear that, in so far as the child is genuinely remembering, he has a picture of the past occurrence, and his words are chosen so as to describe the picture; and in so far as the hearer is genuinely apprehending what is said, the hearer is acquiring a picture more or less like that of the child. It is true that this process may be telescoped through the operation of the word-habit. The child may not genuinely remember the incident, but only have the habit of the appropriate words, as in the case of a poem which we know by heart, though we cannot remember learning it. And the hearer also may only pay attention to the words, and not call up any corresponding picture. But it is, nevertheless, the possibility of a memory-image in the child and an imagination-image in the hearer that makes the essence of the narrative "meaning" of the words. In so far as this is absent, the words are mere counters, capable of meaning, but not at the moment possessing it.

Yet this might perhaps be regarded as something of an overstatement. The words alone, without the use of images, may cause appropriate emotions and appropriate behaviour. The words have been used in an environment which produced certain emotions; by a telescoped process, the words alone are now capable of producing similar emotions. On these lines it might be sought to show that images are unnecessary. I do not believe, however, that we could account on these lines for the entirely different response produced by a narrative and by a description of present facts. Images, as contrasted with sensations, are the response expected during a narrative; it is understood that present action is not called for. Thus it seems that we must maintain our distinction words used demonstratively describe and are intended to lead to sensations, while the same words used in narrative describe and are only intended to lead to images.

We have thus, in addition to our four previous ways in which words can mean, two new ways, namely the way of memory and the way of imagination. That is to say:

(5) Words may be used to describe or recall a memory-image: to describe it when it already exists, or to recall it when the words exist as a habit and are known to be descriptive of some past experience.

(6) Words may be used to describe or create an imagination-image: to describe it, for example, in the case of a poet or novelist, or to create it in the ordinary case for giving information-though, in the latter case, it is intended that the imagination-image, when created, shall be accompanied by belief that something of the sort occurred.

These two ways of using words, including their occurrence in inner speech, may be spoken of together as the use of words in "thinking." If we are right, the use of words in thinking depends, at least in its origin, upon images, and cannot be fully dealt with on behaviourist lines. And this is really the most essential function of words, namely that, originally through their connection with images, they bring us into touch with what is remote in time or space. When they operate without the medium of images, this seems to be a telescoped process. Thus the problem of the meaning of words is brought into connection with the problem of the meaning of images.

To understand the function that words perform in what is called "thinking," we must understand both the causes and the effects of their occurrence. The causes of the occurrence of words require somewhat different treatment according as the object designated by the word is sensibly present or absent. When the object is present, it may itself be taken as the cause of the word, through association. But when it is absent there is more difficulty in obtaining a behaviourist theory of the occurrence of the word. The language-habit consists not merely in the use of words demonstratively, but also in their use to express narrative or desire. Professor Watson, in his account of the acquisition of the language-habit, pays very little attention to the use of words in narrative and desire. He says ("Behavior," pp. 329-330):

"The stimulus (object) to which the child often responds, a box, e.g. by movements such as opening and closing and putting objects into it, may serve to illustrate our argument. The nurse, observing that the child reacts with his hands, feet, etc., to the box, begins to say 'box' when the child is handed the box, 'open box' when the child opens it, 'close box' when he closes it, and 'put doll in box' when that act is executed. This is repeated over and over again. In the process of time it comes about that without any other stimulus than that of the box which originally called out the bodily habits, he begins to say 'box' when he sees it, 'open box' when he opens it, etc. The visible box now becomes a stimulus capable of releasing either the bodily habits or the word-habit, i.e. development has brought about two things: (1) a series of functional connections among arcs which run from visual receptor to muscles of throat, and (2) a series of already earlier connected arcs which run from the same receptor to the bodily muscles.... The object meets the child's vision. He runs to it and tries to reach it and says 'box.'... Finally the word is uttered without the movement

of going towards the box being executed.... Habits are formed of going to the box when the arms are full of toys. The child has been taught to deposit them there. When his arms are laden with toys and no box is there, the word-habit arises and he calls 'box'; it is handed to him, and he opens it and deposits the toys therein. This roughly marks what we would call the genesis of a true language-habit."(pp. 329-330).*

* Just the same account of language is given in Professor Watson's more recent book (reference above).

We need not linger over what is said in the above passage as to the use of the word "box" in the presence of the box. But as to its use in the absence of the box, there is only one brief sentence, namely: "When his arms are laden with toys and no box is there, the word-habit arises and he calls 'box.'" This is inadequate as it stands, since the habit has been to use the word when the box is present, and we have to explain its extension to cases in which the box is absent.

Having admitted images, we may say that the word "box," in the absence of the box, is caused by an image of the box. This may or may not be true--in fact, it is true in some cases but not in others. Even, however, if it were true in all cases, it would only slightly shift our problem: we should now have to ask what causes an image of the box to arise. We might be inclined to say that desire for the box is the cause. But when this view is investigated, it is found that it compels us to suppose that the box can be desired without the child's having either an image of the box or the word "box." This will require a theory of desire which may be, and I think is, in the main true, but which removes desire from among things that actually occur, and makes it merely a convenient fiction, like force in mechanics.* With such a view, desire is no longer a true cause, but merely a short way of describing certain processes.

* See Lecture III, above.

In order to explain the occurrence of either the word or the image in the absence of the box, we have to assume that there is something, either in the environment or in our own sensations, which has frequently occurred at about the same time as the word "box." One of the laws which distinguish psychology (or nerve-physiology?) from physics is the law that, when two things have frequently existed in close temporal contiguity, either comes in time to cause the other.* This is the basis both of habit and of association. Thus, in our case, the arms full of toys have frequently been followed quickly by the box, and the box in turn by the word "box." The box itself is subject to physical laws, and does not tend to be caused by the arms full of toys, however often it may in the past have followed them--always provided that, in the case in question, its physical position is such that voluntary movements cannot lead to it. But the word "box" and the image of the box are subject to the law of habit; hence it is possible for either to be caused by the arms full of toys. And we may lay it down generally that, whenever we use a word, either aloud or in inner speech, there is some sensation or image (either of which may be itself a word) which has frequently occurred at about the same time as the word, and now, through habit, causes the word. It follows that the law of habit is adequate to account for the use of words in the absence of their objects; moreover, it would be adequate even without introducing images. Although, therefore, images seem undeniable, we cannot derive an additional argument in their favour from the use of words, which could, theoretically, be explained without introducing images.

*For a more exact statement of this law, with the limitations suggested by experiment, see A. Wohlgemuth, "On Memory and the Direction of Associations," "British Journal of Psychology," vol. v, part iv (March, 1913).

When we understand a word, there is a reciprocal association between it and the images of what it "means." Images may cause us to use words which mean them, and these words, heard or read, may in turn cause the appropriate images. Thus speech is a means of producing in our hearers the images which are in us. Also, by a telescoped process, words come in time to produce directly the effects which would have been produced by the images with which they were associated. The general law of telescoped processes is that, if A causes B and B causes C, it will happen in time that A will cause C directly, without the intermediary of B. This is a characteristic of psychological and neural causation. In virtue of this law, the effects of images upon our actions come to be produced by words, even when the words do not call up appropriate images. The more familiar we are with words, the more our "thinking" goes on in words instead of images. We may, for example, be able to describe a person's appearance correctly without having at any time had any image of him, provided, when we saw him, we thought of words which fitted him; the words alone may remain with us as a habit, and enable us to speak as if we could recall a visual image of the man. In this and other ways the understanding of a word often comes to be quite free from imagery; but in first learning the use of language it would seem that imagery always plays a very important part.

Images as well as words may be said to have "meaning"; indeed, the meaning of images seems more primitive than the meaning of words. What we call (say) an image of St. Paul's may be said to "mean" St. Paul's. But it is not at all easy to say exactly what

constitutes the meaning of an image. A memory-image of a particular occurrence, when accompanied by a memory-belief, may be said to mean the occurrence of which it is an image. But most actual images do not have this degree of definiteness. If we call up an image of a dog, we are very likely to have a vague image, which is not representative of some one special dog, but of dogs in general. When we call up an image of a friend's face, we are not likely to reproduce the expression he had on some one particular occasion, but rather a compromise expression derived from many occasions. And there is hardly any limit to the vagueness of which images are capable. In such cases, the meaning of the image, if defined by relation to the prototype, is vague: there is not one definite prototype, but a number, none of which is copied exactly.*

* Cf. Semon, Mnemische Empfindungen, chap. xvi, especially pp. 301-308.

There is, however, another way of approaching the meaning of images, namely through their causal efficacy. What is called an image "of" some definite object, say St. Paul's, has some of the effects which the object would have. This applies especially to the effects that depend upon association. The emotional effects, also, are often similar: images may stimulate desire almost as strongly as do the objects they represent. And conversely desire may cause images*: a hungry man will have images of food, and so on. In all these ways the causal laws concerning images are connected with the causal laws concerning the objects which the images "mean." An image may thus come to fulfil the function of a general idea. The vague image of a dog, which we spoke of a moment ago, will have effects which are only connected with dogs in general, not the more special effects which would be produced by some dogs but not by others. Berkeley and Hume, in their attack on general ideas, do not allow for the vagueness of images: they assume that every image has the definiteness that a physical object would have This is not the case, and a vague image may well have a meaning which is general.

* This phrase is in need of interpretation, as appears from the analysis of desire. But the reader can easily supply the interpretation for himself.

In order to define the "meaning" of an image, we have to take account both of its resemblance to one or more prototypes, and of its causal efficacy. If there were such a thing as a pure imagination-image, without any prototype whatever, it would be destitute of meaning. But according to Hume's principle, the simple elements in an image, at least, are derived from prototypes-except possibly in very rare exceptional cases. Often, in such instances as our image of a friend's face or of a nondescript dog, an image is not derived from one prototype, but from many; when this happens, the image is vague, and blurs the features in which the various prototypes differ. To arrive at the meaning of the image in such a case, we observe that there are certain respects, notably associations, in which the effects of images resemble those of their prototypes. If we find, in a given case, that our vague image, say, of a nondescript dog, has those associative effects which all dogs would have, but not those belonging to any special dog or kind of dog, we may say that our image means "dog" in general. If it has all the associations appropriate to spaniels but no others, we shall say it means "spaniel"; while if it has all the associations appropriate to one particular dog, it will mean that dog, however vague it may be as a picture. The meaning of an image, according to this analysis, is constituted by a combination of likeness and associations. It is not a sharp or definite conception, and in many cases it will be impossible to decide with any certainty what an image means. I think this lies in the nature of things, and not in defective analysis.

We may give somewhat more precision to the above account of the meaning of images, and extend it to meaning in general. We find sometimes that, IN MNEMIC CAUSATION, an image or word, as stimulus, has the same effect (or very nearly the same effect) as would belong to some object, say, a certain dog. In that case we say that the image or word means that object. In other cases the mnemic effects are not all those of one object, but only those shared by objects of a certain kind, e.g. by all dogs. In this case the meaning of the image or word is general: it means the whole kind. Generality and particularity are a matter of degree. If two particulars differ sufficiently little, their mnemic effects will be the same; therefore no image or word can mean the one as opposed to the other; this sets a bound to the particularity of meaning. On the other hand, the mnemic effects of a number of sufficiently dissimilar objects will have nothing discoverable in common; hence a word which aims at complete generality, such as "entity" for example, will have to be devoid of mnemic effects, and therefore of meaning. In practice, this is not the case: such words have VERBAL associations, the learning of which constitutes the study of metaphysics.

The meaning of a word, unlike that of an image, is wholly constituted by mnemic causal laws, and not in any degree by likeness (except in exceptional cases). The word "dog" bears no resemblance to a dog, but its effects, like those of an image of a dog, resemble the effects of an actual dog in certain respects. It is much easier to say definitely what a word means than what an image means, since words, however they originated, have been framed in later times for the purpose of having meaning, and men have been engaged for ages in giving increased precision to the meanings of words. But although it is easier to say what a word means

than what an image means, the relation which constitutes meaning is much the same in both cases. A word, like an image, has the same associations as its meaning has. In addition to other associations, it is associated with images of its meaning, so that the word tends to call up the image and the image tends to call up the word., But this association is not essential to the intelligent use of words. If a word has the right associations with other objects, we shall be able to use it correctly, and understand its use by others, even if it evokes no image. The theoretical understanding of words involves only the power of associating them correctly with other words; the practical understanding involves associations with other bodily movements.

The use of words is, of course, primarily social, for the purpose of suggesting to others ideas which we entertain or at least wish them to entertain. But the aspect of words that specially concerns us is their power of promoting our own thought. Almost all higher intellectual activity is a matter of words, to the nearly total exclusion of everything else. The advantages of words for purposes of thought are so great that I should never end if I were to enumerate them. But a few of them deserve to be mentioned.

In the first place, there is no difficulty in producing a word, whereas an image cannot always be brought into existence at will, and when it comes it often contains much irrelevant detail. In the second place, much of our thinking is concerned with abstract matters which do not readily lend themselves to imagery, and are apt to be falsely conceived if we insist upon finding images that may be supposed to represent them. The word is always concrete and sensible, however abstract its meaning may be, and thus by the help of words we are able to dwell on abstractions in a way which would otherwise be impossible. In the third place, two instances of the same word are so similar that neither has associations not capable of being shared by the other. Two instances of the word "dog" are much more alike than (say) a pug and a great dane; hence the word "dog" makes it much easier to think about dogs in general. When a number of objects have a common property which is important but not obvious, the invention of a name for the common property helps us to remember it and to think of the whole set of objects that possess it. But it is unnecessary to prolong the catalogue of the uses of language in thought.

At the same time, it is possible to conduct rudimentary thought by means of images, and it is important, sometimes, to check purely verbal thought by reference to what it means. In philosophy especially the tyranny of traditional words is dangerous, and we have to be on our guard against assuming that grammar is the key to metaphysics, or that the structure of a sentence corresponds at all accurately with the structure of the fact that it asserts. Sayce maintained that all European philosophy since Aristotle has been dominated by the fact that the philosophers spoke Indo-European languages, and therefore supposed the world, like the sentences they were used to, necessarily divisible into subjects and predicates. When we come to the consideration of truth and falsehood, we shall see how necessary it is to avoid assuming too close a parallelism between facts and the sentences which assert them. Against such errors, the only safeguard is to be able, once in a way, to discard words for a moment and contemplate facts more directly through images. Most serious advances in philosophic thought result from some such comparatively direct contemplation of facts. But the outcome has to be expressed in words if it is to be communicable. Those who have a relatively direct vision of facts are often incapable of translating their vision into words, while those who possess the words have usually lost the vision. It is partly for this reason that the highest philosophical capacity is so rare: it requires a combination of vision with abstract words which is hard to achieve, and too quickly lost in the few who have for a moment achieved it.

LECTURE XI. GENERAL IDEAS AND THOUGHT

It is said to be one of the merits of the human mind that it is capable of framing abstract ideas, and of conducting nonsensational thought. In this it is supposed to differ from the mind of animals. From Plato onward the "idea" has played a great part in the systems of idealizing philosophers. The "idea" has been, in their hands, always something noble and abstract, the apprehension and use of which by man confers upon him a quite special dignity.

The thing we have to consider to-day is this: seeing that there certainly are words of which the meaning is abstract, and seeing that we can use these words intelligently, what must be assumed or inferred, or what can be discovered by observation, in the way of mental content to account for the intelligent use of abstract words?

Taken as a problem in logic, the answer is, of course, that absolutely nothing in the way of abstract mental content is inferable from the mere fact that we can use intelligently words of which the meaning is abstract. It is clear that a sufficiently ingenious person could manufacture a machine moved by olfactory stimuli which, whenever a dog appeared in its neighbourhood, would say, "There is a dog," and when a cat appeared would throw stones at it. The act of saying "There is a dog," and the act of throwing stones, would in such a case be equally mechanical. Correct speech does not of itself afford any better evidence of mental content than the performance of any other set of biologically useful movements, such as those of flight or combat. All that is inferable from language

is that two instances of a universal, even when they differ very greatly, may cause the utterance of two instances of the same word which only differ very slightly. As we saw in the preceding lecture, the word "dog" is useful, partly, because two instances of this word are much more similar than (say) a pug and a great dane. The use of words is thus a method of substituting for two particulars which differ widely, in spite of being instances of the same universal, two other particulars which differ very little, and which are also instances of a universal, namely the name of the previous universal. Thus, so far as logic is concerned, we are entirely free to adopt any theory as to general ideas which empirical observation may recommend.

Berkeley and Hume made a vigorous onslaught on "abstract ideas." They meant by an idea approximately what we should call an image. Locke having maintained that he could form an idea of triangle in general, without deciding what sort of triangle it was to be, Berkeley contended that this was impossible. He says:

"Whether others, have this wonderful faculty of abstracting their ideas, they best can tell: for myself, I dare be confident I have it not. I find, indeed, I have indeed a faculty of imagining, or representing to myself, the ideas of those particular things I have perceived, and of variously compounding and dividing them. I can imagine a man with two heads, or the upper parts of a man joined to the body of a horse. I can consider the hand, the eye, the nose, each by itself abstracted or separated from the rest of the body. But, then, whatever hand or eye I imagine, it must have some particular shape and colour. Likewise the idea of a man that I frame to myself must be either of a white, or a black, or a tawny, a straight, or a crooked, a tall, or a low, or a middle-sized man. I cannot by any effort of thought conceive the abstract idea above described. And it is equally impossible for me to form the abstract idea of motion distinct from the body moving, and which is neither swift nor slow, curvilinear nor rectilinear; and the like may be said of all other abstract general ideas whatsoever. To be plain, I own myself able to abstract in one sense, as when I consider some particular parts of qualities separated from others, with which, though they are united in some object, yet it is possible they may really exist without them. But I deny that I can abstract from one another, or conceive separately, those qualities which it is impossible should exist so separated; or that I can frame a general notion, by abstracting from particulars in the manner aforesaid--which last are the two proper acceptations of ABSTRACTION. And there is ground to think most men will acknowledge themselves to be in my case. The generality of men which are simple and illiterate never pretend to ABSTRACT NOTIONS. It is said they are difficult and not to be attained without pains and study; we may therefore reasonably conclude that, if such there be, they are confined only to the learned.

"I proceed to examine what can be alleged in defence of the doctrine of abstraction, and try if I can discover what it is that inclines the men of speculation to embrace an opinion so remote from common sense as that seems to be. There has been a late excellent and deservedly esteemed philosopher who, no doubt, has given it very much countenance, by seeming to think the having abstract general ideas is what puts the widest difference in point of understanding betwixt man and beast. 'The having of general ideas,' saith he, 'is that which puts a perfect distinction betwixt man and brutes, and is an excellency which the faculties of brutes do by no means attain unto. For, it is evident we observe no footsteps in them of making use of general signs for universal ideas; from which we have reason to imagine that they have not the faculty of abstracting, or making general ideas, since they have no use of words or any other general signs.' And a little after: 'Therefore, I think, we may suppose that it is in this that the species of brutes are discriminated from men, and it is that proper difference wherein they are wholly separated, and which at last widens to so wide a distance. For, if they have any ideas at all, and are not bare machines (as some would have them), we cannot deny them to have some reason. It seems as evident to me that they do, some of them, in certain instances reason as that they have sense; but it is only in particular ideas, just as they receive them from their senses. They are the best of them tied up within those narrow bounds, and have not (as I think) the faculty to enlarge them by any kind of abstraction.* ("Essay on Human Understanding," Bk. II, chap. xi, paragraphs 10 and 11.) I readily agree with this learned author, that the faculties of brutes can by no means attain to abstraction. But, then, if this be made the distinguishing property of that sort of animals, I fear a great many of those that pass for men must be reckoned into their number. The reason that is here assigned why we have no grounds to think brutes have abstract general ideas is, that we observe in them no use of words or any other general signs; which is built on this supposition-that the making use of words implies the having general ideas. From which it follows that men who use language are able to abstract or generalize their ideas. That this is the sense and arguing of the author will further appear by his answering the question he in another place puts: 'Since all things that exist are only particulars, how come we by general terms?' His answer is: 'Words become general by being made the signs of general ideas.' ("Essay on Human Understanding," Bk. III, chap. III, paragraph 6.) But it seems that a word becomes general by being made the sign, not of an abstract general idea, but of several particular ideas, any one of which it indifferently suggests to the mind. For example, when it is said 'the change of motion is proportional to the impressed force,' or that 'whatever has extension is divisible,' these propositions are to be understood of motion and extension in general; and nevertheless it will not follow that they suggest to my thoughts an idea of motion without a body moved, or any determinate direction and velocity,

or that I must conceive an abstract general idea of extension, which is neither line, surface, nor solid, neither great nor small, black, white, nor red, nor of any other determinate colour. It is only implied that whatever particular motion I consider, whether it be swift or slow, perpendicular, horizontal, or oblique, or in whatever object, the axiom concerning it holds equally true. As does the other of every particular extension, it matters not whether line, surface, or solid, whether of this or that magnitude or figure.

"By observing how ideas become general, we may the better judge how words are made so. And here it is to be noted that I do not deny absolutely there are general ideas, but only that there are any ABSTRACT general ideas; for, in the passages we have quoted wherein there is mention of general ideas, it is always supposed that they are formed by abstraction, after the manner set forth in sections 8 and 9. Now, if we will annex a meaning to our words, and speak only of what we can conceive, I believe we shall acknowledge that an idea which, considered in itself, is particular, becomes general by being made to represent or stand for all other particular ideas of the same sort. To make this plain by an example, suppose a geometrician is demonstrating the method of cutting a line in two equal parts. He draws, for instance, a black line of an inch in length: this, which in itself is a particular line, is nevertheless with regard to its signification general, since, as it is there used, it represents all particular lines whatsoever; so that what is demonstrated of it is demonstrated of all lines, or, in other words, of a line in general. And, as THAT PARTICULAR LINE becomes general by being made a sign, so the NAME 'line,' which taken absolutely is particular, by being a sign is made general. And as the former owes its generality not to its being the sign of an abstract or general line, but of all particular right lines that may possibly exist, so the latter must be thought to derive its generality from the same cause, namely, the various particular lines which it indifferently denotes." *

* Introduction to "A Treatise concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge," paragraphs 10, 11, and 12.

Berkeley's view in the above passage, which is essentially the same as Hume's, does not wholly agree with modern psychology, although it comes nearer to agreement than does the view of those who believe that there are in the mind single contents which can be called abstract ideas. The way in which Berkeley's view is inadequate is chiefly in the fact that images are as a rule not of one definite prototype, but of a number of related similar prototypes. On this subject Semon has written well. In "Die Mneme," pp. 217 ff., discussing the effect of repeated similar stimuli in producing and modifying our images, he says: "We choose a case of mnemic excitement whose existence we can perceive for ourselves by introspection, and seek to ekphore the bodily picture of our nearest relation in his absence, and have thus a pure mnemic excitement before us. At first it may seem to us that a determinate quite concrete picture becomes manifest in us, but just when we are concerned with a person with whom we are in constant contact, we shall find that the ekphored picture has something so to speak generalized. It is something like those American photographs which seek to display what is general about a type by combining a great number of photographs of different heads over each other on one plate. In our opinion, the generalizations happen by the homophonic working of different pictures of the same face which we have come across in the most different conditions and situations, once pale, once reddened, once cheerful, once earnest, once in this light, and once in that. As soon as we do not let the whole series of repetitions resound in us uniformly, but give our attention to one particular moment out of the many... this particular mnemic stimulus at once overbalances its simultaneously roused predecessors and successors, and we perceive the face in question with concrete definiteness in that particular situation." A little later he says: "The result is--at least in man, but probably also in the higher animals--the development of a sort of PHYSIOLOGICAL abstraction. Mnemic homophony gives us, without the addition of other processes of thought, a picture of our friend X which is in a certain sense abstract, not the concrete in any one situation, but X cut loose from any particular point of time. If the circle of ekphored engrams is drawn even more widely, abstract pictures of a higher order appear: for instance, a white man or a negro. In my opinion, the first form of abstract concepts in general is based upon such abstract pictures. The physiological abstraction which takes place in the above described manner is a predecessor of purely logical abstraction. It is by no means a monopoly of the human race, but shows itself in various ways also among the more highly organized animals." The same subject is treated in more detail in Chapter xvi of "Die mnemischen Empfindungen," but what is said there adds nothing vital to what is contained in the above quotations.

It is necessary, however, to distinguish between the vague and the general. So long as we are content with Semon's composite image, we MAY get no farther than the vague. The question whether this image takes us to the general or not depends, I think, upon the question whether, in addition to the generalized image, we have also particular images of some of the instances out of which it is compounded. Suppose, for example, that on a number of occasions you had seen one negro, and that you did not know whether this one was the same or different on the different occasions. Suppose that in the end you had an abstract memory-image of the different appearances presented by the negro on different occasions, but no memory-image of any one of the single appearances. In that case your image would be vague. If, on the other hand, you have, in addition to the generalized image,

particular images of the several appearances, sufficiently clear to be recognized as different, and as instances of the generalized picture, you will then not feel the generalized picture to be adequate to any one particular appearance, and you will be able to make it function as a general idea rather than a vague idea. If this view is correct, no new general content needs to be added to the generalized image. What needs to be added is particular images compared and contrasted with the generalized image. So far as I can judge by introspection, this does occur in practice. Take for example Semon's instance of a friend's face. Unless we make some special effort of recollection, the face is likely to come before us with an average expression, very blurred and vague, but we can at will recall how our friend looked on some special occasion when he was pleased or angry or unhappy, and this enables us to realize the generalized character of the vague image.

There is, however, another way of distinguishing between the vague, the particular and the general, and this is not by their content, but by the reaction which they produce. A word, for example, may be said to be vague when it is applicable to a number of different individuals, but to each as individuals; the name Smith, for example, is vague: it is always meant to apply to one man, but there are many men to each of whom it applies.* The word "man," on the other hand, is general. We say, "This is Smith," but we do not say "This is man," but "This is a man." Thus we may say that a word embodies a vague idea when its effects are appropriate to an individual, but are the same for various similar individuals, while a word embodies a general idea when its effects are different from those appropriate to individuals. In what this difference consists it is, however, not easy to say. I am inclined to think that it consists merely in the knowledge that no one individual is represented, so that what distinguishes a general idea from a vague idea is merely the presence of a certain accompanying belief. If this view is correct, a general idea differs from a vague one in a way analogous to that in which a memory-image differs from an imagination-image. There also we found that the difference consists merely of the fact that a memory-image is accompanied by a belief, in this case as to the past.

* "Smith" would only be a quite satisfactory representation of vague words if we failed to discriminate between different people called Smith.

It should also be said that our images even of quite particular occurrences have always a greater or a less degree of vagueness. That is to say, the occurrence might have varied within certain limits without causing our image to vary recognizably. To arrive at the general it is necessary that we should be able to contrast it with a number of relatively precise images or words for particular occurrences; so long as all our images and words are vague, we cannot arrive at the contrast by which the general is defined. This is the justification for the view which I quoted on p. 184 from Ribot (op. cit., p. 32), viz. that intelligence progresses from the indefinite to the definite, and that the vague appears earlier than either the particular or the general.

I think the view which I have been advocating, to the effect that a general idea is distinguished from a vague one by the presence of a judgment, is also that intended by Ribot when he says (op. cit., p. 92): "The generic image is never, the concept is always, a judgment. We know that for logicians (formerly at any rate) the concept is the simple and primitive element; next comes the judgment, uniting two or several concepts; then ratiocination, combining two or several judgments. For the psychologists, on the contrary, affirmation is the fundamental act; the concept is the result of judgment (explicit or implicit), of similarities with exclusion of differences."

A great deal of work professing to be experimental has been done in recent years on the psychology of thought. A good summary of such work up to the year agog is contained in Titchener's "Lectures on the Experimental Psychology of the Thought Processes" (1909). Three articles in the "Archiv fur die gesammte Psychologie" by Watt,* Messer** and Buhler*** contain a great deal of the material amassed by the methods which Titchener calls experimental.

* Henry J. Watt, "Experimentelle Beitrage zu einer Theorie des Denkens," vol. iv (1905) pp. 289-436.

** August Messer, "Experimentell-psychologische Untersuchu gen uber das Denken," vol. iii (1906), pp. 1-224.

*** Karl Buhler, "Uber Gedanken," vol. ix (1907), pp. 297-365.

For my part I am unable to attach as much importance to this work as many psychologists do. The method employed appears to me hardly to fulfil the conditions of scientific experiment. Broadly speaking, what is done is, that a set of questions are asked of various people, their answers are recorded, and likewise their own accounts, based upon introspection, of the processes of thought which led them to give those answers. Much too much reliance seems to me to be placed upon the correctness of their introspection. On introspection as a method I have spoken earlier (Lecture VI). I am not prepared, like Professor Watson, to reject it wholly, but I do consider that it is exceedingly fallible and quite peculiarly liable to falsification in accordance with preconceived

theory. It is like depending upon the report of a shortsighted person as to whom he sees coming along the road at a moment when he is firmly convinced that Jones is sure to come. If everybody were shortsighted and obsessed with beliefs as to what was going to be visible, we might have to make the best of such testimony, but we should need to correct its errors by taking care to collect the simultaneous evidence of people with the most divergent expectations. There is no evidence that this was done in the experiments in question, nor indeed that the influence of theory in falsifying the introspection was at all adequately recognized. I feel convinced that if Professor Watson had been one of the subjects of the questionnaires, he would have given answers totally different from those recorded in the articles in question. Titchener quotes an opinion of Wundt on these investigations, which appears to me thoroughly justified. "These experiments," he says, "are not experiments at all in the sense of a scientific methodology; they are counterfeit experiments, that seem methodical simply because they are ordinarily performed in a psychological laboratory, and involve the co-operation of two persons, who purport to be experimenter and observer. In reality, they are as unmethodical as possible; they possess none of the special features by which we distinguish the introspections of experimental psychology from the casual introspections of everyday life."* Titchener, of course, dissents from this opinion, but I cannot see that his reasons for dissent are adequate. My doubts are only increased by the fact that Buhler at any rate used trained psychologists as his subjects. A trained psychologist is, of course, supposed to have acquired the habit of observation, but he is at least equally likely to have acquired a habit of seeing what his theories require. We may take Buhler's "Uber Gedanken" to illustrate the kind of results arrived at by such methods. Buhler says (p. 303): "We ask ourselves the general question: 'WHAT DO WE EXPERIENCE WHEN WE THINK?' Then we do not at all attempt a preliminary determination of the concept 'thought,' but choose for analysis only such processes as everyone would describe as processes of thought." The most important thing in thinking, he says, is "awareness that..." (Bewusstheit dass), which he calls a thought. It is, he says, thoughts in this sense that are essential to thinking. Thinking, he maintains, does not need language or sensuous presentations. "I assert rather that in principle every object can be thought (meant) distinctly, without any help from sensuous presentation (Anschauungshilfen). Every individual shade of blue colour on the picture that hangs in my room I can think with complete distinctness unsensuously (unanschaulich), provided it is possible that the object should be given to me in another manner than by the help of sensations. How that is possible we shall see later." What he calls a thought (Gedanke) cannot be reduced, according to him, to other psychic occurrences. He maintains that thoughts consist for the most part of known rules (p. 342). It is clearly essential to the interest of this theory that the thought or rule alluded to by Buhler should not need to be expressed in words, for if it is expressed in words it is immediately capable of being dealt with on the lines with which the behaviourists have familiarized us. It is clear also that the supposed absence of words rests solely upon the introspective testimony of the persons experimented upon. I cannot think that there is sufficient certainty of their reliability in this negative observation to make us accept a difficult and revolutionary view of thought, merely because they have failed to observe the presence of words or their equivalent in their thinking. I think it far more likely, especially in view of the fact that the persons concerned were highly educated, that we are concerned with telescoped processes, in which habit has caused a great many intermediate terms to be elided or to be passed over so quickly as to escape observation.

* Titchener, op. cit., p. 79.

I am inclined to think that similar remarks apply to the general idea of "imageless thinking," concerning which there has been much controversy. The advocates of imageless thinking are not contending merely that there can be thinking which is purely verbal; they are contending that there can be thinking which proceeds neither in words nor in images. My own feeling is that they have rashly assumed the presence of thinking in cases where habit has rendered thinking unnecessary. When Thorndike experimented with animals in cages, he found that the associations established were between a sensory stimulus and a bodily movement (not the idea of it), without the need of supposing any non-physiological intermediary (op. cit., p. 100 ff.). The same thing, it seems to me, applies to ourselves. A certain sensory situation produces in us a certain bodily movement. Sometimes this movement consists in uttering words. Prejudice leads us to suppose that between the sensory stimulus and the utterance of the words a process of thought must have intervened, but there seems no good reason for such a supposition. Any habitual action, such as eating or dressing, may be performed on the appropriate occasion, without any need of thought, and the same seems to be true of a painfully large proportion of our talk. What applies to uttered speech applies of course equally to the internal speech which is not uttered. I remain, therefore, entirely unconvinced that there is any such phenomenon as thinking which consists neither of images nor of words, or that "ideas" have to be added to sensations and images as part of the material out of which mental phenomena are built.

The question of the nature of our consciousness of the universal is much affected by our view as to the general nature of the relation of consciousness to its object. If we adopt the view of Brentano, according to which all mental content has essential reference to an object, it is then natural to suppose that there is some peculiar kind of mental content of which the object is a universal, as oppose to a particular. According to this view, a particular cat can be PERceived or imagined, while the universal "cat"

is CONceived. But this whole manner of viewing our dealings with universals has to be abandoned when the relation of a mental occurrence to its "object" is regarded as merely indirect and causal, which is the view that we have adopted. The mental content is, of course, always particular, and the question as to what it "means" (in case it means anything) is one which cannot be settled by merely examining the intrinsic character of the mental content, but only by knowing its causal connections in the case of the person concerned. To say that a certain thought "means" a universal as opposed to either a vague or a particular, is to say something exceedingly complex. A horse will behave in a certain manner whenever he smells a bear, even if the smell is derived from a bearskin. That is to say, any environment containing an instance of the universal "smell of a bear" produces closely similar behaviour in the horse, but we do not say that the horse is conscious of this universal. There is equally little reason to regard a man as conscious of the same universal, because under the same circumstances he can react by saying, "I smell a bear." This reaction, like that of the horse, is merely closely similar on different occasions where the environment affords instances of the same universal. Words of which the logical meaning is universal can therefore be employed correctly, without anything that could be called consciousness of universals. Such consciousness in the only sense in which it can be said to exist is a matter of reflective judgment consisting in the observation of similarities and differences. A universal never appears before the mind as a single object in the sort of way in which something perceived appears. I THINK a logical argument could be produced to show that universals are part of the structure of the world, but they are an inferred part, not a part of our data. What exists in us consists of various factors, some open to external observation, others only visible to introspection. The factors open to external observation are primarily habits, having the peculiarity that very similar reactions are produced by stimuli which are in many respects very different from each other. Of this the reaction of the horse to the smell of the bear is an instance, and so is the reaction of the man who says "bear" under the same circumstances. The verbal reaction is, of course, the most important from the point of view of what may be called knowledge of universals. A man who can always use the word "dog" when he sees a dog may be said, in a certain sense, to know the meaning of the word "dog," and IN THAT SENSE to have knowledge of the universal "dog." But there is, of course, a further stage reached by the logician in which he not merely reacts with the word "dog," but sets to work to discover what it is in the environment that causes in him this almost identical reaction on different occasions. This further stage consists in knowledge of similarities and differences: similarities which are necessary to the applicability of the word "dog," and differences which are compatible with it. Our knowledge of these similarities and differences is never exhaustive, and therefore our knowledge of the meaning of a universal is never complete.

In addition to external observable habits (including the habit of words), there is also the generic image produced by the superposition, or, in Semon's phrase, homophony, of a number of similar perceptions. This image is vague so long as the multiplicity of its prototypes is not recognized, but becomes universal when it exists alongside of the more specific images of its instances, and is knowingly contrasted with them. In this case we find again, as we found when we were discussing words in general in the preceding lecture, that images are not logically necessary in order to account for observable behaviour, i.e. in this case intelligent speech. Intelligent speech could exist as a motor habit, without any accompaniment of images, and this conclusion applies to words of which the meaning is universal, just as much as to words of which the meaning is relatively particular. If this conclusion is valid, it follows that behaviourist psychology, which eschews introspective data, is capable of being an independent science, and of accounting for all that part of the behaviour of other people which is commonly regarded as evidence that they think. It must be admitted that this conclusion considerably weakens the reliance which can be placed upon introspective data. They must be accepted simply on account of the fact that we seem to perceive them, not on account of their supposed necessity for explaining the data of external observation.

This, at any rate, is the conclusion to which we are forced, so long as, with the behaviourists, we accept common-sense views of the physical world. But if, as I have urged, the physical world itself, as known, is infected through and through with subjectivity, if, as the theory of relativity suggests, the physical universe contains the diversity of points of view which we have been accustomed to regard as distinctively psychological, then we are brought back by this different road to the necessity for trusting observations which are in an important sense private. And it is the privacy of introspective data which causes much of the behaviourists' objection to them.

This is an example of the difficulty of constructing an adequate philosophy of any one science without taking account of other sciences. The behaviourist philosophy of psychology, though in many respects admirable from the point of view of method, appears to me to fail in the last analysis because it is based upon an inadequate philosophy of physics. In spite, therefore, of the fact that the evidence for images, whether generic or particular, is merely introspective, I cannot admit that images should be rejected, or that we should minimize their function in our knowledge of what is remote in time or space.

LECTURE XII. BELIEF

Belief, which is our subject to-day, is the central problem in the analysis of mind. Believing seems the most "mental" thing we do, the thing most remote from what is done by mere matter. The whole intellectual life consists of beliefs, and of the passage from one belief to another by what is called "reasoning." Beliefs give knowledge and error; they are the vehicles of truth and falsehood. Psychology, theory of knowledge and metaphysics revolve about belief, and on the view we take of belief our philosophical outlook largely depends.

Before embarking upon the detailed analysis of belief, we shall do well to note certain requisites which any theory must fulfil.

(1) Just as words are characterized by meaning, so beliefs are characterized by truth or falsehood. And just as meaning consists in relation to the object meant, so truth and falsehood consist in relation to something that lies outside the belief. You may believe that such-and-such a horse will win the Derby. The time comes, and your horse wins or does not win; according to the outcome, your belief was true or false. You may believe that six times nine is fifty-six; in this case also there is a fact which makes your belief false. You may believe that America was discovered in 1492, or that it was discovered in 1066. In the one case your belief is true, in the other false; in either case its truth or falsehood depends upon the actions of Columbus, not upon anything present or under your control. What makes a belief true or false I call a "fact." The particular fact that makes a given belief true or false I call its "objective,"* and the relation of the belief to its objective I call the "reference" or the "objective reference" of the belief. Thus, if I believe that Columbus crossed the Atlantic in 1492, the "objective" of my belief is Columbus's actual voyage, and the "reference" of my belief is the relation between my belief and the voyage--that relation, namely, in virtue of which the voyage makes my belief true (or, in another case, false). "Reference" of beliefs differs from "meaning" of words in various ways, but especially in the fact that it is of two kinds, "true" reference and "false" reference. The truth or falsehood of a belief does not depend upon anything intrinsic to the belief, but upon the nature of its relation to its objective. The intrinsic nature of belief can be treated without reference to what makes it true or false. In the remainder of the present lecture I shall ignore truth and falsehood, which will be the subject of Lecture XIII. It is the intrinsic nature of belief that will concern us to-day.

* This terminology is suggested by Meinong, but is not exactly the same as his.

(2) We must distinguish between believing and what is believed. I may believe that Columbus crossed the Atlantic, that all Cretans are liars, that two and two are four, or that nine times six is fifty-six; in all these cases the believing is just the same, and only the contents believed are different. I may remember my breakfast this morning, my lecture last week, or my first sight of New York. In all these cases the feeling of memory-belief is just the same, and only what is remembered differs. Exactly similar remarks apply to expectations. Bare assent, memory and expectation are forms of belief; all three are different from what is believed, and each has a constant character which is independent of what is believed.

In Lecture I we criticized the analysis of a presentation into act, content and object. But our analysis of belief contains three very similar elements, namely the believing, what is believed and the objective. The objections to the act (in the case of presentations) are not valid against the believing in the case of beliefs, because the believing is an actual experienced feeling, not something postulated, like the act. But it is necessary first to complete our preliminary requisites, and then to examine the content of a belief. After that, we shall be in a position to return to the question as to what constitutes believing.

(3) What is believed, and the believing, must both consist of present occurrences in the believer, no matter what may be the objective of the belief. Suppose I believe, for example, "that Caesar crossed the Rubicon." The objective of my belief is an event which happened long ago, which I never saw and do not remember. This event itself is not in my mind when I believe that it happened. It is not correct to say that I am believing the actual event; what I am believing is something now in my mind, something related to the event (in a way which we shall investigate in Lecture XIII), but obviously not to be confounded with the event, since the event is not occurring now but the believing is. What a man is believing at a given moment is wholly determinate if we know the contents of his mind at that moment; but Caesar's crossing of the Rubicon was an historical physical event, which is distinct from the present contents of every present mind. What is believed, however true it may be, is not the actual fact that makes the belief true, but a present event related to the fact. This present event, which is what is believed, I shall call the "content" of the belief. We have already had occasion to notice the distinction between content and objective in the case of memory-beliefs, where the content is "this occurred" and the objective is the past event.

(4) Between content and objective there is sometimes a very wide gulf, for example in the case of "Caesar crossed the Rubicon." This gulf may, when it is first perceived, give us a feeling that we cannot really "know" anything about the outer world. All we can

"know," it may be said, is what is now in our thoughts. If Caesar and the Rubicon cannot be bodily in our thoughts, it might seem as though we must remain cut off from knowledge of them. I shall not now deal at length with this feeling, since it is necessary first to define "knowing," which cannot be done yet. But I will say, as a preliminary answer, that the feeling assumes an ideal of knowing which I believe to be quite mistaken. It assumes, if it is thought out, something like the mystic unity of knower and known. These two are often said to be combined into a unity by the fact of cognition; hence when this unity is plainly absent, it may seem as if there were no genuine cognition. For my part, I think such theories and feelings wholly mistaken: I believe knowing to be a very external and complicated relation, incapable of exact definition, dependent upon causal laws, and involving no more unity than there is between a signpost and the town to which it points. I shall return to this question on a later occasion; for the moment these provisional remarks must suffice.

(5) The objective reference of a belief is connected with the fact that all or some of the constituents of its content have meaning. If I say "Caesar conquered Gaul," a person who knows the meaning of the three words composing my statement knows as much as can be known about the nature of the objective which would make my statement true. It is clear that the objective reference of a belief is, in general, in some way derivative from the meanings of the words or images that occur in its content. There are, however, certain complications which must be borne in mind. In the first place, it might be contended that a memory-image acquires meaning only through the memory-belief, which would seem, at least in the case of memory, to make belief more primitive than the meaning of images. In the second place, it is a very singular thing that meaning, which is single, should generate objective reference, which is dual, namely true and false. This is one of the facts which any theory of belief must explain if it is to be satisfactory.

It is now time to leave these preliminary requisites, and attempt the analysis of the contents of beliefs.

The first thing to notice about what is believed, i.e. about the content of a belief, is that it is always complex: We believe that a certain thing has a certain property, or a certain relation to something else, or that it occurred or will occur (in the sense discussed at the end of Lecture IX); or we may believe that all the members of a certain class have a certain property, or that a certain property sometimes occurs among the members of a class; or we may believe that if one thing happens, another will happen (for example, "if it rains I shall bring my umbrella"), or we may believe that something does not happen, or did not or will not happen (for example, "it won't rain"); or that one of two things must happen (for example, "either you withdraw your accusation, or I shall bring a libel action"). The catalogue of the sorts of things we may believe is infinite, but all of them are complex.

Language sometimes conceals the complexity of a belief. We say that a person believes in God, and it might seem as if God formed the whole content of the belief. But what is really believed is that God exists, which is very far from being simple. Similarly, when a person has a memory-image with a memory-belief, the belief is "this occurred," in the sense explained in Lecture IX; and "this occurred" is not simple. In like manner all cases where the content of a belief seems simple at first sight will be found, on examination, to confirm the view that the content is always complex.

The content of a belief involves not merely a plurality of constituents, but definite relations between them; it is not determinate when its constituents alone are given. For example, "Plato preceded Aristotle" and "Aristotle preceded Plato" are both contents which may be believed, but, although they consist of exactly the same constituents, they are different, and even incompatible.

The content of a belief may consist of words only, or of images only, or of a mixture of the two, or of either or both together with one or more sensations. It must contain at least one constituent which is a word or an image, and it may or may not contain one or more sensations as constituents. Some examples will make these various possibilities clear.

We may take first recognition, in either of the forms "this is of such-and-such a kind" or "this has occurred before." In either case, present sensation is a constituent. For example, you hear a noise, and you say to yourself "tram." Here the noise and the word "tram" are both constituents of your belief; there is also a relation between them, expressed by "is" in the proposition "that is a tram." As soon as your act of recognition is completed by the occurrence of the word "tram," your actions are affected: you hurry if you want the tram, or cease to hurry if you want a bus. In this case the content of your belief is a sensation (the noise) and a word ("tram") related in a way which may be called predication.

The same noise may bring into your mind the visual image of a tram, instead of the word "tram." In this case your belief consists of a sensation and an image suitable related. Beliefs of this class are what are called "judgments of perception." As we saw in Lecture VIII, the images associated with a sensation often come with such spontaneity and force that the unsophisticated do not distinguish them from the sensation; it is only the psychologist or the skilled observer who is aware of the large mnemic element that is added to sensation to make perception. It may be objected that what is added consists merely of images without belief. This is no doubt

sometimes the case, but is certainly sometimes not the case. That belief always occurs in perception as opposed to sensation it is not necessary for us to maintain; it is enough for our purposes to note that it sometimes occurs, and that when it does, the content of our belief consists of a sensation and an image suitably related.

In a PURE memory-belief only images occur. But a mixture of words and images is very common in memory. You have an image of the past occurrence, and you say to yourself: "Yes, that's how it was." Here the image and the words together make up the content of the belief. And when the remembering of an incident has become a habit, it may be purely verbal, and the memory-belief may consist of words alone.

The more complicated forms of belief tend to consist only of words. Often images of various kinds accompany them, but they are apt to be irrelevant, and to form no part of what is actually believed. For example, in thinking of the Solar System, you are likely to have vague images of pictures you have seen of the earth surrounded by clouds, Saturn and his rings, the sun during an eclipse, and so on; but none of these form part of your belief that the planets revolve round the sun in elliptical orbits. The only images that form an actual part of such beliefs are, as a rule, images of words. And images of words, for the reasons considered in Lecture VIII, cannot be distinguished with any certainty from sensations, when, as is often, if not usually, the case, they are kinaesthetic images of pronouncing the words.

It is impossible for a belief to consist of sensations alone, except when, as in the case of words, the sensations have associations which make them signs possessed of meaning. The reason is that objective reference is of the essence of belief, and objective reference is derived from meaning. When I speak of a belief consisting partly of sensations and partly of words, I do not mean to deny that the words, when they are not mere images, are sensational, but that they occur as signs, not (so to speak) in their own right. To revert to the noise of the tram, when you hear it and say "tram," the noise and the word are both sensations (if you actually pronounce the word), but the noise is part of the fact which makes your belief true, whereas the word is not part of this fact. It is the MEANING of the word "tram," not the actual word, that forms part of the fact which is the objective of your belief. Thus the word occurs in the belief as a symbol, in virtue of its meaning, whereas the noise enters into both the belief and its objective. It is this that distinguishes the occurrence of words as symbols from the occurrence of sensations in their own right: the objective contains the sensations that occur in their own right, but contains only the meanings of the words that occur as symbols.

For the sake of simplicity, we may ignore the cases in which sensations in their own right form part of the content of a belief, and confine ourselves to images and words. We may also omit the cases in which both images and words occur in the content of a belief. Thus we become confined to two cases: (a) when the content consists wholly of images, (b) when it consists wholly of words. The case of mixed images and words has no special importance, and its omission will do no harm.

Let us take in illustration a case of memory. Suppose you are thinking of some familiar room. You may call up an image of it, and in your image the window may be to the left of the door. Without any intrusion of words, you may believe in the correctness of your image. You then have a belief, consisting wholly of images, which becomes, when put into words, "the window is to the left of the door." You may yourself use these words and proceed to believe them. You thus pass from an image-content to the corresponding word-content. The content is different in the two cases, but its objective reference is the same. This shows the relation of image-beliefs to word-beliefs in a very simple case. In more elaborate cases the relation becomes much less simple.

It may be said that even in this very simple case the objective reference of the word-content is not quite the same as that of the image-content, that images have a wealth of concrete features which are lost when words are substituted, that the window in the image is not a mere window in the abstract, but a window of a certain shape and size, not merely to the left of the door, but a certain distance to the left, and so on. In reply, it may be admitted at once that there is, as a rule, a certain amount of truth in the objection. But two points may be urged to minimize its force. First, images do not, as a rule, have that wealth of concrete detail that would make it IMPOSSIBLE to express them fully in words. They are vague and fragmentary: a finite number of words, though perhaps a large number, would exhaust at least their SIGNIFICANT features. For--and this is our second point--images enter into the content of a belief through the fact that they are capable of meaning, and their meaning does not, as a rule, have as much complexity as they have: some of their characteristics are usually devoid of meaning. Thus it may well be possible to extract in words all that has meaning in an image-content; in that case the word-content and the image-content will have exactly the same objective reference.

The content of a belief, when expressed in words, is the same thing (or very nearly the same thing) as what in logic is called a "proposition." A proposition is a series of words (or sometimes a single word) expressing the kind of thing that can be asserted or

denied. "That all men are mortal," "that Columbus discovered America," "that Charles I died in his bed," "that all philosophers are wise," are propositions. Not any series of words is a proposition, but only such series of words as have "meaning," or, in our phraseology, "objective reference." Given the meanings of separate words, and the rules of syntax, the meaning of a proposition is determinate. This is the reason why we can understand a sentence we never heard before. You probably never heard before the proposition "that the inhabitants of the Andaman Islands habitually eat stewed hippopotamus for dinner," but there is no difficulty in understanding the proposition. The question of the relation between the meaning of a sentence and the meanings of the separate words is difficult, and I shall not pursue it now; I brought it up solely as being illustrative of the nature of propositions.

We may extend the term "proposition" so as to cover the image-contents of beliefs consisting of images. Thus, in the case of remembering a room in which the window is to the left of the door, when we believe the image-content the proposition will consist of the image of the window on the left together with the image of the door on the right. We will distinguish propositions of this kind as "image-propositions" and propositions in words as "word-propositions." We may identify propositions in general with the contents of actual and possible beliefs, and we may say that it is propositions that are true or false. In logic we are concerned with propositions rather than beliefs, since logic is not interested in what people do in fact believe, but only in the conditions which determine the truth or falsehood of possible beliefs. Whenever possible, except when actual beliefs are in question, it is generally a simplification to deal with propositions.

It would seem that image-propositions are more primitive than word-propositions, and may well ante-date language. There is no reason why memory-images, accompanied by that very simple belief-feeling which we decided to be the essence of memory, should not have occurred before language arose; indeed, it would be rash to assert positively that memory of this sort does not occur among the higher animals. Our more elementary beliefs, notably those that are added to sensation to make perception, often remain at the level of images. For example, most of the visual objects in our neighbourhood rouse tactile images: we have a different feeling in looking at a sofa from what we have in looking at a block of marble, and the difference consists chiefly in different stimulation of our tactile imagination. It may be said that the tactile images are merely present, without any accompanying belief; but I think this view, though sometimes correct, derives its plausibility as a general proposition from our thinking of explicit conscious belief only. Most of our beliefs, like most of our wishes, are "unconscious," in the sense that we have never told ourselves that we have them. Such beliefs display themselves when the expectations that they arouse fail in any way. For example, if someone puts tea (without milk) into a glass, and you drink it under the impression that it is going to be beer; or if you walk on what appears to be a tiled floor, and it turns out to be a soft carpet made to look like tiles. The shock of surprise on an occasion of this kind makes us aware of the expectations that habitually enter into our perceptions; and such expectations must be classed as beliefs, in spite of the fact that we do not normally take note of them or put them into words. I remember once watching a cock pigeon running over and over again to the edge of a looking-glass to try to wreak vengeance on the particularly obnoxious bird whom he expected to find there, judging by what he saw in the glass. He must have experienced each time the sort of surprise on finding nothing, which is calculated to lead in time to the adoption of Berkeley's theory that objects of sense are only in the mind. His expectation, though not expressed in words, deserved, I think, to be called a belief.

I come now to the question what constitutes believing, as opposed to the content believed.

To begin with, there are various different attitudes that may be taken towards the same content. Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that you have a visual image of your breakfast-table. You may expect it while you are dressing in the morning; remember it as you go to your work; feel doubt as to its correctness when questioned as to your powers of visualizing; merely entertain the image, without connecting it with anything external, when you are going to sleep; desire it if you are hungry, or feel aversion for it if you are ill. Suppose, for the sake of definiteness, that the content is "an egg for breakfast." Then you have the following attitudes "I expect there will be an egg for breakfast"; "I remember there was an egg for breakfast"; "Was there an egg for breakfast?" "An egg for breakfast: well, what of it?" "I hope there will be an egg for breakfast"; "I am afraid there will be an egg for breakfast and it is sure to be bad." I do not suggest that this is a list of all possible attitudes on the subject; I say only that they are different attitudes, all concerned with the one content "an egg for breakfast."

These attitudes are not all equally ultimate. Those that involve desire and aversion have occupied us in Lecture III. For the present, we are only concerned with such as are cognitive. In speaking of memory, we distinguished three kinds of belief directed towards the same content, namely memory, expectation and bare assent without any time-determination in the belief-feeling. But before developing this view, we must examine two other theories which might be held concerning belief, and which, in some ways, would be more in harmony with a behaviourist outlook than the theory I wish to advocate.

(1) The first theory to be examined is the view that the differentia of belief consists in its causal efficacy I do not wish to make any author responsible for this theory: I wish merely to develop it hypothetically so that we may judge of its tenability.

We defined the meaning of an image or word by causal efficacy, namely by associations: an image or word acquires meaning, we said, through having the same associations as what it means.

We propose hypothetically to define "belief" by a different kind of causal efficacy, namely efficacy in causing voluntary movements. (Voluntary movements are defined as those vital movements which are distinguished from reflex movements as involving the higher nervous centres. I do not like to distinguish them by means of such notions as "consciousness" or "will," because I do not think these notions, in any definable sense, are always applicable. Moreover, the purpose of the theory we are examining is to be, as far as possible, physiological and behaviourist, and this purpose is not achieved if we introduce such a conception as "consciousness" or "will." Nevertheless, it is necessary for our purpose to find some way of distinguishing between voluntary and reflex movements, since the results would be too paradoxical, if we were to say that reflex movements also involve beliefs.) According to this definition, a content is said to be "believed" when it causes us to move. The images aroused are the same if you say to me, "Suppose there were an escaped tiger coming along the street," and if you say to me, "There is an escaped tiger coming along the street." But my actions will be very different in the two cases: in the first, I shall remain calm; in the second, it is possible that I may not. It is suggested, by the theory we are considering, that this difference of effects constitutes what is meant by saying that in the second case I believe the proposition suggested, while in the first case I do not. According to this view, images or words are "believed" when they cause bodily movements.

I do not think this theory is adequate, but I think it is suggestive of truth, and not so easily refutable as it might appear to be at first sight.

It might be objected to the theory that many things which we certainly believe do not call for any bodily movements. I believe that Great Britain is an island, that whales are mammals, that Charles I was executed, and so on; and at first sight it seems obvious that such beliefs, as a rule, do not call for any action on my part. But when we investigate the matter more closely, it becomes more doubtful. To begin with, we must distinguish belief as a mere DISPOSITION from actual active belief. We speak as if we always believed that Charles I was executed, but that only means that we are always ready to believe it when the subject comes up. The phenomenon we are concerned to analyse is the active belief, not the permanent disposition. Now, what are the occasions when, we actively believe that Charles I was executed? Primarily: examinations, when we perform the bodily movement of writing it down; conversation, when we assert it to display our historical erudition; and political discourses, when we are engaged in showing what Soviet government leads to. In all these cases bodily movements (writing or speaking) result from our belief.

But there remains the belief which merely occurs in "thinking." One may set to work to recall some piece of history one has been reading, and what one recalls is believed, although it probably does not cause any bodily movement whatever. It is true that what we believe always MAY influence action. Suppose I am invited to become King of Georgia: I find the prospect attractive, and go to Cook's to buy a third-class ticket to my new realm. At the last moment I remember Charles I and all the other monarchs who have come to a bad end; I change my mind, and walk out without completing the transaction. But such incidents are rare, and cannot constitute the whole of my belief that Charles I was executed. The conclusion seems to be that, although a belief always MAY influence action if it becomes relevant to a practical issue, it often exists actively (not as a mere disposition) without producing any voluntary movement whatever. If this is true, we cannot define belief by the effect on voluntary movements.

There is another, more theoretical, ground for rejecting the view we are examining. It is clear that a proposition can be either believed or merely considered, and that the content is the same in both cases. We can expect an egg for breakfast, or merely entertain the supposition that there may be an egg for breakfast. A moment ago I considered the possibility of being invited to become King of Georgia, but I do not believe that this will happen. Now, it seems clear that, since believing and considering have different effects if one produces bodily movements while the other does not, there must be some intrinsic difference between believing and considering*; for if they were precisely similar, their effects also would be precisely similar. We have seen that the difference between believing a given proposition and merely considering it does not lie in the content; therefore there must be, in one case or in both, something additional to the content which distinguishes the occurrence of a belief from the occurrence of a mere consideration of the same content. So far as the theoretical argument goes, this additional element may exist only in belief, or only in consideration, or there may be one sort of additional element in the case of belief, and another in the case of consideration. This brings us to the second view which we have to examine.

* Cf. Brentano, "Psychologie vom empirischen Standpunkte," p. 268 (criticizing Bain, "The Emotions and the Will").

(1) The theory which we have now to consider regards belief as belonging to every idea which is entertained, except in so far as some positive counteracting force interferes. In this view belief is not a positive phenomenon, though doubt and disbelief are so. What we call belief, according to this hypothesis, involves only the appropriate content, which will have the effects characteristic of belief unless something else operating simultaneously inhibits them. James (Psychology, vol. ii, p. 288) quotes with approval, though inaccurately, a passage from Spinoza embodying this view:

"Let us conceive a boy imagining to himself a horse, and taking note of nothing else. As this imagination involves the existence of the horse, AND THE BOY HAS NO PERCEPTION WHICH ANNULS ITS EXISTENCE [James's italics], he will necessarily contemplate the horse as present, nor will he be able to doubt of its existence, however little certain of it he may be. I deny that a man in so far as he imagines [percipit] affirms nothing. For what is it to imagine a winged horse but to affirm that the horse [that horse, namely] has wings? For if the mind had nothing before it but the winged horse, it would contemplate the same as present, would have no cause to doubt of its existence, nor any power of dissenting from its existence, unless the imagination of the winged horse were joined to an idea which contradicted [tollit] its existence" ("Ethics," vol. ii, p. 49, Scholium).

To this doctrine James entirely assents, adding in italics:

"ANY OBJECT WHICH REMAINS UNCONTRADICTED IS IPSO FACTO BELIEVED AND POSITED AS ABSOLUTE REALITY."

If this view is correct, it follows (though James does not draw the inference) that there is no need of any specific feeling called "belief," and that the mere existence of images yields all that is required. The state of mind in which we merely consider a proposition, without believing or disbelieving it, will then appear as a sophisticated product, the result of some rival force adding to the image-proposition a positive feeling which may be called suspense or non-belief--a feeling which may be compared to that of a man about to run a race waiting for the signal. Such a man, though not moving, is in a very different condition from that of a man quietly at rest And so the man who is considering a proposition without believing it will be in a state of tension, restraining the natural tendency to act upon the proposition which he would display if nothing interfered. In this view belief primarily consists merely in the existence of the appropriate images without any counteracting forces.

There is a great deal to be said in favour of this view, and I have some hesitation in regarding it as inadequate. It fits admirably with the phenomena of dreams and hallucinatory images, and it is recommended by the way in which it accords with mental development. Doubt, suspense of judgment and disbelief all seem later and more complex than a wholly unreflecting assent. Belief as a positive phenomenon, if it exists, may be regarded, in this view, as a product of doubt, a decision after debate, an acceptance, not merely of THIS, but of THIS-RATHER-THAN-THAT. It is not difficult to suppose that a dog has images (possible olfactory) of his absent master, or of the rabbit that he dreams of hunting. But it is very difficult to suppose that he can entertain mere imagination-images to which no assent is given.

I think it must be conceded that a mere image, without the addition of any positive feeling that could be called "belief," is apt to have a certain dynamic power, and in this sense an uncombated image has the force of a belief. But although this may be true, it accounts only for some of the simplest phenomena in the region of belief. It will not, for example, explain memory. Nor can it explain beliefs which do not issue in any proximate action, such as those of mathematics. I conclude, therefore, that there must be belief-feelings of the same order as those of doubt or disbelief, although phenomena closely analogous to those of belief can be produced by mere uncontradicted images.

(3) I come now to the view of belief which I wish to advocate. It seems to me that there are at least three kinds of belief, namely memory, expectation and bare assent. Each of these I regard as constituted by a certain feeling or complex of sensations, attached to the content believed. We may illustrate by an example. Suppose I am believing, by means of images, not words, that it will rain. We have here two interrelated elements, namely the content and the expectation. The content consists of images of (say) the visual appearance of rain, the feeling of wetness, the patter of drops, interrelated, roughly, as the sensations would be if it were raining. Thus the content is a complex fact composed of images. Exactly the same content may enter into the memory "it was raining" or the assent "rain occurs." The difference of these cases from each other and from expectation does not lie in the content. The difference lies in the nature of the belief-feeling. I, personally, do not profess to be able to analyse the sensations constituting respectively memory, expectation and assent; but I am not prepared to say that they cannot be analysed. There may be other belief-feelings, for example in disjunction and implication; also a disbelief-feeling.

It is not enough that the content and the belief-feeling should coexist: it is necessary that there should be a specific relation between them, of the sort expressed by saying that the content is what is believed. If this were not obvious, it could be made plain by an argument. If the mere co-existence of the content and the belief-feeling sufficed, whenever we were having (say) a memory-feeling we should be remembering any proposition which came into our minds at the same time. But this is not the case, since we may simultaneously remember one proposition and merely consider another.

We may sum up our analysis, in the case of bare assent to a proposition not expressed in words, as follows: (a) We have a proposition, consisting of interrelated images, and possibly partly of sensations; (b) we have the feeling of assent, which is presumably a complex sensation demanding analysis; (c) we have a relation, actually subsisting, between the assent and the proposition, such as is expressed by saying that the proposition in question is what is assented to. For other forms of belief-feeling or of content, we have only to make the necessary substitutions in this analysis.

If we are right in our analysis of belief, the use of words in expressing beliefs is apt to be misleading. There is no way of distinguishing, in words, between a memory and an assent to a proposition about the past: "I ate my breakfast" and "Caesar conquered Gaul" have the same verbal form, though (assuming that I remember my breakfast) they express occurrences which are psychologically very different. In the one case, what happens is that I remember the content "eating my breakfast"; in the other case, I assent to the content "Caesar's conquest of Gaul occurred." In the latter case, but not in the former, the pastness is part of the content believed. Exactly similar remarks apply to the difference between expectation, such as we have when waiting for the thunder after a flash of lightning, and assent to a proposition about the future, such as we have in all the usual cases of inferential knowledge as to what will occur. I think this difficulty in the verbal expression of the temporal aspects of beliefs is one among the causes which have hampered philosophy in the consideration of time.

The view of belief which I have been advocating contains little that is novel except the distinction of kinds of belief-feeling--such as memory and expectation. Thus James says: "Everyone knows the difference between imagining a thing and believing in its existence, between supposing a proposition and acquiescing in its truth...IN ITS INNER NATURE, BELIEF, OR THE SENSE OF REALITY, IS A SORT OF FEELING MORE ALLIED TO THE EMOTIONS THAN TO ANYTHING ELSE" ("Psychology," vol. ii, p. 283. James's italics). He proceeds to point out that drunkenness, and, still more, nitrous-oxide intoxication, will heighten the sense of belief: in the latter case, he says, a man's very soul may sweat with conviction, and he be all the time utterly unable to say what he is convinced of. It would seem that, in such cases, the feeling of belief exists unattached, without its usual relation to a content believed, just as the feeling of familiarity may sometimes occur without being related to any definite familiar object. The feeling of belief, when it occurs in this separated heightened form, generally leads us to look for a content to which to attach it. Much of what passes for revelation or mystic insight probably comes in this way: the belief-feeling, in abnormal strength, attaches itself, more or less accidentally, to some content which we happen to think of at the appropriate moment. But this is only a speculation, upon which I do not wish to lay too much stress.

LECTURE XIII. TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD

The definition of truth and falsehood, which is our topic to-day, lies strictly outside our general subject, namely the analysis of mind. From the psychological standpoint, there may be different kinds of belief, and different degrees of certainty, but there cannot be any purely psychological means of distinguishing between true and false beliefs. A belief is rendered true or false by relation to a fact, which may lie outside the experience of the person entertaining the belief. Truth and falsehood, except in the case of beliefs about our own minds, depend upon the relations of mental occurrences to outside things, and thus take us beyond the analysis of mental occurrences as they are in themselves. Nevertheless, we can hardly avoid the consideration of truth and falsehood. We wish to believe that our beliefs, sometimes at least, yield KNOWLEDGE, and a belief does not yield knowledge unless it is true. The question whether our minds are instruments of knowledge, and, if so, in what sense, is so vital that any suggested analysis of mind must be examined in relation to this question. To ignore this question would be like describing a chronometer without regard to its accuracy as a time-keeper, or a thermometer without mentioning the fact that it measures temperature.

Many difficult questions arise in connection with knowledge. It is difficult to define knowledge, difficult to decide whether we have any knowledge, and difficult, even if it is conceded that we sometimes have knowledge to discover whether we can ever know that we have knowledge in this or that particular case. I shall divide the discussion into four parts:

I. We may regard knowledge, from a behaviourist standpoint, as exhibited in a certain kind of response to the environment. This response must have some characteristics which it shares with those of scientific instruments, but must also have others that are

peculiar to knowledge. We shall find that this point of view is important, but not exhaustive of the nature of knowledge.

II. We may hold that the beliefs that constitute knowledge are distinguished from such as are erroneous or uncertain by properties which are intrinsic either to single beliefs or to systems of beliefs, being in either case discoverable without reference to outside fact. Views of this kind have been widely held among philosophers, but we shall find no reason to accept them.

III. We believe that some beliefs are true, and some false. This raises the problem of VERIFIABILITY: are there any circumstances which can justifiably give us an unusual degree of certainty that such and such a belief is true? It is obvious that there are circumstances which in fact cause a certainty of this sort, and we wish to learn what we can from examining these circumstances.

IV. Finally, there is the formal problem of defining truth and falsehood, and deriving the objective reference of a proposition from the meanings of its component words.

We will consider these four problems in succession.

I. We may regard a human being as an instrument, which makes various responses to various stimuli. If we observe these responses from outside, we shall regard them as showing knowledge when they display two characteristics, ACCURACY and APPROPRIATENESS. These two are quite distinct, and even sometimes incompatible. If I am being pursued by a tiger, accuracy is furthered by turning round to look at him, but appropriateness by running away without making any search for further knowledge of the beast. I shall return to the question of appropriateness later; for the present it is accuracy that I wish to consider.

When we are viewing a man from the outside, it is not his beliefs, but his bodily movements, that we can observe. His knowledge must be inferred from his bodily movements, and especially from what he says and writes. For the present we may ignore beliefs, and regard a man's knowledge as actually consisting in what he says and does. That is to say, we will construct, as far as possible, a purely behaviouristic account of truth and falsehood.

If you ask a boy "What is twice two?" and the boy says "four," you take that as prima facie evidence that the boy knows what twice two is. But if you go on to ask what is twice three, twice four, twice five, and so on, and the boy always answers "four," you come to the conclusion that he knows nothing about it. Exactly similar remarks apply to scientific instruments. I know a certain weather-cock which has the pessimistic habit of always pointing to the north-east. If you were to see it first on a cold March day, you would think it an excellent weather-cock; but with the first warm day of spring your confidence would be shaken. The boy and the weather-cock have the same defect: they do not vary their response when the stimulus is varied. A good instrument, or a person with much knowledge, will give different responses to stimuli which differ in relevant ways. This is the first point in defining accuracy of response.

We will now assume another boy, who also, when you first question him, asserts that twice two is four. But with this boy, instead of asking him different questions, you make a practice of asking him the same question every day at breakfast. You find that he says five, or six, or seven, or any other number at random, and you conclude that he also does not know what twice two is, though by good luck he answered right the first time. This boy is like a weather-cock which, instead of being stuck fast, is always going round and round, changing without any change of wind. This boy and weather-cock have the opposite defect to that of the previous pair: they give different responses to stimuli which do not differ in any relevant way.

In connection with vagueness in memory, we already had occasion to consider the definition of accuracy. Omitting some of the niceties of our previous discussion, we may say that an instrument is ACCURATE when it avoids the defects of the two boys and weather-cocks, that is to say, when--

(a) It gives different responses to stimuli which differ in relevant ways;

(b) It gives the same response to stimuli which do not differ in relevant ways.

What are relevant ways depends upon the nature and purpose of the instrument. In the case of a weather-cock, the direction of the wind is relevant, but not its strength; in the case of the boy, the meaning of the words of your question is relevant, but not the loudness of your voice, or whether you are his father or his schoolmaster If, however, you were a boy of his own age, that would be relevant, and the appropriate response would be different.

It is clear that knowledge is displayed by accuracy of response to certain kinds of stimuli, e.g. examinations. Can we say, conversely, that it consists wholly of such accuracy of response? I do not think we can; but we can go a certain distance in this

direction. For this purpose we must define more carefully the kind of accuracy and the kind of response that may be expected where there is knowledge.

From our present point of view, it is difficult to exclude perception from knowledge; at any rate, knowledge is displayed by actions based upon perception. A bird flying among trees avoids bumping into their branches; its avoidance is a response to visual sensations. This response has the characteristic of accuracy, in the main, and leads us to say that the bird "knows," by sight, what objects are in its neighbourhood. For a behaviourist, this must certainly count as knowledge, however it may be viewed by analytic psychology. In this case, what is known, roughly, is the stimulus; but in more advanced knowledge the stimulus and what is known become different. For example, you look in your calendar and find that Easter will be early next year. Here the stimulus is the calendar, whereas the response concerns the future. Even this can be paralleled among instruments: the behaviour of the barometer has a present stimulus but foretells the future, so that the barometer might be said, in a sense, to know the future. However that may be, the point I am emphasizing as regards knowledge is that what is known may be quite different from the stimulus, and no part of the cause of the knowledge-response. It is only in sense-knowledge that the stimulus and what is known are, with qualifications, identifiable. In knowledge of the future, it is obvious that they are totally distinct, since otherwise the response would precede the stimulus. In abstract knowledge also they are distinct, since abstract facts have no date. In knowledge of the past there are complications, which we must briefly examine.

Every form of memory will be, from our present point of view, in one sense a delayed response. But this phrase does not quite clearly express what is meant. If you light a fuse and connect it with a heap of dynamite, the explosion of the dynamite may be spoken of, in a sense, as a delayed response to your lighting of the fuse. But that only means that it is a somewhat late portion of a continuous process of which the earlier parts have less emotional interest. This is not the case with habit. A display of habit has two sorts of causes: (a) the past occurrences which generated the habit, (b) the present occurrence which brings it into play. When you drop a weight on your toe, and say what you do say, the habit has been caused by imitation of your undesirable associates, whereas it is brought into play by the dropping of the weight. The great bulk of our knowledge is a habit in this sense: whenever I am asked when I was born, I reply correctly by mere habit. It would hardly be correct to say that getting born was the stimulus, and that my reply is a delayed response But in cases of memory this way of speaking would have an element of truth. In an habitual memory, the event remembered was clearly an essential part of the stimulus to the formation of the habit. The present stimulus which brings the habit into play produces a different response from that which it would produce if the habit did not exist. Therefore the habit enters into the causation of the response, and so do, at one remove, the causes of the habit. It follows that an event remembered is an essential part of the causes of our remembering.

In spite, however, of the fact that what is known is SOMETIMES an indispensable part of the cause of the knowledge, this circumstance is, I think, irrelevant to the general question with which we are concerned, namely What sort of response to what sort of stimulus can be regarded as displaying knowledge? There is one characteristic which the response must have, namely, it must consist of voluntary movements. The need of this characteristic is connected with the characteristic of APPROPRIATENESS, which I do not wish to consider as yet. For the present I wish only to obtain a clearer idea of the sort of ACCURACY that a knowledge-response must have. It is clear from many instances that accuracy, in other cases, may be purely mechanical. The most complete form of accuracy consists in giving correct answers to questions, an achievement in which calculating machines far surpass human beings. In asking a question of a calculating machine, you must use its language: you must not address it in English, any more than you would address an Englishman in Chinese. But if you address it in the language it understands, it will tell you what is 34521 times 19987, without a moment's hesitation or a hint of inaccuracy. We do not say the machine KNOWS the answer, because it has no purpose of its own in giving the answer: it does not wish to impress you with its cleverness, or feel proud of being such a good machine. But as far as mere accuracy goes, the machine leaves nothing to be desired.

Accuracy of response is a perfectly clear notion in the case of answers to questions, but in other cases it is much more obscure. We may say generally that an object whether animate or inanimate, is "sensitive" to a certain feature of the environment if it behaves differently according to the presence or absence of that feature. Thus iron is sensitive to anything magnetic. But sensitiveness does not constitute knowledge, and knowledge of a fact which is not sensible is not sensitiveness to that fact, as we have seen in distinguishing the fact known from the stimulus. As soon as we pass beyond the simple case of question and answer, the definition of knowledge by means of behaviour demands the consideration of purpose. A carrier pigeon flies home, and so we say it "knows" the way. But if it merely flew to some place at random, we should not say that it "knew" the way to that place, any more than a stone rolling down hill knows the way to the valley.

On the features which distinguish knowledge from accuracy of response in general, not much can be said from a behaviourist point of view without referring to purpose. But the necessity of SOMETHING besides accuracy of response may be brought out by the following consideration: Suppose two persons, of whom one believed whatever the other disbelieved, and disbelieved whatever the other believed. So far as accuracy and sensitiveness of response alone are concerned, there would be nothing to choose between these two persons. A thermometer which went down for warm weather and up for cold might be just as accurate as the usual kind; and a person who always believes falsely is just as sensitive an instrument as a person who always believes truly. The observable and practical difference between them would be that the one who always believed falsely would quickly come to a bad end. This illustrates once more that accuracy of response to stimulus does not alone show knowledge, but must be reinforced by appropriateness, i.e. suitability for realizing one's purpose. This applies even in the apparently simple case of answering questions: if the purpose of the answers is to deceive, their falsehood, not their truth, will be evidence of knowledge. The proportion of the combination of appropriateness with accuracy in the definition of knowledge is difficult; it seems that both enter in, but that appropriateness is only required as regards the general type of response, not as regards each individual instance.

II. I have so far assumed as unquestionable the view that the truth or falsehood of a belief consists in a relation to a certain fact, namely the objective of the belief. This view has, however, been often questioned. Philosophers have sought some intrinsic criterion by which true and false beliefs could be distinguished.* I am afraid their chief reason for this search has been the wish to feel more certainty than seems otherwise possible as to what is true and what is false. If we could discover the truth of a belief by examining its intrinsic characteristics, or those of some collection of beliefs of which it forms part, the pursuit of truth, it is thought, would be a less arduous business than it otherwise appears to be. But the attempts which have been made in this direction are not encouraging. I will take two criteria which have been suggested, namely, (1) self-evidence, (2) mutual coherence. If we can show that these are inadequate, we may feel fairly certain that no intrinsic criterion hitherto suggested will suffice to distinguish true from false beliefs.

* The view that such a criterion exists is generally held by those whose views are in any degree derived from Hegel. It may be illustrated by the following passage from Lossky, "The Intuitive Basis of Knowledge" (Macmillan, 1919), p. 268: "Strictly speaking, a false judgment is not a judgment at all. The predicate does not follow from the subject S alone, but from the subject plus a certain addition C, WHICH IN NO SENSE BELONGS TO THE CONTENT OF THE JUDGMENT. What takes place may be a process of association of ideas, of imagining, or the like, but is not a process of judging. An experienced psychologist will be able by careful observation to detect that in this process there is wanting just the specific element of the objective dependence of the predicate upon the subject which is characteristic of a judgment. It must be admitted, however, that an exceptional power of observation is needed in order to distinguish, by means of introspection, mere combination of ideas from judgments."

(1) Self-evidence.--Some of our beliefs seem to be peculiarly indubitable. One might instance the belief that two and two are four, that two things cannot be in the same place at the same time, nor one thing in two places, or that a particular buttercup that we are seeing is yellow. The suggestion we are to examine is that such: beliefs have some recognizable quality which secures their truth, and the truth of whatever is deduced from them according to self-evident principles of inference. This theory is set forth, for example, by Meinong in his book, "Ueber die Erfahrungsgrundlagen unseres Wissens."

If this theory is to be logically tenable, self-evidence must not consist merely in the fact that we believe a proposition. We believe that our beliefs are sometimes erroneous, and we wish to be able to select a certain class of beliefs which are never erroneous. If we are to do this, it must be by some mark which belongs only to certain beliefs, not to all; and among those to which it belongs there must be none that are mutually inconsistent. If, for example, two propositions p and q were self-evident, and it were also self-evident that p and q could not both be true, that would condemn self-evidence as a guarantee of truth. Again, self-evidence must not be the same thing as the absence of doubt or the presence of complete certainty. If we are completely certain of a proposition, we do not seek a ground to support our belief. If self-evidence is alleged as a ground of belief, that implies that doubt has crept in, and that our self-evident proposition has not wholly resisted the assaults of scepticism. To say that any given person believes some things so firmly that he cannot be made to doubt them is no doubt true. Such beliefs he will be willing to use as premisses in reasoning, and to him personally they will seem to have as much evidence as any belief can need. But among the propositions which one man finds indubitable there will be some that another man finds it quite possible to doubt. It used to seem self-evident that there could not be men at the Antipodes, because they would fall off, or at best grow giddy from standing on their heads. But New Zealanders find the falsehood of this proposition self-evident. Therefore, if self-evidence is a guarantee of truth, our ancestors must have been mistaken in thinking their beliefs about the Antipodes self-evident. Meinong meets this difficulty by saying that some beliefs are falsely thought to be self-evident, but in the case of others it is self-evident that they are self-evident,

and these are wholly reliable. Even this, however, does not remove the practical risk of error, since we may mistakenly believe it self-evident that a certain belief is self-evident. To remove all risk of error, we shall need an endless series of more and more complicated self-evident beliefs, which cannot possibly be realized in practice. It would seem, therefore, that self-evidence is useless as a practical criterion for insuring truth.

The same result follows from examining instances. If we take the four instances mentioned at the beginning of this discussion, we shall find that three of them are logical, while the fourth is a judgment of perception. The proposition that two and two are four follows by purely logical deduction from definitions: that means that its truth results, not from the properties of objects, but from the meanings of symbols. Now symbols, in mathematics, mean what we choose; thus the feeling of self-evidence, in this case, seems explicable by the fact that the whole matter is within our control. I do not wish to assert that this is the whole truth about mathematical propositions, for the question is complicated, and I do not know what the whole truth is. But I do wish to suggest that the feeling of self-evidence in mathematical propositions has to do with the fact that they are concerned with the meanings of symbols, not with properties of the world such as external observation might reveal.

Similar considerations apply to the impossibility of a thing being in two places at once, or of two things being in one place at the same time. These impossibilities result logically, if I am not mistaken, from the definitions of one thing and one place. That is to say, they are not laws of physics, but only part of the intellectual apparatus which we have manufactured for manipulating physics. Their self-evidence, if this is so, lies merely in the fact that they represent our decision as to the use of words, not a property of physical objects.

Judgments of perception, such as "this buttercup is yellow," are in a quite different position from judgments of logic, and their self-evidence must have a different explanation. In order to arrive at the nucleus of such a judgment, we will eliminate, as far as possible, the use of words which take us beyond the present fact, such as "buttercup" and "yellow." The simplest kind of judgment underlying the perception that a buttercup is yellow would seem to be the perception of similarity in two colours seen simultaneously. Suppose we are seeing two buttercups, and we perceive that their colours are similar. This similarity is a physical fact, not a matter of symbols or words; and it certainly seems to be indubitable in a way that many judgments are not.

The first thing to observe, in regard to such judgments, is that as they stand they are vague. The word "similar" is a vague word, since there are degrees of similarity, and no one can say where similarity ends and dissimilarity begins. It is unlikely that our two buttercups have EXACTLY the same colour, and if we judged that they had we should have passed altogether outside the region of self-evidence. To make our proposition more precise, let us suppose that we are also seeing a red rose at the same time. Then we may judge that the colours of the buttercups are more similar to each other than to the colour of the rose. This judgment seems more complicated, but has certainly gained in precision. Even now, however, it falls short of complete precision, since similarity is not prima facie measurable, and it would require much discussion to decide what we mean by greater or less similarity. To this process of the pursuit of precision there is strictly no limit.

The next thing to observe (although I do not personally doubt that most of our judgments of perception are true) is that it is very difficult to define any class of such judgments which can be known, by its intrinsic quality, to be always exempt from error. Most of our judgments of perception involve correlations, as when we judge that a certain noise is that of a passing cart. Such judgments are all obviously liable to error, since there is no correlation of which we have a right to be certain that it is invariable. Other judgments of perception are derived from recognition, as when we say "this is a buttercup," or even merely "this is yellow." All such judgments entail some risk of error, though sometimes perhaps a very small one; some flowers that look like buttercups are marigolds, and colours that some would call yellow others might call orange. Our subjective certainty is usually a result of habit, and may lead us astray in circumstances which are unusual in ways of which we are unaware.

For such reasons, no form of self-evidence seems to afford an absolute criterion of truth. Nevertheless, it is perhaps true that judgments having a high degree of subjective certainty are more apt to be true than other judgments. But if this be the case, it is a result to be demonstrated, not a premiss from which to start in defining truth and falsehood. As an initial guarantee, therefore, neither self-evidence nor subjective certainty can be accepted as adequate.

(2) Coherence.--Coherence as the definition of truth is advocated by idealists, particularly by those who in the main follow Hegel. It is set forth ably in Mr. Joachim's book, "The Nature of Truth" (Oxford, 1906). According to this view, any set of propositions other than the whole of truth can be condemned on purely logical grounds, as internally inconsistent; a single proposition, if it is what we should ordinarily call false, contradicts itself irremediably, while if it is what we should ordinarily call true, it has implications which

compel us to admit other propositions, which in turn lead to others, and so on, until we find ourselves committed to the whole of truth. One might illustrate by a very simple example: if I say "so-and-so is a married man," that is not a self-subsistent proposition. We cannot logically conceive of a universe in which this proposition constituted the whole of truth. There must be also someone who is a married woman, and who is married to the particular man in question. The view we are considering regards everything that can be said about any one object as relative in the same sort of way as "so-and-so is a married man." But everything, according to this view, is relative, not to one or two other things, but to all other things, so that from one bit of truth the whole can be inferred.

The fundamental objection to this view is logical, and consists in a criticism of its doctrine as to relations. I shall omit this line of argument, which I have developed elsewhere.* For the moment I will content myself with saying that the powers of logic seem to me very much less than this theory supposes. If it were taken seriously, its advocates ought to profess that any one truth is logically inferable from any other, and that, for example, the fact that Caesar conquered Gaul, if adequately considered, would enable us to discover what the weather will be to-morrow. No such claim is put forward in practice, and the necessity of empirical observation is not denied; but according to the theory it ought to be.

* In the article on "The Monistic Theory of Truth" in "Philosophical Essays" (Longmans, 1910), reprinted from the "Proceedings of the Aristotelian Society," 1906-7.

Another objection is that no endeavour is made to show that we cannot form a consistent whole composed partly or wholly of false propositions, as in a novel. Leibniz's conception of many possible worlds seems to accord much better with modern logic and with the practical empiricism which is now universal. The attempt to deduce the world by pure thought is attractive, and in former times was largely supposed capable of success. But nowadays most men admit that beliefs must be tested by observation, and not merely by the fact that they harmonize with other beliefs. A consistent fairy-tale is a different thing from truth, however elaborate it may be. But to pursue this topic would lead us into difficult technicalities; I shall therefore assume, without further argument, that coherence is not sufficient as a definition of truth.

III. Many difficult problems arise as regards the verifiability of beliefs. We believe various things, and while we believe them we think we know them. But it sometimes turns out that we were mistaken, or at any rate we come to think we were. We must be mistaken either in our previous opinion or in our subsequent recantation; therefore our beliefs are not all correct, and there are cases of belief which are not cases of knowledge. The question of verifiability is in essence this: can we discover any set of beliefs which are never mistaken or any test which, when applicable, will always enable us to discriminate between true and false beliefs? Put thus broadly and abstractly, the answer must be negative. There is no way hitherto discovered of wholly eliminating the risk of error, and no infallible criterion. If we believe we have found a criterion, this belief itself may be mistaken; we should be begging the question if we tried to test the criterion by applying the criterion to itself.

But although the notion of an absolute criterion is chimerical, there may be relative criteria, which increase the probability of truth. Common sense and science hold that there are. Let us see what they have to say.

One of the plainest cases of verification, perhaps ultimately the only case, consists in the happening of something expected. You go to the station believing that there will be a train at a certain time; you find the train, you get into it, and it starts at the expected time This constitutes verification, and is a perfectly definite experience. It is, in a sense, the converse of memory instead of having first sensations and then images accompanied by belief, we have first images accompanied by belief and then sensations. Apart from differences as to the time-order and the accompanying feelings, the relation between image and sensation is closely similar in the two cases of memory and expectation; it is a relation of similarity, with difference as to causal efficacy--broadly, the image has the psychological but not the physical effects that the sensation would have. When an image accompanied by an expectation-belief is thus succeeded by a sensation which is the "meaning" of the image, we say that the expectation-belief has been verified. The experience of verification in this sense is exceedingly familiar; it happens every time that accustomed activities have results that are not surprising, in eating and walking and talking and all our daily pursuits.

But although the experience in question is common, it is not wholly easy to give a theoretical account of it. How do we know that the sensation resembles the previous image? Does the image persist in presence of the sensation, so that we can compare the two? And even if SOME image does persist, how do we know that it is the previous image unchanged? It does not seem as if this line of inquiry offered much hope of a successful issue. It is better, I think, to take a more external and causal view of the relation of expectation to expected occurrence. If the occurrence, when it comes, gives us the feeling of expectedness, and if the expectation, beforehand, enabled us to act in a way which proves appropriate to the occurrence, that must be held to constitute the maximum of

verification. We have first an expectation, then a sensation with the feeling of expectedness related to memory of the expectation. This whole experience, when it occurs, may be defined as verification, and as constituting the truth of the expectation. Appropriate action, during the period of expectation, may be regarded as additional verification, but is not essential. The whole process may be illustrated by looking up a familiar quotation, finding it in the expected words, and in the expected part of the book. In this case we can strengthen the verification by writing down beforehand the words which we expect to find.

I think all verification is ultimately of the above sort. We verify a scientific hypothesis indirectly, by deducing consequences as to the future, which subsequent experience confirms. If somebody were to doubt whether Caesar had crossed the Rubicon, verification could only be obtained from the future. We could proceed to display manuscripts to our historical sceptic, in which it was said that Caesar had behaved in this way. We could advance arguments, verifiable by future experience, to prove the antiquity of the manuscript from its texture, colour, etc. We could find inscriptions agreeing with the historian on other points, and tending to show his general accuracy. The causal laws which our arguments would assume could be verified by the future occurrence of events inferred by means of them. The existence and persistence of causal laws, it is true, must be regarded as a fortunate accident, and how long it will continue we cannot tell. Meanwhile verification remains often practically possible. And since it is sometimes possible, we can gradually discover what kinds of beliefs tend to be verified by experience, and what kinds tend to be falsified; to the former kinds we give an increased degree of assent, to the latter kinds a diminished degree. The process is not absolute or infallible, but it has been found capable of sifting beliefs and building up science. It affords no theoretical refutation of the sceptic, whose position must remain logically unassailable; but if complete scepticism is rejected, it gives the practical method by which the system of our beliefs grows gradually towards the unattainable ideal of impeccable knowledge.

IV. I come now to the purely formal definition of the truth or falsehood of a belief. For this definition it is necessary first of all to consider the derivation of the objective reference of a proposition from the meanings of its component words or images.

Just as a word has meaning, so a proposition has an objective reference. The objective reference of a proposition is a function (in the mathematical sense) of the meanings of its component words. But the objective reference differs from the meaning of a word through the duality of truth and falsehood. You may believe the proposition "to-day is Tuesday" both when, in fact, to-day is Tuesday, and when to-day is not Tuesday. If to-day is not Tuesday, this fact is the objective of your belief that to-day is Tuesday. But obviously the relation of your belief to the fact is different in this case from what it is in the case when to-day is Tuesday. We may say, metaphorically, that when to-day is Tuesday, your belief that it is Tuesday points TOWARDS the fact, whereas when to-day is not Tuesday your belief points AWAY FROM the fact. Thus the objective reference of a belief is not determined by the fact alone, but by the direction of the belief towards or away from the fact.* If, on a Tuesday, one man believes that it is Tuesday while another believes that it is not Tuesday, their beliefs have the same objective, namely the fact that it is Tuesday but the true belief points towards the fact while the false one points away from it. Thus, in order to define the reference of a proposition we have to take account not only of the objective, but also of the direction of pointing, towards the objective in the case of a true proposition and away from it in the case of a false one.

* I owe this way of looking at the matter to my friend Ludwig Wittgenstein.

This mode of stating the nature of the objective reference of a proposition is necessitated by the circumstance that there are true and false propositions, but not true and false facts. If to-day is Tuesday, there is not a false objective "to-day is not Tuesday," which could be the objective of the false belief "to-day is not Tuesday." This is the reason why two beliefs which are each other's contradictories have the same objective. There is, however, a practical inconvenience, namely that we cannot determine the objective reference of a proposition, according to this definition, unless we know whether the proposition is true or false. To avoid this inconvenience, it is better to adopt a slightly different phraseology, and say: The "meaning" of the proposition "to-day is Tuesday" consists in pointing to the fact "to-day is Tuesday" if that is a fact, or away from the fact "to-day is not Tuesday" if that is a fact. The "meaning" of the proposition "to-day is not Tuesday" will be exactly the opposite. By this hypothetical form we are able to speak of the meaning of a proposition without knowing whether it is true or false. According to this definition, we know the meaning of a proposition when we know what would make it true and what would make it false, even if we do not know whether it is in fact true or false.

The meaning of a proposition is derivative from the meanings of its constituent words. Propositions occur in pairs, distinguished (in simple cases) by the absence or presence of the word "not." Two such propositions have the same objective, but opposite meanings: when one is true, the other is false, and when one is false, the other is true.

The purely formal definition of truth and falsehood offers little difficulty. What is required is a formal expression of the fact that a proposition is true when it points towards its objective, and false when it points away from it, In very simple cases we can give a very simple account of this: we can say that true propositions actually resemble their objectives in a way in which false propositions do not. But for this purpose it is necessary to revert to image-propositions instead of word-propositions. Let us take again the illustration of a memory-image of a familiar room, and let us suppose that in the image the window is to the left of the door. If in fact the window is to the left of the door, there is a correspondence between the image and the objective; there is the same relation between the window and the door as between the images of them. The image-memory consists of the image of the window to the left of the image of the door. When this is true, the very same relation relates the terms of the objective (namely the window and the door) as relates the images which mean them. In this case the correspondence which constitutes truth is very simple.

In the case we have just been considering the objective consists of two parts with a certain relation (that of left-to-right), and the proposition consists of images of these parts with the very same relation. The same proposition, if it were false, would have a less simple formal relation to its objective. If the image-proposition consists of an image of the window to the left of an image of the door, while in fact the window is not to the left of the door, the proposition does not result from the objective by the mere substitution of images for their prototypes. Thus in this unusually simple case we can say that a true proposition "corresponds" to its objective in a formal sense in which a false proposition does not. Perhaps it may be possible to modify this notion of formal correspondence in such a way as to be more widely applicable, but if so, the modifications required will be by no means slight. The reasons for this must now be considered.

To begin with, the simple type of correspondence we have been exhibiting can hardly occur when words are substituted for images, because, in word-propositions, relations are usually expressed by words, which are not themselves relations. Take such a proposition as "Socrates precedes Plato." Here the word "precedes" is just as solid as the words "Socrates" and "Plato"; it MEANS a relation, but is not a relation. Thus the objective which makes our proposition true consists of TWO terms with a relation between them, whereas our proposition consists of THREE terms with a relation of order between them. Of course, it would be perfectly possible, theoretically, to indicate a few chosen relations, not by words, but by relations between the other words. "Socrates-Plato" might be used to mean "Socrates precedes Plato"; "Plato-Socrates" might be used to mean "Plato was born before Socrates and died after him"; and so on. But the possibilities of such a method would be very limited. For aught I know, there may be languages that use it, but they are not among the languages with which I am acquainted. And in any case, in view of the multiplicity of relations that we wish to express, no language could advance far without words for relations. But as soon as we have words for relations, word-propositions have necessarily more terms than the facts to which they refer, and cannot therefore correspond so simply with their objectives as some image-propositions can.

The consideration of negative propositions and negative facts introduces further complications. An image-proposition is necessarily positive: we can image the window to the left of the door, or to the right of the door, but we can form no image of the bare negative "the window not to the left of the door." We can DISBELIEVE the image-proposition expressed by "the window to the left of the door," and our disbelief will be true if the window is not to the left of the door. But we can form no image of the fact that the window is not to the left of the door. Attempts have often been made to deny such negative facts, but, for reasons which I have given elsewhere,* I believe these attempts to be mistaken, and I shall assume that there are negative facts.

* "Monist," January, 1919, p. 42 ff.

Word-propositions, like image-propositions, are always positive facts. The fact that Socrates precedes Plato is symbolized in English by the fact that the word "precedes" occurs between the words "Socrates" and "Plato." But we cannot symbolize the fact that Plato does not precede Socrates by not putting the word "precedes" between "Plato" and "Socrates." A negative fact is not sensible, and language, being intended for communication, has to be sensible. Therefore we symbolize the fact that Plato does not precede Socrates by putting the words "does not precede" between "Plato" and "Socrates." We thus obtain a series of words which is just as positive a fact as the series "Socrates precedes Plato." The propositions asserting negative facts are themselves positive facts; they are merely different positive facts from those asserting positive facts.

We have thus, as regards the opposition of positive and negative, three different sorts of duality, according as we are dealing with facts, image-propositions, or word-propositions. We have, namely:

(1) Positive and negative facts;

(2) Image-propositions, which may be believed or disbelieved, but do not allow any duality of content corresponding to positive and negative facts;

(3) Word-propositions, which are always positive facts, but are of two kinds: one verified by a positive objective, the other by a negative objective.

Owing to these complications, the simplest type of correspondence is impossible when either negative facts or negative propositions are involved.

Even when we confine ourselves to relations between two terms which are both imaged, it may be impossible to form an image-proposition in which the relation of the terms is represented by the same relation of the images. Suppose we say "Caesar was 2,000 years before Foch," we express a certain temporal relation between Caesar and Foch; but we cannot allow 2,000 years to elapse between our image of Caesar and our image of Foch. This is perhaps not a fair example, since "2,000 years before" is not a direct relation. But take a case where the relation is direct, say, "the sun is brighter than the moon." We can form visual images of sunshine and moonshine, and it may happen that our image of the sunshine is the brighter of the two, but this is by no means either necessary or sufficient. The act of comparison, implied in our judgment, is something more than the mere coexistence of two images, one of which is in fact brighter than the other. It would take us too far from our main topic if we were to go into the question what actually occurs when we make this judgment. Enough has been said to show that the correspondence between the belief and its objective is more complicated in this case than in that of the window to the left of the door, and this was all that had to be proved.

In spite of these complications, the general nature of the formal correspondence which makes truth is clear from our instances. In the case of the simpler kind of propositions, namely those that I call "atomic" propositions, where there is only one word expressing a relation, the objective which would verify our proposition, assuming that the word "not" is absent, is obtained by replacing each word by what it means, the word meaning a relation being replaced by this relation among the meanings of the other words. For example, if the proposition is "Socrates precedes Plato," the objective which verifies it results from replacing the word "Socrates" by Socrates, the word "Plato" by Plato, and the word "precedes" by the relation of preceding between Socrates and Plato. If the result of this process is a fact, the proposition is true; if not, it is false. When our proposition is "Socrates does not precede Plato," the conditions of truth and falsehood are exactly reversed. More complicated propositions can be dealt with on the same lines. In fact, the purely formal question, which has occupied us in this last section, offers no very formidable difficulties.

I do not believe that the above formal theory is untrue, but I do believe that it is inadequate. It does not, for example, throw any light upon our preference for true beliefs rather than false ones. This preference is only explicable by taking account of the causal efficacy of beliefs, and of the greater appropriateness of the responses resulting from true beliefs. But appropriateness depends upon purpose, and purpose thus becomes a vital part of theory of knowledge.

LECTURE XIV. EMOTIONS AND WILL

On the two subjects of the present lecture I have nothing original to say, and I am treating them only in order to complete the discussion of my main thesis, namely that all psychic phenomena are built up out of sensations and images alone.

Emotions are traditionally regarded by psychologists as a separate class of mental occurrences: I am, of course, not concerned to deny the obvious fact that they have characteristics which make a special investigation of them necessary. What I am concerned with is the analysis of emotions. It is clear that an emotion is essentially complex, and we have to inquire whether it ever contains any non-physiological material not reducible to sensations and images and their relations.

Although what specially concerns us is the analysis of emotions, we shall find that the more important topic is the physiological causation of emotions. This is a subject upon which much valuable and exceedingly interesting work has been done, whereas the bare analysis of emotions has proved somewhat barren. In view of the fact that we have defined perceptions, sensations, and images by their physiological causation, it is evident that our problem of the analysis of the emotions is bound up with the problem of their physiological causation.

Modern views on the causation of emotions begin with what is called the James-Lange theory. James states this view in the following terms ("Psychology," vol. ii, p. 449):

"Our natural way of thinking about these coarser emotions, grief, fear, rage, love, is that the mental perception of some fact excites the mental affection called the emotion, and that this latter state of mind gives rise to the bodily expression. My theory, on the

contrary, is that THE BODILY CHANGES FOLLOW DIRECTLY THE PERCEPTION OF THE EXCITING FACT, AND THAT OUR FEELING OF THE SAME CHANGES AS THEY OCCUR _IS_ THE EMOTION (James's italics). Common sense says: we lose our fortune, are sorry and weep; we meet a bear, are frightened and run; we are insulted by a rival, are angry and strike. The hypothesis here to be defended says that this order of sequence is incorrect, that the one mental state is not immediately induced by the other, that the bodily manifestations must first be interposed between, and that the more rational statement is that we feel sorry because we cry, angry because we strike, afraid because we tremble, and not that we cry, strike, or tremble, because we are sorry, angry, or fearful, as the case may be. Without the bodily states following on the perception, the latter would be purely cognitive in form, pale, colourless, destitute of emotional warmth."

Round this hypothesis a very voluminous literature has grown up. The history of its victory over earlier criticism, and its difficulties with the modern experimental work of Sherrington and Cannon, is well told by James R. Angell in an article called "A Reconsideration of James's Theory of Emotion in the Light of Recent Criticisms."* In this article Angell defends James's theory and to me--though I speak with diffidence on a question as to which I have little competence--it appears that his defence is on the whole successful.

* "Psychological Review," 1916.

Sherrington, by experiments on dogs, showed that many of the usual marks of emotion were present in their behaviour even when, by severing the spinal cord in the lower cervical region, the viscera were cut off from all communication with the brain, except that existing through certain cranial nerves. He mentions the various signs which "contributed to indicate the existence of an emotion as lively as the animal had ever shown us before the spinal operation had been made."* He infers that the physiological condition of the viscera cannot be the cause of the emotion displayed under such circumstances, and concludes: "We are forced back toward the likelihood that the visceral expression of emotion is SECONDARY to the cerebral action occurring with the psychical state.... We may with James accept visceral and organic sensations and the memories and associations of them as contributory to primitive emotion, but we must regard them as re-enforcing rather than as initiating the psychosis."*

* Quoted by Angell, loc. cit.

Angell suggests that the display of emotion in such cases may be due to past experience, generating habits which would require only the stimulation of cerebral reflex arcs. Rage and some forms of fear, however, may, he thinks, gain expression without the brain. Rage and fear have been especially studied by Cannon, whose work is of the greatest importance. His results are given in his book, "Bodily Changes in Pain, Hunger, Fear and Rage" (D. Appleton and Co., 1916).

The most interesting part of Cannon's book consists in the investigation of the effects produced by secretion of adrenin. Adrenin is a substance secreted into the blood by the adrenal glands. These are among the ductless glands, the functions of which, both in physiology and in connection with the emotions, have only come to be known during recent years. Cannon found that pain, fear and rage occurred in circumstances which affected the supply of adrenin, and that an artificial injection of adrenin could, for example, produce all the symptoms of fear. He studied the effects of adrenin on various parts of the body; he found that it causes the pupils to dilate, hairs to stand erect, blood vessels to be constricted, and so on. These effects were still produced if the parts in question were removed from the body and kept alive artificially.*

* Cannon's work is not unconnected with that of Mosso, who maintains, as the result of much experimental work, that "the seat of the emotions lies in the sympathetic nervous system." An account of the work of both these men will be found in Goddard's "Psychology of the Normal and Sub-normal" (Kegan Paul, 1919), chap. vii and Appendix.

Cannon's chief argument against James is, if I understand him rightly, that similar affections of the viscera may accompany dissimilar emotions, especially fear and rage. Various different emotions make us cry, and therefore it cannot be true to say, as James does, that we "feel sorry because we cry," since sometimes we cry when we feel glad. This argument, however, is by no means conclusive against James, because it cannot be shown that there are no visceral differences for different emotions, and indeed it is unlikely that this is the case.

As Angell says (loc. cit.): "Fear and joy may both cause cardiac palpitation, but in one case we find high tonus of the skeletal muscles, in the other case relaxation and the general sense of weakness."

Angell's conclusion, after discussing the experiments of Sherrington and Cannon, is: "I would therefore submit that, so far as concerns the critical suggestions by these two psychologists, James's essential contentions are not materially affected." If it were

necessary for me to take sides on this question, I should agree with this conclusion; but I think my thesis as to the analysis of emotion can be maintained without coming to a probably premature conclusion upon the doubtful parts of the physiological problem.

According to our definitions, if James is right, an emotion may be regarded as involving a confused perception of the viscera concerned in its causation, while if Cannon and Sherrington are right, an emotion involves a confused perception of its external stimulus. This follows from what was said in Lecture VII. We there defined a perception as an appearance, however irregular, of one or more objects external to the brain. And in order to be an appearance of one or more objects, it is only necessary that the occurrence in question should be connected with them by a continuous chain, and should vary when they are varied sufficiently. Thus the question whether a mental occurrence can be called a perception turns upon the question whether anything can be inferred from it as to its causes outside the brain: if such inference is possible, the occurrence in question will come within our definition of a perception. And in that case, according to the definition in Lecture VIII, its non-mnemic elements will be sensations. Accordingly, whether emotions are caused by changes in the viscera or by sensible objects, they contain elements which are sensations according to our definition.

An emotion in its entirety is, of course, something much more complex than a perception. An emotion is essentially a process, and it will be only what one may call a cross-section of the emotion that will be a perception, of a bodily condition according to James, or (in certain cases) of an external object according to his opponents. An emotion in its entirety contains dynamic elements, such as motor impulses, desires, pleasures and pains. Desires and pleasures and pains, according to the theory adopted in Lecture III, are characteristics of processes, not separate ingredients. An emotion--rage, for example--will be a certain kind of process, consisting of perceptions and (in general) bodily movements. The desires and pleasures and pains involved are properties of this process, not separate items in the stuff of which the emotion is composed. The dynamic elements in an emotion, if we are right in our analysis, contain, from our point of view, no ingredients beyond those contained in the processes considered in Lecture III. The ingredients of an emotion are only sensations and images and bodily movements succeeding each other according to a certain pattern. With this conclusion we may leave the emotions and pass to the consideration of the will.

The first thing to be defined when we are dealing with Will is a VOLUNTARY MOVEMENT. We have already defined vital movements, and we have maintained that, from a behaviourist standpoint, it is impossible to distinguish which among such movements are reflex and which voluntary. Nevertheless, there certainly is a distinction. When we decide in the morning that it is time to get up, our consequent movement is voluntary. The beating of the heart, on the other hand, is involuntary: we can neither cause it nor prevent it by any decision of our own, except indirectly, as e.g. by drugs. Breathing is intermediate between the two: we normally breathe without the help of the will, but we can alter or stop our breathing if we choose.

James ("Psychology," chap. xxvi) maintains that the only distinctive characteristic of a voluntary act is that it involves an idea of the movement to be performed, made up of memory-images of the kinaesthetic sensations which we had when the same movement occurred on some former occasion. He points out that, on this view, no movement can be made voluntarily unless it has previously occurred involuntarily.*

* "Psychology," Vol. ii, pp. 492-3.

I see no reason to doubt the correctness of this view. We shall say, then, that movements which are accompanied by kinaesthetic sensations tend to be caused by the images of those sensations, and when so caused are called VOLUNTARY.

Volition, in the emphatic sense, involves something more than voluntary movement. The sort of case I am thinking of is decision after deliberation. Voluntary movements are a part of this, but not the whole. There is, in addition to them, a judgment: "This is what I shall do"; there is also a sensation of tension during doubt, followed by a different sensation at the moment of deciding. I see no reason whatever to suppose that there is any specifically new ingredient; sensations and images, with their relations and causal laws, yield all that seems to be wanted for the analysis of the will, together with the fact that kinaesthetic images tend to cause the movements with which they are connected. Conflict of desires is of course essential in the causation of the emphatic kind of will: there will be for a time kinaesthetic images of incompatible movements, followed by the exclusive image of the movement which is said to be willed. Thus will seems to add no new irreducible ingredient to the analysis of the mind.

LECTURE XV. CHARACTERISTICS OF MENTAL PHENOMENA

At the end of our journey it is time to return to the question from which we set out, namely: What is it that characterizes mind as opposed to matter? Or, to state the same question in other terms: How is psychology to be distinguished from physics? The answer provisionally suggested at the outset of our inquiry was that psychology and physics are distinguished by the nature of their causal laws, not by their subject matter. At the same time we held that there is a certain subject matter, namely images, to which only psychological causal laws are applicable; this subject matter, therefore, we assigned exclusively to psychology. But we found no way of defining images except through their causation; in their intrinsic character they appeared to have no universal mark by which they could be distinguished from sensations.

In this last lecture I propose to pass in review various suggested methods of distinguishing mind from matter. I shall then briefly sketch the nature of that fundamental science which I believe to be the true metaphysic, in which mind and matter alike are seen to be constructed out of a neutral stuff, whose causal laws have no such duality as that of psychology, but form the basis upon which both physics and psychology are built.

In search for the definition of "mental phenomena," let us begin with "consciousness," which is often thought to be the essence of mind. In the first lecture I gave various arguments against the view that consciousness is fundamental, but I did not attempt to say what consciousness is. We must find a definition of it, if we are to feel secure in deciding that it is not fundamental. It is for the sake of the proof that it is not fundamental that we must now endeavour to decide what it is.

"Consciousness," by those who regard it as fundamental, is taken to be a character diffused throughout our mental life, distinct from sensations and images, memories, beliefs and desires, but present in all of them.* Dr. Henry Head, in an article which I quoted in Lecture III, distinguishing sensations from purely physiological occurrences, says: "Sensation, in the strict sense of the term, demands the existence of consciousness." This statement, at first sight, is one to which we feel inclined to assent, but I believe we are mistaken if we do so. Sensation is the sort of thing of which we MAY be conscious, but not a thing of which we MUST be conscious. We have been led, in the course of our inquiry, to admit unconscious beliefs and unconscious desires. There is, so far as I can see, no class of mental or other occurrences of which we are always conscious whenever they happen.

* Cf. Lecture VI.

The first thing to notice is that consciousness must be of something. In view of this, I should define "consciousness" in terms of that relation of an image of a word to an object which we defined, in Lecture XI, as "meaning." When a sensation is followed by an image which is a "copy" of it, I think it may be said that the existence of the image constitutes consciousness of the sensation, provided it is accompanied by that sort of belief which, when we reflect upon it, makes us feel that the image is a "sign" of something other than itself. This is the sort of belief which, in the case of memory, we expressed in the words "this occurred"; or which, in the case of a judgment of perception, makes us believe in qualities correlated with present sensations, as e.g., tactile and visual qualities are correlated. The addition of some element of belief seems required, since mere imagination does not involve consciousness of anything, and there can be no consciousness which is not of something. If images alone constituted consciousness of their prototypes, such imagination-images as in fact have prototypes would involve consciousness of them; since this is not the case, an element of belief must be added to the images in defining consciousness. The belief must be of that sort that constitutes objective reference, past or present. An image, together with a belief of this sort concerning it, constitutes, according to our definition, consciousness of the prototype of the image.

But when we pass from consciousness of sensations to consciousness of objects of perception, certain further points arise which demand an addition to our definition. A judgment of perception, we may say, consists of a core of sensation, together with associated images, with belief in the present existence of an object to which sensation and images are referred in a way which is difficult to analyse. Perhaps we might say that the belief is not fundamentally in any PRESENT existence, but is of the nature of an expectation: for example, when we see an object, we expect certain sensations to result if we proceed to touch it. Perception, then, will consist of a present sensation together with expectations of future sensations. (This, of course, is a reflective analysis, not an account of the way perception appears to unchecked introspection.) But all such expectations are liable to be erroneous, since they are based upon correlations which are usual but not invariable. Any such correlation may mislead us in a particular case, for example, if we try to touch a reflection in a looking-glass under the impression that it is "real." Since memory is fallible, a similar difficulty arises as regards consciousness of past objects. It would seem odd to say that we can be "conscious" of a thing which does not or did not exist. The only way to avoid this awkwardness is to add to our definition the proviso that the beliefs involved in consciousness must be TRUE.

In the second place, the question arises as to whether we can be conscious of images. If we apply our definition to this case, it seems to demand images of images. In order, for example, to be conscious of an image of a cat, we shall require, according to the letter of the definition, an image which is a copy of our image of the cat, and has this image for its prototype. Now, it hardly seems probable, as a matter of observation, that there are images of images, as opposed to images of sensations. We may meet this difficulty in two ways, either by boldly denying consciousness of images, or by finding a sense in which, by means of a different accompanying belief, an image, instead of meaning its prototype, can mean another image of the same prototype.

The first alternative, which denies consciousness of images, has already been discussed when we were dealing with Introspection in Lecture VI. We then decided that there must be, in some sense, consciousness of images. We are therefore left with the second suggested way of dealing with knowledge of images. According to this second hypothesis, there may be two images of the same prototype, such that one of them means the other, instead of meaning the prototype. It will be remembered that we defined meaning by association a word or image means an object, we said, when it has the same associations as the object. But this definition must not be interpreted too absolutely: a word or image will not have ALL the same associations as the object which it means. The word "cat" may be associated with the word "mat," but it would not happen except by accident that a cat would be associated with a mat. And in like manner an image may have certain associations which its prototype will not have, e.g. an association with the word "image." When these associations are active, an image means an image, instead of meaning its prototype. If I have had images of a given prototype many times, I can mean one of these, as opposed to the rest, by recollecting the time and place or any other distinctive association of that one occasion. This happens, for example, when a place recalls to us some thought we previously had in that place, so that we remember a thought as opposed to the occurrence to which it referred. Thus we may say that we think of an image A when we have a similar image B associated with recollections of circumstances connected with A, but not with its prototype or with other images of the same prototype. In this way we become aware of images without the need of any new store of mental contents, merely by the help of new associations. This theory, so far as I can see, solves the problems of introspective knowledge, without requiring heroic measures such as those proposed by Knight Dunlap, whose views we discussed in Lecture VI.

According to what we have been saying, sensation itself is not an instance of consciousness, though the immediate memory by which it is apt to be succeeded is so. A sensation which is remembered becomes an object of consciousness as soon as it begins to be remembered, which will normally be almost immediately after its occurrence (if at all); but while it exists it is not an object of consciousness. If, however, it is part of a perception, say of some familiar person, we may say that the person perceived is an object of consciousness. For in this case the sensation is a SIGN of the perceived object in much the same way in which a memory-image is a sign of a remembered object. The essential practical function of "consciousness" and "thought" is that they enable us to act with reference to what is distant in time or space, even though it is not at present stimulating our senses. This reference to absent objects is possible through association and habit. Actual sensations, in themselves, are not cases of consciousness, because they do not bring in this reference to what is absent. But their connection with consciousness is very close, both through immediate memory, and through the correlations which turn sensations into perceptions.

Enough has, I hope, been said to show that consciousness is far too complex and accidental to be taken as the fundamental characteristic of mind. We have seen that belief and images both enter into it. Belief itself, as we saw in an earlier lecture, is complex. Therefore, if any definition of mind is suggested by our analysis of consciousness, images are what would naturally suggest themselves. But since we found that images can only be defined causally, we cannot deal with this suggestion, except in connection with the difference between physical and psychological causal laws.

I come next to those characteristics of mental phenomena which arise out of mnemic causation. The possibility of action with reference to what is not sensibly present is one of the things that might be held to characterize mind. Let us take first a very elementary example. Suppose you are in a familiar room at night, and suddenly the light goes out. You will be able to find your way to the door without much difficulty by means of the picture of the room which you have in your mind. In this case visual images serve, somewhat imperfectly it is true, the purpose which visual sensations would otherwise serve. The stimulus to the production of visual images is the desire to get out of the room, which, according to what we found in Lecture III, consists essentially of present sensations and motor impulses caused by them. Again, words heard or read enable you to act with reference to the matters about which they give information; here, again, a present sensible stimulus, in virtue of habits formed in the past, enables you to act in a manner appropriate to an object which is not sensibly present. The whole essence of the practical efficiency of "thought" consists in sensitiveness to signs: the sensible presence of A, which is a sign of the present or future existence of B, enables us to act in a manner appropriate to B. Of this, words are the supreme example, since their effects as signs are prodigious, while their intrinsic

interest as sensible occurrences on their own account is usually very slight. The operation of signs may or may not be accompanied by consciousness. If a sensible stimulus A calls up an image of B, and we then act with reference to B, we have what may be called consciousness of B. But habit may enable us to act in a manner appropriate to B as soon as A appears, without ever having an image of B. In that case, although A operates as a sign, it operates without the help of consciousness. Broadly speaking, a very familiar sign tends to operate directly in this manner, and the intervention of consciousness marks an imperfectly established habit.

The power of acquiring experience, which characterizes men and animals, is an example of the general law that, in mnemic causation, the causal unit is not one event at one time, but two or more events at two or more times.& A burnt child fears the fire, that is to say, the neighbourhood of fire has a different effect upon a child which has had the sensations of burning than upon one which has not. More correctly, the observed effect, when a child which has been burnt is put near a fire, has for its cause, not merely the neighbourhood of the fire, but this together with the previous burning. The general formula, when an animal has acquired experience through some event A, is that, when B occurs at some future time, the animal to which A has happened acts differently from an animal which A has not happened. Thus A and B together, not either separately, must be regarded as the cause of the animal's behaviour, unless we take account of the effect which A has had in altering the animal's nervous tissue, which is a matter not patent to external observation except under very special circumstances. With this possibility, we are brought back to causal laws, and to the suggestion that many things which seem essentially mental are really neural. Perhaps it is the nerves that acquire experience rather than the mind. If so, the possibility of acquiring experience cannot be used to define mind.*

* Cf. Lecture IV.

Very similar considerations apply to memory, if taken as the essence of mind. A recollection is aroused by something which is happening now, but is different from the effect which the present occurrence would have produced if the recollected event had not occurred. This may be accounted for by the physical effect of the past event on the brain, making it a different instrument from that which would have resulted from a different experience. The causal peculiarities of memory may, therefore, have a physiological explanation. With every special class of mental phenomena this possibility meets us afresh. If psychology is to be a separate science at all, we must seek a wider ground for its separateness than any that we have been considering hitherto.

We have found that "consciousness" is too narrow to characterize mental phenomena, and that mnemic causation is too wide. I come now to a characteristic which, though difficult to define, comes much nearer to what we require, namely subjectivity.

Subjectivity, as a characteristic of mental phenomena, was considered in Lecture VII, in connection with the definition of perception. We there decided that those particulars which constitute the physical world can be collected into sets in two ways, one of which makes a bundle of all those particulars that are appearances of a given thing from different places, while the other makes a bundle of all those particulars which are appearances of different things from a given place. A bundle of this latter sort, at a given time, is called a "perspective"; taken throughout a period of time, it is called a "biography." Subjectivity is the characteristic of perspectives and biographies, the characteristic of giving the view of the world from a certain place. We saw in Lecture VII that this characteristic involves none of the other characteristics that are commonly associated with mental phenomena, such as consciousness, experience and memory. We found in fact that it is exhibited by a photographic plate, and, strictly speaking, by any particular taken in conjunction with those which have the same "passive" place in the sense defined in Lecture VII. The particulars forming one perspective are connected together primarily by simultaneity; those forming one biography, primarily by the existence of direct time-relations between them. To these are to be added relations derivable from the laws of perspective. In all this we are clearly not in the region of psychology, as commonly understood; yet we are also hardly in the region of physics. And the definition of perspectives and biographies, though it does not yet yield anything that would be commonly called "mental," is presupposed in mental phenomena, for example in mnemic causation: the causal unit in mnemic causation, which gives rise to Semon's engram, is the whole of one perspective--not of any perspective, but of a perspective in a place where there is nervous tissue, or at any rate living tissue of some sort. Perception also, as we saw, can only be defined in terms of perspectives. Thus the conception of subjectivity, i.e. of the "passive" place of a particular, though not alone sufficient to define mind, is clearly an essential element in the definition.

I have maintained throughout these lectures that the data of psychology do not differ in, their intrinsic character from the data of physics. I have maintained that sensations are data for psychology and physics equally, while images, which may be in some sense exclusively psychological data, can only be distinguished from sensations by their correlations, not by what they are in themselves. It is now necessary, however, to examine the notion of a "datum," and to obtain, if possible, a definition of this notion.

The notion of "data" is familiar throughout science, and is usually treated by men of science as though it were perfectly clear. Psychologists, on the other hand, find great difficulty in the conception. "Data" are naturally defined in terms of theory of knowledge: they are those propositions of which the truth is known without demonstration, so that they may be used as premisses in proving other propositions. Further, when a proposition which is a datum asserts the existence of something, we say that the something is a datum, as well as the proposition asserting its existence. Thus those objects of whose existence we become certain through perception are said to be data.

There is some difficulty in connecting this epistemological definition of "data" with our psychological analysis of knowledge; but until such a connection has been effected, we have no right to use the conception "data."

It is clear, in the first place, that there can be no datum apart from a belief. A sensation which merely comes and goes is not a datum; it only becomes a datum when it is remembered. Similarly, in perception, we do not have a datum unless we have a JUDGMENT of perception. In the sense in which objects (as opposed to propositions) are data, it would seem natural to say that those objects of which we are conscious are data. But consciousness, as we have seen, is a complex notion, involving beliefs, as well as mnemic phenomena such as are required for perception and memory. It follows that no datum is theoretically indubitable, since no belief is infallible; it follows also that every datum has a greater or less degree of vagueness, since there is always some vagueness in memory and the meaning of images.

Data are not those things of which our consciousness is earliest in time. At every period of life, after we have become capable of thought, some of our beliefs are obtained by inference, while others are not. A belief may pass from either of these classes into the other, and may therefore become, or cease to be, a belief giving a datum. When, in what follows, I speak of data, I do not mean the things of which we feel sure before scientific study begins, but the things which, when a science is well advanced, appear as affording grounds for other parts of the science, without themselves being believed on any ground except observation. I assume, that is to say, a trained observer, with an analytic attention, knowing the sort of thing to look for, and the sort of thing that will be important. What he observes is, at the stage of science which he has reached, a datum for his science. It is just as sophisticated and elaborate as the theories which he bases upon it, since only trained habits and much practice enable a man to make the kind of observation that will be scientifically illuminating. Nevertheless, when once it has been observed, belief in it is not based on inference and reasoning, but merely upon its having been seen. In this way its logical status differs from that of the theories which are proved by its means.

In any science other than psychology the datum is primarily a perception, in which only the sensational core is ultimately and theoretically a datum, though some such accretions as turn the sensation into a perception are practically unavoidable. But if we postulate an ideal observer, he will be able to isolate the sensation, and treat this alone as datum. There is, therefore, an important sense in which we may say that, if we analyse as much as we ought, our data, outside psychology, consist of sensations, which include within themselves certain spatial and temporal relations.

Applying this remark to physiology, we see that the nerves and brain as physical objects are not truly data; they are to be replaced, in the ideal structure of science, by the sensations through which the physiologist is said to perceive them. The passage from these sensations to nerves and brain as physical objects belongs really to the initial stage in the theory of physics, and ought to be placed in the reasoned part, not in the part supposed to be observed. To say we see the nerves is like saying we hear the nightingale; both are convenient but inaccurate expressions. We hear a sound which we believe to be causally connected with the nightingale, and we see a sight which we believe to be causally connected with a nerve. But in each case it is only the sensation that ought, in strictness, to be called a datum. Now, sensations are certainly among the data of psychology. Therefore all the data of the physical sciences are also psychological data. It remains to inquire whether all the data of psychology are also data of physical science, and especially of physiology.

If we have been right in our analysis of mind, the ultimate data of psychology are only sensations and images and their relations. Beliefs, desires, volitions, and so on, appeared to us to be complex phenomena consisting of sensations and images variously interrelated. Thus (apart from certain relations) the occurrences which seem most distinctively mental, and furthest removed from physics, are, like physical objects, constructed or inferred, not part of the original stock of data in the perfected science. From both ends, therefore, the difference between physical and psychological data is diminished. Is there ultimately no difference, or do images remain as irreducibly and exclusively psychological? In view of the causal definition of the difference between images and sensations, this brings us to a new question, namely: Are the causal laws of psychology different from those of any other science, or are they really physiological?

Certain ambiguities must be removed before this question can be adequately discussed.

First, there is the distinction between rough approximate laws and such as appear to be precise and general. I shall return to the former presently; it is the latter that I wish to discuss now.

Matter, as defined at the end of Lecture V, is a logical fiction, invented because it gives a convenient way of stating causal laws. Except in cases of perfect regularity in appearances (of which we can have no experience), the actual appearances of a piece of matter are not members of that ideal system of regular appearances which is defined as being the matter in question. But the matter is, after all, inferred from its appearances, which are used to VERIFY physical laws. Thus, in so far as physics is an empirical and verifiable science, it must assume or prove that the inference from appearances to matter is, in general, legitimate, and it must be able to tell us, more or less, what appearances to expect. It is through this question of verifiability and empirical applicability to experience that we are led to a theory of matter such as I advocate. From the consideration of this question it results that physics, in so far as it is an empirical science, not a logical phantasy, is concerned with particulars of just the same sort as those which psychology considers under the name of sensations. The causal laws of physics, so interpreted, differ from those of psychology only by the fact that they connect a particular with other appearances in the same piece of matter, rather than with other appearances in the same perspective. That is to say, they group together particulars having the same "active" place, while psychology groups together those having the same "passive" place. Some particulars, such as images, have no "active" place, and therefore belong exclusively to psychology.

We can now understand the distinction between physics and psychology. The nerves and brain are matter: our visual sensations when we look at them may be, and I think are, members of the system constituting irregular appearances of this matter, but are not the whole of the system. Psychology is concerned, inter alia, with our sensations when we see a piece of matter, as opposed to the matter which we see. Assuming, as we must, that our sensations have physical causes, their causal laws are nevertheless radically different from the laws of physics, since the consideration of a single sensation requires the breaking up of the group of which it is a member. When a sensation is used to verify physics, it is used merely as a sign of a certain material phenomenon, i.e. of a group of particulars of which it is a member. But when it is studied by psychology, it is taken away from that group and put into quite a different context, where it causes images or voluntary movements. It is primarily this different grouping that is characteristic of psychology as opposed to all the physical sciences, including physiology; a secondary difference is that images, which belong to psychology, are not easily to be included among the aspects which constitute a physical thing or piece of matter.

There remains, however, an important question, namely: Are mental events causally dependent upon physical events in a sense in which the converse dependence does not hold? Before we can discuss the answer to this question, we must first be clear as to what our question means.

When, given A, it is possible to infer B, but given B, it is not possible to infer A, we say that B is dependent upon A in a sense in which A is not dependent upon B. Stated in logical terms, this amounts to saying that, when we know a many-one relation of A to B, B is dependent upon A in respect of this relation. If the relation is a causal law, we say that B is causally dependent upon A. The illustration that chiefly concerns us is the system of appearances of a physical object. We can, broadly speaking, infer distant appearances from near ones, but not vice versa. All men look alike when they are a mile away, hence when we see a man a mile off we cannot tell what he will look like when he is only a yard away. But when we see him a yard away, we can tell what he will look like a mile away. Thus the nearer view gives us more valuable information, and the distant view is causally dependent upon it in a sense in which it is not causally dependent upon the distant view.

It is this greater causal potency of the near appearance that leads physics to state its causal laws in terms of that system of regular appearances to which the nearest appearances increasingly approximate, and that makes it value information derived from the microscope or telescope. It is clear that our sensations, considered as irregular appearances of physical objects, share the causal dependence belonging to comparatively distant appearances; therefore in our sensational life we are in causal dependence upon physical laws.

This, however, is not the most important or interesting part of our question. It is the causation of images that is the vital problem. We have seen that they are subject to mnenic causation, and that mnenic causation may be reducible to ordinary physical causation in nervous tissue. This is the question upon which our attitude must turn towards what may be called materialism. One sense of materialism is the view that all mental phenomena are causally dependent upon physical phenomena in the above-defined sense of causal dependence. Whether this is the case or not, I do not profess to know. The question seems to me the same as the

question whether mnemic causation is ultimate, which we considered without deciding in Lecture IV. But I think the bulk of the evidence points to the materialistic answer as the more probable.

In considering the causal laws of psychology, the distinction between rough generalizations and exact laws is important. There are many rough generalizations in psychology, not only of the sort by which we govern our ordinary behaviour to each other, but also of a more nearly scientific kind. Habit and association belong among such laws. I will give an illustration of the kind of law that can be obtained. Suppose a person has frequently experienced A and B in close temporal contiguity, an association will be established, so that A, or an image of A, tends to cause an image of B. The question arises: will the association work in either direction, or only from the one which has occurred earlier to the one which has occurred later? In an article by Mr. Wohlgemuth, called "The Direction of Associations" ("British Journal of Psychology," vol. v, part iv, March, 1913), it is claimed to be proved by experiment that, in so far as motor memory (i.e. memory of movements) is concerned, association works only from earlier to later, while in visual and auditory memory this is not the case, but the later of two neighbouring experiences may recall the earlier as well as the earlier the later. It is suggested that motor memory is physiological, while visual and auditory memory are more truly psychological. But that is not the point which concerns us in the illustration. The point which concerns us is that a law of association, established by purely psychological observation, is a purely psychological law, and may serve as a sample of what is possible in the way of discovering such laws. It is, however, still no more than a rough generalization, a statistical average. It cannot tell us what will result from a given cause on a given occasion. It is a law of tendency, not a precise and invariable law such as those of physics aim at being.

If we wish to pass from the law of habit, stated as a tendency or average, to something more precise and invariable, we seem driven to the nervous system. We can more or less guess how an occurrence produces a change in the brain, and how its repetition gradually produces something analogous to the channel of a river, along which currents flow more easily than in neighbouring paths. We can perceive that in this way, if we had more knowledge, the tendency to habit through repetition might be replaced by a precise account of the effect of each occurrence in bringing about a modification of the sort from which habit would ultimately result. It is such considerations that make students of psychophysiology materialistic in their methods, whatever they may be in their metaphysics. There are, of course, exceptions, such as Professor J. S. Haldane,* who maintains that it is theoretically impossible to obtain physiological explanations of psychical phenomena, or physical explanations of physiological phenomena. But I think the bulk of expert opinion, in practice, is on the other side.

*See his book, "The New Physiology and Other Addresses" (Charles Griffin & Co., 1919).

The question whether it is possible to obtain precise causal laws in which the causes are psychological, not material, is one of detailed investigation. I have done what I could to make clear the nature of the question, but I do not believe that it is possible as yet to answer it with any confidence. It seems to be by no means an insoluble question, and we may hope that science will be able to produce sufficient grounds for regarding one answer as much more probable than the other. But for the moment I do not see how we can come to a decision.

I think, however, on grounds of the theory of matter explained in Lectures V and VII, that an ultimate scientific account of what goes on in the world, if it were ascertainable, would resemble psychology rather than physics in what we found to be the decisive difference between them. I think, that is to say, that such an account would not be content to speak, even formally, as though matter, which is a logical fiction, were the ultimate reality. I think that, if our scientific knowledge were adequate to the task, which it neither is nor is likely to become, it would exhibit the laws of correlation of the particulars constituting a momentary condition of a material unit, and would state the causal laws* of the world in terms of these particulars, not in terms of matter. Causal laws so stated would, I believe, be applicable to psychology and physics equally; the science in which they were stated would succeed in achieving what metaphysics has vainly attempted, namely a unified account of what really happens, wholly true even if not the whole of truth, and free from all convenient fictions or unwarrantable assumptions of metaphysical entities. A causal law applicable to particulars would count as a law of physics if it could be stated in terms of those fictitious systems of regular appearances which are matter; if this were not the case, it would count as a law of psychology if one of the particulars were a sensation or an image, i.e. were subject to mnemic causation. I believe that the realization of the complexity of a material unit, and its analysis into constituents analogous to sensations, is of the utmost importance to philosophy, and vital for any understanding of the relations between mind and matter, between our perceptions and the world which they perceive. It is in this direction, I am convinced, that we must look for the solution of many ancient perplexities.

* In a perfected science, causal laws will take the form of differential equations--or of finite-difference equations, if the theory of quanta should prove correct.

It is probable that the whole science of mental occurrences, especially where its initial definitions are concerned, could be simplified by the development of the fundamental unifying science in which the causal laws of particulars are sought, rather than the causal laws of those systems of particulars that constitute the material units of physics. This fundamental science would cause physics to become derivative, in the sort of way in which theories of the constitution of the atom make chemistry derivative from physics; it would also cause psychology to appear less singular and isolated among sciences. If we are right in this, it is a wrong philosophy of matter which has caused many of the difficulties in the philosophy of mind--difficulties which a right philosophy of matter would cause to disappear.

The conclusions at which we have arrived may be summed up as follows:

I. Physics and psychology are not distinguished by their material. Mind and matter alike are logical constructions; the particulars out of which they are constructed, or from which they are inferred, have various relations, some of which are studied by physics, others by psychology. Broadly speaking, physics group particulars by their active places, psychology by their passive places.

II. The two most essential characteristics of the causal laws which would naturally be called psychological are SUBJECTIVITY and MNEMIC CAUSATION; these are not unconnected, since the causal unit in mnemic causation is the group of particulars having a given passive place at a given time, and it is by this manner of grouping that subjectivity is defined.

III. Habit, memory and thought are all developments of mnemic causation. It is probable, though not certain, that mnemic causation is derivative from ordinary physical causation in nervous (and other) tissue.

IV. Consciousness is a complex and far from universal characteristic of mental phenomena.

V. Mind is a matter of degree, chiefly exemplified in number and complexity of habits.

VI. All our data, both in physics and psychology, are subject to psychological causal laws; but physical causal laws, at least in traditional physics, can only be stated in terms of matter, which is both inferred and constructed, never a datum. In this respect psychology is nearer to what actually exists.

End of Project Gutenberg's The Analysis of Mind, by Bertrand Russell

==========

Untitled

Unknown

Project Gutenberg Release: February 01, 2001 · eBook #2529

Produced by Dianne Bean

THE ANALYSIS OF MIND

By Bertrand Russell

1921

MUIRHEAD LIBRARY OF PHILOSOPHY

An admirable statement of the aims of the Library of Philosophy was provided by the first editor, the late Professor J. H. Muirhead, in his description of the original programme printed in Erdmann's History of Philosophy under the date 1890. This was slightly modified in subsequent volumes to take the form of the following statement:

"The Muirhead Library of Philosophy was designed as a contribution to the History of Modern Philosophy under the heads: first of Different Schools of Thought--Sensationalist, Realist, Idealist, Intuitivist; secondly of different Subjects--Psychology, Ethics, Aesthetics, Political Philosophy, Theology. While much had been done in England in tracing the course of evolution in nature, history, economics, morals and religion, little had been done in tracing the development of thought on these subjects. Yet 'the evolution of opinion is part of the whole evolution'.

"By the co-operation of different writers in carrying out this plan it was hoped that a thoroughness and completeness of treatment, otherwise unattainable, might be secured. It was believed also that from writers mainly British and American fuller consideration of English Philosophy than it had hitherto received might be looked for. In the earlier series of books containing, among others, Bosanquet's "History of Aesthetic," Pfleiderer's "Rational Theology since Kant," Albee's "History of English Utilitarianism," Bonar's "Philosophy and Political Economy," Brett's "History of Psychology," Ritchie's "Natural Rights," these objects were to a large extent effected.

"In the meantime original work of a high order was being produced both in England and America by such writers as Bradley, Stout, Bertrand Russell, Baldwin, Urban, Montague, and others, and a new interest in foreign works, German, French and Italian, which had either become classical or were attracting public attention, had developed. The scope of the Library thus became extended into something more international, and it is entering on the fifth decade of its existence in the hope that it may contribute to that mutual understanding between countries which is so pressing a need of the present time."

The need which Professor Muirhead stressed is no less pressing to-day, and few will deny that philosophy has much to do with enabling us to meet it, although no one, least of all Muirhead himself, would regard that as the sole, or even the main, object of philosophy. As Professor Muirhead continues to lend the distinction of his name to the Library of Philosophy it seemed not inappropriate to allow him to recall us to these aims in his own words. The emphasis on the history of thought also seemed to me very timely; and the number of important works promised for the Library in the very near future augur well for the continued fulfilment, in this and other ways, of the expectations of the original editor.

H. D. Lewis

PREFACE

This book has grown out of an attempt to harmonize two different tendencies, one in psychology, the other in physics, with both of which I find myself in sympathy, although at first sight they might seem inconsistent. On the one hand, many psychologists, especially those of the behaviourist school, tend to adopt what is essentially a materialistic position, as a matter of method if not of metaphysics. They make psychology increasingly dependent on physiology and external observation, and tend to think of matter as something much more solid and indubitable than mind. Meanwhile the physicists, especially Einstein and other exponents of the

theory of relativity, have been making "matter" less and less material. Their world consists of "events," from which "matter" is derived by a logical construction. Whoever reads, for example, Professor Eddington's "Space, Time and Gravitation" (Cambridge University Press, 1920), will see that an old-fashioned materialism can receive no support from modern physics. I think that what has permanent value in the outlook of the behaviourists is the feeling that physics is the most fundamental science at present in existence. But this position cannot be called materialistic, if, as seems to be the case, physics does not assume the existence of matter.

The view that seems to me to reconcile the materialistic tendency of psychology with the anti-materialistic tendency of physics is the view of William James and the American new realists, according to which the "stuff" of the world is neither mental nor material, but a "neutral stuff," out of which both are constructed. I have endeavoured in this work to develop this view in some detail as regards the phenomena with which psychology is concerned.

My thanks are due to Professor John B. Watson and to Dr. T. P. Nunn for reading my MSS. at an early stage and helping me with many valuable suggestions; also to Mr. A. Wohlgemuth for much very useful information as regards important literature. I have also to acknowledge the help of the editor of this Library of Philosophy, Professor Muirhead, for several suggestions by which I have profited.

The work has been given in the form of lectures both in London and Peking, and one lecture, that on Desire, has been published in the Athenaeum.

There are a few allusions to China in this book, all of which were written before I had been in China, and are not intended to be taken by the reader as geographically accurate. I have used "China" merely as a synonym for "a distant country," when I wanted illustrations of unfamiliar things.

Peking, January 1921.

CONTENTS

I. Recent Criticisms of "Consciousness" II. Instinct and Habit III. Desire and Feeling IV. Influence of Past History on Present Occurrences in Living Organisms V. Psychological and Physical Causal Laws VI. Introspection VII. The Definition of Perception VIII.Sensations and Images IX. Memory X. Words and Meaning XI. General Ideas and Thought XII. Belief XIII.Truth and Falsehood XIV. Emotions and Will XV. Characteristics of Mental Phenomena

THE ANALYSIS OF MIND

LECTURE I. RECENT CRITICISMS OF "CONSCIOUSNESS"

There are certain occurrences which we are in the habit of calling "mental." Among these we may take as typical BELIEVING and DESIRING. The exact definition of the word "mental" will, I hope, emerge as the lectures proceed; for the present, I shall mean by it whatever occurrences would commonly be called mental.

I wish in these lectures to analyse as fully as I can what it is that really takes place when we, e.g. believe or desire. In this first lecture I shall be concerned to refute a theory which is widely held, and which I formerly held myself: the theory that the essence of everything mental is a certain quite peculiar something called "consciousness," conceived either as a relation to objects, or as a pervading quality of psychical phenomena.

The reasons which I shall give against this theory will be mainly derived from previous authors. There are two sorts of reasons, which will divide my lecture into two parts:

(1) Direct reasons, derived from analysis and its difficulties;

(2) Indirect reasons, derived from observation of animals (comparative psychology) and of the insane and hysterical (psycho-analysis).

Few things are more firmly established in popular philosophy than the distinction between mind and matter. Those who are not professional metaphysicians are willing to confess that they do not know what mind actually is, or how matter is constituted; but they remain convinced that there is an impassable gulf between the two, and that both belong to what actually exists in the world.

Philosophers, on the other hand, have maintained often that matter is a mere fiction imagined by mind, and sometimes that mind is a mere property of a certain kind of matter. Those who maintain that mind is the reality and matter an evil dream are called "idealists"--a word which has a different meaning in philosophy from that which it bears in ordinary life. Those who argue that matter is the reality and mind a mere property of protoplasm are called "materialists." They have been rare among philosophers, but common, at certain periods, among men of science. Idealists, materialists, and ordinary mortals have been in agreement on one point: that they knew sufficiently what they meant by the words "mind" and "matter" to be able to conduct their debate intelligently. Yet it was just in this point, as to which they were at one, that they seem to me to have been all alike in error.

The stuff of which the world of our experience is composed is, in my belief, neither mind nor matter, but something more primitive than either. Both mind and matter seem to be composite, and the stuff of which they are compounded lies in a sense between the two, in a sense above them both, like a common ancestor. As regards matter, I have set forth my reasons for this view on former occasions,* and I shall not now repeat them. But the question of mind is more difficult, and it is this question that I propose to discuss in these lectures. A great deal of what I shall have to say is not original; indeed, much recent work, in various fields, has tended to show the necessity of such theories as those which I shall be advocating. Accordingly in this first lecture I shall try to give a brief description of the systems of ideas within which our investigation is to be carried on.

* "Our Knowledge of the External World" (Allen & Unwin), Chapters III and IV. Also "Mysticism and Logic," Essays VII and VIII.

If there is one thing that may be said, in the popular estimation, to characterize mind, that one thing is "consciousness." We say that we are "conscious" of what we see and hear, of what we remember, and of our own thoughts and feelings. Most of us believe that tables and chairs are not "conscious." We think that when we sit in a chair, we are aware of sitting in it, but it is not aware of being sat in. It cannot for a moment be doubted that we are right in believing that there is SOME difference between us and the chair in this respect: so much may be taken as fact, and as a datum for our inquiry. But as soon as we try to say what exactly the difference is, we become involved in perplexities. Is "consciousness" ultimate and simple, something to be merely accepted and contemplated? Or is it something complex, perhaps consisting in our way of behaving in the presence of objects, or, alternatively, in the existence in us of things called "ideas," having a certain relation to objects, though different from them, and only symbolically representative of them? Such questions are not easy to answer; but until they are answered we cannot profess to know what we mean by saying that we are possessed of "consciousness."

Before considering modern theories, let us look first at consciousness from the standpoint of conventional psychology, since this embodies views which naturally occur when we begin to reflect upon the subject. For this purpose, let us as a preliminary consider different ways of being conscious.

First, there is the way of PERCEPTION. We "perceive" tables and chairs, horses and dogs, our friends, traffic passing in the street--in short, anything which we recognize through the senses. I leave on one side for the present the question whether pure sensation is to be regarded as a form of consciousness: what I am speaking of now is perception, where, according to conventional psychology, we go beyond the sensation to the "thing" which it represents. When you hear a donkey bray, you not only hear a noise, but realize that it comes from a donkey. When you see a table, you not only see a coloured surface, but realize that it is hard. The addition of these elements that go beyond crude sensation is said to constitute perception. We shall have more to say about this at a later stage. For the moment, I am merely concerned to note that perception of objects is one of the most obvious examples of what is called "consciousness." We are "conscious" of anything that we perceive.

We may take next the way of MEMORY. If I set to work to recall what I did this morning, that is a form of consciousness different from perception, since it is concerned with the past. There are various problems as to how we can be conscious now of what no longer exists. These will be dealt with incidentally when we come to the analysis of memory.

From memory it is an easy step to what are called "ideas"--not in the Platonic sense, but in that of Locke, Berkeley and Hume, in which they are opposed to "impressions." You may be conscious of a friend either by seeing him or by "thinking" of him; and by "thought" you can be conscious of objects which cannot be seen, such as the human race, or physiology. "Thought" in the narrower sense is that form of consciousness which consists in "ideas" as opposed to impressions or mere memories.

We may end our preliminary catalogue with BELIEF, by which I mean that way of being conscious which may be either true or false. We say that a man is "conscious of looking a fool," by which we mean that he believes he looks a fool, and is not mistaken in this belief. This is a different form of consciousness from any of the earlier ones. It is the form which gives "knowledge" in the strict sense, and also error. It is, at least apparently, more complex than our previous forms of consciousness; though we shall find that

they are not so separable from it as they might appear to be.

Besides ways of being conscious there are other things that would ordinarily be called "mental," such as desire and pleasure and pain. These raise problems of their own, which we shall reach in Lecture III. But the hardest problems are those that arise concerning ways of being "conscious." These ways, taken together, are called the "cognitive" elements in mind, and it is these that will occupy us most during the following lectures.

There is one element which SEEMS obviously in common among the different ways of being conscious, and that is, that they are all directed to OBJECTS. We are conscious "of" something. The consciousness, it seems, is one thing, and that of which we are conscious is another thing. Unless we are to acquiesce in the view that we can never be conscious of anything outside our own minds, we must say that the object of consciousness need not be mental, though the consciousness must be. (I am speaking within the circle of conventional doctrines, not expressing my own beliefs.) This direction towards an object is commonly regarded as typical of every form of cognition, and sometimes of mental life altogether. We may distinguish two different tendencies in traditional psychology. There are those who take mental phenomena naively, just as they would physical phenomena. This school of psychologists tends not to emphasize the object. On the other hand, there are those whose primary interest is in the apparent fact that we have KNOWLEDGE, that there is a world surrounding us of which we are aware. These men are interested in the mind because of its relation to the world, because knowledge, if it is a fact, is a very mysterious one. Their interest in psychology is naturally centred in the relation of consciousness to its object, a problem which, properly, belongs rather to theory of knowledge. We may take as one of the best and most typical representatives of this school the Austrian psychologist Brentano, whose "Psychology from the Empirical Standpoint,"* though published in 1874, is still influential and was the starting-point of a great deal of interesting work. He says (p. 115):

* "Psychologie vom empirischen Standpunkte," vol. i, 1874. (The second volume was never published.)

"Every psychical phenomenon is characterized by what the scholastics of the Middle Ages called the intentional (also the mental) inexistence of an object, and what we, although with not quite unambiguous expressions, would call relation to a content, direction towards an object (which is not here to be understood as a reality), or immanent objectivity. Each contains something in itself as an object, though not each in the same way. In presentation something is presented, in judgment something is acknowledged or rejected, in love something is loved, in hatred hated, in desire desired, and so on.

"This intentional inexistence is exclusively peculiar to psychical phenomena. No physical phenomenon shows anything similar. And so we can define psychical phenomena by saying that they are phenomena which intentionally contain an object in themselves."

The view here expressed, that relation to an object is an ultimate irreducible characteristic of mental phenomena, is one which I shall be concerned to combat. Like Brentano, I am interested in psychology, not so much for its own sake, as for the light that it may throw on the problem of knowledge. Until very lately I believed, as he did, that mental phenomena have essential reference to objects, except possibly in the case of pleasure and pain. Now I no longer believe this, even in the case of knowledge. I shall try to make my reasons for this rejection clear as we proceed. It must be evident at first glance that the analysis of knowledge is rendered more difficult by the rejection; but the apparent simplicity of Brentano's view of knowledge will be found, if I am not mistaken, incapable of maintaining itself either against an analytic scrutiny or against a host of facts in psycho-analysis and animal psychology. I do not wish to minimize the problems. I will merely observe, in mitigation of our prospective labours, that thinking, however it is to be analysed, is in itself a delightful occupation, and that there is no enemy to thinking so deadly as a false simplicity. Travelling, whether in the mental or the physical world, is a joy, and it is good to know that, in the mental world at least, there are vast countries still very imperfectly explored.

The view expressed by Brentano has been held very generally, and developed by many writers. Among these we may take as an example his Austrian successor Meinong.* According to him there are three elements involved in the thought of an object. These three he calls the act, the content and the object. The act is the same in any two cases of the same kind of consciousness; for instance, if I think of Smith or think of Brown, the act of thinking, in itself, is exactly similar on both occasions. But the content of my thought, the particular event that is happening in my mind, is different when I think of Smith and when I think of Brown. The content, Meinong argues, must not be confounded with the object, since the content must exist in my mind at the moment when I have the thought, whereas the object need not do so. The object may be something past or future; it may be physical, not mental; it may be something abstract, like equality for example; it may be something imaginary, like a golden mountain; or it may even be something self-contradictory, like a round square. But in all these cases, so he contends, the content exists when the thought exists, and is

what distinguishes it, as an occurrence, from other thoughts.

* See, e.g. his article: "Ueber Gegenstande hoherer Ordnung und deren Verhaltniss zur inneren Wahrnehmung," "Zeitschrift fur Psychologie and Physiologie der Sinnesorgane," vol. xxi, pp. 182-272 (1899), especially pp. 185-8.

To make this theory concrete, let us suppose that you are thinking of St. Paul's. Then, according to Meinong, we have to distinguish three elements which are necessarily combined in constituting the one thought. First, there is the act of thinking, which would be just the same whatever you were thinking about. Then there is what makes the character of the thought as contrasted with other thoughts; this is the content. And finally there is St. Paul's, which is the object of your thought. There must be a difference between the content of a thought and what it is about, since the thought is here and now, whereas what it is about may not be; hence it is clear that the thought is not identical with St. Paul's. This seems to show that we must distinguish between content and object. But if Meinong is right, there can be no thought without an object: the connection of the two is essential. The object might exist without the thought, but not the thought without the object: the three elements of act, content and object are all required to constitute the one single occurrence called "thinking of St. Paul's."

The above analysis of a thought, though I believe it to be mistaken, is very useful as affording a schema in terms of which other theories can be stated. In the remainder of the present lecture I shall state in outline the view which I advocate, and show how various other views out of which mine has grown result from modifications of the threefold analysis into act, content and object.

The first criticism I have to make is that the ACT seems unnecessary and fictitious. The occurrence of the content of a thought constitutes the occurrence of the thought. Empirically, I cannot discover anything corresponding to the supposed act; and theoretically I cannot see that it is indispensable. We say: "_I_ think so-and-so," and this word "I" suggests that thinking is the act of a person. Meinong's "act" is the ghost of the subject, or what once was the full-blooded soul. It is supposed that thoughts cannot just come and go, but need a person to think them. Now, of course it is true that thoughts can be collected into bundles, so that one bundle is my thoughts, another is your thoughts, and a third is the thoughts of Mr. Jones. But I think the person is not an ingredient in the single thought: he is rather constituted by relations of the thoughts to each other and to the body. This is a large question, which need not, in its entirety, concern us at present. All that I am concerned with for the moment is that the grammatical forms "I think," "you think," and "Mr. Jones thinks," are misleading if regarded as indicating an analysis of a single thought. It would be better to say "it thinks in me," like "it rains here"; or better still, "there is a thought in me." This is simply on the ground that what Meinong calls the act in thinking is not empirically discoverable, or logically deducible from what we can observe.

The next point of criticism concerns the relation of content and object. The reference of thoughts to objects is not, I believe, the simple direct essential thing that Brentano and Meinong represent it as being. It seems to me to be derivative, and to consist largely in BELIEFS: beliefs that what constitutes the thought is connected with various other elements which together make up the object. You have, say, an image of St. Paul's, or merely the word "St. Paul's" in your head. You believe, however vaguely and dimly, that this is connected with what you would see if you went to St. Paul's, or what you would feel if you touched its walls; it is further connected with what other people see and feel, with services and the Dean and Chapter and Sir Christopher Wren. These things are not mere thoughts of yours, but your thought stands in a relation to them of which you are more or less aware. The awareness of this relation is a further thought, and constitutes your feeling that the original thought had an "object." But in pure imagination you can get very similar thoughts without these accompanying beliefs; and in this case your thoughts do not have objects or seem to have them. Thus in such instances you have content without object. On the other hand, in seeing or hearing it would be less misleading to say that you have object without content, since what you see or hear is actually part of the physical world, though not matter in the sense of physics. Thus the whole question of the relation of mental occurrences to objects grows very complicated, and cannot be settled by regarding reference to objects as of the essence of thoughts. All the above remarks are merely preliminary, and will be expanded later.

Speaking in popular and unphilosophical terms, we may say that the content of a thought is supposed to be something in your head when you think the thought, while the object is usually something in the outer world. It is held that knowledge of the outer world is constituted by the relation to the object, while the fact that knowledge is different from what it knows is due to the fact that knowledge comes by way of contents. We can begin to state the difference between realism and idealism in terms of this opposition of contents and objects. Speaking quite roughly and approximately, we may say that idealism tends to suppress the object, while realism tends to suppress the content. Idealism, accordingly, says that nothing can be known except thoughts, and all the reality that we know is mental; while realism maintains that we know objects directly, in sensation certainly, and perhaps also in memory and thought. Idealism does not say that nothing can be known beyond the present thought, but it maintains that the

context of vague belief, which we spoke of in connection with the thought of St. Paul's, only takes you to other thoughts, never to anything radically different from thoughts. The difficulty of this view is in regard to sensation, where it seems as if we came into direct contact with the outer world. But the Berkeleian way of meeting this difficulty is so familiar that I need not enlarge upon it now. I shall return to it in a later lecture, and will only observe, for the present, that there seem to me no valid grounds for regarding what we see and hear as not part of the physical world.

Realists, on the other hand, as a rule, suppress the content, and maintain that a thought consists either of act and object alone, or of object alone. I have been in the past a realist, and I remain a realist as regards sensation, but not as regards memory or thought. I will try to explain what seem to me to be the reasons for and against various kinds of realism.

Modern idealism professes to be by no means confined to the present thought or the present thinker in regard to its knowledge; indeed, it contends that the world is so organic, so dove-tailed, that from any one portion the whole can be inferred, as the complete skeleton of an extinct animal can be inferred from one bone. But the logic by which this supposed organic nature of the world is nominally demonstrated appears to realists, as it does to me, to be faulty. They argue that, if we cannot know the physical world directly, we cannot really know any thing outside our own minds: the rest of the world may be merely our dream. This is a dreary view, and they there fore seek ways of escaping from it. Accordingly they maintain that in knowledge we are in direct contact with objects, which may be, and usually are, outside our own minds. No doubt they are prompted to this view, in the first place, by bias, namely, by the desire to think that they can know of the existence of a world outside themselves. But we have to consider, not what led them to desire the view, but whether their arguments for it are valid.

There are two different kinds of realism, according as we make a thought consist of act and object, or of object alone. Their difficulties are different, but neither seems tenable all through. Take, for the sake of definiteness, the remembering of a past event. The remembering occurs now, and is therefore necessarily not identical with the past event. So long as we retain the act, this need cause no difficulty. The act of remembering occurs now, and has on this view a certain essential relation to the past event which it remembers. There is no LOGICAL objection to this theory, but there is the objection, which we spoke of earlier, that the act seems mythical, and is not to be found by observation. If, on the other hand, we try to constitute memory without the act, we are driven to a content, since we must have something that happens NOW, as opposed to the event which happened in the past. Thus, when we reject the act, which I think we must, we are driven to a theory of memory which is more akin to idealism. These arguments, however, do not apply to sensation. It is especially sensation, I think, which is considered by those realists who retain only the object.* Their views, which are chiefly held in America, are in large measure derived from William James, and before going further it will be well to consider the revolutionary doctrine which he advocated. I believe this doctrine contains important new truth, and what I shall have to say will be in a considerable measure inspired by it.

* This is explicitly the case with Mach's "Analysis of Sensations," a book of fundamental importance in the present connection. (Translation of fifth German edition, Open Court Co., 1914. First German edition, 1886.)

William James's view was first set forth in an essay called "Does 'consciousness' exist?"* In this essay he explains how what used to be the soul has gradually been refined down to the "transcendental ego," which, he says, "attenuates itself to a thoroughly ghostly condition, being only a name for the fact that the 'content' of experience IS KNOWN. It loses personal form and activity--these passing over to the content--and becomes a bare Bewusstheit or Bewusstsein uberhaupt, of which in its own right absolutely nothing can be said. I believe (he continues) that 'consciousness,' when once it has evaporated to this estate of pure diaphaneity, is on the point of disappearing altogether. It is the name of a nonentity, and has no right to a place among first principles. Those who still cling to it are clinging to a mere echo, the faint rumour left behind by the disappearing 'soul' upon the air of philosophy"(p. 2).

* "Journal of Philosophy, Psychology and Scientific Methods," vol. i, 1904. Reprinted in "Essays in Radical Empiricism" (Longmans, Green & Co., 1912), pp. 1-38, to which references in what follows refer.

He explains that this is no sudden change in his opinions. "For twenty years past," he says, "I have mistrusted 'consciousness' as an entity; for seven or eight years past I have suggested its non-existence to my students, and tried to give them its pragmatic equivalent in realities of experience. It seems to me that the hour is ripe for it to be openly and universally discarded"(p. 3).

His next concern is to explain away the air of paradox, for James was never wilfully paradoxical. "Undeniably," he says, "'thoughts' do exist." "I mean only to deny that the word stands for an entity, but to insist most emphatically that it does stand for a function.

There is, I mean, no aboriginal stuff or quality of being, contrasted with that of which material objects are made, out of which our thoughts of them are made; but there is a function in experience which thoughts perform, and for the performance of which this quality of being is invoked. That function is KNOWING"(pp. 3-4).

James's view is that the raw material out of which the world is built up is not of two sorts, one matter and the other mind, but that it is arranged in different patterns by its inter-relations, and that some arrangements may be called mental, while others may be called physical.

"My thesis is," he says, "that if we start with the supposition that there is only one primal stuff or material in the world, a stuff of which everything is composed, and if we call that stuff 'pure experience,' then knowing can easily be explained as a particular sort of relation towards one another into which portions of pure experience may enter. The relation itself is a part of pure experience; one of its 'terms' becomes the subject or bearer of the knowledge, the knower, the other becomes the object known"(p. 4).

After mentioning the duality of subject and object, which is supposed to constitute consciousness, he proceeds in italics: "EXPERIENCE, I BELIEVE, HAS NO SUCH INNER DUPLICITY; AND THE SEPARATION OF IT INTO CONSCIOUSNESS AND CONTENT COMES, NOT BY WAY OF SUBTRACTION, BUT BY WAY OF ADDITION"(p. 9).

He illustrates his meaning by the analogy of paint as it appears in a paint-shop and as it appears in a picture: in the one case it is just "saleable matter," while in the other it "performs a spiritual function. Just so, I maintain (he continues), does a given undivided portion of experience, taken in one context of associates, play the part of a knower, of a state of mind, of 'consciousness'; while in a different context the same undivided bit of experience plays the part of a thing known, of an objective 'content.' In a word, in one group it figures as a thought, in another group as a thing"(pp. 9-10).

He does not believe in the supposed immediate certainty of thought. "Let the case be what it may in others," he says, "I am as confident as I am of anything that, in myself, the stream of thinking (which I recognize emphatically as a phenomenon) is only a careless name for what, when scrutinized, reveals itself to consist chiefly of the stream of my breathing. The 'I think' which Kant said must be able to accompany all my objects, is the 'I breathe' which actually does accompany them"(pp. 36-37).

The same view of "consciousness" is set forth in the succeeding essay, "A World of Pure Experience" (ib., pp. 39-91). The use of the phrase "pure experience" in both essays points to a lingering influence of idealism. "Experience," like "consciousness," must be a product, not part of the primary stuff of the world. It must be possible, if James is right in his main contentions, that roughly the same stuff, differently arranged, would not give rise to anything that could be called "experience." This word has been dropped by the American realists, among whom we may mention specially Professor R. B. Perry of Harvard and Mr. Edwin B. Holt. The interests of this school are in general philosophy and the philosophy of the sciences, rather than in psychology; they have derived a strong impulsion from James, but have more interest than he had in logic and mathematics and the abstract part of philosophy. They speak of "neutral" entities as the stuff out of which both mind and matter are constructed. Thus Holt says: "If the terms and propositions of logic must be substantialized, they are all strictly of one substance, for which perhaps the least dangerous name is neutral-stuff. The relation of neutral-stuff to matter and mind we shall have presently to consider at considerable length." *

* "The Concept of Consciousness" (Geo. Allen & Co., 1914), p. 52.

My own belief--for which the reasons will appear in subsequent lectures--is that James is right in rejecting consciousness as an entity, and that the American realists are partly right, though not wholly, in considering that both mind and matter are composed of a neutral-stuff which, in isolation, is neither mental nor material. I should admit this view as regards sensations: what is heard or seen belongs equally to psychology and to physics. But I should say that images belong only to the mental world, while those occurrences (if any) which do not form part of any "experience" belong only to the physical world. There are, it seems to me, prima facie different kinds of causal laws, one belonging to physics and the other to psychology. The law of gravitation, for example, is a physical law, while the law of association is a psychological law. Sensations are subject to both kinds of laws, and are therefore truly "neutral" in Holt's sense. But entities subject only to physical laws, or only to psychological laws, are not neutral, and may be called respectively purely material and purely mental. Even those, however, which are purely mental will not have that intrinsic reference to objects which Brentano assigns to them and which constitutes the essence of "consciousness" as ordinarily understood. But it is now time to pass on to other modern tendencies, also hostile to "consciousness."

There is a psychological school called "Behaviourists," of whom the protagonist is Professor John B. Watson,* formerly of the Johns Hopkins University. To them also, on the whole, belongs Professor John Dewey, who, with James and Dr. Schiller, was one

of the three founders of pragmatism. The view of the "behaviourists" is that nothing can be known except by external observation. They deny altogether that there is a separate source of knowledge called "introspection," by which we can know things about ourselves which we could never observe in others. They do not by any means deny that all sorts of things MAY go on in our minds: they only say that such things, if they occur, are not susceptible of scientific observation, and do not therefore concern psychology as a science. Psychology as a science, they say, is only concerned with BEHAVIOUR, i.e. with what we DO; this alone, they contend, can be accurately observed. Whether we think meanwhile, they tell us, cannot be known; in their observation of the behaviour of human beings, they have not so far found any evidence of thought. True, we talk a great deal, and imagine that in so doing we are showing that we can think; but behaviourists say that the talk they have to listen to can be explained without supposing that people think. Where you might expect a chapter on "thought processes" you come instead upon a chapter on "The Language Habit." It is humiliating to find how terribly adequate this hypothesis turns out to be.

* See especially his "Behavior: an Introduction to Comparative Psychology," New York, 1914.

Behaviourism has not, however, sprung from observing the folly of men. It is the wisdom of animals that has suggested the view. It has always been a common topic of popular discussion whether animals "think." On this topic people are prepared to take sides without having the vaguest idea what they mean by "thinking." Those who desired to investigate such questions were led to observe the behaviour of animals, in the hope that their behaviour would throw some light on their mental faculties. At first sight, it might seem that this is so. People say that a dog "knows" its name because it comes when it is called, and that it "remembers" its master, because it looks sad in his absence, but wags its tail and barks when he returns. That the dog behaves in this way is matter of observation, but that it "knows" or "remembers" anything is an inference, and in fact a very doubtful one. The more such inferences are examined, the more precarious they are seen to be. Hence the study of animal behaviour has been gradually led to abandon all attempt at mental interpretation. And it can hardly be doubted that, in many cases of complicated behaviour very well adapted to its ends, there can be no prevision of those ends. The first time a bird builds a nest, we can hardly suppose it knows that there will be eggs to be laid in it, or that it will sit on the eggs, or that they will hatch into young birds. It does what it does at each stage because instinct gives it an impulse to do just that, not because it foresees and desires the result of its actions.*

* An interesting discussion of the question whether instinctive actions, when first performed, involve any prevision, however vague, will be found in Lloyd Morgan's "Instinct and Experience" (Methuen, 1912), chap. ii.

Careful observers of animals, being anxious to avoid precarious inferences, have gradually discovered more and more how to give an account of the actions of animals without assuming what we call "consciousness." It has seemed to the behaviourists that similar methods can be applied to human behaviour, without assuming anything not open to external observation. Let us give a crude illustration, too crude for the authors in question, but capable of affording a rough insight into their meaning. Suppose two children in a school, both of whom are asked "What is six times nine?" One says fifty-four, the other says fifty-six. The one, we say, "knows" what six times nine is, the other does not. But all that we can observe is a certain language-habit. The one child has acquired the habit of saying "six times nine is fifty-four"; the other has not. There is no more need of "thought" in this than there is when a horse turns into his accustomed stable; there are merely more numerous and complicated habits. There is obviously an observable fact called "knowing" such-and-such a thing; examinations are experiments for discovering such facts. But all that is observed or discovered is a certain set of habits in the use of words. The thoughts (if any) in the mind of the examinee are of no interest to the examiner; nor has the examiner any reason to suppose even the most successful examinee capable of even the smallest amount of thought.

Thus what is called "knowing," in the sense in which we can ascertain what other people "know," is a phenomenon exemplified in their physical behaviour, including spoken and written words. There is no reason--so Watson argues--to suppose that their knowledge IS anything beyond the habits shown in this behaviour: the inference that other people have something nonphysical called "mind" or "thought" is therefore unwarranted.

So far, there is nothing particularly repugnant to our prejudices in the conclusions of the behaviourists. We are all willing to admit that other people are thoughtless. But when it comes to ourselves, we feel convinced that we can actually perceive our own thinking. "Cogito, ergo sum" would be regarded by most people as having a true premiss. This, however, the behaviourist denies. He maintains that our knowledge of ourselves is no different in kind from our knowledge of other people. We may see MORE, because our own body is easier to observe than that of other people; but we do not see anything radically unlike what we see of others. Introspection, as a separate source of knowledge, is entirely denied by psychologists of this school. I shall discuss this question at length in a later lecture; for the present I will only observe that it is by no means simple, and that, though I believe the

behaviourists somewhat overstate their case, yet there is an important element of truth in their contention, since the things which we can discover by introspection do not seem to differ in any very fundamental way from the things which we discover by external observation.

So far, we have been principally concerned with knowing. But it might well be maintained that desiring is what is really most characteristic of mind. Human beings are constantly engaged in achieving some end they feel pleasure in success and pain in failure. In a purely material world, it may be said, there would be no opposition of pleasant and unpleasant, good and bad, what is desired and what is feared. A man's acts are governed by purposes. He decides, let us suppose, to go to a certain place, whereupon he proceeds to the station, takes his ticket and enters the train. If the usual route is blocked by an accident, he goes by some other route. All that he does is determined--or so it seems--by the end he has in view, by what lies in front of him, rather than by what lies behind. With dead matter, this is not the case. A stone at the top of a hill may start rolling, but it shows no pertinacity in trying to get to the bottom. Any ledge or obstacle will stop it, and it will exhibit no signs of discontent if this happens. It is not attracted by the pleasantness of the valley, as a sheep or cow might be, but propelled by the steepness of the hill at the place where it is. In all this we have characteristic differences between the behaviour of animals and the behaviour of matter as studied by physics.

Desire, like knowledge, is, of course, in one sense an observable phenomenon. An elephant will eat a bun, but not a mutton chop; a duck will go into the water, but a hen will not. But when we think of our own desires, most people believe that we can know them by an immediate self-knowledge which does not depend upon observation of our actions. Yet if this were the case, it would be odd that people are so often mistaken as to what they desire. It is matter of common observation that "so-and-so does not know his own motives," or that "A is envious of B and malicious about him, but quite unconscious of being so." Such people are called self-deceivers, and are supposed to have had to go through some more or less elaborate process of concealing from themselves what would otherwise have been obvious. I believe that this is an entire mistake. I believe that the discovery of our own motives can only be made by the same process by which we discover other people's, namely, the process of observing our actions and inferring the desire which could prompt them. A desire is "conscious" when we have told ourselves that we have it. A hungry man may say to himself: "Oh, I do want my lunch." Then his desire is "conscious." But it only differs from an "unconscious" desire by the presence of appropriate words, which is by no means a fundamental difference.

The belief that a motive is normally conscious makes it easier to be mistaken as to our own motives than as to other people's. When some desire that we should be ashamed of is attributed to us, we notice that we have never had it consciously, in the sense of saying to ourselves, "I wish that would happen." We therefore look for some other interpretation of our actions, and regard our friends as very unjust when they refuse to be convinced by our repudiation of what we hold to be a calumny. Moral considerations greatly increase the difficulty of clear thinking in this matter. It is commonly argued that people are not to blame for unconscious motives, but only for conscious ones. In order, therefore, to be wholly virtuous it is only necessary to repeat virtuous formulas. We say: "I desire to be kind to my friends, honourable in business, philanthropic towards the poor, public-spirited in politics." So long as we refuse to allow ourselves, even in the watches of the night, to avow any contrary desires, we may be bullies at home, shady in the City, skinflints in paying wages and profiteers in dealing with the public; yet, if only conscious motives are to count in moral valuation, we shall remain model characters. This is an agreeable doctrine, and it is not surprising that men are un willing to abandon it. But moral considerations are the worst enemies of the scientific spirit and we must dismiss them from our minds if we wish to arrive at truth.

I believe--as I shall try to prove in a later lecture--that desire, like force in mechanics, is of the nature of a convenient fiction for describing shortly certain laws of behaviour. A hungry animal is restless until it finds food; then it becomes quiescent. The thing which will bring a restless condition to an end is said to be what is desired. But only experience can show what will have this sedative effect, and it is easy to make mistakes. We feel dissatisfaction, and think that such and-such a thing would remove it; but in thinking this, we are theorizing, not observing a patent fact. Our theorizing is often mistaken, and when it is mistaken there is a difference between what we think we desire and what in fact will bring satisfaction. This is such a common phenomenon that any theory of desire which fails to account for it must be wrong.

What have been called "unconscious" desires have been brought very much to the fore in recent years by psycho-analysis. Psycho-analysis, as every one knows, is primarily a method of understanding hysteria and certain forms of insanity*; but it has been found that there is much in the lives of ordinary men and women which bears a humiliating resemblance to the delusions of the insane. The connection of dreams, irrational beliefs and foolish actions with unconscious wishes has been brought to light, though with some exaggeration, by Freud and Jung and their followers. As regards the nature of these unconscious wishes, it

seems to me--though as a layman I speak with diffidence--that many psycho-analysts are unduly narrow; no doubt the wishes they emphasize exist, but others, e.g. for honour and power, are equally operative and equally liable to concealment. This, however, does not affect the value of their general theories from the point of view of theoretic psychology, and it is from this point of view that their results are important for the analysis of mind.

* There is a wide field of "unconscious" phenomena which does not depend upon psycho-analytic theories. Such occurrences as automatic writing lead Dr. Morton Prince to say: "As I view this question of the subconscious, far too much weight is given to the point of awareness or not awareness of our conscious processes. As a matter of fact, we find entirely identical phenomena, that is, identical in every respect but one-that of awareness in which sometimes we are aware of these conscious phenomena and sometimes not"(p. 87 of "Subconscious Phenomena," by various authors, Rebman). Dr. Morton Price conceives that there may be "consciousness" without "awareness." But this is a difficult view, and one which makes some definition of "consciousness" imperative. For nay part, I cannot see how to separate consciousness from awareness.

What, I think, is clearly established, is that a man's actions and beliefs may be wholly dominated by a desire of which he is quite unconscious, and which he indignantly repudiates when it is suggested to him. Such a desire is generally, in morbid cases, of a sort which the patient would consider wicked; if he had to admit that he had the desire, he would loathe himself. Yet it is so strong that it must force an outlet for itself; hence it becomes necessary to entertain whole systems of false beliefs in order to hide the nature of what is desired. The resulting delusions in very many cases disappear if the hysteric or lunatic can be made to face the facts about himself. The consequence of this is that the treatment of many forms of insanity has grown more psychological and less physiological than it used to be. Instead of looking for a physical defect in the brain, those who treat delusions look for the repressed desire which has found this contorted mode of expression. For those who do not wish to plunge into the somewhat repulsive and often rather wild theories of psychoanalytic pioneers, it will be worth while to read a little book by Dr. Bernard Hart on "The Psychology of Insanity."* On this question of the mental as opposed to the physiological study of the causes of insanity, Dr. Hart says:

* Cambridge, 1912; 2nd edition, 1914. The following references are to the second edition.

"The psychological conception [of insanity] is based on the view that mental processes can be directly studied without any reference to the accompanying changes which are presumed to take place in the brain, and that insanity may therefore be properly attacked from the standpoint of psychology"(p. 9).

This illustrates a point which I am anxious to make clear from the outset. Any attempt to classify modern views, such as I propose to advocate, from the old standpoint of materialism and idealism, is only misleading. In certain respects, the views which I shall be setting forth approximate to materialism; in certain others, they approximate to its opposite. On this question of the study of delusions, the practical effect of the modern theories, as Dr. Hart points out, is emancipation from the materialist method. On the other hand, as he also points out (pp. 38-9), imbecility and dementia still have to be considered physiologically, as caused by defects in the brain. There is no inconsistency in this If, as we maintain, mind and matter are neither of them the actual stuff of reality, but different convenient groupings of an underlying material, then, clearly, the question whether, in regard to a given phenomenon, we are to seek a physical or a mental cause, is merely one to be decided by trial. Metaphysicians have argued endlessly as to the interaction of mind and matter. The followers of Descartes held that mind and matter are so different as to make any action of the one on the other impossible. When I will to move my arm, they said, it is not my will that operates on my arm, but God, who, by His omnipotence, moves my arm whenever I want it moved. The modern doctrine of psychophysical parallelism is not appreciably different from this theory of the Cartesian school. Psycho-physical parallelism is the theory that mental and physical events each have causes in their own sphere, but run on side by side owing to the fact that every state of the brain coexists with a definite state of the mind, and vice versa. This view of the reciprocal causal independence of mind and matter has no basis except in metaphysical theory.* For us, there is no necessity to make any such assumption, which is very difficult to harmonize with obvious facts. I receive a letter inviting me to dinner: the letter is a physical fact, but my apprehension of its meaning is mental. Here we have an effect of matter on mind. In consequence of my apprehension of the meaning of the letter, I go to the right place at the right time; here we have an effect of mind on matter. I shall try to persuade you, in the course of these lectures, that matter is not so material and mind not so mental as is generally supposed. When we are speaking of matter, it will seem as if we were inclining to idealism; when we are speaking of mind, it will seem as if we were inclining to materialism. Neither is the truth. Our world is to be constructed out of what the American realists call "neutral" entities, which have neither the hardness and indestructibility of matter, nor the reference to objects which is supposed to characterize mind.

* It would seem, however, that Dr. Hart accepts this theory as 8 methodological precept. See his contribution to "Subconscious Phenomena" (quoted above), especially pp. 121-2.

There is, it is true, one objection which might be felt, not indeed to the action of matter on mind, but to the action of mind on matter. The laws of physics, it may be urged, are apparently adequate to explain everything that happens to matter, even when it is matter in a man's brain. This, however, is only a hypothesis, not an established theory. There is no cogent empirical reason for supposing that the laws determining the motions of living bodies are exactly the same as those that apply to dead matter. Sometimes, of course, they are clearly the same. When a man falls from a precipice or slips on a piece of orange peel, his body behaves as if it were devoid of life. These are the occasions that make Bergson laugh. But when a man's bodily movements are what we call "voluntary," they are, at any rate prima facie, very different in their laws from the movements of what is devoid of life. I do not wish to say dogmatically that the difference is irreducible; I think it highly probable that it is not. I say only that the study of the behaviour of living bodies, in the present state of our knowledge, is distinct from physics. The study of gases was originally quite distinct from that of rigid bodies, and would never have advanced to its present state if it had not been independently pursued. Nowadays both the gas and the rigid body are manufactured out of a more primitive and universal kind of matter. In like manner, as a question of methodology, the laws of living bodies are to be studied, in the first place, without any undue haste to subordinate them to the laws of physics. Boyle's law and the rest had to be discovered before the kinetic theory of gases became possible. But in psychology we are hardly yet at the stage of Boyle's law. Meanwhile we need not be held up by the bogey of the universal rigid exactness of physics. This is, as yet, a mere hypothesis, to be tested empirically without any preconceptions. It may be true, or it may not. So far, that is all we can say.

Returning from this digression to our main topic, namely, the criticism of "consciousness," we observe that Freud and his followers, though they have demonstrated beyond dispute the immense importance of "unconscious" desires in determining our actions and beliefs, have not attempted the task of telling us what an "unconscious" desire actually is, and have thus invested their doctrine with an air of mystery and mythology which forms a large part of its popular attractiveness. They speak always as though it were more normal for a desire to be conscious, and as though a positive cause had to be assigned for its being unconscious. Thus "the unconscious" becomes a sort of underground prisoner, living in a dungeon, breaking in at long intervals upon our daylight respectability with dark groans and maledictions and strange atavistic lusts. The ordinary reader, almost inevitably, thinks of this underground person as another consciousness, prevented by what Freud calls the "censor" from making his voice heard in company, except on rare and dreadful occasions when he shouts so loud that every one hears him and there is a scandal. Most of us like the idea that we could be desperately wicked if only we let ourselves go. For this reason, the Freudian "unconscious" has been a consolation to many quiet and well-behaved persons.

I do not think the truth is quite so picturesque as this. I believe an "unconscious" desire is merely a causal law of our behaviour,* namely, that we remain restlessly active until a certain state of affairs is realized, when we achieve temporary equilibrium If we know beforehand what this state of affairs is, our desire is conscious; if not, unconscious. The unconscious desire is not something actually existing, but merely a tendency to a certain behaviour; it has exactly the same status as a force in dynamics. The unconscious desire is in no way mysterious; it is the natural primitive form of desire, from which the other has developed through our habit of observing and theorizing (often wrongly). It is not necessary to suppose, as Freud seems to do, that every unconscious wish was once conscious, and was then, in his terminology, "repressed" because we disapproved of it. On the contrary, we shall suppose that, although Freudian "repression" undoubtedly occurs and is important, it is not the usual reason for unconsciousness of our wishes. The usual reason is merely that wishes are all, to begin with, unconscious, and only become known when they are actively noticed. Usually, from laziness, people do not notice, but accept the theory of human nature which they find current, and attribute to themselves whatever wishes this theory would lead them to expect. We used to be full of virtuous wishes, but since Freud our wishes have become, in the words of the Prophet Jeremiah, "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." Both these views, in most of those who have held them, are the product of theory rather than observation, for observation requires effort, whereas repeating phrases does not.

* Cf. Hart, "The Psychology of Insanity," p. 19.

The interpretation of unconscious wishes which I have been advocating has been set forth briefly by Professor John B. Watson in an article called "The Psychology of Wish Fulfilment," which appeared in "The Scientific Monthly" in November, 1916. Two quotations will serve to show his point of view:

"The Freudians (he says) have made more or less of a 'metaphysical entity' out of the censor. They suppose that when wishes are repressed they are repressed into the 'unconscious,' and that this mysterious censor stands at the trapdoor lying between the conscious and the unconscious. Many of us do not believe in a world of the unconscious (a few of us even have grave doubts about the usefulness of the term consciousness), hence we try to explain censorship along ordinary biological lines. We believe that one group of habits can 'down' another group of habits--or instincts. In this case our ordinary system of habits--those which we call expressive of our 'real selves'--inhibit or quench (keep inactive or partially inactive) those habits and instinctive tendencies which belong largely in the past"(p. 483).

Again, after speaking of the frustration of some impulses which is involved in acquiring the habits of a civilized adult, he continues:

"It is among these frustrated impulses that I would find the biological basis of the unfulfilled wish. Such 'wishes' need never have been 'conscious,' and NEED NEVER HAVE BEEN SUPPRESSED INTO FREUD'S REALM OF THE UNCONSCIOUS. It may be inferred from this that there is no particular reason for applying the term 'wish' to such tendencies"(p. 485).

One of the merits of the general analysis of mind which we shall be concerned with in the following lectures is that it removes the atmosphere of mystery from the phenomena brought to light by the psycho-analysts. Mystery is delightful, but unscientific, since it depends upon ignorance. Man has developed out of the animals, and there is no serious gap between him and the amoeba. Something closely analogous to knowledge and desire, as regards its effects on behaviour, exists among animals, even where what we call "consciousness" is hard to believe in; something equally analogous exists in ourselves in cases where no trace of "consciousness" can be found. It is therefore natural to suppose that, what ever may be the correct definition of "consciousness," "consciousness" is not the essence of life or mind. In the following lectures, accordingly, this term will disappear until we have dealt with words, when it will re-emerge as mainly a trivial and unimportant outcome of linguistic habits.

LECTURE II. INSTINCT AND HABIT

In attempting to understand the elements out of which mental phenomena are compounded, it is of the greatest importance to remember that from the protozoa to man there is nowhere a very wide gap either in structure or in behaviour. From this fact it is a highly probable inference that there is also nowhere a very wide mental gap. It is, of course, POSSIBLE that there may be, at certain stages in evolution, elements which are entirely new from the standpoint of analysis, though in their nascent form they have little influence on behaviour and no very marked correlatives in structure. But the hypothesis of continuity in mental development is clearly preferable if no psychological facts make it impossible. We shall find, if I am not mistaken, that there are no facts which refute the hypothesis of mental continuity, and that, on the other hand, this hypothesis affords a useful test of suggested theories as to the nature of mind.

The hypothesis of mental continuity throughout organic evolution may be used in two different ways. On the one hand, it may be held that we have more knowledge of our own minds than those of animals, and that we should use this knowledge to infer the existence of something similar to our own mental processes in animals and even in plants. On the other hand, it may be held that animals and plants present simpler phenomena, more easily analysed than those of human minds; on this ground it may be urged that explanations which are adequate in the case of animals ought not to be lightly rejected in the case of man. The practical effects of these two views are diametrically opposite: the first leads us to level up animal intelligence with what we believe ourselves to know about our own intelligence, while the second leads us to attempt a levelling down of our own intelligence to something not too remote from what we can observe in animals. It is therefore important to consider the relative justification of the two ways of applying the principle of continuity.

It is clear that the question turns upon another, namely, which can we know best, the psychology of animals or that of human beings? If we can know most about animals, we shall use this knowledge as a basis for inference about human beings; if we can know most about human beings, we shall adopt the opposite procedure. And the question whether we can know most about the psychology of human beings or about that of animals turns upon yet another, namely: Is introspection or external observation the surer method in psychology? This is a question which I propose to discuss at length in Lecture VI; I shall therefore content myself now with a statement of the conclusions to be arrived at.

We know a great many things concerning ourselves which we cannot know nearly so directly concerning animals or even other people. We know when we have a toothache, what we are thinking of, what dreams we have when we are asleep, and a host of other occurrences which we only know about others when they tell us of them, or otherwise make them inferable by their behaviour.

Thus, so far as knowledge of detached facts is concerned, the advantage is on the side of self-knowledge as against external observation.

But when we come to the analysis and scientific understanding of the facts, the advantages on the side of self-knowledge become far less clear. We know, for example, that we have desires and beliefs, but we do not know what constitutes a desire or a belief. The phenomena are so familiar that it is difficult to realize how little we really know about them. We see in animals, and to a lesser extent in plants, behaviour more or less similar to that which, in us, is prompted by desires and beliefs, and we find that, as we descend in the scale of evolution, behaviour becomes simpler, more easily reducible to rule, more scientifically analysable and predictable. And just because we are not misled by familiarity we find it easier to be cautious in interpreting behaviour when we are dealing with phenomena remote from those of our own minds: Moreover, introspection, as psychoanalysis has demonstrated, is extraordinarily fallible even in cases where we feel a high degree of certainty. The net result seems to be that, though self-knowledge has a definite and important contribution to make to psychology, it is exceedingly misleading unless it is constantly checked and controlled by the test of external observation, and by the theories which such observation suggests when applied to animal behaviour. On the whole, therefore, there is probably more to be learnt about human psychology from animals than about animal psychology from human beings; but this conclusion is one of degree, and must not be pressed beyond a point.

It is only bodily phenomena that can be directly observed in animals, or even, strictly speaking, in other human beings. We can observe such things as their movements, their physiological processes, and the sounds they emit. Such things as desires and beliefs, which seem obvious to introspection, are not visible directly to external observation. Accordingly, if we begin our study of psychology by external observation, we must not begin by assuming such things as desires and beliefs, but only such things as external observation can reveal, which will be characteristics of the movements and physiological processes of animals. Some animals, for example, always run away from light and hide themselves in dark places. If you pick up a mossy stone which is lightly embedded in the earth, you will see a number of small animals scuttling away from the unwonted daylight and seeking again the darkness of which you have deprived them. Such animals are sensitive to light, in the sense that their movements are affected by it; but it would be rash to infer that they have sensations in any way analogous to our sensations of sight. Such inferences, which go beyond the observable facts, are to be avoided with the utmost care.

It is customary to divide human movements into three classes, voluntary, reflex and mechanical. We may illustrate the distinction by a quotation from William James ("Psychology," i, 12):

"If I hear the conductor calling 'all aboard' as I enter the depot, my heart first stops, then palpitates, and my legs respond to the air-waves falling on my tympanum by quickening their movements. If I stumble as I run, the sensation of falling provokes a movement of the hands towards the direction of the fall, the effect of which is to shield the body from too sudden a shock. If a cinder enter my eye, its lids close forcibly and a copious flow of tears tends to wash it out.

"These three responses to a sensational stimulus differ, however, in many respects. The closure of the eye and the lachrymation are quite involuntary, and so is the disturbance of the heart. Such involuntary responses we know as 'reflex' acts. The motion of the arms to break the shock of falling may also be called reflex, since it occurs too quickly to be deliberately intended. Whether it be instinctive or whether it result from the pedestrian education of childhood may be doubtful; it is, at any rate, less automatic than the previous acts, for a man might by conscious effort learn to perform it more skilfully, or even to suppress it altogether. Actions of this kind, with which instinct and volition enter upon equal terms, have been called 'semi-reflex.' The act of running towards the train, on the other hand, has no instinctive element about it. It is purely the result of education, and is preceded by a consciousness of the purpose to be attained and a distinct mandate of the will. It is a 'voluntary act.' Thus the animal's reflex and voluntary performances shade into each other gradually, being connected by acts which may often occur automatically, but may also be modified by conscious intelligence.

"An outside observer, unable to perceive the accompanying consciousness, might be wholly at a loss to discriminate between the automatic acts and those which volition escorted. But if the criterion of mind's existence be the choice of the proper means for the attainment of a supposed end, all the acts alike seem to be inspired by intelligence, for APPROPRIATENESS characterizes them all alike."

There is one movement, among those that James mentions at first, which is not subsequently classified, namely, the stumbling. This is the kind of movement which may be called "mechanical"; it is evidently of a different kind from either reflex or voluntary movements, and more akin to the movements of dead matter. We may define a movement of an animal's body as "mechanical"

when it proceeds as if only dead matter were involved. For example, if you fall over a cliff, you move under the influence of gravitation, and your centre of gravity describes just as correct a parabola as if you were already dead. Mechanical movements have not the characteristic of appropriateness, unless by accident, as when a drunken man falls into a waterbutt and is sobered. But reflex and voluntary movements are not ALWAYS appropriate, unless in some very recondite sense. A moth flying into a lamp is not acting sensibly; no more is a man who is in such a hurry to get his ticket that he cannot remember the name of his destination. Appropriateness is a complicated and merely approximate idea, and for the present we shall do well to dismiss it from our thoughts.

As James states, there is no difference, from the point of view of the outside observer, between voluntary and reflex movements. The physiologist can discover that both depend upon the nervous system, and he may find that the movements which we call voluntary depend upon higher centres in the brain than those that are reflex. But he cannot discover anything as to the presence or absence of "will" or "consciousness," for these things can only be seen from within, if at all. For the present, we wish to place ourselves resolutely in the position of outside observers; we will therefore ignore the distinction between voluntary and reflex movements. We will call the two together "vital" movements. We may then distinguish "vital" from mechanical movements by the fact that vital movements depend for their causation upon the special properties of the nervous system, while mechanical movements depend only upon the properties which animal bodies share with matter in general.

There is need for some care if the distinction between mechanical and vital movements is to be made precise. It is quite likely that, if we knew more about animal bodies, we could deduce all their movements from the laws of chemistry and physics. It is already fairly easy to see how chemistry reduces to physics, i.e. how the differences between different chemical elements can be accounted for by differences of physical structure, the constituents of the structure being electrons which are exactly alike in all kinds of matter. We only know in part how to reduce physiology to chemistry, but we know enough to make it likely that the reduction is possible. If we suppose it effected, what would become of the difference between vital and mechanical movements?

Some analogies will make the difference clear. A shock to a mass of dynamite produces quite different effects from an equal shock to a mass of steel: in the one case there is a vast explosion, while in the other case there is hardly any noticeable disturbance. Similarly, you may sometimes find on a mountain-side a large rock poised so delicately that a touch will set it crashing down into the valley, while the rocks all round are so firm that only a considerable force can dislodge them What is analogous in these two cases is the existence of a great store of energy in unstable equilibrium ready to burst into violent motion by the addition of a very slight disturbance. Similarly, it requires only a very slight expenditure of energy to send a post-card with the words "All is discovered; fly!" but the effect in generating kinetic energy is said to be amazing. A human body, like a mass of dynamite, contains a store of energy in unstable equilibrium, ready to be directed in this direction or that by a disturbance which is physically very small, such as a spoken word. In all such cases the reduction of behaviour to physical laws can only be effected by entering into great minuteness; so long as we confine ourselves to the observation of comparatively large masses, the way in which the equilibrium will be upset cannot be determined. Physicists distinguish between macroscopic and microscopic equations: the former determine the visible movements of bodies of ordinary size, the latter the minute occurrences in the smallest parts. It is only the microscopic equations that are supposed to be the same for all sorts of matter. The macroscopic equations result from a process of averaging out, and may be different in different cases. So, in our instance, the laws of macroscopic phenomena are different for mechanical and vital movements, though the laws of microscopic phenomena may be the same.

We may say, speaking somewhat roughly, that a stimulus applied to the nervous system, like a spark to dynamite, is able to take advantage of the stored energy in unstable equilibrium, and thus to produce movements out of proportion to the proximate cause. Movements produced in this way are vital movements, while mechanical movements are those in which the stored energy of a living body is not involved. Similarly dynamite may be exploded, thereby displaying its characteristic properties, or may (with due precautions) be carted about like any other mineral. The explosion is analogous to vital movements, the carting about to mechanical movements.

Mechanical movements are of no interest to the psychologist, and it has only been necessary to define them in order to be able to exclude them. When a psychologist studies behaviour, it is only vital movements that concern him. We shall, therefore, proceed to ignore mechanical movements, and study only the properties of the remainder.

The next point is to distinguish between movements that are instinctive and movements that are acquired by experience. This distinction also is to some extent one of degree. Professor Lloyd Morgan gives the following definition of "instinctive behaviour":

"That which is, on its first occurrence, independent of prior experience; which tends to the well-being of the individual and the preservation of the race; which is similarly performed by all members of the same more or less restricted group of animals; and which may be subject to subsequent modification under the guidance of experience." *

* "Instinct and Experience" (Methuen, 1912) p. 5.

This definition is framed for the purposes of biology, and is in some respects unsuited to the needs of psychology. Though perhaps unavoidable, allusion to "the same more or less restricted group of animals" makes it impossible to judge what is instinctive in the behaviour of an isolated individual. Moreover, "the well-being of the individual and the preservation of the race" is only a usual characteristic, not a universal one, of the sort of movements that, from our point of view, are to be called instinctive; instances of harmful instincts will be given shortly. The essential point of the definition, from our point of view, is that an instinctive movement is in dependent of prior experience.

We may say that an "instinctive" movement is a vital movement performed by an animal the first time that it finds itself in a novel situation; or, more correctly, one which it would perform if the situation were novel.* The instincts of an animal are different at different periods of its growth, and this fact may cause changes of behaviour which are not due to learning. The maturing and seasonal fluctuation of the sex-instinct affords a good illustration. When the sex-instinct first matures, the behaviour of an animal in the presence of a mate is different from its previous behaviour in similar circumstances, but is not learnt, since it is just the same if the animal has never previously been in the presence of a mate.

* Though this can only be decided by comparison with other members of the species, and thus exposes us to the need of comparison which we thought an objection to Professor Lloyd Morgan's definition.

On the other hand, a movement is "learnt," or embodies a "habit," if it is due to previous experience of similar situations, and is not what it would be if the animal had had no such experience.

There are various complications which blur the sharpness of this distinction in practice. To begin with, many instincts mature gradually, and while they are immature an animal may act in a fumbling manner which is very difficult to distinguish from learning. James ("Psychology," ii, 407) maintains that children walk by instinct, and that the awkwardness of their first attempts is only due to the fact that the instinct has not yet ripened. He hopes that "some scientific widower, left alone with his offspring at the critical moment, may ere long test this suggestion on the living subject." However this may be, he quotes evidence to show that "birds do not LEARN to fly," but fly by instinct when they reach the appropriate age (ib., p. 406). In the second place, instinct often gives only a rough outline of the sort of thing to do, in which case learning is necessary in order to acquire certainty and precision in action. In the third place, even in the clearest cases of acquired habit, such as speaking, some instinct is required to set in motion the process of learning. In the case of speaking, the chief instinct involved is commonly supposed to be that of imitation, but this may be questioned. (See Thorndike's "Animal Intelligence," p. 253 ff.)

In spite of these qualifications, the broad distinction between instinct and habit is undeniable. To take extreme cases, every animal at birth can take food by instinct, before it has had opportunity to learn; on the other hand, no one can ride a bicycle by instinct, though, after learning, the necessary movements become just as automatic as if they were instinctive.

The process of learning, which consists in the acquisition of habits, has been much studied in various animals.* For example: you put a hungry animal, say a cat, in a cage which has a door that can be opened by lifting a latch; outside the cage you put food. The cat at first dashes all round the cage, making frantic efforts to force a way out. At last, by accident, the latch is lifted and the cat pounces on the food. Next day you repeat the experiment, and you find that the cat gets out much more quickly than the first time, although it still makes some random movements. The third day it gets out still more quickly, and before long it goes straight to the latch and lifts it at once. Or you make a model of the Hampton Court maze, and put a rat in the middle, assaulted by the smell of food on the outside. The rat starts running down the passages, and is constantly stopped by blind alleys, but at last, by persistent attempts, it gets out. You repeat this experiment day after day; you measure the time taken by the rat in reaching the food; you find that the time rapidly diminishes, and that after a while the rat ceases to make any wrong turnings. It is by essentially similar processes that we learn speaking, writing, mathematics, or the government of an empire.

* The scientific study of this subject may almost be said to begin with Thorndike's "Animal Intelligence" (Macmillan, 1911).

Professor Watson ("Behavior," pp. 262-3) has an ingenious theory as to the way in which habit arises out of random movements. I think there is a reason why his theory cannot be regarded as alone sufficient, but it seems not unlikely that it is partly correct.

Suppose, for the sake of simplicity, that there are just ten random movements which may be made by the animal--say, ten paths down which it may go--and that only one of these leads to food, or whatever else represents success in the case in question. Then the successful movement always occurs during the animal's attempts, whereas each of the others, on the average, occurs in only half the attempts. Thus the tendency to repeat a previous performance (which is easily explicable without the intervention of "consciousness") leads to a greater emphasis on the successful movement than on any other, and in time causes it alone to be performed. The objection to this view, if taken as the sole explanation, is that on improvement ought to set in till after the SECOND trial, whereas experiment shows that already at the second attempt the animal does better than the first time. Something further is, therefore, required to account for the genesis of habit from random movements; but I see no reason to suppose that what is further required involves "consciousness."

Mr. Thorndike (op. cit., p. 244) formulates two "provisional laws of acquired behaviour or learning," as follows:

"The Law of Effect is that: Of several responses made to the same situation, those which are accompanied or closely followed by satisfaction to the animal will, other things being equal, be more firmly connected with the situation, so that, when it recurs, they will be more likely to recur; those which are accompanied or closely followed by discomfort to the animal will, other things being equal, have their connections with that situation weakened, so that, when it recurs, they will be less likely to occur. The greater the satisfaction or discomfort, the greater the strengthening or weakening of the bond.

"The Law of Exercise is that: Any response to a situation will, other things being equal, be more strongly connected with the situation in proportion to the number of times it has been connected with that situation and to the average vigour and duration of the connections."

With the explanation to be presently given of the meaning of "satisfaction" and "discomfort," there seems every reason to accept these two laws.

What is true of animals, as regards instinct and habit, is equally true of men. But the higher we rise in the evolutionary scale, broadly speaking, the greater becomes the power of learning, and the fewer are the occasions when pure instinct is exhibited unmodified in adult life. This applies with great force to man, so much so that some have thought instinct less important in the life of man than in that of animals. This, however, would be a mistake. Learning is only possible when instinct supplies the driving-force. The animals in cages, which gradually learn to get out, perform random movements at first, which are purely instinctive. But for these random movements, they would never acquire the experience which afterwards enables them to produce the right movement. (This is partly questioned by Hobhouse*--wrongly, I think.) Similarly, children learning to talk make all sorts of sounds, until one day the right sound comes by accident. It is clear that the original making of random sounds, without which speech would never be learnt, is instinctive. I think we may say the same of all the habits and aptitudes that we acquire in all of them there has been present throughout some instinctive activity, prompting at first rather inefficient movements, but supplying the driving force while more and more effective methods are being acquired. A cat which is hungry smells fish, and goes to the larder. This is a thoroughly efficient method when there is fish in the larder, and it is often successfully practised by children. But in later life it is found that merely going to the larder does not cause fish to be there; after a series of random movements it is found that this result is to be caused by going to the City in the morning and coming back in the evening. No one would have guessed a priori that this movement of a middle-aged man's body would cause fish to come out of the sea into his larder, but experience shows that it does, and the middle-aged man therefore continues to go to the City, just as the cat in the cage continues to lift the latch when it has once found it. Of course, in actual fact, human learning is rendered easier, though psychologically more complex, through language; but at bottom language does not alter the essential character of learning, or of the part played by instinct in promoting learning. Language, however, is a subject upon which I do not wish to speak until a later lecture.

* "Mind in Evolution" (Macmillan, 1915), pp. 236-237.

The popular conception of instinct errs by imagining it to be infallible and preternaturally wise, as well as incapable of modification. This is a complete delusion. Instinct, as a rule, is very rough and ready, able to achieve its result under ordinary circumstances, but easily misled by anything unusual. Chicks follow their mother by instinct, but when they are quite young they will follow with equal readiness any moving object remotely resembling their mother, or even a human being (James, "Psychology," ii, 396). Bergson, quoting Fabre, has made play with the supposed extraordinary accuracy of the solitary wasp Ammophila, which lays its eggs in a caterpillar. On this subject I will quote from Drever's "Instinct in Man," p. 92:

"According to Fabre's observations, which Bergson accepts, the Ammophila stings its prey EXACTLY and UNERRINGLY in EACH of the nervous centres. The result is that the caterpillar is paralyzed, but not immediately killed, the advantage of this being that the larva cannot be injured by any movement of the caterpillar, upon which the egg is deposited, and is provided with fresh meat when the time comes.

"Now Dr. and Mrs. Peckham have shown that the sting of the wasp is NOT UNERRING, as Fabre alleges, that the number of stings is NOT CONSTANT, that sometimes the caterpillar is NOT PARALYZED, and sometimes it is KILLED OUTRIGHT, and that THE DIFFERENT CIRCUMSTANCES DO NOT APPARENTLY MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE TO THE LARVA, which is not injured by slight movements of the caterpillar, nor by consuming food decomposed rather than fresh caterpillar."

This illustrates how love of the marvellous may mislead even so careful an observer as Fabre and so eminent a philosopher as Bergson.

In the same chapter of Dr. Drever's book there are some interesting examples of the mistakes made by instinct. I will quote one as a sample:

"The larva of the Lomechusa beetle eats the young of the ants, in whose nest it is reared. Nevertheless, the ants tend the Lomechusa larvae with the same care they bestow on their own young. Not only so, but they apparently discover that the methods of feeding, which suit their own larvae, would prove fatal to the guests, and accordingly they change their whole system of nursing" (loc. cit., p. 106).

Semon ("Die Mneme," pp. 207-9) gives a good illustration of an instinct growing wiser through experience. He relates how hunters attract stags by imitating the sounds of other members of their species, male or female, but find that the older a stag becomes the more difficult it is to deceive him, and the more accurate the imitation has to be. The literature of instinct is vast, and illustrations might be multiplied indefinitely. The main points as regards instinct, which need to be emphasized as against the popular conceptions of it, are:

(1) That instinct requires no prevision of the biological end which it serves;

(2) That instinct is only adapted to achieve this end in the usual circumstances of the animal in question, and has no more precision than is necessary for success AS A RULE;

(3) That processes initiated by instinct often come to be performed better after experience;

(4) That instinct supplies the impulses to experimental movements which are required for the process of learning;

(5) That instincts in their nascent stages are easily modifiable, and capable of being attached to various sorts of objects.

All the above characteristics of instinct can be established by purely external observation, except the fact that instinct does not require prevision. This, though not strictly capable of being PROVED by observation, is irresistibly suggested by the most obvious phenomena. Who can believe, for example, that a new-born baby is aware of the necessity of food for preserving life? Or that insects, in laying eggs, are concerned for the preservation of their species? The essence of instinct, one might say, is that it provides a mechanism for acting without foresight in a manner which is usually advantageous biologically. It is partly for this reason that it is so important to understand the fundamental position of instinct in prompting both animal and human behaviour.

LECTURE III. DESIRE AND FEELING

Desire is a subject upon which, if I am not mistaken, true views can only be arrived at by an almost complete reversal of the ordinary unreflecting opinion. It is natural to regard desire as in its essence an attitude towards something which is imagined, not actual; this something is called the END or OBJECT of the desire, and is said to be the PURPOSE of any action resulting from the desire. We think of the content of the desire as being just like the content of a belief, while the attitude taken up towards the content is different. According to this theory, when we say: "I hope it will rain," or "I expect it will rain," we express, in the first case, a desire, and in the second, a belief, with an identical content, namely, the image of rain. It would be easy to say that, just as belief is one kind of feeling in relation to this content, so desire is another kind. According to this view, what comes first in desire is something imagined, with a specific feeling related to it, namely, that specific feeling which we call "desiring" it. The discomfort associated with unsatisfied desire, and the actions which aim at satisfying desire, are, in this view, both of them effects of the desire. I think it is fair to say that this is a view against which common sense would not rebel; nevertheless, I believe it to be radically mistaken. It cannot

be refuted logically, but various facts can be adduced which make it gradually less simple and plausible, until at last it turns out to be easier to abandon it wholly and look at the matter in a totally different way.

The first set of facts to be adduced against the common sense view of desire are those studied by psycho-analysis. In all human beings, but most markedly in those suffering from hysteria and certain forms of insanity, we find what are called "unconscious" desires, which are commonly regarded as showing self-deception. Most psycho-analysts pay little attention to the analysis of desire, being interested in discovering by observation what it is that people desire, rather than in discovering what actually constitutes desire. I think the strangeness of what they report would be greatly diminished if it were expressed in the language of a behaviourist theory of desire, rather than in the language of every-day beliefs. The general description of the sort of phenomena that bear on our present question is as follows: A person states that his desires are so-and-so, and that it is these desires that inspire his actions; but the outside observer perceives that his actions are such as to realize quite different ends from those which he avows, and that these different ends are such as he might be expected to desire. Generally they are less virtuous than his professed desires, and are therefore less agreeable to profess than these are. It is accordingly supposed that they really exist as desires for ends, but in a subconscious part of the mind, which the patient refuses to admit into consciousness for fear of having to think ill of himself. There are no doubt many cases to which such a supposition is applicable without obvious artificiality. But the deeper the Freudians delve into the underground regions of instinct, the further they travel from anything resembling conscious desire, and the less possible it becomes to believe that only positive self-deception conceals from us that we really wish for things which are abhorrent to our explicit life.

In the cases in question we have a conflict between the outside observer and the patient's consciousness. The whole tendency of psycho-analysis is to trust the outside observer rather than the testimony of introspection. I believe this tendency to be entirely right, but to demand a re-statement of what constitutes desire, exhibiting it as a causal law of our actions, not as something actually existing in our minds.

But let us first get a clearer statement of the essential characteristic of the phenomena.

A person, we find, states that he desires a certain end A, and that he is acting with a view to achieving it. We observe, however, that his actions are such as are likely to achieve a quite different end B, and that B is the sort of end that often seems to be aimed at by animals and savages, though civilized people are supposed to have discarded it. We sometimes find also a whole set of false beliefs, of such a kind as to persuade the patient that his actions are really a means to A, when in fact they are a means to B. For example, we have an impulse to inflict pain upon those whom we hate; we therefore believe that they are wicked, and that punishment will reform them. This belief enables us to act upon the impulse to inflict pain, while believing that we are acting upon the desire to lead sinners to repentance. It is for this reason that the criminal law has been in all ages more severe than it would have been if the impulse to ameliorate the criminal had been what really inspired it. It seems simple to explain such a state of affairs as due to "self-deception," but this explanation is often mythical. Most people, in thinking about punishment, have had no more need to hide their vindictive impulses from themselves than they have had to hide the exponential theorem. Our impulses are not patent to a casual observation, but are only to be discovered by a scientific study of our actions, in the course of which we must regard ourselves as objectively as we should the motions of the planets or the chemical reactions of a new element.

The study of animals reinforces this conclusion, and is in many ways the best preparation for the analysis of desire. In animals we are not troubled by the disturbing influence of ethical considerations. In dealing with human beings, we are perpetually distracted by being told that such-and-such a view is gloomy or cynical or pessimistic: ages of human conceit have built up such a vast myth as to our wisdom and virtue that any intrusion of the mere scientific desire to know the facts is instantly resented by those who cling to comfortable illusions. But no one cares whether animals are virtuous or not, and no one is under the delusion that they are rational. Moreover, we do not expect them to be so "conscious," and are prepared to admit that their instincts prompt useful actions without any prevision of the ends which they achieve. For all these reasons, there is much in the analysis of mind which is more easily discovered by the study of animals than by the observation of human beings.

We all think that, by watching the behaviour of animals, we can discover more or less what they desire. If this is the case--and I fully agree that it is--desire must be capable of being exhibited in actions, for it is only the actions of animals that we can observe. They MAY have minds in which all sorts of things take place, but we can know nothing about their minds except by means of inferences from their actions; and the more such inferences are examined, the more dubious they appear. It would seem, therefore, that actions alone must be the test of the desires of animals. From this it is an easy step to the conclusion that an animal's desire is nothing but a characteristic of a certain series of actions, namely, those which would be commonly regarded as inspired by the

desire in question. And when it has been shown that this view affords a satisfactory account of animal desires, it is not difficult to see that the same explanation is applicable to the desires of human beings.

We judge easily from the behaviour of an animal of a familiar kind whether it is hungry or thirsty, or pleased or displeased, or inquisitive or terrified. The verification of our judgment, so far as verification is possible, must be derived from the immediately succeeding actions of the animal. Most people would say that they infer first something about the animal's state of mind--whether it is hungry or thirsty and so on--and thence derive their expectations as to its subsequent conduct. But this detour through the animal's supposed mind is wholly unnecessary. We can say simply: The animal's behaviour during the last minute has had those characteristics which distinguish what is called "hunger," and it is likely that its actions during the next minute will be similar in this respect, unless it finds food, or is interrupted by a stronger impulse, such as fear. An animal which is hungry is restless, it goes to the places where food is often to be found, it sniffs with its nose or peers with its eyes or otherwise increases the sensitiveness of its sense-organs; as soon as it is near enough to food for its sense-organs to be affected, it goes to it with all speed and proceeds to eat; after which, if the quantity of food has been sufficient, its whole demeanour changes it may very likely lie down and go to sleep. These things and others like them are observable phenomena distinguishing a hungry animal from one which is not hungry. The characteristic mark by which we recognize a series of actions which display hunger is not the animal's mental state, which we cannot observe, but something in its bodily behaviour; it is this observable trait in the bodily behaviour that I am proposing to call "hunger," not some possibly mythical and certainly unknowable ingredient of the animal's mind.

Generalizing what occurs in the case of hunger, we may say that what we call a desire in an animal is always displayed in a cycle of actions having certain fairly well marked characteristics. There is first a state of activity, consisting, with qualifications to be mentioned presently, of movements likely to have a certain result; these movements, unless interrupted, continue until the result is achieved, after which there is usually a period of comparative quiescence. A cycle of actions of this sort has marks by which it is broadly distinguished from the motions of dead matter. The most notable of these marks are--(1) the appropriateness of the actions for the realization of a certain result; (2) the continuance of action until that result has been achieved. Neither of these can be pressed beyond a point. Either may be (a) to some extent present in dead matter, and (b) to a considerable extent absent in animals, while vegetable are intermediate, and display only a much fainter form of the behaviour which leads us to attribute desire to animals. (a) One might say rivers "desire" the sea water, roughly speaking, remains in restless motion until it reaches either the sea or a place from which it cannot issue without going uphill, and therefore we might say that this is what it wishes while it is flowing. We do not say so, because we can account for the behaviour of water by the laws of physics; and if we knew more about animals, we might equally cease to attribute desires to them, since we might find physical and chemical reactions sufficient to account for their behaviour. (b) Many of the movements of animals do not exhibit the characteristics of the cycles which seem to embody desire. There are first of all the movements which are "mechanical," such as slipping and falling, where ordinary physical forces operate upon the animal's body almost as if it were dead matter. An animal which falls over a cliff may make a number of desperate struggles while it is in the air, but its centre of gravity will move exactly as it would if the animal were dead. In this case, if the animal is killed at the end of the fall, we have, at first sight, just the characteristics of a cycle of actions embodying desire, namely, restless movement until the ground is reached, and then quiescence. Nevertheless, we feel no temptation to say that the animal desired what occurred, partly because of the obviously mechanical nature of the whole occurrence, partly because, when an animal survives a fall, it tends not to repeat the experience.

There may be other reasons also, but of them I do not wish to speak yet. Besides mechanical movements, there are interrupted movements, as when a bird, on its way to eat your best peas, is frightened away by the boy whom you are employing for that purpose. If interruptions are frequent and completion of cycles rare, the characteristics by which cycles are observed may become so blurred as to be almost unrecognizable. The result of these various considerations is that the differences between animals and dead matter, when we confine ourselves to external unscientific observation of integral behaviour, are a matter of degree and not very precise. It is for this reason that it has always been possible for fanciful people to maintain that even stocks and stones have some vague kind of soul. The evidence that animals have souls is so very shaky that, if it is assumed to be conclusive, one might just as well go a step further and extend the argument by analogy to all matter. Nevertheless, in spite of vagueness and doubtful cases, the existence of cycles in the behaviour of animals is a broad characteristic by which they are prima facie distinguished from ordinary matter; and I think it is this characteristic which leads us to attribute desires to animals, since it makes their behaviour resemble what we do when (as we say) we are acting from desire.

I shall adopt the following definitions for describing the behaviour of animals:

A "behaviour-cycle" is a series of voluntary or reflex movements of an animal, tending to cause a certain result, and continuing until that result is caused, unless they are interrupted by death, accident, or some new behaviour-cycle. (Here "accident" may be defined as the intervention of purely physical laws causing mechanical movements.)

The "purpose" of a behaviour-cycle is the result which brings it to an end, normally by a condition of temporary quiescence-provided there is no interruption.

An animal is said to "desire" the purpose of a behaviour cycle while the behaviour-cycle is in progress.

I believe these definitions to be adequate also to human purposes and desires, but for the present I am only occupied with animals and with what can be learnt by external observation. I am very anxious that no ideas should be attached to the words "purpose" and "desire" beyond those involved in the above definitions.

We have not so far considered what is the nature of the initial stimulus to a behaviour-cycle. Yet it is here that the usual view of desire seems on the strongest ground. The hungry animal goes on making movements until it gets food; it seems natural, therefore, to suppose that the idea of food is present throughout the process, and that the thought of the end to be achieved sets the whole process in motion. Such a view, however, is obviously untenable in many cases, especially where instinct is concerned. Take, for example, reproduction and the rearing of the young. Birds mate, build a nest, lay eggs in it, sit on the eggs, feed the young birds, and care for them until they are fully grown. It is totally impossible to suppose that this series of actions, which constitutes one behaviour-cycle, is inspired by any prevision of the end, at any rate the first time it is performed.* We must suppose that the stimulus to the performance of each act is an impulsion from behind, not an attraction from the future. The bird does what it does, at each stage, because it has an impulse to that particular action, not because it perceives that the whole cycle of actions will contribute to the preservation of the species. The same considerations apply to other instincts. A hungry animal feels restless, and is led by instinctive impulses to perform the movements which give it nourishment; but the act of seeking food is not sufficient evidence from which to conclude that the animal has the thought of food in its "mind."

* For evidence as to birds' nests, cf. Semon, "Die Mneme," pp. 209, 210.

Coming now to human beings, and to what we know about our own actions, it seems clear that what, with us, sets a behaviour-cycle in motion is some sensation of the sort which we call disagreeable. Take the case of hunger: we have first an uncomfortable feeling inside, producing a disinclination to sit still, a sensitiveness to savoury smells, and an attraction towards any food that there may be in our neighbourhood. At any moment during this process we may become aware that we are hungry, in the sense of saying to ourselves, "I am hungry"; but we may have been acting with reference to food for some time before this moment. While we are talking or reading, we may eat in complete unconsciousness; but we perform the actions of eating just as we should if we were conscious, and they cease when our hunger is appeased. What we call "consciousness" seems to be a mere spectator of the process; even when it issues orders, they are usually, like those of a wise parent, just such as would have been obeyed even if they had not been given. This view may seem at first exaggerated, but the more our so-called volitions and their causes are examined, the more it is forced upon us. The part played by words in all this is complicated, and a potent source of confusions; I shall return to it later. For the present, I am still concerned with primitive desire, as it exists in man, but in the form in which man shows his affinity to his animal ancestors.

Conscious desire is made up partly of what is essential to desire, partly of beliefs as to what we want. It is important to be clear as to the part which does not consist of beliefs.

The primitive non-cognitive element in desire seems to be a push, not a pull, an impulsion away from the actual, rather than an attraction towards the ideal. Certain sensations and other mental occurrences have a property which we call discomfort; these cause such bodily movements as are likely to lead to their cessation. When the discomfort ceases, or even when it appreciably diminishes, we have sensations possessing a property which we call PLEASURE. Pleasurable sensations either stimulate no action at all, or at most stimulate such action as is likely to prolong them. I shall return shortly to the consideration of what discomfort and pleasure are in themselves; for the present, it is their connection with action and desire that concerns us. Abandoning momentarily the standpoint of behaviourism, we may presume that hungry animals experience sensations involving discomfort, and stimulating such movements as seem likely to bring them to the food which is outside the cages. When they have reached the food and eaten it, their discomfort ceases and their sensations become pleasurable. It SEEMS, mistakenly, as if the animals had had this situation in mind throughout, when in fact they have been continually pushed by discomfort. And when an animal is reflective, like some men, it comes to think that it had the final situation in mind throughout; sometimes it comes to know

what situation will bring satisfaction, so that in fact the discomfort does bring the thought of what will allay it. Nevertheless the sensation involving discomfort remains the prime mover.

This brings us to the question of the nature of discomfort and pleasure. Since Kant it has been customary to recognize three great divisions of mental phenomena, which are typified by knowledge, desire and feeling, where "feeling" is used to mean pleasure and discomfort. Of course, "knowledge" is too definite a word: the states of mind concerned are grouped together as "cognitive," and are to embrace not only beliefs, but perceptions, doubts, and the understanding of concepts. "Desire," also, is narrower than what is intended: for example, WILL is to be included in this category, and in fact every thing that involves any kind of striving, or "conation" as it is technically called. I do not myself believe that there is any value in this threefold division of the contents of mind. I believe that sensations (including images) supply all the "stuff" of the mind, and that everything else can be analysed into groups of sensations related in various ways, or characteristics of sensations or of groups of sensations. As regards belief, I shall give grounds for this view in later lectures. As regards desires, I have given some grounds in this lecture. For the present, it is pleasure and discomfort that concern us. There are broadly three theories that might be held in regard to them. We may regard them as separate existing items in those who experience them, or we may regard them as intrinsic qualities of sensations and other mental occurrences, or we may regard them as mere names for the causal characteristics of the occurrences which are uncomfortable or pleasant. The first of these theories, namely, that which regards discomfort and pleasure as actual contents in those who experience them, has, I think, nothing conclusive to be said in its favour.* It is suggested chiefly by an ambiguity in the word "pain," which has misled many people, including Berkeley, whom it supplied with one of his arguments for subjective idealism. We may use "pain" as the opposite of "pleasure," and "painful" as the opposite of "pleasant," or we may use "pain" to mean a certain sort of sensation, on a level with the sensations of heat and cold and touch. The latter use of the word has prevailed in psychological literature, and it is now no longer used as the opposite of "pleasure." Dr. H. Head, in a recent publication, has stated this distinction as follows:**

* Various arguments in its favour are advanced by A. Wohlgemuth, "On the feelings and their neural correlate, with an examination of the nature of pain," "British Journal of Psychology," viii, 4. (1917). But as these arguments are largely a reductio ad absurdum of other theories, among which that which I am advocating is not included, I cannot regard them as establishing their contention.

** "Sensation and the Cerebral Cortex," "Brain," vol. xli, part ii (September, 1918), p. 90. Cf. also Wohlgemuth, loc. cit. pp. 437, 450.

"It is necessary at the outset to distinguish clearly between 'discomfort' and 'pain.' Pain is a distinct sensory quality equivalent to heat and cold, and its intensity can be roughly graded according to the force expended in stimulation. Discomfort, on the other hand, is that feeling-tone which is directly opposed to pleasure. It may accompany sensations not in themselves essentially painful; as for instance that produced by tickling the sole of the foot. The reaction produced by repeated pricking contains both these elements; for it evokes that sensory quality known as pain, accompanied by a disagreeable feeling-tone, which we have called discomfort. On the other hand, excessive pressure, except when applied directly over some nerve-trunk, tends to excite more discomfort than pain."

The confusion between discomfort and pain has made people regard discomfort as a more substantial thing than it is, and this in turn has reacted upon the view taken of pleasure, since discomfort and pleasure are evidently on a level in this respect. As soon as discomfort is clearly distinguished from the sensation of pain, it becomes more natural to regard discomfort and pleasure as properties of mental occurrences than to regard them as separate mental occurrences on their own account. I shall therefore dismiss the view that they are separate mental occurrences, and regard them as properties of such experiences as would be called respectively uncomfortable and pleasant.

It remains to be examined whether they are actual qualities of such occurrences, or are merely differences as to causal properties. I do not myself see any way of deciding this question; either view seems equally capable of accounting for the facts. If this is true, it is safer to avoid the assumption that there are such intrinsic qualities of mental occurrences as are in question, and to assume only the causal differences which are undeniable. Without condemning the intrinsic theory, we can define discomfort and pleasure as consisting in causal properties, and say only what will hold on either of the two theories. Following this course, we shall say:

"Discomfort" is a property of a sensation or other mental occurrence, consisting in the fact that the occurrence in question stimulates voluntary or reflex movements tending to produce some more or less definite change involving the cessation of the occurrence.

"Pleasure" is a property of a sensation or other mental occurrence, consisting in the fact that the occurrence in question either does not stimulate any voluntary or reflex movement, or, if it does, stimulates only such as tend to prolong the occurrence in question.*

* Cf. Thorndike, op. cit., p. 243.

"Conscious" desire, which we have now to consider, consists of desire in the sense hitherto discussed, together with a true belief as to its "purpose," i.e. as to the state of affairs that will bring quiescence with cessation of the discomfort. If our theory of desire is correct, a belief as to its purpose may very well be erroneous, since only experience can show what causes a discomfort to cease. When the experience needed is common and simple, as in the case of hunger, a mistake is not very probable. But in other cases--e.g. erotic desire in those who have had little or no experience of its satisfaction--mistakes are to be expected, and do in fact very often occur. The practice of inhibiting impulses, which is to a great extent necessary to civilized life, makes mistakes easier, by preventing experience of the actions to which a desire would otherwise lead, and by often causing the inhibited impulses themselves to be unnoticed or quickly forgotten. The perfectly natural mistakes which thus arise constitute a large proportion of what is, mistakenly in part, called self-deception, and attributed by Freud to the "censor."

But there is a further point which needs emphasizing, namely, that a belief that something is desired has often a tendency to cause the very desire that is believed in. It is this fact that makes the effect of "consciousness" on desire so complicated.

When we believe that we desire a certain state of affairs, that often tends to cause a real desire for it. This is due partly to the influence of words upon our emotions, in rhetoric for example, and partly to the general fact that discomfort normally belongs to the belief that we desire such-and-such a thing that we do not possess. Thus what was originally a false opinion as to the object of a desire acquires a certain truth: the false opinion generates a secondary subsidiary desire, which nevertheless becomes real. Let us take an illustration. Suppose you have been jilted in a way which wounds your vanity. Your natural impulsive desire will be of the sort expressed in Donne's poem:

When by thy scorn, O Murderess, I am dead,

in which he explains how he will haunt the poor lady as a ghost, and prevent her from enjoying a moment's peace. But two things stand in the way of your expressing yourself so naturally: on the one hand, your vanity, which will not acknowledge how hard you are hit; on the other hand, your conviction that you are a civilized and humane person, who could not possibly indulge so crude a desire as revenge. You will therefore experience a restlessness which will at first seem quite aimless, but will finally resolve itself in a conscious desire to change your profession, or go round the world, or conceal your identity and live in Putney, like Arnold Bennett's hero. Although the prime cause of this desire is a false judgment as to your previous unconscious desire, yet the new conscious desire has its own derivative genuineness, and may influence your actions to the extent of sending you round the world. The initial mistake, however, will have effects of two kinds. First, in uncontrolled moments, under the influence of sleepiness or drink or delirium, you will say things calculated to injure the faithless deceiver. Secondly, you will find travel disappointing, and the East less fascinating than you had hoped--unless, some day, you hear that the wicked one has in turn been jilted. If this happens, you will believe that you feel sincere sympathy, but you will suddenly be much more delighted than before with the beauties of tropical islands or the wonders of Chinese art. A secondary desire, derived from a false judgment as to a primary desire, has its own power of influencing action, and is therefore a real desire according to our definition. But it has not the same power as a primary desire of bringing thorough satisfaction when it is realized; so long as the primary desire remains unsatisfied, restlessness continues in spite of the secondary desire's success. Hence arises a belief in the vanity of human wishes: the vain wishes are those that are secondary, but mistaken beliefs prevent us from realizing that they are secondary.

What may, with some propriety, be called self-deception arises through the operation of desires for beliefs. We desire many things which it is not in our power to achieve: that we should be universally popular and admired, that our work should be the wonder of the age, and that the universe should be so ordered as to bring ultimate happiness to all, though not to our enemies until they have repented and been purified by suffering. Such desires are too large to be achieved through our own efforts. But it is found that a considerable portion of the satisfaction which these things would bring us if they were realized is to be achieved by the much easier operation of believing that they are or will be realized. This desire for beliefs, as opposed to desire for the actual facts, is a particular case of secondary desire, and, like all secondary desire its satisfaction does not lead to a complete cessation of the initial discomfort. Nevertheless, desire for beliefs, as opposed to desire for facts, is exceedingly potent both individually and socially. According to the form of belief desired, it is called vanity, optimism, or religion. Those who have sufficient power usually imprison or put to death any one who tries to shake their faith in their own excellence or in that of the universe; it is for this reason that seditious

libel and blasphemy have always been, and still are, criminal offences.

It is very largely through desires for beliefs that the primitive nature of desire has become so hidden, and that the part played by consciousness has been so confusing and so exaggerated.

We may now summarize our analysis of desire and feeling.

A mental occurrence of any kind--sensation, image, belief, or emotion--may be a cause of a series of actions, continuing, unless interrupted, until some more or less definite state of affairs is realized. Such a series of actions we call a "behaviour-cycle." The degree of definiteness may vary greatly: hunger requires only food in general, whereas the sight of a particular piece of food raises a desire which requires the eating of that piece of food. The property of causing such a cycle of occurrences is called "discomfort"; the property of the mental occurrences in which the cycle ends is called "pleasure." The actions constituting the cycle must not be purely mechanical, i.e. they must be bodily movements in whose causation the special properties of nervous tissue are involved. The cycle ends in a condition of quiescence, or of such action as tends only to preserve the status quo. The state of affairs in which this condition of quiescence is achieved is called the "purpose" of the cycle, and the initial mental occurrence involving discomfort is called a "desire" for the state of affairs that brings quiescence. A desire is called "conscious" when it is accompanied by a true belief as to the state of affairs that will bring quiescence; otherwise it is called "unconscious." All primitive desire is unconscious, and in human beings beliefs as to the purposes of desires are often mistaken. These mistaken beliefs generate secondary desires, which cause various interesting complications in the psychology of human desire, without fundamentally altering the character which it shares with animal desire.

LECTURE IV. INFLUENCE OF PAST HISTORY ON PRESENT OCCURRENCES IN LIVING ORGANISMS

In this lecture we shall be concerned with a very general characteristic which broadly, though not absolutely, distinguishes the behaviour of living organisms from that of dead matter. The characteristic in question is this:

The response of an organism to a given stimulus is very often dependent upon the past history of the organism, and not merely upon the stimulus and the HITHERTO DISCOVERABLE present state of the organism.

This characteristic is embodied in the saying "a burnt child fears the fire." The burn may have left no visible traces, yet it modifies the reaction of the child in the presence of fire. It is customary to assume that, in such cases, the past operates by modifying the structure of the brain, not directly. I have no wish to suggest that this hypothesis is false; I wish only to point out that it is a hypothesis. At the end of the present lecture I shall examine the grounds in its favour. If we confine ourselves to facts which have been actually observed, we must say that past occurrences, in addition to the present stimulus and the present ascertainable condition of the organism, enter into the causation of the response.

The characteristic is not wholly confined to living organisms. For example, magnetized steel looks just like steel which has not been magnetized, but its behaviour is in some ways different. In the case of dead matter, however, such phenomena are less frequent and important than in the case of living organisms, and it is far less difficult to invent satisfactory hypotheses as to the microscopic changes of structure which mediate between the past occurrence and the present changed response. In the case of living organisms, practically everything that is distinctive both of their physical and of their mental behaviour is bound up with this persistent influence of the past. Further, speaking broadly, the change in response is usually of a kind that is biologically advantageous to the organism.

Following a suggestion derived from Semon ("Die Mneme," Leipzig, 1904; 2nd edition, 1908, English translation, Allen & Unwin, 1921; "Die mnemischen Empfindungen," Leipzig, 1909), we will give the name of "mnemic phenomena" to those responses of an organism which, so far as hitherto observed facts are concerned, can only be brought under causal laws by including past occurrences in the history of the organism as part of the causes of the present response. I do not mean merely--what would always be the case--that past occurrences are part of a CHAIN of causes leading to the present event. I mean that, in attempting to state the PROXIMATE cause of the present event, some past event or events must be included, unless we take refuge in hypothetical modifications of brain structure. For example: you smell peat-smoke, and you recall some occasion when you smelt it before. The cause of your recollection, so far as hitherto observable phenomena are concerned, consists both of the peat smoke (present stimulus) and of the former occasion (past experience). The same stimulus will not produce the same recollection in another man who did not share your former experience, although the former experience left no OBSERVABLE traces in the structure of the brain. According to the maxim "same cause, same effect," we cannot therefore regard the peat-smoke alone as the cause of your

recollection, since it does not have the same effect in other cases. The cause of your recollection must be both the peat-smoke and the past occurrence. Accordingly your recollection is an instance of what we are calling "mnemic phenomena."

Before going further, it will be well to give illustrations of different classes of mnemic phenomena.

(a) ACQUIRED HABITS.--In Lecture II we saw how animals can learn by experience how to get out of cages or mazes, or perform other actions which are useful to them but not provided for by their instincts alone. A cat which is put into a cage of which it has had experience behaves differently from the way in which it behaved at first. We can easily invent hypotheses, which are quite likely to be true, as to connections in the brain caused by past experience, and themselves causing the different response. But the observable fact is that the stimulus of being in the cage produces differing results with repetition, and that the ascertainable cause of the cat's behaviour is not merely the cage and its own ascertainable organization, but also its past history in regard to the cage. From our present point of view, the matter is independent of the question whether the cat's behaviour is due to some mental fact called "knowledge," or displays a merely bodily habit. Our habitual knowledge is not always in our minds, but is called up by the appropriate stimuli. If we are asked "What is the capital of France?" we answer "Paris," because of past experience; the past experience is as essential as the present question in the causation of our response. Thus all our habitual knowledge consists of acquired habits, and comes under the head of mnemic phenomena.

(b) IMAGES.--I shall have much to say about images in a later lecture; for the present I am merely concerned with them in so far as they are "copies" of past sensations. When you hear New York spoken of, some image probably comes into your mind, either of the place itself (if you have been there), or of some picture of it (if you have not). The image is due to your past experience, as well as to the present stimulus of the words "New York." Similarly, the images you have in dreams are all dependent upon your past experience, as well as upon the present stimulus to dreaming. It is generally believed that all images, in their simpler parts, are copies of sensations; if so, their mnemic character is evident. This is important, not only on its own account, but also because, as we shall see later, images play an essential part in what is called "thinking."

(c) ASSOCIATION.--The broad fact of association, on the mental side, is that when we experience something which we have experienced before, it tends to call up the context of the former experience. The smell of peat-smoke recalling a former scene is an instance which we discussed a moment ago. This is obviously a mnemic phenomenon. There is also a more purely physical association, which is indistinguishable from physical habit. This is the kind studied by Mr. Thorndike in animals, where a certain stimulus is associated with a certain act. This is the sort which is taught to soldiers in drilling, for example. In such a case there need not be anything mental, but merely a habit of the body. There is no essential distinction between association and habit, and the observations which we made concerning habit as a mnemic phenomenon are equally applicable to association.

(d) NON-SENSATIONAL ELEMENTS IN PERCEPTION.--When we perceive any object of a familiar kind, much of what appears subjectively to be immediately given is really derived from past experience. When we see an object, say a penny, we seem to be aware of its "real" shape we have the impression of something circular, not of something elliptical. In learning to draw, it is necessary to acquire the art of representing things according to the sensation, not according to the perception. And the visual appearance is filled out with feeling of what the object would be like to touch, and so on. This filling out and supplying of the "real" shape and so on consists of the most usual correlates of the sensational core in our perception. It may happen that, in the particular case, the real correlates are unusual; for example, if what we are seeing is a carpet made to look like tiles. If so, the non-sensational part of our perception will be illusory, i.e. it will supply qualities which the object in question does not in fact have. But as a rule objects do have the qualities added by perception, which is to be expected, since experience of what is usual is the cause of the addition. If our experience had been different, we should not fill out sensation in the same way, except in so far as the filling out is instinctive, not acquired. It would seem that, in man, all that makes up space perception, including the correlation of sight and touch and so on, is almost entirely acquired. In that case there is a large mnemic element in all the common perceptions by means of which we handle common objects. And, to take another kind of instance, imagine what our astonishment would be if we were to hear a cat bark or a dog mew. This emotion would be dependent upon past experience, and would therefore be a mnemic phenomenon according to the definition.

(e) MEMORY AS KNOWLEDGE.--The kind of memory of which I am now speaking is definite knowledge of some past event in one's own experience. From time to time we remember things that have happened to us, because something in the present reminds us of them. Exactly the same present fact would not call up the same memory if our past experience had been different. Thus our remembering is caused by--

(1) The present stimulus,

(2) The past occurrence.

It is therefore a mnemic phenomenon according to our definition. A definition of "mnemic phenomena" which did not include memory would, of course, be a bad one. The point of the definition is not that it includes memory, but that it includes it as one of a class of phenomena which embrace all that is characteristic in the subject matter of psychology.

(f) EXPERIENCE.--The word "experience" is often used very vaguely. James, as we saw, uses it to cover the whole primal stuff of the world, but this usage seems objection able, since, in a purely physical world, things would happen without there being any experience. It is only mnemic phenomena that embody experience. We may say that an animal "experiences" an occurrence when this occurrence modifies the animal's subsequent behaviour, i.e. when it is the mnemic portion of the cause of future occurrences in the animal's life. The burnt child that fears the fire has "experienced" the fire, whereas a stick that has been thrown on and taken off again has not "experienced" anything, since it offers no more resistance than before to being thrown on. The essence of "experience" is the modification of behaviour produced by what is experienced. We might, in fact, define one chain of experience, or one biography, as a series of occurrences linked by mnemic causation. I think it is this characteristic, more than any other, that distinguishes sciences dealing with living organisms from physics.

The best writer on mnemic phenomena known to me is Richard Semon, the fundamental part of whose theory I shall endeavour to summarize before going further:

When an organism, either animal or plant, is subjected to a stimulus, producing in it some state of excitement, the removal of the stimulus allows it to return to a condition of equilibrium. But the new state of equilibrium is different from the old, as may be seen by the changed capacity for reaction. The state of equilibrium before the stimulus may be called the "primary indifference-state"; that after the cessation of the stimulus, the "secondary indifference-state." We define the "engraphic effect" of a stimulus as the effect in making a difference between the primary and secondary indifference-states, and this difference itself we define as the "engram" due to the stimulus. "Mnemic phenomena" are defined as those due to engrams; in animals, they are specially associated with the nervous system, but not exclusively, even in man.

When two stimuli occur together, one of them, occurring afterwards, may call out the reaction for the other also. We call this an "ekphoric influence," and stimuli having this character are called "ekphoric stimuli." In such a case we call the engrams of the two stimuli "associated." All simultaneously generated engrams are associated; there is also association of successively aroused engrams, though this is reducible to simultaneous association. In fact, it is not an isolated stimulus that leaves an engram, but the totality of the stimuli at any moment; consequently any portion of this totality tends, if it recurs, to arouse the whole reaction which was aroused before. Semon holds that engrams can be inherited, and that an animal's innate habits may be due to the experience of its ancestors; on this subject he refers to Samuel Butler.

Semon formulates two "mnemic principles." The first, or "Law of Engraphy," is as follows: "All simultaneous excitements in an organism form a connected simultaneous excitement-complex, which as such works engraphically, i.e. leaves behind a connected engram-complex, which in so far forms a whole" ("Die mnemischen Empfindungen," p. 146). The second mnemic principle, or "Law of Ekphory," is as follows: "The partial return of the energetic situation which formerly worked engraphically operates ekphorically on a simultaneous engram-complex" (ib., p. 173). These two laws together represent in part a hypothesis (the engram), and in part an observable fact. The observable fact is that, when a certain complex of stimuli has originally caused a certain complex of reactions, the recurrence of part of the stimuli tends to cause the recurrence of the whole of the reactions.

Semon's applications of his fundamental ideas in various directions are interesting and ingenious. Some of them will concern us later, but for the present it is the fundamental character of mnemic phenomena that is in question.

Concerning the nature of an engram, Semon confesses that at present it is impossible to say more than that it must consist in some material alteration in the body of the organism ("Die mnemischen Empfindungen," p. 376). It is, in fact, hypothetical, invoked for theoretical uses, and not an outcome of direct observation. No doubt physiology, especially the disturbances of memory through lesions in the brain, affords grounds for this hypothesis; nevertheless it does remain a hypothesis, the validity of which will be discussed at the end of this lecture.

I am inclined to think that, in the present state of physiology, the introduction of the engram does not serve to simplify the account of mnemic phenomena. We can, I think, formulate the known laws of such phenomena in terms, wholly, of observable facts, by

recognizing provisionally what we may call "mnemic causation." By this I mean that kind of causation of which I spoke at the beginning of this lecture, that kind, namely, in which the proximate cause consists not merely of a present event, but of this together with a past event. I do not wish to urge that this form of causation is ultimate, but that, in the present state of our knowledge, it affords a simplification, and enables us to state laws of behaviour in less hypothetical terms than we should otherwise have to employ.

The clearest instance of what I mean is recollection of a past event. What we observe is that certain present stimuli lead us to recollect certain occurrences, but that at times when we are not recollecting them, there is nothing discoverable in our minds that could be called memory of them. Memories, as mental facts, arise from time to time, but do not, so far as we can see, exist in any shape while they are "latent." In fact, when we say that they are "latent," we mean merely that they will exist under certain circumstances. If, then, there is to be some standing difference between the person who can remember a certain fact and the person who cannot, that standing difference must be, not in anything mental, but in the brain. It is quite probable that there is such a difference in the brain, but its nature is unknown and it remains hypothetical. Everything that has, so far, been made matter of observation as regards this question can be put together in the statement: When a certain complex of sensations has occurred to a man, the recurrence of part of the complex tends to arouse the recollection of the whole. In like manner, we can collect all mnemic phenomena in living organisms under a single law, which contains what is hitherto verifiable in Semon's two laws. This single law is:

IF A COMPLEX STIMULUS A HAS CAUSED A COMPLEX REACTION B IN AN ORGANISM, THE OCCURRENCE OF A PART OF A ON A FUTURE OCCASION TENDS TO CAUSE THE WHOLE REACTION B.

This law would need to be supplemented by some account of the influence of frequency, and so on; but it seems to contain the essential characteristic of mnemic phenomena, without admixture of anything hypothetical.

Whenever the effect resulting from a stimulus to an organism differs according to the past history of the organism, without our being able actually to detect any relevant difference in its present structure, we will speak of "mnemic causation," provided we can discover laws embodying the influence of the past. In ordinary physical causation, as it appears to common sense, we have approximate uniformities of sequence, such as "lightning is followed by thunder," "drunkenness is followed by headache," and so on. None of these sequences are theoretically invariable, since something may intervene to disturb them. In order to obtain invariable physical laws, we have to proceed to differential equations, showing the direction of change at each moment, not the integral change after a finite interval, however short. But for the purposes of daily life many sequences are to all in tents and purposes invariable. With the behaviour of human beings, however, this is by no means the case. If you say to an Englishman, "You have a smut on your nose," he will proceed to remove it, but there will be no such effect if you say the same thing to a Frenchman who knows no English. The effect of words upon the hearer is a mnemic phenomena, since it depends upon the past experience which gave him understanding of the words. If there are to be purely psychological causal laws, taking no account of the brain and the rest of the body, they will have to be of the form, not "X now causes Y now," but--

"A, B, C,... in the past, together with X now, cause Y now." For it cannot be successfully maintained that our understanding of a word, for example, is an actual existent content of the mind at times when we are not thinking of the word. It is merely what may be called a "disposition," i.e. it is capable of being aroused whenever we hear the word or happen to think of it. A "disposition" is not something actual, but merely the mnemic portion of a mnemic causal law.

In such a law as "A, B, C,... in the past, together with X now, cause Y now," we will call A, B, C,... the mnemic cause, X the occasion or stimulus, and Y the reaction. All cases in which experience influences behaviour are instances of mnemic causation.

Believers in psycho-physical parallelism hold that psychology can theoretically be freed entirely from all dependence on physiology or physics. That is to say, they believe that every psychical event has a psychical cause and a physical concomitant. If there is to be parallelism, it is easy to prove by mathematical logic that the causation in physical and psychical matters must be of the same sort, and it is impossible that mnemic causation should exist in psychology but not in physics. But if psychology is to be independent of physiology, and if physiology can be reduced to physics, it would seem that mnemic causation is essential in psychology. Otherwise we shall be compelled to believe that all our knowledge, all our store of images and memories, all our mental habits, are at all times existing in some latent mental form, and are not merely aroused by the stimuli which lead to their display. This is a very difficult hypothesis. It seems to me that if, as a matter of method rather than metaphysics, we desire to obtain as much independence for psychology as is practically feasible, we shall do better to accept mnemic causation in psychology

protem, and therefore reject parallelism, since there is no good ground for admitting mnemic causation in physics.

It is perhaps worth while to observe that mnemic causation is what led Bergson to deny that there is causation at all in the psychical sphere. He points out, very truly, that the same stimulus, repeated, does not have the same consequences, and he argues that this is contrary to the maxim, "same cause, same effect." It is only necessary, however, to take account of past occurrences and include them with the cause, in order to re-establish the maxim, and the possibility of psychological causal laws. The metaphysical conception of a cause lingers in our manner of viewing causal laws: we want to be able to FEEL a connection between cause and effect, and to be able to imagine the cause as "operating." This makes us unwilling to regard causal laws as MERELY observed uniformities of sequence; yet that is all that science has to offer. To ask why such-and-such a kind of sequence occurs is either to ask a meaningless question, or to demand some more general kind of sequence which includes the one in question. The widest empirical laws of sequence known at any time can only be "explained" in the sense of being subsumed by later discoveries under wider laws; but these wider laws, until they in turn are subsumed, will remain brute facts, resting solely upon observation, not upon some supposed inherent rationality.

There is therefore no a priori objection to a causal law in which part of the cause has ceased to exist. To argue against such a law on the ground that what is past cannot operate now, is to introduce the old metaphysical notion of cause, for which science can find no place. The only reason that could be validly alleged against mnemic causation would be that, in fact, all the phenomena can be explained without it. They are explained without it by Semon's "engram," or by any theory which regards the results of experience as embodied in modifications of the brain and nerves. But they are not explained, unless with extreme artificiality, by any theory which regards the latent effects of experience as psychical rather than physical. Those who desire to make psychology as far as possible independent of physiology would do well, it seems to me, if they adopted mnemic causation. For my part, however, I have no such desire, and I shall therefore endeavour to state the grounds which occur to me in favour of some such view as that of the "engram."

One of the first points to be urged is that mnemic phenomena are just as much to be found in physiology as in psychology. They are even to be found in plants, as Sir Francis Darwin pointed out (cf. Semon, "Die Mneme," 2nd edition, p. 28 n.). Habit is a characteristic of the body at least as much as of the mind. We should, therefore, be compelled to allow the intrusion of mnemic causation, if admitted at all, into non-psychological regions, which ought, one feels, to be subject only to causation of the ordinary physical sort. The fact is that a great deal of what, at first sight, distinguishes psychology from physics is found, on examination, to be common to psychology and physiology; this whole question of the influence of experience is a case in point. Now it is possible, of course, to take the view advocated by Professor J. S. Haldane, who contends that physiology is not theoretically reducible to physics and chemistry.* But the weight of opinion among physiologists appears to be against him on this point; and we ought certainly to require very strong evidence before admitting any such breach of continuity as between living and dead matter. The argument from the existence of mnemic phenomena in physiology must therefore be allowed a certain weight against the hypothesis that mnemic causation is ultimate.

* See his "The New Physiology and Other Addresses," Griffin, 1919, also the symposium, "Are Physical, Biological and Psychological Categories Irreducible?" in "Life and Finite Individuality," edited for the Aristotelian Society, with an Introduction. By H. Wildon Carr, Williams & Norgate, 1918.

The argument from the connection of brain-lesions with loss of memory is not so strong as it looks, though it has also, some weight. What we know is that memory, and mnemic phenomena generally, can be disturbed or destroyed by changes in the brain. This certainly proves that the brain plays an essential part in the causation of memory, but does not prove that a certain state of the brain is, by itself, a sufficient condition for the existence of memory. Yet it is this last that has to be proved. The theory of the engram, or any similar theory, has to maintain that, given a body and brain in a suitable state, a man will have a certain memory, without the need of any further conditions. What is known, however, is only that he will not have memories if his body and brain are not in a suitable state. That is to say, the appropriate state of body and brain is proved to be necessary for memory, but not to be sufficient. So far, therefore, as our definite knowledge goes, memory may require for its causation a past occurrence as well as a certain present state of the brain.

In order to prove conclusively that mnemic phenomena arise whenever certain physiological conditions are fulfilled, we ought to be able actually to see differences between the brain of a man who speaks English and that of a man who speaks French, between the brain of a man who has seen New York and can recall it, and that of a man who has never seen that city. It may be that the time will come when this will be possible, but at present we are very far removed from it. At present, there is, so far as I am aware, no

good evidence that every difference between the knowledge possessed by A and that possessed by B is paralleled by some difference in their brains. We may believe that this is the case, but if we do, our belief is based upon analogies and general scientific maxims, not upon any foundation of detailed observation. I am myself inclined, as a working hypothesis, to adopt the belief in question, and to hold that past experience only affects present behaviour through modifications of physiological structure. But the evidence seems not quite conclusive, so that I do not think we ought to forget the other hypothesis, or to reject entirely the possibility that mnemic causation may be the ultimate explanation of mnemic phenomena. I say this, not because I think it LIKELY that mnemic causation is ultimate, but merely because I think it POSSIBLE, and because it often turns out important to the progress of science to remember hypotheses which have previously seemed improbable.

LECTURE V. PSYCHOLOGICAL AND PHYSICAL CAUSAL LAWS

The traditional conception of cause and effect is one which modern science shows to be fundamentally erroneous, and requiring to be replaced by a quite different notion, that of LAWS OF CHANGE. In the traditional conception, a particular event A caused a particular event B, and by this it was implied that, given any event B, some earlier event A could be discovered which had a relation to it, such that--

(1) Whenever A occurred, it was followed by B;

(2) In this sequence, there was something "necessary," not a mere de facto occurrence of A first and then B.

The second point is illustrated by the old discussion as to whether it can be said that day causes night, on the ground that day is always followed by night. The orthodox answer was that day could not be called the cause of night, because it would not be followed by night if the earth's rotation were to cease, or rather to grow so slow that one complete rotation would take a year. A cause, it was held, must be such that under no conceivable circumstances could it fail to be followed by its effect.

As a matter of fact, such sequences as were sought by believers in the traditional form of causation have not so far been found in nature. Everything in nature is apparently in a state of continuous change,* so that what we call one "event" turns out to be really a process. If this event is to cause another event, the two will have to be contiguous in time; for if there is any interval between them, something may happen during that interval to prevent the expected effect. Cause and effect, therefore, will have to be temporally contiguous processes. It is difficult to believe, at any rate where physical laws are concerned, that the earlier part of the process which is the cause can make any difference to the effect, so long as the later part of the process which is the cause remains unchanged. Suppose, for example, that a man dies of arsenic poisoning, we say that his taking arsenic was the cause of death. But clearly the process by which he acquired the arsenic is irrelevant: everything that happened before he swallowed it may be ignored, since it cannot alter the effect except in so far as it alters his condition at the moment of taking the dose. But we may go further: swallowing arsenic is not really the proximate cause of death, since a man might be shot through the head immediately after taking the dose, and then it would not be of arsenic that he would die. The arsenic produces certain physiological changes, which take a finite time before they end in death. The earlier parts of these changes can be ruled out in the same way as we can rule out the process by which the arsenic was acquired. Proceeding in this way, we can shorten the process which we are calling the cause more and more. Similarly we shall have to shorten the effect. It may happen that immediately after the man's death his body is blown to pieces by a bomb. We cannot say what will happen after the man's death, through merely knowing that he has died as the result of arsenic poisoning. Thus, if we are to take the cause as one event and the effect as another, both must be shortened indefinitely. The result is that we merely have, as the embodiment of our causal law, a certain direction of change at each moment. Hence we are brought to differential equations as embodying causal laws. A physical law does not say "A will be followed by B," but tells us what acceleration a particle will have under given circumstances, i.e. it tells us how the particle's motion is changing at each moment, not where the particle will be at some future moment.

* The theory of quanta suggests that the continuity is only apparent. If so, we shall be able theoretically to reach events which are not processes. But in what is directly observable there is still apparent continuity, which justifies the above remarks for the prevent.

Laws embodied in differential equations may possibly be exact, but cannot be known to be so. All that we can know empirically is approximate and liable to exceptions; the exact laws that are assumed in physics are known to be somewhere near the truth, but are not known to be true just as they stand. The laws that we actually know empirically have the form of the traditional causal laws, except that they are not to be regarded as universal or necessary. "Taking arsenic is followed by death" is a good empirical generalization; it may have exceptions, but they will be rare. As against the professedly exact laws of physics, such empirical

generalizations have the advantage that they deal with observable phenomena. We cannot observe infinitesimals, whether in time or space; we do not even know whether time and space are infinitely divisible. Therefore rough empirical generalizations have a definite place in science, in spite of not being exact of universal. They are the data for more exact laws, and the grounds for believing that they are USUALLY true are stronger than the grounds for believing that the more exact laws are ALWAYS true.

Science starts, therefore, from generalizations of the form, "A is usually followed by B." This is the nearest approach that can be made to a causal law of the traditional sort. It may happen in any particular instance that A is ALWAYS followed by B, but we cannot know this, since we cannot foresee all the perfectly possible circumstances that might make the sequence fail, or know that none of them will actually occur. If, however, we know of a very large number of cases in which A is followed by B, and few or none in which the sequence fails, we shall in PRACTICE be justified in saying "A causes B," provided we do not attach to the notion of cause any of the metaphysical superstitions that have gathered about the word.

There is another point, besides lack of universality and necessity, which it is important to realize as regards causes in the above sense, and that is the lack of uniqueness. It is generally assumed that, given any event, there is some one phenomenon which is THE cause of the event in question. This seems to be a mere mistake. Cause, in the only sense in which it can be practically applied, means "nearly invariable antecedent." We cannot in practice obtain an antecedent which is QUITE invariable, for this would require us to take account of the whole universe, since something not taken account of may prevent the expected effect. We cannot distinguish, among nearly invariable antecedents, one as THE cause, and the others as merely its concomitants: the attempt to do this depends upon a notion of cause which is derived from will, and will (as we shall see later) is not at all the sort of thing that it is generally supposed to be, nor is there any reason to think that in the physical world there is anything even remotely analogous to what will is supposed to be. If we could find one antecedent, and only one, that was QUITE invariable, we could call that one THE cause without introducing any notion derived from mistaken ideas about will. But in fact we cannot find any antecedent that we know to be quite invariable, and we can find many that are nearly so. For example, men leave a factory for dinner when the hooter sounds at twelve o'clock. You may say the hooter is THE cause of their leaving. But innumerable other hooters in other factories, which also always sound at twelve o'clock, have just as good a right to be called the cause. Thus every event has many nearly invariable antecedents, and therefore many antecedents which may be called its cause.

The laws of traditional physics, in the form in which they deal with movements of matter or electricity, have an apparent simplicity which somewhat conceals the empirical character of what they assert. A piece of matter, as it is known empirically, is not a single existing thing, but a system of existing things. When several people simultaneously see the same table, they all see something different; therefore "the" table, which they are supposed all to see, must be either a hypothesis or a construction. "The" table is to be neutral as between different observers: it does not favour the aspect seen by one man at the expense of that seen by another. It was natural, though to my mind mistaken, to regard the "real" table as the common cause of all the appearances which the table presents (as we say) to different observers. But why should we suppose that there is some one common cause of all these appearances? As we have just seen, the notion of "cause" is not so reliable as to allow us to infer the existence of something that, by its very nature, can never be observed.

Instead of looking for an impartial source, we can secure neutrality by the equal representation of all parties. Instead of supposing that there is some unknown cause, the "real" table, behind the different sensations of those who are said to be looking at the table, we may take the whole set of these sensations (together possibly with certain other particulars) as actually BEING the table. That is to say, the table which is neutral as between different observers (actual and possible) is the set of all those particulars which would naturally be called "aspects" of the table from different points of view. (This is a first approximation, modified later.)

It may be said: If there is no single existent which is the source of all these "aspects," how are they collected together? The answer is simple: Just as they would be if there were such a single existent. The supposed "real" table underlying its appearances is, in any case, not itself perceived, but inferred, and the question whether such-and-such a particular is an "aspect" of this table is only to be settled by the connection of the particular in question with the one or more particulars by which the table is defined. That is to say, even if we assume a "real" table, the particulars which are its aspects have to be collected together by their relations to each other, not to it, since it is merely inferred from them. We have only, therefore, to notice how they are collected together, and we can then keep the collection without assuming any "real" table as distinct from the collection. When different people see what they call the same table, they see things which are not exactly the same, owing to difference of point of view, but which are sufficiently alike to be described in the same words, so long as no great accuracy or minuteness is sought. These closely similar particulars are collected together by their similarity primarily and, more correctly, by the fact that they are related to each other approximately according to the laws of perspective and of reflection and diffraction of light. I suggest, as a first approximation, that these

particulars, together with such correlated others as are unperceived, jointly ARE the table; and that a similar definition applies to all physical objects.*

*See "Our Knowledge of the External World" (Allen & Unwin), chaps. iii and iv.

In order to eliminate the reference to our perceptions, which introduces an irrelevant psychological suggestion, I will take a different illustration, namely, stellar photography. A photographic plate exposed on a clear night reproduces the appearance of the portion of the sky concerned, with more or fewer stars according to the power of the telescope that is being used. Each separate star which is photographed produces its separate effect on the plate, just as it would upon ourselves if we were looking at the sky. If we assume, as science normally does, the continuity of physical processes, we are forced to conclude that, at the place where the plate is, and at all places between it and a star which it photographs, SOMETHING is happening which is specially connected with that star. In the days when the aether was less in doubt, we should have said that what was happening was a certain kind of transverse vibration in the aether. But it is not necessary or desirable to be so explicit: all that we need say is that SOMETHING happens which is specially connected with the star in question. It must be something specially connected with that star, since that star produces its own special effect upon the plate. Whatever it is must be the end of a process which starts from the star and radiates outwards, partly on general grounds of continuity, partly to account for the fact that light is transmitted with a certain definite velocity. We thus arrive at the conclusion that, if a certain star is visible at a certain place, or could be photographed by a sufficiently sensitive plate at that place, something is happening there which is specially connected with that star. Therefore in every place at all times a vast multitude of things must be happening, namely, at least one for every physical object which can be seen or photographed from that place. We can classify such happenings on either of two principles:

(1) We can collect together all the happenings in one place, as is done by photography so far as light is concerned;

(2) We can collect together all the happenings, in different places, which are connected in the way that common sense regards as being due to their emanating from one object.

Thus, to return to the stars, we can collect together either--

(1) All the appearances of different stars in a given place, or,

(2) All the appearances of a given star in different places.

But when I speak of "appearances," I do so only for brevity: I do not mean anything that must "appear" to somebody, but only that happening, whatever it may be, which is connected, at the place in question, with a given physical object--according to the old orthodox theory, it would be a transverse vibration in the aether. Like the different appearances of the table to a number of simultaneous observers, the different particulars that belong to one physical object are to be collected together by continuity and inherent laws of correlation, not by their supposed causal connection with an unknown assumed existent called a piece of matter, which would be a mere unnecessary metaphysical thing in itself. A piece of matter, according to the definition that I propose, is, as a first approximation,* the collection of all those correlated particulars which would normally be regarded as its appearances or effects in different places. Some further elaborations are desirable, but we can ignore them for the present. I shall return to them at the end of this lecture.

*The exact definition of a piece of matter as a construction will be given later.

According to the view that I am suggesting, a physical object or piece of matter is the collection of all those correlated particulars which would be regarded by common sense as its effects or appearances in different places. On the other hand, all the happenings in a given place represent what common sense would regard as the appearances of a number of different objects as viewed from that place. All the happenings in one place may be regarded as the view of the world from that place. I shall call the view of the world from a given place a "perspective." A photograph represents a perspective. On the other hand, if photographs of the stars were taken in all points throughout space, and in all such photographs a certain star, say Sirius, were picked out whenever it appeared, all the different appearances of Sirius, taken together, would represent Sirius. For the understanding of the difference between psychology and physics it is vital to understand these two ways of classifying particulars, namely:

(1) According to the place where they occur;

(2) According to the system of correlated particulars in different places to which they belong, such system being defined as a physical object.

Given a system of particulars which is a physical object, I shall define that one of the system which is in a given place (if any) as the "appearance of that object in that place."

When the appearance of an object in a given place changes, it is found that one or other of two things occurs. The two possibilities may be illustrated by an example. You are in a room with a man, whom you see: you may cease to see him either by shutting your eyes or by his going out of the room. In the first case, his appearance to other people remains unchanged; in the second, his appearance changes from all places. In the first case, you say that it is not he who has changed, but your eyes; in the second, you say that he has changed. Generalizing, we distinguish--

(1) Cases in which only certain appearances of the object change, while others, and especially appearances from places very near to the object, do not change;

(2) Cases where all, or almost all, the appearances of the object undergo a connected change.

In the first case, the change is attributed to the medium between the object and the place; in the second, it is attributed to the object itself.*

* The application of this distinction to motion raises complications due to relativity, but we may ignore these for our present purposes.

It is the frequency of the latter kind of change, and the comparatively simple nature of the laws governing the simultaneous alterations of appearances in such cases, that have made it possible to treat a physical object as one thing, and to overlook the fact that it is a system of particulars. When a number of people at a theatre watch an actor, the changes in their several perspectives are so similar and so closely correlated that all are popularly regarded as identical with each other and with the changes of the actor himself. So long as all the changes in the appearances of a body are thus correlated there is no pressing prima facie need to break up the system of appearances, or to realize that the body in question is not really one thing but a set of correlated particulars. It is especially and primarily such changes that physics deals with, i.e. it deals primarily with processes in which the unity of a physical object need not be broken up because all its appearances change simultaneously according to the same law--or, if not all, at any rate all from places sufficiently near to the object, with in creasing accuracy as we approach the object.

The changes in appearances of an object which are due to changes in the intervening medium will not affect, or will affect only very slightly, the appearances from places close to the object. If the appearances from sufficiently neighbouring places are either wholly un changed, or changed to a diminishing extent which has zero for its limit, it is usually found that the changes can be accounted for by changes in objects which are between the object in question and the places from which its appearance has changed appreciably. Thus physics is able to reduce the laws of most changes with which it deals to changes in physical objects, and to state most of its fundamental laws in terms of matter. It is only in those cases in which the unity of the system of appearances constituting a piece of matter has to be broken up, that the statement of what is happening cannot be made exclusively in terms of matter. The whole of psychology, we shall find, is included among such cases; hence their importance for our purposes.

We can now begin to understand one of the fundamental differences between physics and psychology. Physics treats as a unit the whole system of appearances of a piece of matter, whereas psychology is interested in certain of these appearances themselves. Confining ourselves for the moment to the psychology of perceptions, we observe that perceptions are certain of the appearances of physical objects. From the point of view that we have been hitherto adopting, we might define them as the appearances of objects at places from which sense-organs and the suitable parts of the nervous system form part of the intervening medium. Just as a photographic plate receives a different impression of a cluster of stars when a telescope is part of the intervening medium, so a brain receives a different impression when an eye and an optic nerve are part of the intervening medium. An impression due to this sort of intervening medium is called a perception, and is interesting to psychology on its own account, not merely as one of the set of correlated particulars which is the physical object of which (as we say) we are having a perception.

We spoke earlier of two ways of classifying particulars. One way collects together the appearances commonly regarded as a given object from different places; this is, broadly speaking, the way of physics, leading to the construction of physical objects as sets of such appearances. The other way collects together the appearances of different objects from a given place, the result being what we call a perspective. In the particular case where the place concerned is a human brain, the perspective belonging to the place consists of all the perceptions of a certain man at a given time. Thus classification by perspectives is relevant to psychology, and is essential in defining what we mean by one mind.

I do not wish to suggest that the way in which I have been defining perceptions is the only possible way, or even the best way. It is the way that arose naturally out of our present topic. But when we approach psychology from a more introspective standpoint, we have to distinguish sensations and perceptions, if possible, from other mental occurrences, if any. We have also to consider the psychological effects of sensations, as opposed to their physical causes and correlates. These problems are quite distinct from those with which we have been concerned in the present lecture, and I shall not deal with them until a later stage.

It is clear that psychology is concerned essentially with actual particulars, not merely with systems of particulars. In this it differs from physics, which, broadly speaking, is concerned with the cases in which all the particulars which make up one physical object can be treated as a single causal unit, or rather the particulars which are sufficiently near to the object of which they are appearances can be so treated. The laws which physics seeks can, broadly speaking, be stated by treating such systems of particulars as causal units. The laws which psychology seeks cannot be so stated, since the particulars themselves are what interests the psychologist. This is one of the fundamental differences between physics and psychology; and to make it clear has been the main purpose of this lecture.

I will conclude with an attempt to give a more precise definition of a piece of matter. The appearances of a piece of matter from different places change partly according to intrinsic laws (the laws of perspective, in the case of visual shape), partly according to the nature of the intervening medium--fog, blue spectacles, telescopes, microscopes, sense-organs, etc. As we approach nearer to the object, the effect of the intervening medium grows less. In a generalized sense, all the intrinsic laws of change of appearance may be called "laws of perspective." Given any appearance of an object, we can construct hypothetically a certain system of appearances to which the appearance in question would belong if the laws of perspective alone were concerned. If we construct this hypothetical system for each appearance of the object in turn, the system corresponding to a given appearance x will be independent of any distortion due to the medium beyond x, and will only embody such distortion as is due to the medium between x and the object. Thus, as the appearance by which our hypothetical system is defined is moved nearer and nearer to the object, the hypothetical system of appearances defined by its means embodies less and less of the effect of the medium. The different sets of appearances resulting from moving x nearer and nearer to the object will approach to a limiting set, and this limiting set will be that system of appearances which the object would present if the laws of perspective alone were operative and the medium exercised no distorting effect. This limiting set of appearances may be defined, for purposes of physics, as the piece of matter concerned.

LECTURE VI. INTROSPECTION

One of the main purposes of these lectures is to give grounds for the belief that the distinction between mind and matter is not so fundamental as is commonly supposed. In the preceding lecture I dealt in outline with the physical side of this problem. I attempted to show that what we call a material object is not itself a substance, but is a system of particulars analogous in their nature to sensations, and in fact often including actual sensations among their number. In this way the stuff of which physical objects are composed is brought into relation with the stuff of which part, at least, of our mental life is composed.

There is, however, a converse task which is equally necessary for our thesis, and that is, to show that the stuff of our mental life is devoid of many qualities which it is commonly supposed to have, and is not possessed of any attributes which make it incapable of forming part of the world of matter. In the present lecture I shall begin the arguments for this view.

Corresponding to the supposed duality of matter and mind, there are, in orthodox psychology, two ways of knowing what exists. One of these, the way of sensation and external perception, is supposed to furnish data for our knowledge of matter, the other, called "introspection," is supposed to furnish data for knowledge of our mental processes. To common sense, this distinction seems clear and easy. When you see a friend coming along the street, you acquire knowledge of an external, physical fact; when you realize that you are glad to meet him, you acquire knowledge of a mental fact. Your dreams and memories and thoughts, of which you are often conscious, are mental facts, and the process by which you become aware of them SEEMS to be different from sensation. Kant calls it the "inner sense"; sometimes it is spoken of as "consciousness of self"; but its commonest name in modern English psychology is "introspection." It is this supposed method of acquiring knowledge of our mental processes that I wish to analyse and examine in this lecture.

I will state at the outset the view which I shall aim at establishing. I believe that the stuff of our mental life, as opposed to its relations and structure, consists wholly of sensations and images. Sensations are connected with matter in the way that I tried to explain in Lecture V, i.e. each is a member of a system which is a certain physical object. Images, though they USUALLY have certain characteristics, especially lack of vividness, that distinguish them from sensations, are not INVARIABLY so distinguished,

and cannot therefore be defined by these characteristics. Images, as opposed to sensations, can only be defined by their different causation: they are caused by association with a sensation, not by a stimulus external to the nervous system--or perhaps one should say external to the brain, where the higher animals are concerned. The occurrence of a sensation or image does not in itself constitute knowledge but any sensation or image may come to be known if the conditions are suitable. When a sensation--like the hearing of a clap of thunder--is normally correlated with closely similar sensations in our neighbours, we regard it as giving knowledge of the external world, since we regard the whole set of similar sensations as due to a common external cause. But images and bodily sensations are not so correlated. Bodily sensations can be brought into a correlation by physiology, and thus take their place ultimately among sources of knowledge of the physical world. But images cannot be made to fit in with the simultaneous sensations and images of others. Apart from their hypothetical causes in the brain, they have a causal connection with physical objects, through the fact that they are copies of past sensations; but the physical objects with which they are thus connected are in the past, not in the present. These images remain private in a sense in which sensations are not. A sensation SEEMS to give us knowledge of a present physical object, while an image does not, except when it amounts to a hallucination, and in this case the seeming is deceptive. Thus the whole context of the two occurrences is different. But in themselves they do not differ profoundly, and there is no reason to invoke two different ways of knowing for the one and for the other. Consequently introspection as a separate kind of knowledge disappears.

The criticism of introspection has been in the main the work of American psychologists. I will begin by summarizing an article which seems to me to afford a good specimen of their arguments, namely, "The Case against Introspection," by Knight Dunlap ("Psychological Review," vol xix, No. 5, pp. 404-413, September, 1912). After a few historical quotations, he comes to two modern defenders of introspection, Stout and James. He quotes from Stout such statements as the following: "Psychical states as such become objects only when we attend to them in an introspective way. Otherwise they are not themselves objects, but only constituents of the process by which objects are recognized" ("Manual," 2nd edition, p. 134. The word "recognized" in Dunlap's quotation should be "cognized.") "The object itself can never be identified with the present modification of the individual's consciousness by which it is cognized" (ib. p. 60). This is to be true even when we are thinking about modifications of our own consciousness; such modifications are to be always at least partially distinct from the conscious experience in which we think of them.

At this point I wish to interrupt the account of Knight Dunlap's article in order to make some observations on my own account with reference to the above quotations from Stout. In the first place, the conception of "psychical states" seems to me one which demands analysis of a somewhat destructive character. This analysis I shall give in later lectures as regards cognition; I have already given it as regards desire. In the second place, the conception of "objects" depends upon a certain view as to cognition which I believe to be wholly mistaken, namely, the view which I discussed in my first lecture in connection with Brentano. In this view a single cognitive occurrence contains both content and object, the content being essentially mental, while the object is physical except in introspection and abstract thought. I have already criticized this view, and will not dwell upon it now, beyond saying that "the process by which objects are cognized" appears to be a very slippery phrase. When we "see a table," as common sense would say, the table as a physical object is not the "object" (in the psychological sense) of our perception. Our perception is made up of sensations, images and beliefs, but the supposed "object" is something inferential, externally related, not logically bound up with what is occurring in us. This question of the nature of the object also affects the view we take of self-consciousness. Obviously, a "conscious experience" is different from a physical object; therefore it is natural to assume that a thought or perception whose object is a conscious experience must be different from a thought or perception whose object is a physical object. But if the relation to the object is inferential and external, as I maintain, the difference between two thoughts may bear very little relation to the difference between their objects. And to speak of "the present modification of the individual's consciousness by which an object is cognized" is to suggest that the cognition of objects is a far more direct process, far more intimately bound up with the objects, than I believe it to be. All these points will be amplified when we come to the analysis of knowledge, but it is necessary briefly to state them now in order to suggest the atmosphere in which our analysis of "introspection" is to be carried on.

Another point in which Stout's remarks seem to me to suggest what I regard as mistakes is his use of "consciousness." There is a view which is prevalent among psychologists, to the effect that one can speak of "a conscious experience" in a curious dual sense, meaning, on the one hand, an experience which is conscious of something, and, on the other hand, an experience which has some intrinsic nature characteristic of what is called "consciousness." That is to say, a "conscious experience" is characterized on the one hand by relation to its object and on the other hand by being composed of a certain peculiar stuff, the stuff of "consciousness." And in many authors there is yet a third confusion: a "conscious experience," in this third sense, is an experience of which we are conscious. All these, it seems to me, need to be clearly separated. To say that one occurrence is "conscious" of another is, to my

mind, to assert an external and rather remote relation between them. I might illustrate it by the relation of uncle and nephew a man becomes an uncle through no effort of his own, merely through an occurrence elsewhere. Similarly, when you are said to be "conscious" of a table, the question whether this is really the case cannot be decided by examining only your state of mind: it is necessary also to ascertain whether your sensation is having those correlates which past experience causes you to assume, or whether the table happens, in this case, to be a mirage. And, as I explained in my first lecture, I do not believe that there is any "stuff" of consciousness, so that there is no intrinsic character by which a "conscious" experience could be distinguished from any other.

After these preliminaries, we can return to Knight Dunlap's article. His criticism of Stout turns on the difficulty of giving any empirical meaning to such notions as the "mind" or the "subject"; he quotes from Stout the sentence: "The most important drawback is that the mind, in watching its own workings, must necessarily have its attention divided between two objects," and he concludes: "Without question, Stout is bringing in here illicitly the concept of a single observer, and his introspection does not provide for the observation of this observer; for the process observed and the observer are distinct" (p. 407). The objections to any theory which brings in the single observer were considered in Lecture I, and were acknowledged to be cogent. In so far, therefore, as Stout's theory of introspection rests upon this assumption, we are compelled to reject it. But it is perfectly possible to believe in introspection without supposing that there is a single observer.

William James's theory of introspection, which Dunlap next examines, does not assume a single observer. It changed after the publication of his "Psychology," in consequence of his abandoning the dualism of thought and things. Dunlap summarizes his theory as follows:

"The essential points in James's scheme of consciousness are SUBJECT, OBJECT, and a KNOWING of the object by the subject. The difference between James's scheme and other schemes involving the same terms is that James considers subject and object to be the same thing, but at different times In order to satisfy this requirement James supposes a realm of existence which he at first called 'states of consciousness' or 'thoughts,' and later, 'pure experience,' the latter term including both the 'thoughts' and the 'knowing.' This scheme, with all its magnificent artificiality, James held on to until the end, simply dropping the term consciousness and the dualism between the thought and an external reality"(p. 409).

He adds: "All that James's system really amounts to is the acknowledgment that a succession of things are known, and that they are known by something. This is all any one can claim, except for the fact that the things are known together, and that the knower for the different items is one and the same" (ib.).

In this statement, to my mind, Dunlap concedes far more than James did in his later theory. I see no reason to suppose that "the knower for different items is one and the same," and I am convinced that this proposition could not possibly be ascertained except by introspection of the sort that Dunlap rejects. The first of these points must wait until we come to the analysis of belief: the second must be considered now. Dunlap's view is that there is a dualism of subject and object, but that the subject can never become object, and therefore there is no awareness of an awareness. He says in discussing the view that introspection reveals the occurrence of knowledge: "There can be no denial of the existence of the thing (knowing) which is alleged to be known or observed in this sort of 'introspection.' The allegation that the knowing is observed is that which may be denied. Knowing there certainly is; known, the knowing certainly is not"(p. 410). And again: "I am never aware of an awareness" (ib.). And on the next page: "It may sound paradoxical to say that one cannot observe the process (or relation) of observation, and yet may be certain that there is such a process: but there is really no inconsistency in the saying. How do I know that there is awareness? By being aware of something. There is no meaning in the term 'awareness' which is not expressed in the statement 'I am aware of a colour (or what-not).'"

But the paradox cannot be so lightly disposed of. The statement "I am aware of a colour" is assumed by Knight Dunlap to be known to be true, but he does not explain how it comes to be known. The argument against him is not conclusive, since he may be able to show some valid way of inferring our awareness. But he does not suggest any such way. There is nothing odd in the hypothesis of beings which are aware of objects, but not of their own awareness; it is, indeed, highly probable that young children and the higher animals are such beings. But such beings cannot make the statement "I am aware of a colour," which WE can make. We have, therefore, some knowledge which they lack. It is necessary to Knight Dunlap's position to maintain that this additional knowledge is purely inferential, but he makes no attempt to show how the inference is possible. It may, of course, be possible, but I cannot see how. To my mind the fact (which he admits) that we know there is awareness, is ALL BUT decisive against his theory, and in favour of the view that we can be aware of an awareness.

Dunlap asserts (to return to James) that the real ground for James's original belief in introspection was his belief in two sorts of objects, namely, thoughts and things. He suggests that it was a mere inconsistency on James's part to adhere to introspection after abandoning the dualism of thoughts and things. I do not wholly agree with this view, but it is difficult to disentangle the difference as to introspection from the difference as to the nature of knowing. Dunlap suggests (p. 411) that what is called introspection really consists of awareness of "images," visceral sensations, and so on. This view, in essence, seems to me sound. But then I hold that knowing itself consists of such constituents suitably related, and that in being aware of them we are sometimes being aware of instances of knowing. For this reason, much as I agree with his view as to what are the objects of which there is awareness, I cannot wholly agree with his conclusion as to the impossibility of introspection.

The behaviourists have challenged introspection even more vigorously than Knight Dunlap, and have gone so far as to deny the existence of images. But I think that they have confused various things which are very commonly confused, and that it is necessary to make several distinctions before we can arrive at what is true and what false in the criticism of introspection.

I wish to distinguish three distinct questions, any one of which may be meant when we ask whether introspection is a source of knowledge. The three questions are as follows:

(1) Can we observe anything about ourselves which we cannot observe about other people, or is everything we can observe PUBLIC, in the sense that another could also observe it if suitably placed?

(2) Does everything that we can observe obey the laws of physics and form part of the physical world, or can we observe certain things that lie outside physics?

(3) Can we observe anything which differs in its intrinsic nature from the constituents of the physical world, or is everything that we can observe composed of elements intrinsically similar to the constituents of what is called matter?

Any one of these three questions may be used to define introspection. I should favour introspection in the sense of the first question, i.e. I think that some of the things we observe cannot, even theoretically, be observed by any one else. The second question, tentatively and for the present, I should answer in favour of introspection; I think that images, in the actual condition of science, cannot be brought under the causal laws of physics, though perhaps ultimately they may be. The third question I should answer adversely to introspection I think that observation shows us nothing that is not composed of sensations and images, and that images differ from sensations in their causal laws, not intrinsically. I shall deal with the three questions successively.

(1) PUBLICITY OR PRIVACY OF WHAT IS OBSERVED. Confining ourselves, for the moment, to sensations, we find that there are different degrees of publicity attaching to different sorts of sensations. If you feel a toothache when the other people in the room do not, you are in no way surprised; but if you hear a clap of thunder when they do not, you begin to be alarmed as to your mental condition. Sight and hearing are the most public of the senses; smell only a trifle less so; touch, again, a trifle less, since two people can only touch the same spot successively, not simultaneously. Taste has a sort of semi-publicity, since people seem to experience similar taste-sensations when they eat similar foods; but the publicity is incomplete, since two people cannot eat actually the same piece of food.

But when we pass on to bodily sensations--headache, toothache, hunger, thirst, the feeling of fatigue, and so on--we get quite away from publicity, into a region where other people can tell us what they feel, but we cannot directly observe their feeling. As a natural result of this state of affairs, it has come to be thought that the public senses give us knowledge of the outer world, while the private senses only give us knowledge as to our own bodies. As regards privacy, all images, of whatever sort, belong with the sensations which only give knowledge of our own bodies, i.e. each is only observable by one observer. This is the reason why images of sight and hearing are more obviously different from sensations of sight and hearing than images of bodily sensations are from bodily sensations; and that is why the argument in favour of images is more conclusive in such cases as sight and hearing than in such cases as inner speech.

The whole distinction of privacy and publicity, however, so long as we confine ourselves to sensations, is one of degree, not of kind. No two people, there is good empirical reason to think, ever have exactly similar sensations related to the same physical object at the same moment; on the other hand, even the most private sensation has correlations which would theoretically enable another observer to infer it.

That no sensation is ever completely public, results from differences of point of view. Two people looking at the same table do not get the same sensation, because of perspective and the way the light falls. They get only correlated sensations. Two people

listening to the same sound do not hear exactly the same thing, because one is nearer to the source of the sound than the other, one has better hearing than the other, and so on. Thus publicity in sensations consists, not in having PRECISELY similar sensations, but in having more or less similar sensations correlated according to ascertainable laws. The sensations which strike us as public are those where the correlated sensations are very similar and the correlations are very easy to discover. But even the most private sensations have correlations with things that others can observe. The dentist does not observe your ache, but he can see the cavity which causes it, and could guess that you are suffering even if you did not tell him. This fact, however, cannot be used, as Watson would apparently wish, to extrude from science observations which are private to one observer, since it is by means of many such observations that correlations are established, e.g. between toothaches and cavities. Privacy, therefore does not by itself make a datum unamenable to scientific treatment. On this point, the argument against introspection must be rejected.

(2) DOES EVERYTHING OBSERVABLE OBEY THE LAWS OF PHYSICS? We come now to the second ground of objection to introspection, namely, that its data do not obey the laws of physics. This, though less emphasized, is, I think, an objection which is really more strongly felt than the objection of privacy. And we obtain a definition of introspection more in harmony with usage if we define it as observation of data not subject to physical laws than if we define it by means of privacy. No one would regard a man as introspective because he was conscious of having a stomach ache. Opponents of introspection do not mean to deny the obvious fact that we can observe bodily sensations which others cannot observe. For example, Knight Dunlap contends that images are really muscular contractions,* and evidently regards our awareness of muscular contractions as not coming under the head of introspection. I think it will be found that the essential characteristic of introspective data, in the sense which now concerns us, has to do with LOCALIZATION: either they are not localized at all, or they are localized, like visual images, in a place already physically occupied by something which would be inconsistent with them if they were regarded as part of the physical world. If you have a visual image of your friend sitting in a chair which in fact is empty, you cannot locate the image in your body, because it is visual, nor (as a physical phenomenon) in the chair, because the chair, as a physical object, is empty. Thus it seems to follow that the physical world does not include all that we are aware of, and that images, which are introspective data, have to be regarded, for the present, as not obeying the laws of physics; this is, I think, one of the chief reasons why an attempt is made to reject them. I shall try to show in Lecture VIII that the purely empirical reasons for accepting images are overwhelming. But we cannot be nearly so certain that they will not ultimately be brought under the laws of physics. Even if this should happen, however, they would still be distinguishable from sensations by their proximate causal laws, as gases remain distinguishable from solids.

* "Psychological Review," 1916, "Thought-Content and Feeling," p. 59. See also ib., 1912, "The Nature of Perceived Relations," where he says: "'Introspection,' divested of its mythological suggestion of the observing of consciousness, is really the observation of bodily sensations (sensibles) and feelings (feelables)"(p. 427 n.).

(3) CAN WE OBSERVE ANYTHING INTRINSICALLY DIFFERENT FROM SENSATIONS? We come now to our third question concerning introspection. It is commonly thought that by looking within we can observe all sorts of things that are radically different from the constituents of the physical world, e.g. thoughts, beliefs, desires, pleasures, pains and emotions. The difference between mind and matter is increased partly by emphasizing these supposed introspective data, partly by the supposition that matter is composed of atoms or electrons or whatever units physics may at the moment prefer. As against this latter supposition, I contend that the ultimate constituents of matter are not atoms or electrons, but sensations, and other things similar to sensations as regards extent and duration. As against the view that introspection reveals a mental world radically different from sensations, I propose to argue that thoughts, beliefs, desires, pleasures, pains and emotions are all built up out of sensations and images alone, and that there is reason to think that images do not differ from sensations in their intrinsic character. We thus effect a mutual rapprochement of mind and matter, and reduce the ultimate data of introspection (in our second sense) to images alone. On this third view of the meaning of introspection, therefore, our decision is wholly against it.

There remain two points to be considered concerning introspection. The first is as to how far it is trustworthy; the second is as to whether, even granting that it reveals no radically different STUFF from that revealed by what might be called external perception, it may not reveal different RELATIONS, and thus acquire almost as much importance as is traditionally assigned to it.

To begin with the trustworthiness of introspection. It is common among certain schools to regard the knowledge of our own mental processes as incomparably more certain than our knowledge of the "external" world; this view is to be found in the British philosophy which descends from Hume, and is present, somewhat veiled, in Kant and his followers. There seems no reason whatever to accept this view. Our spontaneous, unsophisticated beliefs, whether as to ourselves or as to the outer world, are always extremely rash and very liable to error. The acquisition of caution is equally necessary and equally difficult in both directions. Not only are we often un aware of entertaining a belief or desire which exists in us; we are often actually mistaken. The

fallibility of introspection as regards what we desire is made evident by psycho-analysis; its fallibility as to what we know is easily demonstrated. An autobiography, when confronted by a careful editor with documentary evidence, is usually found to be full of obviously inadvertent errors. Any of us confronted by a forgotten letter written some years ago will be astonished to find how much more foolish our opinions were than we had remembered them as being. And as to the analysis of our mental operations--believing, desiring, willing, or what not--introspection unaided gives very little help: it is necessary to construct hypotheses and test them by their consequences, just as we do in physical science. Introspection, therefore, though it is one among our sources of knowledge, is not, in isolation, in any degree more trustworthy than "external" perception.

I come now to our second question: Does introspection give us materials for the knowledge of relations other than those arrived at by reflecting upon external perception? It might be contended that the essence of what is "mental" consists of relations, such as knowing for example, and that our knowledge concerning these essentially mental relations is entirely derived from introspection. If "knowing" were an unanalysable relation, this view would be incontrovertible, since clearly no such relation forms part of the subject matter of physics. But it would seem that "knowing" is really various relations, all of them complex. Therefore, until they have been analysed, our present question must remain unanswered I shall return to it at the end of the present course of lectures.

LECTURE VII. THE DEFINITION OF PERCEPTION

In Lecture V we found reason to think that the ultimate constituents* of the world do not have the characteristics of either mind or matter as ordinarily understood: they are not solid persistent objects moving through space, nor are they fragments of "consciousness." But we found two ways of grouping particulars, one into "things" or "pieces of matter," the other into series of "perspectives," each series being what may be called a "biography." Before we can define either sensations or images, it is necessary to consider this twofold classification in somewhat greater detail, and to derive from it a definition of perception. It should be said that, in so far as the classification assumes the whole world of physics (including its unperceived portions), it contains hypothetical elements. But we will not linger on the grounds for admitting these, which belong to the philosophy of physics rather than of psychology.

* When I speak of "ultimate constituents," I do not mean necessarily such as are theoretically incapable of analysis, but only such as, at present, we can see no means of analysing. I speak of such constituents as "particulars," or as "RELATIVE particulars" when I wish to emphasize the fact that they may be themselves complex.

The physical classification of particulars collects together all those that are aspects of one "thing." Given any one particular, it is found often (we do not say always) that there are a number of other particulars differing from this one in gradually increasing degrees. Those (or some of those) that differ from it only very slightly will be found to differ approximately according to certain laws which may be called, in a generalized sense, the laws of "perspective"; they include the ordinary laws of perspective as a special case. This approximation grows more and more nearly exact as the difference grows less; in technical language, the laws of perspective account for the differences to the first order of small quantities, and other laws are only required to account for second-order differences. That is to say, as the difference diminishes, the part of the difference which is not according to the laws of perspective diminishes much more rapidly, and bears to the total difference a ratio which tends towards zero as both are made smaller and smaller. By this means we can theoretically collect together a number of particulars which may be defined as the "aspects" or "appearances" of one thing at one time. If the laws of perspective were sufficiently known, the connection between different aspects would be expressed in differential equations.

This gives us, so far, only those particulars which constitute one thing at one time. This set of particulars may be called a "momentary thing." To define that series of "momentary things" that constitute the successive states of one thing is a problem involving the laws of dynamics. These give the laws governing the changes of aspects from one time to a slightly later time, with the same sort of differential approximation to exactness as we obtained for spatially neighbouring aspects through the laws of perspective. Thus a momentary thing is a set of particulars, while a thing (which may be identified with the whole history of the thing) is a series of such sets of particulars. The particulars in one set are collected together by the laws of perspective; the successive sets are collected together by the laws of dynamics. This is the view of the world which is appropriate to traditional physics.

The definition of a "momentary thing" involves problems concerning time, since the particulars constituting a momentary thing will not be all simultaneous, but will travel outward from the thing with the velocity of light (in case the thing is in vacuo). There are complications connected with relativity, but for our present purpose they are not vital, and I shall ignore them.

Instead of first collecting together all the particulars constituting a momentary thing, and then forming the series of successive sets, we might have first collected together a series of successive aspects related by the laws of dynamics, and then have formed the set of such series related by the laws of perspective. To illustrate by the case of an actor on the stage: our first plan was to collect together all the aspects which he presents to different spectators at one time, and then to form the series of such sets. Our second plan is first to collect together all the aspects which he presents successively to a given spectator, and then to do the same thing for the other spectators, thus forming a set of series instead of a series of sets. The first plan tells us what he does; the second the impressions he produces. This second way of classifying particulars is one which obviously has more relevance to psychology than the other. It is partly by this second method of classification that we obtain definitions of one "experience" or "biography" or "person." This method of classification is also essential to the definition of sensations and images, as I shall endeavour to prove later on. But we must first amplify the definition of perspectives and biographies.

In our illustration of the actor, we spoke, for the moment, as though each spectator's mind were wholly occupied by the one actor. If this were the case, it might be possible to define the biography of one spectator as a series of successive aspects of the actor related according to the laws of dynamics. But in fact this is not the case. We are at all times during our waking life receiving a variety of impressions, which are aspects of a variety of things. We have to consider what binds together two simultaneous sensations in one person, or, more generally, any two occurrences which forte part of one experience. We might say, adhering to the standpoint of physics, that two aspects of different things belong to the same perspective when they are in the same place. But this would not really help us, since a "place" has not yet been defined. Can we define what is meant by saying that two aspects are "in the same place," without introducing anything beyond the laws of perspective and dynamics?

I do not feel sure whether it is possible to frame such a definition or not; accordingly I shall not assume that it is possible, but shall seek other characteristics by which a perspective or biography may be defined.

When (for example) we see one man and hear another speaking at the same time, what we see and what we hear have a relation which we can perceive, which makes the two together form, in some sense, one experience. It is when this relation exists that two occurrences become associated. Semon's "engram" is formed by all that we experience at one time. He speaks of two parts of this total as having the relation of "Nebeneinander" (M. 118; M.E. 33 ff.), which is reminiscent of Herbart's "Zusammen." I think the relation may be called simply "simultaneity." It might be said that at any moment all sorts of things that are not part of my experience are happening in the world, and that therefore the relation we are seeking to define cannot be merely simultaneity. This, however, would be an error--the sort of error that the theory of relativity avoids. There is not one universal time, except by an elaborate construction; there are only local times, each of which may be taken to be the time within one biography. Accordingly, if I am (say) hearing a sound, the only occurrences that are, in any simple sense, simultaneous with my sensation are events in my private world, i.e. in my biography. We may therefore define the "perspective" to which the sensation in question belongs as the set of particulars that are simultaneous with this sensation. And similarly we may define the "biography" to which the sensation belongs as the set of particulars that are earlier or later than, or simultaneous with, the given sensation. Moreover, the very same definitions can be applied to particulars which are not sensations. They are actually required for the theory of relativity, if we are to give a philosophical explanation of what is meant by "local time" in that theory The relations of simultaneity and succession are known to us in our own experience; they may be analysable, but that does not affect their suitability for defining perspectives and biographies. Such time-relations as can be constructed between events in different biographies are of a different kind: they are not experienced, and are merely logical, being designed to afford convenient ways of stating the correlations between different biographies.

It is not only by time-relations that the parts of one biography are collected together in the case of living beings. In this case there are the mnemic phenomena which constitute the unity of one "experience," and transform mere occurrences into "experiences." I have already dwelt upon the importance of mnemic phenomena for psychology, and shall not enlarge upon them now, beyond observing that they are what transforms a biography (in our technical sense) into a life. It is they that give the continuity of a "person" or a "mind." But there is no reason to suppose that mnemic phenomena are associated with biographies except in the case of animals and plants.

Our two-fold classification of particulars gives rise to the dualism of body and biography in regard to everything in the universe, and not only in regard to living things. This arises as follows. Every particular of the sort considered by physics is a member of two groups (1) The group of particulars constituting the other aspects of the same physical object; (2) The group of particulars that have direct time-relations to the given particular.

Each of these is associated with a place. When I look at a star, my sensation is (1) A member of the group of particulars which is the star, and which is associated with the place where the star is; (2) A member of the group of particulars which is my biography, and which is associated with the place where I am.*

*I have explained elsewhere the manner in which space is constructed on this theory, and in which the position of a perspective is brought into relation with the position of a physical object ("Our Knowledge of the External World," Lecture III, pp. 90, 91).

The result is that every particular of the kind relevant to physics is associated with TWO places; e.g. my sensation of the star is associated with the place where I am and with the place where the star is. This dualism has nothing to do with any "mind" that I may be supposed to possess; it exists in exactly the same sense if I am replaced by a photographic plate. We may call the two places the active and passive places respectively.* Thus in the case of a perception or photograph of a star, the active place is the place where the star is, while the passive place is the place where the percipient or photographic plate is.

* I use these as mere names; I do not want to introduce any notion of "activity."

We can thus, without departing from physics, collect together all the particulars actively at a given place, or all the particulars passively at a given place. In our own case, the one group is our body (or our brain), while the other is our mind, in so far as it consists of perceptions. In the case of the photographic plate, the first group is the plate as dealt with by physics, the second the aspect of the heavens which it photographs. (For the sake of schematic simplicity, I am ignoring various complications connected with time, which require some tedious but perfectly feasible elaborations.) Thus what may be called subjectivity in the point of view is not a distinctive peculiarity of mind: it is present just as much in the photographic plate. And the photographic plate has its biography as well as its "matter." But this biography is an affair of physics, and has none of the peculiar characteristics by which "mental" phenomena are distinguished, with the sole exception of subjectivity.

Adhering, for the moment, to the standpoint of physics, we may define a "perception" of an object as the appearance of the object from a place where there is a brain (or, in lower animals, some suitable nervous structure), with sense-organs and nerves forming part of the intervening medium. Such appearances of objects are distinguished from appearances in other places by certain peculiarities, namely:

(1) They give rise to mnemic phenomena;

(2) They are themselves affected by mnemic phenomena.

That is to say, they may be remembered and associated or influence our habits, or give rise to images, etc., and they are themselves different from what they would have been if our past experience had been different--for example, the effect of a spoken sentence upon the hearer depends upon whether the hearer knows the language or not, which is a question of past experience. It is these two characteristics, both connected with mnemic phenomena, that distinguish perceptions from the appearances of objects in places where there is no living being.

Theoretically, though often not practically, we can, in our perception of an object, separate the part which is due to past experience from the part which proceeds without mnemic influences out of the character of the object. We may define as "sensation" that part which proceeds in this way, while the remainder, which is a mnemic phenomenon, will have to be added to the sensation to make up what is called the "perception." According to this definition, the sensation is a theoretical core in the actual experience; the actual experience is the perception. It is obvious that there are grave difficulties in carrying out these definitions, but we will not linger over them. We have to pass, as soon as we can, from the physical standpoint, which we have been hitherto adopting, to the standpoint of psychology, in which we make more use of introspection in the first of the three senses discussed in the preceding lecture.

But before making the transition, there are two points which must be made clear. First: Everything outside my own personal biography is outside my experience; therefore if anything can be known by me outside my biography, it can only be known in one of two ways:

(1) By inference from things within my biography, or

(2) By some a priori principle independent of experience.

I do not myself believe that anything approaching certainty is to be attained by either of these methods, and therefore whatever lies outside my personal biography must be regarded, theoretically, as hypothesis. The theoretical argument for adopting the

hypothesis is that it simplifies the statement of the laws according to which events happen in our experience. But there is no very good ground for supposing that a simple law is more likely to be true than a complicated law, though there is good ground for assuming a simple law in scientific practice, as a working hypothesis, if it explains the facts as well as another which is less simple. Belief in the existence of things outside my own biography exists antecedently to evidence, and can only be destroyed, if at all, by a long course of philosophic doubt. For purposes of science, it is justified practically by the simplification which it introduces into the laws of physics. But from the standpoint of theoretical logic it must be regarded as a prejudice, not as a well-grounded theory. With this proviso, I propose to continue yielding to the prejudice.

The second point concerns the relating of our point of view to that which regards sensations as caused by stimuli external to the nervous system (or at least to the brain), and distinguishes images as "centrally excited," i.e. due to causes in the brain which cannot be traced back to anything affecting the sense-organs. It is clear that, if our analysis of physical objects has been valid, this way of defining sensations needs reinterpretation. It is also clear that we must be able to find such a new interpretation if our theory is to be admissible.

To make the matter clear, we will take the simplest possible illustration. Consider a certain star, and suppose for the moment that its size is negligible. That is to say, we will regard it as, for practical purposes, a luminous point. Let us further suppose that it exists only for a very brief time, say a second. Then, according to physics, what happens is that a spherical wave of light travels outward from the star through space, just as, when you drop a stone into a stagnant pond, ripples travel outward from the place where the stone hit the water. The wave of light travels with a certain very nearly constant velocity, roughly 300,000 kilometres per second. This velocity may be ascertained by sending a flash of light to a mirror, and observing how long it takes before the reflected flash reaches you, just as the velocity of sound may be ascertained by means of an echo.

What it is that happens when a wave of light reaches a given place we cannot tell, except in the sole case when the place in question is a brain connected with an eye which is turned in the right direction. In this one very special case we know what happens: we have the sensation called "seeing the star." In all other cases, though we know (more or less hypothetically) some of the correlations and abstract properties of the appearance of the star, we do not know the appearance itself. Now you may, for the sake of illustration, compare the different appearances of the star to the conjugation of a Greek verb, except that the number of its parts is really infinite, and not only apparently so to the despairing schoolboy. In vacuo, the parts are regular, and can be derived from the (imaginary) root according to the laws of grammar, i.e. of perspective. The star being situated in empty space, it may be defined, for purposes of physics, as consisting of all those appearances which it presents in vacuo, together with those which, according to the laws of perspective, it would present elsewhere if its appearances elsewhere were regular. This is merely the adaptation of the definition of matter which I gave in an earlier lecture. The appearance of a star at a certain place, if it is regular, does not require any cause or explanation beyond the existence of the star. Every regular appearance is an actual member of the system which is the star, and its causation is entirely internal to that system. We may express this by saying that a regular appearance is due to the star alone, and is actually part of the star, in the sense in which a man is part of the human race.

But presently the light of the star reaches our atmosphere. It begins to be refracted, and dimmed by mist, and its velocity is slightly diminished. At last it reaches a human eye, where a complicated process takes place, ending in a sensation which gives us our grounds for believing in all that has gone before. Now, the irregular appearances of the star are not, strictly speaking, members of the system which is the star, according to our definition of matter. The irregular appearances, however, are not merely irregular: they proceed according to laws which can be stated in terms of the matter through which the light has passed on its way. The sources of an irregular appearance are therefore twofold:

(1) The object which is appearing irregularly;

2) The intervening medium.

It should be observed that, while the conception of a regular appearance is perfectly precise, the conception of an irregular appearance is one capable of any degree of vagueness. When the distorting influence of the medium is sufficiently great, the resulting particular can no longer be regarded as an appearance of an object, but must be treated on its own account. This happens especially when the particular in question cannot be traced back to one object, but is a blend of two or more. This case is normal in perception: we see as one what the microscope or telescope reveals to be many different objects. The notion of perception is therefore not a precise one: we perceive things more or less, but always with a very considerable amount of vagueness and confusion.

In considering irregular appearances, there are certain very natural mistakes which must be avoided. In order that a particular may count as an irregular appearance of a certain object, it is not necessary that it should bear any resemblance to the regular appearances as regard its intrinsic qualities. All that is necessary is that it should be derivable from the regular appearances by the laws which express the distorting influence of the medium. When it is so derivable, the particular in question may be regarded as caused by the regular appearances, and therefore by the object itself, together with the modifications resulting from the medium. In other cases, the particular in question may, in the same sense, be regarded as caused by several objects together with the medium; in this case, it may be called a confused appearance of several objects. If it happens to be in a brain, it may be called a confused perception of these objects. All actual perception is confused to a greater or less extent.

We can now interpret in terms of our theory the distinction between those mental occurrences which are said to have an external stimulus, and those which are said to be "centrally excited," i.e. to have no stimulus external to the brain. When a mental occurrence can be regarded as an appearance of an object external to the brain, however irregular, or even as a confused appearance of several such objects, then we may regard it as having for its stimulus the object or objects in question, or their appearances at the sense-organ concerned. When, on the other hand, a mental occurrence has not sufficient connection with objects external to the brain to be regarded as an appearance of such objects, then its physical causation (if any) will have to be sought in the brain. In the former case it can be called a perception; in the latter it cannot be so called. But the distinction is one of degree, not of kind. Until this is realized, no satisfactory theory of perception, sensation, or imagination is possible.

LECTURE VIII. SENSATIONS AND IMAGES

The dualism of mind and matter, if we have been right so far, cannot be allowed as metaphysically valid. Nevertheless, we seem to find a certain dualism, perhaps not ultimate, within the world as we observe it. The dualism is not primarily as to the stuff of the world, but as to causal laws. On this subject we may again quote William James. He points out that when, as we say, we merely "imagine" things, there are no such effects as would ensue if the things were what we call "real." He takes the case of imagining a fire.

"I make for myself an experience of blazing fire; I place it near my body; but it does not warm me in the least. I lay a stick upon it and the stick either burns or remains green, as I please. I call up water, and pour it on the fire, and absolutely no difference ensues. I account for all such facts by calling this whole train of experiences unreal, a mental train. Mental fire is what won't burn real sticks; mental water is what won't necessarily (though of course it may) put out even a mental fire.... With 'real' objects, on the contrary, consequences always accrue; and thus the real experiences get sifted from the mental ones, the things from our thoughts of them, fanciful or true, and precipitated together as the stable part of the whole experience--chaos, under the name of the physical world."*

* "Essays in Radical Empiricism," pp. 32-3.

In this passage James speaks, by mere inadvertence, as though the phenomena which he is describing as "mental" had NO effects. This is, of course, not the case: they have their effects, just as much as physical phenomena do, but their effects follow different laws. For example, dreams, as Freud has shown, are just as much subject to laws as are the motions of the planets. But the laws are different: in a dream you may be transported from one place to another in a moment, or one person may turn into another under your eyes. Such differences compel you to distinguish the world of dreams from the physical world.

If the two sorts of causal laws could be sharply distinguished, we could call an occurrence "physical" when it obeys causal laws appropriate to the physical world, and "mental" when it obeys causal laws appropriate to the mental world. Since the mental world and the physical world interact, there would be a boundary between the two: there would be events which would have physical causes and mental effects, while there would be others which would have mental causes and physical effects. Those that have physical causes and mental effects we should define as "sensations." Those that have mental causes and physical effects might perhaps be identified with what we call voluntary movements; but they do not concern us at present.

These definitions would have all the precision that could be desired if the distinction between physical and psychological causation were clear and sharp. As a matter of fact, however, this distinction is, as yet, by no means sharp. It is possible that, with fuller knowledge, it will be found to be no more ultimate than the distinction between the laws of gases and the laws of rigid bodies. It also suffers from the fact that an event may be an effect of several causes according to several causal laws we cannot, in general, point to anything unique as THE cause of such-and-such an event. And finally it is by no means certain that the peculiar causal laws which govern mental events are not really physiological. The law of habit, which is one of the most distinctive, may be fully

explicable in terms of the peculiarities of nervous tissue, and these peculiarities, in turn, may be explicable by the laws of physics. It seems, therefore, that we are driven to a different kind of definition. It is for this reason that it was necessary to develop the definition of perception. With this definition, we can define a sensation as the non-mnemic elements in a perception.

When, following our definition, we try to decide what elements in our experience are of the nature of sensations, we find more difficulty than might have been expected. Prima facie, everything is sensation that comes to us through the senses: the sights we see, the sounds we hear, the smells we smell, and so on; also such things as headache or the feeling of muscular strain. But in actual fact so much interpretation, so much of habitual correlation, is mixed with all such experiences, that the core of pure sensation is only to be extracted by careful investigation. To take a simple illustration: if you go to the theatre in your own country, you seem to hear equally well in the stalls or the dress circle; in either case you think you miss nothing. But if you go in a foreign country where you have a fair knowledge of the language, you will seem to have grown partially deaf, and you will find it necessary to be much nearer the stage than you would need to be in your own country. The reason is that, in hearing our own language spoken, we quickly and unconsciously fill out what we really hear with inferences to what the man must be saying, and we never realize that we have not heard the words we have merely inferred. In a foreign language, these inferences are more difficult, and we are more dependent upon actual sensation. If we found ourselves in a foreign world, where tables looked like cushions and cushions like tables, we should similarly discover how much of what we think we see is really inference. Every fairly familiar sensation is to us a sign of the things that usually go with it, and many of these things will seem to form part of the sensation. I remember in the early days of motor-cars being with a friend when a tyre burst with a loud report. He thought it was a pistol, and supported his opinion by maintaining that he had seen the flash. But of course there had been no flash. Nowadays no one sees a flash when a tyre bursts.

In order, therefore, to arrive at what really is sensation in an occurrence which, at first sight, seems to contain nothing else, we have to pare away all that is due to habit or expectation or interpretation. This is a matter for the psychologist, and by no means an easy matter. For our purposes, it is not important to determine what exactly is the sensational core in any case; it is only important to notice that there certainly is a sensational core, since habit, expectation and interpretation are diversely aroused on diverse occasions, and the diversity is clearly due to differences in what is presented to the senses. When you open your newspaper in the morning, the actual sensations of seeing the print form a very minute part of what goes on in you, but they are the starting-point of all the rest, and it is through them that the newspaper is a means of information or mis-information. Thus, although it may be difficult to determine what exactly is sensation in any given experience, it is clear that there is sensation, unless, like Leibniz, we deny all action of the outer world upon us.

Sensations are obviously the source of our knowledge of the world, including our own body. It might seem natural to regard a sensation as itself a cognition, and until lately I did so regard it. When, say, I see a person I know coming towards me in the street, it SEEMS as though the mere seeing were knowledge. It is of course undeniable that knowledge comes THROUGH the seeing, but I think it is a mistake to regard the mere seeing itself as knowledge. If we are so to regard it, we must distinguish the seeing from what is seen: we must say that, when we see a patch of colour of a certain shape, the patch of colour is one thing and our seeing of it is another. This view, however, demands the admission of the subject, or act, in the sense discussed in our first lecture. If there is a subject, it can have a relation to the patch of colour, namely, the sort of relation which we might call awareness. In that case the sensation, as a mental event, will consist of awareness of the colour, while the colour itself will remain wholly physical, and may be called the sense-datum, to distinguish it from the sensation. The subject, however, appears to be a logical fiction, like mathematical points and instants. It is introduced, not because observation reveals it, but because it is linguistically convenient and apparently demanded by grammar. Nominal entities of this sort may or may not exist, but there is no good ground for assuming that they do. The functions that they appear to perform can always be performed by classes or series or other logical constructions, consisting of less dubious entities. If we are to avoid a perfectly gratuitous assumption, we must dispense with the subject as one of the actual ingredients of the world. But when we do this, the possibility of distinguishing the sensation from the sense-datum vanishes; at least I see no way of preserving the distinction. Accordingly the sensation that we have when we see a patch of colour simply is that patch of colour, an actual constituent of the physical world, and part of what physics is concerned with. A patch of colour is certainly not knowledge, and therefore we cannot say that pure sensation is cognitive. Through its psychological effects, it is the cause of cognitions, partly by being itself a sign of things that are correlated with it, as e.g. sensations of sight and touch are correlated, and partly by giving rise to images and memories after the sensation is faded. But in itself the pure sensation is not cognitive.

In the first lecture we considered the view of Brentano, that "we may define psychical phenomena by saying that they are phenomena which intentionally contain an object." We saw reasons to reject this view in general; we are now concerned to show

that it must be rejected in the particular case of sensations. The kind of argument which formerly made me accept Brentano's view in this case was exceedingly simple. When I see a patch of colour, it seemed to me that the colour is not psychical, but physical, while my seeing is not physical, but psychical. Hence I concluded that the colour is something other than my seeing of the colour. This argument, to me historically, was directed against idealism: the emphatic part of it was the assertion that the colour is physical, not psychical. I shall not trouble you now with the grounds for holding as against Berkeley that the patch of colour is physical; I have set them forth before, and I see no reason to modify them. But it does not follow that the patch of colour is not also psychical, unless we assume that the physical and the psychical cannot overlap, which I no longer consider a valid assumption. If we admit--as I think we should--that the patch of colour may be both physical and psychical, the reason for distinguishing the sense-datum from the sensation disappears, and we may say that the patch of colour and our sensation in seeing it are identical.

This is the view of William James, Professor Dewey, and the American realists. Perceptions, says Professor Dewey, are not per se cases of knowledge, but simply natural events with no more knowledge status than (say) a shower. "Let them [the realists] try the experiment of conceiving perceptions as pure natural events, not cases of awareness or apprehension, and they will be surprised to see how little they miss."* I think he is right in this, except in supposing that the realists will be surprised. Many of them already hold the view he is advocating, and others are very sympathetic to it. At any rate, it is the view which I shall adopt in these lectures.

* Dewey, "Essays in Experimental Logic," pp. 253, 262.

The stuff of the world, so far as we have experience of it, consists, on the view that I am advocating, of innumerable transient particulars such as occur in seeing, hearing, etc., together with images more or less resembling these, of which I shall speak shortly. If physics is true, there are, besides the particulars that we experience, others, probably equally (or almost equally) transient, which make up that part of the material world that does not come into the sort of contact with a living body that is required to turn it into a sensation. But this topic belongs to the philosophy of physics, and need not concern us in our present inquiry.

Sensations are what is common to the mental and physical worlds; they may be defined as the intersection of mind and matter. This is by no means a new view; it is advocated, not only by the American authors I have mentioned, but by Mach in his Analysis of Sensations, which was published in 1886. The essence of sensation, according to the view I am advocating, is its independence of past experience. It is a core in our actual experiences, never existing in isolation except possibly in very young infants. It is not itself knowledge, but it supplies the data for our knowledge of the physical world, including our own bodies.

There are some who believe that our mental life is built up out of sensations alone. This may be true; but in any case I think the only ingredients required in addition to sensations are images. What images are, and how they are to be defined, we have now to inquire.

The distinction between images and sensations might seem at first sight by no means difficult. When we shut our eyes and call up pictures of familiar scenes, we usually have no difficulty, so long as we remain awake, in discriminating between what we are imagining and what is really seen. If we imagine some piece of music that we know, we can go through it in our mind from beginning to end without any discoverable tendency to suppose that we are really hearing it. But although such cases are so clear that no confusion seems possible, there are many others that are far more difficult, and the definition of images is by no means an easy problem.

To begin with: we do not always know whether what we are experiencing is a sensation or an image. The things we see in dreams when our eyes are shut must count as images, yet while we are dreaming they seem like sensations. Hallucinations often begin as persistent images, and only gradually acquire that influence over belief that makes the patient regard them as sensations. When we are listening for a faint sound--the striking of a distant clock, or a horse's hoofs on the road--we think we hear it many times before we really do, because expectation brings us the image, and we mistake it for sensation. The distinction between images and sensations is, therefore, by no means always obvious to inspection.*

* On the distinction between images and sensation, cf. Semon, "Die mnemischen Empfindungen," pp. 19-20.

We may consider three different ways in which it has been sought to distinguish images from sensations, namely:

(1) By the less degree of vividness in images;

(2) By our absence of belief in their "physical reality";

(3) By the fact that their causes and effects are different from those of sensations.

I believe the third of these to be the only universally applicable criterion. The other two are applicable in very many cases, but cannot be used for purposes of definition because they are liable to exceptions. Nevertheless, they both deserve to be carefully considered.

(1) Hume, who gives the names "impressions" and "ideas" to what may, for present purposes, be identified with our "sensations" and "images," speaks of impressions as "those perceptions which enter with most force and violence" while he defines ideas as "the faint images of these (i.e. of impressions) in thinking and reasoning." His immediately following observations, however, show the inadequacy of his criteria of "force" and "faintness." He says:

"I believe it will not be very necessary to employ many words in explaining this distinction. Every one of himself will readily perceive the difference betwixt feeling and thinking. The common degrees of these are easily distinguished, though it is not impossible but in particular instances they may very nearly approach to each other. Thus in sleep, in a fever, in madness, or in any very violent emotions of soul, our ideas may approach to our impressions; as, on the other hand, it sometimes happens, that our impressions are so faint and low that we cannot distinguish them from our ideas. But notwithstanding this near resemblance in a few instances, they are in general so very different, that no one can make a scruple to rank them under distinct heads, and assign to each a peculiar name to mark the difference" ("Treatise of Human Nature," Part I, Section I).

I think Hume is right in holding that they should be ranked under distinct heads, with a peculiar name for each. But by his own confession in the above passage, his criterion for distinguishing them is not always adequate. A definition is not sound if it only applies in cases where the difference is glaring: the essential purpose of a definition is to provide a mark which is applicable even in marginal cases--except, of course, when we are dealing with a conception, like, e.g. baldness, which is one of degree and has no sharp boundaries. But so far we have seen no reason to think that the difference between sensations and images is only one of degree.

Professor Stout, in his "Manual of Psychology," after discussing various ways of distinguishing sensations and images, arrives at a view which is a modification of Hume's. He says (I quote from the second edition):

"Our conclusion is that at bottom the distinction between image and percept, as respectively faint and vivid states, is based on a difference of quality. The percept has an aggressiveness which does not belong to the image. It strikes the mind with varying degrees of force or liveliness according to the varying intensity of the stimulus. This degree of force or liveliness is part of what we ordinarily mean by the intensity of a sensation. But this constituent of the intensity of sensations is absent in mental imagery"(p. 419).

This view allows for the fact that sensations may reach any degree of faintness--e.g. in the case of a just visible star or a just audible sound--without becoming images, and that therefore mere faintness cannot be the characteristic mark of images. After explaining the sudden shock of a flash of lightning or a steam-whistle, Stout says that "no mere image ever does strike the mind in this manner"(p. 417). But I believe that this criterion fails in very much the same instances as those in which Hume's criterion fails in its original form. Macbeth speaks of--

that suggestion Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair And make my seated heart knock at my ribs Against the use of nature.

The whistle of a steam-engine could hardly have a stronger effect than this. A very intense emotion will often bring with it--especially where some future action or some undecided issue is involved--powerful compelling images which may determine the whole course of life, sweeping aside all contrary solicitations to the will by their capacity for exclusively possessing the mind. And in all cases where images, originally recognized as such, gradually pass into hallucinations, there must be just that "force or liveliness" which is supposed to be always absent from images. The cases of dreams and fever-delirium are as hard to adjust to Professor Stout's modified criterion as to Hume's. I conclude therefore that the test of liveliness, however applicable in ordinary instances, cannot be used to define the differences between sensations and images.

(2) We might attempt to distinguish images from sensations by our absence of belief in the "physical reality" of images. When we are aware that what we are experiencing is an image, we do not give it the kind of belief that we should give to a sensation: we do not think that it has the same power of producing knowledge of the "external world." Images are "imaginary"; in SOME sense they are "unreal." But this difference is hard to analyse or state correctly. What we call the "unreality" of images requires interpretation it cannot mean what would be expressed by saying "there's no such thing." Images are just as truly part of the actual world as sensations are. All that we really mean by calling an image "unreal" is that it does not have the concomitants which it would have if

it were a sensation. When we call up a visual image of a chair, we do not attempt to sit in it, because we know that, like Macbeth's dagger, it is not "sensible to feeling as to sight"--i.e. it does not have the correlations with tactile sensations which it would have if it were a visual sensation and not merely a visual image. But this means that the so-called "unreality" of images consists merely in their not obeying the laws of physics, and thus brings us back to the causal distinction between images and sensations.

This view is confirmed by the fact that we only feel images to be "unreal" when we already know them to be images. Images cannot be defined by the FEELING of unreality, because when we falsely believe an image to be a sensation, as in the case of dreams, it FEELS just as real as if it were a sensation. Our feeling of unreality results from our having already realized that we are dealing with an image, and cannot therefore be the definition of what we mean by an image. As soon as an image begins to deceive us as to its status, it also deceives us as to its correlations, which are what we mean by its "reality."

(3) This brings us to the third mode of distinguishing images from sensations, namely, by their causes and effects. I believe this to be the only valid ground of distinction. James, in the passage about the mental fire which won't burn real sticks, distinguishes images by their effects, but I think the more reliable distinction is by their causes. Professor Stout (loc. cit., p. 127) says: "One characteristic mark of what we agree in calling sensation is its mode of production. It is caused by what we call a STIMULUS. A stimulus is always some condition external to the nervous system itself and operating upon it." I think that this is the correct view, and that the distinction between images and sensations can only be made by taking account of their causation. Sensations come through sense-organs, while images do not. We cannot have visual sensations in the dark, or with our eyes shut, but we can very well have visual images under these circumstances. Accordingly images have been defined as "centrally excited sensations," i.e. sensations which have their physiological cause in the brain only, not also in the sense-organs and the nerves that run from the sense-organs to the brain. I think the phrase "centrally excited sensations" assumes more than is necessary, since it takes it for granted that an image must have a proximate physiological cause. This is probably true, but it is an hypothesis, and for our purposes an unnecessary one. It would seem to fit better with what we can immediately observe if we were to say that an image is occasioned, through association, by a sensation or another image, in other words that it has a mnemic cause--which does not prevent it from also having a physical cause. And I think it will be found that the causation of an image always proceeds according to mnemic laws, i.e. that it is governed by habit and past experience. If you listen to a man playing the pianola without looking at him, you will have images of his hands on the keys as if he were playing the piano; if you suddenly look at him while you are absorbed in the music, you will experience a shock of surprise when you notice that his hands are not touching the notes. Your image of his hands is due to the many times that you have heard similar sounds and at the same time seen the player's hands on the piano. When habit and past experience play this part, we are in the region of mnemic as opposed to ordinary physical causation. And I think that, if we could regard as ultimately valid the difference between physical and mnemic causation, we could distinguish images from sensations as having mnemic causes, though they may also have physical causes. Sensations, on the other hand, will only have physical causes.

However this may be, the practically effective distinction between sensations and images is that in the causation of sensations, but not of images, the stimulation of nerves carrying an effect into the brain, usually from the surface of the body, plays an essential part. And this accounts for the fact that images and sensations cannot always be distinguished by their intrinsic nature.

Images also differ from sensations as regards their effects. Sensations, as a rule, have both physical and mental effects. As you watch the train you meant to catch leaving the station, there are both the successive positions of the train (physical effects) and the successive waves of fury and disappointment (mental effects). Images, on the contrary, though they MAY produce bodily movements, do so according to mnemic laws, not according to the laws of physics. All their effects, of whatever nature, follow mnemic laws. But this difference is less suitable for definition than the difference as to causes.

Professor Watson, as a logical carrying-out of his behaviourist theory, denies altogether that there are any observable phenomena such as images are supposed to be. He replaces them all by faint sensations, and especially by pronunciation of words sotto voce. When we "think" of a table (say), as opposed to seeing it, what happens, according to him, is usually that we are making small movements of the throat and tongue such as would lead to our uttering the word "table" if they were more pronounced. I shall consider his view again in connection with words; for the present I am only concerned to combat his denial of images. This denial is set forth both in his book on "Behavior" and in an article called "Image and Affection in Behavior" in the "Journal of Philosophy, Psychology and Scientific Methods," vol. x (July, 1913). It seems to me that in this matter he has been betrayed into denying plain facts in the interests of a theory, namely, the supposed impossibility of introspection. I dealt with the theory in Lecture VI; for the present I wish to reinforce the view that the facts are undeniable.

Images are of various sorts, according to the nature of the sensations which they copy. Images of bodily movements, such as we have when we imagine moving an arm or, on a smaller scale, pronouncing a word, might possibly be explained away on Professor Watson's lines, as really consisting in small incipient movements such as, if magnified and prolonged, would be the movements we are said to be imagining. Whether this is the case or not might even be decided experimentally. If there were a delicate instrument for recording small movements in the mouth and throat, we might place such an instrument in a person's mouth and then tell him to recite a poem to himself, as far as possible only in imagination. I should not be at all surprised if it were found that actual small movements take place while he is "mentally" saying over the verses. The point is important, because what is called "thought" consists mainly (though I think not wholly) of inner speech. If Professor Watson is right as regards inner speech, this whole region is transferred from imagination to sensation. But since the question is capable of experimental decision, it would be gratuitous rashness to offer an opinion while that decision is lacking.

But visual and auditory images are much more difficult to deal with in this way, because they lack the connection with physical events in the outer world which belongs to visual and auditory sensations. Suppose, for example, that I am sitting in my room, in which there is an empty arm-chair. I shut my eyes, and call up a visual image of a friend sitting in the arm-chair. If I thrust my image into the world of physics, it contradicts all the usual physical laws. My friend reached the chair without coming in at the door in the usual way; subsequent inquiry will show that he was somewhere else at the moment. If regarded as a sensation, my image has all the marks of the supernatural. My image, therefore, is regarded as an event in me, not as having that position in the orderly happenings of the public world that belongs to sensations. By saying that it is an event in me, we leave it possible that it may be PHYSIOLOGICALLY caused: its privacy may be only due to its connection with my body. But in any case it is not a public event, like an actual person walking in at the door and sitting down in my chair. And it cannot, like inner speech, be regarded as a SMALL sensation, since it occupies just as large an area in my visual field as the actual sensation would do.

Professor Watson says: "I should throw out imagery altogether and attempt to show that all natural thought goes on in terms of sensori-motor processes in the larynx." This view seems to me flatly to contradict experience. If you try to persuade any uneducated person that she cannot call up a visual picture of a friend sitting in a chair, but can only use words describing what such an occurrence would be like, she will conclude that you are mad. (This statement is based upon experiment.) Galton, as every one knows, investigated visual imagery, and found that education tends to kill it: the Fellows of the Royal Society turned out to have much less of it than their wives. I see no reason to doubt his conclusion that the habit of abstract pursuits makes learned men much inferior to the average in power of visualizing, and much more exclusively occupied with words in their "thinking." And Professor Watson is a very learned man.

I shall henceforth assume that the existence of images is admitted, and that they are to be distinguished from sensations by their causes, as well as, in a lesser degree, by their effects. In their intrinsic nature, though they often differ from sensations by being more dim or vague or faint, yet they do not always or universally differ from sensations in any way that can be used for defining them. Their privacy need form no bar to the scientific study of them, any more than the privacy of bodily sensations does. Bodily sensations are admitted by even the most severe critics of introspection, although, like images, they can only be observed by one observer. It must be admitted, however, that the laws of the appearance and disappearance of images are little known and difficult to discover, because we are not assisted, as in the case of sensations, by our knowledge of the physical world.

There remains one very important point concerning images, which will occupy us much hereafter, and that is, their resemblance to previous sensations. They are said to be "copies" of sensations, always as regards the simple qualities that enter into them, though not always as regards the manner in which these are put together. It is generally believed that we cannot imagine a shade of colour that we have never seen, or a sound that we have never heard. On this subject Hume is the classic. He says, in the definitions already quoted:

"Those perceptions, which enter with most force and violence, we may name IMPRESSIONS; and under this name I comprehend all our sensations, passions and emotions, as they make their first appearance in the soul. By IDEAS I mean the faint images of these in thinking and reasoning."

He next explains the difference between simple and complex ideas, and explains that a complex idea may occur without any similar complex impression. But as regards simple ideas, he states that "every simple idea has a simple impression, which resembles it, and every simple impression a correspondent idea." He goes on to enunciate the general principle "that all our simple ideas in their first appearance are derived from simple impressions, which are correspondent to them, and which they exactly represent" ("Treatise of Human Nature," Part I, Section I).

It is this fact, that images resemble antecedent sensations, which enables us to call them images "of" this or that. For the understanding of memory, and of knowledge generally, the recognizable resemblance of images and sensations is of fundamental importance.

There are difficulties in establishing Hume's principles, and doubts as to whether it is exactly true. Indeed, he himself signalized an exception immediately after stating his maxim. Nevertheless, it is impossible to doubt that in the main simple images are copies of similar simple sensations which have occurred earlier, and that the same is true of complex images in all cases of memory as opposed to mere imagination. Our power of acting with reference to what is sensibly absent is largely due to this characteristic of images, although, as education advances, images tend to be more and more replaced by words. We shall have much to say in the next two lectures on the subject of images as copies of sensations. What has been said now is merely by way of reminder that this is their most notable characteristic.

I am by no means confident that the distinction between images and sensations is ultimately valid, and I should be glad to be convinced that images can be reduced to sensations of a peculiar kind. I think it is clear, however, that, at any rate in the case of auditory and visual images, they do differ from ordinary auditory and visual sensations, and therefore form a recognizable class of occurrences, even if it should prove that they can be regarded as a sub-class of sensations. This is all that is necessary to validate the use of images to be made in the sequel.

LECTURE IX. MEMORY

Memory, which we are to consider to-day, introduces us to knowledge in one of its forms. The analysis of knowledge will occupy us until the end of the thirteenth lecture, and is the most difficult part of our whole enterprise.

I do not myself believe that the analysis of knowledge can be effected entirely by means of purely external observation, such as behaviourists employ. I shall discuss this question in later lectures. In the present lecture I shall attempt the analysis of memory-knowledge, both as an introduction to the problem of knowledge in general, and because memory, in some form, is presupposed in almost all other knowledge. Sensation, we decided, is not a form of knowledge. It might, however, have been expected that we should begin our discussion of knowledge with PERCEPTION, i.e. with that integral experience of things in the environment, out of which sensation is extracted by psychological analysis. What is called perception differs from sensation by the fact that the sensational ingredients bring up habitual associates--images and expectations of their usual correlates--all of which are subjectively indistinguishable from the sensation. The FACT of past experience is essential in producing this filling-out of sensation, but not the RECOLLECTION of past experience. The non-sensational elements in perception can be wholly explained as the result of habit, produced by frequent correlations. Perception, according to our definition in Lecture VII, is no more a form of knowledge than sensation is, except in so far as it involves expectations. The purely psychological problems which it raises are not very difficult, though they have sometimes been rendered artificially obscure by unwillingness to admit the fallibility of the non-sensational elements of perception. On the other hand, memory raises many difficult and very important problems, which it is necessary to consider at the first possible moment.

One reason for treating memory at this early stage is that it seems to be involved in the fact that images are recognized as "copies" of past sensible experience. In the preceding lecture I alluded to Hume's principle "that all our simple ideas in their first appearance are derived from simple impressions, which are correspondent to them, and which they exactly represent." Whether or not this principle is liable to exceptions, everyone would agree that is has a broad measure of truth, though the word "exactly" might seem an overstatement, and it might seem more correct to say that ideas APPROXIMATELY represent impressions. Such modifications of Hume's principle, however, do not affect the problem which I wish to present for your consideration, namely: Why do we believe that images are, sometimes or always, approximately or exactly, copies of sensations? What sort of evidence is there? And what sort of evidence is logically possible? The difficulty of this question arises through the fact that the sensation which an image is supposed to copy is in the past when the image exists, and can therefore only be known by memory, while, on the other hand, memory of past sensations seems only possible by means of present images. How, then, are we to find any way of comparing the present image and the past sensation? The problem is just as acute if we say that images differ from their prototypes as if we say that they resemble them; it is the very possibility of comparison that is hard to understand.* We think we can know that they are alike or different, but we cannot bring them together in one experience and compare them. To deal with this problem, we must have a theory of memory. In this way the whole status of images as "copies" is bound up with the analysis of memory.

* How, for example, can we obtain such knowledge as the following: "If we look at, say, a red nose and perceive it, and after a little while ekphore, its memory-image, we note immediately how unlike, in its likeness, this memory-image is to the original perception" (A. Wohlgemuth, "On the Feelings and their Neural Correlate with an Examination of the Nature of Pain," "Journal of Psychology," vol. viii, part iv, June, 1917).

In investigating memory-beliefs, there are certain points which must be borne in mind. In the first place, everything constituting a memory-belief is happening now, not in that past time to which the belief is said to refer. It is not logically necessary to the existence of a memory-belief that the event remembered should have occurred, or even that the past should have existed at all. There is no logical impossibility in the hypothesis that the world sprang into being five minutes ago, exactly as it then was, with a population that "remembered" a wholly unreal past. There is no logically necessary connection between events at different times; therefore nothing that is happening now or will happen in the future can disprove the hypothesis that the world began five minutes ago. Hence the occurrences which are CALLED knowledge of the past are logically independent of the past; they are wholly analysable into present contents, which might, theoretically, be just what they are even if no past had existed.

I am not suggesting that the non-existence of the past should be entertained as a serious hypothesis. Like all sceptical hypotheses, it is logically tenable, but uninteresting. All that I am doing is to use its logical tenability as a help in the analysis of what occurs when we remember.

In the second place, images without beliefs are insufficient to constitute memory; and habits are still more insufficient. The behaviourist, who attempts to make psychology a record of behaviour, has to trust his memory in making the record. "Habit" is a concept involving the occurrence of similar events at different times; if the behaviourist feels confident that there is such a phenomenon as habit, that can only be because he trusts his memory, when it assures him that there have been other times. And the same applies to images. If we are to know as it is supposed we do--that images are "copies," accurate or inaccurate, of past events, something more than the mere occurrence of images must go to constitute this knowledge. For their mere occurrence, by itself, would not suggest any connection with anything that had happened before.

Can we constitute memory out of images together with suitable beliefs? We may take it that memory-images, when they occur in true memory, are (a) known to be copies, (b) sometimes known to be imperfect copies (cf. footnote on previous page). How is it possible to know that a memory-image is an imperfect copy, without having a more accurate copy by which to replace it? This would SEEM to suggest that we have a way of knowing the past which is independent of images, by means of which we can criticize image-memories. But I do not think such an inference is warranted.

What results, formally, from our knowledge of the past through images of which we recognize the inaccuracy, is that such images must have two characteristics by which we can arrange them in two series, of which one corresponds to the more or less remote period in the past to which they refer, and the other to our greater or less confidence in their accuracy. We will take the second of these points first.

Our confidence or lack of confidence in the accuracy of a memory-image must, in fundamental cases, be based upon a characteristic of the image itself, since we cannot evoke the past bodily and compare it with the present image. It might be suggested that vagueness is the required characteristic, but I do not think this is the case. We sometimes have images that are by no means peculiarly vague, which yet we do not trust--for example, under the influence of fatigue we may see a friend's face vividly and clearly, but horribly distorted. In such a case we distrust our image in spite of its being unusually clear. I think the characteristic by which we distinguish the images we trust is the feeling of FAMILIARITY that accompanies them. Some images, like some sensations, feel very familiar, while others feel strange. Familiarity is a feeling capable of degrees. In an image of a well-known face, for example, some parts may feel more familiar than others; when this happens, we have more belief in the accuracy of the familiar parts than in that of the unfamiliar parts. I think it is by this means that we become critical of images, not by some imageless memory with which we compare them. I shall return to the consideration of familiarity shortly.

I come now to the other characteristic which memory-images must have in order to account for our knowledge of the past. They must have some characteristic which makes us regard them as referring to more or less remote portions of the past. That is to say if we suppose that A is the event remembered, B the remembering, and t the interval of time between A and B, there must be some characteristic of B which is capable of degrees, and which, in accurately dated memories, varies as t varies. It may increase as t increases, or diminish as t increases. The question which of these occurs is not of any importance for the theoretic serviceability of the characteristic in question.

In actual fact, there are doubtless various factors that concur in giving us the feeling of greater or less remoteness in some remembered event. There may be a specific feeling which could be called the feeling of "pastness," especially where immediate memory is concerned. But apart from this, there are other marks. One of these is context. A recent memory has, usually, more context than a more distant one. When a remembered event has a remembered context, this may occur in two ways, either (a) by successive images in the same order as their prototypes, or (b) by remembering a whole process simultaneously, in the same way in which a present process may be apprehended, through akoluthic sensations which, by fading, acquire the mark of just-pastness in an increasing degree as they fade, and are thus placed in a series while all sensibly present. It will be context in this second sense, more specially, that will give us a sense of the nearness or remoteness of a remembered event.

There is, of course, a difference between knowing the temporal relation of a remembered event to the present, and knowing the time-order of two remembered events. Very often our knowledge of the temporal relation of a remembered event to the present is inferred from its temporal relations to other remembered events. It would seem that only rather recent events can be placed at all accurately by means of feelings giving their temporal relation to the present, but it is clear that such feelings must play an essential part in the process of dating remembered events.

We may say, then, that images are regarded by us as more or less accurate copies of past occurrences because they come to us with two sorts of feelings: (1) Those that may be called feelings of familiarity; (2) those that may be collected together as feelings giving a sense of pastness. The first lead us to trust our memories, the second to assign places to them in the time-order.

We have now to analyse the memory-belief, as opposed to the characteristics of images which lead us to base memory-beliefs upon them.

If we had retained the "subject" or "act" in knowledge, the whole problem of memory would have been comparatively simple. We could then have said that remembering is a direct relation between the present act or subject and the past occurrence remembered: the act of remembering is present, though its object is past. But the rejection of the subject renders some more complicated theory necessary. Remembering has to be a present occurrence in some way resembling, or related to, what is remembered. And it is difficult to find any ground, except a pragmatic one, for supposing that memory is not sheer delusion, if, as seems to be the case, there is not, apart from memory, any way of ascertaining that there really was a past occurrence having the required relation to our present remembering. What, if we followed Meinong's terminology, we should call the "object" in memory, i.e. the past event which we are said to be remembering, is unpleasantly remote from the "content," i.e. the present mental occurrence in remembering. There is an awkward gulf between the two, which raises difficulties for the theory of knowledge. But we must not falsify observation to avoid theoretical difficulties. For the present, therefore, let us forget these problems, and try to discover what actually occurs in memory.

Some points may be taken as fixed, and such as any theory of memory must arrive at. In this case, as in most others, what may be taken as certain in advance is rather vague. The study of any topic is like the continued observation of an object which is approaching us along a road: what is certain to begin with is the quite vague knowledge that there is SOME object on the road. If you attempt to be less vague, and to assert that the object is an elephant, or a man, or a mad dog, you run a risk of error; but the purpose of continued observation is to enable you to arrive at such more precise knowledge. In like manner, in the study of memory, the certainties with which you begin are very vague, and the more precise propositions at which you try to arrive are less certain than the hazy data from which you set out. Nevertheless, in spite of the risk of error, precision is the goal at which we must aim.

The first of our vague but indubitable data is that there is knowledge of the past. We do not yet know with any precision what we mean by "knowledge," and we must admit that in any given instance our memory may be at fault. Nevertheless, whatever a sceptic might urge in theory, we cannot practically doubt that we got up this morning, that we did various things yesterday, that a great war has been taking place, and so on. How far our knowledge of the past is due to memory, and how far to other sources, is of course a matter to be investigated, but there can be no doubt that memory forms an indispensable part of our knowledge of the past.

The second datum is that we certainly have more capacity for knowing the past than for knowing the future. We know some things about the future, for example what eclipses there will be; but this knowledge is a matter of elaborate calculation and inference, whereas some of our knowledge of the past comes to us without effort, in the same sort of immediate way in which we acquire knowledge of occurrences in our present environment. We might provisionally, though perhaps not quite correctly, define "memory" as that way of knowing about the past which has no analogue in our knowledge of the future; such a definition would at least serve

to mark the problem with which we are concerned, though some expectations may deserve to rank with memory as regards immediacy.

A third point, perhaps not quite so certain as our previous two, is that the truth of memory cannot be wholly practical, as pragmatists wish all truth to be. It seems clear that some of the things I remember are trivial and without any visible importance for the future, but that my memory is true (or false) in virtue of a past event, not in virtue of any future consequences of my belief. The definition of truth as the correspondence between beliefs and facts seems peculiarly evident in the case of memory, as against not only the pragmatist definition but also the idealist definition by means of coherence. These considerations, however, are taking us away from psychology, to which we must now return.

It is important not to confuse the two forms of memory which Bergson distinguishes in the second chapter of his "Matter and Memory," namely the sort that consists of habit, and the sort that consists of independent recollection. He gives the instance of learning a lesson by heart: when I know it by heart I am said to "remember" it, but this merely means that I have acquired certain habits; on the other hand, my recollection of (say) the second time I read the lesson while I was learning it is the recollection of a unique event, which occurred only once. The recollection of a unique event cannot, so Bergson contends, be wholly constituted by habit, and is in fact something radically different from the memory which is habit. The recollection alone is true memory. This distinction is vital to the understanding of memory. But it is not so easy to carry out in practice as it is to draw in theory. Habit is a very intrusive feature of our mental life, and is often present where at first sight it seems not to be. There is, for example, a habit of remembering a unique event. When we have once described the event, the words we have used easily become habitual. We may even have used words to describe it to ourselves while it was happening; in that case, the habit of these words may fulfil the function of Bergson's true memory, while in reality it is nothing but habit-memory. A gramophone, by the help of suitable records, might relate to us the incidents of its past; and people are not so different from gramophones as they like to believe.

In spite, however, of a difficulty in distinguishing the two forms of memory in practice, there can be no doubt that both forms exist. I can set to work now to remember things I never remembered before, such as what I had to eat for breakfast this morning, and it can hardly be wholly habit that enables me to do this. It is this sort of occurrence that constitutes the essence of memory Until we have analysed what happens in such a case as this, we have not succeeded in understanding memory.

The sort of memory with which we are here concerned is the sort which is a form of knowledge. Whether knowledge itself is reducible to habit is a question to which I shall return in a later lecture; for the present I am only anxious to point out that, whatever the true analysis of knowledge may be, knowledge of past occurrences is not proved by behaviour which is due to past experience. The fact that a man can recite a poem does not show that he remembers any previous occasion on which he has recited or read it. Similarly, the performances of animals in getting out of cages or mazes to which they are accustomed do not prove that they remember having been in the same situation before. Arguments in favour of (for example) memory in plants are only arguments in favour of habit-memory, not of knowledge-memory. Samuel Butler's arguments in favour of the view that an animal remembers something of the lives of its ancestors* are, when examined, only arguments in favour of habit-memory. Semon's two books, mentioned in an earlier lecture, do not touch knowledge-memory at all closely. They give laws according to which images of past occurrences come into our minds, but do not discuss our belief that these images refer to past occurrences, which is what constitutes knowledge-memory. It is this that is of interest to theory of knowledge. I shall speak of it as "true" memory, to distinguish it from mere habit acquired through past experience. Before considering true memory, it will be well to consider two things which are on the way towards memory, namely the feeling of familiarity and recognition.

* See his "Life and Habit and Unconscious Memory."

We often feel that something in our sensible environment is familiar, without having any definite recollection of previous occasions on which we have seen it. We have this feeling normally in places where we have often been before--at home, or in well-known streets. Most people and animals find it essential to their happiness to spend a good deal of their time in familiar surroundings, which are especially comforting when any danger threatens. The feeling of familiarity has all sorts of degrees, down to the stage where we dimly feel that we have seen a person before. It is by no means always reliable; almost everybody has at some time experienced the well-known illusion that all that is happening now happened before at some time. There are occasions when familiarity does not attach itself to any definite object, when there is merely a vague feeling that SOMETHING is familiar. This is illustrated by Turgenev's "Smoke," where the hero is long puzzled by a haunting sense that something in his present is recalling something in his past, and at last traces it to the smell of heliotrope. Whenever the sense of familiarity occurs without a definite object, it leads us to search the environment until we are satisfied that we have found the appropriate object, which leads us to the

judgment: "THIS is familiar." I think we may regard familiarity as a definite feeling, capable of existing without an object, but normally standing in a specific relation to some feature of the environment, the relation being that which we express in words by saying that the feature in question is familiar. The judgment that what is familiar has been experienced before is a product of reflection, and is no part of the feeling of familiarity, such as a horse may be supposed to have when he returns to his stable. Thus no knowledge as to the past is to be derived from the feeling of familiarity alone.

A further stage is RECOGNITION. This may be taken in two senses, the first when a thing not merely feels familiar, but we know it is such-and-such. We recognize our friend Jones, we know cats and dogs when we see them, and so on. Here we have a definite influence of past experience, but not necessarily any actual knowledge of the past. When we see a cat, we know it is a cat because of previous cats we have seen, but we do not, as a rule, recollect at the moment any particular occasion when we have seen a cat. Recognition in this sense does not necessarily involve more than a habit of association: the kind of object we are seeing at the moment is associated with the word "cat," or with an auditory image of purring, or whatever other characteristic we may happen to recognize in the cat of the moment. We are, of course, in fact able to judge, when we recognize an object, that we have seen it before, but this judgment is something over and above recognition in this first sense, and may very probably be impossible to animals that nevertheless have the experience of recognition in this first sense of the word.

There is, however, another sense of the word, in which we mean by recognition, not knowing the name of a thing or some other property of it, but knowing that we have seen it before In this sense recognition does involve knowledge about the Fast. This knowledge is memory in one sense, though in another it is not. It does not involve a definite memory of a definite past event, but only the knowledge that something happening now is similar to something that happened before. It differs from the sense of familiarity by being cognitive; it is a belief or judgment, which the sense of familiarity is not. I do not wish to undertake the analysis of belief at present, since it will be the subject of the twelfth lecture; for the present I merely wish to emphasize the fact that recognition, in our second sense, consists in a belief, which we may express approximately in the words: "This has existed before."

There are, however, several points in which such an account of recognition is inadequate. To begin with, it might seem at first sight more correct to define recognition as "I have seen this before" than as "this has existed before." We recognize a thing (it may be urged) as having been in our experience before, whatever that may mean; we do not recognize it as merely having been in the world before. I am not sure that there is anything substantial in this point. The definition of "my experience" is difficult; broadly speaking, it is everything that is connected with what I am experiencing now by certain links, of which the various forms of memory are among the most important. Thus, if I recognize a thing, the occasion of its previous existence in virtue of which I recognize it forms part of "my experience" by DEFINITION: recognition will be one of the marks by which my experience is singled out from the rest of the world. Of course, the words "this has existed before" are a very inadequate translation of what actually happens when we form a judgment of recognition, but that is unavoidable: words are framed to express a level of thought which is by no means primitive, and are quite incapable of expressing such an elementary occurrence as recognition. I shall return to what is virtually the same question in connection with true memory, which raises exactly similar problems.

A second point is that, when we recognize something, it was not in fact the very same thing, but only something similar, that we experienced on a former occasion. Suppose the object in question is a friend's face. A person's face is always changing, and is not exactly the same on any two occasions. Common sense treats it as one face with varying expressions; but the varying expressions actually exist, each at its proper time, while the one face is merely a logical construction. We regard two objects as the same, for common-sense purposes, when the reaction they call for is practically the same. Two visual appearances, to both of which it is appropriate to say: "Hullo, Jones!" are treated as appearances of one identical object, namely Jones. The name "Jones" is applicable to both, and it is only reflection that shows us that many diverse particulars are collected together to form the meaning of the name "Jones." What we see on any one occasion is not the whole series of particulars that make up Jones, but only one of them (or a few in quick succession). On another occasion we see another member of the series, but it is sufficiently similar to count as the same from the standpoint of common sense. Accordingly, when we judge "I have seen THIS before," we judge falsely if "this" is taken as applying to the actual constituent of the world that we are seeing at the moment. The word "this" must be interpreted vaguely so as to include anything sufficiently like what we are seeing at the moment. Here, again, we shall find a similar point as regards true memory; and in connection with true memory we will consider the point again. It is sometimes suggested, by those who favour behaviourist views, that recognition consists in behaving in the same way when a stimulus is repeated as we behaved on the first occasion when it occurred. This seems to be the exact opposite of the truth. The essence of recognition is in the DIFFERENCE between a repeated stimulus and a new one. On the first occasion there is no recognition; on the second occasion there is. In fact, recognition is another instance of the peculiarity of causal laws in psychology, namely, that the causal unit

is not a single event, but two or more events Habit is the great instance of this, but recognition is another. A stimulus occurring once has a certain effect; occurring twice, it has the further effect of recognition. Thus the phenomenon of recognition has as its cause the two occasions when the stimulus has occurred; either alone is insufficient. This complexity of causes in psychology might be connected with Bergson's arguments against repetition in the mental world. It does not prove that there are no causal laws in psychology, as Bergson suggests; but it does prove that the causal laws of psychology are Prima facie very different from those of physics. On the possibility of explaining away the difference as due to the peculiarities of nervous tissue I have spoken before, but this possibility must not be forgotten if we are tempted to draw unwarranted metaphysical deductions.

True memory, which we must now endeavour to understand, consists of knowledge of past events, but not of all such knowledge. Some knowledge of past events, for example what we learn through reading history, is on a par with the knowledge we can acquire concerning the future: it is obtained by inference, not (so to speak) spontaneously. There is a similar distinction in our knowledge of the present: some of it is obtained through the senses, some in more indirect ways. I know that there are at this moment a number of people in the streets of New York, but I do not know this in the immediate way in which I know of the people whom I see by looking out of my window. It is not easy to state precisely wherein the difference between these two sorts of knowledge consists, but it is easy to feel the difference. For the moment, I shall not stop to analyse it, but shall content myself with saying that, in this respect, memory resembles the knowledge derived from the senses. It is immediate, not inferred, not abstract; it differs from perception mainly by being referred to the past.

In regard to memory, as throughout the analysis of knowledge, there are two very distinct problems, namely (1) as to the nature of the present occurrence in knowing; (2) as to the relation of this occurrence to what is known. When we remember, the knowing is now, while what is known is in the past. Our two questions are, in the case of memory:

(1) What is the present occurrence when we remember?

(2) What is the relation of this present occurrence to the past event which is remembered?

Of these two questions, only the first concerns the psychologist; the second belongs to theory of knowledge. At the same time, if we accept the vague datum with which we began, to the effect that, in some sense, there is knowledge of the past, we shall have to find, if we can, such an account of the present occurrence in remembering as will make it not impossible for remembering to give us knowledge of the past. For the present, however, we shall do well to forget the problems concerning theory of knowledge, and concentrate upon the purely psychological problem of memory.

Between memory-image and sensation there is an intermediate experience concerning the immediate past. For example, a sound that we have just heard is present to us in a way which differs both from the sensation while we are hearing the sound and from the memory-image of something heard days or weeks ago. James states that it is this way of apprehending the immediate past that is "the ORIGINAL of our experience of pastness, from whence we get the meaning of the term"("Psychology," i, p. 604). Everyone knows the experience of noticing (say) that the clock HAS BEEN striking, when we did not notice it while it was striking. And when we hear a remark spoken, we are conscious of the earlier words while the later ones are being uttered, and this retention feels different from recollection of something definitely past. A sensation fades gradually, passing by continuous gradations to the status of an image. This retention of the immediate past in a condition intermediate between sensation and image may be called "immediate memory." Everything belonging to it is included with sensation in what is called the "specious present." The specious present includes elements at all stages on the journey from sensation to image. It is this fact that enables us to apprehend such things as movements, or the order of the words in a spoken sentence. Succession can occur within the specious present, of which we can distinguish some parts as earlier and others as later. It is to be supposed that the earliest parts are those that have faded most from their original force, while the latest parts are those that retain their full sensational character. At the beginning of a stimulus we have a sensation; then a gradual transition; and at the end an image. Sensations while they are fading are called "akoluthic" sensations.* When the process of fading is completed (which happens very quickly), we arrive at the image, which is capable of being revived on subsequent occasions with very little change. True memory, as opposed to "immediate memory," applies only to events sufficiently distant to have come to an end of the period of fading. Such events, if they are represented by anything present, can only be represented by images, not by those intermediate stages, between sensations and images, which occur during the period of fading.

* See Semon, "Die mnemischen Empfindungen," chap. vi.

Immediate memory is important both because it provides experience of succession, and because it bridges the gulf between sensations and the images which are their copies. But it is now time to resume the consideration of true memory.

Suppose you ask me what I ate for breakfast this morning. Suppose, further, that I have not thought about my breakfast in the meantime, and that I did not, while I was eating it, put into words what it consisted of. In this case my recollection will be true memory, not habit-memory. The process of remembering will consist of calling up images of my breakfast, which will come to me with a feeling of belief such as distinguishes memory-images from mere imagination-images. Or sometimes words may come without the intermediary of images; but in this case equally the feeling of belief is essential.

Let us omit from our consideration, for the present, the memories in which words replace images. These are always, I think, really habit-memories, the memories that use images being the typical true memories.

Memory-images and imagination-images do not differ in their intrinsic qualities, so far as we can discover. They differ by the fact that the images that constitute memories, unlike those that constitute imagination, are accompanied by a feeling of belief which may be expressed in the words "this happened." The mere occurrence of images, without this feeling of belief, constitutes imagination; it is the element of belief that is the distinctive thing in memory.*

* For belief of a specific kind, cf. Dorothy Wrinch "On the Nature of Memory," "Mind," January, 1920.

There are, if I am not mistaken, at least three different kinds of belief-feeling, which we may call respectively memory, expectation and bare assent. In what I call bare assent, there is no time-element in the feeling of belief, though there may be in the content of what is believed. If I believe that Caesar landed in Britain in B.C. 55, the time-determination lies, not in the feeling of belief, but in what is believed. I do not remember the occurrence, but have the same feeling towards it as towards the announcement of an eclipse next year. But when I have seen a flash of lightning and am waiting for the thunder, I have a belief-feeling analogous to memory, except that it refers to the future: I have an image of thunder, combined with a feeling which may be expressed in the words: "this will happen." So, in memory, the pastness lies, not in the content of what is believed, but in the nature of the belief-feeling. I might have just the same images and expect their realization; I might entertain them without any belief, as in reading a novel; or I might entertain them together with a time-determination, and give bare assent, as in reading history. I shall return to this subject in a later lecture, when we come to the analysis of belief. For the present, I wish to make it clear that a certain special kind of belief is the distinctive characteristic of memory.

The problem as to whether memory can be explained as habit or association requires to be considered afresh in connection with the causes of our remembering something. Let us take again the case of my being asked what I had for breakfast this morning. In this case the question leads to my setting to work to recollect. It is a little strange that the question should instruct me as to what it is that I am to recall. This has to do with understanding words, which will be the topic of the next lecture; but something must be said about it now. Our understanding of the words "breakfast this morning" is a habit, in spite of the fact that on each fresh day they point to a different occasion. "This morning" does not, whenever it is used, mean the same thing, as "John" or "St. Paul's" does; it means a different period of time on each different day. It follows that the habit which constitutes our understanding of the words "this morning" is not the habit of associating the words with a fixed object, but the habit of associating them with something having a fixed time-relation to our present. This morning has, to-day, the same time-relation to my present that yesterday morning had yesterday. In order to understand the phrase "this morning" it is necessary that we should have a way of feeling time-intervals, and that this feeling should give what is constant in the meaning of the words "this morning." This appreciation of time-intervals is, however, obviously a product of memory, not a presupposition of it. It will be better, therefore, if we wish to analyse the causation of memory by something not presupposing memory, to take some other instance than that of a question about "this morning."

Let us take the case of coming into a familiar room where something has been changed--say a new picture hung on the wall. We may at first have only a sense that SOMETHING is unfamiliar, but presently we shall remember, and say "that picture was not on the wall before." In order to make the case definite, we will suppose that we were only in the room on one former occasion. In this case it seems fairly clear what happens. The other objects in the room are associated, through the former occasion, with a blank space of wall where now there is a picture. They call up an image of a blank wall, which clashes with perception of the picture. The image is associated with the belief-feeling which we found to be distinctive of memory, since it can neither be abolished nor harmonized with perception. If the room had remained unchanged, we might have had only the feeling of familiarity without the definite remembering; it is the change that drives us from the present to memory of the past.

We may generalize this instance so as to cover the causes of many memories. Some present feature of the environment is associated, through past experiences, with something now absent; this absent something comes before us as an image, and is contrasted with present sensation. In cases of this sort, habit (or association) explains why the present feature of the environment brings up the memory-image, but it does not explain the memory-belief. Perhaps a more complete analysis could explain the memory-belief also on lines of association and habit, but the causes of beliefs are obscure, and we cannot investigate them yet. For the present we must content ourselves with the fact that the memory-image can be explained by habit. As regards the memory-belief, we must, at least provisionally, accept Bergson's view that it cannot be brought under the head of habit, at any rate when it first occurs, i.e. when we remember something we never remembered before.

We must now consider somewhat more closely the content of a memory-belief. The memory-belief confers upon the memory-image something which we may call "meaning;" it makes us feel that the image points to an object which existed in the past. In order to deal with this topic we must consider the verbal expression of the memory-belief. We might be tempted to put the memory-belief into the words: "Something like this image occurred." But such words would be very far from an accurate translation of the simplest kind of memory-belief. "Something like this image" is a very complicated conception. In the simplest kind of memory we are not aware of the difference between an image and the sensation which it copies, which may be called its "prototype." When the image is before us, we judge rather "this occurred." The image is not distinguished from the object which existed in the past: the word "this" covers both, and enables us to have a memory-belief which does not introduce the complicated notion "something like this."

It might be objected that, if we judge "this occurred" when in fact "this" is a present image, we judge falsely, and the memory-belief, so interpreted, becomes deceptive. This, however, would be a mistake, produced by attempting to give to words a precision which they do not possess when used by unsophisticated people. It is true that the image is not absolutely identical with its prototype, and if the word "this" meant the image to the exclusion of everything else, the judgment "this occurred" would be false. But identity is a precise conception, and no word, in ordinary speech, stands for anything precise. Ordinary speech does not distinguish between identity and close similarity. A word always applies, not only to one particular, but to a group of associated particulars, which are not recognized as multiple in common thought or speech. Thus primitive memory, when it judges that "this occurred," is vague, but not false.

Vague identity, which is really close similarity, has been a source of many of the confusions by which philosophy has lived. Of a vague subject, such as a "this," which is both an image and its prototype, contradictory predicates are true simultaneously: this existed and does not exist, since it is a thing remembered, but also this exists and did not exist, since it is a present image. Hence Bergson's interpenetration of the present by the past, Hegelian continuity and identity-in-diversity, and a host of other notions which are thought to be profound because they are obscure and confused. The contradictions resulting from confounding image and prototype in memory force us to precision. But when we become precise, our remembering becomes different from that of ordinary life, and if we forget this we shall go wrong in the analysis of ordinary memory.

Vagueness and accuracy are important notions, which it is very necessary to understand. Both are a matter of degree. All thinking is vague to some extent, and complete accuracy is a theoretical ideal not practically attainable. To understand what is meant by accuracy, it will be well to consider first instruments of measurement, such as a balance or a thermometer. These are said to be accurate when they give different results for very slightly different stimuli.* A clinical thermometer is accurate when it enables us to detect very slight differences in the temperature of the blood. We may say generally that an instrument is accurate in proportion as it reacts differently to very slightly different stimuli. When a small difference of stimulus produces a great difference of reaction, the instrument is accurate; in the contrary case it is not.

* This is a necessary but not a sufficient condition. The subject of accuracy and vagueness will be considered again in Lecture XIII.

Exactly the same thing applies in defining accuracy of thought or perception. A musician will respond differently to very minute differences in playing which would be quite imperceptible to the ordinary mortal. A negro can see the difference between one negro and another one is his friend, another his enemy. But to us such different responses are impossible: we can merely apply the word "negro" indiscriminately. Accuracy of response in regard to any particular kind of stimulus is improved by practice. Understanding a language is a case in point. Few Frenchmen can hear any difference between the sounds "hall" and "hole," which produce quite different impressions upon us. The two statements "the hall is full of water" and "the hole is full of water" call for different responses, and a hearing which cannot distinguish between them is inaccurate or vague in this respect.

Precision and vagueness in thought, as in perception, depend upon the degree of difference between responses to more or less similar stimuli. In the case of thought, the response does not follow immediately upon the sensational stimulus, but that makes no difference as regards our present question. Thus to revert to memory: A memory is "vague" when it is appropriate to many different occurrences: for instance, "I met a man" is vague, since any man would verify it. A memory is "precise" when the occurrences that would verify it are narrowly circumscribed: for instance, "I met Jones" is precise as compared to "I met a man." A memory is "accurate" when it is both precise and true, i.e. in the above instance, if it was Jones I met. It is precise even if it is false, provided some very definite occurrence would have been required to make it true.

It follows from what has been said that a vague thought has more likelihood of being true than a precise one. To try and hit an object with a vague thought is like trying to hit the bull's eye with a lump of putty: when the putty reaches the target, it flattens out all over it, and probably covers the bull's eye along with the rest. To try and hit an object with a precise thought is like trying to hit the bull's eye with a bullet. The advantage of the precise thought is that it distinguishes between the bull's eye and the rest of the target. For example, if the whole target is represented by the fungus family and the bull's eye by mushrooms, a vague thought which can only hit the target as a whole is not much use from a culinary point of view. And when I merely remember that I met a man, my memory may be very inadequate to my practical requirements, since it may make a great difference whether I met Brown or Jones. The memory "I met Jones" is relatively precise. It is accurate if I met Jones, inaccurate if I met Brown, but precise in either case as against the mere recollection that I met a man.

The distinction between accuracy and precision is however, not fundamental. We may omit precision from out thoughts and confine ourselves to the distinction between accuracy and vagueness. We may then set up the following definitions:

An instrument is "reliable" with respect to a given set of stimuli when to stimuli which are not relevantly different it gives always responses which are not relevantly different.

An instrument is a "measure" of a set of stimuli which are serially ordered when its responses, in all cases where they are relevantly different, are arranged in a series in the same order.

The "degree of accuracy" of an instrument which is a reliable measurer is the ratio of the difference of response to the difference of stimulus in cases where the difference of stimulus is small.* That is to say, if a small difference of stimulus produces a great difference of response, the instrument is very accurate; in the contrary case, very inaccurate.

* Strictly speaking, the limit of this, i.e. the derivative of the response with respect to the stimulus.

A mental response is called "vague" in proportion to its lack of accuracy, or rather precision.

These definitions will be found useful, not only in the case of memory, but in almost all questions concerned with knowledge.

It should be observed that vague beliefs, so far from being necessarily false, have a better chance of truth than precise ones, though their truth is less valuable than that of precise beliefs, since they do not distinguish between occurrences which may differ in important ways.

The whole of the above discussion of vagueness and accuracy was occasioned by the attempt to interpret the word "this" when we judge in verbal memory that "this occurred." The word "this," in such a judgment, is a vague word, equally applicable to the present memory-image and to the past occurrence which is its prototype. A vague word is not to be identified with a general word, though in practice the distinction may often be blurred. A word is general when it is understood to be applicable to a number of different objects in virtue of some common property. A word is vague when it is in fact applicable to a number of different objects because, in virtue of some common property, they have not appeared, to the person using the word, to be distinct. I emphatically do not mean that he has judged them to be identical, but merely that he has made the same response to them all and has not judged them to be different. We may compare a vague word to a jelly and a general word to a heap of shot. Vague words precede judgments of identity and difference; both general and particular words are subsequent to such judgments. The word "this" in the primitive memory-belief is a vague word, not a general word; it covers both the image and its prototype because the two are not distinguished.*

* On the vague and the general cf. Ribot: "Evolution of General Ideas," Open Court Co., 1899, p. 32: "The sole permissible formula is this: Intelligence progresses from the indefinite to the definite. If 'indefinite' is taken as synonymous with general, it may be said that the particular does not appear at the outset, but neither does the general in any exact sense: the vague would be more

appropriate. In other words, no sooner has the intellect progressed beyond the moment of perception and of its immediate reproduction in memory, than the generic image makes its appearance, i.e. a state intermediate between the particular and the general, participating in the nature of the one and of the other--a confused simplification."

But we have not yet finished our analysis of the memory-belief. The tense in the belief that "this occurred" is provided by the nature of the belief-feeling involved in memory; the word "this," as we have seen, has a vagueness which we have tried to describe. But we must still ask what we mean by "occurred." The image is, in one sense, occurring now; and therefore we must find some other sense in which the past event occurred but the image does not occur.

There are two distinct questions to be asked: (1) What causes us to say that a thing occurs? (2) What are we feeling when we say this? As to the first question, in the crude use of the word, which is what concerns us, memory-images would not be said to occur; they would not be noticed in themselves, but merely used as signs of the past event. Images are "merely imaginary"; they have not, in crude thought, the sort of reality that belongs to outside bodies. Roughly speaking, "real" things would be those that can cause sensations, those that have correlations of the sort that constitute physical objects. A thing is said to be "real" or to "occur" when it fits into a context of such correlations. The prototype of our memory-image did fit into a physical context, while our memory-image does not. This causes us to feel that the prototype was "real," while the image is "imaginary."

But the answer to our second question, namely as to what we are feeling when we say a thing "occurs" or is "real," must be somewhat different. We do not, unless we are unusually reflective, think about the presence or absence of correlations: we merely have different feelings which, intellectualized, may be represented as expectations of the presence or absence of correlations. A thing which "feels real" inspires us with hopes or fears, expectations or curiosities, which are wholly absent when a thing "feels imaginary." The feeling of reality is a feeling akin to respect: it belongs PRIMARILY to whatever can do things to us without our voluntary co-operation. This feeling of reality, related to the memory-image, and referred to the past by the specific kind of belief-feeling that is characteristic of memory, seems to be what constitutes the act of remembering in its pure form.

We may now summarize our analysis of pure memory.

Memory demands (a) an image, (b) a belief in past existence. The belief may be expressed in the words "this existed."

The belief, like every other, may be analysed into (1) the believing, (2) what is believed. The believing is a specific feeling or sensation or complex of sensations, different from expectation or bare assent in a way that makes the belief refer to the past; the reference to the past lies in the belief-feeling, not in the content believed. There is a relation between the belief-feeling and the content, making the belief-feeling refer to the content, and expressed by saying that the content is what is believed.

The content believed may or may not be expressed in words. Let us take first the case when it is not. In that case, if we are merely remembering that something of which we now have an image occurred, the content consists of (a) the image, (b) the feeling, analogous to respect, which we translate by saying that something is "real" as opposed to "imaginary," (c) a relation between the image and the feeling of reality, of the sort expressed when we say that the feeling refers to the image. This content does not contain in itself any time-determination.

The time-determination lies in the nature of the belief feeling, which is that called "remembering" or (better) "recollecting." It is only subsequent reflection upon this reference to the past that makes us realize the distinction between the image and the event recollected. When we have made this distinction, we can say that the image "means" the past event.

The content expressed in words is best represented by the words "the existence of this," since these words do not involve tense, which belongs to the belief-feeling, not to the content. Here "this" is a vague term, covering the memory-image and anything very like it, including its prototype. "Existence" expresses the feeling of a "reality" aroused primarily by whatever can have effects upon us without our voluntary co-operation. The word "of" in the phrase "the existence of this" represents the relation which subsists between the feeling of reality and the "this."

This analysis of memory is probably extremely faulty, but I do not know how to improve it.

NOTE.-When I speak of a FEELING of belief, I use the word "feeling" in a popular sense, to cover a sensation or an image or a complex of sensations or images or both; I use this word because I do not wish to commit myself to any special analysis of the belief-feeling.

LECTURE X. WORDS AND MEANING

The problem with which we shall be concerned in this lecture is the problem of determining what is the relation called "meaning." The word "Napoleon," we say, "means" a certain person. In saying this, we are asserting a relation between the word "Napoleon" and the person so designated. It is this relation that we must now investigate.

Let us first consider what sort of object a word is when considered simply as a physical thing, apart from its meaning. To begin with, there are many instances of a word, namely all the different occasions when it is employed. Thus a word is not something unique and particular, but a set of occurrences. If we confine ourselves to spoken words, a word has two aspects, according as we regard it from the point of view of the speaker or from that of the hearer. From the point of view of the speaker, a single instance of the use of a word consists of a certain set of movements in the throat and mouth, combined with breath. From the point of view of the hearer, a single instance of the use of a word consists of a certain series of sounds, each being approximately represented by a single letter in writing, though in practice a letter may represent several sounds, or several letters may represent one sound. The connection between the spoken word and the word as it reaches the hearer is causal. Let us confine ourselves to the spoken word, which is the more important for the analysis of what is called "thought." Then we may say that a single instance of the spoken word consists of a series of movements, and the word consists of a whole set of such series, each member of the set being very similar to each other member. That is to say, any two instances of the word "Napoleon" are very similar, and each instance consists of a series of movements in the mouth.

A single word, accordingly, is by no means simple it is a class of similar series of movements (confining ourselves still to the spoken word). The degree of similarity required cannot be precisely defined: a man may pronounce the word "Napoleon" so badly that it can hardly be determined whether he has really pronounced it or not. The instances of a word shade off into other movements by imperceptible degrees. And exactly analogous observations apply to words heard or written or read. But in what has been said so far we have not even broached the question of the DEFINITION of a word, since "meaning" is clearly what distinguishes a word from other sets of similar movements, and "meaning" remains to be defined.

It is natural to think of the meaning of a word as something conventional. This, however, is only true with great limitations. A new word can be added to an existing language by a mere convention, as is done, for instance, with new scientific terms. But the basis of a language is not conventional, either from the point of view of the individual or from that of the community. A child learning to speak is learning habits and associations which are just as much determined by the environment as the habit of expecting dogs to bark and cocks to crow. The community that speaks a language has learnt it, and modified it by processes almost all of which are not deliberate, but the results of causes operating according to more or less ascertainable laws. If we trace any Indo-European language back far enough, we arrive hypothetically (at any rate according to some authorities) at the stage when language consisted only of the roots out of which subsequent words have grown. How these roots acquired their meanings is not known, but a conventional origin is clearly just as mythical as the social contract by which Hobbes and Rousseau supposed civil government to have been established. We can hardly suppose a parliament of hitherto speechless elders meeting together and agreeing to call a cow a cow and a wolf a wolf. The association of words with their meanings must have grown up by some natural process, though at present the nature of the process is unknown.

Spoken and written words are, of course, not the only way of conveying meaning. A large part of one of Wundt's two vast volumes on language in his "Volkerpsychologie" is concerned with gesture-language. Ants appear to be able to communicate a certain amount of information by means of their antennae. Probably writing itself, which we now regard as merely a way of representing speech, was originally an independent language, as it has remained to this day in China. Writing seems to have consisted originally of pictures, which gradually became conventionalized, coming in time to represent syllables, and finally letters on the telephone principle of "T for Tommy." But it would seem that writing nowhere began as an attempt to represent speech it began as a direct pictorial representation of what was to be expressed. The essence of language lies, not in the use of this or that special means of communication, but in the employment of fixed associations (however these may have originated) in order that something now sensible--a spoken word, a picture, a gesture, or what not--may call up the "idea" of something else. Whenever this is done, what is now sensible may be called a "sign" or "symbol," and that of which it is intended to call up the "idea" may be called its "meaning." This is a rough outline of what constitutes "meaning." But we must fill in the outline in various ways. And, since we are concerned with what is called "thought," we must pay more attention than we otherwise should do to the private as opposed to the social use of language. Language profoundly affects our thoughts, and it is this aspect of language that is of most importance to us in our present inquiry. We are almost more concerned with the internal speech that is never uttered than we are with the things said out loud to other people.

When we ask what constitutes meaning, we are not asking what is the meaning of this or that particular word. The word "Napoleon" means a certain individual; but we are asking, not who is the individual meant, but what is the relation of the word to the individual which makes the one mean the other. But just as it is useful to realize the nature of a word as part of the physical world, so it is useful to realize the sort of thing that a word may mean. When we are clear both as to what a word is in its physical aspect, and as to what sort of thing it can mean, we are in a better position to discover the relation of the two which is meaning.

The things that words mean differ more than words do. There are different sorts of words, distinguished by the grammarians; and there are logical distinctions, which are connected to some extent, though not so closely as was formerly supposed, with the grammatical distinctions of parts of speech. It is easy, however, to be misled by grammar, particularly if all the languages we know belong to one family. In some languages, according to some authorities, the distinction of parts of speech does not exist; in many languages it is widely different from that to which we are accustomed in the Indo-European languages. These facts have to be borne in mind if we are to avoid giving metaphysical importance to mere accidents of our own speech.

In considering what words mean, it is natural to start with proper names, and we will again take "Napoleon" as our instance. We commonly imagine, when we use a proper name, that we mean one definite entity, the particular individual who was called "Napoleon." But what we know as a person is not simple. There MAY be a single simple ego which was Napoleon, and remained strictly identical from his birth to his death. There is no way of proving that this cannot be the case, but there is also not the slightest reason to suppose that it is the case. Napoleon as he was empirically known consisted of a series of gradually changing appearances: first a squalling baby, then a boy, then a slim and beautiful youth, then a fat and slothful person very magnificently dressed This series of appearances, and various occurrences having certain kinds of causal connections with them, constitute Napoleon as empirically known, and therefore are Napoleon in so far as he forms part of the experienced world. Napoleon is a complicated series of occurrences, bound together by causal laws, not, like instances of a word, by similarities. For although a person changes gradually, and presents similar appearances on two nearly contemporaneous occasions, it is not these similarities that constitute the person, as appears from the "Comedy of Errors" for example.

Thus in the case of a proper name, while the word is a set of similar series of movements, what it means is a series of occurrences bound together by causal laws of that special kind that makes the occurrences taken together constitute what we call one person, or one animal or thing, in case the name applies to an animal or thing instead of to a person. Neither the word nor what it names is one of the ultimate indivisible constituents of the world. In language there is no direct way of designating one of the ultimate brief existents that go to make up the collections we call things or persons. If we want to speak of such existents--which hardly happens except in philosophy--we have to do it by means of some elaborate phrase, such as "the visual sensation which occupied the centre of my field of vision at noon on January 1, 1919." Such ultimate simples I call "particulars." Particulars MIGHT have proper names, and no doubt would have if language had been invented by scientifically trained observers for purposes of philosophy and logic. But as language was invented for practical ends, particulars have remained one and all without a name.

We are not, in practice, much concerned with the actual particulars that come into our experience in sensation; we are concerned rather with whole systems to which the particulars belong and of which they are signs. What we see makes us say "Hullo, there's Jones," and the fact that what we see is a sign of Jones (which is the case because it is one of the particulars that make up Jones) is more interesting to us than the actual particular itself. Hence we give the name "Jones" to the whole set of particulars, but do not trouble to give separate names to the separate particulars that make up the set.

Passing on from proper names, we come next to general names, such as "man," "cat," "triangle." A word such as "man" means a whole class of such collections of particulars as have proper names. The several members of the class are assembled together in virtue of some similarity or common property. All men resemble each other in certain important respects; hence we want a word which shall be equally applicable to all of them. We only give proper names to the individuals of a species when they differ inter se in practically important respects. In other cases we do not do this. A poker, for instance, is just a poker; we do not call one "John" and another "Peter."

There is a large class of words, such as "eating," "walking," "speaking," which mean a set of similar occurrences. Two instances of walking have the same name because they resemble each other, whereas two instances of Jones have the same name because they are causally connected. In practice, however, it is difficult to make any precise distinction between a word such as "walking" and a general name such as "man." One instance of walking cannot be concentrated into an instant: it is a process in time, in which there is a causal connection between the earlier and later parts, as between the earlier and later parts of Jones. Thus an instance of walking differs from an instance of man solely by the fact that it has a shorter life. There is a notion that an instance of walking, as

compared with Jones, is unsubstantial, but this seems to be a mistake. We think that Jones walks, and that there could not be any walking unless there were somebody like Jones to perform the walking. But it is equally true that there could be no Jones unless there were something like walking for him to do. The notion that actions are performed by an agent is liable to the same kind of criticism as the notion that thinking needs a subject or ego, which we rejected in Lecture I. To say that it is Jones who is walking is merely to say that the walking in question is part of the whole series of occurrences which is Jones. There is no LOGICAL impossibility in walking occurring as an isolated phenomenon, not forming part of any such series as we call a "person."

We may therefore class with "eating," "walking," "speaking" words such as "rain," "sunrise," "lightning," which do not denote what would commonly be called actions. These words illustrate, incidentally, how little we can trust to the grammatical distinction of parts of speech, since the substantive "rain" and the verb "to rain" denote precisely the same class of meteorological occurrences. The distinction between the class of objects denoted by such a word and the class of objects denoted by a general name such as "man," "vegetable," or "planet," is that the sort of object which is an instance of (say) "lightning" is much simpler than (say) an individual man. (I am speaking of lightning as a sensible phenomenon, not as it is described in physics.) The distinction is one of degree, not of kind. But there is, from the point of view of ordinary thought, a great difference between a process which, like a flash of lightning, can be wholly comprised within one specious present and a process which, like the life of a man, has to be pieced together by observation and memory and the apprehension of causal connections. We may say broadly, therefore, that a word of the kind we have been discussing denotes a set of similar occurrences, each (as a rule) much more brief and less complex than a person or thing. Words themselves, as we have seen, are sets of similar occurrences of this kind. Thus there is more logical affinity between a word and what it means in the case of words of our present sort than in any other case.

There is no very great difference between such words as we have just been considering and words denoting qualities, such as "white" or "round." The chief difference is that words of this latter sort do not denote processes, however brief, but static features of the world. Snow falls, and is white; the falling is a process, the whiteness is not. Whether there is a universal, called "whiteness," or whether white things are to be defined as those having a certain kind of similarity to a standard thing, say freshly fallen snow, is a question which need not concern us, and which I believe to be strictly insoluble. For our purposes, we may take the word "white" as denoting a certain set of similar particulars or collections of particulars, the similarity being in respect of a static quality, not of a process.

From the logical point of view, a very important class of words are those that express relations, such as "in," "above," "before," "greater," and so on. The meaning of one of these words differs very fundamentally from the meaning of one of any of our previous classes, being more abstract and logically simpler than any of them. If our business were logic, we should have to spend much time on these words. But as it is psychology that concerns us, we will merely note their special character and pass on, since the logical classification of words is not our main business.

We will consider next the question what is implied by saying that a person "understands" a word, in the sense in which one understands a word in one's own language, but not in a language of which one is ignorant. We may say that a person understands a word when (a) suitable circumstances make him use it, (b) the hearing of it causes suitable behaviour in him. We may call these two active and passive understanding respectively. Dogs often have passive understanding of some words, but not active understanding, since they cannot use words.

It is not necessary, in order that a man should "understand" a word, that he should "know what it means," in the sense of being able to say "this word means so-and-so." Understanding words does not consist in knowing their dictionary definitions, or in being able to specify the objects to which they are appropriate. Such understanding as this may belong to lexicographers and students, but not to ordinary mortals in ordinary life. Understanding language is more like understanding cricket*: it is a matter of habits, acquired in oneself and rightly presumed in others. To say that a word has a meaning is not to say that those who use the word correctly have ever thought out what the meaning is: the use of the word comes first, and the meaning is to be distilled out of it by observation and analysis. Moreover, the meaning of a word is not absolutely definite: there is always a greater or less degree of vagueness. The meaning is an area, like a target: it may have a bull's eye, but the outlying parts of the target are still more or less within the meaning, in a gradually diminishing degree as we travel further from the bull's eye. As language grows more precise, there is less and less of the target outside the bull's eye, and the bull's eye itself grows smaller and smaller; but the bull's eye never shrinks to a point, and there is always a doubtful region, however small, surrounding it.**

* This point of view, extended to the analysis of "thought" is urged with great force by J. B. Watson, both in his "Behavior," and in "Psychology from the Standpoint of a Behaviorist" (Lippincott. 1919), chap. ix.

** On the understanding of words, a very admirable little book is Ribot's "Evolution of General Ideas," Open Court Co., 1899. Ribot says (p. 131): "We learn to understand a concept as we learn to walk, dance, fence or play a musical instrument: it is a habit, i.e. an organized memory. General terms cover an organized, latent knowledge which is the hidden capital without which we should be in a state of bankruptcy, manipulating false money or paper of no value. General ideas are habits in the intellectual order."

A word is used "correctly" when the average hearer will be affected by it in the way intended. This is a psychological, not a literary, definition of "correctness." The literary definition would substitute, for the average hearer, a person of high education living a long time ago; the purpose of this definition is to make it difficult to speak or write correctly.

The relation of a word to its meaning is of the nature of a causal law governing our use of the word and our actions when we hear it used. There is no more reason why a person who uses a word correctly should be able to tell what it means than there is why a planet which is moving correctly should know Kepler's laws.

To illustrate what is meant by "understanding" words and sentences, let us take instances of various situations.

Suppose you are walking in London with an absent-minded friend, and while crossing a street you say, "Look out, there's a motor coming." He will glance round and jump aside without the need of any "mental" intermediary. There need be no "ideas," but only a stiffening of the muscles, followed quickly by action. He "understands" the words, because he does the right thing. Such "understanding" may be taken to belong to the nerves and brain, being habits which they have acquired while the language was being learnt. Thus understanding in this sense may be reduced to mere physiological causal laws.

If you say the same thing to a Frenchman with a slight knowledge of English he will go through some inner speech which may be represented by "Que dit-il? Ah, oui, une automobile!" After this, the rest follows as with the Englishman. Watson would contend that the inner speech must be incipiently pronounced; we should argue that it MIGHT be merely imaged. But this point is not important in the present connection.

If you say the same thing to a child who does not yet know the word "motor," but does know the other words you are using, you produce a feeling of anxiety and doubt you will have to point and say, "There, that's a motor." After that the child will roughly understand the word "motor," though he may include trains and steam-rollers If this is the first time the child has heard the word "motor," he may for a long time continue to recall this scene when he hears the word.

So far we have found four ways of understanding words:

(1) On suitable occasions you use the word properly.

(2) When you hear it you act appropriately.

(3) You associate the word with another word (say in a different language) which has the appropriate effect on behaviour.

(4) When the word is being first learnt, you may associate it with an object, which is what it "means," or a representative of various objects that it "means."

In the fourth case, the word acquires, through association, some of the same causal efficacy as the object. The word "motor" can make you leap aside, just as the motor can, but it cannot break your bones. The effects which a word can share with its object are those which proceed according to laws other than the general laws of physics, i.e. those which, according to our terminology, involve vital movements as opposed to merely mechanical movements. The effects of a word that we understand are always mnemic phenomena in the sense explained in Lecture IV, in so far as they are identical with, or similar to, the effects which the object itself might have.

So far, all the uses of words that we have considered can be accounted for on the lines of behaviourism.

But so far we have only considered what may be called the "demonstrative" use of language, to point out some feature in the present environment. This is only one of the ways in which language may be used. There are also its narrative and imaginative uses, as in history and novels. Let us take as an instance the telling of some remembered event.

We spoke a moment ago of a child who hears the word "motor" for the first time when crossing a street along which a motor-car is approaching. On a later occasion, we will suppose, the child remembers the incident and relates it to someone else. In this case, both the active and passive understanding of words is different from what it is when words are used demonstratively. The child is

not seeing a motor, but only remembering one; the hearer does not look round in expectation of seeing a motor coming, but "understands" that a motor came at some earlier time. The whole of this occurrence is much more difficult to account for on behaviourist lines. It is clear that, in so far as the child is genuinely remembering, he has a picture of the past occurrence, and his words are chosen so as to describe the picture; and in so far as the hearer is genuinely apprehending what is said, the hearer is acquiring a picture more or less like that of the child. It is true that this process may be telescoped through the operation of the word-habit. The child may not genuinely remember the incident, but only have the habit of the appropriate words, as in the case of a poem which we know by heart, though we cannot remember learning it. And the hearer also may only pay attention to the words, and not call up any corresponding picture. But it is, nevertheless, the possibility of a memory-image in the child and an imagination-image in the hearer that makes the essence of the narrative "meaning" of the words. In so far as this is absent, the words are mere counters, capable of meaning, but not at the moment possessing it.

Yet this might perhaps be regarded as something of an overstatement. The words alone, without the use of images, may cause appropriate emotions and appropriate behaviour. The words have been used in an environment which produced certain emotions; by a telescoped process, the words alone are now capable of producing similar emotions. On these lines it might be sought to show that images are unnecessary. I do not believe, however, that we could account on these lines for the entirely different response produced by a narrative and by a description of present facts. Images, as contrasted with sensations, are the response expected during a narrative; it is understood that present action is not called for. Thus it seems that we must maintain our distinction words used demonstratively describe and are intended to lead to sensations, while the same words used in narrative describe and are only intended to lead to images.

We have thus, in addition to our four previous ways in which words can mean, two new ways, namely the way of memory and the way of imagination. That is to say:

(5) Words may be used to describe or recall a memory-image: to describe it when it already exists, or to recall it when the words exist as a habit and are known to be descriptive of some past experience.

(6) Words may be used to describe or create an imagination-image: to describe it, for example, in the case of a poet or novelist, or to create it in the ordinary case for giving information-though, in the latter case, it is intended that the imagination-image, when created, shall be accompanied by belief that something of the sort occurred.

These two ways of using words, including their occurrence in inner speech, may be spoken of together as the use of words in "thinking." If we are right, the use of words in thinking depends, at least in its origin, upon images, and cannot be fully dealt with on behaviourist lines. And this is really the most essential function of words, namely that, originally through their connection with images, they bring us into touch with what is remote in time or space. When they operate without the medium of images, this seems to be a telescoped process. Thus the problem of the meaning of words is brought into connection with the problem of the meaning of images.

To understand the function that words perform in what is called "thinking," we must understand both the causes and the effects of their occurrence. The causes of the occurrence of words require somewhat different treatment according as the object designated by the word is sensibly present or absent. When the object is present, it may itself be taken as the cause of the word, through association. But when it is absent there is more difficulty in obtaining a behaviourist theory of the occurrence of the word. The language-habit consists not merely in the use of words demonstratively, but also in their use to express narrative or desire. Professor Watson, in his account of the acquisition of the language-habit, pays very little attention to the use of words in narrative and desire. He says ("Behavior," pp. 329-330):

"The stimulus (object) to which the child often responds, a box, e.g. by movements such as opening and closing and putting objects into it, may serve to illustrate our argument. The nurse, observing that the child reacts with his hands, feet, etc., to the box, begins to say 'box' when the child is handed the box, 'open box' when the child opens it, 'close box' when he closes it, and 'put doll in box' when that act is executed. This is repeated over and over again. In the process of time it comes about that without any other stimulus than that of the box which originally called out the bodily habits, he begins to say 'box' when he sees it, 'open box' when he opens it, etc. The visible box now becomes a stimulus capable of releasing either the bodily habits or the word-habit, i.e. development has brought about two things: (1) a series of functional connections among arcs which run from visual receptor to muscles of throat, and (2) a series of already earlier connected arcs which run from the same receptor to the bodily muscles.... The object meets the child's vision. He runs to it and tries to reach it and says 'box.'... Finally the word is uttered without the movement

of going towards the box being executed.... Habits are formed of going to the box when the arms are full of toys. The child has been taught to deposit them there. When his arms are laden with toys and no box is there, the word-habit arises and he calls 'box'; it is handed to him, and he opens it and deposits the toys therein. This roughly marks what we would call the genesis of a true language-habit."(pp. 329-330).*

* Just the same account of language is given in Professor Watson's more recent book (reference above).

We need not linger over what is said in the above passage as to the use of the word "box" in the presence of the box. But as to its use in the absence of the box, there is only one brief sentence, namely: "When his arms are laden with toys and no box is there, the word-habit arises and he calls 'box.'" This is inadequate as it stands, since the habit has been to use the word when the box is present, and we have to explain its extension to cases in which the box is absent.

Having admitted images, we may say that the word "box," in the absence of the box, is caused by an image of the box. This may or may not be true--in fact, it is true in some cases but not in others. Even, however, if it were true in all cases, it would only slightly shift our problem: we should now have to ask what causes an image of the box to arise. We might be inclined to say that desire for the box is the cause. But when this view is investigated, it is found that it compels us to suppose that the box can be desired without the child's having either an image of the box or the word "box." This will require a theory of desire which may be, and I think is, in the main true, but which removes desire from among things that actually occur, and makes it merely a convenient fiction, like force in mechanics.* With such a view, desire is no longer a true cause, but merely a short way of describing certain processes.

* See Lecture III, above.

In order to explain the occurrence of either the word or the image in the absence of the box, we have to assume that there is something, either in the environment or in our own sensations, which has frequently occurred at about the same time as the word "box." One of the laws which distinguish psychology (or nerve-physiology?) from physics is the law that, when two things have frequently existed in close temporal contiguity, either comes in time to cause the other.* This is the basis both of habit and of association. Thus, in our case, the arms full of toys have frequently been followed quickly by the box, and the box in turn by the word "box." The box itself is subject to physical laws, and does not tend to be caused by the arms full of toys, however often it may in the past have followed them--always provided that, in the case in question, its physical position is such that voluntary movements cannot lead to it. But the word "box" and the image of the box are subject to the law of habit; hence it is possible for either to be caused by the arms full of toys. And we may lay it down generally that, whenever we use a word, either aloud or in inner speech, there is some sensation or image (either of which may be itself a word) which has frequently occurred at about the same time as the word, and now, through habit, causes the word. It follows that the law of habit is adequate to account for the use of words in the absence of their objects; moreover, it would be adequate even without introducing images. Although, therefore, images seem undeniable, we cannot derive an additional argument in their favour from the use of words, which could, theoretically, be explained without introducing images.

*For a more exact statement of this law, with the limitations suggested by experiment, see A. Wohlgemuth, "On Memory and the Direction of Associations," "British Journal of Psychology," vol. v, part iv (March, 1913).

When we understand a word, there is a reciprocal association between it and the images of what it "means." Images may cause us to use words which mean them, and these words, heard or read, may in turn cause the appropriate images. Thus speech is a means of producing in our hearers the images which are in us. Also, by a telescoped process, words come in time to produce directly the effects which would have been produced by the images with which they were associated. The general law of telescoped processes is that, if A causes B and B causes C, it will happen in time that A will cause C directly, without the intermediary of B. This is a characteristic of psychological and neural causation. In virtue of this law, the effects of images upon our actions come to be produced by words, even when the words do not call up appropriate images. The more familiar we are with words, the more our "thinking" goes on in words instead of images. We may, for example, be able to describe a person's appearance correctly without having at any time had any image of him, provided, when we saw him, we thought of words which fitted him; the words alone may remain with us as a habit, and enable us to speak as if we could recall a visual image of the man. In this and other ways the understanding of a word often comes to be quite free from imagery; but in first learning the use of language it would seem that imagery always plays a very important part.

Images as well as words may be said to have "meaning"; indeed, the meaning of images seems more primitive than the meaning of words. What we call (say) an image of St. Paul's may be said to "mean" St. Paul's. But it is not at all easy to say exactly what

constitutes the meaning of an image. A memory-image of a particular occurrence, when accompanied by a memory-belief, may be said to mean the occurrence of which it is an image. But most actual images do not have this degree of definiteness. If we call up an image of a dog, we are very likely to have a vague image, which is not representative of some one special dog, but of dogs in general. When we call up an image of a friend's face, we are not likely to reproduce the expression he had on some one particular occasion, but rather a compromise expression derived from many occasions. And there is hardly any limit to the vagueness of which images are capable. In such cases, the meaning of the image, if defined by relation to the prototype, is vague: there is not one definite prototype, but a number, none of which is copied exactly.*

* Cf. Semon, Mnemische Empfindungen, chap. xvi, especially pp. 301-308.

There is, however, another way of approaching the meaning of images, namely through their causal efficacy. What is called an image "of" some definite object, say St. Paul's, has some of the effects which the object would have. This applies especially to the effects that depend upon association. The emotional effects, also, are often similar: images may stimulate desire almost as strongly as do the objects they represent. And conversely desire may cause images*: a hungry man will have images of food, and so on. In all these ways the causal laws concerning images are connected with the causal laws concerning the objects which the images "mean." An image may thus come to fulfil the function of a general idea. The vague image of a dog, which we spoke of a moment ago, will have effects which are only connected with dogs in general, not the more special effects which would be produced by some dogs but not by others. Berkeley and Hume, in their attack on general ideas, do not allow for the vagueness of images: they assume that every image has the definiteness that a physical object would have This is not the case, and a vague image may well have a meaning which is general.

* This phrase is in need of interpretation, as appears from the analysis of desire. But the reader can easily supply the interpretation for himself.

In order to define the "meaning" of an image, we have to take account both of its resemblance to one or more prototypes, and of its causal efficacy. If there were such a thing as a pure imagination-image, without any prototype whatever, it would be destitute of meaning. But according to Hume's principle, the simple elements in an image, at least, are derived from prototypes-except possibly in very rare exceptional cases. Often, in such instances as our image of a friend's face or of a nondescript dog, an image is not derived from one prototype, but from many; when this happens, the image is vague, and blurs the features in which the various prototypes differ. To arrive at the meaning of the image in such a case, we observe that there are certain respects, notably associations, in which the effects of images resemble those of their prototypes. If we find, in a given case, that our vague image, say, of a nondescript dog, has those associative effects which all dogs would have, but not those belonging to any special dog or kind of dog, we may say that our image means "dog" in general. If it has all the associations appropriate to spaniels but no others, we shall say it means "spaniel"; while if it has all the associations appropriate to one particular dog, it will mean that dog, however vague it may be as a picture. The meaning of an image, according to this analysis, is constituted by a combination of likeness and associations. It is not a sharp or definite conception, and in many cases it will be impossible to decide with any certainty what an image means. I think this lies in the nature of things, and not in defective analysis.

We may give somewhat more precision to the above account of the meaning of images, and extend it to meaning in general. We find sometimes that, IN MNEMIC CAUSATION, an image or word, as stimulus, has the same effect (or very nearly the same effect) as would belong to some object, say, a certain dog. In that case we say that the image or word means that object. In other cases the mnemic effects are not all those of one object, but only those shared by objects of a certain kind, e.g. by all dogs. In this case the meaning of the image or word is general: it means the whole kind. Generality and particularity are a matter of degree. If two particulars differ sufficiently little, their mnemic effects will be the same; therefore no image or word can mean the one as opposed to the other; this sets a bound to the particularity of meaning. On the other hand, the mnemic effects of a number of sufficiently dissimilar objects will have nothing discoverable in common; hence a word which aims at complete generality, such as "entity" for example, will have to be devoid of mnemic effects, and therefore of meaning. In practice, this is not the case: such words have VERBAL associations, the learning of which constitutes the study of metaphysics.

The meaning of a word, unlike that of an image, is wholly constituted by mnemic causal laws, and not in any degree by likeness (except in exceptional cases). The word "dog" bears no resemblance to a dog, but its effects, like those of an image of a dog, resemble the effects of an actual dog in certain respects. It is much easier to say definitely what a word means than what an image means, since words, however they originated, have been framed in later times for the purpose of having meaning, and men have been engaged for ages in giving increased precision to the meanings of words. But although it is easier to say what a word means

than what an image means, the relation which constitutes meaning is much the same in both cases. A word, like an image, has the same associations as its meaning has. In addition to other associations, it is associated with images of its meaning, so that the word tends to call up the image and the image tends to call up the word., But this association is not essential to the intelligent use of words. If a word has the right associations with other objects, we shall be able to use it correctly, and understand its use by others, even if it evokes no image. The theoretical understanding of words involves only the power of associating them correctly with other words; the practical understanding involves associations with other bodily movements.

The use of words is, of course, primarily social, for the purpose of suggesting to others ideas which we entertain or at least wish them to entertain. But the aspect of words that specially concerns us is their power of promoting our own thought. Almost all higher intellectual activity is a matter of words, to the nearly total exclusion of everything else. The advantages of words for purposes of thought are so great that I should never end if I were to enumerate them. But a few of them deserve to be mentioned.

In the first place, there is no difficulty in producing a word, whereas an image cannot always be brought into existence at will, and when it comes it often contains much irrelevant detail. In the second place, much of our thinking is concerned with abstract matters which do not readily lend themselves to imagery, and are apt to be falsely conceived if we insist upon finding images that may be supposed to represent them. The word is always concrete and sensible, however abstract its meaning may be, and thus by the help of words we are able to dwell on abstractions in a way which would otherwise be impossible. In the third place, two instances of the same word are so similar that neither has associations not capable of being shared by the other. Two instances of the word "dog" are much more alike than (say) a pug and a great dane; hence the word "dog" makes it much easier to think about dogs in general. When a number of objects have a common property which is important but not obvious, the invention of a name for the common property helps us to remember it and to think of the whole set of objects that possess it. But it is unnecessary to prolong the catalogue of the uses of language in thought.

At the same time, it is possible to conduct rudimentary thought by means of images, and it is important, sometimes, to check purely verbal thought by reference to what it means. In philosophy especially the tyranny of traditional words is dangerous, and we have to be on our guard against assuming that grammar is the key to metaphysics, or that the structure of a sentence corresponds at all accurately with the structure of the fact that it asserts. Sayce maintained that all European philosophy since Aristotle has been dominated by the fact that the philosophers spoke Indo-European languages, and therefore supposed the world, like the sentences they were used to, necessarily divisible into subjects and predicates. When we come to the consideration of truth and falsehood, we shall see how necessary it is to avoid assuming too close a parallelism between facts and the sentences which assert them. Against such errors, the only safeguard is to be able, once in a way, to discard words for a moment and contemplate facts more directly through images. Most serious advances in philosophic thought result from some such comparatively direct contemplation of facts. But the outcome has to be expressed in words if it is to be communicable. Those who have a relatively direct vision of facts are often incapable of translating their vision into words, while those who possess the words have usually lost the vision. It is partly for this reason that the highest philosophical capacity is so rare: it requires a combination of vision with abstract words which is hard to achieve, and too quickly lost in the few who have for a moment achieved it.

LECTURE XI. GENERAL IDEAS AND THOUGHT

It is said to be one of the merits of the human mind that it is capable of framing abstract ideas, and of conducting nonsensational thought. In this it is supposed to differ from the mind of animals. From Plato onward the "idea" has played a great part in the systems of idealizing philosophers. The "idea" has been, in their hands, always something noble and abstract, the apprehension and use of which by man confers upon him a quite special dignity.

The thing we have to consider to-day is this: seeing that there certainly are words of which the meaning is abstract, and seeing that we can use these words intelligently, what must be assumed or inferred, or what can be discovered by observation, in the way of mental content to account for the intelligent use of abstract words?

Taken as a problem in logic, the answer is, of course, that absolutely nothing in the way of abstract mental content is inferable from the mere fact that we can use intelligently words of which the meaning is abstract. It is clear that a sufficiently ingenious person could manufacture a machine moved by olfactory stimuli which, whenever a dog appeared in its neighbourhood, would say, "There is a dog," and when a cat appeared would throw stones at it. The act of saying "There is a dog," and the act of throwing stones, would in such a case be equally mechanical. Correct speech does not of itself afford any better evidence of mental content than the performance of any other set of biologically useful movements, such as those of flight or combat. All that is inferable from language

is that two instances of a universal, even when they differ very greatly, may cause the utterance of two instances of the same word which only differ very slightly. As we saw in the preceding lecture, the word "dog" is useful, partly, because two instances of this word are much more similar than (say) a pug and a great dane. The use of words is thus a method of substituting for two particulars which differ widely, in spite of being instances of the same universal, two other particulars which differ very little, and which are also instances of a universal, namely the name of the previous universal. Thus, so far as logic is concerned, we are entirely free to adopt any theory as to general ideas which empirical observation may recommend.

Berkeley and Hume made a vigorous onslaught on "abstract ideas." They meant by an idea approximately what we should call an image. Locke having maintained that he could form an idea of triangle in general, without deciding what sort of triangle it was to be, Berkeley contended that this was impossible. He says:

"Whether others, have this wonderful faculty of abstracting their ideas, they best can tell: for myself, I dare be confident I have it not. I find, indeed, I have indeed a faculty of imagining, or representing to myself, the ideas of those particular things I have perceived, and of variously compounding and dividing them. I can imagine a man with two heads, or the upper parts of a man joined to the body of a horse. I can consider the hand, the eye, the nose, each by itself abstracted or separated from the rest of the body. But, then, whatever hand or eye I imagine, it must have some particular shape and colour. Likewise the idea of a man that I frame to myself must be either of a white, or a black, or a tawny, a straight, or a crooked, a tall, or a low, or a middle-sized man. I cannot by any effort of thought conceive the abstract idea above described. And it is equally impossible for me to form the abstract idea of motion distinct from the body moving, and which is neither swift nor slow, curvilinear nor rectilinear; and the like may be said of all other abstract general ideas whatsoever. To be plain, I own myself able to abstract in one sense, as when I consider some particular parts of qualities separated from others, with which, though they are united in some object, yet it is possible they may really exist without them. But I deny that I can abstract from one another, or conceive separately, those qualities which it is impossible should exist so separated; or that I can frame a general notion, by abstracting from particulars in the manner aforesaid--which last are the two proper acceptations of ABSTRACTION. And there is ground to think most men will acknowledge themselves to be in my case. The generality of men which are simple and illiterate never pretend to ABSTRACT NOTIONS. It is said they are difficult and not to be attained without pains and study; we may therefore reasonably conclude that, if such there be, they are confined only to the learned.

"I proceed to examine what can be alleged in defence of the doctrine of abstraction, and try if I can discover what it is that inclines the men of speculation to embrace an opinion so remote from common sense as that seems to be. There has been a late excellent and deservedly esteemed philosopher who, no doubt, has given it very much countenance, by seeming to think the having abstract general ideas is what puts the widest difference in point of understanding betwixt man and beast. 'The having of general ideas,' saith he, 'is that which puts a perfect distinction betwixt man and brutes, and is an excellency which the faculties of brutes do by no means attain unto. For, it is evident we observe no footsteps in them of making use of general signs for universal ideas; from which we have reason to imagine that they have not the faculty of abstracting, or making general ideas, since they have no use of words or any other general signs.' And a little after: 'Therefore, I think, we may suppose that it is in this that the species of brutes are discriminated from men, and it is that proper difference wherein they are wholly separated, and which at last widens to so wide a distance. For, if they have any ideas at all, and are not bare machines (as some would have them), we cannot deny them to have some reason. It seems as evident to me that they do, some of them, in certain instances reason as that they have sense; but it is only in particular ideas, just as they receive them from their senses. They are the best of them tied up within those narrow bounds, and have not (as I think) the faculty to enlarge them by any kind of abstraction.* ("Essay on Human Understanding," Bk. II, chap. xi, paragraphs 10 and 11.) I readily agree with this learned author, that the faculties of brutes can by no means attain to abstraction. But, then, if this be made the distinguishing property of that sort of animals, I fear a great many of those that pass for men must be reckoned into their number. The reason that is here assigned why we have no grounds to think brutes have abstract general ideas is, that we observe in them no use of words or any other general signs; which is built on this supposition-that the making use of words implies the having general ideas. From which it follows that men who use language are able to abstract or generalize their ideas. That this is the sense and arguing of the author will further appear by his answering the question he in another place puts: 'Since all things that exist are only particulars, how come we by general terms?' His answer is: 'Words become general by being made the signs of general ideas.' ("Essay on Human Understanding," Bk. III, chap. III, paragraph 6.) But it seems that a word becomes general by being made the sign, not of an abstract general idea, but of several particular ideas, any one of which it indifferently suggests to the mind. For example, when it is said 'the change of motion is proportional to the impressed force,' or that 'whatever has extension is divisible,' these propositions are to be understood of motion and extension in general; and nevertheless it will not follow that they suggest to my thoughts an idea of motion without a body moved, or any determinate direction and velocity,

or that I must conceive an abstract general idea of extension, which is neither line, surface, nor solid, neither great nor small, black, white, nor red, nor of any other determinate colour. It is only implied that whatever particular motion I consider, whether it be swift or slow, perpendicular, horizontal, or oblique, or in whatever object, the axiom concerning it holds equally true. As does the other of every particular extension, it matters not whether line, surface, or solid, whether of this or that magnitude or figure.

"By observing how ideas become general, we may the better judge how words are made so. And here it is to be noted that I do not deny absolutely there are general ideas, but only that there are any ABSTRACT general ideas; for, in the passages we have quoted wherein there is mention of general ideas, it is always supposed that they are formed by abstraction, after the manner set forth in sections 8 and 9. Now, if we will annex a meaning to our words, and speak only of what we can conceive, I believe we shall acknowledge that an idea which, considered in itself, is particular, becomes general by being made to represent or stand for all other particular ideas of the same sort. To make this plain by an example, suppose a geometrician is demonstrating the method of cutting a line in two equal parts. He draws, for instance, a black line of an inch in length: this, which in itself is a particular line, is nevertheless with regard to its signification general, since, as it is there used, it represents all particular lines whatsoever; so that what is demonstrated of it is demonstrated of all lines, or, in other words, of a line in general. And, as THAT PARTICULAR LINE becomes general by being made a sign, so the NAME 'line,' which taken absolutely is particular, by being a sign is made general. And as the former owes its generality not to its being the sign of an abstract or general line, but of all particular right lines that may possibly exist, so the latter must be thought to derive its generality from the same cause, namely, the various particular lines which it indifferently denotes." *

* Introduction to "A Treatise concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge," paragraphs 10, 11, and 12.

Berkeley's view in the above passage, which is essentially the same as Hume's, does not wholly agree with modern psychology, although it comes nearer to agreement than does the view of those who believe that there are in the mind single contents which can be called abstract ideas. The way in which Berkeley's view is inadequate is chiefly in the fact that images are as a rule not of one definite prototype, but of a number of related similar prototypes. On this subject Semon has written well. In "Die Mneme," pp. 217 ff., discussing the effect of repeated similar stimuli in producing and modifying our images, he says: "We choose a case of mnemic excitement whose existence we can perceive for ourselves by introspection, and seek to ekphore the bodily picture of our nearest relation in his absence, and have thus a pure mnemic excitement before us. At first it may seem to us that a determinate quite concrete picture becomes manifest in us, but just when we are concerned with a person with whom we are in constant contact, we shall find that the ekphored picture has something so to speak generalized. It is something like those American photographs which seek to display what is general about a type by combining a great number of photographs of different heads over each other on one plate. In our opinion, the generalizations happen by the homophonic working of different pictures of the same face which we have come across in the most different conditions and situations, once pale, once reddened, once cheerful, once earnest, once in this light, and once in that. As soon as we do not let the whole series of repetitions resound in us uniformly, but give our attention to one particular moment out of the many... this particular mnemic stimulus at once overbalances its simultaneously roused predecessors and successors, and we perceive the face in question with concrete definiteness in that particular situation." A little later he says: "The result is--at least in man, but probably also in the higher animals--the development of a sort of PHYSIOLOGICAL abstraction. Mnemic homophony gives us, without the addition of other processes of thought, a picture of our friend X which is in a certain sense abstract, not the concrete in any one situation, but X cut loose from any particular point of time. If the circle of ekphored engrams is drawn even more widely, abstract pictures of a higher order appear: for instance, a white man or a negro. In my opinion, the first form of abstract concepts in general is based upon such abstract pictures. The physiological abstraction which takes place in the above described manner is a predecessor of purely logical abstraction. It is by no means a monopoly of the human race, but shows itself in various ways also among the more highly organized animals." The same subject is treated in more detail in Chapter xvi of "Die mnemischen Empfindungen," but what is said there adds nothing vital to what is contained in the above quotations.

It is necessary, however, to distinguish between the vague and the general. So long as we are content with Semon's composite image, we MAY get no farther than the vague. The question whether this image takes us to the general or not depends, I think, upon the question whether, in addition to the generalized image, we have also particular images of some of the instances out of which it is compounded. Suppose, for example, that on a number of occasions you had seen one negro, and that you did not know whether this one was the same or different on the different occasions. Suppose that in the end you had an abstract memory-image of the different appearances presented by the negro on different occasions, but no memory-image of any one of the single appearances. In that case your image would be vague. If, on the other hand, you have, in addition to the generalized image,

particular images of the several appearances, sufficiently clear to be recognized as different, and as instances of the generalized picture, you will then not feel the generalized picture to be adequate to any one particular appearance, and you will be able to make it function as a general idea rather than a vague idea. If this view is correct, no new general content needs to be added to the generalized image. What needs to be added is particular images compared and contrasted with the generalized image. So far as I can judge by introspection, this does occur in practice. Take for example Semon's instance of a friend's face. Unless we make some special effort of recollection, the face is likely to come before us with an average expression, very blurred and vague, but we can at will recall how our friend looked on some special occasion when he was pleased or angry or unhappy, and this enables us to realize the generalized character of the vague image.

There is, however, another way of distinguishing between the vague, the particular and the general, and this is not by their content, but by the reaction which they produce. A word, for example, may be said to be vague when it is applicable to a number of different individuals, but to each as individuals; the name Smith, for example, is vague: it is always meant to apply to one man, but there are many men to each of whom it applies.* The word "man," on the other hand, is general. We say, "This is Smith," but we do not say "This is man," but "This is a man." Thus we may say that a word embodies a vague idea when its effects are appropriate to an individual, but are the same for various similar individuals, while a word embodies a general idea when its effects are different from those appropriate to individuals. In what this difference consists it is, however, not easy to say. I am inclined to think that it consists merely in the knowledge that no one individual is represented, so that what distinguishes a general idea from a vague idea is merely the presence of a certain accompanying belief. If this view is correct, a general idea differs from a vague one in a way analogous to that in which a memory-image differs from an imagination-image. There also we found that the difference consists merely of the fact that a memory-image is accompanied by a belief, in this case as to the past.

* "Smith" would only be a quite satisfactory representation of vague words if we failed to discriminate between different people called Smith.

It should also be said that our images even of quite particular occurrences have always a greater or a less degree of vagueness. That is to say, the occurrence might have varied within certain limits without causing our image to vary recognizably. To arrive at the general it is necessary that we should be able to contrast it with a number of relatively precise images or words for particular occurrences; so long as all our images and words are vague, we cannot arrive at the contrast by which the general is defined. This is the justification for the view which I quoted on p. 184 from Ribot (op. cit., p. 32), viz. that intelligence progresses from the indefinite to the definite, and that the vague appears earlier than either the particular or the general.

I think the view which I have been advocating, to the effect that a general idea is distinguished from a vague one by the presence of a judgment, is also that intended by Ribot when he says (op. cit., p. 92): "The generic image is never, the concept is always, a judgment. We know that for logicians (formerly at any rate) the concept is the simple and primitive element; next comes the judgment, uniting two or several concepts; then ratiocination, combining two or several judgments. For the psychologists, on the contrary, affirmation is the fundamental act; the concept is the result of judgment (explicit or implicit), of similarities with exclusion of differences."

A great deal of work professing to be experimental has been done in recent years on the psychology of thought. A good summary of such work up to the year agog is contained in Titchener's "Lectures on the Experimental Psychology of the Thought Processes" (1909). Three articles in the "Archiv fur die gesammte Psychologie" by Watt,* Messer** and Buhler*** contain a great deal of the material amassed by the methods which Titchener calls experimental.

* Henry J. Watt, "Experimentelle Beitrage zu einer Theorie des Denkens," vol. iv (1905) pp. 289-436.

** August Messer, "Experimentell-psychologische Untersuchu gen uber das Denken," vol. iii (1906), pp. 1-224.

*** Karl Buhler, "Uber Gedanken," vol. ix (1907), pp. 297-365.

For my part I am unable to attach as much importance to this work as many psychologists do. The method employed appears to me hardly to fulfil the conditions of scientific experiment. Broadly speaking, what is done is, that a set of questions are asked of various people, their answers are recorded, and likewise their own accounts, based upon introspection, of the processes of thought which led them to give those answers. Much too much reliance seems to me to be placed upon the correctness of their introspection. On introspection as a method I have spoken earlier (Lecture VI). I am not prepared, like Professor Watson, to reject it wholly, but I do consider that it is exceedingly fallible and quite peculiarly liable to falsification in accordance with preconceived

theory. It is like depending upon the report of a shortsighted person as to whom he sees coming along the road at a moment when he is firmly convinced that Jones is sure to come. If everybody were shortsighted and obsessed with beliefs as to what was going to be visible, we might have to make the best of such testimony, but we should need to correct its errors by taking care to collect the simultaneous evidence of people with the most divergent expectations. There is no evidence that this was done in the experiments in question, nor indeed that the influence of theory in falsifying the introspection was at all adequately recognized. I feel convinced that if Professor Watson had been one of the subjects of the questionnaires, he would have given answers totally different from those recorded in the articles in question. Titchener quotes an opinion of Wundt on these investigations, which appears to me thoroughly justified. "These experiments," he says, "are not experiments at all in the sense of a scientific methodology; they are counterfeit experiments, that seem methodical simply because they are ordinarily performed in a psychological laboratory, and involve the co-operation of two persons, who purport to be experimenter and observer. In reality, they are as unmethodical as possible; they possess none of the special features by which we distinguish the introspections of experimental psychology from the casual introspections of everyday life."* Titchener, of course, dissents from this opinion, but I cannot see that his reasons for dissent are adequate. My doubts are only increased by the fact that Buhler at any rate used trained psychologists as his subjects. A trained psychologist is, of course, supposed to have acquired the habit of observation, but he is at least equally likely to have acquired a habit of seeing what his theories require. We may take Buhler's "Uber Gedanken" to illustrate the kind of results arrived at by such methods. Buhler says (p. 303): "We ask ourselves the general question: 'WHAT DO WE EXPERIENCE WHEN WE THINK?' Then we do not at all attempt a preliminary determination of the concept 'thought,' but choose for analysis only such processes as everyone would describe as processes of thought." The most important thing in thinking, he says, is "awareness that..." (Bewusstheit dass), which he calls a thought. It is, he says, thoughts in this sense that are essential to thinking. Thinking, he maintains, does not need language or sensuous presentations. "I assert rather that in principle every object can be thought (meant) distinctly, without any help from sensuous presentation (Anschauungshilfen). Every individual shade of blue colour on the picture that hangs in my room I can think with complete distinctness unsensuously (unanschaulich), provided it is possible that the object should be given to me in another manner than by the help of sensations. How that is possible we shall see later." What he calls a thought (Gedanke) cannot be reduced, according to him, to other psychic occurrences. He maintains that thoughts consist for the most part of known rules (p. 342). It is clearly essential to the interest of this theory that the thought or rule alluded to by Buhler should not need to be expressed in words, for if it is expressed in words it is immediately capable of being dealt with on the lines with which the behaviourists have familiarized us. It is clear also that the supposed absence of words rests solely upon the introspective testimony of the persons experimented upon. I cannot think that there is sufficient certainty of their reliability in this negative observation to make us accept a difficult and revolutionary view of thought, merely because they have failed to observe the presence of words or their equivalent in their thinking. I think it far more likely, especially in view of the fact that the persons concerned were highly educated, that we are concerned with telescoped processes, in which habit has caused a great many intermediate terms to be elided or to be passed over so quickly as to escape observation.

* Titchener, op. cit., p. 79.

I am inclined to think that similar remarks apply to the general idea of "imageless thinking," concerning which there has been much controversy. The advocates of imageless thinking are not contending merely that there can be thinking which is purely verbal; they are contending that there can be thinking which proceeds neither in words nor in images. My own feeling is that they have rashly assumed the presence of thinking in cases where habit has rendered thinking unnecessary. When Thorndike experimented with animals in cages, he found that the associations established were between a sensory stimulus and a bodily movement (not the idea of it), without the need of supposing any non-physiological intermediary (op. cit., p. 100 ff.). The same thing, it seems to me, applies to ourselves. A certain sensory situation produces in us a certain bodily movement. Sometimes this movement consists in uttering words. Prejudice leads us to suppose that between the sensory stimulus and the utterance of the words a process of thought must have intervened, but there seems no good reason for such a supposition. Any habitual action, such as eating or dressing, may be performed on the appropriate occasion, without any need of thought, and the same seems to be true of a painfully large proportion of our talk. What applies to uttered speech applies of course equally to the internal speech which is not uttered. I remain, therefore, entirely unconvinced that there is any such phenomenon as thinking which consists neither of images nor of words, or that "ideas" have to be added to sensations and images as part of the material out of which mental phenomena are built.

The question of the nature of our consciousness of the universal is much affected by our view as to the general nature of the relation of consciousness to its object. If we adopt the view of Brentano, according to which all mental content has essential reference to an object, it is then natural to suppose that there is some peculiar kind of mental content of which the object is a universal, as oppose to a particular. According to this view, a particular cat can be PERceived or imagined, while the universal "cat"

is CONceived. But this whole manner of viewing our dealings with universals has to be abandoned when the relation of a mental occurrence to its "object" is regarded as merely indirect and causal, which is the view that we have adopted. The mental content is, of course, always particular, and the question as to what it "means" (in case it means anything) is one which cannot be settled by merely examining the intrinsic character of the mental content, but only by knowing its causal connections in the case of the person concerned. To say that a certain thought "means" a universal as opposed to either a vague or a particular, is to say something exceedingly complex. A horse will behave in a certain manner whenever he smells a bear, even if the smell is derived from a bearskin. That is to say, any environment containing an instance of the universal "smell of a bear" produces closely similar behaviour in the horse, but we do not say that the horse is conscious of this universal. There is equally little reason to regard a man as conscious of the same universal, because under the same circumstances he can react by saying, "I smell a bear." This reaction, like that of the horse, is merely closely similar on different occasions where the environment affords instances of the same universal. Words of which the logical meaning is universal can therefore be employed correctly, without anything that could be called consciousness of universals. Such consciousness in the only sense in which it can be said to exist is a matter of reflective judgment consisting in the observation of similarities and differences. A universal never appears before the mind as a single object in the sort of way in which something perceived appears. I THINK a logical argument could be produced to show that universals are part of the structure of the world, but they are an inferred part, not a part of our data. What exists in us consists of various factors, some open to external observation, others only visible to introspection. The factors open to external observation are primarily habits, having the peculiarity that very similar reactions are produced by stimuli which are in many respects very different from each other. Of this the reaction of the horse to the smell of the bear is an instance, and so is the reaction of the man who says "bear" under the same circumstances. The verbal reaction is, of course, the most important from the point of view of what may be called knowledge of universals. A man who can always use the word "dog" when he sees a dog may be said, in a certain sense, to know the meaning of the word "dog," and IN THAT SENSE to have knowledge of the universal "dog." But there is, of course, a further stage reached by the logician in which he not merely reacts with the word "dog," but sets to work to discover what it is in the environment that causes in him this almost identical reaction on different occasions. This further stage consists in knowledge of similarities and differences: similarities which are necessary to the applicability of the word "dog," and differences which are compatible with it. Our knowledge of these similarities and differences is never exhaustive, and therefore our knowledge of the meaning of a universal is never complete.

In addition to external observable habits (including the habit of words), there is also the generic image produced by the superposition, or, in Semon's phrase, homophony, of a number of similar perceptions. This image is vague so long as the multiplicity of its prototypes is not recognized, but becomes universal when it exists alongside of the more specific images of its instances, and is knowingly contrasted with them. In this case we find again, as we found when we were discussing words in general in the preceding lecture, that images are not logically necessary in order to account for observable behaviour, i.e. in this case intelligent speech. Intelligent speech could exist as a motor habit, without any accompaniment of images, and this conclusion applies to words of which the meaning is universal, just as much as to words of which the meaning is relatively particular. If this conclusion is valid, it follows that behaviourist psychology, which eschews introspective data, is capable of being an independent science, and of accounting for all that part of the behaviour of other people which is commonly regarded as evidence that they think. It must be admitted that this conclusion considerably weakens the reliance which can be placed upon introspective data. They must be accepted simply on account of the fact that we seem to perceive them, not on account of their supposed necessity for explaining the data of external observation.

This, at any rate, is the conclusion to which we are forced, so long as, with the behaviourists, we accept common-sense views of the physical world. But if, as I have urged, the physical world itself, as known, is infected through and through with subjectivity, if, as the theory of relativity suggests, the physical universe contains the diversity of points of view which we have been accustomed to regard as distinctively psychological, then we are brought back by this different road to the necessity for trusting observations which are in an important sense private. And it is the privacy of introspective data which causes much of the behaviourists' objection to them.

This is an example of the difficulty of constructing an adequate philosophy of any one science without taking account of other sciences. The behaviourist philosophy of psychology, though in many respects admirable from the point of view of method, appears to me to fail in the last analysis because it is based upon an inadequate philosophy of physics. In spite, therefore, of the fact that the evidence for images, whether generic or particular, is merely introspective, I cannot admit that images should be rejected, or that we should minimize their function in our knowledge of what is remote in time or space.

LECTURE XII. BELIEF

Belief, which is our subject to-day, is the central problem in the analysis of mind. Believing seems the most "mental" thing we do, the thing most remote from what is done by mere matter. The whole intellectual life consists of beliefs, and of the passage from one belief to another by what is called "reasoning." Beliefs give knowledge and error; they are the vehicles of truth and falsehood. Psychology, theory of knowledge and metaphysics revolve about belief, and on the view we take of belief our philosophical outlook largely depends.

Before embarking upon the detailed analysis of belief, we shall do well to note certain requisites which any theory must fulfil.

(1) Just as words are characterized by meaning, so beliefs are characterized by truth or falsehood. And just as meaning consists in relation to the object meant, so truth and falsehood consist in relation to something that lies outside the belief. You may believe that such-and-such a horse will win the Derby. The time comes, and your horse wins or does not win; according to the outcome, your belief was true or false. You may believe that six times nine is fifty-six; in this case also there is a fact which makes your belief false. You may believe that America was discovered in 1492, or that it was discovered in 1066. In the one case your belief is true, in the other false; in either case its truth or falsehood depends upon the actions of Columbus, not upon anything present or under your control. What makes a belief true or false I call a "fact." The particular fact that makes a given belief true or false I call its "objective,"* and the relation of the belief to its objective I call the "reference" or the "objective reference" of the belief. Thus, if I believe that Columbus crossed the Atlantic in 1492, the "objective" of my belief is Columbus's actual voyage, and the "reference" of my belief is the relation between my belief and the voyage--that relation, namely, in virtue of which the voyage makes my belief true (or, in another case, false). "Reference" of beliefs differs from "meaning" of words in various ways, but especially in the fact that it is of two kinds, "true" reference and "false" reference. The truth or falsehood of a belief does not depend upon anything intrinsic to the belief, but upon the nature of its relation to its objective. The intrinsic nature of belief can be treated without reference to what makes it true or false. In the remainder of the present lecture I shall ignore truth and falsehood, which will be the subject of Lecture XIII. It is the intrinsic nature of belief that will concern us to-day.

* This terminology is suggested by Meinong, but is not exactly the same as his.

(2) We must distinguish between believing and what is believed. I may believe that Columbus crossed the Atlantic, that all Cretans are liars, that two and two are four, or that nine times six is fifty-six; in all these cases the believing is just the same, and only the contents believed are different. I may remember my breakfast this morning, my lecture last week, or my first sight of New York. In all these cases the feeling of memory-belief is just the same, and only what is remembered differs. Exactly similar remarks apply to expectations. Bare assent, memory and expectation are forms of belief; all three are different from what is believed, and each has a constant character which is independent of what is believed.

In Lecture I we criticized the analysis of a presentation into act, content and object. But our analysis of belief contains three very similar elements, namely the believing, what is believed and the objective. The objections to the act (in the case of presentations) are not valid against the believing in the case of beliefs, because the believing is an actual experienced feeling, not something postulated, like the act. But it is necessary first to complete our preliminary requisites, and then to examine the content of a belief. After that, we shall be in a position to return to the question as to what constitutes believing.

(3) What is believed, and the believing, must both consist of present occurrences in the believer, no matter what may be the objective of the belief. Suppose I believe, for example, "that Caesar crossed the Rubicon." The objective of my belief is an event which happened long ago, which I never saw and do not remember. This event itself is not in my mind when I believe that it happened. It is not correct to say that I am believing the actual event; what I am believing is something now in my mind, something related to the event (in a way which we shall investigate in Lecture XIII), but obviously not to be confounded with the event, since the event is not occurring now but the believing is. What a man is believing at a given moment is wholly determinate if we know the contents of his mind at that moment; but Caesar's crossing of the Rubicon was an historical physical event, which is distinct from the present contents of every present mind. What is believed, however true it may be, is not the actual fact that makes the belief true, but a present event related to the fact. This present event, which is what is believed, I shall call the "content" of the belief. We have already had occasion to notice the distinction between content and objective in the case of memory-beliefs, where the content is "this occurred" and the objective is the past event.

(4) Between content and objective there is sometimes a very wide gulf, for example in the case of "Caesar crossed the Rubicon." This gulf may, when it is first perceived, give us a feeling that we cannot really "know" anything about the outer world. All we can

"know," it may be said, is what is now in our thoughts. If Caesar and the Rubicon cannot be bodily in our thoughts, it might seem as though we must remain cut off from knowledge of them. I shall not now deal at length with this feeling, since it is necessary first to define "knowing," which cannot be done yet. But I will say, as a preliminary answer, that the feeling assumes an ideal of knowing which I believe to be quite mistaken. It assumes, if it is thought out, something like the mystic unity of knower and known. These two are often said to be combined into a unity by the fact of cognition; hence when this unity is plainly absent, it may seem as if there were no genuine cognition. For my part, I think such theories and feelings wholly mistaken: I believe knowing to be a very external and complicated relation, incapable of exact definition, dependent upon causal laws, and involving no more unity than there is between a signpost and the town to which it points. I shall return to this question on a later occasion; for the moment these provisional remarks must suffice.

(5) The objective reference of a belief is connected with the fact that all or some of the constituents of its content have meaning. If I say "Caesar conquered Gaul," a person who knows the meaning of the three words composing my statement knows as much as can be known about the nature of the objective which would make my statement true. It is clear that the objective reference of a belief is, in general, in some way derivative from the meanings of the words or images that occur in its content. There are, however, certain complications which must be borne in mind. In the first place, it might be contended that a memory-image acquires meaning only through the memory-belief, which would seem, at least in the case of memory, to make belief more primitive than the meaning of images. In the second place, it is a very singular thing that meaning, which is single, should generate objective reference, which is dual, namely true and false. This is one of the facts which any theory of belief must explain if it is to be satisfactory.

It is now time to leave these preliminary requisites, and attempt the analysis of the contents of beliefs.

The first thing to notice about what is believed, i.e. about the content of a belief, is that it is always complex: We believe that a certain thing has a certain property, or a certain relation to something else, or that it occurred or will occur (in the sense discussed at the end of Lecture IX); or we may believe that all the members of a certain class have a certain property, or that a certain property sometimes occurs among the members of a class; or we may believe that if one thing happens, another will happen (for example, "if it rains I shall bring my umbrella"), or we may believe that something does not happen, or did not or will not happen (for example, "it won't rain"); or that one of two things must happen (for example, "either you withdraw your accusation, or I shall bring a libel action"). The catalogue of the sorts of things we may believe is infinite, but all of them are complex.

Language sometimes conceals the complexity of a belief. We say that a person believes in God, and it might seem as if God formed the whole content of the belief. But what is really believed is that God exists, which is very far from being simple. Similarly, when a person has a memory-image with a memory-belief, the belief is "this occurred," in the sense explained in Lecture IX; and "this occurred" is not simple. In like manner all cases where the content of a belief seems simple at first sight will be found, on examination, to confirm the view that the content is always complex.

The content of a belief involves not merely a plurality of constituents, but definite relations between them; it is not determinate when its constituents alone are given. For example, "Plato preceded Aristotle" and "Aristotle preceded Plato" are both contents which may be believed, but, although they consist of exactly the same constituents, they are different, and even incompatible.

The content of a belief may consist of words only, or of images only, or of a mixture of the two, or of either or both together with one or more sensations. It must contain at least one constituent which is a word or an image, and it may or may not contain one or more sensations as constituents. Some examples will make these various possibilities clear.

We may take first recognition, in either of the forms "this is of such-and-such a kind" or "this has occurred before." In either case, present sensation is a constituent. For example, you hear a noise, and you say to yourself "tram." Here the noise and the word "tram" are both constituents of your belief; there is also a relation between them, expressed by "is" in the proposition "that is a tram." As soon as your act of recognition is completed by the occurrence of the word "tram," your actions are affected: you hurry if you want the tram, or cease to hurry if you want a bus. In this case the content of your belief is a sensation (the noise) and a word ("tram") related in a way which may be called predication.

The same noise may bring into your mind the visual image of a tram, instead of the word "tram." In this case your belief consists of a sensation and an image suitable related. Beliefs of this class are what are called "judgments of perception." As we saw in Lecture VIII, the images associated with a sensation often come with such spontaneity and force that the unsophisticated do not distinguish them from the sensation; it is only the psychologist or the skilled observer who is aware of the large mnemic element that is added to sensation to make perception. It may be objected that what is added consists merely of images without belief. This is no doubt

sometimes the case, but is certainly sometimes not the case. That belief always occurs in perception as opposed to sensation it is not necessary for us to maintain; it is enough for our purposes to note that it sometimes occurs, and that when it does, the content of our belief consists of a sensation and an image suitably related.

In a PURE memory-belief only images occur. But a mixture of words and images is very common in memory. You have an image of the past occurrence, and you say to yourself: "Yes, that's how it was." Here the image and the words together make up the content of the belief. And when the remembering of an incident has become a habit, it may be purely verbal, and the memory-belief may consist of words alone.

The more complicated forms of belief tend to consist only of words. Often images of various kinds accompany them, but they are apt to be irrelevant, and to form no part of what is actually believed. For example, in thinking of the Solar System, you are likely to have vague images of pictures you have seen of the earth surrounded by clouds, Saturn and his rings, the sun during an eclipse, and so on; but none of these form part of your belief that the planets revolve round the sun in elliptical orbits. The only images that form an actual part of such beliefs are, as a rule, images of words. And images of words, for the reasons considered in Lecture VIII, cannot be distinguished with any certainty from sensations, when, as is often, if not usually, the case, they are kinaesthetic images of pronouncing the words.

It is impossible for a belief to consist of sensations alone, except when, as in the case of words, the sensations have associations which make them signs possessed of meaning. The reason is that objective reference is of the essence of belief, and objective reference is derived from meaning. When I speak of a belief consisting partly of sensations and partly of words, I do not mean to deny that the words, when they are not mere images, are sensational, but that they occur as signs, not (so to speak) in their own right. To revert to the noise of the tram, when you hear it and say "tram," the noise and the word are both sensations (if you actually pronounce the word), but the noise is part of the fact which makes your belief true, whereas the word is not part of this fact. It is the MEANING of the word "tram," not the actual word, that forms part of the fact which is the objective of your belief. Thus the word occurs in the belief as a symbol, in virtue of its meaning, whereas the noise enters into both the belief and its objective. It is this that distinguishes the occurrence of words as symbols from the occurrence of sensations in their own right: the objective contains the sensations that occur in their own right, but contains only the meanings of the words that occur as symbols.

For the sake of simplicity, we may ignore the cases in which sensations in their own right form part of the content of a belief, and confine ourselves to images and words. We may also omit the cases in which both images and words occur in the content of a belief. Thus we become confined to two cases: (a) when the content consists wholly of images, (b) when it consists wholly of words. The case of mixed images and words has no special importance, and its omission will do no harm.

Let us take in illustration a case of memory. Suppose you are thinking of some familiar room. You may call up an image of it, and in your image the window may be to the left of the door. Without any intrusion of words, you may believe in the correctness of your image. You then have a belief, consisting wholly of images, which becomes, when put into words, "the window is to the left of the door." You may yourself use these words and proceed to believe them. You thus pass from an image-content to the corresponding word-content. The content is different in the two cases, but its objective reference is the same. This shows the relation of image-beliefs to word-beliefs in a very simple case. In more elaborate cases the relation becomes much less simple.

It may be said that even in this very simple case the objective reference of the word-content is not quite the same as that of the image-content, that images have a wealth of concrete features which are lost when words are substituted, that the window in the image is not a mere window in the abstract, but a window of a certain shape and size, not merely to the left of the door, but a certain distance to the left, and so on. In reply, it may be admitted at once that there is, as a rule, a certain amount of truth in the objection. But two points may be urged to minimize its force. First, images do not, as a rule, have that wealth of concrete detail that would make it IMPOSSIBLE to express them fully in words. They are vague and fragmentary: a finite number of words, though perhaps a large number, would exhaust at least their SIGNIFICANT features. For--and this is our second point--images enter into the content of a belief through the fact that they are capable of meaning, and their meaning does not, as a rule, have as much complexity as they have: some of their characteristics are usually devoid of meaning. Thus it may well be possible to extract in words all that has meaning in an image-content; in that case the word-content and the image-content will have exactly the same objective reference.

The content of a belief, when expressed in words, is the same thing (or very nearly the same thing) as what in logic is called a "proposition." A proposition is a series of words (or sometimes a single word) expressing the kind of thing that can be asserted or

denied. "That all men are mortal," "that Columbus discovered America," "that Charles I died in his bed," "that all philosophers are wise," are propositions. Not any series of words is a proposition, but only such series of words as have "meaning," or, in our phraseology, "objective reference." Given the meanings of separate words, and the rules of syntax, the meaning of a proposition is determinate. This is the reason why we can understand a sentence we never heard before. You probably never heard before the proposition "that the inhabitants of the Andaman Islands habitually eat stewed hippopotamus for dinner," but there is no difficulty in understanding the proposition. The question of the relation between the meaning of a sentence and the meanings of the separate words is difficult, and I shall not pursue it now; I brought it up solely as being illustrative of the nature of propositions.

We may extend the term "proposition" so as to cover the image-contents of beliefs consisting of images. Thus, in the case of remembering a room in which the window is to the left of the door, when we believe the image-content the proposition will consist of the image of the window on the left together with the image of the door on the right. We will distinguish propositions of this kind as "image-propositions" and propositions in words as "word-propositions." We may identify propositions in general with the contents of actual and possible beliefs, and we may say that it is propositions that are true or false. In logic we are concerned with propositions rather than beliefs, since logic is not interested in what people do in fact believe, but only in the conditions which determine the truth or falsehood of possible beliefs. Whenever possible, except when actual beliefs are in question, it is generally a simplification to deal with propositions.

It would seem that image-propositions are more primitive than word-propositions, and may well ante-date language. There is no reason why memory-images, accompanied by that very simple belief-feeling which we decided to be the essence of memory, should not have occurred before language arose; indeed, it would be rash to assert positively that memory of this sort does not occur among the higher animals. Our more elementary beliefs, notably those that are added to sensation to make perception, often remain at the level of images. For example, most of the visual objects in our neighbourhood rouse tactile images: we have a different feeling in looking at a sofa from what we have in looking at a block of marble, and the difference consists chiefly in different stimulation of our tactile imagination. It may be said that the tactile images are merely present, without any accompanying belief; but I think this view, though sometimes correct, derives its plausibility as a general proposition from our thinking of explicit conscious belief only. Most of our beliefs, like most of our wishes, are "unconscious," in the sense that we have never told ourselves that we have them. Such beliefs display themselves when the expectations that they arouse fail in any way. For example, if someone puts tea (without milk) into a glass, and you drink it under the impression that it is going to be beer; or if you walk on what appears to be a tiled floor, and it turns out to be a soft carpet made to look like tiles. The shock of surprise on an occasion of this kind makes us aware of the expectations that habitually enter into our perceptions; and such expectations must be classed as beliefs, in spite of the fact that we do not normally take note of them or put them into words. I remember once watching a cock pigeon running over and over again to the edge of a looking-glass to try to wreak vengeance on the particularly obnoxious bird whom he expected to find there, judging by what he saw in the glass. He must have experienced each time the sort of surprise on finding nothing, which is calculated to lead in time to the adoption of Berkeley's theory that objects of sense are only in the mind. His expectation, though not expressed in words, deserved, I think, to be called a belief.

I come now to the question what constitutes believing, as opposed to the content believed.

To begin with, there are various different attitudes that may be taken towards the same content. Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that you have a visual image of your breakfast-table. You may expect it while you are dressing in the morning; remember it as you go to your work; feel doubt as to its correctness when questioned as to your powers of visualizing; merely entertain the image, without connecting it with anything external, when you are going to sleep; desire it if you are hungry, or feel aversion for it if you are ill. Suppose, for the sake of definiteness, that the content is "an egg for breakfast." Then you have the following attitudes "I expect there will be an egg for breakfast"; "I remember there was an egg for breakfast"; "Was there an egg for breakfast?" "An egg for breakfast: well, what of it?" "I hope there will be an egg for breakfast"; "I am afraid there will be an egg for breakfast and it is sure to be bad." I do not suggest that this is a list of all possible attitudes on the subject; I say only that they are different attitudes, all concerned with the one content "an egg for breakfast."

These attitudes are not all equally ultimate. Those that involve desire and aversion have occupied us in Lecture III. For the present, we are only concerned with such as are cognitive. In speaking of memory, we distinguished three kinds of belief directed towards the same content, namely memory, expectation and bare assent without any time-determination in the belief-feeling. But before developing this view, we must examine two other theories which might be held concerning belief, and which, in some ways, would be more in harmony with a behaviourist outlook than the theory I wish to advocate.

(1) The first theory to be examined is the view that the differentia of belief consists in its causal efficacy I do not wish to make any author responsible for this theory: I wish merely to develop it hypothetically so that we may judge of its tenability.

We defined the meaning of an image or word by causal efficacy, namely by associations: an image or word acquires meaning, we said, through having the same associations as what it means.

We propose hypothetically to define "belief" by a different kind of causal efficacy, namely efficacy in causing voluntary movements. (Voluntary movements are defined as those vital movements which are distinguished from reflex movements as involving the higher nervous centres. I do not like to distinguish them by means of such notions as "consciousness" or "will," because I do not think these notions, in any definable sense, are always applicable. Moreover, the purpose of the theory we are examining is to be, as far as possible, physiological and behaviourist, and this purpose is not achieved if we introduce such a conception as "consciousness" or "will." Nevertheless, it is necessary for our purpose to find some way of distinguishing between voluntary and reflex movements, since the results would be too paradoxical, if we were to say that reflex movements also involve beliefs.) According to this definition, a content is said to be "believed" when it causes us to move. The images aroused are the same if you say to me, "Suppose there were an escaped tiger coming along the street," and if you say to me, "There is an escaped tiger coming along the street." But my actions will be very different in the two cases: in the first, I shall remain calm; in the second, it is possible that I may not. It is suggested, by the theory we are considering, that this difference of effects constitutes what is meant by saying that in the second case I believe the proposition suggested, while in the first case I do not. According to this view, images or words are "believed" when they cause bodily movements.

I do not think this theory is adequate, but I think it is suggestive of truth, and not so easily refutable as it might appear to be at first sight.

It might be objected to the theory that many things which we certainly believe do not call for any bodily movements. I believe that Great Britain is an island, that whales are mammals, that Charles I was executed, and so on; and at first sight it seems obvious that such beliefs, as a rule, do not call for any action on my part. But when we investigate the matter more closely, it becomes more doubtful. To begin with, we must distinguish belief as a mere DISPOSITION from actual active belief. We speak as if we always believed that Charles I was executed, but that only means that we are always ready to believe it when the subject comes up. The phenomenon we are concerned to analyse is the active belief, not the permanent disposition. Now, what are the occasions when, we actively believe that Charles I was executed? Primarily: examinations, when we perform the bodily movement of writing it down; conversation, when we assert it to display our historical erudition; and political discourses, when we are engaged in showing what Soviet government leads to. In all these cases bodily movements (writing or speaking) result from our belief.

But there remains the belief which merely occurs in "thinking." One may set to work to recall some piece of history one has been reading, and what one recalls is believed, although it probably does not cause any bodily movement whatever. It is true that what we believe always MAY influence action. Suppose I am invited to become King of Georgia: I find the prospect attractive, and go to Cook's to buy a third-class ticket to my new realm. At the last moment I remember Charles I and all the other monarchs who have come to a bad end; I change my mind, and walk out without completing the transaction. But such incidents are rare, and cannot constitute the whole of my belief that Charles I was executed. The conclusion seems to be that, although a belief always MAY influence action if it becomes relevant to a practical issue, it often exists actively (not as a mere disposition) without producing any voluntary movement whatever. If this is true, we cannot define belief by the effect on voluntary movements.

There is another, more theoretical, ground for rejecting the view we are examining. It is clear that a proposition can be either believed or merely considered, and that the content is the same in both cases. We can expect an egg for breakfast, or merely entertain the supposition that there may be an egg for breakfast. A moment ago I considered the possibility of being invited to become King of Georgia, but I do not believe that this will happen. Now, it seems clear that, since believing and considering have different effects if one produces bodily movements while the other does not, there must be some intrinsic difference between believing and considering*; for if they were precisely similar, their effects also would be precisely similar. We have seen that the difference between believing a given proposition and merely considering it does not lie in the content; therefore there must be, in one case or in both, something additional to the content which distinguishes the occurrence of a belief from the occurrence of a mere consideration of the same content. So far as the theoretical argument goes, this additional element may exist only in belief, or only in consideration, or there may be one sort of additional element in the case of belief, and another in the case of consideration. This brings us to the second view which we have to examine.

* Cf. Brentano, "Psychologie vom empirischen Standpunkte," p. 268 (criticizing Bain, "The Emotions and the Will").

(1) The theory which we have now to consider regards belief as belonging to every idea which is entertained, except in so far as some positive counteracting force interferes. In this view belief is not a positive phenomenon, though doubt and disbelief are so. What we call belief, according to this hypothesis, involves only the appropriate content, which will have the effects characteristic of belief unless something else operating simultaneously inhibits them. James (Psychology, vol. ii, p. 288) quotes with approval, though inaccurately, a passage from Spinoza embodying this view:

"Let us conceive a boy imagining to himself a horse, and taking note of nothing else. As this imagination involves the existence of the horse, AND THE BOY HAS NO PERCEPTION WHICH ANNULS ITS EXISTENCE [James's italics], he will necessarily contemplate the horse as present, nor will he be able to doubt of its existence, however little certain of it he may be. I deny that a man in so far as he imagines [percipit] affirms nothing. For what is it to imagine a winged horse but to affirm that the horse [that horse, namely] has wings? For if the mind had nothing before it but the winged horse, it would contemplate the same as present, would have no cause to doubt of its existence, nor any power of dissenting from its existence, unless the imagination of the winged horse were joined to an idea which contradicted [tollit] its existence" ("Ethics," vol. ii, p. 49, Scholium).

To this doctrine James entirely assents, adding in italics:

"ANY OBJECT WHICH REMAINS UNCONTRADICTED IS IPSO FACTO BELIEVED AND POSITED AS ABSOLUTE REALITY."

If this view is correct, it follows (though James does not draw the inference) that there is no need of any specific feeling called "belief," and that the mere existence of images yields all that is required. The state of mind in which we merely consider a proposition, without believing or disbelieving it, will then appear as a sophisticated product, the result of some rival force adding to the image-proposition a positive feeling which may be called suspense or non-belief--a feeling which may be compared to that of a man about to run a race waiting for the signal. Such a man, though not moving, is in a very different condition from that of a man quietly at rest And so the man who is considering a proposition without believing it will be in a state of tension, restraining the natural tendency to act upon the proposition which he would display if nothing interfered. In this view belief primarily consists merely in the existence of the appropriate images without any counteracting forces.

There is a great deal to be said in favour of this view, and I have some hesitation in regarding it as inadequate. It fits admirably with the phenomena of dreams and hallucinatory images, and it is recommended by the way in which it accords with mental development. Doubt, suspense of judgment and disbelief all seem later and more complex than a wholly unreflecting assent. Belief as a positive phenomenon, if it exists, may be regarded, in this view, as a product of doubt, a decision after debate, an acceptance, not merely of THIS, but of THIS-RATHER-THAN-THAT. It is not difficult to suppose that a dog has images (possible olfactory) of his absent master, or of the rabbit that he dreams of hunting. But it is very difficult to suppose that he can entertain mere imagination-images to which no assent is given.

I think it must be conceded that a mere image, without the addition of any positive feeling that could be called "belief," is apt to have a certain dynamic power, and in this sense an uncombated image has the force of a belief. But although this may be true, it accounts only for some of the simplest phenomena in the region of belief. It will not, for example, explain memory. Nor can it explain beliefs which do not issue in any proximate action, such as those of mathematics. I conclude, therefore, that there must be belief-feelings of the same order as those of doubt or disbelief, although phenomena closely analogous to those of belief can be produced by mere uncontradicted images.

(3) I come now to the view of belief which I wish to advocate. It seems to me that there are at least three kinds of belief, namely memory, expectation and bare assent. Each of these I regard as constituted by a certain feeling or complex of sensations, attached to the content believed. We may illustrate by an example. Suppose I am believing, by means of images, not words, that it will rain. We have here two interrelated elements, namely the content and the expectation. The content consists of images of (say) the visual appearance of rain, the feeling of wetness, the patter of drops, interrelated, roughly, as the sensations would be if it were raining. Thus the content is a complex fact composed of images. Exactly the same content may enter into the memory "it was raining" or the assent "rain occurs." The difference of these cases from each other and from expectation does not lie in the content. The difference lies in the nature of the belief-feeling. I, personally, do not profess to be able to analyse the sensations constituting respectively memory, expectation and assent; but I am not prepared to say that they cannot be analysed. There may be other belief-feelings, for example in disjunction and implication; also a disbelief-feeling.

It is not enough that the content and the belief-feeling should coexist: it is necessary that there should be a specific relation between them, of the sort expressed by saying that the content is what is believed. If this were not obvious, it could be made plain by an argument. If the mere co-existence of the content and the belief-feeling sufficed, whenever we were having (say) a memory-feeling we should be remembering any proposition which came into our minds at the same time. But this is not the case, since we may simultaneously remember one proposition and merely consider another.

We may sum up our analysis, in the case of bare assent to a proposition not expressed in words, as follows: (a) We have a proposition, consisting of interrelated images, and possibly partly of sensations; (b) we have the feeling of assent, which is presumably a complex sensation demanding analysis; (c) we have a relation, actually subsisting, between the assent and the proposition, such as is expressed by saying that the proposition in question is what is assented to. For other forms of belief-feeling or of content, we have only to make the necessary substitutions in this analysis.

If we are right in our analysis of belief, the use of words in expressing beliefs is apt to be misleading. There is no way of distinguishing, in words, between a memory and an assent to a proposition about the past: "I ate my breakfast" and "Caesar conquered Gaul" have the same verbal form, though (assuming that I remember my breakfast) they express occurrences which are psychologically very different. In the one case, what happens is that I remember the content "eating my breakfast"; in the other case, I assent to the content "Caesar's conquest of Gaul occurred." In the latter case, but not in the former, the pastness is part of the content believed. Exactly similar remarks apply to the difference between expectation, such as we have when waiting for the thunder after a flash of lightning, and assent to a proposition about the future, such as we have in all the usual cases of inferential knowledge as to what will occur. I think this difficulty in the verbal expression of the temporal aspects of beliefs is one among the causes which have hampered philosophy in the consideration of time.

The view of belief which I have been advocating contains little that is novel except the distinction of kinds of belief-feeling--such as memory and expectation. Thus James says: "Everyone knows the difference between imagining a thing and believing in its existence, between supposing a proposition and acquiescing in its truth...IN ITS INNER NATURE, BELIEF, OR THE SENSE OF REALITY, IS A SORT OF FEELING MORE ALLIED TO THE EMOTIONS THAN TO ANYTHING ELSE" ("Psychology," vol. ii, p. 283. James's italics). He proceeds to point out that drunkenness, and, still more, nitrous-oxide intoxication, will heighten the sense of belief: in the latter case, he says, a man's very soul may sweat with conviction, and he be all the time utterly unable to say what he is convinced of. It would seem that, in such cases, the feeling of belief exists unattached, without its usual relation to a content believed, just as the feeling of familiarity may sometimes occur without being related to any definite familiar object. The feeling of belief, when it occurs in this separated heightened form, generally leads us to look for a content to which to attach it. Much of what passes for revelation or mystic insight probably comes in this way: the belief-feeling, in abnormal strength, attaches itself, more or less accidentally, to some content which we happen to think of at the appropriate moment. But this is only a speculation, upon which I do not wish to lay too much stress.

LECTURE XIII. TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD

The definition of truth and falsehood, which is our topic to-day, lies strictly outside our general subject, namely the analysis of mind. From the psychological standpoint, there may be different kinds of belief, and different degrees of certainty, but there cannot be any purely psychological means of distinguishing between true and false beliefs. A belief is rendered true or false by relation to a fact, which may lie outside the experience of the person entertaining the belief. Truth and falsehood, except in the case of beliefs about our own minds, depend upon the relations of mental occurrences to outside things, and thus take us beyond the analysis of mental occurrences as they are in themselves. Nevertheless, we can hardly avoid the consideration of truth and falsehood. We wish to believe that our beliefs, sometimes at least, yield KNOWLEDGE, and a belief does not yield knowledge unless it is true. The question whether our minds are instruments of knowledge, and, if so, in what sense, is so vital that any suggested analysis of mind must be examined in relation to this question. To ignore this question would be like describing a chronometer without regard to its accuracy as a time-keeper, or a thermometer without mentioning the fact that it measures temperature.

Many difficult questions arise in connection with knowledge. It is difficult to define knowledge, difficult to decide whether we have any knowledge, and difficult, even if it is conceded that we sometimes have knowledge to discover whether we can ever know that we have knowledge in this or that particular case. I shall divide the discussion into four parts:

I. We may regard knowledge, from a behaviourist standpoint, as exhibited in a certain kind of response to the environment. This response must have some characteristics which it shares with those of scientific instruments, but must also have others that are

peculiar to knowledge. We shall find that this point of view is important, but not exhaustive of the nature of knowledge.

II. We may hold that the beliefs that constitute knowledge are distinguished from such as are erroneous or uncertain by properties which are intrinsic either to single beliefs or to systems of beliefs, being in either case discoverable without reference to outside fact. Views of this kind have been widely held among philosophers, but we shall find no reason to accept them.

III. We believe that some beliefs are true, and some false. This raises the problem of VERIFIABILITY: are there any circumstances which can justifiably give us an unusual degree of certainty that such and such a belief is true? It is obvious that there are circumstances which in fact cause a certainty of this sort, and we wish to learn what we can from examining these circumstances.

IV. Finally, there is the formal problem of defining truth and falsehood, and deriving the objective reference of a proposition from the meanings of its component words.

We will consider these four problems in succession.

I. We may regard a human being as an instrument, which makes various responses to various stimuli. If we observe these responses from outside, we shall regard them as showing knowledge when they display two characteristics, ACCURACY and APPROPRIATENESS. These two are quite distinct, and even sometimes incompatible. If I am being pursued by a tiger, accuracy is furthered by turning round to look at him, but appropriateness by running away without making any search for further knowledge of the beast. I shall return to the question of appropriateness later; for the present it is accuracy that I wish to consider.

When we are viewing a man from the outside, it is not his beliefs, but his bodily movements, that we can observe. His knowledge must be inferred from his bodily movements, and especially from what he says and writes. For the present we may ignore beliefs, and regard a man's knowledge as actually consisting in what he says and does. That is to say, we will construct, as far as possible, a purely behaviouristic account of truth and falsehood.

If you ask a boy "What is twice two?" and the boy says "four," you take that as prima facie evidence that the boy knows what twice two is. But if you go on to ask what is twice three, twice four, twice five, and so on, and the boy always answers "four," you come to the conclusion that he knows nothing about it. Exactly similar remarks apply to scientific instruments. I know a certain weather-cock which has the pessimistic habit of always pointing to the north-east. If you were to see it first on a cold March day, you would think it an excellent weather-cock; but with the first warm day of spring your confidence would be shaken. The boy and the weather-cock have the same defect: they do not vary their response when the stimulus is varied. A good instrument, or a person with much knowledge, will give different responses to stimuli which differ in relevant ways. This is the first point in defining accuracy of response.

We will now assume another boy, who also, when you first question him, asserts that twice two is four. But with this boy, instead of asking him different questions, you make a practice of asking him the same question every day at breakfast. You find that he says five, or six, or seven, or any other number at random, and you conclude that he also does not know what twice two is, though by good luck he answered right the first time. This boy is like a weather-cock which, instead of being stuck fast, is always going round and round, changing without any change of wind. This boy and weather-cock have the opposite defect to that of the previous pair: they give different responses to stimuli which do not differ in any relevant way.

In connection with vagueness in memory, we already had occasion to consider the definition of accuracy. Omitting some of the niceties of our previous discussion, we may say that an instrument is ACCURATE when it avoids the defects of the two boys and weather-cocks, that is to say, when--

(a) It gives different responses to stimuli which differ in relevant ways;

(b) It gives the same response to stimuli which do not differ in relevant ways.

What are relevant ways depends upon the nature and purpose of the instrument. In the case of a weather-cock, the direction of the wind is relevant, but not its strength; in the case of the boy, the meaning of the words of your question is relevant, but not the loudness of your voice, or whether you are his father or his schoolmaster If, however, you were a boy of his own age, that would be relevant, and the appropriate response would be different.

It is clear that knowledge is displayed by accuracy of response to certain kinds of stimuli, e.g. examinations. Can we say, conversely, that it consists wholly of such accuracy of response? I do not think we can; but we can go a certain distance in this

direction. For this purpose we must define more carefully the kind of accuracy and the kind of response that may be expected where there is knowledge.

From our present point of view, it is difficult to exclude perception from knowledge; at any rate, knowledge is displayed by actions based upon perception. A bird flying among trees avoids bumping into their branches; its avoidance is a response to visual sensations. This response has the characteristic of accuracy, in the main, and leads us to say that the bird "knows," by sight, what objects are in its neighbourhood. For a behaviourist, this must certainly count as knowledge, however it may be viewed by analytic psychology. In this case, what is known, roughly, is the stimulus; but in more advanced knowledge the stimulus and what is known become different. For example, you look in your calendar and find that Easter will be early next year. Here the stimulus is the calendar, whereas the response concerns the future. Even this can be paralleled among instruments: the behaviour of the barometer has a present stimulus but foretells the future, so that the barometer might be said, in a sense, to know the future. However that may be, the point I am emphasizing as regards knowledge is that what is known may be quite different from the stimulus, and no part of the cause of the knowledge-response. It is only in sense-knowledge that the stimulus and what is known are, with qualifications, identifiable. In knowledge of the future, it is obvious that they are totally distinct, since otherwise the response would precede the stimulus. In abstract knowledge also they are distinct, since abstract facts have no date. In knowledge of the past there are complications, which we must briefly examine.

Every form of memory will be, from our present point of view, in one sense a delayed response. But this phrase does not quite clearly express what is meant. If you light a fuse and connect it with a heap of dynamite, the explosion of the dynamite may be spoken of, in a sense, as a delayed response to your lighting of the fuse. But that only means that it is a somewhat late portion of a continuous process of which the earlier parts have less emotional interest. This is not the case with habit. A display of habit has two sorts of causes: (a) the past occurrences which generated the habit, (b) the present occurrence which brings it into play. When you drop a weight on your toe, and say what you do say, the habit has been caused by imitation of your undesirable associates, whereas it is brought into play by the dropping of the weight. The great bulk of our knowledge is a habit in this sense: whenever I am asked when I was born, I reply correctly by mere habit. It would hardly be correct to say that getting born was the stimulus, and that my reply is a delayed response But in cases of memory this way of speaking would have an element of truth. In an habitual memory, the event remembered was clearly an essential part of the stimulus to the formation of the habit. The present stimulus which brings the habit into play produces a different response from that which it would produce if the habit did not exist. Therefore the habit enters into the causation of the response, and so do, at one remove, the causes of the habit. It follows that an event remembered is an essential part of the causes of our remembering.

In spite, however, of the fact that what is known is SOMETIMES an indispensable part of the cause of the knowledge, this circumstance is, I think, irrelevant to the general question with which we are concerned, namely What sort of response to what sort of stimulus can be regarded as displaying knowledge? There is one characteristic which the response must have, namely, it must consist of voluntary movements. The need of this characteristic is connected with the characteristic of APPROPRIATENESS, which I do not wish to consider as yet. For the present I wish only to obtain a clearer idea of the sort of ACCURACY that a knowledge-response must have. It is clear from many instances that accuracy, in other cases, may be purely mechanical. The most complete form of accuracy consists in giving correct answers to questions, an achievement in which calculating machines far surpass human beings. In asking a question of a calculating machine, you must use its language: you must not address it in English, any more than you would address an Englishman in Chinese. But if you address it in the language it understands, it will tell you what is 34521 times 19987, without a moment's hesitation or a hint of inaccuracy. We do not say the machine KNOWS the answer, because it has no purpose of its own in giving the answer: it does not wish to impress you with its cleverness, or feel proud of being such a good machine. But as far as mere accuracy goes, the machine leaves nothing to be desired.

Accuracy of response is a perfectly clear notion in the case of answers to questions, but in other cases it is much more obscure. We may say generally that an object whether animate or inanimate, is "sensitive" to a certain feature of the environment if it behaves differently according to the presence or absence of that feature. Thus iron is sensitive to anything magnetic. But sensitiveness does not constitute knowledge, and knowledge of a fact which is not sensible is not sensitiveness to that fact, as we have seen in distinguishing the fact known from the stimulus. As soon as we pass beyond the simple case of question and answer, the definition of knowledge by means of behaviour demands the consideration of purpose. A carrier pigeon flies home, and so we say it "knows" the way. But if it merely flew to some place at random, we should not say that it "knew" the way to that place, any more than a stone rolling down hill knows the way to the valley.

On the features which distinguish knowledge from accuracy of response in general, not much can be said from a behaviourist point of view without referring to purpose. But the necessity of SOMETHING besides accuracy of response may be brought out by the following consideration: Suppose two persons, of whom one believed whatever the other disbelieved, and disbelieved whatever the other believed. So far as accuracy and sensitiveness of response alone are concerned, there would be nothing to choose between these two persons. A thermometer which went down for warm weather and up for cold might be just as accurate as the usual kind; and a person who always believes falsely is just as sensitive an instrument as a person who always believes truly. The observable and practical difference between them would be that the one who always believed falsely would quickly come to a bad end. This illustrates once more that accuracy of response to stimulus does not alone show knowledge, but must be reinforced by appropriateness, i.e. suitability for realizing one's purpose. This applies even in the apparently simple case of answering questions: if the purpose of the answers is to deceive, their falsehood, not their truth, will be evidence of knowledge. The proportion of the combination of appropriateness with accuracy in the definition of knowledge is difficult; it seems that both enter in, but that appropriateness is only required as regards the general type of response, not as regards each individual instance.

II. I have so far assumed as unquestionable the view that the truth or falsehood of a belief consists in a relation to a certain fact, namely the objective of the belief. This view has, however, been often questioned. Philosophers have sought some intrinsic criterion by which true and false beliefs could be distinguished.* I am afraid their chief reason for this search has been the wish to feel more certainty than seems otherwise possible as to what is true and what is false. If we could discover the truth of a belief by examining its intrinsic characteristics, or those of some collection of beliefs of which it forms part, the pursuit of truth, it is thought, would be a less arduous business than it otherwise appears to be. But the attempts which have been made in this direction are not encouraging. I will take two criteria which have been suggested, namely, (1) self-evidence, (2) mutual coherence. If we can show that these are inadequate, we may feel fairly certain that no intrinsic criterion hitherto suggested will suffice to distinguish true from false beliefs.

* The view that such a criterion exists is generally held by those whose views are in any degree derived from Hegel. It may be illustrated by the following passage from Lossky, "The Intuitive Basis of Knowledge" (Macmillan, 1919), p. 268: "Strictly speaking, a false judgment is not a judgment at all. The predicate does not follow from the subject S alone, but from the subject plus a certain addition C, WHICH IN NO SENSE BELONGS TO THE CONTENT OF THE JUDGMENT. What takes place may be a process of association of ideas, of imagining, or the like, but is not a process of judging. An experienced psychologist will be able by careful observation to detect that in this process there is wanting just the specific element of the objective dependence of the predicate upon the subject which is characteristic of a judgment. It must be admitted, however, that an exceptional power of observation is needed in order to distinguish, by means of introspection, mere combination of ideas from judgments."

(1) Self-evidence.--Some of our beliefs seem to be peculiarly indubitable. One might instance the belief that two and two are four, that two things cannot be in the same place at the same time, nor one thing in two places, or that a particular buttercup that we are seeing is yellow. The suggestion we are to examine is that such: beliefs have some recognizable quality which secures their truth, and the truth of whatever is deduced from them according to self-evident principles of inference. This theory is set forth, for example, by Meinong in his book, "Ueber die Erfahrungsgrundlagen unseres Wissens."

If this theory is to be logically tenable, self-evidence must not consist merely in the fact that we believe a proposition. We believe that our beliefs are sometimes erroneous, and we wish to be able to select a certain class of beliefs which are never erroneous. If we are to do this, it must be by some mark which belongs only to certain beliefs, not to all; and among those to which it belongs there must be none that are mutually inconsistent. If, for example, two propositions p and q were self-evident, and it were also self-evident that p and q could not both be true, that would condemn self-evidence as a guarantee of truth. Again, self-evidence must not be the same thing as the absence of doubt or the presence of complete certainty. If we are completely certain of a proposition, we do not seek a ground to support our belief. If self-evidence is alleged as a ground of belief, that implies that doubt has crept in, and that our self-evident proposition has not wholly resisted the assaults of scepticism. To say that any given person believes some things so firmly that he cannot be made to doubt them is no doubt true. Such beliefs he will be willing to use as premisses in reasoning, and to him personally they will seem to have as much evidence as any belief can need. But among the propositions which one man finds indubitable there will be some that another man finds it quite possible to doubt. It used to seem self-evident that there could not be men at the Antipodes, because they would fall off, or at best grow giddy from standing on their heads. But New Zealanders find the falsehood of this proposition self-evident. Therefore, if self-evidence is a guarantee of truth, our ancestors must have been mistaken in thinking their beliefs about the Antipodes self-evident. Meinong meets this difficulty by saying that some beliefs are falsely thought to be self-evident, but in the case of others it is self-evident that they are self-evident,

and these are wholly reliable. Even this, however, does not remove the practical risk of error, since we may mistakenly believe it self-evident that a certain belief is self-evident. To remove all risk of error, we shall need an endless series of more and more complicated self-evident beliefs, which cannot possibly be realized in practice. It would seem, therefore, that self-evidence is useless as a practical criterion for insuring truth.

The same result follows from examining instances. If we take the four instances mentioned at the beginning of this discussion, we shall find that three of them are logical, while the fourth is a judgment of perception. The proposition that two and two are four follows by purely logical deduction from definitions: that means that its truth results, not from the properties of objects, but from the meanings of symbols. Now symbols, in mathematics, mean what we choose; thus the feeling of self-evidence, in this case, seems explicable by the fact that the whole matter is within our control. I do not wish to assert that this is the whole truth about mathematical propositions, for the question is complicated, and I do not know what the whole truth is. But I do wish to suggest that the feeling of self-evidence in mathematical propositions has to do with the fact that they are concerned with the meanings of symbols, not with properties of the world such as external observation might reveal.

Similar considerations apply to the impossibility of a thing being in two places at once, or of two things being in one place at the same time. These impossibilities result logically, if I am not mistaken, from the definitions of one thing and one place. That is to say, they are not laws of physics, but only part of the intellectual apparatus which we have manufactured for manipulating physics. Their self-evidence, if this is so, lies merely in the fact that they represent our decision as to the use of words, not a property of physical objects.

Judgments of perception, such as "this buttercup is yellow," are in a quite different position from judgments of logic, and their self-evidence must have a different explanation. In order to arrive at the nucleus of such a judgment, we will eliminate, as far as possible, the use of words which take us beyond the present fact, such as "buttercup" and "yellow." The simplest kind of judgment underlying the perception that a buttercup is yellow would seem to be the perception of similarity in two colours seen simultaneously. Suppose we are seeing two buttercups, and we perceive that their colours are similar. This similarity is a physical fact, not a matter of symbols or words; and it certainly seems to be indubitable in a way that many judgments are not.

The first thing to observe, in regard to such judgments, is that as they stand they are vague. The word "similar" is a vague word, since there are degrees of similarity, and no one can say where similarity ends and dissimilarity begins. It is unlikely that our two buttercups have EXACTLY the same colour, and if we judged that they had we should have passed altogether outside the region of self-evidence. To make our proposition more precise, let us suppose that we are also seeing a red rose at the same time. Then we may judge that the colours of the buttercups are more similar to each other than to the colour of the rose. This judgment seems more complicated, but has certainly gained in precision. Even now, however, it falls short of complete precision, since similarity is not prima facie measurable, and it would require much discussion to decide what we mean by greater or less similarity. To this process of the pursuit of precision there is strictly no limit.

The next thing to observe (although I do not personally doubt that most of our judgments of perception are true) is that it is very difficult to define any class of such judgments which can be known, by its intrinsic quality, to be always exempt from error. Most of our judgments of perception involve correlations, as when we judge that a certain noise is that of a passing cart. Such judgments are all obviously liable to error, since there is no correlation of which we have a right to be certain that it is invariable. Other judgments of perception are derived from recognition, as when we say "this is a buttercup," or even merely "this is yellow." All such judgments entail some risk of error, though sometimes perhaps a very small one; some flowers that look like buttercups are marigolds, and colours that some would call yellow others might call orange. Our subjective certainty is usually a result of habit, and may lead us astray in circumstances which are unusual in ways of which we are unaware.

For such reasons, no form of self-evidence seems to afford an absolute criterion of truth. Nevertheless, it is perhaps true that judgments having a high degree of subjective certainty are more apt to be true than other judgments. But if this be the case, it is a result to be demonstrated, not a premiss from which to start in defining truth and falsehood. As an initial guarantee, therefore, neither self-evidence nor subjective certainty can be accepted as adequate.

(2) Coherence.--Coherence as the definition of truth is advocated by idealists, particularly by those who in the main follow Hegel. It is set forth ably in Mr. Joachim's book, "The Nature of Truth" (Oxford, 1906). According to this view, any set of propositions other than the whole of truth can be condemned on purely logical grounds, as internally inconsistent; a single proposition, if it is what we should ordinarily call false, contradicts itself irremediably, while if it is what we should ordinarily call true, it has implications which

compel us to admit other propositions, which in turn lead to others, and so on, until we find ourselves committed to the whole of truth. One might illustrate by a very simple example: if I say "so-and-so is a married man," that is not a self-subsistent proposition. We cannot logically conceive of a universe in which this proposition constituted the whole of truth. There must be also someone who is a married woman, and who is married to the particular man in question. The view we are considering regards everything that can be said about any one object as relative in the same sort of way as "so-and-so is a married man." But everything, according to this view, is relative, not to one or two other things, but to all other things, so that from one bit of truth the whole can be inferred.

The fundamental objection to this view is logical, and consists in a criticism of its doctrine as to relations. I shall omit this line of argument, which I have developed elsewhere.* For the moment I will content myself with saying that the powers of logic seem to me very much less than this theory supposes. If it were taken seriously, its advocates ought to profess that any one truth is logically inferable from any other, and that, for example, the fact that Caesar conquered Gaul, if adequately considered, would enable us to discover what the weather will be to-morrow. No such claim is put forward in practice, and the necessity of empirical observation is not denied; but according to the theory it ought to be.

* In the article on "The Monistic Theory of Truth" in "Philosophical Essays" (Longmans, 1910), reprinted from the "Proceedings of the Aristotelian Society," 1906-7.

Another objection is that no endeavour is made to show that we cannot form a consistent whole composed partly or wholly of false propositions, as in a novel. Leibniz's conception of many possible worlds seems to accord much better with modern logic and with the practical empiricism which is now universal. The attempt to deduce the world by pure thought is attractive, and in former times was largely supposed capable of success. But nowadays most men admit that beliefs must be tested by observation, and not merely by the fact that they harmonize with other beliefs. A consistent fairy-tale is a different thing from truth, however elaborate it may be. But to pursue this topic would lead us into difficult technicalities; I shall therefore assume, without further argument, that coherence is not sufficient as a definition of truth.

III. Many difficult problems arise as regards the verifiability of beliefs. We believe various things, and while we believe them we think we know them. But it sometimes turns out that we were mistaken, or at any rate we come to think we were. We must be mistaken either in our previous opinion or in our subsequent recantation; therefore our beliefs are not all correct, and there are cases of belief which are not cases of knowledge. The question of verifiability is in essence this: can we discover any set of beliefs which are never mistaken or any test which, when applicable, will always enable us to discriminate between true and false beliefs? Put thus broadly and abstractly, the answer must be negative. There is no way hitherto discovered of wholly eliminating the risk of error, and no infallible criterion. If we believe we have found a criterion, this belief itself may be mistaken; we should be begging the question if we tried to test the criterion by applying the criterion to itself.

But although the notion of an absolute criterion is chimerical, there may be relative criteria, which increase the probability of truth. Common sense and science hold that there are. Let us see what they have to say.

One of the plainest cases of verification, perhaps ultimately the only case, consists in the happening of something expected. You go to the station believing that there will be a train at a certain time; you find the train, you get into it, and it starts at the expected time This constitutes verification, and is a perfectly definite experience. It is, in a sense, the converse of memory instead of having first sensations and then images accompanied by belief, we have first images accompanied by belief and then sensations. Apart from differences as to the time-order and the accompanying feelings, the relation between image and sensation is closely similar in the two cases of memory and expectation; it is a relation of similarity, with difference as to causal efficacy--broadly, the image has the psychological but not the physical effects that the sensation would have. When an image accompanied by an expectation-belief is thus succeeded by a sensation which is the "meaning" of the image, we say that the expectation-belief has been verified. The experience of verification in this sense is exceedingly familiar; it happens every time that accustomed activities have results that are not surprising, in eating and walking and talking and all our daily pursuits.

But although the experience in question is common, it is not wholly easy to give a theoretical account of it. How do we know that the sensation resembles the previous image? Does the image persist in presence of the sensation, so that we can compare the two? And even if SOME image does persist, how do we know that it is the previous image unchanged? It does not seem as if this line of inquiry offered much hope of a successful issue. It is better, I think, to take a more external and causal view of the relation of expectation to expected occurrence. If the occurrence, when it comes, gives us the feeling of expectedness, and if the expectation, beforehand, enabled us to act in a way which proves appropriate to the occurrence, that must be held to constitute the maximum of

verification. We have first an expectation, then a sensation with the feeling of expectedness related to memory of the expectation. This whole experience, when it occurs, may be defined as verification, and as constituting the truth of the expectation. Appropriate action, during the period of expectation, may be regarded as additional verification, but is not essential. The whole process may be illustrated by looking up a familiar quotation, finding it in the expected words, and in the expected part of the book. In this case we can strengthen the verification by writing down beforehand the words which we expect to find.

I think all verification is ultimately of the above sort. We verify a scientific hypothesis indirectly, by deducing consequences as to the future, which subsequent experience confirms. If somebody were to doubt whether Caesar had crossed the Rubicon, verification could only be obtained from the future. We could proceed to display manuscripts to our historical sceptic, in which it was said that Caesar had behaved in this way. We could advance arguments, verifiable by future experience, to prove the antiquity of the manuscript from its texture, colour, etc. We could find inscriptions agreeing with the historian on other points, and tending to show his general accuracy. The causal laws which our arguments would assume could be verified by the future occurrence of events inferred by means of them. The existence and persistence of causal laws, it is true, must be regarded as a fortunate accident, and how long it will continue we cannot tell. Meanwhile verification remains often practically possible. And since it is sometimes possible, we can gradually discover what kinds of beliefs tend to be verified by experience, and what kinds tend to be falsified; to the former kinds we give an increased degree of assent, to the latter kinds a diminished degree. The process is not absolute or infallible, but it has been found capable of sifting beliefs and building up science. It affords no theoretical refutation of the sceptic, whose position must remain logically unassailable; but if complete scepticism is rejected, it gives the practical method by which the system of our beliefs grows gradually towards the unattainable ideal of impeccable knowledge.

IV. I come now to the purely formal definition of the truth or falsehood of a belief. For this definition it is necessary first of all to consider the derivation of the objective reference of a proposition from the meanings of its component words or images.

Just as a word has meaning, so a proposition has an objective reference. The objective reference of a proposition is a function (in the mathematical sense) of the meanings of its component words. But the objective reference differs from the meaning of a word through the duality of truth and falsehood. You may believe the proposition "to-day is Tuesday" both when, in fact, to-day is Tuesday, and when to-day is not Tuesday. If to-day is not Tuesday, this fact is the objective of your belief that to-day is Tuesday. But obviously the relation of your belief to the fact is different in this case from what it is in the case when to-day is Tuesday. We may say, metaphorically, that when to-day is Tuesday, your belief that it is Tuesday points TOWARDS the fact, whereas when to-day is not Tuesday your belief points AWAY FROM the fact. Thus the objective reference of a belief is not determined by the fact alone, but by the direction of the belief towards or away from the fact.* If, on a Tuesday, one man believes that it is Tuesday while another believes that it is not Tuesday, their beliefs have the same objective, namely the fact that it is Tuesday but the true belief points towards the fact while the false one points away from it. Thus, in order to define the reference of a proposition we have to take account not only of the objective, but also of the direction of pointing, towards the objective in the case of a true proposition and away from it in the case of a false one.

* I owe this way of looking at the matter to my friend Ludwig Wittgenstein.

This mode of stating the nature of the objective reference of a proposition is necessitated by the circumstance that there are true and false propositions, but not true and false facts. If to-day is Tuesday, there is not a false objective "to-day is not Tuesday," which could be the objective of the false belief "to-day is not Tuesday." This is the reason why two beliefs which are each other's contradictories have the same objective. There is, however, a practical inconvenience, namely that we cannot determine the objective reference of a proposition, according to this definition, unless we know whether the proposition is true or false. To avoid this inconvenience, it is better to adopt a slightly different phraseology, and say: The "meaning" of the proposition "to-day is Tuesday" consists in pointing to the fact "to-day is Tuesday" if that is a fact, or away from the fact "to-day is not Tuesday" if that is a fact. The "meaning" of the proposition "to-day is not Tuesday" will be exactly the opposite. By this hypothetical form we are able to speak of the meaning of a proposition without knowing whether it is true or false. According to this definition, we know the meaning of a proposition when we know what would make it true and what would make it false, even if we do not know whether it is in fact true or false.

The meaning of a proposition is derivative from the meanings of its constituent words. Propositions occur in pairs, distinguished (in simple cases) by the absence or presence of the word "not." Two such propositions have the same objective, but opposite meanings: when one is true, the other is false, and when one is false, the other is true.

The purely formal definition of truth and falsehood offers little difficulty. What is required is a formal expression of the fact that a proposition is true when it points towards its objective, and false when it points away from it, In very simple cases we can give a very simple account of this: we can say that true propositions actually resemble their objectives in a way in which false propositions do not. But for this purpose it is necessary to revert to image-propositions instead of word-propositions. Let us take again the illustration of a memory-image of a familiar room, and let us suppose that in the image the window is to the left of the door. If in fact the window is to the left of the door, there is a correspondence between the image and the objective; there is the same relation between the window and the door as between the images of them. The image-memory consists of the image of the window to the left of the image of the door. When this is true, the very same relation relates the terms of the objective (namely the window and the door) as relates the images which mean them. In this case the correspondence which constitutes truth is very simple.

In the case we have just been considering the objective consists of two parts with a certain relation (that of left-to-right), and the proposition consists of images of these parts with the very same relation. The same proposition, if it were false, would have a less simple formal relation to its objective. If the image-proposition consists of an image of the window to the left of an image of the door, while in fact the window is not to the left of the door, the proposition does not result from the objective by the mere substitution of images for their prototypes. Thus in this unusually simple case we can say that a true proposition "corresponds" to its objective in a formal sense in which a false proposition does not. Perhaps it may be possible to modify this notion of formal correspondence in such a way as to be more widely applicable, but if so, the modifications required will be by no means slight. The reasons for this must now be considered.

To begin with, the simple type of correspondence we have been exhibiting can hardly occur when words are substituted for images, because, in word-propositions, relations are usually expressed by words, which are not themselves relations. Take such a proposition as "Socrates precedes Plato." Here the word "precedes" is just as solid as the words "Socrates" and "Plato"; it MEANS a relation, but is not a relation. Thus the objective which makes our proposition true consists of TWO terms with a relation between them, whereas our proposition consists of THREE terms with a relation of order between them. Of course, it would be perfectly possible, theoretically, to indicate a few chosen relations, not by words, but by relations between the other words. "Socrates-Plato" might be used to mean "Socrates precedes Plato"; "Plato-Socrates" might be used to mean "Plato was born before Socrates and died after him"; and so on. But the possibilities of such a method would be very limited. For aught I know, there may be languages that use it, but they are not among the languages with which I am acquainted. And in any case, in view of the multiplicity of relations that we wish to express, no language could advance far without words for relations. But as soon as we have words for relations, word-propositions have necessarily more terms than the facts to which they refer, and cannot therefore correspond so simply with their objectives as some image-propositions can.

The consideration of negative propositions and negative facts introduces further complications. An image-proposition is necessarily positive: we can image the window to the left of the door, or to the right of the door, but we can form no image of the bare negative "the window not to the left of the door." We can DISBELIEVE the image-proposition expressed by "the window to the left of the door," and our disbelief will be true if the window is not to the left of the door. But we can form no image of the fact that the window is not to the left of the door. Attempts have often been made to deny such negative facts, but, for reasons which I have given elsewhere,* I believe these attempts to be mistaken, and I shall assume that there are negative facts.

* "Monist," January, 1919, p. 42 ff.

Word-propositions, like image-propositions, are always positive facts. The fact that Socrates precedes Plato is symbolized in English by the fact that the word "precedes" occurs between the words "Socrates" and "Plato." But we cannot symbolize the fact that Plato does not precede Socrates by not putting the word "precedes" between "Plato" and "Socrates." A negative fact is not sensible, and language, being intended for communication, has to be sensible. Therefore we symbolize the fact that Plato does not precede Socrates by putting the words "does not precede" between "Plato" and "Socrates." We thus obtain a series of words which is just as positive a fact as the series "Socrates precedes Plato." The propositions asserting negative facts are themselves positive facts; they are merely different positive facts from those asserting positive facts.

We have thus, as regards the opposition of positive and negative, three different sorts of duality, according as we are dealing with facts, image-propositions, or word-propositions. We have, namely:

(1) Positive and negative facts;

(2) Image-propositions, which may be believed or disbelieved, but do not allow any duality of content corresponding to positive and negative facts;

(3) Word-propositions, which are always positive facts, but are of two kinds: one verified by a positive objective, the other by a negative objective.

Owing to these complications, the simplest type of correspondence is impossible when either negative facts or negative propositions are involved.

Even when we confine ourselves to relations between two terms which are both imaged, it may be impossible to form an image-proposition in which the relation of the terms is represented by the same relation of the images. Suppose we say "Caesar was 2,000 years before Foch," we express a certain temporal relation between Caesar and Foch; but we cannot allow 2,000 years to elapse between our image of Caesar and our image of Foch. This is perhaps not a fair example, since "2,000 years before" is not a direct relation. But take a case where the relation is direct, say, "the sun is brighter than the moon." We can form visual images of sunshine and moonshine, and it may happen that our image of the sunshine is the brighter of the two, but this is by no means either necessary or sufficient. The act of comparison, implied in our judgment, is something more than the mere coexistence of two images, one of which is in fact brighter than the other. It would take us too far from our main topic if we were to go into the question what actually occurs when we make this judgment. Enough has been said to show that the correspondence between the belief and its objective is more complicated in this case than in that of the window to the left of the door, and this was all that had to be proved.

In spite of these complications, the general nature of the formal correspondence which makes truth is clear from our instances. In the case of the simpler kind of propositions, namely those that I call "atomic" propositions, where there is only one word expressing a relation, the objective which would verify our proposition, assuming that the word "not" is absent, is obtained by replacing each word by what it means, the word meaning a relation being replaced by this relation among the meanings of the other words. For example, if the proposition is "Socrates precedes Plato," the objective which verifies it results from replacing the word "Socrates" by Socrates, the word "Plato" by Plato, and the word "precedes" by the relation of preceding between Socrates and Plato. If the result of this process is a fact, the proposition is true; if not, it is false. When our proposition is "Socrates does not precede Plato," the conditions of truth and falsehood are exactly reversed. More complicated propositions can be dealt with on the same lines. In fact, the purely formal question, which has occupied us in this last section, offers no very formidable difficulties.

I do not believe that the above formal theory is untrue, but I do believe that it is inadequate. It does not, for example, throw any light upon our preference for true beliefs rather than false ones. This preference is only explicable by taking account of the causal efficacy of beliefs, and of the greater appropriateness of the responses resulting from true beliefs. But appropriateness depends upon purpose, and purpose thus becomes a vital part of theory of knowledge.

LECTURE XIV. EMOTIONS AND WILL

On the two subjects of the present lecture I have nothing original to say, and I am treating them only in order to complete the discussion of my main thesis, namely that all psychic phenomena are built up out of sensations and images alone.

Emotions are traditionally regarded by psychologists as a separate class of mental occurrences: I am, of course, not concerned to deny the obvious fact that they have characteristics which make a special investigation of them necessary. What I am concerned with is the analysis of emotions. It is clear that an emotion is essentially complex, and we have to inquire whether it ever contains any non-physiological material not reducible to sensations and images and their relations.

Although what specially concerns us is the analysis of emotions, we shall find that the more important topic is the physiological causation of emotions. This is a subject upon which much valuable and exceedingly interesting work has been done, whereas the bare analysis of emotions has proved somewhat barren. In view of the fact that we have defined perceptions, sensations, and images by their physiological causation, it is evident that our problem of the analysis of the emotions is bound up with the problem of their physiological causation.

Modern views on the causation of emotions begin with what is called the James-Lange theory. James states this view in the following terms ("Psychology," vol. ii, p. 449):

"Our natural way of thinking about these coarser emotions, grief, fear, rage, love, is that the mental perception of some fact excites the mental affection called the emotion, and that this latter state of mind gives rise to the bodily expression. My theory, on the

contrary, is that THE BODILY CHANGES FOLLOW DIRECTLY THE PERCEPTION OF THE EXCITING FACT, AND THAT OUR FEELING OF THE SAME CHANGES AS THEY OCCUR _IS_ THE EMOTION (James's italics). Common sense says: we lose our fortune, are sorry and weep; we meet a bear, are frightened and run; we are insulted by a rival, are angry and strike. The hypothesis here to be defended says that this order of sequence is incorrect, that the one mental state is not immediately induced by the other, that the bodily manifestations must first be interposed between, and that the more rational statement is that we feel sorry because we cry, angry because we strike, afraid because we tremble, and not that we cry, strike, or tremble, because we are sorry, angry, or fearful, as the case may be. Without the bodily states following on the perception, the latter would be purely cognitive in form, pale, colourless, destitute of emotional warmth."

Round this hypothesis a very voluminous literature has grown up. The history of its victory over earlier criticism, and its difficulties with the modern experimental work of Sherrington and Cannon, is well told by James R. Angell in an article called "A Reconsideration of James's Theory of Emotion in the Light of Recent Criticisms."* In this article Angell defends James's theory and to me--though I speak with diffidence on a question as to which I have little competence--it appears that his defence is on the whole successful.

* "Psychological Review," 1916.

Sherrington, by experiments on dogs, showed that many of the usual marks of emotion were present in their behaviour even when, by severing the spinal cord in the lower cervical region, the viscera were cut off from all communication with the brain, except that existing through certain cranial nerves. He mentions the various signs which "contributed to indicate the existence of an emotion as lively as the animal had ever shown us before the spinal operation had been made."* He infers that the physiological condition of the viscera cannot be the cause of the emotion displayed under such circumstances, and concludes: "We are forced back toward the likelihood that the visceral expression of emotion is SECONDARY to the cerebral action occurring with the psychical state.... We may with James accept visceral and organic sensations and the memories and associations of them as contributory to primitive emotion, but we must regard them as re-enforcing rather than as initiating the psychosis."*

* Quoted by Angell, loc. cit.

Angell suggests that the display of emotion in such cases may be due to past experience, generating habits which would require only the stimulation of cerebral reflex arcs. Rage and some forms of fear, however, may, he thinks, gain expression without the brain. Rage and fear have been especially studied by Cannon, whose work is of the greatest importance. His results are given in his book, "Bodily Changes in Pain, Hunger, Fear and Rage" (D. Appleton and Co., 1916).

The most interesting part of Cannon's book consists in the investigation of the effects produced by secretion of adrenin. Adrenin is a substance secreted into the blood by the adrenal glands. These are among the ductless glands, the functions of which, both in physiology and in connection with the emotions, have only come to be known during recent years. Cannon found that pain, fear and rage occurred in circumstances which affected the supply of adrenin, and that an artificial injection of adrenin could, for example, produce all the symptoms of fear. He studied the effects of adrenin on various parts of the body; he found that it causes the pupils to dilate, hairs to stand erect, blood vessels to be constricted, and so on. These effects were still produced if the parts in question were removed from the body and kept alive artificially.*

* Cannon's work is not unconnected with that of Mosso, who maintains, as the result of much experimental work, that "the seat of the emotions lies in the sympathetic nervous system." An account of the work of both these men will be found in Goddard's "Psychology of the Normal and Sub-normal" (Kegan Paul, 1919), chap. vii and Appendix.

Cannon's chief argument against James is, if I understand him rightly, that similar affections of the viscera may accompany dissimilar emotions, especially fear and rage. Various different emotions make us cry, and therefore it cannot be true to say, as James does, that we "feel sorry because we cry," since sometimes we cry when we feel glad. This argument, however, is by no means conclusive against James, because it cannot be shown that there are no visceral differences for different emotions, and indeed it is unlikely that this is the case.

As Angell says (loc. cit.): "Fear and joy may both cause cardiac palpitation, but in one case we find high tonus of the skeletal muscles, in the other case relaxation and the general sense of weakness."

Angell's conclusion, after discussing the experiments of Sherrington and Cannon, is: "I would therefore submit that, so far as concerns the critical suggestions by these two psychologists, James's essential contentions are not materially affected." If it were

necessary for me to take sides on this question, I should agree with this conclusion; but I think my thesis as to the analysis of emotion can be maintained without coming to a probably premature conclusion upon the doubtful parts of the physiological problem.

According to our definitions, if James is right, an emotion may be regarded as involving a confused perception of the viscera concerned in its causation, while if Cannon and Sherrington are right, an emotion involves a confused perception of its external stimulus. This follows from what was said in Lecture VII. We there defined a perception as an appearance, however irregular, of one or more objects external to the brain. And in order to be an appearance of one or more objects, it is only necessary that the occurrence in question should be connected with them by a continuous chain, and should vary when they are varied sufficiently. Thus the question whether a mental occurrence can be called a perception turns upon the question whether anything can be inferred from it as to its causes outside the brain: if such inference is possible, the occurrence in question will come within our definition of a perception. And in that case, according to the definition in Lecture VIII, its non-mnemic elements will be sensations. Accordingly, whether emotions are caused by changes in the viscera or by sensible objects, they contain elements which are sensations according to our definition.

An emotion in its entirety is, of course, something much more complex than a perception. An emotion is essentially a process, and it will be only what one may call a cross-section of the emotion that will be a perception, of a bodily condition according to James, or (in certain cases) of an external object according to his opponents. An emotion in its entirety contains dynamic elements, such as motor impulses, desires, pleasures and pains. Desires and pleasures and pains, according to the theory adopted in Lecture III, are characteristics of processes, not separate ingredients. An emotion--rage, for example--will be a certain kind of process, consisting of perceptions and (in general) bodily movements. The desires and pleasures and pains involved are properties of this process, not separate items in the stuff of which the emotion is composed. The dynamic elements in an emotion, if we are right in our analysis, contain, from our point of view, no ingredients beyond those contained in the processes considered in Lecture III. The ingredients of an emotion are only sensations and images and bodily movements succeeding each other according to a certain pattern. With this conclusion we may leave the emotions and pass to the consideration of the will.

The first thing to be defined when we are dealing with Will is a VOLUNTARY MOVEMENT. We have already defined vital movements, and we have maintained that, from a behaviourist standpoint, it is impossible to distinguish which among such movements are reflex and which voluntary. Nevertheless, there certainly is a distinction. When we decide in the morning that it is time to get up, our consequent movement is voluntary. The beating of the heart, on the other hand, is involuntary: we can neither cause it nor prevent it by any decision of our own, except indirectly, as e.g. by drugs. Breathing is intermediate between the two: we normally breathe without the help of the will, but we can alter or stop our breathing if we choose.

James ("Psychology," chap. xxvi) maintains that the only distinctive characteristic of a voluntary act is that it involves an idea of the movement to be performed, made up of memory-images of the kinaesthetic sensations which we had when the same movement occurred on some former occasion. He points out that, on this view, no movement can be made voluntarily unless it has previously occurred involuntarily.*

* "Psychology," Vol. ii, pp. 492-3.

I see no reason to doubt the correctness of this view. We shall say, then, that movements which are accompanied by kinaesthetic sensations tend to be caused by the images of those sensations, and when so caused are called VOLUNTARY.

Volition, in the emphatic sense, involves something more than voluntary movement. The sort of case I am thinking of is decision after deliberation. Voluntary movements are a part of this, but not the whole. There is, in addition to them, a judgment: "This is what I shall do"; there is also a sensation of tension during doubt, followed by a different sensation at the moment of deciding. I see no reason whatever to suppose that there is any specifically new ingredient; sensations and images, with their relations and causal laws, yield all that seems to be wanted for the analysis of the will, together with the fact that kinaesthetic images tend to cause the movements with which they are connected. Conflict of desires is of course essential in the causation of the emphatic kind of will: there will be for a time kinaesthetic images of incompatible movements, followed by the exclusive image of the movement which is said to be willed. Thus will seems to add no new irreducible ingredient to the analysis of the mind.

LECTURE XV. CHARACTERISTICS OF MENTAL PHENOMENA

At the end of our journey it is time to return to the question from which we set out, namely: What is it that characterizes mind as opposed to matter? Or, to state the same question in other terms: How is psychology to be distinguished from physics? The answer provisionally suggested at the outset of our inquiry was that psychology and physics are distinguished by the nature of their causal laws, not by their subject matter. At the same time we held that there is a certain subject matter, namely images, to which only psychological causal laws are applicable; this subject matter, therefore, we assigned exclusively to psychology. But we found no way of defining images except through their causation; in their intrinsic character they appeared to have no universal mark by which they could be distinguished from sensations.

In this last lecture I propose to pass in review various suggested methods of distinguishing mind from matter. I shall then briefly sketch the nature of that fundamental science which I believe to be the true metaphysic, in which mind and matter alike are seen to be constructed out of a neutral stuff, whose causal laws have no such duality as that of psychology, but form the basis upon which both physics and psychology are built.

In search for the definition of "mental phenomena," let us begin with "consciousness," which is often thought to be the essence of mind. In the first lecture I gave various arguments against the view that consciousness is fundamental, but I did not attempt to say what consciousness is. We must find a definition of it, if we are to feel secure in deciding that it is not fundamental. It is for the sake of the proof that it is not fundamental that we must now endeavour to decide what it is.

"Consciousness," by those who regard it as fundamental, is taken to be a character diffused throughout our mental life, distinct from sensations and images, memories, beliefs and desires, but present in all of them.* Dr. Henry Head, in an article which I quoted in Lecture III, distinguishing sensations from purely physiological occurrences, says: "Sensation, in the strict sense of the term, demands the existence of consciousness." This statement, at first sight, is one to which we feel inclined to assent, but I believe we are mistaken if we do so. Sensation is the sort of thing of which we MAY be conscious, but not a thing of which we MUST be conscious. We have been led, in the course of our inquiry, to admit unconscious beliefs and unconscious desires. There is, so far as I can see, no class of mental or other occurrences of which we are always conscious whenever they happen.

* Cf. Lecture VI.

The first thing to notice is that consciousness must be of something. In view of this, I should define "consciousness" in terms of that relation of an image of a word to an object which we defined, in Lecture XI, as "meaning." When a sensation is followed by an image which is a "copy" of it, I think it may be said that the existence of the image constitutes consciousness of the sensation, provided it is accompanied by that sort of belief which, when we reflect upon it, makes us feel that the image is a "sign" of something other than itself. This is the sort of belief which, in the case of memory, we expressed in the words "this occurred"; or which, in the case of a judgment of perception, makes us believe in qualities correlated with present sensations, as e.g., tactile and visual qualities are correlated. The addition of some element of belief seems required, since mere imagination does not involve consciousness of anything, and there can be no consciousness which is not of something. If images alone constituted consciousness of their prototypes, such imagination-images as in fact have prototypes would involve consciousness of them; since this is not the case, an element of belief must be added to the images in defining consciousness. The belief must be of that sort that constitutes objective reference, past or present. An image, together with a belief of this sort concerning it, constitutes, according to our definition, consciousness of the prototype of the image.

But when we pass from consciousness of sensations to consciousness of objects of perception, certain further points arise which demand an addition to our definition. A judgment of perception, we may say, consists of a core of sensation, together with associated images, with belief in the present existence of an object to which sensation and images are referred in a way which is difficult to analyse. Perhaps we might say that the belief is not fundamentally in any PRESENT existence, but is of the nature of an expectation: for example, when we see an object, we expect certain sensations to result if we proceed to touch it. Perception, then, will consist of a present sensation together with expectations of future sensations. (This, of course, is a reflective analysis, not an account of the way perception appears to unchecked introspection.) But all such expectations are liable to be erroneous, since they are based upon correlations which are usual but not invariable. Any such correlation may mislead us in a particular case, for example, if we try to touch a reflection in a looking-glass under the impression that it is "real." Since memory is fallible, a similar difficulty arises as regards consciousness of past objects. It would seem odd to say that we can be "conscious" of a thing which does not or did not exist. The only way to avoid this awkwardness is to add to our definition the proviso that the beliefs involved in consciousness must be TRUE.

In the second place, the question arises as to whether we can be conscious of images. If we apply our definition to this case, it seems to demand images of images. In order, for example, to be conscious of an image of a cat, we shall require, according to the letter of the definition, an image which is a copy of our image of the cat, and has this image for its prototype. Now, it hardly seems probable, as a matter of observation, that there are images of images, as opposed to images of sensations. We may meet this difficulty in two ways, either by boldly denying consciousness of images, or by finding a sense in which, by means of a different accompanying belief, an image, instead of meaning its prototype, can mean another image of the same prototype.

The first alternative, which denies consciousness of images, has already been discussed when we were dealing with Introspection in Lecture VI. We then decided that there must be, in some sense, consciousness of images. We are therefore left with the second suggested way of dealing with knowledge of images. According to this second hypothesis, there may be two images of the same prototype, such that one of them means the other, instead of meaning the prototype. It will be remembered that we defined meaning by association a word or image means an object, we said, when it has the same associations as the object. But this definition must not be interpreted too absolutely: a word or image will not have ALL the same associations as the object which it means. The word "cat" may be associated with the word "mat," but it would not happen except by accident that a cat would be associated with a mat. And in like manner an image may have certain associations which its prototype will not have, e.g. an association with the word "image." When these associations are active, an image means an image, instead of meaning its prototype. If I have had images of a given prototype many times, I can mean one of these, as opposed to the rest, by recollecting the time and place or any other distinctive association of that one occasion. This happens, for example, when a place recalls to us some thought we previously had in that place, so that we remember a thought as opposed to the occurrence to which it referred. Thus we may say that we think of an image A when we have a similar image B associated with recollections of circumstances connected with A, but not with its prototype or with other images of the same prototype. In this way we become aware of images without the need of any new store of mental contents, merely by the help of new associations. This theory, so far as I can see, solves the problems of introspective knowledge, without requiring heroic measures such as those proposed by Knight Dunlap, whose views we discussed in Lecture VI.

According to what we have been saying, sensation itself is not an instance of consciousness, though the immediate memory by which it is apt to be succeeded is so. A sensation which is remembered becomes an object of consciousness as soon as it begins to be remembered, which will normally be almost immediately after its occurrence (if at all); but while it exists it is not an object of consciousness. If, however, it is part of a perception, say of some familiar person, we may say that the person perceived is an object of consciousness. For in this case the sensation is a SIGN of the perceived object in much the same way in which a memory-image is a sign of a remembered object. The essential practical function of "consciousness" and "thought" is that they enable us to act with reference to what is distant in time or space, even though it is not at present stimulating our senses. This reference to absent objects is possible through association and habit. Actual sensations, in themselves, are not cases of consciousness, because they do not bring in this reference to what is absent. But their connection with consciousness is very close, both through immediate memory, and through the correlations which turn sensations into perceptions.

Enough has, I hope, been said to show that consciousness is far too complex and accidental to be taken as the fundamental characteristic of mind. We have seen that belief and images both enter into it. Belief itself, as we saw in an earlier lecture, is complex. Therefore, if any definition of mind is suggested by our analysis of consciousness, images are what would naturally suggest themselves. But since we found that images can only be defined causally, we cannot deal with this suggestion, except in connection with the difference between physical and psychological causal laws.

I come next to those characteristics of mental phenomena which arise out of mnemic causation. The possibility of action with reference to what is not sensibly present is one of the things that might be held to characterize mind. Let us take first a very elementary example. Suppose you are in a familiar room at night, and suddenly the light goes out. You will be able to find your way to the door without much difficulty by means of the picture of the room which you have in your mind. In this case visual images serve, somewhat imperfectly it is true, the purpose which visual sensations would otherwise serve. The stimulus to the production of visual images is the desire to get out of the room, which, according to what we found in Lecture III, consists essentially of present sensations and motor impulses caused by them. Again, words heard or read enable you to act with reference to the matters about which they give information; here, again, a present sensible stimulus, in virtue of habits formed in the past, enables you to act in a manner appropriate to an object which is not sensibly present. The whole essence of the practical efficiency of "thought" consists in sensitiveness to signs: the sensible presence of A, which is a sign of the present or future existence of B, enables us to act in a manner appropriate to B. Of this, words are the supreme example, since their effects as signs are prodigious, while their intrinsic

interest as sensible occurrences on their own account is usually very slight. The operation of signs may or may not be accompanied by consciousness. If a sensible stimulus A calls up an image of B, and we then act with reference to B, we have what may be called consciousness of B. But habit may enable us to act in a manner appropriate to B as soon as A appears, without ever having an image of B. In that case, although A operates as a sign, it operates without the help of consciousness. Broadly speaking, a very familiar sign tends to operate directly in this manner, and the intervention of consciousness marks an imperfectly established habit.

The power of acquiring experience, which characterizes men and animals, is an example of the general law that, in mnemic causation, the causal unit is not one event at one time, but two or more events at two or more times.& A burnt child fears the fire, that is to say, the neighbourhood of fire has a different effect upon a child which has had the sensations of burning than upon one which has not. More correctly, the observed effect, when a child which has been burnt is put near a fire, has for its cause, not merely the neighbourhood of the fire, but this together with the previous burning. The general formula, when an animal has acquired experience through some event A, is that, when B occurs at some future time, the animal to which A has happened acts differently from an animal which A has not happened. Thus A and B together, not either separately, must be regarded as the cause of the animal's behaviour, unless we take account of the effect which A has had in altering the animal's nervous tissue, which is a matter not patent to external observation except under very special circumstances. With this possibility, we are brought back to causal laws, and to the suggestion that many things which seem essentially mental are really neural. Perhaps it is the nerves that acquire experience rather than the mind. If so, the possibility of acquiring experience cannot be used to define mind.*

* Cf. Lecture IV.

Very similar considerations apply to memory, if taken as the essence of mind. A recollection is aroused by something which is happening now, but is different from the effect which the present occurrence would have produced if the recollected event had not occurred. This may be accounted for by the physical effect of the past event on the brain, making it a different instrument from that which would have resulted from a different experience. The causal peculiarities of memory may, therefore, have a physiological explanation. With every special class of mental phenomena this possibility meets us afresh. If psychology is to be a separate science at all, we must seek a wider ground for its separateness than any that we have been considering hitherto.

We have found that "consciousness" is too narrow to characterize mental phenomena, and that mnemic causation is too wide. I come now to a characteristic which, though difficult to define, comes much nearer to what we require, namely subjectivity.

Subjectivity, as a characteristic of mental phenomena, was considered in Lecture VII, in connection with the definition of perception. We there decided that those particulars which constitute the physical world can be collected into sets in two ways, one of which makes a bundle of all those particulars that are appearances of a given thing from different places, while the other makes a bundle of all those particulars which are appearances of different things from a given place. A bundle of this latter sort, at a given time, is called a "perspective"; taken throughout a period of time, it is called a "biography." Subjectivity is the characteristic of perspectives and biographies, the characteristic of giving the view of the world from a certain place. We saw in Lecture VII that this characteristic involves none of the other characteristics that are commonly associated with mental phenomena, such as consciousness, experience and memory. We found in fact that it is exhibited by a photographic plate, and, strictly speaking, by any particular taken in conjunction with those which have the same "passive" place in the sense defined in Lecture VII. The particulars forming one perspective are connected together primarily by simultaneity; those forming one biography, primarily by the existence of direct time-relations between them. To these are to be added relations derivable from the laws of perspective. In all this we are clearly not in the region of psychology, as commonly understood; yet we are also hardly in the region of physics. And the definition of perspectives and biographies, though it does not yet yield anything that would be commonly called "mental," is presupposed in mental phenomena, for example in mnemic causation: the causal unit in mnemic causation, which gives rise to Semon's engram, is the whole of one perspective--not of any perspective, but of a perspective in a place where there is nervous tissue, or at any rate living tissue of some sort. Perception also, as we saw, can only be defined in terms of perspectives. Thus the conception of subjectivity, i.e. of the "passive" place of a particular, though not alone sufficient to define mind, is clearly an essential element in the definition.

I have maintained throughout these lectures that the data of psychology do not differ in, their intrinsic character from the data of physics. I have maintained that sensations are data for psychology and physics equally, while images, which may be in some sense exclusively psychological data, can only be distinguished from sensations by their correlations, not by what they are in themselves. It is now necessary, however, to examine the notion of a "datum," and to obtain, if possible, a definition of this notion.

The notion of "data" is familiar throughout science, and is usually treated by men of science as though it were perfectly clear. Psychologists, on the other hand, find great difficulty in the conception. "Data" are naturally defined in terms of theory of knowledge: they are those propositions of which the truth is known without demonstration, so that they may be used as premisses in proving other propositions. Further, when a proposition which is a datum asserts the existence of something, we say that the something is a datum, as well as the proposition asserting its existence. Thus those objects of whose existence we become certain through perception are said to be data.

There is some difficulty in connecting this epistemological definition of "data" with our psychological analysis of knowledge; but until such a connection has been effected, we have no right to use the conception "data."

It is clear, in the first place, that there can be no datum apart from a belief. A sensation which merely comes and goes is not a datum; it only becomes a datum when it is remembered. Similarly, in perception, we do not have a datum unless we have a JUDGMENT of perception. In the sense in which objects (as opposed to propositions) are data, it would seem natural to say that those objects of which we are conscious are data. But consciousness, as we have seen, is a complex notion, involving beliefs, as well as mnemic phenomena such as are required for perception and memory. It follows that no datum is theoretically indubitable, since no belief is infallible; it follows also that every datum has a greater or less degree of vagueness, since there is always some vagueness in memory and the meaning of images.

Data are not those things of which our consciousness is earliest in time. At every period of life, after we have become capable of thought, some of our beliefs are obtained by inference, while others are not. A belief may pass from either of these classes into the other, and may therefore become, or cease to be, a belief giving a datum. When, in what follows, I speak of data, I do not mean the things of which we feel sure before scientific study begins, but the things which, when a science is well advanced, appear as affording grounds for other parts of the science, without themselves being believed on any ground except observation. I assume, that is to say, a trained observer, with an analytic attention, knowing the sort of thing to look for, and the sort of thing that will be important. What he observes is, at the stage of science which he has reached, a datum for his science. It is just as sophisticated and elaborate as the theories which he bases upon it, since only trained habits and much practice enable a man to make the kind of observation that will be scientifically illuminating. Nevertheless, when once it has been observed, belief in it is not based on inference and reasoning, but merely upon its having been seen. In this way its logical status differs from that of the theories which are proved by its means.

In any science other than psychology the datum is primarily a perception, in which only the sensational core is ultimately and theoretically a datum, though some such accretions as turn the sensation into a perception are practically unavoidable. But if we postulate an ideal observer, he will be able to isolate the sensation, and treat this alone as datum. There is, therefore, an important sense in which we may say that, if we analyse as much as we ought, our data, outside psychology, consist of sensations, which include within themselves certain spatial and temporal relations.

Applying this remark to physiology, we see that the nerves and brain as physical objects are not truly data; they are to be replaced, in the ideal structure of science, by the sensations through which the physiologist is said to perceive them. The passage from these sensations to nerves and brain as physical objects belongs really to the initial stage in the theory of physics, and ought to be placed in the reasoned part, not in the part supposed to be observed. To say we see the nerves is like saying we hear the nightingale; both are convenient but inaccurate expressions. We hear a sound which we believe to be causally connected with the nightingale, and we see a sight which we believe to be causally connected with a nerve. But in each case it is only the sensation that ought, in strictness, to be called a datum. Now, sensations are certainly among the data of psychology. Therefore all the data of the physical sciences are also psychological data. It remains to inquire whether all the data of psychology are also data of physical science, and especially of physiology.

If we have been right in our analysis of mind, the ultimate data of psychology are only sensations and images and their relations. Beliefs, desires, volitions, and so on, appeared to us to be complex phenomena consisting of sensations and images variously interrelated. Thus (apart from certain relations) the occurrences which seem most distinctively mental, and furthest removed from physics, are, like physical objects, constructed or inferred, not part of the original stock of data in the perfected science. From both ends, therefore, the difference between physical and psychological data is diminished. Is there ultimately no difference, or do images remain as irreducibly and exclusively psychological? In view of the causal definition of the difference between images and sensations, this brings us to a new question, namely: Are the causal laws of psychology different from those of any other science, or are they really physiological?

Certain ambiguities must be removed before this question can be adequately discussed.

First, there is the distinction between rough approximate laws and such as appear to be precise and general. I shall return to the former presently; it is the latter that I wish to discuss now.

Matter, as defined at the end of Lecture V, is a logical fiction, invented because it gives a convenient way of stating causal laws. Except in cases of perfect regularity in appearances (of which we can have no experience), the actual appearances of a piece of matter are not members of that ideal system of regular appearances which is defined as being the matter in question. But the matter is, after all, inferred from its appearances, which are used to VERIFY physical laws. Thus, in so far as physics is an empirical and verifiable science, it must assume or prove that the inference from appearances to matter is, in general, legitimate, and it must be able to tell us, more or less, what appearances to expect. It is through this question of verifiability and empirical applicability to experience that we are led to a theory of matter such as I advocate. From the consideration of this question it results that physics, in so far as it is an empirical science, not a logical phantasy, is concerned with particulars of just the same sort as those which psychology considers under the name of sensations. The causal laws of physics, so interpreted, differ from those of psychology only by the fact that they connect a particular with other appearances in the same piece of matter, rather than with other appearances in the same perspective. That is to say, they group together particulars having the same "active" place, while psychology groups together those having the same "passive" place. Some particulars, such as images, have no "active" place, and therefore belong exclusively to psychology.

We can now understand the distinction between physics and psychology. The nerves and brain are matter: our visual sensations when we look at them may be, and I think are, members of the system constituting irregular appearances of this matter, but are not the whole of the system. Psychology is concerned, inter alia, with our sensations when we see a piece of matter, as opposed to the matter which we see. Assuming, as we must, that our sensations have physical causes, their causal laws are nevertheless radically different from the laws of physics, since the consideration of a single sensation requires the breaking up of the group of which it is a member. When a sensation is used to verify physics, it is used merely as a sign of a certain material phenomenon, i.e. of a group of particulars of which it is a member. But when it is studied by psychology, it is taken away from that group and put into quite a different context, where it causes images or voluntary movements. It is primarily this different grouping that is characteristic of psychology as opposed to all the physical sciences, including physiology; a secondary difference is that images, which belong to psychology, are not easily to be included among the aspects which constitute a physical thing or piece of matter.

There remains, however, an important question, namely: Are mental events causally dependent upon physical events in a sense in which the converse dependence does not hold? Before we can discuss the answer to this question, we must first be clear as to what our question means.

When, given A, it is possible to infer B, but given B, it is not possible to infer A, we say that B is dependent upon A in a sense in which A is not dependent upon B. Stated in logical terms, this amounts to saying that, when we know a many-one relation of A to B, B is dependent upon A in respect of this relation. If the relation is a causal law, we say that B is causally dependent upon A. The illustration that chiefly concerns us is the system of appearances of a physical object. We can, broadly speaking, infer distant appearances from near ones, but not vice versa. All men look alike when they are a mile away, hence when we see a man a mile off we cannot tell what he will look like when he is only a yard away. But when we see him a yard away, we can tell what he will look like a mile away. Thus the nearer view gives us more valuable information, and the distant view is causally dependent upon it in a sense in which it is not causally dependent upon the distant view.

It is this greater causal potency of the near appearance that leads physics to state its causal laws in terms of that system of regular appearances to which the nearest appearances increasingly approximate, and that makes it value information derived from the microscope or telescope. It is clear that our sensations, considered as irregular appearances of physical objects, share the causal dependence belonging to comparatively distant appearances; therefore in our sensational life we are in causal dependence upon physical laws.

This, however, is not the most important or interesting part of our question. It is the causation of images that is the vital problem. We have seen that they are subject to mnenic causation, and that mnenic causation may be reducible to ordinary physical causation in nervous tissue. This is the question upon which our attitude must turn towards what may be called materialism. One sense of materialism is the view that all mental phenomena are causally dependent upon physical phenomena in the above-defined sense of causal dependence. Whether this is the case or not, I do not profess to know. The question seems to me the same as the

question whether mnemic causation is ultimate, which we considered without deciding in Lecture IV. But I think the bulk of the evidence points to the materialistic answer as the more probable.

In considering the causal laws of psychology, the distinction between rough generalizations and exact laws is important. There are many rough generalizations in psychology, not only of the sort by which we govern our ordinary behaviour to each other, but also of a more nearly scientific kind. Habit and association belong among such laws. I will give an illustration of the kind of law that can be obtained. Suppose a person has frequently experienced A and B in close temporal contiguity, an association will be established, so that A, or an image of A, tends to cause an image of B. The question arises: will the association work in either direction, or only from the one which has occurred earlier to the one which has occurred later? In an article by Mr. Wohlgemuth, called "The Direction of Associations" ("British Journal of Psychology," vol. v, part iv, March, 1913), it is claimed to be proved by experiment that, in so far as motor memory (i.e. memory of movements) is concerned, association works only from earlier to later, while in visual and auditory memory this is not the case, but the later of two neighbouring experiences may recall the earlier as well as the earlier the later. It is suggested that motor memory is physiological, while visual and auditory memory are more truly psychological. But that is not the point which concerns us in the illustration. The point which concerns us is that a law of association, established by purely psychological observation, is a purely psychological law, and may serve as a sample of what is possible in the way of discovering such laws. It is, however, still no more than a rough generalization, a statistical average. It cannot tell us what will result from a given cause on a given occasion. It is a law of tendency, not a precise and invariable law such as those of physics aim at being.

If we wish to pass from the law of habit, stated as a tendency or average, to something more precise and invariable, we seem driven to the nervous system. We can more or less guess how an occurrence produces a change in the brain, and how its repetition gradually produces something analogous to the channel of a river, along which currents flow more easily than in neighbouring paths. We can perceive that in this way, if we had more knowledge, the tendency to habit through repetition might be replaced by a precise account of the effect of each occurrence in bringing about a modification of the sort from which habit would ultimately result. It is such considerations that make students of psychophysiology materialistic in their methods, whatever they may be in their metaphysics. There are, of course, exceptions, such as Professor J. S. Haldane,* who maintains that it is theoretically impossible to obtain physiological explanations of psychical phenomena, or physical explanations of physiological phenomena. But I think the bulk of expert opinion, in practice, is on the other side.

*See his book, "The New Physiology and Other Addresses" (Charles Griffin & Co., 1919).

The question whether it is possible to obtain precise causal laws in which the causes are psychological, not material, is one of detailed investigation. I have done what I could to make clear the nature of the question, but I do not believe that it is possible as yet to answer it with any confidence. It seems to be by no means an insoluble question, and we may hope that science will be able to produce sufficient grounds for regarding one answer as much more probable than the other. But for the moment I do not see how we can come to a decision.

I think, however, on grounds of the theory of matter explained in Lectures V and VII, that an ultimate scientific account of what goes on in the world, if it were ascertainable, would resemble psychology rather than physics in what we found to be the decisive difference between them. I think, that is to say, that such an account would not be content to speak, even formally, as though matter, which is a logical fiction, were the ultimate reality. I think that, if our scientific knowledge were adequate to the task, which it neither is nor is likely to become, it would exhibit the laws of correlation of the particulars constituting a momentary condition of a material unit, and would state the causal laws* of the world in terms of these particulars, not in terms of matter. Causal laws so stated would, I believe, be applicable to psychology and physics equally; the science in which they were stated would succeed in achieving what metaphysics has vainly attempted, namely a unified account of what really happens, wholly true even if not the whole of truth, and free from all convenient fictions or unwarrantable assumptions of metaphysical entities. A causal law applicable to particulars would count as a law of physics if it could be stated in terms of those fictitious systems of regular appearances which are matter; if this were not the case, it would count as a law of psychology if one of the particulars were a sensation or an image, i.e. were subject to mnemic causation. I believe that the realization of the complexity of a material unit, and its analysis into constituents analogous to sensations, is of the utmost importance to philosophy, and vital for any understanding of the relations between mind and matter, between our perceptions and the world which they perceive. It is in this direction, I am convinced, that we must look for the solution of many ancient perplexities.

* In a perfected science, causal laws will take the form of differential equations--or of finite-difference equations, if the theory of quanta should prove correct.

It is probable that the whole science of mental occurrences, especially where its initial definitions are concerned, could be simplified by the development of the fundamental unifying science in which the causal laws of particulars are sought, rather than the causal laws of those systems of particulars that constitute the material units of physics. This fundamental science would cause physics to become derivative, in the sort of way in which theories of the constitution of the atom make chemistry derivative from physics; it would also cause psychology to appear less singular and isolated among sciences. If we are right in this, it is a wrong philosophy of matter which has caused many of the difficulties in the philosophy of mind--difficulties which a right philosophy of matter would cause to disappear.

The conclusions at which we have arrived may be summed up as follows:

I. Physics and psychology are not distinguished by their material. Mind and matter alike are logical constructions; the particulars out of which they are constructed, or from which they are inferred, have various relations, some of which are studied by physics, others by psychology. Broadly speaking, physics group particulars by their active places, psychology by their passive places.

II. The two most essential characteristics of the causal laws which would naturally be called psychological are SUBJECTIVITY and MNEMIC CAUSATION; these are not unconnected, since the causal unit in mnemic causation is the group of particulars having a given passive place at a given time, and it is by this manner of grouping that subjectivity is defined.

III. Habit, memory and thought are all developments of mnemic causation. It is probable, though not certain, that mnemic causation is derivative from ordinary physical causation in nervous (and other) tissue.

IV. Consciousness is a complex and far from universal characteristic of mental phenomena.

V. Mind is a matter of degree, chiefly exemplified in number and complexity of habits.

VI. All our data, both in physics and psychology, are subject to psychological causal laws; but physical causal laws, at least in traditional physics, can only be stated in terms of matter, which is both inferred and constructed, never a datum. In this respect psychology is nearer to what actually exists.

End of Project Gutenberg's The Analysis of Mind, by Bertrand Russell

==========

Untitled

Unknown

Project Gutenberg Release: February 01, 2003 · eBook #3800

Produced by Tom Sharpe. HTML version by Al Haines.

The Ethics

(Ethica Ordine Geometrico Demonstrata)

by

Benedict de Spinoza

Translated from the Latin by R. H. M. Elwes

PART I. CONCERNING GOD.

DEFINITIONS.

I. By that which is self--caused, I mean that of which the essence involves existence, or that of which the nature is only conceivable as existent.

II. A thing is called finite after its kind, when it can be limited by another thing of the same nature; for instance, a body is called finite because we always conceive another greater body. So, also, a thought is limited by another thought, but a body is not limited by thought, nor a thought by body.

III. By substance, I mean that which is in itself, and is conceived through itself: in other words, that of which a conception can be formed independently of any other conception.

IV. By attribute, I mean that which the intellect perceives as constituting the essence of substance.

V. By mode, I mean the modifications[1] of substance, or that which exists in, and is conceived through, something other than itself.

[1] "Affectiones"

VI. By God, I mean a being absolutely infinite--that is, a substance consisting in infinite attributes, of which each expresses eternal and infinite essentiality.

Explanation--I say absolutely infinite, not infinite after its kind: for, of a thing infinite only after its kind, infinite attributes may be denied; but that which is absolutely infinite, contains in its essence whatever expresses reality, and involves no negation.

VII. That thing is called free, which exists solely by the necessity of its own nature, and of which the action is determined by itself alone. On the other hand, that thing is necessary, or rather constrained, which is determined by something external to itself to a fixed and definite method of existence or action.

VIII. By eternity, I mean existence itself, in so far as it is conceived necessarily to follow solely from the definition of that which is eternal.

Explanation--Existence of this kind is conceived as an eternal truth, like the essence of a thing, and, therefore, cannot be explained by means of continuance or time, though continuance may be conceived without a beginning or end.

AXIOMS.

I. Everything which exists, exists either in itself or in something else.

II. That which cannot be conceived through anything else must be conceived through itself.

III. From a given definite cause an effect necessarily follows; and, on the other hand, if no definite cause be granted, it is impossible that an effect can follow.

IV. The knowledge of an effect depends on and involves the knowledge of a cause.

V. Things which have nothing in common cannot be understood, the one by means of the other; the conception of one does not involve the conception of the other.

VI. A true idea must correspond with its ideate or object.

VII. If a thing can be conceived as non--existing, its essence does not involve existence.

PROPOSITIONS.

PROP. I. Substance is by nature prior to its modifications.

Proof.--This is clear from Deff. iii. and v.

PROP. II. Two substances, whose attributes are different, have nothing in common.

Proof.--Also evident from Def. iii. For each must exist in itself, and be conceived through itself; in other words, the conception of one does not imply the conception of the other.

PROP. III. Things which have nothing in common cannot be one the cause of the other.

Proof.--If they have nothing in common, it follows that one cannot be apprehended by means of the other (Ax. v.), and, therefore, one cannot be the cause of the other (Ax. iv.). Q.E.D.

PROP. IV. Two or more distinct things are distinguished one from the other, either by the difference of the attributes of the substances, or by the difference of their modifications.

Proof.--Everything which exists, exists either in itself or in something else (Ax. i.),--that is (by Deff. iii. and v.), nothing is granted in addition to the understanding, except substance and its modifications. Nothing is, therefore, given besides the understanding, by which several things may be distinguished one from the other, except the substances, or, in other words (see Ax. iv.), their attributes and modifications. Q.E.D.

PROP. V. There cannot exist in the universe two or more substances having the same nature or attribute.

Proof.--If several distinct substances be granted, they must be distinguished one from the other, either by the difference of their attributes, or by the difference of their modifications (Prop. iv.). If only by the difference of their attributes, it will be granted that there cannot be more than one with an identical attribute. If by the difference of their modifications--as substance is naturally prior to its modifications (Prop. i.),--it follows that setting the modifications aside, and considering substance in itself, that is truly, (Deff. iii. and vi.), there cannot be conceived one substance different from another,--that is (by Prop. iv.), there cannot be granted several substances, but one substance only. Q.E.D.

PROP. VI. One substance cannot be produced by another substance.

Proof.--It is impossible that there should be in the universe two substances with an identical attribute, i.e. which have anything common to them both (Prop. ii.), and, therefore (Prop. iii.), one cannot be the cause of the other, neither can one be produced by the other. Q.E.D.

Corollary.--Hence it follows that a substance cannot be produced by anything external to itself. For in the universe nothing is granted, save substances and their modifications (as appears from Ax. i. and Deff. iii. and v.). Now (by the last Prop.) substance cannot be produced by another substance, therefore it cannot be produced by anything external to itself. Q.E.D. This is shown still more readily by the absurdity of the contradictory. For, if substance be produced by an external cause, the knowledge of it would depend on the knowledge of its cause (Ax. iv.), and (by Def. iii.) it would itself not be substance.

PROP. VII. Existence belongs to the nature of substances.

Proof.--Substance cannot be produced by anything external (Corollary, Prop vi.), it must, therefore, be its own cause--that is, its essence necessarily involves existence, or existence belongs to its nature.

PROP. VIII. Every substance is necessarily infinite.

Proof.--There can only be one substance with an identical attribute, and existence follows from its nature (Prop. vii.); its nature, therefore, involves existence, either as finite or infinite. It does not exist as finite, for (by Def. ii.) it would then be limited by something else of the same kind, which would also necessarily exist (Prop. vii.); and there would be two substances with an identical attribute, which is absurd (Prop. v.). It therefore exists as infinite. Q.E.D.

Note I.--As finite existence involves a partial negation, and infinite existence is the absolute affirmation of the given nature, it follows (solely from Prop. vii.) that every substance is necessarily infinite.

Note II.--No doubt it will be difficult for those who think about things loosely, and have not been accustomed to know them by their primary causes, to comprehend the demonstration of Prop. vii.: for such persons make no distinction between the modifications of substances and the substances themselves, and are ignorant of the manner in which things are produced; hence they may attribute to substances the beginning which they observe in natural objects. Those who are ignorant of true causes, make complete confusion--think that trees might talk just as well as men--that men might be formed from stones as well as from seed; and imagine that any form might be changed into any other. So, also, those who confuse the two natures, divine and human, readily attribute human passions to the deity, especially so long as they do not know how passions originate in the mind. But, if people would consider the nature of substance, they would have no doubt about the truth of Prop. vii. In fact, this proposition would be a universal axiom, and accounted a truism. For, by substance, would be understood that which is in itself, and is conceived through itself--that is, something of which the conception requires not the conception of anything else; whereas modifications exist in something external to themselves, and a conception of them is formed by means of a conception of the thing in which they exist. Therefore, we may have true ideas of non--existent modifications; for, although they may have no actual existence apart from the conceiving intellect, yet their essence is so involved in something external to themselves that they may through it be conceived. Whereas the only truth substances can have, external to the intellect, must consist in their existence, because they are conceived through themselves. Therefore, for a person to say that he has a clear and distinct--that is, a true--idea of a substance, but that he is not sure whether such substance exists, would be the same as if he said that he had a true idea, but was not sure whether or no it was false (a little consideration will make this plain); or if anyone affirmed that substance is created, it would be the same as saying that a false idea was true--in short, the height of absurdity. It must, then, necessarily be admitted that the existence of substance as its essence is an eternal truth. And we can hence conclude by another process of reasoning--that there is but one such substance. I think that this may profitably be done at once; and, in order to proceed regularly with the demonstration, we must premise:----

1. The true definition of a thing neither involves nor expresses anything beyond the nature of the thing defined. From this it follows that----

2. No definition implies or expresses a certain number of individuals, inasmuch as it expresses nothing beyond the nature of the thing defined. For instance, the definition of a triangle expresses nothing beyond the actual nature of a triangle: it does not imply any fixed number of triangles.

3. There is necessarily for each individual existent thing a cause why it should exist.

4. This cause of existence must either be contained in the nature and definition of the thing defined, or must be postulated apart from such definition.

It therefore follows that, if a given number of individual things exist in nature, there must be some cause for the existence of exactly that number, neither more nor less. For example, if twenty men exist in the universe (for simplicity's sake, I will suppose them existing simultaneously, and to have had no predecessors), and we want to account for the existence of these twenty men, it will not be enough to show the cause of human existence in general; we must also show why there are exactly twenty men, neither more nor less: for a cause must be assigned for the existence of each individual. Now this cause cannot be contained in the actual nature of man, for the true definition of man does not involve any consideration of the number twenty. Consequently, the cause for the existence of these twenty men, and, consequently, of each of them, must necessarily be sought externally to each individual. Hence we may lay down the absolute rule, that everything which may consist of several individuals must have an external cause. And, as it has been shown already that existence appertains to the nature of substance, existence must necessarily be included in

its definition; and from its definition alone existence must be deducible. But from its definition (as we have shown, notes ii., iii.), we cannot infer the existence of several substances; therefore it follows that there is only one substance of the same nature. Q.E.D.

PROP. IX. The more reality or being a thing has, the greater the number of its attributes (Def. iv.).

PROP. X. Each particular attribute of the one substance must be conceived through itself.

Proof.--An attribute is that which the intellect perceives of substance, as constituting its essence (Def. iv.), and, therefore, must be conceived through itself (Def. iii.). Q.E.D.

Note--It is thus evident that, though two attributes are, in fact, conceived as distinct--that is, one without the help of the other--yet we cannot, therefore, conclude that they constitute two entities, or two different substances. For it is the nature of substance that each of its attributes is conceived through itself, inasmuch as all the attributes it has have always existed simultaneously in it, and none could be produced by any other; but each expresses the reality or being of substance. It is, then, far from an absurdity to ascribe several attributes to one substance: for nothing in nature is more clear than that each and every entity must be conceived under some attribute, and that its reality or being is in proportion to the number of its attributes expressing necessity or eternity and infinity. Consequently it is abundantly clear, that an absolutely infinite being must necessarily be defined as consisting in infinite attributes, each of which expresses a certain eternal and infinite essence.

If anyone now ask, by what sign shall he be able to distinguish different substances, let him read the following propositions, which show that there is but one substance in the universe, and that it is absolutely infinite, wherefore such a sign would be sought in vain.

PROP. XI. God, or substance, consisting of infinite attributes, of which each expresses eternal and infinite essentiality, necessarily exists.

Proof.--If this be denied, conceive, if possible, that God does not exist: then his essence does not involve existence. But this (Prop. vii.) is absurd. Therefore God necessarily exists.

Another proof.--Of everything whatsoever a cause or reason must be assigned, either for its existence, or for its non--existence--e.g. if a triangle exist, a reason or cause must be granted for its existence; if, on the contrary, it does not exist, a cause must also be granted, which prevents it from existing, or annuls its existence. This reason or cause must either be contained in the nature of the thing in question, or be external to it. For instance, the reason for the non--existence of a square circle is indicated in its nature, namely, because it would involve a contradiction. On the other hand, the existence of substance follows also solely from its nature, inasmuch as its nature involves existence. (See Prop. vii.)

But the reason for the existence of a triangle or a circle does not follow from the nature of those figures, but from the order of universal nature in extension. From the latter it must follow, either that a triangle necessarily exists, or that it is impossible that it should exist. So much is self--evident. It follows therefrom that a thing necessarily exists, if no cause or reason be granted which prevents its existence.

If, then, no cause or reason can be given, which prevents the existence of God, or which destroys his existence, we must certainly conclude that he necessarily does exist. If such a reason or cause should be given, it must either be drawn from the very nature of God, or be external to him--that is, drawn from another substance of another nature. For if it were of the same nature, God, by that very fact, would be admitted to exist. But substance of another nature could have nothing in common with God (by Prop. ii.), and therefore would be unable either to cause or to destroy his existence.

As, then, a reason or cause which would annul the divine existence cannot be drawn from anything external to the divine nature, such cause must perforce, if God does not exist, be drawn from God's own nature, which would involve a contradiction. To make such an affirmation about a being absolutely infinite and supremely perfect is absurd; therefore, neither in the nature of God, nor externally to his nature, can a cause or reason be assigned which would annul his existence. Therefore, God necessarily exists. Q.E.D.

Another proof.--The potentiality of non--existence is a negation of power, and contrariwise the potentiality of existence is a power, as is obvious. If, then, that which necessarily exists is nothing but finite beings, such finite beings are more powerful than a being absolutely infinite, which is obviously absurd; therefore, either nothing exists, or else a being absolutely infinite necessarily exists also. Now we exist either in ourselves, or in something else which necessarily exists (see Axiom. i. and Prop. vii.). Therefore a

being absolutely infinite--in other words, God (Def. vi.)--necessarily exists. Q.E.D.

Note.--In this last proof, I have purposely shown God's existence à posteriori, so that the proof might be more easily followed, not because, from the same premises, God's existence does not follow à priori. For, as the potentiality of existence is a power, it follows that, in proportion as reality increases in the nature of a thing, so also will it increase its strength for existence. Therefore a being absolutely infinite, such as God, has from himself an absolutely infinite power of existence, and hence he does absolutely exist. Perhaps there will be many who will be unable to see the force of this proof, inasmuch as they are accustomed only to consider those things which flow from external causes. Of such things, they see that those which quickly come to pass--that is, quickly come into existence--quickly also disappear; whereas they regard as more difficult of accomplishment--that is, not so easily brought into existence--those things which they conceive as more complicated.

However, to do away with this misconception, I need not here show the measure of truth in the proverb, "What comes quickly, goes quickly," nor discuss whether, from the point of view of universal nature, all things are equally easy, or otherwise: I need only remark that I am not here speaking of things, which come to pass through causes external to themselves, but only of substances which (by Prop. vi.) cannot be produced by any external cause. Things which are produced by external causes, whether they consist of many parts or few, owe whatsoever perfection or reality they possess solely to the efficacy of their external cause; and therefore their existence arises solely from the perfection of their external cause, not from their own. Contrariwise, whatsoever perfection is possessed by substance is due to no external cause; wherefore the existence of substance must arise solely from its own nature, which is nothing else but its essence. Thus, the perfection of a thing does not annul its existence, but, on the contrary, asserts it. Imperfection, on the other hand, does annul it; therefore we cannot be more certain of the existence of anything, than of the existence of a being absolutely infinite or perfect--that is, of God. For inasmuch as his essence excludes all imperfection, and involves absolute perfection, all cause for doubt concerning his existence is done away, and the utmost certainty on the question is given. This, I think, will be evident to every moderately attentive reader.

PROP. XII. No attribute of substance can be conceived from which it would follow that substance can be divided.

Proof.--The parts into which substance as thus conceived would be divided either will retain the nature of substance, or they will not. If the former, then (by Prop. viii.) each part will necessarily be infinite, and (by Prop. vi.) self--caused, and (by Prop. v.) will perforce consist of a different attribute, so that, in that case, several substances could be formed out of one substance, which (by Prop. vi.) is absurd. Moreover, the parts (by Prop. ii.) would have nothing in common with their whole, and the whole (by Def. iv. and Prop. x.) could both exist and be conceived without its parts, which everyone will admit to be absurd. If we adopt the second alternative--namely, that the parts will not retain the nature of substance--then, if the whole substance were divided into equal parts, it would lose the nature of substance, and would cease to exist, which (by Prop. vii.) is absurd.

PROP. XIII. Substance absolutely infinite is indivisible.

Proof.--If it could be divided, the parts into which it was divided would either retain the nature of absolutely infinite substance, or they would not. If the former, we should have several substances of the same nature, which (by Prop. v.) is absurd. If the latter, then (by Prop. vii.) substance absolutely infinite could cease to exist, which (by Prop. xi.) is also absurd.

Corollary.--It follows, that no substance, and consequently no extended substance, in so far as it is substance, is divisible.

Note.--The indivisibility of substance may be more easily understood as follows. The nature of substance can only be conceived as infinite, and by a part of substance, nothing else can be understood than finite substance, which (by Prop. viii) involves a manifest contradiction.

PROP. XIV. Besides God no substance can be granted or conceived.

Proof.--As God is a being absolutely infinite, of whom no attribute that expresses the essence of substance can be denied (by Def. vi.), and he necessarily exists (by Prop. xi.); if any substance besides God were granted, it would have to be explained by some attribute of God, and thus two substances with the same attribute would exist, which (by Prop. v.) is absurd; therefore, besides God no substance can be granted, or, consequently, be conceived. If it could be conceived, it would necessarily have to be conceived as existent; but this (by the first part of this proof) is absurd. Therefore, besides God no substance can be granted or conceived. Q.E.D.

Corollary I.--Clearly, therefore: 1. God is one, that is (by Def. vi.) only one substance can be granted in the universe, and that substance is absolutely infinite, as we have already indicated (in the note to Prop. x.).

Corollary II.--It follows: 2. That extension and thought are either attributes of God or (by Ax. i.) accidents (affectiones) of the attributes of God.

PROP. XV. Whatsoever is, is in God, and without God nothing can be, or be conceived.

Proof.--Besides God, no substance is granted or can be conceived (by Prop. xiv.), that is (by Def. iii.) nothing which is in itself and is conceived through itself. But modes (by Def. v.) can neither be, nor be conceived without substance; wherefore they can only be in the divine nature, and can only through it be conceived. But substances and modes form the sum total of existence (by Ax. i.), therefore, without God nothing can be, or be conceived. Q.E.D.

Note.--Some assert that God, like a man, consists of body and mind, and is susceptible of passions. How far such persons have strayed from the truth is sufficiently evident from what has been said. But these I pass over. For all who have in anywise reflected on the divine nature deny that God has a body. Of this they find excellent proof in the fact that we understand by body a definite quantity, so long, so broad, so deep, bounded by a certain shape, and it is the height of absurdity to predicate such a thing of God, a being absolutely infinite. But meanwhile by other reasons with which they try to prove their point, they show that they think corporeal or extended substance wholly apart from the divine nature, and say it was created by God. Wherefrom the divine nature can have been created, they are wholly ignorant; thus they clearly show, that they do not know the meaning of their own words. I myself have proved sufficiently clearly, at any rate in my own judgment (Coroll. Prop. vi, and note 2, Prop. viii.), that no substance can be produced or created by anything other than itself. Further, I showed (in Prop. xiv.), that besides God no substance can be granted or conceived. Hence we drew the conclusion that extended substance is one of the infinite attributes of God. However, in order to explain more fully, I will refute the arguments of my adversaries, which all start from the following points:----

Extended substance, in so far as it is substance, consists, as they think, in parts, wherefore they deny that it can be infinite, or consequently, that it can appertain to God. This they illustrate with many examples, of which I will take one or two. If extended substance, they say, is infinite, let it be conceived to be divided into two parts; each part will then be either finite or infinite. If the former, then infinite substance is composed of two finite parts, which is absurd. If the latter, then one infinite will be twice as large as another infinite, which is also absurd.

Further, if an infinite line be measured out in foot lengths, it will consist of an infinite number of such parts; it would equally consist of an infinite number of parts, if each part measured only an inch: therefore, one infinity would be twelve times as great as the other.

Lastly, if from a single point there be conceived to be drawn two diverging lines which at first are at a definite distance apart, but are produced to infinity, it is certain that the distance between the two lines will be continually increased, until at length it changes from definite to indefinable. As these absurdities follow, it is said, from considering quantity as infinite, the conclusion is drawn, that extended substance must necessarily be finite, and, consequently, cannot appertain to the nature of God.

The second argument is also drawn from God's supreme perfection. God, it is said, inasmuch as he is a supremely perfect being, cannot be passive; but extended substance, insofar as it is divisible, is passive. It follows, therefore, that extended substance does not appertain to the essence of God.

Such are the arguments I find on the subject in writers, who by them try to prove that extended substance is unworthy of the divine nature, and cannot possibly appertain thereto. However, I think an attentive reader will see that I have already answered their propositions; for all their arguments are founded on the hypothesis that extended substance is composed of parts, and such a hypothesis I have shown (Prop. xii., and Coroll. Prop. xiii.) to be absurd. Moreover, anyone who reflects will see that all these absurdities (if absurdities they be, which I am not now discussing), from which it is sought to extract the conclusion that extended substance is finite, do not at all follow from the notion of an infinite quantity, but merely from the notion that an infinite quantity is measurable, and composed of finite parts therefore, the only fair conclusion to be drawn is that: infinite quantity is not measurable, and cannot be composed of finite parts. This is exactly what we have already proved (in Prop. xii.). Wherefore the weapon which they aimed at us has in reality recoiled upon themselves. If, from this absurdity of theirs, they persist in drawing the conclusion that extended substance must be finite, they will in good sooth be acting like a man who asserts that circles have the properties of squares, and, finding himself thereby landed in absurdities, proceeds to deny that circles have any center, from which all lines drawn to the circumference are equal. For, taking extended substance, which can only be conceived as infinite, one, and indivisible

(Props. viii., v., xii.) they assert, in order to prove that it is finite, that it is composed of finite parts, and that it can be multiplied and divided.

So, also, others, after asserting that a line is composed of points, can produce many arguments to prove that a line cannot be infinitely divided. Assuredly it is not less absurd to assert that extended substance is made up of bodies or parts, than it would be to assert that a solid is made up of surfaces, a surface of lines, and a line of points. This must be admitted by all who know clear reason to be infallible, and most of all by those who deny the possibility of a vacuum. For if extended substance could be so divided that its parts were really separate, why should not one part admit of being destroyed, the others remaining joined together as before? And why should all be so fitted into one another as to leave no vacuum? Surely in the case of things, which are really distinct one from the other, one can exist without the other, and can remain in its original condition. As, then, there does not exist a vacuum in nature (of which anon), but all parts are bound to come together to prevent it, it follows from this that the parts cannot really be distinguished, and that extended substance in so far as it is substance cannot be divided.

If anyone asks me the further question, Why are we naturally so prone to divide quantity? I answer, that quantity is conceived by us in two ways; in the abstract and superficially, as we imagine it; or as substance, as we conceive it solely by the intellect. If, then, we regard quantity as it is represented in our imagination, which we often and more easily do, we shall find that it is finite, divisible, and compounded of parts; but if we regard it as it is represented in our intellect, and conceive it as substance, which it is very difficult to do, we shall then, as I have sufficiently proved, find that it is infinite, one, and indivisible. This will be plain enough to all who make a distinction between the intellect and the imagination, especially if it be remembered, that matter is everywhere the same, that its parts are not distinguishable, except in so far as we conceive matter as diversely modified, whence its parts are distinguished, not really, but modally. For instance, water, in so far as it is water, we conceive to be divided, and its parts to be separated one from the other; but not in so far as it is extended substance; from this point of view it is neither separated nor divisible. Further, water, in so far as it is water, is produced and corrupted; but, in so far as it is substance, it is neither produced nor corrupted.

I think I have now answered the second argument; it is, in fact, founded on the same assumption as the first--namely, that matter, in so far as it is substance, is divisible, and composed of parts. Even if it were so, I do not know why it should be considered unworthy of the divine nature, inasmuch as besides God (by Prop. xiv.) no substance can be granted, wherefrom it could receive its modifications. All things, I repeat, are in God, and all things which come to pass, come to pass solely through the laws of the infinite nature of God, and follow (as I will shortly show) from the necessity of his essence. Wherefore it can in nowise be said, that God is passive in respect to anything other than himself, or that extended substance is unworthy of the Divine nature, even if it be supposed divisible, so long as it is granted to be infinite and eternal. But enough of this for the present.

PROP. XVI. From the necessity of the divine nature must follow an infinite number of things in infinite ways--that is, all things which can fall within the sphere of infinite intellect.

Proof.--This proposition will be clear to everyone, who remembers that from the given definition of any thing the intellect infers several properties, which really necessarily follow therefrom (that is, from the actual essence of the thing defined); and it infers more properties in proportion as the definition of the thing expresses more reality, that is, in proportion as the essence of the thing defined involves more reality. Now, as the divine nature has absolutely infinite attributes (by Def. vi.), of which each expresses infinite essence after its kind, it follows that from the necessity of its nature an infinite number of things (that is, everything which can fall within the sphere of an infinite intellect) must necessarily follow. Q.E.D.

Corollary I.--Hence it follows, that God is the efficient cause of all that can fall within the sphere of an infinite intellect.

Corollary II.--It also follows that God is a cause in himself, and not through an accident of his nature.

Corollary III.--It follows, thirdly, that God is the absolutely first cause.

PROP. XVII. God acts solely by the laws of his own nature, and is not constrained by anyone.

Proof.--We have just shown (in Prop. xvi.), that solely from the necessity of the divine nature, or, what is the same thing, solely from the laws of his nature, an infinite number of things absolutely follow in an infinite number of ways; and we proved (in Prop. xv.), that without God nothing can be nor be conceived but that all things are in God. Wherefore nothing can exist; outside himself, whereby he can be conditioned or constrained to act. Wherefore God acts solely by the laws of his own nature, and is not constrained by anyone. Q.E.D.

Corollary I.--It follows: 1. That there can be no cause which, either extrinsically or intrinsically, besides the perfection of his own nature, moves God to act.

Corollary II.--It follows: 2. That God is the sole free cause. For God alone exists by the sole necessity of his nature (by Prop. xi. and Prop. xiv., Coroll. i.), and acts by the sole necessity of his own nature, wherefore God is (by Def. vii.) the sole free cause. Q.E.D.

Note.--Others think that God is a free cause, because he can, as they think, bring it about, that those things which we have said follow from his nature--that is, which are in his power, should not come to pass, or should not be produced by him. But this is the same as if they said, that God could bring it about, that it should follow from the nature of a triangle that its three interior angles should not be equal to two right angles; or that from a given cause no effect should follow, which is absurd.

Moreover, I will show below, without the aid of this proposition, that neither intellect nor will appertain to God's nature. I know that there are many who think that they can show, that supreme intellect and free will do appertain to God's nature; for they say they know of nothing more perfect, which they can attribute to God, than that which is the highest perfection in ourselves. Further, although they conceive God as actually supremely intelligent, they yet do not believe that he can bring into existence everything which he actually understands, for they think that they would thus destroy God's power. If, they contend, God had created everything which is in his intellect, he would not be able to create anything more, and this, they think, would clash with God's omnipotence; therefore, they prefer to asset that God is indifferent to all things, and that he creates nothing except that which he has decided, by some absolute exercise of will, to create. However, I think I have shown sufficiently clearly (by Prop. xvi.), that from God's supreme power, or infinite nature, an infinite number of things--that is, all things have necessarily flowed forth in an infinite number of ways, or always flow from the same necessity; in the same way as from the nature of a triangle it follows from eternity and for eternity, that its three interior angles are equal to two right angles. Wherefore the omnipotence of God has been displayed from all eternity, and will for all eternity remain in the same state of activity. This manner of treating the question attributes to God an omnipotence, in my opinion, far more perfect. For, otherwise, we are compelled to confess that God understands an infinite number of creatable things, which he will never be able to create, for, if he created all that he understands, he would, according to this showing, exhaust his omnipotence, and render himself imperfect. Wherefore, in order to establish that God is perfect, we should be reduced to establishing at the same time, that he cannot bring to pass everything over which his power extends; this seems to be a hypothesis most absurd, and most repugnant to God's omnipotence.

Further (to say a word here concerning the intellect and the will which we attribute to God), if intellect and will appertain to the eternal essence of God, we must take these words in some significance quite different from those they usually bear. For intellect and will, which should constitute the essence of God, would perforce be as far apart as the poles from the human intellect and will, in fact, would have nothing in common with them but the name; there would be about as much correspondence between the two as there is between the Dog, the heavenly constellation, and a dog, an animal that barks. This I will prove as follows. If intellect belongs to the divine nature, it cannot be in nature, as ours is generally thought to be, posterior to, or simultaneous with the things understood, inasmuch as God is prior to all things by reason of his causality (Prop. xvi., Coroll. i.). On the contrary, the truth and formal essence of things is as it is, because it exists by representation as such in the intellect of God. Wherefore the intellect of God, in so far as it is conceived to constitute God's essence, is, in reality, the cause of things, both of their essence and of their existence. This seems to have been recognized by those who have asserted, that God's intellect, God's will, and God's power, are one and the same. As, therefore, God's intellect is the sole cause of things, namely, both of their essence and existence, it must necessarily differ from them in respect to its essence, and in respect to its existence. For a cause differs from a thing it causes, precisely in the quality which the latter gains from the former.

For example, a man is the cause of another man's existence, but not of his essence (for the latter is an eternal truth), and, therefore, the two men may be entirely similar in essence, but must be different in existence; and hence if the existence of one of them cease, the existence of the other will not necessarily cease also; but if the essence of one could be destroyed, and be made false, the essence of the other would be destroyed also. Wherefore, a thing which is the cause both of the essence and of the existence of a given effect, must differ from such effect both in respect to its essence, and also in respect to its existence. Now the intellect of God is the cause both of the essence and the existence of our intellect; therefore, the intellect of God in so far as it is conceived to constitute the divine essence, differs from our intellect both in respect to essence and in respect to existence, nor can it in anywise agree therewith save in name, as we said before. The reasoning would be identical in the case of the will, as anyone can easily see.

PROP. XVIII. God is the indwelling and not the transient cause of all things.

Proof.--All things which are, are in God, and must be conceived through God (by Prop. xv.), therefore (by Prop. xvi., Coroll. i.) God is the cause of those things which are in him. This is our first point. Further, besides God there can be no substance (by Prop. xiv.), that is nothing in itself external to God. This is our second point. God, therefore, is the indwelling and not the transient cause of all things. Q.E.D.

PROP. XIX. God, and all the attributes of God, are eternal.

Proof.--God (by Def. vi.) is substance, which (by Prop. xi.) necessarily exists, that is (by Prop. vii.) existence appertains to its nature, or (what is the same thing) follows from its definition; therefore, God is eternal (by Def. viii.). Further, by the attributes of God we must understand that which (by Def. iv.) expresses the essence of the divine substance--in other words, that which appertains to substance: that, I say, should be involved in the attributes of substance. Now eternity appertains to the nature of substance (as I have already shown in Prop. vii.); therefore, eternity must appertain to each of the attributes, and thus all are eternal. Q.E.D.

Note.--This proposition is also evident from the manner in which (in Prop. xi.) I demonstrated the existence of God; it is evident, I repeat, from that proof, that the existence of God, like his essence, is an eternal truth. Further (in Prop. xix. of my "Principles of the Cartesian Philosophy"), I have proved the eternity of God, in another manner, which I need not here repeat.

PROP. XX. The existence of God and his essence are one and the same.

Proof.--God (by the last Prop.) and all his attributes are eternal, that is (by Def. viii.) each of his attributes expresses existence. Therefore the same attributes of God which explain his eternal essence, explain at the same time his eternal existence--in other words, that which constitutes God's essence constitutes at the same time his existence. Wherefore God's existence and God's essence are one and the same. Q.E.D.

Coroll. I.--Hence it follows that God's existence, like his essence, is an eternal truth.

Coroll. II--Secondly, it follows that God, and all the attributes of God, are unchangeable. For if they could be changed in respect to existence, they must also be able to be changed in respect to essence--that is, obviously, be changed from true to false, which is absurd.

PROP. XXI. All things which follow from the absolute nature of any attribute of God must always exist and be infinite, or, in other words, are eternal and infinite through the said attribute.

Proof.--Conceive, if it be possible (supposing the proposition to be denied), that something in some attribute of God can follow from the absolute nature of the said attribute, and that at the same time it is finite, and has a conditioned existence or duration; for instance, the idea of God expressed in the attribute thought. Now thought, in so far as it is supposed to be an attribute of God, is necessarily (by Prop. xi.) in its nature infinite. But, in so far as it possesses the idea of God, it is supposed finite. It cannot, however, be conceived as finite, unless it be limited by thought (by Def. ii.); but it is not limited by thought itself, in so far as it has constituted the idea of God (for so far it is supposed to be finite); therefore, it is limited by thought, in so far as it has not constituted the idea of God, which nevertheless (by Prop. xi.) must necessarily exist.

We have now granted, therefore, thought not constituting the idea of God, and, accordingly, the idea of God does not naturally follow from its nature in so far as it is absolute thought (for it is conceived as constituting, and also as not constituting, the idea of God), which is against our hypothesis. Wherefore, if the idea of God expressed in the attribute thought, or, indeed, anything else in any attribute of God (for we may take any example, as the proof is of universal application) follows from the necessity of the absolute nature of the said attribute, the said thing must necessarily be infinite, which was our first point.

Furthermore, a thing which thus follows from the necessity of the nature of any attribute cannot have a limited duration. For if it can, suppose a thing, which follows from the necessity of the nature of some attribute, to exist in some attribute of God, for instance, the idea of God expressed in the attribute thought, and let it be supposed at some time not to have existed, or to be about not to exist.

Now thought being an attribute of God, must necessarily exist unchanged (by Prop. xi., and Prop. xx., Coroll. ii.); and beyond the limits of the duration of the idea of God (supposing the latter at some time not to have existed, or not to be going to exist) thought would perforce have existed without the idea of God, which is contrary to our hypothesis, for we supposed that, thought being given, the idea of God necessarily flowed therefrom. Therefore the idea of God expressed in thought, or anything which necessarily follows from the absolute nature of some attribute of God, cannot have a limited duration, but through the said attribute is eternal,

which is our second point. Bear in mind that the same proposition may be affirmed of anything, which in any attribute necessarily follows from God's absolute nature.

PROP. XXII. Whatsoever follows from any attribute of God, in so far as it is modified by a modification, which exists necessarily and as infinite, through the said attribute, must also exist necessarily and as infinite.

Proof.--The proof of this proposition is similar to that of the preceding one.

PROP. XXIII. Every mode, which exists both necessarily and as infinite, must necessarily follow either from the absolute nature of some attribute of God, or from an attribute modified by a modification which exists necessarily, and as infinite.

Proof.--A mode exists in something else, through which it must be conceived (Def. v.), that is (Prop. xv.), it exists solely in God, and solely through God can be conceived. If therefore a mode is conceived as necessarily existing and infinite, it must necessarily be inferred or perceived through some attribute of God, in so far as such attribute is conceived as expressing the infinity and necessity of existence, in other words (Def. viii.) eternity; that is, in so far as it is considered absolutely. A mode, therefore, which necessarily exists as infinite, must follow from the absolute nature of some attribute of God, either immediately (Prop. xxi.) or through the means of some modification, which follows from the absolute nature of the said attribute; that is (by Prop. xxii.), which exists necessarily and as infinite.

PROP. XXIV. The essence of things produced by God does not involve existence.

Proof.--This proposition is evident from Def. i. For that of which the nature (considered in itself) involves existence is self--caused, and exists by the sole necessity of its own nature.

Corollary.--Hence it follows that God is not only the cause of things coming into existence, but also of their continuing in existence, that is, in scholastic phraseology, God is cause of the being of things (essendi rerum). For whether things exist, or do not exist, whenever we contemplate their essence, we see that it involves neither existence nor duration; consequently, it cannot be the cause of either the one or the other. God must be the sole cause, inasmuch as to him alone does existence appertain. (Prop. xiv. Coroll. i.) Q.E.D.

PROP. XXV. God is the efficient cause not only of the existence of things, but also of their essence.

Proof.--If this be denied, then God is not the cause of the essence of things; and therefore the essence of things can (by Ax. iv.) be conceived without God. This (by Prop. xv.) is absurd. Therefore, God is the cause of the essence of things. Q.E.D.

Note.--This proposition follows more clearly from Prop. xvi. For it is evident thereby that, given the divine nature, the essence of things must be inferred from it, no less than their existence--in a word, God must be called the cause of all things, in the same sense as he is called the cause of himself. This will be made still clearer by the following corollary.

Corollary.--Individual things are nothing but modifications of the attributes of God, or modes by which the attributes of God are expressed in a fixed and definite manner. The proof appears from Prop. xv. and Def. v.

PROP. XXVI. A thing which is conditioned to act in a particular manner, has necessarily been thus conditioned by God; and that which has not been conditioned by God cannot condition itself to act.

Proof.--That by which things are said to be conditioned to act in a particular manner is necessarily something positive (this is obvious); therefore both of its essence and of its existence God by the necessity of his nature is the efficient cause (Props. xxv. and xvi.); this is our first point. Our second point is plainly to be inferred therefrom. For if a thing, which has not been conditioned by God, could condition itself, the first part of our proof would be false, and this, as we have shown is absurd.

PROP. XXVII. A thing, which has been conditioned by God to act in a particular way, cannot render itself unconditioned.

Proof.--This proposition is evident from the third axiom.

PROP. XXVIII. Every individual thing, or everything which is finite and has a conditioned existence, cannot exist or be conditioned to act, unless it be conditioned for existence and action by a cause other than itself, which also is finite, and has a conditioned existence; and likewise this cause cannot in its turn exist, or be conditioned to act, unless it be conditioned for existence and action by another cause, which also is finite, and has a conditioned existence, and so on to infinity.

Proof.--Whatsoever is conditioned to exist and act, has been thus conditioned by God (by Prop. xxvi. and Prop. xxiv., Coroll.).

But that which is finite, and has a conditioned existence, cannot be produced by the absolute nature of any attribute of God; for whatsoever follows from the absolute nature of any attribute of God is infinite and eternal (by Prop. xxi.). It must, therefore, follow from some attribute of God, in so far as the said attribute is considered as in some way modified; for substance and modes make up the sum total of existence (by Ax. i. and Def. iii., v.), while modes are merely modifications of the attributes of God. But from God, or from any of his attributes, in so far as the latter is modified by a modification infinite and eternal, a conditioned thing cannot follow. Wherefore it must follow from, or be conditioned for, existence and action by God or one of his attributes, in so far as the latter are modified by some modification which is finite, and has a conditioned existence. This is our first point. Again, this cause or this modification (for the reason by which we established the first part of this proof) must in its turn be conditioned by another cause, which also is finite, and has a conditioned existence, and, again, this last by another (for the same reason); and so on (for the same reason) to infinity. Q.E.D.

Note.--As certain things must be produced immediately by God, namely those things which necessarily follow from his absolute nature, through the means of these primary attributes, which, nevertheless, can neither exist nor be conceived without God, it follows:--1. That God is absolutely the proximate cause of those things immediately produced by him. I say absolutely, not after his kind, as is usually stated. For the effects of God cannot either exist or be conceived without a cause (Prop. xv. and Prop. xxiv. Coroll.). 2. That God cannot properly be styled the remote cause of individual things, except for the sake of distinguishing these from what he immediately produces, or rather from what follows from his absolute nature. For, by a remote cause, we understand a cause which is in no way conjoined to the effect. But all things which are, are in God, and so depend on God, that without him they can neither be nor be conceived.

PROP. XXIX. Nothing in the universe is contingent, but all things are conditioned to exist and operate in a particular manner by the necessity of the divine nature.

Proof.--Whatsoever is, is in God (Prop. xv.). But God cannot be called a thing contingent. For (by Prop. xi.) he exists necessarily, and not contingently. Further, the modes of the divine nature follow therefrom necessarily, and not contingently (Prop. xvi.); and they thus follow, whether we consider the divine nature absolutely, or whether we consider it as in any way conditioned to act (Prop. xxvii.). Further, God is not only the cause of these modes, in so far as they simply exist (by Prop. xxiv, Coroll.), but also in so far as they are considered as conditioned for operating in a particular manner (Prop. xxvi.). If they be not conditioned by God (Prop. xxvi.), it is impossible, and not contingent, that they should condition themselves; contrariwise, if they be conditioned by God, it is impossible, and not contingent, that they should render themselves unconditioned. Wherefore all things are conditioned by the necessity of the divine nature, not only to exist, but also to exist and operate in a particular manner, and there is nothing that is contingent. Q.E.D.

Note.--Before going any further, I wish here to explain, what we should understand by nature viewed as active (natura naturans), and nature viewed as passive (natura naturata). I say to explain, or rather call attention to it, for I think that, from what has been said, it is sufficiently clear, that by nature viewed as active we should understand that which is in itself, and is conceived through itself, or those attributes of substance, which express eternal and infinite essence, in other words (Prop. xiv., Coroll. i., and Prop. xvii., Coroll. ii) God, in so far as he is considered as a free cause.

By nature viewed as passive I understand all that which follows from the necessity of the nature of God, or of any of the attributes of God, that is, all the modes of the attributes of God, in so far as they are considered as things which are in God, and which without God cannot exist or be conceived.

PROP. XXX. Intellect, in function (actu) finite, or in function infinite, must comprehend the attributes of God and the modifications of God, and nothing else.

Proof.--A true idea must agree with its object (Ax. vi.); in other words (obviously), that which is contained in the intellect in representation must necessarily be granted in nature. But in nature (by Prop. xiv., Coroll. i.) there is no substance save God, nor any modifications save those (Prop. xv.) which are in God, and cannot without God either be or be conceived. Therefore the intellect, in function finite, or in function infinite, must comprehend the attributes of God and the modifications of God, and nothing else. Q.E.D.

PROP. XXXI. The intellect in function, whether finite or infinite, as will, desire, love, &c., should be referred to passive nature and not to active nature.

Proof.--By the intellect we do not (obviously) mean absolute thought, but only a certain mode of thinking, differing from other modes, such as love, desire, &c., and therefore (Def. v.) requiring to be conceived through absolute thought. It must (by Prop. xv. and Def. vi.), through some attribute of God which expresses the eternal and infinite essence of thought, be so conceived, that without such attribute it could neither be nor be conceived. It must therefore be referred to nature passive rather than to nature active, as must also the other modes of thinking. Q.E.D.

Note.--I do not here, by speaking of intellect in function, admit that there is such a thing as intellect in potentiality: but, wishing to avoid all confusion, I desire to speak only of what is most clearly perceived by us, namely, of the very act of understanding, than which nothing is more clearly perceived. For we cannot perceive anything without adding to our knowledge of the act of understanding.

PROP. XXXII. Will cannot be called a free cause, but only a necessary cause.

Proof.--Will is only a particular mode of thinking, like intellect; therefore (by Prop. xxviii.) no volition can exist, nor be conditioned to act, unless it be conditioned by some cause other than itself, which cause is conditioned by a third cause, and so on to infinity. But if will be supposed infinite, it must also be conditioned to exist and act by God, not by virtue of his being substance absolutely infinite, but by virtue of his possessing an attribute which expresses the infinite and eternal essence of thought (by Prop. xxiii.). Thus, however it be conceived, whether as finite or infinite, it requires a cause by which it should be conditioned to exist and act. Thus (Def. vii.) it cannot be called a free cause, but only a necessary or constrained cause. Q.E.D.

Coroll. I.--Hence it follows, first, that God does not act according to freedom of the will.

Coroll. II.--It follows, secondly, that will and intellect stand in the same relation to the nature of God as do motion, and rest, and absolutely all natural phenomena, which must be conditioned by God (Prop. xxix.) to exist and act in a particular manner. For will, like the rest, stands in need of a cause, by which it is conditioned to exist and act in a particular manner. And although, when will or intellect be granted, an infinite number of results may follow, yet God cannot on that account be said to act from freedom of the will, any more than the infinite number of results from motion and rest would justify us in saying that motion and rest act by free will. Wherefore will no more appertains to God than does anything else in nature, but stands in the same relation to him as motion, rest, and the like, which we have shown to follow from the necessity of the divine nature, and to be conditioned by it to exist and act in a particular manner.

PROP. XXXIII. Things could not have been brought into being by God in any manner or in any order different from that which has in fact obtained.

Proof--All things necessarily follow from the nature of God (Prop. xvi.), and by the nature of God are conditioned to exist and act in a particular way (Prop. xxix.). If things, therefore, could have been of a different nature, or have been conditioned to act in a different way, so that the order of nature would have been different, God's nature would also have been able to be different from what it now is; and therefore (by Prop. xi.) that different nature also would have perforce existed, and consequently there would have been able to be two or more Gods. This (by Prop. xiv., Coroll. i.) is absurd. Therefore things could not have been brought into being by God in any other manner, &c. Q.E.D.

Note I.--As I have thus shown, more clearly than the sun at noonday, that there is nothing to justify us in calling things contingent, I wish to explain briefly what meaning we shall attach to the word contingent; but I will first explain the words necessary and impossible.

A thing is called necessary either in respect to its essence or in respect to its cause; for the existence of a thing necessarily follows, either from its essence and definition, or from a given efficient cause. For similar reasons a thing is said to be impossible; namely, inasmuch as its essence or definition involves a contradiction, or because no external cause is granted, which is conditioned to produce such an effect; but a thing can in no respect be called contingent, save in relation to the imperfection of our knowledge.

A thing of which we do not know whether the essence does or does not involve a contradiction, or of which, knowing that it does not involve a contradiction, we are still in doubt concerning the existence, because the order of causes escapes us,--such a thing, I say, cannot appear to us either necessary or impossible. Wherefore we call it contingent or possible.

Note II.--It clearly follows from what we have said, that things have been brought into being by God in the highest perfection, inasmuch as they have necessarily followed from a most perfect nature. Nor does this prove any imperfection in God, for it has compelled us to affirm his perfection. From its contrary proposition, we should clearly gather (as I have just shown), that God is not supremely perfect, for if things had been brought into being in any other way, we should have to assign to God a nature different from that, which we are bound to attribute to him from the consideration of an absolutely perfect being.

I do not doubt, that many will scout this idea as absurd, and will refuse to give their minds up to contemplating it, simply because they are accustomed to assign to God a freedom very different from that which we (Def. vii.) have deduced. They assign to him, in short, absolute free will. However, I am also convinced that if such persons reflect on the matter, and duly weigh in their minds our series of propositions, they will reject such freedom as they now attribute to God, not only as nugatory, but also as a great impediment to organized knowledge. There is no need for me to repeat what I have said in the note to Prop. xvii. But, for the sake of my opponents, I will show further, that although it be granted that will pertains to the essence of God, it nevertheless follows from his perfection, that things could not have been by him created other than they are, or in a different order; this is easily proved, if we reflect on what our opponents themselves concede, namely, that it depends solely on the decree and will of God, that each thing is what it is. If it were otherwise, God would not be the cause of all things. Further, that all the decrees of God have been ratified from all eternity by God himself. If it were otherwise, God would be convicted of imperfection or change. But in eternity there is no such thing as when, before, or after; hence it follows solely from the perfection of God, that God never can decree, or never could have decreed anything but what is; that God did not exist before his decrees, and would not exist without them. But, it is said, supposing that God had made a different universe, or had ordained other decrees from all eternity concerning nature and her order, we could not therefore conclude any imperfection in God. But persons who say this must admit that God can change his decrees. For if God had ordained any decrees concerning nature and her order, different from those which he has ordained--in other words, if he had willed and conceived something different concerning nature--he would perforce have had a different intellect from that which he has, and also a different will. But if it were allowable to assign to God a different intellect and a different will, without any change in his essence or his perfection, what would there be to prevent him changing the decrees which he has made concerning created things, and nevertheless remaining perfect? For his intellect and will concerning things created and their order are the same, in respect to his essence and perfection, however they be conceived.

Further, all the philosophers whom I have read admit that God's intellect is entirely actual, and not at all potential; as they also admit that God's intellect, and God's will, and God's essence are identical, it follows that, if God had had a different actual intellect and a different will, his essence would also have been different; and thus, as I concluded at first, if things had been brought into being by God in a different way from that which has obtained, God's intellect and will, that is (as is admitted) his essence would perforce have been different, which is absurd.

As these things could not have been brought into being by God in any but the actual way and order which has obtained; and as the truth of this proposition follows from the supreme perfection of God; we can have no sound reason for persuading ourselves to believe that God did not wish to create all the things which were in his intellect, and to create them in the same perfection as he had understood them.

But, it will be said, there is in things no perfection nor imperfection; that which is in them, and which causes them to be called perfect or imperfect, good or bad, depends solely on the will of God. If God had so willed, he might have brought it about that what is now perfection should be extreme imperfection, and vice versâ. What is such an assertion, but an open declaration that God, who necessarily understands that which he wishes, might bring it about by his will, that he should understand things differently from the way in which he does understand them? This (as we have just shown) is the height of absurdity. Wherefore, I may turn the argument against its employers, as follows:--All things depend on the power of God. In order that things should be different from what they are, God's will would necessarily have to be different. But God's will cannot be different (as we have just most clearly demonstrated) from God's perfection. Therefore neither can things be different. I confess, that the theory which subjects all things to the will of an indifferent deity, and asserts that they are all dependent on his fiat, is less far from the truth than the theory of those, who maintain that God acts in all things with a view of promoting what is good. For these latter persons seem to set up something beyond God, which does not depend on God, but which God in acting looks to as an exemplar, or which he aims at as a definite goal. This is only another name for subjecting God to the dominion of destiny, an utter absurdity in respect to God, whom we have shown to be the first and only free cause of the essence of all things and also of their existence. I need, therefore, spend no time in refuting such wild theories.

PROP. XXXIV. God's power is identical with his essence.

Proof.--From the sole necessity of the essence of God it follows that God is the cause of himself (Prop. xi.) and of all things (Prop. xvi. and Coroll.). Wherefore the power of God, by which he and all things are and act, is identical with his essence. Q.E.D.

PROP. XXXV. Whatsoever we conceive to be in the power of God, necessarily exists.

Proof.--Whatsoever is in God's power, must (by the last Prop.) be comprehended in his essence in such a manner, that it necessarily follows therefrom, and therefore necessarily exists. Q.E.D.

PROP. XXXVI. There is no cause from whose nature some effect does not follow.

Proof.--Whatsoever exists expresses God's nature or essence in a given conditioned manner (by Prop. xxv., Coroll.); that is, (by Prop. xxxiv.), whatsoever exists, expresses in a given conditioned manner God's power, which is the cause of all things, therefore an effect must (by Prop. xvi.) necessarily follow. Q.E.D.

APPENDIX:

In the foregoing I have explained the nature and properties of God. I have shown that he necessarily exists, that he is one: that he is, and acts solely by the necessity of his own nature; that he is the free cause of all things, and how he is so; that all things are in God, and so depend on him, that without him they could neither exist nor be conceived; lastly, that all things are predetermined by God, not through his free will or absolute fiat, but from the very nature of God or infinite power. I have further, where occasion afforded, taken care to remove the prejudices, which might impede the comprehension of my demonstrations. Yet there still remain misconceptions not a few, which might and may prove very grave hindrances to the understanding of the concatenation of things, as I have explained it above. I have therefore thought it worth while to bring these misconceptions before the bar of reason.

All such opinions spring from the notion commonly entertained, that all things in nature act as men themselves act, namely, with an end in view. It is accepted as certain, that God himself directs all things to a definite goal (for it is said that God made all things for man, and man that he might worship him). I will, therefore, consider this opinion, asking first, why it obtains general credence, and why all men are naturally so prone to adopt it? secondly, I will point out its falsity; and, lastly, I will show how it has given rise to prejudices about good and bad, right and wrong, praise and blame, order and confusion, beauty and ugliness, and the like. However, this is not the place to deduce these misconceptions from the nature of the human mind: it will be sufficient here, if I assume as a starting point, what ought to be universally admitted, namely, that all men are born ignorant of the causes of things, that all have the desire to seek for what is useful to them, and that they are conscious of such desire. Herefrom it follows, first, that men think themselves free inasmuch as they are conscious of their volitions and desires, and never even dream, in their ignorance, of the causes which have disposed them so to wish and desire. Secondly, that men do all things for an end, namely, for that which is useful to them, and which they seek. Thus it comes to pass that they only look for a knowledge of the final causes of events, and when these are learned, they are content, as having no cause for further doubt. If they cannot learn such causes from external sources, they are compelled to turn to considering themselves, and reflecting what end would have induced them personally to bring about the given event, and thus they necessarily judge other natures by their own. Further, as they find in themselves and outside themselves many means which assist them not a little in the search for what is useful, for instance, eyes for seeing, teeth for chewing, herbs and animals for yielding food, the sun for giving light, the sea for breeding fish, &c., they come to look on the whole of nature as a means for obtaining such conveniences. Now as they are aware, that they found these conveniences and did not make them, they think they have cause for believing, that some other being has made them for their use. As they look upon things as means, they cannot believe them to be self--created; but, judging from the means which they are accustomed to prepare for themselves, they are bound to believe in some ruler or rulers of the universe endowed with human freedom, who have arranged and adapted everything for human use. They are bound to estimate the nature of such rulers (having no information on the subject) in accordance with their own nature, and therefore they assert that the gods ordained everything for the use of man, in order to bind man to themselves and obtain from him the highest honor. Hence also it follows, that everyone thought out for himself, according to his abilities, a different way of worshipping God, so that God might love him more than his fellows, and direct the whole course of nature for the satisfaction of his blind cupidity and insatiable avarice. Thus the prejudice developed into superstition, and took deep root in the human mind; and for this reason everyone strove most zealously to understand and explain the final causes of things; but in their endeavor to show that nature does nothing in vain, i.e. nothing which is useless to man, they only seem to have demonstrated that nature, the gods, and men are all mad together. Consider, I pray you, the result: among the many helps of nature they were bound to find some hindrances, such as storms, earthquakes, diseases, &c.: so they declared that such things happen, because the gods are angry at some wrong done to them by men, or at some fault committed in their worship. Experience

day by day protested and showed by infinite examples, that good and evil fortunes fall to the lot of pious and impious alike; still they would not abandon their inveterate prejudice, for it was more easy for them to class such contradictions among other unknown things of whose use they were ignorant, and thus to retain their actual and innate condition of ignorance, than to destroy the whole fabric of their reasoning and start afresh. They therefore laid down as an axiom, that God's judgments far transcend human understanding. Such a doctrine might well have sufficed to conceal the truth from the human race for all eternity, if mathematics had not furnished another standard of verity in considering solely the essence and properties of figures without regard to their final causes. There are other reasons (which I need not mention here) besides mathematics, which might have caused men's minds to be directed to these general prejudices, and have led them to the knowledge of the truth.

I have now sufficiently explained my first point. There is no need to show at length, that nature has no particular goal in view, and that final causes are mere human figments. This, I think, is already evident enough, both from the causes and foundations on which I have shown such prejudice to be based, and also from Prop. xvi., and the Corollary of Prop. xxxii., and, in fact, all those propositions in which I have shown, that everything in nature proceeds from a sort of necessity, and with the utmost perfection. However, I will add a few remarks, in order to overthrow this doctrine of a final cause utterly. That which is really a cause it considers as an effect, and vice versâ: it makes that which is by nature first to be last, and that which is highest and most perfect to be most imperfect. Passing over the questions of cause and priority as self--evident, it is plain from Props. xxi., xxii., xxiii. that the effect is most perfect which is produced immediately by God; the effect which requires for its production several intermediate causes is, in that respect, more imperfect. But if those things which were made immediately by God were made to enable him to attain his end, then the things which come after, for the sake of which the first were made, are necessarily the most excellent of all.

Further, this doctrine does away with the perfection of God: for, if God acts for an object, he necessarily desires something which he lacks. Certainly, theologians and metaphysicians draw a distinction between the object of want and the object of assimilation; still they confess that God made all things for the sake of himself, not for the sake of creation. They are unable to point to anything prior to creation, except God himself, as an object for which God should act, and are therefore driven to admit (as they clearly must), that God lacked those things for whose attainment he created means, and further that he desired them.

We must not omit to notice that the followers of this doctrine, anxious to display their talent in assigning final causes, have imported a new method of argument in proof of their theory--namely, a reduction, not to the impossible, but to ignorance; thus showing that they have no other method of exhibiting their doctrine. For example, if a stone falls from a roof on to someone's head, and kills him, they will demonstrate by their new method, that the stone fell in order to kill the man; for, if it had not by God's will fallen with that object, how could so many circumstances (and there are often many concurrent circumstances) have all happened together by chance? Perhaps you will answer that the event is due to the facts that the wind was blowing, and the man was walking that way. "But why," they will insist, "was the wind blowing, and why was the man at that very time walking that way?" If you again answer, that the wind had then sprung up because the sea had begun to be agitated the day before, the weather being previously calm, and that the man had been invited by a friend, they will again insist: "But why was the sea agitated, and why was the man invited at that time?" So they will pursue their questions from cause to cause, till at last you take refuge in the will of God--in other words, the sanctuary of ignorance. So, again, when they survey the frame of the human body, they are amazed; and being ignorant of the causes of so great a work of art, conclude that it has been fashioned, not mechanically, but by divine and supernatural skill, and has been so put together that one part shall not hurt another.

Hence anyone who seeks for the true causes of miracles, and strives to understand natural phenomena as an intelligent being, and not to gaze at them like a fool, is set down and denounced as an impious heretic by those, whom the masses adore as the interpreters of nature and the gods. Such persons know that, with the removal of ignorance, the wonder which forms their only available means for proving and preserving their authority would vanish also. But I now quit this subject, and pass on to my third point.

After men persuaded themselves, that everything which is created is created for their sake, they were bound to consider as the chief quality in everything that which is most useful to themselves, and to account those things the best of all which have the most beneficial effect on mankind. Further, they were bound to form abstract notions for the explanation of the nature of things, such as goodness, badness, order, confusion, warmth, cold, beauty, deformity, and so on; and from the belief that they are free agents arose the further notions of praise and blame, sin and merit.

I will speak of these latter hereafter, when I treat of human nature; the former I will briefly explain here.

Everything which conduces to health and the worship of God they have called good, everything which hinders these objects they have styled bad; and inasmuch as those who do not understand the nature of things do not verify phenomena in any way, but merely imagine them after a fashion, and mistake their imagination for understanding, such persons firmly believe that there is an order in things, being really ignorant both of things and their own nature. When phenomena are of such a kind, that the impression they make on our senses requires little effort of imagination, and can consequently be easily remembered, we say that they are well--ordered; if the contrary, that they are ill--ordered or confused. Further, as things which are easily imagined are more pleasing to us, men prefer order to confusion--as though there were any order in nature, except in relation to our imagination--and say that God has created all things in order; thus, without knowing it, attributing imagination to God, unless, indeed, they would have it that God foresaw human imagination, and arranged everything, so that it should be most easily imagined. If this be their theory, they would not, perhaps, be daunted by the fact that we find an infinite number of phenomena, far surpassing our imagination, and very many others which confound its weakness. But enough has been said on this subject. The other abstract notions are nothing but modes of imagining, in which the imagination is differently affected: though they are considered by the ignorant as the chief attributes of things, inasmuch as they believe that everything was created for the sake of themselves; and, according as they are affected by it, style it good or bad, healthy or rotten and corrupt. For instance, if the motion which objects we see communicate to our nerves be conducive to health, the objects causing it are styled beautiful; if a contrary motion be excited, they are styled ugly.

Things which are perceived through our sense of smell are styled fragrant or fetid; if through our taste, sweet or bitter, full--flavored or insipid; if through our touch, hard or soft, rough or smooth, &c.

Whatsoever affects our ears is said to give rise to noise, sound, or harmony. In this last case, there are men lunatic enough to believe, that even God himself takes pleasure in harmony; and philosophers are not lacking who have persuaded themselves, that the motion of the heavenly bodies gives rise to harmony--all of which instances sufficiently show that everyone judges of things according to the state of his brain, or rather mistakes for things the forms of his imagination. We need no longer wonder that there have arisen all the controversies we have witnessed, and finally skepticism: for, although human bodies in many respects agree, yet in very many others they differ; so that what seems good to one seems bad to another; what seems well ordered to one seems confused to another; what is pleasing to one displeases another, and so on. I need not further enumerate, because this is not the place to treat the subject at length, and also because the fact is sufficiently well known. It is commonly said: "So many men, so many minds; everyone is wise in his own way; brains differ as completely as palates." All of which proverbs show, that men judge of things according to their mental disposition, and rather imagine than understand: for, if they understood phenomena, they would, as mathematicians attest, be convinced, if not attracted, by what I have urged.

We have now perceived, that all the explanations commonly given of nature are mere modes of imagining, and do not indicate the true nature of anything, but only the constitution of the imagination; and, although they have names, as though they were entities, existing externally to the imagination, I call them entities imaginary rather than real; and, therefore, all arguments against us drawn from such abstractions are easily rebutted.

Many argue in this way. If all things follow from a necessity of the absolutely perfect nature of God, why are there so many imperfections in nature? such, for instance, as things corrupt to the point of putridity, loathsome deformity, confusion, evil, sin, &c. But these reasoners are, as I have said, easily confuted, for the perfection of things is to be reckoned only from their own nature and power; things are not more or less perfect, according as they delight or offend human senses, or according as they are serviceable or repugnant to mankind. To those who ask why God did not so create all men, that they should be governed only by reason, I give no answer but this: because matter was not lacking to him for the creation of every degree of perfection from highest to lowest; or, more strictly, because the laws of his nature are so vast, as to suffice for the production of everything conceivable by an infinite intelligence, as I have shown in Prop. xvi.

Such are the misconceptions I have undertaken to note; if there are any more of the same sort, everyone may easily dissipate them for himself with the aid of a little reflection.

Part II.

ON THE NATURE AND ORIGIN OF THE MIND

PREFACE

I now pass on to explaining the results, which must necessarily follow from the essence of God, or of the eternal and infinite being; not, indeed, all of them (for we proved in Part i., Prop. xvi., that an infinite number must follow in an infinite number of ways), but only those which are able to lead us, as it were by the hand, to the knowledge of the human mind and its highest blessedness.

DEFINITIONS

DEFINITION I. By body I mean a mode which expresses in a certain determinate manner the essence of God, in so far as he is considered as an extended thing. (See Pt. i., Prop. xxv., Coroll.)

DEFINITION II. I consider as belonging to the essence of a thing that, which being given, the thing is necessarily given also, and, which being removed, the thing is necessarily removed also; in other words, that without which the thing, and which itself without the thing, can neither be nor be conceived.

DEFINITION III. By idea, I mean the mental conception which is formed by the mind as a thinking thing.

Explanation.--I say conception rather than perception, because the word perception seems to imply that the mind is passive in respect to the object; whereas conception seems to express an activity of the mind.

DEFINITION IV. By an adequate idea, I mean an idea which, in so far as it is considered in itself, without relation to the object, has all the properties or intrinsic marks of a true idea.

Explanation.--I say intrinsic, in order to exclude that mark which is extrinsic, namely, the agreement between the idea and its object (ideatum).

DEFINITION V. Duration is the indefinite continuance of existing.

Explanation.--I say indefinite, because it cannot be determined through the existence itself of the existing thing, or by its efficient cause, which necessarily gives the existence of the thing, but does not take it away.

DEFINITION VI. Reality and perfection I use as synonymous terms.

DEFINITION VII. By particular things, I mean things which are finite and have a conditioned existence; but if several individual things concur in one action, so as to be all simultaneously the effect of one cause, I consider them all, so far, as one particular thing.

AXIOMS

I. The essence of man does not involve necessary existence, that is, it may, in the order of nature, come to pass that this or that man does or does not exist.

II. Man thinks.

III. Modes of thinking, such as love, desire, or any other of the passions, do not take place, unless there be in the same individual an idea of the thing loved, desired, &c. But the idea can exist without the presence of any other mode of thinking.

IV. We perceive that a certain body is affected in many ways.

V. We feel and perceive no particular things, save bodies and modes of thought.

N.B. The Postulates are given after the conclusion of Prop. xiii.

PROPOSITIONS

PROP. I. Thought is an attribute of God, or God is a thinking thing.

Proof.--Particular thoughts, or this and that thought, are modes which, in a certain conditioned manner, express the nature of God (Pt. i., Prop. xxv., Coroll.). God therefore possesses the attribute (Pt. i., Def. v.) of which the concept is involved in all particular thoughts, which latter are conceived thereby. Thought, therefore, is one of the infinite attributes of God, which express God's eternal and infinite essence (Pt. i., Def. vi.). In other words, God is a thinking thing. Q.E.D.

Note.--This proposition is also evident from the fact, that we are able to conceive an infinite thinking being. For, in proportion as a thinking being is conceived as thinking more thoughts, so is it conceived as containing more reality or perfection. Therefore a being, which can think an infinite number of things in an infinite number of ways, is, necessarily, in respect of thinking, infinite. As, therefore, from the consideration of thought alone, we conceive an infinite being, thought is necessarily (Pt. i., Deff. iv. and vi.) one of the infinite attributes of God, as we were desirous of showing.

PROP. II. Extension is an attribute of God, or God is an extended thing.

Proof.--The proof of this proposition is similar to that of the last.

PROP. III. In God there is necessarily the idea not only of his essence, but also of all things which necessarily follow from his essence.

Proof.--God (by the first Prop. of this Part) can think an infinite number of things in infinite ways, or (what is the same thing, by Prop. xvi., Part i.) can form the idea of his essence, and of all things which necessarily follow therefrom. Now all that is in the power of God necessarily is (Pt. i., Prop. xxxv.). Therefore, such an idea as we are considering necessarily is, and in God alone. Q.E.D. (Part i., Prop. xv.)

Note.--The multitude understand by the power of God the free will of God, and the right over all things that exist, which latter are accordingly generally considered as contingent. For it is said that God has the power to destroy all things, and to reduce them to nothing. Further, the power of God is very often likened to the power of kings. But this doctrine we have refuted (Pt. i., Prop. xxxii., Corolls. i. and ii.), and we have shown (Part i., Prop. xvi.) that God acts by the same necessity, as that by which he understands himself; in other words, as it follows from the necessity of the divine nature (as all admit), that God understands himself, so also does it follow by the same necessity, that God performs infinite acts in infinite ways. We further showed (Part i., Prop. xxxiv.), that God's power is identical with God's essence in action; therefore it is as impossible for us to conceive God as not acting, as to conceive him as non--existent. If we might pursue the subject further, I could point out, that the power which is commonly attributed to God is not only human (as showing that God is conceived by the multitude as a man, or in the likeness of a man), but involves a negation of power. However, I am unwilling to go over the same ground so often. I would only beg the reader again and again, to turn over frequently in his mind what I have said in Part I from Prop. xvi. to the end. No one will be able to follow my meaning, unless he is scrupulously careful not to confound the power of God with the human power and right of kings.

PROP. IV. The idea of God, from which an infinite number of things follow in infinite ways, can only be one.

Proof.--Infinite intellect comprehends nothing save the attributes of God and his modifications (Part i., Prop. xxx.). Now God is one (Part i., Prop. xiv., Coroll.). Therefore the idea of God, wherefrom an infinite number of things follow in infinite ways, can only be one. Q.E.D.

PROP. V. The actual being of ideas owns God as its cause, only in so far as he is considered as a thinking thing, not in so far as he is unfolded in any other attribute; that is, the ideas both of the attributes of God and of particular things do not own as their efficient cause their objects (ideata) or the things perceived, but God himself in so far as he is a thinking thing.

Proof.--This proposition is evident from Prop. iii. of this Part. We there drew the conclusion, that God can form the idea of his essence, and of all things which follow necessarily therefrom, solely because he is a thinking thing, and not because he is the object of his own idea. Wherefore the actual being of ideas owns for cause God, in so far as he is a thinking thing. It may be differently proved as follows: the actual being of ideas is (obviously) a mode of thought, that is (Part i., Prop. xxv., Coroll.) a mode which expresses in a certain manner the nature of God, in so far as he is a thinking thing, and therefore (Part i., Prop. x.) involves the conception of no other attribute of God, and consequently (by Part i., Ax. iv.) is not the effect of any attribute save thought. Therefore the actual being of ideas owns God as its cause, in so far as he is considered as a thinking thing, &c. Q.E.D.

PROP. VI. The modes of any given attribute are caused by God, in so far as he is considered through the attribute of which they are modes, and not in so far as he is considered through any other attribute.

Proof.--Each attribute is conceived through itself, without any other (Part i., Prop. x.); wherefore the modes of each attribute involve the conception of that attribute, but not of any other. Thus (Part i., Ax. iv.) they are caused by God, only in so far as he is considered through the attribute whose modes they are, and not in so far as he is considered through any other. Q.E.D.

Corollary.--Hence the actual being of things, which are not modes of thought, does not follow from the divine nature, because that nature has prior knowledge of the things. Things represented in ideas follow, and are derived from their particular attribute, in the same manner, and with the same necessity as ideas follow (according to what we have shown) from the attribute of thought.

PROP. VII. The order and connection of ideas is the same as the order and connection of things.

Proof.--This proposition is evident from Part i., Ax. iv. For the idea of everything that is caused depends on a knowledge of the cause, whereof it is an effect.

Corollary.--Hence God's power of thinking is equal to his realized power of action--that is, whatsoever follows from the infinite nature of God in the world of extension (formaliter), follows without exception in the same order and connection from the idea of God in the world of thought (objective).

Note.--Before going any further, I wish to recall to mind what has been pointed out above--namely, that whatsoever can be perceived by the infinite intellect as constituting the essence of substance, belongs altogether only to one substance: consequently, substance thinking and substance extended are one and the same substance, comprehended now through one attribute, now through the other. So, also, a mode of extension and the idea of that mode are one and the same thing, though expressed in two ways. This truth seems to have been dimly recognized by those Jews who maintained that God, God's intellect, and the things understood by God are identical. For instance, a circle existing in nature, and the idea of a circle existing, which is also in God, are one and the same thing displayed through different attributes. Thus, whether we conceive nature under the attribute of extension, or under the attribute of thought, or under any other attribute, we shall find the same order, or one and the same chain of causes--that is, the same things following in either case.

I said that God is the cause of an idea--for instance, of the idea of a circle,--in so far as he is a thinking thing; and of a circle, in so far as he is an extended thing, simply because the actual being of the idea of a circle can only be perceived as a proximate cause through another mode of thinking, and that again through another, and so on to infinity; so that, so long as we consider things as modes of thinking, we must explain the order of the whole of nature, or the whole chain of causes, through the attribute of thought only. And, in so far as we consider things as modes of extension, we must explain the order of the whole of nature through the attributes of extension only; and so on, in the case of the other attributes. Wherefore of things as they are in themselves God is really the cause, inasmuch as he consists of infinite attributes. I cannot for the present explain my meaning more clearly.

PROP. VIII. The ideas of particular things, or of modes, that do not exist, must be comprehended in the infinite idea of God, in the same way as the formal essences of particular things or modes are contained in the attributes of God.

Proof.--This proposition is evident from the last; it is understood more clearly from the preceding note.

Corollary.--Hence, so long as particular things do not exist, except in so far as they are comprehended in the attributes of God, their representations in thought or ideas do not exist, except in so far as the infinite idea of God exists; and when particular things are said to exist, not only in so far as they are involved in the attributes of God, but also in so far as they are said to continue, their ideas will also involve existence, through which they are said to continue.

Note.--If anyone desires an example to throw more light on this question, I shall, I fear, not be able to give him any, which adequately explains the thing of which I here speak, inasmuch as it is unique; however, I will endeavour to illustrate it as far as possible. The nature of a circle is such that if any number of straight lines intersect within it, the rectangles formed by their segments will be equal to one another; thus, infinite equal rectangles are contained in a circle. Yet none of these rectangles can be said to exist, except in so far as the circle exists; nor can the idea of any of these rectangles be said to exist, except in so far as they are comprehended in the idea of the circle. Let us grant that, from this infinite number of rectangles, two only exist. The ideas of these two not only exist, in so far as they are contained in the idea of the circle, but also as they involve the existence of those rectangles; wherefore they are distinguished from the remaining ideas of the remaining rectangles.

PROP. IX. The idea of an individual thing actually existing is caused by God, not in so far as he is infinite, but in so far as he is considered as affected by another idea of a thing actually existing, of which he is the cause, in so far as he is affected by a third idea, and so on to infinity.

Proof.--The idea of an individual thing actually existing is an individual mode of thinking, and is distinct from other modes (by the Corollary and note to Prop. viii. of this part); thus (by Prop. vi. of this part) it is caused by God, in so far only as he is a thinking

thing. But not (by Prop. xxviii. of Part i.) in so far as he is a thing thinking absolutely, only in so far as he is considered as affected by another mode of thinking; and he is the cause of this latter, as being affected by a third, and so on to infinity. Now, the order and connection of ideas is (by Prop. vii. of this book) the same as the order and connection of causes. Therefore of a given individual idea another individual idea, or God, in so far as he is considered as modified by that idea, is the cause; and of this second idea God is the cause, in so far as he is affected by another idea, and so on to infinity. Q.E.D.

Corollary.--Whatsoever takes place in the individual object of any idea, the knowledge thereof is in God, in so far only as he has the idea of the object.

Proof.--Whatsoever takes place in the object of any idea, its idea is in God (by Prop. iii. of this part), not in so far as he is infinite, but in so far as he is considered as affected by another idea of an individual thing (by the last Prop.); but (by Prop. vii. of this part) the order and connection of ideas is the same as the order and connection of things. The knowledge, therefore, of that which takes place in any individual object will be in God, in so far only as he has the idea of that object. Q.E.D.

PROP. X. The being of substance does not appertain to the essence of man--in other words, substance does not constitute the actual being[2] of man.

[2] "Forma"

Proof.--The being of substance involves necessary existence (Part i., Prop. vii.). If, therefore, the being of substance appertains to the essence of man, substance being granted, man would necessarily be granted also (II. Def. ii.), and, consequently, man would necessarily exist, which is absurd (II. Ax. i.). Therefore, &c. Q.E.D.

Note.--This proposition may also be proved from I.v., in which it is shown that there cannot be two substances of the same nature; for as there may be many men, the being of substance is not that which constitutes the actual being of man. Again, the proposition is evident from the other properties of substance--namely, that substance is in its nature infinite, immutable, indivisible, &c., as anyone may see for himself.

Corollary.--Hence it follows, that the essence of man is constituted by certain modifications of the attributes of God. For (by the last Prop.) the being of substance does not belong to the essence of man. That essence therefore (by i. 15) is something which is in God, and which without God can neither be nor be conceived, whether it be a modification (i. 25. Coroll.), or a mode which expresses God's nature in a certain conditioned manner.

Note.--Everyone must surely admit, that nothing can be or be conceived without God. All men agree that God is the one and only cause of all things, both of their essence and of their existence; that is, God is not only the cause of things in respect to their being made (secundum fieri), but also in respect to their being (secundum esse).

At the same time many assert, that that, without which a thing cannot be nor be conceived, belongs to the essence of that thing; wherefore they believe that either the nature of God appertains to the essence of created things, or else that created things can be or be conceived without God; or else, as is more probably the case, they hold inconsistent doctrines. I think the cause for such confusion is mainly, that they do not keep to the proper order of philosophic thinking. The nature of God, which should be reflected on first, inasmuch as it is prior both in the order of knowledge and the order of nature, they have taken to be last in the order of knowledge, and have put into the first place what they call the objects of sensation; hence, while they are considering natural phenomena, they give no attention at all to the divine nature, and, when afterwards they apply their mind to the study of the divine nature, they are quite unable to bear in mind the first hypotheses, with which they have overlaid the knowledge of natural phenomena, inasmuch as such hypotheses are no help towards understanding the divine nature. So that it is hardly to be wondered at, that these persons contradict themselves freely.

However, I pass over this point. My intention here was only to give a reason for not saying, that that, without which a thing cannot be or be conceived, belongs to the essence of that thing: individual things cannot be or be conceived without God, yet God does not appertain to their essence. I said that "I considered as belonging to the essence of a thing that, which being given, the thing is necessarily given also, and which being removed, the thing is necessarily removed also; or that without which the thing, and which itself without the thing can neither be nor be conceived." (II. Def. ii.)

PROP. XI. The first element, which constitutes the actual being of the human mind, is the idea of some particular thing actually existing.

Proof.--The essence of man (by the Coroll. of the last Prop.) is constituted by certain modes of the attributes of God, namely (by II. Ax. ii.), by the modes of thinking, of all which (by II. Ax. iii.) the idea is prior in nature, and, when the idea is given, the other modes (namely, those of which the idea is prior in nature) must be in the same individual (by the same Axiom). Therefore an idea is the first element constituting the human mind. But not the idea of a non--existent thing, for then (II. viii. Coroll.) the idea itself cannot be said to exist; it must therefore be the idea of something actually existing. But not of an infinite thing. For an infinite thing (I. xxi., xxii.), must always necessarily exist; this would (by II. Ax. i.) involve an absurdity. Therefore the first element, which constitutes the actual being of the human mind, is the idea of something actually existing. Q.E.D.

Corollary.--Hence it follows, that the human mind is part of the infinite intellect of God; thus when we say, that the human mind perceives this or that, we make the assertion, that God has this or that idea, not in so far as he is infinite, but in so far as he is displayed through the nature of the human mind, or in so far as he constitutes the essence of the human mind; and when we say that God has this or that idea, not only in so far as he constitutes the essence of the human mind, but also in so far as he, simultaneously with the human mind, has the further idea of another thing, we assert that the human mind perceives a thing in part or inadequately.

Note.--Here, I doubt not, readers will come to a stand, and will call to mind many things which will cause them to hesitate; I therefore beg them to accompany me slowly, step by step, and not to pronounce on my statements, till they have read to the end.

PROP. XII. Whatsoever comes to pass in the object of the idea, which constitutes the human mind, must be perceived by the human mind, or there will necessarily be an idea in the human mind of the said occurrence. That is, if the object of the idea constituting the human mind be a body, nothing can take place in that body without being perceived by the mind.

Proof.--Whatsoever comes to pass in the object of any idea, the knowledge thereof is necessarily in God (II. ix. Coroll.), in so far as he is considered as affected by the idea of the said object, that is (II. xi.), in so far as he constitutes the mind of anything. Therefore, whatsoever takes place in the object constituting the idea of the human mind, the knowledge thereof is necessarily in God, in so far as he constitutes the essence of the human mind; that is (by II. xi. Coroll.) the knowledge of the said thing will necessarily be in the mind, in other words the mind perceives it.

Note.--This proposition is also evident, and is more clearly to be understood from II. vii., which see.

PROP. XIII. The object of the idea constituting the human mind is the body, in other words a certain mode of extension which actually exists, and nothing else.

Proof.--If indeed the body were not the object of the human mind, the ideas of the modifications of the body would not be in God (II. ix. Coroll.) in virtue of his constituting our mind, but in virtue of his constituting the mind of something else; that is (II. xi. Coroll.) the ideas of the modifications of the body would not be in our mind: now (by II. Ax. iv.) we do possess the idea of the modifications of the body. Therefore the object of the idea constituting the human mind is the body, and the body as it actually exists (II. xi.). Further, if there were any other object of the idea constituting the mind besides body, then, as nothing can exist from which some effect does not follow (I. xxxvi.) there would necessarily have to be in our mind an idea, which would be the effect of that other object (II. xi.); but (I. Ax. v.) there is no such idea. Wherefore the object of our mind is the body as it exists, and nothing else. Q.E.D.

Note.--We thus comprehend, not only that the human mind is united to the body, but also the nature of the union between mind and body. However, no one will be able to grasp this adequately or distinctly, unless he first has adequate knowledge of the nature of our body. The propositions we have advanced hitherto have been entirely general, applying not more to men than to other individual things, all of which, though in different degrees, are animated.[3] For of everything there is necessarily an idea in God, of which God is the cause, in the same way as there is an idea of the human body; thus whatever we have asserted of the idea of the human body must necessarily also be asserted of the idea of everything else. Still, on the other hand, we cannot deny that ideas, like objects, differ one from the other, one being more excellent than another and containing more reality, just as the object of one idea is more excellent than the object of another idea, and contains more reality.

[3] "Animata"

Wherefore, in order to determine, wherein the human mind differs from other things, and wherein it surpasses them, it is necessary for us to know the nature of its object, that is, of the human body. What this nature is, I am not able here to explain, nor is it necessary for the proof of what I advance, that I should do so. I will only say generally, that in proportion as any given body is more fitted than others for doing many actions or receiving many impressions at once, so also is the mind, of which it is the object, more

fitted than others for forming many simultaneous perceptions; and the more the actions of the body depend on itself alone, and the fewer other bodies concur with it in action, the more fitted is the mind of which it is the object for distinct comprehension. We may thus recognize the superiority of one mind over others, and may further see the cause, why we have only a very confused knowledge of our body, and also many kindred questions, which I will, in the following propositions, deduce from what has been advanced. Wherefore I have thought it worth while to explain and prove more strictly my present statements. In order to do so, I must premise a few propositions concerning the nature of bodies.

AXIOM I. All bodies are either in motion or at rest.

AXIOM II. Every body is moved sometimes more slowly, sometimes more quickly.

LEMMA I. Bodies are distinguished from one another in respect of motion and rest, quickness and slowness, and not in respect of substance.

Proof.--The first part of this proposition is, I take it, self--evident. That bodies are not distinguished in respect of substance, is plain both from I. v. and I. viii. It is brought out still more clearly from I. xv, note.

LEMMA II. All bodies agree in certain respects.

Proof.--All bodies agree in the fact, that they involve the conception of one and the same attribute (II., Def. i.). Further, in the fact that they may be moved less or more quickly, and may be absolutely in motion or at rest.

LEMMA III. A body in motion or at rest must be determined to motion or rest by another body, which other body has been determined to motion or rest by a third body, and that third again by a fourth, and so on to infinity.

Proof.--Bodies are individual things (II., Def. i.), which (Lemma I.) are distinguished one from the other in respect to motion and rest; thus (I. xxviii.) each must necessarily be determined to motion or rest by another individual thing, namely (II. vi.), by another body, which other body is also (Ax. i.) in motion or at rest. And this body again can only have been set in motion or caused to rest by being determined by a third body to motion or rest. This third body again by a fourth, and so on to infinity. Q.E.D.

Corollary.--Hence it follows, that a body in motion keeps in motion, until it is determined to a state of rest by some other body; and a body at rest remains so, until it is determined to a state of motion by some other body. This is indeed self--evident. For when I suppose, for instance, that a given body, A, is at rest, and do not take into consideration other bodies in motion, I cannot affirm anything concerning the body A, except that it is at rest. If it afterwards comes to pass that A is in motion, this cannot have resulted from its having been at rest, for no other consequence could have been involved than its remaining at rest. If, on the other hand, A be given in motion, we shall, so long as we only consider A, be unable to affirm anything concerning it, except that it is in motion. If A is subsequently found to be at rest, this rest cannot be the result of A's previous motion, for such motion can only have led to continued motion; the state of rest therefore must have resulted from something, which was not in A, namely, from an external cause determining A to a state of rest.

Axiom I.--All modes, wherein one body is affected by another body, follow simultaneously from the nature of the body affected and the body affecting; so that one and the same body may be moved in different modes, according to the difference in the nature of the bodies moving it; on the other hand, different bodies may be moved in different modes by one and the same body.

Axiom II.--When a body in motion impinges on another body at rest, which it is unable to move, it recoils, in order to continue its motion, and the angle made by the line of motion in the recoil and the plane of the body at rest, whereon the moving body has impinged, will be equal to the angle formed by the line of motion of incidence and the same plane.

So far we have been speaking only of the most simple bodies, which are only distinguished one from the other by motion and rest, quickness and slowness. We now pass on to compound bodies.

Definition.--When any given bodies of the same or different magnitude are compelled by other bodies to remain in contact, or if they be moved at the same or different rates of speed, so that their mutual movements should preserve among themselves a certain fixed relation, we say that such bodies are in union, and that together they compose one body or individual, which is distinguished from other bodies by the fact of this union.

Axiom III.--In proportion as the parts of an individual, or a compound body, are in contact over a greater or less superficies, they will with greater or less difficulty admit of being moved from their position; consequently the individual will, with greater or less difficulty,

be brought to assume another form. Those bodies, whose parts are in contact over large superficies, are called hard; those, whose parts are in contact over small superficies, are called soft; those, whose parts are in motion among one another, are called fluid.

LEMMA IV. If from a body or individual, compounded of several bodies, certain bodies be separated, and if, at the same time, an equal number of other bodies of the same nature take their place, the individual will preserve its nature as before, without any change in its actuality (forma).

Proof.--Bodies (Lemma i.) are not distinguished in respect of substance: that which constitutes the actuality (formam) of an individual consists (by the last Def.) in a union of bodies; but this union, although there is a continual change of bodies, will (by our hypothesis) be maintained; the individual, therefore, will retain its nature as before, both in respect of substance and in respect of mode. Q.E.D.

LEMMA V. If the parts composing an individual become greater or less, but in such proportion, that they all preserve the same mutual relations of motion and rest, the individual will still preserve its original nature, and its actuality will not be changed.

Proof.--The same as for the last Lemma.

LEMMA VI. If certain bodies composing an individual be compelled to change the motion, which they have in one direction, for motion in another direction, but in such a manner, that they be able to continue their motions and their mutual communication in the same relations as before, the individual will retain its own nature without any change of its actuality.

Proof.--This proposition is self--evident, for the individual is supposed to retain all that, which, in its definition, we spoke of as its actual being.

LEMMA VII. Furthermore, the individual thus composed preserves its nature, whether it be, as a whole, in motion or at rest, whether it be moved in this or that direction; so long as each part retains its motion, and preserves its communication with other parts as before.

Proof.--This proposition is evident from the definition of an individual prefixed to Lemma iv.

Note.--We thus see, how a composite individual may be affected in many different ways, and preserve its nature notwithstanding. Thus far we have conceived an individual as composed of bodies only distinguished one from the other in respect of motion and rest, speed and slowness; that is, of bodies of the most simple character. If, however, we now conceive another individual composed of several individuals of diverse natures, we shall find that the number of ways in which it can be affected, without losing its nature, will be greatly multiplied. Each of its parts would consist of several bodies, and therefore (by Lemma vi.) each part would admit, without change to its nature, of quicker or slower motion, and would consequently be able to transmit its motions more quickly or more slowly to the remaining parts. If we further conceive a third kind of individuals composed of individuals of this second kind, we shall find that they may be affected in a still greater number of ways without changing their actuality. We may easily proceed thus to infinity, and conceive the whole of nature as one individual, whose parts, that is, all bodies, vary in infinite ways, without any change in the individual as a whole. I should feel bound to explain and demonstrate this point at more length, if I were writing a special treatise on body. But I have already said that such is not my object; I have only touched on the question, because it enables me to prove easily that which I have in view.

POSTULATES

I. The human body is composed of a number of individual parts, of diverse nature, each one of which is in itself extremely complex.

II. Of the individual parts composing the human body some are fluid, some soft, some hard.

III. The individual parts composing the human body, and consequently the human body itself, are affected in a variety of ways by external bodies.

IV. The human body stands in need for its preservation of a number of other bodies, by which it is continually, so to speak, regenerated.

V. When the fluid part of the human body is determined by an external body to impinge often on another soft part, it changes the surface of the latter, and, as it were, leaves the impression thereupon of the external body which impels it.

VI. The human body can move external bodies, and arrange them in a variety of ways.

PROP. XIV. The human mind is capable of perceiving a great number of things, and is so in proportion as its body is capable of receiving a great number of impressions.

Proof.--The human body (by Post. iii. and vi.) is affected in very many ways by external bodies, and is capable in very many ways of affecting external bodies. But (II. xii.) the human mind must perceive all that takes place in the human body; the human mind is, therefore, capable of perceiving a great number of things, and is so in proportion, &c. Q.E.D.

PROP. XV. The idea, which constitutes the actual being of the human mind, is not simple, but compounded of a great number of ideas.

Proof.--The idea constituting the actual being of the human mind is the idea of the body (II. xiii.), which (Post. i.) is composed of a great number of complex individual parts. But there is necessarily in God the idea of each individual part whereof the body is composed (II. viii. Coroll.); therefore (II. vii.), the idea of the human body is composed of these numerous ideas of its component parts. Q.E.D.

PROP. XVI. The idea of every mode, in which the human body is affected by external bodies, must involve the nature of the human body, and also the nature of the external body.

Proof.--All the modes, in which any given body is affected, follow from the nature of the body affected, and also from the nature of the affecting body (by Ax. i., after the Coroll. of Lemma iii.), wherefore their idea also necessarily (by I. Ax. iv.) involves the nature of both bodies; therefore, the idea of every mode, in which the human body is affected by external bodies, involves the nature of the human body and of the external body. Q.E.D.

Corollary I.--Hence it follows, first, that the human mind perceives the nature of a variety of bodies, together with the nature of its own.

Corollary II.--It follows, secondly, that the ideas, which we have of external bodies, indicate rather the constitution of our own body than the nature of external bodies. I have amply illustrated this in the Appendix to Part I.

PROP. XVII. If the human body is affected in a manner which involves the nature of any external body, the human mind will regard the said external body as actually existing, or as present to itself, until the human body be affected in such a way, as to exclude the existence or the presence of the said external body.

Proof.--This proposition is self--evident, for so long as the human body continues to be thus affected, so long will the human mind (II. xii.) regard this modification of the body--that is (by the last Prop.), it will have the idea of the mode as actually existing, and this idea involves the nature of the external body. In other words, it will have the idea which does not exclude, but postulates the existence or presence of the nature of the external body; therefore the mind (by II. xvi., Coroll. i.) will regard the external body as actually existing, until it is affected, &c. Q.E.D.

Corollary.--The mind is able to regard as present external bodies, by which the human body has once been affected, even though they be no longer in existence or present.

Proof.--When external bodies determine the fluid parts of the human body, so that they often impinge on the softer parts, they change the surface of the last named (Post. v.); hence (Ax. ii., after the Coroll. of Lemma iii.) they are refracted therefrom in a different manner from that which they followed before such change; and, further, when afterwards they impinge on the new surfaces by their own spontaneous movement, they will be refracted in the same manner, as though they had been impelled towards those surfaces by external bodies; consequently, they will, while they continue to be thus refracted, affect the human body in the same manner, whereof the mind (II. xii.) will again take cognizance--that is (II. xvii.), the mind will again regard the external body as present, and will do so, as often as the fluid parts of the human body impinge on the aforesaid surfaces by their own spontaneous motion. Wherefore, although the external bodies, by which the human body has once been affected, be no longer in existence, the mind will nevertheless regard them as present, as often as this action of the body is repeated. Q.E.D.

Note.--We thus see how it comes about, as is often the case, that we regard as present many things which are not. It is possible that the same result may be brought about by other causes; but I think it suffices for me here to have indicated one possible explanation, just as well as if I had pointed out the true cause. Indeed, I do not think I am very far from the truth, for all my assumptions are based on postulates, which rest, almost without exception, on experience, that cannot be controverted by those who have shown, as we have, that the human body, as we feel it, exists (Coroll. after II. xiii.). Furthermore (II. vii. Coroll., II. xvi.

Coroll. ii.), we clearly understand what is the difference between the idea, say, of Peter, which constitutes the essence of Peter's mind, and the idea of the said Peter, which is in another man, say, Paul. The former directly answers to the essence of Peter's own body, and only implies existence so long as Peter exists; the latter indicates rather the disposition of Paul's body than the nature of Peter, and, therefore, while this disposition of Paul's body lasts, Paul's mind will regard Peter as present to itself, even though he no longer exists. Further, to retain the usual phraseology, the modifications of the human body, of which the ideas represent external bodies as present to us, we will call the images of things, though they do not recall the figure of things. When the mind regards bodies in this fashion, we say that it imagines. I will here draw attention to the fact, in order to indicate where error lies, that the imaginations of the mind, looked at in themselves, do not contain error. The mind does not err in the mere act of imagining, but only in so far as it is regarded as being without the idea, which excludes the existence of such things as it imagines to be present to it. If the mind, while imagining non--existent things as present to it, is at the same time conscious that they do not really exist, this power of imagination must be set down to the efficacy of its nature, and not to a fault, especially if this faculty of imagination depend solely on its own nature--that is (I. Def. vii.), if this faculty of imagination be free.

PROP. XVIII. If the human body has once been affected by two or more bodies at the same time, when the mind afterwards imagines any of them, it will straightway remember the others also.

Proof.--The mind (II. xvii. Coroll.) imagines any given body, because the human body is affected and disposed by the impressions from an external body, in the same manner as it is affected when certain of its parts are acted on by the said external body; but (by our hypothesis) the body was then so disposed, that the mind imagined two bodies at once; therefore, it will also in the second case imagine two bodies at once, and the mind, when it imagines one, will straightway remember the other. Q.E.D.

Note.--We now clearly see what Memory is. It is simply a certain association of ideas involving the nature of things outside the human body, which association arises in the mind according to the order and association of the modifications (affectiones) of the human body. I say, first, it is an association of those ideas only, which involve the nature of things outside the human body: not of ideas which answer to the nature of the said things: ideas of the modifications of the human body are, strictly speaking (II. xvi.), those which involve the nature both of the human body and of external bodies. I say, secondly, that this association arises according to the order and association of the modifications of the human body, in order to distinguish it from that association of ideas, which arises from the order of the intellect, whereby the mind perceives things through their primary causes, and which is in all men the same. And hence we can further clearly understand, why the mind from the thought of one thing, should straightway arrive at the thought of another thing, which has no similarity with the first; for instance, from the thought of the word pomum (an apple), a Roman would straightway arrive at the thought of the fruit apple, which has no similitude with the articulate sound in question, nor anything in common with it, except that the body of the man has often been affected by these two things; that is, that the man has often heard the word pomum, while he was looking at the fruit; similarly every man will go on from one thought to another, according as his habit has ordered the images of things in his body. For a soldier, for instance, when he sees the tracks of a horse in sand, will at once pass from the thought of a horse to the thought of a horseman, and thence to the thought of war, &c.; while a countryman will proceed from the thought of a horse to the thought of a plough, a field, &c. Thus every man will follow this or that train of thought, according as he has been in the habit of conjoining and associating the mental images of things in this or that manner.

PROP. XIX. The human mind has no knowledge of the body, and does not know it to exist, save through the ideas of the modifications whereby the body is affected.

Proof.--The human mind is the very idea or knowledge of the human body (II. xiii.), which (II. ix.) is in God, in so far as he is regarded as affected by another idea of a particular thing actually existing: or, inasmuch as (Post. iv.) the human body stands in need of very many bodies whereby it is, as it were, continually regenerated; and the order and connection of ideas is the same as the order and connection of causes (II. vii.); this idea will therefore be in God, in so far as he is regarded as affected by the ideas of very many particular things. Thus God has the idea of the human body, or knows the human body, in so far as he is affected by very many other ideas, and not in so far as he constitutes the nature of the human mind; that is (by II. xi. Coroll.), the human mind does not know the human body. But the ideas of the modifications of body are in God, in so far as he constitutes the nature of the human mind, or the human mind perceives those modifications (II. xii.), and consequently (II. xvi.) the human body itself, and as actually existing; therefore the mind perceives thus far only the human body. Q.E.D.

PROP. XX. The idea or knowledge of the human mind is also in God, following in God in the same manner, and being referred to God in the same manner, as the idea or knowledge of the human body.

Proof.--Thought is an attribute of God (II. i.); therefore (II. iii.) there must necessarily be in God the idea both of thought itself and of all its modifications, consequently also of the human mind (II. xi.). Further, this idea or knowledge of the mind does not follow from God, in so far as he is infinite, but in so far as he is affected by another idea of an individual thing (II. ix.). But (II. vii.) the order and connection of ideas is the same as the order and connection of causes; therefore this idea or knowledge of the mind is in God and is referred to God, in the same manner as the idea or knowledge of the body. Q.E.D.

PROP. XXI. This idea of the mind is united to the mind in the same way as the mind is united to the body.

Proof.--That the mind is united to the body we have shown from the fact, that the body is the object of the mind (II. xii. and xiii.); and so for the same reason the idea of the mind must be united with its object, that is, with the mind in the same manner as the mind is united to the body. Q.E.D.

Note.--This proposition is comprehended much more clearly from what we have said in the note to II. vii. We there showed that the idea of body and body, that is, mind and body (II. xiii.), are one and the same individual conceived now under the attribute of thought, now under the attribute of extension; wherefore the idea of the mind and the mind itself are one and the same thing, which is conceived under one and the same attribute, namely, thought. The idea of the mind, I repeat, and the mind itself are in God by the same necessity and follow from him from the same power of thinking. Strictly speaking, the idea of the mind, that is, the idea of an idea, is nothing but the distinctive quality (forma) of the idea in so far as it is conceived as a mode of thought without reference to the object; if a man knows anything, he, by that very fact, knows that he knows it, and at the same time knows that he knows that he knows it, and so on to infinity. But I will treat of this hereafter.

PROP. XXII. The human mind perceives not only the modifications of the body, but also the ideas of such modifications.

Proof.--The ideas of the ideas of modifications follow in God in the same manner, and are referred to God in the same manner, as the ideas of the said modifications. This is proved in the same way as II. xx. But the ideas of the modifications of the body are in the human mind (II. xii.), that is, in God, in so far as he constitutes the essence of the human mind; therefore the ideas of these ideas will be in God, in so far as he has the knowledge or idea of the human mind, that is (II. xxi.), they will be in the human mind itself, which therefore perceives not only the modifications of the body, but also the ideas of such modifications. Q.E.D.

PROP. XXIII. The mind does not know itself, except in so far as it perceives the ideas of the modifications of the body.

Proof.--The idea or knowledge of the mind (II. xx.) follows in God in the same manner, and is referred to God in the same manner, as the idea or knowledge of the body. But since (II. xix.) the human mind does not know the human body itself, that is (II. xi. Coroll.), since the knowledge of the human body is not referred to God, in so far as he constitutes the nature of the human mind; therefore, neither is the knowledge of the mind referred to God, in so far as he constitutes the essence of the human mind; therefore (by the same Coroll. II. xi.), the human mind thus far has no knowledge of itself. Further the ideas of the modifications, whereby the body is affected, involve the nature of the human body itself (II. xvi.), that is (II. xiii.), they agree with the nature of the mind; wherefore the knowledge of these ideas necessarily involves knowledge of the mind; but (by the last Prop.) the knowledge of these ideas is in the human mind itself; wherefore the human mind thus far only has knowledge of itself. Q.E.D.

PROP. XXIV. The human mind does not involve an adequate knowledge of the parts composing the human body.

Proof.--The parts composing the human body do not belong to the essence of that body, except in so far as they communicate their motions to one another in a certain fixed relation (Def. after Lemma iii.), not in so far as they can be regarded as individuals without relation to the human body. The parts of the human body are highly complex individuals (Post. i.), whose parts (Lemma iv.) can be separated from the human body without in any way destroying the nature and distinctive quality of the latter, and they can communicate their motions (Ax. i., after Lemma iii.) to other bodies in another relation; therefore (II. iii.) the idea or knowledge of each part will be in God, inasmuch (II. ix.) as he is regarded as affected by another idea of a particular thing, which particular thing is prior in the order of nature to the aforesaid part (II. vii.). We may affirm the same thing of each part of each individual composing the human body; therefore, the knowledge of each part composing the human body is in God, in so far as he is affected by very many ideas of things, and not in so far as he has the idea of the human body only, in other words, the idea which constitutes the nature of the human mind (II. xiii); therefore (II. xi. Coroll.), the human mind does not involve an adequate knowledge of the human body. Q.E.D.

PROP. XXV. The idea of each modification of the human body does not involve an adequate knowledge of the external body.

Proof.--We have shown that the idea of a modification of the human body involves the nature of an external body, in so far as that external body conditions the human body in a given manner. But, in so far as the external body is an individual, which has no reference to the human body, the knowledge or idea thereof is in God (II. ix.), in so far as God is regarded as affected by the idea of a further thing, which (II. vii.) is naturally prior to the said external body. Wherefore an adequate knowledge of the external body is not in God, in so far as he has the idea of the modification of the human body; in other words, the idea of the modification of the human body does not involve an adequate knowledge of the external body. Q.E.D.

PROP. XXVI. The human mind does not perceive any external body as actually existing, except through the ideas of the modifications of its own body.

Proof.--If the human body is in no way affected by a given external body, then (II. vii.) neither is the idea of the human body, in other words, the human mind, affected in any way by the idea of the existence of the said external body, nor does it in any manner perceive its existence. But, in so far as the human body is affected in any way by a given external body, thus far (II. xvi. and Coroll.) it perceives that external body. Q.E.D.

Corollary.--In so far as the human mind imagines an external body, it has not an adequate knowledge thereof.

Proof.--When the human mind regards external bodies through the ideas of the modifications of its own body, we say that it imagines (see II. xvii. note); now the mind can only imagine external bodies as actually existing. Therefore (by II. xxv.), in so far as the mind imagines external bodies, it has not an adequate knowledge of them. Q.E.D.

PROP. XXVII. The idea of each modification of the human body does not involve an adequate knowledge of the human body itself.

Proof.--Every idea of a modification of the human body involves the nature of the human body, in so far as the human body is regarded as affected in a given manner (II. xvi.). But, inasmuch as the human body is an individual which may be affected in many other ways, the idea of the said modification, &c. Q.E.D.

PROP. XXVIII. The ideas of the modifications of the human body, in so far as they have reference only to the human mind, are not clear and distinct, but confused.

Proof.--The ideas of the modifications of the human body involve the nature both of the human body and of external bodies (II. xvi.); they must involve the nature not only of the human body but also of its parts; for the modifications are modes (Post. iii.), whereby the parts of the human body, and, consequently, the human body as a whole are affected. But (by II. xxiv., xxv.) the adequate knowledge of external bodies, as also of the parts composing the human body, is not in God, in so far as he is regarded as affected by the human mind, but in so far as he is regarded as affected by other ideas. These ideas of modifications, in so far as they are referred to the human mind alone, are as consequences without premisses, in other words, confused ideas. Q.E.D.

Note.--The idea which constitutes the nature of the human mind is, in the same manner, proved not to be, when considered in itself alone, clear and distinct; as also is the case with the idea of the human mind, and the ideas of the ideas of the modifications of the human body, in so far as they are referred to the mind only, as everyone may easily see.

PROP. XXIX. The idea of the idea of each modification of the human body does not involve an adequate knowledge of the human mind.

Proof.--The idea of a modification of the human body (II. xxvii.) does not involve an adequate knowledge of the said body, in other words, does not adequately express its nature; that is (II. xiii.) it does not agree with the nature of the mind adequately; therefore (I. Ax. vi) the idea of this idea does not adequately express the nature of the human mind, or does not involve an adequate knowledge thereof.

Corollary.--Hence it follows that the human mind, when it perceives things after the common order of nature, has not an adequate but only a confused and fragmentary knowledge of itself, of its own body, and of external bodies. For the mind does not know itself, except in so far as it perceives the ideas of the modifications of body (II. xxiii.). It only perceives its own body (II. xix.) through the ideas of the modifications, and only perceives external bodies through the same means; thus, in so far as it has such ideas of modification, it has not an adequate knowledge of itself (II. xxix.), nor of its own body (II. xxvii.), nor of external bodies (II. xxv.), but only a fragmentary and confused knowledge thereof (II. xxviii. and note). Q.E.D.

Note.--I say expressly, that the mind has not an adequate but only a confused knowledge of itself, its own body, and of external bodies, whenever it perceives things after the common order of nature; that is, whenever it is determined from without, namely, by the fortuitous play of circumstance, to regard this or that; not at such times as it is determined from within, that is, by the fact of regarding several things at once, to understand their points of agreement, difference, and contrast. Whenever it is determined in anywise from within, it regards things clearly and distinctly, as I will show below.

PROP. XXX. We can only have a very inadequate knowledge of the duration of our body.

Proof.--The duration of our body does not depend on its essence (II. Ax. i.), nor on the absolute nature of God (I. xxi.). But (I. xxviii.) it is conditioned to exist and operate by causes, which in their turn are conditioned to exist and operate in a fixed and definite relation by other causes, these last again being conditioned by others, and so on to infinity. The duration of our body therefore depends on the common order of nature, or the constitution of things. Now, however a thing may be constituted, the adequate knowledge of that thing is in God, in so far as he has the ideas of all things, and not in so far as he has the idea of the human body only. (II. ix. Coroll.) Wherefore the knowledge of the duration of our body is in God very inadequate, in so far as he is only regarded as constituting the nature of the human mind; that is (II. xi. Coroll.), this knowledge is very inadequate to our mind. Q.E.D.

PROP. XXXI. We can only have a very inadequate knowledge of the duration of particular things external to ourselves.

Proof.--Every particular thing, like the human body, must be conditioned by another particular thing to exist and operate in a fixed and definite relation; this other particular thing must likewise be conditioned by a third, and so on to infinity. (I. xxviii.) As we have shown in the foregoing proposition, from this common property of particular things, we have only a very inadequate knowledge of the duration of our body; we must draw a similar conclusion with regard to the duration of particular things, namely, that we can only have a very inadequate knowledge of the duration thereof. Q.E.D.

Corollary.--Hence it follows that all particular things are contingent and perishable. For we can have no adequate idea of their duration (by the last Prop.), and this is what we must understand by the contingency and perishableness of things. (I. xxxiii., Note i.) For (I. xxix.), except in this sense, nothing is contingent.

PROP. XXXII. All ideas, in so far as they are referred to God, are true.

Proof.--All ideas which are in God agree in every respect with their objects (II. vii. Coroll.), therefore (I. Ax. vi.) they are all true. Q.E.D.

PROP. XXXIII. There is nothing positive in ideas, which causes them to be called false.

Proof.--If this be denied, conceive, if possible, a positive mode of thinking, which should constitute the distinctive quality of falsehood. Such a mode of thinking cannot be in God (II. xxxii.); external to God it cannot be or be conceived (I. xv.). Therefore there is nothing positive in ideas which causes them to be called false. Q.E.D.

PROP. XXXIV. Every idea, which in us is absolute or adequate and perfect, is true.

Proof.--When we say that an idea in us is adequate and perfect, we say, in other words (II. xi. Coroll.), that the idea is adequate and perfect in God, in so far as he constitutes the essence of our mind; consequently (II. xxxii.), we say that such an idea is true. Q.E.D.

PROP. XXXV. Falsity consists in the privation of knowledge, which inadequate, fragmentary, or confused ideas involve.

Proof.--There is nothing positive in ideas, which causes them to be called false (II. xxxiii.); but falsity cannot consist in simple privation (for minds, not bodies, are said to err and to be mistaken), neither can it consist in absolute ignorance, for ignorance and error are not identical; wherefore it consists in the privation of knowledge, which inadequate, fragmentary, or confused ideas involve. Q.E.D.

Note.--In the note to II. xvii. I explained how error consists in the privation of knowledge, but in order to throw more light on the subject I will give an example. For instance, men are mistaken in thinking themselves free; their opinion is made up of consciousness of their own actions, and ignorance of the causes by which they are conditioned. Their idea of freedom, therefore, is simply their ignorance of any cause for their actions. As for their saying that human actions depend on the will, this is a mere phrase without any idea to correspond thereto. What the will is, and how it moves the body, they none of them know; those who boast of such knowledge, and feign dwellings and habitations for the soul, are wont to provoke either laughter or disgust. So, again, when we look at the sun, we imagine that it is distant from us about two hundred feet; this error does not lie solely in this fancy, but

in the fact that, while we thus imagine, we do not know the sun's true distance or the cause of the fancy. For although we afterwards learn, that the sun is distant from us more than six hundred of the earth's diameters, we none the less shall fancy it to be near; for we do not imagine the sun as near us, because we are ignorant of its true distance, but because the modification of our body involves the essence of the sun, in so far as our said body is affected thereby.

PROP. XXXVI. Inadequate and confused ideas follow by the same necessity, as adequate or clear and distinct ideas.

Proof.--All ideas are in God (I. xv.), and in so far as they are referred to God are true (II. xxxii.) and (II. vii. Coroll.) adequate; therefore there are no ideas confused or inadequate, except in respect to a particular mind (cf. II. xxiv. and xxviii.); therefore all ideas, whether adequate or inadequate, follow by the same necessity (II. vi.). Q.E.D.

PROP. XXXVII. That which is common to all (cf. Lemma II., above), and which is equally in a part and in the whole, does not constitute the essence of any particular thing.

Proof.--If this be denied, conceive, if possible, that it constitutes the essence of some particular thing; for instance, the essence of B. Then (II. Def. ii.) it cannot without B either exist or be conceived; but this is against our hypothesis. Therefore it does not appertain to B's essence, nor does it constitute the essence of any particular thing. Q.E.D.

PROP. XXXVIII. Those things, which are common to all, and which are equally in a part and in the whole, cannot be conceived except adequately.

Proof.--Let A be something, which is common to all bodies, and which is equally present in the part of any given body and in the whole. I say A cannot be conceived except adequately. For the idea thereof in God will necessarily be adequate (II. vii. Coroll.), both in so far as God has the idea of the human body, and also in so far as he has the idea of the modifications of the human body, which (II. xvi., xxv., xxvii.) involve in part the nature of the human body and the nature of external bodies; that is (II. xii., xiii.), the idea in God will necessarily be adequate, both in so far as he constitutes the human mind, and in so far as he has the ideas, which are in the human mind. Therefore the mind (II. xi. Coroll.) necessarily perceives A adequately, and has this adequate perception, both in so far as it perceives itself, and in so far as it perceives its own or any external body, nor can A be conceived in any other manner. Q.E.D.

Corollary--Hence it follows that there are certain ideas or notions common to all men; for (by Lemma ii.) all bodies agree in certain respects, which (by the foregoing Prop.) must be adequately or clearly and distinctly perceived by all.

PROP. XXXIX. That, which is common to and a property of the human body and such other bodies as are wont to affect the human body, and which is present equally in each part of either, or in the whole, will be represented by an adequate idea in the mind.

Proof.--If A be that, which is common to and a property of the human body and external bodies, and equally present in the human body and in the said external bodies, in each part of each external body and in the whole, there will be an adequate idea of A in God (II. vii. Coroll.), both in so far as he has the idea of the human body, and in so far as he has the ideas of the given external bodies. Let it now be granted, that the human body is affected by an external body through that, which it has in common therewith, namely, A; the idea of this modification will involve the property A (II. xvi.), and therefore (II. vii. Coroll.) the idea of this modification, in so far as it involves the property A, will be adequate in God, in so far as God is affected by the idea of the human body; that is (II. xiii.), in so far as he constitutes the nature of the human mind; therefore (II. xi. Coroll.) this idea is also adequate in the human mind. Q.E.D.

Corollary.--Hence it follows that the mind is fitted to perceive adequately more things, in proportion as its body has more in common with other bodies.

PROP. XL. Whatsoever ideas in the mind follow from ideas which are therein adequate, are also themselves adequate.

Proof.--This proposition is self--evident. For when we say that an idea in the human mind follows from ideas which are therein adequate, we say, in other words (II. xi. Coroll.), that an idea is in the divine intellect, whereof God is the cause, not in so far as he is infinite, nor in so far as he is affected by the ideas of very many particular things, but only in so far as he constitutes the essence of the human mind.

Note I.--I have thus set forth the cause of those notions, which are common to all men, and which form the basis of our ratiocination. But there are other causes of certain axioms or notions, which it would be to the purpose to set forth by this method of

ours; for it would thus appear what notions are more useful than others, and what notions have scarcely any use at all. Furthermore, we should see what notions are common to all men, and what notions are only clear and distinct to those who are unshackled by prejudice, and we should detect those which are ill--founded. Again we should discern whence the notions called secondary derived their origin, and consequently the axioms on which they are founded, and other points of interest connected with these questions. But I have decided to pass over the subject here, partly because I have set it aside for another treatise, partly because I am afraid of wearying the reader by too great prolixity. Nevertheless, in order not to omit anything necessary to be known, I will briefly set down the causes, whence are derived the terms styled transcendental, such as Being, Thing, Something. These terms arose from the fact, that the human body, being limited, is only capable of distinctly forming a certain number of images (what an image is I explained in the II. xvii. note) within itself at the same time; if this number be exceeded, the images will begin to be confused; if this number of images, of which the body is capable of forming distinctly within itself, be largely exceeded, all will become entirely confused one with another. This being so, it is evident (from II. Prop. xvii. Coroll., and xviii.) that the human mind can distinctly imagine as many things simultaneously, as its body can form images simultaneously. When the images become quite confused in the body, the mind also imagines all bodies confusedly without any distinction, and will comprehend them, as it were, under one attribute, namely, under the attribute of Being, Thing, &c. The same conclusion can be drawn from the fact that images are not always equally vivid, and from other analogous causes, which there is no need to explain here; for the purpose which we have in view it is sufficient for us to consider one only. All may be reduced to this, that these terms represent ideas in the highest degree confused. From similar causes arise those notions, which we call general, such as man, horse, dog, &c. They arise, to wit, from the fact that so many images, for instance, of men, are formed simultaneously in the human mind, that the powers of imagination break down, not indeed utterly, but to the extent of the mind losing count of small differences between individuals (e.g. colour, size, &c.) and their definite number, and only distinctly imagining that, in which all the individuals, in so far as the body is affected by them, agree; for that is the point, in which each of the said individuals chiefly affected the body; this the mind expresses by the name man, and this it predicates of an infinite number of particular individuals. For, as we have said, it is unable to imagine the definite number of individuals. We must, however, bear in mind, that these general notions are not formed by all men in the same way, but vary in each individual according as the point varies, whereby the body has been most often affected and which the mind most easily imagines or remembers. For instance, those who have most often regarded with admiration the stature of man, will by the name of man understand an animal of erect stature; those who have been accustomed to regard some other attribute, will form a different general image of man, for instance, that man is a laughing animal, a two--footed animal without feathers, a rational animal, and thus, in other cases, everyone will form general images of things according to the habit of his body.

It is thus not to be wondered at, that among philosophers, who seek to explain things in nature merely by the images formed of them, so many controversies should have arisen.

Note II.--From all that has been said above it is clear, that we, in many cases, perceive and form our general notions:--(1.) From particular things represented to our intellect fragmentarily, confusedly, and without order through our senses (II. xxix. Coroll.); I have settled to call such perceptions by the name of knowledge from the mere suggestions of experience.[4]

[4] A Baconian phrase. Nov. Org. Aph. 100. [Pollock, p. 126, n.]

(2.) From symbols, e.g., from the fact of having read or heard certain words we remember things and form certain ideas concerning them, similar to those through which we imagine things (II. xviii. note). I shall call both these ways of regarding things knowledge of the first kind, opinion, or imagination. (3.) From the fact that we have notions common to all men, and adequate ideas of the properties of things (II. xxxviii. Coroll., xxxix. and Coroll. and xl.); this I call reason and knowledge of the second kind. Besides these two kinds of knowledge, there is, as I will hereafter show, a third kind of knowledge, which we will call intuition. This kind of knowledge proceeds from an adequate idea of the absolute essence of certain attributes of God to the adequate knowledge of the essence of things. I will illustrate all three kinds of knowledge by a single example. Three numbers are given for finding a fourth, which shall be to the third as the second is to the first. Tradesmen without hesitation multiply the second by the third, and divide the product by the first; either because they have not forgotten the rule which they received from a master without any proof, or because they have often made trial of it with simple numbers, or by virtue of the proof of the nineteenth proposition of the seventh book of Euclid, namely, in virtue of the general property of proportionals.

But with very simple numbers there is no need of this. For instance, one, two, three, being given, everyone can see that the fourth proportional is six; and this is much clearer, because we infer the fourth number from an intuitive grasping of the ratio, which the first bears to the second.

PROP. XLI. Knowledge of the first kind is the only source of falsity, knowledge of the second and third kinds is necessarily true.

Proof.--To knowledge of the first kind we have (in the foregoing note) assigned all those ideas, which are inadequate and confused; therefore this kind of knowledge is the only source of falsity (II. xxxv.). Furthermore, we assigned to the second and third kinds of knowledge those ideas which are adequate; therefore these kinds are necessarily true (II. xxxiv.). Q.E.D.

PROP. XLII. Knowledge of the second and third kinds, not knowledge of the first kind, teaches us to distinguish the true from the false.

Proof.--This proposition is self--evident. He, who knows how to distinguish between true and false, must have an adequate idea of true and false. That is (II. xl., note ii.), he must know the true and the false by the second or third kind of knowledge.

PROP. XLIII. He, who has a true idea, simultaneously knows that he has a true idea, and cannot doubt of the truth of the thing perceived.

Proof.--A true idea in us is an idea which is adequate in God, in so far as he is displayed through the nature of the human mind (II. xi. Coroll.). Let us suppose that there is in God, in so far as he is displayed through the human mind, an adequate idea, A. The idea of this idea must also necessarily be in God, and be referred to him in the same way as the idea A (by II. xx., whereof the proof is of universal application). But the idea A is supposed to be referred to God, in so far as he is displayed through the human mind; therefore, the idea of the idea A must be referred to God in the same manner; that is (by II. xi. Coroll.), the adequate idea of the idea A will be in the mind, which has the adequate idea A; therefore he, who has an adequate idea or knows a thing truly (II. xxxiv.), must at the same time have an adequate idea or true knowledge of his knowledge; that is, obviously, he must be assured. Q.E.D.

Note.--I explained in the note to II. xxi. what is meant by the idea of an idea; but we may remark that the foregoing proposition is in itself sufficiently plain. No one, who has a true idea, is ignorant that a true idea involves the highest certainty. For to have a true idea is only another expression for knowing a thing perfectly, or as well as possible. No one, indeed, can doubt of this, unless he thinks that an idea is something lifeless, like a picture on a panel, and not a mode of thinking--namely, the very act of understanding. And who, I ask, can know that he understands anything, unless he do first understand it? In other words, who can know that he is sure of a thing, unless he be first sure of that thing? Further, what can there be more clear, and more certain, than a true idea as a standard of truth? Even as light displays both itself and darkness, so is truth a standard both of itself and of falsity.

I think I have thus sufficiently answered these questions--namely, if a true idea is distinguished from a false idea, only in so far as it is said to agree with its object, a true idea has no more reality or perfection than a false idea (since the two are only distinguished by an extrinsic mark); consequently, neither will a man who has a true idea have any advantage over him who has only false ideas. Further, how comes it that men have false ideas? Lastly, how can anyone be sure, that he has ideas which agree with their objects? These questions, I repeat, I have, in my opinion, sufficiently answered. The difference between a true idea and a false idea is plain: from what was said in II. xxxv., the former is related to the latter as being is to not--being. The causes of falsity I have set forth very clearly in II. xix. and II. xxxv. with the note. From what is there stated, the difference between a man who has true ideas, and a man who has only false ideas, is made apparent. As for the last question--as to how a man can be sure that he has ideas that agree with their objects, I have just pointed out, with abundant clearness, that his knowledge arises from the simple fact, that he has an idea which corresponds with its object--in other words, that truth is its own standard. We may add that our mind, in so far as it perceives things truly, is part of the infinite intellect of God (II. xi. Coroll.); therefore, the clear and distinct ideas of the mind are as necessarily true as the ideas of God.

PROP. XLIV. It is not in the nature of reason to regard things as contingent, but as necessary.

Proof.--It is in the nature of reason to perceive things truly (II. xli.), namely (I. Ax. vi.), as they are in themselves--that is (I. xxix.), not as contingent, but as necessary. Q.E.D.

Corollary I.--Hence it follows, that it is only through our imagination that we consider things, whether in respect to the future or the past, as contingent.

Note.--How this way of looking at things arises, I will briefly explain. We have shown above (II. xvii. and Coroll.) that the mind always regards things as present to itself, even though they be not in existence, until some causes arise which exclude their existence and presence. Further (II. xviii.), we showed that, if the human body has once been affected by two external bodies simultaneously, the mind, when it afterwards imagines one of the said external bodies, will straightway remember the other--that is,

it will regard both as present to itself, unless there arise causes which exclude their existence and presence. Further, no one doubts that we imagine time, from the fact that we imagine bodies to be moved some more slowly than others, some more quickly, some at equal speed. Thus, let us suppose that a child yesterday saw Peter for the first time in the morning, Paul at noon, and Simon in the evening; then, that today he again sees Peter in the morning. It is evident, from II. Prop. xviii., that, as soon as he sees the morning light, he will imagine that the sun will traverse the same parts of the sky, as it did when he saw it on the preceding day; in other words, he will imagine a complete day, and, together with his imagination of the morning, he will imagine Peter; with noon, he will imagine Paul; and with evening, he will imagine Simon--that is, he will imagine the existence of Paul and Simon in relation to a future time; on the other hand, if he sees Simon in the evening, he will refer Peter and Paul to a past time, by imagining them simultaneously with the imagination of a past time. If it should at any time happen, that on some other evening the child should see James instead of Simon, he will, on the following morning, associate with his imagination of evening sometimes Simon, sometimes James, not both together: for the child is supposed to have seen, at evening, one or other of them, not both together. His imagination will therefore waver; and, with the imagination of future evenings, he will associate first one, then the other--that is, he will imagine them in the future, neither of them as certain, but both as contingent. This wavering of the imagination will be the same, if the imagination be concerned with things which we thus contemplate, standing in relation to time past or time present: consequently, we may imagine things as contingent, whether they be referred to time present, past, or future.

Corollary II.--It is in the nature of reason to perceive things under a certain form of eternity (sub quâdam æternitatis specie).

Proof.--It is in the nature of reason to regard things, not as contingent, but as necessary (II. xliv.). Reason perceives this necessity of things (II. xli.) truly--that is (I. Ax. vi.), as it is in itself. But (I. xvi.) this necessity of things is the very necessity of the eternal nature of God; therefore, it is in the nature of reason to regard things under this form of eternity. We may add that the bases of reason are the notions (II. xxxviii.), which answer to things common to all, and which (II. xxxvii.) do not answer to the essence of any particular thing: which must therefore be conceived without any relation to time, under a certain form of eternity.

PROP. XLV. Every idea of every body, or of every particular thing actually existing, necessarily involves the eternal and infinite essence of God.

Proof.--The idea of a particular thing actually existing necessarily involves both the existence and the essence of the said thing (II. viii.). Now particular things cannot be conceived without God (I. xv.); but, inasmuch as (II. vi.) they have God for their cause, in so far as he is regarded under the attribute of which the things in question are modes, their ideas must necessarily involve (I. Ax. iv.) the conception of the attributes of those ideas--that is (I. vi.), the eternal and infinite essence of God. Q.E.D.

Note.--By existence I do not here mean duration--that is, existence in so far as it is conceived abstractedly, and as a certain form of quantity. I am speaking of the very nature of existence, which is assigned to particular things, because they follow in infinite numbers and in infinite ways from the eternal necessity of God's nature (I. xvi.). I am speaking, I repeat, of the very existence of particular things, in so far as they are in God. For although each particular thing be conditioned by another particular thing to exist in a given way, yet the force whereby each particular thing perseveres in existing follows from the eternal necessity of God's nature (cf. I. xxiv. Coroll.).

PROP. XLVI. The knowledge of the eternal and infinite essence of God which every idea involves is adequate and perfect.

Proof.--The proof of the last proposition is universal; and whether a thing be considered as a part or a whole, the idea thereof, whether of the whole or of a part (by the last Prop.), will involve God's eternal and infinite essence. Wherefore, that, which gives knowledge of the eternal and infinite essence of God, is common to all, and is equally in the part and in the whole; therefore (II. xxxviii.) this knowledge will be adequate. Q.E.D.

PROP. XLVII. The human mind has an adequate knowledge of the eternal and infinite essence of God.

Proof.--The human mind has ideas (II. xxii.), from which (II. xxiii.) it perceives itself and its own body (II. xix.) and external bodies (II. xvi. Coroll. i. and II. xvii.) as actually existing; therefore (II. xlv. and xlvi.) it has an adequate knowledge of the eternal and infinite essence of God. Q.E.D.

Note.--Hence we see, that the infinite essence and the eternity of God are known to all. Now as all things are in God, and are conceived through God, we can from this knowledge infer many things, which we may adequately know, and we may form that third kind of knowledge of which we spoke in the note to II. xl., and of the excellence and use of which we shall have occasion to speak in Part V. Men have not so clear a knowledge of God as they have of general notions, because they are unable to imagine God as

they do bodies, and also because they have associated the name God with images of things that they are in the habit of seeing, as indeed they can hardly avoid doing, being, as they are, men, and continually affected by external bodies. Many errors, in truth, can be traced to this head, namely, that we do not apply names to things rightly. For instance, when a man says that the lines drawn from the centre of a circle to its circumference are not equal, he then, at all events, assuredly attaches a meaning to the word circle different from that assigned by mathematicians. So again, when men make mistakes in calculation, they have one set of figures in their mind, and another on the paper. If we could see into their minds, they do not make a mistake; they seem to do so, because we think, that they have the same numbers in their mind as they have on the paper. If this were not so, we should not believe them to be in error, any more than I thought that a man was in error, whom I lately heard exclaiming that his entrance hall had flown into a neighbour's hen, for his meaning seemed to me sufficiently clear. Very many controversies have arisen from the fact, that men do not rightly explain their meaning, or do not rightly interpret the meaning of others. For, as a matter of fact, as they flatly contradict themselves, they assume now one side, now another, of the argument, so as to oppose the opinions, which they consider mistaken and absurd in their opponents.

PROP. XLVIII. In the mind there is no absolute or free will; but the mind is determined to wish this or that by a cause, which has also been determined by another cause, and this last by another cause, and so on to infinity.

Proof.--The mind is a fixed and definite mode of thought (II. xi.), therefore it cannot be the free cause of its actions (I. xvii. Coroll. ii.); in other words, it cannot have an absolute faculty of positive or negative volition; but (by I. xxviii.) it must be determined by a cause, which has also been determined by another cause, and this last by another, &c. Q.E.D.

Note.--In the same way it is proved, that there is in the mind no absolute faculty of understanding, desiring, loving, &c. Whence it follows, that these and similar faculties are either entirely fictitious, or are merely abstract and general terms, such as we are accustomed to put together from particular things. Thus the intellect and the will stand in the same relation to this or that idea, or this or that volition, as "lapidity" to this or that stone, or as "man" to Peter and Paul. The cause which leads men to consider themselves free has been set forth in the Appendix to Part I. But, before I proceed further, I would here remark that, by the will to affirm and decide, I mean the faculty, not the desire. I mean, I repeat, the faculty, whereby the mind affirms or denies what is true or false, not the desire, wherewith the mind wishes for or turns away from any given thing. After we have proved, that these faculties of ours are general notions, which cannot be distinguished from the particular instances on which they are based, we must inquire whether volitions themselves are anything besides the ideas of things. We must inquire, I say, whether there is in the mind any affirmation or negation beyond that, which the idea, in so far as it is an idea, involves. On which subject see the following proposition, and II. Def. iii., lest the idea of pictures should suggest itself. For by ideas I do not mean images such as are formed at the back of the eye, or in the midst of the brain, but the conceptions of thought.

PROP. XLIX. There is in the mind no volition or affirmation and negation, save that which an idea, inasmuch as it is an idea, involves.

Proof.--There is in the mind no absolute faculty of positive or negative volition, but only particular volitions, namely, this or that affirmation, and this or that negation. Now let us conceive a particular volition, namely, the mode of thinking whereby the mind affirms, that the three interior angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles. This affirmation involves the conception or idea of a triangle, that is, without the idea of a triangle it cannot be conceived. It is the same thing to say, that the concept A must involve the concept B, as it is to say, that A cannot be conceived without B. Further, this affirmation cannot be made (II. Ax. iii.) without the idea of a triangle. Therefore, this affirmation can neither be nor be conceived, without the idea of a triangle. Again, this idea of a triangle must involve this same affirmation, namely, that its three interior angles are equal to two right angles. Wherefore, and vice versâ, this idea of a triangle can neither be nor be conceived without this affirmation, therefore, this affirmation belongs to the essence of the idea of a triangle, and is nothing besides. What we have said of this volition (inasmuch as we have selected it at random) may be said of any other volition, namely, that it is nothing but an idea. Q.E.D.

Corollary.--Will and understanding are one and the same.

Proof.--Will and understanding are nothing beyond the individual volitions and ideas (II. xlviii. and note). But a particular volition and a particular idea are one and the same (by the foregoing Prop.); therefore, will and understanding are one and the same. Q.E.D.

Note.--We have thus removed the cause which is commonly assigned for error. For we have shown above, that falsity consists solely in the privation of knowledge involved in ideas which are fragmentary and confused. Wherefore, a false idea, inasmuch as it is false, does not involve certainty. When we say, then, that a man acquiesces in what is false, and that he has no doubts on the

subject, we do not say that he is certain, but only that he does not doubt, or that he acquiesces in what is false, inasmuch as there are no reasons, which should cause his imagination to waver (see II. xliv. note). Thus, although the man be assumed to acquiesce in what is false, we shall never say that he is certain. For by certainty we mean something positive (II. xliii. and note), not merely the absence of doubt.

However, in order that the foregoing proposition may be fully explained, I will draw attention to a few additional points, and I will furthermore answer the objections which may be advanced against our doctrine. Lastly, in order to remove every scruple, I have thought it worth while to point out some of the advantages, which follow therefrom. I say "some," for they will be better appreciated from what we shall set forth in the fifth part.

I begin, then, with the first point, and warn my readers to make an accurate distinction between an idea, or conception of the mind, and the images of things which we imagine. It is further necessary that they should distinguish between idea and words, whereby we signify things. These three--namely, images, words, and ideas--are by many persons either entirely confused together, or not distinguished with sufficient accuracy or care, and hence people are generally in ignorance, how absolutely necessary is a knowledge of this doctrine of the will, both for philosophic purposes and for the wise ordering of life. Those who think that ideas consist in images which are formed in us by contact with external bodies, persuade themselves that the ideas of those things, whereof we can form no mental picture, are not ideas, but only figments, which we invent by the free decree of our will; they thus regard ideas as though they were inanimate pictures on a panel, and, filled with this misconception, do not see that an idea, inasmuch as it is an idea, involves an affirmation or negation. Again, those who confuse words with ideas, or with the affirmation which an idea involves, think that they can wish something contrary to what they feel, affirm, or deny. This misconception will easily be laid aside by one, who reflects on the nature of knowledge, and seeing that it in no wise involves the conception of extension, will therefore clearly understand, that an idea (being a mode of thinking) does not consist in the image of anything, nor in words. The essence of words and images is put together by bodily motions, which in no wise involve the conception of thought.

These few words on this subject will suffice: I will therefore pass on to consider the objections, which may be raised against our doctrine. Of these, the first is advanced by those, who think that the will has a wider scope than the understanding, and that therefore it is different therefrom. The reason for their holding the belief, that the will has wider scope than the understanding, is that they assert, that they have no need of an increase in their faculty of assent, that is of affirmation or negation, in order to assent to an infinity of things which we do not perceive, but that they have need of an increase in their faculty of understanding. The will is thus distinguished from the intellect, the latter being finite and the former infinite. Secondly, it may be objected that experience seems to teach us especially clearly, that we are able to suspend our judgment before assenting to things which we perceive; this is confirmed by the fact that no one is said to be deceived, in so far as he perceives anything, but only in so far as he assents or dissents.

For instance, he who feigns a winged horse, does not therefore admit that a winged horse exists; that is, he is not deceived, unless he admits in addition that a winged horse does exist. Nothing therefore seems to be taught more clearly by experience, than that the will or faculty of assent is free and different from the faculty of understanding. Thirdly, it may be objected that one affirmation does not apparently contain more reality than another; in other words, that we do not seem to need for affirming, that what is true is true, any greater power than for affirming, that what is false is true. We have, however, seen that one idea has more reality or perfection than another, for as objects are some more excellent than others, so also are the ideas of them some more excellent than others; this also seems to point to a difference between the understanding and the will. Fourthly, it may be objected, if man does not act from free will, what will happen if the incentives to action are equally balanced, as in the case of Buridan's ass? Will he perish of hunger and thirst? If I say that he would, I shall seem to have in my thoughts an ass or the statue of a man rather than an actual man. If I say that he would not, he would then determine his own action, and would consequently possess the faculty of going and doing whatever he liked. Other objections might also be raised, but, as I am not bound to put in evidence everything that anyone may dream, I will only set myself to the task of refuting those I have mentioned, and that as briefly as possible.

To the first objection I answer, that I admit that the will has a wider scope than the understanding, if by the understanding be meant only clear and distinct ideas; but I deny that the will has a wider scope than the perceptions, and the faculty of forming conceptions; nor do I see why the faculty of volition should be called infinite, any more than the faculty of feeling: for, as we are able by the same faculty of volition to affirm an infinite number of things (one after the other, for we cannot affirm an infinite number simultaneously), so also can we, by the same faculty of feeling, feel or perceive (in succession) an infinite number of bodies. If it be said that there is an infinite number of things which we cannot perceive, I answer, that we cannot attain to such things by any thinking, nor,

consequently, by any faculty of volition. But, it may still be urged, if God wished to bring it about that we should perceive them, he would be obliged to endow us with a greater faculty of perception, but not a greater faculty of volition than we have already. This is the same as to say that, if God wished to bring it about that we should understand an infinite number of other entities, it would be necessary for him to give us a greater understanding, but not a more universal idea of entity than that which we have already, in order to grasp such infinite entities. We have shown that will is a universal entity or idea, whereby we explain all particular volitions--in other words, that which is common to all such volitions.

As, then, our opponents maintain that this idea, common or universal to all volitions, is a faculty, it is little to be wondered at that they assert, that such a faculty extends itself into the infinite, beyond the limits of the understanding: for what is universal is predicated alike of one, of many, and of an infinite number of individuals.

To the second objection I reply by denying, that we have a free power of suspending our judgment: for, when we say that anyone suspends his judgment, we merely mean that he sees, that he does not perceive the matter in question adequately. Suspension of judgment is, therefore, strictly speaking, a perception, and not free will. In order to illustrate the point, let us suppose a boy imagining a horse, and perceive nothing else. Inasmuch as this imagination involves the existence of the horse (II. xvii. Coroll.), and the boy does not perceive anything which would exclude the existence of the horse, he will necessarily regard the horse as present: he will not be able to doubt of its existence, although he be not certain thereof. We have daily experience of such a state of things in dreams; and I do not suppose that there is anyone, who would maintain that, while he is dreaming, he has the free power of suspending his judgment concerning the things in his dream, and bringing it about that he should not dream those things, which he dreams that he sees; yet it happens, notwithstanding, that even in dreams we suspend our judgment, namely, when we dream that we are dreaming.

Further, I grant that no one can be deceived, so far as actual perception extends--that is, I grant that the mind's imaginations, regarded in themselves, do not involve error (II. xvii. note); but I deny, that a man does not, in the act of perception, make any affirmation. For what is the perception of a winged horse, save affirming that a horse has wings? If the mind could perceive nothing else but the winged horse, it would regard the same as present to itself: it would have no reasons for doubting its existence, nor any faculty of dissent, unless the imagination of a winged horse be joined to an idea which precludes the existence of the said horse, or unless the mind perceives that the idea which it possess of a winged horse is inadequate, in which case it will either necessarily deny the existence of such a horse, or will necessarily be in doubt on the subject.

I think that I have anticipated my answer to the third objection, namely, that the will is something universal which is predicated of all ideas, and that it only signifies that which is common to all ideas, namely, an affirmation, whose adequate essence must, therefore, in so far as it is thus conceived in the abstract, be in every idea, and be, in this respect alone, the same in all, not in so far as it is considered as constituting the idea's essence: for, in this respect, particular affirmations differ one from the other, as much as do ideas. For instance, the affirmation which involves the idea of a circle, differs from that which involves the idea of a triangle, as much as the idea of a circle differs from the idea of a triangle.

Further, I absolutely deny, that we are in need of an equal power of thinking, to affirm that that which is true is true, and to affirm that that which is false is true. These two affirmations, if we regard the mind, are in the same relation to one another as being and not--being; for there is nothing positive in ideas, which constitutes the actual reality of falsehood (II. xxxv. note, and xlvii. note).

We must therefore conclude, that we are easily deceived, when we confuse universals with singulars, and the entities of reason and abstractions with realities. As for the fourth objection, I am quite ready to admit, that a man placed in the equilibrium described (namely, as perceiving nothing but hunger and thirst, a certain food and a certain drink, each equally distant from him) would die of hunger and thirst. If I am asked, whether such an one should not rather be considered an ass than a man; I answer, that I do not know, neither do I know how a man should be considered, who hangs himself, or how we should consider children, fools, madmen, &c.

It remains to point out the advantages of a knowledge of this doctrine as bearing on conduct, and this may be easily gathered from what has been said. The doctrine is good,

1. Inasmuch as it teaches us to act solely according to the decree of God, and to be partakers in the Divine nature, and so much the more, as we perform more perfect actions and more and more understand God. Such a doctrine not only completely tranquilizes our spirit, but also shows us where our highest happiness or blessedness is, namely, solely in the knowledge of God, whereby we are led to act only as love and piety shall bid us. We may thus clearly understand, how far astray from a true estimate

of virtue are those who expect to be decorated by God with high rewards for their virtue, and their best actions, as for having endured the direst slavery; as if virtue and the service of God were not in itself happiness and perfect freedom.

2. Inasmuch as it teaches us, how we ought to conduct ourselves with respect to the gifts of fortune, or matters which are not in our power, and do not follow from our nature. For it shows us, that we should await and endure fortune's smiles or frowns with an equal mind, seeing that all things follow from the eternal decree of God by the same necessity, as it follows from the essence of a triangle, that the three angles are equal to two right angles.

3. This doctrine raises social life, inasmuch as it teaches us to hate no man, neither to despise, to deride, to envy, or to be angry with any. Further, as it tells us that each should be content with his own, and helpful to his neighbour, not from any womanish pity, favour, or superstition, but solely by the guidance of reason, according as the time and occasion demand, as I will show in Part III.

4. Lastly, this doctrine confers no small advantage on the commonwealth; for it teaches how citizens should be governed and led, not so as to become slaves, but so that they may freely do whatsoever things are best.

I have thus fulfilled the promise made at the beginning of this note, and I thus bring the second part of my treatise to a close. I think I have therein explained the nature and properties of the human mind at sufficient length, and, considering the difficulty of the subject, with sufficient clearness. I have laid a foundation, whereon may be raised many excellent conclusions of the highest utility and most necessary to be known, as will, in what follows, be partly made plain.

PART III.

ON THE ORIGIN AND NATURE OF THE EMOTIONS

Most writers on the emotions and on human conduct seem to be treating rather of matters outside nature than of natural phenomena following nature's general laws. They appear to conceive man to be situated in nature as a kingdom within a kingdom: for they believe that he disturbs rather than follows nature's order, that he has absolute control over his actions, and that he is determined solely by himself. They attribute human infirmities and fickleness, not to the power of nature in general, but to some mysterious flaw in the nature of man, which accordingly they bemoan, deride, despise, or, as usually happens, abuse: he, who succeeds in hitting off the weakness of the human mind more eloquently or more acutely than his fellows, is looked upon as a seer. Still there has been no lack of very excellent men (to whose toil and industry I confess myself much indebted), who have written many noteworthy things concerning the right way of life, and have given much sage advice to mankind. But no one, so far as I know, has defined the nature and strength of the emotions, and the power of the mind against them for their restraint.

I do not forget, that the illustrious Descartes, though he believed, that the mind has absolute power over its actions, strove to explain human emotions by their primary causes, and, at the same time, to point out a way, by which the mind might attain to absolute dominion over them. However, in my opinion, he accomplishes nothing beyond a display of the acuteness of his own great intellect, as I will show in the proper place. For the present I wish to revert to those, who would rather abuse or deride human emotions than understand them. Such persons will, doubtless think it strange that I should attempt to treat of human vice and folly geometrically, and should wish to set forth with rigid reasoning those matters which they cry out against as repugnant to reason, frivolous, absurd, and dreadful. However, such is my plan. Nothing comes to pass in nature, which can be set down to a flaw therein; for nature is always the same, and everywhere one and the same in her efficacy and power of action; that is, nature's laws and ordinances, whereby all things come to pass and change from one form to another, are everywhere and always the same; so that there should be one and the same method of understanding the nature of all things whatsoever, namely, through nature's universal laws and rules. Thus the passions of hatred, anger, envy, and so on, considered in themselves, follow from this same necessity and efficacy of nature; they answer to certain definite causes, through which they are understood, and possess certain properties as worthy of being known as the properties of anything else, whereof the contemplation in itself affords us delight. I shall, therefore, treat of the nature and strength of the emotions according to the same method, as I employed heretofore in my investigations concerning God and the mind. I shall consider human actions and desires in exactly the same manner, as though I were concerned with lines, planes, and solids.

DEFINITIONS

I. By an adequate cause, I mean a cause through which its effect can be clearly and distinctly perceived. By an inadequate or partial cause, I mean a cause through which, by itself, its effect cannot be understood.

II. I say that we act when anything takes place, either within us or externally to us, whereof we are the adequate cause; that is (by the foregoing definition) when through our nature something takes place within us or externally to us, which can through our nature alone be clearly and distinctly understood. On the other hand, I say that we are passive as regards something when that something takes place within us, or follows from our nature externally, we being only the partial cause.

III. By emotion I mean the modifications of the body, whereby the active power of the said body is increased or diminished, aided or constrained, and also the ideas of such modifications.

N.B. If we can be the adequate cause of any of these modifications, I then call the emotion an activity, otherwise I call it a passion, or state wherein the mind is passive.

POSTULATES

I. The human body can be affected in many ways, whereby its power of activity is increased or diminished, and also in other ways which do not render its power of activity either greater or less.

N.B. This postulate or axiom rests on Postulate i. and Lemmas v. and vii., which see after II. xiii.

II. The human body can undergo many changes, and, nevertheless, retain the impressions or traces of objects (cf. II. Post. v.), and, consequently, the same images of things (see note II. xvii.).

PROP. I. Our mind is in certain cases active, and in certain cases passive. In so far as it has adequate ideas it is necessarily active, and in so far as it has inadequate ideas, it is necessarily passive.

Proof.--In every human mind there are some adequate ideas, and some ideas that are fragmentary and confused (II. xl. note). Those ideas which are adequate in the mind are adequate also in God, inasmuch as he constitutes the essence of the mind (II. xl. Coroll.), and those which are inadequate in the mind are likewise (by the same Coroll.) adequate in God, not inasmuch as he contains in himself the essence of the given mind alone, but as he, at the same time, contains the minds of other things. Again, from any given idea some effect must necessarily follow (I. 36); of this effect God is the adequate cause (III. Def. i.), not inasmuch as he is infinite, but inasmuch as he is conceived as affected by the given idea (II. ix.). But of that effect whereof God is the cause, inasmuch as he is affected by an idea which is adequate in a given mind, of that effect, I repeat, the mind in question is the adequate cause (II. xi. Coroll.). Therefore our mind, in so far as it has adequate ideas (III. Def. ii.), is in certain cases necessarily active; this was our first point. Again, whatsoever necessarily follows from the idea which is adequate in God, not by virtue of his possessing in himself the mind of one man only, but by virtue of his containing, together with the mind of that one man, the minds of other things also, of such an effect (II. xi. Coroll.) the mind of the given man is not an adequate, but only a partial cause; thus (III. Def. ii.) the mind, inasmuch as it has inadequate ideas, is in certain cases necessarily passive; this was our second point. Therefore our mind, &c. Q.E.D.

Corollary.--Hence it follows that the mind is more or less liable to be acted upon, in proportion as it possesses inadequate ideas, and, contrariwise, is more or less active in proportion as it possesses adequate ideas.

PROP. II. Body cannot determine mind to think, neither can mind determine body to motion or rest or any state different from these, if such there be.

Proof.--All modes of thinking have for their cause God, by virtue of his being a thinking thing, and not by virtue of his being displayed under any other attribute (II. vi.). That, therefore, which determines the mind to thought is a mode of thought, and not a mode of extension; that is (II. Def. i.), it is not body. This was our first point. Again, the motion and rest of a body must arise from another body, which has also been determined to a state of motion or rest by a third body, and absolutely everything which takes place in a body must spring from God, in so far as he is regarded as affected by some mode of extension, and not by some mode of thought (II. vi.); that is, it cannot spring from the mind, which is a mode of thought. This was our second point. Therefore body cannot determine mind, &c. Q.E.D.

Note.--This is made more clear by what was said in the note to II. vii., namely, that mind and body are one and the same thing, conceived first under the attribute of thought, secondly, under the attribute of extension. Thus it follows that the order or concatenation of things is identical, whether nature be conceived under the one attribute or the other; consequently the order of states of activity and passivity in our body is simultaneous in nature with the order of states of activity and passivity in the mind. The

same conclusion is evident from the manner in which we proved II. xii.

Nevertheless, though such is the case, and though there be no further room for doubt, I can scarcely believe, until the fact is proved by experience, that men can be induced to consider the question calmly and fairly, so firmly are they convinced that it is merely at the bidding of the mind, that the body is set in motion or at rest, or performs a variety of actions depending solely on the mind's will or the exercise of thought. However, no one has hitherto laid down the limits to the powers of the body, that is, no one has as yet been taught by experience what the body can accomplish solely by the laws of nature, in so far as she is regarded as extension. No one hitherto has gained such an accurate knowledge of the bodily mechanism, that he can explain all its functions; nor need I call attention to the fact that many actions are observed in the lower animals, which far transcend human sagacity, and that somnambulists do many things in their sleep, which they would not venture to do when awake: these instances are enough to show, that the body can by the sole laws of its nature do many things which the mind wonders at.

Again, no one knows how or by what means the mind moves the body, nor how many various degrees of motion it can impart to the body, nor how quickly it can move it. Thus, when men say that this or that physical action has its origin in the mind, which latter has dominion over the body, they are using words without meaning, or are confessing in specious phraseology that they are ignorant of the cause of the said action, and do not wonder at it.

But, they will say, whether we know or do not know the means whereby the mind acts on the body, we have, at any rate, experience of the fact that unless the human mind is in a fit state to think, the body remains inert. Moreover, we have experience, that the mind alone can determine whether we speak or are silent, and a variety of similar states which, accordingly, we say depend on the mind's decree. But, as to the first point, I ask such objectors, whether experience does not also teach, that if the body be inactive the mind is simultaneously unfitted for thinking? For when the body is at rest in sleep, the mind simultaneously is in a state of torpor also, and has no power of thinking, such as it possesses when the body is awake. Again, I think everyone's experience will confirm the statement, that the mind is not at all times equally fit for thinking on a given subject, but according as the body is more or less fitted for being stimulated by the image of this or that object, so also is the mind more or less fitted for contemplating the said object.

But, it will be urged, it is impossible that solely from the laws of nature considered as extended substance, we should be able to deduce the causes of buildings, pictures, and things of that kind, which are produced only by human art; nor would the human body, unless it were determined and led by the mind, be capable of building a single temple. However, I have just pointed out that the objectors cannot fix the limits of the body's power, or say what can be concluded from a consideration of its sole nature, whereas they have experience of many things being accomplished solely by the laws of nature, which they would never have believed possible except under the direction of mind: such are the actions performed by somnambulists while asleep, and wondered at by their performers when awake. I would further call attention to the mechanism of the human body, which far surpasses in complexity all that has been put together by human art, not to repeat what I have already shown, namely, that from nature, under whatever attribute she be considered, infinite results follow. As for the second objection, I submit that the world would be much happier, if men were as fully able to keep silence as they are to speak. Experience abundantly shows that men can govern anything more easily than their tongues, and restrain anything more easily than their appetites; when it comes about that many believe, that we are only free in respect to objects which we moderately desire, because our desire for such can easily be controlled by the thought of something else frequently remembered, but that we are by no means free in respect to what we seek with violent emotion, for our desire cannot then be allayed with the remembrance of anything else. However, unless such persons had proved by experience that we do many things which we afterwards repent of, and again that we often, when assailed by contrary emotions, see the better and follow the worse, there would be nothing to prevent their believing that we are free in all things. Thus an infant believes that of its own free will it desires milk, an angry child believes that it freely desires vengeance, a timid child believes that it freely desires to run away; further, a drunken man believes that he utters from the free decision of his mind words which, when he is sober, he would willingly have withheld: thus, too, a delirious man, a garrulous woman, a child, and others of like complexion, believe that they speak from the free decision of their mind, when they are in reality unable to restrain their impulse to talk. Experience teaches us no less clearly than reason, that men believe themselves to be free, simply because they are conscious of their actions, and unconscious of the causes whereby those actions are determined; and, further, it is plain that the dictates of the mind are but another name for the appetites, and therefore vary according to the varying state of the body. Everyone shapes his actions according to his emotion, those who are assailed by conflicting emotions know not what they wish; those who are not attacked by any emotion are readily swayed this way or that. All these considerations clearly show that a mental decision and a bodily appetite, or determined state, are simultaneous, or rather are one and the same thing, which we call decision,

when it is regarded under and explained through the attribute of thought, and a conditioned state, when it is regarded under the attribute of extension, and deduced from the laws of motion and rest. This will appear yet more plainly in the sequel. For the present I wish to call attention to another point, namely, that we cannot act by the decision of the mind, unless we have a remembrance of having done so. For instance, we cannot say a word without remembering that we have done so. Again, it is not within the free power of the mind to remember or forget a thing at will. Therefore the freedom of the mind must in any case be limited to the power of uttering or not uttering something which it remembers. But when we dream that we speak, we believe that we speak from a free decision of the mind, yet we do not speak, or, if we do, it is by a spontaneous motion of the body. Again, we dream that we are concealing something, and we seem to act from the same decision of the mind as that, whereby we keep silence when awake concerning something we know. Lastly, we dream that from the free decision of our mind we do something, which we should not dare to do when awake.

Now I should like to know whether there be in the mind two sorts of decisions, one sort illusive, and the other sort free? If our folly does not carry us so far as this, we must necessarily admit, that the decision of the mind, which is believed to be free, is not distinguishable from the imagination or memory, and is nothing more than the affirmation, which an idea, by virtue of being an idea, necessarily involves (II. xlix.). Wherefore these decisions of the mind arise in the mind by the same necessity, as the ideas of things actually existing. Therefore those who believe, that they speak or keep silence or act in any way from the free decision of their mind, do but dream with their eyes open.

PROP. III. The activities of the mind arise solely from adequate ideas; the passive states of the mind depend solely on inadequate ideas.

Proof.--The first element, which constitutes the essence of the mind, is nothing else but the idea of the actually existent body (II. xi. and xiii.), which (II. xv.) is compounded of many other ideas, whereof some are adequate and some inadequate (II. xxix. Coroll., II. xxxviii. Coroll.). Whatsoever therefore follows from the nature of mind, and has mind for its proximate cause, through which it must be understood, must necessarily follow either from an adequate or from an inadequate idea. But in so far as the mind (III. i.) has inadequate ideas, it is necessarily passive: wherefore the activities of the mind follow solely from adequate ideas, and accordingly the mind is only passive in so far as it has inadequate ideas. Q.E.D.

Note.--Thus we see, that passive states are not attributed to the mind, except in so far as it contains something involving negation, or in so far as it is regarded as a part of nature, which cannot be clearly and distinctly perceived through itself without other parts: I could thus show, that passive states are attributed to individual things in the same way that they are attributed to the mind, and that they cannot otherwise be perceived, but my purpose is solely to treat of the human mind.

PROP. IV. Nothing can be destroyed, except by a cause external to itself.

Proof.--This proposition is self--evident, for the definition of anything affirms the essence of that thing, but does not negative it; in other words, it postulates the essence of the thing, but does not take it away. So long therefore as we regard only the thing itself, without taking into account external causes, we shall not be able to find in it anything which could destroy it. Q.E.D.

PROP. V. Things are naturally contrary, that is, cannot exist in the same object, in so far as one is capable of destroying the other.

Proof.--If they could agree together or co--exist in the same object, there would then be in the said object something which could destroy it; but this, by the foregoing proposition, is absurd, therefore things, &c. Q.E.D.

PROP. VI. Everything, in so far as it is in itself, endeavours to persist in its own being.

Proof.--Individual things are modes whereby the attributes of God are expressed in a given determinate manner (I. xxv. Coroll.); that is, (I. xxxiv.), they are things which express in a given determinate manner the power of God, whereby God is and acts; now no thing contains in itself anything whereby it can be destroyed, or which can take away its existence (III. iv.); but contrariwise it is opposed to all that could take away its existence (III. v.). Therefore, in so far as it can, and in so far as it is in itself, it endeavours to persist in its own being. Q.E.D.

PROP. VII. The endeavour, wherewith everything endeavours to persist in its own being, is nothing else but the actual essence of the thing in question.

Proof.--From the given essence of any thing certain consequences necessarily follow (I. xxxvi.), nor have things any power save such as necessarily follows from their nature as determined (I. xxix.); wherefore the power of any given thing, or the endeavour

whereby, either alone or with other things, it acts, or endeavours to act, that is (III. vi.), the power or endeavour, wherewith it endeavours to persist in its own being, is nothing else but the given or actual essence of the thing in question. Q.E.D.

PROP. VIII. The endeavour, whereby a thing endeavours to persist in its own being, involves no finite time, but an indefinite time.

Proof.--If it involved a limited time, which should determine the duration of the thing, it would then follow solely from that power whereby the thing exists, that the thing could not exist beyond the limits of that time, but that it must be destroyed; but this (III. iv.) is absurd. Wherefore the endeavour wherewith a thing exists involves no definite time; but, contrariwise, since (III. iv.) it will by the same power whereby it already exists always continue to exist, unless it be destroyed by some external cause, this endeavour involves an indefinite time.

PROP. IX. The mind, both in so far as it has clear and distinct ideas, and also in so far as it has confused ideas, endeavours to persist in its being for an indefinite period, and of this endeavour it is conscious.

Proof.--The essence of the mind is constituted by adequate and inadequate ideas (III. iii.), therefore (III. vii.), both in so far as it possesses the former, and in so far as it possesses the latter, it endeavours to persist in its own being, and that for an indefinite time (III. viii.). Now as the mind (II. xxiii.) is necessarily conscious of itself through the ideas of the modifications of the body, the mind is therefore (III. vii.) conscious of its own endeavour.

Note.--This endeavour, when referred solely to the mind, is called will, when referred to the mind and body in conjunction it is called appetite; it is, in fact, nothing else but man's essence, from the nature of which necessarily follow all those results which tend to its preservation; and which man has thus been determined to perform.

Further, between appetite and desire there is no difference, except that the term desire is generally applied to men, in so far as they are conscious of their appetite, and may accordingly be thus defined: Desire is appetite with consciousness thereof. It is thus plain from what has been said, that in no case do we strive for, wish for, long for, or desire anything, because we deem it to be good, but on the other hand we deem a thing to be good, because we strive for it, wish for it, long for it, or desire it.

PROP. X. An idea, which excludes the existence of our body, cannot be postulated in our mind, but is contrary thereto.

Proof.--Whatsoever can destroy our body, cannot be postulated therein (III. v.). Therefore neither can the idea of such a thing occur in God, in so far as he has the idea of our body (II. ix. Coroll.); that is (II. xi., xiii.), the idea of that thing cannot be postulated as in our mind, but contrariwise, since (II. xi., xiii.) the first element, that constitutes the essence of the mind, is the idea of the human body as actually existing, it follows that the first and chief endeavour of our mind is the endeavour to affirm the existence of our body: thus, an idea, which negatives the existence of our body, is contrary to our mind, &c. Q.E.D.

PROP. XI. Whatsoever increases or diminishes, helps or hinders the power of activity in our body, the idea thereof increases or diminishes, helps or hinders the power of thought in our mind.

Proof.--This proposition is evident from II. vii. or from II. xiv.

Note.--Thus we see, that the mind can undergo many changes, and can pass sometimes to a state of greater perfection, sometimes to a state of lesser perfection. These passive states of transition explain to us the emotions of pleasure and pain. By pleasure therefore in the following propositions I shall signify a passive state wherein the mind passes to a greater perfection. By pain I shall signify a passive state wherein the mind passes to a lesser perfection. Further, the emotion of pleasure in reference to the body and mind together I shall call stimulation (titillatio) or merriment (hilaritas), the emotion of pain in the same relation I shall call suffering or melancholy. But we must bear in mind, that stimulation and suffering are attributed to man, when one part of his nature is more affected than the rest, merriment and melancholy, when all parts are alike affected. What I mean by desire I have explained in the note to Prop. ix. of this part; beyond these three I recognize no other primary emotion; I will show as I proceed, that all other emotions arise from these three. But, before I go further, I should like here to explain at greater length Prop. x of this part, in order that we may clearly understand how one idea is contrary to another. In the note to II. xvii. we showed that the idea, which constitutes the essence of mind, involves the existence of body, so long as the body itself exists. Again, it follows from what we pointed out in the Corollary to II. viii., that the present existence of our mind depends solely on the fact, that the mind involves the actual existence of the body. Lastly, we showed (II. xvii., xviii. and note) that the power of the mind, whereby it imagines and remembers things, also depends on the fact, that it involves the actual existence of the body. Whence it follows, that the present existence of the mind and its power of imagining are removed, as soon as the mind ceases to affirm the present existence of the

body. Now the cause, why the mind ceases to affirm this existence of the body, cannot be the mind itself (III. iv.), nor again the fact that the body ceases to exist. For (by II. vi.) the cause, why the mind affirms the existence of the body, is not that the body began to exist; therefore, for the same reason, it does not cease to affirm the existence of the body, because the body ceases to exist; but (II. xvii.) this result follows from another idea, which excludes the present existence of our body and, consequently, of our mind, and which is therefore contrary to the idea constituting the essence of our mind.

PROP. XII. The mind, as far as it can, endeavours to conceive those things, which increase or help the power of activity in the body.

Proof.--So long as the human body is affected in a mode, which involves the nature of any external body, the human mind will regard that external body as present (II. xvii.), and consequently (II. vii.), so long as the human mind regards an external body as present, that is (II. xvii. note), conceives it, the human body is affected in a mode, which involves the nature of the said external body; thus so long as the mind conceives things, which increase or help the power of activity in our body, the body is affected in modes which increase or help its power of activity (III. Post. i.); consequently (III. xi.) the mind's power of thinking is for that period increased or helped. Thus (III. vi., ix.) the mind, as far as it can, endeavours to imagine such things. Q.E.D.

PROP. XIII. When the mind conceives things which diminish or hinder the body's power of activity, it endeavours, as far as possible, to remember things which exclude the existence of the first--named things.

Proof.--So long as the mind conceives anything of the kind alluded to, the power of the mind and body is diminished or constrained (cf. III. xii. Proof); nevertheless it will continue to conceive it, until the mind conceives something else, which excludes the present existence thereof (II. xvii.); that is (as I have just shown), the power of the mind and of the body is diminished, or constrained, until the mind conceives something else, which excludes the existence of the former thing conceived: therefore the mind (III. ix.), as far as it can, will endeavour to conceive or remember the latter. Q.E.D.

Corollary.--Hence it follows that the mind shrinks from conceiving those things, which diminish or constrain the power of itself and of the body.

Note.--From what has been said we may clearly understand the nature of Love and Hate. Love is nothing else but pleasure accompanied by the idea of an external cause: Hate is nothing else but pain accompanied by the idea of an external cause. We further see, that he who loves necessarily endeavours to have, and to keep present to him, the object of his love; while he who hates endeavours to remove and destroy the object of his hatred. But I will treat of these matters at more length hereafter.

PROP. XIV. If the mind has once been affected by two emotions at the same time, it will, whenever it is afterwards affected by one of these two, be also affected by the other.

Proof.--If the human body has once been affected by two bodies at once, whenever afterwards the mind conceives one of them, it will straightway remember the other also (II. xviii.). But the mind's conceptions indicate rather the emotions of our body than the nature of external bodies (II. xvi. Coroll. ii.); therefore, if the body, and consequently the mind (III. Def. iii.) has been once affected by two emotions at the same time, it will, whenever it is afterwards affected by one of the two, be also affected by the other.

PROP. XV. Anything can, accidentally, be the cause of pleasure, pain, or desire.

Proof.--Let it be granted that the mind is simultaneously affected by two emotions, of which one neither increases nor diminishes its power of activity, and the other does either increase or diminish the said power (III. Post. i.). From the foregoing proposition it is evident that, whenever the mind is afterwards affected by the former, through its true cause, which (by hypothesis) neither increases nor diminishes its power of action, it will be at the same time affected by the latter, which does increase or diminish its power of activity, that is (III. xi. note) it will be affected with pleasure or pain. Thus the former of the two emotions will, not through itself, but accidentally, be the cause of pleasure or pain. In the same way also it can be easily shown, that a thing may be accidentally the cause of desire. Q.E.D.

Corollary.--Simply from the fact that we have regarded a thing with the emotion of pleasure or pain, though that thing be not the efficient cause of the emotion, we can either love or hate it.

Proof.--For from this fact alone it arises (III. xiv.), that the mind afterwards conceiving the said thing is affected with the emotion of pleasure or pain, that is (III. xi. note), according as the power of the mind and body may be increased or diminished, &c.; and consequently (III. xii.), according as the mind may desire or shrink from the conception of it (III. xiii. Coroll.), in other words (III. xiii.

note), according as it may love or hate the same. Q.E.D.

Note.--Hence we understand how it may happen, that we love or hate a thing without any cause for our emotion being known to us; merely, as a phrase is, from sympathy or antipathy. We should refer to the same category those objects, which affect us pleasurably or painfully, simply because they resemble other objects which affect us in the same way. This I will show in the next Prop. I am aware that certain authors, who were the first to introduce these terms "sympathy" and "antipathy," wished to signify thereby some occult qualities in things; nevertheless I think we may be permitted to use the same terms to indicate known or manifest qualities.

PROP. XVI. Simply from the fact that we conceive, that a given object has some point of resemblance with another object which is wont to affect the mind pleasurably or painfully, although the point of resemblance be not the efficient cause of the said emotions, we shall still regard the first--named object with love or hate.

Proof.--The point of resemblance was in the object (by hypothesis), when we regarded it with pleasure or pain, thus (III. xiv.), when the mind is affected by the image thereof, it will straightway be affected by one or the other emotion, and consequently the thing, which we perceive to have the same point of resemblance, will be accidentally (III. xv.) a cause of pleasure or pain. Thus (by the foregoing Corollary), although the point in which the two objects resemble one another be not the efficient cause of the emotion, we shall still regard the first--named object with love or hate. Q.E.D.

PROP. XVII. If we conceive that a thing, which is wont to affect us painfully, has any point of resemblance with another thing which is wont to affect us with an equally strong emotion of pleasure, we shall hate the first--named thing, and at the same time we shall love it.

Proof.--The given thing is (by hypothesis) in itself a cause of pain, and (III. xiii. note), in so far as we imagine it with this emotion, we shall hate it: further, inasmuch as we conceive that it has some point of resemblance to something else, which is wont to affect us with an equally strong emotion of pleasure, we shall with an equally strong impulse of pleasure love it (III. xvi.); thus we shall both hate and love the same thing. Q.E.D.

Note.--This disposition of the mind, which arises from two contrary emotions, is called vacillation; it stands to the emotions in the same relation as doubt does to the imagination (II. xliv. note); vacillation and doubt do not differ one from the other, except as greater differs from less. But we must bear in mind that I have deduced this vacillation from causes, which give rise through themselves to one of the emotions, and to the other accidentally. I have done this, in order that they might be more easily deduced from what went before; but I do not deny that vacillation of the disposition generally arises from an object, which is the efficient cause of both emotions. The human body is composed (II. Post. i.) of a variety of individual parts of different nature, and may therefore (Ax.i. after Lemma iii. after II. xiii.) be affected in a variety of different ways by one and the same body; and contrariwise, as one and the same thing can be affected in many ways, it can also in many different ways affect one and the same part of the body. Hence we can easily conceive, that one and the same object may be the cause of many and conflicting emotions.

PROP. XVIII. A man is as much affected pleasurably or painfully by the image of a thing past or future as by the image of a thing present.

Proof.--So long as a man is affected by the image of anything, he will regard that thing as present, even though it be non--existent (II. xvii. and Coroll.), he will not conceive it as past or future, except in so far as its image is joined to the image of time past or future (II. xliv. note). Wherefore the image of a thing, regarded in itself alone, is identical, whether it be referred to time past, time future, or time present; that is (II. xvi. Coroll.), the disposition or emotion of the body is identical, whether the image be of a thing past, future, or present. Thus the emotion of pleasure or pain is the same, whether the image be of a thing past or future. Q.E.D.

Note I.--I call a thing past or future, according as we either have been or shall be affected thereby. For instance, according as we have seen it, or are about to see it, according as it has recreated us, or will recreate us, according as it has harmed us, or will harm us. For, as we thus conceive it, we affirm its existence; that is, the body is affected by no emotion which excludes the existence of the thing, and therefore (II. xvii.) the body is affected by the image of the thing, in the same way as if the thing were actually present. However, as it generally happens that those, who have had many experiences, vacillate, so long as they regard a thing as future or past, and are usually in doubt about its issue (II. xliv. note); it follows that the emotions which arise from similar images of things are not so constant, but are generally disturbed by the images of other things, until men become assured of the issue.

Note II.--From what has just been said, we understand what is meant by the terms Hope, Fear, Confidence, Despair, Joy, and Disappointment.[5] Hope is nothing else but an inconstant pleasure, arising from the image of something future or past, whereof we do not yet know the issue. Fear, on the other hand, is an inconstant pain also arising from the image of something concerning which we are in doubt. If the element of doubt be removed from these emotions, hope becomes Confidence and fear becomes Despair. In other words, Pleasure or Pain arising from the image of something concerning which we have hoped or feared. Again, Joy is Pleasure arising from the image of something past whereof we have doubted the issue. Disappointment is the Pain opposed to Joy.

[5] Conscientiæ morsus--thus rendered by Mr. Pollock.

PROP. XIX. He who conceives that the object of his love is destroyed will feel pain; if he conceives that it is preserved he will feel pleasure.

Proof.--The mind, as far as possible, endeavours to conceive those things which increase or help the body's power of activity (III. xii.); in other words (III. xii. note), those things which it loves. But conception is helped by those things which postulate the existence of a thing, and contrariwise is hindered by those which exclude the existence of a thing (II. xvii.); therefore the images of things, which postulate the existence of an object of love, help the mind's endeavour to conceive the object of love, in other words (III. xi. note), affect the mind pleasurably; contrariwise those things, which exclude the existence of an object of love, hinder the aforesaid mental endeavour; in other words, affect the mind painfully. He, therefore, who conceives that the object of his love is destroyed will feel pain, &c. Q.E.D.

PROP. XX. He who conceives that the object of his hate is destroyed will also feel pleasure.

Proof.--The mind (III. xiii.) endeavours to conceive those things, which exclude the existence of things whereby the body's power of activity is diminished or constrained; that is (III. xiii. note), it endeavours to conceive such things as exclude the existence of what it hates; therefore the image of a thing, which excludes the existence of what the mind hates, helps the aforesaid mental effort, in other words (III. xi. note), affects the mind pleasurably. Thus he who conceives that the object of his hate is destroyed will feel pleasure. Q.E.D.

PROP. XXI. He who conceives, that the object of his love is affected pleasurably or painfully, will himself be affected pleasurably or painfully; and the one or the other emotion will be greater or less in the lover according as it is greater or less in the thing loved.

Proof.--The images of things (as we showed in III. xix.) which postulate the existence of the object of love, help the mind's endeavour to conceive the said object. But pleasure postulates the existence of something feeling pleasure, so much the more in proportion as the emotion of pleasure is greater; for it is (III. xi. note) a transition to a greater perfection; therefore the image of pleasure in the object of love helps the mental endeavour of the lover; that is, it affects the lover pleasurably, and so much the more, in proportion as this emotion may have been greater in the object of love. This was our first point. Further, in so far as a thing is affected with pain, it is to that extent destroyed, the extent being in proportion to the amount of pain (III. xi. note); therefore (III. xix.) he who conceives, that the object of his love is affected painfully, will himself be affected painfully, in proportion as the said emotion is greater or less in the object of love. Q.E.D.

PROP. XXII. If we conceive that anything pleasurably affects some object of our love, we shall be affected with love towards that thing. Contrariwise, if we conceive that it affects an object of our love painfully, we shall be affected with hatred towards it.

Proof.--He, who affects pleasurably or painfully the object of our love, affects us also pleasurably or painfully--that is, if we conceive the loved object as affected with the said pleasure or pain (III. xxi.). But this pleasure or pain is postulated to come to us accompanied by the idea of an external cause; therefore (III. xiii. note), if we conceive that anyone affects an object of our love pleasurably or painfully, we shall be affected with love or hatred towards him. Q.E.D.

Note.--Prop. xxi. explains to us the nature of Pity, which we may define as pain arising from another's hurt. What term we can use for pleasure arising from another's gain, I know not.

We will call the love towards him who confers a benefit on another, Approval; and the hatred towards him who injures another, we will call Indignation. We must further remark, that we not only feel pity for a thing which we have loved (as shown in III. xxi.), but also for a thing which we have hitherto regarded without emotion, provided that we deem that it resembles ourselves (as I will show presently). Thus, we bestow approval on one who has benefited anything resembling ourselves, and, contrariwise, are indignant

with him who has done it an injury.

PROP. XXIII. He who conceives, that an object of his hatred is painfully affected, will feel pleasure. Contrariwise, if he thinks that the said object is pleasurably affected, he will feel pain. Each of these emotions will be greater or less, according as its contrary is greater or less in the object of hatred.

Proof.--In so far as an object of hatred is painfully affected, it is destroyed, to an extent proportioned to the strength of the pain (III. xi. note). Therefore, he (III. xx.) who conceives, that some object of his hatred is painfully affected, will feel pleasure, to an extent proportioned to the amount of pain he conceives in the object of his hatred. This was our first point. Again, pleasure postulates the existence of the pleasurably affected thing (III. xi. note), in proportion as the pleasure is greater or less. If anyone imagines that an object of his hatred is pleasurably affected, this conception (III. xiii.) will hinder his own endeavour to persist; in other words (III. xi. note), he who hates will be painfully affected. Q.E.D.

Note.--This pleasure can scarcely be felt unalloyed, and without any mental conflict. For (as I am about to show in Prop. xxvii.), in so far as a man conceives that something similar to himself is affected by pain, he will himself be affected in like manner; and he will have the contrary emotion in contrary circumstances. But here we are regarding hatred only.

PROP. XXIV. If we conceive that anyone pleasurably affects an object of our hate, we shall feel hatred towards him also. If we conceive that he painfully affects that said object, we shall feel love towards him.

Proof.--This proposition is proved in the same way as III. xxii., which see.

Note.--These and similar emotions of hatred are attributable to envy, which, accordingly, is nothing else but hatred, in so far as it is regarded as disposing a man to rejoice in another's hurt, and to grieve at another's advantage.

PROP. XXV. We endeavour to affirm, concerning ourselves, and concerning what we love, everything that we can conceive to affect pleasurably ourselves, or the loved object. Contrariwise, we endeavour to negative everything, which we conceive to affect painfully ourselves or the loved object.

Proof.--That, which we conceive to affect an object of our love pleasurably or painfully, affects us also pleasurably or painfully (III. xxi.). But the mind (III. xii.) endeavours, as far as possible, to conceive those things which affect us pleasurably; in other words (II. xvii. and Coroll.), it endeavours to regard them as present. And, contrariwise (III. xiii.), it endeavours to exclude the existence of such things as affect us painfully; therefore, we endeavour to affirm concerning ourselves, and concerning the loved object, whatever we conceive to affect ourselves, or the love object pleasurably. Q.E.D.

PROP. XXVI. We endeavour to affirm, concerning that which we hate, everything which we conceive to affect it painfully; and, contrariwise, we endeavour to deny, concerning it, everything which we conceive to affect it pleasurably.

Proof.--This proposition follows from III. xxiii., as the foregoing proposition followed from III. xxi.

Note.--Thus we see that it may readily happen, that a man may easily think too highly of himself, or a loved object, and, contrariwise, too meanly of a hated object. This feeling is called pride, in reference to the man who thinks too highly of himself, and is a species of madness, wherein a man dreams with his eyes open, thinking that he can accomplish all things that fall within the scope of his conception, and thereupon accounting them real, and exulting in them, so long as he is unable to conceive anything which excludes their existence, and determines his own power of action. Pride, therefore, is pleasure springing from a man thinking too highly of himself. Again, the pleasure which arises from a man thinking too highly of another is called over--esteem. Whereas the pleasure which arises from thinking too little of a man is called disdain.

PROP. XXVII. By the very fact that we conceive a thing, which is like ourselves, and which we have not regarded with any emotion, to be affected with any emotion, we are ourselves affected with a like emotion (affectus).

Proof.--The images of things are modifications of the human body, whereof the ideas represent external bodies as present to us (II. xvii.); in other words (II. x.), whereof the ideas involve the nature of our body, and, at the same time, the nature of the external bodies as present. If, therefore, the nature of the external body be similar to the nature of our body, then the idea which we form of the external body will involve a modification of our own body similar to the modification of the external body. Consequently, if we conceive anyone similar to ourselves as affected by any emotion, this conception will express a modification of our body similar to that emotion. Thus, from the fact of conceiving a thing like ourselves to be affected with any emotion, we are ourselves affected

with a like emotion. If, however, we hate the said thing like ourselves, we shall, to that extent, be affected by a contrary, and not similar, emotion. Q.E.D.

Note I.--This imitation of emotions, when it is referred to pain, is called compassion (cf. III. xxii. note); when it is referred to desire, it is called emulation, which is nothing else but the desire of anything, engendered in us by the fact that we conceive that others have the like desire.

Corollary I.--If we conceive that anyone, whom we have hitherto regarded with no emotion, pleasurably affects something similar to ourselves, we shall be affected with love towards him. If, on the other hand, we conceive that he painfully affects the same, we shall be affected with hatred towards him.

Proof.--This is proved from the last proposition in the same manner as III. xxii. is proved from III. xxi.

Corollary II.--We cannot hate a thing which we pity, because its misery affects us painfully.

Proof.--If we could hate it for this reason, we should rejoice in its pain, which is contrary to the hypothesis.

Corollary III.--We seek to free from misery, as far as we can, a thing which we pity.

Proof.--That, which painfully affects the object of our pity, affects us also with similar pain (by the foregoing proposition); therefore, we shall endeavour to recall everything which removes its existence, or which destroys it (cf. III. xiii.); in other words (III. ix. note), we shall desire to destroy it, or we shall be determined for its destruction; thus, we shall endeavour to free from misery a thing which we pity. Q.E.D.

Note II.--This will or appetite for doing good, which arises from pity of the thing whereon we would confer a benefit, is called benevolence, and is nothing else but desire arising from compassion. Concerning love or hate towards him who has done good or harm to something, which we conceive to be like ourselves, see III. xxii. note.

PROP. XXVIII. We endeavour to bring about whatsoever we conceive to conduce to pleasure; but we endeavour to remove or destroy whatsoever we conceive to be truly repugnant thereto, or to conduce to pain.

Proof.--We endeavour, as far as possible, to conceive that which we imagine to conduce to pleasure (III. xii.); in other words (II. xvii.) we shall endeavour to conceive it as far as possible as present or actually existing. But the endeavour of the mind, or the mind's power of thought, is equal to, and simultaneous with, the endeavour of the body, or the body's power of action. (This is clear from II. vii. Coroll. and II. xi. Coroll.). Therefore we make an absolute endeavour for its existence, in other words (which by III. ix. note, come to the same thing) we desire and strive for it; this was our first point. Again, if we conceive that something, which we believed to be the cause of pain, that is (III. xiii. note), which we hate, is destroyed, we shall rejoice (III. xx.). We shall, therefore (by the first part of this proof), endeavour to destroy the same, or (III. xiii.) to remove it from us, so that we may not regard it as present; this was our second point. Wherefore whatsoever conduces to pleasure, &c. Q.E.D.

PROP. XXIX. We shall also endeavour to do whatsoever we conceive men[6] to regard with pleasure, and contrariwise we shall shrink from doing that which we conceive men to shrink from.

[6] By "men" in this and the following propositions, I mean men whom we regard without any particular emotion.

Proof.--From the fact of imagining, that men love or hate anything, we shall love or hate the same thing (III. xxvii.). That is (III. xiii. note), from this mere fact we shall feel pleasure or pain at the thing's presence. And so we shall endeavour to do whatsoever we conceive men to love or regard with pleasure, etc. Q.E.D.

Note.--This endeavour to do a thing or leave it undone, solely in order to please men, we call ambition, especially when we so eagerly endeavour to please the vulgar, that we do or omit certain things to our own or another's hurt: in other cases it is generally called kindliness. Furthermore I give the name of praise to the pleasure, with which we conceive the action of another, whereby he has endeavoured to please us; but of blame to the pain wherewith we feel aversion to his action.

PROP. XXX. If anyone has done something which he conceives as affecting other men pleasurably, he will be affected by pleasure, accompanied by the idea of himself as cause; in other words, he will regard himself with pleasure. On the other hand, if he has done anything which he conceives as affecting others painfully, he will regard himself with pain.

Proof.--He who conceives, that he affects others with pleasure or pain, will, by that very fact, himself be affected with pleasure or pain (III. xxvii.), but, as a man (II. xix. and xxiii.) is conscious of himself through the modifications whereby he is determined to action, it follows that he who conceives, that he affects others pleasurably, will be affected with pleasure accompanied by the idea of himself as cause; in other words, he will regard himself with pleasure. And so mutatis mutandis in the case of pain. Q.E.D.

Note.--As love (III. xiii.) is pleasure accompanied by the idea of an external cause, and hatred is pain accompanied by the idea of an external cause; the pleasure and pain in question will be a species of love and hatred. But, as the terms love and hatred are used in reference to external objects, we will employ other names for the emotions now under discussion: pleasure accompanied by the idea of an external cause[7] we will style Honour, and the emotion contrary thereto we will style Shame: I mean in such cases as where pleasure or pain arises from a man's belief, that he is being praised or blamed: otherwise pleasure accompanied by the idea of an external cause[8] is called self--complacency, and its contrary pain is called repentance. Again, as it may happen (II. xvii. Coroll.) that the pleasure, wherewith a man conceives that he affects others, may exist solely in his own imagination, and as (III. xxv.) everyone endeavours to conceive concerning himself that which he conceives will affect him with pleasure, it may easily come to pass that a vain man may be proud and may imagine that he is pleasing to all, when in reality he may be an annoyance to all.

[7] So Van Vloten and Bruder. The Dutch version and Camerer read, "an internal cause." "Honor" = Gloria.

[8] See previous endnote.

PROP. XXXI. If we conceive that anyone loves, desires, or hates anything which we ourselves love, desire, or hate, we shall thereupon regard the thing in question with more steadfast love, &c. On the contrary, if we think that anyone shrinks from something that we love, we shall undergo vacillations of soul.

Proof.--From the mere fact of conceiving that anyone loves anything we shall ourselves love that thing (III. xxvii.): but we are assumed to love it already; there is, therefore, a new cause of love, whereby our former emotion is fostered; hence we shall thereupon love it more steadfastly. Again, from the mere fact of conceiving that anyone shrinks from anything, we shall ourselves shrink from that thing (III. xxvii.). If we assume that we at the same time love it, we shall then simultaneously love it and shrink from it; in other words, we shall be subject to vacillation (III. xvii. note). Q.E.D.

Corollary.--From the foregoing, and also from III. xxviii. it follows that everyone endeavours, as far as possible, to cause others to love what he himself loves, and to hate what he himself hates: as the poet says: "As lovers let us share every hope and every fear: ironhearted were he who should love what the other leaves."[9]

[9] Ovid, "Amores," II. xix. 4,5. Spinoza transposes the verses.

"Speremus pariter, pariter metuamus amantes;

Ferreus est, si quis, quod sinit alter, amat."

Note.--This endeavour to bring it about, that our own likes and dislikes should meet with universal approval, is really ambition (see III. xxix. note); wherefore we see that everyone by nature desires (appetere), that the rest of mankind should live according to his own individual disposition: when such a desire is equally present in all, everyone stands in everyone else's way, and in wishing to be loved or praised by all, all become mutually hateful.

PROP. XXXII. If we conceive that anyone takes delight in something, which only one person can possess, we shall endeavour to bring it about that the man in question shall not gain possession thereof.

Proof.--From the mere fact of our conceiving that another person takes delight in a thing (III. xxvii. and Coroll.) we shall ourselves love that thing and desire to take delight therein. But we assumed that the pleasure in question would be prevented by another's delight in its object; we shall, therefore, endeavour to prevent his possession thereof (III. xxviii.). Q.E.D.

Note.--We thus see that man's nature is generally so constituted, that he takes pity on those who fare ill, and envies those who fare well with an amount of hatred proportioned to his own love for the goods in their possession. Further, we see that from the same property of human nature, whence it follows that men are merciful, it follows also that they are envious and ambitious. Lastly, if we make appeal to Experience, we shall find that she entirely confirms what we have said; more especially if we turn our attention to the first years of our life. We find that children, whose body is continually, as it were, in equilibrium, laugh or cry simply because

they see others laughing or crying; moreover, they desire forthwith to imitate whatever they see others doing, and to possess themselves of whatever they conceive as delighting others: inasmuch as the images of things are, as we have said, modifications of the human body, or modes wherein the human body is affected and disposed by external causes to act in this or that manner.

PROP. XXXIII. When we love a thing similar to ourselves we endeavour, as far as we can, to bring about that it should love us in return.

Proof.--That which we love we endeavour, as far as we can, to conceive in preference to anything else (III. xii.). If the thing be similar to ourselves, we shall endeavour to affect it pleasurably in preference to anything else (III. xxix.). In other words, we shall endeavour, as far as we can, to bring it about, that the thing should be affected with pleasure accompanied by the idea of ourselves, that is (III. xiii. note), that it should love us in return. Q.E.D.

PROP. XXXIV. The greater the emotion with which we conceive a loved object to be affected towards us, the greater will be our complacency.

Proof.--We endeavour (III. xxxiii.), as far as we can, to bring about, that what we love should love us in return: in other words, that what we love should be affected with pleasure accompanied by the idea of ourself as cause. Therefore, in proportion as the loved object is more pleasurably affected because of us, our endeavour will be assisted.--that is (III. xi. and note) the greater will be our pleasure. But when we take pleasure in the fact, that we pleasurably affect something similar to ourselves, we regard ourselves with pleasure (III. 30); therefore the greater the emotion with which we conceive a loved object to be affected, &c. Q.E.D.

PROP. XXXV. If anyone conceives, that an object of his love joins itself to another with closer bonds of friendship than he himself has attained to, he will be affected with hatred towards the loved object and with envy towards his rival.

Proof.--In proportion as a man thinks, that a loved object is well affected towards him, will be the strength of his self--approval (by the last Prop.), that is (III. xxx. note), of his pleasure; he will, therefore (III. xxviii.), endeavour, as far as he can, to imagine the loved object as most closely bound to him: this endeavour or desire will be increased, if he thinks that someone else has a similar desire (III. xxxi.). But this endeavour or desire is assumed to be checked by the image of the loved object in conjunction with the image of him whom the loved object has joined to itself; therefore (III. xi. note) he will for that reason be affected with pain, accompanied by the idea of the loved object as a cause in conjunction with the image of his rival; that is, he will be (III. xiii.) affected with hatred towards the loved object and also towards his rival (III. xv. Coroll.), which latter he will envy as enjoying the beloved object. Q.E.D.

Note.--This hatred towards an object of love joined with envy is called Jealousy, which accordingly is nothing else but a wavering of the disposition arising from combined love and hatred, accompanied by the idea of some rival who is envied. Further, this hatred towards the object of love will be greater, in proportion to the pleasure which the jealous man had been wont to derive from the reciprocated love of the said object; and also in proportion to the feelings he had previously entertained towards his rival. If he had hated him, he will forthwith hate the object of his love, because he conceives it is pleasurably affected by one whom he himself hates: and also because he is compelled to associate the image of his loved one with the image of him whom he hates. This condition generally comes into play in the case of love for a woman: for he who thinks, that a woman whom he loves prostitutes herself to another, will feel pain, not only because his own desire is restrained, but also because, being compelled to associate the image of her he loves with the parts of shame and the excreta of another, he therefore shrinks from her.

We must add, that a jealous man is not greeted by his beloved with the same joyful countenance as before, and this also gives him pain as a lover, as I will now show.

PROP. XXXVI. He who remembers a thing, in which he has once taken delight, desires to possess it under the same circumstances as when he first took delight therein.

Proof.--Everything, which a man has seen in conjunction with the object of his love, will be to him accidentally a cause of pleasure (III. xv.); he will, therefore, desire to possess it, in conjunction with that wherein he has taken delight; in other words, he will desire to possess the object of his love under the same circumstances as when he first took delight therein. Q.E.D.

Corollary.--A lover will, therefore, feel pain if one of the aforesaid attendant circumstances be missing.

Proof.--For, in so far as he finds some circumstance to be missing, he conceives something which excludes its existence. As he is assumed to be desirous for love's sake of that thing or circumstance (by the last Prop.), he will, in so far as he conceives it to be missing, feel pain (III. xix.). Q.E.D.

Note.--This pain, in so far as it has reference to the absence of the object of love, is called Regret.

PROP. XXXVII. Desire arising through pain or pleasure, hatred or love, is greater in proportion as the emotion is greater.

Proof.--Pain diminishes or constrains a man's power of activity (III. xi. note), in other words (III. vii.), diminishes or constrains the effort, wherewith he endeavours to persist in his own being; therefore (III. v.) it is contrary to the said endeavour: thus all the endeavours of a man affected by pain are directed to removing that pain. But (by the definition of pain), in proportion as the pain is greater, so also is it necessarily opposed to a greater part of man's power of activity; therefore the greater the pain, the greater the power of activity employed to remove it; that is, the greater will be the desire or appetite in endeavouring to remove it. Again, since pleasure (III. xi. note) increases or aids a man's power of activity, it may easily be shown in like manner, that a man affected by pleasure has no desire further than to preserve it, and his desire will be in proportion to the magnitude of the pleasure.

Lastly, since hatred and love are themselves emotions of pain and pleasure, it follows in like manner that the endeavour, appetite, or desire, which arises through hatred or love, will be greater in proportion to the hatred or love. Q.E.D.

PROP. XXXVIII. If a man has begun to hate an object of his love, so that love is thoroughly destroyed, he will, causes being equal, regard it with more hatred than if he had never loved it, and his hatred will be in proportion to the strength of his former love.

Proof.--If a man begins to hate that which he had loved, more of his appetites are put under restraint than if he had never loved it. For love is a pleasure (III. xiii. note) which a man endeavours as far as he can to render permanent (III. xxviii.); he does so by regarding the object of his love as present, and by affecting it as far as he can pleasurably; this endeavour is greater in proportion as the love is greater, and so also is the endeavour to bring about that the beloved should return his affection (III. xxxiii.). Now these endeavours are constrained by hatred towards the object of love (III. xiii. Coroll. and III. xxiii.); wherefore the lover (III. xi. note) will for this cause also be affected with pain, the more so in proportion as his love has been greater; that is, in addition to the pain caused by hatred, there is a pain caused by the fact that he has loved the object; wherefore the lover will regard the beloved with greater pain, or in other words, will hate it more than if he had never loved it, and with the more intensity in proportion as his former love was greater. Q.E.D.

PROP. XXXIX. He who hates anyone will endeavour to do him an injury, unless he fears that a greater injury will thereby accrue to himself; on the other hand, he who loves anyone will, by the same law, seek to benefit him.

Proof.--To hate a man is (III. xiii. note) to conceive him as a cause of pain; therefore he who hates a man will endeavour to remove or destroy him. But if anything more painful, or, in other words, a greater evil, should accrue to the hater thereby--and if the hater thinks he can avoid such evil by not carrying out the injury, which he planned against the object of his hate--he will desire to abstain from inflicting that injury (III. xxviii.), and the strength of his endeavour (III. xxxvii.) will be greater than his former endeavour to do injury, and will therefore prevail over it, as we asserted. The second part of this proof proceeds in the same manner. Wherefore he who hates another, etc. Q.E.D.

Note.--By good I here mean every kind of pleasure, and all that conduces thereto, especially that which satisfies our longings, whatsoever they may be. By evil, I mean every kind of pain, especially that which frustrates our longings. For I have shown (III. ix. note) that we in no case desire a thing because we deem it good, but, contrariwise, we deem a thing good because we desire it: consequently we deem evil that which we shrink from; everyone, therefore, according to his particular emotions, judges or estimates what is good, what is bad, what is better, what is worse, lastly, what is best, and what is worst. Thus a miser thinks that abundance of money is the best, and want of money the worst; an ambitious man desires nothing so much as glory, and fears nothing so much as shame. To an envious man nothing is more delightful than another's misfortune, and nothing more painful than another's success. So every man, according to his emotions, judges a thing to be good or bad, useful or useless. The emotion, which induces a man to turn from that which he wishes, or to wish for that which he turns from, is called timidity, which may accordingly be defined as the fear whereby a man is induced to avoid an evil which he regards as future by encountering a lesser evil (III. xxviii.). But if the evil which he fears be shame, timidity becomes bashfulness. Lastly, if the desire to avoid a future evil be checked by the fear of another evil, so that the man knows not which to choose, fear becomes consternation, especially if both the evils feared be very great.

PROP. XL. He, who conceives himself to be hated by another, and believes that he has given him no cause for hatred, will hate that other in return.

Proof.--He who conceives another as affected with hatred, will thereupon be affected himself with hatred (III. xxvii.), that is, with pain, accompanied by the idea of an external cause. But, by the hypothesis, he conceives no cause for this pain except him who is his enemy; therefore, from conceiving that he is hated by some one, he will be affected with pain, accompanied by the idea of his enemy; in other words, he will hate his enemy in return. Q.E.D.

Note.--He who thinks that he has given just cause for hatred will (III. xxx. and note) be affected with shame; but this case (III. xxv.) rarely happens. This reciprocation of hatred may also arise from the hatred, which follows an endeavour to injure the object of our hate (III. xxxix.). He therefore who conceives that he is hated by another will conceive his enemy as the cause of some evil or pain; thus he will be affected with pain or fear, accompanied by the idea of his enemy as cause; in other words, he will be affected with hatred towards his enemy, as I said above.

Corollary I.--He who conceives, that one whom he loves hates him, will be a prey to conflicting hatred and love. For, in so far as he conceives that he is an object of hatred, he is determined to hate his enemy in return. But, by the hypothesis, he nevertheless loves him: wherefore he will be a prey to conflicting hatred and love.

Corollary II.--If a man conceives that one, whom he has hitherto regarded without emotion, has done him any injury from motives of hatred, he will forthwith seek to repay the injury in kind.

Proof.--He who conceives, that another hates him, will (by the last proposition) hate his enemy in return, and (III. xxvi.) will endeavour to recall everything which can affect him painfully; he will moreover endeavour to do him an injury (III. xxxix.). Now the first thing of this sort which he conceives is the injury done to himself; he will, therefore, forthwith endeavour to repay it in kind. Q.E.D.

Note.--The endeavour to injure one whom we hate is called Anger; the endeavour to repay in kind injury done to ourselves is called Revenge.

PROP. XLI. If anyone conceives that he is loved by another, and believes that he has given no cause for such love, he will love that other in return. (Cf. III. xv. Coroll., and III. xvi.)

Proof.--This proposition is proved in the same way as the preceding one. See also the note appended thereto.

Note.--If he believes that he has given just cause for the love, he will take pride therein (III. xxx. and note); this is what most often happens (III. xxv.), and we said that its contrary took place whenever a man conceives himself to be hated by another. (See note to preceding proposition.) This reciprocal love, and consequently the desire of benefiting him who loves us (III. xxxix.), and who endeavours to benefit us, is called gratitude or thankfulness. It thus appears that men are much more prone to take vengeance than to return benefits.

Corollary.--He who imagines that he is loved by one whom he hates, will be a prey to conflicting hatred and love. This is proved in the same way as the first corollary of the preceding proposition.

Note.--If hatred be the prevailing emotion, he will endeavour to injure him who loves him; this emotion is called cruelty, especially if the victim be believed to have given no ordinary cause for hatred.

PROP. XLII. He who has conferred a benefit on anyone from motives of love or honour will feel pain, if he sees that the benefit is received without gratitude.

Proof.--When a man loves something similar to himself, he endeavours, as far as he can, to bring it about that he should be loved thereby in return (III. xxxiii.). Therefore he who has conferred a benefit confers it in obedience to the desire, which he feels of being loved in return; that is (III. xxxiv.) from the hope of honour or (III. xxx. note) pleasure; hence he will endeavour, as far as he can, to conceive this cause of honour, or to regard it as actually existing. But, by the hypothesis, he conceives something else, which excludes the existence of the said cause of honour: wherefore he will thereat feel pain (III. xix.). Q.E.D.

PROP. XLIII. Hatred is increased by being reciprocated, and can on the other hand be destroyed by love.

Proof.--He who conceives, that an object of his hatred hates him in return, will thereupon feel a new hatred, while the former hatred (by hypothesis) still remains (III. xl.). But if, on the other hand, he conceives that the object of hate loves him, he will to this extent (III. xxxviii.) regard himself with pleasure, and (III. xxix.) will endeavour to please the cause of his emotion. In other words, he will endeavour not to hate him (III. xli.), and not to affect him painfully; this endeavour (III. xxxvii.) will be greater or less in proportion to

the emotion from which it arises. Therefore, if it be greater than that which arises from hatred, and through which the man endeavours to affect painfully the thing which he hates, it will get the better of it and banish the hatred from his mind. Q.E.D.

PROP. XLIV. Hatred which is completely vanquished by love passes into love: and love is thereupon greater than if hatred had not preceded it.

Proof.--The proof proceeds in the same way as Prop. xxxviii. of this Part: for he who begins to love a thing, which he was wont to hate or regard with pain, from the very fact of loving feels pleasure. To this pleasure involved in love is added the pleasure arising from aid given to the endeavour to remove the pain involved in hatred (III. xxxvii.), accompanied by the idea of the former object of hatred as cause.

Note.--Though this be so, no one will endeavour to hate anything, or to be affected with pain, for the sake of enjoying this greater pleasure; that is, no one will desire that he should be injured, in the hope of recovering from the injury, nor long to be ill for the sake of getting well. For everyone will always endeavour to persist in his being, and to ward off pain as far as he can. If the contrary is conceivable, namely, that a man should desire to hate someone, in order that he might love him the more thereafter, he will always desire to hate him. For the strength of love is in proportion to the strength of the hatred, wherefore the man would desire, that the hatred be continually increased more and more, and, for a similar reason, he would desire to become more and more ill, in order that he might take a greater pleasure in being restored to health: in such a case he would always endeavour to be ill, which (III. vi.) is absurd.

PROP. XLV. If a man conceives, that anyone similar to himself hates anything also similar to himself, which he loves, he will hate that person.

Proof.--The beloved object feels reciprocal hatred towards him who hates it (III. xl.); therefore the lover, in conceiving that anyone hates the beloved object, conceives the beloved thing as affected by hatred, in other words (III. xiii.), by pain; consequently he is himself affected by pain accompanied by the idea of the hater of the beloved thing as cause; that is, he will hate him who hates anything which he himself loves (III. xiii. note). Q.E.D.

PROP. XLVI. If a man has been affected pleasurably or painfully by anyone, of a class or nation different from his own, and if the pleasure or pain has been accompanied by the idea of the said stranger as cause, under the general category of the class or nation: the man will feel love or hatred, not only to the individual stranger, but also to the whole class or nation whereto he belongs.

Proof.--This is evident from III. xvi.

PROP. XLVII. Joy arising from the fact, that anything we hate is destroyed, or suffers other injury, is never unaccompanied by a certain pain in us.

Proof.--This is evident from III. xxvii. For in so far as we conceive a thing similar to ourselves to be affected with pain, we ourselves feel pain.

Note.--This proposition can also be proved from the Corollary to II. xvii. Whenever we remember anything, even if it does not actually exist, we regard it only as present, and the body is affected in the same manner; wherefore, in so far as the remembrance of the thing is strong, a man is determined to regard it with pain; this determination, while the image of the thing in question lasts, is indeed checked by the remembrance of other things excluding the existence of the aforesaid thing, but is not destroyed: hence, a man only feels pleasure in so far as the said determination is checked: for this reason the joy arising from the injury done to what we hate is repeated, every time we remember that object of hatred. For, as we have said, when the image of the thing in question, is aroused, inasmuch as it involves the thing's existence, it determines the man to regard the thing with the same pain as he was wont to do, when it actually did exist. However, since he has joined to the image of the thing other images, which exclude its existence, this determination to pain is forthwith checked, and the man rejoices afresh as often as the repetition takes place. This is the cause of men's pleasure in recalling past evils, and delight in narrating dangers from which they have escaped. For when men conceive a danger, they conceive it as still future, and are determined to fear it; this determination is checked afresh by the idea of freedom, which became associated with the idea of the danger when they escaped therefrom: this renders them secure afresh: therefore they rejoice afresh.

PROP. XLVIII. Love or hatred towards, for instance, Peter is destroyed, if the pleasure involved in the former, or the pain involved in the latter emotion, be associated with the idea of another cause: and will be diminished in proportion as we conceive Peter not to

have been the sole cause of either emotion.

Proof.--This Prop. is evident from the mere definition of love and hatred (III. xiii. note). For pleasure is called love towards Peter, and pain is called hatred towards Peter, simply in so far as Peter is regarded as the cause of one emotion or the other. When this condition of causality is either wholly or partly removed, the emotion towards Peter also wholly or in part vanishes. Q.E.D.

PROP. XLIX. Love or hatred towards a thing, which we conceive to be free, must, other conditions being similar, be greater than if it were felt towards a thing acting by necessity.

Proof.--A thing which we conceive as free must (I. Def. vii.) be perceived through itself without anything else. If, therefore, we conceive it as the cause of pleasure or pain, we shall therefore (III. xiii. note) love it or hate it, and shall do so with the utmost love or hatred that can arise from the given emotion. But if the thing which causes the emotion be conceived as acting by necessity, we shall then (by the same Def. vii. Part I.) conceive it not as the sole cause, but as one of the causes of the emotion, and therefore our love or hatred towards it will be less. Q.E.D.

Note.--Hence it follows, that men, thinking themselves to be free, feel more love or hatred towards one another than towards anything else: to this consideration we must add the imitation of emotions treated of in III. xxvii., xxxiv., xl. and xliii.

PROP. L. Anything whatever can be, accidentally, a cause of hope or fear.

Proof.--This proposition is proved in the same way as III. xv., which see, together with the note to III. xviii.

Note.--Things which are accidentally the causes of hope or fear are called good or evil omens. Now, in so far as such omens are the cause of hope or fear, they are (by the definitions of hope and fear given in III. xviii. note) the causes also of pleasure and pain; consequently we, to this extent, regard them with love or hatred, and endeavour either to invoke them as means towards that which we hope for, or to remove them as obstacles, or causes of that which we fear. It follows, further, from III. xxv., that we are naturally so constituted as to believe readily in that which we hope for, and with difficulty in that which we fear; moreover, we are apt to estimate such objects above or below their true value. Hence there have arisen superstitions, whereby men are everywhere assailed. However, I do not think it worth while to point out here the vacillations springing from hope and fear; it follows from the definition of these emotions, that there can be no hope without fear, and no fear without hope, as I will duly explain in the proper place. Further, in so far as we hope for or fear anything, we regard it with love or hatred; thus everyone can apply by himself to hope and fear what we have said concerning love and hatred.

PROP. LI. Different men may be differently affected by the same object, and the same man may be differently affected at different times by the same object.

Proof.--The human body is affected by external bodies in a variety of ways (II. Post. iii.). Two men may therefore be differently affected at the same time, and therefore (by Ax. i. after Lemma iii. after II. xiii.) may be differently affected by one and the same object. Further (by the same Post.) the human body can be affected sometimes in one way, sometimes in another; consequently (by the same Axiom) it may be differently affected at different times by one and the same object. Q.E.D.

Note.--We thus see that it is possible, that what one man loves another may hate, and that what one man fears another may not fear; or, again, that one and the same man may love what he once hated, or may be bold where he once was timid, and so on. Again, as everyone judges according to his emotions what is good, what bad, what better, and what worse (III. xxxix. note), it follows that men's judgments may vary no less than their emotions[10], hence when we compare some with others, we distinguish them solely by the diversity of their emotions, and style some intrepid, others timid, others by some other epithet. For instance, I shall call a man intrepid, if he despises an evil which I am accustomed to fear; if I further take into consideration, that, in his desire to injure his enemies and to benefit those whom he loves, he is not restrained by the fear of an evil which is sufficient to restrain me, I shall call him daring. Again, a man will appear timid to me, if he fears an evil which I am accustomed to despise; and if I further take into consideration that his desire is restrained by the fear of an evil, which is not sufficient to restrain me, I shall say that he is cowardly; and in like manner will everyone pass judgment.

[10] This is possible, though the human mind is part of the divine intellect, as I have shown in II. xiii. note.

Lastly, from this inconstancy in the nature of human judgment, inasmuch as a man often judges things solely by his emotions, and inasmuch as the things which he believes cause pleasure or pain, and therefore endeavours to promote or prevent, are often purely imaginary, not to speak of the uncertainty of things alluded to in III. xxviii.; we may readily conceive that a man may be at one time

affected with pleasure, and at another with pain, accompanied by the idea of himself as cause. Thus we can easily understand what are Repentance and Self--complacency. Repentance is pain, accompanied by the idea of one's self as cause; Self--complacency is pleasure, accompanied by the idea of one's self as cause, and these emotions are most intense because men believe themselves to be free (III. xlix.).

PROP. LII. An object which we have formerly seen in conjunction with others, and which we do not conceive to have any property that is not common to many, will not be regarded by us for so long, as an object which we conceive to have some property peculiar to itself.

Proof.--As soon as we conceive an object which we have seen in conjunction with others, we at once remember those others (II. xviii. and note), and thus we pass forthwith from the contemplation of one object to the contemplation of another object. And this is the case with the object, which we conceive to have no property that is not common to many. For we thereupon assume that we are regarding therein nothing, which we have not before seen in conjunction with other objects. But when we suppose that we conceive an object something special, which we have never seen before, we must needs say that the mind, while regarding that object, has in itself nothing which it can fall to regarding instead thereof; therefore it is determined to the contemplation of that object only. Therefore an object, &c. Q.E.D.

Note.--This mental modification, or imagination of a particular thing, in so far as it is alone in the mind, is called Wonder; but if it be excited by an object of fear, it is called Consternation, because wonder at an evil keeps a man so engrossed in the simple contemplation thereof, that he has no power to think of anything else whereby he might avoid the evil. If, however, the object of wonder be a man's prudence, industry, or anything of that sort, inasmuch as the said man, is thereby regarded as far surpassing ourselves, wonder is called Veneration; otherwise, if a man's anger, envy, &c., be what we wonder at, the emotion is called Horror. Again, if it be the prudence, industry, or what not, of a man we love, that we wonder at, our love will on this account be the greater (III. xii.), and when joined to wonder or veneration is called Devotion. We may in like manner conceive hatred, hope, confidence, and the other emotions, as associated with wonder; and we should thus be able to deduce more emotions than those which have obtained names in ordinary speech. Whence it is evident, that the names of the emotions have been applied in accordance rather with their ordinary manifestations than with an accurate knowledge of their nature.

To wonder is opposed Contempt, which generally arises from the fact that, because we see someone wondering at, loving, or fearing something, or because something, at first sight, appears to be like things, which we ourselves wonder at, love, fear, &c., we are, in consequence (III. xv. Coroll. and III. xxvii.), determined to wonder at, love, or fear that thing. But if from the presence, or more accurate contemplation of the said thing, we are compelled to deny concerning it all that can be the cause of wonder, love, fear, &c., the mind then, by the presence of the thing, remains determined to think rather of those qualities which are not in it, than of those which are in it; whereas, on the other hand, the presence of the object would cause it more particularly to regard that which is therein. As devotion springs from wonder at a thing which we love, so does Derision spring from contempt of a thing which we hate or fear, and Scorn from contempt of folly, as veneration from wonder at prudence. Lastly, we can conceive the emotions of love, hope, honour, &c., in association with contempt, and can thence deduce other emotions, which are not distinguished one from another by any recognized name.

PROP. LIII. When the mind regards itself and its own power of activity, it feels pleasure: and that pleasure is greater in proportion to the distinctness wherewith it conceives itself and its own power of activity.

Proof.--A man does not know himself except through the modifications of his body, and the ideas thereof (II. xix. and xxiii.). When, therefore, the mind is able to contemplate itself, it is thereby assumed to pass to a greater perfection, or (III. xi. note) to feel pleasure; and the pleasure will be greater in proportion to the distinctness, wherewith it is able to conceive itself and its own power of activity. Q.E.D.

Corollary.--This pleasure is fostered more and more, in proportion as a man conceives himself to be praised by others. For the more he conceives himself as praised by others, the more he will imagine them to be affected with pleasure, accompanied by the idea of himself (III. xxix. note); thus he is (III. xxvii.) himself affected with greater pleasure, accompanied by the idea of himself. Q.E.D.

PROP. LIV. The mind endeavours to conceive only such things as assert its power of activity.

Proof.--The endeavour or power of the mind is the actual essence thereof (III. vii.); but the essence of the mind obviously only affirms that which the mind is and can do; not that which it neither is nor can do; therefore the mind endeavours to conceive only such things as assert or affirm its power of activity. Q.E.D.

PROP. LV. When the mind contemplates its own weakness, it feels pain thereat.

Proof.--The essence of the mind only affirms that which the mind is, or can do; in other words, it is the mind's nature to conceive only such things as assert its power of activity (last Prop.). Thus, when we say that the mind contemplates its own weakness, we are merely saying that while the mind is attempting to conceive something which asserts its power of activity, it is checked in its endeavour----in other words (III. xi. note), it feels pain. Q.E.D.

Corollary.--This pain is more and more fostered, if a man conceives that he is blamed by others; this may be proved in the same way as the corollary to III. liii.

Note.--This pain, accompanied by the idea of our own weakness, is called humility; the pleasure, which springs from the contemplation of ourselves, is called self--love or self--complacency. And inasmuch as this feeling is renewed as often as a man contemplates his own virtues, or his own power of activity, it follows that everyone is fond of narrating his own exploits, and displaying the force both of his body and mind, and also that, for this reason, men are troublesome to one another. Again, it follows that men are naturally envious (III. xxiv. note, and III. xxxii. note), rejoicing in the shortcomings of their equals, and feeling pain at their virtues. For whenever a man conceives his own actions, he is affected with pleasure (III. liii.), in proportion as his actions display more perfection, and he conceives them more distinctly--that is (II. xl. note), in proportion as he can distinguish them from others, and regard them as something special. Therefore, a man will take most pleasure in contemplating himself, when he contemplates some quality which he denies to others. But, if that which he affirms of himself be attributable to the idea of man or animals in general, he will not be so greatly pleased: he will, on the contrary, feel pain, if he conceives that his own actions fall short when compared with those of others. This pain (III. xxviii.) he will endeavour to remove, by putting a wrong construction on the actions of his equals, or by, as far as he can, embellishing his own.

It is thus apparent that men are naturally prone to hatred and envy, which latter is fostered by their education. For parents are accustomed to incite their children to virtue solely by the spur of honour and envy. But, perhaps, some will scruple to assent to what I have said, because we not seldom admire men's virtues, and venerate their possessors. In order to remove such doubts, I append the following corollary.

Corollary.--No one envies the virtue of anyone who is not his equal.

Proof.--Envy is a species of hatred (III. xxiv. note) or (III. xiii. note) pain, that is (III. xi. note), a modification whereby a man's power of activity, or endeavour towards activity, is checked. But a man does not endeavour or desire to do anything, which cannot follow from his nature as it is given; therefore a man will not desire any power of activity or virtue (which is the same thing) to be attributed to him, that is appropriate to another's nature and foreign to his own; hence his desire cannot be checked, nor he himself pained by the contemplation of virtue in some one unlike himself, consequently he cannot envy such an one. But he can envy his equal, who is assumed to have the same nature as himself. Q.E.D.

Note.--When, therefore, as we said in the note to III. lii., we venerate a man, through wonder at his prudence, fortitude, &c., we do so, because we conceive those qualities to be peculiar to him, and not as common to our nature; we, therefore, no more envy their possessor, than we envy trees for being tall, or lions for being courageous.

PROP. LVI. There are as many kinds of pleasure, of pain, of desire, and of every emotion compounded of these, such as vacillations of spirit, or derived from these, such as love, hatred, hope, fear, &c., as there are kinds of objects whereby we are affected.

Proof.--Pleasure and pain, and consequently the emotions compounded thereof, or derived therefrom, are passions, or passive states (III. xi. note); now we are necessarily passive (III. i.), in so far as we have inadequate ideas; and only in so far as we have such ideas are we passive (III. iii.); that is, we are only necessarily passive (II. xl. note), in so far as we conceive, or (II. xvii. and note) in so far as we are affected by an emotion, which involves the nature of our own body, and the nature of an external body. Wherefore the nature of every passive state must necessarily be so explained, that the nature of the object whereby we are affected be expressed. Namely, the pleasure, which arises from, say, the object A, involves the nature of that object A, and the pleasure, which arises from the object B, involves the nature of the object B; wherefore these two pleasurable emotions are by

nature different, inasmuch as the causes whence they arise are by nature different. So again the emotion of pain, which arises from one object, is by nature different from the pain arising from another object, and, similarly, in the case of love, hatred, hope, fear, vacillation, &c.

Thus, there are necessarily as many kinds of pleasure, pain, love, hatred, &c., as there are kinds of objects whereby we are affected. Now desire is each man's essence or nature, in so far as it is conceived as determined to a particular action by any given modification of itself (III. ix. note); therefore, according as a man is affected through external causes by this or that kind of pleasure, pain, love, hatred, &c., in other words, according as his nature is disposed in this or that manner, so will his desire be of one kind or another, and the nature of one desire must necessarily differ from the nature of another desire, as widely as the emotions differ, wherefrom each desire arose. Thus there are as many kinds of desire, as there are kinds of pleasure, pain, love, &c., consequently (by what has been shown) there are as many kinds of desire, as there are kinds of objects whereby we are affected. Q.E.D.

Note.--Among the kinds of emotions, which, by the last proposition, must be very numerous, the chief are luxury, drunkenness, lust, avarice, and ambition, being merely species of love or desire, displaying the nature of those emotions in a manner varying according to the object, with which they are concerned. For by luxury, drunkenness, lust, avarice, ambition, &c., we simply mean the immoderate love of feasting, drinking, venery, riches, and fame. Furthermore, these emotions, in so far as we distinguish them from others merely by the objects wherewith they are concerned, have no contraries. For temperance, sobriety, and chastity, which we are wont to oppose to luxury, drunkenness, and lust, are not emotions or passive states, but indicate a power of the mind which moderates the last--named emotions. However, I cannot here explain the remaining kinds of emotions (seeing that they are as numerous as the kinds of objects), nor, if I could, would it be necessary. It is sufficient for our purpose, namely, to determine the strength of the emotions, and the mind's power over them, to have a general definition of each emotion. It is sufficient, I repeat, to understand the general properties of the emotions and the mind, to enable us to determine the quality and extent of the mind's power in moderating and checking the emotions. Thus, though there is a great difference between various emotions of love, hatred, or desire, for instance between love felt towards children, and love felt towards a wife, there is no need for us to take cognizance of such differences, or to track out further the nature and origin of the emotions.

PROP. LVII. Any emotion of a given individual differs from the emotion of another individual, only in so far as the essence of the one individual differs from the essence of the other.

Proof.--This proposition is evident from Ax. i. (which see after Lemma iii. Prop. xiii., Part II.). Nevertheless, we will prove it from the nature of the three primary emotions.

All emotions are attributable to desire, pleasure, or pain, as their definitions above given show. But desire is each man's nature or essence (III. ix. note); therefore desire in one individual differs from desire in another individual, only in so far as the nature or essence of the one differs from the nature or essence of the other. Again, pleasure and pain are passive states or passions, whereby every man's power or endeavour to persist in his being is increased or diminished, helped or hindered (III. xi. and note). But by the endeavour to persist in its being, in so far as it is attributable to mind and body in conjunction, we mean appetite and desire (III. ix. note); therefore pleasure and pain are identical with desire or appetite, in so far as by external causes they are increased or diminished, helped or hindered, in other words, they are every man's nature; wherefore the pleasure and pain felt by one man differ from the pleasure and pain felt by another man, only in so far as the nature or essence of the one man differs from the essence of the other; consequently, any emotion of one individual only differs, &c. Q.E.D.

Note.--Hence it follows, that the emotions of the animals which are called irrational (for after learning the origin of mind we cannot doubt that brutes feel) only differ from man's emotions, to the extent that brute nature differs from human nature. Horse and man are alike carried away by the desire of procreation; but the desire of the former is equine, the desire of the latter is human. So also the lusts and appetites of insects, fishes, and birds must needs vary according to the several natures. Thus, although each individual lives content and rejoices in that nature belonging to him wherein he has his being, yet the life, wherein each is content and rejoices, is nothing else but the idea, or soul, of the said individual, and hence the joy of one only differs in nature from the joy of another, to the extent that the essence of one differs from the essence of another. Lastly, it follows from the foregoing proposition, that there is no small difference between the joy which actuates, say, a drunkard, and the joy possessed by a philosopher, as I just mention here by the way. Thus far I have treated of the emotions attributable to man, in so far as he is passive. It remains to add a few words on those attributable to him in so far as he is active.

PROP. LVIII. Besides pleasure and desire, which are passivities or passions, there are other emotions derived from pleasure and desire, which are attributable to us in so far as we are active.

Proof.--When the mind conceives itself and its power of activity, it feels pleasure (III. liii.): now the mind necessarily contemplates itself, when it conceives a true or adequate idea (II. xliii.). But the mind does conceive certain adequate ideas (II. xl. note 2.). Therefore it feels pleasure in so far as it conceives adequate ideas; that is, in so far as it is active (III. i.). Again, the mind, both in so far as it has clear and distinct ideas, and in so far as it has confused ideas, endeavours to persist in its own being (III. ix.); but by such an endeavour we mean desire (by the note to the same Prop.); therefore, desire is also attributable to us, in so far as we understand, or (III. i.) in so far as we are active. Q.E.D.

PROP. LIX. Among all the emotions attributable to the mind as active, there are none which cannot be referred to pleasure or desire.

Proof.--All emotions can be referred to desire, pleasure, or pain, as their definitions, already given, show. Now by pain we mean that the mind's power of thinking is diminished or checked (III. xi. and note); therefore, in so far as the mind feels pain, its power of understanding, that is, of activity, is diminished or checked (III. i.); therefore, no painful emotions can be attributed to the mind in virtue of its being active, but only emotions of pleasure and desire, which (by the last Prop.) are attributable to the mind in that condition. Q.E.D.

Note.--All actions following from emotion, which are attributable to the mind in virtue of its understanding, I set down to strength of character (fortitudo), which I divide into courage (animositas) and highmindedness (generositas). By courage I mean the desire whereby every man strives to preserve his own being in accordance solely with the dictates of reason. By highmindedness I mean the desire whereby every man endeavours, solely under the dictates of reason, to aid other men and to unite them to himself in friendship. Those actions, therefore, which have regard solely to the good of the agent I set down to courage, those which aim at the good of others I set down to highmindedness. Thus temperance, sobriety, and presence of mind in danger, &c., are varieties of courage; courtesy, mercy, &c., are varieties of highmindedness.

I think I have thus explained, and displayed through their primary causes the principal emotions and vacillations of spirit, which arise from the combination of the three primary emotions, to wit, desire, pleasure, and pain. It is evident from what I have said, that we are in many ways driven about by external causes, and that like waves of the sea driven by contrary winds we toss to and fro unwitting of the issue and of our fate. But I have said, that I have only set forth the chief conflicting emotions, not all that might be given. For, by proceeding in the same way as above, we can easily show that love is united to repentance, scorn, shame, &c. I think everyone will agree from what has been said, that the emotions may be compounded one with another in so many ways, and so many variations may arise therefrom, as to exceed all possibility of computation. However, for my purpose, it is enough to have enumerated the most important; to reckon up the rest which I have omitted would be more curious than profitable. It remains to remark concerning love, that it very often happens that while we are enjoying a thing which we longed for, the body, from the act of enjoyment, acquires a new disposition, whereby it is determined in another way, other images of things are aroused in it, and the mind begins to conceive and desire something fresh. For example, when we conceive something which generally delights us with its flavour, we desire to enjoy, that is, to eat it. But whilst we are thus enjoying it, the stomach is filled and the body is otherwise disposed. If, therefore, when the body is thus otherwise disposed, the image of the food which is present be stimulated, and consequently the endeavour or desire to eat it be stimulated also, the new disposition of the body will feel repugnance to the desire or attempt, and consequently the presence of the food which we formerly longed for will become odious. This revulsion of feeling is called satiety or weariness. For the rest, I have neglected the outward modifications of the body observable in emotions, such, for instance, as trembling, pallor, sobbing, laughter, &c., for these are attributable to the body only, without any reference to the mind. Lastly, the definitions of the emotions require to be supplemented in a few points; I will therefore repeat them, interpolating such observations as I think should here and there be added.

DEFINITIONS OF THE EMOTIONS

I. Desire is the actual essence of man, in so far as it is conceived, as determined to a particular activity by some given modification of itself.

Explanation.--We have said above, in the note to Prop. ix. of this part, that desire is appetite, with consciousness thereof; further, that appetite is the essence of man, in so far as it is determined to act in a way tending to promote its own persistence. But, in the same note, I also remarked that, strictly speaking, I recognize no distinction between appetite and desire. For whether a man be

conscious of his appetite or not, it remains one and the same appetite. Thus, in order to avoid the appearance of tautology, I have refrained from explaining desire by appetite; but I have take care to define it in such a manner, as to comprehend, under one head, all those endeavours of human nature, which we distinguish by the terms appetite, will, desire, or impulse. I might, indeed, have said, that desire is the essence of man, in so far as it is conceived as determined to a particular activity; but from such a definition (cf. II. xxiii.) it would not follow that the mind can be conscious of its desire or appetite. Therefore, in order to imply the cause of such consciousness, it was necessary to add, in so far as it is determined by some given modification, &c. For, by a modification of man's essence, we understand every disposition of the said essence, whether such disposition be innate, or whether it be conceived solely under the attribute of thought, or solely under the attribute of extension, or whether, lastly, it be referred simultaneously to both these attributes. By the term desire, then, I here mean all man's endeavours, impulses, appetites, and volitions, which vary according to each man's disposition, and are, therefore, not seldom opposed one to another, according as a man is drawn in different directions, and knows not where to turn.

II. Pleasure is the transition of a man from a less to a greater perfection.

III. Pain is the transition of a man from a greater to a less perfection.

Explanation--I say transition: for pleasure is not perfection itself. For, if man were born with the perfection to which he passes, he would possess the same, without the emotion of pleasure. This appears more clearly from the consideration of the contrary emotion, pain. No one can deny, that pain consists in the transition to a less perfection, and not in the less perfection itself: for a man cannot be pained, in so far as he partakes of perfection of any degree. Neither can we say, that pain consists in the absence of a greater perfection. For absence is nothing, whereas the emotion of pain is an activity; wherefore this activity can only be the activity of transition from a greater to a less perfection--in other words, it is an activity whereby a man's power of action is lessened or constrained (cf. III. xi. note). I pass over the definitions of merriment, stimulation, melancholy, and grief, because these terms are generally used in reference to the body, and are merely kinds of pleasure or pain.

IV. Wonder is the conception (imaginatio) of anything, wherein the mind comes to a stand, because the particular concept in question has no connection with other concepts (cf. III. lii. and note).

Explanation--In the note to II. xviii. we showed the reason, why the mind, from the contemplation of one thing, straightway falls to the contemplation of another thing, namely, because the images of the two things are so associated and arranged, that one follows the other. This state of association is impossible, if the image of the thing be new; the mind will then be at a stand in the contemplation thereof, until it is determined by other causes to think of something else.

Thus the conception of a new object, considered in itself, is of the same nature as other conceptions; hence, I do not include wonder among the emotions, nor do I see why I should so include it, inasmuch as this distraction of the mind arises from no positive cause drawing away the mind from other objects, but merely from the absence of a cause, which should determine the mind to pass from the contemplation of one object to the contemplation of another.

I, therefore, recognize only three primitive or primary emotions (as I said in the note to III. xi.), namely, pleasure, pain, and desire. I have spoken of wonder simply because it is customary to speak of certain emotions springing from the three primitive ones by different names, when they are referred to the objects of our wonder. I am led by the same motive to add a definition of contempt.

V. Contempt is the conception of anything which touches the mind so little, that its presence leads the mind to imagine those qualities which are not in it rather than such as are in it (cf. III. lii. note).

The definitions of veneration and scorn I here pass over, for I am not aware that any emotions are named after them.

VI. Love is pleasure, accompanied by the idea of an external cause.

Explanation--This definition explains sufficiently clearly the essence of love; the definition given by those authors who say that love is the lover's wish to unite himself to the loved object expresses a property, but not the essence of love; and, as such authors have not sufficiently discerned love's essence, they have been unable to acquire a true conception of its properties, accordingly their definition is on all hands admitted to be very obscure. It must, however, be noted, that when I say that it is a property of love, that the lover should wish to unite himself to the beloved object, I do not here mean by wish consent, or conclusion, or a free decision of the mind (for I have shown such, in II. xlviii., to be fictitious); neither do I mean a desire of being united to the loved object when it is absent, or of continuing in its presence when it is at hand; for love can be conceived without either of these desires; but by wish I

mean the contentment, which is in the lover, on account of the presence of the beloved object, whereby the pleasure of the lover is strengthened, or at least maintained.

VII. Hatred is pain, accompanied by the idea of an external cause.

Explanation--These observations are easily grasped after what has been said in the explanation of the preceding definition (cf. also III. xiii. note).

VIII. Inclination is pleasure, accompanied by the idea of something which is accidentally a cause of pleasure.

IX. Aversion is pain, accompanied by the idea of something which is accidentally the cause of pain (cf. III. xv. note).

X. Devotion is love towards one whom we admire.

Explanation--Wonder (admiratio) arises (as we have shown, III. lii.) from the novelty of a thing. If, therefore, it happens that the object of our wonder is often conceived by us, we shall cease to wonder at it; thus we see, that the emotion of devotion readily degenerates into simple love.

XI. Derision is pleasure arising from our conceiving the presence of a quality, which we despise, in an object which we hate.

Explanation--In so far as we despise a thing which we hate, we deny existence thereof (III. lii. note), and to that extent rejoice (III. xx.). But since we assume that man hates that which he derides, it follows that the pleasure in question is not without alloy (cf. III. xlvii. note).

XII. Hope is an inconstant pleasure, arising from the idea of something past or future, whereof we to a certain extent doubt the issue.

XIII. Fear is an inconstant pain arising from the idea of something past or future, whereof we to a certain extent doubt the issue (cf. III. xviii. note).

Explanation--From these definitions it follows, that there is no hope unmingled with fear, and no fear unmingled with hope. For he, who depends on hope and doubts concerning the issue of anything, is assumed to conceive something, which excludes the existence of the said thing in the future; therefore he, to this extent, feels pain (cf. III. xix.); consequently, while dependent on hope, he fears for the issue. Contrariwise he, who fears, in other words doubts, concerning the issue of something which he hates, also conceives something which excludes the existence of the thing in question; to this extent he feels pleasure, and consequently to this extent he hopes that it will turn out as he desires (III. xx.).

XIV. Confidence is pleasure arising from the idea of something past or future, wherefrom all cause of doubt has been removed.

XV. Despair is pain arising from the idea of something past or future, wherefrom all cause of doubt has been removed.

Explanation--Thus confidence springs from hope, and despair from fear, when all cause for doubt as to the issue of an event has been removed: this comes to pass, because man conceives something past or future as present and regards it as such, or else because he conceives other things, which exclude the existence of the causes of his doubt. For, although we can never be absolutely certain of the issue of any particular event (II. xxxi. Coroll.), it may nevertheless happen that we feel no doubt concerning it. For we have shown, that to feel no doubt concerning a thing is not the same as to be quite certain of it (II. xlix. note). Thus it may happen that we are affected by the same emotion of pleasure or pain concerning a thing past or future, as concerning the conception of a thing present; this I have already shown in III. xviii., to which, with its note, I refer the reader.

XVI. Joy is pleasure accompanied by the idea of something past, which has had an issue beyond our hope.

XVII. Disappointment is pain accompanied by the idea of something past, which has had an issue contrary to our hope.

XVIII. Pity is pain accompanied by the idea of evil, which has befallen someone else whom we conceive to be like ourselves (cf. III. xxii. note, and III. xxvii. note).

Explanation--Between pity and sympathy (misericordia) there seems to be no difference, unless perhaps that the former term is used in reference to a particular action, and the latter in reference to a disposition.

XIX. Approval is love towards one who has done good to another.

XX. Indignation is hatred towards one who has done evil to another.

Explanation--I am aware that these terms are employed in senses somewhat different from those usually assigned. But my purpose is to explain, not the meaning of words, but the nature of things. I therefore make use of such terms, as may convey my meaning without any violent departure from their ordinary signification. One statement of my method will suffice. As for the cause of the above--named emotions see III. xxvii. Coroll. i., and III. xxii. note.

XXI. Partiality is thinking too highly of anyone because of the love we bear him.

XXII. Disparagement is thinking too meanly of anyone because we hate him.

Explanation--Thus partiality is an effect of love, and disparagement an effect of hatred: so that partiality may also be defined as love, in so far as it induces a man to think too highly of a beloved object. Contrariwise, disparagement may be defined as hatred, in so far as it induces a man to think too meanly of a hated object. Cf. III. xxvi. note.

XXIII. Envy is hatred, in so far as it induces a man to be pained by another's good fortune, and to rejoice in another's evil fortune.

Explanation--Envy is generally opposed to sympathy, which, by doing some violence to the meaning of the word, may therefore be thus defined:

XXIV. Sympathy (misericordia) is love, in so far as it induces a man to feel pleasure at another's good fortune, and pain at another's evil fortune.

Explanation--Concerning envy see the notes to III. xxiv. and xxxii. These emotions also arise from pleasure or pain accompanied by the idea of something external, as cause either in itself or accidentally. I now pass on to other emotions, which are accompanied by the idea of something within as a cause.

XXV. Self--approval is pleasure arising from a man's contemplation of himself and his own power of action.

XXVI. Humility is pain arising from a man's contemplation of his own weakness of body or mind.

Explanation--Self--complacency is opposed to humility, in so far as we thereby mean pleasure arising from a contemplation of our own power of action; but, in so far as we mean thereby pleasure accompanied by the idea of any action which we believe we have performed by the free decision of our mind, it is opposed to repentance, which we may thus define:

XXVII. Repentance is pain accompanied by the idea of some action, which we believe we have performed by the free decision of our mind.

Explanation--The causes of these emotions we have set forth in III. li. note, and in III. liii., liv., lv. and note. Concerning the free decision of the mind see II. xxxv. note. This is perhaps the place to call attention to the fact, that it is nothing wonderful that all those actions, which are commonly called wrong, are followed by pain, and all those, which are called right, are followed by pleasure. We can easily gather from what has been said, that this depends in great measure on education. Parents, by reprobating the former class of actions, and by frequently chiding their children because of them, and also by persuading to and praising the latter class, have brought it about, that the former should be associated with pain and the latter with pleasure. This is confirmed by experience. For custom and religion are not the same among all men, but that which some consider sacred others consider profane, and what some consider honourable others consider disgraceful. According as each man has been educated, he feels repentance for a given action or glories therein.

XXVIII. Pride is thinking too highly of one's self from self--love.

Explanation--Thus pride is different from partiality, for the latter term is used in reference to an external object, but pride is used of a man thinking too highly of himself. However, as partiality is the effect of love, so is pride the effect or property of self--love, which may therefore be thus defined, love of self or self--approval, in so far as it leads a man to think too highly of himself. To this emotion there is no contrary. For no one thinks too meanly of himself because of self--hatred; I say that no one thinks too meanly of himself, in so far as he conceives that he is incapable of doing this or that. For whatsoever a man imagines that he is incapable of doing, he imagines this of necessity, and by that notion he is so disposed, that he really cannot do that which he conceives that he cannot do. For, so long as he conceives that he cannot do it, so long is he not determined to do it, and consequently so long is it impossible for him to do it. However, if we consider such matters as only depend on opinion, we shall find it conceivable that a man may think too

meanly of himself; for it may happen, that a man, sorrowfully regarding his own weakness, should imagine that he is despised by all men, while the rest of the world are thinking of nothing less than of despising him. Again, a man may think too meanly of himself, if he deny of himself in the present something in relation to a future time of which he is uncertain. As, for instance, if he should say that he is unable to form any clear conceptions, or that he can desire and do nothing but what is wicked and base, &c. We may also say, that a man thinks too meanly of himself, when we see him from excessive fear of shame refusing to do things which others, his equals, venture. We can, therefore, set down as a contrary to pride an emotion which I will call self--abasement, for as from self--complacency springs pride, so from humility springs self--abasement, which I will accordingly thus define:

XXIX. Self--abasement is thinking too meanly of one's self by reason of pain.

Explanation--We are nevertheless generally accustomed to oppose pride to humility, but in that case we pay more attention to the effect of either emotion than to its nature. We are wont to call proud the man who boasts too much (III. xxx. note), who talks of nothing but his own virtues and other people's faults, who wishes to be first; and lastly who goes through life with a style and pomp suitable to those far above him in station. On the other hand, we call humble the man who too often blushes, who confesses his faults, who sets forth other men's virtues, and who, lastly, walks with bent head and is negligent of his attire. However, these emotions, humility and self--abasement, are extremely rare. For human nature, considered in itself, strives against them as much as it can (see III. xiii., liv.); hence those, who are believed to be most self--abased and humble, are generally in reality the most ambitious and envious.

XXX. Honour[11] is pleasure accompanied by the idea of some action of our own, which we believe to be praised by others.

[11] Gloria.

XXXI. Shame is pain accompanied by the idea of some action of our own, which we believe to be blamed by others.

Explanation--On this subject see the note to III. xxx. But we should here remark the difference which exists between shame and modesty. Shame is the pain following the deed whereof we are ashamed. Modesty is the fear or dread of shame, which restrains a man from committing a base action. Modesty is usually opposed to shamelessness, but the latter is not an emotion, as I will duly show; however, the names of the emotions (as I have remarked already) have regard rather to their exercise than to their nature.

I have now fulfilled the task of explaining the emotions arising from pleasure and pain. I therefore proceed to treat of those which I refer to desire.

XXXII. Regret is the desire or appetite to possess something, kept alive by the remembrance of the said thing, and at the same time constrained by the remembrance of other things which exclude the existence of it.

Explanation--When we remember a thing, we are by that very fact, as I have already said more than once, disposed to contemplate it with the same emotion as if it were something present; but this disposition or endeavour, while we are awake, is generally checked by the images of things which exclude the existence of that which we remember. Thus when we remember something which affected us with a certain pleasure, we by that very fact endeavour to regard it with the same emotion of pleasure as though it were present, but this endeavour is at once checked by the remembrance of things which exclude the existence of the thing in question. Wherefore regret is, strictly speaking, a pain opposed to that of pleasure, which arises from the absence of something we hate (cf. III. xlvii. note). But, as the name regret seems to refer to desire, I set this emotion down, among the emotions springing from desire.

XXXIII. Emulation is the desire of something, engendered in us by our conception that others have the same desire.

Explanation--He who runs away, because he sees others running away, or he who fears, because he sees others in fear; or again, he who, on seeing that another man has burnt his hand, draws towards him his own hand, and moves his body as though his own were burnt; such an one can be said to imitate another's emotion, but not to emulate him; not because the causes of emulation and imitation are different, but because it has become customary to speak of emulation only in him, who imitates that which we deem to be honourable, useful, or pleasant. As to the cause of emulation, cf. III. xxvii. and note. The reason why this emotion is generally coupled with envy may be seen from III. xxxii. and note.

XXXIV. Thankfulness or Gratitude is the desire or zeal springing from love, whereby we endeavour to benefit him, who with similar feelings of love has conferred a benefit on us. Cf. III. xxxix. note and xl.

XXXV. Benevolence is the desire of benefiting one whom we pity. Cf. III. xxvii. note.

XXXVI. Anger is the desire, whereby through hatred we are induced to injure one whom we hate, III. xxxix.

XXXVII. Revenge is the desire whereby we are induced, through mutual hatred, to injure one who, with similar feelings, has injured us. (See III. xl. Coroll. ii and note.)

XXXVIII. Cruelty or savageness is the desire, whereby a man is impelled to injure one whom we love or pity.

Explanation--To cruelty is opposed clemency, which is not a passive state of the mind, but a power whereby man restrains his anger and revenge.

XXXIX. Timidity is the desire to avoid a greater evil, which we dread, by undergoing a lesser evil. Cf. III. xxxix. note.

XL. Daring is the desire, whereby a man is set on to do something dangerous which his equals fear to attempt.

XLI. Cowardice is attributed to one, whose desire is checked by the fear of some danger which his equals dare to encounter.

Explanation--Cowardice is, therefore, nothing else but the fear of some evil, which most men are wont not to fear; hence I do not reckon it among the emotions springing from desire. Nevertheless, I have chosen to explain it here, because, in so far as we look to the desire, it is truly opposed to the emotion of daring.

XLII. Consternation is attributed to one, whose desire of avoiding evil is checked by amazement at the evil which he fears.

Explanation--Consternation is, therefore, a species of cowardice. But, inasmuch as consternation arises from a double fear, it may be more conveniently defined as a fear which keeps a man so bewildered and wavering, that he is not able to remove the evil. I say bewildered, in so far as we understand his desire of removing the evil to be constrained by his amazement. I say wavering, in so far as we understand the said desire to be constrained by the fear of another evil, which equally torments him: whence it comes to pass that he knows not, which he may avert of the two. On this subject, see III. xxxix. note, and III. lii. note. Concerning cowardice and daring, see III. li. note.

XLIII. Courtesy, or deference (Humanitas seu modestia), is the desire of acting in a way that should please men, and refraining from that which should displease them.

XLIV. Ambition is the immoderate desire of power.

Explanation--Ambition is the desire, whereby all the emotions (cf. III. xxvii. and xxxi.) are fostered and strengthened; therefore this emotion can with difficulty be overcome. For, so long as a man is bound by any desire, he is at the same time necessarily bound by this. "The best men," says Cicero, "are especially led by honour. Even philosophers, when they write a book contemning honour, sign their names thereto," and so on.

XLV. Luxury is excessive desire, or even love of living sumptuously.

XLVI. Intemperance is the excessive desire and love of drinking.

XLVII. Avarice is the excessive desire and love of riches.

XLVIII. Lust is desire and love in the matter of sexual intercourse.

Explanation--Whether this desire be excessive or not, it is still called lust. These last five emotions (as I have shown in III. lvi.) have on contraries. For deference is a species of ambition. Cf. III. xxix. note.

Again, I have already pointed out, that temperance, sobriety, and chastity indicate rather a power than a passivity of the mind. It may, nevertheless, happen, that an avaricious, an ambitious, or a timid man may abstain from excess in eating, drinking, or sexual indulgence, yet avarice, ambition, and fear are not contraries to luxury, drunkenness, and debauchery. For an avaricious man often is glad to gorge himself with food and drink at another man's expense. An ambitious man will restrain himself in nothing, so long as he thinks his indulgences are secret; and if he lives among drunkards and debauchees, he will, from the mere fact of being ambitious, be more prone to those vices. Lastly, a timid man does that which he would not. For though an avaricious man should, for the sake of avoiding death, cast his riches into the sea, he will none the less remain avaricious; so, also, if a lustful man is downcast, because he cannot follow his bent, he does not, on the ground of abstention, cease to be lustful. In fact, these emotions

are not so much concerned with the actual feasting, drinking, &c., as with the appetite and love of such. Nothing, therefore, can be opposed to these emotions, but high--mindedness and valour, whereof I will speak presently.

The definitions of jealousy and other waverings of the mind I pass over in silence, first, because they arise from the compounding of the emotions already described; secondly, because many of them have no distinctive names, which shows that it is sufficient for practical purposes to have merely a general knowledge of them. However, it is established from the definitions of the emotions, which we have set forth, that they all spring from desire, pleasure, or pain, or, rather, that there is nothing besides these three; wherefore each is wont to be called by a variety of names in accordance with its various relations and extrinsic tokens. If we now direct our attention to these primitive emotions, and to what has been said concerning the nature of the mind, we shall be able thus to define the emotions, in so far as they are referred to the mind only.

GENERAL DEFINITION OF THE EMOTIONS

Emotion, which is called a passivity of the soul, is a confused idea, whereby the mind affirms concerning its body, or any part thereof, a force for existence (existendi vis) greater or less than before, and by the presence of which the mind is determined to think of one thing rather than another.

Explanation--I say, first, that emotion or passion of the soul is a confused idea. For we have shown that the mind is only passive, in so far as it has inadequate or confused ideas. (III. iii.) I say, further, whereby the mind affirms concerning its body or any part thereof a force for existence greater than before. For all the ideas of bodies, which we possess, denote rather the actual disposition of our own body (II. xvi. Coroll. ii.) than the nature of an external body. But the idea which constitutes the reality of an emotion must denote or express the disposition of the body, or of some part thereof, because its power of action or force for existence is increased or diminished, helped or hindered. But it must be noted that, when I say a greater or less force for existence than before, I do not mean that the mind compares the present with the past disposition of the body, but that the idea which constitutes the reality of an emotion affirms something of the body, which, in fact, involves more or less of reality than before.

And inasmuch as the essence of mind consists in the fact (II. xi., xiii.), that it affirms the actual existence of its own body, and inasmuch as we understand by perfection the very essence of a thing, it follows that the mind passes to greater or less perfection, when it happens to affirm concerning its own body, or any part thereof, something involving more or less reality than before.

When, therefore, I said above that the power of the mind is increased or diminished, I merely meant that the mind had formed of its own body, or of some part thereof, an idea involving more or less of reality, than it had already affirmed concerning its own body. For the excellence of ideas, and the actual power of thinking are measured by the excellence of the object. Lastly, I have added by the presence of which the mind is determined to think of one thing rather than another, so that, besides the nature of pleasure and pain, which the first part of the definition explains, I might also express the nature of desire.

PART IV:

Of Human Bondage, or the Strength of the Emotions

PREFACE

Human infirmity in moderating and checking the emotions I name bondage: for, when a man is a prey to his emotions, he is not his own master, but lies at the mercy of fortune: so much so, that he is often compelled, while seeing that which is better for him, to follow that which is worse. Why this is so, and what is good or evil in the emotions, I propose to show in this part of my treatise. But, before I begin, it would be well to make a few prefatory observations on perfection and imperfection, good and evil.

When a man has purposed to make a given thing, and has brought it to perfection, his work will be pronounced perfect, not only by himself, but by everyone who rightly knows, or thinks that he knows, the intention and aim of its author. For instance, suppose anyone sees a work (which I assume to be not yet completed), and knows that the aim of the author of that work is to build a house, he will call the work imperfect; he will, on the other hand, call it perfect, as soon as he sees that it is carried through to the end, which its author had purposed for it. But if a man sees a work, the like whereof he has never seen before, and if he knows not the intention of the artificer, he plainly cannot know, whether that work be perfect or imperfect. Such seems to be the primary meaning of these terms.

But, after men began to form general ideas, to think out types of houses, buildings, towers, &c., and to prefer certain types to others, it came about, that each man called perfect that which he saw agree with the general idea he had formed of the thing in question, and called imperfect that which he saw agree less with his own preconceived type, even though it had evidently been completed in accordance with the idea of its artificer. This seems to be the only reason for calling natural phenomena, which, indeed, are not made with human hands, perfect or imperfect: for men are wont to form general ideas of things natural, no less than of things artificial, and such ideas they hold as types, believing that Nature (who they think does nothing without an object) has them in view, and has set them as types before herself. Therefore, when they behold something in Nature, which does not wholly conform to the preconceived type which they have formed of the thing in question, they say that Nature has fallen short or has blundered, and has left her work incomplete. Thus we see that men are wont to style natural phenomena perfect or imperfect rather from their own prejudices, than from true knowledge of what they pronounce upon.

Now we showed in the Appendix to Part I., that Nature does not work with an end in view. For the eternal and infinite Being, which we call God or Nature, acts by the same necessity as that whereby it exists. For we have shown, that by the same necessity of its nature, whereby it exists, it likewise works (I. xvi.). The reason or cause why God or Nature exists, and the reason why he acts, are one and the same. Therefore, as he does not exist for the sake of an end, so neither does he act for the sake of an end; of his existence and of his action there is neither origin nor end. Wherefore, a cause which is called final is nothing else but human desire, in so far as it is considered as the origin or cause of anything. For example, when we say that to be inhabited is the final cause of this or that house, we mean nothing more than that a man, conceiving the conveniences of household life, had a desire to build a house. Wherefore, the being inhabited, in so far as it is regarded as a final cause, is nothing else but this particular desire, which is really the efficient cause; it is regarded as the primary cause, because men are generally ignorant of the causes of their desires. They are, as I have often said already, conscious of their own actions and appetites, but ignorant of the causes whereby they are determined to any particular desire. Therefore, the common saying that Nature sometimes falls short, or blunders, and produces things which are imperfect, I set down among the glosses treated of in the Appendix to Part I. Perfection and imperfection, then, are in reality merely modes of thinking, or notions which we form from a comparison among one another of individuals of the same species; hence I said above (II. Def. vi.), that by reality and perfection I mean the same thing. For we are wont to refer all the individual things in nature to one genus, which is called the highest genus, namely, to the category of Being, whereto absolutely all individuals in nature belong. Thus, in so far as we refer the individuals in nature to this category, and comparing them one with another, find that some possess more of being or reality than others, we, to this extent, say that some are more perfect than others. Again, in so far as we attribute to them anything implying negation--as term, end, infirmity, etc., we, to this extent, call them imperfect, because they do not affect our mind so much as the things which we call perfect, not because they have any intrinsic deficiency, or because Nature has blundered. For nothing lies within the scope of a thing's nature, save that which follows from the necessity of the nature of its efficient cause, and whatsoever follows from the necessity of the nature of its efficient cause necessarily comes to pass.

As for the terms good and bad, they indicate no positive quality in things regarded in themselves, but are merely modes of thinking, or notions which we form from the comparison of things one with another. Thus one and the same thing can be at the same time good, bad, and indifferent. For instance, music is good for him that is melancholy, bad for him that mourns; for him that is deaf, it is neither good nor bad.

Nevertheless, though this be so, the terms should still be retained. For, inasmuch as we desire to form an idea of man as a type of human nature which we may hold in view, it will be useful for us to retain the terms in question, in the sense I have indicated.

In what follows, then, I shall mean by, "good" that, which we certainly know to be a means of approaching more nearly to the type of human nature, which we have set before ourselves; by "bad," that which we certainly know to be a hindrance to us in approaching the said type. Again, we shall that men are more perfect, or more imperfect, in proportion as they approach more or less nearly to the said type. For it must be specially remarked that, when I say that a man passes from a lesser to a greater perfection, or vice versâ, I do not mean that he is changed from one essence or reality to another; for instance, a horse would be as completely destroyed by being changed into a man, as by being changed into an insect. What I mean is, that we conceive the thing's power of action, in so far as this is understood by its nature, to be increased or diminished. Lastly, by perfection in general I shall, as I have said, mean reality--in other words, each thing's essence, in so far as it exists, and operates in a particular manner, and without paying any regard to its duration. For no given thing can be said to be more perfect, because it has passed a longer time in existence. The duration of things cannot be determined by their essence, for the essence of things involves no fixed and definite period of existence; but everything, whether it be more perfect or less perfect, will always be able to persist in existence with the

same force wherewith it began to exist; wherefore, in this respect, all things are equal.

DEFINITIONS.

I. By good I mean that which we certainly know to be useful to us.

II. By evil I mean that which we certainly know to be a hindrance to us in the attainment of any good.

(Concerning these terms see the foregoing preface towards the end.)

III. Particular things I call contingent in so far as, while regarding their essence only, we find nothing therein, which necessarily asserts their existence or excludes it.

IV. Particular things I call possible in so far as, while regarding the causes whereby they must be produced, we know not, whether such causes be determined for producing them.

(In I. xxxiii. note. i., I drew no distinction between possible and contingent, because there was in that place no need to distinguish them accurately.)

V. By conflicting emotions I mean those which draw a man in different directions, though they are of the same kind, such as luxury and avarice, which are both species of love, and are contraries, not by nature, but by accident.

VI. What I mean by emotion felt towards a thing, future, present, and past, I explained in III. xviii., notes. i. and ii., which see.

(But I should here also remark, that we can only distinctly conceive distance of space or time up to a certain definite limit; that is, all objects distant from us more than two hundred feet, or whose distance from the place where we are exceeds that which we can distinctly conceive, seem to be an equal distance from us, and all in the same plane; so also objects, whose time of existing is conceived as removed from the present by a longer interval than we can distinctly conceive, seem to be all equally distant from the present, and are set down, as it were, to the same moment of time.)

VII. By an end, for the sake of which we do something, I mean a desire.

VIII. By virtue (virtus) and power I mean the same thing; that is (III. vii), virtue, in so far as it is referred to man, is a man's nature or essence, in so far as it has the power of effecting what can only be understood by the laws of that nature.

AXIOM.

There is no individual thing in nature, than which there is not another more powerful and strong. Whatsoever thing be given, there is something stronger whereby it can be destroyed.

PROPOSITIONS.

PROP. I. No positive quality possessed by a false idea is removed by the presence of what is true, in virtue of its being true.

Proof.--Falsity consists solely in the privation of knowledge which inadequate ideas involve (II. xxxv.), nor have they any positive quality on account of which they are called false (II. xxxiii.); contrariwise, in so far as they are referred to God, they are true (II. xxxii.). Wherefore, if the positive quality possessed by a false idea were removed by the presence of what is true, in virtue of its being true, a true idea would then be removed by itself, which (IV. iii.) is absurd. Therefore, no positive quality possessed by a false idea, &c. Q.E.D.

Note.--This proposition is more clearly understood from II. xvi. Coroll. ii. For imagination is an idea, which indicates rather the present disposition of the human body than the nature of the external body; not indeed distinctly, but confusedly; whence it comes to pass, that the mind is said to err. For instance, when we look at the sun, we conceive that it is distant from us about two hundred feet; in this judgment we err, so long as we are in ignorance of its true distance; when its true distance is known, the error is removed, but not the imagination; or, in other words, the idea of the sun, which only explains tho nature of that luminary, in so far as the body is affected thereby: wherefore, though we know the real distance, we shall still nevertheless imagine the sun to be near us. For, as we said in II. xxxv. note, we do not imagine the sun to be so near us, because we are ignorant of its true distance, but because the mind conceives the magnitude of the sun to the extent that the body is affected thereby. Thus, when the rays of the sun falling on the surface of water are reflected into our eyes, we imagine the sun as if it were in the water, though we are aware of

its real position; and similarly other imaginations, wherein the mind is deceived, whether they indicate the natural disposition of the body, or that its power of activity is increased or diminished, are not contrary to the truth, and do not vanish at its presence. It happens indeed that, when we mistakenly fear an evil, the fear vanishes when we hear the true tidings; but the contrary also happens, namely, that we fear an evil which will certainly come, and our fear vanishes when we hear false tidings; thus imaginations do not vanish at the presence of the truth, in virtue of its being true, but because other imaginations, stronger than the first, supervene and exclude the present existence of that which we imagined, as I have shown in II. xvii.

PROP. II. We are only passive, in so far as we are apart of Nature, which cannot be conceived by itself without other parts.

Proof.--We are said to be passive, when something arises in us, whereof we are only a partial cause (III. Def. ii.), that is (III. Def. i.), something which cannot be deduced solely from the laws of our nature. We are passive therefore, in so far as we are a part of Nature, which cannot be conceived by itself without other parts. Q.E.D.

PROP. III. The force whereby a man persists in existing is limited, and is infinitely surpassed by the power of external causes.

Proof.--This is evident from the axiom of this part. For, when man is given, there is something else--say A--more powerful; when A is given, there is something else--say B--more powerful than A, and so on to infinity; thus the power of man is limited by the power of some other thing, and is infinitely surpassed by the power of external causes. Q.E.D.

PROP. IV. It is impossible, that man should not be a part of Nature, or that he should be capable of undergoing no changes, save such as can be understood through his nature only as their adequate cause.

Proof.--The power, whereby each particular thing, and consequently man, preserves his being, is the power of God or of Nature (I. xxiv. Coroll.); not in so far as it is infinite, but in so far as it can be explained by the actual human essence (III. vii.). Thus the power of man, in so far as it is explained through his own actual essence, is a part of the infinite power of God or Nature, in other words, of the essence thereof (I. xxxiv.). This was our first point. Again, if it were possible, that man should undergo no changes save such as can be understood solely through the nature of man, it would follow that he would not be able to die, but would always necessarily exist; this would be the necessary consequence of a cause whose power was either finite or infinite; namely, either of man's power only, inasmuch as he would be capable of removing from himself all changes which could spring from external causes; or of the infinite power of Nature, whereby all individual things would be so ordered, that man should be incapable of undergoing any changes save such as tended towards his own preservation. But the first alternative is absurd (by the last Prop., the proof of which is universal, and can be applied to all individual things). Therefore, if it be possible, that man should not be capable of undergoing any changes, save such as can be explained solely through his own nature, and consequently that he must always (as we have shown) necessarily exist; such a result must follow from the infinite power of God, and consequently (I. xvi.) from the necessity of the divine nature, in so far as it is regarded as affected by the idea of any given man, the whole order of nature as conceived under the attributes of extension and thought must be deducible. It would therefore follow (I. xxi.) that man is infinite, which (by the first part of this proof) is absurd. It is, therefore, impossible, that man should not undergo any changes save those whereof he is the adequate cause. Q.E.D.

Corollary.--Hence it follows, that man is necessarily always a prey to his passions, that he follows and obeys the general order of nature, and that he accommodates himself thereto, as much as the nature of things demands.

PROP. V. The power and increase of every passion, and its persistence in existing are not defined by the power, whereby we ourselves endeavour to persist in existing, but by the power of an external cause compared with our own.

Proof.--The essence of a passion cannot be explained through our essence alone (III. Deff. i. and ii.), that is (III. vii.), the power of a passion cannot be defined by the power, whereby we ourselves endeavour to persist in existing, but (as is shown in II. xvi.) must necessarily be defined by the power of an external cause compared with our own. Q.E.D.

PROP. VI. The force of any passion or emotion can overcome the rest of a man's activities or power, so that the emotion becomes obstinately fixed to him.

Proof.--The force and increase of any passion and its persistence in existing are defined by the power of an external cause compared with our own (by the foregoing Prop.); therefore (IV. iii.) it can overcome a man's power, &e. Q.E.D.

PROP. VII. An emotion can only be controlled or destroyed by another emotion contrary thereto, and with more power for controlling emotion.

Proof.--Emotion, in so far as it is referred to the mind, is an idea, whereby the mind affirms of its body a greater or less force of existence than before (cf. the general Definition of the Emotions at the end of Part III.). When, therefore, the mind is assailed by any emotion, the body is at the same time affected with a modification whereby its power of activity is increased or diminished. Now this modification of the body (IV. v.) receives from its cause the force for persistence in its being; which force can only be checked or destroyed by a bodily cause (II. vi.), in virtue of the body being affected with a modification contrary to (III. v.) and stronger than itself (IV. Ax.); wherefore (II. xii.) the mind is affected by the idea of a modification contrary to, and stronger than the former modification, in other words, (by the general definition of the emotions) the mind will be affected by an emotion contrary to and stronger than the former emotion, which will exclude or destroy the existence of the former emotion; thus an emotion cannot be destroyed nor controlled except by a contrary and stronger emotion. Q.E.D.

Corollary.--An emotion, in so far as it is referred to the mind, can only be controlled or destroyed through an idea of a modification of the body contrary to, and stronger than, that which we are undergoing. For the emotion which we undergo can only be checked or destroyed by an emotion contrary to, and stronger than, itself, in other words, (by the general Definition of the Emotions) only by an idea of a modification of the body contrary to, and stronger than, the modification which we undergo.

PROP. VIII. The knowledge of good and evil is nothing else but the emotions of pleasure or pain, in so far as we are conscious thereof.

Proof.--We call a thing good or evil, when it is of service or the reverse in preserving our being (IV. Deff. i. and ii.), that is (III. vii.), when it increases or diminishes, helps or hinders, our power of activity. Thus, in so far as we perceive that a thing affects us with pleasure or pain, we call it good or evil; wherefore the knowledge of good and evil is nothing else but the idea of the pleasure or pain, which necessarily follows from that pleasurable or painful emotion (II. xxii.). But this idea is united to the emotion in the same way as mind is united to body (II. xxi.); that is, there is no real distinction between this idea and the emotion or idea of the modification of the body, save in conception only. Therefore the knowledge of good and evil is nothing else but the emotion, in so far as we are conscious thereof. Q.E.D.

PROP. IX. An emotion, whereof we conceive the cause to be with us at the present time, is stronger than if we did not conceive the cause to be with us.

Proof.--Imagination or conception is the idea, by which the mind regards a thing as present (II. xvii. note), but which indicates the disposition of the mind rather than the nature of the external thing (II. xvi. Coroll. ii.). An emotion is therefore a conception, in so far as it indicates the disposition of the body. But a conception (by II. xvii.) is stronger, so long as we conceive nothing which excludes the present existence of the external object; wherefore an emotion is also stronger or more intense, when we conceive the cause to be with us at the present time, than when we do not conceive the cause to be with us. Q.E.D.

Note.--When I said above in III. xviii. that we are affected by the image of what is past or future with the same emotion as if the thing conceived were present, I expressly stated, that this is only true in so far as we look solely to the image of the thing in question itself; for the thing's nature is unchanged, whether we have conceived it or not; I did not deny that the image becomes weaker, when we regard as present to us other things which exclude the present existence of the future object: I did not expressly call attention to the fact, because I purposed to treat of the strength of the emotions in this part of my work.

Corollary.--The image of something past or future, that is, of a thing which we regard as in relation to time past or time future, to the exclusion of time present, is, when other conditions are equal, weaker than the image of something present; consequently an emotion felt towards what is past or future is less intense, other conditions being equal, than an emotion felt towards something present.

PROP. X. Towards something future, which we conceive as close at hand, we are affected more intensely, than if we conceive that its time for existence is separated from the present by a longer interval; so too by the remembrance of what we conceive to have not long passed away we are affected more intensely, than if we conceive that it has long passed away.

Proof.--In so far as we conceive a thing as close at hand, or not long passed away, we conceive that which excludes the presence of the object less, than if its period of future existence were more distant from the present, or if it had long passed away (this is obvious) therefore (by the foregoing Prop.) we are, so far, more intensely affected towards it. Q.E.D.

Corollary.--From the remarks made in Def. vi. of this part it follows that, if objects are separated from the present by a longer period than we can define in conception, though their dates of occurrence be widely separated one from the other, they all affect us

equally faintly.

PROP. XI. An emotion towards that which we conceive as necessary is, when other conditions are equal, more intense than an emotion towards that which possible, or contingent, or non--necessary.

Proof.--In so far as we conceive a thing to be necessary, we, to that extent, affirm its existence; on the other hand we deny a thing's existence, in so far as we conceive it not to be necessary (I. xxxiii. note. i.); wherefore (IV. ix.) an emotion towards that which is necessary is, other conditions being equal, more intense than an emotion that which is non--necessary. Q.E.D.

PROP. XII. An emotion towards a thing, which we know not to exist at the present time, and which we conceive as possible, is more intense, other conditions being equal, than an emotion towards a thing contingent.

Proof.--In so far as we conceive a thing as contingent, we are affected by the conception of some further thing, which would assert the existence of the former (IV. Def. iii.); but, on the other hand, we (by hypothesis) conceive certain things, which exclude its present existence. But, in so far as we conceive a thing to be possible in the future, we there by conceive things which assert its existence (IV. iv.), that is (III. xviii.), things which promote hope or fear: wherefore an emotion towards something possible is more vehement. Q.E.D.

Corollary.--An emotion towards a thing, which we know not to exist in the present, and which we conceive as contingent, is far fainter, than if we conceive the thing to be present with us.

Proof.--Emotion towards a thing, which we conceive to exist, is more intense than it would be, if we conceived the thing as future (IV. ix. Coroll.), and is much more vehement, than if the future time be conceived as far distant from the present (IV. x.). Therefore an emotion towards a thing, whose period of existence we conceive to be far distant from the present, is far fainter, than if we conceive the thing as present; it is, nevertheless, more intense, than if we conceived the thing as contingent, wherefore an emotion towards a thing, which we regard as contingent, will be far fainter, than if we conceived the thing to be present with us. Q.E.D.

PROP. XIII. Emotion towards a thing contingent, which we know not to exist in the present, is, other conditions being equal, fainter than an emotion towards a thing past.

Proof.--In so far as we conceive a thing as contingent, we are not affected by the image of any other thing, which asserts the existence of the said thing (IV. Def. iii.), but, on the other hand (by hypothesis), we conceive certain things excluding its present existence. But, in so far as we conceive it in relation to time past, we are assumed to conceive something, which recalls the thing to memory, or excites the image thereof (II. xviii. and note), which is so far the same as regarding it as present (II. xvii. Coroll.). Therefore (IV. ix.) an emotion towards a thing contingent, which we know does not exist in the present, is fainter, other conditions being equal, than an emotion towards a thing past. Q.E.D.

PROP. XIV. A true knowledge of good and evil cannot check any emotion by virtue of being true, but only in so far as it is considered as an emotion.

Proof.--An emotion is an idea, whereby the mind affirms of its body a greater or less force of existing than before (by the general Definition of the Emotions); therefore it has no positive quality, which can be destroyed by the presence of what is true; consequently the knowledge of good and evil cannot, by virtue of being true, restrain any emotion. But, in so far as such knowledge is an emotion (IV. viii.) if it have more strength for restraining emotion, it will to that extent be able to restrain the given emotion. Q.E.D.

PROP. XV. Desire arising from the knowledge of good and bad can be quenched or checked by many of the other desires arising from the emotions whereby we are assailed.

Proof.--From the true knowledge of good and evil, in so far as it is an emotion, necessarily arises desire (Def. of the Emotions, i.), the strength of which is proportioned to the strength of the emotion wherefrom it arises (III. xxxvii.). But, inasmuch as this desire arises (by hypothesis) from the fact of our truly understanding anything, it follows that it is also present with us, in so far as we are active (III. i.), and must therefore be understood through our essence only (III. Def. ii.); consequently (III. vii.) its force and increase can be defined solely by human power. Again, the desires arising from the emotions whereby we are assailed are stronger, in proportion as the said emotions are more vehement; wherefore their force and increase must be defined solely by the power of external causes, which, when compared with our own power, indefinitely surpass it (IV. iii.); hence the desires arising from like emotions may be more vehement, than the desire which arises from a true knowledge of good and evil, and may, consequently,

control or quench it. Q.E.D.

PROP. XVI. Desire arising from the knowledge of good and evil, in so far as such knowledge regards what is future, may be more easily controlled or quenched, than the desire for what is agreeable at the present moment.

Proof.--Emotion towards a thing, which we conceive as future, is fainter than emotion towards a thing that is present (IV. ix. Coroll.). But desire, which arises from the true knowledge of good and evil, though it be concerned with things which are good at the moment, can be quenched or controlled by any headstrong desire (by the last Prop., the proof whereof is of universal application). Wherefore desire arising from such knowledge, when concerned with the future, can be more easily controlled or quenched, &c. Q.E.D.

PROP. XVII. Desire arising from the true knowledge of good and evil, in so far as such knowledge is concerned with what is contingent, can be controlled far more easily still, than desire for things that are present.

Proof.--This Prop. is proved in the same way as the last Prop. from IV. xii. Coroll.

Note.--I think I have now shown the reason, why men are moved by opinion more readily than by true reason, why it is that the true knowledge of good and evil stirs up conflicts in the soul, and often yields to every kind of passion. This state of things gave rise to the exclamation of the poet:[12]---- "The better path I gaze at and approve, The worse--I follow."

[12] Ov. Met. vii.20, "Video meliora proboque, Deteriora sequor."

Ecclesiastes seems to have had the same thought in his mind, when he says, "He who increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." I have not written the above with the object of drawing the conclusion, that ignorance is more excellent than knowledge, or that a wise man is on a par with a fool in controlling his emotions, but because it is necessary to know the power and the infirmity of our nature, before we can determine what reason can do in restraining the emotions, and what is beyond her power. I have said, that in the present part I shall merely treat of human infirmity. The power of reason over the emotions I have settled to treat separately.

PROP. XVIII. Desire arising from pleasure is, other conditions being equal, stronger than desire arising from pain.

Proof.--Desire is the essence of a man (Def. of the Emotions, i.), that is, the endeavour whereby a man endeavours to persist in his own being. Wherefore desire arising from pleasure is, by the fact of pleasure being felt, increased or helped; on the contrary, desire arising from pain is, by the fact of pain being felt, diminished or hindered; hence the force of desire arising from pleasure must be defined by human power together with the power of an external cause, whereas desire arising from pain must be defined by human power only. Thus the former is the stronger of the two. Q.E.D.

Note.--In these few remarks I have explained the causes of human infirmity and inconstancy, and shown why men do not abide by the precepts of reason. It now remains for me to show what course is marked out for us by reason, which of the emotions are in harmony with the rules of human reason, and which of them are contrary thereto. But, before I begin to prove my Propositions in detailed geometrical fashion, it is advisable to sketch them briefly in advance, so that everyone may more readily grasp my meaning.

As reason makes no demands contrary to nature, it demands, that every man should love himself, should seek that which is useful to him--I mean, that which is really useful to him, should desire everything which really brings man to greater perfection, and should, each for himself, endeavour as far as he can to preserve his own being. This is as necessarily true, as that a whole is greater than its part. (Cf. III. iv.)

Again, as virtue is nothing else but action in accordance with the laws of one's own nature (IV. Def. viii.), and as no one endeavours to preserve his own being, except in accordance with the laws of his own nature, it follows, first, that the foundation of virtue is the endeavour to preserve one's own being, and that happiness consists in man's power of preserving his own being; secondly, that virtue is to be desired for its own sake, and that there is nothing more excellent or more useful to us, for the sake of which we should desire it; thirdly and lastly, that suicides are weak--minded, and are overcome by external causes repugnant to their nature. Further, it follows from Postulate iv., Part II., that we can never arrive at doing without all external things for the preservation of our being or living, so as to have no relations with things which are outside ourselves. Again, if we consider our mind, we see that our intellect would be more imperfect, if mind were alone, and could understand nothing besides itself. There are, then, many things outside ourselves, which are useful to us, and are, therefore, to be desired. Of such none can be discerned more excellent, than those which are in entire agreement with our nature. For if, for example, two individuals of entirely the same nature are united, they

form a combination twice as powerful as either of them singly.

Therefore, to man there is nothing more useful than man--nothing, I repeat, more excellent for preserving their being can be wished for by men, than that all should so in all points agree, that the minds and bodies of all should form, as it were, one single mind and one single body, and that all should, with one consent, as far as they are able, endeavour to preserve their being, and all with one consent seek what is useful to them all. Hence, men who are governed by reason--that is, who seek what is useful to them in accordance with reason, desire for themselves nothing, which they do not also desire for the rest of mankind, and, consequently, are just, faithful, and honourable in their conduct.

Such are the dictates of reason, which I purposed thus briefly to indicate, before beginning to prove them in greater detail. I have taken this course, in order, if possible, to gain the attention of those who believe, that the principle that every man is bound to seek what is useful for himself is the foundation of impiety, rather than of piety and virtue.

Therefore, after briefly showing that the contrary is the case, I go on to prove it by the same method, as that whereby I have hitherto proceeded.

PROP. XIX. Every man, by the laws of his nature, necessarily desires or shrinks from that which he deems to be good or bad.

Proof.--The knowledge of good and evil is (IV. viii.) the emotion of pleasure or pain, in so far as we are conscious thereof; therefore, every man necessarily desires what he thinks good, and shrinks from what he thinks bad. Now this appetite is nothing else but man's nature or essence (Cf. the Definition of Appetite, III. ix. note, and Def. of the Emotions, i.). Therefore, every man, solely by the laws of his nature, desires the one, and shrinks from the other, &c. Q.E.D.

PROP. XX. The more every man endeavours, and is able to seek what is useful to him--in other words, to preserve his own being--the more is he endowed with virtue; on the contrary, in proportion as a man neglects to seek what is useful to him, that is, to preserve his own being, he is wanting in power.

Proof.--Virtue is human power, which is defined solely by man's essence (IV. Def. viii.), that is, which is defined solely by the endeavour made by man to persist in his own being. Wherefore, the more a man endeavours, and is able to preserve his own being, the more is he endowed with virtue, and, consequently (III. iv. and vi.), in so far as a man neglects to preserve his own being, he is wanting in power. Q.E.D.

Note.--No one, therefore, neglects seeking his own good, or preserving his own being, unless he be overcome by causes external and foreign to his nature. No one, I say, from the necessity of his own nature, or otherwise than under compulsion from external causes, shrinks from food, or kills himself: which latter may be done in a variety of ways. A man, for instance, kills himself under the compulsion of another man, who twists round his right hand, wherewith he happened to have taken up a sword, and forces him to turn the blade against his own heart; or, again, he may be compelled, like Seneca, by a tyrant's command, to open his own veins--that is, to escape a greater evil by incurring, a lesser; or, lastly, latent external causes may so disorder his imagination, and so affect his body, that it may assume a nature contrary to its former one, and whereof the idea cannot exist in the mind (III. x.) But that a man, from the necessity of his own nature, should endeavour to become non--existent, is as impossible as that something should be made out of nothing, as everyone will see for himself, after a little reflection.

PROP. XXI. No one can desire to be blessed, to act rightly, and to live rightly, without at the same time wishing to be, act, and to live--in other words, to actually exist.

Proof.--The proof of this proposition, or rather the proposition itself, is self--evident, and is also plain from the definition of desire. For the desire of living, acting, &c., blessedly or rightly, is (Def. of the Emotions, i.) the essence of man--that is (III. vii.), the endeavour made by everyone to preserve his own being. Therefore, no one can desire, &c. Q.E.D.

PROP. XXII. No virtue can be conceived as prior to this endeavour to preserve one's own being.

Proof.--The effort for self--preservation is the essence of a thing (III. vii.); therefore, if any virtue could be conceived as prior thereto, the essence of a thing would have to be conceived as prior to itself, which is obviously absurd. Therefore no virtue, &c. Q.E.D.

Corollary.--The effort for self--preservation is the first and only foundation of virtue. For prior to this principle nothing can be conceived, and without it no virtue can be conceived.

PROP. XXIII. Man, in so far as he is determined to a particular action because he has inadequate ideas, cannot be absolutely said to act in obedience to virtue; he can only be so described, in so far as he is determined for the action because he understands.

Proof.--In so far as a man is determined to an action through having inadequate ideas, he is passive (III. i.), that is (III. Deff. i., and iii.), he does something, which cannot be perceived solely through his essence, that is (by IV. Def. viii.), which does not follow from his virtue. But, in so far as he is determined for an action because he understands, he is active; that is, he does something, which is perceived through his essence alone, or which adequately follows from his virtue. Q.E.D.

PROP. XXIV. To act absolutely in obedience to virtue is in us the same thing as to act, to live, or to preserve one's being (these three terms are identical in meaning) in accordance with the dictates of reason on the basis of seeking what is useful to one's self.

Proof.--To act absolutely in obedience to virtue is nothing else but to act according to the laws of one's own nature. But we only act, in so far as we understand (III. iii.): therefore to act in obedience to virtue is in us nothing else but to act, to live, or to preserve one's being in obedience to reason, and that on the basis of seeking what is useful for us (IV. xxii. Coroll.). Q.E.D.

PROP. XXV. No one wishes to preserve his being for the sake of anything else.

Proof.--The endeavour, wherewith everything endeavours to persist in its being, is defined solely by the essence of the thing itself (III. vii.); from this alone, and not from the essence of anything else, it necessarily follows (III. vi.) that everyone endeavours to preserve his being. Moreover, this proposition is plain from IV. xxii. Coroll., for if a man should endeavour to preserve his being for the sake of anything else, the last--named thing would obviously be the basis of virtue, which, by the foregoing corollary, is absurd. Therefore no one, &c. Q.E.D.

PROP. XXVI. Whatsoever we endeavour in obedience to reason is nothing further than to understand; neither does the mind, in so far as it makes use of reason, judge anything to be useful to it, save such things as are conducive to understanding.

Proof.--The effort for self--preservation is nothing else but the essence of the thing in question (III. vii.), which, in so far as it exists such as it is, is conceived to have force for continuing in existence (III. vi.) and doing such things as necessarily follow from its given nature (see the Def. of Appetite, III. ix. note). But the essence of reason is nought else but our mind, in so far as it clearly and distinctly understands (see the definition in II. xl. note. ii.); therefore (II. xl.) whatsoever we endeavour in obedience to reason is nothing else but to understand. Again, since this effort of the mind wherewith the mind endeavours, in so far as it reasons, to preserve its own being is nothing else but understanding; this effort at understanding is (IV. xxii. Coroll.) the first and single basis of virtue, nor shall we endeavour to understand things for the sake of any ulterior object (IV. xxv.); on the other hand, the mind, in so far as it reasons, will not be able to conceive any good for itself, save such things as are conducive to understanding.

PROP. XXVII. We know nothing to be certainly good or evil, save such things as really conduce to understanding, or such as are able to hinder us from understanding.

Proof.--The mind, in so far as it reasons, desires nothing beyond understanding, and judges nothing to be useful to itself, save such things as conduce to understanding (by the foregoing Prop.). But the mind (II. xli., xliii. and note) cannot possess certainty concerning anything, except in so far as it has adequate ideas, or (what by II. xl. note, is the same thing) in so far as it reasons. Therefore we know nothing to be good or evil save such things as really conduce, &c. Q.E.D.

PROP. XXVIII. The mind's highest good is the knowledge of God, and the mind's highest virtue is to know God.

Proof.--The mind is not capable of understanding anything higher than God, that is (I. Def. vi.), than a Being absolutely infinite, and without which (I. xv.) nothing can either be or be conceived; therefore (IV. xxvi. and xxvii.), the mind's highest utility or (IV. Def. i.) good is the knowledge of God. Again, the mind is active, only in so far as it understands, and only to the same extent can it be said absolutely to act virtuously. The mind's absolute virtue is therefore to understand. Now, as we have already shown, the highest that the mind can understand is God; therefore the highest virtue of the mind is to understand or to know God. Q.E.D.

PROP. XXIX. No individual thing, which is entirely different from our own nature, can help or check our power of activity, and absolutely nothing can do us good or harm, unless it has something in common with our nature.

Proof.--The power of every individual thing, and consequently the power of man, whereby he exists and operates, can only be determined by an individual thing (I. xxviii.), whose nature (II. vi.) must be understood through the same nature as that, through which human nature is conceived. Therefore our power of activity, however it be conceived, can be determined and consequently

helped or hindered by the power of any other individual thing, which has something in common with us, but not by the power of anything, of which the nature is entirely different from our own; and since we call good or evil that which is the cause of pleasure or pain (IV. viii.), that is (III. xi. note), which increases or diminishes, helps or hinders, our power of activity; therefore, that which is entirely different from our nature can neither be to us good nor bad. Q.E.D.

PROP. XXX. A thing cannot be bad for us through the quality which it has in common with our nature, but it is bad for us in so far as it is contrary to our nature.

Proof.--We call a thing bad when it is the cause of pain (IV. viii.), that is (by the Def., which see in III. xi. note), when it diminishes or checks our power of action. Therefore, if anything were bad for us through that quality which it has in common with our nature, it would be able itself to diminish or check that which it has in common with our nature, which (III. iv.) is absurd. Wherefore nothing can be bad for us through that quality which it has in common with us, but, on the other hand, in so far as it is bad for us, that is (as we have just shown), in so far as it can diminish or check our power of action, it is contrary to our nature. Q.E.D.

PROP. XXXI. In so far as a thing is in harmony with our nature, it is necessarily good.

Proof.--In so far as a thing is in harmony with our nature, it cannot be bad for it. It will therefore necessarily be either good or indifferent. If it be assumed that it be neither good nor bad, nothing will follow from its nature (IV. Def. i.), which tends to the preservation of our nature, that is (by the hypothesis), which tends to the preservation of the thing itself; but this (III. vi.) is absurd; therefore, in so far as a thing is in harmony with our nature, it is necessarily good. Q.E.D.

Corollary.--Hence it follows, that, in proportion as a thing is in harmony with our nature, so is it more useful or better for us, and vice versâ, in proportion as a thing is more useful for us, so is it more in harmony with our nature. For, in so far as it is not in harmony with our nature, it will necessarily be different therefrom or contrary thereto. If different, it can neither be good nor bad (IV. xxix.); if contrary, it will be contrary to that which is in harmony with our nature, that is, contrary to what is good--in short, bad. Nothing, therefore, can be good, except in so far as it is in harmony with our nature; and hence a thing is useful, in proportion as it is in harmony with our nature, and vice versâ. Q.E.D.

PROP. XXXII. In so far as men are a prey to passion, they cannot, in that respect, be said to be naturally in harmony.

Proof.--Things, which are said to be in harmony naturally, are understood to agree in power (III. vii.), not in want of power or negation, and consequently not in passion (III. iii. note); wherefore men, in so far as they are a prey to their passions, cannot be said to be naturally in harmony. Q.E.D.

Note.--This is also self--evident; for, if we say that white and black only agree in the fact that neither is red, we absolutely affirm that the do not agree in any respect. So, if we say that a man and a stone only agree in the fact that both are finite--wanting in power, not existing by the necessity of their own Author: Bertrand Russell

Release date: June 1, 2004 [eBook #5827] Most recently updated: February 27, 2025

Language: English

Other information and formats: www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/5827

Credits: Produced by Gordon Keener, and David Widger

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE PROBLEMS OF PHILOSOPHY ***

THE PROBLEMS OF PHILOSOPHY

By Bertrand Russell

PREFACE

In the following pages I have confined myself in the main to those problems of philosophy in regard to which I thought it possible to say something positive and constructive, since merely negative criticism seemed out of place. For this reason, theory of knowledge occupies a larger space than metaphysics in the present volume, and some topics much discussed by philosophers are treated

very briefly, if at all.

I have derived valuable assistance from unpublished writings of G. E. Moore and J. M. Keynes: from the former, as regards the relations of sense-data to physical objects, and from the latter as regards probability and induction. I have also profited greatly by the criticisms and suggestions of Professor Gilbert Murray.

1912

CHAPTER I. APPEARANCE AND REALITY

Is there any knowledge in the world which is so certain that no reasonable man could doubt it? This question, which at first sight might not seem difficult, is really one of the most difficult that can be asked. When we have realized the obstacles in the way of a straightforward and confident answer, we shall be well launched on the study of philosophy--for philosophy is merely the attempt to answer such ultimate questions, not carelessly and dogmatically, as we do in ordinary life and even in the sciences, but critically, after exploring all that makes such questions puzzling, and after realizing all the vagueness and confusion that underlie our ordinary ideas.

In daily life, we assume as certain many things which, on a closer scrutiny, are found to be so full of apparent contradictions that only a great amount of thought enables us to know what it is that we really may believe. In the search for certainty, it is natural to begin with our present experiences, and in some sense, no doubt, knowledge is to be derived from them. But any statement as to what it is that our immediate experiences make us know is very likely to be wrong. It seems to me that I am now sitting in a chair, at a table of a certain shape, on which I see sheets of paper with writing or print. By turning my head I see out of the window buildings and clouds and the sun. I believe that the sun is about ninety-three million miles from the earth; that it is a hot globe many times bigger than the earth; that, owing to the earth's rotation, it rises every morning, and will continue to do so for an indefinite time in the future. I believe that, if any other normal person comes into my room, he will see the same chairs and tables and books and papers as I see, and that the table which I see is the same as the table which I feel pressing against my arm. All this seems to be so evident as to be hardly worth stating, except in answer to a man who doubts whether I know anything. Yet all this may be reasonably doubted, and all of it requires much careful discussion before we can be sure that we have stated it in a form that is wholly true.

To make our difficulties plain, let us concentrate attention on the table. To the eye it is oblong, brown and shiny, to the touch it is smooth and cool and hard; when I tap it, it gives out a wooden sound. Any one else who sees and feels and hears the table will agree with this description, so that it might seem as if no difficulty would arise; but as soon as we try to be more precise our troubles begin. Although I believe that the table is 'really' of the same colour all over, the parts that reflect the light look much brighter than the other parts, and some parts look white because of reflected light. I know that, if I move, the parts that reflect the light will be different, so that the apparent distribution of colours on the table will change. It follows that if several people are looking at the table at the same moment, no two of them will see exactly the same distribution of colours, because no two can see it from exactly the same point of view, and any change in the point of view makes some change in the way the light is reflected.

For most practical purposes these differences are unimportant, but to the painter they are all-important: the painter has to unlearn the habit of thinking that things seem to have the colour which common sense says they 'really' have, and to learn the habit of seeing things as they appear. Here we have already the beginning of one of the distinctions that cause most trouble in philosophy--the distinction between 'appearance' and 'reality', between what things seem to be and what they are. The painter wants to know what things seem to be, the practical man and the philosopher want to know what they are; but the philosopher's wish to know this is stronger than the practical man's, and is more troubled by knowledge as to the difficulties of answering the question.

To return to the table. It is evident from what we have found, that there is no colour which pre-eminently appears to be _the_ colour of the table, or even of any one particular part of the table--it appears to be of different colours from different points of view, and there is no reason for regarding some of these as more really its colour than others. And we know that even from a given point of view the colour will seem different by artificial light, or to a colour-blind man, or to a man wearing blue spectacles, while in the dark there will be no colour at all, though to touch and hearing the table will be unchanged. This colour is not something which is inherent in the table, but something depending upon the table and the spectator and the way the light falls on the table. When, in ordinary life, we speak of _the_ colour of the table, we only mean the sort of colour which it will seem to have to a normal spectator

from an ordinary point of view under usual conditions of light. But the other colours which appear under other conditions have just as good a right to be considered real; and therefore, to avoid favouritism, we are compelled to deny that, in itself, the table has any one particular colour.

The same thing applies to the texture. With the naked eye one can see the grain, but otherwise the table looks smooth and even. If we looked at it through a microscope, we should see roughnesses and hills and valleys, and all sorts of differences that are imperceptible to the naked eye. Which of these is the 'real' table? We are naturally tempted to say that what we see through the microscope is more real, but that in turn would be changed by a still more powerful microscope. If, then, we cannot trust what we see with the naked eye, why should we trust what we see through a microscope? Thus, again, the confidence in our senses with which we began deserts us.

The shape of the table is no better. We are all in the habit of judging as to the 'real' shapes of things, and we do this so unreflectingly that we come to think we actually see the real shapes. But, in fact, as we all have to learn if we try to draw, a given thing looks different in shape from every different point of view. If our table is 'really' rectangular, it will look, from almost all points of view, as if it had two acute angles and two obtuse angles. If opposite sides are parallel, they will look as if they converged to a point away from the spectator; if they are of equal length, they will look as if the nearer side were longer. All these things are not commonly noticed in looking at a table, because experience has taught us to construct the 'real' shape from the apparent shape, and the 'real' shape is what interests us as practical men. But the 'real' shape is not what we see; it is something inferred from what we see. And what we see is constantly changing in shape as we move about the room; so that here again the senses seem not to give us the truth about the table itself, but only about the appearance of the table.

Similar difficulties arise when we consider the sense of touch. It is true that the table always gives us a sensation of hardness, and we feel that it resists pressure. But the sensation we obtain depends upon how hard we press the table and also upon what part of the body we press with; thus the various sensations due to various pressures or various parts of the body cannot be supposed to reveal _directly_ any definite property of the table, but at most to be _signs_ of some property which perhaps _causes_ all the sensations, but is not actually apparent in any of them. And the same applies still more obviously to the sounds which can be elicited by rapping the table.

Thus it becomes evident that the real table, if there is one, is not the same as what we immediately experience by sight or touch or hearing. The real table, if there is one, is not _immediately_ known to us at all, but must be an inference from what is immediately known. Hence, two very difficult questions at once arise; namely, (1) Is there a real table at all? (2) If so, what sort of object can it be?

It will help us in considering these questions to have a few simple terms of which the meaning is definite and clear. Let us give the name of 'sense-data' to the things that are immediately known in sensation: such things as colours, sounds, smells, hardnesses, roughnesses, and so on. We shall give the name 'sensation' to the experience of being immediately aware of these things. Thus, whenever we see a colour, we have a sensation _of_ the colour, but the colour itself is a sense-datum, not a sensation. The colour is that _of_ which we are immediately aware, and the awareness itself is the sensation. It is plain that if we are to know anything about the table, it must be by means of the sense-data--brown colour, oblong shape, smoothness, etc.--which we associate with the table; but, for the reasons which have been given, we cannot say that the table is the sense-data, or even that the sense-data are directly properties of the table. Thus a problem arises as to the relation of the sense-data to the real table, supposing there is such a thing.

The real table, if it exists, we will call a 'physical object'. Thus we have to consider the relation of sense-data to physical objects. The collection of all physical objects is called 'matter'. Thus our two questions may be re-stated as follows: (1) Is there any such thing as matter? (2) If so, what is its nature?

The philosopher who first brought prominently forward the reasons for regarding the immediate objects of our senses as not existing independently of us was Bishop Berkeley (1685-1753). His _Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous, in Opposition to Sceptics and Atheists_, undertake to prove that there is no such thing as matter at all, and that the world consists of nothing but minds and their ideas. Hylas has hitherto believed in matter, but he is no match for Philonous, who mercilessly drives him into contradictions and paradoxes, and makes his own denial of matter seem, in the end, as if it were almost common sense. The arguments employed are of very different value: some are important and sound, others are confused or quibbling. But Berkeley retains the merit of having shown that the existence of matter is capable of being denied without absurdity, and that if there are any

things that exist independently of us they cannot be the immediate objects of our sensations.

There are two different questions involved when we ask whether matter exists, and it is important to keep them clear. We commonly mean by 'matter' something which is opposed to 'mind', something which we think of as occupying space and as radically incapable of any sort of thought or consciousness. It is chiefly in this sense that Berkeley denies matter; that is to say, he does not deny that the sense-data which we commonly take as signs of the existence of the table are really signs of the existence of _something_ independent of us, but he does deny that this something is non-mental, that it is neither mind nor ideas entertained by some mind. He admits that there must be something which continues to exist when we go out of the room or shut our eyes, and that what we call seeing the table does really give us reason for believing in something which persists even when we are not seeing it. But he thinks that this something cannot be radically different in nature from what we see, and cannot be independent of seeing altogether, though it must be independent of _our_ seeing. He is thus led to regard the 'real' table as an idea in the mind of God. Such an idea has the required permanence and independence of ourselves, without being--as matter would otherwise be--something quite unknowable, in the sense that we can only infer it, and can never be directly and immediately aware of it.

Other philosophers since Berkeley have also held that, although the table does not depend for its existence upon being seen by me, it does depend upon being seen (or otherwise apprehended in sensation) by _some_ mind--not necessarily the mind of God, but more often the whole collective mind of the universe. This they hold, as Berkeley does, chiefly because they think there can be nothing real--or at any rate nothing known to be real except minds and their thoughts and feelings. We might state the argument by which they support their view in some such way as this: 'Whatever can be thought of is an idea in the mind of the person thinking of it; therefore nothing can be thought of except ideas in minds; therefore anything else is inconceivable, and what is inconceivable cannot exist.'

Such an argument, in my opinion, is fallacious; and of course those who advance it do not put it so shortly or so crudely. But whether valid or not, the argument has been very widely advanced in one form or another; and very many philosophers, perhaps a majority, have held that there is nothing real except minds and their ideas. Such philosophers are called 'idealists'. When they come to explaining matter, they either say, like Berkeley, that matter is really nothing but a collection of ideas, or they say, like Leibniz (1646-1716), that what appears as matter is really a collection of more or less rudimentary minds.

But these philosophers, though they deny matter as opposed to mind, nevertheless, in another sense, admit matter. It will be remembered that we asked two questions; namely, (1) Is there a real table at all? (2) If so, what sort of object can it be? Now both Berkeley and Leibniz admit that there is a real table, but Berkeley says it is certain ideas in the mind of God, and Leibniz says it is a colony of souls. Thus both of them answer our first question in the affirmative, and only diverge from the views of ordinary mortals in their answer to our second question. In fact, almost all philosophers seem to be agreed that there is a real table: they almost all agree that, however much our sense-data--colour, shape, smoothness, etc.--may depend upon us, yet their occurrence is a sign of something existing independently of us, something differing, perhaps, completely from our sense-data, and yet to be regarded as causing those sense-data whenever we are in a suitable relation to the real table.

Now obviously this point in which the philosophers are agreed--the view that there _is_ a real table, whatever its nature may be--is vitally important, and it will be worth while to consider what reasons there are for accepting this view before we go on to the further question as to the nature of the real table. Our next chapter, therefore, will be concerned with the reasons for supposing that there is a real table at all.

Before we go farther it will be well to consider for a moment what it is that we have discovered so far. It has appeared that, if we take any common object of the sort that is supposed to be known by the senses, what the senses _immediately_ tell us is not the truth about the object as it is apart from us, but only the truth about certain sense-data which, so far as we can see, depend upon the relations between us and the object. Thus what we directly see and feel is merely 'appearance', which we believe to be a sign of some 'reality' behind. But if the reality is not what appears, have we any means of knowing whether there is any reality at all? And if so, have we any means of finding out what it is like?

Such questions are bewildering, and it is difficult to know that even the strangest hypotheses may not be true. Thus our familiar table, which has roused but the slightest thoughts in us hitherto, has become a problem full of surprising possibilities. The one thing we know about it is that it is not what it seems. Beyond this modest result, so far, we have the most complete liberty of conjecture. Leibniz tells us it is a community of souls: Berkeley tells us it is an idea in the mind of God; sober science, scarcely less wonderful, tells us it is a vast collection of electric charges in violent motion.

Among these surprising possibilities, doubt suggests that perhaps there is no table at all. Philosophy, if it cannot _answer_ so many questions as we could wish, has at least the power of _asking_ questions which increase the interest of the world, and show the strangeness and wonder lying just below the surface even in the commonest things of daily life.

CHAPTER II. THE EXISTENCE OF MATTER

In this chapter we have to ask ourselves whether, in any sense at all, there is such a thing as matter. Is there a table which has a certain intrinsic nature, and continues to exist when I am not looking, or is the table merely a product of my imagination, a dream-table in a very prolonged dream? This question is of the greatest importance. For if we cannot be sure of the independent existence of objects, we cannot be sure of the independent existence of other people's bodies, and therefore still less of other people's minds, since we have no grounds for believing in their minds except such as are derived from observing their bodies. Thus if we cannot be sure of the independent existence of objects, we shall be left alone in a desert--it may be that the whole outer world is nothing but a dream, and that we alone exist. This is an uncomfortable possibility; but although it cannot be strictly proved to be false, there is not the slightest reason to suppose that it is true. In this chapter we have to see why this is the case.

Before we embark upon doubtful matters, let us try to find some more or less fixed point from which to start. Although we are doubting the physical existence of the table, we are not doubting the existence of the sense-data which made us think there was a table; we are not doubting that, while we look, a certain colour and shape appear to us, and while we press, a certain sensation of hardness is experienced by us. All this, which is psychological, we are not calling in question. In fact, whatever else may be doubtful, some at least of our immediate experiences seem absolutely certain.

Descartes (1596-1650), the founder of modern philosophy, invented a method which may still be used with profit--the method of systematic doubt. He determined that he would believe nothing which he did not see quite clearly and distinctly to be true. Whatever he could bring himself to doubt, he would doubt, until he saw reason for not doubting it. By applying this method he gradually became convinced that the only existence of which he could be _quite_ certain was his own. He imagined a deceitful demon, who presented unreal things to his senses in a perpetual phantasmagoria; it might be very improbable that such a demon existed, but still it was possible, and therefore doubt concerning things perceived by the senses was possible.

But doubt concerning his own existence was not possible, for if he did not exist, no demon could deceive him. If he doubted, he must exist; if he had any experiences whatever, he must exist. Thus his own existence was an absolute certainty to him. 'I think, therefore I am,' he said (_Cogito, ergo sum_); and on the basis of this certainty he set to work to build up again the world of knowledge which his doubt had laid in ruins. By inventing the method of doubt, and by showing that subjective things are the most certain, Descartes performed a great service to philosophy, and one which makes him still useful to all students of the subject.

But some care is needed in using Descartes' argument. 'I think, therefore I am' says rather more than is strictly certain. It might seem as though we were quite sure of being the same person to-day as we were yesterday, and this is no doubt true in some sense. But the real Self is as hard to arrive at as the real table, and does not seem to have that absolute, convincing certainty that belongs to particular experiences. When I look at my table and see a certain brown colour, what is quite certain at once is not '_I_ am seeing a brown colour', but rather, 'a brown colour is being seen'. This of course involves something (or somebody) which (or who) sees the brown colour; but it does not of itself involve that more or less permanent person whom we call 'I'. So far as immediate certainty goes, it might be that the something which sees the brown colour is quite momentary, and not the same as the something which has some different experience the next moment.

Thus it is our particular thoughts and feelings that have primitive certainty. And this applies to dreams and hallucinations as well as to normal perceptions: when we dream or see a ghost, we certainly do have the sensations we think we have, but for various reasons it is held that no physical object corresponds to these sensations. Thus the certainty of our knowledge of our own experiences does not have to be limited in any way to allow for exceptional cases. Here, therefore, we have, for what it is worth, a solid basis from which to begin our pursuit of knowledge.

The problem we have to consider is this: Granted that we are certain of our own sense-data, have we any reason for regarding them as signs of the existence of something else, which we can call the physical object? When we have enumerated all the sense-data which we should naturally regard as connected with the table, have we said all there is to say about the table, or is there still something else--something not a sense-datum, something which persists when we go out of the room? Common sense unhesitatingly answers that there is. What can be bought and sold and pushed about and have a cloth laid on it, and so on, cannot

be a _mere_ collection of sense-data. If the cloth completely hides the table, we shall derive no sense-data from the table, and therefore, if the table were merely sense-data, it would have ceased to exist, and the cloth would be suspended in empty air, resting, by a miracle, in the place where the table formerly was. This seems plainly absurd; but whoever wishes to become a philosopher must learn not to be frightened by absurdities.

One great reason why it is felt that we must secure a physical object in addition to the sense-data, is that we want the same object for different people. When ten people are sitting round a dinner-table, it seems preposterous to maintain that they are not seeing the same tablecloth, the same knives and forks and spoons and glasses. But the sense-data are private to each separate person; what is immediately present to the sight of one is not immediately present to the sight of another: they all see things from slightly different points of view, and therefore see them slightly differently. Thus, if there are to be public neutral objects, which can be in some sense known to many different people, there must be something over and above the private and particular sense-data which appear to various people. What reason, then, have we for believing that there are such public neutral objects?

The first answer that naturally occurs to one is that, although different people may see the table slightly differently, still they all see more or less similar things when they look at the table, and the variations in what they see follow the laws of perspective and reflection of light, so that it is easy to arrive at a permanent object underlying all the different people's sense-data. I bought my table from the former occupant of my room; I could not buy _his_ sense-data, which died when he went away, but I could and did buy the confident expectation of more or less similar sense-data. Thus it is the fact that different people have similar sense-data, and that one person in a given place at different times has similar sense-data, which makes us suppose that over and above the sense-data there is a permanent public object which underlies or causes the sense-data of various people at various times.

Now in so far as the above considerations depend upon supposing that there are other people besides ourselves, they beg the very question at issue. Other people are represented to me by certain sense-data, such as the sight of them or the sound of their voices, and if I had no reason to believe that there were physical objects independent of my sense-data, I should have no reason to believe that other people exist except as part of my dream. Thus, when we are trying to show that there must be objects independent of our own sense-data, we cannot appeal to the testimony of other people, since this testimony itself consists of sense-data, and does not reveal other people's experiences unless our own sense-data are signs of things existing independently of us. We must therefore, if possible, find, in our own purely private experiences, characteristics which show, or tend to show, that there are in the world things other than ourselves and our private experiences.

In one sense it must be admitted that we can never prove the existence of things other than ourselves and our experiences. No logical absurdity results from the hypothesis that the world consists of myself and my thoughts and feelings and sensations, and that everything else is mere fancy. In dreams a very complicated world may seem to be present, and yet on waking we find it was a delusion; that is to say, we find that the sense-data in the dream do not appear to have corresponded with such physical objects as we should naturally infer from our sense-data. (It is true that, when the physical world is assumed, it is possible to find physical causes for the sense-data in dreams: a door banging, for instance, may cause us to dream of a naval engagement. But although, in this case, there is a physical cause for the sense-data, there is not a physical object corresponding to the sense-data in the way in which an actual naval battle would correspond.) There is no logical impossibility in the supposition that the whole of life is a dream, in which we ourselves create all the objects that come before us. But although this is not logically impossible, there is no reason whatever to suppose that it is true; and it is, in fact, a less simple hypothesis, viewed as a means of accounting for the facts of our own life, than the common-sense hypothesis that there really are objects independent of us, whose action on us causes our sensations.

The way in which simplicity comes in from supposing that there really are physical objects is easily seen. If the cat appears at one moment in one part of the room, and at another in another part, it is natural to suppose that it has moved from the one to the other, passing over a series of intermediate positions. But if it is merely a set of sense-data, it cannot have ever been in any place where I did not see it; thus we shall have to suppose that it did not exist at all while I was not looking, but suddenly sprang into being in a new place. If the cat exists whether I see it or not, we can understand from our own experience how it gets hungry between one meal and the next; but if it does not exist when I am not seeing it, it seems odd that appetite should grow during non-existence as fast as during existence. And if the cat consists only of sense-data, it cannot be hungry, since no hunger but my own can be a sense-datum to me. Thus the behaviour of the sense-data which represent the cat to me, though it seems quite natural when regarded as an expression of hunger, becomes utterly inexplicable when regarded as mere movements and changes of patches of colour, which are as incapable of hunger as a triangle is of playing football.

But the difficulty in the case of the cat is nothing compared to the difficulty in the case of human beings. When human beings speak--that is, when we hear certain noises which we associate with ideas, and simultaneously see certain motions of lips and expressions of face--it is very difficult to suppose that what we hear is not the expression of a thought, as we know it would be if we emitted the same sounds. Of course similar things happen in dreams, where we are mistaken as to the existence of other people. But dreams are more or less suggested by what we call waking life, and are capable of being more or less accounted for on scientific principles if we assume that there really is a physical world. Thus every principle of simplicity urges us to adopt the natural view, that there really are objects other than ourselves and our sense-data which have an existence not dependent upon our perceiving them.

Of course it is not by argument that we originally come by our belief in an independent external world. We find this belief ready in ourselves as soon as we begin to reflect: it is what may be called an _instinctive_ belief. We should never have been led to question this belief but for the fact that, at any rate in the case of sight, it seems as if the sense-datum itself were instinctively believed to be the independent object, whereas argument shows that the object cannot be identical with the sense-datum. This discovery, however--which is not at all paradoxical in the case of taste and smell and sound, and only slightly so in the case of touch--leaves undiminished our instinctive belief that there _are_ objects _corresponding_ to our sense-data. Since this belief does not lead to any difficulties, but on the contrary tends to simplify and systematize our account of our experiences, there seems no good reason for rejecting it. We may therefore admit--though with a slight doubt derived from dreams--that the external world does really exist, and is not wholly dependent for its existence upon our continuing to perceive it.

The argument which has led us to this conclusion is doubtless less strong than we could wish, but it is typical of many philosophical arguments, and it is therefore worth while to consider briefly its general character and validity. All knowledge, we find, must be built up upon our instinctive beliefs, and if these are rejected, nothing is left. But among our instinctive beliefs some are much stronger than others, while many have, by habit and association, become entangled with other beliefs, not really instinctive, but falsely supposed to be part of what is believed instinctively.

Philosophy should show us the hierarchy of our instinctive beliefs, beginning with those we hold most strongly, and presenting each as much isolated and as free from irrelevant additions as possible. It should take care to show that, in the form in which they are finally set forth, our instinctive beliefs do not clash, but form a harmonious system. There can never be any reason for rejecting one instinctive belief except that it clashes with others; thus, if they are found to harmonize, the whole system becomes worthy of acceptance.

It is of course _possible_ that all or any of our beliefs may be mistaken, and therefore all ought to be held with at least some slight element of doubt. But we cannot have _reason_ to reject a belief except on the ground of some other belief. Hence, by organizing our instinctive beliefs and their consequences, by considering which among them is most possible, if necessary, to modify or abandon, we can arrive, on the basis of accepting as our sole data what we instinctively believe, at an orderly systematic organization of our knowledge, in which, though the _possibility_ of error remains, its likelihood is diminished by the interrelation of the parts and by the critical scrutiny which has preceded acquiescence.

This function, at least, philosophy can perform. Most philosophers, rightly or wrongly, believe that philosophy can do much more than this--that it can give us knowledge, not otherwise attainable, concerning the universe as a whole, and concerning the nature of ultimate reality. Whether this be the case or not, the more modest function we have spoken of can certainly be performed by philosophy, and certainly suffices, for those who have once begun to doubt the adequacy of common sense, to justify the arduous and difficult labours that philosophical problems involve.

CHAPTER III. THE NATURE OF MATTER

In the preceding chapter we agreed, though without being able to find demonstrative reasons, that it is rational to believe that our sense-data--for example, those which we regard as associated with my table--are really signs of the existence of something independent of us and our perceptions. That is to say, over and above the sensations of colour, hardness, noise, and so on, which make up the appearance of the table to me, I assume that there is something else, of which these things are appearances. The colour ceases to exist if I shut my eyes, the sensation of hardness ceases to exist if I remove my arm from contact with the table, the sound ceases to exist if I cease to rap the table with my knuckles. But I do not believe that when all these things cease the table ceases. On the contrary, I believe that it is because the table exists continuously that all these sense-data will reappear when I open my eyes, replace my arm, and begin again to rap with my knuckles. The question we have to consider in this chapter is: What

is the nature of this real table, which persists independently of my perception of it?

To this question physical science gives an answer, somewhat incomplete it is true, and in part still very hypothetical, but yet deserving of respect so far as it goes. Physical science, more or less unconsciously, has drifted into the view that all natural phenomena ought to be reduced to motions. Light and heat and sound are all due to wave-motions, which travel from the body emitting them to the person who sees light or feels heat or hears sound. That which has the wave-motion is either aether or 'gross matter', but in either case is what the philosopher would call matter. The only properties which science assigns to it are position in space, and the power of motion according to the laws of motion. Science does not deny that it _may_ have other properties; but if so, such other properties are not useful to the man of science, and in no way assist him in explaining the phenomena.

It is sometimes said that 'light _is_ a form of wave-motion', but this is misleading, for the light which we immediately see, which we know directly by means of our senses, is _not_ a form of wave-motion, but something quite different--something which we all know if we are not blind, though we cannot describe it so as to convey our knowledge to a man who is blind. A wave-motion, on the contrary, could quite well be described to a blind man, since he can acquire a knowledge of space by the sense of touch; and he can experience a wave-motion by a sea voyage almost as well as we can. But this, which a blind man can understand, is not what we mean by _light_: we mean by _light_ just that which a blind man can never understand, and which we can never describe to him.

Now this something, which all of us who are not blind know, is not, according to science, really to be found in the outer world: it is something caused by the action of certain waves upon the eyes and nerves and brain of the person who sees the light. When it is said that light _is_ waves, what is really meant is that waves are the physical cause of our sensations of light. But light itself, the thing which seeing people experience and blind people do not, is not supposed by science to form any part of the world that is independent of us and our senses. And very similar remarks would apply to other kinds of sensations.

It is not only colours and sounds and so on that are absent from the scientific world of matter, but also _space_ as we get it through sight or touch. It is essential to science that its matter should be in _a_ space, but the space in which it is cannot be exactly the space we see or feel. To begin with, space as we see it is not the same as space as we get it by the sense of touch; it is only by experience in infancy that we learn how to touch things we see, or how to get a sight of things which we feel touching us. But the space of science is neutral as between touch and sight; thus it cannot be either the space of touch or the space of sight.

Again, different people see the same object as of different shapes, according to their point of view. A circular coin, for example, though we should always _judge_ it to be circular, will _look_ oval unless we are straight in front of it. When we judge that it _is_ circular, we are judging that it has a real shape which is not its apparent shape, but belongs to it intrinsically apart from its appearance. But this real shape, which is what concerns science, must be in a real space, not the same as anybody's _apparent_ space. The real space is public, the apparent space is private to the percipient. In different people's _private_ spaces the same object seems to have different shapes; thus the real space, in which it has its real shape, must be different from the private spaces. The space of science, therefore, though _connected_ with the spaces we see and feel, is not identical with them, and the manner of its connexion requires investigation.

We agreed provisionally that physical objects cannot be quite like our sense-data, but may be regarded as _causing_ our sensations. These physical objects are in the space of science, which we may call 'physical' space. It is important to notice that, if our sensations are to be caused by physical objects, there must be a physical space containing these objects and our sense-organs and nerves and brain. We get a sensation of touch from an object when we are in contact with it; that is to say, when some part of our body occupies a place in physical space quite close to the space occupied by the object. We see an object (roughly speaking) when no opaque body is between the object and our eyes in physical space. Similarly, we only hear or smell or taste an object when we are sufficiently near to it, or when it touches the tongue, or has some suitable position in physical space relatively to our body. We cannot begin to state what different sensations we shall derive from a given object under different circumstances unless we regard the object and our body as both in one physical space, for it is mainly the relative positions of the object and our body that determine what sensations we shall derive from the object.

Now our sense-data are situated in our private spaces, either the space of sight or the space of touch or such vaguer spaces as other senses may give us. If, as science and common sense assume, there is one public all-embracing physical space in which physical objects are, the relative positions of physical objects in physical space must more or less correspond to the relative positions of sense-data in our private spaces. There is no difficulty in supposing this to be the case. If we see on a road one house

nearer to us than another, our other senses will bear out the view that it is nearer; for example, it will be reached sooner if we walk along the road. Other people will agree that the house which looks nearer to us is nearer; the ordnance map will take the same view; and thus everything points to a spatial relation between the houses corresponding to the relation between the sense-data which we see when we look at the houses. Thus we may assume that there is a physical space in which physical objects have spatial relations corresponding to those which the corresponding sense-data have in our private spaces. It is this physical space which is dealt with in geometry and assumed in physics and astronomy.

Assuming that there is physical space, and that it does thus correspond to private spaces, what can we know about it? We can know _only_ what is required in order to secure the correspondence. That is to say, we can know nothing of what it is like in itself, but we can know the sort of arrangement of physical objects which results from their spatial relations. We can know, for example, that the earth and moon and sun are in one straight line during an eclipse, though we cannot know what a physical straight line is in itself, as we know the look of a straight line in our visual space. Thus we come to know much more about the _relations_ of distances in physical space than about the distances themselves; we may know that one distance is greater than another, or that it is along the same straight line as the other, but we cannot have that immediate acquaintance with physical distances that we have with distances in our private spaces, or with colours or sounds or other sense-data. We can know all those things about physical space which a man born blind might know through other people about the space of sight; but the kind of things which a man born blind could never know about the space of sight we also cannot know about physical space. We can know the properties of the relations required to preserve the correspondence with sense-data, but we cannot know the nature of the terms between which the relations hold.

With regard to time, our _feeling_ of duration or of the lapse of time is notoriously an unsafe guide as to the time that has elapsed by the clock. Times when we are bored or suffering pain pass slowly, times when we are agreeably occupied pass quickly, and times when we are sleeping pass almost as if they did not exist. Thus, in so far as time is constituted by duration, there is the same necessity for distinguishing a public and a private time as there was in the case of space. But in so far as time consists in an _order_ of before and after, there is no need to make such a distinction; the time-order which events seem to have is, so far as we can see, the same as the time-order which they do have. At any rate no reason can be given for supposing that the two orders are not the same. The same is usually true of space: if a regiment of men are marching along a road, the shape of the regiment will look different from different points of view, but the men will appear arranged in the same order from all points of view. Hence we regard the order as true also in physical space, whereas the shape is only supposed to correspond to the physical space so far as is required for the preservation of the order.

In saying that the time-order which events seem to have is the same as the time-order which they really have, it is necessary to guard against a possible misunderstanding. It must not be supposed that the various states of different physical objects have the same time-order as the sense-data which constitute the perceptions of those objects. Considered as physical objects, the thunder and lightning are simultaneous; that is to say, the lightning is simultaneous with the disturbance of the air in the place where the disturbance begins, namely, where the lightning is. But the sense-datum which we call hearing the thunder does not take place until the disturbance of the air has travelled as far as to where we are. Similarly, it takes about eight minutes for the sun's light to reach us; thus, when we see the sun we are seeing the sun of eight minutes ago. So far as our sense-data afford evidence as to the physical sun they afford evidence as to the physical sun of eight minutes ago; if the physical sun had ceased to exist within the last eight minutes, that would make no difference to the sense-data which we call 'seeing the sun'. This affords a fresh illustration of the necessity of distinguishing between sense-data and physical objects.

What we have found as regards space is much the same as what we find in relation to the correspondence of the sense-data with their physical counterparts. If one object looks blue and another red, we may reasonably presume that there is some corresponding difference between the physical objects; if two objects both look blue, we may presume a corresponding similarity. But we cannot hope to be acquainted directly with the quality in the physical object which makes it look blue or red. Science tells us that this quality is a certain sort of wave-motion, and this sounds familiar, because we think of wave-motions in the space we see. But the wave-motions must really be in physical space, with which we have no direct acquaintance; thus the real wave-motions have not that familiarity which we might have supposed them to have. And what holds for colours is closely similar to what holds for other sense-data. Thus we find that, although the _relations_ of physical objects have all sorts of knowable properties, derived from their correspondence with the relations of sense-data, the physical objects themselves remain unknown in their intrinsic nature, so far at least as can be discovered by means of the senses. The question remains whether there is any other method of discovering the intrinsic nature of physical objects.

The most natural, though not ultimately the most defensible, hypothesis to adopt in the first instance, at any rate as regards visual sense-data, would be that, though physical objects cannot, for the reasons we have been considering, be _exactly_ like sense-data, yet they may be more or less like. According to this view, physical objects will, for example, really have colours, and we might, by good luck, see an object as of the colour it really is. The colour which an object seems to have at any given moment will in general be very similar, though not quite the same, from many different points of view; we might thus suppose the 'real' colour to be a sort of medium colour, intermediate between the various shades which appear from the different points of view.

Such a theory is perhaps not capable of being definitely refuted, but it can be shown to be groundless. To begin with, it is plain that the colour we see depends only upon the nature of the light-waves that strike the eye, and is therefore modified by the medium intervening between us and the object, as well as by the manner in which light is reflected from the object in the direction of the eye. The intervening air alters colours unless it is perfectly clear, and any strong reflection will alter them completely. Thus the colour we see is a result of the ray as it reaches the eye, and not simply a property of the object from which the ray comes. Hence, also, provided certain waves reach the eye, we shall see a certain colour, whether the object from which the waves start has any colour or not. Thus it is quite gratuitous to suppose that physical objects have colours, and therefore there is no justification for making such a supposition. Exactly similar arguments will apply to other sense-data.

It remains to ask whether there are any general philosophical arguments enabling us to say that, if matter is real, it must be of such and such a nature. As explained above, very many philosophers, perhaps most, have held that whatever is real must be in some sense mental, or at any rate that whatever we can know anything about must be in some sense mental. Such philosophers are called 'idealists'. Idealists tell us that what appears as matter is really something mental; namely, either (as Leibniz held) more or less rudimentary minds, or (as Berkeley contended) ideas in the minds which, as we should commonly say, 'perceive' the matter. Thus idealists deny the existence of matter as something intrinsically different from mind, though they do not deny that our sense-data are signs of something which exists independently of our private sensations. In the following chapter we shall consider briefly the reasons--in my opinion fallacious--which idealists advance in favour of their theory.

CHAPTER IV. IDEALISM

The word 'idealism' is used by different philosophers in somewhat different senses. We shall understand by it the doctrine that whatever exists, or at any rate whatever can be known to exist, must be in some sense mental. This doctrine, which is very widely held among philosophers, has several forms, and is advocated on several different grounds. The doctrine is so widely held, and so interesting in itself, that even the briefest survey of philosophy must give some account of it.

Those who are unaccustomed to philosophical speculation may be inclined to dismiss such a doctrine as obviously absurd. There is no doubt that common sense regards tables and chairs and the sun and moon and material objects generally as something radically different from minds and the contents of minds, and as having an existence which might continue if minds ceased. We think of matter as having existed long before there were any minds, and it is hard to think of it as a mere product of mental activity. But whether true or false, idealism is not to be dismissed as obviously absurd.

We have seen that, even if physical objects do have an independent existence, they must differ very widely from sense-data, and can only have a _correspondence_ with sense-data, in the same sort of way in which a catalogue has a correspondence with the things catalogued. Hence common sense leaves us completely in the dark as to the true intrinsic nature of physical objects, and if there were good reason to regard them as mental, we could not legitimately reject this opinion merely because it strikes us as strange. The truth about physical objects _must_ be strange. It may be unattainable, but if any philosopher believes that he has attained it, the fact that what he offers as the truth is strange ought not to be made a ground of objection to his opinion.

The grounds on which idealism is advocated are generally grounds derived from the theory of knowledge, that is to say, from a discussion of the conditions which things must satisfy in order that we may be able to know them. The first serious attempt to establish idealism on such grounds was that of Bishop Berkeley. He proved first, by arguments which were largely valid, that our sense-data cannot be supposed to have an existence independent of us, but must be, in part at least, 'in' the mind, in the sense that their existence would not continue if there were no seeing or hearing or touching or smelling or tasting. So far, his contention was almost certainly valid, even if some of his arguments were not so. But he went on to argue that sense-data were the only things of whose existence our perceptions could assure us; and that to be known is to be 'in' a mind, and therefore to be mental. Hence he concluded that nothing can ever be known except what is in some mind, and that whatever is known without being in my mind must be in some other mind.

In order to understand his argument, it is necessary to understand his use of the word 'idea'. He gives the name 'idea' to anything which is _immediately_ known, as, for example, sense-data are known. Thus a particular colour which we see is an idea; so is a voice which we hear, and so on. But the term is not wholly confined to sense-data. There will also be things remembered or imagined, for with such things also we have immediate acquaintance at the moment of remembering or imagining. All such immediate data he calls 'ideas'.

He then proceeds to consider common objects, such as a tree, for instance. He shows that all we know immediately when we 'perceive' the tree consists of ideas in his sense of the word, and he argues that there is not the slightest ground for supposing that there is anything real about the tree except what is perceived. Its being, he says, consists in being perceived: in the Latin of the schoolmen its '_esse_' is '_percipi_'. He fully admits that the tree must continue to exist even when we shut our eyes or when no human being is near it. But this continued existence, he says, is due to the fact that God continues to perceive it; the 'real' tree, which corresponds to what we called the physical object, consists of ideas in the mind of God, ideas more or less like those we have when we see the tree, but differing in the fact that they are permanent in God's mind so long as the tree continues to exist. All our perceptions, according to him, consist in a partial participation in God's perceptions, and it is because of this participation that different people see more or less the same tree. Thus apart from minds and their ideas there is nothing in the world, nor is it possible that anything else should ever be known, since whatever is known is necessarily an idea.

There are in this argument a good many fallacies which have been important in the history of philosophy, and which it will be as well to bring to light. In the first place, there is a confusion engendered by the use of the word 'idea'. We think of an idea as essentially something in somebody's mind, and thus when we are told that a tree consists entirely of ideas, it is natural to suppose that, if so, the tree must be entirely in minds. But the notion of being 'in' the mind is ambiguous. We speak of bearing a person in mind, not meaning that the person is in our minds, but that a thought of him is in our minds. When a man says that some business he had to arrange went clean out of his mind, he does not mean to imply that the business itself was ever in his mind, but only that a thought of the business was formerly in his mind, but afterwards ceased to be in his mind. And so when Berkeley says that the tree must be in our minds if we can know it, all that he really has a right to say is that a thought of the tree must be in our minds. To argue that the tree itself must be in our minds is like arguing that a person whom we bear in mind is himself in our minds. This confusion may seem too gross to have been really committed by any competent philosopher, but various attendant circumstances rendered it possible. In order to see how it was possible, we must go more deeply into the question as to the nature of ideas.

Before taking up the general question of the nature of ideas, we must disentangle two entirely separate questions which arise concerning sense-data and physical objects. We saw that, for various reasons of detail, Berkeley was right in treating the sense-data which constitute our perception of the tree as more or less subjective, in the sense that they depend upon us as much as upon the tree, and would not exist if the tree were not being perceived. But this is an entirely different point from the one by which Berkeley seeks to prove that whatever can be immediately known must be in a mind. For this purpose arguments of detail as to the dependence of sense-data upon us are useless. It is necessary to prove, generally, that by being known, things are shown to be mental. This is what Berkeley believes himself to have done. It is this question, and not our previous question as to the difference between sense-data and the physical object, that must now concern us.

Taking the word 'idea' in Berkeley's sense, there are two quite distinct things to be considered whenever an idea is before the mind. There is on the one hand the thing of which we are aware--say the colour of my table--and on the other hand the actual awareness itself, the mental act of apprehending the thing. The mental act is undoubtedly mental, but is there any reason to suppose that the thing apprehended is in any sense mental? Our previous arguments concerning the colour did not prove it to be mental; they only proved that its existence depends upon the relation of our sense organs to the physical object--in our case, the table. That is to say, they proved that a certain colour will exist, in a certain light, if a normal eye is placed at a certain point relatively to the table. They did not prove that the colour is in the mind of the percipient.

Berkeley's view, that obviously the colour must be in the mind, seems to depend for its plausibility upon confusing the thing apprehended with the act of apprehension. Either of these might be called an 'idea'; probably either would have been called an idea by Berkeley. The act is undoubtedly in the mind; hence, when we are thinking of the act, we readily assent to the view that ideas must be in the mind. Then, forgetting that this was only true when ideas were taken as acts of apprehension, we transfer the proposition that 'ideas are in the mind' to ideas in the other sense, i.e. to the things apprehended by our acts of apprehension. Thus, by an unconscious equivocation, we arrive at the conclusion that whatever we can apprehend must be in our minds. This seems to be the true analysis of Berkeley's argument, and the ultimate fallacy upon which it rests.

This question of the distinction between act and object in our apprehending of things is vitally important, since our whole power of acquiring knowledge is bound up with it. The faculty of being acquainted with things other than itself is the main characteristic of a mind. Acquaintance with objects essentially consists in a relation between the mind and something other than the mind; it is this that constitutes the mind's power of knowing things. If we say that the things known must be in the mind, we are either unduly limiting the mind's power of knowing, or we are uttering a mere tautology. We are uttering a mere tautology if we mean by '_in_ the mind' the same as by '_before_ the mind', i.e. if we mean merely being apprehended by the mind. But if we mean this, we shall have to admit that what, _in this sense_, is in the mind, may nevertheless be not mental. Thus when we realize the nature of knowledge, Berkeley's argument is seen to be wrong in substance as well as in form, and his grounds for supposing that 'ideas'--i.e. the objects apprehended--must be mental, are found to have no validity whatever. Hence his grounds in favour of idealism may be dismissed. It remains to see whether there are any other grounds.

It is often said, as though it were a self-evident truism, that we cannot know that anything exists which we do not know. It is inferred that whatever can in any way be relevant to our experience must be at least capable of being known by us; whence it follows that if matter were essentially something with which we could not become acquainted, matter would be something which we could not know to exist, and which could have for us no importance whatever. It is generally also implied, for reasons which remain obscure, that what can have no importance for us cannot be real, and that therefore matter, if it is not composed of minds or of mental ideas, is impossible and a mere chimaera.

To go into this argument fully at our present stage would be impossible, since it raises points requiring a considerable preliminary discussion; but certain reasons for rejecting the argument may be noticed at once. To begin at the end: there is no reason why what cannot have any _practical_ importance for us should not be real. It is true that, if _theoretical_ importance is included, everything real is of _some_ importance to us, since, as persons desirous of knowing the truth about the universe, we have some interest in everything that the universe contains. But if this sort of interest is included, it is not the case that matter has no importance for us, provided it exists even if we cannot know that it exists. We can, obviously, suspect that it may exist, and wonder whether it does; hence it is connected with our desire for knowledge, and has the importance of either satisfying or thwarting this desire.

Again, it is by no means a truism, and is in fact false, that we cannot know that anything exists which we do not know. The word 'know' is here used in two different senses. (1) In its first use it is applicable to the sort of knowledge which is opposed to error, the sense in which what we know is _true_, the sense which applies to our beliefs and convictions, i.e. to what are called _judgements_. In this sense of the word we know _that_ something is the case. This sort of knowledge may be described as knowledge of _truths_. (2) In the second use of the word 'know' above, the word applies to our knowledge of _things_, which we may call _acquaintance_. This is the sense in which we know sense-data. (The distinction involved is roughly that between _savoir_ and _connaître_ in French, or between _wissen_ and _kennen_ in German.)

Thus the statement which seemed like a truism becomes, when re-stated, the following: 'We can never truly judge that something with which we are not acquainted exists.' This is by no means a truism, but on the contrary a palpable falsehood. I have not the honour to be acquainted with the Emperor of China, but I truly judge that he exists. It may be said, of course, that I judge this because of other people's acquaintance with him. This, however, would be an irrelevant retort, since, if the principle were true, I could not know that any one else is acquainted with him. But further: there is no reason why I should not know of the existence of something with which nobody is acquainted. This point is important, and demands elucidation.

If I am acquainted with a thing which exists, my acquaintance gives me the knowledge that it exists. But it is not true that, conversely, whenever I can know that a thing of a certain sort exists, I or some one else must be acquainted with the thing. What happens, in cases where I have true judgement without acquaintance, is that the thing is known to me by _description_, and that, in virtue of some general principle, the existence of a thing answering to this description can be inferred from the existence of something with which I am acquainted. In order to understand this point fully, it will be well first to deal with the difference between knowledge by acquaintance and knowledge by description, and then to consider what knowledge of general principles, if any, has the same kind of certainty as our knowledge of the existence of our own experiences. These subjects will be dealt with in the following chapters.

CHAPTER V. KNOWLEDGE BY ACQUAINTANCE AND KNOWLEDGE BY DESCRIPTION

In the preceding chapter we saw that there are two sorts of knowledge: knowledge of things, and knowledge of truths. In this chapter we shall be concerned exclusively with knowledge of things, of which in turn we shall have to distinguish two kinds.

Knowledge of things, when it is of the kind we call knowledge by _acquaintance_, is essentially simpler than any knowledge of truths, and logically independent of knowledge of truths, though it would be rash to assume that human beings ever, in fact, have acquaintance with things without at the same time knowing some truth about them. Knowledge of things by _description_, on the contrary, always involves, as we shall find in the course of the present chapter, some knowledge of truths as its source and ground. But first of all we must make clear what we mean by 'acquaintance' and what we mean by 'description'.

We shall say that we have _acquaintance_ with anything of which we are directly aware, without the intermediary of any process of inference or any knowledge of truths. Thus in the presence of my table I am acquainted with the sense-data that make up the appearance of my table--its colour, shape, hardness, smoothness, etc.; all these are things of which I am immediately conscious when I am seeing and touching my table. The particular shade of colour that I am seeing may have many things said about it--I may say that it is brown, that it is rather dark, and so on. But such statements, though they make me know truths about the colour, do not make me know the colour itself any better than I did before so far as concerns knowledge of the colour itself, as opposed to knowledge of truths about it, I know the colour perfectly and completely when I see it, and no further knowledge of it itself is even theoretically possible. Thus the sense-data which make up the appearance of my table are things with which I have acquaintance, things immediately known to me just as they are.

My knowledge of the table as a physical object, on the contrary, is not direct knowledge. Such as it is, it is obtained through acquaintance with the sense-data that make up the appearance of the table. We have seen that it is possible, without absurdity, to doubt whether there is a table at all, whereas it is not possible to doubt the sense-data. My knowledge of the table is of the kind which we shall call 'knowledge by description'. The table is 'the physical object which causes such-and-such sense-data'. This describes the table by means of the sense-data. In order to know anything at all about the table, we must know truths connecting it with things with which we have acquaintance: we must know that 'such-and-such sense-data are caused by a physical object'. There is no state of mind in which we are directly aware of the table; all our knowledge of the table is really knowledge of truths, and the actual thing which is the table is not, strictly speaking, known to us at all. We know a description, and we know that there is just one object to which this description applies, though the object itself is not directly known to us. In such a case, we say that our knowledge of the object is knowledge by description.

All our knowledge, both knowledge of things and knowledge of truths, rests upon acquaintance as its foundation. It is therefore important to consider what kinds of things there are with which we have acquaintance.

Sense-data, as we have already seen, are among the things with which we are acquainted; in fact, they supply the most obvious and striking example of knowledge by acquaintance. But if they were the sole example, our knowledge would be very much more restricted than it is. We should only know what is now present to our senses: we could not know anything about the past--not even that there was a past--nor could we know any truths about our sense-data, for all knowledge of truths, as we shall show, demands acquaintance with things which are of an essentially different character from sense-data, the things which are sometimes called 'abstract ideas', but which we shall call 'universals'. We have therefore to consider acquaintance with other things besides sense-data if we are to obtain any tolerably adequate analysis of our knowledge.

The first extension beyond sense-data to be considered is acquaintance by _memory_. It is obvious that we often remember what we have seen or heard or had otherwise present to our senses, and that in such cases we are still immediately aware of what we remember, in spite of the fact that it appears as past and not as present. This immediate knowledge by memory is the source of all our knowledge concerning the past: without it, there could be no knowledge of the past by inference, since we should never know that there was anything past to be inferred.

The next extension to be considered is acquaintance by _introspection_. We are not only aware of things, but we are often aware of being aware of them. When I see the sun, I am often aware of my seeing the sun; thus 'my seeing the sun' is an object with which I have acquaintance. When I desire food, I may be aware of my desire for food; thus 'my desiring food' is an object with which I am acquainted. Similarly we may be aware of our feeling pleasure or pain, and generally of the events which happen in our minds. This kind of acquaintance, which may be called self-consciousness, is the source of all our knowledge of mental things. It is obvious that it is only what goes on in our own minds that can be thus known immediately. What goes on in the minds of others is known to us through our perception of their bodies, that is, through the sense-data in us which are associated with their bodies. But for our acquaintance with the contents of our own minds, we should be unable to imagine the minds of others, and therefore we could never arrive at the knowledge that they have minds. It seems natural to suppose that self-consciousness is one of the things that distinguish men from animals: animals, we may suppose, though they have acquaintance with sense-data, never become

aware of this acquaintance. I do not mean that they _doubt_ whether they exist, but that they have never become conscious of the fact that they have sensations and feelings, nor therefore of the fact that they, the subjects of their sensations and feelings, exist.

We have spoken of acquaintance with the contents of our minds as _self_-consciousness, but it is not, of course, consciousness of our _self_: it is consciousness of particular thoughts and feelings. The question whether we are also acquainted with our bare selves, as opposed to particular thoughts and feelings, is a very difficult one, upon which it would be rash to speak positively. When we try to look into ourselves we always seem to come upon some particular thought or feeling, and not upon the 'I' which has the thought or feeling. Nevertheless there are some reasons for thinking that we are acquainted with the 'I', though the acquaintance is hard to disentangle from other things. To make clear what sort of reason there is, let us consider for a moment what our acquaintance with particular thoughts really involves.

When I am acquainted with 'my seeing the sun', it seems plain that I am acquainted with two different things in relation to each other. On the one hand there is the sense-datum which represents the sun to me, on the other hand there is that which sees this sense-datum. All acquaintance, such as my acquaintance with the sense-datum which represents the sun, seems obviously a relation between the person acquainted and the object with which the person is acquainted. When a case of acquaintance is one with which I can be acquainted (as I am acquainted with my acquaintance with the sense-datum representing the sun), it is plain that the person acquainted is myself. Thus, when I am acquainted with my seeing the sun, the whole fact with which I am acquainted is 'Self-acquainted-with-sense-datum'.

Further, we know the truth 'I am acquainted with this sense-datum'. It is hard to see how we could know this truth, or even understand what is meant by it, unless we were acquainted with something which we call 'I'. It does not seem necessary to suppose that we are acquainted with a more or less permanent person, the same to-day as yesterday, but it does seem as though we must be acquainted with that thing, whatever its nature, which sees the sun and has acquaintance with sense-data. Thus, in some sense it would seem we must be acquainted with our Selves as opposed to our particular experiences. But the question is difficult, and complicated arguments can be adduced on either side. Hence, although acquaintance with ourselves seems _probably_ to occur, it is not wise to assert that it undoubtedly does occur.

We may therefore sum up as follows what has been said concerning acquaintance with things that exist. We have acquaintance in sensation with the data of the outer senses, and in introspection with the data of what may be called the inner sense--thoughts, feelings, desires, etc.; we have acquaintance in memory with things which have been data either of the outer senses or of the inner sense. Further, it is probable, though not certain, that we have acquaintance with Self, as that which is aware of things or has desires towards things.

In addition to our acquaintance with particular existing things, we also have acquaintance with what we shall call _universals_, that is to say, general ideas, such as _whiteness_, _diversity_, _brotherhood_, and so on. Every complete sentence must contain at least one word which stands for a universal, since all verbs have a meaning which is universal. We shall return to universals later on, in Chapter IX; for the present, it is only necessary to guard against the supposition that whatever we can be acquainted with must be something particular and existent. Awareness of universals is called _conceiving_, and a universal of which we are aware is called a _concept_.

It will be seen that among the objects with which we are acquainted are not included physical objects (as opposed to sense-data), nor other people's minds. These things are known to us by what I call 'knowledge by description', which we must now consider.

By a 'description' I mean any phrase of the form 'a so-and-so' or 'the so-and-so'. A phrase of the form 'a so-and-so' I shall call an 'ambiguous' description; a phrase of the form 'the so-and-so' (in the singular) I shall call a 'definite' description. Thus 'a man' is an ambiguous description, and 'the man with the iron mask' is a definite description. There are various problems connected with ambiguous descriptions, but I pass them by, since they do not directly concern the matter we are discussing, which is the nature of our knowledge concerning objects in cases where we know that there is an object answering to a definite description, though we are not acquainted with any such object. This is a matter which is concerned exclusively with definite descriptions. I shall therefore, in the sequel, speak simply of 'descriptions' when I mean 'definite descriptions'. Thus a description will mean any phrase of the form 'the so-and-so' in the singular.

We shall say that an object is 'known by description' when we know that it is 'the so-and-so', i.e. when we know that there is one object, and no more, having a certain property; and it will generally be implied that we do not have knowledge of the same object by acquaintance. We know that the man with the iron mask existed, and many propositions are known about him; but we do not know

who he was. We know that the candidate who gets the most votes will be elected, and in this case we are very likely also acquainted (in the only sense in which one can be acquainted with some one else) with the man who is, in fact, the candidate who will get most votes; but we do not know which of the candidates he is, i.e. we do not know any proposition of the form 'A is the candidate who will get most votes' where A is one of the candidates by name. We shall say that we have 'merely descriptive knowledge' of the so-and-so when, although we know that the so-and-so exists, and although we may possibly be acquainted with the object which is, in fact, the so-and-so, yet we do not know any proposition '_a_ is the so-and-so', where _a_ is something with which we are acquainted.

When we say 'the so-and-so exists', we mean that there is just one object which is the so-and-so. The proposition '_a_ is the so-and-so' means that _a_ has the property so-and-so, and nothing else has. 'Mr. A. is the Unionist candidate for this constituency' means 'Mr. A. is a Unionist candidate for this constituency, and no one else is'. 'The Unionist candidate for this constituency exists' means 'some one is a Unionist candidate for this constituency, and no one else is'. Thus, when we are acquainted with an object which is the so-and-so, we know that the so-and-so exists; but we may know that the so-and-so exists when we are not acquainted with any object which we know to be the so-and-so, and even when we are not acquainted with any object which, in fact, is the so-and-so.

Common words, even proper names, are usually really descriptions. That is to say, the thought in the mind of a person using a proper name correctly can generally only be expressed explicitly if we replace the proper name by a description. Moreover, the description required to express the thought will vary for different people, or for the same person at different times. The only thing constant (so long as the name is rightly used) is the object to which the name applies. But so long as this remains constant, the particular description involved usually makes no difference to the truth or falsehood of the proposition in which the name appears.

Let us take some illustrations. Suppose some statement made about Bismarck. Assuming that there is such a thing as direct acquaintance with oneself, Bismarck himself might have used his name directly to designate the particular person with whom he was acquainted. In this case, if he made a judgement about himself, he himself might be a constituent of the judgement. Here the proper name has the direct use which it always wishes to have, as simply standing for a certain object, and not for a description of the object. But if a person who knew Bismarck made a judgement about him, the case is different. What this person was acquainted with were certain sense-data which he connected (rightly, we will suppose) with Bismarck's body. His body, as a physical object, and still more his mind, were only known as the body and the mind connected with these sense-data. That is, they were known by description. It is, of course, very much a matter of chance which characteristics of a man's appearance will come into a friend's mind when he thinks of him; thus the description actually in the friend's mind is accidental. The essential point is that he knows that the various descriptions all apply to the same entity, in spite of not being acquainted with the entity in question.

When we, who did not know Bismarck, make a judgement about him, the description in our minds will probably be some more or less vague mass of historical knowledge--far more, in most cases, than is required to identify him. But, for the sake of illustration, let us assume that we think of him as 'the first Chancellor of the German Empire'. Here all the words are abstract except 'German'. The word 'German' will, again, have different meanings for different people. To some it will recall travels in Germany, to some the look of Germany on the map, and so on. But if we are to obtain a description which we know to be applicable, we shall be compelled, at some point, to bring in a reference to a particular with which we are acquainted. Such reference is involved in any mention of past, present, and future (as opposed to definite dates), or of here and there, or of what others have told us. Thus it would seem that, in some way or other, a description known to be applicable to a particular must involve some reference to a particular with which we are acquainted, if our knowledge about the thing described is not to be merely what follows _logically_ from the description. For example, 'the most long-lived of men' is a description involving only universals, which must apply to some man, but we can make no judgements concerning this man which involve knowledge about him beyond what the description gives. If, however, we say, 'The first Chancellor of the German Empire was an astute diplomatist', we can only be assured of the truth of our judgement in virtue of something with which we are acquainted--usually a testimony heard or read. Apart from the information we convey to others, apart from the fact about the actual Bismarck, which gives importance to our judgement, the thought we really have contains the one or more particulars involved, and otherwise consists wholly of concepts.

All names of places--London, England, Europe, the Earth, the Solar System--similarly involve, when used, descriptions which start from some one or more particulars with which we are acquainted. I suspect that even the Universe, as considered by metaphysics, involves such a connexion with particulars. In logic, on the contrary, where we are concerned not merely with what does exist, but with whatever might or could exist or be, no reference to actual particulars is involved.

It would seem that, when we make a statement about something only known by description, we often _intend_ to make our statement, not in the form involving the description, but about the actual thing described. That is to say, when we say anything about Bismarck, we should like, if we could, to make the judgement which Bismarck alone can make, namely, the judgement of which he himself is a constituent. In this we are necessarily defeated, since the actual Bismarck is unknown to us. But we know that there is an object B, called Bismarck, and that B was an astute diplomatist. We can thus _describe_ the proposition we should like to affirm, namely, 'B was an astute diplomatist', where B is the object which was Bismarck. If we are describing Bismarck as 'the first Chancellor of the German Empire', the proposition we should like to affirm may be described as 'the proposition asserting, concerning the actual object which was the first Chancellor of the German Empire, that this object was an astute diplomatist'. What enables us to communicate in spite of the varying descriptions we employ is that we know there is a true proposition concerning the actual Bismarck, and that however we may vary the description (so long as the description is correct) the proposition described is still the same. This proposition, which is described and is known to be true, is what interests us; but we are not acquainted with the proposition itself, and do not know it, though we know it is true.

It will be seen that there are various stages in the removal from acquaintance with particulars: there is Bismarck to people who knew him; Bismarck to those who only know of him through history; the man with the iron mask; the longest-lived of men. These are progressively further removed from acquaintance with particulars; the first comes as near to acquaintance as is possible in regard to another person; in the second, we shall still be said to know 'who Bismarck was'; in the third, we do not know who was the man with the iron mask, though we can know many propositions about him which are not logically deducible from the fact that he wore an iron mask; in the fourth, finally, we know nothing beyond what is logically deducible from the definition of the man. There is a similar hierarchy in the region of universals. Many universals, like many particulars, are only known to us by description. But here, as in the case of particulars, knowledge concerning what is known by description is ultimately reducible to knowledge concerning what is known by acquaintance.

The fundamental principle in the analysis of propositions containing descriptions is this: _Every proposition which we can understand must be composed wholly of constituents with which we are acquainted_.

We shall not at this stage attempt to answer all the objections which may be urged against this fundamental principle. For the present, we shall merely point out that, in some way or other, it must be possible to meet these objections, for it is scarcely conceivable that we can make a judgement or entertain a supposition without knowing what it is that we are judging or supposing about. We must attach _some_ meaning to the words we use, if we are to speak significantly and not utter mere noise; and the meaning we attach to our words must be something with which we are acquainted. Thus when, for example, we make a statement about Julius Caesar, it is plain that Julius Caesar himself is not before our minds, since we are not acquainted with him. We have in mind some description of Julius Caesar: 'the man who was assassinated on the Ides of March', 'the founder of the Roman Empire', or, perhaps, merely 'the man whose name was _Julius Caesar_'. (In this last description, _Julius Caesar_ is a noise or shape with which we are acquainted.) Thus our statement does not mean quite what it seems to mean, but means something involving, instead of Julius Caesar, some description of him which is composed wholly of particulars and universals with which we are acquainted.

The chief importance of knowledge by description is that it enables us to pass beyond the limits of our private experience. In spite of the fact that we can only know truths which are wholly composed of terms which we have experienced in acquaintance, we can yet have knowledge by description of things which we have never experienced. In view of the very narrow range of our immediate experience, this result is vital, and until it is understood, much of our knowledge must remain mysterious and therefore doubtful.

CHAPTER VI. ON INDUCTION

In almost all our previous discussions we have been concerned in the attempt to get clear as to our data in the way of knowledge of existence. What things are there in the universe whose existence is known to us owing to our being acquainted with them? So far, our answer has been that we are acquainted with our sense-data, and, probably, with ourselves. These we know to exist. And past sense-data which are remembered are known to have existed in the past. This knowledge supplies our data.

But if we are to be able to draw inferences from these data--if we are to know of the existence of matter, of other people, of the past before our individual memory begins, or of the future, we must know general principles of some kind by means of which such inferences can be drawn. It must be known to us that the existence of some one sort of thing, A, is a sign of the existence of some other sort of thing, B, either at the same time as A or at some earlier or later time, as, for example, thunder is a sign of the earlier

existence of lightning. If this were not known to us, we could never extend our knowledge beyond the sphere of our private experience; and this sphere, as we have seen, is exceedingly limited. The question we have now to consider is whether such an extension is possible, and if so, how it is effected.

Let us take as an illustration a matter about which none of us, in fact, feel the slightest doubt. We are all convinced that the sun will rise to-morrow. Why? Is this belief a mere blind outcome of past experience, or can it be justified as a reasonable belief? It is not easy to find a test by which to judge whether a belief of this kind is reasonable or not, but we can at least ascertain what sort of general beliefs would suffice, if true, to justify the judgement that the sun will rise to-morrow, and the many other similar judgements upon which our actions are based.

It is obvious that if we are asked why we believe that the sun will rise to-morrow, we shall naturally answer 'Because it always has risen every day'. We have a firm belief that it will rise in the future, because it has risen in the past. If we are challenged as to why we believe that it will continue to rise as heretofore, we may appeal to the laws of motion: the earth, we shall say, is a freely rotating body, and such bodies do not cease to rotate unless something interferes from outside, and there is nothing outside to interfere with the earth between now and to-morrow. Of course it might be doubted whether we are quite certain that there is nothing outside to interfere, but this is not the interesting doubt. The interesting doubt is as to whether the laws of motion will remain in operation until to-morrow. If this doubt is raised, we find ourselves in the same position as when the doubt about the sunrise was first raised.

The _only_ reason for believing that the laws of motion will remain in operation is that they have operated hitherto, so far as our knowledge of the past enables us to judge. It is true that we have a greater body of evidence from the past in favour of the laws of motion than we have in favour of the sunrise, because the sunrise is merely a particular case of fulfilment of the laws of motion, and there are countless other particular cases. But the real question is: Do _any_ number of cases of a law being fulfilled in the past afford evidence that it will be fulfilled in the future? If not, it becomes plain that we have no ground whatever for expecting the sun to rise to-morrow, or for expecting the bread we shall eat at our next meal not to poison us, or for any of the other scarcely conscious expectations that control our daily lives. It is to be observed that all such expectations are only _probable_; thus we have not to seek for a proof that they _must_ be fulfilled, but only for some reason in favour of the view that they are _likely_ to be fulfilled.

Now in dealing with this question we must, to begin with, make an important distinction, without which we should soon become involved in hopeless confusions. Experience has shown us that, hitherto, the frequent repetition of some uniform succession or coexistence has been a _cause_ of our expecting the same succession or coexistence on the next occasion. Food that has a certain appearance generally has a certain taste, and it is a severe shock to our expectations when the familiar appearance is found to be associated with an unusual taste. Things which we see become associated, by habit, with certain tactile sensations which we expect if we touch them; one of the horrors of a ghost (in many ghost-stories) is that it fails to give us any sensations of touch. Uneducated people who go abroad for the first time are so surprised as to be incredulous when they find their native language not understood.

And this kind of association is not confined to men; in animals also it is very strong. A horse which has been often driven along a certain road resists the attempt to drive him in a different direction. Domestic animals expect food when they see the person who usually feeds them. We know that all these rather crude expectations of uniformity are liable to be misleading. The man who has fed the chicken every day throughout its life at last wrings its neck instead, showing that more refined views as to the uniformity of nature would have been useful to the chicken.

But in spite of the misleadingness of such expectations, they nevertheless exist. The mere fact that something has happened a certain number of times causes animals and men to expect that it will happen again. Thus our instincts certainly cause us to believe that the sun will rise to-morrow, but we may be in no better a position than the chicken which unexpectedly has its neck wrung. We have therefore to distinguish the fact that past uniformities _cause_ expectations as to the future, from the question whether there is any reasonable ground for giving weight to such expectations after the question of their validity has been raised.

The problem we have to discuss is whether there is any reason for believing in what is called 'the uniformity of nature'. The belief in the uniformity of nature is the belief that everything that has happened or will happen is an instance of some general law to which there are no exceptions. The crude expectations which we have been considering are all subject to exceptions, and therefore liable to disappoint those who entertain them. But science habitually assumes, at least as a working hypothesis, that general rules which have exceptions can be replaced by general rules which have no exceptions. 'Unsupported bodies in air fall' is a general rule to which balloons and aeroplanes are exceptions. But the laws of motion and the law of gravitation, which account for the fact that

most bodies fall, also account for the fact that balloons and aeroplanes can rise; thus the laws of motion and the law of gravitation are not subject to these exceptions.

The belief that the sun will rise to-morrow might be falsified if the earth came suddenly into contact with a large body which destroyed its rotation; but the laws of motion and the law of gravitation would not be infringed by such an event. The business of science is to find uniformities, such as the laws of motion and the law of gravitation, to which, so far as our experience extends, there are no exceptions. In this search science has been remarkably successful, and it may be conceded that such uniformities have held hitherto. This brings us back to the question: Have we any reason, assuming that they have always held in the past, to suppose that they will hold in the future?

It has been argued that we have reason to know that the future will resemble the past, because what was the future has constantly become the past, and has always been found to resemble the past, so that we really have experience of the future, namely of times which were formerly future, which we may call past futures. But such an argument really begs the very question at issue. We have experience of past futures, but not of future futures, and the question is: Will future futures resemble past futures? This question is not to be answered by an argument which starts from past futures alone. We have therefore still to seek for some principle which shall enable us to know that the future will follow the same laws as the past.

The reference to the future in this question is not essential. The same question arises when we apply the laws that work in our experience to past things of which we have no experience--as, for example, in geology, or in theories as to the origin of the Solar System. The question we really have to ask is: 'When two things have been found to be often associated, and no instance is known of the one occurring without the other, does the occurrence of one of the two, in a fresh instance, give any good ground for expecting the other?' On our answer to this question must depend the validity of the whole of our expectations as to the future, the whole of the results obtained by induction, and in fact practically all the beliefs upon which our daily life is based.

It must be conceded, to begin with, that the fact that two things have been found often together and never apart does not, by itself, suffice to _prove_ demonstratively that they will be found together in the next case we examine. The most we can hope is that the oftener things are found together, the more probable it becomes that they will be found together another time, and that, if they have been found together often enough, the probability will amount _almost_ to certainty. It can never quite reach certainty, because we know that in spite of frequent repetitions there sometimes is a failure at the last, as in the case of the chicken whose neck is wrung. Thus probability is all we ought to seek.

It might be urged, as against the view we are advocating, that we know all natural phenomena to be subject to the reign of law, and that sometimes, on the basis of observation, we can see that only one law can possibly fit the facts of the case. Now to this view there are two answers. The first is that, even if _some_ law which has no exceptions applies to our case, we can never, in practice, be sure that we have discovered that law and not one to which there are exceptions. The second is that the reign of law would seem to be itself only probable, and that our belief that it will hold in the future, or in unexamined cases in the past, is itself based upon the very principle we are examining.

The principle we are examining may be called the _principle of induction_, and its two parts may be stated as follows:

(a) When a thing of a certain sort A has been found to be associated with a thing of a certain other sort B, and has never been found dissociated from a thing of the sort B, the greater the number of cases in which A and B have been associated, the greater is the probability that they will be associated in a fresh case in which one of them is known to be present;

(b) Under the same circumstances, a sufficient number of cases of association will make the probability of a fresh association nearly a certainty, and will make it approach certainty without limit.

As just stated, the principle applies only to the verification of our expectation in a single fresh instance. But we want also to know that there is a probability in favour of the general law that things of the sort A are _always_ associated with things of the sort B, provided a sufficient number of cases of association are known, and no cases of failure of association are known. The probability of the general law is obviously less than the probability of the particular case, since if the general law is true, the particular case must also be true, whereas the particular case may be true without the general law being true. Nevertheless the probability of the general law is increased by repetitions, just as the probability of the particular case is. We may therefore repeat the two parts of our principle as regards the general law, thus:

(a) The greater the number of cases in which a thing of the sort A has been found associated with a thing of the sort B, the more probable it is (if no cases of failure of association are known) that A is always associated with B;

b) Under the same circumstances, a sufficient number of cases of the association of A with B will make it nearly certain that A is always associated with B, and will make this general law approach certainty without limit.

It should be noted that probability is always relative to certain data. In our case, the data are merely the known cases of coexistence of A and B. There may be other data, which _might_ be taken into account, which would gravely alter the probability. For example, a man who had seen a great many white swans might argue, by our principle, that on the data it was _probable_ that all swans were white, and this might be a perfectly sound argument. The argument is not disproved by the fact that some swans are black, because a thing may very well happen in spite of the fact that some data render it improbable. In the case of the swans, a man might know that colour is a very variable characteristic in many species of animals, and that, therefore, an induction as to colour is peculiarly liable to error. But this knowledge would be a fresh datum, by no means proving that the probability relatively to our previous data had been wrongly estimated. The fact, therefore, that things often fail to fulfil our expectations is no evidence that our expectations will not _probably_ be fulfilled in a given case or a given class of cases. Thus our inductive principle is at any rate not capable of being _disproved_ by an appeal to experience.

The inductive principle, however, is equally incapable of being _proved_ by an appeal to experience. Experience might conceivably confirm the inductive principle as regards the cases that have been already examined; but as regards unexamined cases, it is the inductive principle alone that can justify any inference from what has been examined to what has not been examined. All arguments which, on the basis of experience, argue as to the future or the unexperienced parts of the past or present, assume the inductive principle; hence we can never use experience to prove the inductive principle without begging the question. Thus we must either accept the inductive principle on the ground of its intrinsic evidence, or forgo all justification of our expectations about the future. If the principle is unsound, we have no reason to expect the sun to rise to-morrow, to expect bread to be more nourishing than a stone, or to expect that if we throw ourselves off the roof we shall fall. When we see what looks like our best friend approaching us, we shall have no reason to suppose that his body is not inhabited by the mind of our worst enemy or of some total stranger. All our conduct is based upon associations which have worked in the past, and which we therefore regard as likely to work in the future; and this likelihood is dependent for its validity upon the inductive principle.

The general principles of science, such as the belief in the reign of law, and the belief that every event must have a cause, are as completely dependent upon the inductive principle as are the beliefs of daily life All such general principles are believed because mankind have found innumerable instances of their truth and no instances of their falsehood. But this affords no evidence for their truth in the future, unless the inductive principle is assumed.

Thus all knowledge which, on a basis of experience tells us something about what is not experienced, is based upon a belief which experience can neither confirm nor confute, yet which, at least in its more concrete applications, appears to be as firmly rooted in us as many of the facts of experience. The existence and justification of such beliefs--for the inductive principle, as we shall see, is not the only example--raises some of the most difficult and most debated problems of philosophy. We will, in the next chapter, consider briefly what may be said to account for such knowledge, and what is its scope and its degree of certainty.

CHAPTER VII. ON OUR KNOWLEDGE OF GENERAL PRINCIPLES

We saw in the preceding chapter that the principle of induction, while necessary to the validity of all arguments based on experience, is itself not capable of being proved by experience, and yet is unhesitatingly believed by every one, at least in all its concrete applications. In these characteristics the principle of induction does not stand alone. There are a number of other principles which cannot be proved or disproved by experience, but are used in arguments which start from what is experienced.

Some of these principles have even greater evidence than the principle of induction, and the knowledge of them has the same degree of certainty as the knowledge of the existence of sense-data. They constitute the means of drawing inferences from what is given in sensation; and if what we infer is to be true, it is just as necessary that our principles of inference should be true as it is that our data should be true. The principles of inference are apt to be overlooked because of their very obviousness--the assumption involved is assented to without our realizing that it is an assumption. But it is very important to realize the use of principles of inference, if a correct theory of knowledge is to be obtained; for our knowledge of them raises interesting and difficult questions.

In all our knowledge of general principles, what actually happens is that first of all we realize some particular application of the principle, and then we realize that the particularity is irrelevant, and that there is a generality which may equally truly be affirmed. This is of course familiar in such matters as teaching arithmetic: 'two and two are four' is first learnt in the case of some particular pair of couples, and then in some other particular case, and so on, until at last it becomes possible to see that it is true of any pair of couples. The same thing happens with logical principles. Suppose two men are discussing what day of the month it is. One of them says, 'At least you will admit that _if_ yesterday was the 15th to-day must be the 16th.' 'Yes', says the other, 'I admit that.' 'And you know', the first continues, 'that yesterday was the 15th, because you dined with Jones, and your diary will tell you that was on the 15th.' 'Yes', says the second; 'therefore to-day _is_ the 16th.'

Now such an argument is not hard to follow; and if it is granted that its premisses are true in fact, no one will deny that the conclusion must also be true. But it depends for its truth upon an instance of a general logical principle. The logical principle is as follows: 'Suppose it known that _if_ this is true, then that is true. Suppose it also known that this _is_ true, then it follows that that is true.' When it is the case that if this is true, that is true, we shall say that this 'implies' that, and that that 'follows from' this. Thus our principle states that if this implies that, and this is true, then that is true. In other words, 'anything implied by a true proposition is true', or 'whatever follows from a true proposition is true'.

This principle is really involved--at least, concrete instances of it are involved--in all demonstrations. Whenever one thing which we believe is used to prove something else, which we consequently believe, this principle is relevant. If any one asks: 'Why should I accept the results of valid arguments based on true premisses?' we can only answer by appealing to our principle. In fact, the truth of the principle is impossible to doubt, and its obviousness is so great that at first sight it seems almost trivial. Such principles, however, are not trivial to the philosopher, for they show that we may have indubitable knowledge which is in no way derived from objects of sense.

The above principle is merely one of a certain number of self-evident logical principles. Some at least of these principles must be granted before any argument or proof becomes possible. When some of them have been granted, others can be proved, though these others, so long as they are simple, are just as obvious as the principles taken for granted. For no very good reason, three of these principles have been singled out by tradition under the name of 'Laws of Thought'.

They are as follows:

(1) _The law of identity_: 'Whatever is, is.'

(2) _The law of contradiction_: 'Nothing can both be and not be.'

(3) _The law of excluded middle_: 'Everything must either be or not be.'

These three laws are samples of self-evident logical principles, but are not really more fundamental or more self-evident than various other similar principles: for instance, the one we considered just now, which states that what follows from a true premiss is true. The name 'laws of thought' is also misleading, for what is important is not the fact that we think in accordance with these laws, but the fact that things behave in accordance with them; in other words, the fact that when we think in accordance with them we think _truly_. But this is a large question, to which we must return at a later stage.

In addition to the logical principles which enable us to prove from a given premiss that something is _certainly_ true, there are other logical principles which enable us to prove, from a given premiss, that there is a greater or less probability that something is true. An example of such principles--perhaps the most important example is the inductive principle, which we considered in the preceding chapter.

One of the great historic controversies in philosophy is the controversy between the two schools called respectively 'empiricists' and 'rationalists'. The empiricists--who are best represented by the British philosophers, Locke, Berkeley, and Hume--maintained that all our knowledge is derived from experience; the rationalists--who are represented by the Continental philosophers of the seventeenth century, especially Descartes and Leibniz--maintained that, in addition to what we know by experience, there are certain 'innate ideas' and 'innate principles', which we know independently of experience. It has now become possible to decide with some confidence as to the truth or falsehood of these opposing schools. It must be admitted, for the reasons already stated, that logical principles are known to us, and cannot be themselves proved by experience, since all proof presupposes them. In this, therefore, which was the most important point of the controversy, the rationalists were in the right.

On the other hand, even that part of our knowledge which is _logically_ independent of experience (in the sense that experience cannot prove it) is yet elicited and caused by experience. It is on occasion of particular experiences that we become aware of the general laws which their connexions exemplify. It would certainly be absurd to suppose that there are innate principles in the sense that babies are born with a knowledge of everything which men know and which cannot be deduced from what is experienced. For this reason, the word 'innate' would not now be employed to describe our knowledge of logical principles. The phrase '_a priori_' is less objectionable, and is more usual in modern writers. Thus, while admitting that all knowledge is elicited and caused by experience, we shall nevertheless hold that some knowledge is _a priori_, in the sense that the experience which makes us think of it does not suffice to prove it, but merely so directs our attention that we see its truth without requiring any proof from experience.

There is another point of great importance, in which the empiricists were in the right as against the rationalists. Nothing can be known to _exist_ except by the help of experience. That is to say, if we wish to prove that something of which we have no direct experience exists, we must have among our premisses the existence of one or more things of which we have direct experience. Our belief that the Emperor of China exists, for example, rests upon testimony, and testimony consists, in the last analysis, of sense-data seen or heard in reading or being spoken to. Rationalists believed that, from general consideration as to what must be, they could deduce the existence of this or that in the actual world. In this belief they seem to have been mistaken. All the knowledge that we can acquire _a priori_ concerning existence seems to be hypothetical: it tells us that if one thing exists, another must exist, or, more generally, that if one proposition is true, another must be true. This is exemplified by the principles we have already dealt with, such as '_if_ this is true, and this implies that, then that is true', or '_if_ this and that have been repeatedly found connected, they will probably be connected in the next instance in which one of them is found'. Thus the scope and power of _a priori_ principles is strictly limited. All knowledge that something exists must be in part dependent on experience. When anything is known immediately, its existence is known by experience alone; when anything is proved to exist, without being known immediately, both experience and _a priori_ principles must be required in the proof. Knowledge is called _empirical_ when it rests wholly or partly upon experience. Thus all knowledge which asserts existence is empirical, and the only _a priori_ knowledge concerning existence is hypothetical, giving connexions among things that exist or may exist, but not giving actual existence.

A priori knowledge is not all of the logical kind we have been hitherto considering. Perhaps the most important example of non-logical _a priori_ knowledge is knowledge as to ethical value. I am not speaking of judgements as to what is useful or as to what is virtuous, for such judgements do require empirical premisses; I am speaking of judgements as to the intrinsic desirability of things. If something is useful, it must be useful because it secures some end; the end must, if we have gone far enough, be valuable on its own account, and not merely because it is useful for some further end. Thus all judgements as to what is useful depend upon judgements as to what has value on its own account.

We judge, for example, that happiness is more desirable than misery, knowledge than ignorance, goodwill than hatred, and so on. Such judgements must, in part at least, be immediate and _a priori_. Like our previous _a priori_ judgements, they may be elicited by experience, and indeed they must be; for it seems not possible to judge whether anything is intrinsically valuable unless we have experienced something of the same kind. But it is fairly obvious that they cannot be proved by experience; for the fact that a thing exists or does not exist cannot prove either that it is good that it should exist or that it is bad. The pursuit of this subject belongs to ethics, where the impossibility of deducing what ought to be from what is has to be established. In the present connexion, it is only important to realize that knowledge as to what is intrinsically of value is _a priori_ in the same sense in which logic is _a priori_, namely in the sense that the truth of such knowledge can be neither proved nor disproved by experience.

All pure mathematics is _a priori_, like logic. This was strenuously denied by the empirical philosophers, who maintained that experience was as much the source of our knowledge of arithmetic as of our knowledge of geography. They maintained that by the repeated experience of seeing two things and two other things, and finding that altogether they made four things, we were led by induction to the conclusion that two things and two other things would _always_ make four things altogether. If, however, this were the source of our knowledge that two and two are four, we should proceed differently, in persuading ourselves of its truth, from the way in which we do actually proceed. In fact, a certain number of instances are needed to make us think of two abstractly, rather than of two coins or two books or two people, or two of any other specified kind. But as soon as we are able to divest our thoughts of irrelevant particularity, we become able to see the general principle that two and two are four; any one instance is seen to be _typical_, and the examination of other instances becomes unnecessary.(1)

(1) Cf. A. N. Whitehead, _Introduction to Mathematics_ (Home University Library).

The same thing is exemplified in geometry. If we want to prove some property of _all_ triangles, we draw some one triangle and reason about it; but we can avoid making use of any property which it does not share with all other triangles, and thus, from our particular case, we obtain a general result. We do not, in fact, feel our certainty that two and two are four increased by fresh instances, because, as soon as we have seen the truth of this proposition, our certainty becomes so great as to be incapable of growing greater. Moreover, we feel some quality of necessity about the proposition 'two and two are four', which is absent from even the best attested empirical generalizations. Such generalizations always remain mere facts: we feel that there might be a world in which they were false, though in the actual world they happen to be true. In any possible world, on the contrary, we feel that two and two would be four: this is not a mere fact, but a necessity to which everything actual and possible must conform.

The case may be made clearer by considering a genuinely-empirical generalization, such as 'All men are mortal.' It is plain that we believe this proposition, in the first place, because there is no known instance of men living beyond a certain age, and in the second place because there seem to be physiological grounds for thinking that an organism such as a man's body must sooner or later wear out. Neglecting the second ground, and considering merely our experience of men's mortality, it is plain that we should not be content with one quite clearly understood instance of a man dying, whereas, in the case of 'two and two are four', one instance does suffice, when carefully considered, to persuade us that the same must happen in any other instance. Also we can be forced to admit, on reflection, that there may be some doubt, however slight, as to whether _all_ men are mortal. This may be made plain by the attempt to imagine two different worlds, in one of which there are men who are not mortal, while in the other two and two make five. When Swift invites us to consider the race of Struldbugs who never die, we are able to acquiesce in imagination. But a world where two and two make five seems quite on a different level. We feel that such a world, if there were one, would upset the whole fabric of our knowledge and reduce us to utter doubt.

The fact is that, in simple mathematical judgements such as 'two and two are four', and also in many judgements of logic, we can know the general proposition without inferring it from instances, although some instance is usually necessary to make clear to us what the general proposition means. This is why there is real utility in the process of _deduction_, which goes from the general to the general, or from the general to the particular, as well as in the process of _induction_, which goes from the particular to the particular, or from the particular to the general. It is an old debate among philosophers whether deduction ever gives _new_ knowledge. We can now see that in certain cases, at least, it does do so. If we already know that two and two always make four, and we know that Brown and Jones are two, and so are Robinson and Smith, we can deduce that Brown and Jones and Robinson and Smith are four. This is new knowledge, not contained in our premisses, because the general proposition, 'two and two are four', never told us there were such people as Brown and Jones and Robinson and Smith, and the particular premisses do not tell us that there were four of them, whereas the particular proposition deduced does tell us both these things.

But the newness of the knowledge is much less certain if we take the stock instance of deduction that is always given in books on logic, namely, 'All men are mortal; Socrates is a man, therefore Socrates is mortal.' In this case, what we really know beyond reasonable doubt is that certain men, A, B, C, were mortal, since, in fact, they have died. If Socrates is one of these men, it is foolish to go the roundabout way through 'all men are mortal' to arrive at the conclusion that _probably_ Socrates is mortal. If Socrates is not one of the men on whom our induction is based, we shall still do better to argue straight from our A, B, C, to Socrates, than to go round by the general proposition, 'all men are mortal'. For the probability that Socrates is mortal is greater, on our data, than the probability that all men are mortal. (This is obvious, because if all men are mortal, so is Socrates; but if Socrates is mortal, it does not follow that all men are mortal.) Hence we shall reach the conclusion that Socrates is mortal with a greater approach to certainty if we make our argument purely inductive than if we go by way of 'all men are mortal' and then use deduction.

This illustrates the difference between general propositions known _a priori_ such as 'two and two are four', and empirical generalizations such as 'all men are mortal'. In regard to the former, deduction is the right mode of argument, whereas in regard to the latter, induction is always theoretically preferable, and warrants a greater confidence in the truth of our conclusion, because all empirical generalizations are more uncertain than the instances of them.

We have now seen that there are propositions known _a priori_, and that among them are the propositions of logic and pure mathematics, as well as the fundamental propositions of ethics. The question which must next occupy us is this: How is it possible that there should be such knowledge? And more particularly, how can there be knowledge of general propositions in cases where we have not examined all the instances, and indeed never can examine them all, because their number is infinite? These questions, which were first brought prominently forward by the German philosopher Kant (1724-1804), are very difficult, and historically very important.

CHAPTER VIII. HOW _A PRIORI_ KNOWLEDGE IS POSSIBLE

Immanuel Kant is generally regarded as the greatest of the modern philosophers. Though he lived through the Seven Years War and the French Revolution, he never interrupted his teaching of philosophy at Königsberg in East Prussia. His most distinctive contribution was the invention of what he called the 'critical' philosophy, which, assuming as a datum that there is knowledge of various kinds, inquired how such knowledge comes to be possible, and deduced, from the answer to this inquiry, many metaphysical results as to the nature of the world. Whether these results were valid may well be doubted. But Kant undoubtedly deserves credit for two things: first, for having perceived that we have _a priori_ knowledge which is not purely 'analytic', i.e. such that the opposite would be self-contradictory, and secondly, for having made evident the philosophical importance of the theory of knowledge.

Before the time of Kant, it was generally held that whatever knowledge was _a priori_ must be 'analytic'. What this word means will be best illustrated by examples. If I say, 'A bald man is a man', 'A plane figure is a figure', 'A bad poet is a poet', I make a purely analytic judgement: the subject spoken about is given as having at least two properties, of which one is singled out to be asserted of it. Such propositions as the above are trivial, and would never be enunciated in real life except by an orator preparing the way for a piece of sophistry. They are called 'analytic' because the predicate is obtained by merely analysing the subject. Before the time of Kant it was thought that all judgements of which we could be certain _a priori_ were of this kind: that in all of them there was a predicate which was only part of the subject of which it was asserted. If this were so, we should be involved in a definite contradiction if we attempted to deny anything that could be known _a priori_. 'A bald man is not bald' would assert and deny baldness of the same man, and would therefore contradict itself. Thus according to the philosophers before Kant, the law of contradiction, which asserts that nothing can at the same time have and not have a certain property, sufficed to establish the truth of all _a priori_ knowledge.

Hume (1711-76), who preceded Kant, accepting the usual view as to what makes knowledge _a priori_, discovered that, in many cases which had previously been supposed analytic, and notably in the case of cause and effect, the connexion was really synthetic. Before Hume, rationalists at least had supposed that the effect could be logically deduced from the cause, if only we had sufficient knowledge. Hume argued--correctly, as would now be generally admitted--that this could not be done. Hence he inferred the far more doubtful proposition that nothing could be known _a priori_ about the connexion of cause and effect. Kant, who had been educated in the rationalist tradition, was much perturbed by Hume's scepticism, and endeavoured to find an answer to it. He perceived that not only the connexion of cause and effect, but all the propositions of arithmetic and geometry, are 'synthetic', i.e. not analytic: in all these propositions, no analysis of the subject will reveal the predicate. His stock instance was the proposition 7 + 5 = 12. He pointed out, quite truly, that 7 and 5 have to be put together to give 12: the idea of 12 is not contained in them, nor even in the idea of adding them together. Thus he was led to the conclusion that all pure mathematics, though _a priori_, is synthetic; and this conclusion raised a new problem of which he endeavoured to find the solution.

The question which Kant put at the beginning of his philosophy, namely 'How is pure mathematics possible?' is an interesting and difficult one, to which every philosophy which is not purely sceptical must find some answer. The answer of the pure empiricists, that our mathematical knowledge is derived by induction from particular instances, we have already seen to be inadequate, for two reasons: first, that the validity of the inductive principle itself cannot be proved by induction; secondly, that the general propositions of mathematics, such as 'two and two always make four', can obviously be known with certainty by consideration of a single instance, and gain nothing by enumeration of other cases in which they have been found to be true. Thus our knowledge of the general propositions of mathematics (and the same applies to logic) must be accounted for otherwise than our (merely probable) knowledge of empirical generalizations such as 'all men are mortal'.

The problem arises through the fact that such knowledge is general, whereas all experience is particular. It seems strange that we should apparently be able to know some truths in advance about particular things of which we have as yet no experience; but it cannot easily be doubted that logic and arithmetic will apply to such things. We do not know who will be the inhabitants of London a hundred years hence; but we know that any two of them and any other two of them will make four of them. This apparent power of anticipating facts about things of which we have no experience is certainly surprising. Kant's solution of the problem, though not valid in my opinion, is interesting. It is, however, very difficult, and is differently understood by different philosophers. We can, therefore, only give the merest outline of it, and even that will be thought misleading by many exponents of Kant's system.

What Kant maintained was that in all our experience there are two elements to be distinguished, the one due to the object (i.e. to what we have called the 'physical object'), the other due to our own nature. We saw, in discussing matter and sense-data, that the

physical object is different from the associated sense-data, and that the sense-data are to be regarded as resulting from an interaction between the physical object and ourselves. So far, we are in agreement with Kant. But what is distinctive of Kant is the way in which he apportions the shares of ourselves and the physical object respectively. He considers that the crude material given in sensation--the colour, hardness, etc.--is due to the object, and that what we supply is the arrangement in space and time, and all the relations between sense-data which result from comparison or from considering one as the cause of the other or in any other way. His chief reason in favour of this view is that we seem to have _a priori_ knowledge as to space and time and causality and comparison, but not as to the actual crude material of sensation. We can be sure, he says, that anything we shall ever experience must show the characteristics affirmed of it in our _a priori_ knowledge, because these characteristics are due to our own nature, and therefore nothing can ever come into our experience without acquiring these characteristics.

The physical object, which he calls the 'thing in itself',(1) he regards as essentially unknowable; what can be known is the object as we have it in experience, which he calls the 'phenomenon'. The phenomenon, being a joint product of us and the thing in itself, is sure to have those characteristics which are due to us, and is therefore sure to conform to our _a priori_ knowledge. Hence this knowledge, though true of all actual and possible experience, must not be supposed to apply outside experience. Thus in spite of the existence of _a priori_ knowledge, we cannot know anything about the thing in itself or about what is not an actual or possible object of experience. In this way he tries to reconcile and harmonize the contentions of the rationalists with the arguments of the empiricists.

(1) Kant's 'thing in itself' is identical in _definition_ with the physical object, namely, it is the cause of sensations. In the properties deduced from the definition it is not identical, since Kant held (in spite of some inconsistency as regards cause) that we can know that none of the categories are applicable to the 'thing in itself'.

Apart from minor grounds on which Kant's philosophy may be criticized, there is one main objection which seems fatal to any attempt to deal with the problem of _a priori_ knowledge by his method. The thing to be accounted for is our certainty that the facts must always conform to logic and arithmetic. To say that logic and arithmetic are contributed by us does not account for this. Our nature is as much a fact of the existing world as anything, and there can be no certainty that it will remain constant. It might happen, if Kant is right, that to-morrow our nature would so change as to make two and two become five. This possibility seems never to have occurred to him, yet it is one which utterly destroys the certainty and universality which he is anxious to vindicate for arithmetical propositions. It is true that this possibility, formally, is inconsistent with the Kantian view that time itself is a form imposed by the subject upon phenomena, so that our real Self is not in time and has no to-morrow. But he will still have to suppose that the time-order of phenomena is determined by characteristics of what is behind phenomena, and this suffices for the substance of our argument.

Reflection, moreover, seems to make it clear that, if there is any truth in our arithmetical beliefs, they must apply to things equally whether we think of them or not. Two physical objects and two other physical objects must make four physical objects, even if physical objects cannot be experienced. To assert this is certainly within the scope of what we mean when we state that two and two are four. Its truth is just as indubitable as the truth of the assertion that two phenomena and two other phenomena make four phenomena. Thus Kant's solution unduly limits the scope of _a priori_ propositions, in addition to failing in the attempt at explaining their certainty.

Apart from the special doctrines advocated by Kant, it is very common among philosophers to regard what is _a priori_ as in some sense mental, as concerned rather with the way we must think than with any fact of the outer world. We noted in the preceding chapter the three principles commonly called 'laws of thought'. The view which led to their being so named is a natural one, but there are strong reasons for thinking that it is erroneous. Let us take as an illustration the law of contradiction. This is commonly stated in the form 'Nothing can both be and not be', which is intended to express the fact that nothing can at once have and not have a given quality. Thus, for example, if a tree is a beech it cannot also be not a beech; if my table is rectangular it cannot also be not rectangular, and so on.

Now what makes it natural to call this principle a law of _thought_ is that it is by thought rather than by outward observation that we persuade ourselves of its necessary truth. When we have seen that a tree is a beech, we do not need to look again in order to ascertain whether it is also not a beech; thought alone makes us know that this is impossible. But the conclusion that the law of contradiction is a law of _thought_ is nevertheless erroneous. What we believe, when we believe the law of contradiction, is not that the mind is so made that it must believe the law of contradiction. _This_ belief is a subsequent result of psychological reflection, which presupposes the belief in the law of contradiction. The belief in the law of contradiction is a belief about things, not only about

thoughts. It is not, e.g., the belief that if we _think_ a certain tree is a beech, we cannot at the same time _think_ that it is not a beech; it is the belief that if the tree _is_ a beech, it cannot at the same time _be_ not a beech. Thus the law of contradiction is about things, and not merely about thoughts; and although belief in the law of contradiction is a thought, the law of contradiction itself is not a thought, but a fact concerning the things in the world. If this, which we believe when we believe the law of contradiction, were not true of the things in the world, the fact that we were compelled to _think_ it true would not save the law of contradiction from being false; and this shows that the law is not a law of _thought_.

A similar argument applies to any other _a priori_ judgement. When we judge that two and two are four, we are not making a judgement about our thoughts, but about all actual or possible couples. The fact that our minds are so constituted as to believe that two and two are four, though it is true, is emphatically not what we assert when we assert that two and two are four. And no fact about the constitution of our minds could make it _true_ that two and two are four. Thus our _a priori_ knowledge, if it is not erroneous, is not merely knowledge about the constitution of our minds, but is applicable to whatever the world may contain, both what is mental and what is non-mental.

The fact seems to be that all our _a priori_ knowledge is concerned with entities which do not, properly speaking, _exist_, either in the mental or in the physical world. These entities are such as can be named by parts of speech which are not substantives; they are such entities as qualities and relations. Suppose, for instance, that I am in my room. I exist, and my room exists; but does 'in' exist? Yet obviously the word 'in' has a meaning; it denotes a relation which holds between me and my room. This relation is something, although we cannot say that it exists _in the same sense_ in which I and my room exist. The relation 'in' is something which we can think about and understand, for, if we could not understand it, we could not understand the sentence 'I am in my room'. Many philosophers, following Kant, have maintained that relations are the work of the mind, that things in themselves have no relations, but that the mind brings them together in one act of thought and thus produces the relations which it judges them to have.

This view, however, seems open to objections similar to those which we urged before against Kant. It seems plain that it is not thought which produces the truth of the proposition 'I am in my room'. It may be true that an earwig is in my room, even if neither I nor the earwig nor any one else is aware of this truth; for this truth concerns only the earwig and the room, and does not depend upon anything else. Thus relations, as we shall see more fully in the next chapter, must be placed in a world which is neither mental nor physical. This world is of great importance to philosophy, and in particular to the problems of _a priori_ knowledge. In the next chapter we shall proceed to develop its nature and its bearing upon the questions with which we have been dealing.

CHAPTER IX. THE WORLD OF UNIVERSALS

At the end of the preceding chapter we saw that such entities as relations appear to have a being which is in some way different from that of physical objects, and also different from that of minds and from that of sense-data. In the present chapter we have to consider what is the nature of this kind of being, and also what objects there are that have this kind of being. We will begin with the latter question.

The problem with which we are now concerned is a very old one, since it was brought into philosophy by Plato. Plato's 'theory of ideas' is an attempt to solve this very problem, and in my opinion it is one of the most successful attempts hitherto made. The theory to be advocated in what follows is largely Plato's, with merely such modifications as time has shown to be necessary.

The way the problem arose for Plato was more or less as follows. Let us consider, say, such a notion as _justice_. If we ask ourselves what justice is, it is natural to proceed by considering this, that, and the other just act, with a view to discovering what they have in common. They must all, in some sense, partake of a common nature, which will be found in whatever is just and in nothing else. This common nature, in virtue of which they are all just, will be justice itself, the pure essence the admixture of which with facts of ordinary life produces the multiplicity of just acts. Similarly with any other word which may be applicable to common facts, such as 'whiteness' for example. The word will be applicable to a number of particular things because they all participate in a common nature or essence. This pure essence is what Plato calls an 'idea' or 'form'. (It must not be supposed that 'ideas', in his sense, exist in minds, though they may be apprehended by minds.) The 'idea' _justice_ is not identical with anything that is just: it is something other than particular things, which particular things partake of. Not being particular, it cannot itself exist in the world of sense. Moreover it is not fleeting or changeable like the things of sense: it is eternally itself, immutable and indestructible.

Thus Plato is led to a supra-sensible world, more real than the common world of sense, the unchangeable world of ideas, which alone gives to the world of sense whatever pale reflection of reality may belong to it. The truly real world, for Plato, is the world of ideas; for whatever we may attempt to say about things in the world of sense, we can only succeed in saying that they participate in such and such ideas, which, therefore, constitute all their character. Hence it is easy to pass on into a mysticism. We may hope, in a mystic illumination, to see the ideas as we see objects of sense; and we may imagine that the ideas exist in heaven. These mystical developments are very natural, but the basis of the theory is in logic, and it is as based in logic that we have to consider it.

The word 'idea' has acquired, in the course of time, many associations which are quite misleading when applied to Plato's 'ideas'. We shall therefore use the word 'universal' instead of the word 'idea', to describe what Plato meant. The essence of the sort of entity that Plato meant is that it is opposed to the particular things that are given in sensation. We speak of whatever is given in sensation, or is of the same nature as things given in sensation, as a _particular_; by opposition to this, a _universal_ will be anything which may be shared by many particulars, and has those characteristics which, as we saw, distinguish justice and whiteness from just acts and white things.

When we examine common words, we find that, broadly speaking, proper names stand for particulars, while other substantives, adjectives, prepositions, and verbs stand for universals. Pronouns stand for particulars, but are ambiguous: it is only by the context or the circumstances that we know what particulars they stand for. The word 'now' stands for a particular, namely the present moment; but like pronouns, it stands for an ambiguous particular, because the present is always changing.

It will be seen that no sentence can be made up without at least one word which denotes a universal. The nearest approach would be some such statement as 'I like this'. But even here the word 'like' denotes a universal, for I may like other things, and other people may like things. Thus all truths involve universals, and all knowledge of truths involves acquaintance with universals.

Seeing that nearly all the words to be found in the dictionary stand for universals, it is strange that hardly anybody except students of philosophy ever realizes that there are such entities as universals. We do not naturally dwell upon those words in a sentence which do not stand for particulars; and if we are forced to dwell upon a word which stands for a universal, we naturally think of it as standing for some one of the particulars that come under the universal. When, for example, we hear the sentence, 'Charles I's head was cut off', we may naturally enough think of Charles I, of Charles I's head, and of the operation of cutting off _his_ head, which are all particulars; but we do not naturally dwell upon what is meant by the word 'head' or the word 'cut', which is a universal: We feel such words to be incomplete and insubstantial; they seem to demand a context before anything can be done with them. Hence we succeed in avoiding all notice of universals as such, until the study of philosophy forces them upon our attention.

Even among philosophers, we may say, broadly, that only those universals which are named by adjectives or substantives have been much or often recognized, while those named by verbs and prepositions have been usually overlooked. This omission has had a very great effect upon philosophy; it is hardly too much to say that most metaphysics, since Spinoza, has been largely determined by it. The way this has occurred is, in outline, as follows: Speaking generally, adjectives and common nouns express qualities or properties of single things, whereas prepositions and verbs tend to express relations between two or more things. Thus the neglect of prepositions and verbs led to the belief that every proposition can be regarded as attributing a property to a single thing, rather than as expressing a relation between two or more things. Hence it was supposed that, ultimately, there can be no such entities as relations between things. Hence either there can be only one thing in the universe, or, if there are many things, they cannot possibly interact in any way, since any interaction would be a relation, and relations are impossible.

The first of these views, advocated by Spinoza and held in our own day by Bradley and many other philosophers, is called _monism_; the second, advocated by Leibniz but not very common nowadays, is called _monadism_, because each of the isolated things is called a _monad_. Both these opposing philosophies, interesting as they are, result, in my opinion, from an undue attention to one sort of universals, namely the sort represented by adjectives and substantives rather than by verbs and prepositions.

As a matter of fact, if any one were anxious to deny altogether that there are such things as universals, we should find that we cannot strictly prove that there are such entities as _qualities_, i.e. the universals represented by adjectives and substantives, whereas we can prove that there must be _relations_, i.e. the sort of universals generally represented by verbs and prepositions. Let us take in illustration the universal _whiteness_. If we believe that there is such a universal, we shall say that things are white because they have the quality of whiteness. This view, however, was strenuously denied by Berkeley and Hume, who have been followed in this by later empiricists. The form which their denial took was to deny that there are such things as 'abstract ideas '.

When we want to think of whiteness, they said, we form an image of some particular white thing, and reason concerning this particular, taking care not to deduce anything concerning it which we cannot see to be equally true of any other white thing. As an account of our actual mental processes, this is no doubt largely true. In geometry, for example, when we wish to prove something about all triangles, we draw a particular triangle and reason about it, taking care not to use any characteristic which it does not share with other triangles. The beginner, in order to avoid error, often finds it useful to draw several triangles, as unlike each other as possible, in order to make sure that his reasoning is equally applicable to all of them. But a difficulty emerges as soon as we ask ourselves how we know that a thing is white or a triangle. If we wish to avoid the universals _whiteness_ and _triangularity_, we shall choose some particular patch of white or some particular triangle, and say that anything is white or a triangle if it has the right sort of resemblance to our chosen particular. But then the resemblance required will have to be a universal. Since there are many white things, the resemblance must hold between many pairs of particular white things; and this is the characteristic of a universal. It will be useless to say that there is a different resemblance for each pair, for then we shall have to say that these resemblances resemble each other, and thus at last we shall be forced to admit resemblance as a universal. The relation of resemblance, therefore, must be a true universal. And having been forced to admit this universal, we find that it is no longer worth while to invent difficult and unplausible theories to avoid the admission of such universals as whiteness and triangularity.

Berkeley and Hume failed to perceive this refutation of their rejection of 'abstract ideas', because, like their adversaries, they only thought of _qualities_, and altogether ignored _relations_ as universals. We have therefore here another respect in which the rationalists appear to have been in the right as against the empiricists, although, owing to the neglect or denial of relations, the deductions made by rationalists were, if anything, more apt to be mistaken than those made by empiricists.

Having now seen that there must be such entities as universals, the next point to be proved is that their being is not merely mental. By this is meant that whatever being belongs to them is independent of their being thought of or in any way apprehended by minds. We have already touched on this subject at the end of the preceding chapter, but we must now consider more fully what sort of being it is that belongs to universals.

Consider such a proposition as 'Edinburgh is north of London'. Here we have a relation between two places, and it seems plain that the relation subsists independently of our knowledge of it. When we come to know that Edinburgh is north of London, we come to know something which has to do only with Edinburgh and London: we do not cause the truth of the proposition by coming to know it, on the contrary we merely apprehend a fact which was there before we knew it. The part of the earth's surface where Edinburgh stands would be north of the part where London stands, even if there were no human being to know about north and south, and even if there were no minds at all in the universe. This is, of course, denied by many philosophers, either for Berkeley's reasons or for Kant's. But we have already considered these reasons, and decided that they are inadequate. We may therefore now assume it to be true that nothing mental is presupposed in the fact that Edinburgh is north of London. But this fact involves the relation 'north of', which is a universal; and it would be impossible for the whole fact to involve nothing mental if the relation 'north of', which is a constituent part of the fact, did involve anything mental. Hence we must admit that the relation, like the terms it relates, is not dependent upon thought, but belongs to the independent world which thought apprehends but does not create.

This conclusion, however, is met by the difficulty that the relation 'north of' does not seem to _exist_ in the same sense in which Edinburgh and London exist. If we ask 'Where and when does this relation exist?' the answer must be 'Nowhere and nowhen'. There is no place or time where we can find the relation 'north of'. It does not exist in Edinburgh any more than in London, for it relates the two and is neutral as between them. Nor can we say that it exists at any particular time. Now everything that can be apprehended by the senses or by introspection exists at some particular time. Hence the relation 'north of' is radically different from such things. It is neither in space nor in time, neither material nor mental; yet it is something.

It is largely the very peculiar kind of being that belongs to universals which has led many people to suppose that they are really mental. We can think _of_ a universal, and our thinking then exists in a perfectly ordinary sense, like any other mental act. Suppose, for example, that we are thinking of whiteness. Then _in one sense_ it may be said that whiteness is 'in our mind'. We have here the same ambiguity as we noted in discussing Berkeley in Chapter IV. In the strict sense, it is not whiteness that is in our mind, but the act of thinking of whiteness. The connected ambiguity in the word 'idea', which we noted at the same time, also causes confusion here. In one sense of this word, namely the sense in which it denotes the _object_ of an act of thought, whiteness is an 'idea'. Hence, if the ambiguity is not guarded against, we may come to think that whiteness is an 'idea' in the other sense, i.e. an act of thought; and thus we come to think that whiteness is mental. But in so thinking, we rob it of its essential quality of universality. One man's act of thought is necessarily a different thing from another man's; one man's act of thought at one time is necessarily a different thing from the same man's act of thought at another time. Hence, if whiteness were the thought as opposed

to its object, no two different men could think of it, and no one man could think of it twice. That which many different thoughts of whiteness have in common is their _object_, and this object is different from all of them. Thus universals are not thoughts, though when known they are the objects of thoughts.

We shall find it convenient only to speak of things _existing_ when they are in time, that is to say, when we can point to some time at which they exist (not excluding the possibility of their existing at all times). Thus thoughts and feelings, minds and physical objects exist. But universals do not exist in this sense; we shall say that they _subsist_ or _have being_, where 'being' is opposed to 'existence' as being timeless. The world of universals, therefore, may also be described as the world of being. The world of being is unchangeable, rigid, exact, delightful to the mathematician, the logician, the builder of metaphysical systems, and all who love perfection more than life. The world of existence is fleeting, vague, without sharp boundaries, without any clear plan or arrangement, but it contains all thoughts and feelings, all the data of sense, and all physical objects, everything that can do either good or harm, everything that makes any difference to the value of life and the world. According to our temperaments, we shall prefer the contemplation of the one or of the other. The one we do not prefer will probably seem to us a pale shadow of the one we prefer, and hardly worthy to be regarded as in any sense real. But the truth is that both have the same claim on our impartial attention, both are real, and both are important to the metaphysician. Indeed no sooner have we distinguished the two worlds than it becomes necessary to consider their relations.

But first of all we must examine our knowledge of universals. This consideration will occupy us in the following chapter, where we shall find that it solves the problem of _a priori_ knowledge, from which we were first led to consider universals.

CHAPTER X. ON OUR KNOWLEDGE OF UNIVERSALS

In regard to one man's knowledge at a given time, universals, like particulars, may be divided into those known by acquaintance, those known only by description, and those not known either by acquaintance or by description.

Let us consider first the knowledge of universals by acquaintance. It is obvious, to begin with, that we are acquainted with such universals as white, red, black, sweet, sour, loud, hard, etc., i.e. with qualities which are exemplified in sense-data. When we see a white patch, we are acquainted, in the first instance, with the particular patch; but by seeing many white patches, we easily learn to abstract the whiteness which they all have in common, and in learning to do this we are learning to be acquainted with whiteness. A similar process will make us acquainted with any other universal of the same sort. Universals of this sort may be called 'sensible qualities'. They can be apprehended with less effort of abstraction than any others, and they seem less removed from particulars than other universals are.

We come next to relations. The easiest relations to apprehend are those which hold between the different parts of a single complex sense-datum. For example, I can see at a glance the whole of the page on which I am writing; thus the whole page is included in one sense-datum. But I perceive that some parts of the page are to the left of other parts, and some parts are above other parts. The process of abstraction in this case seems to proceed somewhat as follows: I see successively a number of sense-data in which one part is to the left of another; I perceive, as in the case of different white patches, that all these sense-data have something in common, and by abstraction I find that what they have in common is a certain relation between their parts, namely the relation which I call 'being to the left of'. In this way I become acquainted with the universal relation.

In like manner I become aware of the relation of before and after in time. Suppose I hear a chime of bells: when the last bell of the chime sounds, I can retain the whole chime before my mind, and I can perceive that the earlier bells came before the later ones. Also in memory I perceive that what I am remembering came before the present time. From either of these sources I can abstract the universal relation of before and after, just as I abstracted the universal relation 'being to the left of'. Thus time-relations, like space-relations, are among those with which we are acquainted.

Another relation with which we become acquainted in much the same way is resemblance. If I see simultaneously two shades of green, I can see that they resemble each other; if I also see a shade of red: at the same time, I can see that the two greens have more resemblance to each other than either has to the red. In this way I become acquainted with the universal _resemblance_ or _similarity_.

Between universals, as between particulars, there are relations of which we may be immediately aware. We have just seen that we can perceive that the resemblance between two shades of green is greater than the resemblance between a shade of red and a shade of green. Here we are dealing with a relation, namely 'greater than', between two relations. Our knowledge of such relations,

though it requires more power of abstraction than is required for perceiving the qualities of sense-data, appears to be equally immediate, and (at least in some cases) equally indubitable. Thus there is immediate knowledge concerning universals as well as concerning sense-data.

Returning now to the problem of _a priori_ knowledge, which we left unsolved when we began the consideration of universals, we find ourselves in a position to deal with it in a much more satisfactory manner than was possible before. Let us revert to the proposition 'two and two are four'. It is fairly obvious, in view of what has been said, that this proposition states a relation between the universal 'two' and the universal 'four'. This suggests a proposition which we shall now endeavour to establish: namely, _All _a priori_ knowledge deals exclusively with the relations of universals_. This proposition is of great importance, and goes a long way towards solving our previous difficulties concerning _a priori_ knowledge.

The only case in which it might seem, at first sight, as if our proposition were untrue, is the case in which an _a priori_ proposition states that _all_ of one class of particulars belong to some other class, or (what comes to the same thing) that _all_ particulars having some one property also have some other. In this case it might seem as though we were dealing with the particulars that have the property rather than with the property. The proposition 'two and two are four' is really a case in point, for this may be stated in the form 'any two and any other two are four', or 'any collection formed of two twos is a collection of four'. If we can show that such statements as this really deal only with universals, our proposition may be regarded as proved.

One way of discovering what a proposition deals with is to ask ourselves what words we must understand--in other words, what objects we must be acquainted with--in order to see what the proposition means. As soon as we see what the proposition means, even if we do not yet know whether it is true or false, it is evident that we must have acquaintance with whatever is really dealt with by the proposition. By applying this test, it appears that many propositions which might seem to be concerned with particulars are really concerned only with universals. In the special case of 'two and two are four', even when we interpret it as meaning 'any collection formed of two twos is a collection of four', it is plain that we can understand the proposition, i.e. we can see what it is that it asserts, as soon as we know what is meant by 'collection' and 'two' and 'four'. It is quite unnecessary to know all the couples in the world: if it were necessary, obviously we could never understand the proposition, since the couples are infinitely numerous and therefore cannot all be known to us. Thus although our general statement _implies_ statements about particular couples, _as soon as we know that there are such particular couples_, yet it does not itself assert or imply that there are such particular couples, and thus fails to make any statement whatever about any actual particular couple. The statement made is about 'couple', the universal, and not about this or that couple.

Thus the statement 'two and two are four' deals exclusively with universals, and therefore may be known by anybody who is acquainted with the universals concerned and can perceive the relation between them which the statement asserts. It must be taken as a fact, discovered by reflecting upon our knowledge, that we have the power of sometimes perceiving such relations between universals, and therefore of sometimes knowing general _a priori_ propositions such as those of arithmetic and logic. The thing that seemed mysterious, when we formerly considered such knowledge, was that it seemed to anticipate and control experience. This, however, we can now see to have been an error. _No_ fact concerning anything capable of being experienced can be known independently of experience. We know _a priori_ that two things and two other things together make four things, but we do _not_ know _a priori_ that if Brown and Jones are two, and Robinson and Smith are two, then Brown and Jones and Robinson and Smith are four. The reason is that this proposition cannot be understood at all unless we know that there are such people as Brown and Jones and Robinson and Smith, and this we can only know by experience. Hence, although our general proposition is _a priori_, all its applications to actual particulars involve experience and therefore contain an empirical element. In this way what seemed mysterious in our _a priori_ knowledge is seen to have been based upon an error.

It will serve to make the point clearer if we contrast our genuine _a priori_ judgement with an empirical generalization, such as 'all men are mortals'. Here as before, we can _understand_ what the proposition means as soon as we understand the universals involved, namely _man_ and _mortal_. It is obviously unnecessary to have an individual acquaintance with the whole human race in order to understand what our proposition means. Thus the difference between an _a priori_ general proposition and an empirical generalization does not come in the _meaning_ of the proposition; it comes in the nature of the _evidence_ for it. In the empirical case, the evidence consists in the particular instances. We believe that all men are mortal because we know that there are innumerable instances of men dying, and no instances of their living beyond a certain age. We do not believe it because we see a connexion between the universal _man_ and the universal _mortal_. It is true that if physiology can prove, assuming the general laws that govern living bodies, that no living organism can last for ever, that gives a connexion between _man_ and _mortality_ which would enable us to assert our proposition without appealing to the special evidence of _men_ dying. But that only means that

our generalization has been subsumed under a wider generalization, for which the evidence is still of the same kind, though more extensive. The progress of science is constantly producing such subsumptions, and therefore giving a constantly wider inductive basis for scientific generalizations. But although this gives a greater _degree_ of certainty, it does not give a different _kind_: the ultimate ground remains inductive, i.e. derived from instances, and not an _a priori_ connexion of universals such as we have in logic and arithmetic.

Two opposite points are to be observed concerning _a priori_ general propositions. The first is that, if many particular instances are known, our general proposition may be arrived at in the first instance by induction, and the connexion of universals may be only subsequently perceived. For example, it is known that if we draw perpendiculars to the sides of a triangle from the opposite angles, all three perpendiculars meet in a point. It would be quite possible to be first led to this proposition by actually drawing perpendiculars in many cases, and finding that they always met in a point; this experience might lead us to look for the general proof and find it. Such cases are common in the experience of every mathematician.

The other point is more interesting, and of more philosophical importance. It is, that we may sometimes know a general proposition in cases where we do not know a single instance of it. Take such a case as the following: We know that any two numbers can be multiplied together, and will give a third called their _product_. We know that all pairs of integers the product of which is less than 100 have been actually multiplied together, and the value of the product recorded in the multiplication table. But we also know that the number of integers is infinite, and that only a finite number of pairs of integers ever have been or ever will be thought of by human beings. Hence it follows that there are pairs of integers which never have been and never will be thought of by human beings, and that all of them deal with integers the product of which is over 100. Hence we arrive at the proposition: 'All products of two integers, which never have been and never will be thought of by any human being, are over 100.' Here is a general proposition of which the truth is undeniable, and yet, from the very nature of the case, we can never give an instance; because any two numbers we may think of are excluded by the terms of the proposition.

This possibility, of knowledge of general propositions of which no instance can be given, is often denied, because it is not perceived that the knowledge of such propositions only requires a knowledge of the relations of universals, and does not require any knowledge of instances of the universals in question. Yet the knowledge of such general propositions is quite vital to a great deal of what is generally admitted to be known. For example, we saw, in our early chapters, that knowledge of physical objects, as opposed to sense-data, is only obtained by an inference, and that they are not things with which we are acquainted. Hence we can never know any proposition of the form 'this is a physical object', where 'this' is something immediately known. It follows that all our knowledge concerning physical objects is such that no actual instance can be given. We can give instances of the associated sense-data, but we cannot give instances of the actual physical objects. Hence our knowledge as to physical objects depends throughout upon this possibility of general knowledge where no instance can be given. And the same applies to our knowledge of other people's minds, or of any other class of things of which no instance is known to us by acquaintance.

We may now take a survey of the sources of our knowledge, as they have appeared in the course of our analysis. We have first to distinguish knowledge of things and knowledge of truths. In each there are two kinds, one immediate and one derivative. Our immediate knowledge of things, which we called _acquaintance_, consists of two sorts, according as the things known are particulars or universals. Among particulars, we have acquaintance with sense-data and (probably) with ourselves. Among universals, there seems to be no principle by which we can decide which can be known by acquaintance, but it is clear that among those that can be so known are sensible qualities, relations of space and time, similarity, and certain abstract logical universals. Our derivative knowledge of things, which we call knowledge by _description_, always involves both acquaintance with something and knowledge of truths. Our immediate knowledge of _truths_ may be called _intuitive_ knowledge, and the truths so known may be called _self-evident_ truths. Among such truths are included those which merely state what is given in sense, and also certain abstract logical and arithmetical principles, and (though with less certainty) some ethical propositions. Our _derivative_ knowledge of truths consists of everything that we can deduce from self-evident truths by the use of self-evident principles of deduction.

If the above account is correct, all our knowledge of truths depends upon our intuitive knowledge. It therefore becomes important to consider the nature and scope of intuitive knowledge, in much the same way as, at an earlier stage, we considered the nature and scope of knowledge by acquaintance. But knowledge of truths raises a further problem, which does not arise in regard to knowledge of things, namely the problem of _error_. Some of our beliefs turn out to be erroneous, and therefore it becomes necessary to consider how, if at all, we can distinguish knowledge from error. This problem does not arise with regard to knowledge by acquaintance, for, whatever may be the object of acquaintance, even in dreams and hallucinations, there is no error involved so long as we do not go beyond the immediate object: error can only arise when we regard the immediate object, i.e. the

sense-datum, as the mark of some physical object. Thus the problems connected with knowledge of truths are more difficult than those connected with knowledge of things. As the first of the problems connected with knowledge of truths, let us examine the nature and scope of our intuitive judgements.

CHAPTER XI. ON INTUITIVE KNOWLEDGE

There is a common impression that everything that we believe ought to be capable of proof, or at least of being shown to be highly probable. It is felt by many that a belief for which no reason can be given is an unreasonable belief. In the main, this view is just. Almost all our common beliefs are either inferred, or capable of being inferred, from other beliefs which may be regarded as giving the reason for them. As a rule, the reason has been forgotten, or has even never been consciously present to our minds. Few of us ever ask ourselves, for example, what reason there is to suppose the food we are just going to eat will not turn out to be poison. Yet we feel, when challenged, that a perfectly good reason could be found, even if we are not ready with it at the moment. And in this belief we are usually justified.

But let us imagine some insistent Socrates, who, whatever reason we give him, continues to demand a reason for the reason. We must sooner or later, and probably before very long, be driven to a point where we cannot find any further reason, and where it becomes almost certain that no further reason is even theoretically discoverable. Starting with the common beliefs of daily life, we can be driven back from point to point, until we come to some general principle, or some instance of a general principle, which seems luminously evident, and is not itself capable of being deduced from anything more evident. In most questions of daily life, such as whether our food is likely to be nourishing and not poisonous, we shall be driven back to the inductive principle, which we discussed in Chapter VI. But beyond that, there seems to be no further regress. The principle itself is constantly used in our reasoning, sometimes consciously, sometimes unconsciously; but there is no reasoning which, starting from some simpler self-evident principle, leads us to the principle of induction as its conclusion. And the same holds for other logical principles. Their truth is evident to us, and we employ them in constructing demonstrations; but they themselves, or at least some of them, are incapable of demonstration.

Self-evidence, however, is not confined to those among general principles which are incapable of proof. When a certain number of logical principles have been admitted, the rest can be deduced from them; but the propositions deduced are often just as self-evident as those that were assumed without proof. All arithmetic, moreover, can be deduced from the general principles of logic, yet the simple propositions of arithmetic, such as 'two and two are four', are just as self-evident as the principles of logic.

It would seem, also, though this is more disputable, that there are some self-evident ethical principles, such as 'we ought to pursue what is good'.

It should be observed that, in all cases of general principles, particular instances, dealing with familiar things, are more evident than the general principle. For example, the law of contradiction states that nothing can both have a certain property and not have it. This is evident as soon as it is understood, but it is not so evident as that a particular rose which we see cannot be both red and not red. (It is of course possible that parts of the rose may be red and parts not red, or that the rose may be of a shade of pink which we hardly know whether to call red or not; but in the former case it is plain that the rose as a whole is not red, while in the latter case the answer is theoretically definite as soon as we have decided on a precise definition of 'red'.) It is usually through particular instances that we come to be able to see the general principle. Only those who are practised in dealing with abstractions can readily grasp a general principle without the help of instances.

In addition to general principles, the other kind of self-evident truths are those immediately derived from sensation. We will call such truths 'truths of perception', and the judgements expressing them we will call 'judgements of perception'. But here a certain amount of care is required in getting at the precise nature of the truths that are self-evident. The actual sense-data are neither true nor false. A particular patch of colour which I see, for example, simply exists: it is not the sort of thing that is true or false. It is true that there is such a patch, true that it has a certain shape and degree of brightness, true that it is surrounded by certain other colours. But the patch itself, like everything else in the world of sense, is of a radically different kind from the things that are true or false, and therefore cannot properly be said to be _true_. Thus whatever self-evident truths may be obtained from our senses must be different from the sense-data from which they are obtained.

It would seem that there are two kinds of self-evident truths of perception, though perhaps in the last analysis the two kinds may coalesce. First, there is the kind which simply asserts the _existence_ of the sense-datum, without in any way analysing it. We see

a patch of red, and we judge 'there is such-and-such a patch of red', or more strictly 'there is that'; this is one kind of intuitive judgement of perception. The other kind arises when the object of sense is complex, and we subject it to some degree of analysis. If, for instance, we see a _round_ patch of red, we may judge 'that patch of red is round'. This is again a judgement of perception, but it differs from our previous kind. In our present kind we have a single sense-datum which has both colour and shape: the colour is red and the shape is round. Our judgement analyses the datum into colour and shape, and then recombines them by stating that the red colour is round in shape. Another example of this kind of judgement is 'this is to the right of that', where 'this' and 'that' are seen simultaneously. In this kind of judgement the sense-datum contains constituents which have some relation to each other, and the judgement asserts that these constituents have this relation.

Another class of intuitive judgements, analogous to those of sense and yet quite distinct from them, are judgements of _memory_. There is some danger of confusion as to the nature of memory, owing to the fact that memory of an object is apt to be accompanied by an image of the object, and yet the image cannot be what constitutes memory. This is easily seen by merely noticing that the image is in the present, whereas what is remembered is known to be in the past. Moreover, we are certainly able to some extent to compare our image with the object remembered, so that we often know, within somewhat wide limits, how far our image is accurate; but this would be impossible, unless the object, as opposed to the image, were in some way before the mind. Thus the essence of memory is not constituted by the image, but by having immediately before the mind an object which is recognized as past. But for the fact of memory in this sense, we should not know that there ever was a past at all, nor should we be able to understand the word 'past', any more than a man born blind can understand the word 'light'. Thus there must be intuitive judgements of memory, and it is upon them, ultimately, that all our knowledge of the past depends.

The case of memory, however, raises a difficulty, for it is notoriously fallacious, and thus throws doubt on the trustworthiness of intuitive judgements in general. This difficulty is no light one. But let us first narrow its scope as far as possible. Broadly speaking, memory is trustworthy in proportion to the vividness of the experience and to its nearness in time. If the house next door was struck by lightning half a minute ago, my memory of what I saw and heard will be so reliable that it would be preposterous to doubt whether there had been a flash at all. And the same applies to less vivid experiences, so long as they are recent. I am absolutely certain that half a minute ago I was sitting in the same chair in which I am sitting now. Going backward over the day, I find things of which I am quite certain, other things of which I am almost certain, other things of which I can become certain by thought and by calling up attendant circumstances, and some things of which I am by no means certain. I am quite certain that I ate my breakfast this morning, but if I were as indifferent to my breakfast as a philosopher should be, I should be doubtful. As to the conversation at breakfast, I can recall some of it easily, some with an effort, some only with a large element of doubt, and some not at all. Thus there is a continual gradation in the degree of self-evidence of what I remember, and a corresponding gradation in the trustworthiness of my memory.

Thus the first answer to the difficulty of fallacious memory is to say that memory has degrees of self-evidence, and that these correspond to the degrees of its trustworthiness, reaching a limit of perfect self-evidence and perfect trustworthiness in our memory of events which are recent and vivid.

It would seem, however, that there are cases of very firm belief in a memory which is wholly false. It is probable that, in these cases, what is really remembered, in the sense of being immediately before the mind, is something other than what is falsely believed in, though something generally associated with it. George IV is said to have at last believed that he was at the battle of Waterloo, because he had so often said that he was. In this case, what was immediately remembered was his repeated assertion; the belief in what he was asserting (if it existed) would be produced by association with the remembered assertion, and would therefore not be a genuine case of memory. It would seem that cases of fallacious memory can probably all be dealt with in this way, i.e. they can be shown to be not cases of memory in the strict sense at all.

One important point about self-evidence is made clear by the case of memory, and that is, that self-evidence has degrees: it is not a quality which is simply present or absent, but a quality which may be more or less present, in gradations ranging from absolute certainty down to an almost imperceptible faintness. Truths of perception and some of the principles of logic have the very highest degree of self-evidence; truths of immediate memory have an almost equally high degree. The inductive principle has less self-evidence than some of the other principles of logic, such as 'what follows from a true premiss must be true'. Memories have a diminishing self-evidence as they become remoter and fainter; the truths of logic and mathematics have (broadly speaking) less self-evidence as they become more complicated. Judgements of intrinsic ethical or aesthetic value are apt to have some self-evidence, but not much.

Degrees of self-evidence are important in the theory of knowledge, since, if propositions may (as seems likely) have some degree of self-evidence without being true, it will not be necessary to abandon all connexion between self-evidence and truth, but merely to say that, where there is a conflict, the more self-evident proposition is to be retained and the less self-evident rejected.

It seems, however, highly probable that two different notions are combined in 'self-evidence' as above explained; that one of them, which corresponds to the highest degree of self-evidence, is really an infallible guarantee of truth, while the other, which corresponds to all the other degrees, does not give an infallible guarantee, but only a greater or less presumption. This, however, is only a suggestion, which we cannot as yet develop further. After we have dealt with the nature of truth, we shall return to the subject of self-evidence, in connexion with the distinction between knowledge and error.

CHAPTER XII. TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD

Our knowledge of truths, unlike our knowledge of things, has an opposite, namely _error_. So far as things are concerned, we may know them or not know them, but there is no positive state of mind which can be described as erroneous knowledge of things, so long, at any rate, as we confine ourselves to knowledge by acquaintance. Whatever we are acquainted with must be something; we may draw wrong inferences from our acquaintance, but the acquaintance itself cannot be deceptive. Thus there is no dualism as regards acquaintance. But as regards knowledge of truths, there is a dualism. We may believe what is false as well as what is true. We know that on very many subjects different people hold different and incompatible opinions: hence some beliefs must be erroneous. Since erroneous beliefs are often held just as strongly as true beliefs, it becomes a difficult question how they are to be distinguished from true beliefs. How are we to know, in a given case, that our belief is not erroneous? This is a question of the very greatest difficulty, to which no completely satisfactory answer is possible. There is, however, a preliminary question which is rather less difficult, and that is: What do we _mean_ by truth and falsehood? It is this preliminary question which is to be considered in this chapter. In this chapter we are not asking how we can know whether a belief is true or false: we are asking what is meant by the question whether a belief is true or false. It is to be hoped that a clear answer to this question may help us to obtain an answer to the question what beliefs are true, but for the present we ask only 'What is truth?' and 'What is falsehood?' not 'What beliefs are true?' and 'What beliefs are false?' It is very important to keep these different questions entirely separate, since any confusion between them is sure to produce an answer which is not really applicable to either.

There are three points to observe in the attempt to discover the nature of truth, three requisites which any theory must fulfil.

(1) Our theory of truth must be such as to admit of its opposite, falsehood. A good many philosophers have failed adequately to satisfy this condition: they have constructed theories according to which all our thinking ought to have been true, and have then had the greatest difficulty in finding a place for falsehood. In this respect our theory of belief must differ from our theory of acquaintance, since in the case of acquaintance it was not necessary to take account of any opposite.

(2) It seems fairly evident that if there were no beliefs there could be no falsehood, and no truth either, in the sense in which truth is correlative to falsehood. If we imagine a world of mere matter, there would be no room for falsehood in such a world, and although it would contain what may be called 'facts', it would not contain any truths, in the sense in which truths are things of the same kind as falsehoods. In fact, truth and falsehood are properties of beliefs and statements: hence a world of mere matter, since it would contain no beliefs or statements, would also contain no truth or falsehood.

(3) But, as against what we have just said, it is to be observed that the truth or falsehood of a belief always depends upon something which lies outside the belief itself. If I believe that Charles I died on the scaffold, I believe truly, not because of any intrinsic quality of my belief, which could be discovered by merely examining the belief, but because of an historical event which happened two and a half centuries ago. If I believe that Charles I died in his bed, I believe falsely: no degree of vividness in my belief, or of care in arriving at it, prevents it from being false, again because of what happened long ago, and not because of any intrinsic property of my belief. Hence, although truth and falsehood are properties of beliefs, they are properties dependent upon the relations of the beliefs to other things, not upon any internal quality of the beliefs.

The third of the above requisites leads us to adopt the view--which has on the whole been commonest among philosophers--that truth consists in some form of correspondence between belief and fact. It is, however, by no means an easy matter to discover a form of correspondence to which there are no irrefutable objections. By this partly--and partly by the feeling that, if truth consists in a correspondence of thought with something outside thought, thought can never know when truth has been attained--many philosophers have been led to try to find some definition of truth which shall not consist in relation to something wholly outside

belief. The most important attempt at a definition of this sort is the theory that truth consists in _coherence_. It is said that the mark of falsehood is failure to cohere in the body of our beliefs, and that it is the essence of a truth to form part of the completely rounded system which is The Truth.

There is, however, a great difficulty in this view, or rather two great difficulties. The first is that there is no reason to suppose that only _one_ coherent body of beliefs is possible. It may be that, with sufficient imagination, a novelist might invent a past for the world that would perfectly fit on to what we know, and yet be quite different from the real past. In more scientific matters, it is certain that there are often two or more hypotheses which account for all the known facts on some subject, and although, in such cases, men of science endeavour to find facts which will rule out all the hypotheses except one, there is no reason why they should always succeed.

In philosophy, again, it seems not uncommon for two rival hypotheses to be both able to account for all the facts. Thus, for example, it is possible that life is one long dream, and that the outer world has only that degree of reality that the objects of dreams have; but although such a view does not seem inconsistent with known facts, there is no reason to prefer it to the common-sense view, according to which other people and things do really exist. Thus coherence as the definition of truth fails because there is no proof that there can be only one coherent system.

The other objection to this definition of truth is that it assumes the meaning of 'coherence' known, whereas, in fact, 'coherence' presupposes the truth of the laws of logic. Two propositions are coherent when both may be true, and are incoherent when one at least must be false. Now in order to know whether two propositions can both be true, we must know such truths as the law of contradiction. For example, the two propositions, 'this tree is a beech' and 'this tree is not a beech', are not coherent, because of the law of contradiction. But if the law of contradiction itself were subjected to the test of coherence, we should find that, if we choose to suppose it false, nothing will any longer be incoherent with anything else. Thus the laws of logic supply the skeleton or framework within which the test of coherence applies, and they themselves cannot be established by this test.

For the above two reasons, coherence cannot be accepted as giving the _meaning_ of truth, though it is often a most important _test_ of truth after a certain amount of truth has become known.

Hence we are driven back to _correspondence with fact_ as constituting the nature of truth. It remains to define precisely what we mean by 'fact', and what is the nature of the correspondence which must subsist between belief and fact, in order that belief may be true.

In accordance with our three requisites, we have to seek a theory of truth which (1) allows truth to have an opposite, namely falsehood, (2) makes truth a property of beliefs, but (3) makes it a property wholly dependent upon the relation of the beliefs to outside things.

The necessity of allowing for falsehood makes it impossible to regard belief as a relation of the mind to a single object, which could be said to be what is believed. If belief were so regarded, we should find that, like acquaintance, it would not admit of the opposition of truth and falsehood, but would have to be always true. This may be made clear by examples. Othello believes falsely that Desdemona loves Cassio. We cannot say that this belief consists in a relation to a single object, 'Desdemona's love for Cassio', for if there were such an object, the belief would be true. There is in fact no such object, and therefore Othello cannot have any relation to such an object. Hence his belief cannot possibly consist in a relation to this object.

It might be said that his belief is a relation to a different object, namely 'that Desdemona loves Cassio'; but it is almost as difficult to suppose that there is such an object as this, when Desdemona does not love Cassio, as it was to suppose that there is 'Desdemona's love for Cassio'. Hence it will be better to seek for a theory of belief which does not make it consist in a relation of the mind to a single object.

It is common to think of relations as though they always held between two terms, but in fact this is not always the case. Some relations demand three terms, some four, and so on. Take, for instance, the relation 'between'. So long as only two terms come in, the relation 'between' is impossible: three terms are the smallest number that render it possible. York is between London and Edinburgh; but if London and Edinburgh were the only places in the world, there could be nothing which was between one place and another. Similarly _jealousy_ requires three people: there can be no such relation that does not involve three at least. Such a proposition as 'A wishes B to promote C's marriage with D' involves a relation of four terms; that is to say, A and B and C and D all come in, and the relation involved cannot be expressed otherwise than in a form involving all four. Instances might be multiplied

indefinitely, but enough has been said to show that there are relations which require more than two terms before they can occur.

The relation involved in _judging_ or _believing_ must, if falsehood is to be duly allowed for, be taken to be a relation between several terms, not between two. When Othello believes that Desdemona loves Cassio, he must not have before his mind a single object, 'Desdemona's love for Cassio', or 'that Desdemona loves Cassio ', for that would require that there should be objective falsehoods, which subsist independently of any minds; and this, though not logically refutable, is a theory to be avoided if possible. Thus it is easier to account for falsehood if we take judgement to be a relation in which the mind and the various objects concerned all occur severally; that is to say, Desdemona and loving and Cassio must all be terms in the relation which subsists when Othello believes that Desdemona loves Cassio. This relation, therefore, is a relation of four terms, since Othello also is one of the terms of the relation. When we say that it is a relation of four terms, we do not mean that Othello has a certain relation to Desdemona, and has the same relation to loving and also to Cassio. This may be true of some other relation than believing; but believing, plainly, is not a relation which Othello has to _each_ of the three terms concerned, but to _all_ of them together: there is only one example of the relation of believing involved, but this one example knits together four terms. Thus the actual occurrence, at the moment when Othello is entertaining his belief, is that the relation called 'believing' is knitting together into one complex whole the four terms Othello, Desdemona, loving, and Cassio. What is called belief or judgement is nothing but this relation of believing or judging, which relates a mind to several things other than itself. An _act_ of belief or of judgement is the occurrence between certain terms at some particular time, of the relation of believing or judging.

We are now in a position to understand what it is that distinguishes a true judgement from a false one. For this purpose we will adopt certain definitions. In every act of judgement there is a mind which judges, and there are terms concerning which it judges. We will call the mind the _subject_ in the judgement, and the remaining terms the _objects_. Thus, when Othello judges that Desdemona loves Cassio, Othello is the subject, while the objects are Desdemona and loving and Cassio. The subject and the objects together are called the _constituents_ of the judgement. It will be observed that the relation of judging has what is called a 'sense' or 'direction'. We may say, metaphorically, that it puts its objects in a certain _order_, which we may indicate by means of the order of the words in the sentence. (In an inflected language, the same thing will be indicated by inflections, e.g. by the difference between nominative and accusative.) Othello's judgement that Cassio loves Desdemona differs from his judgement that Desdemona loves Cassio, in spite of the fact that it consists of the same constituents, because the relation of judging places the constituents in a different order in the two cases. Similarly, if Cassio judges that Desdemona loves Othello, the constituents of the judgement are still the same, but their order is different. This property of having a 'sense' or 'direction' is one which the relation of judging shares with all other relations. The 'sense' of relations is the ultimate source of order and series and a host of mathematical concepts; but we need not concern ourselves further with this aspect.

We spoke of the relation called 'judging' or 'believing' as knitting together into one complex whole the subject and the objects. In this respect, judging is exactly like every other relation. Whenever a relation holds between two or more terms, it unites the terms into a complex whole. If Othello loves Desdemona, there is such a complex whole as 'Othello's love for Desdemona'. The terms united by the relation may be themselves complex, or may be simple, but the whole which results from their being united must be complex. Wherever there is a relation which relates certain terms, there is a complex object formed of the union of those terms; and conversely, wherever there is a complex object, there is a relation which relates its constituents. When an act of believing occurs, there is a complex, in which 'believing' is the uniting relation, and subject and objects are arranged in a certain order by the 'sense' of the relation of believing. Among the objects, as we saw in considering 'Othello believes that Desdemona loves Cassio', one must be a relation--in this instance, the relation 'loving'. But this relation, as it occurs in the act of believing, is not the relation which creates the unity of the complex whole consisting of the subject and the objects. The relation 'loving', as it occurs in the act of believing, is one of the objects--it is a brick in the structure, not the cement. The cement is the relation 'believing'. When the belief is _true_, there is another complex unity, in which the relation which was one of the objects of the belief relates the other objects. Thus, e.g., if Othello believes _truly_ that Desdemona loves Cassio, then there is a complex unity, 'Desdemona's love for Cassio', which is composed exclusively of the _objects_ of the belief, in the same order as they had in the belief, with the relation which was one of the objects occurring now as the cement that binds together the other objects of the belief. On the other hand, when a belief is _false_, there is no such complex unity composed only of the objects of the belief. If Othello believes _falsely_ that Desdemona loves Cassio, then there is no such complex unity as 'Desdemona's love for Cassio'.

Thus a belief is _true_ when it _corresponds_ to a certain associated complex, and _false_ when it does not. Assuming, for the sake of definiteness, that the objects of the belief are two terms and a relation, the terms being put in a certain order by the 'sense' of the believing, then if the two terms in that order are united by the relation into a complex, the belief is true; if not, it is false. This

constitutes the definition of truth and falsehood that we were in search of. Judging or believing is a certain complex unity of which a mind is a constituent; if the remaining constituents, taken in the order which they have in the belief, form a complex unity, then the belief is true; if not, it is false.

Thus although truth and falsehood are properties of beliefs, yet they are in a sense extrinsic properties, for the condition of the truth of a belief is something not involving beliefs, or (in general) any mind at all, but only the _objects_ of the belief. A mind, which believes, believes truly when there is a _corresponding_ complex not involving the mind, but only its objects. This correspondence ensures truth, and its absence entails falsehood. Hence we account simultaneously for the two facts that beliefs (a) depend on minds for their _existence_, (b) do not depend on minds for their _truth_.

We may restate our theory as follows: If we take such a belief as 'Othello believes that Desdemona loves Cassio', we will call Desdemona and Cassio the _object-terms_, and loving the _object-relation_. If there is a complex unity 'Desdemona's love for Cassio', consisting of the object-terms related by the object-relation in the same order as they have in the belief, then this complex unity is called the _fact corresponding to the belief_. Thus a belief is true when there is a corresponding fact, and is false when there is no corresponding fact.

It will be seen that minds do not _create_ truth or falsehood. They create beliefs, but when once the beliefs are created, the mind cannot make them true or false, except in the special case where they concern future things which are within the power of the person believing, such as catching trains. What makes a belief true is a _fact_, and this fact does not (except in exceptional cases) in any way involve the mind of the person who has the belief.

Having now decided what we _mean_ by truth and falsehood, we have next to consider what ways there are of knowing whether this or that belief is true or false. This consideration will occupy the next chapter.

CHAPTER XIII. KNOWLEDGE, ERROR, AND PROBABLE OPINION

The question as to what we mean by truth and falsehood, which we considered in the preceding chapter, is of much less interest than the question as to how we can know what is true and what is false. This question will occupy us in the present chapter. There can be no doubt that _some_ of our beliefs are erroneous; thus we are led to inquire what certainty we can ever have that such and such a belief is not erroneous. In other words, can we ever _know_ anything at all, or do we merely sometimes by good luck believe what is true? Before we can attack this question, we must, however, first decide what we mean by 'knowing', and this question is not so easy as might be supposed.

At first sight we might imagine that knowledge could be defined as 'true belief'. When what we believe is true, it might be supposed that we had achieved a knowledge of what we believe. But this would not accord with the way in which the word is commonly used. To take a very trivial instance: If a man believes that the late Prime Minister's last name began with a B, he believes what is true, since the late Prime Minister was Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman. But if he believes that Mr. Balfour was the late Prime Minister, he will still believe that the late Prime Minister's last name began with a B, yet this belief, though true, would not be thought to constitute knowledge. If a newspaper, by an intelligent anticipation, announces the result of a battle before any telegram giving the result has been received, it may by good fortune announce what afterwards turns out to be the right result, and it may produce belief in some of its less experienced readers. But in spite of the truth of their belief, they cannot be said to have knowledge. Thus it is clear that a true belief is not knowledge when it is deduced from a false belief.

In like manner, a true belief cannot be called knowledge when it is deduced by a fallacious process of reasoning, even if the premisses from which it is deduced are true. If I know that all Greeks are men and that Socrates was a man, and I infer that Socrates was a Greek, I cannot be said to _know_ that Socrates was a Greek, because, although my premisses and my conclusion are true, the conclusion does not follow from the premisses.

But are we to say that nothing is knowledge except what is validly deduced from true premisses? Obviously we cannot say this. Such a definition is at once too wide and too narrow. In the first place, it is too wide, because it is not enough that our premisses should be _true_, they must also be _known_. The man who believes that Mr. Balfour was the late Prime Minister may proceed to draw valid deductions from the true premiss that the late Prime Minister's name began with a B, but he cannot be said to _know_ the conclusions reached by these deductions. Thus we shall have to amend our definition by saying that knowledge is what is validly deduced from _known_ premisses. This, however, is a circular definition: it assumes that we already know what is meant by 'known premisses'. It can, therefore, at best define one sort of knowledge, the sort we call derivative, as opposed to intuitive

knowledge. We may say: '_Derivative_ knowledge is what is validly deduced from premisses known intuitively'. In this statement there is no formal defect, but it leaves the definition of _intuitive_ knowledge still to seek.

Leaving on one side, for the moment, the question of intuitive knowledge, let us consider the above suggested definition of derivative knowledge. The chief objection to it is that it unduly limits knowledge. It constantly happens that people entertain a true belief, which has grown up in them because of some piece of intuitive knowledge from which it is capable of being validly inferred, but from which it has not, as a matter of fact, been inferred by any logical process.

Take, for example, the beliefs produced by reading. If the newspapers announce the death of the King, we are fairly well justified in believing that the King is dead, since this is the sort of announcement which would not be made if it were false. And we are quite amply justified in believing that the newspaper asserts that the King is dead. But here the intuitive knowledge upon which our belief is based is knowledge of the existence of sense-data derived from looking at the print which gives the news. This knowledge scarcely rises into consciousness, except in a person who cannot read easily. A child may be aware of the shapes of the letters, and pass gradually and painfully to a realization of their meaning. But anybody accustomed to reading passes at once to what the letters mean, and is not aware, except on reflection, that he has derived this knowledge from the sense-data called seeing the printed letters. Thus although a valid inference from the-letters to their meaning is possible, and _could_ be performed by the reader, it is not in fact performed, since he does not in fact perform any operation which can be called logical inference. Yet it would be absurd to say that the reader does not _know_ that the newspaper announces the King's death.

We must, therefore, admit as derivative knowledge whatever is the result of intuitive knowledge even if by mere association, provided there _is_ a valid logical connexion, and the person in question could become aware of this connexion by reflection. There are in fact many ways, besides logical inference, by which we pass from one belief to another: the passage from the print to its meaning illustrates these ways. These ways may be called 'psychological inference'. We shall, then, admit such psychological inference as a means of obtaining derivative knowledge, provided there is a discoverable logical inference which runs parallel to the psychological inference. This renders our definition of derivative knowledge less precise than we could wish, since the word 'discoverable' is vague: it does not tell us how much reflection may be needed in order to make the discovery. But in fact 'knowledge' is not a precise conception: it merges into 'probable opinion', as we shall see more fully in the course of the present chapter. A very precise definition, therefore, should not be sought, since any such definition must be more or less misleading.

The chief difficulty in regard to knowledge, however, does not arise over derivative knowledge, but over intuitive knowledge. So long as we are dealing with derivative knowledge, we have the test of intuitive knowledge to fall back upon. But in regard to intuitive beliefs, it is by no means easy to discover any criterion by which to distinguish some as true and others as erroneous. In this question it is scarcely possible to reach any very precise result: all our knowledge of truths is infected with some degree of doubt, and a theory which ignored this fact would be plainly wrong. Something may be done, however, to mitigate the difficulties of the question.

Our theory of truth, to begin with, supplies the possibility of distinguishing certain truths as _self-evident_ in a sense which ensures infallibility. When a belief is true, we said, there is a corresponding fact, in which the several objects of the belief form a single complex. The belief is said to constitute _knowledge_ of this fact, provided it fulfils those further somewhat vague conditions which we have been considering in the present chapter. But in regard to any fact, besides the knowledge constituted by belief, we may also have the kind of knowledge constituted by _perception_ (taking this word in its widest possible sense). For example, if you know the hour of the sunset, you can at that hour know the fact that the sun is setting: this is knowledge of the fact by way of knowledge of _truths_; but you can also, if the weather is fine, look to the west and actually see the setting sun: you then know the same fact by the way of knowledge of _things_.

Thus in regard to any complex fact, there are, theoretically, two ways in which it may be known: (1) by means of a judgement, in which its several parts are judged to be related as they are in fact related; (2) by means of _acquaintance_ with the complex fact itself, which may (in a large sense) be called perception, though it is by no means confined to objects of the senses. Now it will be observed that the second way of knowing a complex fact, the way of acquaintance, is only possible when there really is such a fact, while the first way, like all judgement, is liable to error. The second way gives us the complex whole, and is therefore only possible when its parts do actually have that relation which makes them combine to form such a complex. The first way, on the contrary, gives us the parts and the relation severally, and demands only the reality of the parts and the relation: the relation may not relate those parts in that way, and yet the judgement may occur.

It will be remembered that at the end of Chapter XI we suggested that there might be two kinds of self-evidence, one giving an absolute guarantee of truth, the other only a partial guarantee. These two kinds can now be distinguished.

We may say that a truth is self-evident, in the first and most absolute sense, when we have acquaintance with the fact which corresponds to the truth. When Othello believes that Desdemona loves Cassio, the corresponding fact, if his belief were true, would be 'Desdemona's love for Cassio'. This would be a fact with which no one could have acquaintance except Desdemona; hence in the sense of self-evidence that we are considering, the truth that Desdemona loves Cassio (if it were a truth) could only be self-evident to Desdemona. All mental facts, and all facts concerning sense-data, have this same privacy: there is only one person to whom they can be self-evident in our present sense, since there is only one person who can be acquainted with the mental things or the sense-data concerned. Thus no fact about any particular existing thing can be self-evident to more than one person. On the other hand, facts about universals do not have this privacy. Many minds may be acquainted with the same universals; hence a relation between universals may be known by acquaintance to many different people. In all cases where we know by acquaintance a complex fact consisting of certain terms in a certain relation, we say that the truth that these terms are so related has the first or absolute kind of self-evidence, and in these cases the judgement that the terms are so related _must_ be true. Thus this sort of self-evidence is an absolute guarantee of truth.

But although this sort of self-evidence is an absolute guarantee of truth, it does not enable us to be _absolutely_ certain, in the case of any given judgement, that the judgement in question is true. Suppose we first perceive the sun shining, which is a complex fact, and thence proceed to make the judgement 'the sun is shining'. In passing from the perception to the judgement, it is necessary to analyse the given complex fact: we have to separate out 'the sun' and 'shining' as constituents of the fact. In this process it is possible to commit an error; hence even where a _fact_ has the first or absolute kind of self-evidence, a judgement believed to correspond to the fact is not absolutely infallible, because it may not really correspond to the fact. But if it does correspond (in the sense explained in the preceding chapter), then it _must_ be true.

The second sort of self-evidence will be that which belongs to judgements in the first instance, and is not derived from direct perception of a fact as a single complex whole. This second kind of self-evidence will have degrees, from the very highest degree down to a bare inclination in favour of the belief. Take, for example, the case of a horse trotting away from us along a hard road. At first our certainty that we hear the hoofs is complete; gradually, if we listen intently, there comes a moment when we think perhaps it was imagination or the blind upstairs or our own heartbeats; at last we become doubtful whether there was any noise at all; then we _think_ we no longer hear anything, and at last we _know_ we no longer hear anything. In this process, there is a continual gradation of self-evidence, from the highest degree to the least, not in the sense-data themselves, but in the judgements based on them.

Or again: Suppose we are comparing two shades of colour, one blue and one green. We can be quite sure they are different shades of colour; but if the green colour is gradually altered to be more and more like the blue, becoming first a blue-green, then a greeny-blue, then blue, there will come a moment when we are doubtful whether we can see any difference, and then a moment when we know that we cannot see any difference. The same thing happens in tuning a musical instrument, or in any other case where there is a continuous gradation. Thus self-evidence of this sort is a matter of degree; and it seems plain that the higher degrees are more to be trusted than the lower degrees.

In derivative knowledge our ultimate premisses must have some degree of self-evidence, and so must their connexion with the conclusions deduced from them. Take for example a piece of reasoning in geometry. It is not enough that the axioms from which we start should be self-evident: it is necessary also that, at each step in the reasoning, the connexion of premiss and conclusion should be self-evident. In difficult reasoning, this connexion has often only a very small degree of self-evidence; hence errors of reasoning are not improbable where the difficulty is great.

From what has been said it is evident that, both as regards intuitive knowledge and as regards derivative knowledge, if we assume that intuitive knowledge is trustworthy in proportion to the degree of its self-evidence, there will be a gradation in trustworthiness, from the existence of noteworthy sense-data and the simpler truths of logic and arithmetic, which may be taken as quite certain, down to judgements which seem only just more probable than their opposites. What we firmly believe, if it is true, is called _knowledge_, provided it is either intuitive or inferred (logically or psychologically) from intuitive knowledge from which it follows logically. What we firmly believe, if it is not true, is called _error_. What we firmly believe, if it is neither knowledge nor error, and also what we believe hesitatingly, because it is, or is derived from, something which has not the highest degree of self-evidence, may be called _probable opinion_. Thus the greater part of what would commonly pass as knowledge is more or less probable

opinion.

In regard to probable opinion, we can derive great assistance from _coherence_, which we rejected as the _definition_ of truth, but may often use as a _criterion_. A body of individually probable opinions, if they are mutually coherent, become more probable than any one of them would be individually. It is in this way that many scientific hypotheses acquire their probability. They fit into a coherent system of probable opinions, and thus become more probable than they would be in isolation. The same thing applies to general philosophical hypotheses. Often in a single case such hypotheses may seem highly doubtful, while yet, when we consider the order and coherence which they introduce into a mass of probable opinion, they become pretty nearly certain. This applies, in particular, to such matters as the distinction between dreams and waking life. If our dreams, night after night, were as coherent one with another as our days, we should hardly know whether to believe the dreams or the waking life. As it is, the test of coherence condemns the dreams and confirms the waking life. But this test, though it increases probability where it is successful, never gives absolute certainty, unless there is certainty already at some point in the coherent system. Thus the mere organization of probable opinion will never, by itself, transform it into indubitable knowledge.

CHAPTER XIV. THE LIMITS OF PHILOSOPHICAL KNOWLEDGE

In all that we have said hitherto concerning philosophy, we have scarcely touched on many matters that occupy a great space in the writings of most philosophers. Most philosophers--or, at any rate, very many--profess to be able to prove, by _a priori_ metaphysical reasoning, such things as the fundamental dogmas of religion, the essential rationality of the universe, the illusoriness of matter, the unreality of all evil, and so on. There can be no doubt that the hope of finding reason to believe such theses as these has been the chief inspiration of many life-long students of philosophy. This hope, I believe, is vain. It would seem that knowledge concerning the universe as a whole is not to be obtained by metaphysics, and that the proposed proofs that, in virtue of the laws of logic such and such things _must_ exist and such and such others cannot, are not capable of surviving a critical scrutiny. In this chapter we shall briefly consider the kind of way in which such reasoning is attempted, with a view to discovering whether we can hope that it may be valid.

The great representative, in modern times, of the kind of view which we wish to examine, was Hegel (1770-1831). Hegel's philosophy is very difficult, and commentators differ as to the true interpretation of it. According to the interpretation I shall adopt, which is that of many, if not most, of the commentators and has the merit of giving an interesting and important type of philosophy, his main thesis is that everything short of the Whole is obviously fragmentary, and obviously incapable of existing without the complement supplied by the rest of the world. Just as a comparative anatomist, from a single bone, sees what kind of animal the whole must have been, so the metaphysician, according to Hegel, sees, from any one piece of reality, what the whole of reality must be--at least in its large outlines. Every apparently separate piece of reality has, as it were, hooks which grapple it to the next piece; the next piece, in turn, has fresh hooks, and so on, until the whole universe is reconstructed. This essential incompleteness appears, according to Hegel, equally in the world of thought and in the world of things. In the world of thought, if we take any idea which is abstract or incomplete, we find, on examination, that if we forget its incompleteness, we become involved in contradictions; these contradictions turn the idea in question into its opposite, or antithesis; and in order to escape, we have to find a new, less incomplete idea, which is the synthesis of our original idea and its antithesis. This new idea, though less incomplete than the idea we started with, will be found, nevertheless, to be still not wholly complete, but to pass into its antithesis, with which it must be combined in a new synthesis. In this way Hegel advances until he reaches the 'Absolute Idea', which, according to him, has no incompleteness, no opposite, and no need of further development. The Absolute Idea, therefore, is adequate to describe Absolute Reality; but all lower ideas only describe reality as it appears to a partial view, not as it is to one who simultaneously surveys the Whole. Thus Hegel reaches the conclusion that Absolute Reality forms one single harmonious system, not in space or time, not in any degree evil, wholly rational, and wholly spiritual. Any appearance to the contrary, in the world we know, can be proved logically--so he believes--to be entirely due to our fragmentary piecemeal view of the universe. If we saw the universe whole, as we may suppose God sees it, space and time and matter and evil and all striving and struggling would disappear, and we should see instead an eternal perfect unchanging spiritual unity.

In this conception, there is undeniably something sublime, something to which we could wish to yield assent. Nevertheless, when the arguments in support of it are carefully examined, they appear to involve much confusion and many unwarrantable assumptions. The fundamental tenet upon which the system is built up is that what is incomplete must be not self-subsistent, but must need the support of other things before it can exist. It is held that whatever has relations to things outside itself must contain some reference to those outside things in its own nature, and could not, therefore, be what it is if those outside things did not exist.

A man's nature, for example, is constituted by his memories and the rest of his knowledge, by his loves and hatreds, and so on; thus, but for the objects which he knows or loves or hates, he could not be what he is. He is essentially and obviously a fragment: taken as the sum-total of reality he would be self-contradictory.

This whole point of view, however, turns upon the notion of the 'nature' of a thing, which seems to mean 'all the truths about the thing'. It is of course the case that a truth which connects one thing with another thing could not subsist if the other thing did not subsist. But a truth about a thing is not part of the thing itself, although it must, according to the above usage, be part of the 'nature' of the thing. If we mean by a thing's 'nature' all the truths about the thing, then plainly we cannot know a thing's 'nature' unless we know all the thing's relations to all the other things in the universe. But if the word 'nature' is used in this sense, we shall have to hold that the thing may be known when its 'nature' is not known, or at any rate is not known completely. There is a confusion, when this use of the word 'nature' is employed, between knowledge of things and knowledge of truths. We may have knowledge of a thing by acquaintance even if we know very few propositions about it--theoretically we need not know any propositions about it. Thus, acquaintance with a thing does not involve knowledge of its 'nature' in the above sense. And although acquaintance with a thing is involved in our knowing any one proposition about a thing, knowledge of its 'nature', in the above sense, is not involved. Hence, (1) acquaintance with a thing does not logically involve a knowledge of its relations, and (2) a knowledge of some of its relations does not involve a knowledge of all of its relations nor a knowledge of its 'nature' in the above sense. I may be acquainted, for example, with my toothache, and this knowledge may be as complete as knowledge by acquaintance ever can be, without knowing all that the dentist (who is not acquainted with it) can tell me about its cause, and without therefore knowing its 'nature' in the above sense. Thus the fact that a thing has relations does not prove that its relations are logically necessary. That is to say, from the mere fact that it is the thing it is we cannot deduce that it must have the various relations which in fact it has. This only _seems_ to follow because we know it already.

It follows that we cannot prove that the universe as a whole forms a single harmonious system such as Hegel believes that it forms. And if we cannot prove this, we also cannot prove the unreality of space and time and matter and evil, for this is deduced by Hegel from the fragmentary and relational character of these things. Thus we are left to the piecemeal investigation of the world, and are unable to know the characters of those parts of the universe that are remote from our experience. This result, disappointing as it is to those whose hopes have been raised by the systems of philosophers, is in harmony with the inductive and scientific temper of our age, and is borne out by the whole examination of human knowledge which has occupied our previous chapters.

Most of the great ambitious attempts of metaphysicians have proceeded by the attempt to prove that such and such apparent features of the actual world were self-contradictory, and therefore could not be real. The whole tendency of modern thought, however, is more and more in the direction of showing that the supposed contradictions were illusory, and that very little can be proved _a priori_ from considerations of what _must_ be. A good illustration of this is afforded by space and time. Space and time appear to be infinite in extent, and infinitely divisible. If we travel along a straight line in either direction, it is difficult to believe that we shall finally reach a last point, beyond which there is nothing, not even empty space. Similarly, if in imagination we travel backwards or forwards in time, it is difficult to believe that we shall reach a first or last time, with not even empty time beyond it. Thus space and time appear to be infinite in extent.

Again, if we take any two points on a line, it seems evident that there must be other points between them however small the distance between them may be: every distance can be halved, and the halves can be halved again, and so on _ad infinitum_. In time, similarly, however little time may elapse between two moments, it seems evident that there will be other moments between them. Thus space and time appear to be infinitely divisible. But as against these apparent facts--infinite extent and infinite divisibility--philosophers have advanced arguments tending to show that there could be no infinite collections of things, and that therefore the number of points in space, or of instants in time, must be finite. Thus a contradiction emerged between the apparent nature of space and time and the supposed impossibility of infinite collections.

Kant, who first emphasized this contradiction, deduced the impossibility of space and time, which he declared to be merely subjective; and since his time very many philosophers have believed that space and time are mere appearance, not characteristic of the world as it really is. Now, however, owing to the labours of the mathematicians, notably Georg Cantor, it has appeared that the impossibility of infinite collections was a mistake. They are not in fact self-contradictory, but only contradictory of certain rather obstinate mental prejudices. Hence the reasons for regarding space and time as unreal have become inoperative, and one of the great sources of metaphysical constructions is dried up.

The mathematicians, however, have not been content with showing that space as it is commonly supposed to be is possible; they have shown also that many other forms of space are equally possible, so far as logic can show. Some of Euclid's axioms, which appear to common sense to be necessary, and were formerly supposed to be necessary by philosophers, are now known to derive their appearance of necessity from our mere familiarity with actual space, and not from any _a priori_ logical foundation. By imagining worlds in which these axioms are false, the mathematicians have used logic to loosen the prejudices of common sense, and to show the possibility of spaces differing--some more, some less--from that in which we live. And some of these spaces differ so little from Euclidean space, where distances such as we can measure are concerned, that it is impossible to discover by observation whether our actual space is strictly Euclidean or of one of these other kinds. Thus the position is completely reversed. Formerly it appeared that experience left only one kind of space to logic, and logic showed this one kind to be impossible. Now, logic presents many kinds of space as possible apart from experience, and experience only partially decides between them. Thus, while our knowledge of what is has become less than it was formerly supposed to be, our knowledge of what may be is enormously increased. Instead of being shut in within narrow walls, of which every nook and cranny could be explored, we find ourselves in an open world of free possibilities, where much remains unknown because there is so much to know.

What has happened in the case of space and time has happened, to some extent, in other directions as well. The attempt to prescribe to the universe by means of _a priori_ principles has broken down; logic, instead of being, as formerly, the bar to possibilities, has become the great liberator of the imagination, presenting innumerable alternatives which are closed to unreflective common sense, and leaving to experience the task of deciding, where decision is possible, between the many worlds which logic offers for our choice. Thus knowledge as to what exists becomes limited to what we can learn from experience--not to what we can actually experience, for, as we have seen, there is much knowledge by description concerning things of which we have no direct experience. But in all cases of knowledge by description, we need some connexion of universals, enabling us, from such and such a datum, to infer an object of a certain sort as implied by our datum. Thus in regard to physical objects, for example, the principle that sense-data are signs of physical objects is itself a connexion of universals; and it is only in virtue of this principle that experience enables us to acquire knowledge concerning physical objects. The same applies to the law of causality, or, to descend to what is less general, to such principles as the law of gravitation.

Principles such as the law of gravitation are proved, or rather are rendered highly probable, by a combination of experience with some wholly _a priori_ principle, such as the principle of induction. Thus our intuitive knowledge, which is the source of all our other knowledge of truths, is of two sorts: pure empirical knowledge, which tells us of the existence and some of the properties of particular things with which we are acquainted, and pure _a priori_ knowledge, which gives us connexions between universals, and enables us to draw inferences from the particular facts given in empirical knowledge. Our derivative knowledge always depends upon some pure _a priori_ knowledge and usually also depends upon some pure empirical knowledge.

Philosophical knowledge, if what has been said above is true, does not differ essentially from scientific knowledge; there is no special source of wisdom which is open to philosophy but not to science, and the results obtained by philosophy are not radically different from those obtained from science. The essential characteristic of philosophy, which makes it a study distinct from science, is criticism. It examines critically the principles employed in science and in daily life; it searches out any inconsistencies there may be in these principles, and it only accepts them when, as the result of a critical inquiry, no reason for rejecting them has appeared. If, as many philosophers have believed, the principles underlying the sciences were capable, when disengaged from irrelevant detail, of giving us knowledge concerning the universe as a whole, such knowledge would have the same claim on our belief as scientific knowledge has; but our inquiry has not revealed any such knowledge, and therefore, as regards the special doctrines of the bolder metaphysicians, has had a mainly negative result. But as regards what would be commonly accepted as knowledge, our result is in the main positive: we have seldom found reason to reject such knowledge as the result of our criticism, and we have seen no reason to suppose man incapable of the kind of knowledge which he is generally believed to possess.

When, however, we speak of philosophy as a _criticism_ of knowledge, it is necessary to impose a certain limitation. If we adopt the attitude of the complete sceptic, placing ourselves wholly outside all knowledge, and asking, from this outside position, to be compelled to return within the circle of knowledge, we are demanding what is impossible, and our scepticism can never be refuted. For all refutation must begin with some piece of knowledge which the disputants share; from blank doubt, no argument can begin. Hence the criticism of knowledge which philosophy employs must not be of this destructive kind, if any result is to be achieved. Against this absolute scepticism, no _logical_ argument can be advanced. But it is not difficult to see that scepticism of this kind is unreasonable. Descartes' 'methodical doubt', with which modern philosophy began, is not of this kind, but is rather the kind of criticism which we are asserting to be the essence of philosophy. His 'methodical doubt' consisted in doubting whatever seemed

doubtful; in pausing, with each apparent piece of knowledge, to ask himself whether, on reflection, he could feel certain that he really knew it. This is the kind of criticism which constitutes philosophy. Some knowledge, such as knowledge of the existence of our sense-data, appears quite indubitable, however calmly and thoroughly we reflect upon it. In regard to such knowledge, philosophical criticism does not require that we should abstain from belief. But there are beliefs--such, for example, as the belief that physical objects exactly resemble our sense-data--which are entertained until we begin to reflect, but are found to melt away when subjected to a close inquiry. Such beliefs philosophy will bid us reject, unless some new line of argument is found to support them. But to reject the beliefs which do not appear open to any objections, however closely we examine them, is not reasonable, and is not what philosophy advocates.

The criticism aimed at, in a word, is not that which, without reason, determines to reject, but that which considers each piece of apparent knowledge on its merits, and retains whatever still appears to be knowledge when this consideration is completed. That some risk of error remains must be admitted, since human beings are fallible. Philosophy may claim justly that it diminishes the risk of error, and that in some cases it renders the risk so small as to be practically negligible. To do more than this is not possible in a world where mistakes must occur; and more than this no prudent advocate of philosophy would claim to have performed.

CHAPTER XV. THE VALUE OF PHILOSOPHY

Having now come to the end of our brief and very incomplete review of the problems of philosophy, it will be well to consider, in conclusion, what is the value of philosophy and why it ought to be studied. It is the more necessary to consider this question, in view of the fact that many men, under the influence of science or of practical affairs, are inclined to doubt whether philosophy is anything better than innocent but useless trifling, hair-splitting distinctions, and controversies on matters concerning which knowledge is impossible.

This view of philosophy appears to result, partly from a wrong conception of the ends of life, partly from a wrong conception of the kind of goods which philosophy strives to achieve. Physical science, through the medium of inventions, is useful to innumerable people who are wholly ignorant of it; thus the study of physical science is to be recommended, not only, or primarily, because of the effect on the student, but rather because of the effect on mankind in general. Thus utility does not belong to philosophy. If the study of philosophy has any value at all for others than students of philosophy, it must be only indirectly, through its effects upon the lives of those who study it. It is in these effects, therefore, if anywhere, that the value of philosophy must be primarily sought.

But further, if we are not to fail in our endeavour to determine the value of philosophy, we must first free our minds from the prejudices of what are wrongly called 'practical' men. The 'practical' man, as this word is often used, is one who recognizes only material needs, who realizes that men must have food for the body, but is oblivious of the necessity of providing food for the mind. If all men were well off, if poverty and disease had been reduced to their lowest possible point, there would still remain much to be done to produce a valuable society; and even in the existing world the goods of the mind are at least as important as the goods of the body. It is exclusively among the goods of the mind that the value of philosophy is to be found; and only those who are not indifferent to these goods can be persuaded that the study of philosophy is not a waste of time.

Philosophy, like all other studies, aims primarily at knowledge. The knowledge it aims at is the kind of knowledge which gives unity and system to the body of the sciences, and the kind which results from a critical examination of the grounds of our convictions, prejudices, and beliefs. But it cannot be maintained that philosophy has had any very great measure of success in its attempts to provide definite answers to its questions. If you ask a mathematician, a mineralogist, a historian, or any other man of learning, what definite body of truths has been ascertained by his science, his answer will last as long as you are willing to listen. But if you put the same question to a philosopher, he will, if he is candid, have to confess that his study has not achieved positive results such as have been achieved by other sciences. It is true that this is partly accounted for by the fact that, as soon as definite knowledge concerning any subject becomes possible, this subject ceases to be called philosophy, and becomes a separate science. The whole study of the heavens, which now belongs to astronomy, was once included in philosophy; Newton's great work was called 'the mathematical principles of natural philosophy'. Similarly, the study of the human mind, which was a part of philosophy, has now been separated from philosophy and has become the science of psychology. Thus, to a great extent, the uncertainty of philosophy is more apparent than real: those questions which are already capable of definite answers are placed in the sciences, while those only to which, at present, no definite answer can be given, remain to form the residue which is called philosophy.

This is, however, only a part of the truth concerning the uncertainty of philosophy. There are many questions--and among them those that are of the profoundest interest to our spiritual life--which, so far as we can see, must remain insoluble to the human

intellect unless its powers become of quite a different order from what they are now. Has the universe any unity of plan or purpose, or is it a fortuitous concourse of atoms? Is consciousness a permanent part of the universe, giving hope of indefinite growth in wisdom, or is it a transitory accident on a small planet on which life must ultimately become impossible? Are good and evil of importance to the universe or only to man? Such questions are asked by philosophy, and variously answered by various philosophers. But it would seem that, whether answers be otherwise discoverable or not, the answers suggested by philosophy are none of them demonstrably true. Yet, however slight may be the hope of discovering an answer, it is part of the business of philosophy to continue the consideration of such questions, to make us aware of their importance, to examine all the approaches to them, and to keep alive that speculative interest in the universe which is apt to be killed by confining ourselves to definitely ascertainable knowledge.

Many philosophers, it is true, have held that philosophy could establish the truth of certain answers to such fundamental questions. They have supposed that what is of most importance in religious beliefs could be proved by strict demonstration to be true. In order to judge of such attempts, it is necessary to take a survey of human knowledge, and to form an opinion as to its methods and its limitations. On such a subject it would be unwise to pronounce dogmatically; but if the investigations of our previous chapters have not led us astray, we shall be compelled to renounce the hope of finding philosophical proofs of religious beliefs. We cannot, therefore, include as part of the value of philosophy any definite set of answers to such questions. Hence, once more, the value of philosophy must not depend upon any supposed body of definitely ascertainable knowledge to be acquired by those who study it.

The value of philosophy is, in fact, to be sought largely in its very uncertainty. The man who has no tincture of philosophy goes through life imprisoned in the prejudices derived from common sense, from the habitual beliefs of his age or his nation, and from convictions which have grown up in his mind without the co-operation or consent of his deliberate reason. To such a man the world tends to become definite, finite, obvious; common objects rouse no questions, and unfamiliar possibilities are contemptuously rejected. As soon as we begin to philosophize, on the contrary, we find, as we saw in our opening chapters, that even the most everyday things lead to problems to which only very incomplete answers can be given. Philosophy, though unable to tell us with certainty what is the true answer to the doubts which it raises, is able to suggest many possibilities which enlarge our thoughts and free them from the tyranny of custom. Thus, while diminishing our feeling of certainty as to what things are, it greatly increases our knowledge as to what they may be; it removes the somewhat arrogant dogmatism of those who have never travelled into the region of liberating doubt, and it keeps alive our sense of wonder by showing familiar things in an unfamiliar aspect.

Apart from its utility in showing unsuspected possibilities, philosophy has a value--perhaps its chief value--through the greatness of the objects which it contemplates, and the freedom from narrow and personal aims resulting from this contemplation. The life of the instinctive man is shut up within the circle of his private interests: family and friends may be included, but the outer world is not regarded except as it may help or hinder what comes within the circle of instinctive wishes. In such a life there is something feverish and confined, in comparison with which the philosophic life is calm and free. The private world of instinctive interests is a small one, set in the midst of a great and powerful world which must, sooner or later, lay our private world in ruins. Unless we can so enlarge our interests as to include the whole outer world, we remain like a garrison in a beleagured fortress, knowing that the enemy prevents escape and that ultimate surrender is inevitable. In such a life there is no peace, but a constant strife between the insistence of desire and the powerlessness of will. In one way or another, if our life is to be great and free, we must escape this prison and this strife.

One way of escape is by philosophic contemplation. Philosophic contemplation does not, in its widest survey, divide the universe into two hostile camps--friends and foes, helpful and hostile, good and bad--it views the whole impartially. Philosophic contemplation, when it is unalloyed, does not aim at proving that the rest of the universe is akin to man. All acquisition of knowledge is an enlargement of the Self, but this enlargement is best attained when it is not directly sought. It is obtained when the desire for knowledge is alone operative, by a study which does not wish in advance that its objects should have this or that character, but adapts the Self to the characters which it finds in its objects. This enlargement of Self is not obtained when, taking the Self as it is, we try to show that the world is so similar to this Self that knowledge of it is possible without any admission of what seems alien. The desire to prove this is a form of self-assertion and, like all self-assertion, it is an obstacle to the growth of Self which it desires, and of which the Self knows that it is capable. Self-assertion, in philosophic speculation as elsewhere, views the world as a means to its own ends; thus it makes the world of less account than Self, and the Self sets bounds to the greatness of its goods. In contemplation, on the contrary, we start from the not-Self, and through its greatness the boundaries of Self are enlarged; through the infinity of the universe the mind which contemplates it achieves some share in infinity.

For this reason greatness of soul is not fostered by those philosophies which assimilate the universe to Man. Knowledge is a form of union of Self and not-Self; like all union, it is impaired by dominion, and therefore by any attempt to force the universe into conformity with what we find in ourselves. There is a widespread philosophical tendency towards the view which tells us that Man is the measure of all things, that truth is man-made, that space and time and the world of universals are properties of the mind, and that, if there be anything not created by the mind, it is unknowable and of no account for us. This view, if our previous discussions were correct, is untrue; but in addition to being untrue, it has the effect of robbing philosophic contemplation of all that gives it value, since it fetters contemplation to Self. What it calls knowledge is not a union with the not-Self, but a set of prejudices, habits, and desires, making an impenetrable veil between us and the world beyond. The man who finds pleasure in such a theory of knowledge is like the man who never leaves the domestic circle for fear his word might not be law.

The true philosophic contemplation, on the contrary, finds its satisfaction in every enlargement of the not-Self, in everything that magnifies the objects contemplated, and thereby the subject contemplating. Everything, in contemplation, that is personal or private, everything that depends upon habit, self-interest, or desire, distorts the object, and hence impairs the union which the intellect seeks. By thus making a barrier between subject and object, such personal and private things become a prison to the intellect. The free intellect will see as God might see, without a _here_ and _now_, without hopes and fears, without the trammels of customary beliefs and traditional prejudices, calmly, dispassionately, in the sole and exclusive desire of knowledge--knowledge as impersonal, as purely contemplative, as it is possible for man to attain. Hence also the free intellect will value more the abstract and universal knowledge into which the accidents of private history do not enter, than the knowledge brought by the senses, and dependent, as such knowledge must be, upon an exclusive and personal point of view and a body whose sense-organs distort as much as they reveal.

The mind which has become accustomed to the freedom and impartiality of philosophic contemplation will preserve something of the same freedom and impartiality in the world of action and emotion. It will view its purposes and desires as parts of the whole, with the absence of insistence that results from seeing them as infinitesimal fragments in a world of which all the rest is unaffected by any one man's deeds. The impartiality which, in contemplation, is the unalloyed desire for truth, is the very same quality of mind which, in action, is justice, and in emotion is that universal love which can be given to all, and not only to those who are judged useful or admirable. Thus contemplation enlarges not only the objects of our thoughts, but also the objects of our actions and our affections: it makes us citizens of the universe, not only of one walled city at war with all the rest. In this citizenship of the universe consists man's true freedom, and his liberation from the thraldom of narrow hopes and fears.

Thus, to sum up our discussion of the value of philosophy; Philosophy is to be studied, not for the sake of any definite answers to its questions, since no definite answers can, as a rule, be known to be true, but rather for the sake of the questions themselves; because these questions enlarge our conception of what is possible, enrich our intellectual imagination and diminish the dogmatic assurance which closes the mind against speculation; but above all because, through the greatness of the universe which philosophy contemplates, the mind also is rendered great, and becomes capable of that union with the universe which constitutes its highest good.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

The student who wishes to acquire an elementary knowledge of philosophy will find it both easier and more profitable to read some of the works of the great philosophers than to attempt to derive an all-round view from handbooks. The following are specially recommended:

Plato: _Republic_, especially Books VI and VII. Descartes: _Meditations_. Spinoza: _Ethics_. Leibniz: _The Monadology_. Berkeley: _Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous_. Hume: _Enquiry concerning Human Understanding_. Kant: _Prolegomena to any Future Metaphysic_.

==========

The Critique of Pure Reason

Immanuel Kant

Project Gutenberg Release: July 01, 2003 · eBook #4280

[Illustration]

The Critique of Pure Reason

By Immanuel Kant

Translated by J. M. D. Meiklejohn

Contents

Preface to the First Edition (1781)

Preface to the Second Edition (1787)

Introduction

I. Of the difference between Pure and Empirical Knowledge

II. The Human Intellect, even in an Unphilosophical State, is in Possession of Certain Cognitions “à priori”.

III. Philosophy stands in need of a Science which shall Determine the Possibility, Principles, and Extent of Human Knowledge “à priori”

IV. Of the Difference Between Analytical and Synthetical Judgements.

V. In all Theoretical Sciences of Reason, Synthetical Judgements “à priori” are contained as Principles.

VI. The Universal Problem of Pure Reason.

VII. Idea and Division of a Particular Science, under the Name of a Critique of Pure Reason.

I. Transcendental Doctrine of Elements

First Part—TRANSCENDENTAL ÆSTHETIC

§ 1. Introductory

SECTION I. OF SPACE

§ 2. Metaphysical Exposition of this Conception.

§ 3. Transcendental Exposition of the Conception of Space.

§ 4. Conclusions from the foregoing Conceptions.

SECTION II. OF TIME

§ 5. Metaphysical Exposition of this Conception.

§ 6. Transcendental Exposition of the Conception of Time.

§ 7. Conclusions from the above Conceptions.

§ 8. Elucidation.

§ 9. General Remarks on Transcendental Æsthetic.

§ 10. Conclusion of the Transcendental Æsthetic.

Second Part—TRANSCENDENTAL LOGIC

Introduction. Idea of a Transcendental Logic

I. Of Logic in General

II. Of Transcendental Logic

III. Of the Division of General Logic into Analytic and Dialectic

IV. Of the Division of Transcendental Logic into Transcendental Analytic and Dialectic

FIRST DIVISION—TRANSCENDENTAL ANALYTIC

BOOK I. Analytic of Conceptions. § 2

Chapter I. Of the Transcendental Clue to the Discovery of all Pure Conceptions of the Understanding

Introductory § 3

Section I. Of the Logical Use of the Understanding in General. § 4

Section II. Of the Logical Function of the Understanding in Judgements. § 5

Section III. Of the Pure Conceptions of the Understanding, or Categories. § 6

Chapter II. Of the Deduction of the Pure Conception of the Understanding

Section I. Of the Principles of a Transcendental Deduction in general § 9

Transition to the Transcendental Deduction of the Categories. § 10

Section II Transcendental Deduction of the pure Conceptions of the Understanding.

Of the Possibility of a Conjunction of the manifold representations given by Sense. § 11.

Of the Originally Synthetical Unity of Apperception. § 12

The Principle of the Synthetical Unity of Apperception is the highest Principle of all exercise of the Understanding. § 13

What Objective Unity of Self-consciousness is. § 14

The Logical Form of all Judgements consists in the Objective Unity of Apperception of the Conceptions contained therein. § 15

All Sensuous Intuitions are subject to the Categories, as Conditions under which alone the manifold Content of them can be united in one Consciousness. § 16

Observation. § 17

In Cognition, its Application to Objects of Experience is the only legitimate use of the Category. § 18

Of the Application of the Categories to Objects of the Senses in general. § 20

Transcendental Deduction of the universally possible employment in experience of the Pure Conceptions of the Understanding. § 22

Result of this Deduction of the Conceptions of the Understanding. § 23

BOOK II. Analytic of Principles

INTRODUCTION. Of the Transcendental Faculty of judgement in General.

TRANSCENDENTAL DOCTRINE OF THE FACULTY OF JUDGEMENT OR, ANALYTIC OF PRINCIPLES.

Chapter I. Of the Schematism at of the Pure Conceptions of the Understanding.

Chapter II. System of all Principles of the Pure Understanding.

Section I. Of the Supreme Principle of all Analytical Judgements.

Section II. Of the Supreme Principle of all Synthetical Judgements.

Section III. Systematic Representation of all Synthetical Principles of the Pure Understanding.

Chapter III Of the Ground of the Division of all Objects into Phenomena and Noumena.

APPENDIX.

SECOND DIVISION—TRANSCENDENTAL LOGIC

TRANSCENDENTAL DIALECTIC. INTRODUCTION.

I. Of Transcendental Illusory Appearance.

II. Of Pure Reason as the Seat of Transcendental Illusory Appearance.

TRANSCENDENTAL DIALECTIC—BOOK I—OF THE CONCEPTIONS OF PURE REASON.

Section I—Of Ideas in General.

Section II. Of Transcendental Ideas.

Section III. System of Transcendental Ideas.

TRANSCENDENTAL DIALECTIC—BOOK II—OF THE DIALECTICAL PROCEDURE OF PURE REASON.

Chapter I. Of the Paralogisms of Pure Reason.

Chapter II. The Antinomy of Pure Reason.

Section I. System of Cosmological Ideas.

Section II. Antithetic of Pure Reason.

Section III. Of the Interest of Reason in these Self-contradictions.

Section IV. Of the necessity imposed upon Pure Reason of presenting a Solution of its Transcendental Problems.

Section V. Sceptical Exposition of the Cosmological Problems presented in the four Transcendental Ideas.

Section VI. Transcendental Idealism as the Key to the Solution of Pure Cosmological Dialectic.

Section VII. Critical Solution of the Cosmological Problem.

Section VIII. Regulative Principle of Pure Reason in relation to the Cosmological Ideas.

Section IX. Of the Empirical Use of the Regulative Principle of Reason with regard to the Cosmological Ideas.

I. Solution of the Cosmological Idea of the Totality of the Composition of Phenomena in the Universe.

II. Solution of the Cosmological Idea of the Totality of the Division of a Whole given in Intuition.

III. Solution of the Cosmological Idea of the Totality of the Deduction of Cosmical Events from their Causes.

IV. Solution of the Cosmological Idea of the Totality of the Dependence of Phenomenal Existences.

Chapter III. The Ideal of Pure Reason.

Section I. Of the Ideal in General.

Section II. Of the Transcendental Ideal (Prototypon Trancendentale).

Section III. Of the Arguments employed by Speculative Reason in Proof of the Existence of a Supreme Being.

Section IV. Of the Impossibility of an Ontological Proof of the Existence of God.

Section V. Of the Impossibility of a Cosmological Proof of the Existence of God.

Section VI. Of the Impossibility of a Physico-Theological Proof.

Section VII. Critique of all Theology based upon Speculative Principles of Reason.

Appendix. Of the Regulative Employment of the Ideas of Pure Reason.

II. Transcendental Doctrine of Method

Chapter I. The Discipline of Pure Reason.

Section I. The Discipline of Pure Reason in the Sphere of Dogmatism.

Section II. The Discipline of Pure Reason in Polemics.

Section III. The Discipline of Pure Reason in Hypothesis.

Section IV. The Discipline of Pure Reason in Relation to Proofs.

Chapter II. The Canon of Pure Reason.

Section I. Of the Ultimate End of the Pure Use of Reason.

Section II. Of the Ideal of the Summum Bonum as a Determining Ground of the Ultimate End of Pure Reason.

Section III. Of Opinion, Knowledge, and Belief.

Chapter III. The Architectonic of Pure Reason.

Chapter IV. The History of Pure Reason.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION 1781

Human reason, in one sphere of its cognition, is called upon to consider questions, which it cannot decline, as they are presented by its own nature, but which it cannot answer, as they transcend every faculty of the mind.

It falls into this difficulty without any fault of its own. It begins with principles, which cannot be dispensed with in the field of experience, and the truth and sufficiency of which are, at the same time, insured by experience. With these principles it rises, in obedience to the laws of its own nature, to ever higher and more remote conditions. But it quickly discovers that, in this way, its labours must remain ever incomplete, because new questions never cease to present themselves; and thus it finds itself compelled to have recourse to principles which transcend the region of experience, while they are regarded by common sense without distrust. It thus falls into confusion and contradictions, from which it conjectures the presence of latent errors, which, however, it is unable to discover, because the principles it employs, transcending the limits of experience, cannot be tested by that criterion. The arena of these endless contests is called _Metaphysic_.

Time was, when she was the _queen_ of all the sciences; and, if we take the will for the deed, she certainly deserves, so far as regards the high importance of her object-matter, this title of honour. Now, it is the fashion of the time to heap contempt and scorn upon her; and the matron mourns, forlorn and forsaken, like Hecuba:

Modo maxima rerum, Tot generis, natisque potens... Nunc trahor exul, inops. —Ovid, Metamorphoses. xiii

At first, her government, under the administration of the _dogmatists_, was an absolute _despotism_. But, as the legislative continued to show traces of the ancient barbaric rule, her empire gradually broke up, and intestine wars introduced the reign of _anarchy;_ while the _sceptics_, like nomadic tribes, who hate a permanent habitation and settled mode of living, attacked from time to time those who had organized themselves into civil communities. But their number was, very happily, small; and thus they could not entirely put a stop to the exertions of those who persisted in raising new edifices, although on no settled or uniform plan. In recent times the hope dawned upon us of seeing those disputes settled, and the legitimacy of her claims established by a kind of _physiology_ of the human understanding—that of the celebrated Locke. But it was found that—although it was affirmed that this so-called queen could not refer her descent to any higher source than that of common experience, a circumstance which necessarily brought suspicion on her claims—as this _genealogy_ was incorrect, she persisted in the advancement of her claims to sovereignty. Thus metaphysics necessarily fell back into the antiquated and rotten constitution of _dogmatism_, and again became obnoxious to the contempt from which efforts had been made to save it. At present, as all methods, according to the general persuasion, have been tried in vain, there reigns nought but weariness and complete _indifferentism_—the mother of chaos and night in the scientific world, but at the same time the source of, or at least the prelude to, the re-creation and reinstallation of a science, when it has fallen into confusion, obscurity, and disuse from ill directed effort.

For it is in reality vain to profess _indifference_ in regard to such inquiries, the object of which cannot be indifferent to humanity. Besides, these pretended _indifferentists_, however much they may try to disguise themselves by the assumption of a popular style and by changes on the language of the schools, unavoidably fall into metaphysical declarations and propositions, which they profess to regard with so much contempt. At the same time, this indifference, which has arisen in the world of science, and which relates to that kind of knowledge which we should wish to see destroyed the last, is a phenomenon that well deserves our attention and reflection. It is plainly not the effect of the levity, but of the matured _judgement_[1] of the age, which refuses to be any longer entertained with illusory knowledge, It is, in fact, a call to reason, again to undertake the most laborious of all tasks—that of self-examination, and to establish a tribunal, which may secure it in its well-grounded claims, while it pronounces against all baseless assumptions and pretensions, not in an arbitrary manner, but according to its own eternal and unchangeable laws. This tribunal is nothing less than the _Critical Investigation of Pure Reason_.

[1] We very often hear complaints of the shallowness of the present age, and of the decay of profound science. But I do not think that those which rest upon a secure foundation, such as mathematics, physical science, etc., in the least deserve this reproach, but that they rather maintain their ancient fame, and in the latter case, indeed, far surpass it. The same would be the case with the other kinds of cognition, if their principles were but firmly established. In the absence of this security, indifference, doubt, and finally, severe criticism are rather signs of a profound habit of thought. Our age is the age of criticism, to which everything must be subjected. The sacredness of religion, and the authority of legislation, are by many regarded as grounds of exemption from the examination of this tribunal. But, if they are exempted, they become the subjects of just suspicion, and cannot lay claim to sincere respect, which reason accords only to that which has stood the test of a free and public examination.

I do not mean by this a criticism of books and systems, but a critical inquiry into the faculty of reason, with reference to the cognitions to which it strives to attain _without the aid of experience;_ in other words, the solution of the question regarding the possibility or impossibility of metaphysics, and the determination of the origin, as well as of the extent and limits of this science. All this must be done on the basis of principles.

This path—the only one now remaining—has been entered upon by me; and I flatter myself that I have, in this way, discovered the cause of—and consequently the mode of removing—all the errors which have hitherto set reason at variance with itself, in the sphere of non-empirical thought. I have not returned an evasive answer to the questions of reason, by alleging the inability and limitation of the faculties of the mind; I have, on the contrary, examined them completely in the light of principles, and, after having discovered the cause of the doubts and contradictions into which reason fell, have solved them to its perfect satisfaction. It is true, these questions have not been solved as dogmatism, in its vain fancies and desires, had expected; for it can only be satisfied by the exercise of magical arts, and of these I have no knowledge. But neither do these come within the compass of our mental powers; and it was the duty of philosophy to destroy the illusions which had their origin in misconceptions, whatever darling hopes

and valued expectations may be ruined by its explanations. My chief aim in this work has been thoroughness; and I make bold to say that there is not a single metaphysical problem that does not find its solution, or at least the key to its solution, here. Pure reason is a perfect unity; and therefore, if the principle presented by it prove to be insufficient for the solution of even a single one of those questions to which the very nature of reason gives birth, we must reject it, as we could not be perfectly certain of its sufficiency in the case of the others.

While I say this, I think I see upon the countenance of the reader signs of dissatisfaction mingled with contempt, when he hears declarations which sound so boastful and extravagant; and yet they are beyond comparison more moderate than those advanced by the commonest author of the commonest philosophical programme, in which the dogmatist professes to demonstrate the simple nature of the soul, or the necessity of a primal being. Such a dogmatist promises to extend human knowledge beyond the limits of possible experience; while I humbly confess that this is completely beyond my power. Instead of any such attempt, I confine myself to the examination of reason alone and its pure thought; and I do not need to seek far for the sum-total of its cognition, because it has its seat in my own mind. Besides, common logic presents me with a complete and systematic catalogue of all the simple operations of reason; and it is my task to answer the question how far reason can go, without the material presented and the aid furnished by experience.

So much for the completeness and thoroughness necessary in the execution of the present task. The aims set before us are not arbitrarily proposed, but are imposed upon us by the nature of cognition itself.

The above remarks relate to the _matter_ of our critical inquiry. As regards the _form_, there are two indispensable conditions, which any one who undertakes so difficult a task as that of a critique of pure reason, is bound to fulfil. These conditions are _certitude_ and _clearness_.

As regards _certitude_, I have fully convinced myself that, in this sphere of thought, _opinion_ is perfectly inadmissible, and that everything which bears the least semblance of an hypothesis must be excluded, as of no value in such discussions. For it is a necessary condition of every cognition that is to be established upon _à priori_ grounds that it shall be held to be absolutely necessary; much more is this the case with an attempt to determine all pure _à priori_ cognition, and to furnish the standard—and consequently an example—of all apodeictic (philosophical) certitude. Whether I have succeeded in what I professed to do, it is for the reader to determine; it is the author's business merely to adduce grounds and reasons, without determining what influence these ought to have on the mind of his judges. But, lest anything he may have said may become the innocent cause of doubt in their minds, or tend to weaken the effect which his arguments might otherwise produce—he may be allowed to point out those passages which may occasion mistrust or difficulty, although these do not concern the main purpose of the present work. He does this solely with the view of removing from the mind of the reader any doubts which might affect his judgement of the work as a whole, and in regard to its ultimate aim.

I know no investigations more necessary for a full insight into the nature of the faculty which we call _understanding_, and at the same time for the determination of the rules and limits of its use, than those undertaken in the second chapter of the "Transcendental Analytic," under the title of _Deduction of the Pure Conceptions of the Understanding;_ and they have also cost me by far the greatest labour—labour which, I hope, will not remain uncompensated. The view there taken, which goes somewhat deeply into the subject, has two sides. The one relates to the objects of the pure understanding, and is intended to demonstrate and to render comprehensible the objective validity of its _à priori_ conceptions; and it forms for this reason an essential part of the Critique. The other considers the pure understanding itself, its possibility and its powers of cognition—that is, from a subjective point of view; and, although this exposition is of great importance, it does not belong essentially to the main purpose of the work, because the grand question is what and how much can reason and understanding, apart from experience, cognize, and not, how is the _faculty of thought_ itself possible? As the latter is an inquiry into the cause of a given effect, and has thus in it some semblance of an hypothesis (although, as I shall show on another occasion, this is really not the fact), it would seem that, in the present instance, I had allowed myself to enounce a mere _opinion_, and that the reader must therefore be at liberty to hold a different _opinion_. But I beg to remind him that, if my subjective deduction does not produce in his mind the conviction of its certitude at which I aimed, the objective deduction, with which alone the present work is properly concerned, is in every respect satisfactory.

As regards _clearness_, the reader has a right to demand, in the first place, _discursive_ or logical clearness, that is, on the basis of conceptions, and, secondly, _intuitive_ or æsthetic clearness, by means of intuitions, that is, by examples or other modes of illustration _in concreto_. I have done what I could for the first kind of intelligibility. This was essential to my purpose; and it thus

became the accidental cause of my inability to do complete justice to the second requirement. I have been almost always at a loss, during the progress of this work, how to settle this question. Examples and illustrations always appeared to me necessary, and, in the first sketch of the Critique, naturally fell into their proper places. But I very soon became aware of the magnitude of my task, and the numerous problems with which I should be engaged; and, as I perceived that this critical investigation would, even if delivered in the driest _scholastic_ manner, be far from being brief, I found it unadvisable to enlarge it still more with examples and explanations, which are necessary only from a _popular_ point of view. I was induced to take this course from the consideration also that the present work is not intended for popular use, that those devoted to science do not require such helps, although they are always acceptable, and that they would have materially interfered with my present purpose. Abbé Terrasson remarks with great justice that, if we estimate the size of a work, not from the number of its pages, but from the time which we require to make ourselves master of it, it may be said of many a book—_that it would be much shorter, if it were not so short_. On the other hand, as regards the comprehensibility of a system of speculative cognition, connected under a single principle, we may say with equal justice: many a book would have been much clearer, if it had not been intended to be so very clear. For explanations and examples, and other helps to intelligibility, aid us in the comprehension of _parts_, but they distract the attention, dissipate the mental power of the reader, and stand in the way of his forming a clear conception of the _whole;_ as he cannot attain soon enough to a survey of the system, and the colouring and embellishments bestowed upon it prevent his observing its articulation or organization—which is the most important consideration with him, when he comes to judge of its unity and stability.

The reader must naturally have a strong inducement to co-operate with the present author, if he has formed the intention of erecting a complete and solid edifice of metaphysical science, according to the plan now laid before him. Metaphysics, as here represented, is the only science which admits of completion—and with little labour, if it is united, in a short time; so that nothing will be left to future generations except the task of illustrating and applying it _didactically_. For this science is nothing more than the inventory of all that is given us by _pure reason_, systematically arranged. Nothing can escape our notice; for what reason produces from itself cannot lie concealed, but must be brought to the light by reason itself, so soon as we have discovered the common principle of the ideas we seek. The perfect unity of this kind of cognitions, which are based upon pure conceptions, and uninfluenced by any empirical element, or any peculiar intuition leading to determinate experience, renders this completeness not only practicable, but also necessary.

Tecum habita, et nôris quam sit tibi curta supellex. —Persius. Satirae iv. 52.

Such a system of pure speculative reason I hope to be able to publish under the title of _Metaphysic of Nature_[2]. The content of this work (which will not be half so long) will be very much richer than that of the present Critique, which has to discover the sources of this cognition and expose the conditions of its possibility, and at the same time to clear and level a fit foundation for the scientific edifice. In the present work, I look for the patient hearing and the impartiality of a _judge;_ in the other, for the good-will and assistance of a _co-labourer_. For, however complete the list of _principles_ for this system may be in the Critique, the correctness of the system requires that no _deduced_ conceptions should be absent. These cannot be presented _à priori_, but must be gradually discovered; and, while the _synthesis_ of conceptions has been fully exhausted in the Critique, it is necessary that, in the proposed work, the same should be the case with their _analysis_. But this will be rather an amusement than a labour.

[2] In contradistinction to the Metaphysic of Ethics. This work was never published.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION 1787

Whether the treatment of that portion of our knowledge which lies within the province of pure reason advances with that undeviating certainty which characterizes the progress of _science_, we shall be at no loss to determine. If we find those who are engaged in metaphysical pursuits, unable to come to an understanding as to the method which they ought to follow; if we find them, after the most elaborate preparations, invariably brought to a stand before the goal is reached, and compelled to retrace their steps and strike into fresh paths, we may then feel quite sure that they are far from having attained to the certainty of scientific progress and may rather be said to be merely groping about in the dark. In these circumstances we shall render an important service to reason if we succeed in simply indicating the path along which it must travel, in order to arrive at any results—even if it should be found necessary to abandon many of those aims which, without reflection, have been proposed for its attainment.

That _Logic_ has advanced in this sure course, even from the earliest times, is apparent from the fact that, since Aristotle, it has been unable to advance a step and, thus, to all appearance has reached its completion. For, if some of the moderns have thought to enlarge its domain by introducing _psychological_ discussions on the mental faculties, such as imagination and wit,

metaphysical, discussions on the origin of knowledge and the different kinds of certitude, according to the difference of the objects (idealism, scepticism, and so on), or _anthropological_ discussions on prejudices, their causes and remedies: this attempt, on the part of these authors, only shows their ignorance of the peculiar nature of logical science. We do not enlarge but disfigure the sciences when we lose sight of their respective limits and allow them to run into one another. Now logic is enclosed within limits which admit of perfectly clear definition; it is a science which has for its object nothing but the exposition and proof of the _formal_ laws of all thought, whether it be _à priori_ or empirical, whatever be its origin or its object, and whatever the difficulties—natural or accidental—which it encounters in the human mind.

The early success of logic must be attributed exclusively to the narrowness of its field, in which abstraction may, or rather must, be made of all the objects of cognition with their characteristic distinctions, and in which the understanding has only to deal with itself and with its own forms. It is, obviously, a much more difficult task for reason to strike into the sure path of science, where it has to deal not simply with itself, but with objects external to itself. Hence, logic is properly only a _propædeutic_—forms, as it were, the vestibule of the sciences; and while it is necessary to enable us to form a correct judgement with regard to the various branches of knowledge, still the acquisition of real, substantive knowledge is to be sought only in the sciences properly so called, that is, in the objective sciences.

Now these sciences, if they can be termed rational at all, must contain elements of _à priori_ cognition, and this cognition may stand in a twofold relation to its object. Either it may have to _determine_ the conception of the object—which must be supplied extraneously, or it may have to _establish its reality_. The former is _theoretical_, the latter _practical_, rational cognition. In both, the _pure_ or _à priori_ element must be treated first, and must be carefully distinguished from that which is supplied from other sources. Any other method can only lead to irremediable confusion.

Mathematics and _physics_ are the two theoretical sciences which have to determine their objects _à priori_. The former is purely _à priori_, the latter is partially so, but is also dependent on other sources of cognition.

In the earliest times of which history affords us any record, _mathematics_ had already entered on the sure course of science, among that wonderful nation, the Greeks. Still it is not to be supposed that it was as easy for this science to strike into, or rather to construct for itself, that royal road, as it was for logic, in which reason has only to deal with itself. On the contrary, I believe that it must have remained long—chiefly among the Egyptians—in the stage of blind groping after its true aims and destination, and that it was revolutionized by the happy idea of one man, who struck out and determined for all time the path which this science must follow, and which admits of an indefinite advancement. The history of this intellectual revolution—much more important in its results than the discovery of the passage round the celebrated Cape of Good Hope—and of its author, has not been preserved. But Diogenes Laertius, in naming the supposed discoverer of some of the simplest elements of geometrical demonstration—elements which, according to the ordinary opinion, do not even require to be proved—makes it apparent that the change introduced by the first indication of this new path, must have seemed of the utmost importance to the mathematicians of that age, and it has thus been secured against the chance of oblivion. A new light must have flashed on the mind of the first man (_Thales_, or whatever may have been his name) who demonstrated the properties of the _isosceles_ triangle. For he found that it was not sufficient to meditate on the figure, as it lay before his eyes, or the conception of it, as it existed in his mind, and thus endeavour to get at the knowledge of its properties, but that it was necessary to produce these properties, as it were, by a positive _à priori construction;_ and that, in order to arrive with certainty at _à priori_ cognition, he must not attribute to the object any other properties than those which necessarily followed from that which he had himself, in accordance with his conception, placed in the object.

A much longer period elapsed before _Physics_ entered on the highway of science. For it is only about a century and a half since the wise BACON gave a new direction to physical studies, or rather—as others were already on the right track—imparted fresh vigour to the pursuit of this new direction. Here, too, as in the case of mathematics, we find evidence of a rapid intellectual revolution. In the remarks which follow I shall confine myself to the _empirical_ side of natural science.

When GALILEI experimented with balls of a definite weight on the inclined plane, when TORRICELLI caused the air to sustain a weight which he had calculated beforehand to be equal to that of a definite column of water, or when STAHL, at a later period, converted metals into lime, and reconverted lime into metal, by the addition and subtraction of certain elements;[3] a light broke upon all natural philosophers. They learned that reason only perceives that which it produces after its own design; that it must not be content to follow, as it were, in the leading-strings of nature, but must proceed in advance with principles of judgement according to unvarying laws, and compel nature to reply its questions. For accidental observations, made according to no preconceived plan, cannot be united under a necessary law. But it is this that reason seeks for and requires. It is only the principles of reason which

can give to concordant phenomena the validity of laws, and it is only when experiment is directed by these rational principles that it can have any real utility. Reason must approach nature with the view, indeed, of receiving information from it, not, however, in the character of a pupil, who listens to all that his master chooses to tell him, but in that of a judge, who compels the witnesses to reply to those questions which he himself thinks fit to propose. To this single idea must the revolution be ascribed, by which, after groping in the dark for so many centuries, natural science was at length conducted into the path of certain progress.

[3] I do not here follow with exactness the history of the experimental method, of which, indeed, the first steps are involved in some obscurity.

We come now to _metaphysics_, a purely speculative science, which occupies a completely isolated position and is entirely independent of the teachings of experience. It deals with mere conceptions—not, like mathematics, with conceptions applied to intuition—and in it, reason is the pupil of itself alone. It is the oldest of the sciences, and would still survive, even if all the rest were swallowed up in the abyss of an all-destroying barbarism. But it has not yet had the good fortune to attain to the sure scientific method. This will be apparent; if we apply the tests which we proposed at the outset. We find that reason perpetually comes to a stand, when it attempts to gain _à priori_ the perception even of those laws which the most common experience confirms. We find it compelled to retrace its steps in innumerable instances, and to abandon the path on which it had entered, because this does not lead to the desired result. We find, too, that those who are engaged in metaphysical pursuits are far from being able to agree among themselves, but that, on the contrary, this science appears to furnish an arena specially adapted for the display of skill or the exercise of strength in mock-contests—a field in which no combatant ever yet succeeded in gaining an inch of ground, in which, at least, no victory was ever yet crowned with permanent possession.

This leads us to inquire why it is that, in metaphysics, the sure path of science has not hitherto been found. Shall we suppose that it is impossible to discover it? Why then should nature have visited our reason with restless aspirations after it, as if it were one of our weightiest concerns? Nay, more, how little cause should we have to place confidence in our reason, if it abandons us in a matter about which, most of all, we desire to know the truth—and not only so, but even allures us to the pursuit of vain phantoms, only to betray us in the end? Or, if the path has only hitherto been missed, what indications do we possess to guide us in a renewed investigation, and to enable us to hope for greater success than has fallen to the lot of our predecessors?

It appears to me that the examples of mathematics and natural philosophy, which, as we have seen, were brought into their present condition by a sudden revolution, are sufficiently remarkable to fix our attention on the essential circumstances of the change which has proved so advantageous to them, and to induce us to make the experiment of imitating them, so far as the analogy which, as rational sciences, they bear to metaphysics may permit. It has hitherto been assumed that our cognition must conform to the objects; but all attempts to ascertain anything about these objects _à priori_, by means of conceptions, and thus to extend the range of our knowledge, have been rendered abortive by this assumption. Let us then make the experiment whether we may not be more successful in metaphysics, if we assume that the objects must conform to our cognition. This appears, at all events, to accord better with the _possibility_ of our gaining the end we have in view, that is to say, of arriving at the cognition of objects _à priori_, of determining something with respect to these objects, before they are given to us. We here propose to do just what COPERNICUS did in attempting to explain the celestial movements. When he found that he could make no progress by assuming that all the heavenly bodies revolved round the spectator, he reversed the process, and tried the experiment of assuming that the spectator revolved, while the stars remained at rest. We may make the same experiment with regard to the intuition of objects. If the intuition must conform to the nature of the objects, I do not see how we can know anything of them _à priori_. If, on the other hand, the object conforms to the nature of our faculty of intuition, I can then easily conceive the possibility of such an _à priori_ knowledge. Now as I cannot rest in the mere intuitions, but—if they are to become cognitions—must refer them, as _representations_, to something, as _object_, and must determine the latter by means of the former, here again there are two courses open to me. _Either_, first, I may assume that the conceptions, by which I effect this determination, conform to the object—and in this case I am reduced to the same perplexity as before; _or_ secondly, I may assume that the objects, or, which is the same thing, that _experience_, in which alone as given objects they are cognized, conform to my conceptions—and then I am at no loss how to proceed. For experience itself is a mode of cognition which requires understanding. Before objects, are given to me, that is, _à priori_, I must presuppose in myself laws of the understanding which are expressed in conceptions _à priori_. To these conceptions, then, all the objects of experience must necessarily conform. Now there are objects which reason _thinks_, and that necessarily, but which cannot be given in experience, or, at least, cannot be given _so_ as reason thinks them. The attempt to think these objects will hereafter furnish an excellent test of the new method of thought which we have adopted, and which is based on the principle that we only cognize in things _à priori_ that which we ourselves place in them.[4]

[4] This method, accordingly, which we have borrowed from the natural philosopher, consists in seeking for the elements of pure reason in that _which admits of confirmation or refutation by experiment_. Now the propositions of pure reason, especially when they transcend the limits of possible experience, do not admit of our making any experiment with their _objects_, as in natural science. Hence, with regard to those _conceptions_ and _principles_ which we assume _à priori_, our only course will be to view them from two different sides. We must regard one and the same conception, _on the one hand_, in relation to experience as an object of the senses and of the understanding, _on the other hand_, in relation to reason, isolated and transcending the limits of experience, as an object of mere thought. Now if we find that, when we regard things from this double point of view, the result is in harmony with the principle of pure reason, but that, when we regard them from a single point of view, reason is involved in self-contradiction, then the experiment will establish the correctness of this distinction.

This attempt succeeds as well as we could desire, and promises to metaphysics, in its first part—that is, where it is occupied with conceptions _à priori_, of which the corresponding objects may be given in experience—the certain course of science. For by this new method we are enabled perfectly to explain the possibility of _à priori_ cognition, and, what is more, to demonstrate satisfactorily the laws which lie _à priori_ at the foundation of nature, as the sum of the objects of experience—neither of which was possible according to the procedure hitherto followed. But from this deduction of the faculty of _à priori_ cognition in the first part of metaphysics, we derive a surprising result, and one which, to all appearance, militates against the great end of metaphysics, as treated in the second part. For we come to the conclusion that our faculty of cognition is unable to transcend the limits of possible experience; and yet this is precisely the most essential object of this science. The estimate of our rational cognition _à priori_ at which we arrive is that it has only to do with phenomena, and that things in themselves, while possessing a real existence, lie beyond its sphere. Here we are enabled to put the justice of this estimate to the test. For that which of necessity impels us to transcend the limits of experience and of all phenomena is the _unconditioned_, which reason absolutely requires in things as they are in themselves, in order to complete the series of conditions. Now, if it appears that when, on the one hand, we assume that our cognition conforms to its objects as things in themselves, _the unconditioned cannot be thought without contradiction_, and that when, on the other hand, we assume that our representation of things as they are given to us, does not conform to these things as they are in themselves, but that these objects, as phenomena, conform to our mode of representation, _the contradiction disappears:_ we shall then be convinced of the truth of that which we began by assuming for the sake of experiment; we may look upon it as established that the unconditioned does not lie in things as we know them, or as they are given to us, but in things as they are in themselves, beyond the range of our cognition.[5]

[5] This experiment of pure reason has a great similarity to that of the _Chemists_, which they term the experiment of _reduction_, or, more usually, the _synthetic_ process. The _analysis_ of the metaphysician separates pure cognition _à priori_ into two heterogeneous elements, viz., the cognition of things as phenomena, and of things in themselves. _Dialectic_ combines these again into harmony with the necessary rational idea of the unconditioned, and finds that this harmony never results except through the above distinction, which is, therefore, concluded to be just.

But, after we have thus denied the power of speculative reason to make any progress in the sphere of the supersensible, it still remains for our consideration whether data do not exist in _practical_ cognition which may enable us to determine the transcendent conception of the unconditioned, to rise beyond the limits of all possible experience from a _practical_ point of view, and thus to satisfy the great ends of metaphysics. Speculative reason has thus, at least, made room for such an extension of our knowledge: and, if it must leave this space vacant, still it does not rob us of the liberty to fill it up, if we can, by means of practical data—nay, it even challenges us to make the attempt.[6]

[6] So the central laws of the movements of the heavenly bodies established the truth of that which Copernicus, first, assumed only as a hypothesis, and, at the same time, brought to light that invisible force (Newtonian attraction) which holds the universe together. The latter would have remained forever undiscovered, if Copernicus had not ventured on the experiment—contrary to the senses but still just—of looking for the observed movements not in the heavenly bodies, but in the spectator. In this Preface I treat the new metaphysical method as a hypothesis with the view of rendering apparent the first attempts at such a change of method, which are always hypothetical. But in the Critique itself it will be demonstrated, not hypothetically, but apodeictically, from the nature of our representations of space and time, and from the elementary conceptions of the understanding.

This attempt to introduce a complete revolution in the procedure of metaphysics, after the _example_ of the geometricians and natural philosophers, constitutes the aim of the Critique of Pure Speculative Reason. It is a treatise on the method to be followed, not a system of the science itself. But, at the same time, it marks out and defines both the external boundaries and the internal

structure of this science. For pure speculative reason has this peculiarity, that, in choosing the various objects of thought, it is able to define the limits of its own faculties, and even to give a complete enumeration of the possible modes of proposing problems to itself, and thus to sketch out the entire system of metaphysics. For, on the one hand, in cognition _à priori_, nothing must be attributed to the objects but what the thinking subject derives from itself; and, on the other hand, reason is, in regard to the principles of cognition, a perfectly distinct, independent unity, in which, as in an organized body, every member exists for the sake of the others, and all for the sake of each, so that no principle can be viewed, with safety, in one relationship, unless it is, at the same time, viewed in relation to the total use of pure reason. Hence, too, metaphysics has this singular advantage—an advantage which falls to the lot of no other science which has to do with _objects_—that, if once it is conducted into the sure path of science, by means of this criticism, it can then take in the whole sphere of its cognitions, and can thus complete its work, and leave it for the use of posterity, as a capital which can never receive fresh accessions. For metaphysics has to deal only with principles and with the limitations of its own employment as determined by these principles. To this perfection it is, therefore, bound, as the fundamental science, to attain, and to it the maxim may justly be applied:

Nil actum reputans, si quid superesset agendum.

But, it will be asked, what kind of a treasure is this that we propose to bequeath to posterity? What is the real value of this system of metaphysics, purified by criticism, and thereby reduced to a permanent condition? A cursory view of the present work will lead to the supposition that its use is merely _negative_, that it only serves to warn us against venturing, with speculative reason, beyond the limits of experience. This is, in fact, its primary use. But this, at once, assumes a _positive_ value, when we observe that the principles with which speculative reason endeavours to transcend its limits lead inevitably, not to the _extension_, but to the _contraction_ of the use of reason, inasmuch as they threaten to extend the limits of sensibility, which is their proper sphere, over the entire realm of thought and, thus, to supplant the pure (practical) use of reason. So far, then, as this criticism is occupied in confining speculative reason within its proper bounds, it is only negative; but, inasmuch as it thereby, at the same time, removes an obstacle which impedes and even threatens to destroy the use of practical reason, it possesses a positive and very important value. In order to admit this, we have only to be convinced that there is an absolutely necessary use of pure reason—the moral use—in which it inevitably transcends the limits of sensibility, without the aid of speculation, requiring only to be insured against the effects of a speculation which would involve it in contradiction with itself. To deny the positive advantage of the service which this criticism renders us would be as absurd as to maintain that the system of police is productive of no positive benefit, since its main business is to prevent the violence which citizen has to apprehend from citizen, that so each may pursue his vocation in peace and security. That space and time are only forms of sensible intuition, and hence are only conditions of the existence of things as phenomena; that, moreover, we have no conceptions of the understanding, and, consequently, no elements for the cognition of things, except in so far as a corresponding intuition can be given to these conceptions; that, accordingly, we can have no cognition of an object, as a thing in itself, but only as an object of sensible intuition, that is, as phenomenon—all this is proved in the analytical part of the Critique; and from this the limitation of all possible speculative cognition to the mere objects of _experience_, follows as a necessary result. At the same time, it must be carefully borne in mind that, while we surrender the power of _cognizing_, we still reserve the power of _thinking_ objects, as things in themselves.[7] For, otherwise, we should require to affirm the existence of an appearance, without something that appears—which would be absurd. Now let us suppose, for a moment, that we had not undertaken this criticism and, accordingly, had not drawn the necessary distinction between things as objects of experience and things as they are in themselves. The principle of causality, and, by consequence, the mechanism of nature as determined by causality, would then have absolute validity in relation to all things as efficient causes. I should then be unable to assert, with regard to one and the same being, e.g., the human soul, that its will is _free_, and yet, at the same time, subject to natural necessity, that is, _not free_, without falling into a palpable contradiction, for in both propositions I should take the soul in _the same signification_, as a thing in general, as a thing in itself—as, without previous criticism, I could not but take it. Suppose now, on the other hand, that we _have_ undertaken this criticism, and have learnt that an object may be taken in _two senses_, first, as a phenomenon, secondly, as a thing in itself; and that, according to the deduction of the conceptions of the understanding, the principle of causality has reference only to things in the first sense. We then see how it does not involve any contradiction to assert, on the one hand, that the will, in the phenomenal sphere—in visible action—is necessarily obedient to the law of nature, and, in so far, _not free;_ and, on the other hand, that, as belonging to a thing in itself, it is not subject to that law, and, accordingly, is _free_. Now, it is true that I cannot, by means of speculative reason, and still less by empirical observation, _cognize_ my soul as a thing in itself and consequently, cannot cognize liberty as the property of a being to which I ascribe effects in the world of sense. For, to do so, I must cognize this being as existing, and yet not in time, which—since I cannot support my conception by any intuition—is impossible. At the same time, while I cannot _cognize_, I can quite well _think_ freedom, that is to say, my

representation of it involves at least no contradiction, if we bear in mind the critical distinction of the two modes of representation (the sensible and the intellectual) and the consequent limitation of the conceptions of the pure understanding and of the principles which flow from them. Suppose now that morality necessarily presupposed liberty, in the strictest sense, as a property of our will; suppose that reason contained certain practical, original principles _à priori_, which were absolutely impossible without this presupposition; and suppose, at the same time, that speculative reason had proved that liberty was incapable of being thought at all. It would then follow that the moral presupposition must give way to the speculative affirmation, the opposite of which involves an obvious contradiction, and that _liberty_ and, with it, morality must yield to the _mechanism of nature;_ for the negation of morality involves no contradiction, except on the presupposition of liberty. Now morality does not require the speculative cognition of liberty; it is enough that I can think it, that its conception involves no contradiction, that it does not interfere with the mechanism of nature. But even this requirement we could not satisfy, if we had not learnt the twofold sense in which things may be taken; and it is only in this way that the doctrine of morality and the doctrine of nature are confined within their proper limits. For this result, then, we are indebted to a criticism which warns us of our unavoidable ignorance with regard to things in themselves, and establishes the necessary limitation of our theoretical _cognition_ to mere phenomena.

[7] In order to _cognize_ an object, I must be able to prove its possibility, either from its reality as attested by experience, or _à priori_, by means of reason. But I can _think_ what I please, provided only I do not contradict myself; that is, provided my conception is a possible thought, though I may be unable to answer for the existence of a corresponding object in the sum of possibilities. But something more is required before I can attribute to such a conception objective validity, that is real possibility—the other possibility being merely logical. We are not, however, confined to theoretical sources of cognition for the means of satisfying this additional requirement, but may derive them from practical sources.

The positive value of the critical principles of pure reason in relation to the conception of _God_ and of the _simple nature_ of the _soul_, admits of a similar exemplification; but on this point I shall not dwell. I cannot even make the assumption—as the practical interests of morality require—of God, freedom, and immortality, if I do not deprive speculative reason of its pretensions to transcendent insight. For to arrive at these, it must make use of principles which, in fact, extend only to the objects of possible experience, and which cannot be applied to objects beyond this sphere without converting them into phenomena, and thus rendering the _practical extension_ of pure reason impossible. I must, therefore, abolish _knowledge_, to make room for _belief_. The dogmatism of metaphysics, that is, the presumption that it is possible to advance in metaphysics without previous criticism, is the true source of the unbelief (always dogmatic) which militates against morality.

Thus, while it may be no very difficult task to bequeath a legacy to posterity, in the shape of a system of metaphysics constructed in accordance with the Critique of Pure Reason, still the value of such a bequest is not to be depreciated. It will render an important service to reason, by substituting the certainty of scientific method for that random groping after results without the guidance of principles, which has hitherto characterized the pursuit of metaphysical studies. It will render an important service to the inquiring mind of youth, by leading the student to apply his powers to the cultivation of genuine science, instead of wasting them, as at present, on speculations which can never lead to any result, or on the idle attempt to invent new ideas and opinions. But, above all, it will confer an inestimable benefit on morality and religion, by showing that all the objections urged against them may be silenced for ever by the _Socratic_ method, that is to say, by proving the ignorance of the objector. For, as the world has never been, and, no doubt, never will be without a system of metaphysics of one kind or another, it is the highest and weightiest concern of philosophy to render it powerless for harm, by closing up the sources of error.

This important change in the field of the sciences, this loss of its fancied possessions, to which speculative reason must submit, does not prove in any way detrimental to the general interests of humanity. The advantages which the world has derived from the teachings of pure reason are not at all impaired. The loss falls, in its whole extent, on the _monopoly of the schools_, but does not in the slightest degree touch the _interests of mankind_. I appeal to the most obstinate dogmatist, whether the proof of the continued existence of the soul after death, derived from the simplicity of its substance; of the freedom of the will in opposition to the general mechanism of nature, drawn from the subtle but impotent distinction of subjective and objective practical necessity; or of the existence of God, deduced from the conception of an _ens realissimum_—the contingency of the changeable, and the necessity of a prime mover, has ever been able to pass beyond the limits of the schools, to penetrate the public mind, or to exercise the slightest influence on its convictions. It must be admitted that this has not been the case and that, owing to the unfitness of the common understanding for such subtle speculations, it can never be expected to take place. On the contrary, it is plain that _the hope of a future life_ arises from the feeling, which exists in the breast of every man, that the temporal is inadequate to meet and satisfy the demands of his nature. In like manner, it cannot be doubted that the clear exhibition of duties in opposition to all the

claims of inclination, gives rise to the consciousness of _freedom_, and that the glorious order, beauty, and providential care, everywhere displayed in nature, give rise to the belief in a wise and great Author of the Universe. Such is the genesis of these general convictions of mankind, so far as they depend on rational grounds; and this public property not only remains undisturbed, but is even raised to greater importance, by the doctrine that the schools have no right to arrogate to themselves a more profound insight into a matter of general human concernment than that to which the great mass of men, ever held by us in the highest estimation, can without difficulty attain, and that the schools should, therefore, confine themselves to the elaboration of these universally comprehensible and, from a moral point of view, amply satisfactory proofs. The change, therefore, affects only the arrogant pretensions of the schools, which would gladly retain, in their own exclusive possession, the key to the truths which they impart to the public.

Quod mecum nescit, solus vult scire videri.

At the same time it does not deprive the speculative philosopher of his just title to be the sole depositor of a science which benefits the public without its knowledge—I mean, the Critique of Pure Reason. This can never become popular and, indeed, has no occasion to be so; for finespun arguments in favour of useful truths make just as little impression on the public mind as the equally subtle objections brought against these truths. On the other hand, since both inevitably force themselves on every man who rises to the height of speculation, it becomes the manifest duty of the schools to enter upon a thorough investigation of the rights of speculative reason and, thus, to prevent the scandal which metaphysical controversies are sure, sooner or later, to cause even to the masses. It is only by criticism that metaphysicians (and, as such, theologians too) can be saved from these controversies and from the consequent perversion of their doctrines. Criticism alone can strike a blow at the root of materialism, fatalism, atheism, free-thinking, fanaticism, and superstition, which are universally injurious—as well as of idealism and scepticism, which are dangerous to the schools, but can scarcely pass over to the public. If governments think proper to interfere with the affairs of the learned, it would be more consistent with a wise regard for the interests of science, as well as for those of society, to favour a criticism of this kind, by which alone the labours of reason can be established on a firm basis, than to support the ridiculous despotism of the schools, which raise a loud cry of danger to the public over the destruction of cobwebs, of which the public has never taken any notice, and the loss of which, therefore, it can never feel.

This critical science is not opposed to the _dogmatic procedure_ of reason in pure cognition; for pure cognition must always be dogmatic, that is, must rest on strict demonstration from sure principles _à priori_—but to _dogmatism_, that is, to the presumption that it is possible to make any progress with a pure cognition, derived from (philosophical) conceptions, according to the principles which reason has long been in the habit of employing—without first inquiring in what way and by what right reason has come into the possession of these principles. Dogmatism is thus the dogmatic procedure of pure reason _without previous criticism of its own powers_, and in opposing this procedure, we must not be supposed to lend any countenance to that loquacious shallowness which arrogates to itself the name of popularity, nor yet to scepticism, which makes short work with the whole science of metaphysics. On the contrary, our criticism is the necessary preparation for a thoroughly scientific system of metaphysics which must perform its task entirely _à priori_, to the complete satisfaction of speculative reason, and must, therefore, be treated, not popularly, but scholastically. In carrying out the plan which the Critique prescribes, that is, in the future system of metaphysics, we must have recourse to the strict method of the celebrated WOLF, the greatest of all dogmatic philosophers. He was the first to point out the necessity of establishing fixed principles, of clearly defining our conceptions, and of subjecting our demonstrations to the most severe scrutiny, instead of rashly jumping at conclusions. The example which he set served to awaken that spirit of profound and thorough investigation which is not yet extinct in Germany. He would have been peculiarly well fitted to give a truly scientific character to metaphysical studies, had it occurred to him to prepare the field by a criticism of the _organum_, that is, of pure reason itself. That he failed to perceive the necessity of such a procedure must be ascribed to the dogmatic mode of thought which characterized his age, and on this point the philosophers of his time, as well as of all previous times, have nothing to reproach each other with. Those who reject at once the method of Wolf, and of the Critique of Pure Reason, can have no other aim but to shake off the fetters of _science_, to change labour into sport, certainty into opinion, and philosophy into philodoxy.

In this _second edition_, I have endeavoured, as far as possible, to remove the difficulties and obscurity which, without fault of mine perhaps, have given rise to many misconceptions even among acute thinkers. In the propositions themselves, and in the demonstrations by which they are supported, as well as in the form and the entire plan of the work, I have found nothing to alter; which must be attributed partly to the long examination to which I had subjected the whole before offering it to the public and partly to the nature of the case. For pure speculative reason is an organic structure in which there is nothing isolated or independent, but every Single part is essential to all the rest; and hence, the slightest imperfection, whether defect or positive error, could not fail to

betray itself in use. I venture, further, to hope, that this system will maintain the same unalterable character for the future. I am led to entertain this confidence, not by vanity, but by the evidence which the equality of the result affords, when we proceed, first, from the simplest elements up to the complete whole of pure reason and, and then, backwards from the whole to each part. We find that the attempt to make the slightest alteration, in any part, leads inevitably to contradictions, not merely in this system, but in human reason itself. At the same time, there is still much room for improvement in the _exposition_ of the doctrines contained in this work. In the present edition, I have endeavoured to remove misapprehensions of the æsthetical part, especially with regard to the conception of time; to clear away the obscurity which has been found in the deduction of the conceptions of the understanding; to supply the supposed want of sufficient evidence in the demonstration of the principles of the pure understanding; and, lastly, to obviate the misunderstanding of the paralogisms which immediately precede the Rational Psychology. Beyond this point—the end of the second main division of the “Transcendental Dialectic”—I have not extended my alterations,[8] partly from want of time, and partly because I am not aware that any portion of the remainder has given rise to misconceptions among intelligent and impartial critics, whom I do not here mention with that praise which is their due, but who will find that their suggestions have been attended to in the work itself.

[8] The only addition, properly so called—and that only in the method of proof—which I have made in the present edition, consists of a new refutation of psychological _Idealism_, and a strict demonstration—the only one possible, as I believe—of the objective reality of external intuition. However harmless idealism may be considered—although in reality it is not so—in regard to the essential ends of metaphysics, it must still remain a scandal to philosophy and to the general human reason to be obliged to assume, as an article of mere belief, the existence of things external to ourselves (from which, yet, we derive the whole material of cognition for the internal sense), and not to be able to oppose a satisfactory proof to any one who may call it in question. As there is some obscurity of expression in the demonstration as it stands in the text, I propose to alter the passage in question as follows: “But this permanent cannot be an intuition in me. For all the determining grounds of my existence which can be found in me are representations and, as such, do themselves require a permanent, distinct from them, which may determine my existence in relation to their changes, that is, my existence in time, wherein they change.” It may, probably, be urged in opposition to this proof that, after all, I am only conscious immediately of that which is in me, that is, of my _representation_ of external things, and that, consequently, it must always remain uncertain whether anything corresponding to this representation does or does not exist externally to me. But I am conscious, through internal _experience_, of my _existence in time_ (consequently, also, of the determinability of the former in the latter), and that is more than the simple consciousness of my representation. It is, in fact, the same as the _empirical consciousness of my existence_, which can only be determined in relation to something, which, while connected with my existence, is _external to me_. This consciousness of my existence in time is, therefore, identical with the consciousness of a relation to something external to me, and it is, therefore, experience, not fiction, sense, not imagination, which inseparably connects the external with my internal sense. For the external sense is, in itself, the relation of intuition to something real, external to me; and the reality of this something, as opposed to the mere imagination of it, rests solely on its inseparable connection with internal experience as the condition of its possibility. If with the _intellectual consciousness_ of my existence, in the representation: _I am_, which accompanies all my judgements, and all the operations of my understanding, I could, at the same time, connect a determination of my existence by _intellectual intuition_, then the consciousness of a relation to something external to me would not be necessary. But the internal intuition in which alone my existence can be determined, though preceded by that purely intellectual consciousness, is itself sensible and attached to the condition of time. Hence this determination of my existence, and consequently my internal experience itself, must depend on something permanent which is not in me, which can be, therefore, only in something external to me, to which I must look upon myself as being related. Thus the reality of the external sense is necessarily connected with that of the internal, in order to the possibility of experience in general; that is, I am just as certainly conscious that there are things external to me related to my sense as I am that I myself exist as determined in time. But in order to ascertain to what given intuitions objects, external me, really correspond, in other words, what intuitions belong to the external sense and not to imagination, I must have recourse, in every particular case, to those rules according to which experience in general (even internal experience) is distinguished from imagination, and which are always based on the proposition that there really is an external experience.—We may add the remark that the representation of something _permanent_ in existence, is not the same thing as the _permanent representation;_ for a representation may be very variable and changing—as all our representations, even that of matter, are—and yet refer to something permanent, which must, therefore, be distinct from all my representations and external to me, the existence of which is necessarily included in the determination of my own existence, and with it constitutes _one_ experience—an experience which would not even be possible internally, if it were not also at the same time, in part, external. To the question _How?_ we are no more able to reply, than we are, in general, to think the stationary in time, the coexistence of which with the variable, produces the conception of change.

In attempting to render the exposition of my views as intelligible as possible, I have been compelled to leave out or abridge various passages which were not essential to the completeness of the work, but which many readers might consider useful in other respects, and might be unwilling to miss. This trifling loss, which could not be avoided without swelling the book beyond due limits, may be supplied, at the pleasure of the reader, by a comparison with the first edition, and will, I hope, be more than compensated for by the greater clearness of the exposition as it now stands.

I have observed, with pleasure and thankfulness, in the pages of various reviews and treatises, that the spirit of profound and thorough investigation is not extinct in Germany, though it may have been overborne and silenced for a time by the fashionable tone of a licence in thinking, which gives itself the airs of genius, and that the difficulties which beset the paths of criticism have not prevented energetic and acute thinkers from making themselves masters of the science of pure reason to which these paths conduct—a science which is not popular, but scholastic in its character, and which alone can hope for a lasting existence or possess an abiding value. To these deserving men, who so happily combine profundity of view with a talent for lucid exposition—a talent which I myself am not conscious of possessing—I leave the task of removing any obscurity which may still adhere to the statement of my doctrines. For, in this case, the danger is not that of being refuted, but of being misunderstood. For my own part, I must henceforward abstain from controversy, although I shall carefully attend to all suggestions, whether from friends or adversaries, which may be of use in the future elaboration of the system of this Propædeutic. As, during these labours, I have advanced pretty far in years this month I reach my sixty-fourth year—it will be necessary for me to economize time, if I am to carry out my plan of elaborating the metaphysics of nature as well as of morals, in confirmation of the correctness of the principles established in this Critique of Pure Reason, both speculative and practical; and I must, therefore, leave the task of clearing up the obscurities of the present work—inevitable, perhaps, at the outset—as well as, the defence of the whole, to those deserving men, who have made my system their own. A philosophical system cannot come forward armed at all points like a mathematical treatise, and hence it may be quite possible to take objection to particular passages, while the organic structure of the system, considered as a unity, has no danger to apprehend. But few possess the ability, and still fewer the inclination, to take a comprehensive view of a new system. By confining the view to particular passages, taking these out of their connection and comparing them with one another, it is easy to pick out apparent contradictions, especially in a work written with any freedom of style. These contradictions place the work in an unfavourable light in the eyes of those who rely on the judgement of others, but are easily reconciled by those who have mastered the idea of the whole. If a theory possesses stability in itself, the action and reaction which seemed at first to threaten its existence serve only, in the course of time, to smooth down any superficial roughness or inequality, and—if men of insight, impartiality, and truly popular gifts, turn their attention to it—to secure to it, in a short time, the requisite elegance also.

KÖNIGSBERG, _April_ 1787.

Introduction

I. Of the difference between Pure and Empirical Knowledge

That all our knowledge begins with experience there can be no doubt. For how is it possible that the faculty of cognition should be awakened into exercise otherwise than by means of objects which affect our senses, and partly of themselves produce representations, partly rouse our powers of understanding into activity, to compare to connect, or to separate these, and so to convert the raw material of our sensuous impressions into a knowledge of objects, which is called experience? In respect of time, therefore, no knowledge of ours is antecedent to experience, but begins with it.

But, though all our knowledge begins with experience, it by no means follows that all arises out of experience. For, on the contrary, it is quite possible that our empirical knowledge is a compound of that which we receive through impressions, and that which the faculty of cognition supplies from itself (sensuous impressions giving merely the occasion), an addition which we cannot distinguish from the original element given by sense, till long practice has made us attentive to, and skilful in separating it. It is, therefore, a question which requires close investigation, and not to be answered at first sight, whether there exists a knowledge altogether independent of experience, and even of all sensuous impressions? Knowledge of this kind is called à priori, in contradistinction to empirical knowledge, which has its sources à posteriori, that is, in experience.

But the expression, “à priori,” is not as yet definite enough adequately to indicate the whole meaning of the question above started. For, in speaking of knowledge which has its sources in experience, we are wont to say, that this or that may be known à priori, because we do not derive this knowledge immediately from experience, but from a general rule, which, however, we have itself

borrowed from experience. Thus, if a man undermined his house, we say, “he might know à priori that it would have fallen;” that is, he needed not to have waited for the experience that it did actually fall. But still, à priori, he could not know even this much. For, that bodies are heavy, and, consequently, that they fall when their supports are taken away, must have been known to him previously, by means of experience.

By the term “knowledge à priori,” therefore, we shall in the sequel understand, not such as is independent of this or that kind of experience, but such as is absolutely so of all experience. Opposed to this is empirical knowledge, or that which is possible only à posteriori, that is, through experience. Knowledge à priori is either pure or impure. Pure knowledge à priori is that with which no empirical element is mixed up. For example, the proposition, “Every change has a cause,” is a proposition à priori, but impure, because change is a conception which can only be derived from experience.

II. The Human Intellect, even in an Unphilosophical State, is in Possession of Certain Cognitions “à priori”.

The question now is as to a criterion, by which we may securely distinguish a pure from an empirical cognition. Experience no doubt teaches us that this or that object is constituted in such and such a manner, but not that it could not possibly exist otherwise. Now, in the first place, if we have a proposition which contains the idea of necessity in its very conception, it is priori. If, moreover, it is not derived from any other proposition, unless from one equally involving the idea of necessity, it is absolutely priori. Secondly, an empirical judgement never exhibits strict and absolute, but only assumed and comparative universality (by induction); therefore, the most we can say is—so far as we have hitherto observed, there is no exception to this or that rule. If, on the other hand, a judgement carries with it strict and absolute universality, that is, admits of no possible exception, it is not derived from experience, but is valid absolutely à priori.

Empirical universality is, therefore, only an arbitrary extension of validity, from that which may be predicated of a proposition valid in most cases, to that which is asserted of a proposition which holds good in all; as, for example, in the affirmation, “All bodies are heavy.” When, on the contrary, strict universality characterizes a judgement, it necessarily indicates another peculiar source of knowledge, namely, a faculty of cognition à priori. Necessity and strict universality, therefore, are infallible tests for distinguishing pure from empirical knowledge, and are inseparably connected with each other. But as in the use of these criteria the empirical limitation is sometimes more easily detected than the contingency of the judgement, or the unlimited universality which we attach to a judgement is often a more convincing proof than its necessity, it may be advisable to use the criteria separately, each being by itself infallible.

Now, that in the sphere of human cognition we have judgements which are necessary, and in the strictest sense universal, consequently pure à priori, it will be an easy matter to show. If we desire an example from the sciences, we need only take any proposition in mathematics. If we cast our eyes upon the commonest operations of the understanding, the proposition, “Every change must have a cause,” will amply serve our purpose. In the latter case, indeed, the conception of a cause so plainly involves the conception of a necessity of connection with an effect, and of a strict universality of the law, that the very notion of a cause would entirely disappear, were we to derive it, like Hume, from a frequent association of what happens with that which precedes; and the habit thence originating of connecting representations—the necessity inherent in the judgement being therefore merely subjective. Besides, without seeking for such examples of principles existing à priori in cognition, we might easily show that such principles are the indispensable basis of the possibility of experience itself, and consequently prove their existence à priori. For whence could our experience itself acquire certainty, if all the rules on which it depends were themselves empirical, and consequently fortuitous? No one, therefore, can admit the validity of the use of such rules as first principles. But, for the present, we may content ourselves with having established the fact, that we do possess and exercise a faculty of pure à priori cognition; and, secondly, with having pointed out the proper tests of such cognition, namely, universality and necessity.

Not only in judgements, however, but even in conceptions, is an à priori origin manifest. For example, if we take away by degrees from our conceptions of a body all that can be referred to mere sensuous experience—colour, hardness or softness, weight, even impenetrability—the body will then vanish; but the space which it occupied still remains, and this it is utterly impossible to annihilate in thought. Again, if we take away, in like manner, from our empirical conception of any object, corporeal or incorporeal, all properties which mere experience has taught us to connect with it, still we cannot think away those through which we cogitate it as substance, or adhering to substance, although our conception of substance is more determined than that of an object. Compelled, therefore, by that necessity with which the conception of substance forces itself upon us, we must confess that it has its seat in our faculty of cognition à priori.

III. Philosophy stands in need of a Science which shall Determine the Possibility, Principles, and Extent of Human Knowledge “à priori”

Of far more importance than all that has been above said, is the consideration that certain of our cognitions rise completely above the sphere of all possible experience, and by means of conceptions, to which there exists in the whole extent of experience no corresponding object, seem to extend the range of our judgements beyond its bounds. And just in this transcendental or supersensible sphere, where experience affords us neither instruction nor guidance, lie the investigations of reason, which, on account of their importance, we consider far preferable to, and as having a far more elevated aim than, all that the understanding can achieve within the sphere of sensuous phenomena. So high a value do we set upon these investigations, that even at the risk of error, we persist in following them out, and permit neither doubt nor disregard nor indifference to restrain us from the pursuit. These unavoidable problems of mere pure reason are God, freedom (of will), and immortality. The science which, with all its preliminaries, has for its especial object the solution of these problems is named metaphysics—a science which is at the very outset dogmatical, that is, it confidently takes upon itself the execution of this task without any previous investigation of the ability or inability of reason for such an undertaking.

Now the safe ground of experience being thus abandoned, it seems nevertheless natural that we should hesitate to erect a building with the cognitions we possess, without knowing whence they come, and on the strength of principles, the origin of which is undiscovered. Instead of thus trying to build without a foundation, it is rather to be expected that we should long ago have put the question, how the understanding can arrive at these à priori cognitions, and what is the extent, validity, and worth which they may possess? We say, “This is natural enough,” meaning by the word natural, that which is consistent with a just and reasonable way of thinking; but if we understand by the term, that which usually happens, nothing indeed could be more natural and more comprehensible than that this investigation should be left long unattempted. For one part of our pure knowledge, the science of mathematics, has been long firmly established, and thus leads us to form flattering expectations with regard to others, though these may be of quite a different nature. Besides, when we get beyond the bounds of experience, we are of course safe from opposition in that quarter; and the charm of widening the range of our knowledge is so great that, unless we are brought to a standstill by some evident contradiction, we hurry on undoubtingly in our course. This, however, may be avoided, if we are sufficiently cautious in the construction of our fictions, which are not the less fictions on that account.

Mathematical science affords us a brilliant example, how far, independently of all experience, we may carry our à priori knowledge. It is true that the mathematician occupies himself with objects and cognitions only in so far as they can be represented by means of intuition. But this circumstance is easily overlooked, because the said intuition can itself be given à priori, and therefore is hardly to be distinguished from a mere pure conception. Deceived by such a proof of the power of reason, we can perceive no limits to the extension of our knowledge. The light dove cleaving in free flight the thin air, whose resistance it feels, might imagine that her movements would be far more free and rapid in airless space. Just in the same way did Plato, abandoning the world of sense because of the narrow limits it sets to the understanding, venture upon the wings of ideas beyond it, into the void space of pure intellect. He did not reflect that he made no real progress by all his efforts; for he met with no resistance which might serve him for a support, as it were, whereon to rest, and on which he might apply his powers, in order to let the intellect acquire momentum for its progress. It is, indeed, the common fate of human reason in speculation, to finish the imposing edifice of thought as rapidly as possible, and then for the first time to begin to examine whether the foundation is a solid one or no. Arrived at this point, all sorts of excuses are sought after, in order to console us for its want of stability, or rather, indeed, to enable Us to dispense altogether with so late and dangerous an investigation. But what frees us during the process of building from all apprehension or suspicion, and flatters us into the belief of its solidity, is this. A great part, perhaps the greatest part, of the business of our reason consists in the analysation of the conceptions which we already possess of objects. By this means we gain a multitude of cognitions, which although really nothing more than elucidations or explanations of that which (though in a confused manner) was already thought in our conceptions, are, at least in respect of their form, prized as new introspections; whilst, so far as regards their matter or content, we have really made no addition to our conceptions, but only disinvolved them. But as this process does furnish a real priori knowledge, which has a sure progress and useful results, reason, deceived by this, slips in, without being itself aware of it, assertions of a quite different kind; in which, to given conceptions it adds others, à priori indeed, but entirely foreign to them, without our knowing how it arrives at these, and, indeed, without such a question ever suggesting itself. I shall therefore at once proceed to examine the difference between these two modes of knowledge.

IV. Of the Difference Between Analytical and Synthetical Judgements.

In all judgements wherein the relation of a subject to the predicate is cogitated (I mention affirmative judgements only here; the application to negative will be very easy), this relation is possible in two different ways. Either the predicate B belongs to the subject A, as somewhat which is contained (though covertly) in the conception A; or the predicate B lies completely out of the conception A, although it stands in connection with it. In the first instance, I term the judgement analytical, in the second, synthetical. Analytical judgements (affirmative) are therefore those in which the connection of the predicate with the subject is cogitated through identity; those in which this connection is cogitated without identity, are called synthetical judgements. The former may be called explicative, the latter augmentative judgements; because the former add in the predicate nothing to the conception of the subject, but only analyse it into its constituent conceptions, which were thought already in the subject, although in a confused manner; the latter add to our conceptions of the subject a predicate which was not contained in it, and which no analysis could ever have discovered therein. For example, when I say, “All bodies are extended,” this is an analytical judgement. For I need not go beyond the conception of body in order to find extension connected with it, but merely analyse the conception, that is, become conscious of the manifold properties which I think in that conception, in order to discover this predicate in it: it is therefore an analytical judgement. On the other hand, when I say, “All bodies are heavy,” the predicate is something totally different from that which I think in the mere conception of a body. By the addition of such a predicate, therefore, it becomes a synthetical judgement.

Judgements of experience, as such, are always synthetical. For it would be absurd to think of grounding an analytical judgement on experience, because in forming such a judgement I need not go out of the sphere of my conceptions, and therefore recourse to the testimony of experience is quite unnecessary. That “bodies are extended” is not an empirical judgement, but a proposition which stands firm à priori. For before addressing myself to experience, I already have in my conception all the requisite conditions for the judgement, and I have only to extract the predicate from the conception, according to the principle of contradiction, and thereby at the same time become conscious of the necessity of the judgement, a necessity which I could never learn from experience. On the other hand, though at first I do not at all include the predicate of weight in my conception of body in general, that conception still indicates an object of experience, a part of the totality of experience, to which I can still add other parts; and this I do when I recognize by observation that bodies are heavy. I can cognize beforehand by analysis the conception of body through the characteristics of extension, impenetrability, shape, etc., all which are cogitated in this conception. But now I extend my knowledge, and looking back on experience from which I had derived this conception of body, I find weight at all times connected with the above characteristics, and therefore I synthetically add to my conceptions this as a predicate, and say, “All bodies are heavy.” Thus it is experience upon which rests the possibility of the synthesis of the predicate of weight with the conception of body, because both conceptions, although the one is not contained in the other, still belong to one another (only contingently, however), as parts of a whole, namely, of experience, which is itself a synthesis of intuitions.

But to synthetical judgements à priori, such aid is entirely wanting. If I go out of and beyond the conception A, in order to recognize another B as connected with it, what foundation have I to rest on, whereby to render the synthesis possible? I have here no longer the advantage of looking out in the sphere of experience for what I want. Let us take, for example, the proposition, “Everything that happens has a cause.” In the conception of “something that happens,” I indeed think an existence which a certain time antecedes, and from this I can derive analytical judgements. But the conception of a cause lies quite out of the above conception, and indicates something entirely different from “that which happens,” and is consequently not contained in that conception. How then am I able to assert concerning the general conception—“that which happens”—something entirely different from that conception, and to recognize the conception of cause although not contained in it, yet as belonging to it, and even necessarily? what is here the unknown = X, upon which the understanding rests when it believes it has found, out of the conception A a foreign predicate B, which it nevertheless considers to be connected with it? It cannot be experience, because the principle adduced annexes the two representations, cause and effect, to the representation existence, not only with universality, which experience cannot give, but also with the expression of necessity, therefore completely à priori and from pure conceptions. Upon such synthetical, that is augmentative propositions, depends the whole aim of our speculative knowledge à priori; for although analytical judgements are indeed highly important and necessary, they are so, only to arrive at that clearness of conceptions which is requisite for a sure and extended synthesis, and this alone is a real acquisition.

V. In all Theoretical Sciences of Reason, Synthetical Judgements “à priori” are contained as Principles.

1. Mathematical judgements are always synthetical. Hitherto this fact, though incontestably true and very important in its consequences, seems to have escaped the analysts of the human mind, nay, to be in complete opposition to all their conjectures. For as it was found that mathematical conclusions all proceed according to the principle of contradiction (which the nature of every apodeictic certainty requires), people became persuaded that the fundamental principles of the science also were recognized and

admitted in the same way. But the notion is fallacious; for although a synthetical proposition can certainly be discerned by means of the principle of contradiction, this is possible only when another synthetical proposition precedes, from which the latter is deduced, but never of itself.

Before all, be it observed, that proper mathematical propositions are always judgements à priori, and not empirical, because they carry along with them the conception of necessity, which cannot be given by experience. If this be demurred to, it matters not; I will then limit my assertion to pure mathematics, the very conception of which implies that it consists of knowledge altogether non-empirical and à priori.

We might, indeed at first suppose that the proposition 7 + 5 = 12 is a merely analytical proposition, following (according to the principle of contradiction) from the conception of a sum of seven and five. But if we regard it more narrowly, we find that our conception of the sum of seven and five contains nothing more than the uniting of both sums into one, whereby it cannot at all be cogitated what this single number is which embraces both. The conception of twelve is by no means obtained by merely cogitating the union of seven and five; and we may analyse our conception of such a possible sum as long as we will, still we shall never discover in it the notion of twelve. We must go beyond these conceptions, and have recourse to an intuition which corresponds to one of the two—our five fingers, for example, or like Segner in his Arithmetic five points, and so by degrees, add the units contained in the five given in the intuition, to the conception of seven. For I first take the number 7, and, for the conception of 5 calling in the aid of the fingers of my hand as objects of intuition, I add the units, which I before took together to make up the number 5, gradually now by means of the material image my hand, to the number 7, and by this process, I at length see the number 12 arise. That 7 should be added to 5, I have certainly cogitated in my conception of a sum = 7 + 5, but not that this sum was equal to 12. Arithmetical propositions are therefore always synthetical, of which we may become more clearly convinced by trying large numbers. For it will thus become quite evident that, turn and twist our conceptions as we may, it is impossible, without having recourse to intuition, to arrive at the sum total or product by means of the mere analysis of our conceptions. Just as little is any principle of pure geometry analytical. “A straight line between two points is the shortest,” is a synthetical proposition. For my conception of straight contains no notion of quantity, but is merely qualitative. The conception of the shortest is therefore fore wholly an addition, and by no analysis can it be extracted from our conception of a straight line. Intuition must therefore here lend its aid, by means of which, and thus only, our synthesis is possible.

Some few principles preposited by geometricians are, indeed, really analytical, and depend on the principle of contradiction. They serve, however, like identical propositions, as links in the chain of method, not as principles—for example, a = a, the whole is equal to itself, or (a+b) —> a, the whole is greater than its part. And yet even these principles themselves, though they derive their validity from pure conceptions, are only admitted in mathematics because they can be presented in intuition. What causes us here commonly to believe that the predicate of such apodeictic judgements is already contained in our conception, and that the judgement is therefore analytical, is merely the equivocal nature of the expression. We must join in thought a certain predicate to a given conception, and this necessity cleaves already to the conception. But the question is, not what we must join in thought to the given conception, but what we really think therein, though only obscurely, and then it becomes manifest that the predicate pertains to these conceptions, necessarily indeed, yet not as thought in the conception itself, but by virtue of an intuition, which must be added to the conception.

2. The science of natural philosophy (physics) contains in itself synthetical judgements à priori, as principles. I shall adduce two propositions. For instance, the proposition, “In all changes of the material world, the quantity of matter remains unchanged”; or, that, “In all communication of motion, action and reaction must always be equal.” In both of these, not only is the necessity, and therefore their origin à priori clear, but also that they are synthetical propositions. For in the conception of matter, I do not cogitate its permanency, but merely its presence in space, which it fills. I therefore really go out of and beyond the conception of matter, in order to think on to it something à priori, which I did not think in it. The proposition is therefore not analytical, but synthetical, and nevertheless conceived à priori; and so it is with regard to the other propositions of the pure part of natural philosophy.

3. As to metaphysics, even if we look upon it merely as an attempted science, yet, from the nature of human reason, an indispensable one, we find that it must contain synthetical propositions à priori. It is not merely the duty of metaphysics to dissect, and thereby analytically to illustrate the conceptions which we form à priori of things; but we seek to widen the range of our à priori knowledge. For this purpose, we must avail ourselves of such principles as add something to the original conception—something not identical with, nor contained in it, and by means of synthetical judgements à priori, leave far behind us the limits of experience; for example, in the proposition, “the world must have a beginning,” and such like. Thus metaphysics, according to the proper aim of the science, consists merely of synthetical propositions à priori.

VI. The Universal Problem of Pure Reason.

It is extremely advantageous to be able to bring a number of investigations under the formula of a single problem. For in this manner, we not only facilitate our own labour, inasmuch as we define it clearly to ourselves, but also render it more easy for others to decide whether we have done justice to our undertaking. The proper problem of pure reason, then, is contained in the question: “How are synthetical judgements à priori possible?”

That metaphysical science has hitherto remained in so vacillating a state of uncertainty and contradiction, is only to be attributed to the fact that this great problem, and perhaps even the difference between analytical and synthetical judgements, did not sooner suggest itself to philosophers. Upon the solution of this problem, or upon sufficient proof of the impossibility of synthetical knowledge à priori, depends the existence or downfall of the science of metaphysics. Among philosophers, David Hume came the nearest of all to this problem; yet it never acquired in his mind sufficient precision, nor did he regard the question in its universality. On the contrary, he stopped short at the synthetical proposition of the connection of an effect with its cause (principium causalitatis), insisting that such proposition à priori was impossible. According to his conclusions, then, all that we term metaphysical science is a mere delusion, arising from the fancied insight of reason into that which is in truth borrowed from experience, and to which habit has given the appearance of necessity. Against this assertion, destructive to all pure philosophy, he would have been guarded, had he had our problem before his eyes in its universality. For he would then have perceived that, according to his own argument, there likewise could not be any pure mathematical science, which assuredly cannot exist without synthetical propositions à priori—an absurdity from which his good understanding must have saved him.

In the solution of the above problem is at the same time comprehended the possibility of the use of pure reason in the foundation and construction of all sciences which contain theoretical knowledge à priori of objects, that is to say, the answer to the following questions:

How is pure mathematical science possible?

How is pure natural science possible?

Respecting these sciences, as they do certainly exist, it may with propriety be asked, how they are possible?—for that they must be possible is shown by the fact of their really existing.[9] But as to metaphysics, the miserable progress it has hitherto made, and the fact that of no one system yet brought forward, far as regards its true aim, can it be said that this science really exists, leaves any one at liberty to doubt with reason the very possibility of its existence.

[9] As to the existence of pure natural science, or physics, perhaps many may still express doubts. But we have only to look at the different propositions which are commonly treated of at the commencement of proper (empirical) physical science—those, for example, relating to the permanence of the same quantity of matter, the vis inertiae, the equality of action and reaction, etc.—to be soon convinced that they form a science of pure physics (physica pura, or rationalis), which well deserves to be separately exposed as a special science, in its whole extent, whether that be great or confined.

Yet, in a certain sense, this kind of knowledge must unquestionably be looked upon as given; in other words, metaphysics must be considered as really existing, if not as a science, nevertheless as a natural disposition of the human mind (metaphysica naturalis). For human reason, without any instigations imputable to the mere vanity of great knowledge, unceasingly progresses, urged on by its own feeling of need, towards such questions as cannot be answered by any empirical application of reason, or principles derived therefrom; and so there has ever really existed in every man some system of metaphysics. It will always exist, so soon as reason awakes to the exercise of its power of speculation. And now the question arises: “How is metaphysics, as a natural disposition, possible?” In other words, how, from the nature of universal human reason, do those questions arise which pure reason proposes to itself, and which it is impelled by its own feeling of need to answer as well as it can?

But as in all the attempts hitherto made to answer the questions which reason is prompted by its very nature to propose to itself, for example, whether the world had a beginning, or has existed from eternity, it has always met with unavoidable contradictions, we must not rest satisfied with the mere natural disposition of the mind to metaphysics, that is, with the existence of the faculty of pure reason, whence, indeed, some sort of metaphysical system always arises; but it must be possible to arrive at certainty in regard to the question whether we know or do not know the things of which metaphysics treats. We must be able to arrive at a decision on the subjects of its questions, or on the ability or inability of reason to form any judgement respecting them; and therefore either to extend with confidence the bounds of our pure reason, or to set strictly defined and safe limits to its action. This last question, which

arises out of the above universal problem, would properly run thus: “How is metaphysics possible as a science?”

Thus, the critique of reason leads at last, naturally and necessarily, to science; and, on the other hand, the dogmatical use of reason without criticism leads to groundless assertions, against which others equally specious can always be set, thus ending unavoidably in scepticism.

Besides, this science cannot be of great and formidable prolixity, because it has not to do with objects of reason, the variety of which is inexhaustible, but merely with Reason herself and her problems; problems which arise out of her own bosom, and are not proposed to her by the nature of outward things, but by her own nature. And when once Reason has previously become able completely to understand her own power in regard to objects which she meets with in experience, it will be easy to determine securely the extent and limits of her attempted application to objects beyond the confines of experience.

We may and must, therefore, regard the attempts hitherto made to establish metaphysical science dogmatically as non-existent. For what of analysis, that is, mere dissection of conceptions, is contained in one or other, is not the aim of, but only a preparation for metaphysics proper, which has for its object the extension, by means of synthesis, of our à priori knowledge. And for this purpose, mere analysis is of course useless, because it only shows what is contained in these conceptions, but not how we arrive, à priori, at them; and this it is her duty to show, in order to be able afterwards to determine their valid use in regard to all objects of experience, to all knowledge in general. But little self-denial, indeed, is needed to give up these pretensions, seeing the undeniable, and in the dogmatic mode of procedure, inevitable contradictions of Reason with herself, have long since ruined the reputation of every system of metaphysics that has appeared up to this time. It will require more firmness to remain undeterred by difficulty from within, and opposition from without, from endeavouring, by a method quite opposed to all those hitherto followed, to further the growth and fruitfulness of a science indispensable to human reason—a science from which every branch it has borne may be cut away, but whose roots remain indestructible.

VII. Idea and Division of a Particular Science, under the Name of a Critique of Pure Reason.

From all that has been said, there results the idea of a particular science, which may be called the Critique of Pure Reason. For reason is the faculty which furnishes us with the principles of knowledge à priori. Hence, pure reason is the faculty which contains the principles of cognizing anything absolutely à priori. An organon of pure reason would be a compendium of those principles according to which alone all pure cognitions à priori can be obtained. The completely extended application of such an organon would afford us a system of pure reason. As this, however, is demanding a great deal, and it is yet doubtful whether any extension of our knowledge be here possible, or, if so, in what cases; we can regard a science of the mere criticism of pure reason, its sources and limits, as the propædeutic to a system of pure reason. Such a science must not be called a doctrine, but only a critique of pure reason; and its use, in regard to speculation, would be only negative, not to enlarge the bounds of, but to purify, our reason, and to shield it against error—which alone is no little gain. I apply the term transcendental to all knowledge which is not so much occupied with objects as with the mode of our cognition of these objects, so far as this mode of cognition is possible à priori. A system of such conceptions would be called transcendental philosophy. But this, again, is still beyond the bounds of our present essay. For as such a science must contain a complete exposition not only of our synthetical à priori, but of our analytical à priori knowledge, it is of too wide a range for our present purpose, because we do not require to carry our analysis any farther than is necessary to understand, in their full extent, the principles of synthesis à priori, with which alone we have to do. This investigation, which we cannot properly call a doctrine, but only a transcendental critique, because it aims not at the enlargement, but at the correction and guidance, of our knowledge, and is to serve as a touchstone of the worth or worthlessness of all knowledge à priori, is the sole object of our present essay. Such a critique is consequently, as far as possible, a preparation for an organon; and if this new organon should be found to fail, at least for a canon of pure reason, according to which the complete system of the philosophy of pure reason, whether it extend or limit the bounds of that reason, might one day be set forth both analytically and synthetically. For that this is possible, nay, that such a system is not of so great extent as to preclude the hope of its ever being completed, is evident. For we have not here to do with the nature of outward objects, which is infinite, but solely with the mind, which judges of the nature of objects, and, again, with the mind only in respect of its cognition à priori. And the object of our investigations, as it is not to be sought without, but, altogether within, ourselves, cannot remain concealed, and in all probability is limited enough to be completely surveyed and fairly estimated, according to its worth or worthlessness. Still less let the reader here expect a critique of books and systems of pure reason; our present object is exclusively a critique of the faculty of pure reason itself. Only when we make this critique our foundation, do we possess a pure touchstone for estimating the philosophical value of ancient and modern writings on this subject; and without this criterion, the incompetent historian or judge decides upon and corrects the groundless assertions of others with his own, which have themselves just as little foundation.

Transcendental philosophy is the idea of a science, for which the Critique of Pure Reason must sketch the whole plan architectonically, that is, from principles, with a full guarantee for the validity and stability of all the parts which enter into the building. It is the system of all the principles of pure reason. If this Critique itself does not assume the title of transcendental philosophy, it is only because, to be a complete system, it ought to contain a full analysis of all human knowledge à priori. Our critique must, indeed, lay before us a complete enumeration of all the radical conceptions which constitute the said pure knowledge. But from the complete analysis of these conceptions themselves, as also from a complete investigation of those derived from them, it abstains with reason; partly because it would be deviating from the end in view to occupy itself with this analysis, since this process is not attended with the difficulty and insecurity to be found in the synthesis, to which our critique is entirely devoted, and partly because it would be inconsistent with the unity of our plan to burden this essay with the vindication of the completeness of such an analysis and deduction, with which, after all, we have at present nothing to do. This completeness of the analysis of these radical conceptions, as well as of the deduction from the conceptions à priori which may be given by the analysis, we can, however, easily attain, provided only that we are in possession of all these radical conceptions, which are to serve as principles of the synthesis, and that in respect of this main purpose nothing is wanting.

To the Critique of Pure Reason, therefore, belongs all that constitutes transcendental philosophy; and it is the complete idea of transcendental philosophy, but still not the science itself; because it only proceeds so far with the analysis as is necessary to the power of judging completely of our synthetical knowledge à priori.

The principal thing we must attend to, in the division of the parts of a science like this, is that no conceptions must enter it which contain aught empirical; in other words, that the knowledge à priori must be completely pure. Hence, although the highest principles and fundamental conceptions of morality are certainly cognitions à priori, yet they do not belong to transcendental philosophy; because, though they certainly do not lay the conceptions of pain, pleasure, desires, inclinations, etc. (which are all of empirical origin), at the foundation of its precepts, yet still into the conception of duty—as an obstacle to be overcome, or as an incitement which should not be made into a motive—these empirical conceptions must necessarily enter, in the construction of a system of pure morality. Transcendental philosophy is consequently a philosophy of the pure and merely speculative reason. For all that is practical, so far as it contains motives, relates to feelings, and these belong to empirical sources of cognition.

If we wish to divide this science from the universal point of view of a science in general, it ought to comprehend, first, a Doctrine of the Elements, and, secondly, a Doctrine of the Method of pure reason. Each of these main divisions will have its subdivisions, the separate reasons for which we cannot here particularize. Only so much seems necessary, by way of introduction of premonition, that there are two sources of human knowledge (which probably spring from a common, but to us unknown root), namely, sense and understanding. By the former, objects are given to us; by the latter, thought. So far as the faculty of sense may contain representations à priori, which form the conditions under which objects are given, in so far it belongs to transcendental philosophy. The transcendental doctrine of sense must form the first part of our science of elements, because the conditions under which alone the objects of human knowledge are given must precede those under which they are thought.

I. TRANSCENDENTAL DOCTRINE OF ELEMENTS.

FIRST PART. TRANSCENDENTAL ÆSTHETIC.

§ I. Introductory.

In whatsoever mode, or by whatsoever means, our knowledge may relate to objects, it is at least quite clear that the only manner in which it immediately relates to them is by means of an intuition. To this as the indispensable groundwork, all thought points. But an intuition can take place only in so far as the object is given to us. This, again, is only possible, to man at least, on condition that the object affect the mind in a certain manner. The capacity for receiving representations (receptivity) through the mode in which we are affected by objects, objects, is called sensibility. By means of sensibility, therefore, objects are given to us, and it alone furnishes us with intuitions; by the understanding they are thought, and from it arise conceptions. But an thought must directly, or indirectly, by means of certain signs, relate ultimately to intuitions; consequently, with us, to sensibility, because in no other way can an object be given to us.

The effect of an object upon the faculty of representation, so far as we are affected by the said object, is sensation. That sort of intuition which relates to an object by means of sensation is called an empirical intuition. The undetermined object of an empirical intuition is called phenomenon. That which in the phenomenon corresponds to the sensation, I term its matter; but that which

effects that the content of the phenomenon can be arranged under certain relations, I call its form. But that in which our sensations are merely arranged, and by which they are susceptible of assuming a certain form, cannot be itself sensation. It is, then, the matter of all phenomena that is given to us à posteriori; the form must lie ready à priori for them in the mind, and consequently can be regarded separately from all sensation.

I call all representations pure, in the transcendental meaning of the word, wherein nothing is met with that belongs to sensation. And accordingly we find existing in the mind à priori, the pure form of sensuous intuitions in general, in which all the manifold content of the phenomenal world is arranged and viewed under certain relations. This pure form of sensibility I shall call pure intuition. Thus, if I take away from our representation of a body all that the understanding thinks as belonging to it, as substance, force, divisibility, etc., and also whatever belongs to sensation, as impenetrability, hardness, colour, etc.; yet there is still something left us from this empirical intuition, namely, extension and shape. These belong to pure intuition, which exists à priori in the mind, as a mere form of sensibility, and without any real object of the senses or any sensation.

The science of all the principles of sensibility à priori, I call transcendental æsthetic.[10] There must, then, be such a science forming the first part of the transcendental doctrine of elements, in contradistinction to that part which contains the principles of pure thought, and which is called transcendental logic.

[10] The Germans are the only people who at present use this word to indicate what others call the critique of taste. At the foundation of this term lies the disappointed hope, which the eminent analyst, Baumgarten, conceived, of subjecting the criticism of the beautiful to principles of reason, and so of elevating its rules into a science. But his endeavours were vain. For the said rules or criteria are, in respect to their chief sources, merely empirical, consequently never can serve as determinate laws à priori, by which our judgement in matters of taste is to be directed. It is rather our judgement which forms the proper test as to the correctness of the principles. On this account it is advisable to give up the use of the term as designating the critique of taste, and to apply it solely to that doctrine, which is true science—the science of the laws of sensibility—and thus come nearer to the language and the sense of the ancients in their well-known division of the objects of cognition into aiotheta kai noeta, or to share it with speculative philosophy, and employ it partly in a transcendental, partly in a psychological signification.

In the science of transcendental æsthetic accordingly, we shall first isolate sensibility or the sensuous faculty, by separating from it all that is annexed to its perceptions by the conceptions of understanding, so that nothing be left but empirical intuition. In the next place we shall take away from this intuition all that belongs to sensation, so that nothing may remain but pure intuition, and the mere form of phenomena, which is all that the sensibility can afford à priori. From this investigation it will be found that there are two pure forms of sensuous intuition, as principles of knowledge à priori, namely, space and time. To the consideration of these we shall now proceed.

SECTION I. Of Space.

§ 2. Metaphysical Exposition of this Conception.

By means of the external sense (a property of the mind), we represent to ourselves objects as without us, and these all in space. Herein alone are their shape, dimensions, and relations to each other determined or determinable. The internal sense, by means of which the mind contemplates itself or its internal state, gives, indeed, no intuition of the soul as an object; yet there is nevertheless a determinate form, under which alone the contemplation of our internal state is possible, so that all which relates to the inward determinations of the mind is represented in relations of time. Of time we cannot have any external intuition, any more than we can have an internal intuition of space. What then are time and space? Are they real existences? Or, are they merely relations or determinations of things, such, however, as would equally belong to these things in themselves, though they should never become objects of intuition; or, are they such as belong only to the form of intuition, and consequently to the subjective constitution of the mind, without which these predicates of time and space could not be attached to any object? In order to become informed on these points, we shall first give an exposition of the conception of space. By exposition, I mean the clear, though not detailed, representation of that which belongs to a conception; and an exposition is metaphysical when it contains that which represents the conception as given à priori.

1. Space is not a conception which has been derived from outward experiences. For, in order that certain sensations may relate to something without me (that is, to something which occupies a different part of space from that in which I am); in like manner, in order that I may represent them not merely as without, of, and near to each other, but also in separate places, the representation of space must already exist as a foundation. Consequently, the representation of space cannot be borrowed from the relations of

external phenomena through experience; but, on the contrary, this external experience is itself only possible through the said antecedent representation.

2. Space then is a necessary representation à priori, which serves for the foundation of all external intuitions. We never can imagine or make a representation to ourselves of the non-existence of space, though we may easily enough think that no objects are found in it. It must, therefore, be considered as the condition of the possibility of phenomena, and by no means as a determination dependent on them, and is a representation à priori, which necessarily supplies the basis for external phenomena.

3. Space is no discursive, or as we say, general conception of the relations of things, but a pure intuition. For, in the first place, we can only represent to ourselves one space, and, when we talk of divers spaces, we mean only parts of one and the same space. Moreover, these parts cannot antecede this one all-embracing space, as the component parts from which the aggregate can be made up, but can be cogitated only as existing in it. Space is essentially one, and multiplicity in it, consequently the general notion of spaces, of this or that space, depends solely upon limitations. Hence it follows that an à priori intuition (which is not empirical) lies at the root of all our conceptions of space. Thus, moreover, the principles of geometry—for example, that “in a triangle, two sides together are greater than the third,” are never deduced from general conceptions of line and triangle, but from intuition, and this à priori, with apodeictic certainty.

4. Space is represented as an infinite given quantity. Now every conception must indeed be considered as a representation which is contained in an infinite multitude of different possible representations, which, therefore, comprises these under itself; but no conception, as such, can be so conceived, as if it contained within itself an infinite multitude of representations. Nevertheless, space is so conceived of, for all parts of space are equally capable of being produced to infinity. Consequently, the original representation of space is an intuition à priori, and not a conception.

§ 3. Transcendental Exposition of the Conception of Space.

By a transcendental exposition, I mean the explanation of a conception, as a principle, whence can be discerned the possibility of other synthetical à priori cognitions. For this purpose, it is requisite, firstly, that such cognitions do really flow from the given conception; and, secondly, that the said cognitions are only possible under the presupposition of a given mode of explaining this conception.

Geometry is a science which determines the properties of space synthetically, and yet à priori. What, then, must be our representation of space, in order that such a cognition of it may be possible? It must be originally intuition, for from a mere conception, no propositions can be deduced which go out beyond the conception, and yet this happens in geometry. (Introd. V.) But this intuition must be found in the mind à priori, that is, before any perception of objects, consequently must be pure, not empirical, intuition. For geometrical principles are always apodeictic, that is, united with the consciousness of their necessity, as: “Space has only three dimensions.” But propositions of this kind cannot be empirical judgements, nor conclusions from them. (Introd. II.) Now, how can an external intuition anterior to objects themselves, and in which our conception of objects can be determined à priori, exist in the human mind? Obviously not otherwise than in so far as it has its seat in the subject only, as the formal capacity of the subject’s being affected by objects, and thereby of obtaining immediate representation, that is, intuition; consequently, only as the form of the external sense in general.

Thus it is only by means of our explanation that the possibility of geometry, as a synthetical science à priori, becomes comprehensible. Every mode of explanation which does not show us this possibility, although in appearance it may be similar to ours, can with the utmost certainty be distinguished from it by these marks.

§ 4. Conclusions from the foregoing Conceptions.

(a) Space does not represent any property of objects as things in themselves, nor does it represent them in their relations to each other; in other words, space does not represent to us any determination of objects such as attaches to the objects themselves, and would remain, even though all subjective conditions of the intuition were abstracted. For neither absolute nor relative determinations of objects can be intuited prior to the existence of the things to which they belong, and therefore not à priori.

(b) Space is nothing else than the form of all phenomena of the external sense, that is, the subjective condition of the sensibility, under which alone external intuition is possible. Now, because the receptivity or capacity of the subject to be affected by objects necessarily antecedes all intuitions of these objects, it is easily understood how the form of all phenomena can be given in the mind previous to all actual perceptions, therefore à priori, and how it, as a pure intuition, in which all objects must be determined, can

contain principles of the relations of these objects prior to all experience.

It is therefore from the human point of view only that we can speak of space, extended objects, etc. If we depart from the subjective condition, under which alone we can obtain external intuition, or, in other words, by means of which we are affected by objects, the representation of space has no meaning whatsoever. This predicate is only applicable to things in so far as they appear to us, that is, are objects of sensibility. The constant form of this receptivity, which we call sensibility, is a necessary condition of all relations in which objects can be intuited as existing without us, and when abstraction of these objects is made, is a pure intuition, to which we give the name of space. It is clear that we cannot make the special conditions of sensibility into conditions of the possibility of things, but only of the possibility of their existence as far as they are phenomena. And so we may correctly say that space contains all which can appear to us externally, but not all things considered as things in themselves, be they intuited or not, or by whatsoever subject one will. As to the intuitions of other thinking beings, we cannot judge whether they are or are not bound by the same conditions which limit our own intuition, and which for us are universally valid. If we join the limitation of a judgement to the conception of the subject, then the judgement will possess unconditioned validity. For example, the proposition, “All objects are beside each other in space,” is valid only under the limitation that these things are taken as objects of our sensuous intuition. But if I join the condition to the conception and say, “All things, as external phenomena, are beside each other in space,” then the rule is valid universally, and without any limitation. Our expositions, consequently, teach the reality (i.e., the objective validity) of space in regard of all which can be presented to us externally as object, and at the same time also the ideality of space in regard to objects when they are considered by means of reason as things in themselves, that is, without reference to the constitution of our sensibility. We maintain, therefore, the empirical reality of space in regard to all possible external experience, although we must admit its transcendental ideality; in other words, that it is nothing, so soon as we withdraw the condition upon which the possibility of all experience depends and look upon space as something that belongs to things in themselves.

But, with the exception of space, there is no representation, subjective and referring to something external to us, which could be called objective à priori. For there are no other subjective representations from which we can deduce synthetical propositions à priori, as we can from the intuition of space. (See § 3.) Therefore, to speak accurately, no ideality whatever belongs to these, although they agree in this respect with the representation of space, that they belong merely to the subjective nature of the mode of sensuous perception; such a mode, for example, as that of sight, of hearing, and of feeling, by means of the sensations of colour, sound, and heat, but which, because they are only sensations and not intuitions, do not of themselves give us the cognition of any object, least of all, an à priori cognition. My purpose, in the above remark, is merely this: to guard any one against illustrating the asserted ideality of space by examples quite insufficient, for example, by colour, taste, etc.; for these must be contemplated not as properties of things, but only as changes in the subject, changes which may be different in different men. For, in such a case, that which is originally a mere phenomenon, a rose, for example, is taken by the empirical understanding for a thing in itself, though to every different eye, in respect of its colour, it may appear different. On the contrary, the transcendental conception of phenomena in space is a critical admonition, that, in general, nothing which is intuited in space is a thing in itself, and that space is not a form which belongs as a property to things; but that objects are quite unknown to us in themselves, and what we call outward objects, are nothing else but mere representations of our sensibility, whose form is space, but whose real correlate, the thing in itself, is not known by means of these representations, nor ever can be, but respecting which, in experience, no inquiry is ever made.

SECTION II. Of Time.

§ 5. Metaphysical Exposition of this Conception.

1. Time is not an empirical conception. For neither coexistence nor succession would be perceived by us, if the representation of time did not exist as a foundation à priori. Without this presupposition we could not represent to ourselves that things exist together at one and the same time, or at different times, that is, contemporaneously, or in succession.

2. Time is a necessary representation, lying at the foundation of all our intuitions. With regard to phenomena in general, we cannot think away time from them, and represent them to ourselves as out of and unconnected with time, but we can quite well represent to ourselves time void of phenomena. Time is therefore given à priori. In it alone is all reality of phenomena possible. These may all be annihilated in thought, but time itself, as the universal condition of their possibility, cannot be so annulled.

3. On this necessity à priori is also founded the possibility of apodeictic principles of the relations of time, or axioms of time in general, such as: “Time has only one dimension,” “Different times are not coexistent but successive” (as different spaces are not successive but coexistent). These principles cannot be derived from experience, for it would give neither strict universality, nor

apodeictic certainty. We should only be able to say, “so common experience teaches us,” but not “it must be so.” They are valid as rules, through which, in general, experience is possible; and they instruct us respecting experience, and not by means of it.

4. Time is not a discursive, or as it is called, general conception, but a pure form of the sensuous intuition. Different times are merely parts of one and the same time. But the representation which can only be given by a single object is an intuition. Besides, the proposition that different times cannot be coexistent could not be derived from a general conception. For this proposition is synthetical, and therefore cannot spring out of conceptions alone. It is therefore contained immediately in the intuition and representation of time.

5. The infinity of time signifies nothing more than that every determined quantity of time is possible only through limitations of one time lying at the foundation. Consequently, the original representation, time, must be given as unlimited. But as the determinate representation of the parts of time and of every quantity of an object can only be obtained by limitation, the complete representation of time must not be furnished by means of conceptions, for these contain only partial representations. Conceptions, on the contrary, must have immediate intuition for their basis.

§ 6 Transcendental Exposition of the Conception of Time.

I may here refer to what is said above (§ 5, 3), where, for or sake of brevity, I have placed under the head of metaphysical exposition, that which is properly transcendental. Here I shall add that the conception of change, and with it the conception of motion, as change of place, is possible only through and in the representation of time; that if this representation were not an intuition (internal) à priori, no conception, of whatever kind, could render comprehensible the possibility of change, in other words, of a conjunction of contradictorily opposed predicates in one and the same object, for example, the presence of a thing in a place and the non-presence of the same thing in the same place. It is only in time that it is possible to meet with two contradictorily opposed determinations in one thing, that is, after each other. Thus our conception of time explains the possibility of so much synthetical knowledge à priori, as is exhibited in the general doctrine of motion, which is not a little fruitful.

§ 7. Conclusions from the above Conceptions.

(a) Time is not something which subsists of itself, or which inheres in things as an objective determination, and therefore remains, when abstraction is made of the subjective conditions of the intuition of things. For in the former case, it would be something real, yet without presenting to any power of perception any real object. In the latter case, as an order or determination inherent in things themselves, it could not be antecedent to things, as their condition, nor discerned or intuited by means of synthetical propositions à priori. But all this is quite possible when we regard time as merely the subjective condition under which all our intuitions take place. For in that case, this form of the inward intuition can be represented prior to the objects, and consequently à priori.

(b) Time is nothing else than the form of the internal sense, that is, of the intuitions of self and of our internal state. For time cannot be any determination of outward phenomena. It has to do neither with shape nor position; on the contrary, it determines the relation of representations in our internal state. And precisely because this internal intuition presents to us no shape or form, we endeavour to supply this want by analogies, and represent the course of time by a line progressing to infinity, the content of which constitutes a series which is only of one dimension; and we conclude from the properties of this line as to all the properties of time, with this single exception, that the parts of the line are coexistent, whilst those of time are successive. From this it is clear also that the representation of time is itself an intuition, because all its relations can be expressed in an external intuition.

(c) Time is the formal condition à priori of all phenomena whatsoever. Space, as the pure form of external intuition, is limited as a condition à priori to external phenomena alone. On the other hand, because all representations, whether they have or have not external things for their objects, still in themselves, as determinations of the mind, belong to our internal state; and because this internal state is subject to the formal condition of the internal intuition, that is, to time—time is a condition à priori of all phenomena whatsoever—the immediate condition of all internal, and thereby the mediate condition of all external phenomena. If I can say à priori, “All outward phenomena are in space, and determined à priori according to the relations of space,” I can also, from the principle of the internal sense, affirm universally, “All phenomena in general, that is, all objects of the senses, are in time and stand necessarily in relations of time.”

If we abstract our internal intuition of ourselves and all external intuitions, possible only by virtue of this internal intuition and presented to us by our faculty of representation, and consequently take objects as they are in themselves, then time is nothing. It is only of objective validity in regard to phenomena, because these are things which we regard as objects of our senses. It no longer

objective we, make abstraction of the sensuousness of our intuition, in other words, of that mode of representation which is peculiar to us, and speak of things in general. Time is therefore merely a subjective condition of our (human) intuition (which is always sensuous, that is, so far as we are affected by objects), and in itself, independently of the mind or subject, is nothing. Nevertheless, in respect of all phenomena, consequently of all things which come within the sphere of our experience, it is necessarily objective. We cannot say, “All things are in time,” because in this conception of things in general, we abstract and make no mention of any sort of intuition of things. But this is the proper condition under which time belongs to our representation of objects. If we add the condition to the conception, and say, “All things, as phenomena, that is, objects of sensuous intuition, are in time,” then the proposition has its sound objective validity and universality à priori.

What we have now set forth teaches, therefore, the empirical reality of time; that is, its objective validity in reference to all objects which can ever be presented to our senses. And as our intuition is always sensuous, no object ever can be presented to us in experience, which does not come under the conditions of time. On the other hand, we deny to time all claim to absolute reality; that is, we deny that it, without having regard to the form of our sensuous intuition, absolutely inheres in things as a condition or property. Such properties as belong to objects as things in themselves never can be presented to us through the medium of the senses. Herein consists, therefore, the transcendental ideality of time, according to which, if we abstract the subjective conditions of sensuous intuition, it is nothing, and cannot be reckoned as subsisting or inhering in objects as things in themselves, independently of its relation to our intuition. This ideality, like that of space, is not to be proved or illustrated by fallacious analogies with sensations, for this reason—that in such arguments or illustrations, we make the presupposition that the phenomenon, in which such and such predicates inhere, has objective reality, while in this case we can only find such an objective reality as is itself empirical, that is, regards the object as a mere phenomenon. In reference to this subject, see the remark in Section I (§ 4)

§ 8. Elucidation.

Against this theory, which grants empirical reality to time, but denies to it absolute and transcendental reality, I have heard from intelligent men an objection so unanimously urged that I conclude that it must naturally present itself to every reader to whom these considerations are novel. It runs thus: “Changes are real” (this the continual change in our own representations demonstrates, even though the existence of all external phenomena, together with their changes, is denied). Now, changes are only possible in time, and therefore time must be something real. But there is no difficulty in answering this. I grant the whole argument. Time, no doubt, is something real, that is, it is the real form of our internal intuition. It therefore has subjective reality, in reference to our internal experience, that is, I have really the representation of time and of my determinations therein. Time, therefore, is not to be regarded as an object, but as the mode of representation of myself as an object. But if I could intuite myself, or be intuited by another being, without this condition of sensibility, then those very determinations which we now represent to ourselves as changes, would present to us a knowledge in which the representation of time, and consequently of change, would not appear. The empirical reality of time, therefore, remains, as the condition of all our experience. But absolute reality, according to what has been said above, cannot be granted it. Time is nothing but the form of our internal intuition.[11] If we take away from it the special condition of our sensibility, the conception of time also vanishes; and it inheres not in the objects themselves, but solely in the subject (or mind) which intuites them.

[11] I can indeed say “my representations follow one another, or are successive”; but this means only that we are conscious of them as in a succession, that is, according to the form of the internal sense. Time, therefore, is not a thing in itself, nor is it any objective determination pertaining to, or inherent in things.

But the reason why this objection is so unanimously brought against our doctrine of time, and that too by disputants who cannot start any intelligible arguments against the doctrine of the ideality of space, is this—they have no hope of demonstrating apodeictically the absolute reality of space, because the doctrine of idealism is against them, according to which the reality of external objects is not capable of any strict proof. On the other hand, the reality of the object of our internal sense (that is, myself and my internal state) is clear immediately through consciousness. The former—external objects in space—might be a mere delusion, but the latter—the object of my internal perception—is undeniably real. They do not, however, reflect that both, without question of their reality as representations, belong only to the genus phenomenon, which has always two aspects, the one, the object considered as a thing in itself, without regard to the mode of intuiting it, and the nature of which remains for this very reason problematical, the other, the form of our intuition of the object, which must be sought not in the object as a thing in itself, but in the subject to which it appears—which form of intuition nevertheless belongs really and necessarily to the phenomenal object.

Time and space are, therefore, two sources of knowledge, from which, à priori, various synthetical cognitions can be drawn. Of this we find a striking example in the cognitions of space and its relations, which form the foundation of pure mathematics. They are the two pure forms of all intuitions, and thereby make synthetical propositions à priori possible. But these sources of knowledge being merely conditions of our sensibility, do therefore, and as such, strictly determine their own range and purpose, in that they do not and cannot present objects as things in themselves, but are applicable to them solely in so far as they are considered as sensuous phenomena. The sphere of phenomena is the only sphere of their validity, and if we venture out of this, no further objective use can be made of them. For the rest, this formal reality of time and space leaves the validity of our empirical knowledge unshaken; for our certainty in that respect is equally firm, whether these forms necessarily inhere in the things themselves, or only in our intuitions of them. On the other hand, those who maintain the absolute reality of time and space, whether as essentially subsisting, or only inhering, as modifications, in things, must find themselves at utter variance with the principles of experience itself. For, if they decide for the first view, and make space and time into substances, this being the side taken by mathematical natural philosophers, they must admit two self-subsisting nonentities, infinite and eternal, which exist (yet without there being anything real) for the purpose of containing in themselves everything that is real. If they adopt the second view of inherence, which is preferred by some metaphysical natural philosophers, and regard space and time as relations (contiguity in space or succession in time), abstracted from experience, though represented confusedly in this state of separation, they find themselves in that case necessitated to deny the validity of mathematical doctrines à priori in reference to real things (for example, in space)—at all events their apodeictic certainty. For such certainty cannot be found in an à posteriori proposition; and the conceptions à priori of space and time are, according to this opinion, mere creations of the imagination, having their source really in experience, inasmuch as, out of relations abstracted from experience, imagination has made up something which contains, indeed, general statements of these relations, yet of which no application can be made without the restrictions attached thereto by nature. The former of these parties gains this advantage, that they keep the sphere of phenomena free for mathematical science. On the other hand, these very conditions (space and time) embarrass them greatly, when the understanding endeavours to pass the limits of that sphere. The latter has, indeed, this advantage, that the representations of space and time do not come in their way when they wish to judge of objects, not as phenomena, but merely in their relation to the understanding. Devoid, however, of a true and objectively valid à priori intuition, they can neither furnish any basis for the possibility of mathematical cognitions à priori, nor bring the propositions of experience into necessary accordance with those of mathematics. In our theory of the true nature of these two original forms of the sensibility, both difficulties are surmounted.

In conclusion, that transcendental æsthetic cannot contain any more than these two elements—space and time, is sufficiently obvious from the fact that all other conceptions appertaining to sensibility, even that of motion, which unites in itself both elements, presuppose something empirical. Motion, for example, presupposes the perception of something movable. But space considered in itself contains nothing movable, consequently motion must be something which is found in space only through experience—in other words, an empirical datum. In like manner, transcendental æsthetic cannot number the conception of change among its data à priori; for time itself does not change, but only something which is in time. To acquire the conception of change, therefore, the perception of some existing object and of the succession of its determinations, in one word, experience, is necessary.

§ 9. General Remarks on Transcendental Æsthetic.

I. In order to prevent any misunderstanding, it will be requisite, in the first place, to recapitulate, as clearly as possible, what our opinion is with respect to the fundamental nature of our sensuous cognition in general. We have intended, then, to say that all our intuition is nothing but the representation of phenomena; that the things which we intuite, are not in themselves the same as our representations of them in intuition, nor are their relations in themselves so constituted as they appear to us; and that if we take away the subject, or even only the subjective constitution of our senses in general, then not only the nature and relations of objects in space and time, but even space and time themselves disappear; and that these, as phenomena, cannot exist in themselves, but only in us. What may be the nature of objects considered as things in themselves and without reference to the receptivity of our sensibility is quite unknown to us. We know nothing more than our mode of perceiving them, which is peculiar to us, and which, though not of necessity pertaining to every animated being, is so to the whole human race. With this alone we have to do. Space and time are the pure forms thereof; sensation the matter. The former alone can we cognize à priori, that is, antecedent to all actual perception; and for this reason such cognition is called pure intuition. The latter is that in our cognition which is called cognition à posteriori, that is, empirical intuition. The former appertain absolutely and necessarily to our sensibility, of whatsoever kind our sensations may be; the latter may be of very diversified character. Supposing that we should carry our empirical intuition even to the very highest degree of clearness, we should not thereby advance one step nearer to a knowledge of the constitution of objects as things in themselves. For we could only, at best, arrive at a complete cognition of our own mode of intuition, that is of our

sensibility, and this always under the conditions originally attaching to the subject, namely, the conditions of space and time; while the question: “What are objects considered as things in themselves?” remains unanswerable even after the most thorough examination of the phenomenal world.

To say, then, that all our sensibility is nothing but the confused representation of things containing exclusively that which belongs to them as things in themselves, and this under an accumulation of characteristic marks and partial representations which we cannot distinguish in consciousness, is a falsification of the conception of sensibility and phenomenization, which renders our whole doctrine thereof empty and useless. The difference between a confused and a clear representation is merely logical and has nothing to do with content. No doubt the conception of right, as employed by a sound understanding, contains all that the most subtle investigation could unfold from it, although, in the ordinary practical use of the word, we are not conscious of the manifold representations comprised in the conception. But we cannot for this reason assert that the ordinary conception is a sensuous one, containing a mere phenomenon, for right cannot appear as a phenomenon; but the conception of it lies in the understanding, and represents a property (the moral property) of actions, which belongs to them in themselves. On the other hand, the representation in intuition of a body contains nothing which could belong to an object considered as a thing in itself, but merely the phenomenon or appearance of something, and the mode in which we are affected by that appearance; and this receptivity of our faculty of cognition is called sensibility, and remains toto caelo different from the cognition of an object in itself, even though we should examine the content of the phenomenon to the very bottom.

It must be admitted that the Leibnitz-Wolfian philosophy has assigned an entirely erroneous point of view to all investigations into the nature and origin of our cognitions, inasmuch as it regards the distinction between the sensuous and the intellectual as merely logical, whereas it is plainly transcendental, and concerns not merely the clearness or obscurity, but the content and origin of both. For the faculty of sensibility not only does not present us with an indistinct and confused cognition of objects as things in themselves, but, in fact, gives us no knowledge of these at all. On the contrary, so soon as we abstract in thought our own subjective nature, the object represented, with the properties ascribed to it by sensuous intuition, entirely disappears, because it was only this subjective nature that determined the form of the object as a phenomenon.

In phenomena, we commonly, indeed, distinguish that which essentially belongs to the intuition of them, and is valid for the sensuous faculty of every human being, from that which belongs to the same intuition accidentally, as valid not for the sensuous faculty in general, but for a particular state or organization of this or that sense. Accordingly, we are accustomed to say that the former is a cognition which represents the object itself, whilst the latter presents only a particular appearance or phenomenon thereof. This distinction, however, is only empirical. If we stop here (as is usual), and do not regard the empirical intuition as itself a mere phenomenon (as we ought to do), in which nothing that can appertain to a thing in itself is to be found, our transcendental distinction is lost, and we believe that we cognize objects as things in themselves, although in the whole range of the sensuous world, investigate the nature of its objects as profoundly as we may, we have to do with nothing but phenomena. Thus, we call the rainbow a mere appearance of phenomenon in a sunny shower, and the rain, the reality or thing in itself; and this is right enough, if we understand the latter conception in a merely physical sense, that is, as that which in universal experience, and under whatever conditions of sensuous perception, is known in intuition to be so and so determined, and not otherwise. But if we consider this empirical datum generally, and inquire, without reference to its accordance with all our senses, whether there can be discovered in it aught which represents an object as a thing in itself (the raindrops of course are not such, for they are, as phenomena, empirical objects), the question of the relation of the representation to the object is transcendental; and not only are the raindrops mere phenomena, but even their circular form, nay, the space itself through which they fall, is nothing in itself, but both are mere modifications or fundamental dispositions of our sensuous intuition, whilst the transcendental object remains for us utterly unknown.

The second important concern of our æsthetic is that it does not obtain favour merely as a plausible hypothesis, but possess as undoubted a character of certainty as can be demanded of any theory which is to serve for an organon. In order fully to convince the reader of this certainty, we shall select a case which will serve to make its validity apparent, and also to illustrate what has been said in § 3.

Suppose, then, that space and time are in themselves objective, and conditions of the—possibility of objects as things in themselves. In the first place, it is evident that both present us, with very many apodeictic and synthetic propositions à priori, but especially space—and for this reason we shall prefer it for investigation at present. As the propositions of geometry are cognized synthetically à priori, and with apodeictic certainty, I inquire: Whence do you obtain propositions of this kind, and on what basis does the understanding rest, in order to arrive at such absolutely necessary and universally valid truths?

There is no other way than through intuitions or conceptions, as such; and these are given either à priori or à posteriori. The latter, namely, empirical conceptions, together with the empirical intuition on which they are founded, cannot afford any synthetical proposition, except such as is itself also empirical, that is, a proposition of experience. But an empirical proposition cannot possess the qualities of necessity and absolute universality, which, nevertheless, are the characteristics of all geometrical propositions. As to the first and only means to arrive at such cognitions, namely, through mere conceptions or intuitions à priori, it is quite clear that from mere conceptions no synthetical cognitions, but only analytical ones, can be obtained. Take, for example, the proposition: "Two straight lines cannot enclose a space, and with these alone no figure is possible," and try to deduce it from the conception of a straight line and the number two; or take the proposition: "It is possible to construct a figure with three straight lines," and endeavour, in like manner, to deduce it from the mere conception of a straight line and the number three. All your endeavours are in vain, and you find yourself forced to have recourse to intuition, as, in fact, geometry always does. You therefore give yourself an object in intuition. But of what kind is this intuition? Is it a pure à priori, or is it an empirical intuition? If the latter, then neither an universally valid, much less an apodeictic proposition can arise from it, for experience never can give us any such proposition. You must, therefore, give yourself an object à priori in intuition, and upon that ground your synthetical proposition. Now if there did not exist within you a faculty of intuition à priori; if this subjective condition were not in respect to its form also the universal condition à priori under which alone the object of this external intuition is itself possible; if the object (that is, the triangle) were something in itself, without relation to you the subject; how could you affirm that that which lies necessarily in your subjective conditions in order to construct a triangle, must also necessarily belong to the triangle in itself? For to your conceptions of three lines, you could not add anything new (that is, the figure); which, therefore, must necessarily be found in the object, because the object is given before your cognition, and not by means of it. If, therefore, space (and time also) were not a mere form of your intuition, which contains conditions à priori, under which alone things can become external objects for you, and without which subjective conditions the objects are in themselves nothing, you could not construct any synthetical proposition whatsoever regarding external objects. It is therefore not merely possible or probable, but indubitably certain, that space and time, as the necessary conditions of all our external and internal experience, are merely subjective conditions of all our intuitions, in relation to which all objects are therefore mere phenomena, and not things in themselves, presented to us in this particular manner. And for this reason, in respect to the form of phenomena, much may be said à priori, whilst of the thing in itself, which may lie at the foundation of these phenomena, it is impossible to say anything.

II. In confirmation of this theory of the ideality of the external as well as internal sense, consequently of all objects of sense, as mere phenomena, we may especially remark that all in our cognition that belongs to intuition contains nothing more than mere relations. (The feelings of pain and pleasure, and the will, which are not cognitions, are excepted.) The relations, to wit, of place in an intuition (extension), change of place (motion), and laws according to which this change is determined (moving forces). That, however, which is present in this or that place, or any operation going on, or result taking place in the things themselves, with the exception of change of place, is not given to us by intuition. Now by means of mere relations, a thing cannot be known in itself; and it may therefore be fairly concluded, that, as through the external sense nothing but mere representations of relations are given us, the said external sense in its representation can contain only the relation of the object to the subject, but not the essential nature of the object as a thing in itself.

The same is the case with the internal intuition, not only because, in the internal intuition, the representation of the external senses constitutes the material with which the mind is occupied; but because time, in which we place, and which itself antecedes the consciousness of, these representations in experience, and which, as the formal condition of the mode according to which objects are placed in the mind, lies at the foundation of them, contains relations of the successive, the coexistent, and of that which always must be coexistent with succession, the permanent. Now that which, as representation, can antecede every exercise of thought (of an object), is intuition; and when it contains nothing but relations, it is the form of the intuition, which, as it presents us with no representation, except in so far as something is placed in the mind, can be nothing else than the mode in which the mind is affected by its own activity, to wit—its presenting to itself representations, consequently the mode in which the mind is affected by itself; that is, it can be nothing but an internal sense in respect to its form. Everything that is represented through the medium of sense is so far phenomenal; consequently, we must either refuse altogether to admit an internal sense, or the subject, which is the object of that sense, could only be represented by it as phenomenon, and not as it would judge of itself, if its intuition were pure spontaneous activity, that is, were intellectual. The difficulty here lies wholly in the question: How can the subject have an internal intuition of itself? But this difficulty is common to every theory. The consciousness of self (apperception) is the simple representation of the "ego"; and if by means of that representation alone, all the manifold representations in the subject were spontaneously given, then our internal intuition would be intellectual. This consciousness in man requires an internal perception of the manifold

representations which are previously given in the subject; and the manner in which these representations are given in the mind without spontaneity, must, on account of this difference (the want of spontaneity), be called sensibility. If the faculty of self-consciousness is to apprehend what lies in the mind, it must all act that and can in this way alone produce an intuition of self. But the form of this intuition, which lies in the original constitution of the mind, determines, in the representation of time, the manner in which the manifold representations are to combine themselves in the mind; since the subject intuites itself, not as it would represent itself immediately and spontaneously, but according to the manner in which the mind is internally affected, consequently, as it appears, and not as it is.

III. When we say that the intuition of external objects, and also the self-intuition of the subject, represent both, objects and subject, in space and time, as they affect our senses, that is, as they appear—this is by no means equivalent to asserting that these objects are mere illusory appearances. For when we speak of things as phenomena, the objects, nay, even the properties which we ascribe to them, are looked upon as really given; only that, in so far as this or that property depends upon the mode of intuition of the subject, in the relation of the given object to the subject, the object as phenomenon is to be distinguished from the object as a thing in itself. Thus I do not say that bodies seem or appear to be external to me, or that my soul seems merely to be given in my self-consciousness, although I maintain that the properties of space and time, in conformity to which I set both, as the condition of their existence, abide in my mode of intuition, and not in the objects in themselves. It would be my own fault, if out of that which I should reckon as phenomenon, I made mere illusory appearance.[12] But this will not happen, because of our principle of the ideality of all sensuous intuitions. On the contrary, if we ascribe objective reality to these forms of representation, it becomes impossible to avoid changing everything into mere appearance. For if we regard space and time as properties, which must be found in objects as things in themselves, as sine quibus non of the possibility of their existence, and reflect on the absurdities in which we then find ourselves involved, inasmuch as we are compelled to admit the existence of two infinite things, which are nevertheless not substances, nor anything really inhering in substances, nay, to admit that they are the necessary conditions of the existence of all things, and moreover, that they must continue to exist, although all existing things were annihilated—we cannot blame the good Berkeley for degrading bodies to mere illusory appearances. Nay, even our own existence, which would in this case depend upon the self-existent reality of such a mere nonentity as time, would necessarily be changed with it into mere appearance—an absurdity which no one has as yet been guilty of.

[12] The predicates of the phenomenon can be affixed to the object itself in relation to our sensuous faculty; for example, the red colour or the perfume to the rose. But (illusory) appearance never can be attributed as a predicate to an object, for this very reason, that it attributes to this object in itself that which belongs to it only in relation to our sensuous faculty, or to the subject in general, e.g., the two handles which were formerly ascribed to Saturn. That which is never to be found in the object itself, but always in the relation of the object to the subject, and which moreover is inseparable from our representation of the object, we denominate phenomenon. Thus the predicates of space and time are rightly attributed to objects of the senses as such, and in this there is no illusion. On the contrary, if I ascribe redness of the rose as a thing in itself, or to Saturn his handles, or extension to all external objects, considered as things in themselves, without regarding the determinate relation of these objects to the subject, and without limiting my judgement to that relation—then, and then only, arises illusion.

IV. In natural theology, where we think of an object—God—which never can be an object of intuition to us, and even to himself can never be an object of sensuous intuition, we carefully avoid attributing to his intuition the conditions of space and time—and intuition all his cognition must be, and not thought, which always includes limitation. But with what right can we do this if we make them forms of objects as things in themselves, and such, moreover, as would continue to exist as à priori conditions of the existence of things, even though the things themselves were annihilated? For as conditions of all existence in general, space and time must be conditions of the existence of the Supreme Being also. But if we do not thus make them objective forms of all things, there is no other way left than to make them subjective forms of our mode of intuition—external and internal; which is called sensuous, because it is not primitive, that is, is not such as gives in itself the existence of the object of the intuition (a mode of intuition which, so far as we can judge, can belong only to the Creator), but is dependent on the existence of the object, is possible, therefore, only on condition that the representative faculty of the subject is affected by the object.

It is, moreover, not necessary that we should limit the mode of intuition in space and time to the sensuous faculty of man. It may well be that all finite thinking beings must necessarily in this respect agree with man (though as to this we cannot decide), but sensibility does not on account of this universality cease to be sensibility, for this very reason, that it is a deduced (intuitus derivativus), and not an original (intuitus originarius), consequently not an intellectual intuition, and this intuition, as such, for reasons above mentioned, seems to belong solely to the Supreme Being, but never to a being dependent, quoad its existence, as

well as its intuition (which its existence determines and limits relatively to given objects). This latter remark, however, must be taken only as an illustration, and not as any proof of the truth of our æsthetical theory.

§ 10. Conclusion of the Transcendental Æsthetic.

We have now completely before us one part of the solution of the grand general problem of transcendental philosophy, namely, the question: “How are synthetical propositions à priori possible?” That is to say, we have shown that we are in possession of pure à priori intuitions, namely, space and time, in which we find, when in a judgement à priori we pass out beyond the given conception, something which is not discoverable in that conception, but is certainly found à priori in the intuition which corresponds to the conception, and can be united synthetically with it. But the judgements which these pure intuitions enable us to make, never reach farther than to objects of the senses, and are valid only for objects of possible experience.

Second Part—TRANSCENDENTAL LOGIC

INTRODUCTION. Idea of a Transcendental Logic.

I. Of Logic in General.

Our knowledge springs from two main sources in the mind, first of which is the faculty or power of receiving representations (receptivity for impressions); the second is the power of cognizing by means of these representations (spontaneity in the production of conceptions). Through the first an object is given to us; through the second, it is, in relation to the representation (which is a mere determination of the mind), thought. Intuition and conceptions constitute, therefore, the elements of all our knowledge, so that neither conceptions without an intuition in some way corresponding to them, nor intuition without conceptions, can afford us a cognition. Both are either pure or empirical. They are empirical, when sensation (which presupposes the actual presence of the object) is contained in them; and pure, when no sensation is mixed with the representation. Sensations we may call the matter of sensuous cognition. Pure intuition consequently contains merely the form under which something is intuited, and pure conception only the form of the thought of an object. Only pure intuitions and pure conceptions are possible à priori; the empirical only à posteriori.

We apply the term sensibility to the receptivity of the mind for impressions, in so far as it is in some way affected; and, on the other hand, we call the faculty of spontaneously producing representations, or the spontaneity of cognition, understanding. Our nature is so constituted that intuition with us never can be other than sensuous, that is, it contains only the mode in which we are affected by objects. On the other hand, the faculty of thinking the object of sensuous intuition is the understanding. Neither of these faculties has a preference over the other. Without the sensuous faculty no object would be given to us, and without the understanding no object would be thought. Thoughts without content are void; intuitions without conceptions, blind. Hence it is as necessary for the mind to make its conceptions sensuous (that is, to join to them the object in intuition), as to make its intuitions intelligible (that is, to bring them under conceptions). Neither of these faculties can exchange its proper function. Understanding cannot intuite, and the sensuous faculty cannot think. In no other way than from the united operation of both, can knowledge arise. But no one ought, on this account, to overlook the difference of the elements contributed by each; we have rather great reason carefully to separate and distinguish them. We therefore distinguish the science of the laws of sensibility, that is, æsthetic, from the science of the laws of the understanding, that is, logic.

Now, logic in its turn may be considered as twofold—namely, as logic of the general, or of the particular use of the understanding. The first contains the absolutely necessary laws of thought, without which no use whatsoever of the understanding is possible, and gives laws therefore to the understanding, without regard to the difference of objects on which it may be employed. The logic of the particular use of the understanding contains the laws of correct thinking upon a particular class of objects. The former may be called elemental logic—the latter, the organon of this or that particular science. The latter is for the most part employed in the schools, as a propædeutic to the sciences, although, indeed, according to the course of human reason, it is the last thing we arrive at, when the science has been already matured, and needs only the finishing touches towards its correction and completion; for our knowledge of the objects of our attempted science must be tolerably extensive and complete before we can indicate the laws by which a science of these objects can be established.

General logic is again either pure or applied. In the former, we abstract all the empirical conditions under which the understanding is exercised; for example, the influence of the senses, the play of the fantasy or imagination, the laws of the memory, the force of habit, of inclination, etc., consequently also, the sources of prejudice—in a word, we abstract all causes from which particular

cognitions arise, because these causes regard the understanding under certain circumstances of its application, and, to the knowledge of them experience is required. Pure general logic has to do, therefore, merely with pure à priori principles, and is a canon of understanding and reason, but only in respect of the formal part of their use, be the content what it may, empirical or transcendental. General logic is called applied, when it is directed to the laws of the use of the understanding, under the subjective empirical conditions which psychology teaches us. It has therefore empirical principles, although, at the same time, it is in so far general, that it applies to the exercise of the understanding, without regard to the difference of objects. On this account, moreover, it is neither a canon of the understanding in general, nor an organon of a particular science, but merely a cathartic of the human understanding.

In general logic, therefore, that part which constitutes pure logic must be carefully distinguished from that which constitutes applied (though still general) logic. The former alone is properly science, although short and dry, as the methodical exposition of an elemental doctrine of the understanding ought to be. In this, therefore, logicians must always bear in mind two rules:

1. As general logic, it makes abstraction of all content of the cognition of the understanding, and of the difference of objects, and has to do with nothing but the mere form of thought.

2. As pure logic, it has no empirical principles, and consequently draws nothing (contrary to the common persuasion) from psychology, which therefore has no influence on the canon of the understanding. It is a demonstrated doctrine, and everything in it must be certain completely à priori.

What I called applied logic (contrary to the common acceptation of this term, according to which it should contain certain exercises for the scholar, for which pure logic gives the rules), is a representation of the understanding, and of the rules of its necessary employment in concreto, that is to say, under the accidental conditions of the subject, which may either hinder or promote this employment, and which are all given only empirically. Thus applied logic treats of attention, its impediments and consequences, of the origin of error, of the state of doubt, hesitation, conviction, etc., and to it is related pure general logic in the same way that pure morality, which contains only the necessary moral laws of a free will, is related to practical ethics, which considers these laws under all the impediments of feelings, inclinations, and passions to which men are more or less subjected, and which never can furnish us with a true and demonstrated science, because it, as well as applied logic, requires empirical and psychological principles.

II. Of Transcendental Logic.

General logic, as we have seen, makes abstraction of all content of cognition, that is, of all relation of cognition to its object, and regards only the logical form in the relation of cognitions to each other, that is, the form of thought in general. But as we have both pure and empirical intuitions (as transcendental æsthetic proves), in like manner a distinction might be drawn between pure and empirical thought (of objects). In this case, there would exist a kind of logic, in which we should not make abstraction of all content of cognition; for or logic which should comprise merely the laws of pure thought (of an object), would of course exclude all those cognitions which were of empirical content. This kind of logic would also examine the origin of our cognitions of objects, so far as that origin cannot be ascribed to the objects themselves; while, on the contrary, general logic has nothing to do with the origin of our cognitions, but contemplates our representations, be they given primitively à priori in ourselves, or be they only of empirical origin, solely according to the laws which the understanding observes in employing them in the process of thought, in relation to each other. Consequently, general logic treats of the form of the understanding only, which can be applied to representations, from whatever source they may have arisen.

And here I shall make a remark, which the reader must bear well in mind in the course of the following considerations, to wit, that not every cognition à priori, but only those through which we cognize that and how certain representations (intuitions or conceptions) are applied or are possible only à priori; that is to say, the à priori possibility of cognition and the à priori use of it are transcendental. Therefore neither is space, nor any à priori geometrical determination of space, a transcendental Representation, but only the knowledge that such a representation is not of empirical origin, and the possibility of its relating to objects of experience, although itself à priori, can be called transcendental. So also, the application of space to objects in general would be transcendental; but if it be limited to objects of sense it is empirical. Thus, the distinction of the transcendental and empirical belongs only to the critique of cognitions, and does not concern the relation of these to their object.

Accordingly, in the expectation that there may perhaps be conceptions which relate à priori to objects, not as pure or sensuous intuitions, but merely as acts of pure thought (which are therefore conceptions, but neither of empirical nor æsthetical origin)—in this expectation, I say, we form to ourselves, by anticipation, the idea of a science of pure understanding and rational cognition, by

means of which we may cogitate objects entirely à priori. A science of this kind, which should determine the origin, the extent, and the objective validity of such cognitions, must be called transcendental logic, because it has not, like general logic, to do with the laws of understanding and reason in relation to empirical as well as pure rational cognitions without distinction, but concerns itself with these only in an à priori relation to objects.

III. Of the Division of General Logic into Analytic and Dialectic.

The old question with which people sought to push logicians into a corner, so that they must either have recourse to pitiful sophisms or confess their ignorance, and consequently the vanity of their whole art, is this: “What is truth?” The definition of the word truth, to wit, “the accordance of the cognition with its object,” is presupposed in the question; but we desire to be told, in the answer to it, what is the universal and secure criterion of the truth of every cognition.

To know what questions we may reasonably propose is in itself a strong evidence of sagacity and intelligence. For if a question be in itself absurd and unsusceptible of a rational answer, it is attended with the danger—not to mention the shame that falls upon the person who proposes it—of seducing the unguarded listener into making absurd answers, and we are presented with the ridiculous spectacle of one (as the ancients said) “milking the he-goat, and the other holding a sieve.”

If truth consists in the accordance of a cognition with its object, this object must be, ipso facto, distinguished from all others; for a cognition is false if it does not accord with the object to which it relates, although it contains something which may be affirmed of other objects. Now an universal criterion of truth would be that which is valid for all cognitions, without distinction of their objects. But it is evident that since, in the case of such a criterion, we make abstraction of all the content of a cognition (that is, of all relation to its object), and truth relates precisely to this content, it must be utterly absurd to ask for a mark of the truth of this content of cognition; and that, accordingly, a sufficient, and at the same time universal, test of truth cannot possibly be found. As we have already termed the content of a cognition its matter, we shall say: “Of the truth of our cognitions in respect of their matter, no universal test can be demanded, because such a demand is self-contradictory.”

On the other hand, with regard to our cognition in respect of its mere form (excluding all content), it is equally manifest that logic, in so far as it exhibits the universal and necessary laws of the understanding, must in these very laws present us with criteria of truth. Whatever contradicts these rules is false, because thereby the understanding is made to contradict its own universal laws of thought; that is, to contradict itself. These criteria, however, apply solely to the form of truth, that is, of thought in general, and in so far they are perfectly accurate, yet not sufficient. For although a cognition may be perfectly accurate as to logical form, that is, not self-contradictory, it is notwithstanding quite possible that it may not stand in agreement with its object. Consequently, the merely logical criterion of truth, namely, the accordance of a cognition with the universal and formal laws of understanding and reason, is nothing more than the conditio sine qua non, or negative condition of all truth. Farther than this logic cannot go, and the error which depends not on the form, but on the content of the cognition, it has no test to discover.

General logic, then, resolves the whole formal business of understanding and reason into its elements, and exhibits them as principles of all logical judging of our cognitions. This part of logic may, therefore, be called analytic, and is at least the negative test of truth, because all cognitions must first of an be estimated and tried according to these laws before we proceed to investigate them in respect of their content, in order to discover whether they contain positive truth in regard to their object. Because, however, the mere form of a cognition, accurately as it may accord with logical laws, is insufficient to supply us with material (objective) truth, no one, by means of logic alone, can venture to predicate anything of or decide concerning objects, unless he has obtained, independently of logic, well-grounded information about them, in order afterwards to examine, according to logical laws, into the use and connection, in a cohering whole, of that information, or, what is still better, merely to test it by them. Notwithstanding, there lies so seductive a charm in the possession of a specious art like this—an art which gives to all our cognitions the form of the understanding, although with respect to the content thereof we may be sadly deficient—that general logic, which is merely a canon of judgement, has been employed as an organon for the actual production, or rather for the semblance of production, of objective assertions, and has thus been grossly misapplied. Now general logic, in its assumed character of organon, is called dialectic.

Different as are the significations in which the ancients used this term for a science or an art, we may safely infer, from their actual employment of it, that with them it was nothing else than a logic of illusion—a sophistical art for giving ignorance, nay, even intentional sophistries, the colouring of truth, in which the thoroughness of procedure which logic requires was imitated, and their topic employed to cloak the empty pretensions. Now it may be taken as a safe and useful warning, that general logic, considered as an organon, must always be a logic of illusion, that is, be dialectical, for, as it teaches us nothing whatever respecting the content of

our cognitions, but merely the formal conditions of their accordance with the understanding, which do not relate to and are quite indifferent in respect of objects, any attempt to employ it as an instrument (organon) in order to extend and enlarge the range of our knowledge must end in mere prating; any one being able to maintain or oppose, with some appearance of truth, any single assertion whatever.

Such instruction is quite unbecoming the dignity of philosophy. For these reasons we have chosen to denominate this part of logic dialectic, in the sense of a critique of dialectical illusion, and we wish the term to be so understood in this place.

IV. Of the Division of Transcendental Logic into Transcendental Analytic and Dialectic.

In transcendental logic we isolate the understanding (as in transcendental æsthetic the sensibility) and select from our cognition merely that part of thought which has its origin in the understanding alone. The exercise of this pure cognition, however, depends upon this as its condition, that objects to which it may be applied be given to us in intuition, for without intuition the whole of our cognition is without objects, and is therefore quite void. That part of transcendental logic, then, which treats of the elements of pure cognition of the understanding, and of the principles without which no object at all can be thought, is transcendental analytic, and at the same time a logic of truth. For no cognition can contradict it, without losing at the same time all content, that is, losing all reference to an object, and therefore all truth. But because we are very easily seduced into employing these pure cognitions and principles of the understanding by themselves, and that even beyond the boundaries of experience, which yet is the only source whence we can obtain matter (objects) on which those pure conceptions may be employed—understanding runs the risk of making, by means of empty sophisms, a material and objective use of the mere formal principles of the pure understanding, and of passing judgements on objects without distinction—objects which are not given to us, nay, perhaps cannot be given to us in any way. Now, as it ought properly to be only a canon for judging of the empirical use of the understanding, this kind of logic is misused when we seek to employ it as an organon of the universal and unlimited exercise of the understanding, and attempt with the pure understanding alone to judge synthetically, affirm, and determine respecting objects in general. In this case the exercise of the pure understanding becomes dialectical. The second part of our transcendental logic must therefore be a critique of dialectical illusion, and this critique we shall term transcendental dialectic—not meaning it as an art of producing dogmatically such illusion (an art which is unfortunately too current among the practitioners of metaphysical juggling), but as a critique of understanding and reason in regard to their hyperphysical use. This critique will expose the groundless nature of the pretensions of these two faculties, and invalidate their claims to the discovery and enlargement of our cognitions merely by means of transcendental principles, and show that the proper employment of these faculties is to test the judgements made by the pure understanding, and to guard it from sophistical delusion.

FIRST DIVISION. TRANSCENDENTAL LOGIC. TRANSCENDENTAL ANALYTIC. § 1

Transcendental analytic is the dissection of the whole of our à priori knowledge into the elements of the pure cognition of the understanding. In order to effect our purpose, it is necessary: (1) That the conceptions be pure and not empirical; (2) That they belong not to intuition and sensibility, but to thought and understanding; (3) That they be elementary conceptions, and as such, quite different from deduced or compound conceptions; (4) That our table of these elementary conceptions be complete, and fill up the whole sphere of the pure understanding. Now this completeness of a science cannot be accepted with confidence on the guarantee of a mere estimate of its existence in an aggregate formed only by means of repeated experiments and attempts. The completeness which we require is possible only by means of an idea of the totality of the à priori cognition of the understanding, and through the thereby determined division of the conceptions which form the said whole; consequently, only by means of their connection in a system. Pure understanding distinguishes itself not merely from everything empirical, but also completely from all sensibility. It is a unity self-subsistent, self-sufficient, and not to be enlarged by any additions from without. Hence the sum of its cognition constitutes a system to be determined by and comprised under an idea; and the completeness and articulation of this system can at the same time serve as a test of the correctness and genuineness of all the parts of cognition that belong to it. The whole of this part of transcendental logic consists of two books, of which the one contains the conceptions, and the other the principles of pure understanding.

BOOK I. Analytic of Conceptions. § 2

By the term Analytic of Conceptions, I do not understand the analysis of these, or the usual process in philosophical investigations of dissecting the conceptions which present themselves, according to their content, and so making them clear; but I mean the hitherto little attempted dissection of the faculty of understanding itself, in order to investigate the possibility of conceptions à priori,

by looking for them in the understanding alone, as their birthplace, and analysing the pure use of this faculty. For this is the proper duty of a transcendental philosophy; what remains is the logical treatment of the conceptions in philosophy in general. We shall therefore follow up the pure conceptions even to their germs and beginnings in the human understanding, in which they lie, until they are developed on occasions presented by experience, and, freed by the same understanding from the empirical conditions attaching to them, are set forth in their unalloyed purity.

Chapter I. Of the Transcendental Clue to the Discovery of all Pure Conceptions of the Understanding

Introductory § 3

When we call into play a faculty of cognition, different conceptions manifest themselves according to the different circumstances, and make known this faculty, and assemble themselves into a more or less extensive collection, according to the time or penetration that has been applied to the consideration of them. Where this process, conducted as it is mechanically, so to speak, will end, cannot be determined with certainty. Besides, the conceptions which we discover in this haphazard manner present themselves by no means in order and systematic unity, but are at last coupled together only according to resemblances to each other, and arranged in series, according to the quantity of their content, from the simpler to the more complex—series which are anything but systematic, though not altogether without a certain kind of method in their construction.

Transcendental philosophy has the advantage, and moreover the duty, of searching for its conceptions according to a principle; because these conceptions spring pure and unmixed out of the understanding as an absolute unity, and therefore must be connected with each other according to one conception or idea. A connection of this kind, however, furnishes us with a ready prepared rule, by which its proper place may be assigned to every pure conception of the understanding, and the completeness of the system of all be determined à priori—both which would otherwise have been dependent on mere choice or chance.

Section I. Of the Logical Use of the Understanding in General § 4

The understanding was defined above only negatively, as a non-sensuous faculty of cognition. Now, independently of sensibility, we cannot possibly have any intuition; consequently, the understanding is no faculty of intuition. But besides intuition there is no other mode of cognition, except through conceptions; consequently, the cognition of every, at least of every human, understanding is a cognition through conceptions—not intuitive, but discursive. All intuitions, as sensuous, depend on affections; conceptions, therefore, upon functions. By the word function I understand the unity of the act of arranging diverse representations under one common representation. Conceptions, then, are based on the spontaneity of thought, as sensuous intuitions are on the receptivity of impressions. Now, the understanding cannot make any other use of these conceptions than to judge by means of them. As no representation, except an intuition, relates immediately to its object, a conception never relates immediately to an object, but only to some other representation thereof, be that an intuition or itself a conception. A judgement, therefore, is the mediate cognition of an object, consequently the representation of a representation of it. In every judgement there is a conception which applies to, and is valid for many other conceptions, and which among these comprehends also a given representation, this last being immediately connected with an object. For example, in the judgement—“All bodies are divisible,” our conception of divisible applies to various other conceptions; among these, however, it is here particularly applied to the conception of body, and this conception of body relates to certain phenomena which occur to us. These objects, therefore, are mediately represented by the conception of divisibility. All judgements, accordingly, are functions of unity in our representations, inasmuch as, instead of an immediate, a higher representation, which comprises this and various others, is used for our cognition of the object, and thereby many possible cognitions are collected into one. But we can reduce all acts of the understanding to judgements, so that understanding may be represented as the faculty of judging. For it is, according to what has been said above, a faculty of thought. Now thought is cognition by means of conceptions. But conceptions, as predicates of possible judgements, relate to some representation of a yet undetermined object. Thus the conception of body indicates something—for example, metal—which can be cognized by means of that conception. It is therefore a conception, for the reason alone that other representations are contained under it, by means of which it can relate to objects. It is therefore the predicate to a possible judgement; for example: “Every metal is a body.” All the functions of the understanding therefore can be discovered, when we can completely exhibit the functions of unity in judgements. And that this may be effected very easily, the following section will show.

Section II. Of the Logical Function of the Understanding in Judgements § 5

If we abstract all the content of a judgement, and consider only the intellectual form thereof, we find that the function of thought in a judgement can be brought under four heads, of which each contains three momenta. These may be conveniently represented in

the following table:

1 _Quantity of judgements_ Universal Particular Singular

2 3 _Quality Relation_ Affirmative Categorical Negative Hypothetical Infinite Disjunctive

4 _Modality_ Problematical Assertorical Apodeictical

As this division appears to differ in some, though not essential points, from the usual technique of logicians, the following observations, for the prevention of otherwise possible misunderstanding, will not be without their use.

1. Logicians say, with justice, that in the use of judgements in syllogisms, singular judgements may be treated like universal ones. For, precisely because a singular judgement has no extent at all, its predicate cannot refer to a part of that which is contained in the conception of the subject and be excluded from the rest. The predicate is valid for the whole conception just as if it were a general conception, and had extent, to the whole of which the predicate applied. On the other hand, let us compare a singular with a general judgement, merely as a cognition, in regard to quantity. The singular judgement relates to the general one, as unity to infinity, and is therefore in itself essentially different. Thus, if we estimate a singular judgement (_judicium singulare_) not merely according to its intrinsic validity as a judgement, but also as a cognition generally, according to its quantity in comparison with that of other cognitions, it is then entirely different from a general judgement (_judicium commune_), and in a complete table of the momenta of thought deserves a separate place—though, indeed, this would not be necessary in a logic limited merely to the consideration of the use of judgements in reference to each other.

2. In like manner, in transcendental logic, infinite must be distinguished from affirmative judgements, although in general logic they are rightly enough classed under affirmative. General logic abstracts all content of the predicate (though it be negative), and only considers whether the said predicate be affirmed or denied of the subject. But transcendental logic considers also the worth or content of this logical affirmation—an affirmation by means of a merely negative predicate, and inquires how much the sum total of our cognition gains by this affirmation. For example, if I say of the soul, “It is not mortal”—by this negative judgement I should at least ward off error. Now, by the proposition, “The soul is not mortal,” I have, in respect of the logical form, really affirmed, inasmuch as I thereby place the soul in the unlimited sphere of immortal beings. Now, because of the whole sphere of possible existences, the mortal occupies one part, and the immortal the other, neither more nor less is affirmed by the proposition than that the soul is one among the infinite multitude of things which remain over, when I take away the whole mortal part. But by this proceeding we accomplish only this much, that the infinite sphere of all possible existences is in so far limited that the mortal is excluded from it, and the soul is placed in the remaining part of the extent of this sphere. But this part remains, notwithstanding this exception, infinite, and more and more parts may be taken away from the whole sphere, without in the slightest degree thereby augmenting or affirmatively determining our conception of the soul. These judgements, therefore, infinite in respect of their logical extent, are, in respect of the content of their cognition, merely limitative; and are consequently entitled to a place in our transcendental table of all the momenta of thought in judgements, because the function of the understanding exercised by them may perhaps be of importance in the field of its pure à priori cognition.

3. All relations of thought in judgements are those (a) of the predicate to the subject; (b) of the principle to its consequence; (c) of the divided cognition and all the members of the division to each other. In the first of these three classes, we consider only two conceptions; in the second, two judgements; in the third, several judgements in relation to each other. The hypothetical proposition, “If perfect justice exists, the obstinately wicked are punished,” contains properly the relation to each other of two propositions, namely, “Perfect justice exists,” and “The obstinately wicked are punished.” Whether these propositions are in themselves true is a question not here decided. Nothing is cogitated by means of this judgement except a certain consequence. Finally, the disjunctive judgement contains a relation of two or more propositions to each other—a relation not of consequence, but of logical opposition, in so far as the sphere of the one proposition excludes that of the other. But it contains at the same time a relation of community, in so far as all the propositions taken together fill up the sphere of the cognition. The disjunctive judgement contains, therefore, the relation of the parts of the whole sphere of a cognition, since the sphere of each part is a complemental part of the sphere of the other, each contributing to form the sum total of the divided cognition. Take, for example, the proposition, “The world exists either through blind chance, or through internal necessity, or through an external cause.” Each of these propositions embraces a part of the sphere of our possible cognition as to the existence of a world; all of them taken together, the whole sphere. To take the cognition out of one of these spheres, is equivalent to placing it in one of the others; and, on the other hand, to place it in one sphere is equivalent to taking it out of the rest. There is, therefore, in a disjunctive judgement a certain community of cognitions,

which consists in this, that they mutually exclude each other, yet thereby determine, as a whole, the true cognition, inasmuch as, taken together, they make up the complete content of a particular given cognition. And this is all that I find necessary, for the sake of what follows, to remark in this place.

4. The modality of judgements is a quite peculiar function, with this distinguishing characteristic, that it contributes nothing to the content of a judgement (for besides quantity, quality, and relation, there is nothing more that constitutes the content of a judgement), but concerns itself only with the value of the copula in relation to thought in general. Problematical judgements are those in which the affirmation or negation is accepted as merely possible (ad libitum). In the assertorical, we regard the proposition as real (true); in the apodeictical, we look on it as necessary.[13] Thus the two judgements (antecedens et consequens), the relation of which constitutes a hypothetical judgement, likewise those (the members of the division) in whose reciprocity the disjunctive consists, are only problematical. In the example above given the proposition, “There exists perfect justice,” is not stated assertorically, but as an ad libitum judgement, which someone may choose to adopt, and the consequence alone is assertorical. Hence such judgements may be obviously false, and yet, taken problematically, be conditions of our cognition of the truth. Thus the proposition, “The world exists only by blind chance,” is in the disjunctive judgement of problematical import only: that is to say, one may accept it for the moment, and it helps us (like the indication of the wrong road among all the roads that one can take) to find out the true proposition. The problematical proposition is, therefore, that which expresses only logical possibility (which is not objective); that is, it expresses a free choice to admit the validity of such a proposition—a merely arbitrary reception of it into the understanding. The assertorical speaks of logical reality or truth; as, for example, in a hypothetical syllogism, the antecedens presents itself in a problematical form in the major, in an assertorical form in the minor, and it shows that the proposition is in harmony with the laws of the understanding. The apodeictical proposition cogitates the assertorical as determined by these very laws of the understanding, consequently as affirming à priori, and in this manner it expresses logical necessity. Now because all is here gradually incorporated with the understanding—inasmuch as in the first place we judge problematically; then accept assertorically our judgement as true; lastly, affirm it as inseparably united with the understanding, that is, as necessary and apodeictical—we may safely reckon these three functions of modality as so many momenta of thought.

[13] Just as if thought were in the first instance a function of the understanding; in the second, of judgement; in the third, of reason. A remark which will be explained in the sequel.

Section III. Of the Pure Conceptions of the Understanding, or Categories § 6

General logic, as has been repeatedly said, makes abstraction of all content of cognition, and expects to receive representations from some other quarter, in order, by means of analysis, to convert them into conceptions. On the contrary, transcendental logic has lying before it the manifold content of à priori sensibility, which transcendental æsthetic presents to it in order to give matter to the pure conceptions of the understanding, without which transcendental logic would have no content, and be therefore utterly void. Now space and time contain an infinite diversity of determinations of pure à priori intuition, but are nevertheless the condition of the mind’s receptivity, under which alone it can obtain representations of objects, and which, consequently, must always affect the conception of these objects. But the spontaneity of thought requires that this diversity be examined after a certain manner, received into the mind, and connected, in order afterwards to form a cognition out of it. This Process I call synthesis.

By the word synthesis, in its most general signification, I understand the process of joining different representations to each other and of comprehending their diversity in one cognition. This synthesis is pure when the diversity is not given empirically but à priori (as that in space and time). Our representations must be given previously to any analysis of them; and no conceptions can arise, quoad their content, analytically. But the synthesis of a diversity (be it given à priori or empirically) is the first requisite for the production of a cognition, which in its beginning, indeed, may be crude and confused, and therefore in need of analysis—still, synthesis is that by which alone the elements of our cognitions are collected and united into a certain content, consequently it is the first thing on which we must fix our attention, if we wish to investigate the origin of our knowledge.

Synthesis, generally speaking, is, as we shall afterwards see, the mere operation of the imagination—a blind but indispensable function of the soul, without which we should have no cognition whatever, but of the working of which we are seldom even conscious. But to reduce this synthesis to conceptions is a function of the understanding, by means of which we attain to cognition, in the proper meaning of the term.

Pure synthesis, represented generally, gives us the pure conception of the understanding. But by this pure synthesis, I mean that which rests upon a basis of à priori synthetical unity. Thus, our numeration (and this is more observable in large numbers) is a

synthesis according to conceptions, because it takes place according to a common basis of unity (for example, the decade). By means of this conception, therefore, the unity in the synthesis of the manifold becomes necessary.

By means of analysis different representations are brought under one conception—an operation of which general logic treats. On the other hand, the duty of transcendental logic is to reduce to conceptions, not representations, but the pure synthesis of representations. The first thing which must be given to us for the sake of the à priori cognition of all objects, is the diversity of the pure intuition; the synthesis of this diversity by means of the imagination is the second; but this gives, as yet, no cognition. The conceptions which give unity to this pure synthesis, and which consist solely in the representation of this necessary synthetical unity, furnish the third requisite for the cognition of an object, and these conceptions are given by the understanding.

The same function which gives unity to the different representation in a judgement, gives also unity to the mere synthesis of different representations in an intuition; and this unity we call the pure conception of the understanding. Thus, the same understanding, and by the same operations, whereby in conceptions, by means of analytical unity, it produced the logical form of a judgement, introduces, by means of the synthetical unity of the manifold in intuition, a transcendental content into its representations, on which account they are called pure conceptions of the understanding, and they apply à priori to objects, a result not within the power of general logic.

In this manner, there arise exactly so many pure conceptions of the understanding, applying à priori to objects of intuition in general, as there are logical functions in all possible judgements. For there is no other function or faculty existing in the understanding besides those enumerated in that table. These conceptions we shall, with Aristotle, call categories, our purpose being originally identical with his, notwithstanding the great difference in the execution.

TABLE OF THE CATEGORIES

1 2

Of Quantity Of Quality Unity Reality Plurality Negation Totality Limitation

3 _Of Relation_ Of Inherence and Subsistence (substantia et accidens) Of Causality and Dependence (cause and effect) Of Community (reciprocity between the agent and patient)

4 _Of Modality_ Possibility—Impossibility Existence—Non-existence Necessity—Contingence

This, then, is a catalogue of all the originally pure conceptions of the synthesis which the understanding contains à priori, and these conceptions alone entitle it to be called a pure understanding; inasmuch as only by them it can render the manifold of intuition conceivable, in other words, think an object of intuition. This division is made systematically from a common principle, namely the faculty of judgement (which is just the same as the power of thought), and has not arisen rhapsodically from a search at haphazard after pure conceptions, respecting the full number of which we never could be certain, inasmuch as we employ induction alone in our search, without considering that in this way we can never understand wherefore precisely these conceptions, and none others, abide in the pure understanding. It was a design worthy of an acute thinker like Aristotle, to search for these fundamental conceptions. Destitute, however, of any guiding principle, he picked them up just as they occurred to him, and at first hunted out ten, which he called categories (predicaments). Afterwards be believed that he had discovered five others, which were added under the name of post predicaments. But his catalogue still remained defective. Besides, there are to be found among them some of the modes of pure sensibility (quando, ubi, situs, also prius, simul), and likewise an empirical conception (motus)—which can by no means belong to this genealogical register of the pure understanding. Moreover, there are deduced conceptions (actio, passio) enumerated among the original conceptions, and, of the latter, some are entirely wanting.

With regard to these, it is to be remarked, that the categories, as the true primitive conceptions of the pure understanding, have also their pure deduced conceptions, which, in a complete system of transcendental philosophy, must by no means be passed over; though in a merely critical essay we must be contented with the simple mention of the fact.

Let it be allowed me to call these pure, but deduced conceptions of the understanding, the predicables of the pure understanding, in contradistinction to predicaments. If we are in possession of the original and primitive, the deduced and subsidiary conceptions can easily be added, and the genealogical tree of the understanding completely delineated. As my present aim is not to set forth a complete system, but merely the principles of one, I reserve this task for another time. It may be easily executed by any one who will refer to the ontological manuals, and subordinate to the category of causality, for example, the predicables of force, action,

passion; to that of community, those of presence and resistance; to the categories of modality, those of origination, extinction, change; and so with the rest. The categories combined with the modes of pure sensibility, or with one another, afford a great number of deduced à priori conceptions; a complete enumeration of which would be a useful and not unpleasant, but in this place a perfectly dispensable, occupation.

I purposely omit the definitions of the categories in this treatise. I shall analyse these conceptions only so far as is necessary for the doctrine of method, which is to form a part of this critique. In a system of pure reason, definitions of them would be with justice demanded of me, but to give them here would only bide from our view the main aim of our investigation, at the same time raising doubts and objections, the consideration of which, without injustice to our main purpose, may be very well postponed till another opportunity. Meanwhile, it ought to be sufficiently clear, from the little we have already said on this subject, that the formation of a complete vocabulary of pure conceptions, accompanied by all the requisite explanations, is not only a possible, but an easy undertaking. The compartments already exist; it is only necessary to fill them up; and a systematic topic like the present, indicates with perfect precision the proper place to which each conception belongs, while it readily points out any that have not yet been filled up.

§ 7

Our table of the categories suggests considerations of some importance, which may perhaps have significant results in regard to the scientific form of all rational cognitions. For, that this table is useful in the theoretical part of philosophy, nay, indispensable for the sketching of the complete plan of a science, so far as that science rests upon conceptions à priori, and for dividing it mathematically, according to fixed principles, is most manifest from the fact that it contains all the elementary conceptions of the understanding, nay, even the form of a system of these in the understanding itself, and consequently indicates all the momenta, and also the internal arrangement of a projected speculative science, as I have elsewhere shown.[14] Here follow some of these observations.

[14] In the “Metaphysical Principles of Natural Science.”

I. This table, which contains four classes of conceptions of the understanding, may, in the first instance, be divided into two classes, the first of which relates to objects of intuition—pure as well as empirical; the second, to the existence of these objects, either in relation to one another, or to the understanding.

The former of these classes of categories I would entitle the mathematical, and the latter the dynamical categories. The former, as we see, has no correlates; these are only to be found in the second class. This difference must have a ground in the nature of the human understanding.

II. The number of the categories in each class is always the same, namely, three—a fact which also demands some consideration, because in all other cases division à priori through conceptions is necessarily dichotomy. It is to be added, that the third category in each triad always arises from the combination of the second with the first.

Thus totality is nothing else but plurality contemplated as unity; limitation is merely reality conjoined with negation; community is the causality of a substance, reciprocally determining, and determined by other substances; and finally, necessity is nothing but existence, which is given through the possibility itself. Let it not be supposed, however, that the third category is merely a deduced, and not a primitive conception of the pure understanding. For the conjunction of the first and second, in order to produce the third conception, requires a particular function of the understanding, which is by no means identical with those which are exercised in the first and second. Thus, the conception of a number (which belongs to the category of totality) is not always possible, where the conceptions of multitude and unity exist (for example, in the representation of the infinite). Or, if I conjoin the conception of a cause with that of a substance, it does not follow that the conception of influence, that is, how one substance can be the cause of something in another substance, will be understood from that. Thus it is evident that a particular act of the understanding is here necessary; and so in the other instances.

III. With respect to one category, namely, that of community, which is found in the third class, it is not so easy as with the others to detect its accordance with the form of the disjunctive judgement which corresponds to it in the table of the logical functions.

In order to assure ourselves of this accordance, we must observe that in every disjunctive judgement, the sphere of the judgement (that is, the complex of all that is contained in it) is represented as a whole divided into parts; and, since one part cannot be

contained in the other, they are cogitated as co-ordinated with, not subordinated to each other, so that they do not determine each other unilaterally, as in a linear series, but reciprocally, as in an aggregate—(if one member of the division is posited, all the rest are excluded; and conversely).

Now a like connection is cogitated in a whole of things; for one thing is not subordinated, as effect, to another as cause of its existence, but, on the contrary, is co-ordinated contemporaneously and reciprocally, as a cause in relation to the determination of the others (for example, in a body—the parts of which mutually attract and repel each other). And this is an entirely different kind of connection from that which we find in the mere relation of the cause to the effect (the principle to the consequence), for in such a connection the consequence does not in its turn determine the principle, and therefore does not constitute, with the latter, a whole—just as the Creator does not with the world make up a whole. The process of understanding by which it represents to itself the sphere of a divided conception, is employed also when we think of a thing as divisible; and in the same manner as the members of the division in the former exclude one another, and yet are connected in one sphere, so the understanding represents to itself the parts of the latter, as having—each of them—an existence (as substances), independently of the others, and yet as united in one whole.

§ 8

In the transcendental philosophy of the ancients there exists one more leading division, which contains pure conceptions of the understanding, and which, although not numbered among the categories, ought, according to them, as conceptions à priori, to be valid of objects. But in this case they would augment the number of the categories; which cannot be. These are set forth in the proposition, so renowned among the schoolmen—'_Quodlibet ens est UNUM, VERUM, BONUM_.' Now, though the inferences from this principle were mere tautological propositions, and though it is allowed only by courtesy to retain a place in modern metaphysics, yet a thought which maintained itself for such a length of time, however empty it seems to be, deserves an investigation of its origin, and justifies the conjecture that it must be grounded in some law of the understanding, which, as is often the case, has only been erroneously interpreted. These pretended transcendental predicates are, in fact, nothing but logical requisites and criteria of all cognition of objects, and they employ, as the basis for this cognition, the categories of quantity, namely, unity, plurality, and totality. But these, which must be taken as material conditions, that is, as belonging to the possibility of things themselves, they employed merely in a formal signification, as belonging to the logical requisites of all cognition, and yet most unguardedly changed these criteria of thought into properties of objects, as things in themselves. Now, in every cognition of an object, there is unity of conception, which may be called qualitative unity, so far as by this term we understand only the unity in our connection of the manifold; for example, unity of the theme in a play, an oration, or a story. Secondly, there is truth in respect of the deductions from it. The more true deductions we have from a given conception, the more criteria of its objective reality. This we might call the qualitative plurality of characteristic marks, which belong to a conception as to a common foundation, but are not cogitated as a quantity in it. Thirdly, there is perfection—which consists in this, that the plurality falls back upon the unity of the conception, and accords completely with that conception and with no other. This we may denominate qualitative completeness. Hence it is evident that these logical criteria of the possibility of cognition are merely the three categories of quantity modified and transformed to suit an unauthorized manner of applying them. That is to say, the three categories, in which the unity in the production of the quantum must be homogeneous throughout, are transformed solely with a view to the connection of heterogeneous parts of cognition in one act of consciousness, by means of the quality of the cognition, which is the principle of that connection. Thus the criterion of the possibility of a conception (not of its object) is the definition of it, in which the unity of the conception, the truth of all that may be immediately deduced from it, and finally, the completeness of what has been thus deduced, constitute the requisites for the reproduction of the whole conception. Thus also, the criterion or test of an hypothesis is the intelligibility of the received principle of explanation, or its unity (without help from any subsidiary hypothesis)—the truth of our deductions from it (consistency with each other and with experience)—and lastly, the completeness of the principle of the explanation of these deductions, which refer to neither more nor less than what was admitted in the hypothesis, restoring analytically and à posteriori, what was cogitated synthetically and à priori. By the conceptions, therefore, of unity, truth, and perfection, we have made no addition to the transcendental table of the categories, which is complete without them. We have, on the contrary, merely employed the three categories of quantity, setting aside their application to objects of experience, as general logical laws of the consistency of cognition with itself.

Chapter II. Of the Deduction of the Pure Conceptions of the Understanding

Section I. Of the Principles of a Transcendental Deduction in general § 9

Teachers of jurisprudence, when speaking of rights and claims, distinguish in a cause the question of right (quid juris) from the question of fact (quid facti), and while they demand proof of both, they give to the proof of the former, which goes to establish right or claim in law, the name of deduction. Now we make use of a great number of empirical conceptions, without opposition from any one; and consider ourselves, even without any attempt at deduction, justified in attaching to them a sense, and a supposititious signification, because we have always experience at hand to demonstrate their objective reality. There exist also, however, usurped conceptions, such as fortune, fate, which circulate with almost universal indulgence, and yet are occasionally challenged by the question, “quid juris?” In such cases, we have great difficulty in discovering any deduction for these terms, inasmuch as we cannot produce any manifest ground of right, either from experience or from reason, on which the claim to employ them can be founded.

Among the many conceptions, which make up the very variegated web of human cognition, some are destined for pure use à priori, independent of all experience; and their title to be so employed always requires a deduction, inasmuch as, to justify such use of them, proofs from experience are not sufficient; but it is necessary to know how these conceptions can apply to objects without being derived from experience. I term, therefore, an examination of the manner in which conceptions can apply à priori to objects, the transcendental deduction of conceptions, and I distinguish it from the empirical deduction, which indicates the mode in which conception is obtained through experience and reflection thereon; consequently, does not concern itself with the right, but only with the fact of our obtaining conceptions in such and such a manner. We have already seen that we are in possession of two perfectly different kinds of conceptions, which nevertheless agree with each other in this, that they both apply to objects completely à priori. These are the conceptions of space and time as forms of sensibility, and the categories as pure conceptions of the understanding. To attempt an empirical deduction of either of these classes would be labour in vain, because the distinguishing characteristic of their nature consists in this, that they apply to their objects, without having borrowed anything from experience towards the representation of them. Consequently, if a deduction of these conceptions is necessary, it must always be transcendental.

Meanwhile, with respect to these conceptions, as with respect to all our cognition, we certainly may discover in experience, if not the principle of their possibility, yet the occasioning causes of their production. It will be found that the impressions of sense give the first occasion for bringing into action the whole faculty of cognition, and for the production of experience, which contains two very dissimilar elements, namely, a matter for cognition, given by the senses, and a certain form for the arrangement of this matter, arising out of the inner fountain of pure intuition and thought; and these, on occasion given by sensuous impressions, are called into exercise and produce conceptions. Such an investigation into the first efforts of our faculty of cognition to mount from particular perceptions to general conceptions is undoubtedly of great utility; and we have to thank the celebrated Locke for having first opened the way for this inquiry. But a deduction of the pure à priori conceptions of course never can be made in this way, seeing that, in regard to their future employment, which must be entirely independent of experience, they must have a far different certificate of birth to show from that of a descent from experience. This attempted physiological derivation, which cannot properly be called deduction, because it relates merely to a quaestio facti, I shall entitle an explanation of the possession of a pure cognition. It is therefore manifest that there can only be a transcendental deduction of these conceptions and by no means an empirical one; also, that all attempts at an empirical deduction, in regard to pure à priori conceptions, are vain, and can only be made by one who does not understand the altogether peculiar nature of these cognitions.

But although it is admitted that the only possible deduction of pure à priori cognition is a transcendental deduction, it is not, for that reason, perfectly manifest that such a deduction is absolutely necessary. We have already traced to their sources the conceptions of space and time, by means of a transcendental deduction, and we have explained and determined their objective validity à priori. Geometry, nevertheless, advances steadily and securely in the province of pure à priori cognitions, without needing to ask from philosophy any certificate as to the pure and legitimate origin of its fundamental conception of space. But the use of the conception in this science extends only to the external world of sense, the pure form of the intuition of which is space; and in this world, therefore, all geometrical cognition, because it is founded upon à priori intuition, possesses immediate evidence, and the objects of this cognition are given à priori (as regards their form) in intuition by and through the cognition itself. With the pure conceptions of understanding, on the contrary, commences the absolute necessity of seeking a transcendental deduction, not only of these conceptions themselves, but likewise of space, because, inasmuch as they make affirmations concerning objects not by means of the predicates of intuition and sensibility, but of pure thought à priori, they apply to objects without any of the conditions of sensibility. Besides, not being founded on experience, they are not presented with any object in à priori intuition upon which, antecedently to experience, they might base their synthesis. Hence results, not only doubt as to the objective validity and proper limits of their use, but that even our conception of space is rendered equivocal; inasmuch as we are very ready with the aid of the categories, to carry the use of this conception beyond the conditions of sensuous intuition—and, for this reason, we have already

found a transcendental deduction of it needful. The reader, then, must be quite convinced of the absolute necessity of a transcendental deduction, before taking a single step in the field of pure reason; because otherwise he goes to work blindly, and after he has wondered about in all directions, returns to the state of utter ignorance from which he started. He ought, moreover, clearly to recognize beforehand the unavoidable difficulties in his undertaking, so that he may not afterwards complain of the obscurity in which the subject itself is deeply involved, or become too soon impatient of the obstacles in his path; because we have a choice of only two things—either at once to give up all pretensions to knowledge beyond the limits of possible experience, or to bring this critical investigation to completion.

We have been able, with very little trouble, to make it comprehensible how the conceptions of space and time, although à priori cognitions, must necessarily apply to external objects, and render a synthetical cognition of these possible, independently of all experience. For inasmuch as only by means of such pure form of sensibility an object can appear to us, that is, be an object of empirical intuition, space and time are pure intuitions, which contain à priori the condition of the possibility of objects as phenomena, and an à priori synthesis in these intuitions possesses objective validity.

On the other hand, the categories of the understanding do not represent the conditions under which objects are given to us in intuition; objects can consequently appear to us without necessarily connecting themselves with these, and consequently without any necessity binding on the understanding to contain à priori the conditions of these objects. Thus we find ourselves involved in a difficulty which did not present itself in the sphere of sensibility, that is to say, we cannot discover how the subjective conditions of thought can have objective validity, in other words, can become conditions of the possibility of all cognition of objects; for phenomena may certainly be given to us in intuition without any help from the functions of the understanding. Let us take, for example, the conception of cause, which indicates a peculiar kind of synthesis, namely, that with something, A, something entirely different, B, is connected according to a law. It is not à priori manifest why phenomena should contain anything of this kind (we are of course debarred from appealing for proof to experience, for the objective validity of this conception must be demonstrated à priori), and it hence remains doubtful à priori, whether such a conception be not quite void and without any corresponding object among phenomena. For that objects of sensuous intuition must correspond to the formal conditions of sensibility existing à priori in the mind is quite evident, from the fact that without these they could not be objects for us; but that they must also correspond to the conditions which understanding requires for the synthetical unity of thought is an assertion, the grounds for which are not so easily to be discovered. For phenomena might be so constituted as not to correspond to the conditions of the unity of thought; and all things might lie in such confusion that, for example, nothing could be met with in the sphere of phenomena to suggest a law of synthesis, and so correspond to the conception of cause and effect; so that this conception would be quite void, null, and without significance. Phenomena would nevertheless continue to present objects to our intuition; for mere intuition does not in any respect stand in need of the functions of thought.

If we thought to free ourselves from the labour of these investigations by saying: “Experience is constantly offering us examples of the relation of cause and effect in phenomena, and presents us with abundant opportunity of abstracting the conception of cause, and so at the same time of corroborating the objective validity of this conception”; we should in this case be overlooking the fact, that the conception of cause cannot arise in this way at all; that, on the contrary, it must either have an à priori basis in the understanding, or be rejected as a mere chimera. For this conception demands that something, A, should be of such a nature that something else, B, should follow from it necessarily, and according to an absolutely universal law. We may certainly collect from phenomena a law, according to which this or that usually happens, but the element of necessity is not to be found in it. Hence it is evident that to the synthesis of cause and effect belongs a dignity, which is utterly wanting in any empirical synthesis; for it is no mere mechanical synthesis, by means of addition, but a dynamical one; that is to say, the effect is not to be cogitated as merely annexed to the cause, but as posited by and through the cause, and resulting from it. The strict universality of this law never can be a characteristic of empirical laws, which obtain through induction only a comparative universality, that is, an extended range of practical application. But the pure conceptions of the understanding would entirely lose all their peculiar character, if we treated them merely as the productions of experience.

Transition to the Transcendental Deduction of the Categories § 10

There are only two possible ways in which synthetical representation and its objects can coincide with and relate necessarily to each other, and, as it were, meet together. Either the object alone makes the representation possible, or the representation alone makes the object possible. In the former case, the relation between them is only empirical, and an à priori representation is impossible. And this is the case with phenomena, as regards that in them which is referable to mere sensation. In the latter case—although representation alone (for of its causality, by means of the will, we do not here speak) does not produce the object

as to its existence, it must nevertheless be à priori determinative in regard to the object, if it is only by means of the representation that we can cognize anything as an object. Now there are only two conditions of the possibility of a cognition of objects; firstly, intuition, by means of which the object, though only as phenomenon, is given; secondly, conception, by means of which the object which corresponds to this intuition is thought. But it is evident from what has been said on æsthetic that the first condition, under which alone objects can be intuited, must in fact exist, as a formal basis for them, à priori in the mind. With this formal condition of sensibility, therefore, all phenomena necessarily correspond, because it is only through it that they can be phenomena at all; that is, can be empirically intuited and given. Now the question is whether there do not exist, à priori in the mind, conceptions of understanding also, as conditions under which alone something, if not intuited, is yet thought as object. If this question be answered in the affirmative, it follows that all empirical cognition of objects is necessarily conformable to such conceptions, since, if they are not presupposed, it is impossible that anything can be an object of experience. Now all experience contains, besides the intuition of the senses through which an object is given, a conception also of an object that is given in intuition. Accordingly, conceptions of objects in general must lie as à priori conditions at the foundation of all empirical cognition; and consequently, the objective validity of the categories, as à priori conceptions, will rest upon this, that experience (as far as regards the form of thought) is possible only by their means. For in that case they apply necessarily and à priori to objects of experience, because only through them can an object of experience be thought.

The whole aim of the transcendental deduction of all à priori conceptions is to show that these conceptions are à priori conditions of the possibility of all experience. Conceptions which afford us the objective foundation of the possibility of experience are for that very reason necessary. But the analysis of the experiences in which they are met with is not deduction, but only an illustration of them, because from experience they could never derive the attribute of necessity. Without their original applicability and relation to all possible experience, in which all objects of cognition present themselves, the relation of the categories to objects, of whatever nature, would be quite incomprehensible.

The celebrated Locke, for want of due reflection on these points, and because he met with pure conceptions of the understanding in experience, sought also to deduce them from experience, and yet proceeded so inconsequently as to attempt, with their aid, to arrive it cognitions which lie far beyond the limits of all experience. David Hume perceived that, to render this possible, it was necessary that the conceptions should have an à priori origin. But as he could not explain how it was possible that conceptions which are not connected with each other in the understanding must nevertheless be thought as necessarily connected in the object—and it never occurred to him that the understanding itself might, perhaps, by means of these conceptions, be the author of the experience in which its objects were presented to it—he was forced to drive these conceptions from experience, that is, from a subjective necessity arising from repeated association of experiences erroneously considered to be objective—in one word, from habit. But he proceeded with perfect consequence and declared it to be impossible, with such conceptions and the principles arising from them, to overstep the limits of experience. The empirical derivation, however, which both of these philosophers attributed to these conceptions, cannot possibly be reconciled with the fact that we do possess scientific à priori cognitions, namely, those of pure mathematics and general physics.

The former of these two celebrated men opened a wide door to extravagance—(for if reason has once undoubted right on its side, it will not allow itself to be confined to set limits, by vague recommendations of moderation); the latter gave himself up entirely to scepticism—a natural consequence, after having discovered, as he thought, that the faculty of cognition was not trustworthy. We now intend to make a trial whether it be not possible safely to conduct reason between these two rocks, to assign her determinate limits, and yet leave open for her the entire sphere of her legitimate activity.

I shall merely premise an explanation of what the categories are. They are conceptions of an object in general, by means of which its intuition is contemplated as determined in relation to one of the logical functions of judgement. The following will make this plain. The function of the categorical judgement is that of the relation of subject to predicate; for example, in the proposition: “All bodies are divisible.” But in regard to the merely logical use of the understanding, it still remains undetermined to which Of these two conceptions belongs the function Of subject and to which that of predicate. For we could also say: “Some divisible is a body.” But the category of substance, when the conception of a body is brought under it, determines that; and its empirical intuition in experience must be contemplated always as subject and never as mere predicate. And so with all the other categories.

Section II Transcendental Deduction of the pure Conceptions of the Understanding

Of the Possibility of a Conjunction of the manifold representations given by Sense § 11.

The manifold content in our representations can be given in an intuition which is merely sensuous—in other words, is nothing but susceptibility; and the form of this intuition can exist à priori in our faculty of representation, without being anything else but the mode in which the subject is affected. But the conjunction (conjunctio) of a manifold in intuition never can be given us by the senses; it cannot therefore be contained in the pure form of sensuous intuition, for it is a spontaneous act of the faculty of representation. And as we must, to distinguish it from sensibility, entitle this faculty understanding; so all conjunction whether conscious or unconscious, be it of the manifold in intuition, sensuous or non-sensuous, or of several conceptions—is an act of the understanding. To this act we shall give the general appellation of synthesis, thereby to indicate, at the same time, that we cannot represent anything as conjoined in the object without having previously conjoined it ourselves. Of all mental notions, that of conjunction is the only one which cannot be given through objects, but can be originated only by the subject itself, because it is an act of its purely spontaneous activity. The reader will easily enough perceive that the possibility of conjunction must be grounded in the very nature of this act, and that it must be equally valid for all conjunction, and that analysis, which appears to be its contrary, must, nevertheless, always presuppose it; for where the understanding has not previously conjoined, it cannot dissect or analyse, because only as conjoined by it, must that which is to be analysed have been given to our faculty of representation.

But the conception of conjunction includes, besides the conception of the manifold and of the synthesis of it, that of the unity of it also. Conjunction is the representation of the synthetical unity of the manifold.[15] This idea of unity, therefore, cannot arise out of that of conjunction; much rather does that idea, by combining itself with the representation of the manifold, render the conception of conjunction possible. This unity, which à priori precedes all conceptions of conjunction, is not the category of unity (§ 6); for all the categories are based upon logical functions of judgement, and in these functions we already have conjunction, and consequently unity of given conceptions. It is therefore evident that the category of unity presupposes conjunction. We must therefore look still higher for this unity (as qualitative, § 8), in that, namely, which contains the ground of the unity of diverse conceptions in judgements, the ground, consequently, of the possibility of the existence of the understanding, even in regard to its logical use.

[15] Whether the representations are in themselves identical, and consequently whether one can be thought analytically by means of and through the other, is a question which we need not at present consider. Our Consciousness of the one, when we speak of the manifold, is always distinguishable from our consciousness of the other; and it is only respecting the synthesis of this (possible) consciousness that we here treat.

Of the Originally Synthetical Unity of Apperception § 12

The “I think” must accompany all my representations, for otherwise something would be represented in me which could not be thought; in other words, the representation would either be impossible, or at least be, in relation to me, nothing. That representation which can be given previously to all thought is called intuition. All the diversity or manifold content of intuition, has, therefore, a necessary relation to the “I think,” in the subject in which this diversity is found. But this representation, “I think,” is an act of spontaneity; that is to say, it cannot be regarded as belonging to mere sensibility. I call it pure apperception, in order to distinguish it from empirical; or primitive apperception, because it is self-consciousness which, whilst it gives birth to the representation “I think,” must necessarily be capable of accompanying all our representations. It is in all acts of consciousness one and the same, and unaccompanied by it, no representation can exist for me. The unity of this apperception I call the transcendental unity of self-consciousness, in order to indicate the possibility of à priori cognition arising from it. For the manifold representations which are given in an intuition would not all of them be my representations, if they did not all belong to one self-consciousness, that is, as my representations (even although I am not conscious of them as such), they must conform to the condition under which alone they can exist together in a common self-consciousness, because otherwise they would not all without exception belong to me. From this primitive conjunction follow many important results.

For example, this universal identity of the apperception of the manifold given in intuition contains a synthesis of representations and is possible only by means of the consciousness of this synthesis. For the empirical consciousness which accompanies different representations is in itself fragmentary and disunited, and without relation to the identity of the subject. This relation, then, does not exist because I accompany every representation with consciousness, but because I join one representation to another, and am conscious of the synthesis of them. Consequently, only because I can connect a variety of given representations in one consciousness, is it possible that I can represent to myself the identity of consciousness in these representations; in other words, the analytical unity of apperception is possible only under the presupposition of a synthetical unity.[16] The thought, “These representations given in intuition belong all of them to me,” is accordingly just the same as, “I unite them in one self-consciousness, or can at least so unite them”; and although this thought is not itself the consciousness of the synthesis of representations, it presupposes the possibility of it; that is to say, for the reason alone that I can comprehend the variety of my representations in one

consciousness, do I call them my representations, for otherwise I must have as many-coloured and various a self as are the representations of which I am conscious. Synthetical unity of the manifold in intuitions, as given à priori, is therefore the foundation of the identity of apperception itself, which antecedes à priori all determinate thought. But the conjunction of representations into a conception is not to be found in objects themselves, nor can it be, as it were, borrowed from them and taken up into the understanding by perception, but it is on the contrary an operation of the understanding itself, which is nothing more than the faculty of conjoining à priori and of bringing the variety of given representations under the unity of apperception. This principle is the highest in all human cognition.

[16] All general conceptions—as such—depend, for their existence, on the analytical unity of consciousness. For example, when I think of red in general, I thereby think to myself a property which (as a characteristic mark) can be discovered somewhere, or can be united with other representations; consequently, it is only by means of a forethought possible synthetical unity that I can think to myself the analytical. A representation which is cogitated as common to different representations, is regarded as belonging to such as, besides this common representation, contain something different; consequently it must be previously thought in synthetical unity with other although only possible representations, before I can think in it the analytical unity of consciousness which makes it a conceptas communis. And thus the synthetical unity of apperception is the highest point with which we must connect every operation of the understanding, even the whole of logic, and after it our transcendental philosophy; indeed, this faculty is the understanding itself.

This fundamental principle of the necessary unity of apperception is indeed an identical, and therefore analytical, proposition; but it nevertheless explains the necessity for a synthesis of the manifold given in an intuition, without which the identity of self-consciousness would be incogitable. For the ego, as a simple representation, presents us with no manifold content; only in intuition, which is quite different from the representation ego, can it be given us, and by means of conjunction it is cogitated in one self-consciousness. An understanding, in which all the manifold should be given by means of consciousness itself, would be intuitive; our understanding can only think and must look for its intuition to sense. I am, therefore, conscious of my identical self, in relation to all the variety of representations given to me in an intuition, because I call all of them my representations. In other words, I am conscious myself of a necessary à priori synthesis of my representations, which is called the original synthetical unity of apperception, under which rank all the representations presented to me, but that only by means of a synthesis.

The Principle of the Synthetical Unity of Apperception is the highest Principle of all exercise of the Understanding § 13

The supreme principle of the possibility of all intuition in relation to sensibility was, according to our transcendental æsthetic, that all the manifold in intuition be subject to the formal conditions of space and time. The supreme principle of the possibility of it in relation to the understanding is that all the manifold in it be subject to conditions of the originally synthetical unity or apperception.[17] To the former of these two principles are subject all the various representations of intuition, in so far as they are given to us; to the latter, in so far as they must be capable of conjunction in one consciousness; for without this nothing can be thought or cognized, because the given representations would not have in common the act Of the apperception “I think” and therefore could not be connected in one self-consciousness.

[17] Space and time, and all portions thereof, are intuitions; consequently are, with a manifold for their content, single representations. (See the Transcendental Æsthetic.) Consequently, they are not pure conceptions, by means of which the same consciousness is found in a great number of representations; but, on the contrary, they are many representations contained in one, the consciousness of which is, so to speak, compounded. The unity of consciousness is nevertheless synthetical and, therefore, primitive. From this peculiar character of consciousness follow many important consequences. (See § 21.)

Understanding is, to speak generally, the faculty Of cognitions. These consist in the determined relation of given representation to an object. But an object is that, in the conception of which the manifold in a given intuition is united. Now all union of representations requires unity of consciousness in the synthesis of them. Consequently, it is the unity of consciousness alone that constitutes the possibility of representations relating to an object, and therefore of their objective validity, and of their becoming cognitions, and consequently, the possibility of the existence of the understanding itself.

The first pure cognition of understanding, then, upon which is founded all its other exercise, and which is at the same time perfectly independent of all conditions of mere sensuous intuition, is the principle of the original synthetical unity of apperception. Thus the mere form of external sensuous intuition, namely, space, affords us, per se, no cognition; it merely contributes the manifold in à priori intuition to a possible cognition. But, in order to cognize something in space (for example, a line), I must draw it, and thus

produce synthetically a determined conjunction of the given manifold, so that the unity of this act is at the same time the unity of consciousness (in the conception of a line), and by this means alone is an object (a determinate space) cognized. The synthetical unity of consciousness is, therefore, an objective condition of all cognition, which I do not merely require in order to cognize an object, but to which every intuition must necessarily be subject, in order to become an object for me; because in any other way, and without this synthesis, the manifold in intuition could not be united in one consciousness.

This proposition is, as already said, itself analytical, although it constitutes the synthetical unity, the condition of all thought; for it states nothing more than that all my representations in any given intuition must be subject to the condition which alone enables me to connect them, as my representation with the identical self, and so to unite them synthetically in one apperception, by means of the general expression, “I think.”

But this principle is not to be regarded as a principle for every possible understanding, but only for the understanding by means of whose pure apperception in the thought I am, no manifold content is given. The understanding or mind which contained the manifold in intuition, in and through the act itself of its own self-consciousness, in other words, an understanding by and in the representation of which the objects of the representation should at the same time exist, would not require a special act of synthesis of the manifold as the condition of the unity of its consciousness, an act of which the human understanding, which thinks only and cannot intuite, has absolute need. But this principle is the first principle of all the operations of our understanding, so that we cannot form the least conception of any other possible understanding, either of one such as should be itself intuition, or possess a sensuous intuition, but with forms different from those of space and time.

What Objective Unity of Self-consciousness is § 14

It is by means of the transcendental unity of apperception that all the manifold, given in an intuition is united into a conception of the object. On this account it is called objective, and must be distinguished from the subjective unity of consciousness, which is a determination of the internal sense, by means of which the said manifold in intuition is given empirically to be so united. Whether I can be empirically conscious of the manifold as coexistent or as successive, depends upon circumstances, or empirical conditions. Hence the empirical unity of consciousness by means of association of representations, itself relates to a phenomenal world and is wholly contingent. On the contrary, the pure form of intuition in time, merely as an intuition, which contains a given manifold, is subject to the original unity of consciousness, and that solely by means of the necessary relation of the manifold in intuition to the “I think,” consequently by means of the pure synthesis of the understanding, which lies à priori at the foundation of all empirical synthesis. The transcendental unity of apperception is alone objectively valid; the empirical which we do not consider in this essay, and which is merely a unity deduced from the former under given conditions in concreto, possesses only subjective validity. One person connects the notion conveyed in a word with one thing, another with another thing; and the unity of consciousness in that which is empirical, is, in relation to that which is given by experience, not necessarily and universally valid.

The Logical Form of all Judgements consists in the Objective Unity of Apperception of the Conceptions contained therein § 15

I could never satisfy myself with the definition which logicians give of a judgement. It is, according to them, the representation of a relation between two conceptions. I shall not dwell here on the faultiness of this definition, in that it suits only for categorical and not for hypothetical or disjunctive judgements, these latter containing a relation not of conceptions but of judgements themselves—a blunder from which many evil results have followed.[18] It is more important for our present purpose to observe, that this definition does not determine in what the said relation consists.

[18] The tedious doctrine of the four syllogistic figures concerns only categorical syllogisms; and although it is nothing more than an artifice by surreptitiously introducing immediate conclusions (consequentiae immediatae) among the premises of a pure syllogism, to give rise to an appearance of more modes of drawing a conclusion than that in the first figure, the artifice would not have had much success, had not its authors succeeded in bringing categorical judgements into exclusive respect, as those to which all others must be referred—a doctrine, however, which, according to § 5, is utterly false.

But if I investigate more closely the relation of given cognitions in every judgement, and distinguish it, as belonging to the understanding, from the relation which is produced according to laws of the reproductive imagination (which has only subjective validity), I find that judgement is nothing but the mode of bringing given cognitions under the objective unit of apperception. This is plain from our use of the term of relation is in judgements, in order to distinguish the objective unity of given representations from the subjective unity. For this term indicates the relation of these representations to the original apperception, and also their necessary unity, even although the judgement is empirical, therefore contingent, as in the judgement: “All bodies are heavy.” I do

not mean by this, that these representations do necessarily belong to each other in empirical intuition, but that by means of the necessary unity of appreciation they belong to each other in the synthesis of intuitions, that is to say, they belong to each other according to principles of the objective determination of all our representations, in so far as cognition can arise from them, these principles being all deduced from the main principle of the transcendental unity of apperception. In this way alone can there arise from this relation a judgement, that is, a relation which has objective validity, and is perfectly distinct from that relation of the very same representations which has only subjective validity—a relation, to wit, which is produced according to laws of association. According to these laws, I could only say: “When I hold in my hand or carry a body, I feel an impression of weight”; but I could not say: “It, the body, is heavy”; for this is tantamount to saying both these representations are conjoined in the object, that is, without distinction as to the condition of the subject, and do not merely stand together in my perception, however frequently the perceptive act may be repeated.

All Sensuous Intuitions are subject to the Categories, as Conditions under which alone the manifold Content of them can be united in one Consciousness § 16

The manifold content given in a sensuous intuition comes necessarily under the original synthetical unity of apperception, because thereby alone is the unity of intuition possible (§ 13). But that act of the understanding, by which the manifold content of given representations (whether intuitions or conceptions) is brought under one apperception, is the logical function of judgements (§ 15). All the manifold, therefore, in so far as it is given in one empirical intuition, is determined in relation to one of the logical functions of judgement, by means of which it is brought into union in one consciousness. Now the categories are nothing else than these functions of judgement so far as the manifold in a given intuition is determined in relation to them (§ 9). Consequently, the manifold in a given intuition is necessarily subject to the categories of the understanding.

Observation § 17

The manifold in an intuition, which I call mine, is represented by means of the synthesis of the understanding, as belonging to the necessary unity of self-consciousness, and this takes place by means of the category.[19] The category indicates accordingly that the empirical consciousness of a given manifold in an intuition is subject to a pure self-consciousness à priori, in the same manner as an empirical intuition is subject to a pure sensuous intuition, which is also à priori. In the above proposition, then, lies the beginning of a deduction of the pure conceptions of the understanding. Now, as the categories have their origin in the understanding alone, independently of sensibility, I must in my deduction make abstraction of the mode in which the manifold of an empirical intuition is given, in order to fix my attention exclusively on the unity which is brought by the understanding into the intuition by means of the category. In what follows (§ 22), it will be shown, from the mode in which the empirical intuition is given in the faculty of sensibility, that the unity which belongs to it is no other than that which the category (according to § 16) imposes on the manifold in a given intuition, and thus, its à priori validity in regard to all objects of sense being established, the purpose of our deduction will be fully attained.

[19] The proof of this rests on the represented unity of intuition, by means of which an object is given, and which always includes in itself a synthesis of the manifold to be intuited, and also the relation of this latter to unity of apperception.

But there is one thing in the above demonstration of which I could not make abstraction, namely, that the manifold to be intuited must be given previously to the synthesis of the understanding, and independently of it. How this takes place remains here undetermined. For if I cogitate an understanding which was itself intuitive (as, for example, a divine understanding which should not represent given objects, but by whose representation the objects themselves should be given or produced), the categories would possess no significance in relation to such a faculty of cognition. They are merely rules for an understanding, whose whole power consists in thought, that is, in the act of submitting the synthesis of the manifold which is presented to it in intuition from a very different quarter, to the unity of apperception; a faculty, therefore, which cognizes nothing per se, but only connects and arranges the material of cognition, the intuition, namely, which must be presented to it by means of the object. But to show reasons for this peculiar character of our understandings, that it produces unity of apperception à priori only by means of categories, and a certain kind and number thereof, is as impossible as to explain why we are endowed with precisely so many functions of judgement and no more, or why time and space are the only forms of our intuition.

In Cognition, its Application to Objects of Experience is the only legitimate use of the Category § 18

To think an object and to cognize an object are by no means the same thing. In cognition there are two elements: firstly, the conception, whereby an object is cogitated (the category); and, secondly, the intuition, whereby the object is given. For supposing

that to the conception a corresponding intuition could not be given, it would still be a thought as regards its form, but without any object, and no cognition of anything would be possible by means of it, inasmuch as, so far as I knew, there existed and could exist nothing to which my thought could be applied. Now all intuition possible to us is sensuous; consequently, our thought of an object by means of a pure conception of the understanding, can become cognition for us only in so far as this conception is applied to objects of the senses. Sensuous intuition is either pure intuition (space and time) or empirical intuition—of that which is immediately represented in space and time by means of sensation as real. Through the determination of pure intuition we obtain à priori cognitions of objects, as in mathematics, but only as regards their form as phenomena; whether there can exist things which must be intuited in this form is not thereby established. All mathematical conceptions, therefore, are not per se cognition, except in so far as we presuppose that there exist things which can only be represented conformably to the form of our pure sensuous intuition. But things in space and time are given only in so far as they are perceptions (representations accompanied with sensation), therefore only by empirical representation. Consequently the pure conceptions of the understanding, even when they are applied to intuitions à priori (as in mathematics), produce cognition only in so far as these (and therefore the conceptions of the understanding by means of them) can be applied to empirical intuitions. Consequently the categories do not, even by means of pure intuition afford us any cognition of things; they can only do so in so far as they can be applied to empirical intuition. That is to say, the categories serve only to render empirical cognition possible. But this is what we call experience. Consequently, in cognition, their application to objects of experience is the only legitimate use of the categories.

§ 19

The foregoing proposition is of the utmost importance, for it determines the limits of the exercise of the pure conceptions of the understanding in regard to objects, just as transcendental æsthetic determined the limits of the exercise of the pure form of our sensuous intuition. Space and time, as conditions of the possibility of the presentation of objects to us, are valid no further than for objects of sense, consequently, only for experience. Beyond these limits they represent to us nothing, for they belong only to sense, and have no reality apart from it. The pure conceptions of the understanding are free from this limitation, and extend to objects of intuition in general, be the intuition like or unlike to ours, provided only it be sensuous, and not intellectual. But this extension of conceptions beyond the range of our intuition is of no advantage; for they are then mere empty conceptions of objects, as to the possibility or impossibility of the existence of which they furnish us with no means of discovery. They are mere forms of thought, without objective reality, because we have no intuition to which the synthetical unity of apperception, which alone the categories contain, could be applied, for the purpose of determining an object. Our sensuous and empirical intuition can alone give them significance and meaning.

If, then, we suppose an object of a non-sensuous intuition to be given we can in that case represent it by all those predicates which are implied in the presupposition that nothing appertaining to sensuous intuition belongs to it; for example, that it is not extended, or in space; that its duration is not time; that in it no change (the effect of the determinations in time) is to be met with, and so on. But it is no proper knowledge if I merely indicate what the intuition of the object is not, without being able to say what is contained in it, for I have not shown the possibility of an object to which my pure conception of understanding could be applicable, because I have not been able to furnish any intuition corresponding to it, but am only able to say that our intuition is not valid for it. But the most important point is this, that to a something of this kind not one category can be found applicable. Take, for example, the conception of substance, that is, something that can exist as subject, but never as mere predicate; in regard to this conception I am quite ignorant whether there can really be anything to correspond to such a determination of thought, if empirical intuition did not afford me the occasion for its application. But of this more in the sequel.

Of the Application of the Categories to Objects of the Senses in general § 20

The pure conceptions of the understanding apply to objects of intuition in general, through the understanding alone, whether the intuition be our own or some other, provided only it be sensuous, but are, for this very reason, mere forms of thought, by means of which alone no determined object can be cognized. The synthesis or conjunction of the manifold in these conceptions relates, we have said, only to the unity of apperception, and is for this reason the ground of the possibility of à priori cognition, in so far as this cognition is dependent on the understanding. This synthesis is, therefore, not merely transcendental, but also purely intellectual. But because a certain form of sensuous intuition exists in the mind à priori which rests on the receptivity of the representative faculty (sensibility), the understanding, as a spontaneity, is able to determine the internal sense by means of the diversity of given representations, conformably to the synthetical unity of apperception, and thus to cogitate the synthetical unity of the apperception of the manifold of sensuous intuition à priori, as the condition to which must necessarily be submitted all objects of human intuition.

And in this manner the categories as mere forms of thought receive objective reality, that is, application to objects which are given to us in intuition, but that only as phenomena, for it is only of phenomena that we are capable of à priori intuition.

This synthesis of the manifold of sensuous intuition, which is possible and necessary à priori, may be called figurative (synthesis speciosa), in contradistinction to that which is cogitated in the mere category in regard to the manifold of an intuition in general, and is called connection or conjunction of the understanding (synthesis intellectualis). Both are transcendental, not merely because they themselves precede à priori all experience, but also because they form the basis for the possibility of other cognition à priori.

But the figurative synthesis, when it has relation only to the originally synthetical unity of apperception, that is to the transcendental unity cogitated in the categories, must, to be distinguished from the purely intellectual conjunction, be entitled the transcendental synthesis of imagination. Imagination is the faculty of representing an object even without its presence in intuition. Now, as all our intuition is sensuous, imagination, by reason of the subjective condition under which alone it can give a corresponding intuition to the conceptions of the understanding, belongs to sensibility. But in so far as the synthesis of the imagination is an act of spontaneity, which is determinative, and not, like sense, merely determinable, and which is consequently able to determine sense à priori, according to its form, conformably to the unity of apperception, in so far is the imagination a faculty of determining sensibility à priori, and its synthesis of intuitions according to the categories must be the transcendental synthesis of the imagination. It is an operation of the understanding on sensibility, and the first application of the understanding to objects of possible intuition, and at the same time the basis for the exercise of the other functions of that faculty. As figurative, it is distinguished from the merely intellectual synthesis, which is produced by the understanding alone, without the aid of imagination. Now, in so far as imagination is spontaneity, I sometimes call it also the productive imagination, and distinguish it from the reproductive, the synthesis of which is subject entirely to empirical laws, those of association, namely, and which, therefore, contributes nothing to the explanation of the possibility of à priori cognition, and for this reason belongs not to transcendental philosophy, but to psychology.

We have now arrived at the proper place for explaining the paradox which must have struck every one in our exposition of the internal sense (§ 6), namely—how this sense represents us to our own consciousness, only as we appear to ourselves, not as we are in ourselves, because, to wit, we intuite ourselves only as we are inwardly affected. Now this appears to be contradictory, inasmuch as we thus stand in a passive relation to ourselves; and therefore in the systems of psychology, the internal sense is commonly held to be one with the faculty of apperception, while we, on the contrary, carefully distinguish them.

That which determines the internal sense is the understanding, and its original power of conjoining the manifold of intuition, that is, of bringing this under an apperception (upon which rests the possibility of the understanding itself). Now, as the human understanding is not in itself a faculty of intuition, and is unable to exercise such a power, in order to conjoin, as it were, the manifold of its own intuition, the synthesis of understanding is, considered per se, nothing but the unity of action, of which, as such, it is self-conscious, even apart from sensibility, by which, moreover, it is able to determine our internal sense in respect of the manifold which may be presented to it according to the form of sensuous intuition. Thus, under the name of a transcendental synthesis of imagination, the understanding exercises an activity upon the passive subject, whose faculty it is; and so we are right in saying that the internal sense is affected thereby. Apperception and its synthetical unity are by no means one and the same with the internal sense. The former, as the source of all our synthetical conjunction, applies, under the name of the categories, to the manifold of intuition in general, prior to all sensuous intuition of objects. The internal sense, on the contrary, contains merely the form of intuition, but without any synthetical conjunction of the manifold therein, and consequently does not contain any determined intuition, which is possible only through consciousness of the determination of the manifold by the transcendental act of the imagination (synthetical influence of the understanding on the internal sense), which I have named figurative synthesis.

This we can indeed always perceive in ourselves. We cannot cogitate a geometrical line without drawing it in thought, nor a circle without describing it, nor represent the three dimensions of space without drawing three lines from the same point perpendicular to one another. We cannot even cogitate time, unless, in drawing a straight line (which is to serve as the external figurative representation of time), we fix our attention on the act of the synthesis of the manifold, whereby we determine successively the internal sense, and thus attend also to the succession of this determination. Motion as an act of the subject (not as a determination of an object),[20] consequently the synthesis of the manifold in space, if we make abstraction of space and attend merely to the act by which we determine the internal sense according to its form, is that which produces the conception of succession. The understanding, therefore, does by no means find in the internal sense any such synthesis of the manifold, but produces it, in that it affects this sense. At the same time, how “I who think” is distinct from the “i” which intuites itself (other modes of intuition being cogitable as at least possible), and yet one and the same with this latter as the same subject; how, therefore, I am able to say: “I, as an intelligence and thinking subject, cognize myself as an object thought, so far as I am, moreover, given to myself in

intuition—only, like other phenomena, not as I am in myself, and as considered by the understanding, but merely as I appear"—is a question that has in it neither more nor less difficulty than the question—"How can I be an object to myself?" or this—"How I can be an object of my own intuition and internal perceptions?" But that such must be the fact, if we admit that space is merely a pure form of the phenomena of external sense, can be clearly proved by the consideration that we cannot represent time, which is not an object of external intuition, in any other way than under the image of a line, which we draw in thought, a mode of representation without which we could not cognize the unity of its dimension, and also that we are necessitated to take our determination of periods of time, or of points of time, for all our internal perceptions from the changes which we perceive in outward things. It follows that we must arrange the determinations of the internal sense, as phenomena in time, exactly in the same manner as we arrange those of the external senses in space. And consequently, if we grant, respecting this latter, that by means of them we know objects only in so far as we are affected externally, we must also confess, with regard to the internal sense, that by means of it we intuite ourselves only as we are internally affected by ourselves; in other words, as regards internal intuition, we cognize our own subject only as phenomenon, and not as it is in itself.[21]

[20] Motion of an object in space does not belong to a pure science, consequently not to geometry; because, that a thing is movable cannot be known à priori, but only from experience. But motion, considered as the description of a space, is a pure act of the successive synthesis of the manifold in external intuition by means of productive imagination, and belongs not only to geometry, but even to transcendental philosophy.

[21] I do not see why so much difficulty should be found in admitting that our internal sense is affected by ourselves. Every act of attention exemplifies it. In such an act the understanding determines the internal sense by the synthetical conjunction which it cogitates, conformably to the internal intuition which corresponds to the manifold in the synthesis of the understanding. How much the mind is usually affected thereby every one will be able to perceive in himself.

§ 21

On the other hand, in the transcendental synthesis of the manifold content of representations, consequently in the synthetical unity of apperception, I am conscious of myself, not as I appear to myself, nor as I am in myself, but only that "I am." This representation is a thought, not an intuition. Now, as in order to cognize ourselves, in addition to the act of thinking, which subjects the manifold of every possible intuition to the unity of apperception, there is necessary a determinate mode of intuition, whereby this manifold is given; although my own existence is certainly not mere phenomenon (much less mere illusion), the determination of my existence[22] Can only take place conformably to the form of the internal sense, according to the particular mode in which the manifold which I conjoin is given in internal intuition, and I have therefore no knowledge of myself as I am, but merely as I appear to myself. The consciousness of self is thus very far from a knowledge of self, in which I do not use the categories, whereby I cogitate an object, by means of the conjunction of the manifold in one apperception. In the same way as I require, for the sake of the cognition of an object distinct from myself, not only the thought of an object in general (in the category), but also an intuition by which to determine that general conception, in the same way do I require, in order to the cognition of myself, not only the consciousness of myself or the thought that I think myself, but in addition an intuition of the manifold in myself, by which to determine this thought. It is true that I exist as an intelligence which is conscious only of its faculty of conjunction or synthesis, but subjected in relation to the manifold which this intelligence has to conjoin to a limitative conjunction called the internal sense. My intelligence (that is, I) can render that conjunction or synthesis perceptible only according to the relations of time, which are quite beyond the proper sphere of the conceptions of the understanding and consequently cognize itself in respect to an intuition (which cannot possibly be intellectual, nor given by the understanding), only as it appears to itself, and not as it would cognize itself, if its intuition were intellectual.

[22] The "I think" expresses the act of determining my own existence. My existence is thus already given by the act of consciousness; but the mode in which I must determine my existence, that is, the mode in which I must place the manifold belonging to my existence, is not thereby given. For this purpose intuition of self is required, and this intuition possesses a form given à priori, namely, time, which is sensuous, and belongs to our receptivity of the determinable. Now, as I do not possess another intuition of self which gives the determining in me (of the spontaneity of which I am conscious), prior to the act of determination, in the same manner as time gives the determinable, it is clear that I am unable to determine my own existence as that of a spontaneous being, but I am only able to represent to myself the spontaneity of my thought, that is, of my determination, and my existence remains ever determinable in a purely sensuous manner, that is to say, like the existence of a phenomenon. But it is because of this spontaneity that I call myself an intelligence.

Transcendental Deduction of the universally possible employment in experience of the Pure Conceptions of the Understanding § 22

In the metaphysical deduction, the à priori origin of categories was proved by their complete accordance with the general logical of thought; in the transcendental deduction was exhibited the possibility of the categories as à priori cognitions of objects of an intuition in general (§ 16 and 17).At present we are about to explain the possibility of cognizing, à priori, by means of the categories, all objects which can possibly be presented to our senses, not, indeed, according to the form of their intuition, but according to the laws of their conjunction or synthesis, and thus, as it were, of prescribing laws to nature and even of rendering nature possible. For if the categories were inadequate to this task, it would not be evident to us why everything that is presented to our senses must be subject to those laws which have an à priori origin in the understanding itself.

I premise that by the term synthesis of apprehension I understand the combination of the manifold in an empirical intuition, whereby perception, that is, empirical consciousness of the intuition (as phenomenon), is possible.

We have à priori forms of the external and internal sensuous intuition in the representations of space and time, and to these must the synthesis of apprehension of the manifold in a phenomenon be always comformable, because the synthesis itself can only take place according to these forms. But space and time are not merely forms of sensuous intuition, but intuitions themselves (which contain a manifold), and therefore contain à priori the determination of the unity of this manifold.[23] (See the Transcendent Æsthetic.) Therefore is unity of the synthesis of the manifold without or within us, consequently also a conjunction to which all that is to be represented as determined in space or time must correspond, given à priori along with (not in) these intuitions, as the condition of the synthesis of all apprehension of them. But this synthetical unity can be no other than that of the conjunction of the manifold of a given intuition in general, in a primitive act of consciousness, according to the categories, but applied to our sensuous intuition. Consequently all synthesis, whereby alone is even perception possible, is subject to the categories. And, as experience is cognition by means of conjoined perceptions, the categories are conditions of the possibility of experience and are therefore valid à priori for all objects of experience.

[23] Space represented as an object (as geometry really requires it to be) contains more than the mere form of the intuition; namely, a combination of the manifold given according to the form of sensibility into a representation that can be intuited; so that the form of the intuition gives us merely the manifold, but the formal intuition gives unity of representation. In the æsthetic, I regarded this unity as belonging entirely to sensibility, for the purpose of indicating that it antecedes all conceptions, although it presupposes a synthesis which does not belong to sense, through which alone, however, all our conceptions of space and time are possible. For as by means of this unity alone (the understanding determining the sensibility) space and time are given as intuitions, it follows that the unity of this intuition à priori belongs to space and time, and not to the conception of the understanding (§ 20).

When, then, for example, I make the empirical intuition of a house by apprehension of the manifold contained therein into a perception, the necessary unity of space and of my external sensuous intuition lies at the foundation of this act, and I, as it were, draw the form of the house conformably to this synthetical unity of the manifold in space. But this very synthetical unity remains, even when I abstract the form of space, and has its seat in the understanding, and is in fact the category of the synthesis of the homogeneous in an intuition; that is to say, the category of quantity, to which the aforesaid synthesis of apprehension, that is, the perception, must be completely conformable.[24]

[24] In this manner it is proved, that the synthesis of apprehension, which is empirical, must necessarily be conformable to the synthesis of apperception, which is intellectual, and contained à priori in the category. It is one and the same spontaneity which at one time, under the name of imagination, at another under that of understanding, produces conjunction in the manifold of intuition.

To take another example, when I perceive the freezing of water, I apprehend two states (fluidity and solidity), which, as such, stand toward each other mutually in a relation of time. But in the time, which I place as an internal intuition, at the foundation of this phenomenon, I represent to myself synthetical unity of the manifold, without which the aforesaid relation could not be given in an intuition as determined (in regard to the succession of time). Now this synthetical unity, as the à priori condition under which I conjoin the manifold of an intuition, is, if I make abstraction of the permanent form of my internal intuition (that is to say, of time), the category of cause, by means of which, when applied to my sensibility, I determine everything that occurs according to relations of time. Consequently apprehension in such an event, and the event itself, as far as regards the possibility of its perception, stands under the conception of the relation of cause and effect: and so in all other cases.

Categories are conceptions which prescribe laws à priori to phenomena, consequently to nature as the complex of all phenomena (natura materialiter spectata). And now the question arises—inasmuch as these categories are not derived from nature, and do not regulate themselves according to her as their model (for in that case they would be empirical)—how it is conceivable that nature must regulate herself according to them, in other words, how the categories can determine à priori the synthesis of the manifold of nature, and yet not derive their origin from her. The following is the solution of this enigma.

It is not in the least more difficult to conceive how the laws of the phenomena of nature must harmonize with the understanding and with its à priori form—that is, its faculty of conjoining the manifold—than it is to understand how the phenomena themselves must correspond with the à priori form of our sensuous intuition. For laws do not exist in the phenomena any more than the phenomena exist as things in themselves. Laws do not exist except by relation to the subject in which the phenomena inhere, in so far as it possesses understanding, just as phenomena have no existence except by relation to the same existing subject in so far as it has senses. To things as things in themselves, conformability to law must necessarily belong independently of an understanding to cognize them. But phenomena are only representations of things which are utterly unknown in respect to what they are in themselves. But as mere representations, they stand under no law of conjunction except that which the conjoining faculty prescribes. Now that which conjoins the manifold of sensuous intuition is imagination, a mental act to which understanding contributes unity of intellectual synthesis, and sensibility, manifoldness of apprehension. Now as all possible perception depends on the synthesis of apprehension, and this empirical synthesis itself on the transcendental, consequently on the categories, it is evident that all possible perceptions, and therefore everything that can attain to empirical consciousness, that is, all phenomena of nature, must, as regards their conjunction, be subject to the categories. And nature (considered merely as nature in general) is dependent on them, as the original ground of her necessary conformability to law (as natura formaliter spectata). But the pure faculty (of the understanding) of prescribing laws à priori to phenomena by means of mere categories, is not competent to enounce other or more laws than those on which a nature in general, as a conformability to law of phenomena of space and time, depends. Particular laws, inasmuch as they concern empirically determined phenomena, cannot be entirely deduced from pure laws, although they all stand under them. Experience must be superadded in order to know these particular laws; but in regard to experience in general, and everything that can be cognized as an object thereof, these à priori laws are our only rule and guide.

Result of this Deduction of the Conceptions of the Understanding § 23

We cannot think any object except by means of the categories; we cannot cognize any thought except by means of intuitions corresponding to these conceptions. Now all our intuitions are sensuous, and our cognition, in so far as the object of it is given, is empirical. But empirical cognition is experience; consequently no à priori cognition is possible for us, except of objects of possible experience.[25]

[25] Lest my readers should stumble at this assertion, and the conclusions that may be too rashly drawn from it, I must remind them that the categories in the act of thought are by no means limited by the conditions of our sensuous intuition, but have an unbounded sphere of action. It is only the cognition of the object of thought, the determining of the object, which requires intuition. In the absence of intuition, our thought of an object may still have true and useful consequences in regard to the exercise of reason by the subject. But as this exercise of reason is not always directed on the determination of the object, in other words, on cognition thereof, but also on the determination of the subject and its volition, I do not intend to treat of it in this place.

But this cognition, which is limited to objects of experience, is not for that reason derived entirely, from, experience, but—and this is asserted of the pure intuitions and the pure conceptions of the understanding—there are, unquestionably, elements of cognition, which exist in the mind à priori. Now there are only two ways in which a necessary harmony of experience with the conceptions of its objects can be cogitated. Either experience makes these conceptions possible, or the conceptions make experience possible. The former of these statements will not hold good with respect to the categories (nor in regard to pure sensuous intuition), for they are à priori conceptions, and therefore independent of experience. The assertion of an empirical origin would attribute to them a sort of generatio aequivoca. Consequently, nothing remains but to adopt the second alternative (which presents us with a system, as it were, of the epigenesis of pure reason), namely, that on the part of the understanding the categories do contain the grounds of the possibility of all experience. But with respect to the questions how they make experience possible, and what are the principles of the possibility thereof with which they present us in their application to phenomena, the following section on the transcendental exercise of the faculty of judgement will inform the reader.

It is quite possible that someone may propose a species of preformation-system of pure reason—a middle way between the two—to wit, that the categories are neither innate and first à priori principles of cognition, nor derived from experience, but are

merely subjective aptitudes for thought implanted in us contemporaneously with our existence, which were so ordered and disposed by our Creator, that their exercise perfectly harmonizes with the laws of nature which regulate experience. Now, not to mention that with such an hypothesis it is impossible to say at what point we must stop in the employment of predetermined aptitudes, the fact that the categories would in this case entirely lose that character of necessity which is essentially involved in the very conception of them, is a conclusive objection to it. The conception of cause, for example, which expresses the necessity of an effect under a presupposed condition, would be false, if it rested only upon such an arbitrary subjective necessity of uniting certain empirical representations according to such a rule of relation. I could not then say—"The effect is connected with its cause in the object (that is, necessarily)," but only, "I am so constituted that I can think this representation as so connected, and not otherwise." Now this is just what the sceptic wants. For in this case, all our knowledge, depending on the supposed objective validity of our judgement, is nothing but mere illusion; nor would there be wanting people who would deny any such subjective necessity in respect to themselves, though they must feel it. At all events, we could not dispute with any one on that which merely depends on the manner in which his subject is organized.

Short view of the above Deduction.

The foregoing deduction is an exposition of the pure conceptions of the understanding (and with them of all theoretical à priori cognition), as principles of the possibility of experience, but of experience as the determination of all phenomena in space and time in general—of experience, finally, from the principle of the original synthetical unity of apperception, as the form of the understanding in relation to time and space as original forms of sensibility.

I consider the division by paragraphs to be necessary only up to this point, because we had to treat of the elementary conceptions. As we now proceed to the exposition of the employment of these, I shall not designate the chapters in this manner any further.

BOOK II. Analytic of Principles

General logic is constructed upon a plan which coincides exactly with the division of the higher faculties of cognition. These are, understanding, judgement, and reason. This science, accordingly, treats in its analytic of conceptions, judgements, and conclusions in exact correspondence with the functions and order of those mental powers which we include generally under the generic denomination of understanding.

As this merely formal logic makes abstraction of all content of cognition, whether pure or empirical, and occupies itself with the mere form of thought (discursive cognition), it must contain in its analytic a canon for reason. For the form of reason has its law, which, without taking into consideration the particular nature of the cognition about which it is employed, can be discovered à priori, by the simple analysis of the action of reason into its momenta.

Transcendental logic, limited as it is to a determinate content, that of pure à priori cognitions, to wit, cannot imitate general logic in this division. For it is evident that the transcendental employment of reason is not objectively valid, and therefore does not belong to the logic of truth (that is, to analytic), but as a logic of illusion, occupies a particular department in the scholastic system under the name of transcendental dialectic.

Understanding and judgement accordingly possess in transcendental logic a canon of objectively valid, and therefore true exercise, and are comprehended in the analytical department of that logic. But reason, in her endeavours to arrive by à priori means at some true statement concerning objects and to extend cognition beyond the bounds of possible experience, is altogether dialectic, and her illusory assertions cannot be constructed into a canon such as an analytic ought to contain.

Accordingly, the analytic of principles will be merely a canon for the faculty of judgement, for the instruction of this faculty in its application to phenomena of the pure conceptions of the understanding, which contain the necessary condition for the establishment of à priori laws. On this account, although the subject of the following chapters is the especial principles of understanding, I shall make use of the term Doctrine of the faculty of judgement, in order to define more particularly my present purpose.

INTRODUCTION. Of the Transcendental Faculty of judgement in General

If understanding in general be defined as the faculty of laws or rules, the faculty of judgement may be termed the faculty of subsumption under these rules; that is, of distinguishing whether this or that does or does not stand under a given rule (casus datae legis). General logic contains no directions or precepts for the faculty of judgement, nor can it contain any such. For as it makes

abstraction of all content of cognition, no duty is left for it, except that of exposing analytically the mere form of cognition in conceptions, judgements, and conclusions, and of thereby establishing formal rules for all exercise of the understanding. Now if this logic wished to give some general direction how we should subsume under these rules, that is, how we should distinguish whether this or that did or did not stand under them, this again could not be done otherwise than by means of a rule. But this rule, precisely because it is a rule, requires for itself direction from the faculty of judgement. Thus, it is evident that the understanding is capable of being instructed by rules, but that the judgement is a peculiar talent, which does not, and cannot require tuition, but only exercise. This faculty is therefore the specific quality of the so-called mother wit, the want of which no scholastic discipline can compensate.

For although education may furnish, and, as it were, engraft upon a limited understanding rules borrowed from other minds, yet the power of employing these rules correctly must belong to the pupil himself; and no rule which we can prescribe to him with this purpose is, in the absence or deficiency of this gift of nature, secure from misuse.[26] A physician therefore, a judge or a statesman, may have in his head many admirable pathological, juridical, or political rules, in a degree that may enable him to be a profound teacher in his particular science, and yet in the application of these rules he may very possibly blunder—either because he is wanting in natural judgement (though not in understanding) and, whilst he can comprehend the general in abstracto, cannot distinguish whether a particular case in concreto ought to rank under the former; or because his faculty of judgement has not been sufficiently exercised by examples and real practice. Indeed, the grand and only use of examples, is to sharpen the judgement. For as regards the correctness and precision of the insight of the understanding, examples are commonly injurious rather than otherwise, because, as casus in terminis they seldom adequately fulfil the conditions of the rule. Besides, they often weaken the power of our understanding to apprehend rules or laws in their universality, independently of particular circumstances of experience; and hence, accustom us to employ them more as formulae than as principles. Examples are thus the go-cart of the judgement, which he who is naturally deficient in that faculty cannot afford to dispense with.

[26] Deficiency in judgement is properly that which is called stupidity; and for such a failing we know no remedy. A dull or narrow-minded person, to whom nothing is wanting but a proper degree of understanding, may be improved by tuition, even so far as to deserve the epithet of learned. But as such persons frequently labour under a deficiency in the faculty of judgement, it is not uncommon to find men extremely learned who in the application of their science betray a lamentable degree this irremediable want.

But although general logic cannot give directions to the faculty of judgement, the case is very different as regards transcendental logic, insomuch that it appears to be the especial duty of the latter to secure and direct, by means of determinate rules, the faculty of judgement in the employment of the pure understanding. For, as a doctrine, that is, as an endeavour to enlarge the sphere of the understanding in regard to pure à priori cognitions, philosophy is worse than useless, since from all the attempts hitherto made, little or no ground has been gained. But, as a critique, in order to guard against the mistakes of the faculty of judgement (lapsus judicii) in the employment of the few pure conceptions of the understanding which we possess, although its use is in this case purely negative, philosophy is called upon to apply all its acuteness and penetration.

But transcendental philosophy has this peculiarity, that besides indicating the rule, or rather the general condition for rules, which is given in the pure conception of the understanding, it can, at the same time, indicate à priori the case to which the rule must be applied. The cause of the superiority which, in this respect, transcendental philosophy possesses above all other sciences except mathematics, lies in this: it treats of conceptions which must relate à priori to their objects, whose objective validity consequently cannot be demonstrated à posteriori, and is, at the same time, under the obligation of presenting in general but sufficient tests, the conditions under which objects can be given in harmony with those conceptions; otherwise they would be mere logical forms, without content, and not pure conceptions of the understanding.

Our transcendental doctrine of the faculty of judgement will contain two chapters. The first will treat of the sensuous condition under which alone pure conceptions of the understanding can be employed—that is, of the schematism of the pure understanding. The second will treat of those synthetical judgements which are derived à priori from pure conceptions of the understanding under those conditions, and which lie à priori at the foundation of all other cognitions, that is to say, it will treat of the principles of the pure understanding.

TRANSCENDENTAL DOCTRINE OF THE FACULTY OF JUDGEMENT OR, ANALYTIC OF PRINCIPLES

Chapter I. Of the Schematism at of the Pure Conceptions of the Understanding

In all subsumptions of an object under a conception, the representation of the object must be homogeneous with the conception; in other words, the conception must contain that which is represented in the object to be subsumed under it. For this is the meaning of

the expression: “An object is contained under a conception.” Thus the empirical conception of a plate is homogeneous with the pure geometrical conception of a circle, inasmuch as the roundness which is cogitated in the former is intuited in the latter.

But pure conceptions of the understanding, when compared with empirical intuitions, or even with sensuous intuitions in general, are quite heterogeneous, and never can be discovered in any intuition. How then is the subsumption of the latter under the former, and consequently the application of the categories to phenomena, possible?—For it is impossible to say, for example: “Causality can be intuited through the senses and is contained in the phenomenon.”—This natural and important question forms the real cause of the necessity of a transcendental doctrine of the faculty of judgement, with the purpose, to wit, of showing how pure conceptions of the understanding can be applied to phenomena. In all other sciences, where the conceptions by which the object is thought in the general are not so different and heterogeneous from those which represent the object in concreto—as it is given, it is quite unnecessary to institute any special inquiries concerning the application of the former to the latter.

Now it is quite clear that there must be some third thing, which on the one side is homogeneous with the category, and with the phenomenon on the other, and so makes the application of the former to the latter possible. This mediating representation must be pure (without any empirical content), and yet must on the one side be intellectual, on the other sensuous. Such a representation is the transcendental schema.

The conception of the understanding contains pure synthetical unity of the manifold in general. Time, as the formal condition of the manifold of the internal sense, consequently of the conjunction of all representations, contains à priori a manifold in the pure intuition. Now a transcendental determination of time is so far homogeneous with the category, which constitutes the unity thereof, that it is universal and rests upon a rule à priori. On the other hand, it is so far homogeneous with the phenomenon, inasmuch as time is contained in every empirical representation of the manifold. Thus an application of the category to phenomena becomes possible, by means of the transcendental determination of time, which, as the schema of the conceptions of the understanding, mediates the subsumption of the latter under the former.

After what has been proved in our deduction of the categories, no one, it is to be hoped, can hesitate as to the proper decision of the question, whether the employment of these pure conceptions of the understanding ought to be merely empirical or also transcendental; in other words, whether the categories, as conditions of a possible experience, relate à priori solely to phenomena, or whether, as conditions of the possibility of things in general, their application can be extended to objects as things in themselves. For we have there seen that conceptions are quite impossible, and utterly without signification, unless either to them, or at least to the elements of which they consist, an object be given; and that, consequently, they cannot possibly apply to objects as things in themselves without regard to the question whether and how these may be given to us; and, further, that the only manner in which objects can be given to us is by means of the modification of our sensibility; and, finally, that pure à priori conceptions, in addition to the function of the understanding in the category, must contain à priori formal conditions of sensibility (of the internal sense, namely), which again contain the general condition under which alone the category can be applied to any object. This formal and pure condition of sensibility, to which the conception of the understanding is restricted in its employment, we shall name the schema of the conception of the understanding, and the procedure of the understanding with these schemata we shall call the schematism of the pure understanding.

The schema is, in itself, always a mere product of the imagination. But, as the synthesis of imagination has for its aim no single intuition, but merely unity in the determination of sensibility, the schema is clearly distinguishable from the image. Thus, if I place five points one after another.... this is an image of the number five. On the other hand, if I only think a number in general, which may be either five or a hundred, this thought is rather the representation of a method of representing in an image a sum (e.g., a thousand) in conformity with a conception, than the image itself, an image which I should find some little difficulty in reviewing, and comparing with the conception. Now this representation of a general procedure of the imagination to present its image to a conception, I call the schema of this conception.

In truth, it is not images of objects, but schemata, which lie at the foundation of our pure sensuous conceptions. No image could ever be adequate to our conception of a triangle in general. For the generalness of the conception it never could attain to, as this includes under itself all triangles, whether right-angled, acute-angled, etc., whilst the image would always be limited to a single part of this sphere. The schema of the triangle can exist nowhere else than in thought, and it indicates a rule of the synthesis of the imagination in regard to pure figures in space. Still less is an object of experience, or an image of the object, ever to the empirical conception. On the contrary, the conception always relates immediately to the schema of the imagination, as a rule for the determination of our intuition, in conformity with a certain general conception. The conception of a dog indicates a rule, according to

which my imagination can delineate the figure of a four-footed animal in general, without being limited to any particular individual form which experience presents to me, or indeed to any possible image that I can represent to myself in concreto. This schematism of our understanding in regard to phenomena and their mere form, is an art, hidden in the depths of the human soul, whose true modes of action we shall only with difficulty discover and unveil. Thus much only can we say: “The image is a product of the empirical faculty of the productive imagination—the schema of sensuous conceptions (of figures in space, for example) is a product, and, as it were, a monogram of the pure imagination à priori, whereby and according to which images first become possible, which, however, can be connected with the conception only mediately by means of the schema which they indicate, and are in themselves never fully adequate to it.” On the other hand, the schema of a pure conception of the understanding is something that cannot be reduced into any image—it is nothing else than the pure synthesis expressed by the category, conformably, to a rule of unity according to conceptions. It is a transcendental product of the imagination, a product which concerns the determination of the internal sense, according to conditions of its form (time) in respect to all representations, in so far as these representations must be conjoined à priori in one conception, conformably to the unity of apperception.

Without entering upon a dry and tedious analysis of the essential requisites of transcendental schemata of the pure conceptions of the understanding, we shall rather proceed at once to give an explanation of them according to the order of the categories, and in connection therewith.

For the external sense the pure image of all quantities (quantorum) is space; the pure image of all objects of sense in general, is time. But the pure schema of quantity (quantitatis) as a conception of the understanding, is number, a representation which comprehends the successive addition of one to one (homogeneous quantities). Thus, number is nothing else than the unity of the synthesis of the manifold in a homogeneous intuition, by means of my generating time itself in my apprehension of the intuition.

Reality, in the pure conception of the understanding, is that which corresponds to a sensation in general; that, consequently, the conception of which indicates a being (in time). Negation is that the conception of which represents a not-being (in time). The opposition of these two consists therefore in the difference of one and the same time, as a time filled or a time empty. Now as time is only the form of intuition, consequently of objects as phenomena, that which in objects corresponds to sensation is the transcendental matter of all objects as things in themselves (Sachheit, reality). Now every sensation has a degree or quantity by which it can fill time, that is to say, the internal sense in respect of the representation of an object, more or less, until it vanishes into nothing (= 0 = negatio). Thus there is a relation and connection between reality and negation, or rather a transition from the former to the latter, which makes every reality representable to us as a quantum; and the schema of a reality as the quantity of something in so far as it fills time, is exactly this continuous and uniform generation of the reality in time, as we descend in time from the sensation which has a certain degree, down to the vanishing thereof, or gradually ascend from negation to the quantity thereof.

The schema of substance is the permanence of the real in time; that is, the representation of it as a substratum of the empirical determination of time; a substratum which therefore remains, whilst all else changes. (Time passes not, but in it passes the existence of the changeable. To time, therefore, which is itself unchangeable and permanent, corresponds that which in the phenomenon is unchangeable in existence, that is, substance, and it is only by it that the succession and coexistence of phenomena can be determined in regard to time.)

The schema of cause and of the causality of a thing is the real which, when posited, is always followed by something else. It consists, therefore, in the succession of the manifold, in so far as that succession is subjected to a rule.

The schema of community (reciprocity of action and reaction), or the reciprocal causality of substances in respect of their accidents, is the coexistence of the determinations of the one with those of the other, according to a general rule.

The schema of possibility is the accordance of the synthesis of different representations with the conditions of time in general (as, for example, opposites cannot exist together at the same time in the same thing, but only after each other), and is therefore the determination of the representation of a thing at any time.

The schema of reality is existence in a determined time.

The schema of necessity is the existence of an object in all time.

It is clear, from all this, that the schema of the category of quantity contains and represents the generation (synthesis) of time itself, in the successive apprehension of an object; the schema of quality the synthesis of sensation with the representation of time, or the filling up of time; the schema of relation the relation of perceptions to each other in all time (that is, according to a rule of the

determination of time): and finally, the schema of modality and its categories, time itself, as the correlative of the determination of an object—whether it does belong to time, and how. The schemata, therefore, are nothing but à priori determinations of time according to rules, and these, in regard to all possible objects, following the arrangement of the categories, relate to the series in time, the content in time, the order in time, and finally, to the complex or totality in time.

Hence it is apparent that the schematism of the understanding, by means of the transcendental synthesis of the imagination, amounts to nothing else than the unity of the manifold of intuition in the internal sense, and thus indirectly to the unity of apperception, as a function corresponding to the internal sense (a receptivity). Thus, the schemata of the pure conceptions of the understanding are the true and only conditions whereby our understanding receives an application to objects, and consequently significance. Finally, therefore, the categories are only capable of empirical use, inasmuch as they serve merely to subject phenomena to the universal rules of synthesis, by means of an à priori necessary unity (on account of the necessary union of all consciousness in one original apperception); and so to render them susceptible of a complete connection in one experience. But within this whole of possible experience lie all our cognitions, and in the universal relation to this experience consists transcendental truth, which antecedes all empirical truth, and renders the latter possible.

It is, however, evident at first sight, that although the schemata of sensibility are the sole agents in realizing the categories, they do, nevertheless, also restrict them, that is, they limit the categories by conditions which lie beyond the sphere of understanding—namely, in sensibility. Hence the schema is properly only the phenomenon, or the sensuous conception of an object in harmony with the category. (Numerus est quantitas phaenomenon—sensatio realitas phaenomenon; constans et perdurabile rerum substantia phaenomenon—aeternitas, necessitas, phaenomena, etc.) Now, if we remove a restrictive condition, we thereby amplify, it appears, the formerly limited conception. In this way, the categories in their pure signification, free from all conditions of sensibility, ought to be valid of things as they are, and not, as the schemata represent them, merely as they appear; and consequently the categories must have a significance far more extended, and wholly independent of all schemata. In truth, there does always remain to the pure conceptions of the understanding, after abstracting every sensuous condition, a value and significance, which is, however, merely logical. But in this case, no object is given them, and therefore they have no meaning sufficient to afford us a conception of an object. The notion of substance, for example, if we leave out the sensuous determination of permanence, would mean nothing more than a something which can be cogitated as subject, without the possibility of becoming a predicate to anything else. Of this representation I can make nothing, inasmuch as it does not indicate to me what determinations the thing possesses which must thus be valid as premier subject. Consequently, the categories, without schemata are merely functions of the understanding for the production of conceptions, but do not represent any object. This significance they derive from sensibility, which at the same time realizes the understanding and restricts it.

Chapter II. System of all Principles of the Pure Understanding

In the foregoing chapter we have merely considered the general conditions under which alone the transcendental faculty of judgement is justified in using the pure conceptions of the understanding for synthetical judgements. Our duty at present is to exhibit in systematic connection those judgements which the understanding really produces à priori. For this purpose, our table of the categories will certainly afford us the natural and safe guidance. For it is precisely the categories whose application to possible experience must constitute all pure à priori cognition of the understanding; and the relation of which to sensibility will, on that very account, present us with a complete and systematic catalogue of all the transcendental principles of the use of the understanding.

Principles à priori are so called, not merely because they contain in themselves the grounds of other judgements, but also because they themselves are not grounded in higher and more general cognitions. This peculiarity, however, does not raise them altogether above the need of a proof. For although there could be found no higher cognition, and therefore no objective proof, and although such a principle rather serves as the foundation for all cognition of the object, this by no means hinders us from drawing a proof from the subjective sources of the possibility of the cognition of an object. Such a proof is necessary, moreover, because without it the principle might be liable to the imputation of being a mere gratuitous assertion.

In the second place, we shall limit our investigations to those principles which relate to the categories. For as to the principles of transcendental æsthetic, according to which space and time are the conditions of the possibility of things as phenomena, as also the restriction of these principles, namely, that they cannot be applied to objects as things in themselves—these, of course, do not fall within the scope of our present inquiry. In like manner, the principles of mathematical science form no part of this system, because they are all drawn from intuition, and not from the pure conception of the understanding. The possibility of these principles, however, will necessarily be considered here, inasmuch as they are synthetical judgements à priori, not indeed for the purpose of

proving their accuracy and apodeictic certainty, which is unnecessary, but merely to render conceivable and deduce the possibility of such evident à priori cognitions.

But we shall have also to speak of the principle of analytical judgements, in opposition to synthetical judgements, which is the proper subject of our inquiries, because this very opposition will free the theory of the latter from all ambiguity, and place it clearly before our eyes in its true nature.

SYSTEM OF THE PRINCIPLES OF THE PURE UNDERSTANDING

Section I. Of the Supreme Principle of all Analytical Judgements

Whatever may be the content of our cognition, and in whatever manner our cognition may be related to its object, the universal, although only negative conditions of all our judgements is that they do not contradict themselves; otherwise these judgements are in themselves (even without respect to the object) nothing. But although there may exist no contradiction in our judgement, it may nevertheless connect conceptions in such a manner that they do not correspond to the object, or without any grounds either à priori or à posteriori for arriving at such a judgement, and thus, without being self-contradictory, a judgement may nevertheless be either false or groundless.

Now, the proposition: “No subject can have a predicate that contradicts it,” is called the principle of contradiction, and is a universal but purely negative criterion of all truth. But it belongs to logic alone, because it is valid of cognitions, merely as cognitions and without respect to their content, and declares that the contradiction entirely nullifies them. We can also, however, make a positive use of this principle, that is, not merely to banish falsehood and error (in so far as it rests upon contradiction), but also for the cognition of truth. For if the judgement is analytical, be it affirmative or negative, its truth must always be recognizable by means of the principle of contradiction. For the contrary of that which lies and is cogitated as conception in the cognition of the object will be always properly negatived, but the conception itself must always be affirmed of the object, inasmuch as the contrary thereof would be in contradiction to the object.

We must therefore hold the principle of contradiction to be the universal and fully sufficient Principle of all analytical cognition. But as a sufficient criterion of truth, it has no further utility or authority. For the fact that no cognition can be at variance with this principle without nullifying itself, constitutes this principle the sine qua non, but not the determining ground of the truth of our cognition. As our business at present is properly with the synthetical part of our knowledge only, we shall always be on our guard not to transgress this inviolable principle; but at the same time not to expect from it any direct assistance in the establishment of the truth of any synthetical proposition.

There exists, however, a formula of this celebrated principle—a principle merely formal and entirely without content—which contains a synthesis that has been inadvertently and quite unnecessarily mixed up with it. It is this: “It is impossible for a thing to be and not to be at the same time.” Not to mention the superfluousness of the addition of the word impossible to indicate the apodeictic certainty, which ought to be self-evident from the proposition itself, the proposition is affected by the condition of time, and as it were says: “A thing = A, which is something = B, cannot at the same time be non-B.” But both, B as well as non-B, may quite well exist in succession. For example, a man who is young cannot at the same time be old; but the same man can very well be at one time young, and at another not young, that is, old. Now the principle of contradiction as a merely logical proposition must not by any means limit its application merely to relations of time, and consequently a formula like the preceding is quite foreign to its true purpose. The misunderstanding arises in this way. We first of all separate a predicate of a thing from the conception of the thing, and afterwards connect with this predicate its opposite, and hence do not establish any contradiction with the subject, but only with its predicate, which has been conjoined with the subject synthetically—a contradiction, moreover, which obtains only when the first and second predicate are affirmed in the same time. If I say: “A man who is ignorant is not learned,” the condition “at the same time” must be added, for he who is at one time ignorant, may at another be learned. But if I say: “No ignorant man is a learned man,” the proposition is analytical, because the characteristic ignorance is now a constituent part of the conception of the subject; and in this case the negative proposition is evident immediately from the proposition of contradiction, without the necessity of adding the condition “the same time.” This is the reason why I have altered the formula of this principle—an alteration which shows very clearly the nature of an analytical proposition.

Section II. Of the Supreme Principle of all Synthetical Judgements

The explanation of the possibility of synthetical judgements is a task with which general logic has nothing to do; indeed she needs not even be acquainted with its name. But in transcendental logic it is the most important matter to be dealt with—indeed the only one, if the question is of the possibility of synthetical judgements à priori, the conditions and extent of their validity. For when this question is fully decided, it can reach its aim with perfect ease, the determination, to wit, of the extent and limits of the pure understanding.

In an analytical judgement I do not go beyond the given conception, in order to arrive at some decision respecting it. If the judgement is affirmative, I predicate of the conception only that which was already cogitated in it; if negative, I merely exclude from the conception its contrary. But in synthetical judgements, I must go beyond the given conception, in order to cogitate, in relation with it, something quite different from that which was cogitated in it, a relation which is consequently never one either of identity or contradiction, and by means of which the truth or error of the judgement cannot be discerned merely from the judgement itself.

Granted, then, that we must go out beyond a given conception, in order to compare it synthetically with another, a third thing is necessary, in which alone the synthesis of two conceptions can originate. Now what is this tertium quid that is to be the medium of all synthetical judgements? It is only a complex in which all our representations are contained, the internal sense to wit, and its form à priori, time.

The synthesis of our representations rests upon the imagination; their synthetical unity (which is requisite to a judgement), upon the unity of apperception. In this, therefore, is to be sought the possibility of synthetical judgements, and as all three contain the sources of à priori representations, the possibility of pure synthetical judgements also; nay, they are necessary upon these grounds, if we are to possess a knowledge of objects, which rests solely upon the synthesis of representations.

If a cognition is to have objective reality, that is, to relate to an object, and possess sense and meaning in respect to it, it is necessary that the object be given in some way or another. Without this, our conceptions are empty, and we may indeed have thought by means of them, but by such thinking we have not, in fact, cognized anything, we have merely played with representation. To give an object, if this expression be understood in the sense of “to present” the object, not mediately but immediately in intuition, means nothing else than to apply the representation of it to experience, be that experience real or only possible. Space and time themselves, pure as these conceptions are from all that is empirical, and certain as it is that they are represented fully à priori in the mind, would be completely without objective validity, and without sense and significance, if their necessary use in the objects of experience were not shown. Nay, the representation of them is a mere schema, that always relates to the reproductive imagination, which calls up the objects of experience, without which they have no meaning. And so it is with all conceptions without distinction.

The possibility of experience is, then, that which gives objective reality to all our à priori cognitions. Now experience depends upon the synthetical unity of phenomena, that is, upon a synthesis according to conceptions of the object of phenomena in general, a synthesis without which experience never could become knowledge, but would be merely a rhapsody of perceptions, never fitting together into any connected text, according to rules of a thoroughly united (possible) consciousness, and therefore never subjected to the transcendental and necessary unity of apperception. Experience has therefore for a foundation, à priori principles of its form, that is to say, general rules of unity in the synthesis of phenomena, the objective reality of which rules, as necessary conditions even of the possibility of experience can which rules, as necessary conditions—even of the possibility of experience—can always be shown in experience. But apart from this relation, à priori synthetical propositions are absolutely impossible, because they have no third term, that is, no pure object, in which the synthetical unity can exhibit the objective reality of its conceptions.

Although, then, respecting space, or the forms which productive imagination describes therein, we do cognize much à priori in synthetical judgements, and are really in no need of experience for this purpose, such knowledge would nevertheless amount to nothing but a busy trifling with a mere chimera, were not space to be considered as the condition of the phenomena which constitute the material of external experience. Hence those pure synthetical judgements do relate, though but mediately, to possible experience, or rather to the possibility of experience, and upon that alone is founded the objective validity of their synthesis.

While then, on the one hand, experience, as empirical synthesis, is the only possible mode of cognition which gives reality to all other synthesis; on the other hand, this latter synthesis, as cognition à priori, possesses truth, that is, accordance with its object, only in so far as it contains nothing more than what is necessary to the synthetical unity of experience.

Accordingly, the supreme principle of all synthetical judgements is: “Every object is subject to the necessary conditions of the synthetical unity of the manifold of intuition in a possible experience.”

À priori synthetical judgements are possible when we apply the formal conditions of the à priori intuition, the synthesis of the imagination, and the necessary unity of that synthesis in a transcendental apperception, to a possible cognition of experience, and say: “The conditions of the possibility of experience in general are at the same time conditions of the possibility of the objects of experience, and have, for that reason, objective validity in an à priori synthetical judgement.”

Section III. Systematic Representation of all Synthetical Principles of the Pure Understanding

That principles exist at all is to be ascribed solely to the pure understanding, which is not only the faculty of rules in regard to that which happens, but is even the source of principles according to which everything that can be presented to us as an object is necessarily subject to rules, because without such rules we never could attain to cognition of an object. Even the laws of nature, if they are contemplated as principles of the empirical use of the understanding, possess also a characteristic of necessity, and we may therefore at least expect them to be determined upon grounds which are valid à priori and antecedent to all experience. But all laws of nature, without distinction, are subject to higher principles of the understanding, inasmuch as the former are merely applications of the latter to particular cases of experience. These higher principles alone therefore give the conception, which contains the necessary condition, and, as it were, the exponent of a rule; experience, on the other hand, gives the case which comes under the rule.

There is no danger of our mistaking merely empirical principles for principles of the pure understanding, or conversely; for the character of necessity, according to conceptions which distinguish the latter, and the absence of this in every empirical proposition, how extensively valid soever it may be, is a perfect safeguard against confounding them. There are, however, pure principles à priori, which nevertheless I should not ascribe to the pure understanding—for this reason, that they are not derived from pure conceptions, but (although by the mediation of the understanding) from pure intuitions. But understanding is the faculty of conceptions. Such principles mathematical science possesses, but their application to experience, consequently their objective validity, nay the possibility of such à priori synthetical cognitions (the deduction thereof) rests entirely upon the pure understanding.

On this account, I shall not reckon among my principles those of mathematics; though I shall include those upon the possibility and objective validity à priori, of principles of the mathematical science, which, consequently, are to be looked upon as the principle of these, and which proceed from conceptions to intuition, and not from intuition to conceptions.

In the application of the pure conceptions of the understanding to possible experience, the employment of their synthesis is either mathematical or dynamical, for it is directed partly on the intuition alone, partly on the existence of a phenomenon. But the à priori conditions of intuition are in relation to a possible experience absolutely necessary, those of the existence of objects of a possible empirical intuition are in themselves contingent. Hence the principles of the mathematical use of the categories will possess a character of absolute necessity, that is, will be apodeictic; those, on the other hand, of the dynamical use, the character of an à priori necessity indeed, but only under the condition of empirical thought in an experience, therefore only mediately and indirectly. Consequently they will not possess that immediate evidence which is peculiar to the former, although their application to experience does not, for that reason, lose its truth and certitude. But of this point we shall be better able to judge at the conclusion of this system of principles.

The table of the categories is naturally our guide to the table of principles, because these are nothing else than rules for the objective employment of the former. Accordingly, all principles of the pure understanding are:

1 Axioms of Intuition

2 3 Anticipations Analogies of Perception of Experience 4 Postulates of Empirical Thought in general

These appellations I have chosen advisedly, in order that we might not lose sight of the distinctions in respect of the evidence and the employment of these principles. It will, however, soon appear that—a fact which concerns both the evidence of these principles, and the à priori determination of phenomena—according to the categories of quantity and quality (if we attend merely to the form of these), the principles of these categories are distinguishable from those of the two others, in as much as the former are possessed of an intuitive, but the latter of a merely discursive, though in both instances a complete, certitude. I shall therefore call the former mathematical, and the latter dynamical principles.[27] It must be observed, however, that by these terms I mean just as little in the one case the principles of mathematics as those of general (physical) dynamics in the other. I have here in view merely the

principles of the pure understanding, in their application to the internal sense (without distinction of the representations given therein), by means of which the sciences of mathematics and dynamics become possible. Accordingly, I have named these principles rather with reference to their application than their content; and I shall now proceed to consider them in the order in which they stand in the table.

[27] All combination (conjunctio) is either composition (compositio) or connection (nexus). The former is the synthesis of a manifold, the parts of which do not necessarily belong to each other. For example, the two triangles into which a square is divided by a diagonal, do not necessarily belong to each other, and of this kind is the synthesis of the homogeneous in everything that can be mathematically considered. This synthesis can be divided into those of aggregation and coalition, the former of which is applied to extensive, the latter to intensive quantities. The second sort of combination (nexus) is the synthesis of a manifold, in so far as its parts do belong necessarily to each other; for example, the accident to a substance, or the effect to the cause. Consequently it is a synthesis of that which though heterogeneous, is represented as connected à priori. This combination—not an arbitrary one—I entitle dynamical because it concerns the connection of the existence of the manifold. This, again, may be divided into the physical synthesis, of the phenomena divided among each other, and the metaphysical synthesis, or the connection of phenomena à priori in the faculty of cognition.

1. AXIOMS OF INTUITION.

The principle of these is: All Intuitions are Extensive Quantities.

PROOF.

All phenomena contain, as regards their form, an intuition in space and time, which lies à priori at the foundation of all without exception. Phenomena, therefore, cannot be apprehended, that is, received into empirical consciousness otherwise than through the synthesis of a manifold, through which the representations of a determinate space or time are generated; that is to say, through the composition of the homogeneous and the consciousness of the synthetical unity of this manifold (homogeneous). Now the consciousness of a homogeneous manifold in intuition, in so far as thereby the representation of an object is rendered possible, is the conception of a quantity (quanti). Consequently, even the perception of an object as phenomenon is possible only through the same synthetical unity of the manifold of the given sensuous intuition, through which the unity of the composition of the homogeneous manifold in the conception of a quantity is cogitated; that is to say, all phenomena are quantities, and extensive quantities, because as intuitions in space or time they must be represented by means of the same synthesis through which space and time themselves are determined.

An extensive quantity I call that wherein the representation of the parts renders possible (and therefore necessarily antecedes) the representation of the whole. I cannot represent to myself any line, however small, without drawing it in thought, that is, without generating from a point all its parts one after another, and in this way alone producing this intuition. Precisely the same is the case with every, even the smallest, portion of time. I cogitate therein only the successive progress from one moment to another, and hence, by means of the different portions of time and the addition of them, a determinate quantity of time is produced. As the pure intuition in all phenomena is either time or space, so is every phenomenon in its character of intuition an extensive quantity, inasmuch as it can only be cognized in our apprehension by successive synthesis (from part to part). All phenomena are, accordingly, to be considered as aggregates, that is, as a collection of previously given parts; which is not the case with every sort of quantities, but only with those which are represented and apprehended by us as extensive.

On this successive synthesis of the productive imagination, in the generation of figures, is founded the mathematics of extension, or geometry, with its axioms, which express the conditions of sensuous intuition à priori, under which alone the schema of a pure conception of external intuition can exist; for example, “be tween two points only one straight line is possible,” “two straight lines cannot enclose a space,” etc. These are the axioms which properly relate only to quantities (quanta) as such.

But, as regards the quantity of a thing (quantitas), that is to say, the answer to the question: “How large is this or that object?” although, in respect to this question, we have various propositions synthetical and immediately certain (indemonstrabilia); we have, in the proper sense of the term, no axioms. For example, the propositions: “If equals be added to equals, the wholes are equal”; “If equals be taken from equals, the remainders are equal”; are analytical, because I am immediately conscious of the identity of the production of the one quantity with the production of the other; whereas axioms must be à priori synthetical propositions. On the other hand, the self-evident propositions as to the relation of numbers, are certainly synthetical but not universal, like those of geometry, and for this reason cannot be called axioms, but numerical formulae. That 7 + 5 = 12 is not an analytical proposition. For

neither in the representation of seven, nor of five, nor of the composition of the two numbers, do I cogitate the number twelve. (Whether I cogitate the number in the addition of both, is not at present the question; for in the case of an analytical proposition, the only point is whether I really cogitate the predicate in the representation of the subject.) But although the proposition is synthetical, it is nevertheless only a singular proposition. In so far as regard is here had merely to the synthesis of the homogeneous (the units), it cannot take place except in one manner, although our use of these numbers is afterwards general. If I say: “A triangle can be constructed with three lines, any two of which taken together are greater than the third,” I exercise merely the pure function of the productive imagination, which may draw the lines longer or shorter and construct the angles at its pleasure. On the contrary, the number seven is possible only in one manner, and so is likewise the number twelve, which results from the synthesis of seven and five. Such propositions, then, cannot be termed axioms (for in that case we should have an infinity of these), but numerical formulae.

This transcendental principle of the mathematics of phenomena greatly enlarges our à priori cognition. For it is by this principle alone that pure mathematics is rendered applicable in all its precision to objects of experience, and without it the validity of this application would not be so self-evident; on the contrary, contradictions and confusions have often arisen on this very point. Phenomena are not things in themselves. Empirical intuition is possible only through pure intuition (of space and time); consequently, what geometry affirms of the latter, is indisputably valid of the former. All evasions, such as the statement that objects of sense do not conform to the rules of construction in space (for example, to the rule of the infinite divisibility of lines or angles), must fall to the ground. For, if these objections hold good, we deny to space, and with it to all mathematics, objective validity, and no longer know wherefore, and how far, mathematics can be applied to phenomena. The synthesis of spaces and times as the essential form of all intuition, is that which renders possible the apprehension of a phenomenon, and therefore every external experience, consequently all cognition of the objects of experience; and whatever mathematics in its pure use proves of the former, must necessarily hold good of the latter. All objections are but the chicaneries of an ill-instructed reason, which erroneously thinks to liberate the objects of sense from the formal conditions of our sensibility, and represents these, although mere phenomena, as things in themselves, presented as such to our understanding. But in this case, no à priori synthetical cognition of them could be possible, consequently not through pure conceptions of space and the science which determines these conceptions, that is to say, geometry, would itself be impossible.

2. ANTICIPATIONS OF PERCEPTION.

The principle of these is: In all phenomena the Real, that which is an object of sensation, has Intensive Quantity, that is, has a Degree.

PROOF.

Perception is empirical consciousness, that is to say, a consciousness which contains an element of sensation. Phenomena as objects of perception are not pure, that is, merely formal intuitions, like space and time, for they cannot be perceived in themselves.[28] They contain, then, over and above the intuition, the materials for an object (through which is represented something existing in space or time), that is to say, they contain the real of sensation, as a representation merely subjective, which gives us merely the consciousness that the subject is affected, and which we refer to some external object. Now, a gradual transition from empirical consciousness to pure consciousness is possible, inasmuch as the real in this consciousness entirely vanishes, and there remains a merely formal consciousness (à priori) of the manifold in time and space; consequently there is possible a synthesis also of the production of the quantity of a sensation from its commencement, that is, from the pure intuition = 0 onwards up to a certain quantity of the sensation. Now as sensation in itself is not an objective representation, and in it is to be found neither the intuition of space nor of time, it cannot possess any extensive quantity, and yet there does belong to it a quantity (and that by means of its apprehension, in which empirical consciousness can within a certain time rise from nothing = 0 up to its given amount), consequently an intensive quantity. And thus we must ascribe intensive quantity, that is, a degree of influence on sense to all objects of perception, in so far as this perception contains sensation.

[28] They can be perceived only as phenomena, and some part of them must always belong to the non-ego; whereas pure intuitions are entirely the products of the mind itself, and as such are cognized _in themselves.—Tr_

All cognition, by means of which I am enabled to cognize and determine à priori what belongs to empirical cognition, may be called an anticipation; and without doubt this is the sense in which Epicurus employed his expression prholepsis. But as there is in phenomena something which is never cognized à priori, which on this account constitutes the proper difference between pure and

empirical cognition, that is to say, sensation (as the matter of perception), it follows, that sensation is just that element in cognition which cannot be at all anticipated. On the other hand, we might very well term the pure determinations in space and time, as well in regard to figure as to quantity, anticipations of phenomena, because they represent à priori that which may always be given à posteriori in experience. But suppose that in every sensation, as sensation in general, without any particular sensation being thought of, there existed something which could be cognized à priori, this would deserve to be called anticipation in a special sense—special, because it may seem surprising to forestall experience, in that which concerns the matter of experience, and which we can only derive from itself. Yet such really is the case here.

Apprehension[29], by means of sensation alone, fills only one moment, that is, if I do not take into consideration a succession of many sensations. As that in the phenomenon, the apprehension of which is not a successive synthesis advancing from parts to an entire representation, sensation has therefore no extensive quantity; the want of sensation in a moment of time would represent it as empty, consequently = 0. That which in the empirical intuition corresponds to sensation is reality (realitas phaenomenon); that which corresponds to the absence of it, negation = 0. Now every sensation is capable of a diminution, so that it can decrease, and thus gradually disappear. Therefore, between reality in a phenomenon and negation, there exists a continuous concatenation of many possible intermediate sensations, the difference of which from each other is always smaller than that between the given sensation and zero, or complete negation. That is to say, the real in a phenomenon has always a quantity, which however is not discoverable in apprehension, inasmuch as apprehension take place by means of mere sensation in one instant, and not by the successive synthesis of many sensations, and therefore does not progress from parts to the whole. Consequently, it has a quantity, but not an extensive quantity.

[29] Apprehension is the Kantian word for preception, in the largest sense in which we employ that term. It is the genus which includes under i, as species, perception proper and sensation proper—Tr

Now that quantity which is apprehended only as unity, and in which plurality can be represented only by approximation to negation = 0, I term intensive quantity. Consequently, reality in a phenomenon has intensive quantity, that is, a degree. If we consider this reality as cause (be it of sensation or of another reality in the phenomenon, for example, a change), we call the degree of reality in its character of cause a momentum, for example, the momentum of weight; and for this reason, that the degree only indicates that quantity the apprehension of which is not successive, but instantaneous. This, however, I touch upon only in passing, for with causality I have at present nothing to do.

Accordingly, every sensation, consequently every reality in phenomena, however small it may be, has a degree, that is, an intensive quantity, which may always be lessened, and between reality and negation there exists a continuous connection of possible realities, and possible smaller perceptions. Every colour—for example, red—has a degree, which, be it ever so small, is never the smallest, and so is it always with heat, the momentum of weight, etc.

This property of quantities, according to which no part of them is the smallest possible (no part simple), is called their continuity. Space and time are quanta continua, because no part of them can be given, without enclosing it within boundaries (points and moments), consequently, this given part is itself a space or a time. Space, therefore, consists only of spaces, and time of times. Points and moments are only boundaries, that is, the mere places or positions of their limitation. But places always presuppose intuitions which are to limit or determine them; and we cannot conceive either space or time composed of constituent parts which are given before space or time. Such quantities may also be called flowing, because synthesis (of the productive imagination) in the production of these quantities is a progression in time, the continuity of which we are accustomed to indicate by the expression flowing.

All phenomena, then, are continuous quantities, in respect both to intuition and mere perception (sensation, and with it reality). In the former case they are extensive quantities; in the latter, intensive. When the synthesis of the manifold of a phenomenon is interrupted, there results merely an aggregate of several phenomena, and not properly a phenomenon as a quantity, which is not produced by the mere continuation of the productive synthesis of a certain kind, but by the repetition of a synthesis always ceasing. For example, if I call thirteen dollars a sum or quantity of money, I employ the term quite correctly, inasmuch as I understand by thirteen dollars the value of a mark in standard silver, which is, to be sure, a continuous quantity, in which no part is the smallest, but every part might constitute a piece of money, which would contain material for still smaller pieces. If, however, by the words thirteen dollars I understand so many coins (be their value in silver what it may), it would be quite erroneous to use the expression a quantity of dollars; on the contrary, I must call them aggregate, that is, a number of coins. And as in every number we must have unity as the foundation, so a phenomenon taken as unity is a quantity, and as such always a continuous quantity (quantum

continuum).

Now, seeing all phenomena, whether considered as extensive or intensive, are continuous quantities, the proposition: “All change (transition of a thing from one state into another) is continuous,” might be proved here easily, and with mathematical evidence, were it not that the causality of a change lies, entirely beyond the bounds of a transcendental philosophy, and presupposes empirical principles. For of the possibility of a cause which changes the condition of things, that is, which determines them to the contrary to a certain given state, the understanding gives us à priori no knowledge; not merely because it has no insight into the possibility of it (for such insight is absent in several à priori cognitions), but because the notion of change concerns only certain determinations of phenomena, which experience alone can acquaint us with, while their cause lies in the unchangeable. But seeing that we have nothing which we could here employ but the pure fundamental conceptions of all possible experience, among which of course nothing empirical can be admitted, we dare not, without injuring the unity of our system, anticipate general physical science, which is built upon certain fundamental experiences.

Nevertheless, we are in no want of proofs of the great influence which the principle above developed exercises in the anticipation of perceptions, and even in supplying the want of them, so far as to shield us against the false conclusions which otherwise we might rashly draw.

If all reality in perception has a degree, between which and negation there is an endless sequence of ever smaller degrees, and if, nevertheless, every sense must have a determinate degree of receptivity for sensations; no perception, and consequently no experience is possible, which can prove, either immediately or mediately, an entire absence of all reality in a phenomenon; in other words, it is impossible ever to draw from experience a proof of the existence of empty space or of empty time. For in the first place, an entire absence of reality in a sensuous intuition cannot of course be an object of perception; secondly, such absence cannot be deduced from the contemplation of any single phenomenon, and the difference of the degrees in its reality; nor ought it ever to be admitted in explanation of any phenomenon. For if even the complete intuition of a determinate space or time is thoroughly real, that is, if no part thereof is empty, yet because every reality has its degree, which, with the extensive quantity of the phenomenon unchanged, can diminish through endless gradations down to nothing (the void), there must be infinitely graduated degrees, with which space or time is filled, and the intensive quantity in different phenomena may be smaller or greater, although the extensive quantity of the intuition remains equal and unaltered.

We shall give an example of this. Almost all natural philosophers, remarking a great difference in the quantity of the matter of different kinds in bodies with the same volume (partly on account of the momentum of gravity or weight, partly on account of the momentum of resistance to other bodies in motion), conclude unanimously that this volume (extensive quantity of the phenomenon) must be void in all bodies, although in different proportion. But who would suspect that these for the most part mathematical and mechanical inquirers into nature should ground this conclusion solely on a metaphysical hypothesis—a sort of hypothesis which they profess to disparage and avoid? Yet this they do, in assuming that the real in space (I must not here call it impenetrability or weight, because these are empirical conceptions) is always identical, and can only be distinguished according to its extensive quantity, that is, multiplicity. Now to this presupposition, for which they can have no ground in experience, and which consequently is merely metaphysical, I oppose a transcendental demonstration, which it is true will not explain the difference in the filling up of spaces, but which nevertheless completely does away with the supposed necessity of the above-mentioned presupposition that we cannot explain the said difference otherwise than by the hypothesis of empty spaces. This demonstration, moreover, has the merit of setting the understanding at liberty to conceive this distinction in a different manner, if the explanation of the fact requires any such hypothesis. For we perceive that although two equal spaces may be completely filled by matters altogether different, so that in neither of them is there left a single point wherein matter is not present, nevertheless, every reality has its degree (of resistance or of weight), which, without diminution of the extensive quantity, can become less and less ad infinitum, before it passes into nothingness and disappears. Thus an expansion which fills a space—for example, caloric, or any other reality in the phenomenal world—can decrease in its degrees to infinity, yet without leaving the smallest part of the space empty; on the contrary, filling it with those lesser degrees as completely as another phenomenon could with greater. My intention here is by no means to maintain that this is really the case with the difference of matters, in regard to their specific gravity; I wish only to prove, from a principle of the pure understanding, that the nature of our perceptions makes such a mode of explanation possible, and that it is erroneous to regard the real in a phenomenon as equal quoad its degree, and different only quoad its aggregation and extensive quantity, and this, too, on the pretended authority of an à priori principle of the understanding.

Nevertheless, this principle of the anticipation of perception must somewhat startle an inquirer whom initiation into transcendental philosophy has rendered cautious. We must naturally entertain some doubt whether or not the understanding can enounce any

such synthetical proposition as that respecting the degree of all reality in phenomena, and consequently the possibility of the internal difference of sensation itself—abstraction being made of its empirical quality. Thus it is a question not unworthy of solution: “How the understanding can pronounce synthetically and à priori respecting phenomena, and thus anticipate these, even in that which is peculiarly and merely empirical, that, namely, which concerns sensation itself?”

The quality of sensation is in all cases merely empirical, and cannot be represented à priori (for example, colours, taste, etc.). But the real—that which corresponds to sensation—in opposition to negation = 0, only represents something the conception of which in itself contains a being (ein seyn), and signifies nothing but the synthesis in an empirical consciousness. That is to say, the empirical consciousness in the internal sense can be raised from 0 to every higher degree, so that the very same extensive quantity of intuition, an illuminated surface, for example, excites as great a sensation as an aggregate of many other surfaces less illuminated. We can therefore make complete abstraction of the extensive quantity of a phenomenon, and represent to ourselves in the mere sensation in a certain momentum, a synthesis of homogeneous ascension from 0 up to the given empirical consciousness, All sensations therefore as such are given only à posteriori, but this property thereof, namely, that they have a degree, can be known à priori. It is worthy of remark, that in respect to quantities in general, we can cognize à priori only a single quality, namely, continuity; but in respect to all quality (the real in phenomena), we cannot cognize à priori anything more than the intensive quantity thereof, namely, that they have a degree. All else is left to experience.

3. ANALOGIES OF EXPERIENCE.

The principle of these is: Experience is possible only through the representation of a necessary connection of Perceptions.

PROOF.

Experience is an empirical cognition; that is to say, a cognition which determines an object by means of perceptions. It is therefore a synthesis of perceptions, a synthesis which is not itself contained in perception, but which contains the synthetical unity of the manifold of perception in a consciousness; and this unity constitutes the essential of our cognition of objects of the senses, that is, of experience (not merely of intuition or sensation). Now in experience our perceptions come together contingently, so that no character of necessity in their connection appears, or can appear from the perceptions themselves, because apprehension is only a placing together of the manifold of empirical intuition, and no representation of a necessity in the connected existence of the phenomena which apprehension brings together, is to be discovered therein. But as experience is a cognition of objects by means of perceptions, it follows that the relation of the existence of the existence of the manifold must be represented in experience not as it is put together in time, but as it is objectively in time. And as time itself cannot be perceived, the determination of the existence of objects in time can only take place by means of their connection in time in general, consequently only by means of à priori connecting conceptions. Now as these conceptions always possess the character of necessity, experience is possible only by means of a representation of the necessary connection of perception.

The three modi of time are permanence, succession, and coexistence. Accordingly, there are three rules of all relations of time in phenomena, according to which the existence of every phenomenon is determined in respect of the unity of all time, and these antecede all experience and render it possible.

The general principle of all three analogies rests on the necessary unity of apperception in relation to all possible empirical consciousness (perception) at every time, consequently, as this unity lies à priori at the foundation of all mental operations, the principle rests on the synthetical unity of all phenomena according to their relation in time. For the original apperception relates to our internal sense (the complex of all representations), and indeed relates à priori to its form, that is to say, the relation of the manifold empirical consciousness in time. Now this manifold must be combined in original apperception according to relations of time—a necessity imposed by the à priori transcendental unity of apperception, to which is subjected all that can belong to my (i.e., my own) cognition, and therefore all that can become an object for me. This synthetical and à priori determined unity in relation of perceptions in time is therefore the rule: “All empirical determinations of time must be subject to rules of the general determination of time”; and the analogies of experience, of which we are now about to treat, must be rules of this nature.

These principles have this peculiarity, that they do not concern phenomena, and the synthesis of the empirical intuition thereof, but merely the existence of phenomena and their relation to each other in regard to this existence. Now the mode in which we apprehend a thing in a phenomenon can be determined à priori in such a manner that the rule of its synthesis can give, that is to say, can produce this à priori intuition in every empirical example. But the existence of phenomena cannot be known à priori, and although we could arrive by this path at a conclusion of the fact of some existence, we could not cognize that existence

determinately, that is to say, we should be incapable of anticipating in what respect the empirical intuition of it would be distinguishable from that of others.

The two principles above mentioned, which I called mathematical, in consideration of the fact of their authorizing the application of mathematic phenomena, relate to these phenomena only in regard to their possibility, and instruct us how phenomena, as far as regards their intuition or the real in their perception, can be generated according to the rules of a mathematical synthesis. Consequently, numerical quantities, and with them the determination of a phenomenon as a quantity, can be employed in the one case as well as in the other. Thus, for example, out of 200,000 illuminations by the moon, I might compose and give à priori, that is construct, the degree of our sensations of the sun-light.[30] We may therefore entitle these two principles constitutive.

[30] Kant's meaning is: The two principles enunciated under the heads of "Axioms of Intuition," and "Anticipations of Perception," authorize the application to phenomena of determinations of size and number, that is of mathematic. For example, I may compute the light of the sun, and say that its quantity is a certain number of times greater than that of the moon. In the same way, heat is measured by the comparison of its different effects on water, &c., and on mercury in a thermometer.—Tr

The case is very different with those principles whose province it is to subject the existence of phenomena to rules à priori. For as existence does not admit of being constructed, it is clear that they must only concern the relations of existence and be merely regulative principles. In this case, therefore, neither axioms nor anticipations are to be thought of. Thus, if a perception is given us, in a certain relation of time to other (although undetermined) perceptions, we cannot then say à priori, what and how great (in quantity) the other perception necessarily connected with the former is, but only how it is connected, quoad its existence, in this given modus of time. Analogies in philosophy mean something very different from that which they represent in mathematics. In the latter they are formulae, which enounce the equality of two relations of quantity, and are always constitutive, so that if two terms of the proportion are given, the third is also given, that is, can be constructed by the aid of these formulae. But in philosophy, analogy is not the equality of two quantitative but of two qualitative relations. In this case, from three given terms, I can give à priori and cognize the relation to a fourth member, but not this fourth term itself, although I certainly possess a rule to guide me in the search for this fourth term in experience, and a mark to assist me in discovering it. An analogy of experience is therefore only a rule according to which unity of experience must arise out of perceptions in respect to objects (phenomena) not as a constitutive, but merely as a regulative principle. The same holds good also of the postulates of empirical thought in general, which relate to the synthesis of mere intuition (which concerns the form of phenomena), the synthesis of perception (which concerns the matter of phenomena), and the synthesis of experience (which concerns the relation of these perceptions). For they are only regulative principles, and clearly distinguishable from the mathematical, which are constitutive, not indeed in regard to the certainty which both possess à priori, but in the mode of evidence thereof, consequently also in the manner of demonstration.

But what has been observed of all synthetical propositions, and must be particularly remarked in this place, is this, that these analogies possess significance and validity, not as principles of the transcendental, but only as principles of the empirical use of the understanding, and their truth can therefore be proved only as such, and that consequently the phenomena must not be subjoined directly under the categories, but only under their schemata. For if the objects to which those principles must be applied were things in themselves, it would be quite impossible to cognize aught concerning them synthetically à priori. But they are nothing but phenomena; a complete knowledge of which—a knowledge to which all principles à priori must at last relate—is the only possible experience. It follows that these principles can have nothing else for their aim than the conditions of the empirical cognition in the unity of synthesis of phenomena. But this synthesis is cogitated only in the schema of the pure conception of the understanding, of whose unity, as that of a synthesis in general, the category contains the function unrestricted by any sensuous condition. These principles will therefore authorize us to connect phenomena according to an analogy, with the logical and universal unity of conceptions, and consequently to employ the categories in the principles themselves; but in the application of them to experience, we shall use only their schemata, as the key to their proper application, instead of the categories, or rather the latter as restricting conditions, under the title of "formulae" of the former.

A. FIRST ANALOGY.

Principle of the Permanence of Substance.

In all changes of phenomena, substance is permanent, and the quantum thereof in nature is neither increased nor diminished.

PROOF.

All phenomena exist in time, wherein alone as substratum, that is, as the permanent form of the internal intuition, coexistence and succession can be represented. Consequently time, in which all changes of phenomena must be cogitated, remains and changes not, because it is that in which succession and coexistence can be represented only as determinations thereof. Now, time in itself cannot be an object of perception. It follows that in objects of perception, that is, in phenomena, there must be found a substratum which represents time in general, and in which all change or coexistence can be perceived by means of the relation of phenomena to it. But the substratum of all reality, that is, of all that pertains to the existence of things, is substance; all that pertains to existence can be cogitated only as a determination of substance. Consequently, the permanent, in relation to which alone can all relations of time in phenomena be determined, is substance in the world of phenomena, that is, the real in phenomena, that which, as the substratum of all change, remains ever the same. Accordingly, as this cannot change in existence, its quantity in nature can neither be increased nor diminished.

Our apprehension of the manifold in a phenomenon is always successive, is Consequently always changing. By it alone we could, therefore, never determine whether this manifold, as an object of experience, is coexistent or successive, unless it had for a foundation something fixed and permanent, of the existence of which all succession and coexistence are nothing but so many modes (modi of time). Only in the permanent, then, are relations of time possible (for simultaneity and succession are the only relations in time); that is to say, the permanent is the substratum of our empirical representation of time itself, in which alone all determination of time is possible. Permanence is, in fact, just another expression for time, as the abiding correlate of all existence of phenomena, and of all change, and of all coexistence. For change does not affect time itself, but only the phenomena in time (just as coexistence cannot be regarded as a modus of time itself, seeing that in time no parts are coexistent, but all successive). If we were to attribute succession to time itself, we should be obliged to cogitate another time, in which this succession would be possible. It is only by means of the permanent that existence in different parts of the successive series of time receives a quantity, which we entitle duration. For in mere succession, existence is perpetually vanishing and recommencing, and therefore never has even the least quantity. Without the permanent, then, no relation in time is possible. Now, time in itself is not an object of perception; consequently the permanent in phenomena must be regarded as the substratum of all determination of time, and consequently also as the condition of the possibility of all synthetical unity of perceptions, that is, of experience; and all existence and all change in time can only be regarded as a mode in the existence of that which abides unchangeably. Therefore, in all phenomena, the permanent is the object in itself, that is, the substance (phenomenon); but all that changes or can change belongs only to the mode of the existence of this substance or substances, consequently to its determinations.

I find that in all ages not only the philosopher, but even the common understanding, has preposited this permanence as a substratum of all change in phenomena; indeed, I am compelled to believe that they will always accept this as an indubitable fact. Only the philosopher expresses himself in a more precise and definite manner, when he says: “In all changes in the world, the substance remains, and the accidents alone are changeable.” But of this decidedly synthetical proposition, I nowhere meet with even an attempt at proof; nay, it very rarely has the good fortune to stand, as it deserves to do, at the head of the pure and entirely à priori laws of nature. In truth, the statement that substance is permanent, is tautological. For this very permanence is the ground on which we apply the category of substance to the phenomenon; and we should have been obliged to prove that in all phenomena there is something permanent, of the existence of which the changeable is nothing but a determination. But because a proof of this nature cannot be dogmatical, that is, cannot be drawn from conceptions, inasmuch as it concerns a synthetical proposition à priori, and as philosophers never reflected that such propositions are valid only in relation to possible experience, and therefore cannot be proved except by means of a deduction of the possibility of experience, it is no wonder that while it has served as the foundation of all experience (for we feel the need of it in empirical cognition), it has never been supported by proof.

A philosopher was asked: “What is the weight of smoke?” He answered: “Subtract from the weight of the burnt wood the weight of the remaining ashes, and you will have the weight of the smoke.” Thus he presumed it to be incontrovertible that even in fire the matter (substance) does not perish, but that only the form of it undergoes a change. In like manner was the saying: “From nothing comes nothing,” only another inference from the principle or permanence, or rather of the ever-abiding existence of the true subject in phenomena. For if that in the phenomenon which we call substance is to be the proper substratum of all determination of time, it follows that all existence in past as well as in future time, must be determinable by means of it alone. Hence we are entitled to apply the term substance to a phenomenon, only because we suppose its existence in all time, a notion which the word permanence does not fully express, as it seems rather to be referable to future time. However, the internal necessity perpetually to be, is inseparably connected with the necessity always to have been, and so the expression may stand as it is. “Gigni de nihilo nihil; in nihilum nil posse reverti,”[31] are two propositions which the ancients never parted, and which people nowadays sometimes mistakenly disjoin, because they imagine that the propositions apply to objects as things in themselves, and that the former might

be inimical to the dependence (even in respect of its substance also) of the world upon a supreme cause. But this apprehension is entirely needless, for the question in this case is only of phenomena in the sphere of experience, the unity of which never could be possible, if we admitted the possibility that new things (in respect of their substance) should arise. For in that case, we should lose altogether that which alone can represent the unity of time, to wit, the identity of the substratum, as that through which alone all change possesses complete and thorough unity. This permanence is, however, nothing but the manner in which we represent to ourselves the existence of things in the phenomenal world.

[31] Persius, Satirae, iii.83-84.

The determinations of a substance, which are only particular modes of its existence, are called accidents. They are always real, because they concern the existence of substance (negations are only determinations, which express the non-existence of something in the substance). Now, if to this real in the substance we ascribe a particular existence (for example, to motion as an accident of matter), this existence is called inherence, in contradistinction to the existence of substance, which we call subsistence. But hence arise many misconceptions, and it would be a more accurate and just mode of expression to designate the accident only as the mode in which the existence of a substance is positively determined. Meanwhile, by reason of the conditions of the logical exercise of our understanding, it is impossible to avoid separating, as it were, that which in the existence of a substance is subject to change, whilst the substance remains, and regarding it in relation to that which is properly permanent and radical. On this account, this category of substance stands under the title of relation, rather because it is the condition thereof than because it contains in itself any relation.

Now, upon this notion of permanence rests the proper notion of the conception change. Origin and extinction are not changes of that which originates or becomes extinct. Change is but a mode of existence, which follows on another mode of existence of the same object; hence all that changes is permanent, and only the condition thereof changes. Now since this mutation affects only determinations, which can have a beginning or an end, we may say, employing an expression which seems somewhat paradoxical: “Only the permanent (substance) is subject to change; the mutable suffers no change, but rather alternation, that is, when certain determinations cease, others begin.”

Change, when, cannot be perceived by us except in substances, and origin or extinction in an absolute sense, that does not concern merely a determination of the permanent, cannot be a possible perception, for it is this very notion of the permanent which renders possible the representation of a transition from one state into another, and from non-being to being, which, consequently, can be empirically cognized only as alternating determinations of that which is permanent. Grant that a thing absolutely begins to be; we must then have a point of time in which it was not. But how and by what can we fix and determine this point of time, unless by that which already exists? For a void time—preceding—is not an object of perception; but if we connect this beginning with objects which existed previously, and which continue to exist till the object in question in question begins to be, then the latter can only be a determination of the former as the permanent. The same holds good of the notion of extinction, for this presupposes the empirical representation of a time, in which a phenomenon no longer exists.

Substances (in the world of phenomena) are the substratum of all determinations of time. The beginning of some, and the ceasing to be of other substances, would utterly do away with the only condition of the empirical unity of time; and in that case phenomena would relate to two different times, in which, side by side, existence would pass; which is absurd. For there is only one time in which all different times must be placed, not as coexistent, but as successive.

Accordingly, permanence is a necessary condition under which alone phenomena, as things or objects, are determinable in a possible experience. But as regards the empirical criterion of this necessary permanence, and with it of the substantiality of phenomena, we shall find sufficient opportunity to speak in the sequel.

B. SECOND ANALOGY.

Principle of the Succession of Time According to the Law of Causality. All changes take place according to the law of the connection of Cause and Effect.

PROOF.

(That all phenomena in the succession of time are only changes, that is, a successive being and non-being of the determinations of substance, which is permanent; consequently that a being of substance itself which follows on the non-being thereof, or a non-being of substance which follows on the being thereof, in other words, that the origin or extinction of substance itself, is

impossible—all this has been fully established in treating of the foregoing principle. This principle might have been expressed as follows: “All alteration (succession) of phenomena is merely change”; for the changes of substance are not origin or extinction, because the conception of change presupposes the same subject as existing with two opposite determinations, and consequently as permanent. After this premonition, we shall proceed to the proof.)

I perceive that phenomena succeed one another, that is to say, a state of things exists at one time, the opposite of which existed in a former state. In this case, then, I really connect together two perceptions in time. Now connection is not an operation of mere sense and intuition, but is the product of a synthetical faculty of imagination, which determines the internal sense in respect of a relation of time. But imagination can connect these two states in two ways, so that either the one or the other may antecede in time; for time in itself cannot be an object of perception, and what in an object precedes and what follows cannot be empirically determined in relation to it. I am only conscious, then, that my imagination places one state before and the other after; not that the one state antecedes the other in the object. In other words, the objective relation of the successive phenomena remains quite undetermined by means of mere perception. Now in order that this relation may be cognized as determined, the relation between the two states must be so cogitated that it is thereby determined as necessary, which of them must be placed before and which after, and not conversely. But the conception which carries with it a necessity of synthetical unity, can be none other than a pure conception of the understanding which does not lie in mere perception; and in this case it is the conception of “the relation of cause and effect,” the former of which determines the latter in time, as its necessary consequence, and not as something which might possibly antecede (or which might in some cases not be perceived to follow). It follows that it is only because we subject the sequence of phenomena, and consequently all change, to the law of causality, that experience itself, that is, empirical cognition of phenomena, becomes possible; and consequently, that phenomena themselves, as objects of experience, are possible only by virtue of this law.

Our apprehension of the manifold of phenomena is always successive. The representations of parts succeed one another. Whether they succeed one another in the object also, is a second point for reflection, which was not contained in the former. Now we may certainly give the name of object to everything, even to every representation, so far as we are conscious thereof; but what this word may mean in the case of phenomena, not merely in so far as they (as representations) are objects, but only in so far as they indicate an object, is a question requiring deeper consideration. In so far as they, regarded merely as representations, are at the same time objects of consciousness, they are not to be distinguished from apprehension, that is, reception into the synthesis of imagination, and we must therefore say: “The manifold of phenomena is always produced successively in the mind.” If phenomena were things in themselves, no man would be able to conjecture from the succession of our representations how this manifold is connected in the object; for we have to do only with our representations. How things may be in themselves, without regard to the representations through which they affect us, is utterly beyond the sphere of our cognition. Now although phenomena are not things in themselves, and are nevertheless the only thing given to us to be cognized, it is my duty to show what sort of connection in time belongs to the manifold in phenomena themselves, while the representation of this manifold in apprehension is always successive. For example, the apprehension of the manifold in the phenomenon of a house which stands before me, is successive. Now comes the question whether the manifold of this house is in itself successive—which no one will be at all willing to grant. But, so soon as I raise my conception of an object to the transcendental signification thereof, I find that the house is not a thing in itself, but only a phenomenon, that is, a representation, the transcendental object of which remains utterly unknown. What then am I to understand by the question: “How can the manifold be connected in the phenomenon itself—not considered as a thing in itself, but merely as a phenomenon?” Here that which lies in my successive apprehension is regarded as representation, whilst the phenomenon which is given me, notwithstanding that it is nothing more than a complex of these representations, is regarded as the object thereof, with which my conception, drawn from the representations of apprehension, must harmonize. It is very soon seen that, as accordance of the cognition with its object constitutes truth, the question now before us can only relate to the formal conditions of empirical truth; and that the phenomenon, in opposition to the representations of apprehension, can only be distinguished therefrom as the object of them, if it is subject to a rule which distinguishes it from every other apprehension, and which renders necessary a mode of connection of the manifold. That in the phenomenon which contains the condition of this necessary rule of apprehension, is the object.

Let us now proceed to our task. That something happens, that is to say, that something or some state exists which before was not, cannot be empirically perceived, unless a phenomenon precedes, which does not contain in itself this state. For a reality which should follow upon a void time, in other words, a beginning, which no state of things precedes, can just as little be apprehended as the void time itself. Every apprehension of an event is therefore a perception which follows upon another perception. But as this is the case with all synthesis of apprehension, as I have shown above in the example of a house, my apprehension of an event is not

yet sufficiently distinguished from other apprehensions. But I remark also that if in a phenomenon which contains an occurrence, I call the antecedent state of my perception, A, and the following state, B, the perception B can only follow A in apprehension, and the perception A cannot follow B, but only precede it. For example, I see a ship float down the stream of a river. My perception of its place lower down follows upon my perception of its place higher up the course of the river, and it is impossible that, in the apprehension of this phenomenon, the vessel should be perceived first below and afterwards higher up the stream. Here, therefore, the order in the sequence of perceptions in apprehension is determined; and by this order apprehension is regulated. In the former example, my perceptions in the apprehension of a house might begin at the roof and end at the foundation, or vice versa; or I might apprehend the manifold in this empirical intuition, by going from left to right, and from right to left. Accordingly, in the series of these perceptions, there was no determined order, which necessitated my beginning at a certain point, in order empirically to connect the manifold. But this rule is always to be met with in the perception of that which happens, and it makes the order of the successive perceptions in the apprehension of such a phenomenon necessary.

I must, therefore, in the present case, deduce the subjective sequence of apprehension from the objective sequence of phenomena, for otherwise the former is quite undetermined, and one phenomenon is not distinguishable from another. The former alone proves nothing as to the connection of the manifold in an object, for it is quite arbitrary. The latter must consist in the order of the manifold in a phenomenon, according to which order the apprehension of one thing (that which happens) follows that of another thing (which precedes), in conformity with a rule. In this way alone can I be authorized to say of the phenomenon itself, and not merely of my own apprehension, that a certain order or sequence is to be found therein. That is, in other words, I cannot arrange my apprehension otherwise than in this order.

In conformity with this rule, then, it is necessary that in that which antecedes an event there be found the condition of a rule, according to which in this event follows always and necessarily; but I cannot reverse this and go back from the event, and determine (by apprehension) that which antecedes it. For no phenomenon goes back from the succeeding point of time to the preceding point, although it does certainly relate to a preceding point of time; from a given time, on the other hand, there is always a necessary progression to the determined succeeding time. Therefore, because there certainly is something that follows, I must of necessity connect it with something else, which antecedes, and upon which it follows, in conformity with a rule, that is necessarily, so that the event, as conditioned, affords certain indication of a condition, and this condition determines the event.

Let us suppose that nothing precedes an event, upon which this event must follow in conformity with a rule. All sequence of perception would then exist only in apprehension, that is to say, would be merely subjective, and it could not thereby be objectively determined what thing ought to precede, and what ought to follow in perception. In such a case, we should have nothing but a play of representations, which would possess no application to any object. That is to say, it would not be possible through perception to distinguish one phenomenon from another, as regards relations of time; because the succession in the act of apprehension would always be of the same sort, and therefore there would be nothing in the phenomenon to determine the succession, and to render a certain sequence objectively necessary. And, in this case, I cannot say that two states in a phenomenon follow one upon the other, but only that one apprehension follows upon another. But this is merely subjective, and does not determine an object, and consequently cannot be held to be cognition of an object—not even in the phenomenal world.

Accordingly, when we know in experience that something happens, we always presuppose that something precedes, whereupon it follows in conformity with a rule. For otherwise I could not say of the object that it follows; because the mere succession in my apprehension, if it be not determined by a rule in relation to something preceding, does not authorize succession in the object. Only, therefore, in reference to a rule, according to which phenomena are determined in their sequence, that is, as they happen, by the preceding state, can I make my subjective synthesis (of apprehension) objective, and it is only under this presupposition that even the experience of an event is possible.

No doubt it appears as if this were in thorough contradiction to all the notions which people have hitherto entertained in regard to the procedure of the human understanding. According to these opinions, it is by means of the perception and comparison of similar consequences following upon certain antecedent phenomena that the understanding is led to the discovery of a rule, according to which certain events always follow certain phenomena, and it is only by this process that we attain to the conception of cause. Upon such a basis, it is clear that this conception must be merely empirical, and the rule which it furnishes us with—“Everything that happens must have a cause”—would be just as contingent as experience itself. The universality and necessity of the rule or law would be perfectly spurious attributes of it. Indeed, it could not possess universal validity, inasmuch as it would not in this case be à priori, but founded on deduction. But the same is the case with this law as with other pure à priori representations (e.g., space and time), which we can draw in perfect clearness and completeness from experience, only because we had already placed them

therein, and by that means, and by that alone, had rendered experience possible. Indeed, the logical clearness of this representation of a rule, determining the series of events, is possible only when we have made use thereof in experience. Nevertheless, the recognition of this rule, as a condition of the synthetical unity of phenomena in time, was the ground of experience itself and consequently preceded it à priori.

It is now our duty to show by an example that we never, even in experience, attribute to an object the notion of succession or effect (of an event—that is, the happening of something that did not exist before), and distinguish it from the subjective succession of apprehension, unless when a rule lies at the foundation, which compels us to observe this order of perception in preference to any other, and that, indeed, it is this necessity which first renders possible the representation of a succession in the object.

We have representations within us, of which also we can be conscious. But, however widely extended, however accurate and thoroughgoing this consciousness may be, these representations are still nothing more than representations, that is, internal determinations of the mind in this or that relation of time. Now how happens it that to these representations we should set an object, or that, in addition to their subjective reality, as modifications, we should still further attribute to them a certain unknown objective reality? It is clear that objective significancy cannot consist in a relation to another representation (of that which we desire to term object), for in that case the question again arises: “How does this other representation go out of itself, and obtain objective significancy over and above the subjective, which is proper to it, as a determination of a state of mind?” If we try to discover what sort of new property the relation to an object gives to our subjective representations, and what new importance they thereby receive, we shall find that this relation has no other effect than that of rendering necessary the connection of our representations in a certain manner, and of subjecting them to a rule; and that conversely, it is only because a certain order is necessary in the relations of time of our representations, that objective significancy is ascribed to them.

In the synthesis of phenomena, the manifold of our representations is always successive. Now hereby is not represented an object, for by means of this succession, which is common to all apprehension, no one thing is distinguished from another. But so soon as I perceive or assume that in this succession there is a relation to a state antecedent, from which the representation follows in accordance with a rule, so soon do I represent something as an event, or as a thing that happens; in other words, I cognize an object to which I must assign a certain determinate position in time, which cannot be altered, because of the preceding state in the object. When, therefore, I perceive that something happens, there is contained in this representation, in the first place, the fact, that something antecedes; because, it is only in relation to this that the phenomenon obtains its proper relation of time, in other words, exists after an antecedent time, in which it did not exist. But it can receive its determined place in time only by the presupposition that something existed in the foregoing state, upon which it follows inevitably and always, that is, in conformity with a rule. From all this it is evident that, in the first place, I cannot reverse the order of succession, and make that which happens precede that upon which it follows; and that, in the second place, if the antecedent state be posited, a certain determinate event inevitably and necessarily follows. Hence it follows that there exists a certain order in our representations, whereby the present gives a sure indication of some previously existing state, as a correlate, though still undetermined, of the existing event which is given—a correlate which itself relates to the event as its consequence, conditions it, and connects it necessarily with itself in the series of time.

If then it be admitted as a necessary law of sensibility, and consequently a formal condition of all perception, that the preceding necessarily determines the succeeding time (inasmuch as I cannot arrive at the succeeding except through the preceding), it must likewise be an indispensable law of empirical representation of the series of time that the phenomena of the past determine all phenomena in the succeeding time, and that the latter, as events, cannot take place, except in so far as the former determine their existence in time, that is to say, establish it according to a rule. For it is of course only in phenomena that we can empirically cognize this continuity in the connection of times.

For all experience and for the possibility of experience, understanding is indispensable, and the first step which it takes in this sphere is not to render the representation of objects clear, but to render the representation of an object in general, possible. It does this by applying the order of time to phenomena, and their existence. In other words, it assigns to each phenomenon, as a consequence, a place in relation to preceding phenomena, determined à priori in time, without which it could not harmonize with time itself, which determines a place à priori to all its parts. This determination of place cannot be derived from the relation of phenomena to absolute time (for it is not an object of perception); but, on the contrary, phenomena must reciprocally determine the places in time of one another, and render these necessary in the order of time. In other words, whatever follows or happens, must follow in conformity with a universal rule upon that which was contained in the foregoing state. Hence arises a series of phenomena, which, by means of the understanding, produces and renders necessary exactly the same order and continuous

connection in the series of our possible perceptions, as is found à priori in the form of internal intuition (time), in which all our perceptions must have place.

That something happens, then, is a perception which belongs to a possible experience, which becomes real only because I look upon the phenomenon as determined in regard to its place in time, consequently as an object, which can always be found by means of a rule in the connected series of my perceptions. But this rule of the determination of a thing according to succession in time is as follows: “In what precedes may be found the condition, under which an event always (that is, necessarily) follows.” From all this it is obvious that the principle of cause and effect is the principle of possible experience, that is, of objective cognition of phenomena, in regard to their relations in the succession of time.

The proof of this fundamental proposition rests entirely on the following momenta of argument. To all empirical cognition belongs the synthesis of the manifold by the imagination, a synthesis which is always successive, that is, in which the representations therein always follow one another. But the order of succession in imagination is not determined, and the series of successive representations may be taken retrogressively as well as progressively. But if this synthesis is a synthesis of apprehension (of the manifold of a given phenomenon), then the order is determined in the object, or to speak more accurately, there is therein an order of successive synthesis which determines an object, and according to which something necessarily precedes, and when this is posited, something else necessarily follows. If, then, my perception is to contain the cognition of an event, that is, of something which really happens, it must be an empirical judgement, wherein we think that the succession is determined; that is, it presupposes another phenomenon, upon which this event follows necessarily, or in conformity with a rule. If, on the contrary, when I posited the antecedent, the event did not necessarily follow, I should be obliged to consider it merely as a subjective play of my imagination, and if in this I represented to myself anything as objective, I must look upon it as a mere dream. Thus, the relation of phenomena (as possible perceptions), according to which that which happens is, as to its existence, necessarily determined in time by something which antecedes, in conformity with a rule—in other words, the relation of cause and effect—is the condition of the objective validity of our empirical judgements in regard to the sequence of perceptions, consequently of their empirical truth, and therefore of experience. The principle of the relation of causality in the succession of phenomena is therefore valid for all objects of experience, because it is itself the ground of the possibility of experience.

Here, however, a difficulty arises, which must be resolved. The principle of the connection of causality among phenomena is limited in our formula to the succession thereof, although in practice we find that the principle applies also when the phenomena exist together in the same time, and that cause and effect may be simultaneous. For example, there is heat in a room, which does not exist in the open air. I look about for the cause, and find it to be the fire, Now the fire as the cause is simultaneous with its effect, the heat of the room. In this case, then, there is no succession as regards time, between cause and effect, but they are simultaneous; and still the law holds good. The greater part of operating causes in nature are simultaneous with their effects, and the succession in time of the latter is produced only because the cause cannot achieve the total of its effect in one moment. But at the moment when the effect first arises, it is always simultaneous with the causality of its cause, because, if the cause had but a moment before ceased to be, the effect could not have arisen. Here it must be specially remembered that we must consider the order of time and not the lapse thereof. The relation remains, even though no time has elapsed. The time between the causality of the cause and its immediate effect may entirely vanish, and the cause and effect be thus simultaneous, but the relation of the one to the other remains always determinable according to time. If, for example, I consider a leaden ball, which lies upon a cushion and makes a hollow in it, as a cause, then it is simultaneous with the effect. But I distinguish the two through the relation of time of the dynamical connection of both. For if I lay the ball upon the cushion, then the hollow follows upon the before smooth surface; but supposing the cushion has, from some cause or another, a hollow, there does not thereupon follow a leaden ball.

Thus, the law of succession of time is in all instances the only empirical criterion of effect in relation to the causality of the antecedent cause. The glass is the cause of the rising of the water above its horizontal surface, although the two phenomena are contemporaneous. For, as soon as I draw some water with the glass from a larger vessel, an effect follows thereupon, namely, the change of the horizontal state which the water had in the large vessel into a concave, which it assumes in the glass.

This conception of causality leads us to the conception of action; that of action, to the conception of force; and through it, to the conception of substance. As I do not wish this critical essay, the sole purpose of which is to treat of the sources of our synthetical cognition à priori, to be crowded with analyses which merely explain, but do not enlarge the sphere of our conceptions, I reserve the detailed explanation of the above conceptions for a future system of pure reason. Such an analysis, indeed, executed with great particularity, may already be found in well-known works on this subject. But I cannot at present refrain from making a few remarks on the empirical criterion of a substance, in so far as it seems to be more evident and more easily recognized through the

conception of action than through that of the permanence of a phenomenon.

Where action (consequently activity and force) exists, substance also must exist, and in it alone must be sought the seat of that fruitful source of phenomena. Very well. But if we are called upon to explain what we mean by substance, and wish to avoid the vice of reasoning in a circle, the answer is by no means so easy. How shall we conclude immediately from the action to the permanence of that which acts, this being nevertheless an essential and peculiar criterion of substance (phenomenon)? But after what has been said above, the solution of this question becomes easy enough, although by the common mode of procedure—merely analysing our conceptions—it would be quite impossible. The conception of action indicates the relation of the subject of causality to the effect. Now because all effect consists in that which happens, therefore in the changeable, the last subject thereof is the permanent, as the substratum of all that changes, that is, substance. For according to the principle of causality, actions are always the first ground of all change in phenomena and, consequently, cannot be a property of a subject which itself changes, because if this were the case, other actions and another subject would be necessary to determine this change. From all this it results that action alone, as an empirical criterion, is a sufficient proof of the presence of substantiality, without any necessity on my part of endeavouring to discover the permanence of substance by a comparison. Besides, by this mode of induction we could not attain to the completeness which the magnitude and strict universality of the conception requires. For that the primary subject of the causality of all arising and passing away, all origin and extinction, cannot itself (in the sphere of phenomena) arise and pass away, is a sound and safe conclusion, a conclusion which leads us to the conception of empirical necessity and permanence in existence, and consequently to the conception of a substance as phenomenon.

When something happens, the mere fact of the occurrence, without regard to that which occurs, is an object requiring investigation. The transition from the non-being of a state into the existence of it, supposing that this state contains no quality which previously existed in the phenomenon, is a fact of itself demanding inquiry. Such an event, as has been shown in No. A, does not concern substance (for substance does not thus originate), but its condition or state. It is therefore only change, and not origin from nothing. If this origin be regarded as the effect of a foreign cause, it is termed creation, which cannot be admitted as an event among phenomena, because the very possibility of it would annihilate the unity of experience. If, however, I regard all things not as phenomena, but as things in themselves and objects of understanding alone, they, although substances, may be considered as dependent, in respect of their existence, on a foreign cause. But this would require a very different meaning in the words, a meaning which could not apply to phenomena as objects of possible experience.

How a thing can be changed, how it is possible that upon one state existing in one point of time, an opposite state should follow in another point of time—of this we have not the smallest conception à priori. There is requisite for this the knowledge of real powers, which can only be given empirically; for example, knowledge of moving forces, or, in other words, of certain successive phenomena (as movements) which indicate the presence of such forces. But the form of every change, the condition under which alone it can take place as the coming into existence of another state (be the content of the change, that is, the state which is changed, what it may), and consequently the succession of the states themselves can very well be considered à priori, in relation to the law of causality and the conditions of time.[32]

[32] It must be remarked that I do not speak of the change of certain relations, but of the change of the state. Thus, when a body moves in a uniform manner, it does not change its state (of motion); but only when all motion increases or decreases.

When a substance passes from one state, a, into another state, b, the point of time in which the latter exists is different from, and subsequent to that in which the former existed. In like manner, the second state, as reality (in the phenomenon), differs from the first, in which the reality of the second did not exist, as b from zero. That is to say, if the state, b, differs from the state, a, only in respect to quantity, the change is a coming into existence of b -a, which in the former state did not exist, and in relation to which that state is = O.

Now the question arises how a thing passes from one state = a, into another state = b. Between two moments there is always a certain time, and between two states existing in these moments there is always a difference having a certain quantity (for all parts of phenomena are in their turn quantities). Consequently, every transition from one state into another, is always effected in a time contained between two moments, of which the first determines the state which the thing leaves, and the second determines the state into which the thing passes. Both moments, then, are limitations of the time of a change, consequently of the intermediate state between both, and as such they belong to the total of the change. Now every change has a cause, which evidences its causality in the whole time during which the charge takes place. The cause, therefore, does not produce the change all at once or in one moment, but in a time, so that, as the time gradually increases from the commencing instant, a, to its completion at b, in like

manner also, the quantity of the reality (b - a) is generated through the lesser degrees which are contained between the first and last. All change is therefore possible only through a continuous action of the causality, which, in so far as it is uniform, we call a momentum. The change does not consist of these momenta, but is generated or produced by them as their effect.

Such is the law of the continuity of all change, the ground of which is that neither time itself nor any phenomenon in time consists of parts which are the smallest possible, but that, notwithstanding, the state of a thing passes in the process of a change through all these parts, as elements, to its second state. There is no smallest degree of reality in a phenomenon, just as there is no smallest degree in the quantity of time; and so the new state of reality grows up out of the former state, through all the infinite degrees thereof, the differences of which one from another, taken all together, are less than the difference between 0 and a.

It is not our business to inquire here into the utility of this principle in the investigation of nature. But how such a proposition, which appears so greatly to extend our knowledge of nature, is possible completely à priori, is indeed a question which deserves investigation, although the first view seems to demonstrate the truth and reality of the principle, and the question, how it is possible, may be considered superfluous. For there are so many groundless pretensions to the enlargement of our knowledge by pure reason that we must take it as a general rule to be mistrustful of all such, and without a thoroughgoing and radical deduction, to believe nothing of the sort even on the clearest dogmatical evidence.

Every addition to our empirical knowledge, and every advance made in the exercise of our perception, is nothing more than an extension of the determination of the internal sense, that is to say, a progression in time, be objects themselves what they may, phenomena, or pure intuitions. This progression in time determines everything, and is itself determined by nothing else. That is to say, the parts of the progression exist only in time, and by means of the synthesis thereof, and are not given antecedently to it. For this reason, every transition in perception to anything which follows upon another in time, is a determination of time by means of the production of this perception. And as this determination of time is, always and in all its parts, a quantity, the perception produced is to be considered as a quantity which proceeds through all its degrees—no one of which is the smallest possible—from zero up to its determined degree. From this we perceive the possibility of cognizing à priori a law of changes—a law, however, which concerns their form merely. We merely anticipate our own apprehension, the formal condition of which, inasmuch as it is itself to be found in the mind antecedently to all given phenomena, must certainly be capable of being cognized à priori.

Thus, as time contains the sensuous condition à priori of the possibility of a continuous progression of that which exists to that which follows it, the understanding, by virtue of the unity of apperception, contains the condition à priori of the possibility of a continuous determination of the position in time of all phenomena, and this by means of the series of causes and effects, the former of which necessitate the sequence of the latter, and thereby render universally and for all time, and by consequence, objectively, valid the empirical cognition of the relations of time.

C. THIRD ANALOGY.

Principle of Coexistence, According to the Law of Reciprocity or Community.

All substances, in so far as they can be perceived in space at the same time, exist in a state of complete reciprocity of action.

PROOF.

Things are coexistent, when in empirical intuition the perception of the one can follow upon the perception of the other, and vice versa—which cannot occur in the succession of phenomena, as we have shown in the explanation of the second principle. Thus I can perceive the moon and then the earth, or conversely, first the earth and then the moon; and for the reason that my perceptions of these objects can reciprocally follow each other, I say, they exist contemporaneously. Now coexistence is the existence of the manifold in the same time. But time itself is not an object of perception; and therefore we cannot conclude from the fact that things are placed in the same time, the other fact, that the perception of these things can follow each other reciprocally. The synthesis of the imagination in apprehension would only present to us each of these perceptions as present in the subject when the other is not present, and contrariwise; but would not show that the objects are coexistent, that is to say, that, if the one exists, the other also exists in the same time, and that this is necessarily so, in order that the perceptions may be capable of following each other reciprocally. It follows that a conception of the understanding or category of the reciprocal sequence of the determinations of phenomena (existing, as they do, apart from each other, and yet contemporaneously), is requisite to justify us in saying that the reciprocal succession of perceptions has its foundation in the object, and to enable us to represent coexistence as objective. But that relation of substances in which the one contains determinations the ground of which is in the other substance, is the relation of

influence. And, when this influence is reciprocal, it is the relation of community or reciprocity. Consequently the coexistence of substances in space cannot be cognized in experience otherwise than under the precondition of their reciprocal action. This is therefore the condition of the possibility of things themselves as objects of experience.

Things are coexistent, in so far as they exist in one and the same time. But how can we know that they exist in one and the same time? Only by observing that the order in the synthesis of apprehension of the manifold is arbitrary and a matter of indifference, that is to say, that it can proceed from A, through B, C, D, to E, or contrariwise from E to A. For if they were successive in time (and in the order, let us suppose, which begins with A), it is quite impossible for the apprehension in perception to begin with E and go backwards to A, inasmuch as A belongs to past time and, therefore, cannot be an object of apprehension.

Let us assume that in a number of substances considered as phenomena each is completely isolated, that is, that no one acts upon another. Then I say that the coexistence of these cannot be an object of possible perception and that the existence of one cannot, by any mode of empirical synthesis, lead us to the existence of another. For we imagine them in this case to be separated by a completely void space, and thus perception, which proceeds from the one to the other in time, would indeed determine their existence by means of a following perception, but would be quite unable to distinguish whether the one phenomenon follows objectively upon the first, or is coexistent with it.

Besides the mere fact of existence, then, there must be something by means of which A determines the position of B in time and, conversely, B the position of A; because only under this condition can substances be empirically represented as existing contemporaneously. Now that alone determines the position of another thing in time which is the cause of it or of its determinations. Consequently every substance (inasmuch as it can have succession predicated of it only in respect of its determinations) must contain the causality of certain determinations in another substance, and at the same time the effects of the causality of the other in itself. That is to say, substances must stand (mediately or immediately) in dynamical community with each other, if coexistence is to be cognized in any possible experience. But, in regard to objects of experience, that is absolutely necessary without which the experience of these objects would itself be impossible. Consequently it is absolutely necessary that all substances in the world of phenomena, in so far as they are coexistent, stand in a relation of complete community of reciprocal action to each other.

The word community has in our language[33] two meanings, and contains the two notions conveyed in the Latin communio and commercium. We employ it in this place in the latter sense—that of a dynamical community, without which even the community of place (communio spatii) could not be empirically cognized. In our experiences it is easy to observe that it is only the continuous influences in all parts of space that can conduct our senses from one object to another; that the light which plays between our eyes and the heavenly bodies produces a mediating community between them and us, and thereby evidences their coexistence with us; that we cannot empirically change our position (perceive this change), unless the existence of matter throughout the whole of space rendered possible the perception of the positions we occupy; and that this perception can prove the contemporaneous existence of these places only through their reciprocal influence, and thereby also the coexistence of even the most remote objects—although in this case the proof is only mediate. Without community, every perception (of a phenomenon in space) is separated from every other and isolated, and the chain of empirical representations, that is, of experience, must, with the appearance of a new object, begin entirely de novo, without the least connection with preceding representations, and without standing towards these even in the relation of time. My intention here is by no means to combat the notion of empty space; for it may exist where our perceptions cannot exist, inasmuch as they cannot reach thereto, and where, therefore, no empirical perception of coexistence takes place. But in this case it is not an object of possible experience.

[33] German

The following remarks may be useful in the way of explanation. In the mind, all phenomena, as contents of a possible experience, must exist in community (communio) of apperception or consciousness, and in so far as it is requisite that objects be represented as coexistent and connected, in so far must they reciprocally determine the position in time of each other and thereby constitute a whole. If this subjective community is to rest upon an objective basis, or to be applied to substances as phenomena, the perception of one substance must render possible the perception of another, and conversely. For otherwise succession, which is always found in perceptions as apprehensions, would be predicated of external objects, and their representation of their coexistence be thus impossible. But this is a reciprocal influence, that is to say, a real community (commercium) of substances, without which therefore the empirical relation of coexistence would be a notion beyond the reach of our minds. By virtue of this commercium, phenomena, in so far as they are apart from, and nevertheless in connection with each other, constitute a compositum reale. Such composita are possible in many different ways. The three dynamical relations then, from which all others spring, are those of inherence,

consequence, and composition.

These, then, are the three analogies of experience. They are nothing more than principles of the determination of the existence of phenomena in time, according to the three modi of this determination; to wit, the relation to time itself as a quantity (the quantity of existence, that is, duration), the relation in time as a series or succession, finally, the relation in time as the complex of all existence (simultaneity). This unity of determination in regard to time is thoroughly dynamical; that is to say, time is not considered as that in which experience determines immediately to every existence its position; for this is impossible, inasmuch as absolute time is not an object of perception, by means of which phenomena can be connected with each other. On the contrary, the rule of the understanding, through which alone the existence of phenomena can receive synthetical unity as regards relations of time, determines for every phenomenon its position in time, and consequently à priori, and with validity for all and every time.

By nature, in the empirical sense of the word, we understand the totality of phenomena connected, in respect of their existence, according to necessary rules, that is, laws. There are therefore certain laws (which are moreover à priori) which make nature possible; and all empirical laws can exist only by means of experience, and by virtue of those primitive laws through which experience itself becomes possible. The purpose of the analogies is therefore to represent to us the unity of nature in the connection of all phenomena under certain exponents, the only business of which is to express the relation of time (in so far as it contains all existence in itself) to the unity of apperception, which can exist in synthesis only according to rules. The combined expression of all is this: “All phenomena exist in one nature, and must so exist, inasmuch as without this à priori unity, no unity of experience, and consequently no determination of objects in experience, is possible.”

As regards the mode of proof which we have employed in treating of these transcendental laws of nature, and the peculiar character of it we must make one remark, which will at the same time be important as a guide in every other attempt to demonstrate the truth of intellectual and likewise synthetical propositions à priori. Had we endeavoured to prove these analogies dogmatically, that is, from conceptions; that is to say, had we employed this method in attempting to show that everything which exists, exists only in that which is permanent—that every thing or event presupposes the existence of something in a preceding state, upon which it follows in conformity with a rule—lastly, that in the manifold, which is coexistent, the states coexist in connection with each other according to a rule, all our labour would have been utterly in vain. For mere conceptions of things, analyse them as we may, cannot enable us to conclude from the existence of one object to the existence of another. What other course was left for us to pursue? This only, to demonstrate the possibility of experience as a cognition in which at last all objects must be capable of being presented to us, if the representation of them is to possess any objective reality. Now in this third, this mediating term, the essential form of which consists in the synthetical unity of the apperception of all phenomena, we found à priori conditions of the universal and necessary determination as to time of all existences in the world of phenomena, without which the empirical determination thereof as to time would itself be impossible, and we also discovered rules of synthetical unity à priori, by means of which we could anticipate experience. For want of this method, and from the fancy that it was possible to discover a dogmatical proof of the synthetical propositions which are requisite in the empirical employment of the understanding, has it happened that a proof of the principle of sufficient reason has been so often attempted, and always in vain. The other two analogies nobody has ever thought of, although they have always been silently employed by the mind,[34] because the guiding thread furnished by the categories was wanting, the guide which alone can enable us to discover every hiatus, both in the system of conceptions and of principles.

[34] The unity of the universe, in which all phenomena to be connected, is evidently a mere consequence of the admitted principle of the community of all substances which are coexistent. For were substances isolated, they could not as parts constitute a whole, and were their connection (reciprocal action of the manifold) not necessary from the very fact of coexistence, we could not conclude from the fact of the latter as a merely ideal relation to the former as a real one. We have, however, shown in its place that community is the proper ground of the possibility of an empirical cognition of coexistence, and that we may therefore properly reason from the latter to the former as its condition.

4. THE POSTULATES OF EMPIRICAL THOUGHT.

1. That which agrees with the formal conditions (intuition and conception) of experience, is possible.

2. That which coheres with the material conditions of experience (sensation), is real.

3. That whose coherence with the real is determined according to universal conditions of experience is (exists) necessary.

Explanation.

The categories of modality possess this peculiarity, that they do not in the least determine the object, or enlarge the conception to which they are annexed as predicates, but only express its relation to the faculty of cognition. Though my conception of a thing is in itself complete, I am still entitled to ask whether the object of it is merely possible, or whether it is also real, or, if the latter, whether it is also necessary. But hereby the object itself is not more definitely determined in thought, but the question is only in what relation it, including all its determinations, stands to the understanding and its employment in experience, to the empirical faculty of judgement, and to the reason of its application to experience.

For this very reason, too, the categories of modality are nothing more than explanations of the conceptions of possibility, reality, and necessity, as employed in experience, and at the same time, restrictions of all the categories to empirical use alone, not authorizing the transcendental employment of them. For if they are to have something more than a merely logical significance, and to be something more than a mere analytical expression of the form of thought, and to have a relation to things and their possibility, reality, or necessity, they must concern possible experience and its synthetical unity, in which alone objects of cognition can be given.

The postulate of the possibility of things requires also, that the conception of the things agree with the formal conditions of our experience in general. But this, that is to say, the objective form of experience, contains all the kinds of synthesis which are requisite for the cognition of objects. A conception which contains a synthesis must be regarded as empty and, without reference to an object, if its synthesis does not belong to experience—either as borrowed from it, and in this case it is called an empirical conception, or such as is the ground and à priori condition of experience (its form), and in this case it is a pure conception, a conception which nevertheless belongs to experience, inasmuch as its object can be found in this alone. For where shall we find the criterion or character of the possibility of an object which is cogitated by means of an à priori synthetical conception, if not in the synthesis which constitutes the form of empirical cognition of objects? That in such a conception no contradiction exists is indeed a necessary logical condition, but very far from being sufficient to establish the objective reality of the conception, that is, the possibility of such an object as is thought in the conception. Thus, in the conception of a figure which is contained within two straight lines, there is no contradiction, for the conceptions of two straight lines and of their junction contain no negation of a figure. The impossibility in such a case does not rest upon the conception in itself, but upon the construction of it in space, that is to say, upon the conditions of space and its determinations. But these have themselves objective reality, that is, they apply to possible things, because they contain à priori the form of experience in general.

And now we shall proceed to point out the extensive utility and influence of this postulate of possibility. When I represent to myself a thing that is permanent, so that everything in it which changes belongs merely to its state or condition, from such a conception alone I never can cognize that such a thing is possible. Or, if I represent to myself something which is so constituted that, when it is posited, something else follows always and infallibly, my thought contains no self-contradiction; but whether such a property as causality is to be found in any possible thing, my thought alone affords no means of judging. Finally, I can represent to myself different things (substances) which are so constituted that the state or condition of one causes a change in the state of the other, and reciprocally; but whether such a relation is a property of things cannot be perceived from these conceptions, which contain a merely arbitrary synthesis. Only from the fact, therefore, that these conceptions express à priori the relations of perceptions in every experience, do we know that they possess objective reality, that is, transcendental truth; and that independent of experience, though not independent of all relation to form of an experience in general and its synthetical unity, in which alone objects can be empirically cognized.

But when we fashion to ourselves new conceptions of substances, forces, action, and reaction, from the material presented to us by perception, without following the example of experience in their connection, we create mere chimeras, of the possibility of which we cannot discover any criterion, because we have not taken experience for our instructress, though we have borrowed the conceptions from her. Such fictitious conceptions derive their character of possibility not, like the categories, à priori, as conceptions on which all experience depends, but only, à posteriori, as conceptions given by means of experience itself, and their possibility must either be cognized à posteriori and empirically, or it cannot be cognized at all. A substance which is permanently present in space, yet without filling it (like that tertium quid between matter and the thinking subject which some have tried to introduce into metaphysics), or a peculiar fundamental power of the mind of intuiting the future by anticipation (instead of merely inferring from past and present events), or, finally, a power of the mind to place itself in community of thought with other men, however distant they may be—these are conceptions the possibility of which has no ground to rest upon. For they are not based upon experience and its known laws; and, without experience, they are a merely arbitrary conjunction of thoughts, which, though containing no internal contradiction, has no claim to objective reality, neither, consequently, to the possibility of such an object as is

thought in these conceptions. As far as concerns reality, it is self-evident that we cannot cogitate such a possibility in concreto without the aid of experience; because reality is concerned only with sensation, as the matter of experience, and not with the form of thought, with which we can no doubt indulge in shaping fancies.

But I pass by everything which derives its possibility from reality in experience, and I purpose treating here merely of the possibility of things by means of à priori conceptions. I maintain, then, that the possibility of things is not derived from such conceptions per se, but only when considered as formal and objective conditions of an experience in general.

It seems, indeed, as if the possibility of a triangle could be cognized from the conception of it alone (which is certainly independent of experience); for we can certainly give to the conception a corresponding object completely à priori, that is to say, we can construct it. But as a triangle is only the form of an object, it must remain a mere product of the imagination, and the possibility of the existence of an object corresponding to it must remain doubtful, unless we can discover some other ground, unless we know that the figure can be cogitated under the conditions upon which all objects of experience rest. Now, the facts that space is a formal condition à priori of external experience, that the formative synthesis, by which we construct a triangle in imagination, is the very same as that we employ in the apprehension of a phenomenon for the purpose of making an empirical conception of it, are what alone connect the notion of the possibility of such a thing, with the conception of it. In the same manner, the possibility of continuous quantities, indeed of quantities in general, for the conceptions of them are without exception synthetical, is never evident from the conceptions in themselves, but only when they are considered as the formal conditions of the determination of objects in experience. And where, indeed, should we look for objects to correspond to our conceptions, if not in experience, by which alone objects are presented to us? It is, however, true that without antecedent experience we can cognize and characterize the possibility of things, relatively to the formal conditions, under which something is determined in experience as an object, consequently, completely à priori. But still this is possible only in relation to experience and within its limits.

The postulate concerning the cognition of the reality of things requires perception, consequently conscious sensation, not indeed immediately, that is, of the object itself, whose existence is to be cognized, but still that the object have some connection with a real perception, in accordance with the analogies of experience, which exhibit all kinds of real connection in experience.

From the mere conception of a thing it is impossible to conclude its existence. For, let the conception be ever so complete, and containing a statement of all the determinations of the thing, the existence of it has nothing to do with all this, but only with the question whether such a thing is given, so that the perception of it can in every case precede the conception. For the fact that the conception of it precedes the perception, merely indicates the possibility of its existence; it is perception which presents matter to the conception, that is the sole criterion of reality. Prior to the perception of the thing, however, and therefore comparatively à priori, we are able to cognize its existence, provided it stands in connection with some perceptions according to the principles of the empirical conjunction of these, that is, in conformity with the analogies of perception. For, in this case, the existence of the supposed thing is connected with our perception in a possible experience, and we are able, with the guidance of these analogies, to reason in the series of possible perceptions from a thing which we do really perceive to the thing we do not perceive. Thus, we cognize the existence of a magnetic matter penetrating all bodies from the perception of the attraction of the steel-filings by the magnet, although the constitution of our organs renders an immediate perception of this matter impossible for us. For, according to the laws of sensibility and the connected context of our perceptions, we should in an experience come also on an immediate empirical intuition of this matter, if our senses were more acute—but this obtuseness has no influence upon and cannot alter the form of possible experience in general. Our knowledge of the existence of things reaches as far as our perceptions, and what may be inferred from them according to empirical laws, extend. If we do not set out from experience, or do not proceed according to the laws of the empirical connection of phenomena, our pretensions to discover the existence of a thing which we do not immediately perceive are vain. Idealism, however, brings forward powerful objections to these rules for proving existence mediately. This is, therefore, the proper place for its refutation.

REFUTATION OF IDEALISM.

Idealism—I mean material idealism—is the theory which declares the existence of objects in space without us to be either () doubtful and indemonstrable, or (2) false and impossible. The first is the problematical idealism of Descartes, who admits the undoubted certainty of only one empirical assertion (assertio), to wit, “I am.” The second is the dogmatical idealism of Berkeley, who maintains that space, together with all the objects of which it is the inseparable condition, is a thing which is in itself impossible, and that consequently the objects in space are mere products of the imagination. The dogmatical theory of idealism is unavoidable, if we regard space as a property of things in themselves; for in that case it is, with all to which it serves as condition, a nonentity.

But the foundation for this kind of idealism we have already destroyed in the transcendental æsthetic. Problematical idealism, which makes no such assertion, but only alleges our incapacity to prove the existence of anything besides ourselves by means of immediate experience, is a theory rational and evidencing a thorough and philosophical mode of thinking, for it observes the rule not to form a decisive judgement before sufficient proof be shown. The desired proof must therefore demonstrate that we have experience of external things, and not mere fancies. For this purpose, we must prove, that our internal and, to Descartes, indubitable experience is itself possible only under the previous assumption of external experience.

THEOREM.

The simple but empirically determined consciousness of my own existence proves the existence of external objects in space.

PROOF

I am conscious of my own existence as determined in time. All determination in regard to time presupposes the existence of something permanent in perception. But this permanent something cannot be something in me, for the very reason that my existence in time is itself determined by this permanent something. It follows that the perception of this permanent existence is possible only through a thing without me and not through the mere representation of a thing without me. Consequently, the determination of my existence in time is possible only through the existence of real things external to me. Now, consciousness in time is necessarily connected with the consciousness of the possibility of this determination in time. Hence it follows that consciousness in time is necessarily connected also with the existence of things without me, inasmuch as the existence of these things is the condition of determination in time. That is to say, the consciousness of my own existence is at the same time an immediate consciousness of the existence of other things without me.

Remark I. The reader will observe, that in the foregoing proof the game which idealism plays is retorted upon itself, and with more justice. It assumed that the only immediate experience is internal and that from this we can only infer the existence of external things. But, as always happens, when we reason from given effects to determined causes, idealism has reasoned with too much haste and uncertainty, for it is quite possible that the cause of our representations may lie in ourselves, and that we ascribe it falsely to external things. But our proof shows that external experience is properly immediate,[35] that only by virtue of it—not, indeed, the consciousness of our own existence, but certainly the determination of our existence in time, that is, internal experience—is possible. It is true, that the representation “I am,” which is the expression of the consciousness which can accompany all my thoughts, is that which immediately includes the existence of a subject. But in this representation we cannot find any knowledge of the subject, and therefore also no empirical knowledge, that is, experience. For experience contains, in addition to the thought of something existing, intuition, and in this case it must be internal intuition, that is, time, in relation to which the subject must be determined. But the existence of external things is absolutely requisite for this purpose, so that it follows that internal experience is itself possible only mediately and through external experience.

[35] The immediate consciousness of the existence of external things is, in the preceding theorem, not presupposed, but proved, by the possibility of this consciousness understood by us or not. The question as to the possibility of it would stand thus: “Have we an internal sense, but no external sense, and is our belief in external perception a mere delusion?” But it is evident that, in order merely to fancy to ourselves anything as external, that is, to present it to the sense in intuition we must already possess an external sense, and must thereby distinguish immediately the mere receptivity of an external intuition from the spontaneity which characterizes every act of imagination. For merely to imagine also an external sense, would annihilate the faculty of intuition itself which is to be determined by the imagination.

Remark II. Now with this view all empirical use of our faculty of cognition in the determination of time is in perfect accordance. Its truth is supported by the fact that it is possible to perceive a determination of time only by means of a change in external relations (motion) to the permanent in space (for example, we become aware of the sun’s motion by observing the changes of his relation to the objects of this earth). But this is not all. We find that we possess nothing permanent that can correspond and be submitted to the conception of a substance as intuition, except matter. This idea of permanence is not itself derived from external experience, but is an à priori necessary condition of all determination of time, consequently also of the internal sense in reference to our own existence, and that through the existence of external things. In the representation “I,” the consciousness of myself is not an intuition, but a merely intellectual representation produced by the spontaneous activity of a thinking subject. It follows, that this “i” has not any predicate of intuition, which, in its character of permanence, could serve as correlate to the determination of time in the internal sense—in the same way as impenetrability is the correlate of matter as an empirical intuition.

Remark III. From the fact that the existence of external things is a necessary condition of the possibility of a determined consciousness of ourselves, it does not follow that every intuitive representation of external things involves the existence of these things, for their representations may very well be the mere products of the imagination (in dreams as well as in madness); though, indeed, these are themselves created by the reproduction of previous external perceptions, which, as has been shown, are possible only through the reality of external objects. The sole aim of our remarks has, however, been to prove that internal experience in general is possible only through external experience in general. Whether this or that supposed experience be purely imaginary must be discovered from its particular determinations and by comparing these with the criteria of all real experience.

Finally, as regards the third postulate, it applies to material necessity in existence, and not to merely formal and logical necessity in the connection of conceptions. Now as we cannot cognize completely à priori the existence of any object of sense, though we can do so comparatively à priori, that is, relatively to some other previously given existence—a cognition, however, which can only be of such an existence as must be contained in the complex of experience, of which the previously given perception is a part—the necessity of existence can never be cognized from conceptions, but always, on the contrary, from its connection with that which is an object of perception. But the only existence cognized, under the condition of other given phenomena, as necessary, is the existence of effects from given causes in conformity with the laws of causality. It is consequently not the necessity of the existence of things (as substances), but the necessity of the state of things that we cognize, and that not immediately, but by means of the existence of other states given in perception, according to empirical laws of causality. Hence it follows that the criterion of necessity is to be found only in the law of possible experience—that everything which happens is determined à priori in the phenomenon by its cause. Thus we cognize only the necessity of effects in nature, the causes of which are given us. Moreover, the criterion of necessity in existence possesses no application beyond the field of possible experience, and even in this it is not valid of the existence of things as substances, because these can never be considered as empirical effects, or as something that happens and has a beginning. Necessity, therefore, regards only the relations of phenomena according to the dynamical law of causality, and the possibility grounded thereon, of reasoning from some given existence (of a cause) à priori to another existence (of an effect). “Everything that happens is hypothetically necessary,” is a principle which subjects the changes that take place in the world to a law, that is, to a rule of necessary existence, without which nature herself could not possibly exist. Hence the proposition, “Nothing happens by blind chance (in mundo non datur casus),” is an à priori law of nature. The case is the same with the proposition, “Necessity in nature is not blind,” that is, it is conditioned, consequently intelligible necessity (non datur fatum). Both laws subject the play of change to “a nature of things (as phenomena),” or, which is the same thing, to the unity of the understanding, and through the understanding alone can changes belong to an experience, as the synthetical unity of phenomena. Both belong to the class of dynamical principles. The former is properly a consequence of the principle of causality—one of the analogies of experience. The latter belongs to the principles of modality, which to the determination of causality adds the conception of necessity, which is itself, however, subject to a rule of the understanding. The principle of continuity forbids any leap in the series of phenomena regarded as changes (in mundo non datur saltus); and likewise, in the complex of all empirical intuitions in space, any break or hiatus between two phenomena (non datur hiatus)—for we can so express the principle, that experience can admit nothing which proves the existence of a vacuum, or which even admits it as a part of an empirical synthesis. For, as regards a vacuum or void, which we may cogitate as out and beyond the field of possible experience (the world), such a question cannot come before the tribunal of mere understanding, which decides only upon questions that concern the employment of given phenomena for the construction of empirical cognition. It is rather a problem for ideal reason, which passes beyond the sphere of a possible experience and aims at forming a judgement of that which surrounds and circumscribes it, and the proper place for the consideration of it is the transcendental dialectic. These four propositions, “In mundo non datur hiatus, non datur saltus, non datur casus, non datur fatum,” as well as all principles of transcendental origin, we could very easily exhibit in their proper order, that is, in conformity with the order of the categories, and assign to each its proper place. But the already practised reader will do this for himself, or discover the clue to such an arrangement. But the combined result of all is simply this, to admit into the empirical synthesis nothing which might cause a break in or be foreign to the understanding and the continuous connection of all phenomena, that is, the unity of the conceptions of the understanding. For in the understanding alone is the unity of experience, in which all perceptions must have their assigned place, possible.

Whether the field of possibility be greater than that of reality, and whether the field of the latter be itself greater than that of necessity, are interesting enough questions, and quite capable of synthetic solution, questions, however, which come under the jurisdiction of reason alone. For they are tantamount to asking whether all things as phenomena do without exception belong to the complex and connected whole of a single experience, of which every given perception is a part which therefore cannot be conjoined with any other phenomena—or, whether my perceptions can belong to more than one possible experience? The

understanding gives to experience, according to the subjective and formal conditions, of sensibility as well as of apperception, the rules which alone make this experience possible. Other forms of intuition besides those of space and time, other forms of understanding besides the discursive forms of thought, or of cognition by means of conceptions, we can neither imagine nor make intelligible to ourselves; and even if we could, they would still not belong to experience, which is the only mode of cognition by which objects are presented to us. Whether other perceptions besides those which belong to the total of our possible experience, and consequently whether some other sphere of matter exists, the understanding has no power to decide, its proper occupation being with the synthesis of that which is given. Moreover, the poverty of the usual arguments which go to prove the existence of a vast sphere of possibility, of which all that is real (every object of experience) is but a small part, is very remarkable. “All real is possible”; from this follows naturally, according to the logical laws of conversion, the particular proposition: “Some possible is real.” Now this seems to be equivalent to: “Much is possible that is not real.” No doubt it does seem as if we ought to consider the sum of the possible to be greater than that of the real, from the fact that something must be added to the former to constitute the latter. But this notion of adding to the possible is absurd. For that which is not in the sum of the possible, and consequently requires to be added to it, is manifestly impossible. In addition to accordance with the formal conditions of experience, the understanding requires a connection with some perception; but that which is connected with this perception is real, even although it is not immediately perceived. But that another series of phenomena, in complete coherence with that which is given in perception, consequently more than one all-embracing experience is possible, is an inference which cannot be concluded from the data given us by experience, and still less without any data at all. That which is possible only under conditions which are themselves merely possible, is not possible in any respect. And yet we can find no more certain ground on which to base the discussion of the question whether the sphere of possibility is wider than that of experience.

I have merely mentioned these questions, that in treating of the conception of the understanding, there might be no omission of anything that, in the common opinion, belongs to them. In reality, however, the notion of absolute possibility (possibility which is valid in every respect) is not a mere conception of the understanding, which can be employed empirically, but belongs to reason alone, which passes the bounds of all empirical use of the understanding. We have, therefore, contented ourselves with a merely critical remark, leaving the subject to be explained in the sequel.

Before concluding this fourth section, and at the same time the system of all principles of the pure understanding, it seems proper to mention the reasons which induced me to term the principles of modality postulates. This expression I do not here use in the sense which some more recent philosophers, contrary to its meaning with mathematicians, to whom the word properly belongs, attach to it—that of a proposition, namely, immediately certain, requiring neither deduction nor proof. For if, in the case of synthetical propositions, however evident they may be, we accord to them without deduction, and merely on the strength of their own pretensions, unqualified belief, all critique of the understanding is entirely lost; and, as there is no want of bold pretensions, which the common belief (though for the philosopher this is no credential) does not reject, the understanding lies exposed to every delusion and conceit, without the power of refusing its assent to those assertions, which, though illegitimate, demand acceptance as veritable axioms. When, therefore, to the conception of a thing an à priori determination is synthetically added, such a proposition must obtain, if not a proof, at least a deduction of the legitimacy of its assertion.

The principles of modality are, however, not objectively synthetical, for the predicates of possibility, reality, and necessity do not in the least augment the conception of that of which they are affirmed, inasmuch as they contribute nothing to the representation of the object. But as they are, nevertheless, always synthetical, they are so merely subjectively. That is to say, they have a reflective power, and apply to the conception of a thing, of which, in other respects, they affirm nothing, the faculty of cognition in which the conception originates and has its seat. So that if the conception merely agree with the formal conditions of experience, its object is called possible; if it is in connection with perception, and determined thereby, the object is real; if it is determined according to conceptions by means of the connection of perceptions, the object is called necessary. The principles of modality therefore predicate of a conception nothing more than the procedure of the faculty of cognition which generated it. Now a postulate in mathematics is a practical proposition which contains nothing but the synthesis by which we present an object to ourselves, and produce the conception of it, for example—“With a given line, to describe a circle upon a plane, from a given point”; and such a proposition does not admit of proof, because the procedure, which it requires, is exactly that by which alone it is possible to generate the conception of such a figure. With the same right, accordingly, can we postulate the principles of modality, because they do not augment[36] the conception of a thing but merely indicate the manner in which it is connected with the faculty of cognition.

[36] When I think the reality of a thing, I do really think more than the possibility, but not in the thing; for that can never contain more in reality than was contained in its complete possibility. But while the notion of possibility is merely the notion of a position of thing in relation to the understanding (its empirical use), reality is the conjunction of the thing with perception.

GENERAL REMARK ON THE SYSTEM OF PRINCIPLES.

It is very remarkable that we cannot perceive the possibility of a thing from the category alone, but must always have an intuition, by which to make evident the objective reality of the pure conception of the understanding. Take, for example, the categories of relation. How (1) a thing can exist only as a subject, and not as a mere determination of other things, that is, can be substance; or how (2), because something exists, some other thing must exist, consequently how a thing can be a cause; or how (3), when several things exist, from the fact that one of these things exists, some consequence to the others follows, and reciprocally, and in this way a community of substances can be possible—are questions whose solution cannot be obtained from mere conceptions. The very same is the case with the other categories; for example, how a thing can be of the same sort with many others, that is, can be a quantity, and so on. So long as we have not intuition we cannot know whether we do really think an object by the categories, and where an object can anywhere be found to cohere with them, and thus the truth is established, that the categories are not in themselves cognitions, but mere forms of thought for the construction of cognitions from given intuitions. For the same reason is it true that from categories alone no synthetical proposition can be made. For example: “In every existence there is substance,” that is, something that can exist only as a subject and not as mere predicate; or, “Everything is a quantity”—to construct propositions such as these, we require something to enable us to go out beyond the given conception and connect another with it. For the same reason the attempt to prove a synthetical proposition by means of mere conceptions, for example: “Everything that exists contingently has a cause,” has never succeeded. We could never get further than proving that, without this relation to conceptions, we could not conceive the existence of the contingent, that is, could not à priori through the understanding cognize the existence of such a thing; but it does not hence follow that this is also the condition of the possibility of the thing itself that is said to be contingent. If, accordingly; we look back to our proof of the principle of causality, we shall find that we were able to prove it as valid only of objects of possible experience, and, indeed, only as itself the principle of the possibility of experience, Consequently of the cognition of an object given in empirical intuition, and not from mere conceptions. That, however, the proposition: “Everything that is contingent must have a cause,” is evident to every one merely from conceptions, is not to be denied. But in this case the conception of the contingent is cogitated as involving not the category of modality (as that the non-existence of which can be conceived) but that of relation (as that which can exist only as the consequence of something else), and so it is really an identical proposition: “That which can exist only as a consequence, has a cause.” In fact, when we have to give examples of contingent existence, we always refer to changes, and not merely to the possibility of conceiving the opposite.[37] But change is an event, which, as such, is possible only through a cause, and considered per se its non-existence is therefore possible, and we become cognizant of its contingency from the fact that it can exist only as the effect of a cause. Hence, if a thing is assumed to be contingent, it is an analytical proposition to say, it has a cause.

[37] We can easily conceive the non-existence of matter; but the ancients did not thence infer its contingency. But even the alternation of the existence and non-existence of a given state in a thing, in which all change consists, by no means proves the contingency of that state—the ground of proof being the reality of its opposite. For example, a body is in a state of rest after motion, but we cannot infer the contingency of the motion from the fact that the former is the opposite of the latter. For this opposite is merely a logical and not a real opposite to the other. If we wish to demonstrate the contingency of the motion, what we ought to prove is that, instead of the motion which took place in the preceding point of time, it was possible for the body to have been then in rest, not, that it is afterwards in rest; for in this case, both opposites are perfectly consistent with each other.

But it is still more remarkable that, to understand the possibility of things according to the categories and thus to demonstrate the objective reality of the latter, we require not merely intuitions, but external intuitions. If, for example, we take the pure conceptions of relation, we find that (1) for the purpose of presenting to the conception of substance something permanent in intuition corresponding thereto and thus of demonstrating the objective reality of this conception, we require an intuition (of matter) in space, because space alone is permanent and determines things as such, while time, and with it all that is in the internal sense, is in a state of continual flow; (2) in order to represent change as the intuition corresponding to the conception of causality, we require the representation of motion as change in space; in fact, it is through it alone that changes, the possibility of which no pure understanding can perceive, are capable of being intuited. Change is the connection of determinations contradictorily opposed to each other in the existence of one and the same thing. Now, how it is possible that out of a given state one quite opposite to it in the same thing should follow, reason without an example can not only not conceive, but cannot even make intelligible without intuition;

and this intuition is the motion of a point in space; the existence of which in different spaces (as a consequence of opposite determinations) alone makes the intuition of change possible. For, in order to make even internal change cognitable, we require to represent time, as the form of the internal sense, figuratively by a line, and the internal change by the drawing of that line (motion), and consequently are obliged to employ external intuition to be able to represent the successive existence of ourselves in different states. The proper ground of this fact is that all change to be perceived as change presupposes something permanent in intuition, while in the internal sense no permanent intuition is to be found. Lastly, the objective possibility of the category of community cannot be conceived by mere reason, and consequently its objective reality cannot be demonstrated without an intuition, and that external in space. For how can we conceive the possibility of community, that is, when several substances exist, that some effect on the existence of the one follows from the existence of the other, and reciprocally, and therefore that, because something exists in the latter, something else must exist in the former, which could not be understood from its own existence alone? For this is the very essence of community—which is inconceivable as a property of things which are perfectly isolated. Hence, Leibnitz, in attributing to the substances of the world—as cogitated by the understanding alone—a community, required the mediating aid of a divinity; for, from their existence, such a property seemed to him with justice inconceivable. But we can very easily conceive the possibility of community (of substances as phenomena) if we represent them to ourselves as in space, consequently in external intuition. For external intuition contains in itself à priori formal external relations, as the conditions of the possibility of the real relations of action and reaction, and therefore of the possibility of community. With the same ease can it be demonstrated, that the possibility of things as quantities, and consequently the objective reality of the category of quantity, can be grounded only in external intuition, and that by its means alone is the notion of quantity appropriated by the internal sense. But I must avoid prolixity, and leave the task of illustrating this by examples to the reader's own reflection.

The above remarks are of the greatest importance, not only for the confirmation of our previous confutation of idealism, but still more when the subject of self-cognition by mere internal consciousness and the determination of our own nature without the aid of external empirical intuitions is under discussion, for the indication of the grounds of the possibility of such a cognition.

The result of the whole of this part of the analytic of principles is, therefore: "All principles of the pure understanding are nothing more than à priori principles of the possibility of experience, and to experience alone do all à priori synthetical propositions apply and relate"; indeed, their possibility itself rests entirely on this relation.

Chapter III Of the Ground of the Division of all Objects into Phenomena and Noumena

We have now not only traversed the region of the pure understanding and carefully surveyed every part of it, but we have also measured it, and assigned to everything therein its proper place. But this land is an island, and enclosed by nature herself within unchangeable limits. It is the land of truth (an attractive word), surrounded by a wide and stormy ocean, the region of illusion, where many a fog-bank, many an iceberg, seems to the mariner, on his voyage of discovery, a new country, and, while constantly deluding him with vain hopes, engages him in dangerous adventures, from which he never can desist, and which yet he never can bring to a termination. But before venturing upon this sea, in order to explore it in its whole extent, and to arrive at a certainty whether anything is to be discovered there, it will not be without advantage if we cast our eyes upon the chart of the land that we are about to leave, and to ask ourselves, firstly, whether we cannot rest perfectly contented with what it contains, or whether we must not of necessity be contented with it, if we can find nowhere else a solid foundation to build upon; and, secondly, by what title we possess this land itself, and how we hold it secure against all hostile claims? Although, in the course of our analytic, we have already given sufficient answers to these questions, yet a summary recapitulation of these solutions may be useful in strengthening our conviction, by uniting in one point the momenta of the arguments.

We have seen that everything which the understanding draws from itself, without borrowing from experience, it nevertheless possesses only for the behoof and use of experience. The principles of the pure understanding, whether constitutive à priori (as the mathematical principles), or merely regulative (as the dynamical), contain nothing but the pure schema, as it were, of possible experience. For experience possesses its unity from the synthetical unity which the understanding, originally and from itself, imparts to the synthesis of the imagination in relation to apperception, and in à priori relation to and agreement with which phenomena, as data for a possible cognition, must stand. But although these rules of the understanding are not only à priori true, but the very source of all truth, that is, of the accordance of our cognition with objects, and on this ground, that they contain the basis of the possibility of experience, as the ensemble of all cognition, it seems to us not enough to propound what is true—we desire also to be told what we want to know. If, then, we learn nothing more by this critical examination than what we should have practised in the merely empirical use of the understanding, without any such subtle inquiry, the presumption is that the advantage we reap from it is not worth the labour bestowed upon it. It may certainly be answered that no rash curiosity is more prejudicial to

the enlargement of our knowledge than that which must know beforehand the utility of this or that piece of information which we seek, before we have entered on the needful investigations, and before one could form the least conception of its utility, even though it were placed before our eyes. But there is one advantage in such transcendental inquiries which can be made comprehensible to the dullest and most reluctant learner—this, namely, that the understanding which is occupied merely with empirical exercise, and does not reflect on the sources of its own cognition, may exercise its functions very well and very successfully, but is quite unable to do one thing, and that of very great importance, to determine, namely, the bounds that limit its employment, and to know what lies within or without its own sphere. This purpose can be obtained only by such profound investigations as we have instituted. But if it cannot distinguish whether certain questions lie within its horizon or not, it can never be sure either as to its claims or possessions, but must lay its account with many humiliating corrections, when it transgresses, as it unavoidably will, the limits of its own territory, and loses itself in fanciful opinions and blinding illusions.

That the understanding, therefore, cannot make of its à priori principles, or even of its conceptions, other than an empirical use, is a proposition which leads to the most important results. A transcendental use is made of a conception in a fundamental proposition or principle, when it is referred to things in general and considered as things in themselves; an empirical use, when it is referred merely to phenomena, that is, to objects of a possible experience. That the latter use of a conception is the only admissible one is evident from the reasons following. For every conception are requisite, firstly, the logical form of a conception (of thought) general; and, secondly, the possibility of presenting to this an object to which it may apply. Failing this latter, it has no sense, and utterly void of content, although it may contain the logical function for constructing a conception from certain data. Now, object cannot be given to a conception otherwise than by intuition, and, even if a pure intuition antecedent to the object is à priori possible, this pure intuition can itself obtain objective validity only from empirical intuition, of which it is itself but the form. All conceptions, therefore, and with them all principles, however high the degree of their à priori possibility, relate to empirical intuitions, that is, to data towards a possible experience. Without this they possess no objective validity, but are mere play of imagination or of understanding with images or notions. Let us take, for example, the conceptions of mathematics, and first in its pure intuitions. “Space has three dimensions”—“Between two points there can be only one straight line,” etc. Although all these principles, and the representation of the object with which this science occupies itself, are generated in the mind entirely à priori, they would nevertheless have no significance if we were not always able to exhibit their significance in and by means of phenomena (empirical objects). Hence it is requisite that an abstract conception be made sensuous, that is, that an object corresponding to it in intuition be forthcoming, otherwise the conception remains, as we say, without sense, that is, without meaning. Mathematics fulfils this requirement by the construction of the figure, which is a phenomenon evident to the senses. The same science finds support and significance in number; this in its turn finds it in the fingers, or in counters, or in lines and points. The conception itself is always produced à priori, together with the synthetical principles or formulas from such conceptions; but the proper employment of them, and their application to objects, can exist nowhere but in experience, the possibility of which, as regards its form, they contain à priori.

That this is also the case with all of the categories and the principles based upon them is evident from the fact that we cannot render intelligible the possibility of an object corresponding to them without having recourse to the conditions of sensibility, consequently, to the form of phenomena, to which, as their only proper objects, their use must therefore be confined, inasmuch as, if this condition is removed, all significance, that is, all relation to an object, disappears, and no example can be found to make it comprehensible what sort of things we ought to think under such conceptions.

The conception of quantity cannot be explained except by saying that it is the determination of a thing whereby it can be cogitated how many times one is placed in it. But this “how many times” is based upon successive repetition, consequently upon time and the synthesis of the homogeneous therein. Reality, in contradistinction to negation, can be explained only by cogitating a time which is either filled therewith or is void. If I leave out the notion of permanence (which is existence in all time), there remains in the conception of substance nothing but the logical notion of subject, a notion of which I endeavour to realize by representing to myself something that can exist only as a subject. But not only am I perfectly ignorant of any conditions under which this logical prerogative can belong to a thing, I can make nothing out of the notion, and draw no inference from it, because no object to which to apply the conception is determined, and we consequently do not know whether it has any meaning at all. In like manner, if I leave out the notion of time, in which something follows upon some other thing in conformity with a rule, I can find nothing in the pure category, except that there is a something of such a sort that from it a conclusion may be drawn as to the existence of some other thing. But in this case it would not only be impossible to distinguish between a cause and an effect, but, as this power to draw conclusions requires conditions of which I am quite ignorant, the conception is not determined as to the mode in which it ought to apply to an object. The so-called principle: “Everything that is contingent has a cause,” comes with a gravity and self-assumed authority that seems to require no support from without. But, I ask, what is meant by contingent? The answer is that the

non-existence of which is possible. But I should like very well to know by what means this possibility of non-existence is to be cognized, if we do not represent to ourselves a succession in the series of phenomena, and in this succession an existence which follows a non-existence, or conversely, consequently, change. For to say, that the non-existence of a thing is not self-contradictory is a lame appeal to a logical condition, which is no doubt a necessary condition of the existence of the conception, but is far from being sufficient for the real objective possibility of non-existence. I can annihilate in thought every existing substance without self-contradiction, but I cannot infer from this their objective contingency in existence, that is to say, the possibility of their non-existence in itself. As regards the category of community, it may easily be inferred that, as the pure categories of substance and causality are incapable of a definition and explanation sufficient to determine their object without the aid of intuition, the category of reciprocal causality in the relation of substances to each other (commercium) is just as little susceptible thereof. Possibility, existence, and necessity nobody has ever yet been able to explain without being guilty of manifest tautology, when the definition has been drawn entirely from the pure understanding. For the substitution of the logical possibility of the conception—the condition of which is that it be not self-contradictory, for the transcendental possibility of things—the condition of which is that there be an object corresponding to the conception, is a trick which can only deceive the inexperienced.[38]

[38] In one word, to none of these conceptions belongs a corresponding object, and consequently their real possibility cannot be demonstrated, if we take away sensuous intuition—the only intuition which we possess—and there then remains nothing but the logical possibility, that is, the fact that the conception or thought is possible—which, however, is not the question; what we want to know being, whether it relates to an object and thus possesses any meaning.

It follows incontestably, that the pure conceptions of the understanding are incapable of transcendental, and must always be of empirical use alone, and that the principles of the pure understanding relate only to the general conditions of a possible experience, to objects of the senses, and never to things in general, apart from the mode in which we intuite them.

Transcendental analytic has accordingly this important result, to wit, that the understanding is competent effect nothing à priori, except the anticipation of the form of a possible experience in general, and that, as that which is not phenomenon cannot be an object of experience, it can never overstep the limits of sensibility, within which alone objects are presented to us. Its principles are merely principles of the exposition of phenomena, and the proud name of an ontology, which professes to present synthetical cognitions à priori of things in general in a systematic doctrine, must give place to the modest title of analytic of the pure understanding.

Thought is the act of referring a given intuition to an object. If the mode of this intuition is unknown to us, the object is merely transcendental, and the conception of the understanding is employed only transcendentally, that is, to produce unity in the thought of a manifold in general. Now a pure category, in which all conditions of sensuous intuition—as the only intuition we possess—are abstracted, does not determine an object, but merely expresses the thought of an object in general, according to different modes. Now, to employ a conception, the function of judgement is required, by which an object is subsumed under the conception, consequently the at least formal condition, under which something can be given in intuition. Failing this condition of judgement (schema), subsumption is impossible; for there is in such a case nothing given, which may be subsumed under the conception. The merely transcendental use of the categories is therefore, in fact, no use at all and has no determined, or even, as regards its form, determinable object. Hence it follows that the pure category is incompetent to establish a synthetical à priori principle, and that the principles of the pure understanding are only of empirical and never of transcendental use, and that beyond the sphere of possible experience no synthetical à priori principles are possible.

It may be advisable, therefore, to express ourselves thus. The pure categories, apart from the formal conditions of sensibility, have a merely transcendental meaning, but are nevertheless not of transcendental use, because this is in itself impossible, inasmuch as all the conditions of any employment or use of them (in judgements) are absent, to wit, the formal conditions of the subsumption of an object under these conceptions. As, therefore, in the character of pure categories, they must be employed empirically, and cannot be employed transcendentally, they are of no use at all, when separated from sensibility, that is, they cannot be applied to an object. They are merely the pure form of the employment of the understanding in respect of objects in general and of thought, without its being at the same time possible to think or to determine any object by their means. But there lurks at the foundation of this subject an illusion which it is very difficult to avoid. The categories are not based, as regards their origin, upon sensibility, like the forms of intuition, space, and time; they seem, therefore, to be capable of an application beyond the sphere of sensuous objects. But this is not the case. They are nothing but mere forms of thought, which contain only the logical faculty of uniting à priori in consciousness the manifold given in intuition. Apart, then, from the only intuition possible for us, they have still less meaning than

the pure sensuous forms, space and time, for through them an object is at least given, while a mode of connection of the manifold, when the intuition which alone gives the manifold is wanting, has no meaning at all. At the same time, when we designate certain objects as phenomena or sensuous existences, thus distinguishing our mode of intuiting them from their own nature as things in themselves, it is evident that by this very distinction we as it were place the latter, considered in this their own nature, although we do not so intuite them, in opposition to the former, or, on the other hand, we do so place other possible things, which are not objects of our senses, but are cogitated by the understanding alone, and call them intelligible existences (noumena). Now the question arises whether the pure conceptions of our understanding do possess significance in respect of these latter, and may possibly be a mode of cognizing them.

But we are met at the very commencement with an ambiguity, which may easily occasion great misapprehension. The understanding, when it terms an object in a certain relation phenomenon, at the same time forms out of this relation a representation or notion of an object in itself, and hence believes that it can form also conceptions of such objects. Now as the understanding possesses no other fundamental conceptions besides the categories, it takes for granted that an object considered as a thing in itself must be capable of being thought by means of these pure conceptions, and is thereby led to hold the perfectly undetermined conception of an intelligible existence, a something out of the sphere of our sensibility, for a determinate conception of an existence which we can cognize in some way or other by means of the understanding.

If, by the term noumenon, we understand a thing so far as it is not an object of our sensuous intuition, thus making abstraction of our mode of intuiting it, this is a noumenon in the negative sense of the word. But if we understand by it an object of a non-sensuous intuition, we in this case assume a peculiar mode of intuition, an intellectual intuition, to wit, which does not, however, belong to us, of the very possibility of which we have no notion—and this is a noumenon in the positive sense.

The doctrine of sensibility is also the doctrine of noumena in the negative sense, that is, of things which the understanding is obliged to cogitate apart from any relation to our mode of intuition, consequently not as mere phenomena, but as things in themselves. But the understanding at the same time comprehends that it cannot employ its categories for the consideration of things in themselves, because these possess significance only in relation to the unity of intuitions in space and time, and that they are competent to determine this unity by means of general à priori connecting conceptions only on account of the pure ideality of space and time. Where this unity of time is not to be met with, as is the case with noumena, the whole use, indeed the whole meaning of the categories is entirely lost, for even the possibility of things to correspond to the categories is in this case incomprehensible. On this point, I need only refer the reader to what I have said at the commencement of the General Remark appended to the foregoing chapter. Now, the possibility of a thing can never be proved from the fact that the conception of it is not self-contradictory, but only by means of an intuition corresponding to the conception. If, therefore, we wish to apply the categories to objects which cannot be regarded as phenomena, we must have an intuition different from the sensuous, and in this case the objects would be a noumena in the positive sense of the word. Now, as such an intuition, that is, an intellectual intuition, is no part of our faculty of cognition, it is absolutely impossible for the categories to possess any application beyond the limits of experience. It may be true that there are intelligible existences to which our faculty of sensuous intuition has no relation, and cannot be applied, but our conceptions of the understanding, as mere forms of thought for our sensuous intuition, do not extend to these. What, therefore, we call noumenon must be understood by us as such in a negative sense.

If I take away from an empirical intuition all thought (by means of the categories), there remains no cognition of any object; for by means of mere intuition nothing is cogitated, and, from the existence of such or such an affection of sensibility in me, it does not follow that this affection or representation has any relation to an object without me. But if I take away all intuition, there still remains the form of thought, that is, the mode of determining an object for the manifold of a possible intuition. Thus the categories do in some measure really extend further than sensuous intuition, inasmuch as they think objects in general, without regard to the mode (of sensibility) in which these objects are given. But they do not for this reason apply to and determine a wider sphere of objects, because we cannot assume that such can be given, without presupposing the possibility of another than the sensuous mode of intuition, a supposition we are not justified in making.

I call a conception problematical which contains in itself no contradiction, and which is connected with other cognitions as a limitation of given conceptions, but whose objective reality cannot be cognized in any manner. The conception of a noumenon, that is, of a thing which must be cogitated not as an object of sense, but as a thing in itself (solely through the pure understanding), is not self-contradictory, for we are not entitled to maintain that sensibility is the only possible mode of intuition. Nay, further, this conception is necessary to restrain sensuous intuition within the bounds of phenomena, and thus to limit the objective validity of sensuous cognition; for things in themselves, which lie beyond its province, are called noumena for the very purpose of indicating

that this cognition does not extend its application to all that the understanding thinks. But, after all, the possibility of such noumena is quite incomprehensible, and beyond the sphere of phenomena, all is for us a mere void; that is to say, we possess an understanding whose province does problematically extend beyond this sphere, but we do not possess an intuition, indeed, not even the conception of a possible intuition, by means of which objects beyond the region of sensibility could be given us, and in reference to which the understanding might be employed assertorically. The conception of a noumenon is therefore merely a limitative conception and therefore only of negative use. But it is not an arbitrary or fictitious notion, but is connected with the limitation of sensibility, without, however, being capable of presenting us with any positive datum beyond this sphere.

The division of objects into phenomena and noumena, and of the world into a mundus sensibilis and intelligibilis is therefore quite inadmissible in a positive sense, although conceptions do certainly admit of such a division; for the class of noumena have no determinate object corresponding to them, and cannot therefore possess objective validity. If we abandon the senses, how can it be made conceivable that the categories (which are the only conceptions that could serve as conceptions for noumena) have any sense or meaning at all, inasmuch as something more than the mere unity of thought, namely, a possible intuition, is requisite for their application to an object? The conception of a noumenon, considered as merely problematical, is, however, not only admissible, but, as a limitative conception of sensibility, absolutely necessary. But, in this case, a noumenon is not a particular intelligible object for our understanding; on the contrary, the kind of understanding to which it could belong is itself a problem, for we cannot form the most distant conception of the possibility of an understanding which should cognize an object, not discursively by means of categories, but intuitively in a non-sensuous intuition. Our understanding attains in this way a sort of negative extension. That is to say, it is not limited by, but rather limits, sensibility, by giving the name of noumena to things, not considered as phenomena, but as things in themselves. But it at the same time prescribes limits to itself, for it confesses itself unable to cognize these by means of the categories, and hence is compelled to cogitate them merely as an unknown something.

I find, however, in the writings of modern authors, an entirely different use of the expressions, mundus sensibilis and intelligibilis, which quite departs from the meaning of the ancients—an acceptation in which, indeed, there is to be found no difficulty, but which at the same time depends on mere verbal quibbling. According to this meaning, some have chosen to call the complex of phenomena, in so far as it is intuited, mundus sensibilis, but in so far as the connection thereof is cogitated according to general laws of thought, mundus intelligibilis. Astronomy, in so far as we mean by the word the mere observation of the starry heaven, may represent the former; a system of astronomy, such as the Copernican or Newtonian, the latter. But such twisting of words is a mere sophistical subterfuge, to avoid a difficult question, by modifying its meaning to suit our own convenience. To be sure, understanding and reason are employed in the cognition of phenomena; but the question is, whether these can be applied when the object is not a phenomenon and in this sense we regard it if it is cogitated as given to the understanding alone, and not to the senses. The question therefore is whether, over and above the empirical use of the understanding, a transcendental use is possible, which applies to the noumenon as an object. This question we have answered in the negative.

When therefore we say, the senses represent objects as they appear, the understanding as they are, the latter statement must not be understood in a transcendental, but only in an empirical signification, that is, as they must be represented in the complete connection of phenomena, and not according to what they may be, apart from their relation to possible experience, consequently not as objects of the pure understanding. For this must ever remain unknown to us. Nay, it is also quite unknown to us whether any such transcendental or extraordinary cognition is possible under any circumstances, at least, whether it is possible by means of our categories. Understanding and sensibility, with us, can determine objects only in conjunction. If we separate them, we have intuitions without conceptions, or conceptions without intuitions; in both cases, representations, which we cannot apply to any determinate object.

If, after all our inquiries and explanations, any one still hesitates to abandon the mere transcendental use of the categories, let him attempt to construct with them a synthetical proposition. It would, of course, be unnecessary for this purpose to construct an analytical proposition, for that does not extend the sphere of the understanding, but, being concerned only about what is cogitated in the conception itself, it leaves it quite undecided whether the conception has any relation to objects, or merely indicates the unity of thought—complete abstraction being made of the modi in which an object may be given: in such a proposition, it is sufficient for the understanding to know what lies in the conception—to what it applies is to it indifferent. The attempt must therefore be made with a synthetical and so-called transcendental principle, for example: “Everything that exists, exists as substance,” or, “Everything that is contingent exists as an effect of some other thing, viz., of its cause.” Now I ask, whence can the understanding draw these synthetical propositions, when the conceptions contained therein do not relate to possible experience but to things in themselves (noumena)? Where is to be found the third term, which is always requisite PURE site in a synthetical proposition, which may

connect in the same proposition conceptions which have no logical (analytical) connection with each other? The proposition never will be demonstrated, nay, more, the possibility of any such pure assertion never can be shown, without making reference to the empirical use of the understanding, and thus, ipso facto, completely renouncing pure and non-sensuous judgement. Thus the conception of pure and merely intelligible objects is completely void of all principles of its application, because we cannot imagine any mode in which they might be given, and the problematical thought which leaves a place open for them serves only, like a void space, to limit the use of empirical principles, without containing at the same time any other object of cognition beyond their sphere.

APPENDIX

Of the Equivocal Nature or Amphiboly of the Conceptions of Reflection from the Confusion of the Transcendental with the Empirical use of the Understanding.

Reflection (reflexio) is not occupied about objects themselves, for the purpose of directly obtaining conceptions of them, but is that state of the mind in which we set ourselves to discover the subjective conditions under which we obtain conceptions. It is the consciousness of the relation of given representations to the different sources or faculties of cognition, by which alone their relation to each other can be rightly determined. The first question which occurs in considering our representations is to what faculty of cognition do they belong? To the understanding or to the senses? Many judgements are admitted to be true from mere habit or inclination; but, because reflection neither precedes nor follows, it is held to be a judgement that has its origin in the understanding. All judgements do not require examination, that is, investigation into the grounds of their truth. For, when they are immediately certain (for example: “Between two points there can be only one straight line”), no better or less mediate test of their truth can be found than that which they themselves contain and express. But all judgement, nay, all comparisons require reflection, that is, a distinction of the faculty of cognition to which the given conceptions belong. The act whereby I compare my representations with the faculty of cognition which originates them, and whereby I distinguish whether they are compared with each other as belonging to the pure understanding or to sensuous intuition, I term transcendental reflection. Now, the relations in which conceptions can stand to each other are those of identity and difference, agreement and opposition, of the internal and external, finally, of the determinable and the determining (matter and form). The proper determination of these relations rests on the question, to what faculty of cognition they subjectively belong, whether to sensibility or understanding? For, on the manner in which we solve this question depends the manner in which we must cogitate these relations.

Before constructing any objective judgement, we compare the conceptions that are to be placed in the judgement, and observe whether there exists identity (of many representations in one conception), if a general judgement is to be constructed, or difference, if a particular; whether there is agreement when affirmative; and opposition when negative judgements are to be constructed, and so on. For this reason we ought to call these conceptions, conceptions of comparison (conceptus comparationis). But as, when the question is not as to the logical form, but as to the content of conceptions, that is to say, whether the things themselves are identical or different, in agreement or opposition, and so on, the things can have a twofold relation to our faculty of cognition, to wit, a relation either to sensibility or to the understanding, and as on this relation depends their relation to each other, transcendental reflection, that is, the relation of given representations to one or the other faculty of cognition, can alone determine this latter relation. Thus we shall not be able to discover whether the things are identical or different, in agreement or opposition, etc., from the mere conception of the things by means of comparison (comparatio), but only by distinguishing the mode of cognition to which they belong, in other words, by means of transcendental reflection. We may, therefore, with justice say, that logical reflection is mere comparison, for in it no account is taken of the faculty of cognition to which the given conceptions belong, and they are consequently, as far as regards their origin, to be treated as homogeneous; while transcendental reflection (which applies to the objects themselves) contains the ground of the possibility of objective comparison of representations with each other, and is therefore very different from the former, because the faculties of cognition to which they belong are not even the same. Transcendental reflection is a duty which no one can neglect who wishes to establish an à priori judgement upon things. We shall now proceed to fulfil this duty, and thereby throw not a little light on the question as to the determination of the proper business of the understanding.

1. Identity and Difference. When an object is presented to us several times, but always with the same internal determinations (qualitas et quantitas), it, if an object of pure understanding, is always the same, not several things, but only one thing (numerica identitas); but if a phenomenon, we do not concern ourselves with comparing the conception of the thing with the conception of some other, but, although they may be in this respect perfectly the same, the difference of place at the same time is a sufficient ground for asserting the numerical difference of these objects (of sense). Thus, in the case of two drops of water, we may make complete abstraction of all internal difference (quality and quantity), and, the fact that they are intuited at the same time in different places, is sufficient to justify us in holding them to be numerically different. Leibnitz regarded phenomena as things in themselves,

consequently as intelligibilia, that is, objects of pure understanding (although, on account of the confused nature of their representations, he gave them the name of phenomena), and in this case his principle of the indiscernible (principium identatis indiscernibilium) is not to be impugned. But, as phenomena are objects of sensibility, and, as the understanding, in respect of them, must be employed empirically and not purely or transcendentally, plurality and numerical difference are given by space itself as the condition of external phenomena. For one part of space, although it may be perfectly similar and equal to another part, is still without it, and for this reason alone is different from the latter, which is added to it in order to make up a greater space. It follows that this must hold good of all things that are in the different parts of space at the same time, however similar and equal one may be to another.

2. Agreement and Opposition. When reality is represented by the pure understanding (realitas noumenon), opposition between realities is incogitable—such a relation, that is, that when these realities are connected in one subject, they annihilate the effects of each other and may be represented in the formula 3 -3 = 0. On the other hand, the real in a phenomenon (realitas phaenomenon) may very well be in mutual opposition, and, when united in the same subject, the one may completely or in part annihilate the effect or consequence of the other; as in the case of two moving forces in the same straight line drawing or impelling a point in opposite directions, or in the case of a pleasure counterbalancing a certain amount of pain.

3. The Internal and External. In an object of the pure understanding, only that is internal which has no relation (as regards its existence) to anything different from itself. On the other hand, the internal determinations of a substantia phaenomenon in space are nothing but relations, and it is itself nothing more than a complex of mere relations. Substance in space we are cognizant of only through forces operative in it, either drawing others towards itself (attraction), or preventing others from forcing into itself (repulsion and impenetrability). We know no other properties that make up the conception of substance phenomenal in space, and which we term matter. On the other hand, as an object of the pure understanding, every substance must have internal determination and forces. But what other internal attributes of such an object can I think than those which my internal sense presents to me? That, to wit, which in either itself thought, or something analogous to it. Hence Leibnitz, who looked upon things as noumena, after denying them everything like external relation, and therefore also composition or combination, declared that all substances, even the component parts of matter, were simple substances with powers of representation, in one word, monads.

4. Matter and Form. These two conceptions lie at the foundation of all other reflection, so inseparably are they connected with every mode of exercising the understanding. The former denotes the determinable in general, the second its determination, both in a transcendental sense, abstraction being made of every difference in that which is given, and of the mode in which it is determined. Logicians formerly termed the universal, matter, the specific difference of this or that part of the universal, form. In a judgement one may call the given conceptions logical matter (for the judgement), the relation of these to each other (by means of the copula), the form of the judgement. In an object, the composite parts thereof (essentialia) are the matter; the mode in which they are connected in the object, the form. In respect to things in general, unlimited reality was regarded as the matter of all possibility, the limitation thereof (negation) as the form, by which one thing is distinguished from another according to transcendental conceptions. The understanding demands that something be given (at least in the conception), in order to be able to determine it in a certain manner. Hence, in a conception of the pure understanding, the matter precedes the form, and for this reason Leibnitz first assumed the existence of things (monads) and of an internal power of representation in them, in order to found upon this their external relation and the community their state (that is, of their representations). Hence, with him, space and time were possible—the former through the relation of substances, the latter through the connection of their determinations with each other, as causes and effects. And so would it really be, if the pure understanding were capable of an immediate application to objects, and if space and time were determinations of things in themselves. But being merely sensuous intuitions, in which we determine all objects solely as phenomena, the form of intuition (as a subjective property of sensibility) must antecede all matter (sensations), consequently space and time must antecede all phenomena and all data of experience, and rather make experience itself possible. But the intellectual philosopher could not endure that the form should precede the things themselves and determine their possibility; an objection perfectly correct, if we assume that we intuite things as they are, although with confused representation. But as sensuous intuition is a peculiar subjective condition, which is à priori at the foundation of all perception, and the form of which is primitive, the form must be given per se, and so far from matter (or the things themselves which appear) lying at the foundation of experience (as we must conclude, if we judge by mere conceptions), the very possibility of itself presupposes, on the contrary, a given formal intuition (space and time).

REMARK ON THE AMPHIBOLY OF THE CONCEPTIONS OF REFLECTION.

Let me be allowed to term the position which we assign to a conception either in the sensibility or in the pure understanding, the transcendental place. In this manner, the appointment of the position which must be taken by each conception according to the difference in its use, and the directions for determining this place to all conceptions according to rules, would be a transcendental topic, a doctrine which would thoroughly shield us from the surreptitious devices of the pure understanding and the delusions which thence arise, as it would always distinguish to what faculty of cognition each conception properly belonged. Every conception, every title, under which many cognitions rank together, may be called a logical place. Upon this is based the logical topic of Aristotle, of which teachers and rhetoricians could avail themselves, in order, under certain titles of thought, to observe what would best suit the matter they had to treat, and thus enable themselves to quibble and talk with fluency and an appearance of profundity.

Transcendental topic, on the contrary, contains nothing more than the above-mentioned four titles of all comparison and distinction, which differ from categories in this respect, that they do not represent the object according to that which constitutes its conception (quantity, reality), but set forth merely the comparison of representations, which precedes our conceptions of things. But this comparison requires a previous reflection, that is, a determination of the place to which the representations of the things which are compared belong, whether, to wit, they are cogitated by the pure understanding, or given by sensibility.

Conceptions may be logically compared without the trouble of inquiring to what faculty their objects belong, whether as noumena, to the understanding, or as phenomena, to sensibility. If, however, we wish to employ these conceptions in respect of objects, previous transcendental reflection is necessary. Without this reflection I should make a very unsafe use of these conceptions, and construct pretended synthetical propositions which critical reason cannot acknowledge and which are based solely upon a transcendental amphiboly, that is, upon a substitution of an object of pure understanding for a phenomenon.

For want of this doctrine of transcendental topic, and consequently deceived by the amphiboly of the conceptions of reflection, the celebrated Leibnitz constructed an intellectual system of the world, or rather, believed himself competent to cognize the internal nature of things, by comparing all objects merely with the understanding and the abstract formal conceptions of thought. Our table of the conceptions of reflection gives us the unexpected advantage of being able to exhibit the distinctive peculiarities of his system in all its parts, and at the same time of exposing the fundamental principle of this peculiar mode of thought, which rested upon naught but a misconception. He compared all things with each other merely by means of conceptions, and naturally found no other differences than those by which the understanding distinguishes its pure conceptions one from another. The conditions of sensuous intuition, which contain in themselves their own means of distinction, he did not look upon as primitive, because sensibility was to him but a confused mode of representation and not any particular source of representations. A phenomenon was for him the representation of the thing in itself, although distinguished from cognition by the understanding only in respect of the logical form—the former with its usual want of analysis containing, according to him, a certain mixture of collateral representations in its conception of a thing, which it is the duty of the understanding to separate and distinguish. In one word, Leibnitz intellectualized phenomena, just as Locke, in his system of noogony (if I may be allowed to make use of such expressions), sensualized the conceptions of the understanding, that is to say, declared them to be nothing more than empirical or abstract conceptions of reflection. Instead of seeking in the understanding and sensibility two different sources of representations, which, however, can present us with objective judgements of things only in conjunction, each of these great men recognized but one of these faculties, which, in their opinion, applied immediately to things in themselves, the other having no duty but that of confusing or arranging the representations of the former.

Accordingly, the objects of sense were compared by Leibnitz as things in general merely in the understanding.

1st. He compares them in regard to their identity or difference—as judged by the understanding. As, therefore, he considered merely the conceptions of objects, and not their position in intuition, in which alone objects can be given, and left quite out of sight the transcendental locale of these conceptions—whether, that is, their object ought to be classed among phenomena, or among things in themselves, it was to be expected that he should extend the application of the principle of indiscernibles, which is valid solely of conceptions of things in general, to objects of sense (mundus phaenomenon), and that he should believe that he had thereby contributed in no small degree to extend our knowledge of nature. In truth, if I cognize in all its inner determinations a drop of water as a thing in itself, I cannot look upon one drop as different from another, if the conception of the one is completely identical with that of the other. But if it is a phenomenon in space, it has a place not merely in the understanding (among conceptions), but also in sensuous external intuition (in space), and in this case, the physical locale is a matter of indifference in regard to the internal determinations of things, and one place, B, may contain a thing which is perfectly similar and equal to another in a place, A, just as well as if the two things were in every respect different from each other. Difference of place without any other conditions, makes the plurality and distinction of objects as phenomena, not only possible in itself, but even necessary.

Consequently, the above so-called law is not a law of nature. It is merely an analytical rule for the comparison of things by means of mere conceptions.

2nd. The principle: “Realities (as simple affirmations) never logically contradict each other,” is a proposition perfectly true respecting the relation of conceptions, but, whether as regards nature, or things in themselves (of which we have not the slightest conception), is without any the least meaning. For real opposition, in which A -B is = 0, exists everywhere, an opposition, that is, in which one reality united with another in the same subject annihilates the effects of the other—a fact which is constantly brought before our eyes by the different antagonistic actions and operations in nature, which, nevertheless, as depending on real forces, must be called realitates phaenomena. General mechanics can even present us with the empirical condition of this opposition in an à priori rule, as it directs its attention to the opposition in the direction of forces—a condition of which the transcendental conception of reality can tell us nothing. Although M. Leibnitz did not announce this proposition with precisely the pomp of a new principle, he yet employed it for the establishment of new propositions, and his followers introduced it into their Leibnitzio-Wolfian system of philosophy. According to this principle, for example, all evils are but consequences of the limited nature of created beings, that is, negations, because these are the only opposite of reality. (In the mere conception of a thing in general this is really the case, but not in things as phenomena.) In like manner, the upholders of this system deem it not only possible, but natural also, to connect and unite all reality in one being, because they acknowledge no other sort of opposition than that of contradiction (by which the conception itself of a thing is annihilated), and find themselves unable to conceive an opposition of reciprocal destruction, so to speak, in which one real cause destroys the effect of another, and the conditions of whose representation we meet with only in sensibility.

3rd. The Leibnitzian monadology has really no better foundation than on this philosopher’s mode of falsely representing the difference of the internal and external solely in relation to the understanding. Substances, in general, must have something inward, which is therefore free from external relations, consequently from that of composition also. The simple—that which can be represented by a unit—is therefore the foundation of that which is internal in things in themselves. The internal state of substances cannot therefore consist in place, shape, contact, or motion, determinations which are all external relations, and we can ascribe to them no other than that whereby we internally determine our faculty of sense itself, that is to say, the state of representation. Thus, then, were constructed the monads, which were to form the elements of the universe, the active force of which consists in representation, the effects of this force being thus entirely confined to themselves.

For the same reason, his view of the possible community of substances could not represent it but as a predetermined harmony, and by no means as a physical influence. For inasmuch as everything is occupied only internally, that is, with its own representations, the state of the representations of one substance could not stand in active and living connection with that of another, but some third cause operating on all without exception was necessary to make the different states correspond with one another. And this did not happen by means of assistance applied in each particular case (systema assistentiae), but through the unity of the idea of a cause occupied and connected with all substances, in which they necessarily receive, according to the Leibnitzian school, their existence and permanence, consequently also reciprocal correspondence, according to universal laws.

4th. This philosopher’s celebrated doctrine of space and time, in which he intellectualized these forms of sensibility, originated in the same delusion of transcendental reflection. If I attempt to represent by the mere understanding, the external relations of things, I can do so only by employing the conception of their reciprocal action, and if I wish to connect one state of the same thing with another state, I must avail myself of the notion of the order of cause and effect. And thus Leibnitz regarded space as a certain order in the community of substances, and time as the dynamical sequence of their states. That which space and time possess proper to themselves and independent of things, he ascribed to a necessary confusion in our conceptions of them, whereby that which is a mere form of dynamical relations is held to be a self-existent intuition, antecedent even to things themselves. Thus space and time were the intelligible form of the connection of things (substances and their states) in themselves. But things were intelligible substances (substantiae noumena). At the same time, he made these conceptions valid of phenomena, because he did not allow to sensibility a peculiar mode of intuition, but sought all, even the empirical representation of objects, in the understanding, and left to sense naught but the despicable task of confusing and disarranging the representations of the former.

But even if we could frame any synthetical proposition concerning things in themselves by means of the pure understanding (which is impossible), it could not apply to phenomena, which do not represent things in themselves. In such a case I should be obliged in transcendental reflection to compare my conceptions only under the conditions of sensibility, and so space and time would not be determinations of things in themselves, but of phenomena. What things may be in themselves, I know not and need not know, because a thing is never presented to me otherwise than as a phenomenon.

I must adopt the same mode of procedure with the other conceptions of reflection. Matter is substantia phaenomenon. That in it which is internal I seek to discover in all parts of space which it occupies, and in all the functions and operations it performs, and which are indeed never anything but phenomena of the external sense. I cannot therefore find anything that is absolutely, but only what is comparatively internal, and which itself consists of external relations. The absolutely internal in matter, and as it should be according to the pure understanding, is a mere chimera, for matter is not an object for the pure understanding. But the transcendental object, which is the foundation of the phenomenon which we call matter, is a mere nescio quid, the nature of which we could not understand, even though someone were found able to tell us. For we can understand nothing that does not bring with it something in intuition corresponding to the expressions employed. If, by the complaint of being unable to perceive the internal nature of things, it is meant that we do not comprehend by the pure understanding what the things which appear to us may be in themselves, it is a silly and unreasonable complaint; for those who talk thus really desire that we should be able to cognize, consequently to intuite, things without senses, and therefore wish that we possessed a faculty of cognition perfectly different from the human faculty, not merely in degree, but even as regards intuition and the mode thereof, so that thus we should not be men, but belong to a class of beings, the possibility of whose existence, much less their nature and constitution, we have no means of cognizing. By observation and analysis of phenomena we penetrate into the interior of nature, and no one can say what progress this knowledge may make in time. But those transcendental questions which pass beyond the limits of nature, we could never answer, even although all nature were laid open to us, because we have not the power of observing our own mind with any other intuition than that of our internal sense. For herein lies the mystery of the origin and source of our faculty of sensibility. Its application to an object, and the transcendental ground of this unity of subjective and objective, lie too deeply concealed for us, who cognize ourselves only through the internal sense, consequently as phenomena, to be able to discover in our existence anything but phenomena, the non-sensuous cause of which we at the same time earnestly desire to penetrate to.

The great utility of this critique of conclusions arrived at by the processes of mere reflection consists in its clear demonstration of the nullity of all conclusions respecting objects which are compared with each other in the understanding alone, while it at the same time confirms what we particularly insisted on, namely, that, although phenomena are not included as things in themselves among the objects of the pure understanding, they are nevertheless the only things by which our cognition can possess objective reality, that is to say, which give us intuitions to correspond with our conceptions.

When we reflect in a purely logical manner, we do nothing more than compare conceptions in our understanding, to discover whether both have the same content, whether they are self-contradictory or not, whether anything is contained in either conception, which of the two is given, and which is merely a mode of thinking that given. But if I apply these conceptions to an object in general (in the transcendental sense), without first determining whether it is an object of sensuous or intellectual intuition, certain limitations present themselves, which forbid us to pass beyond the conceptions and render all empirical use of them impossible. And thus these limitations prove that the representation of an object as a thing in general is not only insufficient, but, without sensuous determination and independently of empirical conditions, self-contradictory; that we must therefore make abstraction of all objects, as in logic, or, admitting them, must think them under conditions of sensuous intuition; that, consequently, the intelligible requires an altogether peculiar intuition, which we do not possess, and in the absence of which it is for us nothing; while, on the other hand phenomena cannot be objects in themselves. For, when I merely think things in general, the difference in their external relations cannot constitute a difference in the things themselves; on the contrary, the former presupposes the latter, and if the conception of one of two things is not internally different from that of the other, I am merely thinking the same thing in different relations. Further, by the addition of one affirmation (reality) to the other, the positive therein is really augmented, and nothing is abstracted or withdrawn from it; hence the real in things cannot be in contradiction with or opposition to itself—and so on.

The true use of the conceptions of reflection in the employment of the understanding has, as we have shown, been so misconceived by Leibnitz, one of the most acute philosophers of either ancient or modern times, that he has been misled into the construction of a baseless system of intellectual cognition, which professes to determine its objects without the intervention of the senses. For this reason, the exposition of the cause of the amphiboly of these conceptions, as the origin of these false principles, is of great utility in determining with certainty the proper limits of the understanding.

It is right to say whatever is affirmed or denied of the whole of a conception can be affirmed or denied of any part of it (dictum de omni et nullo); but it would be absurd so to alter this logical proposition as to say whatever is not contained in a general conception is likewise not contained in the particular conceptions which rank under it; for the latter are particular conceptions, for the very reason that their content is greater than that which is cogitated in the general conception. And yet the whole intellectual system of Leibnitz is based upon this false principle, and with it must necessarily fall to the ground, together with all the ambiguous principles

in reference to the employment of the understanding which have thence originated.

Leibnitz's principle of the identity of indiscernibles or indistinguishables is really based on the presupposition that, if in the conception of a thing a certain distinction is not to be found, it is also not to be met with in things themselves; that, consequently, all things are completely identical (numero eadem) which are not distinguishable from each other (as to quality or quantity) in our conceptions of them. But, as in the mere conception of anything abstraction has been made of many necessary conditions of intuition, that of which abstraction has been made is rashly held to be non-existent, and nothing is attributed to the thing but what is contained in its conception.

The conception of a cubic foot of space, however I may think it, is in itself completely identical. But two cubic feet in space are nevertheless distinct from each other from the sole fact of their being in different places (they are numero diversa); and these places are conditions of intuition, wherein the object of this conception is given, and which do not belong to the conception, but to the faculty of sensibility. In like manner, there is in the conception of a thing no contradiction when a negative is not connected with an affirmative; and merely affirmative conceptions cannot, in conjunction, produce any negation. But in sensuous intuition, wherein reality (take for example, motion) is given, we find conditions (opposite directions)—of which abstraction has been made in the conception of motion in general—which render possible a contradiction or opposition (not indeed of a logical kind)—and which from pure positives produce zero = 0. We are therefore not justified in saying that all reality is in perfect agreement and harmony, because no contradiction is discoverable among its conceptions.[39] According to mere conceptions, that which is internal is the substratum of all relations or external determinations. When, therefore, I abstract all conditions of intuition, and confine myself solely to the conception of a thing in general, I can make abstraction of all external relations, and there must nevertheless remain a conception of that which indicates no relation, but merely internal determinations. Now it seems to follow that in everything (substance) there is something which is absolutely internal and which antecedes all external determinations, inasmuch as it renders them possible; and that therefore this substratum is something which does not contain any external relations and is consequently simple (for corporeal things are never anything but relations, at least of their parts external to each other); and, inasmuch as we know of no other absolutely internal determinations than those of the internal sense, this substratum is not only simple, but also, analogously with our internal sense, determined through representations, that is to say, all things are properly monads, or simple beings endowed with the power of representation. Now all this would be perfectly correct, if the conception of a thing were the only necessary condition of the presentation of objects of external intuition. It is, on the contrary, manifest that a permanent phenomenon in space (impenetrable extension) can contain mere relations, and nothing that is absolutely internal, and yet be the primary substratum of all external perception. By mere conceptions I cannot think anything external, without, at the same time, thinking something internal, for the reason that conceptions of relations presuppose given things, and without these are impossible. But, as an intuition there is something (that is, space, which, with all it contains, consists of purely formal, or, indeed, real relations) which is not found in the mere conception of a thing in general, and this presents to us the substratum which could not be cognized through conceptions alone, I cannot say: because a thing cannot be represented by mere conceptions without something absolutely internal, there is also, in the things themselves which are contained under these conceptions, and in their intuition nothing external to which something absolutely internal does not serve as the foundation. For, when we have made abstraction of all the conditions of intuition, there certainly remains in the mere conception nothing but the internal in general, through which alone the external is possible. But this necessity, which is grounded upon abstraction alone, does not obtain in the case of things themselves, in so far as they are given in intuition with such determinations as express mere relations, without having anything internal as their foundation; for they are not things in themselves, but only phenomena. What we cognize in matter is nothing but relations (what we call its internal determinations are but comparatively internal). But there are some self-subsistent and permanent, through which a determined object is given. That I, when abstraction is made of these relations, have nothing more to think, does not destroy the conception of a thing as phenomenon, nor the conception of an object in abstracto, but it does away with the possibility of an object that is determinable according to mere conceptions, that is, of a noumenon. It is certainly startling to hear that a thing consists solely of relations; but this thing is simply a phenomenon, and cannot be cogitated by means of the mere categories: it does itself consist in the mere relation of something in general to the senses. In the same way, we cannot cogitate relations of things in abstracto, if we commence with conceptions alone, in any other manner than that one is the cause of determinations in the other; for that is itself the conception of the understanding or category of relation. But, as in this case we make abstraction of all intuition, we lose altogether the mode in which the manifold determines to each of its parts its place, that is, the form of sensibility (space); and yet this mode antecedes all empirical causality.

[39] If any one wishes here to have recourse to the usual subterfuge, and to say, that at least realitates noumena cannot be in opposition to each other, it will be requisite for him to adduce an example of this pure and non-sensuous reality, that it may be

understood whether the notion represents something or nothing. But an example cannot be found except in experience, which never presents to us anything more than phenomena; and thus the proposition means nothing more than that the conception which contains only affirmatives does not contain anything negative—a proposition nobody ever doubted.

If by intelligible objects we understand things which can be thought by means of the pure categories, without the need of the schemata of sensibility, such objects are impossible. For the condition of the objective use of all our conceptions of understanding is the mode of our sensuous intuition, whereby objects are given; and, if we make abstraction of the latter, the former can have no relation to an object. And even if we should suppose a different kind of intuition from our own, still our functions of thought would have no use or signification in respect thereof. But if we understand by the term, objects of a non-sensuous intuition, in respect of which our categories are not valid, and of which we can accordingly have no knowledge (neither intuition nor conception), in this merely negative sense noumena must be admitted. For this is no more than saying that our mode of intuition is not applicable to all things, but only to objects of our senses, that consequently its objective validity is limited, and that room is therefore left for another kind of intuition, and thus also for things that may be objects of it. But in this sense the conception of a noumenon is problematical, that is to say, it is the notion of a thing of which we can neither say that it is possible, nor that it is impossible, inasmuch as we do not know of any mode of intuition besides the sensuous, or of any other sort of conceptions than the categories—a mode of intuition and a kind of conception neither of which is applicable to a non-sensuous object. We are on this account incompetent to extend the sphere of our objects of thought beyond the conditions of our sensibility, and to assume the existence of objects of pure thought, that is, of noumena, inasmuch as these have no true positive signification. For it must be confessed of the categories that they are not of themselves sufficient for the cognition of things in themselves and, without the data of sensibility, are mere subjective forms of the unity of the understanding. Thought is certainly not a product of the senses, and in so far is not limited by them, but it does not therefore follow that it may be employed purely and without the intervention of sensibility, for it would then be without reference to an object. And we cannot call a noumenon an object of pure thought; for the representation thereof is but the problematical conception of an object for a perfectly different intuition and a perfectly different understanding from ours, both of which are consequently themselves problematical. The conception of a noumenon is therefore not the conception of an object, but merely a problematical conception inseparably connected with the limitation of our sensibility. That is to say, this conception contains the answer to the question: “Are there objects quite unconnected with, and independent of, our intuition?”—a question to which only an indeterminate answer can be given. That answer is: “Inasmuch as sensuous intuition does not apply to all things without distinction, there remains room for other and different objects.” The existence of these problematical objects is therefore not absolutely denied, in the absence of a determinate conception of them, but, as no category is valid in respect of them, neither must they be admitted as objects for our understanding.

Understanding accordingly limits sensibility, without at the same time enlarging its own field. While, moreover, it forbids sensibility to apply its forms and modes to things in themselves and restricts it to the sphere of phenomena, it cogitates an object in itself, only, however, as a transcendental object, which is the cause of a phenomenon (consequently not itself a phenomenon), and which cannot be thought either as a quantity or as reality, or as substance (because these conceptions always require sensuous forms in which to determine an object)—an object, therefore, of which we are quite unable to say whether it can be met with in ourselves or out of us, whether it would be annihilated together with sensibility, or, if this were taken away, would continue to exist. If we wish to call this object a noumenon, because the representation of it is non-sensuous, we are at liberty to do so. But as we can apply to it none of the conceptions of our understanding, the representation is for us quite void, and is available only for the indication of the limits of our sensuous intuition, thereby leaving at the same time an empty space, which we are competent to fill by the aid neither of possible experience, nor of the pure understanding.

The critique of the pure understanding, accordingly, does not permit us to create for ourselves a new field of objects beyond those which are presented to us as phenomena, and to stray into intelligible worlds; nay, it does not even allow us to endeavour to form so much as a conception of them. The specious error which leads to this—and which is a perfectly excusable one—lies in the fact that the employment of the understanding, contrary to its proper purpose and destination, is made transcendental, and objects, that is, possible intuitions, are made to regulate themselves according to conceptions, instead of the conceptions arranging themselves according to the intuitions, on which alone their own objective validity rests. Now the reason of this again is that apperception, and with it thought, antecedes all possible determinate arrangement of representations. Accordingly we think something in general and determine it on the one hand sensuously, but, on the other, distinguish the general and in abstracto represented object from this particular mode of intuiting it. In this case there remains a mode of determining the object by mere thought, which is really but a logical form without content, which, however, seems to us to be a mode of the existence of the object in itself (noumenon), without

regard to intuition which is limited to our senses.

Before ending this transcendental analytic, we must make an addition, which, although in itself of no particular importance, seems to be necessary to the completeness of the system. The highest conception, with which a transcendental philosophy commonly begins, is the division into possible and impossible. But as all division presupposes a divided conception, a still higher one must exist, and this is the conception of an object in general—problematically understood and without its being decided whether it is something or nothing. As the categories are the only conceptions which apply to objects in general, the distinguishing of an object, whether it is something or nothing, must proceed according to the order and direction of the categories.

1. To the categories of quantity, that is, the conceptions of all, many, and one, the conception which annihilates all, that is, the conception of none, is opposed. And thus the object of a conception, to which no intuition can be found to correspond, is = nothing. That is, it is a conception without an object (ens rationis), like noumena, which cannot be considered possible in the sphere of reality, though they must not therefore be held to be impossible—or like certain new fundamental forces in matter, the existence of which is cogitable without contradiction, though, as examples from experience are not forthcoming, they must not be regarded as possible.

2. Reality is something; negation is nothing, that is, a conception of the absence of an object, as cold, a shadow (nihil privativum).

3. The mere form of intuition, without substance, is in itself no object, but the merely formal condition of an object (as phenomenon), as pure space and pure time. These are certainly something, as forms of intuition, but are not themselves objects which are intuited (ens imaginarium).

4. The object of a conception which is self-contradictory, is nothing, because the conception is nothing—is impossible, as a figure composed of two straight lines (nihil negativum).

The table of this division of the conception of nothing (the corresponding division of the conception of something does not require special description) must therefore be arranged as follows:

NOTHING AS

1 As Empty Conception without object, _ens rationis_ 2 3 Empty object of Empty intuition a conception, without object, _nihil privativum_ _ens imaginarium_ 4 Empty object without conception, _nihil negativum_

We see that the ens rationis is distinguished from the nihil negativum or pure nothing by the consideration that the former must not be reckoned among possibilities, because it is a mere fiction—though not self-contradictory, while the latter is completely opposed to all possibility, inasmuch as the conception annihilates itself. Both, however, are empty conceptions. On the other hand, the nihil privativum and ens imaginarium are empty data for conceptions. If light be not given to the senses, we cannot represent to ourselves darkness, and if extended objects are not perceived, we cannot represent space. Neither the negation, nor the mere form of intuition can, without something real, be an object.

SECOND DIVISION—TRANSCENDENTAL LOGIC

TRANSCENDENTAL DIALECTIC. INTRODUCTION.

I. Of Transcendental Illusory Appearance

We termed dialectic in general a logic of appearance. This does not signify a doctrine of probability; for probability is truth, only cognized upon insufficient grounds, and though the information it gives us is imperfect, it is not therefore deceitful. Hence it must not be separated from the analytical part of logic. Still less must phenomenon and appearance be held to be identical. For truth or illusory appearance does not reside in the object, in so far as it is intuited, but in the judgement upon the object, in so far as it is thought. It is, therefore, quite correct to say that the senses do not err, not because they always judge correctly, but because they do not judge at all. Hence truth and error, consequently also, illusory appearance as the cause of error, are only to be found in a judgement, that is, in the relation of an object to our understanding. In a cognition which completely harmonizes with the laws of the understanding, no error can exist. In a representation of the senses—as not containing any judgement—there is also no error. But no power of nature can of itself deviate from its own laws. Hence neither the understanding per se (without the influence of another cause), nor the senses per se, would fall into error; the former could not, because, if it acts only according to its own laws, the effect (the judgement) must necessarily accord with these laws. But in accordance with the laws of the understanding consists the formal

element in all truth. In the senses there is no judgement—neither a true nor a false one. But, as we have no source of cognition besides these two, it follows that error is caused solely by the unobserved influence of the sensibility upon the understanding. And thus it happens that the subjective grounds of a judgement blend and are confounded with the objective, and cause them to deviate from their proper determination,[40] just as a body in motion would always of itself proceed in a straight line, but if another impetus gives to it a different direction, it will then start off into a curvilinear line of motion. To distinguish the peculiar action of the understanding from the power which mingles with it, it is necessary to consider an erroneous judgement as the diagonal between two forces, that determine the judgement in two different directions, which, as it were, form an angle, and to resolve this composite operation into the simple ones of the understanding and the sensibility. In pure à priori judgements this must be done by means of transcendental reflection, whereby, as has been already shown, each representation has its place appointed in the corresponding faculty of cognition, and consequently the influence of the one faculty upon the other is made apparent.

[40] Sensibility, subjected to the understanding, as the object upon which the understanding employs its functions, is the source of real cognitions. But, in so far as it exercises an influence upon the action of the understanding and determines it to judgement, sensibility is itself the cause of error.

It is not at present our business to treat of empirical illusory appearance (for example, optical illusion), which occurs in the empirical application of otherwise correct rules of the understanding, and in which the judgement is misled by the influence of imagination. Our purpose is to speak of transcendental illusory appearance, which influences principles—that are not even applied to experience, for in this case we should possess a sure test of their correctness—but which leads us, in disregard of all the warnings of criticism, completely beyond the empirical employment of the categories and deludes us with the chimera of an extension of the sphere of the pure understanding. We shall term those principles the application of which is confined entirely within the limits of possible experience, immanent; those, on the other hand, which transgress these limits, we shall call transcendent principles. But by these latter I do not understand principles of the transcendental use or misuse of the categories, which is in reality a mere fault of the judgement when not under due restraint from criticism, and therefore not paying sufficient attention to the limits of the sphere in which the pure understanding is allowed to exercise its functions; but real principles which exhort us to break down all those barriers, and to lay claim to a perfectly new field of cognition, which recognizes no line of demarcation. Thus transcendental and transcendent are not identical terms. The principles of the pure understanding, which we have already propounded, ought to be of empirical and not of transcendental use, that is, they are not applicable to any object beyond the sphere of experience. A principle which removes these limits, nay, which authorizes us to overstep them, is called transcendent. If our criticism can succeed in exposing the illusion in these pretended principles, those which are limited in their employment to the sphere of experience may be called, in opposition to the others, immanent principles of the pure understanding.

Logical illusion, which consists merely in the imitation of the form of reason (the illusion in sophistical syllogisms), arises entirely from a want of due attention to logical rules. So soon as the attention is awakened to the case before us, this illusion totally disappears. Transcendental illusion, on the contrary, does not cease to exist, even after it has been exposed, and its nothingness clearly perceived by means of transcendental criticism. Take, for example, the illusion in the proposition: “The world must have a beginning in time.” The cause of this is as follows. In our reason, subjectively considered as a faculty of human cognition, there exist fundamental rules and maxims of its exercise, which have completely the appearance of objective principles. Now from this cause it happens that the subjective necessity of a certain connection of our conceptions, is regarded as an objective necessity of the determination of things in themselves. This illusion it is impossible to avoid, just as we cannot avoid perceiving that the sea appears to be higher at a distance than it is near the shore, because we see the former by means of higher rays than the latter, or, which is a still stronger case, as even the astronomer cannot prevent himself from seeing the moon larger at its rising than some time afterwards, although he is not deceived by this illusion.

Transcendental dialectic will therefore content itself with exposing the illusory appearance in transcendental judgements, and guarding us against it; but to make it, as in the case of logical illusion, entirely disappear and cease to be illusion is utterly beyond its power. For we have here to do with a natural and unavoidable illusion, which rests upon subjective principles and imposes these upon us as objective, while logical dialectic, in the detection of sophisms, has to do merely with an error in the logical consequence of the propositions, or with an artificially constructed illusion, in imitation of the natural error. There is, therefore, a natural and unavoidable dialectic of pure reason—not that in which the bungler, from want of the requisite knowledge, involves himself, nor that which the sophist devises for the purpose of misleading, but that which is an inseparable adjunct of human reason, and which, even after its illusions have been exposed, does not cease to deceive, and continually to lead reason into momentary errors, which it becomes necessary continually to remove.

II. Of Pure Reason as the Seat of Transcendental Illusory Appearance

A. OF REASON IN GENERAL.

All our knowledge begins with sense, proceeds thence to understanding, and ends with reason, beyond which nothing higher can be discovered in the human mind for elaborating the matter of intuition and subjecting it to the highest unity of thought. At this stage of our inquiry it is my duty to give an explanation of this, the highest faculty of cognition, and I confess I find myself here in some difficulty. Of reason, as of the understanding, there is a merely formal, that is, logical use, in which it makes abstraction of all content of cognition; but there is also a real use, inasmuch as it contains in itself the source of certain conceptions and principles, which it does not borrow either from the senses or the understanding. The former faculty has been long defined by logicians as the faculty of mediate conclusion in contradistinction to immediate conclusions (consequentiae immediatae); but the nature of the latter, which itself generates conceptions, is not to be understood from this definition. Now as a division of reason into a logical and a transcendental faculty presents itself here, it becomes necessary to seek for a higher conception of this source of cognition which shall comprehend both conceptions. In this we may expect, according to the analogy of the conceptions of the understanding, that the logical conception will give us the key to the transcendental, and that the table of the functions of the former will present us with the clue to the conceptions of reason.

In the former part of our transcendental logic, we defined the understanding to be the faculty of rules; reason may be distinguished from understanding as the faculty of principles.

The term principle is ambiguous, and commonly signifies merely a cognition that may be employed as a principle, although it is not in itself, and as regards its proper origin, entitled to the distinction. Every general proposition, even if derived from experience by the process of induction, may serve as the major in a syllogism; but it is not for that reason a principle. Mathematical axioms (for example, there can be only one straight line between two points) are general à priori cognitions, and are therefore rightly denominated principles, relatively to the cases which can be subsumed under them. But I cannot for this reason say that I cognize this property of a straight line from principles—I cognize it only in pure intuition.

Cognition from principles, then, is that cognition in which I cognize the particular in the general by means of conceptions. Thus every syllogism is a form of the deduction of a cognition from a principle. For the major always gives a conception, through which everything that is subsumed under the condition thereof is cognized according to a principle. Now as every general cognition may serve as the major in a syllogism, and the understanding presents us with such general à priori propositions, they may be termed principles, in respect of their possible use.

But if we consider these principles of the pure understanding in relation to their origin, we shall find them to be anything rather than cognitions from conceptions. For they would not even be possible à priori, if we could not rely on the assistance of pure intuition (in mathematics), or on that of the conditions of a possible experience. That everything that happens has a cause, cannot be concluded from the general conception of that which happens; on the contrary the principle of causality instructs us as to the mode of obtaining from that which happens a determinate empirical conception.

Synthetical cognitions from conceptions the understanding cannot supply, and they alone are entitled to be called principles. At the same time, all general propositions may be termed comparative principles.

It has been a long-cherished wish—that (who knows how late), may one day, be happily accomplished—that the principles of the endless variety of civil laws should be investigated and exposed; for in this way alone can we find the secret of simplifying legislation. But in this case, laws are nothing more than limitations of our freedom upon conditions under which it subsists in perfect harmony with itself; they consequently have for their object that which is completely our own work, and of which we ourselves may be the cause by means of these conceptions. But how objects as things in themselves—how the nature of things is subordinated to principles and is to be determined, according to conceptions, is a question which it seems well nigh impossible to answer. Be this, however, as it may—for on this point our investigation is yet to be made—it is at least manifest from what we have said that cognition from principles is something very different from cognition by means of the understanding, which may indeed precede other cognitions in the form of a principle, but in itself—in so far as it is synthetical—is neither based upon mere thought, nor contains a general proposition drawn from conceptions alone.

The understanding may be a faculty for the production of unity of phenomena by virtue of rules; the reason is a faculty for the production of unity of rules (of the understanding) under principles. Reason, therefore, never applies directly to experience, or to

any sensuous object; its object is, on the contrary, the understanding, to the manifold cognition of which it gives a unity à priori by means of conceptions—a unity which may be called rational unity, and which is of a nature very different from that of the unity produced by the understanding.

The above is the general conception of the faculty of reason, in so far as it has been possible to make it comprehensible in the absence of examples. These will be given in the sequel.

B. OF THE LOGICAL USE OF REASON.

A distinction is commonly made between that which is immediately cognized and that which is inferred or concluded. That in a figure which is bounded by three straight lines there are three angles, is an immediate cognition; but that these angles are together equal to two right angles, is an inference or conclusion. Now, as we are constantly employing this mode of thought and have thus become quite accustomed to it, we no longer remark the above distinction, and, as in the case of the so-called deceptions of sense, consider as immediately perceived, what has really been inferred. In every reasoning or syllogism, there is a fundamental proposition, afterwards a second drawn from it, and finally the conclusion, which connects the truth in the first with the truth in the second—and that infallibly. If the judgement concluded is so contained in the first proposition that it can be deduced from it without the meditation of a third notion, the conclusion is called immediate (consequentia immediata); I prefer the term conclusion of the understanding. But if, in addition to the fundamental cognition, a second judgement is necessary for the production of the conclusion, it is called a conclusion of the reason. In the proposition: All men are mortal, are contained the propositions: Some men are mortal, Nothing that is not mortal is a man, and these are therefore immediate conclusions from the first. On the other hand, the proposition: all the learned are mortal, is not contained in the main proposition (for the conception of a learned man does not occur in it), and it can be deduced from the main proposition only by means of a mediating judgement.

In every syllogism I first cogitate a rule (the major) by means of the understanding. In the next place I subsume a cognition under the condition of the rule (and this is the minor) by means of the judgement. And finally I determine my cognition by means of the predicate of the rule (this is the conclusio), consequently, I determine it à priori by means of the reason. The relations, therefore, which the major proposition, as the rule, represents between a cognition and its condition, constitute the different kinds of syllogisms. These are just threefold—analogously with all judgements, in so far as they differ in the mode of expressing the relation of a cognition in the understanding—namely, categorical, hypothetical, and disjunctive.

When as often happens, the conclusion is a judgement which may follow from other given judgements, through which a perfectly different object is cogitated, I endeavour to discover in the understanding whether the assertion in this conclusion does not stand under certain conditions according to a general rule. If I find such a condition, and if the object mentioned in the conclusion can be subsumed under the given condition, then this conclusion follows from a rule which is also valid for other objects of cognition. From this we see that reason endeavours to subject the great variety of the cognitions of the understanding to the smallest possible number of principles (general conditions), and thus to produce in it the highest unity.

C. OF THE PURE USE OF REASON.

Can we isolate reason, and, if so, is it in this case a peculiar source of conceptions and judgements which spring from it alone, and through which it can be applied to objects; or is it merely a subordinate faculty, whose duty it is to give a certain form to given cognitions—a form which is called logical, and through which the cognitions of the understanding are subordinated to each other, and lower rules to higher (those, to wit, whose condition comprises in its sphere the condition of the others), in so far as this can be done by comparison? This is the question which we have at present to answer. Manifold variety of rules and unity of principles is a requirement of reason, for the purpose of bringing the understanding into complete accordance with itself, just as understanding subjects the manifold content of intuition to conceptions, and thereby introduces connection into it. But this principle prescribes no law to objects, and does not contain any ground of the possibility of cognizing or of determining them as such, but is merely a subjective law for the proper arrangement of the content of the understanding. The purpose of this law is, by a comparison of the conceptions of the understanding, to reduce them to the smallest possible number, although, at the same time, it does not justify us in demanding from objects themselves such a uniformity as might contribute to the convenience and the enlargement of the sphere of the understanding, or in expecting that it will itself thus receive from them objective validity. In one word, the question is: “does reason in itself, that is, does pure reason contain à priori synthetical principles and rules, and what are those principles?”

The formal and logical procedure of reason in syllogisms gives us sufficient information in regard to the ground on which the transcendental principle of reason in its pure synthetical cognition will rest.

1. Reason, as observed in the syllogistic process, is not applicable to intuitions, for the purpose of subjecting them to rules—for this is the province of the understanding with its categories—but to conceptions and judgements. If pure reason does apply to objects and the intuition of them, it does so not immediately, but mediately—through the understanding and its judgements, which have a direct relation to the senses and their intuition, for the purpose of determining their objects. The unity of reason is therefore not the unity of a possible experience, but is essentially different from this unity, which is that of the understanding. That everything which happens has a cause, is not a principle cognized and prescribed by reason. This principle makes the unity of experience possible and borrows nothing from reason, which, without a reference to possible experience, could never have produced by means of mere conceptions any such synthetical unity.

2. Reason, in its logical use, endeavours to discover the general condition of its judgement (the conclusion), and a syllogism is itself nothing but a judgement by means of the subsumption of its condition under a general rule (the major). Now as this rule may itself be subjected to the same process of reason, and thus the condition of the condition be sought (by means of a prosyllogism) as long as the process can be continued, it is very manifest that the peculiar principle of reason in its logical use is to find for the conditioned cognition of the understanding the unconditioned whereby the unity of the former is completed.

But this logical maxim cannot be a principle of pure reason, unless we admit that, if the conditioned is given, the whole series of conditions subordinated to one another—a series which is consequently itself unconditioned—is also given, that is, contained in the object and its connection.

But this principle of pure reason is evidently synthetical; for, analytically, the conditioned certainly relates to some condition, but not to the unconditioned. From this principle also there must originate different synthetical propositions, of which the pure understanding is perfectly ignorant, for it has to do only with objects of a possible experience, the cognition and synthesis of which is always conditioned. The unconditioned, if it does really exist, must be especially considered in regard to the determinations which distinguish it from whatever is conditioned, and will thus afford us material for many à priori synthetical propositions.

The principles resulting from this highest principle of pure reason will, however, be transcendent in relation to phenomena, that is to say, it will be impossible to make any adequate empirical use of this principle. It is therefore completely different from all principles of the understanding, the use made of which is entirely immanent, their object and purpose being merely the possibility of experience. Now our duty in the transcendental dialectic is as follows. To discover whether the principle that the series of conditions (in the synthesis of phenomena, or of thought in general) extends to the unconditioned is objectively true, or not; what consequences result therefrom affecting the empirical use of the understanding, or rather whether there exists any such objectively valid proposition of reason, and whether it is not, on the contrary, a merely logical precept which directs us to ascend perpetually to still higher conditions, to approach completeness in the series of them, and thus to introduce into our cognition the highest possible unity of reason. We must ascertain, I say, whether this requirement of reason has not been regarded, by a misunderstanding, as a transcendental principle of pure reason, which postulates a thorough completeness in the series of conditions in objects themselves. We must show, moreover, the misconceptions and illusions that intrude into syllogisms, the major proposition of which pure reason has supplied—a proposition which has perhaps more of the character of a petitio than of a postulatum—and that proceed from experience upwards to its conditions. The solution of these problems is our task in transcendental dialectic, which we are about to expose even at its source, that lies deep in human reason. We shall divide it into two parts, the first of which will treat of the transcendent conceptions of pure reason, the second of transcendent and dialectical syllogisms.

TRANSCENDENTAL DIALECTIC—BOOK I—OF THE CONCEPTIONS OF PURE REASON.

The conceptions of pure reason—we do not here speak of the possibility of them—are not obtained by reflection, but by inference or conclusion. The conceptions of understanding are also cogitated à priori antecedently to experience, and render it possible; but they contain nothing but the unity of reflection upon phenomena, in so far as these must necessarily belong to a possible empirical consciousness. Through them alone are cognition and the determination of an object possible. It is from them, accordingly, that we receive material for reasoning, and antecedently to them we possess no à priori conceptions of objects from which they might be deduced, On the other hand, the sole basis of their objective reality consists in the necessity imposed on them, as containing the intellectual form of all experience, of restricting their application and influence to the sphere of experience.

But the term, conception of reason, or rational conception, itself indicates that it does not confine itself within the limits of experience, because its object-matter is a cognition, of which every empirical cognition is but a part—nay, the whole of possible experience may be itself but a part of it—a cognition to which no actual experience ever fully attains, although it does always

pertain to it. The aim of rational conceptions is the comprehension, as that of the conceptions of understanding is the understanding of perceptions. If they contain the unconditioned, they relate to that to which all experience is subordinate, but which is never itself an object of experience—that towards which reason tends in all its conclusions from experience, and by the standard of which it estimates the degree of their empirical use, but which is never itself an element in an empirical synthesis. If, notwithstanding, such conceptions possess objective validity, they may be called conceptus ratiocinati (conceptions legitimately concluded); in cases where they do not, they have been admitted on account of having the appearance of being correctly concluded, and may be called conceptus ratiocinantes (sophistical conceptions). But as this can only be sufficiently demonstrated in that part of our treatise which relates to the dialectical conclusions of reason, we shall omit any consideration of it in this place. As we called the pure conceptions of the understanding categories, we shall also distinguish those of pure reason by a new name and call them transcendental ideas. These terms, however, we must in the first place explain and justify.

Section I—Of Ideas in General

Despite the great wealth of words which European languages possess, the thinker finds himself often at a loss for an expression exactly suited to his conception, for want of which he is unable to make himself intelligible either to others or to himself. To coin new words is a pretension to legislation in language which is seldom successful; and, before recourse is taken to so desperate an expedient, it is advisable to examine the dead and learned languages, with the hope and the probability that we may there meet with some adequate expression of the notion we have in our minds. In this case, even if the original meaning of the word has become somewhat uncertain, from carelessness or want of caution on the part of the authors of it, it is always better to adhere to and confirm its proper meaning—even although it may be doubtful whether it was formerly used in exactly this sense—than to make our labour vain by want of sufficient care to render ourselves intelligible.

For this reason, when it happens that there exists only a single word to express a certain conception, and this word, in its usual acceptation, is thoroughly adequate to the conception, the accurate distinction of which from related conceptions is of great importance, we ought not to employ the expression improvidently, or, for the sake of variety and elegance of style, use it as a synonym for other cognate words. It is our duty, on the contrary, carefully to preserve its peculiar signification, as otherwise it easily happens that when the attention of the reader is no longer particularly attracted to the expression, and it is lost amid the multitude of other words of very different import, the thought which it conveyed, and which it alone conveyed, is lost with it.

Plato employed the expression idea in a way that plainly showed he meant by it something which is never derived from the senses, but which far transcends even the conceptions of the understanding (with which Aristotle occupied himself), inasmuch as in experience nothing perfectly corresponding to them could be found. Ideas are, according to him, archetypes of things themselves, and not merely keys to possible experiences, like the categories. In his view they flow from the highest reason, by which they have been imparted to human reason, which, however, exists no longer in its original state, but is obliged with great labour to recall by reminiscence—which is called philosophy—the old but now sadly obscured ideas. I will not here enter upon any literary investigation of the sense which this sublime philosopher attached to this expression. I shall content myself with remarking that it is nothing unusual, in common conversation as well as in written works, by comparing the thoughts which an author has delivered upon a subject, to understand him better than he understood himself inasmuch as he may not have sufficiently determined his conception, and thus have sometimes spoken, nay even thought, in opposition to his own opinions.

Plato perceived very clearly that our faculty of cognition has the feeling of a much higher vocation than that of merely spelling out phenomena according to synthetical unity, for the purpose of being able to read them as experience, and that our reason naturally raises itself to cognitions far too elevated to admit of the possibility of an object given by experience corresponding to them—cognitions which are nevertheless real, and are not mere phantoms of the brain.

This philosopher found his ideas especially in all that is practical,[41] that is, which rests upon freedom, which in its turn ranks under cognitions that are the peculiar product of reason. He who would derive from experience the conceptions of virtue, who would make (as many have really done) that, which at best can but serve as an imperfectly illustrative example, a model for or the formation of a perfectly adequate idea on the subject, would in fact transform virtue into a nonentity changeable according to time and circumstance and utterly incapable of being employed as a rule. On the contrary, every one is conscious that, when any one is held up to him as a model of virtue, he compares this so-called model with the true original which he possesses in his own mind and values him according to this standard. But this standard is the idea of virtue, in relation to which all possible objects of experience are indeed serviceable as examples—proofs of the practicability in a certain degree of that which the conception of virtue demands—but certainly not as archetypes. That the actions of man will never be in perfect accordance with all the

requirements of the pure ideas of reason, does not prove the thought to be chimerical. For only through this idea are all judgements as to moral merit or demerit possible; it consequently lies at the foundation of every approach to moral perfection, however far removed from it the obstacles in human nature—indeterminable as to degree—may keep us.

[41] He certainly extended the application of his conception to speculative cognitions also, provided they were given pure and completely à priori, nay, even to mathematics, although this science cannot possess an object otherwhere than in Possible experience. I cannot follow him in this, and as little can I follow him in his mystical deduction of these ideas, or in his hypostatization of them; although, in truth, the elevated and exaggerated language which he employed in describing them is quite capable of an interpretation more subdued and more in accordance with fact and the nature of things.

The Platonic Republic has become proverbial as an example—and a striking one—of imaginary perfection, such as can exist only in the brain of the idle thinker; and Brucker ridicules the philosopher for maintaining that a prince can never govern well, unless he is participant in the ideas. But we should do better to follow up this thought and, where this admirable thinker leaves us without assistance, employ new efforts to place it in clearer light, rather than carelessly fling it aside as useless, under the very miserable and pernicious pretext of impracticability. A constitution of the greatest possible human freedom according to laws, by which the liberty of every individual can consist with the liberty of every other (not of the greatest possible happiness, for this follows necessarily from the former), is, to say the least, a necessary idea, which must be placed at the foundation not only of the first plan of the constitution of a state, but of all its laws. And, in this, it not necessary at the outset to take account of the obstacles which lie in our way—obstacles which perhaps do not necessarily arise from the character of human nature, but rather from the previous neglect of true ideas in legislation. For there is nothing more pernicious and more unworthy of a philosopher, than the vulgar appeal to a so-called adverse experience, which indeed would not have existed, if those institutions had been established at the proper time and in accordance with ideas; while, instead of this, conceptions, crude for the very reason that they have been drawn from experience, have marred and frustrated all our better views and intentions. The more legislation and government are in harmony with this idea, the more rare do punishments become and thus it is quite reasonable to maintain, as Plato did, that in a perfect state no punishments at all would be necessary. Now although a perfect state may never exist, the idea is not on that account the less just, which holds up this maximum as the archetype or standard of a constitution, in order to bring legislative government always nearer and nearer to the greatest possible perfection. For at what precise degree human nature must stop in its progress, and how wide must be the chasm which must necessarily exist between the idea and its realization, are problems which no one can or ought to determine—and for this reason, that it is the destination of freedom to overstep all assigned limits between itself and the idea.

But not only in that wherein human reason is a real causal agent and where ideas are operative causes (of actions and their objects), that is to say, in the region of ethics, but also in regard to nature herself, Plato saw clear proofs of an origin from ideas. A plant, and animal, the regular order of nature—probably also the disposition of the whole universe—give manifest evidence that they are possible only by means of and according to ideas; that, indeed, no one creature, under the individual conditions of its existence, perfectly harmonizes with the idea of the most perfect of its kind—just as little as man with the idea of humanity, which nevertheless he bears in his soul as the archetypal standard of his actions; that, notwithstanding, these ideas are in the highest sense individually, unchangeably, and completely determined, and are the original causes of things; and that the totality of connected objects in the universe is alone fully adequate to that idea. Setting aside the exaggerations of expression in the writings of this philosopher, the mental power exhibited in this ascent from the ectypal mode of regarding the physical world to the architectonic connection thereof according to ends, that is, ideas, is an effort which deserves imitation and claims respect. But as regards the principles of ethics, of legislation, and of religion, spheres in which ideas alone render experience possible, although they never attain to full expression therein, he has vindicated for himself a position of peculiar merit, which is not appreciated only because it is judged by the very empirical rules, the validity of which as principles is destroyed by ideas. For as regards nature, experience presents us with rules and is the source of truth, but in relation to ethical laws experience is the parent of illusion, and it is in the highest degree reprehensible to limit or to deduce the laws which dictate what I ought to do, from what is done.

We must, however, omit the consideration of these important subjects, the development of which is in reality the peculiar duty and dignity of philosophy, and confine ourselves for the present to the more humble but not less useful task of preparing a firm foundation for those majestic edifices of moral science. For this foundation has been hitherto insecure from the many subterranean passages which reason in its confident but vain search for treasures has made in all directions. Our present duty is to make ourselves perfectly acquainted with the transcendental use made of pure reason, its principles and ideas, that we may be able properly to determine and value its influence and real worth. But before bringing these introductory remarks to a close, I beg those who really have philosophy at heart—and their number is but small—if they shall find themselves convinced by the considerations

following as well as by those above, to exert themselves to preserve to the expression idea its original signification, and to take care that it be not lost among those other expressions by which all sorts of representations are loosely designated—that the interests of science may not thereby suffer. We are in no want of words to denominate adequately every mode of representation, without the necessity of encroaching upon terms which are proper to others. The following is a graduated list of them. The genus is representation in general (representatio). Under it stands representation with consciousness (perceptio). A perception which relates solely to the subject as a modification of its state, is a sensation (sensatio), an objective perception is a cognition (cognitio). A cognition is either an intuition or a conception (intuitus vel conceptus). The former has an immediate relation to the object and is singular and individual; the latter has but a mediate relation, by means of a characteristic mark which may be common to several things. A conception is either empirical or pure. A pure conception, in so far as it has its origin in the understanding alone, and is not the conception of a pure sensuous image, is called notio. A conception formed from notions, which transcends the possibility of experience, is an idea, or a conception of reason. To one who has accustomed himself to these distinctions, it must be quite intolerable to hear the representation of the colour red called an idea. It ought not even to be called a notion or conception of understanding.

Section II. Of Transcendental Ideas

Transcendental analytic showed us how the mere logical form of our cognition can contain the origin of pure conceptions à priori, conceptions which represent objects antecedently to all experience, or rather, indicate the synthetical unity which alone renders possible an empirical cognition of objects. The form of judgements—converted into a conception of the synthesis of intuitions—produced the categories which direct the employment of the understanding in experience. This consideration warrants us to expect that the form of syllogisms, when applied to synthetical unity of intuitions, following the rule of the categories, will contain the origin of particular à priori conceptions, which we may call pure conceptions of reason or transcendental ideas, and which will determine the use of the understanding in the totality of experience according to principles.

The function of reason in arguments consists in the universality of a cognition according to conceptions, and the syllogism itself is a judgement which is determined à priori in the whole extent of its condition. The proposition: “Caius is mortal,” is one which may be obtained from experience by the aid of the understanding alone; but my wish is to find a conception which contains the condition under which the predicate of this judgement is given—in this case, the conception of man—and after subsuming under this condition, taken in its whole extent (all men are mortal), I determine according to it the cognition of the object thought, and say: “Caius is mortal.”

Hence, in the conclusion of a syllogism we restrict a predicate to a certain object, after having thought it in the major in its whole extent under a certain condition. This complete quantity of the extent in relation to such a condition is called universality (universalitas). To this corresponds totality (universitas) of conditions in the synthesis of intuitions. The transcendental conception of reason is therefore nothing else than the conception of the totality of the conditions of a given conditioned. Now as the unconditioned alone renders possible totality of conditions, and, conversely, the totality of conditions is itself always unconditioned; a pure rational conception in general can be defined and explained by means of the conception of the unconditioned, in so far as it contains a basis for the synthesis of the conditioned.

To the number of modes of relation which the understanding cogitates by means of the categories, the number of pure rational conceptions will correspond. We must therefore seek for, first, an unconditioned of the categorical synthesis in a subject; secondly, of the hypothetical synthesis of the members of a series; thirdly, of the disjunctive synthesis of parts in a system.

There are exactly the same number of modes of syllogisms, each of which proceeds through prosyllogisms to the unconditioned—one to the subject which cannot be employed as predicate, another to the presupposition which supposes nothing higher than itself, and the third to an aggregate of the members of the complete division of a conception. Hence the pure rational conceptions of totality in the synthesis of conditions have a necessary foundation in the nature of human reason—at least as modes of elevating the unity of the understanding to the unconditioned. They may have no valid application, corresponding to their transcendental employment, in concreto, and be thus of no greater utility than to direct the understanding how, while extending them as widely as possible, to maintain its exercise and application in perfect consistence and harmony.

But, while speaking here of the totality of conditions and of the unconditioned as the common title of all conceptions of reason, we again light upon an expression which we find it impossible to dispense with, and which nevertheless, owing to the ambiguity attaching to it from long abuse, we cannot employ with safety. The word absolute is one of the few words which, in its original

signification, was perfectly adequate to the conception it was intended to convey—a conception which no other word in the same language exactly suits, and the loss—or, which is the same thing, the incautious and loose employment—of which must be followed by the loss of the conception itself. And, as it is a conception which occupies much of the attention of reason, its loss would be greatly to the detriment of all transcendental philosophy. The word absolute is at present frequently used to denote that something can be predicated of a thing considered in itself and intrinsically. In this sense absolutely possible would signify that which is possible in itself (interne)—which is, in fact, the least that one can predicate of an object. On the other hand, it is sometimes employed to indicate that a thing is valid in all respects—for example, absolute sovereignty. Absolutely possible would in this sense signify that which is possible in all relations and in every respect; and this is the most that can be predicated of the possibility of a thing. Now these significations do in truth frequently coincide. Thus, for example, that which is intrinsically impossible, is also impossible in all relations, that is, absolutely impossible. But in most cases they differ from each other toto caelo, and I can by no means conclude that, because a thing is in itself possible, it is also possible in all relations, and therefore absolutely. Nay, more, I shall in the sequel show that absolute necessity does not by any means depend on internal necessity, and that, therefore, it must not be considered as synonymous with it. Of an opposite which is intrinsically impossible, we may affirm that it is in all respects impossible, and that, consequently, the thing itself, of which this is the opposite, is absolutely necessary; but I cannot reason conversely and say, the opposite of that which is absolutely necessary is intrinsically impossible, that is, that the absolute necessity of things is an internal necessity. For this internal necessity is in certain cases a mere empty word with which the least conception cannot be connected, while the conception of the necessity of a thing in all relations possesses very peculiar determinations. Now as the loss of a conception of great utility in speculative science cannot be a matter of indifference to the philosopher, I trust that the proper determination and careful preservation of the expression on which the conception depends will likewise be not indifferent to him.

In this enlarged signification, then, shall I employ the word absolute, in opposition to that which is valid only in some particular respect; for the latter is restricted by conditions, the former is valid without any restriction whatever.

Now the transcendental conception of reason has for its object nothing else than absolute totality in the synthesis of conditions and does not rest satisfied till it has attained to the absolutely, that is, in all respects and relations, unconditioned. For pure reason leaves to the understanding everything that immediately relates to the object of intuition or rather to their synthesis in imagination. The former restricts itself to the absolute totality in the employment of the conceptions of the understanding and aims at carrying out the synthetical unity which is cogitated in the category, even to the unconditioned. This unity may hence be called the rational unity of phenomena, as the other, which the category expresses, may be termed the unity of the understanding. Reason, therefore, has an immediate relation to the use of the understanding, not indeed in so far as the latter contains the ground of possible experience (for the conception of the absolute totality of conditions is not a conception that can be employed in experience, because no experience is unconditioned), but solely for the purpose of directing it to a certain unity, of which the understanding has no conception, and the aim of which is to collect into an absolute whole all acts of the understanding. Hence the objective employment of the pure conceptions of reason is always transcendent, while that of the pure conceptions of the understanding must, according to their nature, be always immanent, inasmuch as they are limited to possible experience.

I understand by idea a necessary conception of reason, to which no corresponding object can be discovered in the world of sense. Accordingly, the pure conceptions of reason at present under consideration are transcendental ideas. They are conceptions of pure reason, for they regard all empirical cognition as determined by means of an absolute totality of conditions. They are not mere fictions, but natural and necessary products of reason, and have hence a necessary relation to the whole sphere of the exercise of the understanding. And, finally, they are transcendent, and overstep the limits of all experiences, in which, consequently, no object can ever be presented that would be perfectly adequate to a transcendental idea. When we use the word idea, we say, as regards its object (an object of the pure understanding), a great deal, but as regards its subject (that is, in respect of its reality under conditions of experience), exceedingly little, because the idea, as the conception of a maximum, can never be completely and adequately presented in concreto. Now, as in the merely speculative employment of reason the latter is properly the sole aim, and as in this case the approximation to a conception, which is never attained in practice, is the same thing as if the conception were non-existent—it is commonly said of the conception of this kind, “it is only an idea.” So we might very well say, “the absolute totality of all phenomena is only an idea,” for, as we never can present an adequate representation of it, it remains for us a problem incapable of solution. On the other hand, as in the practical use of the understanding we have only to do with action and practice according to rules, an idea of pure reason can always be given really in concreto, although only partially, nay, it is the indispensable condition of all practical employment of reason. The practice or execution of the idea is always limited and defective, but nevertheless within indeterminable boundaries, consequently always under the influence of the conception of an absolute

perfection. And thus the practical idea is always in the highest degree fruitful, and in relation to real actions indispensably necessary. In the idea, pure reason possesses even causality and the power of producing that which its conception contains. Hence we cannot say of wisdom, in a disparaging way, “it is only an idea.” For, for the very reason that it is the idea of the necessary unity of all possible aims, it must be for all practical exertions and endeavours the primitive condition and rule—a rule which, if not constitutive, is at least limitative.

Now, although we must say of the transcendental conceptions of reason, “they are only ideas,” we must not, on this account, look upon them as superfluous and nugatory. For, although no object can be determined by them, they can be of great utility, unobserved and at the basis of the edifice of the understanding, as the canon for its extended and self-consistent exercise—a canon which, indeed, does not enable it to cognize more in an object than it would cognize by the help of its own conceptions, but which guides it more securely in its cognition. Not to mention that they perhaps render possible a transition from our conceptions of nature and the non-ego to the practical conceptions, and thus produce for even ethical ideas keeping, so to speak, and connection with the speculative cognitions of reason. The explication of all this must be looked for in the sequel.

But setting aside, in conformity with our original purpose, the consideration of the practical ideas, we proceed to contemplate reason in its speculative use alone, nay, in a still more restricted sphere, to wit, in the transcendental use; and here must strike into the same path which we followed in our deduction of the categories. That is to say, we shall consider the logical form of the cognition of reason, that we may see whether reason may not be thereby a source of conceptions which enables us to regard objects in themselves as determined synthetically à priori, in relation to one or other of the functions of reason.

Reason, considered as the faculty of a certain logical form of cognition, is the faculty of conclusion, that is, of mediate judgement—by means of the subsumption of the condition of a possible judgement under the condition of a given judgement. The given judgement is the general rule (major). The subsumption of the condition of another possible judgement under the condition of the rule is the minor. The actual judgement, which enounces the assertion of the rule in the subsumed case, is the conclusion (conclusio). The rule predicates something generally under a certain condition. The condition of the rule is satisfied in some particular case. It follows that what was valid in general under that condition must also be considered as valid in the particular case which satisfies this condition. It is very plain that reason attains to a cognition, by means of acts of the understanding which constitute a series of conditions. When I arrive at the proposition, “All bodies are changeable,” by beginning with the more remote cognition (in which the conception of body does not appear, but which nevertheless contains the condition of that conception), “All compound is changeable,” by proceeding from this to a less remote cognition, which stands under the condition of the former, “Bodies are compound,” and hence to a third, which at length connects for me the remote cognition (changeable) with the one before me, “Consequently, bodies are changeable”—I have arrived at a cognition (conclusion) through a series of conditions (premisses). Now every series, whose exponent (of the categorical or hypothetical judgement) is given, can be continued; consequently the same procedure of reason conducts us to the ratiocinatio polysyllogistica, which is a series of syllogisms, that can be continued either on the side of the conditions (per prosyllogismos) or of the conditioned (per episyllogismos) to an indefinite extent.

But we very soon perceive that the chain or series of prosyllogisms, that is, of deduced cognitions on the side of the grounds or conditions of a given cognition, in other words, the ascending series of syllogisms must have a very different relation to the faculty of reason from that of the descending series, that is, the progressive procedure of reason on the side of the conditioned by means of episyllogisms. For, as in the former case the cognition (conclusio) is given only as conditioned, reason can attain to this cognition only under the presupposition that all the members of the series on the side of the conditions are given (totality in the series of premisses), because only under this supposition is the judgement we may be considering possible à priori; while on the side of the conditioned or the inferences, only an incomplete and becoming, and not a presupposed or given series, consequently only a potential progression, is cogitated. Hence, when a cognition is contemplated as conditioned, reason is compelled to consider the series of conditions in an ascending line as completed and given in their totality. But if the very same condition is considered at the same time as the condition of other cognitions, which together constitute a series of inferences or consequences in a descending line, reason may preserve a perfect indifference, as to how far this progression may extend _a parte posteriori_, and whether the totality of this series is possible, because it stands in no need of such a series for the purpose of arriving at the conclusion before it, inasmuch as this conclusion is sufficiently guaranteed and determined on grounds a parte priori. It may be the case, that upon the side of the conditions the series of premisses has a first or highest condition, or it may not possess this, and so be a parte priori unlimited; but it must, nevertheless, contain totality of conditions, even admitting that we never could succeed in completely apprehending it; and the whole series must be unconditionally true, if the conditioned, which is considered as an inference resulting

from it, is to be held as true. This is a requirement of reason, which announces its cognition as determined à priori and as necessary, either in itself—and in this case it needs no grounds to rest upon—or, if it is deduced, as a member of a series of grounds, which is itself unconditionally true.

Section III. System of Transcendental Ideas

We are not at present engaged with a logical dialectic, which makes complete abstraction of the content of cognition and aims only at unveiling the illusory appearance in the form of syllogisms. Our subject is transcendental dialectic, which must contain, completely à priori, the origin of certain cognitions drawn from pure reason, and the origin of certain deduced conceptions, the object of which cannot be given empirically and which therefore lie beyond the sphere of the faculty of understanding. We have observed, from the natural relation which the transcendental use of our cognition, in syllogisms as well as in judgements, must have to the logical, that there are three kinds of dialectical arguments, corresponding to the three modes of conclusion, by which reason attains to cognitions on principles; and that in all it is the business of reason to ascend from the conditioned synthesis, beyond which the understanding never proceeds, to the unconditioned which the understanding never can reach.

Now the most general relations which can exist in our representations are: 1st, the relation to the subject; 2nd, the relation to objects, either as phenomena, or as objects of thought in general. If we connect this subdivision with the main division, all the relations of our representations, of which we can form either a conception or an idea, are threefold: 1. The relation to the subject; 2. The relation to the manifold of the object as a phenomenon; 3. The relation to all things in general.

Now all pure conceptions have to do in general with the synthetical unity of representations; conceptions of pure reason (transcendental ideas), on the other hand, with the unconditional synthetical unity of all conditions. It follows that all transcendental ideas arrange themselves in three classes, the first of which contains the absolute (unconditioned) unity of the thinking subject, the second the absolute unity of the series of the conditions of a phenomenon, the third the absolute unity of the condition of all objects of thought in general.

The thinking subject is the object-matter of Psychology; the sum total of all phenomena (the world) is the object-matter of Cosmology; and the thing which contains the highest condition of the possibility of all that is cogitable (the being of all beings) is the object-matter of all Theology. Thus pure reason presents us with the idea of a transcendental doctrine of the soul (psychologia rationalis), of a transcendental science of the world (cosmologia rationalis), and finally of a transcendental doctrine of God (theologia transcendentalis). Understanding cannot originate even the outline of any of these sciences, even when connected with the highest logical use of reason, that is, all cogitable syllogisms—for the purpose of proceeding from one object (phenomenon) to all others, even to the utmost limits of the empirical synthesis. They are, on the contrary, pure and genuine products, or problems, of pure reason.

What modi of the pure conceptions of reason these transcendental ideas are will be fully exposed in the following chapter. They follow the guiding thread of the categories. For pure reason never relates immediately to objects, but to the conceptions of these contained in the understanding. In like manner, it will be made manifest in the detailed explanation of these ideas—how reason, merely through the synthetical use of the same function which it employs in a categorical syllogism, necessarily attains to the conception of the absolute unity of the thinking subject—how the logical procedure in hypothetical ideas necessarily produces the idea of the absolutely unconditioned in a series of given conditions, and finally—how the mere form of the disjunctive syllogism involves the highest conception of a being of all beings: a thought which at first sight seems in the highest degree paradoxical.

An objective deduction, such as we were able to present in the case of the categories, is impossible as regards these transcendental ideas. For they have, in truth, no relation to any object, in experience, for the very reason that they are only ideas. But a subjective deduction of them from the nature of our reason is possible, and has been given in the present chapter.

It is easy to perceive that the sole aim of pure reason is the absolute totality of the synthesis on the side of the conditions, and that it does not concern itself with the absolute completeness on the Part of the conditioned. For of the former alone does she stand in need, in order to preposit the whole series of conditions, and thus present them to the understanding à priori. But if we once have a completely (and unconditionally) given condition, there is no further necessity, in proceeding with the series, for a conception of reason; for the understanding takes of itself every step downward, from the condition to the conditioned. Thus the transcendental ideas are available only for ascending in the series of conditions, till we reach the unconditioned, that is, principles. As regards descending to the conditioned, on the other hand, we find that there is a widely extensive logical use which reason makes of the laws of the understanding, but that a transcendental use thereof is impossible; and that when we form an idea of the absolute

totality of such a synthesis, for example, of the whole series of all future changes in the world, this idea is a mere ens rationis, an arbitrary fiction of thought, and not a necessary presupposition of reason. For the possibility of the conditioned presupposes the totality of its conditions, but not of its consequences. Consequently, this conception is not a transcendental idea—and it is with these alone that we are at present occupied.

Finally, it is obvious that there exists among the transcendental ideas a certain connection and unity, and that pure reason, by means of them, collects all its cognitions into one system. From the cognition of self to the cognition of the world, and through these to the supreme being, the progression is so natural, that it seems to resemble the logical march of reason from the premisses to the conclusion.[42] Now whether there lies unobserved at the foundation of these ideas an analogy of the same kind as exists between the logical and transcendental procedure of reason, is another of those questions, the answer to which we must not expect till we arrive at a more advanced stage in our inquiries. In this cursory and preliminary view, we have, meanwhile, reached our aim. For we have dispelled the ambiguity which attached to the transcendental conceptions of reason, from their being commonly mixed up with other conceptions in the systems of philosophers, and not properly distinguished from the conceptions of the understanding; we have exposed their origin and, thereby, at the same time their determinate number, and presented them in a systematic connection, and have thus marked out and enclosed a definite sphere for pure reason.

[42] The science of Metaphysics has for the proper object of its inquiries only three grand ideas: GOD, FREEDOM, and IMMORTALITY, and it aims at showing, that the second conception, conjoined with the first, must lead to the third, as a necessary conclusion. All the other subjects with which it occupies itself, are merely means for the attainment and realization of these ideas. It does not require these ideas for the construction of a science of nature, but, on the contrary, for the purpose of passing beyond the sphere of nature. A complete insight into and comprehension of them would render Theology, Ethics, and, through the conjunction of both, Religion, solely dependent on the speculative faculty of reason. In a systematic representation of these ideas the above-mentioned arrangement—the synthetical one—would be the most suitable; but in the investigation which must necessarily precede it, the analytical, which reverses this arrangement, would be better adapted to our purpose, as in it we should proceed from that which experience immediately presents to us—psychology, to cosmology, and thence to theology.

TRANSCENDENTAL DIALECTIC—BOOK II—OF THE DIALECTICAL PROCEDURE OF PURE REASON

It may be said that the object of a merely transcendental idea is something of which we have no conception, although the idea may be a necessary product of reason according to its original laws. For, in fact, a conception of an object that is adequate to the idea given by reason, is impossible. For such an object must be capable of being presented and intuited in a Possible experience. But we should express our meaning better, and with less risk of being misunderstood, if we said that we can have no knowledge of an object, which perfectly corresponds to an idea, although we may possess a problematical conception thereof.

Now the transcendental (subjective) reality at least of the pure conceptions of reason rests upon the fact that we are led to such ideas by a necessary procedure of reason. There must therefore be syllogisms which contain no empirical premisses, and by means of which we conclude from something that we do know, to something of which we do not even possess a conception, to which we, nevertheless, by an unavoidable illusion, ascribe objective reality. Such arguments are, as regards their result, rather to be termed sophisms than syllogisms, although indeed, as regards their origin, they are very well entitled to the latter name, inasmuch as they are not fictions or accidental products of reason, but are necessitated by its very nature. They are sophisms, not of men, but of pure reason herself, from which the Wisest cannot free himself. After long labour he may be able to guard against the error, but he can never be thoroughly rid of the illusion which continually mocks and misleads him.

Of these dialectical arguments there are three kinds, corresponding to the number of the ideas which their conclusions present. In the argument or syllogism of the first class, I conclude, from the transcendental conception of the subject which contains no manifold, the absolute unity of the subject itself, of which I cannot in this manner attain to a conception. This dialectical argument I shall call the transcendental paralogism. The second class of sophistical arguments is occupied with the transcendental conception of the absolute totality of the series of conditions for a given phenomenon, and I conclude, from the fact that I have always a self-contradictory conception of the unconditioned synthetical unity of the series upon one side, the truth of the opposite unity, of which I have nevertheless no conception. The condition of reason in these dialectical arguments, I shall term the antinomy of pure reason. Finally, according to the third kind of sophistical argument, I conclude, from the totality of the conditions of thinking objects in general, in so far as they can be given, the absolute synthetical unity of all conditions of the possibility of things in general; that is, from things which I do not know in their mere transcendental conception, I conclude a being of all beings which I know still less by means of a transcendental conception, and of whose unconditioned necessity I can form no conception whatever. This dialectical

argument I shall call the ideal of pure reason.

Chapter I. Of the Paralogisms of Pure Reason

The logical paralogism consists in the falsity of an argument in respect of its form, be the content what it may. But a transcendental paralogism has a transcendental foundation, and concludes falsely, while the form is correct and unexceptionable. In this manner the paralogism has its foundation in the nature of human reason, and is the parent of an unavoidable, though not insoluble, mental illusion.

We now come to a conception which was not inserted in the general list of transcendental conceptions, and yet must be reckoned with them, but at the same time without in the least altering, or indicating a deficiency in that table. This is the conception, or, if the term is preferred, the judgement, “I think.” But it is readily perceived that this thought is as it were the vehicle of all conceptions in general, and consequently of transcendental conceptions also, and that it is therefore regarded as a transcendental conception, although it can have no peculiar claim to be so ranked, inasmuch as its only use is to indicate that all thought is accompanied by consciousness. At the same time, pure as this conception is from empirical content (impressions of the senses), it enables us to distinguish two different kinds of objects. “I,” as thinking, am an object of the internal sense, and am called soul. That which is an object of the external senses is called body. Thus the expression, “I,” as a thinking being, designates the object-matter of psychology, which may be called “the rational doctrine of the soul,” inasmuch as in this science I desire to know nothing of the soul but what, independently of all experience (which determines me in concreto), may be concluded from this conception “I,” in so far as it appears in all thought.

Now, the rational doctrine of the soul is really an undertaking of this kind. For if the smallest empirical element of thought, if any particular perception of my internal state, were to be introduced among the grounds of cognition of this science, it would not be a rational, but an empirical doctrine of the soul. We have thus before us a pretended science, raised upon the single proposition, “I think,” whose foundation or want of foundation we may very properly, and agreeably with the nature of a transcendental philosophy, here examine. It ought not to be objected that in this proposition, which expresses the perception of one’s self, an internal experience is asserted, and that consequently the rational doctrine of the soul which is founded upon it, is not pure, but partly founded upon an empirical principle. For this internal perception is nothing more than the mere apperception, “I think,” which in fact renders all transcendental conceptions possible, in which we say, “I think substance, cause, etc.” For internal experience in general and its possibility, or perception in general, and its relation to other perceptions, unless some particular distinction or determination thereof is empirically given, cannot be regarded as empirical cognition, but as cognition of the empirical, and belongs to the investigation of the possibility of every experience, which is certainly transcendental. The smallest object of experience (for example, only pleasure or pain), that should be included in the general representation of self-consciousness, would immediately change the rational into an empirical psychology.

“I think” is therefore the only text of rational psychology, from which it must develop its whole system. It is manifest that this thought, when applied to an object (myself), can contain nothing but transcendental predicates thereof; because the least empirical predicate would destroy the purity of the science and its independence of all experience.

But we shall have to follow here the guidance of the categories—only, as in the present case a thing, “I,” as thinking being, is at first given, we shall—not indeed change the order of the categories as it stands in the table—but begin at the category of substance, by which at the a thing in itself is represented and proceeds backwards through the series. The topic of the rational doctrine of the soul, from which everything else it may contain must be deduced, is accordingly as follows:

1 2 The Soul is SUBSTANCE As regards its quality it is SIMPLE

3 As regards the different times in which it exists, it is numerically identical, that is UNITY, not Plurality.

4 It is in relation to possible objects in space[43]

[43] The reader, who may not so easily perceive the psychological sense of these expressions, taken here in their transcendental abstraction, and cannot guess why the latter attribute of the soul belongs to the category of existence, will find the expressions sufficiently explained and justified in the sequel. I have, moreover, to apologize for the Latin terms which have been employed, instead of their German synonyms, contrary to the rules of correct writing. But I judged it better to sacrifice elegance to perspicuity.

From these elements originate all the conceptions of pure psychology, by combination alone, without the aid of any other principle. This substance, merely as an object of the internal sense, gives the conception of Immateriality; as simple substance, that of Incorruptibility; its identity, as intellectual substance, gives the conception of Personality; all these three together, Spirituality. Its relation to objects in space gives us the conception of connection (commercium) with bodies. Thus it represents thinking substance as the principle of life in matter, that is, as a soul (anima), and as the ground of Animality; and this, limited and determined by the conception of spirituality, gives us that of Immortality.

Now to these conceptions relate four paralogisms of a transcendental psychology, which is falsely held to be a science of pure reason, touching the nature of our thinking being. We can, however, lay at the foundation of this science nothing but the simple and in itself perfectly contentless representation “i” which cannot even be called a conception, but merely a consciousness which accompanies all conceptions. By this “I,” or “He,” or “It,” who or which thinks, nothing more is represented than a transcendental subject of thought = x, which is cognized only by means of the thoughts that are its predicates, and of which, apart from these, we cannot form the least conception. Hence in a perpetual circle, inasmuch as we must always employ it, in order to frame any judgement respecting it. And this inconvenience we find it impossible to rid ourselves of, because consciousness in itself is not so much a representation distinguishing a particular object, as a form of representation in general, in so far as it may be termed cognition; for in and by cognition alone do I think anything.

It must, however, appear extraordinary at first sight that the condition under which I think, and which is consequently a property of my subject, should be held to be likewise valid for every existence which thinks, and that we can presume to base upon a seemingly empirical proposition a judgement which is apodeictic and universal, to wit, that everything which thinks is constituted as the voice of my consciousness declares it to be, that is, as a self-conscious being. The cause of this belief is to be found in the fact that we necessarily attribute to things à priori all the properties which constitute conditions under which alone we can cogitate them. Now I cannot obtain the least representation of a thinking being by means of external experience, but solely through self-consciousness. Such objects are consequently nothing more than the transference of this consciousness of mine to other things which can only thus be represented as thinking beings. The proposition, “I think,” is, in the present case, understood in a problematical sense, not in so far as it contains a perception of an existence (like the Cartesian “Cogito, ergo sum”), but in regard to its mere possibility—for the purpose of discovering what properties may be inferred from so simple a proposition and predicated of the subject of it.

If at the foundation of our pure rational cognition of thinking beings there lay more than the mere Cogito—if we could likewise call in aid observations on the play of our thoughts, and the thence derived natural laws of the thinking self, there would arise an empirical psychology which would be a kind of physiology of the internal sense and might possibly be capable of explaining the phenomena of that sense. But it could never be available for discovering those properties which do not belong to possible experience (such as the quality of simplicity), nor could it make any apodeictic enunciation on the nature of thinking beings: it would therefore not be a rational psychology.

Now, as the proposition “I think” (in the problematical sense) contains the form of every judgement in general and is the constant accompaniment of all the categories, it is manifest that conclusions are drawn from it only by a transcendental employment of the understanding. This use of the understanding excludes all empirical elements; and we cannot, as has been shown above, have any favourable conception beforehand of its procedure. We shall therefore follow with a critical eye this proposition through all the predicaments of pure psychology; but we shall, for brevity’s sake, allow this examination to proceed in an uninterrupted connection.

Before entering on this task, however, the following general remark may help to quicken our attention to this mode of argument. It is not merely through my thinking that I cognize an object, but only through my determining a given intuition in relation to the unity of consciousness in which all thinking consists. It follows that I cognize myself, not through my being conscious of myself as thinking, but only when I am conscious of the intuition of myself as determined in relation to the function of thought. All the modi of self-consciousness in thought are hence not conceptions of objects (conceptions of the understanding—categories); they are mere logical functions, which do not present to thought an object to be cognized, and cannot therefore present my Self as an object. Not the consciousness of the determining, but only that of the determinable self, that is, of my internal intuition (in so far as the manifold contained in it can be connected conformably with the general condition of the unity of apperception in thought), is the object.

1. In all judgements I am the determining subject of that relation which constitutes a judgement. But that the I which thinks, must be considered as in thought always a subject, and as a thing which cannot be a predicate to thought, is an apodeictic and identical proposition. But this proposition does not signify that I, as an object, am, for myself, a self-subsistent being or substance. This latter

statement—an ambitious one—requires to be supported by data which are not to be discovered in thought; and are perhaps (in so far as I consider the thinking self merely as such) not to be discovered in the thinking self at all.

2. That the I or Ego of apperception, and consequently in all thought, is singular or simple, and cannot be resolved into a plurality of subjects, and therefore indicates a logically simple subject—this is self-evident from the very conception of an Ego, and is consequently an analytical proposition. But this is not tantamount to declaring that the thinking Ego is a simple substance—for this would be a synthetical proposition. The conception of substance always relates to intuitions, which with me cannot be other than sensuous, and which consequently lie completely out of the sphere of the understanding and its thought: but to this sphere belongs the affirmation that the Ego is simple in thought. It would indeed be surprising, if the conception of "substance," which in other cases requires so much labour to distinguish from the other elements presented by intuition—so much trouble, too, to discover whether it can be simple (as in the case of the parts of matter)—should be presented immediately to me, as if by revelation, in the poorest mental representation of all.

3. The proposition of the identity of my Self amidst all the manifold representations of which I am conscious, is likewise a proposition lying in the conceptions themselves, and is consequently analytical. But this identity of the subject, of which I am conscious in all its representations, does not relate to or concern the intuition of the subject, by which it is given as an object. This proposition cannot therefore enounce the identity of the person, by which is understood the consciousness of the identity of its own substance as a thinking being in all change and variation of circumstances. To prove this, we should require not a mere analysis of the proposition, but synthetical judgements based upon a given intuition.

4. I distinguish my own existence, as that of a thinking being, from that of other things external to me—among which my body also is reckoned. This is also an analytical proposition, for other things are exactly those which I think as different or distinguished from myself. But whether this consciousness of myself is possible without things external to me; and whether therefore I can exist merely as a thinking being (without being man)—cannot be known or inferred from this proposition.

Thus we have gained nothing as regards the cognition of myself as object, by the analysis of the consciousness of my Self in thought. The logical exposition of thought in general is mistaken for a metaphysical determination of the object.

Our Critique would be an investigation utterly superfluous, if there existed a possibility of proving à priori, that all thinking beings are in themselves simple substances, as such, therefore, possess the inseparable attribute of personality, and are conscious of their existence apart from and unconnected with matter. For we should thus have taken a step beyond the world of sense, and have penetrated into the sphere of noumena; and in this case the right could not be denied us of extending our knowledge in this sphere, of establishing ourselves, and, under a favouring star, appropriating to ourselves possessions in it. For the proposition: "Every thinking being, as such, is simple substance," is an à priori synthetical proposition; because in the first place it goes beyond the conception which is the subject of it, and adds to the mere notion of a thinking being the mode of its existence, and in the second place annexes a predicate (that of simplicity) to the latter conception—a predicate which it could not have discovered in the sphere of experience. It would follow that à priori synthetical propositions are possible and legitimate, not only, as we have maintained, in relation to objects of possible experience, and as principles of the possibility of this experience itself, but are applicable to things in themselves—an inference which makes an end of the whole of this Critique, and obliges us to fall back on the old mode of metaphysical procedure. But indeed the danger is not so great, if we look a little closer into the question.

There lurks in the procedure of rational Psychology a paralogism, which is represented in the following syllogism:

That which cannot be cogitated otherwise than as subject, does not exist otherwise than as subject, and is therefore substance.

A thinking being, considered merely as such, cannot be cogitated otherwise than as subject.

Therefore it exists also as such, that is, as substance.

In the major we speak of a being that can be cogitated generally and in every relation, consequently as it may be given in intuition. But in the minor we speak of the same being only in so far as it regards itself as subject, relatively to thought and the unity of consciousness, but not in relation to intuition, by which it is presented as an object to thought. Thus the conclusion is here arrived at by a Sophisma figurae dictionis.[44]

[44] Thought is taken in the two premisses in two totally different senses. In the major it is considered as relating and applying to objects in general, consequently to objects of intuition also. In the minor, we understand it as relating merely to self-consciousness.

In this sense, we do not cogitate an object, but merely the relation to the self-consciousness of the subject, as the form of thought. In the former premiss we speak of things which cannot be cogitated otherwise than as subjects. In the second, we do not speak of things, but of thought (all objects being abstracted), in which the Ego is always the subject of consciousness. Hence the conclusion cannot be, “I cannot exist otherwise than as subject”; but only “I can, in cogitating my existence, employ my Ego only as the subject of the judgement.” But this is an identical proposition, and throws no light on the mode of my existence.

That this famous argument is a mere paralogism, will be plain to any one who will consider the general remark which precedes our exposition of the principles of the pure understanding, and the section on noumena. For it was there proved that the conception of a thing, which can exist per se—only as a subject and never as a predicate, possesses no objective reality; that is to say, we can never know whether there exists any object to correspond to the conception; consequently, the conception is nothing more than a conception, and from it we derive no proper knowledge. If this conception is to indicate by the term substance, an object that can be given, if it is to become a cognition, we must have at the foundation of the cognition a permanent intuition, as the indispensable condition of its objective reality. For through intuition alone can an object be given. But in internal intuition there is nothing permanent, for the Ego is but the consciousness of my thought. If then, we appeal merely to thought, we cannot discover the necessary condition of the application of the conception of substance—that is, of a subject existing per se—to the subject as a thinking being. And thus the conception of the simple nature of substance, which is connected with the objective reality of this conception, is shown to be also invalid, and to be, in fact, nothing more than the logical qualitative unity of self-consciousness in thought; whilst we remain perfectly ignorant whether the subject is composite or not.

Refutation of the Argument of Mendelssohn for the Substantiality or Permanence of the Soul.

This acute philosopher easily perceived the insufficiency of the common argument which attempts to prove that the soul—it being granted that it is a simple being—cannot perish by dissolution or decomposition; he saw it is not impossible for it to cease to be by extinction, or disappearance. He endeavoured to prove in his Phaedo, that the soul cannot be annihilated, by showing that a simple being cannot cease to exist. Inasmuch as, he said, a simple existence cannot diminish, nor gradually lose portions of its being, and thus be by degrees reduced to nothing (for it possesses no parts, and therefore no multiplicity), between the moment in which it is, and the moment in which it is not, no time can be discovered—which is impossible. But this philosopher did not consider that, granting the soul to possess this simple nature, which contains no parts external to each other and consequently no extensive quantity, we cannot refuse to it any less than to any other being, intensive quantity, that is, a degree of reality in regard to all its faculties, nay, to all that constitutes its existence. But this degree of reality can become less and less through an infinite series of smaller degrees. It follows, therefore, that this supposed substance—this thing, the permanence of which is not assured in any other way, may, if not by decomposition, by gradual loss (remissio) of its powers (consequently by elanguescence, if I may employ this expression), be changed into nothing. For consciousness itself has always a degree, which may be lessened.[45] Consequently the faculty of being conscious may be diminished; and so with all other faculties. The permanence of the soul, therefore, as an object of the internal sense, remains undemonstrated, nay, even indemonstrable. Its permanence in life is evident, per se, inasmuch as the thinking being (as man) is to itself, at the same time, an object of the external senses. But this does not authorize the rational psychologist to affirm, from mere conceptions, its permanence beyond life.[46]

[45] Clearness is not, as logicians maintain, the consciousness of a representation. For a certain degree of consciousness, which may not, however, be sufficient for recollection, is to be met with in many dim representations. For without any consciousness at all, we should not be able to recognize any difference in the obscure representations we connect; as we really can do with many conceptions, such as those of right and justice, and those of the musician, who strikes at once several notes in improvising a piece of music. But a representation is clear, in which our consciousness is sufficient for the consciousness of the difference of this representation from others. If we are only conscious that there is a difference, but are not conscious of the difference—that is, what the difference is—the representation must be termed obscure. There is, consequently, an infinite series of degrees of consciousness down to its entire disappearance.

[46] There are some who think they have done enough to establish a new possibility in the mode of the existence of souls, when they have shown that there is no contradiction in their hypotheses on this subject. Such are those who affirm the possibility of thought—of which they have no other knowledge than what they derive from its use in connecting empirical intuitions presented in this our human life—after this life has ceased. But it is very easy to embarrass them by the introduction of counter-possibilities, which rest upon quite as good a foundation. Such, for example, is the possibility of the division of a simple substance into several substances; and conversely, of the coalition of several into one simple substance. For, although divisibility presupposes

composition, it does not necessarily require a composition of substances, but only of the degrees (of the several faculties) of one and the same substance. Now we can cogitate all the powers and faculties of the soul—even that of consciousness—as diminished by one half, the substance still remaining. In the same way we can represent to ourselves without contradiction, this obliterated half as preserved, not in the soul, but without it; and we can believe that, as in this case every thing that is real in the soul, and has a degree—consequently its entire existence—has been halved, a particular substance would arise out of the soul. For the multiplicity, which has been divided, formerly existed, but not as a multiplicity of substances, but of every reality as the quantum of existence in it; and the unity of substance was merely a mode of existence, which by this division alone has been transformed into a plurality of subsistence. In the same manner several simple substances might coalesce into one, without anything being lost except the plurality of subsistence, inasmuch as the one substance would contain the degree of reality of all the former substances. Perhaps, indeed, the simple substances, which appear under the form of matter, might (not indeed by a mechanical or chemical influence upon each other, but by an unknown influence, of which the former would be but the phenomenal appearance), by means of such a dynamical division of the parent-souls, as intensive quantities, produce other souls, while the former repaired the loss thus sustained with new matter of the same sort. I am far from allowing any value to such chimeras; and the principles of our analytic have clearly proved that no other than an empirical use of the categories—that of substance, for example—is possible. But if the rationalist is bold enough to construct, on the mere authority of the faculty of thought—without any intuition, whereby an object is given—a self-subsistent being, merely because the unity of apperception in thought cannot allow him to believe it a composite being, instead of declaring, as he ought to do, that he is unable to explain the possibility of a thinking nature; what ought to hinder the materialist, with as complete an independence of experience, to employ the principle of the rationalist in a directly opposite manner—still preserving the formal unity required by his opponent?

If, now, we take the above propositions—as they must be accepted as valid for all thinking beings in the system of rational psychology—in synthetical connection, and proceed, from the category of relation, with the proposition: “All thinking beings are, as such, substances,” backwards through the series, till the circle is completed; we come at last to their existence, of which, in this system of rational psychology, substances are held to be conscious, independently of external things; nay, it is asserted that, in relation to the permanence which is a necessary characteristic of substance, they can of themselves determine external things. It follows that idealism—at least problematical idealism, is perfectly unavoidable in this rationalistic system. And, if the existence of outward things is not held to be requisite to the determination of the existence of a substance in time, the existence of these outward things at all, is a gratuitous assumption which remains without the possibility of a proof.

But if we proceed analytically—the “I think” as a proposition containing in itself an existence as given, consequently modality being the principle—and dissect this proposition, in order to ascertain its content, and discover whether and how this Ego determines its existence in time and space without the aid of anything external; the propositions of rationalistic psychology would not begin with the conception of a thinking being, but with a reality, and the properties of a thinking being in general would be deduced from the mode in which this reality is cogitated, after everything empirical had been abstracted; as is shown in the following table:

1 I think,

2 3 as Subject, as simple Subject,

4 as identical Subject, in every state of my thought.

Now, inasmuch as it is not determined in this second proposition, whether I can exist and be cogitated only as subject, and not also as a predicate of another being, the conception of a subject is here taken in a merely logical sense; and it remains undetermined, whether substance is to be cogitated under the conception or not. But in the third proposition, the absolute unity of apperception—the simple Ego in the representation to which all connection and separation, which constitute thought, relate, is of itself important; even although it presents us with no information about the constitution or subsistence of the subject. Apperception is something real, and the simplicity of its nature is given in the very fact of its possibility. Now in space there is nothing real that is at the same time simple; for points, which are the only simple things in space, are merely limits, but not constituent parts of space. From this follows the impossibility of a definition on the basis of materialism of the constitution of my Ego as a merely thinking subject. But, because my existence is considered in the first proposition as given, for it does not mean, “Every thinking being exists” (for this would be predicating of them absolute necessity), but only, “I exist thinking”; the proposition is quite empirical, and contains the determinability of my existence merely in relation to my representations in time. But as I require for this purpose something that is permanent, such as is not given in internal intuition; the mode of my existence, whether as substance or as accident, cannot be determined by means of this simple self-consciousness. Thus, if materialism is inadequate to explain the mode in which I exist,

spiritualism is likewise as insufficient; and the conclusion is that we are utterly unable to attain to any knowledge of the constitution of the soul, in so far as relates to the possibility of its existence apart from external objects.

And, indeed, how should it be possible, merely by the aid of the unity of consciousness—which we cognize only for the reason that it is indispensable to the possibility of experience—to pass the bounds of experience (our existence in this life); and to extend our cognition to the nature of all thinking beings by means of the empirical—but in relation to every sort of intuition, perfectly undetermined—proposition, “I think”?

There does not then exist any rational psychology as a doctrine furnishing any addition to our knowledge of ourselves. It is nothing more than a discipline, which sets impassable limits to speculative reason in this region of thought, to prevent it, on the one hand, from throwing itself into the arms of a soulless materialism, and, on the other, from losing itself in the mazes of a baseless spiritualism. It teaches us to consider this refusal of our reason to give any satisfactory answer to questions which reach beyond the limits of this our human life, as a hint to abandon fruitless speculation; and to direct, to a practical use, our knowledge of ourselves—which, although applicable only to objects of experience, receives its principles from a higher source, and regulates its procedure as if our destiny reached far beyond the boundaries of experience and life.

From all this it is evident that rational psychology has its origin in a mere misunderstanding. The unity of consciousness, which lies at the basis of the categories, is considered to be an intuition of the subject as an object; and the category of substance is applied to the intuition. But this unity is nothing more than the unity in thought, by which no object is given; to which therefore the category of substance—which always presupposes a given intuition—cannot be applied. Consequently, the subject cannot be cognized. The subject of the categories cannot, therefore, for the very reason that it cogitates these, frame any conception of itself as an object of the categories; for, to cogitate these, it must lay at the foundation its own pure self-consciousness—the very thing that it wishes to explain and describe. In like manner, the subject, in which the representation of time has its basis, cannot determine, for this very reason, its own existence in time. Now, if the latter is impossible, the former, as an attempt to determine itself by means of the categories as a thinking being in general, is no less so.[47]

[47] The “I think” is, as has been already stated, an empirical proposition, and contains the proposition, “I exist.” But I cannot say, “Everything, which thinks, exists”; for in this case the property of thought would constitute all beings possessing it, necessary beings. Hence my existence cannot be considered as an inference from the proposition, “I think,” as Descartes maintained—because in this case the major premiss, “Everything, which thinks, exists,” must precede—but the two propositions are identical. The proposition, “I think,” expresses an undetermined empirical intuition, that perception (proving consequently that sensation, which must belong to sensibility, lies at the foundation of this proposition); but it precedes experience, whose province it is to determine an object of perception by means of the categories in relation to time; and existence in this proposition is not a category, as it does not apply to an undetermined given object, but only to one of which we have a conception, and about which we wish to know whether it does or does not exist, out of, and apart from this conception. An undetermined perception signifies here merely something real that has been given, only, however, to thought in general—but not as a phenomenon, nor as a thing in itself (noumenon), but only as something that really exists, and is designated as such in the proposition, “I think.” For it must be remarked that, when I call the proposition, “I think,” an empirical proposition, I do not thereby mean that the Ego in the proposition is an empirical representation; on the contrary, it is purely intellectual, because it belongs to thought in general. But without some empirical representation, which presents to the mind material for thought, the mental act, “I think,” would not take place; and the empirical is only the condition of the application or employment of the pure intellectual faculty.

Thus, then, appears the vanity of the hope of establishing a cognition which is to extend its rule beyond the limits of experience—a cognition which is one of the highest interests of humanity; and thus is proved the futility of the attempt of speculative philosophy in this region of thought. But, in this interest of thought, the severity of criticism has rendered to reason a not unimportant service, by the demonstration of the impossibility of making any dogmatical affirmation concerning an object of experience beyond the boundaries of experience. She has thus fortified reason against all affirmations of the contrary. Now, this can be accomplished in only two ways. Either our proposition must be proved apodeictically; or, if this is unsuccessful, the sources of this inability must be sought for, and, if these are discovered to exist in the natural and necessary limitation of our reason, our opponents must submit to the same law of renunciation and refrain from advancing claims to dogmatic assertion.

But the right, say rather the necessity to admit a future life, upon principles of the practical conjoined with the speculative use of reason, has lost nothing by this renunciation; for the merely speculative proof has never had any influence upon the common reason of men. It stands upon the point of a hair, so that even the schools have been able to preserve it from falling only by

incessantly discussing it and spinning it like a top; and even in their eyes it has never been able to present any safe foundation for the erection of a theory. The proofs which have been current among men, preserve their value undiminished; nay, rather gain in clearness and unsophisticated power, by the rejection of the dogmatical assumptions of speculative reason. For reason is thus confined within her own peculiar province—the arrangement of ends or aims, which is at the same time the arrangement of nature; and, as a practical faculty, without limiting itself to the latter, it is justified in extending the former, and with it our own existence, beyond the boundaries of experience and life. If we turn our attention to the analogy of the nature of living beings in this world, in the consideration of which reason is obliged to accept as a principle that no organ, no faculty, no appetite is useless, and that nothing is superfluous, nothing disproportionate to its use, nothing unsuited to its end; but that, on the contrary, everything is perfectly conformed to its destination in life—we shall find that man, who alone is the final end and aim of this order, is still the only animal that seems to be excepted from it. For his natural gifts—not merely as regards the talents and motives that may incite him to employ them, but especially the moral law in him—stretch so far beyond all mere earthly utility and advantage, that he feels himself bound to prize the mere consciousness of probity, apart from all advantageous consequences—even the shadowy gift of posthumous fame—above everything; and he is conscious of an inward call to constitute himself, by his conduct in this world—without regard to mere sublunary interests—the citizen of a better. This mighty, irresistible proof—accompanied by an ever-increasing knowledge of the conformability to a purpose in everything we see around us, by the conviction of the boundless immensity of creation, by the consciousness of a certain illimitableness in the possible extension of our knowledge, and by a desire commensurate therewith—remains to humanity, even after the theoretical cognition of ourselves has failed to establish the necessity of an existence after death.

Conclusion of the Solution of the Psychological Paralogism.

The dialectical illusion in rational psychology arises from our confounding an idea of reason (of a pure intelligence) with the conception—in every respect undetermined—of a thinking being in general. I cogitate myself in behalf of a possible experience, at the same time making abstraction of all actual experience; and infer therefrom that I can be conscious of myself apart from experience and its empirical conditions. I consequently confound the possible abstraction of my empirically determined existence with the supposed consciousness of a possible separate existence of my thinking self; and I believe that I cognize what is substantial in myself as a transcendental subject, when I have nothing more in thought than the unity of consciousness, which lies at the basis of all determination of cognition.

The task of explaining the community of the soul with the body does not properly belong to the psychology of which we are here speaking; because it proposes to prove the personality of the soul apart from this communion (after death), and is therefore transcendent in the proper sense of the word, although occupying itself with an object of experience—only in so far, however, as it ceases to be an object of experience. But a sufficient answer may be found to the question in our system. The difficulty which lies in the execution of this task consists, as is well known, in the presupposed heterogeneity of the object of the internal sense (the soul) and the objects of the external senses; inasmuch as the formal condition of the intuition of the one is time, and of that of the other space also. But if we consider that both kinds of objects do not differ internally, but only in so far as the one appears externally to the other—consequently, that what lies at the basis of phenomena, as a thing in itself, may not be heterogeneous; this difficulty disappears. There then remains no other difficulty than is to be found in the question—how a community of substances is possible; a question which lies out of the region of psychology, and which the reader, after what in our analytic has been said of primitive forces and faculties, will easily judge to be also beyond the region of human cognition.

GENERAL REMARK

On the Transition from Rational Psychology to Cosmology.

The proposition, “I think,” or, “I exist thinking,” is an empirical proposition. But such a proposition must be based on empirical intuition, and the object cogitated as a phenomenon; and thus our theory appears to maintain that the soul, even in thought, is merely a phenomenon; and in this way our consciousness itself, in fact, abuts upon nothing.

Thought, per se, is merely the purely spontaneous logical function which operates to connect the manifold of a possible intuition; and it does not represent the subject of consciousness as a phenomenon—for this reason alone, that it pays no attention to the question whether the mode of intuiting it is sensuous or intellectual. I therefore do not represent myself in thought either as I am, or as I appear to myself; I merely cogitate myself as an object in general, of the mode of intuiting which I make abstraction. When I represent myself as the subject of thought, or as the ground of thought, these modes of representation are not related to the

categories of substance or of cause; for these are functions of thought applicable only to our sensuous intuition. The application of these categories to the Ego would, however, be necessary, if I wished to make myself an object of knowledge. But I wish to be conscious of myself only as thinking; in what mode my Self is given in intuition, I do not consider, and it may be that I, who think, am a phenomenon—although not in so far as I am a thinking being; but in the consciousness of myself in mere thought I am a being, though this consciousness does not present to me any property of this being as material for thought.

But the proposition, “I think,” in so far as it declares, “I exist thinking,” is not the mere representation of a logical function. It determines the subject (which is in this case an object also) in relation to existence; and it cannot be given without the aid of the internal sense, whose intuition presents to us an object, not as a thing in itself, but always as a phenomenon. In this proposition there is therefore something more to be found than the mere spontaneity of thought; there is also the receptivity of intuition, that is, my thought of myself applied to the empirical intuition of myself. Now, in this intuition the thinking self must seek the conditions of the employment of its logical functions as categories of substance, cause, and so forth; not merely for the purpose of distinguishing itself as an object in itself by means of the representation “I,” but also for the purpose of determining the mode of its existence, that is, of cognizing itself as noumenon. But this is impossible, for the internal empirical intuition is sensuous, and presents us with nothing but phenomenal data, which do not assist the object of pure consciousness in its attempt to cognize itself as a separate existence, but are useful only as contributions to experience.

But, let it be granted that we could discover, not in experience, but in certain firmly-established à priori laws of the use of pure reason—laws relating to our existence, authority to consider ourselves as legislating à priori in relation to our own existence and as determining this existence; we should, on this supposition, find ourselves possessed of a spontaneity, by which our actual existence would be determinable, without the aid of the conditions of empirical intuition. We should also become aware that in the consciousness of our existence there was an à priori content, which would serve to determine our own existence—an existence only sensuously determinable—relatively, however, to a certain internal faculty in relation to an intelligible world.

But this would not give the least help to the attempts of rational psychology. For this wonderful faculty, which the consciousness of the moral law in me reveals, would present me with a principle of the determination of my own existence which is purely intellectual—but by what predicates? By none other than those which are given in sensuous intuition. Thus I should find myself in the same position in rational psychology which I formerly occupied, that is to say, I should find myself still in need of sensuous intuitions, in order to give significance to my conceptions of substance and cause, by means of which alone I can possess a knowledge of myself: but these intuitions can never raise me above the sphere of experience. I should be justified, however, in applying these conceptions, in regard to their practical use, which is always directed to objects of experience—in conformity with their analogical significance when employed theoretically—to freedom and its subject. At the same time, I should understand by them merely the logical functions of subject and predicate, of principle and consequence, in conformity with which all actions are so determined, that they are capable of being explained along with the laws of nature, conformably to the categories of substance and cause, although they originate from a very different principle. We have made these observations for the purpose of guarding against misunderstanding, to which the doctrine of our intuition of self as a phenomenon is exposed. We shall have occasion to perceive their utility in the sequel.

Chapter II. The Antinomy of Pure Reason

We showed in the introduction to this part of our work, that all transcendental illusion of pure reason arose from dialectical arguments, the schema of which logic gives us in its three formal species of syllogisms—just as the categories find their logical schema in the four functions of all judgements. The first kind of these sophistical arguments related to the unconditioned unity of the subjective conditions of all representations in general (of the subject or soul), in correspondence with the categorical syllogisms, the major of which, as the principle, enounces the relation of a predicate to a subject. The second kind of dialectical argument will therefore be concerned, following the analogy with hypothetical syllogisms, with the unconditioned unity of the objective conditions in the phenomenon; and, in this way, the theme of the third kind to be treated of in the following chapter will be the unconditioned unity of the objective conditions of the possibility of objects in general.

But it is worthy of remark that the transcendental paralogism produced in the mind only a one-third illusion, in regard to the idea of the subject of our thought; and the conceptions of reason gave no ground to maintain the contrary proposition. The advantage is completely on the side of Pneumatism; although this theory itself passes into naught, in the crucible of pure reason.

Very different is the case when we apply reason to the objective synthesis of phenomena. Here, certainly, reason establishes, with much plausibility, its principle of unconditioned unity; but it very soon falls into such contradictions that it is compelled, in relation to cosmology, to renounce its pretensions.

For here a new phenomenon of human reason meets us—a perfectly natural antithetic, which does not require to be sought for by subtle sophistry, but into which reason of itself unavoidably falls. It is thereby preserved, to be sure, from the slumber of a fancied conviction—which a merely one-sided illusion produces; but it is at the same time compelled, either, on the one hand, to abandon itself to a despairing scepticism, or, on the other, to assume a dogmatical confidence and obstinate persistence in certain assertions, without granting a fair hearing to the other side of the question. Either is the death of a sound philosophy, although the former might perhaps deserve the title of the euthanasia of pure reason.

Before entering this region of discord and confusion, which the conflict of the laws of pure reason (antinomy) produces, we shall present the reader with some considerations, in explanation and justification of the method we intend to follow in our treatment of this subject. I term all transcendental ideas, in so far as they relate to the absolute totality in the synthesis of phenomena, cosmical conceptions; partly on account of this unconditioned totality, on which the conception of the world-whole is based—a conception, which is itself an idea—partly because they relate solely to the synthesis of phenomena—the empirical synthesis; while, on the other hand, the absolute totality in the synthesis of the conditions of all possible things gives rise to an ideal of pure reason, which is quite distinct from the cosmical conception, although it stands in relation with it. Hence, as the paralogisms of pure reason laid the foundation for a dialectical psychology, the antinomy of pure reason will present us with the transcendental principles of a pretended pure (rational) cosmology—not, however, to declare it valid and to appropriate it, but—as the very term of a conflict of reason sufficiently indicates, to present it as an idea which cannot be reconciled with phenomena and experience.

Section I. System of Cosmological Ideas

That we may be able to enumerate with systematic precision these ideas according to a principle, we must remark, in the first place, that it is from the understanding alone that pure and transcendental conceptions take their origin; that the reason does not properly give birth to any conception, but only frees the conception of the understanding from the unavoidable limitation of a possible experience, and thus endeavours to raise it above the empirical, though it must still be in connection with it. This happens from the fact that, for a given conditioned, reason demands absolute totality on the side of the conditions (to which the understanding submits all phenomena), and thus makes of the category a transcendental idea. This it does that it may be able to give absolute completeness to the empirical synthesis, by continuing it to the unconditioned (which is not to be found in experience, but only in the idea). Reason requires this according to the principle: If the conditioned is given the whole of the conditions, and consequently the absolutely unconditioned, is also given, whereby alone the former was possible. First, then, the transcendental ideas are properly nothing but categories elevated to the unconditioned; and they may be arranged in a table according to the titles of the latter. But, secondly, all the categories are not available for this purpose, but only those in which the synthesis constitutes a series—of conditions subordinated to, not co-ordinated with, each other. Absolute totality is required of reason only in so far as concerns the ascending series of the conditions of a conditioned; not, consequently, when the question relates to the descending series of consequences, or to the aggregate of the co-ordinated conditions of these consequences. For, in relation to a given conditioned, conditions are presupposed and considered to be given along with it. On the other hand, as the consequences do not render possible their conditions, but rather presuppose them—in the consideration of the procession of consequences (or in the descent from the given condition to the conditioned), we may be quite unconcerned whether the series ceases or not; and their totality is not a necessary demand of reason.

Thus we cogitate—and necessarily—a given time completely elapsed up to a given moment, although that time is not determinable by us. But as regards time future, which is not the condition of arriving at the present, in order to conceive it; it is quite indifferent whether we consider future time as ceasing at some point, or as prolonging itself to infinity. Take, for example, the series m, n, o, in which n is given as conditioned in relation to m, but at the same time as the condition of o, and let the series proceed upwards from the conditioned n to m (l, k, i, etc.), and also downwards from the condition n to the conditioned o (p, q, r, etc.)—I must presuppose the former series, to be able to consider n as given, and n is according to reason (the totality of conditions) possible only by means of that series. But its possibility does not rest on the following series o, p, q, r, which for this reason cannot be regarded as given, but only as capable of being given (dabilis).

I shall term the synthesis of the series on the side of the conditions—from that nearest to the given phenomenon up to the more remote—regressive; that which proceeds on the side of the conditioned, from the immediate consequence to the more remote, I

shall call the progressive synthesis. The former proceeds in antecedentia, the latter in consequentia. The cosmological ideas are therefore occupied with the totality of the regressive synthesis, and proceed in antecedentia, not in consequentia. When the latter takes place, it is an arbitrary and not a necessary problem of pure reason; for we require, for the complete understanding of what is given in a phenomenon, not the consequences which succeed, but the grounds or principles which precede.

In order to construct the table of ideas in correspondence with the table of categories, we take first the two primitive quanta of all our intuitions, time and space. Time is in itself a series (and the formal condition of all series), and hence, in relation to a given present, we must distinguish à priori in it the antecedentia as conditions (time past) from the consequentia (time future). Consequently, the transcendental idea of the absolute totality of the series of the conditions of a given conditioned, relates merely to all past time. According to the idea of reason, the whole past time, as the condition of the given moment, is necessarily cogitated as given. But, as regards space, there exists in it no distinction between progressus and regressus; for it is an aggregate and not a series—its parts existing together at the same time. I can consider a given point of time in relation to past time only as conditioned, because this given moment comes into existence only through the past time rather through the passing of the preceding time. But as the parts of space are not subordinated, but co-ordinated to each other, one part cannot be the condition of the possibility of the other; and space is not in itself, like time, a series. But the synthesis of the manifold parts of space—(the syntheses whereby we apprehend space)—is nevertheless successive; it takes place, therefore, in time, and contains a series. And as in this series of aggregated spaces (for example, the feet in a rood), beginning with a given portion of space, those which continue to be annexed form the condition of the limits of the former—the measurement of a space must also be regarded as a synthesis of the series of the conditions of a given conditioned. It differs, however, in this respect from that of time, that the side of the conditioned is not in itself distinguishable from the side of the condition; and, consequently, regressus and progressus in space seem to be identical. But, inasmuch as one part of space is not given, but only limited, by and through another, we must also consider every limited space as conditioned, in so far as it presupposes some other space as the condition of its limitation, and so on. As regards limitation, therefore, our procedure in space is also a regressus, and the transcendental idea of the absolute totality of the synthesis in a series of conditions applies to space also; and I am entitled to demand the absolute totality of the phenomenal synthesis in space as well as in time. Whether my demand can be satisfied is a question to be answered in the sequel.

Secondly, the real in space—that is, matter—is conditioned. Its internal conditions are its parts, and the parts of parts its remote conditions; so that in this case we find a regressive synthesis, the absolute totality of which is a demand of reason. But this cannot be obtained otherwise than by a complete division of parts, whereby the real in matter becomes either nothing or that which is not matter, that is to say, the simple. Consequently we find here also a series of conditions and a progress to the unconditioned.

Thirdly, as regards the categories of a real relation between phenomena, the category of substance and its accidents is not suitable for the formation of a transcendental idea; that is to say, reason has no ground, in regard to it, to proceed regressively with conditions. For accidents (in so far as they inhere in a substance) are co-ordinated with each other, and do not constitute a series. And, in relation to substance, they are not properly subordinated to it, but are the mode of existence of the substance itself. The conception of the substantial might nevertheless seem to be an idea of the transcendental reason. But, as this signifies nothing more than the conception of an object in general, which subsists in so far as we cogitate in it merely a transcendental subject without any predicates; and as the question here is of an unconditioned in the series of phenomena—it is clear that the substantial can form no member thereof. The same holds good of substances in community, which are mere aggregates and do not form a series. For they are not subordinated to each other as conditions of the possibility of each other; which, however, may be affirmed of spaces, the limits of which are never determined in themselves, but always by some other space. It is, therefore, only in the category of causality that we can find a series of causes to a given effect, and in which we ascend from the latter, as the conditioned, to the former as the conditions, and thus answer the question of reason.

Fourthly, the conceptions of the possible, the actual, and the necessary do not conduct us to any series—excepting only in so far as the contingent in existence must always be regarded as conditioned, and as indicating, according to a law of the understanding, a condition, under which it is necessary to rise to a higher, till in the totality of the series, reason arrives at unconditioned necessity.

There are, accordingly, only four cosmological ideas, corresponding with the four titles of the categories. For we can select only such as necessarily furnish us with a series in the synthesis of the manifold.

1 The absolute Completeness of the COMPOSITION of the given totality of all phenomena.

2 The absolute Completeness of the DIVISION of given totality in a phenomenon.

3 The absolute Completeness of the ORIGINATION of a phenomenon.

4 The absolute Completeness of the DEPENDENCE of the EXISTENCE of what is changeable in a phenomenon.

We must here remark, in the first place, that the idea of absolute totality relates to nothing but the exposition of phenomena, and therefore not to the pure conception of a totality of things. Phenomena are here, therefore, regarded as given, and reason requires the absolute completeness of the conditions of their possibility, in so far as these conditions constitute a series—consequently an absolutely (that is, in every respect) complete synthesis, whereby a phenomenon can be explained according to the laws of the understanding.

Secondly, it is properly the unconditioned alone that reason seeks in this serially and regressively conducted synthesis of conditions. It wishes, to speak in another way, to attain to completeness in the series of premisses, so as to render it unnecessary to presuppose others. This unconditioned is always contained in the absolute totality of the series, when we endeavour to form a representation of it in thought. But this absolutely complete synthesis is itself but an idea; for it is impossible, at least before hand, to know whether any such synthesis is possible in the case of phenomena. When we represent all existence in thought by means of pure conceptions of the understanding, without any conditions of sensuous intuition, we may say with justice that for a given conditioned the whole series of conditions subordinated to each other is also given; for the former is only given through the latter. But we find in the case of phenomena a particular limitation of the mode in which conditions are given, that is, through the successive synthesis of the manifold of intuition, which must be complete in the regress. Now whether this completeness is sensuously possible, is a problem. But the idea of it lies in the reason—be it possible or impossible to connect with the idea adequate empirical conceptions. Therefore, as in the absolute totality of the regressive synthesis of the manifold in a phenomenon (following the guidance of the categories, which represent it as a series of conditions to a given conditioned) the unconditioned is necessarily contained—it being still left unascertained whether and how this totality exists; reason sets out from the idea of totality, although its proper and final aim is the unconditioned—of the whole series, or of a part thereof.

This unconditioned may be cogitated—either as existing only in the entire series, all the members of which therefore would be without exception conditioned and only the totality absolutely unconditioned—and in this case the regressus is called infinite; or the absolutely unconditioned is only a part of the series, to which the other members are subordinated, but which Is not itself submitted to any other condition.[48] In the former case the series is a parte priori unlimited (without beginning), that is, infinite, and nevertheless completely given. But the regress in it is never completed, and can only be called potentially infinite. In the second case there exists a first in the series. This first is called, in relation to past time, the beginning of the world; in relation to space, the limit of the world; in relation to the parts of a given limited whole, the simple; in relation to causes, absolute spontaneity (liberty); and in relation to the existence of changeable things, absolute physical necessity.

[48] The absolute totality of the series of conditions to a given conditioned is always unconditioned; because beyond it there exist no other conditions, on which it might depend. But the absolute totality of such a series is only an idea, or rather a problematical conception, the possibility of which must be investigated—particularly in relation to the mode in which the unconditioned, as the transcendental idea which is the real subject of inquiry, may be contained therein.

We possess two expressions, world and nature, which are generally interchanged. The first denotes the mathematical total of all phenomena and the totality of their synthesis—in its progress by means of composition, as well as by division. And the world is termed nature,[49] when it is regarded as a dynamical whole—when our attention is not directed to the aggregation in space and time, for the purpose of cogitating it as a quantity, but to the unity in the existence of phenomena. In this case the condition of that which happens is called a cause; the unconditioned causality of the cause in a phenomenon is termed liberty; the conditioned cause is called in a more limited sense a natural cause. The conditioned in existence is termed contingent, and the unconditioned necessary. The unconditioned necessity of phenomena may be called natural necessity.

[49] Nature, understood adjective (formaliter), signifies the complex of the determinations of a thing, connected according to an internal principle of causality. On the other hand, we understand by nature, substantive (materialiter), the sum total of phenomena, in so far as they, by virtue of an internal principle of causality, are connected with each other throughout. In the former sense we speak of the nature of liquid matter, of fire, etc., and employ the word only adjective; while, if speaking of the objects of nature, we have in our minds the idea of a subsisting whole.

The ideas which we are at present engaged in discussing I have called cosmological ideas; partly because by the term world is understood the entire content of all phenomena, and our ideas are directed solely to the unconditioned among phenomena; partly also, because world, in the transcendental sense, signifies the absolute totality of the content of existing things, and we are directing our attention only to the completeness of the synthesis—although, properly, only in regression. In regard to the fact that these ideas are all transcendent, and, although they do not transcend phenomena as regards their mode, but are concerned solely with the world of sense (and not with noumena), nevertheless carry their synthesis to a degree far above all possible experience—it still seems to me that we can, with perfect propriety, designate them cosmical conceptions. As regards the distinction between the mathematically and the dynamically unconditioned which is the aim of the regression of the synthesis, I should call the two former, in a more limited signification, cosmical conceptions, the remaining two transcendent physical conceptions. This distinction does not at present seem to be of particular importance, but we shall afterwards find it to be of some value.

Section II. Antithetic of Pure Reason

Thetic is the term applied to every collection of dogmatical propositions. By antithetic I do not understand dogmatical assertions of the opposite, but the self-contradiction of seemingly dogmatical cognitions (thesis cum antithesis), in none of which we can discover any decided superiority. Antithetic is not, therefore, occupied with one-sided statements, but is engaged in considering the contradictory nature of the general cognitions of reason and its causes. Transcendental antithetic is an investigation into the antinomy of pure reason, its causes and result. If we employ our reason not merely in the application of the principles of the understanding to objects of experience, but venture with it beyond these boundaries, there arise certain sophistical propositions or theorems. These assertions have the following peculiarities: They can find neither confirmation nor confutation in experience; and each is in itself not only self-consistent, but possesses conditions of its necessity in the very nature of reason—only that, unluckily, there exist just as valid and necessary grounds for maintaining the contrary proposition.

The questions which naturally arise in the consideration of this dialectic of pure reason, are therefore: 1st. In what propositions is pure reason unavoidably subject to an antinomy? 2nd. What are the causes of this antinomy? 3rd. Whether and in what way can reason free itself from this self-contradiction?

A dialectical proposition or theorem of pure reason must, according to what has been said, be distinguishable from all sophistical propositions, by the fact that it is not an answer to an arbitrary question, which may be raised at the mere pleasure of any person, but to one which human reason must necessarily encounter in its progress. In the second place, a dialectical proposition, with its opposite, does not carry the appearance of a merely artificial illusion, which disappears as soon as it is investigated, but a natural and unavoidable illusion, which, even when we are no longer deceived by it, continues to mock us and, although rendered harmless, can never be completely removed.

This dialectical doctrine will not relate to the unity of understanding in empirical conceptions, but to the unity of reason in pure ideas. The conditions of this doctrine are—inasmuch as it must, as a synthesis according to rules, be conformable to the understanding, and at the same time as the absolute unity of the synthesis, to the reason—that, if it is adequate to the unity of reason, it is too great for the understanding, if according with the understanding, it is too small for the reason. Hence arises a mutual opposition, which cannot be avoided, do what we will.

These sophistical assertions of dialectic open, as it were, a battle-field, where that side obtains the victory which has been permitted to make the attack, and he is compelled to yield who has been unfortunately obliged to stand on the defensive. And hence, champions of ability, whether on the right or on the wrong side, are certain to carry away the crown of victory, if they only take care to have the right to make the last attack, and are not obliged to sustain another onset from their opponent. We can easily believe that this arena has been often trampled by the feet of combatants, that many victories have been obtained on both sides, but that the last victory, decisive of the affair between the contending parties, was won by him who fought for the right, only if his adversary was forbidden to continue the tourney. As impartial umpires, we must lay aside entirely the consideration whether the combatants are fighting for the right or for the wrong side, for the true or for the false, and allow the combat to be first decided. Perhaps, after they have wearied more than injured each other, they will discover the nothingness of their cause of quarrel and part good friends.

This method of watching, or rather of originating, a conflict of assertions, not for the purpose of finally deciding in favour of either side, but to discover whether the object of the struggle is not a mere illusion, which each strives in vain to reach, but which would be no gain even when reached—this procedure, I say, may be termed the sceptical method. It is thoroughly distinct from

scepticism—the principle of a technical and scientific ignorance, which undermines the foundations of all knowledge, in order, if possible, to destroy our belief and confidence therein. For the sceptical method aims at certainty, by endeavouring to discover in a conflict of this kind, conducted honestly and intelligently on both sides, the point of misunderstanding; just as wise legislators derive, from the embarrassment of judges in lawsuits, information in regard to the defective and ill-defined parts of their statutes. The antinomy which reveals itself in the application of laws, is for our limited wisdom the best criterion of legislation. For the attention of reason, which in abstract speculation does not easily become conscious of its errors, is thus roused to the momenta in the determination of its principles.

But this sceptical method is essentially peculiar to transcendental philosophy, and can perhaps be dispensed with in every other field of investigation. In mathematics its use would be absurd; because in it no false assertions can long remain hidden, inasmuch as its demonstrations must always proceed under the guidance of pure intuition, and by means of an always evident synthesis. In experimental philosophy, doubt and delay may be very useful; but no misunderstanding is possible, which cannot be easily removed; and in experience means of solving the difficulty and putting an end to the dissension must at last be found, whether sooner or later. Moral philosophy can always exhibit its principles, with their practical consequences, in concreto—at least in possible experiences, and thus escape the mistakes and ambiguities of abstraction. But transcendental propositions, which lay claim to insight beyond the region of possible experience, cannot, on the one hand, exhibit their abstract synthesis in any à priori intuition, nor, on the other, expose a lurking error by the help of experience. Transcendental reason, therefore, presents us with no other criterion than that of an attempt to reconcile such assertions, and for this purpose to permit a free and unrestrained conflict between them. And this we now proceed to arrange.[50]

[50] The antinomies stand in the order of the four transcendental ideas above detailed.

FIRST CONFLICT OF THE TRANSCENDENTAL IDEAS. THESIS.

The world has a beginning in time, and is also limited in regard to space.

PROOF.

Granted that the world has no beginning in time; up to every given moment of time, an eternity must have elapsed, and therewith passed away an infinite series of successive conditions or states of things in the world. Now the infinity of a series consists in the fact that it never can be completed by means of a successive synthesis. It follows that an infinite series already elapsed is impossible and that, consequently, a beginning of the world is a necessary condition of its existence. And this was the first thing to be proved.

As regards the second, let us take the opposite for granted. In this case, the world must be an infinite given total of coexistent things. Now we cannot cogitate the dimensions of a quantity, which is not given within certain limits of an intuition,[51] in any other way than by means of the synthesis of its parts, and the total of such a quantity only by means of a completed synthesis, or the repeated addition of unity to itself. Accordingly, to cogitate the world, which fills all spaces, as a whole, the successive synthesis of the parts of an infinite world must be looked upon as completed, that is to say, an infinite time must be regarded as having elapsed in the enumeration of all co-existing things; which is impossible. For this reason an infinite aggregate of actual things cannot be considered as a given whole, consequently, not as a contemporaneously given whole. The world is consequently, as regards extension in space, not infinite, but enclosed in limits. And this was the second thing to be proved.

[51] We may consider an undetermined quantity as a whole, when it is enclosed within limits, although we cannot construct or ascertain its totality by measurement, that is, by the successive synthesis of its parts. For its limits of themselves determine its completeness as a whole.

ANTITHESIS.

The world has no beginning, and no limits in space, but is, in relation both to time and space, infinite.

PROOF.

For let it be granted that it has a beginning. A beginning is an existence which is preceded by a time in which the thing does not exist. On the above supposition, it follows that there must have been a time in which the world did not exist, that is, a void time. But in a void time the origination of a thing is impossible; because no part of any such time contains a distinctive condition of being, in

preference to that of non-being (whether the supposed thing originate of itself, or by means of some other cause). Consequently, many series of things may have a beginning in the world, but the world itself cannot have a beginning, and is, therefore, in relation to past time, infinite.

As regards the second statement, let us first take the opposite for granted—that the world is finite and limited in space; it follows that it must exist in a void space, which is not limited. We should therefore meet not only with a relation of things in space, but also a relation of things to space. Now, as the world is an absolute whole, out of and beyond which no object of intuition, and consequently no correlate to which can be discovered, this relation of the world to a void space is merely a relation to no object. But such a relation, and consequently the limitation of the world by void space, is nothing. Consequently, the world, as regards space, is not limited, that is, it is infinite in regard to extension.[52]

[52] Space is merely the form of external intuition (formal intuition), and not a real object which can be externally perceived. Space, prior to all things which determine it (fill or limit it), or, rather, which present an empirical intuition conformable to it, is, under the title of absolute space, nothing but the mere possibility of external phenomena, in so far as they either exist in themselves, or can annex themselves to given intuitions. Empirical intuition is therefore not a composition of phenomena and space (of perception and empty intuition). The one is not the correlate of the other in a synthesis, but they are vitally connected in the same empirical intuition, as matter and form. If we wish to set one of these two apart from the other—space from phenomena—there arise all sorts of empty determinations of external intuition, which are very far from being possible perceptions. For example, motion or rest of the world in an infinite empty space, or a determination of the mutual relation of both, cannot possibly be perceived, and is therefore merely the predicate of a notional entity.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE FIRST ANTINOMY. ON THE THESIS.

In bringing forward these conflicting arguments, I have not been on the search for sophisms, for the purpose of availing myself of special pleading, which takes advantage of the carelessness of the opposite party, appeals to a misunderstood statute, and erects its unrighteous claims upon an unfair interpretation. Both proofs originate fairly from the nature of the case, and the advantage presented by the mistakes of the dogmatists of both parties has been completely set aside.

The thesis might also have been unfairly demonstrated, by the introduction of an erroneous conception of the infinity of a given quantity. A quantity is infinite, if a greater than itself cannot possibly exist. The quantity is measured by the number of given units—which are taken as a standard—contained in it. Now no number can be the greatest, because one or more units can always be added. It follows that an infinite given quantity, consequently an infinite world (both as regards time and extension) is impossible. It is, therefore, limited in both respects. In this manner I might have conducted my proof; but the conception given in it does not agree with the true conception of an infinite whole. In this there is no representation of its quantity, it is not said how large it is; consequently its conception is not the conception of a maximum. We cogitate in it merely its relation to an arbitrarily assumed unit, in relation to which it is greater than any number. Now, just as the unit which is taken is greater or smaller, the infinite will be greater or smaller; but the infinity, which consists merely in the relation to this given unit, must remain always the same, although the absolute quantity of the whole is not thereby cognized.

The true (transcendental) conception of infinity is: that the successive synthesis of unity in the measurement of a given quantum can never be completed.[53] Hence it follows, without possibility of mistake, that an eternity of actual successive states up to a given (the present) moment cannot have elapsed, and that the world must therefore have a beginning.

[53] The quantum in this sense contains a congeries of given units, which is greater than any number—and this is the mathematical conception of the infinite.

In regard to the second part of the thesis, the difficulty as to an infinite and yet elapsed series disappears; for the manifold of a world infinite in extension is contemporaneously given. But, in order to cogitate the total of this manifold, as we cannot have the aid of limits constituting by themselves this total in intuition, we are obliged to give some account of our conception, which in this case cannot proceed from the whole to the determined quantity of the parts, but must demonstrate the possibility of a whole by means of a successive synthesis of the parts. But as this synthesis must constitute a series that cannot be completed, it is impossible for us to cogitate prior to it, and consequently not by means of it, a totality. For the conception of totality itself is in the present case the representation of a completed synthesis of the parts; and this completion, and consequently its conception, is impossible.

ON THE ANTITHESIS.

The proof in favour of the infinity of the cosmical succession and the cosmical content is based upon the consideration that, in the opposite case, a void time and a void space must constitute the limits of the world. Now I am not unaware, that there are some ways of escaping this conclusion. It may, for example, be alleged, that a limit to the world, as regards both space and time, is quite possible, without at the same time holding the existence of an absolute time before the beginning of the world, or an absolute space extending beyond the actual world—which is impossible. I am quite well satisfied with the latter part of this opinion of the philosophers of the Leibnitzian school. Space is merely the form of external intuition, but not a real object which can itself be externally intuited; it is not a correlate of phenomena, it is the form of phenomena itself. Space, therefore, cannot be regarded as absolutely and in itself something determinative of the existence of things, because it is not itself an object, but only the form of possible objects. Consequently, things, as phenomena, determine space; that is to say, they render it possible that, of all the possible predicates of space (size and relation), certain may belong to reality. But we cannot affirm the converse, that space, as something self-subsistent, can determine real things in regard to size or shape, for it is in itself not a real thing. Space (filled or void)[54] may therefore be limited by phenomena, but phenomena cannot be limited by an empty space without them. This is true of time also. All this being granted, it is nevertheless indisputable, that we must assume these two nonentities, void space without and void time before the world, if we assume the existence of cosmical limits, relatively to space or time.

[54] It is evident that what is meant here is, that empty space, in so far as it is limited by phenomena—space, that is, within the world—does not at least contradict transcendental principles, and may therefore, as regards them, be admitted, although its possibility cannot on that account be affirmed.

For, as regards the subterfuge adopted by those who endeavour to evade the consequence—that, if the world is limited as to space and time, the infinite void must determine the existence of actual things in regard to their dimensions—it arises solely from the fact that instead of a sensuous world, an intelligible world—of which nothing is known—is cogitated; instead of a real beginning (an existence, which is preceded by a period in which nothing exists), an existence which presupposes no other condition than that of time; and, instead of limits of extension, boundaries of the universe. But the question relates to the mundus phaenomenon, and its quantity; and in this case we cannot make abstraction of the conditions of sensibility, without doing away with the essential reality of this world itself. The world of sense, if it is limited, must necessarily lie in the infinite void. If this, and with it space as the à priori condition of the possibility of phenomena, is left out of view, the whole world of sense disappears. In our problem is this alone considered as given. The mundus intelligibilis is nothing but the general conception of a world, in which abstraction has been made of all conditions of intuition, and in relation to which no synthetical proposition—either affirmative or negative—is possible.

SECOND CONFLICT OF TRANSCENDENTAL IDEAS. THESIS.

Every composite substance in the world consists of simple parts; and there exists nothing that is not either itself simple, or composed of simple parts.

PROOF.

For, grant that composite substances do not consist of simple parts; in this case, if all combination or composition were annihilated in thought, no composite part, and (as, by the supposition, there do not exist simple parts) no simple part would exist. Consequently, no substance; consequently, nothing would exist. Either, then, it is impossible to annihilate composition in thought; or, after such annihilation, there must remain something that subsists without composition, that is, something that is simple. But in the former case the composite could not itself consist of substances, because with substances composition is merely a contingent relation, apart from which they must still exist as self-subsistent beings. Now, as this case contradicts the supposition, the second must contain the truth—that the substantial composite in the world consists of simple parts.

It follows, as an immediate inference, that the things in the world are all, without exception, simple beings—that composition is merely an external condition pertaining to them—and that, although we never can separate and isolate the elementary substances from the state of composition, reason must cogitate these as the primary subjects of all composition, and consequently, as prior thereto—and as simple substances.

ANTITHESIS.

No composite thing in the world consists of simple parts; and there does not exist in the world any simple substance.

PROOF.

Let it be supposed that a composite thing (as substance) consists of simple parts. Inasmuch as all external relation, consequently all composition of substances, is possible only in space; the space, occupied by that which is composite, must consist of the same number of parts as is contained in the composite. But space does not consist of simple parts, but of spaces. Therefore, every part of the composite must occupy a space. But the absolutely primary parts of what is composite are simple. It follows that what is simple occupies a space. Now, as everything real that occupies a space, contains a manifold the parts of which are external to each other, and is consequently composite—and a real composite, not of accidents (for these cannot exist external to each other apart from substance), but of substances—it follows that the simple must be a substantial composite, which is self-contradictory.

The second proposition of the antithesis—that there exists in the world nothing that is simple—is here equivalent to the following: The existence of the absolutely simple cannot be demonstrated from any experience or perception either external or internal; and the absolutely simple is a mere idea, the objective reality of which cannot be demonstrated in any possible experience; it is consequently, in the exposition of phenomena, without application and object. For, let us take for granted that an object may be found in experience for this transcendental idea; the empirical intuition of such an object must then be recognized to contain absolutely no manifold with its parts external to each other, and connected into unity. Now, as we cannot reason from the non-consciousness of such a manifold to the impossibility of its existence in the intuition of an object, and as the proof of this impossibility is necessary for the establishment and proof of absolute simplicity; it follows that this simplicity cannot be inferred from any perception whatever. As, therefore, an absolutely simple object cannot be given in any experience, and the world of sense must be considered as the sum total of all possible experiences: nothing simple exists in the world.

This second proposition in the antithesis has a more extended aim than the first. The first merely banishes the simple from the intuition of the composite; while the second drives it entirely out of nature. Hence we were unable to demonstrate it from the conception of a given object of external intuition (of the composite), but we were obliged to prove it from the relation of a given object to a possible experience in general.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE SECOND ANTINOMY. THESIS.

When I speak of a whole, which necessarily consists of simple parts, I understand thereby only a substantial whole, as the true composite; that is to say, I understand that contingent unity of the manifold which is given as perfectly isolated (at least in thought), placed in reciprocal connection, and thus constituted a unity. Space ought not to be called a compositum but a totum, for its parts are possible in the whole, and not the whole by means of the parts. It might perhaps be called a compositum ideale, but not a compositum reale. But this is of no importance. As space is not a composite of substances (and not even of real accidents), if I abstract all composition therein—nothing, not even a point, remains; for a point is possible only as the limit of a space—consequently of a composite. Space and time, therefore, do not consist of simple parts. That which belongs only to the condition or state of a substance, even although it possesses a quantity (motion or change, for example), likewise does not consist of simple parts. That is to say, a certain degree of change does not originate from the addition of many simple changes. Our inference of the simple from the composite is valid only of self-subsisting things. But the accidents of a state are not self-subsistent. The proof, then, for the necessity of the simple, as the component part of all that is substantial and composite, may prove a failure, and the whole case of this thesis be lost, if we carry the proposition too far, and wish to make it valid of everything that is composite without distinction—as indeed has really now and then happened. Besides, I am here speaking only of the simple, in so far as it is necessarily given in the composite—the latter being capable of solution into the former as its component parts. The proper signification of the word monas (as employed by Leibnitz) ought to relate to the simple, given immediately as simple substance (for example, in consciousness), and not as an element of the composite. As an element, the term atomus would be more appropriate. And as I wish to prove the existence of simple substances, only in relation to, and as the elements of, the composite, I might term the antithesis of the second Antinomy, transcendental Atomistic. But as this word has long been employed to designate a particular theory of corporeal phenomena (moleculae), and thus presupposes a basis of empirical conceptions, I prefer calling it the dialectical principle of Monadology.

ANTITHESIS.

Against the assertion of the infinite subdivisibility of matter whose ground of proof is purely mathematical, objections have been alleged by the Monadists. These objections lay themselves open, at first sight, to suspicion, from the fact that they do not recognize the clearest mathematical proofs as propositions relating to the constitution of space, in so far as it is really the formal condition of the possibility of all matter, but regard them merely as inferences from abstract but arbitrary conceptions, which cannot have any application to real things. Just as if it were possible to imagine another mode of intuition than that given in the primitive intuition of

space; and just as if its à priori determinations did not apply to everything, the existence of which is possible, from the fact alone of its filling space. If we listen to them, we shall find ourselves required to cogitate, in addition to the mathematical point, which is simple—not, however, a part, but a mere limit of space—physical points, which are indeed likewise simple, but possess the peculiar property, as parts of space, of filling it merely by their aggregation. I shall not repeat here the common and clear refutations of this absurdity, which are to be found everywhere in numbers: every one knows that it is impossible to undermine the evidence of mathematics by mere discursive conceptions; I shall only remark that, if in this case philosophy endeavours to gain an advantage over mathematics by sophistical artifices, it is because it forgets that the discussion relates solely to Phenomena and their conditions. It is not sufficient to find the conception of the simple for the pure conception of the composite, but we must discover for the intuition of the composite (matter), the intuition of the simple. Now this, according to the laws of sensibility, and consequently in the case of objects of sense, is utterly impossible. In the case of a whole composed of substances, which is cogitated solely by the pure understanding, it may be necessary to be in possession of the simple before composition is possible. But this does not hold good of the Totum substantiale phaenomenon, which, as an empirical intuition in space, possesses the necessary property of containing no simple part, for the very reason that no part of space is simple. Meanwhile, the Monadists have been subtle enough to escape from this difficulty, by presupposing intuition and the dynamical relation of substances as the condition of the possibility of space, instead of regarding space as the condition of the possibility of the objects of external intuition, that is, of bodies. Now we have a conception of bodies only as phenomena, and, as such, they necessarily presuppose space as the condition of all external phenomena. The evasion is therefore in vain; as, indeed, we have sufficiently shown in our Æsthetic. If bodies were things in themselves, the proof of the Monadists would be unexceptionable.

The second dialectical assertion possesses the peculiarity of having opposed to it a dogmatical proposition, which, among all such sophistical statements, is the only one that undertakes to prove in the case of an object of experience, that which is properly a transcendental idea—the absolute simplicity of substance. The proposition is that the object of the internal sense, the thinking Ego, is an absolute simple substance. Without at present entering upon this subject—as it has been considered at length in a former chapter—I shall merely remark that, if something is cogitated merely as an object, without the addition of any synthetical determination of its intuition—as happens in the case of the bare representation, _I_—it is certain that no manifold and no composition can be perceived in such a representation. As, moreover, the predicates whereby I cogitate this object are merely intuitions of the internal sense, there cannot be discovered in them anything to prove the existence of a manifold whose parts are external to each other, and, consequently, nothing to prove the existence of real composition. Consciousness, therefore, is so constituted that, inasmuch as the thinking subject is at the same time its own object, it cannot divide itself—although it can divide its inhering determinations. For every object in relation to itself is absolute unity. Nevertheless, if the subject is regarded externally, as an object of intuition, it must, in its character of phenomenon, possess the property of composition. And it must always be regarded in this manner, if we wish to know whether there is or is not contained in it a manifold whose parts are external to each other.

THIRD CONFLICT OF THE TRANSCENDENTAL IDEAS. THESIS.

Causality according to the laws of nature, is not the only causality operating to originate the phenomena of the world. A causality of freedom is also necessary to account fully for these phenomena.

PROOF.

Let it be supposed, that there is no other kind of causality than that according to the laws of nature. Consequently, everything that happens presupposes a previous condition, which it follows with absolute certainty, in conformity with a rule. But this previous condition must itself be something that has happened (that has arisen in time, as it did not exist before), for, if it has always been in existence, its consequence or effect would not thus originate for the first time, but would likewise have always existed. The causality, therefore, of a cause, whereby something happens, is itself a thing that has happened. Now this again presupposes, in conformity with the law of nature, a previous condition and its causality, and this another anterior to the former, and so on. If, then, everything happens solely in accordance with the laws of nature, there cannot be any real first beginning of things, but only a subaltern or comparative beginning. There cannot, therefore, be a completeness of series on the side of the causes which originate the one from the other. But the law of nature is that nothing can happen without a sufficient à priori determined cause. The proposition therefore—if all causality is possible only in accordance with the laws of nature—is, when stated in this unlimited and general manner, self-contradictory. It follows that this cannot be the only kind of causality.

From what has been said, it follows that a causality must be admitted, by means of which something happens, without its cause being determined according to necessary laws by some other cause preceding. That is to say, there must exist an absolute

spontaneity of cause, which of itself originates a series of phenomena which proceeds according to natural laws—consequently transcendental freedom, without which even in the course of nature the succession of phenomena on the side of causes is never complete.

ANTITHESIS.

There is no such thing as freedom, but everything in the world happens solely according to the laws of nature.

PROOF.

Granted, that there does exist freedom in the transcendental sense, as a peculiar kind of causality, operating to produce events in the world—a faculty, that is to say, of originating a state, and consequently a series of consequences from that state. In this case, not only the series originated by this spontaneity, but the determination of this spontaneity itself to the production of the series, that is to say, the causality itself must have an absolute commencement, such that nothing can precede to determine this action according to unvarying laws. But every beginning of action presupposes in the acting cause a state of inaction; and a dynamically primal beginning of action presupposes a state, which has no connection—as regards causality—with the preceding state of the cause—which does not, that is, in any wise result from it. Transcendental freedom is therefore opposed to the natural law of cause and effect, and such a conjunction of successive states in effective causes is destructive of the possibility of unity in experience and for that reason not to be found in experience—is consequently a mere fiction of thought.

We have, therefore, nothing but nature to which we must look for connection and order in cosmical events. Freedom—independence of the laws of nature—is certainly a deliverance from restraint, but it is also a relinquishing of the guidance of law and rule. For it cannot be alleged that, instead of the laws of nature, laws of freedom may be introduced into the causality of the course of nature. For, if freedom were determined according to laws, it would be no longer freedom, but merely nature. Nature, therefore, and transcendental freedom are distinguishable as conformity to law and lawlessness. The former imposes upon understanding the difficulty of seeking the origin of events ever higher and higher in the series of causes, inasmuch as causality is always conditioned thereby; while it compensates this labour by the guarantee of a unity complete and in conformity with law. The latter, on the contrary, holds out to the understanding the promise of a point of rest in the chain of causes, by conducting it to an unconditioned causality, which professes to have the power of spontaneous origination, but which, in its own utter blindness, deprives it of the guidance of rules, by which alone a completely connected experience is possible.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE THIRD ANTINOMY. ON THE THESIS.

The transcendental idea of freedom is far from constituting the entire content of the psychological conception so termed, which is for the most part empirical. It merely presents us with the conception of spontaneity of action, as the proper ground for imputing freedom to the cause of a certain class of objects. It is, however, the true stumbling-stone to philosophy, which meets with unconquerable difficulties in the way of its admitting this kind of unconditioned causality. That element in the question of the freedom of the will, which has for so long a time placed speculative reason in such perplexity, is properly only transcendental, and concerns the question, whether there must be held to exist a faculty of spontaneous origination of a series of successive things or states. How such a faculty is possible is not a necessary inquiry; for in the case of natural causality itself, we are obliged to content ourselves with the à priori knowledge that such a causality must be presupposed, although we are quite incapable of comprehending how the being of one thing is possible through the being of another, but must for this information look entirely to experience. Now we have demonstrated this necessity of a free first beginning of a series of phenomena, only in so far as it is required for the comprehension of an origin of the world, all following states being regarded as a succession according to laws of nature alone. But, as there has thus been proved the existence of a faculty which can of itself originate a series in time—although we are unable to explain how it can exist—we feel ourselves authorized to admit, even in the midst of the natural course of events, a beginning, as regards causality, of different successions of phenomena, and at the same time to attribute to all substances a faculty of free action. But we ought in this case not to allow ourselves to fall into a common misunderstanding, and to suppose that, because a successive series in the world can only have a comparatively first beginning—another state or condition of things always preceding—an absolutely first beginning of a series in the course of nature is impossible. For we are not speaking here of an absolutely first beginning in relation to time, but as regards causality alone. When, for example, I, completely of my own free will, and independently of the necessarily determinative influence of natural causes, rise from my chair, there commences with this event, including its material consequences in infinitum, an absolutely new series; although, in relation to time, this event is merely the continuation of a preceding series. For this resolution and act of mine do not form part of the succession of effects in nature,

and are not mere continuations of it; on the contrary, the determining causes of nature cease to operate in reference to this event, which certainly succeeds the acts of nature, but does not proceed from them. For these reasons, the action of a free agent must be termed, in regard to causality, if not in relation to time, an absolutely primal beginning of a series of phenomena.

The justification of this need of reason to rest upon a free act as the first beginning of the series of natural causes is evident from the fact, that all philosophers of antiquity (with the exception of the Epicurean school) felt themselves obliged, when constructing a theory of the motions of the universe, to accept a prime mover, that is, a freely acting cause, which spontaneously and prior to all other causes evolved this series of states. They always felt the need of going beyond mere nature, for the purpose of making a first beginning comprehensible.

ON THE ANTITHESIS.

The assertor of the all-sufficiency of nature in regard to causality (transcendental Physiocracy), in opposition to the doctrine of freedom, would defend his view of the question somewhat in the following manner. He would say, in answer to the sophistical arguments of the opposite party: If you do not accept a mathematical first, in relation to time, you have no need to seek a dynamical first, in regard to causality. Who compelled you to imagine an absolutely primal condition of the world, and therewith an absolute beginning of the gradually progressing successions of phenomena—and, as some foundation for this fancy of yours, to set bounds to unlimited nature? Inasmuch as the substances in the world have always existed—at least the unity of experience renders such a supposition quite necessary—there is no difficulty in believing also, that the changes in the conditions of these substances have always existed; and, consequently, that a first beginning, mathematical or dynamical, is by no means required. The possibility of such an infinite derivation, without any initial member from which all the others result, is certainly quite incomprehensible. But, if you are rash enough to deny the enigmatical secrets of nature for this reason, you will find yourselves obliged to deny also the existence of many fundamental properties of natural objects (such as fundamental forces), which you can just as little comprehend; and even the possibility of so simple a conception as that of change must present to you insuperable difficulties. For if experience did not teach you that it was real, you never could conceive à priori the possibility of this ceaseless sequence of being and non-being.

But if the existence of a transcendental faculty of freedom is granted—a faculty of originating changes in the world—this faculty must at least exist out of and apart from the world; although it is certainly a bold assumption, that, over and above the complete content of all possible intuitions, there still exists an object which cannot be presented in any possible perception. But, to attribute to substances in the world itself such a faculty, is quite inadmissible; for, in this case; the connection of phenomena reciprocally determining and determined according to general laws, which is termed nature, and along with it the criteria of empirical truth, which enable us to distinguish experience from mere visionary dreaming, would almost entirely disappear. In proximity with such a lawless faculty of freedom, a system of nature is hardly cogitable; for the laws of the latter would be continually subject to the intrusive influences of the former, and the course of phenomena, which would otherwise proceed regularly and uniformly, would become thereby confused and disconnected.

FOURTH CONFLICT OF THE TRANSCENDENTAL IDEAS. THESIS.

There exists either in, or in connection with the world—either as a part of it, or as the cause of it—an absolutely necessary being.

PROOF.

The world of sense, as the sum total of all phenomena, contains a series of changes. For, without such a series, the mental representation of the series of time itself, as the condition of the possibility of the sensuous world, could not be presented to us.[55] But every change stands under its condition, which precedes it in time and renders it necessary. Now the existence of a given condition presupposes a complete series of conditions up to the absolutely unconditioned, which alone is absolutely necessary. It follows that something that is absolutely necessary must exist, if change exists as its consequence. But this necessary thing itself belongs to the sensuous world. For suppose it to exist out of and apart from it, the series of cosmical changes would receive from it a beginning, and yet this necessary cause would not itself belong to the world of sense. But this is impossible. For, as the beginning of a series in time is determined only by that which precedes it in time, the supreme condition of the beginning of a series of changes must exist in the time in which this series itself did not exist; for a beginning supposes a time preceding, in which the thing that begins to be was not in existence. The causality of the necessary cause of changes, and consequently the cause itself, must for these reasons belong to time—and to phenomena, time being possible only as the form of phenomena. Consequently, it cannot be cogitated as separated from the world of sense—the sum total of all phenomena. There is, therefore, contained in the world,

something that is absolutely necessary—whether it be the whole cosmical series itself, or only a part of it.

[55] Objectively, time, as the formal condition of the possibility of change, precedes all changes; but subjectively, and in consciousness, the representation of time, like every other, is given solely by occasion of perception.

ANTITHESIS.

An absolutely necessary being does not exist, either in the world, or out of it—as its cause.

PROOF.

Grant that either the world itself is necessary, or that there is contained in it a necessary existence. Two cases are possible. First, there must either be in the series of cosmical changes a beginning, which is unconditionally necessary, and therefore uncaused—which is at variance with the dynamical law of the determination of all phenomena in time; or, secondly, the series itself is without beginning, and, although contingent and conditioned in all its parts, is nevertheless absolutely necessary and unconditioned as a whole—which is self-contradictory. For the existence of an aggregate cannot be necessary, if no single part of it possesses necessary existence.

Grant, on the other hand, that an absolutely necessary cause exists out of and apart from the world. This cause, as the highest member in the series of the causes of cosmical changes, must originate or begin[56] the existence of the latter and their series. In this case it must also begin to act, and its causality would therefore belong to time, and consequently to the sum total of phenomena, that is, to the world. It follows that the cause cannot be out of the world; which is contradictory to the hypothesis. Therefore, neither in the world, nor out of it (but in causal connection with it), does there exist any absolutely necessary being.

[56] The word begin is taken in two senses. The first is active—the cause being regarded as beginning a series of conditions as its effect (infit). The second is passive—the causality in the cause itself beginning to operate (fit). I reason here from the first to the second.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE FOURTH ANTINOMY. ON THE THESIS.

To demonstrate the existence of a necessary being, I cannot be permitted in this place to employ any other than the cosmological argument, which ascends from the conditioned in phenomena to the unconditioned in conception—the unconditioned being considered the necessary condition of the absolute totality of the series. The proof, from the mere idea of a supreme being, belongs to another principle of reason and requires separate discussion.

The pure cosmological proof demonstrates the existence of a necessary being, but at the same time leaves it quite unsettled, whether this being is the world itself, or quite distinct from it. To establish the truth of the latter view, principles are requisite, which are not cosmological and do not proceed in the series of phenomena. We should require to introduce into our proof conceptions of contingent beings—regarded merely as objects of the understanding, and also a principle which enables us to connect these, by means of mere conceptions, with a necessary being. But the proper place for all such arguments is a transcendent philosophy, which has unhappily not yet been established.

But, if we begin our proof cosmologically, by laying at the foundation of it the series of phenomena, and the regress in it according to empirical laws of causality, we are not at liberty to break off from this mode of demonstration and to pass over to something which is not itself a member of the series. The condition must be taken in exactly the same signification as the relation of the conditioned to its condition in the series has been taken, for the series must conduct us in an unbroken regress to this supreme condition. But if this relation is sensuous, and belongs to the possible empirical employment of understanding, the supreme condition or cause must close the regressive series according to the laws of sensibility and consequently, must belong to the series of time. It follows that this necessary existence must be regarded as the highest member of the cosmical series.

Certain philosophers have, nevertheless, allowed themselves the liberty of making such a saltus (metabasis eis allo gonos). From the changes in the world they have concluded their empirical contingency, that is, their dependence on empirically-determined causes, and they thus admitted an ascending series of empirical conditions: and in this they are quite right. But as they could not find in this series any primal beginning or any highest member, they passed suddenly from the empirical conception of contingency to the pure category, which presents us with a series—not sensuous, but intellectual—whose completeness does certainly rest upon the existence of an absolutely necessary cause. Nay, more, this intellectual series is not tied to any sensuous conditions; and

is therefore free from the condition of time, which requires it spontaneously to begin its causality in time. But such a procedure is perfectly inadmissible, as will be made plain from what follows.

In the pure sense of the categories, that is contingent the contradictory opposite of which is possible. Now we cannot reason from empirical contingency to intellectual. The opposite of that which is changed—the opposite of its state—is actual at another time, and is therefore possible. Consequently, it is not the contradictory opposite of the former state. To be that, it is necessary that, in the same time in which the preceding state existed, its opposite could have existed in its place; but such a cognition is not given us in the mere phenomenon of change. A body that was in motion = A, comes into a state of rest = non-A. Now it cannot be concluded from the fact that a state opposite to the state A follows it, that the contradictory opposite of A is possible; and that A is therefore contingent. To prove this, we should require to know that the state of rest could have existed in the very same time in which the motion took place. Now we know nothing more than that the state of rest was actual in the time that followed the state of motion; consequently, that it was also possible. But motion at one time, and rest at another time, are not contradictorily opposed to each other. It follows from what has been said that the succession of opposite determinations, that is, change, does not demonstrate the fact of contingency as represented in the conceptions of the pure understanding; and that it cannot, therefore, conduct us to the fact of the existence of a necessary being. Change proves merely empirical contingency, that is to say, that the new state could not have existed without a cause, which belongs to the preceding time. This cause—even although it is regarded as absolutely necessary—must be presented to us in time, and must belong to the series of phenomena.

ON THE ANTITHESIS.

The difficulties which meet us, in our attempt to rise through the series of phenomena to the existence of an absolutely necessary supreme cause, must not originate from our inability to establish the truth of our mere conceptions of the necessary existence of a thing. That is to say, our objections not be ontological, but must be directed against the causal connection with a series of phenomena of a condition which is itself unconditioned. In one word, they must be cosmological and relate to empirical laws. We must show that the regress in the series of causes (in the world of sense) cannot conclude with an empirically unconditioned condition, and that the cosmological argument from the contingency of the cosmical state—a contingency alleged to arise from change—does not justify us in accepting a first cause, that is, a prime originator of the cosmical series.

The reader will observe in this antinomy a very remarkable contrast. The very same grounds of proof which established in the thesis the existence of a supreme being, demonstrated in the antithesis—and with equal strictness—the non-existence of such a being. We found, first, that a necessary being exists, because the whole time past contains the series of all conditions, and with it, therefore, the unconditioned (the necessary); secondly, that there does not exist any necessary being, for the same reason, that the whole time past contains the series of all conditions—which are themselves, therefore, in the aggregate, conditioned. The cause of this seeming incongruity is as follows. We attend, in the first argument, solely to the absolute totality of the series of conditions, the one of which determines the other in time, and thus arrive at a necessary unconditioned. In the second, we consider, on the contrary, the contingency of everything that is determined in the series of time—for every event is preceded by a time, in which the condition itself must be determined as conditioned—and thus everything that is unconditioned or absolutely necessary disappears. In both, the mode of proof is quite in accordance with the common procedure of human reason, which often falls into discord with itself, from considering an object from two different points of view. Herr von Mairan regarded the controversy between two celebrated astronomers, which arose from a similar difficulty as to the choice of a proper standpoint, as a phenomenon of sufficient importance to warrant a separate treatise on the subject. The one concluded: the moon revolves on its own axis, because it constantly presents the same side to the earth; the other declared that the moon does not revolve on its own axis, for the same reason. Both conclusions were perfectly correct, according to the point of view from which the motions of the moon were considered.

Section III. Of the Interest of Reason in these Self-contradictions

We have thus completely before us the dialectical procedure of the cosmological ideas. No possible experience can present us with an object adequate to them in extent. Nay, more, reason itself cannot cogitate them as according with the general laws of experience. And yet they are not arbitrary fictions of thought. On the contrary, reason, in its uninterrupted progress in the empirical synthesis, is necessarily conducted to them, when it endeavours to free from all conditions and to comprehend in its unconditioned totality that which can only be determined conditionally in accordance with the laws of experience. These dialectical propositions are so many attempts to solve four natural and unavoidable problems of reason. There are neither more, nor can there be less, than this number, because there are no other series of synthetical hypotheses, limiting à priori the empirical synthesis.

The brilliant claims of reason striving to extend its dominion beyond the limits of experience, have been represented above only in dry formulae, which contain merely the grounds of its pretensions. They have, besides, in conformity with the character of a transcendental philosophy, been freed from every empirical element; although the full splendour of the promises they hold out, and the anticipations they excite, manifests itself only when in connection with empirical cognitions. In the application of them, however, and in the advancing enlargement of the employment of reason, while struggling to rise from the region of experience and to soar to those sublime ideas, philosophy discovers a value and a dignity, which, if it could but make good its assertions, would raise it far above all other departments of human knowledge—professing, as it does, to present a sure foundation for our highest hopes and the ultimate aims of all the exertions of reason. The questions: whether the world has a beginning and a limit to its extension in space; whether there exists anywhere, or perhaps, in my own thinking Self, an indivisible and indestructible unity—or whether nothing but what is divisible and transitory exists; whether I am a free agent, or, like other beings, am bound in the chains of nature and fate; whether, finally, there is a supreme cause of the world, or all our thought and speculation must end with nature and the order of external things—are questions for the solution of which the mathematician would willingly exchange his whole science; for in it there is no satisfaction for the highest aspirations and most ardent desires of humanity. Nay, it may even be said that the true value of mathematics—that pride of human reason—consists in this: that she guides reason to the knowledge of nature—in her greater as well as in her less manifestations—in her beautiful order and regularity—guides her, moreover, to an insight into the wonderful unity of the moving forces in the operations of nature, far beyond the expectations of a philosophy building only on experience; and that she thus encourages philosophy to extend the province of reason beyond all experience, and at the same time provides it with the most excellent materials for supporting its investigations, in so far as their nature admits, by adequate and accordant intuitions.

Unfortunately for speculation—but perhaps fortunately for the practical interests of humanity—reason, in the midst of her highest anticipations, finds herself hemmed in by a press of opposite and contradictory conclusions, from which neither her honour nor her safety will permit her to draw back. Nor can she regard these conflicting trains of reasoning with indifference as mere passages at arms, still less can she command peace; for in the subject of the conflict she has a deep interest. There is no other course left open to her than to reflect with herself upon the origin of this disunion in reason—whether it may not arise from a mere misunderstanding. After such an inquiry, arrogant claims would have to be given up on both sides; but the sovereignty of reason over understanding and sense would be based upon a sure foundation.

We shall at present defer this radical inquiry and, in the meantime, consider for a little what side in the controversy we should most willingly take, if we were obliged to become partisans at all. As, in this case, we leave out of sight altogether the logical criterion of truth, and merely consult our own interest in reference to the question, these considerations, although inadequate to settle the question of right in either party, will enable us to comprehend how those who have taken part in the struggle, adopt the one view rather than the other—no special insight into the subject, however, having influenced their choice. They will, at the same time, explain to us many other things by the way—for example, the fiery zeal on the one side and the cold maintenance of their cause on the other; why the one party has met with the warmest approbations, and the other has always been repulsed by irreconcilable prejudices.

There is one thing, however, that determines the proper point of view, from which alone this preliminary inquiry can be instituted and carried on with the proper completeness—and that is the comparison of the principles from which both sides, thesis and antithesis, proceed. My readers would remark in the propositions of the antithesis a complete uniformity in the mode of thought and a perfect unity of principle. Its principle was that of pure empiricism, not only in the explication of the phenomena in the world, but also in the solution of the transcendental ideas, even of that of the universe itself. The affirmations of the thesis, on the contrary, were based, in addition to the empirical mode of explanation employed in the series of phenomena, on intellectual propositions; and its principles were in so far not simple. I shall term the thesis, in view of its essential characteristic, the dogmatism of pure reason.

On the side of Dogmatism, or of the thesis, therefore, in the determination of the cosmological ideas, we find:

1. A practical interest, which must be very dear to every right-thinking man. That the word has a beginning—that the nature of my thinking self is simple, and therefore indestructible—that I am a free agent, and raised above the compulsion of nature and her laws—and, finally, that the entire order of things, which form the world, is dependent upon a Supreme Being, from whom the whole receives unity and connection—these are so many foundation-stones of morality and religion. The antithesis deprives us of all these supports—or, at least, seems so to deprive us.

2. A speculative interest of reason manifests itself on this side. For, if we take the transcendental ideas and employ them in the manner which the thesis directs, we can exhibit completely à priori the entire chain of conditions, and understand the derivation of the conditioned—beginning from the unconditioned. This the antithesis does not do; and for this reason does not meet with so welcome a reception. For it can give no answer to our question respecting the conditions of its synthesis—except such as must be supplemented by another question, and so on to infinity. According to it, we must rise from a given beginning to one still higher; every part conducts us to a still smaller one; every event is preceded by another event which is its cause; and the conditions of existence rest always upon other and still higher conditions, and find neither end nor basis in some self-subsistent thing as the primal being.

3. This side has also the advantage of popularity; and this constitutes no small part of its claim to favour. The common understanding does not find the least difficulty in the idea of the unconditioned beginning of all synthesis—accustomed, as it is, rather to follow our consequences than to seek for a proper basis for cognition. In the conception of an absolute first, moreover—the possibility of which it does not inquire into—it is highly gratified to find a firmly-established point of departure for its attempts at theory; while in the restless and continuous ascent from the conditioned to the condition, always with one foot in the air, it can find no satisfaction.

On the side of the antithesis, or Empiricism, in the determination of the cosmological ideas:

1. We cannot discover any such practical interest arising from pure principles of reason as morality and religion present. On the contrary, pure empiricism seems to empty them of all their power and influence. If there does not exist a Supreme Being distinct from the world—if the world is without beginning, consequently without a Creator—if our wills are not free, and the soul is divisible and subject to corruption just like matter—the ideas and principles of morality lose all validity and fall with the transcendental ideas which constituted their theoretical support.

2. But empiricism, in compensation, holds out to reason, in its speculative interests, certain important advantages, far exceeding any that the dogmatist can promise us. For, when employed by the empiricist, understanding is always upon its proper ground of investigation—the field of possible experience, the laws of which it can explore, and thus extend its cognition securely and with clear intelligence without being stopped by limits in any direction. Here can it and ought it to find and present to intuition its proper object—not only in itself, but in all its relations; or, if it employ conceptions, upon this ground it can always present the corresponding images in clear and unmistakable intuitions. It is quite unnecessary for it to renounce the guidance of nature, to attach itself to ideas, the objects of which it cannot know; because, as mere intellectual entities, they cannot be presented in any intuition. On the contrary, it is not even permitted to abandon its proper occupation, under the pretence that it has been brought to a conclusion (for it never can be), and to pass into the region of idealizing reason and transcendent conceptions, which it is not required to observe and explore the laws of nature, but merely to think and to imagine—secure from being contradicted by facts, because they have not been called as witnesses, but passed by, or perhaps subordinated to the so-called higher interests and considerations of pure reason.

Hence the empiricist will never allow himself to accept any epoch of nature for the first—the absolutely primal state; he will not believe that there can be limits to his outlook into her wide domains, nor pass from the objects of nature, which he can satisfactorily explain by means of observation and mathematical thought—which he can determine synthetically in intuition, to those which neither sense nor imagination can ever present in concreto; he will not concede the existence of a faculty in nature, operating independently of the laws of nature—a concession which would introduce uncertainty into the procedure of the understanding, which is guided by necessary laws to the observation of phenomena; nor, finally, will he permit himself to seek a cause beyond nature, inasmuch as we know nothing but it, and from it alone receive an objective basis for all our conceptions and instruction in the unvarying laws of things.

In truth, if the empirical philosopher had no other purpose in the establishment of his antithesis than to check the presumption of a reason which mistakes its true destination, which boasts of its insight and its knowledge, just where all insight and knowledge cease to exist, and regards that which is valid only in relation to a practical interest, as an advancement of the speculative interests of the mind (in order, when it is convenient for itself, to break the thread of our physical investigations, and, under pretence of extending our cognition, connect them with transcendental ideas, by means of which we really know only that we know nothing)—if, I say, the empiricist rested satisfied with this benefit, the principle advanced by him would be a maxim recommending moderation in the pretensions of reason and modesty in its affirmations, and at the same time would direct us to the right mode of extending the province of the understanding, by the help of the only true teacher, experience. In obedience to this advice, intellectual hypotheses

and faith would not be called in aid of our practical interests; nor should we introduce them under the pompous titles of science and insight. For speculative cognition cannot find an objective basis any other where than in experience; and, when we overstep its limits our synthesis, which requires ever new cognitions independent of experience, has no substratum of intuition upon which to build.

But if—as often happens—empiricism, in relation to ideas, becomes itself dogmatic and boldly denies that which is above the sphere of its phenomenal cognition, it falls itself into the error of intemperance—an error which is here all the more reprehensible, as thereby the practical interest of reason receives an irreparable injury.

And this constitutes the opposition between Epicureanism[57] and Platonism.

[57] It is, however, still a matter of doubt whether Epicurus ever propounded these principles as directions for the objective employment of the understanding. If, indeed, they were nothing more than maxims for the speculative exercise of reason, he gives evidence therein a more genuine philosophic spirit than any of the philosophers of antiquity. That, in the explanation of phenomena, we must proceed as if the field of inquiry had neither limits in space nor commencement in time; that we must be satisfied with the teaching of experience in reference to the material of which the world is posed; that we must not look for any other mode of the origination of events than that which is determined by the unalterable laws of nature; and finally, that we not employ the hypothesis of a cause distinct from the world to account for a phenomenon or for the world itself—are principles for the extension of speculative philosophy, and the discovery of the true sources of the principles of morals, which, however little conformed to in the present day, are undoubtedly correct. At the same time, any one desirous of ignoring, in mere speculation, these dogmatical propositions, need not for that reason be accused of denying them.

Both Epicurus and Plato assert more in their systems than they know. The former encourages and advances science—although to the prejudice of the practical; the latter presents us with excellent principles for the investigation of the practical, but, in relation to everything regarding which we can attain to speculative cognition, permits reason to append idealistic explanations of natural phenomena, to the great injury of physical investigation.

3. In regard to the third motive for the preliminary choice of a party in this war of assertions, it seems very extraordinary that empiricism should be utterly unpopular. We should be inclined to believe that the common understanding would receive it with pleasure—promising as it does to satisfy it without passing the bounds of experience and its connected order; while transcendental dogmatism obliges it to rise to conceptions which far surpass the intelligence and ability of the most practised thinkers. But in this, in truth, is to be found its real motive. For the common understanding thus finds itself in a situation where not even the most learned can have the advantage of it. If it understands little or nothing about these transcendental conceptions, no one can boast of understanding any more; and although it may not express itself in so scholastically correct a manner as others, it can busy itself with reasoning and arguments without end, wandering among mere ideas, about which one can always be very eloquent, because we know nothing about them; while, in the observation and investigation of nature, it would be forced to remain dumb and to confess its utter ignorance. Thus indolence and vanity form of themselves strong recommendations of these principles. Besides, although it is a hard thing for a philosopher to assume a principle, of which he can give to himself no reasonable account, and still more to employ conceptions, the objective reality of which cannot be established, nothing is more usual with the common understanding. It wants something which will allow it to go to work with confidence. The difficulty of even comprehending a supposition does not disquiet it, because—not knowing what comprehending means—it never even thinks of the supposition it may be adopting as a principle; and regards as known that with which it has become familiar from constant use. And, at last, all speculative interests disappear before the practical interests which it holds dear; and it fancies that it understands and knows what its necessities and hopes incite it to assume or to believe. Thus the empiricism of transcendentally idealizing reason is robbed of all popularity; and, however prejudicial it may be to the highest practical principles, there is no fear that it will ever pass the limits of the schools, or acquire any favour or influence in society or with the multitude.

Human reason is by nature architectonic. That is to say, it regards all cognitions as parts of a possible system, and hence accepts only such principles as at least do not incapacitate a cognition to which we may have attained from being placed along with others in a general system. But the propositions of the antithesis are of a character which renders the completion of an edifice of cognitions impossible. According to these, beyond one state or epoch of the world there is always to be found one more ancient; in every part always other parts themselves divisible; preceding every event another, the origin of which must itself be sought still higher; and everything in existence is conditioned, and still not dependent on an unconditioned and primal existence. As, therefore, the antithesis will not concede the existence of a first beginning which might be available as a foundation, a complete edifice of

cognition, in the presence of such hypothesis, is utterly impossible. Thus the architectonic interest of reason, which requires a unity—not empirical, but à priori and rational—forms a natural recommendation for the assertions of the thesis in our antinomy.

But if any one could free himself entirely from all considerations of interest, and weigh without partiality the assertions of reason, attending only to their content, irrespective of the consequences which follow from them; such a person, on the supposition that he knew no other way out of the confusion than to settle the truth of one or other of the conflicting doctrines, would live in a state of continual hesitation. Today, he would feel convinced that the human will is free; to-morrow, considering the indissoluble chain of nature, he would look on freedom as a mere illusion and declare nature to be all-in-all. But, if he were called to action, the play of the merely speculative reason would disappear like the shapes of a dream, and practical interest would dictate his choice of principles. But, as it well befits a reflective and inquiring being to devote certain periods of time to the examination of its own reason—to divest itself of all partiality, and frankly to communicate its observations for the judgement and opinion of others; so no one can be blamed for, much less prevented from, placing both parties on their trial, with permission to end themselves, free from intimidation, before intimidation, before a sworn jury of equal condition with themselves—the condition of weak and fallible men.

Section IV. Of the necessity imposed upon Pure Reason of presenting a Solution of its Transcendental Problems

To avow an ability to solve all problems and to answer all questions would be a profession certain to convict any philosopher of extravagant boasting and self-conceit, and at once to destroy the confidence that might otherwise have been reposed in him. There are, however, sciences so constituted that every question arising within their sphere must necessarily be capable of receiving an answer from the knowledge already possessed, for the answer must be received from the same sources whence the question arose. In such sciences it is not allowable to excuse ourselves on the plea of necessary and unavoidable ignorance; a solution is absolutely requisite. The rule of right and wrong must help us to the knowledge of what is right or wrong in all possible cases; otherwise, the idea of obligation or duty would be utterly null, for we cannot have any obligation to that which we cannot know. On the other hand, in our investigations of the phenomena of nature, much must remain uncertain, and many questions continue insoluble; because what we know of nature is far from being sufficient to explain all the phenomena that are presented to our observation. Now the question is: Whether there is in transcendental philosophy any question, relating to an object presented to pure reason, which is unanswerable by this reason; and whether we must regard the subject of the question as quite uncertain, so far as our knowledge extends, and must give it a place among those subjects, of which we have just so much conception as is sufficient to enable us to raise a question—faculty or materials failing us, however, when we attempt an answer.

Now I maintain that, among all speculative cognition, the peculiarity of transcendental philosophy is that there is no question, relating to an object presented to pure reason, which is insoluble by this reason; and that the profession of unavoidable ignorance—the problem being alleged to be beyond the reach of our faculties—cannot free us from the obligation to present a complete and satisfactory answer. For the very conception which enables us to raise the question must give us the power of answering it; inasmuch as the object, as in the case of right and wrong, is not to be discovered out of the conception.

But, in transcendental philosophy, it is only the cosmological questions to which we can demand a satisfactory answer in relation to the constitution of their object; and the philosopher is not permitted to avail himself of the pretext of necessary ignorance and impenetrable obscurity. These questions relate solely to the cosmological ideas. For the object must be given in experience, and the question relates to the adequateness of the object to an idea. If the object is transcendental and therefore itself unknown; if the question, for example, is whether the object—the something, the phenomenon of which (internal—in ourselves) is thought—that is to say, the soul, is in itself a simple being; or whether there is a cause of all things, which is absolutely necessary—in such cases we are seeking for our idea an object, of which we may confess that it is unknown to us, though we must not on that account assert that it is impossible.[58] The cosmological ideas alone posses the peculiarity that we can presuppose the object of them and the empirical synthesis requisite for the conception of that object to be given; and the question, which arises from these ideas, relates merely to the progress of this synthesis, in so far as it must contain absolute totality—which, however, is not empirical, as it cannot be given in any experience. Now, as the question here is solely in regard to a thing as the object of a possible experience and not as a thing in itself, the answer to the transcendental cosmological question need not be sought out of the idea, for the question does not regard an object in itself. The question in relation to a possible experience is not, “What can be given in an experience in concreto” but “what is contained in the idea, to which the empirical synthesis must approximate.” The question must therefore be capable of solution from the idea alone. For the idea is a creation of reason itself, which therefore cannot disclaim the obligation to answer or refer us to the unknown object.

[58] The question, “What is the constitution of a transcendental object?” is unanswerable—we are unable to say what it is; but we can perceive that the question itself is nothing; because it does not relate to any object that can be presented to us. For this reason, we must consider all the questions raised in transcendental psychology as answerable and as really answered; for they relate to the transcendental subject of all internal phenomena, which is not itself phenomenon and consequently not given as an object, in which, moreover, none of the categories—and it is to them that the question is properly directed—find any conditions of its application. Here, therefore, is a case where no answer is the only proper answer. For a question regarding the constitution of a something which cannot be cogitated by any determined predicate, being completely beyond the sphere of objects and experience, is perfectly null and void.

It is not so extraordinary, as it at first sight appears, that a science should demand and expect satisfactory answers to all the questions that may arise within its own sphere (questiones domesticae), although, up to a certain time, these answers may not have been discovered. There are, in addition to transcendental philosophy, only two pure sciences of reason; the one with a speculative, the other with a practical content—pure mathematics and pure ethics. Has any one ever heard it alleged that, from our complete and necessary ignorance of the conditions, it is uncertain what exact relation the diameter of a circle bears to the circle in rational or irrational numbers? By the former the sum cannot be given exactly, by the latter only approximately; and therefore we decide that the impossibility of a solution of the question is evident. Lambert presented us with a demonstration of this. In the general principles of morals there can be nothing uncertain, for the propositions are either utterly without meaning, or must originate solely in our rational conceptions. On the other hand, there must be in physical science an infinite number of conjectures, which can never become certainties; because the phenomena of nature are not given as objects dependent on our conceptions. The key to the solution of such questions cannot, therefore, be found in our conceptions, or in pure thought, but must lie without us and for that reason is in many cases not to be discovered; and consequently a satisfactory explanation cannot be expected. The questions of transcendental analytic, which relate to the deduction of our pure cognition, are not to be regarded as of the same kind as those mentioned above; for we are not at present treating of the certainty of judgements in relation to the origin of our conceptions, but only of that certainty in relation to objects.

We cannot, therefore, escape the responsibility of at least a critical solution of the questions of reason, by complaints of the limited nature of our faculties, and the seemingly humble confession that it is beyond the power of our reason to decide, whether the world has existed from all eternity or had a beginning—whether it is infinitely extended, or enclosed within certain limits—whether anything in the world is simple, or whether everything must be capable of infinite divisibility—whether freedom can originate phenomena, or whether everything is absolutely dependent on the laws and order of nature—and, finally, whether there exists a being that is completely unconditioned and necessary, or whether the existence of everything is conditioned and consequently dependent on something external to itself, and therefore in its own nature contingent. For all these questions relate to an object, which can be given nowhere else than in thought. This object is the absolutely unconditioned totality of the synthesis of phenomena. If the conceptions in our minds do not assist us to some certain result in regard to these problems, we must not defend ourselves on the plea that the object itself remains hidden from and unknown to us. For no such thing or object can be given—it is not to be found out of the idea in our minds. We must seek the cause of our failure in our idea itself, which is an insoluble problem and in regard to which we obstinately assume that there exists a real object corresponding and adequate to it. A clear explanation of the dialectic which lies in our conception, will very soon enable us to come to a satisfactory decision in regard to such a question.

The pretext that we are unable to arrive at certainty in regard to these problems may be met with this question, which requires at least a plain answer: “From what source do the ideas originate, the solution of which involves you in such difficulties? Are you seeking for an explanation of certain phenomena; and do you expect these ideas to give you the principles or the rules of this explanation?” Let it be granted, that all nature was laid open before you; that nothing was hid from your senses and your consciousness. Still, you could not cognize in concreto the object of your ideas in any experience. For what is demanded is not only this full and complete intuition, but also a complete synthesis and the consciousness of its absolute totality; and this is not possible by means of any empirical cognition. It follows that your question—your idea—is by no means necessary for the explanation of any phenomenon; and the idea cannot have been in any sense given by the object itself. For such an object can never be presented to us, because it cannot be given by any possible experience. Whatever perceptions you may attain to, you are still surrounded by conditions—in space, or in time—and you cannot discover anything unconditioned; nor can you decide whether this unconditioned is to be placed in an absolute beginning of the synthesis, or in an absolute totality of the series without beginning. A whole, in the empirical signification of the term, is always merely comparative. The absolute whole of quantity (the universe), of division, of derivation, of the condition of existence, with the question—whether it is to be produced by finite or infinite synthesis, no possible

experience can instruct us concerning. You will not, for example, be able to explain the phenomena of a body in the least degree better, whether you believe it to consist of simple, or of composite parts; for a simple phenomenon—and just as little an infinite series of composition—can never be presented to your perception. Phenomena require and admit of explanation, only in so far as the conditions of that explanation are given in perception; but the sum total of that which is given in phenomena, considered as an absolute whole, is itself a perception—and we cannot therefore seek for explanations of this whole beyond itself, in other perceptions. The explanation of this whole is the proper object of the transcendental problems of pure reason.

Although, therefore, the solution of these problems is unattainable through experience, we must not permit ourselves to say that it is uncertain how the object of our inquiries is constituted. For the object is in our own mind and cannot be discovered in experience; and we have only to take care that our thoughts are consistent with each other, and to avoid falling into the amphiboly of regarding our idea as a representation of an object empirically given, and therefore to be cognized according to the laws of experience. A dogmatical solution is therefore not only unsatisfactory but impossible. The critical solution, which may be a perfectly certain one, does not consider the question objectively, but proceeds by inquiring into the basis of the cognition upon which the question rests.

Section V. Sceptical Exposition of the Cosmological Problems presented in the four Transcendental Ideas

We should be quite willing to desist from the demand of a dogmatical answer to our questions, if we understood beforehand that, be the answer what it may, it would only serve to increase our ignorance, to throw us from one incomprehensibility into another, from one obscurity into another still greater, and perhaps lead us into irreconcilable contradictions. If a dogmatical affirmative or negative answer is demanded, is it at all prudent to set aside the probable grounds of a solution which lie before us and to take into consideration what advantage we shall gain, if the answer is to favour the one side or the other? If it happens that in both cases the answer is mere nonsense, we have in this an irresistible summons to institute a critical investigation of the question, for the purpose of discovering whether it is based on a groundless presupposition and relates to an idea, the falsity of which would be more easily exposed in its application and consequences than in the mere representation of its content. This is the great utility of the sceptical mode of treating the questions addressed by pure reason to itself. By this method we easily rid ourselves of the confusions of dogmatism, and establish in its place a temperate criticism, which, as a genuine cathartic, will successfully remove the presumptuous notions of philosophy and their consequence—the vain pretension to universal science.

If, then, I could understand the nature of a cosmological idea and perceive, before I entered on the discussion of the subject at all, that, whatever side of the question regarding the unconditioned of the regressive synthesis of phenomena it favoured—it must either be too great or too small for every conception of the understanding—I would be able to comprehend how the idea, which relates to an object of experience—an experience which must be adequate to and in accordance with a possible conception of the understanding—must be completely void and without significance, inasmuch as its object is inadequate, consider it as we may. And this is actually the case with all cosmological conceptions, which, for the reason above mentioned, involve reason, so long as it remains attached to them, in an unavoidable antinomy. For suppose:

First, that the world has no beginning—in this case it is too large for our conception; for this conception, which consists in a successive regress, cannot overtake the whole eternity that has elapsed. Grant that it has a beginning, it is then too small for the conception of the understanding. For, as a beginning presupposes a time preceding, it cannot be unconditioned; and the law of the empirical employment of the understanding imposes the necessity of looking for a higher condition of time; and the world is, therefore, evidently too small for this law.

The same is the case with the double answer to the question regarding the extent, in space, of the world. For, if it is infinite and unlimited, it must be too large for every possible empirical conception. If it is finite and limited, we have a right to ask: “What determines these limits?” Void space is not a self-subsistent correlate of things, and cannot be a final condition—and still less an empirical condition, forming a part of a possible experience. For how can we have any experience or perception of an absolute void? But the absolute totality of the empirical synthesis requires that the unconditioned be an empirical conception. Consequently, a finite world is too small for our conception.

Secondly, if every phenomenon (matter) in space consists of an infinite number of parts, the regress of the division is always too great for our conception; and if the division of space must cease with some member of the division (the simple), it is too small for the idea of the unconditioned. For the member at which we have discontinued our division still admits a regress to many more parts contained in the object.

Thirdly, suppose that every event in the world happens in accordance with the laws of nature; the causality of a cause must itself be an event and necessitates a regress to a still higher cause, and consequently the unceasing prolongation of the series of conditions a parte priori. Operative nature is therefore too large for every conception we can form in the synthesis of cosmical events.

If we admit the existence of spontaneously produced events, that is, of free agency, we are driven, in our search for sufficient reasons, on an unavoidable law of nature and are compelled to appeal to the empirical law of causality, and we find that any such totality of connection in our synthesis is too small for our necessary empirical conception.

Fourthly, if we assume the existence of an absolutely necessary being—whether it be the world or something in the world, or the cause of the world—we must place it in a time at an infinite distance from any given moment; for, otherwise, it must be dependent on some other and higher existence. Such an existence is, in this case, too large for our empirical conception, and unattainable by the continued regress of any synthesis.

But if we believe that everything in the world—be it condition or conditioned—is contingent; every given existence is too small for our conception. For in this case we are compelled to seek for some other existence upon which the former depends.

We have said that in all these cases the cosmological idea is either too great or too small for the empirical regress in a synthesis, and consequently for every possible conception of the understanding. Why did we not express ourselves in a manner exactly the reverse of this and, instead of accusing the cosmological idea of over stepping or of falling short of its true aim, possible experience, say that, in the first case, the empirical conception is always too small for the idea, and in the second too great, and thus attach the blame of these contradictions to the empirical regress? The reason is this. Possible experience can alone give reality to our conceptions; without it a conception is merely an idea, without truth or relation to an object. Hence a possible empirical conception must be the standard by which we are to judge whether an idea is anything more than an idea and fiction of thought, or whether it relates to an object in the world. If we say of a thing that in relation to some other thing it is too large or too small, the former is considered as existing for the sake of the latter, and requiring to be adapted to it. Among the trivial subjects of discussion in the old schools of dialectics was this question: “If a ball cannot pass through a hole, shall we say that the ball is too large or the hole too small?” In this case it is indifferent what expression we employ; for we do not know which exists for the sake of the other. On the other hand, we cannot say: “The man is too long for his coat”; but: “The coat is too short for the man.”

We are thus led to the well-founded suspicion that the cosmological ideas, and all the conflicting sophistical assertions connected with them, are based upon a false and fictitious conception of the mode in which the object of these ideas is presented to us; and this suspicion will probably direct us how to expose the illusion that has so long led us astray from the truth.

Section VI. Transcendental Idealism as the Key to the Solution of Pure Cosmological Dialectic

In the transcendental æsthetic we proved that everything intuited in space and time, all objects of a possible experience, are nothing but phenomena, that is, mere representations; and that these, as presented to us—as extended bodies, or as series of changes—have no self-subsistent existence apart from human thought. This doctrine I call Transcendental Idealism.[59] The realist in the transcendental sense regards these modifications of our sensibility, these mere representations, as things subsisting in themselves.

[59] I have elsewhere termed this theory formal idealism, to distinguish it from material idealism, which doubts or denies the existence of external things. To avoid ambiguity, it seems advisable in many cases to employ this term instead of that mentioned in the text.

It would be unjust to accuse us of holding the long-decried theory of empirical idealism, which, while admitting the reality of space, denies, or at least doubts, the existence of bodies extended in it, and thus leaves us without a sufficient criterion of reality and illusion. The supporters of this theory find no difficulty in admitting the reality of the phenomena of the internal sense in time; nay, they go the length of maintaining that this internal experience is of itself a sufficient proof of the real existence of its object as a thing in itself.

Transcendental idealism allows that the objects of external intuition—as intuited in space, and all changes in time—as represented by the internal sense, are real. For, as space is the form of that intuition which we call external, and, without objects in space, no empirical representation could be given us, we can and ought to regard extended bodies in it as real. The case is the same with representations in time. But time and space, with all phenomena therein, are not in themselves things. They are nothing but representations and cannot exist out of and apart from the mind. Nay, the sensuous internal intuition of the mind (as the object of

consciousness), the determination of which is represented by the succession of different states in time, is not the real, proper self, as it exists in itself—not the transcendental subject—but only a phenomenon, which is presented to the sensibility of this, to us, unknown being. This internal phenomenon cannot be admitted to be a self-subsisting thing; for its condition is time, and time cannot be the condition of a thing in itself. But the empirical truth of phenomena in space and time is guaranteed beyond the possibility of doubt, and sufficiently distinguished from the illusion of dreams or fancy—although both have a proper and thorough connection in an experience according to empirical laws. The objects of experience then are not things in themselves, but are given only in experience, and have no existence apart from and independently of experience. That there may be inhabitants in the moon, although no one has ever observed them, must certainly be admitted; but this assertion means only, that we may in the possible progress of experience discover them at some future time. For that which stands in connection with a perception according to the laws of the progress of experience is real. They are therefore really existent, if they stand in empirical connection with my actual or real consciousness, although they are not in themselves real, that is, apart from the progress of experience.

There is nothing actually given—we can be conscious of nothing as real, except a perception and the empirical progression from it to other possible perceptions. For phenomena, as mere representations, are real only in perception; and perception is, in fact, nothing but the reality of an empirical representation, that is, a phenomenon. To call a phenomenon a real thing prior to perception means either that we must meet with this phenomenon in the progress of experience, or it means nothing at all. For I can say only of a thing in itself that it exists without relation to the senses and experience. But we are speaking here merely of phenomena in space and time, both of which are determinations of sensibility, and not of things in themselves. It follows that phenomena are not things in themselves, but are mere representations, which if not given in us—in perception—are non-existent.

The faculty of sensuous intuition is properly a receptivity—a capacity of being affected in a certain manner by representations, the relation of which to each other is a pure intuition of space and time—the pure forms of sensibility. These representations, in so far as they are connected and determinable in this relation (in space and time) according to laws of the unity of experience, are called objects. The non-sensuous cause of these representations is completely unknown to us and hence cannot be intuited as an object. For such an object could not be represented either in space or in time; and without these conditions intuition or representation is impossible. We may, at the same time, term the non-sensuous cause of phenomena the transcendental object—but merely as a mental correlate to sensibility, considered as a receptivity. To this transcendental object we may attribute the whole connection and extent of our possible perceptions, and say that it is given and exists in itself prior to all experience. But the phenomena, corresponding to it, are not given as things in themselves, but in experience alone. For they are mere representations, receiving from perceptions alone significance and relation to a real object, under the condition that this or that perception—indicating an object—is in complete connection with all others in accordance with the rules of the unity of experience. Thus we can say: “The things that really existed in past time are given in the transcendental object of experience.” But these are to me real objects, only in so far as I can represent to my own mind, that a regressive series of possible perceptions—following the indications of history, or the footsteps of cause and effect—in accordance with empirical laws—that, in one word, the course of the world conducts us to an elapsed series of time as the condition of the present time. This series in past time is represented as real, not in itself, but only in connection with a possible experience. Thus, when I say that certain events occurred in past time, I merely assert the possibility of prolonging the chain of experience, from the present perception, upwards to the conditions that determine it according to time.

If I represent to myself all objects existing in all space and time, I do not thereby place these in space and time prior to all experience; on the contrary, such a representation is nothing more than the notion of a possible experience, in its absolute completeness. In experience alone are those objects, which are nothing but representations, given. But, when I say they existed prior to my experience, this means only that I must begin with the perception present to me and follow the track indicated until I discover them in some part or region of experience. The cause of the empirical condition of this progression—and consequently at what member therein I must stop, and at what point in the regress I am to find this member—is transcendental, and hence necessarily incognizable. But with this we have not to do; our concern is only with the law of progression in experience, in which objects, that is, phenomena, are given. It is a matter of indifference, whether I say, “I may in the progress of experience discover stars, at a hundred times greater distance than the most distant of those now visible,” or, “Stars at this distance may be met in space, although no one has, or ever will discover them.” For, if they are given as things in themselves, without any relation to possible experience, they are for me non-existent, consequently, are not objects, for they are not contained in the regressive series of experience. But, if these phenomena must be employed in the construction or support of the cosmological idea of an absolute whole, and when we are discussing a question that oversteps the limits of possible experience, the proper distinction of the different theories of the reality of sensuous objects is of great importance, in order to avoid the illusion which must necessarily arise from the misinterpretation of our empirical conceptions.

Section VII. Critical Solution of the Cosmological Problem

The antinomy of pure reason is based upon the following dialectical argument: “If that which is conditioned is given, the whole series of its conditions is also given; but sensuous objects are given as conditioned; consequently...” This syllogism, the major of which seems so natural and evident, introduces as many cosmological ideas as there are different kinds of conditions in the synthesis of phenomena, in so far as these conditions constitute a series. These ideas require absolute totality in the series, and thus place reason in inextricable embarrassment. Before proceeding to expose the fallacy in this dialectical argument, it will be necessary to have a correct understanding of certain conceptions that appear in it.

In the first place, the following proposition is evident, and indubitably certain: “If the conditioned is given, a regress in the series of all its conditions is thereby imperatively required.” For the very conception of a conditioned is a conception of something related to a condition, and, if this condition is itself conditioned, to another condition—and so on through all the members of the series. This proposition is, therefore, analytical and has nothing to fear from transcendental criticism. It is a logical postulate of reason: to pursue, as far as possible, the connection of a conception with its conditions.

If, in the second place, both the conditioned and the condition are things in themselves, and if the former is given, not only is the regress to the latter requisite, but the latter is really given with the former. Now, as this is true of all the members of the series, the entire series of conditions, and with them the unconditioned, is at the same time given in the very fact of the conditioned, the existence of which is possible only in and through that series, being given. In this case, the synthesis of the conditioned with its condition, is a synthesis of the understanding merely, which represents things as they are, without regarding whether and how we can cognize them. But if I have to do with phenomena, which, in their character of mere representations, are not given, if I do not attain to a cognition of them (in other words, to themselves, for they are nothing more than empirical cognitions), I am not entitled to say: “If the conditioned is given, all its conditions (as phenomena) are also given.” I cannot, therefore, from the fact of a conditioned being given, infer the absolute totality of the series of its conditions. For phenomena are nothing but an empirical synthesis in apprehension or perception, and are therefore given only in it. Now, in speaking of phenomena it does not follow that, if the conditioned is given, the synthesis which constitutes its empirical condition is also thereby given and presupposed; such a synthesis can be established only by an actual regress in the series of conditions. But we are entitled to say in this case that a regress to the conditions of a conditioned, in other words, that a continuous empirical synthesis is enjoined; that, if the conditions are not given, they are at least required; and that we are certain to discover the conditions in this regress.

We can now see that the major, in the above cosmological syllogism, takes the conditioned in the transcendental signification which it has in the pure category, while the minor speaks of it in the empirical signification which it has in the category as applied to phenomena. There is, therefore, a dialectical fallacy in the syllogism—a sophisma figurae dictionis. But this fallacy is not a consciously devised one, but a perfectly natural illusion of the common reason of man. For, when a thing is given as conditioned, we presuppose in the major its conditions and their series, unperceived, as it were, and unseen; because this is nothing more than the logical requirement of complete and satisfactory premisses for a given conclusion. In this case, time is altogether left out in the connection of the conditioned with the condition; they are supposed to be given in themselves, and contemporaneously. It is, moreover, just as natural to regard phenomena (in the minor) as things in themselves and as objects presented to the pure understanding, as in the major, in which complete abstraction was made of all conditions of intuition. But it is under these conditions alone that objects are given. Now we overlooked a remarkable distinction between the conceptions. The synthesis of the conditioned with its condition, and the complete series of the latter (in the major) are not limited by time, and do not contain the conception of succession. On the contrary, the empirical synthesis and the series of conditions in the phenomenal world—subsumed in the minor—are necessarily successive and given in time alone. It follows that I cannot presuppose in the minor, as I did in the major, the absolute totality of the synthesis and of the series therein represented; for in the major all the members of the series are given as things in themselves—without any limitations or conditions of time, while in the minor they are possible only in and through a successive regress, which cannot exist, except it be actually carried into execution in the world of phenomena.

After this proof of the viciousness of the argument commonly employed in maintaining cosmological assertions, both parties may now be justly dismissed, as advancing claims without grounds or title. But the process has not been ended by convincing them that one or both were in the wrong and had maintained an assertion which was without valid grounds of proof. Nothing seems to be clearer than that, if one maintains: “The world has a beginning,” and another: “The world has no beginning,” one of the two must be right. But it is likewise clear that, if the evidence on both sides is equal, it is impossible to discover on what side the truth lies; and

the controversy continues, although the parties have been recommended to peace before the tribunal of reason. There remains, then, no other means of settling the question than to convince the parties, who refute each other with such conclusiveness and ability, that they are disputing about nothing, and that a transcendental illusion has been mocking them with visions of reality where there is none. The mode of adjusting a dispute which cannot be decided upon its own merits, we shall now proceed to lay before our readers.

Zeno of Elea, a subtle dialectician, was severely reprimanded by Plato as a sophist, who, merely from the base motive of exhibiting his skill in discussion, maintained and subverted the same proposition by arguments as powerful and convincing on the one side as on the other. He maintained, for example, that God (who was probably nothing more, in his view, than the world) is neither finite nor infinite, neither in motion nor in rest, neither similar nor dissimilar to any other thing. It seemed to those philosophers who criticized his mode of discussion that his purpose was to deny completely both of two self-contradictory propositions—which is absurd. But I cannot believe that there is any justice in this accusation. The first of these propositions I shall presently consider in a more detailed manner. With regard to the others, if by the word of God he understood merely the Universe, his meaning must have been—that it cannot be permanently present in one place—that is, at rest—nor be capable of changing its place—that is, of moving—because all places are in the universe, and the universe itself is, therefore, in no place. Again, if the universe contains in itself everything that exists, it cannot be similar or dissimilar to any other thing, because there is, in fact, no other thing with which it can be compared. If two opposite judgements presuppose a contingent impossible, or arbitrary condition, both—in spite of their opposition (which is, however, not properly or really a contradiction)—fall away; because the condition, which ensured the validity of both, has itself disappeared.

If we say: “Everybody has either a good or a bad smell,” we have omitted a third possible judgement—it has no smell at all; and thus both conflicting statements may be false. If we say: “It is either good-smelling or not good-smelling (vel suaveolens vel non-suaveolens),” both judgements are contradictorily opposed; and the contradictory opposite of the former judgement—some bodies are not good-smelling—embraces also those bodies which have no smell at all. In the preceding pair of opposed judgements (per disparata), the contingent condition of the conception of body (smell) attached to both conflicting statements, instead of having been omitted in the latter, which is consequently not the contradictory opposite of the former.

If, accordingly, we say: “The world is either infinite in extension, or it is not infinite (non est infinitus)”; and if the former proposition is false, its contradictory opposite—the world is not infinite—must be true. And thus I should deny the existence of an infinite, without, however affirming the existence of a finite world. But if we construct our proposition thus: “The world is either infinite or finite (non-infinite),” both statements may be false. For, in this case, we consider the world as per se determined in regard to quantity, and while, in the one judgement, we deny its infinite and consequently, perhaps, its independent existence; in the other, we append to the world, regarded as a thing in itself, a certain determination—that of finitude; and the latter may be false as well as the former, if the world is not given as a thing in itself, and thus neither as finite nor as infinite in quantity. This kind of opposition I may be allowed to term dialectical; that of contradictories may be called analytical opposition. Thus then, of two dialectically opposed judgements both may be false, from the fact, that the one is not a mere contradictory of the other, but actually enounces more than is requisite for a full and complete contradiction.

When we regard the two propositions—“The world is infinite in quantity,” and, “The world is finite in quantity,” as contradictory opposites, we are assuming that the world—the complete series of phenomena—is a thing in itself. For it remains as a permanent quantity, whether I deny the infinite or the finite regress in the series of its phenomena. But if we dismiss this assumption—this transcendental illusion—and deny that it is a thing in itself, the contradictory opposition is metamorphosed into a merely dialectical one; and the world, as not existing in itself—independently of the regressive series of my representations—exists in like manner neither as a whole which is infinite nor as a whole which is finite in itself. The universe exists for me only in the empirical regress of the series of phenomena and not per se. If, then, it is always conditioned, it is never completely or as a whole; and it is, therefore, not an unconditioned whole and does not exist as such, either with an infinite, or with a finite quantity.

What we have here said of the first cosmological idea—that of the absolute totality of quantity in phenomena—applies also to the others. The series of conditions is discoverable only in the regressive synthesis itself, and not in the phenomenon considered as a thing in itself—given prior to all regress. Hence I am compelled to say: “The aggregate of parts in a given phenomenon is in itself neither finite nor infinite; and these parts are given only in the regressive synthesis of decomposition—a synthesis which is never given in absolute completeness, either as finite, or as infinite.” The same is the case with the series of subordinated causes, or of the conditioned up to the unconditioned and necessary existence, which can never be regarded as in itself, and in its totality, either

as finite or as infinite; because, as a series of subordinate representations, it subsists only in the dynamical regress and cannot be regarded as existing previously to this regress, or as a self-subsistent series of things.

Thus the antinomy of pure reason in its cosmological ideas disappears. For the above demonstration has established the fact that it is merely the product of a dialectical and illusory opposition, which arises from the application of the idea of absolute totality—admissible only as a condition of things in themselves—to phenomena, which exist only in our representations, and—when constituting a series—in a successive regress. This antinomy of reason may, however, be really profitable to our speculative interests, not in the way of contributing any dogmatical addition, but as presenting to us another material support in our critical investigations. For it furnishes us with an indirect proof of the transcendental ideality of phenomena, if our minds were not completely satisfied with the direct proof set forth in the Trancendental Æsthetic. The proof would proceed in the following dilemma. If the world is a whole existing in itself, it must be either finite or infinite. But it is neither finite nor infinite—as has been shown, on the one side, by the thesis, on the other, by the antithesis. Therefore the world—the content of all phenomena—is not a whole existing in itself. It follows that phenomena are nothing, apart from our representations. And this is what we mean by transcendental ideality.

This remark is of some importance. It enables us to see that the proofs of the fourfold antinomy are not mere sophistries—are not fallacious, but grounded on the nature of reason, and valid—under the supposition that phenomena are things in themselves. The opposition of the judgements which follow makes it evident that a fallacy lay in the initial supposition, and thus helps us to discover the true constitution of objects of sense. This transcendental dialectic does not favour scepticism, although it presents us with a triumphant demonstration of the advantages of the sceptical method, the great utility of which is apparent in the antinomy, where the arguments of reason were allowed to confront each other in undiminished force. And although the result of these conflicts of reason is not what we expected—although we have obtained no positive dogmatical addition to metaphysical science—we have still reaped a great advantage in the correction of our judgements on these subjects of thought.

Section VIII. Regulative Principle of Pure Reason in relation to the Cosmological Ideas

The cosmological principle of totality could not give us any certain knowledge in regard to the maximum in the series of conditions in the world of sense, considered as a thing in itself. The actual regress in the series is the only means of approaching this maximum. This principle of pure reason, therefore, may still be considered as valid—not as an axiom enabling us to cogitate totality in the object as actual, but as a problem for the understanding, which requires it to institute and to continue, in conformity with the idea of totality in the mind, the regress in the series of the conditions of a given conditioned. For in the world of sense, that is, in space and time, every condition which we discover in our investigation of phenomena is itself conditioned; because sensuous objects are not things in themselves (in which case an absolutely unconditioned might be reached in the progress of cognition), but are merely empirical representations the conditions of which must always be found in intuition. The principle of reason is therefore properly a mere rule—prescribing a regress in the series of conditions for given phenomena, and prohibiting any pause or rest on an absolutely unconditioned. It is, therefore, not a principle of the possibility of experience or of the empirical cognition of sensuous objects—consequently not a principle of the understanding; for every experience is confined within certain proper limits determined by the given intuition. Still less is it a constitutive principle of reason authorizing us to extend our conception of the sensuous world beyond all possible experience. It is merely a principle for the enlargement and extension of experience as far as is possible for human faculties. It forbids us to consider any empirical limits as absolute. It is, hence, a principle of reason, which, as a rule, dictates how we ought to proceed in our empirical regress, but is unable to anticipate or indicate prior to the empirical regress what is given in the object itself. I have termed it for this reason a regulative principle of reason; while the principle of the absolute totality of the series of conditions, as existing in itself and given in the object, is a constitutive cosmological principle. This distinction will at once demonstrate the falsehood of the constitutive principle, and prevent us from attributing (by a transcendental subreptio) objective reality to an idea, which is valid only as a rule.

In order to understand the proper meaning of this rule of pure reason, we must notice first that it cannot tell us what the object is, but only how the empirical regress is to be proceeded with in order to attain to the complete conception of the object. If it gave us any information in respect to the former statement, it would be a constitutive principle—a principle impossible from the nature of pure reason. It will not therefore enable us to establish any such conclusions as: “The series of conditions for a given conditioned is in itself finite,” or, “It is infinite.” For, in this case, we should be cogitating in the mere idea of absolute totality, an object which is not and cannot be given in experience; inasmuch as we should be attributing a reality objective and independent of the empirical synthesis, to a series of phenomena. This idea of reason cannot then be regarded as valid—except as a rule for the regressive synthesis in the series of conditions, according to which we must proceed from the conditioned, through all intermediate and

subordinate conditions, up to the unconditioned; although this goal is unattained and unattainable. For the absolutely unconditioned cannot be discovered in the sphere of experience.

We now proceed to determine clearly our notion of a synthesis which can never be complete. There are two terms commonly employed for this purpose. These terms are regarded as expressions of different and distinguishable notions, although the ground of the distinction has never been clearly exposed. The term employed by the mathematicians is progressus in infinitum. The philosophers prefer the expression progressus in indefinitum. Without detaining the reader with an examination of the reasons for such a distinction, or with remarks on the right or wrong use of the terms, I shall endeavour clearly to determine these conceptions, so far as is necessary for the purpose in this Critique.

We may, with propriety, say of a straight line, that it may be produced to infinity. In this case the distinction between a progressus in infinitum and a progressus in indefinitum is a mere piece of subtlety. For, although when we say, “Produce a straight line,” it is more correct to say in indefinitum than in infinitum; because the former means, “Produce it as far as you please,” the second, “You must not cease to produce it”; the expression in infinitum is, when we are speaking of the power to do it, perfectly correct, for we can always make it longer if we please—on to infinity. And this remark holds good in all cases, when we speak of a progressus, that is, an advancement from the condition to the conditioned; this possible advancement always proceeds to infinity. We may proceed from a given pair in the descending line of generation from father to son, and cogitate a never-ending line of descendants from it. For in such a case reason does not demand absolute totality in the series, because it does not presuppose it as a condition and as given (datum), but merely as conditioned, and as capable of being given (dabile).

Very different is the case with the problem: “How far the regress, which ascends from the given conditioned to the conditions, must extend”; whether I can say: “It is a regress in infinitum,” or only “in indefinitum”; and whether, for example, setting out from the human beings at present alive in the world, I may ascend in the series of their ancestors, in infinitum—or whether all that can be said is, that so far as I have proceeded, I have discovered no empirical ground for considering the series limited, so that I am justified, and in

[... TRUNCATED at 800,000 chars for file-size management — full text in original source ...]

==========

An Enquiry Concerning the Principles of Morals

David Hume

Project Gutenberg Release: August 01, 2003 · eBook #4320

Produced by John Mamoun, Charles Franks and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team

AN ENQUIRY CONCERNING THE PRINCIPLES OF MORALS

By David Hume

A 1912 Reprint Of The Edition Of 1777

Information About This E-Text Edition

The following is an e-text of a 1912 reprint of the 1777 edition of David Hume's An Enquiry Concerning the Principles of Morals. Each page was cut out of the original book with an X-acto knife and fed into an Automatic Document Feeder Scanner to make this e-text, so the original book was disbinded in order to save it.

Some adaptations from the original text were made while formatting it for an e-text. Italics in the original book are capitalized in this e-text. The original spellings of words are preserved, such as "connexion" for "connection," "labour" for "labor," etc. Original footnotes are put in brackets "[]" at the points where they are cited in the text.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

AUTHOR'S ADVERTISEMENT CONTENTS PAGE AN ENQUIRY CONCERNING THE PRINCIPLES OF MORALS APPENDIX

AUTHOR'S ADVERTISEMENT.

Most of the principles, and reasonings, contained in this volume,

[Footnote: Volume II. of the posthumous edition of Hume's works published in 1777 and containing, besides the present ENQUIRY, A DISSERTATION ON THE PASSIONS, and AN ENQUIRY CONCERNING HUMAN UNDERSTANDING. A reprint of this latter treatise has already appeared in The Religion of Science Library (NO. 45)]

were published in a work in three volumes, called A TREATISE OF HUMAN NATURE: A work which the Author had projected before he left College, and which he wrote and published not long after. But not finding it successful, he was sensible of his error in going to the press too early, and he cast the whole anew in the following pieces, where some negligences in his former reasoning and more in the expression, are, he hopes, corrected. Yet several writers who have honoured the Author's Philosophy with answers, have taken care to direct all their batteries against that juvenile work, which the author never acknowledged, and have affected to triumph in any advantages, which, they imagined, they had obtained over it: A practice very contrary to all rules of candour and fair-dealing, and a strong instance of those polemical artifices which a bigotted zeal thinks itself authorized to employ. Henceforth, the Author desires, that the following Pieces may alone be regarded as containing his philosophical sentiments and principles.

CONTENTS PAGE

I. Of the General Principles of Morals II. Of Benevolence III. Of Justice IV. Of Political Society V. Why Utility Pleases VI. Of Qualities Useful to Ourselves VII. Of Qualities Immediately Agreeable to Ourselves VIII. Of Qualities Immediately Agreeable to Others IX. Conclusion

APPENDIX.

I. Concerning Moral Sentiment II. Of Self-love III. Some Farther Considerations with Regard to Justice IV. Of Some Verbal Disputes

AN ENQUIRY CONCERNING THE PRINCIPLES OF MORALS

SECTION I. OF THE GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF MORALS.

DISPUTES with men, pertinaciously obstinate in their principles, are, of all others, the most irksome; except, perhaps, those with persons, entirely disingenuous, who really do not believe the opinions they defend, but engage in the controversy, from affectation, from a spirit of opposition, or from a desire of showing wit and ingenuity, superior to the rest of mankind. The same blind adherence to their own arguments is to be expected in both; the same contempt of their antagonists; and the same passionate vehemence, in inforcing sophistry and falsehood. And as reasoning is not the source, whence either disputant derives his tenets; it is in vain to expect, that any logic, which speaks not to the affections, will ever engage him to embrace sounder principles.

Those who have denied the reality of moral distinctions, may be ranked among the disingenuous disputants; nor is it conceivable, that any human creature could ever seriously believe, that all characters and actions were alike entitled to the affection and regard of everyone. The difference, which nature has placed between one man and another, is so wide, and this difference is still so much farther widened, by education, example, and habit, that, where the opposite extremes come at once under our apprehension, there is no scepticism so scrupulous, and scarce any assurance so determined, as absolutely to deny all distinction between them. Let a man's insensibility be ever so great, he must often be touched with the images of Right and Wrong; and let his prejudices be ever so obstinate, he must observe, that others are susceptible of like impressions. The only way, therefore, of converting an antagonist of this kind, is to leave him to himself. For, finding that nobody keeps up the controversy with him, it is probable he will, at last, of himself, from mere weariness, come over to the side of common sense and reason.

There has been a controversy started of late, much better worth examination, concerning the general foundation of Morals; whether they be derived from Reason, or from Sentiment; whether we attain the knowledge of them by a chain of argument and induction, or by an immediate feeling and finer internal sense; whether, like all sound judgement of truth and falsehood, they should be the same to every rational intelligent being; or whether, like the perception of beauty and deformity, they be founded entirely on the particular fabric and constitution of the human species.

The ancient philosophers, though they often affirm, that virtue is nothing but conformity to reason, yet, in general, seem to consider morals as deriving their existence from taste and sentiment. On the other hand, our modern enquirers, though they also talk much of the beauty of virtue, and deformity of vice, yet have commonly endeavoured to account for these distinctions by metaphysical reasonings, and by deductions from the most abstract principles of the understanding. Such confusion reigned in these subjects, that an opposition of the greatest consequence could prevail between one system and another, and even in the parts of almost each individual system; and yet nobody, till very lately, was ever sensible of it. The elegant Lord Shaftesbury, who first gave occasion to remark this distinction, and who, in general, adhered to the principles of the ancients, is not, himself, entirely free from the same confusion.

It must be acknowledged, that both sides of the question are susceptible of specious arguments. Moral distinctions, it may be said, are discernible by pure reason: else, whence the many disputes that reign in common life, as well as in philosophy, with regard to this subject: the long chain of proofs often produced on both sides; the examples cited, the authorities appealed to, the analogies employed, the fallacies detected, the inferences drawn, and the several conclusions adjusted to their proper principles. Truth is disputable; not taste: what exists in the nature of things is the standard of our judgement; what each man feels within himself is the standard of sentiment. Propositions in geometry may be proved, systems in physics may be controverted; but the harmony of verse, the tenderness of passion, the brilliancy of wit, must give immediate pleasure. No man reasons concerning another's beauty; but frequently concerning the justice or injustice of his actions. In every criminal trial the first object of the prisoner is to disprove the facts alleged, and deny the actions imputed to him: the second to prove, that, even if these actions were real, they might be justified, as innocent and lawful. It is confessedly by deductions of the understanding, that the first point is ascertained: how can we suppose that a different faculty of the mind is employed in fixing the other? On the other hand, those who would resolve all moral determinations into sentiment, may endeavour to show, that it is impossible for reason ever to draw conclusions of this nature. To virtue, say they, it belongs to be amiable, and vice odious. This forms their very nature or essence. But can reason or argumentation distribute these different epithets to any subjects, and pronounce beforehand, that this must produce love, and that hatred? Or what other reason can we ever assign for these affections, but the original fabric and formation of the human mind, which is naturally adapted to receive them?

The end of all moral speculations is to teach us our duty; and, by proper representations of the deformity of vice and beauty of virtue, beget correspondent habits, and engage us to avoid the one, and embrace the other. But is this ever to be expected from inferences and conclusions of the understanding, which of themselves have no hold of the affections or set in motion the active powers of men? They discover truths: but where the truths which they discover are indifferent, and beget no desire or aversion, they can have no influence on conduct and behaviour. What is honourable, what is fair, what is becoming, what is noble, what is generous, takes possession of the heart, and animates us to embrace and maintain it. What is intelligible, what is evident, what is probable, what is true, procures only the cool assent of the understanding; and gratifying a speculative curiosity, puts an end to our researches.

Extinguish all the warm feelings and prepossessions in favour of virtue, and all disgust or aversion to vice: render men totally indifferent towards these distinctions; and morality is no longer a practical study, nor has any tendency to regulate our lives and actions.

These arguments on each side (and many more might be produced) are so plausible, that I am apt to suspect, they may, the one as well as the other, be solid and satisfactory, and that reason and sentiment concur in almost all moral determinations and conclusions. The final sentence, it is probable, which pronounces characters and actions amiable or odious, praise-worthy or blameable; that which stamps on them the mark of honour or infamy, approbation or censure; that which renders morality an active principle and constitutes virtue our happiness, and vice our misery; it is probable, I say, that this final sentence depends on some internal sense or feeling, which nature has made universal in the whole species. For what else can have an influence of this nature? But in order to pave the way for such a sentiment, and give a proper discernment of its object, it is often necessary, we find, that much reasoning should precede, that nice distinctions be made, just conclusions drawn, distant comparisons formed, complicated relations examined, and general facts fixed and ascertained. Some species of beauty, especially the natural kinds, on their first appearance, command our affection and approbation; and where they fail of this effect, it is impossible for any reasoning to redress their influence, or adapt them better to our taste and sentiment. But in many orders of beauty, particularly those of the finer arts, it is requisite to employ much reasoning, in order to feel the proper sentiment; and a false relish may frequently be corrected by argument and reflection. There are just grounds to conclude, that moral beauty partakes much of this latter species, and demands the assistance of our intellectual faculties, in order to give it a suitable influence on the human mind.

But though this question, concerning the general principles of morals, be curious and important, it is needless for us, at present, to employ farther care in our researches concerning it. For if we can be so happy, in the course of this enquiry, as to discover the true origin of morals, it will then easily appear how far either sentiment or reason enters into all determinations of this nature [Footnote: See Appendix I]. In order to attain this purpose, we shall endeavour to follow a very simple method: we shall analyse that complication of mental qualities, which form what, in common life, we call Personal Merit: we shall consider every attribute of the mind, which renders a man an object either of esteem and affection, or of hatred and contempt; every habit or sentiment or faculty, which, if ascribed to any person, implies either praise or blame, and may enter into any panegyric or satire of his character and manners. The quick sensibility, which, on this head, is so universal among mankind, gives a philosopher sufficient assurance, that he can never be considerably mistaken in framing the catalogue, or incur any danger of misplacing the objects of his contemplation: he needs only enter into his own breast for a moment, and consider whether or not he should desire to have this or that quality ascribed to him, and whether such or such an imputation would proceed from a friend or an enemy. The very nature of language guides us almost infallibly in forming a judgement of this nature; and as every tongue possesses one set of words which are taken in a good sense, and another in the opposite, the least acquaintance with the idiom suffices, without any reasoning, to direct us in collecting and arranging the estimable or blameable qualities of men. The only object of reasoning is to discover the circumstances on both sides, which are common to these qualities; to observe that particular in which the estimable qualities agree on the one hand, and the blameable on the other; and thence to reach the foundation of ethics, and find those universal principles, from which all censure or approbation is ultimately derived. As this is a question of fact, not of abstract science, we can only expect success, by following the experimental method, and deducing general maxims from a comparison of particular instances. The other scientific method, where a general abstract principle is first established, and is afterwards branched out into a variety of inferences and conclusions, may be more perfect in itself, but suits less the imperfection of human nature, and is a common source of illusion and mistake in this as well as in other subjects. Men are now cured of their passion for hypotheses and systems in natural philosophy, and will hearken to no arguments but those which are derived from experience. It is full time they should attempt a like reformation in all moral disquisitions; and reject every system of ethics, however subtle or ingenious, which is not founded on fact and observation.

We shall begin our enquiry on this head by the consideration of the social virtues, Benevolence and Justice. The explication of them will probably give us an opening by which the others may be accounted for.

SECTION II. OF BENEVOLENCE.

PART I.

It may be esteemed, perhaps, a superfluous task to prove, that the benevolent or softer affections are estimable; and wherever they appear, engage the approbation and good-will of mankind. The epithets SOCIABLE, GOOD-NATURED, HUMANE, MERCIFUL, GRATEFUL, FRIENDLY, GENEROUS, BENEFICENT, or their equivalents, are known in all languages, and universally express the highest merit, which HUMAN NATURE is capable of attaining. Where these amiable qualities are attended with birth and power and eminent abilities, and display themselves in the good government or useful instruction of mankind, they seem even to raise the possessors of them above the rank of HUMAN NATURE, and make them approach in some measure to the divine. Exalted capacity, undaunted courage, prosperous success; these may only expose a hero or politician to the envy and ill-will of the public: but as soon as the praises are added of humane and beneficent; when instances are displayed of lenity, tenderness or friendship; envy itself is silent, or joins the general voice of approbation and applause.

When Pericles, the great Athenian statesman and general, was on his death-bed, his surrounding friends, deeming him now insensible, began to indulge their sorrow for their expiring patron, by enumerating his great qualities and successes, his conquests and victories, the unusual length of his administration, and his nine trophies erected over the enemies of the republic. YOU FORGET, cries the dying hero, who had heard all, YOU FORGET THE MOST EMINENT OF MY PRAISES, WHILE YOU DWELL SO MUCH ON THOSE VULGAR ADVANTAGES, IN WHICH FORTUNE HAD A PRINCIPAL SHARE. YOU HAVE NOT OBSERVED THAT NO CITIZEN HAS EVER YET WORNE MOURNING ON MY ACCOUNT. [Plut. in Pericle]

In men of more ordinary talents and capacity, the social virtues become, if possible, still more essentially requisite; there being nothing eminent, in that case, to compensate for the want of them, or preserve the person from our severest hatred, as well as contempt. A high ambition, an elevated courage, is apt, says Cicero, in less perfect characters, to degenerate into a turbulent ferocity. The more social and softer virtues are there chiefly to be regarded. These are always good and amiable [Cic. de Officiis, lib. I].

The principal advantage, which Juvenal discovers in the extensive capacity of the human species, is that it renders our benevolence also more extensive, and gives us larger opportunities of spreading our kindly influence than what are indulged to the inferior creation [Sat. XV. 139 and seq.]. It must, indeed, be confessed, that by doing good only, can a man truly enjoy the advantages of being eminent. His exalted station, of itself but the more exposes him to danger and tempest. His sole prerogative is to afford shelter to inferiors, who repose themselves under his cover and protection.

But I forget, that it is not my present business to recommend generosity and benevolence, or to paint, in their true colours, all the genuine charms of the social virtues. These, indeed, sufficiently engage every heart, on the first apprehension of them; and it is difficult to abstain from some sally of panegyric, as often as they occur in discourse or reasoning. But our object here being more the speculative, than the practical part of morals, it will suffice to remark, (what will readily, I believe, be allowed) that no qualities are more intitled to the general good-will and approbation of mankind than beneficence and humanity, friendship and gratitude, natural affection and public spirit, or whatever proceeds from a tender sympathy with others, and a generous concern for our kind and species. These wherever they appear seem to transfuse themselves, in a manner, into each beholder, and to call forth, in their own behalf, the same favourable and affectionate sentiments, which they exert on all around.

PART II.

We may observe that, in displaying the praises of any humane, beneficent man, there is one circumstance which never fails to be amply insisted on, namely, the happiness and satisfaction, derived to society from his intercourse and good offices. To his parents, we are apt to say, he endears himself by his pious attachment and duteous care still more than by the connexions of nature. His children never feel his authority, but when employed for their advantage. With him, the ties of love are consolidated by beneficence and friendship. The ties of friendship approach, in a fond observance of each obliging office, to those of love and inclination. His domestics and dependants have in him a sure resource; and no longer dread the power of fortune, but so far as she exercises it

over him. From him the hungry receive food, the naked clothing, the ignorant and slothful skill and industry. Like the sun, an inferior minister of providence he cheers, invigorates, and sustains the surrounding world.

If confined to private life, the sphere of his activity is narrower; but his influence is all benign and gentle. If exalted into a higher station, mankind and posterity reap the fruit of his labours.

As these topics of praise never fail to be employed, and with success, where we would inspire esteem for any one; may it not thence be concluded, that the utility, resulting from the social virtues, forms, at least, a PART of their merit, and is one source of that approbation and regard so universally paid to them?

When we recommend even an animal or a plant as USEFUL and BENEFICIAL, we give it an applause and recommendation suited to its nature. As, on the other hand, reflection on the baneful influence of any of these inferior beings always inspires us with the sentiment of aversion. The eye is pleased with the prospect of corn-fields and loaded vine-yards; horses grazing, and flocks pasturing: but flies the view of briars and brambles, affording shelter to wolves and serpents.

A machine, a piece of furniture, a vestment, a house well contrived for use and conveniency, is so far beautiful, and is contemplated with pleasure and approbation. An experienced eye is here sensible to many excellencies, which escape persons ignorant and uninstructed.

Can anything stronger be said in praise of a profession, such as merchandize or manufacture, than to observe the advantages which it procures to society; and is not a monk and inquisitor enraged when we treat his order as useless or pernicious to mankind?

The historian exults in displaying the benefit arising from his labours. The writer of romance alleviates or denies the bad consequences ascribed to his manner of composition.

In general, what praise is implied in the simple epithet USEFUL! What reproach in the contrary!

Your Gods, says Cicero [De Nat. Deor. lib. i.], in opposition to the Epicureans, cannot justly claim any worship or adoration, with whatever imaginary perfections you may suppose them endowed. They are totally useless and inactive. Even the Egyptians, whom you so much ridicule, never consecrated any animal but on account of its utility.

The sceptics assert [Sext. Emp. adrersus Math. lib. viii.], though absurdly, that the origin of all religious worship was derived from the utility of inanimate objects, as the sun and moon, to the support and well-being of mankind. This is also the common reason assigned by historians, for the deification of eminent heroes and legislators [Diod. Sic. passim.].

To plant a tree, to cultivate a field, to beget children; meritorious acts, according to the religion of Zoroaster.

In all determinations of morality, this circumstance of public utility is ever principally in view; and wherever disputes arise, either in philosophy or common life, concerning the bounds of duty, the question cannot, by any means, be decided with greater certainty, than by ascertaining, on any side, the true interests of mankind. If any false opinion, embraced from appearances, has been found to prevail; as soon as farther experience and sounder reasoning have given us juster notions of human affairs, we retract our first sentiment, and adjust anew the boundaries of moral good and evil.

Giving alms to common beggars is naturally praised; because it seems to carry relief to the distressed and indigent: but when we observe the encouragement thence arising to idleness and debauchery, we regard that species of charity rather as a weakness than a virtue.

Tyrannicide, or the assassination of usurpers and oppressive princes, was highly extolled in ancient times; because it both freed mankind from many of these monsters, and seemed to keep the others in awe, whom the sword or poniard could not reach. But history and experience having since convinced us, that this practice increases the jealousy and cruelty of princes, a Timoleon and a Brutus, though treated with indulgence on account of the prejudices of their times, are now considered as very improper models for imitation.

Liberality in princes is regarded as a mark of beneficence, but when it occurs, that the homely bread of the honest and industrious is often thereby converted into delicious cates for the idle and the prodigal, we soon retract our heedless praises. The regrets of a prince, for having lost a day, were noble and generous: but had he intended to have spent it in acts of generosity to his greedy courtiers, it was better lost than misemployed after that manner.

Luxury, or a refinement on the pleasures and conveniences of life, had not long been supposed the source of every corruption in government, and the immediate cause of faction, sedition, civil wars, and the total loss of liberty. It was, therefore, universally regarded as a vice, and was an object of declamation to all satirists, and severe moralists. Those, who prove, or attempt to prove, that such refinements rather tend to the increase of industry, civility, and arts regulate anew our MORAL as well as POLITICAL sentiments, and represent, as laudable or innocent, what had formerly been regarded as pernicious and blameable.

Upon the whole, then, it seems undeniable, THAT nothing can bestow more merit on any human creature than the sentiment of benevolence in an eminent degree; and THAT a PART, at least, of its merit arises from its tendency to promote the interests of our species, and bestow happiness on human society. We carry our view into the salutary consequences of such a character and disposition; and whatever has so benign an influence, and forwards so desirable an end, is beheld with complacency and pleasure. The social virtues are never regarded without their beneficial tendencies, nor viewed as barren and unfruitful. The happiness of mankind, the order of society, the harmony of families, the mutual support of friends, are always considered as the result of their gentle dominion over the breasts of men.

How considerable a PART of their merit we ought to ascribe to their utility, will better appear from future disquisitions; [Footnote: Sect. III. and IV.] as well as the reason, why this circumstance has such a command over our esteem and approbation. [Footnote: Sect. V.]

SECTION III. OF JUSTICE.

PART I.

THAT Justice is useful to society, and consequently that PART of its merit, at least, must arise from that consideration, it would be a superfluous undertaking to prove. That public utility is the SOLE origin of justice, and that reflections on the beneficial consequences of this virtue are the SOLE foundation of its merit; this proposition, being more curious and important, will better deserve our examination and enquiry.

Let us suppose that nature has bestowed on the human race such profuse ABUNDANCE of all EXTERNAL conveniencies, that, without any uncertainty in the event, without any care or industry on our part, every individual finds himself fully provided with whatever his most voracious appetites can want, or luxurious imagination wish or desire. His natural beauty, we shall suppose, surpasses all acquired ornaments: the perpetual clemency of the seasons renders useless all clothes or covering: the raw herbage affords him the most delicious fare; the clear fountain, the richest beverage. No laborious occupation required: no tillage: no navigation. Music, poetry, and contemplation form his sole business: conversation, mirth, and friendship his sole amusement. It seems evident that, in such a happy state, every other social virtue would flourish, and receive tenfold increase; but the cautious, jealous virtue of justice would never once have been dreamed of. For what purpose make a partition of goods, where every one has already more than enough? Why give rise to property, where there cannot possibly be any injury? Why call this object MINE, when upon the seizing of it by another, I need but stretch out my hand to possess myself to what is equally valuable? Justice, in that case, being totally useless, would be an idle ceremonial, and could never possibly have place in the catalogue of virtues.

We see, even in the present necessitous condition of mankind, that, wherever any benefit is bestowed by nature in an unlimited abundance, we leave it always in common among the whole human race, and make no subdivisions of right and property. Water and air, though the most necessary of all objects, are not challenged as the property of individuals; nor can any man commit injustice by the most lavish use and enjoyment of these blessings. In fertile extensive countries, with few inhabitants, land is regarded on the same footing. And no topic is so much insisted on by those, who defend the liberty of the seas, as the unexhausted use of them in navigation. Were the advantages, procured by navigation, as inexhaustible, these reasoners had never had any adversaries to refute; nor had any claims ever been advanced of a separate, exclusive dominion over the ocean.

It may happen, in some countries, at some periods, that there be established a property in water, none in land [Footnote: Genesis, chaps. xiii. and xxi.]; if the latter be in greater abundance than can be used by the inhabitants, and the former be found, with difficulty, and in very small quantities.

Again; suppose, that, though the necessities of human race continue the same as at present, yet the mind is so enlarged, and so replete with friendship and generosity, that every man has the utmost tenderness for every man, and feels no more concern for his own interest than for that of his fellows; it seems evident, that the use of justice would, in this case, be suspended by such an

extensive benevolence, nor would the divisions and barriers of property and obligation have ever been thought of. Why should I bind another, by a deed or promise, to do me any good office, when I know that he is already prompted, by the strongest inclination, to seek my happiness, and would, of himself, perform the desired service; except the hurt, he thereby receives, be greater than the benefit accruing to me? in which case, he knows, that, from my innate humanity and friendship, I should be the first to oppose myself to his imprudent generosity. Why raise landmarks between my neighbour's field and mine, when my heart has made no division between our interests; but shares all his joys and sorrows with the same force and vivacity as if originally my own? Every man, upon this supposition, being a second self to another, would trust all his interests to the discretion of every man; without jealousy, without partition, without distinction. And the whole human race would form only one family; where all would lie in common, and be used freely, without regard to property; but cautiously too, with as entire regard to the necessities of each individual, as if our own interests were most intimately concerned.

In the present disposition of the human heart, it would, perhaps, be difficult to find complete instances of such enlarged affections; but still we may observe, that the case of families approaches towards it; and the stronger the mutual benevolence is among the individuals, the nearer it approaches; till all distinction of property be, in a great measure, lost and confounded among them. Between married persons, the cement of friendship is by the laws supposed so strong as to abolish all division of possessions; and has often, in reality, the force ascribed to it. And it is observable, that, during the ardour of new enthusiasms, when every principle is inflamed into extravagance, the community of goods has frequently been attempted; and nothing but experience of its inconveniencies, from the returning or disguised selfishness of men, could make the imprudent fanatics adopt anew the ideas of justice and of separate property. So true is it, that this virtue derives its existence entirely from its necessary USE to the intercourse and social state of mankind.

To make this truth more evident, let us reverse the foregoing suppositions; and carrying everything to the opposite extreme, consider what would be the effect of these new situations. Suppose a society to fall into such want of all common necessaries, that the utmost frugality and industry cannot preserve the greater number from perishing, and the whole from extreme misery; it will readily, I believe, be admitted, that the strict laws of justice are suspended, in such a pressing emergence, and give place to the stronger motives of necessity and self-preservation. Is it any crime, after a shipwreck, to seize whatever means or instrument of safety one can lay hold of, without regard to former limitations of property? Or if a city besieged were perishing with hunger; can we imagine, that men will see any means of preservation before them, and lose their lives, from a scrupulous regard to what, in other situations, would be the rules of equity and justice? The use and tendency of that virtue is to procure happiness and security, by preserving order in society: but where the society is ready to perish from extreme necessity, no greater evil can be dreaded from violence and injustice; and every man may now provide for himself by all the means, which prudence can dictate, or humanity permit. The public, even in less urgent necessities, opens granaries, without the consent of proprietors; as justly supposing, that the authority of magistracy may, consistent with equity, extend so far: but were any number of men to assemble, without the tie of laws or civil jurisdiction; would an equal partition of bread in a famine, though effected by power and even violence, be regarded as criminal or injurious?

Suppose likewise, that it should be a virtuous man's fate to fall into the society of ruffians, remote from the protection of laws and government; what conduct must he embrace in that melancholy situation? He sees such a desperate rapaciousness prevail; such a disregard to equity, such contempt of order, such stupid blindness to future consequences, as must immediately have the most tragical conclusion, and must terminate in destruction to the greater number, and in a total dissolution of society to the rest. He, meanwhile, can have no other expedient than to arm himself, to whomever the sword he seizes, or the buckler, may belong: To make provision of all means of defence and security: And his particular regard to justice being no longer of use to his own safety or that of others, he must consult the dictates of self-preservation alone, without concern for those who no longer merit his care and attention.

When any man, even in political society, renders himself by his crimes, obnoxious to the public, he is punished by the laws in his goods and person; that is, the ordinary rules of justice are, with regard to him, suspended for a moment, and it becomes equitable to inflict on him, for the BENEFIT of society, what otherwise he could not suffer without wrong or injury.

The rage and violence of public war; what is it but a suspension of justice among the warring parties, who perceive, that this virtue is now no longer of any USE or advantage to them? The laws of war, which then succeed to those of equity and justice, are rules calculated for the ADVANTAGE and UTILITY of that particular state, in which men are now placed. And were a civilized nation engaged with barbarians, who observed no rules even of war, the former must also suspend their observance of them, where they no longer serve to any purpose; and must render every action or recounter as bloody and pernicious as possible to the first

aggressors.

Thus, the rules of equity or justice depend entirely on the particular state and condition in which men are placed, and owe their origin and existence to that utility, which results to the public from their strict and regular observance. Reverse, in any considerable circumstance, the condition of men: Produce extreme abundance or extreme necessity: Implant in the human breast perfect moderation and humanity, or perfect rapaciousness and malice: By rendering justice totally USELESS, you thereby totally destroy its essence, and suspend its obligation upon mankind. The common situation of society is a medium amidst all these extremes. We are naturally partial to ourselves, and to our friends; but are capable of learning the advantage resulting from a more equitable conduct. Few enjoyments are given us from the open and liberal hand of nature; but by art, labour, and industry, we can extract them in great abundance. Hence the ideas of property become necessary in all civil society: Hence justice derives its usefulness to the public: And hence alone arises its merit and moral obligation.

These conclusions are so natural and obvious, that they have not escaped even the poets, in their descriptions of the felicity attending the golden age or the reign of Saturn. The seasons, in that first period of nature, were so temperate, if we credit these agreeable fictions, that there was no necessity for men to provide themselves with clothes and houses, as a security against the violence of heat and cold: The rivers flowed with wine and milk: The oaks yielded honey; and nature spontaneously produced her greatest delicacies. Nor were these the chief advantages of that happy age. Tempests were not alone removed from nature; but those more furious tempests were unknown to human breasts, which now cause such uproar, and engender such confusion. Avarice, ambition, cruelty, selfishness, were never heard of: Cordial affection, compassion, sympathy, were the only movements with which the mind was yet acquainted. Even the punctilious distinction of MINE and THINE was banished from among the happy race of mortals, and carried with it the very notion of property and obligation, justice and injustice.

This POETICAL fiction of the GOLDEN AGE, is in some respects, of a piece with the PHILOSOPHICAL fiction of the STATE OF NATURE; only that the former is represented as the most charming and most peaceable condition, which can possibly be imagined; whereas the latter is painted out as a state of mutual war and violence, attended with the most extreme necessity. On the first origin of mankind, we are told, their ignorance and savage nature were so prevalent, that they could give no mutual trust, but must each depend upon himself and his own force or cunning for protection and security. No law was heard of: No rule of justice known: No distinction of property regarded: Power was the only measure of right; and a perpetual war of all against all was the result of men's untamed selfishness and barbarity.

[Footnote: This fiction of a state of nature, as a state of war, was not first started by Mr. Hobbes, as is commonly imagined. Plato endeavours to refute an hypothesis very like it in the second, third, and fourth books de republica. Cicero, on the contrary, supposes it certain and universally acknowledged in the following passage. 'Quis enim vestrum, judices, ignorat, ita naturam rerum tulisse, ut quodam tempore homines, nondum neque naturali neque civili jure descripto, fusi per agros ac dispersi vagarentur tantumque haberent quantum manu ac viribus, per caedem ac vulnera, aut eripere aut retinere potuissent? Qui igitur primi virtute & consilio praestanti extiterunt, ii perspecto genere humanae docilitatis atque ingenii, dissipatos unum in locum congregarunt, eosque ex feritate illa ad justitiam ac mansuetudinem transduxerunt. Tum res ad communem utilitatem, quas publicas appellamus, tum conventicula hominum, quae postea civitates nominatae sunt, tum domicilia conjuncta, quas urbes dicamus, invento & divino & humano jure moenibus sepserunt. Atque inter hanc vitam, perpolitam humanitate, & llam immanem, nihil tam interest quam JUS atque VIS. Horum utro uti nolimus, altero est utendum. Vim volumus extingui. Jus valeat necesse est, idi est, judicia, quibus omne jus continetur. Judicia displicent, ant nulla sunt. Vis dominetur necesse est. Haec vident omnes.' Pro Sext. sec. 42.]

Whether such a condition of human nature could ever exist, or if it did, could continue so long as to merit the appellation of a STATE, may justly be doubted. Men are necessarily born in a family-society, at least; and are trained up by their parents to some rule of conduct and behaviour. But this must be admitted, that, if such a state of mutual war and violence was ever real, the suspension of all laws of justice, from their absolute inutility, is a necessary and infallible consequence.

The more we vary our views of human life, and the newer and more unusual the lights are in which we survey it, the more shall we be convinced, that the origin here assigned for the virtue of justice is real and satisfactory.

Were there a species of creatures intermingled with men, which, though rational, were possessed of such inferior strength, both of body and mind, that they were incapable of all resistance, and could never, upon the highest provocation, make us feel the effects of their resentment; the necessary consequence, I think, is that we should be bound by the laws of humanity to give gentle usage to these creatures, but should not, properly speaking, lie under any restraint of justice with regard to them, nor could they possess any

right or property, exclusive of such arbitrary lords. Our intercourse with them could not be called society, which supposes a degree of equality; but absolute command on the one side, and servile obedience on the other. Whatever we covet, they must instantly resign: Our permission is the only tenure, by which they hold their possessions: Our compassion and kindness the only check, by which they curb our lawless will: And as no inconvenience ever results from the exercise of a power, so firmly established in nature, the restraints of justice and property, being totally USELESS, would never have place in so unequal a confederacy.

This is plainly the situation of men, with regard to animals; and how far these may be said to possess reason, I leave it to others to determine. The great superiority of civilized Europeans above barbarous Indians, tempted us to imagine ourselves on the same footing with regard to them, and made us throw off all restraints of justice, and even of humanity, in our treatment of them. In many nations, the female sex are reduced to like slavery, and are rendered incapable of all property, in opposition to their lordly masters. But though the males, when united, have in all countries bodily force sufficient to maintain this severe tyranny, yet such are the insinuation, address, and charms of their fair companions, that women are commonly able to break the confederacy, and share with the other sex in all the rights and privileges of society.

Were the human species so framed by nature as that each individual possessed within himself every faculty, requisite both for his own preservation and for the propagation of his kind: Were all society and intercourse cut off between man and man, by the primary intention of the supreme Creator: It seems evident, that so solitary a being would be as much incapable of justice, as of social discourse and conversation. Where mutual regards and forbearance serve to no manner of purpose, they would never direct the conduct of any reasonable man. The headlong course of the passions would be checked by no reflection on future consequences. And as each man is here supposed to love himself alone, and to depend only on himself and his own activity for safety and happiness, he would, on every occasion, to the utmost of his power, challenge the preference above every other being, to none of which he is bound by any ties, either of nature or of interest. But suppose the conjunction of the sexes to be established in nature, a family immediately arises; and particular rules being found requisite for its subsistence, these are immediately embraced; though without comprehending the rest of mankind within their prescriptions. Suppose that several families unite together into one society, which is totally disjoined from all others, the rules, which preserve peace and order, enlarge themselves to the utmost extent of that society; but becoming then entirely useless, lose their force when carried one step farther. But again suppose, that several distinct societies maintain a kind of intercourse for mutual convenience and advantage, the boundaries of justice still grow larger, in proportion to the largeness of men's views, and the force of their mutual connexions. History, experience, reason sufficiently instruct us in this natural progress of human sentiments, and in the gradual enlargement of our regards to justice, in proportion as we become acquainted with the extensive utility of that virtue.

PART II.

If we examine the PARTICULAR laws, by which justice is directed, and property determined; we shall still be presented with the same conclusion. The good of mankind is the only object of all these laws and regulations. Not only is it requisite, for the peace and interest of society, that men's possessions should be separated; but the rules, which we follow, in making the separation, are such as can best be contrived to serve farther the interests of society.

We shall suppose that a creature, possessed of reason, but unacquainted with human nature, deliberates with himself what rules of justice or property would best promote public interest, and establish peace and security among mankind: His most obvious thought would be, to assign the largest possessions to the most extensive virtue, and give every one the power of doing good, proportioned to his inclination. In a perfect theocracy, where a being, infinitely intelligent, governs by particular volitions, this rule would certainly have place, and might serve to the wisest purposes: But were mankind to execute such a law; so great is the uncertainty of merit, both from its natural obscurity, and from the self-conceit of each individual, that no determinate rule of conduct would ever result from it; and the total dissolution of society must be the immediate consequence. Fanatics may suppose, THAT DOMINION IS FOUNDED ON GRACE, and THAT SAINTS ALONE INHERIT THE EARTH; but the civil magistrate very justly puts these sublime theorists on the same footing with common robbers, and teaches them by the severest discipline, that a rule, which, in speculation, may seem the most advantageous to society, may yet be found, in practice, totally pernicious and destructive.

That there were RELIGIOUS fanatics of this kind in England, during the civil wars, we learn from history; though it is probable, that the obvious TENDENCY of these principles excited such horror in mankind, as soon obliged the dangerous enthusiasts to renounce, or at least conceal their tenets. Perhaps the LEVELLERS, who claimed an equal distribution of property, were a kind of POLITICAL fanatics, which arose from the religious species, and more openly avowed their pretensions; as carrying a more

plausible appearance, of being practicable in themselves, as well as useful to human society. It must, indeed, be confessed, that nature is so liberal to mankind, that, were all her presents equally divided among the species, and improved by art and industry, every individual would enjoy all the necessaries, and even most of the comforts of life; nor would ever be liable to any ills but such as might accidentally arise from the sickly frame and constitution of his body. It must also be confessed, that, wherever we depart from this equality, we rob the poor of more satisfaction than we add to the rich, and that the slight gratification of a frivolous vanity, in one individual, frequently costs more than bread to many families, and even provinces. It may appear withal, that the rule of equality, as it would be highly USEFUL, is not altogether IMPRACTICABLE; but has taken place, at least in an imperfect degree, in some republics; particularly that of Sparta; where it was attended, it is said, with the most beneficial consequences. Not to mention that the Agrarian laws, so frequently claimed in Rome, and carried into execution in many Greek cities, proceeded, all of them, from a general idea of the utility of this principle.

But historians, and even common sense, may inform us, that, however specious these ideas of PERFECT equality may seem, they are really, at bottom, IMPRACTICABLE; and were they not so, would be extremely PERNICIOUS to human society. Render possessions ever so equal, men's different degrees of art, care, and industry will immediately break that equality. Or if you check these virtues, you reduce society to the most extreme indigence; and instead of preventing want and beggary in a few, render it unavoidable to the whole community. The most rigorous inquisition too is requisite to watch every inequality on its first appearance; and the most severe jurisdiction, to punish and redress it. But besides, that so much authority must soon degenerate into tyranny, and be exerted with great partialities; who can possibly be possessed of it, in such a situation as is here supposed? Perfect equality of possessions, destroying all subordination, weakens extremely the authority of magistracy, and must reduce all power nearly to a level, as well as property.

We may conclude, therefore, that, in order to establish laws for the regulation of property, we must be acquainted with the nature and situation of man; must reject appearances, which may be false, though specious; and must search for those rules, which are, on the whole, most USEFUL and BENEFICIAL. Vulgar sense and slight experience are sufficient for this purpose; where men give not way to too selfish avidity, or too extensive enthusiasm.

Who sees not, for instance, that whatever is produced or improved by a man's art or industry ought, for ever, to be secured to him, in order to give encouragement to such USEFUL habits and accomplishments? That the property ought also to descend to children and relations, for the same USEFUL purpose? That it may be alienated by consent, in order to beget that commerce and intercourse, which is so BENEFICIAL to human society? And that all contracts and promises ought carefully to be fulfilled, in order to secure mutual trust and confidence, by which the general INTEREST of mankind is so much promoted?

Examine the writers on the laws of nature; and you will always find, that, whatever principles they set out with, they are sure to terminate here at last, and to assign, as the ultimate reason for every rule which they establish, the convenience and necessities of mankind. A concession thus extorted, in opposition to systems, has more authority than if it had been made in prosecution of them.

What other reason, indeed, could writers ever give, why this must be MINE and that YOURS; since uninstructed nature surely never made any such distinction? The objects which receive those appellations are, of themselves, foreign to us; they are totally disjoined and separated from us; and nothing but the general interests of society can form the connexion.

Sometimes the interests of society may require a rule of justice in a particular case; but may not determine any particular rule, among several, which are all equally beneficial. In that case, the slightest analogies are laid hold of, in order to prevent that indifference and ambiguity, which would be the source of perpetual dissension. Thus possession alone, and first possession, is supposed to convey property, where no body else has any preceding claim and pretension. Many of the reasonings of lawyers are of this analogical nature, and depend on very slight connexions of the imagination.

Does any one scruple, in extraordinary cases, to violate all regard to the private property of individuals, and sacrifice to public interest a distinction which had been established for the sake of that interest? The safety of the people is the supreme law: All other particular laws are subordinate to it, and dependent on it: And if, in the COMMON course of things, they be followed and regarded; it is only because the public safety and interest COMMONLY demand so equal and impartial an administration.

Sometimes both UTILITY and ANALOGY fail, and leave the laws of justice in total uncertainty. Thus, it is highly requisite, that prescription or long possession should convey property; but what number of days or months or years should be sufficient for that purpose, it is impossible for reason alone to determine. CIVIL LAWS here supply the place of the natural CODE, and assign different terms for prescription, according to the different UTILITIES, proposed by the legislator. Bills of exchange and promissory

notes, by the laws of most countries, prescribe sooner than bonds, and mortgages, and contracts of a more formal nature.

In general we may observe that all questions of property are subordinate to the authority of civil laws, which extend, restrain, modify, and alter the rules of natural justice, according to the particular CONVENIENCE of each community. The laws have, or ought to have, a constant reference to the constitution of government, the manners, the climate, the religion, the commerce, the situation of each society. A late author of genius, as well as learning, has prosecuted this subject at large, and has established, from these principles, a system of political knowledge, which abounds in ingenious and brilliant thoughts, and is not wanting in solidity.

[Footnote: The author of L'ESPRIT DES LOIX, This illustrious writer, however, sets out with a different theory, and supposes all right to be founded on certain RAPPORTS or relations; which is a system, that, in my opinion, never will be reconciled with true philosophy. Father Malebranche, as far as I can learn, was the first that started this abstract theory of morals, which was afterwards adopted by Cudworth, Clarke, and others; and as it excludes all sentiment, and pretends to found everything on reason, it has not wanted followers in this philosophic age. See Section I, Appendix I. With regard to justice, the virtue here treated of, the inference against this theory seems short and conclusive. Property is allowed to be dependent on civil laws; civil laws are allowed to have no other object, but the interest of society: This therefore must be allowed to be the sole foundation of property and justice. Not to mention, that our obligation itself to obey the magistrate and his laws is founded on nothing but the interests of society. If the ideas of justice, sometimes, do not follow the dispositions of civil law; we shall find, that these cases, instead of objections, are confirmations of the theory delivered above. Where a civil law is so perverse as to cross all the interests of society, it loses all its authority, and men judge by the ideas of natural justice, which are conformable to those interests. Sometimes also civil laws, for useful purposes, require a ceremony or form to any deed; and where that is wanting, their decrees run contrary to the usual tenour of justice; but one who takes advantage of such chicanes, is not commonly regarded as an honest man. Thus, the interests of society require, that contracts be fulfilled; and there is not a more material article either of natural or civil justice: But the omission of a trifling circumstance will often, by law, invalidate a contract, in foro humano, but not in foro conscientiae, as divines express themselves. In these cases, the magistrate is supposed only to withdraw his power of enforcing the right, not to have altered the right. Where his intention extends to the right, and is conformable to the interests of society; it never fails to alter the right; a clear proof of the origin of justice and of property, as assigned above.]

WHAT IS A MAN'S PROPERTY? Anything which it is lawful for him, and for him alone, to use. BUT WHAT RULE HAVE WE, BY WHICH WE CAN DISTINGUISH THESE OBJECTS? Here we must have recourse to statutes, customs, precedents, analogies, and a hundred other circumstances; some of which are constant and inflexible, some variable and arbitrary. But the ultimate point, in which they all professedly terminate, is the interest and happiness of human society. Where this enters not into consideration, nothing can appear more whimsical, unnatural, and even superstitious, than all or most of the laws of justice and of property.

Those who ridicule vulgar superstitions, and expose the folly of particular regards to meats, days, places, postures, apparel, have an easy task; while they consider all the qualities and relations of the objects, and discover no adequate cause for that affection or antipathy, veneration or horror, which have so mighty an influence over a considerable part of mankind. A Syrian would have starved rather than taste pigeon; an Egyptian would not have approached bacon: But if these species of food be examined by the senses of sight, smell, or taste, or scrutinized by the sciences of chemistry, medicine, or physics, no difference is ever found between them and any other species, nor can that precise circumstance be pitched on, which may afford a just foundation for the religious passion. A fowl on Thursday is lawful food; on Friday abominable: Eggs in this house and in this diocese, are permitted during Lent; a hundred paces farther, to eat them is a damnable sin. This earth or building, yesterday was profane; to-day, by the muttering of certain words, it has become holy and sacred. Such reflections as these, in the mouth of a philosopher, one may safely say, are too obvious to have any influence; because they must always, to every man, occur at first sight; and where they prevail not, of themselves, they are surely obstructed by education, prejudice, and passion, not by ignorance or mistake.

It may appear to a careless view, or rather a too abstracted reflection, that there enters a like superstition into all the sentiments of justice; and that, if a man expose its object, or what we call property, to the same scrutiny of sense and science, he will not, by the most accurate enquiry, find any foundation for the difference made by moral sentiment. I may lawfully nourish myself from this tree; but the fruit of another of the same species, ten paces off, it is criminal for me to touch. Had I worn this apparel an hour ago, I had merited the severest punishment; but a man, by pronouncing a few magical syllables, has now rendered it fit for my use and service. Were this house placed in the neighbouring territory, it had been immoral for me to dwell in it; but being built on this side the river, it is subject to a different municipal law, and by its becoming mine I incur no blame or censure. The same species of

reasoning it may be thought, which so successfully exposes superstition, is also applicable to justice; nor is it possible, in the one case more than in the other, to point out, in the object, that precise quality or circumstance, which is the foundation of the sentiment.

But there is this material difference between SUPERSTITION and JUSTICE, that the former is frivolous, useless, and burdensome; the latter is absolutely requisite to the well-being of mankind and existence of society. When we abstract from this circumstance (for it is too apparent ever to be overlooked) it must be confessed, that all regards to right and property, seem entirely without foundation, as much as the grossest and most vulgar superstition. Were the interests of society nowise concerned, it is as unintelligible why another's articulating certain sounds implying consent, should change the nature of my actions with regard to a particular object, as why the reciting of a liturgy by a priest, in a certain habit and posture, should dedicate a heap of brick and timber, and render it, thenceforth and for ever, sacred.

[Footnote: It is evident, that the will or consent alone never transfers property, nor causes the obligation of a promise (for the same reasoning extends to both), but the will must be expressed by words or signs, in order to impose a tie upon any man. The expression being once brought in as subservient to the will, soon becomes the principal part of the promise; nor will a man be less bound by his word, though he secretly give a different direction to his intention, and withhold the assent of his mind. But though the expression makes, on most occasions, the whole of the promise, yet it does not always so; and one who should make use of any expression, of which he knows not the meaning, and which he uses without any sense of the consequences, would not certainly be bound by it. Nay, though he know its meaning, yet if he use it in jest only, and with such signs as evidently show, that he has no serious intention of binding himself, he would not lie under any obligation of performance; but it is necessary, that the words be a perfect expression of the will, without any contrary signs. Nay, even this we must not carry so far as to imagine, that one, whom, by our quickness of understanding, we conjecture, from certain signs, to have an intention of deceiving us, is not bound by his expression or verbal promise, if we accept of it; but must limit this conclusion to those cases where the signs are of a different nature from those of deceit. All these contradictions are easily accounted for, if justice arise entirely from its usefulness to society; but will never be explained on any other hypothesis.

It is remarkable that the moral decisions of the JESUITS and other relaxed casuists, were commonly formed in prosecution of some such subtilties of reasoning as are here pointed out, and proceed as much from the habit of scholastic refinement as from any corruption of the heart, if we may follow the authority of Mons. Bayle. See his Dictionary, article Loyola. And why has the indignation of mankind risen so high against these casuists; but because every one perceived, that human society could not subsist were such practices authorized, and that morals must always be handled with a view to public interest, more than philosophical regularity? If the secret direction of the intention, said every man of sense, could invalidate a contract; where is our security? And yet a metaphysical schoolman might think, that, where an intention was supposed to be requisite, if that intention really had not place, no consequence ought to follow, and no obligation be imposed. The casuistical subtilties may not be greater than the snbtilties of lawyers, hinted at above; but as the former are PERNICIOUS, and the latter INNOCENT and even NECESSARY, this is the reason of the very different reception they meet with from the world.

It is a doctrine of the Church of Rome, that the priest, by a secret direction of his intention, can invalidate any sacrament. This position is derived from a strict and regular prosecution of the obvious truth, that empty words alone, without any meaning or intention in the speaker, can never be attended with any effect. If the same conclusion be not admitted in reasonings concerning civil contracts, where the affair is allowed to be of so much less consequence than the eternal salvation of thousands, it proceeds entirely from men's sense of the danger and inconvenience of the doctrine in the former case: And we may thence observe, that however positive, arrogant, and dogmatical any superstition may appear, it never can convey any thorough persuasion of the reality of its objects, or put them, in any degree, on a balance with the common incidents of life, which we learn from daily observation and experimental reasoning.]

These reflections are far from weakening the obligations of justice, or diminishing anything from the most sacred attention to property. On the contrary, such sentiments must acquire new force from the present reasoning. For what stronger foundation can be desired or conceived for any duty, than to observe, that human society, or even human nature, could not subsist without the establishment of it; and will still arrive at greater degrees of happiness and perfection, the more inviolable the regard is, which is paid to that duty?

The dilemma seems obvious: As justice evidently tends to promote public utility and to support civil society, the sentiment of justice is either derived from our reflecting on that tendency, or like hunger, thirst, and other appetites, resentment, love of life, attachment

to offspring, and other passions, arises from a simple original instinct in the human breast, which nature has implanted for like salutary purposes. If the latter be the case, it follows, that property, which is the object of justice, is also distinguished by a simple original instinct, and is not ascertained by any argument or reflection. But who is there that ever heard of such an instinct? Or is this a subject in which new discoveries can be made? We may as well expect to discover, in the body, new senses, which had before escaped the observation of all mankind.

But farther, though it seems a very simple proposition to say, that nature, by an instinctive sentiment, distinguishes property, yet in reality we shall find, that there are required for that purpose ten thousand different instincts, and these employed about objects of the greatest intricacy and nicest discernment. For when a definition of PROPERTY is required, that relation is found to resolve itself into any possession acquired by occupation, by industry, by prescription, by inheritance, by contract, &c. Can we think that nature, by an original instinct, instructs us in all these methods of acquisition?

These words too, inheritance and contract, stand for ideas infinitely complicated; and to define them exactly, a hundred volumes of laws, and a thousand volumes of commentators, have not been found sufficient. Does nature, whose instincts in men are all simple, embrace such complicated and artificial objects, and create a rational creature, without trusting anything to the operation of his reason?

But even though all this were admitted, it would not be satisfactory. Positive laws can certainly transfer property. It is by another original instinct, that we recognize the authority of kings and senates, and mark all the boundaries of their jurisdiction? Judges too, even though their sentence be erroneous and illegal, must be allowed, for the sake of peace and order, to have decisive authority, and ultimately to determine property. Have we original innate ideas of praetors and chancellors and juries? Who sees not, that all these institutions arise merely from the necessities of human society?

All birds of the same species in every age and country, built their nests alike: In this we see the force of instinct. Men, in different times and places, frame their houses differently: Here we perceive the influence of reason and custom. A like inference may be drawn from comparing the instinct of generation and the institution of property.

How great soever the variety of municipal laws, it must be confessed, that their chief outlines pretty regularly concur; because the purposes, to which they tend, are everywhere exactly similar. In like manner, all houses have a roof and walls, windows and chimneys; though diversified in their shape, figure, and materials. The purposes of the latter, directed to the conveniencies of human life, discover not more plainly their origin from reason and reflection, than do those of the former, which point all to a like end.

I need not mention the variations, which all the rules of property receive from the finer turns and connexions of the imagination, and from the subtilties and abstractions of law-topics and reasonings. There is no possibility of reconciling this observation to the notion of original instincts.

What alone will beget a doubt concerning the theory, on which I insist, is the influence of education and acquired habits, by which we are so accustomed to blame injustice, that we are not, in every instance, conscious of any immediate reflection on the pernicious consequences of it. The views the most familiar to us are apt, for that very reason, to escape us; and what we have very frequently performed from certain motives, we are apt likewise to continue mechanically, without recalling, on every occasion, the reflections, which first determined us. The convenience, or rather necessity, which leads to justice is so universal, and everywhere points so much to the same rules, that the habit takes place in all societies; and it is not without some scrutiny, that we are able to ascertain its true origin. The matter, however, is not so obscure, but that even in common life we have every moment recourse to the principle of public utility, and ask, WHAT MUST BECOME OF THE WORLD, IF SUCH PRACTICES PREVAIL? HOW COULD SOCIETY SUBSIST UNDER SUCH DISORDERS? Were the distinction or separation of possessions entirely useless, can any one conceive, that it ever should have obtained in society?

Thus we seem, upon the whole, to have attained a knowledge of the force of that principle here insisted on, and can determine what degree of esteem or moral approbation may result from reflections on public interest and utility. The necessity of justice to the support of society is the sole foundation of that virtue; and since no moral excellence is more highly esteemed, we may conclude that this circumstance of usefulness has, in general, the strongest energy, and most entire command over our sentiments. It must, therefore, be the source of a considerable part of the merit ascribed to humanity, benevolence, friendship, public spirit, and other social virtues of that stamp; as it is the sole source of the moral approbation paid to fidelity, justice, veracity, integrity, and those other estimable and useful qualities and principles. It is entirely agreeable to the rules of philosophy, and even of common reason;

where any principle has been found to have a great force and energy in one instance, to ascribe to it a like energy in all similar instances. This indeed is Newton's chief rule of philosophizing [Footnote: Principia. Lib. iii.].

SECTION IV.

OF POLITICAL SOCIETY.

Had every man sufficient SAGACITY to perceive, at all times, the strong interest which binds him to the observance of justice and equity, and STRENGTH OF MIND sufficient to persevere in a steady adherence to a general and a distant interest, in opposition to the allurements of present pleasure and advantage; there had never, in that case, been any such thing as government or political society, but each man, following his natural liberty, had lived in entire peace and harmony with all others. What need of positive law where natural justice is, of itself, a sufficient restraint? Why create magistrates, where there never arises any disorder or iniquity? Why abridge our native freedom, when, in every instance, the utmost exertion of it is found innocent and beneficial? It is evident, that, if government were totally useless, it never could have place, and that the sole foundation of the duty of allegiance is the ADVANTAGE, which it procures to society, by preserving peace and order among mankind.

When a number of political societies are erected, and maintain a great intercourse together, a new set of rules are immediately discovered to be USEFUL in that particular situation; and accordingly take place under the title of Laws of Nations. Of this kind are, the sacredness of the person of ambassadors, abstaining from poisoned arms, quarter in war, with others of that kind, which are plainly calculated for the ADVANTAGE of states and kingdoms in their intercourse with each other.

The rules of justice, such as prevail among individuals, are not entirely suspended among political societies. All princes pretend a regard to the rights of other princes; and some, no doubt, without hypocrisy. Alliances and treaties are every day made between independent states, which would only be so much waste of parchment, if they were not found by experience to have SOME influence and authority. But here is the difference between kingdoms and individuals. Human nature cannot by any means subsist, without the association of individuals; and that association never could have place, were no regard paid to the laws of equity and justice. Disorder, confusion, the war of all against all, are the necessary consequences of such a licentious conduct. But nations can subsist without intercourse. They may even subsist, in some degree, under a general war. The observance of justice, though useful among them, is not guarded by so strong a necessity as among individuals; and the moral obligation holds proportion with the USEFULNESS. All politicians will allow, and most philosophers, that reasons of state may, in particular emergencies, dispense with the rules of justice, and invalidate any treaty or alliance, where the strict observance of it would be prejudicial, in a considerable degree, to either of the contracting parties. But nothing less than the most extreme necessity, it is confessed, can justify individuals in a breach of promise, or an invasion of the properties of others.

In a confederated commonwealth, such as the Achaean republic of old, or the Swiss Cantons and United Provinces in modern times; as the league has here a peculiar UTILITY, the conditions of union have a peculiar sacredness and authority, and a violation of them would be regarded as no less, or even as more criminal, than any private injury or injustice.

The long and helpless infancy of man requires the combination of parents for the subsistence of their young; and that combination requires the virtue of chastity or fidelity to the marriage bed. Without such a UTILITY, it will readily be owned, that such a virtue would never have been thought of.

[Footnote: The only solution, which Plato gives to all the objections that might be raised against the community of women, established in his imaginary commonwealth, is, [Greek quotation here]. Scite enim istud et dicitur et dicetur, Id quod utile sit honestum esse, quod autem inutile sit turpe esse. [De Rep lib v p 457 ex edit Ser]. And this maxim will admit of no doubt, where public utility is concerned, which is Plato's meaning. And indeed to what other purpose do all the ideas of chastity and modesty serve? "Nisi utile est quod facimus, frustra est gloria," says Phaedrus. [Greek quotation here], says Plutarch, de vitioso pudore. "Nihil eorum quae damnosa sunt, pulchrum est." The same was the opinion of the Stoics [Greek quotation here; from Sept. Emp lib III cap 20].

An infidelity of this nature is much more PERNICIOUS in WOMEN than in MEN. Hence the laws of chastity are much stricter over the one sex than over the other.

These rules have all a reference to generation; and yet women past child-bearing are no more supposed to be exempted from them than those in the flower of their youth and beauty. GENERAL RULES are often extended beyond the principle whence they first

arise; and this in all matters of taste and sentiment. It is a vulgar story at Paris, that, during the rage of the Mississippi, a hump-backed fellow went every day into the Rue de Quincempoix, where the stock-jobbers met in great crowds, and was well paid for allowing them to make use of his hump as a desk, in order to sign their contracts upon it. Would the fortune, which he raised by this expedient, make him a handsome fellow; though it be confessed, that personal beauty arises very much from ideas of utility? The imagination is influenced by associations of ideas; which, though they arise at first from the judgement, are not easily altered by every particular exception that occurs to us. To which we may add, in the present case of chastity, that the example of the old would be pernicious to the young; and that women, continually foreseeing that a certain time would bring them the liberty of indulgence, would naturally advance that period, and think more lightly of this whole duty, so requisite to society.

Those who live in the same family have such frequent opportunities of licence of this kind, that nothing could prevent purity of manners, were marriage allowed, among the nearest relations, or any intercourse of love between them ratified by law and custom. Incest, therefore, being PERNICIOUS in a superior degree, has also a superior turpitude and moral deformity annexed to it.

What is the reason, why, by the Athenian laws, one might marry a half-sister by the father, but not by the mother? Plainly this: The manners of the Athenians were so reserved, that a man was never permitted to approach the women's apartment, even in the same family, unless where he visited his own mother. His step-mother and her children were as much shut up from him as the woman of any other family, and there was as little danger of any criminal correspondence between them. Uncles and nieces, for a like reason, might marry at Athens; but neither these, nor half-brothers and sisters, could contract that alliance at Rome, where the intercourse was more open between the sexes. Public utility is the cause of all these variations.

To repeat, to a man's prejudice, anything that escaped him in private conversation, or to make any such use of his private letters, is highly blamed. The free and social intercourse of minds must be extremely checked, where no such rules of fidelity are established.

Even in repeating stories, whence we can foresee no ill consequences to result, the giving of one's author is regarded as a piece of indiscretion, if not of immorality. These stories, in passing from hand to hand, and receiving all the usual variations, frequently come about to the persons concerned, and produce animosities and quarrels among people, whose intentions are the most innocent and inoffensive.

To pry into secrets, to open or even read the letters of others, to play the spy upon their words and looks and actions; what habits more inconvenient in society? What habits, of consequence, more blameable?

This principle is also the foundation of most of the laws of good manners; a kind of lesser morality, calculated for the ease of company and conversation. Too much or too little ceremony are both blamed, and everything, which promotes ease, without an indecent familiarity, is useful and laudable.

Constancy in friendships, attachments, and familiarities, is commendable, and is requisite to support trust and good correspondence in society. But in places of general, though casual concourse, where the pursuit of health and pleasure brings people promiscuously together, public conveniency has dispensed with this maxim; and custom there promotes an unreserved conversation for the time, by indulging the privilege of dropping afterwards every indifferent acquaintance, without breach of civility or good manners.

Even in societies, which are established on principles the most immoral, and the most destructive to the interests of the general society, there are required certain rules, which a species of false honour, as well as private interest, engages the members to observe. Robbers and pirates, it has often been remarked, could not maintain their pernicious confederacy, did they not establish a pew distributive justice among themselves, and recall those laws of equity, which they have violated with the rest of mankind.

I hate a drinking companion, says the Greek proverb, who never forgets. The follies of the last debauch should be buried in eternal oblivion, in order to give full scope to the follies of the next.

Among nations, where an immoral gallantry, if covered with a thin veil of mystery, is, in some degree, authorized by custom, there immediately arise a set of rules, calculated for the conveniency of that attachment. The famous court or parliament of love in Provence formerly decided all difficult cases of this nature.

In societies for play, there are laws required for the conduct of the game; and these laws are different in each game. The foundation, I own, of such societies is frivolous; and the laws are, in a great measure, though not altogether, capricious and arbitrary. So far is there a material difference between them and the rules of justice, fidelity, and loyalty. The general societies of

men are absolutely requisite for the subsistence of the species; and the public conveniency, which regulates morals, is inviolably established in the nature of man, and of the world, in which he lives. The comparison, therefore, in these respects, is very imperfect. We may only learn from it the necessity of rules, wherever men have any intercourse with each other.

They cannot even pass each other on the road without rules. Waggoners, coachmen, and postilions have principles, by which they give the way; and these are chiefly founded on mutual ease and convenience. Sometimes also they are arbitrary, at least dependent on a kind of capricious analogy like many of the reasonings of lawyers.

[Footnote: That the lighter machine yield to the heavier, and, in machines of the same kind, that the empty yield to the loaded; this rule is founded on convenience. That those who are going to the capital take place of those who are coming from it; this seems to be founded on some idea of dignity of the great city, and of the preference of the future to the past. From like reasons, among foot-walkers, the right-hand entitles a man to the wall, and prevents jostling, which peaceable people find very disagreeable and inconvenient.]

To carry the matter farther, we may observe, that it is impossible for men so much as to murder each other without statutes, and maxims, and an idea of justice and honour. War has its laws as well as peace; and even that sportive kind of war, carried on among wrestlers, boxers, cudgel-players, gladiators, is regulated by fixed principles. Common interest and utility beget infallibly a standard of right and wrong among the parties concerned.

SECTION V. WHY UTILITY PLEASES.

PART I.

It seems so natural a thought to ascribe to their utility the praise, which we bestow on the social virtues, that one would expect to meet with this principle everywhere in moral writers, as the chief foundation of their reasoning and enquiry. In common life, we may observe, that the circumstance of utility is always appealed to; nor is it supposed, that a greater eulogy can be given to any man, than to display his usefulness to the public, and enumerate the services, which he has performed to mankind and society. What praise, even of an inanimate form, if the regularity and elegance of its parts destroy not its fitness for any useful purpose! And how satisfactory an apology for any disproportion or seeming deformity, if we can show the necessity of that particular construction for the use intended! A ship appears more beautiful to an artist, or one moderately skilled in navigation, where its prow is wide and swelling beyond its poop, than if it were framed with a precise geometrical regularity, in contradiction to all the laws of mechanics. A building, whose doors and windows were exact squares, would hurt the eye by that very proportion; as ill adapted to the figure of a human creature, for whose service the fabric was intended.

What wonder then, that a man, whose habits and conduct are hurtful to society, and dangerous or pernicious to every one who has an intercourse with him, should, on that account, be an object of disapprobation, and communicate to every spectator the strongest sentiment of disgust and hatred.

[Footnote: We ought not to imagine, because an inanimate object may be useful as well as a man, that therefore it ought also, according to this system, to merit he appellation of VIRTUOUS. The sentiments, excited by utility, are, in the two cases, very different; and the one is mixed with affection, esteem, approbation, &c., and not the other. In like manner, an inanimate object may have good colour and proportions as well as a human figure. But can we ever be in love with the former? There are a numerous set of passions and sentiments, of which thinking rational beings are, by the original constitution of nature, the only proper objects: and though the very same qualities be transferred to an insensible, inanimate being, they will not excite the same sentiments. The beneficial qualities of herbs and minerals are, indeed, sometimes called their VIRTUES; but this is an effect of the caprice of language, which out not to be regarded in reasoning. For though there be a species of approbation attending even inanimate objects, when beneficial, yet this sentiment is so weak, and so different from that which is directed to beneficent magistrates or statesman; that they ought not to be ranked under the same class or appellation.

A very small variation of the object, even where the same qualities are preserved, will destroy a sentiment. Thus, the same beauty, transferred to a different sex, excites no amorous passion, where nature is not extremely perverted.]

But perhaps the difficulty of accounting for these effects of usefulness, or its contrary, has kept philosophers from admitting them into their systems of ethics, and has induced them rather to employ any other principle, in explaining the origin of moral good and

evil. But it is no just reason for rejecting any principle, confirmed by experience, that we cannot give a satisfactory account of its origin, nor are able to resolve it into other more general principles. And if we would employ a little thought on the present subject, we need be at no loss to account for the influence of utility, and to deduce it from principles, the most known and avowed in human nature.

From the apparent usefulness of the social virtues, it has readily been inferred by sceptics, both ancient and modern, that all moral distinctions arise from education, and were, at first, invented, and afterwards encouraged, by the art of politicians, in order to render men tractable, and subdue their natural ferocity and selfishness, which incapacitated them for society. This principle, indeed, of precept and education, must so far be owned to have a powerful influence, that it may frequently increase or diminish, beyond their natural standard, the sentiments of approbation or dislike; and may even, in particular instances, create, without any natural principle, a new sentiment of this kind; as is evident in all superstitious practices and observances: But that ALL moral affection or dislike arises from this origin, will never surely be allowed by any judicious enquirer. Had nature made no such distinction, founded on the original constitution of the mind, the words, HONOURABLE and SHAMEFUL, LOVELY and ODIOUS, NOBLE and DESPICABLE, had never had place in any language; nor could politicians, had they invented these terms, ever have been able to render them intelligible, or make them convey any idea to the audience. So that nothing can be more superficial than this paradox of the sceptics; and it were well, if, in the abstruser studies of logic and metaphysics, we could as easily obviate the cavils of that sect, as in the practical and more intelligible sciences of politics and morals.

The social virtues must, therefore, be allowed to have a natural beauty and amiableness, which, at first, antecedent to all precept or education, recommends them to the esteem of uninstructed mankind, and engages their affections. And as the public utility of these virtues is the chief circumstance, whence they derive their merit, it follows, that the end, which they have a tendency to promote, must be some way agreeable to us, and take hold of some natural affection. It must please, either from considerations of self-interest, or from more generous motives and regards.

It has often been asserted, that, as every man has a strong connexion with society, and perceives the impossibility of his solitary subsistence, he becomes, on that account, favourable to all those habits or principles, which promote order in society, and insure to him the quiet possession of so inestimable a blessing, As much as we value our own happiness and welfare, as much must we applaud the practice of justice and humanity, by which alone the social confederacy can be maintained, and every man reap the fruits of mutual protection and assistance.

This deduction of morals from self-love, or a regard to private interest, is an obvious thought, and has not arisen wholly from the wanton sallies and sportive assaults of the sceptics. To mention no others, Polybius, one of the gravest and most judicious, as well as most moral writers of antiquity, has assigned this selfish origin to all our sentiments of virtue. [Footnote: Undutifulness to parents is disapproved of by mankind, [Greek quotation inserted here]. Ingratitude for a like reason (though he seems there to mix a more generous regard) [Greek quotation inserted here] Lib. vi cap. 4. (Ed. Gronorius.) Perhaps the historian only meant, that our sympathy and humanity was more enlivened, by our considering the similarity of our case with that of the person suffering; which is a just sentiment.] But though the solid practical sense of that author, and his aversion to all vain subtilties, render his authority on the present subject very considerable; yet is not this an affair to be decided by authority, and the voice of nature and experience seems plainly to oppose the selfish theory.

We frequently bestow praise on virtuous actions, performed in very distant ages and remote countries; where the utmost subtilty of imagination would not discover any appearance of self-interest, or find any connexion of our present happiness and security with events so widely separated from us.

A generous, a brave, a noble deed, performed by an adversary, commands our approbation; while in its consequences it may be acknowledged prejudicial to our particular interest.

Where private advantage concurs with general affection for virtue, we readily perceive and avow the mixture of these distinct sentiments, which have a very different feeling and influence on the mind. We praise, perhaps, with more alacrity, where the generous humane action contributes to our particular interest: But the topics of praise, which we insist on, are very wide of this circumstance. And we may attempt to bring over others to our sentiments, without endeavouring to convince them, that they reap any advantage from the actions which we recommend to their approbation and applause.

Frame the model of a praiseworthy character, consisting of all the most amiable moral virtues: Give instances, in which these display themselves after an eminent and extraordinary manner: You readily engage the esteem and approbation of all your

audience, who never so much as enquire in what age and country the person lived, who possessed these noble qualities: A circumstance, however, of all others, the most material to self-love, or a concern for our own individual happiness. Once on a time, a statesman, in the shock and contest of parties, prevailed so far as to procure, by his eloquence, the banishment of an able adversary; whom he secretly followed, offering him money for his support during his exile, and soothing him with topics of consolation in his misfortunes. ALAS! cries the banished statesman, WITH WHAT REGRET MUST I LEAVE MY FRIENDS IN THIS CITY, WHERE EVEN ENEMIES ARE SO GENEROUS! Virtue, though in an enemy, here pleased him: And we also give it the just tribute of praise and approbation; nor do we retract these sentiments, when we hear, that the action passed at Athens, about two thousand years ago, and that the persons' names were Eschines and Demosthenes.

WHAT IS THAT TO ME? There are few occasions, when this question is not pertinent: And had it that universal, infallible influence supposed, it would turn into ridicule every composition, and almost every conversation, which contain any praise or censure of men and manners.

It is but a weak subterfuge, when pressed by these facts and arguments, to say, that we transport ourselves, by the force of imagination, into distant ages and countries, and consider the advantage, which we should have reaped from these characters, had we been contemporaries, and had any commerce with the persons. It is not conceivable, how a REAL sentiment or passion can ever arise from a known IMAGINARY interest; especially when our REAL interest is still kept in view, and is often acknowledged to be entirely distinct from the imaginary, and even sometimes opposite to it.

A man, brought to the brink of a precipice, cannot look down without trembling; and the sentiment of IMAGINARY danger actuates him, in opposition to the opinion and belief of REAL safety. But the imagination is here assisted by the presence of a striking object; and yet prevails not, except it be also aided by novelty, and the unusual appearance of the object. Custom soon reconciles us to heights and precipices, and wears off these false and delusive terrors. The reverse is observable in the estimates which we form of characters and manners; and the more we habituate ourselves to an accurate scrutiny of morals, the more delicate feeling do we acquire of the most minute distinctions between vice and virtue. Such frequent occasion, indeed, have we, in common life, to pronounce all kinds of moral determinations, that no object of this kind can be new or unusual to us; nor could any FALSE views or prepossessions maintain their ground against an experience, so common and familiar. Experience being chiefly what forms the associations of ideas, it is impossible that any association could establish and support itself, in direct opposition to that principle.

Usefulness is agreeable, and engages our approbation. This is a matter of fact, confirmed by daily observation. But, USEFUL? For what? For somebody's interest, surely. Whose interest then? Not our own only: For our approbation frequently extends farther. It must, therefore, be the interest of those, who are served by the character or action approved of; and these we may conclude, however remote, are not totally indifferent to us. By opening up this principle, we shall discover one great source of moral distinctions.

PART II.

Self-love is a principle in human nature of such extensive energy, and the interest of each individual is, in general, so closely connected with that of the community, that those philosophers were excusable, who fancied that all our concern for the public might be resolved into a concern for our own happiness and preservation. They saw every moment, instances of approbation or blame, satisfaction or displeasure towards characters and actions; they denominated the objects of these sentiments, VIRTUES, or VICES; they observed, that the former had a tendency to increase the happiness, and the latter the misery of mankind; they asked, whether it were possible that we could have any general concern for society, or any disinterested resentment of the welfare or injury of others; they found it simpler to consider all these sentiments as modifications of self-love; and they discovered a pretence, at least, for this unity of principle, in that close union of interest, which is so observable between the public and each individual.

But notwithstanding this frequent confusion of interests, it is easy to attain what natural philosophers, after Lord Bacon, have affected to call the experimentum crucis, or that experiment which points out the right way in any doubt or ambiguity. We have found instances, in which private interest was separate from public; in which it was even contrary: And yet we observed the moral sentiment to continue, notwithstanding this disjunction of interests. And wherever these distinct interests sensibly concurred, we always found a sensible increase of the sentiment, and a more warm affection to virtue, and detestation of vice, or what we properly call, GRATITUDE and REVENGE. Compelled by these instances, we must renounce the theory, which accounts for every moral sentiment by the principle of self-love. We must adopt a more public affection, and allow, that the interests of society are not, even on their own account, entirely indifferent to us. Usefulness is only a tendency to a certain end; and it is a contradiction in terms, that

anything pleases as means to an end, where the end itself no wise affects us. If usefulness, therefore, be a source of moral sentiment, and if this usefulness be not always considered with a reference to self; it follows, that everything, which contributes to the happiness of society, recommends itself directly to our approbation and good-will. Here is a principle, which accounts, in great part, for the origin of morality: And what need we seek for abstruse and remote systems, when there occurs one so obvious and natural?

[FOOTNOTE: It is needless to push our researches so far as to ask, why we have humanity or a fellow-feeling with others. It is sufficient, that this is experienced to be a principle in human nature. We must stop somewhere in our examination of causes; and there are, in every science, some general principles, beyond which we cannot hope to find any principle more general. No man is absolutely indifferent to the happiness and misery of others. The first has a natural tendency to give pleasure; the second, pain. This every one may find in himself. It is not probable, that these principles can be resolved into principles more simple and universal, whatever attempts may have been made to that purpose. But if it were possible, it belongs not to the present subject; and we may here safely consider these principles as original; happy, if we can render all the consequences sufficiently plain and perspicuous!]

Have we any difficulty to comprehend the force of humanity and benevolence? Or to conceive, that the very aspect of happiness, joy, prosperity, gives pleasure; that of pain, suffering, sorrow, communicates uneasiness? The human countenance, says Horace ['Uti ridentibus arrident, ita flentibus adflent Humani vultus,'--Hor.], borrows smiles or tears from the human countenance. Reduce a person to solitude, and he loses all enjoyment, except either of the sensual or speculative kind; and that because the movements of his heart are not forwarded by correspondent movements in his fellow-creatures. The signs of sorrow and mourning, though arbitrary, affect us with melancholy; but the natural symptoms, tears and cries and groans, never fail to infuse compassion and uneasiness. And if the effects of misery touch us in so lively a manner; can we be supposed altogether insensible or indifferent towards its causes; when a malicious or treacherous character and behaviour are presented to us?

We enter, I shall suppose, into a convenient, warm, well-contrived apartment: We necessarily receive a pleasure from its very survey; because it presents us with the pleasing ideas of ease, satisfaction, and enjoyment. The hospitable, good-humoured, humane landlord appears. This circumstance surely must embellish the whole; nor can we easily forbear reflecting, with pleasure, on the satisfaction which results to every one from his intercourse and good-offices.

His whole family, by the freedom, ease, confidence, and calm enjoyment, diffused over their countenances, sufficiently express their happiness. I have a pleasing sympathy in the prospect of so much joy, and can never consider the source of it, without the most agreeable emotions.

He tells me, that an oppressive and powerful neighbour had attempted to dispossess him of his inheritance, and had long disturbed all his innocent and social pleasures. I feel an immediate indignation arise in me against such violence and injury.

But it is no wonder, he adds, that a private wrong should proceed from a man, who had enslaved provinces, depopulated cities, and made the field and scaffold stream with human blood. I am struck with horror at the prospect of so much misery, and am actuated by the strongest antipathy against its author.

In general, it is certain, that, wherever we go, whatever we reflect on or converse about, everything still presents us with the view of human happiness or misery, and excites in our breast a sympathetic movement of pleasure or uneasiness. In our serious occupations, in our careless amusements, this principle still exerts its active energy.

A man who enters the theatre, is immediately struck with the view of so great a multitude, participating of one common amusement; and experiences, from their very aspect, a superior sensibility or disposition of being affected with every sentiment, which he shares with his fellow-creatures.

He observes the actors to be animated by the appearance of a full audience, and raised to a degree of enthusiasm, which they cannot command in any solitary or calm moment.

Every movement of the theatre, by a skilful poet, is communicated, as it were by magic, to the spectators; who weep, tremble, resent, rejoice, and are inflamed with all the variety of passions, which actuate the several personages of the drama.

Where any event crosses our wishes, and interrupts the happiness of the favourite characters, we feel a sensible anxiety and concern. But where their sufferings proceed from the treachery, cruelty, or tyranny of an enemy, our breasts are affected with the

liveliest resentment against the author of these calamities. It is here esteemed contrary to the rules of art to represent anything cool and indifferent. A distant friend, or a confident, who has no immediate interest in the catastrophe, ought, if possible, to be avoided by the poet; as communicating a like indifference to the audience, and checking the progress of the passions.

Few species of poetry are more entertaining than PASTORAL; and every one is sensible, that the chief source of its pleasure arises from those images of a gentle and tender tranquillity, which it represents in its personages, and of which it communicates a like sentiment to the reader. Sannazarius, who transferred the scene to the sea-shore, though he presented the most magnificent object in nature, is confessed to have erred in his choice. The idea of toil, labour, and danger, suffered by the fishermen, is painful; by an unavoidable sympathy, which attends every conception of human happiness or misery.

When I was twenty, says a French poet, Ovid was my favourite: Now I am forty, I declare for Horace. We enter, to be sure, more readily into sentiments, which resemble those we feel every day: But no passion, when well represented, can be entirely indifferent to us; because there is none, of which every man has not, within him, at least the seeds and first principles. It is the business of poetry to bring every affection near to us by lively imagery and representation, and make it look like truth and reality: A certain proof, that, wherever that reality is found, our minds are disposed to be strongly affected by it.

Any recent event or piece of news, by which the fate of states, provinces, or many individuals is affected, is extremely interesting even to those whose welfare is not immediately engaged. Such intelligence is propagated with celerity, heard with avidity, and enquired into with attention and concern. The interest of society appears, on this occasion, to be in some degree the interest of each individual. The imagination is sure to be affected; though the passions excited may not always be so strong and steady as to have great influence on the conduct and behaviour.

The perusal of a history seems a calm entertainment; but would be no entertainment at all, did not our hearts beat with correspondent movements to those which are described by the historian.

Thucydides and Guicciardin support with difficulty our attention; while the former describes the trivial encounters of the small cities of Greece, and the latter the harmless wars of Pisa. The few persons interested and the small interest fill not the imagination, and engage not the affections. The deep distress of the numerous Athenian army before Syracuse; the danger which so nearly threatens Venice; these excite compassion; these move terror and anxiety.

The indifferent, uninteresting style of Suetonius, equally with the masterly pencil of Tacitus, may convince us of the cruel depravity of Nero or Tiberius: But what a difference of sentiment! While the former coldly relates the facts; and the latter sets before our eyes the venerable figures of a Soranus and a Thrasea, intrepid in their fate, and only moved by the melting sorrows of their friends and kindred. What sympathy then touches every human heart! What indignation against the tyrant, whose causeless fear or unprovoked malice gave rise to such detestable barbarity!

If we bring these subjects nearer: If we remove all suspicion of fiction and deceit: What powerful concern is excited, and how much superior, in many instances, to the narrow attachments of self-love and private interest! Popular sedition, party zeal, a devoted obedience to factious leaders; these are some of the most visible, though less laudable effects of this social sympathy in human nature.

The frivolousness of the subject too, we may observe, is not able to detach us entirely from what carries an image of human sentiment and affection.

When a person stutters, and pronounces with difficulty, we even sympathize with this trivial uneasiness, and suffer for him. And it is a rule in criticism, that every combination of syllables or letters, which gives pain to the organs of speech in the recital, appears also from a species of sympathy harsh and disagreeable to the ear. Nay, when we run over a book with our eye, we are sensible of such unharmonious composition; because we still imagine, that a person recites it to us, and suffers from the pronunciation of these jarring sounds. So delicate is our sympathy!

Easy and unconstrained postures and motions are always beautiful: An air of health and vigour is agreeable: Clothes which warm, without burthening the body; which cover, without imprisoning the limbs, are well-fashioned. In every judgement of beauty, the feelings of the person affected enter into consideration, and communicate to the spectator similar touches of pain or pleasure.

[Footnote: 'Decentior equus cujus astricta suntilia; sed idem velocior. Pulcher aspectu sit athleta, cujus lacertos execitatio expressit; idem certamini paratior nunquam enim SPECIES ab UTILITATE dividitur. Sed hoc quidem discernere modici judicii est.'--Quintilian,

Inst. lib. viii. cap. 3.]

What wonder, then, if we can pronounce no judgement concerning the character and conduct of men, without considering the tendencies of their actions, and the happiness or misery which thence arises to society? What association of ideas would ever operate, were that principle here totally unactive.

[Footnote: In proportion to the station which a man possesses, according to the relations in which he is placed; we always expect from him a greater or less degree of good, and when disappointed, blame his inutility; and much more do we blame him, if any ill or prejudice arise from his conduct and behaviour. When the interests of one country interfere with those of another, we estimate the merits of a statesman by the good or ill, which results to his own country from his measures and councils, without regard to the prejudice which he brings on its enemies and rivals. His fellow-citizens are the objects, which lie nearest the eye, while we determine his character. And as nature has implanted in every one a superior affection to his own country, we never expect any regard to distant nations, where a competition arises. Not to mention, that, while every man consults the good of his own community, we are sensible, that the general interest of mankind is better promoted, than any loose indeterminate views to the good of a species, whence no beneficial action could ever result, for want of a duly limited object, on which they could exert themselves.]

If any man from a cold insensibility, or narrow selfishness of temper, is unaffected with the images of human happiness or misery, he must be equally indifferent to the images of vice and virtue: As, on the other hand, it is always found, that a warm concern for the interests of our species is attended with a delicate feeling of all moral distinctions; a strong resentment of injury done to men; a lively approbation of their welfare. In this particular, though great superiority is observable of one man above another; yet none are so entirely indifferent to the interest of their fellow-creatures, as to perceive no distinctions of moral good and evil, in consequence of the different tendencies of actions and principles. How, indeed, can we suppose it possible in any one, who wears a human heart, that if there be subjected to his censure, one character or system of conduct, which is beneficial, and another which is pernicious to his species or community, he will not so much as give a cool preference to the former, or ascribe to it the smallest merit or regard? Let us suppose such a person ever so selfish; let private interest have ingrossed ever so much his attention; yet in instances, where that is not concerned, he must unavoidably feel SOME propensity to the good of mankind, and make it an object of choice, if everything else be equal. Would any man, who is walking along, tread as willingly on another's gouty toes, whom he has no quarrel with, as on the hard flint and pavement? There is here surely a difference in the case. We surely take into consideration the happiness and misery of others, in weighing the several motives of action, and incline to the former, where no private regards draw us to seek our own promotion or advantage by the injury of our fellow-creatures. And if the principles of humanity are capable, in many instances, of influencing our actions, they must, at all times, have some authority over our sentiments, and give us a general approbation of what is useful to society, and blame of what is dangerous or pernicious. The degrees of these sentiments may be the subject of controversy; but the reality of their existence, one should think, must be admitted in every theory or system.

A creature, absolutely malicious and spiteful, were there any such in nature, must be worse than indifferent to the images of vice and virtue. All his sentiments must be inverted, and directly opposite to those, which prevail in the human species. Whatever contributes to the good of mankind, as it crosses the constant bent of his wishes and desires, must produce uneasiness and disapprobation; and on the contrary, whatever is the source of disorder and misery in society, must, for the same reason, be regarded with pleasure and complacency. Timon, who probably from his affected spleen more than an inveterate malice, was denominated the manhater, embraced Alcibiades with great fondness. GO ON, MY BOY! cried he, ACQUIRE THE CONFIDENCE OF THE PEOPLE: YOU WILL ONE DAY, I FORESEE, BE THE CAUSE OF GREAT CALAMITIES TO THEM [Footnote: Plutarch fit vita Ale.]. Could we admit the two principles of the Manicheans, it is an infallible consequence, that their sentiments of human actions, as well as of everything else, must be totally opposite, and that every instance of justice and humanity, from its necessary tendency, must please the one deity and displease the other. All mankind so far resemble the good principle, that, where interest or revenge or envy perverts not our disposition, we are always inclined, from our natural philanthropy, to give the preference to the happiness of society, and consequently to virtue above its opposite. Absolute, unprovoked, disinterested malice has never perhaps place in any human breast; or if it had, must there pervert all the sentiments of morals, as well as the feelings of humanity. If the cruelty of Nero be allowed entirely voluntary, and not rather the effect of constant fear and resentment; it is evident that Tigellinus, preferably to Seneca or Burrhus, must have possessed his steady and uniform approbation.

A statesman or patriot, who serves our own country in our own time, has always a more passionate regard paid to him, than one whose beneficial influence operated on distant ages or remote nations; where the good, resulting from his generous humanity, being less connected with us, seems more obscure, and affects us with a less lively sympathy. We may own the merit to be equally great, though our sentiments are not raised to an equal height, in both cases. The judgement here corrects the inequalities of our internal emotions and perceptions; in like manner, as it preserves us from error, in the several variations of images, presented to our external senses. The same object, at a double distance, really throws on the eye a picture of but half the bulk; yet we imagine that it appears of the same size in both situations; because we know that on our approach to it, its image would expand on the eye, and that the difference consists not in the object itself, but in our position with regard to it. And, indeed, without such a correction of appearances, both in internal and external sentiment, men could never think or talk steadily on any subject; while their fluctuating situations produce a continual variation on objects, and throw them into such different and contrary lights and positions.

[Footnote: For a little reason, the tendencies of actions and characters, not their real accidental consequences, are alone regarded in our more determinations or general judgements; though in our real feeling or sentiment, we cannot help paying greater regard to one whose station, joined to virtue, renders him really useful to society, then to one, who exerts the social virtues only in good intentions and benevolent affections. Separating the character from the furtone, by an easy and necessary effort of thought, we pronounce these persons alike, and give them the appearance: But is not able entirely to prevail our sentiment.

Why is this peach-tree said to be better than that other; but because it produces more or better fruit? And would not the same praise be given it, though snails or vermin had destroyed the peaches, before they came to full maturity? In morals too, is not THE TREE KNOWN BY THE FRUIT? And cannot we easily distinguish between nature and accident, in the one case as well as in the other?]

The more we converse with mankind, and the greater social intercourse we maintain, the more shall we be familiarized to these general preferences and distinctions, without which our conversation and discourse could scarcely be rendered intelligible to each other. Every man's interest is peculiar to himself, and the aversions and desires, which result from it, cannot be supposed to affect others in a like degree. General language, therefore, being formed for general use, must be moulded on some more general views, and must affix the epithets of praise or blame, in conformity to sentiments, which arise from the general interests of the community. And if these sentiments, in most men, be not so strong as those, which have a reference to private good; yet still they must make some distinction, even in persons the most depraved and selfish; and must attach the notion of good to a beneficent conduct, and of evil to the contrary. Sympathy, we shall allow, is much fainter than our concern for ourselves, and sympathy with persons remote from us much fainter than that with persons near and contiguous; but for this very reason it is necessary for us, in our calm judgements and discourse concerning the characters of men, to neglect all these differences, and render our sentiments more public and social. Besides, that we ourselves often change our situation in this particular, we every day meet with persons who are in a situation different from us, and who could never converse with us were we to remain constantly in that position and point of view, which is peculiar to ourselves. The intercourse of sentiments, therefore, in society and conversation, makes us form some general unalterable standard, by which we may approve or disapprove of characters and manners. And though the heart takes not part entirely with those general notions, nor regulates all its love and hatred by the universal abstract differences of vice and virtue, without regard to self, or the persons with whom we are more intimately connected; yet have these moral differences a considerable influence, and being sufficient, at least for discourse, serve all our purposes in company, in the pulpit, on the theatre, and in the schools.

[Footnote: It is wisely ordained by nature, that private connexions should commonly prevail over univeral views and considerations; otherwise our affections and actions would be dissopated and lost, for want of a proper limited object. Thus a small benefit done to ourselves, or our near friends, excites more lively sentiments of love and approbation than a great benefit done to a distant commonwealth: But still we know here, as in all the senses, to correct these inequalities by reflection, and retain a general standard of vice and virtue, founded chiefly on a general usefulness.]

Thus, in whatever light we take this subject, the merit, ascribed to the social virtues, appears still uniform, and arises chiefly from that regard, which the natural sentiment of benevolence engages us to pay to the interests of mankind and society. If we consider the principles of the human make, such as they appear to daily experience and observation, we must, A PRIORI, conclude it impossible for such a creature as man to be totally indifferent to the well or ill-being of his fellow-creatures, and not readily, of himself, to pronounce, where nothing gives him any particular bias, that what promotes their happiness is good, what tends to their misery is evil, without any farther regard or consideration. Here then are the faint rudiments, at least, or outlines, of a GENERAL

distinction between actions; and in proportion as the humanity of the person is supposed to increase, his connexion with those who are injured or benefited, and his lively conception of their misery or happiness; his consequent censure or approbation acquires proportionable vigour. There is no necessity, that a generous action, barely mentioned in an old history or remote gazette, should communicate any strong feelings of applause and admiration. Virtue, placed at such a distance, is like a fixed star, which, though to the eye of reason it may appear as luminous as the sun in his meridian, is so infinitely removed as to affect the senses, neither with light nor heat. Bring this virtue nearer, by our acquaintance or connexion with the persons, or even by an eloquent recital of the case; our hearts are immediately caught, our sympathy enlivened, and our cool approbation converted into the warmest sentiments of friendship and regard. These seem necessary and infallible consequences of the general principles of human nature, as discovered in common life and practice.

Again; reverse these views and reasonings: Consider the matter a posteriori; and weighing the consequences, enquire if the merit of social virtue be not, in a great measure, derived from the feelings of humanity, with which it affects the spectators. It appears to be matter of fact, that the circumstance of UTILITY, in all subjects, is a source of praise and approbation: That it is constantly appealed to in all moral decisions concerning the merit and demerit of actions: That it is the SOLE source of that high regard paid to justice, fidelity, honour, allegiance, and chastity: That it is inseparable from all the other social virtues, humanity, generosity, charity, affability, lenity, mercy, and moderation: And, in a word, that it is a foundation of the chief part of morals, which has a reference to mankind and our fellow-creatures.

It appears also, that, in our general approbation of characters and manners, the useful tendency of the social virtues moves us not by any regards to self-interest, but has an influence much more universal and extensive. It appears that a tendency to public good, and to the promoting of peace, harmony, and order in society, does always, by affecting the benevolent principles of our frame, engage us on the side of the social virtues. And it appears, as an additional confirmation, that these principles of humanity and sympathy enter so deeply into all our sentiments, and have so powerful an influence, as may enable them to excite the strongest censure and applause. The present theory is the simple result of all these inferences, each of which seems founded on uniform experience and observation.

Were it doubtful, whether there were any such principle in our nature as humanity or a concern for others, yet when we see, in numberless instances, that whatever has a tendency to promote the interests of society, is so highly approved of, we ought thence to learn the force of the benevolent principle; since it is impossible for anything to please as means to an end, where the end is totally indifferent. On the other hand, were it doubtful, whether there were, implanted in our nature, any general principle of moral blame and approbation, yet when we see, in numberless instances, the influence of humanity, we ought thence to conclude, that it is impossible, but that everything which promotes the interest of society must communicate pleasure, and what is pernicious give uneasiness. But when these different reflections and observations concur in establishing the same conclusion, must they not bestow an undisputed evidence upon it?

It is however hoped, that the progress of this argument will bring a farther confirmation of the present theory, by showing the rise of other sentiments of esteem and regard from the same or like principles.

SECTION VI. OF QUALITIES USEFUL TO OURSELVES.

PART I.

IT seems evident, that where a quality or habit is subjected to our examination, if it appear in any respect prejudicial to the person possessed of it, or such as incapacitates him for business and action, it is instantly blamed, and ranked among his faults and imperfections. Indolence, negligence, want of order and method, obstinacy, fickleness, rashness, credulity; these qualities were never esteemed by any one indifferent to a character; much less, extolled as accomplishments or virtues. The prejudice, resulting from them, immediately strikes our eye, and gives us the sentiment of pain and disapprobation.

No quality, it is allowed, is absolutely either blameable or praiseworthy. It is all according to its degree. A due medium, says the Peripatetics, is the characteristic of virtue. But this medium is chiefly determined by utility. A proper celerity, for instance, and dispatch in business, is commendable. When defective, no progress is ever made in the execution of any purpose: When excessive, it engages us in precipitate and ill-concerted measures and enterprises: By such reasonings, we fix the proper and commendable mediocrity in all moral and prudential disquisitions; and never lose view of the advantages, which result from any character or habit. Now as these advantages are enjoyed by the person possessed of the character, it can never be SELF-LOVE

which renders the prospect of them agreeable to us, the spectators, and prompts our esteem and approbation. No force of imagination can convert us into another person, and make us fancy, that we, being that person, reap benefit from those valuable qualities, which belong to him. Or if it did, no celerity of imagination could immediately transport us back, into ourselves, and make us love and esteem the person, as different from us. Views and sentiments, so opposite to known truth and to each other, could never have place, at the same time, in the same person. All suspicion, therefore, of selfish regards, is here totally excluded. It is a quite different principle, which actuates our bosom, and interests us in the felicity of the person whom we contemplate. Where his natural talents and acquired abilities give us the prospect of elevation, advancement, a figure in life, prosperous success, a steady command over fortune, and the execution of great or advantageous undertakings; we are struck with such agreeable images, and feel a complacency and regard immediately arise towards him. The ideas of happiness, joy, triumph, prosperity, are connected with every circumstance of his character, and diffuse over our minds a pleasing sentiment of sympathy and humanity.

[Footnote: One may venture to affirm, that there is no human nature, to whom the appearance of happiness (where envy or revenge has no place) does not give pleasure, that of misery, uneasiness. This seems inseparable from our make and constitution. But they are only more generous minds, that are thence prompted to seek zealously the good of others, and to have a real passion for their welfare. With men of narrow and ungenerous spirits, this sympathy goes not beyond a slight feeling of the imagination, which serves only to excite sentiments of complacency or ensure, and makes them apply to the object either honorable or dishonorable appellations. A griping miser, for instance, praises extremely INDUSTRY and FRUGALITY even in others, and sets them, in his estimation, above all the other virtues. He knows the good that results from them, and feels that species of happiness with a more lively sympathy, than any other you could represent to him; though perhaps he would not part with a shilling to make the fortune of the industrious man, whom he praises so highly.]

Let us suppose a person originally framed so as to have no manner of concern for his fellow-creatures, but to regard the happiness and misery of all sensible beings with greater indifference than even two contiguous shades of the same colour. Let us suppose, if the prosperity of nations were laid on the one hand, and their ruin on the other, and he were desired to choose; that he would stand like the schoolman's ass, irresolute and undetermined, between equal motives; or rather, like the same ass between two pieces of wood or marble, without any inclination or propensity to either side. The consequence, I believe, must be allowed just, that such a person, being absolutely unconcerned, either for the public good of a community or the private utility of others, would look on every quality, however pernicious, or however beneficial, to society, or to its possessor, with the same indifference as on the most common and uninteresting object.

But if, instead of this fancied monster, we suppose a MAN to form a judgement or determination in the case, there is to him a plain foundation of preference, where everything else is equal; and however cool his choice may be, if his heart be selfish, or if the persons interested be remote from him; there must still be a choice or distinction between what is useful, and what is pernicious. Now this distinction is the same in all its parts, with the MORAL DISTINCTION, whose foundation has been so often, and so much in vain, enquired after. The same endowments of the mind, in every circumstance, are agreeable to the sentiment of morals and to that of humanity; the same temper is susceptible of high degrees of the one sentiment and of the other; and the same alteration in the objects, by their nearer approach or by connexions, enlivens the one and the other. By all the rules of philosophy, therefore, we must conclude, that these sentiments are originally the same; since, in each particular, even the most minute, they are governed by the same laws, and are moved by the same objects.

Why do philosophers infer, with the greatest certainty, that the moon is kept in its orbit by the same force of gravity, that makes bodies fall near the surface of the earth, but because these effects are, upon computation, found similar and equal? And must not this argument bring as strong conviction, in moral as in natural disquisitions?

To prove, by any long detail, that all the qualities, useful to the possessor, are approved of, and the contrary censured, would be superfluous. The least reflection on what is every day experienced in life, will be sufficient. We shall only mention a few instances, in order to remove, if possible, all doubt and hesitation.

The quality, the most necessary for the execution of any useful enterprise, is discretion; by which we carry on a safe intercourse with others, give due attention to our own and to their character, weigh each circumstance of the business which we undertake, and employ the surest and safest means for the attainment of any end or purpose. To a Cromwell, perhaps, or a De Retz, discretion may appear an alderman-like virtue, as Dr. Swift calls it; and being incompatible with those vast designs, to which their courage and ambition prompted them, it might really, in them, be a fault or imperfection. But in the conduct of ordinary life, no virtue is more requisite, not only to obtain success, but to avoid the most fatal miscarriages and disappointments. The greatest parts without it, as

observed by an elegant writer, may be fatal to their owner; as Polyphemus, deprived of his eye, was only the more exposed, on account of his enormous strength and stature.

The best character, indeed, were it not rather too perfect for human nature, is that which is not swayed by temper of any kind; but alternately employs enterprise and caution, as each is useful to the particular purpose intended. Such is the excellence which St. Evremond ascribes to Mareschal Turenne, who displayed every campaign, as he grew older, more temerity in his military enterprises; and being now, from long experience, perfectly acquainted with every incident in war, he advanced with greater firmness and security, in a road so well known to him. Fabius, says Machiavel, was cautious; Scipio enterprising: And both succeeded, because the situation of the Roman affairs, during the command of each, was peculiarly adapted to his genius; but both would have failed, had these situations been reversed. He is happy, whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent, who can suit his temper to any circumstances.

What need is there to display the praises of industry, and to extol its advantages, in the acquisition of power and riches, or in raising what we call a FORTUNE in the world? The tortoise, according to the fable, by his perseverance, gained the race of the hare, though possessed of much superior swiftness. A man's time, when well husbanded, is like a cultivated field, of which a few acres produce more of what is useful to life, than extensive provinces, even of the richest soil, when over-run with weeds and brambles.

But all prospect of success in life, or even of tolerable subsistence, must fail, where a reasonable frugality is wanting. The heap, instead of increasing, diminishes daily, and leaves its possessor so much more unhappy, as, not having been able to confine his expences to a large revenue, he will still less be able to live contentedly on a small one. The souls of men, according to Plato [Footnote: Phaedo.], inflamed with impure appetites, and losing the body, which alone afforded means of satisfaction, hover about the earth, and haunt the places, where their bodies are deposited; possessed with a longing desire to recover the lost organs of sensation. So may we see worthless prodigals, having consumed their fortune in wild debauches, thrusting themselves into every plentiful table, and every party of pleasure, hated even by the vicious, and despised even by fools.

The one extreme of frugality is avarice, which, as it both deprives a man of all use of his riches, and checks hospitality and every social enjoyment, is justly censured on a double account. PRODIGALITY, the other extreme, is commonly more hurtful to a man himself; and each of these extremes is blamed above the other, according to the temper of the person who censures, and according to his greater or less sensibility to pleasure, either social or sensual.

Qualities often derive their merit from complicated sources. Honesty, fidelity, truth, are praised for their immediate tendency to promote the interests of society; but after those virtues are once established upon this foundation, they are also considered as advantageous to the person himself, and as the source of that trust and confidence, which can alone give a man any consideration in life. One becomes contemptible, no less than odious, when he forgets the duty, which, in this particular, he owes to himself as well as to society.

Perhaps, this consideration is one CHIEF source of the high blame, which is thrown on any instance of failure among women in point of CHASTITY. The greatest regard, which can be acquired by that sex, is derived from their fidelity; and a woman becomes cheap and vulgar, loses her rank, and is exposed to every insult, who is deficient in this particular. The smallest failure is here sufficient to blast her character. A female has so many opportunities of secretly indulging these appetites, that nothing can give us security but her absolute modesty and reserve; and where a breach is once made, it can scarcely ever be fully repaired. If a man behave with cowardice on one occasion, a contrary conduct reinstates him in his character. But by what action can a woman, whose behaviour has once been dissolute, be able to assure us, that she has formed better resolutions, and has self-command enough to carry them into execution?

All men, it is allowed, are equally desirous of happiness; but few are successful in the pursuit: One considerable cause is the want of strength of mind, which might enable them to resist the temptation of present ease or pleasure, and carry them forward in the search of more distant profit and enjoyment. Our affections, on a general prospect of their objects, form certain rules of conduct, and certain measures of preference of one above another: and these decisions, though really the result of our calm passions and propensities, (for what else can pronounce any object eligible or the contrary?) are yet said, by a natural abuse of terms, to be the determinations of pure REASON and reflection. But when some of these objects approach nearer to us, or acquire the advantages of favourable lights and positions, which catch the heart or imagination; our general resolutions are frequently confounded, a small enjoyment preferred, and lasting shame and sorrow entailed upon us. And however poets may employ their wit and eloquence, in celebrating present pleasure, and rejecting all distant views to fame, health, or fortune; it is obvious, that this practice is the source

of all dissoluteness and disorder, repentance and misery. A man of a strong and determined temper adheres tenaciously to his general resolutions, and is neither seduced by the allurements of pleasure, nor terrified by the menaces of pain; but keeps still in view those distant pursuits, by which he, at once, ensures his happiness and his honour.

Self-satisfaction, at least in some degree, is an advantage, which equally attends the fool and the wise man: But it is the only one; nor is there any other circumstance in the conduct of life, where they are upon an equal footing. Business, books, conversation; for all of these, a fool is totally incapacitated, and except condemned by his station to the coarsest drudgery, remains a useless burthen upon the earth. Accordingly, it is found, that men are extremely jealous of their character in this particular; and many instances are seen of profligacy and treachery, the most avowed and unreserved; none of bearing patiently the imputation of ignorance and stupidity. Dicaearchus, the Macedonian general, who, as Polybius tells us [Footnote: Lib. xvi. Cap. 35.], openly erected one altar to impiety, another to injustice, in order to bid defiance to mankind; even he, I am well assured, would have started at the epithet of FOOL, and have meditated revenge for so injurious an appellation. Except the affection of parents, the strongest and most indissoluble bond in nature, no connexion has strength sufficient to support the disgust arising from this character. Love itself, which can subsist under treachery, ingratitude, malice, and infidelity, is immediately extinguished by it, when perceived and acknowledged; nor are deformity and old age more fatal to the dominion of that passion. So dreadful are the ideas of an utter incapacity for any purpose or undertaking, and of continued error and misconduct in life!

When it is asked, whether a quick or a slow apprehension be most valuable? Whether one, that, at first view, penetrates far into a subject, but can perform nothing upon study; or a contrary character, which must work out everything by dint of application? Whether a clear head or a copious invention? Whether a profound genius or a sure judgement? In short, what character, or peculiar turn of understanding, is more excellent than another? It is evident, that we can answer none of these questions, without considering which of those qualities capacitates a man best for the world, and carries him farthest in any undertaking.

If refined sense and exalted sense be not so USEFUL as common sense, their rarity, their novelty, and the nobleness of their objects make some compensation, and render them the admiration of mankind: As gold, though less serviceable than iron, acquires from its scarcity a value which is much superior.

The defects of judgement can be supplied by no art or invention; but those of memory frequently may, both in business and in study, by method and industry, and by diligence in committing everything to writing; and we scarcely ever hear a short memory given as a reason for a man's failure in any undertaking. But in ancient times, when no man could make a figure without the talent of speaking, and when the audience were too delicate to bear such crude, undigested harangues as our extemporary orators offer to public assemblies; the faculty of memory was then of the utmost consequence, and was accordingly much more valued than at present. Scarce any great genius is mentioned in antiquity, who is not celebrated for this talent; and Cicero enumerates it among the other sublime qualities of Caesar himself. [Footnote: Fruit in Illo Ingenium, ratio, memoria, literae, cura, cogitatio, diligentia &c. Phillip. 2.].

Particular customs and manners alter the usefulness of qualities: they also alter their merit. Particular situations and accidents have, in some degree, the same influence. He will always be more esteemed, who possesses those talents and accomplishments, which suit his station and profession, than he whom fortune has misplaced in the part which she has assigned him. The private or selfish virtues are, in this respect, more arbitrary than the public and social. In other respects they are, perhaps, less liable to doubt and controversy.

In this kingdom, such continued ostentation, of late years, has prevailed among men in ACTIVE life with regard to PUBLIC SPIRIT, and among those in SPECULATIVE with regard to BENEVOLENCE; and so many false pretensions to each have been, no doubt, detected, that men of the world are apt, without any bad intention, to discover a sullen incredulity on the head of those moral endowments, and even sometimes absolutely to deny their existence and reality. In like manner I find, that, of old, the perpetual cant of the STOICS and CYNICS concerning VIRTUE, their magnificent professions and slender performances, bred a disgust in mankind; and Lucian, who, though licentious with regard to pleasure, is yet in other respects a very moral writer, cannot sometimes talk of virtue, so much boasted without betraying symptoms of spleen and irony. But surely this peevish delicacy, whence-ever it arises can never be carried so far as to make us deny the existence of every species of merit, and all distinction of manners and behaviour. Besides DISCRETION, CAUTION, ENTERPRISE, INDUSTRY, ASSIDUITY, FRUGALITY, ECONOMY, GOOD-SENSE, PRUDENCE, DISCERNMENT; besides these endowments, I say, whose very names force an avowal of their merit, there are many others, to which the most determined scepticism cannot for a moment refuse the tribute of praise and approbation. TEMPERANCE, SOBRIETY, PATIENCE, CONSTANCY, PERSEVERANCE, FORETHOUGHT, CONSIDERATENESS, SECRECY, ORDER,

INSINUATION, ADDRESS, PRESENCE OF MIND, QUICKNESS OF CONCEPTION, FACILITY OF EXPRESSION, these, and a thousand more of the same kind, no man will ever deny to be excellencies and perfections. As their merit consists in their tendency to serve the person, possessed of them, without any magnificent claim to public and social desert, we are the less jealous of their pretensions, and readily admit them into the catalogue of laudable qualities. We are not sensible that, by this concession, we have paved the way for all the other moral excellencies, and cannot consistently hesitate any longer, with regard to disinterested benevolence, patriotism, and humanity.

It seems, indeed, certain, that first appearances are here, as usual, extremely deceitful, and that it is more difficult, in a speculative way, to resolve into self-love the merit which we ascribe to the selfish virtues above mentioned, than that even of the social virtues, justice and beneficence. For this latter purpose, we need but say, that whatever conduct promotes the good of the community is loved, praised, and esteemed by the community, on account of that utility and interest, of which every one partakes; and though this affection and regard be, in reality, gratitude, not self-love, yet a distinction, even of this obvious nature, may not readily be made by superficial reasoners; and there is room, at least, to support the cavil and dispute for a moment. But as qualities, which tend only to the utility of their possessor, without any reference to us, or to the community, are yet esteemed and valued; by what theory or system can we account for this sentiment from self-love, or deduce it from that favourite origin? There seems here a necessity for confessing that the happiness and misery of others are not spectacles entirely indifferent to us; but that the view of the former, whether in its causes or effects, like sunshine or the prospect of well-cultivated plains (to carry our pretensions no higher), communicates a secret joy and satisfaction; the appearance of the latter, like a lowering cloud or barren landscape, throws a melancholy damp over the imagination. And this concession being once made, the difficulty is over; and a natural unforced interpretation of the phenomena of human life will afterwards, we may hope, prevail among all speculative enquirers.

PART II.

It may not be improper, in this place, to examine the influence of bodily endowments, and of the goods of fortune, over our sentiments of regard and esteem, and to consider whether these phenomena fortify or weaken the present theory. It will naturally be expected, that the beauty of the body, as is supposed by all ancient moralists, will be similar, in some respects, to that of the mind; and that every kind of esteem, which is paid to a man, will have something similar in its origin, whether it arise from his mental endowments, or from the situation of his exterior circumstances.

It is evident, that one considerable source of BEAUTY in all animals is the advantage which they reap from the particular structure of their limbs and members, suitably to the particular manner of life, to which they are by nature destined. The just proportions of a horse, described by Xenophon and Virgil, are the same that are received at this day by our modern jockeys; because the foundation of them is the same, namely, experience of what is detrimental or useful in the animal.

Broad shoulders, a lank belly, firm joints, taper legs; all these are beautiful in our species, because signs of force and vigour. Ideas of utility and its contrary, though they do not entirely determine what is handsome or deformed, are evidently the source of a considerable part of approbation or dislike.

In ancient times, bodily strength and dexterity, being of greater USE and importance in war, was also much more esteemed and valued, than at present. Not to insist on Homer and the poets, we may observe, that historians scruple not to mention FORCE OF BODY among the other accomplishments even of Epaminondas, whom they acknowledge to be the greatest hero, statesman, and general of all the Greeks. [Footnote: CUM ALACRIBUS, SALTU; CUMM VELOCIBUS, CURSU; CUM VALIDIS RECTE CERTABATA. Sallust apud Veget.] A like praise is given to Pompey, one of the greatest of the Romans. [Footnote: Diodorus Siculus, lib. xv. It may be improper to give the character of Epaminondas, as drawn by the historian, in order to show the idea of perfect merit, which prevailed in those ages. In other illustrious men, say he, you will observe, that each possessed some one shining quality, which was the foundation of his fame: In Epaminondas all the VIRTUES are found united; force of body. eloquence of expression, vigour of mind, contempt of riches, gentleness of disposition, and what is chiefly to be regarded, courage and conduct of war.] This instance is similar to what we observed above with regard to memory.

What derision and contempt, with both sexes, attend IMPOTENCE; while the unhappy object is regarded as one deprived of so capital a pleasure in life, and at the same time, as disabled from communicating it to others. BARRENNESS in women, being also a species of INUTILITY, is a reproach, but not in the same degree: of which the reason is very obvious, according to the present theory.

There is no rule in painting or statuary more indispensible than that of balancing the figures, and placing them with the greatest exactness on their proper centre of gravity. A figure, which is not justly balanced, is ugly; because it conveys the disagreeable ideas of fall, harm, and pain.

[Footenote: All men are equally liable to pain and disease and sickness; and may again recover health and ease. These circumstances, as they make no distinction between one man and another, are no source of pride or humility, regard or contempt. But comparing our own species to superior ones, it is a very mortifying consideration, that we should all be so liable to diseases and infirmities; and divines accordingly employ this topic, in order to depress self-conceit and vanity. They would have more success, if the common bent of our thoughts were not perpetually turned to compare ourselves with others.

The infirmities of old age are mortifying; because a comparison with the young may take place. The king's evil is industriously concealed, because it affects others, and is often transmitted to posterity. The case is nearly the same with such diseases as convey any nauseous or frightful images; the epilepsy, for instance, ulcers, sores, scabs, &c.]

A disposition or turn of mind, which qualifies a man to rise in the world and advance his fortune, is entitled to esteem and regard, as has already been explained. It may, therefore, naturally be supposed, that the actual possession of riches and authority will have a considerable influence over these sentiments.

Let us examine any hypothesis by which we can account for the regard paid to the rich and powerful; we shall find none satisfactory, but that which derives it from the enjoyment communicated to the spectator by the images of prosperity, happiness, ease, plenty, authority, and the gratification of every appetite. Self-love, for instance, which some affect so much to consider as the source of every sentiment, is plainly insufficient for this purpose. Where no good-will or friendship appears, it is difficult to conceive on what we can found our hope of advantage from the riches of others; though we naturally respect the rich, even before they discover any such favourable disposition towards us.

We are affected with the same sentiments, when we lie so much out of the sphere of their activity, that they cannot even be supposed to possess the power of serving us. A prisoner of war, in all civilized nations, is treated with a regard suited to his condition; and riches, it is evident, go far towards fixing the condition of any person. If birth and quality enter for a share, this still affords us an argument to our present purpose. For what is it we call a man of birth, but one who is descended from a long succession of rich and powerful ancestors, and who acquires our esteem by his connexion with persons whom we esteem? His ancestors, therefore, though dead, are respected, in some measure, on account of their riches; and consequently, without any kind of expectation.

But not to go so far as prisoners of war or the dead, to find instances of this disinterested regard for riches; we may only observe, with a little attention, those phenomena which occur in common life and conversation. A man, who is himself, we shall suppose, of a competent fortune, and of no profession, being introduced to a company of strangers, naturally treats them with different degrees of respect, as he is informed of their different fortunes and conditions; though it is impossible that he can so suddenly propose, and perhaps he would not accept of, any pecuniary advantage from them. A traveller is always admitted into company, and meets with civility, in proportion as his train and equipage speak him a man of great or moderate fortune. In short, the different ranks of men are, in a great measure, regulated by riches; and that with regard to superiors as well as inferiors, strangers as well as acquaintance.

What remains, therefore, but to conclude, that, as riches are desired for ourselves only as the means of gratifying our appetites, either at present or in some imaginary future period, they beget esteem in others merely from their having that influence. This indeed is their very nature or offence: they have a direct reference to the commodities, conveniences, and pleasures of life. The bill of a banker, who is broke, or gold in a desert island, would otherwise be full as valuable. When we approach a man who is, as we say, at his ease, we are presented with the pleasing ideas of plenty, satisfaction, cleanliness, warmth; a cheerful house, elegant furniture, ready service, and whatever is desirable in meat, drink, or apparel. On the contrary, when a poor man appears, the disagreeable images of want, penury, hard labour, dirty furniture, coarse or ragged clothes, nauseous meat and distasteful liquor, immediately strike our fancy. What else do we mean by saying that one is rich, the other poor? And as regard or contempt is the natural consequence of those different situations in life, it is easily seen what additional light and evidence this throws on our preceding theory, with regard to all moral distinctions.

[Footnote: There is something extraordinary, and seemingly unaccountable in the operation of our passions, when we consider the fortune and situation of others. Very often another's advancement and prosperity produces envy, which has a strong mixture of hatred, and arises chiefly from the comparison of ourselves with the person. At the very same time, or at least in very short intervals, we may feel the passion of respect, which is a species of affection or good-will, with a mixture of humility. On the other hand, the misfortunes of our fellows often cause pity, which has in it a strong mixture of good-will. This sentiment of pity is nearly allied to contempt, which is a species of dislike, with a mixture of pride. I only point out these phenomena, as a subject of speculation to such as are curious with regard to moral enquiries. It is sufficient for the present purpose to observe in general, that power and riches commonly cause respect, poverty and meanness contempt, though particular views and incidents may sometimes raise the passions of envy and of pity.]

A man who has cured himself of all ridiculous pre-possessions, and is fully, sincerely, and steadily convinced, from experience as well as philosophy, that the difference of fortune makes less difference in happiness than is vulgarly imagined; such a one does not measure out degrees of esteem according to the rent-rolls of his acquaintance. He may, indeed, externally pay a superior deference to the great lord above the vassal; because riches are the most convenient, being the most fixed and determinate, source of distinction. But his internal sentiments are more regulated by the personal characters of men, than by the accidental and capricious favours of fortune.

In most countries of Europe, family, that is, hereditary riches, marked with titles and symbols from the sovereign, is the chief source of distinction. In England, more regard is paid to present opulence and plenty. Each practice has its advantages and disadvantages. Where birth is respected, unactive, spiritless minds remain in haughty indolence, and dream of nothing but pedigrees and genealogies: the generous and ambitious seek honour and authority, and reputation and favour. Where riches are the chief idol, corruption, venality, rapine prevail: arts, manufactures, commerce, agriculture flourish. The former prejudice, being favourable to military virtue, is more suited to monarchies. The latter, being the chief spur to industry, agrees better with a republican government. And we accordingly find that each of these forms of government, by varying the utility of those customs, has commonly a proportionable effect on the sentiments of mankind.

SECTION VII.

OF QUALITIES IMMEDIATELY AGREEABLE TO OURSELVES.

Whoever has passed an evening with serious melancholy people, and has observed how suddenly the conversation was animated, and what sprightliness diffused itself over the countenance, discourse, and behaviour of every one, on the accession of a good-humoured, lively companion; such a one will easily allow that cheerfulness carries great merit with it, and naturally conciliates the good-will of mankind. No quality, indeed, more readily communicates itself to all around; because no one has a greater propensity to display itself, in jovial talk and pleasant entertainment. The flame spreads through the whole circle; and the most sullen and morose are often caught by it. That the melancholy hate the merry, even though Horace says it, I have some difficulty to allow; because I have always observed that, where the jollity is moderate and decent, serious people are so much the more delighted, as it dissipates the gloom with which they are commonly oppressed, and gives them an unusual enjoyment.

From this influence of cheerfulness, both to communicate itself and to engage approbation, we may perceive that there is another set of mental qualities, which, without any utility or any tendency to farther good, either of the community or of the possessor, diffuse a satisfaction on the beholders, and procure friendship and regard. Their immediate sensation, to the person possessed of them, is agreeable. Others enter into the same humour, and catch the sentiment, by a contagion or natural sympathy; and as we cannot forbear loving whatever pleases, a kindly emotion arises towards the person who communicates so much satisfaction. He is a more animating spectacle; his presence diffuses over us more serene complacency and enjoyment; our imagination, entering into his feelings and disposition, is affected in a more agreeable manner than if a melancholy, dejected, sullen, anxious temper were presented to us. Hence the affection and probation which attend the former: the aversion and disgust with which we regard the latter.

[Footnote: There is no man, who, on particular occasions, is not affected with all the disagreeable passions, fear, anger, dejection, grief, melancholy, anxiety, &c. But these, so far as they are natural, and universal, make no difference between one man and another, and can never be the object of blame. It is only when the disposition gives a PROPENSITY to any of these disagreeable passions, that they disfigure the character, and by giving uneasiness, convey the sentiment of disapprobation to the spectator.]

Few men would envy the character which Caesar gives of Cassius:

He loves no play, As thou do'st, Anthony: he hears no music: Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort, As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.

Not only such men, as Caesar adds, are commonly DANGEROUS, but also, having little enjoyment within themselves, they can never become agreeable to others, or contribute to social entertainment. In all polite nations and ages, a relish for pleasure, if accompanied with temperance and decency, is esteemed a considerable merit, even in the greatest men; and becomes still more requisite in those of inferior rank and character. It is an agreeable representation, which a French writer gives of the situation of his own mind in this particular, VIRTUE I LOVE, says he, WITHOUT AUSTERITY: PLEASURE WITHOUT EFFEMINACY: AND LIFE, WITHOUT FEARING ITS END. [Footnote: 'J'aime la vertu, sans rudesse; J'aime le plaisir, sans molesse; J'aime la vie, et n'en crains point la fin.'-ST. EVREMONT.]

Who is not struck with any signal instance of greatness of mind or dignity of character; with elevation of sentiment, disdain of slavery, and with that noble pride and spirit, which arises from conscious virtue? The sublime, says Longinus, is often nothing but the echo or image of magnanimity; and where this quality appears in any one, even though a syllable be not uttered, it excites our applause and admiration; as may be observed of the famous silence of Ajax in the Odyssey, which expresses more noble disdain and resolute indignation than any language can convey [Footnote: Cap. 9.].

WERE I Alexander, said Parmenio, I WOULD ACCEPT OF THESE OFFERS MADE BY DARIUS. SO WOULD I TOO, replied Alexander, WERE I PARMENIO. This saying is admirable, says Longinus, from a like principle. [Footnote: Idem.]

GO! cries the same hero to his soldiers, when they refused to follow him to the Indies, GO TELL YOUR COUNTRYMEN, THAT YOU LEFT Alexander COMPLETING THE CONQUEST OF THE WORLD. 'Alexander,' said the Prince of Conde, who always admired this passage, 'abandoned by his soldiers, among barbarians, not yet fully subdued, felt in himself such a dignity and right of empire, that he could not believe it possible that any one would refuse to obey him. Whether in Europe or in Asia, among Greeks or Persians, all was indifferent to him: wherever he found men, he fancied he should find subjects.'

The confident of Medea in the tragedy recommends caution and submission; and enumerating all the distresses of that unfortunate heroine, asks her, what she has to support her against her numerous and implacable enemies. MYSELF, replies she; MYSELF I SAY, AND IT IS ENOUGH. Boileau justly recommends this passage as an instance of true sublime [Footnote: Reflexion 10 sur Longin.].

When Phocion, the modest, the gentle Phocion, was led to execution, he turned to one of his fellow-sufferers, who was lamenting his own hard fate, IS IT NOT GLORY ENOUGH FOR YOU, says he, THAT YOU DIE WITH PHOCION? [Footnote: Plutarch in Phoc.]

Place in opposition the picture which Tacitus draws of Vitellius, fallen from empire, prolonging his ignominy from a wretched love of life, delivered over to the merciless rabble; tossed, buffeted, and kicked about; constrained, by their holding a poniard under his chin, to raise his head, and expose himself to every contumely. What abject infamy! What low humiliation! Yet even here, says the historian, he discovered some symptoms of a mind not wholly degenerate. To a tribune, who insulted him, he replied, I AM STILL YOUR EMPEROR.

[Footnote: Tacit. hist. lib. iii. The author entering upon the narration, says, LANIATA VESTE, FOEDUM SPECACULUM DUCEBATUR, MULTIS INCREPANTIBUS, NULLO INLACRIMANTE: deformatitas exitus misericordiam abstulerat. To enter thoroughly into this method of thinking, we must make allowance for the ancient maxims, that no one ought to prolong his life after it became dishonourable; but, as he had always a right to dispose of it, it then became a duty to part with it.]

We never excuse the absolute want of spirit and dignity of character, or a proper sense of what is due to one's self, in society and the common intercourse of life. This vice constitutes what we properly call MEANNESS; when a man can submit to the basest slavery, in order to gain his ends; fawn upon those who abuse him; and degrade himself by intimacies and familiarities with undeserving inferiors. A certain degree of generous pride or self-value is so requisite, that the absence of it in the mind displeases, after the same manner as the want of a nose, eye, or any of the most material feature of the face or member of the body.

[Footnote: The absence of virtue may often be a vice; and that of the highest kind; as in the instance of ingratitude, as well as meanness. Where we expect a beauty, the disappointment gives an uneasy sensation, and produces a real deformity. An

abjectness of character, likewise, is disgustful and contemptible in another view. Where a man has no sense of value in himself, we are not likely to have any higher esteem of him. And if the same person, who crouches to his superiors, is insolent to his inferiors (as often happens), this contrariety of behaviour, instead of correcting the former vice, aggravates it extremely by the addition of a vice still more odious. See Sect. VIII.]

The utility of courage, both to the public and to the person possessed of it, is an obvious foundation of merit. But to any one who duly considers of the matter, it will appear that this quality has a peculiar lustre, which it derives wholly from itself, and from that noble elevation inseparable from it. Its figure, drawn by painters and by poets, displays, in each feature, a sublimity and daring confidence; which catches the eye, engages the affections, and diffuses, by sympathy, a like sublimity of sentiment over every spectator.

Under what shining colours does Demosthenes [Footnote: De Corona.] represent Philip; where the orator apologizes for his own administration, and justifies that pertinacious love of liberty, with which he had inspired the Athenians. 'I beheld Philip,' says he, 'he with whom was your contest, resolutely, while in pursuit of empire and dominion, exposing himself to every wound; his eye gored, his neck wrested, his arm, his thigh pierced, what ever part of his body fortune should seize on, that cheerfully relinquishing; provided that, with what remained, he might live in honour and renown. And shall it be said that he, born in Pella, a place heretofore mean and ignoble, should be inspired with so high an ambition and thirst of fame: while you, Athenians, &c.' These praises excite the most lively admiration; but the views presented by the orator, carry us not, we see, beyond the hero himself, nor ever regard the future advantageous consequences of his valour.

The material temper of the Romans, inflamed by continual wars, had raised their esteem of courage so high, that, in their language, it was called VIRTUE, by way of excellence and of distinction from all other moral qualities. THE Suevi, in the opinion of Tacitus, tus, [Footnote: De moribus Germ.] DRESSED THEIR HAIR WITH A LAUDIBLE INTENT: NOT FOR THE PURPOSE OF LOVING OR BEING LOVES; THEY DORNED THEMSELVES ONLY FOR THEIR ENEMIES, AND IN ORDER TO APPEAR MORE TERRIBLE. A sentiment of the historian, which would sound a little oddly in other nations and other ages.

The Scythians, according to Herodotus, [Footnote: Lib. iv.] after scalping their enemies, dressed the skin like leather, and used it as a towel; and whoever had the most of those towels was most esteemed among them. So much had martial bravery, in that nation, as well as in many others, destroyed the sentiments of humanity; a virtue surely much more useful and engaging.

It is indeed observable, that, among all uncultivated nations, who have not as yet had full experience of the advantages attending beneficence, justice, and the social virtues, courage is the predominant excellence; what is most celebrated by poets, recommended by parents and instructors, and admired by the public in general. The ethics of Homer are, in this particular, very different from those of Fenelon, his elegant imitator; and such as were well suited to an age, when one hero, as remarked by Thucydides [Lib.i.], could ask another, without offence, whether he were a robber or not. Such also very lately was the system of ethics which prevailed in many barbarous parts of Ireland; if we may credit Spencer, in his judicious account of the state of that kingdom.

[Footnote from Spencer: It is a common use, says he, amongst their gentlemen's sons, that, as soon as they are able to use their weapons, they strait gather to themselves three or four stragglers or kern, with whom wandering a while up and down idly the country, taking only meat, he at last falleth into some bad occasion, that shall be offered; which being once made known, he is thenceforth counted a man of worth, in whom there is courage.]

Of the same class of virtues with courage is that undisturbed philosophical tranquillity, superior to pain, sorrow, anxiety, and each assault of adverse fortune. Conscious of his own virtue, say the philosophers, the sage elevates himself above every accident of life; and securely placed in the temple of wisdom, looks down on inferior mortals engaged in pursuit of honours, riches, reputation, and every frivolous enjoyment. These pretentious, no doubt, when stretched to the utmost, are by far too magnificent for human nature. They carry, however, a grandeur with them, which seizes the spectator, and strikes him with admiration. And the nearer we can approach in practice to this sublime tranquillity and indifference (for we must distinguish it from a stupid insensibility), the more secure enjoyment shall we attain within ourselves, and the more greatness of mind shall we discover to the world. The philosophical tranquillity may, indeed, be considered only as a branch of magnanimity.

Who admires not Socrates; his perpetual serenity and contentment, amidst the greatest poverty and domestic vexations; his resolute contempt of riches, and his magnanimous care of preserving liberty, while he refused all assistance from his friends and disciples, and avoided even the dependence of an obligation? Epictetus had not so much as a door to his little house or hovel; and

therefore, soon lost his iron lamp, the only furniture which he had worth taking. But resolving to disappoint all robbers for the future, he supplied its place with an earthen lamp, of which he very peacefully kept possession ever after.

Among the ancients, the heroes in philosophy, as well as those in war and patriotism, have a grandeur and force of sentiment, which astonishes our narrow souls, and is rashly rejected as extravagant and supernatural. They, in their turn, I allow, would have had equal reason to consider as romantic and incredible, the degree of humanity, clemency, order, tranquillity, and other social virtues, to which, in the administration of government, we have attained in modern times, had any one been then able to have made a fair representation of them. Such is the compensation, which nature, or rather education, has made in the distribution of excellencies and virtues, in those different ages.

The merit of benevolence, arising from its utility, and its tendency to promote the good of mankind has been already explained, and is, no doubt, the source of a CONSIDERABLE part of that esteem, which is so universally paid to it. But it will also be allowed, that the very softness and tenderness of the sentiment, its engaging endearments, its fond expressions, its delicate attentions, and all that flow of mutual confidence and regard, which enters into a warm attachment of love and friendship: it will be allowed, I say, that these feelings, being delightful in themselves, are necessarily communicated to the spectators, and melt them into the same fondness and delicacy. The tear naturally starts in our eye on the apprehension of a warm sentiment of this nature: our breast heaves, our heart is agitated, and every humane tender principle of our frame is set in motion, and gives us the purest and most satisfactory enjoyment.

When poets form descriptions of Elysian fields, where the blessed inhabitants stand in no need of each other's assistance, they yet represent them as maintaining a constant intercourse of love and friendship, and sooth our fancy with the pleasing image of these soft and gentle passions. The idea of tender tranquillity in a pastoral Arcadia is agreeable from a like principle, as has been observed above. [Footnote: Sect. v. Part 2.]

Who would live amidst perpetual wrangling, and scolding, and mutual reproaches? The roughness and harshness of these emotions disturb and displease us: we suffer by contagion and sympathy; nor can we remain indifferent spectators, even though certain that no pernicious consequences would ever follow from such angry passions.

As a certain proof that the whole merit of benevolence is not derived from its usefulness, we may observe, that in a kind way of blame, we say, a person is TOO GOOD; when he exceeds his part in society, and carries his attention for others beyond the proper bounds. In like manner, we say, a man is too HIGH-SPIRITED, TOO INTREPID, TOO INDIFFERENT ABOUT FORTUNE: reproaches, which really, at bottom, imply more esteem than many panegyrics. Being accustomed to rate the merit and demerit of characters chiefly by their useful or pernicious tendencies, we cannot forbear applying the epithet of blame, when we discover a sentiment, which rises to a degree, that is hurtful; but it may happen, at the same time, that its noble elevation, or its engaging tenderness so seizes the heart, as rather to increase our friendship and concern for the person.

[Footnote: Cheerfulness could scarce admit of blame from its excess, were it not that dissolute mirth, without a proper cause or subject, is a sure symptom and characteristic of folly, and on that account disgustful.]

The amours and attachments of Harry the IVth of France, during the civil wars of the league, frequently hurt his interest and his cause; but all the young, at least, and amorous, who can sympathize with the tender passions, will allow that this very weakness, for they will readily call it such, chiefly endears that hero, and interests them in his fortunes.

The excessive bravery and resolute inflexibility of Charles the XIIth ruined his own country, and infested all his neighbours; but have such splendour and greatness in their appearance, as strikes us with admiration; and they might, in some degree, be even approved of, if they betrayed not sometimes too evident symptoms of madness and disorder.

The Athenians pretended to the first invention of agriculture and of laws: and always valued themselves extremely on the benefit thereby procured to the whole race of mankind. They also boasted, and with reason, of their war like enterprises; particularly against those innumerable fleets and armies of Persians, which invaded Greece during the reigns of Darius and Xerxes. But though there be no comparison in point of utility, between these peaceful and military honours; yet we find, that the orators, who have writ such elaborate panegyrics on that famous city, have chiefly triumphed in displaying the warlike achievements. Lysias, Thucydides, Plato, and Isocrates discover, all of them, the same partiality; which, though condemned by calm reason and reflection, appears so natural in the mind of man.

It is observable, that the great charm of poetry consists in lively pictures of the sublime passions, magnanimity, courage, disdain of fortune; or those of the tender affections, love and friendship; which warm the heart, and diffuse over it similar sentiments and emotions. And though all kinds of passion, even the most disagreeable, such as grief and anger, are observed, when excited by poetry, to convey a satisfaction, from a mechanism of nature, not easy to be explained: Yet those more elevated or softer affections have a peculiar influence, and please from more than one cause or principle. Not to mention that they alone interest us in the fortune of the persons represented, or communicate any esteem and affection for their character.

And can it possibly be doubted, that this talent itself of poets, to move the passions, this pathetic and sublime of sentiment, is a very considerable merit; and being enhanced by its extreme rarity, may exalt the person possessed of it, above every character of the age in which he lives? The prudence, address, steadiness, and benign government of Augustus, adorned with all the splendour of his noble birth and imperial crown, render him but an unequal competitor for fame with Virgil, who lays nothing into the opposite scale but the divine beauties of his poetical genius.

The very sensibility to these beauties, or a delicacy of taste, is itself a beauty in any character; as conveying the purest, the most durable, and most innocent of all enjoyments.

These are some instances of the several species of merit, that are valued for the immediate pleasure which they communicate to the person possessed of them. No views of utility or of future beneficial consequences enter into this sentiment of approbation; yet is it of a kind similar to that other sentiment, which arises from views of a public or private utility. The same social sympathy, we may observe, or fellow-feeling with human happiness or misery, gives rise to both; and this analogy, in all the parts of the present theory, may justly be regarded as a confirmation of it.

SECTION VIII.

OF QUALITIES IMMEDIATELY AGREEABLE TO OTHERS.

[Footnote: It is the nature and, indeed, the definition of virtue, that it is A QUALITY OF THE MIND AGREEABLE TO OR APPROVED OF BY EVERY ONE WHO CONSIDERS OR CONTEMPLATES IT. But some qualities produce pleasure, because they are useful to society, or useful or agreeable to the person himself; others produce it more immediately, which is the case with the class of virtues here considered.]

AS the mutual shocks, in SOCIETY, and the oppositions of interest and self-love have constrained mankind to establish the laws of JUSTICE, in order to preserve the advantages of mutual assistance and protection: in like manner, the eternal contrarieties, in COMPANY, of men's pride and self-conceit, have introduced the rules of Good Manners or Politeness, in order to facilitate the intercourse of minds, and an undisturbed commerce and conversation. Among well-bred people, a mutual deference is affected; contempt of others disguised; authority concealed; attention given to each in his turn; and an easy stream of conversation maintained, without vehemence, without interruption, without eagerness for victory, and without any airs of superiority. These attentions and regards are immediately AGREEABLE to others, abstracted from any consideration of utility or beneficial tendencies: they conciliate affection, promote esteem, and extremely enhance the merit of the person who regulates his behaviour by them.

Many of the forms of breeding are arbitrary and casual; but the thing expressed by them is still the same. A Spaniard goes out of his own house before his guest, to signify that he leaves him master of all. In other countries, the landlord walks out last, as a common mark of deference and regard.

But, in order to render a man perfect GOOD COMPANY, he must have Wit and Ingenuity as well as good manners. What wit is, it may not be easy to define; but it is easy surely to determine that it is a quality immediately AGREEABLE to others, and communicating, on its first appearance, a lively joy and satisfaction to every one who has any comprehension of it. The most profound metaphysics, indeed, might be employed in explaining the various kinds and species of wit; and many classes of it, which are now received on the sole testimony of taste and sentiment, might, perhaps, be resolved into more general principles. But this is sufficient for our present purpose, that it does affect taste and sentiment, and bestowing an immediate enjoyment, is a sure source of approbation and affection.

In countries where men pass most of their time in conversation, and visits, and assemblies, these COMPANIONABLE qualities, so to speak, are of high estimation, and form a chief part of personal merit. In countries where men live a more domestic life, and

either are employed in business, or amuse themselves in a narrower circle of acquaintance, the more solid qualities are chiefly regarded. Thus, I have often observed, that, among the French, the first questions with regard to a stranger are, IS HE POLITE? HAS HE WIT? In our own country, the chief praise bestowed is always that of a GOOD-NATURED, SENSIBLE FELLOW.

In conversation, the lively spirit of dialogue is AGREEABLE, even to those who desire not to have any share in the discourse: hence the teller of long stories, or the pompous declaimer, is very little approved of. But most men desire likewise their turn in the conversation, and regard, with a very evil eye, that LOQUACITY which deprives them of a right they are naturally so jealous of.

There is a sort of harmless LIARS, frequently to be met with in company, who deal much in the marvellous. Their usual intention is to please and entertain; but as men are most delighted with what they conceive to be truth, these people mistake extremely the means of pleasing, and incur universal blame. Some indulgence, however, to lying or fiction is given in HUMOROUS stories; because it is there really agreeable and entertaining, and truth is not of any importance.

Eloquence, genius of all kinds, even good sense, and sound reasoning, when it rises to an eminent degree, and is employed upon subjects of any considerable dignity and nice discernment; all these endowments seem immediately agreeable, and have a merit distinct from their usefulness. Rarity, likewise, which so much enhances the price of every thing, must set an additional value on these noble talents of the human mind.

Modesty may be understood in different senses, even abstracted from chastity, which has been already treated of. It sometimes means that tenderness and nicety of honour, that apprehension of blame, that dread of intrusion or injury towards others, that Pudor, which is the proper guardian of every kind of virtue, and a sure preservative against vice and corruption. But its most usual meaning is when it is opposed to IMPUDENCE and ARROGANCE, and expresses a diffidence of our own judgement, and a due attention and regard for others. In young men chiefly, this quality is a sure sign of good sense; and is also the certain means of augmenting that endowment, by preserving their ears open to instruction, and making them still grasp after new attainments. But it has a further charm to every spectator; by flattering every man's vanity, and presenting the appearance of a docile pupil, who receives, with proper attention and respect, every word they utter.

Men have, in general, a much greater propensity to overvalue than undervalue themselves; notwithstanding the opinion of Aristotle [Footnote: Ethic. ad Nicomachum.]. This makes us more jealous of the excess on the former side, and causes us to regard, with a peculiar indulgence, all tendency to modesty and self-diffidence; as esteeming the danger less of falling into any vicious extreme of that nature. It is thus in countries where men's bodies are apt to exceed in corpulency, personal beauty is placed in a much greater degree of slenderness, than in countries where that is the most usual defect. Being so often struck with instances of one species of deformity, men think they can never keep at too great a distance from it, and wish always to have a leaning to the opposite side. In like manner, were the door opened to self-praise, and were Montaigne's maxim observed, that one should say as frankly, I HAVE SENSE, I HAVE LEARNING, I HAVE COURAGE, BEAUTY, OR WIT, as it is sure we often think so; were this the case, I say, every one is sensible that such a flood of impertinence would break in upon us, as would render society wholly intolerable. For this reason custom has established it as a rule, in common societies, that men should not indulge themselves in self-praise, or even speak much of themselves; and it is only among intimate friends or people of very manly behaviour, that one is allowed to do himself justice. Nobody finds fault with Maurice, Prince of Orange, for his reply to one who asked him, whom he esteemed the first general of the age, THE MARQUIS OF SPINOLA, said he, IS THE SECOND. Though it is observable, that the self-praise implied is here better implied, than if it had been directly expressed, without any cover or disguise.

He must be a very superficial thinker, who imagines that all instances of mutual deference are to be understood in earnest, and that a man would be more esteemable for being ignorant of his own merits and accomplishments. A small bias towards modesty, even in the internal sentiment, is favourably regarded, especially in young people; and a strong bias is required in the outward behaviour; but this excludes not a noble pride and spirit, which may openly display itself in its full extent, when one lies under calumny or oppression of any kind. The generous contumacy of Socrates, as Cicero calls it, has been highly celebrated in all ages; and when joined to the usual modesty of his behaviour, forms a shining character. Iphicrates, the Athenian, being accused of betraying the interests of his country, asked his accuser, WOULD YOU, says he, HAVE, ON A LIKE OCCASION, BEEN GUILTY OF THAT CRIME? BY NO MEANS, replied the other. AND CAN YOU THEN IMAGINE, cried the hero, that Iphicrates WOULD BE GUILTY? [Footnote: Quinctil. lib. v. cap. 12.]--In short, a generous spirit and self-value, well founded, decently disguised, and courageously supported under distress and calumny, is a great excellency, and seems to derive its merit from the noble elevation of its sentiment, or its immediate agreeableness to its possessor. In ordinary characters, we approve of a bias towards modesty, which is a quality immediately agreeable to others: the vicious excess of the former virtue, namely, insolence or haughtiness, is immediately

disagreeable to others; the excess of the latter is so to the possessor. Thus are the boundaries of these duties adjusted.

A desire of fame, reputation, or a character with others, is so far from being blameable, that it seems inseparable from virtue, genius, capacity, and a generous or noble disposition. An attention even to trivial matters, in order to please, is also expected and demanded by society; and no one is surprised, if he find a man in company to observe a greater elegance of dress and more pleasant flow of conversation, than when he passes his time at home, and with his own family. Wherein, then, consists Vanity, which is so justly regarded as a fault or imperfection. It seems to consist chiefly in such an intemperate display of our advantages, honours, and accomplishments; in such an importunate and open demand of praise and admiration, as is offensive to others, and encroaches too far on their secret vanity and ambition. It is besides a sure symptom of the want of true dignity and elevation of mind, which is so great an ornament in any character. For why that impatient desire of applause; as if you were not justly entitled to it, and might not reasonably expect that it would for ever at tend you? Why so anxious to inform us of the great company which you have kept; the obliging things which were said to you; the honours, the distinctions which you met with; as if these were not things of course, and what we could readily, of ourselves, have imagined, without being told of them?

Decency, or a proper regard to age, sex, character, and station in the world, may be ranked among the qualities which are immediately agreeable to others, and which, by that means, acquire praise and approbation. An effeminate behaviour in a man, a rough manner in a woman; these are ugly because unsuitable to each character, and different from the qualities which we expect in the sexes. It is as if a tragedy abounded in comic beauties, or a comedy in tragic. The disproportions hurt the eye, and convey a disagreeable sentiment to the spectators, the source of blame and disapprobation. This is that INDECORUM, which is explained so much at large by Cicero in his Offices.

Among the other virtues, we may also give Cleanliness a place; since it naturally renders us agreeable to others, and is no inconsiderable source of love and affection. No one will deny, that a negligence in this particular is a fault; and as faults are nothing but smaller vices, and this fault can have no other origin than the uneasy sensation which it excites in others; we may, in this instance, seemingly so trivial, clearly discover the origin of moral distinctions, about which the learned have involved themselves in such mazes of perplexity and error.

But besides all the AGREEABLE qualities, the origin of whose beauty we can, in some degree, explain and account for, there still remains something mysterious and inexplicable, which conveys an immediate satisfaction to the spectator, but how, or why, or for what reason, he cannot pretend to determine. There is a manner, a grace, an ease, a genteelness, an I-know-not-what, which some men possess above others, which is very different from external beauty and comeliness, and which, however, catches our affection almost as suddenly and powerfully. And though this MANNER be chiefly talked of in the passion between the sexes, where the concealed magic is easily explained, yet surely much of it prevails in all our estimation of characters, and forms no inconsiderable part of personal merit. This class of accomplishments, therefore, must be trusted entirely to the blind, but sure testimony of taste and sentiment; and must be considered as a part of ethics, left by nature to baffle all the pride of philosophy, and make her sensible of her narrow boundaries and slender acquisitions.

We approve of another, because of his wit, politeness, modesty, decency, or any agreeable quality which he possesses; although he be not of our acquaintance, nor has ever given us any entertainment, by means of these accomplishments. The idea, which we form of their effect on his acquaintance, has an agreeable influence on our imagination, and gives us the sentiment of approbation. This principle enters into all the judgements which we form concerning manners and characters.

SECTION IX. CONCLUSION.

PART I.

IT may justly appear surprising that any man in so late an age, should find it requisite to prove, by elaborate reasoning, that Personal Merit consists altogether in the possession of mental qualities, USEFUL or AGREEABLE to the PERSON HIMSELF or to OTHERS. It might be expected that this principle would have occurred even to the first rude, unpractised enquirers concerning morals, and been received from its own evidence, without any argument or disputation. Whatever is valuable in any kind, so naturally classes itself under the division of USEFUL or AGREEABLE, the UTILE or the DULCE, that it is not easy to imagine why we should ever seek further, or consider the question as a matter of nice research or inquiry. And as every thing useful or agreeable must possess these qualities with regard either to the PERSON HIMSELF or to OTHERS, the complete delineation or description of merit seems to be performed as naturally as a shadow is cast by the sun, or an image is reflected upon water. If the

ground, on which the shadow is cast, be not broken and uneven; nor the surface from which the image is reflected, disturbed and confused; a just figure is immediately presented, without any art or attention. And it seems a reasonable presumption, that systems and hypotheses have perverted our natural understanding, when a theory, so simple and obvious, could so long have escaped the most elaborate examination.

But however the case may have fared with philosophy, in common life these principles are still implicitly maintained; nor is any other topic of praise or blame ever recurred to, when we employ any panegyric or satire, any applause or censure of human action and behaviour. If we observe men, in every intercourse of business or pleasure, in every discourse and conversation, we shall find them nowhere, except the schools, at any loss upon this subject. What so natural, for instance, as the following dialogue? You are very happy, we shall suppose one to say, addressing himself to another, that you have given your daughter to Cleanthes. He is a man of honour and humanity. Every one, who has any intercourse with him, is sure of FAIR and KIND treatment. [Footnote: Qualities useful to others.] I congratulate you too, says another, on the promising expectations of this son-in-law; whose assiduous application to the study of the laws, whose quick penetration and early knowledge both of men and business, prognosticate the greatest honours and advancement. [Footnote: Qualities useful to the person himself.] You surprise me, replies a third, when you talk of Cleanthes as a man of business and application. I met him lately in a circle of the gayest company, and he was the very life and soul of our conversation: so much wit with good manners; so much gallantry without affectation; so much ingenious knowledge so genteelly delivered, I have never before observed in any one. [Footnote: Qualities immediately agreeable to others,] You would admire him still more, says a fourth, if you knew him more familiarly. That cheerfulness, which you might remark in him, is not a sudden flash struck out by company: it runs through the whole tenor of his life, and preserves a perpetual serenity on his countenance, and tranquillity in his soul. He has met with severe trials, misfortunes as well as dangers; and by his greatness of mind, was still superior to all of them [Footnote: Qualities immediately agreeable to the person himself]. The image, gentlemen, which you have here delineated of Cleanthes, cried I, is that of accomplished merit. Each of you has given a stroke of the pencil to his figure; and you have unawares exceeded all the pictures drawn by Gratian or Castiglione. A philosopher might select this character as a model of perfect virtue.

And as every quality which is useful or agreeable to ourselves or others is, in common life, allowed to be a part of personal merit; so no other will ever be received, where men judge of things by their natural, unprejudiced reason, without the delusive glosses of superstition and false religion. Celibacy, fasting, penance, mortification, self-denial, humility, silence, solitude, and the whole train of monkish virtues; for what reason are they everywhere rejected by men of sense, but because they serve to no manner of purpose; neither advance a man's fortune in the world, nor render him a more valuable member of society; neither qualify him for the entertainment of company, nor increase his power of self-enjoyment? We observe, on the contrary, that they cross all these desirable ends; stupify the understanding and harden the heart, obscure the fancy and sour the temper. We justly, therefore, transfer them to the opposite column, and place them in the catalogue of vices; nor has any superstition force sufficient among men of the world, to pervert entirely these natural sentiments. A gloomy, hair-brained enthusiast, after his death, may have a place in the calendar; but will scarcely ever be admitted, when alive, into intimacy and society, except by those who are as delirious and dismal as himself.

It seems a happiness in the present theory, that it enters not into that vulgar dispute concerning the DEGREES of benevolence or self-love, which prevail in human nature; a dispute which is never likely to have any issue, both because men, who have taken part, are not easily convinced, and because the phenomena, which can be produced on either side, are so dispersed, so uncertain, and subject to so many interpretations, that it is scarcely possible accurately to compare them, or draw from them any determinate inference or conclusion. It is sufficient for our present purpose, if it be allowed, what surely, without the greatest absurdity cannot be disputed, that there is some benevolence, however small, infused into our bosom; some spark of friendship for human kind; some particle of the dove kneaded into our frame, along with the elements of the wolf and serpent. Let these generous sentiments be supposed ever so weak; let them be insufficient to move even a hand or finger of our body, they must still direct the determinations of our mind, and where everything else is equal, produce a cool preference of what is useful and serviceable to mankind, above what is pernicious and dangerous. A MORAL DISTINCTION, therefore, immediately arises; a general sentiment of blame and approbation; a tendency, however faint, to the objects of the one, and a proportionable aversion to those of the other. Nor will those reasoners, who so earnestly maintain the predominant selfishness of human kind, be any wise scandalized at hearing of the weak sentiments of virtue implanted in our nature. On the contrary, they are found as ready to maintain the one tenet as the other; and their spirit of satire (for such it appears, rather than of corruption) naturally gives rise to both opinions; which have, indeed, a great and almost an indissoluble connexion together.

Avarice, ambition, vanity, and all passions vulgarly, though improperly, comprised under the denomination of SELF-LOVE, are here excluded from our theory concerning the origin of morals, not because they are too weak, but because they have not a proper direction for that purpose. The notion of morals implies some sentiment common to all mankind, which recommends the same object to general approbation, and makes every man, or most men, agree in the same opinion or decision concerning it. It also implies some sentiment, so universal and comprehensive as to extend to all mankind, and render the actions and conduct, even of the persons the most remote, an object of applause or censure, according as they agree or disagree with that rule of right which is established. These two requisite circumstances belong alone to the sentiment of humanity here insisted on. The other passions produce in every breast, many strong sentiments of desire and aversion, affection and hatred; but these neither are felt so much in common, nor are so comprehensive, as to be the foundation of any general system and established theory of blame or approbation.

When a man denominates another his ENEMY, his RIVAL, his ANTAGONIST, his ADVERSARY, he is understood to speak the language of self-love, and to express sentiments, peculiar to himself, and arising from his particular circumstances and situation. But when he bestows on any man the epithets of VICIOUS or ODIOUS or DEPRAVED, he then speaks another language, and expresses sentiments, in which he expects all his audience are to concur with him. He must here, therefore, depart from his private and particular situation, and must choose a point of view, common to him with others; he must move some universal principle of the human frame, and touch a string to which all mankind have an accord and symphony. If he mean, therefore, to express that this man possesses qualities, whose tendency is pernicious to society, he has chosen this common point of view, and has touched the principle of humanity, in which every man, in some degree, concurs. While the human heart is compounded of the same elements as at present, it will never be wholly indifferent to public good, nor entirely unaffected with the tendency of characters and manners. And though this affection of humanity may not generally be esteemed so strong as vanity or ambition, yet, being common to all men, it can alone be the foundation of morals, or of any-general system of blame or praise. One man's ambition is not another's ambition, nor will the same event or object satisfy both; but the humanity of one man is the humanity of every one, and the same object touches this passion in all human creatures.

But the sentiments, which arise from humanity, are not only the same in all human creatures, and produce the same approbation or censure; but they also comprehend all human creatures; nor is there any one whose conduct or character is not, by their means, an object to every one of censure or approbation. On the contrary, those other passions, commonly denominated selfish, both produce different sentiments in each individual, according to his particular situation; and also contemplate the greater part of mankind with the utmost indifference and unconcern. Whoever has a high regard and esteem for me flatters my vanity; whoever expresses contempt mortifies and displeases me; but as my name is known but to a small part of mankind, there are few who come within the sphere of this passion, or excite, on its account, either my affection or disgust. But if you represent a tyrannical, insolent, or barbarous behaviour, in any country or in any age of the world, I soon carry my eye to the pernicious tendency of such a conduct, and feel the sentiment of repugnance and displeasure towards it. No character can be so remote as to be, in this light, wholly indifferent to me. What is beneficial to society or to the person himself must still be preferred. And every quality or action, of every human being, must, by this means, be ranked under some class or denomination, expressive of general censure or applause.

What more, therefore, can we ask to distinguish the sentiments, dependent on humanity, from those connected with any other passion, or to satisfy us, why the former are the origin of morals, not the latter? Whatever conduct gains my approbation, by touching my humanity, procures also the applause of all mankind, by affecting the same principle in them; but what serves my avarice or ambition pleases these passions in me alone, and affects not the avarice and ambition of the rest of mankind. There is no circumstance of conduct in any man, provided it have a beneficial tendency, that is not agreeable to my humanity, however remote the person; but every man, so far removed as neither to cross nor serve my avarice and ambition, is regarded as wholly indifferent by those passions. The distinction, therefore, between these species of sentiment being so great and evident, language must soon be moulded upon it, and must invent a peculiar set of terms, in order to express those universal sentiments of censure or approbation, which arise from humanity, or from views of general usefulness and its contrary. Virtue and Vice become then known; morals are recognized; certain general ideas are framed of human conduct and behaviour; such measures are expected from men in such situations. This action is determined to be conformable to our abstract rule; that other, contrary. And by such universal principles are the particular sentiments of self-love frequently controlled and limited.

[Footnote: It seems certain, both from reason and experience, that a rude, untaught savage regulates chiefly his love and hatred by the ideas of private utility and injury, and has but faint conceptions of a general rule or system of behaviour. The man who stands opposite to him in battle, he hates heartedly, not only for the present moment, which is almost unavoidable, but for ever after; nor is

he satisfied without the most extreme punishment and vengeance. But we, accustomed to society, and to more enlarged reflections, consider, that this man is serving his own country and community; that any man, in the same situation, would do the same; that we ourselves, in like circumstances, observe a like conduct; that; in general, human society is best supported on such maxims: and by these suppositions and views, we correct, in some measure, our ruder and narrower positions. And though much of our friendship and enemity be still regulated by private considerations of benefit and harm, we pay, at least, this homage to general rules, which we are accustomed to respect, that we commonly perver our adversary's conduct, by imputing malice or injustice to him, in order to give vent to those passions, which arise from self-love and private interest. When the heart is full of rage, it never wants pretences of this nature; though sometimes as frivolous, as those from which Horace, being almost crushed by the fall of a tree, effects to accuse of parricide the first planter of it.]

From instances of popular tumults, seditions, factions, panics, and of all passions, which are shared with a multitude, we may learn the influence of society in exciting and supporting any emotion; while the most ungovernable disorders are raised, we find, by that means, from the slightest and most frivolous occasions. Solon was no very cruel, though, perhaps, an unjust legislator, who punished neuters in civil wars; and few, I believe, would, in such cases, incur the penalty, were their affection and discourse allowed sufficient to absolve them. No selfishness, and scarce any philosophy, have there force sufficient to support a total coolness and indifference; and he must be more or less than man, who kindles not in the common blaze. What wonder then, that moral sentiments are found of such influence in life; though springing from principles, which may appear, at first sight, somewhat small and delicate? But these principles, we must remark, are social and universal; they form, in a manner, the PARTY of humankind against vice or disorder, its common enemy. And as the benevolent concern for others is diffused, in a greater or less degree, over all men, and is the same in all, it occurs more frequently in discourse, is cherished by society and conversation, and the blame and approbation, consequent on it, are thereby roused from that lethargy into which they are probably lulled, in solitary and uncultivated nature. Other passions, though perhaps originally stronger, yet being selfish and private, are often overpowered by its force, and yield the dominion of our breast to those social and public principles.

Another spring of our constitution, that brings a great addition of force to moral sentiments, is the love of fame; which rules, with such uncontrolled authority, in all generous minds, and is often the grand object of all their designs and undertakings. By our continual and earnest pursuit of a character, a name, a reputation in the world, we bring our own deportment and conduct frequently in review, and consider how they appear in the eyes of those who approach and regard us. This constant habit of surveying ourselves, as it were, in reflection, keeps alive all the sentiments of right and wrong, and begets, in noble natures, a certain reverence for themselves as well as others, which is the surest guardian of every virtue. The animal conveniencies and pleasures sink gradually in their value; while every inward beauty and moral grace is studiously acquired, and the mind is accomplished in every perfection, which can adorn or embellish a rational creature.

Here is the most perfect morality with which we are acquainted: here is displayed the force of many sympathies. Our moral sentiment is itself a feeling chiefly of that nature, and our regard to a character with others seems to arise only from a care of preserving a character with ourselves; and in order to attain this end, we find it necessary to prop our tottering judgement on the correspondent approbation of mankind.

But, that we may accommodate matters, and remove if possible every difficulty, let us allow all these reasonings to be false. Let us allow that, when we resolve the pleasure, which arises from views of utility, into the sentiments of humanity and sympathy, we have embraced a wrong hypothesis. Let us confess it necessary to find some other explication of that applause, which is paid to objects, whether inanimate, animate, or rational, if they have a tendency to promote the welfare and advantage of mankind. However difficult it be to conceive that an object is approved of on account of its tendency to a certain end, while the end itself is totally indifferent: let us swallow this absurdity, and consider what are the consequences. The preceding delineation or definition of Personal Merit must still retain its evidence and authority: it must still be allowed that every quality of the mind, which is USEFUL or AGREEABLE to the PERSON HIMSELF or to OTHERS, communicates a pleasure to the spectator, engages his esteem, and is admitted under the honourable denomination of virtue or merit. Are not justice, fidelity, honour, veracity, allegiance, chastity, esteemed solely on account of their tendency to promote the good of society? Is not that tendency inseparable from humanity, benevolence, lenity, generosity, gratitude, moderation, tenderness, friendship, and all the other social virtues? Can it possibly be doubted that industry, discretion, frugality, secrecy, order, perseverance, forethought, judgement, and this whole class of virtues and accomplishments, of which many pages would not contain the catalogue; can it be doubted, I say, that the tendency of these qualities to promote the interest and happiness of their possessor, is the sole foundation of their merit? Who can dispute that a mind, which supports a perpetual serenity and cheerfulness, a noble dignity and undaunted spirit, a tender affection and good-will

to all around; as it has more enjoyment within itself, is also a more animating and rejoicing spectacle, than if dejected with melancholy, tormented with anxiety, irritated with rage, or sunk into the most abject baseness and degeneracy? And as to the qualities, immediately AGREEABLE to OTHERS, they speak sufficiently for themselves; and he must be unhappy, indeed, either in his own temper, or in his situation and company, who has never perceived the charms of a facetious wit or flowing affability, of a delicate modesty or decent genteelness of address and manner.

I am sensible, that nothing can be more unphilosophical than to be positive or dogmatical on any subject; and that, even if excessive scepticism could be maintained, it would not be more destructive to all just reasoning and inquiry. I am convinced that, where men are the most sure and arrogant, they are commonly the most mistaken, and have there given reins to passion, without that proper deliberation and suspense, which can alone secure them from the grossest absurdities. Yet, I must confess, that this enumeration puts the matter in so strong a light, that I cannot, at PRESENT, be more assured of any truth, which I learn from reasoning and argument, than that personal merit consists entirely in the usefulness or agreeableness of qualities to the person himself possessed of them, or to others, who have any intercourse with him. But when I reflect that, though the bulk and figure of the earth have been measured and delineated, though the motions of the tides have been accounted for, the order and economy of the heavenly bodies subjected to their proper laws, and Infinite itself reduced to calculation; yet men still dispute concerning the foundation of their moral duties. When I reflect on this, I say, I fall back into diffidence and scepticism, and suspect that an hypothesis, so obvious, had it been a true one, would, long ere now, have been received by the unanimous suffrage and consent of mankind.

PART II.

Having explained the moral APPROBATION attending merit or virtue, there remains nothing but briefly to consider our interested OBLIGATION to it, and to inquire whether every man, who has any regard to his own happiness and welfare, will not best find his account in the practice of every moral duty. If this can be clearly ascertained from the foregoing theory, we shall have the satisfaction to reflect, that we have advanced principles, which not only, it is hoped, will stand the test of reasoning and inquiry, but may contribute to the amendment of men's lives, and their improvement in morality and social virtue. And though the philosophical truth of any proposition by no means depends on its tendency to promote the interests of society; yet a man has but a bad grace, who delivers a theory, however true, which, he must confess, leads to a practice dangerous and pernicious. Why rake into those corners of nature which spread a nuisance all around? Why dig up the pestilence from the pit in which it is buried? The ingenuity of your researches may be admired, but your systems will be detested; and mankind will agree, if they cannot refute them, to sink them, at least, in eternal silence and oblivion. Truths which are pernicious to society, if any such there be, will yield to errors which are salutary and ADVANTAGEOUS.

But what philosophical truths can be more advantageous to society, than those here delivered, which represent virtue in all her genuine and most engaging charms, and makes us approach her with ease, familiarity, and affection? The dismal dress falls off, with which many divines, and some philosophers, have covered her; and nothing appears but gentleness, humanity, beneficence, affability; nay, even at proper intervals, play, frolic, and gaiety. She talks not of useless austerities and rigours, suffering and self-denial. She declares that her sole purpose is to make her votaries and all mankind, during every instant of their existence, if possible, cheerful and happy; nor does she ever willingly part with any pleasure but in hopes of ample compensation in some other period of their lives. The sole trouble which she demands, is that of just calculation, and a steady preference of the greater happiness. And if any austere pretenders approach her, enemies to joy and pleasure, she either rejects them as hypocrites and deceivers; or, if she admit them in her train, they are ranked, however, among the least favoured of her votaries.

And, indeed, to drop all figurative expression, what hopes can we ever have of engaging mankind to a practice which we confess full of austerity and rigour? Or what theory of morals can ever serve any useful purpose, unless it can show, by a particular detail, that all the duties which it recommends, are also the true interest of each individual? The peculiar advantage of the foregoing system seems to be, that it furnishes proper mediums for that purpose.

That the virtues which are immediately USEFUL or AGREEABLE to the person possessed of them, are desirable in a view to self-interest, it would surely be superfluous to prove. Moralists, indeed, may spare themselves all the pains which they often take in recommending these duties. To what purpose collect arguments to evince that temperance is advantageous, and the excesses of pleasure hurtful, when it appears that these excesses are only denominated such, because they are hurtful; and that, if the unlimited use of strong liquors, for instance, no more impaired health or the faculties of mind and body than the use of air or water,

it would not be a whit more vicious or blameable?

It seems equally superfluous to prove, that the COMPANIONABLE virtues of good manners and wit, decency and genteelness, are more desirable than the contrary qualities. Vanity alone, without any other consideration, is a sufficient motive to make us wish for the possession of these accomplishments. No man was ever willingly deficient in this particular. All our failures here proceed from bad education, want of capacity, or a perverse and unpliable disposition. Would you have your company coveted, admired, followed; rather than hated, despised, avoided? Can any one seriously deliberate in the case? As no enjoyment is sincere, without some reference to company and society; so no society can be agreeable, or even tolerable, where a man feels his presence unwelcome, and discovers all around him symptoms of disgust and aversion.

But why, in the greater society or confederacy of mankind, should not the case be the same as in particular clubs and companies? Why is it more doubtful, that the enlarged virtues of humanity, generosity, beneficence, are desirable with a view of happiness and self-interest, than the limited endowments of ingenuity and politeness? Are we apprehensive lest those social affections interfere, in a greater and more immediate degree than any other pursuits, with private utility, and cannot be gratified, without some important sacrifice of honour and advantage? If so, we are but ill-instructed in the nature of the human passions, and are more influenced by verbal distinctions than by real differences.

Whatever contradiction may vulgarly be supposed between the SELFISH and SOCIAL sentiments or dispositions, they are really no more opposite than selfish and ambitious, selfish and revengeful, selfish and vain. It is requisite that there be an original propensity of some kind, in order to be a basis to self-love, by giving a relish to the objects of its pursuit; and none more fit for this purpose than benevolence or humanity. The goods of fortune are spent in one gratification or another: the miser who accumulates his annual income, and lends it out at interest, has really spent it in the gratification of his avarice. And it would be difficult to show why a man is more a loser by a generous action, than by any other method of expense; since the utmost which he can attain by the most elaborate selfishness, is the indulgence of some affection.

Now if life, without passion, must be altogether insipid and tiresome; let a man suppose that he has full power of modelling his own disposition, and let him deliberate what appetite or desire he would choose for the foundation of his happiness and enjoyment. Every affection, he would observe, when gratified by success, gives a satisfaction proportioned to its force and violence; but besides this advantage, common to all, the immediate feeling of benevolence and friendship, humanity and kindness, is sweet, smooth, tender, and agreeable, independent of all fortune and accidents. These virtues are besides attended with a pleasing consciousness or remembrance, and keep us in humour with ourselves as well as others; while we retain the agreeable reflection of having done our part towards mankind and society. And though all men show a jealousy of our success in the pursuits of avarice and ambition; yet are we almost sure of their good-will and good wishes, so long as we persevere in the paths of virtue, and employ ourselves in the execution of generous plans and purposes. What other passion is there where we shall find so many advantages united; an agreeable sentiment, a pleasing consciousness, a good reputation? But of these truths, we may observe, men are, of themselves, pretty much convinced; nor are they deficient in their duty to society, because they would not wish to be generous, friendly, and humane; but because they do not feel themselves such.

Treating vice with the greatest candour, and making it all possible concessions, we must acknowledge that there is not, in any instance, the smallest pretext for giving it the preference above virtue, with a view of self-interest; except, perhaps, in the case of justice, where a man, taking things in a certain light, may often seem to be a loser by his integrity. And though it is allowed that, without a regard to property, no society could subsist; yet according to the imperfect way in which human affairs are conducted, a sensible knave, in particular incidents, may think that an act of iniquity or infidelity will make a considerable addition to his fortune, without causing any considerable breach in the social union and confederacy. That HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY, may be a good general rule, but is liable to many exceptions; and he, it may perhaps be thought, conducts himself with most wisdom, who observes the general rule, and takes advantage of all the exceptions. I must confess that, if a man think that this reasoning much requires an answer, it would be a little difficult to find any which will to him appear satisfactory and convincing. If his heart rebel not against such pernicious maxims, if he feel no reluctance to the thoughts of villainy or baseness, he has indeed lost a considerable motive to virtue; and we may expect that this practice will be answerable to his speculation. But in all ingenuous natures, the antipathy to treachery and roguery is too strong to be counter-balanced by any views of profit or pecuniary advantage. Inward peace of mind, consciousness of integrity, a satisfactory review of our own conduct; these are circumstances, very requisite to happiness, and will be cherished and cultivated by every honest man, who feels the importance of them.

Such a one has, besides, the frequent satisfaction of seeing knaves, with all their pretended cunning and abilities, betrayed by their own maxims; and while they purpose to cheat with moderation and secrecy, a tempting incident occurs, nature is frail, and they give into the snare; whence they can never extricate themselves, without a total loss of reputation, and the forfeiture of all future trust and confidence with mankind.

But were they ever so secret and successful, the honest man, if he has any tincture of philosophy, or even common observation and reflection, will discover that they themselves are, in the end, the greatest dupes, and have sacrificed the invaluable enjoyment of a character, with themselves at least, for the acquisition of worthless toys and gewgaws. How little is requisite to supply the necessities of nature? And in a view to pleasure, what comparison between the unbought satisfaction of conversation, society, study, even health and the common beauties of nature, but above all the peaceful reflection on one's own conduct; what comparison, I say, between these and the feverish, empty amusements of luxury and expense? These natural pleasures, indeed, are really without price; both because they are below all price in their attainment, and above it in their enjoyment.

APPENDIX I. CONCERNING MORAL SENTIMENT

IF the foregoing hypothesis be received, it will now be easy for us to determine the question first started, [FOOTNOTE: Sect. 1.] concerning the general principles of morals; and though we postponed the decision of that question, lest it should then involve us in intricate speculations, which are unfit for moral discourses, we may resume it at present, and examine how far either REASON or SENTIMENT enters into all decisions of praise or censure.

One principal foundation of moral praise being supposed to lie in the usefulness of any quality or action, it is evident that REASON must enter for a considerable share in all decisions of this kind; since nothing but that faculty can instruct us in the tendency of qualities and actions, and point out their beneficial consequences to society and to their possessor. In many cases this is an affair liable to great controversy: doubts may arise; opposite interests may occur; and a preference must be given to one side, from very nice views, and a small overbalance of utility. This is particularly remarkable in questions with regard to justice; as is, indeed, natural to suppose, from that species of utility which attends this virtue [Footnote: See App. II.]. Were every single instance of justice, like that of benevolence, useful to society; this would be a more simple state of the case, and seldom liable to great controversy. But as single instances of justice are often pernicious in their first and immediate tendency, and as the advantage to society results only from the observance of the general rule, and from the concurrence and combination of several persons in the same equitable conduct; the case here becomes more intricate and involved. The various circumstances of society; the various consequences of any practice; the various interests which may be proposed; these, on many occasions, are doubtful, and subject to great discussion and inquiry. The object of municipal laws is to fix all the questions with regard to justice: the debates of civilians; the reflections of politicians; the precedents of history and public records, are all directed to the same purpose. And a very accurate REASON or JUDGEMENT is often requisite, to give the true determination, amidst such intricate doubts arising from obscure or opposite utilities.

But though reason, when fully assisted and improved, be sufficient to instruct us in the pernicious or useful tendency of qualities and actions; it is not alone sufficient to produce any moral blame or approbation. Utility is only a tendency to a certain end; and were the end totally indifferent to us, we should feel the same indifference towards the means. It is requisite a SENTIMENT should here display itself, in order to give a preference to the useful above the pernicious tendencies. This SENTIMENT can be no other than a feeling for the happiness of mankind, and a resentment of their misery; since these are the different ends which virtue and vice have a tendency to promote. Here therefore REASON instructs us in the several tendencies of actions, and HUMANITY makes a distinction in favour of those which are useful and beneficial.

This partition between the faculties of understanding and sentiment, in all moral decisions, seems clear from the preceding hypothesis. But I shall suppose that hypothesis false: it will then be requisite to look out for some other theory that may be satisfactory; and I dare venture to affirm that none such will ever be found, so long as we suppose reason to be the sole source of morals. To prove this, it will be proper t o weigh the five following considerations.

I. It is easy for a false hypothesis to maintain some appearance of truth, while it keeps wholly in generals, makes use of undefined terms, and employs comparisons, instead of instances. This is particularly remarkable in that philosophy, which ascribes the discernment of all moral distinctions to reason alone, without the concurrence of sentiment. It is impossible that, in any particular instance, this hypothesis can so much as be rendered intelligible, whatever specious figure it may make in general declamations and discourses. Examine the crime of INGRATITUDE, for instance; which has place, wherever we observe good-will, expressed

and known, together with good-offices performed, on the one side, and a return of ill-will or indifference, with ill-offices or neglect on the other: anatomize all these circumstances, and examine, by your reason alone, in what consists the demerit or blame. You never will come to any issue or conclusion.

Reason judges either of MATTER OF FACT or of RELATIONS. Enquire then, first, where is that matter of fact which we here call crime; point it out; determine the time of its existence; describe its essence or nature; explain the sense or faculty to which it discovers itself. It resides in the mind of the person who is ungrateful. He must, therefore, feel it, and be conscious of it. But nothing is there, except the passion of ill-will or absolute indifference. You cannot say that these, of themselves, always, and in all circumstances, are crimes. No, they are only crimes when directed towards persons who have before expressed and displayed good-will towards us. Consequently, we may infer, that the crime of ingratitude is not any particular individual FACT; but arises from a complication of circumstances, which, being presented to the spectator, excites the SENTIMENT of blame, by the particular structure and fabric of his mind.

This representation, you say, is false. Crime, indeed, consists not in a particular FACT, of whose reality we are assured by reason; but it consists in certain MORAL RELATIONS, discovered by reason, in the same manner as we discover by reason the truths of geometry or algebra. But what are the relations, I ask, of which you here talk? In the case stated above, I see first good-will and good-offices in one person; then ill-will and ill-offices in the other. Between these, there is a relation of CONTRARIETY. Does the crime consist in that relation? But suppose a person bore me ill-will or did me ill-offices; and I, in return, were indifferent towards him, or did him good offices. Here is the same relation of CONTRARIETY; and yet my conduct is often highly laudable. Twist and turn this matter as much as you will, you can never rest the morality on relation; but must have recourse to the decisions of sentiment.

When it is affirmed that two and three are equal to the half of ten, this relation of equality I understand perfectly. I conceive, that if ten be divided into two parts, of which one has as many units as the other; and if any of these parts be compared to two added to three, it will contain as many units as that compound number. But when you draw thence a comparison to moral relations, I own that I am altogether at a loss to understand you. A moral action, a crime, such as ingratitude, is a complicated object. Does the morality consist in the relation of its parts to each other? How? After what manner? Specify the relation: be more particular and explicit in your propositions, and you will easily see their falsehood.

No, say you, the morality consists in the relation of actions to the rule of right; and they are denominated good or ill, according as they agree or disagree with it. What then is this rule of right? In what does it consist? How is it determined? By reason, you say, which examines the moral relations of actions. So that moral relations are determined by the comparison of action to a rule. And that rule is determined by considering the moral relations of objects. Is not this fine reasoning?

All this is metaphysics, you cry. That is enough; there needs nothing more to give a strong presumption of falsehood. Yes, reply I, here are metaphysics surely; but they are all on your side, who advance an abstruse hypothesis, which can never be made intelligible, nor quadrate with any particular instance or illustration. The hypothesis which we embrace is plain. It maintains that morality is determined by sentiment. It defines virtue to be WHATEVER MENTAL ACTION OR QUALITY GIVES TO A SPECTATOR THE PLEASING SENTIMENT OF APPROBATION; and vice the contrary. We then proceed to examine a plain matter of fact, to wit, what actions have this influence. We consider all the circumstances in which these actions agree, and thence endeavour to extract some general observations with regard to these sentiments. If you call this metaphysics, and find anything abstruse here, you need only conclude that your turn of mind is not suited to the moral sciences.

II. When a man, at any time, deliberates concerning his own conduct (as, whether he had better, in a particular emergence, assist a brother or a benefactor), he must consider these separate relations, with all the circumstances and situations of the persons, in order to determine the superior duty and obligation; and in order to determine the proportion of lines in any triangle, it is necessary to examine the nature of that figure, and the relation which its several parts bear to each other. But notwithstanding this appearing similarity in the two cases, there is, at bottom, an extreme difference between them. A speculative reasoner concerning triangles or circles considers the several known and given relations of the parts of these figures; and thence infers some unknown relation, which is dependent on the former. But in moral deliberations we must be acquainted beforehand with all the objects, and all their relations to each other; and from a comparison of the whole, fix our choice or approbation. No new fact to be ascertained; no new relation to be discovered. All the circumstances of the case are supposed to be laid before us, ere we can fix any sentence of blame or approbation. If any material circumstance be yet unknown or doubtful, we must first employ our inquiry or intellectual faculties to assure us of it; and must suspend for a time all moral decision or sentiment. While we are ignorant whether a man were

aggressor or not, how can we determine whether the person who killed him be criminal or innocent? But after every circumstance, every relation is known, the understanding has no further room to operate, nor any object on which it could employ itself. The approbation or blame which then ensues, cannot be the work of the judgement, but of the heart; and is not a speculative proposition or affirmation, but an active feeling or sentiment. In the disquisitions of the understanding, from known circumstances and relations, we infer some new and unknown. In moral decisions, all the circumstances and relations must be previously known; and the mind, from the contemplation of the whole, feels some new impression of affection or disgust, esteem or contempt, approbation or blame.

Hence the great difference between a mistake of FACT and one of RIGHT; and hence the reason why the one is commonly criminal and not the other. When Oedipus killed Laius, he was ignorant of the relation, and from circumstances, innocent and involuntary, formed erroneous opinions concerning the action which he committed. But when Nero killed Agrippina, all the relations between himself and the person, and all the circumstances of the fact, were previously known to him; but the motive of revenge, or fear, or interest, prevailed in his savage heart over the sentiments of duty and humanity. And when we express that detestation against him to which he himself, in a little time, became insensible, it is not that we see any relations, of which he was ignorant; but that, for the rectitude of our disposition, we feel sentiments against which he was hardened from flattery and a long perseverance in the most enormous crimes.

In these sentiments then, not in a discovery of relations of any kind, do all moral determinations consist. Before we can pretend to form any decision of this kind, everything must be known and ascertained on the side of the object or action. Nothing remains but to feel, on our part, some sentiment of blame or approbation; whence we pronounce the action criminal or virtuous.

III. This doctrine will become still more evident, if we compare moral beauty with natural, to which in many particulars it bears so near a resemblance. It is on the proportion, relation, and position of parts, that all natural beauty depends; but it would be absurd thence to infer, that the perception of beauty, like that of truth in geometrical problems, consists wholly in the perception of relations, and was performed entirely by the understanding or intellectual faculties. In all the sciences, our mind from the known relations investigates the unknown. But in all decisions of taste or external beauty, all the relations are beforehand obvious to the eye; and we thence proceed to feel a sentiment of complacency or disgust, according to the nature of the object, and disposition of our organs.

Euclid has fully explained all the qualities of the circle; but has not in any proposition said a word of its beauty. The reason is evident. The beauty is not a quality of the circle. It lies not in any part of the line, whose parts are equally distant from a common centre. It is only the effect which that figure produces upon the mind, whose peculiar fabric of structure renders it susceptible of such sentiments. In vain would you look for it in the circle, or seek it, either by your senses or by mathematical reasoning, in all the properties of that figure.

Attend to Palladio and Perrault, while they explain all the parts and proportions of a pillar. They talk of the cornice, and frieze, and base, and entablature, and shaft, and architrave; and give the description and position of each of these members. But should you ask the description and position of its beauty, they would readily reply, that the beauty is not in any of the parts or members of a pillar, but results from the whole, when that complicated figure is presented to an intelligent mind, susceptible to those finer sensations. Till such a spectator appear, there is nothing but a figure of such particular dimensions and proportions: from his sentiments alone arise its elegance and beauty.

Again; attend to Cicero, while he paints the crimes of a Verres or a Catiline. You must acknowledge that the moral turpitude results, in the same manner, from the contemplation of the whole, when presented to a being whose organs have such a particular structure and formation. The orator may paint rage, insolence, barbarity on the one side; meekness, suffering, sorrow, innocence on the other. But if you feel no indignation or compassion arise in you from this complication of circumstances, you would in vain ask him, in what consists the crime or villainy, which he so vehemently exclaims against? At what time, or on what subject it first began to exist? And what has a few months afterwards become of it, when every disposition and thought of all the actors is totally altered or annihilated? No satisfactory answer can be given to any of these questions, upon the abstract hypothesis of morals; and we must at last acknowledge, that the crime or immorality is no particular fact or relation, which can be the object of the understanding, but arises entirely from the sentiment of disapprobation, which, by the structure of human nature, we unavoidably feel on the apprehension of barbarity or treachery.

IV. Inanimate objects may bear to each other all the same relations which we observe in moral agents; though the former can never be the object of love or hatred, nor are consequently susceptible of merit or iniquity. A young tree, which over-tops and destroys its parent, stands in all the same relations with Nero, when he murdered Agrippina; and if morality consisted merely in relations, would no doubt be equally criminal.

V. It appears evident that--the ultimate ends of human actions can never, in any case, be accounted for by reason, but recommend themselves entirely to the sentiments and affections of mankind, without any dependance on the intellectual faculties. Ask a man WHY HE USES EXERCISE; he will answer, BECAUSE HE DESIRES TO KEEP HIS HEALTH. If you then enquire, WHY HE DESIRES HEALTH, he will readily reply, BECAUSE SICKNESS IS PAINFUL. If you push your enquiries farther, and desire a reason WHY HE HATES PAIN, it is impossible he can ever give any. This is an ultimate end, and is never referred to any other object.

Perhaps to your second question, WHY HE DESIRES HEALTH, he may also reply, that IT IS NECESSARY FOR THE EXERCISE OF HIS CALLING. If you ask, WHY HE IS ANXIOUS ON THAT HEAD, he will answer, BECAUSE HE DESIRES TO GET MONEY. If you demand WHY? IT IS THE INSTRUMENT OF PLEASURE, says he. And beyond this it is an absurdity to ask for a reason. It is impossible there can be a progress IN INFINITUM; and that one thing can always be a reason why another is desired. Something must be desirable on its own account, and because of its immediate accord or agreement with human sentiment and affection.

Now as virtue is an end, and is desirable on its own account, without fee and reward, merely for the immediate satisfaction which it conveys; it is requisite that there should be some sentiment which it touches, some internal taste or feeling, or whatever you may please to call it, which distinguishes moral good and evil, and which embraces the one and rejects the other.

Thus the distinct boundaries and offices of REASON and of TASTE are easily ascertained. The former conveys the knowledge of truth and falsehood: the latter gives the sentiment of beauty and deformity, vice and virtue. The one discovers objects as they really stand in nature, without addition and diminution: the other has a productive faculty, and gilding or staining all natural objects with the colours, borrowed from internal sentiment, raises in a manner a new creation. Reason being cool and disengaged, is no motive to action, and directs only the impulse received from appetite or inclination, by showing us the means of attaining happiness or avoiding misery: Taste, as it gives pleasure or pain, and thereby constitutes happiness or misery, becomes a motive to action, and is the first spring or impulse to desire and volition. From circumstances and relations, known or supposed, the former leads us to the discovery of the concealed and unknown: after all circumstances and relations are laid before us, the latter makes us feel from the whole a new sentiment of blame or approbation. The standard of the one, being founded on the nature of things, is eternal and inflexible, even by the will of the Supreme Being: the standard of the other arising from the eternal frame and constitution of animals, is ultimately derived from that Supreme Will, which bestowed on each being its peculiar nature, and arranged the several classes and orders of existence.

APPENDIX II. OF SELF-LOVE.

THERE is a principle, supposed to prevail among many, which is utterly incompatible with all virtue or moral sentiment; and as it can proceed from nothing but the most depraved disposition, so in its turn it tends still further to encourage that depravity. This principle is, that all BENEVOLENCE is mere hypocrisy, friendship a cheat, public spirit a farce, fidelity a snare to procure trust and confidence; and that while all of us, at bottom, pursue only our private interest, we wear these fair disguises, in order to put others off their guard, and expose them the more to our wiles and machinations. What heart one must be possessed of who possesses such principles, and who feels no internal sentiment that belies so pernicious a theory, it is easy to imagine: and also what degree of affection and benevolence he can bear to a species whom he represents under such odious colours, and supposes so little susceptible of gratitude or any return of affection. Or if we should not ascribe these principles wholly to a corrupted heart, we must at least account for them from the most careless and precipitate examination. Superficial reasoners, indeed, observing many false pretences among mankind, and feeling, perhaps, no very strong restraint in their own disposition, might draw a general and a hasty conclusion that all is equally corrupted, and that men, different from all other animals, and indeed from all other species of existence, admit of no degrees of good or bad, but are, in every instance, the same creatures under different disguises and appearances.

There is another principle, somewhat resembling the former; which has been much insisted on by philosophers, and has been the foundation of many a system; that, whatever affection one may feel, or imagine he feels for others, no passion is, or can be disinterested; that the most generous friendship, however sincere, is a modification of self-love; and that, even unknown to

ourselves, we seek only our own gratification, while we appear the most deeply engaged in schemes for the liberty and happiness of mankind. By a turn of imagination, by a refinement of reflection, by an enthusiasm of passion, we seem to take part in the interests of others, and imagine ourselves divested of all selfish considerations: but, at bottom, the most generous patriot and most niggardly miser, the bravest hero and most abject coward, have, in every action, an equal regard to their own happiness and welfare.

Whoever concludes from the seeming tendency of this opinion, that those, who make profession of it, cannot possibly feel the true sentiments of benevolence, or have any regard for genuine virtue, will often find himself, in practice, very much mistaken. Probity and honour were no strangers to Epicurus and his sect. Atticus and Horace seem to have enjoyed from nature, and cultivated by reflection, as generous and friendly dispositions as any disciple of the austerer schools. And among the modern, Hobbes and Locke, who maintained the selfish system of morals, lived irreproachable lives; though the former lay not under any restraint of religion which might supply the defects of his philosophy.

An epicurean or a Hobbist readily allows, that there is such a thing as a friendship in the world, without hypocrisy or disguise; though he may attempt, by a philosophical chymistry, to resolve the elements of this passion, if I may so speak, into those of another, and explain every affection to be self-love, twisted and moulded, by a particular turn of imagination, into a variety of appearances. But as the same turn of imagination prevails not in every man, nor gives the same direction to the original passion; this is sufficient even according to the selfish system to make the widest difference in human characters, and denominate one man virtuous and humane, another vicious and meanly interested. I esteem the man whose self-love, by whatever means, is so directed as to give him a concern for others, and render him serviceable to society: as I hate or despise him, who has no regard to any thing beyond his own gratifications and enjoyments. In vain would you suggest that these characters, though seemingly opposite, are at bottom the same, and that a very inconsiderable turn of thought forms the whole difference between them. Each character, notwithstanding these inconsiderable differences, appears to me, in practice, pretty durable and untransmutable. And I find not in this more than in other subjects, that the natural sentiments arising from the general appearances of things are easily destroyed by subtile reflections concerning the minute origin of these appearances. Does not the lively, cheerful colour of a countenance inspire me with complacency and pleasure; even though I learn from philosophy that all difference of complexion arises from the most minute differences of thickness, in the most minute parts of the skin; by means of which a superficies is qualified to reflect one of the original colours of light, and absorb the others?

But though the question concerning the universal or partial selfishness of man be not so material as is usually imagined to morality and practice, it is certainly of consequence in the speculative science of human nature, and is a proper object of curiosity and enquiry. It may not, therefore, be unsuitable, in this place, to bestow a few reflections upon it.

[Footnote: Benevolence naturally divides into two kinds, the GENERAL and the PARTICULAR. The first is, where we have no friendship or connexion or esteem for the person, but feel only a general sympathy with him or a compassion for his pains, and a congratulation with his pleasures. The other species of benevolence is founded on an opinion of virtue, on services done us, or on some particular connexions. Both these sentiments must be allowed real in human nature: but whether they will resolve into some nice considerations of self-love, is a question more curious than important. The former sentiment, to wit, that of general benevolence, or humanity, or sympathy, we shall have occasion frequently to treat of in the course of this inquiry; and I assume it as real, from general experience, without any other proof.]

The most obvious objection to the selfish hypothesis is, that, as it is contrary to common feeling and our most unprejudiced notions, there is required the highest stretch of philosophy to establish so extraordinary a paradox. To the most careless observer there appear to be such dispositions as benevolence and generosity; such affections as love, friendship, compassion, gratitude. These sentiments have their causes, effects, objects, and operations, marked by common language and observation, and plainly distinguished from those of the selfish passions. And as this is the obvious appearance of things, it must be admitted, till some hypothesis be discovered, which by penetrating deeper into human nature, may prove the former affections to be nothing but modifications of the latter. All attempts of this kind have hitherto proved fruitless, and seem to have proceeded entirely from that love of SIMPLICITY which has been the source of much false reasoning in philosophy. I shall not here enter into any detail on the present subject. Many able philosophers have shown the insufficiency of these systems. And I shall take for granted what, I believe, the smallest reflection will make evident to every impartial enquirer.

But the nature of the subject furnishes the strongest presumption, that no better system will ever, for the future, be invented, in order to account for the origin of the benevolent from the selfish affections, and reduce all the various emotions of the human mind

to a perfect simplicity. The case is not the same in this species of philosophy as in physics. Many an hypothesis in nature, contrary to first appearances, has been found, on more accurate scrutiny, solid and satisfactory. Instances of this kind are so frequent that a judicious, as well as witty philosopher, [Footnote: Mons. Fontenelle.] has ventured to affirm, if there be more than one way in which any phenomenon may be produced, that there is general presumption for its arising from the causes which are the least obvious and familiar. But the presumption always lies on the other side, in all enquiries concerning the origin of our passions, and of the internal operations of the human mind. The simplest and most obvious cause which can there be assigned for any phenomenon, is probably the true one. When a philosopher, in the explication of his system, is obliged to have recourse to some very intricate and refined reflections, and to suppose them essential to the production of any passion or emotion, we have reason to be extremely on our guard against so fallacious an hypothesis. The affections are not susceptible of any impression from the refinements of reason or imagination; and it is always found that a vigorous exertion of the latter faculties, necessarily, from the narrow capacity of the human mind, destroys all activity in the former. Our predominant motive or intention is, indeed, frequently concealed from ourselves when it is mingled and confounded with other motives which the mind, from vanity or self-conceit, is desirous of supposing more prevalent: but there is no instance that a concealment of this nature has ever arisen from the abstruseness and intricacy of the motive. A man that has lost a friend and patron may flatter himself that all his grief arises from generous sentiments, without any mixture of narrow or interested considerations: but a man that grieves for a valuable friend, who needed his patronage and protection; how can we suppose, that his passionate tenderness arises from some metaphysical regards to a self-interest, which has no foundation or reality? We may as well imagine that minute wheels and springs, like those of a watch, give motion to a loaded waggon, as account for the origin of passion from such abstruse reflections.

Animals are found susceptible of kindness, both to their own species and to ours; nor is there, in this case, the least suspicion of disguise or artifice. Shall we account for all THEIR sentiments, too, from refined deductions of self-interest? Or if we admit a disinterested benevolence in the inferior species, by what rule of analogy can we refuse it in the superior?

Love between the sexes begets a complacency and good-will, very distinct from the gratification of an appetite. Tenderness to their offspring, in all sensible beings, is commonly able alone to counter-balance the strongest motives of self-love, and has no manner of dependance on that affection. What interest can a fond mother have in view, who loses her health by assiduous attendance on her sick child, and afterwards languishes and dies of grief, when freed, by its death, from the slavery of that attendance?

Is gratitude no affection of the human breast, or is that a word merely, without any meaning or reality? Have we no satisfaction in one man's company above another's, and no desire of the welfare of our friend, even though absence or death should prevent us from all participation in it? Or what is it commonly, that gives us any participation in it, even while alive and present, but our affection and regard to him?

These and a thousand other instances are marks of a general benevolence in human nature, where no REAL interest binds us to the object. And how an IMAGINARY interest known and avowed for such, can be the origin of any passion or emotion, seems difficult to explain. No satisfactory hypothesis of this kind has yet been discovered; nor is there the smallest probability that the future industry of men will ever be attended with more favourable success.

But farther, if we consider rightly of the matter, we shall find that the hypothesis which allows of a disinterested benevolence, distinct from self-love, has really more SIMPLICITY in it, and is more conformable to the analogy of nature than that which pretends to resolve all friendship and humanity into this latter principle. There are bodily wants or appetites acknowledged by every one, which necessarily precede all sensual enjoyment, and carry us directly to seek possession of the object. Thus, hunger and thirst have eating and drinking for their end; and from the gratification of these primary appetites arises a pleasure, which may become the object of another species of desire or inclination that is secondary and interested. In the same manner there are mental passions by which we are impelled immediately to seek particular objects, such as fame or power, or vengeance without any regard to interest; and when these objects are attained a pleasing enjoyment ensues, as the consequence of our indulged affections. Nature must, by the internal frame and constitution of the mind, give an original propensity to fame, ere we can reap any pleasure from that acquisition, or pursue it from motives of self-love, and desire of happiness. If I have no vanity, I take no delight in praise: if I be void of ambition, power gives me no enjoyment: if I be not angry, the punishment of an adversary is totally indifferent to me. In all these cases there is a passion which points immediately to the object, and constitutes it our good or happiness; as there are other secondary passions which afterwards arise, and pursue it as a part of our happiness, when once it is constituted such by our original affections. Were there no appetite of any kind antecedent to self-love, that propensity could scarcely ever exert itself; because we should, in that case, have felt few and slender pains or pleasures, and have little misery or happiness to avoid or to pursue.

Now where is the difficulty in conceiving, that this may likewise be the case with benevolence and friendship, and that, from the original frame of our temper, we may feel a desire of another's happiness or good, which, by means of that affection, becomes our own good, and is afterwards pursued, from the combined motives of benevolence and self-enjoyments? Who sees not that vengeance, from the force alone of passion, may be so eagerly pursued, as to make us knowingly neglect every consideration of ease, interest, or safety; and, like some vindictive animals, infuse our very souls into the wounds we give an enemy; [Footnote: Animasque in vulnere ponunt. VIRG, Dum alteri noceat, sui negligens says Seneca of Anger. De Ira, I. i.] and what a malignant philosophy must it be, that will not allow to humanity and friendship the same privileges which are undisputably granted to the darker passions of enmity and resentment; such a philosophy is more like a satyr than a true delineation or description of human nature; and may be a good foundation for paradoxical wit and raillery, but is a very bad one for any serious argument or reasoning.

APPENDIX III. SOME FARTHER CONSIDERATIONS WITH REGARD TO JUSTICE.

The intention of this Appendix is to give some more particular explication of the origin and nature of Justice, and to mark some differences between it and the other virtues.

The social virtues of humanity and benevolence exert their influence immediately by a direct tendency or instinct, which chiefly keeps in view the simple object, moving the affections, and comprehends not any scheme or system, nor the consequences resulting from the concurrence, imitation, or example of others. A parent flies to the relief of his child; transported by that natural sympathy which actuates him, and which affords no leisure to reflect on the sentiments or conduct of the rest of mankind in like circumstances. A generous man cheerfully embraces an opportunity of serving his friend; because he then feels himself under the dominion of the beneficent affections, nor is he concerned whether any other person in the universe were ever before actuated by such noble motives, or will ever afterwards prove their influence. In all these cases the social passions have in view a single individual object, and pursue the safety or happiness alone of the person loved and esteemed. With this they are satisfied: in this they acquiesce. And as the good, resulting from their benign influence, is in itself complete and entire, it also excites the moral sentiment of approbation, without any reflection on farther consequences, and without any more enlarged views of the concurrence or imitation of the other members of society. On the contrary, were the generous friend or disinterested patriot to stand alone in the practice of beneficence, this would rather enhance his value in our eyes, and join the praise of rarity and novelty to his other more exalted merits.

The case is not the same with the social virtues of justice and fidelity. They are highly useful, or indeed absolutely necessary to the well-being of mankind: but the benefit resulting from them is not the consequence of every individual single act; but arises from the whole scheme or system concurred in by the whole, or the greater part of the society. General peace and order are the attendants of justice or a general abstinence from the possessions of others; but a particular regard to the particular right of one individual citizen may frequently, considered in itself, be productive of pernicious consequences. The result of the individual acts is here, in many instances, directly opposite to that of the whole system of actions; and the former may be extremely hurtful, while the latter is, to the highest degree, advantageous. Riches, inherited from a parent, are, in a bad man's hand, the instrument of mischief. The right of succession may, in one instance, be hurtful. Its benefit arises only from the observance of the general rule; and it is sufficient, if compensation be thereby made for all the ills and inconveniences which flow from particular characters and situations.

Cyrus, young and unexperienced, considered only the individual case before him, and reflected on a limited fitness and convenience, when he assigned the long coat to the tall boy, and the short coat to the other of smaller size. His governor instructed him better, while he pointed out more enlarged views and consequences, and informed his pupil of the general, inflexible rules, necessary to support general peace and order in society.

The happiness and prosperity of mankind, arising from the social virtue of benevolence and its subdivisions, may be compared to a wall, built by many hands, which still rises by each stone that is heaped upon it, and receives increase proportional to the diligence and care of each workman. The same happiness, raised by the social virtue of justice and its subdivisions, may be compared to the building of a vault, where each individual stone would, of itself, fall to the ground; nor is the whole fabric supported but by the mutual assistance and combination of its corresponding parts.

All the laws of nature, which regulate property, as well as all civil laws, are general, and regard alone some essential circumstances of the case, without taking into consideration the characters, situations, and connexions of the person concerned, or any particular consequences which may result from the determination of these laws in any particular case which offers. They deprive, without

scruple, a beneficent man of all his possessions, if acquired by mistake, without a good title; in order to bestow them on a selfish miser, who has already heaped up immense stores of superfluous riches. Public utility requires that property should be regulated by general inflexible rules; and though such rules are adopted as best serve the same end of public utility, it is impossible for them to prevent all particular hardships, or make beneficial consequences result from every individual case. It is sufficient, if the whole plan or scheme be necessary to the support of civil society, and if the balance of good, in the main, do thereby preponderate much above that of evil. Even the general laws of the universe, though planned by infinite wisdom, cannot exclude all evil or inconvenience in every particular operation.

It has been asserted by some, that justice arises from Human Conventions, and proceeds from the voluntary choice, consent, or combination of mankind. If by CONVENTION be here meant a PROMISE (which is the most usual sense of the word) nothing can be more absurd than this position. The observance of promises is itself one of the most considerable parts of justice, and we are not surely bound to keep our word because we have given our word to keep it. But if by convention be meant a sense of common interest, which sense each man feels in his own breast, which he remarks in his fellows, and which carries him, in concurrence with others, into a general plan or system of actions, which tends to public utility; it must be owned, that, in this sense, justice arises from human conventions. For if it be allowed (what is, indeed, evident) that the particular consequences of a particular act of justice may be hurtful to the public as well as to individuals; it follows that every man, in embracing that virtue, must have an eye to the whole plan or system, and must expect the concurrence of his fellows in the same conduct and behaviour. Did all his views terminate in the consequences of each act of his own, his benevolence and humanity, as well as his self-love, might often prescribe to him measures of conduct very different from those which are agreeable to the strict rules of right and justice.

Thus, two men pull the oars of a boat by common convention for common interest, without any promise or contract; thus gold and silver are made the measures of exchange; thus speech and words and language are fixed by human convention and agreement. Whatever is advantageous to two or more persons, if all perform their part; but what loses all advantage if only one perform, can arise from no other principle There would otherwise be no motive for any one of them to enter into that scheme of conduct.

[Footnote: This theory concerning the origin of property, and consequently of justice, is, in the main, the same with that hinted at and adopted by Grotius, 'Hinc discimus, quae fuerit causa, ob quam a primaeva communione rerum primo mobilium, deinde et immobilinm discessum est: nimirum quod cum non contenti homines vesci sponte natis, antra habitare, corpore aut nudo agere, aut corticibus arborum ferarumve pellibus vestito, vitae genus exquisitius delegissent, industria opus fuit, quam singuli rebus singulls adhiberent. Quo minus autem fructus in commune conferrentur, primum obstitit locorum, in quae homines discesserunt, distantia, deinde justitiae et amoris defectus, per quem fiebat, ut nee in labore, nee in consumtione fructuum, quae debebat, aequalitas servaretur. Simul discimus, quomodo res in proprietatem iverint; non animi actu solo, neque enim scire alii poterant, quid alil suum esse vellent, ut eo abstinerent, et idem velle plures poterant; sed pacto quodam aut expresso, ut per divisionem, aut tacito, ut per occupationem.' De jure belli et pacis. Lib. ii. cap. 2. sec. 2. art. 4 and 5.]

The word NATURAL is commonly taken in so many senses and is of so loose a signification, that it seems vain to dispute whether justice be natural or not. If self-love, if benevolence be natural to man; if reason and forethought be also natural; then may the same epithet be applied to justice, order, fidelity, property, society. Men's inclination, their necessities, lead them to combine; their understanding and experience tell them that this combination is impossible where each governs himself by no rule, and pays no regard to the possessions of others: and from these passions and reflections conjoined, as soon as we observe like passions and reflections in others, the sentiment of justice, throughout all ages, has infallibly and certainly had place to some degree or other in every individual of the human species. In so sagacious an animal, what necessarily arises from the exertion of his intellectual faculties may justly be esteemed natural.

[Footnote: Natural may be opposed, either to what is UNUSUAL, MIRACULOUS or ARTIFICIAL. In the two former senses, justice and property are undoubtedly natural. But as they suppose reason, forethought, design, and a social union and confederacy among men, perhaps that epithet cannot strictly, in the last sense, be applied to them. Had men lived without society, property had never been known, and neither justice nor injustice had ever existed. But society among human creatures had been impossible without reason and forethought. Inferior animals, that unite, are guided by instinct, which supplies the place for reason. But all these disputes are merely verbal.]

Among all civilized nations it has been the constant endeavour to remove everything arbitrary and partial from the decision of property, and to fix the sentence of judges by such general views and considerations as may be equal to every member of society. For besides, that nothing could be more dangerous than to accustom the bench, even in the smallest instance, to regard private

friendship or enmity; it is certain, that men, where they imagine that there was no other reason for the preference of their adversary but personal favour, are apt to entertain the strongest ill-will against the magistrates and judges. When natural reason, therefore, points out no fixed view of public utility by which a controversy of property can be decided, positive laws are often framed to supply its place, and direct the procedure of all courts of judicature. Where these too fail, as often happens, precedents are called for; and a former decision, though given itself without any sufficient reason, justly becomes a sufficient reason for a new decision. If direct laws and precedents be wanting, imperfect and indirect ones are brought in aid; and the controverted case is ranged under them by analogical reasonings and comparisons, and similitudes, and correspondencies, which are often more fanciful than real. In general, it may safely be affirmed that jurisprudence is, in this respect, different from all the sciences; and that in many of its nicer questions, there cannot properly be said to be truth or falsehood on either side. If one pleader bring the case under any former law or precedent, by a refined analogy or comparison; the opposite pleader is not at a loss to find an opposite analogy or comparison: and the preference given by the judge is often founded more on taste and imagination than on any solid argument. Public utility is the general object of all courts of judicature; and this utility too requires a stable rule in all controversies: but where several rules, nearly equal and indifferent, present themselves, it is a very slight turn of thought which fixes the decision in favour of either party.

[Footnote: That there be a separation or distinction of possessions, and that this separation be steady and constant; this is absolutely required by the interests of society, and hence the origin of justice and property. What possessions are assigned to particular persons; this is, generally speaking, pretty indifferent; and is often determined by very frivolous views and considerations. We shall mention a few particulars.

Were a society formed among several independent members, the most obvious rule, which could be agreed on, would be to annex property to PRESENT possession, and leave every one a right to what he at present enjoys. The relation of possession, which takes place between the person and the object, naturally draws on the relation of property.

For a like reason, occupation or first possession becomes the foundation of property.

Where a man bestows labour and industry upon any object, which before belonged to no body; as in cutting down and shaping a tree, in cultivating a field, &c., the alterations, which he produces, causes a relation between him and the object, and naturally engages us to annex it to him by the new relation of property. This cause here concurs with the public utility, which consists in the encouragement given to industry and labour.

Perhaps too, private humanity towards the possessor concurs, in this instance, with the other motives, and engages us to leave with him what he has acquired by his sweat and labour; and what he has flattered himself in the constant enjoyment of. For though private humanity can, by no means, be the origin of justice; since the latter virtue so often contradicts the former; yet when the rule of separate and constant possession is once formed by the indispensable necessities of society, private humanity, and an aversion to the doing a hardship to another, may, in a particular instance, give rise to a particular rule of property.

I am much inclined to think, that the right succession or inheritance much depends on those connexions of the imagination, and that the relation to a former proprietor begetting a relation to the object, is the cause why the property is transferred to a man after the death of his kinsman. It is true; industry is more encouraged by the transference of possession to children or near relations: but this consideration will only have place in a cultivated society; whereas the right of succession is regarded even among the greatest Barbarians.

Acquisition of property by accession can be explained no way but by having recourse to the relations and connexions of the imaginations.

The property of rivers, by the laws of most nations, and by the natural turn of our thoughts, is attributed to the proprietors of their banks, excepting such vast rivers as the Rhine or the Danube, which seem too large to follow as an accession to the property of the neighbouring fields. Yet even these rivers are considered as the property of that nation, through whose dominions they run; the idea of a nation being of a suitable bulk to correspond with them, and bear them such a relation in the fancy.

The accessions, which are made to land, bordering upon rivers, follow the land, say the civilians, provided it be made by what they call alluvion, that is, insensibly and imperceptibly; which are circumstances, that assist the imagination in the conjunction.

Where there is any considerable portion torn at once from one bank and added to another, it becomes not his property, whose land it falls on, till it unite with the land, and till the trees and plants have spread their roots into both. Before that, the thought does not

sufficiently join them.

In short, we must ever distinguish between the necessity of a separation and constancy in men's possession, and the rules, which assign particular objects to particular persons. The first necessity is obvious, strong, and invincible: the latter may depend on a public utility more light and frivolous, on the sentiment of private humanity and aversion to private hardship, on positive laws, on precedents, analogies, and very fine connexions and turns of the imagination.]

We may just observe, before we conclude this subject, that after the laws of justice are fixed by views of general utility, the injury, the hardship, the harm, which result to any individual from a violation of them, enter very much into consideration, and are a great source of that universal blame which attends every wrong or iniquity. By the laws of society, this coat, this horse is mine, and OUGHT to remain perpetually in my possession: I reckon on the secure enjoyment of it: by depriving me of it, you disappoint my expectations, and doubly displease me, and offend every bystander. It is a public wrong, so far as the rules of equity are violated: it is a private harm, so far as an individual is injured. And though the second consideration could have no place, were not the former previously established: for otherwise the distinction of MINE and THINE would be unknown in society: yet there is no question but the regard to general good is much enforced by the respect to particular. What injures the community, without hurting any individual, is often more lightly thought of. But where the greatest public wrong is also conjoined with a considerable private one, no wonder the highest disapprobation attends so iniquitous a behaviour.

APPENDIX IV. OF SOME VERBAL DISPUTES.

Nothing is more usual than for philosophers to encroach upon the province of grammarians; and to engage in disputes of words, while they imagine that they are handling controversies of the deepest importance and concern. It was in order to avoid altercations, so frivolous and endless, that I endeavoured to state with the utmost caution the object of our present enquiry; and proposed simply to collect, on the one hand, a list of those mental qualities which are the object of love or esteem, and form a part of personal merit; and on the other hand, a catalogue of those qualities which are the object of censure or reproach, and which detract from the character of the person possessed of them; subjoining some reflections concerning the origin of these sentiments of praise or blame. On all occasions, where there might arise the least hesitation, I avoided the terms VIRTUE and VICE; because some of those qualities, which I classed among the objects of praise, receive, in the English language, the appellation of TALENTS, rather than of virtues; as some of the blameable or censurable qualities are often called defects, rather than vices. It may now, perhaps, be expected that before we conclude this moral enquiry, we should exactly separate the one from the other; should mark the precise boundaries of virtues and talents, vices and defects; and should explain the reason and origin of that distinction. But in order to excuse myself from this undertaking, which would, at last, prove only a grammatical enquiry, I shall subjoin the four following reflections, which shall contain all that I intend to say on the present subject.

First, I do not find that in the English, or any other modern tongue, the boundaries are exactly fixed between virtues and talents, vices and defects, or that a precise definition can be given of the one as contradistinguished from the other. Were we to say, for instance, that the esteemable qualities alone, which are voluntary, are entitled to the appellations of virtues; we should soon recollect the qualities of courage, equanimity, patience, self-command; with many others, which almost every language classes under this appellation, though they depend little or not at all on our choice. Should we affirm that the qualities alone, which prompt us to act our part in society, are entitled to that honourable distinction; it must immediately occur that these are indeed the most valuable qualities, and are commonly denominated the SOCIAL virtues; but that this very epithet supposes that there are also virtues of another species. Should we lay hold of the distinction between INTELLECTUAL and MORAL endowments, and affirm the last alone to be the real and genuine virtues, because they alone lead to action; we should find that many of those qualities, usually called intellectual virtues, such as prudence, penetration, discernment, discretion, had also a considerable influence on conduct. The distinction between the heart and the head may also be adopted: the qualities of the first may be defined such as in their immediate exertion are accompanied with a feeling of sentiment; and these alone may be called the genuine virtues: but industry, frugality, temperance, secrecy, perseverance, and many other laudable powers or habits, generally stilled virtues are exerted without any immediate sentiment in the person possessed of them, and are only known to him by their effects. It is fortunate, amidst all this seeming perplexity, that the question, being merely verbal, cannot possibly be of any importance. A moral, philosophical discourse needs not enter into all these caprices of language, which are so variable in different dialects, and in different ages of the same dialect. But on the whole, it seems to me, that though it is always allowed, that there are virtues of many different kinds, yet, when a man is called virtuous, or is denominated a man of virtue, we chiefly regard his social qualities, which are, indeed, the most

valuable. It is, at the same time, certain, that any remarkable defect in courage, temperance, economy, industry, understanding, dignity of mind, would bereave even a very good-natured, honest man of this honourable appellation. Who did ever say, except by way of irony, that such a one was a man of great virtue, but an egregious blockhead?

But, Secondly, it is no wonder that languages should not be very precise in marking the boundaries between virtues and talents, vices and defects; since there is so little distinction made in our internal estimation of them. It seems indeed certain, that the SENTIMENT of conscious worth, the self-satisfaction proceeding from a review of a man's own conduct and character; it seems certain, I say, that this sentiment, which, though the most common of all others, has no proper name in our language,

[Footnote: The term, pride, is commonly taken in a bad sense; but this sentiment seems indifferent, and may be either good or bad, according as it is well or ill founded, and according to the other circumstances which accompany it. The French express this sentiment by the term, AMOUR PROPRE, but as they also express self-love as well as vanity by the same term, there arises thence a great confusion in Rochefoucault, and many of their moral writers.]

arises from the endowments of courage and capacity, industry and ingenuity, as well as from any other mental excellencies. Who, on the other hand, is not deeply mortified with reflecting on his own folly and dissoluteness, and feels not a secret sting or compunction whenever his memory presents any past occurrence, where he behaved with stupidity of ill-manners? No time can efface the cruel ideas of a man's own foolish conduct, or of affronts, which cowardice or impudence has brought upon him. They still haunt his solitary hours, damp his most aspiring thoughts, and show him, even to himself, in the most contemptible and most odious colours imaginable.

What is there too we are more anxious to conceal from others than such blunders, infirmities, and meannesses, or more dread to have exposed by raillery and satire? And is not the chief object of vanity, our bravery or learning, our wit or breeding, our eloquence or address, our taste or abilities? These we display with care, if not with ostentation; and we commonly show more ambition of excelling in them, than even in the social virtues themselves, which are, in reality, of such superior excellence. Good-nature and honesty, especially the latter, are so indispensably required, that, though the greatest censure attends any violation of these duties, no eminent praise follows such common instances of them, as seem essential to the support of human society. And hence the reason, in my opinion, why, though men often extol so liberally the qualities of their heart, they are shy in commending the endowments of their head: because the latter virtues, being supposed more rare and extraordinary, are observed to be the more usual objects of pride and self-conceit; and when boasted of, beget a strong suspicion of these sentiments.

It is hard to tell, whether you hurt a man's character most by calling him a knave or a coward, and whether a beastly glutton or drunkard be not as odious and contemptible, as a selfish, ungenerous miser. Give me my choice, and I would rather, for my own happiness and self-enjoyment, have a friendly, humane heart, than possess all the other virtues of Demosthenes and Philip united: but I would rather pass with the world for one endowed with extensive genius and intrepid courage, and should thence expect stronger instances of general applause and admiration. The figure which a man makes in life, the reception which he meets with in company, the esteem paid him by his acquaintance; all these advantages depend as much upon his good sense and judgement, as upon any other part of his character. Had a man the best intentions in the world, and were the farthest removed from all injustice and violence, he would never be able to make himself be much regarded, without a moderate share, at least, of parts and understanding.

What is it then we can here dispute about? If sense and courage, temperance and industry, wisdom and knowledge confessedly form a considerable part of PERSONAL MERIT: if a man, possessed of these qualities, is both better satisfied with himself, and better entitled to the good-will, esteem, and services of others, than one entirely destitute of them; if, in short, the SENTIMENTS are similar which arise from these endowments and from the social virtues; is there any reason for being so extremely scrupulous about a WORD, or disputing whether they be entitled to the denomination of virtues? It may, indeed, be pretended, that the sentiment of approbation, which those accomplishments produce, besides its being INFERIOR, is also somewhat DIFFERENT from that which attends the virtues of justice and humanity. But this seems not a sufficient reason for ranking them entirely under different classes and appellations. The character of Caesar and that of Cato, as drawn by Sallust, are both of them virtuous, in the strictest and most limited sense of the word; but in a different way: nor are the sentiments entirely the same which arise from them. The one produces love, the other esteem: the one is amiable, the other awful: we should wish to meet the one character in a friend; the other we should be ambitious of in ourselves. In like manner the approbation, which attends temperance or industry or frugality, may be somewhat different from that which is paid to the social virtues, without making them entirely of a different species. And, indeed, we may observe, that these endowments, more than the other virtues, produce not, all of them, the same kind of approbation. Good

sense and genius beget esteem and regard: wit and humour excite love and affection.

[Footnote: Love and esteem are nearly the same passion, and arise from similar causes. The qualities, which produce both, are such as communicate pleasures. But where this pleasure is severe and serious; or where its object is great, and makes a strong impression, or where it produces any degree of humility and awe; in all these cases, the passion, which arises from the pleasure, is more properly denominated esteem than love. Benevolence attends both; but is connected with love in a more eminent degree. There seems to be still a stronger mixture of pride in contempt than of humility in esteem; and the reason would not be difficulty to one, who studied accurately the passions. All these various mixtures and compositions and appearances of sentiment from a very curious subject of speculation, but are wide for our present purpose. Throughout this enquiry, we always consider in general, what qualities are a subject of praise or of censure, without entering into all the minute differences of sentiment, which they excite. It is evident, that whatever is contemned, is also disliked, as well as what is hated; and we here endeavour to take objects, according to their most simple views and appearances. These sciences are but too apt to appear abstract to common readers, even with all the precautions which we can take to clear them from superfluous speculations, and bring them down to every capacity.]

Most people, I believe, will naturally, without premeditation, assent to the definition of the elegant and judicious poet:

Virtue (for mere good-nature is a fool) Is sense and spirit with humanity.

[Footnote: The Art of preserving Health. Book 4]

What pretensions has a man to our generous assistance or good offices, who has dissipated his wealth in profuse expenses, idle vanities, chimerical projects, dissolute pleasures or extravagant gaming? These vices (for we scruple not to call them such) bring misery unpitied, and contempt on every one addicted to them.

Achaeus, a wise and prudent prince, fell into a fatal snare, which cost him his crown and life, after having used every reasonable precaution to guard himself against it. On that account, says the historian, he is a just object of regard and compassion: his betrayers alone of hatred and contempt [Footnote: Polybius, lib. iii. cap. 2].

The precipitate flight and improvident negligence of Pompey, at the beginning of the civil wars, appeared such notorious blunders to Cicero, as quite palled his friendship towards that great man. In the same manner, says he, as want of cleanliness, decency, or discretion in a mistress are found to alienate our affections. For so he expresses himself, where he talks, not in the character of a philosopher, but in that of a statesman and man of the world, to his friend Atticus. [Lib. ix. epist. 10]. But the same Cicero, in imitation of all the ancient moralists, when he reasons as a philosopher, enlarges very much his ideas of virtue, and comprehends every laudable quality or endowment of the mind, under that honourable appellation. This leads to the THIRD reflection, which we proposed to make, to wit, that the ancient moralists, the best models, made no material distinction among the different species of mental endowments and defects, but treated all alike under the appellation of virtues and vices, and made them indiscriminately the object of their moral reasonings. The prudence explained in Cicero's Offices [Footnote: Lib. i. cap. 6.] is that sagacity, which leads to the discovery of truth, and preserves us from error and mistake. MAGNANIMITY, TEMPERANCE, DECENCY, are there also at large discoursed of. And as that eloquent moralist followed the common received division of the four cardinal virtues, our social duties form but one head, in the general distribution of his subject.

[Footnote: The following passage of Cicero is worth quoting, as being the most clear and express to our purpose, that any thing can be imagined, and, in a dispute, which is chiefly verbal, must, on account of the author, carry an authority, from which there can be no appeal.

'Virtus autem, quae est per se ipsa laudabilis, et sine qua nihil laudari potest, tamen habet plures partes, quarum alia est alia ad laudationem aptior. Sunt enim aliae virtutes, quae videntur in moribus hominum, et quadam comitate ac beneficentia positae: aliae quae in ingenii aliqua facultate, aut animi magnitudine ac robore. Nam clementia, justitia, benignitas, fides, fortitudo in periculis communibus, jucunda est auditu in laudationibus. Omnes enim hae virtutes non tam ipsis, qui eas in se habent, quam generi hominum fructuosae putantur. Sapientia et magnitude animi, qua omnes res humanae tenues et pro nihilo putantur, et in cogitando vis quaedam ingenii, et ipsa eloquentia admirationis habet non minus, jucunditatis minus. Ipsos enim magis videntur, quos laudamus, quam illos, apud quos laudamus ornare ac tueri: sed tamen in laudenda jungenda sunt eliam haec genera virtutum. Ferunt enim aures bominum, cum ilia quae jucunda et grata, tum etiam ilia, quae mirabilia sunt in virtute, laudari.' De orat. lib. ii. cap. 84.

I suppose, if Cicero were now alive, it would be found difficult to fetter his moral sentiments by narrow systems; or persuade him, that no qualities were to be admitted as virtues, or acknowledged to be a part of PERSONAL MERIT, but what were recommended by The Whole Duty of Man.]

We need only peruse the titles of chapters in Aristotle's Ethics to be convinced that he ranks courage, temperance, magnificence, magnanimity, modesty, prudence, and a manly openness, among the virtues, as well as justice and friendship.

To SUSTAIN and to ABSTAIN, that is, to be patient and continent, appeared to some of the ancients a summary comprehension of all morals.

Epictetus has scarcely ever mentioned the sentiment of humanity and compassion, but in order to put his disciples on their guard against it. The virtue of the Stoics seems to consist chiefly in a firm temper and a sound understanding. With them, as with Solomon and the eastern moralists, folly and wisdom are equivalent to vice and virtue.

Men will praise thee, says David, [Footnote: Psalm 49th.] when thou dost well unto thyself. I hate a wise man, says the Greek poet, who is not wise to himself [Footnote: Here, Hume quotes Euripedes in Greek]. Plutarch is no more cramped by systems in his philosophy than in his history. Where he compares the great men of Greece and Rome, he fairly sets in opposition all their blemishes and accomplishments of whatever kind, and omits nothing considerable, which can either depress or exalt their characters. His moral discourses contain the same free and natural censure of men and manners.

The character of Hannibal, as drawn by Livy, [Footnote: Lib. xxi. cap. 4] is esteemed partial, but allows him many eminent virtues. Never was there a genius, says the historian, more equally fitted for those opposite offices of commanding and obeying; and it were, therefore, difficult to determine whether he rendered himself DEARER to the general or to the army. To none would Hasdrubal entrust more willingly the conduct of any dangerous enterprize; under none did the soldiers discover more courage and confidence. Great boldness in facing danger; great prudence in the midst of it. No labour could fatigue his body or subdue his mind. Cold and heat were indifferent to him: meat and drink he sought as supplies to the necessities of nature, not as gratifications of his voluptuous appetites. Waking or rest he used indiscriminately, by night or by day.--These great Virtues were balanced by great Vices; inhuman cruelty; perfidy more than punic; no truth, no faith, no regard to oaths, promises, or religion.

The character of Alexander the Sixth, to be found in Guicciardin, [Footnote: Lib. i.] is pretty similar, but juster; and is a proof that even the moderns, where they speak naturally, hold the same language with the ancients. In this pope, says he, there was a singular capacity and judgement: admirable prudence; a wonderful talent of persuasion; and in all momentous enterprizes a diligence and dexterity incredible. But these VIRTUES were infinitely overbalanced by his VICES; no faith, no religion, insatiable avarice, exorbitant ambition, and a more than barbarous cruelty.

Polybius, [Footnote: Lib. xii.] reprehending Timaeus for his partiality against Agathocles, whom he himself allows to be the most cruel and impious of all tyrants, says: if he took refuge in Syracuse, as asserted by that historian, flying the dirt and smoke and toil of his former profession of a potter; and if proceeding from such slender beginnings, he became master, in a little time, of all Sicily; brought the Carthaginian state into the utmost danger; and at last died in old age, and in possession of sovereign dignity: must he not be allowed something prodigious and extraordinary, and to have possessed great talents and capacity for business and action? His historian, therefore, ought not to have alone related what tended to his reproach and infamy; but also what might redound to his Praise and Honour.

In general, we may observe, that the distinction of voluntary or involuntary was little regarded by the ancients in their moral reasonings; where they frequently treated the question as very doubtful, WHETHER VIRTUE COULD BE TAUGHT OR NOT [Vid. Plato in Menone, Seneca de otio sap. cap. 31. So also Horace, Virtutem doctrina paret, naturane donet, Epist. lib. I. ep. 18. Aeschines Socraticus, Dial. I.]? They justly considered that cowardice, meanness, levity, anxiety, impatience, folly, and many other qualities of the mind, might appear ridiculous and deformed, contemptible and odious, though independent of the will. Nor could it be supposed, at all times, in every man's power to attain every kind of mental more than of exterior beauty.

And here there occurs the FOURTH reflection which I purposed to make, in suggesting the reason why modern philosophers have often followed a course in their moral enquiries so different from that of the ancients. In later times, philosophy of all kinds, especially ethics, have been more closely united with theology than ever they were observed to be among the heathens; and as this latter science admits of no terms of composition, but bends every branch of knowledge to its own purpose, without much regard to the phenomena of nature, or to the unbiassed sentiments of the mind, hence reasoning, and even language, have been warped

from their natural course, and distinctions have been endeavoured to be established where the difference of the objects was, in a manner, imperceptible. Philosophers, or rather divines under that disguise, treating all morals as on a like footing with civil laws, guarded by the sanctions of reward and punishment, were necessarily led to render this circumstance, of VOLUNTARY or INVOLUNTARY, the foundation of their whole theory. Every one may employ TERMS in what sense he pleases: but this, in the mean time, must be allowed, that SENTIMENTS are every day experienced of blame and praise, which have objects beyond the dominion of the will or choice, and of which it behoves us, if not as moralists, as speculative philosophers at least, to give some satisfactory theory and explication.

A blemish, a fault, a vice, a crime; these expressions seem to denote different degrees of censure and disapprobation; which are, however, all of them, at the bottom, pretty nearly all the same kind of species. The explication of one will easily lead us into a just conception of the others; and it is of greater consequence to attend to things than to verbal appellations. That we owe a duty to ourselves is confessed even in the most vulgar system of morals; and it must be of consequence to examine that duty, in order to see whether it bears any affinity to that which we owe to society. It is probable that the approbation attending the observance of both is of a similar nature, and arises from similar principles, whatever appellation we may give to either of these excellencies.

==========

Untitled

Henri Bergson

Project Gutenberg Release: August 01, 2003 · eBook #4352

Produced by Steve Harris, Charles Franks and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team. HTML version by Al Haines.

LAUGHTER

AN ESSAY ON THE MEANING OF THE COMIC

BY HENRI BERGSON

MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE PROFESSOR AT THE COLLEGE DE FRANCE

AUTHORISED TRANSLATION

BY CLOUDESLEY BRERETON L. ES L. (PARIS), M.A. (CANTAB) AND FRED ROTHWELL B.A. (LONDON)

TRANSLATORS' PREFACE

This work, by Professor Bergson, has been revised in detail by the author himself, and the present translation is the only authorised one. For this ungrudging labour of revision, for the thoroughness with which it has been carried out, and for personal sympathy in many a difficulty of word and phrase, we desire to offer our grateful acknowledgment to Professor Bergson. It may be pointed out that the essay on Laughter originally appeared in a series of three articles in one of the leading magazines in France, the Revue de Paris. This will account for the relatively simple form of the work and the comparative absence of technical terms. It will also explain why the author has confined himself to exposing and illustrating his novel theory of the comic without entering into a detailed discussion of other explanations already in the field. He none the less indicates, when discussing sundry examples, why the principal theories, to which they have given rise, appear to him inadequate. To quote only a few, one may mention those based on contrast, exaggeration, and degradation.

The book has been highly successful in France, where it is in its seventh edition. It has been translated into Russian, Polish, and Swedish. German and Hungarian translations are under preparation. Its success is due partly to the novelty of the explanation offered of the comic, and partly also to the fact that the author incidentally discusses questions of still greater interest and importance. Thus, one of the best known and most frequently quoted passages of the book is that portion of the last chapter in which the author outlines a general theory of art.

C. B. F. R.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

THE COMIC IN GENERAL--THE COMIC ELEMENT IN FORMS AND MOVEMENTS--EXPANSIVE FORCE OF THE COMIC

CHAPTER II

THE COMIC ELEMENT IN SITUATIONS AND THE COMIC ELEMENT IN WORDS

CHAPTER III

THE COMIC IN CHARACTER

CHAPTER I

THE COMIC IN GENERAL--THE COMIC ELEMENT IN FORMS AND MOVEMENTS--EXPANSIVE FORCE OF THE COMIC.

What does laughter mean? What is the basal element in the laughable? What common ground can we find between the grimace of a merry-andrew, a play upon words, an equivocal situation in a burlesque and a scene of high comedy? What method of distillation will yield us invariably the same essence from which so many different products borrow either their obtrusive odour or their delicate perfume? The greatest of thinkers, from Aristotle downwards, have tackled this little problem, which has a knack of baffling every effort, of slipping away and escaping only to bob up again, a pert challenge flung at philosophic speculation. Our excuse for attacking the problem in our turn must lie in the fact that we shall not aim at imprisoning the comic spirit within a definition. We regard it, above all, as a living thing. However trivial it may be, we shall treat it with the respect due to life. We shall confine ourselves to watching it grow and expand. Passing by imperceptible gradations from one form to another, it will be seen to achieve the strangest metamorphoses. We shall disdain nothing we have seen. Maybe we may gain from this prolonged contact, for the matter of that, something more flexible than an abstract definition,--a practical, intimate acquaintance, such as springs from a long companionship. And maybe we may also find that, unintentionally, we have made an acquaintance that is useful. For the comic spirit has a logic of its own, even in its wildest eccentricities. It has a method in its madness. It dreams, I admit, but it conjures up, in its dreams, visions that are at once accepted and understood by the whole of a social group. Can it then fail to throw light for us on the way that human imagination works, and more particularly social, collective, and popular imagination? Begotten of real life and akin to art, should it not also have something of its own to tell us about art and life?

At the outset we shall put forward three observations which we look upon as fundamental. They have less bearing on the actually comic than on the field within which it must be sought.

I

The first point to which attention should be called is that the comic does not exist outside the pale of what is strictly HUMAN. A landscape may be beautiful, charming and sublime, or insignificant and ugly; it will never be laughable. You may laugh at an animal, but only because you have detected in it some human attitude or expression. You may laugh at a hat, but what you are making fun of, in this case, is not the piece of felt or straw, but the shape that men have given it,--the human caprice whose mould it has assumed. It is strange that so important a fact, and such a simple one too, has not attracted to a greater degree the attention of philosophers. Several have defined man as "an animal which laughs." They might equally well have defined him as an animal which is laughed at; for if any other animal, or some lifeless object, produces the same effect, it is always because of some resemblance to man, of the stamp he gives it or the use he puts it to.

Here I would point out, as a symptom equally worthy of notice, the ABSENCE OF FEELING which usually accompanies laughter. It seems as though the comic could not produce its disturbing effect unless it fell, so to say, on the surface of a soul that is thoroughly calm and unruffled. Indifference is its natural environment, for laughter has no greater foe than emotion. I do not mean that we could not laugh at a person who inspires us with pity, for instance, or even with affection, but in such a case we must, for the moment, put our affection out of court and impose silence upon our pity. In a society composed of pure intelligences there would probably be no more tears, though perhaps there would still be laughter; whereas highly emotional souls, in tune and unison with life, in whom every event would be sentimentally prolonged and re-echoed, would neither know nor understand laughter. Try, for a moment, to become interested in everything that is being said and done; act, in imagination, with those who act, and feel with those who feel; in a word, give your sympathy its widest expansion: as though at the touch of a fairy wand you will see the flimsiest of objects assume importance, and a gloomy hue spread over everything. Now step aside, look upon life as a disinterested spectator: many a drama will turn into a comedy. It is enough for us to stop our ears to the sound of music, in a room where dancing is going on, for the dancers at once to appear ridiculous. How many human actions would stand a similar test? Should we not see many of them suddenly pass from grave to gay, on isolating them from the accompanying music of sentiment? To produce the whole of its effect, then, the comic demands something like a momentary anesthesia of the heart. Its appeal is to intelligence, pure and simple.

This intelligence, however, must always remain in touch with other intelligences. And here is the third fact to which attention should be drawn. You would hardly appreciate the comic if you felt yourself isolated from others. Laughter appears to stand in need of an echo, Listen to it carefully: it is not an articulate, clear, well-defined sound; it is something which would fain be prolonged by reverberating from one to another, something beginning with a crash, to continue in successive rumblings, like thunder in a mountain. Still, this reverberation cannot go on for ever. It can travel within as wide a circle as you please: the circle remains, none the less, a closed one. Our laughter is always the laughter of a group. It may, perchance, have happened to you, when seated in a railway carriage or at table d'hote, to hear travellers relating to one another stories which must have been comic to them, for they

laughed heartily. Had you been one of their company, you would have laughed like them; but, as you were not, you had no desire whatever to do so. A man who was once asked why he did not weep at a sermon, when everybody else was shedding tears, replied: "I don't belong to the parish!" What that man thought of tears would be still more true of laughter. However spontaneous it seems, laughter always implies a kind of secret freemasonry, or even complicity, with other laughers, real or imaginary. How often has it been said that the fuller the theatre, the more uncontrolled the laughter of the audience! On the other hand, how often has the remark been made that many comic effects are incapable of translation from one language to another, because they refer to the customs and ideas of a particular social group! It is through not understanding the importance of this double fact that the comic has been looked upon as a mere curiosity in which the mind finds amusement, and laughter itself as a strange, isolated phenomenon, without any bearing on the rest of human activity. Hence those definitions which tend to make the comic into an abstract relation between ideas: "an intellectual contrast," "a palpable absurdity," etc.,--definitions which, even were they really suitable to every form of the comic, would not in the least explain why the comic makes us laugh. How, indeed, should it come about that this particular logical relation, as soon as it is perceived, contracts, expands and shakes our limbs, whilst all other relations leave the body unaffected? It is not from this point of view that we shall approach the problem. To understand laughter, we must put it back into its natural environment, which is society, and above all must we determine the utility of its function, which is a social one. Such, let us say at once, will be the leading idea of all our investigations. Laughter must answer to certain requirements of life in common. It must have a SOCIAL signification.

Let us clearly mark the point towards which our three preliminary observations are converging. The comic will come into being, it appears, whenever a group of men concentrate their attention on one of their number, imposing silence on their emotions and calling into play nothing but their intelligence. What, now, is the particular point on which their attention will have to be concentrated, and what will here be the function of intelligence? To reply to these questions will be at once to come to closer grips with the problem. But here a few examples have become indispensable.

II

A man, running along the street, stumbles and falls; the passers-by burst out laughing. They would not laugh at him, I imagine, could they suppose that the whim had suddenly seized him to sit down on the ground. They laugh because his sitting down is involuntary.

Consequently, it is not his sudden change of attitude that raises a laugh, but rather the involuntary element in this change,--his clumsiness, in fact. Perhaps there was a stone on the road. He should have altered his pace or avoided the obstacle. Instead of that, through lack of elasticity, through absentmindedness and a kind of physical obstinacy, AS A RESULT, IN FACT, OF RIGIDITY OR OF MOMENTUM, the muscles continued to perform the same movement when the circumstances of the case called for something else. That is the reason of the man's fall, and also of the people's laughter.

Now, take the case of a person who attends to the petty occupations of his everyday life with mathematical precision. The objects around him, however, have all been tampered with by a mischievous wag, the result being that when he dips his pen into the inkstand he draws it out all covered with mud, when he fancies he is sitting down on a solid chair he finds himself sprawling on the floor, in a word his actions are all topsy-turvy or mere beating the air, while in every case the effect is invariably one of momentum. Habit has given the impulse: what was wanted was to check the movement or deflect it. He did nothing of the sort, but continued like a machine in the same straight line. The victim, then, of a practical joke is in a position similar to that of a runner who falls,--he is comic for the same reason. The laughable element in both cases consists of a certain MECHANICAL INELASTICITY, just where one would expect to find the wide-awake adaptability and the living pliableness of a human being. The only difference in the two cases is that the former happened of itself, whilst the latter was obtained artificially. In the first instance, the passer-by does nothing but look on, but in the second the mischievous wag intervenes.

All the same, in both cases the result has been brought about by an external circumstance. The comic is therefore accidental: it remains, so to speak, in superficial contact with the person. How is it to penetrate within? The necessary conditions will be fulfilled when mechanical rigidity no longer requires for its manifestation a stumbling-block which either the hazard of circumstance or human knavery has set in its way, but extracts by natural processes, from its own store, an inexhaustible series of opportunities for externally revealing its presence. Suppose, then, we imagine a mind always thinking of what it has just done and never of what it is doing, like a song which lags behind its accompaniment. Let us try to picture to ourselves a certain inborn lack of elasticity of both senses and intelligence, which brings it to pass that we continue to see what is no longer visible, to hear what is no longer audible, to say what is no longer to the point: in short, to adapt ourselves to a past and therefore imaginary situation, when we ought to be

shaping our conduct in accordance with the reality which is present. This time the comic will take up its abode in the person himself; it is the person who will supply it with everything--matter and form, cause and opportunity. Is it then surprising that the absent-minded individual--for this is the character we have just been describing--has usually fired the imagination of comic authors? When La Bruyere came across this particular type, he realised, on analysing it, that he had got hold of a recipe for the wholesale manufacture of comic effects. As a matter of fact he overdid it, and gave us far too lengthy and detailed a description of Menalque, coming back to his subject, dwelling and expatiating on it beyond all bounds. The very facility of the subject fascinated him. Absentmindedness, indeed, is not perhaps the actual fountain-head of the comic, but surely it is contiguous to a certain stream of facts and fancies which flows straight from the fountain-head. It is situated, so to say, on one of the great natural watersheds of laughter.

Now, the effect of absentmindedness may gather strength in its turn. There is a general law, the first example of which we have just encountered, and which we will formulate in the following terms: when a certain comic effect has its origin in a certain cause, the more natural we regard the cause to be, the more comic shall we find the effect. Even now we laugh at absentmindedness when presented to us as a simple fact. Still more laughable will be the absentmindedness we have seen springing up and growing before our very eyes, with whose origin we are acquainted and whose life-history we can reconstruct. To choose a definite example: suppose a man has taken to reading nothing but romances of love and chivalry. Attracted and fascinated by his heroes, his thoughts and intentions gradually turn more and more towards them, till one fine day we find him walking among us like a somnambulist. His actions are distractions. But then his distractions can be traced back to a definite, positive cause. They are no longer cases of ABSENCE of mind, pure and simple; they find their explanation in the PRESENCE of the individual in quite definite, though imaginary, surroundings. Doubtless a fall is always a fall, but it is one thing to tumble into a well because you were looking anywhere but in front of you, it is quite another thing to fall into it because you were intent upon a star. It was certainly a star at which Don Quixote was gazing. How profound is the comic element in the over-romantic, Utopian bent of mind! And yet, if you reintroduce the idea of absentmindedness, which acts as a go-between, you will see this profound comic element uniting with the most superficial type. Yes, indeed, these whimsical wild enthusiasts, these madmen who are yet so strangely reasonable, excite us to laughter by playing on the same chords within ourselves, by setting in motion the same inner mechanism, as does the victim of a practical joke or the passer-by who slips down in the street. They, too, are runners who fall and simple souls who are being hoaxed--runners after the ideal who stumble over realities, child-like dreamers for whom life delights to lie in wait. But, above all, they are past-masters in absentmindedness, with this superiority over their fellows that their absentmindedness is systematic and organised around one central idea, and that their mishaps are also quite coherent, thanks to the inexorable logic which reality applies to the correction of dreams, so that they kindle in those around them, by a series of cumulative effects, a hilarity capable of unlimited expansion.

Now, let us go a little further. Might not certain vices have the same relation to character that the rigidity of a fixed idea has to intellect? Whether as a moral kink or a crooked twist given to the will, vice has often the appearance of a curvature of the soul. Doubtless there are vices into which the soul plunges deeply with all its pregnant potency, which it rejuvenates and drags along with it into a moving circle of reincarnations. Those are tragic vices. But the vice capable of making us comic is, on the contrary, that which is brought from without, like a ready-made frame into which we are to step. It lends us its own rigidity instead of borrowing from us our flexibility. We do not render it more complicated; on the contrary, it simplifies us. Here, as we shall see later on in the concluding section of this study, lies the essential difference between comedy and drama. A drama, even when portraying passions or vices that bear a name, so completely incorporates them in the person that their names are forgotten, their general characteristics effaced, and we no longer think of them at all, but rather of the person in whom they are assimilated; hence, the title of a drama can seldom be anything else than a proper noun. On the other hand, many comedies have a common noun as their title: l'Avare, le Joueur, etc. Were you asked to think of a play capable of being called le Jaloux, for instance, you would find that Sganarelle or George Dandin would occur to your mind, but not Othello: le Jaloux could only be the title of a comedy. The reason is that, however intimately vice, when comic, is associated with persons, it none the less retains its simple, independent existence, it remains the central character, present though invisible, to which the characters in flesh and blood on the stage are attached. At times it delights in dragging them down with its own weight and making them share in its tumbles. More frequently, however, it plays on them as on an instrument or pulls the strings as though they were puppets. Look closely: you will find that the art of the comic poet consists in making us so well acquainted with the particular vice, in introducing us, the spectators, to such a degree of intimacy with it, that in the end we get hold of some of the strings of the marionette with which he is playing, and actually work them ourselves; this it is that explains part of the pleasure we feel. Here, too, it is really a kind of automatism that makes us laugh--an automatism, as we have already remarked, closely akin to mere absentmindedness. To realise this more fully, it need only be noted

that a comic character is generally comic in proportion to his ignorance of himself. The comic person is unconscious. As though wearing the ring of Gyges with reverse effect, he becomes invisible to himself while remaining visible to all the world. A character in a tragedy will make no change in his conduct because he will know how it is judged by us; he may continue therein, even though fully conscious of what he is and feeling keenly the horror he inspires in us. But a defect that is ridiculous, as soon as it feels itself to be so, endeavours to modify itself, or at least to appear as though it did. Were Harpagon to see us laugh at his miserliness, I do not say that he would get rid of it, but he would either show it less or show it differently. Indeed, it is in this sense only that laughter "corrects men's manners." It makes us at once endeavour to appear what we ought to be, what some day we shall perhaps end in being.

It is unnecessary to carry this analysis any further. From the runner who falls to the simpleton who is hoaxed, from a state of being hoaxed to one of absentmindedness, from absentmindedness to wild enthusiasm, from wild enthusiasm to various distortions of character and will, we have followed the line of progress along which the comic becomes more and more deeply imbedded in the person, yet without ceasing, in its subtler manifestations, to recall to us some trace of what we noticed in its grosser forms, an effect of automatism and of inelasticity. Now we can obtain a first glimpse--a distant one, it is true, and still hazy and confused--of the laughable side of human nature and of the ordinary function of laughter.

What life and society require of each of us is a constantly alert attention that discerns the outlines of the present situation, together with a certain elasticity of mind and body to enable us to adapt ourselves in consequence. TENSION and ELASTICITY are two forces, mutually complementary, which life brings into play. If these two forces are lacking in the body to any considerable extent, we have sickness and infirmity and accidents of every kind. If they are lacking in the mind, we find every degree of mental deficiency, every variety of insanity. Finally, if they are lacking in the character, we have cases of the gravest inadaptability to social life, which are the sources of misery and at times the causes of crime. Once these elements of inferiority that affect the serious side of existence are removed--and they tend to eliminate themselves in what has been called the struggle for life--the person can live, and that in common with other persons. But society asks for something more; it is not satisfied with simply living, it insists on living well. What it now has to dread is that each one of us, content with paying attention to what affects the essentials of life, will, so far as the rest is concerned, give way to the easy automatism of acquired habits. Another thing it must fear is that the members of whom it is made up, instead of aiming after an increasingly delicate adjustment of wills which will fit more and more perfectly into one another, will confine themselves to respecting simply the fundamental conditions of this adjustment: a cut-and-dried agreement among the persons will not satisfy it, it insists on a constant striving after reciprocal adaptation. Society will therefore be suspicious of all INELASTICITY of character, of mind and even of body, because it is the possible sign of a slumbering activity as well as of an activity with separatist tendencies, that inclines to swerve from the common centre round which society gravitates: in short, because it is the sign of an eccentricity. And yet, society cannot intervene at this stage by material repression, since it is not affected in a material fashion. It is confronted with something that makes it uneasy, but only as a symptom--scarcely a threat, at the very most a gesture. A gesture, therefore, will be its reply. Laughter must be something of this kind, a sort of SOCIAL GESTURE. By the fear which it inspires, it restrains eccentricity, keeps constantly awake and in mutual contact certain activities of a secondary order which might retire into their shell and go to sleep, and, in short, softens down whatever the surface of the social body may retain of mechanical inelasticity. Laughter, then, does not belong to the province of esthetics alone, since unconsciously (and even immorally in many particular instances) it pursues a utilitarian aim of general improvement. And yet there is something esthetic about it, since the comic comes into being just when society and the individual, freed from the worry of self-preservation, begin to regard themselves as works of art. In a word, if a circle be drawn round those actions and dispositions--implied in individual or social life--to which their natural consequences bring their own penalties, there remains outside this sphere of emotion and struggle--and within a neutral zone in which man simply exposes himself to man's curiosity--a certain rigidity of body, mind and character, that society would still like to get rid of in order to obtain from its members the greatest possible degree of elasticity and sociability. This rigidity is the comic, and laughter is its corrective.

Still, we must not accept this formula as a definition of the comic. It is suitable only for cases that are elementary, theoretical and perfect, in which the comic is free from all adulteration. Nor do we offer it, either, as an explanation. We prefer to make it, if you will, the leitmotiv which is to accompany all our explanations. We must ever keep it in mind, though without dwelling on it too much, somewhat as a skilful fencer must think of the discontinuous movements of the lesson whilst his body is given up to the continuity of the fencing-match. We will now endeavour to reconstruct the sequence of comic forms, taking up again the thread that leads from the horseplay of a clown up to the most refined effects of comedy, following this thread in its often unforeseen windings, halting at intervals to look around, and finally getting back, if possible, to the point at which the thread is dangling and where we shall perhaps find--since the comic oscillates between life and art--the general relation that art bears to life.

III

Let us begin at the simplest point. What is a comic physiognomy? Where does a ridiculous expression of the face come from? And what is, in this case, the distinction between the comic and the ugly? Thus stated, the question could scarcely be answered in any other than an arbitrary fashion. Simple though it may appear, it is, even now, too subtle to allow of a direct attack. We should have to begin with a definition of ugliness, and then discover what addition the comic makes to it; now, ugliness is not much easier to analyse than is beauty. However, we will employ an artifice which will often stand us in good stead. We will exaggerate the problem, so to speak, by magnifying the effect to the point of making the cause visible. Suppose, then, we intensify ugliness to the point of deformity, and study the transition from the deformed to the ridiculous.

Now, certain deformities undoubtedly possess over others the sorry privilege of causing some persons to laugh; some hunchbacks, for instance, will excite laughter. Without at this point entering into useless details, we will simply ask the reader to think of a number of deformities, and then to divide them into two groups: on the one hand, those which nature has directed towards the ridiculous; and on the other, those which absolutely diverge from it. No doubt he will hit upon the following law: A deformity that may become comic is a deformity that a normally built person, could successfully imitate.

Is it not, then, the case that the hunchback suggests the appearance of a person who holds himself badly? His back seems to have contracted an ugly stoop. By a kind of physical obstinacy, by rigidity, in a word, it persists in the habit it has contracted. Try to see with your eyes alone. Avoid reflection, and above all, do not reason. Abandon all your prepossessions; seek to recapture a fresh, direct and primitive impression. The vision you will reacquire will be one of this kind. You will have before you a man bent on cultivating a certain rigid attitude--whose body, if one may use the expression, is one vast grin.

Now, let us go back to the point we wished to clear up. By toning down a deformity that is laughable, we ought to obtain an ugliness that is comic. A laughable expression of the face, then, is one that will make us think of something rigid and, so to speak, coagulated, in the wonted mobility of the face. What we shall see will be an ingrained twitching or a fixed grimace. It may be objected that every habitual expression of the face, even when graceful and beautiful, gives us this same impression of something stereotyped? Here an important distinction must be drawn. When we speak of expressive beauty or even expressive ugliness, when we say that a face possesses expression, we mean expression that may be stable, but which we conjecture to be mobile. It maintains, in the midst of its fixity, a certain indecision in which are obscurely portrayed all possible shades of the state of mind it expresses, just as the sunny promise of a warm day manifests itself in the haze of a spring morning. But a comic expression of the face is one that promises nothing more than it gives. It is a unique and permanent grimace. One would say that the person's whole moral life has crystallised into this particular cast of features. This is the reason why a face is all the more comic, the more nearly it suggests to us the idea of some simple mechanical action in which its personality would for ever be absorbed. Some faces seem to be always engaged in weeping, others in laughing or whistling, others, again, in eternally blowing an imaginary trumpet, and these are the most comic faces of all. Here again is exemplified the law according to which the more natural the explanation of the cause, the more comic is the effect. Automatism, inelasticity, habit that has been contracted and maintained, are clearly the causes why a face makes us laugh. But this effect gains in intensity when we are able to connect these characteristics with some deep-seated cause, a certain fundamental absentmindedness, as though the soul had allowed itself to be fascinated and hypnotised by the materiality of a simple action.

We shall now understand the comic element in caricature. However regular we may imagine a face to be, however harmonious its lines and supple its movements, their adjustment is never altogether perfect: there will always be discoverable the signs of some impending bias, the vague suggestion of a possible grimace, in short some favourite distortion towards which nature seems to be particularly inclined. The art of the caricaturist consists in detecting this, at times, imperceptible tendency, and in rendering it visible to all eyes by magnifying it. He makes his models grimace, as they would do themselves if they went to the end of their tether. Beneath the skin-deep harmony of form, he divines the deep-seated recalcitrance of matter. He realises disproportions and deformations which must have existed in nature as mere inclinations, but which have not succeeded in coming to a head, being held in check by a higher force. His art, which has a touch of the diabolical, raises up the demon who had been overthrown by the angel. Certainly, it is an art that exaggerates, and yet the definition would be very far from complete were exaggeration alone alleged to be its aim and object, for there exist caricatures that are more lifelike than portraits, caricatures in which the exaggeration is scarcely noticeable, whilst, inversely, it is quite possible to exaggerate to excess without obtaining a real caricature. For exaggeration to be comic, it must not appear as an aim, but rather as a means that the artist is using in order to make manifest to our eyes the distortions which he sees in embryo. It is this process of distortion that is of moment and interest. And that is precisely

why we shall look for it even in those elements of the face that are incapable of movement, in the curve of a nose or the shape of an ear. For, in our eyes, form is always the outline of a movement. The caricaturist who alters the size of a nose, but respects its ground plan, lengthening it, for instance, in the very direction in which it was being lengthened by nature, is really making the nose indulge in a grin. Henceforth we shall always look upon the original as having determined to lengthen itself and start grinning. In this sense, one might say that Nature herself often meets with the successes of a caricaturist. In the movement through which she has slit that mouth, curtailed that chin and bulged out that cheek, she would appear to have succeeded in completing the intended grimace, thus outwitting the restraining supervision of a more reasonable force. In that case, the face we laugh at is, so to speak, its own caricature.

To sum up, whatever be the doctrine to which our reason assents, our imagination has a very clear-cut philosophy of its own: in every human form it sees the effort of a soul which is shaping matter, a soul which is infinitely supple and perpetually in motion, subject to no law of gravitation, for it is not the earth that attracts it. This soul imparts a portion of its winged lightness to the body it animates: the immateriality which thus passes into matter is what is called gracefulness. Matter, however, is obstinate and resists. It draws to itself the ever-alert activity of this higher principle, would fain convert it to its own inertia and cause it to revert to mere automatism. It would fain immobilise the intelligently varied movements of the body in stupidly contracted grooves, stereotype in permanent grimaces the fleeting expressions of the face, in short imprint on the whole person such an attitude as to make it appear immersed and absorbed in the materiality of some mechanical occupation instead of ceaselessly renewing its vitality by keeping in touch with a living ideal. Where matter thus succeeds in dulling the outward life of the soul, in petrifying its movements and thwarting its gracefulness, it achieves, at the expense of the body, an effect that is comic. If, then, at this point we wished to define the comic by comparing it with its contrary, we should have to contrast it with gracefulness even more than with beauty. It partakes rather of the unsprightly than of the unsightly, of RIGIDNESS rather than of UGLINESS.

IV

We will now pass from the comic element in FORMS to that in GESTURES and MOVEMENTS. Let us at once state the law which seems to govern all the phenomena of this kind. It may indeed be deduced without any difficulty from the considerations stated above. THE ATTITUDES, GESTURES AND MOVEMENTS OF THE HUMAN BODY ARE LAUGHABLE IN EXACT PROPORTION AS THAT BODY REMINDS US OF A MERE MACHINE. There is no need to follow this law through the details of its immediate applications, which are innumerable. To verify it directly, it would be sufficient to study closely the work of comic artists, eliminating entirely the element of caricature, and omitting that portion of the comic which is not inherent in the drawing itself. For, obviously, the comic element in a drawing is often a borrowed one, for which the text supplies all the stock-in-trade. I mean that the artist may be his own understudy in the shape of a satirist, or even a playwright, and that then we laugh far less at the drawings themselves than at the satire or comic incident they represent. But if we devote our whole attention to the drawing with the firm resolve to think of nothing else, we shall probably find that it is generally comic in proportion to the clearness, as well as the subtleness, with which it enables us to see a man as a jointed puppet. The suggestion must be a clear one, for inside the person we must distinctly perceive, as though through a glass, a set-up mechanism. But the suggestion must also be a subtle one, for the general appearance of the person, whose every limb has been made rigid as a machine, must continue to give us the impression of a living being. The more exactly these two images, that of a person and that of a machine, fit into each other, the more striking is the comic effect, and the more consummate the art of the draughtsman. The originality of a comic artist is thus expressed in the special kind of life he imparts to a mere puppet.

We will, however, leave on one side the immediate application of the principle, and at this point insist only on the more remote consequences. The illusion of a machine working in the inside of the person is a thing that only crops up amid a host of amusing effects; but for the most part it is a fleeting glimpse, that is immediately lost in the laughter it provokes. To render it permanent, analysis and reflection must be called into play.

In a public speaker, for instance, we find that gesture vies with speech. Jealous of the latter, gesture closely dogs the speaker's thought, demanding also to act as interpreter. Well and good; but then it must pledge itself to follow thought through all the phases of its development. An idea is something that grows, buds, blossoms and ripens from the beginning to the end of a speech. It never halts, never repeats itself. It must be changing every moment, for to cease to change would be to cease to live. Then let gesture display a like animation! Let it accept the fundamental law of life, which is the complete negation of repetition! But I find that a certain movement of head or arm, a movement always the same, seems to return at regular intervals. If I notice it and it succeeds in diverting my attention, if I wait for it to occur and it occurs when I expect it, then involuntarily I laugh. Why? Because I now have

before me a machine that works automatically. This is no longer life, it is automatism established in life and imitating it. It belongs to the comic.

This is also the reason why gestures, at which we never dreamt of laughing, become laughable when imitated by another individual. The most elaborate explanations have been offered for this extremely simple fact. A little reflection, however, will show that our mental state is ever changing, and that if our gestures faithfully followed these inner movements, if they were as fully alive as we, they would never repeat themselves, and so would keep imitation at bay. We begin, then, to become imitable only when we cease to be ourselves. I mean our gestures can only be imitated in their mechanical uniformity, and therefore exactly in what is alien to our living personality. To imitate any one is to bring out the element of automatism he has allowed to creep into his person. And as this is the very essence of the ludicrous, it is no wonder that imitation gives rise to laughter.

Still, if the imitation of gestures is intrinsically laughable, it will become even more so when it busies itself in deflecting them, though without altering their form, towards some mechanical occupation, such as sawing wood, striking on an anvil, or tugging away at an imaginary bell-rope. Not that vulgarity is the essence of the comic,--although certainly it is to some extent an ingredient,--but rather that the incriminated gesture seems more frankly mechanical when it can be connected with a simple operation, as though it were intentionally mechanical. To suggest this mechanical interpretation ought to be one of the favourite devices of parody. We have reached this result through deduction, but I imagine clowns have long had an intuition of the fact.

This seems to me the solution of the little riddle propounded by Pascal in one passage of his Thoughts: "Two faces that are alike, although neither of them excites laughter by itself, make us laugh when together, on account of their likeness." It might just as well be said: "The gestures of a public speaker, no one of which is laughable by itself, excite laughter by their repetition." The truth is that a really living life should never repeat itself. Wherever there is repetition or complete similarity, we always suspect some mechanism at work behind the living. Analyse the impression you get from two faces that are too much alike, and you will find that you are thinking of two copies cast in the same mould, or two impressions of the same seal, or two reproductions of the same negative,--in a word, of some manufacturing process or other. This deflection of life towards the mechanical is here the real cause of laughter.

And laughter will be more pronounced still, if we find on the stage not merely two characters, as in the example from Pascal, but several, nay, as great a number as possible, the image of one another, who come and go, dance and gesticulate together, simultaneously striking the same attitudes and tossing their arms about in the same manner. This time, we distinctly think of marionettes. Invisible threads seem to us to be joining arms to arms, legs to legs, each muscle in one face to its fellow-muscle in the other: by reason of the absolute uniformity which prevails, the very litheness of the bodies seems to stiffen as we gaze, and the actors themselves seem transformed into automata. Such, at least, appears to be the artifice underlying this somewhat obvious form of amusement. I daresay the performers have never read Pascal, but what they do is merely to realise to the full the suggestions contained in Pascal's words. If, as is undoubtedly the case, laughter is caused in the second instance by the hallucination of a mechanical effect, it must already have been so, though in more subtle fashion, in the first.

Continuing along this path, we dimly perceive the increasingly important and far-reaching consequences of the law we have just stated. We faintly catch still more fugitive glimpses of mechanical effects, glimpses suggested by man's complex actions, no longer merely by his gestures. We instinctively feel that the usual devices of comedy, the periodical repetition of a word or a scene, the systematic inversion of the parts, the geometrical development of a farcical misunderstanding, and many other stage contrivances, must derive their comic force from the same source,--the art of the playwright probably consisting in setting before us an obvious clockwork arrangement of human events, while carefully preserving an outward aspect of probability and thereby retaining something of the suppleness of life. But we must not forestall results which will be duly disclosed in the course of our analysis.

V

Before going further, let us halt a moment and glance around. As we hinted at the outset of this study, it would be idle to attempt to derive every comic effect from one simple formula. The formula exists well enough in a certain sense, but its development does not follow a straightforward course. What I mean is that the process of deduction ought from time to time to stop and study certain culminating effects, and that these effects each appear as models round which new effects resembling them take their places in a circle. These latter are not deductions from the formula, but are comic through their relationship with those that are. To quote Pascal again, I see no objection, at this stage, to defining the process by the curve which that geometrician studied under the name of roulette or cycloid,--the curve traced by a point in the circumference of a wheel when the carriage is advancing in a straight line:

this point turns like the wheel, though it advances like the carriage. Or else we might think of an immense avenue such as are to be seen in the forest of Fontainebleau, with crosses at intervals to indicate the cross-ways: at each of these we shall walk round the cross, explore for a while the paths that open out before us, and then return to our original course. Now, we have just reached one of these mental crossways. Something mechanical encrusted on the living, will represent a cross at which we must halt, a central image from which the imagination branches off in different directions. What are these directions? There appear to be three main ones. We will follow them one after the other, and then continue our onward course.

1. In the first place, this view of the mechanical and the living dovetailed into each other makes us incline towards the vaguer image of SOME RIGIDITY OR OTHER applied to the mobility of life, in an awkward attempt to follow its lines and counterfeit its suppleness. Here we perceive how easy it is for a garment to become ridiculous. It might almost be said that every fashion is laughable in some respect. Only, when we are dealing with the fashion of the day, we are so accustomed to it that the garment seems, in our mind, to form one with the individual wearing it. We do not separate them in imagination. The idea no longer occurs to us to contrast the inert rigidity of the covering with the living suppleness of the object covered: consequently, the comic here remains in a latent condition. It will only succeed in emerging when the natural incompatibility is so deep-seated between the covering and the covered that even an immemorial association fails to cement this union: a case in point is our head and top hat. Suppose, however, some eccentric individual dresses himself in the fashion of former times: our attention is immediately drawn to the clothes themselves, we absolutely distinguish them from the individual, we say that the latter IS DISGUISING HIMSELF,--as though every article of clothing were not a disguise!--and the laughable aspect of fashion comes out of the shadow into the light.

Here we are beginning to catch a faint glimpse of the highly intricate difficulties raised by this problem of the comic. One of the reasons that must have given rise to many erroneous or unsatisfactory theories of laughter is that many things are comic de jure without being comic de facto, the continuity of custom having deadened within them the comic quality. A sudden dissolution of continuity is needed, a break with fashion, for this quality to revive. Hence the impression that this dissolution of continuity is the parent of the comic, whereas all it does is to bring it to our notice. Hence, again, the explanation of laughter by surprise, contrast, etc., definitions which would equally apply to a host of cases in which we have no inclination whatever to laugh. The truth of the matter is far from being so simple. But to return to our idea of disguise, which, as we have just shown, has been entrusted with the special mandate of arousing laughter. It will not be out of place to investigate the uses it makes of this power.

Why do we laugh at a head of hair which has changed from dark to blond? What is there comic about a rubicund nose? And why does one laugh at a negro? The question would appear to be an embarrassing one, for it has been asked by successive psychologists such as Hecker, Kraepelin and Lipps, and all have given different replies. And yet I rather fancy the correct answer was suggested to me one day in the street by an ordinary cabby, who applied the expression "unwashed" to the negro fare he was driving. Unwashed! Does not this mean that a black face, in our imagination, is one daubed over with ink or soot? If so, then a red nose can only be one which has received a coating of vermilion. And so we see that the notion of disguise has passed on something of its comic quality to instances in which there is actually no disguise, though there might be.

In the former set of examples, although his usual dress was distinct from the individual, it appeared in our mind to form one with him, because we had become accustomed to the sight. In the latter, although the black or red colour is indeed inherent in the skin, we look upon it as artificially laid on, because it surprises us.

But here we meet with a fresh crop of difficulties in the theory of the comic. Such a proposition as the following: "My usual dress forms part of my body" is absurd in the eyes of reason. Yet imagination looks upon it as true. "A red nose is a painted nose," "A negro is a white man in disguise," are also absurd to the reason which rationalises; but they are gospel truths to pure imagination. So there is a logic of the imagination which is not the logic of reason, one which at times is even opposed to the latter,--with which, however, philosophy must reckon, not only in the study of the comic, but in every other investigation of the same kind. It is something like the logic of dreams, though of dreams that have not been left to the whim of individual fancy, being the dreams dreamt by the whole of society. In order to reconstruct this hidden logic, a special kind of effort is needed, by which the outer crust of carefully stratified judgments and firmly established ideas will be lifted, and we shall behold in the depths of our mind, like a sheet of subterranean water, the flow of an unbroken stream of images which pass from one into another. This interpenetration of images does not come about by chance. It obeys laws, or rather habits, which hold the same relation to imagination that logic does to thought.

Let us then follow this logic of the imagination in the special case in hand. A man in disguise is comic. A man we regard as disguised is also comic. So, by analogy, any disguise is seen to become comic, not only that of a man, but that of society also, and

even the disguise of nature.

Let us start with nature. You laugh at a dog that is half-clipped, at a bed of artificially coloured flowers, at a wood in which the trees are plastered over with election addresses, etc. Look for the reason, and you will see that you are once more thinking of a masquerade. Here, however, the comic element is very faint; it is too far from its source. If you wish to strengthen it, you must go back to the source itself and contrast the derived image, that of a masquerade, with the original one, which, be it remembered, was that of a mechanical tampering with life. In "a nature that is mechanically tampered with" we possess a thoroughly comic theme, on which fancy will be able to play ever so many variations with the certainty of successfully provoking the heartiest hilarity. You may call to mind that amusing passage in Tartarin Sur Les Alpes, in which Bompard makes Tartarin--and therefore also the reader to some slight extent--accept the idea of a Switzerland choke-full of machinery like the basement of the opera, and run by a company which maintains a series of waterfalls, glaciers and artificial crevasses. The same theme reappears, though transposed in quite another key, in the Novel Notes of the English humorist, Jerome K. Jerome. An elderly Lady Bountiful, who does not want her deeds of charity to take up too much of her time, provides homes within easy hail of her mansion for the conversion of atheists who have been specially manufactured for her, so to speak, and for a number of honest folk who have been made into drunkards so that she may cure them of their failing, etc. There are comic phrases in which this theme is audible, like a distant echo, coupled with an ingenuousness, whether sincere or affected, which acts as accompaniment. Take, as an instance, the remark made by a lady whom Cassini, the astronomer, had invited to see an eclipse of the moon. Arriving too late, she said, "M. de Cassini, I know, will have the goodness to begin it all over again, to please me." Or, take again the exclamation of one of Gondiinet's characters on arriving in a town and learning that there is an extinct volcano in the neighbourhood, "They had a volcano, and they have let it go out!"

Let us go on to society. As we are both in and of it, we cannot help treating it as a living being. Any image, then, suggestive of the notion of a society disguising itself, or of a social masquerade, so to speak, will be laughable. Now, such a notion is formed when we perceive anything inert or stereotyped, or simply ready-made, on the surface of living society. There we have rigidity over again, clashing with the inner suppleness of life. The ceremonial side of social life must, therefore, always include a latent comic element, which is only waiting for an opportunity to burst into full view. It might be said that ceremonies are to the social body what clothing is to the individual body: they owe their seriousness to the fact that they are identified, in our minds, with the serious object with which custom associates them, and when we isolate them in imagination, they forthwith lose their seriousness. For any ceremony, then, to become comic, it is enough that our attention be fixed on the ceremonial element in it, and that we neglect its matter, as philosophers say, and think only of its form. Every one knows how easily the comic spirit exercises its ingenuity on social actions of a stereotyped nature, from an ordinary prize-distribution to the solemn sitting of a court of justice. Any form or formula is a ready-made frame into which the comic element may be fitted.

Here, again, the comic will be emphasised by bringing it nearer to its source. From the idea of travesty, a derived one, we must go back to the original idea, that of a mechanism superposed upon life. Already, the stiff and starched formality of any ceremonial suggests to us an image of this kind. For, as soon as we forget the serious object of a solemnity or a ceremony, those taking part in it give us the impression of puppets in motion. Their mobility seems to adopt as a model the immobility of a formula. It becomes automatism. But complete automatism is only reached in the official, for instance, who performs his duty like a mere machine, or again in the unconsciousness that marks an administrative regulation working with inexorable fatality, and setting itself up for a law of nature. Quite by chance, when reading the newspaper, I came across a specimen of the comic of this type. Twenty years ago, a large steamer was wrecked off the coast at Dieppe. With considerable difficulty some of the passengers were rescued in a boat. A few custom-house officers, who had courageously rushed to their assistance, began by asking them "if they had anything to declare." We find something similar, though the idea is a more subtle one, in the remark of an M.P. when questioning the Home Secretary on the morrow of a terrible murder which took place in a railway carriage: "The assassin, after despatching his victim, must have got out the wrong side of the train, thereby infringing the Company's rules."

A mechanical element introduced into nature and an automatic regulation of society, such, then, are the two types of laughable effects at which we have arrived. It remains for us, in conclusion, to combine them and see what the result will be.

The result of the combination will evidently be a human regulation of affairs usurping the place of the laws of nature. We may call to mind the answer Sganarelle gave Geronte when the latter remarked that the heart was on the left side and the liver on the right: "Yes, it was so formerly, but we have altered all that; now, we practise medicine in quite a new way." We may also recall the consultation between M. de Pourceaugnac's two doctors: "The arguments you have used are so erudite and elegant that it is impossible for the patient not to be hypochondriacally melancholic; or, even if he were not, he must surely become so because of

the elegance of the things you have said and the accuracy of your reasoning." We might multiply examples, for all we need do would be to call up Moliere's doctors, one after the other. However far, moreover, comic fancy may seem to go, reality at times undertakes to improve upon it. It was suggested to a contemporary philosopher, an out-and-out arguer, that his arguments, though irreproachable in their deductions, had experience against them. He put an end to the discussion by merely remarking, "Experience is in the wrong." The truth is, this idea of regulating life as a matter of business routine is more widespread than might be imagined; it is natural in its way, although we have just obtained it by an artificial process of reconstruction. One might say that it gives us the very quintessence of pedantry, which, at bottom, is nothing else than art pretending to outdo nature.

To sum up, then, we have one and the same effect, which assumes ever subtler forms as it passes from the idea of an artificial MECHANISATION of the human body, if such an expression is permissible, to that of any substitution whatsoever of the artificial for the natural. A less and less rigorous logic, that more and more resembles the logic of dreamland, transfers the same relationship into higher and higher spheres, between increasingly immaterial terms, till in the end we find a mere administrative enactment occupying the same relation to a natural or moral law that a ready-made garment, for instance, does to the living body. We have now gone right to the end of the first of the three directions we had to follow. Let us turn to the second and see where it will lead us.

2. Our starting-point is again "something mechanical encrusted upon the living." Where did the comic come from in this case? It came from the fact that the living body became rigid, like a machine. Accordingly, it seemed to us that the living body ought to be the perfection of suppleness, the ever-alert activity of a principle always at work. But this activity would really belong to the soul rather than to the body. It would be the very flame of life, kindled within us by a higher principle and perceived through the body, as if through a glass. When we see only gracefulness and suppleness in the living body, it is because we disregard in it the elements of weight, of resistance, and, in a word, of matter; we forget its materiality and think only of its vitality, a vitality which we regard as derived from the very principle of intellectual and moral life, Let us suppose, however, that our attention is drawn to this material side of the body; that, so far from sharing in the lightness and subtlety of the principle with which it is animated, the body is no more in our eyes than a heavy and cumbersome vesture, a kind of irksome ballast which holds down to earth a soul eager to rise aloft. Then the body will become to the soul what, as we have just seen, the garment was to the body itself--inert matter dumped down upon living energy. The impression of the comic will be produced as soon as we have a clear apprehension of this putting the one on the other. And we shall experience it most strongly when we are shown the soul TANTALISED by the needs of the body: on the one hand, the moral personality with its intelligently varied energy, and, on the other, the stupidly monotonous body, perpetually obstructing everything with its machine-like obstinacy. The more paltry and uniformly repeated these claims of the body, the more striking will be the result. But that is only a matter of degree, and the general law of these phenomena may be formulated as follows: ANY INCIDENT IS COMIC THAT CALLS OUR ATTENTION TO THE PHYSICAL IN A PERSON WHEN IT IS THE MORAL SIDE THAT IS CONCERNED.

Why do we laugh at a public speaker who sneezes just at the most pathetic moment of his speech? Where lies the comic element in this sentence, taken from a funeral speech and quoted by a German philosopher: "He was virtuous and plump"? It lies in the fact that our attention is suddenly recalled from the soul to the body. Similar instances abound in daily life, but if you do not care to take the trouble to look for them, you have only to open at random a volume of Labiche, and you will be almost certain to light upon an effect of this kind. Now, we have a speaker whose most eloquent sentences are cut short by the twinges of a bad tooth; now, one of the characters who never begins to speak without stopping in the middle to complain of his shoes being too small, or his belt too tight, etc. A PERSON EMBARRASSED BY HIS BODY is the image suggested to us in all these examples. The reason that excessive stoutness is laughable is probably because it calls up an image of the same kind. I almost think that this too is what sometime makes bashfulness somewhat ridiculous. The bashful man rather gives the impression of a person embarrassed by his body, looking round for some convenient cloak-room in which to deposit it.

This is just why the tragic poet is so careful to avoid anything calculated to attract attention to the material side of his heroes. No sooner does anxiety about the body manifest itself than the intrusion of a comic element is to be feared. On this account, the hero in a tragedy does not eat or drink or warm himself. He does not even sit down any more than can be helped. To sit down in the middle of a fine speech would imply that you remembered you had a body. Napoleon, who was a psychologist when he wished to be so, had noticed that the transition from tragedy to comedy is effected simply by sitting down. In the "Journal inedit" of Baron Gourgaud--when speaking of an interview with the Queen of Prussia after the battle of Iena--he expresses himself in the following terms: "She received me in tragic fashion like Chimene: Justice! Sire, Justice! Magdeburg! Thus she continued in a way most embarrassing to me. Finally, to make her change her style, I requested her to take a seat. This is the best method for cutting short a tragic scene, for as soon as you are seated it all becomes comedy."

Let us now give a wider scope to this image of THE BODY TAKING PRECEDENCE OF THE SOUL. We shall obtain something more general--THE MANNER SEEKING TO OUTDO THE MATTER, THE LETTER AIMING AT OUSTING THE SPIRIT. Is it not perchance this idea that comedy is trying to suggest to us when holding up a profession to ridicule? It makes the lawyer, the magistrate and the doctor speak as though health and justice were of little moment,--the main point being that we should have lawyers, magistrates and doctors, and that all outward formalities pertaining to these professions should be scrupulously respected. And so we find the means substituted for the end, the manner for the matter; no longer is it the profession that is made for the public, but rather the public for the profession. Constant attention to form and the mechanical application of rules here bring about a kind of professional automatism analogous to that imposed upon the soul by the habits of the body, and equally laughable. Numerous are the examples of this on the stage. Without entering into details of the variations executed on this theme, let us quote two or three passages in which the theme itself is set forth in all its simplicity. "You are only bound to treat people according to form," says Doctor Diafoirus in the "Malade imaginaire". Again, says Doctor Bahis, in "L'Amour medecin": "It is better to die through following the rules than to recover through violating them." In the same play, Desfonandres had previously said: "We must always observe the formalities of professional etiquette, whatever may happen." And the reason is given by Tomes, his colleague: "A dead man is but a dead man, but the non-observance of a formality causes a notable prejudice to the whole faculty." Brid'oison's words, though. embodying a rather different idea, are none the less significant: "F-form, mind you, f-form. A man laughs at a judge in a morning coat, and yet he would quake with dread at the mere sight of an attorney in his gown. F-form, all a matter of f-form."

Here we have the first illustration of a law which will appear with increasing distinctness as we proceed with our task. When a musician strikes a note on an instrument, other notes start up of themselves, not so loud as the first, yet connected with it by certain definite relations, which coalesce with it and determine its quality. These are what are called in physics the overtones of the fundamental note. It would seem that comic fancy, even in its most far-fetched inventions, obeys a similar law. For instance, consider this comic note: appearance seeking to triumph over reality. If our analysis is correct, this note must have as its overtones the body tantalising the mind, the body taking precedence of the mind. No sooner, then, does the comic poet strike the first note than he will add the second on to it, involuntarily and instinctively. In other words, HE WILL DUPLICATE WHAT IS RIDICULOUS PROFESSIONALLY WITH SOMETHING THAT IS RIDICULOUS PHYSICALLY.

When Brid'oison the judge comes stammering on to the stage, is he not actually preparing us, by this very stammering, to understand the phenomenon of intellectual ossification we are about to witness? What bond of secret relationship can there be between the physical defect and the moral infirmity? It is difficult to say; yet we feel that the relationship is there, though we cannot express it in words. Perhaps the situation required that this judging machine should also appear before us as a talking machine. However it may be, no other overtone could more perfectly have completed the fundamental note.

When Moliere introduces to us the two ridiculous doctors, Bahis and Macroton, in L'Amour medecin, he makes one of them speak very slowly, as though scanning his words syllable by syllable, whilst the other stutters. We find the same contrast between the two lawyers in Monsieur de Pourceaugnac. In the rhythm of speech is generally to be found the physical peculiarity that is destined to complete the element of professional ridicule. When the author has failed to suggest a defect of this kind, it is seldom the case that the actor does not instinctively invent one.

Consequently, there is a natural relationship, which we equally naturally recognise, between the two images we have been comparing with each other, the mind crystallising in certain grooves, and the body losing its elasticity through the influence of certain defects. Whether or not our attention be diverted from the matter to the manner, or from the moral to the physical, in both cases the same sort of impression is conveyed to our imagination; in both, then, the comic is of the same kind. Here, once more, it has been our aim to follow the natural trend of the movement of the imagination. This trend or direction, it may be remembered, was the second of those offered to us, starting from a central image. A third and final path remains unexplored, along which we will now proceed.

3. Let us then return, for the last time, to our central image: something mechanical encrusted on something living. Here, the living being under discussion was a human being, a person. A mechanical arrangement, on the other hand, is a thing. What, therefore, incited laughter was the momentary transformation of a person into a thing, if one considers the image from this standpoint. Let us then pass from the exact idea of a machine to the vaguer one of a thing in general. We shall have a fresh series of laughable images which will be obtained by taking a blurred impression, so to speak, of the outlines of the former and will bring us to this new law: WE LAUGH EVERY TIME A PERSON GIVES US THE IMPRESSION OF BEING A THING.

We laugh at Sancho Panza tumbled into a bed-quilt and tossed into the air like a football. We laugh at Baron Munchausen turned into a cannon-ball and travelling through space. But certain tricks of circus clowns might afford a still more precise exemplification of the same law. True, we should have to eliminate the jokes, mere interpolations by the clown into his main theme, and keep in mind only the theme itself, that is to say, the divers attitudes, capers and movements which form the strictly "clownish" element in the clown's art. On two occasions only have I been able to observe this style of the comic in its unadulterated state, and in both I received the same impression. The first time, the clowns came and went, collided, fell and jumped up again in a uniformly accelerated rhythm, visibly intent upon affecting a CRESCENDO. And it was more and more to the jumping up again, the REBOUND, that the attention of the public was attracted. Gradually, one lost sight of the fact that they were men of flesh and blood like ourselves; one began to think of bundles of all sorts, falling and knocking against each other. Then the vision assumed a more definite aspect. The forms grew rounder, the bodies rolled together and seemed to pick themselves up like balls. Then at last appeared the image towards which the whole of this scene had doubtless been unconsciously evolving--large rubber balls hurled against one another in every direction. The second scene, though even coarser than the first, was no less instructive. There came on the stage two men, each with an enormous head, bald as a billiard ball. In their hands they carried large sticks which each, in turn, brought down on to the other's cranium. Here, again, a certain gradation was observable. After each blow, the bodies seemed to grow heavier and more unyielding, overpowered by an increasing degree of rigidity. Then came the return blow, in each case heavier and more resounding than the last, coming, too, after a longer interval. The skulls gave forth a formidable ring throughout the silent house. At last the two bodies, each quite rigid and as straight as an arrow, slowly bent over towards each other, the sticks came crashing down for the last time on to the two heads with a thud as of enormous mallets falling upon oaken beams, and the pair lay prone upon the ground. At that instant appeared in all its vividness the suggestion that the two artists had gradually driven into the imagination of the spectators: "We are about to become ...we have now become solid wooden dummies."

A kind of dim, vague instinct may enable even an uncultured mind to get an inkling here of the subtler results of psychological science. We know that it is possible to call up hallucinatory visions in a hypnotised subject by simple suggestion. If he be told that a bird is perched on his hand, he will see the bird and watch it fly away. The idea suggested, however, is far from being always accepted with like docility. Not infrequently, the mesmeriser only succeeds in getting an idea into his subject's head by slow degrees through a carefully graduated series of hints. He will then start with objects really perceived by the subject, and will endeavour to make the perception of these objects more and more indefinite; then, step by step, he will bring out of this state of mental chaos the precise form of the object of which he wishes to create an hallucination. Something of the kind happens to many people when dropping off to sleep; they see those coloured, fluid, shapeless masses, which occupy the field of vision, insensibly solidifying into distinct objects.

Consequently, the gradual passing from the dim and vague to the clear and distinct is the method of suggestion par excellence. I fancy it might be found to be at the root of a good many comic suggestions, especially in the coarser forms of the comic, in which the transformation of a person into a thing seems to be taking place before our eyes. But there are other and more subtle methods in use, among poets, for instance, which perhaps unconsciously lead to the same end. By a certain arrangement of rhythm, rhyme and assonance, it is possible to lull the imagination, to rock it to and fro between like and like with a regular see-saw motion, and thus prepare it submissively to accept the vision suggested. Listen to these few lines of Regnard, and see whether something like the fleeting image of a DOLL does not cross the field of your imagination:

... Plus, il doit a maints particuliers La somme de dix mil une livre une obole, Pour l'avoir sans relache un an sur sa parole Habille, voiture, chauffe, chausse, gante, Alimente, rase, desaltere, porte.

[Footnote: Further, he owes to many an honest wight Item-the sum two thousand pounds, one farthing, For having on his simple word of honour Sans intermission for an entire year Clothed him, conveyed him, warmed him, shod him, gloved him, Fed him and shaved him, quenched his thirst and borne him.]

Is not something of the same kind found in the following sally of Figaro's (though here an attempt is perhaps made to suggest the image of an animal rather than that of a thing): "Quel homme est-ce?--C'est un beau, gros, court, jeune vieillard, gris pommele, ruse, rase, blase, qui guette et furette, et gronde et geint tout a la fois." [Footnote: "What sort of man is here?--He is a handsome, stout, short, youthful old gentleman, iron-grey, an artful knave, clean shaved, clean 'used up,' who spies and pries and growls and groans all in the same breath."]

Now, between these coarse scenes and these subtle suggestions there is room for a countless number of amusing effects, for all those that can be obtained by talking about persons as one would do about mere things. We will only select one or two instances

from the plays of Labiche, in which they are legion.

Just as M. Perrichon is getting into the railway carriage, he makes certain of not forgetting any of his parcels: "Four, five, six, my wife seven, my daughter eight, and myself nine." In another play, a fond father is boasting of his daughter's learning in the following terms: "She will tell you, without faltering, all the kings of France that have occurred." This phrase, "that have occurred," though not exactly transforming the kings into mere things, likens them, all the same, to events of an impersonal nature.

As regards this latter example, note that it is unnecessary to complete the identification of the person with the thing in order to ensure a comic effect. It is sufficient for us to start in this direction by feigning, for instance, to confuse the person with the function he exercises. I will only quote a sentence spoken by a village mayor in one of About's novels: "The prefect, who has always shown us the same kindness, though he has been changed several times since 1847..."

All these witticisms are constructed on the same model. We might make up any number of them, when once we are in possession of the recipe. But the art of the story-teller or the playwright does not merely consist in concocting jokes. The difficulty lies in giving to a joke its power of suggestion, i.e. in making it acceptable. And we only do accept it either because it seems to be the natural product of a particular state of mind or because it is in keeping with the circumstances of the case. For instance, we are aware that M. Perrichon is greatly excited on the occasion of his first railway journey. The expression "to occur" is one that must have cropped up a good many times in the lessons repeated by the girl before her father; it makes us think of such a repetition. Lastly, admiration of the governmental machine might, at a pinch, be extended to the point of making us believe that no change takes place in the prefect when he changes his name, and that the function gets carried on independently of the functionary.

We have now reached a point very far from the original cause of laughter. Many a comic form, that cannot be explained by itself, can indeed only be understood from its resemblance to another, which only makes us laugh by reason of its relationship with a third, and so on indefinitely, so that psychological analysis, however luminous and searching, will go astray unless it holds the thread along which the comic impression has travelled from one end of the series to the other. Where does this progressive continuity come from? What can be the driving force, the strange impulse which causes the comic to glide thus from image to image, farther and farther away from the starting-point, until it is broken up and lost in infinitely remote analogies? But what is that force which divides and subdivides the branches of a tree into smaller boughs and its roots into radicles? An inexorable law dooms every living energy, during the brief interval allotted to it in time, to cover the widest possible extent in space. Now, comic fancy is indeed a living energy, a strange plant that has nourished on the stony portions of the social soil, until such time as culture should allow it to vie with the most refined products of art. True, we are far from great art in the examples of the comic we have just been reviewing. But we shall draw nearer to it, though without attaining to it completely, in the following chapter. Below art, we find artifice, and it is this zone of artifice, midway between nature and art, that we are now about to enter. We are going to deal with the comic playwright and the wit.

CHAPTER II

THE COMIC ELEMENT IN SITUATIONS AND THE COMIC ELEMENT IN WORDS

I

We have studied the comic element in forms, in attitudes, and in movements generally; now let us look for it in actions and in situations. We encounter, indeed, this kind of comic readily enough in everyday life. It is not here, however, that it best lends itself to analysis. Assuming that the stage is both a magnified and a simplified view of life, we shall find that comedy is capable of furnishing us with more information than real life on this particular part of our subject. Perhaps we ought even to carry simplification still farther, and, going back to our earliest recollections, try to discover, in the games that amused us as children, the first faint traces of the combinations that make us laugh as grown-up persons. We are too apt to speak of our feelings of pleasure and of pain as though full grown at birth, as though each one of them had not a history of its own. Above all, we are too apt to ignore the childish element, so to speak, latent in most of our joyful emotions. And yet, how many of our present pleasures, were we to examine them closely, would shrink into nothing more than memories of past ones! What would there be left of many of our emotions were we to reduce them to the exact quantum of pure feeling they contain, by subtracting from them all that is merely reminiscence? Indeed, it seems possible that, after a certain age, we become impervious to all fresh or novel forms of joy, and the sweetest pleasures of the middle-aged man are perhaps nothing more than a revival of the sensations of childhood, a balmy zephyr wafted in fainter and fainter breaths by a past that is ever receding. In any case, whatever reply we give to this broad question, one

thing is certain: there can be no break in continuity between the child's delight in games and that of the grown-up person. Now, comedy is a game, a game that imitates life. And since, in the games of the child when working its dolls and puppets, many of the movements are produced by strings, ought we not to find those same strings, somewhat frayed by wear, reappearing as the threads that knot together the situations in a comedy? Let us, then, start with the games of a child, and follow the imperceptible process by which, as he grows himself, he makes his puppets grow, inspires them with life, and finally brings them to an ambiguous state in which, without ceasing to be puppets, they have yet become human beings. We thus obtain characters of a comedy type. And upon them we can test the truth of the law of which all our preceding analyses gave an inkling, a law in accordance with which we will define all broadly comic situations in general. ANY ARRANGEMENT OF ACTS AND EVENTS IS COMIC WHICH GIVES US, IN A SINGLE COMBINATION, THE ILLUSION OF LIFE AND THE DISTINCT IMPRESSION OF A MECHANICAL ARRANGEMENT.

1. THE JACK-IN-THE-BOX.--As children we have all played with the little man who springs out of his box. You squeeze him flat, he jumps up again. Push him lower, and he shoots up still higher. Crush him down beneath the lid, and often he will send everything flying. It is hard to tell whether or no the toy itself is very ancient, but the kind of amusement it affords belongs to all time. It is a struggle between two stubborn elements, one of which, being simply mechanical, generally ends by giving in to the other, which treats it as a plaything. A cat playing with a mouse, which from time to time she releases like a spring, only to pull it up short with a stroke of her paw, indulges in the same kind of amusement.

We will now pass on to the theatre, beginning with a Punch and Judy show. No sooner does the policeman put in an appearance on the stage than, naturally enough, he receives a blow which fells him. He springs to his feet, a second blow lays him flat. A repetition of the offence is followed by a repetition of the punishment. Up and down the constable flops and hops with the uniform rhythm of the bending and release of a spring, whilst the spectators laugh louder and louder.

Now, let us think of a spring that is rather of a moral type, an idea that is first expressed, then repressed, and then expressed again; a stream of words that bursts forth, is checked, and keeps on starting afresh. Once more we have the vision of one stubborn force, counteracted by another, equally pertinacious. This vision, however, will have discarded a portion of its materiality. No longer is it Punch and Judy that we are watching, but rather a real comedy.

Many a comic scene may indeed be referred to this simple type. For instance, in the scene of the Mariage force between Sganarelle and Pancrace, the entire vis comica lies in the conflict set up between the idea of Sganarelle, who wishes to make the philosopher listen to him, and the obstinacy of the philosopher, a regular talking-machine working automatically. As the scene progresses, the image of the Jack-in-the-box becomes more apparent, so that at last the characters themselves adopt its movements,--Sganarelle pushing Pancrace, each time he shows himself, back into the wings, Pancrace returning to the stage after each repulse to continue his patter. And when Sganarelle finally drives Pancrace back and shuts him up inside the house--inside the box, one is tempted to say--a window suddenly flies open, and the head of the philosopher again appears as though it had burst open the lid of a box.

The same by-play occurs in the Malade Imaginaire. Through the mouth of Monsieur Purgon the outraged medical profession pours out its vials of wrath upon Argan, threatening him with every disease that flesh is heir to. And every time Argan rises from his seat, as though to silence Purgon, the latter disappears for a moment, being, as it were, thrust back into the wings; then, as though Impelled by a spring, he rebounds on to the stage with a fresh curse on his lips. The self-same exclamation: "Monsieur Purgon!" recurs at regular beats, and, as it were, marks the TEMPO of this little scene.

Let us scrutinise more closely the image of the spring which is bent, released, and bent again. Let us disentangle its central element, and we shall hit upon one of the usual processes of classic comedy,--REPETITION.

Why is it there is something comic in the repetition of a word on the stage? No theory of the ludicrous seems to offer a satisfactory answer to this very simple question. Nor can an answer be found so long as we look for the explanation of an amusing word or phrase in the phrase or word itself, apart from all it suggests to us. Nowhere will the usual method prove to be so inadequate as here. With the exception, however, of a few special instances to which we shall recur later, the repetition of a word is never laughable in itself. It makes us laugh only because it symbolises a special play of moral elements, this play itself being the symbol of an altogether material diversion. It is the diversion of the cat with the mouse, the diversion of the child pushing back the Jack-in-the-box, time after time, to the bottom of his box,--but in a refined and spiritualised form, transferred to the realm of feelings and ideas. Let us then state the law which, we think, defines the main comic varieties of word-repetition on the stage: IN A COMIC

REPETITION OF WORDS WE GENERALLY FIND TWO TERMS: A REPRESSED FEELING WHICH GOES OFF LIKE A SPRING, AND AN IDEA THAT DELIGHTS IN REPRESSING THE FEELING ANEW.

When Dorine is telling Orgon of his wife's illness, and the latter continually interrupts him with inquiries as to the health of Tartuffe, the question: "Et tartuffe?" repeated every few moments, affords us the distinct sensation of a spring being released. This spring Dorine delights in pushing back, each time she resumes her account of Elmire's illness. And when Scapin informs old Geronte that his son has been taken prisoner on the famous galley, and that a ransom must be paid without delay, he is playing with the avarice of Geronte exactly as Dorine does with the infatuation of Orgon. The old man's avarice is no sooner repressed than up it springs again automatically, and it is this automatism that Moliere tries to indicate by the mechanical repetition of a sentence expressing regret at the money that would have to be forthcoming: "What the deuce did he want in that galley?" The same criticism is applicable to the scene in which Valere points out to Harpagon the wrong he would be doing in marrying his daughter to a man she did not love. "No dowry wanted!" interrupts the miserly Harpagon every few moments. Behind this exclamation, which recurs automatically, we faintly discern a complete repeating-machine set going by a fixed idea.

At times this mechanism is less easy to detect, and here we encounter a fresh difficulty in the theory of the comic. Sometimes the whole interest of a scene lies in one character playing a double part, the intervening speaker acting as a mere prism, so to speak, through which the dual personality is developed. We run the risk, then, of going astray if we look for the secret of the effect in what we see and hear,--in the external scene played by the characters,--and not in the altogether inner comedy of which this scene is no more than the outer refraction. For instance, when Alceste stubbornly repeats the words, "I don't say that!" on Oronte asking him if he thinks his poetry bad, the repetition is laughable, though evidently Oronte is not now playing with Alceste at the game we have just described. We must be careful, however, for, in reality, we have two men in Alceste: on the one hand, the "misanthropist" who has vowed henceforth to call a spade a spade, and on the other the gentleman who cannot unlearn, in a trice, the usual forms of politeness, or even, it may be, just the honest fellow who, when called upon to put his words into practice, shrinks from wounding another's self-esteem or hurting his feelings. Accordingly, the real scene is not between Alceste and Oronte, it is between Alceste and himself. The one Alceste would fain blurt out the truth, and the other stops his mouth just as he is on the point of telling everything. Each "I don't say that!" reveals a growing effort to repress something that strives and struggles to get out. And so the tone in which the phrase is uttered gets more and more violent, Alceste becoming more and more angry--not with Oronte, as he thinks--but with himself. The tension of the spring is continually being renewed and reinforced until it at last goes off with a bang. Here, as elsewhere, we have the same identical mechanism of repetition.

For a man to make a resolution never henceforth to say what he does not think, even though he "openly defy the whole human race," is not necessarily laughable; it is only a phase of life at its highest and best. For another man, through amiability, selfishness, or disdain, to prefer to flatter people is only another phase of life; there is nothing in it to make us laugh. You may even combine these two men into one, and arrange that the individual waver between offensive frankness and delusive politeness, this duel between two opposing feelings will not even then be comic, rather it will appear the essence of seriousness if these two feelings through their very distinctness complete each other, develop side by side, and make up between them a composite mental condition, adopting, in short, a modus vivendi which merely gives us the complex impression of life. But imagine these two feelings as INELASTIC and unvarying elements in a really living man, make him oscillate from one to the other; above all, arrange that this oscillation becomes entirely mechanical by adopting the well-known form of some habitual, simple, childish contrivance: then you will get the image we have so far found in all laughable objects, SOMETHING MECHANICAL IN SOMETHING LIVING; in fact, something comic.

We have dwelt on this first image, the Jack-in-the-box, sufficiently to show how comic fancy gradually converts a material mechanism into a moral one. Now we will consider one or two other games, confining ourselves to their most striking aspects.

2. THE DANCING-JACK.--There are innumerable comedies in which one of the characters thinks he is speaking and acting freely, and, consequently, retains all the essentials of life, whereas, viewed from a certain standpoint, he appears as a mere toy in the hands of another who is playing with him. The transition is easily made, from the dancing-jack which a child works with a string, to Geronte and Argante manipulated by Scapin. Listen to Scapin himself: "The MACHINE is all there"; and again: "Providence has brought them into my net," etc. Instinctively, and because one would rather be a cheat than be cheated, in imagination at all events, the spectator sides with the knaves; and for the rest of the time, like a child who has persuaded his playmate to lend him his doll, he takes hold of the strings himself and makes the marionette come and go on the stage as he pleases. But this latter condition is not indispensable; we can remain outside the pale of what is taking place if only we retain the distinct impression of a mechanical arrangement. This is what happens whenever one of the characters vacillates between two contrary opinions, each in turn

appealing to him, as when Panurge asks Tom, Dick, and Harry whether or no he ought to get married. Note that, in such a case, a comic author is always careful to PERSONIFY the two opposing decisions. For, if there is no spectator, there must at all events be actors to hold the strings.

All that is serious in life comes from our freedom. The feelings we have matured, the passions we have brooded over, the actions we have weighed, decided upon, and carried through, in short, all that comes from us and is our very own, these are the things that give life its ofttimes dramatic and generally grave aspect. What, then, is requisite to transform all this into a comedy? Merely to fancy that our seeming, freedom conceals the strings of a dancing-Jack, and that we are, as the poet says,

... humble marionettes The wires of which are pulled by Fate. [Footnote: ... d'humbles marionnettes Dont le fil est aux mains de la Necessite. SULLY-PRUDHOMME.]

So there is not a real, a serious, or even a dramatic scene that fancy cannot render comic by simply calling forth this image. Nor is there a game for which a wider field lies open.

3. THE SNOW-BALL.--The farther we proceed in this investigation into the methods of comedy, the more clearly we see the part played by childhood's memories. These memories refer, perhaps, less to any special game than to the mechanical device of which that game is a particular instance. The same general device, moreover, may be met with in widely different games, just as the same operatic air is found in many different arrangements and variations. What is here of importance and is retained in the mind, what passes by imperceptible stages from the games of a child to those of a man, is the mental diagram, the skeleton outline of the combination, or, if you like, the abstract formula of which these games are particular illustrations. Take, for instance, the rolling snow-ball, which increases in size as it moves along. We might just as well think of toy soldiers standing behind one another. Push the first and it tumbles down on the second, this latter knocks down the third, and the state of things goes from bad to worse until they all lie prone on the floor. Or again, take a house of cards that has been built up with infinite care: the first you touch seems uncertain whether to move or not, its tottering neighbour comes to a quicker decision, and the work of destruction, gathering momentum as it goes on, rushes headlong to the final collapse.

These instances are all different, but they suggest the same abstract vision, that of an effect which grows by arithmetical progression, so that the cause, insignificant at the outset, culminates by a necessary evolution in a result as important as it is unexpected. Now let us open a children's picture-book; we shall find this arrangement already on the high road to becoming comic. Here, for instance--in one of the comic chap-books picked up by chance--we have a caller rushing violently into a drawing-room; he knocks against a lady, who upsets her cup of tea over an old gentleman, who slips against a glass window which falls in the street on to the head of a constable, who sets the whole police force agog, etc. The same arrangement reappears in many a picture intended for grownup persons. In the "stories without words" sketched by humorous artists we are often shown an object which moves from place to place, and persons who are closely connected with it, so that through a series of scenes a change in the position of the object mechanically brings about increasingly serious changes in the situation of the persons. Let us now turn to comedy. Many a droll scene, many a comedy even, may be referred to this simple type. Read the speech of Chicanneau in the Plaideurs: here we find lawsuits within lawsuits, and the mechanism works faster and faster--Racine produces in us this feeling of increasing acceleration by crowding his law terms ever closer together--until the lawsuit over a truss of hay costs the plaintiff the best part of his fortune. And again the same arrangement occurs in certain scenes of Don Quixote; for instance, in the inn scene, where, by an extraordinary concatenation of circumstances, the mule-driver strikes Sancho, who belabours Maritornes, upon whom the innkeeper falls, etc. Finally, let us pass to the light comedy of to-day. Need we call to mind all the forms in which this same combination appears? There is one that is employed rather frequently. For instance, a certain thing, say a letter, happens to be of supreme importance to a certain person and must be recovered at all costs. This thing, which always vanishes just when you think you have caught it, pervades the entire play, "rolling up" increasingly serious and unexpected incidents as it proceeds. All this is far more like a child's game than appears at first blush. Once more the effect produced is that of the snowball.

It is the characteristic of a mechanical combination to be generally REVERSIBLE. A child is delighted when he sees the ball in a game of ninepins knocking down everything in its way and spreading havoc in all directions; he laughs louder than ever when the ball returns to its starting-point after twists and turns and waverings of every kind. In other words, the mechanism just described is laughable even when rectilinear, it is much more so on becoming circular and when every effort the player makes, by a fatal interaction of cause and effect, merely results in bringing it back to the same spot. Now, a considerable number of light comedies revolve round this idea. An Italian straw hat has been eaten up by a horse. [Footnote: Un Chapeau de paille d'Italie (Labiche).] There is only one other hat like it in the whole of Paris; it MUST be secured regardless of cost. This hat, which always slips away at

the moment its capture seems inevitable, keeps the principal character on the run, and through him all the others who hang, so to say, on to his coat tails, like a magnet which, by a successive series of attractions, draws along in its train the grains of iron filings that hang on to each other. And when at last, after all sorts of difficulties, the goal seems in sight, it is found that the hat so ardently sought is precisely the one that has been eaten. The same voyage of discovery is depicted in another equally well-known comedy of Labiche. [Footnote: La Cagnotte.] The curtain rises on an old bachelor and an old maid, acquaintances of long standing, at the moment of enjoying their daily rubber. Each of them, unknown to the other, has applied to the same matrimonial agency. Through innumerable difficulties, one mishap following on the heels of another, they hurry along, side by side, right through the play, to the interview which brings them back, purely and simply, into each other's presence. We have the same circular effect, the same return to the starting-point, in a more recent play. [Footnote: Les Surprises du divorce.] A henpecked husband imagines he has escaped by divorce from the clutches of his wife and his mother-in-law. He marries again, when, lo and behold, the double combination of marriage and divorce brings back to him his former wife in the aggravated form of a second mother-in-law!

When we think how intense and how common is this type of the comic, we understand why it has fascinated the imagination of certain philosophers. To cover a good deal of ground only to come back unwittingly to the starting-point, is to make a great effort for a result that is nil. So we might be tempted to define the comic in this latter fashion. And such, indeed, seems to be the idea of Herbert Spencer: according to him, laughter is the indication of an effort which suddenly encounters a void. Kant had already said something of the kind: "Laughter is the result of an expectation, which, of a sudden, ends in nothing." No doubt these definitions would apply to the last few examples given, although, even then, the formula needs the addition of sundry limitations, for we often make an ineffectual effort which is in no way provocative of laughter. While, however, the last few examples are illustrations of a great cause resulting in a small effect, we quoted others, immediately before, which might be defined inversely as a great effect springing from a small cause. The truth is, this second definition has scarcely more validity than the first. Lack of proportion between cause and effect, whether appearing in one or in the other, is never the direct source of laughter. What we do laugh at is something that this lack of proportion may in certain cases disclose, namely, a particular mechanical arrangement which it reveals to us, as through a glass, at the back of the series of effects and causes. Disregard this arrangement, and you let go the only clue capable of guiding you through the labyrinth of the comic. Any hypothesis you otherwise would select, while possibly applicable to a few carefully chosen cases, is liable at any moment to be met and overthrown by the first unsuitable instance that comes along.

But why is it we laugh at this mechanical arrangement? It is doubtless strange that the history of a person or of a group should sometimes appear like a game worked by strings, or gearings, or springs; but from what source does the special character of this strangeness arise? What is it that makes it laughable? To this question, which we have already propounded in various forms, our answer must always be the same. The rigid mechanism which we occasionally detect, as a foreign body, in the living continuity of human affairs is of peculiar interest to us as being a kind of ABSENTMINDEDNESS on the part of life. Were events unceasingly mindful of their own course, there would be no coincidences, no conjunctures and no circular series; everything would evolve and progress continuously. And were all men always attentive to life, were we constantly keeping in touch with others as well as with ourselves, nothing within us would ever appear as due to the working of strings or springs. The comic is that side of a person which reveals his likeness to a thing, that aspect of human events which, through its peculiar inelasticity, conveys the impression of pure mechanism, of automatism, of movement without life. Consequently it expresses an individual or collective imperfection which calls for an immediate corrective. This corrective is laughter, a social gesture that singles out and represses a special kind of absentmindedness in men and in events.

But this in turn tempts us to make further investigations. So far, we have spent our time in rediscovering, in the diversions of the grownup man, those mechanical combinations which amused him as a child. Our methods, in fact, have been entirely empirical. Let us now attempt to frame a full and methodical theory, by seeking, as it were, at the fountainhead, the changeless and simple archetypes of the manifold and transient practices of the comic stage. Comedy, we said, combines events so as to introduce mechanism into the outer forms of life. Let us now ascertain in what essential characteristics life, when viewed from without, seems to contrast with mere mechanism. We shall only have, then, to turn to the opposite characteristics, in order to discover the abstract formula, this time a general and complete one, for every real and possible method of comedy.

Life presents itself to us as evolution in time and complexity in space. Regarded in time, it is the continuous evolution of a being ever growing older; it never goes backwards and never repeats anything. Considered in space, it exhibits certain coexisting elements so closely interdependent, so exclusively made for one another, that not one of them could, at the same time, belong to two different organisms: each living being is a closed system of phenomena, incapable of interfering with other systems. A continual change of aspect, the irreversibility of the order of phenomena, the perfect individuality of a perfectly self-contained

series: such, then, are the outward characteristics--whether real or apparent is of little moment--which distinguish the living from the merely mechanical. Let us take the counterpart of each of these: we shall obtain three processes which might be called REPETITION, INVERSION, and RECIPROCAL INTERFERENCE OF SERIES. Now, it is easy to see that these are also the methods of light comedy, and that no others are possible.

As a matter of fact, we could discover them, as ingredients of varying importance, in the composition of all the scenes we have just been considering, and, a fortiori, in the children's games, the mechanism of which they reproduce. The requisite analysis would, however, delay us too long, and it is more profitable to study them in their purity by taking fresh examples. Nothing could be easier, for it is in their pure state that they are found both in classic comedy and in contemporary plays.

1. REPETITION.-Our present problem no longer deals, like the preceding one, with a word or a sentence repeated by an individual, but rather with a situation, that is, a combination of circumstances, which recurs several times in its original form and thus contrasts with the changing stream of life. Everyday experience supplies us with this type of the comic, though only in a rudimentary state. Thus, you meet a friend in the street whom you have not seen for an age; there is nothing comic in the situation. If, however, you meet, him again the same day, and then a third and a fourth time, you may laugh at the "coincidence." Now, picture to yourself a series of imaginary events which affords a tolerably fair illusion of life, and within this ever-moving series imagine one and the same scene reproduced either by the same characters or by different ones: again you will have a coincidence, though a far more extraordinary one.

Such are the repetitions produced on the stage. They are the more laughable in proportion as the scene repeated is more complex and more naturally introduced--two conditions which seem mutually exclusive, and which the play-writer must be clever enough to reconcile.

Contemporary light comedy employs this method in every shape and form. One of the best-known examples consists in bringing a group of characters, act after act, into the most varied surroundings, so as to reproduce, under ever fresh circumstances, one and the same series of incidents or accidents more or less symmetrically identical.

In several of Moliere's plays we find one and the same arrangement of events repeated right through the comedy from beginning to end. Thus, the Ecole des femmes does nothing more than reproduce and repeat a single incident in three tempi: first tempo, Horace tells Arnolphe of the plan he has devised to deceive Agnes's guardian, who turns out to be Arnolphe himself; second tempo, Arnolphe thinks he has checkmated the move; third tempo, Agnes contrives that Horace gets all the benefit of Arnolphe's precautionary measures. There is the same symmetrical repetition in the Ecole des marts, in L'Etourdi, and above all in George Dandin, where the same effect in three tempi is again met with: first tempo, George Dandin discovers that his wife is unfaithful; second tempo, he summons his father--and mother-in-law to his assistance; third tempo, it is George Dandin himself, after all, who has to apologise.

At times the same scene is reproduced with groups of different characters. Then it not infrequently happens that the first group consists of masters and the second of servants. The latter repeat in another key a scene already played by the former, though the rendering is naturally less refined. A part of the Depit amoureux is constructed on this plan, as is also Amphitryon. In an amusing little comedy of Benedix, Der Eigensinn, the order is inverted: we have the masters reproducing a scene of stubbornness in which their servants have set the example.

But, quite irrespective of the characters who serve as pegs for the arrangement of symmetrical situations, there seems to be a wide gulf between classic comedy and the theatre of to-day. Both aim at introducing a certain mathematical order into events, while none the less maintaining their aspect of likelihood, that is to say, of life. But the means they employ are different. The majority of light comedies of our day seek to mesmerise directly the mind of the spectator. For, however extraordinary the coincidence, it becomes acceptable from the very fact that it is accepted; and we do accept it, if we have been gradually prepared for its reception. Such is often the procedure adopted by contemporary authors. In Moliere's plays, on the contrary, it is the moods of the persons on the stage, not of the audience, that make repetition seem natural. Each of the characters represents a certain force applied in a certain direction, and it is because these forces, constant in direction, necessarily combine together in the same way, that the same situation is reproduced. Thus interpreted, the comedy of situation is akin to the comedy of character. It deserves to be called classic, if classic art is indeed that which does not claim to derive from the effect more than it has put into the cause.

2. Inversion.--This second method has so much analogy with the first that we will merely define it without insisting on illustrations. Picture to yourself certain characters in a certain situation: if you reverse the situation and invert the roles, you obtain a comic

scene. The double rescue scene in Le Voyage de M. Perrichon belongs to this class. [Footnote: Labiche, "Le Voyage de M. Perrichon."] There is no necessity, however, for both the identical scenes to be played before us. We may be shown only one, provided the other is really in our minds. Thus, we laugh at the prisoner at the bar lecturing the magistrate; at a child presuming to teach its parents; in a word, at everything that comes under the heading of "topsyturvydom." Not infrequently comedy sets before us a character who lays a trap in which he is the first to be caught. The plot of the villain who is the victim of his own villainy, or the cheat cheated, forms the stock-in-trade of a good many plays. We find this even in primitive farce. Lawyer Pathelin tells his client of a trick to outwit the magistrate; the client employs the self-same trick to avoid paying the lawyer. A termagant of a wife insists upon her husband doing all the housework; she has put down each separate item on a "rota." Now let her fall into a copper, her husband will refuse to drag her out, for "that is not down on his 'rota.'" In modern literature we meet with hundreds of variations on the theme of the robber robbed. In every case the root idea involves an inversion of roles, and a situation which recoils on the head of its author.

Here we apparently find the confirmation of a law, some illustrations of which we have already pointed out. When a comic scene has been reproduced a number of times, it reaches the stage of being a classical type or model. It becomes amusing in itself, quite apart from the causes which render it amusing. Henceforth, new scenes, which are not comic de jure, may become amusing de facto, on account of their partial resemblance to this model. They call up in our mind a more or less confused image which we know to be comical. They range themselves in a category representing an officially recognised type of the comic. The scene of the "robber robbed" belongs to this class. It casts over a host of other scenes a reflection of the comic element it contains. In the end it renders comic any mishap that befalls one through one's own fault, no matter what the fault or mishap may be,--nay, an allusion to this mishap, a single word that recalls it, is sufficient. There would be nothing amusing in the saying, "It serves you right, George Dandin," were it not for the comic overtones that take up and re-echo it.

3. We have dwelt at considerable length on repetition and inversion; we now come to the reciprocal interference [Footnote: The word "interference" has here the meaning given to it in Optics, where it indicates the partial superposition and neutralisation, by each other, of two series of light-waves.] of series. This is a comic effect, the precise formula of which is very difficult to disentangle, by reason of the extraordinary variety of forms in which it appears on the stage. Perhaps it might be defined as follows: A situation is invariably comic when it belongs simultaneously to two altogether independent series of events and is capable of being interpreted in two entirely different meanings at the same time.

You will at once think of an equivocal situation. And the equivocal situation is indeed one which permits of two different meanings at the same time, the one merely plausible, which is put forward by the actors, the other a real one, which is given by the public. We see the real meaning of the situation, because care has been taken to show us every aspect of it; but each of the actors knows only one of these aspects: hence the mistakes they make and the erroneous judgments they pass both on what is going on around them and on what they are doing themselves. We proceed from this erroneous judgment to the correct one, we waver between the possible meaning and the real, and it is this mental seesaw between two contrary interpretations which is at first apparent in the enjoyment we derive from an equivocal situation. It is natural that certain philosophers should have been specially struck by this mental instability, and that some of them should regard the very essence of the ludicrous as consisting in the collision or coincidence of two judgments that contradict each other. Their definition, however, is far from meeting every case, and even when it does, it defines--not the principle of the ludicrous, but only one of its more or less distant consequences. Indeed, it is easy to see that the stage-made misunderstanding is nothing but a particular instance of a far more general phenomenon,--the reciprocal interference of independent series, and that, moreover, it is not laughable in itself, but only as a sign of such an interference.

As a matter of fact, each of the characters in every stage-made misunderstanding has his setting in an appropriate series of events which he correctly interprets as far as he is concerned, and which give the key-note to his words and actions. Each of the series peculiar to the several characters develop independently, but at a certain moment they meet under such conditions that the actions and words that belong to one might just as well belong to another. Hence arise the misunderstandings and the equivocal nature of the situation. But this latter is not laughable in itself, it is so only because it reveals the coincidence of the two independent series. The proof of this lies in the fact that the author must be continually taxing his ingenuity to recall our attention to the double fact of independence and coincidence. This he generally succeeds in doing by constantly renewing the vain threat of dissolving partnership between the two coinciding series. Every moment the whole thing threatens to break down, but manages to get patched up again; it is this diversion that excites laughter, far more than the oscillation of the mind between two contradictory ideas. It makes us laugh because it reveals to us the reciprocal interference of two independent series, the real source of the comic effect.

And so the stage-made misunderstanding is nothing more than one particular instance, one means--perhaps the most artificial--of illustrating the reciprocal interference of series, but it is not the only one. Instead of two contemporary series, you might take one series of events belonging to the past and another belonging to the present: if the two series happen to coincide in our imagination, there will be no resulting cross-purposes, and yet the same comic effect will continue to take place. Think of Bonivard, captive in the Castle of Chillon: one series of facts. Now picture to yourself Tartarin, travelling in Switzerland, arrested and imprisoned: second series, independent of the former. Now let Tartarin be manacled to Bonivard's chain, thus making the two stories seem for a moment to coincide, and you will get a very amusing scene, one of the most amusing that Daudet's imagination has pictured. [Tartarin sur les Alpes, by Daudet.] Numerous incidents of the mock-heroic style, if analysed, would reveal the same elements. The transposition from the ancient to the modern--always a laughable one--draws its inspiration from the same idea. Labiche has made use of this method in every shape and form. Sometimes he begins by building up the series separately, and then delights in making them interfere with one another: he takes an independent group--a wedding-party, for instance--and throws them into altogether unconnected surroundings, into which certain coincidences allow of their being foisted for the time being. Sometimes he keeps one and the same set of characters right through the play, but contrives that certain of these characters have something to conceal--have, in fact, a secret understanding on the point--in short, play a smaller comedy within the principal one: at one moment, one of the two comedies is on the point of upsetting the other; the next, everything comes right and the coincidence between the two series is restored. Sometimes, even, he introduces into the actual series a purely immaterial series of events, an inconvenient past, for instance, that some one has an interest in concealing, but which is continually cropping up in the present, and on each occasion is successfully brought into line with situations with which it seemed destined to play havoc. But in every case we find the two independent series, and also their partial coincidence.

We will not carry any further this analysis of the methods of light comedy. Whether we find reciprocal interference of series, inversion, or repetition, we see that the objective is always the same--to obtain what we have called a MECHANISATION of life. You take a set of actions and relations and repeat it as it is, or turn it upside down, or transfer it bodily to another set with which it partially coincides--all these being processes that consist in looking upon life as a repeating mechanism, with reversible action and interchangeable parts. Actual life is comedy just so far as it produces, in a natural fashion, actions of the same kind,--consequently, just so far as it forgets itself, for were it always on the alert, it would be ever-changing continuity, irrevertible progress, undivided unity. And so the ludicrous in events may be defined as absentmindedness in things, just as the ludicrous in an individual character always results from some fundamental absentmindedness in the person, as we have already intimated and shall prove later on. This absentmindedness in events, however, is exceptional. Its results are slight. At any rate it is incurable, so that it is useless to laugh at it. Therefore the idea would never have occurred to any one of exaggerating that absentmindedness, of converting it into a system and creating an art for it, if laughter were not always a pleasure and mankind did not pounce upon the slightest excuse for indulging in it. This is the real explanation of light comedy, which holds the same relation to actual life as does a jointed dancing-doll to a man walking,--being, as it is, an artificial exaggeration of a natural rigidity in things. The thread that binds it to actual life is a very fragile one. It is scarcely more than a game which, like all games, depends on a previously accepted convention. Comedy in character strikes far deeper roots into life. With that kind of comedy we shall deal more particularly in the final portion of our investigation. But we must first analyse a certain type of the comic, in many respects similar to that of light comedy: the comic in words.

II

There may be something artificial in making a special category for the comic in words, since most of the varieties of the comic that we have examined so far were produced through the medium of language. We must make a distinction, however, between the comic EXPRESSED and the comic CREATED by language. The former could, if necessary, be translated from one language into another, though at the cost of losing the greater portion of its significance when introduced into a fresh society different in manners, in literature, and above all in association of ideas. But it is generally impossible to translate the latter. It owes its entire being to the structure of the sentence or to the choice of the words. It does not set forth, by means of language, special cases of absentmindedness in man or in events. It lays stress on lapses of attention in language itself. In this case, it is language itself that becomes comic.

Comic sayings, however, are not a matter of spontaneous generation; if we laugh at them, we are equally entitled to laugh at their author. This latter condition, however, is not indispensable, since the saying or expression has a comic virtue of its own. This is proved by the fact that we find it very difficult, in the majority of these cases, to say whom we are laughing at, although at times we have a dim, vague feeling that there is some one in the background.

Moreover, the person implicated is not always the speaker. Here it seems as though we should draw an important distinction between the WITTY (SPIRITUEL) and the COMIC. A word is said to be comic when it makes us laugh at the person who utters it, and witty when it makes us laugh either at a third party or at ourselves. But in most cases we can hardly make up our minds whether the word is comic or witty. All that we can say is that it is laughable.

Before proceeding, it might be well to examine more closely what is meant by ESPRIT. A witty saying makes us at least smile; consequently, no investigation into laughter would be complete did it not get to the bottom of the nature of wit and throw light on the underlying idea. It is to be feared, however, that this extremely subtle essence is one that evaporates when exposed to the light.

Let us first make a distinction between the two meanings of the word wit ESPRIT, the broader one and the more restricted. In the broader meaning of the word, it would seem that what is called wit is a certain DRAMATIC way of thinking. Instead of treating his ideas as mere symbols, the wit sees them, he hears them and, above all, makes them converse with one another like persons. He puts them on the stage, and himself, to some extent, into the bargain. A witty nation is, of necessity, a nation enamoured of the theatre. In every wit there is something of a poet--just as in every good reader there is the making of an actor. This comparison is made purposely, because a proportion might easily be established between the four terms. In order to read well we need only the intellectual side of the actor's art; but in order to act well one must be an actor in all one's soul and body. In just the same way, poetic creation calls for some degree of self-forgetfulness, whilst the wit does not usually err in this respect. We always get a glimpse of the latter behind what he says and does. He is not wholly engrossed in the business, because he only brings his intelligence into play. So any poet may reveal himself as a wit when he pleases. To do this there will be no need for him to acquire anything; it seems rather as though he would have to give up something. He would simply have to let his ideas hold converse with one another "for nothing, for the mere joy of the thing!" [Footnote: "Pour rien, pour le plaisir" is a quotation from Victor Hugo's Marion Delorme] He would only have to unfasten the double bond which keeps his ideas in touch with his feelings and his soul in touch with life. In short, he would turn into a wit by simply resolving to be no longer a poet in feeling, but only in intelligence.

But if wit consists, for the most part, in seeing things SUB SPECIE THEATRI, it is evidently capable of being specially directed to one variety of dramatic art, namely, comedy. Here we have a more restricted meaning of the term, and, moreover, the only one that interests us from the point of view of the theory of laughter. What is here called WIT is a gift for dashing off comic scenes in a few strokes--dashing them off, however, so subtly, delicately and rapidly, that all is over as soon as we begin to notice them.

Who are the actors in these scenes? With whom has the wit to deal? First of all, with his interlocutors themselves, when his witticism is a direct retort to one of them. Often with an absent person whom he supposes to have spoken and to whom he is replying. Still oftener, with the whole world,--in the ordinary meaning of the term,--which he takes to task, twisting a current idea into a paradox, or making use of a hackneyed phrase, or parodying some quotation or proverb. If we compare these scenes in miniature with one another, we find they are almost always variations of a comic theme with which we are well acquainted, that of the "robber robbed." You take up a metaphor, a phrase, an argument, and turn it against the man who is, or might be, its author, so that he is made to say what he did not mean to say and lets himself be caught, to some extent, in the toils of language. But the theme of the "robber robbed" is not the only possible one. We have gone over many varieties of the comic, and there is not one of them that is incapable of being volatilised into a witticism.

Every witty remark, then, lends itself to an analysis, whose chemical formula, so to say, we are now in a position to state. It runs as follows: Take the remark, first enlarge it into a regular scene, then find out the category of the comic to which the scene evidently belongs: by this means you reduce the witty remark to its simplest elements and obtain a full explanation of it.

Let us apply this method to a classic example. "Your chest hurts me" (J'AI MAL A VOTRE POITRINE) wrote Mme. de Sevigne to her ailing daughter--clearly a witty saying. If our theory is correct, we need only lay stress upon the saying, enlarge and magnify it, and we shall see it expand into a comic scene. Now, we find this very scene, ready made, in the AMOUR MEDECIN of Moliere. The sham doctor, Clitandre, who has been summoned to attend Sganarelle's daughter, contents himself with feeling Sganarelle's own pulse, whereupon, relying on the sympathy there must be between father and daughter, he unhesitatingly concludes: "Your daughter is very ill!" Here we have the transition from the witty to the comical. To complete our analysis, then, all we have to do is to discover what there is comical in the idea of giving a diagnosis of the child after sounding the father or the mother. Well, we know that one essential form of comic fancy lies in picturing to ourselves a living person as a kind of jointed dancing-doll, and that frequently, with the object of inducing us to form this mental picture, we are shown two or more persons speaking and acting as though attached to one another by invisible strings. Is not this the idea here suggested when we are led to materialise, so to speak, the sympathy we postulate as existing between father and daughter?

We now see how it is that writers on wit have perforce confined themselves to commenting on the extraordinary complexity of the things denoted by the term without ever succeeding in defining it. There are many ways of being witty, almost as many as there are of being the reverse. How can we detect what they have in common with one another, unless we first determine the general relationship between the witty and the comic? Once, however, this relationship is cleared up, everything is plain sailing. We then find the same connection between the comic and the witty as exists between a regular scene and the fugitive suggestion of a possible one. Hence, however numerous the forms assumed by the comic, wit will possess an equal number of corresponding varieties. So that the comic, in all its forms, is what should be defined first, by discovering (a task which is already quite difficult enough) the clue that leads from one form to the other. By that very operation wit will have been analysed, and will then appear as nothing more than the comic in a highly volatile state. To follow the opposite plan, however, and attempt directly to evolve a formula for wit, would be courting certain failure. What should we think of a chemist who, having ever so many jars of a certain substance in his laboratory, would prefer getting that substance from the atmosphere, in which merely infinitesimal traces of its vapour are to be found?

But this comparison between the witty and the comic is also indicative of the line we must take in studying the comic in words. On the one hand, indeed, we find there is no essential difference between a word that is comic and one that is witty; on the other hand, the latter, although connected with a figure of speech, invariably calls up the image, dim or distinct, of a comic scene. This amounts to saying that the comic in speech should correspond, point by point, with the comic in actions and in situations, and is nothing more, if one may so express oneself, than their projection on to the plane of words. So let us return to the comic in actions and in situations, consider the chief methods by which it is obtained, and apply them to the choice of words and the building up of sentences. We shall thus have every possible form of the comic in words as well as every variety of wit.

1. Inadvertently to say or do what we have no intention of saying or doing, as a result of inelasticity or momentum, is, as we are aware, one of the main sources of the comic. Thus, absentmindedness is essentially laughable, and so we laugh at anything rigid, ready-made, mechanical in gesture, attitude and even facial expression. Do we find this kind of rigidity in language also? No doubt we do, since language contains ready-made formulas and stereotyped phrases. The man who always expressed himself in such terms would invariably be comic. But if an isolated phrase is to be comic in itself, when once separated from the person who utters it, it must be something more than ready-made, it must bear within itself some sign which tells us, beyond the possibility of doubt, that it was uttered automatically. This can only happen when the phrase embodies some evident absurdity, either a palpable error or a contradiction in terms. Hence the following general rule: A COMIC MEANING IS INVARIABLY OBTAINED WHEN AN ABSURD IDEA IS FITTED INTO A WELL-ESTABLISHED PHRASE-FORM.

"Ce sabre est le plus beau jour de ma vie," said M. Prudhomme. Translate the phrase into English or German and it becomes purely absurd, though it is comic enough in French. The reason is that "le plus beau jour de ma vie" is one of those ready-made phrase-endings to which a Frenchman's ear is accustomed. To make it comic, then, we need only clearly indicate the automatism of the person who utters it. This is what we get when we introduce an absurdity into the phrase. Here the absurdity is by no means the source of the comic, it is only a very simple and effective means of making it obvious.

We have quoted only one saying of M. Prudhomme, but the majority of those attributed to him belong to the same class. M. Prudhomme is a man of ready-made phrases. And as there are ready-made phrases in all languages, M. Prudhomme is always capable of being transposed, though seldom of being translated. At times the commonplace phrase, under cover of which the absurdity slips in, is not so readily noticeable. "I don't like working between meals," said a lazy lout. There would be nothing amusing in the saying did there not exist that salutary precept in the realm of hygiene: "One should not eat between meals."

Sometimes, too, the effect is a complicated one. Instead of one commonplace phrase-form, there are two or three which are dovetailed into each other. Take, for instance, the remark of one of the characters in a play by Labiche, "Only God has the right to kill His fellow-creature." It would seem that advantage is here taken of two separate familiar sayings; "It is God who disposes of the lives of men," and, "It is criminal for a man to kill his fellow-creature." But the two sayings are combined so as to deceive the ear and leave the impression of being one of those hackneyed sentences that are accepted as a matter of course. Hence our attention nods, until we are suddenly aroused by the absurdity of the meaning. These examples suffice to show how one of the most important types of the comic can be projected--in a simplified form--on the plane of speech. We will now proceed to a form which is not so general.

2. "We laugh if our attention is diverted to the physical in a person when it is the moral that is in question," is a law we laid down in the first part of this work. Let us apply it to language. Most words might be said to have a PHYSICAL and a MORAL meaning,

according as they are interpreted literally or figuratively. Every word, indeed, begins by denoting a concrete object or a material action; but by degrees the meaning of the word is refined into an abstract relation or a pure idea. If, then, the above law holds good here, it should be stated as follows: "A comic effect is obtained whenever we pretend to take literally an expression which was used figuratively"; or, "Once our attention is fixed on the material aspect of a metaphor, the idea expressed becomes comic."

In the phrase, "Tous les arts sont freres" (all the arts are brothers), the word "frere" (brother) is used metaphorically to indicate a more or less striking resemblance. The word is so often used in this way, that when we hear it we do not think of the concrete, the material connection implied in every relationship. We should notice it more if we were told that "Tous les arts sont cousins," for the word "cousin" is not so often employed in a figurative sense; that is why the word here already assumes a slight tinge of the comic. But let us go further still, and suppose that our attention is attracted to the material side of the metaphor by the choice of a relationship which is incompatible with the gender of the two words composing the metaphorical expression: we get a laughable result. Such is the well-known saying, also attributed to M. Prudhomme, "Tous les arts (masculine) sont soeurs (feminine)." "He is always running after a joke," was said in Boufflers' presence regarding a very conceited fellow. Had Boufflers replied, "He won't catch it," that would have been the beginning of a witty saying, though nothing more than the beginning, for the word "catch" is interpreted figuratively almost as often as the word "run"; nor does it compel us more strongly than the latter to materialise the image of two runners, the one at the heels of the other. In order that the rejoinder may appear to be a thoroughly witty one, we must borrow from the language of sport an expression so vivid and concrete that we cannot refrain from witnessing the race in good earnest. This is what Boufflers does when he retorts, "I'll back the joke!"

We said that wit often consists in extending the idea of one's interlocutor to the point of making him express the opposite of what he thinks and getting him, so to say, entrapt by his own words. We must now add that this trap is almost always some metaphor or comparison the concrete aspect of which is turned against him. You may remember the dialogue between a mother and her son in the Faux Bonshommes: "My dear boy, gambling on 'Change is very risky. You win one day and lose the next."--"Well, then, I will gamble only every other day." In the same play too we find the following edifying conversation between two company-promoters: "Is this a very honourable thing we are doing? These unfortunate shareholders, you see, we are taking the money out of their very pockets...."--"Well, out of what do you expect us to take it?"

An amusing result is likewise obtainable whenever a symbol or an emblem is expanded on its concrete side, and a pretence is made of retaining the same symbolical value for this expansion as for the emblem itself. In a very lively comedy we are introduced to a Monte Carlo official, whose uniform is covered with medals, although he has only received a single decoration. "You see, I staked my medal on a number at roulette," he said, "and as the number turned up, I was entitled to thirty-six times my stake." This reasoning is very similar to that offered by Giboyer in the Effrontes. Criticism is made of a bride of forty summers who is wearing orange-blossoms with her wedding costume: "Why, she was entitled to oranges, let alone orange-blossoms!" remarked Giboyer.

But we should never cease were we to take one by one all the laws we have stated, and try to prove them on what we have called the plane of language. We had better confine ourselves to the three general propositions of the preceding section. We have shown that "series of events" may become comic either by repetition, by inversion, or by reciprocal interference. Now we shall see that this is also the case with series of words.

To take series of events and repeat them in another key or another environment, or to invert them whilst still leaving them a certain meaning, or mix them up so that their respective meanings jostle one another, is invariably comic, as we have already said, for it is getting life to submit to be treated as a machine. But thought, too, is a living thing. And language, the translation of thought, should be just as living. We may thus surmise that a phrase is likely to become comic if, though reversed, it still makes sense, or if it expresses equally well two quite independent sets of ideas, or, finally, if it has been obtained by transposing an idea into some key other than its own. Such, indeed, are the three fundamental laws of what might be called THE COMIC TRANSFORMATION OF SENTENCES, as we shall show by a few examples.

Let it first be said that these three laws are far from being of equal importance as regards the theory of the ludicrous. INVERSION is the least interesting of the three. It must be easy of application, however, for it is noticeable that, no sooner do professional wits hear a sentence spoken than they experiment to see if a meaning cannot be obtained by reversing it,--by putting, for instance, the subject in place of the object, and the object in place of the subject. It is not unusual for this device to be employed for refuting an idea in more or less humorous terms. One of the characters in a comedy of Labiche shouts out to his neighbour on the floor above, who is in the habit of dirtying his balcony, "What do you mean by emptying your pipe on to my terrace?" The neighbour retorts, "What do you mean by putting your terrace under my pipe?" There is no necessity to dwell upon this kind of wit, instances of which

could easily be multiplied. The RECIPROCAL INTERFERENCE of two sets of ideas in the same sentence is an inexhaustible source of amusing varieties. There are many ways of bringing about this interference, I mean of bracketing in the same expression two independent meanings that apparently tally. The least reputable of these ways is the pun. In the pun, the same sentence appears to offer two independent meanings, but it is only an appearance; in reality there are two different sentences made up of different words, but claiming to be one and the same because both have the same sound. We pass from the pun, by imperceptible stages, to the true play upon words. Here there is really one and the same sentence through which two different sets of ideas are expressed, and we are confronted with only one series of words; but advantage is taken of the different meanings a word may have, especially when used figuratively instead of literally. So that in fact there is often only a slight difference between the play upon words on the one hand, and a poetic metaphor or an illuminating comparison on the other. Whereas an illuminating comparison and a striking image always seem to reveal the close harmony that exists between language and nature, regarded as two parallel forms of life, the play upon words makes us think somehow of a negligence on the part of language, which, for the time being, seems to have forgotten its real function and now claims to accommodate things to itself instead of accommodating itself to things. And so the play upon words always betrays a momentary LAPSE OF ATTENTION in language, and it is precisely on that account that it is amusing.

INVERSION and RECIPROCAL INTERFERENCE, after all, are only a certain playfulness of the mind which ends at playing upon words. The comic in TRANSPOSITION is much more far-reaching. Indeed, transposition is to ordinary language what repetition is to comedy.

We said that repetition is the favourite method of classic comedy. It consists in so arranging events that a scene is reproduced either between the same characters under fresh circumstances or between fresh characters under the same circumstances. Thus we have, repeated by lackeys in less dignified language, a scene already played by their masters. Now, imagine ideas expressed in suitable style and thus placed in the setting of their natural environment. If you think of some arrangement whereby they are transferred to fresh surroundings, while maintaining their mutual relations, or, in other words, if you can induce them to express themselves in an altogether different style and to transpose themselves into another key, you will have language itself playing a comedy--language itself made comic. There will be no need, moreover, actually to set before us both expressions of the same ideas, the transposed expression and the natural one. For we are acquainted with the natural one--the one which we should have chosen instinctively. So it will be enough if the effort of comic invention bears on the other, and on the other alone. No sooner is the second set before us than we spontaneously supply the first. Hence the following general rule: A COMIC EFFECT IS ALWAYS OBTAINABLE BY TRANSPOSING THE NATURE EXPRESSION OF AN IDEA INTO ANOTHER KEY.

The means of transposition are so many and varied, language affords so rich a continuity of themes and the comic is here capable of passing through so great a number of stages, from the most insipid buffoonery up to the loftiest forms of humour and irony, that we shall forego the attempt to make out a complete list. Having stated the rule, we will simply, here and there, verify its main applications.

In the first place, we may distinguish two keys at the extreme ends of the scale, the solemn and the familiar. The most obvious effects are obtained by merely transposing the one into the other, which thus provides us with two opposite currents of comic fancy.

Transpose the solemn into the familiar and the result is parody. The effect of parody, thus defined, extends to instances in which the idea expressed in familiar terms is one that, if only in deference to custom, ought to be pitched in another key. Take as an example the following description of the dawn, quoted by Jean Paul Richter: "The sky was beginning to change from black to red, like a lobster being boiled." Note that the expression of old-world matters in terms of modern life produces the same effect, by reason of the halo of poetry which surrounds classical antiquity.

It is doubtless the comic in parody that has suggested to some philosophers, and in particular to Alexander Bain, the idea of defining the comic, in general, as a species of DEGRADATION. They describe the laughable as causing something to appear mean that was formerly dignified. But if our analysis is correct, degradation is only one form of transposition, and transposition itself only one of the means of obtaining laughter. There is a host of others, and the source of laughter must be sought for much further back. Moreover, without going so far, we see that while the transposition from solemn to trivial, from better to worse, is comic, the inverse transposition may be even more so.

It is met with as often as the other, and, apparently, we may distinguish two main forms of it, according as it refers to the PHYSICAL DIMENSIONS of an object or to its MORAL VALUE.

To speak of small things as though they were large is, in a general way, TO EXAGGERATE. Exaggeration is always comic when prolonged, and especially when systematic; then, indeed, it appears as one method of transposition. It excites so much laughter that some writers have been led to define the comic as exaggeration, just as others have defined it as degradation. As a matter of fact, exaggeration, like degradation, is only one form of one kind of the comic. Still, it is a very striking form. It has given birth to the mock-heroic poem, a rather old-fashioned device, I admit, though traces of it are still to be found in persons inclined to exaggerate methodically. It might often be said of braggadocio that it is its mock-heroic aspect which makes us laugh.

Far more artificial, but also far more refined, is the transposition upwards from below when applied to the moral value of things, not to their physical dimensions. To express in reputable language some disreputable idea, to take some scandalous situation, some low-class calling or disgraceful behaviour, and describe them in terms of the utmost "RESPECTABILITY," is generally comic. The English word is here purposely employed, as the practice itself is characteristically English. Many instances of it may be found in Dickens and Thackeray, and in English literature generally. Let us remark, in passing, that the intensity of the effect does not here depend on its length. A word is sometimes sufficient, provided it gives us a glimpse of an entire system of transposition accepted in certain social circles and reveals, as it were, a moral organisation of immorality. Take the following remark made by an official to one of his subordinates in a novel of Gogol's, "Your peculations are too extensive for an official of your rank."

Summing up the foregoing, then, there are two extreme terms of comparison, the very large and the very small, the best and the worst, between which transposition may be effected in one direction or the other. Now, if the interval be gradually narrowed, the contrast between the terms obtained will be less and less violent, and the varieties of comic transposition more and more subtle.

The most common of these contrasts is perhaps that between the real and the ideal, between what is and what ought to be. Here again transposition may take place in either direction. Sometimes we state what ought to be done, and pretend to believe that this is just what is actually being done; then we have IRONY. Sometimes, on the contrary, we describe with scrupulous minuteness what is being done, and pretend to believe that this is just what ought to be done; such is often the method of HUMOUR. Humour, thus denned, is the counterpart of irony. Both are forms of satire, but irony is oratorical in its nature, whilst humour partakes of the scientific. Irony is emphasised the higher we allow ourselves to be uplifted by the idea of the good that ought to be: thus irony may grow so hot within us that it becomes a kind of high-pressure eloquence. On the other hand, humour is the more emphasised the deeper we go down into an evil that actually is, in order t o set down its details in the most cold-blooded indifference. Several authors, Jean Paul amongst them, have noticed that humour delights in concrete terms, technical details, definite facts. If our analysis is correct, this is not an accidental trait of humour, it is its very essence. A humorist is a moralist disguised as a scientist, something like an anatomist who practises dissection with the sole object of filling us with disgust; so that humour, in the restricted sense in which we are here regarding the word, is really a transposition from the moral to the scientific.

By still further curtailing the interval between the terms transposed, we may now obtain more and more specialised types of comic transpositions. Thus, certain professions have a technical vocabulary: what a wealth of laughable results have been obtained by transposing the ideas of everyday life into this professional jargon! Equally comic is the extension of business phraseology to the social relations of life,--for instance, the phrase of one of Labiche's characters in allusion to an invitation he has received, "Your kindness of the third ult.," thus transposing the commercial formula, "Your favour of the third instant." This class of the comic, moreover, may attain a special profundity of its own when it discloses not merely a professional practice, but a fault in character. Recall to mind the scenes in the Faux Bonshommes and the Famille Benoiton, where marriage is dealt with as a business affair, and matters of sentiment are set down in strictly commercial language.

Here, however, we reach the point at which peculiarities of language really express peculiarities of character, a closer investigation of which we must hold over to the next chapter. Thus, as might have been expected and may be seen from the foregoing, the comic in words follows closely on the comic in situation and is finally merged, along with the latter, in the comic in character. Language only attains laughable results because it is a human product, modelled as exactly as possible on the forms of the human mind. We feel it contains some living element of our own life; and if this life of language were complete and perfect, if there were nothing stereotype in it, if, in short, language were an absolutely unified organism incapable of being split up into independent organisms, it would evade the comic as would a soul whose life was one harmonious whole, unruffled as the calm surface of a peaceful lake. There is no pool, however, which has not some dead leaves floating on its surface, no human soul upon which there do not settle habits that make it rigid against itself by making it rigid against others, no language, in short, so subtle and instinct with life, so fully alert in each of its parts as to eliminate the ready-made and oppose the mechanical operations of inversion, transposition, etc., which one would fain perform upon it as on some lifeless thing. The rigid, the ready--made, the mechanical, in contrast with the supple, the ever-changing and the living, absentmindedness in contrast with attention, in a word, automatism in contrast with free

activity, such are the defects that laughter singles out and would fain correct. We appealed to this idea to give us light at the outset, when starting upon the analysis of the ludicrous. We have seen it shining at every decisive turning in our road. With its help, we shall now enter upon a more important investigation, one that will, we hope, be more instructive. We purpose, in short, studying comic characters, or rather determining the essential conditions of comedy in character, while endeavouring to bring it about that this study may contribute to a better understanding of the real nature of art and the general relation between art and life.

CHAPTER III

THE COMIC IN CHARACTER

I

We have followed the comic along many of its winding channels in an endeavour to discover how it percolates into a form, an attitude, or a gesture; a situation, an action, or an expression. The analysis of comic CHARACTERS has now brought us to the most important part of our task. It would also be the most difficult, had we yielded to the temptation of defining the laughable by a few striking--and consequently obvious--examples; for then, in proportion as we advanced towards the loftiest manifestations of the comic, we should have found the facts slipping between the over-wide meshes of the definition intended to retain them. But, as a matter of fact, we have followed the opposite plan, by throwing light on the subject from above. Convinced that laughter has a social meaning and import, that the comic expresses, above all else, a special lack of adaptability to society, and that, in short, there is nothing comic apart from man, we have made man and character generally our main objective. Our chief difficulty, therefore, has lain in explaining how we come to laugh at anything else than character, and by what subtle processes of fertilisation, combination or amalgamation, the comic can worm its way into a mere movement, an impersonal situation, or an independent phrase. This is what we have done so far. We started with the pure metal, and all our endeavours have been directed solely towards reconstructing the ore. It is the metal itself we are now about to study. Nothing could be easier, for this time we have a simple element to deal with. Let us examine it closely and see how it reacts upon everything else.

There are moods, we said, which move us as soon us as soon as we perceive them, joys and sorrows with which we sympathise, passions and vices which call forth painful astonishment, terror or pity, in the beholder; in short, sentiments that are prolonged in sentimental overtones from mind to mind. All this concerns the essentials of life. All this is serious, at times even tragic. Comedy can only begin at the point where our neighbour's personality ceases to affect us. It begins, in fact, with what might be called a growing callousness to social life. Any individual is comic who automatically goes his own way without troubling himself about getting into touch with the rest of his fellow-beings. It is the part of laughter to reprove his absentmindedness and wake him out of his dream. If it is permissible to compare important things with trivial ones, we would call to mind what happens when a youth enters one of our military academies. After getting through the dreaded ordeal of the examination, he finds the has other ordeals to face, which his seniors have arranged with the object of fitting him for the new life he is entering upon, or, as they say, of "breaking him into harness." Every small society that forms within the larger is thus impelled, by a vague kind of instinct, to devise some method of discipline or "breaking in," so as to deal with the rigidity of habits that have been formed elsewhere and have now to undergo a partial modification. Society, properly so-called, proceeds in exactly the same way. Each member must be ever attentive to his social surroundings; he must model himself on his environment; in short, he must avoid shutting himself up in his own peculiar character as a philosopher in his ivory tower. Therefore society holds suspended over each individual member, if not the threat of correction, at all events the prospect of a snubbing, which, although it is slight, is none the less dreaded. Such must be the function of laughter. Always rather humiliating for the one against whom it is directed, laughter is, really and truly, a kind of social "ragging."

Hence the equivocal nature of the comic. It belongs neither altogether to art nor altogether to life. On the one hand, characters in real life would never make us laugh were we not capable of watching their vagaries in the same way as we look down at a play from our seat in a box; they are only comic in our eyes because they perform a kind of comedy before us. But, on the other hand, the pleasure caused by laughter, even on the stage, is not an unadulterated enjoyment; it is not a pleasure that is exclusively esthetic or altogether disinterested. It always implies a secret or unconscious intent, if not of each one of us, at all events of society as a whole. In laughter we always find an unavowed intention to humiliate, and consequently to correct our neighbour, if not in his will, at least in his deed. This is the reason a comedy is far more like real life than a drama is. The more sublime the drama, the more profound the analysis to which the poet has had to subject the raw materials of daily life in order to obtain the tragic element in its unadulterated form. On the contrary, it is only in its lower aspects, in light comedy and farce, that comedy is in striking contrast

to reality: the higher it rises, the more it approximates to life; in fact, there are scenes in real life so closely bordering on high-class comedy that the stage might adopt them without changing a single word.

Hence it follows that the elements of comic character on the stage and in actual life will be the same. What are these elements? We shall find no difficulty in deducing them. It has often been said that it is the TRIFLING faults of our fellow-men that make us laugh.

Evidently there is a considerable amount of truth in this opinion; still, it cannot be regarded as altogether correct. First, as regards faults, it is no easy matter to draw the line between the trifling and the serious; maybe it is not because a fault is trifling that it makes us laugh, but rather because it makes us laugh that we regard it as trifling, for there is nothing disarms us like laughter. But we may go even farther, and maintain that there are faults at which we laugh, even though fully aware that they are serious,--Harpagon's avarice, for instance. And then, we may as well confess--though somewhat reluctantly--that we laugh not only at the faults of our fellow-men, but also, at times, at their good qualities. We laugh at Alceste. The objection may be urged that it is not the earnestness of Alceste that is ludicrous, but rather the special aspect which earnestness assumes in his case, and, in short, a certain eccentricity that mars it in our eyes. Agreed; but it is none the less true that this eccentricity in Alceste, at which we laugh, MAKES HIS EARNESTNESS LAUGHABLE, and that is the main point. So we may conclude that the ludicrous is not always an indication of a fault, in the moral meaning of the word, and if critics insist on seeing a fault, even though a trifling one, in the ludicrous, they must point out what it is here that exactly distinguishes the trifling from the serious.

The truth is, the comic character may, strictly speaking, be quite in accord with stern morality. All it has to do is to bring itself into accord with society. The character of Alceste is that of a thoroughly honest man. But then he is unsociable, and, on that very account, ludicrous. A flexible vice may not be so easy to ridicule as a rigid virtue. It is rigidity that society eyes with suspicion. Consequently, it is the rigidity of Alceste that makes us laugh, though here rigidity stands for honesty. The man who withdraws into himself is liable to ridicule, because the comic is largely made up of this very withdrawal. This accounts for the comic being so frequently dependent on the manners or ideas, or, to put it bluntly, on the prejudices, of a society.

It must be acknowledged, however, to the credit of mankind, that there is no essential difference between the social ideal and the rule, that it is the faults of others that make us laugh, provided we add that they make us laugh by reason of their UNSOCIABILITY rather than of their IMMORALITY. What, then, are the faults capable of becoming ludicrous, and in what circumstances do we regard them as being too serious to be laughed at?

We have already given an implicit answer to this question. The comic, we said, appeals to the intelligence, pure and simple; laughter is incompatible with emotion. Depict some fault, however trifling, in such a way as to arouse sympathy, fear, or pity; the mischief is done, it is impossible for us to laugh. On the other hand, take a downright vice,--even one that is, generally speaking, of an odious nature,--you may make it ludicrous if, by some suitable contrivance, you arrange so that it leaves our emotions unaffected. Not that the vice must then be ludicrous, but it MAY, from that time forth, become so. IT MUST NOT AROUSE OUR FEELINGS; that is the sole condition really necessary, though assuredly it is not sufficient.

But, then, how will the comic poet set to work to prevent our feelings being moved? The question is an embarrassing one. To clear it up thoroughly, we should have to enter upon a rather novel line of investigation, to analyse the artificial sympathy which we bring with us to the theatre, and determine upon the circumstances in which we accept and those in which we refuse to share imaginary joys and sorrows. There is an art of lulling sensibility to sleep and providing it with dreams, as happens in the case of a mesmerised person. And there is also an art of throwing a wet blanket upon sympathy at the very moment it might arise, the result being that the situation, though a serious one, is not taken seriously. This latter art would appear to be governed by two methods, which are applied more or less unconsciously by the comic poet. The first consists in ISOLATING, within the soul of the character, the feeling attributed to him, and making it a parasitic organism, so to speak, endowed with an independent existence. As a general rule, an intense feeling successively encroaches upon all other mental states and colours them with its own peculiar hue; if, then, we are made to witness this gradual impregnation, we finally become impregnated ourselves with a corresponding emotion. To employ a different image, an emotion may be said to be dramatic and contagious when all the harmonics in it are heard along with the fundamental note. It is because the actor thus thrills throughout his whole being that the spectators themselves feel the thrill. On the contrary, in the case of emotion that leaves us indifferent and that is about to become comic, there is always present a certain rigidity which prevents it from establishing a connection with the rest of the soul in which it has taken up its abode. This rigidity may be manifested, when the time comes, by puppet-like movements, and then it will provoke laughter; but, before that, it had already alienated our sympathy: how can we put ourselves in tune with a soul which is not in tune with itself? In Moliere's L'Avare we have a scene bordering upon drama. It is the one in which the borrower and the usurer, who have never seen each other, meet face to

face and find that they are son and father. Here we should be in the thick of a drama, if only greed and fatherly affection, conflicting with each other in the soul of Harpagon, had effected a more or less original combination. But such is not the case. No sooner has the interview come to an end than the father forgets everything. On meeting his son again he barely alludes to the scene, serious though it has been: "You, my son, whom I am good enough to forgive your recent escapade, etc." Greed has thus passed close to all other feelings ABSENTMINDEDLY, without either touching them or being touched. Although it has taken up its abode in the soul and become master of the house, none the less it remains a stranger. Far different would be avarice of a tragic sort. We should find it attracting and absorbing, transforming and assimilating the divers energies of the man: feelings and affections, likes and dislikes, vices and virtues, would all become something into which avarice would breathe a new kind of life. Such seems to be the first essential difference between high-class comedy and drama.

There is a second, which is far more obvious and arises out of the first. When a mental state is depicted to us with the object of making it dramatic, or even merely of inducing us to take it seriously, it gradually crystallises into ACTIONS which provide the real measure of its greatness. Thus, the miser orders his whole life with a view to acquiring wealth, and the pious hypocrite, though pretending to have his eyes fixed upon heaven, steers most skilfully his course here below. Most certainly, comedy does not shut out calculations of this kind; we need only take as an example the very machinations of Tartuffe. But that is what comedy has in common with drama; and in order to keep distinct from it, to prevent our taking a serious action seriously, in short, in order to prepare us for laughter, comedy utilises a method, the formula of which may be given as follows: INSTEAD OF CONCENTRATING OUR ATTENTION ON ACTIONS, COMEDY DIRECTS IT RATHER TO GESTURES. By GESTURES we here mean the attitudes, the movements and even the language by which a mental state expresses itself outwardly without any aim or profit, from no other cause than a kind of inner itching. Gesture, thus defined, is profoundly different from action. Action is intentional or, at any rate, conscious; gesture slips out unawares, it is automatic. In action, the entire person is engaged; in gesture, an isolated part of the person is expressed, unknown to, or at least apart from, the whole of the personality. Lastly--and here is the essential point--action is in exact proportion to the feeling that inspires it: the one gradually passes into the other, so that we may allow our sympathy or our aversion to glide along the line running from feeling to action and become increasingly interested. About gesture, however, there is something explosive, which awakes our sensibility when on the point of being lulled to sleep and, by thus rousing us up, prevents our taking matters seriously. Thus, as soon as our attention is fixed on gesture and not on action, we are in the realm of comedy. Did we merely take his actions into account, Tartuffe would belong to drama: it is only when we take his gestures into consideration that we find him comic. You may remember how he comes on to the stage with the words: "Laurent, lock up my hair-shirt and my scourge." He knows Dorine is listening to him, but doubtless he would say the same if she were not there. He enters so thoroughly into the role of a hypocrite that he plays it almost sincerely. In this way, and this way only, can he become comic. Were it not for this material sincerity, were it not for the language and attitudes that his long-standing experience as a hypocrite has transformed into natural gestures, Tartuffe would be simply odious, because we should only think of what is meant and willed in his conduct. And so we see why action is essential in drama, but only accessory in comedy. In a comedy, we feel any other situation might equally well have been chosen for the purpose of introducing the character; he would still have been the same man though the situation were different. But we do not get this impression in a drama. Here characters and situations are welded together, or rather, events form part and parcel with the persons, so that were the drama to tell us a different story, even though the actors kept the same names, we should in reality be dealing with other persons.

To sum up, whether a character is good or bad is of little moment: granted he is unsociable, he is capable of becoming comic. We now see that the seriousness of the case is of no importance either: whether serious or trifling, it is still capable of making us laugh, provided that care be taken not to arouse our emotions. Unsociability in the performer and insensibility in the spectator--such, in a word, are the two essential conditions. There is a third, implicit in the other two, which so far it has been the aim of our analysis to bring out.

This third condition is automatism. We have pointed it out from the outset of this work, continually drawing attention to the following point: what is essentially laughable is what is done automatically. In a vice, even in a virtue, the comic is that element by which the person unwittingly betrays himself--the involuntary gesture or the unconscious remark. Absentmindedness is always comical. Indeed, the deeper the absentmindedness the higher the comedy. Systematic absentmindedness, like that of Don Quixote, is the most comical thing imaginable: it is the comic itself, drawn as nearly as possible from its very source. Take any other comic character: however unconscious he may be of what he says or does, he cannot be comical unless there be some aspect of his person of which he is unaware, one side of his nature which he overlooks; on that account alone does he make us laugh. [Footnote: When the humorist laughs at himself, he is really acting a double part; the self who laughs is indeed conscious, but not the self who is laughed at.] Profoundly comic sayings are those artless ones in which some vice reveals itself in all its nakedness: how could it

thus expose itself were it capable of seeing itself as it is? It is not uncommon for a comic character to condemn in general terms a certain line of conduct and immediately afterwards afford an example of it himself: for instance, M. Jourdain's teacher of philosophy flying into a passion after inveighing against anger; Vadius taking a poem from his pocket after heaping ridicule on readers of poetry, etc. What is the object of such contradictions except to help us to put our finger on the obliviousness of the characters to their own actions? Inattention to self, and consequently to others, is what we invariably find. And if we look at the matter closely, we see that inattention is here equivalent to what we have called unsociability. The chief cause of rigidity is the neglect to look around--and more especially within oneself: how can a man fashion his personality after that of another if he does not first study others as well as himself? Rigidity, automatism, absent-mindedness and unsociability are all inextricably entwined; and all serve as ingredients to the making up of the comic in character.

In a word, if we leave on one side, when dealing with human personality, that portion which interests our sensibility or appeals to our feeling, all the rest is capable of becoming comic, and the comic will be proportioned to the rigidity. We formulated this idea at the outset of this work. We have verified it in its main results, and have just applied it to the definition of comedy. Now we must get to closer quarters, and show how it enables us to delimitate the exact position comedy occupies among all the other arts. In one sense it might be said that all character is comic, provided we mean by character the ready-made element in our personality, that mechanical element which resembles a piece of clockwork wound up once for all and capable of working automatically. It is, if you will, that which causes us to imitate ourselves. And it is also, for that very reason, that which enables others to imitate us. Every comic character is a type. Inversely, every resemblance to a type has something comic in it. Though we may long have associated with an individual without discovering anything about him to laugh at, still, if advantage is t taken of some accidental analogy to dub him with the name of a famous hero of romance or drama, he will in our eyes border upon the ridiculous, if only for a moment. And yet this hero of romance may not be a comic character at all. But then it is comic to be like him. It is comic to wander out of one's own self. It is comic to fall into a ready-made category. And what is most comic of all is to become a category oneself into which others will fall, as into a ready-made frame; it is to crystallise into a stock character.

Thus, to depict characters, that is to say, general types, is the object of high-class comedy. This has often been said. But it is as well to repeat it, since there could be no better definition of comedy. Not only are we entitled to say that comedy gives us general types, but we might add that it is the ONLY one of all the arts that aims at the general; so that once this objective has been attributed to it, we have said all that it is and all that the rest cannot be. To prove that such is really the essence of comedy, and that it is in this respect opposed to tragedy, drama and the other forms of art, we should begin by defining art in its higher forms: then, gradually coming down to comic poetry, we should find that this latter is situated on the border-line between art and life, and that, by the generality of its subject-matter, it contrasts with the rest of the arts. We cannot here plunge into so vast a subject of investigation; but we needs must sketch its main outlines, lest we overlook what, to our mind, is essential on the comic stage.

What is the object of art? Could reality come into direct contact with sense and consciousness, could we enter into immediate communion with things and with ourselves, probably art would be useless, or rather we should all be artists, for then our soul would continually vibrate in perfect accord with nature. Our eyes, aided by memory, would carve out in space and fix in time the most inimitable of pictures. Hewn in the living marble of the human form, fragments of statues, beautiful as the relics of antique statuary, would strike the passing glance. Deep in our souls we should hear the strains of our inner life's unbroken melody,--a music that is ofttimes gay, but more frequently plaintive and always original. All this is around and within us, and yet no whit of it do we distinctly perceive. Between nature and ourselves, nay, between ourselves and our own consciousness a veil is interposed: a veil that is dense and opaque for the common herd,--thin, almost transparent, for the artist and the poet. What fairy wove that veil? Was it done in malice or in friendliness? We had to live, and life demands that we grasp things in their relations to our own needs. Life is action. Life implies the acceptance only of the UTILITARIAN side of things in order to respond to them by appropriate reactions: all other impressions must be dimmed or else reach us vague and blurred. I look and I think I see, I listen and I think I hear, I examine myself and I think I am reading the very depths of my heart. But what I see and hear of the outer world is purely and simply a selection made by my senses to serve as a light to my conduct; what I know of myself is what comes to the surface, what participates in my actions. My senses and my consciousness, therefore, give me no more than a practical simplification of reality. In the vision they furnish me of myself and of things, the differences that are useless to man are obliterated, the resemblances that are useful to him are emphasised; ways are traced out for me in advance, along which my activity is to travel. These ways are the ways which all mankind has trod before me. Things have been classified with a view to the use I can derive from them. And it is this classification I perceive, far more clearly than the colour and the shape of things. Doubtless man is vastly superior to the lower animals in this respect. It is not very likely that the eye of a wolf makes any distinction between a kid and a lamb; both appear t o the wolf as the same identical quarry, alike easy to pounce upon, alike good to devour. We, for our part, make a distinction between

a goat and a sheep; but can we tell one goat from another, one sheep from another? The INDIVIDUALITY of things or of beings escapes us, unless it is materially to our advantage to perceive it. Even when we do take note of it--as when we distinguish one man from another--it is not the individuality itself that the eye grasps, i.e., an entirely original harmony of forms and colours, but only one or two features that will make practical recognition easier.

In short, we do not see the actual things themselves; in most cases we confine ourselves to reading the labels affixed to them. This tendency, the result of need, has become even more pronounced under the influence of speech; for words--with the exception of proper nouns--all denote genera. The word, which only takes note of the most ordinary function and commonplace aspect of the thing, intervenes between it and ourselves, and would conceal its form from our eyes, were that form not already masked beneath the necessities that brought the word into existence. Not only external objects, but even our own mental states, are screened from us in their inmost, their personal aspect, in the original life they possess. When we feel love or hatred, when we are gay or sad, is it really the feeling itself that reaches our consciousness with those innumerable fleeting shades of meaning and deep resounding echoes that make it something altogether our own? We should all, were it so, be novelists or poets or musicians. Mostly, however, we perceive nothing but the outward display of our mental state. We catch only the impersonal aspect of our feelings, that aspect which speech has set down once for all because it is almost the same, in the same conditions, for all men. Thus, even in our own individual, individuality escapes our ken. We move amidst generalities and symbols, as within a tilt-yard in which our force is effectively pitted against other forces; and fascinated by action, tempted by it, for our own good, on to the field it has selected, we live in a zone midway between things and ourselves, externally to things, externally also to ourselves. From time to time, however, in a fit of absentmindedness, nature raises up souls that are more detached from life. Not with that intentional, logical, systematical detachment--the result of reflection and philosophy--but rather with natural detachment, one innate in the structure of sense or consciousness, which at once reveals itself by a virginal manner, so to speak, of seeing, hearing or thinking. Were this detachment complete, did the soul no longer cleave to action by any of its perceptions, it would be the soul of an artist such as the world has never yet seen. It would excel alike in every art at the same time; or rather, it would fuse them all into one. It would perceive all things in their native purity: the forms, colours, sounds of the physical world as well as the subtlest movements of the inner life. But this is asking too much of nature. Even for such of us as she has made artists, it is by accident, and on one side only, that she has lifted the veil. In one direction only has she forgotten to rivet the perception to the need. And since each direction corresponds to what we call a SENSE--through one of his senses, and through that sense alone, is the artist usually wedded to art. Hence, originally, the diversity of arts. Hence also the speciality of predispositions. This one applies himself to colours and forms, and since he loves colour for colour and form for form, since he perceives them for their sake and not for his own, it is the inner life of things that he sees appearing through their forms and colours. Little by little he insinuates it into our own perception, baffled though we may be at the outset. For a few moments at least, he diverts us from the prejudices of form and colour that come between ourselves and reality. And thus he realises the loftiest ambition of art, which here consists in revealing to us nature. Others, again, retire within themselves. Beneath the thousand rudimentary actions which are the outward and visible signs of an emotion, behind the commonplace, conventional expression that both reveals and conceals an individual mental state, it is the emotion, the original mood, to which they attain in its undefiled essence. And then, to induce us to make the same effort ourselves, they contrive to make us see something of what they have seen: by rhythmical arrangement of words, which thus become organised and animated with a life of their own, they tell us--or rather suggest--things that speech was not calculated to express. Others delve yet deeper still. Beneath these joys and sorrows which can, at a pinch, be translated into language, they grasp something that has nothing in common with language, certain rhythms of life and breath that. are closer to man than his inmost feelings, being the living law--varying with each individual--of his enthusiasm and despair, his hopes and regrets. By setting free and emphasising this music, they force it upon our attention; they compel us, willy-nilly, to fall in with it, like passers-by who join in a dance. And thus they impel us to set in motion, in the depths of our being, some secret chord which was only waiting to thrill. So art, whether it be painting or sculpture, poetry or music, has no other object than to brush aside the utilitarian symbols, the conventional and socially accepted generalities, in short, everything that veils reality from us, in order to bring us face to face with reality itself. It is from a misunderstanding on this point that the dispute between realism and idealism in art has arisen. Art is certainly only a more direct vision of reality. But this purity of perception implies a break with utilitarian convention, an innate and specially localised disinterestedness of sense or consciousness, in short, a certain immateriality of life, which is what has always been called idealism. So that we might say, without in any way playing upon the meaning of the words, that realism is in the work when idealism is in the soul, and that it is only through ideality that we can resume contact with reality.

Dramatic art forms no exception to this law. What drama goes forth to discover and brings to light, is a deep-seated reality that is veiled from us, often in our own interests, by the necessities of life. What is this reality? What are these necessities? Poetry always

expresses inward states. But amongst these states some arise mainly from contact with our fellow-men. They are the most intense as well as the most violent. As contrary electricities attract each other and accumulate between the two plates of the condenser from which the spark will presently flash, so, by simply bringing people together, strong attractions and repulsions take place, followed by an utter loss of balance, in a word, by that electrification of the soul known as passion. Were man to give way to the impulse of his natural feelings, were there neither social nor moral law, these outbursts of violent feeling would be the ordinary rule in life. But utility demands that these outbursts should be foreseen and averted. Man must live in society, and consequently submit to rules. And what interest advises, reason commands: duty calls, and we have to obey the summons. Under this dual influence has perforce been formed an outward layer of feelings and ideas which make for permanence, aim at becoming common to all men, and cover, when they are not strong enough to extinguish it, the inner fire of individual passions. The slow progress of mankind in the direction of an increasingly peaceful social life has gradually consolidated this layer, just as the life of our planet itself has been one long effort to cover over with a cool and solid crust the fiery mass of seething metals. But volcanic eruptions occur. And if the earth were a living being, as mythology has feigned, most likely when in repose it would take delight in dreaming of these sudden explosions, whereby it suddenly resumes possession of its innermost nature. Such is just the kind of pleasure that is provided for us by drama. Beneath the quiet humdrum life that reason and society have fashioned for us, it stirs something within us which luckily does not explode, but which it makes us feel in its inner tension. It offers nature her revenge upon society. Sometimes it makes straight for the goal, summoning up to the surface, from the depths below, passions that produce a general upheaval. Sometimes it effects a flank movement, as is often the case in contemporary drama; with a skill that is frequently sophistical, it shows up the inconsistencies of society; it exaggerates the shams and shibboleths of the social law; and so indirectly, by merely dissolving or corroding the outer crust, it again brings us back to the inner core. But, in both cases, whether it weakens society or strengthens nature, it has the same end in view: that of laying bare a secret portion of ourselves,--what might be called the tragic element in our character.

This is indeed the impression we get after seeing a stirring drama. What has just interested us is not so much what we have been told about others as the glimpse we have caught of ourselves--a whole host of ghostly feelings, emotions and events that would fain have come into real existence, but, fortunately for us, did not. It also seems as if an appeal had been made within us to certain ancestral memories belonging to a far-away past--memories so deep-seated and so foreign to our present life that this latter, for a moment, seems something unreal and conventional, for which we shall have to serve a fresh apprenticeship. So it is indeed a deeper reality that drama draws up from beneath our superficial and utilitarian attainments, and this art has the same end in view as all the others.

Hence it follows that art always aims at what is INDIVIDUAL. What the artist fixes on his canvas is something he has seen at a certain spot, on a certain day, at a certain hour, with a colouring that will never be seen again. What the poet sings of is a certain mood which was his, and his alone, and which will never return. What the dramatist unfolds before us is the life-history of a soul, a living tissue of feelings and events--something, in short, which has once happened and can never be repeated. We may, indeed, give general names to these feelings, but they cannot be the same thing in another soul. They are INDIVIDUALISED. Thereby, and thereby only, do they belong to art; for generalities, symbols or even types, form the current coin of our daily perception. How, then, does a misunderstanding on this point arise?

The reason lies in the fact that two very different things have been mistaken for each other: the generality of things and that of the opinions we come to regarding them. Because a feeling is generally recognised as true, it does not follow that it is a general feeling. Nothing could be more unique than the character of Hamlet. Though he may resemble other men in some respects, it is clearly not on that account that he interests us most. But he is universally accepted and regarded as a living character. In this sense only is he universally true. The same holds good of all the other products of art. Each of them is unique, and yet, if it bear the stamp of genius, it will come to be accepted by everybody. Why will it be accepted? And if it is unique of its kind, by what sign do we know it to be genuine? Evidently, by the very effort it forces us to make against our predispositions in order to see sincerely. Sincerity is contagious. What the artist has seen we shall probably never see again, or at least never see in exactly the same way; but if he has actually seen it, the attempt he has made to lift the veil compels our imitation. His work is an example which we take as a lesson. And the efficacy of the lesson is the exact standard of the genuineness of the work. Consequently, truth bears within itself a power of conviction, nay, of conversion, which is the sign that enables us to recognise it. The greater the work and the more profound the dimly apprehended truth, the longer may the effect be in coming, but, on the other hand, the more universal will that effect tend to become. So the universality here lies in the effect produced, and not in the cause.

Altogether different is the object of comedy. Here it is in the work itself that the generality lies. Comedy depicts characters we have already come across and shall meet with again. It takes note of similarities. It aims at placing types before our eyes. It even creates new types, if necessary. In this respect it forms a contrast to all the other arts.

The very titles of certain classical comedies are significant in themselves. Le Misanthrope, l'Avare, le Joueur, le Distrait, etc., are names of whole classes of people; and even when a character comedy has a proper noun as its title, this proper noun is speedily swept away, by the very weight of its contents, into the stream of common nouns. We say "a Tartuffe," but we should never say "a Phedre" or "a Polyeucte."

Above all, a tragic poet will never think of grouping around the chief character in his play secondary characters to serve as simplified copies, so to speak, of the former. The hero of a tragedy represents an individuality unique of its kind. It may be possible to imitate him, but then we shall be passing, whether consciously or not, from the tragic to the comic. No one is like him, because he is like no one. But a remarkable instinct, on the contrary, impels the comic poet, once he has elaborated his central character, to cause other characters, displaying the same general traits, to revolve as satellites round him. Many comedies have either a plural noun or some collective term as their title. "Les Femmes savantes," "Les Precieuses ridicules," "Le Monde ou l'on s'ennuie," etc., represent so many rallying points on the stage adopted by different groups of characters, all belonging to one identical type. It would be interesting to analyse this tendency in comedy. Maybe dramatists have caught a glimpse of a fact recently brought forward by mental pathology, viz. that cranks of the same kind are drawn, by a secret attraction, to seek each other's company. Without precisely coming within the province of medicine, the comic individual, as we have shown, is in some way absentminded, and the transition from absent-mindedness to crankiness is continuous. But there is also another reason. If the comic poet's object is to offer us types, that is to say, characters capable of self-repetition, how can he set about it better than by showing us, in each instance, several different copies of the same model? That is just what the naturalist does in order to define a species. He enumerates and describes its main varieties.

This essential difference between tragedy and comedy, the former being concerned with individuals and the latter with classes, is revealed in yet another way. It appears in the first draft of the work. From the outset it is manifested by two radically different methods of observation.

Though the assertion may seem paradoxical, a study of other men is probably not necessary to the tragic poet. We find some of the great poets have lived a retiring, homely sort of life, without having a chance of witnessing around them an outburst of the passions they have so faithfully depicted. But, supposing even they had witnessed such a spectacle, it is doubtful whether they would have found it of much use. For what interests us in the work of the poet is the glimpse we get of certain profound moods or inner struggles. Now, this glimpse cannot be obtained from without. Our souls are impenetrable to one another. Certain signs of passion are all that we ever apperceive externally. These we interpret--though always, by the way, defectively--only by analogy with what we have ourselves experienced. So what we experience is the main point, and we cannot become thoroughly acquainted with anything but our own heart--supposing we ever get so far. Does this mean that the poet has experienced what he depicts, that he has gone through the various situations he makes his characters traverse, and lived the whole of their inner life? Here, too, the biographies of poets would contradict such a supposition. How, indeed, could the same man have been Macbeth, Hamlet, Othello, King Lear, and many others? But then a distinction should perhaps here be made between the personality WE HAVE and all those we might have had. Our character is the result of a choice that is continually being renewed. There are points--at all events there seem to be--all along the way, where we may branch off, and we perceive many possible directions though we are unable to take more than one. To retrace one's steps, and follow to the end the faintly distinguishable directions, appears to be the essential element in poetic imagination. Of course, Shakespeare was neither Macbeth, nor Hamlet, nor Othello; still, he MIGHT HAVE BEEN these several characters if the circumstances of the case on the one hand, and the consent of his will on the other, had caused to break out into explosive action what was nothing more than an inner prompting. We are strangely mistaken as to the part played by poetic imagination, if we think it pieces together its heroes out of fragments filched from right and left, as though it were patching together a harlequin's motley. Nothing living would result from that. Life cannot be recomposed; it can only be looked at and reproduced. Poetic imagination is but a fuller view of reality. If the characters created by a poet give us the impression of life, it is only because they are the poet himself,--multiplication or division of the poet,--the poet plumbing the depths of his own nature in so powerful an effort of inner observation that he lays hold of the potential in the real, and takes up what nature has left as a mere outline or sketch in his soul in order to make of it a finished work of art.

Altogether different is the kind of observation from which comedy springs. It is directed outwards. However interested a dramatist may be in the comic features of human nature, he will hardly go, I imagine, to the extent of trying to discover his own. Besides, he

would not find them, for we are never ridiculous except in some point that remains hidden from our own consciousness. It is on others, then, that such observation must perforce be practised. But it; will, for this very reason, assume a character of generality that it cannot have when we apply it to ourselves. Settling on the surface, it will not be more than skin-deep, dealing with persons at the point at which they come into contact and become capable of resembling one another. It will go no farther. Even if it could, it would not desire to do so, for it would have nothing to gain in the process.

To penetrate too far into the personality, to couple the outer effect with causes that are too deep-seated, would mean to endanger and in the end to sacrifice all that was laughable in the effect. In order that we may be tempted to laugh at it, we must localise its cause in some intermediate region of the soul. Consequently, the effect must appear to us as an average effect, as expressing an average of mankind. And, like all averages, this one is obtained by bringing together scattered data, by comparing analogous cases and extracting their essence, in short by a process of abstraction and generalisation similar to that which the physicist brings to bear upon facts with the object of grouping them under laws. In a word, method and object are here of the same nature as in the inductive sciences, in that observation is always external and the result always general.

And so we come back, by a roundabout way, to the double conclusion we reached in the course of our investigations. On the one hand, a person is never ridiculous except through some mental attribute resembling absent-mindedness, through something that lives upon him without forming part of his organism, after the fashion of a parasite; that is the reason this state of mind is observable from without and capable of being corrected. But, on the other hand, just because laughter aims at correcting, it is expedient that the correction should reach as great a number of persons as possible. This is the reason comic observation instinctively proceeds to what is general. It chooses such peculiarities as admit of being reproduced and consequently are not indissolubly bound up with the individuality of a single person,--a possibly common sort of uncommonness, so to say,--peculiarities that are held in common. By transferring them to the stage, it creates works which doubtless belong to art in that their only visible aim is to please, but which will be found to contrast with other works of art by reason of their generality and also of their scarcely confessed or scarcely conscious intention to correct and instruct. So we were probably right in saying that comedy lies midway between art and life. It is not disinterested as genuine art is. By organising laughter, comedy accepts social life as a natural environment, it even obeys an impulse of social life. And in this respect it turns its back upon art, which is a breaking away from society and a return to pure nature.

II

Now let us see, in the light of what has gone before, the line to take for creating an ideally comic type of character, comic in itself, in its origin, and in all its manifestations. It must be deep-rooted, so as to supply comedy with inexhaustible matter, and yet superficial, in order that it may remain within the scope of comedy; invisible to its actual owner, for the comic ever partakes of the unconscious, but visible to everybody else, so that it may call forth general laughter, extremely considerate to its own self, so that it may be displayed without scruple, but troublesome to others, so that they may repress it without pity; immediately repressible, so that our laughter may not have been wasted, but sure of reappearing under fresh aspects, so that laughter may always find something to do; inseparable from social life, although insufferable to society; capable--in order that it may assume the greatest imaginable variety of forms--of being tacked on to all the vices and even to a good many virtues. Truly a goodly number of elements to fuse together! But a chemist of the soul, entrusted with this elaborate preparation, would be somewhat disappointed when pouring out the contents of his retort. He would find he had taken a vast deal of trouble to compound a mixture which may be found ready-made and free of expense, for it is as widespread throughout mankind as air throughout nature.

This mixture is vanity. Probably there is not a single failing that is more superficial or more deep-rooted. The wounds it receives are never very serious, and yet they are seldom healed. The services rendered to it are the most unreal of all services, and yet they are the very ones that meet with lasting gratitude. It is scarcely a vice, and yet all the vices are drawn into its orbit and, in proportion as they become more refined and artificial, tend to be nothing more than a means of satisfying it. The outcome of social life, since it is an admiration of ourselves based on the admiration we think we are inspiring in others, it is even more natural, more universally innate than egoism; for egoism may be conquered by nature, whereas only by reflection do we get the better of vanity. It does not seem, indeed, as if men were ever born modest, unless we dub with the name of modesty a sort of purely physical bashfulness, which is nearer to pride than is generally supposed. True modesty can be nothing but a meditation on vanity. It springs from the sight of others' mistakes and the dread of being similarly deceived. It is a sort of scientific cautiousness with respect to what we shall say and think of ourselves. It is made up of improvements and after-touches. In short, it is an acquired virtue.

It is no easy matter to define the point at which the anxiety to become modest may be distinguished from the dread of becoming ridiculous. But surely, at the outset, this dread and this anxiety are one and the same thing. A complete investigation into the illusions of vanity, and into the ridicule that clings to them, would cast a strange light upon the whole theory of laughter. We should find laughter performing, with mathematical regularity, one of its main functions--that of bringing back to complete self-consciousness a certain self-admiration which is almost automatic, and thus obtaining the greatest possible sociability of characters. We should see that vanity, though it is a natural product of social life, is an inconvenience to society, just as certain slight poisons, continually secreted by the human organism, would destroy it in the long run, if they were not neutralised by other secretions. Laughter is unceasingly doing work of this kind. In this respect, it might be said that the specific remedy for vanity is laughter, and that the one failing that is essentially laughable is vanity.

While dealing with the comic in form and movement, we showed how any simple image, laughable in itself, is capable of worming its way into other images of a more complex nature and instilling into them something of its comic essence; thus, the highest forms of the comic can sometimes be explained by the lowest. The inverse process, however, is perhaps even more common, and many coarse comic effects are the direct result of a drop from some very subtle comic element. For instance, vanity, that higher form of the comic, is an element we are prone to look for, minutely though unconsciously, in every manifestation of human activity. We look for it if only to laugh at it. Indeed, our imagination often locates it where it has no business to be. Perhaps we must attribute to this source the altogether coarse comic element in certain effects which psychologists have very inadequately explained by contrast: a short man bowing his head to pass beneath a large door; two individuals, one very tall the other a mere dwarf, gravely walking along arm-in-arm, etc. By scanning narrowly this latter image, we shall probably find that the shorter of the two persons seems as though he were trying TO RAISE HIMSELF to the height of the taller, like the frog that wanted to make itself as large as the ox.

III

It would be quite impossible to go through all the peculiarities of character that either coalesce or compete with vanity in order to force themselves upon the attention of the comic poet. We have shown that all failings may become laughable, and even, occasionally, many a good quality. Even though a list of all the peculiarities that have ever been found ridiculous were drawn up, comedy would manage to add to them, not indeed by creating artificial ones, but by discovering lines of comic development that had hitherto gone unnoticed; thus does imagination isolate ever fresh figures in the intricate design of one and the same piece of tapestry. The essential condition, as we know, is that the peculiarity observed should straightway appear as a kind of CATEGORY into which a number of individuals can step.

Now, there are ready-made categories established by society itself, and necessary to it because it is based on the division of labour. We mean the various trades, public services and professions. Each particular profession impresses on its corporate members certain habits of mind and peculiarities of character in which they resemble each other and also distinguish themselves from the rest. Small societies are thus formed within the bosom of Society at large. Doubtless they arise from the very organisation of Society as a whole. And yet, if they held too much aloof, there would be a risk of their proving harmful to sociability.

Now, it is the business of laughter to repress any separatist tendency. Its function is to convert rigidity into plasticity, to readapt the individual to the whole, in short, to round off the corners wherever they are met with. Accordingly, we here find a species of the comic whose varieties might be calculated beforehand. This we shall call the PROFESSIONAL COMIC.

Instead of taking up these varieties in detail, we prefer to lay stress upon what they have in common. In the forefront we find professional vanity. Each one of M. Jourdain's teachers exalts his own art above all the rest. In a play of Labiche there is a character who cannot understand how it is possible to be anything else than a timber merchant. Naturally he is a timber merchant himself. Note that vanity here tends to merge into SOLEMNITY, in proportion to the degree of quackery there is in the profession under consideration. For it is a remarkable fact that the more questionable an art, science or occupation is, the more those who practise it are inclined to regard themselves as invested with a kind of priesthood and to claim that all should bow before its mysteries. Useful professions are clearly meant for the public, but those whose utility is more dubious can only justify their existence by assuming that the public is meant for them: now, this is just the illusion that lies at the root of solemnity. Almost everything comic in Moliere's doctors comes from this source. They treat the patient as though he had been made for the doctors, and nature herself as an appendage to medicine.

Another form of this comic rigidity is what may be called PROFESSIONAL CALLOUSNESS. The comic character is so tightly jammed into the rigid frame of his functions that he has no room to move or to be moved like other men. Only call to mind the

answer Isabelle receives from Perrin Dandin, the judge, when she asks him how he can bear to look on when the poor wretches are being tortured: Bah! cela fait toujours passer une heure ou deux.

[Footnote: Bah! it always helps to while away an hour or two.]

Does not Tartuffe also manifest a sort of professional callousness when he says--it is true, by the mouth of Orgon: Et je verrais mourir frere, enfants, mere et femme, Que je m'en soucierais autant que de cela!

[Footnote: Let brother, children, mother and wife all die, what should I care!]

The device most in use, however, for making a profession ludicrous is to confine it, so to say, within the four corners of its own particular jargon. Judge, doctor and soldier are made to apply the language of law, medicine and strategy to the everyday affairs of life, as though they had became incapable of talking like ordinary people. As a rule, this kind of the ludicrous is rather coarse. It becomes more refined, however, as we have already said, if it reveals some peculiarity of character in addition to a professional habit. We will instance only Regnard's Joueur, who expresses himself with the utmost originality in terms borrowed from gambling, giving his valet the name of Hector, and calling his betrothed Pallas, du nom connu de la Dame de Pique; [Footnote: Pallas, from the well-known name of the Queen of Spades.] or Moliere's Femmes savantes, where the comic element evidently consists largely in the translation of ideas of a scientific nature into terms of feminine sensibility: "Epicure me plait..." (Epicurus is charming), "J'aime les tourbillons" (I dote on vortices), etc. You have only to read the third act to find that Armande, Philaminte and Belise almost invariably express themselves in this style.

Proceeding further in the same direction, we discover that there is also such a thing as a professional logic, i.e. certain ways of reasoning that are customary in certain circles, which are valid for these circles, but untrue for the rest of the public. Now, the contrast between these two kinds of logic--one particular, the other universal--produces comic effects of a special nature, on which we may advantageously dwell at greater length. Here we touch upon a point of some consequence in the theory of laughter. We propose, therefore, to give the question a wider scope and consider it in its most general aspect.

IV

Eager as we have been to discover the deep-seated cause of the comic, we have so far had to neglect one of its most striking phenomena. We refer to the logic peculiar to the comic character and the comic group, a strange kind of logic, which, in some cases, may include a good deal of absurdity.

Theophile Gautier said that the comic in its extreme form was the logic of the absurd. More than one philosophy of laughter revolves round a like idea. Every comic effect, it is said, implies contradiction in some of its aspects. What makes us laugh is alleged to be the absurd realised in concrete shape, a "palpable absurdity";--or, again, an apparent absurdity, which we swallow for the moment only to rectify it immediately afterwards;--or, better still, something absurd from one point of view though capable of a natural explanation from another, etc. All these theories may contain some portion of the truth; but, in the first place, they apply only to certain rather obvious comic effects, and then, even where they do apply, they evidently take no account of the characteristic element of the laughable, that is, the PARTICULAR KIND of absurdity the comic contains when it does contain something absurd. Is an immediate proof of this desired? You have only to choose one of these definitions and make up effects in accordance with the formula: twice out of every three times there will be nothing laughable in the effect obtained. So we see that absurdity, when met with in the comic, is not absurdity IN GENERAL. It is an absurdity of a definite kind. It does not create the comic; rather, we might say that the comic infuses into it its own particular essence. It is not a cause, but an effect--an effect of a very special kind, which reflects the special nature of its cause. Now, this cause is known to us; consequently we shall have no trouble in understanding the nature of the effect.

Assume, when out for a country walk, that you notice on the top of a hill something that bears a faint resemblance to a large motionless body with revolving arms. So far you do not know what it is, but you begin to search amongst your IDEAS--that is to say, in the present instance, amongst the recollections at your disposal--for that recollection which will best fit in with what you see. Almost immediately the image of a windmill comes into your mind: the object before you is a windmill. No matter if, before leaving the house, you have just been reading fairy-tales telling of giants with enormous arms; for although common sense consists mainly in being able to remember, it consists even more in being able to forget. Common sense represents the endeavour of a mind continually adapting itself anew and changing ideas when it changes objects. It is the mobility of the intelligence conforming exactly to the mobility of things. It is the moving continuity of our attention to life. But now, let us take Don Quixote setting out for the wars.

The romances he has been reading all tell of knights encountering, on the way, giant adversaries. He therefore must needs encounter a giant. This idea of a giant is a privileged recollection which has taken its abode in his mind and lies there in wait, motionless, watching for an opportunity to sally forth and become embodied in a thing. It IS BENT on entering the material world, and so the very first object he sees bearing the faintest resemblance to a giant is invested with the form of one. Thus Don Quixote sees giants where we see windmills. This is comical; it is also absurd. But is it a mere absurdity,--an absurdity of an indefinite kind?

It is a very special inversion of common sense. It consists in seeking to mould things on an idea of one's own, instead of moulding one's ideas on things,--in seeing before us what we are thinking of, instead of thinking of what we see. Good sense would have us leave all our memories in their proper rank and file; then the appropriate memory will every time answer the summons of the situation of the moment and serve only to interpret it. But in Don Quixote, on the contrary, there is one group of memories in command of all the rest and dominating the character itself: thus it is reality that now has to bow to imagination, its only function being to supply fancy with a body. Once the illusion has been created, Don Quixote develops it logically enough in all its consequences; he proceeds with the certainty and precision of a somnambulist who is acting his dream. Such, then, is the origin of his delusions, and such the particular logic which controls this particular absurdity. Now, is this logic peculiar to Don Quixote?

We have shown that the comic character always errs through obstinacy of mind or of disposition, through absentmindedness, in short, through automatism. At the root of the comic there is a sort of rigidity which compels its victims to keep strictly to one path, to follow it straight along, to shut their ears and refuse to listen. In Moliere's plays how many comic scenes can be reduced to this simple type: A CHARACTER FOLLOWING UP HIS ONE IDEA, and continually recurring to it in spite of incessant interruptions! The transition seems to take place imperceptibly from the man who will listen to nothing to the one who will see nothing, and from this latter to the one who sees only what he wants to see. A stubborn spirit ends by adjusting things to its own way of thinking, instead of accommodating its thoughts to the things. So every comic character is on the highroad to the above-mentioned illusion, and Don Quixote furnishes us with the general type of comic absurdity.

Is there a name for this inversion of common sense? Doubtless it may be found, in either an acute or a chronic form, in certain types of insanity. In many of its aspects it resembles a fixed idea. But neither insanity in general, nor fixed ideas in particular, are provocative of laughter: they are diseases, and arouse our pity.

Laughter, as we have seen, is incompatible with emotion. If there exists a madness that is laughable, it can only be one compatible with the general health of the mind,--a sane type of madness, one might say. Now, there is a sane state of the mind that resembles madness in every respect, in which we find the same associations of ideas as we do in lunacy, the same peculiar logic as in a fixed idea. This state is that of dreams. So either our analysis is incorrect, or it must be capable of being stated in the following theorem: Comic absurdity is of the same nature as that of dreams.

The behaviour of the intellect in a dream is exactly what we have just been describing. The mind, enamoured of itself, now seeks in the outer world nothing more than a pretext for realising its imaginations. A confused murmur of sounds still reaches the ear, colours enter the field of vision, the senses are not completely shut in. But the dreamer, instead of appealing to the whole of his recollections for the interpretation of what his senses perceive, makes use of what he perceives to give substance to the particular recollection he favours: thus, according to the mood of the dreamer and the idea that fills his imagination at the time, a gust of wind blowing down the chimney becomes the howl of a wild beast or a tuneful melody. Such is the ordinary mechanism of illusion in dreams.

Now, if comic illusion is similar to dream illusion, if the logic of the comic is the logic of dreams, we may expect to discover in the logic of the laughable all the peculiarities of dream logic. Here, again, we shall find an illustration of the law with which we are well acquainted: given one form of the laughable, other forms that are lacking in the same comic essence become laughable from their outward resemblance to the first. Indeed, it is not difficult to see that any PLAY OF IDEAS may afford us amusement if only it bring back to mind, more or less distinctly, the play of dreamland.

We shall first call attention to a certain general relaxation of the rules of reasoning. The reasonings at which we laugh are those we know to be false, but which we might accept as true were we to hear them in a dream. They counterfeit true reasoning just sufficiently to deceive a mind dropping off to sleep. There is still an element of logic in them, if you will, but it is a logic lacking in tension and, for that very reason, affording us relief from intellectual effort. Many "witticisms" are reasonings of this kind, considerably abridged reasonings, of which we are given only the beginning and the end. Such play upon ideas evolves in the direction of a play upon words in proportion as the relations set up between the ideas become more superficial: gradually we come

to take no account of the meaning of the words we hear, but only of their sound. It might be instructive to compare with dreams certain comic scenes in which one of the characters systematically repeats in a nonsensical fashion what another character whispers in his ear. If you fall asleep with people talking round you, you sometimes find that what they say gradually becomes devoid of meaning, that the sounds get distorted, as it were, and recombine in a haphazard fashion to form in your mind the strangest of meanings, and that you are reproducing between yourself and the different speakers the scene between Petit-Jean and The Prompter. [Footnote: Les Plaideurs (Racine).]

There are also COMIC OBSESSIONS that seem to bear a great resemblance to dream obsessions. Who has not had the experience of seeing the same image appear in several successive dreams, assuming a plausible meaning in each of them, whereas these dreams had no other point in common. Effects of repetition sometimes present this special form on the stage or in fiction: some of them, in fact, sound as though they belonged to a dream. It may be the same with the burden of many a song: it persistently recurs, always unchanged, at the end of every verse, each time with a different meaning.

Not infrequently do we notice in dreams a particular CRESCENDO, a weird effect that grows more pronounced as we proceed. The first concession extorted from reason introduces a second; and this one, another of a more serious nature; and so on till the crowning absurdity is reached. Now, this progress towards the absurd produces on the dreamer a very peculiar sensation. Such is probably the experience of the tippler when he feels himself pleasantly drifting into a state of blankness in which neither reason nor propriety has any meaning for him. Now, consider whether some of Moliere's plays would not produce the same sensation: for instance, Monsieur de Pourceaugnac, which, after beginning almost reasonably, develops into a sequence of all sorts of absurdities. Consider also the Bourgeois gentilhomme, where the different characters seem to allow themselves to be caught up in a very whirlwind of madness as the play proceeds. "If it is possible to find a man more completely mad, I will go and publish it in Rome." This sentence, which warns us that the play is over, rouses us from the increasingly extravagant dream into which, along with M. Jourdain, we have been sinking.

But, above all, there is a special madness that is peculiar to dreams. There are certain special contradictions so natural to the imagination of a dreamer, and so absurd to the reason of a man wide-awake, that it would be impossible to give a full and correct idea of their nature to anyone who had not experienced them. We allude to the strange fusion that a dream often effects between two persons who henceforth form only one and yet remain distinct. Generally one of these is the dreamer himself. He feels he has not ceased to be what he is; yet he has become someone else. He is himself, and not himself. He hears himself speak and sees himself act, but he feels that some other "he" has borrowed his body and stolen his voice. Or perhaps he is conscious of speaking and acting as usual, but he speaks of himself as a stranger with whom he has nothing in common; he has stepped out of his own self. Does it not seem as though we found this same extraordinary confusion in many a comic scene? I am not speaking of Amphitryon, in which play the confusion is perhaps suggested to the mind of the spectator, though the bulk of the comic effect proceeds rather from what we have already called a "reciprocal interference of two series." I am speaking of the extravagant and comic reasonings in which we really meet with this confusion in its pure form, though it requires some looking into to pick it out. For instance, listen to Mark Twain's replies to the reporter who called to interview him:

QUESTION. Isn't that a brother of yours? ANSWER. Oh! yes, yes, yes! Now you remind me of it, that WAS a brother of mine. That's William--BILL we called him. Poor old Bill!

Q. Why? Is he dead, then? A. Ah! well, I suppose so. We never could tell. There was a great mystery about it.

Q. That is sad, very sad. He disappeared, then? A. Well, yes, in a sort of general way. We buried him.

Q. BURIED him! BURIED him, without knowing whether he was dead or not? A. Oh no! Not that. He was dead enough.

Q. Well, I confess that I can't understand this. If you buried him, and you knew he was dead--A. No! no! We only thought he was.

Q. Oh, I see! He came to life again? A. I bet he didn't.

Q. Well, I never heard anything like this. SOMEBODY was dead. SOMEBODY was buried. Now, where was the mystery? A. Ah! that's just it! That's it exactly. You see, we were twins,--defunct and I,--and we got mixed in the bath-tub when we were only two weeks old, and one of us was drowned. But we didn't know which. Some think it was Bill. Some think it was me.

Q. Well, that is remarkable. What do YOU think? A. Goodness knows! I would give whole worlds to know. This solemn, this awful tragedy has cast a gloom over my whole life. But I will tell you a secret now, which I have never revealed to any creature before.

One of us had a peculiar mark,--a large mole on the back of his left hand: that was ME. THAT CHILD WAS THE ONE THAT WAS DROWNED! ... etc., etc.

A close examination will show us that the absurdity of this dialogue is by no means an absurdity of an ordinary type. It would disappear were not the speaker himself one of the twins in the story. It results entirely from the fact that Mark Twain asserts he is one of these twins, whilst all the time he talks as though he were a third person who tells the tale. In many of our dreams we adopt exactly the same method.

V

Regarded from this latter point of view, the comic seems to show itself in a form somewhat different from the one we lately attributed to it. Up to this point, we have regarded laughter as first and foremost a means of correction. If you take the series of comic varieties and isolate the predominant types at long intervals, you will find that all the intervening varieties borrow their comic quality from their resemblance to these types, and that the types themselves are so many models of impertinence with regard to society. To these impertinences society retorts by laughter, an even greater impertinence. So evidently there is nothing very benevolent in laughter. It seems rather inclined to return evil for evil.

But this is not what we are immediately struck by in our first impression of the laughable. The comic character is often one with whom, to begin with, our mind, or rather our body, sympathises. By this is meant that we put ourselves for a very short time in his place, adopt his gestures, words, arid actions, and, if amused by anything laughable in him, invite him, in imagination, to share his amusement with us; in fact, we treat him first as a playmate. So, in the laugher we find a "hail-fellow-well-met" spirit--as far, at least, as appearances go--which it would be wrong of us not to take into consideration. In particular, there is in laughter a movement of relaxation which has often been noticed, and the reason of which we must try to discover. Nowhere is this impression more noticeable than in the last few examples. In them, indeed, we shall find its explanation.

When the comic character automatically follows up his idea, he ultimately thinks, speaks and acts as though he were dreaming. Now, a dream is a relaxation. To remain in touch with things and men, to see nothing but what is existent and think nothing but what is consistent, demands a continuous effort of intellectual tension. This effort is common sense. And to remain sensible is, indeed, to remain at work. But to detach oneself from things and yet continue to perceive images, to break away from logic and yet continue to string together ideas, is to indulge in play or, if you prefer, in dolce far niente. So, comic absurdity gives us from the outset the impression of playing with ideas. Our first impulse is to join in the game. That relieves us from the strain of thinking. Now, the same might be said of the other forms of the laughable. Deep-rooted in the comic, there is always a tendency, we said, to take the line of least resistance, generally that of habit. The comic character no longer tries to be ceaselessly adapting and readapting himself to the society of which he is a member. He slackens in the attention that is due to life. He more or less resembles the absentminded. Maybe his will is here even more concerned than his intellect, and there is not so much a want of attention as a lack of tension; still, in some way or another, he is absent, away from his work, taking it easy. He abandons social convention, as indeed--in the case we have just been considering--he abandoned logic. Here, too, our first impulse is to accept the invitation to take it easy. For a short time, at all events, we join in the game. And that relieves us from the strain of living.

But we rest only for a short time. The sympathy that is capable of entering into the impression of the comic is a very fleeting one. It also comes from a lapse in attention. Thus, a stern father may at times forget himself and join in some prank his child is playing, only to check himself at once in order to correct it.

Laughter is, above all, a corrective. Being intended to humiliate, it must make a painful impression on the person against whom it is directed. By laughter, society avenges itself for the liberties taken with it. It would fail in its object if it bore the stamp of sympathy or kindness.

Shall we be told that the motive, at all events; may be a good one, that we often punish because we love, and that laughter, by checking the outer manifestations of certain failings, thus causes the person laughed at to correct these failings and thereby improve himself inwardly?

Much might be said on this point. As a general rule, and speaking roughly, laughter doubtless exercises a useful function. Indeed, the whole of our analysis points to this fact. But it does not therefore follow that laughter always hits the mark or is invariably inspired by sentiments of kindness or even of justice.

To be certain of always hitting the mark, it would have to proceed from an act of reflection. Now, laughter is simply the result of a mechanism set up in us by nature or, what is almost the same thing, by our long acquaintance with social life. It goes off spontaneously and returns tit for tat. It has no time to look where it hits. Laughter punishes certain failing's somewhat as disease punishes certain forms of excess, striking down some who are innocent and sparing some who are guilty, aiming at a general result and incapable of dealing separately with each individual case. And so it is with everything that comes to pass by natural means instead of happening by conscious reflection. An average of justice may show itself in the total result, though the details, taken separately, often point to anything but justice.

In this sense, laughter cannot be absolutely just. Nor should it be kind-hearted either. Its function is to intimidate by humiliating. Now, it would not succeed in doing this, had not nature implanted for that very purpose, even in the best of men, a spark of spitefulness or, at all events, of mischief. Perhaps we had better not investigate this point too closely, for we should not find anything very flattering to ourselves. We should see that this movement of relaxation or expansion is nothing but a prelude to laughter, that the laugher immediately retires within himself, more self-assertive and conceited than ever, and is evidently disposed to look upon another's personality as a marionette of which he pulls the strings. In this presumptuousness we speedily discern a degree of egoism and, behind this latter, something less spontaneous and more bitter, the beginnings of a curious pessimism which becomes the more pronounced as the laugher more closely analyses his laughter.

Here, as elsewhere, nature has utilised evil with a view to good. It is more especially the good that has engaged our attention throughout this work. We have seen that the more society improves, the more plastic is the adaptability it obtains from its members; while the greater the tendency towards increasing stability below, the more does it force to the surface the disturbing elements inseparable from so vast a bulk; and thus laughter performs a useful function by emphasising the form of these significant undulations. Such is also the truceless warfare of the waves on the surface of the sea, whilst profound peace reigns in the depths below. The billows clash and collide with each other, as they strive to find their level. A fringe of snow-white foam, feathery and frolicsome, follows their changing outlines. From time to time, the receding wave leaves behind a remnant of foam on the sandy beach. The child, who plays hard by, picks up a handful, and, the next moment, is astonished to find that nothing remains in his grasp but a few drops of water, water that is far more brackish, far more bitter than that of the wave which brought it. Laughter comes into being in the self-same fashion. It indicates a slight revolt on the surface of social life. It instantly adopts the changing forms of the disturbance. It, also, is afroth with a saline base. Like froth, it sparkles. It is gaiety itself. But the philosopher who gathers a handful to taste may find that the substance is scanty, and the after-taste bitter.

[THE END]

==========

Beyond Good and Evil

Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche

Project Gutenberg Release: August 01, 2003 · eBook #4363

Produced by John Mamoun, Charles Franks and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team

BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL

By Friedrich Nietzsche

Translated by Helen Zimmern

TRANSCRIBER'S NOTE ABOUT THIS E-TEXT EDITION:

The following is a reprint of the Helen Zimmern translation from German into English of "Beyond Good and Evil," as published in The Complete Works of Friedrich Nietzsche (1909-1913). Some adaptations from the original text were made to format it into an e-text. Italics in the original book are capitalized in this e-text, except for most foreign language phrases that were italicized. Original footnotes are put in brackets "[]" at the points where they are cited in the text. Some spellings were altered. "To-day" and "To-morrow" are spelled "today" and "tomorrow." Some words containing the letters "ise" in the original text, such as "idealise," had these letters changed to "ize," such as "idealize." "Sceptic" was changed to "skeptic."

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PREFACE BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL

CHAPTER I: PREJUDICES OF PHILOSOPHERS CHAPTER II: THE FREE SPIRIT CHAPTER III: THE RELIGIOUS MOOD CHAPTER IV: APOPHTHEGMS AND INTERLUDES CHAPTER V: THE NATURAL HISTORY OF MORALS CHAPTER VI: WE SCHOLARS CHAPTER VII: OUR VIRTUES CHAPTER VIII: PEOPLES AND COUNTRIES CHAPTER IX: WHAT IS NOBLE?

FROM THE HEIGHTS (POEM TRANSLATED BY L.A. MAGNUS)

PREFACE

SUPPOSING that Truth is a woman--what then? Is there not ground for suspecting that all philosophers, in so far as they have been dogmatists, have failed to understand women--that the terrible seriousness and clumsy importunity with which they have usually paid their addresses to Truth, have been unskilled and unseemly methods for winning a woman? Certainly she has never allowed herself to be won; and at present every kind of dogma stands with sad and discouraged mien--IF, indeed, it stands at all! For there are scoffers who maintain that it has fallen, that all dogma lies on the ground--nay more, that it is at its last gasp. But to speak seriously, there are good grounds for hoping that all dogmatizing in philosophy, whatever solemn, whatever conclusive and decided airs it has assumed, may have been only a noble puerilism and tyronism; and probably the time is at hand when it will be once and again understood WHAT has actually sufficed for the basis of such imposing and absolute philosophical edifices as the dogmatists have hitherto reared: perhaps some popular superstition of immemorial time (such as the soul-superstition, which, in the form of subject- and ego-superstition, has not yet ceased doing mischief): perhaps some play upon words, a deception on the part of grammar, or an audacious generalization of very restricted, very personal, very human--all-too-human facts. The philosophy of the dogmatists, it is to be hoped, was only a promise for thousands of years afterwards, as was astrology in still earlier times, in the service of which probably more labour, gold, acuteness, and patience have been spent than on any actual science hitherto: we owe to it, and to its "super-terrestrial" pretensions in Asia and Egypt, the grand style of architecture. It seems that in order to inscribe themselves upon the heart of humanity with everlasting claims, all great things have first to wander about the earth as enormous and awe-inspiring caricatures: dogmatic philosophy has been a caricature of this kind--for instance, the Vedanta doctrine in Asia, and Platonism in Europe. Let us not be ungrateful to it, although it must certainly be confessed that the worst, the most tiresome, and the most dangerous of errors hitherto has been a dogmatist error--namely, Plato's invention of Pure Spirit and the Good in Itself. But now when it has been surmounted, when Europe, rid of this nightmare, can again draw breath freely and at least enjoy a

healthier--sleep, we, WHOSE DUTY IS WAKEFULNESS ITSELF, are the heirs of all the strength which the struggle against this error has fostered. It amounted to the very inversion of truth, and the denial of the PERSPECTIVE--the fundamental condition--of life, to speak of Spirit and the Good as Plato spoke of them; indeed one might ask, as a physician: "How did such a malady attack that finest product of antiquity, Plato? Had the wicked Socrates really corrupted him? Was Socrates after all a corrupter of youths, and deserved his hemlock?" But the struggle against Plato, or--to speak plainer, and for the "people"--the struggle against the ecclesiastical oppression of millenniums of Christianity (FOR CHRISTIANITY IS PLATONISM FOR THE "PEOPLE"), produced in Europe a magnificent tension of soul, such as had not existed anywhere previously; with such a tensely strained bow one can now aim at the furthest goals. As a matter of fact, the European feels this tension as a state of distress, and twice attempts have been made in grand style to unbend the bow: once by means of Jesuitism, and the second time by means of democratic enlightenment--which, with the aid of liberty of the press and newspaper-reading, might, in fact, bring it about that the spirit would not so easily find itself in "distress"! (The Germans invented gunpowder--all credit to them! but they again made things square--they invented printing.) But we, who are neither Jesuits, nor democrats, nor even sufficiently Germans, we GOOD EUROPEANS, and free, VERY free spirits--we have it still, all the distress of spirit and all the tension of its bow! And perhaps also the arrow, the duty, and, who knows? THE GOAL TO AIM AT....

Sils Maria Upper Engadine, JUNE, 1885.

CHAPTER I. PREJUDICES OF PHILOSOPHERS

1. The Will to Truth, which is to tempt us to many a hazardous enterprise, the famous Truthfulness of which all philosophers have hitherto spoken with respect, what questions has this Will to Truth not laid before us! What strange, perplexing, questionable questions! It is already a long story; yet it seems as if it were hardly commenced. Is it any wonder if we at last grow distrustful, lose patience, and turn impatiently away? That this Sphinx teaches us at last to ask questions ourselves? WHO is it really that puts questions to us here? WHAT really is this "Will to Truth" in us? In fact we made a long halt at the question as to the origin of this Will--until at last we came to an absolute standstill before a yet more fundamental question. We inquired about the VALUE of this Will. Granted that we want the truth: WHY NOT RATHER untruth? And uncertainty? Even ignorance? The problem of the value of truth presented itself before us--or was it we who presented ourselves before the problem? Which of us is the Oedipus here? Which the Sphinx? It would seem to be a rendezvous of questions and notes of interrogation. And could it be believed that it at last seems to us as if the problem had never been propounded before, as if we were the first to discern it, get a sight of it, and RISK RAISING it? For there is risk in raising it, perhaps there is no greater risk.

2. "HOW COULD anything originate out of its opposite? For example, truth out of error? or the Will to Truth out of the will to deception? or the generous deed out of selfishness? or the pure sun-bright vision of the wise man out of covetousness? Such genesis is impossible; whoever dreams of it is a fool, nay, worse than a fool; things of the highest value must have a different origin, an origin of THEIR own--in this transitory, seductive, illusory, paltry world, in this turmoil of delusion and cupidity, they cannot have their source. But rather in the lap of Being, in the intransitory, in the concealed God, in the 'Thing-in-itself--THERE must be their source, and nowhere else!"--This mode of reasoning discloses the typical prejudice by which metaphysicians of all times can be recognized, this mode of valuation is at the back of all their logical procedure; through this "belief" of theirs, they exert themselves for their "knowledge," for something that is in the end solemnly christened "the Truth." The fundamental belief of metaphysicians is THE BELIEF IN ANTITHESES OF VALUES. It never occurred even to the wariest of them to doubt here on the very threshold (where doubt, however, was most necessary); though they had made a solemn vow, "DE OMNIBUS DUBITANDUM." For it may be doubted, firstly, whether antitheses exist at all; and secondly, whether the popular valuations and antitheses of value upon which metaphysicians have set their seal, are not perhaps merely superficial estimates, merely provisional perspectives, besides being probably made from some corner, perhaps from below--"frog perspectives," as it were, to borrow an expression current among painters. In spite of all the value which may belong to the true, the positive, and the unselfish, it might be possible that a higher and more fundamental value for life generally should be assigned to pretence, to the will to delusion, to selfishness, and cupidity. It might even be possible that WHAT constitutes the value of those good and respected things, consists precisely in their being insidiously related, knotted, and crocheted to these evil and apparently opposed things--perhaps even in being essentially identical with them. Perhaps! But who wishes to concern himself with such dangerous "Perhapses"! For that investigation one must await the advent of a new order of philosophers, such as will have other tastes and inclinations, the reverse of those hitherto prevalent--philosophers of the dangerous "Perhaps" in every sense of the term. And to speak in all seriousness, I see such new philosophers beginning to appear.

3. Having kept a sharp eye on philosophers, and having read between their lines long enough, I now say to myself that the greater part of conscious thinking must be counted among the instinctive functions, and it is so even in the case of philosophical thinking; one has here to learn anew, as one learned anew about heredity and "innateness." As little as the act of birth comes into consideration in the whole process and procedure of heredity, just as little is "being-conscious" OPPOSED to the instinctive in any decisive sense; the greater part of the conscious thinking of a philosopher is secretly influenced by his instincts, and forced into definite channels. And behind all logic and its seeming sovereignty of movement, there are valuations, or to speak more plainly, physiological demands, for the maintenance of a definite mode of life For example, that the certain is worth more than the uncertain, that illusion is less valuable than "truth" such valuations, in spite of their regulative importance for US, might notwithstanding be only superficial valuations, special kinds of _niaiserie_, such as may be necessary for the maintenance of beings such as ourselves. Supposing, in effect, that man is not just the "measure of things."

4. The falseness of an opinion is not for us any objection to it: it is here, perhaps, that our new language sounds most strangely. The question is, how far an opinion is life-furthering, life-preserving, species-preserving, perhaps species-rearing, and we are fundamentally inclined to maintain that the falsest opinions (to which the synthetic judgments a priori belong), are the most indispensable to us, that without a recognition of logical fictions, without a comparison of reality with the purely IMAGINED world of the absolute and immutable, without a constant counterfeiting of the world by means of numbers, man could not live--that the renunciation of false opinions would be a renunciation of life, a negation of life. TO RECOGNISE UNTRUTH AS A CONDITION OF LIFE; that is certainly to impugn the traditional ideas of value in a dangerous manner, and a philosophy which ventures to do so, has thereby alone placed itself beyond good and evil.

5. That which causes philosophers to be regarded half-distrustfully and half-mockingly, is not the oft-repeated discovery how innocent they are--how often and easily they make mistakes and lose their way, in short, how childish and childlike they are,--but that there is not enough honest dealing with them, whereas they all raise a loud and virtuous outcry when the problem of truthfulness is even hinted at in the remotest manner. They all pose as though their real opinions had been discovered and attained through the self-evolving of a cold, pure, divinely indifferent dialectic (in contrast to all sorts of mystics, who, fairer and foolisher, talk of "inspiration"), whereas, in fact, a prejudiced proposition, idea, or "suggestion," which is generally their heart's desire abstracted and refined, is defended by them with arguments sought out after the event. They are all advocates who do not wish to be regarded as such, generally astute defenders, also, of their prejudices, which they dub "truths,"--and VERY far from having the conscience which bravely admits this to itself, very far from having the good taste of the courage which goes so far as to let this be understood, perhaps to warn friend or foe, or in cheerful confidence and self-ridicule. The spectacle of the Tartuffery of old Kant, equally stiff and decent, with which he entices us into the dialectic by-ways that lead (more correctly mislead) to his "categorical imperative"--makes us fastidious ones smile, we who find no small amusement in spying out the subtle tricks of old moralists and ethical preachers. Or, still more so, the hocus-pocus in mathematical form, by means of which Spinoza has, as it were, clad his philosophy in mail and mask--in fact, the "love of HIS wisdom," to translate the term fairly and squarely--in order thereby to strike terror at once into the heart of the assailant who should dare to cast a glance on that invincible maiden, that Pallas Athene:--how much of personal timidity and vulnerability does this masquerade of a sickly recluse betray!

6. It has gradually become clear to me what every great philosophy up till now has consisted of--namely, the confession of its originator, and a species of involuntary and unconscious auto-biography; and moreover that the moral (or immoral) purpose in every philosophy has constituted the true vital germ out of which the entire plant has always grown. Indeed, to understand how the abstrusest metaphysical assertions of a philosopher have been arrived at, it is always well (and wise) to first ask oneself: "What morality do they (or does he) aim at?" Accordingly, I do not believe that an "impulse to knowledge" is the father of philosophy; but that another impulse, here as elsewhere, has only made use of knowledge (and mistaken knowledge!) as an instrument. But whoever considers the fundamental impulses of man with a view to determining how far they may have here acted as INSPIRING GENII (or as demons and cobolds), will find that they have all practiced philosophy at one time or another, and that each one of them would have been only too glad to look upon itself as the ultimate end of existence and the legitimate LORD over all the other impulses. For every impulse is imperious, and as SUCH, attempts to philosophize. To be sure, in the case of scholars, in the case of really scientific men, it may be otherwise--"better," if you will; there there may really be such a thing as an "impulse to knowledge," some kind of small, independent clock-work, which, when well wound up, works away industriously to that end, WITHOUT the rest of the scholarly impulses taking any material part therein. The actual "interests" of the scholar, therefore, are generally in quite another direction--in the family, perhaps, or in money-making, or in politics; it is, in fact, almost indifferent at what point of research his little machine is placed, and whether the hopeful young worker becomes a good philologist, a mushroom specialist, or a chemist; he is not CHARACTERISED by becoming this or that. In the philosopher, on the contrary, there is

absolutely nothing impersonal; and above all, his morality furnishes a decided and decisive testimony as to WHO HE IS,--that is to say, in what order the deepest impulses of his nature stand to each other.

7. How malicious philosophers can be! I know of nothing more stinging than the joke Epicurus took the liberty of making on Plato and the Platonists; he called them Dionysiokolakes. In its original sense, and on the face of it, the word signifies "Flatterers of Dionysius"--consequently, tyrants' accessories and lick-spittles; besides this, however, it is as much as to say, "They are all ACTORS, there is nothing genuine about them" (for Dionysiokolax was a popular name for an actor). And the latter is really the malignant reproach that Epicurus cast upon Plato: he was annoyed by the grandiose manner, the mise en scene style of which Plato and his scholars were masters--of which Epicurus was not a master! He, the old school-teacher of Samos, who sat concealed in his little garden at Athens, and wrote three hundred books, perhaps out of rage and ambitious envy of Plato, who knows! Greece took a hundred years to find out who the garden-god Epicurus really was. Did she ever find out?

8. There is a point in every philosophy at which the "conviction" of the philosopher appears on the scene; or, to put it in the words of an ancient mystery:

Adventavit asinus, Pulcher et fortissimus.

9. You desire to LIVE "according to Nature"? Oh, you noble Stoics, what fraud of words! Imagine to yourselves a being like Nature, boundlessly extravagant, boundlessly indifferent, without purpose or consideration, without pity or justice, at once fruitful and barren and uncertain: imagine to yourselves INDIFFERENCE as a power--how COULD you live in accordance with such indifference? To live--is not that just endeavouring to be otherwise than this Nature? Is not living valuing, preferring, being unjust, being limited, endeavouring to be different? And granted that your imperative, "living according to Nature," means actually the same as "living according to life"--how could you do DIFFERENTLY? Why should you make a principle out of what you yourselves are, and must be? In reality, however, it is quite otherwise with you: while you pretend to read with rapture the canon of your law in Nature, you want something quite the contrary, you extraordinary stage-players and self-deluders! In your pride you wish to dictate your morals and ideals to Nature, to Nature herself, and to incorporate them therein; you insist that it shall be Nature "according to the Stoa," and would like everything to be made after your own image, as a vast, eternal glorification and generalism of Stoicism! With all your love for truth, you have forced yourselves so long, so persistently, and with such hypnotic rigidity to see Nature FALSELY, that is to say, Stoically, that you are no longer able to see it otherwise--and to crown all, some unfathomable superciliousness gives you the Bedlamite hope that BECAUSE you are able to tyrannize over yourselves--Stoicism is self-tyranny--Nature will also allow herself to be tyrannized over: is not the Stoic a PART of Nature?... But this is an old and everlasting story: what happened in old times with the Stoics still happens today, as soon as ever a philosophy begins to believe in itself. It always creates the world in its own image; it cannot do otherwise; philosophy is this tyrannical impulse itself, the most spiritual Will to Power, the will to "creation of the world," the will to the causa prima.

10. The eagerness and subtlety, I should even say craftiness, with which the problem of "the real and the apparent world" is dealt with at present throughout Europe, furnishes food for thought and attention; and he who hears only a "Will to Truth" in the background, and nothing else, cannot certainly boast of the sharpest ears. In rare and isolated cases, it may really have happened that such a Will to Truth--a certain extravagant and adventurous pluck, a metaphysician's ambition of the forlorn hope--has participated therein: that which in the end always prefers a handful of "certainty" to a whole cartload of beautiful possibilities; there may even be puritanical fanatics of conscience, who prefer to put their last trust in a sure nothing, rather than in an uncertain something. But that is Nihilism, and the sign of a despairing, mortally wearied soul, notwithstanding the courageous bearing such a virtue may display. It seems, however, to be otherwise with stronger and livelier thinkers who are still eager for life. In that they side AGAINST appearance, and speak superciliously of "perspective," in that they rank the credibility of their own bodies about as low as the credibility of the ocular evidence that "the earth stands still," and thus, apparently, allowing with complacency their securest possession to escape (for what does one at present believe in more firmly than in one's body?),--who knows if they are not really trying to win back something which was formerly an even securer possession, something of the old domain of the faith of former times, perhaps the "immortal soul," perhaps "the old God," in short, ideas by which they could live better, that is to say, more vigorously and more joyously, than by "modern ideas"? There is DISTRUST of these modern ideas in this mode of looking at things, a disbelief in all that has been constructed yesterday and today; there is perhaps some slight admixture of satiety and scorn, which can no longer endure the BRIC-A-BRAC of ideas of the most varied origin, such as so-called Positivism at present throws on the market; a disgust of the more refined taste at the village-fair motleyness and patchiness of all these reality-philosophasters, in whom there is nothing either new or true, except this motleyness. Therein it seems to me that we should agree with those skeptical anti-realists and knowledge-microscopists of the present day; their instinct, which repels them from MODERN reality, is unrefuted...

what do their retrograde by-paths concern us! The main thing about them is NOT that they wish to go "back," but that they wish to get AWAY therefrom. A little MORE strength, swing, courage, and artistic power, and they would be OFF--and not back!

11. It seems to me that there is everywhere an attempt at present to divert attention from the actual influence which Kant exercised on German philosophy, and especially to ignore prudently the value which he set upon himself. Kant was first and foremost proud of his Table of Categories; with it in his hand he said: "This is the most difficult thing that could ever be undertaken on behalf of metaphysics." Let us only understand this "could be"! He was proud of having DISCOVERED a new faculty in man, the faculty of synthetic judgment a priori. Granting that he deceived himself in this matter; the development and rapid flourishing of German philosophy depended nevertheless on his pride, and on the eager rivalry of the younger generation to discover if possible something--at all events "new faculties"--of which to be still prouder!--But let us reflect for a moment--it is high time to do so. "How are synthetic judgments a priori POSSIBLE?" Kant asks himself--and what is really his answer? "BY MEANS OF A MEANS (faculty)"--but unfortunately not in five words, but so circumstantially, imposingly, and with such display of German profundity and verbal flourishes, that one altogether loses sight of the comical niaiserie allemande involved in such an answer. People were beside themselves with delight over this new faculty, and the jubilation reached its climax when Kant further discovered a moral faculty in man--for at that time Germans were still moral, not yet dabbling in the "Politics of hard fact." Then came the honeymoon of German philosophy. All the young theologians of the Tubingen institution went immediately into the groves--all seeking for "faculties." And what did they not find--in that innocent, rich, and still youthful period of the German spirit, to which Romanticism, the malicious fairy, piped and sang, when one could not yet distinguish between "finding" and "inventing"! Above all a faculty for the "transcendental"; Schelling christened it, intellectual intuition, and thereby gratified the most earnest longings of the naturally pious-inclined Germans. One can do no greater wrong to the whole of this exuberant and eccentric movement (which was really youthfulness, notwithstanding that it disguised itself so boldly, in hoary and senile conceptions), than to take it seriously, or even treat it with moral indignation. Enough, however--the world grew older, and the dream vanished. A time came when people rubbed their foreheads, and they still rub them today. People had been dreaming, and first and foremost--old Kant. "By means of a means (faculty)"--he had said, or at least meant to say. But, is that--an answer? An explanation? Or is it not rather merely a repetition of the question? How does opium induce sleep? "By means of a means (faculty)," namely the virtus dormitiva, replies the doctor in Moliere,

Quia est in eo virtus dormitiva, Cujus est natura sensus assoupire.

But such replies belong to the realm of comedy, and it is high time to replace the Kantian question, "How are synthetic judgments a PRIORI possible?" by another question, "Why is belief in such judgments necessary?"--in effect, it is high time that we should understand that such judgments must be believed to be true, for the sake of the preservation of creatures like ourselves; though they still might naturally be false judgments! Or, more plainly spoken, and roughly and readily--synthetic judgments a priori should not "be possible" at all; we have no right to them; in our mouths they are nothing but false judgments. Only, of course, the belief in their truth is necessary, as plausible belief and ocular evidence belonging to the perspective view of life. And finally, to call to mind the enormous influence which "German philosophy"--I hope you understand its right to inverted commas (goosefeet)?--has exercised throughout the whole of Europe, there is no doubt that a certain VIRTUS DORMITIVA had a share in it; thanks to German philosophy, it was a delight to the noble idlers, the virtuous, the mystics, the artiste, the three-fourths Christians, and the political obscurantists of all nations, to find an antidote to the still overwhelming sensualism which overflowed from the last century into this, in short--"sensus assoupire."...

12. As regards materialistic atomism, it is one of the best-refuted theories that have been advanced, and in Europe there is now perhaps no one in the learned world so unscholarly as to attach serious signification to it, except for convenient everyday use (as an abbreviation of the means of expression)--thanks chiefly to the Pole Boscovich: he and the Pole Copernicus have hitherto been the greatest and most successful opponents of ocular evidence. For while Copernicus has persuaded us to believe, contrary to all the senses, that the earth does NOT stand fast, Boscovich has taught us to abjure the belief in the last thing that "stood fast" of the earth--the belief in "substance," in "matter," in the earth-residuum, and particle-atom: it is the greatest triumph over the senses that has hitherto been gained on earth. One must, however, go still further, and also declare war, relentless war to the knife, against the "atomistic requirements" which still lead a dangerous after-life in places where no one suspects them, like the more celebrated "metaphysical requirements": one must also above all give the finishing stroke to that other and more portentous atomism which Christianity has taught best and longest, the SOUL-ATOMISM. Let it be permitted to designate by this expression the belief which regards the soul as something indestructible, eternal, indivisible, as a monad, as an atomon: this belief ought to be expelled from science! Between ourselves, it is not at all necessary to get rid of "the soul" thereby, and thus renounce one of the oldest and most

venerated hypotheses--as happens frequently to the clumsiness of naturalists, who can hardly touch on the soul without immediately losing it. But the way is open for new acceptations and refinements of the soul-hypothesis; and such conceptions as "mortal soul," and "soul of subjective multiplicity," and "soul as social structure of the instincts and passions," want henceforth to have legitimate rights in science. In that the NEW psychologist is about to put an end to the superstitions which have hitherto flourished with almost tropical luxuriance around the idea of the soul, he is really, as it were, thrusting himself into a new desert and a new distrust--it is possible that the older psychologists had a merrier and more comfortable time of it; eventually, however, he finds that precisely thereby he is also condemned to INVENT--and, who knows? perhaps to DISCOVER the new.

13. Psychologists should bethink themselves before putting down the instinct of self-preservation as the cardinal instinct of an organic being. A living thing seeks above all to DISCHARGE its strength--life itself is WILL TO POWER; self-preservation is only one of the indirect and most frequent RESULTS thereof. In short, here, as everywhere else, let us beware of SUPERFLUOUS teleological principles!--one of which is the instinct of self-preservation (we owe it to Spinoza's inconsistency). It is thus, in effect, that method ordains, which must be essentially economy of principles.

14. It is perhaps just dawning on five or six minds that natural philosophy is only a world-exposition and world-arrangement (according to us, if I may say so!) and NOT a world-explanation; but in so far as it is based on belief in the senses, it is regarded as more, and for a long time to come must be regarded as more--namely, as an explanation. It has eyes and fingers of its own, it has ocular evidence and palpableness of its own: this operates fascinatingly, persuasively, and CONVINCINGLY upon an age with fundamentally plebeian tastes--in fact, it follows instinctively the canon of truth of eternal popular sensualism. What is clear, what is "explained"? Only that which can be seen and felt--one must pursue every problem thus far. Obversely, however, the charm of the Platonic mode of thought, which was an ARISTOCRATIC mode, consisted precisely in RESISTANCE to obvious sense-evidence--perhaps among men who enjoyed even stronger and more fastidious senses than our contemporaries, but who knew how to find a higher triumph in remaining masters of them: and this by means of pale, cold, grey conceptional networks which they threw over the motley whirl of the senses--the mob of the senses, as Plato said. In this overcoming of the world, and interpreting of the world in the manner of Plato, there was an ENJOYMENT different from that which the physicists of today offer us--and likewise the Darwinists and anti-teleologists among the physiological workers, with their principle of the "smallest possible effort," and the greatest possible blunder. "Where there is nothing more to see or to grasp, there is also nothing more for men to do"--that is certainly an imperative different from the Platonic one, but it may notwithstanding be the right imperative for a hardy, laborious race of machinists and bridge-builders of the future, who have nothing but ROUGH work to perform.

15. To study physiology with a clear conscience, one must insist on the fact that the sense-organs are not phenomena in the sense of the idealistic philosophy; as such they certainly could not be causes! Sensualism, therefore, at least as regulative hypothesis, if not as heuristic principle. What? And others say even that the external world is the work of our organs? But then our body, as a part of this external world, would be the work of our organs! But then our organs themselves would be the work of our organs! It seems to me that this is a complete REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM, if the conception CAUSA SUI is something fundamentally absurd. Consequently, the external world is NOT the work of our organs--?

16. There are still harmless self-observers who believe that there are "immediate certainties"; for instance, "I think," or as the superstition of Schopenhauer puts it, "I will"; as though cognition here got hold of its object purely and simply as "the thing in itself," without any falsification taking place either on the part of the subject or the object. I would repeat it, however, a hundred times, that "immediate certainty," as well as "absolute knowledge" and the "thing in itself," involve a CONTRADICTIO IN ADJECTO; we really ought to free ourselves from the misleading significance of words! The people on their part may think that cognition is knowing all about things, but the philosopher must say to himself: "When I analyze the process that is expressed in the sentence, 'I think,' I find a whole series of daring assertions, the argumentative proof of which would be difficult, perhaps impossible: for instance, that it is _I_ who think, that there must necessarily be something that thinks, that thinking is an activity and operation on the part of a being who is thought of as a cause, that there is an 'ego,' and finally, that it is already determined what is to be designated by thinking--that I KNOW what thinking is. For if I had not already decided within myself what it is, by what standard could I determine whether that which is just happening is not perhaps 'willing' or 'feeling'? In short, the assertion 'I think,' assumes that I COMPARE my state at the present moment with other states of myself which I know, in order to determine what it is; on account of this retrospective connection with further 'knowledge,' it has, at any rate, no immediate certainty for me."--In place of the "immediate certainty" in which the people may believe in the special case, the philosopher thus finds a series of metaphysical questions presented to him, veritable conscience questions of the intellect, to wit: "Whence did I get the notion of 'thinking'? Why do I believe in cause and effect? What gives me the right to speak of an 'ego,' and even of an 'ego' as cause, and finally of an 'ego' as cause of

thought?" He who ventures to answer these metaphysical questions at once by an appeal to a sort of INTUITIVE perception, like the person who says, "I think, and know that this, at least, is true, actual, and certain"--will encounter a smile and two notes of interrogation in a philosopher nowadays. "Sir," the philosopher will perhaps give him to understand, "it is improbable that you are not mistaken, but why should it be the truth?"

17. With regard to the superstitions of logicians, I shall never tire of emphasizing a small, terse fact, which is unwillingly recognized by these credulous minds--namely, that a thought comes when "it" wishes, and not when "I" wish; so that it is a PERVERSION of the facts of the case to say that the subject "I" is the condition of the predicate "think." ONE thinks; but that this "one" is precisely the famous old "ego," is, to put it mildly, only a supposition, an assertion, and assuredly not an "immediate certainty." After all, one has even gone too far with this "one thinks"--even the "one" contains an INTERPRETATION of the process, and does not belong to the process itself. One infers here according to the usual grammatical formula--"To think is an activity; every activity requires an agency that is active; consequently"... It was pretty much on the same lines that the older atomism sought, besides the operating "power," the material particle wherein it resides and out of which it operates--the atom. More rigorous minds, however, learnt at last to get along without this "earth-residuum," and perhaps some day we shall accustom ourselves, even from the logician's point of view, to get along without the little "one" (to which the worthy old "ego" has refined itself).

18. It is certainly not the least charm of a theory that it is refutable; it is precisely thereby that it attracts the more subtle minds. It seems that the hundred-times-refuted theory of the "free will" owes its persistence to this charm alone; some one is always appearing who feels himself strong enough to refute it.

19. Philosophers are accustomed to speak of the will as though it were the best-known thing in the world; indeed, Schopenhauer has given us to understand that the will alone is really known to us, absolutely and completely known, without deduction or addition. But it again and again seems to me that in this case Schopenhauer also only did what philosophers are in the habit of doing--he seems to have adopted a POPULAR PREJUDICE and exaggerated it. Willing seems to me to be above all something COMPLICATED, something that is a unity only in name--and it is precisely in a name that popular prejudice lurks, which has got the mastery over the inadequate precautions of philosophers in all ages. So let us for once be more cautious, let us be "unphilosophical": let us say that in all willing there is firstly a plurality of sensations, namely, the sensation of the condition "AWAY FROM WHICH we go," the sensation of the condition "TOWARDS WHICH we go," the sensation of this "FROM" and "TOWARDS" itself, and then besides, an accompanying muscular sensation, which, even without our putting in motion "arms and legs," commences its action by force of habit, directly we "will" anything. Therefore, just as sensations (and indeed many kinds of sensations) are to be recognized as ingredients of the will, so, in the second place, thinking is also to be recognized; in every act of the will there is a ruling thought;--and let us not imagine it possible to sever this thought from the "willing," as if the will would then remain over! In the third place, the will is not only a complex of sensation and thinking, but it is above all an EMOTION, and in fact the emotion of the command. That which is termed "freedom of the will" is essentially the emotion of supremacy in respect to him who must obey: "I am free, 'he' must obey"--this consciousness is inherent in every will; and equally so the straining of the attention, the straight look which fixes itself exclusively on one thing, the unconditional judgment that "this and nothing else is necessary now," the inward certainty that obedience will be rendered--and whatever else pertains to the position of the commander. A man who WILLS commands something within himself which renders obedience, or which he believes renders obedience. But now let us notice what is the strangest thing about the will,--this affair so extremely complex, for which the people have only one name. Inasmuch as in the given circumstances we are at the same time the commanding AND the obeying parties, and as the obeying party we know the sensations of constraint, impulsion, pressure, resistance, and motion, which usually commence immediately after the act of will; inasmuch as, on the other hand, we are accustomed to disregard this duality, and to deceive ourselves about it by means of the synthetic term "I": a whole series of erroneous conclusions, and consequently of false judgments about the will itself, has become attached to the act of willing--to such a degree that he who wills believes firmly that willing SUFFICES for action. Since in the majority of cases there has only been exercise of will when the effect of the command--consequently obedience, and therefore action--was to be EXPECTED, the APPEARANCE has translated itself into the sentiment, as if there were a NECESSITY OF EFFECT; in a word, he who wills believes with a fair amount of certainty that will and action are somehow one; he ascribes the success, the carrying out of the willing, to the will itself, and thereby enjoys an increase of the sensation of power which accompanies all success. "Freedom of Will"--that is the expression for the complex state of delight of the person exercising volition, who commands and at the same time identifies himself with the executor of the order--who, as such, enjoys also the triumph over obstacles, but thinks within himself that it was really his own will that overcame them. In this way the person exercising volition adds the feelings of delight of his successful executive instruments, the useful "underwills" or under-souls--indeed, our body is but a social structure composed of many souls--to his feelings of delight as commander. L'EFFET C'EST MOI. what happens here is

what happens in every well-constructed and happy commonwealth, namely, that the governing class identifies itself with the successes of the commonwealth. In all willing it is absolutely a question of commanding and obeying, on the basis, as already said, of a social structure composed of many "souls", on which account a philosopher should claim the right to include willing-as-such within the sphere of morals--regarded as the doctrine of the relations of supremacy under which the phenomenon of "life" manifests itself.

20. That the separate philosophical ideas are not anything optional or autonomously evolving, but grow up in connection and relationship with each other, that, however suddenly and arbitrarily they seem to appear in the history of thought, they nevertheless belong just as much to a system as the collective members of the fauna of a Continent--is betrayed in the end by the circumstance: how unfailingly the most diverse philosophers always fill in again a definite fundamental scheme of POSSIBLE philosophies. Under an invisible spell, they always revolve once more in the same orbit, however independent of each other they may feel themselves with their critical or systematic wills, something within them leads them, something impels them in definite order the one after the other--to wit, the innate methodology and relationship of their ideas. Their thinking is, in fact, far less a discovery than a re-recognizing, a remembering, a return and a home-coming to a far-off, ancient common-household of the soul, out of which those ideas formerly grew: philosophizing is so far a kind of atavism of the highest order. The wonderful family resemblance of all Indian, Greek, and German philosophizing is easily enough explained. In fact, where there is affinity of language, owing to the common philosophy of grammar--I mean owing to the unconscious domination and guidance of similar grammatical functions--it cannot but be that everything is prepared at the outset for a similar development and succession of philosophical systems, just as the way seems barred against certain other possibilities of world-interpretation. It is highly probable that philosophers within the domain of the Ural-Altaic languages (where the conception of the subject is least developed) look otherwise "into the world," and will be found on paths of thought different from those of the Indo-Germans and Mussulmans, the spell of certain grammatical functions is ultimately also the spell of PHYSIOLOGICAL valuations and racial conditions.--So much by way of rejecting Locke's superficiality with regard to the origin of ideas.

21. The CAUSA SUI is the best self-contradiction that has yet been conceived, it is a sort of logical violation and unnaturalness; but the extravagant pride of man has managed to entangle itself profoundly and frightfully with this very folly. The desire for "freedom of will" in the superlative, metaphysical sense, such as still holds sway, unfortunately, in the minds of the half-educated, the desire to bear the entire and ultimate responsibility for one's actions oneself, and to absolve God, the world, ancestors, chance, and society therefrom, involves nothing less than to be precisely this CAUSA SUI, and, with more than Munchausen daring, to pull oneself up into existence by the hair, out of the slough of nothingness. If any one should find out in this manner the crass stupidity of the celebrated conception of "free will" and put it out of his head altogether, I beg of him to carry his "enlightenment" a step further, and also put out of his head the contrary of this monstrous conception of "free will": I mean "non-free will," which is tantamount to a misuse of cause and effect. One should not wrongly MATERIALISE "cause" and "effect," as the natural philosophers do (and whoever like them naturalize in thinking at present), according to the prevailing mechanical doltishness which makes the cause press and push until it "effects" its end; one should use "cause" and "effect" only as pure CONCEPTIONS, that is to say, as conventional fictions for the purpose of designation and mutual understanding,--NOT for explanation. In "being-in-itself" there is nothing of "casual-connection," of "necessity," or of "psychological non-freedom"; there the effect does NOT follow the cause, there "law" does not obtain. It is WE alone who have devised cause, sequence, reciprocity, relativity, constraint, number, law, freedom, motive, and purpose; and when we interpret and intermix this symbol-world, as "being-in-itself," with things, we act once more as we have always acted--MYTHOLOGICALLY. The "non-free will" is mythology; in real life it is only a question of STRONG and WEAK wills.--It is almost always a symptom of what is lacking in himself, when a thinker, in every "causal-connection" and "psychological necessity," manifests something of compulsion, indigence, obsequiousness, oppression, and non-freedom; it is suspicious to have such feelings--the person betrays himself. And in general, if I have observed correctly, the "non-freedom of the will" is regarded as a problem from two entirely opposite standpoints, but always in a profoundly PERSONAL manner: some will not give up their "responsibility," their belief in THEMSELVES, the personal right to THEIR merits, at any price (the vain races belong to this class); others on the contrary, do not wish to be answerable for anything, or blamed for anything, and owing to an inward self-contempt, seek to GET OUT OF THE BUSINESS, no matter how. The latter, when they write books, are in the habit at present of taking the side of criminals; a sort of socialistic sympathy is their favourite disguise. And as a matter of fact, the fatalism of the weak-willed embellishes itself surprisingly when it can pose as "la religion de la souffrance humaine"; that is ITS "good taste."

22. Let me be pardoned, as an old philologist who cannot desist from the mischief of putting his finger on bad modes of interpretation, but "Nature's conformity to law," of which you physicists talk so proudly, as though--why, it exists only owing to your interpretation and bad "philology." It is no matter of fact, no "text," but rather just a naively humanitarian adjustment and perversion

of meaning, with which you make abundant concessions to the democratic instincts of the modern soul! "Everywhere equality before the law--Nature is not different in that respect, nor better than we": a fine instance of secret motive, in which the vulgar antagonism to everything privileged and autocratic--likewise a second and more refined atheism--is once more disguised. "Ni dieu, ni maitre"--that, also, is what you want; and therefore "Cheers for natural law!"--is it not so? But, as has been said, that is interpretation, not text; and somebody might come along, who, with opposite intentions and modes of interpretation, could read out of the same "Nature," and with regard to the same phenomena, just the tyrannically inconsiderate and relentless enforcement of the claims of power--an interpreter who should so place the unexceptionalness and unconditionalness of all "Will to Power" before your eyes, that almost every word, and the word "tyranny" itself, would eventually seem unsuitable, or like a weakening and softening metaphor--as being too human; and who should, nevertheless, end by asserting the same about this world as you do, namely, that it has a "necessary" and "calculable" course, NOT, however, because laws obtain in it, but because they are absolutely LACKING, and every power effects its ultimate consequences every moment. Granted that this also is only interpretation--and you will be eager enough to make this objection?--well, so much the better.

23. All psychology hitherto has run aground on moral prejudices and timidities, it has not dared to launch out into the depths. In so far as it is allowable to recognize in that which has hitherto been written, evidence of that which has hitherto been kept silent, it seems as if nobody had yet harboured the notion of psychology as the Morphology and DEVELOPMENT-DOCTRINE OF THE WILL TO POWER, as I conceive of it. The power of moral prejudices has penetrated deeply into the most intellectual world, the world apparently most indifferent and unprejudiced, and has obviously operated in an injurious, obstructive, blinding, and distorting manner. A proper physio-psychology has to contend with unconscious antagonism in the heart of the investigator, it has "the heart" against it even a doctrine of the reciprocal conditionalness of the "good" and the "bad" impulses, causes (as refined immorality) distress and aversion in a still strong and manly conscience--still more so, a doctrine of the derivation of all good impulses from bad ones. If, however, a person should regard even the emotions of hatred, envy, covetousness, and imperiousness as life-conditioning emotions, as factors which must be present, fundamentally and essentially, in the general economy of life (which must, therefore, be further developed if life is to be further developed), he will suffer from such a view of things as from sea-sickness. And yet this hypothesis is far from being the strangest and most painful in this immense and almost new domain of dangerous knowledge, and there are in fact a hundred good reasons why every one should keep away from it who CAN do so! On the other hand, if one has once drifted hither with one's bark, well! very good! now let us set our teeth firmly! let us open our eyes and keep our hand fast on the helm! We sail away right OVER morality, we crush out, we destroy perhaps the remains of our own morality by daring to make our voyage thither--but what do WE matter. Never yet did a PROFOUNDER world of insight reveal itself to daring travelers and adventurers, and the psychologist who thus "makes a sacrifice"--it is not the sacrifizio dell' intelletto, on the contrary!--will at least be entitled to demand in return that psychology shall once more be recognized as the queen of the sciences, for whose service and equipment the other sciences exist. For psychology is once more the path to the fundamental problems.

CHAPTER II. THE FREE SPIRIT

24. O sancta simplicitas! In what strange simplification and falsification man lives! One can never cease wondering when once one has got eyes for beholding this marvel! How we have made everything around us clear and free and easy and simple! how we have been able to give our senses a passport to everything superficial, our thoughts a godlike desire for wanton pranks and wrong inferences!--how from the beginning, we have contrived to retain our ignorance in order to enjoy an almost inconceivable freedom, thoughtlessness, imprudence, heartiness, and gaiety--in order to enjoy life! And only on this solidified, granite-like foundation of ignorance could knowledge rear itself hitherto, the will to knowledge on the foundation of a far more powerful will, the will to ignorance, to the uncertain, to the untrue! Not as its opposite, but--as its refinement! It is to be hoped, indeed, that LANGUAGE, here as elsewhere, will not get over its awkwardness, and that it will continue to talk of opposites where there are only degrees and many refinements of gradation; it is equally to be hoped that the incarnated Tartuffery of morals, which now belongs to our unconquerable "flesh and blood," will turn the words round in the mouths of us discerning ones. Here and there we understand it, and laugh at the way in which precisely the best knowledge seeks most to retain us in this SIMPLIFIED, thoroughly artificial, suitably imagined, and suitably falsified world: at the way in which, whether it will or not, it loves error, because, as living itself, it loves life!

25. After such a cheerful commencement, a serious word would fain be heard; it appeals to the most serious minds. Take care, ye philosophers and friends of knowledge, and beware of martyrdom! Of suffering "for the truth's sake"! even in your own defense! It spoils all the innocence and fine neutrality of your conscience; it makes you headstrong against objections and red rags; it

stupefies, animalizes, and brutalizes, when in the struggle with danger, slander, suspicion, expulsion, and even worse consequences of enmity, ye have at last to play your last card as protectors of truth upon earth--as though "the Truth" were such an innocent and incompetent creature as to require protectors! and you of all people, ye knights of the sorrowful countenance, Messrs Loafers and Cobweb-spinners of the spirit! Finally, ye know sufficiently well that it cannot be of any consequence if YE just carry your point; ye know that hitherto no philosopher has carried his point, and that there might be a more laudable truthfulness in every little interrogative mark which you place after your special words and favourite doctrines (and occasionally after yourselves) than in all the solemn pantomime and trumping games before accusers and law-courts! Rather go out of the way! Flee into concealment! And have your masks and your ruses, that ye may be mistaken for what you are, or somewhat feared! And pray, don't forget the garden, the garden with golden trellis-work! And have people around you who are as a garden--or as music on the waters at eventide, when already the day becomes a memory. Choose the GOOD solitude, the free, wanton, lightsome solitude, which also gives you the right still to remain good in any sense whatsoever! How poisonous, how crafty, how bad, does every long war make one, which cannot be waged openly by means of force! How PERSONAL does a long fear make one, a long watching of enemies, of possible enemies! These pariahs of society, these long-pursued, badly-persecuted ones--also the compulsory recluses, the Spinozas or Giordano Brunos--always become in the end, even under the most intellectual masquerade, and perhaps without being themselves aware of it, refined vengeance-seekers and poison-Brewers (just lay bare the foundation of Spinoza's ethics and theology!), not to speak of the stupidity of moral indignation, which is the unfailing sign in a philosopher that the sense of philosophical humour has left him. The martyrdom of the philosopher, his "sacrifice for the sake of truth," forces into the light whatever of the agitator and actor lurks in him; and if one has hitherto contemplated him only with artistic curiosity, with regard to many a philosopher it is easy to understand the dangerous desire to see him also in his deterioration (deteriorated into a "martyr," into a stage-and-tribune-bawler). Only, that it is necessary with such a desire to be clear WHAT spectacle one will see in any case--merely a satyric play, merely an epilogue farce, merely the continued proof that the long, real tragedy IS AT AN END, supposing that every philosophy has been a long tragedy in its origin.

26. Every select man strives instinctively for a citadel and a privacy, where he is FREE from the crowd, the many, the majority--where he may forget "men who are the rule," as their exception;--exclusive only of the case in which he is pushed straight to such men by a still stronger instinct, as a discerner in the great and exceptional sense. Whoever, in intercourse with men, does not occasionally glisten in all the green and grey colours of distress, owing to disgust, satiety, sympathy, gloominess, and solitariness, is assuredly not a man of elevated tastes; supposing, however, that he does not voluntarily take all this burden and disgust upon himself, that he persistently avoids it, and remains, as I said, quietly and proudly hidden in his citadel, one thing is then certain: he was not made, he was not predestined for knowledge. For as such, he would one day have to say to himself: "The devil take my good taste! but 'the rule' is more interesting than the exception--than myself, the exception!" And he would go DOWN, and above all, he would go "inside." The long and serious study of the AVERAGE man--and consequently much disguise, self-overcoming, familiarity, and bad intercourse (all intercourse is bad intercourse except with one's equals):--that constitutes a necessary part of the life-history of every philosopher; perhaps the most disagreeable, odious, and disappointing part. If he is fortunate, however, as a favourite child of knowledge should be, he will meet with suitable auxiliaries who will shorten and lighten his task; I mean so-called cynics, those who simply recognize the animal, the commonplace and "the rule" in themselves, and at the same time have so much spirituality and ticklishness as to make them talk of themselves and their like BEFORE WITNESSES--sometimes they wallow, even in books, as on their own dung-hill. Cynicism is the only form in which base souls approach what is called honesty; and the higher man must open his ears to all the coarser or finer cynicism, and congratulate himself when the clown becomes shameless right before him, or the scientific satyr speaks out. There are even cases where enchantment mixes with the disgust--namely, where by a freak of nature, genius is bound to some such indiscreet billy-goat and ape, as in the case of the Abbe Galiani, the profoundest, acutest, and perhaps also filthiest man of his century--he was far profounder than Voltaire, and consequently also, a good deal more silent. It happens more frequently, as has been hinted, that a scientific head is placed on an ape's body, a fine exceptional understanding in a base soul, an occurrence by no means rare, especially among doctors and moral physiologists. And whenever anyone speaks without bitterness, or rather quite innocently, of man as a belly with two requirements, and a head with one; whenever any one sees, seeks, and WANTS to see only hunger, sexual instinct, and vanity as the real and only motives of human actions; in short, when any one speaks "badly"--and not even "ill"--of man, then ought the lover of knowledge to hearken attentively and diligently; he ought, in general, to have an open ear wherever there is talk without indignation. For the indignant man, and he who perpetually tears and lacerates himself with his own teeth (or, in place of himself, the world, God, or society), may indeed, morally speaking, stand higher than the laughing and self-satisfied satyr, but in every other sense he is the more ordinary, more indifferent, and less instructive case. And no one is such a LIAR as the indignant man.

27. It is difficult to be understood, especially when one thinks and lives gangasrotogati [Footnote: Like the river Ganges: presto.] among those only who think and live otherwise--namely, kurmagati [Footnote: Like the tortoise: lento.], or at best "froglike," mandeikagati [Footnote: Like the frog: staccato.] (I do everything to be "difficultly understood" myself!)--and one should be heartily grateful for the good will to some refinement of interpretation. As regards "the good friends," however, who are always too easy-going, and think that as friends they have a right to ease, one does well at the very first to grant them a play-ground and romping-place for misunderstanding--one can thus laugh still; or get rid of them altogether, these good friends--and laugh then also!

28. What is most difficult to render from one language into another is the TEMPO of its style, which has its basis in the character of the race, or to speak more physiologically, in the average TEMPO of the assimilation of its nutriment. There are honestly meant translations, which, as involuntary vulgarizations, are almost falsifications of the original, merely because its lively and merry TEMPO (which overleaps and obviates all dangers in word and expression) could not also be rendered. A German is almost incapacitated for PRESTO in his language; consequently also, as may be reasonably inferred, for many of the most delightful and daring NUANCES of free, free-spirited thought. And just as the buffoon and satyr are foreign to him in body and conscience, so Aristophanes and Petronius are untranslatable for him. Everything ponderous, viscous, and pompously clumsy, all long-winded and wearying species of style, are developed in profuse variety among Germans--pardon me for stating the fact that even Goethe's prose, in its mixture of stiffness and elegance, is no exception, as a reflection of the "good old time" to which it belongs, and as an expression of German taste at a time when there was still a "German taste," which was a rococo-taste in moribus et artibus. Lessing is an exception, owing to his histrionic nature, which understood much, and was versed in many things; he who was not the translator of Bayle to no purpose, who took refuge willingly in the shadow of Diderot and Voltaire, and still more willingly among the Roman comedy-writers--Lessing loved also free-spiritism in the TEMPO, and flight out of Germany. But how could the German language, even in the prose of Lessing, imitate the TEMPO of Machiavelli, who in his "Principe" makes us breathe the dry, fine air of Florence, and cannot help presenting the most serious events in a boisterous allegrissimo, perhaps not without a malicious artistic sense of the contrast he ventures to present--long, heavy, difficult, dangerous thoughts, and a TEMPO of the gallop, and of the best, wantonest humour? Finally, who would venture on a German translation of Petronius, who, more than any great musician hitherto, was a master of PRESTO in invention, ideas, and words? What matter in the end about the swamps of the sick, evil world, or of the "ancient world," when like him, one has the feet of a wind, the rush, the breath, the emancipating scorn of a wind, which makes everything healthy, by making everything RUN! And with regard to Aristophanes--that transfiguring, complementary genius, for whose sake one PARDONS all Hellenism for having existed, provided one has understood in its full profundity ALL that there requires pardon and transfiguration; there is nothing that has caused me to meditate more on PLATO'S secrecy and sphinx-like nature, than the happily preserved petit fait that under the pillow of his death-bed there was found no "Bible," nor anything Egyptian, Pythagorean, or Platonic--but a book of Aristophanes. How could even Plato have endured life--a Greek life which he repudiated--without an Aristophanes!

29. It is the business of the very few to be independent; it is a privilege of the strong. And whoever attempts it, even with the best right, but without being OBLIGED to do so, proves that he is probably not only strong, but also daring beyond measure. He enters into a labyrinth, he multiplies a thousandfold the dangers which life in itself already brings with it; not the least of which is that no one can see how and where he loses his way, becomes isolated, and is torn piecemeal by some minotaur of conscience. Supposing such a one comes to grief, it is so far from the comprehension of men that they neither feel it, nor sympathize with it. And he cannot any longer go back! He cannot even go back again to the sympathy of men!

30. Our deepest insights must--and should--appear as follies, and under certain circumstances as crimes, when they come unauthorizedly to the ears of those who are not disposed and predestined for them. The exoteric and the esoteric, as they were formerly distinguished by philosophers--among the Indians, as among the Greeks, Persians, and Mussulmans, in short, wherever people believed in gradations of rank and NOT in equality and equal rights--are not so much in contradistinction to one another in respect to the exoteric class, standing without, and viewing, estimating, measuring, and judging from the outside, and not from the inside; the more essential distinction is that the class in question views things from below upwards--while the esoteric class views things FROM ABOVE DOWNWARDS. There are heights of the soul from which tragedy itself no longer appears to operate tragically; and if all the woe in the world were taken together, who would dare to decide whether the sight of it would NECESSARILY seduce and constrain to sympathy, and thus to a doubling of the woe?... That which serves the higher class of men for nourishment or refreshment, must be almost poison to an entirely different and lower order of human beings. The virtues of the common man would perhaps mean vice and weakness in a philosopher; it might be possible for a highly developed man, supposing him to degenerate and go to ruin, to acquire qualities thereby alone, for the sake of which he would have to be honoured

as a saint in the lower world into which he had sunk. There are books which have an inverse value for the soul and the health according as the inferior soul and the lower vitality, or the higher and more powerful, make use of them. In the former case they are dangerous, disturbing, unsettling books, in the latter case they are herald-calls which summon the bravest to THEIR bravery. Books for the general reader are always ill-smelling books, the odour of paltry people clings to them. Where the populace eat and drink, and even where they reverence, it is accustomed to stink. One should not go into churches if one wishes to breathe PURE air.

31. In our youthful years we still venerate and despise without the art of NUANCE, which is the best gain of life, and we have rightly to do hard penance for having fallen upon men and things with Yea and Nay. Everything is so arranged that the worst of all tastes, THE TASTE FOR THE UNCONDITIONAL, is cruelly befooled and abused, until a man learns to introduce a little art into his sentiments, and prefers to try conclusions with the artificial, as do the real artists of life. The angry and reverent spirit peculiar to youth appears to allow itself no peace, until it has suitably falsified men and things, to be able to vent its passion upon them: youth in itself even, is something falsifying and deceptive. Later on, when the young soul, tortured by continual disillusions, finally turns suspiciously against itself--still ardent and savage even in its suspicion and remorse of conscience: how it upbraids itself, how impatiently it tears itself, how it revenges itself for its long self-blinding, as though it had been a voluntary blindness! In this transition one punishes oneself by distrust of one's sentiments; one tortures one's enthusiasm with doubt, one feels even the good conscience to be a danger, as if it were the self-concealment and lassitude of a more refined uprightness; and above all, one espouses upon principle the cause AGAINST "youth."--A decade later, and one comprehends that all this was also still--youth!

32. Throughout the longest period of human history--one calls it the prehistoric period--the value or non-value of an action was inferred from its CONSEQUENCES; the action in itself was not taken into consideration, any more than its origin; but pretty much as in China at present, where the distinction or disgrace of a child redounds to its parents, the retro-operating power of success or failure was what induced men to think well or ill of an action. Let us call this period the PRE-MORAL period of mankind; the imperative, "Know thyself!" was then still unknown.--In the last ten thousand years, on the other hand, on certain large portions of the earth, one has gradually got so far, that one no longer lets the consequences of an action, but its origin, decide with regard to its worth: a great achievement as a whole, an important refinement of vision and of criterion, the unconscious effect of the supremacy of aristocratic values and of the belief in "origin," the mark of a period which may be designated in the narrower sense as the MORAL one: the first attempt at self-knowledge is thereby made. Instead of the consequences, the origin--what an inversion of perspective! And assuredly an inversion effected only after long struggle and wavering! To be sure, an ominous new superstition, a peculiar narrowness of interpretation, attained supremacy precisely thereby: the origin of an action was interpreted in the most definite sense possible, as origin out of an INTENTION; people were agreed in the belief that the value of an action lay in the value of its intention. The intention as the sole origin and antecedent history of an action: under the influence of this prejudice moral praise and blame have been bestowed, and men have judged and even philosophized almost up to the present day.--Is it not possible, however, that the necessity may now have arisen of again making up our minds with regard to the reversing and fundamental shifting of values, owing to a new self-consciousness and acuteness in man--is it not possible that we may be standing on the threshold of a period which to begin with, would be distinguished negatively as ULTRA-MORAL: nowadays when, at least among us immoralists, the suspicion arises that the decisive value of an action lies precisely in that which is NOT INTENTIONAL, and that all its intentionalness, all that is seen, sensible, or "sensed" in it, belongs to its surface or skin--which, like every skin, betrays something, but CONCEALS still more? In short, we believe that the intention is only a sign or symptom, which first requires an explanation--a sign, moreover, which has too many interpretations, and consequently hardly any meaning in itself alone: that morality, in the sense in which it has been understood hitherto, as intention-morality, has been a prejudice, perhaps a prematureness or preliminariness, probably something of the same rank as astrology and alchemy, but in any case something which must be surmounted. The surmounting of morality, in a certain sense even the self-mounting of morality--let that be the name for the long-secret labour which has been reserved for the most refined, the most upright, and also the most wicked consciences of today, as the living touchstones of the soul.

33. It cannot be helped: the sentiment of surrender, of sacrifice for one's neighbour, and all self-renunciation-morality, must be mercilessly called to account, and brought to judgment; just as the aesthetics of "disinterested contemplation," under which the emasculation of art nowadays seeks insidiously enough to create itself a good conscience. There is far too much witchery and sugar in the sentiments "for others" and "NOT for myself," for one not needing to be doubly distrustful here, and for one asking promptly: "Are they not perhaps--DECEPTIONS?"--That they PLEASE--him who has them, and him who enjoys their fruit, and also the mere spectator--that is still no argument in their FAVOUR, but just calls for caution. Let us therefore be cautious!

34. At whatever standpoint of philosophy one may place oneself nowadays, seen from every position, the ERRONEOUSNESS of the world in which we think we live is the surest and most certain thing our eyes can light upon: we find proof after proof thereof, which would fain allure us into surmises concerning a deceptive principle in the "nature of things." He, however, who makes thinking itself, and consequently "the spirit," responsible for the falseness of the world--an honourable exit, which every conscious or unconscious advocatus dei avails himself of--he who regards this world, including space, time, form, and movement, as falsely DEDUCED, would have at least good reason in the end to become distrustful also of all thinking; has it not hitherto been playing upon us the worst of scurvy tricks? and what guarantee would it give that it would not continue to do what it has always been doing? In all seriousness, the innocence of thinkers has something touching and respect-inspiring in it, which even nowadays permits them to wait upon consciousness with the request that it will give them HONEST answers: for example, whether it be "real" or not, and why it keeps the outer world so resolutely at a distance, and other questions of the same description. The belief in "immediate certainties" is a MORAL NAIVETE which does honour to us philosophers; but--we have now to cease being "MERELY moral" men! Apart from morality, such belief is a folly which does little honour to us! If in middle-class life an ever-ready distrust is regarded as the sign of a "bad character," and consequently as an imprudence, here among us, beyond the middle-class world and its Yeas and Nays, what should prevent our being imprudent and saying: the philosopher has at length a RIGHT to "bad character," as the being who has hitherto been most befooled on earth--he is now under OBLIGATION to distrustfulness, to the wickedest squinting out of every abyss of suspicion.--Forgive me the joke of this gloomy grimace and turn of expression; for I myself have long ago learned to think and estimate differently with regard to deceiving and being deceived, and I keep at least a couple of pokes in the ribs ready for the blind rage with which philosophers struggle against being deceived. Why NOT? It is nothing more than a moral prejudice that truth is worth more than semblance; it is, in fact, the worst proved supposition in the world. So much must be conceded: there could have been no life at all except upon the basis of perspective estimates and semblances; and if, with the virtuous enthusiasm and stupidity of many philosophers, one wished to do away altogether with the "seeming world"--well, granted that YOU could do that,--at least nothing of your "truth" would thereby remain! Indeed, what is it that forces us in general to the supposition that there is an essential opposition of "true" and "false"? Is it not enough to suppose degrees of seemingness, and as it were lighter and darker shades and tones of semblance--different valeurs, as the painters say? Why might not the world WHICH CONCERNS US--be a fiction? And to any one who suggested: "But to a fiction belongs an originator?"--might it not be bluntly replied: WHY? May not this "belong" also belong to the fiction? Is it not at length permitted to be a little ironical towards the subject, just as towards the predicate and object? Might not the philosopher elevate himself above faith in grammar? All respect to governesses, but is it not time that philosophy should renounce governess-faith?

35. O Voltaire! O humanity! O idiocy! There is something ticklish in "the truth," and in the SEARCH for the truth; and if man goes about it too humanely--"il ne cherche le vrai que pour faire le bien"--I wager he finds nothing!

36. Supposing that nothing else is "given" as real but our world of desires and passions, that we cannot sink or rise to any other "reality" but just that of our impulses--for thinking is only a relation of these impulses to one another:--are we not permitted to make the attempt and to ask the question whether this which is "given" does not SUFFICE, by means of our counterparts, for the understanding even of the so-called mechanical (or "material") world? I do not mean as an illusion, a "semblance," a "representation" (in the Berkeleyan and Schopenhauerian sense), but as possessing the same degree of reality as our emotions themselves--as a more primitive form of the world of emotions, in which everything still lies locked in a mighty unity, which afterwards branches off and develops itself in organic processes (naturally also, refines and debilitates)--as a kind of instinctive life in which all organic functions, including self-regulation, assimilation, nutrition, secretion, and change of matter, are still synthetically united with one another--as a PRIMARY FORM of life?--In the end, it is not only permitted to make this attempt, it is commanded by the conscience of LOGICAL METHOD. Not to assume several kinds of causality, so long as the attempt to get along with a single one has not been pushed to its furthest extent (to absurdity, if I may be allowed to say so): that is a morality of method which one may not repudiate nowadays--it follows "from its definition," as mathematicians say. The question is ultimately whether we really recognize the will as OPERATING, whether we believe in the causality of the will; if we do so--and fundamentally our belief IN THIS is just our belief in causality itself--we MUST make the attempt to posit hypothetically the causality of the will as the only causality. "Will" can naturally only operate on "will"--and not on "matter" (not on "nerves," for instance): in short, the hypothesis must be hazarded, whether will does not operate on will wherever "effects" are recognized--and whether all mechanical action, inasmuch as a power operates therein, is not just the power of will, the effect of will. Granted, finally, that we succeeded in explaining our entire instinctive life as the development and ramification of one fundamental form of will--namely, the Will to Power, as my thesis puts it; granted that all organic functions could be traced back to this Will to Power, and that the solution of the problem of generation and nutrition--it is one problem--could also be found therein: one would thus have acquired the right to define ALL active force

unequivocally as WILL TO POWER. The world seen from within, the world defined and designated according to its "intelligible character"--it would simply be "Will to Power," and nothing else.

37. "What? Does not that mean in popular language: God is disproved, but not the devil?"--On the contrary! On the contrary, my friends! And who the devil also compels you to speak popularly!

38. As happened finally in all the enlightenment of modern times with the French Revolution (that terrible farce, quite superfluous when judged close at hand, into which, however, the noble and visionary spectators of all Europe have interpreted from a distance their own indignation and enthusiasm so long and passionately, UNTIL THE TEXT HAS DISAPPEARED UNDER THE INTERPRETATION), so a noble posterity might once more misunderstand the whole of the past, and perhaps only thereby make ITS aspect endurable.--Or rather, has not this already happened? Have not we ourselves been--that "noble posterity"? And, in so far as we now comprehend this, is it not--thereby already past?

39. Nobody will very readily regard a doctrine as true merely because it makes people happy or virtuous--excepting, perhaps, the amiable "Idealists," who are enthusiastic about the good, true, and beautiful, and let all kinds of motley, coarse, and good-natured desirabilities swim about promiscuously in their pond. Happiness and virtue are no arguments. It is willingly forgotten, however, even on the part of thoughtful minds, that to make unhappy and to make bad are just as little counter-arguments. A thing could be TRUE, although it were in the highest degree injurious and dangerous; indeed, the fundamental constitution of existence might be such that one succumbed by a full knowledge of it--so that the strength of a mind might be measured by the amount of "truth" it could endure--or to speak more plainly, by the extent to which it REQUIRED truth attenuated, veiled, sweetened, damped, and falsified. But there is no doubt that for the discovery of certain PORTIONS of truth the wicked and unfortunate are more favourably situated and have a greater likelihood of success; not to speak of the wicked who are happy--a species about whom moralists are silent. Perhaps severity and craft are more favourable conditions for the development of strong, independent spirits and philosophers than the gentle, refined, yielding good-nature, and habit of taking things easily, which are prized, and rightly prized in a learned man. Presupposing always, to begin with, that the term "philosopher" be not confined to the philosopher who writes books, or even introduces HIS philosophy into books!--Stendhal furnishes a last feature of the portrait of the free-spirited philosopher, which for the sake of German taste I will not omit to underline--for it is OPPOSED to German taste. "Pour etre bon philosophe," says this last great psychologist, "il faut etre sec, clair, sans illusion. Un banquier, qui a fait fortune, a une partie du caractere requis pour faire des decouvertes en philosophie, c'est-a-dire pour voir clair dans ce qui est."

40. Everything that is profound loves the mask: the profoundest things have a hatred even of figure and likeness. Should not the CONTRARY only be the right disguise for the shame of a God to go about in? A question worth asking!--it would be strange if some mystic has not already ventured on the same kind of thing. There are proceedings of such a delicate nature that it is well to overwhelm them with coarseness and make them unrecognizable; there are actions of love and of an extravagant magnanimity after which nothing can be wiser than to take a stick and thrash the witness soundly: one thereby obscures his recollection. Many a one is able to obscure and abuse his own memory, in order at least to have vengeance on this sole party in the secret: shame is inventive. They are not the worst things of which one is most ashamed: there is not only deceit behind a mask--there is so much goodness in craft. I could imagine that a man with something costly and fragile to conceal, would roll through life clumsily and rotundly like an old, green, heavily-hooped wine-cask: the refinement of his shame requiring it to be so. A man who has depths in his shame meets his destiny and his delicate decisions upon paths which few ever reach, and with regard to the existence of which his nearest and most intimate friends may be ignorant; his mortal danger conceals itself from their eyes, and equally so his regained security. Such a hidden nature, which instinctively employs speech for silence and concealment, and is inexhaustible in evasion of communication, DESIRES and insists that a mask of himself shall occupy his place in the hearts and heads of his friends; and supposing he does not desire it, his eyes will some day be opened to the fact that there is nevertheless a mask of him there--and that it is well to be so. Every profound spirit needs a mask; nay, more, around every profound spirit there continually grows a mask, owing to the constantly false, that is to say, SUPERFICIAL interpretation of every word he utters, every step he takes, every sign of life he manifests.

41. One must subject oneself to one's own tests that one is destined for independence and command, and do so at the right time. One must not avoid one's tests, although they constitute perhaps the most dangerous game one can play, and are in the end tests made only before ourselves and before no other judge. Not to cleave to any person, be it even the dearest--every person is a prison and also a recess. Not to cleave to a fatherland, be it even the most suffering and necessitous--it is even less difficult to detach one's heart from a victorious fatherland. Not to cleave to a sympathy, be it even for higher men, into whose peculiar torture and helplessness chance has given us an insight. Not to cleave to a science, though it tempt one with the most valuable discoveries,

apparently specially reserved for us. Not to cleave to one's own liberation, to the voluptuous distance and remoteness of the bird, which always flies further aloft in order always to see more under it--the danger of the flier. Not to cleave to our own virtues, nor become as a whole a victim to any of our specialties, to our "hospitality" for instance, which is the danger of dangers for highly developed and wealthy souls, who deal prodigally, almost indifferently with themselves, and push the virtue of liberality so far that it becomes a vice. One must know how TO CONSERVE ONESELF--the best test of independence.

42. A new order of philosophers is appearing; I shall venture to baptize them by a name not without danger. As far as I understand them, as far as they allow themselves to be understood--for it is their nature to WISH to remain something of a puzzle--these philosophers of the future might rightly, perhaps also wrongly, claim to be designated as "tempters." This name itself is after all only an attempt, or, if it be preferred, a temptation.

43. Will they be new friends of "truth," these coming philosophers? Very probably, for all philosophers hitherto have loved their truths. But assuredly they will not be dogmatists. It must be contrary to their pride, and also contrary to their taste, that their truth should still be truth for every one--that which has hitherto been the secret wish and ultimate purpose of all dogmatic efforts. "My opinion is MY opinion: another person has not easily a right to it"--such a philosopher of the future will say, perhaps. One must renounce the bad taste of wishing to agree with many people. "Good" is no longer good when one's neighbour takes it into his mouth. And how could there be a "common good"! The expression contradicts itself; that which can be common is always of small value. In the end things must be as they are and have always been--the great things remain for the great, the abysses for the profound, the delicacies and thrills for the refined, and, to sum up shortly, everything rare for the rare.

44. Need I say expressly after all this that they will be free, VERY free spirits, these philosophers of the future--as certainly also they will not be merely free spirits, but something more, higher, greater, and fundamentally different, which does not wish to be misunderstood and mistaken? But while I say this, I feel under OBLIGATION almost as much to them as to ourselves (we free spirits who are their heralds and forerunners), to sweep away from ourselves altogether a stupid old prejudice and misunderstanding, which, like a fog, has too long made the conception of "free spirit" obscure. In every country of Europe, and the same in America, there is at present something which makes an abuse of this name a very narrow, prepossessed, enchained class of spirits, who desire almost the opposite of what our intentions and instincts prompt--not to mention that in respect to the NEW philosophers who are appearing, they must still more be closed windows and bolted doors. Briefly and regrettably, they belong to the LEVELLERS, these wrongly named "free spirits"--as glib-tongued and scribe-fingered slaves of the democratic taste and its "modern ideas" all of them men without solitude, without personal solitude, blunt honest fellows to whom neither courage nor honourable conduct ought to be denied, only, they are not free, and are ludicrously superficial, especially in their innate partiality for seeing the cause of almost ALL human misery and failure in the old forms in which society has hitherto existed--a notion which happily inverts the truth entirely! What they would fain attain with all their strength, is the universal, green-meadow happiness of the herd, together with security, safety, comfort, and alleviation of life for every one, their two most frequently chanted songs and doctrines are called "Equality of Rights" and "Sympathy with All Sufferers"--and suffering itself is looked upon by them as something which must be DONE AWAY WITH. We opposite ones, however, who have opened our eye and conscience to the question how and where the plant "man" has hitherto grown most vigorously, believe that this has always taken place under the opposite conditions, that for this end the dangerousness of his situation had to be increased enormously, his inventive faculty and dissembling power (his "spirit") had to develop into subtlety and daring under long oppression and compulsion, and his Will to Life had to be increased to the unconditioned Will to Power--we believe that severity, violence, slavery, danger in the street and in the heart, secrecy, stoicism, tempter's art and devilry of every kind,--that everything wicked, terrible, tyrannical, predatory, and serpentine in man, serves as well for the elevation of the human species as its opposite--we do not even say enough when we only say THIS MUCH, and in any case we find ourselves here, both with our speech and our silence, at the OTHER extreme of all modern ideology and gregarious desirability, as their antipodes perhaps? What wonder that we "free spirits" are not exactly the most communicative spirits? that we do not wish to betray in every respect WHAT a spirit can free itself from, and WHERE perhaps it will then be driven? And as to the import of the dangerous formula, "Beyond Good and Evil," with which we at least avoid confusion, we ARE something else than "libres-penseurs," "liben pensatori" "free-thinkers," and whatever these honest advocates of "modern ideas" like to call themselves. Having been at home, or at least guests, in many realms of the spirit, having escaped again and again from the gloomy, agreeable nooks in which preferences and prejudices, youth, origin, the accident of men and books, or even the weariness of travel seemed to confine us, full of malice against the seductions of dependency which he concealed in honours, money, positions, or exaltation of the senses, grateful even for distress and the vicissitudes of illness, because they always free us from some rule, and its "prejudice," grateful to the God, devil, sheep, and worm in us, inquisitive to a

fault, investigators to the point of cruelty, with unhesitating fingers for the intangible, with teeth and stomachs for the most indigestible, ready for any business that requires sagacity and acute senses, ready for every adventure, owing to an excess of "free will", with anterior and posterior souls, into the ultimate intentions of which it is difficult to pry, with foregrounds and backgrounds to the end of which no foot may run, hidden ones under the mantles of light, appropriators, although we resemble heirs and spendthrifts, arrangers and collectors from morning till night, misers of our wealth and our full-crammed drawers, economical in learning and forgetting, inventive in scheming, sometimes proud of tables of categories, sometimes pedants, sometimes night-owls of work even in full day, yea, if necessary, even scarecrows--and it is necessary nowadays, that is to say, inasmuch as we are the born, sworn, jealous friends of SOLITUDE, of our own profoundest midnight and midday solitude--such kind of men are we, we free spirits! And perhaps ye are also something of the same kind, ye coming ones? ye NEW philosophers?

CHAPTER III. THE RELIGIOUS MOOD

45. The human soul and its limits, the range of man's inner experiences hitherto attained, the heights, depths, and distances of these experiences, the entire history of the soul UP TO THE PRESENT TIME, and its still unexhausted possibilities: this is the preordained hunting-domain for a born psychologist and lover of a "big hunt". But how often must he say despairingly to himself: "A single individual! alas, only a single individual! and this great forest, this virgin forest!" So he would like to have some hundreds of hunting assistants, and fine trained hounds, that he could send into the history of the human soul, to drive HIS game together. In vain: again and again he experiences, profoundly and bitterly, how difficult it is to find assistants and dogs for all the things that directly excite his curiosity. The evil of sending scholars into new and dangerous hunting-domains, where courage, sagacity, and subtlety in every sense are required, is that they are no longer serviceable just when the "BIG hunt," and also the great danger commences,--it is precisely then that they lose their keen eye and nose. In order, for instance, to divine and determine what sort of history the problem of KNOWLEDGE AND CONSCIENCE has hitherto had in the souls of homines religiosi, a person would perhaps himself have to possess as profound, as bruised, as immense an experience as the intellectual conscience of Pascal; and then he would still require that wide-spread heaven of clear, wicked spirituality, which, from above, would be able to oversee, arrange, and effectively formulize this mass of dangerous and painful experiences.--But who could do me this service! And who would have time to wait for such servants!--they evidently appear too rarely, they are so improbable at all times! Eventually one must do everything ONESELF in order to know something; which means that one has MUCH to do!--But a curiosity like mine is once for all the most agreeable of vices--pardon me! I mean to say that the love of truth has its reward in heaven, and already upon earth.

46. Faith, such as early Christianity desired, and not infrequently achieved in the midst of a skeptical and southernly free-spirited world, which had centuries of struggle between philosophical schools behind it and in it, counting besides the education in tolerance which the Imperium Romanum gave--this faith is NOT that sincere, austere slave-faith by which perhaps a Luther or a Cromwell, or some other northern barbarian of the spirit remained attached to his God and Christianity, it is much rather the faith of Pascal, which resembles in a terrible manner a continuous suicide of reason--a tough, long-lived, worm-like reason, which is not to be slain at once and with a single blow. The Christian faith from the beginning, is sacrifice the sacrifice of all freedom, all pride, all self-confidence of spirit, it is at the same time subjection, self-derision, and self-mutilation. There is cruelty and religious Phoenicianism in this faith, which is adapted to a tender, many-sided, and very fastidious conscience, it takes for granted that the subjection of the spirit is indescribably PAINFUL, that all the past and all the habits of such a spirit resist the absurdissimum, in the form of which "faith" comes to it. Modern men, with their obtuseness as regards all Christian nomenclature, have no longer the sense for the terribly superlative conception which was implied to an antique taste by the paradox of the formula, "God on the Cross". Hitherto there had never and nowhere been such boldness in inversion, nor anything at once so dreadful, questioning, and questionable as this formula: it promised a transvaluation of all ancient values--It was the Orient, the PROFOUND Orient, it was the Oriental slave who thus took revenge on Rome and its noble, light-minded toleration, on the Roman "Catholicism" of non-faith, and it was always not the faith, but the freedom from the faith, the half-stoical and smiling indifference to the seriousness of the faith, which made the slaves indignant at their masters and revolt against them. "Enlightenment" causes revolt, for the slave desires the unconditioned, he understands nothing but the tyrannous, even in morals, he loves as he hates, without NUANCE, to the very depths, to the point of pain, to the point of sickness--his many HIDDEN sufferings make him revolt against the noble taste which seems to DENY suffering. The skepticism with regard to suffering, fundamentally only an attitude of aristocratic morality, was not the least of the causes, also, of the last great slave-insurrection which began with the French Revolution.

47. Wherever the religious neurosis has appeared on the earth so far, we find it connected with three dangerous prescriptions as to regimen: solitude, fasting, and sexual abstinence--but without its being possible to determine with certainty which is cause and which is effect, or IF any relation at all of cause and effect exists there. This latter doubt is justified by the fact that one of the most regular symptoms among savage as well as among civilized peoples is the most sudden and excessive sensuality, which then with equal suddenness transforms into penitential paroxysms, world-renunciation, and will-renunciation, both symptoms perhaps explainable as disguised epilepsy? But nowhere is it MORE obligatory to put aside explanations around no other type has there grown such a mass of absurdity and superstition, no other type seems to have been more interesting to men and even to philosophers--perhaps it is time to become just a little indifferent here, to learn caution, or, better still, to look AWAY, TO GO AWAY--Yet in the background of the most recent philosophy, that of Schopenhauer, we find almost as the problem in itself, this terrible note of interrogation of the religious crisis and awakening. How is the negation of will POSSIBLE? how is the saint possible?--that seems to have been the very question with which Schopenhauer made a start and became a philosopher. And thus it was a genuine Schopenhauerian consequence, that his most convinced adherent (perhaps also his last, as far as Germany is concerned), namely, Richard Wagner, should bring his own life-work to an end just here, and should finally put that terrible and eternal type upon the stage as Kundry, type vecu, and as it loved and lived, at the very time that the mad-doctors in almost all European countries had an opportunity to study the type close at hand, wherever the religious neurosis--or as I call it, "the religious mood"--made its latest epidemical outbreak and display as the "Salvation Army"--If it be a question, however, as to what has been so extremely interesting to men of all sorts in all ages, and even to philosophers, in the whole phenomenon of the saint, it is undoubtedly the appearance of the miraculous therein--namely, the immediate SUCCESSION OF OPPOSITES, of states of the soul regarded as morally antithetical: it was believed here to be self-evident that a "bad man" was all at once turned into a "saint," a good man. The hitherto existing psychology was wrecked at this point, is it not possible it may have happened principally because psychology had placed itself under the dominion of morals, because it BELIEVED in oppositions of moral values, and saw, read, and INTERPRETED these oppositions into the text and facts of the case? What? "Miracle" only an error of interpretation? A lack of philology?

48. It seems that the Latin races are far more deeply attached to their Catholicism than we Northerners are to Christianity generally, and that consequently unbelief in Catholic countries means something quite different from what it does among Protestants--namely, a sort of revolt against the spirit of the race, while with us it is rather a return to the spirit (or non-spirit) of the race.

We Northerners undoubtedly derive our origin from barbarous races, even as regards our talents for religion--we have POOR talents for it. One may make an exception in the case of the Celts, who have theretofore furnished also the best soil for Christian infection in the North: the Christian ideal blossomed forth in France as much as ever the pale sun of the north would allow it. How strangely pious for our taste are still these later French skeptics, whenever there is any Celtic blood in their origin! How Catholic, how un-German does Auguste Comte's Sociology seem to us, with the Roman logic of its instincts! How Jesuitical, that amiable and shrewd cicerone of Port Royal, Sainte-Beuve, in spite of all his hostility to Jesuits! And even Ernest Renan: how inaccessible to us Northerners does the language of such a Renan appear, in whom every instant the merest touch of religious thrill throws his refined voluptuous and comfortably couching soul off its balance! Let us repeat after him these fine sentences--and what wickedness and haughtiness is immediately aroused by way of answer in our probably less beautiful but harder souls, that is to say, in our more German souls!--"DISONS DONC HARDIMENT QUE LA RELIGION EST UN PRODUIT DE L'HOMME NORMAL, QUE L'HOMME EST LE PLUS DANS LE VRAI QUANT IL EST LE PLUS RELIGIEUX ET LE PLUS ASSURE D'UNE DESTINEE INFINIE.... C'EST QUAND IL EST BON QU'IL VEUT QUE LA VIRTU CORRESPONDE A UN ORDER ETERNAL, C'EST QUAND IL CONTEMPLE LES CHOSES D'UNE MANIERE DESINTERESSEE QU'IL TROUVE LA MORT REVOLTANTE ET ABSURDE. COMMENT NE PAS SUPPOSER QUE C'EST DANS CES MOMENTS-LA, QUE L'HOMME VOIT LE MIEUX?"... These sentences are so extremely ANTIPODAL to my ears and habits of thought, that in my first impulse of rage on finding them, I wrote on the margin, "LA NIAISERIE RELIGIEUSE PAR EXCELLENCE!"--until in my later rage I even took a fancy to them, these sentences with their truth absolutely inverted! It is so nice and such a distinction to have one's own antipodes!

49. That which is so astonishing in the religious life of the ancient Greeks is the irrestrainable stream of GRATITUDE which it pours forth--it is a very superior kind of man who takes SUCH an attitude towards nature and life.--Later on, when the populace got the upper hand in Greece, FEAR became rampant also in religion; and Christianity was preparing itself.

50. The passion for God: there are churlish, honest-hearted, and importunate kinds of it, like that of Luther--the whole of Protestantism lacks the southern DELICATEZZA. There is an Oriental exaltation of the mind in it, like that of an undeservedly favoured or elevated slave, as in the case of St. Augustine, for instance, who lacks in an offensive manner, all nobility in bearing

and desires. There is a feminine tenderness and sensuality in it, which modestly and unconsciously longs for a UNIO MYSTICA ET PHYSICA, as in the case of Madame de Guyon. In many cases it appears, curiously enough, as the disguise of a girl's or youth's puberty; here and there even as the hysteria of an old maid, also as her last ambition. The Church has frequently canonized the woman in such a case.

51. The mightiest men have hitherto always bowed reverently before the saint, as the enigma of self-subjugation and utter voluntary privation--why did they thus bow? They divined in him--and as it were behind the questionableness of his frail and wretched appearance--the superior force which wished to test itself by such a subjugation; the strength of will, in which they recognized their own strength and love of power, and knew how to honour it: they honoured something in themselves when they honoured the saint. In addition to this, the contemplation of the saint suggested to them a suspicion: such an enormity of self-negation and anti-naturalness will not have been coveted for nothing--they have said, inquiringly. There is perhaps a reason for it, some very great danger, about which the ascetic might wish to be more accurately informed through his secret interlocutors and visitors? In a word, the mighty ones of the world learned to have a new fear before him, they divined a new power, a strange, still unconquered enemy:--it was the "Will to Power" which obliged them to halt before the saint. They had to question him.

52. In the Jewish "Old Testament," the book of divine justice, there are men, things, and sayings on such an immense scale, that Greek and Indian literature has nothing to compare with it. One stands with fear and reverence before those stupendous remains of what man was formerly, and one has sad thoughts about old Asia and its little out-pushed peninsula Europe, which would like, by all means, to figure before Asia as the "Progress of Mankind." To be sure, he who is himself only a slender, tame house-animal, and knows only the wants of a house-animal (like our cultured people of today, including the Christians of "cultured" Christianity), need neither be amazed nor even sad amid those ruins--the taste for the Old Testament is a touchstone with respect to "great" and "small": perhaps he will find that the New Testament, the book of grace, still appeals more to his heart (there is much of the odour of the genuine, tender, stupid beadsman and petty soul in it). To have bound up this New Testament (a kind of ROCOCO of taste in every respect) along with the Old Testament into one book, as the "Bible," as "The Book in Itself," is perhaps the greatest audacity and "sin against the Spirit" which literary Europe has upon its conscience.

53. Why Atheism nowadays? "The father" in God is thoroughly refuted; equally so "the judge," "the rewarder." Also his "free will": he does not hear--and even if he did, he would not know how to help. The worst is that he seems incapable of communicating himself clearly; is he uncertain?--This is what I have made out (by questioning and listening at a variety of conversations) to be the cause of the decline of European theism; it appears to me that though the religious instinct is in vigorous growth,--it rejects the theistic satisfaction with profound distrust.

54. What does all modern philosophy mainly do? Since Descartes--and indeed more in defiance of him than on the basis of his procedure--an ATTENTAT has been made on the part of all philosophers on the old conception of the soul, under the guise of a criticism of the subject and predicate conception--that is to say, an ATTENTAT on the fundamental presupposition of Christian doctrine. Modern philosophy, as epistemological skepticism, is secretly or openly ANTI-CHRISTIAN, although (for keener ears, be it said) by no means anti-religious. Formerly, in effect, one believed in "the soul" as one believed in grammar and the grammatical subject: one said, "I" is the condition, "think" is the predicate and is conditioned--to think is an activity for which one MUST suppose a subject as cause. The attempt was then made, with marvelous tenacity and subtlety, to see if one could not get out of this net,--to see if the opposite was not perhaps true: "think" the condition, and "I" the conditioned; "I," therefore, only a synthesis which has been MADE by thinking itself. KANT really wished to prove that, starting from the subject, the subject could not be proved--nor the object either: the possibility of an APPARENT EXISTENCE of the subject, and therefore of "the soul," may not always have been strange to him,--the thought which once had an immense power on earth as the Vedanta philosophy.

55. There is a great ladder of religious cruelty, with many rounds; but three of these are the most important. Once on a time men sacrificed human beings to their God, and perhaps just those they loved the best--to this category belong the firstling sacrifices of all primitive religions, and also the sacrifice of the Emperor Tiberius in the Mithra-Grotto on the Island of Capri, that most terrible of all Roman anachronisms. Then, during the moral epoch of mankind, they sacrificed to their God the strongest instincts they possessed, their "nature"; THIS festal joy shines in the cruel glances of ascetics and "anti-natural" fanatics. Finally, what still remained to be sacrificed? Was it not necessary in the end for men to sacrifice everything comforting, holy, healing, all hope, all faith in hidden harmonies, in future blessedness and justice? Was it not necessary to sacrifice God himself, and out of cruelty to themselves to worship stone, stupidity, gravity, fate, nothingness? To sacrifice God for nothingness--this paradoxical mystery of the ultimate cruelty has been reserved for the rising generation; we all know something thereof already.

56. Whoever, like myself, prompted by some enigmatical desire, has long endeavoured to go to the bottom of the question of pessimism and free it from the half-Christian, half-German narrowness and stupidity in which it has finally presented itself to this century, namely, in the form of Schopenhauer's philosophy; whoever, with an Asiatic and super-Asiatic eye, has actually looked inside, and into the most world-renouncing of all possible modes of thought--beyond good and evil, and no longer like Buddha and Schopenhauer, under the dominion and delusion of morality,--whoever has done this, has perhaps just thereby, without really desiring it, opened his eyes to behold the opposite ideal: the ideal of the most world-approving, exuberant, and vivacious man, who has not only learnt to compromise and arrange with that which was and is, but wishes to have it again AS IT WAS AND IS, for all eternity, insatiably calling out da capo, not only to himself, but to the whole piece and play; and not only the play, but actually to him who requires the play--and makes it necessary; because he always requires himself anew--and makes himself necessary.--What? And this would not be--circulus vitiosus deus?

57. The distance, and as it were the space around man, grows with the strength of his intellectual vision and insight: his world becomes profounder; new stars, new enigmas, and notions are ever coming into view. Perhaps everything on which the intellectual eye has exercised its acuteness and profundity has just been an occasion for its exercise, something of a game, something for children and childish minds. Perhaps the most solemn conceptions that have caused the most fighting and suffering, the conceptions "God" and "sin," will one day seem to us of no more importance than a child's plaything or a child's pain seems to an old man;--and perhaps another plaything and another pain will then be necessary once more for "the old man"--always childish enough, an eternal child!

58. Has it been observed to what extent outward idleness, or semi-idleness, is necessary to a real religious life (alike for its favourite microscopic labour of self-examination, and for its soft placidity called "prayer," the state of perpetual readiness for the "coming of God"), I mean the idleness with a good conscience, the idleness of olden times and of blood, to which the aristocratic sentiment that work is DISHONOURING--that it vulgarizes body and soul--is not quite unfamiliar? And that consequently the modern, noisy, time-engrossing, conceited, foolishly proud laboriousness educates and prepares for "unbelief" more than anything else? Among these, for instance, who are at present living apart from religion in Germany, I find "free-thinkers" of diversified species and origin, but above all a majority of those in whom laboriousness from generation to generation has dissolved the religious instincts; so that they no longer know what purpose religions serve, and only note their existence in the world with a kind of dull astonishment. They feel themselves already fully occupied, these good people, be it by their business or by their pleasures, not to mention the "Fatherland," and the newspapers, and their "family duties"; it seems that they have no time whatever left for religion; and above all, it is not obvious to them whether it is a question of a new business or a new pleasure--for it is impossible, they say to themselves, that people should go to church merely to spoil their tempers. They are by no means enemies of religious customs; should certain circumstances, State affairs perhaps, require their participation in such customs, they do what is required, as so many things are done--with a patient and unassuming seriousness, and without much curiosity or discomfort;--they live too much apart and outside to feel even the necessity for a FOR or AGAINST in such matters. Among those indifferent persons may be reckoned nowadays the majority of German Protestants of the middle classes, especially in the great laborious centres of trade and commerce; also the majority of laborious scholars, and the entire University personnel (with the exception of the theologians, whose existence and possibility there always gives psychologists new and more subtle puzzles to solve). On the part of pious, or merely church-going people, there is seldom any idea of HOW MUCH good-will, one might say arbitrary will, is now necessary for a German scholar to take the problem of religion seriously; his whole profession (and as I have said, his whole workmanlike laboriousness, to which he is compelled by his modern conscience) inclines him to a lofty and almost charitable serenity as regards religion, with which is occasionally mingled a slight disdain for the "uncleanliness" of spirit which he takes for granted wherever any one still professes to belong to the Church. It is only with the help of history (NOT through his own personal experience, therefore) that the scholar succeeds in bringing himself to a respectful seriousness, and to a certain timid deference in presence of religions; but even when his sentiments have reached the stage of gratitude towards them, he has not personally advanced one step nearer to that which still maintains itself as Church or as piety; perhaps even the contrary. The practical indifference to religious matters in the midst of which he has been born and brought up, usually sublimates itself in his case into circumspection and cleanliness, which shuns contact with religious men and things; and it may be just the depth of his tolerance and humanity which prompts him to avoid the delicate trouble which tolerance itself brings with it.--Every age has its own divine type of naivete, for the discovery of which other ages may envy it: and how much naivete--adorable, childlike, and boundlessly foolish naivete is involved in this belief of the scholar in his superiority, in the good conscience of his tolerance, in the unsuspecting, simple certainty with which his instinct treats the religious man as a lower and less valuable type, beyond, before, and ABOVE which he himself has developed--he, the little arrogant dwarf and mob-man, the sedulously alert, head-and-hand drudge of "ideas," of "modern ideas"!

59. Whoever has seen deeply into the world has doubtless divined what wisdom there is in the fact that men are superficial. It is their preservative instinct which teaches them to be flighty, lightsome, and false. Here and there one finds a passionate and exaggerated adoration of "pure forms" in philosophers as well as in artists: it is not to be doubted that whoever has NEED of the cult of the superficial to that extent, has at one time or another made an unlucky dive BENEATH it. Perhaps there is even an order of rank with respect to those burnt children, the born artists who find the enjoyment of life only in trying to FALSIFY its image (as if taking wearisome revenge on it), one might guess to what degree life has disgusted them, by the extent to which they wish to see its image falsified, attenuated, ultrified, and deified,--one might reckon the homines religiosi among the artists, as their HIGHEST rank. It is the profound, suspicious fear of an incurable pessimism which compels whole centuries to fasten their teeth into a religious interpretation of existence: the fear of the instinct which divines that truth might be attained TOO soon, before man has become strong enough, hard enough, artist enough.... Piety, the "Life in God," regarded in this light, would appear as the most elaborate and ultimate product of the FEAR of truth, as artist-adoration and artist-intoxication in presence of the most logical of all falsifications, as the will to the inversion of truth, to untruth at any price. Perhaps there has hitherto been no more effective means of beautifying man than piety, by means of it man can become so artful, so superficial, so iridescent, and so good, that his appearance no longer offends.

60. To love mankind FOR GOD'S SAKE--this has so far been the noblest and remotest sentiment to which mankind has attained. That love to mankind, without any redeeming intention in the background, is only an ADDITIONAL folly and brutishness, that the inclination to this love has first to get its proportion, its delicacy, its gram of salt and sprinkling of ambergris from a higher inclination--whoever first perceived and "experienced" this, however his tongue may have stammered as it attempted to express such a delicate matter, let him for all time be holy and respected, as the man who has so far flown highest and gone astray in the finest fashion!

61. The philosopher, as WE free spirits understand him--as the man of the greatest responsibility, who has the conscience for the general development of mankind,--will use religion for his disciplining and educating work, just as he will use the contemporary political and economic conditions. The selecting and disciplining influence--destructive, as well as creative and fashioning--which can be exercised by means of religion is manifold and varied, according to the sort of people placed under its spell and protection. For those who are strong and independent, destined and trained to command, in whom the judgment and skill of a ruling race is incorporated, religion is an additional means for overcoming resistance in the exercise of authority--as a bond which binds rulers and subjects in common, betraying and surrendering to the former the conscience of the latter, their inmost heart, which would fain escape obedience. And in the case of the unique natures of noble origin, if by virtue of superior spirituality they should incline to a more retired and contemplative life, reserving to themselves only the more refined forms of government (over chosen disciples or members of an order), religion itself may be used as a means for obtaining peace from the noise and trouble of managing GROSSER affairs, and for securing immunity from the UNAVOIDABLE filth of all political agitation. The Brahmins, for instance, understood this fact. With the help of a religious organization, they secured to themselves the power of nominating kings for the people, while their sentiments prompted them to keep apart and outside, as men with a higher and super-regal mission. At the same time religion gives inducement and opportunity to some of the subjects to qualify themselves for future ruling and commanding the slowly ascending ranks and classes, in which, through fortunate marriage customs, volitional power and delight in self-control are on the increase. To them religion offers sufficient incentives and temptations to aspire to higher intellectuality, and to experience the sentiments of authoritative self-control, of silence, and of solitude. Asceticism and Puritanism are almost indispensable means of educating and ennobling a race which seeks to rise above its hereditary baseness and work itself upwards to future supremacy. And finally, to ordinary men, to the majority of the people, who exist for service and general utility, and are only so far entitled to exist, religion gives invaluable contentedness with their lot and condition, peace of heart, ennoblement of obedience, additional social happiness and sympathy, with something of transfiguration and embellishment, something of justification of all the commonplaceness, all the meanness, all the semi-animal poverty of their souls. Religion, together with the religious significance of life, sheds sunshine over such perpetually harassed men, and makes even their own aspect endurable to them, it operates upon them as the Epicurean philosophy usually operates upon sufferers of a higher order, in a refreshing and refining manner, almost TURNING suffering TO ACCOUNT, and in the end even hallowing and vindicating it. There is perhaps nothing so admirable in Christianity and Buddhism as their art of teaching even the lowest to elevate themselves by piety to a seemingly higher order of things, and thereby to retain their satisfaction with the actual world in which they find it difficult enough to live--this very difficulty being necessary.

62. To be sure--to make also the bad counter-reckoning against such religions, and to bring to light their secret dangers--the cost is always excessive and terrible when religions do NOT operate as an educational and disciplinary medium in the hands of the

philosopher, but rule voluntarily and PARAMOUNTLY, when they wish to be the final end, and not a means along with other means. Among men, as among all other animals, there is a surplus of defective, diseased, degenerating, infirm, and necessarily suffering individuals; the successful cases, among men also, are always the exception; and in view of the fact that man is THE ANIMAL NOT YET PROPERLY ADAPTED TO HIS ENVIRONMENT, the rare exception. But worse still. The higher the type a man represents, the greater is the improbability that he will SUCCEED; the accidental, the law of irrationality in the general constitution of mankind, manifests itself most terribly in its destructive effect on the higher orders of men, the conditions of whose lives are delicate, diverse, and difficult to determine. What, then, is the attitude of the two greatest religions above-mentioned to the SURPLUS of failures in life? They endeavour to preserve and keep alive whatever can be preserved; in fact, as the religions FOR SUFFERERS, they take the part of these upon principle; they are always in favour of those who suffer from life as from a disease, and they would fain treat every other experience of life as false and impossible. However highly we may esteem this indulgent and preservative care (inasmuch as in applying to others, it has applied, and applies also to the highest and usually the most suffering type of man), the hitherto PARAMOUNT religions--to give a general appreciation of them--are among the principal causes which have kept the type of "man" upon a lower level--they have preserved too much THAT WHICH SHOULD HAVE PERISHED. One has to thank them for invaluable services; and who is sufficiently rich in gratitude not to feel poor at the contemplation of all that the "spiritual men" of Christianity have done for Europe hitherto! But when they had given comfort to the sufferers, courage to the oppressed and despairing, a staff and support to the helpless, and when they had allured from society into convents and spiritual penitentiaries the broken-hearted and distracted: what else had they to do in order to work systematically in that fashion, and with a good conscience, for the preservation of all the sick and suffering, which means, in deed and in truth, to work for the DETERIORATION OF THE EUROPEAN RACE? To REVERSE all estimates of value--THAT is what they had to do! And to shatter the strong, to spoil great hopes, to cast suspicion on the delight in beauty, to break down everything autonomous, manly, conquering, and imperious--all instincts which are natural to the highest and most successful type of "man"--into uncertainty, distress of conscience, and self-destruction; forsooth, to invert all love of the earthly and of supremacy over the earth, into hatred of the earth and earthly things--THAT is the task the Church imposed on itself, and was obliged to impose, until, according to its standard of value, "unworldliness," "unsensuousness," and "higher man" fused into one sentiment. If one could observe the strangely painful, equally coarse and refined comedy of European Christianity with the derisive and impartial eye of an Epicurean god, I should think one would never cease marvelling and laughing; does it not actually seem that some single will has ruled over Europe for eighteen centuries in order to make a SUBLIME ABORTION of man? He, however, who, with opposite requirements (no longer Epicurean) and with some divine hammer in his hand, could approach this almost voluntary degeneration and stunting of mankind, as exemplified in the European Christian (Pascal, for instance), would he not have to cry aloud with rage, pity, and horror: "Oh, you bunglers, presumptuous pitiful bunglers, what have you done! Was that a work for your hands? How you have hacked and botched my finest stone! What have you presumed to do!"--I should say that Christianity has hitherto been the most portentous of presumptions. Men, not great enough, nor hard enough, to be entitled as artists to take part in fashioning MAN; men, not sufficiently strong and far-sighted to ALLOW, with sublime self-constraint, the obvious law of the thousandfold failures and perishings to prevail; men, not sufficiently noble to see the radically different grades of rank and intervals of rank that separate man from man:--SUCH men, with their "equality before God," have hitherto swayed the destiny of Europe; until at last a dwarfed, almost ludicrous species has been produced, a gregarious animal, something obliging, sickly, mediocre, the European of the present day.

CHAPTER IV. APOPHTHEGMS AND INTERLUDES

63. He who is a thorough teacher takes things seriously--and even himself--only in relation to his pupils.

64. "Knowledge for its own sake"--that is the last snare laid by morality: we are thereby completely entangled in morals once more.

65. The charm of knowledge would be small, were it not so much shame has to be overcome on the way to it.

65A. We are most dishonourable towards our God: he is not PERMITTED to sin.

66. The tendency of a person to allow himself to be degraded, robbed, deceived, and exploited might be the diffidence of a God among men.

67. Love to one only is a barbarity, for it is exercised at the expense of all others. Love to God also!

68. "I did that," says my memory. "I could not have done that," says my pride, and remains inexorable. Eventually--the memory yields.

69. One has regarded life carelessly, if one has failed to see the hand that--kills with leniency.

70. If a man has character, he has also his typical experience, which always recurs.

71. THE SAGE AS ASTRONOMER.--So long as thou feelest the stars as an "above thee," thou lackest the eye of the discerning one.

72. It is not the strength, but the duration of great sentiments that makes great men.

73. He who attains his ideal, precisely thereby surpasses it.

73A. Many a peacock hides his tail from every eye--and calls it his pride.

74. A man of genius is unbearable, unless he possess at least two things besides: gratitude and purity.

75. The degree and nature of a man's sensuality extends to the highest altitudes of his spirit.

76. Under peaceful conditions the militant man attacks himself.

77. With his principles a man seeks either to dominate, or justify, or honour, or reproach, or conceal his habits: two men with the same principles probably seek fundamentally different ends therewith.

78. He who despises himself, nevertheless esteems himself thereby, as a despiser.

79. A soul which knows that it is loved, but does not itself love, betrays its sediment: its dregs come up.

80. A thing that is explained ceases to concern us--What did the God mean who gave the advice, "Know thyself!" Did it perhaps imply "Cease to be concerned about thyself! become objective!"--And Socrates?--And the "scientific man"?

81. It is terrible to die of thirst at sea. Is it necessary that you should so salt your truth that it will no longer--quench thirst?

82. "Sympathy for all"--would be harshness and tyranny for THEE, my good neighbour.

83. INSTINCT--When the house is on fire one forgets even the dinner--Yes, but one recovers it from among the ashes.

84. Woman learns how to hate in proportion as she--forgets how to charm.

85. The same emotions are in man and woman, but in different TEMPO, on that account man and woman never cease to misunderstand each other.

86. In the background of all their personal vanity, women themselves have still their impersonal scorn--for "woman".

87. FETTERED HEART, FREE SPIRIT--When one firmly fetters one's heart and keeps it prisoner, one can allow one's spirit many liberties: I said this once before But people do not believe it when I say so, unless they know it already.

88. One begins to distrust very clever persons when they become embarrassed.

89. Dreadful experiences raise the question whether he who experiences them is not something dreadful also.

90. Heavy, melancholy men turn lighter, and come temporarily to their surface, precisely by that which makes others heavy--by hatred and love.

91. So cold, so icy, that one burns one's finger at the touch of him! Every hand that lays hold of him shrinks back!--And for that very reason many think him red-hot.

92. Who has not, at one time or another--sacrificed himself for the sake of his good name?

93. In affability there is no hatred of men, but precisely on that account a great deal too much contempt of men.

94. The maturity of man--that means, to have reacquired the seriousness that one had as a child at play.

95. To be ashamed of one's immorality is a step on the ladder at the end of which one is ashamed also of one's morality.

96. One should part from life as Ulysses parted from Nausicaa--blessing it rather than in love with it.

97. What? A great man? I always see merely the play-actor of his own ideal.

98. When one trains one's conscience, it kisses one while it bites.

99. THE DISAPPOINTED ONE SPEAKS--"I listened for the echo and I heard only praise."

100. We all feign to ourselves that we are simpler than we are, we thus relax ourselves away from our fellows.

101. A discerning one might easily regard himself at present as the animalization of God.

102. Discovering reciprocal love should really disenchant the lover with regard to the beloved. "What! She is modest enough to love even you? Or stupid enough? Or--or---"

103. THE DANGER IN HAPPINESS.--"Everything now turns out best for me, I now love every fate:--who would like to be my fate?"

104. Not their love of humanity, but the impotence of their love, prevents the Christians of today--burning us.

105. The pia fraus is still more repugnant to the taste (the "piety") of the free spirit (the "pious man of knowledge") than the impia fraus. Hence the profound lack of judgment, in comparison with the Church, characteristic of the type "free spirit"--as ITS non-freedom.

106. By means of music the very passions enjoy themselves.

107. A sign of strong character, when once the resolution has been taken, to shut the ear even to the best counter-arguments. Occasionally, therefore, a will to stupidity.

108. There is no such thing as moral phenomena, but only a moral interpretation of phenomena.

109. The criminal is often enough not equal to his deed: he extenuates and maligns it.

110. The advocates of a criminal are seldom artists enough to turn the beautiful terribleness of the deed to the advantage of the doer.

111. Our vanity is most difficult to wound just when our pride has been wounded.

112. To him who feels himself preordained to contemplation and not to belief, all believers are too noisy and obtrusive; he guards against them.

113. "You want to prepossess him in your favour? Then you must be embarrassed before him."

114. The immense expectation with regard to sexual love, and the coyness in this expectation, spoils all the perspectives of women at the outset.

115. Where there is neither love nor hatred in the game, woman's play is mediocre.

116. The great epochs of our life are at the points when we gain courage to rebaptize our badness as the best in us.

117. The will to overcome an emotion, is ultimately only the will of another, or of several other, emotions.

118. There is an innocence of admiration: it is possessed by him to whom it has not yet occurred that he himself may be admired some day.

119. Our loathing of dirt may be so great as to prevent our cleaning ourselves--"justifying" ourselves.

120. Sensuality often forces the growth of love too much, so that its root remains weak, and is easily torn up.

121. It is a curious thing that God learned Greek when he wished to turn author--and that he did not learn it better.

122. To rejoice on account of praise is in many cases merely politeness of heart--and the very opposite of vanity of spirit.

123. Even concubinage has been corrupted--by marriage.

124. He who exults at the stake, does not triumph over pain, but because of the fact that he does not feel pain where he expected it. A parable.

125. When we have to change an opinion about any one, we charge heavily to his account the inconvenience he thereby causes us.

126. A nation is a detour of nature to arrive at six or seven great men.--Yes, and then to get round them.

127. In the eyes of all true women science is hostile to the sense of shame. They feel as if one wished to peep under their skin with it--or worse still! under their dress and finery.

128. The more abstract the truth you wish to teach, the more must you allure the senses to it.

129. The devil has the most extensive perspectives for God; on that account he keeps so far away from him:--the devil, in effect, as the oldest friend of knowledge.

130. What a person IS begins to betray itself when his talent decreases,--when he ceases to show what he CAN do. Talent is also an adornment; an adornment is also a concealment.

131. The sexes deceive themselves about each other: the reason is that in reality they honour and love only themselves (or their own ideal, to express it more agreeably). Thus man wishes woman to be peaceable: but in fact woman is ESSENTIALLY unpeaceable, like the cat, however well she may have assumed the peaceable demeanour.

132. One is punished best for one's virtues.

133. He who cannot find the way to HIS ideal, lives more frivolously and shamelessly than the man without an ideal.

134. From the senses originate all trustworthiness, all good conscience, all evidence of truth.

135. Pharisaism is not a deterioration of the good man; a considerable part of it is rather an essential condition of being good.

136. The one seeks an accoucheur for his thoughts, the other seeks some one whom he can assist: a good conversation thus originates.

137. In intercourse with scholars and artists one readily makes mistakes of opposite kinds: in a remarkable scholar one not infrequently finds a mediocre man; and often, even in a mediocre artist, one finds a very remarkable man.

138. We do the same when awake as when dreaming: we only invent and imagine him with whom we have intercourse--and forget it immediately.

139. In revenge and in love woman is more barbarous than man.

140. ADVICE AS A RIDDLE.--"If the band is not to break, bite it first--secure to make!"

141. The belly is the reason why man does not so readily take himself for a God.

142. The chastest utterance I ever heard: "Dans le veritable amour c'est l'ame qui enveloppe le corps."

143. Our vanity would like what we do best to pass precisely for what is most difficult to us.--Concerning the origin of many systems of morals.

144. When a woman has scholarly inclinations there is generally something wrong with her sexual nature. Barrenness itself conduces to a certain virility of taste; man, indeed, if I may say so, is "the barren animal."

145. Comparing man and woman generally, one may say that woman would not have the genius for adornment, if she had not the instinct for the SECONDARY role.

146. He who fights with monsters should be careful lest he thereby become a monster. And if thou gaze long into an abyss, the abyss will also gaze into thee.

147. From old Florentine novels--moreover, from life: Buona femmina e mala femmina vuol bastone.--Sacchetti, Nov. 86.

148. To seduce their neighbour to a favourable opinion, and afterwards to believe implicitly in this opinion of their neighbour--who can do this conjuring trick so well as women?

149. That which an age considers evil is usually an unseasonable echo of what was formerly considered good--the atavism of an old ideal.

150. Around the hero everything becomes a tragedy; around the demigod everything becomes a satyr-play; and around God everything becomes--what? perhaps a "world"?

151. It is not enough to possess a talent: one must also have your permission to possess it;--eh, my friends?

152. "Where there is the tree of knowledge, there is always Paradise": so say the most ancient and the most modern serpents.

153. What is done out of love always takes place beyond good and evil.

154. Objection, evasion, joyous distrust, and love of irony are signs of health; everything absolute belongs to pathology.

155. The sense of the tragic increases and declines with sensuousness.

156. Insanity in individuals is something rare--but in groups, parties, nations, and epochs it is the rule.

157. The thought of suicide is a great consolation: by means of it one gets successfully through many a bad night.

158. Not only our reason, but also our conscience, truckles to our strongest impulse--the tyrant in us.

159. One MUST repay good and ill; but why just to the person who did us good or ill?

160. One no longer loves one's knowledge sufficiently after one has communicated it.

161. Poets act shamelessly towards their experiences: they exploit them.

162. "Our fellow-creature is not our neighbour, but our neighbour's neighbour":--so thinks every nation.

163. Love brings to light the noble and hidden qualities of a lover--his rare and exceptional traits: it is thus liable to be deceptive as to his normal character.

164. Jesus said to his Jews: "The law was for servants;--love God as I love him, as his Son! What have we Sons of God to do with morals!"

165. IN SIGHT OF EVERY PARTY.--A shepherd has always need of a bell-wether--or he has himself to be a wether occasionally.

166. One may indeed lie with the mouth; but with the accompanying grimace one nevertheless tells the truth.

167. To vigorous men intimacy is a matter of shame--and something precious.

168. Christianity gave Eros poison to drink; he did not die of it, certainly, but degenerated to Vice.

169. To talk much about oneself may also be a means of concealing oneself.

170. In praise there is more obtrusiveness than in blame.

171. Pity has an almost ludicrous effect on a man of knowledge, like tender hands on a Cyclops.

172. One occasionally embraces some one or other, out of love to mankind (because one cannot embrace all); but this is what one must never confess to the individual.

173. One does not hate as long as one disesteems, but only when one esteems equal or superior.

174. Ye Utilitarians--ye, too, love the UTILE only as a VEHICLE for your inclinations,--ye, too, really find the noise of its wheels insupportable!

175. One loves ultimately one's desires, not the thing desired.

176. The vanity of others is only counter to our taste when it is counter to our vanity.

177. With regard to what "truthfulness" is, perhaps nobody has ever been sufficiently truthful.

178. One does not believe in the follies of clever men: what a forfeiture of the rights of man!

179. The consequences of our actions seize us by the forelock, very indifferent to the fact that we have meanwhile "reformed."

180. There is an innocence in lying which is the sign of good faith in a cause.

181. It is inhuman to bless when one is being cursed.

182. The familiarity of superiors embitters one, because it may not be returned.

183. "I am affected, not because you have deceived me, but because I can no longer believe in you."

184. There is a haughtiness of kindness which has the appearance of wickedness.

185. "I dislike him."--Why?--"I am not a match for him."--Did any one ever answer so?

CHAPTER V. THE NATURAL HISTORY OF MORALS

186. The moral sentiment in Europe at present is perhaps as subtle, belated, diverse, sensitive, and refined, as the "Science of Morals" belonging thereto is recent, initial, awkward, and coarse-fingered:--an interesting contrast, which sometimes becomes incarnate and obvious in the very person of a moralist. Indeed, the expression, "Science of Morals" is, in respect to what is designated thereby, far too presumptuous and counter to GOOD taste,--which is always a foretaste of more modest expressions. One ought to avow with the utmost fairness WHAT is still necessary here for a long time, WHAT is alone proper for the present: namely, the collection of material, the comprehensive survey and classification of an immense domain of delicate sentiments of worth, and distinctions of worth, which live, grow, propagate, and perish--and perhaps attempts to give a clear idea of the recurring and more common forms of these living crystallizations--as preparation for a THEORY OF TYPES of morality. To be sure, people have not hitherto been so modest. All the philosophers, with a pedantic and ridiculous seriousness, demanded of themselves something very much higher, more pretentious, and ceremonious, when they concerned themselves with morality as a science: they wanted to GIVE A BASIC to morality--and every philosopher hitherto has believed that he has given it a basis; morality itself, however, has been regarded as something "given." How far from their awkward pride was the seemingly insignificant problem--left in dust and decay--of a description of forms of morality, notwithstanding that the finest hands and senses could hardly be fine enough for it! It was precisely owing to moral philosophers' knowing the moral facts imperfectly, in an arbitrary epitome, or an accidental abridgement--perhaps as the morality of their environment, their position, their church, their Zeitgeist, their climate and zone--it was precisely because they were badly instructed with regard to nations, eras, and past ages, and were by no means eager to know about these matters, that they did not even come in sight of the real problems of morals--problems which only disclose themselves by a comparison of MANY kinds of morality. In every "Science of Morals" hitherto, strange as it may sound, the problem of morality itself has been OMITTED: there has been no suspicion that there was anything problematic there! That which philosophers called "giving a basis to morality," and endeavoured to realize, has, when seen in a right light, proved merely a learned form of good FAITH in prevailing morality, a new means of its EXPRESSION, consequently just a matter-of-fact within the sphere of a definite morality, yea, in its ultimate motive, a sort of denial that it is LAWFUL for this morality to be called in question--and in any case the reverse of the testing, analyzing, doubting, and vivisecting of this very faith. Hear, for instance, with what innocence--almost worthy of honour--Schopenhauer represents his own task, and draw your conclusions concerning the scientificness of a "Science" whose latest master still talks in the strain of children and old wives: "The principle," he says (page 136 of the Grundprobleme der Ethik), [Footnote: Pages 54-55 of Schopenhauer's Basis of Morality, translated by Arthur B. Bullock, M.A. (1903).] "the axiom about the purport of which all moralists are PRACTICALLY agreed: neminem laede, immo omnes quantum potes juva--is REALLY the proposition which all moral teachers strive to establish, ... the REAL basis of ethics which has been sought, like the philosopher's stone, for centuries."--The difficulty of establishing the proposition referred to may indeed be great--it is well known that Schopenhauer also was unsuccessful in his efforts; and whoever has thoroughly realized how absurdly false and sentimental this proposition is, in a world whose essence is Will to Power, may be reminded that Schopenhauer, although a pessimist, ACTUALLY--played the flute... daily after dinner: one may read about the matter in his biography. A question by the way: a pessimist, a repudiator of God and of the world, who MAKES A HALT at morality--who assents to morality, and plays the flute to laede-neminem morals, what? Is that really--a pessimist?

187. Apart from the value of such assertions as "there is a categorical imperative in us," one can always ask: What does such an assertion indicate about him who makes it? There are systems of morals which are meant to justify their author in the eyes of other people; other systems of morals are meant to tranquilize him, and make him self-satisfied; with other systems he wants to crucify

and humble himself, with others he wishes to take revenge, with others to conceal himself, with others to glorify himself and gave superiority and distinction,--this system of morals helps its author to forget, that system makes him, or something of him, forgotten, many a moralist would like to exercise power and creative arbitrariness over mankind, many another, perhaps, Kant especially, gives us to understand by his morals that "what is estimable in me, is that I know how to obey--and with you it SHALL not be otherwise than with me!" In short, systems of morals are only a SIGN-LANGUAGE OF THE EMOTIONS.

188. In contrast to laisser-aller, every system of morals is a sort of tyranny against "nature" and also against "reason", that is, however, no objection, unless one should again decree by some system of morals, that all kinds of tyranny and unreasonableness are unlawful What is essential and invaluable in every system of morals, is that it is a long constraint. In order to understand Stoicism, or Port Royal, or Puritanism, one should remember the constraint under which every language has attained to strength and freedom--the metrical constraint, the tyranny of rhyme and rhythm. How much trouble have the poets and orators of every nation given themselves!--not excepting some of the prose writers of today, in whose ear dwells an inexorable conscientiousness--"for the sake of a folly," as utilitarian bunglers say, and thereby deem themselves wise--"from submission to arbitrary laws," as the anarchists say, and thereby fancy themselves "free," even free-spirited. The singular fact remains, however, that everything of the nature of freedom, elegance, boldness, dance, and masterly certainty, which exists or has existed, whether it be in thought itself, or in administration, or in speaking and persuading, in art just as in conduct, has only developed by means of the tyranny of such arbitrary law, and in all seriousness, it is not at all improbable that precisely this is "nature" and "natural"--and not laisser-aller! Every artist knows how different from the state of letting himself go, is his "most natural" condition, the free arranging, locating, disposing, and constructing in the moments of "inspiration"--and how strictly and delicately he then obeys a thousand laws, which, by their very rigidness and precision, defy all formulation by means of ideas (even the most stable idea has, in comparison therewith, something floating, manifold, and ambiguous in it). The essential thing "in heaven and in earth" is, apparently (to repeat it once more), that there should be long OBEDIENCE in the same direction, there thereby results, and has always resulted in the long run, something which has made life worth living; for instance, virtue, art, music, dancing, reason, spirituality--anything whatever that is transfiguring, refined, foolish, or divine. The long bondage of the spirit, the distrustful constraint in the communicability of ideas, the discipline which the thinker imposed on himself to think in accordance with the rules of a church or a court, or conformable to Aristotelian premises, the persistent spiritual will to interpret everything that happened according to a Christian scheme, and in every occurrence to rediscover and justify the Christian God:--all this violence, arbitrariness, severity, dreadfulness, and unreasonableness, has proved itself the disciplinary means whereby the European spirit has attained its strength, its remorseless curiosity and subtle mobility; granted also that much irrecoverable strength and spirit had to be stifled, suffocated, and spoilt in the process (for here, as everywhere, "nature" shows herself as she is, in all her extravagant and INDIFFERENT magnificence, which is shocking, but nevertheless noble). That for centuries European thinkers only thought in order to prove something--nowadays, on the contrary, we are suspicious of every thinker who "wishes to prove something"--that it was always settled beforehand what WAS TO BE the result of their strictest thinking, as it was perhaps in the Asiatic astrology of former times, or as it is still at the present day in the innocent, Christian-moral explanation of immediate personal events "for the glory of God," or "for the good of the soul":--this tyranny, this arbitrariness, this severe and magnificent stupidity, has EDUCATED the spirit; slavery, both in the coarser and the finer sense, is apparently an indispensable means even of spiritual education and discipline. One may look at every system of morals in this light: it is "nature" therein which teaches to hate the laisser-aller, the too great freedom, and implants the need for limited horizons, for immediate duties--it teaches the NARROWING OF PERSPECTIVES, and thus, in a certain sense, that stupidity is a condition of life and development. "Thou must obey some one, and for a long time; OTHERWISE thou wilt come to grief, and lose all respect for thyself"--this seems to me to be the moral imperative of nature, which is certainly neither "categorical," as old Kant wished (consequently the "otherwise"), nor does it address itself to the individual (what does nature care for the individual!), but to nations, races, ages, and ranks; above all, however, to the animal "man" generally, to MANKIND.

189. Industrious races find it a great hardship to be idle: it was a master stroke of ENGLISH instinct to hallow and begloom Sunday to such an extent that the Englishman unconsciously hankers for his week--and work-day again:--as a kind of cleverly devised, cleverly intercalated FAST, such as is also frequently found in the ancient world (although, as is appropriate in southern nations, not precisely with respect to work). Many kinds of fasts are necessary; and wherever powerful influences and habits prevail, legislators have to see that intercalary days are appointed, on which such impulses are fettered, and learn to hunger anew. Viewed from a higher standpoint, whole generations and epochs, when they show themselves infected with any moral fanaticism, seem like those intercalated periods of restraint and fasting, during which an impulse learns to humble and submit itself--at the same time also to PURIFY and SHARPEN itself; certain philosophical sects likewise admit of a similar interpretation (for instance, the Stoa, in

the midst of Hellenic culture, with the atmosphere rank and overcharged with Aphrodisiacal odours).--Here also is a hint for the explanation of the paradox, why it was precisely in the most Christian period of European history, and in general only under the pressure of Christian sentiments, that the sexual impulse sublimated into love (amour-passion).

190. There is something in the morality of Plato which does not really belong to Plato, but which only appears in his philosophy, one might say, in spite of him: namely, Socratism, for which he himself was too noble. "No one desires to injure himself, hence all evil is done unwittingly. The evil man inflicts injury on himself; he would not do so, however, if he knew that evil is evil. The evil man, therefore, is only evil through error; if one free him from error one will necessarily make him--good."--This mode of reasoning savours of the POPULACE, who perceive only the unpleasant consequences of evil-doing, and practically judge that "it is STUPID to do wrong"; while they accept "good" as identical with "useful and pleasant," without further thought. As regards every system of utilitarianism, one may at once assume that it has the same origin, and follow the scent: one will seldom err.--Plato did all he could to interpret something refined and noble into the tenets of his teacher, and above all to interpret himself into them--he, the most daring of all interpreters, who lifted the entire Socrates out of the street, as a popular theme and song, to exhibit him in endless and impossible modifications--namely, in all his own disguises and multiplicities. In jest, and in Homeric language as well, what is the Platonic Socrates, if not--[Greek words inserted here.]

191. The old theological problem of "Faith" and "Knowledge," or more plainly, of instinct and reason--the question whether, in respect to the valuation of things, instinct deserves more authority than rationality, which wants to appreciate and act according to motives, according to a "Why," that is to say, in conformity to purpose and utility--it is always the old moral problem that first appeared in the person of Socrates, and had divided men's minds long before Christianity. Socrates himself, following, of course, the taste of his talent--that of a surpassing dialectician--took first the side of reason; and, in fact, what did he do all his life but laugh at the awkward incapacity of the noble Athenians, who were men of instinct, like all noble men, and could never give satisfactory answers concerning the motives of their actions? In the end, however, though silently and secretly, he laughed also at himself: with his finer conscience and introspection, he found in himself the same difficulty and incapacity. "But why"--he said to himself--"should one on that account separate oneself from the instincts! One must set them right, and the reason ALSO--one must follow the instincts, but at the same time persuade the reason to support them with good arguments." This was the real FALSENESS of that great and mysterious ironist; he brought his conscience up to the point that he was satisfied with a kind of self-outwitting: in fact, he perceived the irrationality in the moral judgment.--Plato, more innocent in such matters, and without the craftiness of the plebeian, wished to prove to himself, at the expenditure of all his strength--the greatest strength a philosopher had ever expended--that reason and instinct lead spontaneously to one goal, to the good, to "God"; and since Plato, all theologians and philosophers have followed the same path--which means that in matters of morality, instinct (or as Christians call it, "Faith," or as I call it, "the herd") has hitherto triumphed. Unless one should make an exception in the case of Descartes, the father of rationalism (and consequently the grandfather of the Revolution), who recognized only the authority of reason: but reason is only a tool, and Descartes was superficial.

192. Whoever has followed the history of a single science, finds in its development a clue to the understanding of the oldest and commonest processes of all "knowledge and cognizance": there, as here, the premature hypotheses, the fictions, the good stupid will to "belief," and the lack of distrust and patience are first developed--our senses learn late, and never learn completely, to be subtle, reliable, and cautious organs of knowledge. Our eyes find it easier on a given occasion to produce a picture already often produced, than to seize upon the divergence and novelty of an impression: the latter requires more force, more "morality." It is difficult and painful for the ear to listen to anything new; we hear strange music badly. When we hear another language spoken, we involuntarily attempt to form the sounds into words with which we are more familiar and conversant--it was thus, for example, that the Germans modified the spoken word ARCUBALISTA into ARMBRUST (cross-bow). Our senses are also hostile and averse to the new; and generally, even in the "simplest" processes of sensation, the emotions DOMINATE--such as fear, love, hatred, and the passive emotion of indolence.--As little as a reader nowadays reads all the single words (not to speak of syllables) of a page--he rather takes about five out of every twenty words at random, and "guesses" the probably appropriate sense to them--just as little do we see a tree correctly and completely in respect to its leaves, branches, colour, and shape; we find it so much easier to fancy the chance of a tree. Even in the midst of the most remarkable experiences, we still do just the same; we fabricate the greater part of the experience, and can hardly be made to contemplate any event, EXCEPT as "inventors" thereof. All this goes to prove that from our fundamental nature and from remote ages we have been--ACCUSTOMED TO LYING. Or, to express it more politely and hypocritically, in short, more pleasantly--one is much more of an artist than one is aware of.--In an animated conversation, I often see the face of the person with whom I am speaking so clearly and sharply defined before me, according to the thought he expresses, or which I believe to be evoked in his mind, that the degree of distinctness far exceeds the STRENGTH of my visual

faculty--the delicacy of the play of the muscles and of the expression of the eyes MUST therefore be imagined by me. Probably the person put on quite a different expression, or none at all.

193. Quidquid luce fuit, tenebris agit: but also contrariwise. What we experience in dreams, provided we experience it often, pertains at last just as much to the general belongings of our soul as anything "actually" experienced; by virtue thereof we are richer or poorer, we have a requirement more or less, and finally, in broad daylight, and even in the brightest moments of our waking life, we are ruled to some extent by the nature of our dreams. Supposing that someone has often flown in his dreams, and that at last, as soon as he dreams, he is conscious of the power and art of flying as his privilege and his peculiarly enviable happiness; such a person, who believes that on the slightest impulse, he can actualize all sorts of curves and angles, who knows the sensation of a certain divine levity, an "upwards" without effort or constraint, a "downwards" without descending or lowering--without TROUBLE!--how could the man with such dream-experiences and dream-habits fail to find "happiness" differently coloured and defined, even in his waking hours! How could he fail--to long DIFFERENTLY for happiness? "Flight," such as is described by poets, must, when compared with his own "flying," be far too earthly, muscular, violent, far too "troublesome" for him.

194. The difference among men does not manifest itself only in the difference of their lists of desirable things--in their regarding different good things as worth striving for, and being disagreed as to the greater or less value, the order of rank, of the commonly recognized desirable things:--it manifests itself much more in what they regard as actually HAVING and POSSESSING a desirable thing. As regards a woman, for instance, the control over her body and her sexual gratification serves as an amply sufficient sign of ownership and possession to the more modest man; another with a more suspicious and ambitious thirst for possession, sees the "questionableness," the mere apparentness of such ownership, and wishes to have finer tests in order to know especially whether the woman not only gives herself to him, but also gives up for his sake what she has or would like to have--only THEN does he look upon her as "possessed." A third, however, has not even here got to the limit of his distrust and his desire for possession: he asks himself whether the woman, when she gives up everything for him, does not perhaps do so for a phantom of him; he wishes first to be thoroughly, indeed, profoundly well known; in order to be loved at all he ventures to let himself be found out. Only then does he feel the beloved one fully in his possession, when she no longer deceives herself about him, when she loves him just as much for the sake of his devilry and concealed insatiability, as for his goodness, patience, and spirituality. One man would like to possess a nation, and he finds all the higher arts of Cagliostro and Catalina suitable for his purpose. Another, with a more refined thirst for possession, says to himself: "One may not deceive where one desires to possess"--he is irritated and impatient at the idea that a mask of him should rule in the hearts of the people: "I must, therefore, MAKE myself known, and first of all learn to know myself!" Among helpful and charitable people, one almost always finds the awkward craftiness which first gets up suitably him who has to be helped, as though, for instance, he should "merit" help, seek just THEIR help, and would show himself deeply grateful, attached, and subservient to them for all help. With these conceits, they take control of the needy as a property, just as in general they are charitable and helpful out of a desire for property. One finds them jealous when they are crossed or forestalled in their charity. Parents involuntarily make something like themselves out of their children--they call that "education"; no mother doubts at the bottom of her heart that the child she has borne is thereby her property, no father hesitates about his right to HIS OWN ideas and notions of worth. Indeed, in former times fathers deemed it right to use their discretion concerning the life or death of the newly born (as among the ancient Germans). And like the father, so also do the teacher, the class, the priest, and the prince still see in every new individual an unobjectionable opportunity for a new possession. The consequence is...

195. The Jews--a people "born for slavery," as Tacitus and the whole ancient world say of them; "the chosen people among the nations," as they themselves say and believe--the Jews performed the miracle of the inversion of valuations, by means of which life on earth obtained a new and dangerous charm for a couple of millenniums. Their prophets fused into one the expressions "rich," "godless," "wicked," "violent," "sensual," and for the first time coined the word "world" as a term of reproach. In this inversion of valuations (in which is also included the use of the word "poor" as synonymous with "saint" and "friend") the significance of the Jewish people is to be found; it is with THEM that the SLAVE-INSURRECTION IN MORALS commences.

196. It is to be INFERRED that there are countless dark bodies near the sun--such as we shall never see. Among ourselves, this is an allegory; and the psychologist of morals reads the whole star-writing merely as an allegorical and symbolic language in which much may be unexpressed.

197. The beast of prey and the man of prey (for instance, Caesar Borgia) are fundamentally misunderstood, "nature" is misunderstood, so long as one seeks a "morbidness" in the constitution of these healthiest of all tropical monsters and growths, or even an innate "hell" in them--as almost all moralists have done hitherto. Does it not seem that there is a hatred of the virgin forest and of the tropics among moralists? And that the "tropical man" must be discredited at all costs, whether as disease and

deterioration of mankind, or as his own hell and self-torture? And why? In favour of the "temperate zones"? In favour of the temperate men? The "moral"? The mediocre?--This for the chapter: "Morals as Timidity."

198. All the systems of morals which address themselves with a view to their "happiness," as it is called--what else are they but suggestions for behaviour adapted to the degree of DANGER from themselves in which the individuals live; recipes for their passions, their good and bad propensities, insofar as such have the Will to Power and would like to play the master; small and great expediencies and elaborations, permeated with the musty odour of old family medicines and old-wife wisdom; all of them grotesque and absurd in their form--because they address themselves to "all," because they generalize where generalization is not authorized; all of them speaking unconditionally, and taking themselves unconditionally; all of them flavoured not merely with one grain of salt, but rather endurable only, and sometimes even seductive, when they are over-spiced and begin to smell dangerously, especially of "the other world." That is all of little value when estimated intellectually, and is far from being "science," much less "wisdom"; but, repeated once more, and three times repeated, it is expediency, expediency, expediency, mixed with stupidity, stupidity, stupidity--whether it be the indifference and statuesque coldness towards the heated folly of the emotions, which the Stoics advised and fostered; or the no-more-laughing and no-more-weeping of Spinoza, the destruction of the emotions by their analysis and vivisection, which he recommended so naively; or the lowering of the emotions to an innocent mean at which they may be satisfied, the Aristotelianism of morals; or even morality as the enjoyment of the emotions in a voluntary attenuation and spiritualization by the symbolism of art, perhaps as music, or as love of God, and of mankind for God's sake--for in religion the passions are once more enfranchised, provided that...; or, finally, even the complaisant and wanton surrender to the emotions, as has been taught by Hafis and Goethe, the bold letting-go of the reins, the spiritual and corporeal licentia morum in the exceptional cases of wise old codgers and drunkards, with whom it "no longer has much danger."--This also for the chapter: "Morals as Timidity."

199. Inasmuch as in all ages, as long as mankind has existed, there have also been human herds (family alliances, communities, tribes, peoples, states, churches), and always a great number who obey in proportion to the small number who command--in view, therefore, of the fact that obedience has been most practiced and fostered among mankind hitherto, one may reasonably suppose that, generally speaking, the need thereof is now innate in every one, as a kind of FORMAL CONSCIENCE which gives the command "Thou shalt unconditionally do something, unconditionally refrain from something", in short, "Thou shalt". This need tries to satisfy itself and to fill its form with a content, according to its strength, impatience, and eagerness, it at once seizes as an omnivorous appetite with little selection, and accepts whatever is shouted into its ear by all sorts of commanders--parents, teachers, laws, class prejudices, or public opinion. The extraordinary limitation of human development, the hesitation, protractedness, frequent retrogression, and turning thereof, is attributable to the fact that the herd-instinct of obedience is transmitted best, and at the cost of the art of command. If one imagine this instinct increasing to its greatest extent, commanders and independent individuals will finally be lacking altogether, or they will suffer inwardly from a bad conscience, and will have to impose a deception on themselves in the first place in order to be able to command just as if they also were only obeying. This condition of things actually exists in Europe at present--I call it the moral hypocrisy of the commanding class. They know no other way of protecting themselves from their bad conscience than by playing the role of executors of older and higher orders (of predecessors, of the constitution, of justice, of the law, or of God himself), or they even justify themselves by maxims from the current opinions of the herd, as "first servants of their people," or "instruments of the public weal". On the other hand, the gregarious European man nowadays assumes an air as if he were the only kind of man that is allowable, he glorifies his qualities, such as public spirit, kindness, deference, industry, temperance, modesty, indulgence, sympathy, by virtue of which he is gentle, endurable, and useful to the herd, as the peculiarly human virtues. In cases, however, where it is believed that the leader and bell-wether cannot be dispensed with, attempt after attempt is made nowadays to replace commanders by the summing together of clever gregarious men all representative constitutions, for example, are of this origin. In spite of all, what a blessing, what a deliverance from a weight becoming unendurable, is the appearance of an absolute ruler for these gregarious Europeans--of this fact the effect of the appearance of Napoleon was the last great proof the history of the influence of Napoleon is almost the history of the higher happiness to which the entire century has attained in its worthiest individuals and periods.

200. The man of an age of dissolution which mixes the races with one another, who has the inheritance of a diversified descent in his body--that is to say, contrary, and often not only contrary, instincts and standards of value, which struggle with one another and are seldom at peace--such a man of late culture and broken lights, will, on an average, be a weak man. His fundamental desire is that the war which is IN HIM should come to an end; happiness appears to him in the character of a soothing medicine and mode of thought (for instance, Epicurean or Christian); it is above all things the happiness of repose, of undisturbedness, of repletion, of final unity--it is the "Sabbath of Sabbaths," to use the expression of the holy rhetorician, St. Augustine, who was himself such a

man.--Should, however, the contrariety and conflict in such natures operate as an ADDITIONAL incentive and stimulus to life--and if, on the other hand, in addition to their powerful and irreconcilable instincts, they have also inherited and indoctrinated into them a proper mastery and subtlety for carrying on the conflict with themselves (that is to say, the faculty of self-control and self-deception), there then arise those marvelously incomprehensible and inexplicable beings, those enigmatical men, predestined for conquering and circumventing others, the finest examples of which are Alcibiades and Caesar (with whom I should like to associate the FIRST of Europeans according to my taste, the Hohenstaufen, Frederick the Second), and among artists, perhaps Leonardo da Vinci. They appear precisely in the same periods when that weaker type, with its longing for repose, comes to the front; the two types are complementary to each other, and spring from the same causes.

201. As long as the utility which determines moral estimates is only gregarious utility, as long as the preservation of the community is only kept in view, and the immoral is sought precisely and exclusively in what seems dangerous to the maintenance of the community, there can be no "morality of love to one's neighbour." Granted even that there is already a little constant exercise of consideration, sympathy, fairness, gentleness, and mutual assistance, granted that even in this condition of society all those instincts are already active which are latterly distinguished by honourable names as "virtues," and eventually almost coincide with the conception "morality": in that period they do not as yet belong to the domain of moral valuations--they are still ULTRA-MORAL. A sympathetic action, for instance, is neither called good nor bad, moral nor immoral, in the best period of the Romans; and should it be praised, a sort of resentful disdain is compatible with this praise, even at the best, directly the sympathetic action is compared with one which contributes to the welfare of the whole, to the RES PUBLICA. After all, "love to our neighbour" is always a secondary matter, partly conventional and arbitrarily manifested in relation to our FEAR OF OUR NEIGHBOUR. After the fabric of society seems on the whole established and secured against external dangers, it is this fear of our neighbour which again creates new perspectives of moral valuation. Certain strong and dangerous instincts, such as the love of enterprise, foolhardiness, revengefulness, astuteness, rapacity, and love of power, which up till then had not only to be honoured from the point of view of general utility--under other names, of course, than those here given--but had to be fostered and cultivated (because they were perpetually required in the common danger against the common enemies), are now felt in their dangerousness to be doubly strong--when the outlets for them are lacking--and are gradually branded as immoral and given over to calumny. The contrary instincts and inclinations now attain to moral honour, the gregarious instinct gradually draws its conclusions. How much or how little dangerousness to the community or to equality is contained in an opinion, a condition, an emotion, a disposition, or an endowment--that is now the moral perspective, here again fear is the mother of morals. It is by the loftiest and strongest instincts, when they break out passionately and carry the individual far above and beyond the average, and the low level of the gregarious conscience, that the self-reliance of the community is destroyed, its belief in itself, its backbone, as it were, breaks, consequently these very instincts will be most branded and defamed. The lofty independent spirituality, the will to stand alone, and even the cogent reason, are felt to be dangers, everything that elevates the individual above the herd, and is a source of fear to the neighbour, is henceforth called EVIL, the tolerant, unassuming, self-adapting, self-equalizing disposition, the MEDIOCRITY of desires, attains to moral distinction and honour. Finally, under very peaceful circumstances, there is always less opportunity and necessity for training the feelings to severity and rigour, and now every form of severity, even in justice, begins to disturb the conscience, a lofty and rigorous nobleness and self-responsibility almost offends, and awakens distrust, "the lamb," and still more "the sheep," wins respect. There is a point of diseased mellowness and effeminacy in the history of society, at which society itself takes the part of him who injures it, the part of the CRIMINAL, and does so, in fact, seriously and honestly. To punish, appears to it to be somehow unfair--it is certain that the idea of "punishment" and "the obligation to punish" are then painful and alarming to people. "Is it not sufficient if the criminal be rendered HARMLESS? Why should we still punish? Punishment itself is terrible!"--with these questions gregarious morality, the morality of fear, draws its ultimate conclusion. If one could at all do away with danger, the cause of fear, one would have done away with this morality at the same time, it would no longer be necessary, it WOULD NOT CONSIDER ITSELF any longer necessary!--Whoever examines the conscience of the present-day European, will always elicit the same imperative from its thousand moral folds and hidden recesses, the imperative of the timidity of the herd "we wish that some time or other there may be NOTHING MORE TO FEAR!" Some time or other--the will and the way THERETO is nowadays called "progress" all over Europe.

202. Let us at once say again what we have already said a hundred times, for people's ears nowadays are unwilling to hear such truths--OUR truths. We know well enough how offensive it sounds when any one plainly, and without metaphor, counts man among the animals, but it will be accounted to us almost a CRIME, that it is precisely in respect to men of "modern ideas" that we have constantly applied the terms "herd," "herd-instincts," and such like expressions. What avail is it? We cannot do otherwise, for it is precisely here that our new insight is. We have found that in all the principal moral judgments, Europe has become unanimous,

including likewise the countries where European influence prevails in Europe people evidently KNOW what Socrates thought he did not know, and what the famous serpent of old once promised to teach--they "know" today what is good and evil. It must then sound hard and be distasteful to the ear, when we always insist that that which here thinks it knows, that which here glorifies itself with praise and blame, and calls itself good, is the instinct of the herding human animal, the instinct which has come and is ever coming more and more to the front, to preponderance and supremacy over other instincts, according to the increasing physiological approximation and resemblance of which it is the symptom. MORALITY IN EUROPE AT PRESENT IS HERDING-ANIMAL MORALITY, and therefore, as we understand the matter, only one kind of human morality, beside which, before which, and after which many other moralities, and above all HIGHER moralities, are or should be possible. Against such a "possibility," against such a "should be," however, this morality defends itself with all its strength, it says obstinately and inexorably "I am morality itself and nothing else is morality!" Indeed, with the help of a religion which has humoured and flattered the sublimest desires of the herding-animal, things have reached such a point that we always find a more visible expression of this morality even in political and social arrangements: the DEMOCRATIC movement is the inheritance of the Christian movement. That its TEMPO, however, is much too slow and sleepy for the more impatient ones, for those who are sick and distracted by the herding-instinct, is indicated by the increasingly furious howling, and always less disguised teeth-gnashing of the anarchist dogs, who are now roving through the highways of European culture. Apparently in opposition to the peacefully industrious democrats and Revolution-ideologues, and still more so to the awkward philosophasters and fraternity-visionaries who call themselves Socialists and want a "free society," those are really at one with them all in their thorough and instinctive hostility to every form of society other than that of the AUTONOMOUS herd (to the extent even of repudiating the notions "master" and "servant"--ni dieu ni maitre, says a socialist formula); at one in their tenacious opposition to every special claim, every special right and privilege (this means ultimately opposition to EVERY right, for when all are equal, no one needs "rights" any longer); at one in their distrust of punitive justice (as though it were a violation of the weak, unfair to the NECESSARY consequences of all former society); but equally at one in their religion of sympathy, in their compassion for all that feels, lives, and suffers (down to the very animals, up even to "God"--the extravagance of "sympathy for God" belongs to a democratic age); altogether at one in the cry and impatience of their sympathy, in their deadly hatred of suffering generally, in their almost feminine incapacity for witnessing it or ALLOWING it; at one in their involuntary beglooming and heart-softening, under the spell of which Europe seems to be threatened with a new Buddhism; at one in their belief in the morality of MUTUAL sympathy, as though it were morality in itself, the climax, the ATTAINED climax of mankind, the sole hope of the future, the consolation of the present, the great discharge from all the obligations of the past; altogether at one in their belief in the community as the DELIVERER, in the herd, and therefore in "themselves."

203. We, who hold a different belief--we, who regard the democratic movement, not only as a degenerating form of political organization, but as equivalent to a degenerating, a waning type of man, as involving his mediocrising and depreciation: where have WE to fix our hopes? In NEW PHILOSOPHERS--there is no other alternative: in minds strong and original enough to initiate opposite estimates of value, to transvalue and invert "eternal valuations"; in forerunners, in men of the future, who in the present shall fix the constraints and fasten the knots which will compel millenniums to take NEW paths. To teach man the future of humanity as his WILL, as depending on human will, and to make preparation for vast hazardous enterprises and collective attempts in rearing and educating, in order thereby to put an end to the frightful rule of folly and chance which has hitherto gone by the name of "history" (the folly of the "greatest number" is only its last form)--for that purpose a new type of philosopher and commander will some time or other be needed, at the very idea of which everything that has existed in the way of occult, terrible, and benevolent beings might look pale and dwarfed. The image of such leaders hovers before OUR eyes:--is it lawful for me to say it aloud, ye free spirits? The conditions which one would partly have to create and partly utilize for their genesis; the presumptive methods and tests by virtue of which a soul should grow up to such an elevation and power as to feel a CONSTRAINT to these tasks; a transvaluation of values, under the new pressure and hammer of which a conscience should be steeled and a heart transformed into brass, so as to bear the weight of such responsibility; and on the other hand the necessity for such leaders, the dreadful danger that they might be lacking, or miscarry and degenerate:--these are OUR real anxieties and glooms, ye know it well, ye free spirits! these are the heavy distant thoughts and storms which sweep across the heaven of OUR life. There are few pains so grievous as to have seen, divined, or experienced how an exceptional man has missed his way and deteriorated; but he who has the rare eye for the universal danger of "man" himself DETERIORATING, he who like us has recognized the extraordinary fortuitousness which has hitherto played its game in respect to the future of mankind--a game in which neither the hand, nor even a "finger of God" has participated!--he who divines the fate that is hidden under the idiotic unwariness and blind confidence of "modern ideas," and still more under the whole of Christo-European morality--suffers from an anguish with which no other is to be compared. He sees at a glance all that could still BE MADE OUT OF MAN through a favourable accumulation and augmentation of human powers and arrangements; he knows with all the knowledge of his conviction how unexhausted man still is for the greatest possibilities, and

how often in the past the type man has stood in presence of mysterious decisions and new paths:--he knows still better from his painfulest recollections on what wretched obstacles promising developments of the highest rank have hitherto usually gone to pieces, broken down, sunk, and become contemptible. The UNIVERSAL DEGENERACY OF MANKIND to the level of the "man of the future"--as idealized by the socialistic fools and shallow-pates--this degeneracy and dwarfing of man to an absolutely gregarious animal (or as they call it, to a man of "free society"), this brutalizing of man into a pigmy with equal rights and claims, is undoubtedly POSSIBLE! He who has thought out this possibility to its ultimate conclusion knows ANOTHER loathing unknown to the rest of mankind--and perhaps also a new MISSION!

CHAPTER VI. WE SCHOLARS

204. At the risk that moralizing may also reveal itself here as that which it has always been--namely, resolutely MONTRER SES PLAIES, according to Balzac--I would venture to protest against an improper and injurious alteration of rank, which quite unnoticed, and as if with the best conscience, threatens nowadays to establish itself in the relations of science and philosophy. I mean to say that one must have the right out of one's own EXPERIENCE--experience, as it seems to me, always implies unfortunate experience?--to treat of such an important question of rank, so as not to speak of colour like the blind, or AGAINST science like women and artists ("Ah! this dreadful science!" sigh their instinct and their shame, "it always FINDS THINGS OUT!"). The declaration of independence of the scientific man, his emancipation from philosophy, is one of the subtler after-effects of democratic organization and disorganization: the self-glorification and self-conceitedness of the learned man is now everywhere in full bloom, and in its best springtime--which does not mean to imply that in this case self-praise smells sweet. Here also the instinct of the populace cries, "Freedom from all masters!" and after science has, with the happiest results, resisted theology, whose "hand-maid" it had been too long, it now proposes in its wantonness and indiscretion to lay down laws for philosophy, and in its turn to play the "master"--what am I saying! to play the PHILOSOPHER on its own account. My memory--the memory of a scientific man, if you please!--teems with the naivetes of insolence which I have heard about philosophy and philosophers from young naturalists and old physicians (not to mention the most cultured and most conceited of all learned men, the philologists and schoolmasters, who are both the one and the other by profession). On one occasion it was the specialist and the Jack Horner who instinctively stood on the defensive against all synthetic tasks and capabilities; at another time it was the industrious worker who had got a scent of OTIUM and refined luxuriousness in the internal economy of the philosopher, and felt himself aggrieved and belittled thereby. On another occasion it was the colour-blindness of the utilitarian, who sees nothing in philosophy but a series of REFUTED systems, and an extravagant expenditure which "does nobody any good". At another time the fear of disguised mysticism and of the boundary-adjustment of knowledge became conspicuous, at another time the disregard of individual philosophers, which had involuntarily extended to disregard of philosophy generally. In fine, I found most frequently, behind the proud disdain of philosophy in young scholars, the evil after-effect of some particular philosopher, to whom on the whole obedience had been foresworn, without, however, the spell of his scornful estimates of other philosophers having been got rid of--the result being a general ill-will to all philosophy. (Such seems to me, for instance, the after-effect of Schopenhauer on the most modern Germany: by his unintelligent rage against Hegel, he has succeeded in severing the whole of the last generation of Germans from its connection with German culture, which culture, all things considered, has been an elevation and a divining refinement of the HISTORICAL SENSE, but precisely at this point Schopenhauer himself was poor, irreceptive, and un-German to the extent of ingeniousness.) On the whole, speaking generally, it may just have been the humanness, all-too-humanness of the modern philosophers themselves, in short, their contemptibleness, which has injured most radically the reverence for philosophy and opened the doors to the instinct of the populace. Let it but be acknowledged to what an extent our modern world diverges from the whole style of the world of Heraclitus, Plato, Empedocles, and whatever else all the royal and magnificent anchorites of the spirit were called, and with what justice an honest man of science MAY feel himself of a better family and origin, in view of such representatives of philosophy, who, owing to the fashion of the present day, are just as much aloft as they are down below--in Germany, for instance, the two lions of Berlin, the anarchist Eugen Duhring and the amalgamist Eduard von Hartmann. It is especially the sight of those hotch-potch philosophers, who call themselves "realists," or "positivists," which is calculated to implant a dangerous distrust in the soul of a young and ambitious scholar those philosophers, at the best, are themselves but scholars and specialists, that is very evident! All of them are persons who have been vanquished and BROUGHT BACK AGAIN under the dominion of science, who at one time or another claimed more from themselves, without having a right to the "more" and its responsibility--and who now, creditably, rancorously, and vindictively, represent in word and deed, DISBELIEF in the master-task and supremacy of philosophy After all, how could it be otherwise? Science flourishes nowadays and has the good conscience clearly visible on its countenance, while that to which the entire modern philosophy has gradually sunk, the remnant of philosophy

of the present day, excites distrust and displeasure, if not scorn and pity Philosophy reduced to a "theory of knowledge," no more in fact than a diffident science of epochs and doctrine of forbearance a philosophy that never even gets beyond the threshold, and rigorously DENIES itself the right to enter--that is philosophy in its last throes, an end, an agony, something that awakens pity. How could such a philosophy--RULE!

205. The dangers that beset the evolution of the philosopher are, in fact, so manifold nowadays, that one might doubt whether this fruit could still come to maturity. The extent and towering structure of the sciences have increased enormously, and therewith also the probability that the philosopher will grow tired even as a learner, or will attach himself somewhere and "specialize" so that he will no longer attain to his elevation, that is to say, to his superspection, his circumspection, and his DESPECTION. Or he gets aloft too late, when the best of his maturity and strength is past, or when he is impaired, coarsened, and deteriorated, so that his view, his general estimate of things, is no longer of much importance. It is perhaps just the refinement of his intellectual conscience that makes him hesitate and linger on the way, he dreads the temptation to become a dilettante, a millepede, a milleantenna, he knows too well that as a discerner, one who has lost his self-respect no longer commands, no longer LEADS, unless he should aspire to become a great play-actor, a philosophical Cagliostro and spiritual rat-catcher--in short, a misleader. This is in the last instance a question of taste, if it has not really been a question of conscience. To double once more the philosopher's difficulties, there is also the fact that he demands from himself a verdict, a Yea or Nay, not concerning science, but concerning life and the worth of life--he learns unwillingly to believe that it is his right and even his duty to obtain this verdict, and he has to seek his way to the right and the belief only through the most extensive (perhaps disturbing and destroying) experiences, often hesitating, doubting, and dumbfounded. In fact, the philosopher has long been mistaken and confused by the multitude, either with the scientific man and ideal scholar, or with the religiously elevated, desensualized, desecularized visionary and God-intoxicated man; and even yet when one hears anybody praised, because he lives "wisely," or "as a philosopher," it hardly means anything more than "prudently and apart." Wisdom: that seems to the populace to be a kind of flight, a means and artifice for withdrawing successfully from a bad game; but the GENUINE philosopher--does it not seem so to US, my friends?--lives "unphilosophically" and "unwisely," above all, IMPRUDENTLY, and feels the obligation and burden of a hundred attempts and temptations of life--he risks HIMSELF constantly, he plays THIS bad game.

206. In relation to the genius, that is to say, a being who either ENGENDERS or PRODUCES--both words understood in their fullest sense--the man of learning, the scientific average man, has always something of the old maid about him; for, like her, he is not conversant with the two principal functions of man. To both, of course, to the scholar and to the old maid, one concedes respectability, as if by way of indemnification--in these cases one emphasizes the respectability--and yet, in the compulsion of this concession, one has the same admixture of vexation. Let us examine more closely: what is the scientific man? Firstly, a commonplace type of man, with commonplace virtues: that is to say, a non-ruling, non-authoritative, and non-self-sufficient type of man; he possesses industry, patient adaptableness to rank and file, equability and moderation in capacity and requirement; he has the instinct for people like himself, and for that which they require--for instance: the portion of independence and green meadow without which there is no rest from labour, the claim to honour and consideration (which first and foremost presupposes recognition and recognisability), the sunshine of a good name, the perpetual ratification of his value and usefulness, with which the inward DISTRUST which lies at the bottom of the heart of all dependent men and gregarious animals, has again and again to be overcome. The learned man, as is appropriate, has also maladies and faults of an ignoble kind: he is full of petty envy, and has a lynx-eye for the weak points in those natures to whose elevations he cannot attain. He is confiding, yet only as one who lets himself go, but does not FLOW; and precisely before the man of the great current he stands all the colder and more reserved--his eye is then like a smooth and irresponsive lake, which is no longer moved by rapture or sympathy. The worst and most dangerous thing of which a scholar is capable results from the instinct of mediocrity of his type, from the Jesuitism of mediocrity, which labours instinctively for the destruction of the exceptional man, and endeavours to break--or still better, to relax--every bent bow To relax, of course, with consideration, and naturally with an indulgent hand--to RELAX with confiding sympathy that is the real art of Jesuitism, which has always understood how to introduce itself as the religion of sympathy.

207. However gratefully one may welcome the OBJECTIVE spirit--and who has not been sick to death of all subjectivity and its confounded IPSISIMOSITY!--in the end, however, one must learn caution even with regard to one's gratitude, and put a stop to the exaggeration with which the unselfing and depersonalizing of the spirit has recently been celebrated, as if it were the goal in itself, as if it were salvation and glorification--as is especially accustomed to happen in the pessimist school, which has also in its turn good reasons for paying the highest honours to "disinterested knowledge" The objective man, who no longer curses and scolds like the pessimist, the IDEAL man of learning in whom the scientific instinct blossoms forth fully after a thousand complete and partial failures, is assuredly one of the most costly instruments that exist, but his place is in the hand of one who is more powerful He is

only an instrument, we may say, he is a MIRROR--he is no "purpose in himself" The objective man is in truth a mirror accustomed to prostration before everything that wants to be known, with such desires only as knowing or "reflecting" implies--he waits until something comes, and then expands himself sensitively, so that even the light footsteps and gliding-past of spiritual beings may not be lost on his surface and film Whatever "personality" he still possesses seems to him accidental, arbitrary, or still oftener, disturbing, so much has he come to regard himself as the passage and reflection of outside forms and events He calls up the recollection of "himself" with an effort, and not infrequently wrongly, he readily confounds himself with other persons, he makes mistakes with regard to his own needs, and here only is he unrefined and negligent Perhaps he is troubled about the health, or the pettiness and confined atmosphere of wife and friend, or the lack of companions and society--indeed, he sets himself to reflect on his suffering, but in vain! His thoughts already rove away to the MORE GENERAL case, and tomorrow he knows as little as he knew yesterday how to help himself He does not now take himself seriously and devote time to himself he is serene, NOT from lack of trouble, but from lack of capacity for grasping and dealing with HIS trouble The habitual complaisance with respect to all objects and experiences, the radiant and impartial hospitality with which he receives everything that comes his way, his habit of inconsiderate good-nature, of dangerous indifference as to Yea and Nay: alas! there are enough of cases in which he has to atone for these virtues of his!--and as man generally, he becomes far too easily the CAPUT MORTUUM of such virtues. Should one wish love or hatred from him--I mean love and hatred as God, woman, and animal understand them--he will do what he can, and furnish what he can. But one must not be surprised if it should not be much--if he should show himself just at this point to be false, fragile, questionable, and deteriorated. His love is constrained, his hatred is artificial, and rather UN TOUR DE FORCE, a slight ostentation and exaggeration. He is only genuine so far as he can be objective; only in his serene totality is he still "nature" and "natural." His mirroring and eternally self-polishing soul no longer knows how to affirm, no longer how to deny; he does not command; neither does he destroy. "JE NE MEPRISE PRESQUE RIEN"--he says, with Leibniz: let us not overlook nor undervalue the PRESQUE! Neither is he a model man; he does not go in advance of any one, nor after, either; he places himself generally too far off to have any reason for espousing the cause of either good or evil. If he has been so long confounded with the PHILOSOPHER, with the Caesarian trainer and dictator of civilization, he has had far too much honour, and what is more essential in him has been overlooked--he is an instrument, something of a slave, though certainly the sublimest sort of slave, but nothing in himself--PRESQUE RIEN! The objective man is an instrument, a costly, easily injured, easily tarnished measuring instrument and mirroring apparatus, which is to be taken care of and respected; but he is no goal, not outgoing nor upgoing, no complementary man in whom the REST of existence justifies itself, no termination--and still less a commencement, an engendering, or primary cause, nothing hardy, powerful, self-centred, that wants to be master; but rather only a soft, inflated, delicate, movable potter's-form, that must wait for some kind of content and frame to "shape" itself thereto--for the most part a man without frame and content, a "selfless" man. Consequently, also, nothing for women, IN PARENTHESI.

208. When a philosopher nowadays makes known that he is not a skeptic--I hope that has been gathered from the foregoing description of the objective spirit?--people all hear it impatiently; they regard him on that account with some apprehension, they would like to ask so many, many questions... indeed among timid hearers, of whom there are now so many, he is henceforth said to be dangerous. With his repudiation of skepticism, it seems to them as if they heard some evil-threatening sound in the distance, as if a new kind of explosive were being tried somewhere, a dynamite of the spirit, perhaps a newly discovered Russian NIHILINE, a pessimism BONAE VOLUNTATIS, that not only denies, means denial, but--dreadful thought! PRACTISES denial. Against this kind of "good-will"--a will to the veritable, actual negation of life--there is, as is generally acknowledged nowadays, no better soporific and sedative than skepticism, the mild, pleasing, lulling poppy of skepticism; and Hamlet himself is now prescribed by the doctors of the day as an antidote to the "spirit," and its underground noises. "Are not our ears already full of bad sounds?" say the skeptics, as lovers of repose, and almost as a kind of safety police; "this subterranean Nay is terrible! Be still, ye pessimistic moles!" The skeptic, in effect, that delicate creature, is far too easily frightened; his conscience is schooled so as to start at every Nay, and even at that sharp, decided Yea, and feels something like a bite thereby. Yea! and Nay!--they seem to him opposed to morality; he loves, on the contrary, to make a festival to his virtue by a noble aloofness, while perhaps he says with Montaigne: "What do I know?" Or with Socrates: "I know that I know nothing." Or: "Here I do not trust myself, no door is open to me." Or: "Even if the door were open, why should I enter immediately?" Or: "What is the use of any hasty hypotheses? It might quite well be in good taste to make no hypotheses at all. Are you absolutely obliged to straighten at once what is crooked? to stuff every hole with some kind of oakum? Is there not time enough for that? Has not the time leisure? Oh, ye demons, can ye not at all WAIT? The uncertain also has its charms, the Sphinx, too, is a Circe, and Circe, too, was a philosopher."--Thus does a skeptic console himself; and in truth he needs some consolation. For skepticism is the most spiritual expression of a certain many-sided physiological temperament, which in ordinary language is called nervous debility and sickliness; it arises whenever races or classes which have been long separated, decisively and suddenly blend with one another. In the new generation, which has inherited as it were different standards and

valuations in its blood, everything is disquiet, derangement, doubt, and tentativeness; the best powers operate restrictively, the very virtues prevent each other growing and becoming strong, equilibrium, ballast, and perpendicular stability are lacking in body and soul. That, however, which is most diseased and degenerated in such nondescripts is the WILL; they are no longer familiar with independence of decision, or the courageous feeling of pleasure in willing--they are doubtful of the "freedom of the will" even in their dreams Our present-day Europe, the scene of a senseless, precipitate attempt at a radical blending of classes, and CONSEQUENTLY of races, is therefore skeptical in all its heights and depths, sometimes exhibiting the mobile skepticism which springs impatiently and wantonly from branch to branch, sometimes with gloomy aspect, like a cloud over-charged with interrogative signs--and often sick unto death of its will! Paralysis of will, where do we not find this cripple sitting nowadays! And yet how bedecked oftentimes' How seductively ornamented! There are the finest gala dresses and disguises for this disease, and that, for instance, most of what places itself nowadays in the show-cases as "objectiveness," "the scientific spirit," "L'ART POUR L'ART," and "pure voluntary knowledge," is only decked-out skepticism and paralysis of will--I am ready to answer for this diagnosis of the European disease--The disease of the will is diffused unequally over Europe, it is worst and most varied where civilization has longest prevailed, it decreases according as "the barbarian" still--or again--asserts his claims under the loose drapery of Western culture It is therefore in the France of today, as can be readily disclosed and comprehended, that the will is most infirm, and France, which has always had a masterly aptitude for converting even the portentous crises of its spirit into something charming and seductive, now manifests emphatically its intellectual ascendancy over Europe, by being the school and exhibition of all the charms of skepticism The power to will and to persist, moreover, in a resolution, is already somewhat stronger in Germany, and again in the North of Germany it is stronger than in Central Germany, it is considerably stronger in England, Spain, and Corsica, associated with phlegm in the former and with hard skulls in the latter--not to mention Italy, which is too young yet to know what it wants, and must first show whether it can exercise will, but it is strongest and most surprising of all in that immense middle empire where Europe as it were flows back to Asia--namely, in Russia There the power to will has been long stored up and accumulated, there the will--uncertain whether to be negative or affirmative--waits threateningly to be discharged (to borrow their pet phrase from our physicists) Perhaps not only Indian wars and complications in Asia would be necessary to free Europe from its greatest danger, but also internal subversion, the shattering of the empire into small states, and above all the introduction of parliamentary imbecility, together with the obligation of every one to read his newspaper at breakfast I do not say this as one who desires it, in my heart I should rather prefer the contrary--I mean such an increase in the threatening attitude of Russia, that Europe would have to make up its mind to become equally threatening--namely, TO ACQUIRE ONE WILL, by means of a new caste to rule over the Continent, a persistent, dreadful will of its own, that can set its aims thousands of years ahead; so that the long spun-out comedy of its petty-statism, and its dynastic as well as its democratic many-willed-ness, might finally be brought to a close. The time for petty politics is past; the next century will bring the struggle for the dominion of the world--the COMPULSION to great politics.

209. As to how far the new warlike age on which we Europeans have evidently entered may perhaps favour the growth of another and stronger kind of skepticism, I should like to express myself preliminarily merely by a parable, which the lovers of German history will already understand. That unscrupulous enthusiast for big, handsome grenadiers (who, as King of Prussia, brought into being a military and skeptical genius--and therewith, in reality, the new and now triumphantly emerged type of German), the problematic, crazy father of Frederick the Great, had on one point the very knack and lucky grasp of the genius: he knew what was then lacking in Germany, the want of which was a hundred times more alarming and serious than any lack of culture and social form--his ill-will to the young Frederick resulted from the anxiety of a profound instinct. MEN WERE LACKING; and he suspected, to his bitterest regret, that his own son was not man enough. There, however, he deceived himself; but who would not have deceived himself in his place? He saw his son lapsed to atheism, to the ESPRIT, to the pleasant frivolity of clever Frenchmen--he saw in the background the great bloodsucker, the spider skepticism; he suspected the incurable wretchedness of a heart no longer hard enough either for evil or good, and of a broken will that no longer commands, is no longer ABLE to command. Meanwhile, however, there grew up in his son that new kind of harder and more dangerous skepticism--who knows TO WHAT EXTENT it was encouraged just by his father's hatred and the icy melancholy of a will condemned to solitude?--the skepticism of daring manliness, which is closely related to the genius for war and conquest, and made its first entrance into Germany in the person of the great Frederick. This skepticism despises and nevertheless grasps; it undermines and takes possession; it does not believe, but it does not thereby lose itself; it gives the spirit a dangerous liberty, but it keeps strict guard over the heart. It is the GERMAN form of skepticism, which, as a continued Fredericianism, risen to the highest spirituality, has kept Europe for a considerable time under the dominion of the German spirit and its critical and historical distrust Owing to the insuperably strong and tough masculine character of the great German philologists and historical critics (who, rightly estimated, were also all of them artists of destruction and dissolution), a NEW conception of the German spirit gradually established itself--in spite of all Romanticism in music and philosophy--in which the leaning towards masculine skepticism was decidedly prominent whether, for instance, as fearlessness of

gaze, as courage and sternness of the dissecting hand, or as resolute will to dangerous voyages of discovery, to spiritualized North Pole expeditions under barren and dangerous skies. There may be good grounds for it when warm-blooded and superficial humanitarians cross themselves before this spirit, CET ESPRIT FATALISTE, IRONIQUE, MEPHISTOPHELIQUE, as Michelet calls it, not without a shudder. But if one would realize how characteristic is this fear of the "man" in the German spirit which awakened Europe out of its "dogmatic slumber," let us call to mind the former conception which had to be overcome by this new one--and that it is not so very long ago that a masculinized woman could dare, with unbridled presumption, to recommend the Germans to the interest of Europe as gentle, good-hearted, weak-willed, and poetical fools. Finally, let us only understand profoundly enough Napoleon's astonishment when he saw Goethe it reveals what had been regarded for centuries as the "German spirit" "VOILA UN HOMME!"--that was as much as to say "But this is a MAN! And I only expected to see a German!"

210. Supposing, then, that in the picture of the philosophers of the future, some trait suggests the question whether they must not perhaps be skeptics in the last-mentioned sense, something in them would only be designated thereby--and not they themselves. With equal right they might call themselves critics, and assuredly they will be men of experiments. By the name with which I ventured to baptize them, I have already expressly emphasized their attempting and their love of attempting is this because, as critics in body and soul, they will love to make use of experiments in a new, and perhaps wider and more dangerous sense? In their passion for knowledge, will they have to go further in daring and painful attempts than the sensitive and pampered taste of a democratic century can approve of?--There is no doubt these coming ones will be least able to dispense with the serious and not unscrupulous qualities which distinguish the critic from the skeptic I mean the certainty as to standards of worth, the conscious employment of a unity of method, the wary courage, the standing-alone, and the capacity for self-responsibility, indeed, they will avow among themselves a DELIGHT in denial and dissection, and a certain considerate cruelty, which knows how to handle the knife surely and deftly, even when the heart bleeds They will be STERNER (and perhaps not always towards themselves only) than humane people may desire, they will not deal with the "truth" in order that it may "please" them, or "elevate" and "inspire" them--they will rather have little faith in "TRUTH" bringing with it such revels for the feelings. They will smile, those rigorous spirits, when any one says in their presence "That thought elevates me, why should it not be true?" or "That work enchants me, why should it not be beautiful?" or "That artist enlarges me, why should he not be great?" Perhaps they will not only have a smile, but a genuine disgust for all that is thus rapturous, idealistic, feminine, and hermaphroditic, and if any one could look into their inmost hearts, he would not easily find therein the intention to reconcile "Christian sentiments" with "antique taste," or even with "modern parliamentarism" (the kind of reconciliation necessarily found even among philosophers in our very uncertain and consequently very conciliatory century). Critical discipline, and every habit that conduces to purity and rigour in intellectual matters, will not only be demanded from themselves by these philosophers of the future, they may even make a display thereof as their special adornment--nevertheless they will not want to be called critics on that account. It will seem to them no small indignity to philosophy to have it decreed, as is so welcome nowadays, that "philosophy itself is criticism and critical science--and nothing else whatever!" Though this estimate of philosophy may enjoy the approval of all the Positivists of France and Germany (and possibly it even flattered the heart and taste of KANT: let us call to mind the titles of his principal works), our new philosophers will say, notwithstanding, that critics are instruments of the philosopher, and just on that account, as instruments, they are far from being philosophers themselves! Even the great Chinaman of Konigsberg was only a great critic.

211. I insist upon it that people finally cease confounding philosophical workers, and in general scientific men, with philosophers--that precisely here one should strictly give "each his own," and not give those far too much, these far too little. It may be necessary for the education of the real philosopher that he himself should have once stood upon all those steps upon which his servants, the scientific workers of philosophy, remain standing, and MUST remain standing he himself must perhaps have been critic, and dogmatist, and historian, and besides, poet, and collector, and traveler, and riddle-reader, and moralist, and seer, and "free spirit," and almost everything, in order to traverse the whole range of human values and estimations, and that he may BE ABLE with a variety of eyes and consciences to look from a height to any distance, from a depth up to any height, from a nook into any expanse. But all these are only preliminary conditions for his task; this task itself demands something else--it requires him TO CREATE VALUES. The philosophical workers, after the excellent pattern of Kant and Hegel, have to fix and formalize some great existing body of valuations--that is to say, former DETERMINATIONS OF VALUE, creations of value, which have become prevalent, and are for a time called "truths"--whether in the domain of the LOGICAL, the POLITICAL (moral), or the ARTISTIC. It is for these investigators to make whatever has happened and been esteemed hitherto, conspicuous, conceivable, intelligible, and manageable, to shorten everything long, even "time" itself, and to SUBJUGATE the entire past: an immense and wonderful task, in the carrying out of which all refined pride, all tenacious will, can surely find satisfaction. THE REAL PHILOSOPHERS, HOWEVER, ARE COMMANDERS AND LAW-GIVERS; they say: "Thus SHALL it be!" They determine first the Whither and the Why of mankind,

and thereby set aside the previous labour of all philosophical workers, and all subjugators of the past--they grasp at the future with a creative hand, and whatever is and was, becomes for them thereby a means, an instrument, and a hammer. Their "knowing" is CREATING, their creating is a law-giving, their will to truth is--WILL TO POWER.--Are there at present such philosophers? Have there ever been such philosophers? MUST there not be such philosophers some day? ...

212. It is always more obvious to me that the philosopher, as a man INDISPENSABLE for the morrow and the day after the morrow, has ever found himself, and HAS BEEN OBLIGED to find himself, in contradiction to the day in which he lives; his enemy has always been the ideal of his day. Hitherto all those extraordinary furtherers of humanity whom one calls philosophers--who rarely regarded themselves as lovers of wisdom, but rather as disagreeable fools and dangerous interrogators--have found their mission, their hard, involuntary, imperative mission (in the end, however, the greatness of their mission), in being the bad conscience of their age. In putting the vivisector's knife to the breast of the very VIRTUES OF THEIR AGE, they have betrayed their own secret; it has been for the sake of a NEW greatness of man, a new untrodden path to his aggrandizement. They have always disclosed how much hypocrisy, indolence, self-indulgence, and self-neglect, how much falsehood was concealed under the most venerated types of contemporary morality, how much virtue was OUTLIVED, they have always said "We must remove hence to where YOU are least at home" In the face of a world of "modern ideas," which would like to confine every one in a corner, in a "specialty," a philosopher, if there could be philosophers nowadays, would be compelled to place the greatness of man, the conception of "greatness," precisely in his comprehensiveness and multifariousness, in his all-roundness, he would even determine worth and rank according to the amount and variety of that which a man could bear and take upon himself, according to the EXTENT to which a man could stretch his responsibility Nowadays the taste and virtue of the age weaken and attenuate the will, nothing is so adapted to the spirit of the age as weakness of will consequently, in the ideal of the philosopher, strength of will, sternness, and capacity for prolonged resolution, must specially be included in the conception of "greatness", with as good a right as the opposite doctrine, with its ideal of a silly, renouncing, humble, selfless humanity, was suited to an opposite age--such as the sixteenth century, which suffered from its accumulated energy of will, and from the wildest torrents and floods of selfishness In the time of Socrates, among men only of worn-out instincts, old conservative Athenians who let themselves go--"for the sake of happiness," as they said, for the sake of pleasure, as their conduct indicated--and who had continually on their lips the old pompous words to which they had long forfeited the right by the life they led, IRONY was perhaps necessary for greatness of soul, the wicked Socratic assurance of the old physician and plebeian, who cut ruthlessly into his own flesh, as into the flesh and heart of the "noble," with a look that said plainly enough "Do not dissemble before me! here--we are equal!" At present, on the contrary, when throughout Europe the herding-animal alone attains to honours, and dispenses honours, when "equality of right" can too readily be transformed into equality in wrong--I mean to say into general war against everything rare, strange, and privileged, against the higher man, the higher soul, the higher duty, the higher responsibility, the creative plenipotence and lordliness--at present it belongs to the conception of "greatness" to be noble, to wish to be apart, to be capable of being different, to stand alone, to have to live by personal initiative, and the philosopher will betray something of his own ideal when he asserts "He shall be the greatest who can be the most solitary, the most concealed, the most divergent, the man beyond good and evil, the master of his virtues, and of super-abundance of will; precisely this shall be called GREATNESS: as diversified as can be entire, as ample as can be full." And to ask once more the question: Is greatness POSSIBLE--nowadays?

213. It is difficult to learn what a philosopher is, because it cannot be taught: one must "know" it by experience--or one should have the pride NOT to know it. The fact that at present people all talk of things of which they CANNOT have any experience, is true more especially and unfortunately as concerns the philosopher and philosophical matters:--the very few know them, are permitted to know them, and all popular ideas about them are false. Thus, for instance, the truly philosophical combination of a bold, exuberant spirituality which runs at presto pace, and a dialectic rigour and necessity which makes no false step, is unknown to most thinkers and scholars from their own experience, and therefore, should any one speak of it in their presence, it is incredible to them. They conceive of every necessity as troublesome, as a painful compulsory obedience and state of constraint; thinking itself is regarded by them as something slow and hesitating, almost as a trouble, and often enough as "worthy of the SWEAT of the noble"--but not at all as something easy and divine, closely related to dancing and exuberance! "To think" and to take a matter "seriously," "arduously"--that is one and the same thing to them; such only has been their "experience."--Artists have here perhaps a finer intuition; they who know only too well that precisely when they no longer do anything "arbitrarily," and everything of necessity, their feeling of freedom, of subtlety, of power, of creatively fixing, disposing, and shaping, reaches its climax--in short, that necessity and "freedom of will" are then the same thing with them. There is, in fine, a gradation of rank in psychical states, to which the gradation of rank in the problems corresponds; and the highest problems repel ruthlessly every one who ventures too near them, without being predestined for their solution by the loftiness and power of his spirituality. Of what use is it for nimble, everyday intellects, or

clumsy, honest mechanics and empiricists to press, in their plebeian ambition, close to such problems, and as it were into this "holy of holies"--as so often happens nowadays! But coarse feet must never tread upon such carpets: this is provided for in the primary law of things; the doors remain closed to those intruders, though they may dash and break their heads thereon. People have always to be born to a high station, or, more definitely, they have to be BRED for it: a person has only a right to philosophy--taking the word in its higher significance--in virtue of his descent; the ancestors, the "blood," decide here also. Many generations must have prepared the way for the coming of the philosopher; each of his virtues must have been separately acquired, nurtured, transmitted, and embodied; not only the bold, easy, delicate course and current of his thoughts, but above all the readiness for great responsibilities, the majesty of ruling glance and contemning look, the feeling of separation from the multitude with their duties and virtues, the kindly patronage and defense of whatever is misunderstood and calumniated, be it God or devil, the delight and practice of supreme justice, the art of commanding, the amplitude of will, the lingering eye which rarely admires, rarely looks up, rarely loves....

CHAPTER VII. OUR VIRTUES

214. OUR Virtues?--It is probable that we, too, have still our virtues, although naturally they are not those sincere and massive virtues on account of which we hold our grandfathers in esteem and also at a little distance from us. We Europeans of the day after tomorrow, we firstlings of the twentieth century--with all our dangerous curiosity, our multifariousness and art of disguising, our mellow and seemingly sweetened cruelty in sense and spirit--we shall presumably, IF we must have virtues, have those only which have come to agreement with our most secret and heartfelt inclinations, with our most ardent requirements: well, then, let us look for them in our labyrinths!--where, as we know, so many things lose themselves, so many things get quite lost! And is there anything finer than to SEARCH for one's own virtues? Is it not almost to BELIEVE in one's own virtues? But this "believing in one's own virtues"--is it not practically the same as what was formerly called one's "good conscience," that long, respectable pigtail of an idea, which our grandfathers used to hang behind their heads, and often enough also behind their understandings? It seems, therefore, that however little we may imagine ourselves to be old-fashioned and grandfatherly respectable in other respects, in one thing we are nevertheless the worthy grandchildren of our grandfathers, we last Europeans with good consciences: we also still wear their pigtail.--Ah! if you only knew how soon, so very soon--it will be different!

215. As in the stellar firmament there are sometimes two suns which determine the path of one planet, and in certain cases suns of different colours shine around a single planet, now with red light, now with green, and then simultaneously illumine and flood it with motley colours: so we modern men, owing to the complicated mechanism of our "firmament," are determined by DIFFERENT moralities; our actions shine alternately in different colours, and are seldom unequivocal--and there are often cases, also, in which our actions are MOTLEY-COLOURED.

216. To love one's enemies? I think that has been well learnt: it takes place thousands of times at present on a large and small scale; indeed, at times the higher and sublimer thing takes place:--we learn to DESPISE when we love, and precisely when we love best; all of it, however, unconsciously, without noise, without ostentation, with the shame and secrecy of goodness, which forbids the utterance of the pompous word and the formula of virtue. Morality as attitude--is opposed to our taste nowadays. This is ALSO an advance, as it was an advance in our fathers that religion as an attitude finally became opposed to their taste, including the enmity and Voltairean bitterness against religion (and all that formerly belonged to freethinker-pantomime). It is the music in our conscience, the dance in our spirit, to which Puritan litanies, moral sermons, and goody-goodness won't chime.

217. Let us be careful in dealing with those who attach great importance to being credited with moral tact and subtlety in moral discernment! They never forgive us if they have once made a mistake BEFORE us (or even with REGARD to us)--they inevitably become our instinctive calumniators and detractors, even when they still remain our "friends."--Blessed are the forgetful: for they "get the better" even of their blunders.

218. The psychologists of France--and where else are there still psychologists nowadays?--have never yet exhausted their bitter and manifold enjoyment of the betise bourgeoise, just as though... in short, they betray something thereby. Flaubert, for instance, the honest citizen of Rouen, neither saw, heard, nor tasted anything else in the end; it was his mode of self-torment and refined cruelty. As this is growing wearisome, I would now recommend for a change something else for a pleasure--namely, the unconscious astuteness with which good, fat, honest mediocrity always behaves towards loftier spirits and the tasks they have to perform, the subtle, barbed, Jesuitical astuteness, which is a thousand times subtler than the taste and understanding of the middle-class in its best moments--subtler even than the understanding of its victims:--a repeated proof that "instinct" is the most

intelligent of all kinds of intelligence which have hitherto been discovered. In short, you psychologists, study the philosophy of the "rule" in its struggle with the "exception": there you have a spectacle fit for Gods and godlike malignity! Or, in plainer words, practise vivisection on "good people," on the "homo bonae voluntatis," ON YOURSELVES!

219. The practice of judging and condemning morally, is the favourite revenge of the intellectually shallow on those who are less so, it is also a kind of indemnity for their being badly endowed by nature, and finally, it is an opportunity for acquiring spirit and BECOMING subtle--malice spiritualises. They are glad in their inmost heart that there is a standard according to which those who are over-endowed with intellectual goods and privileges, are equal to them, they contend for the "equality of all before God," and almost NEED the belief in God for this purpose. It is among them that the most powerful antagonists of atheism are found. If any one were to say to them "A lofty spirituality is beyond all comparison with the honesty and respectability of a merely moral man"--it would make them furious, I shall take care not to say so. I would rather flatter them with my theory that lofty spirituality itself exists only as the ultimate product of moral qualities, that it is a synthesis of all qualities attributed to the "merely moral" man, after they have been acquired singly through long training and practice, perhaps during a whole series of generations, that lofty spirituality is precisely the spiritualising of justice, and the beneficent severity which knows that it is authorized to maintain GRADATIONS OF RANK in the world, even among things--and not only among men.

220. Now that the praise of the "disinterested person" is so popular one must--probably not without some danger--get an idea of WHAT people actually take an interest in, and what are the things generally which fundamentally and profoundly concern ordinary men--including the cultured, even the learned, and perhaps philosophers also, if appearances do not deceive. The fact thereby becomes obvious that the greater part of what interests and charms higher natures, and more refined and fastidious tastes, seems absolutely "uninteresting" to the average man--if, notwithstanding, he perceive devotion to these interests, he calls it desinteresse, and wonders how it is possible to act "disinterestedly." There have been philosophers who could give this popular astonishment a seductive and mystical, other-worldly expression (perhaps because they did not know the higher nature by experience?), instead of stating the naked and candidly reasonable truth that "disinterested" action is very interesting and "interested" action, provided that... "And love?"--What! Even an action for love's sake shall be "unegoistic"? But you fools--! "And the praise of the self-sacrificer?"--But whoever has really offered sacrifice knows that he wanted and obtained something for it--perhaps something from himself for something from himself; that he relinquished here in order to have more there, perhaps in general to be more, or even feel himself "more." But this is a realm of questions and answers in which a more fastidious spirit does not like to stay: for here truth has to stifle her yawns so much when she is obliged to answer. And after all, truth is a woman; one must not use force with her.

221. "It sometimes happens," said a moralistic pedant and trifle-retailer, "that I honour and respect an unselfish man: not, however, because he is unselfish, but because I think he has a right to be useful to another man at his own expense. In short, the question is always who HE is, and who THE OTHER is. For instance, in a person created and destined for command, self-denial and modest retirement, instead of being virtues, would be the waste of virtues: so it seems to me. Every system of unegoistic morality which takes itself unconditionally and appeals to every one, not only sins against good taste, but is also an incentive to sins of omission, an ADDITIONAL seduction under the mask of philanthropy--and precisely a seduction and injury to the higher, rarer, and more privileged types of men. Moral systems must be compelled first of all to bow before the GRADATIONS OF RANK; their presumption must be driven home to their conscience--until they thoroughly understand at last that it is IMMORAL to say that 'what is right for one is proper for another.'"--So said my moralistic pedant and bonhomme. Did he perhaps deserve to be laughed at when he thus exhorted systems of morals to practise morality? But one should not be too much in the right if one wishes to have the laughers on ONE'S OWN side; a grain of wrong pertains even to good taste.

222. Wherever sympathy (fellow-suffering) is preached nowadays--and, if I gather rightly, no other religion is any longer preached--let the psychologist have his ears open through all the vanity, through all the noise which is natural to these preachers (as to all preachers), he will hear a hoarse, groaning, genuine note of SELF-CONTEMPT. It belongs to the overshadowing and uglifying of Europe, which has been on the increase for a century (the first symptoms of which are already specified documentarily in a thoughtful letter of Galiani to Madame d'Epinay)--IF IT IS NOT REALLY THE CAUSE THEREOF! The man of "modern ideas," the conceited ape, is excessively dissatisfied with himself--this is perfectly certain. He suffers, and his vanity wants him only "to suffer with his fellows."

223. The hybrid European--a tolerably ugly plebeian, taken all in all--absolutely requires a costume: he needs history as a storeroom of costumes. To be sure, he notices that none of the costumes fit him properly--he changes and changes. Let us look at the nineteenth century with respect to these hasty preferences and changes in its masquerades of style, and also with respect to its moments of desperation on account of "nothing suiting" us. It is in vain to get ourselves up as romantic, or classical, or Christian, or

Florentine, or barocco, or "national," in moribus et artibus: it does not "clothe us"! But the "spirit," especially the "historical spirit," profits even by this desperation: once and again a new sample of the past or of the foreign is tested, put on, taken off, packed up, and above all studied--we are the first studious age in puncto of "costumes," I mean as concerns morals, articles of belief, artistic tastes, and religions; we are prepared as no other age has ever been for a carnival in the grand style, for the most spiritual festival--laughter and arrogance, for the transcendental height of supreme folly and Aristophanic ridicule of the world. Perhaps we are still discovering the domain of our invention just here, the domain where even we can still be original, probably as parodists of the world's history and as God's Merry-Andrews,--perhaps, though nothing else of the present have a future, our laughter itself may have a future!

224. The historical sense (or the capacity for divining quickly the order of rank of the valuations according to which a people, a community, or an individual has lived, the "divining instinct" for the relationships of these valuations, for the relation of the authority of the valuations to the authority of the operating forces),--this historical sense, which we Europeans claim as our specialty, has come to us in the train of the enchanting and mad semi-barbarity into which Europe has been plunged by the democratic mingling of classes and races--it is only the nineteenth century that has recognized this faculty as its sixth sense. Owing to this mingling, the past of every form and mode of life, and of cultures which were formerly closely contiguous and superimposed on one another, flows forth into us "modern souls"; our instincts now run back in all directions, we ourselves are a kind of chaos: in the end, as we have said, the spirit perceives its advantage therein. By means of our semi-barbarity in body and in desire, we have secret access everywhere, such as a noble age never had; we have access above all to the labyrinth of imperfect civilizations, and to every form of semi-barbarity that has at any time existed on earth; and in so far as the most considerable part of human civilization hitherto has just been semi-barbarity, the "historical sense" implies almost the sense and instinct for everything, the taste and tongue for everything: whereby it immediately proves itself to be an IGNOBLE sense. For instance, we enjoy Homer once more: it is perhaps our happiest acquisition that we know how to appreciate Homer, whom men of distinguished culture (as the French of the seventeenth century, like Saint-Evremond, who reproached him for his ESPRIT VASTE, and even Voltaire, the last echo of the century) cannot and could not so easily appropriate--whom they scarcely permitted themselves to enjoy. The very decided Yea and Nay of their palate, their promptly ready disgust, their hesitating reluctance with regard to everything strange, their horror of the bad taste even of lively curiosity, and in general the averseness of every distinguished and self-sufficing culture to avow a new desire, a dissatisfaction with its own condition, or an admiration of what is strange: all this determines and disposes them unfavourably even towards the best things of the world which are not their property or could not become their prey--and no faculty is more unintelligible to such men than just this historical sense, with its truckling, plebeian curiosity. The case is not different with Shakespeare, that marvelous Spanish-Moorish-Saxon synthesis of taste, over whom an ancient Athenian of the circle of AEschylus would have half-killed himself with laughter or irritation: but we--accept precisely this wild motleyness, this medley of the most delicate, the most coarse, and the most artificial, with a secret confidence and cordiality; we enjoy it as a refinement of art reserved expressly for us, and allow ourselves to be as little disturbed by the repulsive fumes and the proximity of the English populace in which Shakespeare's art and taste lives, as perhaps on the Chiaja of Naples, where, with all our senses awake, we go our way, enchanted and voluntarily, in spite of the drain-odour of the lower quarters of the town. That as men of the "historical sense" we have our virtues, is not to be disputed:--we are unpretentious, unselfish, modest, brave, habituated to self-control and self-renunciation, very grateful, very patient, very complaisant--but with all this we are perhaps not very "tasteful." Let us finally confess it, that what is most difficult for us men of the "historical sense" to grasp, feel, taste, and love, what finds us fundamentally prejudiced and almost hostile, is precisely the perfection and ultimate maturity in every culture and art, the essentially noble in works and men, their moment of smooth sea and halcyon self-sufficiency, the goldenness and coldness which all things show that have perfected themselves. Perhaps our great virtue of the historical sense is in necessary contrast to GOOD taste, at least to the very bad taste; and we can only evoke in ourselves imperfectly, hesitatingly, and with compulsion the small, short, and happy godsends and glorifications of human life as they shine here and there: those moments and marvelous experiences when a great power has voluntarily come to a halt before the boundless and infinite,--when a super-abundance of refined delight has been enjoyed by a sudden checking and petrifying, by standing firmly and planting oneself fixedly on still trembling ground. PROPORTIONATENESS is strange to us, let us confess it to ourselves; our itching is really the itching for the infinite, the immeasurable. Like the rider on his forward panting horse, we let the reins fall before the infinite, we modern men, we semi-barbarians--and are only in OUR highest bliss when we--ARE IN MOST DANGER.

225. Whether it be hedonism, pessimism, utilitarianism, or eudaemonism, all those modes of thinking which measure the worth of things according to PLEASURE and PAIN, that is, according to accompanying circumstances and secondary considerations, are plausible modes of thought and naivetes, which every one conscious of CREATIVE powers and an artist's conscience will look

down upon with scorn, though not without sympathy. Sympathy for you!--to be sure, that is not sympathy as you understand it: it is not sympathy for social "distress," for "society" with its sick and misfortuned, for the hereditarily vicious and defective who lie on the ground around us; still less is it sympathy for the grumbling, vexed, revolutionary slave-classes who strive after power--they call it "freedom." OUR sympathy is a loftier and further-sighted sympathy:--we see how MAN dwarfs himself, how YOU dwarf him! and there are moments when we view YOUR sympathy with an indescribable anguish, when we resist it,--when we regard your seriousness as more dangerous than any kind of levity. You want, if possible--and there is not a more foolish "if possible"--TO DO AWAY WITH SUFFERING; and we?--it really seems that WE would rather have it increased and made worse than it has ever been! Well-being, as you understand it--is certainly not a goal; it seems to us an END; a condition which at once renders man ludicrous and contemptible--and makes his destruction DESIRABLE! The discipline of suffering, of GREAT suffering--know ye not that it is only THIS discipline that has produced all the elevations of humanity hitherto? The tension of soul in misfortune which communicates to it its energy, its shuddering in view of rack and ruin, its inventiveness and bravery in undergoing, enduring, interpreting, and exploiting misfortune, and whatever depth, mystery, disguise, spirit, artifice, or greatness has been bestowed upon the soul--has it not been bestowed through suffering, through the discipline of great suffering? In man CREATURE and CREATOR are united: in man there is not only matter, shred, excess, clay, mire, folly, chaos; but there is also the creator, the sculptor, the hardness of the hammer, the divinity of the spectator, and the seventh day--do ye understand this contrast? And that YOUR sympathy for the "creature in man" applies to that which has to be fashioned, bruised, forged, stretched, roasted, annealed, refined--to that which must necessarily SUFFER, and IS MEANT to suffer? And our sympathy--do ye not understand what our REVERSE sympathy applies to, when it resists your sympathy as the worst of all pampering and enervation?--So it is sympathy AGAINST sympathy!--But to repeat it once more, there are higher problems than the problems of pleasure and pain and sympathy; and all systems of philosophy which deal only with these are naivetes.

226. WE IMMORALISTS.--This world with which WE are concerned, in which we have to fear and love, this almost invisible, inaudible world of delicate command and delicate obedience, a world of "almost" in every respect, captious, insidious, sharp, and tender--yes, it is well protected from clumsy spectators and familiar curiosity! We are woven into a strong net and garment of duties, and CANNOT disengage ourselves--precisely here, we are "men of duty," even we! Occasionally, it is true, we dance in our "chains" and betwixt our "swords"; it is none the less true that more often we gnash our teeth under the circumstances, and are impatient at the secret hardship of our lot. But do what we will, fools and appearances say of us: "These are men WITHOUT duty,"--we have always fools and appearances against us!

227. Honesty, granting that it is the virtue of which we cannot rid ourselves, we free spirits--well, we will labour at it with all our perversity and love, and not tire of "perfecting" ourselves in OUR virtue, which alone remains: may its glance some day overspread like a gilded, blue, mocking twilight this aging civilization with its dull gloomy seriousness! And if, nevertheless, our honesty should one day grow weary, and sigh, and stretch its limbs, and find us too hard, and would fain have it pleasanter, easier, and gentler, like an agreeable vice, let us remain HARD, we latest Stoics, and let us send to its help whatever devilry we have in us:--our disgust at the clumsy and undefined, our "NITIMUR IN VETITUM," our love of adventure, our sharpened and fastidious curiosity, our most subtle, disguised, intellectual Will to Power and universal conquest, which rambles and roves avidiously around all the realms of the future--let us go with all our "devils" to the help of our "God"! It is probable that people will misunderstand and mistake us on that account: what does it matter! They will say: "Their 'honesty'--that is their devilry, and nothing else!" What does it matter! And even if they were right--have not all Gods hitherto been such sanctified, re-baptized devils? And after all, what do we know of ourselves? And what the spirit that leads us wants TO BE CALLED? (It is a question of names.) And how many spirits we harbour? Our honesty, we free spirits--let us be careful lest it become our vanity, our ornament and ostentation, our limitation, our stupidity! Every virtue inclines to stupidity, every stupidity to virtue; "stupid to the point of sanctity," they say in Russia,--let us be careful lest out of pure honesty we eventually become saints and bores! Is not life a hundred times too short for us--to bore ourselves? One would have to believe in eternal life in order to...

228. I hope to be forgiven for discovering that all moral philosophy hitherto has been tedious and has belonged to the soporific appliances--and that "virtue," in my opinion, has been MORE injured by the TEDIOUSNESS of its advocates than by anything else; at the same time, however, I would not wish to overlook their general usefulness. It is desirable that as few people as possible should reflect upon morals, and consequently it is very desirable that morals should not some day become interesting! But let us not be afraid! Things still remain today as they have always been: I see no one in Europe who has (or DISCLOSES) an idea of the fact that philosophizing concerning morals might be conducted in a dangerous, captious, and ensnaring manner--that CALAMITY might be involved therein. Observe, for example, the indefatigable, inevitable English utilitarians: how ponderously and respectably they stalk on, stalk along (a Homeric metaphor expresses it better) in the footsteps of Bentham, just as he had already stalked in

the footsteps of the respectable Helvetius! (no, he was not a dangerous man, Helvetius, CE SENATEUR POCOCURANTE, to use an expression of Galiani). No new thought, nothing of the nature of a finer turning or better expression of an old thought, not even a proper history of what has been previously thought on the subject: an IMPOSSIBLE literature, taking it all in all, unless one knows how to leaven it with some mischief. In effect, the old English vice called CANT, which is MORAL TARTUFFISM, has insinuated itself also into these moralists (whom one must certainly read with an eye to their motives if one MUST read them), concealed this time under the new form of the scientific spirit; moreover, there is not absent from them a secret struggle with the pangs of conscience, from which a race of former Puritans must naturally suffer, in all their scientific tinkering with morals. (Is not a moralist the opposite of a Puritan? That is to say, as a thinker who regards morality as questionable, as worthy of interrogation, in short, as a problem? Is moralizing not-immoral?) In the end, they all want English morality to be recognized as authoritative, inasmuch as mankind, or the "general utility," or "the happiness of the greatest number,"--no! the happiness of ENGLAND, will be best served thereby. They would like, by all means, to convince themselves that the striving after English happiness, I mean after COMFORT and FASHION (and in the highest instance, a seat in Parliament), is at the same time the true path of virtue; in fact, that in so far as there has been virtue in the world hitherto, it has just consisted in such striving. Not one of those ponderous, conscience-stricken herding-animals (who undertake to advocate the cause of egoism as conducive to the general welfare) wants to have any knowledge or inkling of the facts that the "general welfare" is no ideal, no goal, no notion that can be at all grasped, but is only a nostrum,--that what is fair to one MAY NOT at all be fair to another, that the requirement of one morality for all is really a detriment to higher men, in short, that there is a DISTINCTION OF RANK between man and man, and consequently between morality and morality. They are an unassuming and fundamentally mediocre species of men, these utilitarian Englishmen, and, as already remarked, in so far as they are tedious, one cannot think highly enough of their utility. One ought even to ENCOURAGE them, as has been partially attempted in the following rhymes:--

Hail, ye worthies, barrow-wheeling, "Longer--better," aye revealing,

Stiffer aye in head and knee; Unenraptured, never jesting, Mediocre everlasting,

SANS GENIE ET SANS ESPRIT!

229. In these later ages, which may be proud of their humanity, there still remains so much fear, so much SUPERSTITION of the fear, of the "cruel wild beast," the mastering of which constitutes the very pride of these humaner ages--that even obvious truths, as if by the agreement of centuries, have long remained unuttered, because they have the appearance of helping the finally slain wild beast back to life again. I perhaps risk something when I allow such a truth to escape; let others capture it again and give it so much "milk of pious sentiment" [FOOTNOTE: An expression from Schiller's William Tell, Act IV, Scene 3.] to drink, that it will lie down quiet and forgotten, in its old corner.--One ought to learn anew about cruelty, and open one's eyes; one ought at last to learn impatience, in order that such immodest gross errors--as, for instance, have been fostered by ancient and modern philosophers with regard to tragedy--may no longer wander about virtuously and boldly. Almost everything that we call "higher culture" is based upon the spiritualising and intensifying of CRUELTY--this is my thesis; the "wild beast" has not been slain at all, it lives, it flourishes, it has only been--transfigured. That which constitutes the painful delight of tragedy is cruelty; that which operates agreeably in so-called tragic sympathy, and at the basis even of everything sublime, up to the highest and most delicate thrills of metaphysics, obtains its sweetness solely from the intermingled ingredient of cruelty. What the Roman enjoys in the arena, the Christian in the ecstasies of the cross, the Spaniard at the sight of the faggot and stake, or of the bull-fight, the present-day Japanese who presses his way to the tragedy, the workman of the Parisian suburbs who has a homesickness for bloody revolutions, the Wagnerienne who, with unhinged will, "undergoes" the performance of "Tristan and Isolde"--what all these enjoy, and strive with mysterious ardour to drink in, is the philtre of the great Circe "cruelty." Here, to be sure, we must put aside entirely the blundering psychology of former times, which could only teach with regard to cruelty that it originated at the sight of the suffering of OTHERS: there is an abundant, super-abundant enjoyment even in one's own suffering, in causing one's own suffering--and wherever man has allowed himself to be persuaded to self-denial in the RELIGIOUS sense, or to self-mutilation, as among the Phoenicians and ascetics, or in general, to desensualisation, decarnalisation, and contrition, to Puritanical repentance-spasms, to vivisection of conscience and to Pascal-like SACRIFIZIA DELL' INTELLETO, he is secretly allured and impelled forwards by his cruelty, by the dangerous thrill of cruelty TOWARDS HIMSELF.--Finally, let us consider that even the seeker of knowledge operates as an artist and glorifier of cruelty, in that he compels his spirit to perceive AGAINST its own inclination, and often enough against the wishes of his heart:--he forces it to say Nay, where he would like to affirm, love, and adore; indeed, every instance of taking a thing profoundly and fundamentally, is a violation, an intentional injuring of the fundamental will of the spirit, which instinctively aims at appearance and superficiality,--even in every desire for knowledge there is a drop of cruelty.

230. Perhaps what I have said here about a "fundamental will of the spirit" may not be understood without further details; I may be allowed a word of explanation.--That imperious something which is popularly called "the spirit," wishes to be master internally and externally, and to feel itself master; it has the will of a multiplicity for a simplicity, a binding, taming, imperious, and essentially ruling will. Its requirements and capacities here, are the same as those assigned by physiologists to everything that lives, grows, and multiplies. The power of the spirit to appropriate foreign elements reveals itself in a strong tendency to assimilate the new to the old, to simplify the manifold, to overlook or repudiate the absolutely contradictory; just as it arbitrarily re-underlines, makes prominent, and falsifies for itself certain traits and lines in the foreign elements, in every portion of the "outside world." Its object thereby is the incorporation of new "experiences," the assortment of new things in the old arrangements--in short, growth; or more properly, the FEELING of growth, the feeling of increased power--is its object. This same will has at its service an apparently opposed impulse of the spirit, a suddenly adopted preference of ignorance, of arbitrary shutting out, a closing of windows, an inner denial of this or that, a prohibition to approach, a sort of defensive attitude against much that is knowable, a contentment with obscurity, with the shutting-in horizon, an acceptance and approval of ignorance: as that which is all necessary according to the degree of its appropriating power, its "digestive power," to speak figuratively (and in fact "the spirit" resembles a stomach more than anything else). Here also belong an occasional propensity of the spirit to let itself be deceived (perhaps with a waggish suspicion that it is NOT so and so, but is only allowed to pass as such), a delight in uncertainty and ambiguity, an exulting enjoyment of arbitrary, out-of-the-way narrowness and mystery, of the too-near, of the foreground, of the magnified, the diminished, the misshapen, the beautified--an enjoyment of the arbitrariness of all these manifestations of power. Finally, in this connection, there is the not unscrupulous readiness of the spirit to deceive other spirits and dissemble before them--the constant pressing and straining of a creating, shaping, changeable power: the spirit enjoys therein its craftiness and its variety of disguises, it enjoys also its feeling of security therein--it is precisely by its Protean arts that it is best protected and concealed!--COUNTER TO this propensity for appearance, for simplification, for a disguise, for a cloak, in short, for an outside--for every outside is a cloak--there operates the sublime tendency of the man of knowledge, which takes, and INSISTS on taking things profoundly, variously, and thoroughly; as a kind of cruelty of the intellectual conscience and taste, which every courageous thinker will acknowledge in himself, provided, as it ought to be, that he has sharpened and hardened his eye sufficiently long for introspection, and is accustomed to severe discipline and even severe words. He will say: "There is something cruel in the tendency of my spirit": let the virtuous and amiable try to convince him that it is not so! In fact, it would sound nicer, if, instead of our cruelty, perhaps our "extravagant honesty" were talked about, whispered about, and glorified--we free, VERY free spirits--and some day perhaps SUCH will actually be our--posthumous glory! Meanwhile--for there is plenty of time until then--we should be least inclined to deck ourselves out in such florid and fringed moral verbiage; our whole former work has just made us sick of this taste and its sprightly exuberance. They are beautiful, glistening, jingling, festive words: honesty, love of truth, love of wisdom, sacrifice for knowledge, heroism of the truthful--there is something in them that makes one's heart swell with pride. But we anchorites and marmots have long ago persuaded ourselves in all the secrecy of an anchorite's conscience, that this worthy parade of verbiage also belongs to the old false adornment, frippery, and gold-dust of unconscious human vanity, and that even under such flattering colour and repainting, the terrible original text HOMO NATURA must again be recognized. In effect, to translate man back again into nature; to master the many vain and visionary interpretations and subordinate meanings which have hitherto been scratched and daubed over the eternal original text, HOMO NATURA; to bring it about that man shall henceforth stand before man as he now, hardened by the discipline of science, stands before the OTHER forms of nature, with fearless Oedipus-eyes, and stopped Ulysses-ears, deaf to the enticements of old metaphysical bird-catchers, who have piped to him far too long: "Thou art more! thou art higher! thou hast a different origin!"--this may be a strange and foolish task, but that it is a TASK, who can deny! Why did we choose it, this foolish task? Or, to put the question differently: "Why knowledge at all?" Every one will ask us about this. And thus pressed, we, who have asked ourselves the question a hundred times, have not found and cannot find any better answer....

231. Learning alters us, it does what all nourishment does that does not merely "conserve"--as the physiologist knows. But at the bottom of our souls, quite "down below," there is certainly something unteachable, a granite of spiritual fate, of predetermined decision and answer to predetermined, chosen questions. In each cardinal problem there speaks an unchangeable "I am this"; a thinker cannot learn anew about man and woman, for instance, but can only learn fully--he can only follow to the end what is "fixed" about them in himself. Occasionally we find certain solutions of problems which make strong beliefs for us; perhaps they are henceforth called "convictions." Later on--one sees in them only footsteps to self-knowledge, guide-posts to the problem which we ourselves ARE--or more correctly to the great stupidity which we embody, our spiritual fate, the UNTEACHABLE in us, quite "down below."--In view of this liberal compliment which I have just paid myself, permission will perhaps be more readily allowed me to utter some truths about "woman as she is," provided that it is known at the outset how literally they are merely--MY truths.

232. Woman wishes to be independent, and therefore she begins to enlighten men about "woman as she is"--THIS is one of the worst developments of the general UGLIFYING of Europe. For what must these clumsy attempts of feminine scientificality and self-exposure bring to light! Woman has so much cause for shame; in woman there is so much pedantry, superficiality, schoolmasterliness, petty presumption, unbridledness, and indiscretion concealed--study only woman's behaviour towards children!--which has really been best restrained and dominated hitherto by the FEAR of man. Alas, if ever the "eternally tedious in woman"--she has plenty of it!--is allowed to venture forth! if she begins radically and on principle to unlearn her wisdom and art-of charming, of playing, of frightening away sorrow, of alleviating and taking easily; if she forgets her delicate aptitude for agreeable desires! Female voices are already raised, which, by Saint Aristophanes! make one afraid:--with medical explicitness it is stated in a threatening manner what woman first and last REQUIRES from man. Is it not in the very worst taste that woman thus sets herself up to be scientific? Enlightenment hitherto has fortunately been men's affair, men's gift--we remained therewith "among ourselves"; and in the end, in view of all that women write about "woman," we may well have considerable doubt as to whether woman really DESIRES enlightenment about herself--and CAN desire it. If woman does not thereby seek a new ORNAMENT for herself--I believe ornamentation belongs to the eternally feminine?--why, then, she wishes to make herself feared: perhaps she thereby wishes to get the mastery. But she does not want truth--what does woman care for truth? From the very first, nothing is more foreign, more repugnant, or more hostile to woman than truth--her great art is falsehood, her chief concern is appearance and beauty. Let us confess it, we men: we honour and love this very art and this very instinct in woman: we who have the hard task, and for our recreation gladly seek the company of beings under whose hands, glances, and delicate follies, our seriousness, our gravity, and profundity appear almost like follies to us. Finally, I ask the question: Did a woman herself ever acknowledge profundity in a woman's mind, or justice in a woman's heart? And is it not true that on the whole "woman" has hitherto been most despised by woman herself, and not at all by us?--We men desire that woman should not continue to compromise herself by enlightening us; just as it was man's care and the consideration for woman, when the church decreed: mulier taceat in ecclesia. It was to the benefit of woman when Napoleon gave the too eloquent Madame de Stael to understand: mulier taceat in politicis!--and in my opinion, he is a true friend of woman who calls out to women today: mulier taceat de mulierel.

233. It betrays corruption of the instincts--apart from the fact that it betrays bad taste--when a woman refers to Madame Roland, or Madame de Stael, or Monsieur George Sand, as though something were proved thereby in favour of "woman as she is." Among men, these are the three comical women as they are--nothing more!--and just the best involuntary counter-arguments against feminine emancipation and autonomy.

234. Stupidity in the kitchen; woman as cook; the terrible thoughtlessness with which the feeding of the family and the master of the house is managed! Woman does not understand what food means, and she insists on being cook! If woman had been a thinking creature, she should certainly, as cook for thousands of years, have discovered the most important physiological facts, and should likewise have got possession of the healing art! Through bad female cooks--through the entire lack of reason in the kitchen--the development of mankind has been longest retarded and most interfered with: even today matters are very little better. A word to High School girls.

235. There are turns and casts of fancy, there are sentences, little handfuls of words, in which a whole culture, a whole society suddenly crystallises itself. Among these is the incidental remark of Madame de Lambert to her son: "MON AMI, NE VOUS PERMETTEZ JAMAIS QUE DES FOLIES, QUI VOUS FERONT GRAND PLAISIR"--the motherliest and wisest remark, by the way, that was ever addressed to a son.

236. I have no doubt that every noble woman will oppose what Dante and Goethe believed about woman--the former when he sang, "ELLA GUARDAVA SUSO, ED IO IN LEI," and the latter when he interpreted it, "the eternally feminine draws us ALOFT"; for THIS is just what she believes of the eternally masculine.

237.

SEVEN APOPHTHEGMS FOR WOMEN

How the longest ennui flees, When a man comes to our knees!

Age, alas! and science staid, Furnish even weak virtue aid.

Sombre garb and silence meet: Dress for every dame--discreet.

Whom I thank when in my bliss? God!--and my good tailoress!

Young, a flower-decked cavern home; Old, a dragon thence doth roam.

Noble title, leg that's fine, Man as well: Oh, were HE mine!

Speech in brief and sense in mass--Slippery for the jenny-ass!

237A. Woman has hitherto been treated by men like birds, which, losing their way, have come down among them from an elevation: as something delicate, fragile, wild, strange, sweet, and animating--but as something also which must be cooped up to prevent it flying away.

238. To be mistaken in the fundamental problem of "man and woman," to deny here the profoundest antagonism and the necessity for an eternally hostile tension, to dream here perhaps of equal rights, equal training, equal claims and obligations: that is a TYPICAL sign of shallow-mindedness; and a thinker who has proved himself shallow at this dangerous spot--shallow in instinct!--may generally be regarded as suspicious, nay more, as betrayed, as discovered; he will probably prove too "short" for all fundamental questions of life, future as well as present, and will be unable to descend into ANY of the depths. On the other hand, a man who has depth of spirit as well as of desires, and has also the depth of benevolence which is capable of severity and harshness, and easily confounded with them, can only think of woman as ORIENTALS do: he must conceive of her as a possession, as confinable property, as a being predestined for service and accomplishing her mission therein--he must take his stand in this matter upon the immense rationality of Asia, upon the superiority of the instinct of Asia, as the Greeks did formerly; those best heirs and scholars of Asia--who, as is well known, with their INCREASING culture and amplitude of power, from Homer to the time of Pericles, became gradually STRICTER towards woman, in short, more Oriental. HOW necessary, HOW logical, even HOW humanely desirable this was, let us consider for ourselves!

239. The weaker sex has in no previous age been treated with so much respect by men as at present--this belongs to the tendency and fundamental taste of democracy, in the same way as disrespectfulness to old age--what wonder is it that abuse should be immediately made of this respect? They want more, they learn to make claims, the tribute of respect is at last felt to be well-nigh galling; rivalry for rights, indeed actual strife itself, would be preferred: in a word, woman is losing modesty. And let us immediately add that she is also losing taste. She is unlearning to FEAR man: but the woman who "unlearns to fear" sacrifices her most womanly instincts. That woman should venture forward when the fear-inspiring quality in man--or more definitely, the MAN in man--is no longer either desired or fully developed, is reasonable enough and also intelligible enough; what is more difficult to understand is that precisely thereby--woman deteriorates. This is what is happening nowadays: let us not deceive ourselves about it! Wherever the industrial spirit has triumphed over the military and aristocratic spirit, woman strives for the economic and legal independence of a clerk: "woman as clerkess" is inscribed on the portal of the modern society which is in course of formation. While she thus appropriates new rights, aspires to be "master," and inscribes "progress" of woman on her flags and banners, the very opposite realises itself with terrible obviousness: WOMAN RETROGRADES. Since the French Revolution the influence of woman in Europe has DECLINED in proportion as she has increased her rights and claims; and the "emancipation of woman," insofar as it is desired and demanded by women themselves (and not only by masculine shallow-pates), thus proves to be a remarkable symptom of the increased weakening and deadening of the most womanly instincts. There is STUPIDITY in this movement, an almost masculine stupidity, of which a well-reared woman--who is always a sensible woman--might be heartily ashamed. To lose the intuition as to the ground upon which she can most surely achieve victory; to neglect exercise in the use of her proper weapons; to let-herself-go before man, perhaps even "to the book," where formerly she kept herself in control and in refined, artful humility; to neutralize with her virtuous audacity man's faith in a VEILED, fundamentally different ideal in woman, something eternally, necessarily feminine; to emphatically and loquaciously dissuade man from the idea that woman must be preserved, cared for, protected, and indulged, like some delicate, strangely wild, and often pleasant domestic animal; the clumsy and indignant collection of everything of the nature of servitude and bondage which the position of woman in the hitherto existing order of society has entailed and still entails (as though slavery were a counter-argument, and not rather a condition of every higher culture, of every elevation of culture):--what does all this betoken, if not a disintegration of womanly instincts, a defeminising? Certainly, there are enough of idiotic friends and corrupters of woman among the learned asses of the masculine sex, who advise woman to defeminize herself in this manner, and to imitate all the stupidities from which "man" in Europe, European "manliness," suffers,--who would like to lower woman to "general culture," indeed even to newspaper reading and meddling with politics. Here and there they wish even to make women into free spirits and literary workers: as though a woman without piety would not be something perfectly obnoxious or ludicrous to a profound and godless man;--almost everywhere her nerves are being ruined by the most morbid and dangerous kind of music (our latest German music), and she is daily being made more hysterical and more incapable of fulfilling her first and

last function, that of bearing robust children. They wish to "cultivate" her in general still more, and intend, as they say, to make the "weaker sex" STRONG by culture: as if history did not teach in the most emphatic manner that the "cultivating" of mankind and his weakening--that is to say, the weakening, dissipating, and languishing of his FORCE OF WILL--have always kept pace with one another, and that the most powerful and influential women in the world (and lastly, the mother of Napoleon) had just to thank their force of will--and not their schoolmasters--for their power and ascendancy over men. That which inspires respect in woman, and often enough fear also, is her NATURE, which is more "natural" than that of man, her genuine, carnivora-like, cunning flexibility, her tiger-claws beneath the glove, her NAIVETE in egoism, her untrainableness and innate wildness, the incomprehensibleness, extent, and deviation of her desires and virtues. That which, in spite of fear, excites one's sympathy for the dangerous and beautiful cat, "woman," is that she seems more afflicted, more vulnerable, more necessitous of love, and more condemned to disillusionment than any other creature. Fear and sympathy it is with these feelings that man has hitherto stood in the presence of woman, always with one foot already in tragedy, which rends while it delights--What? And all that is now to be at an end? And the DISENCHANTMENT of woman is in progress? The tediousness of woman is slowly evolving? Oh Europe! Europe! We know the horned animal which was always most attractive to thee, from which danger is ever again threatening thee! Thy old fable might once more become "history"--an immense stupidity might once again overmaster thee and carry thee away! And no God concealed beneath it--no! only an "idea," a "modern idea"!

CHAPTER VIII. PEOPLES AND COUNTRIES

240. I HEARD, once again for the first time, Richard Wagner's overture to the Mastersinger: it is a piece of magnificent, gorgeous, heavy, latter-day art, which has the pride to presuppose two centuries of music as still living, in order that it may be understood:--it is an honour to Germans that such a pride did not miscalculate! What flavours and forces, what seasons and climes do we not find mingled in it! It impresses us at one time as ancient, at another time as foreign, bitter, and too modern, it is as arbitrary as it is pompously traditional, it is not infrequently roguish, still oftener rough and coarse--it has fire and courage, and at the same time the loose, dun-coloured skin of fruits which ripen too late. It flows broad and full: and suddenly there is a moment of inexplicable hesitation, like a gap that opens between cause and effect, an oppression that makes us dream, almost a nightmare; but already it broadens and widens anew, the old stream of delight--the most manifold delight,--of old and new happiness; including ESPECIALLY the joy of the artist in himself, which he refuses to conceal, his astonished, happy cognizance of his mastery of the expedients here employed, the new, newly acquired, imperfectly tested expedients of art which he apparently betrays to us. All in all, however, no beauty, no South, nothing of the delicate southern clearness of the sky, nothing of grace, no dance, hardly a will to logic; a certain clumsiness even, which is also emphasized, as though the artist wished to say to us: "It is part of my intention"; a cumbersome drapery, something arbitrarily barbaric and ceremonious, a flirring of learned and venerable conceits and witticisms; something German in the best and worst sense of the word, something in the German style, manifold, formless, and inexhaustible; a certain German potency and super-plenitude of soul, which is not afraid to hide itself under the RAFFINEMENTS of decadence--which, perhaps, feels itself most at ease there; a real, genuine token of the German soul, which is at the same time young and aged, too ripe and yet still too rich in futurity. This kind of music expresses best what I think of the Germans: they belong to the day before yesterday and the day after tomorrow--THEY HAVE AS YET NO TODAY.

241. We "good Europeans," we also have hours when we allow ourselves a warm-hearted patriotism, a plunge and relapse into old loves and narrow views--I have just given an example of it--hours of national excitement, of patriotic anguish, and all other sorts of old-fashioned floods of sentiment. Duller spirits may perhaps only get done with what confines its operations in us to hours and plays itself out in hours--in a considerable time: some in half a year, others in half a lifetime, according to the speed and strength with which they digest and "change their material." Indeed, I could think of sluggish, hesitating races, which even in our rapidly moving Europe, would require half a century ere they could surmount such atavistic attacks of patriotism and soil-attachment, and return once more to reason, that is to say, to "good Europeanism." And while digressing on this possibility, I happen to become an ear-witness of a conversation between two old patriots--they were evidently both hard of hearing and consequently spoke all the louder. "HE has as much, and knows as much, philosophy as a peasant or a corps-student," said the one--"he is still innocent. But what does that matter nowadays! It is the age of the masses: they lie on their belly before everything that is massive. And so also in politicis. A statesman who rears up for them a new Tower of Babel, some monstrosity of empire and power, they call 'great'--what does it matter that we more prudent and conservative ones do not meanwhile give up the old belief that it is only the great thought that gives greatness to an action or affair. Supposing a statesman were to bring his people into the position of being obliged henceforth to practise 'high politics,' for which they were by nature badly endowed and prepared, so that they would have to sacrifice their old and reliable virtues, out of love to a new and doubtful mediocrity;--supposing a statesman were to condemn his

people generally to 'practise politics,' when they have hitherto had something better to do and think about, and when in the depths of their souls they have been unable to free themselves from a prudent loathing of the restlessness, emptiness, and noisy wranglings of the essentially politics-practising nations;--supposing such a statesman were to stimulate the slumbering passions and avidities of his people, were to make a stigma out of their former diffidence and delight in aloofness, an offence out of their exoticism and hidden permanency, were to depreciate their most radical proclivities, subvert their consciences, make their minds narrow, and their tastes 'national'--what! a statesman who should do all this, which his people would have to do penance for throughout their whole future, if they had a future, such a statesman would be GREAT, would he?"--"Undoubtedly!" replied the other old patriot vehemently, "otherwise he COULD NOT have done it! It was mad perhaps to wish such a thing! But perhaps everything great has been just as mad at its commencement!"--"Misuse of words!" cried his interlocutor, contradictorily--"strong! strong! Strong and mad! NOT great!"--The old men had obviously become heated as they thus shouted their "truths" in each other's faces, but I, in my happiness and apartness, considered how soon a stronger one may become master of the strong, and also that there is a compensation for the intellectual superficialising of a nation--namely, in the deepening of another.

242. Whether we call it "civilization," or "humanising," or "progress," which now distinguishes the European, whether we call it simply, without praise or blame, by the political formula the DEMOCRATIC movement in Europe--behind all the moral and political foregrounds pointed to by such formulas, an immense PHYSIOLOGICAL PROCESS goes on, which is ever extending the process of the assimilation of Europeans, their increasing detachment from the conditions under which, climatically and hereditarily, united races originate, their increasing independence of every definite milieu, that for centuries would fain inscribe itself with equal demands on soul and body,--that is to say, the slow emergence of an essentially SUPER-NATIONAL and nomadic species of man, who possesses, physiologically speaking, a maximum of the art and power of adaptation as his typical distinction. This process of the EVOLVING EUROPEAN, which can be retarded in its TEMPO by great relapses, but will perhaps just gain and grow thereby in vehemence and depth--the still-raging storm and stress of "national sentiment" pertains to it, and also the anarchism which is appearing at present--this process will probably arrive at results on which its naive propagators and panegyrists, the apostles of "modern ideas," would least care to reckon. The same new conditions under which on an average a levelling and mediocrising of man will take place--a useful, industrious, variously serviceable, and clever gregarious man--are in the highest degree suitable to give rise to exceptional men of the most dangerous and attractive qualities. For, while the capacity for adaptation, which is every day trying changing conditions, and begins a new work with every generation, almost with every decade, makes the POWERFULNESS of the type impossible; while the collective impression of such future Europeans will probably be that of numerous, talkative, weak-willed, and very handy workmen who REQUIRE a master, a commander, as they require their daily bread; while, therefore, the democratising of Europe will tend to the production of a type prepared for SLAVERY in the most subtle sense of the term: the STRONG man will necessarily in individual and exceptional cases, become stronger and richer than he has perhaps ever been before--owing to the unprejudicedness of his schooling, owing to the immense variety of practice, art, and disguise. I meant to say that the democratising of Europe is at the same time an involuntary arrangement for the rearing of TYRANTS--taking the word in all its meanings, even in its most spiritual sense.

243. I hear with pleasure that our sun is moving rapidly towards the constellation Hercules: and I hope that the men on this earth will do like the sun. And we foremost, we good Europeans!

244. There was a time when it was customary to call Germans "deep" by way of distinction; but now that the most successful type of new Germanism is covetous of quite other honours, and perhaps misses "smartness" in all that has depth, it is almost opportune and patriotic to doubt whether we did not formerly deceive ourselves with that commendation: in short, whether German depth is not at bottom something different and worse--and something from which, thank God, we are on the point of successfully ridding ourselves. Let us try, then, to relearn with regard to German depth; the only thing necessary for the purpose is a little vivisection of the German soul.--The German soul is above all manifold, varied in its source, aggregated and super-imposed, rather than actually built: this is owing to its origin. A German who would embolden himself to assert: "Two souls, alas, dwell in my breast," would make a bad guess at the truth, or, more correctly, he would come far short of the truth about the number of souls. As a people made up of the most extraordinary mixing and mingling of races, perhaps even with a preponderance of the pre-Aryan element as the "people of the centre" in every sense of the term, the Germans are more intangible, more ample, more contradictory, more unknown, more incalculable, more surprising, and even more terrifying than other peoples are to themselves:--they escape DEFINITION, and are thereby alone the despair of the French. It IS characteristic of the Germans that the question: "What is German?" never dies out among them. Kotzebue certainly knew his Germans well enough: "We are known," they cried jubilantly to him--but Sand also thought he knew them. Jean Paul knew what he was doing when he declared himself incensed at Fichte's lying but patriotic flatteries and exaggerations,--but it is probable that Goethe thought differently about Germans from Jean Paul, even though he

acknowledged him to be right with regard to Fichte. It is a question what Goethe really thought about the Germans?--But about many things around him he never spoke explicitly, and all his life he knew how to keep an astute silence--probably he had good reason for it. It is certain that it was not the "Wars of Independence" that made him look up more joyfully, any more than it was the French Revolution,--the event on account of which he RECONSTRUCTED his "Faust," and indeed the whole problem of "man," was the appearance of Napoleon. There are words of Goethe in which he condemns with impatient severity, as from a foreign land, that which Germans take a pride in, he once defined the famous German turn of mind as "Indulgence towards its own and others' weaknesses." Was he wrong? it is characteristic of Germans that one is seldom entirely wrong about them. The German soul has passages and galleries in it, there are caves, hiding-places, and dungeons therein, its disorder has much of the charm of the mysterious, the German is well acquainted with the bypaths to chaos. And as everything loves its symbol, so the German loves the clouds and all that is obscure, evolving, crepuscular, damp, and shrouded, it seems to him that everything uncertain, undeveloped, self-displacing, and growing is "deep". The German himself does not EXIST, he is BECOMING, he is "developing himself". "Development" is therefore the essentially German discovery and hit in the great domain of philosophical formulas,--a ruling idea, which, together with German beer and German music, is labouring to Germanise all Europe. Foreigners are astonished and attracted by the riddles which the conflicting nature at the basis of the German soul propounds to them (riddles which Hegel systematised and Richard Wagner has in the end set to music). "Good-natured and spiteful"--such a juxtaposition, preposterous in the case of every other people, is unfortunately only too often justified in Germany one has only to live for a while among Swabians to know this! The clumsiness of the German scholar and his social distastefulness agree alarmingly well with his physical rope-dancing and nimble boldness, of which all the Gods have learnt to be afraid. If any one wishes to see the "German soul" demonstrated ad oculos, let him only look at German taste, at German arts and manners what boorish indifference to "taste"! How the noblest and the commonest stand there in juxtaposition! How disorderly and how rich is the whole constitution of this soul! The German DRAGS at his soul, he drags at everything he experiences. He digests his events badly; he never gets "done" with them; and German depth is often only a difficult, hesitating "digestion." And just as all chronic invalids, all dyspeptics like what is convenient, so the German loves "frankness" and "honesty"; it is so CONVENIENT to be frank and honest!--This confidingness, this complaisance, this showing-the-cards of German HONESTY, is probably the most dangerous and most successful disguise which the German is up to nowadays: it is his proper Mephistophelean art; with this he can "still achieve much"! The German lets himself go, and thereby gazes with faithful, blue, empty German eyes--and other countries immediately confound him with his dressing-gown!--I meant to say that, let "German depth" be what it will--among ourselves alone we perhaps take the liberty to laugh at it--we shall do well to continue henceforth to honour its appearance and good name, and not barter away too cheaply our old reputation as a people of depth for Prussian "smartness," and Berlin wit and sand. It is wise for a people to pose, and LET itself be regarded, as profound, clumsy, good-natured, honest, and foolish: it might even be--profound to do so! Finally, we should do honour to our name--we are not called the "TIUSCHE VOLK" (deceptive people) for nothing....

245. The "good old" time is past, it sang itself out in Mozart--how happy are WE that his ROCOCO still speaks to us, that his "good company," his tender enthusiasm, his childish delight in the Chinese and its flourishes, his courtesy of heart, his longing for the elegant, the amorous, the tripping, the tearful, and his belief in the South, can still appeal to SOMETHING LEFT in us! Ah, some time or other it will be over with it!--but who can doubt that it will be over still sooner with the intelligence and taste for Beethoven! For he was only the last echo of a break and transition in style, and NOT, like Mozart, the last echo of a great European taste which had existed for centuries. Beethoven is the intermediate event between an old mellow soul that is constantly breaking down, and a future over-young soul that is always COMING; there is spread over his music the twilight of eternal loss and eternal extravagant hope,--the same light in which Europe was bathed when it dreamed with Rousseau, when it danced round the Tree of Liberty of the Revolution, and finally almost fell down in adoration before Napoleon. But how rapidly does THIS very sentiment now pale, how difficult nowadays is even the APPREHENSION of this sentiment, how strangely does the language of Rousseau, Schiller, Shelley, and Byron sound to our ear, in whom COLLECTIVELY the same fate of Europe was able to SPEAK, which knew how to SING in Beethoven!--Whatever German music came afterwards, belongs to Romanticism, that is to say, to a movement which, historically considered, was still shorter, more fleeting, and more superficial than that great interlude, the transition of Europe from Rousseau to Napoleon, and to the rise of democracy. Weber--but what do WE care nowadays for "Freischutz" and "Oberon"! Or Marschner's "Hans Heiling" and "Vampyre"! Or even Wagner's "Tannhauser"! That is extinct, although not yet forgotten music. This whole music of Romanticism, besides, was not noble enough, was not musical enough, to maintain its position anywhere but in the theatre and before the masses; from the beginning it was second-rate music, which was little thought of by genuine musicians. It was different with Felix Mendelssohn, that halcyon master, who, on account of his lighter, purer, happier soul, quickly acquired admiration, and was equally quickly forgotten: as the beautiful EPISODE of German music. But with regard to Robert Schumann, who took things seriously, and has been taken seriously from the first--he was the last that founded a school,--do we not now regard it as a

satisfaction, a relief, a deliverance, that this very Romanticism of Schumann's has been surmounted? Schumann, fleeing into the "Saxon Switzerland" of his soul, with a half Werther-like, half Jean-Paul-like nature (assuredly not like Beethoven! assuredly not like Byron!)--his MANFRED music is a mistake and a misunderstanding to the extent of injustice; Schumann, with his taste, which was fundamentally a PETTY taste (that is to say, a dangerous propensity--doubly dangerous among Germans--for quiet lyricism and intoxication of the feelings), going constantly apart, timidly withdrawing and retiring, a noble weakling who revelled in nothing but anonymous joy and sorrow, from the beginning a sort of girl and NOLI ME TANGERE--this Schumann was already merely a GERMAN event in music, and no longer a European event, as Beethoven had been, as in a still greater degree Mozart had been; with Schumann German music was threatened with its greatest danger, that of LOSING THE VOICE FOR THE SOUL OF EUROPE and sinking into a merely national affair.

246. What a torture are books written in German to a reader who has a THIRD ear! How indignantly he stands beside the slowly turning swamp of sounds without tune and rhythms without dance, which Germans call a "book"! And even the German who READS books! How lazily, how reluctantly, how badly he reads! How many Germans know, and consider it obligatory to know, that there is ART in every good sentence--art which must be divined, if the sentence is to be understood! If there is a misunderstanding about its TEMPO, for instance, the sentence itself is misunderstood! That one must not be doubtful about the rhythm-determining syllables, that one should feel the breaking of the too-rigid symmetry as intentional and as a charm, that one should lend a fine and patient ear to every STACCATO and every RUBATO, that one should divine the sense in the sequence of the vowels and diphthongs, and how delicately and richly they can be tinted and retinted in the order of their arrangement--who among book-reading Germans is complaisant enough to recognize such duties and requirements, and to listen to so much art and intention in language? After all, one just "has no ear for it"; and so the most marked contrasts of style are not heard, and the most delicate artistry is as it were SQUANDERED on the deaf.--These were my thoughts when I noticed how clumsily and unintuitively two masters in the art of prose-writing have been confounded: one, whose words drop down hesitatingly and coldly, as from the roof of a damp cave--he counts on their dull sound and echo; and another who manipulates his language like a flexible sword, and from his arm down into his toes feels the dangerous bliss of the quivering, over-sharp blade, which wishes to bite, hiss, and cut.

247. How little the German style has to do with harmony and with the ear, is shown by the fact that precisely our good musicians themselves write badly. The German does not read aloud, he does not read for the ear, but only with his eyes; he has put his ears away in the drawer for the time. In antiquity when a man read--which was seldom enough--he read something to himself, and in a loud voice; they were surprised when any one read silently, and sought secretly the reason of it. In a loud voice: that is to say, with all the swellings, inflections, and variations of key and changes of TEMPO, in which the ancient PUBLIC world took delight. The laws of the written style were then the same as those of the spoken style; and these laws depended partly on the surprising development and refined requirements of the ear and larynx; partly on the strength, endurance, and power of the ancient lungs. In the ancient sense, a period is above all a physiological whole, inasmuch as it is comprised in one breath. Such periods as occur in Demosthenes and Cicero, swelling twice and sinking twice, and all in one breath, were pleasures to the men of ANTIQUITY, who knew by their own schooling how to appreciate the virtue therein, the rareness and the difficulty in the deliverance of such a period;--WE have really no right to the BIG period, we modern men, who are short of breath in every sense! Those ancients, indeed, were all of them dilettanti in speaking, consequently connoisseurs, consequently critics--they thus brought their orators to the highest pitch; in the same manner as in the last century, when all Italian ladies and gentlemen knew how to sing, the virtuososhiip of song (and with it also the art of melody) reached its elevation. In Germany, however (until quite recently when a kind of platform eloquence began shyly and awkwardly enough to flutter its young wings), there was properly speaking only one kind of public and APPROXIMATELY artistical discourse--that delivered from the pulpit. The preacher was the only one in Germany who knew the weight of a syllable or a word, in what manner a sentence strikes, springs, rushes, flows, and comes to a close; he alone had a conscience in his ears, often enough a bad conscience: for reasons are not lacking why proficiency in oratory should be especially seldom attained by a German, or almost always too late. The masterpiece of German prose is therefore with good reason the masterpiece of its greatest preacher: the BIBLE has hitherto been the best German book. Compared with Luther's Bible, almost everything else is merely "literature"--something which has not grown in Germany, and therefore has not taken and does not take root in German hearts, as the Bible has done.

248. There are two kinds of geniuses: one which above all engenders and seeks to engender, and another which willingly lets itself be fructified and brings forth. And similarly, among the gifted nations, there are those on whom the woman's problem of pregnancy has devolved, and the secret task of forming, maturing, and perfecting--the Greeks, for instance, were a nation of this kind, and so are the French; and others which have to fructify and become the cause of new modes of life--like the Jews, the Romans, and, in all modesty be it asked: like the Germans?--nations tortured and enraptured by unknown fevers and irresistibly forced out of

themselves, amorous and longing for foreign races (for such as "let themselves be fructified"), and withal imperious, like everything conscious of being full of generative force, and consequently empowered "by the grace of God." These two kinds of geniuses seek each other like man and woman; but they also misunderstand each other--like man and woman.

249. Every nation has its own "Tartuffery," and calls that its virtue.--One does not know--cannot know, the best that is in one.

250. What Europe owes to the Jews?--Many things, good and bad, and above all one thing of the nature both of the best and the worst: the grand style in morality, the fearfulness and majesty of infinite demands, of infinite significations, the whole Romanticism and sublimity of moral questionableness--and consequently just the most attractive, ensnaring, and exquisite element in those iridescences and allurements to life, in the aftersheen of which the sky of our European culture, its evening sky, now glows--perhaps glows out. For this, we artists among the spectators and philosophers, are--grateful to the Jews.

251. It must be taken into the bargain, if various clouds and disturbances--in short, slight attacks of stupidity--pass over the spirit of a people that suffers and WANTS to suffer from national nervous fever and political ambition: for instance, among present-day Germans there is alternately the anti-French folly, the anti-Semitic folly, the anti-Polish folly, the Christian-romantic folly, the Wagnerian folly, the Teutonic folly, the Prussian folly (just look at those poor historians, the Sybels and Treitschkes, and their closely bandaged heads), and whatever else these little obscurations of the German spirit and conscience may be called. May it be forgiven me that I, too, when on a short daring sojourn on very infected ground, did not remain wholly exempt from the disease, but like every one else, began to entertain thoughts about matters which did not concern me--the first symptom of political infection. About the Jews, for instance, listen to the following:--I have never yet met a German who was favourably inclined to the Jews; and however decided the repudiation of actual anti-Semitism may be on the part of all prudent and political men, this prudence and policy is not perhaps directed against the nature of the sentiment itself, but only against its dangerous excess, and especially against the distasteful and infamous expression of this excess of sentiment;--on this point we must not deceive ourselves. That Germany has amply SUFFICIENT Jews, that the German stomach, the German blood, has difficulty (and will long have difficulty) in disposing only of this quantity of "Jew"--as the Italian, the Frenchman, and the Englishman have done by means of a stronger digestion:--that is the unmistakable declaration and language of a general instinct, to which one must listen and according to which one must act. "Let no more Jews come in! And shut the doors, especially towards the East (also towards Austria)!"--thus commands the instinct of a people whose nature is still feeble and uncertain, so that it could be easily wiped out, easily extinguished, by a stronger race. The Jews, however, are beyond all doubt the strongest, toughest, and purest race at present living in Europe, they know how to succeed even under the worst conditions (in fact better than under favourable ones), by means of virtues of some sort, which one would like nowadays to label as vices--owing above all to a resolute faith which does not need to be ashamed before "modern ideas", they alter only, WHEN they do alter, in the same way that the Russian Empire makes its conquest--as an empire that has plenty of time and is not of yesterday--namely, according to the principle, "as slowly as possible"! A thinker who has the future of Europe at heart, will, in all his perspectives concerning the future, calculate upon the Jews, as he will calculate upon the Russians, as above all the surest and likeliest factors in the great play and battle of forces. That which is at present called a "nation" in Europe, and is really rather a RES FACTA than NATA (indeed, sometimes confusingly similar to a RES FICTA ET PICTA), is in every case something evolving, young, easily displaced, and not yet a race, much less such a race AERE PERENNUS, as the Jews are such "nations" should most carefully avoid all hot-headed rivalry and hostility! It is certain that the Jews, if they desired--or if they were driven to it, as the anti-Semites seem to wish--COULD now have the ascendancy, nay, literally the supremacy, over Europe, that they are NOT working and planning for that end is equally certain. Meanwhile, they rather wish and desire, even somewhat importunely, to be insorbed and absorbed by Europe, they long to be finally settled, authorized, and respected somewhere, and wish to put an end to the nomadic life, to the "wandering Jew",--and one should certainly take account of this impulse and tendency, and MAKE ADVANCES to it (it possibly betokens a mitigation of the Jewish instincts) for which purpose it would perhaps be useful and fair to banish the anti-Semitic bawlers out of the country. One should make advances with all prudence, and with selection, pretty much as the English nobility do It stands to reason that the more powerful and strongly marked types of new Germanism could enter into relation with the Jews with the least hesitation, for instance, the nobleman officer from the Prussian border it would be interesting in many ways to see whether the genius for money and patience (and especially some intellect and intellectuality--sadly lacking in the place referred to) could not in addition be annexed and trained to the hereditary art of commanding and obeying--for both of which the country in question has now a classic reputation But here it is expedient to break off my festal discourse and my sprightly Teutonomania for I have already reached my SERIOUS TOPIC, the "European problem," as I understand it, the rearing of a new ruling caste for Europe.

252. They are not a philosophical race--the English: Bacon represents an ATTACK on the philosophical spirit generally, Hobbes, Hume, and Locke, an abasement, and a depreciation of the idea of a "philosopher" for more than a century. It was AGAINST Hume that Kant uprose and raised himself; it was Locke of whom Schelling RIGHTLY said, "JE MEPRISE LOCKE"; in the struggle against the English mechanical stultification of the world, Hegel and Schopenhauer (along with Goethe) were of one accord; the two hostile brother-geniuses in philosophy, who pushed in different directions towards the opposite poles of German thought, and thereby wronged each other as only brothers will do.--What is lacking in England, and has always been lacking, that half-actor and rhetorician knew well enough, the absurd muddle-head, Carlyle, who sought to conceal under passionate grimaces what he knew about himself: namely, what was LACKING in Carlyle--real POWER of intellect, real DEPTH of intellectual perception, in short, philosophy. It is characteristic of such an unphilosophical race to hold on firmly to Christianity--they NEED its discipline for "moralizing" and humanizing. The Englishman, more gloomy, sensual, headstrong, and brutal than the German--is for that very reason, as the baser of the two, also the most pious: he has all the MORE NEED of Christianity. To finer nostrils, this English Christianity itself has still a characteristic English taint of spleen and alcoholic excess, for which, owing to good reasons, it is used as an antidote--the finer poison to neutralize the coarser: a finer form of poisoning is in fact a step in advance with coarse-mannered people, a step towards spiritualization. The English coarseness and rustic demureness is still most satisfactorily disguised by Christian pantomime, and by praying and psalm-singing (or, more correctly, it is thereby explained and differently expressed); and for the herd of drunkards and rakes who formerly learned moral grunting under the influence of Methodism (and more recently as the "Salvation Army"), a penitential fit may really be the relatively highest manifestation of "humanity" to which they can be elevated: so much may reasonably be admitted. That, however, which offends even in the humanest Englishman is his lack of music, to speak figuratively (and also literally): he has neither rhythm nor dance in the movements of his soul and body; indeed, not even the desire for rhythm and dance, for "music." Listen to him speaking; look at the most beautiful Englishwoman WALKING--in no country on earth are there more beautiful doves and swans; finally, listen to them singing! But I ask too much...

253. There are truths which are best recognized by mediocre minds, because they are best adapted for them, there are truths which only possess charms and seductive power for mediocre spirits:--one is pushed to this probably unpleasant conclusion, now that the influence of respectable but mediocre Englishmen--I may mention Darwin, John Stuart Mill, and Herbert Spencer--begins to gain the ascendancy in the middle-class region of European taste. Indeed, who could doubt that it is a useful thing for SUCH minds to have the ascendancy for a time? It would be an error to consider the highly developed and independently soaring minds as specially qualified for determining and collecting many little common facts, and deducing conclusions from them; as exceptions, they are rather from the first in no very favourable position towards those who are "the rules." After all, they have more to do than merely to perceive:--in effect, they have to BE something new, they have to SIGNIFY something new, they have to REPRESENT new values! The gulf between knowledge and capacity is perhaps greater, and also more mysterious, than one thinks: the capable man in the grand style, the creator, will possibly have to be an ignorant person;--while on the other hand, for scientific discoveries like those of Darwin, a certain narrowness, aridity, and industrious carefulness (in short, something English) may not be unfavourable for arriving at them.--Finally, let it not be forgotten that the English, with their profound mediocrity, brought about once before a general depression of European intelligence.

What is called "modern ideas," or "the ideas of the eighteenth century," or "French ideas"--that, consequently, against which the GERMAN mind rose up with profound disgust--is of English origin, there is no doubt about it. The French were only the apes and actors of these ideas, their best soldiers, and likewise, alas! their first and profoundest VICTIMS; for owing to the diabolical Anglomania of "modern ideas," the AME FRANCAIS has in the end become so thin and emaciated, that at present one recalls its sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, its profound, passionate strength, its inventive excellency, almost with disbelief. One must, however, maintain this verdict of historical justice in a determined manner, and defend it against present prejudices and appearances: the European NOBLESSE--of sentiment, taste, and manners, taking the word in every high sense--is the work and invention of FRANCE; the European ignobleness, the plebeianism of modern ideas--is ENGLAND'S work and invention.

254. Even at present France is still the seat of the most intellectual and refined culture of Europe, it is still the high school of taste; but one must know how to find this "France of taste." He who belongs to it keeps himself well concealed:--they may be a small number in whom it lives and is embodied, besides perhaps being men who do not stand upon the strongest legs, in part fatalists, hypochondriacs, invalids, in part persons over-indulged, over-refined, such as have the AMBITION to conceal themselves.

They have all something in common: they keep their ears closed in presence of the delirious folly and noisy spouting of the democratic BOURGEOIS. In fact, a besotted and brutalized France at present sprawls in the foreground--it recently celebrated a veritable orgy of bad taste, and at the same time of self-admiration, at the funeral of Victor Hugo. There is also something else

common to them: a predilection to resist intellectual Germanizing--and a still greater inability to do so! In this France of intellect, which is also a France of pessimism, Schopenhauer has perhaps become more at home, and more indigenous than he has ever been in Germany; not to speak of Heinrich Heine, who has long ago been re-incarnated in the more refined and fastidious lyrists of Paris; or of Hegel, who at present, in the form of Taine--the FIRST of living historians--exercises an almost tyrannical influence. As regards Richard Wagner, however, the more French music learns to adapt itself to the actual needs of the AME MODERNE, the more will it "Wagnerite"; one can safely predict that beforehand,--it is already taking place sufficiently! There are, however, three things which the French can still boast of with pride as their heritage and possession, and as indelible tokens of their ancient intellectual superiority in Europe, in spite of all voluntary or involuntary Germanizing and vulgarizing of taste. FIRSTLY, the capacity for artistic emotion, for devotion to "form," for which the expression, L'ART POUR L'ART, along with numerous others, has been invented:--such capacity has not been lacking in France for three centuries; and owing to its reverence for the "small number," it has again and again made a sort of chamber music of literature possible, which is sought for in vain elsewhere in Europe.--The SECOND thing whereby the French can lay claim to a superiority over Europe is their ancient, many-sided, MORALISTIC culture, owing to which one finds on an average, even in the petty ROMANCIERS of the newspapers and chance BOULEVARDIERS DE PARIS, a psychological sensitiveness and curiosity, of which, for example, one has no conception (to say nothing of the thing itself!) in Germany. The Germans lack a couple of centuries of the moralistic work requisite thereto, which, as we have said, France has not grudged: those who call the Germans "naive" on that account give them commendation for a defect. (As the opposite of the German inexperience and innocence IN VOLUPTATE PSYCHOLOGICA, which is not too remotely associated with the tediousness of German intercourse,--and as the most successful expression of genuine French curiosity and inventive talent in this domain of delicate thrills, Henri Beyle may be noted; that remarkable anticipatory and forerunning man, who, with a Napoleonic TEMPO, traversed HIS Europe, in fact, several centuries of the European soul, as a surveyor and discoverer thereof:--it has required two generations to OVERTAKE him one way or other, to divine long afterwards some of the riddles that perplexed and enraptured him--this strange Epicurean and man of interrogation, the last great psychologist of France).--There is yet a THIRD claim to superiority: in the French character there is a successful half-way synthesis of the North and South, which makes them comprehend many things, and enjoins upon them other things, which an Englishman can never comprehend. Their temperament, turned alternately to and from the South, in which from time to time the Provencal and Ligurian blood froths over, preserves them from the dreadful, northern grey-in-grey, from sunless conceptual-spectrism and from poverty of blood--our GERMAN infirmity of taste, for the excessive prevalence of which at the present moment, blood and iron, that is to say "high politics," has with great resolution been prescribed (according to a dangerous healing art, which bids me wait and wait, but not yet hope).--There is also still in France a pre-understanding and ready welcome for those rarer and rarely gratified men, who are too comprehensive to find satisfaction in any kind of fatherlandism, and know how to love the South when in the North and the North when in the South--the born Midlanders, the "good Europeans." For them BIZET has made music, this latest genius, who has seen a new beauty and seduction,--who has discovered a piece of the SOUTH IN MUSIC.

255. I hold that many precautions should be taken against German music. Suppose a person loves the South as I love it--as a great school of recovery for the most spiritual and the most sensuous ills, as a boundless solar profusion and effulgence which o'erspreads a sovereign existence believing in itself--well, such a person will learn to be somewhat on his guard against German music, because, in injuring his taste anew, it will also injure his health anew. Such a Southerner, a Southerner not by origin but by BELIEF, if he should dream of the future of music, must also dream of it being freed from the influence of the North; and must have in his ears the prelude to a deeper, mightier, and perhaps more perverse and mysterious music, a super-German music, which does not fade, pale, and die away, as all German music does, at the sight of the blue, wanton sea and the Mediterranean clearness of sky--a super-European music, which holds its own even in presence of the brown sunsets of the desert, whose soul is akin to the palm-tree, and can be at home and can roam with big, beautiful, lonely beasts of prey... I could imagine a music of which the rarest charm would be that it knew nothing more of good and evil; only that here and there perhaps some sailor's home-sickness, some golden shadows and tender weaknesses might sweep lightly over it; an art which, from the far distance, would see the colours of a sinking and almost incomprehensible MORAL world fleeing towards it, and would be hospitable enough and profound enough to receive such belated fugitives.

256. Owing to the morbid estrangement which the nationality-craze has induced and still induces among the nations of Europe, owing also to the short-sighted and hasty-handed politicians, who with the help of this craze, are at present in power, and do not suspect to what extent the disintegrating policy they pursue must necessarily be only an interlude policy--owing to all this and much else that is altogether unmentionable at present, the most unmistakable signs that EUROPE WISHES TO BE ONE, are now overlooked, or arbitrarily and falsely misinterpreted. With all the more profound and large-minded men of this century, the real

general tendency of the mysterious labour of their souls was to prepare the way for that new SYNTHESIS, and tentatively to anticipate the European of the future; only in their simulations, or in their weaker moments, in old age perhaps, did they belong to the "fatherlands"--they only rested from themselves when they became "patriots." I think of such men as Napoleon, Goethe, Beethoven, Stendhal, Heinrich Heine, Schopenhauer: it must not be taken amiss if I also count Richard Wagner among them, about whom one must not let oneself be deceived by his own misunderstandings (geniuses like him have seldom the right to understand themselves), still less, of course, by the unseemly noise with which he is now resisted and opposed in France: the fact remains, nevertheless, that Richard Wagner and the LATER FRENCH ROMANTICISM of the forties, are most closely and intimately related to one another. They are akin, fundamentally akin, in all the heights and depths of their requirements; it is Europe, the ONE Europe, whose soul presses urgently and longingly, outwards and upwards, in their multifarious and boisterous art--whither? into a new light? towards a new sun? But who would attempt to express accurately what all these masters of new modes of speech could not express distinctly? It is certain that the same storm and stress tormented them, that they SOUGHT in the same manner, these last great seekers! All of them steeped in literature to their eyes and ears--the first artists of universal literary culture--for the most part even themselves writers, poets, intermediaries and blenders of the arts and the senses (Wagner, as musician is reckoned among painters, as poet among musicians, as artist generally among actors); all of them fanatics for EXPRESSION "at any cost"--I specially mention Delacroix, the nearest related to Wagner; all of them great discoverers in the realm of the sublime, also of the loathsome and dreadful, still greater discoverers in effect, in display, in the art of the show-shop; all of them talented far beyond their genius, out and out VIRTUOSI, with mysterious accesses to all that seduces, allures, constrains, and upsets; born enemies of logic and of the straight line, hankering after the strange, the exotic, the monstrous, the crooked, and the self-contradictory; as men, Tantaluses of the will, plebeian parvenus, who knew themselves to be incapable of a noble TEMPO or of a LENTO in life and action--think of Balzac, for instance,--unrestrained workers, almost destroying themselves by work; antinomians and rebels in manners, ambitious and insatiable, without equilibrium and enjoyment; all of them finally shattering and sinking down at the Christian cross (and with right and reason, for who of them would have been sufficiently profound and sufficiently original for an ANTI-CHRISTIAN philosophy?);--on the whole, a boldly daring, splendidly overbearing, high-flying, and aloft-up-dragging class of higher men, who had first to teach their century--and it is the century of the MASSES--the conception "higher man."... Let the German friends of Richard Wagner advise together as to whether there is anything purely German in the Wagnerian art, or whether its distinction does not consist precisely in coming from SUPER-GERMAN sources and impulses: in which connection it may not be underrated how indispensable Paris was to the development of his type, which the strength of his instincts made him long to visit at the most decisive time--and how the whole style of his proceedings, of his self-apostolate, could only perfect itself in sight of the French socialistic original. On a more subtle comparison it will perhaps be found, to the honour of Richard Wagner's German nature, that he has acted in everything with more strength, daring, severity, and elevation than a nineteenth-century Frenchman could have done--owing to the circumstance that we Germans are as yet nearer to barbarism than the French;--perhaps even the most remarkable creation of Richard Wagner is not only at present, but for ever inaccessible, incomprehensible, and inimitable to the whole latter-day Latin race: the figure of Siegfried, that VERY FREE man, who is probably far too free, too hard, too cheerful, too healthy, too ANTI-CATHOLIC for the taste of old and mellow civilized nations. He may even have been a sin against Romanticism, this anti-Latin Siegfried: well, Wagner atoned amply for this sin in his old sad days, when--anticipating a taste which has meanwhile passed into politics--he began, with the religious vehemence peculiar to him, to preach, at least, THE WAY TO ROME, if not to walk therein.--That these last words may not be misunderstood, I will call to my aid a few powerful rhymes, which will even betray to less delicate ears what I mean--what I mean COUNTER TO the "last Wagner" and his Parsifal music:--

--Is this our mode?--From German heart came this vexed ululating? From German body, this self-lacerating? Is ours this priestly hand-dilation, This incense-fuming exaltation? Is ours this faltering, falling, shambling, This quite uncertain ding-dong-dangling? This sly nun-ogling, Ave-hour-bell ringing, This wholly false enraptured heaven-o'erspringing?--Is this our mode?--Think well!--ye still wait for admission--For what ye hear is ROME--ROME'S FAITH BY INTUITION!

CHAPTER IX. WHAT IS NOBLE?

257. EVERY elevation of the type "man," has hitherto been the work of an aristocratic society and so it will always be--a society believing in a long scale of gradations of rank and differences of worth among human beings, and requiring slavery in some form or other. Without the PATHOS OF DISTANCE, such as grows out of the incarnated difference of classes, out of the constant out-looking and down-looking of the ruling caste on subordinates and instruments, and out of their equally constant practice of obeying and commanding, of keeping down and keeping at a distance--that other more mysterious pathos could never have arisen,

the longing for an ever new widening of distance within the soul itself, the formation of ever higher, rarer, further, more extended, more comprehensive states, in short, just the elevation of the type "man," the continued "self-surmounting of man," to use a moral formula in a supermoral sense. To be sure, one must not resign oneself to any humanitarian illusions about the history of the origin of an aristocratic society (that is to say, of the preliminary condition for the elevation of the type "man"): the truth is hard. Let us acknowledge unprejudicedly how every higher civilization hitherto has ORIGINATED! Men with a still natural nature, barbarians in every terrible sense of the word, men of prey, still in possession of unbroken strength of will and desire for power, threw themselves upon weaker, more moral, more peaceful races (perhaps trading or cattle-rearing communities), or upon old mellow civilizations in which the final vital force was flickering out in brilliant fireworks of wit and depravity. At the commencement, the noble caste was always the barbarian caste: their superiority did not consist first of all in their physical, but in their psychical power--they were more COMPLETE men (which at every point also implies the same as "more complete beasts").

258. Corruption--as the indication that anarchy threatens to break out among the instincts, and that the foundation of the emotions, called "life," is convulsed--is something radically different according to the organization in which it manifests itself. When, for instance, an aristocracy like that of France at the beginning of the Revolution, flung away its privileges with sublime disgust and sacrificed itself to an excess of its moral sentiments, it was corruption:--it was really only the closing act of the corruption which had existed for centuries, by virtue of which that aristocracy had abdicated step by step its lordly prerogatives and lowered itself to a FUNCTION of royalty (in the end even to its decoration and parade-dress). The essential thing, however, in a good and healthy aristocracy is that it should not regard itself as a function either of the kingship or the commonwealth, but as the SIGNIFICANCE and highest justification thereof--that it should therefore accept with a good conscience the sacrifice of a legion of individuals, who, FOR ITS SAKE, must be suppressed and reduced to imperfect men, to slaves and instruments. Its fundamental belief must be precisely that society is NOT allowed to exist for its own sake, but only as a foundation and scaffolding, by means of which a select class of beings may be able to elevate themselves to their higher duties, and in general to a higher EXISTENCE: like those sun-seeking climbing plants in Java--they are called Sipo Matador,--which encircle an oak so long and so often with their arms, until at last, high above it, but supported by it, they can unfold their tops in the open light, and exhibit their happiness.

259. To refrain mutually from injury, from violence, from exploitation, and put one's will on a par with that of others: this may result in a certain rough sense in good conduct among individuals when the necessary conditions are given (namely, the actual similarity of the individuals in amount of force and degree of worth, and their co-relation within one organization). As soon, however, as one wished to take this principle more generally, and if possible even as the FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLE OF SOCIETY, it would immediately disclose what it really is--namely, a Will to the DENIAL of life, a principle of dissolution and decay. Here one must think profoundly to the very basis and resist all sentimental weakness: life itself is ESSENTIALLY appropriation, injury, conquest of the strange and weak, suppression, severity, obtrusion of peculiar forms, incorporation, and at the least, putting it mildest, exploitation;--but why should one for ever use precisely these words on which for ages a disparaging purpose has been stamped? Even the organization within which, as was previously supposed, the individuals treat each other as equal--it takes place in every healthy aristocracy--must itself, if it be a living and not a dying organization, do all that towards other bodies, which the individuals within it refrain from doing to each other it will have to be the incarnated Will to Power, it will endeavour to grow, to gain ground, attract to itself and acquire ascendancy--not owing to any morality or immorality, but because it LIVES, and because life IS precisely Will to Power. On no point, however, is the ordinary consciousness of Europeans more unwilling to be corrected than on this matter, people now rave everywhere, even under the guise of science, about coming conditions of society in which "the exploiting character" is to be absent--that sounds to my ears as if they promised to invent a mode of life which should refrain from all organic functions. "Exploitation" does not belong to a depraved, or imperfect and primitive society it belongs to the nature of the living being as a primary organic function, it is a consequence of the intrinsic Will to Power, which is precisely the Will to Life--Granting that as a theory this is a novelty--as a reality it is the FUNDAMENTAL FACT of all history let us be so far honest towards ourselves!

260. In a tour through the many finer and coarser moralities which have hitherto prevailed or still prevail on the earth, I found certain traits recurring regularly together, and connected with one another, until finally two primary types revealed themselves to me, and a radical distinction was brought to light. There is MASTER-MORALITY and SLAVE-MORALITY,--I would at once add, however, that in all higher and mixed civilizations, there are also attempts at the reconciliation of the two moralities, but one finds still oftener the confusion and mutual misunderstanding of them, indeed sometimes their close juxtaposition--even in the same man, within one soul. The distinctions of moral values have either originated in a ruling caste, pleasantly conscious of being different from the ruled--or among the ruled class, the slaves and dependents of all sorts. In the first case, when it is the rulers who determine the conception "good," it is the exalted, proud disposition which is regarded as the distinguishing feature, and that which determines the

order of rank. The noble type of man separates from himself the beings in whom the opposite of this exalted, proud disposition displays itself he despises them. Let it at once be noted that in this first kind of morality the antithesis "good" and "bad" means practically the same as "noble" and "despicable",--the antithesis "good" and "EVIL" is of a different origin. The cowardly, the timid, the insignificant, and those thinking merely of narrow utility are despised; moreover, also, the distrustful, with their constrained glances, the self-abasing, the dog-like kind of men who let themselves be abused, the mendicant flatterers, and above all the liars:--it is a fundamental belief of all aristocrats that the common people are untruthful. "We truthful ones"--the nobility in ancient Greece called themselves. It is obvious that everywhere the designations of moral value were at first applied to MEN; and were only derivatively and at a later period applied to ACTIONS; it is a gross mistake, therefore, when historians of morals start with questions like, "Why have sympathetic actions been praised?" The noble type of man regards HIMSELF as a determiner of values; he does not require to be approved of; he passes the judgment: "What is injurious to me is injurious in itself;" he knows that it is he himself only who confers honour on things; he is a CREATOR OF VALUES. He honours whatever he recognizes in himself: such morality equals self-glorification. In the foreground there is the feeling of plenitude, of power, which seeks to overflow, the happiness of high tension, the consciousness of a wealth which would fain give and bestow:--the noble man also helps the unfortunate, but not--or scarcely--out of pity, but rather from an impulse generated by the super-abundance of power. The noble man honours in himself the powerful one, him also who has power over himself, who knows how to speak and how to keep silence, who takes pleasure in subjecting himself to severity and hardness, and has reverence for all that is severe and hard. "Wotan placed a hard heart in my breast," says an old Scandinavian Saga: it is thus rightly expressed from the soul of a proud Viking. Such a type of man is even proud of not being made for sympathy; the hero of the Saga therefore adds warningly: "He who has not a hard heart when young, will never have one." The noble and brave who think thus are the furthest removed from the morality which sees precisely in sympathy, or in acting for the good of others, or in DESINTERESSEMENT, the characteristic of the moral; faith in oneself, pride in oneself, a radical enmity and irony towards "selflessness," belong as definitely to noble morality, as do a careless scorn and precaution in presence of sympathy and the "warm heart."--It is the powerful who KNOW how to honour, it is their art, their domain for invention. The profound reverence for age and for tradition--all law rests on this double reverence,--the belief and prejudice in favour of ancestors and unfavourable to newcomers, is typical in the morality of the powerful; and if, reversely, men of "modern ideas" believe almost instinctively in "progress" and the "future," and are more and more lacking in respect for old age, the ignoble origin of these "ideas" has complacently betrayed itself thereby. A morality of the ruling class, however, is more especially foreign and irritating to present-day taste in the sternness of its principle that one has duties only to one's equals; that one may act towards beings of a lower rank, towards all that is foreign, just as seems good to one, or "as the heart desires," and in any case "beyond good and evil": it is here that sympathy and similar sentiments can have a place. The ability and obligation to exercise prolonged gratitude and prolonged revenge--both only within the circle of equals,--artfulness in retaliation, RAFFINEMENT of the idea in friendship, a certain necessity to have enemies (as outlets for the emotions of envy, quarrelsomeness, arrogance--in fact, in order to be a good FRIEND): all these are typical characteristics of the noble morality, which, as has been pointed out, is not the morality of "modern ideas," and is therefore at present difficult to realize, and also to unearth and disclose.--It is otherwise with the second type of morality, SLAVE-MORALITY. Supposing that the abused, the oppressed, the suffering, the unemancipated, the weary, and those uncertain of themselves should moralize, what will be the common element in their moral estimates? Probably a pessimistic suspicion with regard to the entire situation of man will find expression, perhaps a condemnation of man, together with his situation. The slave has an unfavourable eye for the virtues of the powerful; he has a skepticism and distrust, a REFINEMENT of distrust of everything "good" that is there honoured--he would fain persuade himself that the very happiness there is not genuine. On the other hand, THOSE qualities which serve to alleviate the existence of sufferers are brought into prominence and flooded with light; it is here that sympathy, the kind, helping hand, the warm heart, patience, diligence, humility, and friendliness attain to honour; for here these are the most useful qualities, and almost the only means of supporting the burden of existence.
Slave-morality is essentially the morality of utility. Here is the seat of the origin of the famous antithesis "good" and "evil":--power and dangerousness are assumed to reside in the evil, a certain dreadfulness, subtlety, and strength, which do not admit of being despised. According to slave-morality, therefore, the "evil" man arouses fear; according to master-morality, it is precisely the "good" man who arouses fear and seeks to arouse it, while the bad man is regarded as the despicable being. The contrast attains its maximum when, in accordance with the logical consequences of slave-morality, a shade of depreciation--it may be slight and well-intentioned--at last attaches itself to the "good" man of this morality; because, according to the servile mode of thought, the good man must in any case be the SAFE man: he is good-natured, easily deceived, perhaps a little stupid, un bonhomme. Everywhere that slave-morality gains the ascendancy, language shows a tendency to approximate the significations of the words "good" and "stupid."--A last fundamental difference: the desire for FREEDOM, the instinct for happiness and the refinements of the feeling of liberty belong as necessarily to slave-morals and morality, as artifice and enthusiasm in reverence and devotion are the

regular symptoms of an aristocratic mode of thinking and estimating.--Hence we can understand without further detail why love AS A PASSION--it is our European specialty--must absolutely be of noble origin; as is well known, its invention is due to the Provencal poet-cavaliers, those brilliant, ingenious men of the "gai saber," to whom Europe owes so much, and almost owes itself.

261. Vanity is one of the things which are perhaps most difficult for a noble man to understand: he will be tempted to deny it, where another kind of man thinks he sees it self-evidently. The problem for him is to represent to his mind beings who seek to arouse a good opinion of themselves which they themselves do not possess--and consequently also do not "deserve,"--and who yet BELIEVE in this good opinion afterwards. This seems to him on the one hand such bad taste and so self-disrespectful, and on the other hand so grotesquely unreasonable, that he would like to consider vanity an exception, and is doubtful about it in most cases when it is spoken of. He will say, for instance: "I may be mistaken about my value, and on the other hand may nevertheless demand that my value should be acknowledged by others precisely as I rate it:--that, however, is not vanity (but self-conceit, or, in most cases, that which is called 'humility,' and also 'modesty')." Or he will even say: "For many reasons I can delight in the good opinion of others, perhaps because I love and honour them, and rejoice in all their joys, perhaps also because their good opinion endorses and strengthens my belief in my own good opinion, perhaps because the good opinion of others, even in cases where I do not share it, is useful to me, or gives promise of usefulness:--all this, however, is not vanity." The man of noble character must first bring it home forcibly to his mind, especially with the aid of history, that, from time immemorial, in all social strata in any way dependent, the ordinary man WAS only that which he PASSED FOR:--not being at all accustomed to fix values, he did not assign even to himself any other value than that which his master assigned to him (it is the peculiar RIGHT OF MASTERS to create values). It may be looked upon as the result of an extraordinary atavism, that the ordinary man, even at present, is still always WAITING for an opinion about himself, and then instinctively submitting himself to it; yet by no means only to a "good" opinion, but also to a bad and unjust one (think, for instance, of the greater part of the self-appreciations and self-depreciations which believing women learn from their confessors, and which in general the believing Christian learns from his Church). In fact, conformably to the slow rise of the democratic social order (and its cause, the blending of the blood of masters and slaves), the originally noble and rare impulse of the masters to assign a value to themselves and to "think well" of themselves, will now be more and more encouraged and extended; but it has at all times an older, ampler, and more radically ingrained propensity opposed to it--and in the phenomenon of "vanity" this older propensity overmasters the younger. The vain person rejoices over EVERY good opinion which he hears about himself (quite apart from the point of view of its usefulness, and equally regardless of its truth or falsehood), just as he suffers from every bad opinion: for he subjects himself to both, he feels himself subjected to both, by that oldest instinct of subjection which breaks forth in him.--It is "the slave" in the vain man's blood, the remains of the slave's craftiness--and how much of the "slave" is still left in woman, for instance!--which seeks to SEDUCE to good opinions of itself; it is the slave, too, who immediately afterwards falls prostrate himself before these opinions, as though he had not called them forth.--And to repeat it again: vanity is an atavism.

262. A SPECIES originates, and a type becomes established and strong in the long struggle with essentially constant UNFAVOURABLE conditions. On the other hand, it is known by the experience of breeders that species which receive super-abundant nourishment, and in general a surplus of protection and care, immediately tend in the most marked way to develop variations, and are fertile in prodigies and monstrosities (also in monstrous vices). Now look at an aristocratic commonwealth, say an ancient Greek polis, or Venice, as a voluntary or involuntary contrivance for the purpose of REARING human beings; there are there men beside one another, thrown upon their own resources, who want to make their species prevail, chiefly because they MUST prevail, or else run the terrible danger of being exterminated. The favour, the super-abundance, the protection are there lacking under which variations are fostered; the species needs itself as species, as something which, precisely by virtue of its hardness, its uniformity, and simplicity of structure, can in general prevail and make itself permanent in constant struggle with its neighbours, or with rebellious or rebellion-threatening vassals. The most varied experience teaches it what are the qualities to which it principally owes the fact that it still exists, in spite of all Gods and men, and has hitherto been victorious: these qualities it calls virtues, and these virtues alone it develops to maturity. It does so with severity, indeed it desires severity; every aristocratic morality is intolerant in the education of youth, in the control of women, in the marriage customs, in the relations of old and young, in the penal laws (which have an eye only for the degenerating): it counts intolerance itself among the virtues, under the name of "justice." A type with few, but very marked features, a species of severe, warlike, wisely silent, reserved, and reticent men (and as such, with the most delicate sensibility for the charm and nuances of society) is thus established, unaffected by the vicissitudes of generations; the constant struggle with uniform UNFAVOURABLE conditions is, as already remarked, the cause of a type becoming stable and hard. Finally, however, a happy state of things results, the enormous tension is relaxed; there are perhaps no more enemies among the neighbouring peoples, and the means of life, even of the enjoyment of life, are present in

superabundance. With one stroke the bond and constraint of the old discipline severs: it is no longer regarded as necessary, as a condition of existence--if it would continue, it can only do so as a form of LUXURY, as an archaizing TASTE. Variations, whether they be deviations (into the higher, finer, and rarer), or deteriorations and monstrosities, appear suddenly on the scene in the greatest exuberance and splendour; the individual dares to be individual and detach himself. At this turning-point of history there manifest themselves, side by side, and often mixed and entangled together, a magnificent, manifold, virgin-forest-like up-growth and up-striving, a kind of TROPICAL TEMPO in the rivalry of growth, and an extraordinary decay and self-destruction, owing to the savagely opposing and seemingly exploding egoisms, which strive with one another "for sun and light," and can no longer assign any limit, restraint, or forbearance for themselves by means of the hitherto existing morality. It was this morality itself which piled up the strength so enormously, which bent the bow in so threatening a manner:--it is now "out of date," it is getting "out of date." The dangerous and disquieting point has been reached when the greater, more manifold, more comprehensive life IS LIVED BEYOND the old morality; the "individual" stands out, and is obliged to have recourse to his own law-giving, his own arts and artifices for self-preservation, self-elevation, and self-deliverance. Nothing but new "Whys," nothing but new "Hows," no common formulas any longer, misunderstanding and disregard in league with each other, decay, deterioration, and the loftiest desires frightfully entangled, the genius of the race overflowing from all the cornucopias of good and bad, a portentous simultaneousness of Spring and Autumn, full of new charms and mysteries peculiar to the fresh, still inexhausted, still unwearied corruption. Danger is again present, the mother of morality, great danger; this time shifted into the individual, into the neighbour and friend, into the street, into their own child, into their own heart, into all the most personal and secret recesses of their desires and volitions. What will the moral philosophers who appear at this time have to preach? They discover, these sharp onlookers and loafers, that the end is quickly approaching, that everything around them decays and produces decay, that nothing will endure until the day after tomorrow, except one species of man, the incurably MEDIOCRE. The mediocre alone have a prospect of continuing and propagating themselves--they will be the men of the future, the sole survivors; "be like them! become mediocre!" is now the only morality which has still a significance, which still obtains a hearing.--But it is difficult to preach this morality of mediocrity! it can never avow what it is and what it desires! it has to talk of moderation and dignity and duty and brotherly love--it will have difficulty IN CONCEALING ITS IRONY!

263. There is an INSTINCT FOR RANK, which more than anything else is already the sign of a HIGH rank; there is a DELIGHT in the NUANCES of reverence which leads one to infer noble origin and habits. The refinement, goodness, and loftiness of a soul are put to a perilous test when something passes by that is of the highest rank, but is not yet protected by the awe of authority from obtrusive touches and incivilities: something that goes its way like a living touchstone, undistinguished, undiscovered, and tentative, perhaps voluntarily veiled and disguised. He whose task and practice it is to investigate souls, will avail himself of many varieties of this very art to determine the ultimate value of a soul, the unalterable, innate order of rank to which it belongs: he will test it by its INSTINCT FOR REVERENCE. DIFFERENCE ENGENDRE HAINE: the vulgarity of many a nature spurts up suddenly like dirty water, when any holy vessel, any jewel from closed shrines, any book bearing the marks of great destiny, is brought before it; while on the other hand, there is an involuntary silence, a hesitation of the eye, a cessation of all gestures, by which it is indicated that a soul FEELS the nearness of what is worthiest of respect. The way in which, on the whole, the reverence for the BIBLE has hitherto been maintained in Europe, is perhaps the best example of discipline and refinement of manners which Europe owes to Christianity: books of such profoundness and supreme significance require for their protection an external tyranny of authority, in order to acquire the PERIOD of thousands of years which is necessary to exhaust and unriddle them. Much has been achieved when the sentiment has been at last instilled into the masses (the shallow-pates and the boobies of every kind) that they are not allowed to touch everything, that there are holy experiences before which they must take off their shoes and keep away the unclean hand--it is almost their highest advance towards humanity. On the contrary, in the so-called cultured classes, the believers in "modern ideas," nothing is perhaps so repulsive as their lack of shame, the easy insolence of eye and hand with which they touch, taste, and finger everything; and it is possible that even yet there is more RELATIVE nobility of taste, and more tact for reverence among the people, among the lower classes of the people, especially among peasants, than among the newspaper-reading DEMIMONDE of intellect, the cultured class.

264. It cannot be effaced from a man's soul what his ancestors have preferably and most constantly done: whether they were perhaps diligent economizers attached to a desk and a cash-box, modest and citizen-like in their desires, modest also in their virtues; or whether they were accustomed to commanding from morning till night, fond of rude pleasures and probably of still ruder duties and responsibilities; or whether, finally, at one time or another, they have sacrificed old privileges of birth and possession, in order to live wholly for their faith--for their "God,"--as men of an inexorable and sensitive conscience, which blushes at every compromise. It is quite impossible for a man NOT to have the qualities and predilections of his parents and ancestors in his

constitution, whatever appearances may suggest to the contrary. This is the problem of race. Granted that one knows something of the parents, it is admissible to draw a conclusion about the child: any kind of offensive incontinence, any kind of sordid envy, or of clumsy self-vaunting--the three things which together have constituted the genuine plebeian type in all times--such must pass over to the child, as surely as bad blood; and with the help of the best education and culture one will only succeed in DECEIVING with regard to such heredity.--And what else does education and culture try to do nowadays! In our very democratic, or rather, very plebeian age, "education" and "culture" MUST be essentially the art of deceiving--deceiving with regard to origin, with regard to the inherited plebeianism in body and soul. An educator who nowadays preached truthfulness above everything else, and called out constantly to his pupils: "Be true! Be natural! Show yourselves as you are!"--even such a virtuous and sincere ass would learn in a short time to have recourse to the FURCA of Horace, NATURAM EXPELLERE: with what results? "Plebeianism" USQUE RECURRET. [FOOTNOTE: Horace's "Epistles," I. x. 24.]

265. At the risk of displeasing innocent ears, I submit that egoism belongs to the essence of a noble soul, I mean the unalterable belief that to a being such as "we," other beings must naturally be in subjection, and have to sacrifice themselves. The noble soul accepts the fact of his egoism without question, and also without consciousness of harshness, constraint, or arbitrariness therein, but rather as something that may have its basis in the primary law of things:--if he sought a designation for it he would say: "It is justice itself." He acknowledges under certain circumstances, which made him hesitate at first, that there are other equally privileged ones; as soon as he has settled this question of rank, he moves among those equals and equally privileged ones with the same assurance, as regards modesty and delicate respect, which he enjoys in intercourse with himself--in accordance with an innate heavenly mechanism which all the stars understand. It is an ADDITIONAL instance of his egoism, this artfulness and self-limitation in intercourse with his equals--every star is a similar egoist; he honours HIMSELF in them, and in the rights which he concedes to them, he has no doubt that the exchange of honours and rights, as the ESSENCE of all intercourse, belongs also to the natural condition of things. The noble soul gives as he takes, prompted by the passionate and sensitive instinct of requital, which is at the root of his nature. The notion of "favour" has, INTER PARES, neither significance nor good repute; there may be a sublime way of letting gifts as it were light upon one from above, and of drinking them thirstily like dew-drops; but for those arts and displays the noble soul has no aptitude. His egoism hinders him here: in general, he looks "aloft" unwillingly--he looks either FORWARD, horizontally and deliberately, or downwards--HE KNOWS THAT HE IS ON A HEIGHT.

266. "One can only truly esteem him who does not LOOK OUT FOR himself."--Goethe to Rath Schlosser.

267. The Chinese have a proverb which mothers even teach their children: "SIAO-SIN" ("MAKE THY HEART SMALL"). This is the essentially fundamental tendency in latter-day civilizations. I have no doubt that an ancient Greek, also, would first of all remark the self-dwarfing in us Europeans of today--in this respect alone we should immediately be "distasteful" to him.

268. What, after all, is ignobleness?--Words are vocal symbols for ideas; ideas, however, are more or less definite mental symbols for frequently returning and concurring sensations, for groups of sensations. It is not sufficient to use the same words in order to understand one another: we must also employ the same words for the same kind of internal experiences, we must in the end have experiences IN COMMON. On this account the people of one nation understand one another better than those belonging to different nations, even when they use the same language; or rather, when people have lived long together under similar conditions (of climate, soil, danger, requirement, toil) there ORIGINATES therefrom an entity that "understands itself"--namely, a nation. In all souls a like number of frequently recurring experiences have gained the upper hand over those occurring more rarely: about these matters people understand one another rapidly and always more rapidly--the history of language is the history of a process of abbreviation; on the basis of this quick comprehension people always unite closer and closer. The greater the danger, the greater is the need of agreeing quickly and readily about what is necessary; not to misunderstand one another in danger--that is what cannot at all be dispensed with in intercourse. Also in all loves and friendships one has the experience that nothing of the kind continues when the discovery has been made that in using the same words, one of the two parties has feelings, thoughts, intuitions, wishes, or fears different from those of the other. (The fear of the "eternal misunderstanding": that is the good genius which so often keeps persons of different sexes from too hasty attachments, to which sense and heart prompt them--and NOT some Schopenhauerian "genius of the species"!) Whichever groups of sensations within a soul awaken most readily, begin to speak, and give the word of command--these decide as to the general order of rank of its values, and determine ultimately its list of desirable things. A man's estimates of value betray something of the STRUCTURE of his soul, and wherein it sees its conditions of life, its intrinsic needs. Supposing now that necessity has from all time drawn together only such men as could express similar requirements and similar experiences by similar symbols, it results on the whole that the easy COMMUNICABILITY of need, which implies ultimately the undergoing only of average and COMMON experiences, must have been the most potent of all the forces which have hitherto

operated upon mankind. The more similar, the more ordinary people, have always had and are still having the advantage; the more select, more refined, more unique, and difficultly comprehensible, are liable to stand alone; they succumb to accidents in their isolation, and seldom propagate themselves. One must appeal to immense opposing forces, in order to thwart this natural, all-too-natural PROGRESSUS IN SIMILE, the evolution of man to the similar, the ordinary, the average, the gregarious--to the IGNOBLE--!

269. The more a psychologist--a born, an unavoidable psychologist and soul-diviner--turns his attention to the more select cases and individuals, the greater is his danger of being suffocated by sympathy: he NEEDS sternness and cheerfulness more than any other man. For the corruption, the ruination of higher men, of the more unusually constituted souls, is in fact, the rule: it is dreadful to have such a rule always before one's eyes. The manifold torment of the psychologist who has discovered this ruination, who discovers once, and then discovers ALMOST repeatedly throughout all history, this universal inner "desperateness" of higher men, this eternal "too late!" in every sense--may perhaps one day be the cause of his turning with bitterness against his own lot, and of his making an attempt at self-destruction--of his "going to ruin" himself. One may perceive in almost every psychologist a tell-tale inclination for delightful intercourse with commonplace and well-ordered men; the fact is thereby disclosed that he always requires healing, that he needs a sort of flight and forgetfulness, away from what his insight and incisiveness--from what his "business"--has laid upon his conscience. The fear of his memory is peculiar to him. He is easily silenced by the judgment of others; he hears with unmoved countenance how people honour, admire, love, and glorify, where he has PERCEIVED--or he even conceals his silence by expressly assenting to some plausible opinion. Perhaps the paradox of his situation becomes so dreadful that, precisely where he has learnt GREAT SYMPATHY, together with great CONTEMPT, the multitude, the educated, and the visionaries, have on their part learnt great reverence--reverence for "great men" and marvelous animals, for the sake of whom one blesses and honours the fatherland, the earth, the dignity of mankind, and one's own self, to whom one points the young, and in view of whom one educates them. And who knows but in all great instances hitherto just the same happened: that the multitude worshipped a God, and that the "God" was only a poor sacrificial animal! SUCCESS has always been the greatest liar--and the "work" itself is a success; the great statesman, the conqueror, the discoverer, are disguised in their creations until they are unrecognizable; the "work" of the artist, of the philosopher, only invents him who has created it, is REPUTED to have created it; the "great men," as they are reverenced, are poor little fictions composed afterwards; in the world of historical values spurious coinage PREVAILS. Those great poets, for example, such as Byron, Musset, Poe, Leopardi, Kleist, Gogol (I do not venture to mention much greater names, but I have them in my mind), as they now appear, and were perhaps obliged to be: men of the moment, enthusiastic, sensuous, and childish, light-minded and impulsive in their trust and distrust; with souls in which usually some flaw has to be concealed; often taking revenge with their works for an internal defilement, often seeking forgetfulness in their soaring from a too true memory, often lost in the mud and almost in love with it, until they become like the Will-o'-the-Wisps around the swamps, and PRETEND TO BE stars--the people then call them idealists,--often struggling with protracted disgust, with an ever-reappearing phantom of disbelief, which makes them cold, and obliges them to languish for GLORIA and devour "faith as it is" out of the hands of intoxicated adulators:--what a TORMENT these great artists are and the so-called higher men in general, to him who has once found them out! It is thus conceivable that it is just from woman--who is clairvoyant in the world of suffering, and also unfortunately eager to help and save to an extent far beyond her powers--that THEY have learnt so readily those outbreaks of boundless devoted SYMPATHY, which the multitude, above all the reverent multitude, do not understand, and overwhelm with prying and self-gratifying interpretations. This sympathizing invariably deceives itself as to its power; woman would like to believe that love can do EVERYTHING--it is the SUPERSTITION peculiar to her. Alas, he who knows the heart finds out how poor, helpless, pretentious, and blundering even the best and deepest love is--he finds that it rather DESTROYS than saves!--It is possible that under the holy fable and travesty of the life of Jesus there is hidden one of the most painful cases of the martyrdom of KNOWLEDGE ABOUT LOVE: the martyrdom of the most innocent and most craving heart, that never had enough of any human love, that DEMANDED love, that demanded inexorably and frantically to be loved and nothing else, with terrible outbursts against those who refused him their love; the story of a poor soul insatiated and insatiable in love, that had to invent hell to send thither those who WOULD NOT love him--and that at last, enlightened about human love, had to invent a God who is entire love, entire CAPACITY for love--who takes pity on human love, because it is so paltry, so ignorant! He who has such sentiments, he who has such KNOWLEDGE about love--SEEKS for death!--But why should one deal with such painful matters? Provided, of course, that one is not obliged to do so.

270. The intellectual haughtiness and loathing of every man who has suffered deeply--it almost determines the order of rank HOW deeply men can suffer--the chilling certainty, with which he is thoroughly imbued and coloured, that by virtue of his suffering he KNOWS MORE than the shrewdest and wisest can ever know, that he has been familiar with, and "at home" in, many distant, dreadful worlds of which "YOU know nothing"!--this silent intellectual haughtiness of the sufferer, this pride of the elect of

knowledge, of the "initiated," of the almost sacrificed, finds all forms of disguise necessary to protect itself from contact with officious and sympathizing hands, and in general from all that is not its equal in suffering. Profound suffering makes noble: it separates.--One of the most refined forms of disguise is Epicurism, along with a certain ostentatious boldness of taste, which takes suffering lightly, and puts itself on the defensive against all that is sorrowful and profound. They are "gay men" who make use of gaiety, because they are misunderstood on account of it--they WISH to be misunderstood. There are "scientific minds" who make use of science, because it gives a gay appearance, and because scientificness leads to the conclusion that a person is superficial--they WISH to mislead to a false conclusion. There are free insolent minds which would fain conceal and deny that they are broken, proud, incurable hearts (the cynicism of Hamlet--the case of Galiani); and occasionally folly itself is the mask of an unfortunate OVER-ASSURED knowledge.--From which it follows that it is the part of a more refined humanity to have reverence "for the mask," and not to make use of psychology and curiosity in the wrong place.

271. That which separates two men most profoundly is a different sense and grade of purity. What does it matter about all their honesty and reciprocal usefulness, what does it matter about all their mutual good-will: the fact still remains--they "cannot smell each other!" The highest instinct for purity places him who is affected with it in the most extraordinary and dangerous isolation, as a saint: for it is just holiness--the highest spiritualization of the instinct in question. Any kind of cognizance of an indescribable excess in the joy of the bath, any kind of ardour or thirst which perpetually impels the soul out of night into the morning, and out of gloom, out of "affliction" into clearness, brightness, depth, and refinement:--just as much as such a tendency DISTINGUISHES--it is a noble tendency--it also SEPARATES.--The pity of the saint is pity for the FILTH of the human, all-too-human. And there are grades and heights where pity itself is regarded by him as impurity, as filth.

272. Signs of nobility: never to think of lowering our duties to the rank of duties for everybody; to be unwilling to renounce or to share our responsibilities; to count our prerogatives, and the exercise of them, among our DUTIES.

273. A man who strives after great things, looks upon every one whom he encounters on his way either as a means of advance, or a delay and hindrance--or as a temporary resting-place. His peculiar lofty BOUNTY to his fellow-men is only possible when he attains his elevation and dominates. Impatience, and the consciousness of being always condemned to comedy up to that time--for even strife is a comedy, and conceals the end, as every means does--spoil all intercourse for him; this kind of man is acquainted with solitude, and what is most poisonous in it.

274. THE PROBLEM OF THOSE WHO WAIT.--Happy chances are necessary, and many incalculable elements, in order that a higher man in whom the solution of a problem is dormant, may yet take action, or "break forth," as one might say--at the right moment. On an average it DOES NOT happen; and in all corners of the earth there are waiting ones sitting who hardly know to what extent they are waiting, and still less that they wait in vain. Occasionally, too, the waking call comes too late--the chance which gives "permission" to take action--when their best youth, and strength for action have been used up in sitting still; and how many a one, just as he "sprang up," has found with horror that his limbs are benumbed and his spirits are now too heavy! "It is too late," he has said to himself--and has become self-distrustful and henceforth for ever useless.--In the domain of genius, may not the "Raphael without hands" (taking the expression in its widest sense) perhaps not be the exception, but the rule?--Perhaps genius is by no means so rare: but rather the five hundred HANDS which it requires in order to tyrannize over the [GREEK INSERTED HERE], "the right time"--in order to take chance by the forelock!

275. He who does not WISH to see the height of a man, looks all the more sharply at what is low in him, and in the foreground--and thereby betrays himself.

276. In all kinds of injury and loss the lower and coarser soul is better off than the nobler soul: the dangers of the latter must be greater, the probability that it will come to grief and perish is in fact immense, considering the multiplicity of the conditions of its existence.--In a lizard a finger grows again which has been lost; not so in man.--

277. It is too bad! Always the old story! When a man has finished building his house, he finds that he has learnt unawares something which he OUGHT absolutely to have known before he--began to build. The eternal, fatal "Too late!" The melancholia of everything COMPLETED--!

278.--Wanderer, who art thou? I see thee follow thy path without scorn, without love, with unfathomable eyes, wet and sad as a plummet which has returned to the light insatiated out of every depth--what did it seek down there?--with a bosom that never sighs, with lips that conceal their loathing, with a hand which only slowly grasps: who art thou? what hast thou done? Rest thee here: this place has hospitality for every one--refresh thyself! And whoever thou art, what is it that now pleases thee? What will serve to

refresh thee? Only name it, whatever I have I offer thee! "To refresh me? To refresh me? Oh, thou prying one, what sayest thou! But give me, I pray thee---" What? what? Speak out! "Another mask! A second mask!"

279. Men of profound sadness betray themselves when they are happy: they have a mode of seizing upon happiness as though they would choke and strangle it, out of jealousy--ah, they know only too well that it will flee from them!

280. "Bad! Bad! What? Does he not--go back?" Yes! But you misunderstand him when you complain about it. He goes back like every one who is about to make a great spring.

281.--"Will people believe it of me? But I insist that they believe it of me: I have always thought very unsatisfactorily of myself and about myself, only in very rare cases, only compulsorily, always without delight in 'the subject,' ready to digress from 'myself,' and always without faith in the result, owing to an unconquerable distrust of the POSSIBILITY of self-knowledge, which has led me so far as to feel a CONTRADICTIO IN ADJECTO even in the idea of 'direct knowledge' which theorists allow themselves:--this matter of fact is almost the most certain thing I know about myself. There must be a sort of repugnance in me to BELIEVE anything definite about myself.--Is there perhaps some enigma therein? Probably; but fortunately nothing for my own teeth.--Perhaps it betrays the species to which I belong?--but not to myself, as is sufficiently agreeable to me."

282.--"But what has happened to you?"--"I do not know," he said, hesitatingly; "perhaps the Harpies have flown over my table."--It sometimes happens nowadays that a gentle, sober, retiring man becomes suddenly mad, breaks the plates, upsets the table, shrieks, raves, and shocks everybody--and finally withdraws, ashamed, and raging at himself--whither? for what purpose? To famish apart? To suffocate with his memories?--To him who has the desires of a lofty and dainty soul, and only seldom finds his table laid and his food prepared, the danger will always be great--nowadays, however, it is extraordinarily so. Thrown into the midst of a noisy and plebeian age, with which he does not like to eat out of the same dish, he may readily perish of hunger and thirst--or, should he nevertheless finally "fall to," of sudden nausea.--We have probably all sat at tables to which we did not belong; and precisely the most spiritual of us, who are most difficult to nourish, know the dangerous DYSPEPSIA which originates from a sudden insight and disillusionment about our food and our messmates--the AFTER-DINNER NAUSEA.

283. If one wishes to praise at all, it is a delicate and at the same time a noble self-control, to praise only where one DOES NOT agree--otherwise in fact one would praise oneself, which is contrary to good taste:--a self-control, to be sure, which offers excellent opportunity and provocation to constant MISUNDERSTANDING. To be able to allow oneself this veritable luxury of taste and morality, one must not live among intellectual imbeciles, but rather among men whose misunderstandings and mistakes amuse by their refinement--or one will have to pay dearly for it!--"He praises me, THEREFORE he acknowledges me to be right"--this asinine method of inference spoils half of the life of us recluses, for it brings the asses into our neighbourhood and friendship.

284. To live in a vast and proud tranquility; always beyond... To have, or not to have, one's emotions, one's For and Against, according to choice; to lower oneself to them for hours; to SEAT oneself on them as upon horses, and often as upon asses:--for one must know how to make use of their stupidity as well as of their fire. To conserve one's three hundred foregrounds; also one's black spectacles: for there are circumstances when nobody must look into our eyes, still less into our "motives." And to choose for company that roguish and cheerful vice, politeness. And to remain master of one's four virtues, courage, insight, sympathy, and solitude. For solitude is a virtue with us, as a sublime bent and bias to purity, which divines that in the contact of man and man--"in society"--it must be unavoidably impure. All society makes one somehow, somewhere, or sometime--"commonplace."

285. The greatest events and thoughts--the greatest thoughts, however, are the greatest events--are longest in being comprehended: the generations which are contemporary with them do not EXPERIENCE such events--they live past them. Something happens there as in the realm of stars. The light of the furthest stars is longest in reaching man; and before it has arrived man DENIES--that there are stars there. "How many centuries does a mind require to be understood?"--that is also a standard, one also makes a gradation of rank and an etiquette therewith, such as is necessary for mind and for star.

286. "Here is the prospect free, the mind exalted." [FOOTNOTE: Goethe's "Faust," Part II, Act V. The words of Dr. Marianus.]--But there is a reverse kind of man, who is also upon a height, and has also a free prospect--but looks DOWNWARDS.

287. What is noble? What does the word "noble" still mean for us nowadays? How does the noble man betray himself, how is he recognized under this heavy overcast sky of the commencing plebeianism, by which everything is rendered opaque and leaden?--It is not his actions which establish his claim--actions are always ambiguous, always inscrutable; neither is it his "works." One finds nowadays among artists and scholars plenty of those who betray by their works that a profound longing for nobleness impels them;

but this very NEED of nobleness is radically different from the needs of the noble soul itself, and is in fact the eloquent and dangerous sign of the lack thereof. It is not the works, but the BELIEF which is here decisive and determines the order of rank--to employ once more an old religious formula with a new and deeper meaning--it is some fundamental certainty which a noble soul has about itself, something which is not to be sought, is not to be found, and perhaps, also, is not to be lost.--THE NOBLE SOUL HAS REVERENCE FOR ITSELF.--

288. There are men who are unavoidably intellectual, let them turn and twist themselves as they will, and hold their hands before their treacherous eyes--as though the hand were not a betrayer; it always comes out at last that they have something which they hide--namely, intellect. One of the subtlest means of deceiving, at least as long as possible, and of successfully representing oneself to be stupider than one really is--which in everyday life is often as desirable as an umbrella,--is called ENTHUSIASM, including what belongs to it, for instance, virtue. For as Galiani said, who was obliged to know it: VERTU EST ENTHOUSIASME.

289. In the writings of a recluse one always hears something of the echo of the wilderness, something of the murmuring tones and timid vigilance of solitude; in his strongest words, even in his cry itself, there sounds a new and more dangerous kind of silence, of concealment. He who has sat day and night, from year's end to year's end, alone with his soul in familiar discord and discourse, he who has become a cave-bear, or a treasure-seeker, or a treasure-guardian and dragon in his cave--it may be a labyrinth, but can also be a gold-mine--his ideas themselves eventually acquire a twilight-colour of their own, and an odour, as much of the depth as of the mould, something uncommunicative and repulsive, which blows chilly upon every passer-by. The recluse does not believe that a philosopher--supposing that a philosopher has always in the first place been a recluse--ever expressed his actual and ultimate opinions in books: are not books written precisely to hide what is in us?--indeed, he will doubt whether a philosopher CAN have "ultimate and actual" opinions at all; whether behind every cave in him there is not, and must necessarily be, a still deeper cave: an ampler, stranger, richer world beyond the surface, an abyss behind every bottom, beneath every "foundation." Every philosophy is a foreground philosophy--this is a recluse's verdict: "There is something arbitrary in the fact that the PHILOSOPHER came to a stand here, took a retrospect, and looked around; that he HERE laid his spade aside and did not dig any deeper--there is also something suspicious in it." Every philosophy also CONCEALS a philosophy; every opinion is also a LURKING-PLACE, every word is also a MASK.

290. Every deep thinker is more afraid of being understood than of being misunderstood. The latter perhaps wounds his vanity; but the former wounds his heart, his sympathy, which always says: "Ah, why would you also have as hard a time of it as I have?"

291. Man, a COMPLEX, mendacious, artful, and inscrutable animal, uncanny to the other animals by his artifice and sagacity, rather than by his strength, has invented the good conscience in order finally to enjoy his soul as something SIMPLE; and the whole of morality is a long, audacious falsification, by virtue of which generally enjoyment at the sight of the soul becomes possible. From this point of view there is perhaps much more in the conception of "art" than is generally believed.

292. A philosopher: that is a man who constantly experiences, sees, hears, suspects, hopes, and dreams extraordinary things; who is struck by his own thoughts as if they came from the outside, from above and below, as a species of events and lightning-flashes PECULIAR TO HIM; who is perhaps himself a storm pregnant with new lightnings; a portentous man, around whom there is always rumbling and mumbling and gaping and something uncanny going on. A philosopher: alas, a being who often runs away from himself, is often afraid of himself--but whose curiosity always makes him "come to himself" again.

293. A man who says: "I like that, I take it for my own, and mean to guard and protect it from every one"; a man who can conduct a case, carry out a resolution, remain true to an opinion, keep hold of a woman, punish and overthrow insolence; a man who has his indignation and his sword, and to whom the weak, the suffering, the oppressed, and even the animals willingly submit and naturally belong; in short, a man who is a MASTER by nature--when such a man has sympathy, well! THAT sympathy has value! But of what account is the sympathy of those who suffer! Or of those even who preach sympathy! There is nowadays, throughout almost the whole of Europe, a sickly irritability and sensitiveness towards pain, and also a repulsive irrestrainableness in complaining, an effeminizing, which, with the aid of religion and philosophical nonsense, seeks to deck itself out as something superior--there is a regular cult of suffering. The UNMANLINESS of that which is called "sympathy" by such groups of visionaries, is always, I believe, the first thing that strikes the eye.--One must resolutely and radically taboo this latest form of bad taste; and finally I wish people to put the good amulet, "GAI SABER" ("gay science," in ordinary language), on heart and neck, as a protection against it.

294. THE OLYMPIAN VICE.--Despite the philosopher who, as a genuine Englishman, tried to bring laughter into bad repute in all thinking minds--"Laughing is a bad infirmity of human nature, which every thinking mind will strive to overcome" (Hobbes),--I would

even allow myself to rank philosophers according to the quality of their laughing--up to those who are capable of GOLDEN laughter. And supposing that Gods also philosophize, which I am strongly inclined to believe, owing to many reasons--I have no doubt that they also know how to laugh thereby in an overman-like and new fashion--and at the expense of all serious things! Gods are fond of ridicule: it seems that they cannot refrain from laughter even in holy matters.

295. The genius of the heart, as that great mysterious one possesses it, the tempter-god and born rat-catcher of consciences, whose voice can descend into the nether-world of every soul, who neither speaks a word nor casts a glance in which there may not be some motive or touch of allurement, to whose perfection it pertains that he knows how to appear,--not as he is, but in a guise which acts as an ADDITIONAL constraint on his followers to press ever closer to him, to follow him more cordially and thoroughly;--the genius of the heart, which imposes silence and attention on everything loud and self-conceited, which smoothes rough souls and makes them taste a new longing--to lie placid as a mirror, that the deep heavens may be reflected in them;--the genius of the heart, which teaches the clumsy and too hasty hand to hesitate, and to grasp more delicately; which scents the hidden and forgotten treasure, the drop of goodness and sweet spirituality under thick dark ice, and is a divining-rod for every grain of gold, long buried and imprisoned in mud and sand; the genius of the heart, from contact with which every one goes away richer; not favoured or surprised, not as though gratified and oppressed by the good things of others; but richer in himself, newer than before, broken up, blown upon, and sounded by a thawing wind; more uncertain, perhaps, more delicate, more fragile, more bruised, but full of hopes which as yet lack names, full of a new will and current, full of a new ill-will and counter-current... but what am I doing, my friends? Of whom am I talking to you? Have I forgotten myself so far that I have not even told you his name? Unless it be that you have already divined of your own accord who this questionable God and spirit is, that wishes to be PRAISED in such a manner? For, as it happens to every one who from childhood onward has always been on his legs, and in foreign lands, I have also encountered on my path many strange and dangerous spirits; above all, however, and again and again, the one of whom I have just spoken: in fact, no less a personage than the God DIONYSUS, the great equivocator and tempter, to whom, as you know, I once offered in all secrecy and reverence my first-fruits--the last, as it seems to me, who has offered a SACRIFICE to him, for I have found no one who could understand what I was then doing. In the meantime, however, I have learned much, far too much, about the philosophy of this God, and, as I said, from mouth to mouth--I, the last disciple and initiate of the God Dionysus: and perhaps I might at last begin to give you, my friends, as far as I am allowed, a little taste of this philosophy? In a hushed voice, as is but seemly: for it has to do with much that is secret, new, strange, wonderful, and uncanny. The very fact that Dionysus is a philosopher, and that therefore Gods also philosophize, seems to me a novelty which is not unensnaring, and might perhaps arouse suspicion precisely among philosophers;--among you, my friends, there is less to be said against it, except that it comes too late and not at the right time; for, as it has been disclosed to me, you are loth nowadays to believe in God and gods. It may happen, too, that in the frankness of my story I must go further than is agreeable to the strict usages of your ears? Certainly the God in question went further, very much further, in such dialogues, and was always many paces ahead of me... Indeed, if it were allowed, I should have to give him, according to human usage, fine ceremonious tides of lustre and merit, I should have to extol his courage as investigator and discoverer, his fearless honesty, truthfulness, and love of wisdom. But such a God does not know what to do with all that respectable trumpery and pomp. "Keep that," he would say, "for thyself and those like thee, and whoever else require it! I--have no reason to cover my nakedness!" One suspects that this kind of divinity and philosopher perhaps lacks shame?--He once said: "Under certain circumstances I love mankind"--and referred thereby to Ariadne, who was present; "in my opinion man is an agreeable, brave, inventive animal, that has not his equal upon earth, he makes his way even through all labyrinths. I like man, and often think how I can still further advance him, and make him stronger, more evil, and more profound."--"Stronger, more evil, and more profound?" I asked in horror. "Yes," he said again, "stronger, more evil, and more profound; also more beautiful"--and thereby the tempter-god smiled with his halcyon smile, as though he had just paid some charming compliment. One here sees at once that it is not only shame that this divinity lacks;--and in general there are good grounds for supposing that in some things the Gods could all of them come to us men for instruction. We men are--more human.--

296. Alas! what are you, after all, my written and painted thoughts! Not long ago you were so variegated, young and malicious, so full of thorns and secret spices, that you made me sneeze and laugh--and now? You have already doffed your novelty, and some of you, I fear, are ready to become truths, so immortal do they look, so pathetically honest, so tedious! And was it ever otherwise? What then do we write and paint, we mandarins with Chinese brush, we immortalisers of things which LEND themselves to writing, what are we alone capable of painting? Alas, only that which is just about to fade and begins to lose its odour! Alas, only exhausted and departing storms and belated yellow sentiments! Alas, only birds strayed and fatigued by flight, which now let themselves be captured with the hand--with OUR hand! We immortalize what cannot live and fly much longer, things only which are exhausted and mellow! And it is only for your AFTERNOON, you, my written and painted thoughts, for which alone I have colours, many

colours, perhaps, many variegated softenings, and fifty yellows and browns and greens and reds;--but nobody will divine thereby how ye looked in your morning, you sudden sparks and marvels of my solitude, you, my old, beloved--EVIL thoughts!

FROM THE HEIGHTS

By F W Nietzsche

Translated by L. A. Magnus

1.

MIDDAY of Life! Oh, season of delight! My summer's park! Uneaseful joy to look, to lurk, to hark-- I peer for friends, am ready day and night,-- Where linger ye, my friends? The time is right!

2.

Is not the glacier's grey today for you Rose-garlanded? The brooklet seeks you, wind, cloud, with longing thread And thrust themselves yet higher to the blue, To spy for you from farthest eagle's view.

3.

My table was spread out for you on high-- Who dwelleth so Star-near, so near the grisly pit below?-- My realm--what realm hath wider boundary? My honey--who hath sipped its fragrancy?

4.

Friends, ye are there! Woe me,--yet I am not He whom ye seek? Ye stare and stop--better your wrath could speak! I am not I? Hand, gait, face, changed? And what I am, to you my friends, now am I not?

5.

Am I an other? Strange am I to Me? Yet from Me sprung? A wrestler, by himself too oft self-wrung? Hindering too oft my own self's potency, Wounded and hampered by self-victory?

6.

I sought where-so the wind blows keenest. There I learned to dwell Where no man dwells, on lonesome ice-lorn fell, And unlearned Man and God and curse and prayer? Became a ghost haunting the glaciers bare?

7.

Ye, my old friends! Look! Ye turn pale, filled o'er With love and fear! Go! Yet not in wrath. Ye could ne'er live here. Here in the farthest realm of ice and scaur, A huntsman must one be, like chamois soar.

8.

An evil huntsman was I? See how taut My bow was bent! Strongest was he by whom such bolt were sent-- Woe now! That arrow is with peril fraught, Perilous as none.--Have yon safe home ye sought!

9.

Ye go! Thou didst endure enough, oh, heart;-- Strong was thy hope; Unto new friends thy portals widely ope, Let old ones be. Bid memory depart! Wast thou young then, now--better young thou art!

10.

What linked us once together, one hope's tie-- (Who now doth con Those lines, now fading, Love once wrote thereon?)-- Is like a parchment, which the hand is shy To touch--like crackling leaves, all seared, all dry.

11.

Oh! Friends no more! They are--what name for those?-- Friends' phantom-flight Knocking at my heart's window-pane at night, Gazing on me, that speaks "We were" and goes,-- Oh, withered words, once fragrant as the rose!

12.

Pinings of youth that might not understand! For which I pined, Which I deemed changed with me, kin of my kind: But they grew old, and thus were doomed and banned: None but new kith are native of my land!

13.

Midday of life! My second youth's delight! My summer's park! Unrestful joy to long, to lurk, to hark! I peer for friends!--am ready day and night, For my new friends. Come! Come! The time is right!

14.

This song is done,--the sweet sad cry of rue Sang out its end; A wizard wrought it, he the timely friend, The midday-friend,--no, do not ask me who; At midday 'twas, when one became as two.

15.

We keep our Feast of Feasts, sure of our bourne, Our aims self-same: The Guest of Guests, friend Zarathustra, came! The world now laughs, the grisly veil was torn, And Light and Dark were one that wedding-morn.

End of Project Gutenberg's Beyond Good and Evil, by Friedrich Nietzsche

==========

Beyond Good and Evil

Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche

Project Gutenberg Release: August 01, 2003 · eBook #4363

Produced by John Mamoun, Charles Franks and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team

BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL

By Friedrich Nietzsche

Translated by Helen Zimmern

TRANSCRIBER'S NOTE ABOUT THIS E-TEXT EDITION:

The following is a reprint of the Helen Zimmern translation from German into English of "Beyond Good and Evil," as published in The Complete Works of Friedrich Nietzsche (1909-1913). Some adaptations from the original text were made to format it into an e-text. Italics in the original book are capitalized in this e-text, except for most foreign language phrases that were italicized. Original footnotes are put in brackets "[]" at the points where they are cited in the text. Some spellings were altered. "To-day" and "To-morrow" are spelled "today" and "tomorrow." Some words containing the letters "ise" in the original text, such as "idealise," had these letters changed to "ize," such as "idealize." "Sceptic" was changed to "skeptic."

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PREFACE BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL

CHAPTER I: PREJUDICES OF PHILOSOPHERS CHAPTER II: THE FREE SPIRIT CHAPTER III: THE RELIGIOUS MOOD CHAPTER IV: APOPHTHEGMS AND INTERLUDES CHAPTER V: THE NATURAL HISTORY OF MORALS CHAPTER VI: WE SCHOLARS CHAPTER VII: OUR VIRTUES CHAPTER VIII: PEOPLES AND COUNTRIES CHAPTER IX: WHAT IS NOBLE?

FROM THE HEIGHTS (POEM TRANSLATED BY L.A. MAGNUS)

PREFACE

SUPPOSING that Truth is a woman--what then? Is there not ground for suspecting that all philosophers, in so far as they have been dogmatists, have failed to understand women--that the terrible seriousness and clumsy importunity with which they have usually paid their addresses to Truth, have been unskilled and unseemly methods for winning a woman? Certainly she has never allowed herself to be won; and at present every kind of dogma stands with sad and discouraged mien--IF, indeed, it stands at all! For there are scoffers who maintain that it has fallen, that all dogma lies on the ground--nay more, that it is at its last gasp. But to speak seriously, there are good grounds for hoping that all dogmatizing in philosophy, whatever solemn, whatever conclusive and decided airs it has assumed, may have been only a noble puerilism and tyronism; and probably the time is at hand when it will be once and again understood WHAT has actually sufficed for the basis of such imposing and absolute philosophical edifices as the dogmatists have hitherto reared: perhaps some popular superstition of immemorial time (such as the soul-superstition, which, in the form of subject- and ego-superstition, has not yet ceased doing mischief): perhaps some play upon words, a deception on the part of grammar, or an audacious generalization of very restricted, very personal, very human--all-too-human facts. The philosophy of the dogmatists, it is to be hoped, was only a promise for thousands of years afterwards, as was astrology in still earlier times, in the service of which probably more labour, gold, acuteness, and patience have been spent than on any actual science hitherto: we owe to it, and to its "super-terrestrial" pretensions in Asia and Egypt, the grand style of architecture. It seems that in order to inscribe themselves upon the heart of humanity with everlasting claims, all great things have first to wander about the earth as enormous and awe-inspiring caricatures: dogmatic philosophy has been a caricature of this kind--for instance, the Vedanta doctrine in Asia, and Platonism in Europe. Let us not be ungrateful to it, although it must certainly be confessed that the worst, the most tiresome, and the most dangerous of errors hitherto has been a dogmatist error--namely, Plato's invention of Pure Spirit and the Good in Itself. But now when it has been surmounted, when Europe, rid of this nightmare, can again draw breath freely and at least enjoy a

healthier--sleep, we, WHOSE DUTY IS WAKEFULNESS ITSELF, are the heirs of all the strength which the struggle against this error has fostered. It amounted to the very inversion of truth, and the denial of the PERSPECTIVE--the fundamental condition--of life, to speak of Spirit and the Good as Plato spoke of them; indeed one might ask, as a physician: "How did such a malady attack that finest product of antiquity, Plato? Had the wicked Socrates really corrupted him? Was Socrates after all a corrupter of youths, and deserved his hemlock?" But the struggle against Plato, or--to speak plainer, and for the "people"--the struggle against the ecclesiastical oppression of millenniums of Christianity (FOR CHRISTIANITY IS PLATONISM FOR THE "PEOPLE"), produced in Europe a magnificent tension of soul, such as had not existed anywhere previously; with such a tensely strained bow one can now aim at the furthest goals. As a matter of fact, the European feels this tension as a state of distress, and twice attempts have been made in grand style to unbend the bow: once by means of Jesuitism, and the second time by means of democratic enlightenment--which, with the aid of liberty of the press and newspaper-reading, might, in fact, bring it about that the spirit would not so easily find itself in "distress"! (The Germans invented gunpowder--all credit to them! but they again made things square--they invented printing.) But we, who are neither Jesuits, nor democrats, nor even sufficiently Germans, we GOOD EUROPEANS, and free, VERY free spirits--we have it still, all the distress of spirit and all the tension of its bow! And perhaps also the arrow, the duty, and, who knows? THE GOAL TO AIM AT....

Sils Maria Upper Engadine, JUNE, 1885.

CHAPTER I. PREJUDICES OF PHILOSOPHERS

1. The Will to Truth, which is to tempt us to many a hazardous enterprise, the famous Truthfulness of which all philosophers have hitherto spoken with respect, what questions has this Will to Truth not laid before us! What strange, perplexing, questionable questions! It is already a long story; yet it seems as if it were hardly commenced. Is it any wonder if we at last grow distrustful, lose patience, and turn impatiently away? That this Sphinx teaches us at last to ask questions ourselves? WHO is it really that puts questions to us here? WHAT really is this "Will to Truth" in us? In fact we made a long halt at the question as to the origin of this Will--until at last we came to an absolute standstill before a yet more fundamental question. We inquired about the VALUE of this Will. Granted that we want the truth: WHY NOT RATHER untruth? And uncertainty? Even ignorance? The problem of the value of truth presented itself before us--or was it we who presented ourselves before the problem? Which of us is the Oedipus here? Which the Sphinx? It would seem to be a rendezvous of questions and notes of interrogation. And could it be believed that it at last seems to us as if the problem had never been propounded before, as if we were the first to discern it, get a sight of it, and RISK RAISING it? For there is risk in raising it, perhaps there is no greater risk.

2. "HOW COULD anything originate out of its opposite? For example, truth out of error? or the Will to Truth out of the will to deception? or the generous deed out of selfishness? or the pure sun-bright vision of the wise man out of covetousness? Such genesis is impossible; whoever dreams of it is a fool, nay, worse than a fool; things of the highest value must have a different origin, an origin of THEIR own--in this transitory, seductive, illusory, paltry world, in this turmoil of delusion and cupidity, they cannot have their source. But rather in the lap of Being, in the intransitory, in the concealed God, in the 'Thing-in-itself--THERE must be their source, and nowhere else!"--This mode of reasoning discloses the typical prejudice by which metaphysicians of all times can be recognized, this mode of valuation is at the back of all their logical procedure; through this "belief" of theirs, they exert themselves for their "knowledge," for something that is in the end solemnly christened "the Truth." The fundamental belief of metaphysicians is THE BELIEF IN ANTITHESES OF VALUES. It never occurred even to the wariest of them to doubt here on the very threshold (where doubt, however, was most necessary); though they had made a solemn vow, "DE OMNIBUS DUBITANDUM." For it may be doubted, firstly, whether antitheses exist at all; and secondly, whether the popular valuations and antitheses of value upon which metaphysicians have set their seal, are not perhaps merely superficial estimates, merely provisional perspectives, besides being probably made from some corner, perhaps from below--"frog perspectives," as it were, to borrow an expression current among painters. In spite of all the value which may belong to the true, the positive, and the unselfish, it might be possible that a higher and more fundamental value for life generally should be assigned to pretence, to the will to delusion, to selfishness, and cupidity. It might even be possible that WHAT constitutes the value of those good and respected things, consists precisely in their being insidiously related, knotted, and crocheted to these evil and apparently opposed things--perhaps even in being essentially identical with them. Perhaps! But who wishes to concern himself with such dangerous "Perhapses"! For that investigation one must await the advent of a new order of philosophers, such as will have other tastes and inclinations, the reverse of those hitherto prevalent--philosophers of the dangerous "Perhaps" in every sense of the term. And to speak in all seriousness, I see such new philosophers beginning to appear.

3. Having kept a sharp eye on philosophers, and having read between their lines long enough, I now say to myself that the greater part of conscious thinking must be counted among the instinctive functions, and it is so even in the case of philosophical thinking; one has here to learn anew, as one learned anew about heredity and "innateness." As little as the act of birth comes into consideration in the whole process and procedure of heredity, just as little is "being-conscious" OPPOSED to the instinctive in any decisive sense; the greater part of the conscious thinking of a philosopher is secretly influenced by his instincts, and forced into definite channels. And behind all logic and its seeming sovereignty of movement, there are valuations, or to speak more plainly, physiological demands, for the maintenance of a definite mode of life For example, that the certain is worth more than the uncertain, that illusion is less valuable than "truth" such valuations, in spite of their regulative importance for US, might notwithstanding be only superficial valuations, special kinds of _niaiserie_, such as may be necessary for the maintenance of beings such as ourselves. Supposing, in effect, that man is not just the "measure of things."

4. The falseness of an opinion is not for us any objection to it: it is here, perhaps, that our new language sounds most strangely. The question is, how far an opinion is life-furthering, life-preserving, species-preserving, perhaps species-rearing, and we are fundamentally inclined to maintain that the falsest opinions (to which the synthetic judgments a priori belong), are the most indispensable to us, that without a recognition of logical fictions, without a comparison of reality with the purely IMAGINED world of the absolute and immutable, without a constant counterfeiting of the world by means of numbers, man could not live--that the renunciation of false opinions would be a renunciation of life, a negation of life. TO RECOGNISE UNTRUTH AS A CONDITION OF LIFE; that is certainly to impugn the traditional ideas of value in a dangerous manner, and a philosophy which ventures to do so, has thereby alone placed itself beyond good and evil.

5. That which causes philosophers to be regarded half-distrustfully and half-mockingly, is not the oft-repeated discovery how innocent they are--how often and easily they make mistakes and lose their way, in short, how childish and childlike they are,--but that there is not enough honest dealing with them, whereas they all raise a loud and virtuous outcry when the problem of truthfulness is even hinted at in the remotest manner. They all pose as though their real opinions had been discovered and attained through the self-evolving of a cold, pure, divinely indifferent dialectic (in contrast to all sorts of mystics, who, fairer and foolisher, talk of "inspiration"), whereas, in fact, a prejudiced proposition, idea, or "suggestion," which is generally their heart's desire abstracted and refined, is defended by them with arguments sought out after the event. They are all advocates who do not wish to be regarded as such, generally astute defenders, also, of their prejudices, which they dub "truths,"--and VERY far from having the conscience which bravely admits this to itself, very far from having the good taste of the courage which goes so far as to let this be understood, perhaps to warn friend or foe, or in cheerful confidence and self-ridicule. The spectacle of the Tartuffery of old Kant, equally stiff and decent, with which he entices us into the dialectic by-ways that lead (more correctly mislead) to his "categorical imperative"--makes us fastidious ones smile, we who find no small amusement in spying out the subtle tricks of old moralists and ethical preachers. Or, still more so, the hocus-pocus in mathematical form, by means of which Spinoza has, as it were, clad his philosophy in mail and mask--in fact, the "love of HIS wisdom," to translate the term fairly and squarely--in order thereby to strike terror at once into the heart of the assailant who should dare to cast a glance on that invincible maiden, that Pallas Athene:--how much of personal timidity and vulnerability does this masquerade of a sickly recluse betray!

6. It has gradually become clear to me what every great philosophy up till now has consisted of--namely, the confession of its originator, and a species of involuntary and unconscious auto-biography; and moreover that the moral (or immoral) purpose in every philosophy has constituted the true vital germ out of which the entire plant has always grown. Indeed, to understand how the abstrusest metaphysical assertions of a philosopher have been arrived at, it is always well (and wise) to first ask oneself: "What morality do they (or does he) aim at?" Accordingly, I do not believe that an "impulse to knowledge" is the father of philosophy; but that another impulse, here as elsewhere, has only made use of knowledge (and mistaken knowledge!) as an instrument. But whoever considers the fundamental impulses of man with a view to determining how far they may have here acted as INSPIRING GENII (or as demons and cobolds), will find that they have all practiced philosophy at one time or another, and that each one of them would have been only too glad to look upon itself as the ultimate end of existence and the legitimate LORD over all the other impulses. For every impulse is imperious, and as SUCH, attempts to philosophize. To be sure, in the case of scholars, in the case of really scientific men, it may be otherwise--"better," if you will; there there may really be such a thing as an "impulse to knowledge," some kind of small, independent clock-work, which, when well wound up, works away industriously to that end, WITHOUT the rest of the scholarly impulses taking any material part therein. The actual "interests" of the scholar, therefore, are generally in quite another direction--in the family, perhaps, or in money-making, or in politics; it is, in fact, almost indifferent at what point of research his little machine is placed, and whether the hopeful young worker becomes a good philologist, a mushroom specialist, or a chemist; he is not CHARACTERISED by becoming this or that. In the philosopher, on the contrary, there is

absolutely nothing impersonal; and above all, his morality furnishes a decided and decisive testimony as to WHO HE IS,--that is to say, in what order the deepest impulses of his nature stand to each other.

7. How malicious philosophers can be! I know of nothing more stinging than the joke Epicurus took the liberty of making on Plato and the Platonists; he called them Dionysiokolakes. In its original sense, and on the face of it, the word signifies "Flatterers of Dionysius"--consequently, tyrants' accessories and lick-spittles; besides this, however, it is as much as to say, "They are all ACTORS, there is nothing genuine about them" (for Dionysiokolax was a popular name for an actor). And the latter is really the malignant reproach that Epicurus cast upon Plato: he was annoyed by the grandiose manner, the mise en scene style of which Plato and his scholars were masters--of which Epicurus was not a master! He, the old school-teacher of Samos, who sat concealed in his little garden at Athens, and wrote three hundred books, perhaps out of rage and ambitious envy of Plato, who knows! Greece took a hundred years to find out who the garden-god Epicurus really was. Did she ever find out?

8. There is a point in every philosophy at which the "conviction" of the philosopher appears on the scene; or, to put it in the words of an ancient mystery:

Adventavit asinus, Pulcher et fortissimus.

9. You desire to LIVE "according to Nature"? Oh, you noble Stoics, what fraud of words! Imagine to yourselves a being like Nature, boundlessly extravagant, boundlessly indifferent, without purpose or consideration, without pity or justice, at once fruitful and barren and uncertain: imagine to yourselves INDIFFERENCE as a power--how COULD you live in accordance with such indifference? To live--is not that just endeavouring to be otherwise than this Nature? Is not living valuing, preferring, being unjust, being limited, endeavouring to be different? And granted that your imperative, "living according to Nature," means actually the same as "living according to life"--how could you do DIFFERENTLY? Why should you make a principle out of what you yourselves are, and must be? In reality, however, it is quite otherwise with you: while you pretend to read with rapture the canon of your law in Nature, you want something quite the contrary, you extraordinary stage-players and self-deluders! In your pride you wish to dictate your morals and ideals to Nature, to Nature herself, and to incorporate them therein; you insist that it shall be Nature "according to the Stoa," and would like everything to be made after your own image, as a vast, eternal glorification and generalism of Stoicism! With all your love for truth, you have forced yourselves so long, so persistently, and with such hypnotic rigidity to see Nature FALSELY, that is to say, Stoically, that you are no longer able to see it otherwise--and to crown all, some unfathomable superciliousness gives you the Bedlamite hope that BECAUSE you are able to tyrannize over yourselves--Stoicism is self-tyranny--Nature will also allow herself to be tyrannized over: is not the Stoic a PART of Nature?... But this is an old and everlasting story: what happened in old times with the Stoics still happens today, as soon as ever a philosophy begins to believe in itself. It always creates the world in its own image; it cannot do otherwise; philosophy is this tyrannical impulse itself, the most spiritual Will to Power, the will to "creation of the world," the will to the causa prima.

10. The eagerness and subtlety, I should even say craftiness, with which the problem of "the real and the apparent world" is dealt with at present throughout Europe, furnishes food for thought and attention; and he who hears only a "Will to Truth" in the background, and nothing else, cannot certainly boast of the sharpest ears. In rare and isolated cases, it may really have happened that such a Will to Truth--a certain extravagant and adventurous pluck, a metaphysician's ambition of the forlorn hope--has participated therein: that which in the end always prefers a handful of "certainty" to a whole cartload of beautiful possibilities; there may even be puritanical fanatics of conscience, who prefer to put their last trust in a sure nothing, rather than in an uncertain something. But that is Nihilism, and the sign of a despairing, mortally wearied soul, notwithstanding the courageous bearing such a virtue may display. It seems, however, to be otherwise with stronger and livelier thinkers who are still eager for life. In that they side AGAINST appearance, and speak superciliously of "perspective," in that they rank the credibility of their own bodies about as low as the credibility of the ocular evidence that "the earth stands still," and thus, apparently, allowing with complacency their securest possession to escape (for what does one at present believe in more firmly than in one's body?),--who knows if they are not really trying to win back something which was formerly an even securer possession, something of the old domain of the faith of former times, perhaps the "immortal soul," perhaps "the old God," in short, ideas by which they could live better, that is to say, more vigorously and more joyously, than by "modern ideas"? There is DISTRUST of these modern ideas in this mode of looking at things, a disbelief in all that has been constructed yesterday and today; there is perhaps some slight admixture of satiety and scorn, which can no longer endure the BRIC-A-BRAC of ideas of the most varied origin, such as so-called Positivism at present throws on the market; a disgust of the more refined taste at the village-fair motleyness and patchiness of all these reality-philosophasters, in whom there is nothing either new or true, except this motleyness. Therein it seems to me that we should agree with those skeptical anti-realists and knowledge-microscopists of the present day; their instinct, which repels them from MODERN reality, is unrefuted...

what do their retrograde by-paths concern us! The main thing about them is NOT that they wish to go "back," but that they wish to get AWAY therefrom. A little MORE strength, swing, courage, and artistic power, and they would be OFF--and not back!

11. It seems to me that there is everywhere an attempt at present to divert attention from the actual influence which Kant exercised on German philosophy, and especially to ignore prudently the value which he set upon himself. Kant was first and foremost proud of his Table of Categories; with it in his hand he said: "This is the most difficult thing that could ever be undertaken on behalf of metaphysics." Let us only understand this "could be"! He was proud of having DISCOVERED a new faculty in man, the faculty of synthetic judgment a priori. Granting that he deceived himself in this matter; the development and rapid flourishing of German philosophy depended nevertheless on his pride, and on the eager rivalry of the younger generation to discover if possible something--at all events "new faculties"--of which to be still prouder!--But let us reflect for a moment--it is high time to do so. "How are synthetic judgments a priori POSSIBLE?" Kant asks himself--and what is really his answer? "BY MEANS OF A MEANS (faculty)"--but unfortunately not in five words, but so circumstantially, imposingly, and with such display of German profundity and verbal flourishes, that one altogether loses sight of the comical niaiserie allemande involved in such an answer. People were beside themselves with delight over this new faculty, and the jubilation reached its climax when Kant further discovered a moral faculty in man--for at that time Germans were still moral, not yet dabbling in the "Politics of hard fact." Then came the honeymoon of German philosophy. All the young theologians of the Tubingen institution went immediately into the groves--all seeking for "faculties." And what did they not find--in that innocent, rich, and still youthful period of the German spirit, to which Romanticism, the malicious fairy, piped and sang, when one could not yet distinguish between "finding" and "inventing"! Above all a faculty for the "transcendental"; Schelling christened it, intellectual intuition, and thereby gratified the most earnest longings of the naturally pious-inclined Germans. One can do no greater wrong to the whole of this exuberant and eccentric movement (which was really youthfulness, notwithstanding that it disguised itself so boldly, in hoary and senile conceptions), than to take it seriously, or even treat it with moral indignation. Enough, however--the world grew older, and the dream vanished. A time came when people rubbed their foreheads, and they still rub them today. People had been dreaming, and first and foremost--old Kant. "By means of a means (faculty)"--he had said, or at least meant to say. But, is that--an answer? An explanation? Or is it not rather merely a repetition of the question? How does opium induce sleep? "By means of a means (faculty)," namely the virtus dormitiva, replies the doctor in Moliere,

Quia est in eo virtus dormitiva, Cujus est natura sensus assoupire.

But such replies belong to the realm of comedy, and it is high time to replace the Kantian question, "How are synthetic judgments a PRIORI possible?" by another question, "Why is belief in such judgments necessary?"--in effect, it is high time that we should understand that such judgments must be believed to be true, for the sake of the preservation of creatures like ourselves; though they still might naturally be false judgments! Or, more plainly spoken, and roughly and readily--synthetic judgments a priori should not "be possible" at all; we have no right to them; in our mouths they are nothing but false judgments. Only, of course, the belief in their truth is necessary, as plausible belief and ocular evidence belonging to the perspective view of life. And finally, to call to mind the enormous influence which "German philosophy"--I hope you understand its right to inverted commas (goosefeet)?--has exercised throughout the whole of Europe, there is no doubt that a certain VIRTUS DORMITIVA had a share in it; thanks to German philosophy, it was a delight to the noble idlers, the virtuous, the mystics, the artiste, the three-fourths Christians, and the political obscurantists of all nations, to find an antidote to the still overwhelming sensualism which overflowed from the last century into this, in short--"sensus assoupire."...

12. As regards materialistic atomism, it is one of the best-refuted theories that have been advanced, and in Europe there is now perhaps no one in the learned world so unscholarly as to attach serious signification to it, except for convenient everyday use (as an abbreviation of the means of expression)--thanks chiefly to the Pole Boscovich: he and the Pole Copernicus have hitherto been the greatest and most successful opponents of ocular evidence. For while Copernicus has persuaded us to believe, contrary to all the senses, that the earth does NOT stand fast, Boscovich has taught us to abjure the belief in the last thing that "stood fast" of the earth--the belief in "substance," in "matter," in the earth-residuum, and particle-atom: it is the greatest triumph over the senses that has hitherto been gained on earth. One must, however, go still further, and also declare war, relentless war to the knife, against the "atomistic requirements" which still lead a dangerous after-life in places where no one suspects them, like the more celebrated "metaphysical requirements": one must also above all give the finishing stroke to that other and more portentous atomism which Christianity has taught best and longest, the SOUL-ATOMISM. Let it be permitted to designate by this expression the belief which regards the soul as something indestructible, eternal, indivisible, as a monad, as an atomon: this belief ought to be expelled from science! Between ourselves, it is not at all necessary to get rid of "the soul" thereby, and thus renounce one of the oldest and most

venerated hypotheses--as happens frequently to the clumsiness of naturalists, who can hardly touch on the soul without immediately losing it. But the way is open for new acceptations and refinements of the soul-hypothesis; and such conceptions as "mortal soul," and "soul of subjective multiplicity," and "soul as social structure of the instincts and passions," want henceforth to have legitimate rights in science. In that the NEW psychologist is about to put an end to the superstitions which have hitherto flourished with almost tropical luxuriance around the idea of the soul, he is really, as it were, thrusting himself into a new desert and a new distrust--it is possible that the older psychologists had a merrier and more comfortable time of it; eventually, however, he finds that precisely thereby he is also condemned to INVENT--and, who knows? perhaps to DISCOVER the new.

13. Psychologists should bethink themselves before putting down the instinct of self-preservation as the cardinal instinct of an organic being. A living thing seeks above all to DISCHARGE its strength--life itself is WILL TO POWER; self-preservation is only one of the indirect and most frequent RESULTS thereof. In short, here, as everywhere else, let us beware of SUPERFLUOUS teleological principles!--one of which is the instinct of self-preservation (we owe it to Spinoza's inconsistency). It is thus, in effect, that method ordains, which must be essentially economy of principles.

14. It is perhaps just dawning on five or six minds that natural philosophy is only a world-exposition and world-arrangement (according to us, if I may say so!) and NOT a world-explanation; but in so far as it is based on belief in the senses, it is regarded as more, and for a long time to come must be regarded as more--namely, as an explanation. It has eyes and fingers of its own, it has ocular evidence and palpableness of its own: this operates fascinatingly, persuasively, and CONVINCINGLY upon an age with fundamentally plebeian tastes--in fact, it follows instinctively the canon of truth of eternal popular sensualism. What is clear, what is "explained"? Only that which can be seen and felt--one must pursue every problem thus far. Obversely, however, the charm of the Platonic mode of thought, which was an ARISTOCRATIC mode, consisted precisely in RESISTANCE to obvious sense-evidence--perhaps among men who enjoyed even stronger and more fastidious senses than our contemporaries, but who knew how to find a higher triumph in remaining masters of them: and this by means of pale, cold, grey conceptional networks which they threw over the motley whirl of the senses--the mob of the senses, as Plato said. In this overcoming of the world, and interpreting of the world in the manner of Plato, there was an ENJOYMENT different from that which the physicists of today offer us--and likewise the Darwinists and anti-teleologists among the physiological workers, with their principle of the "smallest possible effort," and the greatest possible blunder. "Where there is nothing more to see or to grasp, there is also nothing more for men to do"--that is certainly an imperative different from the Platonic one, but it may notwithstanding be the right imperative for a hardy, laborious race of machinists and bridge-builders of the future, who have nothing but ROUGH work to perform.

15. To study physiology with a clear conscience, one must insist on the fact that the sense-organs are not phenomena in the sense of the idealistic philosophy; as such they certainly could not be causes! Sensualism, therefore, at least as regulative hypothesis, if not as heuristic principle. What? And others say even that the external world is the work of our organs? But then our body, as a part of this external world, would be the work of our organs! But then our organs themselves would be the work of our organs! It seems to me that this is a complete REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM, if the conception CAUSA SUI is something fundamentally absurd. Consequently, the external world is NOT the work of our organs--?

16. There are still harmless self-observers who believe that there are "immediate certainties"; for instance, "I think," or as the superstition of Schopenhauer puts it, "I will"; as though cognition here got hold of its object purely and simply as "the thing in itself," without any falsification taking place either on the part of the subject or the object. I would repeat it, however, a hundred times, that "immediate certainty," as well as "absolute knowledge" and the "thing in itself," involve a CONTRADICTIO IN ADJECTO; we really ought to free ourselves from the misleading significance of words! The people on their part may think that cognition is knowing all about things, but the philosopher must say to himself: "When I analyze the process that is expressed in the sentence, 'I think,' I find a whole series of daring assertions, the argumentative proof of which would be difficult, perhaps impossible: for instance, that it is _I_ who think, that there must necessarily be something that thinks, that thinking is an activity and operation on the part of a being who is thought of as a cause, that there is an 'ego,' and finally, that it is already determined what is to be designated by thinking--that I KNOW what thinking is. For if I had not already decided within myself what it is, by what standard could I determine whether that which is just happening is not perhaps 'willing' or 'feeling'? In short, the assertion 'I think,' assumes that I COMPARE my state at the present moment with other states of myself which I know, in order to determine what it is; on account of this retrospective connection with further 'knowledge,' it has, at any rate, no immediate certainty for me."--In place of the "immediate certainty" in which the people may believe in the special case, the philosopher thus finds a series of metaphysical questions presented to him, veritable conscience questions of the intellect, to wit: "Whence did I get the notion of 'thinking'? Why do I believe in cause and effect? What gives me the right to speak of an 'ego,' and even of an 'ego' as cause, and finally of an 'ego' as cause of

thought?" He who ventures to answer these metaphysical questions at once by an appeal to a sort of INTUITIVE perception, like the person who says, "I think, and know that this, at least, is true, actual, and certain"--will encounter a smile and two notes of interrogation in a philosopher nowadays. "Sir," the philosopher will perhaps give him to understand, "it is improbable that you are not mistaken, but why should it be the truth?"

17. With regard to the superstitions of logicians, I shall never tire of emphasizing a small, terse fact, which is unwillingly recognized by these credulous minds--namely, that a thought comes when "it" wishes, and not when "I" wish; so that it is a PERVERSION of the facts of the case to say that the subject "I" is the condition of the predicate "think." ONE thinks; but that this "one" is precisely the famous old "ego," is, to put it mildly, only a supposition, an assertion, and assuredly not an "immediate certainty." After all, one has even gone too far with this "one thinks"--even the "one" contains an INTERPRETATION of the process, and does not belong to the process itself. One infers here according to the usual grammatical formula--"To think is an activity; every activity requires an agency that is active; consequently"... It was pretty much on the same lines that the older atomism sought, besides the operating "power," the material particle wherein it resides and out of which it operates--the atom. More rigorous minds, however, learnt at last to get along without this "earth-residuum," and perhaps some day we shall accustom ourselves, even from the logician's point of view, to get along without the little "one" (to which the worthy old "ego" has refined itself).

18. It is certainly not the least charm of a theory that it is refutable; it is precisely thereby that it attracts the more subtle minds. It seems that the hundred-times-refuted theory of the "free will" owes its persistence to this charm alone; some one is always appearing who feels himself strong enough to refute it.

19. Philosophers are accustomed to speak of the will as though it were the best-known thing in the world; indeed, Schopenhauer has given us to understand that the will alone is really known to us, absolutely and completely known, without deduction or addition. But it again and again seems to me that in this case Schopenhauer also only did what philosophers are in the habit of doing--he seems to have adopted a POPULAR PREJUDICE and exaggerated it. Willing seems to me to be above all something COMPLICATED, something that is a unity only in name--and it is precisely in a name that popular prejudice lurks, which has got the mastery over the inadequate precautions of philosophers in all ages. So let us for once be more cautious, let us be "unphilosophical": let us say that in all willing there is firstly a plurality of sensations, namely, the sensation of the condition "AWAY FROM WHICH we go," the sensation of the condition "TOWARDS WHICH we go," the sensation of this "FROM" and "TOWARDS" itself, and then besides, an accompanying muscular sensation, which, even without our putting in motion "arms and legs," commences its action by force of habit, directly we "will" anything. Therefore, just as sensations (and indeed many kinds of sensations) are to be recognized as ingredients of the will, so, in the second place, thinking is also to be recognized; in every act of the will there is a ruling thought;--and let us not imagine it possible to sever this thought from the "willing," as if the will would then remain over! In the third place, the will is not only a complex of sensation and thinking, but it is above all an EMOTION, and in fact the emotion of the command. That which is termed "freedom of the will" is essentially the emotion of supremacy in respect to him who must obey: "I am free, 'he' must obey"--this consciousness is inherent in every will; and equally so the straining of the attention, the straight look which fixes itself exclusively on one thing, the unconditional judgment that "this and nothing else is necessary now," the inward certainty that obedience will be rendered--and whatever else pertains to the position of the commander. A man who WILLS commands something within himself which renders obedience, or which he believes renders obedience. But now let us notice what is the strangest thing about the will,--this affair so extremely complex, for which the people have only one name. Inasmuch as in the given circumstances we are at the same time the commanding AND the obeying parties, and as the obeying party we know the sensations of constraint, impulsion, pressure, resistance, and motion, which usually commence immediately after the act of will; inasmuch as, on the other hand, we are accustomed to disregard this duality, and to deceive ourselves about it by means of the synthetic term "I": a whole series of erroneous conclusions, and consequently of false judgments about the will itself, has become attached to the act of willing--to such a degree that he who wills believes firmly that willing SUFFICES for action. Since in the majority of cases there has only been exercise of will when the effect of the command--consequently obedience, and therefore action--was to be EXPECTED, the APPEARANCE has translated itself into the sentiment, as if there were a NECESSITY OF EFFECT; in a word, he who wills believes with a fair amount of certainty that will and action are somehow one; he ascribes the success, the carrying out of the willing, to the will itself, and thereby enjoys an increase of the sensation of power which accompanies all success. "Freedom of Will"--that is the expression for the complex state of delight of the person exercising volition, who commands and at the same time identifies himself with the executor of the order--who, as such, enjoys also the triumph over obstacles, but thinks within himself that it was really his own will that overcame them. In this way the person exercising volition adds the feelings of delight of his successful executive instruments, the useful "underwills" or under-souls--indeed, our body is but a social structure composed of many souls--to his feelings of delight as commander. L'EFFET C'EST MOI. what happens here is

what happens in every well-constructed and happy commonwealth, namely, that the governing class identifies itself with the successes of the commonwealth. In all willing it is absolutely a question of commanding and obeying, on the basis, as already said, of a social structure composed of many "souls", on which account a philosopher should claim the right to include willing-as-such within the sphere of morals--regarded as the doctrine of the relations of supremacy under which the phenomenon of "life" manifests itself.

20. That the separate philosophical ideas are not anything optional or autonomously evolving, but grow up in connection and relationship with each other, that, however suddenly and arbitrarily they seem to appear in the history of thought, they nevertheless belong just as much to a system as the collective members of the fauna of a Continent--is betrayed in the end by the circumstance: how unfailingly the most diverse philosophers always fill in again a definite fundamental scheme of POSSIBLE philosophies. Under an invisible spell, they always revolve once more in the same orbit, however independent of each other they may feel themselves with their critical or systematic wills, something within them leads them, something impels them in definite order the one after the other--to wit, the innate methodology and relationship of their ideas. Their thinking is, in fact, far less a discovery than a re-recognizing, a remembering, a return and a home-coming to a far-off, ancient common-household of the soul, out of which those ideas formerly grew: philosophizing is so far a kind of atavism of the highest order. The wonderful family resemblance of all Indian, Greek, and German philosophizing is easily enough explained. In fact, where there is affinity of language, owing to the common philosophy of grammar--I mean owing to the unconscious domination and guidance of similar grammatical functions--it cannot but be that everything is prepared at the outset for a similar development and succession of philosophical systems, just as the way seems barred against certain other possibilities of world-interpretation. It is highly probable that philosophers within the domain of the Ural-Altaic languages (where the conception of the subject is least developed) look otherwise "into the world," and will be found on paths of thought different from those of the Indo-Germans and Mussulmans, the spell of certain grammatical functions is ultimately also the spell of PHYSIOLOGICAL valuations and racial conditions.--So much by way of rejecting Locke's superficiality with regard to the origin of ideas.

21. The CAUSA SUI is the best self-contradiction that has yet been conceived, it is a sort of logical violation and unnaturalness; but the extravagant pride of man has managed to entangle itself profoundly and frightfully with this very folly. The desire for "freedom of will" in the superlative, metaphysical sense, such as still holds sway, unfortunately, in the minds of the half-educated, the desire to bear the entire and ultimate responsibility for one's actions oneself, and to absolve God, the world, ancestors, chance, and society therefrom, involves nothing less than to be precisely this CAUSA SUI, and, with more than Munchausen daring, to pull oneself up into existence by the hair, out of the slough of nothingness. If any one should find out in this manner the crass stupidity of the celebrated conception of "free will" and put it out of his head altogether, I beg of him to carry his "enlightenment" a step further, and also put out of his head the contrary of this monstrous conception of "free will": I mean "non-free will," which is tantamount to a misuse of cause and effect. One should not wrongly MATERIALISE "cause" and "effect," as the natural philosophers do (and whoever like them naturalize in thinking at present), according to the prevailing mechanical doltishness which makes the cause press and push until it "effects" its end; one should use "cause" and "effect" only as pure CONCEPTIONS, that is to say, as conventional fictions for the purpose of designation and mutual understanding,--NOT for explanation. In "being-in-itself" there is nothing of "casual-connection," of "necessity," or of "psychological non-freedom"; there the effect does NOT follow the cause, there "law" does not obtain. It is WE alone who have devised cause, sequence, reciprocity, relativity, constraint, number, law, freedom, motive, and purpose; and when we interpret and intermix this symbol-world, as "being-in-itself," with things, we act once more as we have always acted--MYTHOLOGICALLY. The "non-free will" is mythology; in real life it is only a question of STRONG and WEAK wills.--It is almost always a symptom of what is lacking in himself, when a thinker, in every "causal-connection" and "psychological necessity," manifests something of compulsion, indigence, obsequiousness, oppression, and non-freedom; it is suspicious to have such feelings--the person betrays himself. And in general, if I have observed correctly, the "non-freedom of the will" is regarded as a problem from two entirely opposite standpoints, but always in a profoundly PERSONAL manner: some will not give up their "responsibility," their belief in THEMSELVES, the personal right to THEIR merits, at any price (the vain races belong to this class); others on the contrary, do not wish to be answerable for anything, or blamed for anything, and owing to an inward self-contempt, seek to GET OUT OF THE BUSINESS, no matter how. The latter, when they write books, are in the habit at present of taking the side of criminals; a sort of socialistic sympathy is their favourite disguise. And as a matter of fact, the fatalism of the weak-willed embellishes itself surprisingly when it can pose as "la religion de la souffrance humaine"; that is ITS "good taste."

22. Let me be pardoned, as an old philologist who cannot desist from the mischief of putting his finger on bad modes of interpretation, but "Nature's conformity to law," of which you physicists talk so proudly, as though--why, it exists only owing to your interpretation and bad "philology." It is no matter of fact, no "text," but rather just a naively humanitarian adjustment and perversion

of meaning, with which you make abundant concessions to the democratic instincts of the modern soul! "Everywhere equality before the law--Nature is not different in that respect, nor better than we": a fine instance of secret motive, in which the vulgar antagonism to everything privileged and autocratic--likewise a second and more refined atheism--is once more disguised. "Ni dieu, ni maitre"--that, also, is what you want; and therefore "Cheers for natural law!"--is it not so? But, as has been said, that is interpretation, not text; and somebody might come along, who, with opposite intentions and modes of interpretation, could read out of the same "Nature," and with regard to the same phenomena, just the tyrannically inconsiderate and relentless enforcement of the claims of power--an interpreter who should so place the unexceptionalness and unconditionalness of all "Will to Power" before your eyes, that almost every word, and the word "tyranny" itself, would eventually seem unsuitable, or like a weakening and softening metaphor--as being too human; and who should, nevertheless, end by asserting the same about this world as you do, namely, that it has a "necessary" and "calculable" course, NOT, however, because laws obtain in it, but because they are absolutely LACKING, and every power effects its ultimate consequences every moment. Granted that this also is only interpretation--and you will be eager enough to make this objection?--well, so much the better.

23. All psychology hitherto has run aground on moral prejudices and timidities, it has not dared to launch out into the depths. In so far as it is allowable to recognize in that which has hitherto been written, evidence of that which has hitherto been kept silent, it seems as if nobody had yet harboured the notion of psychology as the Morphology and DEVELOPMENT-DOCTRINE OF THE WILL TO POWER, as I conceive of it. The power of moral prejudices has penetrated deeply into the most intellectual world, the world apparently most indifferent and unprejudiced, and has obviously operated in an injurious, obstructive, blinding, and distorting manner. A proper physio-psychology has to contend with unconscious antagonism in the heart of the investigator, it has "the heart" against it even a doctrine of the reciprocal conditionalness of the "good" and the "bad" impulses, causes (as refined immorality) distress and aversion in a still strong and manly conscience--still more so, a doctrine of the derivation of all good impulses from bad ones. If, however, a person should regard even the emotions of hatred, envy, covetousness, and imperiousness as life-conditioning emotions, as factors which must be present, fundamentally and essentially, in the general economy of life (which must, therefore, be further developed if life is to be further developed), he will suffer from such a view of things as from sea-sickness. And yet this hypothesis is far from being the strangest and most painful in this immense and almost new domain of dangerous knowledge, and there are in fact a hundred good reasons why every one should keep away from it who CAN do so! On the other hand, if one has once drifted hither with one's bark, well! very good! now let us set our teeth firmly! let us open our eyes and keep our hand fast on the helm! We sail away right OVER morality, we crush out, we destroy perhaps the remains of our own morality by daring to make our voyage thither--but what do WE matter. Never yet did a PROFOUNDER world of insight reveal itself to daring travelers and adventurers, and the psychologist who thus "makes a sacrifice"--it is not the sacrifizio dell' intelletto, on the contrary!--will at least be entitled to demand in return that psychology shall once more be recognized as the queen of the sciences, for whose service and equipment the other sciences exist. For psychology is once more the path to the fundamental problems.

CHAPTER II. THE FREE SPIRIT

24. O sancta simplicitas! In what strange simplification and falsification man lives! One can never cease wondering when once one has got eyes for beholding this marvel! How we have made everything around us clear and free and easy and simple! how we have been able to give our senses a passport to everything superficial, our thoughts a godlike desire for wanton pranks and wrong inferences!--how from the beginning, we have contrived to retain our ignorance in order to enjoy an almost inconceivable freedom, thoughtlessness, imprudence, heartiness, and gaiety--in order to enjoy life! And only on this solidified, granite-like foundation of ignorance could knowledge rear itself hitherto, the will to knowledge on the foundation of a far more powerful will, the will to ignorance, to the uncertain, to the untrue! Not as its opposite, but--as its refinement! It is to be hoped, indeed, that LANGUAGE, here as elsewhere, will not get over its awkwardness, and that it will continue to talk of opposites where there are only degrees and many refinements of gradation; it is equally to be hoped that the incarnated Tartuffery of morals, which now belongs to our unconquerable "flesh and blood," will turn the words round in the mouths of us discerning ones. Here and there we understand it, and laugh at the way in which precisely the best knowledge seeks most to retain us in this SIMPLIFIED, thoroughly artificial, suitably imagined, and suitably falsified world: at the way in which, whether it will or not, it loves error, because, as living itself, it loves life!

25. After such a cheerful commencement, a serious word would fain be heard; it appeals to the most serious minds. Take care, ye philosophers and friends of knowledge, and beware of martyrdom! Of suffering "for the truth's sake"! even in your own defense! It spoils all the innocence and fine neutrality of your conscience; it makes you headstrong against objections and red rags; it

stupefies, animalizes, and brutalizes, when in the struggle with danger, slander, suspicion, expulsion, and even worse consequences of enmity, ye have at last to play your last card as protectors of truth upon earth--as though "the Truth" were such an innocent and incompetent creature as to require protectors! and you of all people, ye knights of the sorrowful countenance, Messrs Loafers and Cobweb-spinners of the spirit! Finally, ye know sufficiently well that it cannot be of any consequence if YE just carry your point; ye know that hitherto no philosopher has carried his point, and that there might be a more laudable truthfulness in every little interrogative mark which you place after your special words and favourite doctrines (and occasionally after yourselves) than in all the solemn pantomime and trumping games before accusers and law-courts! Rather go out of the way! Flee into concealment! And have your masks and your ruses, that ye may be mistaken for what you are, or somewhat feared! And pray, don't forget the garden, the garden with golden trellis-work! And have people around you who are as a garden--or as music on the waters at eventide, when already the day becomes a memory. Choose the GOOD solitude, the free, wanton, lightsome solitude, which also gives you the right still to remain good in any sense whatsoever! How poisonous, how crafty, how bad, does every long war make one, which cannot be waged openly by means of force! How PERSONAL does a long fear make one, a long watching of enemies, of possible enemies! These pariahs of society, these long-pursued, badly-persecuted ones--also the compulsory recluses, the Spinozas or Giordano Brunos--always become in the end, even under the most intellectual masquerade, and perhaps without being themselves aware of it, refined vengeance-seekers and poison-Brewers (just lay bare the foundation of Spinoza's ethics and theology!), not to speak of the stupidity of moral indignation, which is the unfailing sign in a philosopher that the sense of philosophical humour has left him. The martyrdom of the philosopher, his "sacrifice for the sake of truth," forces into the light whatever of the agitator and actor lurks in him; and if one has hitherto contemplated him only with artistic curiosity, with regard to many a philosopher it is easy to understand the dangerous desire to see him also in his deterioration (deteriorated into a "martyr," into a stage-and-tribune-bawler). Only, that it is necessary with such a desire to be clear WHAT spectacle one will see in any case--merely a satyric play, merely an epilogue farce, merely the continued proof that the long, real tragedy IS AT AN END, supposing that every philosophy has been a long tragedy in its origin.

26. Every select man strives instinctively for a citadel and a privacy, where he is FREE from the crowd, the many, the majority--where he may forget "men who are the rule," as their exception;--exclusive only of the case in which he is pushed straight to such men by a still stronger instinct, as a discerner in the great and exceptional sense. Whoever, in intercourse with men, does not occasionally glisten in all the green and grey colours of distress, owing to disgust, satiety, sympathy, gloominess, and solitariness, is assuredly not a man of elevated tastes; supposing, however, that he does not voluntarily take all this burden and disgust upon himself, that he persistently avoids it, and remains, as I said, quietly and proudly hidden in his citadel, one thing is then certain: he was not made, he was not predestined for knowledge. For as such, he would one day have to say to himself: "The devil take my good taste! but 'the rule' is more interesting than the exception--than myself, the exception!" And he would go DOWN, and above all, he would go "inside." The long and serious study of the AVERAGE man--and consequently much disguise, self-overcoming, familiarity, and bad intercourse (all intercourse is bad intercourse except with one's equals):--that constitutes a necessary part of the life-history of every philosopher; perhaps the most disagreeable, odious, and disappointing part. If he is fortunate, however, as a favourite child of knowledge should be, he will meet with suitable auxiliaries who will shorten and lighten his task; I mean so-called cynics, those who simply recognize the animal, the commonplace and "the rule" in themselves, and at the same time have so much spirituality and ticklishness as to make them talk of themselves and their like BEFORE WITNESSES--sometimes they wallow, even in books, as on their own dung-hill. Cynicism is the only form in which base souls approach what is called honesty; and the higher man must open his ears to all the coarser or finer cynicism, and congratulate himself when the clown becomes shameless right before him, or the scientific satyr speaks out. There are even cases where enchantment mixes with the disgust--namely, where by a freak of nature, genius is bound to some such indiscreet billy-goat and ape, as in the case of the Abbe Galiani, the profoundest, acutest, and perhaps also filthiest man of his century--he was far profounder than Voltaire, and consequently also, a good deal more silent. It happens more frequently, as has been hinted, that a scientific head is placed on an ape's body, a fine exceptional understanding in a base soul, an occurrence by no means rare, especially among doctors and moral physiologists. And whenever anyone speaks without bitterness, or rather quite innocently, of man as a belly with two requirements, and a head with one; whenever any one sees, seeks, and WANTS to see only hunger, sexual instinct, and vanity as the real and only motives of human actions; in short, when any one speaks "badly"--and not even "ill"--of man, then ought the lover of knowledge to hearken attentively and diligently; he ought, in general, to have an open ear wherever there is talk without indignation. For the indignant man, and he who perpetually tears and lacerates himself with his own teeth (or, in place of himself, the world, God, or society), may indeed, morally speaking, stand higher than the laughing and self-satisfied satyr, but in every other sense he is the more ordinary, more indifferent, and less instructive case. And no one is such a LIAR as the indignant man.

27. It is difficult to be understood, especially when one thinks and lives gangasrotogati [Footnote: Like the river Ganges: presto.] among those only who think and live otherwise--namely, kurmagati [Footnote: Like the tortoise: lento.], or at best "froglike," mandeikagati [Footnote: Like the frog: staccato.] (I do everything to be "difficultly understood" myself!)--and one should be heartily grateful for the good will to some refinement of interpretation. As regards "the good friends," however, who are always too easy-going, and think that as friends they have a right to ease, one does well at the very first to grant them a play-ground and romping-place for misunderstanding--one can thus laugh still; or get rid of them altogether, these good friends--and laugh then also!

28. What is most difficult to render from one language into another is the TEMPO of its style, which has its basis in the character of the race, or to speak more physiologically, in the average TEMPO of the assimilation of its nutriment. There are honestly meant translations, which, as involuntary vulgarizations, are almost falsifications of the original, merely because its lively and merry TEMPO (which overleaps and obviates all dangers in word and expression) could not also be rendered. A German is almost incapacitated for PRESTO in his language; consequently also, as may be reasonably inferred, for many of the most delightful and daring NUANCES of free, free-spirited thought. And just as the buffoon and satyr are foreign to him in body and conscience, so Aristophanes and Petronius are untranslatable for him. Everything ponderous, viscous, and pompously clumsy, all long-winded and wearying species of style, are developed in profuse variety among Germans--pardon me for stating the fact that even Goethe's prose, in its mixture of stiffness and elegance, is no exception, as a reflection of the "good old time" to which it belongs, and as an expression of German taste at a time when there was still a "German taste," which was a rococo-taste in moribus et artibus. Lessing is an exception, owing to his histrionic nature, which understood much, and was versed in many things; he who was not the translator of Bayle to no purpose, who took refuge willingly in the shadow of Diderot and Voltaire, and still more willingly among the Roman comedy-writers--Lessing loved also free-spiritism in the TEMPO, and flight out of Germany. But how could the German language, even in the prose of Lessing, imitate the TEMPO of Machiavelli, who in his "Principe" makes us breathe the dry, fine air of Florence, and cannot help presenting the most serious events in a boisterous allegrissimo, perhaps not without a malicious artistic sense of the contrast he ventures to present--long, heavy, difficult, dangerous thoughts, and a TEMPO of the gallop, and of the best, wantonest humour? Finally, who would venture on a German translation of Petronius, who, more than any great musician hitherto, was a master of PRESTO in invention, ideas, and words? What matter in the end about the swamps of the sick, evil world, or of the "ancient world," when like him, one has the feet of a wind, the rush, the breath, the emancipating scorn of a wind, which makes everything healthy, by making everything RUN! And with regard to Aristophanes--that transfiguring, complementary genius, for whose sake one PARDONS all Hellenism for having existed, provided one has understood in its full profundity ALL that there requires pardon and transfiguration; there is nothing that has caused me to meditate more on PLATO'S secrecy and sphinx-like nature, than the happily preserved petit fait that under the pillow of his death-bed there was found no "Bible," nor anything Egyptian, Pythagorean, or Platonic--but a book of Aristophanes. How could even Plato have endured life--a Greek life which he repudiated--without an Aristophanes!

29. It is the business of the very few to be independent; it is a privilege of the strong. And whoever attempts it, even with the best right, but without being OBLIGED to do so, proves that he is probably not only strong, but also daring beyond measure. He enters into a labyrinth, he multiplies a thousandfold the dangers which life in itself already brings with it; not the least of which is that no one can see how and where he loses his way, becomes isolated, and is torn piecemeal by some minotaur of conscience. Supposing such a one comes to grief, it is so far from the comprehension of men that they neither feel it, nor sympathize with it. And he cannot any longer go back! He cannot even go back again to the sympathy of men!

30. Our deepest insights must--and should--appear as follies, and under certain circumstances as crimes, when they come unauthorizedly to the ears of those who are not disposed and predestined for them. The exoteric and the esoteric, as they were formerly distinguished by philosophers--among the Indians, as among the Greeks, Persians, and Mussulmans, in short, wherever people believed in gradations of rank and NOT in equality and equal rights--are not so much in contradistinction to one another in respect to the exoteric class, standing without, and viewing, estimating, measuring, and judging from the outside, and not from the inside; the more essential distinction is that the class in question views things from below upwards--while the esoteric class views things FROM ABOVE DOWNWARDS. There are heights of the soul from which tragedy itself no longer appears to operate tragically; and if all the woe in the world were taken together, who would dare to decide whether the sight of it would NECESSARILY seduce and constrain to sympathy, and thus to a doubling of the woe?... That which serves the higher class of men for nourishment or refreshment, must be almost poison to an entirely different and lower order of human beings. The virtues of the common man would perhaps mean vice and weakness in a philosopher; it might be possible for a highly developed man, supposing him to degenerate and go to ruin, to acquire qualities thereby alone, for the sake of which he would have to be honoured

as a saint in the lower world into which he had sunk. There are books which have an inverse value for the soul and the health according as the inferior soul and the lower vitality, or the higher and more powerful, make use of them. In the former case they are dangerous, disturbing, unsettling books, in the latter case they are herald-calls which summon the bravest to THEIR bravery. Books for the general reader are always ill-smelling books, the odour of paltry people clings to them. Where the populace eat and drink, and even where they reverence, it is accustomed to stink. One should not go into churches if one wishes to breathe PURE air.

31. In our youthful years we still venerate and despise without the art of NUANCE, which is the best gain of life, and we have rightly to do hard penance for having fallen upon men and things with Yea and Nay. Everything is so arranged that the worst of all tastes, THE TASTE FOR THE UNCONDITIONAL, is cruelly befooled and abused, until a man learns to introduce a little art into his sentiments, and prefers to try conclusions with the artificial, as do the real artists of life. The angry and reverent spirit peculiar to youth appears to allow itself no peace, until it has suitably falsified men and things, to be able to vent its passion upon them: youth in itself even, is something falsifying and deceptive. Later on, when the young soul, tortured by continual disillusions, finally turns suspiciously against itself--still ardent and savage even in its suspicion and remorse of conscience: how it upbraids itself, how impatiently it tears itself, how it revenges itself for its long self-blinding, as though it had been a voluntary blindness! In this transition one punishes oneself by distrust of one's sentiments; one tortures one's enthusiasm with doubt, one feels even the good conscience to be a danger, as if it were the self-concealment and lassitude of a more refined uprightness; and above all, one espouses upon principle the cause AGAINST "youth."--A decade later, and one comprehends that all this was also still--youth!

32. Throughout the longest period of human history--one calls it the prehistoric period--the value or non-value of an action was inferred from its CONSEQUENCES; the action in itself was not taken into consideration, any more than its origin; but pretty much as in China at present, where the distinction or disgrace of a child redounds to its parents, the retro-operating power of success or failure was what induced men to think well or ill of an action. Let us call this period the PRE-MORAL period of mankind; the imperative, "Know thyself!" was then still unknown.--In the last ten thousand years, on the other hand, on certain large portions of the earth, one has gradually got so far, that one no longer lets the consequences of an action, but its origin, decide with regard to its worth: a great achievement as a whole, an important refinement of vision and of criterion, the unconscious effect of the supremacy of aristocratic values and of the belief in "origin," the mark of a period which may be designated in the narrower sense as the MORAL one: the first attempt at self-knowledge is thereby made. Instead of the consequences, the origin--what an inversion of perspective! And assuredly an inversion effected only after long struggle and wavering! To be sure, an ominous new superstition, a peculiar narrowness of interpretation, attained supremacy precisely thereby: the origin of an action was interpreted in the most definite sense possible, as origin out of an INTENTION; people were agreed in the belief that the value of an action lay in the value of its intention. The intention as the sole origin and antecedent history of an action: under the influence of this prejudice moral praise and blame have been bestowed, and men have judged and even philosophized almost up to the present day.--Is it not possible, however, that the necessity may now have arisen of again making up our minds with regard to the reversing and fundamental shifting of values, owing to a new self-consciousness and acuteness in man--is it not possible that we may be standing on the threshold of a period which to begin with, would be distinguished negatively as ULTRA-MORAL: nowadays when, at least among us immoralists, the suspicion arises that the decisive value of an action lies precisely in that which is NOT INTENTIONAL, and that all its intentionalness, all that is seen, sensible, or "sensed" in it, belongs to its surface or skin--which, like every skin, betrays something, but CONCEALS still more? In short, we believe that the intention is only a sign or symptom, which first requires an explanation--a sign, moreover, which has too many interpretations, and consequently hardly any meaning in itself alone: that morality, in the sense in which it has been understood hitherto, as intention-morality, has been a prejudice, perhaps a prematureness or preliminariness, probably something of the same rank as astrology and alchemy, but in any case something which must be surmounted. The surmounting of morality, in a certain sense even the self-mounting of morality--let that be the name for the long-secret labour which has been reserved for the most refined, the most upright, and also the most wicked consciences of today, as the living touchstones of the soul.

33. It cannot be helped: the sentiment of surrender, of sacrifice for one's neighbour, and all self-renunciation-morality, must be mercilessly called to account, and brought to judgment; just as the aesthetics of "disinterested contemplation," under which the emasculation of art nowadays seeks insidiously enough to create itself a good conscience. There is far too much witchery and sugar in the sentiments "for others" and "NOT for myself," for one not needing to be doubly distrustful here, and for one asking promptly: "Are they not perhaps--DECEPTIONS?"--That they PLEASE--him who has them, and him who enjoys their fruit, and also the mere spectator--that is still no argument in their FAVOUR, but just calls for caution. Let us therefore be cautious!

34. At whatever standpoint of philosophy one may place oneself nowadays, seen from every position, the ERRONEOUSNESS of the world in which we think we live is the surest and most certain thing our eyes can light upon: we find proof after proof thereof, which would fain allure us into surmises concerning a deceptive principle in the "nature of things." He, however, who makes thinking itself, and consequently "the spirit," responsible for the falseness of the world--an honourable exit, which every conscious or unconscious advocatus dei avails himself of--he who regards this world, including space, time, form, and movement, as falsely DEDUCED, would have at least good reason in the end to become distrustful also of all thinking; has it not hitherto been playing upon us the worst of scurvy tricks? and what guarantee would it give that it would not continue to do what it has always been doing? In all seriousness, the innocence of thinkers has something touching and respect-inspiring in it, which even nowadays permits them to wait upon consciousness with the request that it will give them HONEST answers: for example, whether it be "real" or not, and why it keeps the outer world so resolutely at a distance, and other questions of the same description. The belief in "immediate certainties" is a MORAL NAIVETE which does honour to us philosophers; but--we have now to cease being "MERELY moral" men! Apart from morality, such belief is a folly which does little honour to us! If in middle-class life an ever-ready distrust is regarded as the sign of a "bad character," and consequently as an imprudence, here among us, beyond the middle-class world and its Yeas and Nays, what should prevent our being imprudent and saying: the philosopher has at length a RIGHT to "bad character," as the being who has hitherto been most befooled on earth--he is now under OBLIGATION to distrustfulness, to the wickedest squinting out of every abyss of suspicion.--Forgive me the joke of this gloomy grimace and turn of expression; for I myself have long ago learned to think and estimate differently with regard to deceiving and being deceived, and I keep at least a couple of pokes in the ribs ready for the blind rage with which philosophers struggle against being deceived. Why NOT? It is nothing more than a moral prejudice that truth is worth more than semblance; it is, in fact, the worst proved supposition in the world. So much must be conceded: there could have been no life at all except upon the basis of perspective estimates and semblances; and if, with the virtuous enthusiasm and stupidity of many philosophers, one wished to do away altogether with the "seeming world"--well, granted that YOU could do that,--at least nothing of your "truth" would thereby remain! Indeed, what is it that forces us in general to the supposition that there is an essential opposition of "true" and "false"? Is it not enough to suppose degrees of seemingness, and as it were lighter and darker shades and tones of semblance--different valeurs, as the painters say? Why might not the world WHICH CONCERNS US--be a fiction? And to any one who suggested: "But to a fiction belongs an originator?"--might it not be bluntly replied: WHY? May not this "belong" also belong to the fiction? Is it not at length permitted to be a little ironical towards the subject, just as towards the predicate and object? Might not the philosopher elevate himself above faith in grammar? All respect to governesses, but is it not time that philosophy should renounce governess-faith?

35. O Voltaire! O humanity! O idiocy! There is something ticklish in "the truth," and in the SEARCH for the truth; and if man goes about it too humanely--"il ne cherche le vrai que pour faire le bien"--I wager he finds nothing!

36. Supposing that nothing else is "given" as real but our world of desires and passions, that we cannot sink or rise to any other "reality" but just that of our impulses--for thinking is only a relation of these impulses to one another:--are we not permitted to make the attempt and to ask the question whether this which is "given" does not SUFFICE, by means of our counterparts, for the understanding even of the so-called mechanical (or "material") world? I do not mean as an illusion, a "semblance," a "representation" (in the Berkeleyan and Schopenhauerian sense), but as possessing the same degree of reality as our emotions themselves--as a more primitive form of the world of emotions, in which everything still lies locked in a mighty unity, which afterwards branches off and develops itself in organic processes (naturally also, refines and debilitates)--as a kind of instinctive life in which all organic functions, including self-regulation, assimilation, nutrition, secretion, and change of matter, are still synthetically united with one another--as a PRIMARY FORM of life?--In the end, it is not only permitted to make this attempt, it is commanded by the conscience of LOGICAL METHOD. Not to assume several kinds of causality, so long as the attempt to get along with a single one has not been pushed to its furthest extent (to absurdity, if I may be allowed to say so): that is a morality of method which one may not repudiate nowadays--it follows "from its definition," as mathematicians say. The question is ultimately whether we really recognize the will as OPERATING, whether we believe in the causality of the will; if we do so--and fundamentally our belief IN THIS is just our belief in causality itself--we MUST make the attempt to posit hypothetically the causality of the will as the only causality. "Will" can naturally only operate on "will"--and not on "matter" (not on "nerves," for instance): in short, the hypothesis must be hazarded, whether will does not operate on will wherever "effects" are recognized--and whether all mechanical action, inasmuch as a power operates therein, is not just the power of will, the effect of will. Granted, finally, that we succeeded in explaining our entire instinctive life as the development and ramification of one fundamental form of will--namely, the Will to Power, as my thesis puts it; granted that all organic functions could be traced back to this Will to Power, and that the solution of the problem of generation and nutrition--it is one problem--could also be found therein: one would thus have acquired the right to define ALL active force

unequivocally as WILL TO POWER. The world seen from within, the world defined and designated according to its "intelligible character"--it would simply be "Will to Power," and nothing else.

37. "What? Does not that mean in popular language: God is disproved, but not the devil?"--On the contrary! On the contrary, my friends! And who the devil also compels you to speak popularly!

38. As happened finally in all the enlightenment of modern times with the French Revolution (that terrible farce, quite superfluous when judged close at hand, into which, however, the noble and visionary spectators of all Europe have interpreted from a distance their own indignation and enthusiasm so long and passionately, UNTIL THE TEXT HAS DISAPPEARED UNDER THE INTERPRETATION), so a noble posterity might once more misunderstand the whole of the past, and perhaps only thereby make ITS aspect endurable.--Or rather, has not this already happened? Have not we ourselves been--that "noble posterity"? And, in so far as we now comprehend this, is it not--thereby already past?

39. Nobody will very readily regard a doctrine as true merely because it makes people happy or virtuous--excepting, perhaps, the amiable "Idealists," who are enthusiastic about the good, true, and beautiful, and let all kinds of motley, coarse, and good-natured desirabilities swim about promiscuously in their pond. Happiness and virtue are no arguments. It is willingly forgotten, however, even on the part of thoughtful minds, that to make unhappy and to make bad are just as little counter-arguments. A thing could be TRUE, although it were in the highest degree injurious and dangerous; indeed, the fundamental constitution of existence might be such that one succumbed by a full knowledge of it--so that the strength of a mind might be measured by the amount of "truth" it could endure--or to speak more plainly, by the extent to which it REQUIRED truth attenuated, veiled, sweetened, damped, and falsified. But there is no doubt that for the discovery of certain PORTIONS of truth the wicked and unfortunate are more favourably situated and have a greater likelihood of success; not to speak of the wicked who are happy--a species about whom moralists are silent. Perhaps severity and craft are more favourable conditions for the development of strong, independent spirits and philosophers than the gentle, refined, yielding good-nature, and habit of taking things easily, which are prized, and rightly prized in a learned man. Presupposing always, to begin with, that the term "philosopher" be not confined to the philosopher who writes books, or even introduces HIS philosophy into books!--Stendhal furnishes a last feature of the portrait of the free-spirited philosopher, which for the sake of German taste I will not omit to underline--for it is OPPOSED to German taste. "Pour etre bon philosophe," says this last great psychologist, "il faut etre sec, clair, sans illusion. Un banquier, qui a fait fortune, a une partie du caractere requis pour faire des decouvertes en philosophie, c'est-a-dire pour voir clair dans ce qui est."

40. Everything that is profound loves the mask: the profoundest things have a hatred even of figure and likeness. Should not the CONTRARY only be the right disguise for the shame of a God to go about in? A question worth asking!--it would be strange if some mystic has not already ventured on the same kind of thing. There are proceedings of such a delicate nature that it is well to overwhelm them with coarseness and make them unrecognizable; there are actions of love and of an extravagant magnanimity after which nothing can be wiser than to take a stick and thrash the witness soundly: one thereby obscures his recollection. Many a one is able to obscure and abuse his own memory, in order at least to have vengeance on this sole party in the secret: shame is inventive. They are not the worst things of which one is most ashamed: there is not only deceit behind a mask--there is so much goodness in craft. I could imagine that a man with something costly and fragile to conceal, would roll through life clumsily and rotundly like an old, green, heavily-hooped wine-cask: the refinement of his shame requiring it to be so. A man who has depths in his shame meets his destiny and his delicate decisions upon paths which few ever reach, and with regard to the existence of which his nearest and most intimate friends may be ignorant; his mortal danger conceals itself from their eyes, and equally so his regained security. Such a hidden nature, which instinctively employs speech for silence and concealment, and is inexhaustible in evasion of communication, DESIRES and insists that a mask of himself shall occupy his place in the hearts and heads of his friends; and supposing he does not desire it, his eyes will some day be opened to the fact that there is nevertheless a mask of him there--and that it is well to be so. Every profound spirit needs a mask; nay, more, around every profound spirit there continually grows a mask, owing to the constantly false, that is to say, SUPERFICIAL interpretation of every word he utters, every step he takes, every sign of life he manifests.

41. One must subject oneself to one's own tests that one is destined for independence and command, and do so at the right time. One must not avoid one's tests, although they constitute perhaps the most dangerous game one can play, and are in the end tests made only before ourselves and before no other judge. Not to cleave to any person, be it even the dearest--every person is a prison and also a recess. Not to cleave to a fatherland, be it even the most suffering and necessitous--it is even less difficult to detach one's heart from a victorious fatherland. Not to cleave to a sympathy, be it even for higher men, into whose peculiar torture and helplessness chance has given us an insight. Not to cleave to a science, though it tempt one with the most valuable discoveries,

apparently specially reserved for us. Not to cleave to one's own liberation, to the voluptuous distance and remoteness of the bird, which always flies further aloft in order always to see more under it--the danger of the flier. Not to cleave to our own virtues, nor become as a whole a victim to any of our specialties, to our "hospitality" for instance, which is the danger of dangers for highly developed and wealthy souls, who deal prodigally, almost indifferently with themselves, and push the virtue of liberality so far that it becomes a vice. One must know how TO CONSERVE ONESELF--the best test of independence.

42. A new order of philosophers is appearing; I shall venture to baptize them by a name not without danger. As far as I understand them, as far as they allow themselves to be understood--for it is their nature to WISH to remain something of a puzzle--these philosophers of the future might rightly, perhaps also wrongly, claim to be designated as "tempters." This name itself is after all only an attempt, or, if it be preferred, a temptation.

43. Will they be new friends of "truth," these coming philosophers? Very probably, for all philosophers hitherto have loved their truths. But assuredly they will not be dogmatists. It must be contrary to their pride, and also contrary to their taste, that their truth should still be truth for every one--that which has hitherto been the secret wish and ultimate purpose of all dogmatic efforts. "My opinion is MY opinion: another person has not easily a right to it"--such a philosopher of the future will say, perhaps. One must renounce the bad taste of wishing to agree with many people. "Good" is no longer good when one's neighbour takes it into his mouth. And how could there be a "common good"! The expression contradicts itself; that which can be common is always of small value. In the end things must be as they are and have always been--the great things remain for the great, the abysses for the profound, the delicacies and thrills for the refined, and, to sum up shortly, everything rare for the rare.

44. Need I say expressly after all this that they will be free, VERY free spirits, these philosophers of the future--as certainly also they will not be merely free spirits, but something more, higher, greater, and fundamentally different, which does not wish to be misunderstood and mistaken? But while I say this, I feel under OBLIGATION almost as much to them as to ourselves (we free spirits who are their heralds and forerunners), to sweep away from ourselves altogether a stupid old prejudice and misunderstanding, which, like a fog, has too long made the conception of "free spirit" obscure. In every country of Europe, and the same in America, there is at present something which makes an abuse of this name a very narrow, prepossessed, enchained class of spirits, who desire almost the opposite of what our intentions and instincts prompt--not to mention that in respect to the NEW philosophers who are appearing, they must still more be closed windows and bolted doors. Briefly and regrettably, they belong to the LEVELLERS, these wrongly named "free spirits"--as glib-tongued and scribe-fingered slaves of the democratic taste and its "modern ideas" all of them men without solitude, without personal solitude, blunt honest fellows to whom neither courage nor honourable conduct ought to be denied, only, they are not free, and are ludicrously superficial, especially in their innate partiality for seeing the cause of almost ALL human misery and failure in the old forms in which society has hitherto existed--a notion which happily inverts the truth entirely! What they would fain attain with all their strength, is the universal, green-meadow happiness of the herd, together with security, safety, comfort, and alleviation of life for every one, their two most frequently chanted songs and doctrines are called "Equality of Rights" and "Sympathy with All Sufferers"--and suffering itself is looked upon by them as something which must be DONE AWAY WITH. We opposite ones, however, who have opened our eye and conscience to the question how and where the plant "man" has hitherto grown most vigorously, believe that this has always taken place under the opposite conditions, that for this end the dangerousness of his situation had to be increased enormously, his inventive faculty and dissembling power (his "spirit") had to develop into subtlety and daring under long oppression and compulsion, and his Will to Life had to be increased to the unconditioned Will to Power--we believe that severity, violence, slavery, danger in the street and in the heart, secrecy, stoicism, tempter's art and devilry of every kind,--that everything wicked, terrible, tyrannical, predatory, and serpentine in man, serves as well for the elevation of the human species as its opposite--we do not even say enough when we only say THIS MUCH, and in any case we find ourselves here, both with our speech and our silence, at the OTHER extreme of all modern ideology and gregarious desirability, as their antipodes perhaps? What wonder that we "free spirits" are not exactly the most communicative spirits? that we do not wish to betray in every respect WHAT a spirit can free itself from, and WHERE perhaps it will then be driven? And as to the import of the dangerous formula, "Beyond Good and Evil," with which we at least avoid confusion, we ARE something else than "libres-penseurs," "liben pensatori" "free-thinkers," and whatever these honest advocates of "modern ideas" like to call themselves. Having been at home, or at least guests, in many realms of the spirit, having escaped again and again from the gloomy, agreeable nooks in which preferences and prejudices, youth, origin, the accident of men and books, or even the weariness of travel seemed to confine us, full of malice against the seductions of dependency which he concealed in honours, money, positions, or exaltation of the senses, grateful even for distress and the vicissitudes of illness, because they always free us from some rule, and its "prejudice," grateful to the God, devil, sheep, and worm in us, inquisitive to a

fault, investigators to the point of cruelty, with unhesitating fingers for the intangible, with teeth and stomachs for the most indigestible, ready for any business that requires sagacity and acute senses, ready for every adventure, owing to an excess of "free will", with anterior and posterior souls, into the ultimate intentions of which it is difficult to pry, with foregrounds and backgrounds to the end of which no foot may run, hidden ones under the mantles of light, appropriators, although we resemble heirs and spendthrifts, arrangers and collectors from morning till night, misers of our wealth and our full-crammed drawers, economical in learning and forgetting, inventive in scheming, sometimes proud of tables of categories, sometimes pedants, sometimes night-owls of work even in full day, yea, if necessary, even scarecrows--and it is necessary nowadays, that is to say, inasmuch as we are the born, sworn, jealous friends of SOLITUDE, of our own profoundest midnight and midday solitude--such kind of men are we, we free spirits! And perhaps ye are also something of the same kind, ye coming ones? ye NEW philosophers?

CHAPTER III. THE RELIGIOUS MOOD

45. The human soul and its limits, the range of man's inner experiences hitherto attained, the heights, depths, and distances of these experiences, the entire history of the soul UP TO THE PRESENT TIME, and its still unexhausted possibilities: this is the preordained hunting-domain for a born psychologist and lover of a "big hunt". But how often must he say despairingly to himself: "A single individual! alas, only a single individual! and this great forest, this virgin forest!" So he would like to have some hundreds of hunting assistants, and fine trained hounds, that he could send into the history of the human soul, to drive HIS game together. In vain: again and again he experiences, profoundly and bitterly, how difficult it is to find assistants and dogs for all the things that directly excite his curiosity. The evil of sending scholars into new and dangerous hunting-domains, where courage, sagacity, and subtlety in every sense are required, is that they are no longer serviceable just when the "BIG hunt," and also the great danger commences,--it is precisely then that they lose their keen eye and nose. In order, for instance, to divine and determine what sort of history the problem of KNOWLEDGE AND CONSCIENCE has hitherto had in the souls of homines religiosi, a person would perhaps himself have to possess as profound, as bruised, as immense an experience as the intellectual conscience of Pascal; and then he would still require that wide-spread heaven of clear, wicked spirituality, which, from above, would be able to oversee, arrange, and effectively formulize this mass of dangerous and painful experiences.--But who could do me this service! And who would have time to wait for such servants!--they evidently appear too rarely, they are so improbable at all times! Eventually one must do everything ONESELF in order to know something; which means that one has MUCH to do!--But a curiosity like mine is once for all the most agreeable of vices--pardon me! I mean to say that the love of truth has its reward in heaven, and already upon earth.

46. Faith, such as early Christianity desired, and not infrequently achieved in the midst of a skeptical and southernly free-spirited world, which had centuries of struggle between philosophical schools behind it and in it, counting besides the education in tolerance which the Imperium Romanum gave--this faith is NOT that sincere, austere slave-faith by which perhaps a Luther or a Cromwell, or some other northern barbarian of the spirit remained attached to his God and Christianity, it is much rather the faith of Pascal, which resembles in a terrible manner a continuous suicide of reason--a tough, long-lived, worm-like reason, which is not to be slain at once and with a single blow. The Christian faith from the beginning, is sacrifice the sacrifice of all freedom, all pride, all self-confidence of spirit, it is at the same time subjection, self-derision, and self-mutilation. There is cruelty and religious Phoenicianism in this faith, which is adapted to a tender, many-sided, and very fastidious conscience, it takes for granted that the subjection of the spirit is indescribably PAINFUL, that all the past and all the habits of such a spirit resist the absurdissimum, in the form of which "faith" comes to it. Modern men, with their obtuseness as regards all Christian nomenclature, have no longer the sense for the terribly superlative conception which was implied to an antique taste by the paradox of the formula, "God on the Cross". Hitherto there had never and nowhere been such boldness in inversion, nor anything at once so dreadful, questioning, and questionable as this formula: it promised a transvaluation of all ancient values--It was the Orient, the PROFOUND Orient, it was the Oriental slave who thus took revenge on Rome and its noble, light-minded toleration, on the Roman "Catholicism" of non-faith, and it was always not the faith, but the freedom from the faith, the half-stoical and smiling indifference to the seriousness of the faith, which made the slaves indignant at their masters and revolt against them. "Enlightenment" causes revolt, for the slave desires the unconditioned, he understands nothing but the tyrannous, even in morals, he loves as he hates, without NUANCE, to the very depths, to the point of pain, to the point of sickness--his many HIDDEN sufferings make him revolt against the noble taste which seems to DENY suffering. The skepticism with regard to suffering, fundamentally only an attitude of aristocratic morality, was not the least of the causes, also, of the last great slave-insurrection which began with the French Revolution.

47. Wherever the religious neurosis has appeared on the earth so far, we find it connected with three dangerous prescriptions as to regimen: solitude, fasting, and sexual abstinence--but without its being possible to determine with certainty which is cause and which is effect, or IF any relation at all of cause and effect exists there. This latter doubt is justified by the fact that one of the most regular symptoms among savage as well as among civilized peoples is the most sudden and excessive sensuality, which then with equal suddenness transforms into penitential paroxysms, world-renunciation, and will-renunciation, both symptoms perhaps explainable as disguised epilepsy? But nowhere is it MORE obligatory to put aside explanations around no other type has there grown such a mass of absurdity and superstition, no other type seems to have been more interesting to men and even to philosophers--perhaps it is time to become just a little indifferent here, to learn caution, or, better still, to look AWAY, TO GO AWAY--Yet in the background of the most recent philosophy, that of Schopenhauer, we find almost as the problem in itself, this terrible note of interrogation of the religious crisis and awakening. How is the negation of will POSSIBLE? how is the saint possible?--that seems to have been the very question with which Schopenhauer made a start and became a philosopher. And thus it was a genuine Schopenhauerian consequence, that his most convinced adherent (perhaps also his last, as far as Germany is concerned), namely, Richard Wagner, should bring his own life-work to an end just here, and should finally put that terrible and eternal type upon the stage as Kundry, type vecu, and as it loved and lived, at the very time that the mad-doctors in almost all European countries had an opportunity to study the type close at hand, wherever the religious neurosis--or as I call it, "the religious mood"--made its latest epidemical outbreak and display as the "Salvation Army"--If it be a question, however, as to what has been so extremely interesting to men of all sorts in all ages, and even to philosophers, in the whole phenomenon of the saint, it is undoubtedly the appearance of the miraculous therein--namely, the immediate SUCCESSION OF OPPOSITES, of states of the soul regarded as morally antithetical: it was believed here to be self-evident that a "bad man" was all at once turned into a "saint," a good man. The hitherto existing psychology was wrecked at this point, is it not possible it may have happened principally because psychology had placed itself under the dominion of morals, because it BELIEVED in oppositions of moral values, and saw, read, and INTERPRETED these oppositions into the text and facts of the case? What? "Miracle" only an error of interpretation? A lack of philology?

48. It seems that the Latin races are far more deeply attached to their Catholicism than we Northerners are to Christianity generally, and that consequently unbelief in Catholic countries means something quite different from what it does among Protestants--namely, a sort of revolt against the spirit of the race, while with us it is rather a return to the spirit (or non-spirit) of the race.

We Northerners undoubtedly derive our origin from barbarous races, even as regards our talents for religion--we have POOR talents for it. One may make an exception in the case of the Celts, who have theretofore furnished also the best soil for Christian infection in the North: the Christian ideal blossomed forth in France as much as ever the pale sun of the north would allow it. How strangely pious for our taste are still these later French skeptics, whenever there is any Celtic blood in their origin! How Catholic, how un-German does Auguste Comte's Sociology seem to us, with the Roman logic of its instincts! How Jesuitical, that amiable and shrewd cicerone of Port Royal, Sainte-Beuve, in spite of all his hostility to Jesuits! And even Ernest Renan: how inaccessible to us Northerners does the language of such a Renan appear, in whom every instant the merest touch of religious thrill throws his refined voluptuous and comfortably couching soul off its balance! Let us repeat after him these fine sentences--and what wickedness and haughtiness is immediately aroused by way of answer in our probably less beautiful but harder souls, that is to say, in our more German souls!--"DISONS DONC HARDIMENT QUE LA RELIGION EST UN PRODUIT DE L'HOMME NORMAL, QUE L'HOMME EST LE PLUS DANS LE VRAI QUANT IL EST LE PLUS RELIGIEUX ET LE PLUS ASSURE D'UNE DESTINEE INFINIE.... C'EST QUAND IL EST BON QU'IL VEUT QUE LA VIRTU CORRESPONDE A UN ORDER ETERNAL, C'EST QUAND IL CONTEMPLE LES CHOSES D'UNE MANIERE DESINTERESSEE QU'IL TROUVE LA MORT REVOLTANTE ET ABSURDE. COMMENT NE PAS SUPPOSER QUE C'EST DANS CES MOMENTS-LA, QUE L'HOMME VOIT LE MIEUX?"... These sentences are so extremely ANTIPODAL to my ears and habits of thought, that in my first impulse of rage on finding them, I wrote on the margin, "LA NIAISERIE RELIGIEUSE PAR EXCELLENCE!"--until in my later rage I even took a fancy to them, these sentences with their truth absolutely inverted! It is so nice and such a distinction to have one's own antipodes!

49. That which is so astonishing in the religious life of the ancient Greeks is the irrestrainable stream of GRATITUDE which it pours forth--it is a very superior kind of man who takes SUCH an attitude towards nature and life.--Later on, when the populace got the upper hand in Greece, FEAR became rampant also in religion; and Christianity was preparing itself.

50. The passion for God: there are churlish, honest-hearted, and importunate kinds of it, like that of Luther--the whole of Protestantism lacks the southern DELICATEZZA. There is an Oriental exaltation of the mind in it, like that of an undeservedly favoured or elevated slave, as in the case of St. Augustine, for instance, who lacks in an offensive manner, all nobility in bearing

and desires. There is a feminine tenderness and sensuality in it, which modestly and unconsciously longs for a UNIO MYSTICA ET PHYSICA, as in the case of Madame de Guyon. In many cases it appears, curiously enough, as the disguise of a girl's or youth's puberty; here and there even as the hysteria of an old maid, also as her last ambition. The Church has frequently canonized the woman in such a case.

51. The mightiest men have hitherto always bowed reverently before the saint, as the enigma of self-subjugation and utter voluntary privation--why did they thus bow? They divined in him--and as it were behind the questionableness of his frail and wretched appearance--the superior force which wished to test itself by such a subjugation; the strength of will, in which they recognized their own strength and love of power, and knew how to honour it: they honoured something in themselves when they honoured the saint. In addition to this, the contemplation of the saint suggested to them a suspicion: such an enormity of self-negation and anti-naturalness will not have been coveted for nothing--they have said, inquiringly. There is perhaps a reason for it, some very great danger, about which the ascetic might wish to be more accurately informed through his secret interlocutors and visitors? In a word, the mighty ones of the world learned to have a new fear before him, they divined a new power, a strange, still unconquered enemy:--it was the "Will to Power" which obliged them to halt before the saint. They had to question him.

52. In the Jewish "Old Testament," the book of divine justice, there are men, things, and sayings on such an immense scale, that Greek and Indian literature has nothing to compare with it. One stands with fear and reverence before those stupendous remains of what man was formerly, and one has sad thoughts about old Asia and its little out-pushed peninsula Europe, which would like, by all means, to figure before Asia as the "Progress of Mankind." To be sure, he who is himself only a slender, tame house-animal, and knows only the wants of a house-animal (like our cultured people of today, including the Christians of "cultured" Christianity), need neither be amazed nor even sad amid those ruins--the taste for the Old Testament is a touchstone with respect to "great" and "small": perhaps he will find that the New Testament, the book of grace, still appeals more to his heart (there is much of the odour of the genuine, tender, stupid beadsman and petty soul in it). To have bound up this New Testament (a kind of ROCOCO of taste in every respect) along with the Old Testament into one book, as the "Bible," as "The Book in Itself," is perhaps the greatest audacity and "sin against the Spirit" which literary Europe has upon its conscience.

53. Why Atheism nowadays? "The father" in God is thoroughly refuted; equally so "the judge," "the rewarder." Also his "free will": he does not hear--and even if he did, he would not know how to help. The worst is that he seems incapable of communicating himself clearly; is he uncertain?--This is what I have made out (by questioning and listening at a variety of conversations) to be the cause of the decline of European theism; it appears to me that though the religious instinct is in vigorous growth,--it rejects the theistic satisfaction with profound distrust.

54. What does all modern philosophy mainly do? Since Descartes--and indeed more in defiance of him than on the basis of his procedure--an ATTENTAT has been made on the part of all philosophers on the old conception of the soul, under the guise of a criticism of the subject and predicate conception--that is to say, an ATTENTAT on the fundamental presupposition of Christian doctrine. Modern philosophy, as epistemological skepticism, is secretly or openly ANTI-CHRISTIAN, although (for keener ears, be it said) by no means anti-religious. Formerly, in effect, one believed in "the soul" as one believed in grammar and the grammatical subject: one said, "I" is the condition, "think" is the predicate and is conditioned--to think is an activity for which one MUST suppose a subject as cause. The attempt was then made, with marvelous tenacity and subtlety, to see if one could not get out of this net,--to see if the opposite was not perhaps true: "think" the condition, and "I" the conditioned; "I," therefore, only a synthesis which has been MADE by thinking itself. KANT really wished to prove that, starting from the subject, the subject could not be proved--nor the object either: the possibility of an APPARENT EXISTENCE of the subject, and therefore of "the soul," may not always have been strange to him,--the thought which once had an immense power on earth as the Vedanta philosophy.

55. There is a great ladder of religious cruelty, with many rounds; but three of these are the most important. Once on a time men sacrificed human beings to their God, and perhaps just those they loved the best--to this category belong the firstling sacrifices of all primitive religions, and also the sacrifice of the Emperor Tiberius in the Mithra-Grotto on the Island of Capri, that most terrible of all Roman anachronisms. Then, during the moral epoch of mankind, they sacrificed to their God the strongest instincts they possessed, their "nature"; THIS festal joy shines in the cruel glances of ascetics and "anti-natural" fanatics. Finally, what still remained to be sacrificed? Was it not necessary in the end for men to sacrifice everything comforting, holy, healing, all hope, all faith in hidden harmonies, in future blessedness and justice? Was it not necessary to sacrifice God himself, and out of cruelty to themselves to worship stone, stupidity, gravity, fate, nothingness? To sacrifice God for nothingness--this paradoxical mystery of the ultimate cruelty has been reserved for the rising generation; we all know something thereof already.

56. Whoever, like myself, prompted by some enigmatical desire, has long endeavoured to go to the bottom of the question of pessimism and free it from the half-Christian, half-German narrowness and stupidity in which it has finally presented itself to this century, namely, in the form of Schopenhauer's philosophy; whoever, with an Asiatic and super-Asiatic eye, has actually looked inside, and into the most world-renouncing of all possible modes of thought--beyond good and evil, and no longer like Buddha and Schopenhauer, under the dominion and delusion of morality,--whoever has done this, has perhaps just thereby, without really desiring it, opened his eyes to behold the opposite ideal: the ideal of the most world-approving, exuberant, and vivacious man, who has not only learnt to compromise and arrange with that which was and is, but wishes to have it again AS IT WAS AND IS, for all eternity, insatiably calling out da capo, not only to himself, but to the whole piece and play; and not only the play, but actually to him who requires the play--and makes it necessary; because he always requires himself anew--and makes himself necessary.--What? And this would not be--circulus vitiosus deus?

57. The distance, and as it were the space around man, grows with the strength of his intellectual vision and insight: his world becomes profounder; new stars, new enigmas, and notions are ever coming into view. Perhaps everything on which the intellectual eye has exercised its acuteness and profundity has just been an occasion for its exercise, something of a game, something for children and childish minds. Perhaps the most solemn conceptions that have caused the most fighting and suffering, the conceptions "God" and "sin," will one day seem to us of no more importance than a child's plaything or a child's pain seems to an old man;--and perhaps another plaything and another pain will then be necessary once more for "the old man"--always childish enough, an eternal child!

58. Has it been observed to what extent outward idleness, or semi-idleness, is necessary to a real religious life (alike for its favourite microscopic labour of self-examination, and for its soft placidity called "prayer," the state of perpetual readiness for the "coming of God"), I mean the idleness with a good conscience, the idleness of olden times and of blood, to which the aristocratic sentiment that work is DISHONOURING--that it vulgarizes body and soul--is not quite unfamiliar? And that consequently the modern, noisy, time-engrossing, conceited, foolishly proud laboriousness educates and prepares for "unbelief" more than anything else? Among these, for instance, who are at present living apart from religion in Germany, I find "free-thinkers" of diversified species and origin, but above all a majority of those in whom laboriousness from generation to generation has dissolved the religious instincts; so that they no longer know what purpose religions serve, and only note their existence in the world with a kind of dull astonishment. They feel themselves already fully occupied, these good people, be it by their business or by their pleasures, not to mention the "Fatherland," and the newspapers, and their "family duties"; it seems that they have no time whatever left for religion; and above all, it is not obvious to them whether it is a question of a new business or a new pleasure--for it is impossible, they say to themselves, that people should go to church merely to spoil their tempers. They are by no means enemies of religious customs; should certain circumstances, State affairs perhaps, require their participation in such customs, they do what is required, as so many things are done--with a patient and unassuming seriousness, and without much curiosity or discomfort;--they live too much apart and outside to feel even the necessity for a FOR or AGAINST in such matters. Among those indifferent persons may be reckoned nowadays the majority of German Protestants of the middle classes, especially in the great laborious centres of trade and commerce; also the majority of laborious scholars, and the entire University personnel (with the exception of the theologians, whose existence and possibility there always gives psychologists new and more subtle puzzles to solve). On the part of pious, or merely church-going people, there is seldom any idea of HOW MUCH good-will, one might say arbitrary will, is now necessary for a German scholar to take the problem of religion seriously; his whole profession (and as I have said, his whole workmanlike laboriousness, to which he is compelled by his modern conscience) inclines him to a lofty and almost charitable serenity as regards religion, with which is occasionally mingled a slight disdain for the "uncleanliness" of spirit which he takes for granted wherever any one still professes to belong to the Church. It is only with the help of history (NOT through his own personal experience, therefore) that the scholar succeeds in bringing himself to a respectful seriousness, and to a certain timid deference in presence of religions; but even when his sentiments have reached the stage of gratitude towards them, he has not personally advanced one step nearer to that which still maintains itself as Church or as piety; perhaps even the contrary. The practical indifference to religious matters in the midst of which he has been born and brought up, usually sublimates itself in his case into circumspection and cleanliness, which shuns contact with religious men and things; and it may be just the depth of his tolerance and humanity which prompts him to avoid the delicate trouble which tolerance itself brings with it.--Every age has its own divine type of naivete, for the discovery of which other ages may envy it: and how much naivete--adorable, childlike, and boundlessly foolish naivete is involved in this belief of the scholar in his superiority, in the good conscience of his tolerance, in the unsuspecting, simple certainty with which his instinct treats the religious man as a lower and less valuable type, beyond, before, and ABOVE which he himself has developed--he, the little arrogant dwarf and mob-man, the sedulously alert, head-and-hand drudge of "ideas," of "modern ideas"!

59. Whoever has seen deeply into the world has doubtless divined what wisdom there is in the fact that men are superficial. It is their preservative instinct which teaches them to be flighty, lightsome, and false. Here and there one finds a passionate and exaggerated adoration of "pure forms" in philosophers as well as in artists: it is not to be doubted that whoever has NEED of the cult of the superficial to that extent, has at one time or another made an unlucky dive BENEATH it. Perhaps there is even an order of rank with respect to those burnt children, the born artists who find the enjoyment of life only in trying to FALSIFY its image (as if taking wearisome revenge on it), one might guess to what degree life has disgusted them, by the extent to which they wish to see its image falsified, attenuated, ultrified, and deified,--one might reckon the homines religiosi among the artists, as their HIGHEST rank. It is the profound, suspicious fear of an incurable pessimism which compels whole centuries to fasten their teeth into a religious interpretation of existence: the fear of the instinct which divines that truth might be attained TOO soon, before man has become strong enough, hard enough, artist enough.... Piety, the "Life in God," regarded in this light, would appear as the most elaborate and ultimate product of the FEAR of truth, as artist-adoration and artist-intoxication in presence of the most logical of all falsifications, as the will to the inversion of truth, to untruth at any price. Perhaps there has hitherto been no more effective means of beautifying man than piety, by means of it man can become so artful, so superficial, so iridescent, and so good, that his appearance no longer offends.

60. To love mankind FOR GOD'S SAKE--this has so far been the noblest and remotest sentiment to which mankind has attained. That love to mankind, without any redeeming intention in the background, is only an ADDITIONAL folly and brutishness, that the inclination to this love has first to get its proportion, its delicacy, its gram of salt and sprinkling of ambergris from a higher inclination--whoever first perceived and "experienced" this, however his tongue may have stammered as it attempted to express such a delicate matter, let him for all time be holy and respected, as the man who has so far flown highest and gone astray in the finest fashion!

61. The philosopher, as WE free spirits understand him--as the man of the greatest responsibility, who has the conscience for the general development of mankind,--will use religion for his disciplining and educating work, just as he will use the contemporary political and economic conditions. The selecting and disciplining influence--destructive, as well as creative and fashioning--which can be exercised by means of religion is manifold and varied, according to the sort of people placed under its spell and protection. For those who are strong and independent, destined and trained to command, in whom the judgment and skill of a ruling race is incorporated, religion is an additional means for overcoming resistance in the exercise of authority--as a bond which binds rulers and subjects in common, betraying and surrendering to the former the conscience of the latter, their inmost heart, which would fain escape obedience. And in the case of the unique natures of noble origin, if by virtue of superior spirituality they should incline to a more retired and contemplative life, reserving to themselves only the more refined forms of government (over chosen disciples or members of an order), religion itself may be used as a means for obtaining peace from the noise and trouble of managing GROSSER affairs, and for securing immunity from the UNAVOIDABLE filth of all political agitation. The Brahmins, for instance, understood this fact. With the help of a religious organization, they secured to themselves the power of nominating kings for the people, while their sentiments prompted them to keep apart and outside, as men with a higher and super-regal mission. At the same time religion gives inducement and opportunity to some of the subjects to qualify themselves for future ruling and commanding the slowly ascending ranks and classes, in which, through fortunate marriage customs, volitional power and delight in self-control are on the increase. To them religion offers sufficient incentives and temptations to aspire to higher intellectuality, and to experience the sentiments of authoritative self-control, of silence, and of solitude. Asceticism and Puritanism are almost indispensable means of educating and ennobling a race which seeks to rise above its hereditary baseness and work itself upwards to future supremacy. And finally, to ordinary men, to the majority of the people, who exist for service and general utility, and are only so far entitled to exist, religion gives invaluable contentedness with their lot and condition, peace of heart, ennoblement of obedience, additional social happiness and sympathy, with something of transfiguration and embellishment, something of justification of all the commonplaceness, all the meanness, all the semi-animal poverty of their souls. Religion, together with the religious significance of life, sheds sunshine over such perpetually harassed men, and makes even their own aspect endurable to them, it operates upon them as the Epicurean philosophy usually operates upon sufferers of a higher order, in a refreshing and refining manner, almost TURNING suffering TO ACCOUNT, and in the end even hallowing and vindicating it. There is perhaps nothing so admirable in Christianity and Buddhism as their art of teaching even the lowest to elevate themselves by piety to a seemingly higher order of things, and thereby to retain their satisfaction with the actual world in which they find it difficult enough to live--this very difficulty being necessary.

62. To be sure--to make also the bad counter-reckoning against such religions, and to bring to light their secret dangers--the cost is always excessive and terrible when religions do NOT operate as an educational and disciplinary medium in the hands of the

philosopher, but rule voluntarily and PARAMOUNTLY, when they wish to be the final end, and not a means along with other means. Among men, as among all other animals, there is a surplus of defective, diseased, degenerating, infirm, and necessarily suffering individuals; the successful cases, among men also, are always the exception; and in view of the fact that man is THE ANIMAL NOT YET PROPERLY ADAPTED TO HIS ENVIRONMENT, the rare exception. But worse still. The higher the type a man represents, the greater is the improbability that he will SUCCEED; the accidental, the law of irrationality in the general constitution of mankind, manifests itself most terribly in its destructive effect on the higher orders of men, the conditions of whose lives are delicate, diverse, and difficult to determine. What, then, is the attitude of the two greatest religions above-mentioned to the SURPLUS of failures in life? They endeavour to preserve and keep alive whatever can be preserved; in fact, as the religions FOR SUFFERERS, they take the part of these upon principle; they are always in favour of those who suffer from life as from a disease, and they would fain treat every other experience of life as false and impossible. However highly we may esteem this indulgent and preservative care (inasmuch as in applying to others, it has applied, and applies also to the highest and usually the most suffering type of man), the hitherto PARAMOUNT religions--to give a general appreciation of them--are among the principal causes which have kept the type of "man" upon a lower level--they have preserved too much THAT WHICH SHOULD HAVE PERISHED. One has to thank them for invaluable services; and who is sufficiently rich in gratitude not to feel poor at the contemplation of all that the "spiritual men" of Christianity have done for Europe hitherto! But when they had given comfort to the sufferers, courage to the oppressed and despairing, a staff and support to the helpless, and when they had allured from society into convents and spiritual penitentiaries the broken-hearted and distracted: what else had they to do in order to work systematically in that fashion, and with a good conscience, for the preservation of all the sick and suffering, which means, in deed and in truth, to work for the DETERIORATION OF THE EUROPEAN RACE? To REVERSE all estimates of value--THAT is what they had to do! And to shatter the strong, to spoil great hopes, to cast suspicion on the delight in beauty, to break down everything autonomous, manly, conquering, and imperious--all instincts which are natural to the highest and most successful type of "man"--into uncertainty, distress of conscience, and self-destruction; forsooth, to invert all love of the earthly and of supremacy over the earth, into hatred of the earth and earthly things--THAT is the task the Church imposed on itself, and was obliged to impose, until, according to its standard of value, "unworldliness," "unsensuousness," and "higher man" fused into one sentiment. If one could observe the strangely painful, equally coarse and refined comedy of European Christianity with the derisive and impartial eye of an Epicurean god, I should think one would never cease marvelling and laughing; does it not actually seem that some single will has ruled over Europe for eighteen centuries in order to make a SUBLIME ABORTION of man? He, however, who, with opposite requirements (no longer Epicurean) and with some divine hammer in his hand, could approach this almost voluntary degeneration and stunting of mankind, as exemplified in the European Christian (Pascal, for instance), would he not have to cry aloud with rage, pity, and horror: "Oh, you bunglers, presumptuous pitiful bunglers, what have you done! Was that a work for your hands? How you have hacked and botched my finest stone! What have you presumed to do!"--I should say that Christianity has hitherto been the most portentous of presumptions. Men, not great enough, nor hard enough, to be entitled as artists to take part in fashioning MAN; men, not sufficiently strong and far-sighted to ALLOW, with sublime self-constraint, the obvious law of the thousandfold failures and perishings to prevail; men, not sufficiently noble to see the radically different grades of rank and intervals of rank that separate man from man:--SUCH men, with their "equality before God," have hitherto swayed the destiny of Europe; until at last a dwarfed, almost ludicrous species has been produced, a gregarious animal, something obliging, sickly, mediocre, the European of the present day.

CHAPTER IV. APOPHTHEGMS AND INTERLUDES

63. He who is a thorough teacher takes things seriously--and even himself--only in relation to his pupils.

64. "Knowledge for its own sake"--that is the last snare laid by morality: we are thereby completely entangled in morals once more.

65. The charm of knowledge would be small, were it not so much shame has to be overcome on the way to it.

65A. We are most dishonourable towards our God: he is not PERMITTED to sin.

66. The tendency of a person to allow himself to be degraded, robbed, deceived, and exploited might be the diffidence of a God among men.

67. Love to one only is a barbarity, for it is exercised at the expense of all others. Love to God also!

68. "I did that," says my memory. "I could not have done that," says my pride, and remains inexorable. Eventually--the memory yields.

69. One has regarded life carelessly, if one has failed to see the hand that--kills with leniency.

70. If a man has character, he has also his typical experience, which always recurs.

71. THE SAGE AS ASTRONOMER.--So long as thou feelest the stars as an "above thee," thou lackest the eye of the discerning one.

72. It is not the strength, but the duration of great sentiments that makes great men.

73. He who attains his ideal, precisely thereby surpasses it.

73A. Many a peacock hides his tail from every eye--and calls it his pride.

74. A man of genius is unbearable, unless he possess at least two things besides: gratitude and purity.

75. The degree and nature of a man's sensuality extends to the highest altitudes of his spirit.

76. Under peaceful conditions the militant man attacks himself.

77. With his principles a man seeks either to dominate, or justify, or honour, or reproach, or conceal his habits: two men with the same principles probably seek fundamentally different ends therewith.

78. He who despises himself, nevertheless esteems himself thereby, as a despiser.

79. A soul which knows that it is loved, but does not itself love, betrays its sediment: its dregs come up.

80. A thing that is explained ceases to concern us--What did the God mean who gave the advice, "Know thyself!" Did it perhaps imply "Cease to be concerned about thyself! become objective!"--And Socrates?--And the "scientific man"?

81. It is terrible to die of thirst at sea. Is it necessary that you should so salt your truth that it will no longer--quench thirst?

82. "Sympathy for all"--would be harshness and tyranny for THEE, my good neighbour.

83. INSTINCT--When the house is on fire one forgets even the dinner--Yes, but one recovers it from among the ashes.

84. Woman learns how to hate in proportion as she--forgets how to charm.

85. The same emotions are in man and woman, but in different TEMPO, on that account man and woman never cease to misunderstand each other.

86. In the background of all their personal vanity, women themselves have still their impersonal scorn--for "woman".

87. FETTERED HEART, FREE SPIRIT--When one firmly fetters one's heart and keeps it prisoner, one can allow one's spirit many liberties: I said this once before But people do not believe it when I say so, unless they know it already.

88. One begins to distrust very clever persons when they become embarrassed.

89. Dreadful experiences raise the question whether he who experiences them is not something dreadful also.

90. Heavy, melancholy men turn lighter, and come temporarily to their surface, precisely by that which makes others heavy--by hatred and love.

91. So cold, so icy, that one burns one's finger at the touch of him! Every hand that lays hold of him shrinks back!--And for that very reason many think him red-hot.

92. Who has not, at one time or another--sacrificed himself for the sake of his good name?

93. In affability there is no hatred of men, but precisely on that account a great deal too much contempt of men.

94. The maturity of man--that means, to have reacquired the seriousness that one had as a child at play.

95. To be ashamed of one's immorality is a step on the ladder at the end of which one is ashamed also of one's morality.

96. One should part from life as Ulysses parted from Nausicaa--blessing it rather than in love with it.

97. What? A great man? I always see merely the play-actor of his own ideal.

98. When one trains one's conscience, it kisses one while it bites.

99. THE DISAPPOINTED ONE SPEAKS--"I listened for the echo and I heard only praise."

100. We all feign to ourselves that we are simpler than we are, we thus relax ourselves away from our fellows.

101. A discerning one might easily regard himself at present as the animalization of God.

102. Discovering reciprocal love should really disenchant the lover with regard to the beloved. "What! She is modest enough to love even you? Or stupid enough? Or--or---"

103. THE DANGER IN HAPPINESS.--"Everything now turns out best for me, I now love every fate:--who would like to be my fate?"

104. Not their love of humanity, but the impotence of their love, prevents the Christians of today--burning us.

105. The pia fraus is still more repugnant to the taste (the "piety") of the free spirit (the "pious man of knowledge") than the impia fraus. Hence the profound lack of judgment, in comparison with the Church, characteristic of the type "free spirit"--as ITS non-freedom.

106. By means of music the very passions enjoy themselves.

107. A sign of strong character, when once the resolution has been taken, to shut the ear even to the best counter-arguments. Occasionally, therefore, a will to stupidity.

108. There is no such thing as moral phenomena, but only a moral interpretation of phenomena.

109. The criminal is often enough not equal to his deed: he extenuates and maligns it.

110. The advocates of a criminal are seldom artists enough to turn the beautiful terribleness of the deed to the advantage of the doer.

111. Our vanity is most difficult to wound just when our pride has been wounded.

112. To him who feels himself preordained to contemplation and not to belief, all believers are too noisy and obtrusive; he guards against them.

113. "You want to prepossess him in your favour? Then you must be embarrassed before him."

114. The immense expectation with regard to sexual love, and the coyness in this expectation, spoils all the perspectives of women at the outset.

115. Where there is neither love nor hatred in the game, woman's play is mediocre.

116. The great epochs of our life are at the points when we gain courage to rebaptize our badness as the best in us.

117. The will to overcome an emotion, is ultimately only the will of another, or of several other, emotions.

118. There is an innocence of admiration: it is possessed by him to whom it has not yet occurred that he himself may be admired some day.

119. Our loathing of dirt may be so great as to prevent our cleaning ourselves--"justifying" ourselves.

120. Sensuality often forces the growth of love too much, so that its root remains weak, and is easily torn up.

121. It is a curious thing that God learned Greek when he wished to turn author--and that he did not learn it better.

122. To rejoice on account of praise is in many cases merely politeness of heart--and the very opposite of vanity of spirit.

123. Even concubinage has been corrupted--by marriage.

124. He who exults at the stake, does not triumph over pain, but because of the fact that he does not feel pain where he expected it. A parable.

125. When we have to change an opinion about any one, we charge heavily to his account the inconvenience he thereby causes us.

126. A nation is a detour of nature to arrive at six or seven great men.--Yes, and then to get round them.

127. In the eyes of all true women science is hostile to the sense of shame. They feel as if one wished to peep under their skin with it--or worse still! under their dress and finery.

128. The more abstract the truth you wish to teach, the more must you allure the senses to it.

129. The devil has the most extensive perspectives for God; on that account he keeps so far away from him:--the devil, in effect, as the oldest friend of knowledge.

130. What a person IS begins to betray itself when his talent decreases,--when he ceases to show what he CAN do. Talent is also an adornment; an adornment is also a concealment.

131. The sexes deceive themselves about each other: the reason is that in reality they honour and love only themselves (or their own ideal, to express it more agreeably). Thus man wishes woman to be peaceable: but in fact woman is ESSENTIALLY unpeaceable, like the cat, however well she may have assumed the peaceable demeanour.

132. One is punished best for one's virtues.

133. He who cannot find the way to HIS ideal, lives more frivolously and shamelessly than the man without an ideal.

134. From the senses originate all trustworthiness, all good conscience, all evidence of truth.

135. Pharisaism is not a deterioration of the good man; a considerable part of it is rather an essential condition of being good.

136. The one seeks an accoucheur for his thoughts, the other seeks some one whom he can assist: a good conversation thus originates.

137. In intercourse with scholars and artists one readily makes mistakes of opposite kinds: in a remarkable scholar one not infrequently finds a mediocre man; and often, even in a mediocre artist, one finds a very remarkable man.

138. We do the same when awake as when dreaming: we only invent and imagine him with whom we have intercourse--and forget it immediately.

139. In revenge and in love woman is more barbarous than man.

140. ADVICE AS A RIDDLE.--"If the band is not to break, bite it first--secure to make!"

141. The belly is the reason why man does not so readily take himself for a God.

142. The chastest utterance I ever heard: "Dans le veritable amour c'est l'ame qui enveloppe le corps."

143. Our vanity would like what we do best to pass precisely for what is most difficult to us.--Concerning the origin of many systems of morals.

144. When a woman has scholarly inclinations there is generally something wrong with her sexual nature. Barrenness itself conduces to a certain virility of taste; man, indeed, if I may say so, is "the barren animal."

145. Comparing man and woman generally, one may say that woman would not have the genius for adornment, if she had not the instinct for the SECONDARY role.

146. He who fights with monsters should be careful lest he thereby become a monster. And if thou gaze long into an abyss, the abyss will also gaze into thee.

147. From old Florentine novels--moreover, from life: Buona femmina e mala femmina vuol bastone.--Sacchetti, Nov. 86.

148. To seduce their neighbour to a favourable opinion, and afterwards to believe implicitly in this opinion of their neighbour--who can do this conjuring trick so well as women?

149. That which an age considers evil is usually an unseasonable echo of what was formerly considered good--the atavism of an old ideal.

150. Around the hero everything becomes a tragedy; around the demigod everything becomes a satyr-play; and around God everything becomes--what? perhaps a "world"?

151. It is not enough to possess a talent: one must also have your permission to possess it;--eh, my friends?

152. "Where there is the tree of knowledge, there is always Paradise": so say the most ancient and the most modern serpents.

153. What is done out of love always takes place beyond good and evil.

154. Objection, evasion, joyous distrust, and love of irony are signs of health; everything absolute belongs to pathology.

155. The sense of the tragic increases and declines with sensuousness.

156. Insanity in individuals is something rare--but in groups, parties, nations, and epochs it is the rule.

157. The thought of suicide is a great consolation: by means of it one gets successfully through many a bad night.

158. Not only our reason, but also our conscience, truckles to our strongest impulse--the tyrant in us.

159. One MUST repay good and ill; but why just to the person who did us good or ill?

160. One no longer loves one's knowledge sufficiently after one has communicated it.

161. Poets act shamelessly towards their experiences: they exploit them.

162. "Our fellow-creature is not our neighbour, but our neighbour's neighbour":--so thinks every nation.

163. Love brings to light the noble and hidden qualities of a lover--his rare and exceptional traits: it is thus liable to be deceptive as to his normal character.

164. Jesus said to his Jews: "The law was for servants;--love God as I love him, as his Son! What have we Sons of God to do with morals!"

165. IN SIGHT OF EVERY PARTY.--A shepherd has always need of a bell-wether--or he has himself to be a wether occasionally.

166. One may indeed lie with the mouth; but with the accompanying grimace one nevertheless tells the truth.

167. To vigorous men intimacy is a matter of shame--and something precious.

168. Christianity gave Eros poison to drink; he did not die of it, certainly, but degenerated to Vice.

169. To talk much about oneself may also be a means of concealing oneself.

170. In praise there is more obtrusiveness than in blame.

171. Pity has an almost ludicrous effect on a man of knowledge, like tender hands on a Cyclops.

172. One occasionally embraces some one or other, out of love to mankind (because one cannot embrace all); but this is what one must never confess to the individual.

173. One does not hate as long as one disesteems, but only when one esteems equal or superior.

174. Ye Utilitarians--ye, too, love the UTILE only as a VEHICLE for your inclinations,--ye, too, really find the noise of its wheels insupportable!

175. One loves ultimately one's desires, not the thing desired.

176. The vanity of others is only counter to our taste when it is counter to our vanity.

177. With regard to what "truthfulness" is, perhaps nobody has ever been sufficiently truthful.

178. One does not believe in the follies of clever men: what a forfeiture of the rights of man!

179. The consequences of our actions seize us by the forelock, very indifferent to the fact that we have meanwhile "reformed."

180. There is an innocence in lying which is the sign of good faith in a cause.

181. It is inhuman to bless when one is being cursed.

182. The familiarity of superiors embitters one, because it may not be returned.

183. "I am affected, not because you have deceived me, but because I can no longer believe in you."

184. There is a haughtiness of kindness which has the appearance of wickedness.

185. "I dislike him."--Why?--"I am not a match for him."--Did any one ever answer so?

CHAPTER V. THE NATURAL HISTORY OF MORALS

186. The moral sentiment in Europe at present is perhaps as subtle, belated, diverse, sensitive, and refined, as the "Science of Morals" belonging thereto is recent, initial, awkward, and coarse-fingered:--an interesting contrast, which sometimes becomes incarnate and obvious in the very person of a moralist. Indeed, the expression, "Science of Morals" is, in respect to what is designated thereby, far too presumptuous and counter to GOOD taste,--which is always a foretaste of more modest expressions. One ought to avow with the utmost fairness WHAT is still necessary here for a long time, WHAT is alone proper for the present: namely, the collection of material, the comprehensive survey and classification of an immense domain of delicate sentiments of worth, and distinctions of worth, which live, grow, propagate, and perish--and perhaps attempts to give a clear idea of the recurring and more common forms of these living crystallizations--as preparation for a THEORY OF TYPES of morality. To be sure, people have not hitherto been so modest. All the philosophers, with a pedantic and ridiculous seriousness, demanded of themselves something very much higher, more pretentious, and ceremonious, when they concerned themselves with morality as a science: they wanted to GIVE A BASIC to morality--and every philosopher hitherto has believed that he has given it a basis; morality itself, however, has been regarded as something "given." How far from their awkward pride was the seemingly insignificant problem--left in dust and decay--of a description of forms of morality, notwithstanding that the finest hands and senses could hardly be fine enough for it! It was precisely owing to moral philosophers' knowing the moral facts imperfectly, in an arbitrary epitome, or an accidental abridgement--perhaps as the morality of their environment, their position, their church, their Zeitgeist, their climate and zone--it was precisely because they were badly instructed with regard to nations, eras, and past ages, and were by no means eager to know about these matters, that they did not even come in sight of the real problems of morals--problems which only disclose themselves by a comparison of MANY kinds of morality. In every "Science of Morals" hitherto, strange as it may sound, the problem of morality itself has been OMITTED: there has been no suspicion that there was anything problematic there! That which philosophers called "giving a basis to morality," and endeavoured to realize, has, when seen in a right light, proved merely a learned form of good FAITH in prevailing morality, a new means of its EXPRESSION, consequently just a matter-of-fact within the sphere of a definite morality, yea, in its ultimate motive, a sort of denial that it is LAWFUL for this morality to be called in question--and in any case the reverse of the testing, analyzing, doubting, and vivisecting of this very faith. Hear, for instance, with what innocence--almost worthy of honour--Schopenhauer represents his own task, and draw your conclusions concerning the scientificness of a "Science" whose latest master still talks in the strain of children and old wives: "The principle," he says (page 136 of the Grundprobleme der Ethik), [Footnote: Pages 54-55 of Schopenhauer's Basis of Morality, translated by Arthur B. Bullock, M.A. (1903).] "the axiom about the purport of which all moralists are PRACTICALLY agreed: neminem laede, immo omnes quantum potes juva--is REALLY the proposition which all moral teachers strive to establish, ... the REAL basis of ethics which has been sought, like the philosopher's stone, for centuries."--The difficulty of establishing the proposition referred to may indeed be great--it is well known that Schopenhauer also was unsuccessful in his efforts; and whoever has thoroughly realized how absurdly false and sentimental this proposition is, in a world whose essence is Will to Power, may be reminded that Schopenhauer, although a pessimist, ACTUALLY--played the flute... daily after dinner: one may read about the matter in his biography. A question by the way: a pessimist, a repudiator of God and of the world, who MAKES A HALT at morality--who assents to morality, and plays the flute to laede-neminem morals, what? Is that really--a pessimist?

187. Apart from the value of such assertions as "there is a categorical imperative in us," one can always ask: What does such an assertion indicate about him who makes it? There are systems of morals which are meant to justify their author in the eyes of other people; other systems of morals are meant to tranquilize him, and make him self-satisfied; with other systems he wants to crucify

and humble himself, with others he wishes to take revenge, with others to conceal himself, with others to glorify himself and gave superiority and distinction,--this system of morals helps its author to forget, that system makes him, or something of him, forgotten, many a moralist would like to exercise power and creative arbitrariness over mankind, many another, perhaps, Kant especially, gives us to understand by his morals that "what is estimable in me, is that I know how to obey--and with you it SHALL not be otherwise than with me!" In short, systems of morals are only a SIGN-LANGUAGE OF THE EMOTIONS.

188. In contrast to laisser-aller, every system of morals is a sort of tyranny against "nature" and also against "reason", that is, however, no objection, unless one should again decree by some system of morals, that all kinds of tyranny and unreasonableness are unlawful What is essential and invaluable in every system of morals, is that it is a long constraint. In order to understand Stoicism, or Port Royal, or Puritanism, one should remember the constraint under which every language has attained to strength and freedom--the metrical constraint, the tyranny of rhyme and rhythm. How much trouble have the poets and orators of every nation given themselves!--not excepting some of the prose writers of today, in whose ear dwells an inexorable conscientiousness--"for the sake of a folly," as utilitarian bunglers say, and thereby deem themselves wise--"from submission to arbitrary laws," as the anarchists say, and thereby fancy themselves "free," even free-spirited. The singular fact remains, however, that everything of the nature of freedom, elegance, boldness, dance, and masterly certainty, which exists or has existed, whether it be in thought itself, or in administration, or in speaking and persuading, in art just as in conduct, has only developed by means of the tyranny of such arbitrary law, and in all seriousness, it is not at all improbable that precisely this is "nature" and "natural"--and not laisser-aller! Every artist knows how different from the state of letting himself go, is his "most natural" condition, the free arranging, locating, disposing, and constructing in the moments of "inspiration"--and how strictly and delicately he then obeys a thousand laws, which, by their very rigidness and precision, defy all formulation by means of ideas (even the most stable idea has, in comparison therewith, something floating, manifold, and ambiguous in it). The essential thing "in heaven and in earth" is, apparently (to repeat it once more), that there should be long OBEDIENCE in the same direction, there thereby results, and has always resulted in the long run, something which has made life worth living; for instance, virtue, art, music, dancing, reason, spirituality--anything whatever that is transfiguring, refined, foolish, or divine. The long bondage of the spirit, the distrustful constraint in the communicability of ideas, the discipline which the thinker imposed on himself to think in accordance with the rules of a church or a court, or conformable to Aristotelian premises, the persistent spiritual will to interpret everything that happened according to a Christian scheme, and in every occurrence to rediscover and justify the Christian God:--all this violence, arbitrariness, severity, dreadfulness, and unreasonableness, has proved itself the disciplinary means whereby the European spirit has attained its strength, its remorseless curiosity and subtle mobility; granted also that much irrecoverable strength and spirit had to be stifled, suffocated, and spoilt in the process (for here, as everywhere, "nature" shows herself as she is, in all her extravagant and INDIFFERENT magnificence, which is shocking, but nevertheless noble). That for centuries European thinkers only thought in order to prove something--nowadays, on the contrary, we are suspicious of every thinker who "wishes to prove something"--that it was always settled beforehand what WAS TO BE the result of their strictest thinking, as it was perhaps in the Asiatic astrology of former times, or as it is still at the present day in the innocent, Christian-moral explanation of immediate personal events "for the glory of God," or "for the good of the soul":--this tyranny, this arbitrariness, this severe and magnificent stupidity, has EDUCATED the spirit; slavery, both in the coarser and the finer sense, is apparently an indispensable means even of spiritual education and discipline. One may look at every system of morals in this light: it is "nature" therein which teaches to hate the laisser-aller, the too great freedom, and implants the need for limited horizons, for immediate duties--it teaches the NARROWING OF PERSPECTIVES, and thus, in a certain sense, that stupidity is a condition of life and development. "Thou must obey some one, and for a long time; OTHERWISE thou wilt come to grief, and lose all respect for thyself"--this seems to me to be the moral imperative of nature, which is certainly neither "categorical," as old Kant wished (consequently the "otherwise"), nor does it address itself to the individual (what does nature care for the individual!), but to nations, races, ages, and ranks; above all, however, to the animal "man" generally, to MANKIND.

189. Industrious races find it a great hardship to be idle: it was a master stroke of ENGLISH instinct to hallow and begloom Sunday to such an extent that the Englishman unconsciously hankers for his week--and work-day again:--as a kind of cleverly devised, cleverly intercalated FAST, such as is also frequently found in the ancient world (although, as is appropriate in southern nations, not precisely with respect to work). Many kinds of fasts are necessary; and wherever powerful influences and habits prevail, legislators have to see that intercalary days are appointed, on which such impulses are fettered, and learn to hunger anew. Viewed from a higher standpoint, whole generations and epochs, when they show themselves infected with any moral fanaticism, seem like those intercalated periods of restraint and fasting, during which an impulse learns to humble and submit itself--at the same time also to PURIFY and SHARPEN itself; certain philosophical sects likewise admit of a similar interpretation (for instance, the Stoa, in

the midst of Hellenic culture, with the atmosphere rank and overcharged with Aphrodisiacal odours).--Here also is a hint for the explanation of the paradox, why it was precisely in the most Christian period of European history, and in general only under the pressure of Christian sentiments, that the sexual impulse sublimated into love (amour-passion).

190. There is something in the morality of Plato which does not really belong to Plato, but which only appears in his philosophy, one might say, in spite of him: namely, Socratism, for which he himself was too noble. "No one desires to injure himself, hence all evil is done unwittingly. The evil man inflicts injury on himself; he would not do so, however, if he knew that evil is evil. The evil man, therefore, is only evil through error; if one free him from error one will necessarily make him--good."--This mode of reasoning savours of the POPULACE, who perceive only the unpleasant consequences of evil-doing, and practically judge that "it is STUPID to do wrong"; while they accept "good" as identical with "useful and pleasant," without further thought. As regards every system of utilitarianism, one may at once assume that it has the same origin, and follow the scent: one will seldom err.--Plato did all he could to interpret something refined and noble into the tenets of his teacher, and above all to interpret himself into them--he, the most daring of all interpreters, who lifted the entire Socrates out of the street, as a popular theme and song, to exhibit him in endless and impossible modifications--namely, in all his own disguises and multiplicities. In jest, and in Homeric language as well, what is the Platonic Socrates, if not--[Greek words inserted here.]

191. The old theological problem of "Faith" and "Knowledge," or more plainly, of instinct and reason--the question whether, in respect to the valuation of things, instinct deserves more authority than rationality, which wants to appreciate and act according to motives, according to a "Why," that is to say, in conformity to purpose and utility--it is always the old moral problem that first appeared in the person of Socrates, and had divided men's minds long before Christianity. Socrates himself, following, of course, the taste of his talent--that of a surpassing dialectician--took first the side of reason; and, in fact, what did he do all his life but laugh at the awkward incapacity of the noble Athenians, who were men of instinct, like all noble men, and could never give satisfactory answers concerning the motives of their actions? In the end, however, though silently and secretly, he laughed also at himself: with his finer conscience and introspection, he found in himself the same difficulty and incapacity. "But why"--he said to himself--"should one on that account separate oneself from the instincts! One must set them right, and the reason ALSO--one must follow the instincts, but at the same time persuade the reason to support them with good arguments." This was the real FALSENESS of that great and mysterious ironist; he brought his conscience up to the point that he was satisfied with a kind of self-outwitting: in fact, he perceived the irrationality in the moral judgment.--Plato, more innocent in such matters, and without the craftiness of the plebeian, wished to prove to himself, at the expenditure of all his strength--the greatest strength a philosopher had ever expended--that reason and instinct lead spontaneously to one goal, to the good, to "God"; and since Plato, all theologians and philosophers have followed the same path--which means that in matters of morality, instinct (or as Christians call it, "Faith," or as I call it, "the herd") has hitherto triumphed. Unless one should make an exception in the case of Descartes, the father of rationalism (and consequently the grandfather of the Revolution), who recognized only the authority of reason: but reason is only a tool, and Descartes was superficial.

192. Whoever has followed the history of a single science, finds in its development a clue to the understanding of the oldest and commonest processes of all "knowledge and cognizance": there, as here, the premature hypotheses, the fictions, the good stupid will to "belief," and the lack of distrust and patience are first developed--our senses learn late, and never learn completely, to be subtle, reliable, and cautious organs of knowledge. Our eyes find it easier on a given occasion to produce a picture already often produced, than to seize upon the divergence and novelty of an impression: the latter requires more force, more "morality." It is difficult and painful for the ear to listen to anything new; we hear strange music badly. When we hear another language spoken, we involuntarily attempt to form the sounds into words with which we are more familiar and conversant--it was thus, for example, that the Germans modified the spoken word ARCUBALISTA into ARMBRUST (cross-bow). Our senses are also hostile and averse to the new; and generally, even in the "simplest" processes of sensation, the emotions DOMINATE--such as fear, love, hatred, and the passive emotion of indolence.--As little as a reader nowadays reads all the single words (not to speak of syllables) of a page--he rather takes about five out of every twenty words at random, and "guesses" the probably appropriate sense to them--just as little do we see a tree correctly and completely in respect to its leaves, branches, colour, and shape; we find it so much easier to fancy the chance of a tree. Even in the midst of the most remarkable experiences, we still do just the same; we fabricate the greater part of the experience, and can hardly be made to contemplate any event, EXCEPT as "inventors" thereof. All this goes to prove that from our fundamental nature and from remote ages we have been--ACCUSTOMED TO LYING. Or, to express it more politely and hypocritically, in short, more pleasantly--one is much more of an artist than one is aware of.--In an animated conversation, I often see the face of the person with whom I am speaking so clearly and sharply defined before me, according to the thought he expresses, or which I believe to be evoked in his mind, that the degree of distinctness far exceeds the STRENGTH of my visual

faculty--the delicacy of the play of the muscles and of the expression of the eyes MUST therefore be imagined by me. Probably the person put on quite a different expression, or none at all.

193. Quidquid luce fuit, tenebris agit: but also contrariwise. What we experience in dreams, provided we experience it often, pertains at last just as much to the general belongings of our soul as anything "actually" experienced; by virtue thereof we are richer or poorer, we have a requirement more or less, and finally, in broad daylight, and even in the brightest moments of our waking life, we are ruled to some extent by the nature of our dreams. Supposing that someone has often flown in his dreams, and that at last, as soon as he dreams, he is conscious of the power and art of flying as his privilege and his peculiarly enviable happiness; such a person, who believes that on the slightest impulse, he can actualize all sorts of curves and angles, who knows the sensation of a certain divine levity, an "upwards" without effort or constraint, a "downwards" without descending or lowering--without TROUBLE!--how could the man with such dream-experiences and dream-habits fail to find "happiness" differently coloured and defined, even in his waking hours! How could he fail--to long DIFFERENTLY for happiness? "Flight," such as is described by poets, must, when compared with his own "flying," be far too earthly, muscular, violent, far too "troublesome" for him.

194. The difference among men does not manifest itself only in the difference of their lists of desirable things--in their regarding different good things as worth striving for, and being disagreed as to the greater or less value, the order of rank, of the commonly recognized desirable things:--it manifests itself much more in what they regard as actually HAVING and POSSESSING a desirable thing. As regards a woman, for instance, the control over her body and her sexual gratification serves as an amply sufficient sign of ownership and possession to the more modest man; another with a more suspicious and ambitious thirst for possession, sees the "questionableness," the mere apparentness of such ownership, and wishes to have finer tests in order to know especially whether the woman not only gives herself to him, but also gives up for his sake what she has or would like to have--only THEN does he look upon her as "possessed." A third, however, has not even here got to the limit of his distrust and his desire for possession: he asks himself whether the woman, when she gives up everything for him, does not perhaps do so for a phantom of him; he wishes first to be thoroughly, indeed, profoundly well known; in order to be loved at all he ventures to let himself be found out. Only then does he feel the beloved one fully in his possession, when she no longer deceives herself about him, when she loves him just as much for the sake of his devilry and concealed insatiability, as for his goodness, patience, and spirituality. One man would like to possess a nation, and he finds all the higher arts of Cagliostro and Catalina suitable for his purpose. Another, with a more refined thirst for possession, says to himself: "One may not deceive where one desires to possess"--he is irritated and impatient at the idea that a mask of him should rule in the hearts of the people: "I must, therefore, MAKE myself known, and first of all learn to know myself!" Among helpful and charitable people, one almost always finds the awkward craftiness which first gets up suitably him who has to be helped, as though, for instance, he should "merit" help, seek just THEIR help, and would show himself deeply grateful, attached, and subservient to them for all help. With these conceits, they take control of the needy as a property, just as in general they are charitable and helpful out of a desire for property. One finds them jealous when they are crossed or forestalled in their charity. Parents involuntarily make something like themselves out of their children--they call that "education"; no mother doubts at the bottom of her heart that the child she has borne is thereby her property, no father hesitates about his right to HIS OWN ideas and notions of worth. Indeed, in former times fathers deemed it right to use their discretion concerning the life or death of the newly born (as among the ancient Germans). And like the father, so also do the teacher, the class, the priest, and the prince still see in every new individual an unobjectionable opportunity for a new possession. The consequence is...

195. The Jews--a people "born for slavery," as Tacitus and the whole ancient world say of them; "the chosen people among the nations," as they themselves say and believe--the Jews performed the miracle of the inversion of valuations, by means of which life on earth obtained a new and dangerous charm for a couple of millenniums. Their prophets fused into one the expressions "rich," "godless," "wicked," "violent," "sensual," and for the first time coined the word "world" as a term of reproach. In this inversion of valuations (in which is also included the use of the word "poor" as synonymous with "saint" and "friend") the significance of the Jewish people is to be found; it is with THEM that the SLAVE-INSURRECTION IN MORALS commences.

196. It is to be INFERRED that there are countless dark bodies near the sun--such as we shall never see. Among ourselves, this is an allegory; and the psychologist of morals reads the whole star-writing merely as an allegorical and symbolic language in which much may be unexpressed.

197. The beast of prey and the man of prey (for instance, Caesar Borgia) are fundamentally misunderstood, "nature" is misunderstood, so long as one seeks a "morbidness" in the constitution of these healthiest of all tropical monsters and growths, or even an innate "hell" in them--as almost all moralists have done hitherto. Does it not seem that there is a hatred of the virgin forest and of the tropics among moralists? And that the "tropical man" must be discredited at all costs, whether as disease and

deterioration of mankind, or as his own hell and self-torture? And why? In favour of the "temperate zones"? In favour of the temperate men? The "moral"? The mediocre?--This for the chapter: "Morals as Timidity."

198. All the systems of morals which address themselves with a view to their "happiness," as it is called--what else are they but suggestions for behaviour adapted to the degree of DANGER from themselves in which the individuals live; recipes for their passions, their good and bad propensities, insofar as such have the Will to Power and would like to play the master; small and great expediencies and elaborations, permeated with the musty odour of old family medicines and old-wife wisdom; all of them grotesque and absurd in their form--because they address themselves to "all," because they generalize where generalization is not authorized; all of them speaking unconditionally, and taking themselves unconditionally; all of them flavoured not merely with one grain of salt, but rather endurable only, and sometimes even seductive, when they are over-spiced and begin to smell dangerously, especially of "the other world." That is all of little value when estimated intellectually, and is far from being "science," much less "wisdom"; but, repeated once more, and three times repeated, it is expediency, expediency, expediency, mixed with stupidity, stupidity, stupidity--whether it be the indifference and statuesque coldness towards the heated folly of the emotions, which the Stoics advised and fostered; or the no-more-laughing and no-more-weeping of Spinoza, the destruction of the emotions by their analysis and vivisection, which he recommended so naively; or the lowering of the emotions to an innocent mean at which they may be satisfied, the Aristotelianism of morals; or even morality as the enjoyment of the emotions in a voluntary attenuation and spiritualization by the symbolism of art, perhaps as music, or as love of God, and of mankind for God's sake--for in religion the passions are once more enfranchised, provided that...; or, finally, even the complaisant and wanton surrender to the emotions, as has been taught by Hafis and Goethe, the bold letting-go of the reins, the spiritual and corporeal licentia morum in the exceptional cases of wise old codgers and drunkards, with whom it "no longer has much danger."--This also for the chapter: "Morals as Timidity."

199. Inasmuch as in all ages, as long as mankind has existed, there have also been human herds (family alliances, communities, tribes, peoples, states, churches), and always a great number who obey in proportion to the small number who command--in view, therefore, of the fact that obedience has been most practiced and fostered among mankind hitherto, one may reasonably suppose that, generally speaking, the need thereof is now innate in every one, as a kind of FORMAL CONSCIENCE which gives the command "Thou shalt unconditionally do something, unconditionally refrain from something", in short, "Thou shalt". This need tries to satisfy itself and to fill its form with a content, according to its strength, impatience, and eagerness, it at once seizes as an omnivorous appetite with little selection, and accepts whatever is shouted into its ear by all sorts of commanders--parents, teachers, laws, class prejudices, or public opinion. The extraordinary limitation of human development, the hesitation, protractedness, frequent retrogression, and turning thereof, is attributable to the fact that the herd-instinct of obedience is transmitted best, and at the cost of the art of command. If one imagine this instinct increasing to its greatest extent, commanders and independent individuals will finally be lacking altogether, or they will suffer inwardly from a bad conscience, and will have to impose a deception on themselves in the first place in order to be able to command just as if they also were only obeying. This condition of things actually exists in Europe at present--I call it the moral hypocrisy of the commanding class. They know no other way of protecting themselves from their bad conscience than by playing the role of executors of older and higher orders (of predecessors, of the constitution, of justice, of the law, or of God himself), or they even justify themselves by maxims from the current opinions of the herd, as "first servants of their people," or "instruments of the public weal". On the other hand, the gregarious European man nowadays assumes an air as if he were the only kind of man that is allowable, he glorifies his qualities, such as public spirit, kindness, deference, industry, temperance, modesty, indulgence, sympathy, by virtue of which he is gentle, endurable, and useful to the herd, as the peculiarly human virtues. In cases, however, where it is believed that the leader and bell-wether cannot be dispensed with, attempt after attempt is made nowadays to replace commanders by the summing together of clever gregarious men all representative constitutions, for example, are of this origin. In spite of all, what a blessing, what a deliverance from a weight becoming unendurable, is the appearance of an absolute ruler for these gregarious Europeans--of this fact the effect of the appearance of Napoleon was the last great proof the history of the influence of Napoleon is almost the history of the higher happiness to which the entire century has attained in its worthiest individuals and periods.

200. The man of an age of dissolution which mixes the races with one another, who has the inheritance of a diversified descent in his body--that is to say, contrary, and often not only contrary, instincts and standards of value, which struggle with one another and are seldom at peace--such a man of late culture and broken lights, will, on an average, be a weak man. His fundamental desire is that the war which is IN HIM should come to an end; happiness appears to him in the character of a soothing medicine and mode of thought (for instance, Epicurean or Christian); it is above all things the happiness of repose, of undisturbedness, of repletion, of final unity--it is the "Sabbath of Sabbaths," to use the expression of the holy rhetorician, St. Augustine, who was himself such a

man.--Should, however, the contrariety and conflict in such natures operate as an ADDITIONAL incentive and stimulus to life--and if, on the other hand, in addition to their powerful and irreconcilable instincts, they have also inherited and indoctrinated into them a proper mastery and subtlety for carrying on the conflict with themselves (that is to say, the faculty of self-control and self-deception), there then arise those marvelously incomprehensible and inexplicable beings, those enigmatical men, predestined for conquering and circumventing others, the finest examples of which are Alcibiades and Caesar (with whom I should like to associate the FIRST of Europeans according to my taste, the Hohenstaufen, Frederick the Second), and among artists, perhaps Leonardo da Vinci. They appear precisely in the same periods when that weaker type, with its longing for repose, comes to the front; the two types are complementary to each other, and spring from the same causes.

201. As long as the utility which determines moral estimates is only gregarious utility, as long as the preservation of the community is only kept in view, and the immoral is sought precisely and exclusively in what seems dangerous to the maintenance of the community, there can be no "morality of love to one's neighbour." Granted even that there is already a little constant exercise of consideration, sympathy, fairness, gentleness, and mutual assistance, granted that even in this condition of society all those instincts are already active which are latterly distinguished by honourable names as "virtues," and eventually almost coincide with the conception "morality": in that period they do not as yet belong to the domain of moral valuations--they are still ULTRA-MORAL. A sympathetic action, for instance, is neither called good nor bad, moral nor immoral, in the best period of the Romans; and should it be praised, a sort of resentful disdain is compatible with this praise, even at the best, directly the sympathetic action is compared with one which contributes to the welfare of the whole, to the RES PUBLICA. After all, "love to our neighbour" is always a secondary matter, partly conventional and arbitrarily manifested in relation to our FEAR OF OUR NEIGHBOUR. After the fabric of society seems on the whole established and secured against external dangers, it is this fear of our neighbour which again creates new perspectives of moral valuation. Certain strong and dangerous instincts, such as the love of enterprise, foolhardiness, revengefulness, astuteness, rapacity, and love of power, which up till then had not only to be honoured from the point of view of general utility--under other names, of course, than those here given--but had to be fostered and cultivated (because they were perpetually required in the common danger against the common enemies), are now felt in their dangerousness to be doubly strong--when the outlets for them are lacking--and are gradually branded as immoral and given over to calumny. The contrary instincts and inclinations now attain to moral honour, the gregarious instinct gradually draws its conclusions. How much or how little dangerousness to the community or to equality is contained in an opinion, a condition, an emotion, a disposition, or an endowment--that is now the moral perspective, here again fear is the mother of morals. It is by the loftiest and strongest instincts, when they break out passionately and carry the individual far above and beyond the average, and the low level of the gregarious conscience, that the self-reliance of the community is destroyed, its belief in itself, its backbone, as it were, breaks, consequently these very instincts will be most branded and defamed. The lofty independent spirituality, the will to stand alone, and even the cogent reason, are felt to be dangers, everything that elevates the individual above the herd, and is a source of fear to the neighbour, is henceforth called EVIL, the tolerant, unassuming, self-adapting, self-equalizing disposition, the MEDIOCRITY of desires, attains to moral distinction and honour. Finally, under very peaceful circumstances, there is always less opportunity and necessity for training the feelings to severity and rigour, and now every form of severity, even in justice, begins to disturb the conscience, a lofty and rigorous nobleness and self-responsibility almost offends, and awakens distrust, "the lamb," and still more "the sheep," wins respect. There is a point of diseased mellowness and effeminacy in the history of society, at which society itself takes the part of him who injures it, the part of the CRIMINAL, and does so, in fact, seriously and honestly. To punish, appears to it to be somehow unfair--it is certain that the idea of "punishment" and "the obligation to punish" are then painful and alarming to people. "Is it not sufficient if the criminal be rendered HARMLESS? Why should we still punish? Punishment itself is terrible!"--with these questions gregarious morality, the morality of fear, draws its ultimate conclusion. If one could at all do away with danger, the cause of fear, one would have done away with this morality at the same time, it would no longer be necessary, it WOULD NOT CONSIDER ITSELF any longer necessary!--Whoever examines the conscience of the present-day European, will always elicit the same imperative from its thousand moral folds and hidden recesses, the imperative of the timidity of the herd "we wish that some time or other there may be NOTHING MORE TO FEAR!" Some time or other--the will and the way THERETO is nowadays called "progress" all over Europe.

202. Let us at once say again what we have already said a hundred times, for people's ears nowadays are unwilling to hear such truths--OUR truths. We know well enough how offensive it sounds when any one plainly, and without metaphor, counts man among the animals, but it will be accounted to us almost a CRIME, that it is precisely in respect to men of "modern ideas" that we have constantly applied the terms "herd," "herd-instincts," and such like expressions. What avail is it? We cannot do otherwise, for it is precisely here that our new insight is. We have found that in all the principal moral judgments, Europe has become unanimous,

including likewise the countries where European influence prevails in Europe people evidently KNOW what Socrates thought he did not know, and what the famous serpent of old once promised to teach--they "know" today what is good and evil. It must then sound hard and be distasteful to the ear, when we always insist that that which here thinks it knows, that which here glorifies itself with praise and blame, and calls itself good, is the instinct of the herding human animal, the instinct which has come and is ever coming more and more to the front, to preponderance and supremacy over other instincts, according to the increasing physiological approximation and resemblance of which it is the symptom. MORALITY IN EUROPE AT PRESENT IS HERDING-ANIMAL MORALITY, and therefore, as we understand the matter, only one kind of human morality, beside which, before which, and after which many other moralities, and above all HIGHER moralities, are or should be possible. Against such a "possibility," against such a "should be," however, this morality defends itself with all its strength, it says obstinately and inexorably "I am morality itself and nothing else is morality!" Indeed, with the help of a religion which has humoured and flattered the sublimest desires of the herding-animal, things have reached such a point that we always find a more visible expression of this morality even in political and social arrangements: the DEMOCRATIC movement is the inheritance of the Christian movement. That its TEMPO, however, is much too slow and sleepy for the more impatient ones, for those who are sick and distracted by the herding-instinct, is indicated by the increasingly furious howling, and always less disguised teeth-gnashing of the anarchist dogs, who are now roving through the highways of European culture. Apparently in opposition to the peacefully industrious democrats and Revolution-ideologues, and still more so to the awkward philosophasters and fraternity-visionaries who call themselves Socialists and want a "free society," those are really at one with them all in their thorough and instinctive hostility to every form of society other than that of the AUTONOMOUS herd (to the extent even of repudiating the notions "master" and "servant"--ni dieu ni maitre, says a socialist formula); at one in their tenacious opposition to every special claim, every special right and privilege (this means ultimately opposition to EVERY right, for when all are equal, no one needs "rights" any longer); at one in their distrust of punitive justice (as though it were a violation of the weak, unfair to the NECESSARY consequences of all former society); but equally at one in their religion of sympathy, in their compassion for all that feels, lives, and suffers (down to the very animals, up even to "God"--the extravagance of "sympathy for God" belongs to a democratic age); altogether at one in the cry and impatience of their sympathy, in their deadly hatred of suffering generally, in their almost feminine incapacity for witnessing it or ALLOWING it; at one in their involuntary beglooming and heart-softening, under the spell of which Europe seems to be threatened with a new Buddhism; at one in their belief in the morality of MUTUAL sympathy, as though it were morality in itself, the climax, the ATTAINED climax of mankind, the sole hope of the future, the consolation of the present, the great discharge from all the obligations of the past; altogether at one in their belief in the community as the DELIVERER, in the herd, and therefore in "themselves."

203. We, who hold a different belief--we, who regard the democratic movement, not only as a degenerating form of political organization, but as equivalent to a degenerating, a waning type of man, as involving his mediocrising and depreciation: where have WE to fix our hopes? In NEW PHILOSOPHERS--there is no other alternative: in minds strong and original enough to initiate opposite estimates of value, to transvalue and invert "eternal valuations"; in forerunners, in men of the future, who in the present shall fix the constraints and fasten the knots which will compel millenniums to take NEW paths. To teach man the future of humanity as his WILL, as depending on human will, and to make preparation for vast hazardous enterprises and collective attempts in rearing and educating, in order thereby to put an end to the frightful rule of folly and chance which has hitherto gone by the name of "history" (the folly of the "greatest number" is only its last form)--for that purpose a new type of philosopher and commander will some time or other be needed, at the very idea of which everything that has existed in the way of occult, terrible, and benevolent beings might look pale and dwarfed. The image of such leaders hovers before OUR eyes:--is it lawful for me to say it aloud, ye free spirits? The conditions which one would partly have to create and partly utilize for their genesis; the presumptive methods and tests by virtue of which a soul should grow up to such an elevation and power as to feel a CONSTRAINT to these tasks; a transvaluation of values, under the new pressure and hammer of which a conscience should be steeled and a heart transformed into brass, so as to bear the weight of such responsibility; and on the other hand the necessity for such leaders, the dreadful danger that they might be lacking, or miscarry and degenerate:--these are OUR real anxieties and glooms, ye know it well, ye free spirits! these are the heavy distant thoughts and storms which sweep across the heaven of OUR life. There are few pains so grievous as to have seen, divined, or experienced how an exceptional man has missed his way and deteriorated; but he who has the rare eye for the universal danger of "man" himself DETERIORATING, he who like us has recognized the extraordinary fortuitousness which has hitherto played its game in respect to the future of mankind--a game in which neither the hand, nor even a "finger of God" has participated!--he who divines the fate that is hidden under the idiotic unwariness and blind confidence of "modern ideas," and still more under the whole of Christo-European morality--suffers from an anguish with which no other is to be compared. He sees at a glance all that could still BE MADE OUT OF MAN through a favourable accumulation and augmentation of human powers and arrangements; he knows with all the knowledge of his conviction how unexhausted man still is for the greatest possibilities, and

how often in the past the type man has stood in presence of mysterious decisions and new paths:--he knows still better from his painfulest recollections on what wretched obstacles promising developments of the highest rank have hitherto usually gone to pieces, broken down, sunk, and become contemptible. The UNIVERSAL DEGENERACY OF MANKIND to the level of the "man of the future"--as idealized by the socialistic fools and shallow-pates--this degeneracy and dwarfing of man to an absolutely gregarious animal (or as they call it, to a man of "free society"), this brutalizing of man into a pigmy with equal rights and claims, is undoubtedly POSSIBLE! He who has thought out this possibility to its ultimate conclusion knows ANOTHER loathing unknown to the rest of mankind--and perhaps also a new MISSION!

CHAPTER VI. WE SCHOLARS

204. At the risk that moralizing may also reveal itself here as that which it has always been--namely, resolutely MONTRER SES PLAIES, according to Balzac--I would venture to protest against an improper and injurious alteration of rank, which quite unnoticed, and as if with the best conscience, threatens nowadays to establish itself in the relations of science and philosophy. I mean to say that one must have the right out of one's own EXPERIENCE--experience, as it seems to me, always implies unfortunate experience?--to treat of such an important question of rank, so as not to speak of colour like the blind, or AGAINST science like women and artists ("Ah! this dreadful science!" sigh their instinct and their shame, "it always FINDS THINGS OUT!"). The declaration of independence of the scientific man, his emancipation from philosophy, is one of the subtler after-effects of democratic organization and disorganization: the self-glorification and self-conceitedness of the learned man is now everywhere in full bloom, and in its best springtime--which does not mean to imply that in this case self-praise smells sweet. Here also the instinct of the populace cries, "Freedom from all masters!" and after science has, with the happiest results, resisted theology, whose "hand-maid" it had been too long, it now proposes in its wantonness and indiscretion to lay down laws for philosophy, and in its turn to play the "master"--what am I saying! to play the PHILOSOPHER on its own account. My memory--the memory of a scientific man, if you please!--teems with the naivetes of insolence which I have heard about philosophy and philosophers from young naturalists and old physicians (not to mention the most cultured and most conceited of all learned men, the philologists and schoolmasters, who are both the one and the other by profession). On one occasion it was the specialist and the Jack Horner who instinctively stood on the defensive against all synthetic tasks and capabilities; at another time it was the industrious worker who had got a scent of OTIUM and refined luxuriousness in the internal economy of the philosopher, and felt himself aggrieved and belittled thereby. On another occasion it was the colour-blindness of the utilitarian, who sees nothing in philosophy but a series of REFUTED systems, and an extravagant expenditure which "does nobody any good". At another time the fear of disguised mysticism and of the boundary-adjustment of knowledge became conspicuous, at another time the disregard of individual philosophers, which had involuntarily extended to disregard of philosophy generally. In fine, I found most frequently, behind the proud disdain of philosophy in young scholars, the evil after-effect of some particular philosopher, to whom on the whole obedience had been foresworn, without, however, the spell of his scornful estimates of other philosophers having been got rid of--the result being a general ill-will to all philosophy. (Such seems to me, for instance, the after-effect of Schopenhauer on the most modern Germany: by his unintelligent rage against Hegel, he has succeeded in severing the whole of the last generation of Germans from its connection with German culture, which culture, all things considered, has been an elevation and a divining refinement of the HISTORICAL SENSE, but precisely at this point Schopenhauer himself was poor, irreceptive, and un-German to the extent of ingeniousness.) On the whole, speaking generally, it may just have been the humanness, all-too-humanness of the modern philosophers themselves, in short, their contemptibleness, which has injured most radically the reverence for philosophy and opened the doors to the instinct of the populace. Let it but be acknowledged to what an extent our modern world diverges from the whole style of the world of Heraclitus, Plato, Empedocles, and whatever else all the royal and magnificent anchorites of the spirit were called, and with what justice an honest man of science MAY feel himself of a better family and origin, in view of such representatives of philosophy, who, owing to the fashion of the present day, are just as much aloft as they are down below--in Germany, for instance, the two lions of Berlin, the anarchist Eugen Duhring and the amalgamist Eduard von Hartmann. It is especially the sight of those hotch-potch philosophers, who call themselves "realists," or "positivists," which is calculated to implant a dangerous distrust in the soul of a young and ambitious scholar those philosophers, at the best, are themselves but scholars and specialists, that is very evident! All of them are persons who have been vanquished and BROUGHT BACK AGAIN under the dominion of science, who at one time or another claimed more from themselves, without having a right to the "more" and its responsibility--and who now, creditably, rancorously, and vindictively, represent in word and deed, DISBELIEF in the master-task and supremacy of philosophy After all, how could it be otherwise? Science flourishes nowadays and has the good conscience clearly visible on its countenance, while that to which the entire modern philosophy has gradually sunk, the remnant of philosophy

of the present day, excites distrust and displeasure, if not scorn and pity Philosophy reduced to a "theory of knowledge," no more in fact than a diffident science of epochs and doctrine of forbearance a philosophy that never even gets beyond the threshold, and rigorously DENIES itself the right to enter--that is philosophy in its last throes, an end, an agony, something that awakens pity. How could such a philosophy--RULE!

205. The dangers that beset the evolution of the philosopher are, in fact, so manifold nowadays, that one might doubt whether this fruit could still come to maturity. The extent and towering structure of the sciences have increased enormously, and therewith also the probability that the philosopher will grow tired even as a learner, or will attach himself somewhere and "specialize" so that he will no longer attain to his elevation, that is to say, to his superspection, his circumspection, and his DESPECTION. Or he gets aloft too late, when the best of his maturity and strength is past, or when he is impaired, coarsened, and deteriorated, so that his view, his general estimate of things, is no longer of much importance. It is perhaps just the refinement of his intellectual conscience that makes him hesitate and linger on the way, he dreads the temptation to become a dilettante, a millepede, a milleantenna, he knows too well that as a discerner, one who has lost his self-respect no longer commands, no longer LEADS, unless he should aspire to become a great play-actor, a philosophical Cagliostro and spiritual rat-catcher--in short, a misleader. This is in the last instance a question of taste, if it has not really been a question of conscience. To double once more the philosopher's difficulties, there is also the fact that he demands from himself a verdict, a Yea or Nay, not concerning science, but concerning life and the worth of life--he learns unwillingly to believe that it is his right and even his duty to obtain this verdict, and he has to seek his way to the right and the belief only through the most extensive (perhaps disturbing and destroying) experiences, often hesitating, doubting, and dumbfounded. In fact, the philosopher has long been mistaken and confused by the multitude, either with the scientific man and ideal scholar, or with the religiously elevated, desensualized, desecularized visionary and God-intoxicated man; and even yet when one hears anybody praised, because he lives "wisely," or "as a philosopher," it hardly means anything more than "prudently and apart." Wisdom: that seems to the populace to be a kind of flight, a means and artifice for withdrawing successfully from a bad game; but the GENUINE philosopher--does it not seem so to US, my friends?--lives "unphilosophically" and "unwisely," above all, IMPRUDENTLY, and feels the obligation and burden of a hundred attempts and temptations of life--he risks HIMSELF constantly, he plays THIS bad game.

206. In relation to the genius, that is to say, a being who either ENGENDERS or PRODUCES--both words understood in their fullest sense--the man of learning, the scientific average man, has always something of the old maid about him; for, like her, he is not conversant with the two principal functions of man. To both, of course, to the scholar and to the old maid, one concedes respectability, as if by way of indemnification--in these cases one emphasizes the respectability--and yet, in the compulsion of this concession, one has the same admixture of vexation. Let us examine more closely: what is the scientific man? Firstly, a commonplace type of man, with commonplace virtues: that is to say, a non-ruling, non-authoritative, and non-self-sufficient type of man; he possesses industry, patient adaptableness to rank and file, equability and moderation in capacity and requirement; he has the instinct for people like himself, and for that which they require--for instance: the portion of independence and green meadow without which there is no rest from labour, the claim to honour and consideration (which first and foremost presupposes recognition and recognisability), the sunshine of a good name, the perpetual ratification of his value and usefulness, with which the inward DISTRUST which lies at the bottom of the heart of all dependent men and gregarious animals, has again and again to be overcome. The learned man, as is appropriate, has also maladies and faults of an ignoble kind: he is full of petty envy, and has a lynx-eye for the weak points in those natures to whose elevations he cannot attain. He is confiding, yet only as one who lets himself go, but does not FLOW; and precisely before the man of the great current he stands all the colder and more reserved--his eye is then like a smooth and irresponsive lake, which is no longer moved by rapture or sympathy. The worst and most dangerous thing of which a scholar is capable results from the instinct of mediocrity of his type, from the Jesuitism of mediocrity, which labours instinctively for the destruction of the exceptional man, and endeavours to break--or still better, to relax--every bent bow To relax, of course, with consideration, and naturally with an indulgent hand--to RELAX with confiding sympathy that is the real art of Jesuitism, which has always understood how to introduce itself as the religion of sympathy.

207. However gratefully one may welcome the OBJECTIVE spirit--and who has not been sick to death of all subjectivity and its confounded IPSISIMOSITY!--in the end, however, one must learn caution even with regard to one's gratitude, and put a stop to the exaggeration with which the unselfing and depersonalizing of the spirit has recently been celebrated, as if it were the goal in itself, as if it were salvation and glorification--as is especially accustomed to happen in the pessimist school, which has also in its turn good reasons for paying the highest honours to "disinterested knowledge" The objective man, who no longer curses and scolds like the pessimist, the IDEAL man of learning in whom the scientific instinct blossoms forth fully after a thousand complete and partial failures, is assuredly one of the most costly instruments that exist, but his place is in the hand of one who is more powerful He is

only an instrument, we may say, he is a MIRROR--he is no "purpose in himself" The objective man is in truth a mirror accustomed to prostration before everything that wants to be known, with such desires only as knowing or "reflecting" implies--he waits until something comes, and then expands himself sensitively, so that even the light footsteps and gliding-past of spiritual beings may not be lost on his surface and film Whatever "personality" he still possesses seems to him accidental, arbitrary, or still oftener, disturbing, so much has he come to regard himself as the passage and reflection of outside forms and events He calls up the recollection of "himself" with an effort, and not infrequently wrongly, he readily confounds himself with other persons, he makes mistakes with regard to his own needs, and here only is he unrefined and negligent Perhaps he is troubled about the health, or the pettiness and confined atmosphere of wife and friend, or the lack of companions and society--indeed, he sets himself to reflect on his suffering, but in vain! His thoughts already rove away to the MORE GENERAL case, and tomorrow he knows as little as he knew yesterday how to help himself He does not now take himself seriously and devote time to himself he is serene, NOT from lack of trouble, but from lack of capacity for grasping and dealing with HIS trouble The habitual complaisance with respect to all objects and experiences, the radiant and impartial hospitality with which he receives everything that comes his way, his habit of inconsiderate good-nature, of dangerous indifference as to Yea and Nay: alas! there are enough of cases in which he has to atone for these virtues of his!--and as man generally, he becomes far too easily the CAPUT MORTUUM of such virtues. Should one wish love or hatred from him--I mean love and hatred as God, woman, and animal understand them--he will do what he can, and furnish what he can. But one must not be surprised if it should not be much--if he should show himself just at this point to be false, fragile, questionable, and deteriorated. His love is constrained, his hatred is artificial, and rather UN TOUR DE FORCE, a slight ostentation and exaggeration. He is only genuine so far as he can be objective; only in his serene totality is he still "nature" and "natural." His mirroring and eternally self-polishing soul no longer knows how to affirm, no longer how to deny; he does not command; neither does he destroy. "JE NE MEPRISE PRESQUE RIEN"--he says, with Leibniz: let us not overlook nor undervalue the PRESQUE! Neither is he a model man; he does not go in advance of any one, nor after, either; he places himself generally too far off to have any reason for espousing the cause of either good or evil. If he has been so long confounded with the PHILOSOPHER, with the Caesarian trainer and dictator of civilization, he has had far too much honour, and what is more essential in him has been overlooked--he is an instrument, something of a slave, though certainly the sublimest sort of slave, but nothing in himself--PRESQUE RIEN! The objective man is an instrument, a costly, easily injured, easily tarnished measuring instrument and mirroring apparatus, which is to be taken care of and respected; but he is no goal, not outgoing nor upgoing, no complementary man in whom the REST of existence justifies itself, no termination--and still less a commencement, an engendering, or primary cause, nothing hardy, powerful, self-centred, that wants to be master; but rather only a soft, inflated, delicate, movable potter's-form, that must wait for some kind of content and frame to "shape" itself thereto--for the most part a man without frame and content, a "selfless" man. Consequently, also, nothing for women, IN PARENTHESI.

208. When a philosopher nowadays makes known that he is not a skeptic--I hope that has been gathered from the foregoing description of the objective spirit?--people all hear it impatiently; they regard him on that account with some apprehension, they would like to ask so many, many questions... indeed among timid hearers, of whom there are now so many, he is henceforth said to be dangerous. With his repudiation of skepticism, it seems to them as if they heard some evil-threatening sound in the distance, as if a new kind of explosive were being tried somewhere, a dynamite of the spirit, perhaps a newly discovered Russian NIHILINE, a pessimism BONAE VOLUNTATIS, that not only denies, means denial, but--dreadful thought! PRACTISES denial. Against this kind of "good-will"--a will to the veritable, actual negation of life--there is, as is generally acknowledged nowadays, no better soporific and sedative than skepticism, the mild, pleasing, lulling poppy of skepticism; and Hamlet himself is now prescribed by the doctors of the day as an antidote to the "spirit," and its underground noises. "Are not our ears already full of bad sounds?" say the skeptics, as lovers of repose, and almost as a kind of safety police; "this subterranean Nay is terrible! Be still, ye pessimistic moles!" The skeptic, in effect, that delicate creature, is far too easily frightened; his conscience is schooled so as to start at every Nay, and even at that sharp, decided Yea, and feels something like a bite thereby. Yea! and Nay!--they seem to him opposed to morality; he loves, on the contrary, to make a festival to his virtue by a noble aloofness, while perhaps he says with Montaigne: "What do I know?" Or with Socrates: "I know that I know nothing." Or: "Here I do not trust myself, no door is open to me." Or: "Even if the door were open, why should I enter immediately?" Or: "What is the use of any hasty hypotheses? It might quite well be in good taste to make no hypotheses at all. Are you absolutely obliged to straighten at once what is crooked? to stuff every hole with some kind of oakum? Is there not time enough for that? Has not the time leisure? Oh, ye demons, can ye not at all WAIT? The uncertain also has its charms, the Sphinx, too, is a Circe, and Circe, too, was a philosopher."--Thus does a skeptic console himself; and in truth he needs some consolation. For skepticism is the most spiritual expression of a certain many-sided physiological temperament, which in ordinary language is called nervous debility and sickliness; it arises whenever races or classes which have been long separated, decisively and suddenly blend with one another. In the new generation, which has inherited as it were different standards and

valuations in its blood, everything is disquiet, derangement, doubt, and tentativeness; the best powers operate restrictively, the very virtues prevent each other growing and becoming strong, equilibrium, ballast, and perpendicular stability are lacking in body and soul. That, however, which is most diseased and degenerated in such nondescripts is the WILL; they are no longer familiar with independence of decision, or the courageous feeling of pleasure in willing--they are doubtful of the "freedom of the will" even in their dreams Our present-day Europe, the scene of a senseless, precipitate attempt at a radical blending of classes, and CONSEQUENTLY of races, is therefore skeptical in all its heights and depths, sometimes exhibiting the mobile skepticism which springs impatiently and wantonly from branch to branch, sometimes with gloomy aspect, like a cloud over-charged with interrogative signs--and often sick unto death of its will! Paralysis of will, where do we not find this cripple sitting nowadays! And yet how bedecked oftentimes' How seductively ornamented! There are the finest gala dresses and disguises for this disease, and that, for instance, most of what places itself nowadays in the show-cases as "objectiveness," "the scientific spirit," "L'ART POUR L'ART," and "pure voluntary knowledge," is only decked-out skepticism and paralysis of will--I am ready to answer for this diagnosis of the European disease--The disease of the will is diffused unequally over Europe, it is worst and most varied where civilization has longest prevailed, it decreases according as "the barbarian" still--or again--asserts his claims under the loose drapery of Western culture It is therefore in the France of today, as can be readily disclosed and comprehended, that the will is most infirm, and France, which has always had a masterly aptitude for converting even the portentous crises of its spirit into something charming and seductive, now manifests emphatically its intellectual ascendancy over Europe, by being the school and exhibition of all the charms of skepticism The power to will and to persist, moreover, in a resolution, is already somewhat stronger in Germany, and again in the North of Germany it is stronger than in Central Germany, it is considerably stronger in England, Spain, and Corsica, associated with phlegm in the former and with hard skulls in the latter--not to mention Italy, which is too young yet to know what it wants, and must first show whether it can exercise will, but it is strongest and most surprising of all in that immense middle empire where Europe as it were flows back to Asia--namely, in Russia There the power to will has been long stored up and accumulated, there the will--uncertain whether to be negative or affirmative--waits threateningly to be discharged (to borrow their pet phrase from our physicists) Perhaps not only Indian wars and complications in Asia would be necessary to free Europe from its greatest danger, but also internal subversion, the shattering of the empire into small states, and above all the introduction of parliamentary imbecility, together with the obligation of every one to read his newspaper at breakfast I do not say this as one who desires it, in my heart I should rather prefer the contrary--I mean such an increase in the threatening attitude of Russia, that Europe would have to make up its mind to become equally threatening--namely, TO ACQUIRE ONE WILL, by means of a new caste to rule over the Continent, a persistent, dreadful will of its own, that can set its aims thousands of years ahead; so that the long spun-out comedy of its petty-statism, and its dynastic as well as its democratic many-willed-ness, might finally be brought to a close. The time for petty politics is past; the next century will bring the struggle for the dominion of the world--the COMPULSION to great politics.

209. As to how far the new warlike age on which we Europeans have evidently entered may perhaps favour the growth of another and stronger kind of skepticism, I should like to express myself preliminarily merely by a parable, which the lovers of German history will already understand. That unscrupulous enthusiast for big, handsome grenadiers (who, as King of Prussia, brought into being a military and skeptical genius--and therewith, in reality, the new and now triumphantly emerged type of German), the problematic, crazy father of Frederick the Great, had on one point the very knack and lucky grasp of the genius: he knew what was then lacking in Germany, the want of which was a hundred times more alarming and serious than any lack of culture and social form--his ill-will to the young Frederick resulted from the anxiety of a profound instinct. MEN WERE LACKING; and he suspected, to his bitterest regret, that his own son was not man enough. There, however, he deceived himself; but who would not have deceived himself in his place? He saw his son lapsed to atheism, to the ESPRIT, to the pleasant frivolity of clever Frenchmen--he saw in the background the great bloodsucker, the spider skepticism; he suspected the incurable wretchedness of a heart no longer hard enough either for evil or good, and of a broken will that no longer commands, is no longer ABLE to command. Meanwhile, however, there grew up in his son that new kind of harder and more dangerous skepticism--who knows TO WHAT EXTENT it was encouraged just by his father's hatred and the icy melancholy of a will condemned to solitude?--the skepticism of daring manliness, which is closely related to the genius for war and conquest, and made its first entrance into Germany in the person of the great Frederick. This skepticism despises and nevertheless grasps; it undermines and takes possession; it does not believe, but it does not thereby lose itself; it gives the spirit a dangerous liberty, but it keeps strict guard over the heart. It is the GERMAN form of skepticism, which, as a continued Fredericianism, risen to the highest spirituality, has kept Europe for a considerable time under the dominion of the German spirit and its critical and historical distrust Owing to the insuperably strong and tough masculine character of the great German philologists and historical critics (who, rightly estimated, were also all of them artists of destruction and dissolution), a NEW conception of the German spirit gradually established itself--in spite of all Romanticism in music and philosophy--in which the leaning towards masculine skepticism was decidedly prominent whether, for instance, as fearlessness of

gaze, as courage and sternness of the dissecting hand, or as resolute will to dangerous voyages of discovery, to spiritualized North Pole expeditions under barren and dangerous skies. There may be good grounds for it when warm-blooded and superficial humanitarians cross themselves before this spirit, CET ESPRIT FATALISTE, IRONIQUE, MEPHISTOPHELIQUE, as Michelet calls it, not without a shudder. But if one would realize how characteristic is this fear of the "man" in the German spirit which awakened Europe out of its "dogmatic slumber," let us call to mind the former conception which had to be overcome by this new one--and that it is not so very long ago that a masculinized woman could dare, with unbridled presumption, to recommend the Germans to the interest of Europe as gentle, good-hearted, weak-willed, and poetical fools. Finally, let us only understand profoundly enough Napoleon's astonishment when he saw Goethe it reveals what had been regarded for centuries as the "German spirit" "VOILA UN HOMME!"--that was as much as to say "But this is a MAN! And I only expected to see a German!"

210. Supposing, then, that in the picture of the philosophers of the future, some trait suggests the question whether they must not perhaps be skeptics in the last-mentioned sense, something in them would only be designated thereby--and not they themselves. With equal right they might call themselves critics, and assuredly they will be men of experiments. By the name with which I ventured to baptize them, I have already expressly emphasized their attempting and their love of attempting is this because, as critics in body and soul, they will love to make use of experiments in a new, and perhaps wider and more dangerous sense? In their passion for knowledge, will they have to go further in daring and painful attempts than the sensitive and pampered taste of a democratic century can approve of?--There is no doubt these coming ones will be least able to dispense with the serious and not unscrupulous qualities which distinguish the critic from the skeptic I mean the certainty as to standards of worth, the conscious employment of a unity of method, the wary courage, the standing-alone, and the capacity for self-responsibility, indeed, they will avow among themselves a DELIGHT in denial and dissection, and a certain considerate cruelty, which knows how to handle the knife surely and deftly, even when the heart bleeds They will be STERNER (and perhaps not always towards themselves only) than humane people may desire, they will not deal with the "truth" in order that it may "please" them, or "elevate" and "inspire" them--they will rather have little faith in "TRUTH" bringing with it such revels for the feelings. They will smile, those rigorous spirits, when any one says in their presence "That thought elevates me, why should it not be true?" or "That work enchants me, why should it not be beautiful?" or "That artist enlarges me, why should he not be great?" Perhaps they will not only have a smile, but a genuine disgust for all that is thus rapturous, idealistic, feminine, and hermaphroditic, and if any one could look into their inmost hearts, he would not easily find therein the intention to reconcile "Christian sentiments" with "antique taste," or even with "modern parliamentarism" (the kind of reconciliation necessarily found even among philosophers in our very uncertain and consequently very conciliatory century). Critical discipline, and every habit that conduces to purity and rigour in intellectual matters, will not only be demanded from themselves by these philosophers of the future, they may even make a display thereof as their special adornment--nevertheless they will not want to be called critics on that account. It will seem to them no small indignity to philosophy to have it decreed, as is so welcome nowadays, that "philosophy itself is criticism and critical science--and nothing else whatever!" Though this estimate of philosophy may enjoy the approval of all the Positivists of France and Germany (and possibly it even flattered the heart and taste of KANT: let us call to mind the titles of his principal works), our new philosophers will say, notwithstanding, that critics are instruments of the philosopher, and just on that account, as instruments, they are far from being philosophers themselves! Even the great Chinaman of Konigsberg was only a great critic.

211. I insist upon it that people finally cease confounding philosophical workers, and in general scientific men, with philosophers--that precisely here one should strictly give "each his own," and not give those far too much, these far too little. It may be necessary for the education of the real philosopher that he himself should have once stood upon all those steps upon which his servants, the scientific workers of philosophy, remain standing, and MUST remain standing he himself must perhaps have been critic, and dogmatist, and historian, and besides, poet, and collector, and traveler, and riddle-reader, and moralist, and seer, and "free spirit," and almost everything, in order to traverse the whole range of human values and estimations, and that he may BE ABLE with a variety of eyes and consciences to look from a height to any distance, from a depth up to any height, from a nook into any expanse. But all these are only preliminary conditions for his task; this task itself demands something else--it requires him TO CREATE VALUES. The philosophical workers, after the excellent pattern of Kant and Hegel, have to fix and formalize some great existing body of valuations--that is to say, former DETERMINATIONS OF VALUE, creations of value, which have become prevalent, and are for a time called "truths"--whether in the domain of the LOGICAL, the POLITICAL (moral), or the ARTISTIC. It is for these investigators to make whatever has happened and been esteemed hitherto, conspicuous, conceivable, intelligible, and manageable, to shorten everything long, even "time" itself, and to SUBJUGATE the entire past: an immense and wonderful task, in the carrying out of which all refined pride, all tenacious will, can surely find satisfaction. THE REAL PHILOSOPHERS, HOWEVER, ARE COMMANDERS AND LAW-GIVERS; they say: "Thus SHALL it be!" They determine first the Whither and the Why of mankind,

and thereby set aside the previous labour of all philosophical workers, and all subjugators of the past--they grasp at the future with a creative hand, and whatever is and was, becomes for them thereby a means, an instrument, and a hammer. Their "knowing" is CREATING, their creating is a law-giving, their will to truth is--WILL TO POWER.--Are there at present such philosophers? Have there ever been such philosophers? MUST there not be such philosophers some day? ...

212. It is always more obvious to me that the philosopher, as a man INDISPENSABLE for the morrow and the day after the morrow, has ever found himself, and HAS BEEN OBLIGED to find himself, in contradiction to the day in which he lives; his enemy has always been the ideal of his day. Hitherto all those extraordinary furtherers of humanity whom one calls philosophers--who rarely regarded themselves as lovers of wisdom, but rather as disagreeable fools and dangerous interrogators--have found their mission, their hard, involuntary, imperative mission (in the end, however, the greatness of their mission), in being the bad conscience of their age. In putting the vivisector's knife to the breast of the very VIRTUES OF THEIR AGE, they have betrayed their own secret; it has been for the sake of a NEW greatness of man, a new untrodden path to his aggrandizement. They have always disclosed how much hypocrisy, indolence, self-indulgence, and self-neglect, how much falsehood was concealed under the most venerated types of contemporary morality, how much virtue was OUTLIVED, they have always said "We must remove hence to where YOU are least at home" In the face of a world of "modern ideas," which would like to confine every one in a corner, in a "specialty," a philosopher, if there could be philosophers nowadays, would be compelled to place the greatness of man, the conception of "greatness," precisely in his comprehensiveness and multifariousness, in his all-roundness, he would even determine worth and rank according to the amount and variety of that which a man could bear and take upon himself, according to the EXTENT to which a man could stretch his responsibility Nowadays the taste and virtue of the age weaken and attenuate the will, nothing is so adapted to the spirit of the age as weakness of will consequently, in the ideal of the philosopher, strength of will, sternness, and capacity for prolonged resolution, must specially be included in the conception of "greatness", with as good a right as the opposite doctrine, with its ideal of a silly, renouncing, humble, selfless humanity, was suited to an opposite age--such as the sixteenth century, which suffered from its accumulated energy of will, and from the wildest torrents and floods of selfishness In the time of Socrates, among men only of worn-out instincts, old conservative Athenians who let themselves go--"for the sake of happiness," as they said, for the sake of pleasure, as their conduct indicated--and who had continually on their lips the old pompous words to which they had long forfeited the right by the life they led, IRONY was perhaps necessary for greatness of soul, the wicked Socratic assurance of the old physician and plebeian, who cut ruthlessly into his own flesh, as into the flesh and heart of the "noble," with a look that said plainly enough "Do not dissemble before me! here--we are equal!" At present, on the contrary, when throughout Europe the herding-animal alone attains to honours, and dispenses honours, when "equality of right" can too readily be transformed into equality in wrong--I mean to say into general war against everything rare, strange, and privileged, against the higher man, the higher soul, the higher duty, the higher responsibility, the creative plenipotence and lordliness--at present it belongs to the conception of "greatness" to be noble, to wish to be apart, to be capable of being different, to stand alone, to have to live by personal initiative, and the philosopher will betray something of his own ideal when he asserts "He shall be the greatest who can be the most solitary, the most concealed, the most divergent, the man beyond good and evil, the master of his virtues, and of super-abundance of will; precisely this shall be called GREATNESS: as diversified as can be entire, as ample as can be full." And to ask once more the question: Is greatness POSSIBLE--nowadays?

213. It is difficult to learn what a philosopher is, because it cannot be taught: one must "know" it by experience--or one should have the pride NOT to know it. The fact that at present people all talk of things of which they CANNOT have any experience, is true more especially and unfortunately as concerns the philosopher and philosophical matters:--the very few know them, are permitted to know them, and all popular ideas about them are false. Thus, for instance, the truly philosophical combination of a bold, exuberant spirituality which runs at presto pace, and a dialectic rigour and necessity which makes no false step, is unknown to most thinkers and scholars from their own experience, and therefore, should any one speak of it in their presence, it is incredible to them. They conceive of every necessity as troublesome, as a painful compulsory obedience and state of constraint; thinking itself is regarded by them as something slow and hesitating, almost as a trouble, and often enough as "worthy of the SWEAT of the noble"--but not at all as something easy and divine, closely related to dancing and exuberance! "To think" and to take a matter "seriously," "arduously"--that is one and the same thing to them; such only has been their "experience."--Artists have here perhaps a finer intuition; they who know only too well that precisely when they no longer do anything "arbitrarily," and everything of necessity, their feeling of freedom, of subtlety, of power, of creatively fixing, disposing, and shaping, reaches its climax--in short, that necessity and "freedom of will" are then the same thing with them. There is, in fine, a gradation of rank in psychical states, to which the gradation of rank in the problems corresponds; and the highest problems repel ruthlessly every one who ventures too near them, without being predestined for their solution by the loftiness and power of his spirituality. Of what use is it for nimble, everyday intellects, or

clumsy, honest mechanics and empiricists to press, in their plebeian ambition, close to such problems, and as it were into this "holy of holies"--as so often happens nowadays! But coarse feet must never tread upon such carpets: this is provided for in the primary law of things; the doors remain closed to those intruders, though they may dash and break their heads thereon. People have always to be born to a high station, or, more definitely, they have to be BRED for it: a person has only a right to philosophy--taking the word in its higher significance--in virtue of his descent; the ancestors, the "blood," decide here also. Many generations must have prepared the way for the coming of the philosopher; each of his virtues must have been separately acquired, nurtured, transmitted, and embodied; not only the bold, easy, delicate course and current of his thoughts, but above all the readiness for great responsibilities, the majesty of ruling glance and contemning look, the feeling of separation from the multitude with their duties and virtues, the kindly patronage and defense of whatever is misunderstood and calumniated, be it God or devil, the delight and practice of supreme justice, the art of commanding, the amplitude of will, the lingering eye which rarely admires, rarely looks up, rarely loves....

CHAPTER VII. OUR VIRTUES

214. OUR Virtues?--It is probable that we, too, have still our virtues, although naturally they are not those sincere and massive virtues on account of which we hold our grandfathers in esteem and also at a little distance from us. We Europeans of the day after tomorrow, we firstlings of the twentieth century--with all our dangerous curiosity, our multifariousness and art of disguising, our mellow and seemingly sweetened cruelty in sense and spirit--we shall presumably, IF we must have virtues, have those only which have come to agreement with our most secret and heartfelt inclinations, with our most ardent requirements: well, then, let us look for them in our labyrinths!--where, as we know, so many things lose themselves, so many things get quite lost! And is there anything finer than to SEARCH for one's own virtues? Is it not almost to BELIEVE in one's own virtues? But this "believing in one's own virtues"--is it not practically the same as what was formerly called one's "good conscience," that long, respectable pigtail of an idea, which our grandfathers used to hang behind their heads, and often enough also behind their understandings? It seems, therefore, that however little we may imagine ourselves to be old-fashioned and grandfatherly respectable in other respects, in one thing we are nevertheless the worthy grandchildren of our grandfathers, we last Europeans with good consciences: we also still wear their pigtail.--Ah! if you only knew how soon, so very soon--it will be different!

215. As in the stellar firmament there are sometimes two suns which determine the path of one planet, and in certain cases suns of different colours shine around a single planet, now with red light, now with green, and then simultaneously illumine and flood it with motley colours: so we modern men, owing to the complicated mechanism of our "firmament," are determined by DIFFERENT moralities; our actions shine alternately in different colours, and are seldom unequivocal--and there are often cases, also, in which our actions are MOTLEY-COLOURED.

216. To love one's enemies? I think that has been well learnt: it takes place thousands of times at present on a large and small scale; indeed, at times the higher and sublimer thing takes place:--we learn to DESPISE when we love, and precisely when we love best; all of it, however, unconsciously, without noise, without ostentation, with the shame and secrecy of goodness, which forbids the utterance of the pompous word and the formula of virtue. Morality as attitude--is opposed to our taste nowadays. This is ALSO an advance, as it was an advance in our fathers that religion as an attitude finally became opposed to their taste, including the enmity and Voltairean bitterness against religion (and all that formerly belonged to freethinker-pantomime). It is the music in our conscience, the dance in our spirit, to which Puritan litanies, moral sermons, and goody-goodness won't chime.

217. Let us be careful in dealing with those who attach great importance to being credited with moral tact and subtlety in moral discernment! They never forgive us if they have once made a mistake BEFORE us (or even with REGARD to us)--they inevitably become our instinctive calumniators and detractors, even when they still remain our "friends."--Blessed are the forgetful: for they "get the better" even of their blunders.

218. The psychologists of France--and where else are there still psychologists nowadays?--have never yet exhausted their bitter and manifold enjoyment of the betise bourgeoise, just as though... in short, they betray something thereby. Flaubert, for instance, the honest citizen of Rouen, neither saw, heard, nor tasted anything else in the end; it was his mode of self-torment and refined cruelty. As this is growing wearisome, I would now recommend for a change something else for a pleasure--namely, the unconscious astuteness with which good, fat, honest mediocrity always behaves towards loftier spirits and the tasks they have to perform, the subtle, barbed, Jesuitical astuteness, which is a thousand times subtler than the taste and understanding of the middle-class in its best moments--subtler even than the understanding of its victims:--a repeated proof that "instinct" is the most

intelligent of all kinds of intelligence which have hitherto been discovered. In short, you psychologists, study the philosophy of the "rule" in its struggle with the "exception": there you have a spectacle fit for Gods and godlike malignity! Or, in plainer words, practise vivisection on "good people," on the "homo bonae voluntatis," ON YOURSELVES!

219. The practice of judging and condemning morally, is the favourite revenge of the intellectually shallow on those who are less so, it is also a kind of indemnity for their being badly endowed by nature, and finally, it is an opportunity for acquiring spirit and BECOMING subtle--malice spiritualises. They are glad in their inmost heart that there is a standard according to which those who are over-endowed with intellectual goods and privileges, are equal to them, they contend for the "equality of all before God," and almost NEED the belief in God for this purpose. It is among them that the most powerful antagonists of atheism are found. If any one were to say to them "A lofty spirituality is beyond all comparison with the honesty and respectability of a merely moral man"--it would make them furious, I shall take care not to say so. I would rather flatter them with my theory that lofty spirituality itself exists only as the ultimate product of moral qualities, that it is a synthesis of all qualities attributed to the "merely moral" man, after they have been acquired singly through long training and practice, perhaps during a whole series of generations, that lofty spirituality is precisely the spiritualising of justice, and the beneficent severity which knows that it is authorized to maintain GRADATIONS OF RANK in the world, even among things--and not only among men.

220. Now that the praise of the "disinterested person" is so popular one must--probably not without some danger--get an idea of WHAT people actually take an interest in, and what are the things generally which fundamentally and profoundly concern ordinary men--including the cultured, even the learned, and perhaps philosophers also, if appearances do not deceive. The fact thereby becomes obvious that the greater part of what interests and charms higher natures, and more refined and fastidious tastes, seems absolutely "uninteresting" to the average man--if, notwithstanding, he perceive devotion to these interests, he calls it desinteresse, and wonders how it is possible to act "disinterestedly." There have been philosophers who could give this popular astonishment a seductive and mystical, other-worldly expression (perhaps because they did not know the higher nature by experience?), instead of stating the naked and candidly reasonable truth that "disinterested" action is very interesting and "interested" action, provided that... "And love?"--What! Even an action for love's sake shall be "unegoistic"? But you fools--! "And the praise of the self-sacrificer?"--But whoever has really offered sacrifice knows that he wanted and obtained something for it--perhaps something from himself for something from himself; that he relinquished here in order to have more there, perhaps in general to be more, or even feel himself "more." But this is a realm of questions and answers in which a more fastidious spirit does not like to stay: for here truth has to stifle her yawns so much when she is obliged to answer. And after all, truth is a woman; one must not use force with her.

221. "It sometimes happens," said a moralistic pedant and trifle-retailer, "that I honour and respect an unselfish man: not, however, because he is unselfish, but because I think he has a right to be useful to another man at his own expense. In short, the question is always who HE is, and who THE OTHER is. For instance, in a person created and destined for command, self-denial and modest retirement, instead of being virtues, would be the waste of virtues: so it seems to me. Every system of unegoistic morality which takes itself unconditionally and appeals to every one, not only sins against good taste, but is also an incentive to sins of omission, an ADDITIONAL seduction under the mask of philanthropy--and precisely a seduction and injury to the higher, rarer, and more privileged types of men. Moral systems must be compelled first of all to bow before the GRADATIONS OF RANK; their presumption must be driven home to their conscience--until they thoroughly understand at last that it is IMMORAL to say that 'what is right for one is proper for another.'"--So said my moralistic pedant and bonhomme. Did he perhaps deserve to be laughed at when he thus exhorted systems of morals to practise morality? But one should not be too much in the right if one wishes to have the laughers on ONE'S OWN side; a grain of wrong pertains even to good taste.

222. Wherever sympathy (fellow-suffering) is preached nowadays--and, if I gather rightly, no other religion is any longer preached--let the psychologist have his ears open through all the vanity, through all the noise which is natural to these preachers (as to all preachers), he will hear a hoarse, groaning, genuine note of SELF-CONTEMPT. It belongs to the overshadowing and uglifying of Europe, which has been on the increase for a century (the first symptoms of which are already specified documentarily in a thoughtful letter of Galiani to Madame d'Epinay)--IF IT IS NOT REALLY THE CAUSE THEREOF! The man of "modern ideas," the conceited ape, is excessively dissatisfied with himself--this is perfectly certain. He suffers, and his vanity wants him only "to suffer with his fellows."

223. The hybrid European--a tolerably ugly plebeian, taken all in all--absolutely requires a costume: he needs history as a storeroom of costumes. To be sure, he notices that none of the costumes fit him properly--he changes and changes. Let us look at the nineteenth century with respect to these hasty preferences and changes in its masquerades of style, and also with respect to its moments of desperation on account of "nothing suiting" us. It is in vain to get ourselves up as romantic, or classical, or Christian, or

Florentine, or barocco, or "national," in moribus et artibus: it does not "clothe us"! But the "spirit," especially the "historical spirit," profits even by this desperation: once and again a new sample of the past or of the foreign is tested, put on, taken off, packed up, and above all studied--we are the first studious age in puncto of "costumes," I mean as concerns morals, articles of belief, artistic tastes, and religions; we are prepared as no other age has ever been for a carnival in the grand style, for the most spiritual festival--laughter and arrogance, for the transcendental height of supreme folly and Aristophanic ridicule of the world. Perhaps we are still discovering the domain of our invention just here, the domain where even we can still be original, probably as parodists of the world's history and as God's Merry-Andrews,--perhaps, though nothing else of the present have a future, our laughter itself may have a future!

224. The historical sense (or the capacity for divining quickly the order of rank of the valuations according to which a people, a community, or an individual has lived, the "divining instinct" for the relationships of these valuations, for the relation of the authority of the valuations to the authority of the operating forces),--this historical sense, which we Europeans claim as our specialty, has come to us in the train of the enchanting and mad semi-barbarity into which Europe has been plunged by the democratic mingling of classes and races--it is only the nineteenth century that has recognized this faculty as its sixth sense. Owing to this mingling, the past of every form and mode of life, and of cultures which were formerly closely contiguous and superimposed on one another, flows forth into us "modern souls"; our instincts now run back in all directions, we ourselves are a kind of chaos: in the end, as we have said, the spirit perceives its advantage therein. By means of our semi-barbarity in body and in desire, we have secret access everywhere, such as a noble age never had; we have access above all to the labyrinth of imperfect civilizations, and to every form of semi-barbarity that has at any time existed on earth; and in so far as the most considerable part of human civilization hitherto has just been semi-barbarity, the "historical sense" implies almost the sense and instinct for everything, the taste and tongue for everything: whereby it immediately proves itself to be an IGNOBLE sense. For instance, we enjoy Homer once more: it is perhaps our happiest acquisition that we know how to appreciate Homer, whom men of distinguished culture (as the French of the seventeenth century, like Saint-Evremond, who reproached him for his ESPRIT VASTE, and even Voltaire, the last echo of the century) cannot and could not so easily appropriate--whom they scarcely permitted themselves to enjoy. The very decided Yea and Nay of their palate, their promptly ready disgust, their hesitating reluctance with regard to everything strange, their horror of the bad taste even of lively curiosity, and in general the averseness of every distinguished and self-sufficing culture to avow a new desire, a dissatisfaction with its own condition, or an admiration of what is strange: all this determines and disposes them unfavourably even towards the best things of the world which are not their property or could not become their prey--and no faculty is more unintelligible to such men than just this historical sense, with its truckling, plebeian curiosity. The case is not different with Shakespeare, that marvelous Spanish-Moorish-Saxon synthesis of taste, over whom an ancient Athenian of the circle of AEschylus would have half-killed himself with laughter or irritation: but we--accept precisely this wild motleyness, this medley of the most delicate, the most coarse, and the most artificial, with a secret confidence and cordiality; we enjoy it as a refinement of art reserved expressly for us, and allow ourselves to be as little disturbed by the repulsive fumes and the proximity of the English populace in which Shakespeare's art and taste lives, as perhaps on the Chiaja of Naples, where, with all our senses awake, we go our way, enchanted and voluntarily, in spite of the drain-odour of the lower quarters of the town. That as men of the "historical sense" we have our virtues, is not to be disputed:--we are unpretentious, unselfish, modest, brave, habituated to self-control and self-renunciation, very grateful, very patient, very complaisant--but with all this we are perhaps not very "tasteful." Let us finally confess it, that what is most difficult for us men of the "historical sense" to grasp, feel, taste, and love, what finds us fundamentally prejudiced and almost hostile, is precisely the perfection and ultimate maturity in every culture and art, the essentially noble in works and men, their moment of smooth sea and halcyon self-sufficiency, the goldenness and coldness which all things show that have perfected themselves. Perhaps our great virtue of the historical sense is in necessary contrast to GOOD taste, at least to the very bad taste; and we can only evoke in ourselves imperfectly, hesitatingly, and with compulsion the small, short, and happy godsends and glorifications of human life as they shine here and there: those moments and marvelous experiences when a great power has voluntarily come to a halt before the boundless and infinite,--when a super-abundance of refined delight has been enjoyed by a sudden checking and petrifying, by standing firmly and planting oneself fixedly on still trembling ground. PROPORTIONATENESS is strange to us, let us confess it to ourselves; our itching is really the itching for the infinite, the immeasurable. Like the rider on his forward panting horse, we let the reins fall before the infinite, we modern men, we semi-barbarians--and are only in OUR highest bliss when we--ARE IN MOST DANGER.

225. Whether it be hedonism, pessimism, utilitarianism, or eudaemonism, all those modes of thinking which measure the worth of things according to PLEASURE and PAIN, that is, according to accompanying circumstances and secondary considerations, are plausible modes of thought and naivetes, which every one conscious of CREATIVE powers and an artist's conscience will look

down upon with scorn, though not without sympathy. Sympathy for you!--to be sure, that is not sympathy as you understand it: it is not sympathy for social "distress," for "society" with its sick and misfortuned, for the hereditarily vicious and defective who lie on the ground around us; still less is it sympathy for the grumbling, vexed, revolutionary slave-classes who strive after power--they call it "freedom." OUR sympathy is a loftier and further-sighted sympathy:--we see how MAN dwarfs himself, how YOU dwarf him! and there are moments when we view YOUR sympathy with an indescribable anguish, when we resist it,--when we regard your seriousness as more dangerous than any kind of levity. You want, if possible--and there is not a more foolish "if possible"--TO DO AWAY WITH SUFFERING; and we?--it really seems that WE would rather have it increased and made worse than it has ever been! Well-being, as you understand it--is certainly not a goal; it seems to us an END; a condition which at once renders man ludicrous and contemptible--and makes his destruction DESIRABLE! The discipline of suffering, of GREAT suffering--know ye not that it is only THIS discipline that has produced all the elevations of humanity hitherto? The tension of soul in misfortune which communicates to it its energy, its shuddering in view of rack and ruin, its inventiveness and bravery in undergoing, enduring, interpreting, and exploiting misfortune, and whatever depth, mystery, disguise, spirit, artifice, or greatness has been bestowed upon the soul--has it not been bestowed through suffering, through the discipline of great suffering? In man CREATURE and CREATOR are united: in man there is not only matter, shred, excess, clay, mire, folly, chaos; but there is also the creator, the sculptor, the hardness of the hammer, the divinity of the spectator, and the seventh day--do ye understand this contrast? And that YOUR sympathy for the "creature in man" applies to that which has to be fashioned, bruised, forged, stretched, roasted, annealed, refined--to that which must necessarily SUFFER, and IS MEANT to suffer? And our sympathy--do ye not understand what our REVERSE sympathy applies to, when it resists your sympathy as the worst of all pampering and enervation?--So it is sympathy AGAINST sympathy!--But to repeat it once more, there are higher problems than the problems of pleasure and pain and sympathy; and all systems of philosophy which deal only with these are naivetes.

226. WE IMMORALISTS.--This world with which WE are concerned, in which we have to fear and love, this almost invisible, inaudible world of delicate command and delicate obedience, a world of "almost" in every respect, captious, insidious, sharp, and tender--yes, it is well protected from clumsy spectators and familiar curiosity! We are woven into a strong net and garment of duties, and CANNOT disengage ourselves--precisely here, we are "men of duty," even we! Occasionally, it is true, we dance in our "chains" and betwixt our "swords"; it is none the less true that more often we gnash our teeth under the circumstances, and are impatient at the secret hardship of our lot. But do what we will, fools and appearances say of us: "These are men WITHOUT duty,"--we have always fools and appearances against us!

227. Honesty, granting that it is the virtue of which we cannot rid ourselves, we free spirits--well, we will labour at it with all our perversity and love, and not tire of "perfecting" ourselves in OUR virtue, which alone remains: may its glance some day overspread like a gilded, blue, mocking twilight this aging civilization with its dull gloomy seriousness! And if, nevertheless, our honesty should one day grow weary, and sigh, and stretch its limbs, and find us too hard, and would fain have it pleasanter, easier, and gentler, like an agreeable vice, let us remain HARD, we latest Stoics, and let us send to its help whatever devilry we have in us:--our disgust at the clumsy and undefined, our "NITIMUR IN VETITUM," our love of adventure, our sharpened and fastidious curiosity, our most subtle, disguised, intellectual Will to Power and universal conquest, which rambles and roves avidiously around all the realms of the future--let us go with all our "devils" to the help of our "God"! It is probable that people will misunderstand and mistake us on that account: what does it matter! They will say: "Their 'honesty'--that is their devilry, and nothing else!" What does it matter! And even if they were right--have not all Gods hitherto been such sanctified, re-baptized devils? And after all, what do we know of ourselves? And what the spirit that leads us wants TO BE CALLED? (It is a question of names.) And how many spirits we harbour? Our honesty, we free spirits--let us be careful lest it become our vanity, our ornament and ostentation, our limitation, our stupidity! Every virtue inclines to stupidity, every stupidity to virtue; "stupid to the point of sanctity," they say in Russia,--let us be careful lest out of pure honesty we eventually become saints and bores! Is not life a hundred times too short for us--to bore ourselves? One would have to believe in eternal life in order to...

228. I hope to be forgiven for discovering that all moral philosophy hitherto has been tedious and has belonged to the soporific appliances--and that "virtue," in my opinion, has been MORE injured by the TEDIOUSNESS of its advocates than by anything else; at the same time, however, I would not wish to overlook their general usefulness. It is desirable that as few people as possible should reflect upon morals, and consequently it is very desirable that morals should not some day become interesting! But let us not be afraid! Things still remain today as they have always been: I see no one in Europe who has (or DISCLOSES) an idea of the fact that philosophizing concerning morals might be conducted in a dangerous, captious, and ensnaring manner--that CALAMITY might be involved therein. Observe, for example, the indefatigable, inevitable English utilitarians: how ponderously and respectably they stalk on, stalk along (a Homeric metaphor expresses it better) in the footsteps of Bentham, just as he had already stalked in

the footsteps of the respectable Helvetius! (no, he was not a dangerous man, Helvetius, CE SENATEUR POCOCURANTE, to use an expression of Galiani). No new thought, nothing of the nature of a finer turning or better expression of an old thought, not even a proper history of what has been previously thought on the subject: an IMPOSSIBLE literature, taking it all in all, unless one knows how to leaven it with some mischief. In effect, the old English vice called CANT, which is MORAL TARTUFFISM, has insinuated itself also into these moralists (whom one must certainly read with an eye to their motives if one MUST read them), concealed this time under the new form of the scientific spirit; moreover, there is not absent from them a secret struggle with the pangs of conscience, from which a race of former Puritans must naturally suffer, in all their scientific tinkering with morals. (Is not a moralist the opposite of a Puritan? That is to say, as a thinker who regards morality as questionable, as worthy of interrogation, in short, as a problem? Is moralizing not-immoral?) In the end, they all want English morality to be recognized as authoritative, inasmuch as mankind, or the "general utility," or "the happiness of the greatest number,"--no! the happiness of ENGLAND, will be best served thereby. They would like, by all means, to convince themselves that the striving after English happiness, I mean after COMFORT and FASHION (and in the highest instance, a seat in Parliament), is at the same time the true path of virtue; in fact, that in so far as there has been virtue in the world hitherto, it has just consisted in such striving. Not one of those ponderous, conscience-stricken herding-animals (who undertake to advocate the cause of egoism as conducive to the general welfare) wants to have any knowledge or inkling of the facts that the "general welfare" is no ideal, no goal, no notion that can be at all grasped, but is only a nostrum,--that what is fair to one MAY NOT at all be fair to another, that the requirement of one morality for all is really a detriment to higher men, in short, that there is a DISTINCTION OF RANK between man and man, and consequently between morality and morality. They are an unassuming and fundamentally mediocre species of men, these utilitarian Englishmen, and, as already remarked, in so far as they are tedious, one cannot think highly enough of their utility. One ought even to ENCOURAGE them, as has been partially attempted in the following rhymes:--

Hail, ye worthies, barrow-wheeling, "Longer--better," aye revealing,

Stiffer aye in head and knee; Unenraptured, never jesting, Mediocre everlasting,

SANS GENIE ET SANS ESPRIT!

229. In these later ages, which may be proud of their humanity, there still remains so much fear, so much SUPERSTITION of the fear, of the "cruel wild beast," the mastering of which constitutes the very pride of these humaner ages--that even obvious truths, as if by the agreement of centuries, have long remained unuttered, because they have the appearance of helping the finally slain wild beast back to life again. I perhaps risk something when I allow such a truth to escape; let others capture it again and give it so much "milk of pious sentiment" [FOOTNOTE: An expression from Schiller's William Tell, Act IV, Scene 3.] to drink, that it will lie down quiet and forgotten, in its old corner.--One ought to learn anew about cruelty, and open one's eyes; one ought at last to learn impatience, in order that such immodest gross errors--as, for instance, have been fostered by ancient and modern philosophers with regard to tragedy--may no longer wander about virtuously and boldly. Almost everything that we call "higher culture" is based upon the spiritualising and intensifying of CRUELTY--this is my thesis; the "wild beast" has not been slain at all, it lives, it flourishes, it has only been--transfigured. That which constitutes the painful delight of tragedy is cruelty; that which operates agreeably in so-called tragic sympathy, and at the basis even of everything sublime, up to the highest and most delicate thrills of metaphysics, obtains its sweetness solely from the intermingled ingredient of cruelty. What the Roman enjoys in the arena, the Christian in the ecstasies of the cross, the Spaniard at the sight of the faggot and stake, or of the bull-fight, the present-day Japanese who presses his way to the tragedy, the workman of the Parisian suburbs who has a homesickness for bloody revolutions, the Wagnerienne who, with unhinged will, "undergoes" the performance of "Tristan and Isolde"--what all these enjoy, and strive with mysterious ardour to drink in, is the philtre of the great Circe "cruelty." Here, to be sure, we must put aside entirely the blundering psychology of former times, which could only teach with regard to cruelty that it originated at the sight of the suffering of OTHERS: there is an abundant, super-abundant enjoyment even in one's own suffering, in causing one's own suffering--and wherever man has allowed himself to be persuaded to self-denial in the RELIGIOUS sense, or to self-mutilation, as among the Phoenicians and ascetics, or in general, to desensualisation, decarnalisation, and contrition, to Puritanical repentance-spasms, to vivisection of conscience and to Pascal-like SACRIFIZIA DELL' INTELLETO, he is secretly allured and impelled forwards by his cruelty, by the dangerous thrill of cruelty TOWARDS HIMSELF.--Finally, let us consider that even the seeker of knowledge operates as an artist and glorifier of cruelty, in that he compels his spirit to perceive AGAINST its own inclination, and often enough against the wishes of his heart:--he forces it to say Nay, where he would like to affirm, love, and adore; indeed, every instance of taking a thing profoundly and fundamentally, is a violation, an intentional injuring of the fundamental will of the spirit, which instinctively aims at appearance and superficiality,--even in every desire for knowledge there is a drop of cruelty.

230. Perhaps what I have said here about a "fundamental will of the spirit" may not be understood without further details; I may be allowed a word of explanation.--That imperious something which is popularly called "the spirit," wishes to be master internally and externally, and to feel itself master; it has the will of a multiplicity for a simplicity, a binding, taming, imperious, and essentially ruling will. Its requirements and capacities here, are the same as those assigned by physiologists to everything that lives, grows, and multiplies. The power of the spirit to appropriate foreign elements reveals itself in a strong tendency to assimilate the new to the old, to simplify the manifold, to overlook or repudiate the absolutely contradictory; just as it arbitrarily re-underlines, makes prominent, and falsifies for itself certain traits and lines in the foreign elements, in every portion of the "outside world." Its object thereby is the incorporation of new "experiences," the assortment of new things in the old arrangements--in short, growth; or more properly, the FEELING of growth, the feeling of increased power--is its object. This same will has at its service an apparently opposed impulse of the spirit, a suddenly adopted preference of ignorance, of arbitrary shutting out, a closing of windows, an inner denial of this or that, a prohibition to approach, a sort of defensive attitude against much that is knowable, a contentment with obscurity, with the shutting-in horizon, an acceptance and approval of ignorance: as that which is all necessary according to the degree of its appropriating power, its "digestive power," to speak figuratively (and in fact "the spirit" resembles a stomach more than anything else). Here also belong an occasional propensity of the spirit to let itself be deceived (perhaps with a waggish suspicion that it is NOT so and so, but is only allowed to pass as such), a delight in uncertainty and ambiguity, an exulting enjoyment of arbitrary, out-of-the-way narrowness and mystery, of the too-near, of the foreground, of the magnified, the diminished, the misshapen, the beautified--an enjoyment of the arbitrariness of all these manifestations of power. Finally, in this connection, there is the not unscrupulous readiness of the spirit to deceive other spirits and dissemble before them--the constant pressing and straining of a creating, shaping, changeable power: the spirit enjoys therein its craftiness and its variety of disguises, it enjoys also its feeling of security therein--it is precisely by its Protean arts that it is best protected and concealed!--COUNTER TO this propensity for appearance, for simplification, for a disguise, for a cloak, in short, for an outside--for every outside is a cloak--there operates the sublime tendency of the man of knowledge, which takes, and INSISTS on taking things profoundly, variously, and thoroughly; as a kind of cruelty of the intellectual conscience and taste, which every courageous thinker will acknowledge in himself, provided, as it ought to be, that he has sharpened and hardened his eye sufficiently long for introspection, and is accustomed to severe discipline and even severe words. He will say: "There is something cruel in the tendency of my spirit": let the virtuous and amiable try to convince him that it is not so! In fact, it would sound nicer, if, instead of our cruelty, perhaps our "extravagant honesty" were talked about, whispered about, and glorified--we free, VERY free spirits--and some day perhaps SUCH will actually be our--posthumous glory! Meanwhile--for there is plenty of time until then--we should be least inclined to deck ourselves out in such florid and fringed moral verbiage; our whole former work has just made us sick of this taste and its sprightly exuberance. They are beautiful, glistening, jingling, festive words: honesty, love of truth, love of wisdom, sacrifice for knowledge, heroism of the truthful--there is something in them that makes one's heart swell with pride. But we anchorites and marmots have long ago persuaded ourselves in all the secrecy of an anchorite's conscience, that this worthy parade of verbiage also belongs to the old false adornment, frippery, and gold-dust of unconscious human vanity, and that even under such flattering colour and repainting, the terrible original text HOMO NATURA must again be recognized. In effect, to translate man back again into nature; to master the many vain and visionary interpretations and subordinate meanings which have hitherto been scratched and daubed over the eternal original text, HOMO NATURA; to bring it about that man shall henceforth stand before man as he now, hardened by the discipline of science, stands before the OTHER forms of nature, with fearless Oedipus-eyes, and stopped Ulysses-ears, deaf to the enticements of old metaphysical bird-catchers, who have piped to him far too long: "Thou art more! thou art higher! thou hast a different origin!"--this may be a strange and foolish task, but that it is a TASK, who can deny! Why did we choose it, this foolish task? Or, to put the question differently: "Why knowledge at all?" Every one will ask us about this. And thus pressed, we, who have asked ourselves the question a hundred times, have not found and cannot find any better answer....

231. Learning alters us, it does what all nourishment does that does not merely "conserve"--as the physiologist knows. But at the bottom of our souls, quite "down below," there is certainly something unteachable, a granite of spiritual fate, of predetermined decision and answer to predetermined, chosen questions. In each cardinal problem there speaks an unchangeable "I am this"; a thinker cannot learn anew about man and woman, for instance, but can only learn fully--he can only follow to the end what is "fixed" about them in himself. Occasionally we find certain solutions of problems which make strong beliefs for us; perhaps they are henceforth called "convictions." Later on--one sees in them only footsteps to self-knowledge, guide-posts to the problem which we ourselves ARE--or more correctly to the great stupidity which we embody, our spiritual fate, the UNTEACHABLE in us, quite "down below."--In view of this liberal compliment which I have just paid myself, permission will perhaps be more readily allowed me to utter some truths about "woman as she is," provided that it is known at the outset how literally they are merely--MY truths.

232. Woman wishes to be independent, and therefore she begins to enlighten men about "woman as she is"--THIS is one of the worst developments of the general UGLIFYING of Europe. For what must these clumsy attempts of feminine scientificality and self-exposure bring to light! Woman has so much cause for shame; in woman there is so much pedantry, superficiality, schoolmasterliness, petty presumption, unbridledness, and indiscretion concealed--study only woman's behaviour towards children!--which has really been best restrained and dominated hitherto by the FEAR of man. Alas, if ever the "eternally tedious in woman"--she has plenty of it!--is allowed to venture forth! if she begins radically and on principle to unlearn her wisdom and art-of charming, of playing, of frightening away sorrow, of alleviating and taking easily; if she forgets her delicate aptitude for agreeable desires! Female voices are already raised, which, by Saint Aristophanes! make one afraid:--with medical explicitness it is stated in a threatening manner what woman first and last REQUIRES from man. Is it not in the very worst taste that woman thus sets herself up to be scientific? Enlightenment hitherto has fortunately been men's affair, men's gift--we remained therewith "among ourselves"; and in the end, in view of all that women write about "woman," we may well have considerable doubt as to whether woman really DESIRES enlightenment about herself--and CAN desire it. If woman does not thereby seek a new ORNAMENT for herself--I believe ornamentation belongs to the eternally feminine?--why, then, she wishes to make herself feared: perhaps she thereby wishes to get the mastery. But she does not want truth--what does woman care for truth? From the very first, nothing is more foreign, more repugnant, or more hostile to woman than truth--her great art is falsehood, her chief concern is appearance and beauty. Let us confess it, we men: we honour and love this very art and this very instinct in woman: we who have the hard task, and for our recreation gladly seek the company of beings under whose hands, glances, and delicate follies, our seriousness, our gravity, and profundity appear almost like follies to us. Finally, I ask the question: Did a woman herself ever acknowledge profundity in a woman's mind, or justice in a woman's heart? And is it not true that on the whole "woman" has hitherto been most despised by woman herself, and not at all by us?--We men desire that woman should not continue to compromise herself by enlightening us; just as it was man's care and the consideration for woman, when the church decreed: mulier taceat in ecclesia. It was to the benefit of woman when Napoleon gave the too eloquent Madame de Stael to understand: mulier taceat in politicis!--and in my opinion, he is a true friend of woman who calls out to women today: mulier taceat de mulierel.

233. It betrays corruption of the instincts--apart from the fact that it betrays bad taste--when a woman refers to Madame Roland, or Madame de Stael, or Monsieur George Sand, as though something were proved thereby in favour of "woman as she is." Among men, these are the three comical women as they are--nothing more!--and just the best involuntary counter-arguments against feminine emancipation and autonomy.

234. Stupidity in the kitchen; woman as cook; the terrible thoughtlessness with which the feeding of the family and the master of the house is managed! Woman does not understand what food means, and she insists on being cook! If woman had been a thinking creature, she should certainly, as cook for thousands of years, have discovered the most important physiological facts, and should likewise have got possession of the healing art! Through bad female cooks--through the entire lack of reason in the kitchen--the development of mankind has been longest retarded and most interfered with: even today matters are very little better. A word to High School girls.

235. There are turns and casts of fancy, there are sentences, little handfuls of words, in which a whole culture, a whole society suddenly crystallises itself. Among these is the incidental remark of Madame de Lambert to her son: "MON AMI, NE VOUS PERMETTEZ JAMAIS QUE DES FOLIES, QUI VOUS FERONT GRAND PLAISIR"--the motherliest and wisest remark, by the way, that was ever addressed to a son.

236. I have no doubt that every noble woman will oppose what Dante and Goethe believed about woman--the former when he sang, "ELLA GUARDAVA SUSO, ED IO IN LEI," and the latter when he interpreted it, "the eternally feminine draws us ALOFT"; for THIS is just what she believes of the eternally masculine.

237.

SEVEN APOPHTHEGMS FOR WOMEN

How the longest ennui flees, When a man comes to our knees!

Age, alas! and science staid, Furnish even weak virtue aid.

Sombre garb and silence meet: Dress for every dame--discreet.

Whom I thank when in my bliss? God!--and my good tailoress!

Young, a flower-decked cavern home; Old, a dragon thence doth roam.

Noble title, leg that's fine, Man as well: Oh, were HE mine!

Speech in brief and sense in mass--Slippery for the jenny-ass!

237A. Woman has hitherto been treated by men like birds, which, losing their way, have come down among them from an elevation: as something delicate, fragile, wild, strange, sweet, and animating--but as something also which must be cooped up to prevent it flying away.

238. To be mistaken in the fundamental problem of "man and woman," to deny here the profoundest antagonism and the necessity for an eternally hostile tension, to dream here perhaps of equal rights, equal training, equal claims and obligations: that is a TYPICAL sign of shallow-mindedness; and a thinker who has proved himself shallow at this dangerous spot--shallow in instinct!--may generally be regarded as suspicious, nay more, as betrayed, as discovered; he will probably prove too "short" for all fundamental questions of life, future as well as present, and will be unable to descend into ANY of the depths. On the other hand, a man who has depth of spirit as well as of desires, and has also the depth of benevolence which is capable of severity and harshness, and easily confounded with them, can only think of woman as ORIENTALS do: he must conceive of her as a possession, as confinable property, as a being predestined for service and accomplishing her mission therein--he must take his stand in this matter upon the immense rationality of Asia, upon the superiority of the instinct of Asia, as the Greeks did formerly; those best heirs and scholars of Asia--who, as is well known, with their INCREASING culture and amplitude of power, from Homer to the time of Pericles, became gradually STRICTER towards woman, in short, more Oriental. HOW necessary, HOW logical, even HOW humanely desirable this was, let us consider for ourselves!

239. The weaker sex has in no previous age been treated with so much respect by men as at present--this belongs to the tendency and fundamental taste of democracy, in the same way as disrespectfulness to old age--what wonder is it that abuse should be immediately made of this respect? They want more, they learn to make claims, the tribute of respect is at last felt to be well-nigh galling; rivalry for rights, indeed actual strife itself, would be preferred: in a word, woman is losing modesty. And let us immediately add that she is also losing taste. She is unlearning to FEAR man: but the woman who "unlearns to fear" sacrifices her most womanly instincts. That woman should venture forward when the fear-inspiring quality in man--or more definitely, the MAN in man--is no longer either desired or fully developed, is reasonable enough and also intelligible enough; what is more difficult to understand is that precisely thereby--woman deteriorates. This is what is happening nowadays: let us not deceive ourselves about it! Wherever the industrial spirit has triumphed over the military and aristocratic spirit, woman strives for the economic and legal independence of a clerk: "woman as clerkess" is inscribed on the portal of the modern society which is in course of formation. While she thus appropriates new rights, aspires to be "master," and inscribes "progress" of woman on her flags and banners, the very opposite realises itself with terrible obviousness: WOMAN RETROGRADES. Since the French Revolution the influence of woman in Europe has DECLINED in proportion as she has increased her rights and claims; and the "emancipation of woman," insofar as it is desired and demanded by women themselves (and not only by masculine shallow-pates), thus proves to be a remarkable symptom of the increased weakening and deadening of the most womanly instincts. There is STUPIDITY in this movement, an almost masculine stupidity, of which a well-reared woman--who is always a sensible woman--might be heartily ashamed. To lose the intuition as to the ground upon which she can most surely achieve victory; to neglect exercise in the use of her proper weapons; to let-herself-go before man, perhaps even "to the book," where formerly she kept herself in control and in refined, artful humility; to neutralize with her virtuous audacity man's faith in a VEILED, fundamentally different ideal in woman, something eternally, necessarily feminine; to emphatically and loquaciously dissuade man from the idea that woman must be preserved, cared for, protected, and indulged, like some delicate, strangely wild, and often pleasant domestic animal; the clumsy and indignant collection of everything of the nature of servitude and bondage which the position of woman in the hitherto existing order of society has entailed and still entails (as though slavery were a counter-argument, and not rather a condition of every higher culture, of every elevation of culture):--what does all this betoken, if not a disintegration of womanly instincts, a defeminising? Certainly, there are enough of idiotic friends and corrupters of woman among the learned asses of the masculine sex, who advise woman to defeminize herself in this manner, and to imitate all the stupidities from which "man" in Europe, European "manliness," suffers,--who would like to lower woman to "general culture," indeed even to newspaper reading and meddling with politics. Here and there they wish even to make women into free spirits and literary workers: as though a woman without piety would not be something perfectly obnoxious or ludicrous to a profound and godless man;--almost everywhere her nerves are being ruined by the most morbid and dangerous kind of music (our latest German music), and she is daily being made more hysterical and more incapable of fulfilling her first and

last function, that of bearing robust children. They wish to "cultivate" her in general still more, and intend, as they say, to make the "weaker sex" STRONG by culture: as if history did not teach in the most emphatic manner that the "cultivating" of mankind and his weakening--that is to say, the weakening, dissipating, and languishing of his FORCE OF WILL--have always kept pace with one another, and that the most powerful and influential women in the world (and lastly, the mother of Napoleon) had just to thank their force of will--and not their schoolmasters--for their power and ascendancy over men. That which inspires respect in woman, and often enough fear also, is her NATURE, which is more "natural" than that of man, her genuine, carnivora-like, cunning flexibility, her tiger-claws beneath the glove, her NAIVETE in egoism, her untrainableness and innate wildness, the incomprehensibleness, extent, and deviation of her desires and virtues. That which, in spite of fear, excites one's sympathy for the dangerous and beautiful cat, "woman," is that she seems more afflicted, more vulnerable, more necessitous of love, and more condemned to disillusionment than any other creature. Fear and sympathy it is with these feelings that man has hitherto stood in the presence of woman, always with one foot already in tragedy, which rends while it delights--What? And all that is now to be at an end? And the DISENCHANTMENT of woman is in progress? The tediousness of woman is slowly evolving? Oh Europe! Europe! We know the horned animal which was always most attractive to thee, from which danger is ever again threatening thee! Thy old fable might once more become "history"--an immense stupidity might once again overmaster thee and carry thee away! And no God concealed beneath it--no! only an "idea," a "modern idea"!

CHAPTER VIII. PEOPLES AND COUNTRIES

240. I HEARD, once again for the first time, Richard Wagner's overture to the Mastersinger: it is a piece of magnificent, gorgeous, heavy, latter-day art, which has the pride to presuppose two centuries of music as still living, in order that it may be understood:--it is an honour to Germans that such a pride did not miscalculate! What flavours and forces, what seasons and climes do we not find mingled in it! It impresses us at one time as ancient, at another time as foreign, bitter, and too modern, it is as arbitrary as it is pompously traditional, it is not infrequently roguish, still oftener rough and coarse--it has fire and courage, and at the same time the loose, dun-coloured skin of fruits which ripen too late. It flows broad and full: and suddenly there is a moment of inexplicable hesitation, like a gap that opens between cause and effect, an oppression that makes us dream, almost a nightmare; but already it broadens and widens anew, the old stream of delight--the most manifold delight,--of old and new happiness; including ESPECIALLY the joy of the artist in himself, which he refuses to conceal, his astonished, happy cognizance of his mastery of the expedients here employed, the new, newly acquired, imperfectly tested expedients of art which he apparently betrays to us. All in all, however, no beauty, no South, nothing of the delicate southern clearness of the sky, nothing of grace, no dance, hardly a will to logic; a certain clumsiness even, which is also emphasized, as though the artist wished to say to us: "It is part of my intention"; a cumbersome drapery, something arbitrarily barbaric and ceremonious, a flirring of learned and venerable conceits and witticisms; something German in the best and worst sense of the word, something in the German style, manifold, formless, and inexhaustible; a certain German potency and super-plenitude of soul, which is not afraid to hide itself under the RAFFINEMENTS of decadence--which, perhaps, feels itself most at ease there; a real, genuine token of the German soul, which is at the same time young and aged, too ripe and yet still too rich in futurity. This kind of music expresses best what I think of the Germans: they belong to the day before yesterday and the day after tomorrow--THEY HAVE AS YET NO TODAY.

241. We "good Europeans," we also have hours when we allow ourselves a warm-hearted patriotism, a plunge and relapse into old loves and narrow views--I have just given an example of it--hours of national excitement, of patriotic anguish, and all other sorts of old-fashioned floods of sentiment. Duller spirits may perhaps only get done with what confines its operations in us to hours and plays itself out in hours--in a considerable time: some in half a year, others in half a lifetime, according to the speed and strength with which they digest and "change their material." Indeed, I could think of sluggish, hesitating races, which even in our rapidly moving Europe, would require half a century ere they could surmount such atavistic attacks of patriotism and soil-attachment, and return once more to reason, that is to say, to "good Europeanism." And while digressing on this possibility, I happen to become an ear-witness of a conversation between two old patriots--they were evidently both hard of hearing and consequently spoke all the louder. "HE has as much, and knows as much, philosophy as a peasant or a corps-student," said the one--"he is still innocent. But what does that matter nowadays! It is the age of the masses: they lie on their belly before everything that is massive. And so also in politicis. A statesman who rears up for them a new Tower of Babel, some monstrosity of empire and power, they call 'great'--what does it matter that we more prudent and conservative ones do not meanwhile give up the old belief that it is only the great thought that gives greatness to an action or affair. Supposing a statesman were to bring his people into the position of being obliged henceforth to practise 'high politics,' for which they were by nature badly endowed and prepared, so that they would have to sacrifice their old and reliable virtues, out of love to a new and doubtful mediocrity;--supposing a statesman were to condemn his

people generally to 'practise politics,' when they have hitherto had something better to do and think about, and when in the depths of their souls they have been unable to free themselves from a prudent loathing of the restlessness, emptiness, and noisy wranglings of the essentially politics-practising nations;--supposing such a statesman were to stimulate the slumbering passions and avidities of his people, were to make a stigma out of their former diffidence and delight in aloofness, an offence out of their exoticism and hidden permanency, were to depreciate their most radical proclivities, subvert their consciences, make their minds narrow, and their tastes 'national'--what! a statesman who should do all this, which his people would have to do penance for throughout their whole future, if they had a future, such a statesman would be GREAT, would he?"--"Undoubtedly!" replied the other old patriot vehemently, "otherwise he COULD NOT have done it! It was mad perhaps to wish such a thing! But perhaps everything great has been just as mad at its commencement!"--"Misuse of words!" cried his interlocutor, contradictorily--"strong! strong! Strong and mad! NOT great!"--The old men had obviously become heated as they thus shouted their "truths" in each other's faces, but I, in my happiness and apartness, considered how soon a stronger one may become master of the strong, and also that there is a compensation for the intellectual superficialising of a nation--namely, in the deepening of another.

242. Whether we call it "civilization," or "humanising," or "progress," which now distinguishes the European, whether we call it simply, without praise or blame, by the political formula the DEMOCRATIC movement in Europe--behind all the moral and political foregrounds pointed to by such formulas, an immense PHYSIOLOGICAL PROCESS goes on, which is ever extending the process of the assimilation of Europeans, their increasing detachment from the conditions under which, climatically and hereditarily, united races originate, their increasing independence of every definite milieu, that for centuries would fain inscribe itself with equal demands on soul and body,--that is to say, the slow emergence of an essentially SUPER-NATIONAL and nomadic species of man, who possesses, physiologically speaking, a maximum of the art and power of adaptation as his typical distinction. This process of the EVOLVING EUROPEAN, which can be retarded in its TEMPO by great relapses, but will perhaps just gain and grow thereby in vehemence and depth--the still-raging storm and stress of "national sentiment" pertains to it, and also the anarchism which is appearing at present--this process will probably arrive at results on which its naive propagators and panegyrists, the apostles of "modern ideas," would least care to reckon. The same new conditions under which on an average a levelling and mediocrising of man will take place--a useful, industrious, variously serviceable, and clever gregarious man--are in the highest degree suitable to give rise to exceptional men of the most dangerous and attractive qualities. For, while the capacity for adaptation, which is every day trying changing conditions, and begins a new work with every generation, almost with every decade, makes the POWERFULNESS of the type impossible; while the collective impression of such future Europeans will probably be that of numerous, talkative, weak-willed, and very handy workmen who REQUIRE a master, a commander, as they require their daily bread; while, therefore, the democratising of Europe will tend to the production of a type prepared for SLAVERY in the most subtle sense of the term: the STRONG man will necessarily in individual and exceptional cases, become stronger and richer than he has perhaps ever been before--owing to the unprejudicedness of his schooling, owing to the immense variety of practice, art, and disguise. I meant to say that the democratising of Europe is at the same time an involuntary arrangement for the rearing of TYRANTS--taking the word in all its meanings, even in its most spiritual sense.

243. I hear with pleasure that our sun is moving rapidly towards the constellation Hercules: and I hope that the men on this earth will do like the sun. And we foremost, we good Europeans!

244. There was a time when it was customary to call Germans "deep" by way of distinction; but now that the most successful type of new Germanism is covetous of quite other honours, and perhaps misses "smartness" in all that has depth, it is almost opportune and patriotic to doubt whether we did not formerly deceive ourselves with that commendation: in short, whether German depth is not at bottom something different and worse--and something from which, thank God, we are on the point of successfully ridding ourselves. Let us try, then, to relearn with regard to German depth; the only thing necessary for the purpose is a little vivisection of the German soul.--The German soul is above all manifold, varied in its source, aggregated and super-imposed, rather than actually built: this is owing to its origin. A German who would embolden himself to assert: "Two souls, alas, dwell in my breast," would make a bad guess at the truth, or, more correctly, he would come far short of the truth about the number of souls. As a people made up of the most extraordinary mixing and mingling of races, perhaps even with a preponderance of the pre-Aryan element as the "people of the centre" in every sense of the term, the Germans are more intangible, more ample, more contradictory, more unknown, more incalculable, more surprising, and even more terrifying than other peoples are to themselves:--they escape DEFINITION, and are thereby alone the despair of the French. It IS characteristic of the Germans that the question: "What is German?" never dies out among them. Kotzebue certainly knew his Germans well enough: "We are known," they cried jubilantly to him--but Sand also thought he knew them. Jean Paul knew what he was doing when he declared himself incensed at Fichte's lying but patriotic flatteries and exaggerations,--but it is probable that Goethe thought differently about Germans from Jean Paul, even though he

acknowledged him to be right with regard to Fichte. It is a question what Goethe really thought about the Germans?--But about many things around him he never spoke explicitly, and all his life he knew how to keep an astute silence--probably he had good reason for it. It is certain that it was not the "Wars of Independence" that made him look up more joyfully, any more than it was the French Revolution,--the event on account of which he RECONSTRUCTED his "Faust," and indeed the whole problem of "man," was the appearance of Napoleon. There are words of Goethe in which he condemns with impatient severity, as from a foreign land, that which Germans take a pride in, he once defined the famous German turn of mind as "Indulgence towards its own and others' weaknesses." Was he wrong? it is characteristic of Germans that one is seldom entirely wrong about them. The German soul has passages and galleries in it, there are caves, hiding-places, and dungeons therein, its disorder has much of the charm of the mysterious, the German is well acquainted with the bypaths to chaos. And as everything loves its symbol, so the German loves the clouds and all that is obscure, evolving, crepuscular, damp, and shrouded, it seems to him that everything uncertain, undeveloped, self-displacing, and growing is "deep". The German himself does not EXIST, he is BECOMING, he is "developing himself". "Development" is therefore the essentially German discovery and hit in the great domain of philosophical formulas,--a ruling idea, which, together with German beer and German music, is labouring to Germanise all Europe. Foreigners are astonished and attracted by the riddles which the conflicting nature at the basis of the German soul propounds to them (riddles which Hegel systematised and Richard Wagner has in the end set to music). "Good-natured and spiteful"--such a juxtaposition, preposterous in the case of every other people, is unfortunately only too often justified in Germany one has only to live for a while among Swabians to know this! The clumsiness of the German scholar and his social distastefulness agree alarmingly well with his physical rope-dancing and nimble boldness, of which all the Gods have learnt to be afraid. If any one wishes to see the "German soul" demonstrated ad oculos, let him only look at German taste, at German arts and manners what boorish indifference to "taste"! How the noblest and the commonest stand there in juxtaposition! How disorderly and how rich is the whole constitution of this soul! The German DRAGS at his soul, he drags at everything he experiences. He digests his events badly; he never gets "done" with them; and German depth is often only a difficult, hesitating "digestion." And just as all chronic invalids, all dyspeptics like what is convenient, so the German loves "frankness" and "honesty"; it is so CONVENIENT to be frank and honest!--This confidingness, this complaisance, this showing-the-cards of German HONESTY, is probably the most dangerous and most successful disguise which the German is up to nowadays: it is his proper Mephistophelean art; with this he can "still achieve much"! The German lets himself go, and thereby gazes with faithful, blue, empty German eyes--and other countries immediately confound him with his dressing-gown!--I meant to say that, let "German depth" be what it will--among ourselves alone we perhaps take the liberty to laugh at it--we shall do well to continue henceforth to honour its appearance and good name, and not barter away too cheaply our old reputation as a people of depth for Prussian "smartness," and Berlin wit and sand. It is wise for a people to pose, and LET itself be regarded, as profound, clumsy, good-natured, honest, and foolish: it might even be--profound to do so! Finally, we should do honour to our name--we are not called the "TIUSCHE VOLK" (deceptive people) for nothing....

245. The "good old" time is past, it sang itself out in Mozart--how happy are WE that his ROCOCO still speaks to us, that his "good company," his tender enthusiasm, his childish delight in the Chinese and its flourishes, his courtesy of heart, his longing for the elegant, the amorous, the tripping, the tearful, and his belief in the South, can still appeal to SOMETHING LEFT in us! Ah, some time or other it will be over with it!--but who can doubt that it will be over still sooner with the intelligence and taste for Beethoven! For he was only the last echo of a break and transition in style, and NOT, like Mozart, the last echo of a great European taste which had existed for centuries. Beethoven is the intermediate event between an old mellow soul that is constantly breaking down, and a future over-young soul that is always COMING; there is spread over his music the twilight of eternal loss and eternal extravagant hope,--the same light in which Europe was bathed when it dreamed with Rousseau, when it danced round the Tree of Liberty of the Revolution, and finally almost fell down in adoration before Napoleon. But how rapidly does THIS very sentiment now pale, how difficult nowadays is even the APPREHENSION of this sentiment, how strangely does the language of Rousseau, Schiller, Shelley, and Byron sound to our ear, in whom COLLECTIVELY the same fate of Europe was able to SPEAK, which knew how to SING in Beethoven!--Whatever German music came afterwards, belongs to Romanticism, that is to say, to a movement which, historically considered, was still shorter, more fleeting, and more superficial than that great interlude, the transition of Europe from Rousseau to Napoleon, and to the rise of democracy. Weber--but what do WE care nowadays for "Freischutz" and "Oberon"! Or Marschner's "Hans Heiling" and "Vampyre"! Or even Wagner's "Tannhauser"! That is extinct, although not yet forgotten music. This whole music of Romanticism, besides, was not noble enough, was not musical enough, to maintain its position anywhere but in the theatre and before the masses; from the beginning it was second-rate music, which was little thought of by genuine musicians. It was different with Felix Mendelssohn, that halcyon master, who, on account of his lighter, purer, happier soul, quickly acquired admiration, and was equally quickly forgotten: as the beautiful EPISODE of German music. But with regard to Robert Schumann, who took things seriously, and has been taken seriously from the first--he was the last that founded a school,--do we not now regard it as a

satisfaction, a relief, a deliverance, that this very Romanticism of Schumann's has been surmounted? Schumann, fleeing into the "Saxon Switzerland" of his soul, with a half Werther-like, half Jean-Paul-like nature (assuredly not like Beethoven! assuredly not like Byron!)--his MANFRED music is a mistake and a misunderstanding to the extent of injustice; Schumann, with his taste, which was fundamentally a PETTY taste (that is to say, a dangerous propensity--doubly dangerous among Germans--for quiet lyricism and intoxication of the feelings), going constantly apart, timidly withdrawing and retiring, a noble weakling who revelled in nothing but anonymous joy and sorrow, from the beginning a sort of girl and NOLI ME TANGERE--this Schumann was already merely a GERMAN event in music, and no longer a European event, as Beethoven had been, as in a still greater degree Mozart had been; with Schumann German music was threatened with its greatest danger, that of LOSING THE VOICE FOR THE SOUL OF EUROPE and sinking into a merely national affair.

246. What a torture are books written in German to a reader who has a THIRD ear! How indignantly he stands beside the slowly turning swamp of sounds without tune and rhythms without dance, which Germans call a "book"! And even the German who READS books! How lazily, how reluctantly, how badly he reads! How many Germans know, and consider it obligatory to know, that there is ART in every good sentence--art which must be divined, if the sentence is to be understood! If there is a misunderstanding about its TEMPO, for instance, the sentence itself is misunderstood! That one must not be doubtful about the rhythm-determining syllables, that one should feel the breaking of the too-rigid symmetry as intentional and as a charm, that one should lend a fine and patient ear to every STACCATO and every RUBATO, that one should divine the sense in the sequence of the vowels and diphthongs, and how delicately and richly they can be tinted and retinted in the order of their arrangement--who among book-reading Germans is complaisant enough to recognize such duties and requirements, and to listen to so much art and intention in language? After all, one just "has no ear for it"; and so the most marked contrasts of style are not heard, and the most delicate artistry is as it were SQUANDERED on the deaf.--These were my thoughts when I noticed how clumsily and unintuitively two masters in the art of prose-writing have been confounded: one, whose words drop down hesitatingly and coldly, as from the roof of a damp cave--he counts on their dull sound and echo; and another who manipulates his language like a flexible sword, and from his arm down into his toes feels the dangerous bliss of the quivering, over-sharp blade, which wishes to bite, hiss, and cut.

247. How little the German style has to do with harmony and with the ear, is shown by the fact that precisely our good musicians themselves write badly. The German does not read aloud, he does not read for the ear, but only with his eyes; he has put his ears away in the drawer for the time. In antiquity when a man read--which was seldom enough--he read something to himself, and in a loud voice; they were surprised when any one read silently, and sought secretly the reason of it. In a loud voice: that is to say, with all the swellings, inflections, and variations of key and changes of TEMPO, in which the ancient PUBLIC world took delight. The laws of the written style were then the same as those of the spoken style; and these laws depended partly on the surprising development and refined requirements of the ear and larynx; partly on the strength, endurance, and power of the ancient lungs. In the ancient sense, a period is above all a physiological whole, inasmuch as it is comprised in one breath. Such periods as occur in Demosthenes and Cicero, swelling twice and sinking twice, and all in one breath, were pleasures to the men of ANTIQUITY, who knew by their own schooling how to appreciate the virtue therein, the rareness and the difficulty in the deliverance of such a period;--WE have really no right to the BIG period, we modern men, who are short of breath in every sense! Those ancients, indeed, were all of them dilettanti in speaking, consequently connoisseurs, consequently critics--they thus brought their orators to the highest pitch; in the same manner as in the last century, when all Italian ladies and gentlemen knew how to sing, the virtuososhiip of song (and with it also the art of melody) reached its elevation. In Germany, however (until quite recently when a kind of platform eloquence began shyly and awkwardly enough to flutter its young wings), there was properly speaking only one kind of public and APPROXIMATELY artistical discourse--that delivered from the pulpit. The preacher was the only one in Germany who knew the weight of a syllable or a word, in what manner a sentence strikes, springs, rushes, flows, and comes to a close; he alone had a conscience in his ears, often enough a bad conscience: for reasons are not lacking why proficiency in oratory should be especially seldom attained by a German, or almost always too late. The masterpiece of German prose is therefore with good reason the masterpiece of its greatest preacher: the BIBLE has hitherto been the best German book. Compared with Luther's Bible, almost everything else is merely "literature"--something which has not grown in Germany, and therefore has not taken and does not take root in German hearts, as the Bible has done.

248. There are two kinds of geniuses: one which above all engenders and seeks to engender, and another which willingly lets itself be fructified and brings forth. And similarly, among the gifted nations, there are those on whom the woman's problem of pregnancy has devolved, and the secret task of forming, maturing, and perfecting--the Greeks, for instance, were a nation of this kind, and so are the French; and others which have to fructify and become the cause of new modes of life--like the Jews, the Romans, and, in all modesty be it asked: like the Germans?--nations tortured and enraptured by unknown fevers and irresistibly forced out of

themselves, amorous and longing for foreign races (for such as "let themselves be fructified"), and withal imperious, like everything conscious of being full of generative force, and consequently empowered "by the grace of God." These two kinds of geniuses seek each other like man and woman; but they also misunderstand each other--like man and woman.

249. Every nation has its own "Tartuffery," and calls that its virtue.--One does not know--cannot know, the best that is in one.

250. What Europe owes to the Jews?--Many things, good and bad, and above all one thing of the nature both of the best and the worst: the grand style in morality, the fearfulness and majesty of infinite demands, of infinite significations, the whole Romanticism and sublimity of moral questionableness--and consequently just the most attractive, ensnaring, and exquisite element in those iridescences and allurements to life, in the aftersheen of which the sky of our European culture, its evening sky, now glows--perhaps glows out. For this, we artists among the spectators and philosophers, are--grateful to the Jews.

251. It must be taken into the bargain, if various clouds and disturbances--in short, slight attacks of stupidity--pass over the spirit of a people that suffers and WANTS to suffer from national nervous fever and political ambition: for instance, among present-day Germans there is alternately the anti-French folly, the anti-Semitic folly, the anti-Polish folly, the Christian-romantic folly, the Wagnerian folly, the Teutonic folly, the Prussian folly (just look at those poor historians, the Sybels and Treitschkes, and their closely bandaged heads), and whatever else these little obscurations of the German spirit and conscience may be called. May it be forgiven me that I, too, when on a short daring sojourn on very infected ground, did not remain wholly exempt from the disease, but like every one else, began to entertain thoughts about matters which did not concern me--the first symptom of political infection. About the Jews, for instance, listen to the following:--I have never yet met a German who was favourably inclined to the Jews; and however decided the repudiation of actual anti-Semitism may be on the part of all prudent and political men, this prudence and policy is not perhaps directed against the nature of the sentiment itself, but only against its dangerous excess, and especially against the distasteful and infamous expression of this excess of sentiment;--on this point we must not deceive ourselves. That Germany has amply SUFFICIENT Jews, that the German stomach, the German blood, has difficulty (and will long have difficulty) in disposing only of this quantity of "Jew"--as the Italian, the Frenchman, and the Englishman have done by means of a stronger digestion:--that is the unmistakable declaration and language of a general instinct, to which one must listen and according to which one must act. "Let no more Jews come in! And shut the doors, especially towards the East (also towards Austria)!"--thus commands the instinct of a people whose nature is still feeble and uncertain, so that it could be easily wiped out, easily extinguished, by a stronger race. The Jews, however, are beyond all doubt the strongest, toughest, and purest race at present living in Europe, they know how to succeed even under the worst conditions (in fact better than under favourable ones), by means of virtues of some sort, which one would like nowadays to label as vices--owing above all to a resolute faith which does not need to be ashamed before "modern ideas", they alter only, WHEN they do alter, in the same way that the Russian Empire makes its conquest--as an empire that has plenty of time and is not of yesterday--namely, according to the principle, "as slowly as possible"! A thinker who has the future of Europe at heart, will, in all his perspectives concerning the future, calculate upon the Jews, as he will calculate upon the Russians, as above all the surest and likeliest factors in the great play and battle of forces. That which is at present called a "nation" in Europe, and is really rather a RES FACTA than NATA (indeed, sometimes confusingly similar to a RES FICTA ET PICTA), is in every case something evolving, young, easily displaced, and not yet a race, much less such a race AERE PERENNUS, as the Jews are such "nations" should most carefully avoid all hot-headed rivalry and hostility! It is certain that the Jews, if they desired--or if they were driven to it, as the anti-Semites seem to wish--COULD now have the ascendancy, nay, literally the supremacy, over Europe, that they are NOT working and planning for that end is equally certain. Meanwhile, they rather wish and desire, even somewhat importunely, to be insorbed and absorbed by Europe, they long to be finally settled, authorized, and respected somewhere, and wish to put an end to the nomadic life, to the "wandering Jew",--and one should certainly take account of this impulse and tendency, and MAKE ADVANCES to it (it possibly betokens a mitigation of the Jewish instincts) for which purpose it would perhaps be useful and fair to banish the anti-Semitic bawlers out of the country. One should make advances with all prudence, and with selection, pretty much as the English nobility do It stands to reason that the more powerful and strongly marked types of new Germanism could enter into relation with the Jews with the least hesitation, for instance, the nobleman officer from the Prussian border it would be interesting in many ways to see whether the genius for money and patience (and especially some intellect and intellectuality--sadly lacking in the place referred to) could not in addition be annexed and trained to the hereditary art of commanding and obeying--for both of which the country in question has now a classic reputation But here it is expedient to break off my festal discourse and my sprightly Teutonomania for I have already reached my SERIOUS TOPIC, the "European problem," as I understand it, the rearing of a new ruling caste for Europe.

252. They are not a philosophical race--the English: Bacon represents an ATTACK on the philosophical spirit generally, Hobbes, Hume, and Locke, an abasement, and a depreciation of the idea of a "philosopher" for more than a century. It was AGAINST Hume that Kant uprose and raised himself; it was Locke of whom Schelling RIGHTLY said, "JE MEPRISE LOCKE"; in the struggle against the English mechanical stultification of the world, Hegel and Schopenhauer (along with Goethe) were of one accord; the two hostile brother-geniuses in philosophy, who pushed in different directions towards the opposite poles of German thought, and thereby wronged each other as only brothers will do.--What is lacking in England, and has always been lacking, that half-actor and rhetorician knew well enough, the absurd muddle-head, Carlyle, who sought to conceal under passionate grimaces what he knew about himself: namely, what was LACKING in Carlyle--real POWER of intellect, real DEPTH of intellectual perception, in short, philosophy. It is characteristic of such an unphilosophical race to hold on firmly to Christianity--they NEED its discipline for "moralizing" and humanizing. The Englishman, more gloomy, sensual, headstrong, and brutal than the German--is for that very reason, as the baser of the two, also the most pious: he has all the MORE NEED of Christianity. To finer nostrils, this English Christianity itself has still a characteristic English taint of spleen and alcoholic excess, for which, owing to good reasons, it is used as an antidote--the finer poison to neutralize the coarser: a finer form of poisoning is in fact a step in advance with coarse-mannered people, a step towards spiritualization. The English coarseness and rustic demureness is still most satisfactorily disguised by Christian pantomime, and by praying and psalm-singing (or, more correctly, it is thereby explained and differently expressed); and for the herd of drunkards and rakes who formerly learned moral grunting under the influence of Methodism (and more recently as the "Salvation Army"), a penitential fit may really be the relatively highest manifestation of "humanity" to which they can be elevated: so much may reasonably be admitted. That, however, which offends even in the humanest Englishman is his lack of music, to speak figuratively (and also literally): he has neither rhythm nor dance in the movements of his soul and body; indeed, not even the desire for rhythm and dance, for "music." Listen to him speaking; look at the most beautiful Englishwoman WALKING--in no country on earth are there more beautiful doves and swans; finally, listen to them singing! But I ask too much...

253. There are truths which are best recognized by mediocre minds, because they are best adapted for them, there are truths which only possess charms and seductive power for mediocre spirits:--one is pushed to this probably unpleasant conclusion, now that the influence of respectable but mediocre Englishmen--I may mention Darwin, John Stuart Mill, and Herbert Spencer--begins to gain the ascendancy in the middle-class region of European taste. Indeed, who could doubt that it is a useful thing for SUCH minds to have the ascendancy for a time? It would be an error to consider the highly developed and independently soaring minds as specially qualified for determining and collecting many little common facts, and deducing conclusions from them; as exceptions, they are rather from the first in no very favourable position towards those who are "the rules." After all, they have more to do than merely to perceive:--in effect, they have to BE something new, they have to SIGNIFY something new, they have to REPRESENT new values! The gulf between knowledge and capacity is perhaps greater, and also more mysterious, than one thinks: the capable man in the grand style, the creator, will possibly have to be an ignorant person;--while on the other hand, for scientific discoveries like those of Darwin, a certain narrowness, aridity, and industrious carefulness (in short, something English) may not be unfavourable for arriving at them.--Finally, let it not be forgotten that the English, with their profound mediocrity, brought about once before a general depression of European intelligence.

What is called "modern ideas," or "the ideas of the eighteenth century," or "French ideas"--that, consequently, against which the GERMAN mind rose up with profound disgust--is of English origin, there is no doubt about it. The French were only the apes and actors of these ideas, their best soldiers, and likewise, alas! their first and profoundest VICTIMS; for owing to the diabolical Anglomania of "modern ideas," the AME FRANCAIS has in the end become so thin and emaciated, that at present one recalls its sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, its profound, passionate strength, its inventive excellency, almost with disbelief. One must, however, maintain this verdict of historical justice in a determined manner, and defend it against present prejudices and appearances: the European NOBLESSE--of sentiment, taste, and manners, taking the word in every high sense--is the work and invention of FRANCE; the European ignobleness, the plebeianism of modern ideas--is ENGLAND'S work and invention.

254. Even at present France is still the seat of the most intellectual and refined culture of Europe, it is still the high school of taste; but one must know how to find this "France of taste." He who belongs to it keeps himself well concealed:--they may be a small number in whom it lives and is embodied, besides perhaps being men who do not stand upon the strongest legs, in part fatalists, hypochondriacs, invalids, in part persons over-indulged, over-refined, such as have the AMBITION to conceal themselves.

They have all something in common: they keep their ears closed in presence of the delirious folly and noisy spouting of the democratic BOURGEOIS. In fact, a besotted and brutalized France at present sprawls in the foreground--it recently celebrated a veritable orgy of bad taste, and at the same time of self-admiration, at the funeral of Victor Hugo. There is also something else

common to them: a predilection to resist intellectual Germanizing--and a still greater inability to do so! In this France of intellect, which is also a France of pessimism, Schopenhauer has perhaps become more at home, and more indigenous than he has ever been in Germany; not to speak of Heinrich Heine, who has long ago been re-incarnated in the more refined and fastidious lyrists of Paris; or of Hegel, who at present, in the form of Taine--the FIRST of living historians--exercises an almost tyrannical influence. As regards Richard Wagner, however, the more French music learns to adapt itself to the actual needs of the AME MODERNE, the more will it "Wagnerite"; one can safely predict that beforehand,--it is already taking place sufficiently! There are, however, three things which the French can still boast of with pride as their heritage and possession, and as indelible tokens of their ancient intellectual superiority in Europe, in spite of all voluntary or involuntary Germanizing and vulgarizing of taste. FIRSTLY, the capacity for artistic emotion, for devotion to "form," for which the expression, L'ART POUR L'ART, along with numerous others, has been invented:--such capacity has not been lacking in France for three centuries; and owing to its reverence for the "small number," it has again and again made a sort of chamber music of literature possible, which is sought for in vain elsewhere in Europe.--The SECOND thing whereby the French can lay claim to a superiority over Europe is their ancient, many-sided, MORALISTIC culture, owing to which one finds on an average, even in the petty ROMANCIERS of the newspapers and chance BOULEVARDIERS DE PARIS, a psychological sensitiveness and curiosity, of which, for example, one has no conception (to say nothing of the thing itself!) in Germany. The Germans lack a couple of centuries of the moralistic work requisite thereto, which, as we have said, France has not grudged: those who call the Germans "naive" on that account give them commendation for a defect. (As the opposite of the German inexperience and innocence IN VOLUPTATE PSYCHOLOGICA, which is not too remotely associated with the tediousness of German intercourse,--and as the most successful expression of genuine French curiosity and inventive talent in this domain of delicate thrills, Henri Beyle may be noted; that remarkable anticipatory and forerunning man, who, with a Napoleonic TEMPO, traversed HIS Europe, in fact, several centuries of the European soul, as a surveyor and discoverer thereof:--it has required two generations to OVERTAKE him one way or other, to divine long afterwards some of the riddles that perplexed and enraptured him--this strange Epicurean and man of interrogation, the last great psychologist of France).--There is yet a THIRD claim to superiority: in the French character there is a successful half-way synthesis of the North and South, which makes them comprehend many things, and enjoins upon them other things, which an Englishman can never comprehend. Their temperament, turned alternately to and from the South, in which from time to time the Provencal and Ligurian blood froths over, preserves them from the dreadful, northern grey-in-grey, from sunless conceptual-spectrism and from poverty of blood--our GERMAN infirmity of taste, for the excessive prevalence of which at the present moment, blood and iron, that is to say "high politics," has with great resolution been prescribed (according to a dangerous healing art, which bids me wait and wait, but not yet hope).--There is also still in France a pre-understanding and ready welcome for those rarer and rarely gratified men, who are too comprehensive to find satisfaction in any kind of fatherlandism, and know how to love the South when in the North and the North when in the South--the born Midlanders, the "good Europeans." For them BIZET has made music, this latest genius, who has seen a new beauty and seduction,--who has discovered a piece of the SOUTH IN MUSIC.

255. I hold that many precautions should be taken against German music. Suppose a person loves the South as I love it--as a great school of recovery for the most spiritual and the most sensuous ills, as a boundless solar profusion and effulgence which o'erspreads a sovereign existence believing in itself--well, such a person will learn to be somewhat on his guard against German music, because, in injuring his taste anew, it will also injure his health anew. Such a Southerner, a Southerner not by origin but by BELIEF, if he should dream of the future of music, must also dream of it being freed from the influence of the North; and must have in his ears the prelude to a deeper, mightier, and perhaps more perverse and mysterious music, a super-German music, which does not fade, pale, and die away, as all German music does, at the sight of the blue, wanton sea and the Mediterranean clearness of sky--a super-European music, which holds its own even in presence of the brown sunsets of the desert, whose soul is akin to the palm-tree, and can be at home and can roam with big, beautiful, lonely beasts of prey... I could imagine a music of which the rarest charm would be that it knew nothing more of good and evil; only that here and there perhaps some sailor's home-sickness, some golden shadows and tender weaknesses might sweep lightly over it; an art which, from the far distance, would see the colours of a sinking and almost incomprehensible MORAL world fleeing towards it, and would be hospitable enough and profound enough to receive such belated fugitives.

256. Owing to the morbid estrangement which the nationality-craze has induced and still induces among the nations of Europe, owing also to the short-sighted and hasty-handed politicians, who with the help of this craze, are at present in power, and do not suspect to what extent the disintegrating policy they pursue must necessarily be only an interlude policy--owing to all this and much else that is altogether unmentionable at present, the most unmistakable signs that EUROPE WISHES TO BE ONE, are now overlooked, or arbitrarily and falsely misinterpreted. With all the more profound and large-minded men of this century, the real

general tendency of the mysterious labour of their souls was to prepare the way for that new SYNTHESIS, and tentatively to anticipate the European of the future; only in their simulations, or in their weaker moments, in old age perhaps, did they belong to the "fatherlands"--they only rested from themselves when they became "patriots." I think of such men as Napoleon, Goethe, Beethoven, Stendhal, Heinrich Heine, Schopenhauer: it must not be taken amiss if I also count Richard Wagner among them, about whom one must not let oneself be deceived by his own misunderstandings (geniuses like him have seldom the right to understand themselves), still less, of course, by the unseemly noise with which he is now resisted and opposed in France: the fact remains, nevertheless, that Richard Wagner and the LATER FRENCH ROMANTICISM of the forties, are most closely and intimately related to one another. They are akin, fundamentally akin, in all the heights and depths of their requirements; it is Europe, the ONE Europe, whose soul presses urgently and longingly, outwards and upwards, in their multifarious and boisterous art--whither? into a new light? towards a new sun? But who would attempt to express accurately what all these masters of new modes of speech could not express distinctly? It is certain that the same storm and stress tormented them, that they SOUGHT in the same manner, these last great seekers! All of them steeped in literature to their eyes and ears--the first artists of universal literary culture--for the most part even themselves writers, poets, intermediaries and blenders of the arts and the senses (Wagner, as musician is reckoned among painters, as poet among musicians, as artist generally among actors); all of them fanatics for EXPRESSION "at any cost"--I specially mention Delacroix, the nearest related to Wagner; all of them great discoverers in the realm of the sublime, also of the loathsome and dreadful, still greater discoverers in effect, in display, in the art of the show-shop; all of them talented far beyond their genius, out and out VIRTUOSI, with mysterious accesses to all that seduces, allures, constrains, and upsets; born enemies of logic and of the straight line, hankering after the strange, the exotic, the monstrous, the crooked, and the self-contradictory; as men, Tantaluses of the will, plebeian parvenus, who knew themselves to be incapable of a noble TEMPO or of a LENTO in life and action--think of Balzac, for instance,--unrestrained workers, almost destroying themselves by work; antinomians and rebels in manners, ambitious and insatiable, without equilibrium and enjoyment; all of them finally shattering and sinking down at the Christian cross (and with right and reason, for who of them would have been sufficiently profound and sufficiently original for an ANTI-CHRISTIAN philosophy?);--on the whole, a boldly daring, splendidly overbearing, high-flying, and aloft-up-dragging class of higher men, who had first to teach their century--and it is the century of the MASSES--the conception "higher man."... Let the German friends of Richard Wagner advise together as to whether there is anything purely German in the Wagnerian art, or whether its distinction does not consist precisely in coming from SUPER-GERMAN sources and impulses: in which connection it may not be underrated how indispensable Paris was to the development of his type, which the strength of his instincts made him long to visit at the most decisive time--and how the whole style of his proceedings, of his self-apostolate, could only perfect itself in sight of the French socialistic original. On a more subtle comparison it will perhaps be found, to the honour of Richard Wagner's German nature, that he has acted in everything with more strength, daring, severity, and elevation than a nineteenth-century Frenchman could have done--owing to the circumstance that we Germans are as yet nearer to barbarism than the French;--perhaps even the most remarkable creation of Richard Wagner is not only at present, but for ever inaccessible, incomprehensible, and inimitable to the whole latter-day Latin race: the figure of Siegfried, that VERY FREE man, who is probably far too free, too hard, too cheerful, too healthy, too ANTI-CATHOLIC for the taste of old and mellow civilized nations. He may even have been a sin against Romanticism, this anti-Latin Siegfried: well, Wagner atoned amply for this sin in his old sad days, when--anticipating a taste which has meanwhile passed into politics--he began, with the religious vehemence peculiar to him, to preach, at least, THE WAY TO ROME, if not to walk therein.--That these last words may not be misunderstood, I will call to my aid a few powerful rhymes, which will even betray to less delicate ears what I mean--what I mean COUNTER TO the "last Wagner" and his Parsifal music:--

--Is this our mode?--From German heart came this vexed ululating? From German body, this self-lacerating? Is ours this priestly hand-dilation, This incense-fuming exaltation? Is ours this faltering, falling, shambling, This quite uncertain ding-dong-dangling? This sly nun-ogling, Ave-hour-bell ringing, This wholly false enraptured heaven-o'erspringing?--Is this our mode?--Think well!--ye still wait for admission--For what ye hear is ROME--ROME'S FAITH BY INTUITION!

CHAPTER IX. WHAT IS NOBLE?

257. EVERY elevation of the type "man," has hitherto been the work of an aristocratic society and so it will always be--a society believing in a long scale of gradations of rank and differences of worth among human beings, and requiring slavery in some form or other. Without the PATHOS OF DISTANCE, such as grows out of the incarnated difference of classes, out of the constant out-looking and down-looking of the ruling caste on subordinates and instruments, and out of their equally constant practice of obeying and commanding, of keeping down and keeping at a distance--that other more mysterious pathos could never have arisen,

the longing for an ever new widening of distance within the soul itself, the formation of ever higher, rarer, further, more extended, more comprehensive states, in short, just the elevation of the type "man," the continued "self-surmounting of man," to use a moral formula in a supermoral sense. To be sure, one must not resign oneself to any humanitarian illusions about the history of the origin of an aristocratic society (that is to say, of the preliminary condition for the elevation of the type "man"): the truth is hard. Let us acknowledge unprejudicedly how every higher civilization hitherto has ORIGINATED! Men with a still natural nature, barbarians in every terrible sense of the word, men of prey, still in possession of unbroken strength of will and desire for power, threw themselves upon weaker, more moral, more peaceful races (perhaps trading or cattle-rearing communities), or upon old mellow civilizations in which the final vital force was flickering out in brilliant fireworks of wit and depravity. At the commencement, the noble caste was always the barbarian caste: their superiority did not consist first of all in their physical, but in their psychical power--they were more COMPLETE men (which at every point also implies the same as "more complete beasts").

258. Corruption--as the indication that anarchy threatens to break out among the instincts, and that the foundation of the emotions, called "life," is convulsed--is something radically different according to the organization in which it manifests itself. When, for instance, an aristocracy like that of France at the beginning of the Revolution, flung away its privileges with sublime disgust and sacrificed itself to an excess of its moral sentiments, it was corruption:--it was really only the closing act of the corruption which had existed for centuries, by virtue of which that aristocracy had abdicated step by step its lordly prerogatives and lowered itself to a FUNCTION of royalty (in the end even to its decoration and parade-dress). The essential thing, however, in a good and healthy aristocracy is that it should not regard itself as a function either of the kingship or the commonwealth, but as the SIGNIFICANCE and highest justification thereof--that it should therefore accept with a good conscience the sacrifice of a legion of individuals, who, FOR ITS SAKE, must be suppressed and reduced to imperfect men, to slaves and instruments. Its fundamental belief must be precisely that society is NOT allowed to exist for its own sake, but only as a foundation and scaffolding, by means of which a select class of beings may be able to elevate themselves to their higher duties, and in general to a higher EXISTENCE: like those sun-seeking climbing plants in Java--they are called Sipo Matador,--which encircle an oak so long and so often with their arms, until at last, high above it, but supported by it, they can unfold their tops in the open light, and exhibit their happiness.

259. To refrain mutually from injury, from violence, from exploitation, and put one's will on a par with that of others: this may result in a certain rough sense in good conduct among individuals when the necessary conditions are given (namely, the actual similarity of the individuals in amount of force and degree of worth, and their co-relation within one organization). As soon, however, as one wished to take this principle more generally, and if possible even as the FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLE OF SOCIETY, it would immediately disclose what it really is--namely, a Will to the DENIAL of life, a principle of dissolution and decay. Here one must think profoundly to the very basis and resist all sentimental weakness: life itself is ESSENTIALLY appropriation, injury, conquest of the strange and weak, suppression, severity, obtrusion of peculiar forms, incorporation, and at the least, putting it mildest, exploitation;--but why should one for ever use precisely these words on which for ages a disparaging purpose has been stamped? Even the organization within which, as was previously supposed, the individuals treat each other as equal--it takes place in every healthy aristocracy--must itself, if it be a living and not a dying organization, do all that towards other bodies, which the individuals within it refrain from doing to each other it will have to be the incarnated Will to Power, it will endeavour to grow, to gain ground, attract to itself and acquire ascendancy--not owing to any morality or immorality, but because it LIVES, and because life IS precisely Will to Power. On no point, however, is the ordinary consciousness of Europeans more unwilling to be corrected than on this matter, people now rave everywhere, even under the guise of science, about coming conditions of society in which "the exploiting character" is to be absent--that sounds to my ears as if they promised to invent a mode of life which should refrain from all organic functions. "Exploitation" does not belong to a depraved, or imperfect and primitive society it belongs to the nature of the living being as a primary organic function, it is a consequence of the intrinsic Will to Power, which is precisely the Will to Life--Granting that as a theory this is a novelty--as a reality it is the FUNDAMENTAL FACT of all history let us be so far honest towards ourselves!

260. In a tour through the many finer and coarser moralities which have hitherto prevailed or still prevail on the earth, I found certain traits recurring regularly together, and connected with one another, until finally two primary types revealed themselves to me, and a radical distinction was brought to light. There is MASTER-MORALITY and SLAVE-MORALITY,--I would at once add, however, that in all higher and mixed civilizations, there are also attempts at the reconciliation of the two moralities, but one finds still oftener the confusion and mutual misunderstanding of them, indeed sometimes their close juxtaposition--even in the same man, within one soul. The distinctions of moral values have either originated in a ruling caste, pleasantly conscious of being different from the ruled--or among the ruled class, the slaves and dependents of all sorts. In the first case, when it is the rulers who determine the conception "good," it is the exalted, proud disposition which is regarded as the distinguishing feature, and that which determines the

order of rank. The noble type of man separates from himself the beings in whom the opposite of this exalted, proud disposition displays itself he despises them. Let it at once be noted that in this first kind of morality the antithesis "good" and "bad" means practically the same as "noble" and "despicable",--the antithesis "good" and "EVIL" is of a different origin. The cowardly, the timid, the insignificant, and those thinking merely of narrow utility are despised; moreover, also, the distrustful, with their constrained glances, the self-abasing, the dog-like kind of men who let themselves be abused, the mendicant flatterers, and above all the liars:--it is a fundamental belief of all aristocrats that the common people are untruthful. "We truthful ones"--the nobility in ancient Greece called themselves. It is obvious that everywhere the designations of moral value were at first applied to MEN; and were only derivatively and at a later period applied to ACTIONS; it is a gross mistake, therefore, when historians of morals start with questions like, "Why have sympathetic actions been praised?" The noble type of man regards HIMSELF as a determiner of values; he does not require to be approved of; he passes the judgment: "What is injurious to me is injurious in itself;" he knows that it is he himself only who confers honour on things; he is a CREATOR OF VALUES. He honours whatever he recognizes in himself: such morality equals self-glorification. In the foreground there is the feeling of plenitude, of power, which seeks to overflow, the happiness of high tension, the consciousness of a wealth which would fain give and bestow:--the noble man also helps the unfortunate, but not--or scarcely--out of pity, but rather from an impulse generated by the super-abundance of power. The noble man honours in himself the powerful one, him also who has power over himself, who knows how to speak and how to keep silence, who takes pleasure in subjecting himself to severity and hardness, and has reverence for all that is severe and hard. "Wotan placed a hard heart in my breast," says an old Scandinavian Saga: it is thus rightly expressed from the soul of a proud Viking. Such a type of man is even proud of not being made for sympathy; the hero of the Saga therefore adds warningly: "He who has not a hard heart when young, will never have one." The noble and brave who think thus are the furthest removed from the morality which sees precisely in sympathy, or in acting for the good of others, or in DESINTERESSEMENT, the characteristic of the moral; faith in oneself, pride in oneself, a radical enmity and irony towards "selflessness," belong as definitely to noble morality, as do a careless scorn and precaution in presence of sympathy and the "warm heart."--It is the powerful who KNOW how to honour, it is their art, their domain for invention. The profound reverence for age and for tradition--all law rests on this double reverence,--the belief and prejudice in favour of ancestors and unfavourable to newcomers, is typical in the morality of the powerful; and if, reversely, men of "modern ideas" believe almost instinctively in "progress" and the "future," and are more and more lacking in respect for old age, the ignoble origin of these "ideas" has complacently betrayed itself thereby. A morality of the ruling class, however, is more especially foreign and irritating to present-day taste in the sternness of its principle that one has duties only to one's equals; that one may act towards beings of a lower rank, towards all that is foreign, just as seems good to one, or "as the heart desires," and in any case "beyond good and evil": it is here that sympathy and similar sentiments can have a place. The ability and obligation to exercise prolonged gratitude and prolonged revenge--both only within the circle of equals,--artfulness in retaliation, RAFFINEMENT of the idea in friendship, a certain necessity to have enemies (as outlets for the emotions of envy, quarrelsomeness, arrogance--in fact, in order to be a good FRIEND): all these are typical characteristics of the noble morality, which, as has been pointed out, is not the morality of "modern ideas," and is therefore at present difficult to realize, and also to unearth and disclose.--It is otherwise with the second type of morality, SLAVE-MORALITY. Supposing that the abused, the oppressed, the suffering, the unemancipated, the weary, and those uncertain of themselves should moralize, what will be the common element in their moral estimates? Probably a pessimistic suspicion with regard to the entire situation of man will find expression, perhaps a condemnation of man, together with his situation. The slave has an unfavourable eye for the virtues of the powerful; he has a skepticism and distrust, a REFINEMENT of distrust of everything "good" that is there honoured--he would fain persuade himself that the very happiness there is not genuine. On the other hand, THOSE qualities which serve to alleviate the existence of sufferers are brought into prominence and flooded with light; it is here that sympathy, the kind, helping hand, the warm heart, patience, diligence, humility, and friendliness attain to honour; for here these are the most useful qualities, and almost the only means of supporting the burden of existence.
Slave-morality is essentially the morality of utility. Here is the seat of the origin of the famous antithesis "good" and "evil":--power and dangerousness are assumed to reside in the evil, a certain dreadfulness, subtlety, and strength, which do not admit of being despised. According to slave-morality, therefore, the "evil" man arouses fear; according to master-morality, it is precisely the "good" man who arouses fear and seeks to arouse it, while the bad man is regarded as the despicable being. The contrast attains its maximum when, in accordance with the logical consequences of slave-morality, a shade of depreciation--it may be slight and well-intentioned--at last attaches itself to the "good" man of this morality; because, according to the servile mode of thought, the good man must in any case be the SAFE man: he is good-natured, easily deceived, perhaps a little stupid, un bonhomme. Everywhere that slave-morality gains the ascendancy, language shows a tendency to approximate the significations of the words "good" and "stupid."--A last fundamental difference: the desire for FREEDOM, the instinct for happiness and the refinements of the feeling of liberty belong as necessarily to slave-morals and morality, as artifice and enthusiasm in reverence and devotion are the

regular symptoms of an aristocratic mode of thinking and estimating.--Hence we can understand without further detail why love AS A PASSION--it is our European specialty--must absolutely be of noble origin; as is well known, its invention is due to the Provencal poet-cavaliers, those brilliant, ingenious men of the "gai saber," to whom Europe owes so much, and almost owes itself.

261. Vanity is one of the things which are perhaps most difficult for a noble man to understand: he will be tempted to deny it, where another kind of man thinks he sees it self-evidently. The problem for him is to represent to his mind beings who seek to arouse a good opinion of themselves which they themselves do not possess--and consequently also do not "deserve,"--and who yet BELIEVE in this good opinion afterwards. This seems to him on the one hand such bad taste and so self-disrespectful, and on the other hand so grotesquely unreasonable, that he would like to consider vanity an exception, and is doubtful about it in most cases when it is spoken of. He will say, for instance: "I may be mistaken about my value, and on the other hand may nevertheless demand that my value should be acknowledged by others precisely as I rate it:--that, however, is not vanity (but self-conceit, or, in most cases, that which is called 'humility,' and also 'modesty')." Or he will even say: "For many reasons I can delight in the good opinion of others, perhaps because I love and honour them, and rejoice in all their joys, perhaps also because their good opinion endorses and strengthens my belief in my own good opinion, perhaps because the good opinion of others, even in cases where I do not share it, is useful to me, or gives promise of usefulness:--all this, however, is not vanity." The man of noble character must first bring it home forcibly to his mind, especially with the aid of history, that, from time immemorial, in all social strata in any way dependent, the ordinary man WAS only that which he PASSED FOR:--not being at all accustomed to fix values, he did not assign even to himself any other value than that which his master assigned to him (it is the peculiar RIGHT OF MASTERS to create values). It may be looked upon as the result of an extraordinary atavism, that the ordinary man, even at present, is still always WAITING for an opinion about himself, and then instinctively submitting himself to it; yet by no means only to a "good" opinion, but also to a bad and unjust one (think, for instance, of the greater part of the self-appreciations and self-depreciations which believing women learn from their confessors, and which in general the believing Christian learns from his Church). In fact, conformably to the slow rise of the democratic social order (and its cause, the blending of the blood of masters and slaves), the originally noble and rare impulse of the masters to assign a value to themselves and to "think well" of themselves, will now be more and more encouraged and extended; but it has at all times an older, ampler, and more radically ingrained propensity opposed to it--and in the phenomenon of "vanity" this older propensity overmasters the younger. The vain person rejoices over EVERY good opinion which he hears about himself (quite apart from the point of view of its usefulness, and equally regardless of its truth or falsehood), just as he suffers from every bad opinion: for he subjects himself to both, he feels himself subjected to both, by that oldest instinct of subjection which breaks forth in him.--It is "the slave" in the vain man's blood, the remains of the slave's craftiness--and how much of the "slave" is still left in woman, for instance!--which seeks to SEDUCE to good opinions of itself; it is the slave, too, who immediately afterwards falls prostrate himself before these opinions, as though he had not called them forth.--And to repeat it again: vanity is an atavism.

262. A SPECIES originates, and a type becomes established and strong in the long struggle with essentially constant UNFAVOURABLE conditions. On the other hand, it is known by the experience of breeders that species which receive super-abundant nourishment, and in general a surplus of protection and care, immediately tend in the most marked way to develop variations, and are fertile in prodigies and monstrosities (also in monstrous vices). Now look at an aristocratic commonwealth, say an ancient Greek polis, or Venice, as a voluntary or involuntary contrivance for the purpose of REARING human beings; there are there men beside one another, thrown upon their own resources, who want to make their species prevail, chiefly because they MUST prevail, or else run the terrible danger of being exterminated. The favour, the super-abundance, the protection are there lacking under which variations are fostered; the species needs itself as species, as something which, precisely by virtue of its hardness, its uniformity, and simplicity of structure, can in general prevail and make itself permanent in constant struggle with its neighbours, or with rebellious or rebellion-threatening vassals. The most varied experience teaches it what are the qualities to which it principally owes the fact that it still exists, in spite of all Gods and men, and has hitherto been victorious: these qualities it calls virtues, and these virtues alone it develops to maturity. It does so with severity, indeed it desires severity; every aristocratic morality is intolerant in the education of youth, in the control of women, in the marriage customs, in the relations of old and young, in the penal laws (which have an eye only for the degenerating): it counts intolerance itself among the virtues, under the name of "justice." A type with few, but very marked features, a species of severe, warlike, wisely silent, reserved, and reticent men (and as such, with the most delicate sensibility for the charm and nuances of society) is thus established, unaffected by the vicissitudes of generations; the constant struggle with uniform UNFAVOURABLE conditions is, as already remarked, the cause of a type becoming stable and hard. Finally, however, a happy state of things results, the enormous tension is relaxed; there are perhaps no more enemies among the neighbouring peoples, and the means of life, even of the enjoyment of life, are present in

superabundance. With one stroke the bond and constraint of the old discipline severs: it is no longer regarded as necessary, as a condition of existence--if it would continue, it can only do so as a form of LUXURY, as an archaizing TASTE. Variations, whether they be deviations (into the higher, finer, and rarer), or deteriorations and monstrosities, appear suddenly on the scene in the greatest exuberance and splendour; the individual dares to be individual and detach himself. At this turning-point of history there manifest themselves, side by side, and often mixed and entangled together, a magnificent, manifold, virgin-forest-like up-growth and up-striving, a kind of TROPICAL TEMPO in the rivalry of growth, and an extraordinary decay and self-destruction, owing to the savagely opposing and seemingly exploding egoisms, which strive with one another "for sun and light," and can no longer assign any limit, restraint, or forbearance for themselves by means of the hitherto existing morality. It was this morality itself which piled up the strength so enormously, which bent the bow in so threatening a manner:--it is now "out of date," it is getting "out of date." The dangerous and disquieting point has been reached when the greater, more manifold, more comprehensive life IS LIVED BEYOND the old morality; the "individual" stands out, and is obliged to have recourse to his own law-giving, his own arts and artifices for self-preservation, self-elevation, and self-deliverance. Nothing but new "Whys," nothing but new "Hows," no common formulas any longer, misunderstanding and disregard in league with each other, decay, deterioration, and the loftiest desires frightfully entangled, the genius of the race overflowing from all the cornucopias of good and bad, a portentous simultaneousness of Spring and Autumn, full of new charms and mysteries peculiar to the fresh, still inexhausted, still unwearied corruption. Danger is again present, the mother of morality, great danger; this time shifted into the individual, into the neighbour and friend, into the street, into their own child, into their own heart, into all the most personal and secret recesses of their desires and volitions. What will the moral philosophers who appear at this time have to preach? They discover, these sharp onlookers and loafers, that the end is quickly approaching, that everything around them decays and produces decay, that nothing will endure until the day after tomorrow, except one species of man, the incurably MEDIOCRE. The mediocre alone have a prospect of continuing and propagating themselves--they will be the men of the future, the sole survivors; "be like them! become mediocre!" is now the only morality which has still a significance, which still obtains a hearing.--But it is difficult to preach this morality of mediocrity! it can never avow what it is and what it desires! it has to talk of moderation and dignity and duty and brotherly love--it will have difficulty IN CONCEALING ITS IRONY!

263. There is an INSTINCT FOR RANK, which more than anything else is already the sign of a HIGH rank; there is a DELIGHT in the NUANCES of reverence which leads one to infer noble origin and habits. The refinement, goodness, and loftiness of a soul are put to a perilous test when something passes by that is of the highest rank, but is not yet protected by the awe of authority from obtrusive touches and incivilities: something that goes its way like a living touchstone, undistinguished, undiscovered, and tentative, perhaps voluntarily veiled and disguised. He whose task and practice it is to investigate souls, will avail himself of many varieties of this very art to determine the ultimate value of a soul, the unalterable, innate order of rank to which it belongs: he will test it by its INSTINCT FOR REVERENCE. DIFFERENCE ENGENDRE HAINE: the vulgarity of many a nature spurts up suddenly like dirty water, when any holy vessel, any jewel from closed shrines, any book bearing the marks of great destiny, is brought before it; while on the other hand, there is an involuntary silence, a hesitation of the eye, a cessation of all gestures, by which it is indicated that a soul FEELS the nearness of what is worthiest of respect. The way in which, on the whole, the reverence for the BIBLE has hitherto been maintained in Europe, is perhaps the best example of discipline and refinement of manners which Europe owes to Christianity: books of such profoundness and supreme significance require for their protection an external tyranny of authority, in order to acquire the PERIOD of thousands of years which is necessary to exhaust and unriddle them. Much has been achieved when the sentiment has been at last instilled into the masses (the shallow-pates and the boobies of every kind) that they are not allowed to touch everything, that there are holy experiences before which they must take off their shoes and keep away the unclean hand--it is almost their highest advance towards humanity. On the contrary, in the so-called cultured classes, the believers in "modern ideas," nothing is perhaps so repulsive as their lack of shame, the easy insolence of eye and hand with which they touch, taste, and finger everything; and it is possible that even yet there is more RELATIVE nobility of taste, and more tact for reverence among the people, among the lower classes of the people, especially among peasants, than among the newspaper-reading DEMIMONDE of intellect, the cultured class.

264. It cannot be effaced from a man's soul what his ancestors have preferably and most constantly done: whether they were perhaps diligent economizers attached to a desk and a cash-box, modest and citizen-like in their desires, modest also in their virtues; or whether they were accustomed to commanding from morning till night, fond of rude pleasures and probably of still ruder duties and responsibilities; or whether, finally, at one time or another, they have sacrificed old privileges of birth and possession, in order to live wholly for their faith--for their "God,"--as men of an inexorable and sensitive conscience, which blushes at every compromise. It is quite impossible for a man NOT to have the qualities and predilections of his parents and ancestors in his

constitution, whatever appearances may suggest to the contrary. This is the problem of race. Granted that one knows something of the parents, it is admissible to draw a conclusion about the child: any kind of offensive incontinence, any kind of sordid envy, or of clumsy self-vaunting--the three things which together have constituted the genuine plebeian type in all times--such must pass over to the child, as surely as bad blood; and with the help of the best education and culture one will only succeed in DECEIVING with regard to such heredity.--And what else does education and culture try to do nowadays! In our very democratic, or rather, very plebeian age, "education" and "culture" MUST be essentially the art of deceiving--deceiving with regard to origin, with regard to the inherited plebeianism in body and soul. An educator who nowadays preached truthfulness above everything else, and called out constantly to his pupils: "Be true! Be natural! Show yourselves as you are!"--even such a virtuous and sincere ass would learn in a short time to have recourse to the FURCA of Horace, NATURAM EXPELLERE: with what results? "Plebeianism" USQUE RECURRET. [FOOTNOTE: Horace's "Epistles," I. x. 24.]

265. At the risk of displeasing innocent ears, I submit that egoism belongs to the essence of a noble soul, I mean the unalterable belief that to a being such as "we," other beings must naturally be in subjection, and have to sacrifice themselves. The noble soul accepts the fact of his egoism without question, and also without consciousness of harshness, constraint, or arbitrariness therein, but rather as something that may have its basis in the primary law of things:--if he sought a designation for it he would say: "It is justice itself." He acknowledges under certain circumstances, which made him hesitate at first, that there are other equally privileged ones; as soon as he has settled this question of rank, he moves among those equals and equally privileged ones with the same assurance, as regards modesty and delicate respect, which he enjoys in intercourse with himself--in accordance with an innate heavenly mechanism which all the stars understand. It is an ADDITIONAL instance of his egoism, this artfulness and self-limitation in intercourse with his equals--every star is a similar egoist; he honours HIMSELF in them, and in the rights which he concedes to them, he has no doubt that the exchange of honours and rights, as the ESSENCE of all intercourse, belongs also to the natural condition of things. The noble soul gives as he takes, prompted by the passionate and sensitive instinct of requital, which is at the root of his nature. The notion of "favour" has, INTER PARES, neither significance nor good repute; there may be a sublime way of letting gifts as it were light upon one from above, and of drinking them thirstily like dew-drops; but for those arts and displays the noble soul has no aptitude. His egoism hinders him here: in general, he looks "aloft" unwillingly--he looks either FORWARD, horizontally and deliberately, or downwards--HE KNOWS THAT HE IS ON A HEIGHT.

266. "One can only truly esteem him who does not LOOK OUT FOR himself."--Goethe to Rath Schlosser.

267. The Chinese have a proverb which mothers even teach their children: "SIAO-SIN" ("MAKE THY HEART SMALL"). This is the essentially fundamental tendency in latter-day civilizations. I have no doubt that an ancient Greek, also, would first of all remark the self-dwarfing in us Europeans of today--in this respect alone we should immediately be "distasteful" to him.

268. What, after all, is ignobleness?--Words are vocal symbols for ideas; ideas, however, are more or less definite mental symbols for frequently returning and concurring sensations, for groups of sensations. It is not sufficient to use the same words in order to understand one another: we must also employ the same words for the same kind of internal experiences, we must in the end have experiences IN COMMON. On this account the people of one nation understand one another better than those belonging to different nations, even when they use the same language; or rather, when people have lived long together under similar conditions (of climate, soil, danger, requirement, toil) there ORIGINATES therefrom an entity that "understands itself"--namely, a nation. In all souls a like number of frequently recurring experiences have gained the upper hand over those occurring more rarely: about these matters people understand one another rapidly and always more rapidly--the history of language is the history of a process of abbreviation; on the basis of this quick comprehension people always unite closer and closer. The greater the danger, the greater is the need of agreeing quickly and readily about what is necessary; not to misunderstand one another in danger--that is what cannot at all be dispensed with in intercourse. Also in all loves and friendships one has the experience that nothing of the kind continues when the discovery has been made that in using the same words, one of the two parties has feelings, thoughts, intuitions, wishes, or fears different from those of the other. (The fear of the "eternal misunderstanding": that is the good genius which so often keeps persons of different sexes from too hasty attachments, to which sense and heart prompt them--and NOT some Schopenhauerian "genius of the species"!) Whichever groups of sensations within a soul awaken most readily, begin to speak, and give the word of command--these decide as to the general order of rank of its values, and determine ultimately its list of desirable things. A man's estimates of value betray something of the STRUCTURE of his soul, and wherein it sees its conditions of life, its intrinsic needs. Supposing now that necessity has from all time drawn together only such men as could express similar requirements and similar experiences by similar symbols, it results on the whole that the easy COMMUNICABILITY of need, which implies ultimately the undergoing only of average and COMMON experiences, must have been the most potent of all the forces which have hitherto

operated upon mankind. The more similar, the more ordinary people, have always had and are still having the advantage; the more select, more refined, more unique, and difficultly comprehensible, are liable to stand alone; they succumb to accidents in their isolation, and seldom propagate themselves. One must appeal to immense opposing forces, in order to thwart this natural, all-too-natural PROGRESSUS IN SIMILE, the evolution of man to the similar, the ordinary, the average, the gregarious--to the IGNOBLE--!

269. The more a psychologist--a born, an unavoidable psychologist and soul-diviner--turns his attention to the more select cases and individuals, the greater is his danger of being suffocated by sympathy: he NEEDS sternness and cheerfulness more than any other man. For the corruption, the ruination of higher men, of the more unusually constituted souls, is in fact, the rule: it is dreadful to have such a rule always before one's eyes. The manifold torment of the psychologist who has discovered this ruination, who discovers once, and then discovers ALMOST repeatedly throughout all history, this universal inner "desperateness" of higher men, this eternal "too late!" in every sense--may perhaps one day be the cause of his turning with bitterness against his own lot, and of his making an attempt at self-destruction--of his "going to ruin" himself. One may perceive in almost every psychologist a tell-tale inclination for delightful intercourse with commonplace and well-ordered men; the fact is thereby disclosed that he always requires healing, that he needs a sort of flight and forgetfulness, away from what his insight and incisiveness--from what his "business"--has laid upon his conscience. The fear of his memory is peculiar to him. He is easily silenced by the judgment of others; he hears with unmoved countenance how people honour, admire, love, and glorify, where he has PERCEIVED--or he even conceals his silence by expressly assenting to some plausible opinion. Perhaps the paradox of his situation becomes so dreadful that, precisely where he has learnt GREAT SYMPATHY, together with great CONTEMPT, the multitude, the educated, and the visionaries, have on their part learnt great reverence--reverence for "great men" and marvelous animals, for the sake of whom one blesses and honours the fatherland, the earth, the dignity of mankind, and one's own self, to whom one points the young, and in view of whom one educates them. And who knows but in all great instances hitherto just the same happened: that the multitude worshipped a God, and that the "God" was only a poor sacrificial animal! SUCCESS has always been the greatest liar--and the "work" itself is a success; the great statesman, the conqueror, the discoverer, are disguised in their creations until they are unrecognizable; the "work" of the artist, of the philosopher, only invents him who has created it, is REPUTED to have created it; the "great men," as they are reverenced, are poor little fictions composed afterwards; in the world of historical values spurious coinage PREVAILS. Those great poets, for example, such as Byron, Musset, Poe, Leopardi, Kleist, Gogol (I do not venture to mention much greater names, but I have them in my mind), as they now appear, and were perhaps obliged to be: men of the moment, enthusiastic, sensuous, and childish, light-minded and impulsive in their trust and distrust; with souls in which usually some flaw has to be concealed; often taking revenge with their works for an internal defilement, often seeking forgetfulness in their soaring from a too true memory, often lost in the mud and almost in love with it, until they become like the Will-o'-the-Wisps around the swamps, and PRETEND TO BE stars--the people then call them idealists,--often struggling with protracted disgust, with an ever-reappearing phantom of disbelief, which makes them cold, and obliges them to languish for GLORIA and devour "faith as it is" out of the hands of intoxicated adulators:--what a TORMENT these great artists are and the so-called higher men in general, to him who has once found them out! It is thus conceivable that it is just from woman--who is clairvoyant in the world of suffering, and also unfortunately eager to help and save to an extent far beyond her powers--that THEY have learnt so readily those outbreaks of boundless devoted SYMPATHY, which the multitude, above all the reverent multitude, do not understand, and overwhelm with prying and self-gratifying interpretations. This sympathizing invariably deceives itself as to its power; woman would like to believe that love can do EVERYTHING--it is the SUPERSTITION peculiar to her. Alas, he who knows the heart finds out how poor, helpless, pretentious, and blundering even the best and deepest love is--he finds that it rather DESTROYS than saves!--It is possible that under the holy fable and travesty of the life of Jesus there is hidden one of the most painful cases of the martyrdom of KNOWLEDGE ABOUT LOVE: the martyrdom of the most innocent and most craving heart, that never had enough of any human love, that DEMANDED love, that demanded inexorably and frantically to be loved and nothing else, with terrible outbursts against those who refused him their love; the story of a poor soul insatiated and insatiable in love, that had to invent hell to send thither those who WOULD NOT love him--and that at last, enlightened about human love, had to invent a God who is entire love, entire CAPACITY for love--who takes pity on human love, because it is so paltry, so ignorant! He who has such sentiments, he who has such KNOWLEDGE about love--SEEKS for death!--But why should one deal with such painful matters? Provided, of course, that one is not obliged to do so.

270. The intellectual haughtiness and loathing of every man who has suffered deeply--it almost determines the order of rank HOW deeply men can suffer--the chilling certainty, with which he is thoroughly imbued and coloured, that by virtue of his suffering he KNOWS MORE than the shrewdest and wisest can ever know, that he has been familiar with, and "at home" in, many distant, dreadful worlds of which "YOU know nothing"!--this silent intellectual haughtiness of the sufferer, this pride of the elect of

knowledge, of the "initiated," of the almost sacrificed, finds all forms of disguise necessary to protect itself from contact with officious and sympathizing hands, and in general from all that is not its equal in suffering. Profound suffering makes noble: it separates.--One of the most refined forms of disguise is Epicurism, along with a certain ostentatious boldness of taste, which takes suffering lightly, and puts itself on the defensive against all that is sorrowful and profound. They are "gay men" who make use of gaiety, because they are misunderstood on account of it--they WISH to be misunderstood. There are "scientific minds" who make use of science, because it gives a gay appearance, and because scientificness leads to the conclusion that a person is superficial--they WISH to mislead to a false conclusion. There are free insolent minds which would fain conceal and deny that they are broken, proud, incurable hearts (the cynicism of Hamlet--the case of Galiani); and occasionally folly itself is the mask of an unfortunate OVER-ASSURED knowledge.--From which it follows that it is the part of a more refined humanity to have reverence "for the mask," and not to make use of psychology and curiosity in the wrong place.

271. That which separates two men most profoundly is a different sense and grade of purity. What does it matter about all their honesty and reciprocal usefulness, what does it matter about all their mutual good-will: the fact still remains--they "cannot smell each other!" The highest instinct for purity places him who is affected with it in the most extraordinary and dangerous isolation, as a saint: for it is just holiness--the highest spiritualization of the instinct in question. Any kind of cognizance of an indescribable excess in the joy of the bath, any kind of ardour or thirst which perpetually impels the soul out of night into the morning, and out of gloom, out of "affliction" into clearness, brightness, depth, and refinement:--just as much as such a tendency DISTINGUISHES--it is a noble tendency--it also SEPARATES.--The pity of the saint is pity for the FILTH of the human, all-too-human. And there are grades and heights where pity itself is regarded by him as impurity, as filth.

272. Signs of nobility: never to think of lowering our duties to the rank of duties for everybody; to be unwilling to renounce or to share our responsibilities; to count our prerogatives, and the exercise of them, among our DUTIES.

273. A man who strives after great things, looks upon every one whom he encounters on his way either as a means of advance, or a delay and hindrance--or as a temporary resting-place. His peculiar lofty BOUNTY to his fellow-men is only possible when he attains his elevation and dominates. Impatience, and the consciousness of being always condemned to comedy up to that time--for even strife is a comedy, and conceals the end, as every means does--spoil all intercourse for him; this kind of man is acquainted with solitude, and what is most poisonous in it.

274. THE PROBLEM OF THOSE WHO WAIT.--Happy chances are necessary, and many incalculable elements, in order that a higher man in whom the solution of a problem is dormant, may yet take action, or "break forth," as one might say--at the right moment. On an average it DOES NOT happen; and in all corners of the earth there are waiting ones sitting who hardly know to what extent they are waiting, and still less that they wait in vain. Occasionally, too, the waking call comes too late--the chance which gives "permission" to take action--when their best youth, and strength for action have been used up in sitting still; and how many a one, just as he "sprang up," has found with horror that his limbs are benumbed and his spirits are now too heavy! "It is too late," he has said to himself--and has become self-distrustful and henceforth for ever useless.--In the domain of genius, may not the "Raphael without hands" (taking the expression in its widest sense) perhaps not be the exception, but the rule?--Perhaps genius is by no means so rare: but rather the five hundred HANDS which it requires in order to tyrannize over the [GREEK INSERTED HERE], "the right time"--in order to take chance by the forelock!

275. He who does not WISH to see the height of a man, looks all the more sharply at what is low in him, and in the foreground--and thereby betrays himself.

276. In all kinds of injury and loss the lower and coarser soul is better off than the nobler soul: the dangers of the latter must be greater, the probability that it will come to grief and perish is in fact immense, considering the multiplicity of the conditions of its existence.--In a lizard a finger grows again which has been lost; not so in man.--

277. It is too bad! Always the old story! When a man has finished building his house, he finds that he has learnt unawares something which he OUGHT absolutely to have known before he--began to build. The eternal, fatal "Too late!" The melancholia of everything COMPLETED--!

278.--Wanderer, who art thou? I see thee follow thy path without scorn, without love, with unfathomable eyes, wet and sad as a plummet which has returned to the light insatiated out of every depth--what did it seek down there?--with a bosom that never sighs, with lips that conceal their loathing, with a hand which only slowly grasps: who art thou? what hast thou done? Rest thee here: this place has hospitality for every one--refresh thyself! And whoever thou art, what is it that now pleases thee? What will serve to

refresh thee? Only name it, whatever I have I offer thee! "To refresh me? To refresh me? Oh, thou prying one, what sayest thou! But give me, I pray thee---" What? what? Speak out! "Another mask! A second mask!"

279. Men of profound sadness betray themselves when they are happy: they have a mode of seizing upon happiness as though they would choke and strangle it, out of jealousy--ah, they know only too well that it will flee from them!

280. "Bad! Bad! What? Does he not--go back?" Yes! But you misunderstand him when you complain about it. He goes back like every one who is about to make a great spring.

281.--"Will people believe it of me? But I insist that they believe it of me: I have always thought very unsatisfactorily of myself and about myself, only in very rare cases, only compulsorily, always without delight in 'the subject,' ready to digress from 'myself,' and always without faith in the result, owing to an unconquerable distrust of the POSSIBILITY of self-knowledge, which has led me so far as to feel a CONTRADICTIO IN ADJECTO even in the idea of 'direct knowledge' which theorists allow themselves:--this matter of fact is almost the most certain thing I know about myself. There must be a sort of repugnance in me to BELIEVE anything definite about myself.--Is there perhaps some enigma therein? Probably; but fortunately nothing for my own teeth.--Perhaps it betrays the species to which I belong?--but not to myself, as is sufficiently agreeable to me."

282.--"But what has happened to you?"--"I do not know," he said, hesitatingly; "perhaps the Harpies have flown over my table."--It sometimes happens nowadays that a gentle, sober, retiring man becomes suddenly mad, breaks the plates, upsets the table, shrieks, raves, and shocks everybody--and finally withdraws, ashamed, and raging at himself--whither? for what purpose? To famish apart? To suffocate with his memories?--To him who has the desires of a lofty and dainty soul, and only seldom finds his table laid and his food prepared, the danger will always be great--nowadays, however, it is extraordinarily so. Thrown into the midst of a noisy and plebeian age, with which he does not like to eat out of the same dish, he may readily perish of hunger and thirst--or, should he nevertheless finally "fall to," of sudden nausea.--We have probably all sat at tables to which we did not belong; and precisely the most spiritual of us, who are most difficult to nourish, know the dangerous DYSPEPSIA which originates from a sudden insight and disillusionment about our food and our messmates--the AFTER-DINNER NAUSEA.

283. If one wishes to praise at all, it is a delicate and at the same time a noble self-control, to praise only where one DOES NOT agree--otherwise in fact one would praise oneself, which is contrary to good taste:--a self-control, to be sure, which offers excellent opportunity and provocation to constant MISUNDERSTANDING. To be able to allow oneself this veritable luxury of taste and morality, one must not live among intellectual imbeciles, but rather among men whose misunderstandings and mistakes amuse by their refinement--or one will have to pay dearly for it!--"He praises me, THEREFORE he acknowledges me to be right"--this asinine method of inference spoils half of the life of us recluses, for it brings the asses into our neighbourhood and friendship.

284. To live in a vast and proud tranquility; always beyond... To have, or not to have, one's emotions, one's For and Against, according to choice; to lower oneself to them for hours; to SEAT oneself on them as upon horses, and often as upon asses:--for one must know how to make use of their stupidity as well as of their fire. To conserve one's three hundred foregrounds; also one's black spectacles: for there are circumstances when nobody must look into our eyes, still less into our "motives." And to choose for company that roguish and cheerful vice, politeness. And to remain master of one's four virtues, courage, insight, sympathy, and solitude. For solitude is a virtue with us, as a sublime bent and bias to purity, which divines that in the contact of man and man--"in society"--it must be unavoidably impure. All society makes one somehow, somewhere, or sometime--"commonplace."

285. The greatest events and thoughts--the greatest thoughts, however, are the greatest events--are longest in being comprehended: the generations which are contemporary with them do not EXPERIENCE such events--they live past them. Something happens there as in the realm of stars. The light of the furthest stars is longest in reaching man; and before it has arrived man DENIES--that there are stars there. "How many centuries does a mind require to be understood?"--that is also a standard, one also makes a gradation of rank and an etiquette therewith, such as is necessary for mind and for star.

286. "Here is the prospect free, the mind exalted." [FOOTNOTE: Goethe's "Faust," Part II, Act V. The words of Dr. Marianus.]--But there is a reverse kind of man, who is also upon a height, and has also a free prospect--but looks DOWNWARDS.

287. What is noble? What does the word "noble" still mean for us nowadays? How does the noble man betray himself, how is he recognized under this heavy overcast sky of the commencing plebeianism, by which everything is rendered opaque and leaden?--It is not his actions which establish his claim--actions are always ambiguous, always inscrutable; neither is it his "works." One finds nowadays among artists and scholars plenty of those who betray by their works that a profound longing for nobleness impels them;

but this very NEED of nobleness is radically different from the needs of the noble soul itself, and is in fact the eloquent and dangerous sign of the lack thereof. It is not the works, but the BELIEF which is here decisive and determines the order of rank--to employ once more an old religious formula with a new and deeper meaning--it is some fundamental certainty which a noble soul has about itself, something which is not to be sought, is not to be found, and perhaps, also, is not to be lost.--THE NOBLE SOUL HAS REVERENCE FOR ITSELF.--

288. There are men who are unavoidably intellectual, let them turn and twist themselves as they will, and hold their hands before their treacherous eyes--as though the hand were not a betrayer; it always comes out at last that they have something which they hide--namely, intellect. One of the subtlest means of deceiving, at least as long as possible, and of successfully representing oneself to be stupider than one really is--which in everyday life is often as desirable as an umbrella,--is called ENTHUSIASM, including what belongs to it, for instance, virtue. For as Galiani said, who was obliged to know it: VERTU EST ENTHOUSIASME.

289. In the writings of a recluse one always hears something of the echo of the wilderness, something of the murmuring tones and timid vigilance of solitude; in his strongest words, even in his cry itself, there sounds a new and more dangerous kind of silence, of concealment. He who has sat day and night, from year's end to year's end, alone with his soul in familiar discord and discourse, he who has become a cave-bear, or a treasure-seeker, or a treasure-guardian and dragon in his cave--it may be a labyrinth, but can also be a gold-mine--his ideas themselves eventually acquire a twilight-colour of their own, and an odour, as much of the depth as of the mould, something uncommunicative and repulsive, which blows chilly upon every passer-by. The recluse does not believe that a philosopher--supposing that a philosopher has always in the first place been a recluse--ever expressed his actual and ultimate opinions in books: are not books written precisely to hide what is in us?--indeed, he will doubt whether a philosopher CAN have "ultimate and actual" opinions at all; whether behind every cave in him there is not, and must necessarily be, a still deeper cave: an ampler, stranger, richer world beyond the surface, an abyss behind every bottom, beneath every "foundation." Every philosophy is a foreground philosophy--this is a recluse's verdict: "There is something arbitrary in the fact that the PHILOSOPHER came to a stand here, took a retrospect, and looked around; that he HERE laid his spade aside and did not dig any deeper--there is also something suspicious in it." Every philosophy also CONCEALS a philosophy; every opinion is also a LURKING-PLACE, every word is also a MASK.

290. Every deep thinker is more afraid of being understood than of being misunderstood. The latter perhaps wounds his vanity; but the former wounds his heart, his sympathy, which always says: "Ah, why would you also have as hard a time of it as I have?"

291. Man, a COMPLEX, mendacious, artful, and inscrutable animal, uncanny to the other animals by his artifice and sagacity, rather than by his strength, has invented the good conscience in order finally to enjoy his soul as something SIMPLE; and the whole of morality is a long, audacious falsification, by virtue of which generally enjoyment at the sight of the soul becomes possible. From this point of view there is perhaps much more in the conception of "art" than is generally believed.

292. A philosopher: that is a man who constantly experiences, sees, hears, suspects, hopes, and dreams extraordinary things; who is struck by his own thoughts as if they came from the outside, from above and below, as a species of events and lightning-flashes PECULIAR TO HIM; who is perhaps himself a storm pregnant with new lightnings; a portentous man, around whom there is always rumbling and mumbling and gaping and something uncanny going on. A philosopher: alas, a being who often runs away from himself, is often afraid of himself--but whose curiosity always makes him "come to himself" again.

293. A man who says: "I like that, I take it for my own, and mean to guard and protect it from every one"; a man who can conduct a case, carry out a resolution, remain true to an opinion, keep hold of a woman, punish and overthrow insolence; a man who has his indignation and his sword, and to whom the weak, the suffering, the oppressed, and even the animals willingly submit and naturally belong; in short, a man who is a MASTER by nature--when such a man has sympathy, well! THAT sympathy has value! But of what account is the sympathy of those who suffer! Or of those even who preach sympathy! There is nowadays, throughout almost the whole of Europe, a sickly irritability and sensitiveness towards pain, and also a repulsive irrestrainableness in complaining, an effeminizing, which, with the aid of religion and philosophical nonsense, seeks to deck itself out as something superior--there is a regular cult of suffering. The UNMANLINESS of that which is called "sympathy" by such groups of visionaries, is always, I believe, the first thing that strikes the eye.--One must resolutely and radically taboo this latest form of bad taste; and finally I wish people to put the good amulet, "GAI SABER" ("gay science," in ordinary language), on heart and neck, as a protection against it.

294. THE OLYMPIAN VICE.--Despite the philosopher who, as a genuine Englishman, tried to bring laughter into bad repute in all thinking minds--"Laughing is a bad infirmity of human nature, which every thinking mind will strive to overcome" (Hobbes),--I would

even allow myself to rank philosophers according to the quality of their laughing--up to those who are capable of GOLDEN laughter. And supposing that Gods also philosophize, which I am strongly inclined to believe, owing to many reasons--I have no doubt that they also know how to laugh thereby in an overman-like and new fashion--and at the expense of all serious things! Gods are fond of ridicule: it seems that they cannot refrain from laughter even in holy matters.

295. The genius of the heart, as that great mysterious one possesses it, the tempter-god and born rat-catcher of consciences, whose voice can descend into the nether-world of every soul, who neither speaks a word nor casts a glance in which there may not be some motive or touch of allurement, to whose perfection it pertains that he knows how to appear,--not as he is, but in a guise which acts as an ADDITIONAL constraint on his followers to press ever closer to him, to follow him more cordially and thoroughly;--the genius of the heart, which imposes silence and attention on everything loud and self-conceited, which smoothes rough souls and makes them taste a new longing--to lie placid as a mirror, that the deep heavens may be reflected in them;--the genius of the heart, which teaches the clumsy and too hasty hand to hesitate, and to grasp more delicately; which scents the hidden and forgotten treasure, the drop of goodness and sweet spirituality under thick dark ice, and is a divining-rod for every grain of gold, long buried and imprisoned in mud and sand; the genius of the heart, from contact with which every one goes away richer; not favoured or surprised, not as though gratified and oppressed by the good things of others; but richer in himself, newer than before, broken up, blown upon, and sounded by a thawing wind; more uncertain, perhaps, more delicate, more fragile, more bruised, but full of hopes which as yet lack names, full of a new will and current, full of a new ill-will and counter-current... but what am I doing, my friends? Of whom am I talking to you? Have I forgotten myself so far that I have not even told you his name? Unless it be that you have already divined of your own accord who this questionable God and spirit is, that wishes to be PRAISED in such a manner? For, as it happens to every one who from childhood onward has always been on his legs, and in foreign lands, I have also encountered on my path many strange and dangerous spirits; above all, however, and again and again, the one of whom I have just spoken: in fact, no less a personage than the God DIONYSUS, the great equivocator and tempter, to whom, as you know, I once offered in all secrecy and reverence my first-fruits--the last, as it seems to me, who has offered a SACRIFICE to him, for I have found no one who could understand what I was then doing. In the meantime, however, I have learned much, far too much, about the philosophy of this God, and, as I said, from mouth to mouth--I, the last disciple and initiate of the God Dionysus: and perhaps I might at last begin to give you, my friends, as far as I am allowed, a little taste of this philosophy? In a hushed voice, as is but seemly: for it has to do with much that is secret, new, strange, wonderful, and uncanny. The very fact that Dionysus is a philosopher, and that therefore Gods also philosophize, seems to me a novelty which is not unensnaring, and might perhaps arouse suspicion precisely among philosophers;--among you, my friends, there is less to be said against it, except that it comes too late and not at the right time; for, as it has been disclosed to me, you are loth nowadays to believe in God and gods. It may happen, too, that in the frankness of my story I must go further than is agreeable to the strict usages of your ears? Certainly the God in question went further, very much further, in such dialogues, and was always many paces ahead of me... Indeed, if it were allowed, I should have to give him, according to human usage, fine ceremonious tides of lustre and merit, I should have to extol his courage as investigator and discoverer, his fearless honesty, truthfulness, and love of wisdom. But such a God does not know what to do with all that respectable trumpery and pomp. "Keep that," he would say, "for thyself and those like thee, and whoever else require it! I--have no reason to cover my nakedness!" One suspects that this kind of divinity and philosopher perhaps lacks shame?--He once said: "Under certain circumstances I love mankind"--and referred thereby to Ariadne, who was present; "in my opinion man is an agreeable, brave, inventive animal, that has not his equal upon earth, he makes his way even through all labyrinths. I like man, and often think how I can still further advance him, and make him stronger, more evil, and more profound."--"Stronger, more evil, and more profound?" I asked in horror. "Yes," he said again, "stronger, more evil, and more profound; also more beautiful"--and thereby the tempter-god smiled with his halcyon smile, as though he had just paid some charming compliment. One here sees at once that it is not only shame that this divinity lacks;--and in general there are good grounds for supposing that in some things the Gods could all of them come to us men for instruction. We men are--more human.--

296. Alas! what are you, after all, my written and painted thoughts! Not long ago you were so variegated, young and malicious, so full of thorns and secret spices, that you made me sneeze and laugh--and now? You have already doffed your novelty, and some of you, I fear, are ready to become truths, so immortal do they look, so pathetically honest, so tedious! And was it ever otherwise? What then do we write and paint, we mandarins with Chinese brush, we immortalisers of things which LEND themselves to writing, what are we alone capable of painting? Alas, only that which is just about to fade and begins to lose its odour! Alas, only exhausted and departing storms and belated yellow sentiments! Alas, only birds strayed and fatigued by flight, which now let themselves be captured with the hand--with OUR hand! We immortalize what cannot live and fly much longer, things only which are exhausted and mellow! And it is only for your AFTERNOON, you, my written and painted thoughts, for which alone I have colours, many

colours, perhaps, many variegated softenings, and fifty yellows and browns and greens and reds;--but nobody will divine thereby how ye looked in your morning, you sudden sparks and marvels of my solitude, you, my old, beloved--EVIL thoughts!

FROM THE HEIGHTS

By F W Nietzsche

Translated by L. A. Magnus

1.

MIDDAY of Life! Oh, season of delight! My summer's park! Uneaseful joy to look, to lurk, to hark-- I peer for friends, am ready day and night,-- Where linger ye, my friends? The time is right!

2.

Is not the glacier's grey today for you Rose-garlanded? The brooklet seeks you, wind, cloud, with longing thread And thrust themselves yet higher to the blue, To spy for you from farthest eagle's view.

3.

My table was spread out for you on high-- Who dwelleth so Star-near, so near the grisly pit below?-- My realm--what realm hath wider boundary? My honey--who hath sipped its fragrancy?

4.

Friends, ye are there! Woe me,--yet I am not He whom ye seek? Ye stare and stop--better your wrath could speak! I am not I? Hand, gait, face, changed? And what I am, to you my friends, now am I not?

5.

Am I an other? Strange am I to Me? Yet from Me sprung? A wrestler, by himself too oft self-wrung? Hindering too oft my own self's potency, Wounded and hampered by self-victory?

6.

I sought where-so the wind blows keenest. There I learned to dwell Where no man dwells, on lonesome ice-lorn fell, And unlearned Man and God and curse and prayer? Became a ghost haunting the glaciers bare?

7.

Ye, my old friends! Look! Ye turn pale, filled o'er With love and fear! Go! Yet not in wrath. Ye could ne'er live here. Here in the farthest realm of ice and scaur, A huntsman must one be, like chamois soar.

8.

An evil huntsman was I? See how taut My bow was bent! Strongest was he by whom such bolt were sent-- Woe now! That arrow is with peril fraught, Perilous as none.--Have yon safe home ye sought!

9.

Ye go! Thou didst endure enough, oh, heart;-- Strong was thy hope; Unto new friends thy portals widely ope, Let old ones be. Bid memory depart! Wast thou young then, now--better young thou art!

10.

What linked us once together, one hope's tie-- (Who now doth con Those lines, now fading, Love once wrote thereon?)-- Is like a parchment, which the hand is shy To touch--like crackling leaves, all seared, all dry.

11.

Oh! Friends no more! They are--what name for those?-- Friends' phantom-flight Knocking at my heart's window-pane at night, Gazing on me, that speaks "We were" and goes,-- Oh, withered words, once fragrant as the rose!

12.

Pinings of youth that might not understand! For which I pined, Which I deemed changed with me, kin of my kind: But they grew old, and thus were doomed and banned: None but new kith are native of my land!

13.

Midday of life! My second youth's delight! My summer's park! Unrestful joy to long, to lurk, to hark! I peer for friends!--am ready day and night, For my new friends. Come! Come! The time is right!

14.

This song is done,--the sweet sad cry of rue Sang out its end; A wizard wrought it, he the timely friend, The midday-friend,--no, do not ask me who; At midday 'twas, when one became as two.

15.

We keep our Feast of Feasts, sure of our bourne, Our aims self-same: The Guest of Guests, friend Zarathustra, came! The world now laughs, the grisly veil was torn, And Light and Dark were one that wedding-morn.

End of Project Gutenberg's Beyond Good and Evil, by Friedrich Nietzsche

==========

Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl, Written by Herself

Harriet A. Jacobs

Project Gutenberg Release: February 01, 2004 · eBook #11030

[Transcriber's note: The spelling irregularities of the original have been retained in this etext.]

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A SLAVE GIRL.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

"Northerners know nothing at all about Slavery. They think it is perpetual bondage only. They have no conception of the depth of _degradation_ involved in that word, Slavery; if they had, they would never cease their efforts until so horrible a system was overthrown."

A Woman of North Carolina.

"Rise up, ye women that are at ease! Hear my voice, ye careless daughters! Give ear unto my speech."

Isaiah xxxii. 9.

Edited By L. Maria Child.

Boston: Published For The Author. 1861.

Preface by the Author

Reader, be assured this narrative is no fiction. I am aware that some of my adventures may seem incredible; but they are, nevertheless, strictly true. I have not exaggerated the wrongs inflicted by Slavery; on the contrary, my descriptions fall far short of the facts. I have concealed the names of places, and given persons fictitious names. I had no motive for secrecy on my own account, but I deemed it kind and considerate towards others to pursue this course.

I wish I were more competent to the task I have undertaken. But I trust my readers will excuse deficiencies in consideration of circumstances. I was born and reared in Slavery; and I remained in a Slave State twenty-seven years. Since I have been at the North, it has been necessary for me to work diligently for my own support, and the education of my children. This has not left me much leisure to make up for the loss of early opportunities to improve myself; and it has compelled me to write these pages at irregular intervals, whenever I could snatch an hour from household duties.

When I first arrived in Philadelphia, Bishop Paine advised me to publish a sketch of my life, but I told him I was altogether incompetent to such an undertaking. Though I have improved my mind somewhat since that time, I still remain of the same opinion; but I trust my motives will excuse what might otherwise seem presumptuous. I have not written my experiences in order to attract attention to myself; on the contrary, it would have been more pleasant to me to have been silent about my own history. Neither do I care to excite sympathy for my own sufferings. But I do earnestly desire to arouse the women of the North to a realizing sense of the condition of two millions of women at the South, still in bondage, suffering what I suffered, and most of them far worse. I want to add my testimony to that of abler pens to convince the people of the Free States what Slavery really is. Only by experience can any one realize how deep, and dark, and foul is that pit of abominations. May the blessing of God rest on this imperfect effort in behalf of my persecuted people!

Linda Brent.

Introduction by the Editor

The author of the following autobiography is personally known to me, and her conversation and manners inspire me with confidence. During the last seventeen years, she has lived the greater part of the time with a distinguished family in New York, and has so deported herself as to be highly esteemed by them. This fact is sufficient, without further credentials of her character. I

believe those who know her will not be disposed to doubt her veracity, though some incidents in her story are more romantic than fiction.

At her request, I have revised her manuscript; but such changes as I have made have been mainly for purposes of condensation and orderly arrangement. I have not added any thing to the incidents, or changed the import of her very pertinent remarks. With trifling exceptions, both the ideas and the language are her own. I pruned excrescences a little, but otherwise I had no reason for changing her lively and dramatic way of telling her own story. The names of both persons and places are known to me; but for good reasons I suppress them.

It will naturally excite surprise that a woman reared in Slavery should be able to write so well. But circumstances will explain this. In the first place, nature endowed her with quick perceptions. Secondly, the mistress, with whom she lived till she was twelve years old, was a kind, considerate friend, who taught her to read and spell. Thirdly, she was placed in favorable circumstances after she came to the North; having frequent intercourse with intelligent persons, who felt a friendly interest in her welfare, and were disposed to give her opportunities for self-improvement.

I am well aware that many will accuse me of indecorum for presenting these pages to the public; for the experiences of this intelligent and much-injured woman belong to a class which some call delicate subjects, and others indelicate. This peculiar phase of Slavery has generally been kept veiled; but the public ought to be made acquainted with its monstrous features, and I willingly take the responsibility of presenting them with the veil withdrawn. I do this for the sake of my sisters in bondage, who are suffering wrongs so foul, that our ears are too delicate to listen to them. I do it with the hope of arousing conscientious and reflecting women at the North to a sense of their duty in the exertion of moral influence on the question of Slavery, on all possible occasions. I do it with the hope that every man who reads this narrative will swear solemnly before God that, so far as he has power to prevent it, no fugitive from Slavery shall ever be sent back to suffer in that loathsome den of corruption and cruelty.

L. Maria Child.

Contents

Childhood

The New Master And Mistress

The Slaves' New Year's Day

The Slave Who Dared To Feel Like A Man

The Trials Of Girlhood

The Jealous Mistress

The Lover

What Slaves Are Taught To Think Of The North

Sketches Of Neighboring Slaveholders

A Perilous Passage In The Slave Girl's Life

The New Tie To Life

Fear Of Insurrection

The Church And Slavery

Another Link To Life

Continued Persecutions

Scenes At The Plantation

The Flight

Months Of Peril

The Children Sold

New Perils

The Loophole Of Retreat

Christmas Festivities

Still In Prison

The Candidate For Congress

Competition In Cunning

Important Era In My Brother’s Life

New Destination For The Children

Aunt Nancy

Preparations For Escape

Northward Bound

Incidents In Philadelphia

The Meeting Of Mother And Daughter

A Home Found

The Old Enemy Again

Prejudice Against Color

The Hairbreadth Escape

A Visit To England

Renewed Invitations To Go South

The Confession

The Fugitive Slave Law

Free At Last

Appendix

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A SLAVE GIRL, SEVEN YEARS CONCEALED.

* * * * *

I. Childhood

I was born a slave; but I never knew it till six years of happy childhood had passed away. My father was a carpenter, and considered so intelligent and skilful in his trade, that, when buildings out of the common line were to be erected, he was sent for from long distances, to be head workman. On condition of paying his mistress two hundred dollars a year, and supporting himself, he was allowed to work at his trade, and manage his own affairs. His strongest wish was to purchase his children; but, though he several times offered his hard earnings for that purpose, he never succeeded. In complexion my parents were a light shade of brownish yellow, and were termed mulattoes. They lived together in a comfortable home; and, though we were all slaves, I was so fondly shielded that I never dreamed I was a piece of merchandise, trusted to them for safe keeping, and liable to be demanded of

them at any moment. I had one brother, William, who was two years younger than myself—a bright, affectionate child. I had also a great treasure in my maternal grandmother, who was a remarkable woman in many respects. She was the daughter of a planter in South Carolina, who, at his death, left her mother and his three children free, with money to go to St. Augustine, where they had relatives. It was during the Revolutionary War; and they were captured on their passage, carried back, and sold to different purchasers. Such was the story my grandmother used to tell me; but I do not remember all the particulars. She was a little girl when she was captured and sold to the keeper of a large hotel. I have often heard her tell how hard she fared during childhood. But as she grew older she evinced so much intelligence, and was so faithful, that her master and mistress could not help seeing it was for their interest to take care of such a valuable piece of property. She became an indispensable personage in the household, officiating in all capacities, from cook and wet nurse to seamstress. She was much praised for her cooking; and her nice crackers became so famous in the neighborhood that many people were desirous of obtaining them. In consequence of numerous requests of this kind, she asked permission of her mistress to bake crackers at night, after all the household work was done; and she obtained leave to do it, provided she would clothe herself and her children from the profits. Upon these terms, after working hard all day for her mistress, she began her midnight bakings, assisted by her two oldest children. The business proved profitable; and each year she laid by a little, which was saved for a fund to purchase her children. Her master died, and the property was divided among his heirs. The widow had her dower in the hotel, which she continued to keep open. My grandmother remained in her service as a slave; but her children were divided among her master's children. As she had five, Benjamin, the youngest one, was sold, in order that each heir might have an equal portion of dollars and cents. There was so little difference in our ages that he seemed more like my brother than my uncle. He was a bright, handsome lad, nearly white; for he inherited the complexion my grandmother had derived from Anglo-Saxon ancestors. Though only ten years old, seven hundred and twenty dollars were paid for him. His sale was a terrible blow to my grandmother; but she was naturally hopeful, and she went to work with renewed energy, trusting in time to be able to purchase some of her children. She had laid up three hundred dollars, which her mistress one day begged as a loan, promising to pay her soon. The reader probably knows that no promise or writing given to a slave is legally binding; for, according to Southern laws, a slave, _being_ property, can _hold_ no property. When my grandmother lent her hard earnings to her mistress, she trusted solely to her honor. The honor of a slaveholder to a slave!

To this good grandmother I was indebted for many comforts. My brother Willie and I often received portions of the crackers, cakes, and preserves, she made to sell; and after we ceased to be children we were indebted to her for many more important services.

Such were the unusually fortunate circumstances of my early childhood. When I was six years old, my mother died; and then, for the first time, I learned, by the talk around me, that I was a slave. My mother's mistress was the daughter of my grandmother's mistress. She was the foster sister of my mother; they were both nourished at my grandmother's breast. In fact, my mother had been weaned at three months old, that the babe of the mistress might obtain sufficient food. They played together as children; and, when they became women, my mother was a most faithful servant to her whiter foster sister. On her death-bed her mistress promised that her children should never suffer for any thing; and during her lifetime she kept her word. They all spoke kindly of my dead mother, who had been a slave merely in name, but in nature was noble and womanly. I grieved for her, and my young mind was troubled with the thought who would now take care of me and my little brother. I was told that my home was now to be with her mistress; and I found it a happy one. No toilsome or disagreeable duties were imposed upon me. My mistress was so kind to me that I was always glad to do her bidding, and proud to labor for her as much as my young years would permit. I would sit by her side for hours, sewing diligently, with a heart as free from care as that of any free-born white child. When she thought I was tired, she would send me out to run and jump; and away I bounded, to gather berries or flowers to decorate her room. Those were happy days—too happy to last. The slave child had no thought for the morrow; but there came that blight, which too surely waits on every human being born to be a chattel.

When I was nearly twelve years old, my kind mistress sickened and died. As I saw the cheek grow paler, and the eye more glassy, how earnestly I prayed in my heart that she might live! I loved her; for she had been almost like a mother to me. My prayers were not answered. She died, and they buried her in the little churchyard, where, day after day, my tears fell upon her grave.

I was sent to spend a week with my grandmother. I was now old enough to begin to think of the future; and again and again I asked myself what they would do with me. I felt sure I should never find another mistress so kind as the one who was gone. She had promised my dying mother that her children should never suffer for any thing; and when I remembered that, and recalled her many proofs of attachment to me, I could not help having some hopes that she had left me free. My friends were almost certain it would be so. They thought she would be sure to do it, on account of my mother's love and faithful service. But, alas! we all know that the memory of a faithful slave does not avail much to save her children from the auction block.

After a brief period of suspense, the will of my mistress was read, and we learned that she had bequeathed me to her sister's daughter, a child of five years old. So vanished our hopes. My mistress had taught me the precepts of God's Word: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." But I was her slave, and I suppose she did not recognize me as her neighbor. I would give much to blot out from my memory that one great wrong. As a child, I loved my mistress; and, looking back on the happy days I spent with her, I try to think with less bitterness of this act of injustice. While I was with her, she taught me to read and spell; and for this privilege, which so rarely falls to the lot of a slave, I bless her memory.

She possessed but few slaves; and at her death those were all distributed among her relatives. Five of them were my grandmother's children, and had shared the same milk that nourished her mother's children. Notwithstanding my grandmother's long and faithful service to her owners, not one of her children escaped the auction block. These God-breathing machines are no more, in the sight of their masters, than the cotton they plant, or the horses they tend.

II. The New Master And Mistress.

Dr. Flint, a physician in the neighborhood, had married the sister of my mistress, and I was now the property of their little daughter. It was not without murmuring that I prepared for my new home; and what added to my unhappiness, was the fact that my brother William was purchased by the same family. My father, by his nature, as well as by the habit of transacting business as a skilful mechanic, had more of the feelings of a freeman than is common among slaves. My brother was a spirited boy; and being brought up under such influences, he early detested the name of master and mistress. One day, when his father and his mistress both happened to call him at the same time, he hesitated between the two; being perplexed to know which had the strongest claim upon his obedience. He finally concluded to go to his mistress. When my father reproved him for it, he said, "You both called me, and I didn't know which I ought to go to first."

"You are _my_ child," replied our father, "and when I call you, you should come immediately, if you have to pass through fire and water."

Poor Willie! He was now to learn his first lesson of obedience to a master. Grandmother tried to cheer us with hopeful words, and they found an echo in the credulous hearts of youth.

When we entered our new home we encountered cold looks, cold words, and cold treatment. We were glad when the night came. On my narrow bed I moaned and wept, I felt so desolate and alone.

I had been there nearly a year, when a dear little friend of mine was buried. I heard her mother sob, as the clods fell on the coffin of her only child, and I turned away from the grave, feeling thankful that I still had something left to love. I met my grandmother, who said, "Come with me, Linda;" and from her tone I knew that something sad had happened. She led me apart from the people, and then said, "My child, your father is dead." Dead! How could I believe it? He had died so suddenly I had not even heard that he was sick. I went home with my grandmother. My heart rebelled against God, who had taken from me mother, father, mistress, and friend. The good grandmother tried to comfort me. "Who knows the ways of God?" said she. "Perhaps they have been kindly taken from the evil days to come." Years afterwards I often thought of this. She promised to be a mother to her grandchildren, so far as she might be permitted to do so; and strengthened by her love, I returned to my master's. I thought I should be allowed to go to my father's house the next morning; but I was ordered to go for flowers, that my mistress's house might be decorated for an evening party. I spent the day gathering flowers and weaving them into festoons, while the dead body of my father was lying within a mile of me. What cared my owners for that? he was merely a piece of property. Moreover, they thought he had spoiled his children, by teaching them to feel that they were human beings. This was blasphemous doctrine for a slave to teach; presumptuous in him, and dangerous to the masters.

The next day I followed his remains to a humble grave beside that of my dear mother. There were those who knew my father's worth, and respected his memory.

My home now seemed more dreary than ever. The laugh of the little slave-children sounded harsh and cruel. It was selfish to feel so about the joy of others. My brother moved about with a very grave face. I tried to comfort him, by saying, "Take courage, Willie; brighter days will come by and by."

"You don't know any thing about it, Linda," he replied. "We shall have to stay here all our days; we shall never be free."

I argued that we were growing older and stronger, and that perhaps we might, before long, be allowed to hire our own time, and then we could earn money to buy our freedom. William declared this was much easier to say than to do; moreover, he did not intend to _buy_ his freedom. We held daily controversies upon this subject.

Little attention was paid to the slaves' meals in Dr. Flint's house. If they could catch a bit of food while it was going, well and good. I gave myself no trouble on that score, for on my various errands I passed my grandmother's house, where there was always something to spare for me. I was frequently threatened with punishment if I stopped there; and my grandmother, to avoid detaining me, often stood at the gate with something for my breakfast or dinner. I was indebted to _her_ for all my comforts, spiritual or temporal. It was _her_ labor that supplied my scanty wardrobe. I have a vivid recollection of the linsey-woolsey dress given me every winter by Mrs. Flint. How I hated it! It was one of the badges of slavery.

While my grandmother was thus helping to support me from her hard earnings, the three hundred dollars she had lent her mistress were never repaid. When her mistress died, her son-in-law, Dr. Flint, was appointed executor. When grandmother applied to him for payment, he said the estate was insolvent, and the law prohibited payment. It did not, however, prohibit him from retaining the silver candelabra, which had been purchased with that money. I presume they will be handed down in the family, from generation to generation.

My grandmother's mistress had always promised her that, at her death, she should be free; and it was said that in her will she made good the promise. But when the estate was settled, Dr. Flint told the faithful old servant that, under existing circumstances, it was necessary she should be sold.

On the appointed day, the customary advertisement was posted up, proclaiming that there would be a "public sale of negroes, horses, &c." Dr. Flint called to tell my grandmother that he was unwilling to wound her feelings by putting her up at auction, and that he would prefer to dispose of her at private sale. My grandmother saw through his hypocrisy; she understood very well that he was ashamed of the job. She was a very spirited woman, and if he was base enough to sell her, when her mistress intended she should be free, she was determined the public should know it. She had for a long time supplied many families with crackers and preserves; consequently, "Aunt Marthy," as she was called, was generally known, and every body who knew her respected her intelligence and good character. Her long and faithful service in the family was also well known, and the intention of her mistress to leave her free. When the day of sale came, she took her place among the chattels, and at the first call she sprang upon the auction-block. Many voices called out, "Shame! Shame! Who is going to sell _you_, aunt Marthy? Don't stand there! That is no place for _you_." Without saying a word, she quietly awaited her fate. No one bid for her. At last, a feeble voice said, "Fifty dollars." It came from a maiden lady, seventy years old, the sister of my grandmother's deceased mistress. She had lived forty years under the same roof with my grandmother; she knew how faithfully she had served her owners, and how cruelly she had been defrauded of her rights; and she resolved to protect her. The auctioneer waited for a higher bid; but her wishes were respected; no one bid above her. She could neither read nor write; and when the bill of sale was made out, she signed it with a cross. But what consequence was that, when she had a big heart overflowing with human kindness? She gave the old servant her freedom.

At that time, my grandmother was just fifty years old. Laborious years had passed since then; and now my brother and I were slaves to the man who had defrauded her of her money, and tried to defraud her of her freedom. One of my mother's sisters, called Aunt Nancy, was also a slave in his family. She was a kind, good aunt to me; and supplied the place of both housekeeper and waiting maid to her mistress. She was, in fact, at the beginning and end of every thing.

Mrs. Flint, like many southern women, was totally deficient in energy. She had not strength to superintend her household affairs; but her nerves were so strong, that she could sit in her easy chair and see a woman whipped, till the blood trickled from every stroke of the lash. She was a member of the church; but partaking of the Lord's supper did not seem to put her in a Christian frame of mind. If dinner was not served at the exact time on that particular Sunday, she would station herself in the kitchen, and wait till it was dished, and then spit in all the kettles and pans that had been used for cooking. She did this to prevent the cook and her children from eking out their meagre fare with the remains of the gravy and other scrapings. The slaves could get nothing to eat except what she chose to give them. Provisions were weighed out by the pound and ounce, three times a day. I can assure you she gave them no chance to eat wheat bread from her flour barrel. She knew how many biscuits a quart of flour would make, and exactly what size they ought to be.

Dr. Flint was an epicure. The cook never sent a dinner to his table without fear and trembling; for if there happened to be a dish not to his liking, he would either order her to be whipped, or compel her to eat every mouthful of it in his presence. The poor, hungry

creature might not have objected to eating it; but she did object to having her master cram it down her throat till she choked.

They had a pet dog, that was a nuisance in the house. The cook was ordered to make some Indian mush for him. He refused to eat, and when his head was held over it, the froth flowed from his mouth into the basin. He died a few minutes after. When Dr. Flint came in, he said the mush had not been well cooked, and that was the reason the animal would not eat it. He sent for the cook, and compelled her to eat it. He thought that the woman's stomach was stronger than the dog's; but her sufferings afterwards proved that he was mistaken. This poor woman endured many cruelties from her master and mistress; sometimes she was locked up, away from her nursing baby, for a whole day and night.

When I had been in the family a few weeks, one of the plantation slaves was brought to town, by order of his master. It was near night when he arrived, and Dr. Flint ordered him to be taken to the work house, and tied up to the joist, so that his feet would just escape the ground. In that situation he was to wait till the doctor had taken his tea. I shall never forget that night. Never before, in my life, had I heard hundreds of blows fall, in succession, on a human being. His piteous groans, and his "O, pray don't, massa," rang in my ear for months afterwards. There were many conjectures as to the cause of this terrible punishment. Some said master accused him of stealing corn; others said the slave had quarrelled with his wife, in presence of the overseer, and had accused his master of being the father of her child. They were both black, and the child was very fair.

I went into the work house next morning, and saw the cowhide still wet with blood, and the boards all covered with gore. The poor man lived, and continued to quarrel with his wife. A few months afterwards Dr. Flint handed them both over to a slave-trader. The guilty man put their value into his pocket, and had the satisfaction of knowing that they were out of sight and hearing. When the mother was delivered into the trader's hands, she said, "You _promised_ to treat me well." To which he replied, "You have let your tongue run too far; damn you!" She had forgotten that it was a crime for a slave to tell who was the father of her child.

From others than the master persecution also comes in such cases. I once saw a young slave girl dying soon after the birth of a child nearly white. In her agony she cried out, "O Lord, come and take me!" Her mistress stood by, and mocked at her like an incarnate fiend. "You suffer, do you?" she exclaimed. "I am glad of it. You deserve it all, and more too."

The girl's mother said, "The baby is dead, thank God; and I hope my poor child will soon be in heaven, too."

"Heaven!" retorted the mistress. "There is no such place for the like of her and her bastard."

The poor mother turned away, sobbing. Her dying daughter called her, feebly, and as she bent over her, I heard her say, "Don't grieve so, mother; God knows all about it; and HE will have mercy upon me."

Her sufferings, afterwards, became so intense, that her mistress felt unable to stay; but when she left the room, the scornful smile was still on her lips. Seven children called her mother. The poor black woman had but the one child, whose eyes she saw closing in death, while she thanked God for taking her away from the greater bitterness of life.

III. The Slaves' New Year's Day.

Dr. Flint owned a fine residence in town, several farms, and about fifty slaves, besides hiring a number by the year.

Hiring-day at the south takes place on the 1st of January. On the 2d, the slaves are expected to go to their new masters. On a farm, they work until the corn and cotton are laid. They then have two holidays. Some masters give them a good dinner under the trees. This over, they work until Christmas eve. If no heavy charges are meantime brought against them, they are given four or five holidays, whichever the master or overseer may think proper. Then comes New Year's eve; and they gather together their little alls, or more properly speaking, their little nothings, and wait anxiously for the dawning of day. At the appointed hour the grounds are thronged with men, women, and children, waiting, like criminals, to hear their doom pronounced. The slave is sure to know who is the most humane, or cruel master, within forty miles of him.

It is easy to find out, on that day, who clothes and feeds his slaves well; for he is surrounded by a crowd, begging, "Please, massa, hire me this year. I will work _very_ hard, massa."

If a slave is unwilling to go with his new master, he is whipped, or locked up in jail, until he consents to go, and promises not to run away during the year. Should he chance to change his mind, thinking it justifiable to violate an extorted promise, woe unto him if he is caught! The whip is used till the blood flows at his feet; and his stiffened limbs are put in chains, to be dragged in the field for days and days!

If he lives until the next year, perhaps the same man will hire him again, without even giving him an opportunity of going to the hiring-ground. After those for hire are disposed of, those for sale are called up.

O, you happy free women, contrast _your_ New Year's day with that of the poor bond-woman! With you it is a pleasant season, and the light of the day is blessed. Friendly wishes meet you every where, and gifts are showered upon you. Even hearts that have been estranged from you soften at this season, and lips that have been silent echo back, "I wish you a happy New Year." Children bring their little offerings, and raise their rosy lips for a caress. They are your own, and no hand but that of death can take them from you.

But to the slave mother New Year's day comes laden with peculiar sorrows. She sits on her cold cabin floor, watching the children who may all be torn from her the next morning; and often does she wish that she and they might die before the day dawns. She may be an ignorant creature, degraded by the system that has brutalized her from childhood; but she has a mother's instincts, and is capable of feeling a mother's agonies.

On one of these sale days, I saw a mother lead seven children to the auction-block. She knew that _some_ of them would be taken from her; but they took _all_. The children were sold to a slave-trader, and their mother was bought by a man in her own town. Before night her children were all far away. She begged the trader to tell her where he intended to take them; this he refused to do. How _could_ he, when he knew he would sell them, one by one, wherever he could command the highest price? I met that mother in the street, and her wild, haggard face lives to-day in my mind. She wrung her hands in anguish, and exclaimed, "Gone! All gone! Why _don't_ God kill me?" I had no words wherewith to comfort her. Instances of this kind are of daily, yea, of hourly occurrence.

Slaveholders have a method, peculiar to their institution, of getting rid of _old_ slaves, whose lives have been worn out in their service. I knew an old woman, who for seventy years faithfully served her master. She had become almost helpless, from hard labor and disease. Her owners moved to Alabama, and the old black woman was left to be sold to any body who would give twenty dollars for her.

IV. The Slave Who Dared To Feel Like A Man.

Two years had passed since I entered Dr. Flint's family, and those years had brought much of the knowledge that comes from experience, though they had afforded little opportunity for any other kinds of knowledge.

My grandmother had, as much as possible, been a mother to her orphan grandchildren. By perseverance and unwearied industry, she was now mistress of a snug little home, surrounded with the necessaries of life. She would have been happy could her children have shared them with her. There remained but three children and two grandchildren, all slaves. Most earnestly did she strive to make us feel that it was the will of God: that He had seen fit to place us under such circumstances; and though it seemed hard, we ought to pray for contentment.

It was a beautiful faith, coming from a mother who could not call her children her own. But I, and Benjamin, her youngest boy, condemned it. We reasoned that it was much more the will of God that we should be situated as she was. We longed for a home like hers. There we always found sweet balsam for our troubles. She was so loving, so sympathizing! She always met us with a smile, and listened with patience to all our sorrows. She spoke so hopefully, that unconsciously the clouds gave place to sunshine. There was a grand big oven there, too, that baked bread and nice things for the town, and we knew there was always a choice bit in store for us.

But, alas! Even the charms of the old oven failed to reconcile us to our hard lot. Benjamin was now a tall, handsome lad, strongly and gracefully made, and with a spirit too bold and daring for a slave. My brother William, now twelve years old, had the same aversion to the word master that he had when he was an urchin of seven years. I was his confidant. He came to me with all his troubles. I remember one instance in particular. It was on a lovely spring morning, and when I marked the sunlight dancing here and there, its beauty seemed to mock my sadness. For my master, whose restless, craving, vicious nature roved about day and night, seeking whom to devour, had just left me, with stinging, scorching words; words that scathed ear and brain like fire. O, how I despised him! I thought how glad I should be, if some day when he walked the earth, it would open and swallow him up, and disencumber the world of a plague.

When he told me that I was made for his use, made to obey his command in _every_ thing; that I was nothing but a slave, whose will must and should surrender to his, never before had my puny arm felt half so strong.

So deeply was I absorbed in painful reflections afterwards, that I neither saw nor heard the entrance of any one, till the voice of William sounded close beside me. “Linda,” said he, “what makes you look so sad? I love you. O, Linda, isn’t this a bad world? Every body seems so cross and unhappy. I wish I had died when poor father did.”

I told him that every body was _not_ cross, or unhappy; that those who had pleasant homes, and kind friends, and who were not afraid to love them, were happy. But we, who were slave-children, without father or mother, could not expect to be happy. We must be good; perhaps that would bring us contentment.

“Yes,” he said, “I try to be good; but what’s the use? They are all the time troubling me.” Then he proceeded to relate his afternoon’s difficulty with young master Nicholas. It seemed that the brother of master Nicholas had pleased himself with making up stories about William. Master Nicholas said he should be flogged, and he would do it. Whereupon he went to work; but William fought bravely, and the young master, finding he was getting the better of him, undertook to tie his hands behind him. He failed in that likewise. By dint of kicking and fisting, William came out of the skirmish none the worse for a few scratches.

He continued to discourse, on his young master’s _meanness_; how he whipped the _little_ boys, but was a perfect coward when a tussle ensued between him and white boys of his own size. On such occasions he always took to his legs. William had other charges to make against him. One was his rubbing up pennies with quicksilver, and passing them off for quarters of a dollar on an old man who kept a fruit stall. William was often sent to buy fruit, and he earnestly inquired of me what he ought to do under such circumstances. I told him it was certainly wrong to deceive the old man, and that it was his duty to tell him of the impositions practised by his young master. I assured him the old man would not be slow to comprehend the whole, and there the matter would end. William thought it might with the old man, but not with _him_. He said he did not mind the smart of the whip, but he did not like the _idea_ of being whipped.

While I advised him to be good and forgiving I was not unconscious of the beam in my own eye. It was the very knowledge of my own shortcomings that urged me to retain, if possible, some sparks of my brother’s God-given nature. I had not lived fourteen years in slavery for nothing. I had felt, seen, and heard enough, to read the characters, and question the motives, of those around me. The war of my life had begun; and though one of God’s most powerless creatures, I resolved never to be conquered. Alas, for me!

If there was one pure, sunny spot for me, I believed it to be in Benjamin’s heart, and in another’s, whom I loved with all the ardor of a girl’s first love. My owner knew of it, and sought in every way to render me miserable. He did not resort to corporal punishment, but to all the petty, tyrannical ways that human ingenuity could devise.

I remember the first time I was punished. It was in the month of February. My grandmother had taken my old shoes, and replaced them with a new pair. I needed them; for several inches of snow had fallen, and it still continued to fall. When I walked through Mrs. Flint’s room, their creaking grated harshly on her refined nerves. She called me to her, and asked what I had about me that made such a horrid noise. I told her it was my new shoes. “Take them off,” said she; “and if you put them on again, I’ll throw them into the fire.”

I took them off, and my stockings also. She then sent me a long distance, on an errand. As I went through the snow, my bare feet tingled. That night I was very hoarse; and I went to bed thinking the next day would find me sick, perhaps dead. What was my grief on waking to find myself quite well!

I had imagined if I died, or was laid up for some time, that my mistress would feel a twinge of remorse that she had so hated “the little imp,” as she styled me. It was my ignorance of that mistress that gave rise to such extravagant imaginings.

Dr. Flint occasionally had high prices offered for me; but he always said, “She don’t belong to me. She is my daughter’s property, and I have no right to sell her.” Good, honest man! My young mistress was still a child, and I could look for no protection from her. I loved her, and she returned my affection. I once heard her father allude to her attachment to me; and his wife promptly replied that it proceeded from fear. This put unpleasant doubts into my mind. Did the child feign what she did not feel? or was her mother jealous of the mite of love she bestowed on me? I concluded it must be the latter. I said to myself, “Surely, little children are true.”

One afternoon I sat at my sewing, feeling unusual depression of spirits. My mistress had been accusing me of an offence, of which I assured her I was perfectly innocent; but I saw, by the contemptuous curl of her lip, that she believed I was telling a lie.

I wondered for what wise purpose God was leading me through such thorny paths, and whether still darker days were in store for me. As I sat musing thus, the door opened softly, and William came in. “Well, brother,” said I, “what is the matter this time?”

“O Linda, Ben and his master have had a dreadful time!” said he.

My first thought was that Benjamin was killed. “Don’t be frightened, Linda,” said William; “I will tell you all about it.”

It appeared that Benjamin’s master had sent for him, and he did not immediately obey the summons. When he did, his master was angry, and began to whip him. He resisted. Master and slave fought, and finally the master was thrown. Benjamin had cause to tremble; for he had thrown to the ground his master—one of the richest men in town. I anxiously awaited the result.

That night I stole to my grandmother’s house, and Benjamin also stole thither from his master’s. My grandmother had gone to spend a day or two with an old friend living in the country.

“I have come,” said Benjamin, “to tell you good by. I am going away.”

I inquired where.

“To the north,” he replied.

I looked at him to see whether he was in earnest. I saw it all in his firm, set mouth. I implored him not to go, but he paid no heed to my words. He said he was no longer a boy, and every day made his yoke more galling. He had raised his hand against his master, and was to be publicly whipped for the offence. I reminded him of the poverty and hardships he must encounter among strangers. I told him he might be caught and brought back; and that was terrible to think of.

He grew vexed, and asked if poverty and hardships with freedom, were not preferable to our treatment in slavery. “Linda,” he continued, “we are dogs here; foot-balls, cattle, every thing that’s mean. No, I will not stay. Let them bring me back. We don’t die but once.”

He was right; but it was hard to give him up. “Go,” said I, “and break your mother’s heart.”

I repented of my words ere they were out.

“Linda,” said he, speaking as I had not heard him speak that evening, “how _could_ you say that? Poor mother! be kind to her, Linda; and you, too, cousin Fanny.”

Cousin Fanny was a friend who had lived some years with us.

Farewells were exchanged, and the bright, kind boy, endeared to us by so many acts of love, vanished from our sight.

It is not necessary to state how he made his escape. Suffice it to say, he was on his way to New York when a violent storm overtook the vessel. The captain said he must put into the nearest port. This alarmed Benjamin, who was aware that he would be advertised in every port near his own town. His embarrassment was noticed by the captain. To port they went. There the advertisement met the captain’s eye. Benjamin so exactly answered its description, that the captain laid hold on him, and bound him in chains. The storm passed, and they proceeded to New York. Before reaching that port Benjamin managed to get off his chains and throw them overboard. He escaped from the vessel, but was pursued, captured, and carried back to his master.

When my grandmother returned home and found her youngest child had fled, great was her sorrow; but, with characteristic piety, she said, “God’s will be done.” Each morning, she inquired if any news had been heard from her boy. Yes, news _was_ heard. The master was rejoicing over a letter, announcing the capture of his human chattel.

That day seems but as yesterday, so well do I remember it. I saw him led through the streets in chains, to jail. His face was ghastly pale, yet full of determination. He had begged one of the sailors to go to his mother’s house and ask her not to meet him. He said the sight of her distress would take from him all self-control. She yearned to see him, and she went; but she screened herself in the crowd, that it might be as her child had said.

We were not allowed to visit him; but we had known the jailer for years, and he was a kind-hearted man. At midnight he opened the jail door for my grandmother and myself to enter, in disguise. When we entered the cell not a sound broke the stillness. “Benjamin, Benjamin!” whispered my grandmother. No answer. “Benjamin!” she again faltered. There was a jingle of chains. The moon had just risen, and cast an uncertain light through the bars of the window. We knelt down and took Benjamin’s cold hands in ours. We did not speak. Sobs were heard, and Benjamin’s lips were unsealed; for his mother was weeping on his neck. How vividly does memory bring back that sad night! Mother and son talked together. He asked her pardon for the suffering he had caused her. She

said she had nothing to forgive; she could not blame his desire for freedom. He told her that when he was captured, he broke away, and was about casting himself into the river, when thoughts of _her_ came over him, and he desisted. She asked if he did not also think of God. I fancied I saw his face grow fierce in the moonlight. He answered, “No, I did not think of him. When a man is hunted like a wild beast he forgets there is a God, a heaven. He forgets every thing in his struggle to get beyond the reach of the bloodhounds.”

“Don’t talk so, Benjamin,” said she. “Put your trust in God. Be humble, my child, and your master will forgive you.”

“Forgive me for _what_, mother? For not letting him treat me like a dog? No! I will never humble myself to him. I have worked for him for nothing all my life, and I am repaid with stripes and imprisonment. Here I will stay till I die, or till he sells me.”

The poor mother shuddered at his words. I think he felt it; for when he next spoke, his voice was calmer. “Don’t fret about me, mother. I ain’t worth it,” said he. “I wish I had some of your goodness. You bear every thing patiently, just as though you thought it was all right. I wish I could.”

She told him she had not always been so; once, she was like him; but when sore troubles came upon her, and she had no arm to lean upon, she learned to call on God, and he lightened her burdens. She besought him to do likewise.

We overstaid our time, and were obliged to hurry from the jail.

Benjamin had been imprisoned three weeks, when my grandmother went to intercede for him with his master. He was immovable. He said Benjamin should serve as an example to the rest of his slaves; he should be kept in jail till he was subdued, or be sold if he got but one dollar for him. However, he afterwards relented in some degree. The chains were taken off, and we were allowed to visit him.

As his food was of the coarsest kind, we carried him as often as possible a warm supper, accompanied with some little luxury for the jailer.

Three months elapsed, and there was no prospect of release or of a purchaser. One day he was heard to sing and laugh. This piece of indecorum was told to his master, and the overseer was ordered to re-chain him. He was now confined in an apartment with other prisoners, who were covered with filthy rags. Benjamin was chained near them, and was soon covered with vermin. He worked at his chains till he succeeded in getting out of them. He passed them through the bars of the window, with a request that they should be taken to his master, and he should be informed that he was covered with vermin.

This audacity was punished with heavier chains, and prohibition of our visits.

My grandmother continued to send him fresh changes of clothes. The old ones were burned up. The last night we saw him in jail his mother still begged him to send for his master, and beg his pardon. Neither persuasion nor argument could turn him from his purpose. He calmly answered, “I am waiting his time.”

Those chains were mournful to hear.

Another three months passed, and Benjamin left his prison walls. We that loved him waited to bid him a long and last farewell. A slave trader had bought him. You remember, I told you what price he brought when ten years of age. Now he was more than twenty years old, and sold for three hundred dollars. The master had been blind to his own interest. Long confinement had made his face too pale, his form too thin; moreover, the trader had heard something of his character, and it did not strike him as suitable for a slave. He said he would give any price if the handsome lad was a girl. We thanked God that he was not.

Could you have seen that mother clinging to her child, when they fastened the irons upon his wrists; could you have heard her heart-rending groans, and seen her bloodshot eyes wander wildly from face to face, vainly pleading for mercy; could you have witnessed that scene as I saw it, you would exclaim, _Slavery is damnable_! Benjamin, her youngest, her pet, was forever gone! She could not realize it. She had had an interview with the trader for the purpose of ascertaining if Benjamin could be purchased. She was told it was impossible, as he had given bonds not to sell him till he was out of the state. He promised that he would not sell him till he reached New Orleans.

With a strong arm and unvaried trust, my grandmother began her work of love. Benjamin must be free. If she succeeded, she knew they would still be separated; but the sacrifice was not too great. Day and night she labored. The trader’s price would treble that he gave; but she was not discouraged.

She employed a lawyer to write to a gentleman, whom she knew, in New Orleans. She begged him to interest himself for Benjamin, and he willingly favored her request. When he saw Benjamin, and stated his business, he thanked him; but said he preferred to wait a while before making the trader an offer. He knew he had tried to obtain a high price for him, and had invariably failed. This encouraged him to make another effort for freedom. So one morning, long before day, Benjamin was missing. He was riding over the blue billows, bound for Baltimore.

For once his white face did him a kindly service. They had no suspicion that it belonged to a slave; otherwise, the law would have been followed out to the letter, and the _thing_ rendered back to slavery. The brightest skies are often overshadowed by the darkest clouds. Benjamin was taken sick, and compelled to remain in Baltimore three weeks. His strength was slow in returning; and his desire to continue his journey seemed to retard his recovery. How could he get strength without air and exercise? He resolved to venture on a short walk. A by-street was selected, where he thought himself secure of not being met by any one that knew him; but a voice called out, “Halloo, Ben, my boy! what are you doing _here_?”

His first impulse was to run; but his legs trembled so that he could not stir. He turned to confront his antagonist, and behold, there stood his old master’s next door neighbor! He thought it was all over with him now; but it proved otherwise. That man was a miracle. He possessed a goodly number of slaves, and yet was not quite deaf to that mystic clock, whose ticking is rarely heard in the slaveholder’s breast.

“Ben, you are sick,” said he. “Why, you look like a ghost. I guess I gave you something of a start. Never mind, Ben, I am not going to touch you. You had a pretty tough time of it, and you may go on your way rejoicing for all me. But I would advise you to get out of this place plaguy quick, for there are several gentlemen here from our town.” He described the nearest and safest route to New York, and added, “I shall be glad to tell your mother I have seen you. Good by, Ben.”

Benjamin turned away, filled with gratitude, and surprised that the town he hated contained such a gem—a gem worthy of a purer setting.

This gentleman was a Northerner by birth, and had married a southern lady. On his return, he told my grandmother that he had seen her son, and of the service he had rendered him.

Benjamin reached New York safely, and concluded to stop there until he had gained strength enough to proceed further. It happened that my grandmother’s only remaining son had sailed for the same city on business for his mistress. Through God’s providence, the brothers met. You may be sure it was a happy meeting. “O Phil,” exclaimed Benjamin, “I am here at last.” Then he told him how near he came to dying, almost in sight of free land, and how he prayed that he might live to get one breath of free air. He said life was worth something now, and it would be hard to die. In the old jail he had not valued it; once, he was tempted to destroy it; but something, he did not know what, had prevented him; perhaps it was fear. He had heard those who profess to be religious declare there was no heaven for self-murderers; and as his life had been pretty hot here, he did not desire a continuation of the same in another world. “If I die now,” he exclaimed, “thank God, I shall die a freeman!”

He begged my uncle Phillip not to return south; but stay and work with him, till they earned enough to buy those at home. His brother told him it would kill their mother if he deserted her in her trouble. She had pledged her house, and with difficulty had raised money to buy him. Would he be bought?

“No, never!” he replied. “Do you suppose, Phil, when I have got so far out of their clutches, I will give them one red cent? No! And do you suppose I would turn mother out of her home in her old age? That I would let her pay all those hard-earned dollars for me, and never to see me? For you know she will stay south as long as her other children are slaves. What a good mother! Tell her to buy _you_, Phil. You have been a comfort to her, and I have been a trouble. And Linda, poor Linda; what’ll become of her? Phil, you don’t know what a life they lead her. She has told me something about it, and I wish old Flint was dead, or a better man. When I was in jail, he asked her if she didn’t want _him_ to ask my master to forgive me, and take me home again. She told him, No; that I didn’t want to go back. He got mad, and said we were all alike. I never despised my own master half as much as I do that man. There is many a worse slaveholder than my master; but for all that I would not be his slave.”

While Benjamin was sick, he had parted with nearly all his clothes to pay necessary expenses. But he did not part with a little pin I fastened in his bosom when we parted. It was the most valuable thing I owned, and I thought none more worthy to wear it. He had it still.

His brother furnished him with clothes, and gave him what money he had.

They parted with moistened eyes; and as Benjamin turned away, he said, “Phil, I part with all my kindred.” And so it proved. We never heard from him again.

Uncle Phillip came home; and the first words he uttered when he entered the house were, “Mother, Ben is free! I have seen him in New York.” She stood looking at him with a bewildered air. “Mother, don’t you believe it?” he said, laying his hand softly upon her shoulder. She raised her hands, and exclaimed, “God be praised! Let us thank him.” She dropped on her knees, and poured forth her heart in prayer. Then Phillip must sit down and repeat to her every word Benjamin had said. He told her all; only he forbore to mention how sick and pale her darling looked. Why should he distress her when she could do him no good?

The brave old woman still toiled on, hoping to rescue some of her other children. After a while she succeeded in buying Phillip. She paid eight hundred dollars, and came home with the precious document that secured his freedom. The happy mother and son sat together by the old hearthstone that night, telling how proud they were of each other, and how they would prove to the world that they could take care of themselves, as they had long taken care of others. We all concluded by saying, “He that is _willing_ to be a slave, let him be a slave.”

V. The Trials Of Girlhood.

During the first years of my service in Dr. Flint’s family, I was accustomed to share some indulgences with the children of my mistress. Though this seemed to me no more than right, I was grateful for it, and tried to merit the kindness by the faithful discharge of my duties. But I now entered on my fifteenth year—a sad epoch in the life of a slave girl. My master began to whisper foul words in my ear. Young as I was, I could not remain ignorant of their import. I tried to treat them with indifference or contempt. The master’s age, my extreme youth, and the fear that his conduct would be reported to my grandmother, made him bear this treatment for many months. He was a crafty man, and resorted to many means to accomplish his purposes. Sometimes he had stormy, terrific ways, that made his victims tremble; sometimes he assumed a gentleness that he thought must surely subdue. Of the two, I preferred his stormy moods, although they left me trembling. He tried his utmost to corrupt the pure principles my grandmother had instilled. He peopled my young mind with unclean images, such as only a vile monster could think of. I turned from him with disgust and hatred. But he was my master. I was compelled to live under the same roof with him—where I saw a man forty years my senior daily violating the most sacred commandments of nature. He told me I was his property; that I must be subject to his will in all things. My soul revolted against the mean tyranny. But where could I turn for protection? No matter whether the slave girl be as black as ebony or as fair as her mistress. In either case, there is no shadow of law to protect her from insult, from violence, or even from death; all these are inflicted by fiends who bear the shape of men. The mistress, who ought to protect the helpless victim, has no other feelings towards her but those of jealousy and rage. The degradation, the wrongs, the vices, that grow out of slavery, are more than I can describe. They are greater than you would willingly believe. Surely, if you credited one half the truths that are told you concerning the helpless millions suffering in this cruel bondage, you at the north would not help to tighten the yoke. You surely would refuse to do for the master, on your own soil, the mean and cruel work which trained bloodhounds and the lowest class of whites do for him at the south.

Every where the years bring to all enough of sin and sorrow; but in slavery the very dawn of life is darkened by these shadows. Even the little child, who is accustomed to wait on her mistress and her children, will learn, before she is twelve years old, why it is that her mistress hates such and such a one among the slaves. Perhaps the child’s own mother is among those hated ones. She listens to violent outbreaks of jealous passion, and cannot help understanding what is the cause. She will become prematurely knowing in evil things. Soon she will learn to tremble when she hears her master’s footfall. She will be compelled to realize that she is no longer a child. If God has bestowed beauty upon her, it will prove her greatest curse. That which commands admiration in the white woman only hastens the degradation of the female slave. I know that some are too much brutalized by slavery to feel the humiliation of their position; but many slaves feel it most acutely, and shrink from the memory of it. I cannot tell how much I suffered in the presence of these wrongs, nor how I am still pained by the retrospect. My master met me at every turn, reminding me that I belonged to him, and swearing by heaven and earth that he would compel me to submit to him. If I went out for a breath of fresh air, after a day of unwearied toil, his footsteps dogged me. If I knelt by my mother’s grave, his dark shadow fell on me even there. The light heart which nature had given me became heavy with sad forebodings. The other slaves in my master’s house noticed the change. Many of them pitied me; but none dared to ask the cause. They had no need to inquire. They knew too well the guilty practices under that roof; and they were aware that to speak of them was an offence that never went unpunished.

I longed for some one to confide in. I would have given the world to have laid my head on my grandmother's faithful bosom, and told her all my troubles. But Dr. Flint swore he would kill me, if I was not as silent as the grave. Then, although my grandmother was all in all to me, I feared her as well as loved her. I had been accustomed to look up to her with a respect bordering upon awe. I was very young, and felt shamefaced about telling her such impure things, especially as I knew her to be very strict on such subjects. Moreover, she was a woman of a high spirit. She was usually very quiet in her demeanor; but if her indignation was once roused, it was not very easily quelled. I had been told that she once chased a white gentleman with a loaded pistol, because he insulted one of her daughters. I dreaded the consequences of a violent outbreak; and both pride and fear kept me silent. But though I did not confide in my grandmother, and even evaded her vigilant watchfulness and inquiry, her presence in the neighborhood was some protection to me. Though she had been a slave, Dr. Flint was afraid of her. He dreaded her scorching rebukes. Moreover, she was known and patronized by many people; and he did not wish to have his villany made public. It was lucky for me that I did not live on a distant plantation, but in a town not so large that the inhabitants were ignorant of each other's affairs. Bad as are the laws and customs in a slaveholding community, the doctor, as a professional man, deemed it prudent to keep up some outward show of decency.

O, what days and nights of fear and sorrow that man caused me! Reader, it is not to awaken sympathy for myself that I am telling you truthfully what I suffered in slavery. I do it to kindle a flame of compassion in your hearts for my sisters who are still in bondage, suffering as I once suffered.

I once saw two beautiful children playing together. One was a fair white child; the other was her slave, and also her sister. When I saw them embracing each other, and heard their joyous laughter, I turned sadly away from the lovely sight. I foresaw the inevitable blight that would fall on the little slave's heart. I knew how soon her laughter would be changed to sighs. The fair child grew up to be a still fairer woman. From childhood to womanhood her pathway was blooming with flowers, and overarched by a sunny sky. Scarcely one day of her life had been clouded when the sun rose on her happy bridal morning.

How had those years dealt with her slave sister, the little playmate of her childhood? She, also, was very beautiful; but the flowers and sunshine of love were not for her. She drank the cup of sin, and shame, and misery, whereof her persecuted race are compelled to drink.

In view of these things, why are ye silent, ye free men and women of the north? Why do your tongues falter in maintenance of the right? Would that I had more ability! But my heart is so full, and my pen is so weak! There are noble men and women who plead for us, striving to help those who cannot help themselves. God bless them! God give them strength and courage to go on! God bless those, every where, who are laboring to advance the cause of humanity!

VI. The Jealous Mistress.

I would ten thousand times rather that my children should be the half-starved paupers of Ireland than to be the most pampered among the slaves of America. I would rather drudge out my life on a cotton plantation, till the grave opened to give me rest, than to live with an unprincipled master and a jealous mistress. The felon's home in a penitentiary is preferable. He may repent, and turn from the error of his ways, and so find peace; but it is not so with a favorite slave. She is not allowed to have any pride of character. It is deemed a crime in her to wish to be virtuous.

Mrs. Flint possessed the key to her husband's character before I was born. She might have used this knowledge to counsel and to screen the young and the innocent among her slaves; but for them she had no sympathy. They were the objects of her constant suspicion and malevolence. She watched her husband with unceasing vigilance; but he was well practised in means to evade it. What he could not find opportunity to say in words he manifested in signs. He invented more than were ever thought of in a deaf and dumb asylum. I let them pass, as if I did not understand what he meant; and many were the curses and threats bestowed on me for my stupidity. One day he caught me teaching myself to write. He frowned, as if he was not well pleased; but I suppose he came to the conclusion that such an accomplishment might help to advance his favorite scheme. Before long, notes were often slipped into my hand. I would return them, saying, "I can't read them, sir." "Can't you?" he replied; "then I must read them to you." He always finished the reading by asking, "Do you understand?" Sometimes he would complain of the heat of the tea room, and order his supper to be placed on a small table in the piazza. He would seat himself there with a well-satisfied smile, and tell me to stand by and brush away the flies. He would eat very slowly, pausing between the mouthfuls. These intervals were employed in describing the happiness I was so foolishly throwing away, and in threatening me with the penalty that finally awaited my stubborn disobedience. He boasted much of the forbearance he had exercised towards me, and reminded me that there was a limit to his

patience. When I succeeded in avoiding opportunities for him to talk to me at home, I was ordered to come to his office, to do some errand. When there, I was obliged to stand and listen to such language as he saw fit to address to me. Sometimes I so openly expressed my contempt for him that he would become violently enraged, and I wondered why he did not strike me. Circumstanced as he was, he probably thought it was better policy to be forbearing. But the state of things grew worse and worse daily. In desperation I told him that I must and would apply to my grandmother for protection. He threatened me with death, and worse than death, if I made any complaint to her. Strange to say, I did not despair. I was naturally of a buoyant disposition, and always I had a hope of somehow getting out of his clutches. Like many a poor, simple slave before me, I trusted that some threads of joy would yet be woven into my dark destiny.

I had entered my sixteenth year, and every day it became more apparent that my presence was intolerable to Mrs. Flint. Angry words frequently passed between her and her husband. He had never punished me himself, and he would not allow any body else to punish me. In that respect, she was never satisfied; but, in her angry moods, no terms were too vile for her to bestow upon me. Yet I, whom she detested so bitterly, had far more pity for her than he had, whose duty it was to make her life happy. I never wronged her, or wished to wrong her; and one word of kindness from her would have brought me to her feet.

After repeated quarrels between the doctor and his wife, he announced his intention to take his youngest daughter, then four years old, to sleep in his apartment. It was necessary that a servant should sleep in the same room, to be on hand if the child stirred. I was selected for that office, and informed for what purpose that arrangement had been made. By managing to keep within sight of people, as much as possible, during the day time, I had hitherto succeeded in eluding my master, though a razor was often held to my throat to force me to change this line of policy. At night I slept by the side of my great aunt, where I felt safe. He was too prudent to come into her room. She was an old woman, and had been in the family many years. Moreover, as a married man, and a professional man, he deemed it necessary to save appearances in some degree. But he resolved to remove the obstacle in the way of his scheme; and he thought he had planned it so that he should evade suspicion. He was well aware how much I prized my refuge by the side of my old aunt, and he determined to dispossess me of it. The first night the doctor had the little child in his room alone. The next morning, I was ordered to take my station as nurse the following night. A kind Providence interposed in my favor. During the day Mrs. Flint heard of this new arrangement, and a storm followed. I rejoiced to hear it rage.

After a while my mistress sent for me to come to her room. Her first question was, “Did you know you were to sleep in the doctor’s room?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Who told you?”

“My master.”

“Will you answer truly all the questions I ask?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Tell me, then, as you hope to be forgiven, are you innocent of what I have accused you?”

“I am.”

She handed me a Bible, and said, “Lay your hand on your heart, kiss this holy book, and swear before God that you tell me the truth.”

I took the oath she required, and I did it with a clear conscience.

“You have taken God’s holy word to testify your innocence,” said she. “If you have deceived me, beware! Now take this stool, sit down, look me directly in the face, and tell me all that has passed between your master and you.”

I did as she ordered. As I went on with my account her color changed frequently, she wept, and sometimes groaned. She spoke in tones so sad, that I was touched by her grief. The tears came to my eyes; but I was soon convinced that her emotions arose from anger and wounded pride. She felt that her marriage vows were desecrated, her dignity insulted; but she had no compassion for the poor victim of her husband’s perfidy. She pitied herself as a martyr; but she was incapable of feeling for the condition of shame and misery in which her unfortunate, helpless slave was placed. Yet perhaps she had some touch of feeling for me; for when the conference was ended, she spoke kindly, and promised to protect me. I should have been much comforted by this assurance if I

could have had confidence in it; but my experiences in slavery had filled me with distrust. She was not a very refined woman, and had not much control over her passions. I was an object of her jealousy, and, consequently, of her hatred; and I knew I could not expect kindness or confidence from her under the circumstances in which I was placed. I could not blame her. Slaveholders' wives feel as other women would under similar circumstances. The fire of her temper kindled from small sparks, and now the flame became so intense that the doctor was obliged to give up his intended arrangement.

I knew I had ignited the torch, and I expected to suffer for it afterwards; but I felt too thankful to my mistress for the timely aid she rendered me to care much about that. She now took me to sleep in a room adjoining her own. There I was an object of her especial care, though not of her especial comfort, for she spent many a sleepless night to watch over me. Sometimes I woke up, and found her bending over me. At other times she whispered in my ear, as though it was her husband who was speaking to me, and listened to hear what I would answer. If she startled me, on such occasions, she would glide stealthily away; and the next morning she would tell me I had been talking in my sleep, and ask who I was talking to. At last, I began to be fearful for my life. It had been often threatened; and you can imagine, better than I can describe, what an unpleasant sensation it must produce to wake up in the dead of night and find a jealous woman bending over you. Terrible as this experience was, I had fears that it would give place to one more terrible.

My mistress grew weary of her vigils; they did not prove satisfactory. She changed her tactics. She now tried the trick of accusing my master of crime, in my presence, and gave my name as the author of the accusation. To my utter astonishment, he replied, "I don't believe it; but if she did acknowledge it, you tortured her into exposing me." Tortured into exposing him! Truly, Satan had no difficulty in distinguishing the color of his soul! I understood his object in making this false representation. It was to show me that I gained nothing by seeking the protection of my mistress; that the power was still all in his own hands. I pitied Mrs. Flint. She was a second wife, many years the junior of her husband; and the hoary-headed miscreant was enough to try the patience of a wiser and better woman. She was completely foiled, and knew not how to proceed. She would gladly have had me flogged for my supposed false oath; but, as I have already stated, the doctor never allowed any one to whip me. The old sinner was politic. The application of the lash might have led to remarks that would have exposed him in the eyes of his children and grandchildren. How often did I rejoice that I lived in a town where all the inhabitants knew each other! If I had been on a remote plantation, or lost among the multitude of a crowded city, I should not be a living woman at this day.

The secrets of slavery are concealed like those of the Inquisition. My master was, to my knowledge, the father of eleven slaves. But did the mothers dare to tell who was the father of their children? Did the other slaves dare to allude to it, except in whispers among themselves? No, indeed! They knew too well the terrible consequences.

My grandmother could not avoid seeing things which excited her suspicions. She was uneasy about me, and tried various ways to buy me; but the never-changing answer was always repeated: "Linda does not belong to _me_. She is my daughter's property, and I have no legal right to sell her." The conscientious man! He was too scrupulous to _sell_ me; but he had no scruples whatever about committing a much greater wrong against the helpless young girl placed under his guardianship, as his daughter's property. Sometimes my persecutor would ask me whether I would like to be sold. I told him I would rather be sold to any body than to lead such a life as I did. On such occasions he would assume the air of a very injured individual, and reproach me for my ingratitude. "Did I not take you into the house, and make you the companion of my own children?" he would say. "Have I ever treated you like a negro? I have never allowed you to be punished, not even to please your mistress. And this is the recompense I get, you ungrateful girl!" I answered that he had reasons of his own for screening me from punishment, and that the course he pursued made my mistress hate me and persecute me. If I wept, he would say, "Poor child! Don't cry! don't cry! I will make peace for you with your mistress. Only let me arrange matters in my own way. Poor, foolish girl! you don't know what is for your own good. I would cherish you. I would make a lady of you. Now go, and think of all I have promised you."

I did think of it.

Reader, I draw no imaginary pictures of southern homes. I am telling you the plain truth. Yet when victims make their escape from this wild beast of Slavery, northerners consent to act the part of bloodhounds, and hunt the poor fugitive back into his den, "full of dead men's bones, and all uncleanness." Nay, more, they are not only willing, but proud, to give their daughters in marriage to slaveholders. The poor girls have romantic notions of a sunny clime, and of the flowering vines that all the year round shade a happy home. To what disappointments are they destined! The young wife soon learns that the husband in whose hands she has placed her happiness pays no regard to his marriage vows. Children of every shade of complexion play with her own fair babies, and too well she knows that they are born unto him of his own household. Jealousy and hatred enter the flowery home, and it is

ravaged of its loveliness.

Southern women often marry a man knowing that he is the father of many little slaves. They do not trouble themselves about it. They regard such children as property, as marketable as the pigs on the plantation; and it is seldom that they do not make them aware of this by passing them into the slave-trader's hands as soon as possible, and thus getting them out of their sight. I am glad to say there are some honorable exceptions.

I have myself known two southern wives who exhorted their husbands to free those slaves towards whom they stood in a "parental relation;" and their request was granted. These husbands blushed before the superior nobleness of their wives' natures. Though they had only counselled them to do that which it was their duty to do, it commanded their respect, and rendered their conduct more exemplary. Concealment was at an end, and confidence took the place of distrust.

Though this bad institution deadens the moral sense, even in white women, to a fearful extent, it is not altogether extinct. I have heard southern ladies say of Mr. Such a one, "He not only thinks it no disgrace to be the father of those little niggers, but he is not ashamed to call himself their master. I declare, such things ought not to be tolerated in any decent society!"

VII. The Lover.

Why does the slave ever love? Why allow the tendrils of the heart to twine around objects which may at any moment be wrenched away by the hand of violence? When separations come by the hand of death, the pious soul can bow in resignation, and say, "Not my will, but thine be done, O Lord!" But when the ruthless hand of man strikes the blow, regardless of the misery he causes, it is hard to be submissive. I did not reason thus when I was a young girl. Youth will be youth. I loved, and I indulged the hope that the dark clouds around me would turn out a bright lining. I forgot that in the land of my birth the shadows are too dense for light to penetrate. A land

"Where laughter is not mirth; nor thought the mind; Nor words a language; nor e'en men mankind. Where cries reply to curses, shrieks to blows, And each is tortured in his separate hell."

There was in the neighborhood a young colored carpenter; a free-born man. We had been well acquainted in childhood, and frequently met together afterwards. We became mutually attached, and he proposed to marry me. I loved him with all the ardor of a young girl's first love. But when I reflected that I was a slave, and that the laws gave no sanction to the marriage of such, my heart sank within me. My lover wanted to buy me; but I knew that Dr. Flint was too wilful and arbitrary a man to consent to that arrangement. From him, I was sure of experiencing all sorts of opposition, and I had nothing to hope from my mistress. She would have been delighted to have got rid of me, but not in that way. It would have relieved her mind of a burden if she could have seen me sold to some distant state, but if I was married near home I should be just as much in her husband's power as I had previously been,—for the husband of a slave has no power to protect her. Moreover, my mistress, like many others, seemed to think that slaves had no right to any family ties of their own; that they were created merely to wait upon the family of the mistress. I once heard her abuse a young slave girl, who told her that a colored man wanted to make her his wife. "I will have you peeled and pickled, my lady," said she, "if I ever hear you mention that subject again. Do you suppose that I will have you tending _my_ children with the children of that nigger?" The girl to whom she said this had a mulatto child, of course not acknowledged by its father. The poor black man who loved her would have been proud to acknowledge his helpless offspring.

Many and anxious were the thoughts I revolved in my mind. I was at a loss what to do. Above all things, I was desirous to spare my lover the insults that had cut so deeply into my own soul. I talked with my grandmother about it, and partly told her my fears. I did not dare to tell her the worst. She had long suspected all was not right, and if I confirmed her suspicions I knew a storm would rise that would prove the overthrow of all my hopes.

This love-dream had been my support through many trials; and I could not bear to run the risk of having it suddenly dissipated. There was a lady in the neighborhood, a particular friend of Dr. Flint's, who often visited the house. I had a great respect for her, and she had always manifested a friendly interest in me. Grandmother thought she would have great influence with the doctor. I went to this lady, and told her my story. I told her I was aware that my lover's being a free-born man would prove a great objection; but he wanted to buy me; and if Dr. Flint would consent to that arrangement, I felt sure he would be willing to pay any reasonable price. She knew that Mrs. Flint disliked me; therefore, I ventured to suggest that perhaps my mistress would approve of my being sold, as that would rid her of me. The lady listened with kindly sympathy, and promised to do her utmost to promote my wishes. She had an interview with the doctor, and I believe she pleaded my cause earnestly; but it was all to no purpose.

How I dreaded my master now! Every minute I expected to be summoned to his presence; but the day passed, and I heard nothing from him. The next morning, a message was brought to me: “Master wants you in his study.” I found the door ajar, and I stood a moment gazing at the hateful man who claimed a right to rule me, body and soul. I entered, and tried to appear calm. I did not want him to know how my heart was bleeding. He looked fixedly at me, with an expression which seemed to say, “I have half a mind to kill you on the spot.” At last he broke the silence, and that was a relief to both of us.

“So you want to be married, do you?” said he, “and to a free nigger.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Well, I’ll soon convince you whether I am your master, or the nigger fellow you honor so highly. If you _must_ have a husband, you may take up with one of my slaves.”

What a situation I should be in, as the wife of one of _his_ slaves, even if my heart had been interested!

I replied, “Don’t you suppose, sir, that a slave can have some preference about marrying? Do you suppose that all men are alike to her?”

“Do you love this nigger?” said he, abruptly.

“Yes, sir.”

“How dare you tell me so!” he exclaimed, in great wrath. After a slight pause, he added, “I supposed you thought more of yourself; that you felt above the insults of such puppies.”

I replied, “If he is a puppy I am a puppy, for we are both of the negro race. It is right and honorable for us to love each other. The man you call a puppy never insulted me, sir; and he would not love me if he did not believe me to be a virtuous woman.”

He sprang upon me like a tiger, and gave me a stunning blow. It was the first time he had ever struck me; and fear did not enable me to control my anger. When I had recovered a little from the effects, I exclaimed, “You have struck me for answering you honestly. How I despise you!”

There was silence for some minutes. Perhaps he was deciding what should be my punishment; or, perhaps, he wanted to give me time to reflect on what I had said, and to whom I had said it. Finally, he asked, “Do you know what you have said?”

“Yes, sir; but your treatment drove me to it.”

“Do you know that I have a right to do as I like with you,—that I can kill you, if I please?”

“You have tried to kill me, and I wish you had; but you have no right to do as you like with me.”

“Silence!” he exclaimed, in a thundering voice. “By heavens, girl, you forget yourself too far! Are you mad? If you are, I will soon bring you to your senses. Do you think any other master would bear what I have borne from you this morning? Many masters would have killed you on the spot. How would you like to be sent to jail for your insolence?”

“I know I have been disrespectful, sir,” I replied; “but you drove me to it; I couldn’t help it. As for the jail, there would be more peace for me there than there is here.”

“You deserve to go there,” said he, “and to be under such treatment, that you would forget the meaning of the word _peace_. It would do you good. It would take some of your high notions out of you. But I am not ready to send you there yet, notwithstanding your ingratitude for all my kindness and forbearance. You have been the plague of my life. I have wanted to make you happy, and I have been repaid with the basest ingratitude; but though you have proved yourself incapable of appreciating my kindness, I will be lenient towards you, Linda. I will give you one more chance to redeem your character. If you behave yourself and do as I require, I will forgive you and treat you as I always have done; but if you disobey me, I will punish you as I would the meanest slave on my plantation. Never let me hear that fellow’s name mentioned again. If I ever know of your speaking to him, I will cowhide you both; and if I catch him lurking about my premises, I will shoot him as soon as I would a dog. Do you hear what I say? I’ll teach you a lesson about marriage and free niggers! Now go, and let this be the last time I have occasion to speak to you on this subject.”

Reader, did you ever hate? I hope not. I never did but once; and I trust I never shall again. Somebody has called it “the atmosphere of hell;” and I believe it is so.

For a fortnight the doctor did not speak to me. He thought to mortify me; to make me feel that I had disgraced myself by receiving the honorable addresses of a respectable colored man, in preference to the base proposals of a white man. But though his lips disdained to address me, his eyes were very loquacious. No animal ever watched its prey more narrowly than he watched me. He knew that I could write, though he had failed to make me read his letters; and he was now troubled lest I should exchange letters with another man. After a while he became weary of silence; and I was sorry for it. One morning, as he passed through the hall, to leave the house, he contrived to thrust a note into my hand. I thought I had better read it, and spare myself the vexation of having him read it to me. It expressed regret for the blow he had given me, and reminded me that I myself was wholly to blame for it. He hoped I had become convinced of the injury I was doing myself by incurring his displeasure. He wrote that he had made up his mind to go to Louisiana; that he should take several slaves with him, and intended I should be one of the number. My mistress would remain where she was; therefore I should have nothing to fear from that quarter. If I merited kindness from him, he assured me that it would be lavishly bestowed. He begged me to think over the matter, and answer the following day.

The next morning I was called to carry a pair of scissors to his room. I laid them on the table, with the letter beside them. He thought it was my answer, and did not call me back. I went as usual to attend my young mistress to and from school. He met me in the street, and ordered me to stop at his office on my way back. When I entered, he showed me his letter, and asked me why I had not answered it. I replied, “I am your daughter’s property, and it is in your power to send me, or take me, wherever you please.” He said he was very glad to find me so willing to go, and that we should start early in the autumn. He had a large practice in the town, and I rather thought he had made up the story merely to frighten me. However that might be, I was determined that I would never go to Louisiana with him.

Summer passed away, and early in the autumn Dr. Flint’s eldest son was sent to Louisiana to examine the country, with a view to emigrating. That news did not disturb me. I knew very well that I should not be sent with _him_. That I had not been taken to the plantation before this time, was owing to the fact that his son was there. He was jealous of his son; and jealousy of the overseer had kept him from punishing me by sending me into the fields to work. Is it strange that I was not proud of these protectors? As for the overseer, he was a man for whom I had less respect than I had for a bloodhound.

Young Mr. Flint did not bring back a favorable report of Louisiana, and I heard no more of that scheme. Soon after this, my lover met me at the corner of the street, and I stopped to speak to him. Looking up, I saw my master watching us from his window. I hurried home, trembling with fear. I was sent for, immediately, to go to his room. He met me with a blow. “When is mistress to be married?” said he, in a sneering tone. A shower of oaths and imprecations followed. How thankful I was that my lover was a free man! that my tyrant had no power to flog him for speaking to me in the street!

Again and again I revolved in my mind how all this would end. There was no hope that the doctor would consent to sell me on any terms. He had an iron will, and was determined to keep me, and to conquer me. My lover was an intelligent and religious man. Even if he could have obtained permission to marry me while I was a slave, the marriage would give him no power to protect me from my master. It would have made him miserable to witness the insults I should have been subjected to. And then, if we had children, I knew they must “follow the condition of the mother.” What a terrible blight that would be on the heart of a free, intelligent father! For _his_ sake, I felt that I ought not to link his fate with my own unhappy destiny. He was going to Savannah to see about a little property left him by an uncle; and hard as it was to bring my feelings to it, I earnestly entreated him not to come back. I advised him to go to the Free States, where his tongue would not be tied, and where his intelligence would be of more avail to him. He left me, still hoping the day would come when I could be bought. With me the lamp of hope had gone out. The dream of my girlhood was over. I felt lonely and desolate.

Still I was not stripped of all. I still had my good grandmother, and my affectionate brother. When he put his arms round my neck, and looked into my eyes, as if to read there the troubles I dared not tell, I felt that I still had something to love. But even that pleasant emotion was chilled by the reflection that he might be torn from me at any moment, by some sudden freak of my master. If he had known how we loved each other, I think he would have exulted in separating us. We often planned together how we could get to the north. But, as William remarked, such things are easier said than done. My movements were very closely watched, and we had no means of getting any money to defray our expenses. As for grandmother, she was strongly opposed to her children’s undertaking any such project. She had not forgotten poor Benjamin’s sufferings, and she was afraid that if another child tried to escape, he would have a similar or a worse fate. To me, nothing seemed more dreadful than my present life. I said to myself,

“William _must_ be free. He shall go to the north, and I will follow him.” Many a slave sister has formed the same plans.

VIII. What Slaves Are Taught To Think Of The North.

Slaveholders pride themselves upon being honorable men; but if you were to hear the enormous lies they tell their slaves, you would have small respect for their veracity. I have spoken plain English. Pardon me. I cannot use a milder term. When they visit the north, and return home, they tell their slaves of the runaways they have seen, and describe them to be in the most deplorable condition. A slaveholder once told me that he had seen a runaway friend of mine in New York, and that she besought him to take her back to her master, for she was literally dying of starvation; that many days she had only one cold potato to eat, and at other times could get nothing at all. He said he refused to take her, because he knew her master would not thank him for bringing such a miserable wretch to his house. He ended by saying to me, “This is the punishment she brought on herself for running away from a kind master.”

This whole story was false. I afterwards staid with that friend in New York, and found her in comfortable circumstances. She had never thought of such a thing as wishing to go back to slavery. Many of the slaves believe such stories, and think it is not worth while to exchange slavery for such a hard kind of freedom. It is difficult to persuade such that freedom could make them useful men, and enable them to protect their wives and children. If those heathen in our Christian land had as much teaching as some Hindoos, they would think otherwise. They would know that liberty is more valuable than life. They would begin to understand their own capabilities, and exert themselves to become men and women.

But while the Free States sustain a law which hurls fugitives back into slavery, how can the slaves resolve to become men? There are some who strive to protect wives and daughters from the insults of their masters; but those who have such sentiments have had advantages above the general mass of slaves. They have been partially civilized and Christianized by favorable circumstances. Some are bold enough to _utter_ such sentiments to their masters. O, that there were more of them!

Some poor creatures have been so brutalized by the lash that they will sneak out of the way to give their masters free access to their wives and daughters. Do you think this proves the black man to belong to an inferior order of beings? What would _you_ be, if you had been born and brought up a slave, with generations of slaves for ancestors? I admit that the black man _is_ inferior. But what is it that makes him so? It is the ignorance in which white men compel him to live; it is the torturing whip that lashes manhood out of him; it is the fierce bloodhounds of the South, and the scarcely less cruel human bloodhounds of the north, who enforce the Fugitive Slave Law. _They_ do the work.

Southern gentlemen indulge in the most contemptuous expressions about the Yankees, while they, on their part, consent to do the vilest work for them, such as the ferocious bloodhounds and the despised negro-hunters are employed to do at home. When southerners go to the north, they are proud to do them honor; but the northern man is not welcome south of Mason and Dixon’s line, unless he suppresses every thought and feeling at variance with their “peculiar institution.” Nor is it enough to be silent. The masters are not pleased, unless they obtain a greater degree of subservience than that; and they are generally accommodated. Do they respect the northerner for this? I trow not. Even the slaves despise “a northern man with southern principles;” and that is the class they generally see. When northerners go to the south to reside, they prove very apt scholars. They soon imbibe the sentiments and disposition of their neighbors, and generally go beyond their teachers. Of the two, they are proverbially the hardest masters.

They seem to satisfy their consciences with the doctrine that God created the Africans to be slaves. What a libel upon the heavenly Father, who “made of one blood all nations of men!” And then who _are_ Africans? Who can measure the amount of Anglo-Saxon blood coursing in the veins of American slaves?

I have spoken of the pains slaveholders take to give their slaves a bad opinion of the north; but, notwithstanding this, intelligent slaves are aware that they have many friends in the Free States. Even the most ignorant have some confused notions about it. They knew that I could read; and I was often asked if I had seen any thing in the newspapers about white folks over in the big north, who were trying to get their freedom for them. Some believe that the abolitionists have already made them free, and that it is established by law, but that their masters prevent the law from going into effect. One woman begged me to get a newspaper and read it over. She said her husband told her that the black people had sent word to the queen of ’Merica that they were all slaves; that she didn’t believe it, and went to Washington city to see the president about it. They quarrelled; she drew her sword upon him, and swore that he should help her to make them all free.

That poor, ignorant woman thought that America was governed by a Queen, to whom the President was subordinate. I wish the President was subordinate to Queen Justice.

IX. Sketches Of Neighboring Slaveholders.

There was a planter in the country, not far from us, whom I will call Mr. Litch. He was an ill-bred, uneducated man, but very wealthy. He had six hundred slaves, many of whom he did not know by sight. His extensive plantation was managed by well-paid overseers. There was a jail and a whipping post on his grounds; and whatever cruelties were perpetrated there, they passed without comment. He was so effectually screened by his great wealth that he was called to no account for his crimes, not even for murder.

Various were the punishments resorted to. A favorite one was to tie a rope round a man's body, and suspend him from the ground. A fire was kindled over him, from which was suspended a piece of fat pork. As this cooked, the scalding drops of fat continually fell on the bare flesh. On his own plantation, he required very strict obedience to the eighth commandment. But depredations on the neighbors were allowable, provided the culprit managed to evade detection or suspicion. If a neighbor brought a charge of theft against any of his slaves, he was browbeaten by the master, who assured him that his slaves had enough of every thing at home, and had no inducement to steal. No sooner was the neighbor's back turned, than the accused was sought out, and whipped for his lack of discretion. If a slave stole from him even a pound of meat or a peck of corn, if detection followed, he was put in chains and imprisoned, and so kept till his form was attenuated by hunger and suffering.

A freshet once bore his wine cellar and meat house miles away from the plantation. Some slaves followed, and secured bits of meat and bottles of wine. Two were detected; a ham and some liquor being found in their huts. They were summoned by their master. No words were used, but a club felled them to the ground. A rough box was their coffin, and their interment was a dog's burial. Nothing was said.

Murder was so common on his plantation that he feared to be alone after nightfall. He might have believed in ghosts.

His brother, if not equal in wealth, was at least equal in cruelty. His bloodhounds were well trained. Their pen was spacious, and a terror to the slaves. They were let loose on a runaway, and, if they tracked him, they literally tore the flesh from his bones. When this slaveholder died, his shrieks and groans were so frightful that they appalled his own friends. His last words were, "I am going to hell; bury my money with me."

After death his eyes remained open. To press the lids down, silver dollars were laid on them. These were buried with him. From this circumstance, a rumor went abroad that his coffin was filled with money. Three times his grave was opened, and his coffin taken out. The last time, his body was found on the ground, and a flock of buzzards were pecking at it. He was again interred, and a sentinel set over his grave. The perpetrators were never discovered.

Cruelty is contagious in uncivilized communities. Mr. Conant, a neighbor of Mr. Litch, returned from town one evening in a partial state of intoxication. His body servant gave him some offence. He was divested of his clothes, except his shirt, whipped, and tied to a large tree in front of the house. It was a stormy night in winter. The wind blew bitterly cold, and the boughs of the old tree crackled under falling sleet. A member of the family, fearing he would freeze to death, begged that he might be taken down; but the master would not relent. He remained there three hours; and, when he was cut down, he was more dead than alive. Another slave, who stole a pig from this master, to appease his hunger, was terribly flogged. In desperation, he tried to run away. But at the end of two miles, he was so faint with loss of blood, he thought he was dying. He had a wife, and he longed to see her once more. Too sick to walk, he crept back that long distance on his hands and knees. When he reached his master's, it was night. He had not strength to rise and open the gate. He moaned, and tried to call for help. I had a friend living in the same family. At last his cry reached her. She went out and found the prostrate man at the gate. She ran back to the house for assistance, and two men returned with her. They carried him in, and laid him on the floor. The back of his shirt was one clot of blood. By means of lard, my friend loosened it from the raw flesh. She bandaged him, gave him cool drink, and left him to rest. The master said he deserved a hundred more lashes. When his own labor was stolen from him, he had stolen food to appease his hunger. This was his crime.

Another neighbor was a Mrs. Wade. At no hour of the day was there cessation of the lash on her premises. Her labors began with the dawn, and did not cease till long after nightfall. The barn was her particular place of torture. There she lashed the slaves with the might of a man. An old slave of hers once said to me, "It is hell in missis's house. 'Pears I can never get out. Day and night I prays to die."

The mistress died before the old woman, and, when dying, entreated her husband not to permit any one of her slaves to look on her after death. A slave who had nursed her children, and had still a child in her care, watched her chance, and stole with it in her arms to the room where lay her dead mistress. She gazed a while on her, then raised her hand and dealt two blows on her face, saying, as she did so, “The devil is got you _now_!” She forgot that the child was looking on. She had just begun to talk; and she said to her father, “I did see ma, and mammy did strike ma, so,” striking her own face with her little hand. The master was startled. He could not imagine how the nurse could obtain access to the room where the corpse lay; for he kept the door locked. He questioned her. She confessed that what the child had said was true, and told how she had procured the key. She was sold to Georgia.

In my childhood I knew a valuable slave, named Charity, and loved her, as all children did. Her young mistress married, and took her to Louisiana. Her little boy, James, was sold to a good sort of master. He became involved in debt, and James was sold again to a wealthy slaveholder, noted for his cruelty. With this man he grew up to manhood, receiving the treatment of a dog. After a severe whipping, to save himself from further infliction of the lash, with which he was threatened, he took to the woods. He was in a most miserable condition—cut by the cowskin, half naked, half starved, and without the means of procuring a crust of bread.

Some weeks after his escape, he was captured, tied, and carried back to his master’s plantation. This man considered punishment in his jail, on bread and water, after receiving hundreds of lashes, too mild for the poor slave’s offence. Therefore he decided, after the overseer should have whipped him to his satisfaction, to have him placed between the screws of the cotton gin, to stay as long as he had been in the woods. This wretched creature was cut with the whip from his head to his feet, then washed with strong brine, to prevent the flesh from mortifying, and make it heal sooner than it otherwise would. He was then put into the cotton gin, which was screwed down, only allowing him room to turn on his side when he could not lie on his back. Every morning a slave was sent with a piece of bread and bowl of water, which were placed within reach of the poor fellow. The slave was charged, under penalty of severe punishment, not to speak to him.

Four days passed, and the slave continued to carry the bread and water. On the second morning, he found the bread gone, but the water untouched. When he had been in the press four days and five nights, the slave informed his master that the water had not been used for four mornings, and that a horrible stench came from the gin house. The overseer was sent to examine into it. When the press was unscrewed, the dead body was found partly eaten by rats and vermin. Perhaps the rats that devoured his bread had gnawed him before life was extinct. Poor Charity! Grandmother and I often asked each other how her affectionate heart would bear the news, if she should ever hear of the murder of her son. We had known her husband, and knew that James was like him in manliness and intelligence. These were the qualities that made it so hard for him to be a plantation slave. They put him into a rough box, and buried him with less feeling than would have been manifested for an old house dog. Nobody asked any questions. He was a slave; and the feeling was that the master had a right to do what he pleased with his own property. And what did _he_ care for the value of a slave? He had hundreds of them. When they had finished their daily toil, they must hurry to eat their little morsels, and be ready to extinguish their pine knots before nine o’clock, when the overseer went his patrol rounds. He entered every cabin, to see that men and their wives had gone to bed together, lest the men, from over-fatigue, should fall asleep in the chimney corner, and remain there till the morning horn called them to their daily task. Women are considered of no value, unless they continually increase their owner’s stock. They are put on a par with animals. This same master shot a woman through the head, who had run away and been brought back to him. No one called him to account for it. If a slave resisted being whipped, the bloodhounds were unpacked, and set upon him, to tear his flesh from his bones. The master who did these things was highly educated, and styled a perfect gentleman. He also boasted the name and standing of a Christian, though Satan never had a truer follower.

I could tell of more slaveholders as cruel as those I have described. They are not exceptions to the general rule. I do not say there are no humane slaveholders. Such characters do exist, notwithstanding the hardening influences around them. But they are “like angels’ visits—few and far between.”

I knew a young lady who was one of these rare specimens. She was an orphan, and inherited as slaves a woman and her six children. Their father was a free man. They had a comfortable home of their own, parents and children living together. The mother and eldest daughter served their mistress during the day, and at night returned to their dwelling, which was on the premises. The young lady was very pious, and there was some reality in her religion. She taught her slaves to lead pure lives, and wished them to enjoy the fruit of their own industry. _Her_ religion was not a garb put on for Sunday, and laid aside till Sunday returned again. The eldest daughter of the slave mother was promised in marriage to a free man; and the day before the wedding this good mistress emancipated her, in order that her marriage might have the sanction of _law_.

Report said that this young lady cherished an unrequited affection for a man who had resolved to marry for wealth. In the course of time a rich uncle of hers died. He left six thousand dollars to his two sons by a colored woman, and the remainder of his property to this orphan niece. The metal soon attracted the magnet. The lady and her weighty purse became his. She offered to manumit her slaves—telling them that her marriage might make unexpected changes in their destiny, and she wished to insure their happiness. They refused to take their freedom, saying that she had always been their best friend, and they could not be so happy any where as with her. I was not surprised. I had often seen them in their comfortable home, and thought that the whole town did not contain a happier family. They had never felt slavery; and, when it was too late, they were convinced of its reality.

When the new master claimed this family as his property, the father became furious, and went to his mistress for protection. “I can do nothing for you now, Harry,” said she. “I no longer have the power I had a week ago. I have succeeded in obtaining the freedom of your wife; but I cannot obtain it for your children.” The unhappy father swore that nobody should take his children from him. He concealed them in the woods for some days; but they were discovered and taken. The father was put in jail, and the two oldest boys sold to Georgia. One little girl, too young to be of service to her master, was left with the wretched mother. The other three were carried to their master’s plantation. The eldest soon became a mother, and, when the slaveholder’s wife looked at the babe, she wept bitterly. She knew that her own husband had violated the purity she had so carefully inculcated. She had a second child by her master, and then he sold her and his offspring to his brother. She bore two children to the brother, and was sold again. The next sister went crazy. The life she was compelled to lead drove her mad. The third one became the mother of five daughters. Before the birth of the fourth the pious mistress died. To the last, she rendered every kindness to the slaves that her unfortunate circumstances permitted. She passed away peacefully, glad to close her eyes on a life which had been made so wretched by the man she loved.

This man squandered the fortune he had received, and sought to retrieve his affairs by a second marriage; but, having retired after a night of drunken debauch, he was found dead in the morning. He was called a good master; for he fed and clothed his slaves better than most masters, and the lash was not heard on his plantation so frequently as on many others. Had it not been for slavery, he would have been a better man, and his wife a happier woman.

No pen can give an adequate description of the all-pervading corruption produced by slavery. The slave girl is reared in an atmosphere of licentiousness and fear. The lash and the foul talk of her master and his sons are her teachers. When she is fourteen or fifteen, her owner, or his sons, or the overseer, or perhaps all of them, begin to bribe her with presents. If these fail to accomplish their purpose, she is whipped or starved into submission to their will. She may have had religious principles inculcated by some pious mother or grandmother, or some good mistress; she may have a lover, whose good opinion and peace of mind are dear to her heart; or the profligate men who have power over her may be exceedingly odious to her. But resistance is hopeless.

“The poor worm Shall prove her contest vain. Life’s little day Shall pass, and she is gone!”

The slaveholder’s sons are, of course, vitiated, even while boys, by the unclean influences every where around them. Nor do the master’s daughters always escape. Severe retributions sometimes come upon him for the wrongs he does to the daughters of the slaves. The white daughters early hear their parents quarrelling about some female slave. Their curiosity is excited, and they soon learn the cause. They are attended by the young slave girls whom their father has corrupted; and they hear such talk as should never meet youthful ears, or any other ears. They know that the women slaves are subject to their father’s authority in all things; and in some cases they exercise the same authority over the men slaves. I have myself seen the master of such a household whose head was bowed down in shame; for it was known in the neighborhood that his daughter had selected one of the meanest slaves on his plantation to be the father of his first grandchild. She did not make her advances to her equals, nor even to her father’s more intelligent servants. She selected the most brutalized, over whom her authority could be exercised with less fear of exposure. Her father, half frantic with rage, sought to revenge himself on the offending black man; but his daughter, foreseeing the storm that would arise, had given him free papers, and sent him out of the state.

In such cases the infant is smothered, or sent where it is never seen by any who know its history. But if the white parent is the _father_, instead of the mother, the offspring are unblushingly reared for the market. If they are girls, I have indicated plainly enough what will be their inevitable destiny.

You may believe what I say; for I write only that whereof I know. I was twenty-one years in that cage of obscene birds. I can testify, from my own experience and observation, that slavery is a curse to the whites as well as to the blacks. It makes the white fathers cruel and sensual; the sons violent and licentious; it contaminates the daughters, and makes the wives wretched. And as for the

colored race, it needs an abler pen than mine to describe the extremity of their sufferings, the depth of their degradation.

Yet few slaveholders seem to be aware of the widespread moral ruin occasioned by this wicked system. Their talk is of blighted cotton crops—not of the blight on their children's souls.

If you want to be fully convinced of the abominations of slavery, go on a southern plantation, and call yourself a negro trader. Then there will be no concealment; and you will see and hear things that will seem to you impossible among human beings with immortal souls.

X. A Perilous Passage In The Slave Girl's Life.

After my lover went away, Dr. Flint contrived a new plan. He seemed to have an idea that my fear of my mistress was his greatest obstacle. In the blandest tones, he told me that he was going to build a small house for me, in a secluded place, four miles away from the town. I shuddered; but I was constrained to listen, while he talked of his intention to give me a home of my own, and to make a lady of me. Hitherto, I had escaped my dreaded fate, by being in the midst of people. My grandmother had already had high words with my master about me. She had told him pretty plainly what she thought of his character, and there was considerable gossip in the neighborhood about our affairs, to which the open-mouthed jealousy of Mrs. Flint contributed not a little. When my master said he was going to build a house for me, and that he could do it with little trouble and expense, I was in hopes something would happen to frustrate his scheme; but I soon heard that the house was actually begun. I vowed before my Maker that I would never enter it. I had rather toil on the plantation from dawn till dark; I had rather live and die in jail, than drag on, from day to day, through such a living death. I was determined that the master, whom I so hated and loathed, who had blighted the prospects of my youth, and made my life a desert, should not, after my long struggle with him, succeed at last in trampling his victim under his feet. I would do any thing, every thing, for the sake of defeating him. What _could_ I do? I thought and thought, till I became desperate, and made a plunge into the abyss.

And now, reader, I come to a period in my unhappy life, which I would gladly forget if I could. The remembrance fills me with sorrow and shame. It pains me to tell you of it; but I have promised to tell you the truth, and I will do it honestly, let it cost me what it may. I will not try to screen myself behind the plea of compulsion from a master; for it was not so. Neither can I plead ignorance or thoughtlessness. For years, my master had done his utmost to pollute my mind with foul images, and to destroy the pure principles inculcated by my grandmother, and the good mistress of my childhood. The influences of slavery had had the same effect on me that they had on other young girls; they had made me prematurely knowing, concerning the evil ways of the world. I knew what I did, and I did it with deliberate calculation.

But, O, ye happy women, whose purity has been sheltered from childhood, who have been free to choose the objects of your affection, whose homes are protected by law, do not judge the poor desolate slave girl too severely! If slavery had been abolished, I, also, could have married the man of my choice; I could have had a home shielded by the laws; and I should have been spared the painful task of confessing what I am now about to relate; but all my prospects had been blighted by slavery. I wanted to keep myself pure; and, under the most adverse circumstances, I tried hard to preserve my self-respect; but I was struggling alone in the powerful grasp of the demon Slavery; and the monster proved too strong for me. I felt as if I was forsaken by God and man; as if all my efforts must be frustrated; and I became reckless in my despair.

I have told you that Dr. Flint's persecutions and his wife's jealousy had given rise to some gossip in the neighborhood. Among others, it chanced that a white unmarried gentleman had obtained some knowledge of the circumstances in which I was placed. He knew my grandmother, and often spoke to me in the street. He became interested for me, and asked questions about my master, which I answered in part. He expressed a great deal of sympathy, and a wish to aid me. He constantly sought opportunities to see me, and wrote to me frequently. I was a poor slave girl, only fifteen years old.

So much attention from a superior person was, of course, flattering; for human nature is the same in all. I also felt grateful for his sympathy, and encouraged by his kind words. It seemed to me a great thing to have such a friend. By degrees, a more tender feeling crept into my heart. He was an educated and eloquent gentleman; too eloquent, alas, for the poor slave girl who trusted in him. Of course I saw whither all this was tending. I knew the impassable gulf between us; but to be an object of interest to a man who is not married, and who is not her master, is agreeable to the pride and feelings of a slave, if her miserable situation has left her any pride or sentiment. It seems less degrading to give one's self, than to submit to compulsion. There is something akin to freedom in having a lover who has no control over you, except that which he gains by kindness and attachment. A master may treat

you as rudely as he pleases, and you dare not speak; moreover, the wrong does not seem so great with an unmarried man, as with one who has a wife to be made unhappy. There may be sophistry in all this; but the condition of a slave confuses all principles of morality, and, in fact, renders the practice of them impossible.

When I found that my master had actually begun to build the lonely cottage, other feelings mixed with those I have described. Revenge, and calculations of interest, were added to flattered vanity and sincere gratitude for kindness. I knew nothing would enrage Dr. Flint so much as to know that I favored another; and it was something to triumph over my tyrant even in that small way. I thought he would revenge himself by selling me, and I was sure my friend, Mr. Sands, would buy me. He was a man of more generosity and feeling than my master, and I thought my freedom could be easily obtained from him. The crisis of my fate now came so near that I was desperate. I shuddered to think of being the mother of children that should be owned by my old tyrant. I knew that as soon as a new fancy took him, his victims were sold far off to get rid of them; especially if they had children. I had seen several women sold, with his babies at the breast. He never allowed his offspring by slaves to remain long in sight of himself and his wife. Of a man who was not my master I could ask to have my children well supported; and in this case, I felt confident I should obtain the boon. I also felt quite sure that they would be made free. With all these thoughts revolving in my mind, and seeing no other way of escaping the doom I so much dreaded, I made a headlong plunge. Pity me, and pardon me, O virtuous reader! You never knew what it is to be a slave; to be entirely unprotected by law or custom; to have the laws reduce you to the condition of a chattel, entirely subject to the will of another. You never exhausted your ingenuity in avoiding the snares, and eluding the power of a hated tyrant; you never shuddered at the sound of his footsteps, and trembled within hearing of his voice. I know I did wrong. No one can feel it more sensibly than I do. The painful and humiliating memory will haunt me to my dying day. Still, in looking back, calmly, on the events of my life, I feel that the slave woman ought not to be judged by the same standard as others.

The months passed on. I had many unhappy hours. I secretly mourned over the sorrow I was bringing on my grandmother, who had so tried to shield me from harm. I knew that I was the greatest comfort of her old age, and that it was a source of pride to her that I had not degraded myself, like most of the slaves. I wanted to confess to her that I was no longer worthy of her love; but I could not utter the dreaded words.

As for Dr. Flint, I had a feeling of satisfaction and triumph in the thought of telling _him_. From time to time he told me of his intended arrangements, and I was silent. At last, he came and told me the cottage was completed, and ordered me to go to it. I told him I would never enter it. He said, “I have heard enough of such talk as that. You shall go, if you are carried by force; and you shall remain there.”

I replied, “I will never go there. In a few months I shall be a mother.”

He stood and looked at me in dumb amazement, and left the house without a word. I thought I should be happy in my triumph over him. But now that the truth was out, and my relatives would hear of it, I felt wretched. Humble as were their circumstances, they had pride in my good character. Now, how could I look them in the face? My self-respect was gone! I had resolved that I would be virtuous, though I was a slave. I had said, “Let the storm beat! I will brave it till I die.” And now, how humiliated I felt!

I went to my grandmother. My lips moved to make confession, but the words stuck in my throat. I sat down in the shade of a tree at her door and began to sew. I think she saw something unusual was the matter with me. The mother of slaves is very watchful. She knows there is no security for her children. After they have entered their teens she lives in daily expectation of trouble. This leads to many questions. If the girl is of a sensitive nature, timidity keeps her from answering truthfully, and this well-meant course has a tendency to drive her from maternal counsels. Presently, in came my mistress, like a mad woman, and accused me concerning her husband. My grandmother, whose suspicions had been previously awakened, believed what she said. She exclaimed, “O Linda! has it come to this? I had rather see you dead than to see you as you now are. You are a disgrace to your dead mother.” She tore from my fingers my mother’s wedding ring and her silver thimble. “Go away!” she exclaimed, “and never come to my house, again.” Her reproaches fell so hot and heavy, that they left me no chance to answer. Bitter tears, such as the eyes never shed but once, were my only answer. I rose from my seat, but fell back again, sobbing. She did not speak to me; but the tears were running down her furrowed cheeks, and they scorched me like fire. She had always been so kind to me! _So_ kind! How I longed to throw myself at her feet, and tell her all the truth! But she had ordered me to go, and never to come there again. After a few minutes, I mustered strength, and started to obey her. With what feelings did I now close that little gate, which I used to open with such an eager hand in my childhood! It closed upon me with a sound I never heard before.

Where could I go? I was afraid to return to my master's. I walked on recklessly, not caring where I went, or what would become of me. When I had gone four or five miles, fatigue compelled me to stop. I sat down on the stump of an old tree. The stars were shining through the boughs above me. How they mocked me, with their bright, calm light! The hours passed by, and as I sat there alone a chilliness and deadly sickness came over me. I sank on the ground. My mind was full of horrid thoughts. I prayed to die; but the prayer was not answered. At last, with great effort I roused myself, and walked some distance further, to the house of a woman who had been a friend of my mother. When I told her why I was there, she spoke soothingly to me; but I could not be comforted. I thought I could bear my shame if I could only be reconciled to my grandmother. I longed to open my heart to her. I thought if she could know the real state of the case, and all I had been bearing for years, she would perhaps judge me less harshly. My friend advised me to send for her. I did so; but days of agonizing suspense passed before she came. Had she utterly forsaken me? No. She came at last. I knelt before her, and told her the things that had poisoned my life; how long I had been persecuted; that I saw no way of escape; and in an hour of extremity I had become desperate. She listened in silence. I told her I would bear any thing and do any thing, if in time I had hopes of obtaining her forgiveness. I begged of her to pity me, for my dead mother's sake. And she did pity me. She did not say, "I forgive you;" but she looked at me lovingly, with her eyes full of tears. She laid her old hand gently on my head, and murmured, "Poor child! Poor child!"

XI. The New Tie To Life.

I returned to my good grandmother's house. She had an interview with Mr. Sands. When she asked him why he could not have left her one ewe lamb,—whether there were not plenty of slaves who did not care about character,—he made no answer; but he spoke kind and encouraging words. He promised to care for my child, and to buy me, be the conditions what they might.

I had not seen Dr. Flint for five days. I had never seen him since I made the avowal to him. He talked of the disgrace I had brought on myself; how I had sinned against my master, and mortified my old grandmother. He intimated that if I had accepted his proposals, he, as a physician, could have saved me from exposure. He even condescended to pity me. Could he have offered wormwood more bitter? He, whose persecutions had been the cause of my sin!

"Linda," said he, "though you have been criminal towards me, I feel for you, and I can pardon you if you obey my wishes. Tell me whether the fellow you wanted to marry is the father of your child. If you deceive me, you shall feel the fires of hell."

I did not feel as proud as I had done. My strongest weapon with him was gone. I was lowered in my own estimation, and had resolved to bear his abuse in silence. But when he spoke contemptuously of the lover who had always treated me honorably; when I remembered that but for _him_ I might have been a virtuous, free, and happy wife, I lost my patience. "I have sinned against God and myself," I replied; "but not against you."

He clinched his teeth, and muttered, "Curse you!" He came towards me, with ill-suppressed rage, and exclaimed, "You obstinate girl! I could grind your bones to powder! You have thrown yourself away on some worthless rascal. You are weak-minded, and have been easily persuaded by those who don't care a straw for you. The future will settle accounts between us. You are blinded now; but hereafter you will be convinced that your master was your best friend. My lenity towards you is a proof of it. I might have punished you in many ways. I might have had you whipped till you fell dead under the lash. But I wanted you to live; I would have bettered your condition. Others cannot do it. You are my slave. Your mistress, disgusted by your conduct, forbids you to return to the house; therefore I leave you here for the present; but I shall see you often. I will call to-morrow."

He came with frowning brows, that showed a dissatisfied state of mind. After asking about my health, he inquired whether my board was paid, and who visited me. He then went on to say that he had neglected his duty; that as a physician there were certain things that he ought to have explained to me. Then followed talk such as would have made the most shameless blush. He ordered me to stand up before him. I obeyed. "I command you," said he, "to tell me whether the father of your child is white or black." I hesitated. "Answer me this instant!" he exclaimed. I did answer. He sprang upon me like a wolf, and grabbed my arm as if he would have broken it. "Do you love him?" said he, in a hissing tone.

"I am thankful that I do not despise him," I replied.

He raised his hand to strike me; but it fell again. I don't know what arrested the blow. He sat down, with lips tightly compressed. At last he spoke. "I came here," said he, "to make you a friendly proposition; but your ingratitude chafes me beyond endurance. You turn aside all my good intentions towards you. I don't know what it is that keeps me from killing you." Again he rose, as if he had a mind to strike me.

But he resumed. “On one condition I will forgive your insolence and crime. You must henceforth have no communication of any kind with the father of your child. You must not ask any thing from him, or receive any thing from him. I will take care of you and your child. You had better promise this at once, and not wait till you are deserted by him. This is the last act of mercy I shall show towards you.”

I said something about being unwilling to have my child supported by a man who had cursed it and me also. He rejoined, that a woman who had sunk to my level had no right to expect any thing else. He asked, for the last time, would I accept his kindness? I answered that I would not.

“Very well,” said he; “then take the consequences of your wayward course. Never look to me for help. You are my slave, and shall always be my slave. I will never sell you, that you may depend upon.”

Hope died away in my heart as he closed the door after him. I had calculated that in his rage he would sell me to a slave-trader; and I knew the father of my child was on the watch to buy me.

About this time my uncle Phillip was expected to return from a voyage. The day before his departure I had officiated as bridesmaid to a young friend. My heart was then ill at ease, but my smiling countenance did not betray it. Only a year had passed; but what fearful changes it had wrought! My heart had grown gray in misery. Lives that flash in sunshine, and lives that are born in tears, receive their hue from circumstances. None of us know what a year may bring forth.

I felt no joy when they told me my uncle had come. He wanted to see me, though he knew what had happened. I shrank from him at first; but at last consented that he should come to my room. He received me as he always had done. O, how my heart smote me when I felt his tears on my burning cheeks! The words of my grandmother came to my mind,—“Perhaps your mother and father are taken from the evil days to come.” My disappointed heart could now praise God that it was so. But why, thought I, did my relatives ever cherish hopes for me? What was there to save me from the usual fate of slave girls? Many more beautiful and more intelligent than I had experienced a similar fate, or a far worse one. How could they hope that I should escape?

My uncle’s stay was short, and I was not sorry for it. I was too ill in mind and body to enjoy my friends as I had done. For some weeks I was unable to leave my bed. I could not have any doctor but my master, and I would not have him sent for. At last, alarmed by my increasing illness, they sent for him. I was very weak and nervous; and as soon as he entered the room, I began to scream. They told him my state was very critical. He had no wish to hasten me out of the world, and he withdrew.

When my babe was born, they said it was premature. It weighed only four pounds; but God let it live. I heard the doctor say I could not survive till morning. I had often prayed for death; but now I did not want to die, unless my child could die too. Many weeks passed before I was able to leave my bed. I was a mere wreck of my former self. For a year there was scarcely a day when I was free from chills and fever. My babe also was sickly. His little limbs were often racked with pain. Dr. Flint continued his visits, to look after my health; and he did not fail to remind me that my child was an addition to his stock of slaves.

I felt too feeble to dispute with him, and listened to his remarks in silence. His visits were less frequent; but his busy spirit could not remain quiet. He employed my brother in his office, and he was made the medium of frequent notes and messages to me. William was a bright lad, and of much use to the doctor. He had learned to put up medicines, to leech, cup, and bleed. He had taught himself to read and spell. I was proud of my brother; and the old doctor suspected as much. One day, when I had not seen him for several weeks, I heard his steps approaching the door. I dreaded the encounter, and hid myself. He inquired for me, of course; but I was nowhere to be found. He went to his office, and despatched William with a note. The color mounted to my brother’s face when he gave it to me; and he said, “Don’t you hate me, Linda, for bringing you these things?” I told him I could not blame him; he was a slave, and obliged to obey his master’s will. The note ordered me to come to his office. I went. He demanded to know where I was when he called. I told him I was at home. He flew into a passion, and said he knew better. Then he launched out upon his usual themes,—my crimes against him, and my ingratitude for his forbearance. The laws were laid down to me anew, and I was dismissed. I felt humiliated that my brother should stand by, and listen to such language as would be addressed only to a slave. Poor boy! He was powerless to defend me; but I saw the tears, which he vainly strove to keep back. This manifestation of feeling irritated the doctor. William could do nothing to please him. One morning he did not arrive at the office so early as usual; and that circumstance afforded his master an opportunity to vent his spleen. He was put in jail. The next day my brother sent a trader to the doctor, with a request to be sold. His master was greatly incensed at what he called his insolence. He said he had put him there to reflect upon his bad conduct, and he certainly was not giving any evidence of repentance. For two days he harassed himself to find somebody to do his office work; but every thing went wrong without William. He was released, and ordered to take his old stand,

with many threats, if he was not careful about his future behavior.

As the months passed on, my boy improved in health. When he was a year old, they called him beautiful. The little vine was taking deep root in my existence, though its clinging fondness excited a mixture of love and pain. When I was most sorely oppressed I found a solace in his smiles. I loved to watch his infant slumbers; but always there was a dark cloud over my enjoyment. I could never forget that he was a slave. Sometimes I wished that he might die in infancy. God tried me. My darling became very ill. The bright eyes grew dull, and the little feet and hands were so icy cold that I thought death had already touched them. I had prayed for his death, but never so earnestly as I now prayed for his life; and my prayer was heard. Alas, what mockery it is for a slave mother to try to pray back her dying child to life! Death is better than slavery. It was a sad thought that I had no name to give my child. His father caressed him and treated him kindly, whenever he had a chance to see him. He was not unwilling that he should bear his name; but he had no legal claim to it; and if I had bestowed it upon him, my master would have regarded it as a new crime, a new piece of insolence, and would, perhaps, revenge it on the boy. O, the serpent of Slavery has many and poisonous fangs!

XII. Fear Of Insurrection.

Not far from this time Nat Turner's insurrection broke out; and the news threw our town into great commotion. Strange that they should be alarmed, when their slaves were so "contented and happy"! But so it was.

It was always the custom to have a muster every year. On that occasion every white man shouldered his musket. The citizens and the so-called country gentlemen wore military uniforms. The poor whites took their places in the ranks in every-day dress, some without shoes, some without hats. This grand occasion had already passed; and when the slaves were told there was to be another muster, they were surprised and rejoiced. Poor creatures! They thought it was going to be a holiday. I was informed of the true state of affairs, and imparted it to the few I could trust. Most gladly would I have proclaimed it to every slave; but I dared not. All could not be relied on. Mighty is the power of the torturing lash.

By sunrise, people were pouring in from every quarter within twenty miles of the town. I knew the houses were to be searched; and I expected it would be done by country bullies and the poor whites. I knew nothing annoyed them so much as to see colored people living in comfort and respectability; so I made arrangements for them with especial care. I arranged every thing in my grandmother's house as neatly as possible. I put white quilts on the beds, and decorated some of the rooms with flowers. When all was arranged, I sat down at the window to watch. Far as my eye could reach, it rested on a motley crowd of soldiers. Drums and fifes were discoursing martial music. The men were divided into companies of sixteen, each headed by a captain. Orders were given, and the wild scouts rushed in every direction, wherever a colored face was to be found.

It was a grand opportunity for the low whites, who had no negroes of their own to scourge. They exulted in such a chance to exercise a little brief authority, and show their subserviency to the slaveholders; not reflecting that the power which trampled on the colored people also kept themselves in poverty, ignorance, and moral degradation. Those who never witnessed such scenes can hardly believe what I know was inflicted at this time on innocent men, women, and children, against whom there was not the slightest ground for suspicion. Colored people and slaves who lived in remote parts of the town suffered in an especial manner. In some cases the searchers scattered powder and shot among their clothes, and then sent other parties to find them, and bring them forward as proof that they were plotting insurrection. Every where men, women, and children were whipped till the blood stood in puddles at their feet. Some received five hundred lashes; others were tied hands and feet, and tortured with a bucking paddle, which blisters the skin terribly. The dwellings of the colored people, unless they happened to be protected by some influential white person, who was nigh at hand, were robbed of clothing and every thing else the marauders thought worth carrying away. All day long these unfeeling wretches went round, like a troop of demons, terrifying and tormenting the helpless. At night, they formed themselves into patrol bands, and went wherever they chose among the colored people, acting out their brutal will. Many women hid themselves in woods and swamps, to keep out of their way. If any of the husbands or fathers told of these outrages, they were tied up to the public whipping post, and cruelly scourged for telling lies about white men. The consternation was universal. No two people that had the slightest tinge of color in their faces dared to be seen talking together.

I entertained no positive fears about our household, because we were in the midst of white families who would protect us. We were ready to receive the soldiers whenever they came. It was not long before we heard the tramp of feet and the sound of voices. The door was rudely pushed open; and in they tumbled, like a pack of hungry wolves. They snatched at every thing within their reach. Every box, trunk, closet, and corner underwent a thorough examination. A box in one of the drawers containing some silver change was eagerly pounced upon. When I stepped forward to take it from them, one of the soldiers turned and said angrily, "What d'ye

foller us fur? D'ye s'pose white folks is come to steal?"

I replied, "You have come to search; but you have searched that box, and I will take it, if you please."

At that moment I saw a white gentleman who was friendly to us; and I called to him, and asked him to have the goodness to come in and stay till the search was over. He readily complied. His entrance into the house brought in the captain of the company, whose business it was to guard the outside of the house, and see that none of the inmates left it. This officer was Mr. Litch, the wealthy slaveholder whom I mentioned, in the account of neighboring planters, as being notorious for his cruelty. He felt above soiling his hands with the search. He merely gave orders; and, if a bit of writing was discovered, it was carried to him by his ignorant followers, who were unable to read.

My grandmother had a large trunk of bedding and table cloths. When that was opened, there was a great shout of surprise; and one exclaimed, "Where'd the damned niggers git all dis sheet an' table clarf?"

My grandmother, emboldened by the presence of our white protector, said, "You may be sure we didn't pilfer 'em from _your_ houses."

"Look here, mammy," said a grim-looking fellow without any coat, "you seem to feel mighty gran' 'cause you got all them 'ere fixens. White folks oughter have 'em all."

His remarks were interrupted by a chorus of voices shouting, "We's got 'em! We's got 'em! Dis 'ere yaller gal's got letters!"

There was a general rush for the supposed letter, which, upon examination, proved to be some verses written to me by a friend. In packing away my things, I had overlooked them. When their captain informed them of their contents, they seemed much disappointed. He inquired of me who wrote them. I told him it was one of my friends. "Can you read them?" he asked. When I told him I could, he swore, and raved, and tore the paper into bits. "Bring me all your letters!" said he, in a commanding tone. I told him I had none. "Don't be afraid," he continued, in an insinuating way. "Bring them all to me. Nobody shall do you any harm." Seeing I did not move to obey him, his pleasant tone changed to oaths and threats. "Who writes to you? half free niggers?" inquired he. I replied, "O, no; most of my letters are from white people. Some request me to burn them after they are read, and some I destroy without reading."

An exclamation of surprise from some of the company put a stop to our conversation. Some silver spoons which ornamented an old-fashioned buffet had just been discovered. My grandmother was in the habit of preserving fruit for many ladies in the town, and of preparing suppers for parties; consequently she had many jars of preserves. The closet that contained these was next invaded, and the contents tasted. One of them, who was helping himself freely, tapped his neighbor on the shoulder, and said, "Wal done! Don't wonder de niggers want to kill all de white folks, when dey live on 'sarves" [meaning preserves]. I stretched out my hand to take the jar, saying, "You were not sent here to search for sweetmeats."

"And what _were_ we sent for?" said the captain, bristling up to me. I evaded the question.

The search of the house was completed, and nothing found to condemn us. They next proceeded to the garden, and knocked about every bush and vine, with no better success. The captain called his men together, and, after a short consultation, the order to march was given. As they passed out of the gate, the captain turned back, and pronounced a malediction on the house. He said it ought to be burned to the ground, and each of its inmates receive thirty-nine lashes. We came out of this affair very fortunately; not losing any thing except some wearing apparel.

Towards evening the turbulence increased. The soldiers, stimulated by drink, committed still greater cruelties. Shrieks and shouts continually rent the air. Not daring to go to the door, I peeped under the window curtain. I saw a mob dragging along a number of colored people, each white man, with his musket upraised, threatening instant death if they did not stop their shrieks. Among the prisoners was a respectable old colored minister. They had found a few parcels of shot in his house, which his wife had for years used to balance her scales. For this they were going to shoot him on Court House Green. What a spectacle was that for a civilized country! A rabble, staggering under intoxication, assuming to be the administrators of justice!

The better class of the community exerted their influence to save the innocent, persecuted people; and in several instances they succeeded, by keeping them shut up in jail till the excitement abated. At last the white citizens found that their own property was not safe from the lawless rabble they had summoned to protect them. They rallied the drunken swarm, drove them back into the country, and set a guard over the town.

The next day, the town patrols were commissioned to search colored people that lived out of the city; and the most shocking outrages were committed with perfect impunity. Every day for a fortnight, if I looked out, I saw horsemen with some poor panting negro tied to their saddles, and compelled by the lash to keep up with their speed, till they arrived at the jail yard. Those who had been whipped too unmercifully to walk were washed with brine, tossed into a cart, and carried to jail. One black man, who had not fortitude to endure scourging, promised to give information about the conspiracy. But it turned out that he knew nothing at all. He had not even heard the name of Nat Turner. The poor fellow had, however, made up a story, which augmented his own sufferings and those of the colored people.

The day patrol continued for some weeks, and at sundown a night guard was substituted. Nothing at all was proved against the colored people, bond or free. The wrath of the slaveholders was somewhat appeased by the capture of Nat Turner. The imprisoned were released. The slaves were sent to their masters, and the free were permitted to return to their ravaged homes. Visiting was strictly forbidden on the plantations. The slaves begged the privilege of again meeting at their little church in the woods, with their burying ground around it. It was built by the colored people, and they had no higher happiness than to meet there and sing hymns together, and pour out their hearts in spontaneous prayer. Their request was denied, and the church was demolished. They were permitted to attend the white churches, a certain portion of the galleries being appropriated to their use. There, when every body else had partaken of the communion, and the benediction had been pronounced, the minister said, “Come down, now, my colored friends.” They obeyed the summons, and partook of the bread and wine, in commemoration of the meek and lowly Jesus, who said, “God is your Father, and all ye are brethren.”

XIII. The Church And Slavery.

After the alarm caused by Nat Turner’s insurrection had subsided, the slaveholders came to the conclusion that it would be well to give the slaves enough of religious instruction to keep them from murdering their masters. The Episcopal clergyman offered to hold a separate service on Sundays for their benefit. His colored members were very few, and also very respectable—a fact which I presume had some weight with him. The difficulty was to decide on a suitable place for them to worship. The Methodist and Baptist churches admitted them in the afternoon; but their carpets and cushions were not so costly as those at the Episcopal church. It was at last decided that they should meet at the house of a free colored man, who was a member.

I was invited to attend, because I could read. Sunday evening came, and, trusting to the cover of night, I ventured out. I rarely ventured out by daylight, for I always went with fear, expecting at every turn to encounter Dr. Flint, who was sure to turn me back, or order me to his office to inquire where I got my bonnet, or some other article of dress. When the Rev. Mr. Pike came, there were some twenty persons present. The reverend gentleman knelt in prayer, then seated himself, and requested all present, who could read, to open their books, while he gave out the portions he wished them to repeat or respond to.

His text was, “Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in singleness of your heart, as unto Christ.”

Pious Mr. Pike brushed up his hair till it stood upright, and, in deep, solemn tones, began: “Hearken, ye servants! Give strict heed unto my words. You are rebellious sinners. Your hearts are filled with all manner of evil. ’Tis the devil who tempts you. God is angry with you, and will surely punish you, if you don’t forsake your wicked ways. You that live in town are eye-servants behind your master’s back. Instead of serving your masters faithfully, which is pleasing in the sight of your heavenly Master, you are idle, and shirk your work. God sees you. You tell lies. God hears you. Instead of being engaged in worshipping him, you are hidden away somewhere, feasting on your master’s substance; tossing coffee-grounds with some wicked fortuneteller, or cutting cards with another old hag. Your masters may not find you out, but God sees you, and will punish you. O, the depravity of your hearts! When your master’s work is done, are you quietly together, thinking of the goodness of God to such sinful creatures? No; you are quarrelling, and tying up little bags of roots to bury under the door-steps to poison each other with. God sees you. You men steal away to every grog shop to sell your master’s corn, that you may buy rum to drink. God sees you. You sneak into the back streets, or among the bushes, to pitch coppers. Although your masters may not find you out, God sees you; and he will punish you. You must forsake your sinful ways, and be faithful servants. Obey your old master and your young master—your old mistress and your young mistress. If you disobey your earthly master, you offend your heavenly Master. You must obey God’s commandments. When you go from here, don’t stop at the corners of the streets to talk, but go directly home, and let your master and mistress see that you have come.”

The benediction was pronounced. We went home, highly amused at brother Pike's gospel teaching, and we determined to hear him again. I went the next Sabbath evening, and heard pretty much a repetition of the last discourse. At the close of the meeting, Mr. Pike informed us that he found it very inconvenient to meet at the friend's house, and he should be glad to see us, every Sunday evening, at his own kitchen.

I went home with the feeling that I had heard the Reverend Mr. Pike for the last time. Some of his members repaired to his house, and found that the kitchen sported two tallow candles; the first time, I am sure, since its present occupant owned it, for the servants never had any thing but pine knots. It was so long before the reverend gentleman descended from his comfortable parlor that the slaves left, and went to enjoy a Methodist shout. They never seem so happy as when shouting and singing at religious meetings. Many of them are sincere, and nearer to the gate of heaven than sanctimonious Mr. Pike, and other long-faced Christians, who see wounded Samaritans, and pass by on the other side.

The slaves generally compose their own songs and hymns; and they do not trouble their heads much about the measure. They often sing the following verses:

"Old Satan is one busy ole man; He rolls dem blocks all in my way; But Jesus is my bosom friend; He rolls dem blocks away.

"If I had died when I was young, Den how my stam'ring tongue would have sung; But I am ole, and now I stand A narrow chance for to tread dat heavenly land."

I well remember one occasion when I attended a Methodist class meeting. I went with a burdened spirit, and happened to sit next a poor, bereaved mother, whose heart was still heavier than mine. The class leader was the town constable—a man who bought and sold slaves, who whipped his brethren and sisters of the church at the public whipping post, in jail or out of jail. He was ready to perform that Christian office any where for fifty cents. This white-faced, black-hearted brother came near us, and said to the stricken woman, "Sister, can't you tell us how the Lord deals with your soul? Do you love him as you did formerly?"

She rose to her feet, and said, in piteous tones, "My Lord and Master, help me! My load is more than I can bear. God has hid himself from me, and I am left in darkness and misery." Then, striking her breast, she continued, "I can't tell you what is in here! They've got all my children. Last week they took the last one. God only knows where they've sold her. They let me have her sixteen years, and then—— O! O! Pray for her brothers and sisters! I've got nothing to live for now. God make my time short!"

She sat down, quivering in every limb. I saw that constable class leader become crimson in the face with suppressed laughter, while he held up his handkerchief, that those who were weeping for the poor woman's calamity might not see his merriment. Then, with assumed gravity, he said to the bereaved mother, "Sister, pray to the Lord that every dispensation of his divine will may be sanctified to the good of your poor needy soul!"

The congregation struck up a hymn, and sung as though they were as free as the birds that warbled round us,—

"Ole Satan thought he had a mighty aim; He missed my soul, and caught my sins. Cry Amen, cry Amen, cry Amen to God!

"He took my sins upon his back; Went muttering and grumbling down to hell. Cry Amen, cry Amen, cry Amen to God!

"Ole Satan's church is here below. Up to God's free church I hope to go. Cry Amen, cry Amen, cry Amen to God!"

Precious are such moments to the poor slaves. If you were to hear them at such times, you might think they were happy. But can that hour of singing and shouting sustain them through the dreary week, toiling without wages, under constant dread of the lash?

The Episcopal clergyman, who, ever since my earliest recollection, had been a sort of god among the slaveholders, concluded, as his family was large, that he must go where money was more abundant. A very different clergyman took his place. The change was very agreeable to the colored people, who said, "God has sent us a good man this time." They loved him, and their children followed him for a smile or a kind word. Even the slaveholders felt his influence. He brought to the rectory five slaves. His wife taught them to read and write, and to be useful to her and themselves. As soon as he was settled, he turned his attention to the needy slaves around him. He urged upon his parishioners the duty of having a meeting expressly for them every Sunday, with a sermon adapted to their comprehension. After much argument and importunity, it was finally agreed that they might occupy the gallery of the church on Sunday evenings. Many colored people, hitherto unaccustomed to attend church, now gladly went to hear the gospel preached. The sermons were simple, and they understood them. Moreover, it was the first time they had ever been addressed as human beings. It was not long before his white parishioners began to be dissatisfied. He was accused of preaching

better sermons to the negroes than he did to them. He honestly confessed that he bestowed more pains upon those sermons than upon any others; for the slaves were reared in such ignorance that it was a difficult task to adapt himself to their comprehension. Dissensions arose in the parish. Some wanted he should preach to them in the evening, and to the slaves in the afternoon. In the midst of these disputings his wife died, after a very short illness. Her slaves gathered round her dying bed in great sorrow. She said, “I have tried to do you good and promote your happiness; and if I have failed, it has not been for want of interest in your welfare. Do not weep for me; but prepare for the new duties that lie before you. I leave you all free. May we meet in a better world.” Her liberated slaves were sent away, with funds to establish them comfortably. The colored people will long bless the memory of that truly Christian woman. Soon after her death her husband preached his farewell sermon, and many tears were shed at his departure.

Several years after, he passed through our town and preached to his former congregation. In his afternoon sermon he addressed the colored people. “My friends,” said he, “it affords me great happiness to have an opportunity of speaking to you again. For two years I have been striving to do something for the colored people of my own parish; but nothing is yet accomplished. I have not even preached a sermon to them. Try to live according to the word of God, my friends. Your skin is darker than mine; but God judges men by their hearts, not by the color of their skins.” This was strange doctrine from a southern pulpit. It was very offensive to slaveholders. They said he and his wife had made fools of their slaves, and that he preached like a fool to the negroes.

I knew an old black man, whose piety and childlike trust in God were beautiful to witness. At fifty-three years old he joined the Baptist church. He had a most earnest desire to learn to read. He thought he should know how to serve God better if he could only read the Bible. He came to me, and begged me to teach him. He said he could not pay me, for he had no money; but he would bring me nice fruit when the season for it came. I asked him if he didn’t know it was contrary to law; and that slaves were whipped and imprisoned for teaching each other to read. This brought the tears into his eyes. “Don’t be troubled, uncle Fred,” said I. “I have no thoughts of refusing to teach you. I only told you of the law, that you might know the danger, and be on your guard.” He thought he could plan to come three times a week without its being suspected. I selected a quiet nook, where no intruder was likely to penetrate, and there I taught him his A, B, C. Considering his age, his progress was astonishing. As soon as he could spell in two syllables he wanted to spell out words in the Bible. The happy smile that illuminated his face put joy into my heart. After spelling out a few words, he paused, and said, “Honey, it ’pears when I can read dis good book I shall be nearer to God. White man is got all de sense. He can larn easy. It ain’t easy for ole black man like me. I only wants to read dis book, dat I may know how to live; den I hab no fear ’bout dying.”

I tried to encourage him by speaking of the rapid progress he had made. “Hab patience, child,” he replied. “I larns slow.”

I had no need of patience. His gratitude, and the happiness I imparted, were more than a recompense for all my trouble.

At the end of six months he had read through the New Testament, and could find any text in it. One day, when he had recited unusually well, I said, “Uncle Fred, how do you manage to get your lessons so well?”

“Lord bress you, chile,” he replied. “You nebber gibs me a lesson dat I don’t pray to God to help me to understan’ what I spells and what I reads. And he _does_ help me, chile. Bress his holy name!”

There are thousands, who, like good uncle Fred, are thirsting for the water of life; but the law forbids it, and the churches withhold it. They send the Bible to heathen abroad, and neglect the heathen at home. I am glad that missionaries go out to the dark corners of the earth; but I ask them not to overlook the dark corners at home. Talk to American slaveholders as you talk to savages in Africa. Tell _them_ it is wrong to traffic in men. Tell them it is sinful to sell their own children, and atrocious to violate their own daughters. Tell them that all men are brethren, and that man has no right to shut out the light of knowledge from his brother. Tell them they are answerable to God for sealing up the Fountain of Life from souls that are thirsting for it.

There are men who would gladly undertake such missionary work as this; but, alas! their number is small. They are hated by the south, and would be driven from its soil, or dragged to prison to die, as others have been before them. The field is ripe for the harvest, and awaits the reapers. Perhaps the great grandchildren of uncle Fred may have freely imparted to them the divine treasures, which he sought by stealth, at the risk of the prison and the scourge.

Are doctors of divinity blind, or are they hypocrites? I suppose some are the one, and some the other; but I think if they felt the interest in the poor and the lowly, that they ought to feel, they would not be so _easily_ blinded. A clergyman who goes to the south, for the first time, has usually some feeling, however vague, that slavery is wrong. The slaveholder suspects this, and plays his

game accordingly. He makes himself as agreeable as possible; talks on theology, and other kindred topics. The reverend gentleman is asked to invoke a blessing on a table loaded with luxuries. After dinner he walks round the premises, and sees the beautiful groves and flowering vines, and the comfortable huts of favored household slaves. The southerner invites him to talk with these slaves. He asks them if they want to be free, and they say, “O, no, massa.” This is sufficient to satisfy him. He comes home to publish a “South-Side View of Slavery,” and to complain of the exaggerations of abolitionists. He assures people that he has been to the south, and seen slavery for himself; that it is a beautiful “patriarchal institution;” that the slaves don’t want their freedom; that they have hallelujah meetings, and other religious privileges.

What does _he_ know of the half-starved wretches toiling from dawn till dark on the plantations? of mothers shrieking for their children, torn from their arms by slave traders? of young girls dragged down into moral filth? of pools of blood around the whipping post? of hounds trained to tear human flesh? of men screwed into cotton gins to die? The slaveholder showed him none of these things, and the slaves dared not tell of them if he had asked them.

There is a great difference between Christianity and religion at the south. If a man goes to the communion table, and pays money into the treasury of the church, no matter if it be the price of blood, he is called religious. If a pastor has offspring by a woman not his wife, the church dismiss him, if she is a white woman; but if she is colored, it does not hinder his continuing to be their good shepherd.

When I was told that Dr. Flint had joined the Episcopal church, I was much surprised. I supposed that religion had a purifying effect on the character of men; but the worst persecutions I endured from him were after he was a communicant. The conversation of the doctor, the day after he had been confirmed, certainly gave _me_ no indication that he had “renounced the devil and all his works.” In answer to some of his usual talk, I reminded him that he had just joined the church. “Yes, Linda,” said he. “It was proper for me to do so. I am getting in years, and my position in society requires it, and it puts an end to all the damned slang. You would do well to join the church, too, Linda.”

“There are sinners enough in it already,” rejoined I. “If I could be allowed to live like a Christian, I should be glad.”

“You can do what I require; and if you are faithful to me, you will be as virtuous as my wife,” he replied.

I answered that the Bible didn’t say so.

His voice became hoarse with rage. “How dare you preach to me about your infernal Bible!” he exclaimed. “What right have you, who are my negro, to talk to me about what you would like, and what you wouldn’t like? I am your master, and you shall obey me.”

No wonder the slaves sing,—

“Ole Satan’s church is here below; Up to God’s free church I hope to go.”

XIV. Another Link To Life.

I had not returned to my master’s house since the birth of my child. The old man raved to have me thus removed from his immediate power; but his wife vowed, by all that was good and great, she would kill me if I came back; and he did not doubt her word. Sometimes he would stay away for a season. Then he would come and renew the old threadbare discourse about his forbearance and my ingratitude. He labored, most unnecessarily, to convince me that I had lowered myself. The venomous old reprobate had no need of descanting on that theme. I felt humiliated enough. My unconscious babe was the ever-present witness of my shame. I listened with silent contempt when he talked about my having forfeited _his_ good opinion; but I shed bitter tears that I was no longer worthy of being respected by the good and pure. Alas! slavery still held me in its poisonous grasp. There was no chance for me to be respectable. There was no prospect of being able to lead a better life.

Sometimes, when my master found that I still refused to accept what he called his kind offers, he would threaten to sell my child. “Perhaps that will humble you,” said he.

Humble _me_! Was I not already in the dust? But his threat lacerated my heart. I knew the law gave him power to fulfil it; for slaveholders have been cunning enough to enact that “the child shall follow the condition of the _mother_,” not of the _father_; thus taking care that licentiousness shall not interfere with avarice. This reflection made me clasp my innocent babe all the more firmly to my heart. Horrid visions passed through my mind when I thought of his liability to fall into the slave trader’s hands. I wept over him, and said, “O my child! perhaps they will leave you in some cold cabin to die, and then throw you into a hole, as if you were a

dog."

When Dr. Flint learned that I was again to be a mother, he was exasperated beyond measure. He rushed from the house, and returned with a pair of shears. I had a fine head of hair; and he often railed about my pride of arranging it nicely. He cut every hair close to my head, storming and swearing all the time. I replied to some of his abuse, and he struck me. Some months before, he had pitched me down stairs in a fit of passion; and the injury I received was so serious that I was unable to turn myself in bed for many days. He then said, "Linda, I swear by God I will never raise my hand against you again;" but I knew that he would forget his promise.

After he discovered my situation, he was like a restless spirit from the pit. He came every day; and I was subjected to such insults as no pen can describe. I would not describe them if I could; they were too low, too revolting. I tried to keep them from my grandmother's knowledge as much as I could. I knew she had enough to sadden her life, without having my troubles to bear. When she saw the doctor treat me with violence, and heard him utter oaths terrible enough to palsy a man's tongue, she could not always hold her peace. It was natural and motherlike that she should try to defend me; but it only made matters worse.

When they told me my new-born babe was a girl, my heart was heavier than it had ever been before. Slavery is terrible for men; but it is far more terrible for women. Superadded to the burden common to all, _they_ have wrongs, and sufferings, and mortifications peculiarly their own.

Dr. Flint had sworn that he would make me suffer, to my last day, for this new crime against _him_, as he called it; and as long as he had me in his power he kept his word. On the fourth day after the birth of my babe, he entered my room suddenly, and commanded me to rise and bring my baby to him. The nurse who took care of me had gone out of the room to prepare some nourishment, and I was alone. There was no alternative. I rose, took up my babe, and crossed the room to where he sat. "Now stand there," said he, "till I tell you to go back!" My child bore a strong resemblance to her father, and to the deceased Mrs. Sands, her grandmother. He noticed this; and while I stood before him, trembling with weakness, he heaped upon me and my little one every vile epithet he could think of. Even the grandmother in her grave did not escape his curses. In the midst of his vituperations I fainted at his feet. This recalled him to his senses. He took the baby from my arms, laid it on the bed, dashed cold water in my face, took me up, and shook me violently, to restore my consciousness before any one entered the room. Just then my grandmother came in, and he hurried out of the house. I suffered in consequence of this treatment; but I begged my friends to let me die, rather than send for the doctor. There was nothing I dreaded so much as his presence. My life was spared; and I was glad for the sake of my little ones. Had it not been for these ties to life, I should have been glad to be released by death, though I had lived only nineteen years.

Always it gave me a pang that my children had no lawful claim to a name. Their father offered his; but, if I had wished to accept the offer, I dared not while my master lived. Moreover, I knew it would not be accepted at their baptism. A Christian name they were at least entitled to; and we resolved to call my boy for our dear good Benjamin, who had gone far away from us.

My grandmother belonged to the church; and she was very desirous of having the children christened. I knew Dr. Flint would forbid it, and I did not venture to attempt it. But chance favored me. He was called to visit a patient out of town, and was obliged to be absent during Sunday. "Now is the time," said my grandmother; "we will take the children to church, and have them christened."

When I entered the church, recollections of my mother came over me, and I felt subdued in spirit. There she had presented me for baptism, without any reason to feel ashamed. She had been married, and had such legal rights as slavery allows to a slave. The vows had at least been sacred to _her_, and she had never violated them. I was glad she was not alive, to know under what different circumstances her grandchildren were presented for baptism. Why had my lot been so different from my mother's? _Her_ master had died when she was a child; and she remained with her mistress till she married. She was never in the power of any master; and thus she escaped one class of the evils that generally fall upon slaves.

When my baby was about to be christened, the former mistress of my father stepped up to me, and proposed to give it her Christian name. To this I added the surname of my father, who had himself no legal right to it; for my grandfather on the paternal side was a white gentleman. What tangled skeins are the genealogies of slavery! I loved my father; but it mortified me to be obliged to bestow his name on my children.

When we left the church, my father's old mistress invited me to go home with her. She clasped a gold chain round my baby's neck. I thanked her for this kindness; but I did not like the emblem. I wanted no chain to be fastened on my daughter, not even if its links

were of gold. How earnestly I prayed that she might never feel the weight of slavery's chain, whose iron entereth into the soul!

XV. Continued Persecutions.

My children grew finely; and Dr. Flint would often say to me, with an exulting smile. "These brats will bring me a handsome sum of money one of these days."

I thought to myself that, God being my helper, they should never pass into his hands. It seemed to me I would rather see them killed than have them given up to his power. The money for the freedom of myself and my children could be obtained; but I derived no advantage from that circumstance. Dr. Flint loved money, but he loved power more. After much discussion, my friends resolved on making another trial. There was a slaveholder about to leave for Texas, and he was commissioned to buy me. He was to begin with nine hundred dollars, and go up to twelve. My master refused his offers. "Sir," said he, "she don't belong to me. She is my daughter's property, and I have no right to sell her. I mistrust that you come from her paramour. If so, you may tell him that he cannot buy her for any money; neither can he buy her children."

The doctor came to see me the next day, and my heart beat quicker as he entered. I never had seen the old man tread with so majestic a step. He seated himself and looked at me with withering scorn. My children had learned to be afraid of him. The little one would shut her eyes and hide her face on my shoulder whenever she saw him; and Benny, who was now nearly five years old, often inquired, "What makes that bad man come here so many times? Does he want to hurt us?" I would clasp the dear boy in my arms, trusting that he would be free before he was old enough to solve the problem. And now, as the doctor sat there so grim and silent, the child left his play and came and nestled up by me. At last my tormentor spoke. "So you are left in disgust, are you?" said he. "It is no more than I expected. You remember I told you years ago that you would be treated so. So he is tired of you? Ha! ha! ha! The virtuous madam don't like to hear about it, does she? Ha! ha! ha!" There was a sting in his calling me virtuous madam. I no longer had the power of answering him as I had formerly done. He continued: "So it seems you are trying to get up another intrigue. Your new paramour came to me, and offered to buy you; but you may be assured you will not succeed. You are mine; and you shall be mine for life. There lives no human being that can take you out of slavery. I would have done it; but you rejected my kind offer."

I told him I did not wish to get up any intrigue; that I had never seen the man who offered to buy me.

"Do you tell me I lie?" exclaimed he, dragging me from my chair. "Will you say again that you never saw that man?"

I answered, "I do say so."

He clinched my arm with a volley of oaths. Ben began to scream, and I told him to go to his grandmother.

"Don't you stir a step, you little wretch!" said he. The child drew nearer to me, and put his arms round me, as if he wanted to protect me. This was too much for my enraged master. He caught him up and hurled him across the room. I thought he was dead, and rushed towards him to take him up.

"Not yet!" exclaimed the doctor. "Let him lie there till he comes to."

"Let me go! Let me go!" I screamed, "or I will raise the whole house." I struggled and got away; but he clinched me again. Somebody opened the door, and he released me. I picked up my insensible child, and when I turned my tormentor was gone. Anxiously, I bent over the little form, so pale and still; and when the brown eyes at last opened, I don't know whether I was very happy. All the doctor's former persecutions were renewed. He came morning, noon, and night. No jealous lover ever watched a rival more closely than he watched me and the unknown slaveholder, with whom he accused me of wishing to get up an intrigue. When my grandmother was out of the way he searched every room to find him.

In one of his visits, he happened to find a young girl, whom he had sold to a trader a few days previous. His statement was, that he sold her because she had been too familiar with the overseer. She had had a bitter life with him, and was glad to be sold. She had no mother, and no near ties. She had been torn from all her family years before. A few friends had entered into bonds for her safety, if the trader would allow her to spend with them the time that intervened between her sale and the gathering up of his human stock. Such a favor was rarely granted. It saved the trader the expense of board and jail fees, and though the amount was small, it was a weighty consideration in a slave-trader's mind.

Dr. Flint always had an aversion to meeting slaves after he had sold them. He ordered Rose out of the house; but he was no longer her master, and she took no notice of him. For once the crushed Rose was the conqueror. His gray eyes flashed angrily upon her;

but that was the extent of his power. “How came this girl here?” he exclaimed. “What right had you to allow it, when you knew I had sold her?”

I answered, “This is my grandmother’s house, and Rose came to see her. I have no right to turn any body out of doors, that comes here for honest purposes.”

He gave me the blow that would have fallen upon Rose if she had still been his slave. My grandmother’s attention had been attracted by loud voices, and she entered in time to see a second blow dealt. She was not a woman to let such an outrage, in her own house, go unrebuked. The doctor undertook to explain that I had been insolent. Her indignant feelings rose higher and higher, and finally boiled over in words. “Get out of my house!” she exclaimed. “Go home, and take care of your wife and children, and you will have enough to do, without watching my family.”

He threw the birth of my children in her face, and accused her of sanctioning the life I was leading. She told him I was living with her by compulsion of his wife; that he needn’t accuse her, for he was the one to blame; he was the one who had caused all the trouble. She grew more and more excited as she went on. “I tell you what, Dr. Flint,” said she, “you ain’t got many more years to live, and you’d better be saying your prayers. It will take ’em all, and more too, to wash the dirt off your soul.”

“Do you know whom you are talking to?” he exclaimed.

She replied, “Yes, I know very well who I am talking to.”

He left the house in a great rage. I looked at my grandmother. Our eyes met. Their angry expression had passed away, but she looked sorrowful and weary—weary of incessant strife. I wondered that it did not lessen her love for me; but if it did she never showed it. She was always kind, always ready to sympathize with my troubles. There might have been peace and contentment in that humble home if it had not been for the demon Slavery.

The winter passed undisturbed by the doctor. The beautiful spring came; and when Nature resumes her loveliness, the human soul is apt to revive also. My drooping hopes came to life again with the flowers. I was dreaming of freedom again; more for my children’s sake than my own. I planned and I planned. Obstacles hit against plans. There seemed no way of overcoming them; and yet I hoped.

Back came the wily doctor. I was not at home when he called. A friend had invited me to a small party, and to gratify her I went. To my great consternation, a messenger came in haste to say that Dr. Flint was at my grandmother’s, and insisted on seeing me. They did not tell him where I was, or he would have come and raised a disturbance in my friend’s house. They sent me a dark wrapper; I threw it on and hurried home. My speed did not save me; the doctor had gone away in anger. I dreaded the morning, but I could not delay it; it came, warm and bright. At an early hour the doctor came and asked me where I had been last night. I told him. He did not believe me, and sent to my friend’s house to ascertain the facts. He came in the afternoon to assure me he was satisfied that I had spoken the truth. He seemed to be in a facetious mood, and I expected some jeers were coming. “I suppose you need some recreation,” said he, “but I am surprised at your being there, among those negroes. It was not the place for _you_. Are you _allowed_ to visit such people?”

I understood this covert fling at the white gentleman who was my friend; but I merely replied, “I went to visit my friends, and any company they keep is good enough for me.”

He went on to say, “I have seen very little of you of late, but my interest in you is unchanged. When I said I would have no more mercy on you I was rash. I recall my words. Linda, you desire freedom for yourself and your children, and you can obtain it only through me. If you agree to what I am about to propose, you and they shall be free. There must be no communication of any kind between you and their father. I will procure a cottage, where you and the children can live together. Your labor shall be light, such as sewing for my family. Think what is offered you, Linda—a home and freedom! Let the past be forgotten. If I have been harsh with you at times, your wilfulness drove me to it. You know I exact obedience from my own children, and I consider you as yet a child.”

He paused for an answer, but I remained silent. “Why don’t you speak?” said he. “What more do you wait for?”

“Nothing, sir.”

“Then you accept my offer?”

“No, sir.”

His anger was ready to break loose; but he succeeded in curbing it, and replied, “You have answered without thought. But I must let you know there are two sides to my proposition; if you reject the bright side, you will be obliged to take the dark one. You must either accept my offer, or you and your children shall be sent to your young master’s plantation, there to remain till your young mistress is married; and your children shall fare like the rest of the negro children. I give you a week to consider of it.”

He was shrewd; but I knew he was not to be trusted. I told him I was ready to give my answer now.

“I will not receive it now,” he replied. “You act too much from impulse. Remember that you and your children can be free a week from to-day if you choose.”

On what a monstrous chance hung the destiny of my children! I knew that my master’s offer was a snare, and that if I entered it escape would be impossible. As for his promise, I knew him so well that I was sure if he gave me free papers, they would be so managed as to have no legal value. The alternative was inevitable. I resolved to go to the plantation. But then I thought how completely I should be in his power, and the prospect was appalling. Even if I should kneel before him, and implore him to spare me, for the sake of my children, I knew he would spurn me with his foot, and my weakness would be his triumph.

Before the week expired, I heard that young Mr. Flint was about to be married to a lady of his own stamp. I foresaw the position I should occupy in his establishment. I had once been sent to the plantation for punishment, and fear of the son had induced the father to recall me very soon. My mind was made up; I was resolved that I would foil my master and save my children, or I would perish in the attempt. I kept my plans to myself; I knew that friends would try to dissuade me from them, and I would not wound their feelings by rejecting their advice.

On the decisive day the doctor came, and said he hoped I had made a wise choice.

“I am ready to go to the plantation, sir,” I replied.

“Have you thought how important your decision is to your children?” said he.

I told him I had.

“Very well. Go to the plantation, and my curse go with you,” he replied. “Your boy shall be put to work, and he shall soon be sold; and your girl shall be raised for the purpose of selling well. Go your own ways!” He left the room with curses, not to be repeated.

As I stood rooted to the spot, my grandmother came and said, “Linda, child, what did you tell him?”

I answered that I was going to the plantation.

“_Must_ you go?” said she. “Can’t something be done to stop it?”

I told her it was useless to try; but she begged me not to give up. She said she would go to the doctor, and remind him how long and how faithfully she had served in the family, and how she had taken her own baby from her breast to nourish his wife. She would tell him I had been out of the family so long they would not miss me; that she would pay them for my time, and the money would procure a woman who had more strength for the situation than I had. I begged her not to go; but she persisted in saying, “He will listen to _me_, Linda.” She went, and was treated as I expected. He coolly listened to what she said, but denied her request. He told her that what he did was for my good, that my feelings were entirely above my situation, and that on the plantation I would receive treatment that was suitable to my behavior.

My grandmother was much cast down. I had my secret hopes; but I must fight my battle alone. I had a woman’s pride, and a mother’s love for my children; and I resolved that out of the darkness of this hour a brighter dawn should rise for them. My master had power and law on his side; I had a determined will. There is might in each.

XVI. Scenes At The Plantation.

Early the next morning I left my grandmother’s with my youngest child. My boy was ill, and I left him behind. I had many sad thoughts as the old wagon jolted on. Hitherto, I had suffered alone; now, my little one was to be treated as a slave. As we drew near the great house, I thought of the time when I was formerly sent there out of revenge. I wondered for what purpose I was now sent. I could not tell. I resolved to obey orders so far as duty required; but within myself, I determined to make my stay as short as possible. Mr. Flint was waiting to receive us, and told me to follow him up stairs to receive orders for the day. My little Ellen was left

below in the kitchen. It was a change for her, who had always been so carefully tended. My young master said she might amuse herself in the yard. This was kind of him, since the child was hateful to his sight. My task was to fit up the house for the reception of the bride. In the midst of sheets, tablecloths, towels, drapery, and carpeting, my head was as busy planning, as were my fingers with the needle. At noon I was allowed to go to Ellen. She had sobbed herself to sleep. I heard Mr. Flint say to a neighbor, “I’ve got her down here, and I’ll soon take the town notions out of her head. My father is partly to blame for her nonsense. He ought to have broke her in long ago.” The remark was made within my hearing, and it would have been quite as manly to have made it to my face. He _had_ said things to my face which might, or might not, have surprised his neighbor if he had known of them. He was “a chip of the old block.”

I resolved to give him no cause to accuse me of being too much of a lady, so far as work was concerned. I worked day and night, with wretchedness before me. When I lay down beside my child, I felt how much easier it would be to see her die than to see her master beat her about, as I daily saw him beat other little ones. The spirit of the mothers was so crushed by the lash, that they stood by, without courage to remonstrate. How much more must I suffer, before I should be “broke in” to that degree?

I wished to appear as contented as possible. Sometimes I had an opportunity to send a few lines home; and this brought up recollections that made it difficult, for a time, to seem calm and indifferent to my lot. Notwithstanding my efforts, I saw that Mr. Flint regarded me with a suspicious eye. Ellen broke down under the trials of her new life. Separated from me, with no one to look after her, she wandered about, and in a few days cried herself sick. One day, she sat under the window where I was at work, crying that weary cry which makes a mother’s heart bleed. I was obliged to steel myself to bear it. After a while it ceased. I looked out, and she was gone. As it was near noon, I ventured to go down in search of her. The great house was raised two feet above the ground. I looked under it, and saw her about midway, fast asleep. I crept under and drew her out. As I held her in my arms, I thought how well it would be for her if she never waked up; and I uttered my thought aloud. I was startled to hear some one say, “Did you speak to me?” I looked up, and saw Mr. Flint standing beside me. He said nothing further, but turned, frowning, away. That night he sent Ellen a biscuit and a cup of sweetened milk. This generosity surprised me. I learned afterwards, that in the afternoon he had killed a large snake, which crept from under the house; and I supposed that incident had prompted his unusual kindness.

The next morning the old cart was loaded with shingles for town. I put Ellen into it, and sent her to her grandmother. Mr. Flint said I ought to have asked his permission. I told him the child was sick, and required attention which I had no time to give. He let it pass; for he was aware that I had accomplished much work in a little time.

I had been three weeks on the plantation, when I planned a visit home. It must be at night, after every body was in bed. I was six miles from town, and the road was very dreary. I was to go with a young man, who, I knew, often stole to town to see his mother. One night, when all was quiet, we started. Fear gave speed to our steps, and we were not long in performing the journey. I arrived at my grandmother’s. Her bed room was on the first floor, and the window was open, the weather being warm. I spoke to her and she awoke. She let me in and closed the window, lest some late passer-by should see me. A light was brought, and the whole household gathered round me, some smiling and some crying. I went to look at my children, and thanked God for their happy sleep. The tears fell as I leaned over them. As I moved to leave, Benny stirred. I turned back, and whispered, “Mother is here.” After digging at his eyes with his little fist, they opened, and he sat up in bed, looking at me curiously. Having satisfied himself that it was I, he exclaimed, “O mother! you ain’t dead, are you? They didn’t cut off your head at the plantation, did they?”

My time was up too soon, and my guide was waiting for me. I laid Benny back in his bed, and dried his tears by a promise to come again soon. Rapidly we retraced our steps back to the plantation. About half way we were met by a company of four patrols. Luckily we heard their horse’s hoofs before they came in sight, and we had time to hide behind a large tree. They passed, hallooing and shouting in a manner that indicated a recent carousal. How thankful we were that they had not their dogs with them! We hastened our footsteps, and when we arrived on the plantation we heard the sound of the hand-mill. The slaves were grinding their corn. We were safely in the house before the horn summoned them to their labor. I divided my little parcel of food with my guide, knowing that he had lost the chance of grinding his corn, and must toil all day in the field.

Mr. Flint often took an inspection of the house, to see that no one was idle. The entire management of the work was trusted to me, because he knew nothing about it; and rather than hire a superintendent he contented himself with my arrangements. He had often urged upon his father the necessity of having me at the plantation to take charge of his affairs, and make clothes for the slaves; but the old man knew him too well to consent to that arrangement.

When I had been working a month at the plantation, the great aunt of Mr. Flint came to make him a visit. This was the good old lady who paid fifty dollars for my grandmother, for the purpose of making her free, when she stood on the auction block. My grandmother loved this old lady, whom we all called Miss Fanny. She often came to take tea with us. On such occasions the table was spread with a snow-white cloth, and the china cups and silver spoons were taken from the old-fashioned buffet. There were hot muffins, tea rusks, and delicious sweetmeats. My grandmother kept two cows, and the fresh cream was Miss Fanny's delight. She invariably declared that it was the best in town. The old ladies had cosey times together. They would work and chat, and sometimes, while talking over old times, their spectacles would get dim with tears, and would have to be taken off and wiped. When Miss Fanny bade us good by, her bag was filled with grandmother's best cakes, and she was urged to come again soon.

There had been a time when Dr. Flint's wife came to take tea with us, and when her children were also sent to have a feast of "Aunt Marthy's" nice cooking. But after I became an object of her jealousy and spite, she was angry with grandmother for giving a shelter to me and my children. She would not even speak to her in the street. This wounded my grandmother's feelings, for she could not retain ill will against the woman whom she had nourished with her milk when a babe. The doctor's wife would gladly have prevented our intercourse with Miss Fanny if she could have done it, but fortunately she was not dependent on the bounty of the Flints. She had enough to be independent; and that is more than can ever be gained from charity, however lavish it may be.

Miss Fanny was endeared to me by many recollections, and I was rejoiced to see her at the plantation. The warmth of her large, loyal heart made the house seem pleasanter while she was in it. She staid a week, and I had many talks with her. She said her principal object in coming was to see how I was treated, and whether any thing could be done for me. She inquired whether she could help me in any way. I told her I believed not. She condoled with me in her own peculiar way; saying she wished that I and all my grandmother's family were at rest in our graves, for not until then should she feel any peace about us. The good old soul did not dream that I was planning to bestow peace upon her, with regard to myself and my children; not by death, but by securing our freedom.

Again and again I had traversed those dreary twelve miles, to and from the town; and all the way, I was meditating upon some means of escape for myself and my children. My friends had made every effort that ingenuity could devise to effect our purchase, but all their plans had proved abortive. Dr. Flint was suspicious, and determined not to loosen his grasp upon us. I could have made my escape alone; but it was more for my helpless children than for myself that I longed for freedom. Though the boon would have been precious to me, above all price, I would not have taken it at the expense of leaving them in slavery. Every trial I endured, every sacrifice I made for their sakes, drew them closer to my heart, and gave me fresh courage to beat back the dark waves that rolled and rolled over me in a seemingly endless night of storms.

The six weeks were nearly completed, when Mr. Flint's bride was expected to take possession of her new home. The arrangements were all completed, and Mr. Flint said I had done well. He expected to leave home on Saturday, and return with his bride the following Wednesday. After receiving various orders from him, I ventured to ask permission to spend Sunday in town. It was granted; for which favor I was thankful. It was the first I had ever asked of him, and I intended it should be the last. It needed more than one night to accomplish the project I had in view; but the whole of Sunday would give me an opportunity. I spent the Sabbath with my grandmother. A calmer, more beautiful day never came down out of heaven. To me it was a day of conflicting emotions. Perhaps it was the last day I should ever spend under that dear, old sheltering roof! Perhaps these were the last talks I should ever have with the faithful old friend of my whole life! Perhaps it was the last time I and my children should be together! Well, better so, I thought, than that they should be slaves. I knew the doom that awaited my fair baby in slavery, and I determined to save her from it, or perish in the attempt. I went to make this vow at the graves of my poor parents, in the burying-ground of the slaves. "There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest. There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor; the servant is free from his master." I knelt by the graves of my parents, and thanked God, as I had often done before, that they had not lived to witness my trials, or to mourn over my sins. I had received my mother's blessing when she died; and in many an hour of tribulation I had seemed to hear her voice, sometimes chiding me, sometimes whispering loving words into my wounded heart. I have shed many and bitter tears, to think that when I am gone from my children they cannot remember me with such entire satisfaction as I remembered my mother.

The graveyard was in the woods, and twilight was coming on. Nothing broke the death-like stillness except the occasional twitter of a bird. My spirit was overawed by the solemnity of the scene. For more than ten years I had frequented this spot, but never had it seemed to me so sacred as now. A black stump, at the head of my mother's grave, was all that remained of a tree my father had planted. His grave was marked by a small wooden board, bearing his name, the letters of which were nearly obliterated. I knelt down and kissed them, and poured forth a prayer to God for guidance and support in the perilous step I was about to take. As I

passed the wreck of the old meeting house, where, before Nat Turner's time, the slaves had been allowed to meet for worship, I seemed to hear my father's voice come from it, bidding me not to tarry till I reached freedom or the grave. I rushed on with renovated hopes. My trust in God had been strengthened by that prayer among the graves.

My plan was to conceal myself at the house of a friend, and remain there a few weeks till the search was over. My hope was that the doctor would get discouraged, and, for fear of losing my value, and also of subsequently finding my children among the missing, he would consent to sell us; and I knew somebody would buy us. I had done all in my power to make my children comfortable during the time I expected to be separated from them. I was packing my things, when grandmother came into the room, and asked what I was doing. "I am putting my things in order," I replied. I tried to look and speak cheerfully; but her watchful eye detected something beneath the surface. She drew me towards her, and asked me to sit down. She looked earnestly at me, and said, "Linda, do you want to kill your old grandmother? Do you mean to leave your little, helpless children? I am old now, and cannot do for your babies as I once did for you."

I replied, that if I went away, perhaps their father would be able to secure their freedom.

"Ah, my child," said she, "don't trust too much to him. Stand by your own children, and suffer with them till death. Nobody respects a mother who forsakes her children; and if you leave them, you will never have a happy moment. If you go, you will make me miserable the short time I have to live. You would be taken and brought back, and your sufferings would be dreadful. Remember poor Benjamin. Do give it up, Linda. Try to bear a little longer. Things may turn out better than we expect."

My courage failed me, in view of the sorrow I should bring on that faithful, loving old heart. I promised that I would try longer, and that I would take nothing out of her house without her knowledge.

Whenever the children climbed on my knee, or laid their heads on my lap, she would say, "Poor little souls! what would you do without a mother? She don't love you as I do." And she would hug them to her own bosom, as if to reproach me for my want of affection; but she knew all the while that I loved them better than my life. I slept with her that night, and it was the last time. The memory of it haunted me for many a year.

On Monday I returned to the plantation, and busied myself with preparations for the important day. Wednesday came. It was a beautiful day, and the faces of the slaves were as bright as the sunshine. The poor creatures were merry. They were expecting little presents from the bride, and hoping for better times under her administration. I had no such hopes for them. I knew that the young wives of slaveholders often thought their authority and importance would be best established and maintained by cruelty; and what I had heard of young Mrs. Flint gave me no reason to expect that her rule over them would be less severe than that of the master and overseer. Truly, the colored race are the most cheerful and forgiving people on the face of the earth. That their masters sleep in safety is owing to their superabundance of heart; and yet they look upon their sufferings with less pity than they would bestow on those of a horse or a dog.

I stood at the door with others to receive the bridegroom and bride. She was a handsome, delicate-looking girl, and her face flushed with emotion at sight of her new home. I thought it likely that visions of a happy future were rising before her. It made me sad; for I knew how soon clouds would come over her sunshine. She examined every part of the house, and told me she was delighted with the arrangements I had made. I was afraid old Mrs. Flint had tried to prejudice her against me, and I did my best to please her.

All passed off smoothly for me until dinner time arrived. I did not mind the embarrassment of waiting on a dinner party, for the first time in my life, half so much as I did the meeting with Dr. Flint and his wife, who would be among the guests. It was a mystery to me why Mrs. Flint had not made her appearance at the plantation during all the time I was putting the house in order. I had not met her, face to face, for five years, and I had no wish to see her now. She was a praying woman, and, doubtless, considered my present position a special answer to her prayers. Nothing could please her better than to see me humbled and trampled upon. I was just where she would have me—in the power of a hard, unprincipled master. She did not speak to me when she took her seat at table; but her satisfied, triumphant smile, when I handed her plate, was more eloquent than words. The old doctor was not so quiet in his demonstrations. He ordered me here and there, and spoke with peculiar emphasis when he said "your _mistress_." I was drilled like a disgraced soldier. When all was over, and the last key turned, I sought my pillow, thankful that God had appointed a season of rest for the weary.

The next day my new mistress began her housekeeping. I was not exactly appointed maid of all work; but I was to do whatever I was told. Monday evening came. It was always a busy time. On that night the slaves received their weekly allowance of food. Three

pounds of meat, a peck of corn, and perhaps a dozen herring were allowed to each man. Women received a pound and a half of meat, a peck of corn, and the same number of herring. Children over twelve years old had half the allowance of the women. The meat was cut and weighed by the foreman of the field hands, and piled on planks before the meat house. Then the second foreman went behind the building, and when the first foreman called out, “Who takes this piece of meat?” he answered by calling somebody’s name. This method was resorted to as a means of preventing partiality in distributing the meat. The young mistress came out to see how things were done on her plantation, and she soon gave a specimen of her character. Among those in waiting for their allowance was a very old slave, who had faithfully served the Flint family through three generations. When he hobbled up to get his bit of meat, the mistress said he was too old to have any allowance; that when niggers were too old to work, they ought to be fed on grass. Poor old man! He suffered much before he found rest in the grave.

My mistress and I got along very well together. At the end of a week, old Mrs. Flint made us another visit, and was closeted a long time with her daughter-in-law. I had my suspicions what was the subject of the conference. The old doctor’s wife had been informed that I could leave the plantation on one condition, and she was very desirous to keep me there. If she had trusted me, as I deserved to be trusted by her, she would have had no fears of my accepting that condition. When she entered her carriage to return home, she said to young Mrs. Flint, “Don’t neglect to send for them as quick as possible.” My heart was on the watch all the time, and I at once concluded that she spoke of my children. The doctor came the next day, and as I entered the room to spread the tea table, I heard him say, “Don’t wait any longer. Send for them to-morrow.” I saw through the plan. They thought my children’s being there would fetter me to the spot, and that it was a good place to break us all in to abject submission to our lot as slaves. After the doctor left, a gentleman called, who had always manifested friendly feelings towards my grandmother and her family. Mr. Flint carried him over the plantation to show him the results of labor performed by men and women who were unpaid, miserably clothed, and half famished. The cotton crop was all they thought of. It was duly admired, and the gentleman returned with specimens to show his friends. I was ordered to carry water to wash his hands. As I did so, he said, “Linda, how do you like your new home?” I told him I liked it as well as I expected. He replied, “They don’t think you are contented, and to-morrow they are going to bring your children to be with you. I am sorry for you, Linda. I hope they will treat you kindly.” I hurried from the room, unable to thank him. My suspicions were correct. My children were to be brought to the plantation to be “broke in.”

To this day I feel grateful to the gentleman who gave me this timely information. It nerved me to immediate action.

XVII. The Flight.

Mr. Flint was hard pushed for house servants, and rather than lose me he had restrained his malice. I did my work faithfully, though not, of course, with a willing mind. They were evidently afraid I should leave them. Mr. Flint wished that I should sleep in the great house instead of the servants’ quarters. His wife agreed to the proposition, but said I mustn’t bring my bed into the house, because it would scatter feathers on her carpet. I knew when I went there that they would never think of such a thing as furnishing a bed of any kind for me and my little one. I therefore carried my own bed, and now I was forbidden to use it. I did as I was ordered. But now that I was certain my children were to be put in their power, in order to give them a stronger hold on me, I resolved to leave them that night. I remembered the grief this step would bring upon my dear old grandmother; and nothing less than the freedom of my children would have induced me to disregard her advice. I went about my evening work with trembling steps. Mr. Flint twice called from his chamber door to inquire why the house was not locked up. I replied that I had not done my work. “You have had time enough to do it,” said he. “Take care how you answer me!”

I shut all the windows, locked all the doors, and went up to the third story, to wait till midnight. How long those hours seemed, and how fervently I prayed that God would not forsake me in this hour of utmost need! I was about to risk every thing on the throw of a die; and if I failed, O what would become of me and my poor children? They would be made to suffer for my fault.

At half past twelve I stole softly down stairs. I stopped on the second floor, thinking I heard a noise. I felt my way down into the parlor, and looked out of the window. The night was so intensely dark that I could see nothing. I raised the window very softly and jumped out. Large drops of rain were falling, and the darkness bewildered me. I dropped on my knees, and breathed a short prayer to God for guidance and protection. I groped my way to the road, and rushed towards the town with almost lightning speed. I arrived at my grandmother’s house, but dared not see her. She would say, “Linda, you are killing me;” and I knew that would unnerve me. I tapped softly at the window of a room, occupied by a woman, who had lived in the house several years. I knew she was a faithful friend, and could be trusted with my secret. I tapped several times before she heard me. At last she raised the window, and I whispered, “Sally, I have run away. Let me in, quick.” She opened the door softly, and said in low tones, “For God’s sake, don’t.

Your grandmother is trying to buy you and de chillern. Mr. Sands was here last week. He tole her he was going away on business, but he wanted her to go ahead about buying you and de chillern, and he would help her all he could. Don't run away, Linda. Your grandmother is all bowed down wid trouble now."

I replied, "Sally, they are going to carry my children to the plantation to-morrow; and they will never sell them to any body so long as they have me in their power. Now, would you advise me to go back?"

"No, chile, no," answered she. "When dey finds you is gone, dey won't want de plague ob de chillern; but where is you going to hide? Dey knows ebery inch ob dis house."

I told her I had a hiding-place, and that was all it was best for her to know. I asked her to go into my room as soon as it was light, and take all my clothes out of my trunk, and pack them in hers; for I knew Mr. Flint and the constable would be there early to search my room. I feared the sight of my children would be too much for my full heart; but I could not go out into the uncertain future without one last look. I bent over the bed where lay my little Benny and baby Ellen. Poor little ones! fatherless and motherless! Memories of their father came over me. He wanted to be kind to them; but they were not all to him, as they were to my womanly heart. I knelt and prayed for the innocent little sleepers. I kissed them lightly, and turned away.

As I was about to open the street door, Sally laid her hand on my shoulder, and said, "Linda, is you gwine all alone? Let me call your uncle."

"No, Sally," I replied, "I want no one to be brought into trouble on my account."

I went forth into the darkness and rain. I ran on till I came to the house of the friend who was to conceal me.

Early the next morning Mr. Flint was at my grandmother's inquiring for me. She told him she had not seen me, and supposed I was at the plantation. He watched her face narrowly, and said, "Don't you know any thing about her running off?" She assured him that she did not. He went on to say, "Last night she ran off without the least provocation. We had treated her very kindly. My wife liked her. She will soon be found and brought back. Are her children with you?" When told that they were, he said, "I am very glad to hear that. If they are here, she cannot be far off. If I find out that any of my niggers have had any thing to do with this damned business, I'll give 'em five hundred lashes." As he started to go to his father's, he turned round and added, persuasively, "Let her be brought back, and she shall have her children to live with her."

The tidings made the old doctor rave and storm at a furious rate. It was a busy day for them. My grandmother's house was searched from top to bottom. As my trunk was empty, they concluded I had taken my clothes with me. Before ten o'clock every vessel northward bound was thoroughly examined, and the law against harboring fugitives was read to all on board. At night a watch was set over the town. Knowing how distressed my grandmother would be, I wanted to send her a message; but it could not be done. Every one who went in or out of her house was closely watched. The doctor said he would take my children, unless she became responsible for them; which of course she willingly did. The next day was spent in searching. Before night, the following advertisement was posted at every corner, and in every public place for miles round:—

"$300 Reward! Ran away from the subscriber, an intelligent, bright, mulatto girl, named Linda, 21 years of age. Five feet four inches high. Dark eyes, and black hair inclined to curl; but it can be made straight. Has a decayed spot on a front tooth. She can read and write, and in all probability will try to get to the Free States. All persons are forbidden, under penalty of the law, to harbor or employ said slave. $150 will be given to whoever takes her in the state, and $300 if taken out of the state and delivered to me, or lodged in jail.

Dr. Flint."

XVIII. Months Of Peril.

The search for me was kept up with more perseverance than I had anticipated. I began to think that escape was impossible. I was in great anxiety lest I should implicate the friend who harbored me. I knew the consequences would be frightful; and much as I dreaded being caught, even that seemed better than causing an innocent person to suffer for kindness to me. A week had passed in terrible suspense, when my pursuers came into such close vicinity that I concluded they had tracked me to my hiding-place. I flew out of the house, and concealed myself in a thicket of bushes. There I remained in an agony of fear for two hours. Suddenly, a reptile of some kind seized my leg. In my fright, I struck a blow which loosened its hold, but I could not tell whether I had killed it; it

was so dark, I could not see what it was; I only knew it was something cold and slimy. The pain I felt soon indicated that the bite was poisonous. I was compelled to leave my place of concealment, and I groped my way back into the house. The pain had become intense, and my friend was startled by my look of anguish. I asked her to prepare a poultice of warm ashes and vinegar, and I applied it to my leg, which was already much swollen. The application gave me some relief, but the swelling did not abate. The dread of being disabled was greater than the physical pain I endured. My friend asked an old woman, who doctored among the slaves, what was good for the bite of a snake or a lizard. She told her to steep a dozen coppers in vinegar, over night, and apply the cankered vinegar to the inflamed part.[1]

[Footnote 1: The poison of a snake is a powerful acid, and is counteracted by powerful alkalies, such as potash, ammonia, &c. The Indians are accustomed to apply wet ashes, or plunge the limb into strong lie. White men, employed to lay out railroads in snaky places, often carry ammonia with them as an antidote.—EDITOR.]

I had succeeded in cautiously conveying some messages to my relatives. They were harshly threatened, and despairing of my having a chance to escape, they advised me to return to my master, ask his forgiveness, and let him make an example of me. But such counsel had no influence with me. When I started upon this hazardous undertaking, I had resolved that, come what would, there should be no turning back. “Give me liberty, or give me death,” was my motto. When my friend contrived to make known to my relatives the painful situation I had been in for twenty-four hours, they said no more about my going back to my master. Something must be done, and that speedily; but where to turn for help, they knew not. God in his mercy raised up “a friend in need.”

Among the ladies who were acquainted with my grandmother, was one who had known her from childhood, and always been very friendly to her. She had also known my mother and her children, and felt interested for them. At this crisis of affairs she called to see my grandmother, as she not unfrequently did. She observed the sad and troubled expression of her face, and asked if she knew where Linda was, and whether she was safe. My grandmother shook her head, without answering. “Come, Aunt Martha,” said the kind lady, “tell me all about it. Perhaps I can do something to help you.” The husband of this lady held many slaves, and bought and sold slaves. She also held a number in her own name; but she treated them kindly, and would never allow any of them to be sold. She was unlike the majority of slaveholders’ wives. My grandmother looked earnestly at her. Something in the expression of her face said “Trust me!” and she did trust her. She listened attentively to the details of my story, and sat thinking for a while. At last she said, “Aunt Martha, I pity you both. If you think there is any chance of Linda’s getting to the Free States, I will conceal her for a time. But first you must solemnly promise that my name shall never be mentioned. If such a thing should become known, it would ruin me and my family. No one in my house must know of it, except the cook. She is so faithful that I would trust my own life with her; and I know she likes Linda. It is a great risk; but I trust no harm will come of it. Get word to Linda to be ready as soon as it is dark, before the patrols are out. I will send the housemaids on errands, and Betty shall go to meet Linda.” The place where we were to meet was designated and agreed upon. My grandmother was unable to thank the lady for this noble deed; overcome by her emotions, she sank on her knees and sobbed like a child.

I received a message to leave my friend’s house at such an hour, and go to a certain place where a friend would be waiting for me. As a matter of prudence no names were mentioned. I had no means of conjecturing who I was to meet, or where I was going. I did not like to move thus blindfolded, but I had no choice. It would not do for me to remain where I was. I disguised myself, summoned up courage to meet the worst, and went to the appointed place. My friend Betty was there; she was the last person I expected to see. We hurried along in silence. The pain in my leg was so intense that it seemed as if I should drop; but fear gave me strength. We reached the house and entered unobserved. Her first words were: “Honey, now you is safe. Dem devils ain’t coming to search _dis_ house. When I get you into missis’ safe place, I will bring some nice hot supper. I specs you need it after all dis skeering.” Betty’s vocation led her to think eating the most important thing in life. She did not realize that my heart was too full for me to care much about supper.

The mistress came to meet us, and led me up stairs to a small room over her own sleeping apartment. “You will be safe here, Linda,” said she; “I keep this room to store away things that are out of use. The girls are not accustomed to be sent to it, and they will not suspect any thing unless they hear some noise. I always keep it locked, and Betty shall take care of the key. But you must be very careful, for my sake as well as your own; and you must never tell my secret; for it would ruin me and my family. I will keep the girls busy in the morning, that Betty may have a chance to bring your breakfast; but it will not do for her to come to you again till night. I will come to see you sometimes. Keep up your courage. I hope this state of things will not last long.” Betty came with the “nice hot supper,” and the mistress hastened down stairs to keep things straight till she returned. How my heart overflowed with gratitude! Words choked in my throat; but I could have kissed the feet of my benefactress. For that deed of Christian womanhood, may God forever bless her!

I went to sleep that night with the feeling that I was for the present the most fortunate slave in town. Morning came and filled my little cell with light. I thanked the heavenly Father for this safe retreat. Opposite my window was a pile of feather beds. On the top of these I could lie perfectly concealed, and command a view of the street through which Dr. Flint passed to his office. Anxious as I was, I felt a gleam of satisfaction when I saw him. Thus far I had outwitted him, and I triumphed over it. Who can blame slaves for being cunning? They are constantly compelled to resort to it. It is the only weapon of the weak and oppressed against the strength of their tyrants.

I was daily hoping to hear that my master had sold my children; for I knew who was on the watch to buy them. But Dr. Flint cared even more for revenge than he did for money. My brother William, and the good aunt who had served in his family twenty years, and my little Benny, and Ellen, who was a little over two years old, were thrust into jail, as a means of compelling my relatives to give some information about me. He swore my grandmother should never see one of them again till I was brought back. They kept these facts from me for several days. When I heard that my little ones were in a loathsome jail, my first impulse was to go to them. I was encountering dangers for the sake of freeing them, and must I be the cause of their death? The thought was agonizing. My benefactress tried to soothe me by telling me that my aunt would take good care of the children while they remained in jail. But it added to my pain to think that the good old aunt, who had always been so kind to her sister's orphan children, should be shut up in prison for no other crime than loving them. I suppose my friends feared a reckless movement on my part, knowing, as they did, that my life was bound up in my children. I received a note from my brother William. It was scarcely legible, and ran thus: "Wherever you are, dear sister, I beg of you not to come here. We are all much better off than you are. If you come, you will ruin us all. They would force you to tell where you had been, or they would kill you. Take the advice of your friends; if not for the sake of me and your children, at least for the sake of those you would ruin."

Poor William! He also must suffer for being my brother. I took his advice and kept quiet. My aunt was taken out of jail at the end of a month, because Mrs. Flint could not spare her any longer. She was tired of being her own housekeeper. It was quite too fatiguing to order her dinner and eat it too. My children remained in jail, where brother William did all he could for their comfort. Betty went to see them sometimes, and brought me tidings. She was not permitted to enter the jail; but William would hold them up to the grated window while she chatted with them. When she repeated their prattle, and told me how they wanted to see their ma, my tears would flow. Old Betty would exclaim, "Lors, chile! what's you crying 'bout? Dem young uns vil kill you dead. Don't be so chick'n hearted! If you does, you vil nebber git thro' dis world."

Good old soul! She had gone through the world childless. She had never had little ones to clasp their arms round her neck; she had never seen their soft eyes looking into hers; no sweet little voices had called her mother; she had never pressed her own infants to her heart, with the feeling that even in fetters there was something to live for. How could she realize my feelings? Betty's husband loved children dearly, and wondered why God had denied them to him. He expressed great sorrow when he came to Betty with the tidings that Ellen had been taken out of jail and carried to Dr. Flint's. She had the measles a short time before they carried her to jail, and the disease had left her eyes affected. The doctor had taken her home to attend to them. My children had always been afraid of the doctor and his wife. They had never been inside of their house. Poor little Ellen cried all day to be carried back to prison. The instincts of childhood are true. She knew she was loved in the jail. Her screams and sobs annoyed Mrs. Flint. Before night she called one of the slaves, and said, "Here, Bill, carry this brat back to the jail. I can't stand her noise. If she would be quiet I should like to keep the little minx. She would make a handy waiting-maid for my daughter by and by. But if she staid here, with her white face, I suppose I should either kill her or spoil her. I hope the doctor will sell them as far as wind and water can carry them. As for their mother, her ladyship will find out yet what she gets by running away. She hasn't so much feeling for her children as a cow has for its calf. If she had, she would have come back long ago, to get them out of jail, and save all this expense and trouble. The good-for-nothing hussy! When she is caught, she shall stay in jail, in irons, for one six months, and then be sold to a sugar plantation. I shall see her broke in yet. What do you stand there for, Bill? Why don't you go off with the brat? Mind, now, that you don't let any of the niggers speak to her in the street!"

When these remarks were reported to me, I smiled at Mrs. Flint's saying that she should either kill my child or spoil her. I thought to myself there was very little danger of the latter. I have always considered it as one of God's special providences that Ellen screamed till she was carried back to jail.

That same night Dr. Flint was called to a patient, and did not return till near morning. Passing my grandmother's, he saw a light in the house, and thought to himself, "Perhaps this has something to do with Linda." He knocked, and the door was opened. "What calls you up so early?" said he. "I saw your light, and I thought I would just stop and tell you that I have found out where Linda is. I

know where to put my hands on her, and I shall have her before twelve o'clock." When he had turned away, my grandmother and my uncle looked anxiously at each other. They did not know whether or not it was merely one of the doctor's tricks to frighten them. In their uncertainty, they thought it was best to have a message conveyed to my friend Betty. Unwilling to alarm her mistress, Betty resolved to dispose of me herself. She came to me, and told me to rise and dress quickly. We hurried down stairs, and across the yard, into the kitchen. She locked the door, and lifted up a plank in the floor. A buffalo skin and a bit of carpet were spread for me to lie on, and a quilt thrown over me. "Stay dar," said she, "till I sees if dey know 'bout you. Dey say dey vil put thar hans on you afore twelve o'clock. If dey _did_ know whar you are, dey won't know _now_. Dey'll be disapinted dis time. Dat's all I got to say. If dey comes rummagin 'mong _my_ tings, dey'll get one bressed sarssin from dis 'ere nigger." In my shallow bed I had but just room enough to bring my hands to my face to keep the dust out of my eyes; for Betty walked over me twenty times in an hour, passing from the dresser to the fireplace. When she was alone, I could hear her pronouncing anathemas over Dr. Flint and all his tribe, every now and then saying, with a chuckling laugh, "Dis nigger's too cute for 'em dis time." When the housemaids were about, she had sly ways of drawing them out, that I might hear what they would say. She would repeat stories she had heard about my being in this, or that, or the other place. To which they would answer, that I was not fool enough to be staying round there; that I was in Philadelphia or New York before this time. When all were abed and asleep, Betty raised the plank, and said, "Come out, chile; come out. Dey don't know nottin 'bout you. 'Twas only white folks' lies, to skeer de niggers."

Some days after this adventure I had a much worse fright. As I sat very still in my retreat above stairs, cheerful visions floated through my mind. I thought Dr. Flint would soon get discouraged, and would be willing to sell my children, when he lost all hopes of making them the means of my discovery. I knew who was ready to buy them. Suddenly I heard a voice that chilled my blood. The sound was too familiar to me, it had been too dreadful, for me not to recognize at once my old master. He was in the house, and I at once concluded he had come to seize me. I looked round in terror. There was no way of escape. The voice receded. I supposed the constable was with him, and they were searching the house. In my alarm I did not forget the trouble I was bringing on my generous benefactress. It seemed as if I were born to bring sorrow on all who befriended me, and that was the bitterest drop in the bitter cup of my life. After a while I heard approaching footsteps; the key was turned in my door. I braced myself against the wall to keep from falling. I ventured to look up, and there stood my kind benefactress alone. I was too much overcome to speak, and sunk down upon the floor.

"I thought you would hear your master's voice," she said; "and knowing you would be terrified, I came to tell you there is nothing to fear. You may even indulge in a laugh at the old gentleman's expense. He is so sure you are in New York, that he came to borrow five hundred dollars to go in pursuit of you. My sister had some money to loan on interest. He has obtained it, and proposes to start for New York to-night. So, for the present, you see you are safe. The doctor will merely lighten his pocket hunting after the bird he has left behind."

XIX. The Children Sold.

The Doctor came back from New York, of course without accomplishing his purpose. He had expended considerable money, and was rather disheartened. My brother and the children had now been in jail two months, and that also was some expense. My friends thought it was a favorable time to work on his discouraged feelings. Mr. Sands sent a speculator to offer him nine hundred dollars for my brother William, and eight hundred for the two children. These were high prices, as slaves were then selling; but the offer was rejected. If it had been merely a question of money, the doctor would have sold any boy of Benny's age for two hundred dollars; but he could not bear to give up the power of revenge. But he was hard pressed for money, and he revolved the matter in his mind. He knew that if he could keep Ellen till she was fifteen, he could sell her for a high price; but I presume he reflected that she might die, or might be stolen away. At all events, he came to the conclusion that he had better accept the slave-trader's offer. Meeting him in the street, he inquired when he would leave town. "To-day, at ten o'clock," he replied. "Ah, do you go so soon?" said the doctor; "I have been reflecting upon your proposition, and I have concluded to let you have the three negroes if you will say nineteen hundred dollars." After some parley, the trader agreed to his terms. He wanted the bill of sale drawn up and signed immediately, as he had a great deal to attend to during the short time he remained in town. The doctor went to the jail and told William he would take him back into his service if he would promise to behave himself; but he replied that he would rather be sold. "And you _shall_ be sold, you ungrateful rascal!" exclaimed the doctor. In less than an hour the money was paid, the papers were signed, sealed, and delivered, and my brother and children were in the hands of the trader.

It was a hurried transaction; and after it was over, the doctor's characteristic caution returned. He went back to the speculator, and said, "Sir, I have come to lay you under obligations of a thousand dollars not to sell any of those negroes in this state." "You come

too late," replied the trader; "our bargain is closed." He had, in fact, already sold them to Mr. Sands, but he did not mention it. The doctor required him to put irons on "that rascal, Bill," and to pass through the back streets when he took his gang out of town. The trader was privately instructed to concede to his wishes. My good old aunt went to the jail to bid the children good by, supposing them to be the speculator's property, and that she should never see them again. As she held Benny in her lap, he said, "Aunt Nancy, I want to show you something." He led her to the door and showed her a long row of marks, saying, "Uncle Will taught me to count. I have made a mark for every day I have been here, and it is sixty days. It is a long time; and the speculator is going to take me and Ellen away. He's a bad man. It's wrong for him to take grandmother's children. I want to go to my mother."

My grandmother was told that the children would be restored to her, but she was requested to act as if they were really to be sent away. Accordingly, she made up a bundle of clothes and went to the jail. When she arrived, she found William handcuffed among the gang, and the children in the trader's cart. The scene seemed too much like reality. She was afraid there might have been some deception or mistake. She fainted, and was carried home.

When the wagon stopped at the hotel, several gentlemen came out and proposed to purchase William, but the trader refused their offers, without stating that he was already sold. And now came the trying hour for that drove of human beings, driven away like cattle, to be sold they knew not where. Husbands were torn from wives, parents from children, never to look upon each other again this side the grave. There was wringing of hands and cries of despair.

Dr. Flint had the supreme satisfaction of seeing the wagon leave town, and Mrs. Flint had the gratification of supposing that my children were going "as far as wind and water would carry them." According to agreement, my uncle followed the wagon some miles, until they came to an old farm house. There the trader took the irons from William, and as he did so, he said, "You are a damned clever fellow. I should like to own you myself. Them gentlemen that wanted to buy you said you was a bright, honest chap, and I must git you a good home. I guess your old master will swear to-morrow, and call himself an old fool for selling the children. I reckon he'll never git their mammy back agin. I expect she's made tracks for the north. Good by, old boy. Remember, I have done you a good turn. You must thank me by coaxing all the pretty gals to go with me next fall. That's going to be my last trip. This trading in niggers is a bad business for a fellow that's got any heart. Move on, you fellows!" And the gang went on, God alone knows where.

Much as I despise and detest the class of slave-traders, whom I regard as the vilest wretches on earth, I must do this man the justice to say that he seemed to have some feeling. He took a fancy to William in the jail, and wanted to buy him. When he heard the story of my children, he was willing to aid them in getting out of Dr. Flint's power, even without charging the customary fee.

My uncle procured a wagon and carried William and the children back to town. Great was the joy in my grandmother's house! The curtains were closed, and the candles lighted. The happy grandmother cuddled the little ones to her bosom. They hugged her, and kissed her, and clapped their hands, and shouted. She knelt down and poured forth one of her heartfelt prayers of thanksgiving to God. The father was present for a while; and though such a "parental relation" as existed between him and my children takes slight hold of the hearts or consciences of slaveholders, it must be that he experienced some moments of pure joy in witnessing the happiness he had imparted.

I had no share in the rejoicings of that evening. The events of the day had not come to my knowledge. And now I will tell you something that happened to me; though you will, perhaps, think it illustrates the superstition of slaves. I sat in my usual place on the floor near the window, where I could hear much that was said in the street without being seen. The family had retired for the night, and all was still. I sat there thinking of my children, when I heard a low strain of music. A band of serenaders were under the window, playing "Home, sweet home." I listened till the sounds did not seem like music, but like the moaning of children. It seemed as if my heart would burst. I rose from my sitting posture, and knelt. A streak of moonlight was on the floor before me, and in the midst of it appeared the forms of my two children. They vanished; but I had seen them distinctly. Some will call it a dream, others a vision. I know not how to account for it, but it made a strong impression on my mind, and I felt certain something had happened to my little ones.

I had not seen Betty since morning. Now I heard her softly turning the key. As soon as she entered, I clung to her, and begged her to let me know whether my children were dead, or whether they were sold; for I had seen their spirits in my room, and I was sure something had happened to them. "Lor, chile," said she, putting her arms round me, "you's got de high-sterics. I'll sleep wid you to-night, 'cause you'll make a noise, and ruin missis. Something has stirred you up mightily. When you is done cryin, I'll talk wid you. De chillern is well, and mighty happy. I seed 'em myself. Does dat satisfy you? Dar, chile, be still! Somebody vill hear you." I

tried to obey her. She lay down, and was soon sound asleep; but no sleep would come to my eyelids.

At dawn, Betty was up and off to the kitchen. The hours passed on, and the vision of the night kept constantly recurring to my thoughts. After a while I heard the voices of two women in the entry. In one of them I recognized the housemaid. The other said to her, “Did you know Linda Brent’s children was sold to the speculator yesterday. They say ole massa Flint was mighty glad to see ’em drove out of town; but they say they’ve come back agin. I ’spect it’s all their daddy’s doings. They say he’s bought William too. Lor! how it will take hold of ole massa Flint! I’m going roun’ to aunt Marthy’s to see ’bout it.”

I bit my lips till the blood came to keep from crying out. Were my children with their grandmother, or had the speculator carried them off? The suspense was dreadful. Would Betty _never_ come, and tell me the truth about it? At last she came, and I eagerly repeated what I had overheard. Her face was one broad, bright smile. “Lor, you foolish ting!” said she. “I’se gwine to tell you all ’bout it. De gals is eating thar breakfast, and missus tole me to let her tell you; but, poor creeter! t’aint right to keep you waitin’, and I’se gwine to tell you. Brudder, chillern, all is bought by de daddy! I’se laugh more dan nuff, tinking ’bout ole massa Flint. Lor, how he _vill_ swar! He’s got ketched dis time, any how; but I must be getting out o’ dis, or dem gals vill come and ketch _me_.”

Betty went off laughing; and I said to myself, “Can it be true that my children are free? I have not suffered for them in vain. Thank God!”

Great surprise was expressed when it was known that my children had returned to their grandmother’s. The news spread through the town, and many a kind word was bestowed on the little ones.

Dr. Flint went to my grandmother’s to ascertain who was the owner of my children, and she informed him. “I expected as much,” said he. “I am glad to hear it. I have had news from Linda lately, and I shall soon have her. You need never expect to see _her_ free. She shall be my slave as long as I live, and when I am dead she shall be the slave of my children. If I ever find out that you or Phillip had anything to do with her running off I’ll kill him. And if I meet William in the street, and he presumes to look at me, I’ll flog him within an inch of his life. Keep those brats out of my sight!”

As he turned to leave, my grandmother said something to remind him of his own doings. He looked back upon her, as if he would have been glad to strike her to the ground.

I had my season of joy and thanksgiving. It was the first time since my childhood that I had experienced any real happiness. I heard of the old doctor’s threats, but they no longer had the same power to trouble me. The darkest cloud that hung over my life had rolled away. Whatever slavery might do to me, it could not shackle my children. If I fell a sacrifice, my little ones were saved. It was well for me that my simple heart believed all that had been promised for their welfare. It is always better to trust than to doubt.

XX. New Perils.

The doctor, more exasperated than ever, again tried to revenge himself on my relatives. He arrested uncle Phillip on the charge of having aided my flight. He was carried before a court, and swore truly that he knew nothing of my intention to escape, and that he had not seen me since I left my master’s plantation. The doctor then demanded that he should give bail for five hundred dollars that he would have nothing to do with me. Several gentlemen offered to be security for him; but Mr. Sands told him he had better go back to jail, and he would see that he came out without giving bail.

The news of his arrest was carried to my grandmother, who conveyed it to Betty. In the kindness of her heart, she again stowed me away under the floor; and as she walked back and forth, in the performance of her culinary duties, she talked apparently to herself, but with the intention that I should hear what was going on. I hoped that my uncle’s imprisonment would last but few days; still I was anxious. I thought it likely Dr. Flint would do his utmost to taunt and insult him, and I was afraid my uncle might lose control of himself, and retort in some way that would be construed into a punishable offence; and I was well aware that in court his word would not be taken against any white man’s. The search for me was renewed. Something had excited suspicions that I was in the vicinity. They searched the house I was in. I heard their steps and their voices. At night, when all were asleep, Betty came to release me from my place of confinement. The fright I had undergone, the constrained posture, and the dampness of the ground, made me ill for several days. My uncle was soon after taken out of prison; but the movements of all my relatives, and of all our friends, were very closely watched.

We all saw that I could not remain where I was much longer. I had already staid longer than was intended, and I knew my presence must be a source of perpetual anxiety to my kind benefactress. During this time, my friends had laid many plans for my escape, but

the extreme vigilance of my persecutors made it impossible to carry them into effect.

One morning I was much startled by hearing somebody trying to get into my room. Several keys were tried, but none fitted. I instantly conjectured it was one of the housemaids; and I concluded she must either have heard some noise in the room, or have noticed the entrance of Betty. When my friend came, at her usual time, I told her what had happened. “I knows who it was,” said she. “’Pend upon it, ’twas dat Jenny. Dat nigger allers got de debble in her.” I suggested that she might have seen or heard something that excited her curiosity.

“Tut! tut! chile!” exclaimed Betty, “she ain’t seen notin’, nor hearn notin’. She only ’spects someting. Dat’s all. She wants to fine out who hab cut and make my gownd. But she won’t nebber know. Dat’s sartin. I’ll git missis to fix her.”

I reflected a moment, and said, “Betty, I must leave here to-night.”

“Do as you tink best, poor chile,” she replied. “I’se mighty ’fraid dat ’ere nigger vill pop on you some time.”

She reported the incident to her mistress, and received orders to keep Jenny busy in the kitchen till she could see my uncle Phillip. He told her he would send a friend for me that very evening. She told him she hoped I was going to the north, for it was very dangerous for me to remain any where in the vicinity. Alas, it was not an easy thing, for one in my situation, to go to the north. In order to leave the coast quite clear for me, she went into the country to spend the day with her brother, and took Jenny with her. She was afraid to come and bid me good by, but she left a kind message with Betty. I heard her carriage roll from the door, and I never again saw her who had so generously befriended the poor, trembling fugitive! Though she was a slaveholder, to this day my heart blesses her!

I had not the slightest idea where I was going. Betty brought me a suit of sailor’s clothes,—jacket, trowsers, and tarpaulin hat. She gave me a small bundle, saying I might need it where I was going. In cheery tones, she exclaimed, “I’se _so_ glad you is gwine to free parts! Don’t forget ole Betty. P’raps I’ll come ’long by and by.”

I tried to tell her how grateful I felt for all her kindness, but she interrupted me. “I don’t want no tanks, honey. I’se glad I could help you, and I hope de good Lord vill open de path for you. I’se gwine wid you to de lower gate. Put your hands in your pockets, and walk ricketty, like de sailors.”

I performed to her satisfaction. At the gate I found Peter, a young colored man, waiting for me. I had known him for years. He had been an apprentice to my father, and had always borne a good character. I was not afraid to trust to him. Betty bade me a hurried good by, and we walked off. “Take courage, Linda,” said my friend Peter. “I’ve got a dagger, and no man shall take you from me, unless he passes over my dead body.”

It was a long time since I had taken a walk out of doors, and the fresh air revived me. It was also pleasant to hear a human voice speaking to me above a whisper. I passed several people whom I knew, but they did not recognize me in my disguise. I prayed internally that, for Peter’s sake, as well as my own, nothing might occur to bring out his dagger. We walked on till we came to the wharf. My aunt Nancy’s husband was a seafaring man, and it had been deemed necessary to let him into our secret. He took me into his boat, rowed out to a vessel not far distant, and hoisted me on board. We three were the only occupants of the vessel. I now ventured to ask what they proposed to do with me. They said I was to remain on board till near dawn, and then they would hide me in Snaky Swamp, till my uncle Phillip had prepared a place of concealment for me. If the vessel had been bound north, it would have been of no avail to me, for it would certainly have been searched. About four o’clock, we were again seated in the boat, and rowed three miles to the swamp. My fear of snakes had been increased by the venomous bite I had received, and I dreaded to enter this hiding-place. But I was in no situation to choose, and I gratefully accepted the best that my poor, persecuted friends could do for me.

Peter landed first, and with a large knife cut a path through bamboos and briers of all descriptions. He came back, took me in his arms, and carried me to a seat made among the bamboos. Before we reached it, we were covered with hundreds of mosquitos. In an hour’s time they had so poisoned my flesh that I was a pitiful sight to behold. As the light increased, I saw snake after snake crawling round us. I had been accustomed to the sight of snakes all my life, but these were larger than any I had ever seen. To this day I shudder when I remember that morning. As evening approached, the number of snakes increased so much that we were continually obliged to thrash them with sticks to keep them from crawling over us. The bamboos were so high and so thick that it was impossible to see beyond a very short distance. Just before it became dark we procured a seat nearer to the entrance of the swamp, being fearful of losing our way back to the boat. It was not long before we heard the paddle of oars, and the low whistle,

which had been agreed upon as a signal. We made haste to enter the boat, and were rowed back to the vessel. I passed a wretched night; for the heat of the swamp, the mosquitos, and the constant terror of snakes, had brought on a burning fever. I had just dropped asleep, when they came and told me it was time to go back to that horrid swamp. I could scarcely summon courage to rise. But even those large, venomous snakes were less dreadful to my imagination than the white men in that community called civilized. This time Peter took a quantity of tobacco to burn, to keep off the mosquitos. It produced the desired effect on them, but gave me nausea and severe headache. At dark we returned to the vessel. I had been so sick during the day, that Peter declared I should go home that night, if the devil himself was on patrol. They told me a place of concealment had been provided for me at my grandmother's. I could not imagine how it was possible to hide me in her house, every nook and corner of which was known to the Flint family. They told me to wait and see. We were rowed ashore, and went boldly through the streets, to my grandmother's. I wore my sailor's clothes, and had blackened my face with charcoal. I passed several people whom I knew. The father of my children came so near that I brushed against his arm; but he had no idea who it was.

"You must make the most of this walk," said my friend Peter, "for you may not have another very soon."

I thought his voice sounded sad. It was kind of him to conceal from me what a dismal hole was to be my home for a long, long time.

XXI. The Loophole Of Retreat.

A small shed had been added to my grandmother's house years ago. Some boards were laid across the joists at the top, and between these boards and the roof was a very small garret, never occupied by any thing but rats and mice. It was a pent roof, covered with nothing but shingles, according to the southern custom for such buildings. The garret was only nine feet long and seven wide. The highest part was three feet high, and sloped down abruptly to the loose board floor. There was no admission for either light or air. My uncle Phillip, who was a carpenter, had very skilfully made a concealed trap-door, which communicated with the storeroom. He had been doing this while I was waiting in the swamp. The storeroom opened upon a piazza. To this hole I was conveyed as soon as I entered the house. The air was stifling; the darkness total. A bed had been spread on the floor. I could sleep quite comfortably on one side; but the slope was so sudden that I could not turn on the other without hitting the roof. The rats and mice ran over my bed; but I was weary, and I slept such sleep as the wretched may, when a tempest has passed over them. Morning came. I knew it only by the noises I heard; for in my small den day and night were all the same. I suffered for air even more than for light. But I was not comfortless. I heard the voices of my children. There was joy and there was sadness in the sound. It made my tears flow. How I longed to speak to them! I was eager to look on their faces; but there was no hole, no crack, through which I could peep. This continued darkness was oppressive. It seemed horrible to sit or lie in a cramped position day after day, without one gleam of light. Yet I would have chosen this, rather than my lot as a slave, though white people considered it an easy one; and it was so compared with the fate of others. I was never cruelly over-worked; I was never lacerated with the whip from head to foot; I was never so beaten and bruised that I could not turn from one side to the other; I never had my heel-strings cut to prevent my running away; I was never chained to a log and forced to drag it about, while I toiled in the fields from morning till night; I was never branded with hot iron, or torn by bloodhounds. On the contrary, I had always been kindly treated, and tenderly cared for, until I came into the hands of Dr. Flint. I had never wished for freedom till then. But though my life in slavery was comparatively devoid of hardships, God pity the woman who is compelled to lead such a life!

My food was passed up to me through the trap-door my uncle had contrived; and my grandmother, my uncle Phillip, and aunt Nancy would seize such opportunities as they could, to mount up there and chat with me at the opening. But of course this was not safe in the daytime. It must all be done in darkness. It was impossible for me to move in an erect position, but I crawled about my den for exercise. One day I hit my head against something, and found it was a gimlet. My uncle had left it sticking there when he made the trap-door. I was as rejoiced as Robinson Crusoe could have been at finding such a treasure. It put a lucky thought into my head. I said to myself, "Now I will have some light. Now I will see my children." I did not dare to begin my work during the daytime, for fear of attracting attention. But I groped round; and having found the side next the street, where I could frequently see my children, I stuck the gimlet in and waited for evening. I bored three rows of holes, one above another; then I bored out the interstices between. I thus succeeded in making one hole about an inch long and an inch broad. I sat by it till late into the night, to enjoy the little whiff of air that floated in. In the morning I watched for my children. The first person I saw in the street was Dr. Flint. I had a shuddering, superstitious feeling that it was a bad omen. Several familiar faces passed by. At last I heard the merry laugh of children, and presently two sweet little faces were looking up at me, as though they knew I was there, and were conscious of the joy they imparted. How I longed to _tell_ them I was there!

My condition was now a little improved. But for weeks I was tormented by hundreds of little red insects, fine as a needle's point, that pierced through my skin, and produced an intolerable burning. The good grandmother gave me herb teas and cooling medicines, and finally I got rid of them. The heat of my den was intense, for nothing but thin shingles protected me from the scorching summer's sun. But I had my consolations. Through my peeping-hole I could watch the children, and when they were near enough, I could hear their talk. Aunt Nancy brought me all the news she could hear at Dr. Flint's. From her I learned that the doctor had written to New York to a colored woman, who had been born and raised in our neighborhood, and had breathed his contaminating atmosphere. He offered her a reward if she could find out any thing about me. I know not what was the nature of her reply; but he soon after started for New York in haste, saying to his family that he had business of importance to transact. I peeped at him as he passed on his way to the steamboat. It was a satisfaction to have miles of land and water between us, even for a little while; and it was a still greater satisfaction to know that he believed me to be in the Free States. My little den seemed less dreary than it had done. He returned, as he did from his former journey to New York, without obtaining any satisfactory information. When he passed our house next morning, Benny was standing at the gate. He had heard them say that he had gone to find me, and he called out, "Dr. Flint, did you bring my mother home? I want to see her." The doctor stamped his foot at him in a rage, and exclaimed, "Get out of the way, you little damned rascal! If you don't, I'll cut off your head."

Benny ran terrified into the house, saying, "You can't put me in jail again. I don't belong to you now." It was well that the wind carried the words away from the doctor's ear. I told my grandmother of it, when we had our next conference at the trap-door; and begged of her not to allow the children to be impertinent to the irascible old man.

Autumn came, with a pleasant abatement of heat. My eyes had become accustomed to the dim light, and by holding my book or work in a certain position near the aperture I contrived to read and sew. That was a great relief to the tedious monotony of my life. But when winter came, the cold penetrated through the thin shingle roof, and I was dreadfully chilled. The winters there are not so long, or so severe, as in northern latitudes; but the houses are not built to shelter from cold, and my little den was peculiarly comfortless. The kind grandmother brought me bed-clothes and warm drinks. Often I was obliged to lie in bed all day to keep comfortable; but with all my precautions, my shoulders and feet were frostbitten. O, those long, gloomy days, with no object for my eye to rest upon, and no thoughts to occupy my mind, except the dreary past and the uncertain future! I was thankful when there came a day sufficiently mild for me to wrap myself up and sit at the loophole to watch the passers by. Southerners have the habit of stopping and talking in the streets, and I heard many conversations not intended to meet my ears. I heard slave-hunters planning how to catch some poor fugitive. Several times I heard allusions to Dr. Flint, myself, and the history of my children, who, perhaps, were playing near the gate. One would say, "I wouldn't move my little finger to catch her, as old Flint's property." Another would say, "I'll catch _any_ nigger for the reward. A man ought to have what belongs to him, if he _is_ a damned brute." The opinion was often expressed that I was in the Free States. Very rarely did any one suggest that I might be in the vicinity. Had the least suspicion rested on my grandmother's house, it would have been burned to the ground. But it was the last place they thought of. Yet there was no place, where slavery existed, that could have afforded me so good a place of concealment.

Dr. Flint and his family repeatedly tried to coax and bribe my children to tell something they had heard said about me. One day the doctor took them into a shop, and offered them some bright little silver pieces and gay handkerchiefs if they would tell where their mother was. Ellen shrank away from him, and would not speak; but Benny spoke up, and said, "Dr. Flint, I don't know where my mother is. I guess she's in New York; and when you go there again, I wish you'd ask her to come home, for I want to see her; but if you put her in jail, or tell her you'll cut her head off, I'll tell her to go right back."

XXII. Christmas Festivities.

Christmas was approaching. Grandmother brought me materials, and I busied myself making some new garments and little playthings for my children. Were it not that hiring day is near at hand, and many families are fearfully looking forward to the probability of separation in a few days, Christmas might be a happy season for the poor slaves. Even slave mothers try to gladden the hearts of their little ones on that occasion. Benny and Ellen had their Christmas stockings filled. Their imprisoned mother could not have the privilege of witnessing their surprise and joy. But I had the pleasure of peeping at them as they went into the street with their new suits on. I heard Benny ask a little playmate whether Santa Claus brought him any thing. "Yes," replied the boy; "but Santa Claus ain't a real man. It's the children's mothers that put things into the stockings." "No, that can't be," replied Benny, "for Santa Claus brought Ellen and me these new clothes, and my mother has been gone this long time."

How I longed to tell him that his mother made those garments, and that many a tear fell on them while she worked!

Every child rises early on Christmas morning to see the Johnkannaus. Without them, Christmas would be shorn of its greatest attraction. They consist of companies of slaves from the plantations, generally of the lower class. Two athletic men, in calico wrappers, have a net thrown over them, covered with all manner of bright-colored stripes. Cows' tails are fastened to their backs, and their heads are decorated with horns. A box, covered with sheepskin, is called the gumbo box. A dozen beat on this, while others strike triangles and jawbones, to which bands of dancers keep time. For a month previous they are composing songs, which are sung on this occasion. These companies, of a hundred each, turn out early in the morning, and are allowed to go round till twelve o'clock, begging for contributions. Not a door is left unvisited where there is the least chance of obtaining a penny or a glass of rum. They do not drink while they are out, but carry the rum home in jugs, to have a carousal. These Christmas donations frequently amount to twenty or thirty dollars. It is seldom that any white man or child refuses to give them a trifle. If he does, they regale his ears with the following song:—

"Poor massa, so dey say; Down in de heel, so dey say; Got no money, so dey say; Not one shillin, so dey say; God A'mighty bress you, so dey say."

Christmas is a day of feasting, both with white and colored people. Slaves, who are lucky enough to have a few shillings, are sure to spend them for good eating; and many a turkey and pig is captured, without saying, "By your leave, sir." Those who cannot obtain these, cook a 'possum, or a raccoon, from which savory dishes can be made. My grandmother raised poultry and pigs for sale; and it was her established custom to have both a turkey and a pig roasted for Christmas dinner.

On this occasion, I was warned to keep extremely quiet, because two guests had been invited. One was the town constable, and the other was a free colored man, who tried to pass himself off for white, and who was always ready to do any mean work for the sake of currying favor with white people. My grandmother had a motive for inviting them. She managed to take them all over the house. All the rooms on the lower floor were thrown open for them to pass in and out; and after dinner, they were invited up stairs to look at a fine mocking bird my uncle had just brought home. There, too, the rooms were all thrown open, that they might look in. When I heard them talking on the piazza, my heart almost stood still. I knew this colored man had spent many nights hunting for me. Every body knew he had the blood of a slave father in his veins; but for the sake of passing himself off for white, he was ready to kiss the slaveholders' feet. How I despised him! As for the constable, he wore no false colors. The duties of his office were despicable, but he was superior to his companion, inasmuch as he did not pretend to be what he was not. Any white man, who could raise money enough to buy a slave, would have considered himself degraded by being a constable; but the office enabled its possessor to exercise authority. If he found any slave out after nine o'clock, he could whip him as much as he liked; and that was a privilege to be coveted. When the guests were ready to depart, my grandmother gave each of them some of her nice pudding, as a present for their wives. Through my peep-hole I saw them go out of the gate, and I was glad when it closed after them. So passed the first Christmas in my den.

XXIII. Still In Prison.

When spring returned, and I took in the little patch of green the aperture commanded, I asked myself how many more summers and winters I must be condemned to spend thus. I longed to draw in a plentiful draught of fresh air, to stretch my cramped limbs, to have room to stand erect, to feel the earth under my feet again. My relatives were constantly on the lookout for a chance of escape; but none offered that seemed practicable, and even tolerably safe. The hot summer came again, and made the turpentine drop from the thin roof over my head.

During the long nights I was restless for want of air, and I had no room to toss and turn. There was but one compensation; the atmosphere was so stifled that even mosquitos would not condescend to buzz in it. With all my detestation of Dr. Flint, I could hardly wish him a worse punishment, either in this world or that which is to come, than to suffer what I suffered in one single summer. Yet the laws allowed _him_ to be out in the free air, while I, guiltless of crime, was pent up here, as the only means of avoiding the cruelties the laws allowed him to inflict upon me! I don't know what kept life within me. Again and again, I thought I should die before long; but I saw the leaves of another autumn whirl through the air, and felt the touch of another winter. In summer the most terrible thunder storms were acceptable, for the rain came through the roof, and I rolled up my bed that it might cool the hot boards under it. Later in the season, storms sometimes wet my clothes through and through, and that was not comfortable when the air grew chilly. Moderate storms I could keep out by filling the chinks with oakum.

But uncomfortable as my situation was, I had glimpses of things out of doors, which made me thankful for my wretched hiding-place. One day I saw a slave pass our gate, muttering, "It's his own, and he can kill it if he will." My grandmother told me that

woman's history. Her mistress had that day seen her baby for the first time, and in the lineaments of its fair face she saw a likeness to her husband. She turned the bondwoman and her child out of doors, and forbade her ever to return. The slave went to her master, and told him what had happened. He promised to talk with her mistress, and make it all right. The next day she and her baby were sold to a Georgia trader.

Another time I saw a woman rush wildly by, pursued by two men. She was a slave, the wet nurse of her mistress's children. For some trifling offence her mistress ordered her to be stripped and whipped. To escape the degradation and the torture, she rushed to the river, jumped in, and ended her wrongs in death.

Senator Brown, of Mississippi, could not be ignorant of many such facts as these, for they are of frequent occurrence in every Southern State. Yet he stood up in the Congress of the United States, and declared that slavery was "a great moral, social, and political blessing; a blessing to the master, and a blessing to the slave!"

I suffered much more during the second winter than I did during the first. My limbs were benumbed by inaction, and the cold filled them with cramp. I had a very painful sensation of coldness in my head; even my face and tongue stiffened, and I lost the power of speech. Of course it was impossible, under the circumstances, to summon any physician. My brother William came and did all he could for me. Uncle Phillip also watched tenderly over me; and poor grandmother crept up and down to inquire whether there were any signs of returning life. I was restored to consciousness by the dashing of cold water in my face, and found myself leaning against my brother's arm, while he bent over me with streaming eyes. He afterwards told me he thought I was dying, for I had been in an unconscious state sixteen hours. I next became delirious, and was in great danger of betraying myself and my friends. To prevent this, they stupefied me with drugs. I remained in bed six weeks, weary in body and sick at heart. How to get medical advice was the question. William finally went to a Thompsonian doctor, and described himself as having all my pains and aches. He returned with herbs, roots, and ointment. He was especially charged to rub on the ointment by a fire; but how could a fire be made in my little den? Charcoal in a furnace was tried, but there was no outlet for the gas, and it nearly cost me my life. Afterwards coals, already kindled, were brought up in an iron pan, and placed on bricks. I was so weak, and it was so long since I had enjoyed the warmth of a fire, that those few coals actually made me weep. I think the medicines did me some good; but my recovery was very slow. Dark thoughts passed through my mind as I lay there day after day. I tried to be thankful for my little cell, dismal as it was, and even to love it, as part of the price I had paid for the redemption of my children. Sometimes I thought God was a compassionate Father, who would forgive my sins for the sake of my sufferings. At other times, it seemed to me there was no justice or mercy in the divine government. I asked why the curse of slavery was permitted to exist, and why I had been so persecuted and wronged from youth upward. These things took the shape of mystery, which is to this day not so clear to my soul as I trust it will be hereafter.

In the midst of my illness, grandmother broke down under the weight of anxiety and toil. The idea of losing her, who had always been my best friend and a mother to my children, was the sorest trial I had yet had. O, how earnestly I prayed that she might recover! How hard it seemed, that I could not tend upon her, who had so long and so tenderly watched over me!

One day the screams of a child nerved me with strength to crawl to my peeping-hole, and I saw my son covered with blood. A fierce dog, usually kept chained, had seized and bitten him. A doctor was sent for, and I heard the groans and screams of my child while the wounds were being sewed up. O, what torture to a mother's heart, to listen to this and be unable to go to him!

But childhood is like a day in spring, alternately shower and sunshine. Before night Benny was bright and lively, threatening the destruction of the dog; and great was his delight when the doctor told him the next day that the dog had bitten another boy and been shot. Benny recovered from his wounds; but it was long before he could walk.

When my grandmother's illness became known, many ladies, who were her customers, called to bring her some little comforts, and to inquire whether she had every thing she wanted. Aunt Nancy one night asked permission to watch with her sick mother, and Mrs. Flint replied, "I don't see any need of your going. I can't spare you." But when she found other ladies in the neighborhood were so attentive, not wishing to be outdone in Christian charity, she also sallied forth, in magnificent condescension, and stood by the bedside of her who had loved her in her infancy, and who had been repaid by such grievous wrongs. She seemed surprised to find her so ill, and scolded uncle Phillip for not sending for Dr. Flint. She herself sent for him immediately, and he came. Secure as I was in my retreat, I should have been terrified if I had known he was so near me. He pronounced my grandmother in a very critical situation, and said if her attending physician wished it, he would visit her. Nobody wished to have him coming to the house at all hours, and we were not disposed to give him a chance to make out a long bill.

As Mrs. Flint went out, Sally told her the reason Benny was lame was, that a dog had bitten him. “I’m glad of it,” replied she. “I wish he had killed him. It would be good news to send to his mother. _Her_ day will come. The dogs will grab _her_ yet.” With these Christian words she and her husband departed, and, to my great satisfaction, returned no more.

I heard from uncle Phillip, with feelings of unspeakable joy and gratitude, that the crisis was passed and grandmother would live. I could now say from my heart, “God is merciful. He has spared me the anguish of feeling that I caused her death.”

XXIV. The Candidate For Congress.

The summer had nearly ended, when Dr. Flint made a third visit to New York, in search of me. Two candidates were running for Congress, and he returned in season to vote. The father of my children was the Whig candidate. The doctor had hitherto been a stanch Whig; but now he exerted all his energies for the defeat of Mr. Sands. He invited large parties of men to dine in the shade of his trees, and supplied them with plenty of rum and brandy. If any poor fellow drowned his wits in the bowl, and, in the openness of his convivial heart, proclaimed that he did not mean to vote the Democratic ticket, he was shoved into the street without ceremony.

The doctor expended his liquor in vain. Mr. Sands was elected; an event which occasioned me some anxious thoughts. He had not emancipated my children, and if he should die they would be at the mercy of his heirs. Two little voices, that frequently met my ear, seemed to plead with me not to let their father depart without striving to make their freedom secure. Years had passed since I had spoken to him. I had not even seen him since the night I passed him, unrecognized, in my disguise of a sailor. I supposed he would call before he left, to say something to my grandmother concerning the children, and I resolved what course to take.

The day before his departure for Washington I made arrangements, towards evening, to get from my hiding-place into the storeroom below. I found myself so stiff and clumsy that it was with great difficulty I could hitch from one resting place to another. When I reached the storeroom my ankles gave way under me, and I sank exhausted on the floor. It seemed as if I could never use my limbs again. But the purpose I had in view roused all the strength I had. I crawled on my hands and knees to the window, and, screened behind a barrel, I waited for his coming. The clock struck nine, and I knew the steamboat would leave between ten and eleven. My hopes were failing. But presently I heard his voice, saying to some one, “Wait for me a moment. I wish to see aunt Martha.” When he came out, as he passed the window, I said, “Stop one moment, and let me speak for my children.” He started, hesitated, and then passed on, and went out of the gate. I closed the shutter I had partially opened, and sank down behind the barrel. I had suffered much; but seldom had I experienced a keener pang than I then felt. Had my children, then, become of so little consequence to him? And had he so little feeling for their wretched mother that he would not listen a moment while she pleaded for them? Painful memories were so busy within me, that I forgot I had not hooked the shutter, till I heard some one opening it. I looked up. He had come back. “Who called me?” said he, in a low tone. “I did,” I replied. “Oh, Linda,” said he, “I knew your voice; but I was afraid to answer, lest my friend should hear me. Why do you come here? Is it possible you risk yourself in this house? They are mad to allow it. I shall expect to hear that you are all ruined.” I did not wish to implicate him, by letting him know my place of concealment; so I merely said, “I thought you would come to bid grandmother good by, and so I came here to speak a few words to you about emancipating my children. Many changes may take place during the six months you are gone to Washington, and it does not seem right for you to expose them to the risk of such changes. I want nothing for myself; all I ask is, that you will free my children, or authorize some friend to do it, before you go.”

He promised he would do it, and also expressed a readiness to make any arrangements whereby I could be purchased.

I heard footsteps approaching, and closed the shutter hastily. I wanted to crawl back to my den, without letting the family know what I had done; for I knew they would deem it very imprudent. But he stepped back into the house, to tell my grandmother that he had spoken with me at the storeroom window, and to beg of her not to allow me to remain in the house over night. He said it was the height of madness for me to be there; that we should certainly all be ruined. Luckily, he was in too much of a hurry to wait for a reply, or the dear old woman would surely have told him all.

I tried to go back to my den, but found it more difficult to go up than I had to come down. Now that my mission was fulfilled, the little strength that had supported me through it was gone, and I sank helpless on the floor. My grandmother, alarmed at the risk I had run, came into the storeroom in the dark, and locked the door behind her. “Linda,” she whispered, “where are you?”

“I am here by the window,” I replied. “I _couldn’t_ have him go away without emancipating the children. Who knows what may happen?”

“Come, come, child,” said she, “it won’t do for you to stay here another minute. You’ve done wrong; but I can’t blame you, poor thing!” I told her I could not return without assistance, and she must call my uncle. Uncle Phillip came, and pity prevented him from scolding me. He carried me back to my dungeon, laid me tenderly on the bed, gave me some medicine, and asked me if there was any thing more he could do. Then he went away, and I was left with my own thoughts—starless as the midnight darkness around me.

My friends feared I should become a cripple for life; and I was so weary of my long imprisonment that, had it not been for the hope of serving my children, I should have been thankful to die; but, for their sakes, I was willing to bear on.

XXV. Competition In Cunning.

Dr. Flint had not given me up. Every now and then he would say to my grandmother that I would yet come back, and voluntarily surrender myself; and that when I did, I could be purchased by my relatives, or any one who wished to buy me. I knew his cunning nature too well not to perceive that this was a trap laid for me; and so all my friends understood it. I resolved to match my cunning against his cunning. In order to make him believe that I was in New York, I resolved to write him a letter dated from that place. I sent for my friend Peter, and asked him if he knew any trustworthy seafaring person, who would carry such a letter to New York, and put it in the post office there. He said he knew one that he would trust with his own life to the ends of the world. I reminded him that it was a hazardous thing for him to undertake. He said he knew it, but he was willing to do any thing to help me. I expressed a wish for a New York paper, to ascertain the names of some of the streets. He run his hand into his pocket, and said, “Here is half a one, that was round a cap I bought of a pedler yesterday.” I told him the letter would be ready the next evening. He bade me good by, adding, “Keep up your spirits, Linda; brighter days will come by and by.”

My uncle Phillip kept watch over the gate until our brief interview was over. Early the next morning, I seated myself near the little aperture to examine the newspaper. It was a piece of the New York Herald; and, for once, the paper that systematically abuses the colored people, was made to render them a service. Having obtained what information I wanted concerning streets and numbers, I wrote two letters, one to my grandmother, the other to Dr. Flint. I reminded him how he, a gray-headed man, had treated a helpless child, who had been placed in his power, and what years of misery he had brought upon her. To my grandmother, I expressed a wish to have my children sent to me at the north, where I could teach them to respect themselves, and set them a virtuous example; which a slave mother was not allowed to do at the south. I asked her to direct her answer to a certain street in Boston, as I did not live in New York, though I went there sometimes. I dated these letters ahead, to allow for the time it would take to carry them, and sent a memorandum of the date to the messenger. When my friend came for the letters, I said, “God bless and reward you, Peter, for this disinterested kindness. Pray be careful. If you are detected, both you and I will have to suffer dreadfully. I have not a relative who would dare to do it for me.” He replied, “You may trust to me, Linda. I don’t forget that your father was my best friend, and I will be a friend to his children so long as God lets me live.”

It was necessary to tell my grandmother what I had done, in order that she might be ready for the letter, and prepared to hear what Dr. Flint might say about my being at the north. She was sadly troubled. She felt sure mischief would come of it. I also told my plan to aunt Nancy, in order that she might report to us what was said at Dr. Flint’s house. I whispered it to her through a crack, and she whispered back, “I hope it will succeed. I shan’t mind being a slave all _my_ life, if I can only see you and the children free.”

I had directed that my letters should be put into the New York post office on the 20th of the month. On the evening of the 24th my aunt came to say that Dr. Flint and his wife had been talking in a low voice about a letter he had received, and that when he went to his office he promised to bring it when he came to tea. So I concluded I should hear my letter read the next morning. I told my grandmother Dr. Flint would be sure to come, and asked her to have him sit near a certain door, and leave it open, that I might hear what he said. The next morning I took my station within sound of that door, and remained motionless as a statue. It was not long before I heard the gate slam, and the well-known footsteps enter the house. He seated himself in the chair that was placed for him, and said, “Well, Martha, I’ve brought you a letter from Linda. She has sent me a letter, also. I know exactly where to find her; but I don’t choose to go to Boston for her. I had rather she would come back of her own accord, in a respectable manner. Her uncle Phillip is the best person to go for her. With _him_, she would feel perfectly free to act. I am willing to pay his expenses going and returning. She shall be sold to her friends. Her children are free; at least I suppose they are; and when you obtain her freedom, you’ll make a happy family. I suppose, Martha, you have no objection to my reading to you the letter Linda has written to you.”

He broke the seal, and I heard him read it. The old villain! He had suppressed the letter I wrote to grandmother, and prepared a substitute of his own, the purport of which was as follows:—

“Dear Grandmother: I have long wanted to write to you; but the disgraceful manner in which I left you and my children made me ashamed to do it. If you knew how much I have suffered since I ran away, you would pity and forgive me. I have purchased freedom at a dear rate. If any arrangement could be made for me to return to the south without being a slave, I would gladly come. If not, I beg of you to send my children to the north. I cannot live any longer without them. Let me know in time, and I will meet them in New York or Philadelphia, whichever place best suits my uncle’s convenience. Write as soon as possible to your unhappy daughter,

Linda.”

“It is very much as I expected it would be,” said the old hypocrite, rising to go. “You see the foolish girl has repented of her rashness, and wants to return. We must help her to do it, Martha. Talk with Phillip about it. If he will go for her, she will trust to him, and come back. I should like an answer to-morrow. Good morning, Martha.”

As he stepped out on the piazza, he stumbled over my little girl. “Ah, Ellen, is that you?” he said, in his most gracious manner. “I didn’t see you. How do you do?”

“Pretty well, sir,” she replied. “I heard you tell grandmother that my mother is coming home. I want to see her.”

“Yes, Ellen, I am going to bring her home very soon,” rejoined he; “and you shall see her as much as you like, you little curly-headed nigger.”

This was as good as a comedy to me, who had heard it all; but grandmother was frightened and distressed, because the doctor wanted my uncle to go for me.

The next evening Dr. Flint called to talk the matter over. My uncle told him that from what he had heard of Massachusetts, he judged he should be mobbed if he went there after a runaway slave. “All stuff and nonsense, Phillip!” replied the doctor. “Do you suppose I want you to kick up a row in Boston? The business can all be done quietly. Linda writes that she wants to come back. You are her relative, and she would trust _you_. The case would be different if I went. She might object to coming with _me_; and the damned abolitionists, if they knew I was her master, would not believe me, if I told them she had begged to go back. They would get up a row; and I should not like to see Linda dragged through the streets like a common negro. She has been very ungrateful to me for all my kindness; but I forgive her, and want to act the part of a friend towards her. I have no wish to hold her as my slave. Her friends can buy her as soon as she arrives here.”

Finding that his arguments failed to convince my uncle, the doctor “let the cat out of the bag,” by saying that he had written to the mayor of Boston, to ascertain whether there was a person of my description at the street and number from which my letter was dated. He had omitted this date in the letter he had made up to read to my grandmother. If I had dated from New York, the old man would probably have made another journey to that city. But even in that dark region, where knowledge is so carefully excluded from the slave, I had heard enough about Massachusetts to come to the conclusion that slaveholders did not consider it a comfortable place to go to in search of a runaway. That was before the Fugitive Slave Law was passed; before Massachusetts had consented to become a “nigger hunter” for the south.

My grandmother, who had become skittish by seeing her family always in danger, came to me with a very distressed countenance, and said, “What will you do if the mayor of Boston sends him word that you haven’t been there? Then he will suspect the letter was a trick; and maybe he’ll find out something about it, and we shall all get into trouble. O Linda, I wish you had never sent the letters.”

“Don’t worry yourself, Grandmother,” said I. “The mayor of Boston won’t trouble himself to hunt niggers for Dr. Flint. The letters will do good in the end. I shall get out of this dark hole some time or other.”

“I hope you will, child,” replied the good, patient old friend. “You have been here a long time; almost five years; but whenever you do go, it will break your old grandmother’s heart. I should be expecting every day to hear that you were brought back in irons and put in jail. God help you, poor child! Let us be thankful that some time or other we shall go ‘where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.’” My heart responded, Amen.

The fact that Dr. Flint had written to the mayor of Boston convinced me that he believed my letter to be genuine, and of course that he had no suspicion of my being any where in the vicinity. It was a great object to keep up this delusion, for it made me and my friends feel less anxious, and it would be very convenient whenever there was a chance to escape. I resolved, therefore, to continue to write letters from the north from time to time.

Two or three weeks passed, and as no news came from the mayor of Boston, grandmother began to listen to my entreaty to be allowed to leave my cell, sometimes, and exercise my limbs to prevent my becoming a cripple. I was allowed to slip down into the small storeroom, early in the morning, and remain there a little while. The room was all filled up with barrels, except a small open space under my trap-door. This faced the door, the upper part of which was of glass, and purposely left uncurtained, that the curious might look in. The air of this place was close; but it was so much better than the atmosphere of my cell, that I dreaded to return. I came down as soon as it was light, and remained till eight o'clock, when people began to be about, and there was danger that some one might come on the piazza. I had tried various applications to bring warmth and feeling into my limbs, but without avail. They were so numb and stiff that it was a painful effort to move; and had my enemies come upon me during the first mornings I tried to exercise them a little in the small unoccupied space of the storeroom, it would have been impossible for me to have escaped.

XXVI. Important Era In My Brother's Life.

I missed the company and kind attentions of my brother William, who had gone to Washington with his master, Mr. Sands. We received several letters from him, written without any allusion to me, but expressed in such a manner that I knew he did not forget me. I disguised my hand, and wrote to him in the same manner. It was a long session; and when it closed, William wrote to inform us that Mr. Sands was going to the north, to be gone some time, and that he was to accompany him. I knew that his master had promised to give him his freedom, but no time had been specified. Would William trust to a slave's chances? I remembered how we used to talk together, in our young days, about obtaining our freedom, and I thought it very doubtful whether he would come back to us.

Grandmother received a letter from Mr. Sands, saying that William had proved a most faithful servant, and he would also say a valued friend; that no mother had ever trained a better boy. He said he had travelled through the Northern States and Canada; and though the abolitionists had tried to decoy him away, they had never succeeded. He ended by saying they should be at home shortly.

We expected letters from William, describing the novelties of his journey, but none came. In time, it was reported that Mr. Sands would return late in the autumn, accompanied by a bride. Still no letters from William. I felt almost sure I should never see him again on southern soil; but had he no word of comfort to send to his friends at home? to the poor captive in her dungeon? My thoughts wandered through the dark past, and over the uncertain future. Alone in my cell, where no eye but God's could see me, I wept bitter tears. How earnestly I prayed to him to restore me to my children, and enable me to be a useful woman and a good mother!

At last the day arrived for the return of the travellers. Grandmother had made loving preparations to welcome her absent boy back to the old hearthstone. When the dinner table was laid, William's plate occupied its old place. The stage coach went by empty. My grandmother waited dinner. She thought perhaps he was necessarily detained by his master. In my prison I listened anxiously, expecting every moment to hear my dear brother's voice and step. In the course of the afternoon a lad was sent by Mr. Sands to tell grandmother that William did not return with him; that the abolitionists had decoyed him away. But he begged her not to feel troubled about it, for he felt confident she would see William in a few days. As soon as he had time to reflect he would come back, for he could never expect to be so well off at the north as he had been with him.

If you had seen the tears, and heard the sobs, you would have thought the messenger had brought tidings of death instead of freedom. Poor old grandmother felt that she should never see her darling boy again. And I was selfish. I thought more of what I had lost, than of what my brother had gained. A new anxiety began to trouble me. Mr. Sands had expended a good deal of money, and would naturally feel irritated by the loss he had incurred. I greatly feared this might injure the prospects of my children, who were now becoming valuable property. I longed to have their emancipation made certain. The more so, because their master and father was now married. I was too familiar with slavery not to know that promises made to slaves, though with kind intentions, and sincere at the time, depend upon many contingencies for their fulfilment.

Much as I wished William to be free, the step he had taken made me sad and anxious. The following Sabbath was calm and clear; so beautiful that it seemed like a Sabbath in the eternal world. My grandmother brought the children out on the piazza, that I might hear their voices. She thought it would comfort me in my despondency; and it did. They chatted merrily, as only children can. Benny said, "Grandmother, do you think uncle Will has gone for good? Won't he ever come back again? May be he'll find mother. If he does, _won't_ she be glad to see him! Why don't you and uncle Phillip, and all of us, go and live where mother is? I should like it; wouldn't you, Ellen?"

“Yes, I should like it,” replied Ellen; “but how could we find her? Do you know the place, grandmother? I don’t remember how mother looked—do you, Benny?”

Benny was just beginning to describe me when they were interrupted by an old slave woman, a near neighbor, named Aggie. This poor creature had witnessed the sale of her children, and seen them carried off to parts unknown, without any hopes of ever hearing from them again. She saw that my grandmother had been weeping, and she said, in a sympathizing tone, “What’s the matter, aunt Marthy?”

“O Aggie,” she replied, “it seems as if I shouldn’t have any of my children or grandchildren left to hand me a drink when I’m dying, and lay my old body in the ground. My boy didn’t come back with Mr. Sands. He staid at the north.”

Poor old Aggie clapped her hands for joy. “Is _dat_ what you’s crying fur?” she exclaimed. “Git down on your knees and bress de Lord! I don’t know whar my poor chillern is, and I nebber ’spect to know. You don’t know whar poor Linda’s gone to; but you _do_ know whar her brudder is. He’s in free parts; and dat’s de right place. Don’t murmur at de Lord’s doings, but git down on your knees and tank him for his goodness.”

My selfishness was rebuked by what poor Aggie said. She rejoiced over the escape of one who was merely her fellow-bondman, while his own sister was only thinking what his good fortune might cost her children. I knelt and prayed God to forgive me; and I thanked him from my heart, that one of my family was saved from the grasp of slavery.

It was not long before we received a letter from William. He wrote that Mr. Sands had always treated him kindly, and that he had tried to do his duty to him faithfully. But ever since he was a boy, he had longed to be free; and he had already gone through enough to convince him he had better not lose the chance that offered. He concluded by saying, “Don’t worry about me, dear grandmother. I shall think of you always; and it will spur me on to work hard and try to do right. When I have earned money enough to give you a home, perhaps you will come to the north, and we can all live happy together.”

Mr. Sands told my uncle Phillip the particulars about William’s leaving him. He said, “I trusted him as if he were my own brother, and treated him as kindly. The abolitionists talked to him in several places; but I had no idea they could tempt him. However, I don’t blame William. He’s young and inconsiderate, and those Northern rascals decoyed him. I must confess the scamp was very bold about it. I met him coming down the steps of the Astor House with his trunk on his shoulder, and I asked him where he was going. He said he was going to change his old trunk. I told him it was rather shabby, and asked if he didn’t need some money. He said, No, thanked me, and went off. He did not return so soon as I expected; but I waited patiently. At last I went to see if our trunks were packed, ready for our journey. I found them locked, and a sealed note on the table informed me where I could find the keys. The fellow even tried to be religious. He wrote that he hoped God would always bless me, and reward me for my kindness; that he was not unwilling to serve me; but he wanted to be a free man; and that if I thought he did wrong, he hoped I would forgive him. I intended to give him his freedom in five years. He might have trusted me. He has shown himself ungrateful; but I shall not go for him, or send for him. I feel confident that he will soon return to me.”

I afterwards heard an account of the affair from William himself. He had not been urged away by abolitionists. He needed no information they could give him about slavery to stimulate his desire for freedom. He looked at his hands, and remembered that they were once in irons. What security had he that they would not be so again? Mr. Sands was kind to him; but he might indefinitely postpone the promise he had made to give him his freedom. He might come under pecuniary embarrassments, and his property be seized by creditors; or he might die, without making any arrangements in his favor. He had too often known such accidents to happen to slaves who had kind masters, and he wisely resolved to make sure of the present opportunity to own himself. He was scrupulous about taking any money from his master on false pretences; so he sold his best clothes to pay for his passage to Boston. The slaveholders pronounced him a base, ungrateful wretch, for thus requiting his master’s indulgence. What would _they_ have done under similar circumstances?

When Dr. Flint’s family heard that William had deserted Mr. Sands, they chuckled greatly over the news. Mrs. Flint made her usual manifestations of Christian feeling, by saying, “I’m glad of it. I hope he’ll never get him again. I like to see people paid back in their own coin. I reckon Linda’s children will have to pay for it. I should be glad to see them in the speculator’s hands again, for I’m tired of seeing those little niggers march about the streets.”

XXVII. New Destination For The Children.

Mrs. Flint proclaimed her intention of informing Mrs. Sands who was the father of my children. She likewise proposed to tell her what an artful devil I was; that I had made a great deal of trouble in her family; that when Mr. Sands was at the north, she didn't doubt I had followed him in disguise, and persuaded William to run away. She had some reason to entertain such an idea; for I had written from the north, from time to time, and I dated my letters from various places. Many of them fell into Dr. Flint's hands, as I expected they would; and he must have come to the conclusion that I travelled about a good deal. He kept a close watch over my children, thinking they would eventually lead to my detection.

A new and unexpected trial was in store for me. One day, when Mr. Sands and his wife were walking in the street, they met Benny. The lady took a fancy to him, and exclaimed, "What a pretty little negro! Whom does he belong to?"

Benny did not hear the answer; but he came home very indignant with the stranger lady, because she had called him a negro. A few days afterwards, Mr. Sands called on my grandmother, and told her he wanted her to take the children to his house. He said he had informed his wife of his relation to them, and told her they were motherless; and she wanted to see them.

When he had gone, my grandmother came and asked what I would do. The question seemed a mockery. What _could_ I do? They were Mr. Sands's slaves, and their mother was a slave, whom he had represented to be dead. Perhaps he thought I was. I was too much pained and puzzled to come to any decision; and the children were carried without my knowledge. Mrs. Sands had a sister from Illinois staying with her. This lady, who had no children of her own, was so much pleased with Ellen, that she offered to adopt her, and bring her up as she would a daughter. Mrs. Sands wanted to take Benjamin. When grandmother reported this to me, I was tried almost beyond endurance. Was this all I was to gain by what I had suffered for the sake of having my children free? True, the prospect _seemed_ fair; but I knew too well how lightly slaveholders held such "parental relations." If pecuniary troubles should come, or if the new wife required more money than could conveniently be spared, my children might be thought of as a convenient means of raising funds. I had no trust in thee, O Slavery! Never should I know peace till my children were emancipated with all due formalities of law.

I was too proud to ask Mr. Sands to do any thing for my own benefit; but I could bring myself to become a supplicant for my children. I resolved to remind him of the promise he had made me, and to throw myself upon his honor for the performance of it. I persuaded my grandmother to go to him, and tell him I was not dead, and that I earnestly entreated him to keep the promise he had made me; that I had heard of the recent proposals concerning my children, and did not feel easy to accept them; that he had promised to emancipate them, and it was time for him to redeem his pledge. I knew there was some risk in thus betraying that I was in the vicinity; but what will not a mother do for her children? He received the message with surprise, and said, "The children are free. I have never intended to claim them as slaves. Linda may decide their fate. In my opinion, they had better be sent to the north. I don't think they are quite safe here. Dr. Flint boasts that they are still in his power. He says they were his daughter's property, and as she was not of age when they were sold, the contract is not legally binding."

So, then, after all I had endured for their sakes, my poor children were between two fires; between my old master and their new master! And I was powerless. There was no protecting arm of the law for me to invoke. Mr. Sands proposed that Ellen should go, for the present, to some of his relatives, who had removed to Brooklyn, Long Island. It was promised that she should be well taken care of, and sent to school. I consented to it, as the best arrangement I could make for her. My grandmother, of course, negotiated it all; and Mrs. Sands knew of no other person in the transaction. She proposed that they should take Ellen with them to Washington, and keep her till they had a good chance of sending her, with friends, to Brooklyn. She had an infant daughter. I had had a glimpse of it, as the nurse passed with it in her arms. It was not a pleasant thought to me, that the bondwoman's child should tend her free-born sister; but there was no alternative. Ellen was made ready for the journey. O, how it tried my heart to send her away, so young, alone, among strangers! Without a mother's love to shelter her from the storms of life; almost without memory of a mother! I doubted whether she and Benny would have for me the natural affection that children feel for a parent. I thought to myself that I might perhaps never see my daughter again, and I had a great desire that she should look upon me, before she went, that she might take my image with her in her memory. It seemed to me cruel to have her brought to my dungeon. It was sorrow enough for her young heart to know that her mother was a victim of slavery, without seeing the wretched hiding-place to which it had driven her. I begged permission to pass the last night in one of the open chambers, with my little girl. They thought I was crazy to think of trusting such a young child with my perilous secret. I told them I had watched her character, and I felt sure she would not betray me; that I was determined to have an interview, and if they would not facilitate it, I would take my own way to obtain it. They remonstrated against the rashness of such a proceeding; but finding they could not change my purpose, they yielded. I slipped through the trap-door into the storeroom, and my uncle kept watch at the gate, while I passed into the piazza and went up stairs, to the room I used to occupy. It was more than five years since I had seen it; and how the memories crowded on me! There I had

taken shelter when my mistress drove me from her house; there came my old tyrant, to mock, insult, and curse me; there my children were first laid in my arms; there I had watched over them, each day with a deeper and sadder love; there I had knelt to God, in anguish of heart, to forgive the wrong I had done. How vividly it all came back! And after this long, gloomy interval, I stood there such a wreck!

In the midst of these meditations, I heard footsteps on the stairs. The door opened, and my uncle Phillip came in, leading Ellen by the hand. I put my arms round her, and said, “Ellen, my dear child, I am your mother.” She drew back a little, and looked at me; then, with sweet confidence, she laid her cheek against mine, and I folded her to the heart that had been so long desolated. She was the first to speak. Raising her head, she said, inquiringly, “You really _are_ my mother?” I told her I really was; that during all the long time she had not seen me, I had loved her most tenderly; and that now she was going away, I wanted to see her and talk with her, that she might remember me. With a sob in her voice, she said, “I’m glad you’ve come to see me; but why didn’t you ever come before? Benny and I have wanted so much to see you! He remembers you, and sometimes he tells me about you. Why didn’t you come home when Dr. Flint went to bring you?”

I answered, “I couldn’t come before, dear. But now that I am with you, tell me whether you like to go away.” “I don’t know,” said she, crying. “Grandmother says I ought not to cry; that I am going to a good place, where I can learn to read and write, and that by and by I can write her a letter. But I shan’t have Benny, or grandmother, or uncle Phillip, or any body to love me. Can’t you go with me? O, _do_ go, dear mother!”

I told her I couldn’t go now; but sometime I would come to her, and then she and Benny and I would live together, and have happy times. She wanted to run and bring Benny to see me now. I told her he was going to the north, before long, with uncle Phillip, and then I would come to see him before he went away. I asked if she would like to have me stay all night and sleep with her. “O, yes,” she replied. Then, turning to her uncle, she said, pleadingly, “_May_ I stay? Please, uncle! She is my own mother.” He laid his hand on her head, and said, solemnly, “Ellen, this is the secret you have promised grandmother never to tell. If you ever speak of it to any body, they will never let you see your grandmother again, and your mother can never come to Brooklyn.” “Uncle,” she replied, “I will never tell.” He told her she might stay with me; and when he had gone, I took her in my arms and told her I was a slave, and that was the reason she must never say she had seen me. I exhorted her to be a good child, to try to please the people where she was going, and that God would raise her up friends. I told her to say her prayers, and remember always to pray for her poor mother, and that God would permit us to meet again. She wept, and I did not check her tears. Perhaps she would never again have a chance to pour her tears into a mother’s bosom. All night she nestled in my arms, and I had no inclination to slumber. The moments were too precious to lose any of them. Once, when I thought she was asleep, I kissed her forehead softly, and she said, “I am not asleep, dear mother.”

Before dawn they came to take me back to my den. I drew aside the window curtain, to take a last look of my child. The moonlight shone on her face, and I bent over her, as I had done years before, that wretched night when I ran away. I hugged her close to my throbbing heart; and tears, too sad for such young eyes to shed, flowed down her cheeks, as she gave her last kiss, and whispered in my ear, “Mother, I will never tell.” And she never did.

When I got back to my den, I threw myself on the bed and wept there alone in the darkness. It seemed as if my heart would burst. When the time for Ellen’s departure drew nigh, I could hear neighbors and friends saying to her, “Good by, Ellen. I hope your poor mother will find you out. _Won’t_ you be glad to see her!” She replied, “Yes, ma’am;” and they little dreamed of the weighty secret that weighed down her young heart. She was an affectionate child, but naturally very reserved, except with those she loved, and I felt secure that my secret would be safe with her. I heard the gate close after her, with such feelings as only a slave mother can experience. During the day my meditations were very sad. Sometimes I feared I had been very selfish not to give up all claim to her, and let her go to Illinois, to be adopted by Mrs. Sands’s sister. It was my experience of slavery that decided me against it. I feared that circumstances might arise that would cause her to be sent back. I felt confident that I should go to New York myself; and then I should be able to watch over her, and in some degree protect her.

Dr. Flint’s family knew nothing of the proposed arrangement till after Ellen was gone, and the news displeased them greatly. Mrs. Flint called on Mrs. Sands’s sister to inquire into the matter. She expressed her opinion very freely as to the respect Mr. Sands showed for his wife, and for his own character, in acknowledging those “young niggers.” And as for sending Ellen away, she pronounced it to be just as much stealing as it would be for him to come and take a piece of furniture out of her parlor. She said her daughter was not of age to sign the bill of sale, and the children were her property; and when she became of age, or was married, she could take them, wherever she could lay hands on them.

Miss Emily Flint, the little girl to whom I had been bequeathed, was now in her sixteenth year. Her mother considered it all right and honorable for her, or her future husband, to steal my children; but she did not understand how any body could hold up their heads in respectable society, after they had purchased their own children, as Mr. Sands had done. Dr. Flint said very little. Perhaps he thought that Benny would be less likely to be sent away if he kept quiet. One of my letters, that fell into his hands, was dated from Canada; and he seldom spoke of me now. This state of things enabled me to slip down into the storeroom more frequently, where I could stand upright, and move my limbs more freely.

Days, weeks, and months passed, and there came no news of Ellen. I sent a letter to Brooklyn, written in my grandmother's name, to inquire whether she had arrived there. Answer was returned that she had not. I wrote to her in Washington; but no notice was taken of it. There was one person there, who ought to have had some sympathy with the anxiety of the child's friends at home; but the links of such relations as he had formed with me, are easily broken and cast away as rubbish. Yet how protectingly and persuasively he once talked to the poor, helpless slave girl! And how entirely I trusted him! But now suspicions darkened my mind. Was my child dead, or had they deceived me, and sold her?

If the secret memoirs of many members of Congress should be published, curious details would be unfolded. I once saw a letter from a member of Congress to a slave, who was the mother of six of his children. He wrote to request that she would send her children away from the great house before his return, as he expected to be accompanied by friends. The woman could not read, and was obliged to employ another to read the letter. The existence of the colored children did not trouble this gentleman, it was only the fear that friends might recognize in their features a resemblance to him.

At the end of six months, a letter came to my grandmother, from Brooklyn. It was written by a young lady in the family, and announced that Ellen had just arrived. It contained the following message from her: "I do try to do just as you told me to, and I pray for you every night and morning." I understood that these words were meant for me; and they were a balsam to my heart. The writer closed her letter by saying, "Ellen is a nice little girl, and we shall like to have her with us. My cousin, Mr. Sands, has given her to me, to be my little waiting maid. I shall send her to school, and I hope some day she will write to you herself." This letter perplexed and troubled me. Had my child's father merely placed her there till she was old enough to support herself? Or had he given her to his cousin, as a piece of property? If the last idea was correct, his cousin might return to the south at any time, and hold Ellen as a slave. I tried to put away from me the painful thought that such a foul wrong could have been done to us. I said to myself, "Surely there must be _some_ justice in man;" then I remembered, with a sigh, how slavery perverted all the natural feelings of the human heart. It gave me a pang to look on my light-hearted boy. He believed himself free; and to have him brought under the yoke of slavery, would be more than I could bear. How I longed to have him safely out of the reach of its power!

XXVIII. Aunt Nancy.

I have mentioned my great-aunt, who was a slave in Dr. Flint's family, and who had been my refuge during the shameful persecutions I suffered from him. This aunt had been married at twenty years of age; that is, as far as slaves _can_ marry. She had the consent of her master and mistress, and a clergyman performed the ceremony. But it was a mere form, without any legal value. Her master or mistress could annul it any day they pleased. She had always slept on the floor in the entry, near Mrs. Flint's chamber door, that she might be within call. When she was married, she was told she might have the use of a small room in an out-house. Her mother and her husband furnished it. He was a seafaring man, and was allowed to sleep there when he was at home. But on the wedding evening, the bride was ordered to her old post on the entry floor.

Mrs. Flint, at that time, had no children; but she was expecting to be a mother, and if she should want a drink of water in the night, what could she do without her slave to bring it? So my aunt was compelled to lie at her door, until one midnight she was forced to leave, to give premature birth to a child. In a fortnight she was required to resume her place on the entry floor, because Mrs. Flint's babe needed her attentions. She kept her station there through summer and winter, until she had given premature birth to six children; and all the while she was employed as night-nurse to Mrs. Flint's children. Finally, toiling all day, and being deprived of rest at night, completely broke down her constitution, and Dr. Flint declared it was impossible she could ever become the mother of a living child. The fear of losing so valuable a servant by death, now induced them to allow her to sleep in her little room in the out-house, except when there was sickness in the family. She afterwards had two feeble babes, one of whom died in a few days, and the other in four weeks. I well remember her patient sorrow as she held the last dead baby in her arms. "I wish it could have lived," she said; "it is not the will of God that any of my children should live. But I will try to be fit to meet their little spirits in heaven."

Aunt Nancy was housekeeper and waiting-maid in Dr. Flint's family. Indeed, she was the _factotum_ of the household. Nothing went on well without her. She was my mother's twin sister, and, as far as was in her power, she supplied a mother's place to us orphans. I slept with her all the time I lived in my old master's house, and the bond between us was very strong. When my friends tried to discourage me from running away, she always encouraged me. When they thought I had better return and ask my master's pardon, because there was no possibility of escape, she sent me word never to yield. She said if I persevered I might, perhaps, gain the freedom of my children; and even if I perished in doing it, that was better than to leave them to groan under the same persecutions that had blighted my own life. After I was shut up in my dark cell, she stole away, whenever she could, to bring me the news and say something cheering. How often did I kneel down to listen to her words of consolation, whispered through a crack! "I am old, and have not long to live," she used to say; "and I could die happy if I could only see you and the children free. You must pray to God, Linda, as I do for you, that he will lead you out of this darkness." I would beg her not to worry herself on my account; that there was an end of all suffering sooner or later, and that whether I lived in chains or in freedom, I should always remember her as the good friend who had been the comfort of my life. A word from her always strengthened me; and not me only. The whole family relied upon her judgment, and were guided by her advice. I had been in my cell six years when my grandmother was summoned to the bedside of this, her last remaining daughter. She was very ill, and they said she would die. Grandmother had not entered Dr. Flint's house for several years. They had treated her cruelly, but she thought nothing of that now. She was grateful for permission to watch by the death-bed of her child. They had always been devoted to each other; and now they sat looking into each other's eyes, longing to speak of the secret that had weighed so much on the hearts of both. My aunt had been stricken with paralysis. She lived but two days, and the last day she was speechless. Before she lost the power of utterance, she told her mother not to grieve if she could not speak to her; that she would try to hold up her hand, to let her know that all was well with her. Even the hard-hearted doctor was a little softened when he saw the dying woman try to smile on the aged mother, who was kneeling by her side. His eyes moistened for a moment, as he said she had always been a faithful servant, and they should never be able to supply her place. Mrs. Flint took to her bed, quite overcome by the shock. While my grandmother sat alone with the dead, the doctor came in, leading his youngest son, who had always been a great pet with aunt Nancy, and was much attached to her. "Martha," said he, "aunt Nancy loved this child, and when he comes where you are, I hope you will be kind to him, for her sake." She replied, "Your wife was my foster-child, Dr. Flint, the foster-sister of my poor Nancy, and you little know me if you think I can feel any thing but good will for her children."

"I wish the past could be forgotten, and that we might never think of it," said he; "and that Linda would come to supply her aunt's place. She would be worth more to us than all the money that could be paid for her. I wish it for your sake also, Martha. Now that Nancy is taken away from you, she would be a great comfort to your old age." He knew he was touching a tender chord. Almost choking with grief, my grandmother replied, "It was not I that drove Linda away. My grandchildren are gone; and of my nine children only one is left. God help me!"

To me, the death of this kind relative was an inexpressible sorrow. I knew that she had been slowly murdered; and I felt that my troubles had helped to finish the work. After I heard of her illness, I listened constantly to hear what news was brought from the great house; and the thought that I could not go to her made me utterly miserable. At last, as uncle Phillip came into the house, I heard some one inquire, "How is she?" and he answered, "She is dead." My little cell seemed whirling round, and I knew nothing more till I opened my eyes and found uncle Phillip bending over me. I had no need to ask any questions. He whispered, "Linda, she died happy." I could not weep. My fixed gaze troubled him. "Don't look _so_," he said. "Don't add to my poor mother's trouble. Remember how much she has to bear, and that we ought to do all we can to comfort her." Ah, yes, that blessed old grandmother, who for seventy-three years had borne the pelting storms of a slave-mother's life. She did indeed need consolation!

Mrs. Flint had rendered her poor foster-sister childless, apparently without any compunction; and with cruel selfishness had ruined her health by years of incessant, unrequited toil, and broken rest. But now she became very sentimental. I suppose she thought it would be a beautiful illustration of the attachment existing between slaveholder and slave, if the body of her old worn-out servant was buried at her feet. She sent for the clergyman and asked if he had any objection to burying aunt Nancy in the doctor's family burial-place. No colored person had ever been allowed interment in the white people's burying-ground, and the minister knew that all the deceased of our family reposed together in the old graveyard of the slaves. He therefore replied, "I have no objection to complying with your wish; but perhaps aunt Nancy's _mother_ may have some choice as to where her remains shall be deposited."

It had never occurred to Mrs. Flint that slaves could have any feelings. When my grandmother was consulted, she at once said she wanted Nancy to lie with all the rest of her family, and where her own old body would be buried. Mrs. Flint graciously complied with her wish, though she said it was painful to her to have Nancy buried away from _her_. She might have added with touching pathos,

“I was so long _used_ to sleep with her lying near me, on the entry floor.”

My uncle Phillip asked permission to bury his sister at his own expense; and slaveholders are always ready to grant _such_ favors to slaves and their relatives. The arrangements were very plain, but perfectly respectable. She was buried on the Sabbath, and Mrs. Flint’s minister read the funeral service. There was a large concourse of colored people, bond and free, and a few white persons who had always been friendly to our family. Dr. Flint’s carriage was in the procession; and when the body was deposited in its humble resting place, the mistress dropped a tear, and returned to her carriage, probably thinking she had performed her duty nobly.

It was talked of by the slaves as a mighty grand funeral. Northern travellers, passing through the place, might have described this tribute of respect to the humble dead as a beautiful feature in the “patriarchal institution;” a touching proof of the attachment between slaveholders and their servants; and tender-hearted Mrs. Flint would have confirmed this impression, with handkerchief at her eyes. _We_ could have told them a different story. We could have given them a chapter of wrongs and sufferings, that would have touched their hearts, if they _had_ any hearts to feel for the colored people. We could have told them how the poor old slave-mother had toiled, year after year, to earn eight hundred dollars to buy her son Phillip’s right to his own earnings; and how that same Phillip paid the expenses of the funeral, which they regarded as doing so much credit to the master. We could also have told them of a poor, blighted young creature, shut up in a living grave for years, to avoid the tortures that would be inflicted on her, if she ventured to come out and look on the face of her departed friend.

All this, and much more, I thought of, as I sat at my loophole, waiting for the family to return from the grave; sometimes weeping, sometimes falling asleep, dreaming strange dreams of the dead and the living.

It was sad to witness the grief of my bereaved grandmother. She had always been strong to bear, and now, as ever, religious faith supported her. But her dark life had become still darker, and age and trouble were leaving deep traces on her withered face. She had four places to knock for me to come to the trap-door, and each place had a different meaning. She now came oftener than she had done, and talked to me of her dead daughter, while tears trickled slowly down her furrowed cheeks. I said all I could to comfort her; but it was a sad reflection, that instead of being able to help her, I was a constant source of anxiety and trouble. The poor old back was fitted to its burden. It bent under it, but did not break.

XXIX. Preparations For Escape.

I hardly expect that the reader will credit me, when I affirm that I lived in that little dismal hole, almost deprived of light and air, and with no space to move my limbs, for nearly seven years. But it is a fact; and to me a sad one, even now; for my body still suffers from the effects of that long imprisonment, to say nothing of my soul. Members of my family, now living in New York and Boston, can testify to the truth of what I say.

Countless were the nights that I sat late at the little loophole scarcely large enough to give me a glimpse of one twinkling star. There, I heard the patrols and slave-hunters conferring together about the capture of runaways, well knowing how rejoiced they would be to catch me.

Season after season, year after year, I peeped at my children’s faces, and heard their sweet voices, with a heart yearning all the while to say, “Your mother is here.” Sometimes it appeared to me as if ages had rolled away since I entered upon that gloomy, monotonous existence. At times, I was stupefied and listless; at other times I became very impatient to know when these dark years would end, and I should again be allowed to feel the sunshine, and breathe the pure air.

After Ellen left us, this feeling increased. Mr. Sands had agreed that Benny might go to the north whenever his uncle Phillip could go with him; and I was anxious to be there also, to watch over my children, and protect them so far as I was able. Moreover, I was likely to be drowned out of my den, if I remained much longer; for the slight roof was getting badly out of repair, and uncle Phillip was afraid to remove the shingles, lest some one should get a glimpse of me. When storms occurred in the night, they spread mats and bits of carpet, which in the morning appeared to have been laid out to dry; but to cover the roof in the daytime might have attracted attention. Consequently, my clothes and bedding were often drenched; a process by which the pains and aches in my cramped and stiffened limbs were greatly increased. I revolved various plans of escape in my mind, which I sometimes imparted to my grandmother, when she came to whisper with me at the trap-door. The kind-hearted old woman had an intense sympathy for runaways. She had known too much of the cruelties inflicted on those who were captured. Her memory always flew back at once to the sufferings of her bright and handsome son, Benjamin, the youngest and dearest of her flock. So, whenever I alluded to the

subject, she would groan out, “O, don’t think of it, child. You’ll break my heart.” I had no good old aunt Nancy now to encourage me; but my brother William and my children were continually beckoning me to the north.

And now I must go back a few months in my story. I have stated that the first of January was the time for selling slaves, or leasing them out to new masters. If time were counted by heart-throbs, the poor slaves might reckon years of suffering during that festival so joyous to the free. On the New Year’s day preceding my aunt’s death, one of my friends, named Fanny, was to be sold at auction, to pay her master’s debts. My thoughts were with her during all the day, and at night I anxiously inquired what had been her fate. I was told that she had been sold to one master, and her four little girls to another master, far distant; that she had escaped from her purchaser, and was not to be found. Her mother was the old Aggie I have spoken of. She lived in a small tenement belonging to my grandmother, and built on the same lot with her own house. Her dwelling was searched and watched, and that brought the patrols so near me that I was obliged to keep very close in my den. The hunters were somehow eluded; and not long afterwards Benny accidentally caught sight of Fanny in her mother’s hut. He told his grandmother, who charged him never to speak of it, explaining to him the frightful consequences; and he never betrayed the trust. Aggie little dreamed that my grandmother knew where her daughter was concealed, and that the stooping form of her old neighbor was bending under a similar burden of anxiety and fear; but these dangerous secrets deepened the sympathy between the two old persecuted mothers.

My friend Fanny and I remained many weeks hidden within call of each other; but she was unconscious of the fact. I longed to have her share my den, which seemed a more secure retreat than her own; but I had brought so much trouble on my grandmother, that it seemed wrong to ask her to incur greater risks. My restlessness increased. I had lived too long in bodily pain and anguish of spirit. Always I was in dread that by some accident, or some contrivance, slavery would succeed in snatching my children from me. This thought drove me nearly frantic, and I determined to steer for the North Star at all hazards. At this crisis, Providence opened an unexpected way for me to escape. My friend Peter came one evening, and asked to speak with me. “Your day has come, Linda,” said he. “I have found a chance for you to go to the Free States. You have a fortnight to decide.” The news seemed too good to be true; but Peter explained his arrangements, and told me all that was necessary was for me to say I would go. I was going to answer him with a joyful yes, when the thought of Benny came to my mind. I told him the temptation was exceedingly strong, but I was terribly afraid of Dr. Flint’s alleged power over my child, and that I could not go and leave him behind. Peter remonstrated earnestly. He said such a good chance might never occur again; that Benny was free, and could be sent to me; and that for the sake of my children’s welfare I ought not to hesitate a moment. I told him I would consult with uncle Phillip. My uncle rejoiced in the plan, and bade me go by all means. He promised, if his life was spared, that he would either bring or send my son to me as soon as I reached a place of safety. I resolved to go, but thought nothing had better be said to my grandmother till very near the time of departure. But my uncle thought she would feel it more keenly if I left her so suddenly. “I will reason with her,” said he, “and convince her how necessary it is, not only for your sake, but for hers also. You cannot be blind to the fact that she is sinking under her burdens.” I was not blind to it. I knew that my concealment was an ever-present source of anxiety, and that the older she grew the more nervously fearful she was of discovery. My uncle talked with her, and finally succeeded in persuading her that it was absolutely necessary for me to seize the chance so unexpectedly offered.

The anticipation of being a free woman proved almost too much for my weak frame. The excitement stimulated me, and at the same time bewildered me. I made busy preparations for my journey, and for my son to follow me. I resolved to have an interview with him before I went, that I might give him cautions and advice, and tell him how anxiously I should be waiting for him at the north. Grandmother stole up to me as often as possible to whisper words of counsel. She insisted upon my writing to Dr. Flint, as soon as I arrived in the Free States, and asking him to sell me to her. She said she would sacrifice her house, and all she had in the world, for the sake of having me safe with my children in any part of the world. If she could only live to know _that_ she could die in peace. I promised the dear old faithful friend that I would write to her as soon as I arrived, and put the letter in a safe way to reach her; but in my own mind I resolved that not another cent of her hard earnings should be spent to pay rapacious slaveholders for what they called their property. And even if I had not been unwilling to buy what I had already a right to possess, common humanity would have prevented me from accepting the generous offer, at the expense of turning my aged relative out of house and home, when she was trembling on the brink of the grave.

I was to escape in a vessel; but I forbear to mention any further particulars. I was in readiness, but the vessel was unexpectedly detained several days. Meantime, news came to town of a most horrible murder committed on a fugitive slave, named James. Charity, the mother of this unfortunate young man, had been an old acquaintance of ours. I have told the shocking particulars of his death, in my description of some of the neighboring slaveholders. My grandmother, always nervously sensitive about runaways, was terribly frightened. She felt sure that a similar fate awaited me, if I did not desist from my enterprise. She sobbed, and groaned,

and entreated me not to go. Her excessive fear was somewhat contagious, and my heart was not proof against her extreme agony. I was grievously disappointed, but I promised to relinquish my project.

When my friend Peter was apprised of this, he was both disappointed and vexed. He said, that judging from our past experience, it would be a long time before I had such another chance to throw away. I told him it need not be thrown away; that I had a friend concealed near by, who would be glad enough to take the place that had been provided for me. I told him about poor Fanny, and the kind-hearted, noble fellow, who never turned his back upon any body in distress, white or black, expressed his readiness to help her. Aggie was much surprised when she found that we knew her secret. She was rejoiced to hear of such a chance for Fanny, and arrangements were made for her to go on board the vessel the next night. They both supposed that I had long been at the north, therefore my name was not mentioned in the transaction. Fanny was carried on board at the appointed time, and stowed away in a very small cabin. This accommodation had been purchased at a price that would pay for a voyage to England. But when one proposes to go to fine old England, they stop to calculate whether they can afford the cost of the pleasure; while in making a bargain to escape from slavery, the trembling victim is ready to say, “take all I have, only don’t betray me!”

The next morning I peeped through my loophole, and saw that it was dark and cloudy. At night I received news that the wind was ahead, and the vessel had not sailed. I was exceedingly anxious about Fanny, and Peter too, who was running a tremendous risk at my instigation. Next day the wind and weather remained the same. Poor Fanny had been half dead with fright when they carried her on board, and I could readily imagine how she must be suffering now. Grandmother came often to my den, to say how thankful she was I did not go. On the third morning she rapped for me to come down to the storeroom. The poor old sufferer was breaking down under her weight of trouble. She was easily flurried now. I found her in a nervous, excited state, but I was not aware that she had forgotten to lock the door behind her, as usual. She was exceedingly worried about the detention of the vessel. She was afraid all would be discovered, and then Fanny, and Peter, and I, would all be tortured to death, and Phillip would be utterly ruined, and her house would be torn down. Poor Peter! If he should die such a horrible death as the poor slave James had lately done, and all for his kindness in trying to help me, how dreadful it would be for us all! Alas, the thought was familiar to me, and had sent many a sharp pang through my heart. I tried to suppress my own anxiety, and speak soothingly to her. She brought in some allusion to aunt Nancy, the dear daughter she had recently buried, and then she lost all control of herself. As she stood there, trembling and sobbing, a voice from the piazza called out, “Whar is you, aunt Marthy?” Grandmother was startled, and in her agitation opened the door, without thinking of me. In stepped Jenny, the mischievous housemaid, who had tried to enter my room, when I was concealed in the house of my white benefactress. “I’s bin huntin ebery whar for you, aunt Marthy,” said she. “My missis wants you to send her some crackers.” I had slunk down behind a barrel, which entirely screened me, but I imagined that Jenny was looking directly at the spot, and my heart beat violently. My grandmother immediately thought what she had done, and went out quickly with Jenny to count the crackers, locking the door after her. She returned to me, in a few minutes, the perfect picture of despair. “Poor child!” she exclaimed, “my carelessness has ruined you. The boat ain’t gone yet. Get ready immediately, and go with Fanny. I ain’t got another word to say against it now; for there’s no telling what may happen this day.”

Uncle Phillip was sent for, and he agreed with his mother in thinking that Jenny would inform Dr. Flint in less than twenty-four hours. He advised getting me on board the boat, if possible; if not, I had better keep very still in my den, where they could not find me without tearing the house down. He said it would not do for him to move in the matter, because suspicion would be immediately excited; but he promised to communicate with Peter. I felt reluctant to apply to him again, having implicated him too much already; but there seemed to be no alternative. Vexed as Peter had been by my indecision, he was true to his generous nature, and said at once that he would do his best to help me, trusting I should show myself a stronger woman this time.

He immediately proceeded to the wharf, and found that the wind had shifted, and the vessel was slowly beating down stream. On some pretext of urgent necessity, he offered two boatmen a dollar apiece to catch up with her. He was of lighter complexion than the boatmen he hired, and when the captain saw them coming so rapidly, he thought officers were pursuing his vessel in search of the runaway slave he had on board. They hoisted sails, but the boat gained upon them, and the indefatigable Peter sprang on board.

The captain at once recognized him. Peter asked him to go below, to speak about a bad bill he had given him. When he told his errand, the captain replied, “Why, the woman’s here already; and I’ve put her where you or the devil would have a tough job to find her.”

“But it is another woman I want to bring,” said Peter. “_She_ is in great distress, too, and you shall be paid any thing within reason, if you’ll stop and take her.”

“What’s her name?” inquired the captain. “Linda,” he replied.

“That’s the name of the woman already here,” rejoined the captain. “By George! I believe you mean to betray me.”

“O!” exclaimed Peter, “God knows I wouldn’t harm a hair of your head. I am too grateful to you. But there really _is_ another woman in great danger. Do have the humanity to stop and take her!”

After a while they came to an understanding. Fanny, not dreaming I was any where about in that region, had assumed my name, though she called herself Johnson. “Linda is a common name,” said Peter, “and the woman I want to bring is Linda Brent.”

The captain agreed to wait at a certain place till evening, being handsomely paid for his detention.

Of course, the day was an anxious one for us all. But we concluded that if Jenny had seen me, she would be too wise to let her mistress know of it; and that she probably would not get a chance to see Dr. Flint’s family till evening, for I knew very well what were the rules in that household. I afterwards believed that she did not see me; for nothing ever came of it, and she was one of those base characters that would have jumped to betray a suffering fellow being for the sake of thirty pieces of silver.

I made all my arrangements to go on board as soon as it was dusk. The intervening time I resolved to spend with my son. I had not spoken to him for seven years, though I had been under the same roof, and seen him every day, when I was well enough to sit at the loophole. I did not dare to venture beyond the storeroom; so they brought him there, and locked us up together, in a place concealed from the piazza door. It was an agitating interview for both of us. After we had talked and wept together for a little while, he said, “Mother, I’m glad you’re going away. I wish I could go with you. I knew you was here; and I have been _so_ afraid they would come and catch you!” I was greatly surprised, and asked him how he had found it out.

He replied, “I was standing under the eaves, one day, before Ellen went away, and I heard somebody cough up over the wood shed. I don’t know what made me think it was you, but I did think so. I missed Ellen, the night before she went away; and grandmother brought her back into the room in the night; and I thought maybe she’d been to see _you_, before she went, for I heard grandmother whisper to her, ‘Now go to sleep; and remember never to tell.’”

I asked him if he ever mentioned his suspicions to his sister. He said he never did; but after he heard the cough, if he saw her playing with other children on that side of the house, he always tried to coax her round to the other side, for fear they would hear me cough, too. He said he had kept a close lookout for Dr. Flint, and if he saw him speak to a constable, or a patrol, he always told grandmother. I now recollected that I had seen him manifest uneasiness, when people were on that side of the house, and I had at the time been puzzled to conjecture a motive for his actions. Such prudence may seem extraordinary in a boy of twelve years, but slaves, being surrounded by mysteries, deceptions, and dangers, early learn to be suspicious and watchful, and prematurely cautious and cunning. He had never asked a question of grandmother, or uncle Phillip, and I had often heard him chime in with other children, when they spoke of my being at the north.

I told him I was now really going to the Free States, and if he was a good, honest boy, and a loving child to his dear old grandmother, the Lord would bless him, and bring him to me, and we and Ellen would live together. He began to tell me that grandmother had not eaten any thing all day. While he was speaking, the door was unlocked, and she came in with a small bag of money, which she wanted me to take. I begged her to keep a part of it, at least, to pay for Benny’s being sent to the north; but she insisted, while her tears were falling fast, that I should take the whole. “You may be sick among strangers,” she said, “and they would send you to the poorhouse to die.” Ah, that good grandmother!

For the last time I went up to my nook. Its desolate appearance no longer chilled me, for the light of hope had risen in my soul. Yet, even with the blessed prospect of freedom before me, I felt very sad at leaving forever that old homestead, where I had been sheltered so long by the dear old grandmother; where I had dreamed my first young dream of love; and where, after that had faded away, my children came to twine themselves so closely round my desolate heart. As the hour approached for me to leave, I again descended to the storeroom. My grandmother and Benny were there. She took me by the hand, and said, “Linda, let us pray.” We knelt down together, with my child pressed to my heart, and my other arm round the faithful, loving old friend I was about to leave forever. On no other occasion has it ever been my lot to listen to so fervent a supplication for mercy and protection. It thrilled through my heart, and inspired me with trust in God.

Peter was waiting for me in the street. I was soon by his side, faint in body, but strong of purpose. I did not look back upon the old place, though I felt that I should never see it again.

XXX. Northward Bound.

I never could tell how we reached the wharf. My brain was all of a whirl, and my limbs tottered under me. At an appointed place we met my uncle Phillip, who had started before us on a different route, that he might reach the wharf first, and give us timely warning if there was any danger. A row-boat was in readiness. As I was about to step in, I felt something pull me gently, and turning round I saw Benny, looking pale and anxious. He whispered in my ear, “I’ve been peeping into the doctor’s window, and he’s at home. Good by, mother. Don’t cry; I’ll come.” He hastened away. I clasped the hand of my good uncle, to whom I owed so much, and of Peter, the brave, generous friend who had volunteered to run such terrible risks to secure my safety. To this day I remember how his bright face beamed with joy, when he told me he had discovered a safe method for me to escape. Yet that intelligent, enterprising, noble-hearted man was a chattel! Liable, by the laws of a country that calls itself civilized, to be sold with horses and pigs! We parted in silence. Our hearts were all too full for words!

Swiftly the boat glided over the water. After a while, one of the sailors said, “Don’t be down-hearted, madam. We will take you safely to your husband, in ——.” At first I could not imagine what he meant; but I had presence of mind to think that it probably referred to something the captain had told him; so I thanked him, and said I hoped we should have pleasant weather.

When I entered the vessel the captain came forward to meet me. He was an elderly man, with a pleasant countenance. He showed me to a little box of a cabin, where sat my friend Fanny. She started as if she had seen a spectre. She gazed on me in utter astonishment, and exclaimed, “Linda, can this be _you_? or is it your ghost?” When we were locked in each other’s arms, my overwrought feelings could no longer be restrained. My sobs reached the ears of the captain, who came and very kindly reminded us, that for his safety, as well as our own, it would be prudent for us not to attract any attention. He said that when there was a sail in sight he wished us to keep below; but at other times, he had no objection to our being on deck. He assured us that he would keep a good lookout, and if we acted prudently, he thought we should be in no danger. He had represented us as women going to meet our husbands in ——. We thanked him, and promised to observe carefully all the directions he gave us.

Fanny and I now talked by ourselves, low and quietly, in our little cabin. She told me of the sufferings she had gone through in making her escape, and of her terrors while she was concealed in her mother’s house. Above all, she dwelt on the agony of separation from all her children on that dreadful auction day. She could scarcely credit me, when I told her of the place where I had passed nearly seven years. “We have the same sorrows,” said I. “No,” replied she, “you are going to see your children soon, and there is no hope that I shall ever even hear from mine.”

The vessel was soon under way, but we made slow progress. The wind was against us. I should not have cared for this, if we had been out of sight of the town; but until there were miles of water between us and our enemies, we were filled with constant apprehensions that the constables would come on board. Neither could I feel quite at ease with the captain and his men. I was an entire stranger to that class of people, and I had heard that sailors were rough, and sometimes cruel. We were so completely in their power, that if they were bad men, our situation would be dreadful. Now that the captain was paid for our passage, might he not be tempted to make more money by giving us up to those who claimed us as property? I was naturally of a confiding disposition, but slavery had made me suspicious of every body. Fanny did not share my distrust of the captain or his men. She said she was afraid at first, but she had been on board three days while the vessel lay in the dock, and nobody had betrayed her, or treated her otherwise than kindly.

The captain soon came to advise us to go on deck for fresh air. His friendly and respectful manner, combined with Fanny’s testimony, reassured me, and we went with him. He placed us in a comfortable seat, and occasionally entered into conversation. He told us he was a Southerner by birth, and had spent the greater part of his life in the Slave States, and that he had recently lost a brother who traded in slaves. “But,” said he, “it is a pitiable and degrading business, and I always felt ashamed to acknowledge my brother in connection with it.” As we passed Snaky Swamp, he pointed to it, and said, “There is a slave territory that defies all the laws.” I thought of the terrible days I had spent there, and though it was not called Dismal Swamp, it made me feel very dismal as I looked at it.

I shall never forget that night. The balmy air of spring was so refreshing! And how shall I describe my sensations when we were fairly sailing on Chesapeake Bay? O, the beautiful sunshine! the exhilarating breeze! And I could enjoy them without fear or restraint. I had never realized what grand things air and sunlight are till I had been deprived of them.

Ten days after we left land we were approaching Philadelphia. The captain said we should arrive there in the night, but he thought we had better wait till morning, and go on shore in broad daylight, as the best way to avoid suspicion.

I replied, “You know best. But will you stay on board and protect us?”

He saw that I was suspicious, and he said he was sorry, now that he had brought us to the end of our voyage, to find I had so little confidence in him. Ah, if he had ever been a slave he would have known how difficult it was to trust a white man. He assured us that we might sleep through the night without fear; that he would take care we were not left unprotected. Be it said to the honor of this captain, Southerner as he was, that if Fanny and I had been white ladies, and our passage lawfully engaged, he could not have treated us more respectfully. My intelligent friend, Peter, had rightly estimated the character of the man to whose honor he had intrusted us. The next morning I was on deck as soon as the day dawned. I called Fanny to see the sun rise, for the first time in our lives, on free soil; for such I _then_ believed it to be. We watched the reddening sky, and saw the great orb come up slowly out of the water, as it seemed. Soon the waves began to sparkle, and every thing caught the beautiful glow. Before us lay the city of strangers. We looked at each other, and the eyes of both were moistened with tears. We had escaped from slavery, and we supposed ourselves to be safe from the hunters. But we were alone in the world, and we had left dear ties behind us; ties cruelly sundered by the demon Slavery.

XXXI. Incidents In Philadelphia.

I had heard that the poor slave had many friends at the north. I trusted we should find some of them. Meantime, we would take it for granted that all were friends, till they proved to the contrary. I sought out the kind captain, thanked him for his attentions, and told him I should never cease to be grateful for the service he had rendered us. I gave him a message to the friends I had left at home, and he promised to deliver it. We were placed in a row-boat, and in about fifteen minutes were landed on a wood wharf in Philadelphia. As I stood looking round, the friendly captain touched me on the shoulder, and said, “There is a respectable-looking colored man behind you. I will speak to him about the New York trains, and tell him you wish to go directly on.” I thanked him, and asked him to direct me to some shops where I could buy gloves and veils. He did so, and said he would talk with the colored man till I returned. I made what haste I could. Constant exercise on board the vessel, and frequent rubbing with salt water, had nearly restored the use of my limbs. The noise of the great city confused me, but I found the shops, and bought some double veils and gloves for Fanny and myself. The shopman told me they were so many levies. I had never heard the word before, but I did not tell him so. I thought if he knew I was a stranger he might ask me where I came from. I gave him a gold piece, and when he returned the change, I counted it, and found out how much a levy was. I made my way back to the wharf, where the captain introduced me to the colored man, as the Rev. Jeremiah Durham, minister of Bethel church. He took me by the hand, as if I had been an old friend. He told us we were too late for the morning cars to New York, and must wait until the evening, or the next morning. He invited me to go home with him, assuring me that his wife would give me a cordial welcome; and for my friend he would provide a home with one of his neighbors. I thanked him for so much kindness to strangers, and told him if I must be detained, I should like to hunt up some people who formerly went from our part of the country. Mr. Durham insisted that I should dine with him, and then he would assist me in finding my friends. The sailors came to bid us good by. I shook their hardy hands, with tears in my eyes. They had all been kind to us, and they had rendered us a greater service than they could possibly conceive of.

I had never seen so large a city, or been in contact with so many people in the streets. It seemed as if those who passed looked at us with an expression of curiosity. My face was so blistered and peeled, by sitting on deck, in wind and sunshine, that I thought they could not easily decide to what nation I belonged.

Mrs. Durham met me with a kindly welcome, without asking any questions. I was tired, and her friendly manner was a sweet refreshment. God bless her! I was sure that she had comforted other weary hearts, before I received her sympathy. She was surrounded by her husband and children, in a home made sacred by protecting laws. I thought of my own children, and sighed.

After dinner Mr. Durham went with me in quest of the friends I had spoken of. They went from my native town, and I anticipated much pleasure in looking on familiar faces. They were not at home, and we retraced our steps through streets delightfully clean. On the way, Mr. Durham observed that I had spoken to him of a daughter I expected to meet; that he was surprised, for I looked so young he had taken me for a single woman. He was approaching a subject on which I was extremely sensitive. He would ask about my husband next, I thought, and if I answered him truly, what would he think of me? I told him I had two children, one in New York the other at the south. He asked some further questions, and I frankly told him some of the most important events of my life. It was painful for me to do it; but I would not deceive him. If he was desirous of being my friend, I thought he ought to know how far I was

worthy of it. “Excuse me, if I have tried your feelings,” said he. “I did not question you from idle curiosity. I wanted to understand your situation, in order to know whether I could be of any service to you, or your little girl. Your straight-forward answers do you credit; but don’t answer every body so openly. It might give some heartless people a pretext for treating you with contempt.”

That word _contempt_ burned me like coals of fire. I replied, “God alone knows how I have suffered; and He, I trust, will forgive me. If I am permitted to have my children, I intend to be a good mother, and to live in such a manner that people cannot treat me with contempt.”

“I respect your sentiments,” said he. “Place your trust in God, and be governed by good principles, and you will not fail to find friends.”

When we reached home, I went to my room, glad to shut out the world for a while. The words he had spoken made an indelible impression upon me. They brought up great shadows from the mournful past. In the midst of my meditations I was startled by a knock at the door. Mrs. Durham entered, her face all beaming with kindness, to say that there was an anti-slavery friend down stairs, who would like to see me. I overcame my dread of encountering strangers, and went with her. Many questions were asked concerning my experiences, and my escape from slavery; but I observed how careful they all were not to say any thing that might wound my feelings. How gratifying this was, can be fully understood only by those who have been accustomed to be treated as if they were not included within the pale of human beings. The anti-slavery friend had come to inquire into my plans, and to offer assistance, if needed. Fanny was comfortably established, for the present, with a friend of Mr. Durham. The Anti-Slavery Society agreed to pay her expenses to New York. The same was offered to me, but I declined to accept it; telling them that my grandmother had given me sufficient to pay my expenses to the end of my journey. We were urged to remain in Philadelphia a few days, until some suitable escort could be found for us. I gladly accepted the proposition, for I had a dread of meeting slaveholders, and some dread also of railroads. I had never entered a railroad car in my life, and it seemed to me quite an important event.

That night I sought my pillow with feelings I had never carried to it before. I verily believed myself to be a free woman. I was wakeful for a long time, and I had no sooner fallen asleep, than I was roused by fire-bells. I jumped up, and hurried on my clothes. Where I came from, every body hastened to dress themselves on such occasions. The white people thought a great fire might be used as a good opportunity for insurrection, and that it was best to be in readiness; and the colored people were ordered out to labor in extinguishing the flames. There was but one engine in our town, and colored women and children were often required to drag it to the river’s edge and fill it. Mrs. Durham’s daughter slept in the same room with me, and seeing that she slept through all the din, I thought it was my duty to wake her. “What’s the matter?” said she, rubbing her eyes.

“They’re screaming fire in the streets, and the bells are ringing,” I replied.

“What of that?” said she, drowsily. “We are used to it. We never get up, without the fire is very near. What good would it do?”

I was quite surprised that it was not necessary for us to go and help fill the engine. I was an ignorant child, just beginning to learn how things went on in great cities.

At daylight, I heard women crying fresh fish, berries, radishes, and various other things. All this was new to me. I dressed myself at an early hour, and sat at the window to watch that unknown tide of life. Philadelphia seemed to me a wonderfully great place. At the breakfast table, my idea of going out to drag the engine was laughed over, and I joined in the mirth.

I went to see Fanny, and found her so well contented among her new friends that she was in no haste to leave. I was also very happy with my kind hostess. She had had advantages for education, and was vastly my superior. Every day, almost every hour, I was adding to my little stock of knowledge. She took me out to see the city as much as she deemed prudent. One day she took me to an artist’s room, and showed me the portraits of some of her children. I had never seen any paintings of colored people before, and they seemed to me beautiful.

At the end of five days, one of Mrs. Durham’s friends offered to accompany us to New York the following morning. As I held the hand of my good hostess in a parting clasp, I longed to know whether her husband had repeated to her what I had told him. I supposed he had, but she never made any allusion to it. I presume it was the delicate silence of womanly sympathy.

When Mr. Durham handed us our tickets, he said, “I am afraid you will have a disagreeable ride; but I could not procure tickets for the first class cars.”

Supposing I had not given him money enough, I offered more. “O, no,” said he, “they could not be had for any money. They don’t allow colored people to go in the first-class cars.”

This was the first chill to my enthusiasm about the Free States. Colored people were allowed to ride in a filthy box, behind white people, at the south, but there they were not required to pay for the privilege. It made me sad to find how the north aped the customs of slavery.

We were stowed away in a large, rough car, with windows on each side, too high for us to look out without standing up. It was crowded with people, apparently of all nations. There were plenty of beds and cradles, containing screaming and kicking babies. Every other man had a cigar or pipe in his mouth, and jugs of whiskey were handed round freely. The fumes of the whiskey and the dense tobacco smoke were sickening to my senses, and my mind was equally nauseated by the coarse jokes and ribald songs around me. It was a very disagreeable ride. Since that time there has been some improvement in these matters.

XXXII. The Meeting Of Mother And Daughter.

When we arrived in New York, I was half crazed by the crowd of coachmen calling out, “Carriage, ma’am?” We bargained with one to take us to Sullivan Street for twelve shillings. A burly Irishman stepped up and said, “I’ll tak’ ye for sax shillings.” The reduction of half the price was an object to us, and we asked if he could take us right away. “Troth an I will, ladies,” he replied. I noticed that the hackmen smiled at each other, and I inquired whether his conveyance was decent. “Yes, it’s dacent it is, marm. Devil a bit would I be after takin’ ladies in a cab that was not dacent.” We gave him our checks. He went for the baggage, and soon reappeared, saying, “This way, if you plase, ladies.” We followed, and found our trunks on a truck, and we were invited to take our seats on them. We told him that was not what we bargained for, and he must take the trunks off. He swore they should not be touched till we had paid him six shillings. In our situation it was not prudent to attract attention, and I was about to pay him what he required, when a man near by shook his head for me not to do it. After a great ado we got rid of the Irishman, and had our trunks fastened on a hack. We had been recommended to a boarding-house in Sullivan Street, and thither we drove. There Fanny and I separated. The Anti-Slavery Society provided a home for her, and I afterwards heard of her in prosperous circumstances. I sent for an old friend from my part of the country, who had for some time been doing business in New York. He came immediately. I told him I wanted to go to my daughter, and asked him to aid me in procuring an interview.

I cautioned him not to let it be known to the family that I had just arrived from the south, because they supposed I had been at the north seven years. He told me there was a colored woman in Brooklyn who came from the same town I did, and I had better go to her house, and have my daughter meet me there. I accepted the proposition thankfully, and he agreed to escort me to Brooklyn. We crossed Fulton ferry, went up Myrtle Avenue, and stopped at the house he designated. I was just about to enter, when two girls passed. My friend called my attention to them. I turned, and recognized in the eldest, Sarah, the daughter of a woman who used to live with my grandmother, but who had left the south years ago. Surprised and rejoiced at this unexpected meeting, I threw my arms round her, and inquired concerning her mother.

“You take no notice of the other girl,” said my friend. I turned, and there stood my Ellen! I pressed her to my heart, then held her away from me to take a look at her. She had changed a good deal in the two years since I parted from her. Signs of neglect could be discerned by eyes less observing than a mother’s. My friend invited us all to go into the house; but Ellen said she had been sent of an errand, which she would do as quickly as possible, and go home and ask Mrs. Hobbs to let her come and see me. It was agreed that I should send for her the next day. Her companion, Sarah, hastened to tell her mother of my arrival. When I entered the house, I found the mistress of it absent, and I waited for her return. Before I saw her, I heard her saying, “Where is Linda Brent? I used to know her father and mother.” Soon Sarah came with her mother. So there was quite a company of us, all from my grandmother’s neighborhood. These friends gathered round me and questioned me eagerly. They laughed, they cried, and they shouted. They thanked God that I had got away from my persecutors and was safe on Long Island. It was a day of great excitement. How different from the silent days I had passed in my dreary den!

The next morning was Sunday. My first waking thoughts were occupied with the note I was to send to Mrs. Hobbs, the lady with whom Ellen lived. That I had recently come into that vicinity was evident; otherwise I should have sooner inquired for my daughter. It would not do to let them know I had just arrived from the south, for that would involve the suspicion of my having been harbored there, and might bring trouble, if not ruin, on several people.

I like a straightforward course, and am always reluctant to resort to subterfuges. So far as my ways have been crooked, I charge them all upon slavery. It was that system of violence and wrong which now left me no alternative but to enact a falsehood. I began my note by stating that I had recently arrived from Canada, and was very desirous to have my daughter come to see me. She came and brought a message from Mrs. Hobbs, inviting me to her house, and assuring me that I need not have any fears. The conversation I had with my child did not leave my mind at ease. When I asked if she was well treated, she answered yes; but there was no heartiness in the tone, and it seemed to me that she said it from an unwillingness to have me troubled on her account. Before she left me, she asked very earnestly, “Mother, when will you take me to live with you?” It made me sad to think that I could not give her a home till I went to work and earned the means; and that might take me a long time. When she was placed with Mrs. Hobbs, the agreement was that she should be sent to school. She had been there two years, and was now nine years old, and she scarcely knew her letters. There was no excuse for this, for there were good public schools in Brooklyn, to which she could have been sent without expense.

She staid with me till dark, and I went home with her. I was received in a friendly manner by the family, and all agreed in saying that Ellen was a useful, good girl. Mrs. Hobbs looked me coolly in the face, and said, “I suppose you know that my cousin, Mr. Sands, has _given_ her to my eldest daughter. She will make a nice waiting-maid for her when she grows up.” I did not answer a word. How _could_ she, who knew by experience the strength of a mother’s love, and who was perfectly aware of the relation Mr. Sands bore to my children,—how _could_ she look me in the face, while she thrust such a dagger into my heart?

I was no longer surprised that they had kept her in such a state of ignorance. Mr. Hobbs had formerly been wealthy, but he had failed, and afterwards obtained a subordinate situation in the Custom House. Perhaps they expected to return to the south some day; and Ellen’s knowledge was quite sufficient for a slave’s condition. I was impatient to go to work and earn money, that I might change the uncertain position of my children. Mr. Sands had not kept his promise to emancipate them. I had also been deceived about Ellen. What security had I with regard to Benjamin? I felt that I had none.

I returned to my friend’s house in an uneasy state of mind. In order to protect my children, it was necessary that I should own myself. I called myself free, and sometimes felt so; but I knew I was insecure. I sat down that night and wrote a civil letter to Dr. Flint, asking him to state the lowest terms on which he would sell me; and as I belonged by law to his daughter, I wrote to her also, making a similar request.

Since my arrival at the north I had not been unmindful of my dear brother William. I had made diligent inquiries for him, and having heard of him in Boston, I went thither. When I arrived there, I found he had gone to New Bedford. I wrote to that place, and was informed he had gone on a whaling voyage, and would not return for some months. I went back to New York to get employment near Ellen. I received an answer from Dr. Flint, which gave me no encouragement. He advised me to return and submit myself to my rightful owners, and then any request I might make would be granted. I lent this letter to a friend, who lost it; otherwise I would present a copy to my readers.

XXXIII. A Home Found.

My greatest anxiety now was to obtain employment. My health was greatly improved, though my limbs continued to trouble me with swelling whenever I walked much. The greatest difficulty in my way was, that those who employed strangers required a recommendation; and in my peculiar position, I could, of course, obtain no certificates from the families I had so faithfully served.

One day an acquaintance told me of a lady who wanted a nurse for her babe, and I immediately applied for the situation. The lady told me she preferred to have one who had been a mother, and accustomed to the care of infants. I told her I had nursed two babes of my own. She asked me many questions, but, to my great relief, did not require a recommendation from my former employers. She told me she was an English woman, and that was a pleasant circumstance to me, because I had heard they had less prejudice against color than Americans entertained. It was agreed that we should try each other for a week. The trial proved satisfactory to both parties, and I was engaged for a month.

The heavenly Father had been most merciful to me in leading me to this place. Mrs. Bruce was a kind and gentle lady, and proved a true and sympathizing friend. Before the stipulated month expired, the necessity of passing up and down stairs frequently, caused my limbs to swell so painfully, that I became unable to perform my duties. Many ladies would have thoughtlessly discharged me; but Mrs. Bruce made arrangements to save me steps, and employed a physician to attend upon me. I had not yet told her that I was a fugitive slave. She noticed that I was often sad, and kindly inquired the cause. I spoke of being separated from my children,

and from relatives who were dear to me; but I did not mention the constant feeling of insecurity which oppressed my spirits. I longed for some one to confide in; but I had been so deceived by white people, that I had lost all confidence in them. If they spoke kind words to me, I thought it was for some selfish purpose. I had entered this family with the distrustful feelings I had brought with me out of slavery; but ere six months had passed, I found that the gentle deportment of Mrs. Bruce and the smiles of her lovely babe were thawing my chilled heart. My narrow mind also began to expand under the influences of her intelligent conversation, and the opportunities for reading, which were gladly allowed me whenever I had leisure from my duties. I gradually became more energetic and more cheerful.

The old feeling of insecurity, especially with regard to my children, often threw its dark shadow across my sunshine. Mrs. Bruce offered me a home for Ellen; but pleasant as it would have been, I did not dare to accept it, for fear of offending the Hobbs family. Their knowledge of my precarious situation placed me in their power; and I felt that it was important for me to keep on the right side of them, till, by dint of labor and economy, I could make a home for my children. I was far from feeling satisfied with Ellen's situation. She was not well cared for. She sometimes came to New York to visit me; but she generally brought a request from Mrs. Hobbs that I would buy her a pair of shoes, or some article of clothing. This was accompanied by a promise of payment when Mr. Hobbs's salary at the Custom House became due; but some how or other the pay-day never came. Thus many dollars of my earnings were expended to keep my child comfortably clothed. That, however, was a slight trouble, compared with the fear that their pecuniary embarrassments might induce them to sell my precious young daughter. I knew they were in constant communication with Southerners, and had frequent opportunities to do it. I have stated that when Dr. Flint put Ellen in jail, at two years old, she had an inflammation of the eyes, occasioned by measles. This disease still troubled her; and kind Mrs. Bruce proposed that she should come to New York for a while, to be under the care of Dr. Elliott, a well known oculist. It did not occur to me that there was any thing improper in a mother's making such a request; but Mrs. Hobbs was very angry, and refused to let her go. Situated as I was, it was not politic to insist upon it. I made no complaint, but I longed to be entirely free to act a mother's part towards my children. The next time I went over to Brooklyn, Mrs. Hobbs, as if to apologize for her anger, told me she had employed her own physician to attend to Ellen's eyes, and that she had refused my request because she did not consider it safe to trust her in New York. I accepted the explanation in silence; but she had told me that my child _belonged_ to her daughter, and I suspected that her real motive was a fear of my conveying her property away from her. Perhaps I did her injustice; but my knowledge of Southerners made it difficult for me to feel otherwise.

Sweet and bitter were mixed in the cup of my life, and I was thankful that it had ceased to be entirely bitter. I loved Mrs. Bruce's babe. When it laughed and crowed in my face, and twined its little tender arms confidingly about my neck, it made me think of the time when Benny and Ellen were babies, and my wounded heart was soothed. One bright morning, as I stood at the window, tossing baby in my arms, my attention was attracted by a young man in sailor's dress, who was closely observing every house as he passed. I looked at him earnestly. Could it be my brother William? It _must_ be he—and yet, how changed! I placed the baby safely, flew down stairs, opened the front door, beckoned to the sailor, and in less than a minute I was clasped in my brother's arms. How much we had to tell each other! How we laughed, and how we cried, over each other's adventures! I took him to Brooklyn, and again saw him with Ellen, the dear child whom he had loved and tended so carefully, while I was shut up in my miserable den. He staid in New York a week. His old feelings of affection for me and Ellen were as lively as ever. There are no bonds so strong as those which are formed by suffering together.

XXXIV. The Old Enemy Again.

My young mistress, Miss Emily Flint, did not return any answer to my letter requesting her to consent to my being sold. But after a while, I received a reply, which purported to be written by her younger brother. In order rightly to enjoy the contents of this letter, the reader must bear in mind that the Flint family supposed I had been at the north many years. They had no idea that I knew of the doctor's three excursions to New York in search of me; that I had heard his voice, when he came to borrow five hundred dollars for that purpose; and that I had seen him pass on his way to the steamboat. Neither were they aware that all the particulars of aunt Nancy's death and burial were conveyed to me at the time they occurred. I have kept the letter, of which I herewith subjoin a copy:—

"Your letter to sister was received a few days ago. I gather from it that you are desirous of returning to your native place, among your friends and relatives. We were all gratified with the contents of your letter; and let me assure you that if any members of the family have had any feeling of resentment towards you, they feel it no longer. We all sympathize with you in your unfortunate condition, and are ready to do all in our power to make you contented and happy. It is difficult for you to return home as a free

person. If you were purchased by your grandmother, it is doubtful whether you would be permitted to remain, although it would be lawful for you to do so. If a servant should be allowed to purchase herself, after absenting herself so long from her owners, and return free, it would have an injurious effect. From your letter, I think your situation must be hard and uncomfortable. Come home. You have it in your power to be reinstated in our affections. We would receive you with open arms and tears of joy. You need not apprehend any unkind treatment, as we have not put ourselves to any trouble or expense to get you. Had we done so, perhaps we should feel otherwise. You know my sister was always attached to you, and that you were never treated as a slave. You were never put to hard work, nor exposed to field labor. On the contrary, you were taken into the house, and treated as one of us, and almost as free; and we, at least, felt that you were above disgracing yourself by running away. Believing you may be induced to come home voluntarily has induced me to write for my sister. The family will be rejoiced to see you; and your poor old grandmother expressed a great desire to have you come, when she heard your letter read. In her old age she needs the consolation of having her children round her. Doubtless you have heard of the death of your aunt. She was a faithful servant, and a faithful member of the Episcopal church. In her Christian life she taught us how to live—and, O, too high the price of knowledge, she taught us how to die! Could you have seen us round her death bed, with her mother, all mingling our tears in one common stream, you would have thought the same heartfelt tie existed between a master and his servant, as between a mother and her child. But this subject is too painful to dwell upon. I must bring my letter to a close. If you are contented to stay away from your old grandmother, your child, and the friends who love you, stay where you are. We shall never trouble ourselves to apprehend you. But should you prefer to come home, we will do all that we can to make you happy. If you do not wish to remain in the family, I know that father, by our persuasion, will be induced to let you be purchased by any person you may choose in our community. You will please answer this as soon as possible, and let us know your decision. Sister sends much love to you. In the mean time believe me your sincere friend and well wisher."

This letter was signed by Emily's brother, who was as yet a mere lad. I knew, by the style, that it was not written by a person of his age, and though the writing was disguised, I had been made too unhappy by it, in former years, not to recognize at once the hand of Dr. Flint. O, the hypocrisy of slaveholders! Did the old fox suppose I was goose enough to go into such a trap? Verily, he relied too much on "the stupidity of the African race." I did not return the family of Flints any thanks for their cordial invitation—a remissness for which I was, no doubt, charged with base ingratitude.

Not long afterwards I received a letter from one of my friends at the south, informing me that Dr. Flint was about to visit the north. The letter had been delayed, and I supposed he might be already on the way. Mrs. Bruce did not know I was a fugitive. I told her that important business called me to Boston, where my brother then was, and asked permission to bring a friend to supply my place as nurse, for a fortnight. I started on my journey immediately; and as soon as I arrived, I wrote to my grandmother that if Benny came, he must be sent to Boston. I knew she was only waiting for a good chance to send him north, and, fortunately, she had the legal power to do so, without asking leave of any body. She was a free woman; and when my children were purchased, Mr. Sands preferred to have the bill of sale drawn up in her name. It was conjectured that he advanced the money, but it was not known. At the south, a gentleman may have a shoal of colored children without any disgrace; but if he is known to purchase them, with the view of setting them free, the example is thought to be dangerous to their "peculiar institution," and he becomes unpopular.

There was a good opportunity to send Benny in a vessel coming directly to New York. He was put on board with a letter to a friend, who was requested to see him off to Boston. Early one morning, there was a loud rap at my door, and in rushed Benjamin, all out of breath. "O mother!" he exclaimed, "here I am! I run all the way; and I come all alone. How d'you do?"

O reader, can you imagine my joy? No, you cannot, unless you have been a slave mother. Benjamin rattled away as fast as his tongue could go. "Mother, why don't you bring Ellen here? I went over to Brooklyn to see her, and she felt very bad when I bid her good by. She said, 'O Ben, I wish I was going too.' I thought she'd know ever so much; but she don't know so much as I do; for I can read, and she can't. And, mother, I lost all my clothes coming. What can I do to get some more? I 'spose free boys can get along here at the north as well as white boys."

I did not like to tell the sanguine, happy little fellow how much he was mistaken. I took him to a tailor, and procured a change of clothes. The rest of the day was spent in mutual asking and answering of questions, with the wish constantly repeated that the good old grandmother was with us, and frequent injunctions from Benny to write to her immediately, and be sure to tell her every thing about his voyage, and his journey to Boston.

Dr. Flint made his visit to New York, and made every exertion to call upon me, and invite me to return with him; but not being able to ascertain where I was, his hospitable intentions were frustrated, and the affectionate family, who were waiting for me with "open

arms," were doomed to disappointment.

As soon as I knew he was safely at home, I placed Benjamin in the care of my brother William, and returned to Mrs. Bruce. There I remained through the winter and spring, endeavoring to perform my duties faithfully, and finding a good degree of happiness in the attractions of baby Mary, the considerate kindness of her excellent mother, and occasional interviews with my darling daughter.

But when summer came, the old feeling of insecurity haunted me. It was necessary for me to take little Mary out daily, for exercise and fresh air, and the city was swarming with Southerners, some of whom might recognize me. Hot weather brings out snakes and slaveholders, and I like one class of the venomous creatures as little as I do the other. What a comfort it is, to be free to _say_ so!

XXXV. Prejudice Against Color.

It was a relief to my mind to see preparations for leaving the city. We went to Albany in the steamboat Knickerbocker. When the gong sounded for tea, Mrs. Bruce said, "Linda, it is late, and you and baby had better come to the table with me." I replied, "I know it is time baby had her supper, but I had rather not go with you, if you please. I am afraid of being insulted." "O no, not if you are with _me_," she said. I saw several white nurses go with their ladies, and I ventured to do the same. We were at the extreme end of the table. I was no sooner seated, than a gruff voice said, "Get up! You know you are not allowed to sit here." I looked up, and, to my astonishment and indignation, saw that the speaker was a colored man. If his office required him to enforce the by-laws of the boat, he might, at least, have done it politely. I replied, "I shall not get up, unless the captain comes and takes me up." No cup of tea was offered me, but Mrs. Bruce handed me hers and called for another. I looked to see whether the other nurses were treated in a similar manner. They were all properly waited on.

Next morning, when we stopped at Troy for breakfast, every body was making a rush for the table. Mrs. Bruce said, "Take my arm, Linda, and we'll go in together." The landlord heard her, and said, "Madam, will you allow your nurse and baby to take breakfast with my family?" I knew this was to be attributed to my complexion; but he spoke courteously, and therefore I did not mind it.

At Saratoga we found the United States Hotel crowded, and Mr. Bruce took one of the cottages belonging to the hotel. I had thought, with gladness, of going to the quiet of the country, where I should meet few people, but here I found myself in the midst of a swarm of Southerners. I looked round me with fear and trembling, dreading to see some one who would recognize me. I was rejoiced to find that we were to stay but a short time.

We soon returned to New York, to make arrangements for spending the remainder of the summer at Rockaway. While the laundress was putting the clothes in order, I took an opportunity to go over to Brooklyn to see Ellen. I met her going to a grocery store, and the first words she said, were, "O, mother, don't go to Mrs. Hobbs's. Her brother, Mr. Thorne, has come from the south, and may be he'll tell where you are." I accepted the warning. I told her I was going away with Mrs. Bruce the next day, and would try to see her when I came back.

Being in servitude to the Anglo-Saxon race, I was not put into a "Jim Crow car," on our way to Rockaway, neither was I invited to ride through the streets on the top of trunks in a truck; but every where I found the same manifestations of that cruel prejudice, which so discourages the feelings, and represses the energies of the colored people. We reached Rockaway before dark, and put up at the Pavilion—a large hotel, beautifully situated by the sea-side—a great resort of the fashionable world. Thirty or forty nurses were there, of a great variety of nations. Some of the ladies had colored waiting-maids and coachmen, but I was the only nurse tinged with the blood of Africa. When the tea bell rang, I took little Mary and followed the other nurses. Supper was served in a long hall. A young man, who had the ordering of things, took the circuit of the table two or three times, and finally pointed me to a seat at the lower end of it. As there was but one chair, I sat down and took the child in my lap. Whereupon the young man came to me and said, in the blandest manner possible, "Will you please to seat the little girl in the chair, and stand behind it and feed her? After they have done, you will be shown to the kitchen, where you will have a good supper."

This was the climax! I found it hard to preserve my self-control, when I looked round, and saw women who were nurses, as I was, and only one shade lighter in complexion, eyeing me with a defiant look, as if my presence were a contamination. However, I said nothing. I quietly took the child in my arms, went to our room, and refused to go to the table again. Mr. Bruce ordered meals to be sent to the room for little Mary and I. This answered for a few days; but the waiters of the establishment were white, and they soon began to complain, saying they were not hired to wait on negroes. The landlord requested Mr. Bruce to send me down to my meals, because his servants rebelled against bringing them up, and the colored servants of other boarders were dissatisfied because all were not treated alike.

My answer was that the colored servants ought to be dissatisfied with _themselves_, for not having too much self-respect to submit to such treatment; that there was no difference in the price of board for colored and white servants, and there was no justification for difference of treatment. I staid a month after this, and finding I was resolved to stand up for my rights, they concluded to treat me well. Let every colored man and woman do this, and eventually we shall cease to be trampled under foot by our oppressors.

XXXVI. The Hairbreadth Escape.

After we returned to New York, I took the earliest opportunity to go and see Ellen. I asked to have her called down stairs; for I supposed Mrs. Hobbs's southern brother might still be there, and I was desirous to avoid seeing him, if possible. But Mrs. Hobbs came to the kitchen, and insisted on my going up stairs. "My brother wants to see you," said she, "and he is sorry you seem to shun him. He knows you are living in New York. He told me to say to you that he owes thanks to good old aunt Martha for too many little acts of kindness for him to be base enough to betray her grandchild."

This Mr. Thorne had become poor and reckless long before he left the south, and such persons had much rather go to one of the faithful old slaves to borrow a dollar, or get a good dinner, than to go to one whom they consider an equal. It was such acts of kindness as these for which he professed to feel grateful to my grandmother. I wished he had kept at a distance, but as he was here, and knew where I was, I concluded there was nothing to be gained by trying to avoid him; on the contrary, it might be the means of exciting his ill will. I followed his sister up stairs. He met me in a very friendly manner, congratulated me on my escape from slavery, and hoped I had a good place, where I felt happy.

I continued to visit Ellen as often as I could. She, good thoughtful child, never forgot my hazardous situation, but always kept a vigilant lookout for my safety. She never made any complaint about her own inconveniences and troubles; but a mother's observing eye easily perceived that she was not happy. On the occasion of one of my visits I found her unusually serious. When I asked her what was the matter, she said nothing was the matter. But I insisted upon knowing what made her look so very grave. Finally, I ascertained that she felt troubled about the dissipation that was continually going on in the house. She was sent to the store very often for rum and brandy, and she felt ashamed to ask for it so often; and Mr. Hobbs and Mr. Thorne drank a great deal, and their hands trembled so that they had to call her to pour out the liquor for them. "But for all that," said she, "Mr. Hobbs is good to me, and I can't help liking him. I feel sorry for him." I tried to comfort her, by telling her that I had laid up a hundred dollars, and that before long I hoped to be able to give her and Benjamin a home, and send them to school. She was always desirous not to add to my troubles more than she could help, and I did not discover till years afterwards that Mr. Thorne's intemperance was not the only annoyance she suffered from him. Though he professed too much gratitude to my grandmother to injure any of her descendants, he had poured vile language into the ears of her innocent great-grandchild.

I usually went to Brooklyn to spend Sunday afternoon. One Sunday, I found Ellen anxiously waiting for me near the house. "O, mother," said she, "I've been waiting for you this long time. I'm afraid Mr. Thorne has written to tell Dr. Flint where you are. Make haste and come in. Mrs. Hobbs will tell you all about it!"

The story was soon told. While the children were playing in the grape-vine arbor, the day before, Mr. Thorne came out with a letter in his hand, which he tore up and scattered about. Ellen was sweeping the yard at the time, and having her mind full of suspicions of him, she picked up the pieces and carried them to the children, saying, "I wonder who Mr. Thorne has been writing to."

"I'm sure I don't know, and don't care," replied the oldest of the children; "and I don't see how it concerns you."

"But it does concern me," replied Ellen; "for I'm afraid he's been writing to the south about my mother."

They laughed at her, and called her a silly thing, but good-naturedly put the fragments of writing together, in order to read them to her. They were no sooner arranged, than the little girl exclaimed, "I declare, Ellen, I believe you are right."

The contents of Mr. Thorne's letter, as nearly as I can remember, were as follows: "I have seen your slave, Linda, and conversed with her. She can be taken very easily, if you manage prudently. There are enough of us here to swear to her identity as your property. I am a patriot, a lover of my country, and I do this as an act of justice to the laws." He concluded by informing the doctor of the street and number where I lived. The children carried the pieces to Mrs. Hobbs, who immediately went to her brother's room for an explanation. He was not to be found. The servants said they saw him go out with a letter in his hand, and they supposed he had gone to the post office. The natural inference was, that he had sent to Dr. Flint a copy of those fragments. When he returned, his sister accused him of it, and he did not deny the charge. He went immediately to his room, and the next morning he was missing.

He had gone over to New York, before any of the family were astir.

It was evident that I had no time to lose; and I hastened back to the city with a heavy heart. Again I was to be torn from a comfortable home, and all my plans for the welfare of my children were to be frustrated by that demon Slavery! I now regretted that I never told Mrs. Bruce my story. I had not concealed it merely on account of being a fugitive; that would have made her anxious, but it would have excited sympathy in her kind heart. I valued her good opinion, and I was afraid of losing it, if I told her all the particulars of my sad story. But now I felt that it was necessary for her to know how I was situated. I had once left her abruptly, without explaining the reason, and it would not be proper to do it again. I went home resolved to tell her in the morning. But the sadness of my face attracted her attention, and, in answer to her kind inquiries, I poured out my full heart to her, before bed time. She listened with true womanly sympathy, and told me she would do all she could to protect me. How my heart blessed her!

Early the next morning, Judge Vanderpool and Lawyer Hopper were consulted. They said I had better leave the city at once, as the risk would be great if the case came to trial. Mrs. Bruce took me in a carriage to the house of one of her friends, where she assured me I should be safe until my brother could arrive, which would be in a few days. In the interval my thoughts were much occupied with Ellen. She was mine by birth, and she was also mine by Southern law, since my grandmother held the bill of sale that made her so. I did not feel that she was safe unless I had her with me. Mrs. Hobbs, who felt badly about her brother's treachery, yielded to my entreaties, on condition that she should return in ten days. I avoided making any promise. She came to me clad in very thin garments, all outgrown, and with a school satchel on her arm, containing a few articles. It was late in October, and I knew the child must suffer; and not daring to go out in the streets to purchase any thing, I took off my own flannel skirt and converted it into one for her. Kind Mrs. Bruce came to bid me good by, and when she saw that I had taken off my clothing for my child, the tears came to her eyes. She said, "Wait for me, Linda," and went out. She soon returned with a nice warm shawl and hood for Ellen. Truly, of such souls as hers are the kingdom of heaven.

My brother reached New York on Wednesday. Lawyer Hopper advised us to go to Boston by the Stonington route, as there was less Southern travel in that direction. Mrs. Bruce directed her servants to tell all inquirers that I formerly lived there, but had gone from the city. We reached the steamboat Rhode Island in safety. That boat employed colored hands, but I knew that colored passengers were not admitted to the cabin. I was very desirous for the seclusion of the cabin, not only on account of exposure to the night air, but also to avoid observation. Lawyer Hopper was waiting on board for us. He spoke to the stewardess, and asked, as a particular favor, that she would treat us well. He said to me, "Go and speak to the captain yourself by and by. Take your little girl with you, and I am sure that he will not let her sleep on deck." With these kind words and a shake of the hand he departed.

The boat was soon on her way, bearing me rapidly from the friendly home where I had hoped to find security and rest. My brother had left me to purchase the tickets, thinking that I might have better success than he would. When the stewardess came to me, I paid what she asked, and she gave me three tickets with clipped corners. In the most unsophisticated manner I said, "You have made a mistake; I asked you for cabin tickets. I cannot possibly consent to sleep on deck with my little daughter." She assured me there was no mistake. She said on some of the routes colored people were allowed to sleep in the cabin, but not on this route, which was much travelled by the wealthy. I asked her to show me to the captain's office, and she said she would after tea. When the time came, I took Ellen by the hand and went to the captain, politely requesting him to change our tickets, as we should be very uncomfortable on deck. He said it was contrary to their custom, but he would see that we had berths below; he would also try to obtain comfortable seats for us in the cars; of that he was not certain, but he would speak to the conductor about it, when the boat arrived. I thanked him, and returned to the ladies' cabin. He came afterwards and told me that the conductor of the cars was on board, that he had spoken to him, and he had promised to take care of us. I was very much surprised at receiving so much kindness. I don't know whether the pleasing face of my little girl had won his heart, or whether the stewardess inferred from Lawyer Hopper's manner that I was a fugitive, and had pleaded with him in my behalf.

When the boat arrived at Stonington, the conductor kept his promise, and showed us to seats in the first car, nearest the engine. He asked us to take seats next the door, but as he passed through, we ventured to move on toward the other end of the car. No incivility was offered us, and we reached Boston in safety.

The day after my arrival was one of the happiest of my life. I felt as if I was beyond the reach of the bloodhounds; and, for the first time during many years, I had both my children together with me. They greatly enjoyed their reunion, and laughed and chatted merrily. I watched them with a swelling heart. Their every motion delighted me.

I could not feel safe in New York, and I accepted the offer of a friend, that we should share expenses and keep house together. I represented to Mrs. Hobbs that Ellen must have some schooling, and must remain with me for that purpose. She felt ashamed of being unable to read or spell at her age, so instead of sending her to school with Benny, I instructed her myself till she was fitted to enter an intermediate school. The winter passed pleasantly, while I was busy with my needle, and my children with their books.

XXXVII. A Visit To England

In the spring, sad news came to me. Mrs. Bruce was dead. Never again, in this world, should I see her gentle face, or hear her sympathizing voice. I had lost an excellent friend, and little Mary had lost a tender mother. Mr. Bruce wished the child to visit some of her mother's relatives in England, and he was desirous that I should take charge of her. The little motherless one was accustomed to me, and attached to me, and I thought she would be happier in my care than in that of a stranger. I could also earn more in this way than I could by my needle. So I put Benny to a trade, and left Ellen to remain in the house with my friend and go to school.

We sailed from New York, and arrived in Liverpool after a pleasant voyage of twelve days. We proceeded directly to London, and took lodgings at the Adelaide Hotel. The supper seemed to me less luxurious than those I had seen in American hotels; but my situation was indescribably more pleasant. For the first time in my life I was in a place where I was treated according to my deportment, without reference to my complexion. I felt as if a great millstone had been lifted from my breast. Ensconced in a pleasant room, with my dear little charge, I laid my head on my pillow, for the first time, with the delightful consciousness of pure, unadulterated freedom.

As I had constant care of the child, I had little opportunity to see the wonders of that great city; but I watched the tide of life that flowed through the streets, and found it a strange contrast to the stagnation in our Southern towns. Mr. Bruce took his little daughter to spend some days with friends in Oxford Crescent, and of course it was necessary for me to accompany her. I had heard much of the systematic method of English education, and I was very desirous that my dear Mary should steer straight in the midst of so much propriety. I closely observed her little playmates and their nurses, being ready to take any lessons in the science of good management. The children were more rosy than American children, but I did not see that they differed materially in other respects. They were like all children—sometimes docile and sometimes wayward.

We next went to Steventon, in Berkshire. It was a small town, said to be the poorest in the county. I saw men working in the fields for six shillings, and seven shillings, a week, and women for sixpence, and sevenpence, a day, out of which they boarded themselves. Of course they lived in the most primitive manner; it could not be otherwise, where a woman's wages for an entire day were not sufficient to buy a pound of meat. They paid very low rents, and their clothes were made of the cheapest fabrics, though much better than could have been procured in the United States for the same money. I had heard much about the oppression of the poor in Europe. The people I saw around me were, many of them, among the poorest poor. But when I visited them in their little thatched cottages, I felt that the condition of even the meanest and most ignorant among them was vastly superior to the condition of the most favored slaves in America. They labored hard; but they were not ordered out to toil while the stars were in the sky, and driven and slashed by an overseer, through heat and cold, till the stars shone out again. Their homes were very humble; but they were protected by law. No insolent patrols could come, in the dead of night, and flog them at their pleasure. The father, when he closed his cottage door, felt safe with his family around him. No master or overseer could come and take from him his wife, or his daughter. They must separate to earn their living; but the parents knew where their children were going, and could communicate with them by letters. The relations of husband and wife, parent and child, were too sacred for the richest noble in the land to violate with impunity. Much was being done to enlighten these poor people. Schools were established among them, and benevolent societies were active in efforts to ameliorate their condition. There was no law forbidding them to learn to read and write; and if they helped each other in spelling out the Bible, they were in no danger of thirty-nine lashes, as was the case with myself and poor, pious, old uncle Fred. I repeat that the most ignorant and the most destitute of these peasants was a thousand fold better off than the most pampered American slave.

I do not deny that the poor are oppressed in Europe. I am not disposed to paint their condition so rose-colored as the Hon. Miss Murray paints the condition of the slaves in the United States. A small portion of _my_ experience would enable her to read her own pages with anointed eyes. If she were to lay aside her title, and, instead of visiting among the fashionable, become domesticated, as a poor governess, on some plantation in Louisiana or Alabama, she would see and hear things that would make her tell quite a different story.

My visit to England is a memorable event in my life, from the fact of my having there received strong religious impressions. The contemptuous manner in which the communion had been administered to colored people, in my native place; the church membership of Dr. Flint, and others like him; and the buying and selling of slaves, by professed ministers of the gospel, had given me a prejudice against the Episcopal church. The whole service seemed to me a mockery and a sham. But my home in Steventon was in the family of a clergyman, who was a true disciple of Jesus. The beauty of his daily life inspired me with faith in the genuineness of Christian professions. Grace entered my heart, and I knelt at the communion table, I trust, in true humility of soul.

I remained abroad ten months, which was much longer than I had anticipated. During all that time, I never saw the slightest symptom of prejudice against color. Indeed, I entirely forgot it, till the time came for us to return to America.

XXXVIII. Renewed Invitations To Go South.

We had a tedious winter passage, and from the distance spectres seemed to rise up on the shores of the United States. It is a sad feeling to be afraid of one's native country. We arrived in New York safely, and I hastened to Boston to look after my children. I found Ellen well, and improving at her school; but Benny was not there to welcome me. He had been left at a good place to learn a trade, and for several months every thing worked well. He was liked by the master, and was a favorite with his fellow-apprentices; but one day they accidentally discovered a fact they had never before suspected—that he was colored! This at once transformed him into a different being. Some of the apprentices were Americans, others American-born Irish; and it was offensive to their dignity to have a "nigger" among them, after they had been told that he _was_ a "nigger." They began by treating him with silent scorn, and finding that he returned the same, they resorted to insults and abuse. He was too spirited a boy to stand that, and he went off. Being desirous to do something to support himself, and having no one to advise him, he shipped for a whaling voyage. When I received these tidings I shed many tears, and bitterly reproached myself for having left him so long. But I had done it for the best, and now all I could do was to pray to the heavenly Father to guide and protect him.

Not long after my return, I received the following letter from Miss Emily Flint, now Mrs. Dodge:—

"In this you will recognize the hand of your friend and mistress. Having heard that you had gone with a family to Europe, I have waited to hear of your return to write to you. I should have answered the letter you wrote to me long since, but as I could not then act independently of my father, I knew there could be nothing done satisfactory to you. There were persons here who were willing to buy you and run the risk of getting you. To this I would not consent. I have always been attached to you, and would not like to see you the slave of another, or have unkind treatment. I am married now, and can protect you. My husband expects to move to Virginia this spring, where we think of settling. I am very anxious that you should come and live with me. If you are not willing to come, you may purchase yourself; but I should prefer having you live with me. If you come, you may, if you like, spend a month with your grandmother and friends, then come to me in Norfolk, Virginia. Think this over, and write as soon as possible, and let me know the conclusion. Hoping that your children are well, I remain your friend and mistress."

Of course I did not write to return thanks for this cordial invitation. I felt insulted to be thought stupid enough to be caught by such professions.

"'Come up into my parlor,' said the spider to the fly; ''Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy.'"

It was plain that Dr. Flint's family were apprised of my movements, since they knew of my voyage to Europe. I expected to have further trouble from them; but having eluded them thus far, I hoped to be as successful in future. The money I had earned, I was desirous to devote to the education of my children, and to secure a home for them. It seemed not only hard, but unjust, to pay for myself. I could not possibly regard myself as a piece of property. Moreover, I had worked many years without wages, and during that time had been obliged to depend on my grandmother for many comforts in food and clothing. My children certainly belonged to me; but though Dr. Flint had incurred no expense for their support, he had received a large sum of money for them. I knew the law would decide that I was his property, and would probably still give his daughter a claim to my children; but I regarded such laws as the regulations of robbers, who had no rights that I was bound to respect.

The Fugitive Slave Law had not then passed. The judges of Massachusetts had not then stooped under chains to enter her courts of justice, so called. I knew my old master was rather skittish of Massachusetts. I relied on her love of freedom, and felt safe on her soil. I am now aware that I honored the old Commonwealth beyond her deserts.

XXXIX. The Confession.

For two years my daughter and I supported ourselves comfortably in Boston. At the end of that time, my brother William offered to send Ellen to a boarding school. It required a great effort for me to consent to part with her, for I had few near ties, and it was her presence that made my two little rooms seem home-like. But my judgment prevailed over my selfish feelings. I made preparations for her departure. During the two years we had lived together I had often resolved to tell her something about her father; but I had never been able to muster sufficient courage. I had a shrinking dread of diminishing my child's love. I knew she must have curiosity on the subject, but she had never asked a question. She was always very careful not to say any thing to remind me of my troubles. Now that she was going from me, I thought if I should die before she returned, she might hear my story from some one who did not understand the palliating circumstances; and that if she were entirely ignorant on the subject, her sensitive nature might receive a rude shock.

When we retired for the night, she said, "Mother, it is very hard to leave you alone. I am almost sorry I am going, though I do want to improve myself. But you will write to me often; won't you, mother?"

I did not throw my arms round her. I did not answer her. But in a calm, solemn way, for it cost me great effort, I said, "Listen to me, Ellen; I have something to tell you!" I recounted my early sufferings in slavery, and told her how nearly they had crushed me. I began to tell her how they had driven me into a great sin, when she clasped me in her arms, and exclaimed, "O, don't, mother! Please don't tell me any more."

I said, "But, my child, I want you to know about your father."

"I know all about it, mother," she replied; "I am nothing to my father, and he is nothing to me. All my love is for you. I was with him five months in Washington, and he never cared for me. He never spoke to me as he did to his little Fanny. I knew all the time he was my father, for Fanny's nurse told me so; but she said I must never tell any body, and I never did. I used to wish he would take me in his arms and kiss me, as he did Fanny; or that he would sometimes smile at me, as he did at her. I thought if he was my own father, he ought to love me. I was a little girl then, and didn't know any better. But now I never think any thing about my father. All my love is for you." She hugged me closer as she spoke, and I thanked God that the knowledge I had so much dreaded to impart had not diminished the affection of my child. I had not the slightest idea she knew that portion of my history. If I had, I should have spoken to her long before; for my pent-up feelings had often longed to pour themselves out to some one I could trust. But I loved the dear girl better for the delicacy she had manifested towards her unfortunate mother.

The next morning, she and her uncle started on their journey to the village in New York, where she was to be placed at school. It seemed as if all the sunshine had gone away. My little room was dreadfully lonely. I was thankful when a message came from a lady, accustomed to employ me, requesting me to come and sew in her family for several weeks. On my return, I found a letter from brother William. He thought of opening an anti-slavery reading room in Rochester, and combining with it the sale of some books and stationery; and he wanted me to unite with him. We tried it, but it was not successful. We found warm anti-slavery friends there, but the feeling was not general enough to support such an establishment. I passed nearly a year in the family of Isaac and Amy Post, practical believers in the Christian doctrine of human brotherhood. They measure a man's worth by his character, not by his complexion. The memory of those beloved and honored friends will remain with me to my latest hour.

XL. The Fugitive Slave Law.

My brother, being disappointed in his project, concluded to go to California; and it was agreed that Benjamin should go with him. Ellen liked her school, and was a great favorite there. They did not know her history, and she did not tell it, because she had no desire to make capital out of their sympathy. But when it was accidentally discovered that her mother was a fugitive slave, every method was used to increase her advantages and diminish her expenses.

I was alone again. It was necessary for me to be earning money, and I preferred that it should be among those who knew me. On my return from Rochester, I called at the house of Mr. Bruce, to see Mary, the darling little babe that had thawed my heart, when it was freezing into a cheerless distrust of all my fellow-beings. She was growing a tall girl now, but I loved her always. Mr. Bruce had married again, and it was proposed that I should become nurse to a new infant. I had but one hesitation, and that was my feeling of insecurity in New York, now greatly increased by the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law. However, I resolved to try the experiment. I was again fortunate in my employer. The new Mrs. Bruce was an American, brought up under aristocratic influences, and still living in the midst of them; but if she had any prejudice against color, I was never made aware of it; and as for the system of slavery, she had a most hearty dislike of it. No sophistry of Southerners could blind her to its enormity. She was a person of

excellent principles and a noble heart. To me, from that hour to the present, she has been a true and sympathizing friend. Blessings be with her and hers!

About the time that I reëntered the Bruce family, an event occurred of disastrous import to the colored people. The slave Hamlin, the first fugitive that came under the new law, was given up by the bloodhounds of the north to the bloodhounds of the south. It was the beginning of a reign of terror to the colored population. The great city rushed on in its whirl of excitement, taking no note of the "short and simple annals of the poor." But while fashionables were listening to the thrilling voice of Jenny Lind in Metropolitan Hall, the thrilling voices of poor hunted colored people went up, in an agony of supplication, to the Lord, from Zion's church. Many families, who had lived in the city for twenty years, fled from it now. Many a poor washerwoman, who, by hard labor, had made herself a comfortable home, was obliged to sacrifice her furniture, bid a hurried farewell to friends, and seek her fortune among strangers in Canada. Many a wife discovered a secret she had never known before—that her husband was a fugitive, and must leave her to insure his own safety. Worse still, many a husband discovered that his wife had fled from slavery years ago, and as "the child follows the condition of its mother," the children of his love were liable to be seized and carried into slavery. Every where, in those humble homes, there was consternation and anguish. But what cared the legislators of the "dominant race" for the blood they were crushing out of trampled hearts?

When my brother William spent his last evening with me, before he went to California, we talked nearly all the time of the distress brought on our oppressed people by the passage of this iniquitous law; and never had I seen him manifest such bitterness of spirit, such stern hostility to our oppressors. He was himself free from the operation of the law; for he did not run from any Slaveholding State, being brought into the Free States by his master. But I was subject to it; and so were hundreds of intelligent and industrious people all around us. I seldom ventured into the streets; and when it was necessary to do an errand for Mrs. Bruce, or any of the family, I went as much as possible through back streets and by-ways. What a disgrace to a city calling itself free, that inhabitants, guiltless of offence, and seeking to perform their duties conscientiously, should be condemned to live in such incessant fear, and have nowhere to turn for protection! This state of things, of course, gave rise to many impromptu vigilance committees. Every colored person, and every friend of their persecuted race, kept their eyes wide open. Every evening I examined the newspapers carefully, to see what Southerners had put up at the hotels. I did this for my own sake, thinking my young mistress and her husband might be among the list; I wished also to give information to others, if necessary; for if many were "running to and fro," I resolved that "knowledge should be increased."

This brings up one of my Southern reminiscences, which I will here briefly relate. I was somewhat acquainted with a slave named Luke, who belonged to a wealthy man in our vicinity. His master died, leaving a son and daughter heirs to his large fortune. In the division of the slaves, Luke was included in the son's portion. This young man became a prey to the vices growing out of the "patriarchal institution," and when he went to the north, to complete his education, he carried his vices with him. He was brought home, deprived of the use of his limbs, by excessive dissipation. Luke was appointed to wait upon his bed-ridden master, whose despotic habits were greatly increased by exasperation at his own helplessness. He kept a cowhide beside him, and, for the most trivial occurrence, he would order his attendant to bare his back, and kneel beside the couch, while he whipped him till his strength was exhausted. Some days he was not allowed to wear any thing but his shirt, in order to be in readiness to be flogged. A day seldom passed without his receiving more or less blows. If the slightest resistance was offered, the town constable was sent for to execute the punishment, and Luke learned from experience how much more the constable's strong arm was to be dreaded than the comparatively feeble one of his master. The arm of his tyrant grew weaker, and was finally palsied; and then the constable's services were in constant requisition. The fact that he was entirely dependent on Luke's care, and was obliged to be tended like an infant, instead of inspiring any gratitude or compassion towards his poor slave, seemed only to increase his irritability and cruelty. As he lay there on his bed, a mere degraded wreck of manhood, he took into his head the strangest freaks of despotism; and if Luke hesitated to submit to his orders, the constable was immediately sent for. Some of these freaks were of a nature too filthy to be repeated. When I fled from the house of bondage, I left poor Luke still chained to the bedside of this cruel and disgusting wretch.

One day, when I had been requested to do an errand for Mrs. Bruce, I was hurrying through back streets, as usual, when I saw a young man approaching, whose face was familiar to me. As he came nearer, I recognized Luke. I always rejoiced to see or hear of any one who had escaped from the black pit; but, remembering this poor fellow's extreme hardships, I was peculiarly glad to see him on Northern soil, though I no longer called it _free_ soil. I well remembered what a desolate feeling it was to be alone among strangers, and I went up to him and greeted him cordially. At first, he did not know me; but when I mentioned my name, he remembered all about me. I told him of the Fugitive Slave Law, and asked him if he did not know that New York was a city of kidnappers.

He replied, “De risk ain’t so bad for me, as ’tis fur you. ’Cause I runned away from de speculator, and you runned away from de massa. Dem speculators vont spen dar money to come here fur a runaway, if dey ain’t sartin sure to put dar hans right on him. An I tell you I’s tuk good car ’bout dat. I had too hard times down dar, to let ’em ketch dis nigger.”

He then told me of the advice he had received, and the plans he had laid. I asked if he had money enough to take him to Canada. “’Pend upon it, I hab,” he replied. “I tuk car fur dat. I’d bin workin all my days fur dem cussed whites, an got no pay but kicks and cuffs. So I tought dis nigger had a right to money nuff to bring him to de Free States. Massa Henry he lib till ebery body vish him dead; an ven he did die, I knowed de debbil would hab him, an vouldn’t vant him to bring his money ’long too. So I tuk some of his bills, and put ’em in de pocket of his ole trousers. An ven he was buried, dis nigger ask fur dem ole trousers, an dey gub ’em to me.” With a low, chuckling laugh, he added, “You see I didn’t _steal_ it; dey _gub_ it to me. I tell you, I had mighty hard time to keep de speculator from findin it; but he didn’t git it.”

This is a fair specimen of how the moral sense is educated by slavery. When a man has his wages stolen from him, year after year, and the laws sanction and enforce the theft, how can he be expected to have more regard to honesty than has the man who robs him? I have become somewhat enlightened, but I confess that I agree with poor, ignorant, much-abused Luke, in thinking he had a _right_ to that money, as a portion of his unpaid wages. He went to Canada forthwith, and I have not since heard from him.

All that winter I lived in a state of anxiety. When I took the children out to breathe the air, I closely observed the countenances of all I met. I dreaded the approach of summer, when snakes and slaveholders make their appearance. I was, in fact, a slave in New York, as subject to slave laws as I had been in a Slave State. Strange incongruity in a State called free!

Spring returned, and I received warning from the south that Dr. Flint knew of my return to my old place, and was making preparations to have me caught. I learned afterwards that my dress, and that of Mrs. Bruce’s children, had been described to him by some of the Northern tools, which slaveholders employ for their base purposes, and then indulge in sneers at their cupidity and mean servility.

I immediately informed Mrs. Bruce of my danger, and she took prompt measures for my safety. My place as nurse could not be supplied immediately, and this generous, sympathizing lady proposed that I should carry her baby away. It was a comfort to me to have the child with me; for the heart is reluctant to be torn away from every object it loves. But how few mothers would have consented to have one of their own babes become a fugitive, for the sake of a poor, hunted nurse, on whom the legislators of the country had let loose the bloodhounds! When I spoke of the sacrifice she was making, in depriving herself of her dear baby, she replied, “It is better for you to have baby with you, Linda; for if they get on your track, they will be obliged to bring the child to me; and then, if there is a possibility of saving you, you shall be saved.”

This lady had a very wealthy relative, a benevolent gentleman in many respects, but aristocratic and pro-slavery. He remonstrated with her for harboring a fugitive slave; told her she was violating the laws of her country; and asked her if she was aware of the penalty. She replied, “I am very well aware of it. It is imprisonment and one thousand dollars fine. Shame on my country that it _is_ so! I am ready to incur the penalty. I will go to the state’s prison, rather than have any poor victim torn from _my_ house, to be carried back to slavery.”

The noble heart! The brave heart! The tears are in my eyes while I write of her. May the God of the helpless reward her for her sympathy with my persecuted people!

I was sent into New England, where I was sheltered by the wife of a senator, whom I shall always hold in grateful remembrance. This honorable gentleman would not have voted for the Fugitive Slave Law, as did the senator in “Uncle Tom’s Cabin;” on the contrary, he was strongly opposed to it; but he was enough under its influence to be afraid of having me remain in his house many hours. So I was sent into the country, where I remained a month with the baby. When it was supposed that Dr. Flint’s emissaries had lost track of me, and given up the pursuit for the present, I returned to New York.

XLI. Free At Last.

Mrs. Bruce, and every member of her family, were exceedingly kind to me. I was thankful for the blessings of my lot, yet I could not always wear a cheerful countenance. I was doing harm to no one; on the contrary, I was doing all the good I could in my small way; yet I could never go out to breathe God’s free air without trepidation at my heart. This seemed hard; and I could not think it was a right state of things in any civilized country.

From time to time I received news from my good old grandmother. She could not write; but she employed others to write for her. The following is an extract from one of her last letters:—

“Dear Daughter: I cannot hope to see you again on earth; but I pray to God to unite us above, where pain will no more rack this feeble body of mine; where sorrow and parting from my children will be no more. God has promised these things if we are faithful unto the end. My age and feeble health deprive me of going to church now; but God is with me here at home. Thank your brother for his kindness. Give much love to him, and tell him to remember the Creator in the days of his youth, and strive to meet me in the Father’s kingdom. Love to Ellen and Benjamin. Don’t neglect him. Tell him for me, to be a good boy. Strive, my child, to train them for God’s children. May he protect and provide for you, is the prayer of your loving old mother.”

These letters both cheered and saddened me. I was always glad to have tidings from the kind, faithful old friend of my unhappy youth; but her messages of love made my heart yearn to see her before she died, and I mourned over the fact that it was impossible. Some months after I returned from my flight to New England, I received a letter from her, in which she wrote, “Dr. Flint is dead. He has left a distressed family. Poor old man! I hope he made his peace with God.”

I remembered how he had defrauded my grandmother of the hard earnings she had loaned; how he had tried to cheat her out of the freedom her mistress had promised her, and how he had persecuted her children; and I thought to myself that she was a better Christian than I was, if she could entirely forgive him. I cannot say, with truth, that the news of my old master’s death softened my feelings towards him. There are wrongs which even the grave does not bury. The man was odious to me while he lived, and his memory is odious now.

His departure from this world did not diminish my danger. He had threatened my grandmother that his heirs should hold me in slavery after he was gone; that I never should be free so long as a child of his survived. As for Mrs. Flint, I had seen her in deeper afflictions than I supposed the loss of her husband would be, for she had buried several children; yet I never saw any signs of softening in her heart. The doctor had died in embarrassed circumstances, and had little to will to his heirs, except such property as he was unable to grasp. I was well aware what I had to expect from the family of Flints; and my fears were confirmed by a letter from the south, warning me to be on my guard, because Mrs. Flint openly declared that her daughter could not afford to lose so valuable a slave as I was.

I kept close watch of the newspapers for arrivals; but one Saturday night, being much occupied, I forgot to examine the Evening Express as usual. I went down into the parlor for it, early in the morning, and found the boy about to kindle a fire with it. I took it from him and examined the list of arrivals. Reader, if you have never been a slave, you cannot imagine the acute sensation of suffering at my heart, when I read the names of Mr. and Mrs. Dodge, at a hotel in Courtland Street. It was a third-rate hotel, and that circumstance convinced me of the truth of what I had heard, that they were short of funds and had need of my value, as _they_ valued me; and that was by dollars and cents. I hastened with the paper to Mrs. Bruce. Her heart and hand were always open to every one in distress, and she always warmly sympathized with mine. It was impossible to tell how near the enemy was. He might have passed and repassed the house while we were sleeping. He might at that moment be waiting to pounce upon me if I ventured out of doors. I had never seen the husband of my young mistress, and therefore I could not distinguish him from any other stranger. A carriage was hastily ordered; and, closely veiled, I followed Mrs. Bruce, taking the baby again with me into exile. After various turnings and crossings, and returnings, the carriage stopped at the house of one of Mrs. Bruce’s friends, where I was kindly received. Mrs. Bruce returned immediately, to instruct the domestics what to say if any one came to inquire for me.

It was lucky for me that the evening paper was not burned up before I had a chance to examine the list of arrivals. It was not long after Mrs. Bruce’s return to her house, before several people came to inquire for me. One inquired for me, another asked for my daughter Ellen, and another said he had a letter from my grandmother, which he was requested to deliver in person.

They were told, “She _has_ lived here, but she has left.”

“How long ago?”

“I don’t know, sir.”

“Do you know where she went?”

“I do not, sir.” And the door was closed.

This Mr. Dodge, who claimed me as his property, was originally a Yankee pedler in the south; then he became a merchant, and finally a slaveholder. He managed to get introduced into what was called the first society, and married Miss Emily Flint. A quarrel arose between him and her brother, and the brother cowhided him. This led to a family feud, and he proposed to remove to Virginia. Dr. Flint left him no property, and his own means had become circumscribed, while a wife and children depended upon him for support. Under these circumstances, it was very natural that he should make an effort to put me into his pocket.

I had a colored friend, a man from my native place, in whom I had the most implicit confidence. I sent for him, and told him that Mr. and Mrs. Dodge had arrived in New York. I proposed that he should call upon them to make inquiries about his friends at the south, with whom Dr. Flint's family were well acquainted. He thought there was no impropriety in his doing so, and he consented. He went to the hotel, and knocked at the door of Mr. Dodge's room, which was opened by the gentleman himself, who gruffly inquired, "What brought you here? How came you to know I was in the city?"

"Your arrival was published in the evening papers, sir; and I called to ask Mrs. Dodge about my friends at home. I didn't suppose it would give any offence."

"Where's that negro girl, that belongs to my wife?"

"What girl, sir?"

"You know well enough. I mean Linda, that ran away from Dr. Flint's plantation, some years ago. I dare say you've seen her, and know where she is."

"Yes, sir, I've seen her, and know where she is. She is out of your reach, sir."

"Tell me where she is, or bring her to me, and I will give her a chance to buy her freedom."

"I don't think it would be of any use, sir. I have heard her say she would go to the ends of the earth, rather than pay any man or woman for her freedom, because she thinks she has a right to it. Besides, she couldn't do it, if she would, for she has spent her earnings to educate her children."

This made Mr. Dodge very angry, and some high words passed between them. My friend was afraid to come where I was; but in the course of the day I received a note from him. I supposed they had not come from the south, in the winter, for a pleasure excursion; and now the nature of their business was very plain.

Mrs. Bruce came to me and entreated me to leave the city the next morning. She said her house was watched, and it was possible that some clew to me might be obtained. I refused to take her advice. She pleaded with an earnest tenderness, that ought to have moved me; but I was in a bitter, disheartened mood. I was weary of flying from pillar to post. I had been chased during half my life, and it seemed as if the chase was never to end. There I sat, in that great city, guiltless of crime, yet not daring to worship God in any of the churches. I heard the bells ringing for afternoon service, and, with contemptuous sarcasm, I said, "Will the preachers take for their text, 'Proclaim liberty to the captive, and the opening of prison doors to them that are bound'? or will they preach from the text, 'Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you'?" Oppressed Poles and Hungarians could find a safe refuge in that city; John Mitchell was free to proclaim in the City Hall his desire for "a plantation well stocked with slaves;" but there I sat, an oppressed American, not daring to show my face. God forgive the black and bitter thoughts I indulged on that Sabbath day! The Scripture says, "Oppression makes even a wise man mad;" and I was not wise.

I had been told that Mr. Dodge said his wife had never signed away her right to my children, and if he could not get me, he would take them. This it was, more than any thing else, that roused such a tempest in my soul. Benjamin was with his uncle William in California, but my innocent young daughter had come to spend a vacation with me. I thought of what I had suffered in slavery at her age, and my heart was like a tiger's when a hunter tries to seize her young.

Dear Mrs. Bruce! I seem to see the expression of her face, as she turned away discouraged by my obstinate mood. Finding her expostulations unavailing, she sent Ellen to entreat me. When ten o'clock in the evening arrived and Ellen had not returned, this watchful and unwearied friend became anxious. She came to us in a carriage, bringing a well-filled trunk for my journey—trusting that by this time I would listen to reason. I yielded to her, as I ought to have done before.

The next day, baby and I set out in a heavy snow storm, bound for New England again. I received letters from the City of Iniquity, addressed to me under an assumed name. In a few days one came from Mrs. Bruce, informing me that my new master was still

searching for me, and that she intended to put an end to this persecution by buying my freedom. I felt grateful for the kindness that prompted this offer, but the idea was not so pleasant to me as might have been expected. The more my mind had become enlightened, the more difficult it was for me to consider myself an article of property; and to pay money to those who had so grievously oppressed me seemed like taking from my sufferings the glory of triumph. I wrote to Mrs. Bruce, thanking her, but saying that being sold from one owner to another seemed too much like slavery; that such a great obligation could not be easily cancelled; and that I preferred to go to my brother in California.

Without my knowledge, Mrs. Bruce employed a gentleman in New York to enter into negotiations with Mr. Dodge. He proposed to pay three hundred dollars down, if Mr. Dodge would sell me, and enter into obligations to relinquish all claim to me or my children forever after. He who called himself my master said he scorned so small an offer for such a valuable servant. The gentleman replied, “You can do as you choose, sir. If you reject this offer you will never get any thing; for the woman has friends who will convey her and her children out of the country.”

Mr. Dodge concluded that “half a loaf was better than no bread,” and he agreed to the proffered terms. By the next mail I received this brief letter from Mrs. Bruce: “I am rejoiced to tell you that the money for your freedom has been paid to Mr. Dodge. Come home to-morrow. I long to see you and my sweet babe.”

My brain reeled as I read these lines. A gentleman near me said, “It’s true; I have seen the bill of sale.” “The bill of sale!” Those words struck me like a blow. So I was _sold_ at last! A human being _sold_ in the free city of New York! The bill of sale is on record, and future generations will learn from it that women were articles of traffic in New York, late in the nineteenth century of the Christian religion. It may hereafter prove a useful document to antiquaries, who are seeking to measure the progress of civilization in the United States. I well know the value of that bit of paper; but much as I love freedom, I do not like to look upon it. I am deeply grateful to the generous friend who procured it, but I despise the miscreant who demanded payment for what never rightfully belonged to him or his.

I had objected to having my freedom bought, yet I must confess that when it was done I felt as if a heavy load had been lifted from my weary shoulders. When I rode home in the cars I was no longer afraid to unveil my face and look at people as they passed. I should have been glad to have met Daniel Dodge himself; to have had him seen me and known me, that he might have mourned over the untoward circumstances which compelled him to sell me for three hundred dollars.

When I reached home, the arms of my benefactress were thrown round me, and our tears mingled. As soon as she could speak, she said, “O Linda, I’m _so_ glad it’s all over! You wrote to me as if you thought you were going to be transferred from one owner to another. But I did not buy you for your services. I should have done just the same, if you had been going to sail for California to-morrow. I should, at least, have the satisfaction of knowing that you left me a free woman.”

My heart was exceedingly full. I remembered how my poor father had tried to buy me, when I was a small child, and how he had been disappointed. I hoped his spirit was rejoicing over me now. I remembered how my good old grandmother had laid up her earnings to purchase me in later years, and how often her plans had been frustrated. How that faithful, loving old heart would leap for joy, if she could look on me and my children now that we were free! My relatives had been foiled in all their efforts, but God had raised me up a friend among strangers, who had bestowed on me the precious, long-desired boon. Friend! It is a common word, often lightly used. Like other good and beautiful things, it may be tarnished by careless handling; but when I speak of Mrs. Bruce as my friend, the word is sacred.

My grandmother lived to rejoice in my freedom; but not long after, a letter came with a black seal. She had gone “where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.”

Time passed on, and a paper came to me from the south, containing an obituary notice of my uncle Phillip. It was the only case I ever knew of such an honor conferred upon a colored person. It was written by one of his friends, and contained these words: “Now that death has laid him low, they call him a good man and a useful citizen; but what are eulogies to the black man, when the world has faded from his vision? It does not require man’s praise to obtain rest in God’s kingdom.” So they called a colored man a _citizen_! Strange words to be uttered in that region!

Reader, my story ends with freedom; not in the usual way, with marriage. I and my children are now free! We are as free from the power of slaveholders as are the white people of the north; and though that, according to my ideas, is not saying a great deal, it is a vast improvement in _my_ condition. The dream of my life is not yet realized. I do not sit with my children in a home of my own. I

still long for a hearthstone of my own, however humble. I wish it for my children's sake far more than for my own. But God so orders circumstances as to keep me with my friend Mrs. Bruce. Love, duty, gratitude, also bind me to her side. It is a privilege to serve her who pities my oppressed people, and who has bestowed the inestimable boon of freedom on me and my children.

It has been painful to me, in many ways, to recall the dreary years I passed in bondage. I would gladly forget them if I could. Yet the retrospection is not altogether without solace; for with those gloomy recollections come tender memories of my good old grandmother, like light, fleecy clouds floating over a dark and troubled sea.

APPENDIX.

The following statement is from Amy Post, a member of the Society of Friends in the State of New York, well known and highly respected by friends of the poor and the oppressed. As has been already stated, in the preceding pages, the author of this volume spent some time under her hospitable roof.

L.M.C.

"The author of this book is my highly-esteemed friend. If its readers knew her as I know her, they could not fail to be deeply interested in her story. She was a beloved inmate of our family nearly the whole of the year 1849. She was introduced to us by her affectionate and conscientious brother, who had previously related to us some of the almost incredible events in his sister's life. I immediately became much interested in Linda; for her appearance was prepossessing, and her deportment indicated remarkable delicacy of feeling and purity of thought.

"As we became acquainted, she related to me, from time to time some of the incidents in her bitter experiences as a slave-woman. Though impelled by a natural craving for human sympathy, she passed through a baptism of suffering, even in recounting her trials to me, in private confidential conversations. The burden of these memories lay heavily upon her spirit—naturally virtuous and refined. I repeatedly urged her to consent to the publication of her narrative; for I felt that it would arouse people to a more earnest work for the disinthralment of millions still remaining in that soul-crushing condition, which was so unendurable to her. But her sensitive spirit shrank from publicity. She said, "You know a woman can whisper her cruel wrongs in the ear of a dear friend much easier than she can record them for the world to read." Even in talking with me, she wept so much, and seemed to suffer such mental agony, that I felt her story was too sacred to be drawn from her by inquisitive questions, and I left her free to tell as much, or as little, as she chose. Still, I urged upon her the duty of publishing her experience, for the sake of the good it might do; and, at last, she undertook the task.

"Having been a slave so large a portion of her life, she is unlearned; she is obliged to earn her living by her own labor, and she has worked untiringly to procure education for her children; several times she has been obliged to leave her employments, in order to fly from the man-hunters and woman-hunters of our land; but she pressed through all these obstacles and overcame them. After the labors of the day were over, she traced secretly and wearily, by the midnight lamp, a truthful record of her eventful life.

"This Empire State is a shabby place of refuge for the oppressed; but here, through anxiety, turmoil, and despair, the freedom of Linda and her children was finally secured, by the exertions of a generous friend. She was grateful for the boon; but the idea of having been _bought_ was always galling to a spirit that could never acknowledge itself to be a chattel. She wrote to us thus, soon after the event: 'I thank you for your kind expressions in regard to my freedom; but the freedom I had before the money was paid was dearer to me. God gave me _that_ freedom; but man put God's image in the scales with the paltry sum of three hundred dollars. I served for my liberty as faithfully as Jacob served for Rachel. At the end, he had large possessions; but I was robbed of my victory; I was obliged to resign my crown, to rid myself of a tyrant.'

"Her story, as written by herself, cannot fail to interest the reader. It is a sad illustration of the condition of this country, which boasts of its civilization, while it sanctions laws and customs which make the experiences of the present more strange than any fictions of the past.

Amy Post. "Rochester, N.Y., Oct. 30th, 1859."

The following testimonial is from a man who is now a highly respectable colored citizen of Boston.

L.M.C.

“This narrative contains some incidents so extraordinary, that, doubtless, many persons, under whose eyes it may chance to fall, will be ready to believe that it is colored highly, to serve a special purpose. But, however it may be regarded by the incredulous, I know that it is full of living truths. I have been well acquainted with the author from my boyhood. The circumstances recounted in her history are perfectly familiar to me. I knew of her treatment from her master; of the imprisonment of her children; of their sale and redemption; of her seven years’ concealment; and of her subsequent escape to the North. I am now a resident of Boston, and am a living witness to the truth of this interesting narrative.

George W. Lowther.”

==========

Zur Männerfrage!

Clara SchachneThe Project Gutenberg eBook of A Discourse Upon the Origin and the Foundation of the Inequality Among Mankind

Project Gutenberg Release: February 01, 2004 · eBook #11136

A Discourse Upon The Origin And The Foundation Of The Inequality Among Mankind

By J. J. Rousseau

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

Jean Jacques Rousseau was born at Geneva, June 28, 1712, the son of a watchmaker of French origin. His education was irregular, and though he tried many professions--including engraving, music, and teaching--he found it difficult to support himself in any of them. The discovery of his talent as a writer came with the winning of a prize offered by the Academy of Dijon for a discourse on the question, "Whether the progress of the sciences and of letters has tended to corrupt or to elevate morals." He argued so brilliantly that the tendency of civilization was degrading that he became at once famous. The discourse here printed on the causes of inequality among men was written in a similar competition.

He now concentrated his powers upon literature, producing two novels, "La Nouvelle Heloise," the forerunner and parent of endless sentimental and picturesque fictions; and "Emile, ou l'Education," a work which has had enormous influence on the theory and practise of pedagogy down to our own time and in which the Savoyard Vicar appears, who is used as the mouthpiece for Rousseau's own religious ideas. "Le Contrat Social" (1762) elaborated the doctrine of the discourse on inequality. Both historically and philosophically it is unsound; but it was the chief literary source of the enthusiasm for liberty, fraternity, and equality, which inspired the leaders of the French Revolution, and its effects passed far beyond France.

His most famous work, the "Confessions," was published after his death. This book is a mine of information as to his life, but it is far from trustworthy; and the picture it gives of the author's personality and conduct, though painted in such a way as to make it absorbingly interesting, is often unpleasing in the highest degree. But it is one of the great autobiographies of the world.

During Rousseau's later years he was the victim of the delusion of persecution; and although he was protected by a succession of good friends, he came to distrust and quarrel with each in turn. He died at Ermenonville, near Paris, July 2, 1778, the most widely influential French writer of his age.

The Savoyard Vicar and his "Profession of Faith" are introduced into "Emile" not, according to the author, because he wishes to exhibit his principles as those which should be taught, but to give an example of the way in which religious matters should be discussed with the young. Nevertheless, it is universally recognized that these opinions are Rousseau's own, and represent in short form his characteristic attitude toward religious belief. The Vicar himself is believed to combine the traits of two Savoyard priests whom Rousseau knew in his youth. The more important was the Abbe Gaime, whom he had known at Turin; the other, the Abbe Gatier, who had taught him at Annecy.

QUESTION PROPOSED BY THE ACADEMY OF DIJON

What is the Origin of the Inequality among Mankind; and whether such Inequality is authorized by the Law of Nature?

A DISCOURSE UPON THE ORIGIN AND THE FOUNDATION OF THE INEQUALITY AMONG MANKIND

'Tis of man I am to speak; and the very question, in answer to which I am to speak of him, sufficiently informs me that I am going to speak to men; for to those alone, who are not afraid of honouring truth, it belongs to propose discussions of this kind. I shall therefore maintain with confidence the cause of mankind before the sages, who invite me to stand up in its defence; and I shall think myself happy, if I can but behave in a manner not unworthy of my subject and of my judges.

I conceive two species of inequality among men; one which I call natural, or physical inequality, because it is established by nature, and consists in the difference of age, health, bodily strength, and the qualities of the mind, or of the soul; the other which may be

termed moral, or political inequality, because it depends on a kind of convention, and is established, or at least authorized, by the common consent of mankind. This species of inequality consists in the different privileges, which some men enjoy, to the prejudice of others, such as that of being richer, more honoured, more powerful, and even that of exacting obedience from them.

It were absurd to ask, what is the cause of natural inequality, seeing the bare definition of natural inequality answers the question: it would be more absurd still to enquire, if there might not be some essential connection between the two species of inequality, as it would be asking, in other words, if those who command are necessarily better men than those who obey; and if strength of body or of mind, wisdom or virtue are always to be found in individuals, in the same proportion with power, or riches: a question, fit perhaps to be discussed by slaves in the hearing of their masters, but unbecoming free and reasonable beings in quest of truth.

What therefore is precisely the subject of this discourse? It is to point out, in the progress of things, that moment, when, right taking place of violence, nature became subject to law; to display that chain of surprising events, in consequence of which the strong submitted to serve the weak, and the people to purchase imaginary ease, at the expense of real happiness.

The philosophers, who have examined the foundations of society, have, every one of them, perceived the necessity of tracing it back to a state of nature, but not one of them has ever arrived there. Some of them have not scrupled to attribute to man in that state the ideas of justice and injustice, without troubling their heads to prove, that he really must have had such ideas, or even that such ideas were useful to him: others have spoken of the natural right of every man to keep what belongs to him, without letting us know what they meant by the word belong; others, without further ceremony ascribing to the strongest an authority over the weakest, have immediately struck out government, without thinking of the time requisite for men to form any notion of the things signified by the words authority and government. All of them, in fine, constantly harping on wants, avidity, oppression, desires and pride, have transferred to the state of nature ideas picked up in the bosom of society. In speaking of savages they described citizens. Nay, few of our own writers seem to have so much as doubted, that a state of nature did once actually exist; though it plainly appears by Sacred History, that even the first man, immediately furnished as he was by God himself with both instructions and precepts, never lived in that state, and that, if we give to the books of Moses that credit which every Christian philosopher ought to give to them, we must deny that, even before the deluge, such a state ever existed among men, unless they fell into it by some extraordinary event: a paradox very difficult to maintain, and altogether impossible to prove.

Let us begin therefore, by laying aside facts, for they do not affect the question. The researches, in which we may engage on this occasion, are not to be taken for historical truths, but merely as hypothetical and conditional reasonings, fitter to illustrate the nature of things, than to show their true origin, like those systems, which our naturalists daily make of the formation of the world. Religion commands us to believe, that men, having been drawn by God himself out of a state of nature, are unequal, because it is his pleasure they should be so; but religion does not forbid us to draw conjectures solely from the nature of man, considered in itself, and from that of the beings which surround him, concerning the fate of mankind, had they been left to themselves. This is then the question I am to answer, the question I propose to examine in the present discourse. As mankind in general have an interest in my subject, I shall endeavour to use a language suitable to all nations; or rather, forgetting the circumstances of time and place in order to think of nothing but the men I speak to, I shall suppose myself in the Lyceum of Athens, repeating the lessons of my masters before the Platos and the Xenocrates of that famous seat of philosophy as my judges, and in presence of the whole human species as my audience.

O man, whatever country you may belong to, whatever your opinions may be, attend to my words; you shall hear your history such as I think I have read it, not in books composed by those like you, for they are liars, but in the book of nature which never lies. All that I shall repeat after her, must be true, without any intermixture of falsehood, but where I may happen, without intending it, to introduce my own conceits. The times I am going to speak of are very remote. How much you are changed from what you once were! 'Tis in a manner the life of your species that I am going to write, from the qualities which you have received, and which your education and your habits could deprave, but could not destroy. There is, I am sensible, an age at which every individual of you would choose to stop; and you will look out for the age at which, had you your wish, your species had stopped. Uneasy at your present condition for reasons which threaten your unhappy posterity with still greater uneasiness, you will perhaps wish it were in your power to go back; and this sentiment ought to be considered, as the panegyric of your first parents, the condemnation of your contemporaries, and a source of terror to all those who may have the misfortune of succeeding you.

DISCOURSE FIRST PART

However important it may be, in order to form a proper judgment of the natural state of man, to consider him from his origin, and to examine him, as it were, in the first embryo of the species; I shall not attempt to trace his organization through its successive approaches to perfection: I shall not stop to examine in the animal system what he might have been in the beginning, to become at last what he actually is; I shall not inquire whether, as Aristotle thinks, his neglected nails were no better at first than crooked talons; whether his whole body was not, bear-like, thick covered with rough hair; and whether, walking upon all-fours, his eyes, directed to the earth, and confined to a horizon of a few paces extent, did not at once point out the nature and limits of his ideas. I could only form vague, and almost imaginary, conjectures on this subject. Comparative anatomy has not as yet been sufficiently improved; neither have the observations of natural philosophy been sufficiently ascertained, to establish upon such foundations the basis of a solid system. For this reason, without having recourse to the supernatural informations with which we have been favoured on this head, or paying any attention to the changes, that must have happened in the conformation of the interior and exterior parts of man's body, in proportion as he applied his members to new purposes, and took to new aliments, I shall suppose his conformation to have always been, what we now behold it; that he always walked on two feet, made the same use of his hands that we do of ours, extended his looks over the whole face of nature, and measured with his eyes the vast extent of the heavens.

If I strip this being, thus constituted, of all the supernatural gifts which he may have received, and of all the artificial faculties, which we could not have acquired but by slow degrees; if I consider him, in a word, such as he must have issued from the hands of nature; I see an animal less strong than some, and less active than others, but, upon the whole, the most advantageously organized of any; I see him satisfying the calls of hunger under the first oak, and those of thirst at the first rivulet; I see him laying himself down to sleep at the foot of the same tree that afforded him his meal; and behold, this done, all his wants are completely supplied.

The earth left to its own natural fertility and covered with immense woods, that no hatchet ever disfigured, offers at every step food and shelter to every species of animals. Men, dispersed among them, observe and imitate their industry, and thus rise to the instinct of beasts; with this advantage, that, whereas every species of beasts is confined to one peculiar instinct, man, who perhaps has not any that particularly belongs to him, appropriates to himself those of all other animals, and lives equally upon most of the different aliments, which they only divide among themselves; a circumstance which qualifies him to find his subsistence, with more ease than any of them.

Men, accustomed from their infancy to the inclemency of the weather, and to the rigour of the different seasons; inured to fatigue, and obliged to defend, naked and without arms, their life and their prey against the other wild inhabitants of the forest, or at least to avoid their fury by flight, acquire a robust and almost unalterable habit of body; the children, bringing with them into the world the excellent constitution of their parents, and strengthening it by the same exercises that first produced it, attain by this means all the vigour that the human frame is capable of. Nature treats them exactly in the same manner that Sparta treated the children of her citizens; those who come well formed into the world she renders strong and robust, and destroys all the rest; differing in this respect from our societies, in which the state, by permitting children to become burdensome to their parents, murders them all without distinction, even in the wombs of their mothers.

The body being the only instrument that savage man is acquainted with, he employs it to different uses, of which ours, for want of practice, are incapable; and we may thank our industry for the loss of that strength and agility, which necessity obliges him to acquire. Had he a hatchet, would his hand so easily snap off from an oak so stout a branch? Had he a sling, would it dart a stone to so great a distance? Had he a ladder, would he run so nimbly up a tree? Had he a horse, would he with such swiftness shoot along the plain? Give civilized man but time to gather about him all his machines, and no doubt he will be an overmatch for the savage: but if you have a mind to see a contest still more unequal, place them naked and unarmed one opposite to the other; and you will soon discover the advantage there is in perpetually having all our forces at our disposal, in being constantly prepared against all events, and in always carrying ourselves, as it were, whole and entire about us.

Hobbes would have it that man is naturally void of fear, and always intent upon attacking and fighting. An illustrious philosopher thinks on the contrary, and Cumberland and Puffendorff likewise affirm it, that nothing is more fearful than man in a state of nature, that he is always in a tremble, and ready to fly at the first motion he perceives, at the first noise that strikes his ears. This, indeed, may be very true in regard to objects with which he is not acquainted; and I make no doubt of his being terrified at every new sight that presents itself, as often as he cannot distinguish the physical good and evil which he may expect from it, nor compare his forces with the dangers he has to encounter; circumstances that seldom occur in a state of nature, where all things proceed in so uniform a manner, and the face of the earth is not liable to those sudden and continual changes occasioned in it by the passions and inconstancies of collected bodies. But savage man living among other animals without any society or fixed habitation, and

finding himself early under a necessity of measuring his strength with theirs, soon makes a comparison between both, and finding that he surpasses them more in address, than they surpass him in strength, he learns not to be any longer in dread of them. Turn out a bear or a wolf against a sturdy, active, resolute savage, (and this they all are,) provided with stones and a good stick; and you will soon find that the danger is at least equal on both sides, and that after several trials of this kind, wild beasts, who are not fond of attacking each other, will not be very fond of attacking man, whom they have found every whit as wild as themselves. As to animals who have really more strength than man has address, he is, in regard to them, what other weaker species are, who find means to subsist notwithstanding; he has even this great advantage over such weaker species, that being equally fleet with them, and finding on every tree an almost inviolable asylum, he is always at liberty to take it or leave it, as he likes best, and of course to fight or to fly, whichever is most agreeable to him. To this we may add that no animal naturally makes war upon man, except in the case of self-defence or extreme hunger; nor ever expresses against him any of these violent antipathies, which seem to indicate that some particular species are intended by nature for the food of others.

But there are other more formidable enemies, and against which man is not provided with the same means of defence; I mean natural infirmities, infancy, old age, and sickness of every kind, melancholy proofs of our weakness, whereof the two first are common to all animals, and the last chiefly attends man living in a state of society. It is even observable in regard to infancy, that the mother being able to carry her child about with her, wherever she goes, can perform the duty of a nurse with a great deal less trouble, than the females of many other animals, who are obliged to be constantly going and coming with no small labour and fatigue, one way to look out for their own subsistence, and another to suckle and feed their young ones. True it is that, if the woman happens to perish, her child is exposed to the greatest danger of perishing with her; but this danger is common to a hundred other species, whose young ones require a great deal of time to be able to provide for themselves; and if our infancy is longer than theirs, our life is longer likewise; so that, in this respect too, all things are in a manner equal; not but that there are other rules concerning the duration of the first age of life, and the number of the young of man and other animals, but they do not belong to my subject. With old men, who stir and perspire but little, the demand for food diminishes with their abilities to provide it; and as a savage life would exempt them from the gout and the rheumatism, and old age is of all ills that which human assistance is least capable of alleviating, they would at last go off, without its being perceived by others that they ceased to exist, and almost without perceiving it themselves.

In regard to sickness, I shall not repeat the vain and false declamations made use of to discredit medicine by most men, while they enjoy their health; I shall only ask if there are any solid observations from which we may conclude that in those countries where the healing art is most neglected, the mean duration of man's life is shorter than in those where it is most cultivated? And how is it possible this should be the case, if we inflict more diseases upon ourselves than medicine can supply us with remedies! The extreme inequalities in the manner of living of the several classes of mankind, the excess of idleness in some, and of labour in others, the facility of irritating and satisfying our sensuality and our appetites, the too exquisite and out of the way aliments of the rich, which fill them with fiery juices, and bring on indigestions, the unwholesome food of the poor, of which even, bad as it is, they very often fall short, and the want of which tempts them, every opportunity that offers, to eat greedily and overload their stomachs; watchings, excesses of every kind, immoderate transports of all the passions, fatigues, waste of spirits, in a word, the numberless pains and anxieties annexed to every condition, and which the mind of man is constantly a prey to; these are the fatal proofs that most of our ills are of our own making, and that we might have avoided them all by adhering to the simple, uniform and solitary way of life prescribed to us by nature. Allowing that nature intended we should always enjoy good health, I dare almost affirm that a state of reflection is a state against nature, and that the man who meditates is a depraved animal. We need only call to mind the good constitution of savages, of those at least whom we have not destroyed by our strong liquors; we need only reflect, that they are strangers to almost every disease, except those occasioned by wounds and old age, to be in a manner convinced that the history of human diseases might be easily composed by pursuing that of civil societies. Such at least was the opinion of Plato, who concluded from certain remedies made use of or approved by Podalyrus and Macaon at the Siege of Troy, that several disorders, which these remedies were found to bring on in his days, were not known among men at that remote period.

Man therefore, in a state of nature where there are so few sources of sickness, can have no great occasion for physic, and still less for physicians; neither is the human species more to be pitied in this respect, than any other species of animals. Ask those who make hunting their recreation or business, if in their excursions they meet with many sick or feeble animals. They meet with many carrying the marks of considerable wounds, that have been perfectly well healed and closed up; with many, whose bones formerly broken, and whose limbs almost torn off, have completely knit and united, without any other surgeon but time, any other regimen but their usual way of living, and whose cures were not the less perfect for their not having been tortured with incisions, poisoned with drugs, or worn out by diet and abstinence. In a word, however useful medicine well administered may be to us who live in a

state of society, it is still past doubt, that if, on the one hand, the sick savage, destitute of help, has nothing to hope from nature, on the other, he has nothing to fear but from his disease; a circumstance, which oftens renders his situation preferable to ours.

Let us therefore beware of confounding savage man with the men, whom we daily see and converse with. Nature behaves towards all animals left to her care with a predilection, that seems to prove how jealous she is of that prerogative. The horse, the cat, the bull, nay the ass itself, have generally a higher stature, and always a more robust constitution, more vigour, more strength and courage in their forests than in our houses; they lose half these advantages by becoming domestic animals; it looks as if all our attention to treat them kindly, and to feed them well, served only to bastardize them. It is thus with man himself. In proportion as he becomes sociable and a slave to others, he becomes weak, fearful, mean-spirited, and his soft and effeminate way of living at once completes the enervation of his strength and of his courage. We may add, that there must be still a wider difference between man and man in a savage and domestic condition, than between beast and beast; for as men and beasts have been treated alike by nature, all the conveniences with which men indulge themselves more than they do the beasts tamed by them, are so many particular causes which make them degenerate more sensibly.

Nakedness therefore, the want of houses, and of all these unnecessaries, which we consider as so very necessary, are not such mighty evils in respect to these primitive men, and much less still any obstacle to their preservation. Their skins, it is true, are destitute of hair; but then they have no occasion for any such covering in warm climates; and in cold climates they soon learn to apply to that use those of the animals they have conquered; they have but two feet to run with, but they have two hands to defend themselves with, and provide for all their wants; it costs them perhaps a great deal of time and trouble to make their children walk, but the mothers carry them with ease; an advantage not granted to other species of animals, with whom the mother, when pursued, is obliged to abandon her young ones, or regulate her steps by theirs. In short, unless we admit those singular and fortuitous concurrences of circumstances, which I shall speak of hereafter, and which, it is very possible, may never have existed, it is evident, in every state of the question, that the man, who first made himself clothes and built himself a cabin, supplied himself with things which he did not much want, since he had lived without them till then; and why should he not have been able to support in his riper years, the same kind of life, which he had supported from his infancy?

Alone, idle, and always surrounded with danger, savage man must be fond of sleep, and sleep lightly like other animals, who think but little, and may, in a manner, be said to sleep all the time they do not think: self-preservation being almost his only concern, he must exercise those faculties most, which are most serviceable in attacking and in defending, whether to subdue his prey, or to prevent his becoming that of other animals: those organs, on the contrary, which softness and sensuality can alone improve, must remain in a state of rudeness, utterly incompatible with all manner of delicacy; and as his senses are divided on this point, his touch and his taste must be extremely coarse and blunt; his sight, his hearing, and his smelling equally subtle: such is the animal state in general, and accordingly if we may believe travellers, it is that of most savage nations. We must not therefore be surprised, that the Hottentots of the Cape of Good Hope, distinguish with their naked eyes ships on the ocean, at as great a distance as the Dutch can discern them with their glasses; nor that the savages of America should have tracked the Spaniards with their noses, to as great a degree of exactness, as the best dogs could have done; nor that all these barbarous nations support nakedness without pain, use such large quantities of Piemento to give their food a relish, and drink like water the strongest liquors of Europe.

As yet I have considered man merely in his physical capacity; let us now endeavour to examine him in a metaphysical and moral light.

I can discover nothing in any mere animal but an ingenious machine, to which nature has given senses to wind itself up, and guard, to a certain degree, against everything that might destroy or disorder it. I perceive the very same things in the human machine, with this difference, that nature alone operates in all the operations of the beast, whereas man, as a free agent, has a share in his. One chooses by instinct; the other by an act of liberty; for which reason the beast cannot deviate from the rules that have been prescribed to it, even in cases where such deviation might be useful, and man often deviates from the rules laid down for him to his prejudice. Thus a pigeon would starve near a dish of the best flesh-meat, and a cat on a heap of fruit or corn, though both might very well support life with the food which they thus disdain, did they but bethink themselves to make a trial of it: it is in this manner dissolute men run into excesses, which bring on fevers and death itself; because the mind depraves the senses, and when nature ceases to speak, the will still continues to dictate.

All animals must be allowed to have ideas, since all animals have senses; they even combine their ideas to a certain degree, and, in this respect, it is only the difference of such degree, that constitutes the difference between man and beast: some philosophers have even advanced, that there is a greater difference between some men and some others, than between some men and some

beasts; it is not therefore so much the understanding that constitutes, among animals, the specifical distinction of man, as his quality of a free agent. Nature speaks to all animals, and beasts obey her voice. Man feels the same impression, but he at the same time perceives that he is free to resist or to acquiesce; and it is in the consciousness of this liberty, that the spirituality of his soul chiefly appears: for natural philosophy explains, in some measure, the mechanism of the senses and the formation of ideas; but in the power of willing, or rather of choosing, and in the consciousness of this power, nothing can be discovered but acts, that are purely spiritual, and cannot be accounted for by the laws of mechanics.

But though the difficulties, in which all these questions are involved, should leave some room to dispute on this difference between man and beast, there is another very specific quality that distinguishes them, and a quality which will admit of no dispute; this is the faculty of improvement; a faculty which, as circumstances offer, successively unfolds all the other faculties, and resides among us not only in the species, but in the individuals that compose it; whereas a beast is, at the end of some months, all he ever will be during the rest of his life; and his species, at the end of a thousand years, precisely what it was the first year of that long period. Why is man alone subject to dotage? Is it not, because he thus returns to his primitive condition? And because, while the beast, which has acquired nothing and has likewise nothing to lose, continues always in possession of his instinct, man, losing by old age, or by accident, all the acquisitions he had made in consequence of his perfectibility, thus falls back even lower than beasts themselves? It would be a melancholy necessity for us to be obliged to allow, that this distinctive and almost unlimited faculty is the source of all man's misfortunes; that it is this faculty, which, though by slow degrees, draws them out of their original condition, in which his days would slide away insensibly in peace and innocence; that it is this faculty, which, in a succession of ages, produces his discoveries and mistakes, his virtues and his vices, and, at long run, renders him both his own and nature's tyrant. It would be shocking to be obliged to commend, as a beneficent being, whoever he was that first suggested to the _Oronoco_ Indians the use of those boards which they bind on the temples of their children, and which secure to them the enjoyment of some part at least of their natural imbecility and happiness.

Savage man, abandoned by nature to pure instinct, or rather indemnified for that which has perhaps been denied to him by faculties capable of immediately supplying the place of it, and of raising him afterwards a great deal higher, would therefore begin with functions that were merely animal: to see and to feel would be his first condition, which he would enjoy in common with other animals. To will and not to will, to wish and to fear, would be the first, and in a manner, the only operations of his soul, till new circumstances occasioned new developments.

Let moralists say what they will, the human understanding is greatly indebted to the passions, which, on their side, are likewise universally allowed to be greatly indebted to the human understanding. It is by the activity of our passions, that our reason improves: we covet knowledge merely because we covet enjoyment, and it is impossible to conceive why a man exempt from fears and desires should take the trouble to reason. The passions, in their turn, owe their origin to our wants, and their increase to our progress in science; for we cannot desire or fear anything, but in consequence of the ideas we have of it, or of the simple impulses of nature; and savage man, destitute of every species of knowledge, experiences no passions but those of this last kind; his desires never extend beyond his physical wants; he knows no goods but food, a female, and rest; he fears no evil but pain, and hunger; I say pain, and not death; for no animal, merely as such, will ever know what it is to die, and the knowledge of death, and of its terrors, is one of the first acquisitions made by man, in consequence of his deviating from the animal state.

I could easily, were it requisite, cite facts in support of this opinion, and show, that the progress of the mind has everywhere kept pace exactly with the wants, to which nature had left the inhabitants exposed, or to which circumstances had subjected them, and consequently to the passions, which inclined them to provide for these wants. I could exhibit in Egypt the arts starting up, and extending themselves with the inundations of the Nile; I could pursue them in their progress among the Greeks, where they were seen to bud forth, grow, and rise to the heavens, in the midst of the sands and rocks of Attica, without being able to take root on the fertile banks of the Eurotas; I would observe that, in general, the inhabitants of the north are more industrious than those of the south, because they can less do without industry; as if nature thus meant to make all things equal, by giving to the mind that fertility she has denied to the soil.

But exclusive of the uncertain testimonies of history, who does not perceive that everything seems to remove from savage man the temptation and the means of altering his condition? His imagination paints nothing to him; his heart asks nothing from him. His moderate wants are so easily supplied with what he everywhere finds ready to his hand, and he stands at such a distance from the degree of knowledge requisite to covet more, that he can neither have foresight nor curiosity. The spectacle of nature, by growing quite familiar to him, becomes at last equally indifferent. It is constantly the same order, constantly the same revolutions; he has not sense enough to feel surprise at the sight of the greatest wonders; and it is not in his mind we must look for that philosophy, which

man must have to know how to observe once, what he has every day seen. His soul, which nothing disturbs, gives itself up entirely to the consciousness of its actual existence, without any thought of even the nearest futurity; and his projects, equally confined with his views, scarce extend to the end of the day. Such is, even at present, the degree of foresight in the Caribbean: he sells his cotton bed in the morning, and comes in the evening, with tears in his eyes, to buy it back, not having foreseen that he should want it again the next night.

The more we meditate on this subject, the wider does the distance between mere sensation and the most simple knowledge become in our eyes; and it is impossible to conceive how man, by his own powers alone, without the assistance of communication, and the spur of necessity, could have got over so great an interval. How many ages perhaps revolved, before men beheld any other fire but that of the heavens? How many different accidents must have concurred to make them acquainted with the most common uses of this element? How often have they let it go out, before they knew the art of reproducing it? And how often perhaps has not every one of these secrets perished with the discoverer? What shall we say of agriculture, an art which requires so much labour and foresight; which depends upon other arts; which, it is very evident, cannot be practised but in a society, if not a formed one, at least one of some standing, and which does not so much serve to draw aliments from the earth, for the earth would yield them without all that trouble, as to oblige her to produce those things, which we like best, preferably to others? But let us suppose that men had multiplied to such a degree, that the natural products of the earth no longer sufficed for their support; a supposition which, by the bye, would prove that this kind of life would be very advantageous to the human species; let us suppose that, without forge or anvil, the instruments of husbandry had dropped from the heavens into the hands of savages, that these men had got the better of that mortal aversion they all have for constant labour; that they had learned to foretell their wants at so great a distance of time; that they had guessed exactly how they were to break the earth, commit their seed to it, and plant trees; that they had found out the art of grinding their corn, and improving by fermentation the juice of their grapes; all operations which we must allow them to have learned from the gods, since we cannot conceive how they should make such discoveries of themselves; after all these fine presents, what man would be mad enough to cultivate a field, that may be robbed by the first comer, man or beast, who takes a fancy to the produce of it. And would any man consent to spend his day in labour and fatigue, when the rewards of his labour and fatigue became more and more precarious in proportion to his want of them? In a word, how could this situation engage men to cultivate the earth, as long as it was not parcelled out among them, that is, as long as a state of nature subsisted.

Though we should suppose savage man as well versed in the art of thinking, as philosophers make him; though we were, after them, to make him a philosopher himself, discovering of himself the sublimest truths, forming to himself, by the most abstract arguments, maxims of justice and reason drawn from the love of order in general, or from the known will of his Creator: in a word, though we were to suppose his mind as intelligent and enlightened, as it must, and is, in fact, found to be dull and stupid; what benefit would the species receive from all these metaphysical discoveries, which could not be communicated, but must perish with the individual who had made them? What progress could mankind make in the forests, scattered up and down among the other animals? And to what degree could men mutually improve and enlighten each other, when they had no fixed habitation, nor any need of each other's assistance; when the same persons scarcely met twice in their whole lives, and on meeting neither spoke to, or so much as knew each other?

Let us consider how many ideas we owe to the use of speech; how much grammar exercises, and facilitates the operations of the mind; let us, besides, reflect on the immense pains and time that the first invention of languages must have required: Let us add these reflections to the preceding; and then we may judge how many thousand ages must have been requisite to develop successively the operations, which the human mind is capable of producing.

I must now beg leave to stop one moment to consider the perplexities attending the origin of languages. I might here barely cite or repeat the researches made, in relation to this question, by the Abbe de Condillac, which all fully confirm my system, and perhaps even suggested to me the first idea of it. But, as the manner, in which the philosopher resolves the difficulties of his own starting, concerning the origin of arbitrary signs, shows that he supposes, what I doubt, namely a kind of society already established among the inventors of languages; I think it my duty, at the same time that I refer to his reflections, to give my own, in order to expose the same difficulties in a light suitable to my subject. The first that offers is how languages could become necessary; for as there was no correspondence between men, nor the least necessity for any, there is no conceiving the necessity of this invention, nor the possibility of it, if it was not indispensable. I might say, with many others, that languages are the fruit of the domestic intercourse between fathers, mothers, and children: but this, besides its not answering any difficulties, would be committing the same fault with those, who reasoning on the state of nature, transfer to it ideas collected in society, always consider families as living together under one roof, and their members as observing among themselves an union, equally intimate and permanent with that which we

see exist in a civil state, where so many common interests conspire to unite them; whereas in this primitive state, as there were neither houses nor cabins, nor any kind of property, every one took up his lodging at random, and seldom continued above one night in the same place; males and females united without any premeditated design, as chance, occasion, or desire brought them together, nor had they any great occasion for language to make known their thoughts to each other. They parted with the same ease. The mother suckled her children, when just born, for her own sake; but afterwards out of love and affection to them, when habit and custom had made them dear to her; but they no sooner gained strength enough to run about in quest of food than they separated even from her of their own accord; and as they scarce had any other method of not losing each other, than that of remaining constantly in each other's sight, they soon came to such a pass of forgetfulness, as not even to know each other, when they happened to meet again. I must further observe that the child having all his wants to explain, and consequently more things to say to his mother, than the mother can have to say to him, it is he that must be at the chief expense of invention, and the language he makes use of must be in a great measure his own work; this makes the number of languages equal to that of the individuals who are to speak them; and this multiplicity of languages is further increased by their roving and vagabond kind of life, which allows no idiom time enough to acquire any consistency; for to say that the mother would have dictated to the child the words he must employ to ask her this thing and that, may well enough explain in what manner languages, already formed, are taught, but it does not show us in what manner they are first formed.

Let us suppose this first difficulty conquered: Let us for a moment consider ourselves at this side of the immense space, which must have separated the pure state of nature from that in which languages became necessary, and let us, after allowing such necessity, examine how languages could begin to be established. A new difficulty this, still more stubborn than the preceding; for if men stood in need of speech to learn to think, they must have stood in still greater need of the art of thinking to invent that of speaking; and though we could conceive how the sounds of the voice came to be taken for the conventional interpreters of our ideas we should not be the nearer knowing who could have been the interpreters of this convention for such ideas, as, in consequence of their not having any sensible objects, could not be made manifest by gesture or voice; so that we can scarce form any tolerable conjectures concerning the birth of this art of communicating our thoughts, and establishing a correspondence between minds: a sublime art which, though so remote from its origin, philosophers still behold at such a prodigious distance from its perfection, that I never met with one of them bold enough to affirm it would ever arrive there, though the revolutions necessarily produced by time were suspended in its favour; though prejudice could be banished from, or would be at least content to sit silent in the presence of our academies, and though these societies should consecrate themselves, entirely and during whole ages, to the study of this intricate object.

The first language of man, the most universal and most energetic of all languages, in short, the only language he had occasion for, before there was a necessity of persuading assembled multitudes, was the cry of nature. As this cry was never extorted but by a kind of instinct in the most urgent cases, to implore assistance in great danger, or relief in great sufferings, it was of little use in the common occurrences of life, where more moderate sentiments generally prevail. When the ideas of men began to extend and multiply, and a closer communication began to take place among them, they laboured to devise more numerous signs, and a more extensive language: they multiplied the inflections of the voice, and added to them gestures, which are, in their own nature, more expressive, and whose meaning depends less on any prior determination. They therefore expressed visible and movable objects by gestures and those which strike the ear, by imitative sounds: but as gestures scarcely indicate anything except objects that are actually present or can be easily described, and visible actions; as they are not of general use, since darkness or the interposition of an opaque medium renders them useless; and as besides they require attention rather than excite it: men at length bethought themselves of substituting for them the articulations of voice, which, without having the same relation to any determinate object, are, in quality of instituted signs, fitter to represent all our ideas; a substitution, which could only have been made by common consent, and in a manner pretty difficult to practise by men, whose rude organs were unimproved by exercise; a substitution, which is in itself more difficult to be conceived, since the motives to this unanimous agreement must have been somehow or another expressed, and speech therefore appears to have been exceedingly requisite to establish the use of speech.

We must allow that the words, first made use of by men, had in their minds a much more extensive signification, than those employed in languages of some standing, and that, considering how ignorant they were of the division of speech into its constituent parts; they at first gave every word the meaning of an entire proposition. When afterwards they began to perceive the difference between the subject and attribute, and between verb and noun, a distinction which required no mean effort of genius, the substantives for a time were only so many proper names, the infinitive was the only tense, and as to adjectives, great difficulties must have attended the development of the idea that represents them, since every adjective is an abstract word, and abstraction is an unnatural and very painful operation.

At first they gave every object a peculiar name, without any regard to its genus or species, things which these first institutors of language were in no condition to distinguish; and every individual presented itself solitary to their minds, as it stands in the table of nature. If they called one oak A, they called another oak B: so that their dictionary must have been more extensive in proportion as their knowledge of things was more confined. It could not but be a very difficult task to get rid of so diffuse and embarrassing a nomenclature; as in order to marshal the several beings under common and generic denominations, it was necessary to be first acquainted with their properties, and their differences; to be stocked with observations and definitions, that is to say, to understand natural history and metaphysics, advantages which the men of these times could not have enjoyed.

Besides, general ideas cannot be conveyed to the mind without the assistance of words, nor can the understanding seize them without the assistance of propositions. This is one of the reasons, why mere animals cannot form such ideas, nor ever acquire the perfectibility which depends on such an operation. When a monkey leaves without the least hesitation one nut for another, are we to think he has any general idea of that kind of fruit, and that he compares these two individual bodies with his archetype notion of them? No, certainly; but the sight of one of these nuts calls back to his memory the sensations which he has received from the other; and his eyes, modified after some certain manner, give notice to his palate of the modification it is in its turn going to receive. Every general idea is purely intellectual; let the imagination tamper ever so little with it, it immediately becomes a particular idea. Endeavour to represent to yourself the image of a tree in general, you never will be able to do it; in spite of all your efforts it will appear big or little, thin or tufted, of a bright or a deep colour; and were you master to see nothing in it, but what can be seen in every tree, such a picture would no longer resemble any tree. Beings perfectly abstract are perceivable in the same manner, or are only conceivable by the assistance of speech. The definition of a triangle can alone give you a just idea of that figure: the moment you form a triangle in your mind, it is this or that particular triangle and no other, and you cannot avoid giving breadth to its lines and colour to its area. We must therefore make use of propositions; we must therefore speak to have general ideas; for the moment the imagination stops, the mind must stop too, if not assisted by speech. If therefore the first inventors could give no names to any ideas but those they had already, it follows that the first substantives could never have been anything more than proper names.

But when by means, which I cannot conceive, our new grammarians began to extend their ideas, and generalize their words, the ignorance of the inventors must have confined this method to very narrow bounds; and as they had at first too much multiplied the names of individuals for want of being acquainted with the distinctions called genus and species, they afterwards made too few genera and species for want of having considered beings in all their differences; to push the divisions far enough, they must have had more knowledge and experience than we can allow them, and have made more researches and taken more pains, than we can suppose them willing to submit to. Now if, even at this present time, we every day discover new species, which had before escaped all our observations, how many species must have escaped the notice of men, who judged of things merely from their first appearances! As to the primitive classes and the most general notions, it were superfluous to add that these they must have likewise overlooked: how, for example, could they have thought of or understood the words, matter, spirit, substance, mode, figure, motion, since even our philosophers, who for so long a time have been constantly employing these terms, can themselves scarcely understand them, and since the ideas annexed to these words being purely metaphysical, no models of them could be found in nature?

I stop at these first advances, and beseech my judges to suspend their lecture a little, in order to consider, what a great way language has still to go, in regard to the invention of physical substantives alone, (though the easiest part of language to invent,) to be able to express all the sentiments of man, to assume an invariable form, to bear being spoken in public and to influence society: I earnestly entreat them to consider how much time and knowledge must have been requisite to find out numbers, abstract words, the aorists, and all the other tenses of verbs, the particles, and syntax, the method of connecting propositions and arguments, of forming all the logic of discourse. For my own part, I am so scared at the difficulties that multiply at every step, and so convinced of the almost demonstrated impossibility of languages owing their birth and establishment to means that were merely human, that I must leave to whoever may please to take it up, the task of discussing this difficult problem. "Which was the most necessary, society already formed to invent languages, or languages already invented to form society?"

But be the case of these origins ever so mysterious, we may at least infer from the little care which nature has taken to bring men together by mutual wants, and make the use of speech easy to them, how little she has done towards making them sociable, and how little she has contributed to anything which they themselves have done to become so. In fact, it is impossible to conceive, why, in this primitive state, one man should have more occasion for the assistance of another, than one monkey, or one wolf for that of another animal of the same species; or supposing that he had, what motive could induce another to assist him; or even, in this last case, how he, who wanted assistance, and he from whom it was wanted, could agree among themselves upon the conditions.

Authors, I know, are continually telling us, that in this state man would have been a most miserable creature; and if it is true, as I fancy I have proved it, that he must have continued many ages without either the desire or the opportunity of emerging from such a state, this their assertion could only serve to justify a charge against nature, and not any against the being which nature had thus constituted; but, if I thoroughly understand this term miserable, it is a word, that either has no meaning, or signifies nothing, but a privation attended with pain, and a suffering state of body or soul; now I would fain know what kind of misery can be that of a free being, whose heart enjoys perfect peace, and body perfect health? And which is aptest to become insupportable to those who enjoy it, a civil or a natural life? In civil life we can scarcely meet a single person who does not complain of his existence; many even throw away as much of it as they can, and the united force of divine and human laws can hardly put bounds to this disorder. Was ever any free savage known to have been so much as tempted to complain of life, and lay violent hands on himself? Let us therefore judge with less pride on which side real misery is to be placed. Nothing, on the contrary, must have been so unhappy as savage man, dazzled by flashes of knowledge, racked by passions, and reasoning on a state different from that in which he saw himself placed. It was in consequence of a very wise Providence, that the faculties, which he potentially enjoyed, were not to develop themselves but in proportion as there offered occasions to exercise them, lest they should be superfluous or troublesome to him when he did not want them, or tardy and useless when he did. He had in his instinct alone everything requisite to live in a state of nature; in his cultivated reason he has barely what is necessary to live in a state of society.

It appears at first sight that, as there was no kind of moral relations between men in this state, nor any known duties, they could not be either good or bad, and had neither vices nor virtues, unless we take these words in a physical sense, and call vices, in the individual, the qualities which may prove detrimental to his own preservation, and virtues those which may contribute to it; in which case we should be obliged to consider him as most virtuous, who made least resistance against the simple impulses of nature. But without deviating from the usual meaning of these terms, it is proper to suspend the judgment we might form of such a situation, and be upon our guard against prejudice, till, the balance in hand, we have examined whether there are more virtues or vices among civilized men; or whether the improvement of their understanding is sufficient to compensate the damage which they mutually do to each other, in proportion as they become better informed of the services which they ought to do; or whether, upon the whole, they would not be much happier in a condition, where they had nothing to fear or to hope from each other, than in that where they had submitted to an universal subserviency, and have obliged themselves to depend for everything upon the good will of those, who do not think themselves obliged to give anything in return.

But above all things let us beware concluding with Hobbes, that man, as having no idea of goodness, must be naturally bad; that he is vicious because he does not know what virtue is; that he always refuses to do any service to those of his own species, because he believes that none is due to them; that, in virtue of that right which he justly claims to everything he wants, he foolishly looks upon himself as proprietor of the whole universe. Hobbes very plainly saw the flaws in all the modern definitions of natural right: but the consequences, which he draws from his own definition, show that it is, in the sense he understands it, equally exceptionable. This author, to argue from his own principles, should say that the state of nature, being that where the care of our own preservation interferes least with the preservation of others, was of course the most favourable to peace, and most suitable to mankind; whereas he advances the very reverse in consequence of his having injudiciously admitted, as objects of that care which savage man should take of his preservation, the satisfaction of numberless passions which are the work of society, and have rendered laws necessary. A bad man, says he, is a robust child. But this is not proving that savage man is a robust child; and though we were to grant that he was, what could this philosopher infer from such a concession? That if this man, when robust, depended on others as much as when feeble, there is no excess that he would not be guilty of. He would make nothing of striking his mother when she delayed ever so little to give him the breast; he would claw, and bite, and strangle without remorse the first of his younger brothers, that ever so accidentally jostled or otherwise disturbed him. But these are two contradictory suppositions in the state of nature, to be robust and dependent. Man is weak when dependent, and his own master before he grows robust. Hobbes did not consider that the same cause, which hinders savages from making use of their reason, as our jurisconsults pretend, hinders them at the same time from making an ill use of their faculties, as he himself pretends; so that we may say that savages are not bad, precisely because they don't know what it is to be good; for it is neither the development of the understanding, nor the curb of the law, but the calmness of their passions and their ignorance of vice that hinders them from doing ill: _tantus plus in illis proficit vitiorum ignorantia, quam in his cognito virtutis_. There is besides another principle that has escaped Hobbes, and which, having been given to man to moderate, on certain occasions, the blind and impetuous sallies of self-love, or the desire of self-preservation previous to the appearance of that passion, allays the ardour, with which he naturally pursues his private welfare, by an innate abhorrence to see beings suffer that resemble him. I shall not surely be contradicted, in granting to man the only natural virtue, which the most passionate detractor of human virtues could not deny him, I mean that of pity, a disposition suitable to creatures

weak as we are, and liable to so many evils; a virtue so much the more universal, and withal useful to man, as it takes place in him of all manner of reflection; and so natural, that the beasts themselves sometimes give evident signs of it. Not to speak of the tenderness of mothers for their young; and of the dangers they face to screen them from danger; with what reluctance are horses known to trample upon living bodies; one animal never passes unmoved by the dead carcass of another animal of the same species: there are even some who bestow a kind of sepulture upon their dead fellows; and the mournful lowings of cattle, on their entering the slaughter-house, publish the impression made upon them by the horrible spectacle they are there struck with. It is with pleasure we see the author of the fable of the bees, forced to acknowledge man a compassionate and sensible being; and lay aside, in the example he offers to confirm it, his cold and subtle style, to place before us the pathetic picture of a man, who, with his hands tied up, is obliged to behold a beast of prey tear a child from the arms of his mother, and then with his teeth grind the tender limbs, and with his claws rend the throbbing entrails of the innocent victim. What horrible emotions must not such a spectator experience at the sight of an event which does not personally concern him? What anguish must he not suffer at his not being able to assist the fainting mother or the expiring infant?

Such is the pure motion of nature, anterior to all manner of reflection; such is the force of natural pity, which the most dissolute manners have as yet found it so difficult to extinguish, since we every day see, in our theatrical representation, those men sympathize with the unfortunate and weep at their sufferings, who, if in the tyrant's place, would aggravate the torments of their enemies. Mandeville was very sensible that men, in spite of all their morality, would never have been better than monsters, if nature had not given them pity to assist reason: but he did not perceive that from this quality alone flow all the social virtues, which he would dispute mankind the possession of. In fact, what is generosity, what clemency, what humanity, but pity applied to the weak, to the guilty, or to the human species in general? Even benevolence and friendship, if we judge right, will appear the effects of a constant pity, fixed upon a particular object: for to wish that a person may not suffer, what is it but to wish that he may be happy? Though it were true that commiseration is no more than a sentiment, which puts us in the place of him who suffers, a sentiment obscure but active in the savage, developed but dormant in civilized man, how could this notion affect the truth of what I advance, but to make it more evident. In fact, commiseration must be so much the more energetic, the more intimately the animal, that beholds any kind of distress, identifies himself with the animal that labours under it. Now it is evident that this identification must have been infinitely more perfect in the state of nature than in the state of reason. It is reason that engenders self-love, and reflection that strengthens it; it is reason that makes man shrink into himself; it is reason that makes him keep aloof from everything that can trouble or afflict him: it is philosophy that destroys his connections with other men; it is in consequence of her dictates that he mutters to himself at the sight of another in distress, You may perish for aught I care, nothing can hurt me. Nothing less than those evils, which threaten the whole species, can disturb the calm sleep of the philosopher, and force him from his bed. One man may with impunity murder another under his windows; he has nothing to do but clap his hands to his ears, argue a little with himself to hinder nature, that startles within him, from identifying him with the unhappy sufferer. Savage man wants this admirable talent; and for want of wisdom and reason, is always ready foolishly to obey the first whispers of humanity. In riots and street-brawls the populace flock together, the prudent man sneaks off. They are the dregs of the people, the poor basket and barrow-women, that part the combatants, and hinder gentle folks from cutting one another's throats.

It is therefore certain that pity is a natural sentiment, which, by moderating in every individual the activity of self-love, contributes to the mutual preservation of the whole species. It is this pity which hurries us without reflection to the assistance of those we see in distress; it is this pity which, in a state of nature, stands for laws, for manners, for virtue, with this advantage, that no one is tempted to disobey her sweet and gentle voice: it is this pity which will always hinder a robust savage from plundering a feeble child, or infirm old man, of the subsistence they have acquired with pain and difficulty, if he has but the least prospect of providing for himself by any other means: it is this pity which, instead of that sublime maxim of argumentative justice, Do to others as you would have others do to you, inspires all men with that other maxim of natural goodness a great deal less perfect, but perhaps more useful, Consult your own happiness with as little prejudice as you can to that of others. It is in a word, in this natural sentiment, rather than in fine-spun arguments, that we must look for the cause of that reluctance which every man would experience to do evil, even independently of the maxims of education. Though it may be the peculiar happiness of Socrates and other geniuses of his stamp, to reason themselves into virtue, the human species would long ago have ceased to exist, had it depended entirely for its preservation on the reasonings of the individuals that compose it.

With passions so tame, and so salutary a curb, men, rather wild than wicked, and more attentive to guard against mischief than to do any to other animals, were not exposed to any dangerous dissensions: As they kept up no manner of correspondence with each other, and were of course strangers to vanity, to respect, to esteem, to contempt; as they had no notion of what we call Meum and Tuum, nor any true idea of justice; as they considered any violence they were liable to, as an evil that could be easily repaired, and

not as an injury that deserved punishment; and as they never so much as dreamed of revenge, unless perhaps mechanically and unpremeditatedly, as a dog who bites the stone that has been thrown at him; their disputes could seldom be attended with bloodshed, were they never occasioned by a more considerable stake than that of subsistence: but there is a more dangerous subject of contention, which I must not leave unnoticed.

Among the passions which ruffle the heart of man, there is one of a hot and impetuous nature, which renders the sexes necessary to each other; a terrible passion which despises all dangers, bears down all obstacles, and to which in its transports it seems proper to destroy the human species which it is destined to preserve. What must become of men abandoned to this lawless and brutal rage, without modesty, without shame, and every day disputing the objects of their passion at the expense of their blood?

We must in the first place allow that the more violent the passions, the more necessary are laws to restrain them: but besides that the disorders and the crimes, to which these passions daily give rise among us, sufficiently grove the insufficiency of laws for that purpose, we would do well to look back a little further and examine, if these evils did not spring up with the laws themselves; for at this rate, though the laws were capable of repressing these evils, it is the least that might be expected from them, seeing it is no more than stopping the progress of a mischief which they themselves have produced.

Let us begin by distinguishing between what is moral and what is physical in the passion called love. The physical part of it is that general desire which prompts the sexes to unite with each other; the moral part is that which determines that desire, and fixes it upon a particular object to the exclusion of all others, or at least gives it a greater degree of energy for this preferred object. Now it is easy to perceive that the moral part of love is a factitious sentiment, engendered by society, and cried up by the women with great care and address in order to establish their empire, and secure command to that sex which ought to obey. This sentiment, being founded on certain notions of beauty and merit which a savage is not capable of having, and upon comparisons which he is not capable of making, can scarcely exist in him: for as his mind was never in a condition to form abstract ideas of regularity and proportion, neither is his heart susceptible of sentiments of admiration and love, which, even without our perceiving it, are produced by our application of these ideas; he listens solely to the dispositions implanted in him by nature, and not to taste which he never was in a way of acquiring; and every woman answers his purpose.

Confined entirely to what is physical in love, and happy enough not to know these preferences which sharpen the appetite for it, at the same time that they increase the difficulty of satisfying such appetite, men, in a state of nature, must be subject to fewer and less violent fits of that passion, and of course there must be fewer and less violent disputes among them in consequence of it. The imagination which causes so many ravages among us, never speaks to the heart of savages, who peaceably wait for the impulses of nature, yield to these impulses without choice and with more pleasure than fury; and whose desires never outlive their necessity for the thing desired.

Nothing therefore can be more evident, than that it is society alone, which has added even to love itself as well as to all the other passions, that impetuous ardour, which so often renders it fatal to mankind; and it is so much the more ridiculous to represent savages constantly murdering each other to glut their brutality, as this opinion is diametrically opposite to experience, and the Caribbeans, the people in the world who have as yet deviated least from the state of nature, are to all intents and purposes the most peaceable in their amours, and the least subject to jealousy, though they live in a burning climate which seems always to add considerably to the activity of these passions.

As to the inductions which may be drawn, in respect to several species of animals, from the battles of the males, who in all seasons cover our poultry yards with blood, and in spring particularly cause our forests to ring again with the noise they make in disputing their females, we must begin by excluding all those species, where nature has evidently established, in the relative power of the sexes, relations different from those which exist among us: thus from the battle of cocks we can form no induction that will affect the human species. In the species, where the proportion is better observed, these battles must be owing entirely to the fewness of the females compared with the males, or, which is all one, to the exclusive intervals, during which the females constantly refuse the addresses of the males; for if the female admits the male but two months in the year, it is all the same as if the number of females were five-sixths less than what it is: now neither of these cases is applicable to the human species, where the number of females generally surpasses that of males, and where it has never been observed that, even among savages, the females had, like those of other animals, stated times of passion and indifference, Besides, among several of these animals the whole species takes fire all at once, and for some days nothing is, to be seen among them but confusion, tumult, disorder and bloodshed; a state unknown to the human species where love is never periodical. We can not therefore conclude from the battles of certain animals for the possession of their females, that the same would be the case of man in a state of nature; and though we might, as these contests do not

destroy the other species, there is at least equal room to think they would not be fatal to ours; nay it is very probable that they would cause fewer ravages than they do in society, especially in those countries where, morality being as yet held in some esteem, the jealousy of lovers, and the vengeance of husbands every day produce duels, murders and even worse crimes; where the duty of an eternal fidelity serves only to propagate adultery; and the very laws of continence and honour necessarily contribute to increase dissoluteness, and multiply abortions.

Let us conclude that savage man, wandering about in the forests, without industry, without speech, without any fixed residence, an equal stranger to war and every social connection, without standing in any shape in need of his fellows, as well as without any desire of hurting them, and perhaps even without ever distinguishing them individually one from the other, subject to few passions, and finding in himself all he wants, let us, I say, conclude that savage man thus circumstanced had no knowledge or sentiment but such as are proper to that condition, that he was alone sensible of his real necessities, took notice of nothing but what it was his interest to see, and that his understanding made as little progress as his vanity. If he happened to make any discovery, he could the less communicate it as he did not even know his children. The art perished with the inventor; there was neither education nor improvement; generations succeeded generations to no purpose; and as all constantly set out from the same point, whole centuries rolled on in the rudeness and barbarity of the first age; the species was grown old, while the individual still remained in a state of childhood.

If I have enlarged so much upon the supposition of this primitive condition, it is because I thought it my duty, considering what ancient errors and inveterate prejudices I have to extirpate, to dig to the very roots, and show in a true picture of the state of nature, how much even natural inequality falls short in this state of that reality and influence which our writers ascribe to it.

In fact, we may easily perceive that among the differences, which distinguish men, several pass for natural, which are merely the work of habit and the different kinds of life adopted by men living in a social way. Thus a robust or delicate constitution, and the strength and weakness which depend on it, are oftener produced by the hardy or effeminate manner in which a man has been brought up, than by the primitive constitution of his body. It is the same thus in regard to the forces of the mind; and education not only produces a difference between those minds which are cultivated and those which are not, but even increases that which is found among the first in proportion to their culture; for let a giant and a dwarf set out in the same path, the giant at every step will acquire a new advantage over the dwarf. Now, if we compare the prodigious variety in the education and manner of living of the different orders of men in a civil state, with the simplicity and uniformity that prevails in the animal and savage life, where all the individuals make use of the same aliments, live in the same manner, and do exactly the same things, we shall easily conceive how much the difference between man and man in the state of nature must be less than in the state of society, and how much every inequality of institution must increase the natural inequalities of the human species.

But though nature in the distribution of her gifts should really affect all the preferences that are ascribed to her, what advantage could the most favoured derive from her partiality, to the prejudice of others, in a state of things, which scarce admitted any kind of relation between her pupils? Of what service can beauty be, where there is no love? What will wit avail people who don't speak, or craft those who have no affairs to transact? Authors are constantly crying out, that the strongest would oppress the weakest; but let them explain what they mean by the word oppression. One man will rule with violence, another will groan under a constant subjection to all his caprices: this is indeed precisely what I observe among us, but I don't see how it can be said of savage men, into whose heads it would be a harder matter to drive even the meaning of the words domination and servitude. One man might, indeed, seize on the fruits which another had gathered, on the game which another had killed, on the cavern which another had occupied for shelter; but how is it possible he should ever exact obedience from him, and what chains of dependence can there be among men who possess nothing? If I am driven from one tree, I have nothing to do but look out for another; if one place is made uneasy to me, what can hinder me from taking up my quarters elsewhere? But suppose I should meet a man so much superior to me in strength, and withal so wicked, so lazy and so barbarous as to oblige me to provide for his subsistence while he remains idle; he must resolve not to take his eyes from me a single moment, to bind me fast before he can take the least nap, lest I should kill him or give him the slip during his sleep: that is to say, he must expose himself voluntarily to much greater troubles than what he seeks to avoid, than any he gives me. And after all, let him abate ever so little of his vigilance; let him at some sudden noise but turn his head another way; I am already buried in the forest, my fetters are broke, and he never sees me again.

But without insisting any longer upon these details, every one must see that, as the bonds of servitude are formed merely by the mutual dependence of men one upon another and the reciprocal necessities which unite them, it is impossible for one man to enslave another, without having first reduced him to a condition in which he can not live without the enslaver's assistance; a condition which, as it does not exist in a state of nature, must leave every man his own master, and render the law of the strongest

altogether vain and useless.

Having proved that the inequality, which may subsist between man and man in a state of nature, is almost imperceivable, and that it has very little influence, I must now proceed to show its origin, and trace its progress, in the successive developments of the human mind. After having showed, that perfectibility, the social virtues, and the other faculties, which natural man had received _in potentia_, could never be developed of themselves, that for that purpose there was a necessity for the fortuitous concurrence of several foreign causes, which might never happen, and without which he must have eternally remained in his primitive condition; I must proceed to consider and bring together the different accidents which may have perfected the human understanding by debasing the species, render a being wicked by rendering him sociable, and from so remote a term bring man at last and the world to the point in which we now see them.

I must own that, as the events I am about to describe might have happened many different ways, my choice of these I shall assign can be grounded on nothing but mere conjecture; but besides these conjectures becoming reasons, when they are not only the most probable that can be drawn from the nature of things, but the only means we can have of discovering truth, the consequences I mean to deduce from mine will not be merely conjectural, since, on the principles I have just established, it is impossible to form any other system, that would not supply me with the same results, and from which I might not draw the same conclusions.

This will authorize me to be the more concise in my reflections on the manner, in which the lapse of time makes amends for the little verisimilitude of events; on the surprising power of very trivial causes, when they act without intermission; on the impossibility there is on the one hand of destroying certain Hypotheses, if on the other we can not give them the degree of certainty which facts must be allowed to possess; on its being the business of history, when two facts are proposed, as real, to be connected by a chain of intermediate facts which are either unknown or considered as such, to furnish such facts as may actually connect them; and the business of philosophy, when history is silent, to point out similar facts which may answer the same purpose; in fine on the privilege of similitude, in regard to events, to reduce facts to a much smaller number of different classes than is generally imagined. It suffices me to offer these objects to the consideration of my judges; it suffices me to have conducted my inquiry in such a manner as to save common readers the trouble of considering them.

SECOND PART

The first man, who, after enclosing a piece of ground, took it into his head to say, "This is mine," and found people simple enough to believe him, was the true founder of civil society. How many crimes, how many wars, how many murders, how many misfortunes and horrors, would that man have saved the human species, who pulling up the stakes or filling up the ditches should have cried to his fellows: Be sure not to listen to this imposter; you are lost, if you forget that the fruits of the earth belong equally to us all, and the earth itself to nobody! But it is highly probable that things were now come to such a pass, that they could not continue much longer in the same way; for as this idea of property depends on several prior ideas which could only spring up gradually one after another, it was not formed all at once in the human mind: men must have made great progress; they must have acquired a great stock of industry and knowledge, and transmitted and increased it from age to age before they could arrive at this last term of the state of nature. Let us therefore take up things a little higher, and collect into one point of view, and in their most natural order, this slow succession of events and mental improvements.

The first sentiment of man was that of his existence, his first care that of preserving it. The productions of the earth yielded him all the assistance he required; instinct prompted him to make use of them. Among the various appetites, which made him at different times experience different modes of existence, there was one that excited him to perpetuate his species; and this blind propensity, quite void of anything like pure love or affection, produced nothing but an act that was merely animal. The present heat once allayed, the sexes took no further notice of each other, and even the child ceased to have any tie in his mother, the moment he ceased to want her assistance.

Such was the condition of infant man; such was the life of an animal confined at first to pure sensations, and so far from harbouring any thought of forcing her gifts from nature, that he scarcely availed himself of those which she offered to him of her own accord. But difficulties soon arose, and there was a necessity for learning how to surmount them: the height of some trees, which prevented his reaching their fruits; the competition of other animals equally fond of the same fruits; the fierceness of many that even aimed at his life; these were so many circumstances, which obliged him to apply to bodily exercise. There was a necessity for becoming active, swift-footed, and sturdy in battle. The natural arms, which are stones and the branches of trees, soon offered themselves to his assistance. He learned to surmount the obstacles of nature, to contend in case of necessity with other animals, to dispute his

subsistence even with other men, or indemnify himself for the loss of whatever he found himself obliged to part with to the strongest.

In proportion as the human species grew more numerous, and extended itself, its pains likewise multiplied and increased. The difference of soils, climates and seasons, might have forced men to observe some difference in their way of living. Bad harvests, long and severe winters, and scorching summers which parched up all the fruits of the earth, required extraordinary exertions of industry. On the sea shore, and the banks of rivers, they invented the line and the hook, and became fishermen and ichthyophagous. In the forests they made themselves bows and arrows, and became huntsmen and warriors. In the cold countries they covered themselves with the skins of the beasts they had killed; thunder, a volcano, or some happy accident made them acquainted with fire, a new resource against the rigours of winter: they discovered the method of preserving this element, then that of reproducing it, and lastly the way of preparing with it the flesh of animals, which heretofore they devoured raw from the carcass.

This reiterated application of various beings to himself, and to one another, must have naturally engendered in the mind of man the idea of certain relations. These relations, which we express by the words, great, little, strong, weak, swift, slow, fearful, bold, and the like, compared occasionally, and almost without thinking of it, produced in him some kind of reflection, or rather a mechanical prudence, which pointed out to him the precautions most essential to his preservation and safety.

The new lights resulting from this development increased his superiority over other animals, by making him sensible of it. He laid himself out to ensnare them; he played them a thousand tricks; and though several surpassed him in strength or in swiftness, he in time became the master of those that could be of any service to him, and a sore enemy to those that could do him any mischief. 'Tis thus, that the first look he gave into himself produced the first emotion of pride in him; 'tis thus that, at a time he scarce knew how to distinguish between the different ranks of existence, by attributing to his species the first rank among animals in general, he prepared himself at a distance to pretend to it as an individual among those of his own species in particular.

Though other men were not to him what they are to us, and he had scarce more intercourse with them than with other animals, they were not overlooked in his observations. The conformities, which in time he might discover between them, and between himself and his female, made him judge of those he did not perceive; and seeing that they all behaved as himself would have done in similar circumstances, he concluded that their manner of thinking and willing was quite conformable to his own; and this important truth, when once engraved deeply on his mind, made him follow, by a presentiment as sure as any logic, and withal much quicker, the best rules of conduct, which for the sake of his own safety and advantage it was proper he should observe towards them.

Instructed by experience that the love of happiness is the sole principle of all human actions, he found himself in a condition to distinguish the few cases, in which common interest might authorize him to build upon the assistance of his fellows, and those still fewer, in which a competition of interests might justly render it suspected. In the first case he united with them in the same flock, or at most by some kind of free association which obliged none of its members, and lasted no longer than the transitory necessity that had given birth to it. In the second case every one aimed at his own private advantage, either by open force if he found himself strong enough, or by cunning and address if he thought himself too weak to use violence.

Such was the manner in which men might have insensibly acquired some gross idea of their mutual engagements and the advantage of fulfilling them, but this only as far as their present and sensible interest required; for as to foresight they were utter strangers to it, and far from troubling their heads about a distant futurity, they scarce thought of the day following. Was a deer to be taken? Every one saw that to succeed he must faithfully stand to his post; but suppose a hare to have slipped by within reach of any one of them, it is not to be doubted but he pursued it without scruple, and when he had seized his prey never reproached himself with having made his companions miss theirs.

We may easily conceive that such an intercourse scarce required a more refined language than that of crows and monkeys, which flock together almost in the same manner. Inarticulate exclamations, a great many gestures, and some imitative sounds, must have been for a long time the universal language of mankind, and by joining to these in every country some articulate and conventional sounds, of which, as I have already hinted, it is not very easy to explain the institution, there arose particular languages, but rude, imperfect, and such nearly as are to be found at this day among several savage nations. My pen straightened by the rapidity of time, the abundance of things I have to say, and the almost insensible progress of the first improvements, flies like an arrow over numberless ages, for the slower the succession of events, the quicker I may allow myself to be in relating them.

At length, these first improvements enabled man to improve at a greater rate. Industry grew perfect in proportion as the mind became more enlightened. Men soon ceasing to fall asleep under the first tree, or take shelter in the first cavern, lit upon some hard

and sharp kinds of stone resembling spades or hatchets, and employed them to dig the ground, cut down trees, and with the branches build huts, which they afterwards bethought themselves of plastering over with clay or dirt. This was the epoch of a first revolution, which produced the establishment and distinction of families, and which introduced a species of property, and along with it perhaps a thousand quarrels and battles. As the strongest however were probably the first to make themselves cabins, which they knew they were able to defend, we may conclude that the weak found it much shorter and safer to imitate than to attempt to dislodge them: and as to those, who were already provided with cabins, no one could have any great temptation to seize upon that of his neighbour, not so much because it did not belong to him, as because it could be of no service to him; and as besides to make himself master of it, he must expose himself to a very sharp conflict with the present occupiers.

The first developments of the heart were the effects of a new situation, which united husbands and wives, parents and children, under one roof; the habit of living together gave birth to the sweetest sentiments the human species is acquainted with, conjugal and paternal love. Every family became a little society, so much the more firmly united, as a mutual attachment and liberty were the only bonds of it; and it was now that the sexes, whose way of life had been hitherto the same, began to adopt different manners and customs. The women became more sedentary, and accustomed themselves to stay at home and look after the children, while the men rambled abroad in quest of subsistence for the whole family. The two sexes likewise by living a little more at their ease began to lose somewhat of their usual ferocity and sturdiness; but if on the one hand individuals became less able to engage separately with wild beasts, they on the other were more easily got together to make a common resistance against them.

In this new state of things, the simplicity and solitariness of man's life, the limitedness of his wants, and the instruments which he had invented to satisfy them, leaving him a great deal of leisure, he employed it to supply himself with several conveniences unknown to his ancestors; and this was the first yoke he inadvertently imposed upon himself, and the first source of mischief which he prepared for his children; for besides continuing in this manner to soften both body and mind, these conveniences having through use lost almost all their aptness to please, and even degenerated into real wants, the privation of them became far more intolerable than the possession of them had been agreeable; to lose them was a misfortune, to possess them no happiness.

Here we may a little better discover how the use of speech insensibly commences or improves in the bosom of every family, and may likewise from conjectures concerning the manner in which divers particular causes might have propagated language, and accelerated its progress by rendering it every day more and more necessary. Great inundations or earthquakes surrounded inhabited districts with water or precipices, portions of the continent were by revolutions of the globe torn off and split into islands. It is obvious that among men thus collected, and forced to live together, a common idiom must have started up much sooner, than among those who freely wandered through the forests of the main land. Thus it is very possible that the inhabitants of the islands formed in this manner, after their first essays in navigation, brought among us the use of speech; and it is very probable at least that society and languages commenced in islands and even acquired perfection there, before the inhabitants of the continent knew anything of either.

Everything now begins to wear a new aspect. Those who heretofore wandered through the woods, by taking to a more settled way of life, gradually flock together, coalesce into several separate bodies, and at length form in every country distinct nations, united in character and manners, not by any laws or regulations, but by an uniform manner of life, a sameness of provisions, and the common influence of the climate. A permanent neighborhood must at last infallibly create some connection between different families. The transitory commerce required by nature soon produced, among the youth of both sexes living in contiguous cabins, another kind of commerce, which besides being equally agreeable is rendered more durable by mutual intercourse. Men begin to consider different objects, and to make comparisons; they insensibly acquire ideas of merit and beauty, and these soon produce sentiments of preference. By seeing each other often they contract a habit, which makes it painful not to see each other always. Tender and agreeable sentiments steal into the soul, and are by the smallest opposition wound up into the most impetuous fury: Jealousy kindles with love; discord triumphs; and the gentlest of passions requires sacrifices of human blood to appease it.

In proportion as ideas and sentiments succeed each other, and the head and the heart exercise themselves, men continue to shake off their original wildness, and their connections become more intimate and extensive. They now begin to assemble round a great tree: singing and dancing, the genuine offspring of love and leisure, become the amusement or rather the occupation of the men and women, free from care, thus gathered together. Every one begins to survey the rest, and wishes to be surveyed himself; and public esteem acquires a value. He who sings or dances best; the handsomest, the strongest, the most dexterous, the most eloquent, comes to be the most respected: this was the first step towards inequality, and at the same time towards vice. From these first preferences there proceeded on one side vanity and contempt, on the other envy and shame; and the fermentation raised by these new leavens at length produced combinations fatal to happiness and innocence.

Men no sooner began to set a value upon each other, and know what esteem was, than each laid claim to it, and it was no longer safe for any man to refuse it to another. Hence the first duties of civility and politeness, even among savages; and hence every voluntary injury became an affront, as besides the mischief, which resulted from it as an injury, the party offended was sure to find in it a contempt for his person more intolerable than the mischief itself. It was thus that every man, punishing the contempt expressed for him by others in proportion to the value he set upon himself, the effects of revenge became terrible, and men learned to be sanguinary and cruel. Such precisely was the degree attained by most of the savage nations with whom we are acquainted. And it is for want of sufficiently distinguishing ideas, and observing at how great a distance these people were from the first state of nature, that so many authors have hastily concluded that man is naturally cruel, and requires a regular system of police to be reclaimed; whereas nothing can be more gentle than he in his primitive state, when placed by nature at an equal distance from the stupidity of brutes, and the pernicious good sense of civilized man; and equally confined by instinct and reason to the care of providing against the mischief which threatens him, he is withheld by natural compassion from doing any injury to others, so far from being ever so little prone even to return that which he has received. For according to the axiom of the wise Locke, Where there is no property, there can be no injury.

But we must take notice, that the society now formed and the relations now established among men required in them qualities different from those, which they derived from their primitive constitution; that as a sense of morality began to insinuate itself into human actions, and every man, before the enacting of laws, was the only judge and avenger of the injuries he had received, that goodness of heart suitable to the pure state of nature by no means suited infant society; that it was necessary punishments should become severer in the same proportion that the opportunities of offending became more frequent, and the dread of vengeance add strength to the too weak curb of the law. Thus, though men were become less patient, and natural compassion had already suffered some alteration, this period of the development of the human faculties, holding a just mean between the indolence of the primitive state, and the petulant activity of self-love, must have been the happiest and most durable epoch. The more we reflect on this state, the more convinced we shall be, that it was the least subject of any to revolutions, the best for man, and that nothing could have drawn him out of it but some fatal accident, which, for the public good, should never have happened. The example of the savages, most of whom have been found in this condition, seems to confirm that mankind was formed ever to remain in it, that this condition is the real youth of the world, and that all ulterior improvements have been so many steps, in appearance towards the perfection of individuals, but in fact towards the decrepitness of the species.

As long as men remained satisfied with their rustic cabins; as long as they confined themselves to the use of clothes made of the skins of other animals, and the use of thorns and fish-bones, in putting these skins together; as long as they continued to consider feathers and shells as sufficient ornaments, and to paint their bodies of different colours, to improve or ornament their bows and arrows, to form and scoop out with sharp-edged stones some little fishing boats, or clumsy instruments of music; in a word, as long as they undertook such works only as a single person could finish, and stuck to such arts as did not require the joint endeavours of several hands, they lived free, healthy, honest and happy, as much as their nature would admit, and continued to enjoy with each other all the pleasures of an independent intercourse; but from the moment one man began to stand in need of another's assistance; from the moment it appeared an advantage for one man to possess the quantity of provisions requisite for two, all equality vanished; property started up; labour became necessary; and boundless forests became smiling fields, which it was found necessary to water with human sweat, and in which slavery and misery were soon seen to sprout out and grow with the fruits of the earth.

Metallurgy and agriculture were the two arts whose invention produced this great revolution. With the poet, it is gold and silver, but with the philosopher it is iron and corn, which have civilized men, and ruined mankind. Accordingly both one and the other were unknown to the savages of America, who for that very reason have always continued savages; nay other nations seem to have continued in a state of barbarism, as long as they continued to exercise one only of these arts without the other; and perhaps one of the best reasons that can be assigned, why Europe has been, if not earlier, at least more constantly and better civilized than the other quarters of the world, is that she both abounds most in iron and is best qualified to produce corn.

It is a very difficult matter to tell how men came to know anything of iron, and the art of employing it: for we are not to suppose that they should of themselves think of digging it out of the mines, and preparing it for fusion, before they knew what could be the result of such a process. On the other hand, there is the less reason to attribute this discovery to any accidental fire, as mines are formed nowhere but in dry and barren places, and such as are bare of trees and plants, so that it looks as if nature had taken pains to keep from us so mischievous a secret. Nothing therefore remains but the extraordinary circumstance of some volcano, which, belching forth metallic substances ready fused, might have given the spectators a notion of imitating that operation of nature; and after all we

must suppose them endued with an extraordinary stock of courage and foresight to undertake so painful a work, and have, at so great a distance, an eye to the advantages they might derive from it; qualities scarcely suitable but to heads more exercised, than those of such discoverers can be supposed to have been.

As to agriculture, the principles of it were known a long time before the practice of it took place, and it is hardly possible that men, constantly employed in drawing their subsistence from trees and plants, should not have early hit on the means employed by nature for the generation of vegetables; but in all probability it was very late before their industry took a turn that way, either because trees, which with their land and water game supplied them with sufficient food, did not require their attention; or because they did not know the use of corn; or because they had no instruments to cultivate it; or because they were destitute of foresight in regard to future necessities; or in fine, because they wanted means to hinder others from running away with the fruit of their labours. We may believe that on their becoming more industrious they began their agriculture by cultivating with sharp stones and pointed sticks a few pulse or roots about their cabins; and that it was a long time before they knew the method of preparing corn, and were provided with instruments necessary to raise it in large quantities; not to mention the necessity there is, in order to follow this occupation and sow lands, to consent to lose something at present to gain a great deal hereafter; a precaution very foreign to the turn of man's mind in a savage state, in which, as I have already taken notice, he can hardly foresee his wants from morning to night.

For this reason the invention of other arts must have been necessary to oblige mankind to apply to that of agriculture. As soon as men were wanted to fuse and forge iron, others were wanted to maintain them. The more hands were employed in manufactures, the fewer hands were left to provide subsistence for all, though the number of mouths to be supplied with food continued the same; and as some required commodities in exchange for their iron, the rest at last found out the method of making iron subservient to the multiplication of commodities. Hence on the one hand husbandry and agriculture, and on the other the art of working metals and of multiplying the uses of them.

To the tilling of the earth the distribution of it necessarily succeeded, and to property once acknowledged, the first rules of justice: for to secure every man his own, every man must have something. Moreover, as men began to extend their views to futurity, and all found themselves in possession of more or less goods capable of being lost, every one in particular had reason to fear, lest reprisals should be made on him for any injury he might do to others. This origin is so much the more natural, as it is impossible to conceive how property can flow from any other source but industry; for what can a man add but his labour to things which he has not made, in order to acquire a property in them? 'Tis the labour of the hands alone, which giving the husbandman a title to the produce of the land he has tilled gives him a title to the land itself, at least till he has gathered in the fruits of it, and so on from year to year; and this enjoyment forming a continued possession is easily transformed into a property. The ancients, says Grotius, by giving to Ceres the epithet of Legislatrix, and to a festival celebrated in her honour the name of Thesmorphoria, insinuated that the distribution of lands produced a new kind of right; that is, the right of property different from that which results from the law of nature.

Things thus circumstanced might have remained equal, if men's talents had been equal, and if, for instance, the use of iron, and the consumption of commodities had always held an exact proportion to each other; but as this proportion had no support, it was soon broken. The man that had most strength performed most labour; the most dexterous turned his labour to best account; the most ingenious found out methods of lessening his labour; the husbandman required more iron, or the smith more corn, and while both worked equally, one earned a great deal by his labour, while the other could scarce live by his. It is thus that natural inequality insensibly unfolds itself with that arising from a variety of combinations, and that the difference among men, developed by the difference of their circumstances, becomes more sensible, more permanent in its effects, and begins to influence in the same proportion the condition of private persons.

Things once arrived at this period, it is an easy matter to imagine the rest. I shall not stop to describe the successive inventions of other arts, the progress of language, the trial and employments of talents, the inequality of fortunes, the use or abuse of riches, nor all the details which follow these, and which every one may easily supply. I shall just give a glance at mankind placed in this new order of things.

Behold then all our faculties developed; our memory and imagination at work, self-love interested; reason rendered active; and the mind almost arrived at the utmost bounds of that perfection it is capable of. Behold all our natural qualities put in motion; the rank and condition of every man established, not only as to the quantum of property and the power of serving or hurting others, but likewise as to genius, beauty, strength or address, merit or talents; and as these were the only qualities which could command

respect, it was found necessary to have or at least to affect them. It was requisite for men to be thought what they really were not. To be and to appear became two very different things, and from this distinction sprang pomp and knavery, and all the vices which form their train. On the other hand, man, heretofore free and independent, was now in consequence of a multitude of new wants brought under subjection, as it were, to all nature, and especially to his fellows, whose slave in some sense he became even by becoming their master; if rich, he stood in need of their services, if poor, of their assistance; even mediocrity itself could not enable him to do without them. He must therefore have been continually at work to interest them in his happiness, and make them, if not really, at least apparently find their advantage in labouring for his: this rendered him sly and artful in his dealings with some, imperious and cruel in his dealings with others, and laid him under the necessity of using ill all those whom he stood in need of, as often as he could not awe them into a compliance with his will, and did not find it his interest to purchase it at the expense of real services. In fine, an insatiable ambition, the rage of raising their relative fortunes, not so much through real necessity, as to over-top others, inspire all men with a wicked inclination to injure each other, and with a secret jealousy so much the more dangerous, as to carry its point with the greater security, it often puts on the face of benevolence. In a word, sometimes nothing was to be seen but a contention of endeavours on the one hand, and an opposition of interests on the other, while a secret desire of thriving at the expense of others constantly prevailed. Such were the first effects of property, and the inseparable attendants of infant inequality.

Riches, before the invention of signs to represent them, could scarce consist in anything but lands and cattle, the only real goods which men can possess. But when estates increased so much in number and in extent as to take in whole countries and touch each other, it became impossible for one man to aggrandise himself but at the expense of some other; and the supernumerary inhabitants, who were too weak or too indolent to make such acquisitions in their turn, impoverished without losing anything, because while everything about them changed they alone remained the same, were obliged to receive or force their subsistence from the hands of the rich. And hence began to flow, according to the different characters of each, domination and slavery, or violence and rapine. The rich on their side scarce began to taste the pleasure of commanding, when they preferred it to every other; and making use of their old slaves to acquire new ones, they no longer thought of anything but subduing and enslaving their neighbours; like those ravenous wolves, who having once tasted human flesh, despise every other food, and devour nothing but men for the future.

It is thus that the most powerful or the most wretched, respectively considering their power and wretchedness as a kind of title to the substance of others, even equivalent to that of property, the equality once broken was followed by the most shocking disorders. It is thus that the usurpations of the rich, the pillagings of the poor, and the unbridled passions of all, by stifling the cries of natural compassion, and the as yet feeble voice of justice, rendered man avaricious, wicked and ambitious. There arose between the title of the strongest, and that of the first occupier a perpetual conflict, which always ended in battery and bloodshed. Infant society became a scene of the most horrible warfare: Mankind thus debased and harassed, and no longer able to retreat, or renounce the unhappy acquisitions it had made; labouring, in short merely to its confusion by the abuse of those faculties, which in themselves do it so much honour, brought itself to the very brink of ruin and destruction.

Attonitus novitate mali, divesque miserque, Effugere optat opes; et quoe modo voverat, odit.

But it is impossible that men should not sooner or later have made reflections on so wretched a situation, and upon the calamities with which they were overwhelmed. The rich in particular must have soon perceived how much they suffered by a perpetual war, of which they alone supported all the expense, and in which, though all risked life, they alone risked any substance. Besides, whatever colour they might pretend to give their usurpations, they sufficiently saw that these usurpations were in the main founded upon false and precarious titles, and that what they had acquired by mere force, others could again by mere force wrest out of their hands, without leaving them the least room to complain of such a proceeding. Even those, who owed all their riches to their own industry, could scarce ground their acquisitions upon a better title. It availed them nothing to say, 'Twas I built this wall; I acquired this spot by my labour. Who traced it out for you, another might object, and what right have you to expect payment at our expense for doing that we did not oblige you to do? Don't you know that numbers of your brethren perish, or suffer grievously for want of what you possess more than suffices nature, and that you should have had the express and unanimous consent of mankind to appropriate to yourself of their common, more than was requisite for your private subsistence? Destitute of solid reasons to justify, and sufficient force to defend himself; crushing individuals with ease, but with equal ease crushed by numbers; one against all, and unable, on account of mutual jealousies, to unite with his equals against banditti united by the common hopes of pillage; the rich man, thus pressed by necessity, at last conceived the deepest project that ever entered the human mind: this was to employ in his favour the very forces that attacked him, to make allies of his enemies, to inspire them with other maxims, and make them adopt other institutions as favourable to his pretensions, as the law of nature was unfavourable to them.

With this view, after laying before his neighbours all the horrors of a situation, which armed them all one against another, which rendered their possessions as burdensome as their wants were intolerable, and in which no one could expect any safety either in poverty or riches, he easily invented specious arguments to bring them over to his purpose. "Let us unite," said he, "to secure the weak from oppression, restrain the ambitious, and secure to every man the possession of what belongs to him: Let us form rules of justice and peace, to which all may be obliged to conform, which shall not except persons, but may in some sort make amends for the caprice of fortune, by submitting alike the powerful and the weak to the observance of mutual duties. In a word, instead of turning our forces against ourselves, let us collect them into a sovereign power, which may govern us by wise laws, may protect and defend all the members of the association, repel common enemies, and maintain a perpetual concord and harmony among us."

Much fewer words of this kind were sufficient to draw in a parcel of rustics, whom it was an easy matter to impose upon, who had besides too many quarrels among themselves to live without arbiters, and too much avarice and ambition to live long without masters. All offered their necks to the yoke in hopes of securing their liberty; for though they had sense enough to perceive the advantages of a political constitution, they had not experience enough to see beforehand the dangers of it; those among them, who were best qualified to foresee abuses, were precisely those who expected to benefit by them; even the soberest judged it requisite to sacrifice one part of their liberty to ensure the other, as a man, dangerously wounded in any of his limbs, readily parts with it to save the rest of his body.

Such was, or must have been, had man been left to himself, the origin of society and of the laws, which increased the fetters of the weak, and the strength of the rich; irretrievably destroyed natural liberty, fixed for ever the laws of property and inequality; changed an artful usurpation into an irrevocable title; and for the benefit of a few ambitious individuals subjected the rest of mankind to perpetual labour, servitude, and misery. We may easily conceive how the establishment of a single society rendered that of all the rest absolutely necessary, and how, to make head against united forces, it became necessary for the rest of mankind to unite in their turn. Societies once formed in this manner, soon multiplied or spread to such a degree, as to cover the face of the earth; and not to leave a corner in the whole universe, where a man could throw off the yoke, and withdraw his head from under the often ill-conducted sword which he saw perpetually hanging over it. The civil law being thus become the common rule of citizens, the law of nature no longer obtained but among the different societies, in which, under the name of the law of nations, it was qualified by some tacit conventions to render commerce possible, and supply the place of natural compassion, which, losing by degrees all that influence over societies which it originally had over individuals, no longer exists but in some great souls, who consider themselves as citizens of the world, and forcing the imaginary barriers that separate people from people, after the example of the Sovereign Being from whom we all derive our existence, make the whole human race the object of their benevolence.

Political bodies, thus remaining in a state of nature among themselves, soon experienced the inconveniences which had obliged individuals to quit it; and this state became much more fatal to these great bodies, than it had been before to the individuals which now composed them. Hence those national wars, those battles, those murders, those reprisals, which make nature shudder and shock reason; hence all those horrible prejudices, which make it a virtue and an honour to shed human blood. The worthiest men learned to consider the cutting the throats of their fellows as a duty; at length men began to butcher each other by thousands without knowing for what; and more murders were committed in a single action, and more horrible disorders at the taking of a single town, than had been committed in the state of nature during ages together upon the whole face of the earth. Such are the first effects we may conceive to have arisen from the division of mankind into different societies. Let us return to their institution.

I know that several writers have assigned other origins of political society; as for instance, the conquests of the powerful, or the union of the weak; and it is no matter which of these causes we adopt in regard to what I am going to establish; that, however, which I have just laid down, seems to me the most natural, for the following reasons: First, because, in the first case, the right of conquest being in fact no right at all, it could not serve as a foundation for any other right, the conqueror and the conquered ever remaining with respect to each other in a state of war, unless the conquered, restored to the full possession of their liberty, should freely choose their conqueror for their chief. Till then, whatever capitulations might have been made between them, as these capitulations were founded upon violence, and of course _de facto_ null and void, there could not have existed in this hypothesis either a true society, or a political body, or any other law but that of the strongest. Second, because these words strong and weak, are ambiguous in the second case; for during the interval between the establishment of the right of property or prior occupation and that of political government, the meaning of these terms is better expressed by the words poor and rich, as before the establishment of laws men in reality had no other means of reducing their equals, but by invading the property of these equals, or by parting with some of their own property to them. Third, because the poor having nothing but their liberty to lose, it would have

been the height of madness in them to give up willingly the only blessing they had left without obtaining some consideration for it: whereas the rich being sensible, if I may say so, in every part of their possessions, it was much easier to do them mischief, and therefore more incumbent upon them to guard against it; and because, in fine, it is but reasonable to suppose, that a thing has been invented by him to whom it could be of service rather than by him to whom it must prove detrimental.

Government in its infancy had no regular and permanent form. For want of a sufficient fund of philosophy and experience, men could see no further than the present inconveniences, and never thought of providing remedies for future ones, but in proportion as they arose. In spite of all the labours of the wisest legislators, the political state still continued imperfect, because it was in a manner the work of chance; and, as the foundations of it were ill laid, time, though sufficient to discover its defects and suggest the remedies for them, could never mend its original vices. Men were continually repairing; whereas, to erect a good edifice, they should have begun as Lycurgus did at Sparta, by clearing the area, and removing the old materials. Society at first consisted merely of some general conventions which all the members bound themselves to observe, and for the performance of which the whole body became security to every individual. Experience was necessary to show the great weakness of such a constitution, and how easy it was for those, who infringed it, to escape the conviction or chastisement of faults, of which the public alone was to be both the witness and the judge; the laws could not fail of being eluded a thousand ways; inconveniences and disorders could not but multiply continually, till it was at last found necessary to think of committing to private persons the dangerous trust of public authority, and to magistrates the care of enforcing obedience to the people: for to say that chiefs were elected before confederacies were formed, and that the ministers of the laws existed before the laws themselves, is a supposition too ridiculous to deserve I should seriously refute it.

It would be equally unreasonable to imagine that men at first threw themselves into the arms of an absolute master, without any conditions or consideration on his side; and that the first means contrived by jealous and unconquered men for their common safety was to run hand over head into slavery. In fact, why did they give themselves superiors, if it was not to be defended by them against oppression, and protected in their lives, liberties, and properties, which are in a manner the constitutional elements of their being? Now in the relations between man and man, the worst that can happen to one man being to see himself at the discretion of another, would it not have been contrary to the dictates of good sense to begin by making over to a chief the only things for the preservation of which they stood in need of his assistance? What equivalent could he have offered them for so fine a privilege? And had he presumed to exact it on pretense of defending them, would he not have immediately received the answer in the apologue? What worse treatment can we expect from an enemy? It is therefore past dispute, and indeed a fundamental maxim of political law, that people gave themselves chiefs to defend their liberty and not be enslaved by them. If we have a prince, said Pliny to Trajan, it is in order that he may keep us from having a master.

Political writers argue in regard to the love of liberty with the same philosophy that philosophers do in regard to the state of nature; by the things they see they judge of things very different which they have never seen, and they attribute to men a natural inclination to slavery, on account of the patience with which the slaves within their notice carry the yoke; not reflecting that it is with liberty as with innocence and virtue, the value of which is not known but by those who possess them, though the relish for them is lost with the things themselves. I know the charms of your country, said Brasidas to a satrap who was comparing the life of the Spartans with that of the Persepolites; but you can not know the pleasures of mine.

As an unbroken courser erects his mane, paws the ground, and rages at the bare sight of the bit, while a trained horse patiently suffers both whip and spur, just so the barbarian will never reach his neck to the yoke which civilized man carries without murmuring but prefers the most stormy liberty to a calm subjection. It is not therefore by the servile disposition of enslaved nations that we must judge of the natural dispositions of man for or against slavery, but by the prodigies done by every free people to secure themselves from oppression. I know that the first are constantly crying up that peace and tranquillity they enjoy in their irons, and that _miserrimam servitutem pacem appellant_: but when I see the others sacrifice pleasures, peace, riches, power, and even life itself to the preservation of that single jewel so much slighted by those who have lost it; when I see free-born animals through a natural abhorrence of captivity dash their brains out against the bars of their prison; when I see multitudes of naked savages despise European pleasures, and brave hunger, fire and sword, and death itself to preserve their independency; I feel that it belongs not to slaves to argue concerning liberty.

As to paternal authority, from which several have derived absolute government and every other mode of society, it is sufficient, without having recourse to Locke and Sidney, to observe that nothing in the world differs more from the cruel spirit of despotism that the gentleness of that authority, which looks more to the advantage of him who obeys than to the utility of him who commands; that by the law of nature the father continues master of his child no longer than the child stands in need of his assistance; that after

that term they become equal, and that then the son, entirely independent of the father, owes him no obedience, but only respect. Gratitude is indeed a duty which we are bound to pay, but which benefactors can not exact. Instead of saying that civil society is derived from paternal authority, we should rather say that it is to the former that the latter owes its principal force: No one individual was acknowledged as the father of several other individuals, till they settled about him. The father's goods, which he can indeed dispose of as he pleases, are the ties which hold his children to their dependence upon him, and he may divide his substance among them in proportion as they shall have deserved his attention by a continual deference to his commands. Now the subjects of a despotic chief, far from having any such favour to expect from him, as both themselves and all they have are his property, or at least are considered by him as such, are obliged to receive as a favour what he relinquishes to them of their own property. He does them justice when he strips them; he treats them with mercy when he suffers them to live. By continuing in this manner to compare facts with right, we should discover as little solidity as truth in the voluntary establishment of tyranny; and it would be a hard matter to prove the validity of a contract which was binding only on one side, in which one of the parties should stake everything and the other nothing, and which could turn out to the prejudice of him alone who had bound himself.

This odious system is even, at this day, far from being that of wise and good monarchs, and especially of the kings of France, as may be seen by divers passages in their edicts, and particularly by that of a celebrated piece published in 1667 in the name and by the orders of Louis XIV. "Let it therefore not be said that the sovereign is not subject to the laws of his realm, since, that he is, is a maxim of the law of nations which flattery has sometimes attacked, but which good princes have always defended as the tutelary divinity of their realms. How much more reasonable is it to say with the sage Plato, that the perfect happiness of a state consists in the subjects obeying their prince, the prince obeying the laws, and the laws being equitable and always directed to the good of the public?" I shall not stop to consider, if, liberty being the most noble faculty of man, it is not degrading one's nature, reducing one's self to the level of brutes, who are the slaves of instinct, and even offending the author of one's being, to renounce without reserve the most precious of his gifts, and submit to the commission of all the crimes he has forbid us, merely to gratify a mad or a cruel master; and if this sublime artist ought to be more irritated at seeing his work destroyed than at seeing it dishonoured. I shall only ask what right those, who were not afraid thus to degrade themselves, could have to subject their dependants to the same ignominy, and renounce, in the name of their posterity, blessings for which it is not indebted to their liberality, and without which life itself must appear a burthen to all those who are worthy to live.

Puffendorf says that, as we can transfer our property from one to another by contracts and conventions, we may likewise divest ourselves of our liberty in favour of other men. This, in my opinion, is a very poor way of arguing; for, in the first place, the property I cede to another becomes by such cession a thing quite foreign to me, and the abuse of which can no way affect me; but it concerns me greatly that my liberty is not abused, and I can not, without incurring the guilt of the crimes I may be forced to commit, expose myself to become the instrument of any. Besides, the right of property being of mere human convention and institution, every man may dispose as he pleases of what he possesses: But the case is otherwise with regard to the essential gifts of nature, such as life and liberty, which every man is permitted to enjoy, and of which it is doubtful at least whether any man has a right to divest himself: By giving up the one, we degrade our being; by giving up the other we annihilate it as much as it is our power to do so; and as no temporal enjoyments can indemnify us for the loss of either, it would be at once offending both nature and reason to renounce them for any consideration. But though we could transfer our liberty as we do our substance, the difference would be very great with regard to our children, who enjoy our substance but by a cession of our right; whereas liberty being a blessing, which as men they hold from nature, their parents have no right to strip them of it; so that as to establish slavery it was necessary to do violence to nature, so it was necessary to alter nature to perpetuate such a right; and the jurisconsults, who have gravely pronounced that the child of a slave comes a slave into the world, have in other words decided, that a man does not come a man into the world.

It therefore appears to me incontestably true, that not only governments did not begin by arbitrary power, which is but the corruption and extreme term of government, and at length brings it back to the law of the strongest, against which governments were at first the remedy, but even that, allowing they had commenced in this manner, such power being illegal in itself could never have served as a foundation to the rights of society, nor of course to the inequality of institution.

I shall not now enter upon the inquiries which still remain to be made into the nature of the fundamental pacts of every kind of government, but, following the common opinion, confine myself in this place to the establishment of the political body as a real contract between the multitude and the chiefs elected by it. A contract by which both parties oblige themselves to the observance of the laws that are therein stipulated, and form the bands of their union. The multitude having, on occasion of the social relations between them, concentered all their wills in one person, all the articles, in regard to which this will explains itself, become so many fundamental laws, which oblige without exception all the members of the state, and one of which laws regulates the choice and the

power of the magistrates appointed to look to the execution of the rest. This power extends to everything that can maintain the constitution, but extends to nothing that can alter it. To this power are added honours, that may render the laws and the ministers of them respectable; and the persons of the ministers are distinguished by certain prerogatives, which may make them amends for the great fatigues inseparable from a good administration. The magistrate, on his side, obliges himself not to use the power with which he is intrusted but conformably to the intention of his constituents, to maintain every one of them in the peaceable possession of his property, and upon all occasions prefer the good of the public to his own private interest.

Before experience had demonstrated, or a thorough knowledge of the human heart had pointed out, the abuses inseparable from such a constitution, it must have appeared so much the more perfect, as those appointed to look to its preservation were themselves most concerned therein; for magistracy and its rights being built solely on the fundamental laws, as soon as these ceased to exist, the magistrates would cease to be lawful, the people would no longer be bound to obey them, and, as the essence of the state did not consist in the magistrates but in the laws, the members of it would immediately become entitled to their primitive and natural liberty.

A little reflection would afford us new arguments in confirmation of this truth, and the nature of the contract might alone convince us that it can not be irrevocable: for if there was no superior power capable of guaranteeing the fidelity of the contracting parties and of obliging them to fulfil their mutual engagements, they would remain sole judges in their own cause, and each of them would always have a right to renounce the contract, as soon as he discovered that the other had broke the conditions of it, or that these conditions ceased to suit his private convenience. Upon this principle, the right of abdication may probably be founded. Now, to consider as we do nothing but what is human in this institution, if the magistrate, who has all the power in his own hands, and who appropriates to himself all the advantages of the contract, has notwithstanding a right to divest himself of his authority; how much a better right must the people, who pay for all the faults of its chief, have to renounce their dependence upon him. But the shocking dissensions and disorders without number, which would be the necessary consequence of so dangerous a privilege, show more than anything else how much human governments stood in need of a more solid basis than that of mere reason, and how necessary it was for the public tranquillity, that the will of the Almighty should interpose to give to sovereign authority, a sacred and inviolable character, which should deprive subjects of the mischievous right to dispose of it to whom they pleased. If mankind had received no other advantages from religion, this alone would be sufficient to make them adopt and cherish it, since it is the means of saving more blood than fanaticism has been the cause of spilling. But to resume the thread of our hypothesis.

The various forms of government owe their origin to the various degrees of inequality between the members, at the time they first coalesced into a political body. Where a man happened to be eminent for power, for virtue, for riches, or for credit, he became sole magistrate, and the state assumed a monarchical form; if many of pretty equal eminence out-topped all the rest, they were jointly elected, and this election produced an aristocracy; those, between whose fortune or talents there happened to be no such disproportion, and who had deviated less from the state of nature, retained in common the supreme administration, and formed a democracy. Time demonstrated which of these forms suited mankind best. Some remained altogether subject to the laws; others soon bowed their necks to masters. The former laboured to preserve their liberty; the latter thought of nothing but invading that of their neighbours, jealous at seeing others enjoy a blessing which themselves had lost. In a word, riches and conquest fell to the share of the one, and virtue and happiness to that of the other.

In these various modes of government the offices at first were all elective; and when riches did not preponderate, the preference was given to merit, which gives a natural ascendant, and to age, which is the parent of deliberateness in council, and experience in execution. The ancients among the Hebrews, the Geronts of Sparta, the Senate of Rome, nay, the very etymology of our word seigneur, show how much gray hairs were formerly respected. The oftener the choice fell upon old men, the oftener it became necessary to repeat it, and the more the trouble of such repetitions became sensible; electioneering took place; factions arose; the parties contracted ill blood; civil wars blazed forth; the lives of the citizens were sacrificed to the pretended happiness of the state; and things at last came to such a pass, as to be ready to relapse into their primitive confusion. The ambition of the principal men induced them to take advantage of these circumstances to perpetuate the hitherto temporary charges in their families; the people already inured to dependence, accustomed to ease and the conveniences of life, and too much enervated to break their fetters, consented to the increase of their slavery for the sake of securing their tranquillity; and it is thus that chiefs, become hereditary, contracted the habit of considering magistracies as a family estate, and themselves as proprietors of those communities, of which at first they were but mere officers; to call their fellow-citizens their slaves; to look upon them, like so many cows or sheep, as a part of their substance; and to style themselves the peers of Gods, and Kings of Kings.

By pursuing the progress of inequality in these different revolutions, we shall discover that the establishment of laws and of the right of property was the first term of it; the institution of magistrates the second; and the third and last the changing of legal into arbitrary power; so that the different states of rich and poor were authorized by the first epoch; those of powerful and weak by the second; and by the third those of master and slave, which formed the last degree of inequality, and the term in which all the rest at last end, till new revolutions entirely dissolve the government, or bring it back nearer to its legal constitution.

To conceive the necessity of this progress, we are not so much to consider the motives for the establishment of political bodies, as the forms these bodies assume in their administration; and the inconveniences with which they are essentially attended; for those vices, which render social institutions necessary, are the same which render the abuse of such institutions unavoidable; and as (Sparta alone excepted, whose laws chiefly regarded the education of children, and where Lycurgus established such manners and customs, as in a great measure made laws needless,) the laws, in general less strong than the passions, restrain men without changing them; it would be no hard matter to prove that every government, which carefully guarding against all alteration and corruption should scrupulously comply with the ends of its institution, was unnecessarily instituted; and that a country, where no one either eluded the laws, or made an ill use of magistracy, required neither laws nor magistrates.

Political distinctions are necessarily attended with civil distinctions. The inequality between the people and the chiefs increase so fast as to be soon felt by the private members, and appears among them in a thousand shapes according to their passions, their talents, and the circumstances of affairs. The magistrate can not usurp any illegal power without making himself creatures, with whom he must divide it. Besides, the citizens of a free state suffer themselves to be oppressed merely in proportion as, hurried on by a blind ambition, and looking rather below than above them, they come to love authority more than independence. When they submit to fetters, 'tis only to be the better able to fetter others in their turn. It is no easy matter to make him obey, who does not wish to command; and the most refined policy would find it impossible to subdue those men, who only desire to be independent; but inequality easily gains ground among base and ambitious souls, ever ready to run the risks of fortune, and almost indifferent whether they command or obey, as she proves either favourable or adverse to them. Thus then there must have been a time, when the eyes of the people were bewitched to such a degree, that their rulers needed only to have said to the most pitiful wretch, "Be great you and all your posterity," to make him immediately appear great in the eyes of every one as well as in his own; and his descendants took still more upon them, in proportion to their removes from him: the more distant and uncertain the cause, the greater the effect; the longer line of drones a family produced, the more illustrious it was reckoned.

Were this a proper place to enter into details, I could easily explain in what manner inequalities in point of credit and authority become unavoidable among private persons the moment that, united into one body, they are obliged to compare themselves one with another, and to note the differences which they find in the continual use every man must make of his neighbour. These differences are of several kinds; but riches, nobility or rank, power and personal merit, being in general the principal distinctions, by which men in society measure each other, I could prove that the harmony or conflict between these different forces is the surest indication of the good or bad original constitution of any state: I could make it appear that, as among these four kinds of inequality, personal qualities are the source of all the rest, riches is that in which they ultimately terminate, because, being the most immediately useful to the prosperity of individuals, and the most easy to communicate, they are made use of to purchase every other distinction. By this observation we are enabled to judge with tolerable exactness, how much any people has deviated from its primitive institution, and what steps it has still to make to the extreme term of corruption. I could show how much this universal desire of reputation, of honours, of preference, with which we are all devoured, exercises and compares our talents and our forces: how much it excites and multiplies our passions; and, by creating an universal competition, rivalship, or rather enmity among men, how many disappointments, successes, and catastrophes of every kind it daily causes among the innumerable pretenders whom it engages in the same career. I could show that it is to this itch of being spoken of, to this fury of distinguishing ourselves which seldom or never gives us a moment's respite, that we owe both the best and the worst things among us, our virtues and our vices, our sciences and our errors, our conquerors and our philosophers; that is to say, a great many bad things to a very few good ones. I could prove, in short, that if we behold a handful of rich and powerful men seated on the pinnacle of fortune and greatness, while the crowd grovel in obscurity and want, it is merely because the first prize what they enjoy but in the same degree that others want it, and that, without changing their condition, they would cease to be happy the minute the people ceased to be miserable.

But these details would alone furnish sufficient matter for a more considerable work, in which might be weighed the advantages and disadvantages of every species of government, relatively to the rights of man in a state of nature, and might likewise be unveiled all the different faces under which inequality has appeared to this day, and may hereafter appear to the end of time, according to the nature of these several governments, and the revolutions time must unavoidably occasion in them. We should then see the

multitude oppressed by domestic tyrants in consequence of those very precautions taken by them to guard against foreign masters. We should see oppression increase continually without its being ever possible for the oppressed to know where it would stop, nor what lawful means they had left to check its progress. We should see the rights of citizens, and the liberties of nations extinguished by slow degrees, and the groans, and protestations and appeals of the weak treated as seditious murmurings. We should see policy confine to a mercenary portion of the people the honour of defending the common cause. We should see imposts made necessary by such measures, the disheartened husbandman desert his field even in time of peace, and quit the plough to take up the sword. We should see fatal and whimsical rules laid down concerning the point of honour. We should see the champions of their country sooner or later become her enemies, and perpetually holding their poniards to the breasts of their fellow citizens. Nay, the time would come when they might be heard to say to the oppressor of their country:

Pectore si fratris gladium juguloque parentis Condere me jubeas, gravidoeque in viscera partu Conjugis, in vita peragam tamen omnia dextra.

From the vast inequality of conditions and fortunes, from the great variety of passions and of talents, of useless arts, of pernicious arts, of frivolous sciences, would issue clouds of prejudices equally contrary to reason, to happiness, to virtue. We should see the chiefs foment everything that tends to weaken men formed into societies by dividing them; everything that, while it gives society an air of apparent harmony, sows in it the seeds of real division; everything that can inspire the different orders with mutual distrust and hatred by an opposition of their rights and interest, and of course strengthen that power which contains them all.

'Tis from the bosom of this disorder and these revolutions, that despotism gradually rearing up her hideous crest, and devouring in every part of the state all that still remained sound and untainted, would at last issue to trample upon the laws and the people, and establish herself upon the ruins of the republic. The times immediately preceding this last alteration would be times of calamity and trouble: but at last everything would be swallowed up by the monster; and the people would no longer have chiefs or laws, but only tyrants. At this fatal period all regard to virtue and manners would likewise disappear; for despotism, _cui ex honesto nulla est spes_, tolerates no other master, wherever it reigns; the moment it speaks, probity and duty lose all their influence, and the blindest obedience is the only virtue the miserable slaves have left them to practise.

This is the last term of inequality, the extreme point which closes the circle and meets that from which we set out. 'Tis here that all private men return to their primitive equality, because they are no longer of any account; and that, the subjects having no longer any law but that of their master, nor the master any other law but his passions, all notions of good and principles of justice again disappear. 'Tis here that everything returns to the sole law of the strongest, and of course to a new state of nature different from that with which we began, in as much as the first was the state of nature in its purity, and the last the consequence of excessive corruption. There is, in other respects, so little difference between these two states, and the contract of government is so much dissolved by despotism, that the despot is no longer master than he continues the strongest, and that, as soon as his slaves can expel him, they may do it without his having the least right to complain of their using him ill. The insurrection, which ends in the death or despotism of a sultan, is as juridical an act as any by which the day before he disposed of the lives and fortunes of his subjects. Force alone upheld him, force alone overturns him. Thus all things take place and succeed in their natural order; and whatever may be the upshot of these hasty and frequent revolutions, no one man has reason to complain of another's injustice, but only of his own indiscretion or bad fortune.

By thus discovering and following the lost and forgotten tracks, by which man from the natural must have arrived at the civil state; by restoring, with the intermediate positions which I have been just indicating, those which want of leisure obliges me to suppress, or which my imagination has not suggested, every attentive reader must unavoidably be struck at the immense space which separates these two states. 'Tis in this slow succession of things he may meet with the solution of an infinite number of problems in morality and politics, which philosophers are puzzled to solve. He will perceive that, the mankind of one age not being the mankind of another, the reason why Diogenes could not find a man was, that he sought among his cotemporaries the man of an earlier period: Cato, he will then see, fell with Rome and with liberty, because he did not suit the age in which he lived; and the greatest of men served only to astonish that world, which would have cheerfully obeyed him, had he come into it five hundred years earlier. In a word, he will find himself in a condition to understand how the soul and the passions of men by insensible alterations change as it were their nature; how it comes to pass, that at the long run our wants and our pleasures change objects; that, original man vanishing by degrees, society no longer offers to our inspection but an assemblage of artificial men and factitious passions, which are the work of all these new relations, and have no foundation in nature. Reflection teaches us nothing on that head, but what experience perfectly confirms. Savage man and civilised man differ so much at bottom in point of inclinations and passions, that what constitutes the supreme happiness of the one would reduce the other to despair. The first sighs for nothing but repose and

liberty; he desires only to live, and to be exempt from labour; nay, the ataraxy of the most confirmed Stoic falls short of his consummate indifference for every other object. On the contrary, the citizen always in motion, is perpetually sweating and toiling, and racking his brains to find out occupations still more laborious: He continues a drudge to his last minute; nay, he courts death to be able to live, or renounces life to acquire immortality. He cringes to men in power whom he hates, and to rich men whom he despises; he sticks at nothing to have the honour of serving them; he is not ashamed to value himself on his own weakness and the protection they afford him; and proud of his chains, he speaks with disdain of those who have not the honour of being the partner of his bondage. What a spectacle must the painful and envied labours of an European minister of state form in the eyes of a Caribbean! How many cruel deaths would not this indolent savage prefer to such a horrid life, which very often is not even sweetened by the pleasure of doing good? But to see the drift of so many cares, his mind should first have affixed some meaning to these words power and reputation; he should be apprised that there are men who consider as something the looks of the rest of mankind, who know how to be happy and satisfied with themselves on the testimony of others sooner than upon their own. In fact, the real source of all those differences, is that the savage lives within himself, whereas the citizen, constantly beside himself, knows only how to live in the opinion of others; insomuch that it is, if I may say so, merely from their judgment that he derives the consciousness of his own existence. It is foreign to my subject to show how this disposition engenders so much indifference for good and evil, notwithstanding so many and such fine discourses of morality; how everything, being reduced to appearances, becomes mere art and mummery; honour, friendship, virtue, and often vice itself, which we at last learn the secret to boast of; how, in short, ever inquiring of others what we are, and never daring to question ourselves on so delicate a point, in the midst of so much philosophy, humanity, and politeness, and so many sublime maxims, we have nothing to show for ourselves but a deceitful and frivolous exterior, honour without virtue, reason without wisdom, and pleasure without happiness. It is sufficient that I have proved that this is not the original condition of man, and that it is merely the spirit of society, and the inequality which society engenders, that thus change and transform all our natural inclinations.

I have endeavoured to exhibit the origin and progress of inequality, the institution and abuse of political societies, as far as these things are capable of being deduced from the nature of man by the mere light of reason, and independently of those sacred maxims which give to the sovereign authority the sanction of divine right. It follows from this picture, that as there is scarce any inequality among men in a state of nature, all that which we now behold owes its force and its growth to the development of our faculties and the improvement of our understanding, and at last becomes permanent and lawful by the establishment of property and of laws. It likewise follows that moral inequality, authorised by any right that is merely positive, clashes with natural right, as often as it does not combine in the same proportion with physical inequality: a distinction which sufficiently determines, what we are able to think in that respect of that kind of inequality which obtains in all civilised nations, since it is evidently against the law of nature that infancy should command old age, folly conduct wisdom, and a handful of men should be ready to choke with superfluities, while the famished multitude want the commonest necessaries of life.

[Transcriber's Note: Some words which appear to be potential typos are printed as such in the original book: These possible words include cotemporaries and oftens. The paragraph starting with the words "This odius system is even" contains unmatched quotes, which have been reproduced as they appeared in the orginal. This work was transcribed from a anthology (Harvard Classics Volume 34) published in 1910. The editor of the entire series was Charles W. Eliot. The name of the translator was not given, nor was the name of the author of the introduction. Indented lines indicate embedded verse that should not be re-wrapped.]

==========

Twenty-Two Years a Slave, and Forty Years a Freeman

Austin Steward

Project Gutenberg Release: February 01, 2004 · eBook #11137

[Illustration: [Signature of] Austin Steward]

TWENTY-TWO YEARS A SLAVE, AND FORTY YEARS A FREEMAN;

EMBRACING A CORRESPONDENCE OF SEVERAL YEARS, WHILE PRESIDENT OF WILBERFORCE COLONY, LONDON, CANADA WEST,

BY AUSTIN STEWARD.

1856

FROM GOVERNOR CLARK.

STATE OF NEW YORK, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,

Albany, May 10, 1856.

MR. A. STEWARD, Canandaigua,

Dear Sir:--I notice a paragraph in the "Ontario Times" of this date, making the announcement that you are preparing "a sketch of events occurring under your own observation during an eventful life," to be entitled, "Twenty Years a Slave, and Forty Years a Freeman;" and that you design soon to make an effort to obtain subscribers for the book.

Being desirous of rendering you what encouragement I may in the work, you are permitted to place my name on your list of subscribers.

Respectfully Yours,

MYRON H. CLARK.

* * * * *

ROCHESTER, SEPTEMBER, 1856

MR. WM. ALLING,

Dear Sir:--The undersigned have heard with pleasure, that you are about issuing a Book made up from incidents in the life of Austin STEWARD. We have been the early acquaintances and associates of Mr. Steward, while a business man in Rochester in an early day, and take pleasure in bearing testimony to his high personal, moral and Christian character. In a world of vicissitude, Mr. Steward has received no ordinary share, and we hope, while his book may do the world good, it may prove a substantial benefit to him in his declining years.

ASHLEY SAMPSON, THOMAS KEMPSHALL, FREDERICK STARR, CHAS. J. HILL, L.A. WARD, EDWIN SCRANTOM, JACOB GOULD.

* * * * *

RECOMMENDATORY.

ROCHESTER, JULY 1, 1856.

A. STEWARD, ESQ.,

Dear Sir:--In reply to your letter upon the propriety of publishing your life, I answer, that there is not only no objection to it, but it will be timely, and is demanded by every consideration of humanity and justice. Every tongue which speaks for Freedom, which has once been held by the awful gag of Slavery, is trumpet-tongued--and he who pleads against this monstrous oppression, if he can say, "here are the scars," can do much.

It is a great pleasure to me to run back to my boyhood, and stop at that spot where I first met you. I recollect the story of your wrongs, and your joy in the supposition that all were now ended in your freedom; of your thirst for knowledge, as you gathered up from the rudimental books--not then very plenty--a few snatches of the elements of the language; of playing the school-master to you, in "setting copies" for your writing-- book; of guiding your mind and pen. I remember your commencement in business, and the outrage and indignity offered you in Rochester, by white competitors on no other ground than that of color.[1] I saw your bitter tears, and recollect assuring you--what afterwards proved true--that justice would overtake the offenders, and that you would live to see these enemies bite the dust! I remember your unsullied character, and your prosperity, and when your word or endorsement was equal to that of any other citizen. I remember too, when yourself, and others of your kind, sunk all the gatherings of years of toil, in an unsuccessful attempt to establish an asylum for your enslaved and oppressed brethren--and, not to enumerate, which I might do much farther, I remember when your "old master," finding you had been successful, while he himself had lost in the changes on fortune's wheel--came here and set up a claim to yourself and your property--a claim which might have held both, had not a higher power suddenly summoned him to a tribunal, where both master and slave shall one day answer each for himself!

But to the book. Let its plain, unvarnished tale be sent out, and the story of Slavery and its abominations, again be told by one who has felt in his own person its scorpion lash, and the weight of its grinding heel. I think it will do good service, and could not have been sent forth at a more auspicious period. The downfall of the hateful system of Slavery is certain. Though long delayed, justice is sure to come at length; and he must be a slow thinker and a poor seer, who cannot discern in the elements already at work, the mighty forces which must eventually crush this oppression. I know that you and I have felt discouraged at the long delay, years ago,--when we might have kept up our hopes by the fact that every thing that is slow is _sure_. Your book may be humble and your descriptions tame, yet truth is always mighty; and you may furnish the sword for some modern Sampson, who shall shout over more slain than his ancient prototype. I close with the wish, that much success may attend your labors, in more ways than one, and that your last days may be your best--and am,

Your old Friend,

And obed't serv't,

EDWIN SCRANTOM.

[Footnote 1: The indignity spoken of was this: Mr. Steward had established a grocery and provision store on Buffalo Street, in a part of Abner Wakelee's building, opposite the Eagle Hotel. He put up his sign, a very plain and proper one, and at night, some competitors, whom he knew, as well as he could know anything which he could not prove, smeared his sign with black paint, utterly destroying it! But the misguided men who stooped to such an act--the victims of sensuality and excess--have years ago ended their journey, and passed to the bar of a higher adjudication.]

* * * * *

CONTENTS.

I. SLAVE LIFE ON THE PLANTATION

II. AT THE GREAT HOUSE

III. HORSE-RACING AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

IV. JOURNEY TO OUR NEW HOME IN NEW YORK

V. INCIDENTS AT SODUS

VI. REMOVAL FROM SODUS TO BATH

VII. DUELING

VIII. HORSE-RACING AND GENERAL TRAINING

IX. DEATH-BED AND BRIDAL SCENES

X. HIRED OUT TO A NEW MASTER

XI. THOUGHTS ON FREEDOM

XII. CAPTAIN HELM--DIVORCE--KIDNAPPING

XIII. LOCATE IN THE VILLAGE OF ROCHESTER

XIV. INCIDENTS IN ROCHESTER AND VICINITY

XV. SAD REVERSES CAPTAIN HELM

XVI. BRITISH EMANCIPATION OF SLAVERY

XVII. ORATION--TERMINATION OF SLAVERY IN THE BRITISH POSSESSIONS

XVIII. CONDITION OF FREE COLORED PEOPLE

XIX. PERSECUTION OF THE COLORED PEOPLE

XX. REMOVAL TO CANADA

XXI. ROUGHING IT IN THE WILDS OF CANADA

XXII. NARROW ESCAPE OF A SMUGGLER

XXIII. NARRATIVE OF TWO FUGITIVES FROM VIRGINIA

XXIV. PLEASANT RE-UNION OF OLD AND TRIED FRIENDS

XXV. PRIVATE LOSSES AND PRIVATE DIFFICULTIES

XXVI. INCIDENTS AND PECULIARITIES OF THE INDIANS

XXVII. OUR DIFFICULTIES WITH ISRAEL LEWIS

XXVIII. DESPERATION OF A FUGITIVE SLAVE

XXIX. A NARROW ESCAPE FROM MY ENEMIES

XXX. DEATH OF B. PAUL AND RETURN OF HIS BROTHER

XXXI. MY FAMILY RETURN TO ROCHESTER

XXXII. THE LAND AGENT AND THE SQUATTER

XXXIII. CHARACTER AND DEATH OF ISRAEL LEWIS

XXXIV. MY RETURN TO ROCHESTER

XXXV. BISHOP BROWN--DEATH OF MY DAUGHTER

XXXVI. CELEBRATION OF THE FIRST OF AUGUST

XXXVII. CONCLUSION

CORRESPONDENCE

PREFACE.

The author does not think that any apology is necessary for this issue of his Life and History. He believes that American Slavery is now the great question before the American People: that it is not merely a political question, coming up before the country as the grand element in the making of a President, and then to be laid aside for four years; but that its moral bearings are of such a nature that the Patriot, the Philanthropist, and all good men agree that it is an evil of so much magnitude, that longer to permit it, is to wink at _sin_, and to incur the righteous judgments of God. The late outrages and aggressions of the slave power to possess itself of new soil, and extend the influence of the hateful and God-provoking "Institution," is a practical commentary upon its benefits and the moral qualities of those who seek to sustain and extend it. The author is therefore the more willing--nay, anxious, to lay alongside of such arguments the history of his own life and experiences _as a slave_, that those who read may know what are some of the characteristics of that highly favored institution, which is sought to be preserved and perpetuated. "Facts are stubborn things,"--and this is the reason why all systems, religious, moral, or social, which are founded in injustice, and supported by fraud and robbery, suffer so much by faithful exposition.

The author has endeavored to present a true statement of the practical workings of the system of Slavery, as he has seen and _felt it himself._ He has intended "nothing to extenuate, nor aught set down in malice;" indeed, so far from believing that he has misrepresented Slavery as an institution, he does not feel that he has the power to give anything like a true picture of it in all its deformity and wickedness; especially _that_ Slavery which is an institution among an enlightened and Christian people, who profess to believe that all men are born _free_ and _equal_, and who have certain inalienable _rights_, among which are _life, liberty_, and the pursuit of happiness.

The author claims that he has endeavored since he had his freedom, as much as in him lay, to benefit his suffering fellows in bondage; and that he has spent most of his free life in efforts to elevate them in manners and morals, though against all the opposing forces of prejudice and pride, which of course, has made much of his labor vain. In his old age he sends out this history--presenting as it were his _own body_, with the marks and scars of the tender mercies of slave drivers upon it, and asking that these may plead in the name of Justice, Humanity, and Mercy, that those who have the power, may have the magnanimity to strike off the chains from the enslaved, and bid him stand up, a Freeman and a Brother!

CHAPTER I.

SLAVE LIFE ON THE PLANTATION.

I was born in Prince William County, Virginia. At seven years of age, I found myself a slave on the plantation of Capt. William Helm. Our family consisted of my father and mother--whose names were Robert and Susan Steward--a sister, Mary, and myself. As was the usual custom, we lived in a small cabin, built of rough boards, with a floor of earth, and small openings in the sides of the cabin were substituted for windows. The chimney was built of sticks and mud; the door, of rough boards; and the whole was put together in the rudest possible manner. As to the furniture of this rude dwelling, it was procured by the slaves themselves, who were occasionally permitted to earn a little money after their day's toil was done. I never knew Capt. H. to furnish his slaves with household utensils of any description.

The amount of provision given out on the plantation per week, was invariably one peck of corn or meal for each slave. This allowance was given in meal when it could be obtained; when it could not, they received corn, which they pounded in mortars after they returned from their labor in the field. The slaves on our plantation were provided with very little meat In addition to the peck of corn or meal, they were allowed a little salt and a few herrings. If they wished for more, they were obliged to earn it by over-work. They were permitted to cultivate small gardens, and were thereby enabled to provide themselves with many trifling conveniences. But these gardens were only allowed to some of the more industrious. Capt. Helm allowed his slaves a small quantity of meat during harvest time, but when the harvest was over they were obliged to fall back on the old allowance.

It was usual for men and women to work side by side on our plantation; and in many kinds of work, the women were compelled to do as much as the men. Capt. H. employed an overseer, whose business it was to look after each slave in the field, and see that he performed his task. The overseer always went around with a whip, about nine feet long, made of the toughest kind of cowhide, the but-end of which was loaded with lead, and was about four or five inches in circumference, running to a point at the opposite extremity. This made a dreadful instrument of torture, and, when in the hands of a cruel overseer, it was truly fearful. With it, the skin of an ox or a horse could be cut through. Hence, it was no uncommon thing to see the poor slaves with their backs mangled in a most horrible manner. Our overseer, thus armed with his cowhide, and with a large bull-dog behind him, followed the slaves all day; and, if one of them fell in the rear from any cause, this cruel weapon was plied with terrible force. He would strike the dog one

blow and the slave another, in order to keep the former from tearing the delinquent slave in pieces,--such was the ferocity of his canine attendant.

It was the rule for the slaves to rise and be ready for their task by sun-rise, on the blowing of a horn or conch-shell; and woe be to the unfortunate, who was not in the field at the time appointed, which was in thirty minutes from the first sounding of the horn. I have heard the poor creatures beg as for their lives, of the inhuman overseer, to desist from his cruel punishment. Hence, they were usually found in the field "betimes in the morning," (to use an old Virginia phrase), where they worked until nine o'clock. They were then allowed thirty minutes to eat their morning meal, which consisted of a little bread. At a given signal, all hands were compelled to return to their work. They toiled until noon, when they were permitted to take their breakfast, which corresponds to our dinner.

On our plantation, it was the usual practice to have one of the old slaves set apart to do the cooking. All the field hands were required to give into the hands of the cook a certain portion of their weekly allowance, either in dough or meal, which was prepared in the following manner. The cook made a hot fire and rolled up each person's portion in some cabbage leaves, when they could be obtained, and placed it in a hole in the ashes, carefully covered with the same, where it remained until done. Bread baked in this way is very sweet and good. But cabbage leaves could not always be obtained. When this was the case, the bread was little better than a mixture of dough and ashes, which was not very palatable. The time allowed for breakfast, was one hour. At the signal, all hands were obliged to resume their toil. The overseer was always on hand to attend to all delinquents, who never failed to feel the blows of his heavy whip.

The usual mode of punishing the poor slaves was, to make them take off their clothes to the bare back, and then tie their hands before them with a rope, pass the end of the rope over a beam, and draw them up till they stood on the tips of their toes. Sometimes they tied their legs together and placed a rail between. Thus prepared, the overseer proceeded to punish the poor, helpless victim. Thirty-nine was the number of lashes ordinarily inflicted for the most trifling offence.

Who can imagine a position more painful? Oh, who, with feelings of common humanity, could look quietly on such torture? Who could remain unmoved, to see a fellow-creature thus tied, unable to move or to raise a hand in his own defence; scourged on his bare back, with a cowhide, until the blood flows in streams from his quivering flesh? And for what? Often for the most trifling fault; and, as sometimes occurs, because a mere whim or caprice of his brutal overseer demands it. Pale with passion, his eyes flashing and his stalwart frame trembling with rage, like some volcano, just ready to belch forth its fiery contents, and, in all its might and fury, spread death and destruction all around, he continues to wield the bloody lash on the broken flesh of the poor, pleading slave, until his arm grows weary, or he sinks down, utterly exhausted, on the very spot where already stand the pools of blood which his cruelty has drawn from thee mangled body of his helpless victim, and within the hearing of those agonized groans and feeble cries of "Oh do, Massa! Oh do, Massa! Do, Lord, have mercy! Oh, Lord, have mercy!" &c.

Nor is this cruel punishment inflicted on the bare backs of the male portion of slaves only. Oh no! The slave husband must submit without a murmur, to see the form of his cherished, but wretched wife, not only exposed to the rude gaze of a beastly tyrant, but he must unresistingly see the heavy cowhide descend upon her shrinking flesh, and her manacled limbs writhe in inexpressible torture, while her piteous cries for help ring through his ears unanswered. The wild throbbing of his heart must be suppressed, and his righteous indignation find no voice, in the presence of the human monster who holds dominion over him.

After the infuriated and heartless overseer had satiated his thirst for vengeance, on the disobedient or delinquent slave, he was untied, and left to crawl away as best he could; sometimes on his hands and knees, to his lonely and dilapidated cabin, where, stretched upon the cold earth, he lay weak and bleeding and often faint from the loss of blood, without a friend who dare administer to his necessities, and groaning in the agony of his crushed spirit. In his cabin, which was not as good as many of our stables at the North, he might lie for weeks before recovering sufficient strength to resume the labor imposed upon him, and all this time without a bed or bed clothing, or any of the necessaries considered so essential to the sick.

Perhaps some of his fellow-slaves might come and bathe his wounds in warm water, to prevent his clothing from tearing open his flesh anew, and thus make the second suffering well nigh equal to the first; or they might from their scanty store bring him such food as they could spare, to keep him from suffering hunger, and offer their sympathy, and then drag their own weary bodies to their place of rest, after their daily task was finished.

Oh, you who have hearts to feel; you who have kind friends around you, in sickness and in sorrow, think of the sufferings of the helpless, destitute, and down-trodden slave. Has sickness laid its withering hand upon you, or disappointment blasted your fairest

earthly prospects, still, the outgushings of an affectionate heart are not denied you, and you may look forward with hope to a bright future. Such a hope seldom animates the heart of the poor slave. He toils on, in his unrequited labor, looking only to the grave to find a quiet resting place, where he will be free from the oppressor.

CHAPTER II.

AT THE GREAT HOUSE.

When eight years of age, I was taken to the "great house," or the family mansion of my master, to serve as an errand boy, where I had to stand in the presence of my master's family all the day, and a part of the night, ready to do any thing which they commanded me to perform.

My master's family consisted of himself and wife, and seven children. His overseer, whose name was Barsly Taylor, had also a wife and five children. These constituted the white population on the plantation. Capt. Helm was the owner of about one hundred slaves, which made the residents on the plantation number about one hundred and sixteen persons in all. One hundred and seven of them, were required to labor for the benefit of the remaining nine, who possessed that vast domain; and one hundred of the number doomed to unrequited toil, under the lash of a cruel task-master during life, with no hope of release this side of the grave, and as far as the cruel oppressor is concerned, shut out from hope beyond it.

And here let me ask, why is this practice of working slaves half clad, poorly fed, with nothing or nearly so, to stimulate them to exertion, but fear of the lash? Do the best interests of our common country require it? I think not. Did the true interest of Capt. Helm demand it? Whatever may have been his opinion, I cannot think it did. Can it be for the best interest or good of the enslaved? Certainly not; for there is no real inducement for the slaveholder to make beasts of burden of his fellow men, but that which was frankly acknowledged by Gibbs and other pirates: "we have the power,"--the power to rob and murder on the high seas!--which they will undoubtedly continue to hold, until overtaken by justice; which will certainly come some time, just as sure as that a righteous God reigns over the earth or rules in heaven.

Some have attempted to apologize for the enslaving of the Negro, by saying that they are inferior to the Anglo-Saxon race in every respect. This charge I deny; it is utterly false. Does not the Bible inform us that "God hath created of one blood all the nations of the earth?" And certainly in stature and physical force the colored man is quite equal to his white brother, and in many instances his superior; but were it otherwise, I can not see why the more favored class should enslave the other. True, God has given to the African a darker complexion than to his white brother; still, each have the same desires and aspirations. The food required for the sustenance of one is equally necessary for the other. Naturally or physically, they alike require to be warmed by the cheerful fire, when chilled by our northern winter's breath; and alike they welcome the cool spring and the delightful shade of summer. Hence, I have come to the conclusion that God created all men free and equal, and placed them upon this earth to do good and benefit each other, and that war and slavery should be banished from the face of the earth.

My dear reader will not understand me to say, that all nations are alike intelligent, enterprising and industrious, for we all know that it is far otherwise; but to man, and not to our Creator, should the fault be charged. But, to resume our narrative,

Capt. Helm was not a very hard master; but generally was kind and pleasant. Indulgent when in good humor, but like many of the southerners, terrible when in a passion. He was a great sportsman, and very fond of company. He generally kept one or two race horses, and a pack of hounds for fox-hunting, which at that time, was a very common and fashionable diversion in that section of country. He was not only a sportsman, but a gamester, and was in the habit of playing cards, and sometimes betting very high and losing accordingly.

I well remember an instance of the kind: it was when he played cards with a Mr. W. Graham, who won from him in one sweep, two thousand and seven hundred dollars in all, in the form of a valuable horse, prized at sixteen hundred dollars, another saddle-horse of less value, one slave, and his wife's gold watch. The company decided that all this was fairly won, but Capt. Holm demurred, and refused to give up the property until an application was made to Gen. George Washington, ("the father of his country,") who decided that Capt. Helm had lost the game, and that Mr. Graham had fairly won the property, of which Mr. G. took immediate possession, and conveyed to his own plantation.

Capt. Helm was not a good business man, unless we call horse-racing, fox-hunting, and card-playing, business. His overseer was entrusted with every thing on the plantation, and allowed to manage about as he pleased, while the Captain enjoyed himself in

receiving calls from his wealthy neighbors, and in drinking what he called "grog," which was no more nor less than whisky, of which he was extremely fond, notwithstanding his cellar contained the choicest wines and liquors. To show his partiality for his favorite beverage, I will relate an incident which occurred between Capt. Helm and Col. Charles Williamson. The Colonel, believing wine to be a healthier beverage than whisky, accepted a bet made by Capt. Helm, of one thousand dollars, that he would live longer and drink whisky, than the Colonel, who drank wine. Shortly after, Col. Williamson was called home by the British government, and while on his way to England, died, and his body, preserved in a cask of brandy, was taken home. The bet Capt. Helm made considerable effort to get, but was unsuccessful.

Mrs. Helm was a very industrious woman, and generally busy in her household affairs--sewing, knitting, and looking after the servants; but she was a great scold,--continually finding fault with some of the servants, and frequently punishing the young slaves herself, by striking them over the head with a heavy iron key, until the blood ran; or else whipping them with a cowhide, which she always kept by her side when sitting in her room. The older servants she would cause to be punished by having them severely whipped by a man, which she never failed to do for every trifling fault. I have felt the weight of some of her heaviest keys on my own head, and for the slightest offences. No slave could possibly escape being punished--I care not how attentive they might be, nor how industrious--punished they must be, and punished they certainly were. Mrs. Helm appeared to be uneasy unless some of the servants were under the lash. She came into the kitchen one morning and my mother, who was cook, had just put on the dinner. Mrs. Helm took out her white cambric handkerchief, and rubbed it on the inside of the pot, and it crocked it! That was enough to invoke the wrath of my master, who came forth immediately with his horse-whip, with which he whipped my poor mother most unmercifully--far more severely than I ever knew him to whip a horse.

I once had the misfortune to break the lock of master's shot gun, and when it came to his knowledge, he came to me in a towering passion, and charged me with what he considered the _crime_ of carelessness. I denied it, and told him I knew nothing about it; but I was so terribly frightened that he saw I was guilty, and told me so, foaming with rage; and then I confessed the truth. But oh, there was no escaping the lash. Its recollection is still bitter, and ever will be. I was commanded to take off my clothes, which I did, and then master put me on the back of another slave, my arms hanging down before him and my hands clasped in his, where he was obliged to hold me with a vise-like grasp. Then master gave me the most severe flogging that I ever received, and I pray God that I may never again experience such torture. And yet Capt. Helm was not the worst of masters.

These cruelties are daily occurrences, and so degrading is the whole practice of Slavery, that it not only crushes and brutalizes the wretched slave, but it hardens the heart, benumbs all the fine feelings of humanity, and deteriorates from the character of the slaveholders themselves,--whether man or woman. Otherwise, how could a gentle, and in other respects, amiable woman, look on such scenes of cruelty, without a shudder of utter abhorrence? But slaveholding ladies, can not only look on quietly, but with approbation; and what is worse, though very common, they can and do use the lash and cowhide themselves, on the backs of their slaves, and that too on those of their own sex! Far rather would I spend my life in a State's Prison, than be the slave of the best slaveholder on the earth!

When I was not employed as an errand-boy, it was my duty to stand behind my master's chair, which was sometimes the whole day, never being allowed to sit in his presence. Indeed, no slave is ever allowed to sit down in the presence of their master or mistress. If a slave is addressed when sitting, he is required to spring to his feet, and instantly remove his hat, if he has one, and answer in the most humble manner, or lay the foundation for a flogging, which will not be long delayed.

I slept in the same room with my master and mistress. This room was elegantly furnished with damask curtains, mahogany bedstead of the most expensive kind, and every thing else about it was of the most costly kind. And while Mr. and Mrs. Helm reposed on their bed of down, with a cloud of lace floating over them, like some Eastern Prince, with their slaves to fan them while they slept, and to tremble when they awoke, I always slept upon the floor, without a pillow or even a blanket, but, like a dog, lay down anywhere I could find a place.

Slaves are never allowed to leave the plantation to which they belong, without a written pass. Should any one venture to disobey this law, he will most likely be caught by the _patrol_ and given thirty-nine lashes. This patrol is always on duty every Sunday, going to each plantation under their supervision, entering every slave cabin, and examining closely the conduct of the slaves; and if they find one slave from another plantation without a pass, he is immediately punished with a severe flogging.

I recollect going one Sunday with my mother, to visit my grand-mother; and while there, two or three of the patrol came and looked into the cabin, and seeing my mother, demanded her pass. She told them that she had one, but had left it in another cabin, from

whence she soon brought it, which saved her a whipping but we were terribly frightened.

The reader will obtain a better knowledge of the character of a Virginia patrol, by the relation of an affair, which came off on the neighboring plantation of Col. Alexander, in which some forty of Capt. Helm's slaves were engaged, and which proved rather destructive of human life in the end.

But I must first say that it is not true, that slave owners are respected for kindness to their slaves. The more tyrannical a master is, the more will he be favorably regarded by his neighboring planters; and from the day that he acquires the reputation of a kind and indulgent master, he is looked upon with suspicion, and sometimes hatred, and his slaves are watched more closely than before.

Col. Alexander was a very wealthy planter and owned a great number of slaves, but he was very justly suspected of being a kind, humane, and indulgent master. His slaves were always better fed, better clad, and had greater privileges than any I knew in the Old Dominion; and of course, the patrol had long had an eye on them, anxious to flog some of "those pampered niggers, who were spoiled by the indulgence of a weak, inefficient, but well-meaning owner."

Col. A. gave his slaves the liberty to get up a grand dance. Invitations were sent and accepted, to a large number of slaves on other plantations, and so, for miles around, all or many of the slaves were in high anticipation of joining in the great dance, which was to come off on Easter night. In the mean time, the patrol was closely watching their movements, and evinced rather a joyful expectancy of the many they should find there without a pass, and the flogging they would give them for that, if not guilty of any other offence, and perhaps they might catch some of the Colonel's slaves doing something for which they could be taught "to know their place," by the application of the cowhide.

The slaves on Col. A.'s plantation had to provide and prepare the supper for the expected vast "turn out," which was no light matter; and as slaves like on such occasions to pattern as much as possible after their master's family, the result was, to meet the emergency of the case, they _took_ without saying, "by your leave, Sir," some property belonging to their master, reasoning among themselves, as slaves often do, that it can not be _stealing_, because "it belongs to massa, and so do _we_, and we only use one part of his property to benefit another. Sure, 'tis all massa's." And if they do not get detected in this removal of "massa's property" from one location to another, they think no more of it.

Col. Alexander's slaves were hurrying on with their great preparations for the dance and feast; and as the time drew near, the old and knowing ones might be seen in groups, discussing the matter, with many a wink and nod; but it was in the valleys and by-places where the younger portion were to be found, rather secretly preparing food for the great time coming. This consisted of hogs, sheep, calves; and as to master's _poultry_, that suffered daily. Sometimes it was missed, but the disappearance was always easily accounted for, by informing "massa" that a great number of hawks had been around of late; and their preparation went on, night after night, undetected. They who repaired to a swamp or other by-place to cook by night, carefully destroyed everything likely to detect them, before they returned to their cabins in the morning.

The night for the dance _came_ at last, and long before the time, the road leading to Col. Alexander's plantation presented a gay spectacle. The females were seen flocking to the place of resort, with heads adorned with gaudy bandanna turbans and new calico dresses, of the gayest colors, --their whole attire decked over with bits of gauze ribbon and other fantastic finery. The shades of night soon closed over the plantation, and then could be heard the rude music and loud laugh of the unpolished slave. It was about ten o'clock when the _aristocratic slaves_ began to assemble, dressed in the cast-off finery of their master and mistress, swelling out and putting on airs in imitation of those they were forced to obey from day to day.

When they were all assembled, the dance commenced; the old fiddler struck up some favorite tune, and over the floor they went; the flying feet of the dancers were heard, pat, pat, over the apartment till the clock warned them it was twelve at midnight, or what some call "low twelve," to distinguish it from twelve o'clock at noon; then the violin ceased its discordant sounds, and the merry dancers paused to take breath.

Supper was then announced, and all began to prepare for the sumptuous feast. It being the pride of slaves to imitate the manners of their master and mistress, especially in the ceremonies of the table, all was conducted with great propriety and good order. The food was well cooked, and in a very plentiful supply. They had also managed in some way, to get a good quantity of excellent wine, which was sipped in the most approved and modern style. Every dusky face was lighted up, and every eye sparkled with joy. However ill fed they might have been, here, for once, there was plenty. Suffering and toil was forgotten, and they all seemed with one accord to give themselves up to the intoxication of pleasurable amusement.

House servants were of course, "the stars" of the party; all eyes were turned to them to see how they conducted, for they, among slaves, are what a military man would call "fugle-men." The field hands, and such of them as have generally been excluded from the dwelling of their owners, look to the house servant as a pattern of politeness and gentility. And indeed, it is often the only method of obtaining any knowledge of the manners of what is called "genteel society;" hence, they are ever regarded as a privileged class; and are sometimes greatly envied, while others are bitterly hated. And too often justly, for many of them are the most despicable tale-bearers and mischief-makers, who will, for the sake of the favor of his master or mistress, frequently betray his fellow-slave, and by tattling, get him severely whipped; and for these acts of perfidy, and sometimes downright falsehood, he is often rewarded by his master, who knows it is for his interest to keep such ones about him; though he is sometimes obliged, in addition to a reward, to send him away, for fear of the vengeance of the betrayed slaves. In the family of his master, the example of bribery and treachery is ever set before him, hence it is, that insurrections and stampedes are so generally detected. Such slaves are always treated with more affability than others, for the slaveholder is well aware that he stands over a volcano, that may at any moment rock his foundation to the center, and with one mighty burst of its long suppressed fire, sweep him and his family to destruction. When he lies down at night, he knows not but that ere another morning shall dawn, he may be left mangled and bleeding, and at the mercy of those maddened slaves whom he has so long ruled with a rod of iron.

But the supper, like other events, came to an end at last. The expensive table service, with other things, which had been secretly brought from the "great house," was hurriedly cleansed by the slaves, and carefully returned. The floor was again cleared, the violin sounded, and soon they were performing another "break down," with all the wild abandon of the African character,--in the very midst of which, the music suddenly ceased, and the old musician assumed a listening attitude. Every foot was motionless; every face terrified, and every ear listening for the cause of the alarm.

Soon the slave who was kept on the "look-out," shouted to the listeners the single word "_patrol!_" and then the tumult that followed that announcement, is beyond the power of language to describe! Many a poor slave who had stolen from his cabin, to join in the dance, now remembered that they had no pass! Many screamed in affright, as if they already felt the lash and heard the crack of the overseer's whip; others clenched their hands, and assumed an attitude of bold defiance, while a savage frown contracted the brow of all. Their unrestrained merriment and delicious fare, seemed to arouse in them the natural feelings of self-defence and defiance of their oppressors. But what could be done? The patrol was nearing the building, when an athletic, powerful slave, who had been but a short time from his "fatherland," whose spirit the cowardly overseer had labored in vain to quell, said in a calm, clear voice, that we had better stand our ground, and advised the females to lose no time in useless wailing, but get their things and repair immediately to a cabin at a short distance, and there remain quiet, without a light, which they did with all possible haste. The men were terrified at this bold act of their leader; and many with dismay at the thought of resistance, began to skulk behind fences and old buildings, when he opened the door and requested every slave to leave who felt unwilling to fight. None were urged to remain, and those who stood by him did so voluntarily.

Their number was now reduced to twenty-five men, but the leader, a gigantic African, with a massive, compact frame, and an arm of great strength, looked competent to put ten common men to flight. He clenched his powerful fist, and declared that he would resist unto death, before he would be arrested by those savage men, even if they promised not to flog him. They closed the door, and agreed not to open it; and then the leader cried, "Extinguish the lights and let them come! we will meet them hand to hand!" Five of the number he stationed near the door, with orders to rush out, if the patrol entered, and seize their horses, cut the bridles, or otherwise unfit them for use. This would prevent them from giving an alarm and getting a reinforcement from surrounding plantations. In silence they awaited the approach of the enemy, and soon the tramping of horses' feet announced their approach, but when within a few yards of the house they halted, and were overheard by one of the skulking slaves, maturing their plans and mode of attack. There was great hesitancy expressed by a part of the company to engage in the affair at all.

"Coming events cast their shadow before."

The majority, however, seemed to think it safe enough, and uttered expressions of triumph that they had got the rascals at last.

"Are you not afraid that they will resist?" said the weaker party.

"Resist?" was the astonished answer. "This old fellow, the Colonel, has pampered and indulged his slaves, it is true, and they have slipped through our fingers whenever we have attempted to chastise them; but they are not such fools as to dare resistance! Those niggers know as well as we, that it is _death_, by the law of the State, for a slave to strike a white man."

"Very true," said the other, "but it is dark and long past midnight, and beside they have been indulging their appetites, and we cannot tell what they may attempt to do."

"Pshaw!" he answered, contemptuously, "they are unarmed, and I should not fear in the least, to go in among them _alone_, armed only with my cowhide!"

"As you please, then," he said, rather dubiously, "but look well to your weapons; are they in order?"

"In prime order, Sir." And putting spurs to their horses, were soon at the house, where they dismounted and requested one of the party to remain with the horses.

"What," said he, "are you so chicken-hearted as to suppose those d----d cowardly niggers are going to get up an insurrection?"

"Oh no," he replied, carelessly, but would not consent to have the horses left alone. "Besides," said he, "they may forget themselves at this late hour; but if they do, a few lashes of the cowhide will quicken their memory, I reckon."

The slaves were aware of their movements, and prepared to receive them.

They stepped up to the door boldly, and demanded admittance, but all was silent; they tried to open it, but it was fastened. Those inside, ranged on each side of the door, and stood perfectly still.

The patrol finding the slaves not disposed to obey, burst off the slight fastening that secured the door, and the chief of the patrol bounded into their midst, followed by several of his companions, all in total darkness!

Vain is the attempt to describe the tumultuous scene which followed. Hand to hand they fought and struggled with each other, amid the terrific explosion of firearms,--oaths and curses, mingled with the prayers of the wounded, and the groans of the dying! Two of the patrol were killed on the spot, and lay drenched in the warm blood that so lately flowed through their veins. Another with his arm broken and otherwise wounded, lay groaning and helpless, beside the fallen slaves, who had sold their lives so dearly. Another of his fellows was found at a short distance, mortally wounded and about to bid adieu to life. In the yard lay the keeper of the horses, a stiffened corpse. Six of the slaves were killed and two wounded.

It would be impossible to convey to the minds of northern people, the alarm and perfect consternation that the above circumstance occasioned in that community. The knowledge of its occurrence was carried from one plantation to another, as on the wings of the wind; exaggerated accounts were given, and prophecies of the probable result made, until the excitement became truly fearful. Every cheek was blanched and every frame trembled when listening to the tale, that "insurrection among the slaves had commenced on the plantation of Col. Alexander; that three or four of the patrol had been killed, &c." The day after, people flocked from every quarter, armed to the teeth, swearing vengeance on the defenceless slaves. Nothing can teach plainer than this, the constant and tormenting fear in which the slaveholder lives, and yet he repents not of his deeds.

The kind old Colonel was placed in the most difficult and unenviable position. His warm heart was filled with sorrow for the loss of his slaves, but not alone, as is generally the case in such instances, because he had lost so much property. He truly regretted the death of his faithful servants, and boldly rebuked the occasion of their sudden decease. When beset and harassed by his neighbors to give up his slaves to be tried for insurrection and murder, he boldly resisted, contending for the natural right of the slaves, to act in their own defence, and especially when on his own plantation and in their own quarters. They contended, however, that as his slaves had got up a dance, and had invited those of the adjoining plantations, the patrol was only discharging their duty in looking after them; but the gallant old Colonel defended his slaves, and told them plainly that he should continue to do so to the extent of his ability and means.

The poor slaves were sad enough, on the morning after their merry meeting, and they might be seen standing in groups, conversing with a very different air from the one they had worn the day before.

Their business was now to prepare the bodies of their late associates for the grave. Robert, the brave African, who had so boldly led them on the night before, and who had so judiciously provided for their escape, was calmly sleeping in death's cold embrace. He left a wife and five slave children. Two of the other slaves left families, whose pitiful cries it was painful to hear.

The Colonel's family, deeply afflicted by what was passing around them, attended the funeral. One of the slaves, who sometimes officiated as a minister, read a portion of Scripture, and gave out two hymns;--one of which commences with

"Hark! from the tomb a doleful sound."

Both were sung with great solemnity by the congregation, and then the good old man offered a prayer; after which he addressed the slaves on the shortness of human life and the certainty of death, and more than once hinted at the hardness of their lot, assuring, however, his fellow-slaves, that if they were good and faithful, all would be right hereafter. His master, Col. Alexander, was deeply affected by this simple faith and sincere regard for the best interests of all, both master and slave.

When the last look at their fellow-servants had been taken, the procession was formed in the following manner: First, the old slave minister, then the remains of the dead, followed by their weeping relatives; then came the master and his family; next the slaves belonging to the plantation; and last, friends and strangers, black and white; all moved on solemnly to the final resting-place of those brave men, whose descendants may yet be heard from, in defence of right and freedom.

CHAPTER III.

HORSE-RACING AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

Capt. Helm had a race-course on his plantation, on which he trained young horses for the fall races. One very fine horse he owned, called _Mark Anthony_, which he trained in the most careful manner for several months previous to the races. He would put him on the course every morning, sometimes covering him with a blanket, and then put him to his utmost speed, which he called "sweating him." Mark Anthony was to be put on the race-course in October following, as a competitor for the purse of ten thousand dollars, which was the amount to be lost or gained on the first day of the fall races. Capt. H. had also another young horse, called _Buffer_, under a course of training, which he designed to enter the lists for the second day. His course of training had been about the same as Mark Anthony's, but being a year or two younger, it was thought that he had not sufficient "bottom" to risk so much money on, as was at stake on the first day.

[Illustration: "Away they go, sweeping round the course with lightning speed, while every spectator's eye is strained, and every countenance flushed with intense anxiety."]

When the time for the races to commence came, all was bustle and excitement in the house and on the plantation. It was a fine October morning, and the sun shed a mellow radiance on all around, when people began to throng the race-course. Some came with magnificent equipages, attended by their numerous train of black servants, dressed in livery, --some in less splendid array,--and others on foot, all hurrying on to the exciting scene. There the noblest blood of Old Virginia, of which many are wont to boast, was fully represented, as was also the wealth and fashion of the country for many miles around.

All were in high spirits, and none seemed to fear that they would be the losers in the amount of money about to change hands. And for what, pray, is all this grand outlay--this vast expenditure? Merely the pleasure and gratification of witnessing the speed of a fine horse, and the vanity of prejudging concerning it.

The arrangements were at length completed,--the horses regularly entered, Mark Anthony among the rest,--and then the word "go!" was given, when each horse sprang as if for his life, each striving to take the lead. Away they go, sweeping round the course with lightning speed, while every spectator's eye is strained, and every countenance flushed with intense anxiety.

Some of the noble animals were distanced the first heat, and others were taken away by their owners.

The judges allowed twenty minutes to prepare the horses for the second trial of their speed--a trial which must enrich or empoverish many of the thousands present. Already there were sad countenances to be seen in the crowd.

The horses were again in readiness, and the word given,--away they flew with the fleetness of the wind, to come in the second time.

But who can describe the anxiety written on every face, as they prepared for the third and last trial? I cannot. Many had already lost all they had staked, and others who had bet high began to fear for the result. Soon, however, all was again prepared and those foaming steeds, after having exerted their animal power to the utmost, have accomplished their task and come in for the last time. The purse was won, _but not by Mark Anthony_. Capt. Helm was more fortunate the second day. Buffer won the smaller purse, but the Captain came from the races, a much poorer man than when they commenced. These repeated failures and heavy losses had the effect to arouse him to a sense of his pecuniary position, and he soon after began to think and talk about going to some new country.

He resolved at last to visit the far-off "Genesee Country," which he shortly after put in practice, and after an absence of about three weeks he returned in good health, and delighted with the country; the more so, doubtless, because he said, "the more slaves a man possessed in that country the more he would be respected, and the higher would be his position in society."

Capt. Helm finally concluded to sell his plantation and stock, except the slaves, and remove to the Genesee Country, where he designed to locate his future residence.

The plantation and stock (retaining the slaves) were advertised for sale, and on a certain day named, all would be disposed of at a public sale, or to the highest bidder.

When the day of sale arrived, there flocked from all parts of the surrounding country the largest assemblage of people I ever saw in that place. A large number of wealthy and respectable planters were present, whose gentlemanly behavior should have been an example to others.

The majority of that vast crowd, however, were a rough, quarrelsome, fighting set, just such as might be expected from slave-holding districts. There were several regularly fought battles during the first day of the sale.

One Thomas Ford, a large, muscular, ferocious-looking fellow, a good specimen of a southern bully and woman-whipper, had been victorious through the day in numerous fights and brawls; but he had to pay dear for it when night came. Some one or more of the vanquished party, took advantage of the dark night to stab him in both sides. The knife of the assassin had been thrust into his thigh, tearing the flesh upward, leaving a frightful and dangerous wound; but what is most singular, both sides were wounded in nearly the same manner, and at the same time, for so quickly was the deed committed that the offenders made their escape, before an alarm could be raised for their detection; nor have I ever heard of any one being arrested for the crime.

Ford's groans and cries were painful to hear, but his brother acted like a madman; rushing hither and thither, with a heavy bludgeon in his hand, with which he indiscriminately beat the fences and whatever came in his way, crying "Oh my brother, my poor brother! Who has murdered my poor brother?"

Physicians came to the aid of the wounded man who at first thought he might recover, but in a climate like that of Virginia it was impossible. His friends did all they could to save him, but the poor wretch lingered a few days and died. Thus ended the life of a bad man and a hard master.

And who will wonder, if his slaves rejoiced to hear of his death? If they must be sold to pay his debts, they could not fall into the hands of a more heartless tyrant. Who then can blame those feeble women and helpless children, long held as chattels in his iron grasp, if they are grateful that the man-stealer is no more?

This Ford was a fair specimen of that class, known in more modern parlance as a "Border Ruffian." Such as are at this time endeavoring, by their swaggering and bullying, to cast on the fair fields of Kansas the deep curse of Slavery--a curse which, like the poison of the deadly Upas, blights all within its influence: the colored and the white man, the slave and the master. We were thankful, however, that no more lives were lost during the vendue, which was commenced with the stock; this occupied two days.

The reader will see that we had cause to be grateful, when he takes into consideration that drinking and fighting was the order of the day, and drunkenness and carousing the order of the night.

Then too, the practice of dueling was carried on in all its hideous barbarity. If a gentleman thought himself insulted, he would immediately challenge the offender to mortal combat, and if he refused to do so, then the insulted gentleman felt bound by that barbarous code of honor, to take his life, whenever or wherever he might meet him, though it might be in a crowded assembly, where the lives of innocent persons were endangered.

A case of this kind happened in Kentucky, where the belligerent parties met in a large concourse of people, the majority of them women and children; but the combat ensued, regardless of consequences. One woman was shot through the face, but that was not worthy of notice, for she was only a _colored woman_; and in that, as in other slave States, the laws give to the white population the liberty to trample under foot the claims of all such persons to justice. Justly indignant ladies present remonstrated, but all to no purpose. The Governor of the State was there and was in danger of being wounded by their flying bullets, and it is possible that if he had been in the place of the poor African, some action would have been taken, and laws made to protect the people against such inhuman practices. But I must return to Capt. Helm and the vendue.

The sale continued for several days, during which there was no such thing as rest or sleep or one quiet moment on the premises. As was customary in that State, Capt. Helm provided the food and drink for all who came, and of course a great many came to drink and revel and not to buy; and that class generally took the night time for their hideous outbreaks, when the more respectable class had retired to their beds or to their homes. And many foul deeds and cruel outrages were committed; nor could the perpetrators be detected or brought to justice. Nothing could be done but to submit quietly to their depredations.

One peaceable old slave was killed by having his head split open with an ax. He was found in the morning lying in the yard, with the bloody instrument of death by his side. This occasioned some excitement among the slaves, but as the white people paid but little attention to it, it soon passed off, and the sorrowful slaves put the old man's remains in a rough box, and conveyed them to their last resting-place.

After the sale was over, the slaves were allowed a holiday, with permission to go and visit their friends and relatives previous to their departure for their new home in a strange land.

The slaves generally on Capt. Helm's plantation looked upon this removal as the greatest hardship they had ever met; the severest trial they had ever endured; and the separation from our old home and fellow-slaves, from our relatives and the old State of Virginia, was to us a contemplation of sorrowful interest. Those who remained, thought us the most unfortunate of human beings to be taken away off into the State of New York, and, as they believed, beyond the bounds of civilization, where we should in all probability be destroyed by wild beasts, devoured by cannibals, or scalped by the Indians. We never expected to meet again in this life, hence our parting interviews were as solemn as though we were committing our friends to the grave. But He whose tender mercies are over all his creatures, knew best what was for our good.

Little did Capt. Helm think when bringing his slaves to New York that in a few short years, they would be singing the song of deliverance from Slavery's thralldom; and as little thought he of the great and painful change, to be brought about in his own circumstances. Could any one have looked into futurity and traced the difficult path, my master was to tread,--could any one have foreseen the end to which he must soon come, and related it to him in the days of his greatness and prosperity, he would, I am certain, have turned from such a narrator of misfortune in a greater rage than did Namaan when the man of God told him "to go and dip seven times in the Jordan."

He could not have believed, nor could I, that in a few years the powerful, wealthy slaveholder, living in luxury and extravagance, would be so reduced that the _necessaries_ of life even, were beyond his means, and that he must be supported by the town!

But I anticipate. Let us return to the old plantation which seems dearer than ever, now that we are about to leave it forever.

We thought Capt. Helm's prospects pretty fair, and yet we shuddered when we realized our condition as slaves. This change in our circumstances was calculated to awaken all our fears that had been slumbering, and bring all the perilous changes to which we might be subjected most vividly to mind.

We were about to leave the land of our birth, the home of our childhood, and we felt that untried scenes were before us. We were slaves, it is true, but we had heart-felt emotions to suppress, when we thought of leaving all that was so familiar to us, and chose rather to "bear the ills we had, than to fly to those we knew not of." And oh, the terrible uncertainty of the future, that ever rests on the slave, even the most favored, was now felt with a crushing weight. To-day, they are in the old familiar cabin surrounded by their family, relatives and friends; to-morrow, they may be scattered, parted forever. The master's circumstances, not their own, may have assigned one to the dreadful slave-pen, and another to the distant rice-swamp; and it is this continual dread of some perilous future that holds in check every joyous emotion, every lofty aspiration, of the most favored slave at the South. They know that their owners indulge in high living, and they are well aware also that their continual indulgences engender disease, which make them very liable to sudden death; or their master may be killed in a duel, or at a horse-race, or in a drunken brawl; then his creditors are active in looking after the estate; and next, the blow of the auctioneer's hammer separates them perhaps for life.

Now, after the lapse of so many years, when my thoughts wander back, as they often do, to my native State, I confess that painful recollections drive from my mind those joyful emotions that should ever arise in the heart of man, when contemplating the familiar scenes of his youth, and especially when recurring to the venerable shades and the sheltering roof under which he was born. True, around the well-remembered spot where our childhood's years were spent, recollection still loves to linger; yet memory, ever ready with its garnered store, paints in glowing colors, Virginia's crouching slaves in the foreground. Her loathsome slave-pens and slave markets--chains, whips and instruments of torture; and back of all this is as truthfully recorded the certain doom, the retributive

justice, that will sooner or later overtake her; and with a despairing sigh I turn away from the imaginary view of my native State.

What though she may have been justly styled, "The Mother of Presidents?" What avails the honor of being the birth-place of the brave and excellent Washington, while the prayers and groans of the down-trodden African daily ascend to heaven for redress? What though her soil be fertile, yielding a yearly product of wealth to its possessors? And what matter is it, that their lordly mansions are embowered in the shade of trees of a century's growth, if, through their lofty and tangled branches, we espy the rough cabin of the mangled bondman, and know that the soil on which he labors has drunk his heart's blood?

Ah! to me, life's sweetest memories are all embittered. Slavery had cast its dark and fearful shadow over my childhood, youth, and early manhood, and I went out from the land of my birth, a fettered slave. A land which I can regard only as "the house of bondage and the grave of freedom." But God forgive me for having envied my master his fair prospects at this time.

After the sale of the plantation, Capt. Helm was in possession of quite a large sum of money, and having never paid much attention to his pecuniary interests, he acted as if there could be no end of it. He realized about forty thousand dollars from the sale of his estate in Virginia, which would have been a pretty sum in the hands of a man who had been accustomed to look after his own interests; but under the management of one who had all his life lived and prospered on the unrequited toil of slaves, it was of little account. He bought largely of every thing he thought necessary for himself or the comfort of his family, for which he always paid the most extravagant prices. The Captain was not as well qualified to take care of himself and family as some of his slaves were; but he thought differently, and so the preparations for leaving the old plantation for a home in the wilds of New York, went on under his direction, and at last we bade a final adieu to our friends and all we held dear in the State of Virginia.

CHAPTER IV.

JOURNEY TO OUR NEW HOME IN NEW YORK.

All things having been prepared for our departure, our last "Good-bye" spoken, and our last look taken of the old plantation, we started, amid the sobs and prolonged cries of separating families, in company with our master, the overseer and another white man named Davis, who went with us to take back the five-horse "Pennsylvania team," which was provided for the conveyance of the food for the slaves, and what little baggage they might have, and also that of the overseer.

Capt. Helm had determined to leave his family until he could get his slaves settled in their future quarters, and a home provided for himself, when they were expected to join him.

We traveled northward, through Maryland, Pennsylvania, and a portion of New York, to Sodus Bay, where we halted for some time. We made about twenty miles per day, camping out every night, and reached that place after a march of twenty days. Every morning the overseer called the roll, when every slave must answer to his or her name, felling to the ground with his cowhide, any delinquent who failed to speak out in quick time.

After the roll had been called, and our scanty breakfast eaten, we marched on again, our company presenting the appearance of some numerous caravan crossing the desert of Sahara. When we pitched our tents for the night, the slaves must immediately set about cooking not their supper only, but their breakfast, so as to be ready to start early the next morning, when the tents were struck; and we proceeded on our journey in this way to the end.

At Sodus Bay there was then one small tavern, kept by a man named Sill.

The bay is ten miles in length and from a half to two miles in breadth, and makes an excellent harbor. The surrounding country then was almost an unbroken wilderness.

After Capt. Helm had rested a few days at Sodus, he went six miles up the bay and purchased a large tract of land lying on both sides of that beautiful sheet of water, and put his slaves on to clear and cultivate it. Then came the "tug of war." Neither the overseer nor the slaves had the least knowledge of _clearing_ land, and that was the first thing to be done. It was useless to consult the Captain, for he knew still less about matters of that kind. To obviate this difficulty, our master bought out a Mr. Cummings, who had some cleared land on the west side of the bay. On this he put the overseer and a part of the slaves, and then hired a Mr. Herrington to take charge of the remainder. Herrington and his gang of slaves was sent to the east side to chop down the heavy timber and clear the land for cultivation, all of which had first to be learned, for we knew nothing of felling trees, and the poor slaves had rather a hard time of it.

Provisions were scarce and could not be procured for cash in that section. There was no corn to be had, and we had but little left. We had no neighbors to assist us in this trying time, and we came near starvation. True, the wild, romantic region in which we were located abounded in game,--elk, deer, bear, panther, and wolves, roamed abroad through the dense forest, in great abundance, but the business of the slaves was not hunting or fishing, but clearing the land, preparatory to raising crops of grain the coming season.

At last Capt. Helm chartered a boat, and manned it to go to the mouth of the Genesee River to buy corn. They embarked under favorable auspices, but soon there came on such a tremendous storm, that the boat could no longer be managed, and the crew in despair threw themselves on the bottom of the boat to await their inevitable destruction, when one of their number, a colored man named Dunbar, sprang to the helm, and with great difficulty succeeded in running her safely into a Canadian port, where they were obliged to part with every thing in their possession to obtain the means to return to their families in Sodus, who had given them up as lost. But, to the great joy of all, they came back at last with their lives, but with nothing for the famishing slaves. Before another boat could be sent for our relief, we were reduced to the last extremity. We became so weak we could not work, and it was difficult to drag ourselves about, as we were now obliged to do, to gather up all the old bones we could find, break them up fine and then boil them; which made a sort of broth sufficient barely to sustain life. This we drank, and merely existed, until at last, the long looked for boat returned, loaded with provision, which saved us from starvation and gave us strength to pursue our labor.

CHAPTER V.

INCIDENTS AT SODUS BAY.

About this time two slaves who were laboring in the forest, instead of returning to their cabin as was expected, got lost, and wandered eight days in the dense forest without provision, except what they could procure from roots and the bark of trees. Great exertion was made to find them; guns were fired, horns blown, and shouts raised, but all to no purpose. Finally, we gave them up, supposing they had starved to death or had been killed by wild beasts. One of them was an elderly man, named Benjamin Bristol, and the other, Edmund Watkins, a lad of about eighteen years of age. They wandered in an easterly direction, a distance of some sixty or seventy miles, through an unbroken wilderness, vainly trying to find their way home. On the eighth day, to their inexpressible joy, they came out on the shore of Lake Ontario, near Oswego; but young Watkins was so completely exhausted that he declared himself incapable of further exertion, and begged to be left to his fate. Bristol, however, who chewed tobacco, which it was supposed kept him from sinking so low as his companion, took him on his back, and carried him home, which they reached in a famished state and reduced to skeletons. All were thankful for the preservation of their lives, and, with the best we could do for them, they soon recruited and became strong as ever.

One day, two others and myself thought we saw some animal swimming across the bay. We got a boat and went out to see what it was. After rowing for some time we came near enough to perceive it was a large bear. Those who watched us from the shore expected to see our boat upset, and all on board drowned, but it was not so to be; the, bear was struck on the nose with a blow that killed him instantly, and he was hauled ashore in great triumph.

While these things were transpiring on the east side of the bay, the overseer on the west side determined to punish one of the slaves who worked on the east side. The name of the slave was Williams; a strong, athletic man, and generally a good workman, but he had unfortunately offended the overseer, for which nothing could appease his wrath but the privilege of flogging him. The slave, however, thought as he was no longer in Virginia, he would not submit to such chastisement, and the overseer was obliged to content himself with threatening what he would do if he caught him on the west side of the bay.

A short time after, the overseer called at the cabin of one of the slaves, and was not a little surprised to find there the refractory slave, Williams, in company with three other men. He immediately walked up to him and asked him some question, to which Williams made no reply. Attended, as he always was, by his ferocious bull-dog, he flourished his cowhide in great wrath and demanded an instant reply, but he received none, whereupon he struck the slave a blow with the cowhide. Instantly Williams sprang and caught him by the throat and held him writhing in his vise-like grasp, until he succeeded in getting possession of the cowhide, with which he gave the overseer such a flogging as slaves seldom get. Williams was seized at once by the dog who endeavored to defend his brutal master, but the other slaves came to the rescue, and threw the dog into a huge fire which was near by, from which, after a singeing, he ran off, howling worse than his master when in the hands of Williams. He foamed and swore and still the blows descended; then he commanded the slaves to assist him, but as none obeyed, he commenced begging in the most humble manner, and at last entreated them as "gentlemen" to spare him; but all to no purpose. When Williams thought he had

thrashed him sufficiently, he let him go and hurried to his boat and rowed down the bay, instead of crossing it. The overseer no sooner found himself at liberty than he ran out, calling to a servant girl to bring his rifle, which was loaded. The rifle was brought, but before he could get to the bay, Williams had gone beyond his reach; but unfortunately another boat was at this moment crossing the bay, which he, mad with rage, fired into. The men in the boat immediately cried out to him not to repeat the shot, but he was so angry that he swore he would shoot somebody, and sent another bullet after them. No one was hurt, however, but the brave overseer was vanquished. Crest-fallen and unrevenged, he shortly after called on Capt. Helm for a settlement, which was granted, and bidding a final adieu to the "Genesee Country," he departed for Virginia, where he could beat slaves without himself receiving a cow-hiding. No one regretted his absence, nor do I think any but the most heartless would cordially welcome his return to the land of Slavery.

[Illustration: "Instantly Williams sprang and caught him by the throat and held him writhing in his vise-like grasp, until he succeeded in getting possession of the cow-hide, with which he gave the overseer such a flogging as slaves seldom get."]

CHAPTER VI.

REMOVAL FROM SODUS TO BATH.

Capt. Helm went to Virginia for his family, and returning with them, concluded to locate his future residence in the village of Bath, Steuben County. He purchased a large tract of land near the village, a large grist mill, and two saw mills; also, two farms; one called the "Maringo," east of the village; and the other, called "Epsam," north of it; and a fine house and lot in the village. He also kept a distillery, which in those days was well patronized, for nearly every body drank whisky; and with Capt. Helm it was a favorite beverage.

The slaves were removed to Bath, where our master was well suited, and was everywhere noted for his hospitality. He had a great deal of land to cultivate, and carried on a multiplicity of business.

Soon after we were settled at Bath, Capt. Helm's eldest daughter, Jenny, was married to Mr. John Fitzhugh, her cousin, who had come from Virginia to claim his bride.

The wedding was a splendid affair. No pains were spared to make it more imposing than any thing that had ever happened in that country. Never before had the quiet village of Bath seen such splendor. All that wealth, power and ambition could do, was done to make the event one of great brilliancy. Europe contributed her full proportion; Turkey, the Indias, East and West, were heavily taxed to produce their finest fabrics to adorn the bride and bridal guests; and contribute delicacies to add elegance to the festal scene. Two days previous to the wedding, the invited guests began to arrive with their retinue of servants, and on the evening of the marriage the large mansion was thrown open, and there was the most magnificent assemblage I ever beheld. In the drawing-room, where the ceremony took place, every thing was surpassingly elegant. Costly chandeliers shed their light on the rich tapestry, and beautiful dresses glittering with diamonds, and the large mirrors everywhere reflecting the gay concourse. While the servants were preparing supper it was announced that the hour had arrived for the ceremony to commence. The bridal pair took their place in the center of the apartment. Pearls, diamonds, and jewelry glittered on the bride with such luster, that it was almost painful to the eye to look upon her.

The minister, after asking God to bless the assembled guests, and those he was about to unite in the holy bonds of wedlock, proceeded in a very solemn and impressive manner with the marriage service. The ceremony concluded, and good wishes having been expressed over the sparkling wine, the man of God took his leave, two hundred dollars richer than when he came. The company were all very happy, or appeared so; mirth reigned supreme, and every countenance wore a smile. They were seated at tables loaded with luxuries of every description, and while partaking, a band of music enlivened the scene.

All business was suspended for several days, the wedding party making a tour of ten days to Niagara Falls. After a while, however, affairs assumed their usual aspect, and business took its regular routine.

The grist mill belonging to the Captain was the only one for many miles around, and was a source of great profit to him; the saw mills also, were turning out a large quantity of lumber, which was in good demand; and the distillery kept up a _steaming_ business. It yielded, however, a handsome income to Capt. Helm, who was now, for the first time since I knew him, overseeing his affairs himself, dispensing altogether with the service of a regularly installed overseer.

The oldest son of our master had been absent from home for sometime, nor did he return to attend his sister's grand wedding. He had sought and obtained a commission in the United States service as a Lieutenant. This had been his own choice; he had preferred the service and hardships of a soldier, to a plantation well stocked with slaves, and the quietude of domestic life. He had cheerfully given up his friends and prospects as a planter, and entered the service of his country. Frank Helm, the second son, soon followed the example of his older brother, Lina. He obtained a like commission, but he did not, like his brother, get along quietly. His prospects as an officer were soon blighted, and all hope of being serviceable to his country vanished forever.

CHAPTER VII.

DUELING.

Lina Helm was an easy, good-natured, clever fellow; but his brother Frank was his opposite in nearly every thing; proud, fractious and unyielding. As might be expected, Frank, soon after entering the army, got into an "affair of honor," according to the duelist's code of laws. He was not, however, the principal in the difficulty. One of his friends and a brother officer, had a quarrel with a gentleman whom he challenged to mortal combat. Frank was the bearer of his friend's challenge, and on presenting it, the gentleman refused to accept it, saying that the challenger "was no gentleman." Then, according to the rules of dueling, no alternative was left for Frank, but to take his brother officer's place, and fight. This he did and came from the bloody field disabled for life. In consequence of his lameness, he was under the necessity of resigning his commission in the army, which he did, and came home a cripple, and nearly unfitted for any kind of business whatever.

While on the subject of dueling, permit me to record some of the incidents of another "affair of honor," which occurred in the District of Columbia, between Gen. Mason and Mr. M'Carter, two antagonistic politicians.

M'Carter offered his vote to the inspectors, and Mason challenged it. M'Carter offered to swear it in, when Mason said if he did so he would perjure himself. This blew what appeared to be but a spark into an angry blaze, and a duel was momentarily expected; but their warlike propensities subsided into a newspaper combat, which was kept up for several weeks, each party supposing they had the advantage of their adversary. In this stage of the quarrel, Gen. Jackson, with one of his aid-de-camps, Dr. Bruno, visited Washington. Dr. Bruno was a friend of Gen. Mason's, and to him the General submitted the correspondence, desiring his opinion relative to the advantage one had obtained over the other. Dr. Bruno decided against his friend, which probably exasperated him still more, and the General expressed his determination to fight his antagonist. Dr. Bruno wrote to M'Carter to come to Washington, and he came immediately, and was as readily waited upon by the Doctor, who inquired if he would receive a communication from his friend, Gen. Mason. M'Carter replied, that he "would receive no communication from Gen. Mason, except a challenge to fight." The challenge was therefore sent, and accepted, and the Doctor appointed to make the necessary arrangements for the duel. He proposed the weapons to be pistols, and the distance, ten paces; to which M'Carter objected, because he said, "the General was a dead shot with the pistol, while he hardly knew how to use one." Then it was left to M'Carter to choose the mode of warfare. He proposed muskets and ten paces distance. This was agreed upon, and finally the morning arrived for the conflict, and people began to assemble in great numbers to witness this murderous scene.

The belligerent parties unflinchingly took their place, each with his loaded musket at his shoulder, and gazing in each other's face, with feelings of the most bitter hatred, while their eyes flashed vengeance.

Oh! what a state of mind was this in which to meet inevitable death? How could intelligent men, or gentlemen, if you please so to term them, look placidly on such a horrid scene? Was there no heart of humanity to interfere and arrest the murderous designs of these madmen? Alas, no! The slaveholder's "code of honor" must be acknowledged, though it outrage the laws of God and his country.

Dr. Bruno asks, "Gentlemen, are you ready?" and the duelists take their deadly aim at each other. The signal to fire is given, and both weapons are discharged, and when the smoke had cleared away, what a spectacle was there presented to the duelist and spectator? Gen. Mason, a husband, a father, a statesman, and a kind friend, lies bleeding, and gasping for breath. He is no more! Who will bear to his loving and unsuspecting wife, the sad intelligence of her sudden bereavement? Who will convey his lifeless body to his late residence, and throw grief and consternation into the bosom of his family, and drape in sadness his whole household? And yet this painful task must be performed. The family of General Mason remained entirely ignorant of what was transpiring regarding the duel, until his mangled corpse was brought into his dwelling, from which he had so recently gone forth in all the vigor of life and manhood. And here let us drop the curtain, nor intrude on that scene of domestic affliction around the

deserted hearth-stone of the bereaved family of General Mason.

But where is Mr. M'Carter, the more fortunate party in the duel? Hurrying away from the frightful scene, his hands dripping with the blood of his fellow-man, he skulks about, until an opportunity is given him to step on board a vessel bound to a foreign port; he leaves home, friends and country, in the vain hope of finding peace of mind, and ridding himself of that guilt and censure which must attach itself to a crime so heinous as that of taking the life of another. I can but regard the inhuman practice of dueling as the legitimate fruit of Slavery.

Men who have been raised in the Slave States, where, if the laws do not give them the power, they do not restrain them from cruelly punishing every offender with personal violence, even unto death, if their insulted dignity seems to demand it. It is, however, encouraging to know that for a few years past the practice of dueling has somewhat fallen into disrepute among the more humane and candid class of community.

CHAPTER VIII.

HORSE-RACING AND GENERAL TRAINING.

After the return of the wedding party, Mr. Fitzhugh purchased a tract of land near that of Capt. Helm, on which the newly-married couple commenced keeping house. They, however, became dissatisfied with their location, and soon after sold their possessions and returned to the South.

Capt. Helm still continued to take the oversight of his slaves, and was out every day, superintending his business, just as his overseer used to do.

About this time a man named Henry Tower came to Bath to hire "slave boys," as we were called. The Captain hired to him Simon and myself, and a Mr. Baker also hired to him one slave named Vol. McKenzie. We three started for Dresden, Ontario County, where we arrived in due time.

Mr. Tower had just bought a tract of land, three miles this side of the village of Lyons, on the Canandaigua outlet. Here Mr. Tower contemplated making great improvements, building mills, opening stores &c. This tract of land was comparatively wild, there being but a small frame house for a dwelling, one for a store, and another for a blacksmith shop. Mr. Tower had two brothers; James, the eldest, who took charge of the store, and John, the younger, who took charge of the hands who worked on the farm; Henry himself superintending the building of the mills. This firm had a great number of men in their employ that year. I was kept busy helping the women about the cooking and house-work. And here, for the first time in my life, I had a comfortable bed to sleep on, and plenty of wholesome food to eat; which was something both new and strange to me.

The Towers were thorough-going business-men; they built a large grist mill, with four run of stone, and also a distillery. In those days it was customary for nearly all classes to drink spirituous liquors; hence, the distilleries were sources of great pecuniary interest to those who owned them. But having lived to see the dreadful evils which the drinking of alcoholic beverages have produced on community, I can hardly speak of distilleries in the favorable light in which they were then regarded.

The Towers, with commendable enterprise, cleared a great number of acres of land during the first year I lived with them, besides doing a heavy business in the mill, store and distillery.

It was customary then for men to assemble at some public place for the purpose of drinking whisky and racing horses.

One Saturday afternoon there was to be a race, and all was excitement. Being young, I wished to go with the rest. I hurried through my work as fast as possible, and then, with a trembling heart, set off in search of my master, fearing lest he would refuse me the simple request. But he happened to be in uncommon good humor, and readily gave his consent; and away I went, "as happy as a lark." When I reached the race-ground, they were just preparing to run the horses. Seeing me, they knew me to be a poor friendless little slave boy, helpless and unprotected, and they could therefore do with me as they pleased, and have some fine sport at my expense.

When I was asked to ride one of the fast horses, I felt proud of the honor conferred, and was assisted to mount, feeling highly elated with the lofty position I had gained.

The word "go," was shouted, and the horse whirled off, and it seemed to me as if he flew with the speed of lightning. My hat fell off the first thing; and there I was, clinging with might and main to the neck of the fiery animal, my head bare, my feet bootless, and my old stripped shirt blown from my back, and streaming out behind, and fluttering like a banner in the breeze; my ragged pants off at the knees, and my long legs dangling down some length below; and at the same time crying "Whoa! whoa!" as loud as I could. Nor was this all; frightened as I was, nearly to death, I cast a despairing look behind me, and the loud, derisive laugh of the bystanders rung in my ears.

Ludicrous as I must have appeared, this was too much,--I felt a giddiness coming over me, my brain reeled, my hold relaxed, and the next instant I had fallen to the ground, where all consciousness left me. When I came to my senses I was lying in bed, surrounded by all the appurtenances of a dying person.

The first thing I heard was Mr. Tower scolding the men who put me on the horse, and threatening them with a law-suit for presuming to do such a thing without his permission. Mr. Tower considered himself holden to Capt. Helm for my safe return, and was therefore justly indignant at their placing my life in such peril. It was indeed a narrow escape, for the horse was running with all his speed when I fell. My bones were unbroken, however, and I suppose it must have been the tremendous jar I got when I fell that rendered me unconscious; nor do I think it impossible that the fright may not have contributed somewhat to the catastrophe.

It was while I was living with that gentleman that the greatest "general training" ever known in Western New York, came off at "Oak's Corners," in the town of Phelps. It really seemed to me that the whole world were going to the training, and I, of course, felt a great curiosity to go where "all creation" appeared to be going. Mr. Tower permitted me to go, and I started off in high spirits. When I arrived within two or three miles of the place the road was almost blocked up with people, and when I got to Oak's Corners the crowd beggared all description; carriages of all sorts were there, containing eatables of all kinds, and tents of all dimensions were on the road-side, for the houses could not begin to accommodate the people. The entire brigade was to meet at that place, and Gov. Lewis was expected to review the different companies, and all were anxious to see the Governor, for, in those days, it was a rare thing to see so high a dignitary in Western New York; the eastern portion of the State having had every thing of that kind their own way.

Nor was the means and mode of traveling brought to such perfection as now. The roads were new and rough, and our best public conveyances only the slow lumbering stage-coach; yet, notwithstanding these inconveniences, there was an innumerable crowd gathered at that place. I spent the day in walking about the encampment, and seeing what was to be seen, for it was all new to me.

Officers were riding over the ground, dressed in uniform, and mounted on their splendid steeds: their plumes waving over their cocked-hats in true military array. A band of music, as is usual, accompanied the soldiers. There was also a "sham-fight," before the breaking up of the encampment, and it was really terrifying to me, who had never seen a battle fought, to witness two columns of troops drawn up, and, at the roll of the drum, behold them engage in deadly conflict, to all appearance, and the smoke curling up in a blackened mass toward heaven; and, above all, the neighing of horses, with the feigned groans of the wounded and dying. I inwardly prayed to God that those men might ever draw their weapons in a feigned encounter.

The first night I spent at the encampment was one long to be remembered; it was like the confusion of Babel. Of all the hideous noises I ever heard none could exceed those made there that night. They fired guns, quarreled, drank, and swore, till day light. There was such a crowd at the tavern that I did not suppose I could get a bed, so I threw myself down upon a door-step, and began to compose myself to sleep, when a man came and wakened me, inquiring at the same time whose boy I was. I replied that I lived with Mr. Tower. "Follow me," said he; I arose and followed him into the house, where he procured for me a bed, to be shared with another "boy," who had already occupied it.

I had just began to doze, when the explosion of firearms startled all in the house. The keeper of the tavern ran up stairs in great alarm, and when an examination was made, we found that a drunken fellow had discharged his musket in the room below the one where we were sleeping, and that the ball had passed up through the second floor and completely through the bed on which I slept, to the roof, where, having passed through that also, rolled from thence to the ground! And yet, strange as it may appear, no one was injured, though the house was filled to overflowing with guests.

There were groups of disorderly and drunken men continually roaming over the camp-ground at night, who seemed to have no other object than to annoy others, and torment any one they might find sleeping, by shaking them, or, if soundly asleep, dragging them out of their beds by their feet. Among these thus annoyed by them was a physician from Canandaigua. Being a passionate man, they seemed to think it fine sport to arouse him from sleep and hear him scold. The first time they dragged him from his tent

he merely remonstrated in a very gentlemanly manner, and quietly crept back again. The rowdies were disappointed; they had expected a "scene." As soon as he was asleep they attacked him again, dragging him out by the heels; then he was angry, and told them if they repeated the offence it would be at the peril of their lives, and a third time retired to his tent; but a third party soon came, and one, more bold than the rest, entered the tent and laid hold of the Doctor. He sprang to his feet and drew his sword, which he ran through the body of a man supposed to be that of his tormentor; but oh! what sorrow and consternation possessed him when he found he had taken the life of a quiet, unoffending person who happened to be standing by, attracted to the spot probably by the noise of the revelers. The unhappy Doctor was obliged to flee from his country for a time, but after a while the shadows which had so suddenly fallen on his fair prospects were cleared away, and he returned to his home and country.

The second day of the encampment was one of surpassing beauty. The sun shone in all its softened radiance on that vast concourse of human beings. The field presented a spectacle which must have been imposing to those of more experienced vision than mine; but to me, in my ignorant simplicity, it was superbly grand; fascinating beyond my power of resistance, and made an impression on my mind never to be effaced.

The brigade was drawn up in a line, each colonel stationed just so many paces in front of the line, and all the other officers, such as majors, quarter-masters, &c., were stationed at an equal distance in the rear. When all were paraded, the Governor of the State made his appearance, dressed in full uniform, his hat being one of the Bonaparte style, attended by his aid-de-camp, who was dressed much in the same manner as his Excellency Governor Lewis, who, after the salute, took his place at the head of the brigade, and the military exercises commenced. When the Governor issued his orders, they were first given to his aid, who passed them to the officers, and they gave the word of command to the soldiers; for instance if the Governor wished the brigade to "shoulder arms,"--the order went to the officer who commanded the first regiment, and he repeated the order, and was obeyed; then the same order passed to the next, and so on, until the whole brigade had complied with the order of his Excellency.

But this, I believe, was the first and last time that the military were ever called out on so large a scale, in the State of New York. It was supposed that the effect would be decidedly injurious to a community and the idea was abandoned. Young men were so liable to be fascinated by the magnificent spectacle, that not the rabble only were attracted by the "trappings of war," but they have a tendency to induce young, and _old men even_, of fair prospects, to neglect _their agricultural interests_ for military pursuits, which, in a new country, were certainly of paramount importance, if not the greater of the two.

I know that it became very hard for me to content myself to labor as I had done, after witnessing this grand display. I was completely intoxicated with a military spirit, and sighed for the liberty to go out "on the lines" and fight the British.

The martial music, the waving plumes, and magnificent uniform, had driven from my mind entirely the bloodshed and carnage of the battle field; beside, I was sick and tired of being a slave, and felt ready to do almost any thing to get where I could act and feel like a free man.

I became acquainted with a Mr. McClure, a merchant in Bath, who, while on a journey to Philadelphia, to purchase goods, was taken suddenly ill and died; when his brother, George McClure, came on to attend to his diseased brother's business. He was a fine, persevering kind of man, and very soon got to be General McClure, and commanded the brigade in Steuben County, and, as such, was liable to be called at any time when his services were required, to go to the frontier and guard our lines from the invasion of the English army.

To him I applied for a situation as waiter, which he readily agreed to give me if I could get the consent of Captain Helm. I thought there would be no trouble about that; and oh! how I dreamed of and anticipated the happiness of being _something_ beside a slave, for a _little while at least_. Almost every day I went to the store to talk to Gen. McClure of this greatest happiness imaginable, "going to the lines!" and was impatient for the chance to arrive that would send me there.

At last Gen. McClure wrote to Gen. Armstrong, to say that he was ready to obey any order that he might send him, and march to "the lines," if his services were needed; and, to _my_ inexpressible joy, marching orders were returned. I nearly flew in search of Capt. Helm, never once suspecting that he would object; because I knew that he did not then require my services himself, and the pay would be quite as good as he had been receiving for my time; besides I had so completely set my heart on going, that it was impossible for me to dream of a disappointment so bitter as that of being denied going "to the lines."

Oh! how then were my high hopes fallen, and how much more hateful appeared that slavery which had blighted all my military prospects? Nor was Capt. Helm's heartless and mercenary reply to my humble pleading any antidote to my disappointed feelings

and desire for freedom. He said, "you shall not go; I will permit nothing of the kind, so let there be an end to it. The _pay_ is all well enough, I know, but if you get killed your wages will stop; and then who, do you suppose, will indemnify me for the loss? Go about your business, and let me hear no more of such nonsense!"

There was an emergency I had not provided for; and, as I then believed, the master could make no demand on or for the slaves beyond the grave, I was silent; but both master and myself were mistaken on that point; for I have since learned numerous instances where slaves have fought and died in the service of their master's country, and the slave-owner received his wages up to the hour of his death, and then recovered of the United States the full value of his person as property!

Gen. McClure left soon after for the frontier; my saddened heart followed him, and that was all; my body was in slavery still, and painful though it was, I must quietly submit.

The General, however, reaped but few if any laurels in that campaign; he burned the small village of Newark, in Canada, for which he got very little credit on either side of the lake; so I comforted myself as well as I could with the reflection, that all who "went to the wars" did not return covered with glory and laurels of victory.

I continued to live with the Towers; and in the fall of that year, I had the misfortune to cut my foot badly. While chopping fire wood at the door, I accidentally struck my ax against a post, which glanced the blow in such a manner that it came down with sufficient force to nearly sever my great toe from my left foot, gashing upward completely through the large joint, which made a terrible wound. Dr. Taylor was immediately called, and sewed the flesh together, taking two stitches on the upper, and one on the under, side of the foot, before it began to swell; but when the swelling came on, the stitches on the upper side gave way, which occasioned the toe to fall over so much, that I have been slightly lame from that day to this. For several weeks I was unable to be moved, and was regularly attended by Dr. Taylor, but as soon as it could be done without danger, I was taken back to Capt. Helm's, where I found things in much the same condition as when I left them over a year before.

On leaving the family of Mr. Tower, I endeavored to express to them as well in my power the gratitude I felt for their kindness, and the attention I had received during my lameness.

We returned to Bath in a sleigh, and arrived without accident or any great suffering. But the kind treatment I had always received from the Messrs. Tower and family, made it very hard for me to reconcile myself to my former mode of living; especially now that I was lame and weak, from sickness and long confinement; besides, it was cold weather. Oh! how hard it did seem to me, after having a good bed and plenty of bed clothes every night for so long time, to now throw myself down, like a dog, on the "_softest side_" of a rough board, without a pillow, and without a particle of bedding to cover me during the long cold nights of winter. To be reduced from a plentiful supply of good, wholesome food, to the mere pittance which the Captain allowed his slaves, seemed to me beyond endurance.

And yet I had always lived and fared thus, but I never felt so bitterly these hardships and the cruelties of Slavery as I did at that time; making a virtue of necessity, however, I turned my thoughts in another direction.

I managed to purchase a spelling book, and set about teaching myself to read, as best I could. Every spare moment I could find was devoted to that employment, and when about my work I could catch now and then a stolen glance at my book, just to refresh my memory with the simple lesson I was trying to learn. But here Slavery showed its cloven foot in all its hideous deformity. It finally reached the ears of my master that I was learning to read; and then, if he saw me with a book or a paper in my hand, oh, how he would swear at me, sending me off in a hurry, about some employment. Still I persevered, but was more careful about being seen making any attempt to learn to read. At last, however, I was discovered, and had to pay the penalty of my determination.

I had been set to work in the sugar bush, and I took my spelling book with me. When a spare moment occurred I sat down to study, and so absorbed was I in the attempt to blunder through my lesson, that I did not hear the Captain's son-in-law coming until he was fairly upon me. He sprang forward, caught my poor old spelling book, and threw it into the fire, where it was burned to ashes; and then came my turn. He gave me first a severe flogging, and then swore if he ever caught me with another book, he would "whip every inch of skin off my back," &c.

This treatment, however, instead of giving me the least idea of giving it up, only made me look upon it as a more valuable attainment. Else, why should my oppressors feel so unwilling that their slaves should possess that which they thought so essential to themselves? Even then, with my back bleeding and smarting from the punishment I had received, I determined to learn to read and write, at all hazards, if my life was only spared. About this time Capt. Helm began to sell off his slaves to different persons, as

he could find opportunity, and sometimes at a great sacrifice. It became apparent that the Captain, instead of prospering in business, was getting poorer every day.

CHAPTER IX.

DEATH BED AND BRIDAL SCENES.

Neither Capt. Helm nor his wife made any religious pretensions. I hardly know whether or not they were avowed infidels; but they alike ridiculed all religious professions and possessed some very singular notions regarding life and death.

I have often heard the Captain say, that no person need die unless they choose to do so; and his wife was of the same belief. I have frequently heard her remark that if mankind would firmly resist death it would flee from them.

An opportunity, however, was soon after given to test the truth of this strange dogma. Mrs. Helm's health began to decline, but she would pay no attention to it, following her usual course and regular routine of household duties; but all in vain; she was taken down, alarmingly ill, and it became apparent to all, that the "king of terrors" had chosen his victim. She tried with all her natural energy of character, to baffle his pursuit and escape his steady approach, but all to no purpose. "The valley and the shadow of death" were before her, and she had no assurance that the "rod and staff" of the Almighty would sustain and comfort her through the dark passage. She shrank with perfect horror from the untried scenes of the future.

If any one had ever envied Mrs. Helm in her drawing-room, richly attired and sparkling with jewels, or as she moved with the stately step of a queen among her trembling slaves, they should have beheld her on her death bed! They should have listened to her groans and cries for help, while one piercing shriek after another rang through the princely mansion of which she had been the absolute mistress!

[Illustration: "If any one had ever envied Mrs. Helm in her drawing-room, richly attired and sparkling with jewels, or as she moved with the stately step of a queen among her trembling slaves, they should have beheld her on her death-bed!"]

Surrounded as she was with every elegance and luxury that wealth could procure, she lay shrieking out her prayers for a short respite, a short lengthening out of the life she had spent so unprofitably; her eyes wandering restlessly about the apartment, and her hands continually clinching the air, as if to grasp something that would prevent her from sinking into the embrace of death! There was not a slave present, who would have exchanged places with her. Not one of those over whom she had ruled so arbitrarily would have exchanged their rough, lowly cabin and quiet conscience, for all the wealth and power she had ever possessed.

Nothing of all she had enjoyed in life, nor all that she yet called her own, could give her one hour of life or one peaceful moment in death!

Oh! what a scene was that! The wind blew, and great drops of rain fell on the casements. The room lighted only with a single taper; the wretched wife mingles her dying groans with the howling of the storm, until, as the clock struck the hour of midnight she fell back upon her pillow and expired, amid the tears and cries of her family and friends, who not only deplored the loss of a wife and mother, but were grieved by the manner in which she died.

The slaves were all deeply affected by the scene; some doubtless truly lamented the death of their mistress; others rejoiced that she was no more, and all were more or less frightened. One of them I remember went to the pump and wet his face, so as to appear to weep with the rest.

What a field was opened for reflection, by the agonizing death of Mrs. Helm? Born and reared in affluence; well educated and highly accomplished, possessed of every means to become a useful woman and an ornament to her sex; which she most likely would have been, had she been instructed in the Christian religion, and had lived under a different influence. As infidelity ever deteriorates from the female character, so Slavery transforms more than one, otherwise excellent woman, into a feminine monster. Of Mrs. Helm, with her active intellect and great force of character, it made a tyrannical demon. Her race, however, is ended; her sun gone down in darkness, and her soul we must leave in the keeping of a righteous God, to whom we must all give an account for the deeds done in the body. But in view of the transitory pleasures of this life; the unsatisfactory realization of wealth, and the certainty of death, we may well inquire, "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Some little time after the scene just recorded, there came to Bath a young physician named Henry, who commenced practice under very flattering prospects. He was an accomplished young man, well educated and very skillful in his profession. He was affable and gay in his manners, and very fond of company. An intimate acquaintance was soon formed with Capt. Helm and family, and he called almost daily to chat and drink wine with the Captain,--both being quite fond of a social glass.

One night in the depth of winter, the Doctor was called to see a patient who lived six miles down the Conhocton river. Previous, however, to the call, he had accepted an invitation to attend a party at Capt. Helm's, and there he was found. They had music and dancing, while the wine passed around very freely. None seemed to join in the dance and other amusements of the evening with more enjoyment than did Dr. Henry; but after he was sent for, it being a most bitter cold night, he asked the Captain for a horse to ride to see his patient, to which he readily assented, and had his fine _race-horse_ (for the Captain had not left off all his old habits), brought out from the stable, and the Doctor sprang lightly into the saddle. Unfortunately his way led by the race-course, and when the trained animal came to it he started with such speed as to throw the Doctor to the ground, where he lay all that terrible cold night. In the morning, some person going after wood, came in sight of the Doctor as he was trying to creep away on his frozen hands and feet. He was put into the sleigh and taken to the village with all possible speed. All was done for him that could be, but his feet and legs were frozen solid. His uncle, Dr. Henry, was brought as soon as possible, who decided that nothing could save his life but the amputation of both legs, just below the knee. This was done; but what a change in the prospects of this promising young man! Instead of stepping lightly about as he used to do, with a smiling countenance, he at last came forth after a tedious confinement, a cripple for life, hobbling about on his knees, sad and dejected. And what, think you, was the cause of this terrible calamity? What prevented the Doctor from an exertion to save his life? Wine, intoxicating wine, was undoubtedly the occasion of the heedless and reckless conduct of both himself and Capt. Helm. And should not this circumstance be a warning to parents and guardians, to young men and children, "to look not upon the wine when it is red," and remember that at last "it will bite like a serpent and sting like an adder?" Should it not also remind those who have guests to entertain, of the sinfulness of putting the cup to their neighbor's lips? Certainly it should. But I must resume my story.

About this time Major Thornton of Bath, died. He had long been an intimate friend and acquaintance of Capt. Helm, and as the reader is already informed of the death of Mrs. Helm, they will not be surprised to know that he began to look earnestly after the widow of his late friend. It become apparent that his solicitude for the loneliness of Madam Thornton was not so much as a disconsolate widow, as that of making her the future Mrs. Helm; nor was it less observable that the new-made widow accepted the Captain's attentions with great favor, and more as a lover than a comforter.

The result was, after the Major had been dead six weeks, Capt. Helm was married to his widow, and brought her and her servants in great triumph to his house, giving her the charge of it. His own servants were discharged, and hers took their places.

All went on pleasantly for a while; then the slaves began to grow sullen and discontented; and two of them ran away. Capt. Helm started a man named Morrison, a Scotchman, in pursuit, who hunted them ten days, and then returned without any tidings of the absconding slaves. They made good their escape and were never heard from afterwards, by those whose interest suffered by the loss.

I was one afternoon at a neighbor's house in the village, when I was suddenly taken so violently ill with pain in my head and side, that I had to be carried home. When we arrived there, I was allowed a pallet of straw to lie on, which was better than nothing. Day after day, my disease increased in violence, and my master employed a physician to attend me through my illness, which brought me very low indeed. I was constantly burning with fever, and so thirsty that I knew not what I would have given for a draught of cold water, which was denied me by the physician's direction. I daily grew weaker until I was reduced to helplessness, and was little else than "skin and bones." I really thought my time had come to die; and when I had strength to talk, I tried to arrange the few little business affairs I had, and give my father direction concerning them. And then I began to examine my own condition before God, and to determine how the case stood between Him and my poor soul. And "there was the rub." I had often excused myself, for frequent derelictions in duty, and often wild and passionate outbreaks, on account of the hardness of my lot, and the injustice with which I was treated, even in my best endeavors to do as well as I knew how. But now, with death staring me in the face, I could see that though I was a friendless "slave-boy," I had _not_ always done as well as I knew how; that I had _not_ served God as I knew I ought, nor had I always set a good example before my fellow-slaves, nor warned them as well as I might, "to flee the wrath to come." Then I prayed my Heavenly Father to spare me a little longer, that I might serve Him better; and in His mercy and gracious goodness, He did so; though when the fever was turning they gave me up; and I could hear them say, when they came to feel my pulse, "he is almost gone," "it will soon be over," &c., and then inquire if I knew them. I did, but was too weak to say so. I recollect with gratitude, the kindness of Mrs. H.A. Townsend, who sent me many delicacies and cooling drinks to soften the rigor of my

disease; and though I suppose she has long since "passed away" and gone to her reward, may the blessing of those who are ready to perish, rest upon the descendants of that excellent woman.

Capt. Helm was driving on in his milling, distillery and farming business. He now began to see the necessity of treating his slaves better by far than he had ever done before, and granted them greater privileges than he would have dared to do at the South. Many of the slaves he had sold, were getting their liberty and doing well.

CHAPTER X.

HIRED OUT TO A NEW MASTER.

While I was staying with my master at Bath, he having little necessity for my services, hired me out to a man by the name of Joseph Robinson, for the purpose of learning me to drive a team. Robinson lived about three miles from the village of Bath, on a small farm, and was not only a poor man but a very mean one. He was cross and heartless in his family, as well as tyrannical and cruel to those in his employ; and having hired me as a "slave boy," he appeared to feel at full liberty to wreak his brutal passion on me at any time, whether I deserved rebuke or not; nor did his terrible outbreaks of anger vent themselves in oaths, curses and threatenings only, but he would frequently draw from the cart-tongue a heavy iron pin, and beat me over the head with it, so unmercifully that he frequently sent the blood flowing over my scanty apparel, and from that to the ground, before he could feel satisfied.

These kind of beatings were not only excessively painful, but they always reminded me of the blows I had so often received from the key, in the hand of Mrs. Helm, when I was but a little waiter lad; and in truth I must say that the effect of these heavy blows on the head, have followed me thus far through life; subjecting me to frequent and violent head-aches, from which I never expect to be entirely free. Even to this day I shudder at the thought, when I think how Robinson used to fly at me, swearing, foaming, and seeming to think there was no weapon too large or too heavy to strike me with.

He and I were at one time logging with a yoke of oxen, which it was my business to drive. At that time rattle-snakes were numerous, and a great terror to the inhabitants. To be bitten by one of these poisonous reptiles was certain and almost instant death; hence, the greatest caution and constant vigilance was necessary to avoid them while at work. I had been sent with the oxen to draw a log to the pile, and when I came up to it, I observed that it appeared to be hollow; but stepping forward, with the chain in my hand, ready to attach it to the log, when, oh, horror! the warning rattle of a snake sounded like a death knell in my ears, proceeding from the log I was about to lay hold of. I was so much frightened by the sound, that I dropped the chain as though it were red hot, left my team, and ran with all the speed in my power, screaming "murder, murder!" as loud as I could.

This proceeding, which was the fearful impulse of the moment, offended Robinson, and gave him another opportunity to beat me most cruelly. He was himself as much afraid of rattle-snakes as I; but he was the master and I the "slave boy," which made a vast difference. He caught hold of me, and, with horrid oaths, beat me with his fist again and again; threatening me with awful punishment if I did not instantly return and bring the log to the desired spot. I never can forget the mortal agony I was in, while compelled by his kicks and blows to return and fasten the chain around the log containing the deadly serpent. I, however, succeeded with trembling hands, and drove the oxen, but keeping myself at the fartherest possible distance from them and the log. When I finally arrived at the pile, Mr. Robinson and some other men, cut a hole with an ax in the log, and killed the large, venomous rattle-snake that had occasioned me so much alarm and such a cruel beating. Nor was the uncontrollable and brutal passion of Robinson his only deficiency; he was mean as he was brutal.

He had, at one time, borrowed a wagon of a neighbor living two miles distant, through a dense forest. On the day of the total eclipse of the sun, it entered his head that it would be fine sport, knowing my my ignorance and superstition, to send me, just as the darkness was coming on, to return the borrowed wagon. I accordingly hitched the ox-team to it and started. As I proceeded through the wood, I saw, with astonishment and some alarm, that it was growing very dark, and thought it singular at that hour of the day. When I reached the place of my destination it was almost total darkness, and some persons, ignorant as myself, were running about, wringing their hands, and declaring that they believed the Day of Judgment had come, and such like expressions.

The effect of all this was, however, very different from what my master had expected. I thought, of course, if the judgment day had come, I should be no longer a slave in the power of a heartless tyrant. I recollect well of thinking, that if indeed all things earthly were coming to an end, I should be free from Robinson's brutal force, and as to meeting my Creator, I felt far less dread of that than of meeting my cross, unmerciful master. I felt that, sinful as I had been, and unworthy as I was, I should be far better off than I then

was; driven to labor all day, without compensation; half starved and poorly clad, and above all, subjected to the whims and caprices of any heartless tyrant to whom my master might give the power to rule over me. But I had not much time for reflection, I hurried home; my mind filled with the calm anticipation that the end of all things was at hand; which greatly disappointed my expectant master, who was looking for me to return in a great fright, making some very ludicrous demonstration of fear and alarm. But after a few months more of hardship I was permitted to return to Capt. Helm's, where I was treated much better than at Robinson's, and much, better than the Captain used to treat his slaves.

Capt. Helm, not having demand for slave labor as much as formerly, was in the practice of hiring out his slaves to different persons, both in and out of the village; and among others, my only sister was hired out to a _professed_ gentleman living in Bath. She had become the mother of two or three children, and was considered a good servant.

One pleasant Sabbath morning, as I was passing the house where she lived, on my way to the Presbyterian church, where I was sent to ring the bell as usual, I heard the most piteous cries and earnest pleadings issuing from the dwelling. To my horror and the astonishment of those with me, my poor sister made her appearance, weeping bitterly, and followed by her inhuman master, who was polluting the air of that clear Sabbath morning, with the most horrid imprecations and threatenings, and at the same time flourishing a large raw-hide. Very soon his bottled wrath burst forth, and the blows, aimed with all his strength, descended upon the unprotected head, shoulders and back of the helpless woman, until she was literally cut to pieces. She writhed in his powerful grasp, while shriek after shriek died away in heart-rending moanings; and yet the inhuman demon continued to beat her, though her pleading cries had ceased, until obliged to desist from the exhaustion of his own strength.

What a spectacle was that, for the sight of a brother? The God of heaven only knows the conflict of feeling I then endured; He alone witnessed the tumult of my heart, at this outrage of manhood and kindred affection. God knows that my will was good enough to have wrung his neck; or to have drained from his heartless system its last drop of blood! And yet I was obliged to turn a deaf ear to her cries for assistance, which to this day ring in my ears. Strong and athletic as I was, no hand of mine could be raised in her defence, but at the peril of both our lives;--nor could her husband, had he been a witness of the scene, be allowed any thing more than unresisting submission to any cruelty, any indignity which the master saw fit to inflict on _his wife_, but the other's _slave_.

Does any indignant reader feel that I was wanting in courage or brotherly affection, and say that he would have interfered, and, at all hazards, rescued his sister from the power of her master; let him remember that he is a _freeman_; that he has not from his infancy been taught to cower beneath the white man's frown, and bow at his bidding, or suffer all the rigor of the slave laws. Had the gentlemanly woman-whipper been seen beating his horse, or his ox, in the manner he beat my poor sister, and that too for no fault which the law could recognize as an offence, he would have been complained of most likely; but as it was, she was but a "slave girl,"--with whom the slave law allowed her master to do what he pleased.

Well, I finally passed on, with a clinched fist and contracted brow, to the church, and rung the bell, I think rather furiously, to notify the inhabitants of Bath, that it was time to assemble for the worship of that God who has declared himself to be "no respecter of persons." With my own heart beating wildly with indignation and sorrow, the kind reader may imagine my feelings when I saw the smooth-faced hypocrite, the inhuman slave-whipper, enter the church, pass quietly on to his accustomed seat, and then meekly bow his hypocritical face on the damask cushion, in the reverent acknowledgment of that religion which teaches its adherents "to do unto others as they would be done by," just as if nothing unusual had happened on that Sabbath morning. Can any one wonder that I, and other slaves, often doubted the sincerity of every white man's religion? Can it be a matter of astonishment, that slaves often feel that there is no just God for the poor African? Nay, verily; and were it not for the comforting and sustaining influence that these poor, illiterate and suffering creatures feel as coming from an unearthly source, they would in their ignorance all become infidels. To me, that beautiful Sabbath morning was clouded in midnight darkness, and I retired to ponder on what could be done.

For some reason or other, Capt. Helm had supplied every lawyer in that section of country with slaves, either by purchase or hire; so when I thought of seeking legal redress for my poor, mangled sister, I saw at once it would be all in vain. The laws were in favor of the slave owner, and besides, every legal gentleman in the village had one or more of the Captain's slaves, who were treated with more or less rigor; and of course they would do nothing toward censuring one of their own number, so nothing could be done to give the slave even the few privileges which the laws of the State allowed them.

The Captain sold my aunt Betsy Bristol to a distinguished lawyer in the village, retaining her husband, Aaron Bristol, in his own employ; and two of her children he sold to another legal gentleman named Cruger. One day Captain Helm came out where the slaves were at work, and finding Aaron was not there, he fell into a great rage and swore terribly. He finally started off to a beach

tree, from which he cut a stout limb, and trimmed it so as to leave a knot on the but end of the stick, or bludgeon rather, which was about two and a half feet in length. With this formidable weapon he started for Aaron's lonely cabin. When the solitary husband saw him coming he suspected that he was angry, and went forth to meet him in the street. They had no sooner met than my master seized Aaron by the collar, and taking the limb he had prepared by the smaller end, commenced beating him with it, over the head and face, and struck him some thirty or more terrible blows in quick succession; after which Aaron begged to know for what he was so unmercifully flogged.

"Because you deserve it," was the angry reply. Aaron said that he had ever endeavored to discharge his duty, and had done so to the best of his ability; and that he thought it very hard to be treated in that manner for no offence at all. Capt. Helm was astonished at his audacity; but the reader will perceive that the slaves were not blind to the political condition of the country, and were beginning to feel that they had some rights, and meant to claim them.

Poor Aaron's face and head, however, was left in a pitiable condition after such a pummeling with a knotty stick. His face, covered with blood, was so swollen that he could hardly see for some time; but what of that? Did he not belong to Capt. Helm, soul and body; and if his brutal owner chose to destroy his own property, certainly had he not a right to do so, without let or hindrance? Of course; such is the power that Slavery gives one human being over another.

And yet it must be confessed that among the poor, degraded and ignorant slaves there exists a foolish pride, which loves to boast of their master's wealth and influence. A white person, too poor to own slaves, is as often looked upon with as much disdain by the miserable slave as by his wealthy owner. This disposition seems to be instilled into the mind of every slave at the South, and indeed, I have heard slaves object to being sent in very small companies to labor in the field, lest that some passer-by should think that they belonged to a poor man, who was unable to keep a large gang. Nor is this ridiculous sentiment maintained by the slaves only; the rich planter feels such a contempt for all white persons without slaves, that he does not want them for his neighbors. I know of many instances where such persons have been under the necessity of buying or hiring slaves, just to preserve their reputation and keep up appearances; and even among a class of people who profess to be opposed to Slavery, have I known instances of the same kind, and have heard them apologize for their conduct by saying that "when in Rome, we must do as the Romans do."

Uncle Aaron Bristol was one of Capt. Helm's slaves who had a large amount of this miserable pride; and for him to be associated with a white man in the same humble occupation, seemed to give him ideas of great superiority, and full liberty to treat him with all the scorn and sarcasm he was capable of, in which my uncle was by no means deficient.

At this time the Captain owned a fine and valuable horse, by the name of _Speculator_. This horse, groomed by uncle Aaron, stood sometimes at Bath and sometimes at Geneva; and at the latter village another horse was kept, groomed by a white man. The white groom was not very well pleased with Aaron's continual disparagement of the clumsy animal which my uncle called "a great, awkward plow-horse;" and then he would fling out some of his proud nonsense about "_poor white people_ who were obliged to groom their own old dumpy horses," &c.

Well, things went on in this unpleasant manner for several weeks, when at last the white groom and Aaron met at Geneva, and the horse belonging to the former, designedly or accidentally, escaped from his keeper, and came with full speed, with his mouth wide open, after Speculator. When the fiery fellow had overtaken uncle Aaron he attempted to grasp the wethers of Speculator with his teeth, instead of which he caught Aaron on the inside of his thigh, near the groin, from whence he bit a large piece of flesh, laying the bone entirely bare; at the same moment flinging Aaron to the ground, some rods off; and the next instant he kicked Speculator down a steep embankment Aaron was taken up for dead, and Dr. Henry sent for, who dressed his wounds; and after several months' confinement he finally recovered. It is probable that the biting and overthrow of Aaron saved his life, as he must have otherwise been killed in the encounter of the two horses.

A while after his recovery, uncle Aaron succeeded in procuring a team and some kind of vehicle, in which he put his wife and children, and between two days, took "French leave" of his master as well as of the lawyer to whom his wife belonged.

The lawyer, however, was far from being pleased when he missed his property, and immediately set his wits to work to reclaim her. All was kept secret as possible, but it was whispered about that it was to be done by a State's warrant, for removing the clothing and furniture they had taken, and so, being thus arrested, "Madam Bristol" would be glad to return to her work in the lawyer's kitchen. But Aaron was a smart, shrewd man, and kept out of their reach, where he soon found friends and employment, and could go where he pleased, without having an infuriated master to beat and disfigure him with a knotted stick, until his clothes were

bespattered with blood. They appreciated their liberty, and lived and died in peace and freedom.

Capt. Helm continued his old manner of treating slaves, dealing out their weekly allowance of corn or meal; but living as we now did, so much more intimately with white inhabitants, our condition was materially improved. The slaves became more refined in manners and in possession of far greater opportunities to provide for themselves, than they had ever before enjoyed, and yet it was _Slavery_. Any reverse in the fortunes of our master would be disadvantageous to us. Oh, how this fearful uncertainty weighed upon us as we saw that our master was not prospering and increasing in wealth; but we had not the dismal fears of the loathsome slave-pen, rice swamps, and many other things we should have to fear in Virginia. We were still _slaves_, and yet we had so much greater chance to learn from the kind, intelligent people about us, so many things which we never knew before, that I think a slave-trader would have found it a difficult task to take any one of us to a Southern slave market, if our master had so ordered it.

The village of Bath is rather an out-of-the-way place, hemmed in on all sides by mountains of considerable height, leaving an opening on the north, through a pleasant valley, to the head of Crooked Lake. Produce of every kind, when once there, met a ready sale for the New York market.

In the first settlement of the country this was the only outlet for the country produce, which was transported in rude boats or vessels called _arks_, built during the winter season to await the spring freshet; then they loaded them with wheat or other produce, and sent them to Baltimore or elsewhere. They used also to obtain great quantities of fine lumber, and floated it through the same rivers every spring; but it was attended with great loss of life and property.

Bath assumed a warlike appearance during the last war with Great Britain; the public square was dotted all over with officers, marquees, and soldiers' tents. Some of these soldiers were unprincipled and reckless men, who seemed to care very little what they did.

One evening I was walking around the encampment in company with a Mr. James Morrison, a clerk in the land office, looking at the soldiers, until we came near a sentinel on duty. He kept his gun to his shoulder until we came near enough, and then he attempted to run me through with his bayonet. Young Morrison sprang forward, and seizing the musket, told me to run; I did so, which probably saved my life.

CHAPTER XI.

THOUGHTS ON FREEDOM.

After living sometime in Bath, and having the privilege of more enlightened society, I began to think that it was possible for me to become a free man in some way besides going into the army or running away, as I had often thought of doing. I had listened to the conversation of others, and determined to ask legal counsel on the subject the first opportunity I could find. Very soon after, as I was drawing wood, I met on the river bridge, Mr. D. Cruger, the eminent lawyer before mentioned, and I asked him to tell me if I was not free, by the laws of New York. He started, and looked around him as if afraid to answer my question, but after a while told me I was _not_ free. I passed on, but the answer to my question by no means satisfied me, especially when I remembered the hesitancy with which it was given.

I sought another opportunity to speak with Mr. Cruger, and at last found him in his office alone; then he conversed freely on the subject of Slavery, telling me that Capt. Helm could not hold me as a slave in that State, if I chose to leave him, and then directed me to D. Comstock and J. Moore; the first being at the head of a manumission society, and the last named gentleman one of its directors.

Our condition, as I have said before, was greatly improved; and yet the more we knew of freedom the more we desired it, and the less willing were we to remain in bondage. The slaves that Capt. Helm had sold or hired out, were continually leaving him and the country, for a place of freedom; and I determined to become my own possessor.

There is no one, I care not how favorable his condition, who desires to be a slave, to labor for nothing all his life for the benefit of others. I have often heard fugitive slaves say, that it was not so much the cruel beatings and floggings that they received which induced them to leave the South, as the idea of dragging out a whole life of unrequited toil to enrich their masters.

Everywhere that Slavery exists, it is nothing but _slavery_. I found it just as hard to be beaten over the head with a piece of iron in New York as it was in Virginia. Whips and chains are everywhere necessary to degrade and brutalize the slave, in order to reduce

him to that abject and humble state which Slavery requires. Nor is the effect much less disastrous on the man who holds supreme control over the soul and body of his fellow beings. Such unlimited power, in almost every instance transforms the man into a tyrant; the brother into a demon.

When the first of our persecuted race were brought to this country it was to teach them to reverence the only true and living God; or such was the answer of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth of England, when her subjects desired the liberty to bring from their native land the poor, ignorant African. "Let them," said the Queen, "be brought away only by their own consent, otherwise the act will be detestable, and bring down the vengeance of heaven upon us." A very different position truly, from the one assumed at the present day by apologists for the traffic in human flesh. But, to return to myself.

I had determined to make an effort to own myself, and as a preliminary step, I obtained permission of Capt. Helm to visit some friends living in Canandaigua and Geneva. This was in the winter of 1814. I went first to Geneva; from there to Canandaigua. Between the two villages I met a company of United States' troops, returning from Buffalo, where they had been to repel an invasion of the British.

The two villages above named, were small but very pretty, having been laid out with taste and great care. Some wealthy and enterprising gentlemen had come from the East into this great Western country, who were making every improvement in their power. The dense forest had long since fallen under the stroke of the woodman's ax, and in that section, flourishing villages were springing up as if by magic, where so lately roamed wild beasts and rude savages, both having fallen back before the march of civilization.

I called on James Moore, as directed by Mr. Cruger, and found he was one of the directors of the "Manumission Society," as it was then called. This was an association of humane and intelligent gentlemen whose object it was to aid any one who was illegally held in bondage. The funds of the society were ample; and able counsel was employed to assist those who needed it. The late lamented John C. Spencer, one of the most eminent lawyers in Western New York, was then counsel for that society.

I soon got an interview with Mr. Moore, to whom I related the history of my life,--the story of my wrongs and hardships. I told him about my having been hired out by Capt. Helm, which he said was sufficient to insure my freedom! Oh! how my heart leaped at the thought! The tears started, my breast heaved with a mighty throb of gratitude, and I could hardly refrain from grasping his hand or falling down at his feet; and perhaps should have made some ludicrous demonstration of my feelings, had not the kind gentleman continued his conversation in another direction.

He said that indispensable business called him to Albany, where he must go immediately, but assured me that he would return in March following; then I must come to him and he would see that I had what justly belonged to me--my freedom from Slavery. He advised me to return to Bath and go on with my work as usual until March, but to say nothing of my intentions and prospects. I returned according to his directions, with a heart so light, that I could not realize that my bonds were not yet broken, nor the yoke removed from off my neck. I was already free in spirit, and I silently exulted in the bright prospect of liberty.

Could my master have felt what it was to be relieved of such a crushing weight, as the one which was but partially lifted from my mind, he would have been a happier man than he had been for a long time.

I went cheerfully back to my labor, and worked with alacrity, impatient only for March to come; and as the time drew near I began to consider what kind of an excuse I could make to get away. I could think of none, but I determined to go without one, rather than to remain.

Just before the time appointed for me to meet Mr. Moore, a slave girl named Milly, came secretly to Bath. She had been one of Capt. Helm's slaves, and he had a while before sold her to a man who lived some distance west of the village. Milly had now taken the matter into her own hands. She had left her master to take care of himself, and was in short, "running away," determined as myself, that she would be a slave no longer; resolved on death, or freedom from the power of the slaveholder.

The time I had set for my departure was so near at hand, that I concluded to accompany her in her flight. When the dark night came on, we started together, and traveled all night, and just as the day dawned we arrived at Manchester, where we stopped a short time with one Thomas Watkins.

But I was not to be let go so easily. I had been missed at Capt. Helm's, and several men started in immediate pursuit. I was weary, and so intent on getting a little rest that I did not see my pursuers until they had well nigh reached the house where I was; but I

did see them in time to spring from the house with the agility of a deer, and to run for the woods as for life. And indeed, I so considered it. I was unarmed to be sure, and not prepared to defend myself against two or three men, armed to the teeth; but it would have gone hard with me before I surrendered myself to them, after having dreamed as I had, and anticipated the blessings of a free man. I escaped them, thank God, and reached the woods, where I concealed myself for some time, and where I had ample opportunity to reflect on the injustice and cruelty of my oppressors, and to ask myself why it was that I was obliged to fly from my home. Why was I there panting and weary, hungry and destitute--skulking in the woods like a thief, and concealing myself like a murderer? What had I done? For what fault, or for what crime was I pursued by armed men, and hunted like a beast of prey? God only knows how these inquiries harrowed up my very soul, and made me well nigh doubt the justice and mercy of the Almighty, until I remembered my narrow escape, when my doubts dissolved in grateful tears.

But why, oh why, had I been forced to flee thus from my fellow men? I was guilty of no crime; I had committed no violence; I had broken no law of the land; I was not charged even with a fault, except of _the love of liberty_ and a desire to be _free_! I had claimed the right to possess my own person, and remove it from oppression. Oh my God, thought I, can the American People, who at this very hour are pouring out their blood in defence of their country's liberty; offering up as a sacrifice on the battle field their promising young men, to preserve their land and hearthstones from English oppression; can they, will they, continue to hunt the poor African slave from their soil because he desires that same liberty, so dear to the heart of every American citizen? Will they not blot out from their fair escutcheon the foul stain which Slavery has cast upon it? Will they not remember the Southern bondman, in whom the love of freedom is as inherent as in themselves; and will they not, when contending for equal rights, use their mighty forces "to break _every yoke_, and let the oppressed go free?" God grant that it may be so!

As soon as I thought it prudent, I pursued my journey, and finally came out into the open country, near the dwelling of Mr. Dennis Comstock, who, as I have said, was president of the Manumission Society. To him I freely described my situation, and found him a friend indeed. He expressed his readiness to assist me, and wrote a line for me to take to his brother, Otis Comstock, who took me into his family at once. I hired to Mr. Comstock for the season, and from that time onward lived with him nearly four years.

When I arrived there I was about twenty-two years of age, and felt for the first time in my life, that I was my own master. I cannot describe to a free man, what a proud manly feeling came over me when I hired to Mr. C. and made my first bargain, nor when I assumed the dignity of collecting my own earnings. Notwithstanding I was very happy in my freedom from Slavery, and had a good home, where for the first time in my life I was allowed to sit at table with others, yet I found myself very deficient in almost every thing which I should have learned when a boy.

These and other recollections of the past often saddened my spirit; but _hope _,--cheering and bright, was now mine, and it lighted up the future and gave me patience to persevere.

In the autumn when the farm work was done, I called on Mr. Comstock for some money, and the first thing I did after receiving it I went to Canandaigua where I found a book-store kept by a man named J.D. Bemis, and of him I purchased some school books.

No king on his throne could feel prouder or grander than I did that day. With my books under my arm, and money of my own earning in my pocket, I stepped loftily along toward Farmington, where I determined to attend the Academy. The thought, however, that though I was twenty-three years old, I had yet to learn what most boys of eight years knew, was rather a damper on my spirits. The school was conducted by Mr. J. Comstock, who was a pleasant young man and an excellent teacher. He showed me every kindness and consideration my position and ignorance demanded; and I attended his school three winters, with pleasure and profit to myself at least.

When I had been with Mr. Comstock about a year, we received a visit from my old master, Capt. Helm, who had spared no pains to find me, and when he learned where I was he came to claim me as "his boy," who, he said he "wanted and must have."

Mr. Comstock told him I was _not_ "his boy," and as such he would not give me up; and further, that I was free by the laws of the State. He assured the Captain that his hiring me out in the first instance, to Mr. Tower, forfeited his claim to me, and gave me a right to freedom,--but if he chose to join issue, they would have the case tried in the Supreme Court; but this proposition the Captain declined: he knew well enough that it would result in my favor; and after some flattery and coaxing, he left me with my friend, Mr. Comstock, in liberty and peace!

CHAPTER XII.

CAPT. HELM--DIVORCE--KIDNAPPING.

The business affairs of Capt. Helm had for some time been far from prosperous; and now he was quite poor. His slave property proved a bad investment, and Madam Thornton a far worse one. She had already applied for a divorce, and a good share of the estate as alimony; both of which she succeeded in getting, the Captain allowing her to take pretty much her own course. These troubles, with costs of lawsuits, bad management, &c., had now emptied the coffers of my old master almost to the last farthing; and he began to cast about him for some way to replenish his purse, and retrieve his fallen fortunes.

Had Capt. Helm been brought up to honorable industry, and accustomed to look after his own pecuniary interests, he doubtless would have sustained his position; or if reverses were unavoidable, he would have by persevering industry, regained what he had lost. But he had been raised in a slave State, and Southern principles were as deeply instilled into his mind, as Southern manners were impressed on his life and conduct.

He had no partiality for labor of any kind; horse-racing and card-playing were far more congenial to his tastes; reduced as he now was, he would deny himself no luxury that his means or credit would procure. His few remaining slaves were given into the hands of an idle, brutal overseer --while they, half fed, half clothed, grew more and more discontented, and ran away on every opportunity that offered.

The Captain at last hit upon a method of making money, which, if it had been carried into operation on the high seas, would in all probability have been called by its right name, and incurred the penalty of the gallows--as piracy. Ought it then to be deemed less criminal because transpiring on the free soil of the American Republic? I think not. Nor was it less censurable on account of its failure.

The Captain's plan was to collect all the slaves he had once owned, many of whom had escaped to the surrounding villages, and when once in his grasp, to run them speedily into a slave State, and there sell them for the Southern market. To carry forward this hellish design, it was necessary to have recourse to stratagem. Some person must be found to lure the unsuspecting slaves into the net he was spreading for them. At last he found a scoundrel named Simon Watkins, who for the consideration of fifty dollars, was to collect as many of the slaves as he could at one place; and when he had done so, he was to receive the money, leaving Capt. Helm to do the rest.

Simon set immediately about the business, which was first to go to Palmyra, and in great kindness and generosity, give a large party to the colored people,--desiring that all Capt. Helm's former slaves, _in particular_, should be present to have a joyous re-union, and celebrate their freedom in having a fine time generally.

Invitations were sent to all, and extensive preparation made for a large "social party," at Palmyra, at the house of Mrs. Bristol. My parents were invited; and Simon took the pains to come to Farmington to give me a special invitation. When the time arrived for the party, I went to Palmyra with the intention of attending. I had not the least suspicion of any thing wrong; yet, by some mysterious providence, or something for which I can not account, a presentiment took possession of my mind that all was not right. I knew not what I feared, and could in no way define my apprehensions; but I grew so uneasy, that I finally gave up the party and returned home, before the guests were assembled.

Capt. Helm and his assistants came on to Palmyra in disguise, before evening, and secreted themselves in one of the hotels to await the arrival of their victims.

At the appointed hour the slaves began to assemble in large numbers and great glee, without the least suspicion of danger. They soon began their amusements, and in the midst of their mirth, Capt. Helm and party stealthily crept from their hiding place and surrounded the house; then bursting in suddenly upon the revelers, began to make arrests. Such a tumult, such an affray as ensued would be hard to describe.

The slaves fought for their lives and their liberty, and the Captain's party for their property and power. Fists, clubs, chairs, and any thing they could get hold of, was freely used with a strength and will of men who had tasted the joys of freedom. Cries and curses were mingled, while blows fell like hail on both sides. Commands from our old master were met with shouts of bold defiance on the part of the negroes, until the miserable kidnappers were glad to desist, and were driven of--not stealthily as they came, but in quick time and in the best way they could, to escape the threatened vengeance of the slaves, who drove them like "feathers before the wind." But it was a terrible battle and many were severely wounded; among them was my father. He was taken to his home, mangled and bleeding, and from the effects of that night's affray he never recovered. He lingered on in feeble health until death

finally released him from suffering, and placed him beyond the reach of kidnappers and tyrants.

The Captain and his party, enraged and disappointed in their plans at Palmyra, returned to Bath to see what could be done there toward success, in getting up a gang of slaves for the Southern market. When they came among the colored people of Bath, it was like a hawk alighting among a flock of chickens at noon-day. They scattered and ran in every direction, some to the woods, some hid themselves in cellars, and others in their terror plunged into the Conhocton River. In this manner the majority of the negroes escaped, but not all; and those were so unfortunate as to get caught were instantly thrown into a large covered "Pennsylvania wagon," and hurried off, closely guarded, to Olean Point. Among those taken were Harry Lucas, his wife, Lucinda, and seven children; Mrs. Jane Cooper and four children, with some others, were also taken.

When Capt. Helm arrived at Olean Point with his stolen freight of human beings, he was unexpectedly detained until he could build a boat,--which, to his great dismay took him several days.

The sorrow and fearful apprehension of those wretched recaptured slaves can not be described nor imagined by any one except those who have experienced a like affliction. They had basked for a short season in the sunshine of liberty, and thought themselves secure from the iron grasp of Slavery, and the heel of the oppressor, when in the height of their exultation, they had been thrust down to the lowest depths of misery and despair, with the oppressor's heel again upon their necks. To be snatched without a moment's warning from their homes and friends,--hurried and crowded into the close slave wagon, regardless of age or sex, like sheep for the slaughter, to be carried they knew not whither; but, doubtless to the dismal rice swamp of the South,--was to them an agony too great for endurance. The adult portion of the miserable company determined at last to go no farther with their heartless master, but to resist unto death if need be, before they surrendered themselves to the galling chains they had so recently broken, or writhed again under the torturing lash of the slave-driver.

Harry Lucas and wife, and Jane Cooper, silently prepared themselves for the conflict, determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible. When they were nearly ready to start, Jane Cooper sent her oldest daughter and younger sister, (she who is now our worthy friend Mrs. P. of Bath), into the woods, and then when the men undertook to get Lucas and the two women on board the boat the struggle commenced. The women fought the Captain and his confederates like a lioness robbed of her whelps! They ran and dodged about, making the woods ring with their screams and shouts of "Murder! Murder! Help! Help! Murder!" until the Captain's party, seeing they could do nothing to quell them, became so exceedingly alarmed lest they should be detected in their illegal proceedings, that they ran off at full speed, as if they thought an officer at their heels. In their hurry and fright they caught two of Harry's children, and throwing them into the boat, pushed off as quick as possible, amid the redoubled cries of the agonized parents and sympathizing friends, all trying in every way possible, to recover from the merciless grasp of the man-stealer, the two frightened and screaming children. Guns were fired and horns sounded, but all to no purpose--they held tightly the innocent victims of their cupidity, and made good their escape.

Mr. D. C----, a gentleman of wealth and high standing in Steuben County, became responsible for the fifty dollars which Capt. Helm promised to pay Simon Watkins for his villainy in betraying, Judas-like, those unsuspecting persons whom it should have been his pleasure to protect and defend against their common oppressor,--his own as well as theirs.

In addition to this rascality, it can not appear very creditable to the citizens of Steuben County, that Capt. Helm and Thomas McBirney should both hold high and important offices at the time, and _after_ they had been tried and convicted of the crime of kidnapping. Both of these gentlemen, guilty of a State's prison offence, were judges of the common pleas. T. McBirney was first judge in the county, and Capt. Helm was side judge; and notwithstanding their participation in, and conviction of, a flagrant outrage on the laws of God and man, they managed not only to escape the penalty, but to retain their offices and their respectable standing in community for years after.

CHAPTER XIII.

LOCATE IN THE VILLAGE OF ROCHESTER.

I continued to labor in the employ of Mr. O. Comstock, whose son, Zeno, was married during the year 1816, and purchased a farm on the site of the present flourishing village of Lockport, to which he moved his family and effects; but from a mistaken supposition that the Erie Canal, which was then under contemplation, would take a more southern route, he was induced to sell his farm in Hartland, which has proved a mine of wealth to the more fortunate purchaser.

In the winter of that year, I was sent by my employer to Hartland with a sleigh-load of produce, and passed through the village of Rochester, which I had never before seen. It was a very small, forbidding looking place at first sight, with few inhabitants, and surrounded by a dense forest.

I recollect that while pursuing my journey, I overtook a white man driving a span of horses, who contended that I had not a right to travel the public highway as other men did, but that it was my place to keep behind him and his team. Being in haste I endeavored to pass him quietly, but he would not permit it and hindered me several hours, very much to my annoyance and indignation. This was, however, but a slight incident indicating the bitter prejudice which every man seemed to feel against the negro. No matter how industrious he might be, no matter how honorable in his dealings, or respectful in his manners,--he was a "nigger," and as such he must be treated, with a few honorable exceptions.

This year also, my father died in the village of Palmyra, where, as I have before mentioned, he received injuries from which he never entirely recovered. After about six months severe illness which he bore with commendable patience and resignation, his spirit returned to God who gave it; and his sorrowing friends and bereaved family followed his remains to their final abode, where we laid him down to rest from unrequited labor and dire oppression, until "all they who are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live forever," where the "tears shall be wiped from off all faces"--and where the righteous bondman shall no longer fear the driver's lash or master's frown, but freely join in the song of "Alleluia! The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!"

My father had a good reputation for honesty and uprightness of character among his employers and acquaintances, and was a kind, affectionate husband and a fond, indulgent parent. His, I believe was the life and death of a good man. "Peace be to his ashes."

The following season I commenced a new business--that of peddling in the village of Rochester such articles as my employer, Mr. Comstock, desired to sell: the products of his farm,--wheat, corn, oats, butter, cheese, meat, and poultry--all of which met a ready sale, generally for cash at liberal prices. That market was then but little known to the generality of farmers, and the enterprising gentlemen of that place, were desirous of encouraging commerce with the surrounding country, offered every encouragement in their power. Hence, we found it a profitable business, which I continued in for several months.

The present flourishing city of Rochester was then, as I have said, but a village in its infancy, situated near the upper falls of the Genesee River, and about seven miles from its mouth. Here, some time previously, three gentlemen from Maryland bought a large tract of land, and as no business man could fail to observe and appreciate its rare advantages they commenced laying out a village. Sirs Fitzhugh, Carroll, and Rochester, composed the company; but the management of the business devolved almost wholly on Col. Rochester, whose wealth, enterprise, and intelligence well qualified him for the undertaking; and as it had been assigned him to cognominate the new village, I have heard it said that he jocularly gave his reason for selecting its present title, as follows: "Should he call it _Fitzhugh_ or _Carroll_, the slighted gentleman would certainly feel offended with the other; but if he called it by his own name, they would most likely _both_ be angry with him; so it was best to serve them alike."

There was then two grist mills,--one owned by Mr. Ely, and the other by Mr. Brown; one small building for religious worship, occupied by the Presbyterians on Carroll street (now State street); and but two stone buildings within what now comprises that beautiful city. There were then no brick buildings at all, but business was good; merchants and mechanics from the East soon began to settle there and give it a thriving aspect.

About this time another company was formed, whose moving spirit was Mr. E. Stone, a man of worth and talent; the object of which was to locate another village at the head of navigation and about half way between the mouth of the river and Rochester, which they called _Carthage_.

The company commenced building and improving the place so rapidly, that many who came to purchase residences and business stations were at a loss to decide which of the two places would finally become the center of business. It, however, was soon perceivable that the advantage of water privileges, stone, and access to both, was greatly in favor of Rochester. At Carthage the Genesee is narrow and its banks steep and abrupt, rising in many places three hundred feet above the bed of the river, which of course render the privileges and business on it far less easy of access for building purposes. I may have occasion to speak hereafter of the expensive and magnificent bridge at Carthage, which was the wonder and admiration of the times.

The following year I concluded to go into business for myself, and was as much at loss as others, whether to locate at Rochester or Carthage; but after considering the matter in all its bearings, and closely watching the progress of events, my choice preponderated

in favor of Rochester, and to that place I went, designing to enter into business on my own account.

It was indeed painful to my feelings to leave the home and family of Mr. Comstock, where I had experienced so much real comfort and happiness, where I had ever been treated with uniform kindness, where resided those kind friends to whom I felt under the greatest obligation for the freedom and quietude I then enjoyed, as well as for the little knowledge of business and of the world that I then possessed. Thinking, however, that I could better my condition, I subdued, as well as I could, my rising emotions, and after sincerely thanking them for their goodness and favors--wishing them long life and prosperity,--I took my departure for the chosen place of my destination.

Soon after I left Mr. Comstock's, that gentleman, sent his hired man, named John Cline, to Rochester with a wagon load of produce to sell, as had been his custom for some time. In vain the family looked for his return at the usual hour in the evening, and began to wonder what had detained him; but what was their horror and surprise to find, when they arose the next morning, the horses standing at the door, and the poor unfortunate man lying in the wagon, _dead_! How long they had been there nobody knew; no one had heard them come in; and how the man had been killed was a matter of mere conjecture. The coroner was sent for and an inquest held, and yet it was difficult to solve the whole mystery.

The most probable explanation was, that he was sitting in the back part of the wagon, and fell over on his left side, striking his neck on the edge of the wagon box, breaking it instantly.

The verdict of the jury was, in accordance with these facts, "accidental death," &c.

When I left Mr. Comstock's I had acquired quite a knowledge of reading, writing, arithmetic, and had made a small beginning in English grammar.

It had been for some time a question which I found hard to decide, whether or not I should pursue my studies as I had done. If I went into business as I contemplated, I knew it would end my proficiency in the sciences; and yet I felt a desire to accumulate more of the wealth that perisheth. Considering too that I was advancing in age, and had no means of support but by my own labor, I finally concluded to do what I have from that time to this deeply regretted,--give up the pursuit of an education, and turn my attention wholly to business. I do not regret having desired a competency, nor for having labored to obtain it, but I _do_ regret not having spared myself sufficient leisure to pursue some regular system of reading and study; to have cultivated my mind and stored it with useful knowledge.

Truly has it been said, "knowledge is power." But it is not like the withering curse of a tyrant's power; not like the degrading and brutalizing power of the slave-driver's lash, chains, and thumb-screws; not like the beastly, demonical power of rum, nor like the brazen, shameless power of lust; but a power that elevates and refines the intellect; directs the affections; controls unholy passions; a power so God-like in its character, that it enables its possessor to feel for the oppressed of every clime, and prepares him to defend the weak and down-trodden.

What but ignorance renders the poor slave so weak and inefficient in claiming his right to liberty, and the possession of his own being! Nor will that God who is "no respecter of persons," hold him guiltless who assumes unlimited control over his fellow. The chain of Slavery which fetters every slave south of Mason and Dixon's Line, is as closely linked around the master as the slave. The time has passed by when African blood alone is enslaved. In Virginia as well as in some other slave States, there is as much European blood in the veins of the enslaved as there is African; and the increase is constantly in favor of the white population. This fact alone speaks volumes, and should remind the slave-breeding Southerner of that fearful retribution which must sooner or later overtake him.

In September, 1817, I commenced business in Rochester. Having rented a room of Mr. A. Wakely, I established a meat market, which was supplied mostly by my former employer, Mr. Comstock, and was liberally patronized by the citizens; but there were butchers in the village who appeared to be unwilling that I should have any share in public patronage. Sometimes they tore down my sign, at others painted it black, and so continued to annoy me until after I had one of their number arrested, which put a stop to their unmanly proceedings.

The village was now rapidly increasing, and yet the surrounding country was mostly a wilderness. Mr. E. Stone, who then owned the land on the east side of the river, thought his farm a very poor one; he, however, commenced clearing it in the midst of wild beasts and rattlesnakes, both of which were abundant, and in a few years was richly rewarded for his labor, in the sale of village lots, which commanded high prices.

In the summer of 1818, I commenced teaching a Sabbath School for the neglected children of our oppressed race. For a while it was well attended, and I hoped to be able to benefit in some measure the poor and despised colored children, but the parents interested themselves very little in the undertaking, and it shortly came to naught. So strong was the prejudice then existing against the colored people, that very few of the negroes seemed to have any courage or ambition to rise from the abject degradation in which the estimation of the white man had placed him.

This year, also, I purchased a lot of land, eighteen by fifty feet, situated on Main street, for which I was to pay five hundred dollars. Having secured my land, I began making preparations for building, and soon had a good two story dwelling and store, into which I moved my effects, and commenced a more extensive business.

Some disadvantage as well as sport was occasioned on business men, who resided on the confines of Ontario and Genesee Counties. It was indeed laughable to witness the races and maneuvering of parties in those days when men were imprisoned for debt. If a man in Ontario County had a suspicion that an officer was on his track, he had only to step over the line into Genesee, to be beyond the power of an officer's precept.

A great deal of trouble as well as unpleasant feeling was engendered by the exercise of that law, which allowed the creditor so great advantage over the debtor. This, together with the fact that very many of the citizens of Rochester were men of small means, the more wealthy portion felt called upon to protect their interests, by forming themselves into what was called a "Shylock Society," the object of which was to obtain a list of all the names of persons who had been, or were then, on "the limits" for debt. This list of names was printed, and each member of the society furnished with a copy, which enabled him to decide whether or not to trust a man when he came to trade. The formation of this society gave rise to another, whose members pledged themselves to have no dealing with a member of the "Shylock Society," and also to publish all defaulters in "high life," which served to check these oppressive measures and restore harmony.

Among others who came to settle in the thriving village of Rochester, was a colored man named Daniel Furr, who came from the East. He soon became acquainted with a very respectable young white lady, of good family, who after a short acquaintance appeared to be perfectly enamored of her dusky swain; and notwithstanding the existing prejudice, she did not scruple to avow her affection for him,--a devotion which appeared to be as sincerely returned by the young "Othello." They resolved to marry; but to this, serious objections arose, and all that the lady's family and friends could do to break off the match was done, but without effect. They could, however, prevail on no one to perform the marriage ceremony in the village, and finally concluded to go to a magistrate in the town of Brighton, four miles distant. At this stage of the proceedings I was appealed to, to accompany them. I took the matter into consideration and came to the conclusion that I could take no active part in the affair, nor bear any responsible station in the unpleasant occurrence. Is it no sin in the sight of the Almighty, for Southern gentlemen(?) to mix blood and amalgamate the races? And if allowed to them, is it not equally justifiable when the commerce is prompted by affection rather than that of lust and force? But I at length consented to accompany them, after learning that all the mischief was already done that could be feared, and that the gallant lover desired to marry the lady as the only atonement he could make for the loss of her reputation.

We arrived at the house of the magistrate about one o'clock at night, and all were soundly sleeping. They were, however, aroused, and when our business was made known, an exciting scene followed. The magistrate refused at first to marry them; and the lady of the house took aside the intended bride, spending two hours in endeavoring to dissuade her from the contemplated union; assuring her that her house should be freely opened to her, that no attention should be spared during her expected confinement, &c.; but all to no purpose. They returned to the parlor where the magistrate again tried his power of persuasion, but with as little success as his lady had met: and then he reluctantly married them. The newly-made husband paid a liberal fee, and we took our leave. I returned to my home to reflect on the scenes of the past night, and Mr. and Mrs. Furr to the house of a friend of the bride in Penfield.

The report soon reached the village that the marriage had been consummated, which produced a great excitement. Threats of an alarming character were openly made against the "nigger" who had dared to marry a white woman, although at her own request. And there was also a class of persons who associated together, professing great friendship for the persecuted husband, and often drew him into their company, pretending to defend his cause while they were undoubtedly plotting his destruction.

One day, after Furr had been drinking rather freely with his pretended friends, he was taken so violently ill, that a physician was immediately called. I was with him when the doctor arrived. He gazed upon the suffering man with an angry expression, and inquired in a tone of command, "Daniel, what have you been doing?" In vain the poor creature begged for relief, the doctor merely repeating his question. After looking at him for some time, he finally administered a potion and hastily left the room, saying as he

did so, "that Furr was as sure to die as though his head had been cut off." And so it proved, though not so speedily as the medical man had predicted; nor did he ever visit him again, notwithstanding he lingered for several days in the most intense agony. It was a strong man grappling with disease and death, and the strife was a fearful one. But death at last ended the scene, with none of all his professed friends, except his faithful but heart-broken wife, to administer to his necessities. No sound save that of the moaning widow broke the stillness of his death-chamber. A few friends collected, who prepared the emaciated body for the grave; enclosing it in a rude board coffin it was conveyed to its last resting place, followed by three or four men, just as the shades of evening had fallen upon this sin-cursed world; there in darkness and silence we lowered his remains, and left the gloomy spot to return to his disconsolate wife, who had been too ill to join the meager procession.

It has ever been my conviction that Furr was poisoned, most likely by some of his false friends who must have mingled some deadly drug with his drinks or food; nor do I believe that the medicine administered by the physician was designed to save his life. But to Him who knoweth all things, we leave the matter.

His despised, forsaken, and bereaved wife soon followed him to the grave, where she sleeps quietly with her innocent babe by her side; and where probably this second Desdemonia finds the only refuge which would have been granted her by a heartless and persecuting world.

Oh, when will this nation "cease to do evil and learn to do well?" When will they judge character in accordance with its moral excellence, instead of the complexion a man unavoidably bears to the world?

CHAPTER XIV.

INCIDENTS IN ROCHESTER AND VICINITY.

After long petitioning, the inhabitants of that section succeeded in having the new county of Monroe set off from Genesee and Ontario Counties, in 1821, which gave a new impulse to the business interests of the already flourishing town, which had heretofore labored under some disadvantages in consequence of having all public business done at Canandaigua or Batavia.

About this time, too, was the Carthage bridge built by a company of enterprising gentlemen of that village which at that day was considered one of the wonders of the age; but as its history is well known to all interested in the enterprises of those days, it is only necessary to say, that the magnificent structure, so grand in its appearance, such a pattern of mechanical ingenuity, exhibiting in all its vast proportions, both strength and beauty, combined with utility and grandeur; and erected at such an enormous expense of time, labor, and cash, was destined soon to fall.

It had cost some ten thousand dollars; and had been warranted by the builders to stand one year. How great then must have been the loss and disappointment when in a little more than twenty-four hours after the time specified, the ruins of that beautiful structure were found floating on the broad bosom of the Genesee! And yet when we take into consideration the vast amount of human life which hourly passed over its solid surface, we can but wonder at the intervention of a kind Providence which prevented any loss of life at the time of its fall. A child had but just passed over it, when with one general crash it sank to the waters below; mocking in its rapid flight, the wisdom of the architect and foresight of frail humanity. The fall of Carthage bridge was indeed a calamity felt by the public generally, and sounded the death-knell of all future greatness to Carthage, or at least for some years to come.

About this time the village was thrown into a state of excitement by the arrest of a colored woman named Ellen, who it was charged had escaped from service due to a Mr. D., south of Mason and Dixon's Line. She had been arrested in accordance with a law passed by Congress in 1793, which forbids persons owing service in one State to flee to another; and which also obliges those receiving such service, to render to the claimant any fugitive from labor due, &c. Poor Ellen! She had many friends and able counsel, but nothing short of an open violation of the law of the land, could prevent her return to the house of bondage. She was tried and given up to him who claimed dominion over her. Hopeless and heart-broken, she was escorted from the boasted land and village of freedom, by a company of the "Light Horse," under the command of Capt. Curtis. One poor, persecuted slave woman, upon whose heart had fallen a shadow darker than death's; driving every earthly hope of liberty from her wounded spirit; helpless and forlorn! She indeed must have required this military parade--this show of power! And that too, by men who throw up their caps with a shout for freedom and equal rights! Oh, "consistency, thou art a jewel!"

As I recollect but one other incident of the kind occurring in Rochester, I will now name it.

A colored man named Davis, generally known as "Doctor Davis," with a reputation unsullied for industry, truth and sobriety, was arrested as a fugitive from slave labor in Kentucky. Two men came on from that State, acting in the double capacity of agents for the claimant and witnesses against the slave. They employed Mr. L. as counsel, and hastened on the trial of the afflicted African. When it became generally known that Davis was arrested, and about to be tried, the excitement grew intense among all classes; but more particularly among the colored people. When the trial came on, the Court room was crowded to overflowing, and every avenue leading to it densely thronged with deeply anxious persons, assembled to witness the result. It became evident, however, that the poor man must be given up to his grasping master, unless some means were devised to rescue him from the power of an unjust law. His friends were on the alert, and as the trial proceeded, the colored men found an opportunity to get him into a corner of the crowded apartment; where, while the officers stood at the door, they dressed him in disguise, and otherwise so completely changed his personal appearance, that he passed out of the Court room, undetected by the officers, and as all supposed was safely pursuing his way to Canada.

The hawk-eyed counsel for the Kentuckians, however, too soon observed exultation written on every dusky countenance, to keep quiet. Starting to his feet in great alarm, he cried out "Where is Davis?" And oh, how that question startled every one present. Every eye gazed hither and thither, and every ear intently listened for the answer. After a moment of breathless silence, the excited counselor was assured that the "bird had flown," which announcement was received with a rapturous shout of joy by the audience, greatly, however, to the discomfiture of the gentlemen from Kentucky, who had thought themselves so sure of their prize. Nor would they be thwarted now. It was not yet too late to overtake their victim, and slavery required at their hands a sacrifice which they were ready to make. Hand-bills were in immediate circulation, offering a reward of fifty dollars for the apprehension of the flying fugitive. Fifty dollars, for the body and soul of a man to plunge into the degradation of Slavery! Fifty dollars for the ruin of a fellow being, for whom Christ gave his precious life! Yes, fifty dollars are offered to any human blood-hound who will hunt and worry the poor slave, who must fly from this boasted land of liberty, to seek protection in the dominion of England's Queen!

Unfortunately for Davis, some of these hand-bills were thrown on board the very packet on which he had embarked for Buffalo; nor was this all. The bills would have left him uninjured, but a scoundrel--an apology for a man--was there also, who, for the consideration of fifty dollars was willing to compromise all pretensions to manhood and humanity, and drag from the boat the panting slave, whom he cast beneath the heel of his oppressor. When Davis was finally retaken, those Kentucky dealers in human chattels, held him with a grasp that banished all hope of escape by flight; and then in his sorrow and despair the wretched, hopeless man cried out "Oh, my God, must I return to the hell of Slavery? Save me, Oh, dear Lord, save this, thy helpless, friendless servant, from a fate so dreadful! Oh, Christian friends and neighbors, I appeal to you to rescue me from a life far more terrible than death in any form! Oh, God, is there no protection for me in the laws of New York? I claim it, by all that is sacred in her past history! Give me liberty or death! or death!" he repeated, with a shudder; then casting one glance of hopeless agony on his persecutors, he secretly drew from his pocket a razor, and before he could be prevented he drew it across his throat, and fell gasping in the midst of his slave-hunting tormentors, while a collection of bystanders cried "Shame! shame! on the institution of Slavery!"

Poor Davis was not dead, but supposing he soon would be, these gentlemen were requested to give security, and indemnify the town for all expenses it might incur on Davis' account. But instead of giving their bond as requested, they took a sudden start for Kentucky, where it was very generally desired they might remain.

With good treatment, Davis, after a long time, recovered sufficiently to be removed by his friends to a place of safety; and when so far restored as to be able he returned to Rochester, where he received assistance which enabled him to reach Canada. I have often heard from him during his residence in that country, where no slaves exist and he has done well, having quite an extensive practice in medicine, and lives in the quiet enjoyment of that liberty which he struggled so hard to obtain and came so near losing; yet, to this day he prefers death to Slavery. And who does not? None, who have breathed the air of freedom after an experience of unrequited toil to enrich a brutal and selfish master. Truly is it said, "a contented slave is a degraded being."

CHAPTER XV.

SAD REVERSES OF CAPT. HELM.

I must again introduce to the kind reader my old master, Capt. Helm, who we left residing in Bath, several years ago. And as I have before intimated he had now become a very poor man; indeed so reduced was he now that he lived with one of his slave women, and was supported by public charity! Learning, too, that I had saved by my industry a few hundred dollars, it seemed very congenial

with his avaricious habits to endeavor to obtain what I possessed. In accordance with his plan he employed a lawyer named Lewland to come to my place of business, which he did, and demanded of me to pay Capt. Helm two hundred dollars. He also left a notice, forbidding all persons to take or destroy any property in my possession; and then impudently inquired how I expected to gain my freedom; if I thought of applying for a writ of _habaeus corpus_; and many other questions; to which I replied that I should pay no money on the order of Capt. Helm; apply for no writ; but should continue to maintain my personal rights and enjoy the freedom which was already mine, and which I designed to keep, assuring him that the Captain had forfeited his claim, if he had any, to me or my services, when he hired me to Mr. Tower.

He hung about me for a day or two, and then left me to pursue my business --I saw no more of him. Some time afterward Mr. H.E. Rochester informed me that he had a _subpoena_ for me, which I found was issued by the direction of Capt. Helm. By Mr. Rochester's counsel, I took it to Mr. A. Sampson, who assured me that my old master had commenced a suit against me in the Court of Equity, and the case would be tried before Wm. B. Rochester, Esq., who was one of the circuit judges. Capt. Helm claimed every particle of property I possessed; a claim that occasioned me great anxiety and some cost.

Mr. Sampson encouraged me to hope, however, that the case would be dismissed as two other cases of that kind had been.

I labored to the best of my ability to prepare myself for the trial, which was to decide whether I had a right to possess myself and command my own services and earnings, or whether all belonged to Capt. Helm. As I looked forward with anxious forebodings to the day appointed for the suit to commence, I was startled by the announcement of my old master's _death_! Yes, Capt. Helm was dead; and with him died the law suit. He who had so wronged me, who had occasioned me so much suffering and sorrow had gone to his account. He who had once been thought to be one of the wealthiest as well as one of the greatest men in the county, died a pauper--neglected and despised, and scarcely awarded a decent burial. Like his wife, who died such a horrid death, he had been reared in affluence and was an inheritor of vast possessions, but his home was in a slave State; he was raised on a plantation, and nurtured in the atmosphere of Slavery.

In his youth he had contracted the habit of drinking to excess, beside that of gambling, horse-racing and the like, which followed him through life. Forgotten and scorned in his poverty by many who had partaken of his abundance, sipped his wine, and rode his fast horses.

During the last war his princely mansion was ever open to the officers of the army, and many a wounded soldier has been cheered and comforted by his hospitality. But now he is regarded as no better than his poorest slave, and lies as lowly as they, in the narrow house appointed for all the living.

My old master had two brothers: the oldest, Thomas Helm, was a Captain in the United States Army, and had been in many hard-fought battles. His younger brother, William, was a Captain also; but Thomas was the man to awaken curiosity. I have lived with him, but never knew of his going unarmed for an hour, until he left Virginia and came to Steuben County, where he died. When at the South, I have seen strangers approach him, but they were invariably commanded to "stand" and to "approach him at their peril." He finally came to the State of New York, bringing with him his "woman" with whom he lived, and two children, with whom he settled on a piece of land given him by my old master, where the old soldier lived, died, and was buried on one of his small "clearings" under an old apple tree. He owned a few slaves, but at his death his "woman" collected every thing she could, and among the rest, two or three slave children, to whom she had no right or claim whatever, and made her way to Kentucky. About a year ago I visited the spot where the brave old defender of his country had been buried, but found very little to mark the resting place of the brother of my old master. They had passed away. Their wealth, power and bravery had come to nought; and no tribute was now paid to the memory of one of "Old Virginia's best families." The _blood_ of which they were wont to boast, was now no more revered than that which commingled with the African and circulated in the veins of his despised and downtrodden slaves.

CHAPTER XVI.

BRITISH EMANCIPATION OF SLAVERY.

As time passed on I found myself progressing in a profitable business. I had paid for my house and lot, and purchased another adjoining, on which I had erected a valuable brick building. The Lord prospered all my undertakings and I felt grateful for my good fortune. I kept all kinds of groceries and grain, which met a ready sale; and now I began to look about me for a partner in life, to share my joys and sorrows, and to assist me on through the tempestuous scenes of a life-long voyage. Such a companion I found in the intelligent and amiable Miss B----, to whom I was married on the eleventh of May, 1825. She was the youngest daughter of a

particular friend, who had traveled extensively and was noted for his honesty and intelligence.

About this time, too, "Sam Patch" made his last and fatal leap from a scaffold twenty five feet above the falls of Genesee, which are ninety-six feet in height. From thence he plunged into the foaming river to rise no more in life. The following spring the body of the foolish man was found and buried, after having lain several months in the turbulent waters of the Genesee.

This year was also rendered memorable by the efficient labors of Professor Finney, through whose faithful preaching of the gospel, many were brought to a saving knowledge of the truth.

The "Emancipation Act" had now been passed, and the happy time for it to take effect was drawing nigh. Slavery could no longer exist in the Empire State nor receive the protection of her laws. Would to God it had so continued to be what it professed--the refuge of the bondman and the home of the free. But alas! Now the flying fugitive from Slavery finds no security within her borders; he must flee onward, to the dominion of Queen Victoria, ere he rests, lest the exaction of the odious "Fugitive Slave Law" return him to the house of bondage.

But the Emancipation Bill had been passed, and the colored people felt it to be a time fit for rejoicing. They met in different places and determined to evince their gratitude by a general celebration. In Rochester they convened in large numbers, and resolved to celebrate the glorious day of freedom at Johnson's Square, on the _fifth_ day of July. This arrangement was made so as not to interfere with the white population who were everywhere celebrating the day of their independence--"the Glorious Fourth,"--for amid the general and joyous shout of liberty, prejudice had sneeringly raised the finger of scorn at the poor African, whose iron bands were loosed, not only from English oppression, but the more cruel and oppressive power of Slavery.

They met according to previous appointment, Mr. A. H----, having been chosen president, Mr. H. E----, marshal, and Mr. H. D----, reader of the "Act of Emancipation," and "The Declaration of Independence." A large audience of both white and colored people assembled, and the day which had been ushered in by the booming cannon, passed by in the joyous realization that we were indeed free men. To the music of the band the large procession marched from the square to the hotel, where ample provision was made for dinner, after listening to the following oration, which I had been requested to deliver.

I must not omit to mention that on the morning of that happy day, a committee of colored men waited upon the Hon. Matthew Brown, and in behalf of the citizens of Monroe County, presented their thanks for his noble exertions in the Legislature, in favor of the Act by which thousands were made free men.

They were received by that worthy gentleman with grateful and pleasing assurances of his continued labor in behalf of freedom.

Now I will lay before the reader my address to the audience on that eventful day.

CHAPTER XVII.

ORATION--TERMINATION OF SLAVERY.

The age in which we live is characterised in no ordinary degree, by a certain boldness and rapidity in the march of intellectual and political improvements. Inventions the most surprising; revolutions the most extraordinary, are springing forth, and passing in quick succession before us,--all tending most clearly to the advancement of mankind towards that state of earthly perfection and happiness, from which they are yet so far distant, but of which their nature and that of the world they inhabit, are most certainly capable. It is at all times pleasing and instructive to look backward by the light of history, and forward by the light of analogical reasoning, to behold the gradual advancement of man from barbarism to civilization, from civilization toward the higher perfections of his nature; and to hope--nay, confidently believe, that the time is not far distant when liberty and equal rights being everywhere established, morality and the religion of the gospel everywhere diffused,--man shall no longer lift his hand for the oppression of his fellow man; but all, mutually assisting and assisted, shall move onward throughout the journey of human life, like the peaceful caravan across the burning sands of Arabia. And never, on this glorious anniversary, so often and so deservedly celebrated by millions of free men, but which we are to-day for the first time called to celebrate--never before, has the eye been able to survey the past with so much satisfaction, or the future with hopes and expectations so brilliant and so flattering; it is to us a day of two-fold joy. We are men, though the strong hand of prejudice and oppression is upon us; we can, and we will rejoice in the advancement of the rapidly increasing happiness of mankind, and especially of our own race. We can, and we will rejoice in the growing power and glory of the country we inhabit. Although Almighty God has not permitted us to remain in the land of our forefathers and our own, the glories of national independence, and the sweets of civil and religious liberty, to their full extent; but the strong hand of the

spoiler has borne us into a strange land, yet has He of His great goodness given us to behold those best and noblest of his gifts to man, in their fairest and loveliest forms; and not only have we beheld them, but we have already felt much of their benignant influence. Most of us have hitherto enjoyed many, very many of the dearest rights of freemen. Our lives and personal liberties have been held as sacred and inviolable; the rights of property have been extended to us, in this land of freedom; our industry has been, and still is, liberally rewarded; and so long as we live under a free and happy government which denies us not the protection of its laws, why should we fret and vex ourselves because we have had no part in framing them, nor anything to do with their administration. When the fruits of the earth are fully afforded us, we do not wantonly refuse them, nor ungratefully repine because we have done nothing towards the cultivation of the tree which produces them. No, we accept them with lively gratitude; and their sweetness is not embittered by reflecting upon the manner in which they were obtained. It is the dictate of sound wisdom, then, to enjoy without repining, the freedom, privileges, and immunities which wise and equal laws have awarded us--nay, proudly to rejoice and glory in their production, and stand ready at all times to defend them at the hazard of our lives, and of all that is most dear to us.

But are we alone shut out and excluded from any share in the administration of government? Are not the clergy, a class of men equally ineligible to office? A class of men almost idolized by their countrymen, ineligible to office! And are we alone excluded from what the world chooses to denominate polite society? And are not a vast majority of the polar race excluded? I know not why, but mankind of every age, nation, and complexion have had lower classes; and, as a distinction, they have chosen to arrange themselves in the grand spectacle of human life, like seats in a theater--rank above rank, with intervals between them. But if any suppose that happiness or contentment is confined to any single class, or that the high or more splendid order possesses any substantial advantage in those respects over their more lowly brethren, they must be wholly ignorant of all rational enjoyment. For what though the more humble orders cannot mingle with the higher on terms of equality. This, if rightly considered, is not a curse but a blessing. Look around you, my friends: what rational enjoyment is not within your reach? Your homes are in the noblest country in the world, and all of that country which your real happiness requires, may at any time be yours. Your industry can purchase it; and its righteous laws will secure you in its possession. But, to what, my friends, do you owe all these blessings? Let not the truth be concealed. You owe them to that curse, that bitter scourge of Africa, whose partial abolishment you are this day convened to celebrate. Slavery has been your curse, but it shall become your rejoicing. Like the people of God in Egypt, you have been afflicted; but like them too, you have been redeemed. You are henceforth free as the mountain winds. Why should we, on this day of congratulation and joy, turn our view upon the origin of African Slavery? Why should we harrow up our minds by dwelling on the deceit, the forcible fraud and treachery that have been so long practised on your hospitable and unsuspecting countrymen? Why speak of fathers torn from the bosom of their families, wives from the embraces of their husbands, children from the protection of their parents; in fine, of all the tender and endearing relations of life dissolved and trampled under foot, by the accursed traffic in human flesh? Why should we remember, in joy and exultation, the thousands of our countrymen who are to-day, in this land of gospel light, this boasted land of civil and religious liberty, writhing under the lash and groaning beneath the grinding weight of Slavery's chain? I ask, Almighty God, are they who do such things thy chosen and favorite people? But, away with such thoughts as these; we will rejoice, though sobs interrupt the songs of our rejoicing, and tears mingle in the cup we pledge to Freedom; our harps though they have long hung neglected upon the willows, shall this day be strung full high to the notes of gladness. On this day, in one member at least of this mighty Republic, the Slavery of our race has ceased forever! No more shall the insolent voice of a master be the main-spring of our actions, the sole guide of our conduct; no more shall their hands labor in degrading and profitless servitude. Their toils will henceforth be voluntary, and be crowned with the never failing reward of industry. Honors and dignities may perhaps never be ours; but wealth, virtue, and happiness are all within the compass of our moderate exertions. And how shall we employ a few moments better than in reflecting upon the means by which these are to be obtained. For what can be more proper and more profitable to one who has just gained an invaluable treasure, than to consider how he may use it to the best possible advantage? And here I need not tell you that a strict observance to all the precepts of the gospel ought to be your first and highest aim; for small will be the value of all that the present world can bestow, if the interests of the world to come are neglected and despised. None of you can be ignorant of what the gospel teaches. Bibles may easily be obtained; nor can there be a greater disgrace, or a more shameful neglect of duty than for a person of mature age, and much more, for any father of a family to be without that most precious of all books--the Bible. If, therefore, any of you are destitute of a Bible, hasten to procure one. Will any of you say that it can be of no use to you, or that you cannot read it? Look then to that noblest of all remedies for this evil, the Sunday School--that most useful of all institutions. There you may learn without loss of time or money, that of which none should be ignorant--to read.

Let me exhort you with earnestness to give your most sincere attention to this matter. It is of the utmost importance to every one of you. Let your next object be to obtain as soon as may be, a competency of the good things of this world; immense wealth is not necessary for you, and would but diminish your real happiness. Abject poverty is and ought to be regarded as the greatest, most terrible of all possible evils. It should be shunned as a most deadly and damning sin. What then are the means by which so dreadful a calamity may be avoided? I will tell you, my friends, in these simple words--hear and ponder on them; write them upon the tablets of your memory; they are worthy to be inscribed in letters of gold upon every door-post--"industry, prudence, and economy." Oh! they are words of power to guide you to respectability and happiness. Attend, then, to some of the laws which industry impose, while you have health and strength. Let not the rising sun behold you sleeping or indolently lying upon your beds. Rise ever with the morning light; and, till sun-set, give not an hour to idleness. Say not human nature cannot endure it. It can--it almost requires it. Sober, diligent, and moderate labor does not diminish it, but on the contrary, greatly adds to the health, vigor, and duration of the human frame. Thousands of the human race have died prematurely of disease engendered by indolence and inactivity. Few, very few indeed, have suffered by the too long continuance of bodily exertion. As you give the day to labor, so devote the night to rest; for who that has drunk and reveled all night at a tippling shop, or wandered about in search of impious and stolen pleasures, has not by so doing not only committed a most heinous and damning sin in the sight of Heaven, but rendered himself wholly unfit for the proper discharge of the duties of the coming day. Nor think that industry or true happiness do not go hand in hand; and to him who is engaged in some useful avocation, time flies delightfully and rapidly away. He does not, like the idle and indolent man, number the slow hours with sighs--cursing both himself and them for the tardiness of their flight. Ah, my friends, it is utterly impossible for him who wastes time in idleness, ever to know anything of true happiness. Indolence, poverty, wretchedness, are inseparable companions,--fly them, shun idleness, as from eminent and inevitable destruction. In vain will you labor unless prudence and economy preside over and direct all your exertions. Remember at all times that money even in your own hands, is power; with it you may direct as you will the actions of your pale, proud brethren. Seek after and amass it then, by just and honorable means; and once in your hand never part with it but for a full and fair equivalent; nor let that equivalent be something which you do not want, and for which you cannot obtain more than it cost you. Be watchful and diligent and let your mind be fruitful in devises for the honest advancement of your worldly interest. So shall you continually rise in respectability, in rank and standing in this so late and so long the land of your captivity.

Above all things refrain from the excessive use of ardent spirits. There is no evil whose progress is so imperceptible; and at the same time so sure and deadly, as that of intemperance; and by slow degrees it undermines health, wealth, and happiness, till all at length tumble into one dreadful mass of ruin. If God has given you children, he has in so doing imposed upon you a most fearful responsibility; believe me, friends, you will answer to God for every misfortune suffered, and every crime committed by them which right education and example could have taught them to avoid. Teach them reverence and obedience to the laws both of God and man. Teach them sobriety, temperance, justice, and truth. Let their minds be rightly instructed--imbued with kindness and brotherly love, charity, and benevolence. Let them possess at least so much learning as is to be acquired in the common schools of the country. In short, let their welfare be dearer to you than any earthly enjoyment; so shall they be the richest of earthly blessings.

My countrymen, let us henceforth remember that we are men. Let us as one man, on this day resolve that henceforth, by continual endeavors to do good to all mankind, we will claim for ourselves the attention and respect which as men we should possess. So shall every good that can be the portion of man, be ours--this life shall be happy, and the life to come, glorious.

* * * * *

The opinion of the public regarding the celebration and performances of that day, together with the behavior of the colored people, will be seen by the following short extract from the _Rochester Daily Advertiser_, published soon after the occurrence of those events:

"ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

"The extinction of that curse by the laws of our State, was marked with appropriate rejoicings on the part of the African race in this neighborhood. A procession of considerable length and respectable appearance, preceded by a band of music, moved from Brown's Island through the principal streets to the public square, yesterday forenoon, where a stage and seats were erected, for the speakers and audience. The throne of Grace was addressed by the Rev. Mr. Allen, a colored clergyman. The act declaring all slaves free in this State, on the fourth day of July, 1827, was read, which was succeeded by the reading of the Declaration of Independence and delivery of an oration by Mr. Steward. We have heard but one opinion from several gentlemen who were present, and that was highly complimentary to the composition and delivery of the same.

"The exercises were concluded by a short discourse from the Rev. Mr. Allen, and the procession moved off to partake of an entertainment prepared for the occasion. The thing was got up in good order, and passed off remarkably well. The conduct of the emancipated race was exemplary throughout, and if their future enjoyment of freedom be tinctured with the prudence that characterised their celebration of its attainment, the country will have no reason to mourn the philanthropy that set them free."

* * * * *

Thus ended our first public celebration of our own and our country's freedom. All conducted themselves with the strictest propriety and decorum, retiring to their homes soberly and in proper season.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONDITION OF FREE COLORED PEOPLE.

Pursuant to a call given in the summer of 1830, by the colored residents of Philadelphia, for a National Convention of their race, I started in company with a friend to attend it; having previously engaged seats inside Mr. Coe's stage-coach as far as Utica, N.Y., to which place we had paid our fare the same as other passengers.

We rode on to Auburn very pleasantly, but when at that place, we with others moved to resume our seats; we were met by a stern rebuke for presuming to seat ourselves on the inside, and were ordered to ride on the outside of the coach. In vain we expostulated; in vain we reminded the driver of the agreement, and of our having paid for an inside seat; we were told to take the outside of the coach or remain behind.

Desiring to attend the convention, we concluded to go on, submitting to this rank injustice and dishonesty, until our return, when we determined to sue the proprietor of that line of stages. An opportunity was offered soon after, when I commenced a suit for damages against Mr. Sherwood, who was the great stage proprietor of those days. He, however, cleared himself by declaring that he was in no way responsible for the failures of Mr. Coe, to whom I must look for remuneration. I never found it convenient to sue Mr. Coe, and so the matter ended.

We passed through New York City to the place of our destination, where we found many of our brethren already assembled.

Philadelphia, which I now saw for the first time, I thought the most beautiful and regularly laid out city I ever beheld. Here had lived the peaceable, just, and merciful William Penn; and here many of his adherents still reside. Here, too, was the place where the Rt. Rev. Bishop Allen, the first colored American bishop in the United States, had labored so successfully. When the Methodists sought to crush by cruel prejudice the poor African, he stepped boldly forward in defence of their cause, which he sustained, with a zeal and talent ever to be revered.

Thousands were brought to a knowledge of the truth, and induced "to seek first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness," through his instrumentality. Through the benign influence of this good man, friends and means were raised for his poor brethren, to build houses of worship, where they would no more be dragged from their knees when in prayer, and told to seat themselves by the door. Oh, how much good can one good and faithful man do, when devoted to the cause of humanity--following in the footsteps of the blessed Christ; doing unto others as they would be done by; and remembering those in bonds as bound with them. What though his skin be black as ebony, if the heart of a brother beats in his bosom? Oh, that man could judge of character as does our Heavenly Father; then would he judge righteous judgment, and cease to look haughtily down upon his afflicted fellow, because "his skin is colored not like his own."

We convened at the specified time, and organized by appointing Rev. R. Allen, president, A. Steward, vice-president, and J.C. Morrell, secretary. The convention which continued in session three days, was largely attended by all classes of people, and many interesting subjects were ably discussed; but the most prominent object was the elevation of our race. Resolutions were passed calculated to encourage our brethren to take some action on the subjects of education and mechanism. Agricultural pursuits were also recommended;--and here allow me to give my opinion in favor of the latter, as a means of sustenance and real happiness.

I knew many colored farmers, all of whom are well respected in the neighborhood of their residence. I wish I could count them by hundreds; but our people mostly flock to cities where they allow themselves to be made "hewers of wood and drawers of water;" barbers and waiters,--when, if they would but retire to the country and purchase a piece of land, cultivate and improve it, they would be far richer and happier than they can be in the crowded city. It is a mistaken idea that there is more prejudice against color in the

country. True, it exists everywhere, but I regard it less potent in the country, where a farmer can live less dependant on his oppressors. The sun will shine, the rains descend, and the earth bring forth her increase, just as readily for the colored agriculturist as for his pale face neighbor. Yes, and our common mother Earth will, when life is ended, as readily open her bosom to receive your remains in a last embrace, as that of the haughty scorner of our rights.

In the city, however, there is no escape from the crushing weight of prejudice, to ramble over fields of your own cultivation; to forget your sorrows in the refreshing air that waves the loaded branches of an orchard of your own planting; nor to solace yourself with a gambol over the green meadow with your little ones. It is all toil, toil, with a burthened heart until shadows fall across the hearth-stone, and dismal forebodings darken the fireside, from whence the weary wife retires to refresh herself in broken slumber for the renewed toil of another day. Will not my friends think of these and many other advantages in favor of a country life, and practice accordingly?

After the close of the convention, I returned to my business in Rochester.

Until the discussion, which commenced about this time on the subject of temperance, I had been engaged, as most other grocers were at that time, in the sale of spirituous liquors somewhat extensively. My attention had never before been called especially to the subject, though I had witnessed some of its direst evils; but now, when I saw the matter in its true light, I resolved to give it up. I was doing well and making handsome profits on the sale of alcoholic beverages. I had also experienced a good deal of trouble with it. My license allowed me to sell any quantity less than five gallons; but it was a fine of twenty-five dollars if drunk on the premises,--one half of the sum to go to the complainant. If a vicious man got out of funds it became both easy and common for him to give some person a sixpence, half of which was to be spent for whisky, which made him a witness for the other, who would make immediate complaint, and collect his share of the fine. Nor could I prevent men who came with bottles, and purchased whisky, from drinking it where they pleased; consequently I was often called to answer to such complaints.

One morning a man entered my store and called for liquor, which the clerk gave him. After drinking it, he went directly to the office of A. House, Esq., and entered a complaint against the clerk who had served him; then stepped out for consultation with his counsel. At that moment I arrived at the office of the magistrate to whom I immediately made complaint against myself, relating to him also just how the event happened. In a few minutes the original complainant returned, to whom 'Squire House explained that he should have arraigned the proprietor of the store, and not the clerk as he had done. Determined on making a speculation, however, he demanded a precept for myself. The 'Squire, laughing most heartily, informed him that he was too late,--that Mr. Steward had the start of him, having just entered a complaint against himself, by which he saves one half of the fine. The man walked out, looking rather "cheap," nor did he or others annoy me afterwards by making complaints of that kind.

But now I saw, as never before, the sin of selling that which would make beasts of men, and only stopped to inquire what was duty in the matter. All the arguments in favor of its sale were more forcible then than now. All classes of persons used and drank the article; and it required more moral courage, to relinquish the business than it does now. Nevertheless, it appeared plain to my mind, that duty to God and my fellow-men required it, and I cheerfully gave it up forever.

I could not conscientiously, nor do I see how any man can, continue to traffic in this most fruitful source of pauperism and crime. No benefit whatever arises from its use as a beverage or from its sale. It is a curse to the drinker, to the seller, and to the community. Those who are licensed venders take from the government fifty dollars for every one put into the treasury. The money paid for licenses is a very meager compensation for the beggary, crime, and bloodshed which rum produces. All who have any knowledge of the statistics of the State, or of our prison and police records know, that intemperance has done more to fill the prisons, work-houses, alms-houses, and asylums of the State than all other influences combined; and yet men uphold the traffic. Their favors are for those who love its use and sale, and their anathemas for him, who is striving to save a nation of drunkards from swift destruction; yea, their own sires, sons, and brothers from the grave of the inebriate.

When in Rochester a short time since, soliciting subscribers for this work, I stepped into a distillery and asked a man to subscribe for it. He hesitated in his decision until he took a tumbler and filling it with brandy, invited me to drink. I thanked him, saying I never drink brandy. "Never drink!" he growled, "then I tell you, sir, that you stand a much better chance of being struck by lightning than of getting a subscriber here." Oh, very well; most likely had he agreed to take a copy, he would have been sorely displeased with my views of the liquor traffic, and perhaps with the compliment I have here paid him.

But in the foregoing remarks I have said but a tithe of what my heart feels, when I think of the sufferings occasioned by drunkenness.

Even the cup of the burthened slave, writhing in his chains and toiling under the lash, is not full of bitterness until the demon rum throws in its dregs and fills it to overflowing.

How often does it occur that a passionate master, heated with wine,--mad with himself and all about him, pours out his vengeful ire on the head and back of some helpless slave, and leaves him weltering in his blood! How often may be heard the agonized wail of the slave mother, deploring the departure of some innocent child that has been lost in gambling, while the master was intoxicated!

How often do the shrieks of the poor but virtuous slave girl, ring through the midnight air, as she, pleading for death rather than life, rushes screaming away from a brutal master, infuriated and drunk! If it is a fact, and certainly it is, that the master is thus affected by his costly wine; what, think you, will be the temper and condition of the coarse and heartless overseer who drinks his miserable whisky or bad brandy? It is horrible, beyond description. I have often myself seen a drunken overseer, after pouring down dram after dram, mount his horse and ride furiously among the slaves, beating, bruising, mangling with his heavy cowhide every one he chanced to meet, until the ground presented the appearance of a battlefield.

CHAPTER XIX.

PERSECUTION OF THE COLORED PEOPLE.

While the colored population of New York were rejoicing in the measure of freedom allowed them by the more wholesome laws of that State, our brethren in Ohio were being oppressed and maltreated by the unjust and odious "black laws" of that professedly free State, enacted with special reference to the disposition of the colored race.

In Cincinnati, O., within sight of the slave land of Kentucky, a terrible persecution had commenced, and an effort was made to drive all colored persons from the place.

Our people had settled there in large numbers, but now a mob had assembled in that city with the determination to drive them, not only from their homes and city, but from the State. A bloody conflict ensued, in which the white and black man's blood mingled freely. So great had been the loss of property; and go horrid and fearful had been the scene, that our people chose to leave, rather than remain under such untoward circumstances. They lived in constant fear of the mob which had so abused and terrified them. Families seated at the fireside started at every breath of wind, and trembled at the sound of every approaching footstep. The father left his family in fear, lest on his return from his daily labor, he should find his wife and children butchered, and his house left desolate.

Meetings were held to devise plans and means for leaving the place where they had been so cruelly treated. But where should they go? And why should they be compelled to leave the State of Ohio? The fact is, that the African race there, as in all parts of this nominally free Republic, was looked down upon by the white population as being little above the brute creation; or, as belonging to some separate class of degraded beings, too deficient in intellect to provide for their own wants, and must therefore depend on the superior ability of their oppressors, to take care of them. Indeed, both the time and talents of eminent men have been wasted in unsuccessful research for the line of demarcation, between the African and the highest order of animals,--such for instance as the monkey or the ourang-outang. Some even, have advanced the absurd idea, that wicked Cain transmitted to them the "mark" which the Almighty set upon him for the murder of his brother; and that he, (who then must have survived the deluge), is the progenitor of that despised and inferior race--the negro slave of the United States of America!

If it be true, that the natural inferiority of the black man, connects him so closely with the animal creation, it looks passing strange to me that he should be made responsible for the violation of laws which he has been declared too imbecile to aid in framing or of comprehending. Nor is it less strange to see him enslaved and compelled by his labor to maintain both his master and himself, after having declared him incapable of doing either. Why not let him go then? Why hold with an unyielding grasp, so miserable and useless a piece of property? Is it benevolence that binds him with his master's chain? Judge ye. Stranger still is the fact of attaching such vast influence to his presence and so much concern regarding his movements, when in a state of freedom, if indeed, he is of so little worth and consequence, and so nearly related to the brutes that perish.

Surely, the Legislature of Ohio, or of any other State, would never feel called upon to sit in grave counsel, for the purpose of framing laws which would impose fine and imprisonment on a monkey, should one chance to locate within its jurisdiction; nor would they think it advisable for the court to assemble, or a jury to be empanelled, to drive from their midst an ourang-outang. And yet this and more must be done to get rid of the hated negro, who has been born in that State, or has fled to it for protection from the

manstealer.

When strangers pass hastily through this country, and after a careless glance at the colored population, report them to be "an indolent, improvident, and vicious class of persons," they should consider some of the many obstacles thrown in the way of the most favored of that race. Knowing as they do, the rigor of the law, and feeling as they do, the oppressive power of prejudice, it becomes almost impossible for them to rise to that station they were designed to fill, and for which their natural abilities as certainly qualify them, as though they had never been robbed of their God-given rights. But let us return to our tried friends in Cincinnati.

They finally resolved to collect what they could of their possessions and establish a colony in Canada. In accordance with this resolution, they agreed to first send an agent to obtain liberty to settle there, and if successful to select and purchase a large tract of land, making such arrangements as he thought best for their speedy removal to their new home. Israel Lewis was their appointed agent, who departed immediately for Upper Canada to perform his mission; and there for the present we will leave him and return to Rochester.

Our more favored brethren in New York felt a deep sympathy for their outraged countrymen in Cincinnati; a sympathy equaled only by their indignation at the cause of such demand.

A meeting expressive of their views and feelings on that subject, was convened in the city of Rochester during which, the following preamble and resolutions were read and unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The city of Cincinnati has again become the scene of another dreadful mob and bloodshed, where nothing but terror and confusion reigned for a number of hours together.

And Whereas, Our brethren and fellow citizens were left exposed to the fury of an ungovernable mob, made up of the base, the ignorant, and vile, the very dregs of society; and probably led on by slaveholders, who of all men are the most execrable; while boasting of liberty, he tramples on the dearest rights of men and in the greatest robber of it on earth.

Resolved, That we deprecate an appeal to arms by any class of our fellow citizens, except in extreme cases, and we think that such a case has been presented in the late outrage at Cincinnati.

Resolved, That when a class of men so far forget the duty they owe to God, their fellow men, and their country, as to trample under their feet the very laws they have made, and are in duty bound to obey and execute, we believe it to be the duty of our brethren and fellow citizens, to protect their lives against such lawless mobs; and if in the conflict, any of the mobocrats perish, every good citizen should say Amen.

Resolved, That we do truly sympathize with the friends of God's poor; the friends of the oppressed, throughout this boasted land of liberty, in the losses they have sustained in consequence of the mob.

Resolved, That we believe the time is not far distant, when the _Queen City of the West_, shall be redeemed from the hateful influence of the slaveholder; redeemed from that cruel prejudice of caste which, hangs like a mill-stone around the neck of our people; redeemed from all those unequal laws, which have a tendency to make the strong stronger and the weak weaker; redeemed from their falsehearted friends, whose sarcastic smile is more to be feared than the frowns of an open enemy.

Resolved, That the untiring exertions of our friends, and the indefatigable industry of our brethren, are sure guarantees that the State of Ohio will not long be what she now is,--a hissing and by-word on account of her iniquitous laws; but that she will rise above every narrow minded prejudice, and raise up her sable sons and daughters and place them on an equality with the rest of her citizens.

Resolved, That we deeply deplore the loss our friends have sustained in the destruction of their printing press in Cincinnati.

Resolved, That we as an oppressed people, feel it our duty to give our undivided support to the press and the laborers in our cause.

* * * * *

Mr. Israel Lewis made his way to Canada, and having obtained permission to establish a colony, he bargained with the Canada Company for one township of land, for which he agreed to pay the money demanded, in a few days, and then returned to Cincinnati, by way of Rochester. The poor, persecuted colored people, had in the mean time made ready for their flight from their

homes, their native land, and from this boasted free Republic, to seek a residence in the cold and dreary wilds of Canada; to claim that protection from the English government which had been denied them in the land of their birth; and like the overtasked Israelites, "they went out with their wives and their little ones," but with smaller possessions.

During the stay of Mr. Lewis in Rochester, he reported there and elsewhere, that eleven hundred persons were then in the dense woods of Canada in a state of actual starvation, and called upon the humane everywhere, to assist them in such extreme suffering.

To me he also told the story of their destitution, which affected me deeply. I had at that time just made a public profession of my faith in the Christian religion and my determination to be governed by its holy precepts, I felt for the distressed and suffering everywhere; but particularly for those who had fled, poor and destitute, from cruel task-masters, choosing rather the sufferings of cold and hunger, with liberty, than the meager necessities of life and Slavery. I concluded to go to Canada and try to do some good; to be of some little service in the great cause of humanity.

As soon as practicable therefore, I left Rochester for Toronto, the capital of Upper Canada, which I found quite a thriving town, and containing some fine brick buildings, and some I saw were built of mud, dried in the sun, wearing rather a poor than pretty appearance. At Toronto we hired a team to take us on to Ancaster, fifty miles distant. We traveled now through a new country; the roads were very bad, and the inhabitants few. We, however, reached Ancaster, a small village, where we remained one night and next morning pursued our journey to the settlement of the poor fugitives from Cincinnati. After some hard traveling, we finally arrived at the place where we found our brethren, it is true, but in quite destitute circumstances. Our fare was poor indeed, but as good as they could get. The township was one unbroken wilderness when purchased for the colony, and of course their lands must be cleared of the heavy timber before crops could be got in, hence, there was a great deal of destitution and suffering before their harvest could ripen after the land was prepared for the seed.

The day after I arrived at the settlement, which consisted of a few rude log cabins, a meeting was called to give the township a name. Several were suggested, but I at length motioned to name it in honor of the great philanthropist, Wilberforce. This was carried, and the township from that time has been known by that name. It is situated on what is known as the Huron Tract, Kent County, London District, and is the next north of the township of London. Our neighbors on the south, were a company of Irish people, who owned the township, and on the west side were a township of Welshmen, a hardy, industrious and enterprising people.

In Wilberforce there were no white inhabitants; the land appeared level and handsome, with but one stream of any magnitude running through it; this was the Oxsable, which was dry during a part of the year. All was one vast forest of heavy timber, that would compare well with that of Western New York. Beech, maple, ash, elm, oak, whitewood, bass, balm of gilead, &c. The soil was good for corn, wheat, rye, oats, and most kinds of the grain and vegetables raised in New York, and was a superior grazing country, about fifteen miles from London. This was a village containing perhaps thirty dwellings, and two hundred inhabitants; a court-house and jail all under one roof, built of stone and plastered; small doors and windows in the style of some of the old English castles. London was built in the forks, or between the east and west branches of the river Thames; hence, you would hear people speak of "going to the forks," instead of the village; it is about two hundred miles from Buffalo, and the nearest port between the two is Port Stanley, thirty miles from London.

I returned from Canada, where I had seen an oppressed people struggling with the hardships and privations of a new settlement; I had seen wretchedness in some places, but by no means sufficient to justify the report made by Mr. Lewis, and I determined I would remove there with my family, and do all in my power to assist the colored people in Canada.

I had witnessed a disposition on the part of some to prevent our brethren from settling in Wilberforce, while the colonizationists made a grand argument of it in favor of their wicked policy. All must see that it became a necessity with those who fled to Canada to save themselves from constant abuse or from Slavery, and in some instances their lives; and not because they admitted the justice of one portion of American citizens driving another from their native land; nor their right to colonize them anywhere on the habitable globe.

All these things taken into consideration, determined me to join them in the enterprize of building up an asylum for the oppressed, where our colored friends could obtain a home, and where, by their industry they could obtain a competency for themselves, besides providing a safe retreat for the weary fugitive from Slavery; guiding by its beacon light of liberty, the destitute and oppressed everywhere, to home and plenty.

I felt willing to make any sacrifice in my power to serve my Lord, by administering to the necessities of my down-trodden countrymen. How far my desire has been accomplished God only knows, but I do know that the purest motives influenced me, and an honest purpose directed my steps in removing to Wilberforce. Not so with all, however. Some there were, Judas-like, who "cared not for the poor; but because he was a thief and had the bag, and bore what was put therein," made great exertions for a time in favor of the settlement. It too soon became apparent that to make money was the prominent object with by far too great a number of the colonists; hence, our future difficulties.

CHAPTER XX.

REMOVAL TO CANADA.

In 1830, I closed my business in Rochester, preparatory to leaving for Canada. Some of my friends thought I had better remain in the States and direct emigrants to Wilberforce; while others were certain I could benefit them more by going myself at once,--the latter I had determined to do; but as the time drew near for me to start, an unaccountable gloominess and forebodings of evil took possession of my mind. Doubts of the practicability of the undertaking began to arise, though nothing unfavorable had occurred. To the throne of grace, I often bore the subject and besought my Heavenly Father to enlighten my mind, and direct my steps in duty's path regarding it; but to confess the truth, I never received any great encouragement from that source, though it occupied my mind constantly. During the hours of slumber I was continually being startled by frightful dreams,--sometimes I thought I saw a monstrous serpent as large as a log stretched across the road between Rochester and the Genesee River; at another I thought myself in the air so high that I could have a full view of the shores of Lake Ontario, and they were alive with snakes; and then I saw a large bird like an eagle, rise up out of the water and fly toward the south.

Notwithstanding these omens, I turned my steps toward Wilberforce. In May, 1831, we bid adieu to our friends in Rochester, and taking passage to Buffalo on a canal boat, we arrived in due time, and from whence we sailed for Port Stanley, or as it is sometimes called, Kettle Creek. It took a week to make this trip, which, with favorable wind might have been made in two days. The mouth of the creek makes a safe harbor at that place, where there is also a dock, one ware-house and several farm houses. The place was then very wild and picturesque in its appearance; we did not stop long, however, to admire its beauty, but engaged a farmer to take us on to London.

Ten miles on our way, and we came to a newly laid out village, called St. Thomas, from whence we pursued our journey through a new country to London, where we arrived tired and hungry, and put up for the night with a Mr. Faden. There I purchased a span of horses for one hundred and fifty dollars, and putting them before a new lumber wagon brought on from Rochester, we started for our wild and new home in good spirits, at which we arrived in good time.

The colony was comprised of some fourteen or fifteen families, and numbered some over fifty persons in all. The first business done after my arrival, was to appoint a board of managers, to take the general oversight of all the public business of the colony. The board consisted of seven men, chosen by the settlers, and as I was now one of them, they gave me the office of President. It was also resolved by the board, to send out two agents for the purpose of soliciting aid for the erection of houses for worship, and for the maintenance of schools in the colony.

The Rev. N. Paul was chosen one of their agents, and he received from me a power of attorney, authorising him to collect funds for the above purposes in England, Ireland, and Scotland; the other, I. Lewis was empowered to solicit and collect funds for the same objects in the United States.

Preparations were immediately made to fit Mr. Paul out for his mission to England, from whence he was to remit any funds he might receive to Arthur Tappan, of New York City; first to pay for his outfit, and afterwards to the treasurer of the board of managers, for the support of schools in Wilberforce. Mr. Paul, however, still lacked money to proceed to England, and therefore went to Rochester, where he found my old and tried friend Everard Peck; who was ever known as the poor man's friend, and the support of the weak everywhere. To this good man, whose memory is still dear to thousands, Mr. Paul showed his power of attorney, at the same time informing him of the condition and wants of the colony; and as was ever his wont, when help was needed, his purse, (though not one of the heaviest), was at his service. Through the kind influence of Mr. Peck, and some of the colored friends in that city, a note for seven hundred dollars was drawn up, signed by Mr. P. and cashed at the Bank, which enabled the agent to make the voyage without further delay. He reached England, and collected quite large sums of money, but entirely failed in the remittance of any sums, either to Mr. Tappan or myself. When the note of seven hundred dollars became due, Mr. Peck was obliged to pay,

and lose it. It was out of my power, nor had any of the friends the means to do any thing towards paying it, inasmuch as they had assisted Paul all they could and got nothing in return. There was one thing, however, that the reverend gentleman did do,--he wrote me from time to time, to keep me advised of the success of his mission, and once informed me that he had then twelve hundred dollars on hand; but not a farthing could we get. We wrote him again and again, reminding him of the bank debt, and the uneasiness of his friends on account of it, but all to no purpose,--the Atlantic was between us, and he was making money too easily, to like to be interrupted. He never paid one dollar.

Let us now look after the other agent, who had likewise been fitted out, to prosecute his mission in the States. That he collected money professedly for the assistance of the colony, is too well known to require proof, but how much, we could not determine; we had reason to believe, however, that he retained quite a large sum. He would neither pay it over to the board, nor give any account of his proceedings. Very little did he ever pay over to the aid of the colony as designed. He was frequently written to, and every means in our power used, to induce him to give some account of his mission, but in vain; he would do nothing of the kind. Things went on in this way for two years, when it became evident that he had no intention of satisfying the minds of the settlers; and farther, that he meant to collect what he could, and use it as he pleased. We learned too, that when abroad, he lived extravagantly,--putting up at the most expensive hotels, giving parties, and doing many things, not only beyond his means, but that brought dishonor on the cause and colony. When he returned to the settlement, he would, if he had funds, make presents to his particular friends instead of paying it to the treasurer, as he was pledged to do, until the majority of the colony became thoroughly disgusted with his heartlessness and dishonesty. It was also perceivable that Lewis and Paul both, were getting weary of the solicitations of the board and complaints of the settlers, and were anxious to be rid of them, and enjoy their ill gotten gains in their own way.

It was never intended by the managers, to send out agents to beg money to be divided among the colonists; but to support schools, &c. Most of the settlers were able to work and did so; and were now getting along quite pleasantly.

Finally, after we had tried every means in vain, to get a settlement with Lewis, and to obtain his papers, there was nothing more we could do, but to warn the public against him, by publishing the facts in the case; this we did in various newspapers of Canada and in the States. An article inserted in the "Rochester Observer," to that effect, was like throwing a lighted match into a keg of powder. The excitement was intense on the part of Lewis and his friends, who were joined by the friends of N. Paul, to destroy, if they could, the board of managers. I, however, being the only member of that devoted board, who happened to be extensively known in the States, their anathemas were all poured out on me, and all their energies brought forward to insure my destruction. They were few in number, it is true, but they had money, and I had little to spend in litigation; besides, Lewis was in debt, and his creditors did not like to see his means of paying them swept away. The Canadians seemed to think there was no harm done if Lewis did get money out of the "Yankees," as long as it came into their hands at last, and so, on the whole, they raised a tremendous storm, designed, however, to sweep nobody away but myself; and I have continued to this day, notwithstanding all their artful malignity. Nothing, I am persuaded, could have saved me from imprisonment at that time, had I not possessed a high reputation for truth and honesty during my previous sojourn in the colony.

Lewis had dealt somewhat extensively with Mr. Jones, who was the principal agent for the Canada Company; but failing to fulfil his agreement, regarding the payment for a large tract of land, it so exasperated Mr. Jones, that he declared he would have nothing to do with any of the colored people; and so when I wanted to buy a lot of land, he would not sell it to me because he so despised Lewis.

How much harm can one wicked man do! and yet it cannot be right to judge the character of a whole class or community by that of one person.

CHAPTER XXI.

ROUGHING IT IN THE WILDS OF CANADA.

The "Canada Company," of which I have so frequently spoken, was an association of wealthy gentlemen, residing in England; something like the East India Company, especially regarding the title of lands. They had sent on their agent and purchased a large tract of land known as the "Huron Tract," extending from London to Lake Huron, where they laid out a village, named Goderich, sixty miles distant from Wilberforce. With this company, Mr. Lewis had contracted for a township of land, as agent for the Cincinnati refugees; but failing to meet the demand, the company kindly extended the time of payment; but when that time also passed

without receiving any thing from Lewis, the general agent, Mr. Jones became so indignant, that he utterly refused to sell a foot of land to any colored person whatever. This proved to be one of the greatest detriments to the prosperity of the colony it ever met.

The Society of Friends at this time, however, with commendable sympathy for the oppressed and abused colored residents of Cincinnati, and with their proverbial liberality, raised a sum of money sufficient to purchase eight hundred acres of land of the Canada Company for the benefit of the colony. The funds were placed in the hands of one of their number, Frederick Stover, who went to Canada as their agent, purchased the land, and settled colored people upon it, which comprised nearly all of the Wilberforce settlement. This occurred before I settled in Canada, and the consequence was, when I desired to purchase land, none could be obtained. At the time, however, of which I am speaking, the Canada Company were constructing a road through their possessions, some seventy miles in length, and the principal contractor, Mr. Ingersoll, had agreed to take land in part payment for his services on the road. In accordance with this agreement, he accepted one lot of land situated within the Wilberforce settlement, which he agreed to sell to Mr. Lewis for twenty-five dollars. Mr. Lewis, knowing that I was anxious to purchase, accepted the offer, and then came and showed the contract, offering it to me on condition that I paid him the twenty-five dollars which he had just paid Mr. Ingersoll. This I was glad to do; I paid the demand; took an assignment on the back of the receipt, and passed into immediate possession of the land. He at the same time requested me to take up a note of twenty-five dollars for him; which I did, on his promising to refund the money in a short time.

I commenced laboring on the wild land I had purchased; cleared some ten acres, which in consequence of its being so heavily timbered, cost me at least twenty-five dollars per acre; built a house and barn--supposing myself its legal possessor,--until I chanced to meet Mr. Ingersoll, who informed me that Mr. Jones had refused to sell him the land to be disposed of to a colored person; that he had duly informed Lewis of the fact, and had returned to him the twenty-five dollars received. Not a word of this, had Lewis communicated to me, though he knew I was making expensive improvements, in the faith that I was its only owner. Instead of atoning for the wrong already done me, he made it the basis of a deeper injury.

After one year's residence in Wilberforce, I found it necessary to return to Rochester to settle some unfinished business; and when on my way thither I stopped at London, where I found Lewis, who had not only preceded me but had taken out a _capias_, for forty pounds currency. I was therefore obliged to get bail for my appearance at court, after which I pursued my journey.

On my arrival in Rochester, I found business at a stand; and the community in a state of excitement and alarm, on account of that fell destroyer, the cholera. This was its first visit to the United States, and the fearful havoc it was making, spread terror and consternation throughout the land. I returned to Canada; but found on my arrival at London, that "the pestilence that walketh at noon-day," had preceded me, and taken from that village my friend, Mr. Ingersoll, with several others. So great had been the alarm, that instead of my appearing at court as I expected to do, I found it adjourned, and the judge returned to his home.

I hastened on to Wilberforce, which had fortunately escaped the fearful scourge, with terrible apprehensions.

Having a little spare time, I went out with my rifle, in search of deer; but soon came upon a large wolf, which I wounded with the first shot; he, however, sprang aside and was gone. On looking about for him I espied another!--reloading my rifle, I fired, and he fell dead at my feet, while my dog at the same time I heard barking furiously. Having dispatched this second intruder, I saw that my dog had the first one, entangled in the branches of a fallen tree. I searched for my balls, and was vexed to find that I had left them at home. In this predicament I cut with my knife, a knot from a beech limb, put it in my rifle, and took deadly aim at the enraged wolf. The wooden ball struck him between the eyes and killed him on the spot.

The two dead animals, with their skins, I sold for nine dollars and a half,--making pretty good wages for a few hours labor.

Hunting was very generally pursued by the settlers, with great earnestness and considerable skill. The forest abounded with deer, wolves, bears, and other wild animals. Bears were plenty, and very troublesome because so dangerously tame. One day, our children had built for themselves a play-house, a few rods from the door, and were enjoying their play when they were called in to dinner. A moment after, I observed one of the settlers gazing intently at the play-house; I called to know what so attracted his attention, and he informed me that an old bear, with three cubs, had just then taken possession of the playhouse. And sure enough there they were! knocking about among the dishes, and munching the crumbs of bread which the children had left. The man was supplied with a loaded rifle and urged to shoot them, but he begged to be excused from a pitched battle with so many; and the bears leisurely took their departure for the woods without molestation. The play-house, however, was soon deserted by the children after these unbidden guests had made so free with it; and we were ourselves somewhat alarmed for the safety of our children, who were accustomed to roam in the edge of the forest, and make swings of the luxuriant grape vines.

But such incidents are common in a new country, surrounded as we were by a dense wilderness.

CHAPTER XXII.

NARROW ESCAPE OF A SMUGGLER.

From the time I first settled in Wilberforce, my house had ever been open to travelers and strangers; but a conversation I happened to overhear, led me to take a course different from what I had at first intended. I was at a public house about twenty miles from home, when I heard the landlord advising his guest to eat heartily, for, said he, "you will find nothing more worthy of your attention, until you reach Wilberforce. When you arrive at that settlement, inquire for A. Steward, from the States, and he will give you a meal fit for a prince." I began to reflect on the subject and concluded, inasmuch as people would send company to me, it would be better to make some preparation for entertaining them. I had plenty of furniture, and all I needed was a larger supply of food, to commence keeping a tavern. This was easily obtained, and I opened a public house which was well patronized.

One day while I was absent from home, a man drove to the door the finest span of horses, I think I ever saw,--black as jet, with proudly arched necks, and glossy tails that nearly swept the ground. The gentleman sprang from his carriage, bounded through the open door, and in the most excited manner, began to inquire "who owns this establishment? When will he return? Can I be accommodated? Can I see your barn?" &c. The stable boy took him to the barn, from whence he soon returned; his face flushed, and breathing so heavily as to be heard all through the apartment; trembling so violently that he could scarcely speak at all,--but made out to inquire, "if there was not some place besides the barn where he could put his horses?" He was told that there was a small shelter built for cows, in bad weather, and the next moment he was examining it. In a very short time he had his horses and carriage stowed away in the cow-shed. He acted like a crazy man; but when he had secured his horses, he re-entered the house and frankly apologized for his conduct. "I may as well tell you the truth," said he; "I am suspected of smuggling goods; a reward is offered for my arrest, and the constables are on my track, in pursuit of me. My name is Cannouse, and I am from M----, in Ontario County."

But perhaps they can not prove you guilty of smuggling, said I, in an after conversation.

"Ah," said he, "there is for me no such hope or probability; I have been engaged for the last few months in the sale of dress-goods and broad-cloths, and my exposure and flight is the consequence of my own folly. While in the village of St. Catharines, I took a young girl out to ride, after she had engaged to accompany another young fellow, which of course offended him; and he being too well posted up on my affairs, went directly to the custom house officer and informed against me. I was sitting in the parlor, perfectly at ease, when a young man, a relative of the young lady in question, burst into the room, shouting, 'Fly! fly! for your life! The officers are upon you!' And I did fly; with barely time to reach the woods, for as I sprang through the back door, the officers entered through the front door. My horses were my first consideration; they had been raised by my father, and should I lose them, I should never dare to meet him again. In my hasty flight, I engaged the young man to conceal them till night, and then to drive them to a certain place where I would meet him. This he did, and I kept on my flight until I came to the house of a friend, where I halted to make inquiries. The gentleman had just come from London, and had seen handbills at every conspicuous place, describing me and my horses. I asked him what I should do? He said, 'you are not safe a moment; there is no hope but in flight; avoid the main road, and get to the colony if you can; if you succeed, go to A. Steward; he is an upright man and will never betray you for money,' And here I am: if I am arrested, six months imprisonment, three hundred dollars fine, and the forfeiture of my father's valuable and favorite horses, will be my portion. I have had no regular meal for the last three days, and my head aches violently."

We gave him some refreshment, and conducted him to a room, assuring him that he should have it to himself. All remained quiet until midnight, when a man knocked cautiously at our door. I opened it myself, and a gentleman, looking carefully about the place, inquired,

"Are you full?"

"No," said I.

"Have you any travelers here to night?"

"Yes."

"How many?"

"Two."

"Where are they?"

"In this room; walk in, sir."

He took the light from my hand, and stepping lightly up to a bed, where two travelers were quietly sleeping, he closely examined their faces. He soon returned the light, and without further inquiry retired from the house. When his companions came up, I distinctly heard him tell them that the smuggler was not there.

"You may be mistaken," said the other, "and we must search the barn for his horses."

This they did thoroughly, after procuring a lantern; but without finding any thing to reward their diligent search; and they finally drove off.

When they had gone, Cannouse groaned most bitterly, and trembled from head to foot at the thought of his narrow escape. The next day an officer rode up to where the children were playing, with a handbill which he read, and inquired if they had seen a person bearing that description, pass _that day?_ They answered negatively, and he rode on. The poor frightened Cannouse stayed with us a week; and nearly every day during the time, the house and barn were searched for him. The children kept watch, and when they saw any one coming they would let him know, in time to take himself and horses into a thicket near by. When he thought pursuit was over, he started to leave; but when, in a half hour after, a _posse_ of men drove up to my door, flourishing their handbills, I thought it all over with Cannouse. I told them that he was not there; but they chose to have another search, and when they found nothing, the officer sprang into his carriage, exclaiming, "come on, boys; we'll soon have him now; we have tracked him here, and he can't be far off."

Cannouse had left us, feeling quite secure; but he had traveled but a short distance, when he observed a horse shoe loose, and to get it fastened he drove down to a blacksmith's shop, which happened to stand at the foot of a hill; and between it and the highway there had been left standing a clump of trees which nearly hid it from view. While there, getting his horse shod, the officers passed him unobserved, and he finally escaped.

Some time after, a gentleman called on us who had seen Cannouse in Michigan, where he was doing well. He had succeeded in reaching Detroit, from whence he passed safely to his home; but probably learned a lesson not to be forgotten. He was a talented young man--one who would have felt deeply the disgrace of imprisonment,--and it was indeed a pleasure to me to do what I could, to effect his release from an unenviable position. I would never have betrayed him; but happily I was not asked directly for him, until he was gone from my house and protection.

CHAPTER XXIII.

NARRATIVE OF TWO FUGITIVES FROM VIRGINIA.

The settlers in Wilberforce, were in general, industrious and thrifty farmers: they cleared their land, sowed grain, planted orchards, raised cattle, and in short, showed to the world that they were in no way inferior to the white population, when given an equal chance with them. In proof of this let me say, that it was uniformly the practice of persons traveling from London to Goderich, to remain in our settlement over night, in preference to going on to find entertainment among their own class of people. And we believe that the whites are bound to admit, that the experiment of the Wilberforce colony proves that the colored man can not only take care of himself, but is capable of improvement; as industrious and intelligent as themselves, when the yoke is taken from off their necks, and a chance given them to exercise their abilities. True, many of them had just escaped from cruel task-masters; ignorant of almost every thing but the lash,--but the air of freedom so invigorated and put new life into their weary bodies, that they soon became intelligent and thrifty.

Among the settlers might be gathered many a thrilling narrative, of suffering and hair-breadth escapes from the slave-land,--one of which I will tell as 'twas told to me.

In a small rude cabin, belonging to one of the large plantations in Virginia, sat at a late hour of the night, an afflicted slave-man and his devoted wife, sad and weeping. At length the husband repeated what he before had been saying:

"I tell you, wife, we must flee from this place, without delay. Oh, I cannot endure the idea of seeing you sold for the Southern market, to say nothing of myself; and we shall most likely be separated, which I can't bear! Oh, Rosa, the thought distracts me,--I can't bear it!"

"Are you sure," said Rosa, "that master thinks of such a frightful doom for us?"

"Oh yes, I know it; I heard master to-day making a bargain with the slave dealer that has been hanging about here so long; and when it was finished, I heard him reading over the list, and our names, wife, are the first on it."

"Oh, dear!" sobbed the wife, "we shall certainly be retaken and whipped to death; or else we shall starve in the wilderness! Oh, it is very hard to be compelled to leave all our friends and the old plantation where we were born!"

"Yes; it is both hard and unjust," said Joe, and an indignant frown contracted his brow,--"here is our birth-place, and here, for forty years have I toiled early and late to enrich my master; and you, my poor wife, a few years less; and now we are to be sold, separated, and all without a choice of our own. We must go, Rosa. If we die, let us die together!"

"It shall be as you say, Joe," she replied, "but it frightens me to think of the hardships of the way, and the danger of being recaptured."

"Courage, wife: no fate can be worse than the one designed for us; and we have no time to lose. Tomorrow night, then, we must make the first effort to gain our liberty, and leave all that is dear to us except each other!" And they retired to rest, but not to sleep.

The following night was very dark; and as soon as all was quiet on the plantation, they stole out of their cabin and stealthily crept over the ground until they reached the highway; and then, guided only by the north star, they made their way to the nearest woods. So fearful had they been of being suspected, that they took no provision of any kind with them. All night they plunged forward through the tangled thicket and under-brush, surrounded by thick darkness, glancing now and then upward to their only light,

"Star of the North! though night winds drift the fleecy drapery of the sky,

Between thy lamp and thee, I lift, yea, lift with hope my sleepless eye."

When day dawned they threw their weary bodies on the ground, famished and thirsty, and waited for the darkness to again conceal them while they pursued their journey. The second day of their flight, the pain of hunger became almost beyond endurance. They found a few roots which relieved them a little; but frequently they lost their way, and becoming bewildered, knew not which way to go; they pushed on, however, determined to keep as far from their pursuers as possible. Their shoes were soon worn out; but bare-footed, bare-headed, and famishing with hunger, they pressed forward, until the fourth day, when they found themselves too weak to proceed farther. Hope, the anchor of the soul, had failed them! They were starving in a dense forest! No track or path could they find, and even had they seen a human being, they would have been more terrified than at the sight of a wild beast!

Poor Rosa, could go no farther--her strength was all gone--and as her emaciated husband laid her on the cold earth, he exclaimed, "Oh, dear God! _must_ we, after all our efforts, starve in this dark wilderness! Beside his fainting wife, he finally stretched himself, sheltered only by a few bushes, and tried to compose himself to die! but resting a few moments revived him, and he aroused himself, to make one more effort for life! Stay you here, wife, and I will try once more to find the highway; it cannot be far from here; and if I am taken, I will submit to my fate without a struggle; we can but die." So saying, he left her, and began to reconnoitre the country around them. Much sooner than he expected he emerged from the wood, and not far distant he saw a house in the direction from whence he came; being, however, as most of the slaves are, superstitious, he thought it would be a bad omen to turn backward, and so continued to look about him. It seemed, he said, that some unseen power held him, for though starving as he was, he could not take a step in that direction; and at last as he turned around, to his great joy, he saw another dwelling a little way off, and toward that he hastened his now lightened footsteps. With a palpitating heart, he approached the door and knocked cautiously. The man of the house opened it, and as soon as he saw him, he said, "You are a fugitive slave, but be not alarmed, come in; no harm shall befall you here; I shall not inquire from whence you came; it is enough for me to know that you are a human being in distress; consider me your friend, and let me know your wants."

"Bread! Oh, for a morsel of bread!" said the famished creature, while his hitherto wild and sunken eyes, began to distil grateful tears. The "good Samaritan" stepped to another apartment and brought him a piece of bread, which he expected to see him devour at once, but instead, he looked at it wistfully, literally devouring it with his eyes; turned it over and over, and at last stammered out, "my good master, without a piece of bread for my poor starving wife, I can never swallow this, tempting as it is."

"Poor man," said his benefactor, "can it be that you have a wife with you, wretched as yourself?" He brought out a loaf of bread, some cheese and meat, and while the fugitive was preparing to return, the kind gentleman said, "I am glad you came to me; had you called at the house you first saw, you would have been betrayed, and immediately arrested. You must remember," he continued, "that you are young and valuable slaves, and that your master will make every effort in his power to find you, especially since he has made a sale of you. To-day and to-night, remain in the woods, and the next morning you may come to me, if all is quiet; should I see danger approaching you, I will warn you of it by the crack my rifle. Go now, to your poor wife, and listen for the signal of danger; if you hear none, come to me at the appointed time." He returned, and after feeding his helpless Rosa, she revived, and soon felt quite comfortable and grateful.

When the morning came for them to leave their retreat, they listened intently, but hearing nothing, Joe started for the residence of his friend. He had been gone but a short time, when his wife, who lay in the bushes, thought she heard the tramp of horses,--she crept nearer the highway, and peeping through the bush--Oh, horror! what was her consternation and sickening fear, to find herself gazing upon the well-known features of her old master, and two of his neighbors, all armed to the teeth! Her heart seemed to stand still, and the blood to chill in her veins. Had she been discovered she would have been an easy prey, for she declared that she could not move a step. In the meantime her husband had got about half way to the residence of his preserver, when his quick ear detected the sound made by the feet of horses, and as he stopped to listen more intently, the sharp crack of a rifle sent him bounding back to his concealment in the forest.

The party of horsemen rode on to the dwelling of the kind hearted gentleman, and inquired whether he had seen any fugitive slaves pass that way.

"I saw," said he, "a man and woman passing rapidly along the road, but do not know whether they were fugitives, as I did not see their faces." The human blood-hound, thanked the gentleman for the information, and immediately set out in pursuit; but, just as the informant had intended, in a direction _opposite_ to that the slaves had taken. That night, Joe and Rosa visited the house of their benefactor, where they were supplied with clothing and as much food as they could carry; and next day they went on their way rejoicing. They settled in Cincinnati, where they lived happily, until the mob drove them with others, to the Wilberforce settlement, where they are in no danger of the auction block, or of a Southern market; and are as much devoted to each other as ever.

CHAPTER XXIV.

PLEASANT RE-UNION OF OLD AND TRIED FRIENDS.

It is well known to those who have assisted in clearing land in a new country, that bears, who are not Jews, are very troublesome, and levy a heavy tax on the settlers, to supply themselves with pork-their favorite food. One old bear in particular, had for a long time annoyed the colonists, by robbing their hog-stys almost every night. We failed in all our plans to destroy his life, until a woman saw him one day, walking at ease through the settlement. A half dozen of us gave chase immediately, and came up with him after traveling two miles. So anxious was I to kill him, that I fired at first sight and missed him, which gave us another two miles chase. When, however, we came up, he was seated on a branch of a tree, leisurely surveying us and the dogs, with great complacency. The contents of my rifle brought him to the ground, and stirred his blood for battle. One blow from his powerful paw, sent my fine greyhound some yards distant, sprawling upon the ground, and when he renewed the attack, Bruin met him with extended jaws, taking and munching his head in his mouth. My rifle was now reloaded, and the second shot killed him on the spot. We tied his legs together, and lifting him on a pole, marched in triumph into the settlement, where guns were discharged and cheers given, in approbation of our success.

One winter's evening we had drawn closely around the blazing fire, for the air was piercing cold without, and the snow four feet deep on a level. Now and then, a traveler might be seen on snow-shoes; but though our cabin was situated on the king's highway, we seldom saw company on such a night as this. While the wind whistled, and the snow drifted about our dwelling, we piled the wood higher in our ample fire-place, and seated ourselves again, to resume the conversation, when I was startled by a loud and furious knocking at the door. I opened it to what I supposed to be three Indians. Their costume was that of the red man; but the voice of him who addressed me was not that of an Indian. "Can you keep three poor devils here to-night?" said he, and when I made farther inquiry, he repeated the same question; "we can sleep," he continued, "on the soft side of a board; only give us poor devils a shelter."

I told him we were not accustomed to turn away any one on such a night; that they were welcome to come in; and they were soon seated around our large and cheerful fire.

They had laid aside their snow-shoes and knapsacks, and the heat of the fire soon made their blankets uncomfortable; but as one of them made a move to throw it off, another was heard to whisper, "wait a little; we are among strangers, you know; so do not make a display of yourself." The fellow drew his blanket about him; but we had heard and seen enough to awaken curiosity, if not suspicion. In passing out of the room soon after, I heard one of these pretended Indians say to his companion, "I know these folks are from the States, for I smell coffee." When they finally sat down to table, and saw silver upon it, they cast surprised and knowing glances at each other, all of which we closely observed, and were convinced, that they were not red men of the forest, but belonged to that race who had so long looked haughtily down upon the colored people; that the least exhibition of comfort, or show of refinement astonished them beyond measure.

In the meantime, my wife had whispered to me that she was sure that the principal speaker was no other than the aristocratic Mr. G----, of Canandaigua. I could not believe it; I could not recognize in that savage costume, one who had been bred in affluence, and "the star" of genteel society. But my wife soon developed the affair to our mutual satisfaction: G----, on taking from her a cup of coffee, remarked, "this looks good; and I have had no good coffee since I left my mother's house."

"Does your mother still reside in C----?" asked Mrs. Steward.

"My mother! my mother! what do you know of my mother!" said he, looking sharply at her; but observing that they were recognized, they began to laugh, and we had a hearty congratulation all round; while G----, starting-up from table, exclaimed,

"Come, boys, off with this disguise; we are among friends now."

Our Indian guests, now appeared in costume more like "Broadway dandies," than savages. Dressed in the finest cloth, with gold chains and repeaters; and all that constituted the toilet of a gentleman. After tea they requested to dry some costly furs, which they took from their knapsacks and hung around the fire. The following day they took their leave, with many apologies and explanations, regarding their appearance and conduct. They were in the wilderness, they said, trading for very valuable furs; they had money, jewelry and rich goods, which they had taken that method to conceal.

During all this time, there had been another visitor in the house, who was sitting in a corner, absorbed in writing. Our mock Indians had noticed him, and not knowing who he was, expressed a determination "to quiz that deaf old devil," after supper. We all seated ourselves around the fire, and our Canandaigua friends, though no longer savages, had not forgotten the silent man in the corner; they began to question him, and he aroused himself for conversation; nor was it long before they forgot their design to quiz him, and found themselves charmed listeners to the brilliant conversation, of that world-renowned champion of humanity, Benjamin Lundy, for he it was.

On this particular evening, he gave us a sketch of his journey to Hayti; to accompany there and settle some emancipated slaves; which I thought very interesting, and as I have never seen it in print I will here relate it, as near as I can, in his own words:

In the State of Maryland, there lived a slaveholder the proprietor of some sixty slaves, and being somewhat advanced in years, he determined to free them, in accordance with the laws of that State, which required that they be sent out of it.

He had thought the matter over, but being undecided where to send them, he sent for Mr. Lundy to assist him in his proposed plan; who was only too glad to comply with a request calculated to carry out his own plans of philanthropy and equal rights.

When he had listened to the suggestions and expressed desires of the planter, he offered his arguments in favor of the West India Islands; and it was decided to send them to Hayti, as their future place of residence.

Six weeks were allowed for preparations; then Mr. Lundy was to return and take charge of them on the voyage, and see them settled in their new homes.

When the appointed time arrived, Mr. Lundy was there to accompany them on board a vessel bound for Hayti; on which was furnished as comfortable quarters, as the kindness of their conscientious master and his own benevolent heart could suggest. When all was ready, the Christian master came on board, to take leave of those faithful servants,--many of whom had served him from their childhood, and all of whom he had bound to his heart by kindness and Christian benevolence. It was a sad parting; not because the slaves did not love liberty, but because they appreciated their master's kind forbearance, and solicitude for their future

welfare. He had ever been a humane and indulgent master; one who lightened the burthen of the poor slave, all in his power. A moment's reflection will show, that it is invariably this conscientious kind of slaveholders, who are induced to emancipate their slaves; and not the avaricious, cruel tyrant, who neither fears God nor regards his fellow man.

The master of the slaves had kindly informed them of his intentions,--of the probable length of the voyage, and the unavoidable sickness they would experience, &c.; but now, they were gazing up into his kind face for the last time, as he knelt in prayer, commending that numerous flock--raised on his own plantation--to the care and protection of Almighty God, beseeching Him to protect them in the storm and dangers of the ocean; to guide them through this life, and save them in the world to come; until the sobs and cries of the poor slaves drowned his utterance. He at length took his final leave of them, and of Mr. Lundy; and the ship sailed immediately. They, however, met storms and adverse winds, which detained them; and then the poor, ignorant slaves began to believe what they had before suspected: that this was only some wicked plan of Mr. Lundy's, laid to entice them away from a kind master, and to plunge them into some dreadful degradation and suffering. "Master" had not told them of the adverse winds, and they were certain that some mischief was intended; they grew sullen and disobedient; and notwithstanding the kindness of Mr. Lundy, they murmured and complained, until his kind heart sank within him; still he pursued the even tenor of his way, trusting in God for deliverance. He watched over them in sickness, and administered to all their wants; but his tender solicitude for their health and comfort, only excited suspicion, and increased their ungrateful ill humor.

One pleasant evening, Mr. Lundy paced the deck in deep thought. He was sad, and well nigh hopeless. He had seen enough in the fierce look and sullen scowl; and had heard enough of the bitterness, and threatening anger of the negroes, to know that a storm was gathering, which must soon burst in all its wild fury over his devoted head. He was a small, feeble man, compared with those who watched his every movement, and gnashed their teeth upon him so fiercely. None but the Almighty could save him now; and to Him who "rides upon the wings of the wind, and maketh the clouds His chariot," he drew near in fervent prayer; after which he retired in peace and confidence to his berth. During the night, a fine breeze sprang up; and when he went on deck the next morning, they were in sight of the luxuriant shore of Hayti! The officers of the island boarded the ship; but their language was unintelligible to the negroes, who still looked daggers at every one who spoke. They landed; but the fearful, and ungrateful slaves continued sullen and forbidding. Mr. Lundy left them, however, and went into the country, where he selected their future residence; and made every preparation for their comfort and convenience in his power; saw them conveyed to their neat, pleasant homes, and all happily settled. This work was accomplished; and he merely called to bid adieu to his ungrateful charge, when he found that one of the slaves had been appointed to speak to him, in behalf of the whole number, and confess how deeply they had wronged him. While they were conversing, the others gathered around, with tears and prayers for forgiveness; and finally fell at his feet, imploring pardon for themselves, and blessings on the kind, patient and humane Benjamin Lundy. He hurried from the affecting scene, and soon after returned to America.

Thus that cold evening passed more pleasantly away in our rude cabin; and our Canandaigua gentlemen, after an agreeable acquaintance, and pleasant chat with Mr. Lundy, retired for the night--not like savages, but like gentlemen as they were; and I doubt not, with a more exalted opinion of "the deaf old devil in the corner"

CHAPTER XXV.

PRIVATE LOSSES AND PRIVATE DIFFICULTIES.

Soon after settling in Wilberforce, I found that the rumor I had heard in the States, concerning the refusal to sell land to colored persons, was literally correct, and my farm being too small to yield a support for my family, and knowing it would be useless to apply for more land, I engaged to carry packages for different merchants in the adjoining villages, as well as to and from the settlement. Possessing a pair of excellent horses and a good wagon, I found it a profitable business, and the only one I could well do, to eke out the proceeds of my farm, and meet my expenses.

One day as I was returning from the village, one of my horses was taken suddenly ill. I took him to a tavern near by, and as I could discover no cause for his illness, I concluded to leave him a few days, supposing rest would soon restore him. I accordingly hired another horse, and returned to the colony. In a day or two after, I collected my packages as usual, and started on my route, designing to leave the hired horse and take my own; but when I arrived at the tavern, I found some Indians engaged in taking off the hide and shoes of my poor, dead horse. This was indeed, a great loss to me; but I consoled myself with the thought that I had one good horse left, yet he would hardly be sufficient to accomplish alone, the labor I had engaged to perform; nor had I the means to spare, to purchase another. I therefore hired one, and commenced business again, with the determination to make up my loss by

renewed diligence and perseverance.

I started in good spirits; but had proceeded but a few miles, when my remaining horse, which I had supposed perfectly sound, reeled and fell in the harness! And before I could relieve him of it, my noble animal and faithful servant, had breathed his last! Without a struggle or a movement he lay lifeless on the cold earth. I was sad. I deplored the loss of my good, and valuable team; but more the mystery and suspicion that hung over the event. I returned home and sat down to devise some plan of procedure. What could I do? Half the means of our support had been suddenly and mysteriously snatched from us. What could I do next? While thus ruminating, I arose to answer a summons at the door, and who should enter but Mr. B. Paul, a brother to our foreign agent, who had so long absented himself from our house, that I was indeed surprised to see him at this time. He, however, seated himself, with great apparent concern for my recent loss, which he soon made the subject of conversation and the object of his visit.

"There has been," said he, "a great deal of unpleasant feeling, and injudicious speaking on both sides, for which I am heartily sorry. The colony is too weak to sustain a division of feelings; and now, that your recent losses have left you in a far less favorable condition to sustain yourself and family, I have called to make a settlement of our former difficulties, and to offer you two hundred and fifty dollars out of the collections for the colony."

I saw through the plan at once, and considered it only a bribe, to prevent my exposing the iniquity of others. Should I consent to take a part of the ill-gotten spoils, with what confidence could I attempt to stay the hand of the spoiler. I wanted money very much, it is true; but after a moment's reflection, not enough to sanction the manner in which it had been obtained; and though I confess, the offer presented to me a strong temptation, I am thankful that I was enabled to resist it. I refused to accept the money; and after sending away the tempter and his offered gain, I felt my heart lighter, and my conscience more peaceful than is often the lot of sinful, erring man in this world of trial and conflict; and yet I could but feel that the mystery in which the death of my horses was involved, was partially at least, explained.

CHAPTER XXVI.

INCIDENTS AND PECULIARITIES OF THE INDIANS.

During our residence in Canada, we were often visited by the Indians, which gave us an opportunity to learn their character, habits and disposition; and some incidents illustrative of the peculiarities of that abused people, I will here mention.

I recollect one bitter cold night, about eleven o'clock, I happened to awake, and looking out toward the fire, I was surprised to see standing there, erect and quiet, a tall, brawny Indian, wrapped in his blanket; his long hunting knife and tomahawk dangling from his belt; and his rifle in his hand. Had he been in his own wigwam, he could not have looked about him with more satisfaction and independence. I instantly sprang to my feet, and demanded his errand.

"Me lost in the woods, and me come to stay all night," was his grave reply.

"Then," said I, "give me your weapons, and I will make no objection."

He disarmed himself, and gave his weapons to me, with an air of haughty disdain for my fears. I put them in a place of safety and then prepared his bed, which was nothing more than the floor, where they choose to sleep, with their head to the fire. My offer of anything different from this he proudly resented as an insult to his powers of endurance, and would say, "beds for pale faces and women; hard board for Indians." He threw himself down, drew his blanket about him, and was soon sleeping soundly. As soon as the day began to dawn, he was up, called for his arms, and after thanking me in the brief Indian style of politeness, departed for the forest. He had found our doors all fastened, save a low back door, through which he entered, passing through a back room so full of miscellaneous articles, that it was difficult to go through it in the day time without upsetting something; but the Indian understood all this, he made no noise, nor would he have spoken at all, had I not awakened; and yet, he would have scorned to injure any one beneath the roof that gave him shelter, unless he had been intoxicated.

One sabbath afternoon, one of my children was sitting in the door, when a tall, emaciated Indian came up and said, "Will my little lady please to give me a drink of water?" While she went for it, I invited him to a seat within. There was something dignified and commanding in his appearance, and something in his voice and countenance, that won my confidence and respect at once. He remained in the place some time, and I learned his history.

In his younger days he had been a great warrior; and even now, when recounting, as he often did, the scenes of the battle field, his eye would burn with savage fire, lighting up his whole countenance with the fiercest kind of bravery, and often with a hideous yell that would startle our very souls, he would burst from the room and bound over the fields and forest, with the fleetness of a deer--making the woods ring with his frightful war-cry, until the blood seemed ready to curdle in our veins. He had also been one of the famous Tecumseh's braves; and had stood by him when he fell on the fifth of October, 1813. This old brave, whenever he called the name of Tecumseh, bowed his head reverently; and would often try to tell us how very deeply they mourned when it could no longer be doubted that the brave heart of Tecumseh, brother of the celebrated Wabash prophet, had ceased to beat.

"Had an arrow pierced the sun and brought it to my feet," said the old warrior, "I could not have been more astounded than at the fall of Tecumseh." Then he told us that once, after a great and victorious battle, Tecumseh, in his war paint and feathers, stood in the midst of his braves, when a little pale faced girl made her way weeping to him and said, "My mother is very ill, and your men are abusing her, and refuse to go away." "Never," said the Indian, "did I see a frown so terrible on the face of Tecumseh, as at that moment; when he with one hand clutched his tomahawk, and with the other led the little girl to the scene of riot. He approached the unruly savages with uplifted tomahawk, its edge glittering like silver, and with one shout of 'begone!' they scattered as though a thunderbolt had fallen in their midst."

But the old warrior at Wilberforce fought no more battles, except in imagination those of the past. After peace was declared he bought a valuable piece of land, with the intention of spending the remainder of his life more quietly; but unfortunately there lived not far from him a man who had once been the possessor of that farm, and had lost it in some way, and was now in reduced circumstances.

He was both envious and vicious; and because he could not himself buy the land, he was determined that the old Indian should not have it. After having tried many ways to get it from him, he finally complained of him, for fighting for the British and against the country where he now resided. This was successful; he was arrested and thrown into prison, and without a trial, removed from one prison to another, until he, with several others, was sent South to be tried as traitors. While on the way, the keeper of this Indian wished to call on his mother, who lived in a little cottage by the roadside, to bid her farewell. She was an aged woman, and when her son left her to join his companions, she followed him to the door weeping, wringing her hands in great distress, and imploring the widow's God to protect her only son. She had had four; all of whom went forth, with an American mother's blessing, to fight in defence of their country; and this one alone, returned alive from the field of battle. Now as he took his final departure for the South, she clasped her hands, raised her tearful eyes to heaven, and while large drops rolled over her wrinkled cheeks, she cried, "Oh, God, protect my only one, and return him to me in safety, ere I die." This scene, the imprisoned, and as some supposed, heartless Indian, watched with interest; no part of it escaped his attention; but they passed on, and safely reached Detroit. The prisoners were conducted to a hotel and secured for the night; our Indian hero being consigned to an attic, which they supposed a safe place for him. There happened to be on that night, a company of showmen stopping at that hotel, and exhibiting wax-work; among the rest, was a figure of General Brock, who fell at Queenston Heights, and a costly cloak of fur, worn by the General previous to his death. Nothing of this escaped the eagle-eye and quick ear of the Indian. When all was quiet in the hotel, he commenced operations, for he had made up his mind to leave, which with the red man is paramount to an accomplishment of his design. He found no great difficulty in removing the window of his lofty apartment, out of which he clambered, and with the agility of a squirrel and the caution of a cat, he sprang for the conductor and on it he slid to the ground. He was now free to go where he pleased; but he had heard something about the cloak of Gen. Brock; he knew too, that the friends of the General had offered fifty guineas for it, and now he would just convey it to them.

With the sagacity of his race, he surveyed the hotel, and determined the exact location of the show-room. Stealthily and noiselessly, he entered it; found the cloak--took it and departed, chuckling at his good fortune. As he was creeping out of the apartment with his booty, a thought struck him, which not only arrested his footsteps, but nearly paralized his whole being. Would not his keeper be made to answer, and perhaps to suffer for his escape and theft? Of course he would. "Then in the darkness I saw again," said the old brave, "that old pale-faced mother, weeping for the loss of her only son," when he immediately returned the cloak to its place, and with far more difficulty than in his descent, he succeeded in reaching his attic prison, where he laid himself down, muttering to himself, "not yet,--poor old pale-face got but one."

They took him to Virginia, where, instead of a trial, they gave him about the same liberty they do their slaves. He staid one winter; but when the spring opened, the fire of the red man took possession of him, and when sent to the forest to chop wood, he took a bee-line for his former residence. But what was he to do for food? With a rifle, he could live happily in the woods, but he had none; so after considering the matter, he said to himself, "Me _must_ get a rifle," and instantly started for the highway. The first cabin he

saw, he entered in great apparent excitement, and told the woman of the house, that he had seen a "big deer in the woods, and wanted a rifle to shoot it. When you hear my gun," he said, "then you come and get big deer." She gave him her husband's excellent rifle and a few bullets; he looked at them, and said he must have more, for "it was a big deer;" so she gave him the bullet-mould and a piece of lead, with which he departed, after repeating his former injunction, to come when she heard the rifle; but, said he, "she no hear it yet."

He at length arrived at his own farm, from which he had been so cruelly driven, and concealed himself behind a log in sight of his own house, to watch the inmates. He soon learned that it was occupied by the man who had persecuted him in order to obtain it, his wife and one child. All day until midnight, he watched them from his hiding place, then assuming all the savage ferocity of his nature, and giving himself the most frightful appearance possible, he entered the house, and noiselessly passed to their sleeping room, where he placed himself before them with a long knife in his hand. Having assumed this frightful attitude, he commanded them in a voice of thunder, to get up and give him some supper. They were awake now. Oh, horror! what a sight for a guilty man, and a timid woman! "Me come to kill you!" said the Indian, as he watched their blanched cheeks and quivering lips. They tottered about on their trembling limbs to get everything he asked for, imploring him for God's sake to take all, but spare their lives. "Me will have scalps," he answered fiercely; but when he had eaten all he desired, he adjusted his blanket, and putting on a savage look, he remarked as if to himself, "Me go now get my men and kill him, kill he wife, and kill he baby!" and left the house for his post of observation.

The frightened inmates lost no time, but hastily collecting some provisions, fled to the frontier, and were never heard of afterwards.

The Indian immediately took possession of his own and quite an addition left by the former tenants.

While the kind-hearted old Indian repeated to me the story of his wrongs, it reminded me of the injustice practised on myself, and the colored race generally. Does a colored man by hard labor and patient industry, acquire a good location, a fine farm, and comfortable dwelling, he is almost sure to be looked upon by the white man, as an usurper of _his_ rights and territory; a robber of what he himself should possess, and too often does wrong the colored man out of,--yet, I am happy to acknowledge many honorable exceptions.

I have often wondered, when looking at the remnant of that once powerful race, whether the black man would become extinct and his race die out, as have the red men of the forest; whether they would wither in the presence of the enterprising Anglo-Saxon as have the natives of this country. But now I have no such wondering inquiries to make; being persuaded that the colored man has yet a prominent part to act in this highly-favored Republic,--of what description the future must determine.

CHAPTER XXVII.

OUR DIFFICULTIES WITH ISRAEL LEWIS.

Being under the necessity of referring again to the difficulties existing in the Wilberforce colony, I shall here introduce a circular, published in New York city, which will give the reader an understanding of the real cause of our embarrassments, and the character of our agent, Israel Lewis.

CIRCULAR

New York, May 9th, 1836.

The committee of colored citizens of the city of New York, as servants of the public, sincerely regret the necessity of bringing the within subject before the public. Their duty to God, to society, and to themselves, only actuates them in this matter.

The fact that many individuals in different sections of the country, have long suspected the integrity of Israel Lewis, but possessing no authentic documentary evidence, they have been prevented from making an effort, to counteract his too successful attempts and those of his agents, in the collection of funds from the public, has induced us to transmit this circular.

THEODORE S. WRIGHT, PETER OGDEN, THOMAS DOWNING, GEORGE POTTS, CHARLES B. RAY, DAVID RUGGLES, JOHN STANS, WILLIAM P. JOHNSON, WILLIAM HAMILTON, SAMUEL E. CORNISH.

* * * * *

ISRAEL LEWIS.

Wilberforce, U.C., March 28th, 1836.

The board of managers of the Wilberforce settlement, met and passed unanimously the following resolutions--Present, Austin Steward, Philip Harris, Peter Butler, William Bell, John Whitehead, Samuel Peters.

Resolved, 1st. That we deeply regret the manner in which our friends in the States have been imposed upon by Israel Lewis; and that we hereby inform them, as a board of managers or otherwise, that we have received less than one hundred dollars of all the money borrowed and collected in the States.

Resolved, 2d. That although we have not received one hundred dollars from said Lewis, yet, when we shall have received the funds collected by our agent, the Rev. Nathan Paul, in England, we will refund as far as our abilities will allow and our friends may require, the money contributed for our supposed benefit, by them in the States.

Resolved, 3d. That we tender our sincere thanks to our beloved friends, Arthur Tappan and others, who have taken such deep interest in the welfare of our little colony.

Resolved, 4th. That the foregoing resolutions be signed by the whole board, and sent to the States to be published in the _New York Observer_ and other papers.

AUSTIN STEWARD, _President_, PETER BUTLER, _Treasurer_, JOHN HALMES, _Secretary_.

PHILIP HARRIS, } WILLIAM BELL, } JOHN WHITEHEAD, } _Managers._ SAMUEL PETERS, }

* * * * *

New York, April 25th, 1836.

At a public meeting of the colored citizens of New York city, held in Phoenix Hall, Thomas L. Jennings in the Chair, and Charles B. Ray, Secretary, the following resolutions were passed unanimously:

Resolved, That the thanks of this meeting be tendered to the Rev. Samuel E. Cornish, for the able and satisfactory report of his mission to Upper Canada, especially to the Wilberforce settlement.

Resolved, That this meeting deem it their imperative duty, to announce to the public, that in view of facts before them, Israel Lewis [1] has abused their confidence, wasted their benevolence, and forfeited all claim to their countenance and respect.

Resolved, That a committee of ten, be appointed to give publicity to the foregoing resolutions; also, to the communication from the managers of the Wilberforce settlement, as they may deem necessary in the case.

THOMAS L. JENNINGS, _Chairman_, CHARLES B. RAY, _Secretary_.

[Footnote 1: It necessarily follows that the public should withhold their money from his subordinate agents.]

It will now appear that I was not the only unfortunate individual who had difficulty with Mr. Lewis. Mr. Arthur Tappan made known through the press, about this time, that Israel Lewis was not a man to be fully relied upon in his statements regarding the Wilberforce colony; and also, if money was placed in his hands for the benefit of the sick and destitute among the settlers, it would be doubtful whether it was faithfully applied according to the wishes of the donors.

For this plain statement of facts, Mr. Lewis commenced a suit against Mr. Tappan, for defamation of character; laying the damages at the round sum of ten thousand dollars. It appeared that Lewis valued his reputation highly now that he had elevated himself sufficiently to commence a suit against one of the best and most respectable gentlemen in New York city; a whole souled abolitionist withal; one who had suffered his name to be cast out as evil, on account of his devotion to the colored man's cause--both of the enslaved and free; one who has, moreover, seen his own dwelling entered by an infuriated and pro-slavery mob; his expensive furniture thrown into the street as fuel for the torch of the black man's foe; and, amid the crackling flame which consumed it, to hear the vile vociferations of his base persecutors, whose only accusation was his defence of the colored man. This noble hearted, Christian philanthropist, who took "joyfully the spoiling of his goods" for the cause of the oppressed, was the chosen victim of Lewis' wrath and violent vituperation; and that too, where he was well known as a most honorable, humane gentleman; and all

for naming facts which were quite generally known already.

Lewis returned to Wilberforce, flushed and swaggering with the idea of making his fortune in this speculation of a law-suit against Mr. Tappan; and to remove all obstacles, he sent a man to me, to say that if I would publish nothing, and would abandon the interests of the colonists, he would give me a handsome sum of money. I soon gave him to understand that he had applied to the wrong person for anything of that kind; and he then laid a plan to accomplish by fraud and perjury, what he had failed to do by bribery.

I have before mentioned the fact of my having taken up a note of twenty-five dollars for Mr. Lewis, on condition that he would soon refund the money. I did it as a favor, and kept the note in my possession, until about a year afterward, when I sued him to recover my just due on the note. We had then began to differ in our public business, which led to other differences in our transaction of both public and private matters relating to the colony. He of course gave bail for his appearance at court, and it ran along for some time until he found he could not bribe me to enter into his interests, and then for the first time, he declared that I had stolen the note! And finally succeeded in getting me indicted before the grand jury!

In this I suppose Lewis and his confederates had two objects: first, to get rid of me; secondly, that they might have a chance to account for my continued hostility, by saying that it arose in consequence of a private quarrel, and not for any true interest I had in their collecting money deceptively.

Lewis appeared so bent on my destruction, that he forgot it was in my power to show how I came by the note. The Court of King's Bench met, but in consequence of the cholera, was adjourned, and of course, the case must lie over until another year.

When the time for the trial drew near, I was, in the midst of my preparations to attend it, counseled and advised by different persons to flee from the country, which I had labored so hard and so conscientiously to benefit, and received in return nothing but detraction and slander. But conscious of my innocence, I declared I would not leave; I knew I had committed no crime; I had violated no law of the land,--and I would do nothing to imply guilt. He who hath formed the heart, knoweth its intent and purpose, and to Him I felt willing to commit my cause. True, the court might convict, imprison, and transport me away from my helpless family of five small children; if so, I was determined they should punish an innocent man. Nevertheless, it was a dark time; I was not only saddened and perplexed, but my spirit was grieved, and I felt like one "wounded in the house of his friends,"--ready to cry out, "had it been an enemy I could have borne it," but to be arraigned, for the _first_ time in my life, as a _criminal_, by one of the very people I had spent my substance to benefit, was extremely trying. Guiltless as I knew myself to be, still, I was aware that many incidents had transpired, which my enemies could and would construe to my disadvantage; moreover, Lewis had money, which he would freely distribute to gain his point right or wrong, and to get me out of his way.

In due time the trial came on, and I was to be tried for _theft_! Lewis had reported all through the settlement that on a certain time I had called at his house, and from a bundle of papers which his wife showed me, I had purloined the note, which had caused me so much trouble. To prove this it was necessary to get his wife to corroborate the statement. This was not an easy matter. Mrs. Lewis, indignant and distressed by her husband's unkindness, had left him and taken up her abode in the family of a hospitable Englishman. After Lewis had been sent out as an agent for the colony, finding himself possessed of sufficient funds to cut a swell, he associated and was made a great deal of, by both ladies and gentlemen in high stations of life; the consequence of which was, he looked now with disdain upon his faithful, but illiterate wife, who like himself had been born a slave, and bred on a Southern plantation; and who had with him escaped from the cruel task-master, enduring with him the hardships and dangers of the flying fugitive.

Now her assistance was necessary to carry forward his plans, and he endeavored in various ways to induce her to return, but in vain. When he sent messengers to inform her how sorry he felt for his past abuse, she said she feared it was only some wicked plot to entice her away from the peaceable home she had found. Lewis saw that he must devise some other method to obtain her evidence. He therefore called on the brother of the Englishman in whose family Mrs. Lewis was, and in a threatening manner told him that he understood his brother was harboring his wife, and that he intended to make him pay dear for it. The brother, to save trouble, said he would assist him to get his wife, and that night conducted Lewis to her residence. No better proof can be given that Mrs. Lewis possessed the true heart of a woman, than that the moment her husband made humble concessions, and promised to love and protect her henceforth, she forgave him all his past infidelity and neglect, and looked with hope to a brighter future. In return Lewis presented her with a note, telling her to take it to a certain person and present it, and he would give her twenty dollars on it. This would, he doubtless thought, leave her in his power.

As Mrs. Lewis could not read, the unsuspecting wife presented the paper all in good faith. The gentleman looked at her sharply, suspiciously,--and then asked her, if she was not aware that she was presenting him a paper completely worthless! The poor woman was mortified and astonished; and instead of returning to her husband, fled to Wilberforce, and called at our house. Knowing how disastrous to me would be her false statement, and ignorant of her state of mind, I asked her if she had come to assist Mr. Lewis by swearing against me. I saw at once, that she had not yet been informed of her husband's design.

"Swear against you, Mr. Steward!" said she. "I know nothing to swear that would injure you; I have always known you as an honest, upright man, and you need not fear my turning against an innocent person, for the benefit of one I know to be guilty. Nor would I have left my place, had I known what I now do." So all help and fear was ended in that quarter.

When at length the appointed morning arrived, I arose early, but with a saddened heart. I looked upon my wife and helpless family, reflecting that possibly this might be the last time we should all assemble around the breakfast table in our hitherto quiet home, and I could scarcely refrain from weeping. I, however, took my leave, and a lad with me, to bring back a message of the result, if the court found sufficient cause to detain me for trial. But when I found that I must be tried, I felt too unhappy to make others so, and kept out of the lad's way. He returned without a message; and I took my seat in the prisoner's box. I had just taken a letter out of the post office, from Rochester, containing recommendations and attestations from the first men in the city, of my good character, which relieved my feelings somewhat: nevertheless, my heart was heavy, and especially when, soon after I took my seat, a trap-door was opened and a murderer was brought up and seated by my side!

Chief Justice Robinson, made his appearance in great pomp--dressed in the English court style-then the crier, in a shrill voice, announced the opening of the court, and finished by exclaiming, "God save the King!" His lordship then called the attention of the jury to the law of the land; particularly to that portion relating to their present duty; and the grand jury presented me to the court, for feloniously taking a certain promissory note from the house of Israel Lewis. The King's Attorney had but one witness, and that was Lewis. He was called to the stand, permitted to relate his story, and retire without any cross-examination on the part of my Attorney; but that gentleman called up three respectable white men, all of whom swore that they would not believe Israel Lewis under oath! Then submitted the case to the jury without remark or comment, and the jury, without leaving their seats, brought in a verdict of "NOT GUILTY." Thus ended my first and last trial for theft! Oh, how my very soul revolted at the thought of being thus accused; but now that I stood justified before God and my fellow-men, I felt relieved and grateful; nor could I feel anything but pity for Lewis, who, like Hainan, had been so industriously engaged in erecting "a gallows fifty cubits high" for me, but found himself dangling upon it He raved like a madman, clutched the arm of the Judge and demanded a new trial, but he shook him off with contempt and indignation, as though he had been a viper. In his wild fury and reckless determination to destroy my character, he had cast a foul stain upon his own, never to be effaced. I had felt bound to preserve my reputation when unjustly assailed, but it had been to me a painful necessity to throw a fellow-being into the unenviable and disgraceful attitude in which Lewis now stood; and yet, he would not, and did not yield the point, notwithstanding his ignominious defeat.

He very soon began to gather his forces for another attack upon me, and followed the same direction for his accusation,--the land purchase.

The reader will recollect without further repetition, that as I could purchase no land of the Canada Company, because of their indignation against Lewis, I was glad to accept of the contract he had made with Mr. Ingersoll, for lot number four in the colony; that I paid the sum demanded, and took his assignment on the back of the contract, and as we then were on good terms, it never occurred to me that a witness was necessary to attest to the transaction. But after his failure to prove me a thief; his next effort was to convict me of forgery! It will be remembered that Lewis after selling out to me, returned the contract to Mr. Ingersoll, and that I had lost by the means, the land, and at least five hundred dollars' worth of improvements. Then I brought a suit against Lewis, to recover the money I had paid him for the contract; and then it was that he asserted and attempted to prove, that I had forged the assignment, and therefore, had no just claim on him for the amount paid. But in this, as in the other case, he met a defeat and made an entire failure. I recovered all that I claimed, which, was only my just due. One would suppose that after so many unsuccessful attempts to ruin me, he would have left me alone,--but not so with Lewis: he had the ambition of a Bonaparte; and doubtless had he possessed the advantages of an education, instead of having been born and bred a slave, he might, like an Alexander or Napoleon, have astonished the world with his deeds of daring. I am, however, no admirer of what the world call "great men,"--one humble, self-sacrificing Christian, like Benjamin Lundy, has far greater claim on my respect and reverence.

Lewis, failing in his second attack, backed up as he had been in all his wicked course, by a friend wearing the sacred garb of a minister of the gospel, cooled off, and it became evident to all, that he was meditating some different mode of warfare. To this

concealed confederate, I must attach great blame, on account of the influence his station and superior learning gave him, not only over Mr. Lewis, but the colonists generally, and which should have been exerted for the good of all, in truth and honesty.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DESPERATION OF A FUGITIVE SLAVE.

We had as yet received no funds from our foreign agent, N. Paul, and the board of managers had resolved to send a man after him. An Englishman and a white man named Nell, would gladly undertake the mission, leaving his wife and five children among the settlers. Again was I under the necessity of returning to New York, to obtain the funds required to send out Mr. Nell after our agent in England.

The night before I left home, I had a singular dream which I will briefly relate. I dreamed of journeying on a boat to Albany, and of stopping at a house to take tea. Several persons, I thought, were at the table, and as a cup of tea was handed me, I saw a woman slyly drop something into it. I, however, drank the tea, and dreamed that it made me very sick.

I found it difficult to drive from my mind the unpleasant impression this dream had made upon it, but finally succeeded in doing so, attributing it to the many and malicious threatenings which had been made by Lewis and his associates. They had boldly asserted, that "if I went to the States, I would never return alive," and several other threats equally malignant. I, however, started with Mr. Nell for Rochester, where we made an effort to raise money to aid in defraying the expenses of the voyage, and succeeded in collecting about a hundred dollars. From thence we passed on to Albany, where we fell in company with a number of Mr. Paul's friends, who appeared to be terribly indignant, and accused me of coming there to expose their friends,--Paul and Lewis. We had some warm words and unpleasant conversation, after which they left me very unceremoniously, and appeared to be very angry. A short time after, one of them returned, and in the most friendly manner invited me to his house to tea. I was glad of an opportunity to show that I harbored no unpleasant feelings toward them, and immediately accompanied him home. The moment that we were all seated at the table, an unpleasant suspicion flashed through, my mind. The table, the company--all seemed familiar to me, and connected with some unpleasant occurrence which I could not then recall. But when the lady of the house poured out a cup of tea, and another was about to pass it, I heard her whisper, "I intended that for Mr. Steward," my dream for the first time, flashed through my mind, with all the vivid distinctness of a real incident. I endeavored to drive it from my thoughts, and did so. Pshaw! I said to myself; I will not be suspicious nor whimsical, and I swallowed the tea; then took my leave for the steamboat, on our way to New York city.

When we had passed a few miles out of Albany, the boat hove to, and there came on board four men--one of the number a colored man. The white men repaired to their state-rooms, leaving the colored man on deck, after the boat had returned to the channel. He attracted my attention, by his dejected appearance and apparent hopeless despair. He was, I judged, about forty years of age; his clothing coarse and very ragged; and the most friendless, sorrowful looking being I ever saw. He spake to no one, but silently paced the deck; his breast heaving with inaudible sighs; his brow contracted with a most terrible frown; his eyes dreamily fastened on the floor, and he appeared to be considering on some hopeless undertaking, I watched him attentively, as I walked to and fro on the same deck, and could clearly discover that some fearful conflict was taking place in his mind; but as I afterwards repassed him he looked up with a happy, patient smile, that lighted up his whole countenance, which seemed to say plainly, I see a way of escape, and have decided on my course of action. His whole appearance was changed; his heart that before had beat so wildly was quiet now as the broad bosom of the Hudson, and he gazed alter me with a look of calm deliberation, indicative of a settled, but desperate purpose. I walked hastily forward and turned around, when, Oh, my God! what a sight was there! Holding still the dripping knife, with which he had cut his throat! and while his life-blood oozed from the gaping wound and flowed over his tattered garments to the deck, the same exultant smile beamed on his ghastly features!

[Illustration: "I walked hastily forward and turned around, when, Oh, my God! what a sight was there! He still held the dripping knife, with which he had cut his throat."]

The history of the poor, dejected creature was now revealed: he had escaped from his cruel task-master in Maryland; but in the midst of his security and delightful enjoyment, he had been overtaken by the human blood-hound, and returned to his avaricious and tyrannical master, now conducting him back to a life of Slavery, to which he rightly thought death was far preferable.

The horrors of slave life, which he had so long endured, arose in all their hideous deformity in his mind, hence the conflict of feeling which I had observed,--and hence the change in his whole appearance, when he had resolved to endure a momentary pain, and escape a life-long scene of unrequited toil and degradation.

There happened to be on the boat at the time, several companies of citizen soldiers, who, shocked by the awful spectacle, expressed their decided abhorrence of the institution of Slavery, declaring that it was not for such peculiar villainy, that their fathers fought and bled on the battle field. So determined were they in their indignation; so loudly demanded they a cessation of such occurrences on board our boats, and the soil of a free State, that the slaveholders became greatly alarmed, and with all possible dispatch they hurriedly dragged the poor bleeding slave into a closet, and securely locked the door; nor have I ever been able to learn his final doom. Whether the kindly messenger of death released him from the clutches of the man-stealer, or whether he recovered to serve his brutal master, I have never been informed.

After this exciting scene had passed, I began to realize that I was feeling quite ill; an unusual load seemed to oppress my stomach, and by the time we had reached New York city, I was exceedingly distressed. I hastened to a boarding house, kept by a colored woman, who did everything in her power to relieve me; but I grew worse until I thought in reality, I must die. The lady supposed I was dying of cholera, sent to Brooklyn after Mr. Nell; but having previously administered an emetic, I began to feel better; and when I had finally emptied my stomach of its contents, _tea and all_, by vomiting, I felt into a profound sleep, from which I awoke greatly relieved. The kindness of that lady I shall not soon forget. She had a house full of boarders, who would have fled instantly, had they known that, as she supposed, I was suffering from cholera; and instead of sending me to the hospital, as she might have done, she kept all quiet until it was over, doing all she could for my relief and comfort; yet, it was a scene of distress which I hope may never be repeated.

On the following morning, I saw in the city papers, "A Card," inserted by the owner of the poor slave on board the steamboat, informing the public that he was returning South with a fugitive slave, who, when arrested, evinced great willingness to return; who had confessed also, that he had done very wrong in leaving his master, for which he was sorry,--but he supposed that the abolitionists had been tampering with him. That was all! Not a word about his attempt to take his life! Oh no, he merely wished to allay the excitement, that the horrid deed had produced on the minds of those present.

I was indignant at the publication of such a deliberate falsehood, and immediately wrote and published that I too was on board the same boat with the fugitive; that I had witnessed an exhibition of his willingness to return to Slavery, by seeing him cut his throat, and lay on the deck wallowing in his blood; that the scene had so excited the sympathies of the soldiers present, that his owner had been obliged to hurry him out of their sight, &c.

When this statement appeared in the newspapers, it so exasperated the friends of the slaveholder, that I was advised to flee from the city, lest I might be visited with personal violence; but I assured my advisers that it was only the wicked who "flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion." I therefore commenced the business that brought me to that city. Messrs. Bloss, Nell, and myself, made an effort, and raised between three and four hundred dollars for the purpose of sending Mr. Nell after Rev. N. Paul.

Most of the funds collected, we gave to Mr. Nell, who sailed from New York, and arrived safely in England, just as N. Paul was boarding a vessel to return to New York.

Had Mr. Nell acted honorably, or in accordance with his instructions, he would have returned with the agent; but he remained in England, and for aught I know is there yet. He was sent expressly after Mr. Paul, and when he left that kingdom, Nell's mission was ended. He proved himself less worthy of confidence than the agent, for he _did_ return when sent for, and he did account for the money he had collected, though he retained it all; but Mr. Nell accounted for nothing of the kind; and if he has ever returned, I have not seen him. Mr. N. Paul arrived in New York in the fall of 1834, and remained there through the winter, to the great disappointment and vexation of the colonists. I wrote him concerning our condition and wants, hoping it would induce him to visit us immediately; but he had married while in England, an English lady, who had accompanied aim to New York, where they were now living; nor did he appear to be in any haste about giving an account of himself to the board of managers who had employed him.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A NARROW ESCAPE FROM MY ENEMIES.

During my absence in New York city, Lewis and his confederates were prophesying that I would never trouble them more, and shaking their heads quite ominously at the happy riddance. One day, our hired man entered the house and inquired of my wife, when I was expected home. She told him she did not know, having received no intelligence from me. He assured her that a letter had been received by some one in the colony; that he had seen it, and had heard Mr. Lewis speak of conveying it to her,--but as it

did not come, she gave it up, supposing some mistake had been made. I had, however, written, naming the time when she might expect me; but no letter of mine reached her, during my long absence, for which she could not account. A short time before that specified for my return, a woman, whose husband was an associate of Mr. Lewis, came to my house, and urged my wife "to leave word at the village of London, to have Mr. Steward detained there, should he arrive toward evening, and by no means allow him to start for the colony after dark." My family had so often been alarmed by such warnings, and had so frequently been annoyed by the violent threatenings of Lewis, that they ceased to regard them, and paid little attention, to this one.

I arrived at London on the day I had appointed for my return, but was detained there until a late hour; feeling anxious, however, to get home that night, supposing that I was expected,--I therefore hired a horse to ride the remaining fifteen miles to the settlement.

The road from London to Wilberforce led through a swamp, known as "McConnell's Dismal Swamp," and it was indeed, one of the most dreary places in all that section of country. I am certain that a hundred men might conceal themselves within a rod of the highway, without being discovered.

The horse I had engaged, was a high spirited animal, and to that fact, I doubtless owe my life. The moon shone brightly, and nothing broke the stillness of the night, as I rode onward, but the clatter of my horse's hoofs, and an occasional "bow-wow" of some faithful watch-dog.

When I reached the swamp and entered its darkened recesses, the gloom and stillness was indeed fearful; my horse started at every rustling leaf or crackling brush, until I attempted to pass a dense thicket, when I was started by the sharp crack of a rifle, and a bullet whizzed past me, close to my ear! The frightened horse reared and plunged, and then springing as if for life, he shot off like an arrow, amid the explosion of fire arms discharged at me as I rode away. I lost my balance at first, and came near falling, but recovering it I grasped the rein tightly, while my fiery steed flew over the ground with lightning speed; nor did I succeed in controlling him until he had run two miles, which brought me to my own door.

I found my family well, and very grateful that I had arrived safely after so fearful an encounter.

When morning came I sent a person out to inquire whether any of the settlers were out the night previous, and the report was, "Israel Lewis and two other men were out all night; that they had been seen near the Dismal Swamp;" moreover, Lewis was seen to come in that morning with his boots covered with swamp mud,--these the Rev. Mr. Paul's boys cleaned for him, all of which was evidence that he it was, who had way-laid me with criminal intent.

I afterwards learned, that those three men left the settlement at dusk, for the swamp; that they stationed themselves one rod apart, all on one side of the road, each man with a loaded rifle,--the poorest marksman was to fire first, and if he did not bring me down, probably the second would; but Lewis being the best shot of the three, was to reserve his fire until the last, which they supposed I could not escape. It was quite dark in the thicket, and my spirited horse plunged in every direction so furiously, that they could take no aim at me, until he had started to run, when we were soon beyond their reach.

We had already had so much difficulty in our little colony that we were getting heartily sick of it. I was well aware that Lewis was thirsting for revenge; that he wished to do me a great wrong; and yet I was thankful on his account, as well as on my own, that he had been prevented from imbruing his hands in the blood of a fellow being.

Had he succeeded in taking my life, as he undoubtedly intended to do, he would have been arrested immediately, and most likely punished as a murderer. He had boldly threatened my life, and the colonists were expecting something of the kind to take place. Had I not arrived at the colony, it was known at London that I had started for the settlement that night, and an immediate search would have been instituted; nor could the wicked deed have brought the least peace to the mind of Lewis or his companions,

"No peace of mind does that man know, Who bears a guilty breast; His conscience drives him to and fro, And never lets him rest."

CHAPTER XXX.

DEATH OF B. PAUL, AND RETURN OF HIS BROTHER.

The bold and wicked attempt to take my life, recorded in the preceding chapter, aroused a feeling of indignation in the community against Lewis, and completely destroyed the little influence he had left; moreover, he had now been so extensively published as an impostor, that he could collect no more money on the false pretense of raising it for the benefit of the colony. As soon as his money was gone and his influence destroyed, --many who had been his firmest friends, turned against him, and among this class was the

Rev. Benjamin Paul. He had ever professed the greatest friendship for, and interest in the success of Mr. Lewis. Heretofore, whenever he went to the States he was commissioned by that gentleman's family, to purchase a long list of expensive articles, which the poor colonists were seldom able to buy; and he generally returned to them richly laden with goods, purchased with, money given to the poor, sick, and destitute in the colony.

Mr. B. Paul had ever been a very proud man, but not a very healthy one. He was inclined to pulmonary diseases; but had kept up pretty well, until Lewis was effectually put down, and his own character involved in many of his notorious proceedings, together with the disappointment occasioned by his brother remaining so long in England, when his health failed, and he sank rapidly under accumulating disasters, to the grave.

The Welshmen had partially engaged him to preach for them the ensuing year, but something they had heard of him changed their minds, and they were about appointing a meeting to investigate his conduct, when they were informed of his illness, and concluded to let it pass. His son, with whom he lived, became deranged, and his oldest daughter on whom he was greatly dependent, had been dismissed from school, where she had been for some time engaged in teaching. All these unpleasant circumstances in his sickly state weighed heavily upon his proud heart; and he not only declined in health, but sank into a state of melancholy and remorse for his past course of living. As he lay pining and murmuring on his death bed, I could but reflect how different the scene from that of an apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ, who could exclaim, when about to be offered, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

I called to see him as he lay writhing in agony, his sunken eyes gleaming wildly, rolling and tossing from side to side, while great drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead, continually lamenting his misspent time, and the life he had led! He took my hand in his cold, bony fingers, thanking me that I did not so despise him, that I could not come to see him in his sorrow and affliction. Generally, however, when he raved and talked of his wicked life, his family excluded all persons from his room except his attendants.

Pride, which had ever been his besetting sin, displayed itself in his conduct to the last, for he had a lengthy will made, dispensing some sixteen hundred dollars to different individuals, when he must have known that his whole possessions would not amount to half that sum. As I looked upon him I could but reflect on the mysterious ways of Providence. Before me lay a man, who had for years arrayed himself against me, using all his influence as a man and a minister to injure me, by setting Lewis forward in his wickedness; his family living in extravagance and a style far beyond their means, while mine had labored hard and were sometimes destitute, often harassed and perplexed on every side by himself and party. And for what? Because I would not join hands with iniquity, and deeds of darkness. Notwithstanding the contrast, when I heard his bitter lamentations and self-reproaches, I could lift my heart to God, in gratitude for His protecting goodness, which had preserved me an _honest man_. I had often erred no doubt, but it had never been designedly; and never did I value a good conscience more than when standing by the death-bed of Benjamin Paul, who now had passed the Jordan of death; and it is enough to know that his future, whether of joy or woe, will be meted out to him, by a merciful and just God,--nevertheless, his last moments on earth were such as ought to arouse every professed Christian, to redoubled diligence in watchfulness and prayer, lest they fall into temptation,-- lest they determine to become rich, and thereby fall into diverse and hurtful lusts, and pierce themselves through with many sorrows.

Soon after the event above narrated, a law was passed in the Province, allowing each township to elect three commissioners, whose duty it should be, to transact the public business pertaining to the township. Each township should also elect one township clerk, whose business it should be, to hold and keep all moneys, books, and papers belonging to said town; with power to administer oaths, and in fact, he, with the commissioners, were to constitute a board, possessing all the power of a court, in relation to township business.

In our colony, located in the township of Bidulph, the colored people were a large majority of the inhabitants, which gave us the power to elect commissioners from our own settlement, and therefore, three black men where duly chosen, who entered on the duties of their office, while your humble servant, A. Steward, was elected township clerk, with all the responsibility of the office resting upon him and the same power given him as though he had been born in Her Britannic Majesty's dominion, with a face as white as the driven snow. I felt the responsibility of my office, but not more deeply than I did this assurance of entire confidence, and respect shown me by my townsmen, after all the cruel persecutions I had met; after all the accusations of theft, forgery, &c., that vicious person could bring against me.

The Rev. Nathaniel Paul, with his lady, arrived at Wilberforce in the spring of 1835, to the great joy of the colonists, to find that his brother had gone the way of all the earth, and his remains quietly resting on his own premises, where his afflicted family still resided.

In the colony there was a great deal of excitement regarding the course our agent would pursue, and all waited with anxious expectancy to see him enrich the treasury with his long-promised collections.

We had agreed, on sending him forth as an agent for the colony, to give him fifty dollars per month for his services, besides bearing his expenses.

The reverend gentleman, charged, on his return to the colony, the sum specified, for four years, three months and twenty days. We spent several days in auditing his account, with increased fearful forebodings. We found his receipts to be, in the United Kingdoms of Great Britain, one thousand six hundred and eighty-three pounds, nineteen shillings; or, eight thousand and fifteen dollars, eighty cents. His expenditures amounted to one thousand four hundred and three pounds, nineteen shillings; or, seven thousand and nineteen dollars, eighty cents. Then his wages for over four years, at fifty dollars per month, left a balance against the board of several hundred dollars, which we had no funds to cancel, inasmuch as the reverend gentleman had paid us nothing of all he had collected in Europe, nor even paid a farthing toward liquidating the debts incurred for his outfit and expenses.

There was also in Mr. Paul's charge against the board of managers, an item of two hundred dollars, which he had paid to Wm. Loyd Garrison, while that gentleman was also in England; but by whose authority he had paid or given it, it was hard to determine. We gave him no orders to make donations of any kind. To take the liberty to do so, and then to charge it to our poor and suffering colony, seemed hard to bear; still we allowed the charge. Had we, in our straitened and almost destitute circumstances, made a donation of that, to us, large sum of money to Mr. Garrison or any body else, certainly _we_ should, at least, have had the credit of it; and as Mr. Garrison had made no acknowledgment of the receipt, I wrote him on the subject, and his answer will be found, heading our correspondence, in this volume.

Not a dollar did the treasurer ever receive of the Rev. N. Paul, unless we call the donations he had made without our permission, a payment. He did, it is true, award to the board, the sum of two hundred dollars, paid by him to Mr. Garrison, and fifty dollars more given by himself to Mr. Nell, on his departure from England. Not a farthing could we get of him; and in short, as far as the monied interest of the colony was concerned, his mission proved an entire failure. How much good the reverend gentleman may have done in spreading anti-slavery truth, during his stay in Europe, is not for me to say. The English, at that time held slaves; and report speaks well of his labors and endeavors to open the eyes of that nation to the sin of slavery and the injustice of the colonization scheme. It is said that he continually addressed crowded and deeply interested audiences, and that many after hearing him, firmly resolved to exert themselves, until every chain was broken and every bondman freed beneath the waving banner of the British Lion. Perhaps his arduous labors assisted in freeing the West India islands of the hateful curse of Slavery; if so, we shall not so much, regret the losses and severe trials, it was ours to bear at that time.

The indignant and disappointed colonists, however, took no such view of his mission; and knowing as they did, that he had paid not a cent of cash into the treasury, nor liquidated one debt incurred on his account, they became excited well nigh to fury,--so much so, that at one time we found it nearly impossible to restrain them from having recourse to Lynch law. They thought that the reverend gentleman must have large sums of money at his command somewhere--judging from his appearance and mode of living, and that a little wholesome punishment administered to his reverence, by grave Judge Lynch, enthroned upon a "cotton bale," might possibly bring him to terms, and induce him to disgorge some of his ill-gotten wealth, which he so freely lavished upon himself, and was withholding from those to whose wants it had been kindly contributed.

Just, as was their dissatisfaction, I was satisfied by the examination of his accounts, that he had spent nearly all of the money collected for us; his expenses had been considerable; beside, he had fallen in love, during his stay in England, with a white woman, and I suppose it must have required both time and money to woo and win so fine and fair an English lady, said also to possess quite a little sum of money, that is, several thousand dollars, all of which our poor, little suffering colony must pay for,--the reverend gentleman's statement to the contrary notwithstanding.

We succeeded at last, after a tedious effort, in satisfying the minds of the settlers to the extent, that a violent outbreak was no longer to be feared or dreaded. When all was quiet in the colony, I ventured to make my first call on the wife of N. Paul, who was then stopping with the widow of the late Rev. B. Paul, residing some three miles from us.

The houses of the colonists were generally built of logs, hewn on both sides, the spaces chinked with mortar, and the roof constructed of boards. The lower part was generally left in one large room, and when another apartment was desired, it was made by drawing a curtain across it. When we arrived at the residence of Mrs. Paul, we were immediately ushered into the presence of Mrs. Nathaniel Paul, whom we found in an inner apartment, made by drawn curtains, carpeted in an expensive style, where she was seated like a queen in state,--with a veil floating from her head to the floor; a gold chain encircling her neck, and attached to a gold watch in her girdle; her fingers and person sparkling with costly jewelry. Her manners were stiff and formal nor was she handsome, but a tolerably fair looking woman, of about thirty years of age: and this was the wife of our agent for the poor Wilberforce colony!

N. Paul had now settled his business with the colonists, and being about to leave for the States, we appealed to his honor as a man and a Christian, to call at Rochester and pay the seven hundred dollar bank debt, for which he was justly and legally holden, and relieve honorably, those kind gentlemen who had raised the money for him. He well knew the condition of our friend E. Peck, and that the names of some of our colored friends were also attached to the note; all of whom were relying implicitly on his or our honor to pay the obligation. That we had no funds in the treasury he was well aware; also, that all were deeply concerned about that debt. All this he knew; and in answer to our earnest and repeated injunction, he promised most faithfully and solemnly that he would call at Rochester, and take up the note. On those conditions he was allowed to leave the colony, and when parting with me, no more to meet in this life, his last assurance was, that he would cancel that obligation. What then could we think of his word, when we learned soon after that he passed Rochester, without calling, direct to Albany; nor did he ever return, or make any explanation of his conduct; nor give any reason why his promise was not redeemed and the money paid.

He preached in Albany until his health failed, then he was obliged to live the best way he could, and at last to depend on charity.

His disease was dropsy, from which he suffered deeply, being unable to lie down for some time previous to his death. I have been told that his domestic life was far from a peaceable or happy one, and that in poverty, sorrow and affliction, he lingered on a long time, till death at last closed the scene.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MY FAMILY RETURN TO ROCHESTER.

I was now seriously meditating a return to Rochester. My purpose in going to Canada, has already been made known to the reader, as well as some of the disappointments I met, and some of the trials and difficulties I had to encounter.

Now, after laboring, and suffering persecution for about five years, my way was comparatively clear; still I wished to leave the Province and return to the States, in which prospect my family greatly rejoiced. Doubtless most persons in the position I then occupied, would have chosen to remain; but for several reasons, I did not.

Notwithstanding I had been during my youth, a poor, friendless, and illiterate slave, I had, through the mercy of God and the kindness of friends, not only obtained my freedom, but I had by the industry and perseverance of a few years, acquired a tolerable English education, established a profitable business, built for myself a good and extensive business reputation, and had laid the foundation for increasing wealth and entire independence.

Indeed, so far as a competency is concerned, I possessed that when I left Rochester. My house and land was paid for; my store also, and the goods it contained were free from debt; beside, I had several hundred dollars in the bank for future use,--nor do I boast, when I say that the comfort and happiness of myself and family, required no further exertion on my part to better our worldly condition. We were living in one of the best countries on the earth, surrounded by friends,--good and intelligent society, and some of the noblest specimens of Christian philanthropy in the world. My wife and children, had not only been accustomed to the comforts, if not the luxuries of life, but also to associate with persons of refinement and cultivation; and although they had willingly accompanied me to Canada, where they had experienced little less than care, labor and sorrow, it cannot be thought very strange that they should desire to return. We were colored people to be sure, and were too often made to feel the weight of that cruel prejudice, which small minds with a perverted education, know so well how to heap upon the best endeavors of our oppressed race. Yet truth and justice to my friends, compel me to say, that after a short acquaintance, I have usually been treated with all that kindness and confidence, which should exist between man and man.

At my house of entertainment in Canada, it was not uncommon for gentlemen of my former acquaintances, to stop for a friendly chat; merchants, journeying through our settlement, after goods, would frequently call, with their money, watches, and other valuables, carefully concealed about their persons; but when they learned our name, and had become acquainted a little, they would not only freely expose their wealth, but often place all their money and valuables in my hands, for safe keeping; nor was their confidence ever misplaced to my knowledge.

Another thing: when I went to Wilberforce, I supposed that the colonists would purchase the whole township of Bidulph, and pay for it, which might have been done, had they been fortunate enough to put forward better men. Then when we had a sufficient number of inhabitants, we could have sent a member to Parliament, one of our own race, to represent the interests of our colony. In all this we were disappointed. The Canada Company, in their unjust judgment of a whole people, by one dishonest man, had stopped the sale of lands to colored persons, which of course, put an end to the emigration of respectable and intelligent colored men to that place; nor was there any prospect of a favorable change. Moreover, the persecutions which gave rise to the colony, had in a great measure ceased; anti-slavery truth was taking effect on the minds of the people, and God was raising up many a friend for the poor slave, to plead with eloquent speech and tears, the cause of the dumb and down-trodden.

These, with other considerations, influenced me in my decision to leave Canada. As soon, however, as my intentions were made known, I was importuned on all sides, by persons both in and out of the settlement, to remain awhile longer, at least. This will be seen by a reference to the appendix.

After due deliberation, I concluded to send my family to the States, and remain myself, until my year should terminate, for which I had been elected township clerk. In accordance with this determination, I made preparation to take my family to Port Stanley, forty miles distant. But what a contrast was there between our leaving Rochester, five years before, and our removing from the colony! Then, we had five two-horse wagon loads of goods and furniture, and seven in family; now, our possessions were only a few articles, in _a one-horse wagon_, with an addition of two members to our household! The settlers collected about us, to take an affectionate leave of my wife and children; but tears and sobs, prevented an utterance of more than a "God bless you," and a few like expressions. The scene was indeed an affecting one: all the weary days of our labor; all the trials and difficulties we had passed; all the sweet communion we had enjoyed in our religious and social meetings; all the acts of neighborly kindness, seemed now to be indelibly impressed on every memory, and we felt that a mutual regard and friendship had bound us closer to each other, in the endearing bonds of Christian brotherhood-- bonds not to be broken by the adverse scenes incident to frail human life.

Arrived at Port Stanley, we were kindly entertained by a Mr. White, a fugitive slave from Virginia, who owned a snug little farm on the bank of Kettle Creek, and who appeared to be in a good and prosperous condition. Being detained there, waiting for a boat, on which I was anxious to see my family comfortably situated before I left them, I was aroused at an early hour on the second morning of our stay, by a loud rapping at the door; and hearing myself inquired for, I dressed myself immediately, and followed Mr. White into the sitting room, where I saw two strange men, armed with bludgeons! I soon learned, however, that one of them was the under-sheriff, who had come to arrest me for a debt of about forty dollars, and the other armed man had come to assist him, I assured them I was ready to accompany them back to London, which I was obliged to do, a prisoner, leaving my family among comparative strangers. The debt had become due to a man who had worked for us in the building of a saw-mill. I arranged the matter without going to jail, but before I could return to Port Stanley, my family, kindly assisted by Mr. White, had departed for Buffalo. The weather was cold and the lake very rough, but they safely arrived in Rochester, after a journey of three days. During their passage up the lake my oldest daughter took a severe cold, from which she never recovered.

I returned to the colony to attend to the duties of my office, and to close my business with the colony, preparatory to joining my family, who were now settled in Rochester, but in very different circumstances from those in which they had left it. I had deposited quite a sum of money in the Rochester Bank; but our continual expenditures at Wilberforce, in my journeyings for the benefit of the colony, and in the transacting of business pertaining to its interests, had left not one dollar for the support of my family, or to give me another start in business. Nevertheless, I felt willing to submit the case to Him who had known the purity of my intentions, and who had hitherto "led me through scenes dark and drear," believing he would not forsake me now, in this time of need.

Consoling myself with these reflections, I renewed my endeavors to do my best, leaving the event with my God.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE LAND AGENT AND THE SQUATTER.

I have named, I believe, that all the colored people, who purchased lands of Lewis, could get no deed nor any remuneration for their improvements. This they thought hard and unfair. Some had built a house and barn, cleared land, &c.; but when they wished to pay for their farms, they could get no deed, and were obliged to lose all their labor.

This raised such a general complaint against the land agents, that they finally agreed to pay the squatters for their improvements, if they would leave their farms. An opportunity was soon offered to test their sincerity in this agreement. A shrewd fellow, who had been many years a sailor, named William Smith, had made valuable improvements on land, for which he could get no deed, and then he wished to leave it. His wife, also, died about this time, leaving him with eight children, which determined him to leave the colony, and after providing homes for his children, to return to his former occupation on the high seas; but he also determined not to leave without receiving the pay which the agents had agreed to give for his improvements.

"Oh yes," said they, in answer to his repeated solicitations, "you shall be paid, certainly, certainly; you shall be paid every farthing." But when the appointed day came for the pompous land agents to ride through the settlement, you might see Smith station himself at first one and then another conspicuous place on the road, hoping they would have the magnanimity to stop and pay him, especially, as he had informed them of his destitute and almost desperate condition, with eight young children to maintain, and no means to do so, after giving up to them the farm. Before them as usual rode their body servant, of whom Smith would inquire at what hour the agents might be expected. And most blandly would he be informed of some particular hour, when perhaps, within the next ten minutes, the lordly agent would fly past him, on their foaming steeds, with the speed of a "lightning train." This course they repeated again and again. One day, when all of the land agents rode through the settlement in this manner, Smith followed them on foot over fifty miles. He at last intercepted them, and they promised with the coolest indifference, that on a certain day, not far distant, they would certainly pay him all he claimed, if he would meet them at a certain hotel in London. To this he agreed; and the poor fellow returned to the colony almost exhausted.

His funds were nearly all spent, and he wished to take his children to New York; yet his only hope was in the integrity and honor of the land agents.

On the day appointed, he was at London long before the hour to meet, had arrived. He entered the village with a determined air, and saw the agents just riding up to a hotel,--but not the one they had told him to call at. He, however, waited for no invitation, but entered the hotel and inquired of the servant for his master. He said his master was not there!

"I know he is," said Smith, "and I want to see him."

The servant withdrew, but soon returned to say that his master was engaged and could not see him that day. Smith followed the servant into the hall, calling out to him in the most boisterous manner, demanding to be told the reason _why_ he could not see his master. The noise which Smith purposely made, soon brought into the hall one of the agents, a Mr. Longworth, a short, fat man,--weighing in the neighborhood of three hundred pounds! When he saw Smith, he strutted about, assuring him that this disgraceful uproar was quite uncalled for, and finally putting on a severe look, told him that he could not have anything for his improvements; of course not,-- he really could not expect; certainly not, &c. Smith plainly assured the agent that his "blarney" would avail him nothing; he had come by their own appointment to get his pay, and that he certainly should _have_--if not in the way they themselves agreed upon, he would choose his own method of getting it! Thus saying, he stepped back, threw down his woolly head, and goat fashion, let drive into the fat Englishman's "bread basket!" He sprawled about and soon recovered his standing, but continued to scream and halloo with rage and mortification, more than with pain, until he had brought to the spot landlord, boarders, and servants, to witness the affray; but Smith, nothing daunted, administered two or three more effectual butts with his hard head into the lordly agent, when the subdued and now silent English gentleman, drew from his pocket book, and carefully counted out, every dollar Smith had at first demanded. Smith accepted it pleasantly, thanked him and withdrew, amid the shouts and jeers of the spectators, which the agent was more willing to avoid than he. That was the way the land agent paid the squatter.

It seemed, however, a little too bad, to make a fine English gentleman, feel as "flat" as Longworth appeared to feel; yet it was undoubtedly the only method by which Smith could recover a farthing. The agents, it was supposed, did not design to pay for any improvements; indeed, some very hard and unjust incidents occurred in connection with, that matter, and probably Smith was about the only one, who ever received the full value of his claim.

There was committed about this time, a most shocking murder, in the London district. A farmer who had a respectable family, consisting of a wife and several children, became so addicted to the use of spirituous liquors, that he neglected both his family and farm so much, that his friends felt called upon to request the distiller, who was his near neighbor, to furnish him with no more

intoxicating drink. This, so exasperated the poor, ruined and besotted wretch, that he raved like a madman--such as he undoubtedly was--crazed and infuriated, by the contents of the poisoned cup of liquid damnation, held to his lips by a neighboring distiller; a fellow-being, who for the consideration of a few shillings, could see his neighbor made a brute and his family left in destitution and sorrow. Perhaps, however, he did not anticipate a termination so fearful; yet that is but a poor excuse for one who lives by the sale of rum. When a rumseller gives that to a man, which he knows will "steal away his brains," and make him a maniac, how can he anticipate his future conduct? And who is responsible? Ah, who?

When Severin found he could get no more intoxicating beverage, he in his demoniacal rage, conceived the idea of despatching his whole family, and set about his purpose by first snatching the young babe and casting it into the fire! When the poor wife and mother came shrieking to the rescue of her darling infant, he with one furious blow, laid her a bleeding corpse at his feet! Two other young children he next murdered, and left them mingling their blood with that of their mother's, while he ran furiously after the two older ones, who were endeavoring to escape to a neighbor's for assistance; and overtaking, killed them both! When the miserable wretch had completed his hellish design, he started for his nearest neighbor, named Smith, and told him that there was a black and a white man at his house, murdering his family, requesting him to go to their assistance. Mrs. Smith, believing that Severin designed to murder her husband, insisted on his calling his young men to assist him, which he did; and on arriving at the scene of slaughter, a most horrid spectacle was before them: five dead bodies weltering in blood, aside from that of the innocent babe, whose little form lay roasted and charred, on the fatal and bloody hearthstone of the drunkard! Victims all, of an intoxicated husband and father! When the guilty man saw the mangled remains of his household, he only increased his depravity by trying to make others responsible for the wicked deed,--exclaiming in feigned anguish, "my dear wife! my poor children! I was afraid they would murder you! Oh, my lost family!" &c. Community was soon alarmed; Severin, arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to suffer the extreme penalty of the law.

It is sufficient for us to say, that the evidence was clear and conclusive, that he was the only murderer of his family; nor was it doubted that Mrs. Smith's suspicion was correct; yet, with all the array of positive testimony brought against him, he denied the commission of the crime to the last moment of his life! When brought out for execution, he was placed under the gallows, and the rope with its fatal noose adjusted around his neck, when one of the attorneys arose, and with great solemnity, addressed him, in the most impressive manner: "We have done," said he, "all in our power to save your life; but you are justly condemned, and in a few minutes more, will enter the presence of the All-seeing eye of Jehovah; now let me beseech you, in the name of God, to tell the truth, before you die." Severin declared himself innocent of the crime, for which he was about to suffer; but was consoled, he said, with the belief that he should, in a few short moments, meet in blissful re-union his dear, murdered wife and children in heaven, to part no more!

Prayers were read; and during the reading of the Lord's prayer, at the words "Thy will be done," the hardened wretch was launched into eternity.

No room was left to doubt the fact, that Severin with his own hand destroyed the life of his unhappy and abused wife, and also that of his helpless family. Yet in one sense, may we say with the murderer, it was not he who committed the awful and inhuman deed, but boldly and truthfully charge it to man's bitterest foe--Rum! What but the maddening effects of spirituous liquors, could so demoralize, so demonize a man, as to convert the once loving husband and proud father, into a reckless fiend, a heartless savage? Oh, Rum! earth contains not another so fell a foe!

Should any who may read these humble pages, find an effectual warning in the unhappy end of Severin, one which shall induce them to pause in their course, or at once and forever abandon the use of alcoholic drinks, I shall gratefully feel that I have not written this incident in vain.

Before I left Wilberforce, the Rev. S.E. Cornish, made a visit, and preached the Word of Life to the colony, greatly to the satisfaction and comfort of the settlers. After distributing liberally of his abundance, to his poor brethren, he departed for the States, attended by the prayers and blessings of the Wilberforce colonists.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CHARACTER AND DEATH OF I. LEWIS.

I have spoken in the preceding chapter, of a visit from the Rev. S.E. Cornish, to the colony. He had previously written me, concerning the object of his proposed visit, which was to obtain the depositions of the board of managers, relative to all the money

received through their agents for the colony. He was sent to Canada then, and once afterwards, for and at the expense of A. Tappan, on business pertaining to the law-suit instituted by I. Lewis against that gentleman, for defamation of character. The depositions taken in the colony, with the expense of twice sending an agent to Canada, must have made a round sum for that kind gentleman to pay, merely for telling a truth already known!

Mr. Cornish had also been informed of my intention to leave the colony, and that my family were already gone. He, knowing something concerning the state of things, urged me to remain at least, until his arrival, as will be seen by a reference to his letter in the appendix.

As I look back on those scenes of labor and trial, I find cause for deep humiliation and gratitude to God, for His goodness and gracious protection, over my frail life, through unseen dangers of various kinds, and for his continued favors and unmerited blessings. Many of my fellow men have fallen in death's cold embrace since that time, while my health and life has been mercifully preserved.

Three of the leading characters of the Wilberforce colony are now dead. Rev. Benjamin Paul, lies in the silent grave-yard in Wilberforce, C.W. His brother, Rev. Nathaniel Paul, also sleeps the dreamless sleep of death, and his dust rests in the beautiful cemetery in Albany, N.Y.

Israel Lewis has also finished his earthly career after robbing the poor of their just dues, and persecuting those who endeavored to defend them; after living in extravagance--"faring sumptuously every day,"--he became reduced in circumstances; despised and dishonored, his proud spirit was at last broken. His health gave way; when at length, unattended and alone, he found his way to a hospital in Montreal, where he soon after died, leaving not enough of all his gains to afford him a decent burial!

Oh, what a reward "for all his labor under the sun!" His fame, his wealth, and his law-suits, all have perished with his memory. Poor man!

Israel Lewis was born a slave, raised on a Southern plantation, and subjected to all the cruelties and deprivations of a bondman. His natural abilities were above mediocrity, but having never had the advantages of an education, or the privileges of a society calculated to cultivate and refine his natural aspiring intellect, and to direct his indomitable will in the acquirement of the more imperishable graces of the human heart, he had come to manhood with a determined, selfish disposition, to accomplish whatever gratified his vanity or administered to the wants of his animal nature.

And may we not, with propriety here inquire, whether our common Father, who has declared himself to be "no respecter of persons," has endowed men with enlarged capacities for the attainment of that knowledge and wisdom, so requisite to the elevation of character,--for the express purpose of seeing them made beasts of burden, and their superior faculties prostituted by the sensuality imposed by Slavery, and to be sold as chattels, with impunity? I tell you, nay. The day when Almighty God will avenge the work of his own hands, hasteth greatly! Were it not so, we might rejoice in the ignorance of the poor slaves, and pray that none of them may ever be endowed with a superior intellect to that of the brutes they are made to resemble. Then would the proud spirit no longer chafe, and manhood writhe in the unbroken chain; but, like the ox to the yoke or the horse to the harness, they might submit, without a conscious violation of their dearest and God given rights. But we were speaking of Israel Lewis.

A natural energy and strength of character, he had inherited; a malicious, selfish, and consequently a deceptive disposition, his life as a slave had undoubtedly bestowed upon him. Intellect must have scope, and when nothing is left within its grasp but vice, can we wonder that the slave possessing the most talent, should generally prove the greatest villain.

Uneducated as was Lewis, his quick perception, his ungoverned passions, and his native independence, not only made him a dangerous slave, but an unfaithful and overbearing companion. He, however, took a wife--a slave like himself,--whose devotedness and good sense, cannot be made manifest, more than in her willingness to leave all that was dear to her on earth, and flee from their birth-place, she knew not whither; but confiding in the professed love and protection of her husband, she cheerfully followed him to the dense forest, in search of that freedom, denied them in their native country,--submitting herself gladly to all the hardships and fearful anxieties of a fugitive slave. What to her were horsemen, armed with dirk and rifle! What though the trained and inhuman blood-hound bayed upon their track! Was not he who had sworn a life-long allegiance to her by her side! Should he be killed or retaken, what could she desire, but to be his companion still! Slavery even, bitter as was the cup, might contain for her _one sweet drop_, while connubial love lighted up their rude cabin, and sweetened their daily toil; but the additional anticipation of LIBERTY, to their domestic happiness--oh blessed hope! How it quickened their weary footsteps, and, with fixed eyes upon the star

of the North, they pressed forward through every difficulty, until they finally reached Cincinnati, O. There they lived quietly, and with others, suffered the terrors of the mob, where also he was chosen agent, to seek a more safe and quiet home for his afflicted and outcast countrymen. The office was accepted, and Lewis became the founder of the Wilberforce colony.

The personal appearance of Israel Lewis was prepossessing; his manner and address easy and commanding. To those unacquainted with his private life, his ungoverned passions, and his unprincipled, revengeful disposition, he could appear the gentleman, the philanthropist, and the Christian.

His education was limited; yet he had managed to gather a sufficient knowledge of the sciences to enable him to read and write, together with quite a fund of general information; and then his shrewdness and tact accomplished all the rest. To strangers he could appear a ripe scholar, if left unquestioned. He was a good speaker, and once spake with eloquence and marked effect before the Legislature, assembled in the Senate Chamber, at Albany, N.Y.

Had the childhood of Mr. Lewis been passed under more favorable auspices; had his intellectual faculties been so cultivated as to predominate over his animal propensities, and his towering aspirations directed toward the accomplishment of acts, lofty in their benevolence, noble in their sacrifice, high in their honorable purpose, and great in their purity; I can but believe that his powerful intellect would have achieved the fame of a Lundy, or would have bequeathed to his brethren a memory like that of a Clarkson. Instead, we have found him devoting his energies to the gratification of his avarice, pride, and ambition--characteristics directly opposed to the deportment of the humble Christian, and such as our Heavenly Father has never promised to prosper. How truly has "the wise man" said, "He that is greedy of gain troubleth his own house; but he that hateth gifts shall live." How strikingly has this passage been verified in the course of Lewis! For a few paltry sums of gain, could he consent, not alone to rob the poor, for whom it was kindly given as unto the Lord, but to turn scornfully away from that poor, illiterate, and humble slave wife, whom he had, in their mutual adversity, vowed to cherish in _prosperity_ as well as in all other circumstances through life. That wife, who had borne with him the sorrows of Slavery--the humble choice of a bondman! She, who fled with him anticipating additional happiness in a life of freedom! Poor woman! Disappointment is of an earthly growth, yet God is merciful; notwithstanding we have the same authority as above, for saying that "Every one that is proud in heart is an abomination to the Lord: though hand join in hand, he shall not be unpunished."

In the hands of a righteous Judge we leave him, who, for the wealth that perisheth,--who, for worldly honor and selfish gratification, could barter his honesty and integrity, as "Esau, who sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage."

To me the lesson is an impressive one, and I am thinking it would be well for us all to examine the foundation on which we stand. If based upon the solid and broad foundation of christianity, doing to others in all things as we would they should do to us, sacrificing on all occasions our own ease, and worldly honor, for the benefit of our fellow-men, and the good of our country, then indeed, we need fear no evil; if the winds of adversity howl about our dwelling, we shall find it will stand, being founded on a ROCK. But if we build upon "the sands" of fame or self-aggrandizement, and, like the towering oak, lift our insignificant heads in proud defiance of the coming storm, we may expect that our superstruction will fall! "And great will be the fall of it!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MY RETURN TO ROCHESTER.

Having closed my business in Wilberforce, I prepared to leave on the expiration of my term of office as township clerk, which was now near at hand. Notwithstanding, I ever felt a sensation of relief and pleasure, when I thought of returning to my old home and friends in the States, yet as often as I look abroad over the settlement and remember all my glowing hopes,--all my delightful anticipations of a prosperous future for those poor, struggling colonists; when I recollected with what zeal and honest purpose, with what sincerity and sacrifice I had prosecuted my labor among them,--a dark shadow of disappointment would flit across my mind, however welcome it might be. That I had firm and tried friends in the colony, I had never the least reason to doubt, not to suppose their number less after a five years residence with them; but our expectations had not been realized. Our hope of settling a township, to be represented in Parliament by one of our own people, was now forever blasted. I remembered too, that many of the colonists had been unjustly incited against my course; but in the retrospect my heart did not condemn me. Errors many, no doubt I had committed; but I was grateful, when reviewing the whole ground, for a conscience void of offence toward God and man; and I finally took my leave of all, craving the choicest blessings of Heaven to rest upon that infant colony and its interests.

On the nineteenth day of January, 1837, I left Wilberforce, passing through Brantford, Hamilton, Queenston, Lewiston, and from thence to Rochester. During my journey, I could not avoid feeling sad and despondent, as my mind incessantly returned to the review of my mission, upon which I could look with no other decision than that of an entire failure. I had spent my time, wasted my substance for naught, and was now returning to my dependant family,--that, with myself, had been stripped of nearly every means of comfort and support.

What would my Rochester friends think of my conduct? Notwithstanding all my despondency and evil foreboding at that time, I am now well satisfied that my labor was not all in vain, but that some good did result from it.

As I drew near the city, a gloom like thick darkness overshadowed me: I thought of the unfavorable transactions which had occurred between the directors of the colony and my friends in Rochester, and fell to wondering how they would receive me.

On the twenty-third of January, 1837, I finally re-entered the city penniless; but as I soon found, not so friendless as my fears would have it. Among, the first to welcome me back to my old home, was that friend of "blessed memory," Everard Peck, who had been apprised of some of the losses I had met and the trials I had passed through. This gentleman was also one of the first to propose to be one of five men, who should loan me one hundred dollars each, for five years. Through the disinterested kindness of this worthy gentleman, I was in a few days after my arrival, well established in a store of provisions and groceries. The five kind gentlemen, to whom I was so deeply indebted for the loan, were: Everard Peck, George A. Avery, Samuel D. Porter, Levi W. Sibley, and Griffith, Brother & Co.

This noble act of generosity and kindness, on the part of my friends, to furnish me with the means to commence business, especially when their prospect was anything but flattering, regarding my ever being able to refund their well-timed and gracious liberality,--affected me more deeply than all the censure and persecution I had elsewhere received. Their frown and displeasure, I was better prepared to meet than this considerate act of Christian sympathy, which I am not ashamed to say melted me to tears, and I resolved to show my appreciation of their kindness by an industry and diligence in business hitherto unsurpassed.

E. Bardwell, then a merchant on Exchange Street, next laid me under a lasting obligation by offering to sell me goods on credit; others proffered assistance by promising their continual patronage, which was to me the same as cash,--and soon the store I had opened on Main Street, was doing an extensive business. My profits were small to be sure, and I had a heavy rent to pay for my store and dwelling, yet I was making a comfortable living for my family, and laying by something to reimburse the kind friends who had helped me in the time of need, when I found that the health of my family required more of my time and assistance than ever before. My oldest daughter, who, I have before mentioned, having taken a violent cold on Lake Erie, was now confined to her bed. All that could be done to save the life of a darling child--our first born--was done; and if we sometimes went beyond our means, it was a satisfaction to us to see her enjoy some of the comforts of life of which my mission to Canada had deprived her. One physician after another was employed to stay the approach of the destroyer: some said they could cure her, if paid in advance; to all of which I cheerfully acceded, but only to see our beloved sink lower, and patiently pine away.

No one but a parent who has watched the rapid decline of a darling child, and marked with a bursting heart the approaching footsteps of the spoiler, can imagine how powerless we felt at that time. The wealth of the Indias, had we possessed it, would have been freely given, although it would have been unavailing, to shield that loved and gentle form from pain, and we were obliged to look hopelessly on, while our little patient, suffering daughter sank lower and lower every day. In vain were our parental arms outstretched for her protection; from death we could not save her. She had long since ceased to glide about the house, and soothe with her silvery tones all the childish fears of the little ones. Helpless she now lay, burning with fever, and wasting from our sight, "till soft as the dew on the twilight descending," the cold damps of death gathered on her youthful brow. One pleasant morning after passing a restless night, I observed her to gaze earnestly upward, and a moment after I called her name but received no answer.

"Her languishing head was at rest; Its thinkings and achings were o'er; Her quiet, immoveable breast, Was heaved by affliction no more."

On the fifteenth day of April, 1837, she sweetly fell asleep, aged eleven years. Sorrowfully we followed her remains to Mount Hope, where we laid her down to rest until the resurrection morning. Death had now made its first inroad in our family circle, and since then we have laid two other loved ones by her side. We sorrowed, but not without hope.

My business continued to prosper, and I concluded to buy a small variety store, containing some three or four hundred dollars worth of goods on the corner of Main and North Streets, formerly owned by Mr. Snow, but, having two stores on my hands, I did not

make much by the trade.

The first summer after I returned to Rochester, the friends of temperance made a fine celebration, and gave me the privilege of providing the dinner.

I considered it not only a privilege, but an honor, and felt very grateful to the committee who conferred the favor upon me.

The celebration came off on the Fourth of July, and was indeed a splendid affair. The multitude were addressed on the public square, by some of the best speakers in the country. I laid in a large quantity of provisions of every available kind, built a bower, hired waiters, and prepared seats for five hundred to dine; but when the oration was over, and the multitude came to the table, I found that as many more seats were wanted. We, however, accommodated as many as we could, at one dollar each, and all passed off well, to the great satisfaction of all concerned.

When all was over, and the friends learned that I had on hand a large amount of cooked provision, they continued their kindness by purchasing it, thus preventing any loss on my part.

My store on the corner of Main and North Streets, was at the head of the market, and I was enabled to supply both of my stores with country produce on the best possible terms. I kept two clerks at each store, and all seemed prosperous for a time, when from some cause, which I could never understand, my business began to fail. My family had ever lived prudently, and I knew that was not the cause. I thought to better my circumstances by taking a store in the Rochester House, but that proved to be a bad stand for my business, and after one year, I removed to Buffalo Street, opposite the Court House. I ought to say, that as soon as I found that my income was getting less than my expenses, I went to the gentlemen who had loaned me the five hundred dollars, and showed them the true state of my affairs, and they kindly agreed to take fifty per cent., which I paid them.

After locating on Buffalo Street, I took in a partner, named John Lee, a young man, active and industrious, who paid into the firm three hundred dollars, with which we bought goods. With what I had on hand, this raised the joint stock to about a thousand dollars, on which we were making frequent additions, and on which we had an insurance of six hundred dollars. Our business was now more prosperous than at any previous time, and we began to look up with hope and confidence in our final success. One night I returned to my home as usual, leaving Lee in the store. About twelve o'clock, Mr. Morris awoke me with a few loud raps, and the announcement that my store was on fire and a part of my goods in the street! I hastened to the place, where I found, as he had said, what was saved from the fire piled up in the street and the fire extinguished. The building was greatly damaged and the goods they rescued were nearly ruined. Now we were thrown out of business, and the firm was dissolved. With the assistance of W.S. Bishop, a lawyer, we made out the amount of damage, which was readily paid by the agent for the insurance company.

When the Fourth of July came round again, the temperance men resolved on having another demonstration, and as before, I was requested to supply the dinner, which I did, after the same manner as the year previous.

Having been thrown out of business by the fire, I began to examine my pecuniary matters, and found that I was some three or four hundred dollars in debt, which I had no means of paying. True, I had met with a great misfortune, but I felt that to be an honest man I must meet all obligations, whether legally bound to do so or not; yet it was beyond my power at that time, and I finally concluded to leave the city, and try to better my condition by some other business, or at least to clear myself from debt.

CHAPTER XXXV.

BISHOP BROWN--DEATH OF MY DAUGHTER.

I removed with my family to the village of Canandaigua, where I commenced teaching a school for colored children, assisted by my daughter. The school was sustained partly by the liberality of the citizens of the village, and partly by donations from abroad. It was continued two years, and the children made rapid progress while they were under our tuition.

Soon after I left Rochester, I visited New York city, and while there, I joined "The African Methodist Episcopal Conference." Bishop Brown, of Philadelphia, presided over the deliberations of that body, and appeared to be a man of deep piety, as well as apt in business, and was a native of one of the Carolinas. I found a pleasing acquaintance also, with Bishop Walters of Baltimore, Md. He was small in stature; but a powerful speaker, and discharged every duty with "an eye single to the glory of God." He has now gone to give an account of his stewardship, and I pray that "his mantle may fall" upon one as capable of leading our people as he. The conference consisted of some sixty or seventy ministers of the gospel, with these two Bishops at their head. The conference

continued its session ten days. When it was closed, Bishop Brown, with several others, started on a visit to the West. They called at Rochester, and then passed over to Canada, where a conference was to be holden. We arrived, after a pleasant journey, at Hamilton, where the English government have a regiment of black soldiers stationed. It was common, in passing through the streets of Hamilton, to meet every few rods, a colored man in uniform, with a sword at his side, marching about in all the military pomp allowed only to white men in this _free republic_.

All being in readiness, Bishop Brown opened the conference under the authority of Her Britannic Majesty, with great solemnity, which seemed to be felt by the whole assembly. This meeting appeared to me far more interesting than the one we had attended in New York city. The colored people were much more numerous in Hamilton, and in far better circumstances than in New York. It is a hard case to be poor in any large city, but to be both poor and black, as was the condition of the majority of our friends in New York, was indeed a terrible calamity. Every class, no matter how worthless they might be, would be allowed to rent a house in preference to a colored man. The consequence was, our people were crowded back into the most unhealthy alleys, in old dilapidated tenements unfit for human beings to dwell in, and such as could not be disposed of to any other class of people. I am happy to say, however, that a favorable change has taken place in New York, since the time of which I am speaking. Capitalists have noted the good reputation of the colored people as tenants, and have of late erected good dwellings for their accommodation. In Hamilton there was none of that wretchedness and squalid poverty, nor any of that drunken rowdyism so common in Eastern cities, perceivable among the colored people.

Our conference was largely attended by all classes, both black and white, --many of the latter invited the Bishop with his associates to their dwellings to dine, indeed we seldom took a meal at our lodgings, so constantly were we solicited by friends to accompany them home.

We also found many fugitive slaves in that city, many of whom were intelligent mechanics. Some of them took us about the place, showing us the different buildings they were engaged in erecting; quite a number were employed in building a church which appeared to be done in a workman-like manner.

In the meantime our meeting was progressing in a very interesting manner, and when the closing services were commenced, the house was filled to overflowing; still many could not be accommodated. The preaching was solemn and impressive, and it really seemed to me that the glory of God filled the house in which we worshipped; saints rejoiced and shouted "glory to God, in the highest," while sinners trembled and cried out, "what must we do to be saved from the wrath to come." There were several hopeful conversions during the session of conference; and after its close we spent one day in making social calls, and viewing the city and its surroundings.

Burlington Bay makes an excellent harbor for shipping, while Burlington Heights loom up on the north in all their wild and terrific grandeur. Near the bay resides Mr. McNab, so notorious in the history of the Canadian revolution. We went in a large company to look at his beautiful grounds and residence, over which we were politely conducted by his amiable lady.

It was indeed a lordly mansion, with its surroundings laid out in the English style of princely magnificence.

On our return to the city at evening, we were invited to attend a grand soiree, got up in honor of the Bishop's first visit to that place. Several families of colored people combined to provide the splendid entertainment, while one lady presided at the board. She was very beautiful and very dark; but a complete model of grace and elegance, conversing with perfect ease and intelligence with all, both black and white ministers, who surrounded the festive board, as well as our Irish friends, not a few of whom were present. One honest son of the Emerald Isle entered, and not understanding the matter, inquired of his brother "Pat," in rather a loud whisper, "What's all them nagurs setting to that table for?" He, however, soon satisfied himself, and all passed off quietly and in excellent order. At a late hour the company, after a benediction, withdrew and dispersed.

We left Hamilton the following morning, feeling grateful and pleased with our meeting and visit.

It was a beautiful morning; the lake was still, no sound was heard but the rushing waves, as our boat moved on through its placid waters, toward our destination, then called Fort George, now Niagara, where we took stage for the Falls.

At that place of resort, we stopped to view the stupendous work of Almighty God, and listen to the ceaseless thundering of the cataract. How tame appear the works of art, and how insignificant the bearing of proud, puny man, compared with the awful grandeur of that natural curiosity. Yet there, the rich from all parts of the world, do congregate! There you will find the idle, swaggering slaveholder, blustering about in lordly style; boasting of his wealth; betting and gambling; ready to fight, if his slightest

wish is not granted, and lavishing his cash on all who have the least claim upon him. Ah, well can he afford to be liberal,--well can he afford to spend thousands yearly at our Northern watering places; he has plenty of human chattels at home, toiling year after year for his benefit. The little hoe-cake he gives them, takes but a mill of the wealth with which they fill his purse; and should his extravagance lighten it somewhat, he has only to order his brutal overseer to sell--soul and body --some poor creature; perchance a husband, or a wife, or a child, and forward to him the proceeds of the sale. While the wretched slave marches South with a gang, under the lash, he lavishes his funds in extravagant living,--funds gathered from the tears and blood of a helpless human being. Have you, dear reader, ever watched the slaveholder at such places as I have, gliding through the shady groves, or riding in his splendid carriage, dressed in the richest attire, and with no wish ungratified that gold can purchase; and have you ever been guilty of envying him, or of wishing yourself in his condition? If so, think of the curse which rests on him who grinds the face of the poor. Think of his doom in the day of final retribution, when he shall receive at the bar of a righteous Judge, "according to the deeds done in the body," and not according to his wealth and power. Think you, that the prayers, cries, and pleadings of the down-trodden slave that for years have been ascending to the throne of a just God, will never be avenged? Yea, verily, the day of reckoning hastens on apace, and though, "He bear long with them; He will surely avenge them of their adversaries; and that speedily!"

As we pursued our journey to Buffalo, we passed Grand Island, from whence Mordecai Emanuel Noah, some years ago issued a proclamation, calling on the Jews to come and build on that island the "City of Refuge," but which I believe was not responded to, as I saw it remained in its native wildness. He had also a monument erected there at the time, which might be seen from the highway and canal, consisting of a white marble slab, six feet in height, with a suitable inscription upon it, to direct the poor Jew to the City of Refuge.

It was quite conspicuous, but not so magnificent as Gen. Brock's at Queenston Heights.

Arrived at Buffalo, we held several meetings which were very interesting. The colored people were then numerous in that city, and owned one of the largest churches in Western New York. We found a large and prosperous society under the superintendence of Elder Weir, who was a good and talented man, setting a godly example for his flock to imitate. At Buffalo I parted with my pleasant and instructive traveling companion, Bishop Brown, never to meet again on the shores of time. Soon after that pleasant journey he died, and passed from his labor to reward.

Buffalo was then, as now a great place for business. Vessels from all parts of the country crowded the docks, and I then thought that it must in time become one of the largest cities in the Union. After a pleasant visit with our people there, I returned to my home in Canandaigua, where I now began to feel quite settled.

I had been requested to act as agent for the "Anti-Slavery Standard," with which I complied, and leaving my daughter to teach the school, I spent the most of my time in traveling through the country to advance the interests of that paper.

When I returned from Buffalo, she was complaining of poor health, nor was it long before we saw that she was rapidly declining.

This beloved daughter, I had spared no pains nor money to educate and qualify for teaching. I had encountered all the trials and difficulties that every colored man meets, in his exertions to educate his family. I had experienced enough to make me fear that I should not always be able to get my children, into good schools, and therefore determined at whatever cost, to educate this child thoroughly, that she might be able, not only to provide for her own wants, but to teach her younger brothers and sisters, should they be deprived of the advantages of a good school. Well had she rewarded my labor; well had she realized all my fondest hopes and expectations,--but alas! for human foresight and worldly wisdom! The accomplishments and qualifications of a teacher were attained; and proudly we looked for the achievement of our long-contemplated design. How hard to believe that the fell destroyer was upon her track! Her education had qualified her for teaching the sciences; but now I saw, that her faith in the religion of the blessed Christ, was assisting her to teach her own heart a lesson of patience, and quiet submission to the will of Him who holds the issues of life,--and Oh, how difficult for us to learn the solemn lesson, that her wasting form, her gradual sinking away, was hourly setting before us.

Slowly her strength failed; she, however, saw our sorrowful anxiety, and would try to relieve it with a cheerful appearance. One day perhaps she would be able to walk about, which would revive our wavering hope; the next she was prostrate and suffering; then hope died and we were sad! All the spring time she languished; the summer came, the roses bloomed, and the grain began to ripen, but she was wasting away. The orchard yielded its golden harvest; the birds sang merrily on the trees, but a dark shadow had fallen on our hearthstone, and a gloom, like the pall of death, rested on our household. Her place at table was already vacant; no longer she called the little ones about her to hear them repeat their tasks,--all of which admonished us, that soon the bed where

we could now see her, would be vacated; and we should no longer witness her patient smile, and know that she was still with us. The pastor of the Baptist church often called to pray with, and for, the quiet sufferer, which she appreciated very highly, for she was a Christian in every sense of the word.

On the thirtieth day of August, at about eleven o'clock, A.M., without a struggle or a groan, her spirit returned to God who gave it. "Sweetly as babes sleep," she sank into the embrace of death. Happily, triumphantly, had she seen the grim messenger approach; but she knew whom she had believed, and that He was able to keep that which she had committed to Him, unto the resurrection of the just.

She had previously made a confession of her faith in Christ, and had been buried with Him in baptism. A few days after her demise, a long, sad train wound its way to the village church yard, where we deposited the remains of our beloved,--Patience Jane Steward, in the eighteenth year of her age; and then returned to our desolate house, to realize that she had left a world of pain and sorrow, where the fairest rose conceals a thorn, the sweetest cup a bitter drop, for a home where the flowers would never fade, and where pain, sorrow and death will never come. We all felt the solemn and impressive warning, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh."

As often as I recalled her triumphant, peaceful death, her firm reliance on God, and sweet submission to His will, I could not forbear contrasting her departure with that of Mrs. Helm, whose death I have elsewhere described; and could fervently pray, that I might live the life of the righteous, that my last end might be like hers.

"Behold the Western evening light, It melts in deep'ning gloom; So calmly Christians sink away, Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low, the withering leaf Scarce whispers from the tree,-- So gently flows the parting breath, When good folks cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills, The crimson light is shed; 'Tis like the peace the Christian gives, To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud, The sunset beam is cast,-- 'Tis like the mem'ry left behind, When loved ones breathe their last.

And now above the dews of night, The yellow star appears; So faith springs in the breast of those, Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light, Its glory shall restore; And eyelids that are sealed in death, Shall wake to close no more."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CELEBRATION OF THE FIRST OF AUGUST.

The anti-slavery friends in Canandaigua, had resolved to celebrate the anniversary of the West India emancipation, in suitable manner in that village, for which funds had been unsparingly collected, to defray the expenses of the coming demonstration. The first of August, 1847, fell on Sunday, and our people concluded to devote that day to religious meetings, and the second to their proposed celebration.

Frederick Douglass and Mr. Van Loon, from Poughkeepsie, addressed the people on the Sabbath; and also, on the same evening, a large concourse at the Court House. The day following, there were not less than ten thousand people assembled on the beautiful grounds, belonging to the village Academy-attentive listeners all to the eloquent speeches delivered, and interested spectators of the imposing exercises.

When the vast multitude had convened, the exercises were commenced by the Rev. S.R. Ward, who addressed the throne of grace, after which, Mr. Frederick Douglass delivered an oration, in a style of eloquence which only Mr. Douglass himself can equal, followed by a song from the Geneva choir, and music by Barring's band. Rev. H.H. Garnet, editor of "The National Watchman," next spake, and with marked effect, followed by Messrs. Ward and Douglass; after which, the assemblage formed a procession, and marching to the Canandaigua Hotel, partook of a sumptuous dinner, provided by the proprietor of that house. At six P.M., they again assembled on the square, and were most eloquently addressed by both Ward and Garnet; at the close, they repaired to the ladies' fair, where they found everything in a condition which spake well for the enterprise and industry of our colored sisters. Their articles for sale, were of a choice and considerate selection, and such as sold rapidly and at fair prices. When all was pleasantly over, the ladies contributed twenty dollars toward paying the speakers present.

A most beautiful ode was composed by a warm and generous friend of the cause, which was sung in the grove, in a spirit which produced a thrilling interest. Gladly would I give the reader the whole composition, but its length makes it objectionable for this place, but should they happen to hear a soul-stirring and sublime ode, commencing with,

"Hail! to this day returning; Let all to Heaven aspire," &c.,

they may know it is the one to which I refer.

It was indeed, a glorious day for the colored population generally; and many were the indications of a diminution of that prejudice so prevalent everywhere. Some, who had supposed the colored man so inferior to themselves as to be incapable of making an interesting speech, were convinced of their error, after hearing Messrs. Douglass, Ward and Garnet. Mr. Van Loon was a white clergyman, but a brother indeed; his soul illumined by the pure light of the gospel of peace; his heart full of sympathy for the oppressed; his tongue pleading eloquently for equal rights; and his hands busily engaged in breaking every yoke, resting on the necks of poor humanity. So vigorously, so zealously did he unfold the horrors of the slave system; so truthfully and faithfully did he expose the treachery of northern politicians, and so pathetically did he appeal to the humanity of every professed Christian to speak out boldly for the dumb; to shield, by the holy principles of their religion, the poor, bound, illiterate slave, from Southern cruelty and bondage,--that some of our aristocratic citizens, some of our white savans, repaid his truthful eloquence, by visiting upon him the bitterest maledictions. From the negro, said they, we will accept these statements as true,--from him, they are pertinent and forcible; but when such unpalatable truths are uttered by a white clergyman, we cannot abide, nor will we listen to them!

Let consistency blush, and justice hang down its head! Is not truth the same, whether proclaimed by black or white,--bond or free? Is a falsehood to be pardoned because uttered by a negro? If indeed, as was admitted, the sentiments expressed by our eloquent colored speakers, were _true_, could they be false, when enforced by our intellectual friend, Van Loon? Certainly not; nor would the case have been so decided by these Solons, in any other case: or where the prejudice against color had not warped and blinded their otherwise good judgments. Our speaker, however, performed his duty faithfully, and with great satisfaction to the colored people and their true friends present.

The remains of this fearless champion of liberty; this humble disciple of the despised Nazarene, now sleeps in death, beside the placid waters of the Hudson, while his cherished memory lives in the affections of thousands, who "are ready to perish," and is honored by the pure in heart, wherever his name has been known throughout the land. In the day of final reckoning, think you, he will regret having plead the cause of the bondman? Ah, no; nor can we doubt that to him will be rendered the welcome plaudits: "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord. Thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee a ruler over many things." What then are the few light afflictions endured in this life, when compared with "an eternal weight of glory," awarded to the faithful in that which is to come?

Pleasant, happy, and beneficial, as had been the reunion of old and tried friends, to celebrate a glorious event, yet, like all earthly enjoyments, it was brought to a termination, reluctant as were the friends to separate. Since that day, many have been the demonstrations of grateful joy and gladness on the glorious anniversary of the emancipation of slaves on the West India Islands; and yet, in this boasted "land of the free, and home of the brave;" this famous and declared _free_ Republic,--the American slave still clanks his heavy chain, and wears the galling yoke of the bondman!

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CONCLUSION.

For several years past, anti-slavery truth has been spreading, and in proportion as light has shone upon the "peculiar institution," exposing to the world its crimes and blood,--enstamping upon its frontlet, "THE SUM OF ALL VILLAINIES,"--has the wrath of the impious slaveholder been kindled, and his arm outstretched to strengthen the chain, and press closer the yoke upon the helpless slave, proving conclusively that he loves darkness because his deeds are evil. Nor is this all; he and his apologists will insolently tell you, that _you_ are the guilty ones who have tightened the bonds of the slave, increased his hardships, and blighted his prospect of freedom, by your mistaken kindness, in showing the slaveholder the enormity of his sin! Can this be so? Have we any direct influence over his human chattels? None. Then who is it that rivets the chain and increases the already heavy burden of the crushed slave, but he who has the power to do with him as he wills? He it is, who has been thrust, unwillingly perhaps, into sufficient light to show him his moral corruption, and the character of the sin he is daily committing; he it is, whose avarice and idleness induces to hold fast that which is to him a source of wealth,-- and by no means to allow the same light to fall in upon the

darkened intellect of his slave property, lest his riches "take to themselves wings;" or, as may be more properly said, _take to themselves legs and run away_.

What stronger proof can we ask in favor of our position, than the intolerant spirit of the South? If the system and practice of Slavery is a righteous one, instituted by an All-wise God, certainly no human power-- especially one so impotent and futile as the abolition power is said to be --can ever overthrow it. Why then are the mails so closely examined, and fines imposed on prohibited anti-slavery documents? Is it beyond their power to confute the arguments adduced, or are they fearful that a ray of Northern light may fall on the mind of some listening slave, and direct him to the depot of an under-ground railroad? Judge ye!

What but this same fearful and intolerant spirit,--this over-bearing, boasting spirit, was it, that cowardly attacked a Christian Senator, while seated unsuspectingly at his desk, and felled him to the floor, bleeding and senseless? Was not the villainous blow which fell upon the honored head of CHARLES SUMNER, dealt by the infamous Brooks of South Carolina, aimed at the free speech of the entire North? Was it, think you, a personal enmity that the cowardly scoundrel had toward our worthy Northern Senator, which induced the attack? No, no. Brooks spake for the South, and boldly has it responded--Amen!

It has said through its representatives, that you Northerners are becoming too bold in speaking of our sin, and we will use brute force to repel it-- an argument with which we are familiar. You have told us that we ought not to hold slaves, nor extend slave territory, which will in a measure destroy our slave market, and prove injurious to our slave-breeding population. You have told us we have no right to usurp Kansas,--no right to murder "Free State men," and no right to sustain there, a set of "ruffians" to make Kansas a slave State. You have told us, that we have no right to live on the unrequited toil of our slaves; nor to sell them to the highest bidder; nor spend the proceeds of the sale in idle extravagance. Now know, all ye Northerners, by this cowardly blow on the devoted head of your honored and respected Senator, that we shall no longer permit you to tell us such unpalatable truths, nor allow you the privilege of free speech! We have too long held the balance of power in the government to yield it now; and we give you to know, that whatever we ask of this government, we expect to obtain; nor will we hear any of your objections. When we desire you to turn blood-hound, and hunt for us our fugitive slaves, we expect you to do it, and to see them returned to their masters, without a murmur on your part. Should you object or dare refuse, we shall certainly _cane somebody_, or else do what we have threatened for the last quarter of a century,--"DISSOLVE THE UNION!" Bah!

My house has ever been open to the fugitive slaves; but more particularly when I resided in Rochester, did I have occasion to see and feel the distresses of that class of persons; and it appears to me, that the heart must be of adamant, that can turn coldly away from the pleadings of the poor, frightened, flying fugitive from Southern bondage.

For many years past, I have been a close and interested observer of my race, both free and enslaved. I have observed with great pleasure, the gradual improvement in intelligence and condition of the free colored people of the North. In proportion as prejudice has diminished, they have gradually advanced; nor can I believe that there is any other great impediment in the way to a higher state of improvement. That prejudice against color is not destroyed, we very well know. Its effects may be seen in our down-cast, discouraged, and groveling countrymen, if no where else. Notwithstanding the late diminution, it exists in many of our hotels: some of them would as soon admit the dog from his kennel, at table, as the colored man; nevertheless, he is sought as a waiter; allowed to prepare their choicest dishes, and permitted to serve the white man, who would sneer and scorn to eat beside him. Prejudice is found also, in many of our schools,--even in those to which colored children are admitted; there is so much distinction made by prejudice, that the poor, timid colored children might about as well stay at home, as go to a school where they feel that they are looked upon as inferior, however much they may try to excel.

Nor is that hateful prejudice--so injurious to the soul, and all the best interests of the negro--excluded from the professed church of Christ. Oh, no; we often find it in the house of worship, in all its cruel rigor. Where people assemble to worship a pure and holy God, who can look upon no sin with allowance--the creator of all, both white and black,--and where people professing to walk in the footsteps of the meek and quiet Jesus, who has taught us to esteem others better than ourselves; we often see the lip of some professed saint, curled in scorn at a dusky face, or a scowl of disapprobation if a colored person sits elsewhere than by the door or on the stairs. How long, O Lord, must these things be!

Of my enslaved brethren, nothing so gratifies me, as to hear of their escape from bondage; and since the passage of that iniquitous "Fugitive Slave Bill," I have watched with renewed interest the movements of the fugitives, not only from Slavery direct, but those who have been compelled to flee from the nominally free States, and ask the protection of a monarchial government, to save them from their owners in a land of boasted liberty!

The knowledge I have of the colored men in Canada, their strength and condition, would cause me to tremble for these United States, should a war ever ensue between the English and American governments, which I pray may never occur. These fugitives may be thought to be a class of poor, thriftless, illiterate creatures, like the Southern slaves, but it is not so. They are no longer slaves; many of whom have been many years free men, and a large number were never slaves. They are a hardy, robust class of men; very many of them, men of superior intellect; and men who feel deeply the wrongs they have endured. Driven as they have been from their native land; unprotected by the government under which they were born, and would gladly have died,--they would in all probability, in case of a rupture, take up arms in defense of the government which has protected them and the country of their adoption. England could this day, very readily collect a regiment of stalwart colored men, who, having felt the oppression of our laws, would fight with a will not inferior to that which actuated our revolutionary forefathers.

And what inducement, I ask, have colored men to defend with their lives the United States in any case; and what is there to incite them to deeds of bravery?

Wherever men are called upon to take up arms in defense of a country, there is always a consciousness of approaching wrong and oppression, which arouses their patriotism and incites to deeds of daring. They look abroad over fields of their own cultivation; they behold too, churches, schools, and various institutions, provided by their labor, for generations yet to come; they see their homes, their cherished hearthstone, about to be desecrated, and their wives and little ones, with their aged sires, exposed to the oppression of a ruthless foe. Then, with what cheerful and thrilling enthusiasm, steps forward the husband, the father, the brother, and bares his bosom to the sword,--his head to the storm of the battle-field, in defence of his country's freedom, and the God-given rights of himself and family! But what sees the oppressed negro? He sees a proud and haughty nation, whose Congressmen yearly meet to plot his ruin and perpetuate his bondage! He beholds, it is true, a few Christ-like champions, who rise up with bleeding hearts to defend his cause; but while his eye kindles with grateful emotion, he sees the bludgeon of the South-- already reeking in the blood of freemen--raised and ready to fall with murderous intent upon the head of any one, who, like the illustrious Sumner, dare open his mouth in defence of Freedom, or speak of the wrongs of the poor negro, and the sins of the Southern autocrat!

What inducement then, has the slave to shoulder his musket, when the American drum beats the call, "To Arms! To Arms!" Does he not remember that the wife of his bosom; the children,--"bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh,"--and the rude hearth-stone they for a time are allowed to surround, belong not to himself, but to the tyrannical master, who claims dominion over all he possesses. As his property then, let the slave owner go forth in defence of his own, and lay down his life if he please; but the poor slave has no home, no family to protect; no country to defend; nor does he care to assist in sustaining a government that instead of offering him protection, drives him from the soil which has been cultivated by his own labor,--to beg at the hand of England's Queen, "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Humiliating as it is for an American citizen to name these things, they are nevertheless true; and I would to God that America would arise in her native majesty, and divest herself of the foul stain, which Slavery has cast upon her otherwise pure drapery! Then would she be no longer a hissing and by-word among the nations; but indeed what she professes to be, "the land of the free, and the home of the brave;" an asylum for the oppressed of every clime.

But should the monarchial government of England call for the services of the colored man, freely would his heart's blood be poured out in her defence,--not because he has a particular preference for that form of government; not because he has ceased to love his native country,--but because she has acknowledged his manhood, and given him a home to defend. Beneath the floating banner of the British Lion, he finds inducements to lay down his life, if need be, in defence of his own broad acres, his family and fireside,--all of which were denied him under the Stars and Stripes of his fatherland. But a short time ago, the colored men of Cincinnati, O., were promptly denied the privilege they had solicited, to join with other citizens, in celebrating the anniversary of WASHINGTON'S Birth Day! Oh, no; there must be no colored man in the company, met to honor him who still lives in the heart of every American citizen,--"the father of his country,"--and yet, who scorned not to sleep beside his faithful negro! Nor did the nephew of the illustrious General, despise the command of the black regiment, which Gen. Jackson so proudly commended for their bravery, and bestowed upon it his personal thanks, for their services on the field of battle.

Do the Northern or Free States of the Union think to clear their skirts of the abomination of Slavery, by saying that they own no slaves? Very true. But is the poor, flying fugitive from the house of bondage, safe one moment within your borders? Will he be welcomed to your homes, your tables, your firesides? Will your clergymen bid you clothe and feed him, or give him a cup of cold water, in the name of a disciple of that holy Christ, who has said,--"inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these little ones, ye have done it unto me?"--Or will your own miserable Fugitive Slave Law, close the mouth of your clergy; crush down the

rising benevolence of your heart; and convert you into a human blood-hound, to hunt down the panting fugitive, and return him to the hell of Slavery? Oh, my God!--the fact is too horrible to acknowledge, and yet it is a stubborn one. Not on one foot of land under the broad folds of Columbia's banner, can the slave say, "I am free!" Hungry, naked, and forlorn, he must flee onward; nor stop short of the outstretched arms of an English Queen. Yet, thanks be to our Heavenly Father, that all have not bowed the knee to the Southern autocrat or slave power. A few noble souls, thank God, remain, who, in defiance of iniquitous laws, throw open wide their doors to the trembling, fleeing bondman, whose purses are freely emptied to supply his wants, and help him on in his flight to the British dominion. But can these out-gushings of a benevolent heart--the purest impulses of a noble nature--be permitted to flow out spontaneously, in open daylight? Alas, no! You must be quiet; make no noise, lest an United States' Marshal wrest from you the object of your Christian sympathy, and impose on you a heavy fine, for your daring to do to another as you would he should do to you.

Is not the necessity of an "_under ground railroad_," a disgrace to the laws of any country? Certainly it is; yet I thank God, that it does afford a means of escape to many, and I pray that the blessings of Heaven may ever rest upon those who willingly superintend its interests. Oh, my country! When will thy laws, just and equal, supersede this humiliating necessity!

Is my reader about to throw the blame of our nation's wrong on England, and accuse her of first tolerating Slavery? We admit it; but did she not repent of the evil she had done, and speedily break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free? Certainly; no slave now breathes in England's atmosphere. But, say you, her white poor are slaves to the aristocracy, from which sentiment I beg leave to differ. Oppressed they may be, and doubtless are, as the poor are apt to be in any and every country; but they are not sold in the market, to the highest bidder, like beasts of burden, as are the American slaves. No Englishman, however poor, destitute, or degraded he may be, but owns himself, his wife and children; nor does he fear that they be sold and torn from his embrace, while he is laboring for their support. Poverty, my friend, does not comprise the bitterness of Slavery, no more than "one swallow makes a summer,"--nor does it consist solely in ignorance and degradation. Its bitterness arises from a consciousness of wrong; a sense of the violation of every right God has given to man, and the uncertainty of his future, over which he has no control.

If the American people flatter themselves with the idea of getting rid of the hated negro race, by colonizing them on the sickly soil of Liberia, or any other country, they will surely find themselves mistaken. They are Americans; allied to this country by birth and by misfortune; and here will they remain,--not always as now, oppressed and degraded,--for all who have any interest in the matter, well know that the free colored people, are rapidly advancing in intelligence, and improving their condition in every respect. Men of learning and genius, are now found among those with fleecy locks, and good mechanics with dusky complexion.

This marked improvement in the condition and rapid advancement in intelligence among our people, seems to have alarmed the colonizationists, and made them fearful that those very down-trodden slaves, who have for years labored for nought; whose blood and tears have fertilized the Southern soil, may, perchance, become their equals in intelligence, and take vengeance on their oppressors for the wrongs done them; and lest they should do so, they would gladly remove them to some far-off country.

Yet here, in North America, will the colored race remain, and ere long in my opinion, become a great people, equal with the proud Anglo-Saxon in all things. The African has once been a powerful nation, before Christian Englishmen invaded her coasts with rum, and incited her chiefs to war, by purchasing with gaudy, but worthless trinkets, her conquered captives; and we have every reason to believe, that though her glory as a nation has departed, that her sons will yet be acknowledged free men by the white population of this country.

There have been black generals in the world before Napoleon was born, and there may be again; and to-day, notwithstanding all the prejudice against color, that everywhere exists in this guilty nation, there are men of talent among us, inferior to none on the earth; nor are their numbers few, though rapidly increasing.

Well may the South arouse herself, form societies, replenish its treasury with a tax imposed on the free colored people, to defray the expense of sending manumitted slaves to Liberia!

Listen a moment to the cant of the colonizationist. Hear him talk of the duty he owes to Africa, and how happy, how intelligent, how prosperous everything is in Liberia. But when that delightful country asks to be taken into fellowship with the United States, and to have her independence recognized--ah, then he lifts his hands in horror and begs to be excused from so close a relation.

This is all cant, in my humble opinion; and when I see men so anxious to send the negro out of their sight, I feel quite certain that they are conscious of having deeply wronged him, and think to remove him, to atone for their guilty consciences. Would they refuse

to acknowledge the independence of Liberia, if their interest in the colored people was genuine, especially when several other nations had done so? Oh, no. But that is not "_the rub_." How could one of our lordly nabobs of the South, sit in Congress with perhaps one of his own manumitted slaves as a representative from Liberia or Hayti! He would die of mortification. Very well then; but let him talk no more of sending colored men to that country to make them free men.

The colored people generally, I am happy to say, have a right conception of the colonization plan, and will never be induced to go to Africa, unless they go as missionaries to the heathen tribes, who certainly should have the gospel preached to them. Some, from a sense of duty, may go as teachers,--which is all well enough,--but certain it is, that no amount of prejudice or abuse, will ever induce the colored race to leave this country. Long have they been oppressed; but they are rising-coming up to an elevated standard, and are fast gathering strength and courage, for the great and coming conflict with their haughty oppressors.

That there must be ere long, a sharp contest between the friends of Freedom and the Southern oligarchy, I can no longer doubt.

When our worthy ministers of the gospel, are sent back to us from the South, clothed with a coat of tar and feathers; when our best and most sacrificing philanthropists are thrown into Southern dungeons; when our laboring men are shot down by haughty and idle Southern aristocrats, in the hotels of their employers, and under the very eye of Congress; when the press is muzzled, and every editor, who has the manliness to speak in defence of Freedom, and the wickedness of the slaveholder, is caned or otherwise insulted by some insignificant Southern bully; and when at last, our Mr. SUMNER is attacked from behind, by a Southern, cowardly scoundrel, and felled senseless on the floor of the Senate chamber, for his defence of Liberty,--then, indeed, may Northern men look about them! Well may they be aroused by the insolence and tyranny of the South!

And for what _is_ all this? Do not our Southern men know, that if light and truth are permitted to reach the minds of the people, that Kansas will be lost to them as slave territory, wherein the Southern slave-breeder can dispose of his own flesh to the highest bidder! Hear them talk as they do, in their pious moments, with upturned faces, in solemn mockery, of returning the negro to his _native_ Africa! How many pure Africans, think you, can be found in the whole slave population of the South, to say nothing of their nativity? Native Africa, indeed! Who does not know, that in three-fourths of the colored race, there runs the blood of the white master,--the breeder of his own chattels! Think you, that a righteous God will fail to judge a nation for such flagrant sins? Nay, verily. If the All-wise God, who has created of one blood all nations of the earth, has designed their blood to commingle until that of the African is absorbed in that of the European,--then is it right, and amalgamation of all the different races should be universally practiced and approved. If it be right for the Southern slaveholder, to cruelly enforce the mixture of the races, to gratify his lust, and swell the enormity of his gains, certainly it cannot be wrong to amalgamate from choice and affection. Let us ask then, why did our Omnipotent Creator make the marked distinction? Certainly not for the purpose that one race might enslave and triumph over another; but evidently, that each in his own proper sphere might glorify God, to whom their respective bodies and spirits belong. Why, indeed, was the black man created, if not to fulfil his destiny _as a negro_, to the glory of God?

Suffer me then to exhort you, my countrymen, to cease looking to the white man for example and imitation. Stand boldly up in your own national characteristics, and show by your perseverance and industry, your honor and purity, that you are men, colored men, but of no inferior quality. The greatest lack I see among you, is unity of action, pardonable, to be sure, in the eyes of those who have seen your oppression and limited advantages; but now that many of you have resolved to gain your rights or die in the struggle, let me entreat you to band yourselves together in one indissoluble bond of brotherhood, to stand shoulder to shoulder in the coming conflict, and let every blow of yours tell for Freedom and the elevation of your race throughout the land. Speak boldly out, for the dumb and enslaved of your unfortunate countrymen, regardless of the frowns and sneers of the haughty tyrants, who may dare lift their puny arm, to frustrate the design of the Almighty, in preserving you an unmixed and powerful race on the earth.

While I would not that you depend on any human agency, save your own unyielding exertion, in the elevation of our race; still, I would not have you unmindful of, nor ungrateful for, the noble exertions of those kind white friends, who have plead the cause of the bondman, and have done all in their power to aid you, for which, may the God of the oppressed abundantly bless them.

Let your attention be given to the careful training and education of the rising generation, that they may be useful, and justly command the respect of their fellow-men. Labor for a competency, but give not your whole attention to amassing the wealth that perishes; but seek to lay up for yourselves "treasures where moth doth not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal."

Suppose not, my brethren, that your task is a light one, or one that can be performed without years of patient toil and unyielding perseverance. Our oppressors are not very ready to credit our exertion,--too often forgetting the effects of our long degradation, and vainly expecting to see us arise at once, to the highest standard of elevation, able to cope successfully with those who have

known no such discouragements or disadvantages, as has been our lot to bear.

These and many other obstacles must be bravely met, and assiduously removed,--remembering that Slavery has robbed some of us, and prejudice many others, of that perseverance so necessary to the accomplishment of any enterprize; but in the elevation of ourselves and race, let us never falter and grow weary, until we have reached the elevated station God designed us to occupy, and have fitted the rising generation to fill and improve it after our earthly course is finished and we leave to them the stage of action.

Allow me, however, to entreat, that no success which may attend your determined efforts; no position which you may attain,--may ever so occupy your mind, as to cause you to forget for one moment, the afflictions of your countrymen, or to cease to remember the groaning millions in bonds, until every slave shall triumphantly chant the song of deliverance from Slavery's dark prison house.

Bear with me, my dear brethren, while I claim a friend's license, to say, that I would not that you place implicit confidence in any of the political organizations of the present time; but remember that the majority of those parties are diligently laboring for their own interest. Look you then to yours; are you less capable of securing your rights than they? Never was there a time when indolence and supineness among us, would be so unpardonable as now, nor when so much depended on our active and judicious exertions.

Let us not forget, that in the past, we could and did truthfully complain, that we had no helper,--bound and crushed beneath an overwhelming weight of prejudice and ignorance, we lay helpless at the feet of our political spoilers. A favorable change has since been effected in the public sentiment; and now that we see thousands who are willing to aid us, and as many more who will not hinder our labor,--shall we fold our hands in idleness?--or shall we renew our energies, in the cause of freedom and of our own advancement? Although we may not implicitly rely upon the political exertion of others, let us not fear to co-operate with the friends of liberty everywhere, as far as a good conscience will permit, and our limited privileges will allow, by our determined zeal for the right, make our influence felt in the nation. See what wrong and oppression our white brethren have met in Kansas, from the slave power; and let their noble deeds of patriotism; their liberal sacrifices for freedom, be not only our example, but an incentive to do our duty. Have they more at stake in that mighty struggle than we, that they should leave their homes of refinement and comfort, take their lives in their hands and bravely contend for their rights, surrounded by scenes of blood and carnage? Certainly not. No people on the earth can have greater incentives to arouse them to action, than the colored people of this country now have; I trust therefore, that our future independence and prosperity, will suffer nothing from the inactivity of our race.

Some may entertain the belief that the African slave trade is entirely abandoned. I think not. Often are seen strange, suspicious looking vessels, lying along the African coast, for no other purpose than that of kidnapping the poor, ignorant natives. Stealthily the slave-trader lands his wicked crew, in the vicinity of some negro village or cluster of huts, and when a favorable opportunity occurs, he and his men rush upon the frightened African, burn their huts, and amid the shrieks of the captives, and the groans of the helpless and aged, who have been trampled down in their rude haste to secure the young and able-bodied natives, bear them to the vessel, where they are stowed away in the hold of the ship, which bears them to Christian (?) America, where they are sold as slaves.

Some years ago, a woman engaged in washing clothes, near the sea coast, had a lad with her to take care of her two younger children--one a young babe--while she was at work. They wandered away a short distance, and while amusing themselves under some bushes, four men, to them strange looking creatures, with white faces, surrounded them; and when the lad attempted to run away, they threw the infant he held in his arms, on the ground, and seizing the other two children, bore them screaming with fear, to the ship. Frantic and inconsolable, they were borne to the American slave market, where they were sold to a Virginia planter, for whom they labored sorrowfully and in tears, until old age deprived them of farther exertion, when they were turned out, like an old horse, to die; and did die destitute and uncared for, in their aged infirmity, after a long life of unrequited toil. That lad, stolen from Africa's coast, was my grand-father.

It is not, however, necessary for us to look beyond our own country, to find all the horrors of the slave traffic! A tour through the Southern States will prove sufficient to satisfy any one of that fact; nor will they travel over one of them, before--if they have a heart of flesh--they will feel oppressed by the cruel outrage, daily inflicted on their fellow-beings. The tourist need not turn aside to seek evidences: he will very readily observe the red flag of the auctioneer floating over the slave pen, on which he may read in large letters, waving in the pure air of heaven, "SLAVES, HORSES, AND OTHER CATTLE, _in lots to suit purchasers!_" He may halt a moment, and look at the multitude, collecting under the folds of that infamous banner, where will be found a few gentlemanly appearing slave holding planters, superbly mounted, and perhaps with their servants in waiting; but the larger number he will find to be drunken, coarse, brutal looking men, swaggering about in the capacity of slave-traders.

Let him enter the low, dingy, filthy building, occupied by human merchandize, and he will there behold husbands and wives, parents and children, about to be sold, and perhaps separated forever! See the trader, as he examines with inhuman indifference the bones and sinews, the teeth and joints of the _articles_ on hand, even of females, and hear him make inquiries concerning her capabilities, that would make a savage blush! And see the miserable woman lift her red and swollen eyes to the face of the heartless trader, and the next moment cast a despairing glance over the motley crowd, in search of a compassionate look--a pitying eye. Should she see one countenance wearing a kind, humane expression, it will most likely bring her frantically to his feet, where, kneeling, with uplifted hands, she pleads: "Oh, Massa, do buy me! Do buy me and little Sam! He be all of the chil'ens I got left! O, Lord! O, Lord! Do, Massa, buy me, and this one baby! Oh, do Massa!" But the weight of the cow-hide drives her to the auction block, where in mock solemnity she is represented as "an article of excellent breed, a good cook, a good seamstress, and withal a good Christian, a ra'al genewine lamb of the flock!"--and then she is struck off to the highest bidder, who declares that he "won't have the young'un any how, 'cause he's gwine to drive her down to Lousianny."

He may see, too, the wild, despairing look of some frightened young slave girl, passing under the lustful gaze of some lordly libertine, who declares himself "in search of a fancy article for his own use!"

One after another is taken from the block, until all are disposed of, amid the agonized wail of heartbroken wives and mothers, husbands and fathers, and the piercing screams of helpless children, torn from a parent's embrace, to be consigned to the care of strangers.

Nor need I inform our traveler of the inhuman method generally approved, in hunting with trained blood-hounds, kept and advertised for the purpose of recapturing any poor slave who may attempt to escape from this cruel bondage. He may perchance, come across the mangled and lifeless body of some fugitive, which has just been run down and torn in pieces by the dogs of the hunter! Should he stop a few moments, he will soon see a hole dug in the ground, and the remains of the slave pitched into it, covered sufficiently to hide the unsightly mass from view, and there will be an end of the whole matter! "Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord; and shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?"

In giving to the public this unvarnished, but truthful narrative, of some of the occurrences of my humble and uneventful life, I have not been influenced by a vain desire for notoriety, but by a willingness to gratify a just and honorable request, repeatedly made by numerous and respected friends, to learn the truth concerning my connection with the Wilberforce colony; the events which there transpired during my stay, and the cause of my losing a hard-earned property. Regarding the affairs of the colony, I have, therefore, endeavored to be particular,--believing that duty to myself and brethren, required me to give them the within information; but nothing have I set down in malice. Much more might have been said relative to some of the leading characters in that settlement, had I not been fearful of its assuming the character of a personal enmity or retaliation. He who knows and will judge the actions of men, will bear me witness, that I have cherished no such feelings toward any of those who then lived, but now sleep in death.

In justification, however, of my statements regarding the character of Mr. Lewis, I will call the attention of the reader to some of the many letters received from good and eminent men, to show that I was not alone in the low estimate of his virtues. Gladly I leave that unpleasant subject, hoping that nothing in our past history will serve to becloud the bright future beginning to dawn on the prospects of our disfranchised and oppressed countrymen.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM A. STEWARD TO WM. L. GARRISON.

MR. GARRISON,

Dear Sir:--In a recent examination of the business transactions between the Board of Managers of the Wilberforce Colony, and their agent Rev. N. Paul, I find a charge made by him, and allowed by the board, of the sum of two hundred dollars, which he paid to yourself. Finding no receipt or acknowledgment from you, I write to ask you to favor me with one, or an explanation of the facts in the case, either of which will greatly oblige me, as I design to make it public. Truly Yours, &c.,

A. STEWARD.

Canandaigua, N.Y., May, 1856.

* * * * *

MR. GARRISON'S REPLY TO A. STEWARD.

DEAR SIR:

You state that Rev. N. Paul, as agent for the Wilberforce Settlement, U.C., in rendering his accounts on his return from England, charged the Board of Managers with the sum of two hundred dollars, paid by him to me while in England; that said sum was allowed by the board; adding that you do not recollect of my acknowledging or giving credit to the Settlement for it.

In reply, I can only assure you that there must be a mistake in regard to this item. I borrowed no money, nor had I any occasion to ask a loan of my friend Paul, my expenses being defrayed by funds contributed by friends in this country; nor could I with propriety receive, nor he give me any part of the money contributed for the benefit of the Wilberforce Settlement; hence, a loan or gift from him, could have been nothing more than a personal matter between ourselves. Moreover, had he at that time or any other, given me in good faith the sum named as belonging to the Settlement, (believing that as we were laboring together, for the interest of one common cause, the board would not hesitate to allow it,) he would certainly have demanded a receipt, which it would have pleased me to give, of course, that he might satisfy the board that their liberality had been disbursed according to their wishes, or his judgment. But receiving no money from your agent, will be a sufficient reason for not acknowledging it, or giving due credit to the Settlement.

I can account for this charge on his part, in no way, except that as he was with me a part of the time I was in London, and we traveled together a part of the time, during which, he ably and effectively assisted me in exposing that most iniquitous combination, "The American Colonization Society,"--he charged to me, (that is, to my mission) sundry items of expense which he undoubtedly believed justly incurred by his helping me to open the eyes of British philanthropists to the real design of that society; and I shall ever remember with gratitude, his heartiness and zeal in the cause and in my behalf. I owe much to the success that so signally crowned my mission, to his presence, testimony, and eloquent denunciation of the colonization scheme. I, however, received no money from him, and can but think that the above explanation was the occasion of his making the charge, and which I trust will leave on his memory, no intentional [final word missing from text].

* * * * *

FROM MR. BAKER TO A. STEWARD.

MR. A. STEWARD,

Dear Sir:--Israel Lewis, the former agent of your Settlement, last spring represented to me the suffering condition of your poor, and requested that I should forward some goods, for which I should be paid; I did so, and sent goods to the amount of one hundred thirty-six dollars and ninety-eight cents. The goods were sold at cost.

I am also endorsed on a note for two hundred thirteen dollars and ten cents, which falls due 24th of this month, and which I shall have to pay. This note was given by Lewis for the purpose of raising money to fit out Mr. Paul, on his mission to England. I was promised that the money should be here to meet it.

I have heard nothing from Lewis or this business since, and as I understand you are the agent, I must look to you to make provision to meet the note, and pay for the goods. Good faith requires that all contracts by your agency be fulfilled.

Yours, Respectfully,

CORNAL BAKER.

New York City, Dec., 1833.

* * * * *

FROM MR. L.A. SPALDING TO A. STEWARD

DEAR FRIEND:

In August last, Israel Lewis, accompanied by Rev. Nathaniel Paul called upon me and exhibited a power of attorney, signed by you as president of the trustees of the colony, authorizing Lewis to take loans, &c., for the benefit of the colony.

Feeling a deep interest in the progress of the colony, I agreed to become security with E. Peck, at the Bank of Rochester, for the payment of seven hundred dollars, which soon was raised by Lewis on the note, for the benefit of the colony. I was in hopes to have seen you. E. Peck and myself, both are willing to aid you in your noble enterprise,--and may others feel the same disposition. But as we have families and friends, who look to us for support and protection, it is proper that we should have your personal pledge to save us from embarrassment.

We know your character _well_, and we have also great confidence in Israel Lewis, and the others engaged with you,--but none of them are so thoroughly known to us as yourself.

Our asking for your personal pledge, does not arise from any fears that the note will not be paid; but as it was signed to aid you, we think it proper that you should respond by guaranteeing that we shall not be injured.

I accordingly copy the note in question, and write a guarantee which I wish you to sign and hand to my brother.

I feel much anxiety in regard to your progress; in your forming schools; religious and temperance societies; and in your taking every measure to elevate the unfortunate colored man who may go to your colony for protection and improvement.

Very Respectfully Yours,

LYMAN A. SPALDING.

AUSTIN STEWARD.

Lockport, N.Y. 1831.

* * * * *

FROM THE CONVENTIONAL BOARD, PHILADELPHIA, PA., TO A. STEWARD.

MR. AUSTIN STEWARD, Wilberforce, U.C.,

Esteemed Friend:--I am charged by the conventional board, to inform you that at the last session of the general convention, you was duly elected their _General Corresponding Agent_, for the Wilberforce Settlement and parts adjacent. Respectfully and in an official capacity, would I ask you to accept the appointment.

And in pursuance of the said appointment, the board would be happy to have at least a monthly correspondence from you, on all such matters as may, in your opinion, be thought conducive to the prosperity of the settlement, the elevation and future happiness of the free people of color.

In particular, we would wish you to give as accurate an account as possible, of the number of settlers; the number of acres as purchased; at what price; what number are improved and under culture; what number of houses or tenements are in the Settlement, &c., &c.

What are your present prospects in regard to crops; your political advantages or disadvantages.

We would also respectfully ask you to inform us, what number of settlers might emigrate there each year, without injuring the Settlement. Also, what kind of machines you most need; also, what are the terms for which laborers are contracted for and how paid.

The board have been thus particular, because they rely with full confidence on your _patriotism_ and capability, which have been unanimously assigned to you.

You will perceive our object is, to contribute, as far as lays in our power, pecuniary_ aid, and assist in securing you such _agricultural_ and _mechanical_ emigrants as, in your opinion, the Settlement may need; and in all our recommendations to you, we shall endeavor to have an eye to character, knowing full well that by that alone you must _stand_ or _fall_.

We have been informed here by a letter (purporting to be written by a Mr. Stover), that the Canada Company actually refuses to sell land to colored persons; and that they are anxious to buy out the colored settlers at Wilberforce.

Be pleased to inform me if that be a fact, with its particulars; and if there be any disadvantages in purchasing land by colored emigrants.

The board would be happy to know if you have had any news from your agent in England. If any, what are his prospects?

You will please be particular and candid in stating your wants (as well as disadvantages) to us, as we will do our utmost to satisfy them, as well as promote the happiness of the settlers, and the prosperity of the Settlement.

Be pleased to answer as soon as possible, for we as brothers in common, feel deeply interested.

With sentiments of sincere friendship,

I remain, yours,

JUNIUS C. MORRELL.

A true copy from the record.

* * * * *

RESOLUTIONS PASSED BY THE BOARD OF MANAGERS OF THE WILBERFORCE COLONY.

At a meeting of the Board of Managers, held September 30th, 1831, to call the Agents to an account:

Resolved, That the Report of N. Paul be accepted, and unanimously agreed to.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors, all the members present, March 18th, 1832:

Resolved, That we disapprove of the conduct of Israel Lewis, in his being absent so long, and also his not communicating with the Board of Directors, and not informing them from time to time, how he is prosecuting his agency.

Resolved, That the chairman of this board be instructed to write to said Lewis, to return home, and lay before this board his doings.

At a meeting of the Board, held April 1st, 1832, all the members and Israel Lewis present with them, he made the following Report, and resigned his office as agent, which was accepted:

Lewis said that seven hundred dollars was all that he had collected. That he paid one hundred and fifty dollars for board in New York, thirty-five dollars for clothes, and two hundred dollars to N. Paul, as an out-fit for England.

* * * * *

CIRCULAR.

THE BOARD OF MANAGERS FOR THE COLONY,

To the Christians and Philanthropists in the United States:

We, the undersigned inhabitants and Board of Managers for the Colony of Wilberforce, beg leave to state that the frost cut off the crops in this part of the country last year, and some of the colonists are in great need of assistance. And we flatter ourselves that when the peculiar circumstances of this infant Settlement are duly considered, this appeal, to a generous and discriminating public, will not be made in vain.

The board are sensible from the cause above stated, that the inhabitants of Wilberforce will be _compelled_ to ask _aid_ from the friends of humanity in the States, or they must _suffer_.

Under these circumstances they commissioned the Rev. James Sharp, as their agent, and sent him to the States; but owing to the opposition of Israel Lewis,--who had been formerly employed as agent, but was removed from the agency--his labors were almost wholly lost to the board.

We would simply say, that Lewis was acting for a _certain_ company here; but we have made inquiries, and find but _one man_ in Wilberforce that belongs to said company, and he is an old man, in his dotage. That man is _Simon Wyatt_. We might say _more_, but we think there has been enough written to satisfy the public.

In consequence of the unfaithfulness of Israel Lewis, and the numerous agents that may be looking around the country after him, the board have come to the conclusion to dispense with a traveling agent for the present.

And we would humbly request Lyman A. Spalding, Esq., of Lockport; E. Peck, Esq., of Rochester; Rev. Dr. Budd, of Auburn; Charles Davis, Esq., of Ludlowville, Tompkins County, N.Y.; Arthur Tappan, Esq., city of New York; to act as receivers for the Colony. The above named gentlemen, will see that the funds which they may receive, be faithfully applied according to the wishes of the donors.

All money placed in each of the banks at Rochester and a duplicate sent on to the Colony, may be cashed here without any discount.

To Christians we appeal: by the brotherhood of Christ, and by their own hopes of being united in him, to extend to us the means of obtaining bread; give us, in the name of Jesus, of your abundance; give us, as God has blessed you, for the poor among us want bread and clothing.

It is to be hoped that every clergyman in the States, will lay this circular before their respective congregations, and give every person an opportunity to throw in their mite into the treasury of the Lord!

AUSTIN STEWARD, _Pres't_ JOSEPH TAYLOR, _Sec'y._ PHILIP HARRIS,

JOHN WHITEHEAD, PETER BUTLER, SAMUEL PETERSON, WILLIAM BROWN.

* * * * *

FROM REV. J. BUDD TO A. STEWARD AND OTHERS.

MESSRS. PAUL AND STEWARD:

I have ever taken a great degree of interest in the welfare of your colony, and have in various ways, brought it before the public.

It has pained me deeply to learn that there are divisions among you. The whole deportment and manner of Lewis, who has been here, has evidently impressed the public in his favor. Although I do not wish to take ground as his advocate, to the extinction of others, I am not inclined to think him dishonest from the testimony now before me.

But, apart from him, my present impression is that the most effectual way for you to promote the cause of the Colony, is not, at this stage of the business, to appear before the public in a hostile attitude to Lewis.

I know some excellent and prominent gentlemen in this quarter, who think he is unkindly treated; at any rate, while the investigation, lately commenced at Albany, is going on, it appears to me not wise in you to put forth any further publication reflecting upon Lewis. He may have acted imprudently; but he has excited himself very much, and should the idea prevail that you and he are in a state of collision, it would be very bad for you.

I consider your Colony as a very important matter, and will do all in my power to promote your welfare, but it is very material not to prejudice the public against you.

Before I move in the matter, I wish to know the real state of the matter between Lewis and the Colony. As soon as I can know that he has defrauded you and deceived the public, I will not hesitate to give my views on the subject, and put forth any efforts in my power for your advancement.

There should no sectarian or party feeling be allowed to creep into your institution.

I thank you for naming me as a receiver for your Colony, and should anything come to me, I shall hand it over to James S. Seymour, Esq., Cashier of the Bank of Auburn, who should have been named instead of me. I hope you will put his name in my place, or at any rate, name him with me, for he has been from the first, much interested in your behalf.

If you will allow me, I will briefly say, that my opinion is, your best way to relieve your immediate wants, would be to issue a brief circular, stating the failure of your crops, your newness of settlement, &c., &c.; and call upon the public for help, without naming Lewis or alluding to your difficulty with him; let your papers be properly authorized, and say that the agent you employ is not engaged in getting funds to pay for land, found schools, &c., but to get _immediate_ provisions for the Colony.

If you will send an agent here and prepare your circular in this way--let it be short--and I will print it and give copies of it to him for circulation, free of charge.

With many prayers for the prosperity of your Colony,

I am your Friend,

JOHN BUDD.

Auburn, N.Y., May, 1833.

* * * * *

REPLY TO J. BUDD BY A. STEWARD.

To THE REV. J. BUDD,

Sir:--We feel under renewed obligation to you, for you friendly advice; but we have already sent out several copies of our circular to different places, and probably some of them have been printed before this time.

We have no object in view, but truth, justice,--the greatest good of the Settlement, and of our brethren in general. Israel Lewis has, however, collected large sums of money, for our relief, of which we have not had the benefit. Nearly two years ago, he was appointed agent for the Colony, to collect funds to build a meeting-house, to endow schools, &c. In less than one year he received more than two thousand dollars, which he squandered; and we have neither _meeting-house_ nor _schools_, nor never _will have_, so long as the money goes into the hands of Lewis. All that we would have forgiven him gladly, if he would consent to be _still_ and not _usurp_ the agency _against_ the wishes of the people.

Sir, is it not expected that he would appear well; as you say, that "the whole deportment and manner of Lewis, who has been in this place, evidently have impressed the people in his favor,"--while collecting money with the eye of the public upon him. But follow him home into another kingdom, and there see the man in his true character; stripped of his borrowed plumage,--and we will guarantee that you would agree with us, in believing that he _is_ an _arch hypocrite_.

We should be sorry to prejudice the public against our Settlement, more especially when we are actuated by the purest motives,--that of preventing the Christian public from being imposed upon, by drawing large sums from them for us, as they suppose, when in _truth_ such sums _never_ reach us at all.

Sir, we know that you are actuated by the purest motives, but you are deceived in the character of the man, (Lewis). When I was living in the States and only saw him there, collecting money for the poor, I thought him honest as you now do; but two or three years' residence in Wilberforce Colony, has abundantly satisfied me that his object is to get money, that he may live in a princely style, and not for the benefit of the poor as he pretends.

Such are the true facts in the case. We should be glad to have the name of James S. Seymour, Esq., added to the list, and any other prominent citizen you may think would help the cause.

In regard to the investigation at Albany, we do not see how the public are to arrive at the facts in the case from any statement Lewis may make; for all his statements that I have seen in print, are positively void of truth, in the most essential part, so that they are of little or no importance at all unless substantiated by other testimony.

The circular contains no testimony that has not been heretofore laid before the public. Mr. Benjamin Paul recently wrote a letter to the editors of "The Baptist Register," in which he stated that Lewis had fed and clothed the colonists like a father, which is not true; and so sensible was Paul of the fact, that when the letter reached here, together with the surprise it created wherever Lewis was known, that Paul cheerfully contradicted it, confessed that he was mistaken, and thus made it known to the public.

We certainly have no sectional feelings in the matter, though Lewis has labored hard to impress the public with a contrary belief; and he has even brought false charges of the basest kind against our more respectable citizens, all to draw the attention of the public from the true facts in the case.

It is a general time of health here in the Colony. The season is very favorable; our crops look well, and with the blessings of God we shall raise enough to supply our wants this year.

Yours, with due respect,

In behalf of the Colonists,

A. STEWARD.

Wilberforce, June, 1833.

* * * * *

FROM A. STEWARD TO G. BANKS AND OTHERS.

MESSRS. BANKS, WILBER, BROCKENBERG & HARRIS:

I have received a communication through your corresponding secretary, Mr. James C. Brown, and I hasten to answer it. The last communication I have received from Mr. N. Paul, was in December, 1833, at which time he was vigorously prosecuting his mission, as will more fully appear by the annexed copy of said letter, which I cheerfully send you. His return is expected daily.

[Copy OF N. PAUL'S LETTER.]

MY DEAR BROTHER STEWARD:

When I last addressed you, I informed you that I expected to leave this country before a return letter from you could be expected. I therefore stated, if I remember correctly, that you need not write.

I now find that I shall be detained much longer than I then calculated; and this detention is owing to the Slavery question. The friends of the cause, advised me to forego my object, until that question was settled; and then they would turn their attention to my cause, and render me what assistance they could.

All their united strength was needed now, while that question was pending. But thanks be to God, that is now settled. On the first day of August next, will be the proudest day that ever Britain knew; for from that time henceforth, there will not remain a single slave throughout His Majesty's dominions.

The friends of the cause are now turning their attention to Slavery in the United States, and are about to form a society for the abolition of Slavery throughout the world. They all think highly of our Settlement, and will give it their cordial support.

The leading abolitionists have given me letters of recommendation throughout the Kingdom, and have appointed one of their most effective men to travel with me,--his name is John Scoble, a very ready, intelligent, earnest, and an eloquent speaker. I think I can do more now in one month, than I could in three before the question was settled in regard to their own slaves.

You will at once see that although the people concluded my object to be an important one, yet, they generally thought that they ought to lend all their aid in removing the stain from their own land first This stain is now effectually effaced, and my meetings are exceedingly crowded. I addressed an audience at Norwich of from three to four thousand persons, week before last, when about five hundred dollars was collected. So you see I am getting on. I start, the Lord willing, next week for Scotland, and shall spend the winter there and in the North of England. In the spring I shall return and take passage for Canada. I doubt not, that you are anxiously looking for my return; yet, you cannot want to see me more than I want to return; but I tell you now as I have told you before, that I shall not return until I have done all that can be done by my labor.

Yours,

N. PAUL.

SIRS:

The above copy will give you all the recent information we have received concerning the mission of our foreign agent.

Please accept my kindest regards, with my acknowledgments of your distinguished consideration, while I remain,

Yours truly,

AUSTIN STEWARD.

Wilberforce, U.C.

* * * * *

FROM A. STEWARD TO MR. NELL.

DEAR SIR:

We are glad to acknowledge your favor of October last, and to hear of your safe arrival in England, your health and fair prospects.

Since my removal to Wilberforce, I have opened a school, which Mrs. Steward has engaged to teach for one year; while I shall probably devote my time to traveling through the States, for the benefit of the Colony, which is indeed poor, and in want of some assistance; and yet, not a dollar have we in the treasury to help them with.

Mr. Paul has not returned, though we are daily expecting him. Our friends in New York, still have confidence in his pledge to do right; and we are anxiously expecting its fulfilment.

Your wife, Mrs. Nell, and the children are well, and we are still doing all in our power for their comfort; but my means, in consequence of having been so much abroad the past season, are limited; by which you will see, my dear Sir, the necessity of remitting funds to me, that I may make your family more comfortable in all things, without distressing my own.

The settlers are well, and are looking with hopeful expectancy for you to do something handsome for them, in which I do hope they may not be disappointed. Lewis is still in New York. We have appointed another agent, named Scott, but who is doing nothing for the Colony now.

May the blessings of God rest upon you, and your endeavors; your good deportment put to silence your enemies; may they who foresee that you will cheat the poor colored children, be sadly mistaken, and your good deeds finally enrol your name on the proud list of philanthropists, headed by a Wilberforce and a Clarkson.

Yours, in great haste,

AUSTIN STEWARD.

Wilberforce, Dec., 1835.

* * * * *

FROM L.A. SPALDING TO A. STEWARD AND OTHERS.

DEAR FRIENDS:

I have received a letter from Israel Lewis, New York, requesting me to forward fifty dollars to the treasurer of the Wilberforce Colony, which I will do at the first convenience. I sent fifty dollars some time since, which I presume was received.

I have also received a letter from B. Lundy, who speaks very flatteringly of the Settlement; but gives me some information relating to Lewis, which will injure you, unless you act wisely.

Now I suggest for your consideration, whether it would not be best to keep perfectly quiet relative to him, until after he returns and settles with the directors. If he cannot then satisfy you, he will no doubt surrender up his documents and agency like a man, and leave you to appoint another.

By all means you must agree among yourselves, not suffering any difference of opinion to become public. Your enemies will seize upon this, and injure your prospects; besides, you gain nothing by it. Your friends too, could then say that you acted imprudently. I hope to have a good account of the settlement of your difficulties if any should exist.

Respectfully your Friend,

LYMAN A. SPALDING.

AUSTIN STEWARD & BENJ. PAUL.

Lockport, N.Y., 2d Mo., 4th, 1832.

* * * * *

FROM REV. S.E. CORNISH TO A. STEWARD.

DEAR STEWARD:

I have this day received your letter, and God willing, I will be with you in the course of ten or twelve days. Please to keep your people together, until I come. I will see that they be not oppressed by that notorious Israel Lewis. I believe him to be one of the worst men living, whose deeds will yet come to light. Do stay in the Colony and keep all things as they are until I come.

Yours, with high esteem,

SAMUEL E. CORNISH.

P.S.--I am glad that Mrs. Steward is in Rochester; your Colony is by no means suited to her talents and refined mind. She never could be happy there. My love to all the Colonists; I will do every thing for them in my power. S.E.C.

* * * * *

FROM B. LUNDY TO A. STEWARD AND OTHERS.

ESTEEMED FRIENDS:

Again I take this method of communicating some private information to my personal friends, relative to my proceedings in Mexico. My last visit to that country, (like the one preceding), having been prolonged far beyond the time which I had anticipated, I feel it incumbent on me to explain the causes thereof especially to such as take an interest in the enterprize in which I have engaged, and those who have kindly assisted me with, means to defray the expenses of my journey, &c.

Soon after the date of my last printed letter, which was issued from this place, I went to New Orleans, with the intention of taking a passage by sea, to some port in Mexico; but after waiting in that city about two weeks, and finding no opportunity to obtain one, I proceeded up the Red River, and journeyed through Texas again by land. My health continued very good for some length of time; but when I reached the middle part of the Texas country, it was my misfortune to come again in contact with the direful "cholera," and again I was the subject of its virulent attacks. My detention was great, and affliction severe; though I finally expelled the disorder as I had done before. My sufferings were somewhat aggravated in several instances, by the fearful prejudices of the people among whom I traveled. I was very anxious to get through my journey, and often assayed to travel before I was in fact well enough. The consequence was, that I frequently took relapses, and sometimes had to lie out under trees, even in time of rain, within sight of houses, the people being unwilling to give me shelter therein, fearing that my disorder was contagious.

At length I reached the Mexican town of San Antonio de Bexar, and there I tarried, until I had got pretty well rid of the cholera. I then pursued my journey to Monclova, the seat of government for the State of Coahuila and Texas, in company with several Mexican gentlemen and foreigners. Previous to this time, I had traveled several hundred miles entirely alone, and generally encamped in the woods or plains at night. On my arrival at Monclova, I was doomed to encounter "misfortune" of a very different character. Here I found that the Englishman, (mentioned in my other letter), with whom I had contracted to petition for two grants of land, _had totally failed in his application_. The petition had been laid before the Governor, and he was about issuing the grants, when he received a _decree_ from the Legislature--which was then in session--forbidding him to grant any more land, under any pretext. This measure was taken to prevent the great land speculators from carrying on their swindling operations in Texas. An act was soon after passed by that body, repealing all their Colonization laws; and thus every hope that I had so fondly entertained, and each fair prospect, seemingly so near its realization, _was instantly blasted and utterly destroyed_! If ever the fortitude of man was tried, mine was then. If ever stoic philosophy might be successfully called to the aid of human courage, I felt the necessity of invoking it upon that occasion. Nearly two years of toil, privation and peril, have been wasted. My sufferings had been great, though my spirit soared on the bouyancy of hope. Now the fair superstructure of an important enterprise, whose ideal magnitude had employed my mind, to the exclusion of many hardships endured, suddenly vanished from my sight, and left before me a hideous and gloomy void with no other encouragement than total disappointment, conscious poverty and remediless despair! What _should_ I then have done? My health was restored, but my detention and consequent expenses had been so great that my funds were nearly exhausted. I came to the country for an important purpose; and I reasoned with myself thus; although my way is closed in this State, cannot something be done _elsewhere_? I will not boast of the stoutest heart among men, but mine _must not quail_. Something further _must_ be

done if possible, and I will try.

In the course of my travels, I had seen a part of the adjoining State of Tamaulipas, and had been informed that the colonization laws thereof were liberal. I was even aware that some parts of it are more suitable for the culture of the sugar cane, than any tract I could have obtained in Coahuila and Texas. And upon a little reflection, I determined to make further investigations in Tamaulipas, and had been informed of the State. As soon as my horse was a little rested, I set out, _alone_, on a journey of between four and five hundred miles, part of the way through an awfully mountainous region, and much of it an uninhabited wilderness. I encamped out almost every night, during the whole journey; very seldom near any human habitation. I had no fire-arms nor anything to defend myself against the ferocious beasts of the forest, which I had evidence to convince me were frequently numerous, and not far distant. In two weeks I reached the city of Matamoras, in the State of Tamaulipas, quite destitute of funds, after parting with almost every disposable article belonging to my wardrobe, &c. The people of this place being all perfect strangers to me, I did not for a while unfold to them the real object of my visit; but instead thereof, I opened a shop, and commenced working at my old trade-- the saddling business. I soon got as much work as I could do--supported myself, replenished my pocket, made some acquaintance with a number of people, and obtained more information respecting the Colonization laws of the State. A few weeks elapsed, while I was employed in this way. I then mounted my horse again, and proceeded to the capital of the State; and after negotiating for some time with the Governor and Council of the State, I succeeded in obtaining a grant of land, upon advantageous terms. I then performed another journey of almost two hundred and fifty miles, "alone," to Matamoras again; and soon thereafter embarked for the United States.

My friends will thus perceive that I have not been idle; though much time has been occupied in my last expedition. I shall not attempt to excite their sympathy by exhibiting the twentieth part of what I have suffered. I do not even like to look back upon some of the scenes through which I have passed. But thanks to a kind and all-sustaining Providence, complete success has at last crowned my exertions. I strove hard to command it; and I leave it to others to say whether I have _deserved_ it or not.

The terms upon which I have obtained my grant of land will be noticed in a public address, which I shall forward with this letter.

Since my arrival in this place, I have been confined by sickness; but am now convalescent, and shall visit my friends to the eastward, as soon as circumstances will permit. I cannot close this communication without an expression of my sincere thanks to those kind friends who rendered me assistance in defraying the expenses of my last Mexican tour. Their favors will be most gratefully remembered, and I shall feel myself under additional obligations to labor for the melioration of the condition of the poor and suffering _slave_.

In the next number of the "Genius of Universal Emancipation," I shall insert the names of those who contributed to aid me in the prosecution of my enterprise; and correct information relative to all proceedings therein, will be given in the pages of that work, as the business connected with it progresses.

I am, most respectfully, your Friend,

B. LUNDY.

N. & B. PAUL, AUSTIN STEWARD, REV. J. SHARP.

Nashville, 5th Mo., 1835.

THE END.

==========

Uncle Tom's Cabin, Young Folks' Edition

Harriet Beecher Stowe

Project Gutenberg Release: February 01, 2004 · eBook #11171

[Transcriber's note: there is no Chapter XI.]

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

YOUNG FOLKS' EDITION

By

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

CHAPTER I

UNCLE TOM AND LITTLE HARRY ARE SOLD

Very many years ago, instead of having servants to wait upon them and work for them, people used to have slaves. These slaves were paid no wages. Their masters gave them only food and clothes in return for their work.

When any one wanted servants he went to market to buy them, just as nowadays we buy horses and cows, or even tables and chairs.

If the poor slaves were bought by kind people they would be quite happy. Then they would work willingly for their masters and mistresses, and even love them. But very often cruel people bought slaves. These cruel people used to beat them and be unkind to them in many other ways.

It was very wicked to buy and sell human beings as if they were cattle. Yet Christian people did it, and many who were good and kind otherwise thought there was no wrong in being cruel to their poor slaves. 'They are only black people,' they said to themselves. 'Black people do not feel things as we do.' That was not kind, as black people suffer pain just in the same way as white people do.

One of the saddest things for the poor slaves was that they could never long be a happy family all together--father, mother, and little brothers and sisters--because at any time the master might sell the father or the mother or one of the children to some one else. When this happened those who were left behind were very sad indeed--more sad than if their dear one had died.

Uncle Tom was a slave. He was a very faithful and honest servant, and his master, Mr. Shelby, was kind to him. Uncle Tom's wife was called Aunt Chloe. She was Mr. Shelby's head cook, and a very good one too, she was. Nobody in all the country round could make such delicious pies and cakes as Aunt Chloe.

Uncle Tom and Aunt Chloe lived together in a pretty little cottage built of wood, quite close to Mr. Shelby's big house.

The little cottage was covered with climbing roses, and the garden was full of beautiful bright flowers and lovely fruit trees.

Uncle Tom and Aunt Chloe lived happily for many years in their little cottage, or cabin, as it was called. All day Uncle Tom used to work in the fields, while Aunt Chloe was busy in the kitchen at Mr. Shelby's house. When evening came they both went home to their cottage and their children, and were merry together.

Mr. Shelby was a good man, and kind to his slaves, but he was not very careful of his money. When he had spent all he had, he did not know what to do to get more. At last he borrowed money from a man called Haley, hoping to be able to pay it back again some day.

But that day never came. Haley grew impatient, and said, 'If you don't pay what you owe me, I will take your house and lands, and sell them to pay myself back all the money I have lent to you.'

So Mr. Shelby sold everything he could spare and gathered money together in every way he could think of, but still there was not enough.

Then Haley said, 'Give me that slave of yours called Tom--he is worth a lot of money.'

But Mr. Shelby knew that Haley was not a nice man. He knew he did not want Tom for a servant, but only wanted to sell him again, to make more money. So Mr. Shelby said, 'No, I can't do that. I never mean to sell any of my slaves, least of all Tom. He has been with me since he was a little boy.'

'Oh very well,' said Haley, 'I shall sell your house and lands, as I said I should.'

Mr. Shelby could not bear to think of that, so he agreed to let Haley have Tom. He made him promise, however, not to sell Tom again except to a kind master.

'Very well,' said Haley, 'but Tom isn't enough. I must have another slave.'

Just at this moment a little boy came dancing into the room where Mr. Shelby and Haley were talking.

He was a pretty, merry little fellow, the son of a slave called Eliza, who was Mrs. Shelby's maid.

'There now,' said Haley, 'give me that little chap, as well as Tom, and we will say no more about the money you owe me.'

'I can't,' said Mr. Shelby. 'My wife is very fond of Eliza, and would never hear of having Harry sold.'

'Oh, very well,' said Haley once more, 'I must just sell your house.'

So again Mr. Shelby gave in, and Haley went away with the promise that next morning Uncle Tom and little Harry should be given to him, to be his slaves.

CHAPTER II

ELIZA RUNS AWAY WITH LITTLE HARRY

Mr. Shelby was very unhappy because of what he had done. He knew his wife would be very unhappy too, and he did not know how to tell her.

He had to do it that night, however, before she went to bed.

Mrs. Shelby could hardly believe it. 'Oh, you do not mean this,' she said. 'You must not sell our good Tom and dear little Harry. Do anything rather than that. It is a wicked, wicked thing to do.

'There is nothing else I can do,' said Mr. Shelby. 'I have sold everything I can think of, and at any rate now that Haley has set his heart on having Tom and Harry, he would not take anything or anybody instead.'

Mrs. Shelby cried very much about it, but at last, though she was very, very unhappy she fell asleep.

But some one whom Mr. and Mrs. Shelby never thought of was listening to this talk.

Eliza was sitting in the next room. The door was not quite closed, so she could not help hearing what was said. As she listened she grew pale and cold and a terrible look of pain came into her face.

Eliza had had three dear little children, but two of them had died when they were tiny babies. She loved and cared for Harry all the more because she had lost the others. Now he was to be taken from her and sold to cruel men, and she would never see him again. She felt she could not bear it.

Eliza's husband was called George, and was a slave too. He did not belong to Mr. Shelby, but to another man, who had a farm quite near. George and Eliza could not live together as a husband and wife generally do. Indeed, they hardly ever saw each other. George's master was a cruel man, and would not let him come to see his wife. He was so cruel, and beat George so dreadfully, that

the poor slave made up his mind to run away. He had come that very day to tell Eliza what he meant to do.

As soon as Mr. and Mrs. Shelby stopped talking, Eliza crept away to her own room, where little Harry was sleeping. There he lay with his pretty curls around his face. His rosy mouth was half open, his fat little hands thrown out over the bed-clothes, and a smile like a sunbeam upon his face.

'My baby, my sweet-one,' said Eliza, 'they have sold you. But mother will save you yet!'

She did not cry. She was too sad and sorrowful for that. Taking a piece of paper and a pencil, she wrote quickly.

[Illustration]

'Oh, missis! dear missis! don't think me ungrateful--don't think hard of me, anyway! I heard all you and master said to-night. I am going to try to save my boy--you will not blame me I God bless and reward you for all your kindness!'

Eliza was going to run away.

She gathered a few of Harry's clothes into a bundle, put on her hat and jacket, and went to wake him.

Poor Harry was rather frightened at being waked in the middle of the night, and at seeing his mother bending over him, with her hat and jacket on.

'What is the matter, mother?' he said beginning to cry.

[Illustration]

'Hush,' she said, 'Harry mustn't cry or speak aloud, or they will hear us. A wicked man was coming to take little Harry away from his mother, and carry him 'way off in the dark. But mother won't let him. She's going to put on her little boy's cap and coat, and run off with him, so the ugly man can't catch him.'

Harry stopped crying at once, and was good and quiet as a little mouse, while his mother dressed him. When he was ready, she lifted him in her arms, and crept softly out of the house.

It was a beautiful, clear, starlight night, but very cold, for it was winter-time. Eliza ran quickly to Uncle Tom's cottage, and tapped on the window.

Aunt Chloe was not asleep, so she jumped up at once, and opened the door. She was very much astonished to see Eliza standing there with Harry in her arms. Uncle Tom followed her to the door, and was very much astonished too.

'I'm running away, Uncle Tom and Aunt Chloe--carrying off my child,' said Eliza. 'Master sold him.'

'Sold him?' they both echoed, lifting up their hands in dismay.

'Yes, sold him,' said Eliza. 'I heard master tell missis that he had sold my Harry, and you, Uncle Tom. The man is coming to take you away to-morrow.'

At first Tom could hardly believe what he heard. Then he sank down, and buried his face in his hands.

'The good Lord have pity on us!' said Aunt Chloe. 'What has Tom done that master should sell him?'

[Illustration]

'He hasn't done anything--it isn't for that. Master don't want to sell; but he owes this man money. If he doesn't pay him it will end in his having to sell the house and all the slaves. Master said he was sorry. But missis she talked like an angel. I'm a wicked girl to leave her so, but I can't help it. It must be right; but if it an't right, the good Lord will forgive me, for I can't help doing it.

'Tom,' said Aunt Chloe, 'why don't you go too? There's time.'

Tom slowly raised his head and looked sorrowfully at her.

'No, no,' he said. 'Let Eliza go. It is right that she should try to save her boy. Mas'r has always trusted me, and I can't leave him like that. It is better for me to go alone than for the whole place to be sold. Mas'r isn't to blame, Chloe. He will take care of you and the

poor--'

Tom could say no more. Big man though he was, he burst into tears, at the thought of leaving his wife and dear little children, never to see them any more.

'Aunt Chloe,' said Eliza, in a minute or two, 'I must go. I saw my husband to-day. He told me he meant to run away soon, because his master is so cruel to him. Try to send him a message from me. Tell him I have run away to save our boy. Tell him to come after me if he can. Good-bye, good-bye. God bless you!'

Then Eliza went out again into the dark night with her little boy in her arms, and Aunt Chloe shut the door softly behind her.

CHAPTER III

THE MORNING AFTER

Next morning, when it was discovered that Eliza had run away with her little boy, there was great excitement and confusion all over the house.

Mrs. Shelby was very glad. 'Thank God!' she said. 'I hope Eliza will get right away. I could not bear to think of Harry being sold to that cruel man.'

Mr. Shelby was angry. 'Haley knew I didn't want to sell the child,' he said. 'He will blame me for this.'

One person only was quite silent, and that was Aunt Chloe. She went on, making the breakfast as if she heard and saw nothing of the excitement round her.

All the little black boys belonging to the house thought it was fine fun. Very soon, about a dozen young imps were roosting, like so many crows, on the railings, waiting for Haley to come. They wanted to see how angry he would be, when he heard the news.

And he was dreadfully angry. The little nigger boys thought it was grand. They shouted and laughed and made faces at him to their hearts' content.

At last Haley became so angry, that Mr. Shelby offered to give him two men to help him to find Eliza.

But these two men, Sam and Andy, knew quite well that Mrs. Shelby did not want Eliza to be caught, so they put off as much time as they could.

They let loose their horses and Haley's too. Then they frightened and chased them, till they raced like mad things all over the great lawns which surrounded the house.

Whenever it seemed likely that a horse would be caught, Sam ran up, waving his hat and shouting wildly, 'Now for it! Cotch him! Cotch him!' This frightened the horses so much that they galloped off faster than before.

Haley rushed up and down, shouting and using dreadful, naughty words, and stamping with rage all the time.

At last, about twelve o'clock, Sam came riding up with Haley's horse. 'He's cotched,' he said, seemingly very proud of himself. 'I cotched him!'

Of course, now it was too late to start before dinner. Besides, the horses were so tired with all their running about, that they had to have a rest.

When at last they did start, Sam led them by a wrong road. So the sun was almost setting before they arrived at the village where Haley hoped to find Eliza.

CHAPTER IV

THE CHASE

When Eliza left Uncle Tom's cabin, she felt very sad and lonely. She knew she was leaving all the friends she had ever had behind her.

At first Harry was frightened. Soon he grew sleepy. 'Mother, I don't need to keep awake, do I?' he said.

'No, my darling, sleep, if you want to.'

'But, mother, if I do get asleep, you won't let the bad man take me?'

'No!'

'You're sure, an't you, mother?'

'Yes, sure.'

[Illustration]

Harry dropped his little weary head upon her shoulder, and was soon fast asleep.

Eliza walked on and on, never resting, all through the night. When the sun rose, she was many miles away from her old home. Still she walked on, only stopping, in the middle of the day, to buy a little dinner for herself and Harry at a farm-house.

At last, when it was nearly dark, she arrived at a village, on the banks of the river Ohio. If she could only get across that river, Eliza felt she would be safe.

She went to a little inn on the bank, where a kind-looking woman was busy cooking supper.

'Is there a boat that takes people across the river now?' she asked.

'No, indeed,' replied the woman. 'The boats has stopped running. It isn't safe, there be too many blocks of ice floating about.'

Eliza looked so sad and disappointed when she heard this, that the good woman was sorry for her. Harry too was so tired, that he began to cry.

[Illustration]

'Here, take him into this room,' said the woman, opening the door into a small bed-room.

Eliza laid her tired little boy upon the bed, and he soon fell fast asleep. But for her there was no rest. She stood at the window, watching the river with its great floating blocks of ice, wondering how she could cross it.

As she stood there she heard a shout. Looking up she saw Sam. She drew back just in time, for Haley and Andy were riding only a yard or two behind him.

It was a dreadful moment for Eliza. Her room opened by a side door to the river. She seized her child and sprang down the steps towards it.

Haley caught sight of her as she disappeared down the bank. Throwing himself from his horse, and calling loudly to Sam and Andy, he was after her in a moment.

In that terrible moment her feet scarcely seemed to touch the ground. The next, she was at the water's edge.

On they came behind her. With one wild cry and flying leap, she jumped right over the water by the shore, on to the raft of ice beyond. It was a desperate leap. Haley, Sam, and Andy cried out, and lifted up their hands in astonishment.

The great piece of ice pitched and creaked as her weight came upon it. But she stayed there not a moment. With wild cries she leaped to another and still another--stumbling--leaping--slipping--springing up again!

Her shoes were gone, her stockings cut from her feet by the sharp edges of the ice. Blood marked every step. But she knew nothing, felt nothing, till dimly, as in a dream, she saw the Ohio side, and a man helping her up the bank.

'Yer a brave gal, now, whoever ye are!' said the man.

'Oh, save me--do save me--do hide me,' she cried.

'Why, what's the matter?' asked the man.

'My child! this boy--mas'r sold him. There's his new mas'r,' she said, pointing to the other shore. 'Oh, save me.'

'Yer a right brave gal,' said the man. 'Go there,' pointing to a big white house close by. 'They are kind folks; they'll help you.'

'Oh, thank you, thank you,' said Eliza, as she walked quickly away. The man stood and looked after her wonderingly.

On the other side of the river Haley was standing perfectly amazed at the scene. When Eliza disappeared over the bank he turned and looked at Sam and Andy, with terrible anger in his eyes.

But Sam and Andy were glad, oh, so glad, that Eliza had escaped. They were so glad that they laughed till the tears rolled down their cheeks.

'I'll make ye laugh,' said Haley, laying about their heads with his riding whip.

They ducked their heads, ran shouting up the bank, and were on their horses before he could reach them.

'Good evening, mas'r,' said Sam. 'I berry much 'spect missis be anxious 'bout us. Mas'r Haley won't want us no longer.' Then off they went as fast as their horses could gallop.

It was late at night before they reached home again, but Mrs. Shelby was waiting for them. As soon as she heard the horses galloping up she ran out to the balcony.

'Is that you, Sam?' she called. 'Where are they?'

'Mas'r Haley's a-restin' at the tavern. He's dreffful fatigued, missis.'

'And Eliza, Sam?'

'Come up here, Sam,' called Mr. Shelby, who had followed his wife, 'and tell your mistress what she wants to know.'

So Sam went up and told the wonderful story of how Eliza had crossed the river on the floating ice. Mr. and Mrs. Shelby found it hard to believe that such a thing was possible.

Mrs. Shelby was very, very glad that Eliza had escaped. She told Aunt Chloe to give Sam and Andy a specially good supper. Then they went to bed quite pleased with their day's work.

CHAPTER V

ELIZA FINDS A REFUGE

A lady and gentleman were sitting talking happily together in the drawing-room of the white house to which Eliza had gone. Suddenly their old black man-of-all-work put his head in at the door and said, 'Will missis come into the kitchen?'

The lady went. Presently she called to her husband, 'I do wish you would come here a moment.'

He rose and went into the kitchen.

There lay Eliza on two kitchen chairs. Her poor feet were all cut and bleeding, and she had fainted quite away. The master of the house drew his breath short, and stood silent.

[Illustration]

His wife and the cook were trying to bring Eliza round. The old man had Harry on his knee, and was busy pulling off his shoes and stockings, to warm the little cold feet.

'Poor creature,' said the lady.

Suddenly Eliza opened her eyes. A dreadful look of pain came into her face. She sprang up saying, 'Oh, my Harry, have they got him?'

As soon as he heard her voice, Harry jumped from the old man's knee, and running to her side, put up his arms.

'Oh, he's here! he's here,' she said, kissing him. 'Oh, ma'am,' she went, on turning wildly to the lady of the house, 'do protect us, don't let them get him.'

'Nobody shall hurt you here, poor woman,' said the lady. 'You are safe; don't be afraid.'

'God bless you,' said Eliza, covering her face and sobbing, while Harry, seeing her crying, tried to get into her lap to comfort her.

'You needn't be afraid of anything; we are friends here, poor woman. Tell me where you come from and what you want,' said the lady.

'I came from the other side of the river,' said Eliza.

'When?' said the gentleman, very much astonished.

'To-night.'

'How did you come?'

'I crossed on the ice.'

'Crossed on the ice!' exclaimed every one.

'Yes,' said Eliza slowly, 'I did. God helped me, and I crossed on the ice. They were close behind me--right behind, and there was no other way.'

'Law, missis,' said the old servant, 'the ice is all in broken up blocks, a-swinging up and down in the water.'

'I know it is. I know it,' said Eliza wildly. 'But I did it. I would'nt have thought I could--I didn't think I could get over, but I didn't care. I could but die if I didn't. And God helped me.'

'Were you a slave?' said the gentleman.

'Yes, sir.'

'Was your master unkind to you?'

'No, sir.'

'Was your mistress unkind to you?'

'No, sir--no. My mistress was always good to me.'

'What could make you leave a good home, then, and run away, and go through such danger?'

'They wanted to take my boy away from me--to sell him--to sell him down south, ma'am. To go all alone--a baby that had never been away from his mother in his life. I couldn't bear it. I took him, and ran away in the night. They chased me, they were coming down close behind me, and I heard 'em. I jumped right on to the ice. How I got across I don't know. The first I knew, a man was helping me up the bank.'

It was such a sad story, that the tears came into the eyes of everyone who heard her tell it.

[Illustration]

'Where do you mean to go to, poor woman?' asked the lady.

'To Canada, if I only knew where that was. Is it very far off, is Canada'? said Eliza, looking up in a simple, trusting way, to the kind lady's face.

'Poor woman,' said she again.

'Is it a great way off?' asked Eliza.

'Yes,' said the lady of the house sadly, 'it is far away. But we will try to help you to get there.' Eliza wanted to go to Canada, because it belonged to the British. They did not allow any one to be made a slave there. George, too, was going to try to reach

Canada.

'Wife,' said the gentleman, when they had gone back again into their own sitting-room, 'we must get that poor woman away to-night. She is not safe here. I know some good people, far in the country, who will take care of her.'

So this kind gentleman got the carriage ready, and drove Eliza and her boy a long, long way, through the dark night, to a cottage far in the country. There he left her with a good man and his wife, who promised to be kind to her, and help her to go to Canada. He gave some money to the good man too, and told him to use it for Eliza.

CHAPTER VI

UNCLE TOM SAYS GOOD-BYE

The day after the hunt for Eliza was a very sad one in Uncle Tom's cabin. It was the day on which Haley was going to take Uncle Tom away.

Aunt Chloe had been up very early. She had washed and ironed all Tom's clothes, and packed his trunk neatly. Now she was cooking the breakfast,--the last breakfast she would ever cook for her dear husband. Her eyes were quite red and swollen with crying, and the tears kept running down her cheeks all the time.

'It's the last time,' said Tom sadly.

Aunt Chloe could not answer. She sat down, buried her face in her hands, and sobbed aloud.

'S'pose we must be resigned. But, O Lord, how can I? If I knew anything where you was goin', or how they'd treat you! Missis says she'll try and buy you back again in a year or two. But, Lor', nobody never comes back that goes down there.'

'There'll be the same God there, Chloe, that there is here.'

'Well,' said Aunt Chloe, 's'pose dere will. But the Lord lets drefful things happen sometimes. I don't seem to get no comfort dat way.'

'Let's think on our mercies,' said Tom, in a shaking voice.

'Mercies!' said Aunt Chloe, 'don't see any mercies in 't. It isn't right! it isn't right it should be so! Mas'r never ought to have left it so that ye could be took for his debts. Mebbe he can't help himself now, but I feel it's wrong. Nothing can beat that out of me. Such a faithful crittur as ye've been, reckonin' on him more than your own wife and chil'en.'

'Chloe! now, if ye love me, you won't talk so, when it is perhaps jest the last time we'll ever have together,' said Tom.

'Wall, anyway, there's wrong about it somewhere,' said Aunt Chloe, 'I can't jest make out where 'tis. But there is wrong somewhere, I'm sure of that.'

Neither Tom nor Chloe could eat any breakfast; their hearts were too full of sorrow. But the little children, who hardly understood what was happening, enjoyed theirs. It was not often that they had such a fine one as Chloe had cooked for Tom's last morning at home.

[Illustration]

Breakfast was just finished, when Mrs. Shelby came. Chloe was not very pleased to see her. She was angry, and blamed her for letting Tom be sold.

But Mrs. Shelby did not seem to see Aunt Chloe's angry looks. 'Tom,' she said, turning to him, 'I come to--' she could say no more, she was crying so bitterly.

Then all Aunt Chloe's anger faded away.

'Lor', now missis, don't-don't,' she said. She too burst out crying again, and for a few minutes they all sobbed together.

'Tom,' said Mrs. Shelby at last, 'I can't do anything for you now. But I promise you, most solemnly, to save as much, money as I can. As soon as I have enough, I will buy you back again.'

Just then Haley arrived. Tom said a last sad good-bye to his wife and children, and got into the cart, which Haley had brought with him.

As soon as Tom was seated in the cart, Haley took a heavy chain, and fastened it round his ankles. Poor Tom had done nothing wrong, yet he was treated worse than a thief, just because he was a slave.

'You don't need to do that,' said Mrs. Shelby, 'Tom won't run away.'

'Don't know so much about that, ma'am; I've lost one already. I can't afford to run any more risks,' replied Haley.

'Please give my love to Mas'r George,' said Tom, looking round sadly. 'Tell him how sorry I am he is not at home to say good-bye.'

Master George was Mr. and Mrs. Shelby's son. He was very fond of Tom, and was teaching him to write. He often used to come and have tea in Uncle Tom's little cottage. Aunt Chloe used to make her very nicest cakes when Mas'r George came to tea. But he was not at home now, and did not know that Tom had been sold.

Haley whipped up the horse, and, with a last sad look at the old place, Tom was whirled away to a town called Washington.

CHAPTER VII

UNCLE TOM MEETS EVA

Haley stayed in Washington several days. He went to market each day and bought more slaves. He put heavy chains on their hands and feet, and sent them to prison along with Tom.

When he had bought all the slaves he wanted, and was ready to go, he drove them before him, like a herd of cattle, on to a boat which was going south.

It was a beautiful boat. The deck was gay with lovely ladies and fine gentlemen walking about enjoying the bright spring sunshine.

Down on the lower deck, in the dark, among the luggage, were crowded Tom and the other poor slaves.

Some of the ladies and gentlemen on board were very sorry for the poor niggers, and pitied them. Others never thought about them at all, or if they did, thought it was quite just and proper that they should be treated badly. 'They are only slaves,' they said.

Among the passengers was a pretty little girl, about six years old. She had beautiful golden hair, and big blue eyes. She ran about here, there, and everywhere, dancing and laughing like a little fairy. There were other children on board, but not one so pretty or so merry as she. She was always dressed in white, and Tom thought she looked like a little angel, as she danced and ran about.

Often and often she would come and walk sadly around the place where the poor slaves sat in their chains. She would look pityingly at them, and then go slowly away. Once or twice she came with her dress full of sweets, nuts, and oranges, and gave them all some.

Tom watched the little lady, and tried to make friends with her. His pockets were full of all kinds of things, with which he used to amuse his old master's children.

He could make whistles of every sort and size, cut baskets out of cherry-stones, faces out of nut-shells, jumping figures out of bits of wood. He brought these out one by one, and though the little girl was shy at first, they soon grew to be great friends.

'What is missy's name?' said Tom one day.

'Evangeline St. Clare,' said the little girl; 'though papa and everybody else call me Eva. Now, what's your name?'

'My name's Tom. The little chil'en at my old home used to call me Uncle Tom.'

'Then I mean to call you Uncle Tom, because, you see, I like you,' said Eva. 'So, Uncle Tom, where are you going?'

'I don't know, Miss Eva.'

'Don't know?' said Eva.

'No. I'm going to be sold to somebody. I don't know who.'

'My papa can buy you, said Eva quickly. 'If he buys you you will have good times. I mean to ask him to, this very day.'

'Thank you, my little lady,' said Tom.

Just at this moment, the boat stopped at a small landing-place to take in some wood. Eva heard her father's voice, and ran away to speak to him.

Tom too rose and walked to the side. He was allowed to go about now without chains. He was so good and gentle, that even a man like Haley could not help seeing that it could do no harm to let him go free.

Tom helped the sailors to carry the wood on the boat. He was so big and strong that they were very glad to have his help.

[Illustration]

Eva and her father were standing by the railings as the boat once more began to move. It had hardly left the landing-stage when, some how or other, Eva lost her balance. She fell right over the side of the boat into the water.

Tom was standing just under her, on the lower deck, as she fell. In one moment he sprang after her. The next he had caught her his arms, and was swimming with her to the boat-side, where eager hands were held out to take her.

The whole boat was in confusion. Every one ran to help Eva, while the poor slave went back to his place, unnoticed and uncared for.

But Mr. St. Clare did not forget.

The next day Tom sat on the lower deck, with folded arms, anxiously watching him as he talked to Haley.

Eva's father was a very handsome man. He was like Eva, with the same beautiful blue eyes and golden-brown hair. He was very fond of fun and laughter, and though he had quite made up his mind to buy Tom, he was now teasing Haley, and pretending to think that he was asking too much money for him.

[Illustration]

'Papa do buy him, it's no matter what you pay', whispered Eva softly, putting her arms around her father's neck. 'You have money enough, I know. I want him.'

'What for, pussy? Are you going to use him for a rattle-box, or a rocking-horse, or what?'

'I want to make him happy.'

Mr. St. Clare laughed; but after making a few more jokes about it, he gave Haley the money he asked for, and Tom had a new master.

'Come, Eva,' said Mr. St. Clare, and, taking her hand, went across the boat to Tom.

'Look up, Tom,' he said to him, 'and see how you like your new master.'

Tom looked up. Mr. St. Clare had such a gay, young, handsome face, that Tom could not help feeling glad. Grateful tears rushed to his eyes as he said, 'God bless you, mas'r.'

'Can you drive horses, Tom?'

'I've been allays used to horses,' said Tom.

'Well, I think I'll make you a coachman. But you must not get drunk.'

Tom looked surprised and a little hurt.

'I never drink', mas'r,' he said.

'Never mind, my boy,' said Mr. St. Clare, seeing him look so grave; 'I don't doubt you mean to do well.'

'I certainly do, mas'r,' said Tom.

'And you shall have good times,' said Eva. 'Papa is very good to everybody, only he always will laugh at them.'

'Papa is much obliged to you,' said Mr. St. Clare laughing, as he walked away.

CHAPTER VIII

ELIZA AMONG THE QUAKERS

While Uncle Tom was sailing South, down the wide river, to his new master's home, Eliza with her boy was travelling north to Canada.

Kind people helped her all the way. She passed from friend to friend, till she arrived safely at a village where the people were Quakers.

The Quakers were gentle, quiet people. They all dressed alike in plain grey clothes, and the women wore big, white muslin caps. Because they thought it was wicked to have slaves, they helped those who ran away from their cruel masters. Often they were punished for doing this, but still they went on helping the poor slaves. For though the laws said it was wrong, they felt quite sure that it was really right to do so.

The kind Quaker women grew to be very fond of Eliza, and would have been glad if she would have stayed with them.

But Eliza said, 'No, I must go on; I dare not stop. I can't sleep at night: I can't rest. Last night I dreamed I saw that man come into the yard.'

'Poor child,' said Rachel, the kind Quaker woman to whom she was speaking, 'poor child, thee mustn't feel so. No slave that has run away has ever been stolen from our village. It is safe here.'

While they were talking, Simeon, Rachel's husband, came to the door and called, 'Wife, I want to speak to thee a minute.'

Rachel went out to him. 'Eliza's husband is here,' he said.

'Art thee sure?' asked Rachel, her face bright with joy.

'Yes, quite certain; he will be here soon. Will thee tell her?'

Rachel went back into the kitchen, where Eliza was sewing, and, opening the door of a small bedroom, said gently, 'Come in here with me, my daughter; I have news to tell thee.'

Eliza rose trembling, she was so afraid it was bad news.

'No, no! never fear thee. It's good news, Eliza,' said Simeon,

Rachel shut the door, and drew Eliza towards her. 'The Lord has been very good to thee,' she said gently. 'Thy husband hath escaped, and will be here to-night.'

'To-night!' repeated Eliza, 'to-night!'

Then it seemed as if the room and everything in it swam round her, and she fell into Rachel's arms.

Very gently Rachel laid her down on the bed. Eliza slept as she had not slept since the dreadful night when she had taken her boy and run away through the cold, dark night.

She dreamed of a beautiful country--a land, it seemed to her, of rest--green shores, pleasant islands, and lovely glittering water. There in a house, which kind voices told her was her home, she saw Harry playing happily. She heard her husband's footstep. She felt him coming nearer. His arms were around her, his tears falling upon her face, and she awoke.

It was no dream. The sun had set, the candles were lit. Harry was sleeping by her side, and George, her husband, was holding her in his arms.

CHAPTER IX

UNCLE TOM'S NEW HOME

Uncle Tom soon settled down in his new home. He was as happy as he could be, so far away from his wife and dear little children. He had a kind master.

Mrs. St. Clare, however, was not nearly so nice as her husband. She was cruel, and would often have beaten her poor slaves, but Mr. St. Clare would not allow it.

She always pretended that she was very ill, and spent most of her time lying on a sofa, or driving about in her comfortable carriage.

Mrs. St. Clare said she really was too ill to look after the house, so everything was left to the slaves. Soon things began to be very uncomfortable, and even good-natured Mr. St. Clare could stand it no longer.

He went to his cousin, Miss Ophelia St. Clare, and begged her to come and keep house for him, and to look after Eva. It was on the journey back with her that the accident to Eva happened, which ended in his buying Tom.

Miss Ophelia was a very prim and precise person, not at all like the St. Clares. In her home people did not have slaves. Though her cousin had a great many, and was kind to them, she could not help seeing that it was a very wicked thing to buy and sell men and women as if they were cattle. She was very, very sorry for the poor slaves, and would have liked to free them all. Yet she did not love them. She could not bear even to have them near her, nor to touch them, just because they were black.

[Illustration]

It made her quite ill to see Eva kissing and hugging the black slave women when she came home.

'Well, I couldn't do that,' she said.

'Why not?' said Mr. St. Clare, who was looking on.

'Well, I want to be kind to every one. I wouldn't have anybody hurt. But, as to kissing niggers--' she gave a little shudder. 'How can she?'

Presently a gay laugh sounded from the court. Mr. St. Clare stepped out to see what was happening.

'What is it?' said Miss Ophelia, following him.

There sat Tom on a little mossy seat in the court. Every one of his buttonholes was stuck full of flowers. Eva, laughing gaily, was hanging a wreath of roses round his neck. Then, still laughing, she perched on his knee like a little sparrow.

'Oh, Tom, you look so funny!'

Tom had a sober smile on his face. He seemed in his own quiet way to be enjoying the fun quite as much as his little mistress. When he lifted his eyes and saw his master he looked as if he were afraid he might be scolded. But Mr. St. Clare only smiled.

'How can you let her do that?' said Miss Ophelia.

'Why not?' said Mr. St. Clare.

'Why? I don't know. It seems dreadful to me.'

'You would think it was quite right and natural if you saw Eva playing with a large dog, even if he was black. But a fellow-creature that can think, and reason, and feel, and is immortal, you shudder at. I know how you north-country people feel about it. You loathe the blacks as you would a toad or a snake. Yet you pity them, and are angry because they are often ill-treated.'

'Well, cousin,' said Miss Ophelia thoughtfully, 'I daresay you are right. I suppose I must try to get over my feeling.'

CHAPTER X

UNCLE TOM'S LETTER

Uncle Tom felt that he was indeed very fortunate to have found such a kind master and so good a home. He had nice clothes, plenty of food, and a comfortable room to sleep in. He had no hard, disagreeable work to do. His chief duties were to drive Mrs. St. Clare's carriage when she wanted to go out, and to attend on Eva when she wanted him. He soon grew to love his little mistress very, very much indeed.

Mr. St. Clare too began to find Tom very useful. He was dreadfully careless about money, and his chief servant was just as careless as his master. So between them a great deal was not only spent but wasted.

Mr. Shelby had trusted Tom in everything, and Tom had always been careful of his master's money--as careful as if it had been his own. Waste seemed dreadful to him, and he tried to do something to stop it now.

Mr. St. Clare was not long in finding out how clever Tom was, and soon trusted him as thoroughly as Mr. Shelby had done.

But in spite of all his good fortune, Tom used to long very much to go home to see his dear ones again. He had plenty of spare time, and whenever he had nothing to do he would pull his Bible out of his pocket and try to find comfort in reading it.

[Illustration]

But as time went on, Uncle Tom longed more and more for his home. At last one day he had a grand idea. He would write a letter.

Before Uncle Tom was sold, George Shelby had been teaching him to write so he thought he could manage a letter.

He begged a sheet of writing-paper from Eva, and going to his room began to make a rough copy on his slate.

It was very difficult. Poor Uncle Tom found that he had quite forgotten how to make some of the letters. Of those he did remember, he was not quite sure which he ought to use. Yes, it was a very difficult thing indeed.

While he was working away, breathing very hard over it, Eva came behind him, and peeped over his shoulder.

'Oh, Uncle Tom! what funny things you are making there!'

Eva put her little golden head close to Uncle Tom's black one, and the two began a grave and anxious talk over the letter. They were both very earnest, and both very ignorant. But after a great deal of consulting over every word, the writing began, they really thought, to look quite like a proper letter.

'Yes, Uncle Tom, it begins to look beautiful,' said Eva, gazing on it with delight. 'How pleased your wife will be, and the poor little children! Oh, it is a shame that you ever had to go away from them! I mean to ask papa to let you go back, some day.'

'Missis said that she would send down money for me, as soon as they could get it together,' said Tom. 'Young Mas'r George, he said he'd come for me. He gave me this dollar as a sign,' and Tom drew the precious dollar from under his coat.

'Oh, he is sure to come, then,' said Eva, 'I am so glad.'

'I wanted to send a letter, you see, to let 'em know where I was, and tell poor Chloe that I was well off, 'cause she felt so dreadful, poor soul.'

'I say, Tom,' said Mr. St. Clare, coming in at the door at this minute.

Tom and Eva both started.

'What's this?' Mr. St. Clare went on, coming up and looking at the slate.

'Oh, it's Tom's letter. I'm helping him to write it,' said Eva. 'Isn't it nice?'

'I wouldn't discourage either of you,' said her father; 'but I rather think, Tom, you had better let me write your letter for you. I'll do it when I come home from my ride.'

'It is very important that he should write,' said Eva, 'because his mistress is going to send money to buy him back again, you know, papa. He told me they had said so.'

Mr. St. Clare thought in his heart that very likely this meant nothing. He thought it was only one of these things which good-natured people said to their slaves to comfort them when they were taken away from their dear ones to be sold. He did not really believe

Mrs. Shelby meant to buy Tom back again. However, he did not say so out loud, but just told Tom to get the horses ready for a ride.

That evening the letter was written, and Uncle Tom carried it joyfully to the post-office.

[Illustration]

CHAPTER XII

GEORGE FIGHTS FOR FREEDOM

The day after George and Eliza met each other once more at the end of so many sad months of parting, was a very happy one in the Quaker house.

The two had much to say to each other. George had to tell how he had escaped from his cruel master, and how he had followed Eliza all the way and at last found her. Then there were plans to make for going on towards Canada. It was arranged that they should start that night at ten o'clock. 'The pursuers are hard after thee, we must not delay,' said Simeon.

Rachel was happy and busy, packing up food and clothes for them to take on the journey.

Late in the afternoon another Quaker, called Phineas, came with the dreadful news that the wicked men, whom Haley had sent to catch Eliza, were only a few miles away.

So George and Eliza decided to start as soon as it was dark. A little while after supper a large covered waggon drew up before the door. They got in and the waggon drove off.

On and on, all through the dark night they drove. About three o'clock, George heard the click of a horse's hoof coming behind them.

'That's Simeon,' said Phineas, who was driving, as he pulled up the horses to listen.

'Halloa, there, Simeon,' he shouted, 'what news? Are they coming?'

'Yes, right on behind, eight or ten of them.'

'Oh! what shall we do?' groaned Eliza.

But Phineas knew the road well. He lashed the horses till they flew along, the waggon rattling and jumping over the hard road behind them.

[Illustration]

On they went till they came to a place where the rocks rose straight up from the road like a wall. It seemed impossible for any one to climb up there. But Phineas knew a way.

He stopped the horses. 'Here, Simeon,' he said, 'take the waggon, and drive on as fast as thou canst, and bring back help. Now follow me,' he said to the others, 'quick, for your lives. Run now, if you you ever did run.'

Quicker than we can say it, they were following him up a tiny narrow path to the top of the rocks, and Simeon was galloping the horses with the empty waggon along the road.

'We are pretty safe here,' said Phineas, when they had reached the top. 'Only one person can come up that path at a time. If any one tries it, shoot him.'

The men who were chasing them had now arrived at the foot of of the rocks. They were led by a big man called Tom Loker, and another mean-looking little man, whom Haley had sent.

After some hunting about, they found the path, and, headed by Tom Loker, began to climb up.

'Come up if you like,' George called out, 'but if you do we will shoot you.'

For answer, the little man took aim at George, and fired.

Eliza screamed, but the shot did not hurt him. It passed close to his hair, nearly touched her cheek, and, struck a tree behind.

Tom Loker came on. George waited until he was near enough, then he fired. The shot hit him in the side. But, though wounded, he would not go back. With a yell like that of a mad bull he came leaping on, and sprang right in among them.

Quakers are not allowed to use guns and pistols, so Phineas had been standing back while George shot. Now he sprang forward. As Tom Loker landed in the middle of them, he gave him a great push, saying, 'Friend, thee isn't wanted here.'

Down fell Tom Loker, down, down the steep side of the rock. He crashed and crackled among trees, bushes, logs, loose stones, till he lay bruised and groaning far below. The fall might have killed him, had it not been broken by his clothes catching on the branches of a large tree.

Cruel people are, very often, cowardly too. When the men saw their leader first wounded, and then thrown down, they all ran away.

Mounting their horses, they rode off as fast as they could, leaving Tom Loker lying on the ground wounded and groaning with pain.

As soon as Phineas and the others saw that the wicked men had really ridden away, they climbed down, meaning to walk along the road till they met Simeon.

They had just reached the bottom, when they saw him coming back with the waggon and two other men.

'Now we are safe,' cried Phineas joyfully.

'Well, do stop then,' said Eliza, 'and do something for that poor man. He is groaning dreadfully.'

'It would be no more than Christian,' said George. 'Let us take him with us.'

They lifted the wounded man gently, as if he had been a friend instead of a cruel enemy, and laid him in the waggon. Then they all set out once more.

[Illustration]

A drive of about an hour brought them to a neat farm-house. There the tired travellers were kindly received and given a good breakfast.

Tom Loker was put into a comfortable bed, far cleaner and softer than any he had ever slept in before. George and Eliza walked about the garden hand-in-hand, feeling happy together, and almost safe. They were so near Canada now.

CHAPTER XIII

AUNT DINAH

Miss Ophelia found that it was no easy matter to bring anything like order into the St. Clare household. The slaves had been left to themselves so long, and had grown so untidy, that they were not at all pleased with Miss Feely, as they called her, for trying to make them be tidy. However, she had quite made up her mind that order there must be. She got up at four o'clock in the morning, much to the surprise of the housemaids. All day long she was busy dusting and tidying, till Mrs. St. Clare said it made her tired to see cousin Ophelia so busy.

CHAPTER XIV

TOPSY

One morning, while Miss Ophelia was busy, as usual, she heard Mr. St. Clare calling her from the foot of the stairs.

'Come down here, cousin. I have something to show you.'

'What is it?' said Miss Ophelia, coming down with her sewing in her hand.

'I have bought something for you. See here,' he said, pulling forward a little negro girl of about eight or nine years old.

She was quite black. Her round, shining eyes glittered like glass beads. Her wooly hair was plaited into little tails which stuck out in all directions. Her clothes were dirty and ragged. Miss Ophelia thought she had never seen such a dreadful little girl in all her life.

'Cousin, what in the world have you brought that thing here for?' she asked, in dismay.

'For you to teach, to be sure, and train in the way she should go,' said Mr. St. Clare, laughing. 'Topsy,' he went on, 'this is your new mistress. See, now, that you behave yourself.'

'Yes, mas'r,' said Topsy gravely, but her eyes had a wicked twinkle in them.

'You're going to be good, Topsy, you understand?' said Mr. St. Clare.

'Oh yes, mas'r' said Topsy again, meekly folding her hands, but with another twinkle in her eyes.

'Now cousin, what is this for? Your house is full of these little plagues as it is. I get up in the morning and find one asleep behind the door; see one black head poking out from under the table; another lying on the mat. They tumble over the kitchen floor, so that a body can't put their foot down without treading on them. What on earth did you want to bring this one for?'

'For you to teach, didn't I tell you?'

'I don't want her, I'm sure. I have more to do with them now than I want.'

'Well the fact is, cousin,' said Mr. St. Clare, drawing her aside, 'she belonged to some people who were dreadfully cruel and beat her. I couldn't bear to hear her screaming every day, so I bought her. I will give her to you. Do try and make something of her.'

'Well, I'll do what I can,' said Miss Ophelia. 'She is fearfully dirty, and half naked.'

'Well, take her downstairs, and tell somebody to clean her up, and give her some decent clothes.'

Getting Topsy clean was a very long business. But at last it was done.

Then, sitting down before her, Miss Ophelia began to question her.

'How old are you, Topsy?'

'Dunno, missis,' said she, grinning like an ugly little black doll.

'Don't know how old you are! Did nobody ever tell you? Who was your mother?'

'Never had none,' said Topsy, with another grin.

'Never had any mother! What do you mean? Where were you born?'

'Never was born.'

'You mustn't answer me like that, child,' said Miss Ophelia sternly. 'I am not playing with you. Tell me where you were born, and who your father and mother were.'

'Never was born,' said Topsy again very decidedly. 'Never had no father, nor mother, nor nothin!'

Miss Ophelia hardly knew what to make of her. 'How long have you lived with your master and mistress, then?' she asked.

'Dunno, missis.'

'Is it a year, or more, or less?'

'Dunno, missis.'

'Have you ever heard anything about God, Topsy?' asked Miss Ophelia next.

Topsy looked puzzled, but kept on grinning.

'Do you know who made you?'

'Nobody as I knows on,' replied Topsy, with a laugh. 'Spect I grow'd. Don't think nobody ever made me.'

[Illustration]

'Do you know how to sew?' asked Miss Ophelia, quite shocked.

'No, missis.'

'What can you do? What did you do for your master and mistress?'

'Fetch water, and wash dishes, and clean knives, and wait on folks.'

'Well, now, Topsy, I'm going to show you just how my bed is to be made. I am very particular about my bed. You must learn exactly how to do it.'

'Yes, missis,' said Topsy, with a deep sigh and a face of woeful earnestness.

'Now, Topsy, look here. This is the hem of the sheet. This is the right side of the sheet. This is the wrong. Will you remember?'

'Yes, missis,' said Topsy with another sigh.

'Well, now, the under-sheet you must bring over the bolster--so, and tuck it right down under the mattress nice and smooth--so. Do you see?'

'Yes, missis.'

'But the upper sheet,' said Miss Ophelia, 'must be brought down in this way, and tucked under, firm and smooth, at the foot--so, the narrow hem at the foot.'

'Yes, missis,' said Topsy as before. But while Miss Ophelia was bending over the bed she had quickly seized a pair of gloves and a ribbon, which were lying on the dressing-table, and slipped them up her sleeves. When Miss Ophelia looked up again, the naughty little girl was standing with meekly-folded hand as before.

'Now, Topsy, let me see you do this,' said Miss Ophelia, pulling the clothes off again and seating herself.

Topsy, looking very earnest, did it all just as she had been shown. She did it so quickly and well that Miss Ophelia was very pleased. But, alas! as she was finishing, an end of ribbon came dangling out of her sleeve.

'What is this?' said Miss Ophelia, seizing it. 'You naughty, wicked child--you have been stealing this.'

The ribbon was pulled out of Topsy's own sleeve. Yet she did not seem a bit ashamed. She only looked at it with an air of surprise and innocence.

'Why, that's Miss Feely's ribbon, an't it? How could it a got into my sleeve?'

'Topsy, you naughty girl, don't tell me a lie. You stole that ribbon,'

'Missis, I declare I didn't. Never seed it till dis blessed minnit.'

'Topsy,' said Miss Ophelia, 'don't you know it is wicked to tell lies?'

'I never tells no lies, Miss Feely,' said Topsy. 'It's jist the truth I've been, tellin' now. It an't nothin' else.'

[Illustration]

'Topsy, I shall have to whip you, if you tell lies so.'

'Laws, missis, if you whip's all day, couldn't say no other way,' said Topsy, beginning to cry. 'I never seed dat ribbon. It must a caught in my sleeve. Miss Feely must'a left it on the bed, and it got caught in the clothes, and so got in my sleeve.'

Miss Ophelia was so angry at such a barefaced lie that she caught Topsy and shook her. 'Don't tell me that again,' she said.

The shake brought the gloves on the floor from the other sleeve.

'There,' said Miss Ophelia, 'will you tell me now you didn't steal the ribbon?'

Topsy now confessed to stealing the gloves. But she, still said she had not taken the ribbon.

'Now, Topsy', said Miss Ophelia kindly, 'if you will confess all about it I won't whip you this time.'

So Topsy confessed to having stolen both the ribbon and the gloves. She said she was very, very sorry, and would never do it again.

'Well, now, tell me,' said Miss Ophelia, 'have you taken anything else since you have been in the house? If you confess I won't whip you.'

'Laws, missis, I took Miss Eva's red thing she wears on her neck.'

'You did, you naughty child! Well, what else?'

'I took Rosa's ear-rings--them red ones.'

'Go and bring them to me this minute--both of them.'

'Laws, missis, I can't--they's burnt up.'

'Burnt up? What a story! Go and get them, or I shall whip you.'

Topsy began to cry and groan, and declare that she could not. 'They's burnt up, they is.'

'What did you burn them up for?' asked Miss Ophelia.

'Cause I's wicked, I is. I's mighty wicked, anyhow. I can't help it.'

Just at this minute Eva came into the room wearing her coral necklace.

'Why, Eva, where did you get your necklace?' said Miss Ophelia.

'Get it? Why, I have had it on all day,' answered Eva, rather surprised. 'And what is funny, aunty, I had it on all night too. I forgot to take it off when I went to bed.'

Miss Ophelia looked perfectly astonished. She was more astonished still when, next minute, Rosa, who was one of the housemaids, came in with a basket of clean clothes, wearing her coral ear-rings as usual.

I'm sure I don't know what to do with such a child,' she said, in despair. 'What in the world made you tell me you took those things, Topsy?'

'Why, missis said I must 'fess. I couldn't think of nothing else to 'fess,' said Topsy, wiping her eyes.

'But of course, I didn't want you to confess things you didn't do,' said Miss Ophelia. 'That is telling a lie just as much as the other.'

'Laws, now, is it?' said Topsy, looking surprised and innocent.

'Poor Topsy,' said Eva, 'why need you steal? You are going to be taken good care of now. I am sure I would rather give you anything of mine than have you steal it.'

Topsy had never been spoken to so kindly and gently in all her life. For a minute she looked as if she were going to cry. The next she was grinning as usual in her ugly way.

What was to be done with Topsy? Miss Ophelia was quite puzzled. She shut her up in a dark room till she could think about it.

'I don't see,' she said to Mr. St. Clare, 'how I am going to manage that child without whipping her.'

'Well, whip her, then.'

'I never heard of bringing up children without it,' said Miss Ophelia.

'Oh, well, do as you think best. Only, I have seen this child beaten with a poker, knocked down with the shovel or tongs, or anything that came handy. So I don't think your beatings will have much effect.'

'What is to be done with her, then?' said Miss Ophelia. 'I never saw such a child as this.'

But Mr. St. Clare could not answer her question. So Miss Ophelia had to go on, as best she could, trying to make Topsy a good girl.

She taught her to read and to sew. Topsy liked reading, and learned her letters like magic. But she could not bear sewing. So she broke her needles or threw them away. She tangled, broke, and dirtied her cotton and hid her reels. Miss Ophelia felt sure all these things could not be accidents. Yet she could never catch Topsy doing them.

In a very few days Topsy had learned how to do Miss Ophelia's room perfectly, for she was very quick and clever. But if Miss Ophelia ever left her to do it by herself there was sure to be dreadful confusion.

Instead of making the bed, she would amuse herself with pulling off the pillow-cases. Then she would butt her woolly head among the pillows, until it was covered with feathers sticking out in all directions. She would climb the bedpost, and hang head downwards from the top; wave the sheets and covers all over the room; dress the bolster up in Miss Ophelia's nightgown and act scenes with it, singing, whistling, and making faces at herself in the looking-glass all the time.

'Topsy,' Miss Ophelia would say, when her patience was at an end, 'what makes you behave so badly?'

'Dunno, missis--I'spects' cause I's so wicked.'

'I don't know what I shall do with you, Topsy.'

'Laws, missis, you must whip me. My old missis always did. I an't used to workin' unless I gets whipped.'

So Miss Ophelia tried it. Topsy would scream and groan and implore. But half an hour later she would be sitting among the other little niggers belonging to the house, laughing about it. 'Miss Feely whip!' she would say, 'she can't do it nohow.'

'Law, you niggers,' she would go on, 'does you know you's all sinners? Well, you is; everybody is. White folks is sinners too--Miss Feely says so. But I 'spects niggers is the biggest ones. But ye an't any of ye up to me. I's so awful wicked, there can't nobody do nothin' with me. I 'spects I's the wickedest crittur in the world.' Then she would turn a somersault, and come up bright and smiling, evidently quite pleased with herself.

CHAPTER XV

EVA AND TOPSY

Two or three years passed. Uncle Tom was still with Mr. St. Clare, far away from his home. He was not really unhappy. But always in his heart was the aching longing to see his dear ones again.

Now he began to have a new sorrow. He loved his little mistress Eva very tenderly, and she was ill.

He saw that she was growing white and thin. She no longer ran and played in the garden for hours together as she used to do. She was always tired now.

Miss Ophelia noticed it too, and tried to make Mr. St. Clare see it. But he would not. He loved his little Eva so much, that he did not want to believe that anything could be the matter with her.

Mrs. St. Clare never thought that any one, except herself, could be ill. So Eva grew daily thinner and weaker, and Uncle Tom and Aunt Ophelia more and more sad and anxious.

But at last she became so unwell, that even Mr. St. Clare had to own that something was wrong, and the doctor was sent for.

In a week or two she was very much better. Once more she ran about playing and laughing, and her father was delighted. Only Miss Ophelia and the doctor sighed and shook their heads. And little Eva herself knew; but she was not troubled. She knew she was going to God.

'Papa' she said one day, 'there are some things I want to say to you. I want to say them now while I am able.'

She seated herself on his knee, and laid her head on his shoulder.

'It is all no use, papa, to keep it to myself any longer. The time is coming when I am going to leave you. I am going, never to come back', and Eva sobbed.

'Eva, darling, don't say such things; you are better you know.'

'No, papa, I am not any better. I know it quite well, and I am going soon.'

'And I want to go,' she went on, 'only I don't want to leave you--it almost breaks my heart.'

'Don't, Eva, don't talk so. What makes you so sad?'

'I feel sad for our poor people. I wish, papa, they were all free. Isn't there any way to have all slaves made free?'

'That is a difficult question, dearest. There is no doubt that this way is a very bad one. A great many people think so. I do myself. I wish there was not a slave in the land. But then, I don't know what is to be done about it.'

'Papa, you are such a good man, and so noble and kind. Couldn't you go all around and try and persuade people to do right about this? When I am dead, papa, then you will think of me, and do it for my sake.'

'When you are dead, Eva! Oh, child, don't talk to me so.'

'Promise me at least, father, that Tom shall have his freedom, as soon as I am gone.'

'Yes, dear, I will do anything you wish. Only don't talk so.'

Miss Ophelia and Eva had been to church together. Miss Ophelia had gone to her room to take off her bonnet, while Eva talked to her father.

Suddenly Mr. St. Clare and his little girl heard a great noise coming from Miss Ophelia's room. A minute later she appeared, dragging Topsy behind her.

'Come out here' she was saying. 'I will tell your master.'

'What is the matter now?' asked Mr. St. Clare.

'The matter is that I cannot be plagued with this child any longer' said Miss Ophelia. 'It is past all bearing. Here, I locked her up, and gave her a hymn to learn. What does she do, but spy out where I put my key. She has gone to my wardrobe, taken a bonnet-trimming, and cut it all to pieces to make dolls' jackets! I never saw anything like it in my life.'

[Illustration]

'I don't know what to do' she went on; 'I have taught and taught. I have talked till I'm tired. I've whipped her. I've punished her in every way I can think of, and still she is as naughty as she was at first.'

'Come here, Topsy, you monkey,' said Mr. St. Clare.

Topsy came, her hard, round eyes glittering and blinking, half in fear, half in mischief.

'What makes you behave so?' said Mr. St. Clare, who could not help being amused at her funny expression.

'Spects it's my wicked heart; Miss Feely says so.'

'Don't you see how much Miss Ophelia has done for you? She says she has done everything she can think of.'

'Lor', yes, mas'r! Old missis used to say so, too. She whipped me a heap harder, and used to pull my hair and knock my head agin the door. But it didn't do me no good. I 'spect if they is to pull every hair out o' my head it wouldn't do no good neither. I's so wicked. Laws! I's nothin' but a nigger noways.'

'I shall have to give her up,' said Miss Ophelia. 'I can't have that trouble any longer.'

Eva had stood silent, listening. Now she took Topsy by the hand, and led her into a little room close by.

'What makes you so naughty, Topsy?' she said, with tears in her eyes. 'Why don't you try to be good? Don't you love anybody, Topsy?'

'Dunno nothin' 'bout love. I love candy, that's all.'

'But you love your father and mother?'

'Never had none, ye know. I telled ye that, Miss Eva.'

'Oh, I forgot,' said Eva sadly. 'But hadn't you any brother, or sister or aunt, or--'

'No, none on 'em. Never had nothin' nor nobody.'

'But, Topsy, if you would only try to be good you might--'

'Couldn't never be nothin' but a nigger, if I was ever so good,' said Topsy. 'If I could be skinned, and come white, I'd try then.'

'But people can love you, if you are black, Topsy. Miss Ophelia would love you if you were good.'

Topsy laughed scornfully.

'Don't you think so?' said Eva.

'No. She can't bear me, 'cause I'm a nigger. She'd as soon have a toad touch her. There can't nobody love niggers, and niggers can't do nothin'. I don't care,' and Topsy began whistling to show that she didn't.

'Oh, Topsy! I love you,' said Eva, laying her little, thin hand on Topsy's shoulder. 'I love you, because you haven't had any mother, or father, or friends; because you have been a poor, ill-used child. I love you, and I want you to be good. It makes me sorry to have you so naughty. I wish you would try to be good for my sake, because I'm going to die soon. I shan't be here very long.'

Topsy's round, bright eyes grew suddenly dim with tears. She did believe at last that it was possible for some one to love her. She laid her head down between her knees and wept and sobbed.

'Poor Topsy,' said Eva gently.

[Illustration]

'Oh, Miss Eva, dear Miss Eva,' cried the poor little black child, 'I will try, I will try. I never did care nothin' about it before.'

CHAPTER XVI

EVA'S LAST GOOD-BYE

It soon became quite plain to everybody that Eva was very ill indeed. She never ran about and played now, but spent most of the day lying on the sofa in her own pretty room.

Every one loved her, and tried to do things for her. Even naughty little Topsy used to bring her flowers, and try to be good for her sake.

Uncle Tom was a great deal in Eva's room. She used to get very restless, and then she liked to be carried about. He was so big and strong that he could do it very easily. He would walk about with her under the orange-trees in the garden, or sitting down on some of their old seats, would sing their favorite hymns.

He loved to do it, and could not bear to be long away from his little mistress. He gave up sleeping in his bed, and lay all night on the mat outside her door.

One day Eva made her aunt cut off a lot of her beautiful hair. Then she called all the slaves together, said good-bye to them, and gave them each a curl of her hair as a keepsake. They all cried very much, and said they would never forget her, and would try to be good for her sake.

A few nights later Miss Ophelia came quickly to Tom, as he lay on the mat outside Eva's door. 'Go, Tom,' she said, 'go as fast as you can for the doctor.'

Tom ran. But in the morning little Eva lay on her bed, cold and white, with closed eyes and folded hands.

She had gone to God.

Mr. St. Clare was very, very unhappy for a long time after Eva died. He had loved her so much, that now his life seemed quite empty without her.

He did not forget his promise to her about Tom. He went to his lawyer, and told him to begin writing out the papers that would make Tom free. It took some time to make a slave free.

'Well, Tom,' said Mr. St. Clare the day after he had spoken to his Lawyer, 'I'm going to make a free man of you. So have your trunk packed and get ready to set out for home.'

Joy shone in Uncle Tom's face. 'Bless the Lord,' he said, raising his hands to heaven.

Mr. St. Clare felt rather hurt. He did not like Tom to be so glad to leave him.

'You haven't had such a very bad time here that you need be in such rapture, Tom,' he said.

'No, no, mas'r! tan't that. It's bein' a free man! That's what I'm joyin' for.'

'Why, Tom, don't you think that you are really better off as you are?'

'No, indeed, Mas'r St. Clare,' said Tom, very decidedly; 'no, indeed.'

'But, Tom, you couldn't possibly have earned by your work such clothes and such nice, comfortable rooms and good food as I have given you.'

'I knows all that, Mas'r St. Clare. Mas'r has been too good. But, mas'r, I'd rather have poor clothes, poor house, poor everything, and have 'em mine than have the best, and have 'em any man's else. I had so, mas'r. I thinks it's nature, mas'r.'

'I suppose so, Tom. You will be going off and leaving me, in a month or two,' he said, rather discontentedly. 'Though why you shouldn't, I don't know,' he added, in a gayer voice.

[Illustration]

'Not while mas'r is in trouble,' said Tom. 'I'll stay with mas'r as long as he wants me--so as I can be of any use.'

'Not while I am in trouble, Tom?' said Mr. St. Clare, looking sadly out of the window. 'And when will my trouble be over?' Then half-smiling he turned from the window, and laid his hand on Tom's shoulder. 'Ah, Tom, you soft, silly boy,' he said. 'I won't keep you. Go home to your wife and children, and give them all my love.'

'Cousin,' said Miss Ophelia, coming into the room, 'I want to speak to you about Topsy.'

'What has she been doing now?'

[Illustration]

'Nothing; she is a much better girl than she used to be. But I want to ask you, whose is she--yours or mine?'

'Why yours, of course; I gave her to you,' said Mr. St. Clare.

'But not by law. There is no use my trying to make this child a Christian, unless I can be quite sure that she will not be sold as a slave again. If you are really willing I should have her, I want you to give me a paper saying she is mine.'

'But you think it is wicked to keep slaves. Now you want to have one of your own. Oh! shocking, cousin,' said Mr. St. Clare, who loved to tease.

'Nonsense! I only want to have her, so that I can set her free.'

'Very well,' said Mr. St. Clare, 'I will write the paper for you.' Then he sat down and began to read.

'But I want it done now,' said Miss Ophelia.

'Why are you in such a hurry?'

'Because now is the only time there ever is to do a thing in,' said Miss Ophelia. 'want to make sure of it. You may die or lose all your money. Then Topsy would be taken away and sold, in spite of anything I could say.'

Mr. St. Clare hated being made to do things when he didn't want to. However, after teasing his cousin a little more, he wrote out the paper, and Topsy belonged to Miss Ophelia. That evening Mr. St. Clare went out for a ride.

Tom saw him go, and asked if he should come too. 'No, my boy,' said Mr. St. Clare, 'I shall be back in an hour.'

Tom sat down on the verandah to wait till his master came home. While he waited, he fell asleep.

Presently he was awakened by loud knocking, and the sound of voices at the gate.

He ran to open it.

Several men were there carrying a load. It was Mr. St. Clare. He had been hurt in an accident, and was dying.

Very gently they laid him on a sofa. Nothing could be done. In a short time he had gone to join his little Eva.

CHAPTER XVII

UNCLE TOM'S NEW MASTER

There had been great grief in the house when Eva died. Now there was not only sorrow, but gloom and fear.

The kind master was dead, and the poor slaves asked themselves in despair what would happen to them now.

They were not long left in doubt. One morning Mrs. St. Clare told them that they were all to be sold. She was going back to her father's house to live, and would not want them any more.

Poor Uncle Tom! The news was a dreadful blow to him. For a few days he had been so happy in the thought of going home. Once more, after all these years, he thought he would see his dear wife and little children. Now, at one stroke, he had lost both his kind master and his hope of freedom.

Instead of going home, he was to be sent farther away than ever from his dear ones. He could not bear it. He tried to say, "Thy will be done", but bitter tears almost choked the words.

He had one hope left. He would ask Miss Ophelia to speak to Mrs. St. Clare for him.

'Mas'r St. Clare promised me my freedom, Miss Feely,' he said. 'He told me that he had begun to take it out for me. And now, perhaps, if you would be good enough to speak about it to missis, she would feel like going on with it. Seeing it was Mas'r St. Clare's wish, she might.'

'I'll speak for you, Tom, and do my best,' said Miss Ophelia. 'I haven't much hope, but I will try.'

So Miss Ophelia asked Mrs. St. Clare to set Tom free.

'Indeed, I shall do no such thing,' she replied. 'Tom is worth more than any of the other slaves. I couldn't afford to lose so much money. Besides, what does he want with his freedom? He is a great deal better off as he is.'

'But he does want it very much,' replied Miss Ophelia. 'And his master promised it to him.'

'I dare say he does want it,' replied Mrs. St. Clare. 'They all want it. Just because they are a discontented set, always wanting what they haven't got.'

'But Tom is so good and gentle, and such a splendid worker. If you sell him there is the chance of his getting a bad master.'

'Oh, I have no fear about that. Most masters are good, in spite of all the talk people make about it,' replied Mrs. St. Clare.

'Well', said Miss Ophelia at last, 'I know it was one of the last wishes of your husband that Tom should have his freedom. He promised dear little Eva that he should have it. I think you ought to do it.'

Then Mrs. St. Clare began to cry, and say every one was unkind to her, and Miss Ophelia saw it was no use saying anything more. There was only one other thing she could do. She wrote to Mrs. Shelby, telling her that poor Uncle Tom was going to be sold again. She asked her to send money to buy him back, as soon as possible.

The next day, Uncle Tom and the other slaves belonging to Mr. St. Clare were sent to market to be sold.

As Uncle Tom stood in the market-place, waiting for some one to buy him, he looked anxiously round. In the crowd of faces, he was trying to find one kind, handsome one, like Mr. St. Clare's. But there was none.

Presently a short, broad man, with a coarse, ugly face and dirty hands, came up to Tom. He looked him all over, pulled his mouth open and looked at his teeth, pinched his arms, made him walk and jump, and indeed treated him as he would a horse or cow he had wished to buy.

Tom knew from the way this man looked and spoke, that he must be bad and cruel. He prayed in his heart that this might not be his new master. But it was. His name was Legree. He bought Uncle Tom, several other men slaves, and two women. One of the women was a pretty young girl, who had never been away from her mother before, and who was very much afraid of her new master. The other was an old woman. The two women were chained together. The men, Uncle Tom among them, had heavy chains put on both hands and feet. Then Legree drove them all on to a boat which was going up the river to his plantation.

It was a sad journey. This time there was no pretty Eva, nor kind-hearted Mr. St. Clare, to bring any happiness to the poor slaves.

One of the first things Legree did was to take away all Tom's nice clothes which Mr. St. Clare had given him.

He made him put on his oldest clothes, then he sold all the others to the sailors.

Legree made his slaves unhappy in every way he could think of. Then he would come up to them and say, 'Come, come, I don't allow any sulky looks. Be cheerful, now, or--' and he would crack his whip in a way to make them tremble.

At last the weary journey was over. Legree and his slaves landed. His house was a long way from the river. The men slaves walked, while Legree and the two women drove in a cart.

Mile after mile they trudged along, over the rough road through wild and dreary country, till, hungry, thirsty, and tired, they arrived at the farm, or plantation as it was called.

Legree was not a gentleman like Mr. Shelby or Mr. St. Clare. He was a very rough kind of farmer. On his farm he grew cotton. The cotton had to be gathered and tied into bundles. Then he sold it to people who made it into calico, muslin, and other things, which we need to use and wear. Gathering cotton is very hard work.

The house Legree lived in had once been a very fine one, and had belonged to a rich gentleman. Now, it was old, neglected, and almost in ruins.

The house was bad enough, but the cabins where the slaves lived were far worse. They were roughly built of wood. The wind and the rain came through the chinks between the planks. There were no windows. The floors were nothing but the bare earth. There was no furniture of any kind in them, only heaps of dirty straw to sleep upon.

Uncle Tom felt more unhappy than ever. He had hoped at least to have a little room which he could keep clean and tidy. But this hole he did not even have to himself. He had to share it with five or six others.

Now began the saddest time of Uncle Tom's life. Every morning very early the slaves were driven out into the fields like cattle. All day long they worked hard. The burning sun blazed down upon them, making them hot and tired. Legree and his two chief slaves, called Quimbo and Sambo, marched about all the time with whips in their hands. At night they drove the slaves back again to their miserable huts.

But before they could rest, they had to grind and cook the corn for their supper. When at last they did go to sleep, they had to lie on the heaps of dirty straw instead of in comfortable beds.

CHAPTER XVIII

GEORGE AND ELIZA FIND FREEDOM

Tom Loker lay tossing and tumbling in his clean, comfortable bed at the Quaker farmhouse. A pretty, old Quaker lady, with white hair and a kind face, was nursing him. Tom Loker did not like being ill and having to lie in bed. He threw the clothes about, grumbling and using naughty words all the tune.

'I must ask thee, Thomas Loker, not to use such language,' said the nice lady, as she smoothed his sheets, and made his bed comfortable again for him.

'Well, I won't, granny, if I can help it,' he replied; 'but it is enough to make a fellow swear, it is so awfully hot.' He gave another great lunge, and made the sheets and blankets all untidy again.

'I suppose that fellow George and the girl Eliza are here,' he said, in a sulky voice, after a few minutes' silence.

'Yes, they are,' said the old lady.

'They had better get away across the lake,' said Tom Loker, 'the quicker the better.'

'Very likely they will do so,' said the old lady, calmly going on with her knitting.

'But, listen,' said Tom Loker, getting excited, 'there are people who are watching the boats for us. I don't care if I tell now. I hope they will get away, just to spite the others for going and leaving me as they did--the mean puppies, the--'

'Thomas Loker!' said the old lady.

'I tell you, granny, if you bottle a fellow up too tight he'll split,' said Tom Loker. 'But about Eliza--tell them to dress her up some way so as to alter her. We have sent a description of what she looks like to the town where the boats start from. She will be caught yet if she doesn't dress up differently.'

'I thank thee, Thomas Loker,' replied the old lady with her usual calmness. 'We will attend to that. Thank thee.' Then she went to tell George and Eliza what Tom Loker had said.

They were indeed very grateful to him, and very glad that they had not left him, as his own friends had done, to die by the roadside.

So next day Eliza cut off all her beautiful black hair, and dressed herself like a boy.

'Don't I make a pretty young fellow?' she said to George, laughing and blushing at the same time.

'You always will be pretty,' said George gravely, 'do what you will.'

'What makes you so sober?' asked Eliza, kneeling on one knee, and laying her hand on his. 'We are within twenty-four hours of Canada, they say. Only a day and a night on the lake, and then--oh, then!'

'O Eliza,' said George, holding her fast, 'that is just it. To be so near liberty, to be almost in sight of it--and then if we lost it. O Eliza, I should die.'

'Don't fear,' said Eliza hopefully. 'The good Lord would not have brought us so far if He didn't mean to save us. I seem to feel him with us, George.'

So George kissed his wife and took heart again. Then the kind old lady brought Harry in dressed as a little girl. And a very pretty girl he made too. They called him 'Harriet,' as it was so like Harry it was easy to remember.

Harry did not know his mamma, dressed as she was, and clung to the kind lady, feeling rather afraid of the strange young man. That was just as well, as he was too young to understand what this dressing-up and pretending meant, and he might have spoiled it all by calling the nice-looking young man 'Mamma.' So the kind lady was going with them, pretending to be the little girl's aunt.

When everything was ready they got into a cab, and drove to the wharf. The two young men, as they seemed to be, got out, Eliza helping the kind lady and little girl, while George saw to the luggage.

As he was standing at the office, taking the tickets, George overheard two men talking by his side.

'I've watched every one that came on board,' said one, 'and I know they are not on this boat.'

'You would scarcely know the woman from a white one,' said the other. 'The man is very fair too. He has an H burned into the palm of his hand.'

The hand with which George was taking the tickets and change trembled a little, but he turned calmly round, looked straight at the speaker, and then walked slowly away to where Eliza was waiting for him.

It was a terribly anxious time, but at last the bell rang, the boat began to move, and George and Eliza drew long sighs of relief as they saw the shore getting farther and farther away.

It was a lovely day. The blue waves of Lake Erie danced, rippling and sparkling, in the sunlight. Hour after hour the boat steamed on.

Night came; and in the morning, clear and beautiful before them, rose the shores of Canada.

George and his wife stood arm in arm as the boat came near the little town, where they were going to land. His breath came thick and short; a mist gathered before his eyes; he silently pressed the little hand that lay trembling on his arm.

The bell rang--the boat stopped.

[Illustration]

Scarcely seeing what he did, George looked out his luggage, and gathered his little party.

They were landed on the shore, and stood still till the boat had started again.

Then with tears of joy, the husband and wife, with their wondering little boy in their arms, knelt down and lifted up their hearts to God. They were free.

CHAPTER XIX

UNCLE TOM FINDS FREEDOM

The letter which Miss Ophelia wrote to Mrs. Shelby, telling her that Tom was to be sold again, was delayed a long time in the post. When at last it did arrive, Mr. Shelby was very ill, and though Mrs. Shelby felt dreadfully sorry about Uncle Tom, she could do nothing, as her husband was so ill. Soon Mr. Shelby died. Mrs. Shelby was very sad, but in her sorrow she did not forget her promise to Aunt Chloe and Uncle Tom. As soon as she could, she sold some land, and George Shelby, taking the money with him, went off to try to find Uncle Tom and buy him back again.

But by the time George Shelby, came to the place where Mr. St. Clare used to live, Uncle Tom had been sold to Legree, and no one knew where he had gone.

At last, after searching about for months, George Shelby found out where Uncle Tom was, and followed him.

Two days after Legree had been so cruel, George Shelby drove up the avenue and stopped at the door of the old house.

'I hear,' he said to Legree, 'that you bought a slave named Tom. He used to belong to my father. I have come to buy him back again.'

Legree's face grew black with anger. 'Yes, I did buy such a fellow,' he growled in rage. 'And a bad bargain it was, too! The most rebellious, saucy, impudent dog! Set up my niggers to run away. He owned to it, and, when I bid him tell me where they were, he said he knew, but wouldn't tell. He stuck to it, too, though I gave him the very worst beating I ever gave a nigger yet. I believe he is trying to die. I shouldn't wonder if he did.'

'Where is he?' said George. 'Let me see him.' His cheeks were crimson, and his eye flashed fire at the thought that Legree had dared to treat dear Uncle Tom so badly.

'He is in that shed,' said a little fellow who was holding George Shelby's horse.

George, without saying another word, hurried to the place to which the little boy pointed.

As he entered the shed, his head felt giddy and his heart sick.

Uncle Tom lay on a heap of straw on the floor, still and quiet.

'Oh, dear Uncle Tom,' cried George as he knelt beside him, 'dear Uncle Tom, do wake--do speak once more. Here's Mas'r George--your own little Mas'r George. Don't you know me?'

'Mas'r George!' said Tom, opening his eyes, and speaking in a feeble voice. 'Mas'r George? it is--it is. It's all I wanted. They haven't forgot me. It warms my soul; it does my old heart good. Now I shall die content.'

'You shan't die! you mustn't die, nor think of it. I've come to buy you and take you home,' said George, and the tears came into his eyes as he bent over poor Uncle Tom.

'Oh, Mas'r George, ye're too late. The Lord has bought me, and is going to take me home.'

[Illustration]

'Oh, don't. It breaks my heart to think of what you've suffered--lying in this old shed, too.'

'You mustn't, now, tell Chloe, poor soul, how ye found me,' said Tom, taking George by the hand. 'It would seem so dreadful to her. Only tell her ye found me going into glory, and that I couldn't stay for no one. And oh, the poor chil'en, and the baby--my old heart's been most broke for them. Tell them to follow me. Give my love to mas'r, and dear, good missis, and everybody in the place. I love them all.'

He closed his eyes, and with a smile he fell asleep. Uncle Tom too was free.

Beyond the gates of Legree's farm, George had noticed a dry, sandy knoll, shaded by a few trees. There he made Uncle Tom's grave. No stone marks his last resting-place. He needs none. God knows where he lies.

Kneeling there George bent his head, in shame and sorrow. 'Here me, dear God,' he said, 'from this day, I will do what one man can to drive out the curse of slavery from this land.'

CHAPTER XX

GEORGE SHELBY FREES HIS SLAVES

George Shelby wrote a little note to his mother, telling her that he was coming home. He tried to write about Uncle Tom, but he could not; tears blinded him, and sobs choked him.

On the day he was expected every one was in a state of bustle and excitement. Aunt Chloe in a new print dress, and clean white apron walked round the supper-table, making sure that everything was right. Her black face shone with joy at the thought of seeing Uncle Tom again.

'I'm thinking my old man won't know the boys and the baby,' she said.

Mrs. Shelby sighed. Ever since the letter had come from George she had had a very sad heart. She felt sure something must be wrong.

'He won't know the baby, my old man won't,' said Chloe again, 'Why, it's five years since they took him.'

Just then the sound of wheels was heard.

'It's Mas'r George,' cried Aunt Chloe, running to the window in great excitement.

Mrs. Shelby ran to the door. As George met her he put his arms round her, and kissed her tenderly.

Aunt Chloe stood behind anxiously looking out into the darkness.

'Oh, poor Aunt Chloe,' said George, gently taking her hard, black hand between both his own. 'I'd have given all my fortune to have brought Uncle Tom home with me; but he has gone to a better country.' Mrs. Shelby cried out as if she had been hurt, but Aunt Chloe did not make a sound.

In silence they went into the supper-room.

[Illustration:]

'There,' said Aunt Chloe, holding out her trembling hands to her mistress, 'it's just as I knew it would be. He's been sold and murdered on dem old plantations.'

Then she turned and walked proudly out of the room. Mrs. Shelby followed her softly, took one of her hands, drew her down into a chair, and sat down beside her.

'My poor, good Chloe,' she said gently.

Chloe leaned her head on her mistress's shoulder, and sobbed out, 'Oh, missis, 'scuse me, my heart's broke--dat's all.'

'I know it is,' said Mrs. Shelby, as her tears fell fast, 'and I cannot heal it.'

There was silence for a little as they wept together. Then George sat down beside Aunt Chloe, and took her hand. He talked gently to her, telling her of Uncle Tom's last loving messages. So she was comforted a little.

One morning, about a month after this, George Shelby called all his servants together, telling them he had something to say to them.

They wondered what it could be, and were very much surprised when he appeared, carrying a bundle of papers in his hand.

They were still more astonished when he gave a paper to each one, and told them all that they were free.

With sobs and tears and shouts they pressed round him, thanking and blessing him. But some of them came with anxious faces, begging him to take their free papers back again, and not to send them away.

'We don't want to be any freer than we are,' they said. 'We have always had all we wanted.'

'We don't want to leave the old place, and young mas'r and Missis, and the rest.'

[Illustration]

'My good friends,' said George, when he could get silence, 'there will be no need for you to leave me. We want quite as many servants as we did before. But now you are free men and free women. I shall pay you wages for your work, and if I die, or get into debt, you can't be taken away to be sold. That is all the difference. I want you all to stay with me, for I want to teach you how to live as free men and women ought.'

'One thing more,' added George, when the cheering and rejoicing had died away a little. 'You all remember our good old Uncle Tom. You have heard how he died, and how he sent his love to you all. It was on his grave, my friends, that I made up my mind, with God's help, never to own another slave, if it were possible to free him. I resolved that nobody, through my fault, should ever run the risk of being parted from his dear ones, and of dying far from them, as he died.

'So, when you rejoice in your freedom, remember that you owe it to dear old Uncle Tom, and pay it back in kindness to his wife and children. Think of your freedom every time you see Uncle Tom's Cabin; and let it help you to try to live as he did, and be as honest and faithful and Christian as he was.'

THE END.

==========

Utilitarianism

John Stuart Mill

Project Gutenberg Release: February 01, 2004 · eBook #11224

UTILITARIANISM

BY

JOHN STUART MILL

REPRINTED FROM 'FRASER'S MAGAZINE'

SEVENTH EDITION

LONDON

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

1879

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I. GENERAL REMARKS

CHAPTER II. WHAT UTILITARIANISM IS

CHAPTER III. OF THE ULTIMATE SANCTION OF THE PRINCIPLE OF UTILITY

CHAPTER IV. OF WHAT SORT OF PROOF THE PRINCIPLE OF UTILITY IS SUSCEPTIBLE

CHAPTER V. OF THE CONNEXION BETWEEN JUSTICE AND UTILITY

UTILITARIANISM.

CHAPTER I.

GENERAL REMARKS.

There are few circumstances among those which make up the present condition of human knowledge, more unlike what might have been expected, or more significant of the backward state in which speculation on the most important subjects still lingers, than the little progress which has been made in the decision of the controversy respecting the criterion of right and wrong. From the dawn of philosophy, the question concerning the _summum bonum_, or, what is the same thing, concerning the foundation of morality, has been accounted the main problem in speculative thought, has occupied the most gifted intellects, and divided them into sects and schools, carrying on a vigorous warfare against one another. And after more than two thousand years the same discussions continue, philosophers are still ranged under the same contending banners, and neither thinkers nor mankind at large seem nearer to being unanimous on the subject, than when the youth Socrates listened to the old Protagoras, and asserted (if Plato's dialogue be grounded on a real conversation) the theory of utilitarianism against the popular morality of the so-called sophist.

It is true that similar confusion and uncertainty, and in some cases similar discordance, exist respecting the first principles of all the sciences, not excepting that which is deemed the most certain of them, mathematics; without much impairing, generally indeed without impairing at all, the trustworthiness of the conclusions of those sciences. An apparent anomaly, the explanation of which is, that the detailed doctrines of a science are not usually deduced from, nor depend for their evidence upon, what are called its first principles. Were it not so, there would be no science more precarious, or whose conclusions were more insufficiently made out, than algebra; which derives none of its certainty from what are commonly taught to learners as its elements, since these, as laid

down by some of its most eminent teachers, are as full of fictions as English law, and of mysteries as theology. The truths which are ultimately accepted as the first principles of a science, are really the last results of metaphysical analysis, practised on the elementary notions with which the science is conversant; and their relation to the science is not that of foundations to an edifice, but of roots to a tree, which may perform their office equally well though they be never dug down to and exposed to light. But though in science the particular truths precede the general theory, the contrary might be expected to be the case with a practical art, such as morals or legislation. All action is for the sake of some end, and rules of action, it seems natural to suppose, must take their whole character and colour from the end to which they are subservient. When we engage in a pursuit, a clear and precise conception of what we are pursuing would seem to be the first thing we need, instead of the last we are to look forward to. A test of right and wrong must be the means, one would think, of ascertaining what is right or wrong, and not a consequence of having already ascertained it.

The difficulty is not avoided by having recourse to the popular theory of a natural faculty, a sense or instinct, informing us of right and wrong. For--besides that the existence of such a moral instinct is itself one of the matters in dispute--those believers in it who have any pretensions to philosophy, have been obliged to abandon the idea that it discerns what is right or wrong in the particular case in hand, as our other senses discern the sight or sound actually present. Our moral faculty, according to all those of its interpreters who are entitled to the name of thinkers, supplies us only with the general principles of moral judgments; it is a branch of our reason, not of our sensitive faculty; and must be looked to for the abstract doctrines of morality, not for perception of it in the concrete. The intuitive, no less than what may be termed the inductive, school of ethics, insists on the necessity of general laws. They both agree that the morality of an individual action is not a question of direct perception, but of the application of a law to an individual case. They recognise also, to a great extent, the same moral laws; but differ as to their evidence, and the source from which they derive their authority. According to the one opinion, the principles of morals are evident _à priori_, requiring nothing to command assent, except that the meaning of the terms be understood. According to the other doctrine, right and wrong, as well as truth and falsehood, are questions of observation and experience. But both hold equally that morality must be deduced from principles; and the intuitive school affirm as strongly as the inductive, that there is a science of morals. Yet they seldom attempt to make out a list of the _à priori_ principles which are to serve as the premises of the science; still more rarely do they make any effort to reduce those various principles to one first principle, or common ground of obligation. They either assume the ordinary precepts of morals as of _à priori_ authority, or they lay down as the common groundwork of those maxims, some generality much less obviously authoritative than the maxims themselves, and which has never succeeded in gaining popular acceptance. Yet to support their pretensions there ought either to be some one fundamental principle or law, at the root of all morality, or if there be several, there should be a determinate order of precedence among them; and the one principle, or the rule for deciding between the various principles when they conflict, ought to be self-evident.

To inquire how far the bad effects of this deficiency have been mitigated in practice, or to what extent the moral beliefs of mankind have been vitiated or made uncertain by the absence of any distinct recognition of an ultimate standard, would imply a complete survey and criticism of past and present ethical doctrine. It would, however, be easy to show that whatever steadiness or consistency these moral beliefs have attained, has been mainly due to the tacit influence of a standard not recognised. Although the non-existence of an acknowledged first principle has made ethics not so much a guide as a consecration of men's actual sentiments, still, as men's sentiments, both of favour and of aversion, are greatly influenced by what they suppose to be the effects of things upon their happiness, the principle of utility, or as Bentham latterly called it, the greatest happiness principle, has had a large share in forming the moral doctrines even of those who most scornfully reject its authority. Nor is there any school of thought which refuses to admit that the influence of actions on happiness is a most material and even predominant consideration in many of the details of morals, however unwilling to acknowledge it as the fundamental principle of morality, and the source of moral obligation. I might go much further, and say that to all those _à priori_ moralists who deem it necessary to argue at all, utilitarian arguments are indispensable. It is not my present purpose to criticise these thinkers; but I cannot help referring, for illustration, to a systematic treatise by one of the most illustrious of them, the _Metaphysics of Ethics_, by Kant. This remarkable man, whose system of thought will long remain one of the landmarks in the history of philosophical speculation, does, in the treatise in question, lay down an universal first principle as the origin and ground of moral obligation; it is this:--'So act, that the rule on which thou actest would admit of being adopted as a law by all rational beings.' But when he begins to deduce from this precept any of the actual duties of morality, he fails, almost grotesquely, to show that there would be any contradiction, any logical (not to say physical) impossibility, in the adoption by all rational beings of the most outrageously immoral rules of conduct. All he shows is that the _consequences_ of their universal adoption would be such as no one would choose to incur.

On the present occasion, I shall, without further discussion of the other theories, attempt to contribute something towards the understanding and appreciation of the Utilitarian or Happiness theory, and towards such proof as it is susceptible of. It is evident that this cannot be proof in the ordinary and popular meaning of the term. Questions of ultimate ends are not amenable to direct proof. Whatever can be proved to be good, must be so by being shown to be a means to something admitted to be good without proof. The medical art is proved to be good, by its conducing to health; but how is it possible to prove that health is good? The art of music is good, for the reason, among others, that it produces pleasure; but what proof is it possible to give that pleasure is good? If, then, it is asserted that there is a comprehensive formula, including all things which are in themselves good, and that whatever else is good, is not so as an end, but as a mean, the formula may be accepted or rejected, but is not a subject of what is commonly understood by proof. We are not, however, to infer that its acceptance or rejection must depend on blind impulse, or arbitrary choice. There is a larger meaning of the word proof, in which this question is as amenable to it as any other of the disputed questions of philosophy. The subject is within the cognizance of the rational faculty; and neither does that faculty deal with it solely in the way of intuition. Considerations may be presented capable of determining the intellect either to give or withhold its assent to the doctrine; and this is equivalent to proof.

We shall examine presently of what nature are these considerations; in what manner they apply to the case, and what rational grounds, therefore, can be given for accepting or rejecting the utilitarian formula. But it is a preliminary condition of rational acceptance or rejection, that the formula should be correctly understood. I believe that the very imperfect notion ordinarily formed of its meaning, is the chief obstacle which impedes its reception; and that could it be cleared, even from only the grosser misconceptions, the question would be greatly simplified, and a large proportion of its difficulties removed. Before, therefore, I attempt to enter into the philosophical grounds which can be given for assenting to the utilitarian standard, I shall offer some illustrations of the doctrine itself; with the view of showing more clearly what it is, distinguishing it from what it is not, and disposing of such of the practical objections to it as either originate in, or are closely connected with, mistaken interpretations of its meaning. Having thus prepared the ground, I shall afterwards endeavour to throw such light as I can upon the question, considered as one of philosophical theory.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT UTILITARIANISM IS.

A passing remark is all that needs be given to the ignorant blunder of supposing that those who stand up for utility as the test of right and wrong, use the term in that restricted and merely colloquial sense in which utility is opposed to pleasure. An apology is due to the philosophical opponents of utilitarianism, for even the momentary appearance of confounding them with any one capable of so absurd a misconception; which is the more extraordinary, inasmuch as the contrary accusation, of referring everything to pleasure, and that too in its grossest form, is another of the common charges against utilitarianism: and, as has been pointedly remarked by an able writer, the same sort of persons, and often the very same persons, denounce the theory "as impracticably dry when the word utility precedes the word pleasure, and as too practicably voluptuous when the word pleasure precedes the word utility." Those who know anything about the matter are aware that every writer, from Epicurus to Bentham, who maintained the theory of utility, meant by it, not something to be contradistinguished from pleasure, but pleasure itself, together with exemption from pain; and instead of opposing the useful to the agreeable or the ornamental, have always declared that the useful means these, among other things. Yet the common herd, including the herd of writers, not only in newspapers and periodicals, but in books of weight and pretension, are perpetually falling into this shallow mistake. Having caught up the word utilitarian, while knowing nothing whatever about it but its sound, they habitually express by it the rejection, or the neglect, of pleasure in some of its forms; of beauty, of ornament, or of amusement. Nor is the term thus ignorantly misapplied solely in disparagement, but occasionally in compliment; as though it implied superiority to frivolity and the mere pleasures of the moment. And this perverted use is the only one in which the word is popularly known, and the one from which the new generation are acquiring their sole notion of its meaning. Those who introduced the word, but who had for many years discontinued it as a distinctive appellation, may well feel themselves called upon to resume it, if by doing so they can hope to contribute anything towards rescuing it from this utter degradation.[A]

The creed which accepts as the foundation of morals, Utility, or the Greatest Happiness Principle, holds that actions are right in proportion as they tend to promote happiness, wrong as they tend to produce the reverse of happiness. By happiness is intended pleasure, and the absence of pain; by unhappiness, pain, and the privation of pleasure. To give a clear view of the moral standard set up by the theory, much more requires to be said; in particular, what things it includes in the ideas of pain and pleasure; and to

what extent this is left an open question. But these supplementary explanations do not affect the theory of life on which this theory of morality is grounded--namely, that pleasure, and freedom from pain, are the only things desirable as ends; and that all desirable things (which are as numerous in the utilitarian as in any other scheme) are desirable either for the pleasure inherent in themselves, or as means to the promotion of pleasure and the prevention of pain.

Now, such a theory of life excites in many minds, and among them in some of the most estimable in feeling and purpose, inveterate dislike. To suppose that life has (as they express it) no higher end than pleasure--no better and nobler object of desire and pursuit--they designate as utterly mean and grovelling; as a doctrine worthy only of swine, to whom the followers of Epicurus were, at a very early period, contemptuously likened; and modern holders of the doctrine are occasionally made the subject of equally polite comparisons by its German, French, and English assailants.

When thus attacked, the Epicureans have always answered, that it is not they, but their accusers, who represent human nature in a degrading light; since the accusation supposes human beings to be capable of no pleasures except those of which swine are capable. If this supposition were true, the charge could not be gainsaid, but would then be no longer an imputation; for if the sources of pleasure were precisely the same to human beings and to swine, the rule of life which is good enough for the one would be good enough for the other. The comparison of the Epicurean life to that of beasts is felt as degrading, precisely because a beast's pleasures do not satisfy a human being's conceptions of happiness. Human beings have faculties more elevated than the animal appetites, and when once made conscious of them, do not regard anything as happiness which does not include their gratification. I do not, indeed, consider the Epicureans to have been by any means faultless in drawing out their scheme of consequences from the utilitarian principle. To do this in any sufficient manner, many Stoic, as well as Christian elements require to be included. But there is no known Epicurean theory of life which does not assign to the pleasures of the intellect; of the feelings and imagination, and of the moral sentiments, a much higher value as pleasures than to those of mere sensation. It must be admitted, however, that utilitarian writers in general have placed the superiority of mental over bodily pleasures chiefly in the greater permanency, safety, uncostliness, &c., of the former--that is, in their circumstantial advantages rather than in their intrinsic nature. And on all these points utilitarians have fully proved their case; but they might have taken the other, and, as it may be called, higher ground, with entire consistency. It is quite compatible with the principle of utility to recognise the fact, that some _kinds_ of pleasure are more desirable and more valuable than others. It would be absurd that while, in estimating all other things, quality is considered as well as quantity, the estimation of pleasures should be supposed to depend on quantity alone.

If I am asked, what I mean by difference of quality in pleasures, or what makes one pleasure more valuable than another, merely as a pleasure, except its being greater in amount, there is but one possible answer. Of two pleasures, if there be one to which all or almost all who have experience of both give a decided preference, irrespective of any feeling of moral obligation to prefer it, that is the more desirable pleasure. If one of the two is, by those who are competently acquainted with both, placed so far above the other that they prefer it, even though knowing it to be attended with a greater amount of discontent, and would not resign it for any quantity of the other pleasure which their nature is capable of, we are justified in ascribing to the preferred enjoyment a superiority in quality, so far outweighing quantity as to render it, in comparison, of small account.

Now it is an unquestionable fact that those who are equally acquainted with, and equally capable of appreciating and enjoying, both, do give a most marked preference to the manner of existence which employs their higher faculties. Few human creatures would consent to be changed into any of the lower animals, for a promise of the fullest allowance of a beast's pleasures; no intelligent human being would consent to be a fool, no instructed person would be an ignoramus, no person of feeling and conscience would be selfish and base, even though they should be persuaded that the fool, the dunce, or the rascal is better satisfied with his lot than they are with theirs. They would not resign what they possess more than he, for the most complete satisfaction of all the desires which they have in common with him. If they ever fancy they would, it is only in cases of unhappiness so extreme, that to escape from it they would exchange their lot for almost any other, however undesirable in their own eyes. A being of higher faculties requires more to make him happy, is capable probably of more acute suffering, and is certainly accessible to it at more points, than one of an inferior type; but in spite of these liabilities, he can never really wish to sink into what he feels to be a lower grade of existence. We may give what explanation we please of this unwillingness; we may attribute it to pride, a name which is given indiscriminately to some of the most and to some of the least estimable feelings of which mankind are capable; we may refer it to the love of liberty and personal independence, an appeal to which was with the Stoics one of the most effective means for the inculcation of it; to the love of power, or to the love of excitement, both of which do really enter into and contribute to it: but its most appropriate appellation is a sense of dignity, which all human beings possess in one form or other, and in some, though by no means in exact, proportion to their higher faculties, and which is so essential a part of the happiness of those in whom

it is strong, that nothing which conflicts with it could be, otherwise than momentarily, an object of desire to them. Whoever supposes that this preference takes place at a sacrifice of happiness-that the superior being, in anything like equal circumstances, is not happier than the inferior-confounds the two very different ideas, of happiness, and content. It is indisputable that the being whose capacities of enjoyment are low, has the greatest chance of having them fully satisfied; and a highly-endowed being will always feel that any happiness which he can look for, as the world is constituted, is imperfect. But he can learn to bear its imperfections, if they are at all bearable; and they will not make him envy the being who is indeed unconscious of the imperfections, but only because he feels not at all the good which those imperfections qualify. It is better to be a human being dissatisfied than a pig satisfied; better to be Socrates dissatisfied than a fool satisfied. And if the fool, or the pig, is of a different opinion, it is because they only know their own side of the question. The other party to the comparison knows both sides.

It may be objected, that many who are capable of the higher pleasures, occasionally, under the influence of temptation, postpone them to the lower. But this is quite compatible with a full appreciation of the intrinsic superiority of the higher. Men often, from infirmity of character, make their election for the nearer good, though they know it to be the less valuable; and this no less when the choice is between two bodily pleasures, than when it is between bodily and mental. They pursue sensual indulgences to the injury of health, though perfectly aware that health is the greater good. It may be further objected, that many who begin with youthful enthusiasm for everything noble, as they advance in years sink into indolence and selfishness. But I do not believe that those who undergo this very common change, voluntarily choose the lower description of pleasures in preference to the higher. I believe that before they devote themselves exclusively to the one, they have already become incapable of the other. Capacity for the nobler feelings is in most natures a very tender plant, easily killed, not only by hostile influences, but by mere want of sustenance; and in the majority of young persons it speedily dies away if the occupations to which their position in life has devoted them, and the society into which it has thrown them, are not favourable to keeping that higher capacity in exercise. Men lose their high aspirations as they lose their intellectual tastes, because they have not time or opportunity for indulging them; and they addict themselves to inferior pleasures, not because they deliberately prefer them, but because they are either the only ones to which they have access, or the only ones which they are any longer capable of enjoying. It may be questioned whether any one who has remained equally susceptible to both classes of pleasures, ever knowingly and calmly preferred the lower; though many, in all ages, have broken down in an ineffectual attempt to combine both.

From this verdict of the only competent judges, I apprehend there can be no appeal. On a question which is the best worth having of two pleasures, or which of two modes of existence is the most grateful to the feelings, apart from its moral attributes and from its consequences, the judgment of those who are qualified by knowledge of both, or, if they differ, that of the majority among them, must be admitted as final. And there needs be the less hesitation to accept this judgment respecting the quality of pleasures, since there is no other tribunal to be referred to even on the question of quantity. What means are there of determining which is the acutest of two pains, or the intensest of two pleasurable sensations, except the general suffrage of those who are familiar with both? Neither pains nor pleasures are homogeneous, and pain is always heterogeneous with pleasure. What is there to decide whether a particular pleasure is worth purchasing at the cost of a particular pain, except the feelings and judgment of the experienced? When, therefore, those feelings and judgment declare the pleasures derived from the higher faculties to be preferable _in kind_, apart from the question of intensity, to those of which the animal nature, disjoined from the higher faculties, is susceptible, they are entitled on this subject to the same regard.

I have dwelt on this point, as being a necessary part of a perfectly just conception of Utility or Happiness, considered as the directive rule of human conduct. But it is by no means an indispensable condition to the acceptance of the utilitarian standard; for that standard is not the agent's own greatest happiness, but the greatest amount of happiness altogether; and if it may possibly be doubted whether a noble character is always the happier for its nobleness, there can be no doubt that it makes other people happier, and that the world in general is immensely a gainer by it. Utilitarianism, therefore, could only attain its end by the general cultivation of nobleness of character, even if each individual were only benefited by the nobleness of others, and his own, so far as happiness is concerned, were a sheer deduction from the benefit. But the bare enunciation of such an absurdity as this last, renders refutation superfluous.

According to the Greatest Happiness Principle, as above explained, the ultimate end, with reference to and for the sake of which all other things are desirable (whether we are considering our own good or that of other people), is an existence exempt as far as possible from pain, and as rich as possible in enjoyments, both in point of quantity and quality; the test of quality, and the rule for measuring it against quantity, being the preference felt by those who, in their opportunities of experience, to which must be added their habits of self-consciousness and self-observation, are best furnished with the means of comparison. This, being, according to

the utilitarian opinion, the end of human action, is necessarily also the standard of morality; which may accordingly be defined, the rules and precepts for human conduct, by the observance of which an existence such as has been described might be, to the greatest extent possible, secured to all mankind; and not to them only, but, so far as the nature of things admits, to the whole sentient creation.

Against this doctrine, however, arises another class of objectors, who say that happiness, in any form, cannot be the rational purpose of human life and action; because, in the first place, it is unattainable: and they contemptuously ask, What right hast thou to be happy? a question which Mr. Carlyle clenches by the addition, What right, a short time ago, hadst thou even _to be_? Next, they say, that men can do _without_ happiness; that all noble human beings have felt this, and could not have become noble but by learning the lesson of Entsagen, or renunciation; which lesson, thoroughly learnt and submitted to, they affirm to be the beginning and necessary condition of all virtue.

The first of these objections would go to the root of the matter were it well founded; for if no happiness is to be had at all by human beings, the attainment of it cannot be the end of morality, or of any rational conduct. Though, even in that case, something might still be said for the utilitarian theory; since utility includes not solely the pursuit of happiness, but the prevention or mitigation of unhappiness; and if the former aim be chimerical, there will be all the greater scope and more imperative need for the latter, so long at least as mankind think fit to live, and do not take refuge in the simultaneous act of suicide recommended under certain conditions by Novalis. When, however, it is thus positively asserted to be impossible that human life should be happy, the assertion, if not something like a verbal quibble, is at least an exaggeration. If by happiness be meant a continuity of highly pleasurable excitement, it is evident enough that this is impossible. A state of exalted pleasure lasts only moments, or in some cases, and with some intermissions, hours or days, and is the occasional brilliant flash of enjoyment, not its permanent and steady flame. Of this the philosophers who have taught that happiness is the end of life were as fully aware as those who taunt them. The happiness which they meant was not a life of rapture, but moments of such, in an existence made up of few and transitory pains, many and various pleasures, with a decided predominance of the active over the passive, and having as the foundation of the whole, not to expect more from life than it is capable of bestowing. A life thus composed, to those who have been fortunate enough to obtain it, has always appeared worthy of the name of happiness. And such an existence is even now the lot of many, during some considerable portion of their lives. The present wretched education, and wretched social arrangements, are the only real hindrance to its being attainable by almost all.

The objectors perhaps may doubt whether human beings, if taught to consider happiness as the end of life, would be satisfied with such a moderate share of it. But great numbers of mankind have been satisfied with much less. The main constituents of a satisfied life appear to be two, either of which by itself is often found sufficient for the purpose: tranquillity, and excitement. With much tranquillity, many find that they can be content with very little pleasure: with much excitement, many can reconcile themselves to a considerable quantity of pain. There is assuredly no inherent impossibility in enabling even the mass of mankind to unite both; since the two are so far from being incompatible that they are in natural alliance, the prolongation of either being a preparation for, and exciting a wish for, the other. It is only those in whom indolence amounts to a vice, that do not desire excitement after an interval of repose; it is only those in whom the need of excitement is a disease, that feel the tranquillity which follows excitement dull and insipid, instead of pleasurable in direct proportion to the excitement which preceded it. When people who are tolerably fortunate in their outward lot do not find in life sufficient enjoyment to make it valuable to them, the cause generally is, caring for nobody but themselves. To those who have neither public nor private affections, the excitements of life are much curtailed, and in any case dwindle in value as the time approaches when all selfish interests must be terminated by death: while those who leave after them objects of personal affection, and especially those who have also cultivated a fellow-feeling with the collective interests of mankind, retain as lively an interest in life on the eve of death as in the vigour of youth and health. Next to selfishness, the principal cause which makes life unsatisfactory, is want of mental cultivation. A cultivated mind--I do not mean that of a philosopher, but any mind to which the fountains of knowledge have been opened, and which has been taught, in any tolerable degree, to exercise its faculties--finds sources of inexhaustible interest in all that surrounds it; in the objects of nature, the achievements of art, the imaginations of poetry, the incidents of history, the ways of mankind past and present, and their prospects in the future. It is possible, indeed, to become indifferent to all this, and that too without having exhausted a thousandth part of it; but only when one has had from the beginning no moral or human interest in these things, and has sought in them only the gratification of curiosity.

Now there is absolutely no reason in the nature of things why an amount of mental culture sufficient to give an intelligent interest in these objects of contemplation, should not be the inheritance of every one born in a civilized country. As little is there an inherent necessity that any human being should be a selfish egotist, devoid of every feeling or care but those which centre in his own

miserable individuality. Something far superior to this is sufficiently common even now, to give ample earnest of what the human species may be made. Genuine private affections, and a sincere interest in the public good, are possible, though in unequal degrees, to every rightly brought-up human being. In a world in which there is so much to interest, so much to enjoy, and so much also to correct and improve, every one who has this moderate amount of moral and intellectual requisites is capable of an existence which may be called enviable; and unless such a person, through bad laws, or subjection to the will of others, is denied the liberty to use the sources of happiness within his reach, he will not fail to find this enviable existence, if he escape the positive evils of life, the great sources of physical and mental suffering--such as indigence, disease, and the unkindness, worthlessness, or premature loss of objects of affection. The main stress of the problem lies, therefore, in the contest with these calamities, from which it is a rare good fortune entirely to escape; which, as things now are, cannot be obviated, and often cannot be in any material degree mitigated. Yet no one whose opinion deserves a moment's consideration can doubt that most of the great positive evils of the world are in themselves removable, and will, if human affairs continue to improve, be in the end reduced within narrow limits. Poverty, in any sense implying suffering, may be completely extinguished by the wisdom of society, combined with the good sense and providence of individuals. Even that most intractable of enemies, disease, may be indefinitely reduced in dimensions by good physical and moral education, and proper control of noxious influences; while the progress of science holds out a promise for the future of still more direct conquests over this detestable foe. And every advance in that direction relieves us from some, not only of the chances which cut short our own lives, but, what concerns us still more, which deprive us of those in whom our happiness is wrapt up. As for vicissitudes of fortune, and other disappointments connected with worldly circumstances, these are principally the effect either of gross imprudence, of ill-regulated desires, or of bad or imperfect social institutions. All the grand sources, in short, of human suffering are in a great degree, many of them almost entirely, conquerable by human care and effort; and though their removal is grievously slow--though a long succession of generations will perish in the breach before the conquest is completed, and this world becomes all that, if will and knowledge were not wanting, it might easily be made--yet every mind sufficiently intelligent and generous to bear a part, however small and unconspicuous, in the endeavour, will draw a noble enjoyment from the contest itself, which he would not for any bribe in the form of selfish indulgence consent to be without.

And this leads to the true estimation of what is said by the objectors concerning the possibility, and the obligation, of learning to do without happiness. Unquestionably it is possible to do without happiness; it is done involuntarily by nineteen-twentieths of mankind, even in those parts of our present world which are least deep in barbarism; and it often has to be done voluntarily by the hero or the martyr, for the sake of something which he prizes more than his individual happiness. But this something, what is it, unless the happiness of others, or some of the requisites of happiness? It is noble to be capable of resigning entirely one's own portion of happiness, or chances of it: but, after all, this self-sacrifice must be for some end; it is not its own end; and if we are told that its end is not happiness, but virtue, which is better than happiness, I ask, would the sacrifice be made if the hero or martyr did not believe that it would earn for others immunity from similar sacrifices? Would it be made, if he thought that his renunciation of happiness for himself would produce no fruit for any of his fellow creatures, but to make their lot like his, and place them also in the condition of persons who have renounced happiness? All honour to those who can abnegate for themselves the personal enjoyment of life, when by such renunciation they contribute worthily to increase the amount of happiness in the world; but he who does it, or professes to do it, for any other purpose, is no more deserving of admiration than the ascetic mounted on his pillar. He may be an inspiriting proof of what men _can_ do, but assuredly not an example of what they _should_.

Though it is only in a very imperfect state of the world's arrangements that any one can best serve the happiness of others by the absolute sacrifice of his own, yet so long as the world is in that imperfect state, I fully acknowledge that the readiness to make such a sacrifice is the highest virtue which can be found in man. I will add, that in this condition of the world, paradoxical as the assertion may be, the conscious ability to do without happiness gives the best prospect of realizing such happiness as is attainable. For nothing except that consciousness can raise a person above the chances of life, by making him feel that, let fate and fortune do their worst, they have not power to subdue him: which, once felt, frees him from excess of anxiety concerning the evils of life, and enables him, like many a Stoic in the worst times of the Roman Empire, to cultivate in tranquillity the sources of satisfaction accessible to him, without concerning himself about the uncertainty of their duration, any more than about their inevitable end.

Meanwhile, let utilitarians never cease to claim the morality of self-devotion as a possession which belongs by as good a right to them, as either to the Stoic or to the Transcendentalist. The utilitarian morality does recognise in human beings the power of sacrificing their own greatest good for the good of others. It only refuses to admit that the sacrifice is itself a good. A sacrifice which does not increase, or tend to increase, the sum total of happiness, it considers as wasted. The only self-renunciation which it applauds, is devotion to the happiness, or to some of the means of happiness, of others; either of mankind collectively, or of individuals within the limits imposed by the collective interests of mankind.

I must again repeat, what the assailants of utilitarianism seldom have the justice to acknowledge, that the happiness which forms the utilitarian standard of what is right in conduct, is not the agent's own happiness, but that of all concerned. As between his own happiness and that of others, utilitarianism requires him to be as strictly impartial as a disinterested and benevolent spectator. In the golden rule of Jesus of Nazareth, we read the complete spirit of the ethics of utility. To do as one would be done by, and to love one's neighbour as oneself, constitute the ideal perfection of utilitarian morality. As the means of making the nearest approach to this ideal, utility would enjoin, first, that laws and social arrangements should place the happiness, or (as speaking practically it may be called) the interest, of every individual, as nearly as possible in harmony with the interest of the whole; and secondly, that education and opinion, which have so vast a power over human character, should so use that power as to establish in the mind of every individual an indissoluble association between his own happiness and the good of the whole; especially between his own happiness and the practice of such modes of conduct, negative and positive, as regard for the universal happiness prescribes: so that not only he may be unable to conceive the possibility of happiness to himself, consistently with conduct opposed to the general good, but also that a direct impulse to promote the general good may be in every individual one of the habitual motives of action, and the sentiments connected therewith may fill a large and prominent place in every human being's sentient existence. If the impugners of the utilitarian morality represented it to their own minds in this its true character, I know not what recommendation possessed by any other morality they could possibly affirm to be wanting to it: what more beautiful or more exalted developments of human nature any other ethical system can be supposed to foster, or what springs of action, not accessible to the utilitarian, such systems rely on for giving effect to their mandates.

The objectors to utilitarianism cannot always be charged with representing it in a discreditable light. On the contrary, those among them who entertain anything like a just idea of its disinterested character, sometimes find fault with its standard as being too high for humanity. They say it is exacting too much to require that people shall always act from the inducement of promoting the general interests of society. But this is to mistake the very meaning of a standard of morals, and to confound the rule of action with the motive of it. It is the business of ethics to tell us what are our duties, or by what test we may know them; but no system of ethics requires that the sole motive of all we do shall be a feeling of duty; on the contrary, ninety-nine hundredths of all our actions are done from other motives, and rightly so done, if the rule of duty does not condemn them. It is the more unjust to utilitarianism that this particular misapprehension should be made a ground of objection to it, inasmuch as utilitarian moralists have gone beyond almost all others in affirming that the motive has nothing to do with the morality of the action, though much with the worth of the agent. He who saves a fellow creature from drowning does what is morally right, whether his motive be duty, or the hope of being paid for his trouble: he who betrays the friend that trusts him, is guilty of a crime, even if his object be to serve another friend to whom he is under greater obligations.[B] But to speak only of actions done from the motive of duty, and in direct obedience to principle: it is a misapprehension of the utilitarian mode of thought, to conceive it as implying that people should fix their minds upon so wide a generality as the world, or society at large. The great majority of good actions are intended, not for the benefit of the world, but for that of individuals, of which the good of the world is made up; and the thoughts of the most virtuous man need not on these occasions travel beyond the particular persons concerned, except so far as is necessary to assure himself that in benefiting them he is not violating the rights--that is, the legitimate and authorized expectations--of any one else. The multiplication of happiness is, according to the utilitarian ethics, the object of virtue: the occasions on which any person (except one in a thousand) has it in his power to do this on an extended scale, in other words, to be a public benefactor, are but exceptional; and on these occasions alone is he called on to consider public utility; in every other case, private utility, the interest or happiness of some few persons, is all he has to attend to. Those alone the influence of whose actions extends to society in general, need concern themselves habitually about so large an object. In the case of abstinences indeed--of things which people forbear to do, from moral considerations, though the consequences in the particular case might be beneficial--it would be unworthy of an intelligent agent not to be consciously aware that the action is of a class which, if practised generally, would be generally injurious, and that this is the ground of the obligation to abstain from it. The amount of regard for the public interest implied in this recognition, is no greater than is demanded by every system of morals; for they all enjoin to abstain from whatever is manifestly pernicious to society.

The same considerations dispose of another reproach against the doctrine of utility, founded on a still grosser misconception of the purpose of a standard of morality, and of the very meaning of the words right and wrong. It is often affirmed that utilitarianism renders men cold and unsympathizing; that it chills their moral feelings towards individuals; that it makes them regard only the dry and hard consideration of the consequences of actions, not taking into their moral estimate the qualities from which those actions emanate. If the assertion means that they do not allow their judgment respecting the rightness or wrongness of an action to be influenced by their opinion of the qualities of the person who does it, this is a complaint not against utilitarianism, but against having any standard of morality at all; for certainly no known ethical standard decides an action to be good or bad because it is done by a

good or a bad man, still less because done by an amiable, a brave, or a benevolent man or the contrary. These considerations are relevant, not to the estimation of actions, but of persons; and there is nothing in the utilitarian theory inconsistent with the fact that there are other things which interest us in persons besides the rightness and wrongness of their actions. The Stoics, indeed, with the paradoxical misuse of language which was part of their system, and by which they strove to raise themselves above all concern about anything but virtue, were fond of saying that he who has that has everything; that he, and only he, is rich, is beautiful, is a king. But no claim of this description is made for the virtuous man by the utilitarian doctrine. Utilitarians are quite aware that there are other desirable possessions and qualities besides virtue, and are perfectly willing to allow to all of them their full worth. They are also aware that a right action does not necessarily indicate a virtuous character, and that actions which are blameable often proceed from qualities entitled to praise. When this is apparent in any particular case, it modifies their estimation, not certainly of the act, but of the agent. I grant that they are, notwithstanding, of opinion, that in the long run the best proof of a good character is good actions; and resolutely refuse to consider any mental disposition as good, of which the predominant tendency is to produce bad conduct. This makes them unpopular with many people; but it is an unpopularity which they must share with every one who regards the distinction between right and wrong in a serious light; and the reproach is not one which a conscientious utilitarian need be anxious to repel.

If no more be meant by the objection than that many utilitarians look on the morality of actions, as measured by the utilitarian standard, with too exclusive a regard, and do not lay sufficient stress upon the other beauties of character which go towards making a human being loveable or admirable, this may be admitted. Utilitarians who have cultivated their moral feelings, but not their sympathies nor their artistic perceptions, do fall into this mistake; and so do all other moralists under the same conditions. What can be said in excuse for other moralists is equally available for them, namely, that if there is to be any error, it is better that it should be on that side. As a matter of fact, we may affirm that among utilitarians as among adherents of other systems, there is every imaginable degree of rigidity and of laxity in the application of their standard: some are even puritanically rigorous, while others are as indulgent as can possibly be desired by sinner or by sentimentalist. But on the whole, a doctrine which brings prominently forward the interest that mankind have in the repression and prevention of conduct which violates the moral law, is likely to be inferior to no other in turning the sanctions of opinion against such violations. It is true, the question, What does violate the moral law? is one on which those who recognise different standards of morality are likely now and then to differ. But difference of opinion on moral questions was not first introduced into the world by utilitarianism, while that doctrine does supply, if not always an easy, at all events a tangible and intelligible mode of deciding such differences.

* * * * *

It may not be superfluous to notice a few more of the common misapprehensions of utilitarian ethics, even those which are so obvious and gross that it might appear impossible for any person of candour and intelligence to fall into them: since persons, even of considerable mental endowments, often give themselves so little trouble to understand the bearings of any opinion against which they entertain a prejudice, and men are in general so little conscious of this voluntary ignorance as a defect, that the vulgarest misunderstandings of ethical doctrines are continually met with in the deliberate writings of persons of the greatest pretensions both to high principle and to philosophy. We not uncommonly hear the doctrine of utility inveighed against as a _godless_ doctrine. If it be necessary to say anything at all against so mere an assumption, we may say that the question depends upon what idea we have formed of the moral character of the Deity. If it be a true belief that God desires, above all things, the happiness of his creatures, and that this was his purpose in their creation, utility is not only not a godless doctrine, but more profoundly religious than any other. If it be meant that utilitarianism does not recognise the revealed will of God as the supreme law of morals, I answer, that an utilitarian who believes in the perfect goodness and wisdom of God, necessarily believes that whatever God has thought fit to reveal on the subject of morals, must fulfil the requirements of utility in a supreme degree. But others besides utilitarians have been of opinion that the Christian revelation was intended, and is fitted, to inform the hearts and minds of mankind with a spirit which should enable them to find for themselves what is right, and incline them to do it when found, rather than to tell them, except in a very general way, what it is: and that we need a doctrine of ethics, carefully followed out, to _interpret_ to us the will of God. Whether this opinion is correct or not, it is superfluous here to discuss; since whatever aid religion, either natural or revealed, can afford to ethical investigation, is as open to the utilitarian moralist as to any other. He can use it as the testimony of God to the usefulness or hurtfulness of any given course of action, by as good a right as others can use it for the indication of a transcendental law, having no connexion with usefulness or with happiness.

Again, Utility is often summarily stigmatized as an immoral doctrine by giving it the name of Expediency, and taking advantage of the popular use of that term to contrast it with Principle. But the Expedient, in the sense in which it is opposed to the Right,

generally means that which is expedient for the particular interest of the agent himself: as when a minister sacrifices the interest of his country to keep himself in place. When it means anything better than this, it means that which is expedient for some immediate object, some temporary purpose, but which violates a rule whose observance is expedient in a much higher degree. The Expedient, in this sense, instead of being the same thing with the useful, is a branch of the hurtful. Thus, it would often be expedient, for the purpose of getting over some momentary embarrassment, or attaining some object immediately useful to ourselves or others, to tell a lie. But inasmuch as the cultivation in ourselves of a sensitive feeling on the subject of veracity, is one of the most useful, and the enfeeblement of that feeling one of the most hurtful, things to which our conduct can be instrumental; and inasmuch as any, even unintentional, deviation from truth, does that much towards weakening the trustworthiness of human assertion, which is not only the principal support of all present social well-being, but the insufficiency of which does more than any one thing that can be named to keep back civilisation, virtue, everything on which human happiness on the largest scale depends; we feel that the violation, for a present advantage, of a rule of such transcendent expediency, is not expedient, and that he who, for the sake of a convenience to himself or to some other individual, does what depends on him to deprive mankind of the good, and inflict upon them the evil, involved in the greater or less reliance which they can place in each other's word, acts the part of one of their worst enemies. Yet that even this rule, sacred as it is, admits of possible exceptions, is acknowledged by all moralists; the chief of which is when the withholding of some fact (as of information from a male-factor, or of bad news from a person dangerously ill) would preserve some one (especially a person other than oneself) from great and unmerited evil, and when the withholding can only be effected by denial. But in order that the exception may not extend itself beyond the need, and may have the least possible effect in weakening reliance on veracity, it ought to be recognized, and, if possible, its limits defined; and if the principle of utility is good for anything, it must be good for weighing these conflicting utilities against one another, and marking out the region within which one or the other preponderates.

Again, defenders of utility often find themselves called upon to reply to such objections as this--that there is not time, previous to action, for calculating and weighing the effects of any line of conduct on the general happiness. This is exactly as if any one were to say that it is impossible to guide our conduct by Christianity, because there is not time, on every occasion on which anything has to be done, to read through the Old and New Testaments. The answer to the objection is, that there has been ample time, namely, the whole past duration of the human species. During all that time mankind have been learning by experience the tendencies of actions; on which experience all the prudence, as well as all the morality of life, is dependent. People talk as if the commencement of this course of experience had hitherto been put off, and as if, at the moment when some man feels tempted to meddle with the property or life of another, he had to begin considering for the first time whether murder and theft are injurious to human happiness. Even then I do not think that he would find the question very puzzling; but, at all events, the matter is now done to his hand. It is truly a whimsical supposition, that if mankind were agreed in considering utility to be the test of morality, they would remain without any agreement as to what is useful, and would take no measures for having their notions on the subject taught to the young, and enforced by law and opinion. There is no difficulty in proving any ethical standard whatever to work ill, if we suppose universal idiocy to be conjoined with it, but on any hypothesis short of that, mankind must by this time have acquired positive beliefs as to the effects of some actions on their happiness; and the beliefs which have thus come down are the rules of morality for the multitude, and for the philosopher until he has succeeded in finding better. That philosophers might easily do this, even now, on many subjects; that the received code of ethics is by no means of divine right; and that mankind have still much to learn as to the effects of actions on the general happiness, I admit, or rather, earnestly maintain. The corollaries from the principle of utility, like the precepts of every practical art, admit of indefinite improvement, and, in a progressive state of the human mind, their improvement is perpetually going on. But to consider the rules of morality as improvable, is one thing; to pass over the intermediate generalizations entirely, and endeavour to test each individual action directly by the first principle, is another. It is a strange notion that the acknowledgment of a first principle is inconsistent with the admission of secondary ones. To inform a traveller respecting the place of his ultimate destination, is not to forbid the use of landmarks and direction-posts on the way. The proposition that happiness is the end and aim of morality, does not mean that no road ought to be laid down to that goal, or that persons going thither should not be advised to take one direction rather than another. Men really ought to leave off talking a kind of nonsense on this subject, which they would neither talk nor listen to on other matters of practical concernment. Nobody argues that the art of navigation is not founded on astronomy, because sailors cannot wait to calculate the Nautical Almanack. Being rational creatures, they go to sea with it ready calculated; and all rational creatures go out upon the sea of life with their minds made up on the common questions of right and wrong, as well as on many of the far more difficult questions of wise and foolish. And this, as long as foresight is a human quality, it is to be presumed they will continue to do. Whatever we adopt as the fundamental principle of morality, we require subordinate principles to apply it by: the impossibility of doing without them, being common to all systems, can afford no argument against any one in particular: but gravely to argue as if no such secondary principles could be had, and as if mankind had remained

till now, and always must remain, without drawing any general conclusions from the experience of human life, is as high a pitch, I think, as absurdity has ever reached in philosophical controversy.

The remainder of the stock arguments against utilitarianism mostly consist in laying to its charge the common infirmities of human nature, and the general difficulties which embarrass conscientious persons in shaping their course through life. We are told that an utilitarian will be apt to make his own particular case an exception to moral rules, and, when under temptation, will see an utility in the breach of a rule, greater than he will see in its observance. But is utility the only creed which is able to furnish us with excuses for evil doing, and means of cheating our own conscience? They are afforded in abundance by all doctrines which recognise as a fact in morals the existence of conflicting considerations; which all doctrines do, that have been believed by sane persons. It is not the fault of any creed, but of the complicated nature of human affairs, that rules of conduct cannot be so framed as to require no exceptions, and that hardly any kind of action can safely be laid down as either always obligatory or always condemnable. There is no ethical creed which does not temper the rigidity of its laws, by giving a certain latitude, under the moral responsibility of the agent, for accommodation to peculiarities of circumstances; and under every creed, at the opening thus made, self-deception and dishonest casuistry get in. There exists no moral system under which there do not arise unequivocal cases of conflicting obligation. These are the real difficulties, the knotty points both in the theory of ethics, and in the conscientious guidance of personal conduct. They are overcome practically with greater or with less success according to the intellect and virtue of the individual; but it can hardly be pretended that any one will be the less qualified for dealing with them, from possessing an ultimate standard to which conflicting rights and duties can be referred. If utility is the ultimate source of moral obligations, utility may be invoked to decide between them when their demands are incompatible. Though the application of the standard may be difficult, it is better than none at all: while in other systems, the moral laws all claiming independent authority, there is no common umpire entitled to interfere between them; their claims to precedence one over another rest on little better than sophistry, and unless determined, as they generally are, by the unacknowledged influence of considerations of utility, afford a free scope for the action of personal desires and partialities. We must remember that only in these cases of conflict between secondary principles is it requisite that first principles should be appealed to. There is no case of moral obligation in which some secondary principle is not involved; and if only one, there can seldom be any real doubt which one it is, in the mind of any person by whom the principle itself is recognized.

FOOTNOTES:

[Footnote A: The author of this essay has reason for believing himself to be the first person who brought the word utilitarian into use. He did not invent it, but adopted it from a passing expression in Mr. Galt's _Annals of the Parish_. After using it as a designation for several years, he and others abandoned it from a growing dislike to anything resembling a badge or watchword of sectarian distinction. But as a name for one single opinion, not a set of opinions--to denote the recognition of utility as a standard, not any particular way of applying it--the term supplies a want in the language, and offers, in many cases, a convenient mode of avoiding tiresome circumlocution.]

[Footnote B: An opponent, whose intellectual and moral fairness it is a pleasure to acknowledge (the Rev. J. Llewellyn Davis), has objected to this passage, saying, "Surely the rightness or wrongness of saving a man from drowning does depend very much upon the motive with which it is done. Suppose that a tyrant, when his enemy jumped into the sea to escape from him, saved him from drowning simply in order that he might inflict upon him more exquisite tortures, would it tend to clearness to speak of that rescue as 'a morally right action?' Or suppose again, according to one of the stock illustrations of ethical inquiries, that a man betrayed a trust received from a friend, because the discharge of it would fatally injure that friend himself or some one belonging to him, would utilitarianism compel one to call the betrayal 'a crime' as much as if it had been done from the meanest motive?"

I submit, that he who saves another from drowning in order to kill him by torture afterwards, does not differ only in motive from him who does the same thing from duty or benevolence; the act itself is different. The rescue of the man is, in the case supposed, only the necessary first step of an act far more atrocious than leaving him to drown would have been. Had Mr. Davis said, "The rightness or wrongness of saving a man from drowning does depend very much"--not upon the motive, but--"upon the _intention_" no utilitarian would have differed from him. Mr. Davis, by an oversight too common not to be quite venial, has in this case confounded the very different ideas of Motive and Intention. There is no point which utilitarian thinkers (and Bentham pre-eminently) have taken more pains to illustrate than this. The morality of the action depends entirely upon the intention--that is, upon what the agent _wills to do_. But the motive, that is, the feeling which makes him will so to do, when it makes no difference in the act, makes none in the morality: though it makes a great difference in our moral estimation of the agent, especially if it indicates a good or a bad habitual _disposition_--a bent of character from which useful, or from which hurtful actions are likely to arise.]

CHAPTER III.

OF THE ULTIMATE SANCTION OF THE PRINCIPLE OF UTILITY.

The question is often asked, and properly so, in regard to any supposed moral standard--What is its sanction? what are the motives to obey it? or more specifically, what is the source of its obligation? whence does it derive its binding force? It is a necessary part of moral philosophy to provide the answer to this question; which, though frequently assuming the shape of an objection to the utilitarian morality, as if it had some special applicability to that above others, really arises in regard to all standards. It arises, in fact, whenever a person is called on to adopt a standard or refer morality to any basis on which he has not been accustomed to rest it. For the customary morality, that which education and opinion have consecrated, is the only one which presents itself to the mind with the feeling of being _in itself_ obligatory; and when a person is asked to believe that this morality _derives_ its obligation from some general principle round which custom has not thrown the same halo, the assertion is to him a paradox; the supposed corollaries seem to have a more binding force than the original theorem; the superstructure seems to stand better without, than with, what is represented as its foundation. He says to himself, I feel that I am bound not to rob or murder, betray or deceive; but why am I bound to promote the general happiness? If my own happiness lies in something else, why may I not give that the preference?

If the view adopted by the utilitarian philosophy of the nature of the moral sense be correct, this difficulty will always present itself, until the influences which form moral character have taken the same hold of the principle which they have taken of some of the consequences--until, by the improvement of education, the feeling of unity with our fellow creatures shall be (what it cannot be doubted that Christ intended it to be) as deeply rooted in our character, and to our own consciousness as completely a part of our nature, as the horror of crime is in an ordinarily well-brought-up young person. In the mean time, however, the difficulty has no peculiar application to the doctrine of utility, but is inherent in every attempt to analyse morality and reduce it to principles; which, unless the principle is already in men's minds invested with as much sacredness as any of its applications, always seems to divest them of a part of their sanctity.

The principle of utility either has, or there is no reason why it might not have, all the sanctions which belong to any other system of morals. Those sanctions are either external or internal. Of the external sanctions it is not necessary to speak at any length. They are, the hope of favour and the fear of displeasure from our fellow creatures or from the Ruler of the Universe, along with whatever we may have of sympathy or affection for them or of love and awe of Him, inclining us to do His will independently of selfish consequences. There is evidently no reason why all these motives for observance should not attach themselves to the utilitarian morality, as completely and as powerfully as to any other. Indeed, those of them which refer to our fellow creatures are sure to do so, in proportion to the amount of general intelligence; for whether there be any other ground of moral obligation than the general happiness or not, men do desire happiness; and however imperfect may be their own practice, they desire and commend all conduct in others towards themselves, by which they think their happiness is promoted. With regard to the religious motive, if men believe, as most profess to do, in the goodness of God, those who think that conduciveness to the general happiness is the essence, or even only the criterion, of good, must necessarily believe that it is also that which God approves. The whole force therefore of external reward and punishment, whether physical or moral, and whether proceeding from God or from our fellow men, together with all that the capacities of human nature admit, of disinterested devotion to either, become available to enforce the utilitarian morality, in proportion as that morality is recognized; and the more powerfully, the more the appliances of education and general cultivation are bent to the purpose.

So far as to external sanctions. The internal sanction of duty, whatever our standard of duty may be, is one and the same--a feeling in our own mind; a pain, more or less intense, attendant on violation of duty, which in properly cultivated moral natures rises, in the more serious cases, into shrinking from it as an impossibility. This feeling, when disinterested, and connecting itself with the pure idea of duty, and not with some particular form of it, or with any of the merely accessory circumstances, is the essence of Conscience; though in that complex phenomenon as it actually exists, the simple fact is in general all encrusted over with collateral associations, derived from sympathy, from love, and still more from fear; from all the forms of religious feeling; from the recollections of childhood and of all our past life; from self-esteem, desire of the esteem of others, and occasionally even self-abasement. This extreme complication is, I apprehend, the origin of the sort of mystical character which, by a tendency of the human mind of which there are many other examples, is apt to be attributed to the idea of moral obligation, and which leads people to believe that the idea cannot possibly attach itself to any other objects than those which, by a supposed mysterious law, are found in our present experience to excite it. Its binding force, however, consists in the existence of a mass of feeling which must be

broken through in order to do what violates our standard of right, and which, if we do nevertheless violate that standard, will probably have to be encountered afterwards in the form of remorse. Whatever theory we have of the nature or origin of conscience, this is what essentially constitutes it.

The ultimate sanction, therefore, of all morality (external motives apart) being a subjective feeling in our own minds, I see nothing embarrassing to those whose standard is utility, in the question, what is the sanction of that particular standard? We may answer, the same as of all other moral standards--the conscientious feelings of mankind. Undoubtedly this sanction has no binding efficacy on those who do not possess the feelings it appeals to; but neither will these persons be more obedient to any other moral principle than to the utilitarian one. On them morality of any kind has no hold but through the external sanctions. Meanwhile the feelings exist, a feet in human nature, the reality of which, and the great power with which they are capable of acting on those in whom they have been duly cultivated, are proved by experience. No reason has ever been shown why they may not be cultivated to as great intensity in connection with the utilitarian, as with any other rule of morals.

There is, I am aware, a disposition to believe that a person who sees in moral obligation a transcendental fact, an objective reality belonging to the province of "Things in themselves," is likely to be more obedient to it than one who believes it to be entirely subjective, having its seat in human consciousness only. But whatever a person's opinion may be on this point of Ontology, the force he is really urged by is his own subjective feeling, and is exactly measured by its strength. No one's belief that Duty is an objective reality is stronger than the belief that God is so; yet the belief in God, apart from the expectation of actual reward and punishment, only operates on conduct through, and in proportion to, the subjective religious feeling. The sanction, so far as it is disinterested, is always in the mind itself; and the notion, therefore, of the transcendental moralists must be, that this sanction will not exist _in_ the mind unless it is believed to have its root out of the mind; and that if a person is able to say to himself, That which is restraining me, and which is called my conscience, is only a feeling in my own mind, he may possibly draw the conclusion that when the feeling ceases the obligation ceases, and that if he find the feeling inconvenient, he may disregard it, and endeavour to get rid of it. But is this danger confined to the utilitarian morality? Does the belief that moral obligation has its seat outside the mind make the feeling of it too strong to be got rid of? The fact is so far otherwise, that all moralists admit and lament the ease with which, in the generality of minds, conscience can be silenced or stifled. The question, Need I obey my conscience? is quite as often put to themselves by persons who never heard of the principle of utility, as by its adherents. Those whose conscientious feelings are so weak as to allow of their asking this question, if they answer it affirmatively, will not do so because they believe in the transcendental theory, but because of the external sanctions.

It is not necessary, for the present purpose, to decide whether the feeling of duty is innate or implanted. Assuming it to be innate, it is an open question to what objects it naturally attaches itself; for the philosophic supporters of that theory are now agreed that the intuitive perception is of principles of morality, and not of the details. If there be anything innate in the matter, I see no reason why the feeling which is innate should not be that of regard to the pleasures and pains of others. If there is any principle of morals which is intuitively obligatory, I should say it must be that. If so, the intuitive ethics would coincide with the utilitarian, and there would be no further quarrel between them. Even as it is, the intuitive moralists, though they believe that there are other intuitive moral obligations, do already believe this to be one; for they unanimously hold that a large portion of morality turns upon the consideration due to the interests of our fellow creatures. Therefore, if the belief in the transcendental origin of moral obligation gives any additional efficacy to the internal sanction, it appears to me that the utilitarian principle has already the benefit of it.

On the other hand, if, as is my own belief, the moral feelings are not innate, but acquired, they are not for that reason the less natural. It is natural to man to speak, to reason, to build cities, to cultivate the ground, though these are acquired faculties. The moral feelings are not indeed a part of our nature, in the sense of being in any perceptible degree present in all of us; but this, unhappily, is a fact admitted by those who believe the most strenuously in their transcendental origin. Like the other acquired capacities above referred to, the moral faculty, if not a part of our nature, is a natural outgrowth from it; capable, like them, in a certain small degree, of springing up spontaneously; and susceptible of being brought by cultivation to a high degree of development. Unhappily it is also susceptible, by a sufficient use of the external sanctions and of the force of early impressions, of being cultivated in almost any direction: so that there is hardly anything so absurd or so mischievous that it may not, by means of these influences, be made to act on the human mind with all the authority of conscience. To doubt that the same potency might be given by the same means to the principle of utility, even if it had no foundation in human nature, would be flying in the face of all experience.

But moral associations which are wholly of artificial creation, when intellectual culture goes on, yield by degrees to the dissolving force of analysis: and if the feeling of duty, when associated with utility, would appear equally arbitrary; if there were no leading

department of our nature, no powerful class of sentiments, with which that association would harmonize, which would make us feel it congenial, and incline us not only to foster it in others (for which we have abundant interested motives), but also to cherish it in ourselves; if there were not, in short, a natural basis of sentiment for utilitarian morality, it might well happen that this association also, even after it had been implanted by education, might be analysed away.

But there is this basis of powerful natural sentiment; and this it is which, when once the general happiness is recognized as the ethical standard, will constitute the strength of the utilitarian morality. This firm foundation is that of the social feelings of mankind; the desire to be in unity with our fellow creatures, which is already a powerful principle in human nature, and happily one of those which tend to become stronger, even without express inculcation, from the influences of advancing civilization. The social state is at once so natural, so necessary, and so habitual to man, that, except in some unusual circumstances or by an effort of voluntary abstraction, he never conceives himself otherwise than as a member of a body; and this association is riveted more and more, as mankind are further removed from the state of savage independence. Any condition, therefore, which is essential to a state of society, becomes more and more an inseparable part of every person's conception of the state of things which he is born into, and which is the destiny of a human being. Now, society between human beings, except in the relation of master and slave, is manifestly impossible on any other footing than that the interests of all are to be consulted. Society between equals can only exist on the understanding that the interests of all are to be regarded equally. And since in all states of civilization, every person, except an absolute monarch, has equals, every one is obliged to live on these terms with somebody; and in every age some advance is made towards a state in which it will be impossible to live permanently on other terms with anybody. In this way people grow up unable to conceive as possible to them a state of total disregard of other people's interests. They are under a necessity of conceiving themselves as at least abstaining from all the grosser injuries, and (if only for their own protection.) living in a state of constant protest against them. They are also familiar with the fact of co-operating with others, and proposing to themselves a collective, not an individual, interest, as the aim (at least for the time being) of their actions. So long as they are co-operating, their ends are identified with those of others; there is at least a temporary feeling that the interests of others are their own interests. Not only does all strengthening of social ties, and all healthy growth of society, give to each individual a stronger personal interest in practically consulting the welfare of others; it also leads him to identify his feelings more and more with their good, or at least with an ever greater degree of practical consideration for it. He comes, as though instinctively, to be conscious of himself as a being who _of course_ pays regard to others. The good of others becomes to him a thing naturally and necessarily to be attended to, like any of the physical conditions of our existence. Now, whatever amount of this feeling a person has, he is urged by the strongest motives both of interest and of sympathy to demonstrate it, and to the utmost of his power encourage it in others; and even if he has none of it himself, he is as greatly interested as any one else that others should have it. Consequently, the smallest germs of the feeling are laid hold of and nourished by the contagion of sympathy and the influences of education; and a complete web of corroborative association is woven round it, by the powerful agency of the external sanctions. This mode of conceiving ourselves and human life, as civilization goes on, is felt to be more and more natural. Every step in political improvement renders it more so, by removing the sources of opposition of interest, and levelling those inequalities of legal privilege between individuals or classes, owing to which there are large portions of mankind whose happiness it is still practicable to disregard. In an improving state of the human mind, the influences are constantly on the increase, which tend to generate in each individual a feeling of unity with all the rest; which feeling, if perfect, would make him never think of, or desire, any beneficial condition for himself, in the benefits of which they are not included. If we now suppose this feeling of unity to be taught as a religion, and the whole force of education, of institutions, and of opinion, directed, as it once was in the case of religion, to make every person grow up from infancy surrounded on all sides both by the profession and by the practice of it, I think that no one, who can realize this conception, will feel any misgiving about the sufficiency of the ultimate sanction for the Happiness morality. To any ethical student who finds the realization difficult, I recommend, as a means of facilitating it, the second of M. Comte's two principal works, the _Système de Politique Positive_. I entertain the strongest objections to the system of politics and morals set forth in that treatise; but I think it has superabundantly shown the possibility of giving to the service of humanity, even without the aid of belief in a Providence, both the physical power and the social efficacy of a religion; making it take hold of human life, and colour all thought, feeling, and action, in a manner of which the greatest ascendency ever exercised by any religion may be but a type and foretaste; and of which the danger is, not that it should be insufficient, but that it should be so excessive as to interfere unduly with human freedom and individuality.

Neither is it necessary to the feeling which constitutes the binding force of the utilitarian morality on those who recognize it, to wait for those social influences which would make its obligation felt by mankind at large. In the comparatively early state of human advancement in which we now live, a person cannot indeed feel that entireness of sympathy with all others, which would make any real discordance in the general direction of their conduct in life impossible; but already a person in whom the social feeling is at all

developed, cannot bring himself to think of the rest of his fellow creatures as struggling rivals with him for the means of happiness, whom he must desire to see defeated in their object in order that he may succeed in his. The deeply-rooted conception which every individual even now has of himself as a social being, tends to make him feel it one of his natural wants that there should be harmony between his feelings and aims and those of his fellow creatures. If differences of opinion and of mental culture make it impossible for him to share many of their actual feelings-perhaps make him denounce and defy those feelings-he still needs to be conscious that his real aim and theirs do not conflict; that he is not opposing himself to what they really wish for, namely, their own good, but is, on the contrary, promoting it. This feeling in most individuals is much inferior in strength to their selfish feelings, and is often wanting altogether. But to those who have it, it possesses all the characters of a natural feeling. It does not present itself to their minds as a superstition of education, or a law despotically imposed by the power of society, but as an attribute which it would not be well for them to be without. This conviction is the ultimate sanction of the greatest-happiness morality. This it is which makes any mind, of well-developed feelings, work with, and not against, the outward motives to care for others, afforded by what I have called the external sanctions; and when those sanctions are wanting, or act in an opposite direction, constitutes in itself a powerful internal binding force, in proportion to the sensitiveness and thoughtfulness of the character; since few but those whose mind is a moral blank, could bear to lay out their course of life on the plan of paying no regard to others except so far as their own private interest compels.

CHAPTER IV.

OF WHAT SORT OF PROOF THE PRINCIPLE OF UTILITY IS SUSCEPTIBLE.

It has already been remarked, that questions of ultimate ends do not admit of proof, in the ordinary acceptation of the term. To be incapable of proof by reasoning is common to all first principles; to the first premises of our knowledge, as well as to those of our conduct. But the former, being matters of fact, may be the subject of a direct appeal to the faculties which judge of fact--namely, our senses, and our internal consciousness. Can an appeal be made to the same faculties on questions of practical ends? Or by what other faculty is cognizance taken of them?

Questions about ends are, in other words, questions what things are desirable. The utilitarian doctrine is, that happiness is desirable, and the only thing desirable, as an end; all other things being only desirable as means to that end. What ought to be required of this doctrine--what conditions is it requisite that the doctrine should fulfil--to make good its claim to be believed?

The only proof capable of being given that an object is visible, is that people actually see it. The only proof that a sound is audible, is that people hear it: and so of the other sources of our experience. In like manner, I apprehend, the sole evidence it is possible to produce that anything is desirable, is that people do actually desire it. If the end which the utilitarian doctrine proposes to itself were not, in theory and in practice, acknowledged to be an end, nothing could ever convince any person that it was so. No reason can be given why the general happiness is desirable, except that each person, so far as he believes it to be attainable, desires his own happiness. This, however, being a fact, we have not only all the proof which the case admits of, but all which it is possible to require, that happiness is a good: that each person's happiness is a good to that person, and the general happiness, therefore, a good to the aggregate of all persons. Happiness has made out its title as _one_ of the ends of conduct, and consequently one of the criteria of morality.

But it has not, by this alone, proved itself to be the sole criterion. To do that, it would seem, by the same rule, necessary to show, not only that people desire happiness, but that they never desire anything else. Now it is palpable that they do desire things which, in common language, are decidedly distinguished from happiness. They desire, for example, virtue, and the absence of vice, no less really than pleasure and the absence of pain. The desire of virtue is not as universal, but it is as authentic a fact, as the desire of happiness. And hence the opponents of the utilitarian standard deem that they have a right to infer that there are other ends of human action besides happiness, and that happiness is not the standard of approbation and disapprobation.

But does the utilitarian doctrine deny that people desire virtue, or maintain that virtue is not a thing to be desired? The very reverse. It maintains not only that virtue is to be desired, but that it is to be desired disinterestedly, for itself. Whatever may be the opinion of utilitarian moralists as to the original conditions by which virtue is made virtue; however they may believe (as they do) that actions and dispositions are only virtuous because they promote another end than virtue; yet this being granted, and it having been decided, from considerations of this description, what _is_ virtuous, they not only place virtue at the very head of the things which are good as means to the ultimate end, but they also recognise as a psychological fact the possibility of its being, to the individual, a good in itself, without looking to any end beyond it; and hold, that the mind is not in a right state, not in a state conformable to

Utility, not in the state most conducive to the general happiness, unless it does love virtue in this manner--as a thing desirable in itself, even although, in the individual instance, it should not produce those other desirable consequences which it tends to produce, and on account of which it is held to be virtue. This opinion is not, in the smallest degree, a departure from the Happiness principle. The ingredients of happiness are very various, and each of them is desirable in itself, and not merely when considered as swelling an aggregate. The principle of utility does not mean that any given pleasure, as music, for instance, or any given exemption from pain, as for example health, are to be looked upon as means to a collective something termed happiness, and to be desired on that account. They are desired and desirable in and for themselves; besides being means, they are a part of the end. Virtue, according to the utilitarian doctrine, is not naturally and originally part of the end, but it is capable of becoming so; and in those who love it disinterestedly it has become so, and is desired and cherished, not as a means to happiness, but as a part of their happiness.

To illustrate this farther, we may remember that virtue is not the only thing, originally a means, and which if it were not a means to anything else, would be and remain indifferent, but which by association with what it is a means to, comes to be desired for itself, and that too with the utmost intensity. What, for example, shall we say of the love of money? There is nothing originally more desirable about money than about any heap of glittering pebbles. Its worth is solely that of the things which it will buy; the desires for other things than itself, which it is a means of gratifying. Yet the love of money is not only one of the strongest moving forces of human life, but money is, in many cases, desired in and for itself; the desire to possess it is often stronger than the desire to use it, and goes on increasing when all the desires which point to ends beyond it, to be compassed by it, are falling off. It may be then said truly, that money is desired not for the sake of an end, but as part of the end. From being a means to happiness, it has come to be itself a principal ingredient of the individual's conception of happiness. The same may be said of the majority of the great objects of human life--power, for example, or fame; except that to each of these there is a certain amount of immediate pleasure annexed, which has at least the semblance of being naturally inherent in them; a thing which cannot be said of money. Still, however, the strongest natural attraction, both of power and of fame, is the immense aid they give to the attainment of our other wishes; and it is the strong association thus generated between them and all our objects of desire, which gives to the direct desire of them the intensity it often assumes, so as in some characters to surpass in strength all other desires. In these cases the means have become a part of the end, and a more important part of it than any of the things which they are means to. What was once desired as an instrument for the attainment of happiness, has come to be desired for its own sake. In being desired for its own sake it is, however, desired as part of happiness. The person is made, or thinks he would be made, happy by its mere possession; and is made unhappy by failure to obtain it. The desire of it is not a different thing from the desire of happiness, any more than the love of music, or the desire of health. They are included in happiness. They are some of the elements of which the desire of happiness is made up. Happiness is not an abstract idea, but a concrete whole; and these are some of its parts. And the utilitarian standard sanctions and approves their being so. Life would be a poor thing, very ill provided with sources of happiness, if there were not this provision of nature, by which things originally indifferent, but conducive to, or otherwise associated with, the satisfaction of our primitive desires, become in themselves sources of pleasure more valuable than the primitive pleasures, both in permanency, in the space of human existence that they are capable of covering, and even in intensity. Virtue, according to the utilitarian conception, is a good of this description. There was no original desire of it, or motive to it, save its conduciveness to pleasure, and especially to protection from pain. But through the association thus formed, it may be felt a good in itself, and desired as such with as great intensity as any other good; and with this difference between it and the love of money, of power, or of fame, that all of these may, and often do, render the individual noxious to the other members of the society to which he belongs, whereas there is nothing which makes him so much a blessing to them as the cultivation of the disinterested, love of virtue. And consequently, the utilitarian standard, while it tolerates and approves those other acquired desires, up to the point beyond which they would be more injurious to the general happiness than promotive of it, enjoins and requires the cultivation of the love of virtue up to the greatest strength possible, as being above all things important to the general happiness.

It results from the preceding considerations, that there is in reality nothing desired except happiness. Whatever is desired otherwise than as a means to some end beyond itself, and ultimately to happiness, is desired as itself a part of happiness, and is not desired for itself until it has become so. Those who desire virtue for its own sake, desire it either because the consciousness of it is a pleasure, or because the consciousness of being without it is a pain, or for both reasons united; as in truth the pleasure and pain seldom exist separately, but almost always together, the same person feeling pleasure in the degree of virtue attained, and pain in not having attained more. If one of these gave him no pleasure, and the other no pain, he would not love or desire virtue, or would desire it only for the other benefits which it might produce to himself or to persons whom he cared for.

We have now, then, an answer to the question, of what sort of proof the principle of utility is susceptible. If the opinion which I have now stated is psychologically true--if human nature is so constituted as to desire nothing which is not either a part of happiness or a

means of happiness, we can have no other proof, and we require no other, that these are the only things desirable. If so, happiness is the sole end of human action, and the promotion of it the test by which to judge of all human conduct; from whence it necessarily follows that it must be the criterion of morality, since a part is included in the whole.

And now to decide whether this is really so; whether mankind do desire nothing for itself but that which is a pleasure to them, or of which the absence is a pain; we have evidently arrived at a question of fact and experience, dependent, like all similar questions, upon evidence. It can only be determined by practised self-consciousness and self-observation, assisted by observation of others. I believe that these sources of evidence, impartially consulted, will declare that desiring a thing and finding it pleasant, aversion to it and thinking of it as painful, are phenomena entirely inseparable, or rather two parts of the same phenomenon; in strictness of language, two different modes of naming the same psychological fact: that to think of an object as desirable (unless for the sake of its consequences), and to think of it as pleasant, are one and the same thing; and that to desire anything, except in proportion as the idea of it is pleasant, is a physical and metaphysical impossibility.

So obvious does this appear to me, that I expect it will hardly be disputed: and the objection made will be, not that desire can possibly be directed to anything ultimately except pleasure and exemption from pain, but that the will is a different thing from desire; that a person of confirmed virtue, or any other person whose purposes are fixed, carries out his purposes without any thought of the pleasure he has in contemplating them, or expects to derive from their fulfilment; and persists in acting on them, even though these pleasures are much diminished, by changes in his character or decay of his passive sensibilities, or are outweighed by the pains which the pursuit of the purposes may bring upon him. All this I fully admit, and have stated it elsewhere, as positively and emphatically as any one. Will, the active phenomenon, is a different thing from desire, the state of passive sensibility, and though originally an offshoot from it, may in time take root and detach itself from the parent stock; so much so, that in the case of an habitual purpose, instead of willing the thing because we desire it, we often desire it only because we will it. This, however, is but an instance of that familiar fact, the power of habit, and is nowise confined to the case of virtuous actions. Many indifferent things, which men originally did from a motive of some sort, they continue to do from habit. Sometimes this is done unconsciously, the consciousness coming only after the action: at other times with conscious volition, but volition which has become habitual, and is put into operation by the force of habit, in opposition perhaps to the deliberate preference, as often happens with those who have contracted habits of vicious or hurtful indulgence. Third and last comes the case in which the habitual act of will in the individual instance is not in contradiction to the general intention prevailing at other times, but in fulfilment of it; as in the case of the person of confirmed virtue, and of all who pursue deliberately and consistently any determinate end. The distinction between will and desire thus understood, is an authentic and highly important psychological fact; but the fact consists solely in this--that will, like all other parts of our constitution, is amenable to habit, and that we may will from habit what we no longer desire for itself, or desire only because we will it. It is not the less true that will, in the beginning, is entirely produced by desire; including in that term the repelling influence of pain as well as the attractive one of pleasure. Let us take into consideration, no longer the person who has a confirmed will to do right, but him in whom that virtuous will is still feeble, conquerable by temptation, and not to be fully relied on; by what means can it be strengthened? How can the will to be virtuous, where it does not exist in sufficient force, be implanted or awakened? Only by making the person _desire_ virtue--by making him think of it in a pleasurable light, or of its absence in a painful one. It is by associating the doing right with pleasure, or the doing wrong with pain, or by eliciting and impressing and bringing home to the person's experience the pleasure naturally involved in the one or the pain in the other, that it is possible to call forth that will to be virtuous, which, when confirmed, acts without any thought of either pleasure or pain. Will is the child of desire, and passes out of the dominion of its parent only to come under that of habit. That which is the result of habit affords no presumption of being intrinsically good; and there would be no reason for wishing that the purpose of virtue should become independent of pleasure and pain, were it not that the influence of the pleasurable and painful associations which prompt to virtue is not sufficiently to be depended on for unerring constancy of action until it has acquired the support of habit. Both in feeling and in conduct, habit is the only thing which imparts certainty; and it is because of the importance to others of being able to rely absolutely on one's feelings and conduct, and to oneself of being able to rely on one's own, that the will to do right ought to be cultivated into this habitual independence. In other words, this state of the will is a means to good, not intrinsically a good; and does not contradict the doctrine that nothing is a good to human beings but in so far as it is either itself pleasurable, or a means of attaining pleasure or averting pain.

But if this doctrine be true, the principle of utility is proved. Whether it is so or not, must now be left to the consideration of the thoughtful reader.

CHAPTER V.

ON THE CONNEXION BETWEEN JUSTICE AND UTILITY.

In all ages of speculation, one of the strongest obstacles to the reception of the doctrine that Utility or Happiness is the criterion of right and wrong, has been drawn from the idea of Justice, The powerful sentiment, and apparently clear perception, which that word recalls with a rapidity and certainty resembling an instinct, have seemed to the majority of thinkers to point to an inherent quality in things; to show that the Just must have an existence in Nature as something absolute-generically distinct from every variety of the Expedient, and, in idea, opposed to it, though (as is commonly acknowledged) never, in the long run, disjoined from it in fact.

In the case of this, as of our other moral sentiments, there is no necessary connexion between the question of its origin, and that of its binding force. That a feeling is bestowed on us by Nature, does not necessarily legitimate all its promptings. The feeling of justice might be a peculiar instinct, and might yet require, like our other instincts, to be controlled and enlightened by a higher reason. If we have intellectual instincts, leading us to judge in a particular way, as well as animal instincts that prompt us to act in a particular way, there is no necessity that the former should be more infallible in their sphere than the latter in theirs: it may as well happen that wrong judgments are occasionally suggested by those, as wrong actions by these. But though it is one thing to believe that we have natural feelings of justice, and another to acknowledge them as an ultimate criterion of conduct, these two opinions are very closely connected in point of fact. Mankind are always predisposed to believe that any subjective feeling, not otherwise accounted for, is a revelation of some objective reality. Our present object is to determine whether the reality, to which the feeling of justice corresponds, is one which needs any such special revelation; whether the justice or injustice of an action is a thing intrinsically peculiar, and distinct from all its other qualities, or only a combination of certain of those qualities, presented under a peculiar aspect. For the purpose of this inquiry, it is practically important to consider whether the feeling itself, of justice and injustice, is _sui generis_ like our sensations of colour and taste, or a derivative feeling, formed by a combination of others. And this it is the more essential to examine, as people are in general willing enough to allow, that objectively the dictates of justice coincide with a part of the field of General Expediency; but inasmuch as the subjective mental feeling of Justice is different from that which commonly attaches to simple expediency, and, except in extreme cases of the latter, is far more imperative in its demands, people find it difficult to see, in Justice, only a particular kind or branch of general utility, and think that its superior binding force requires a totally different origin.

To throw light upon this question, it is necessary to attempt to ascertain what is the distinguishing character of justice, or of injustice: what is the quality, or whether there is any quality, attributed in common to all modes of conduct designated as unjust (for justice, like many other moral attributes, is best defined by its opposite), and distinguishing them from such modes of conduct as are disapproved, but without having that particular epithet of disapprobation applied to them. If, in everything which men are accustomed to characterize as just or unjust, some one common attribute or collection of attributes is always present, we may judge whether this particular attribute or combination of attributes would be capable of gathering round it a sentiment of that peculiar character and intensity by virtue of the general laws of our emotional constitution, or whether the sentiment is inexplicable, and requires to be regarded as a special provision of Nature. If we find the former to be the case, we shall, in resolving this question, have resolved also the main problem: if the latter, we shall have to seek for some other mode of investigating it.

* * * * *

To find the common attributes of a variety of objects, it is necessary to begin, by surveying the objects themselves in the concrete. Let us therefore advert successively to the various modes of action, and arrangements of human affairs, which are classed, by universal or widely spread opinion, as Just or as Unjust. The things well known to excite the sentiments associated with those names, are of a very multifarious character. I shall pass them rapidly in review, without studying any particular arrangement.

In the first place, it is mostly considered unjust to deprive any one of his personal liberty, his property, or any other thing which belongs to him by law. Here, therefore, is one instance of the application of the terms just and unjust in a perfectly definite sense, namely, that it is just to respect, unjust to violate, the _legal rights_ of any one. But this judgment admits of several exceptions, arising from the other forms in which the notions of justice and injustice present themselves. For example, the person who suffers the deprivation may (as the phrase is) have _forfeited_ the rights which he is so deprived of: a case to which we shall return presently. But also,

Secondly; the legal rights of which he is deprived, may be rights which _ought_ not to have belonged to him; in other words, the law which confers on him these rights, may be a bad law. When it is so, or when (which is the same thing for our purpose) it is

supposed to be so, opinions will differ as to the justice or injustice of infringing it. Some maintain that no law, however bad, ought to be disobeyed by an individual citizen; that his opposition to it, if shown at all, should only be shown in endeavouring to get it altered by competent authority. This opinion (which condemns many of the most illustrious benefactors of mankind, and would often protect pernicious institutions against the only weapons which, in the state of things existing at the time, have any chance of succeeding against them) is defended, by those who hold it, on grounds of expediency; principally on that of the importance, to the common interest of mankind, of maintaining inviolate the sentiment of submission to law. Other persons, again, hold the directly contrary opinion, that any law, judged to be bad, may blamelessly be disobeyed, even though it be not judged to be unjust, but only inexpedient; while others would confine the licence of disobedience to the case of unjust laws: but again, some say, that all laws which are inexpedient are unjust; since every law imposes some restriction on the natural liberty of mankind, which restriction is an injustice, unless legitimated by tending to their good. Among these diversities of opinion, it seems to be universally admitted that there may be unjust laws, and that law, consequently, is not the ultimate criterion of justice, but may give to one person a benefit, or impose on another an evil, which justice condemns. When, however, a law is thought to be unjust, it seems always to be regarded as being so in the same way in which a breach of law is unjust, namely, by infringing somebody's right; which, as it cannot in this case be a legal right, receives a different appellation, and is called a moral right. We may say, therefore, that a second case of injustice consists in taking or withholding from any person that to which he has a _moral right_.

Thirdly, it is universally considered just that each person should obtain that (whether good or evil) which he _deserves_; and unjust that he should obtain a good, or be made to undergo an evil, which he does not deserve. This is, perhaps, the clearest and most emphatic form in which the idea of justice is conceived by the general mind. As it involves the notion of desert, the question arises, what constitutes desert? Speaking in a general way, a person is understood to deserve good if he does right, evil if he does wrong; and in a more particular sense, to deserve good from those to whom he does or has done good, and evil from those to whom he does or has done evil. The precept of returning good for evil has never been regarded as a case of the fulfilment of justice, but as one in which the claims of justice are waived, in obedience to other considerations.

Fourthly, it is confessedly unjust to _break faith_ with any one: to violate an engagement, either express or implied, or disappoint expectations raised by our own conduct, at least if we have raised those expectations knowingly and voluntarily. Like the other obligations of justice already spoken of, this one is not regarded as absolute, but as capable of being overruled by a stronger obligation of justice on the other side; or by such conduct on the part of the person concerned as is deemed to absolve us from our obligation to him, and to constitute a _forfeiture_ of the benefit which he has been led to expect.

Fifthly, it is, by universal admission, inconsistent with justice to be _partial_; to show favour or preference to one person over another, in matters to which favour and preference do not properly apply. Impartiality, however, does not seem to be regarded as a duty in itself, but rather as instrumental to some other duty; for it is admitted that favour and preference are not always censurable, and indeed the cases in which they are condemned are rather the exception than the rule. A person would be more likely to be blamed than applauded for giving his family or friends no superiority in good offices over strangers, when he could do so without violating any other duty; and no one thinks it unjust to seek one person in preference to another as a friend, connexion, or companion. Impartiality where rights are concerned is of course obligatory, but this is involved in the more general obligation of giving to every one his right. A tribunal, for example, must be impartial, because it is bound to award, without regard to any other consideration, a disputed object to the one of two parties who has the right to it. There are other cases in which impartiality means, being solely influenced by desert; as with those who, in the capacity of judges, preceptors, or parents, administer reward and punishment as such. There are cases, again, in which it means, being solely influenced by consideration for the public interest; as in making a selection among candidates for a Government employment. Impartiality, in short, as an obligation of justice, may be said to mean, being exclusively influenced by the considerations which it is supposed ought to influence the particular case in hand; and resisting the solicitation of any motives which prompt to conduct different from what those considerations would dictate.

Nearly allied to the idea of impartiality, is that of _equality_; which often enters as a component part both into the conception of justice and into the practice of it, and, in the eyes of many persons, constitutes its essence. But in this, still more than in any other case, the notion of justice varies in different persons, and always conforms in its variations to their notion of utility. Each person maintains that equality is the dictate of justice, except where he thinks that expediency requires inequality. The justice of giving equal protection to the rights of all, is maintained by those who support the most outrageous inequality in the rights themselves. Even in slave countries it is theoretically admitted that the rights of the slave, such as they are, ought to be as sacred as those of the master; and that a tribunal which fails to enforce them with equal strictness is wanting in justice; while, at the same time, institutions which leave to the slave scarcely any rights to enforce, are not deemed unjust, because they are not deemed

inexpedient. Those who think that utility requires distinctions of rank, do not consider it unjust that riches and social privileges should be unequally dispensed; but those who think this inequality inexpedient, think it unjust also. Whoever thinks that government is necessary, sees no injustice in as much inequality as is constituted by giving to the magistrate powers not granted to other people. Even among those who hold levelling doctrines, there are as many questions of justice as there are differences of opinion about expediency. Some Communists consider it unjust that the produce of the labour of the community should be shared on any other principle than that of exact equality; others think it just that those should receive most whose needs are greatest; while others hold that those who work harder, or who produce more, or whose services are more valuable to the community, may justly claim a larger quota in the division of the produce. And the sense of natural justice may be plausibly appealed to in behalf of every one of these opinions.

Among so many diverse applications of the term Justice, which yet is not regarded as ambiguous, it is a matter of some difficulty to seize the mental link which holds them together, and on which the moral sentiment adhering to the term essentially depends. Perhaps, in this embarrassment, some help may be derived from the history of the word, as indicated by its etymology.

In most, if not in all languages, the etymology of the word which corresponds to Just, points to an origin connected either with positive law, or with that which was in most cases the primitive form of law-authoritative custom. _Justum_ is a form of _jussum_, that which has been ordered. _Jus_ is of the same origin. _Dichanou_ comes from _dichae_, of which the principal meaning, at least in the historical ages of Greece, was a suit at law. Originally, indeed, it meant only the mode or _manner_ of doing things, but it early came to mean the _prescribed_ manner; that which the recognized authorities, patriarchal, judicial, or political, would enforce. _Recht_, from which came _right_ and _righteous_, is synonymous with law. The original meaning, indeed, of _recht_ did not point to law, but to physical straightness; as _wrong_ and its Latin equivalents meant twisted or tortuous; and from this it is argued that right did not originally mean law, but on the contrary law meant right. But however this may be, the fact that _recht_ and _droit_ became restricted in their meaning to positive law, although much which is not required by law is equally necessary to moral straightness or rectitude, is as significant of the original character of moral ideas as if the derivation had been the reverse way. The courts of justice, the administration of justice, are the courts and the administration of law. _La justice_, in French, is the established term for judicature. There can, I think, be no doubt that the _idée mère_, the primitive element, in the formation of the notion of justice, was conformity to law. It constituted the entire idea among the Hebrews, up to the birth of Christianity; as might be expected in the case of a people whose laws attempted to embrace all subjects on which precepts were required, and who believed those laws to be a direct emanation from the Supreme Being. But other nations, and in particular the Greeks and Romans, who knew that their laws had been made originally, and still continued to be made, by men, were not afraid to admit that those men might make bad laws; might do, by law, the same things, and from the same motives, which, if done by individuals without the sanction of law, would be called unjust. And hence the sentiment of injustice came to be attached, not to all violations of law, but only to violations of such laws as _ought_ to exist, including such as ought to exist but do not; and to laws themselves, if supposed to be contrary to what ought to be law. In this manner the idea of law and of its injunctions was still predominant in the notion of justice, even when the laws actually in force ceased to be accepted as the standard of it.

It is true that mankind consider the idea of justice and its obligations as applicable to many things which neither are, nor is it desired that they should be, regulated by law. Nobody desires that laws should interfere with the whole detail of private life; yet every one allows that in all daily conduct a person may and does show himself to be either just or unjust. But even here, the idea of the breach of what ought to be law, still lingers in a modified shape. It would always give us pleasure, and chime in with our feelings of fitness, that acts which we deem unjust should be punished, though we do not always think it expedient that this should be done by the tribunals. We forego that gratification on account of incidental inconveniences. We should be glad to see just conduct enforced and injustice repressed, even in the minutest details, if we were not, with reason, afraid of trusting the magistrate with so unlimited an amount of power over individuals. When we think that a person is bound in justice to do a thing, it is an ordinary form of language to say, that he ought to be compelled to do it. We should be gratified to see the obligation enforced by anybody who had the power. If we see that its enforcement by law would be inexpedient, we lament the impossibility, we consider the impunity given to injustice as an evil, and strive to make amends for it by bringing a strong expression of our own and the public disapprobation to bear upon the offender. Thus the idea of legal constraint is still the generating idea of the notion of justice, though undergoing several transformations before that notion, as it exists in an advanced state of society, becomes complete.

The above is, I think, a true account, as far as it goes, of the origin and progressive growth of the idea of justice. But we must observe, that it contains, as yet, nothing to distinguish that obligation from moral obligation in general. For the truth is, that the idea of penal sanction, which is the essence of law, enters not only into the conception of injustice, but into that of any kind of wrong. We

do not call anything wrong, unless we mean to imply that a person ought to be punished in some way or other for doing it; if not by law, by the opinion of his fellow creatures; if not by opinion, by the reproaches of his own conscience. This seems the real turning point of the distinction between morality and simple expediency. It is a part of the notion of Duty in every one of its forms, that a person may rightfully be compelled to fulfil it. Duty is a thing which may be _exacted_ from a person, as one exacts a debt. Unless we think that it might be exacted from him, we do not call it his duty. Reasons of prudence, or the interest of other people, may militate against actually exacting it; but the person himself, it is clearly understood, would not be entitled to complain. There are other things, on the contrary, which we wish that people should do, which we like or admire them for doing, perhaps dislike or despise them for not doing, but yet admit that they are not bound to do; it is not a case of moral obligation; we do not blame them, that is, we do not think that they are proper objects of punishment. How we come by these ideas of deserving and not deserving punishment, will appear, perhaps, in the sequel; but I think there is no doubt that this distinction lies at the bottom of the notions of right and wrong; that we call any conduct wrong, or employ instead, some other term of dislike or disparagement, according as we think that the person ought, or ought not, to be punished for it; and we say that it would be right to do so and so, or merely that it would be desirable or laudable, according as we would wish to see the person whom it concerns, compelled or only persuaded and exhorted, to act in that manner.[C]

This, therefore, being the characteristic difference which marks off, not justice, but morality in general, from the remaining provinces of Expediency and Worthiness; the character is still to be sought which distinguishes justice from other branches of morality. Now it is known that ethical writers divide moral duties into two classes, denoted by the ill-chosen expressions, duties of perfect and of imperfect obligation; the latter being those in which, though the act is obligatory, the particular occasions of performing it are left to our choice; as in the case of charity or beneficence, which we are indeed bound to practise, but not towards any definite person, nor at any prescribed time. In the more precise language of philosophic jurists, duties of perfect obligation are those duties in virtue of which a correlative right resides in some person or persons; duties of imperfect obligation are those moral obligations which do not give birth to any right. I think it will be found that this distinction exactly coincides with that which exists between justice and the other obligations of morality. In our survey of the various popular acceptations of justice, the term appeared generally to involve the idea of a personal right--a claim on the part of one or more individuals, like that which the law gives when it confers a proprietary or other legal right. Whether the injustice consists in depriving a person of a possession, or in breaking faith with him, or in treating him worse than he deserves, or worse than other people who have no greater claims, in each case the supposition implies two things--a wrong done, and some assignable person who is wronged. Injustice may also be done by treating a person better than others; but the wrong in this case is to his competitors, who are also assignable persons. It seems to me that this feature in the case--a right in some person, correlative to the moral obligation--constitutes the specific difference between justice, and generosity or beneficence. Justice implies something which it is not only right to do, and wrong not to do, but which some individual person can claim from us as his moral right. No one has a moral right to our generosity or beneficence, because we are not morally bound to practise those virtues towards any given individual. And it will be found, with respect to this as with respect to every correct definition, that the instances which seem to conflict with it are those which most confirm it. For if a moralist attempts, as some have done, to make out that mankind generally, though not any given individual, have a right to all the good we can do them, he at once, by that thesis, includes generosity and beneficence within the category of justice. He is obliged to say, that our utmost exertions are due to our fellow creatures, thus assimilating them to a debt; or that nothing less can be a sufficient _return_ for what society does for us, thus classing the case as one of gratitude; both of which are acknowledged cases of justice. Wherever there is a right, the case is one of justice, and not of the virtue of beneficence: and whoever does not place the distinction between justice and morality in general where we have now placed it, will be found to make no distinction between them at all, but to merge all morality in justice.

Having thus endeavoured to determine the distinctive elements which enter into the composition of the idea of justice, we are ready to enter on the inquiry, whether the feeling, which accompanies the idea, is attached to it by a special dispensation of nature, or whether it could have grown up, by any known laws, out of the idea itself; and in particular, whether it can have originated in considerations of general expediency.

I conceive that the sentiment itself does not arise from anything which would commonly, or correctly, be termed an idea of expediency; but that, though the sentiment does not, whatever is moral in it does.

We have seen that the two essential ingredients in the sentiment of justice are, the desire to punish a person who has done harm, and the knowledge or belief that there is some definite individual or individuals to whom harm has been done.

Now it appears to me, that the desire to punish a person who has done harm to some individual, is a spontaneous outgrowth from two sentiments, both in the highest degree natural, and which either are or resemble instincts; the impulse of self-defence, and the

feeling of sympathy.

It is natural to resent, and to repel or retaliate, any harm done or attempted against ourselves, or against those with whom we sympathize. The origin of this sentiment it is not necessary here to discuss. Whether it be an instinct or a result of intelligence, it is, we know, common to all animal nature; for every animal tries to hurt those who have hurt, or who it thinks are about to hurt, itself or its young. Human beings, on this point, only differ from other animals in two particulars. First, in being capable of sympathizing, not solely with their offspring, or, like some of the more noble animals, with some superior animal who is kind to them, but with all human, and even with all sentient beings. Secondly, in having a more developed intelligence, which gives a wider range to the whole of their sentiments, whether self-regarding or sympathetic. By virtue of his superior intelligence, even apart from his superior range of sympathy, a human being is capable of apprehending a community of interest between himself and the human society of which he forms a part, such that any conduct which threatens the security of the society generally, is threatening to his own, and calls forth his instinct (if instinct it be) of self-defence. The same superiority of intelligence, joined to the power of sympathizing with human beings generally, enables him to attach himself to the collective idea of his tribe, his country, or mankind, in such a manner that any act hurtful to them rouses his instinct of sympathy, and urges him to resistance.

The sentiment of justice, in that one of its elements which consists of the desire to punish, is thus, I conceive, the natural feeling of retaliation or vengeance, rendered by intellect and sympathy applicable to those injuries, that is, to those hurts, which wound us through, or in common with, society at large. This sentiment, in itself, has nothing moral in it; what is moral is, the exclusive subordination of it to the social sympathies, so as to wait on and obey their call. For the natural feeling tends to make us resent indiscriminately whatever any one does that is disagreeable to us; but when moralized by the social feeling, it only acts in the directions conformable to the general good; just persons resenting a hurt to society, though not otherwise a hurt to themselves, and not resenting a hurt to themselves, however painful, unless it be of the kind which society has a common interest with them in the repression of.

It is no objection against this doctrine to say, that when we feel our sentiment of justice outraged, we are not thinking of society at large, or of any collective interest, but only of the individual case. It is common enough certainly, though the reverse of commendable, to feel resentment merely because we have suffered pain; but a person whose resentment is really a moral feeling, that is, who considers whether an act is blameable before he allows himself to resent it--such a person, though he may not say expressly to himself that he is standing up for the interest of society, certainly does feel that he is asserting a rule which is for the benefit of others as well as for his own. If he is not feeling this--if he is regarding the act solely as it affects him individually--he is not consciously just; he is not concerning himself about the justice of his actions. This is admitted even by anti-utilitarian moralists. When Kant (as before remarked) propounds as the fundamental principle of morals, 'So act, that thy rule of conduct might be adopted as a law by all rational beings,' he virtually acknowledges that the interest of mankind collectively, or at least of mankind indiscriminately, must be in the mind of the agent when conscientiously deciding on the morality of the act. Otherwise he uses words without a meaning: for, that a rule even of utter selfishness could not _possibly_ be adopted by all rational beings--that there is any insuperable obstacle in the nature of things to its adoption--cannot be even plausibly maintained. To give any meaning to Kant's principle, the sense put upon it must be, that we ought to shape our conduct by a rule which all rational beings might adopt _with benefit to their collective interest_.

To recapitulate: the idea of justice supposes two things; a rule of conduct, and a sentiment which sanctions the rule. The first must be supposed common to all mankind, and intended for their good. The other (the sentiment) is a desire that punishment may be suffered by those who infringe the rule. There is involved, in addition, the conception of some definite person who suffers by the infringement; whose rights (to use the expression appropriated to the case) are violated by it. And the sentiment of justice appears to me to be, the animal desire to repel or retaliate a hurt or damage to oneself, or to those with whom one sympathizes, widened so as to include all persons, by the human capacity of enlarged sympathy, and the human conception of intelligent self-interest. From the latter elements, the feeling derives its morality; from the former, its peculiar impressiveness, and energy of self-assertion.

I have, throughout, treated the idea of a _right_ residing in the injured person, and violated by the injury, not as a separate element in the composition of the idea and sentiment, but as one of the forms in which the other two elements clothe themselves. These elements are, a hurt to some assignable person or persons on the one hand, and a demand for punishment on the other. An examination of our own minds, I think, will show, that these two things include all that we mean when we speak of violation of a right. When we call anything a person's right, we mean that he has a valid claim on society to protect him in the possession of it, either by the force of law, or by that of education and opinion. If he has what we consider a sufficient claim, on whatever account, to have something guaranteed to him by society, we say that he has a right to it. If we desire to prove that anything does not belong to

him by right, we think this done as soon as it is admitted that society ought not to take measures for securing it to him, but should leave it to chance, or to his own exertions. Thus, a person is said to have a right to what he can earn in fair professional competition; because society ought not to allow any other person to hinder him from endeavouring to earn in that manner as much as he can. But he has not a right to three hundred a-year, though he may happen to be earning it; because society is not called on to provide that he shall earn that sum. On the contrary, if he owns ten thousand pounds three per cent. stock, he _has_ a right to three hundred a-year; because society has come under an obligation to provide him with an income of that amount.

To have a right, then, is, I conceive, to have something which society ought to defend me in the possession of. If the objector goes on to ask why it ought, I can give him no other reason than general utility. If that expression does not seem to convey a sufficient feeling of the strength of the obligation, nor to account for the peculiar energy of the feeling, it is because there goes to the composition of the sentiment, not a rational only but also an animal element, the thirst for retaliation; and this thirst derives its intensity, as well as its moral justification, from the extraordinarily important and impressive kind of utility which is concerned. The interest involved is that of security, to every one's feelings the most vital of all interests. Nearly all other earthly benefits are needed by one person, not needed by another; and many of them can, if necessary, be cheerfully foregone, or replaced by something else; but security no human being can possibly do without; on it we depend for all our immunity from evil, and for the whole value of all and every good, beyond the passing moment; since nothing but the gratification of the instant could be of any worth to us, if we could be deprived of everything the next instant by whoever was momentarily stronger than ourselves. Now this most indispensable of all necessaries, after physical nutriment, cannot be had, unless the machinery for providing it is kept unintermittedly in active play. Our notion, therefore, of the claim we have on our fellow creatures to join in making safe for us the very groundwork of our existence, gathers feelings round it so much more intense than those concerned in any of the more common cases of utility, that the difference in degree (as is often the case in psychology) becomes a real difference in kind. The claim assumes that character of absoluteness, that apparent infinity, and incommensurability with all other considerations, which constitute the distinction between the feeling of right and wrong and that of ordinary expediency and inexpediency. The feelings concerned are so powerful, and we count so positively on finding a responsive feeling in others (all being alike interested), that _ought_ and _should_ grow into _must_, and recognized indispensability becomes a moral necessity, analogous to physical, and often not inferior to it in binding force.

If the preceding analysis, or something resembling it, be not the correct account of the notion of justice; if justice be totally independent of utility, and be a standard _per se_, which the mind can recognize by simple introspection of itself; it is hard to understand why that internal oracle is so ambiguous, and why so many things appear either just or unjust, according to the light in which they are regarded. We are continually informed that Utility is an uncertain standard, which every different person interprets differently, and that there is no safety but in the immutable, ineffaceable, and unmistakeable dictates of Justice, which carry their evidence in themselves, and are independent of the fluctuations of opinion. One would suppose from this that on questions of justice there could be no controversy; that if we take that for our rule, its application to any given case could leave us in as little doubt as a mathematical demonstration. So far is this from being the fact, that there is as much difference of opinion, and as fierce discussion, about what is just, as about what is useful to society. Not only have different nations and individuals different notions of justice, but, in the mind of one and the same individual, justice is not some one rule, principle, or maxim, but many, which do not always coincide in their dictates, and in choosing between which, he is guided either by some extraneous standard, or by his own personal predilections.

For instance, there are some who say, that it is unjust to punish any one for the sake of example to others; that punishment is just, only when intended for the good of the sufferer himself. Others maintain the extreme reverse, contending that to punish persons who have attained years of discretion, for their own benefit, is despotism and injustice, since if the matter at issue is solely their own good, no one has a right to control their own judgment of it; but that they may justly be punished to prevent evil to others, this being an exercise of the legitimate right of self-defence. Mr. Owen, again, affirms that it is unjust to punish at all; for the criminal did not make his own character; his education, and the circumstances which surround him, have made him a criminal, and for these he is not responsible. All these opinions are extremely plausible; and so long as the question is argued as one of justice simply, without going down to the principles which lie under justice and are the source of its authority, I am unable to see how any of these reasoners can be refuted. For, in truth, every one of the three builds upon rules of justice confessedly true. The first appeals to the acknowledged injustice of singling out an individual, and making him a sacrifice, without his consent, for other people's benefit. The second relies on the acknowledged justice of self-defence, and the admitted injustice of forcing one person to conform to another's notions of what constitutes his good. The Owenite invokes the admitted principle, that it is unjust to punish any one for what he cannot help. Each is triumphant so long as he is not compelled to take into consideration any other maxims of justice than the one

he has selected; but as soon as their several maxims are brought face to face, each disputant seems to have exactly as much to say for himself as the others. No one of them can carry out his own notion of justice without trampling upon another equally binding. These are difficulties; they have always been felt to be such; and many devices have been invented to turn rather than to overcome them. As a refuge from the last of the three, men imagined what they called the freedom of the will; fancying that they could not justify punishing a man whose will is in a thoroughly hateful state, unless it be supposed to have come into that state through no influence of anterior circumstances. To escape from the other difficulties, a favourite contrivance has been the fiction of a contract, whereby at some unknown period all the members of society engaged to obey the laws, and consented to be punished for any disobedience to them; thereby giving to their legislators the right, which it is assumed they would not otherwise have had, of punishing them, either for their own good or for that of society. This happy thought was considered to get rid of the whole difficulty, and to legitimate the infliction of punishment, in virtue of another received maxim of justice, _volenti non fit injuria_; that is not unjust which is done with the consent of the person who is supposed to be hurt by it. I need hardly remark, that even if the consent were not a mere fiction, this maxim is not superior in authority to the others which it is brought in to supersede. It is, on the contrary, an instructive specimen of the loose and irregular manner in which supposed principles of justice grow up. This particular one evidently came into use as a help to the coarse exigencies of courts of law, which are sometimes obliged to be content with very uncertain presumptions, on account of the greater evils which would often arise from any attempt on their part to cut finer. But even courts of law are not able to adhere consistently to the maxim, for they allow voluntary engagements to be set aside on the ground of fraud, and sometimes on that of mere mistake or misinformation.

Again, when the legitimacy of inflicting punishment is admitted, how many conflicting conceptions of justice come to light in discussing the proper apportionment of punishment to offences. No rule on this subject recommends itself so strongly to the primitive and spontaneous sentiment of justice, as the _lex talionis_, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. Though this principle of the Jewish and of the Mahomedan law has been generally abandoned in Europe as a practical maxim, there is, I suspect, in most minds, a secret hankering after it; and when retribution accidentally falls on an offender in that precise shape, the general feeling of satisfaction evinced, bears witness how natural is the sentiment to which this repayment in kind is acceptable. With many the test of justice in penal infliction is that the punishment should be proportioned to the offence; meaning that it should be exactly measured by the moral guilt of the culprit (whatever be their standard for measuring moral guilt): the consideration, what amount of punishment is necessary to deter from the offence, having nothing to do with the question of justice, in their estimation: while there are others to whom that consideration is all in all; who maintain that it is not just, at least for man, to inflict on a fellow creature, whatever may be his offences, any amount of suffering beyond the least that will suffice to prevent him from repeating, and others from imitating, his misconduct.

To take another example from a subject already once referred to. In a co-operative industrial association, is it just or not that talent or skill should give a title to superior remuneration? On the negative side of the question it is argued, that whoever does the best he can, deserves equally well, and ought not in justice to be put in a position of inferiority for no fault of his own; that superior abilities have already advantages more than enough, in the admiration they excite, the personal influence they command, and the internal sources of satisfaction attending them, without adding to these a superior share of the world's goods; and that society is bound in justice rather to make compensation to the less favoured, for this unmerited inequality of advantages, than to aggravate it. On the contrary side it is contended, that society receives more from the more efficient labourer; that his services being more useful, society owes him a larger return for them; that a greater share of the joint result is actually his work, and not to allow his claim to it is a kind of robbery; that if he is only to receive as much as others, he can only be justly required to produce as much, and to give a smaller amount of time and exertion, proportioned to his superior efficiency. Who shall decide between these appeals to conflicting principles of justice? Justice has in this case two sides to it, which it is impossible to bring into harmony, and the two disputants have chosen opposite sides; the one looks to what it is just that the individual should receive, the other to what it is just that the community should give. Each, from his own point of view, is unanswerable; and any choice between them, on grounds of justice, must be perfectly arbitrary. Social utility alone can decide the preference.

How many, again, and how irreconcileable, are the standards of justice to which reference is made in discussing the repartition of taxation. One opinion is, that payment to the State should be in numerical proportion to pecuniary means. Others think that justice dictates what they term graduated taxation; taking a higher percentage from those who have more to spare. In point of natural justice a strong case might be made for disregarding means altogether, and taking the same absolute sum (whenever it could be got) from every one: as the subscribers to a mess, or to a club, all pay the same sum for the same privileges, whether they can all equally afford it or not. Since the protection (it might be said) of law and government is afforded to, and is equally required by, all, there is no injustice in making all buy it at the same price. It is reckoned justice, not injustice, that a dealer should charge to all

customers the same price for the same article, not a price varying according to their means of payment. This doctrine, as applied to taxation, finds no advocates, because it conflicts strongly with men's feelings of humanity and perceptions of social expediency; but the principle of justice which it invokes is as true and as binding as those which can be appealed to against it. Accordingly, it exerts a tacit influence on the line of defence employed for other modes of assessing taxation. People feel obliged to argue that the State does more for the rich than for the poor, as a justification for its taking more from them: though this is in reality not true, for the rich would be far better able to protect themselves, in the absence of law or government, than the poor, and indeed would probably be successful in converting the poor into their slaves. Others, again, so far defer to the same conception of justice, as to maintain that all should pay an equal capitation tax for the protection of their persons (these being of equal value to all), and an unequal tax for the protection of their property, which is unequal. To this others reply, that the all of one man is as valuable to him as the all of another. From these confusions there is no other mode of extrication than the utilitarian.

* * * * *

Is, then, the difference between the Just and the Expedient a merely imaginary distinction? Have mankind been under a delusion in thinking that justice is a more sacred thing than policy, and that the latter ought only to be listened to after the former has been satisfied? By no means. The exposition we have given of the nature and origin of the sentiment, recognises a real distinction; and no one of those who profess the most sublime contempt for the consequences of actions as an element in their morality, attaches more importance to the distinction than I do. While I dispute the pretensions of any theory which sets up an imaginary standard of justice not grounded on utility, I account the justice which is grounded on utility to be the chief part, and incomparably the most sacred and binding part, of all morality. Justice is a name for certain classes of moral rules, which concern the essentials of human well-being more nearly, and are therefore of more absolute obligation, than any other rules for the guidance of life; and the notion which we have found to be of the essence of the idea of justice, that of a right residing in an individual, implies and testifies to this more binding obligation.

The moral rules which forbid mankind to hurt one another (in which we must never forget to include wrongful interference with each other's freedom) are more vital to human well-being than any maxims, however important, which only point out the best mode of managing some department of human affairs. They have also the peculiarity, that they are the main element in determining the whole of the social feelings of mankind. It is their observance which alone preserves peace among human beings: if obedience to them were not the rule, and disobedience the exception, every one would see in every one else a probable enemy, against whom he must be perpetually guarding himself. What is hardly less important, these are the precepts which mankind have the strongest and the most direct inducements for impressing upon one another. By merely giving to each other prudential instruction or exhortation, they may gain, or think they gain, nothing: in inculcating on each other the duty of positive beneficence they have an unmistakeable interest, but far less in degree: a person may possibly not need the benefits of others; but he always needs that they should not do him hurt. Thus the moralities which protect every individual from being harmed by others, either directly or by being hindered in his freedom of pursuing his own good, are at once those which he himself has most at heart, and those which he has the strongest interest in publishing and enforcing by word and deed. It is by a person's observance of these, that his fitness to exist as one of the fellowship of human beings, is tested and decided; for on that depends his being a nuisance or not to those with whom he is in contact. Now it is these moralities primarily, which compose the obligations of justice. The most marked cases of injustice, and those which give the tone to the feeling of repugnance which characterizes the sentiment, are acts of wrongful aggression, or wrongful exercise of power over some one; the next are those which consist in wrongfully withholding from him something which is his due; in both cases, inflicting on him a positive hurt, either in the form of direct suffering, or of the privation of some good which he had reasonable ground, either of a physical or of a social kind, for counting upon.

The same powerful motives which command the observance of these primary moralities, enjoin the punishment of those who violate them; and as the impulses of self-defence, of defence of others, and of vengeance, are all called forth against such persons, retribution, or evil for evil, becomes closely connected with the sentiment of justice, and is universally included in the idea. Good for good is also one of the dictates of justice; and this, though its social utility is evident, and though it carries with it a natural human feeling, has not at first sight that obvious connexion with hurt or injury, which, existing in the most elementary cases of just and unjust, is the source of the characteristic intensity of the sentiment. But the connexion, though less obvious, is not less real. He who accepts benefits, and denies a return of them when needed, inflicts a real hurt, by disappointing one of the most natural and reasonable of expectations, and one which he must at least tacitly have encouraged, otherwise the benefits would seldom have been conferred. The important rank, among human evils and wrongs, of the disappointment of expectation, is shown in the fact that it constitutes the principal criminality of two such highly immoral acts as a breach of friendship and a breach of promise. Few hurts

which human beings can sustain are greater, and none wound more, than when that on which they habitually and with full assurance relied, fails them in the hour of need; and few wrongs are greater than this mere withholding of good; none excite more resentment, either in the person suffering, or in a sympathizing spectator. The principle, therefore, of giving to each what they deserve, that is, good for good as well as evil for evil, is not only included within the idea of Justice as we have defined it, but is a proper object of that intensity of sentiment, which places the Just, in human estimation, above the simply Expedient.

Most of the maxims of justice current in the world, and commonly appealed to in its transactions, are simply instrumental to carrying into effect the principles of justice which we have now spoken of. That a person is only responsible for what he has done voluntarily, or could voluntarily have avoided; that it is unjust to condemn any person unheard; that the punishment ought to be proportioned to the offence, and the like, are maxims intended to prevent the just principle of evil for evil from being perverted to the infliction of evil without that justification. The greater part of these common maxims have come into use from the practice of courts of justice, which have been naturally led to a more complete recognition and elaboration than was likely to suggest itself to others, of the rules necessary to enable them to fulfil their double function, of inflicting punishment when due, and of awarding to each person his right.

That first of judicial virtues, impartiality, is an obligation of justice, partly for the reason last mentioned; as being a necessary condition of the fulfilment of the other obligations of justice. But this is not the only source of the exalted rank, among human obligations, of those maxims of equality and impartiality, which, both in popular estimation and in that of the most enlightened, are included among the precepts of justice. In one point of view, they may be considered as corollaries from the principles already laid down. If it is a duty to do to each according to his deserts, returning good for good as well as repressing evil by evil, it necessarily follows that we should treat all equally well (when no higher duty forbids) who have deserved equally well of us, and that society should treat all equally well who have deserved equally well of it, that is, who have deserved equally well absolutely. This is the highest abstract standard of social and distributive justice; towards which all institutions, and the efforts of all virtuous citizens, should be made in the utmost possible degree to converge. But this great moral duty rests upon a still deeper foundation, being a direct emanation from the first principle of morals, and not a mere logical corollary from secondary or derivative doctrines. It is involved in the very meaning of Utility, or the Greatest-Happiness Principle. That principle is a mere form of words without rational signification, unless one person's happiness, supposed equal in degree (with the proper allowance made for kind), is counted for exactly as much as another's. Those conditions being supplied, Bentham's dictum, 'everybody to count for one, nobody for more than one,' might be written under the principle of utility as an explanatory commentary.[D] The equal claim of everybody to happiness in the estimation of the moralist and the legislator, involves an equal claim to all the means of happiness, except in so far as the inevitable conditions of human life, and the general interest, in which that of every individual is included, set limits to the maxim; and those limits ought to be strictly construed. As every other maxim of justice, so this, is by no means applied or held applicable universally; on the contrary, as I have already remarked, it bends to every person's ideas of social expediency. But in whatever case it is deemed applicable at all, it is held to be the dictate of justice. All persons are deemed to have a _right_ to equality of treatment, except when some recognised social expediency requires the reverse. And hence all social inequalities which have ceased to be considered expedient, assume the character not of simple inexpediency, but of injustice, and appear so tyrannical, that people are apt to wonder how they ever could have been tolerated; forgetful that they themselves perhaps tolerate other inequalities under an equally mistaken notion of expediency, the correction of which would make that which they approve seem quite as monstrous as what they have at last learnt to condemn. The entire history of social improvement has been a series of transitions, by which one custom or institution after another, from being a supposed primary necessity of social existence, has passed into the rank of an universally stigmatized injustice and tyranny. So it has been with the distinctions of slaves and freemen, nobles and serfs, patricians and plebeians; and so it will be, and in part already is, with the aristocracies of colour, race, and sex.

It appears from what has been said, that justice is a name for certain moral requirements, which, regarded collectively, stand higher in the scale of social utility, and are therefore of more paramount obligation, than any others; though particular cases may occur in which some other social duty is so important, as to overrule any one of the general maxims of justice. Thus, to save a life, it may not only be allowable, but a duty, to steal, or take by force, the necessary food or medicine, or to kidnap, and compel to officiate, the only qualified medical practitioner. In such cases, as we do not call anything justice which is not a virtue, we usually say, not that justice must give way to some other moral principle, but that what is just in ordinary cases is, by reason of that other principle, not just in the particular case. By this useful accommodation of language, the character of indefeasibility attributed to justice is kept up, and we are saved from the necessity of maintaining that there can be laudable injustice.

The considerations which have now been adduced resolve, I conceive, the only real difficulty in the utilitarian theory of morals. It has always been evident that all cases of justice are also cases of expediency: the difference is in the peculiar sentiment which

attaches to the former, as contradistinguished from the latter. If this characteristic sentiment has been sufficiently accounted for; if there is no necessity to assume for it any peculiarity of origin; if it is simply the natural feeling of resentment, moralized by being made coextensive with the demands of social good; and if this feeling not only does but ought to exist in all the classes of cases to which the idea of justice corresponds; that idea no longer presents itself as a stumbling-block to the utilitarian ethics. Justice remains the appropriate name for certain social utilities which are vastly more important, and therefore more absolute and imperative, than any others are as a class (though not more so than others may be in particular cases); and which, therefore, ought to be, as well as naturally are, guarded by a sentiment not only different in degree, but also in kind; distinguished from the milder feeling which attaches to the mere idea of promoting human pleasure or convenience, at once by the more definite nature of its commands, and by the sterner character of its sanctions.

THE END.

FOOTNOTES:

[Footnote C: See this point enforced and illustrated by Professor Bain, in an admirable chapter (entitled "The Ethical Emotions, or the Moral Sense") of the second of the two treatises composing his elaborate and profound work on the Mind.]

[Footnote D: This implication, in the first principle of the utilitarian scheme, of perfect impartiality between persons, is regarded by Mr. Herbert Spencer (in his _Social Statics_) as a disproof of the pretentions of utility to be a sufficient guide to right; since (he says) the principle of utility presupposes the anterior principle, that everybody has an equal right to happiness. It may be more correctly described as supposing that equal amounts of happiness are equally desirable, whether felt by the same or by different persons. This, however, is not a pre-supposition; not a premise needful to support the principle of utility, but the very principle itself; for what is the principle of utility, if it be not that 'happiness' and 'desirable' are synonymous terms? If there is any anterior principle implied, it can be no other than this, that the truths of arithmetic are applicable to the valuation of happiness, as of all other measurable quantities.

[Mr. Herbert Spencer, in a private communication on the subject of the preceding Note, objects to being considered an opponent of Utilitarianism; and states that he regards happiness as the ultimate end of morality; but deems that end only partially attainable by empirical generalizations from the observed results of conduct, and completely attainable only by deducing, from the laws of life and the conditions of existence, what kinds of action necessarily tend to produce happiness, and what kinds to produce unhappiness. With the exception of the word "necessarily," I have no dissent to express from this doctrine; and (omitting that word) I am not aware that any modern advocate of utilitarianism is of a different opinion. Bentham, certainly, to whom in the _Social Statics_ Mr. Spencer particularly referred, is, least of all writers, chargeable with unwillingness to deduce the effect of actions on happiness from the laws of human nature and the universal conditions of human life. The common charge against him is of relying too exclusively upon such deductions, and declining altogether to be bound by the generalizations from specific experience which Mr. Spencer thinks that utilitarians generally confine themselves to. My own opinion (and, as I collect, Mr. Spencer's) is, that in ethics, as in all other branches of scientific study, the consilience of the results of both these processes, each corroborating and verifying the other, is requisite to give to any general proposition the kind and degree of evidence which constitutes scientific proof.]]

==========

Don Juan Tenorio

José Zorrilla

Project Gutenberg Release: March 01, 2004 · eBook #5201

Copyright (C) 2001 N. K. Mayberry & A. S. Kline

Don Juan Tenorio

by José Zorrilla

Translated by: N. K. Mayberry & A. S. Kline Copyright 2001 All Rights Reserved

This work may be freely reproduced, stored, and transmitted, electronically or otherwise, for any non-commercial purpose.

Personajes Characters

Don Juan Tenorio Don Juan Tenorio Don Luís Mejía Don Luís Mejía Don Gonzalo de Ulloa (Comendador de Don Gonzalo de Ulloa (Comendador Calatrava) of Calatrava) Don Diego Tenorio Don Diego Tenorio Doña Inés de Ulloa Doña Inés de Ulloa Cristófano Buttarelli Cristófano Buttarelli Marcos Ciutti Marcos Ciutti Brígida Brígida Pascual Pascual El Capitán Centellas El Capitán Centellas Don Rafael de Avellaneda Don Rafael de Avellaneda Lucía Lucía La Abadesa de las Calatravas de The Abbess of the Calatravas of Sevilla Seville La tornera del convento The doorkeeper of the convent Gastón Gastón Miguel Miguel Un Escultor A sculptor Dos alguaciles Two bailiffs Un paje A page La estatua de Don Gonzalo (él mismo) The statue of Don Gonzalo (the actor himself) La sombra de doña Inés (ella misma) The shade of Doña Inés (the actress herself)

PARTE PRIMERA FIRST PART

ACTO PRIMERO ACT ONE

LIBERTINAJE Y ESCANDALO LICENTIOUSNESS AND SCANDAL

Hostería de Cristófano Buttarelli. The Inn of Cristófano Puerta en el fondo que da a la calle: Buttarelli. A door at the back mesas, jarros y demás utensilios leads out to the street: tables, propios de semejante lugar. jugs and other utensils appropriate for such a place.

ESCENA PRIMERA SCENE I

(Don Juan, con antifaz, sentado a una (Don Juan, masked, seated at a mesa escribiendo. Buttarelli y table, writing. Buttarelli and Ciutti, a un lado esperando. Al Ciutti, to one side, waiting. As levantarse el telón, se ven pasar por the curtain rises, in the la puerta del fondo máscaras, background one can see through estudiantes y pueblo con hachones, the door at the back people músicas, etc.) wearing masks, students, people with torches, musicians, etc.)

DON JUAN: ¡Cuál gritan esos malditos! How they shout those devils! Pero ¡mal rayo me parta Let me be damned by forked lightning si, en concluyendo la carta , if when this letter I'm writing no pagan caros sus gritos! is done, I don't end their revels! (Sigue escribiendo.) (He continues writing.)

BUTTARELLI: (¡A Ciutti.) (To Ciutti) Buen carnaval. A good Carnival.

CIUTTI: (A Buttarelli.) (To Buttarelli) Buen agosto A good harvest para rellenar la arquilla. for re-filling the coffers.

BUTTARELLI: ¡Quiá! Corre ahora por Sevilla Hey! No fun and plenty of bother poco gusto y mucho mosto. running around in Seville's dust. Ni caen aquí buenos peces, And you don't catch such good fish here, que son casas mal miradas since these inns don't find favour por gentes acomodadas, with gentlemen who are wealthy: y atropelladas a veces. or even, at times, the masses.

CIUTTI: Pero hoy... But today...

BUTTARELLI: Hoy no entra en la cuenta, Is not in the reckoning. se ha hecho buen trabajo. Good work's already been done.

CIUTTI: ¡Chist! Habla un poco más Shhh! Talk a little less loud bajo, then, que mi señor se impacienta pronto. or my master will soon be beckoning.

BUTTARELLI: ¿A su servicio estás? So you're his servant?

CIUTTI: Ya ha un año. For a year.

BUTTARELLI: ¿Y qué tal te sale? And how's it been?

CIUTTI: No hay prior que se me iguale; No abbot to equal me's been seen, tengo cuanto quiero, y más. I've all I ever could want. Tiempo libre, bolsa llena, Good women and good wine, buenas mozas y buen vino. free time, and a full pocket,

BUTTARELLI: ¡Cuerpo de tal, qué My God, what a racket! destino!

CIUTTI: (Señalando a don Juan.) (Pointing to Don Juan) Y todo ello a costa ajena. All paid for by that master of mine.

BUTTARELLI: Rico, ¿eh? He's rich, eh?

CIUTTI: Varea la plata. He's rolling, in brief.

BUTTARELLI: ¿Franco? Generous?

CIUTTI: Como un estudiante. Yes, like a student you see.

BUTTARELLI: ¡Y noble! And noble!

CIUTTI: Como un infante. As every prince should be.

BUTTARELLI: ¡Y bravo! And fierce!

CIUTTI: Como un pirata. As a pirate chief.

BUTTARELLI: ¡Español? A Spaniard?

CIUTTI: Creo que sí. Well, I think so.

BUTTARELLI: ¿Su nombre? His name?

CIUTTI: Lo ignoro, en suma. I don't know, again.

BUTTARELLI: ¡Bribón! ¿Y dónde va? Wretch! Where's he heading?

CIUTTI: Aquí. Here, I know.

BUTTARELLI: Largo plumea. He's been writing a lot.

CIUTTI: Es gran pluma. Well he has a big pen.

BUTTARELLI: ¿Y a quién mil diablos escribe And who's he writing to then tan cuidadoso y prolijo? as carefully and fully as he's done?

CIUTTI: A su padre. To his father.

BUTTARELLI: ¡Vaya un hijo! What a son!

CIUTTI: Para el tiempo en que se vive For the times in which we live, he's an es un hombre extraordinario. extraordinary man. Mas ¡silencio! But: silence!

DON JUAN: (Cerrando la carta.) (Closing the letter) ¡Firmo! y plego. I've signed and sealed it. ¿Ciutti? Ciutti?

CIUTTI: Señor. Sir?

DON JUAN: Este pliego This message, yield it irá dentro del horario to her now, let it appear en que reza doña Inés in the hands of doña Inés, a sus manos a parar. inside her book of prayers.

CIUTTI: ¿Hay respuesta que aguardar? Should I wait for an answer?

DON JUAN: Del diablo con guardapiés From that devil that guards her, que la asiste, de su dueña that attends her, her dueña, que mis intenciones sabe, who knows my every intention, recogerás una llave, you will pick up a key, she'll mention una hora y una seña; a time and a signal, y más ligero que el viento and swift as the wind aquí otra vez. you be back here again.

CIUTTI: Bien está. (Vase.) Fine. (He leaves.)

ESCENA DOS SCENE II.

Doña Ines, Don Juan , Buttarelli Doña Ines, Don Juan , Buttarelli

DON JUAN: Cristófano, vieni quá. Cristófano, vieni quá. (In Italian)

BUTTARELLI: Eccellenenza! Eccellenenza!

DON JUAN: Senti. Senti.

BUTTARELLI: Sento. Sento. Ma ho imparato il castigliano, Ma ho imparato il castigliano, se è più facile al signor se è più facile al signor la sua lingua... la sua lingua...

DON JUAN: (Spanish)Sí, es mejor: (Spanish)Sí, es mejor: lascia dunque il tuo toscano, lascia dunque il tuo toscano, y dime: ¿don Luis Mejía And tell me, has Don Luis Mejía ha venido hoy? been here today?

BUTTARELLI: Excelencia, Excellency, no está en Sevilla. he is not in Sevilla,

DON JUAN: ¿Su ausencia Is he still absent? dura en verdad todavía? Really?

BUTTARELLI: Tal creo. I think so.

DON JUAN: ¿Y noticia alguna And it's right no tienes de él? you've no news of him?

BUTTARELLI: ¡Ah! Una historia Ah, I find me viene ahora a la memoria there's a story coming to mind que os podrá dar... I should tell you....

DON JUAN: ¿Oportuna Shedding light luz sobre el caso? on the case?

BUTTARELLI: Tal vez. Maybe.

DON JUAN: Habla pues. Speak then.

BUTTARELLI: (Hablando consigo mismo.) (Talking to himself) No, no me engaño: No, no, I've just got it right. esta noche cumple el año, the year is up tonight lo había olvidado. I'd forgotten that.

DON JUAN: ¡Pardiez! For God's sake ¿Acabarás con tu cuento? will you start your tale?

BUTTARELLI: Perdonad, señor: estaba Excuse me sir, at once, recordando el hecho. I was thinking of the event.

DON JUAN: ¡Acaba, Out with it, then, because vive Dios!, que me impaciento. I'm getting more than impatient!

BUTTARELLI: Pues es el caso, señor, Well, the story sir, round here que el caballero Mejía is that the gentleman, Mejía por quien preguntáis, dio un día whom you ask about, he I fear en la ocurrencia peor hit on the very worst idea que ocurrírsele podía. that is ever likely to appear.

DON JUAN: Suprime lo al hecho extraño; Skip the extraordinary que apostaron me es notorio idea, it's well known to me, a quién haría en un año as to who in the space of a year, con más fortuna más daño could do more harm with more good luck, Luis Mejía y Juan Tenorio. Juan Tenorio or Luis Mejía.

BUTTARELLI: ¿La historia sabéis? You know the story?

DON JUAN: Entera; In its entirety: por eso te he preguntado that's why I asked por Mejía. for Mejía.

BUTTARELLI: ¡Oh! me pluguiera Oh! What fun que la apuesta se cumpliera, if the bet were done, que pagan bien y al contado. because they pay well, in cash.

DON JUAN: ¿Y no tienes confianza And don't you believe en que don Luis a esta cita Don Luis will keep acuda? his appointment?

BUTTARELLI: ¡Quiá! ni esperanza: Whoa, not a chance: el fin del plazo se avanza the end of the term's at hand y estoy cierto que maldita and I'm sure there's no way la memoria que ninguno a damned soul can say guarda de ello. they remember a thing about it.

DON JUAN: Basta ya. That's enough. Toma. Here!

BUTTARELLI: ¡Excelencia! Your excellency! (Saluda profundamente.) (He bows deeply) ¿Y de alguno And do you know about de ellos sabéis vos? either of them?

DON JUAN: Quizá. Perhaps.

BUTTARELLI: ¿Vendrán, pues? Then they'll come?

DON JUAN Al menos uno; At least one. mas por si acaso los dos but if by chance both bother dirigen aquí sus huellas to direct their footsteps here el uno del otro en pos, one after the other, well tus dos mejores botellas let two best bottles appear prevénles. for them.

BUTTARELLI: Mas... But

DON JUAN:¡Chito...! Adiós. Shhh! Farewell!

ESCENA III SCENE III

Buttarelli ¡Santa MaDoña! De vuelta Holy Mother of God! Mejía y Tenorio están Its Tenorio and Mejía..... sin duda... y recogerán it's certain they'll both reappear los dos la palabra suelta. to pick up where they left off. ¡Oh! sí, ese hombre tiene traza Ah yes, and that man there de saberlo a fondo. seems to know all about it. (Ruido dentro.) (A noise off stage.) Pero But ¿qué es esto? what's this? (Se asoma a la puerta.) (He goes to the door) ¡Anda! ¡El forastero The stranger, está riñendo en la plaza! fighting in the square! ¡Válgame Dios! ¡Qué bullicio! Good Lord, what a rumpus! Cómo se le arremolina How the crowd mills round! chusma...! ¡Y cómo la acoquina Look at him hold the ground él solo...! ¡Puf! ¡Qué estropicio! alone...! My God! What a fuss! ¡Cuál corren delante de él! How they run like hell! No hay duda, están en Castilla There's no doubt they are in Castilla, los dos, y anda ya Sevilla both of them, now poor Sevilla toda revuelta. ¡Miguel! is turned upside down..... Miguel!

ESCENA IV SCENE IV

Buttarelli, Miguel Buttarelli, Miguel

MIGUEL: ¿Che comanda? ¿Che comanda? (More Italian)

BUTTARELLI: Presto, qui Presto, qui servi una tavola, amico: servi una tavola, amico: e del Lacryma più antico e del Lacryma più antico porta due buttiglie. porta due buttiglie.

MIGUEL: Si, Si, signor padron. signor padron.

BUTTARELLI: Micheletto, Micheletto, apparechia in carità apparechia in carità il più ricco que si fa, lo più ricco que si fa, ¡afrettati! ¡afrettati!

MIGUEL: Gia mi afretto, Gia mi afretto, signor padrone. (Vase.) signor padrone. (He goes.)

ESCENA V SCENE V

(Buttarelli, Don Gonzalo) (Buttarelli, Don Gonzalo)

DON GONZALO: Aquí es. Here it is. ¿Patrón? Innkeeper?

BUTTARELLI: ¿Qué se ofrece? May I help you?

DON GONZALO: Quiero I wish hablar con el hostelero. to speak to the innkeeper.

BUTTARELLI: Con él habláis; decid, You are speaking with him. Talk pues. then.

DON GONZALO: ¿Sois Vos? You are he?

BUTTARELLI: Sí, mas despachad, Yes, but quickly, say, que estoy de priesa. since I'm in a hurry.

DON GONZALO: En tal caso In that case look ved si es cabal y de paso and see if this coin is enough esa dobla y contestad. and answer on the way.

BUTTARELLI: ¡Oh, excelencia! Oh Excellency!

DON GONZALO: ¿Conocéis Do you know a don Juan Tenorio? Don Juan Tenorio?

BUTTARELLI: Sí. Yes.

DON GONZALO: ¿Y es cierto que tiene aquí And is it true that he has hoy una cita? a meeting here today?

BUTTARELLI: ¡Oh! ¿seréis Oh! vos el otro? you must be the other one?

DON GONZALO: ¿Quién? Who?

BUTTARELLI: Don Luis. Don Luis.

DON GONZALO: No; pero estar me interesa No, but it interests me en su entrevista. to be at the interview.

BUTTARELLI: Esta mesa You'll see les preparo; si os servís I'm setting a table for them: en esotra colocaros, and if you like I'll place you podréis presenciar la cena here, so you can see, then, que les daré... ¡Oh! será escena the meal I'm serving them. que espero que ha de admiraros. Oh I hope the scene will amaze you.

DON GONZALO: Lo creo. I believe it.

BUTTARELLI: Son sin disputa Without a doubt they remain los dos mozos más gentiles the two most gallant men de España. in Spain.

DON GONZALO: Sí, y los más viles Yes, and the vilest of men también. as well.

BUTTARELLI: ¡Bah! Se les imputa Bah! Again, cuanto malo se hace hoy día; they say that every day here mas la malicia lo inventa, but its malice they invent, pues nadie paga su cuenta since no one pays the rent como Tenorio y Mejía. like Tenorio and Mejía.

DON GONZALO: ¡Ya! Really!

BUTTARELLI: Es afán de murmurar, It's just love of gossip, porque conmigo, señor, because with me, sir ninguno lo hace mejor, no one behaves better, y bien lo puedo jurar. and I can swear to it.

DON GONZALO: No es necesario; mas... It's not necessary, but...

BUTTARELLI: ¿Qué? Yes?

DON GONZALO:Quisiera yo ocultamente I should like to see verlos, y sin que la gente without them seeing me me reconociera. or being recognised.

BUTTARELLI: A fe Faith, que eso es muy fácil, señor. that's very easy, sir. Las fiestas de carnaval Carnival celebrations let al hombre más principal the most important guest permiten, sin deshonor without any real dishonour de su linaje, servirse make very good use of de un antifaz, y bajo él, a mask, and, behind a false face, ¿quién sabe hasta descubrirse who knows, till he takes the lid off, de qué carne es el pastel? what's in the pie he'll taste?

DON GONZALO: Mejor fuera en aposento It would be better if I were contiguo... nearby in another room...

BUTTARELLI: Ninguno cae There are none aquí. here.

DON GONZALO: Pues entonces trae Well then, bring on el antifaz. the mask.

BUTTARELLI- Al momento. Right away, sir.

ESCENA VI SCENE VI

DON GONZALO No cabe en mi corazón I'm sick at heart que tal hombre pueda haber there is such a man y no quiero cometer but I don't want to start con él una sinrazón. a quarrel to plan. Yo mismo indagar prefiero I prefer to find the truth la verdad..., mas a ser cierta for myself, but if the thing la apuesta, primero muerta is certain, I'd rather she were dead que esposa suya la quiero. than he and she were wed. No hay en la tierra interés There's no joy left on earth que si la daña me cuadre; if the wickedness is done: primero seré buen padre, I'll be a good gentleman, buen caballero después. but a good father first. Enlace es de gran ventaja, Its a good match I agree, mas no quiero que Tenorio but I don't wish Tenorio del velo del desposorio to cut a shroud of sorrow la recorte una mortaja. for her, from her finery.

ESCENA VII SCENE VII

(Don Gonzalo, (Don Gonzalo and Buttarelli, que trae un antifaz.) Buttarelli, who brings a mask.)

BUTTARELLI: Ya está aquí. Here it is.

DON GONZALO: Gracias, patrón: Thanks, my man: ¿tardarán mucho en llegar?. will they be long arriving?.

BUTTARELLI: Si vienen no han de If they come, there'll be no tardar: delaying: cerca de las ocho son. It's almost eight, at hand.

DON GONZALO: ¿Esa es hora señalada? Is that the time they said?

BUTTARELLI: Cierra el plazo, y es The same (it's nearly time) asunto de perder quien no esté a punto who's not here at first chime de la primer campanada. of the bell, gets knocked on the head!

DON GONZALO: Quiera Dios que sea una chanza, May God will what I fear y no lo que se murmura. is not true, the things they're saying.

BUTTARELLI: No tengo aún por muy segura Well I'm still not laying de que cumplan, la esperanza; a bet that they'll be here, pero si tanto os importa but if it's such a bother, lo que ello sea saber, if it matters so much to you, pues la hora está al caer, the hour is almost due, la dilación es ya corta. the waiting's nearly over.

DON GONZALO: Cúbrome, pues, y me siento. I'll put on the mask and sit down. (Se sienta en una mesa a la derecha y (He sits at a table to the right se pone el antifaz.) and puts on the mask)

BUTTARELLI: (Curioso el viejo me tiene (The old man puzzles me: del misterio con que viene his coming here's a mystery, y no me quedo contento and I'll be hanging around hasta saber quién es él.) till I know who he is.) (Limpia y trajina, mirándole de (He cleans, and clears up, reojo.) looking at him out of the corner of his eye.)

DON GONZALO: (¡Que un hombre como yo tenga (That a man such as I has to stay que esperar aquí y se avenga and agree to play con semejante papel! such a role! En fin, me importa el sosiego But my house's tranquility de mi casa y la ventura is important to me, and what's more de una hija sencilla y pura, my daughter, who's simple and pure: y no es para echarlo a juego.) I'll not risk her destiny.)

ESCENA VIII SCENE VIII

(Don Gonzalo, Buttarelli; Don Diego, la puerta del fondo.)

DON DIEGO: La seña está terminante; The sign is right. It's the inn. aquí es: bien me han informado; It's here, according to plan. llego, pues. I've arrived.

BUTTARELLI: ¿Otro embozado? Another masked man?

DON DIEGO: ¡Ah de esta casa! Ah, this is the place!

BUTTARELLI: Adelante. Come in.

DON DIEGO: ¿La hostería del Laurel? Is this it, The Laurel Inn?

BUTTARELLI: En ella estáis, caballero. Sir, you are in it, you see.

DON DIEGO: ¿Está en casa el hostelero? And the innkeeper, is he in?

BUTTARELLI: Estáis hablando con él. You are talking to him.

DON DIEGO: ¿Sois vos Buttarelli? You're Buttarelli?

BUTTARELLI: Yo. I am.

DON DIEGO: ¿Es verdad que hoy tiene aquí Is it true that Tenorio has Tenorio una cita? an appointment here today?

BUTTARELLI: Sí. Yes.

DON DIEGO: ¿Y ha acudido a ella ? And has he dared to attend?

BUTTARELLI: No. No.

DON DIEGO: ¿Pero acudirá? But will he come?

BUTTARELLI: No sé. I don't know.

DON DIEGO: ¿Le esperáis vos? Do you expect him?

BUTTARELLI: Por si acaso Probably he'll come, venir le place. if it pleases him.

DON DIEGO: En tal caso In that case yo también le esperaré. I'll wait for him too. (Se sienta en el lado opuesto a don (Sits on the side opposite to Gonzalo) Don Gonzalo.)

BUTTARELLI: ¿Que os sirva vianda alguna Shall I serve you something while queréis mientras? you wait?

DON DIEGO: No: tomad. No. Here. (Dale dinero.) (He gives him money)

DON DIEGO: Y excusad And forget...

BUTTARELLI: ¡Excelencia! Excellency!

DON DIEGO: conversación importuna. .....the unnecessary conversation.

BUTTARELLI: Perdonad. I'm sorry.

DON DIEGO: Vais perdonado: You're forgiven. dejadme pues. Go on, then.

BUTTARELLI: (¡Jesucristo! (Jesus Christ! En toda mi vida he visto In all the days of my life hombre más malhumorado.) I've not seen a worse disposition.).

DON DIEGO: (¡Que un hombre de mi linaje (That a man of my descent descienda a tan ruin mansión! should stoop to such a game. Pero no hay humillación But for a father there's no shame a que un padre no se baje to which he'll not consent por un hijo. Quiero ver for a son. I need to see, por mis ojos la verdad with my eyes, the reality, y el monstruo de liviandad this monster of depravity, a quien pude dar el ser.) that I have caused to be.) (Buttarelli que anda arreglando (Buttarelli, who is going around sus trastos, arranging his things, contempla desde el fondo contemplates Don Gonzalo and Don Diego a don Gonzalo y a don Diego, from the back. que permanecerán embozados y en They remain masked and in silencio.) silence.)

BUTTARELLI: ¡Vaya un par de hombres de piedra! What a pair of stony-faced men! Para éstos sobra mi abasto; My supplies are more than enough mas, ¡pardiez!, pagan el gasto but Lord, they're paying for stuff que no hacen, y así se medra. not ordered, so much the better then.

ESCENA IX SCENE IX

(Buttarelli, Don Gonzalo, Don Diego, (Buttarelli, Don Gonzalo, Don El capitán Diego, Captain Centellas, dos caballeros, Avellaneda) Centellas, two gentlemen, Avellaneda)

AVELLANEDA: Vinieron, y os aseguro They came, and I assure you que se efectuará la apuesta. the bet will be carried through.

CENTELLAS Entremos, pues. ¡Buttarelli! Lets go in then. Buttarelli!

BUTTARELLI: Señor capitán Centellas, Captain Centellas, ¿vos por aquí? You too?

CENTELLAS Sí, Cristófano. Yes Cristófano. ¿Cuándo aquí, sin mi presencia, When was anything staged, tuvieron lugar las orgías that has come to light in this age que han hecho raya en la época? without my being present?

BUTTARELLI: Como ha tanto tiempo ya Why haven't I seen you que no os he visto. for such a long time then?

CENTELLAS Las guerras The wars of the Emperor, del Emperador, a Túnez in Tunis, took me away, me llevaron; mas mi hacienda but my affairs bring me me vuelve a traer a Sevilla; back to Seville again, y, según lo que me cuentan, according to what they say, llego lo más a propósito I've here at just the right time para renovar añejas to renew all the old lines amistades. Conque apróntanos of friendship. So, bring us now luego unas cuantas botellas, some bottles right away y en tanto que humedecemos and while we take a drop, la garganta, verdadera give us a true account relación haznos de un lance of a thing about which sobre el cual hay controversia. there's a great deal of lather.

BUTTARELLI: Todo se andará, mas antes It will be done, but first, dejadme ir a la bodega. let me go to the wine cellar.

VARIOS: Sí, sí. Well, of course!

ESCENA X SCENE X

(Dichos, menos Buttarelli) (The same minus Buttarelli)

CENTELLAS: Sentarse, señores, Sit down gentlemen. y que siga Avellaneda Let Avellaneda continue con la historia de don Luis. with the story of Don Luis.

AVELLANEDA: No hay ya más que decir de ella There's no more to tell of it sino que creo imposible except, that I think it's impossible que la de Tenorio sea for Tenorio to be the worse devil más endiablada, y que apuesto and I bet on por don Luis. don Luis.

CENTELLAS: Acaso pierdas. Perhaps you'll lose. Don Juan Tenorio se sabe Don Juan Tenorio is known que es la más mala cabeza as the most evil character del orbe, y no hubo hombre al in the world, and there's no man que aventajarle pudiera who can get the better of him con sólo su inclinación; if he's so inclined, conque ¿qué hará si se empeña? so what might he do if he made an effort?

AVELLANEDA: Pues yo sé bien que Mejía Well, I know well that Mejía las ha hecho tales, que a ciegas has done such deeds se puede apostar por él. I can blindly wager on him.

CENTELLAS Pues el capitán Centellas Well, captain Centellas pone por don Juan Tenorio bets everything he has cuanto tiene. on Don Juan Tenorio.

AVELLANEDA: Pues se acepta It's accepted on Don Luis' behalf, por don Luis, que es muy mi amigo. for he's very much my friend.

CENTELLAS: Pues todo en contra se arriesga; I'm risking all on the contrary, porque no hay como Tenorio since there's no other man otro hombre sobre la tierra, like Tenorio on this earth, y es proverbial su fortuna and his fortune is proverbial y extremadas sus empresas. and his deeds are stupendous.

ESCENA XI SCENE XI

(Dichos, Buttarelli, con botellas) (The same: Buttarelli with bottles.)

BUTTARELLI: Aquí hay Falerno, Borgoña, Here is Falerno, Burgundy, Sorrento. Sorrento.

CENTELLAS De lo que quieras Serve what you want sirve, Cristófano, y dinos: Cristófano, and tell us, ¿qué hay de cierto en una apuesta what's the truth about the bet por don Juan Tenorio ha un año made between Don Juan Tenorio y don Luis Mejía hecha? and Luis Mejía a year ago?

BUTTARELLI: Señor capitán, no sé Captain, I don't know tan a fondo la materia the matter well enough que os pueda sacar de dudas, to erase all your doubts, pero diré lo que sepa. but I'll tell you what I know.

VARIOS: Habla, habla. Tell: tell!

BUTTARELLI: Yo, la verdad, Honestly, aunque fue en mi casa mesma though it was in my own inn la cuestión entre ambos, como that the question arose between them, pusieron tan larga fecha as they set such a far-off date a su plazo, creí siempre for the bet, I always thought que nunca a efecto viniera; it would never come about, así es, que ni aun me acordaba which explains why I didn't remember de tal cosa a la hora de ésta. a thing about it till now. Mas esta tarde, sería But this afternoon, it must have been al anochecer apenas, scarcely before twilight, entróse aquí un caballero a gentleman came in here pidiéndome que le diera asking me to give him recado con que escribir materials for writing una carta: y a sus letras a letter: and he attending only atento no más, me dio to his writing, I had time tiempo a que charla metiera to strike up a conversation con un paje que traía, with a servant that he brought, paisano mío, de Génova. from my country, from Genoa. No saqué nada del paje, I got nothing from the servant que es, por Dios, muy brava pesca; who, my God, is a slippery fish: mas cuando su amo acababa but when his master finished su carta, le envió con ella the letter, he sent him with it a quien iba dirigida: to the person it addressed. el caballero en mi lengua The gentleman spoke my language me habló y me pidió noticias and asked for information de don Luis. Dijo que entera. about Don Luis. He said sabía de ambos la historia, he knew the two of them que tenía certeza and that he was certain de que al menos uno de ellos that at least one of them acudiría a la apuesta. would show up for the wager. Yo quise saber más de él, I tried to find more about him mas púsome dos monedas but he put two gold coins de oro en la mano diciéndome into my hand and told me así, como a la deshecha: as if by the way, "Y por si acaso los dos "And if by chance the two al tiempo aplazado llegan, arrive at the given time, ten prevenidas para ambos have prepared for both tus dos mejores botellas". your two best bottles of wine." Largóse sin decir más, He left without saying more, yo, atento a sus monedas, I, intent on his coins, les puse en el mismo sitio set the table in the same spot donde apostaron, la mesa. where they made the wager. Y vedla allí con dos sillas, And you can see it there, with two chairs, dos copas y dos botellas. two glasses and two bottles.

AVELLANEDA: Pues señor, no hay que dudar; Well sir, there's no doubt era don Luis. it was Don Luis.

CENTELLAS: Don Juan era. It was Don Juan.

AVELLANEDA: ¿Tú no le viste la cara? Didn't you see his face?

BUTTARELLI: ¡Si la traía cubierta He had it covered con un antifaz! with a mask.

CENTELLAS Pero, hombre, Good Lord man, ¿tú a los dos no les recuerdas? Don't you recall the two of them? ¿no sabes distinguir Can't you make out a las gentes por sus señas who someone is by their actions lo mismo que por sus caras? as well as by their face?

BUTTARELLI: Pues confieso mi torpeza; I confess my stupidity, no le supe conocer at not being able to recognize him, y lo procuré de veras. because I really tried. Pero silencio. But, be quiet.

AVELLANEDA: ¿Qué pasa? What's happening?

BUTTARELLI: A dar el reló comienza The chimes are beginning to strike los cuartos para las ocho. for eight o'clock. (Dan.) (The clock strikes.)

CENTELLAS: Ved, ved la gente que se entra. Look, see the people coming in.

AVELLANEDA: Como que está de este lance That's because all of Seville curiosa Sevilla entera. is curious about this affair. (Se oyen dar las ocho; varias (Eight o'clock is heard, several personas entran y se reparten en people enter and disburse in silencio por la escena; al dar la silence around the stage; as the última campanada, don Juan, con last chime is struck, don Juan, antifaz, se llega a la mesa que ha masked, approaches the table preparado Buttarelli en el centro del that Buttarelli has prepared in escenario, y se dispone a ocupar una the centre of the stage; and de las dos sillas que están delante gets ready to occupy one of the de ella. Inmediatamente después de two chairs in front of it. él, entra don Luis también con Immediately after him don Luis antifaz y se

dirige a la otra. Todos also enters masked and proceeds los miran) to the other. Everyone watches them.)

ESCENA XII SCENE XII

(Don Diego, Don Gonzalo, Don Juan, (Don Diego, Don Gonzalo, Don Don Luis, Buttarelli, Centellas, Juan, Don Luis, Buttarelli, Avellaneda, caballeros, curiosos, Centellas, Avellaneda, enmascarados.) gentlemen, onlookers, masqueraders.)

AVELLANEDA: (A Centellas, por don Juan.) (To Centellas, on Don Juan's behalf) Verás aquél, si ellos vienen, You'll see, if they come qué buen chasco que se lleva. what a good joke goes forward.

CENTELLAS: (A Avellaneda, por don Luis.) (To Avellandeda, on Don Luis' behalf) Pues allí va otro a ocupar Well, here comes another one to take la otra silla: ¡uf! aquí es ella. the other chair. Ah, here it is.

DON JUAN: ¿A don Luis.) (To Don Luis) Esa silla está comprada, That chair is taken, hidalgo. my good man.

DON LUIS: (A don Juan.) (To Don Juan) Lo mismo digo, I say the same, hidalgo; para un amigo my good man, I have paid for tengo yo esotra pagada. that one for a friend.

DON JUAN: Que ésta es mía haré I maintain this is mine. notorio.

DON LUIS: Y yo también que ésta es And I also, this is mine. mía.

DON JUAN: Luego sois don Luis Mejía. Then you are Don Luis Mejía.

DON LUIS: Seréis, pues, don Juan Then you must be Don Juan Tenorio. Tenorio.

DON JUAN: Puede ser. Maybe.

DON LUIS: Vos lo decís. You said so.

DON JUAN: ¿No os fiáis? Don't you trust me?

DON LUIS: No. No.

DON JUAN: Yo tampoco. Nor I you.

DON LUIS: Pues no hagamos más el coco. Well, let's not beat around the bush.

DON JUAN: Yo soy don Juan. I am Don Juan. (Quitándose la máscara.) (Taking off the mask)

DON LUIS: Yo don Luis. (Se quita la máscara.) And I Don Luis. (He takes off the mask.) (Se descubren y se sientan. El (They take off their hats and capitán Centellas, Avellaneda, sit down. Captain Centellas, Buttarelli y algunos otros se van a Avellaneda, Buttarelli, and some ellos y les saludan, abrazan y dan la others go up to them and greet mano, y hacen otras semejantes them, embrace and shake hands muestras de cariño y amistad. Don and give other similar signs of Juan y don Luis las aceptan affection and friendship. Don cortésmente.) Juan and Don Luis accept them courteously.)

CENTELLAS ¡Don Juan! Don Juan!

AVELLANEDA: ¡Don Luis! Don Luis!

DON JUAN: ¡Caballeros! Gentlemen!

DON LUIS: ¡Oh amigos! ¿Qué dicha es ésta? My friends, what delight?

AVELLANEDA: Sabíamos vuestra apuesta, We knew of the bet tonight, y hemos acudido a veros. and we came to see you two.

DON LUIS: Don Juan y yo tal bondad Don Juan and I are grateful en mucho os agradecemos. for such kindness from you.

DON JUAN: El tiempo no malgastemos, Lets not waste time Don Luis. don Luis. (A los otros.) Sillas (To the others.) Pull up a pew. arrimad. (A los que están lejos.) (To those further away.) Caballeros, yo supongo Gentlemen, I imagine que a ustedes también aquí the wager brings you, so les trae la apuesta, y por mí on my part I have no a antojo tal no me opongo. objection to such a whim.

DON LUIS: Ni yo: que aunque nada más Nor I, although the game fue el empeño entre los dos, was only between this pair, no ha de decirse por Dios by God, don't imagine I care que me avergonzó jamás. or consider it any shame.

DON JUAN: Ni a mí, que el orbe es Nor I, as all the world knows, testigo de que hipócrita no soy, I am no hypocrite, pues por doquiera que voy since scandal's mixed up in it, va el escándalo conmigo. wherever I choose to go.

DON LUIS: ¡Eh! ¿Y ésos dos no se Wait. Those two there don't llegan a escuchar? Vos. seem to be to listening? You? (Por don Diego y don Gonzalo.) (to Don Diego and Don Gonzalo)

DON DIEGO: Yo estoy bien. This chair is fine.

DON LUIS: ¿Y vos? And you?

DON GONZALO: De aquí oigo también. I can hear from mine.

DON LUIS: Razón tendrán si se niegan. They must be fine, if they won't move. (Se sientan todos alrededor de la (Everyone sits down around the mesa en que están don Luis Mejía y table, at which are seated Don don Juan Tenorio.) Luis Mejía, and Don Juan Tenorio.)

DON JUAN: ¿Estamos listos? Are we all ready?

DON LUIS: Estamos. We are.

DON JUAN: Como quien somos cumplimos. Then let's show all we have been.

DON LUIS: Veamos, pues, lo que Let all that we did be seen. hicimos.

DON JUAN: Bebamos antes. Lets drink first.

DON LUIS: Bebamos. (Lo hacen.) Lets drink. (They do)

DON JUAN: La apuesta fue... The bet was...

DON LUIS: Porque un día Because one day, it's true, dije que en España entera I said that in Spain, no one no habría nadie que hiciera could do, not another man, lo que hiciera Luis Mejía. what Luis Mejía could do.

DON JUAN: Y siendo contradictorio And my opinion, as I breathe, al vuestro mi parecer, was contrary to yours, I fear, yo os dije: "Nadie ha de hacer I told you "No one can come near lo que hará don Juan Tenorio". what Tenorio will achieve." No es así? Isn't that so?

DON LUIS: Sin duda alguna: By the book, y vinimos a apostar and we ended up betting we two quién de ambos sabría obrar which of us would best know how to peor, con mejor fortuna, effect the worst, with the best of luck, en el término de un año, in the space of a single year, juntándonos aquí hoy meeting again today, here, a probarlo. to prove it.

DON JUAN: Y aquí estoy. And here I am.

DON LUIS: Y yo. And I.

CENTELLAS ¡Empeño bien extraño A truly strange undertaking, por vida mía! upon my soul!

DON JUAN: Hablad, pues. Then, come!

DON LUIS: No, vos debéis empezar. No, you open the gate.

DON JUAN: Como gustéis, igual es, As you please, its all one, que nunca me hago esperar. for I never make myself wait. Pues señor, yo desde aquí, Well sir, leaving town, buscando mayor espacio seeking a greater measure, para mis hazañas, di of space for my deeds, I hit on sobre Italia, porque allí Italy, since there a man tiene el placer un palacio. finds the palace of pleasure. De la guerra y del amor The ancient and classical land, antigua y clásica tierra, the country of love and war, y en ella el Emperador, and in it the Emperor. con ella y con Francia en guerra, fighting, at war with France, díjeme: ¿Dónde mejor? I said to myself : 'What more Donde hay soldados hay juego, could I want? Soldiers are good hay pendencias y amoríos. for brawling, and lovers' sprees.' Y, pues, sobre Italia luego And so, now to Italy buscando a sangre y a fuego for blood and fire, fuelling amores y desafíos. love

affairs and duelling. En Roma, a mi apuesta fiel, In Rome, faithful to our bet, fijé entre hostil y amatorio between quarreling and Love's net, en mi puerta este cartel: I posted a sign to let them know: Aquí está don Juan Tenorio 'Here's Don Juan Tenorio, para quien quiera algo de él. for whoever wants to have a go.' De aquellos días la historia I wont relate the story a relataros renuncio: of those days, my recreation, remítome a la memoria I'll leave it to the memory que dejé allí, y de mi gloria that I left there, and my glory podéis juzgar por mi anuncio. you can judge from my declaration. Las romanas caprichosas, The Roman women: capricious, las costumbres licenciosas, their customs: licentious, yo gallardo y calavera, I: a gallant rake ¿quién a cuento redujera who on earth could make mis empresas amorosas? the count of my amorous adventures? Salí de Roma por fin I finally left Rome's eyes, como os podéis figurar, as you can imagine, sadly, con un disfraz harto ruin, in a quite lowly disguise, y a lomos de un mal rocín, on a nag that was hardly a prize, pues me querían ahorcar. since they truly wanted to hang me. Fui al ejército de España, I went to the Spanish army mas todos paisanos míos, but all were my kinsmen, soldados y en tierra extraña, soldiers, and in a strange country, dejé pronto su compaña I soon left their company, tras cinco u seis desafíos. after five or six duels, again. Nápoles, rico vergel Naples, a rich love-garden de amor, del placer emporio, an empire of pleasure, and so vio en mi segundo cartel: it saw my second proclamation: Aquí está don Juan Tenorio, 'Here's Don Juan Tenorio y no hay hombre para él. who has no competition. Desde la princesa altiva From the princess who will not bend a la que pesca en ruin barca, to a fishergirl in a lowly boat, no hay hembra a quien no suscriba; there's no female who does not attend, y a cualquier empresa abarca no enterprise he will not float, si en oro o valor estriba. whether it smacks of gold or valour. Búsquenle los reñidores; Let the quarrelsome ones, cérquenle los jugadores; and the gamblers, come: quien se precie, que le ataje; whoever is proud, let him see Y a ver si hay quien le aventaje if he can take advantage of me, en juego, en lid o en amores. in gaming, in loving, or fighting!' Esto escribí; y en medio año That's what I wrote, and in the half-year que mi presencia gozó that Naples enjoyed my presence there, Nápoles, no hay lance extraño, there was no strange affair, no hay escándalo ni engaño no scandal or fraud, I fear, en que no me hallara yo. towards which I didn't steer. Por dondequiera que fui Wherever I strayed la razón atropellé, I trampled on right, la virtud escarnecí, virtue, the jade, a la justicia burlé, I scorned, tricked the might y a las mujeres vendí. of the law, and women betrayed. Yo a las cabañas bajé, I went down the alleys. yo a los palacios subí, and up to the palaces, yo los claustros escalé, boarded cloisters, like galleys, y en todas partes dejé and wherever I sallied, memoria amarga de mí. left bitter memories, Ni reconocí sagrado, knew nothing holy. ni hubo ocasión ni lugar There was no occasion or place por mi audacia respetado; respected by my audacity, ni en distinguir me he parado nor did I stop, for veracity, al clérigo del seglar. to distinguish a lay from a clerical face. A quien quise provoqué, Any whose wish I detected con quien quiso me batí, I challenged, and any I chose, y nunca consideré and I never once reflected que pudo matarme a mí that any I killed of those aquel a quien yo maté. might have had me dissected. A esto don Juan se arrojó, This is what Don Juan undertook, y escrito en este papel and written on this sheet está cuanto consiguió, is what he made of his luck, y lo que él aquí escribió and what he wrote here, look, mantenido está por él. is vouched for by him, and complete.

DON LUIS: Leed, pues. Read it then.

DON JUAN: No, oigamos antes No, first lets hear news vuestros bizarros extremos, of your extravagant acts, y si traéis terminantes and if you've the proof, vuestras notas comprobantes, that will show us the truth, lo escrito cotejaremos. let's hear the facts.

DON LUIS: Decís bien; cosa es que You speak well, yes, that's right está, don Juan, muy puesta en razón; Don Juan, its said with reason; aunque a mi ver poco irá though in my opinion it's slight, de una a otra relación. any small difference between them.

DON JUAN: Empezad, pues. Begin then.

DON LUIS: Allá va. Here goes. Buscando yo como vos I, like you, searching out a mi aliento empresas grandes, great actions to embrace, dije: ¿Dó iré, ¡vive Dios!, cry 'Where will I go? Good God', I shout de amor y lides en pos, 'if it's love and duels we're about que vaya mejor que a Flandes? Flanders is the place. Allí; puesto que empeñadas Since there are, I'm told, guerras hay, a mis deseos fierce wars there, perfect chances to seize, habrá al par centuplicadas multiplied a hundred fold, ocasiones extremadas to meet my desires for brave and bold de riñas y galanteos. duels and gallantries.' Y en Flandes conmigo di, But in Flanders, unfortunately, mas con tan negra fortuna I had an unlucky run que al mes de encontrarme allí so that within a month, you see, todo mi caudal perdí, I was no longer rich, as formerly, dobla a dobla, una por una. coin by coin, gone, one by one. En tan total carestía Seeing I was in such need mirándome de dineros, of a little ready money, de mí todo el mundo huía; everyone fled from me, mas yo busqué compañia but I sought company, y me uní a unos bandoleros. and joined the banditry. Lo hicimos bien, ¡voto a tal!, We did well, by the devil, y fuimos tan adelante and such a road we went, con suerte tan colosal with such good luck in our revel, que entramos a saco en Gante that we entered and sacked, in Ghent, el palacio episcopal. the bishop's episcopal palace. ¡Qué noche! Por el decoro What a night! To keep the rule de la Pascua, el buen obispo of Easter, the good bishop, the fool, bajó a presidir el

coro, went down to preside, and school y aún de alegría me crispo the choir, and I shiver with joy, can't stop, al recordar su tesoro. when I remember his treasure. Todo cayó en poder nuestro: It all fell to us, at the start, mas mi capitán, avaro, but my greedy captain, at leisure, puso mi parte en secuestro; confiscated my part: reñimos, fui yo más diestro we fought, I had more art, y le crucé sin reparo. I ran him through with pleasure. Juróme al punto la gente His men, then, made me stand capitán, por más valiente. for Captain, I as the better man. Juréles yo amistad franca. I swore to be their friend. Pero a la noche siguiente But the following night I ran, huí, y les dejé sin blanca. left them not a thing in the end. Yo me acordé del refrán And I remembered the proverb, de que quien roba al ladrón 'who robs a thief of his ration ha cien años de perdón, gets a hundred-year pardon', y me arrojé a tal desmán and I carried it out with nerve mirando a mi salvación. looking to my salvation. Pasé a Alemania opulento: I crossed to Germany, now rich, mas un provincial jerónimo, but a provincial clerk hombre de mucho talento, a man of many gifts, me conoció, y al momento recognized and denounced me, me delató en un anónimo. in a note he wrote anonymously. Compré a fuerza de dinero By means of money, I bought la libertad y el papel; the note and my freedom, y topando en un sendero and running across the clerk al fraile, le envié certero on a path, I sent him my thoughts una bala envuelta en él. with a bullet wrapped inside them. Salté a Francia. ¡Buen país! I jumped over to France, a fine place, Y como en Nápoles vos and like you, in Naples, I too puse un cartel en París posted a sign, in Paris, diciendo: Aquí hay un don Luis saying: 'Here is Don Luis que vale lo menos dos. who's worth at least two of you. Parará aquí algunos meses, He'll stay here a few months, then, y no trae más intereses and really his only yen, ni se aviene a más empresas really his only game, is que a adorar a las francesas to adore all the French ladies, y a reñir con los franceses. and fight all the French men.' Esto escribí; y en medio año I wrote this, and in the half-year, que mi presencia gozó that Paris held me dear, París, no hubo lance extaño there was no strange affair, ni hubo escándalo ni daño no scandal or public fear, donde no me hallara yo. in which I did not appear. Mas, como don Juan, mi historia Like don Juan, my story también a alargar renuncio; will be no long creation: que basta para mi gloria its sufficent for my glory la magnífica memoria the truly magnificent memory que allí dejé con mi anuncio. I left by my proclamation. Y cual vos, por donde fui And like you, wherever I strayed la razón atropellé, I trampled on right la virtud escarnecí, and virtue, the jade, a la justicia burlé, I scorned, tricked the might y a las mujeres vendí. of the law, and women betrayed. Mi hacienda llevo perdida I have lost all my property tres veces: mas se me antoja three times: but then I plan reponerla, y me convida to recover it, and marry mi boda comprometida as is customary, con doña Ana de Pantoja. with the lovely Lady Anne. Mujer muy rica me dan, She's a very rich one y mañana hay que cumplir and tomorrow I must take care los tratos que hechos están; to close the deal according to plan, lo que os advierto, don Juan, and I say it to you Don Juan, por si queréis asistir. in case you want to be there. A esto don Luis se arrojó, This, Don Luis undertook, y escrito en este papel and written on this sheet está lo que consiguió, is what he made of his luck y lo que él aquí escribió and what he wrote here, look, mantenido está por él. is vouched for by him, and complete.

DON JUAN: La historia es tan semejante The stories are such a close fit que está en el fiel la balanza; they balance, the scales are equal: mas vamos a lo importante, but lets get to the vital bit que es el guarismo a que alcanza which is the total, the sequel, el papel: conque adelante. how it all sums up; so lets have it.

DON LUIS: Razón tenéis en verdad. You are right. Truly. Aquí está el mío: mirad, Here's mine, I've duly por una línea apartados set out on separate lines traigo los nombres sentados all the names, and the times, para mayor claridad. for clarity, and fully.

DON LUIS: Del mismo modo arregladas I have the accounts in mine mis cuentas traigo en el mío: arranged in just the same way: en dos líneas separadas in two separate lines, los muertos en desafío the men killed in my duels y las mujeres burladas. and the women betrayed. Contad. Count.

DON LUIS: Contad. Count.

DON JUAN: Veinte y tres. Twenty three.

DON LUIS: Son los muertos. A ver vos. Those are the dead men. Now you. ¡Por la cruz de San Andrés! By the cross of Saint Andrew! Aquí sumo treinta y dos. I count thirty-two.

DON JUAN: Son los muertos. They are the men who lost.

DON LUIS: Matar es. A killing.

DON JUAN: Nueve os llevo. I have nine more than you.

DON LUIS: Me vencéis. You've won. Pasemos a las conquistas. Lets move to the conquests.

DON JUAN: Sumo aquí cincuenta y seis. I count fifty-six.

DON LUIS: Y yo sumo en vuestras listas And I'll check your list. setenta y dos. Seventy-two.

DON JUAN: Pues perdéis. So, you lose.

DON LUIS: ¡Es increíble, don Juan! That's incredible, don Juan!

DON JUAN: Si lo dudáis, apuntados The witnesses if you doubt it los testigos ahí están, are all written down here que si fueren preguntados so if they're asked about it os lo testificarán. they'll testify, no fear.

DON LUIS: ¡Oh! y vuestra lista es Oh your list is fine. cabal.

DON JUAN: Desde una princesa real From a princess royal a la hija de un pescador, to a fisherman's daughter, ¡oh! ha recorrido mi amor I've spanned with lover's toil toda la escala social. the whole social ladder. ¿Tenéis algo que tachar? Is there anything wrong with it, now?

DON LUIS: Sólo una os falta en Only one thing to be fair. justicia.

DON JUAN: ¿Me la podéis señalar? Where do you read it?

DON LUIS: Sí, por cierto, una novicia Yes, look, a novice nun, there, que esté para profesar. about to take her vow.

DON JUAN: ¡Bah! pues yo os complaceré Bah. I'll satisfy you doubly, doblemente, porque os digo since I tell you that, just for fun, que a la novicia uniré I'll add a friend's lady la dama de algún amigo to the novice nun, que para casarse esté. whom he's about to marry.

DON LUIS: ¡Pardiez que sois atrevido! God's blood you're a daring man!

DON JUAN: Yo os lo apuesto si queréis. I'll wager if you want to.

DON LUIS: Digo que acepto el partido. I accept the plan. ¿Para darlo por perdido In order to accomplish it queréis veinte días? do you want twenty days?

DON JUAN: Seis. Six, is all I need in hand.

DON LUIS: ¡Por Dios que sois hombre extraño! Lord you're a strange man. ¿Cuántos días empleáis How many days do you employ en cada mujer que amáis? on each woman you enjoy?

DON JUAN: Partid los días del año Divide the days of the year entre las que ahí encontráis. among those you find here. Uno para enamorarlas, One day to seduce them, otro para conseguirlas, another to reduce them, otro para abanDoñarlas, another one to leave them, dos para sustituirlas, two days to replace them, y una hora para olvidarlas. and a single hour to forget them. Pero, la verdad a hablaros, But, to tell the truth, as I said, pedir más no se me antoja I only ask for a few, porque, pues vais a casaros, because you are getting wed, mañana pienso quitaros tomorrow I'll take instead a doña Ana de Pantoja. Doña Ana, from you.

DON LUIS: Don Juan, ¿qué es lo que decís? Don Juan, what are you saying?

DON JUAN: Don Luis, lo que oído Don Luis, what you are hearing. habéis.

DON LUIS: Ved, don Juan, lo que emprendéis. Don Juan, see what you're doing.

DON JUAN: Lo que he de lograr, don That I intend to, Don Luis. Luis.

DON LUIS: ¡Gastón! (Llamando.) Gastón! (Calling)

GASTON: ¿Señor? Sir?

DON LUIS: Ven acá. Come here. (Habla don Luis en secreto con (Don Luis speaks in secret with Gastón, y éste se va Gaston, and the latter leaves precipitadamente.) quickly.)

DON JUAN: ¡Ciutti! (Llamando.) Ciutti! (Calling)

CIUTTI: ¿Señor? Sir?

DON JUAN: Ven aquí. Come here! (Don Juan habla en secreto con (Don Juan talks in secret with Ciutti, éste se va precipitadamente.) Ciutti and the latter leaves quickly.)

DON LUIS: ¿Estáis en lo dicho? Is it agreed?

DON JUAN: Sí. It is.

DON LUIS: Pues va la vida. It's the way life goes.

DON JUAN: Pues va. So it does. (Don Gonzalo, levantándose de la mesa (Don Gonzalo, getting up from en que ha permanecido inmóvil durante the table where he has been la escena anterior se afronta con don motionless during the preceding Juan y don Luis.) scene, and he confronts Don Juan and Don Luis.)

DON GONZALO: ¡Insensatos! ¡Vive Dios Dear God, men without feeling! que a no temblarme las manos If my hands weren't trembling so, a palos, como a villanos, with my club you'd see me dealing os diera muerte a los dos! a villain's death to you both.

DON JUAN Y DON LUIS. Veamos. What's this?

DON GONZALO: Excusado es, Needless to say que he vivido lo bastante I've lived long enough para no estar arrogante not to try and play rough donde no puedo when I can't win the day.

DON JUAN: Idos, pues. Be off then.

DON GONZALO: Antes, don Juan, de salir Don Juan, before you go, de donde oírme podáis, to where you cannot hear me, es necesario que oigáis it's essential you do hear me, lo que os tengo que decir. listen to what I tell you. Vuestro buen padre don Diego, Your good father, Don Diego porque pleitos acomoda, to meet his obligations os apalabró una boda promised you marriage celebrations que iba a celebrarse luego; as soon as it could be so, pero por mí mismo yo but I, wanting to catch a sight lo que érais queriendo ver, of the sort of man you were vine aquí al anochecer, came past at evening light y el veros me avergonzó. and....I'm ashamed to be here.

DON JUAN: ¡Por Satanás, viejo insano, The devil! You insane old man. que no sé cómo he tenido I don't know how I remain calma para haberte oído calm, and listen, it's plain sin asentarte la mano! I should raise my hand to you again. Pero di pronto quién eres, But, who you are, come tell, porque me siento capaz though I don't need to ask, de arrancarte el antifaz I'll tear away your mask con el alma que tuvieres. and your very soul as well.

DON GONZALO: ¡Don Juan! Don Juan!

DON JUAN: ¡Pronto! Quickly!

DON GONZALO: Mira, pues. Look! Well?

DON JUAN: ¡Don Gonzalo! Don Gonzalo!

DON GONZALO: El mismo soy. I am he. Y adiós, don Juan: mas desde hoy And farewell, Don Juan; but see no penséis en doña Inés. don't think now of Doña Inés. Porque antes que consentir For rather than consent en que se case con vos, that she marry you, el sepulcro ¡juro a Dios! by God, I swear it's true, por mi mano la he de abrir. I'd make sure to the grave she went.

DON JUAN: Me hacéis reír, Don Gonzalo; Don Gonzalo, you make me laugh; pues venirme a provocar coming here to provoke es como ir a amenazar me, is like setting out to poke a un león con un mal palo. a lion with a paltry staff. Y pues hay tiempo, advertir And since there's time, I need os quiero a mi vez a vos to warn you, privately, que o me la dais, o por Dios that you either give her to me, que a quitárosla he de ir. or I'll have her from you indeed.

DON GONZALO: ¡Miserable! Wretch!

DON JUAN: Dicho está: That has been said: sólo una mujer como ésta a woman like this was yet me falta para mi apuesta; still needed for my bet; ved, pues, que apostada va. See, she is wagered instead. (Don Diego, levantándose de la mesa (Don Diego, getting up from the en que ha permanecido encubierto table where he has remained mientras la escena anterior baja al incognito during the previous centro de la escena, encarándose con scene, goes to centre stage, don Juan.) facing Don Juan.)

DON DIEGO: No puedo más escucharte, I can't listen to you any more, vil don Juan, porque recelo you're evil Don Juan, I fear que hay algún rayo en el cielo a lightning bolt from heaven is near, preparado a aniquilarte. that will annihilate you. ¡Ah...! No pudiendo creer Ah! Unable to believe lo que de ti me decían, what I was told about you confiando en que mentían, I came, hoping I was deceived, te vine esta noche a ver. tonight, to find out what was true. Pero te juro, malvado, Evil man, I swear to you, que me pesa haber venido that I'm grieved I came, para salir convencido now I leave convinced your game de lo que es para ignorado. is something I'd rather not know. Sigue, pues, con ciego afán Continue then, in your blind frenzy en tu torpe frenesí, your wicked delirium, mas nunca vuelvas a mí; but never turn to me; no te conozco, don Juan. I do not know you, Don Juan.

DON JUAN: ¿Quién nunca a ti se volvió? Who has ever turned to you, then? ¿Ni quién osa hablarme así, And who dares to speak to me so, ni qué se me importa a mí and what does it matter, in turn, que me conozcas o no? if you know or do not know?

DON DIEGO: Adiós, pues: mas no te olvides, Farewell, but don't forget de que hay un Dios justiciero. that there is a God of Justice.

DON JUAN: Ten. (Deteniéndole.) Wait. (Stopping him)

DON DIEGO: ¿Qué queréis ? What do you want?

DON JUAN: Verte quiero. I want to see your face.

DON DIEGO: Nunca, en vano me lo pides. Never. You ask me in vain.

DON JUAN: ¿Nunca? Never?

DON DIEGO: No. No.

DON JUAN: Cuando me cuadre. When I want to, rather.

DON DIEGO: ¿Cómo? How?

DON JUAN: Así. (Le arranca el So. (He rips off the mask) antifaz.)

TODOS: ¡Don Juan! Don Juan!

DON DIEGO: ¡Villano! Disgrace! ¡Me has puesto en la faz la mano! You have raised your hand to my face!

DON JUAN: ¡Válgame Cristo, mi padre! Ah, Christ! It's my father.

DON DIEGO: Mientes, no lo fui jamás. You lie, and of that I am certain.

DON JUAN: ¡Reportaos, con Belcebú! Control yourself, by Beelzebub!

DON DIEGO: No, los hijos como tú No. A lion's cub son hijos de Satanás. like you is the son of Satan. Comendador, nulo sea Comendador, the deal we made lo hablado. is void.

DON GONZALO: Ya lo es por mí; It is on my part: vamos. let's leave.

DON DIEGO: Si, vamos de aquí Yes, let's depart, donde tal monstruo no vea. go where monsters are not displayed. Don Juan, en brazos del vicio Don Juan, I abandon you wholly, desolado te abandono: desolately, to the arms of evil: me matas... mas te perdono you are killing me....yet I pardon you still de Dios en el santo juicio. through God's justice, which is holy. (Vanse poco a poco don Diego y don (Don Diego and Don Gonzalo Gonzalo.) leave, slowly.)

DON JUAN: Largo el plazo me ponéis: You grant me a long term of grace: mas ved que os quiero advertir but, see now, I want to say que yo no os he ido a pedir I've never asked for a day jamás que me perdonéis. of pardon, in my place. Conque no paséis afán So don't worry about me de aquí adelante por mí, from this time on, since how que como vivió hasta aquí he's always lived till now's vivirá siempre don Juan. how Don Juan will ever be.

ESCENA XIII SCENE XIII

(Don Juan, Don Luis, Centella, (Don Juan, Don Luis, Centella, Avellaneda, Buttarelli, Curiosos, Avellanada, Buttarelli, Máscaras.) Onlookers, Maskers.)

DON JUAN: ¡Eh! Ya salimos del paso: Ah! Now we've left off that bind, y no hay que extrañar la homilía; don't be surprised at his homily; son pláticas de familia, those were words in the family de las que nunca hice caso. of the sort that I never mind. Conque lo dicho, don Luis, So we're agreed, Don Luis, van doña Ana y doña Inés Doña Ana and Doña Inés en apuesta. are wagered.

DON LUIS: Y el precio es And the price is la vida. life.

DON JUAN: Vos lo decís: So you say: vamos. Let's go.

DON LUIS: Vamos. Let's go. (Al salir se presenta una ronda, que (As they leave, they are stopped les detiene.) by a night-patrol.)

ESCENA XIV SCENE XIV

(Dichos, una ronda de Alguaciles) (The same characters, a band of Constables.)

ALGUACIL: Alto allá. Halt there. ¿Don Juan Tenorio? Don Juan Tenorio?

DON JUAN: Yo soy. That's me.

ALGUACIL: Sed preso. We have you.

DON JUAN: ¿Soñando estoy? Am I dreaming? ¿Por qué? Why?

ALGUACIL: Después lo verá. You'll find out later.

DON LUIS: (Acercándose a don Juan y (Approaching Don Juan and riéndose.) laughing) Tenorio, no lo extrañéis, Don't be surprised Tenorio, pues mirando a lo apostado since, in addressing the bet, mi paje os ha delatado my servant has seen to it para que vos no ganéis. that you won't win through.

DON JUAN: ¡Hola! Pues no os suponía Well now, I didn't suppose con tal despejo, ¡pardiez! you'd hit it so on the nose.

DON LUIS: Id, pues, que por esta vez, Go on now, and this time don Juan, la partida es mía. Don Juan, the game is mine.

DON JUAN: Vamos pues. Let's go then. (Al salir, les detiene otra ronda que (As they leave another patrol entra en la escena.) come on stage.)

ESCENA XV SCENE XV

Dichos, una ronda (The same characters, a patrol, as before.)

ALGUACIL: (Que entra.) (Entering) Ténganse allá. Stop right there. ¿Don Luis Mejía? Don Luis Mejía?

DON LUIS: Yo soy. That's me.

ALGUACIL: Sed preso. We have you.

DON LUIS. ¿Soñando estoy? Am I dreaming? ¡Yo preso! Me, under arrest?

DON JUAN: (Soltando la carcajada.) (bursting out laughing.) ¡Ja, ja, ja, ja! Ha ha ha!! Mejía, no lo extrañéis, Don't be surprised, Mejía, pues, mirando a lo apostado, since, in addressing the bet, mi paje os ha delatado my servant has seen to it para que no me estorbéis. you're not in the way, round here.

DON LUIS: Satisfecho quedaré I'll be content if they aunque ambos muramos. lock us both away.

DON JUAN: Vamos; Lets go, then; conque, señores, quedamos provided, sirs, we say en que la apuesta está en pie. the bet is still in play. (Las rondas se llevan a don Juan y a (The patrols take Don Juan and don Luis, muchos los siguen, El Don Luis away, many follow them, capitán Centellas, Avellaneda y sus Captain Centellas, Avellaneda amigos quedan en la escena mirándose and his friends stay on stage unos a otros.) looking at one another.)

ESCENA XVI SCENE XVI

(El capitán Centellas, Avellaneda, (Captain Centellas, Avellaneda, curiosos.) Onlookers.)

AVELLANEDA: ¡Parece un juego ilusorio? Doesn't this seem a fantastic scenario?

CENTELLAS: ¡Sin verlo no lo creería! I wouldn't believe it if I wasn't here.

AVELLANEDA: Pues yo apuesto por Mejía. Well, my money's on Mejía.

CENTELLAS: Y yo pongo por Tenorio. And mine's on Don Juan Tenorio.

FIN DEL ACTO PRIMERO END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACTO SEGUNDO ACT TWO

DESTREZA SKILL

(Exterior de la casa de doña Ana, (Outside Doña Ana's house, vista por una esquina. Las dos paredes which is seen from a corner. que forman el ángulo se prolongan The two walls that form the igualmente por ambos lados, dejando angle extend equally on both ver en la de la derecha una reja, y en sides, allowing one to see on la izquierda una reja y una puerta.) the right a grilled window, and on the left a grilled window and a door.)

ESCENA PRIMERA SCENE I

Don Luis Mejía, embozado (Don Luis, muffled in his cloak) Ya estoy frente de la casa Here I am at Doña Ana's de doña Ana, y es preciso to warn her, especially, que esta noche tenga aviso of what tonight we may see de lo que en Sevilla pasa. happening in Sevilla. No di con persona alguna Oh, what anxiety! Luckily por dicha mía... ¡Oh qué afán! I didn't meet a soul. Pero ahora, señor don Juan, Now, Don Juan, the bold, cada cual con su fortuna. each to his own destiny! Si honor y vida se juega, If honour and life are at stake mi destreza y mi valor my skill and my valour por mi vida y por mi honor will defend life and honour. jugarán... Mas alguien llega. But now someone's awake.

ESCENA SEGUNDA SCENE II

(Don Luis, Pascual) (Don Luis, Pascual)

PASCUAL:¡Quién creyera lance tal! Prisoners! Who would credit it all! ¡Jesús, qué escándalo! ¡Presos! Lord, what a scandal.

DON LUIS. ¿Qué veo? ¡Es Pascual! What's this I see? It's Pascual!

PASCUAL: Los sesos My brains must be me estrellaría. addled.

DON LUIS. ¿Pascual? Pascual?

PASCUAL: ¿Quién me llama tan apriesa? Who is calling me so loudly?

DON LUIS. Yo. Don Luis. Me. Don Luis.

PASCUAL: ¡Válame Dios! Good God!

DON LUIS. ¿Qué te asombra? What's the surprise?

PASCUAL: Que seáis vos. That it's you.

DON LUIS: Mi suerte, Pascual, es ésa. Then it's great luck, Pascual, Que a no ser yo quien me soy for if I weren't who I am today y a no dar contigo ahora, and you and I hadn't met, el honor de mi señora well, the honour of my lady doña Ana moría hoy. Doña Ana, we could forget.

PASCUAL: Qué es lo que decís ? What's this you say?

DON LUIS. ¿Conoces Do you know a don Juan Tenorio? Don Juan Tenorio?

PASCUAL: Sí. Yea. ¿Quién no le conoce aquí? Who doesn't know him round here? Mas según públicas voces But according to public rumour estábais presos los dos. you were prisoners the two of you. Vamos, ¡lo que el vulgo miente! But, how the public lies!

DON LUIS. Ahora acertadamente Just now the public spoke habló el vulgo: y ¡juro a Dios rightly, and I swear to God que a no ser porque mi primo, if it hadn't been that my cousin el tesorero real, the royal treasurer quiso fiarme, Pascual, was willing to bail me out, Pascual, pierdo cuanto más estimo! I'd have lost all I value.

PASCUAL: ¿Pues cómo? What do you mean?

DON LUIS. ¿En servirme estás? Are you prepared to serve me?

PASCUAL: Hasta morir. Till death.

DON LUIS. Pues escucha. Then listen. Don Juan y yo en una lucha Don Juan and I find ourselves arriesgada por demás embroiled in a struggle empeñados nos hallamos; that's needlessly risky, pero, a querer tú ayudarme, but if you are willing to help me más que la vida salvarme you can save even more than puedes. my life.

PASCUAL: ¿Qué hay que hacer? Sepamos. What must I do. Tell me.

DON LUIS. En una insigne locura In a moment of utter madness look dimos tiempo ha: en apostar a while ago, we wagered, you see cuál de ambos sabría obrar which of the two of us could be peor, con mejor ventura. the worst, with the best of luck. Ambos nos hemos portado We have both been bravely bizarramente a cual más; vying, each with the other one, pero él es un Satanás, but he is Satan's son, y por fin me ha aventajado. and gained the advantage of me. Púsele no sé qué pero, I don't know quite know dijímonos no sé qué what it was I said sobre ello, y el hecho fue some words or other, but they led que él mofándome altanero to him mocking me haughtily me dijo: "Y si esto no os llena, saying: 'If this is not adequate proof, pues que os casáis con doña Ana, since you and Doña Ana are to be wed, os apuesto a que mañana I'll wager that by tomorrow instead os la quito yo". I'll take her away from you.

PASCUAL: ¡Esa es buena! That's a good one! ¿Tal se ha atrevido a decir? He dared say such a thing to you?

DON LUIS: No es lo malo que lo diga, The bad part is not that he said it, Pascual, sino que consiga Pascual, but that he's bound to do it, lo que intenta. if that's what he intends.

PASCUAL: ¿Conseguir? He will do it? En tanto que yo esté aquí, Not while I am here, see, descuidad, don Luis. don't worry, Don Luis.

DON LUIS. Te juro I swear to you que si el lance no aseguro, if I don't win through no sé qué va a ser de mí. I don't know what will become of me.

PASCUAL: ¡Por la Virgen del Pilar! By the Virgin of Pilar, he's evil, ¿Le teméis? Are you afraid of him?

DON LUIS. No, Dios testigo. As God is my witness, no. Mas lleva ese hombre consigo But that man goes to and fro algún diablo familiar. with his familiar devil.

PASCUAL: Dadlo por asegurado. Consider the matter done.

DON LUIS. ¡Oh! Tal es el afán mío Oh, but I'm afraid que ni en mí propio me fío, I don't even have faith con un hombre tan osado. in myself, with such a daring man.

PASCUAL: Yo os juro por San Ginés, I vow to you by Saint Ginés que, con toda su osadía, in spite of all his boldness le ha de hacer, por vida mía, an Aragonese will give him mal tercio un aragonés: I swear on my life, a beating: nos veremos. you'll see.

DON LUIS. ¡Ay, Pascual, Ah Pascual, que en qué te metes no sabes! you don't know what you're doing!

PASCUAL: En apreturas más graves I've found worse things brewing me he visto y no salí mal. and came out not badly at all.

DON LUIS. Estriba en lo perentorio The difficulty lies in the hour del plazo, y en ser quien es. and his being who he is.

PASCUAL: Más que un buen aragonés A Tenorio can't have the power no ha de valer un Tenorio. of a good Aragonese. Todos esos lenguaraces All these bullies cower, espadachines de oficio just professional braggards, no son más que frontispicio nothing more than blaggards, y de poca alma capaces. only a cowardly shower. Para infamar a mujeres They've glib tongues for defaming women tienen lengua, y tienen manos and they have ready hands para osar a los ancianos for challenging some old man o apalear a mercaderes. or beating up the tradesmen. Mas cuando una buena espada, But when challenged by a good blade, por un buen

brazo esgrimida, given a strong arm weighed, con la muerte les convida, inviting them to die, todo su valor es nada. all their braveries fade. Y sus empresas y bullas And their song and dance se reducen todas ellas all of it boils down a hablar mal de las doncellas to speaking harm of a silken gown, y a huir ante las patrullas. and fleeing patrols at the slightest chance.

DON LUIS. ¡Pascual! Pascual!

PASCUAL: No lo hablo por vos, Oh, not you of course: que aunque sóis un calavera though you're wild I swear it, tenéis la alma bien entera you have a fighting spirit y reñís bien, ¡voto a bríos! and carry things out with force.

DON LUIS: Pues si es en mí tan notorio Well if valour's so marked in me el valor, mira, Pascual, then note this well Pascual, que el valor es proverbial that valour is proverbial en la raza de Tenorio. in Tenorio's family. Y porque conozco bien And because I know that well, I trust de su valor el extremo, his courage in a difficult fix, de sus ardides me temo and so the more I fear his tricks que en tierra con mi honra den. will drag my name in the dust.

PASCUAL: Pues suelto estáis ya, don Luis; But Don Luis, now you are free y pues que tanto os acucia and because anxious jealousy el mal de celos, su astucia troubles you so much, I say, maybe, con la astucia prevenís. you should match his wit with your subtlety. ¿Qué teméis de él? What do you fear from him?

DON LUIS. No lo sé; I don't know mas esta noche sospecho but I suspect tonight that he que ha de procurar el hecho will attempt a deed consumar. of devilry.

PASCUAL: Soñáis. You are dreaming.

DON LUIS. ¿Por qué? Why?

PASCUAL: ¿No está preso? Isn't he in jail?

DON LUIS. Sí que está; Yes, he is, mas también lo estaba yo, but I was as well, y un hidalgo me fió. and a nobleman made my bail.

PASCUAL: Mas ¿quién a él le fiará? But who will bail him out?

DON LUIS: En fin, sólo un medio encuentro In truth, I only see de satisfacerme. one way to satisfy me.

PASCUAL: ¿Cuál? What?

DON LUIS: Que de esta casa, Pascual, That for tonight, Pascual quede yo esta noche dentro. I should stay inside this house.

PASCUAL: Mirad que así de doña Ana Beware if in doing so, you tenéis el honor vendido. besmirch the honour of Doña Ana.

DON LUIS. ¡Qué mil rayos! ¿Su marido A thousand curses! Isn't it true no voy a ser yo mañana? I'll be her husband tomorrow?

PASCUAL: Mas, señor, ¿no os digo yo But sir, am I not saying que os fío con la existencia...? that I guarantee you, on my life...?

DON LUIS. Sí; salir de una pendencia, Yes, to get out of a fight, mas de un ardid diestro, no. but out of a clever trap, no. Y en fin, o paso en la casa And anyway, either I spend the night la noche, o tomo la calle in the house, or I'll spend it in the street. aunque la justicia me halle. though the patrol find me on their beat.

PASCUAL: Señor don Luis, eso pasa Señor Don Luis, that goes right de terquedad, y es capricho beyond stubbornness, it's insane que dejar os aconsejo and I advise you again y os irá bien. forget it, everything will be fine. Don Luis; No lo dejo, No, I'm not abandoning it Pascual. Pascual.

PASCUAL: ¡Don Luis! Don Luis!

DON LUIS. Está dicho. I've spoken.

PASCUAL: ¡Vive Dios! ¿Hay tal afán? Good God! Was there ever such a difficult man?

DON LUIS. Tú dirás lo que quisieres, You may say what may be mas yo fío en las mujeres but I have much less faith in the lady mucho menos que en don Juan; than I do in Don Juan; pues lance es extremado for this is an extreme case por dos locos emprendido, undertaken by two fools bien será un loco atrevido and a fool may easily break the rules para un loco desalmado.

when another fool is base.

PASCUAL: Mirad bien lo que decís, Take care what you say in this manner porque yo sirvo a doña Ana for I've served Doña Ana desde que nació, y mañana since she was born, and I guarantee seréis su esposo, don Luis. you'll be hers tomorrow Don Luis.

DON LUIS. Pascual, esa hora llegada Pascual, when that time is here y ese derecho adquirido, and I've acquired the right to be yo sabré ser su marido her husband, I'll be good to her, you'll see, y la haré ser bien casada. and I'll make her happy, no fear. Mas en tanto... But meanwhile....

PASCUAL: No habléis más. Let it pass. Yo os conozco desde niños I've known you since we were kids y sé lo que son cariños, and I know what affection is, ¡por vida de Barrabás! I swear by Barrabas! Oíd: mi cuarto es sobrado Listen, my room will just do para los dos; dentro de él for the two of us, you can stay quedad; mas palabra fiel in there, but give me your word, and say dadme de estaros callado. that you'll remain quiet too.

DON LUIS. Te la doy. I give my word to you.

PASCUAL: Y hasta mañana And till tomorrow, we'll stay awake juntos con doble cautela together we'll both make nos quedaremos en vela. a double guard for her sake.

DON LUIS. Y se salvará doña Ana. And Doña Ana will not be lost.

PASCUAL: Sea. So be it.

DON LUIS. Pues vamos. Then lets go.

PASCUAL: Teneos. Wait. ¿Qué vais a hacer? What are you going to do.

DON LUIS. A entrar. Go in. Since it's late

PASCUAL: ¿Ya? Already?

DON LUIS. ¿Quién sabe lo que él hará? Who knows what he'll perpetrate?

PASCUAL:Vuestros celosos deseos Repress your jealous hate reprimid: que ser no puede for it can't safely be mientras que no se recoja until my master Don Gil mi amo, don Gil de Pantoja, retires to bed, and all's still, y todo en silencio quede. you see.

DON LUIS. Voto a... I swear....

PASCUAL: ¡Eh! Dad una vez Oh! Just for once let's have breves treguas al amor. a brief respite from love.

DON LUIS. ¿Y a qué hora ese buen señor And at what time is that good man suele acostarse? accustomed to go to bed?

PASCUAL: A las diez; At ten, y en esa calleja estrecha and in that narrow alley hay una reja; llamad there's a grilled window, call a las diez, y descuidad at ten, and, in the meantime, mientras en mí. rely on me.

DON LUIS. Es cosa hecha. Done.

PASCUAL: Don Luis, hasta luego, pues. Till then, Don Luis.

DON LUIS. Adiós, Pascual, hasta luego. Goodbye Pascual, till then.

ESCENA III SCENE III

Don Luis Jamás tal desasosiego I have never experienced tuve. Paréceme que es such apprehension. It seems to me esta noche hora menguada tonight will be a wearing para mí... y no sé qué vago one for me....I don't know what strange presentimiento, qué estrago foreboding, what disastrous change teme mi alma acongojada. my afflicted soul is fearing. ¡Por Dios que nunca pensé By God, I never really que a doña Ana amara así, thought I would love Ana so ni por ninguna sentí or feel for anyone though lo que por ella...! ¡Oh! Y a fe what I feel for her. Oh, truly, que de don Juan me amedrenta Don Juan's not the better of us two no el valor, mas la ventura. in courage, but only in luck. Parece que le asegura It seems that Satan writes the book Satanás en cuanto intenta. of whatever he tries to do. No, no: es un hombre infernal, No, no. He's a devil infernal y téngome para mí and I truly fear que si me aparto de aquí that if I move away from here me burla, pese a Pascual. he'll trick me, in spite of Pascual. Y aunque me tenga por

necio, And even if I'm considered a born quiero entrar: que con don Juan fool I'll go in, for with Don Juan las precauciones no están one's defence must be planned para vistas con desprecio. not viewed with scorn. (Llama a la ventana.) (He knocks on the window)

ESCENA IV SCENE IV

(Don Luis, Doña Ana) (Don Luis, Doña Ana)

DOÑA ANA: ¿Quién va? Who goes there?

DON LUIS. ¿No es Pascual? You are not Pascual?

DOÑA ANA: ¡Don Luis! Don Luis!

DON LUIS. ¡Doña Ana! Doña Ana!

DOÑA ANA: ¿Por la ventana Did you knock on the llamas ahora? window just now?

DON LUIS. ¡Ay, doña Ana, Yes, Doña Ana, cuán a buen tiempo salís! how opportunely you've come.

DOÑA ANA: Pues ¿qué hay, Mejía? But what's wrong, Mejía?

DON LUIS. Un empeño An attempt por tu beldad con un hombre on your beauty, by a man que temo. whom I fear.

DOÑA ANA: ¿Y qué hay que te asombre And what is there to fear from him en él, cuando eres tú el dueño when you possess de mi corazón? my heart?

DON LUIS. Doña Ana, Doña Ana, no lo puedes comprender you cannot understand de ese hombre sin conocer about that man without knowing nombre y suerte. his name and his good fortune.

DOÑA ANA: Será vana His good fortune will be su buena suerte conmigo; of no account to me, ya ves, sólo horas nos faltan you see, only a few hours remain para la boda, y te asaltan before the wedding, and vain vanos temores. fears assail you.

DON LUIS. Testigo I swear piously me es Dios que nada por mí nothing frightens me, it's true, me da pavor, mientras tenga for myself, while I have here espada y ese hombre venga my sword, or if that man were cara a cara contra ti. to come face to face with you. Mas como el león audaz But like an audacious lion y cauteloso y prudente both crafty and prudent como la astuta serpiente... like the astute serpent...

DOÑA ANA: ¡Bah! Duerme, don Luis, en paz, Oh! Sleep in peace, Don Luis que su audacia y su prudencia his audacity and prudence nada lograrán de mí, will never succeed with me, que tengo cifrada en ti for I've settled on you, you see, la gloria de mi existencia. the glory of my existence.

DON LUIS. Pues bien, Ana, de ese amor Very well, Ana, in the name of que me aseguras en nombre, that love of which you assure me, para no temer a ese hombre in order not to fear him, please, voy a pedirte un favor. I'm going to ask you a favour.

DOÑA ANA: Di; mas bajo, por si escucha Speak; more quietly in case tal vez alguno. someone can hear us.

DON LUIS. Oye, pues. Then listen.

ESCENA V SCENE V

(Doña Ana y Don Luis, a la reja (Doña Ana and Don Luis at the derecha; Don Juan y Ciutti, en la right grilled window; Don Juan calle izquierda) and Ciutti on the street to the left.)

CIUTTI: Señor, por mi vida, que es My word, in truth your vuestra suerte buena y mucha. luck is good and plentiful.

DON JUAN: Ciutti, nadie como yo: Ciutti, there's no one like me: ya viste cuán fácilmente you saw how easily el buen alcaide prudente the good and wise constabulary se avino y suelta me dio. came to terms, and set me free. Mas no hay ya en ello que hablar: But there's no need to talk of that. ¿mis encargos has cumplido? Have you done what I said?

CIUTTI: Todos los he concluido I have done it all mejor que pude esperar. better than I could have hoped.

DON JUAN: ¿La beata...? The governess?

CIUTTI: Esta es la llave This is the key de la puerta del jardín, to the gate in the garden wall, que habrá que escalar al fin, that you'd have had to climb, and it's tall, pues, como usarced ya sabe, since, as you're able to see, las tapias de ese convento the walls of that particular convent no tienen entrada alguna. have no other entrance at all.

DON JUAN: ¿Y te dio carta? And did she give you a letter?

CIUTTI: Ninguna; No, none, me dijo que aquí al momento she told me that in a moment iba a salir de camino; she was coming out for a walk: que al convento se volvía and she'd return to the convent y que con vos hablaría. after the two of you talk.

DON JUAN: Mejor es. That's even better.

CIUTTI: Lo mismo opino. I thought so.

DON JUAN: ¿Y los caballos? And the horses?

CIUTTI: Con silla I have them bridled y freno los tengo ya. and ready.

DON JUAN: ¿Y la gente? And my men?

CIUTTI: Cerca está. Are nearby.

DON JUAN: Bien, Ciutti; mientras Sevilla Good Ciutti; while Seville tranquila en sueño reposa reposes in tranquil sleep creyéndome encarcelado, believing me imprisoned otros dos nombres añado another two names will be added a mi lista numerosa. to the long list I keep. ¡Ja!, ¡ja! Ha ha!

CIUTTI: Señor. Sir.

DON JUAN: ¿Qué? What?

CIUTTI: Callad. Be quiet.

DON JUAN: ¿Qué hay, Ciutti? What's wrong Ciutti?

CIUTTI: Al doblar la esquina, On turning the corner en esa reja vecina at the neighbouring window he visto un hombre. I saw a man.

DON JUAN: Es verdad: Its true: pues ahora sí que es mejor so now the affair is el lance: ¿y si es ése? going better. Could it be him?

CIUTTI: ¿Quién? Who?

DON JUAN: Don Luis. Don Luis.

CIUTTI: Imposible. Impossible.

DON JUAN: ¡Toma! Why? ¿No estoy yo aquí? Well, am I not here?

CIUTTI: Diferencia There's a big difference va de él a vos. between you and him.

DON JUAN: Evidencia I believe the evidence, man, lo creo Ciutti; allí asoma Ciutti; there is still tras de la reja una dama. a lady behind the grill.

CIUTTI: Una criada tal vez. Perhaps a servant.

DON JUAN: Preciso es verlo, ¡pardiez!, By heaven! I want no perdamos lance y fama. to see, not lose the game or the fame. Mira, Ciutti: a fuer de ronda, Look, Ciutti, play at being the night patrol, tú con varios de los míos with several of my men por esa calle escurríos scatter through that street, again, dando vuelta a la redonda and set up around the whole a la casa. house.

CIUTTI: Y en tal caso In that case cerrará ella. she'll close the window.

DON JUAN: Pues con eso, And in that way, ella ignorante y él preso, him a prisoner, her unaware, nos dejarán franco el paso. the way will be clear for us there.

CIUTTI: Decís bien. That's right.

DON JUAN: Corre y atájale, Run and overtake him que en ello el vencer consiste. For winning depends on it.

CIUTTI: ¿Mas si el truhán se But if the scoundrel resists? resiste?

DON JUAN: Entonces de un tajo, rájale. Then with one sword-stroke break him.

ESCENA VI SCENE VI

(Don Juan, Doña Ana, Don Luis) (Don Juan, Doña Ana, Don Luis)

DON LUIS. ¿Me das, pues, tu asentimiento? Then you give me your consent?

DOÑA ANA: Consiento. I agree.

DON LUIS. ¿Complácesme de ese modo? And in this way you will please me?

DOÑA ANA: En todo. In everything, you'll see.

DON LUIS. Pues te velaré hasta el día. Then I'll spend the time till daylight here.

DOÑA ANA: Sí, Mejía. Yes, Mejía.

DON LUIS. Páguete el cielo, Ana mía, May heaven reward you Ana dear, satisfacción tan entera. and bring your happiness near.

DOÑA ANA: Porque me juzgues sincera, Because you believe me sincere consiento en todo, Mejía. I consent to everything Mejía.

DON LUIS. Volveré, pues, otra vez. I'll return then later, have no fear.

DOÑA ANA: Si, a las diez. Yes, at ten, please appear.

DON LUIS. ¿Me aguardarás, Ana? Will you wait for me, Ana?

DOÑA ANA: Sí. Yes.

DON LUIS. Aquí. Here.

DOÑA ANA: ¿Y tú estarás puntual, eh? And you'll be on time?

DON LUIS. Estaré. Assuredly.

DOÑA ANA: La llave, pues, te daré. Then I'll give you the key.

DON LUIS. Y dentro yo de tu casa, And, with me inside, venga Tenorio. let Tenorio come.

DOÑA ANA: Alguien pasa. Someone goes by! A las diez. Until ten.

DON LUIS. Aquí estaré. Then we'll see.

ESCENA VII SCENE VII

(Don Juan, Don Luis) (Don Juan, Don Luis)

DON LUIS: Mas se acercan. ¿Quién va allá? Someone is coming. Who goes there?

DON JUAN: Quien va. Whoever it is who goes there.

DON LUIS. De quien va así ¿qué se infiere? What does he want, whoever goes there?

DON JUAN: Que quiere... He wants....

DON LUIS. ¿Ver si la lengua le arranco ? To see me chop out his tongue?

DON JUAN: El paso franco. A clear run.

DON LUIS. Guardado está. This house is closely guarded.

DON JUAN: ¿Y soy yo manco? Do you think I'm unarmed then?

DON LUIS. Pidiéraislo en cortesía. You must ask more courteously here.

DON JUAN: ¿Y a quién? Of whom?

DON LUIS. A don Luis Mejía. Of Don Luis Mejía.

DON JUAN: Quien va quiere el paso franco. He who goes here wants a clear run.

DON LUIS. ¿Conocéisme? Do you know me?

DON JUAN: Sí. Yes.

DON LUIS. ¿Y yo a vos? And I you?

DON JUAN: Los dos. Both of us do.

DON LUIS. ¿Y en qué estriba el estorballe? And where's the hindrance to your feet?

DON JUAN: En la calle. Here in the street

DON LUIS. ¿De ella los dos por ser amos? Because we're both standing in it?

DON JUAN: Estamos. We are both in it.

DON LUIS. Dos hay no más que podamos There are only two of us who necesitarla a la vez. need it just now, though.

DON JUAN: Lo sé. I know.

DON LUIS. ¡Sois don Juan! You are Don Juan!

DON JUAN: ¡Pardiez! So!.... los dos ya en la calle estamos. we are both in the street now.

DON LUIS. ¿No os prendieron? Didn't they arrest you?

DON JUAN: Como a vos. Like you.

DON LUIS. ¡Vive Dios! Good Lord. Y huisteis? And you got away?

DON JUAN: Os imité: I did what you did. ¿y qué? Why?

DON LUIS. Que perderéis. So that you'll lose.

DON JUAN: No sabemos. We don't know so.

DON LUIS. Lo veremos. We'll see though.

DON JUAN: La dama entrambos tenemos We have both set out to know sitiada y estáis cogido. the lady, and you're trapped too.

DON LUIS. Tiempo hay. There's still time.

DON JUAN: Para vos perdido. To be lost, by you.

DON LUIS. ¡Vive Dios que lo veremos! By God we will see, though! (Don Luis desenvaina su espada, mas (Don Luis unsheathes his sword, Ciutti, que ha bajado con los suyos but Ciutti, who has craftily cautelosamente hasta colocarse tras approached with his men until él, le sujeta.) they are behind him, grabs him.)

DON JUAN: Señor don Luis, vedlo, pues. Don Luis, now you see,

DON LUIS. Traición es. This is treachery.

DON JUAN: La boca... His mouth... (A los suyos, que se la tapan a don (To his men who cover Don Luis' Luis.) mouth.)

DON LUIS. ¡Oh! Oh!

DON JUAN: (Le sujetan los brazos.) (They pin his arms.) Sujeto atrás: Tie them: más. more. La empresa es, señor Mejía, The game, Mejía, como mía. is mine, I fear. Encerrádmele hasta el día. Lock him up for a day. (A los suyos.) (To his men) La apuesta está ya en mi mano. And so the game falls to me. (A don Luis.) (To Don Luis) Adiós, don Luis: si os la gano, Goodbye, Don Luis, if I win, you see, traición es; mas como mía. by treachery, it's the way I play.

ESCENA VIII SCENE VIII

DON JUAN: Buen lance, ¡viven los cielos! By heaven! A fine affair. Estos son los que dan fama: This is the kind that wins fame today: mientras le soplo la dama, while I snatch his lady away, él se arrancará los pelos he'll be tearing out his hair encerrado en mi bodega. imprisoned in my wine cellar. ¿Y ella...? Cuando crea hallarse And she? When she thinks she's with him again con él..., ¡ja!, ¡ja...! ¡Oh! y ...ha! ha! Oh, and he can't quejarse complain. no puede; limpio se juega. I play fair, he can tell her. A la cárcel le llevé I got him jailed y salió: llevóme a mí and he was bailed: he trapped me y salí; hallarnos aquí and I was bailed; it was destiny era fuerza..., ya se ve, that we'd meet here, neither failed su parte en la grave apuesta: to defend his name defendía cada cual. in this serious jest. Mas con la suerte está mal But Mejía's luck is not of the best Mejía, y también pierde ésta. and he'll also lose this game. Sin embargo, y por si acaso, Nevertheless, and just to be sure, no es demás asegurarse it's not showing too much fear de Lucía, a desgraciarse to make certain of Lucía, no vaya por poco el paso. since there's some danger of failure. Mas por allí un bulto negro But a dark shadow appears, se aproxima..., y a mi ver and in my opinion es el bulto una mujer. the shape is that of a woman. ¿Otra aventura? Me alegro. Another adventure? I'm cheered.

ESCENA IX SCENE IX

(Don Juan, Brígida) (Don Juan, Brigida)

BRÍGIDA: ¿Caballeros? Gentlemen?

DON JUAN: ¿Quién va allá? Who goes there?

BRÍGIDA: ¿Sois don Juan? Are you Don Juan?

DON JUAN: ¡Por vida de...! What can I say!.... ¡Si es la beata! ¡Y a fe It's the guardian! And in faith que la había olvidado ya! I had forgotten about her! Llegaos; don Juan soy yo. Approach, I am Don Juan.

BRÍGIDA: ¿Estáis solo? Are you alone?

DON JUAN: Con el diablo. With the devil, I own.

BRÍGIDA: ¡Jesucristo! Goodness me!

DON JUAN: Por vos lo hablo. I say that because of you.

BRÍGIDA: ¿Soy yo el diablo? Do I look like the devil to you?

DON JUAN: Créolo. I think so.

BRÍGIDA: ¡Vaya! ¡Qué cosas tenéis! Ah, how you speak to me! Vos sí que sois un diablillo... You really are a devil or worse.

DON JUAN: Que te llenará el bolsillo One who will fill up your little purse si le sirves. if you serve him.

BRÍGIDA: Lo veréis. You'll see.

DON JUAN: Descarga, pues, ese pecho. Unburden yourself then. ¿Qué hiciste? What did you do?

BRÍGIDA: Cuanto me ha dicho All that your servant told me to. vuestro paje... ¡Y qué mal bicho And what a scamp he is, it's true, es ese Ciutti! that Ciutti.

DON JUAN: ¿Qué ha hecho? What did he do?

BRÍGIDA: ¡Gran bribón! He's a great rascal.

DON JUAN: ¿No os ha entregado Didn't he turn over to you un bolsillo y un papel? a purse and a letter?

BRÍGIDA: Leyendo estará ahora en él Doña Inés is getting better doña Inés. acquainted with it right now.

DON JUAN: ¿La has preparado? Have you prepared her?

BRÍGIDA: Vaya; y os la he convencido I have convinced her con tal maña y de manera in such a clever way que irá como una cordera she'll follow you, any day, tras vos. like a little lamb.

DON JUAN: ¡Tan fácil te ha sido! Was it that easy for you?

BRÍGIDA: ¡Bah! Pobre garza enjaulada, Bah. Poor little bird in a cage dentro la jaula nacida, to be born here and to die, ¿qué sabe ella si hay más vida what does she know, at her age, ni más aire en que volar? of another life, free, in which to fly? Si no vio nunca sus plumas If she's never seen her feathers del sol a los resplandores, shine in the sun, poor thing, ¿qué sabe de los colores what does she know of the colours de que se puede ufanar? of which her heart might sing? No cuenta la pobrecilla The poor little child is diez y siete primaveras a bare seventeen y, aún virgen a las primeras and wholly a virgin impresiones del amor, to love's first idea, nunca concibió la dicha she's never conceived of pleasure, fuera de su pobre estancia outside her poor dwelling's measure, tratada desde su infancia treated from infancy like a treasure, con cauteloso rigor. with careful strictness, poor dear. Y tantos años monótonos And so many monotonous years de soledad y convento of convent solitude tenían su pensamiento have kept her thoughts subdued, ceñido a punto tan ruin, imprisoned in such a ruinous way, a tan reducido espacio captive to such a degree, y a círculo tan mezquino, and in such wretched society, que era el claustro su destino that the cloister was her destiny, el altar era su fin. devotion was her fate. "Aquí está Dios", la dijeron; "God is here," they told her; y ella dijo: "Aquí le adoro". And she said: "Here I'll adore" "Aquí está el claustro y el coro." Here is the cloister and choir. Y pensó: "No hay más allá". And thought "Beyond, there is nothing more." Y sin otras ilusiones And without any illusions que sus sueños infantiles, more than her childish dreams, pasó diez y siete abriles she spent seventeen years growing sin conocerlo quizá. here, almost without knowing.

DON JUAN: ¿Y está hermosa? And is she beautiful?

BRÍGIDA: ¡Oh! Como un ángel. Oh, as an angel.

DON JUAN: ¿Y la has dicho...? And you have unfurled...?

BRÍGIDA: Figuraos You may well guess si habré metido mal caos how I have stirred wicked chaos en su cabeza, don Juan. inside her head, Don Juan. La hablé del amor, del mundo, I spoke to her of love, of the world de la corte y los placeres, of pleasures, the court, how gallant de cuánto con las mujeres you are, how prodigious a talent erais pródigo y galán. you possess with women. La dije que erais el hombre I told her you were the man por su padre destinado chosen for her by her father, para suyo; os he pintado and I have painted you rather muerto por ella de amor, as dying for her love, desesperado por ella, desperate for her, y por ella perseguido, because of her, in a lather, por ella decidido determined to risk honour a perder vida y honor. for her, and life above. En fin, mis dulces palabras, In short, my words of sweetness al posarse en sus oídos, so possessed her hearing, sus deseos mal dormidos desires still slumbering, arrastraron de sí en pos; awakened in her, beating y allá dentro de su pecho there inside her breast, han inflamado una llama set light to a flame so true, de fuerza tal, que ya os ama that she already loves you, y no piensa más que en vos. and it's only of you she's thinking.

DON JUAN: Tan incentiva pintura Such an alluring picture los sentidos me enajena, inflames my senses, whole, el alma ardiente me llena and fills my burning soul de su insensata pasión. with senseless ardour. Empezó por una apuesta, It began as a wager, siguió por un devaneo, followed by mad desire, engendró luego un deseo, engendering the fire, y hoy me quema el corazón. and now my heart's alight. Poco es el centro de un claustro; A cloister is no matter; ¡al mismo infierno bajara, I'd go downwards to the Inferno, y a estocadas la arrancara and with sword thrusts, to and fro, de los brazos de Satán! from the arms of Satan, seize her. ¡Oh! Hermosa flor, cuyo cáliz Oh beautiful flower, whose calyx al rocío aún no se ha abierto, never opened to the dew, a trasplantarte va al huerto to the garden of his love de sus amores don Juan. Don Juan will transplant you. ¿Brígida? Brigida?

BRÍGIDA: Os estoy oyendo, I'm listening. y me hacéis perder el tino: and you confuse me; yo os creía un libertino I thought you a libertine sin alma y sin corazón. without a soul or heart.

DON JUAN: ¿Eso extrañas? ¿No está claro That surprises you? Isn't it clear que en un objeto tan noble that a noble aim in mind hay que interesarse doble must interest a man of my kind que en otros? twice as much as others.

BRÍGIDA: Tenéis razón. You're a man apart.

DON JUAN: Conque ¿a qué hora se recogen So at what time do the reverend las madres? mothers seek their beds?

BRÍGIDA: Ya recogidas They've probably already done so. estarán. ¿Vos prevenidas Do you have everything, though, todas las cosas tenéis? prepared and ready?

DON JUAN: Todas. Everything.

BRÍGIDA: Pues luego que doblen Then as soon as they ring a las ánimas, con tiento for prayers, carefully, saltando al huerto, al convento jumping into the garden, see, fácilmente entrar podéis you can enter the convent easily con la llave que os he enviado: with the key I sent you: de un claustro oscuro y estrecho that of a dark and narrow door, es, seguidle bien derecho, follow it straight through, and your y daréis con poco afán passage is made, with little worry, en nuestra celda. to our cell.

DON JUAN: Y si acierto And if I succeed, at leisure, a robar tan gran tesoro, in stealing such a treasure, te he de hacer pesar en oro. I'll give you your weight in gold, with pleasure.

BRÍGIDA: Por mí no queda, don Juan. Don't stay for me, Don Juan, hurry.

DON JUAN: Ve y aguárdame. Go and wait for me Brígida; Voy, pues, Brigida, I am going straight there a entrar por la portería, through the little door here, y a cegar a sor María to blind Sister Maria, la tornera. Hasta después. the doorkeeper. Till later. (Vase Brígida, y un poco antes de (Brigida leaves. And a little concluir esta escena sale Ciutti, que before this scene ends, Ciutti se para en el fondo, esperando) comes in and stops in the background, waiting.)

ESCENA X SCENE X

(Don Juan, Ciutti) (Don Juan, Ciutti)

DON JUAN: Pues, señor, ¡soberbio envite! Well sir. A fine start to it! Muchas hice hasta esta hora, I've played lots of hands before mas ¡por Dios que la de ahora but, by God, I never saw será tal que me acredite! one that will do me more credit! Mas ya veo que me espera But I see Ciutti is waiting. Ciutti. ¿Lebrel? (Llamándole.) Lebrel? (Calling him)

CIUTTI: Aquí estoy. I am here.

DON JUAN: ¿Y don Luis? And Don Luis?

CIUTTI: Libre por hoy You're free of him, have no fear estáis de él. for today.

DON JUAN: Ahora quisiera Now I desire ver a Lucía. To see Lucia.

CIUTTI: Llegar This way. Here. podéis aquí: (A la reja derecha.) (At the right grill.) yo la llamo I'll call out, y al salir a mi reclamo and when she answers my shout, la podéis vos abordar. you can accost her.

DON JUAN: Llama, pues. Knock then.

CIUTTI: La seña mía She knows my signal so well sabe bien para que dude she might hesitate en acudir. to answer the bell.

DON JUAN: Pues si acude, Well if she does come, I say it, lo demás es cuenta mía. the rest is for me to tell. (Ciutti llama a la reja con una seña (Ciutti knocks on the grill que parezca convenida. Lucía se asoma with a signal that seems a ella, y al ver a don Juan se detiene appropriate. Lucia comes to it un momento.) and when she sees Don Juan, she stops for a moment.)

ESCENA XI SCENE XI

(Don Juan, Lucia, Ciutti) (Don Juan, Lucia, Ciutti)

LUCÍA: ¿Qué queréis, buen caballero? What do you want, sir knight?

DON JUAN: Quiero. I want...

LUCÍA: ¿Qué queréis, vamos a ver? Well! Lets see, what you want?

DON JUAN: Ver. To see...

LUCÍA: ¿Ver? ¿Qué veréis a esta hora? To see? Who would you see so late?

DON JUAN: A tu señora. Your lady.

LUCÍA: Idos, hidalgo, en mal hora; Go away, fine sir, to your sorry fate ¿quién pensáis que vive aquí? Who do you think lives here?

DON JUAN: Doña Ana Pantoja, y Doña Ana Pantoja is there, quiero ver a tu señora. and I want to see your lady.

LUCÍA: ¿Sabéis que casa doña Ana? Do you know Doña Ana is to be wed?

DON JUAN: Sí, mañana. Yes, tomorrow, I've heard it said.

LUCÍA: ¿Y ha de ser tan infiel ya? And is she to be unfaithful already?

DON JUAN: Sí será. Yes, she will be, she's ready.

LUCÍA: ¿Pues no es de don Luis Mejía? But isn't she promised to Luis Mejía?

DON JUAN: ¡Ca! Otro día. Ah, another day, I hear. Hoy no es mañana, Lucía; Today is not tomorrow, Lucia; yo he de estar hoy con doña Ana, I must be with Doña Ana today, y si se casa mañana, and let her marry tomorrow, I say, mañana será otro día. for tomorrow is another day.

LUCÍA: ¡Ah! ¡En recibiros está? Ah, is she prepared to receive you?

DON JUAN: Podrá. It could be.

LUCÍA: ¿Qué haré, si os he de servir? What am I to do to serve you?

DON JUAN: Abrir. Open up.

LUCÍA: ¡Bah! ¿Y quién abre este Bah. And what can open this castillo? fortress?

DON JUAN: Ese bolsillo. That purse.

LUCÍA: ¿Oro? Gold?

DON JUAN: Pronto te dio el brillo. You soon caught sight of its brightness.

LUCÍA: ¿Cuánto? How much, all told?

DON JUAN: De cien doblas pasa. More than a hundred golden pieces.

LUCÍA: Jesús! Jesus!

DON JUAN: Cuenta y di: ¿esta casa Count it and say if that purse pleases podrá abrir, ese bolsillo? enough to open this house.

LUCÍA: ¡Oh! Si es quien me dora el Oh, if someone puts gold in my pico... mouth...

DON JUAN: Muy rico. Who is very rich. (Interrumpiéndola.) (Interrupting her.)

LUCÍA: ¿Si? ¿Qué nombre usa el galán? Yes? And the name of the noble man?

DON JUAN: Don Juan. Don Juan.

LUCÍA: ¿Sin apellido notorio? With a notorious last name?

DON JUAN: Tenorio. Tenorio, the very same.

LUCÍA: ¡Animas del purgatorio! By the spirits amongst the flame! ¿Vos don Juan? You are Don Juan?

DON JUAN: ¿Qué te amedrenta, Does it cause you to fear, si a tus ojos se presenta that some rich Don Juan Tenorio muy rico don Juan Tenorio. presents himself to your eyes here?

LUCÍA: Rechina la cerradura. The lock is making a noise.

DON JUAN: Se asegura: It's secure.

LUCÍA: ¿Y a mí quién? ¡Por Belcebú! And who makes me secure?

DON JUAN: Tú. By Beelzebub. Why you, for sure.

LUCÍA: ¿Y qué me abrirá el camino? And what will smooth the road for me?

DON JUAN: Buen tino. Good sense, I'm told.

LUCÍA: ¡Bah! Ir en brazos del Bah. You're too bold..... destino...

DON JUAN: Dobla el oro. I'll double the gold.

LUCÍA: Me acomodo. I agree.

DON JUAN: Pues mira cómo de todo Just see how your good sense se asegura tu buen tino. reassures you totally.

LUCÍA: Dadme algún tiempo, ¡pardiez! Give me time, for heaven's sake!

DON JUAN: A las diez. Till ten, then, take.

LUCÍA: ¿Dónde os busco, o vos a mí? I'll find you, or you me, where?

DON JUAN: Aquí. Here.

LUCÍA: ¿Conque estaréis puntual, eh? So you'll be waiting for me?

DON JUAN: Estaré. I will be.

LUCÍA: Pues yo una llave os traeré. Then I'll bring you a key.

DON JUAN: Y yo otra igual cantidad. And I an equal amount of gold.

LUCÍA: No me faltéis. Don't fail me.

DON JUAN: No en verdad; No, for in truth, I told a las diez aquí estaré. you, I'll be here at ten. Adiós, pues, y en mí te fía. Good bye, and trust me, my dear.

LUCÍA: Y en mí el garboso galán. And you, me, my elegant gentleman.

DON JUAN: Adiós, pues, franca Lucía. Good bye, then, generous Lucia.

LUCÍA: Adiós, pues, rico don Juan. Good bye, then, rich Don Juan. (Lucía cierra la ventana. Ciutti se (Lucia closes the window. acerca a don Juan a una seña de éste.) Ciutti approaches Don Juan at a signal from the latter.)

ESCENA XII SCENE XII

(Don Juan, Ciutti) (Don Juan, Ciutti)

DON JUAN: (Riéndose.) (Laughing) Con oro nada hay que falle. With gold everything's sweet. Ciutti, ya sabes mi intento: Ciutti, you know my true intent: a las nueve en el convento, at nine inside the old convent, a las diez en esta calle. (Vanse.) at ten outside in the street. (They leave.)

FIN DE ACTO SEGUNDO END OF THE SECOND ACT

ACTO TERCERO ACT THREE

PROFANACION PROFANATION

(Celda de doña Inés. Puerta en el (The cell of Doña Ines. A door at fondo y a la izquierda.) the back and to the left.)

ESCENA I SCENE I

(Doña Inés, la Abadesa) (Doña Ines and the abbess.)

ABADESA:¿Conque me habéis So, you've understood me? entendido?

DOÑA INÉS: Si, señora. Yes, my lady.

ABADESA: Está muy bien; That's well; la voluntad decisiva such is your father's de vuestro padre tal es. firm wish, you hear. Sois joven, cándida y buena; You are young, innocent, and good: vivido en el claustro habéis you've lived in the cloister, here, casi desde que nacisteis; since you were born, my dear, y para quedar en él and in order to stay here now, atada con santos votos bound by a sacred vow para siempre, ni aún tenéis, eternally, you have no como otras, pruebas difíciles difficult penances to perform ni penitencias que hacer. or trials like others. ¡Dichosa mil veces vos! You're a thousand times fortunate! Dichosa, sí, doña Inés, Fortunate, yes, Doña Ines, que no conociendo el mundo for, not knowing the world, no le debéis de temer. you do not have to fear it. ¡Dichosa vos que, del claustro Fortunate, that crossing al pisar en el dintel, the threshold of the cloister no os volveréis a mirar you will not turn to look back lo que tras vos dejaréis! at what you are leaving behind. Y los mundanos recuerdos And the worldly memory del bullicio y del placer of hubbub and pleasure no os turbarán tentadores will not trouble you, tempting you, del ara santa a los pies; at the foot of the sacred altar: pues ignorando lo que hay since not knowing what is there, tras esa santa pared, behind that sacred wall, lo que tras ella se queda you will never long for jamás apeteceréis. what remains beyond it. Mansa paloma enseñada A tame dove that has learned en las palmas a comer to eat from the palm del dueño que la ha criado of the master who raised you en doméstico vergel, in a private orchard, no habiendo salido nunca never having left de la protectora red, the net that protects you, no ansiaréis nunca las alas you will not yearn for wings por el espacio tender. to extend into space. Lirio gentil, cuyo tallo A gentle lily, whose stem mecieron sólo tal vez was only rocked for hours las embalsamadas brisas by the perfumed breezes del más florecido mes, of a month of flowers, aquí a los besos del aura here at the kisses of the gentle breeze vuestro cáliz abriréis, your calyx will unfold y aquí vendrán vuestras hojas and here your leaves will begin tranquilamente a caer. tranquilly to fall. Y en el pedazo de tierra And in the piece of earth que abarca nuestra estrechez, which our poverty encloses, y en el pedazo de cielo and in the piece of sky que por las rejas se ve, that is seen through the bars, vos no veréis más que un lecho you'll find only a bed do en dulce sueño yacer, where in sweet sleep you'll lie y un velo azul suspendido and a blue veil suspended a las puertas del Edén. at the gates of Eden. ¡Ay! En verdad que os envidio, Oh, in truth I envy you venturosa doña Inés, fortunate Doña Ines, con vuestra inocente vida, with your innocent life, la virtud del no saber. the virtue of not knowing. Mas ¿por qué estáis cabizbaja? But, why are you so sad? ¿Por qué no me respondéis Why do you not reply como otras veces, alegre, as at other times, happily, cuando en lo mismo os hablé? when I speak like this to you? ¿Suspiráis?... ¡Oh!, ya comprendo You sigh? Oh, now I understand de vuelta aquí hasta no ver not having seen your Duenna a vuestra aya estáis inquieta, returning, you are anxious, pero nada receléis. but have no fears at all. A casa de vuestro padre She went to your father's house fue casi al anochecer, almost at nightfall y abajo en la portería and she is probably in the estará: yo os la enviaré, gatehouse; I will send her to you que estoy de vela esta noche. since I'm on watch tonight. Conque, vamos, doña Inés, So come now, Doña Ines, recogeos, que ya es hora: collect yourself, for it's time; mal ejemplo no me deis don't set a bad example a las novicias, que ha tiempo to the novices, asleep, quiet que duermen ya. Hasta después. for some while. Till later.

DOÑA INÉS: Id con Dios, madre Go with God, mother Abbess. abadesa.

ABADESA: Adiós, hija. Goodbye my daughter.

ESCENA II SCENE II

(Doña Inés) (Doña Inés)

DOÑA INÉS: Ya se fue. She's gone. No sé qué tengo, ¡ay de mí!, I don't know what's wrong with me. que en tumultuoso tropel Alas! For in a tumultous crowd mil encontradas ideas a thousand conflicting ideas me combaten a la vez. assail me all at once. Otras noches complacida On other nights I listened, sus palabras escuché; complacently, to her words; y de esos cuadros tranquilos and those tranquil pictures que sabe pintar tan bien, she knows how to paint so well, de esos placeres domésticos those domestic pleasures, la dichosa sencillez their delightful simplicity, y la calma venturosa, and their happy calm, me hicieron apetecer made me yearn for la soledad de los claustros the silence of the cloisters y su santa rigidez. and their holy rule. Mas hoy la oí

distraída But today I listened distracted y en sus pláticas hallé, and I found in her chatter si no enojosos discursos, if not bothersome discourse a lo menos aridez. at the very least aridity. Y no sé por qué, al decirme And I don't know why, at her telling me que podría acontecer that it might happen, que se acelerase el día that the day for my vows de mi profesión, temblé might come quickly, I trembled y sentí del corazón and I felt in my heart acelerarse el vaivén, excitement quicken, teñírseme el semblante my face become discolored de amarilla palidez. with yellowish pallor. ¡Ay de mí...! ¡Pero mi dueña Ah me! But where can my dónde estará...! Esa mujer Duenna be. That woman con sus pláticas al cabo sometimes entertains me entretiene alguna vez. after all, with her gossip. Y hoy la echo menos... acaso And today I miss her...perhaps porque la voy a perder, because I'm going to lose her, que en profesando es preciso for when taking vows it's necessary renunciar a cuanto amé. to renounce everything you love. Mas pasos siento en el claustro; But I hear steps in the cloister: ¡oh!, reconozco muy bien Oh! I truly recognize sus pisadas... Ya está aquí. her footsteps. She is here.

ESCENA III SCENE III

(Doña Inés, Brígida) (Doña Inés, Brígida)

BRIGIDA: Buena noches Doña Inés. Good evening, Doña Ines.

DOÑA INES: Cómo habéis tardado Why are you so late? tanto?

BRÍGIDA: Voy a cerrar esta puerta. I'm going to close this gate.

DOÑA INÉS: Hay orden de que esté The rule is to keep it open. abierta.

BRÍGIDA: Eso es muy bueno y muy It is very good and holy santo para las otras novicias for all the other novices que han de consagrarse a Dios, to be consecrated to God: no, doña Inés, para vos. but not, Doña Ines, for you.

DOÑA INÉS: Brígida, ¿no ves que Brígida, don't you see you are vicias las reglas del monasterio breaking the convent rules que no permiten...? that do not permit.....?

BRÍGIDA: ¡Bah!, ¡bah! Bah, bah! Más seguro así se está, We are safer so, y así se habla sin misterio and so we can talk without mystery ni estorbos. ¿Habéis mirado or hindrance. Have you looked carefully el libro que os he traído? at the book I brought you?

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Ay!, se me había Ay, I forgot it. olvidado.

BRÍGIDA: ¡Pues me hace gracia el (Ironically) Well, thank you for olvido! forgetting it!

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Como la madre abadesa Because the mother Abbess se entró aquí inmediatamente! came in straight away.

BRÍGIDA: ¡Vieja más impertinente! What a meddlesome old woman!

DOÑA INÉS: ¿Pues tanto el libro You are interested in the book? interesa?

BRÍGIDA: ¡Vaya si interesa! Mucho. Oh yes, it interests me. A great deal! ¡Pues quedó con poco afán For the poor man left it behind el infeliz! along with a little longing. (Ironically)

DOÑA INÉS: ¿Quién? Who did?

BRÍGIDA: Don Juan. Don Juan!

DOÑA INÉS: ¿Válgame el cielo! ¡Qué escucho! Good heavens, what do I hear! Es don Juan quien me le envía. Don Juan sent it to me?

BRÍGIDA: Por supuesto. That's so.

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Oh! Yo no debo Oh! I ought not to go tomarle. accepting it.

BRÍGIDA: ¡Pobre mancebo! Poor young man, though! Desairarle así, sería To slight him thus would be matarle. to kill him.

DOÑA INÉS: ¿Qué estás diciendo? What are you saying?

BRÍGIDA: Si ese horario no tomáis, If you don't accept his book of prayer tal pesadumbre le dais you'll cause him such despair que va a enfermar: lo estoy viendo that he'll sicken: I can see it now.

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Ah! No, no; de esa Ah! No, no; in that case manera le tomaré. I will take it.

BRÍGIDA: Bien haréis. You'll do well.

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Y qué bonito es! And how pretty it is!

BRÍGIDA: Ya veis; Well, you see, it is: quien quiere agradar se esmera. who wants to please tries his best.

DOÑA INÉS: Con sus manecillas de With little clasps of gold. oro. ¡Y cuidado que está prieto! And it's comfortable to hold! A ver, a ver si completo Lets see, lets see if it has the whole contiene el rezo del coro. choir prayer all told. (Le abre, y cae una carta de entre (She opens it and a letter falls sus hojas.) out from between the leaves.) Mas ¿qué cayó? But what fell?

BRÍGIDA: Un papelito. A little paper.

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Una carta! A letter!

BRÍGIDA: Claro está; Of course it is: en esa carta os vendrá he is probably offering you ofreciendo el regalito. his gift in that letter.

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Qué! ¿Será suyo el What! Can this paper be his? papel?

BRÍGIDA: ¡Vaya, que sois inocente! Come now, how innocent you are! Pues que os feria, es consiguiente Since he is giving you a present, que la carta será de él. it follows the letter is his.

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Ay, Jesús! Merciful Heavens!

BRÍGIDA: ¿Qué es lo que os da? Whats the matter, poor thing?

DOÑA INÉS: Nada, Brigida, no es Nothing, Brigida, it's nothing. nada.

BRÍGIDA: No, no; si estáis No, no: you seem bothered by inmutada. something. (Ya presa en la red está.) (Aside) She's already caught in the net. ¿Se os pasa? Is anything wrong?

DOÑA INÉS: Sí. Yes.

BRÍGIDA: Eso habrá sido It must have been excess cualquier mareíllo vano. of some passing dizziness.

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Ay! Se me abrasa la Ah! My hand is burning where mano con que el papel he cogido. I held it against the paper.

BRÍGIDA: Doña Inés, ¡válgame Dios!, Goodness, Doña Ines jamás os he visto así: I've never seen you like this: estáis trémula. you're trembling.

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Ay de mí! Ah, yes!

BRÍGIDA: ¿Qué es lo que pasa por vos? What's happening to you?

DOÑA INÉS: No sé... El campo de mi mente I don't know...I feel as if I see siento que cruzan perdidas a thousand unknown shadows wind, mil sombras desconocidas wandering, throughout my mind, que me inquietan vagamente that vaguely trouble me, y ha tiempo al alma me dan and for some time now they've been con su agitación tortura. tormenting me with their passing.

BRÍGIDA: ¿Tiene alguna por ventura Perhaps Don Juan's face passing el semblante de don Juan? has something to do with it?

DOÑA INÉS: No sé: desde que le vi, I don't know, but ever since I came to see Brígida mía, y su nombre him, Brigida, and you told me his name, me dijiste, tengo a ese hombre I always have that man, the same siempre delante de mí. one, in front of me. Por doquiera me distraigo Wherever I am, I'm distracted con su agradable recuerdo, by the pleasant memory of him, y si un instante le pierdo, and if for a moment I forget him, en su recuerdo recaigo. I remember how he acted. No sé qué fascinación I don't know what fascination en mis sentidos ejerce, he holds for my senses, que siempre hacia él se me tuerce I have no defences, la mente y el corazón: mind and heart are turned his way: y aquí y en el oratorio and here in the oratory, oh, y en todas partes advierto I notice I entertain que el pensamiento divierto my thoughts again and again con la imagen de Tenorio. with the form of Tenorio.

BRÍGIDA: ¡Válgame Dios! Doña Inés, Heaven help us, Doña Ines, según lo vais explicando, according to what you've told me tentaciones me van dando you tempt me to believe, you see de creer que eso amor es. that it is love, no less.

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Amor has dicho! Love you say!

BRÍGIDA: Sí, amor. Yes. Love.

DOÑA INÉS: No, de ninguna manera. No, by no manner of means.

BRÍGIDA: Pues por amor lo Well, the slowest witted it seems entendiera el menos entendedor; would know that it is love: mas vamos la carta a ver. but let me see the letter. ¿En qué os paráis? ¿Un suspiro? What stops you, then? A sigh?

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Ay! Que cuanto más la Ay! The more I look at it, miro, menos me atrevo a leer. the less I dare to read it. (Lee.) (She reads) "Doña Inés del alma mía." "Doña Ines, the soul of love" ¡Virgen Santa, qué principio! Saints above, what an introduction!

BRÍGIDA: Vendrá en verso, y será Since it is a verse production un ripio que traerá la poesía. it's required by the poetry. Vamos, seguid adelante. Go on: keep reading.

DOÑA INÉS: (Lee.) (reads) "Luz de donde el sol la toma, "Light that creates the sun above, hermosísima paloma most beautiful and gentle dove privada de libertad, deprived of liberty, si os dignáis por estas letras if you deign to pass pasar vuestros lindos ojos, your pretty eyes over these letters today, no los tornéis con enojos do not angrily turn them away sin concluir, acabad." without finishing: read them and see."

BRÍGIDA: ¡Qué humildad! ¡Y qué What humility! What finesse! finura! ¿Dónde hay mayor rendimiento? Where is there greater devotion?

DOÑA INÉS: Brigida, no sé qué Brigida, I don't know this emotion siento. I feel.

BRÍGIDA: Seguid, seguid la lectura. Go on, what's next?

DOÑA INÉS: (Lee) (Reading) "Nuestros padres de consuno "Our fathers, together, both nuestras bodas acordaron, agreed we should wed porque los cielos juntaron because the heavens joined los destinos de los dos. our two destinies. Y halagado desde entonces And since then, flattered by con tan risueña esperanza, such a delightful hope, mi alma, doña Inés, no alcanza Doña Ines, my soul seeks no otro porvenir que vos. other future than you. Indeed, De amor con ella en mi pecho a tiny spark of love brotó una chispa ligera, ignited here in my chest que han convertido en hoguera and time and fixed affection have tiempo y afición tenaz: made it a roaring fire; y esta llama que en mí mismo and this unquenchable zest se alimenta inextinguible, that finds itself inside me cada día más terrible every day more terribly, va creciendo y más voraz.., increasing, blazing higher...."

BRÍGIDA: Es claro; esperar le It's clear: they made him wait hicieron en vuestro amor algún día, to gain your love one day, y hondas raíces tenía and found tenacious roots cuando a arrancársele fueron. when they tried to tear them away. Seguid. Continue.

DOÑA INÉS: (Lee.) "En vano a apagarla "Time and absence, in vain, though concurren tiempo y ausencia, seek to extinguish it, que doblando su violencia for doubling in violence, it no hoguera ya, volcán es. is no longer a fire, but a volcano. Y yo, que en medio del cráter And I, suspended, O, desamparado batallo, I battle without shelter, suspendido en él me hallo in the midst of a crater entre mi tumba y mi Inés." between my tomb and my Inés, so"

BRÍGIDA: ¿Lo veis, Inés? Si ese Do you see Inés? If you flout horario le despreciáis, al instante that prayerbook you crave le preparan el sudario. they'll prepare his shroud.

DOÑA INÉS: Yo desfallezco. I'm faint.

BRÍGIDA: Adelante. Oh. be brave!

DOÑA INÉS: (Lee.) (She reads) "Inés, alma de mi alma, "Inés, soul of my soul, perpetuo imán de mi vida, my life's eternal goal, perla sin concha escondida a pearl concealed, without a shell, entre las algas del mar; deep beneath the ocean swell: garza que nunca del nido bird that never from its nest tender osastes el vuelo, dared to stretch its wings and fly, el diáfano azul del cielo through the translucent azure sky para aprender a cruzar; learning how to cross: si es que a través de esos muros if at the world beyond those walls el mundo apenada miras, you peer in misery, y por el mundo suspiras and sigh for a world of liberty de libertad con afán, with yearning, understand acuérdate que al pie mismo that at the very foot de esos muros que te guardan, of those same

walls, await you para salvarte te aguardan to save you, yes, await you, los brazos de tu don Juan." the arms of your Don Juan." (Representa.) (She shows her emotions.) ¿Qué es lo que me pasa, ¡cielo!, Dear heaven, what's happening to my state que me estoy viendo morir? of mind, for I seem to be dying?

BRÍGIDA: ¡Ya tragó todo el anzuelo. (Aside) She's already swallowed the bait! Vamos, que está al concluir. Go on, for he's almost finished sighing.

DOÑA INÉS: (Lee.) (Reading) "Acuérdate de quien llora "Remember the one who weeps al pie de tu celosía, below your window pane y allí le sorprende el día till the day surprises him again, y le halla la noche allí; the night still finds him there. acuérdate de quien vive Remember the one who lives sólo por ti, ¡vida mía!, only for you, my sweet, y que a tus pies volaría who would fly to your feet si me llamaras a ti." if you were to call me there."

BRÍGIDA: ¿Lo veis? Vendría. Do you see? He'd come.

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Vendría! He'd be here!

BRÍGIDA: A postrarse a vuestros To kneel at your feet, no less. pies.

DOÑA INÉS: ¿Puede? Could he?

BRÍGIDA: ¡Oh, sí! Oh yes.

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Virgen María! Sweet Maria!

BRÍGIDA: Pero acabad, doña Inés. But finish, Doña Inés.

DOÑA INÉS: (Lee.) (Reading) "Adiós, ¡oh luz de mis ojos! "Farewell, oh light of my eyes. Adiós, Inés de mi alma: Farewell, Inés of my soul. medita, por Dios, en calma consider, in God's name, the whole las palabras que aquí van; of what is written here: be calm y si odias esa clausura, and if you would hate the cloister que ser tu sepulcro debe; to be, as it will be, your tomb, manda, que a todo se atreve at your command is he who will come, por tu hermosura don Juan." daring all for your beauty, Don Juan." (Representa doña Inés.) (Showing emotion) ¡Ay! ¿Qué filtro envenenado Ah, what a deadly venom me dan en este papel, has been given me with this paper que el corazón desgarrado for I feel my heart ripped open me estoy sintiendo con él? on reading his letter. ¿Qué sentimientos dormidos What slumbering oceans son los que revela en mí? are those it reveals to me? ¿Qué impulsos jamás sentidos? What never-experienced emotions? ¿Qué luz, que hasta hoy nunca vi? What light I could never see? ¿Qué es lo que engendra en mi alma What is it my soul creates, tan nuevo y profundo afán? such a new, deep, yearning? Who can ¿Quién roba la dulce calma steal my sweet calm, who takes de mi corazón? it from my heart?

BRÍGIDA: Don Juan. Don Juan.

DOÑA INÉS: ¿Don Juan dices...? Conque ese Don Juan you say? So that man hombre me ha de seguir por doquier? is to follow me everywhere? ¿Sólo he de escuchar su nombre? Am I to hear only his name? ¿ Sólo su sombra he de ver? See only his shadow there? ¡Ah! Bien dice: juntó el cielo Oh, he spoke rightly, heaven mated los destinos de los dos, our two destinies, y en mi alma engendró este anhelo and engendered in my soul this fated fatal. longing.

BRÍGIDA: ¡Silencio, por Dios! For God's sake, quietly! (Se oyen dar las ánimas.) (They hear the bells for the prayers of the dead.)

DOÑA INÉS: ¿Qué? What?

BRÍGIDA: ¡Silencio! Silence!

DOÑA INÉS: Me estremeces. You make me tremble, too.

BRÍGIDA: ¿Oís, doña Inés, tocar? Do you hear the bells ring over our head?

DOÑA INÉS: Sí, lo mismo que otras Yes, the same as they always do. veces las ánimas oigo dar. calling for prayers for the dead.

BRÍGIDA: ¡Pues no habléis de él. Well, don't speak of him. Cielo santo! Merciful heavens! Oh!

DOÑA INÉS: ¿De quién? Of whom?

BRÍGIDA: ¿De quién ha de ser? Why whom do you fear? De ese don Juan que amáis tanto, Of whom? That Don Juan that you love so, porque puede aparecer. since he might appear.

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Me amedrentas! ¿Puede ese hombre You terrify me! Could that man llegar hasta aquí? even approach me here?

BRÍGIDA: Quizá. Perhaps. Porque el eco de su nombre Because the echo of his name tal vez llega adonde está. maybe it reaches him, clear.

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Cielos! ¿Y podrá...? Heavens! And could he?

BRÍGIDA: ¿Quién sabe? Who knows?

DOÑA INÉS: ¿Es un espíritu, pues? Is he a spirit then? Confess!

BRÍGIDA: No, mas si tiene una No, but if he has a key, and llave... goes.....

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Dios! Dear God!

BRÍGIDA: Silencio, doña Inés: Silence Doña Inés. ¿No oís pasos? Didn't you hear footsteps?

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Ay! Ahora Yes! They came to my hearing, nada oigo. now I hear nothing.

BRÍGIDA: Las nueve dan. Its striking nine o'clock. And Suben... se acercan... Señora... they're ascending...my lady....nearing Ya está aquí. He's here.

DOÑA INÉS: ¿Quién? Who?

BRÍGIDA: Él. He is.

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Don Juan! Don Juan!

ESCENA IV SCENE IV

(Doña Inés, Don Juan, Brígida) (Doña Inés, Don Juan, Brígida)

DOÑA INÉS: ¿Qué es esto? Sueño... What is this? A dream...or is it deliro. delirium.

DON JUAN: ¡Inés de mi corazón! Inés of my heart!

DOÑA INÉS: ¿Es realidad lo que miro Is what I gaze at real, or the art o es una fascinación...? that is illusion? Tenedme... apenas respiro... Hold me....my lips scarce part Sombra... huye por compasión. Shade...flee, out of compassion. ¡ Ay de mí...! Alas for me...! (Desmáyase doña Inés y don Juan la (Doña Inés faints and don Juan sostiene. La carta de don Juan holds her up. Don Juan's letter queda en el suelo abanDoñada por remains abandoned on the floor by doña Inés al desmayarse.) Doña Inés when she faints.)

BRÍGIDA: La ha fascinado Your sudden entrance here vuestra repentina entrada, has quite overpowered her y el pavor la ha trastornado. and she's overcome by fear.

DON JUAN: Mejor: así nos ha All the better. That means a mere ahorrado la mitad de la jornada. half of my effort's needed for her. ¡Ea! No desperdiciemos Well, lets not waste more time el tiempo aquí en contemplarla, gazing at her charms, si perdernos no queremos. if we don't want to be lost in crime. En los brazos a tomarla I'll carry her in my arms, voy, y cuanto antes ganemos and as soon as I can be I'm ese claustro solitario. free of this cloister's solitude.

BRÍGIDA: ¡Oh! ¿Vais a sacarla así? Oh! You'll take her like this?

DON JUAN: ¡Necia! ¿Piensas que Foolish woman. Do you think, rompí confess, la clausura, temerario, that I broke in here, showing fortitude, para dejármela aquí? only to leave behind my bliss? Mi gente abajo me espera: My people are waiting below: sígueme. follow!

BRÍGIDA: ¡Sin alma estoy! My heart is in my mouth! Indeed, ¡Ay! Este hombre es una fiera, this man is a wild beast, no nada le ataja ni altera... one stops him or deflects him, so Sí, sí; a su sombra me voy. I'll go wherever his shadow leads.

ESCENA V SCENE V

La ABADESA: Jurara que había oído I could swear that I heard....wait!... por estos claustros andar: someone walking these cloisters: hoy a doña Inés velar today when I've let Doña Inés algo más la he permitido, stay up until it grows late, y me temo... Mas no están and I'm afraid... But they're not here, so aquí. ¿Qué pudo ocurrir what could have occurred, a las dos para salir for both to have stirred de la celda? ¿Dónde irán? from the cell? Where have they gone to? ¡Hola! Yo las ataré Well now. I'll tether them corto para que no vuelvan with a short rope so they try a enredar y me revuelvan no more tricks, nor trouble my a las novicias... sí, a fe. novices..yes, that's for certain. Mas siento por allá fuera But I sense footsteps outside. pasos. ¿Quién es? Who is there?

ESCENA VI SCENE VI

(La Abadesa, la tornera) (The abbess and the doorkeeper.)

TORNERA: Yo, señora. Milady, it's me.

ABADESA: ¿Vos en el claustro a You are still inside I see? esta hora? ¿Qué es esto, hermana tornera? What's going on sister doorkeeper.

TORNERA: Madre abadesa, os buscaba. Mother Abbess, I was looking for you.

ABADESA: ¿Qué hay? Decid. What is it? Speak.

TORNERA: Un noble anciano An elderly noble quiere hablaros. wants to speak to you.

ABADESA: Es en vano. It's not possible.

TORNERA: Dice que es de Calatrava He says he's a knight of Calatrava: caballero; que sus fueros and that their laws allow le autorizan a este paso, him to enter here y que la urgencia del caso and it's urgent, so it's clear le obliga al instante a veros. he means to see you now.

ABADESA: ¿Dijo su nombre? Did he give his name?

TORNERA: El señor El Señor Don Gonzalo Ulloa. Don Gonzalo Ulloa.

ABADESA: ¿Qué What can he want here? puede querer...? Abralé Open the door for him sister: hermana: es Comendador He is a Comendador de la orden, y derecho of our order and has the right tiene en el claustro de entrada. to enter our cloister.

ESCENA VII SCENE VII

La ABADESA: ¿A una hora tan To come so, at such a late hour? avanzada venir así...? No sospecho I can't imagine at all qué pueda ser..., mas me place, what it might be...but then I'm pues no hallando a su hija aquí, pleased... when he finds his daughter free la reprenderá, y así he'll scold her, and then we'll see mirará otra vez lo que hace. she'll think twice what she does next time.

ESCENA VIII SCENE VIII

(La Abadesa, Don Gonzalo; la (The Abbess, Don Gonzalo; the tornera a la puerta) doorkeeper)

DON GONZALO: Perdonad, madre abadesa, Mother Abbess, forgive me que en hora tal os moleste; for bothering you at such a time, mas para mí asunto es éste but for me this is a matter of my que honra y vida me interesa. life and my honour, you see.

ABADESA: ¡Jesús! Saints above!

DON GONZALO: Oíd. Hear me.

ABADESA: Hablad, pues. Then speak at leisure !

DON GONZALO: Yo guardé hasta hoy un tesoro Today there's a treasure I hold de más quilates que el oro, of greater value than gold, y ese tesoro es mi Inés. and my Inés is that treasure.

ABADESA: A propósito. Of course.

DON GONZALO: Escuchad. Listen, closely! Se me acaba de decir I have only now been que han visto a su dueña ir told her Duenna was seen ha poco por la ciudad walking through the city hablando con el criado talking with the servant de un don Juan, de tal renombre of a certain Don Juan, he of such fame que no hay en la tierra otro hombre there's no man on earth I could name. tan audaz ni tan malvado. as audacious or as errant. En tiempo atrás se pensó Some time ago I intended, you see, con él a mi hija casar, to have him marry my daughter, y hoy, que se la fui a negar, and today, when I forbade him to court her, robármela me juró. he swore he'd steal her from me. Que por el torpe doncel This young man of sin ganada la dueña está has won over her Duenna, I'm sure, no puedo dudarlo ya: I can doubt it no more: debo, pues, guardarme de él. I must guard her from him. Y un día, una hora quizás In just one day that man, de imprevisión le bastara, a careless hour would do it, para que mi honor manchara, would steal my honour, or stain it, a ese hijo de Satanás. that very son of Satan. He aquí mi inquietud cuál es; It's the cause of my disquiet, now: por la dueña, en conclusión, on account of the Duenna, my confession, vengo; vos la profesión I've come: will you cut short the profession abreviad de doña Inés. of Doña Inés's vow.

ABADESA: Sois padre, y es vuestro You're a father, your concern is afán muy justo, Comendador; very just, Comendador: mas ved que ofende a mi honor. but see how you offend my honour.

DON GONZALO: No sabéis quién es don Juan. You do not know who Don Juan is.

ABADESA: Aunque le pintáis tan Though you paint him as an evil malo, case, yo os puedo decir de mí, I say to you, have no fear, que mientra Inés esté aquí, for while Inés is here, segura está, Don Gonzalo. Don Gonzalo, she is safe.

DON GONZALO: Lo creo; mas las razones I believe it, but lets choose abreviemos; entregadme to end this speech: hand over to me a esa dueña, y perdonadme the Duenna, and indeed forgive me mis mundanas opiniones. for my worldly views. Si vos de vuestra virtud You may defend virtue, me respondéis, yo me fundo but I trust to what I know en que conozco del mundo of the heedless youth who go la insensata juventud. through this world, in truth.

ABADESA: Se hará como lo exigís. It will be done straight away. Hermana tornera, id, pues, Sister doorkeeper, yes, a buscar a doña Inés go and get Doña Inés. y a su dueña. (Vase la tornera.) and her Duenna. (the doorkeeper leaves)

DON GONZALO: ¿Qué decís, What is this that you say señora? traición me ha hecho milady? Is my memory misled mi memoria, o yo sé bien or am I not aware, truly que ésta es hora de que estén that at this hour, surely ambas a dos en su lecho. both should be in their bed.

ABADESA: Ha un punto sentí a las A while ago I heard both leave dos salir de aquí, no sé a qué. and I don't know why.

DON GONZALO: ¡Ay! Por qué tiemblo no sé. I don't know why I tremble. Ay! ¡Mas qué veo, santo Dios! Dear Lord! What do I see? Un papel... Me lo decía A paper. My disquiet just began a voces mi mismo afán. to worry at me and call me. (Leyendo.) (Reading) "Doña Inés del alma mía..." "Doña Inés of my soul..." Y la firma de don Juan. And the signature....Don Juan. Ved..., ved..., esa prueba escrita. See...see....the proof on paper. Leed ahí... ¡Oh! Mientras que vos Read here. Oh! Abbess, while you por ella rogáis a Dios, were praying to God, it's true, viene el diablo y os la quita. the devil came down and stole her.

ESCENA IX SCENE IX

La Abadesa, Don Gonzalo, la tornera The Abbess, Don Gonzalo, the Turnkey

TORNERA: Señora... Milady...

ABADESA: ¿Qué es? What is it?

TORNERA: Vengo muerta. I'm appalled.

DON GONZALO: Concluid. Speak.

TORNERA: No acierto a hablar... I can't bring myself to speak... He visto a un hombre saltar I just saw a man leap por las tapias de la huerta. over the garden wall.

DON GONZALO: ¿Veis? Corramos. ¡Ay de mí! You see! Lets run. Oh, I fear!

ABADESA: ¿Dónde vais, Comendador? Comendador, where are you fleeing?

DON GONZALO: ¡Imbécil! tras de mi honor Fool! After my honour, seeing que os roban a vos de aquí. they've stolen it from here.

FIN DEL ACTO TERCERO END OF THE THIRD ACT

ACTO CUARTO ACT FOUR

El DIABLO A LAS PUERTAS DEL CIELO THE DEVIL AT THE GATES OF HEAVEN

(Quinta de don Juan Tenorio cerca (Don Juan Tenorio's estate near de Sevilla y sobre el Guadalquivir. Seville and on the Guadalquivir Balcón en el fondo. Dos puertas a river. A balcony at the back. Two cada lado.) doors to each side.)

ESCENA PRIMERA SCENE I

(Brígida, Ciutti) (Brígida, Ciutti)

BRÍGIDA: ¡Qué noche, válgame Dios! My God what a night! A poderlo calcular Had I foreseen it, no me meto yo a servir I wouldn't have offered to serve a tan fogoso galán. such a fiery young man as this. ¡Ay, Ciutti! Molida estoy; Ah Ciutti! I'm battered and bruised no me puedo menear. and I can't move a muscle.

CIUTTI: Pues ¿qué os duele ? But what pains you?

BRÍGIDA: Todo el cuerpo My whole body, y toda el alma además. and all my soul besides.

CIUTTI: ¡Ya! No estáis acostumbrada Ah, you're just not used al caballo, es natural. to riding, it's natural.

BRÍGIDA: Mil veces pensé caer: I thought I'd fall a thousand times. ¡uf!, ¡qué mareo!, ¡qué afán! Oh! What dizziness! What fear! Veía yo unos tras otros I saw the trees one after another ante mis ojos pasar passing before my eyes los árboles, como en alas as if on wings, blown by llevados de un huracán, so quickly in a storm tan apriesa y produciéndome that they produced in me ilusión tan infernal, such a hellish illusion que perdiera los sentidos that had we delayed our halt si tardamos en parar. much longer, I'd have lost my senses.

CIUTTI: Pues de estas cosas veréis, But you'll see things of this sort si en esta casa os quedáis, if you stay in this house lo menos seis por semana. at least six times a week.

BRÍGIDA: ¡Jesús! Good God!

CIUTTI: ¿Y esa niña está And is that little girl reposando todavía? still resting?

BRÍGIDA: ¿Y a qué se ha de And why should she wake? despertar?

CIUTTI: Sí, es mejor que abra los Yes, it's better she opens her eyes ojos en los brazos de don Juan. in the arms of Don Juan.

BRÍGIDA: Preciso es que tu amo tenga Your master must have algún diablo familiar. some devil as his familiar.

CIUTTI: Yo creo que sea él mismo I think that he himself is un diablo en carne mortal, a devil in mortal flesh, porque a lo que él, solamente because only Satan would se arrojara Satanás. dare to do what he does.

BRÍGIDA: ¡Oh! ¡El lance ha sido extremado! Ah! The deed was amazing.

CIUTTI: Pero al fin logrado está. But it is finally done.

BRÍGIDA: ¡Salir así de un convento To take her from a convent en medio de una ciudad in the middle of a place como Sevilla! like Seville!

CIUTTI: Es empresa It's an undertaking tan sólo para hombre tal. fit only for such a man. Mas, ¡qué diablos!, si a su lado But, devil take it, it's as if la fortuna siempre va, fortune is always with him, encadenado a sus pies chained at his feet duerme sumiso el azar. while chance sleeps in submission.

BRÍGIDA: Si, decís bien. Yes, you speak well.

CIUTTI: No he visto hombre I have never seen a man de corazón más audaz; with a more audacious heart ni halla riesgo que le espante who never finds a risk he fears ni encuentra dificultad nor finds a single problem que al empeñarse en vencer he'll not attempt to vanquish le haga un punto vacilar. or that makes him halt a moment. A todo osado se arroja, He attempts everything with daring de todo se ve capaz, thinks himself in control of all things ni mira dónde se mete, neither cares where he gets involved ni lo pregunta jamás. nor even questions the reason for it. "Allí hay un lance", le dicen; They tell him "there's an affair" y él dice: "Allá va don Juan". And he says: "Don Juan goes there." ¡Mas ya tarda, vive Dios! But Lord, it's getting late.

BRÍGIDA: Las doce en la catedral A while ago it struck han dado ha tiempo. twelve in the cathedral.

CIUTTI: Y de vuelta And he was supposed debía a las doce estar. to be back at twelve.

BRÍGIDA: Pero ¿por qué no se vino But why didn't he come con nosotros? with us?

CIUTTI: Tiene allá, He still has a few things there en la ciudad, todavía in the city cuatro cosas que arreglar. to arrange.

BRÍGIDA: ¿Para el viaje? For the trip?

CIUTTI: Por supuesto; Of course; aunque muy fácil será though it would be all too easy que esta noche a los infernos for them to have him travel le hagan a él mismo viajar. straight to Hell tonight.

BRÍGIDA: ¡Jesús, qué ideas! Heavens, what ideas!

CIUTTI: Pues digo, Well I say son obras de caridad these are works of charity en las que nos empleamos on which we are engaged para mejor esperar. while awaiting something better. Aunque seguros estamos Even so we'll be safe como vuelva por acá. provided he returns here.

BRÍGIDA: ¿De veras, Ciutti? Truly Ciutti?

CIUTTI: Venid Come a este balcón y mirad. to this balcony and look. ¿Qué veis? What do you see?

BRÍGIDA: Veo un bergantín I see a boat que anclado en el río está. anchored in the river.

CIUTTI: Pues su patrón sólo aguarda Well its owner only waits for las órdenes de don Juan, the orders of Don Juan. y salvos en todo caso and in any case it will take us a Italia nos llevará. safely to Italy.

BRÍGIDA: ¿Cierto? Are you sure?

CIUTTI: Y nada receléis And fear nothing por nuestra seguridad; for our safety; que es el barco más velero since it's the swiftest ship que boga sobre la mar. that sails on the sea.

BRÍGIDA: ¡Chist! Ya siento a doña Shh! I hear Doña Inés. Inés.

CIUTTI: Pues yo me voy, que don Juan Then I'm leaving, since Don Juan encargó que sola vos ordered that only you debíais con ella hablar. were to speak with her.

BRÍGIDA: Y encargó bien, que yo And he ordered well, since I entiendo de esto. know about these things.

CIUTTI: Adiós, pues. Good bye then.

BRÍGIDA: Vete en paz. Go in peace.

ESCENA II SCENE II

(Doña Inés, Brígida) (Doña Inés, Brígida)

DOÑA INÉS: Dios mío, ¡cuánto he Good Lord, how I have dreamed! soñado! Loca estoy: ¿qué hora será? I must be mad. What time can it be? Pero ¿qué es esto?, ¡ay de mí! But what is this? Ay de mi! No recuerdo que jamás I don't recall that I have ever haya visto este aposento. seen this room. ¿Quién me trajo aquí? Who brought me here?

BRÍGIDA: Don Juan. Don Juan.

DOÑA INÉS: Siempre don Juan. Mas conmigo Always Don Juan. But you aquí tú también estás, are here with me too, Brígida? Brigida.

BRÍGIDA: Sí, doña Inés. Yes, Doña Inés.

DOÑA INÉS: Pero dime, en caridad, But tell me for pity's sake, ¿dónde estamos? ¿Este cuarto where are we? This room, es del convento? does it belong to the convent?

BRÍGIDA: No tal: Not at all: aquello era un cuchitril that was a hovel en donde no había más in which there was nothing but que miseria. misery.

DOÑA INÉS: Pero en fin But then, ¿en dónde estamos? where are we?

BRÍGIDA: Mirad, Look, mirad por este balcón, look from this balcony, y alcanzaréis lo que va and you will see how far desde un convento de monjas a convent of nuns is from a una quinta de don Juan. the estate of Don Juan.

DOÑA INÉS: ¿Es de don Juan esta This estate belongs to Don Juan? quinta?

BRÍGIDA: Y creo que vuestra ya. And I think it is yours now.

DOÑA INÉS: Pero no comprendo, I don't understand Brigida Brigida, lo que me hablas. what are you talking about?

BRÍGIDA: Escuchad. Listen. Estabais en el convento You were reading with delight leyendo con mucho afán in the convent, in your hand una carta de don Juan, a letter from don Juan, cuando estalló en un momento when suddenly in the night un incendio formidable. a terrible fire broke out there.

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Jesús! Merciful heavens!

BRÍGIDA: Espantoso, inmenso; Terrifying, immense: el humo era ya tan denso the smoke itself was so dense que el aire se hizo palpable. you could almost touch the air.

DOÑA INÉS: Pues no recuerdo... But I don't remember.

BRÍGIDA: Las dos Well we two con la carta entretenidas, were so engrossed with our reading olvidamos nuestras vidas, oblivious, forgetful, of everything, yo oyendo y leyendo vos. you speaking, I listening to you. Y estaba, en verdad, tan tierna, And it was so tender I know, que entrambas a su lectura that we both ascribed achacamos la tortura the torment we felt inside que sentíamos interna. to reading it so. Apenas ya respirar We could scarcely find breath podíamos, y las llamas and the flames, as I said, prendían ya en nuestras camas: had already consumed our beds: nos íbamos a asfixiar we were facing certain death cuando don Juan, que os adora when Don Juan, who you'll find que rondaba el convento, adores you, circling the wall, al ver crecer con el viento seeing the flames so tall la llama devastadora, increasing with the wind con inaudito valor, with unheard of courage, viendo que ibais a abrasaros, seeing you were going to die se metió para salvaros undertook to save you, by por donde pudo mejor. the best way he could manage. Vos al verle así asaltar You, upon seeing him try la celda tan de improviso, your cell door suddenly os desmayasteis..., preciso; fainted. Oh, of necessity: la cosa era de esperar. it was to be expected. Why, Y él, cuando os vio caer así, he, when he saw you fall en sus brazos os tomó took you in his arms y echó a huir; yo le seguí, and fled. I followed his call, y del fuego nos sacó. and he got us away from harm. ¿Dónde vamos a esta hora? Where to go at that hour of night? Vos seguíais desmayada, You still in a faint, yo estaba ya casi ahogada. I my throat in such constraint. Dijo, pues: "Hasta la aurora He said then, "Till morning light en mi casa las tendré". I'll protect them here at my house." Y henos, doña Inés, aquí. And that's why we're here Inés.

DOÑA INÉS: ¿Conque ésta es su casa? So this is his house?

BRÍGIDA: Sí. Yes.

DOÑA INÉS: Pues nada recuerdo, a fe. I remember nothing. His house! Pero... ¡en su casa...! ¡Oh! Al Oh! Quickly. Oh! punto salgamos de ella..., yo tengo Lets leave here...I can go la de mi padre. to my father's house.

BRÍGIDA: Convengo Of course, con vos; pero es el asunto... but the fact is, you know.....

DOÑA INÉS: ¿Qué? What?

BRÍGIDA: Que no podemos ir. We can't go there.

DOÑA INÉS: Oir tal me maravilla. I am amazed to hear it. We will.

BRÍGIDA: Nos aparta de Sevilla... But we're separated from Seville....

DOÑA INÉS: ¿Quién? By what?

BRÍGIDA: Vedlo, el Guadalquivir. See. The Guadalquivir.

DOÑA INÉS: ¿No estamos en la ciudad? Then we're not in the city?

BRÍGIDA: A una legua nos hallamos We find ourselves a mile de sus murallas. from its walls.

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Oh! ¡Estamos Oh! Then I'll perdidas! be lost!

BRÍGIDA: ¿No sé en verdad I don't see truly por qué? why?

DOÑA INÉS: Me estás confundiendo, You're confusing me, Brígida..., y no sé qué redes Brigida, and I don't know what nets son las que entre estas paredes these are I fear you stretch temo que me estás tendiendo. around the walls and me. Nunca el claustro abandoné I don't know the world, indeed ni sé del mundo exterior I have never left the cloister, los usos; mas tengo honor, but I'm noble, Brigida: I have honour, noble soy, Brígida, y sé and I know, by every creed, que la casa de don Juan that Don Juan's house for me no es buen sitio para mí: is no good place to be: me lo está diciendo aquí I don't know what I foresee no sé qué escondido afán. warning me of this so clearly. Ven, huyamos. Come, lets leave.

BRÍGIDA: Doña Inés, Doña Inés, la existencia os ha salvado. he preserved your very existence!

DOÑA INÉS: Sí, pero me ha envenenado Yes, but his poison insists on el corazón. piercing my heart.

BRÍGIDA: ¿Le amáis, pues? You love him to excess?

DOÑA INÉS: No sé... Mas, por I don't know, but all the same compasión, huyamos pronto de ese hombre, let us flee quickly from here, tras de cuyo solo nombre in my very heart I fear se me escapa el corazón. even the sound of his name. ¡Ah! Tú me diste un papel You gave me a letter de mano de ese hombre escrito, written by that man himself, y algún encanto maldito and some wicked spell me diste encerrado en él. caught up in it's paper. Una sola vez le vi I could only see por entre unas celosías, him once through a window, que estaba, me decías, for you told me he was also en aquel sitio por mí. in that place because of me. Tú, Brígida, a todas horas You Brigida, in every place, me venías de él a hablar came to talk to me about him haciéndome recordar making me recall him sus gracias fascinadoras. his fascinating grace. Tú me dijiste que estaba You told me he was the same para mí destinado one, destined only for me por mi padre..., y me has jurado by my father, and swore to me en su nombre que me amaba. that he loved me, using his name. ¿Que le amo, dices?... Pues bien, Do I love him you ask? Well, si esto es amar, sí, le amo; yes I love him, if this is love: pero yo sé que me infamo but by that passion I prove con esa pasión también. that I also debase myself. Y si el débil corazón And if my weak heart should stray se me va tras de don Juan, following after Don Juan tirándome de él están my honour and obligation mi honor y mi obligación. pull me the other way. Vamos, pues; vamos de aquí So lets go, lets flee primero que ese hombre venga; before he returns again: pues fuerza acaso no tenga for perhaps I'll not have the strength si le veo junto a mí. if I see him near to me. Vamos, Brígida. Lets go Brigida.

BRÍGIDA: Esperad. Wait. ¿No oís? Don't you hear?

DOÑA INÉS: ¿Qué? What.

BRÍGIDA: Ruido de remos. The sound of men rowing.

DOÑA INÉS: Sí, dices bien; You're right. We're going volveremos en un bote a la ciudad. back by boat to the city.

BRÍGIDA: Mirad, mirad, doña Inés. Look, look Doña Inés.

DOÑA INÉS: Acaba..., por Dios, Stop that. Dear God, lets go. partamos.

BRÍGIDA: Ya imposible que salgamos. Its impossible for us now.

DOÑA INÉS: ¿Por qué razón? For what reason?

BRÍGIDA: Porque él es Because he is quien en ese barquichuelo the one proceeding up-river se adelanta por el río. in that little boat of course.

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Ay! ¡Dadme fuerzas, Dios mío! Ah! Give me strength dear Lord.

BRÍGIDA: Ya llegó, ya está en el He's here. He's leaving the water. suelo. Sus gentes nos volverán I know that he must plan a casa: mas antes de irnos for his people to return us es preciso despedirnos but before we go we must a lo menos de don Juan. say our farewells to Don Juan.

DOÑA INÉS: Sea, y vamos al instante: All right, but then lets go, we two. No quiero volverle a ver. I don't want to see him again.

BRÍGIDA: (Los ojos te hará volver Aside: (He will make your eyes strain el encontrarle delante.) towards him when he's before you.) Vamos. Come.

DOÑA INÉS: Vamos. Lets go.

CIUTTI: (Dentro.) Aquí están. Here they are.

DON JUAN: (Idem) Alumbra. Bring a light.

BRÍGIDA: ¡Nos busca! He's looking for us!

DOÑA INÉS: Él es. He's here.

ESCENA III SCENE III

(Dichas, Don Juan) (As before, Don Juan)

DON JUAN: ¿Adónde vais, doña Inés? Where are you going, Doña Inés.

DOÑA INÉS: Dejadme salir, don Juan. Let me leave, Don Juan.

DON JUAN: ¿Que os deje salir? Let you leave?

BRÍGIDA: Señor, Señor, sabiendo ya el accidente now he knows about the fire del fuego, estará impaciente he can have only one desire, por su hija el Comendador. for his daughter, the Comendador.

DON JUAN: ¡El fuego! ¡Ah! No os dé cuidado The fire! Ah! Now I see: por Don Gonzalo, que ya about Don Gonzalo, don't worry: dormir tranquilo le hará the message I've sent already el mensaje que le he enviado. has him sleeping peacefully.

DOÑA INÉS: ¿Le habéis dicho...? You have told him?

DON JUAN: Que os hallabais You are safe with me, bajo mi amparo segura, in my protection, where y el aura del campo pura the pure earth's gentle air libre por fin respirabais. is yours to breathe, you see. (Vase Brígida.) (Brigida exits.) ¡Cálmate, pues, vida mía! Be calm then, my dear care! Reposa aquí, y un momento Rest here and, for a moment, olvida de tu convento forget about the convent la triste cárcel sombría. the gloomy shadows there. ¡Ah! ¿No es cierto, ángel de amor, Oh, my angel of love, do you see que en esta apartada orilla that on this secluded shore más pura la luna brilla the moon shines clear and pure y se respira mejor? and one breathes more easily? Esta aura que vaga llena The gentle air from the fields de los sencillos olores filled with its sweet scents de las campesinas flores of the wildflowers' incense que brota esa orilla amena; that this sweet shore yields: esa agua limpia y serena that limpid wave so calm que atraviesa sin temor that the fishermen here la barca del pescador cross without a fear que espera cantando al día, as, singing, they wait for dawn, ¿no es cierto, paloma mía, isn't it true, my dove, que están respirando amor? that they are breathing love? Esa armonía que el viento That harmony that the breeze recoge entre esos millares creates among countless leaves de floridos olivares, of flourishing olive trees, que agita con manso aliento; that it stirs so tenderly, ese dulcísimo acento that sweetest mystery con que trina el ruiseñor from the tree-top, close to dawn, de sus copas morador that calls the approaching morn, llamando al cercano día, the nightingale's trill, sweet spell, ¿no es verdad, gacela mía, isn't it true, my gazelle que están respirando amor? that they are breathing love? Y estas palabras que están And these words that can filtrando insensiblemente be heard insensibly, tu corazón ya pendiente in your heart, unfailingly, de los labios de don Juan, from the lips of Don Juan y cuyas ideas van and whose thoughts are then inflamando en su interior lighting, in you, desire un fuego germinador their incipient fire, no encendido todavía, though still not shining far, ¿no es verdad, estrella mía, is it not true, my star que están

respirando amor? that they are breathing love? Y esas dos líquidas perlas And those two pearls so chaste que se desprenden tranquilas that in silence slide de tus radiantes pupilas from your radiant eyes convidándome a beberlas, inviting me to taste evaporarse, a no verlas, in order not to see de sí mismas al calor; them vanish with their heat: y ese encendido color and the blush so sweet que en tu semblante no había, not in your cheek before, ¿no es verdad, hermosa mía, is it not true, my beauty pure, que están respirando amor? that they are breathing love? ¡Oh! Sí, bellísima Inés Oh, my loveliest Inés espejo y luz de mis ojos; mirror and light of vision, escucharme sin enojos, listen without derision, como lo haces, amor es: as you do so, it's love: yes, mira aquí a tus plantas, pues, see here at your feet, I confess todo el altivo rigor all the haughty pride de este corazón traidor of this traitorous heart inside que rendirse no creía, that never thought to yield, adorando, vida mía, adores you, my life, ah, I feel la esclavitud de tu amor. the slavery of your love.

DOÑA INÉS: Callad, por Dios, ¡oh, don Juan!, Oh God! Silence! How can I stand que no podré resistir to resist, with my sighing, mucho tiempo sin morir any longer, without dying, tan nunca sentido afán. ah, such longing, Don Juan? ¡Ah! Callad por compasión, Ah, to silence, for pity's sake, turn, que oyéndoos me parece for hearing you seems to me que mi cerebro enloquece to bring my mind infirmity, se arde mi corazón. and cause my heart to burn. ¡Ah! Me habéis dado a beber Ah! You have doubtless given me un filtro infernal, sin duda, an infernal potion, oh some que a rendiros os ayuda charm that helps you overcome la virtud de la mujer. a woman's purity. (Tal vez poseéis, don Juan, Perhaps, Don Juan, you possess an amulet un misterioso amuleto a thing of mystery que a vos me atrae en secreto that draws me secretly como irresistible imán. like an irresistible magnet. Tal vez Satán puso en vos: Perhaps Satan set in your eyes su vista fascinadora, his fascinating gaze su palabra seductora, his seductive maze, y el amor que negó a Dios. of words, and the Love he denies ¡Y qué he de hacer ¡ay de mí! to God. Ah, what am I to do, sino caer en vuestros brazos, but fall into those two si el corazón en pedazos arms, if you continue to me vais robando de aquí? shatter my heart in two? No, don Juan, en poder mío Don Juan, it's no longer in me resistirte no está ya: to own the power to resist you: no, yo voy a ti como va I turn to you as the river flows sorbido al mar ese río. that runs down to the sea. Tu presencia me enajena, Your presence maddens me, tus palabras me alucinan, your words hypnotize me, y tus ojos me fascinan, and your eyes fascinate me, y tu aliento me envenena. and your breath envenoms me. ¡Don Juan! ¡Don Juan!, yo lo imploro Don Juan! Don Juan, I implore you de tu hidalga compasión: in your noble heart, of pity, o arráncame el corazón, either tear my heart from me, o ámame, porque te adoro. or love me, because I adore you.

DON JUAN: ¿Alma mía! Esa palabra My soul! Those words indeed cambia de modo mi ser, change my whole state of being. que alcanzo que puede hacer and I know perhaps I am seeing hasta que el Edén se me abra. Paradise open to me. No es, doña Inés, Satanás Doña Inés, it is not Satan, in sin, quien pone este amor en mí; who creates this love in me: es Dios, que quiere por ti it is God, who wants, perhaps ganarme para Él quizás. through you, to win me to Him. No, el amor que hoy se atesora No, the love that is precious en mi corazón mortal in my heart, that is mortal, no es un amor terrenal is not that love, terrestrial, como el que sentí hasta ahora; that up to now I've treasured; no es esa chispa fugaz nor is it a fleeting spark of need que cualquier ráfaga apaga; that a breath of wind defeats: es incendio que se traga it is a roaring fire that eats cuanto ve, inmenso, voraz. all it sees, in its vast greed. Desecha, pues, tu inquietud, Calm then your fears, oh you bellísima doña Inés, my most beautiful Inés, porque me siento a tus pies for at your feet I feel that, yes, capaz aún de la virtud. even I am filled with virtue. Sí, iré mi orgullo a postrar Ah, I will swallow my pride ante el buen Comendador, before the good Comendador, y o habrá de darme tu amor, and he'll either give me you to adore o me tendrá que matar. or death will be my bride.

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Don Juan de mi corazón! My dearest Don Juan!

DON JUAN: ¡Silencio! ¿Habéis Silence. Did you hear? escuchado...?

DOÑA INÉS: ¿Qué? What?

DON JUAN: (Mirando por el balcón.) (Looking over the balcony) Sí, una barca ha atracado Yes, a boat has landed debajo de ese balcón. below the balcony. Un hombre embozado de ella A man wrapped in a cloak is salta... Brígida, al momento leaping out. Brigida, go quickly (Entra Brígida) (Brigida enters) pasad a ese otro aposento, into the other room, perdonad, Inés bella, pardon me, beautiful Inés si solo me importa estar. it's important I am alone.

DOÑA INÉS: ¿Tardarás? Will you be long?

DON JUAN: Poco ha de ser. Just a little while.

DOÑA INÉS: A mi padre hemos de ver. We have to see my father.

DON JUAN: Sí, en cuanto empiece a Yes, when it begins to grow light. clarear. Adiós. Farewell.

ESCENA IV SCENE IV

(Don Juan, Ciutti) (Don Juan, Ciutti)

CIUTTI: Señor. Señor.

DON JUAN: ¿Qué sucede, What's happening Ciutti? Ciutti?

CIUTTI: Ahí está un embozado There's a man cloaked from view en veros muy empeñado. anxious to speak to you.

DON JUAN: ¿Quién es? Who is he?

CIUTTI: Dice que no puede He says he cannot be descubrirse más que a vos, any more open with you, y que es cosa de tal priesa, and that it is truly urgent, que en ella se os interesa it's about an issue sent la vida a entrambos a dos. to trouble both of you.

DON JUAN: ¿Y en él no has reconocido And you could not find marca ni señal alguna any mark or sign que os oriente? to give you a clue?

CIUTTI: Ninguna; No. None: mas a veros decidido but he's of a mind viene. to see you.

DON JUAN: ¿Trae gente? Are his people with him?

CIUTTI: No más Only the rowers que los remeros del bote. in the boat below.

DON JUAN: Que entre. Have him come in.

ESCENA V SCENE V

(Don Juan; luego Ciutti y Don Luis, (Don Juan, then Ciutti. Don Luis, embozado) cloaked to the eyes.)

DON JUAN: ¡Jugamos a escote We are playing la vida...! Mas ¿si es quizás for our lives! But if indeed un traidor que hasta mi quinta it's treachery that's planned me viene siguiendo el paso? trailing me to my estate? Hálleme, pues, por si acaso Let him find me then, just in case, con las armas en la cinta. with my weapons to hand. (Se ciñe la espada y suspende al (He puts on his sword and suspends cinto un par de pistolas que habrá from his belt a pair of pistols colocado sobre la mesa a su salida that he had placed on the table en la escena tercera. Al momento upon exiting in the third scene. sale Ciutti conduciendo a don Luis, Immediately Ciutti comes out que, embozado hasta los ojos, leading Don Luis who, muffled to espera que se queden solos. Don the eyes, waits until they are Juan hace una seña a Ciutti para alone. Don Juan makes a sign to que se retire. Lo hace.) Ciutti that he withdraw. He does so.)

ESCENA VI SCENE VI

(Don Juan, Don Luis) (Don Juan, Don Luis)

DON JUAN: aparte(Buen talante.) Aside (What a nice appearance) Bien venido, caballero Welcome, sir. Don Luis: Bien hallado, señor mío. The same, sir.

DON JUAN: Sin cuidado hablad. Speak freely.

DON LUIS: Jamás lo he tenido. I always do.

DON JUAN: Decid, pues: ¿a qué Say then. Why have you come venís a esta hora y con tal afán? at this hour so eagerly?

DON LUIS: Vengo a mataros, don Juan. I've come to kill you Don Juan.

DON JUAN: Según eso, sois don Luis. Ah then, you are Don Luis.

DON LUIS: No os engañó el corazón, Your heart does not lie, y el tiempo no malgastemos and lets not waste time. Don Juan; los dos no cabemos There's not room, Don Juan. ya en la tierra. on this earth for you and I.

DON JUAN: En conclusión, In conclusion, señor Mejía, ¿es decir Mejia, that's to say que porque os gané la apuesta that because I won the game queréis que acabe la fiesta you want to fight all the same con salirnos a batir? to end the day?

DON LUIS: Estáis puesto en la razón: You are right: wholeheartedly, la vida apostado habemos, we have bet our lives in play y es fuerza que nos paguemos. and it is necessary we pay.

DON JUAN: Soy de la misma opinión. Well yes I agree. Mas ved que os debo advertir But I must point out to you que sois vos quien la ha perdido. that you are the one who lost.

DON LUIS: Pues por eso os la he And that's why I'm here of course: traído; mas no creo que morir but I don't believe it true deba nunca un caballero, that a gentleman who in life que lleva en el cinto espada, carries a sword at his side como una res destinada should ever be destined to die por su dueño al matadero. like an animal under the knife.

DON JUAN: Ni yo creo que resquicio Nor do I believe you have ever habréis jamás encontrado found the slightest cause por donde me hayáis tomado that could make you take me for por un cortador de oficio. a professional butcher.

DON LUIS: De ningún modo; y ya veis By no means: and now you see que, pues os vengo a buscar, that since I've come to find you mucho en vos debo fiar. I must place great faith in you.

DON JUAN: No más de lo que podéis. No more than you should, indeed. Y por mostraros mejor And to show even better mi generosa hidalguía, my generous nobility decid si aún puedo, Mejía, Mejia, please tell me satisfacer vuestro honor. how I can satisfy your honour. Leal la apuesta os gané; I won the wager fairly, mas si tanto os ha escocido, but if it has pained you so, mirad si halláis conocido if there's some answer you know, remedio, y le aplicaré. I'll apply the remedy.

DON LUIS: No hay más que el que os There is nothing but what I say he propuesto, Don Juan. don Juan. Me habéis maniatado You have manacled me y habéis la casa asaltado, and you have assaulted me usurpándome mi puesto; usurping my true place pues el mío tomasteis for you have stolen my name para triunfar de doña Ana, to triumph over Doña Ana, no sois vos, don Juan, quien gana, you're not the winner Don Juan porque por otro jugasteis. since you acted as me in the game.

DON JUAN: Ardides del juego son. Those are the tricks of the trade.

DON LUIS: Pues no os los quiero Well, I don't want to ignore them pasar, y por ellos a jugar and even on account of them, vamos ahora el corazón. let's still see our lives played.

DON JUAN: ¿Le arriesgáis, pues, en revancha You'll risk it then, in play de doña Ana de Pantoja? for Doña Ana again?

DON LUIS: Sí, y lo que tardo me Yes. To cleanse such a stain enoja en lavar tan fea mancha. and it angers me we delay Don Juan, yo la amaba, sí; Don Juan, I loved her, yes. mas, con lo que habéis osado, but after what you have dared imposible la hais dejado neither of us can have her para vos y para mí. now she's abandoned, bereft.

DON JUAN: ¿Por qué la apostasteis, Why did you wager her then? pues?

DON LUIS: Porque no pude pensar Because Icould never have come que lo pudierais lograr. to believe you might have won. Y... vamos, por San Andrés, And, by Saint Andrew, lets go then a reñir, que me impaciento. and duel, for I grow impatient

DON JUAN: Bajemos a la ribera. Lets go down to the river.

DON LUIS: Aquí mismo. No here.

DON JUAN: Necio fuera: They'd capture the winner ¿no veis que en este aposento in this room, don't you see, be patient, prendieran al vencedor? that's a foolish idea. Vos traéis una barquilla. Your boat's here still?

DON LUIS: Sí. Yes.

DON JUAN: Pues que lleve a Sevilla The winner takes it al que quede. to Seville.

DON LUIS: Eso es mejor; That is better: salgamos, pues. Lets go then.

DON JUAN: Esperad. Wait.

DON LUIS: ¿Qué sucede? What is it?

DON JUAN: Ruido siento. I hear a sound.

DON LUIS: Pues no perdamos momento. Well let's not stay around.

ESCENA VII SCENE VII

(Don Juan, Don Luis, Ciutti) (Don Juan, Don Luis, Ciutti)

CIUTTI: Señor, la vida salvad. Sir, save your life.

DON JUAN: ¿Qué hay, pues? What is it?

CIUTTI: El Comendador, The Comendador que llega con gente armada. who's come with armed men.

DON JUAN: Déjale franca la entrada, Let him enter freely, then pero a él solo. but him alone.

CIUTTI: Mas, señor... But señor...

DON JUAN: Obedéceme. (Vase Ciutti.) Obey me. (Ciutti goes out.)

ESCENA VIII SCENE VIII

(Don Juan, Don Luis) (Don Juan, Don Luis)

DON JUAN: Don Luis, Don Luis, pues de mí os habéis fiado since you've given me your trust, cuanto dejáis demostrado as you have shown me, just cuando a mi casa venís, by coming here to see me, no dudaré en suplicaros, I do not hesitate to beg you pues mi valor conocéis since you know my courage, in faith, que un instante me aguardéis. to grant me a moment's grace.

DON LUIS: Yo nunca puse reparos I never found fault with you en valor que es tan notorio, in your bravery which is so mas no me fío de vos. well-known, but I've never trusted you.

DON JUAN: Ved que las partes son dos Notice that there were two de la apuesta con Tenorio, parts to the bet with Tenorio y que ganadas están. and they are both won.

DON LUIS: ¿Lograsteis a un At the same time? tiempo...?

DON JUAN: Sí: Yes, I fear: la del convento está aquí; the one from the convent is here: y pues viene de don Juan whoever wishes may come a reclamarla quien puede, to claim her from Don Juan, cuando me podéis matar and since you may cause my death no debo asunto dejar I must not leave behind a breath tras mí que pendiente quede. of business still to be done.

DON LUIS: Pero mirad que meter You see that whoever comes might quien puede el lance impedir be able to prevent the affair entre los dos puede ser... between the two of us here....

DON JUAN: ¿Qué? What?

DON LUIS: Excusaros de reñir. And excuse you from a fight.

DON JUAN: ¡Miserable...! De don Juan Wretch! Only you can doubt podéis dudar sólo vos; Don Juan's intention mas aquí entrad, ¡vive Dios!, but, in here, by Heaven, y no tengáis tanto afán and don't be so ready to shout por vengaros, que este asunto for vengeance: once this thing arreglado con ese hombre, is settled with that man, don Luis, yo os juro a mi nombre Don Luis, I swear we can que nos batimos al punto. begin our duelling.

DON LUIS: Pero... But...

DON JUAN: ¡Con una legión The Devils' Legion! de diablos! Entrad aquí, Go in here, and see que harta nobleza es en mí there's sufficient nobility in me aun daros satisfacción. to give you satisfaction. Desde ahí ved y escuchad; Watch and listen from there: franca tenéis esa puerta. you may leave that door open. Si veis mi conducta incierta, If you see my conduct's uncertain como os acomode obrad. then act as you dare.

DON LUIS: Me avengo, si muy reacio I'll avenge myself if you no andáis. continue to be so stubborn.

DON JUAN: Calculadlo vos Judge as you will a placer: mas, ¡vive Dios!, but by heaven que para todo hay espacio. there is time enough for you. (Entra don Luís en el cuarto que (Don Luis goes into the room Don don Juan le señala.) Juan points out to him) Ya suben. (Don Juan escucha.) They are coming up. (He listens)

DON GONZALO: (Dentro.) ¿Dónde está? (Inside) Where is he?

DON JUAN: Él es. It is I.

ESCENA IX SCENE IX

(Don Juan, Don Gonzalo) (Don Juan, Don Gonzalo)

DON GONZALO: ¿Adónde está ese traidor? Where is that traitor?

DON JUAN: Aquí está Comendador. Here he is Comendador.

DON GONZALO: ¿De rodillas? On your knees?

DON JUAN: Y a tus pies. And at your feet.

DON GONZALO: Vil eres hasta en tus crímenes. You are vile even in your crimes.

DON JUAN: Anciano, la lengua ten, Old man, hold your tongue, y escúchame un solo instante. and just listen for a moment.

DON GONZALO: ¿Qué puede en tu lengua haber What could come from your mouth que borre lo que tu mano that could cancel what your hand escribió en este papel? wrote on this paper? ¡Ir a sorprender, ¡infame!, Infamous man, to surprise la cándida sencillez the pure simplicity de quien no pudo el veneno of someone who could not guard de esas letras precaver! against the poison of these words. Derramar en su alma virgen To spill into her virgin soul traidoramente la hiel treacherously the bitterness en que rebosa la tuya, with which yours overflows, seca de virtud y fe! empty of virtue and faith! ¡Proponerse así enlodar To propose thus to soil de mis timbres la alta prez, the high glory of my family emblem como si fuera un harapo as if it were a rag que desecha un mercader! that a merchant casts aside. ¿Ese es el valor, Tenorio, That is the courage, Tenorio de que blasonas? ¿Esa es of which you boast? That is la proverbial osadía the proverbial daring que te da al vulgo a temer? that you cause men to fear? ¿Con viejos y con doncellas With old men and young girls la muestras...? Y ¿para qué? you show it? And why? ¡Vive Dios! Para venir Saints above! To come sus plantas así a lamer, and lick my boots, mostrándote a un tiempo ajeno showing yourself at the same time de valor y de honradez. without valour or honour.

DON JUAN: ¡Comendador! Comendador!

DON GONZALO: Miserable, Miserable man tú has robado a mi hija Inés you have stolen my daughter Inés de su convento, y yo vengo from her convent, and I'm here por tu vida o por mi bien. for your life, or for my good.

DON JUAN: Jamás delante de un hombre Before no man mi alta cerviz incliné, have I ever bent my neck ni he suplicado jamás nor have I ever begged ni a mi padre ni a mi rey. from my father or my king. Y pues conservo a tus plantas And while I stay at your feet la postura en que me ves, in the attitude you see me here considera, Don Gonzalo, consider Don Gonzalo que razón debo tener. that I may have a reason.

DON GONZALO: Lo que tienes es pavor What you have is fear de mi justicia. of my justice.

DON JUAN: ¡Pardiez! By God! Oyeme, Comendador, Listen to me Comendador. o tenerme no sabré or I won't be able to contain myself y seré quien siempre he sido, and I will be what I have always been no queriéndolo ahora ser. not wanting to be it now.

DON GONZALO: ¡Vive Dios! Good God!

DON JUAN: Comendador, Comendador yo idolatro a doña Inés, I idolize Doña Inés, persuadido de que el cielo persuaded that heaven me la quiso conceder intended to grant her to me, para enderezar mis pasos to lead my steps por el sendero del bien. along the true path. No amé la hermosura en ella, It is not the beauty in her ni sus gracias adoré; alone I adore, nor her grace: lo que adoro es la virtud, what I adore is the virtue, Don Gonzalo, en doña Inés. Don Gonzalo, in Doña Inés. Lo que justicias ni obispos What neither judges nor bishops no pudieron de mí hacer could do con cárceles y sermones, with prisons and sermons, lo pudo su candidez. she with her purity succeeded. Su amor me torna en otro hombre Her love turns me into another man

regenerando mi ser, regenerates my being y ella puede hacer un ángel and she can make an angel de quien un demonio fue. of a man who was a devil. Escucha, pues, Don Gonzalo, Listen then Don Gonzalo lo que te puede ofrecer to what Don Juan's daring el audaz don Juan Tenorio can offer you de rodillas a tus pies. on his knees and at your feet. Yo seré esclavo de tu hija, I will be your daughter's slave. en tu casa viviré, I will live in your house, tú gobernarás mi hacienda you will govern my property diciéndome: esto ha de ser. telling me, it shall be so. El tiempo que señalares Whenever you request it en reclusión estaré; I will stay in seclusion: cuantas pruebas exigieres whatever proofs you ask de mi audacia o mi altivez, of my daring or my nobility del modo que me ordenares, in any way you command con sumisión te daré: I will obey submissively: y cuando estime tu juicio And when in your judgement que la puedo merecer, you decide I might merit it yo la daré un buen esposo I'll be a good husband to her y ella me dará el Edén. and she'll lead me to Paradise.

DON GONZALO: Basta, don Juan; no sé cómo Enough Don Juan: I don't know how me he podido contener, I've been able to contain myself, oyendo tan torpes pruebas listening to the sordid proof de tu infame avilantez. of your infamous vileness. Don Juan, tú eres un cobarde Don Juan, you are a coward cuando en la ocasión te ves, when you find yourself in danger y no hay bajeza a que no oses and there is no baseness you will not dare como te saque con bien. as long as you escape successfully.

DON JUAN: ¡Don Gonzalo! Don Gonzalo!

DON GONZALO: Y me avergüenzo I am ashamed to see you de mirarte así a mis pies, so, at my feet, lo que apostabas por fuerza what you risked by force suplicando por merced. begging now as a grace.

DON JUAN: Todo así se satisface, Everything will be reconciled Don Gonzalo, de una vez. Don Gonzalo at the same time.

DON GONZALO: ¡Nunca, nunca! ¿Tú su esposo? Never. You her husband? Never! Primero la mataré. I'll kill her first. ¡Ea! Entrégamela al punto Hand her over to me immediately o, sin poderme valer, or, unable to control myself, en esa postura vil I'll strike you dead el pecho te cruzaré. in that vile pose.

DON JUAN: Míralo bien, Don Gonzalo, Consider well, Don Gonzalo que vas a hacerme perder that you, perhaps, will make me lose con ella hasta la esperanza my own salvation, de mi salvación tal vez. together with hope of her.

DON GONZALO: ¿Y qué tengo yo, don Juan, And what have I to do Don Juan, con tu salvación que ver? with your salvation?

DON JUAN: ¡Comendador, que me Comendador, you destroy me! pierdes!

DON GONZALO: Mi hija. My daughter!

DON JUAN: Considera bien Consider then que por cuantos medios pude that as fully as I could te quise satisfacer, I tried to satisfy you. y que con armas al cinto and with arms at my side tus denuestos toleré, I tolerated your insults, proponiéndote la paz proposing peace to you, de rodillas a tus pies. on my knees and at your feet.

ESCENA X SCENE X

(Dichos; Don Luis, soltando una (The same characters: Don Luis, carcajada de burla) bursting out in a jeering shout of laughter)

DON LUIS: Muy bien, don Juan. Well done, Don Juan.

DON JUAN: ¡Vive Dios! God above! Who?

DON GONZALO: ¿Quién es ese hombre? Who is that man?

DON LUIS: Un testigo A witness in the end de su miedo, y un amigo, to his cowardice, and a friend, Comendador, para vos. Comendador, to you.

DON JUAN: ¿Don Luis? Don Luis?

DON LUIS: Ya he visto bastante, I've seen all I need, don Juan, para conocer Don Juan, to recognise cuál uso puedes hacer the way that you realise de tu valor arrogante; your arrogant valour; indeed y quien hiere por detrás the one who strikes in that way y se humilla en la ocasión, from behind, debases himself in danger es tan vil como el ladrón as vile as a thieving stranger que roba y huye. who steals and runs away.

DON JUAN: ¿Esto más? Now this too?

DON LUIS: Y pues la ira soberana And since the sovereign anger de Dios junta, como ves, of God, as you see, joins together al padre de doña Inés that of Doña Inés's father y al vengador de doña Ana, and Doña Ana's avenger, mira el fin que aquí te espera see the end that awaits you here cuando a igual tiempo te alcanza, when you meet at the same moment aquí dentro su venganza vengeance here, inside, y la justicia allá fuera. and justice, outside, there.

DON GONZALO: ¡Oh! Ahora comprendo... ¿Sois vos Ah, now I understand, then you el que...? are?

DON LUIS: Soy don Luis Mejía, Don Luis Mejia, a quien a tiempo os envía whom God in due time sends here por vuestra venganza Dios. to take revenge, for you.

DON JUAN: ¡Basta, pues, de tal Enough of this torturing vice! suplicio! Si con hacienda y honor If with property and truth ni os muestro ni doy valor I can't show you proof a mi franco sacrificio, of my free sacrifice, y la leal solicitud and the loyal and true con que ofrezco cuanto puedo petition which I offer, tomáis, ¡vive Dios!, por miedo that you take, by heaven, for fear, y os mofáis de mi virtud, mocking my virtue, os acepto el que me dais I'll accept what you hand out plazo breve y perentorio a brief, peremptory moment to show para mostrarme el Tenorio Don Juan Tenorio de cuyo valor dudáis. and the courage that you doubt.

DON LUIS: Sea; y cae a nuestros pies, So be it, and fall at our feet. digno al menos de esa fama worthy at least of that fame que por tan bravo te aclama. that has given your courage a name.

DON JUAN: Y venza el infierno, pues. Let Hell's victory be complete, Ulloa, pues mi alma así Ulloa, since my soul again vuelves a hundir en el vicio, you plunge into devilry, cuando Dios me llame a juicio when God judges me tú responderás por mí. you will take the blame. (Le da un pistoletazo.) (He shoots him with his pistol)

DON GONZALO: ¡Asesino! (Cae.) Murderer! (He falls)

DON JUAN: Y tú, insensato, And you, man without grace que me llamas vil ladrón, who call me a vile thief, too, di en prueba de tu razón let this speak to show it's true, que cara a cara te mato. I'll destroy you face to face. (Riñen, y le da una estocada.) (They duel and he gives him a sword thrust)

DON LUIS: ¡Jesús! (Cae.) Jesus! (He falls)

DON JUAN: Tarde tu fe ciega Your blind faith calls out acude al cielo, Mejía, to heaven too late, Mejia: y no fue por culpa mía; all was not my fault, here, pero la justicia llega, but the officials are now about, y a fe que ha de ver quién soy. and by faith they'll see a man.

CIUTTI: (Dentro.) ¿Don Juan? Don Juan? (Inside)

DON JUAN: (Asomando al baldón.) (Approaching the balcony.) ¿Quién es? Who is it?

CIUTTI: (Dentro.) Por aquí; (Inside) Through here, salvaos.

DON JUAN: ¿Hay paso? Is there a way?

CIUTTI: Sí; Yes. arrojaos. Jump clear.

DON JUAN: Allá voy. Here I am. Llamé al cielo y no me oyó, I called to heaven: it did not see, y pues sus puertas me cierra, and since it closes its doors de mis pasos en la tierra to my whole earthly course, responda el cielo, y no yo. let heaven be blamed, not me. (Se arroja por el balcón, y se le (He jumps from the balcony and you oye caer en el agua del río, al can hear him fall in the water of mismo tiempo que el ruido de los the river, and at the same time remos muestra la rapidez del barco the noise of the oars shows the en que parte; se oyen golpes en la rapidity of the boat as it leaves: puerta de la habitación; poco knocks are heard on the door of después entra la justicia, the room, and a little later the soldados, etc.) officials come in, soldiers, etc.)

ESCENA XI SCENE XI

(Alguaciles, soldados, luego Doña (Constables, soldiers, then Doña Inés y Brígida) Ines and Brigida.)

ALGUACIL: El tiro ha sonado aquí. The shot came from here

ALGUACIL: Aún hay humo. There's still smoke.

ALGUACIL: ¿Santo Dios! Holy God. Aquí hay un cadáver. There's a body here.

ALGUACIL: Dos. Two.

ALGUACIL: ¿Y el matador? And the killer?

ALGUACIL: Por allí. Through there. (Abren el cuarto en que está Doña (They open the room in which Doña Inés y Brígida, y las sacan a la Ines and Brigida are and bring escena; doña Inés reconoce el them out on stage. Doña Inés cadáver de su padre.) recognizes the body of her father.)

ALGUACIL: ¡Dos mujeres! Two women!

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Ah, qué horror, Oh what horror, padre mío! Dear father.

ALGUACIL: ¡Es su hija! It's his daughter.

BRÍGIDA: Sí. Yes.

DD: ¡Ay! ¿Dó estás, don Juan, que Ah, where are you Don Juan who aquí me olvidas en tal dolor? abandon me here in such grief.

ALGUACIL: Él le asesinó. He killed him.

DOÑA INÉS: Dios mío Dear Lord. ¿Me guardabas esto más? You sent me this too?

ALGUACIL: Por aquí ese Satanás That Satan jumped down here se arrojó sin duda al río. doubtless into the river.

ALGUACIL: Miradlos..., a bordo están Look, they are on board del bergantín calabrés. the Calabrian vessel.

TODOS: ¡Justicia por doña Inés! Justice for Doña Ines!

DOÑA INÉS: Pero no contra don Juan. But not against Don Juan. (Cayendo de rodillas.) (Falling on her knees)

FIN DEL ACTO CUARTO END OF THE FOURTH ACT

PARTE SEGUNDA PART TWO

ACTO PRIMERO ACT ONE

LA SOMBRA DE DOÑA INÉS THE SHADE OF DOÑA INÉS

(Panteón de la familia Tenorio. (The pantheon of the Tenorio family. El teatro representa un The stage is a magnificent cemetery, magnífico cementerio, hermoseado decorated in the style of a garden. a manera de jardín. En primer In the foreground, conspicuously set término, aislados y de bulto, apart, are the tombs of Don Gonzalo los sepulcros de don Gonzalo de de Ulloa, Doña Inés and don Luis Ulloa, de Doña Inés y de don Mejia, on top of which are stone Luis Mejía, sobre los cuales se statues. Don Gonzalo's tomb is to the ven sus estatuas de piedra. El right with his statue kneeling, that sepulcro de don Gonzalo a la of Don Luis to the left and his derecha, y su estatua de statue is also kneeling; that of Doña rodillas; el de don Luis a la Inés is in the centre and her statue izquierda, y su estatua también is standing. In the midground another de rodillas; el de doña Inés en two tombs in a suitable form, and in el centro, y su estatua de pie. the background and on an elevated En segundo término otros dos plane, the tomb and statue of the sepulcros en la forma que founder, Don Diego Tenorio. The convenga; y en tercer término y perspective of the tombs focuses on en puesto elevado, el sepulcro y this figure. A wall full of niches la estatua del fundador don and stone slabs surrounds the set. Diego Tenorio, en cuya figura Two weeping willows are to each side remata la perspectiva de los of Doña Ines's tomb ready to be used sepulcros. Una pared llena de when the staging requires it. nichos y lápidas cubre el cuadro Cypresses and flowers of all kinds hasta el horizonte. Dos llorones embellish the set which is not to a cada lado de la tumba de doña have anything horrible in it. The Inés dispuestos a servir de la action takes place on a quiet summer manera que a su tiempo exige el night, and is lit by a very bright juego escénico. Cipreses y moon.) flores de todas clases embellecen la decoración, que no debe tener nada de horrible. La acción se supone en una tranquila noche de verano, y alumbrada por una clarísima luna.)

ESCENA PRIMERA SCENE I

(El Escultor, disponiéndose a (The Sculptor, getting ready to marchar) leave.) Pues, señor, es cosa hecha: Well sir, it is done: el alma del buen don Diego the soul of good Don Diego puede, a mi ver, con sosiego can, in my opinion, know reposar muy satisfecha. its rest in complete satisfaction. La obra está rematada The work is unfurled con cuanta suntuosidad with as much sumptuousness su postrera voluntad as his last will required, yes, dejó al mundo encomendada. entrusted to the world. Y ya quisieran, ¡pardiez!, And, by God, every rich man todos los ricos que mueren who dies should want to see que su voluntad cumplieren the living celebrate their memory los vivos, como esta vez. as here I have done. Mas ya de marcharme es hora: But it's time I was away, todo corriente lo dejo, I leave it all in order, I will y de Sevilla me alejo be leaving Seville al despuntar de la aurora. at the break of day. ¡Ah! Mármoles que mis manos Ah! Marble polished pulieron con tanto afán, with such care, by my hands, mañana os contemplarán tomorrow the Sevillians los absortos sevillanos; will gaze at you, astonished: y al mirar de este panteón and seeing the true proportion las gigantes proporciones, of this enormous pantheon, tendrán las generaciones the future generation la nuestra en veneración. will hold ours in veneration. Mas yendo y viniendo días Some things as days come and go, se hundirán unas tras otras, one by one, sink again mientra en pie estaréis vosotras, while yours will remain póstumas memorias mías. a memory of me. Oh! ¡Oh!, frutos de mis desvelos, fruit of my waking eyes, peñas a quien yo animé stones to which I gave life y por quienes arrostré for whom I bore the strife la intemperie de los cielos; of the intemperate skies; el que forma y ser os dio he who gave you form and being va ya a perderos de vista; will now lose you from his sight; ¡velad mi gloria de artista, since you will live longer than I, pues viviréis más que yo! watch over my glory, unseeing. Mas ¿quién llega? But who is approaching?

ESCENA II SCENE II

(El Escultor; Don Juan, que (The sculptor, and Don Juan who entra embozado) enters muffled in his cloak.)

ESCULTOR: Caballero... Sir....

DON JUAN: Dios te guarde. God keep you.

ESCULTOR: Perdonad, Pardon me, mas ya es tarde, y... its already late and...

DON JUAN: Aguardad Stay with me un instante, porque quiero a moment, I'd prefer que me expliquéis... if you would explain...

ESCULTOR: ¿Por acaso Perhaps sois forastero? you are a stranger?

DON JUAN: Años ha I should explain, que falto de España ya, for years now I've been gone from Spain, y me chocó el ver al paso, and it shocked me, as I passed, cuando a esas verjas llegué, as I reached these gates today que encontraba este recinto to find this district strange, enteramente distinto entirely different, changed de cuando yo le dejé. from when I went away.

ESCULTOR: Yo lo creo; como que esto I believe you; and you see era entonces un palacio, it was a palace then, y hoy es panteón el espacio and today there's a pantheon donde aquél estuvo puesto. where the palace used to be.

DON JUAN: ¡El palacio hecho The palace made into a pantheon! panteón!

ESCULTOR: Tal fue de su antiguo dueño Such was its former owner's will la voluntad, y fue empeño and an undertaking that still que dio al mundo admiración. provokes the world's admiration.

DON JUAN: ¡Y, por Dios, que es de admirar! And by heaven, it's worthy!

ESCULTOR: Es una famosa historia It's a famous story a la cual debo mi gloria. to which I owe my glory.

DON JUAN: ¿Me la podréis relatar? Can you tell it me?

ESCULTOR: Sí; aunque muy Yes, but very succinctly, sucintamente, pues me aguardan. as someone's waiting.

DON JUAN: Sea. So be it.

ESCULTOR: Oíd Listen la verdad pura. to the whole truth.

DON JUAN: Decid, Speak, then que me tenéis impaciente. I hear, impatiently.

ESCULTOR: Pues habitó esta ciudad Well, there lived, in this city, y este palacio heredado the heir to the palace, a Don, un varón muy estimado very well esteemed, a man por su noble calidad. of the noblest quality.

DON JUAN: Don Diego Tenorio. Don Diego Tenorio.

ESCULTOR: El mismo. The same. Well, Tuvo un hijo este don Diego this Don Diego had a son peor mil veces que el fuego, a thousand times worse a one, un aborto del abismo. than fire, an abortion from Hell. Un mozo sangriento y cruel A young man bloody and savage que, con tierra y cielo en guerra, at war with earth and heaven: dicen que nada en la tierra they say nothing on earth even fue respetado por él. won his respect, in this age. Quimerista, seductor A wrangler, a seducer y jugador con ventura, and a gambler with fate, no hubo para él segura from him nothing was safe vida, ni hacienda, ni honor. life, property or honour. Así le pinta la historia, So says the story y si tal era, por cierto and if he was such, certainly que obró cuerdamente el muerto the dead man behaved wisely para ganarse la gloria. himself, to ensure his glory.

DON JUAN: Pues ¿cómo obró ? Well, how did he behave?

ESCULTOR: Dejó entera He left his entire property su hacienda al que la empleara to the one who would fashion en un panteón que asombrara a wonderful pantheon a la gente venidera. to astound posterity. Mas con condición que dijo He made one condition, que se enterraran en él that they should bury here los que a la mano crüel those who died, in fear, sucumbieron de su hijo. at the cruel hand of his son. Y mirad en derredor And look around at los sepulcros de los más the tombs of most de ellos. of them.

DON JUAN: ¿Y vos sois quizás And you perhaps el conserje? are the keeper?

ESCULTOR: El Escultor The sculptor charged de estas obras encargado. with these works.

DON JUAN: ¡Ah! ¿Y las habéis Ah! And you have finished? concluido?

ESCULTOR: Ha un mes; mas me he detenido A month ago, but I waited hasta ver ese enverjado to see this grill erected colocado en su lugar, set on its base pues he querido impedir because I wanted to prevent que pueda el vulgo venir the entry of those with intent este sitio a profanar. to profane the place.

DON JUAN: (Mirando.) (Looking around) ¡Bien empleó sus riquezas The dead man used his money el difunto! well!

ESCULTOR: ¡Ya lo creo! Yes, I should say so! Miradle allí. See over there.

DON JUAN: Ya le veo. I see him though.

ESCULTOR: ¿Le conocisteis? Did you know him?

DON JUAN: Sí. Yes.

ESCULTOR: Piezas The statuary son todas muy parecidas shows a very good likeness y a conciencia trabajadas. made with conscientiousness.

DON JUAN: ¡Cierto que son They are fashioned excellently! extremadas!

ESCULTOR: ¿Os han sido conocidas Did you know them indeed las personas? these people?

DON JUAN: Todas ellas. All of them by sight.

ESCULTOR: ¿Y os parecen bien? And they seem well done?

DON JUAN: Sin duda, Without doubt según lo que a ver me ayuda according to what I make out el fulgor de las estrellas. by the glow of the starlight.

ESCULTOR: ¡Oh! Se ven como de día Oh! They can be seen as well here con esta luna tan clara. as by day, with this bright moon. Esta es mármol de Carrara. This is Carrara stone. (Señalando a la de don Luis.) (Pointing to the statue of Don Luis.)

DON JUAN: ¡Buen busto es el de Mejía! That's a good bust of Mejia! (Contempla las estatuas unas (He contemplates the statues one after tras otras.) another.) ¡Hola! Aquí el Comendador Hello! Here is the Comendador se representa muy bien. very well represented.

ESCULTOR: Yo quise poner también I also intended la estatua del matador a statue of their killer entre sus víctimas, pero among the victims, but fate no pude a manos haber did not find me a way su retrato... Un Lucifer to his portrait...they say dicen que era el caballero he was the devil incarnate don Juan Tenorio. that Don Juan Tenorio

DON JUAN: ¡Muy malo! Very evil. That's so. Mas, como pudiera hablar, And if its tongue was free le había algo de abonar you would hear it agree, la estatua de Don Gonzalo. that statue of Don Gonzalo.

ESCULTOR: ¿También habéis Did you also know conocido a don Juan? Don Juan?

DON JUAN: Mucho. Very well,

ESCULTOR: Don Diego Don Diego le abandonó desde luego, immediately abandoned him, so desheredándole. disinheriting him, though.

DON JUAN: Ha Sido To Don Juan that did no para don Juan poco daño great harm, it is said ése, porque la fortuna because fortune, on this earth va tras él desde la cuna. followed him from birth.

ESCULTOR: Dicen que ha muerto. They say he is dead.

DON JUAN: Es engaño: That's a ruse: vive. he's alive.

ESCULTOR: ¿Y dónde? And where?

DON JUAN: Aquí, en Sevilla. Here, in Seville.

ESCULTOR: ¿Y no teme que el furor And doesn't he ever popular...? fear the people's anger?

DON JUAN: En su valor The seed of fear has never no ha echado el miedo semilla. affected his courage, or will.

ESCULTOR: Mas cuando vea el lugar But when he sees the way en que está ya convertido what was once his property el solar que suyo ha sido, has been treated, maybe no osará en Sevilla estar. in Seville he'll not dare stay.

DON JUAN: Antes ver tendrá a Rather he'll think it fortunate fortuna en su casa reünidas to have the people he knew personas de él conocidas, reunited, since it's true puesto que no odia a ninguna. for them he had no hate.

ESCULTOR: ¿Creéis que ose aquí Do you believe he'd dare come here? venir?

DON JUAN: ¿Por qué no? Pienso, a Why not? In my opinion, I mi ver, que donde vino a nacer think it's right he should come to die justo es que venga a morir. in the place where he was reared. Y pues le quitan su herencia And since they've taken his legacy para enterrar a éstos bien, in order to bury these people so, a él es muy justo también it is only fair that they also que le entierren con decencia. bury him decently.

ESCULTOR: Sólo a él le está He is the only one forbidden prohibida en este panteón la entrada. to enter this pantheon.

DON JUAN: Trae don Juan muy buena espada, Don Juan carries a very fine sword: y no sé quién se la impida. I don't know who dare enforce that word.

ESCULTOR: ¡Jesús! ¡Tal Dear Lord, what profanation! profanación!

DON JUAN: Hombre es don Juan que, a querer, Don Juan is the sort of man, volverá el palacio a hacer who might remake the pantheon encima del panteón. as a palace, as an act of restoration.

ESCULTOR: ¡Tan audaz ese hombre es Is that man so daring that he que aun a los muertos se atreve? even dares to oppose the dead?

DON JUAN: ¿Qué respetos gastar debe What respect should he show instead con los que tendió a sus pies? to those he stretched out at his feet?

ESCULTOR: Pero ¿no tiene conciencia But does that man have then ni alma ese hombre? no conscience or soul?

DON JUAN: Tal vez no, Perhaps none, que al cielo una vez llamó for he called on heaven once con voces de penitencia, with the voice of a penitent y el cielo en trance tan fuerte and heaven treated him so fiercely allí mismo le metió, it seems that there and then que a dos inocentes dio he killed two innocent men para salvarse la muerte. in order to save himself, wholly.

ESCULTOR: ¡Qué monstruo, supremo Holy Father, what a monster! Dios!

DON JUAN: Podéis estar convencido You can be certain, indeed, de que Dios no le ha querido. that God did not love him. Agreed.

ESCULTOR: Tal será. It must be so.

DON JUAN: Mejor que vos. He's your better.

ESCULTOR: (¿Y quién será el que a don Juan Aside: (And who can it be abona con tanto brío?) who defends Don Juan so?) Caballero, a pesar mío, Sir, excuse me, I must go: como aguardándome están... they are waiting for me.

DON JUAN: Idos, pues, Go then, if it pleases you. enhorabuena.

ESCULTOR: He de cerrar. I have to close up.

DON JUAN: No cerréis, Not for me, y marchaos. just leave.

ESCULTOR: Mas ¿no veis...? But, don't you see...?

DON JUAN: Veo una noche serena I see a calm night, true y un lugar que me acomoda and a place that gives me pleasure para gozar su frescura, where I might enjoy the fresh air still y aquí he de estar a mi holgura in spite of all Seville. si pesa a Sevilla toda. and here I intend to take my leisure.

ESCULTOR: (¿Si acaso padecerá (I wonder if he might be de locura desvaríos?) suffering from delusions?)

DON JUAN: (Dirigiéndose a las (Addressing the statues.) estatuas.) Ya estoy aquí, amigos míos. Now here I am my friends.

ESCULTOR: ¿No lo dije? Loco está. Didn't I say so? He's crazy.

DON JUAN: Mas, ¡cielos, qué es lo que veo! But good Lord, what do I see! es ilusión de mi vista, It's an illusion I've invented o a doña Inés el artista or the artist has represented aquí representa, creo. Doña Inés here, before me.

ESCULTOR: Sin duda. Doubtless.

DON JUAN: ¿También murió? She also died?

ESCULTOR: Dicen que de They say she died of grief, sent sentimiento cuando de nuevo al convento back again to her convent abanDoñada volvió abandoned, and denied por don Juan. by Don Juan. Don Juan; ¿Y yace aquí? And she lies here?

ESCULTOR: Sí. Yes.

DON JUAN: ¿La visteis muerta vos? Did you see her body, then?

ESCULTOR: Sí. Yes.

DON JUAN: ¿Cómo estaba? What was she like?

ESCULTOR: ¡Por Dios By heaven, que dormida la creí! I thought she was sleeping there. La muerte fue tan piadosa Death was so gentle, I suppose, con su cándida hermosura, with her in her purity, que la envió con la frescura that it sent her the beauty las tintas de la rosa. of the fresh tint of the rose.

DON JUAN: ¡Ah! Mal la muerte podría Ah! Death could not undo deshacer con torpe mano with its clumsy hand's excess el semblante soberano the sovereign loveliness que un ángel envidiaría. an angel would envy too. ¡Cuán bella y cuán parecida How beautiful and how true su efigie en el mármol es! her effigy in marble is. ¡Quién pudiera, doña Inés, Would that I, Doña Inés volver a darte la vida! could return you to life anew. ¿Es obra del cincel vuestro? Is this your chisel's art?

ESCULTOR: Como todas las demás. Like the others here, that you see.

DON JUAN: Pues bien merece algo más Well, such mastery un retrato tan maestro. deserves something apart. Tomad. Here.

ESCULTOR: ¿Qué me dais aquí? What do you give me?

DON JUAN: ¿No lo veis? Don't you see?

ESCULTOR: Mas... caballero... But,...sir....why... ¿por qué razón...? for what reason?...

DON JUAN: Porque quiero Because I yo que os acordéis de mí. want you to remember me.

ESCULTOR: Mirad que están bien But I was well paid, you see. pagadas.

DON JUAN: Así lo estarán mejor. So you'll have even more.

ESCULTOR: Mas vamos de aquí, señor, But lets leave here sir, for sure que aun las llaves entregadas I must still return the key no están, y al salir la aurora of this gate, and at dawn tengo que partir de aquí. I have to leave here, you see.

DON JUAN: Entregádmelas a mí, Hand them over to me, y marchaos desde ahora. and you..... go on.

ESCULTOR: ¿A vos? To you?

DON JUAN: A mí: ¿qué dudáis? To me: why hesitate?

ESCULTOR: Como no tengo el Ah, I do not have the honour... honor...

DON JUAN: Ea, acabad, Escultor. That's enough, Sculptor.

ESCULTOR: Si el nombre al menos que usáis If at least you would state supiera... your name....

DON JUAN: ¡Viven los cielos! Merciful heaven! Why, Dejad a don Juan Tenorio you leave Don Juan velar el lecho mortuorio to watch over the tomb en que duermen sus abuelos. in which his ancestors lie.

ESCULTOR: ¡Don Juan Tenorio! Don Juan Tenorio!

DON JUAN: Yo soy. I am the man. Y si no me satisfaces, And if you don't satisfy me, compañía juro que haces I swear you'll keep company a tus estatuas desde hoy. with your statues from now on.

ESCULTOR: (Alargándole las llaves.) (Holding out the keys to him) Tomad. (No quiero la piel Here. Aside: (I won't risk my skin dejar aquí entre sus manos. at his hands, but bow to his will. Ahora que los sevillanos Let the folks of Seville se las compongan con él.) (Vase.) take good care of him.) (He leaves)

ESCENA III SCENE III

DON JUAN: Mi buen padre empleó My good father spent the whole en esto entera la hacienda mía; of my inheritance on this display; hizo bien: yo al otro día he did well: on any given day la hubiera a una carta puesto. I'd have bet it on a hand of cards. So, No os podéis quejar de mí, you can't complain of me, you vosotros a quien maté; whom I chose to kill: si buena vida os quité, if I took your noble life, still buena sepultura os di. I gave you a noble tomb. ¡Magnífica es en verdad This pantheon and it's art, la idea del tal panteón! truly, a magnificent idea! Y... siento que el corazón And I feel the solitude here me halaga esta soledad. is soothing to my heart. ¡Hermosa noche...! ¡Ay de mí! A beautiful night! Ah me! ¡Cuántas como ésta tan puras How many like this, and as pure, en infames aventuras in notorious adventure desatinado perdí! I wasted foolishly. ¡Cuántas al mismo fulgor How many times, in the same bright hour de esa luna trasparente of that translucent moon, arranqué a algún inocente I wrenched away too soon la existencia o el honor! some innocent's life or honour. Sí, después de tantos años Yes, after all these years cuyos recuerdos me espantan, whose memories terrify me, siento que en mí se levantan I feel thoughts well inside me, pensamientos en mí extraños. the new and strange appears. ¡Oh! Acaso me los inspira Oh! Perhaps they arise in me desde el cielo en donde mora from heaven where she dwells, esa sombra protectora one of the guardian angels, que por mi mal no respira. who through me no longer breathes. (Se dirige a la estatua de doña (He addresses the statue of Doña Inés, hablándole con respeto.) Inés, speaking to it respectfully.) Mármol en quien doña Inés Marble, in which Doña Inés, en cuerpo sin alma existe, a body without soul, exists, deja que el alma de un triste permit the soul of a sad wretch llore un momento a tus pies. to kneel a moment, in his distress. De azares mil a través Through misadventure's excess conservé tu imagen pura, I kept your image pure, pues la mala ventura since evil destiny, before, te asesinó de don Juan, through Don Juan, murdered you, contempla con cuánto afán contemplate with what true vendrá hoy a tu sepultura. grief he comes here once more. En ti nada más pensó With you his thoughts were burning, desde que se fue de ti; from the time he left, I say: y desde que huyó de aquí since the hour he ran away, sólo en volver meditó. he dreamed only of returning. Don Juan tan sólo esperó Don Juan's only yearning de doña Inés su ventura, was for joy with Doña Inés, y hoy que en pos de su hermosura now, seeking her loveliness vuelve el infeliz don Juan, wretched Don Juan returns: mira cuál será su afán see with what pain he burns, al dar con tu sepultura. finding her tomb, his distress. Inocente doña Inés, Innocent Doña Inés cuya hermosa juventud whose beauty and tender years encerró en el ataúd were closed in a coffin here quien llorando está a tus

pies; by him who weeps, ah yes, si de esa piedra a través if through this stone, no less, puedes mirar la amargura you can see the bitterness del alma que tu hermosura of a soul that adored your loveliness adoró con tanto afán, with such yearning, then for that man prepara un lado a don Juan prepare a place, for Don Juan, en tu misma sepultura. in your tomb, where he may rest. Dios te crió por mi bien, God created you for my good, I por ti pensé en la virtud, thought of virtue, for you, adoré su excelsitud I adored your sublimity, too, y anhelé su santo Edén. and longed for your holy paradise. Sí, aun hoy mismo en ti también Yes, even today my hope still lies mi esperanza se asegura, in you, entrusted to you, que oigo una voz que murmura for I hear a voice, that's true, en derredor de don Juan that murmurs round Don Juan, palabras con que su afán words which calm me, as I stand se calma en tu sepultura. here in pain, by your grave, by you. ¡Oh doña Inés de mi vida! Oh Doña Inés, my life itself! Si esa voz con quien deliro If that voice I babble of es el postrimer suspiro is the last sigh, above, de tu eterna despedida; of your eternal farewell; si es que de ti desprendida if that voice from your very self llega esa voz a la altura reaches the farthest sky, y hay un Dios tras esa anchura and there is a God on high, por donde los astros van, with stars on either hand, dile que mire a don Juan tell him to gaze at Don Juan, llorando en tu sepultura. by your tomb, and my weeping eyes. (Se apoya en el sepulcro, (He leans on the tomb, hiding his ocultando el rostro; y mientras face; and while he maintains this se conserva en esta postura, un posture, a vapour that arises from vapor que se levanta del the grave hides the statue of Doña sepulcro oculta la estatua de Inés. When the vapour dissipates, the doña Inés. Cuando el vapor se statue has disappeared. Don Juan desvanece, la estatua ha comes out of his trance.) desaparecido. Don Juan sale de su enajenamiento.) Este mármol sepulcral This sepulchral marble's essence adormece mi vigor, seems to drain away my strength y sentir creo en redor and round me I feel the sense un ser sobrenatural. of a supernatural presence. Mas..., cielos! ¡El pedestal But....my God! The pedestal's stone no mantiene su escultura! no longer holds her sculpture. ¿Qué es esto? ¿Aquella figura What is this? Was that figure fue creación de mi afán? my imagination alone?

ESCENA IV SCENE IV

(El llorón y las flores de la (The weeping willow and the flowers izquierda del sepulcro de doña to the left of Doña Inés's sepulchre Inés se cambian en una change into a stage decoration in apariencia, dejando ver dentro which one can see, in the middle of de ella, en medio de glowing lights, the spirit of Doña resplandores, la sombra de doña Inés.) Inés.) (Don Juan, la sombra de Doña (Don Juan, the spirit of Doña Inés) Inés)

SOMBRA: No; mi espíritu, don No: my spirit, Don Juan, Juan, te aguardó en mi sepultura. waited for you in the grave.

DON JUAN: (De rodillas.) (Kneeling) ¡Doña Inés! Sombra querida, Doña Ines, beloved spirit, alma de mi corazón, soul of my very heart, ¡no me quites la razón don't rob me of reason's art si me has de dejar la vida! if you plan to let me live yet! Si eres imagen fingida, If you're only the child of my madness, sólo hija de mi locura, if you're only a false illusion, no aumentes mi desventura do not increase my misfortune, burlando mi loco afán. by mocking my mad passion.

SOMBRA: Yo soy doña Inés, don Juan, I am Doña Inés, Don Juan, que te oyó en su sepultura. who heard you in her tomb.

DON JUAN: ¿Conque vives? So you're alive?

SOMBRA: Para ti; For you: but see mas tengo mi purgatorio my purgatory is there en ese mármol mortuorio in that marble mausoleum where que labraron para mí. they made a grave for me. Yo a Dios mi alma ofrecí I offered my soul to God, the fee en precio de tu alma impura, for your impure soul, and yes, y Dios, al ver la ternura God, on seeing the tenderness con que te amaba mi afán, with which I loved a man, me dijo: "Espera a don Juan said: 'Wait then for Don Juan en tu misma sepultura. in your grave's loneliness. Y pues quieres ser tan fiel And since you want to be loyal a un amor de Satanás, to the love of a son of Satan, con don Juan te salvarás, you'll be saved with Don Juan o te perderás con él. or be lost with him. You will Por él vela: mas si cruel watch over him; but if he's cruel te desprecia tu ternura, and scorns your tenderness y en su torpeza y locura in his crudity and madness, sigue con bárbaro afán, and goes on, in barbarous zeal, llévese tu alma don Juan he will carry off your soul de tu misma sepultura". from the very grave itself.'

DON JUAN: (Fascinado.) (Amazed!) ¡Yo estoy soñando quizás Perhaps I only dream con las sombras de un Edén! of the spirits in Paradise!

SOMBRA: No; y ve que si piensas bien No: you'll have me at your side a tu lado me tendrás; if your thoughts are always seen mas si obras mal causarás to be good, but if you seem nuestra eterna desventura. evil, you'll damn us eternally. Y medita con cordura And so consider wisely que es esta noche, don Juan, this is the night, Don Juan, el espacio que nos dan the moment we have at hand para buscar sepultura. to seek our fate, you see. Adiós, pues; y en la ardua lucha Farewell, then; in the intense en que va a

entrar tu existencia, battle your being will enter de tu dormida conciencia listen to the voice you'll hear la voz que va a alzarse escucha; of your dormant conscience: porque es de importancia mucha it's of the first importance meditar con sumo tiento you ponder with deepest care la elección de aquel momento your choice of that moment, where que, sin poder evadirnos, what we cannot evade al mal o al bien ha de abrirnos will open the door of the grave la losa del monumento. to the good or evil there. (Ciérrase la apariencia; (The stage decoration closes; Doña desaparece doña Inés, Y todo Inés disappears, and everything queda como al principio del acto remains as at the beginning of the menos la estatua de doña Inés, act, except the statue of Doña Inés que no vuelve a su lugar. Don that does not return to its place. Juan queda atónito.) Don Juan remains astonished.)

ESCENA V SCENE V

DON JUAN: ¡Cielos! ¿Qué es lo que escuché? My God! What do I find? ¡Hasta los muertos así Even the dead, I see, dejan sus tumbas por mí! forsake their tombs for me! Mas sombra, delirio fue. But the spirit was my illusion, Yo en mi mente le forjé; one I forged in my mind, la imaginación le dio my imagination gave it that same la forma en que se mostró, form in which it came: y ciego vine a creer I blindly believing en la realidad de un ser in the reality of that being que mi mente fabricó. know my mind gave it a name. Mas nunca de modo tal But never before so real fanatizó mi razón the way my crazed reason mi loca imaginación filled my mad imagination con su poder ideal. with the power of the ideal. Sí, algo sobrenatural Yes, something supernatural vi en aquella doña Inés I saw in that Doña Inés tan vaporosa a través through that vaporous haze aun de esa enramada espesa; that dense cloud of trees: mas..., ¡bah!, circunstancia es but... bah!, this is indeed ésa que propia de sombras es. appropriate for the spirits. ¿Qué más diáfano y sutil What's more delicate or subtle que las quimeras de un sueño? than the fantasy of our dreams? ¿Dónde hay nada más risueño, Where is there anything that seems más flexible y más gentil? more sweet and malleable? ¿Y no pasa veces mil And doesn't it happen a thousand fold que en febril exaltación that in feverish exultation ve nuestra imaginación what we see in imagination como ser y realidad as truth and reality la vacía vanidad is the empty vanity de una anhelada ilusión? of a longed-for illusion? ¡Sí, por Dios, delirio fue! Yes, by God, that's it! Mas su estatua estaba aquí. But her statue was here to see. Sí, yo la vi y la toqué, Yes, I saw it and touched it: y aun en albricias le di even gave a trifling fee al Escultor no sé qué. to the sculptor who carved it. ¡Y ahora sólo el pedestal Now there's only the pedestal veo en la urna funeral! and the urn from her funeral. ¡Cielos! La mente me falta, My God! I'm losing my mind, o de improviso me asalta or unexpectedly find algún vértigo infernal. some dizziness, infernal. ¿Qué dijo aquella visión? What did that vision say? ¡Oh! Yo la oí claramente, Oh! I heard her clearly, y su voz triste y doliente and her grieving voice, sadly resonó en mi corazón. sounds in my heart again. ¡Ah! ¡Y breves las horas son Ah! The hours slip away del plazo que nos augura! of the term granted to us. No, no; de mi calentura No, no: that's the madness delirio insensato es! of senseless delirium. Mi fiebre fue a doña Inés My fever opened the tomb quien abrió la sepultura. the grave of Doña Inés. ¡Pasad y desvaneceos; Leave now, and expire: pasad, siniestros vapores sinister vapours, clear, de mis perdidos amores mists of my lost love here, mis fallidos deseos! and my failed desire! Pasad, vanos devaneos Leave, vain remnants of fire de un amor muerto al nacer; of a love that died being born, no me volváis a traer do not bring back in the storm, entre vuestro torbellino in your whirlwind of confusion, ese fantasma divino that divine illusion, que recuerda a una mujer! recalling a woman's form! ¡Ah! ¡Estos sueños me aniquilan, Ah, these dreams annihilate, mi cerebro se enloquece... me, maddening my brain... y esos mármoles parece and those marbles seem again que estremecidos vacilan! to tremble and vacillate! (Las estatuas se mueven (The statues move slowly and turn lentamente y vuelven la cabeza their heads towards him.) hacia él.) Sí, sí: sus bustos oscilan, Yes, yes, their torsos turn. Wait, su vago contorno medra... their vague outlines grow clear... Pero don Juan no se arredra: But Don Juan has no fear: ¡alzaos, fantasmas vanos, rise, you vain illusions, y os volveré con mis manos and with my hands I'll turn you a vuestros lechos de piedra! towards your stone beds, here. No, no me causan pavor No, your wretched forms vuestros semblantes esquivos; cause me no terror: instead, jamás, ni muertos ni vivos, I swear, alive or dead, humillaréis mi valor. you'll never diminish my valour. Yo soy vuestro matador I am still your executioner, como al mundo es bien notorio; as all the world well knows: si en vuestro alcázar mortuorio if in your deadly fortress though me aprestáis venganza fiera, you seek fierce vengeance on me, daos prisa: aquí os espera hasten: I wait here, as you see otra vez don Juan Tenorio. once more, Don Juan Tenorio.

ESCENA VI SCENE VI

(Don Juan, El capitán Centellas, (Don Juan, Captain Centellas, Avellaneda) Avellaneda)

CENTELLAS: (Dentro.) (Within) ¿Don Juan Tenorio? Don Juan Tenorio?

DON JUAN: (¿Volviendo en sí.) (Coming to himself) ¿Qué es eso? Who's this? Quién me repite mi nombre? Who calls my name?

AVELLANEDA: (Silencio.) (Silence) (A Centellas.) (To Centellas) ¿Veis a alguien? Do you see it?

CENTELLAS: (Idem.) Sí, allí hay Yes, a man. Again. un hombre.

DON JUAN: ¿Quién va? Who's there?

AVELLANEDA: Él es. It's him.

CENTELLAS: (Yéndose a don Juan.) (Going to Don Juan) Yo pierdo el seso I'm wild with joy. So! con la alegría. ¡Don Juan! Don Juan!

AVELLANEDA: ¡Señor Tenorio! Señor Tenorio!

DON JUAN: ¡Apartaos, Be gone, vanas sombras! vain spirits!

CENTELLAS: Reportaos, Be calm, señor don Juan... Los que están Señor, Don Juan. Those who stand en vuestra presencia ahora in your presence then no son sombras, hombres son, are not spirits, but men, y hombres cuyo corazón and men whose hearts, again, vuestra amistad atesora. value you as a friend. A la luz de las estrellas See now, we recognized you os hemos reconocido, by the stars clear light, y un abrazo hemos venido and are here that we might a daros. embrace you.

DON JUAN: Gracias, Centellas. Centellas, thank you

CENTELLAS: Mas ¿qué tenéis? ¡Por mi vida By my soul, are you ill? que os tiembla el brazo, y está Your arm is trembling, see it, vuestra faz descolorida! your face is pale and still.

DON JUAN: (Recobrando su aplomo.) (Recovering his composure.) La luna tal vez lo hará. Perhaps the moonlight does it.

AVELLANEDA: Mas, don Juan, ¿qué hacéis aquí? But Don Juan, why are you here? ¿Este sitio conocéis? Do you know this place?

DON JUAN: ¿No es un panteón? Isn't it a pantheon?

CENTELLAS: ¿Y sabéis You know, in any case a quién pertenece? to whom it belongs?

DON JUAN: A mí: To me: that's clear mirad a mi alrededor look now all around me y no veréis más que amigos and you'll see only friends de mi niñez o testigos of my childhood, or testaments de mi audacia y mi valor. to my courage and audacity.

CENTELLAS: Pero os oímos hablar: But we heard you talk ¿con quién estabais? Who were you with?

DON JUAN: Con ellos. With them.

CENTELLAS: ¿Venís aun a You came here to mock them, then? escarnecellos?

DON JUAN: No, los vengo a No, to visit, for a walk. visitar. Mas un vértigo insensato But a senseless dizziness que la mente me asaltó overwhelmed my mind, un momento me turbó, dazed me, made me blind, y a fe que me dio mal rato. and in truth, I was in distress. Esos fantasma de piedra Those stone phantoms here me amenazaban tan fieros, threatened me so fiercely que a mí acercado a no haberos if you had not come to me pronto... so soon....

CENTELLAS: ¡Ja!, ¡ja!, ¡ja! ¿Os Ah ha! Don Juan! Does fear arredra, don Juan, como a los villanos, of the dead overwhelm your faith el temor de los difuntos? as it does lesser men?

DON JUAN: No, a fe; contra todos No, by God, against all of them juntos tengo aliento y tengo manos. I still have hands and breath. Si volvieran a salir If they came forth again de las tumbas en que están, from their tombs, to stand a las manos de don Juan here, they'd die at the hand volverían a morir. of Don Juan, again. Y desde aquí en adelante And from this moment, you'll see, sabed, señor capitán, captain, as a man, que yo soy siempre don Juan, I am always Don Juan, y no hay cosa que me espante. nothing can frighten me. Un vapor calenturiento A feverish excitement un punto me fascinó, dazed me for a while, Centellas, mas ya pasó: Centellas, but it goes by. cualquiera duda un momento. Any man may doubt for a moment

AVELLANEDA Y CENTELLAS: Es verdad. That's true.

DON JUAN: Vamos de aquí. Lets leave here, though.

CENTELLAS: Vamos, y nos contaréis Lets leave, and tell us, if you will, cómo a Sevilla volvéis how you returned to Seville tercera vez. for the third time.

DON JUAN: Lo haré así, I'll do so, si mi historia os interesa: if my story's of interest: y a fe que oirse merece, you deserve to hear it, truly aunque mejor me parece though, it seems to me, que la oigáis de sobremesa. over dinner would be best. ¿No opináis...? You agree?

AVELLANEDA Y CENTELLAS: Como As you wish. gustéis.

DON JUAN: Pues bien: cenaréis conmigo Very well, you'll dine with me y en mi casa. and at my house.

CENTELLAS: Pero digo, Can it be ¿es cosa de que dejéis that you abandon some guest algún huésped por nosotros? for our sake too? ¿No tenéis gato encerrado? What is it you hide?

DON JUAN: ¡Bah! Si apenas he Bah. I've scarcely arrived: llegado: no habrá allí más que vosotros tonight there'll be esta noche. no one but you.

CENTELLAS: ¿Y no hay tapada And there's no secret woman a quien algún plantón demos? we forced you to leave?

DON JUAN: Los tres solos We'll dine alone I believe cenaremos. Digo, si de esta jornada unless, at my invitation, no quiere igualmente ser one of these statues here alguno de éstos. wishes to attend. (Señalando a las estatuas de los (Pointing to the statues on the sepulcros.) graves)

CENTELLAS: Don Juan, Don Juan dejad tranquilos yacer leave those alone, show fear, a los que con Dios están. of those who are of God, not man.

DON JUAN: ¡Hola! ¡Parece que vos Aha! Now it seems it's you, sois ahora el que teméis you are the ones who stare, y mala cara ponéis and pale before the glare a los muertos? Mas, ¡por Dios, of the dead. But, by God, it's true que ya que de mi os burlasteis since you mocked me there cuando me visteis así, when you all saw me, so en lo que penda de mí leave it to me to show os mostraré cuánto errasteis! you all how much you erred! Por mí, pues, no ha de quedar On my side, I've said y, a poder ser, estad ciertos if it's possible, it's certain, que cenaréis con los muertos, since I'm going to invite them, y os los voy a convidar. that tonight you'll dine with the dead,

AVELLANEDA: Dejaos de esas quimeras. Leave off this fantasy.

DON JUAN: ¿Duda en mi valor ponerme Do you doubt my courage is cuando hombre soy para hacerme great enough for me to insist platos de sus calaveras? their skulls provide bowls for me? Yo a nada tengo pavor. I fear nothing any more. (Dirigiéndose a la estatua de (Addressing the statue of Don don Gonzalo, que es la que tiene Gonzalo, which is the nearest one.) más cerca.) Tú eres el más ofendido; You're the one most offended; mas, si quieres, te convido but, if you wish, I've extended a cenar, Comendador. an invitation, Comendador. Que no lo puedas hacer That I believe you're unable creo, y es lo que me pesa; to attend, well that gives me pain, mas por mi parte en la mesa but for my part, at the table te haré un cubierto poner. I'll set your place again. Y a fe que favor me harás, And you'll do me a favour, pues podré saber de ti since I'll find out from you si hay más mundo que el de aquí if there's another world, or two, y otra vida, en que jamás and another life to savour, a decir verdad creí. though I never believed it true.

CENTELLAS: Don Juan, eso no es valor; Don Juan, this is not valour: locura, delirio es. this is madness, and illusion.

DON JUAN: Como lo juzguéis mejor; So much the better, be sure yo cumplo así. Vamos, pues. I'll fulfil my promise then. Go on. Lo dicho, Comendador. Remember, Comendador.

FIN DEL ACTO PRIMERO END OF THE FIRST ACT

ACTO SEGUNDO ACT TWO

LA ESTATUA DE DON GONZALO THE STATUE OF DON GONZALO (Aposento de don Juan Tenorio. Dos (A room in Don Juan Tenorio's puertas en el fondo a derecha e house. Two doors in the background izquierda preparadas para el juego to the right and left prepared for escénico del acto. Otra puerta en the action described in this act. el bastidor que cierra la Another door in the stage flat that decoración por la izquierda. closes the stage on the left. A Ventana en el de la derecha. Al window in the one on the

right. alzarse el telón están sentados a When the curtain rises, Don Juan, la mesa don Juan, Centellas y Centellas and Avellaneda are seated Avellaneda. La mesa ricamente at the table. The table is richly servida, el mantel cogido con set, the tablecloth caught up with guirnaldas de flores, etc. garlands of flowers, etc. In front Enfrente del espectador, don Juan, of the audience, Don Juan, and to y a su izquierda Avellaneda; en el his left Avellaneda; to the left of lado izquierdo de la mesa the table Centellas and in the one Centellas, y en el de enfrente de in front of the latter a chair and éste una silla y un cubierto a table setting are not being used.) desocupados.)

ESCENA PRIMERA SCENE I

(Don Juan, El capitán Centellas, (Don Juan, Captain Centellas, Avellaneda, Ciutti, un paje) Avellaneda, Ciutti, a page.)

DON JUAN: Tal es mi historia, Gentlemen: such is my story, señores; pagado de mi valor, pleased by my bravery, quiso el mismo Emperador the Emperor wished, as you see, dispensarme sus favores. himself, to favour my glory. Y aunque oyó mi historia entera, Though he heard my story entire dijo: " Hombre de tanto brío he said: " A man with such flare merece el amparo mío; deserves to be under my care vuelva a España cuando quiera". to return to Spain when he desires." Y heme aquí en Sevilla ya. And so here I am in Seville.

CENTELLAS: ¡Y con qué lujo y With what luxury and wealth! riqueza!

DON JUAN: Siempre He vive con grandeza who has greatness as his destiny quien hecho a grandeza está. lives life with greatness still.

CENTELLAS: A vuestra vuelta. To your return.

DON JUAN: Bebamos. Well, Lets drink.

CENTELLAS: Lo que no acierto a But how on earth, I must say, creer es cómo, llegando ayer, having arrived just yesterday, ya establecido os hallamos. we find you here, I can't think.

DON JUAN: Fue el adquirirme; señores, Gentlemen, it was a case of taking tal casa con tal boato, a house with all its display porque se vendió a barato since it was being sold that day para pago de acreedores. with all the creditors waiting. Y como al llegar aquí And arriving here, you see, desheredado me hallé, I found myself disinherited tal como está la compré. so I bought it just as it stood.

CENTELLAS: ¿Amueblada y todo? Furnishings too?

DON JUAN: Sí. Indeed. Un necio que se arruinó It was sold by a foolish man por una mujer, vendióla. who ruined himself for a woman.

CENTELLAS: ¿Y vendió la hacienda Did he only sell house and land? sola?

DON JUAN: Y el alma al diablo. That, and his soul to Satan.

CENTELLAS: ¿Murió? Did he die?

DON JUAN: De repente; y la justicia, Suddenly: and the court of law, que iba a hacer de cualquier modo who were going to sell it anyway, pronto despacho de todo, with every haste, in every way, viendo que yo su codicia seeing that I would be much more saciaba, pues los dineros likely to satisfy their greed, ofrecía dar al punto, and I offered to pay immediately, cedióme el caudal por junto granted me the whole estate y estafó a los usureros. and defrauded the usurers, indeed.

CENTELLAS: Y la mujer, ¿qué fue de And the woman, what happened to her? ella?

DON JUAN: Un escribano la pista A clerk was sent after her, la siguió, pero fue lista but she was more than clever, y escapó. and escaped.

CENTELLAS: ¿Moza? Young?

DON JUAN: Y muy bella. A beautiful girl.

CENTELLAS: Entrar hubiera debido She should have been included en los muebles de la casa. with the furnishings, I feel!

DON JUAN: Don Juan Tenorio no pasa Don Juan Tenorio does not deal moneda que se ha perdido. in goods that become jaded. Casa y bodega he comprado I bought the house and the wine dos cosas que, no os asombre, two things, I'm sure you'll agree, pueden bien hacer a un hombre that allow good company, vivir siempre acompañado, and help a man have a good time, como lo puede mostrar as your agreeable presence shows vuestra agradable presencia, and clearly demonstrates for me, que espero que con frecuencia since I hope you'll frequently me hagáis ambos disfrutar. help me enjoy them both.

CENTELLAS: Y nos haréis honra inmensa. And you do us immense honour.

DON JUAN: Y a mí vos. ¡Ciutti! And you me. Ciutti!

CIUTTI: ¿Señor? Señor?

DON JUAN: Pon vino al Comendador. Pour a glass for the Comendador. (Señalando el vaso del puesto (Pointing to the glass at the empty vacío.) place.)

AVELLANEDA: Don Juan, aún en eso piensa Does your madness reach that far, vuestra locura? Don Juan?

DON JUAN: ¡Sí, a fe! Yes! For, in my defence, Que si él no puede venir, if he cannot come today, de mí no podréis decir at least you'll not be able to say que en ausencia no le honré. I failed to honour his absence.

CENTELLAS: ¡Ja, ja, ja! Señor Tenorio, Ha ha! Tenorio. creo que vuestra cabeza I think you, perhaps, instead, va menguando en fortaleza. are becoming soft in the head.

DON JUAN: Fuera en mí It would be a contradiction though contradictorio y ajeno de mi hidalguía and foreign to my lineage a un amigo convidar to offer to invite a friend y no guardarle el lugar and not keep a place till the end mientras que llegar podría. for him to arrive on stage. Tal ha sido mi costumbre It's been my custom time and again siempre, y siempre ha de ser ésa; and so it will ever be: y el mirar sin él la mesa seeing the table without him, you see, me da, en verdad, pesadumbre. in truth, it causes me pain. Porque si el Comendador Because if the Comendador es, difunto, tan tenaz is as tenacious, being dead, como vivo, es muy capaz as he was living, he's able, I said, de seguirnos el humor. to be here to humour us and more.

CENTELLAS: Brindemos a su memoria, Lets drink to his memory, y más en él no pensemos. and lets not think....

DON JUAN: Sea. ....about him. No

CENTELLAS: Brindemos. Let's drink!

AVELLANEDA y DON JUAN: Brindemos. Let's drink!

CENTELLAS: A que Dios le dé su To God's granting him glory. gloria.

DON JUAN: Mas yo, que no creo que haya But I who believe instead más gloria que esta mortal there's no glory beyond the mortal one no hago mucho en brindis tal; find it hard to make room mas por complaceros, ¡vaya! for that toast, but go ahead. Y brindo a que Dios te dé And I drink to God's granting you la gloria, Comendador. glory, Comendador. (Mientras beben se oye lejos un (While they drink a distant aldabonazo, que se supone dado en knocking is heard that one supposes la puerta de la calle.) comes from the door to the street.) Mas ¿llamaron? But did some one knock?

CIUTTI: Sí, señor. Yes Señor.

DON JUAN: Ve quién. Well then, go and see whom.

CIUTTI: (Asomando por la ventana.) (Approaching the window.) A nadie se ve. I don't see anyone. ¿Quién va allá? Nadie responde. Who goes there? No one replies.

CENTELLAS: Algún chusco. Some joker.

AVELLANEDA: Algún menguado Some wretch que al pasar habrá llamado who, on passing by, knocked sin mirar siquiera dónde. without even using his eyes.

DON JUAN (A Ciutti.): Pues cierra y sirve licor. Well, close up and serve the liquor. (Llaman otra vez más recio.) (Another stronger knock) Mas ¿llamaron otra vez? But, a knock on the door again?

CIUTTI: Sí. Yes.

DON JUAN: Vuelve a mirar. Look!

CIUTTI: ¡Pardiez! By Heaven, A nadie veo, señor. I don't see anyone, Señor.

DON JUAN: ¡Pues por Dios que del bromazo Well by God, whoever he is quien es no se ha de alabar! will not get to boast of his joke. Ciutti, si vuelve a llamar, Ciutti, if he knocks again, poke suéltale un pistoletazo. your head out and shoot him with this. (Llaman otra vez, y se oye (A knock is heard again, un poco más cerca.) only a little closer.) ¿Otra vez? Again?

CIUTTI: ¡Cielos! My God! Centellas y AVELLANEDA: ¿Qué pasa? What's happening?

CIUTTI: Que esa aldabada postrera It was on the stairway, ha sonado en la escalera, not at the door I say, no en la puerta de la casa. that last knocking.

AVELLANEDA y CENTELLAS ¿Qué dices? What? (Levantándose asombrados.) (Both stand up, frightened)

CIUTTI: Digo lo cierto I'm telling the truth, and how: nada más: dentro han llamado someone knocked... de la casa. .....inside.

DON JUAN: ¿Qué ós ha dado? What's got into you? Inside? ¿Pensáis ya que sea el muerto? Do you think it's that dead man, now? Mis armas cargué con bala; I've loaded my pistols I say Ciutti, sal a ver quién es. Ciutti, go out then and see. (Vuelven a llamar más cerca.) (The knocking sounds again even nearer)

AVELLANEDA: ¿Oísteis? Did you hear it?

CIUTTI: Por San Ginés, Saint Ginés, help me. ¡que eso ha sido en la antesala! that one was in the hallway.

DON JUAN: ¡Ah! Ya lo entiendo; me habéis Ah! Now, I understand vosotros mismos dispuesto you yourselves I see esta comedia, supuesto have arranged this comedy: que lo del muerto sabéis. you know all about the dead man.

AVELLANEDA: Yo os juro, don Juan... I swear to you, Don Juan..

CENTELLAS: Y yo. We both do.

DON JUAN: ¡Bah! Diera en ello el más topo; Bah! The biggest fool would see, y apuesto a que ese galopo and I bet that rascal, he los medios para ello os dio. created this opportunity for you.

AVELLANEDA: Señor don Juan, escondido Don Juan, secretly, algún misterio hay aquí. here, some new mystery looms. (Vuelven a llamar más cerca.) (The knock sounds again, closer.)

CENTELLAS: ¡Llamaron otra vez! The sound again, on the floor!

CIUTTI: Sí; Yes: ya en el salón ha sido. Now it's in one of the rooms.

DON JUAN: ¡Ya! Mis llaves en manojo. Enough! You must have given habréis dado a la fantasma, my bunch of keys to the phantom que entre así no me pasma; so I'm not surprised he could come: mas no saldrá a vuestro antojo, but it won't be as you assume, ni me han de impedir cenar nor will your wretched game vuestras farsas desdichadas. keep me from my meal. (Se levanta, y corre los cerrojos (He stands up and closes the bolts de las puertas del fondo volviendo on the doors at the back, returning a su lugar.) to his place.) Ya están las puertas cerradas: Now the doors are locked, for real, ahora el coco, para entrar, and your bogey man, with no name, tendrá que echarlas al suelo, will have to break them open y en el punto que lo intente and the moment he shows his head que con los muertos se cuente, he may count himself one of the dead, y apele después al cielo. and then he can call on heaven.

CENTELLAS: ¡Qué diablos, tenéis What the devil, that sounds like razón! reason!

DON JUAN: ¿Pues no temblabais? But weren't you trembling?

CENTELLAS: ¡Confieso! I confess! que, en tanto que no di en eso, Until you made your guess, tuve un poco de aprensión. I did feel some apprehension.

DON JUAN: ¿Declaráis, pues, vuestro enredo? You won't admit it's a game?

AVELLANEDA: Por mi parte nada sé. On my part, I know nothing about it.

CENTELLAS: Ni yo. Nor I.

DON JUAN: Pues yo volveré Well, I'll reverse it contra el inventor el miedo. on its author, all the same. Mas sigamos con la cena; But lets carry on with the meal; vuelva cada uno a su puesto, each of you return to your place que luego sabremos de esto. for we'll soon resolve the case.

AVELLANEDA: Tenéis razón. You're right.

DON JUAN: (Sirviendo a Centellas.) (Serving Centellas) Cariñena; Carinena might appeal sé que os gusta, capitán. a wine that you like, Captain.

CENTELLAS: Como que somos paisanos. Since we're fellow countrymen.

DON JUAN: (A Avellaneda, (To Avellaneda, serving him from sirviéndole de otra botella.) another bottle.) Jerez a los sevillanos, Sherry for the Sevillians, then, don Rafael. a Don Rafael.

AVELLANEDA: Habéis, don Juan, Don Juan, again dado a entrambos por el gusto; you satisfy each of us, mas ¿con cuál brindaréis vos? but what will you toast with, then?

DON JUAN: Yo haré justicia a los I'll do justice to both of them. dos.

CENTELLAS: Vos siempre estáis en lo justo. You're always in the right of course.

DON JUAN: Sí, a fe; bebamos. Yes, by Jove, lets drink.

AVELLANEDA Y CENTELLAS: Bebamos. Lets drink. (Llaman a la misma puerta de la (The knock on the same door on the escena, fondo, derecha.) right at the back)

DON JUAN: Pesada me es ya tal broma, I'm tired of this joke now, mas veremos quién asoma but we'll see who comes, and how, mientras en la mesa estamos. while we're at table, I think. (A Ciutti, que se manifiesta (To Ciutti who is obviously asombrado.) frightened) ¿Y qué haces tú ahí, bergante? And what are you doing there, fool? ¡Listo! Trae otro manjar; (Vase Quickly! Bring more to eat: (Ciutti Ciutti.) leaves) mas me ocurre en este instante but it's just occurred to me too que nos podemos mofar that we can make fun, indeed, de los de afuera invitándoles of those outside by inviting them a probar su sutileza, to prove their subtlety entrándose hasta esta pieza without the use of a key y sus puertas no franqueándoles. and gain entry to this room.

AVELLANEDA: Bien dicho. Well said.

CENTELLAS: Idea brillante. A brilliant idea. (Llaman fuerte, fondo derecha.) (A loud knock from the right back)

DON JUAN: ¡Señores! ¿A qué llamar? Gentlemen! What are you knocking for? Los muertos se han de filtrar The dead can slip through any door por la pared; adelante. or wall: So, come in here! (La estatua de Don Gonzalo pasa (The statue of Don Gonzalo passes por la puerta sin abrirla, y sin through the door without opening it hacer ruido.) and without making a sound.)

ESCENA II SCENE II

(Don Juan, Centellas, Avellaneda, (Don Juan, Centellas, Avellaneda, y la estatua de don Gonzalo) and the statue of Don Gonzalo)

CENTELLAS: ¡Jesús! Jesus!

AVELLANEDA: ¡Dios! My God!

DON JUAN: ¡Qué es esto! What's this?

AVELLANEDA: Yo desfallezco. (Cae desvanecido.) I'm fainting. (He falls in a faint.)

CENTELLAS: Yo expiro. (Cae lo I'm a dead man. (He falls) mismo.)

DON JUAN. ¡Es realidad o deliro! Is this reality or illusion? Es su figura..., su gesto. It's his form...the shape is his.

ESTATUA: ¿Por qué te causa pavor What are you frightened for, quien convidado a tu mesa when a guest invited to your table viene por ti? comes to see you, since he's able?

DON JUAN: ¡Dios! ¿No es ésa That's the voice la voz del Comendador? of the Comendador?

ESTATUA: Siempre supuse que aquí I actually thought that you no me habías de esperar. wouldn't wait for me here.

DON JUAN: Mientes, porque hice arrimar You're wrong, because I had esa silla para ti. that chair and place set for you. Llega, pues, para que veas Come, then, and you'll see que, aunque dudé en un extremo that though I hesitate, de sorpresa, no te temo, amazed, I'll not fear or hate, aunque el mismo Ulloa seas. even if you are Ulloa.

ESTATUA: ¿Aún lo dudas? You still doubt?

DON JUAN: No lo sé. I don't know.

ESTATUA: Pon, si quieres, hombre Then place your hand impío, tu mano en el mármol frío on the marble, impious man de mi estatua. on my statue's cold stone.

DON JUAN: ¿Para qué? Why? Me basta oírlo de ti; Its enough that I hear: cenemos, pues; mas te advierto... lets dine, but a warning I give...

ESTATUA: ¿Qué? Of what?

DON JUAN: Que, si no eres el That if you still live muerto, lo vas a salir de aquí. you'll be dead when you leave here. ¡Eh! Alzad. (A Centellas y Oh, get up. (To Centellas and Avellaneda.) Avellaneda)

ESTATUA: No pienses, no, Don't think it, Don Juan, no que se levanten, don Juan they'll not open their eyes, porque en sí no volverán since they can't arise hasta que me ausente yo. until I choose to go. Que la divina clemencia For the Lord's divine mercy del Señor para contigo requires no other witness no requiere más testigo than your mind and your conscience que tu juicio y tu conciencia. to act for you, you see. Al sacrílego convite Just to enlighten your reason que me has hecho en el panteón, God permitted me to come para alumbrar tu razón, in reply to your impious invitation Dios asistir me permite. extended to me in the pantheon. Y heme que vengo en su nombre And I am here in His name a enseñarte la verdad; to teach you truth, finally: y es: que hay una eternidad which is: that there is an eternity tras de la vida del hombre. after man's life, all the same, Que numerados están and the days you may have planned los días que has de vivir, to live, have all passed by, y que tienes que morir and you have to die mañana mismo, don Juan. tomorrow, Don Juan. Mas, como esto que a tus ojos But, as you might surmise está pasando supones that this is your soul's aberration, ser del alma aberraciones or the ghosts of apprehension, y de la aprensión antojos, appearing before your eyes, Dios, en su santa clemencia, God, in his holy mercy te concede todavía, still grants you time, I say don Juan, hasta el nuevo día Don Juan, till the new day para ordenar tu conciencia. to set your conscience free. Y su justicia infinita And that his infinite justice por que conozcas mejor, you might better understand espero de tu valor I hope you're enough of a man que me pagues la visita. to honour me with a visit. ¿Irás, don Juan? Will you, Don Juan?

DON JUAN: Iré, Sí; I will go, yes: mas me quiero convencer but I want to be satisfied. de lo vago de tu ser before you leave my sight, antes que salgas de aquí. of your being's emptiness. (Coge una pistola.) (He grabs a pistol.)

ESTATUA: Tu necio orgullo delira, Your pride is wandering, foolishly, don Juan; los hierros más gruesos Don Juan; the strongest iron of all, y los muros más espesos and the very thickest wall, se abren a mi paso; mira. opens before my step: See! (Desaparece la estatua sumiéndose (The statue disappears, vanishing por la pared.) through the wall.)

ESCENA III SCENE III

(Don Juan, Avellaneda, Centellas) (Don Juan, Avellaneda, Centellas)

DON JUAN: ¡Cielos! ¡Su esencia se Good God! His being alters trueca el muro hasta penetrar, to penetrate the wall cual mancha de agua que seca as when dog days of summer el ardor canicular! dry up a waterfall. ¿No me dijo: "El mármol toca Didn't he tell me "Touch the marble de mi estatua." ¿Cómo, pues, of my statue." How then can se desvanece una roca? a rock disappear at all? ¡Imposible! Ilusión es. Impossible to understand! Acaso su antiguo dueño Perhaps some former owner mis cubas envenenó, poisoned my casks of wine, y el licor tan vano ensueño and the bottles from his cellar en mi mente levantó. stirred a dream in my mind. ¡Mas si éstas que sombras creo But what if these I think are ghosts, espíritus reales son are real spirits, that dwell apart, que

por celestial empleo sent from the heavenly hosts llaman a mi corazón! to visit my heart! Entonces, para que iguale Well, if the penitence su penitencia don Juan of a Don Juan ought to be con sus delitos, ¿qué vale equal to his crimes, what's the sense el plazo ruin que le dan? in this wretched term they give me? ¡Dios me da tan sólo un día... God is giving me only one day... Si fuese Dios en verdad, If in truth it were the deity, a más distancia pondría he would give a greater space su aviso y mi eternidad. for his warnings of eternity. "Piensa bien, que al lado tuyo "Think, for you will have me me tendrás...", dijo de Inés at your side..." is what she said la sombra, y si bien arguyo, the spirit of Inés, pues no la veo, sueño es. since I don't see her, it's a dream. (Transparéntase en la pared la (The shade of Doña Ines shows sombra de doña Inés.) through the wall)

ESCENA IV SCENE IV

Don Juan, la sombra de doña Inés, Don Juan, the ghost of Doña Inés, Centellas y Avellaneda, dormidos Centellas and Avellaneda (both asleep)

SOMBRA: Aquí estoy. Here am I.

DON JUAN: ¡Cielos! Good God!

SOMBRA: Medita Think instead lo que al buen Comendador of what you heard before has oído, y ten valor from the good Comendador, para acudir a su cita: be brave, respond to what he said. Un punto se necesita Only one moment is needed para morir con ventura; to die in peace you see: elígele con cordura So choose it, and wisely, porque mañana, don Juan, for tomorrow, Don Juan, nuestros cuerpos dormirán our bodies will be as one, en la misma sepultura. in the same grave we'll sleep. (Desaparece la sombra.) (The shade disappears)

ESCENA V SCENE V

(Don Juan, Centellas, Avellaneda) (Don Juan, Centellas, Avellaneda)

DON JUAN: Tente, doña Inés, espera, Stop, Doña Inés, wait for me, y si me amas en verdad, and if you truly love hazme al fin la realidad make me capable of distinguir de la quimera. distinguishing truth from fantasy. Alguna más duradera Give me some certainty señal dame, que segura a sign to prove, no less, me pruebe que no es locura that this is not the madness lo que imagina mi afán, of an imaginative man para que baje don Juan so that Don Juan tranquilo a la sepultura. may go calm to death's caress. Mas ya me irrita, por Dios, But, by God, I grow angry el verme siempre burlado, knowing I'm always tricked, corriendo desatentado always the one who's picked siempre de sombras en pos. to chase after shadows madly. ¡Oh! Tal vez todo esto ha sido Oh! Perhaps all this has been por estos dos preparado, prepared by you two: y mientras se ha ejecutado, and while it took place, you su privación han fingido. both pretended to the scene. ¡Mas, por Dios, que si es así, Well, by God, if you dared, se han de acordar de don Juan! you will never forget Don Juan! ¡Eh! don Rafael, capitán. Hey! Don Rafael, Captain. Ya basta: alzaos de ahí. That's enough: get up from there. (Don Juan mueve a Centellas y a (Don Juan stirs Centellas and Avellaneda, que se levantan como Avellaneda who get up as if they quien vuelve de un profundo sueño.) were waking from a deep sleep.)

CENTELLAS: ¿Quién va? Who is it?

DON JUAN: Levantad. Get up.

AVELLANEDA: ¿Qué pasa? What's happening now? ¡Hola, sois vos! Hello, it's you!

CENTELLAS: ¿Dónde estamos? Where are we?

DON JUAN: Caballeros, claros vamos. Gentlemen, well, let me see, Yo os he traído a mi casa I brought you to my house y temo que a ella al venir, and I'm afraid that once here con artificio apostado, having craftily made a bet, habéis sin duda pensado you doubtless planned yet a costa mía reír; to mock my groundless fears, mas basta ya de ficción but have done with this, it's absurd y concluid de una vez. end it for once and all.

CENTELLAS: Yo no os entiendo. Good God! I don't understand

AVELLANEDA: ¡Pardiez! at all. Tampoco yo. Me neither.

DON JUAN: En conclusión, Then, you have not heard ¿nada habéis visto ni oído? or seen it, either of you?

AVELLANEDA Y CENTELLAS ¿De qué? Seen what?

DON JUAN: No finjáis ya más. Don't pretend any more.

CENTELLAS: Yo no he fingido jamás, I haven't pretended at all, señor don Juan. Don Juan.

DON JUAN: ¡Habrá sido! It must have been true! realidad! ¿Contra Tenorio They strive against Tenorio, las piedras se han animado, the stones themselves come alive, y su vida han acotada and set limits to his life, con plazo tan perentorio? for such a brief moment though? Hablad, pues, por compasión. Speak then from your compassion.

CENTELLAS: ¡Voto va Dios! ¡Ya comprendo I swear to God! Now I understand lo que pretendéis! what you claim,

DON JUAN: Pretendo and I demand que me deis una razón that you give me a reason de lo que ha pasado aquí, for what happened here, recently, señores, o juro a Dios gentlemen, or I swear to God, oh, que os haré ver a los dos I'll make the two of you show que no hay quien me burle a mí. no one can make fun of me.

CENTELLAS: Pues ya que os Since you're now serious formalizáis, don Juan, sabed que sospecho Don Juan, know I suspect que vos la burla habéis hecho that you're the one in fact de nosotros. who played a trick on us.

DON JUAN: ¡Me insultáis! You insult me!

CENTELLAS: No, por Dios; mas si No, by God, but if you cerrado seguís en que aquí han venido insist on phantoms again fantasmas, lo sucedido come, let me tell you how I explain oíd cómo me he explicado. to myself what's really true. Yo he perdido aquí del todo I completely lost consciousness, los sentidos, sin exceso and I explain, I say, de ninguna especie, y eso the whole thing in this way lo entiendo yo de este modo. since it was no drunken excess.

DON JUAN: A ver, decídmelo pues. Fine, well tell me then.

CENTELLAS: Vos habéis compuesto en vino, You introduced in the drink semejante desatino some kind of madness I think para encajarnos después. to fool us, as and when.

DON JUAN: ¡Centellas! Centellas!

CENTELLAS: Vuestro valor In order to show al extremo por mostrar, your extreme courage and more convidasteis a cenar you invited the Comendador con vos al Comendador. to dine with you also. Y para poder decir And in order to be able to say que a vuestro convite exótico that he attended your feast asistió, con un narcótico you gave us drugs at least nos habéis hecho dormir. to make us slumber away. Si es broma, puede pasar, It it's a joke, forget it, mas a ese extremo llevada, but carried to those extremes ni puede probarnos nada, it proves nothing, it seems, ni os la hemos de tolerar. nor will we tolerate it.

AVELLANEDA: Soy de la misma My opinion's the same. opinión.

DON JUAN: ¡Mentís! You lie!

CENTELLAS: Vos. No, you.

DON JUAN: Vos, capitán. You, my man.

CENTELLAS: Esa palabra, don Juan... Ah, that word, Don Juan.....

DON JUAN: La he dicho de corazón. I spoke from my heart again. Mentís; no son a mis bríos You lie: my courage is fine menester falsos portentos, it requires no false proof, porque tienen mis alientos because the best proof is the truth su mejor prueba en ser míos. of its being mine.

AVELLANEDA Y CENTELLAS: Veamos. Lets see. (Ponen mano a sus espadas.) (They put their hands to their swords.)

DON JUAN: Poned a tasa Restrain your fury, please, vuestra furia y vamos fuera, until we step outside no piense después cualquiera so no one will think you died que os asesiné en mi casa. in my house, but in the street.

AVELLANEDA: Decís bien... Mas somos dos. You speak rightly. ...But we are two.

CENTELLAS: Reñiremos, si os fiáis, We'll duel, if you agree, el uno del otro en pos. one after the other, serially.

DON JUAN: O los dos, como queráis. Or I'll fight both of you

CENTELLAS: ¡Villano fuera, por Dios! By God, that's villainy! Elegid uno, don Juan, Choose one of us, Don Juan, por primero. to go first.

DON JUAN: Sedlo vos. Then, you are the man.

CENTELLAS: Vamos. Let's go.

DON JUAN: Vamos, capitán. Then go before me.

FIN DEL ACTO SEGUNDO END OF THE SECOND ACT

ACTO TERCERO ACT THREE

MISERICORDIA DE DIOS Y APOTEOSIS GOD'S MERCY AND LOVE'S APOTHEOSIS

DEL AMOR (Panteón de la familia Tenorio. (The Tenorio family pantheon. As Como estaba en el acto primero de it was in the first act of the la segunda parte, menos las second part, except the statues of estatuas de doña Inés y de don Doña Inés and Don Gonzalo are not Gonzalo, que no están en su lugar.) in their places.)

ESCENA PRIMERA SCENE I

(Don Juan, embozado y distraído, (Don Juan, muffled to the eyes and entra en la escena lentamente:) distraught, enters the stage slowly.)

DON JUAN: Culpa mía no fue: delirio insano It wasn't my fault, some inflammation me enajenó la mente acalorada. drove my fevered mind mad. Necesitaba víctimas mi mano My hand needed victims, I had que inmolar a mi de desesperada, to sacrifice them, in my desperation, y al verlos en mitad de mi camino and those at the heart of my course, I see presa les hice allí de mi locura. I made prisoners of my insanity. ¡No fui yo, vive Dios! ¡Fue su It wasn't me, I swear! It was destino! destiny! Sabían mi destreza y mi ventura. They knew my luck and ability. ¡Oh! Arrebatado el corazón me Oh! I feel my heart seized by siento por vértigo infernal..., mi alma an infernal dizziness... my soul perdida va cruzando el desierto de la vida is crossing life's desert without a goal, cual hoja seca que arrebata el like a dry leaf whirled through the viento. sky. Dudo..., temo..., vacilo..., en mi I doubt... I fear....I sway... in cabeza my head siento arder un volcán..., muevo a volcano burns...without will, my la planta foot sin voluntad, y humilla mi grandeza moves, my greatness is anything but, un no sé qué de grande que me bowed before some great unknown espanta. dread. (Un momento de pausa.) (A moment's pause) ¡Jamás mi orgullo concibió que My pride never dreamed there could hubiere be nada más que el valor...! Que se any virtue but courage! I thought aniquila no less el alma con el cuerpo cuando muere that the soul was destroyed with the flesh, creí..., mas hoy mi corazón vacila. ...but today my heart wavers in me. ¡Jamás creí en fantasmas...! I never believed in ghosts...! No! ¡Desvaríos! Mas del fantasma aquel, pese a mi But despite my courage, I hear aliento, stone feet los pies de piedra caminando siento of that phantom walking, on every street, por doquiera que voy, tras de los behind me, wherever I go. míos. ¡ Oh! Y me trae a este sitio And a power that's irresistible irresistible misterioso poder... brings me to this place... (Levanta la cabeza y ve que no (He raises his head and sees that está en el pedestal la estatua de the statue of Don Gonzalo is not on don Gonzalo.) the pedestal.) ¡Pero qué veo! But what do I see! Falta de allí su estatua...! Sueño His statue is missing there...! horrible, Horrible déjame de una vez... No, no te dream, once and for all.. I don't creo. believe. Sal, huye de mi mente fascinada, Leave my dazed mind and flee fatídica ilusión..., estás en vano gloomy illusion.....in vain con pueriles asombros empeñada you insist on childish alarms again en agotar mi aliento sobrehumano. to quell superhuman bravery. Si todo es ilusión, mentido sueño, If all is illusion, lying dreams, nadie me ha de aterrar con no one scares me with tricks of trampantojos; their making si es realidad, querer es necio while appeasement, if it's as it empeño seems, aplacar de los cielos los enojos. of Heaven's, a foolish undertaking. No; sueño o realidad, del todo No: dream or reality, I long to try, anhelo vencerle o que me venza; y si to conquer it all, lest it conquer piadoso me; busca tal vez mi corazón el cielo, and, if my heart is sought on high, que le busque más franco y may it be frankly and generously. generoso. La efigie de esa tumba me ha The effigy from that tomb asked me invitado a venir a buscar prueba más cierta to come and seek a proof most certain de la verdad en que dudé of the truth which I've doubted obstinado... obstinately. Heme aquí, pues: Comendador, Here I am, then Comendador, rise despierta. again! (Llama al sepulcro del Comendador. (He knocks on the tomb of the Este sepulcro se cambia en una Comendador. This sepulchre turns mesa que parodia horriblemente la into a table that horribly parodies mesa en que cenaron en el acto the table at which Don Juan, anterior

don Juan, Centellas y Centellas and Avellaneda dined in Avellaneda. En vez de las the previous act. Instead of the guirnaldas que cogían en garlands that caught up his pabellones sus manteles, de sus tablecloths in ruffles, of flowers flores y lujoso servicio, and ostentatious table settings, culebras, huesos y fuego, etc. (A there are snakes, bones, fire, etc. gusto del pintor.) Encima de esta (According to the taste of the set mesa aparece un plato de ceniza, designer.) On top of this table una copa de fuego y un reló de appears a plate of ashes, a goblet arena. Al cambiarse este sepulcro, of fire and an hourglass. When this todos las demás se abren y dejan grave changes, all the rest open up paso a las osamentas de las and give way to the skeletons of personas que se suponen enterradas the people supposed to be buried in en ellos, envueltas en sus them, wrapped in their shrouds. sudarios. Sombras, espectros y Shades, spectres and spirits espíritus pueblan el fondo de la populate the background of the escena. La tumba de doña Inés stage. The tomb of Doña Inés stays permanece.) the same.)

ESCENA II SCENE II

(Don Juan, La estatua de don (Don Juan, The statue of Don Gonzalo, las sombras) Gonzalo, the spirits)

ESTATUA: Aquí me tienes, don Juan, Here I am then, Don Juan, y he aquí que vienen conmigo and here in the company los que tu eterno castigo of those who call on God, you see, de Dios reclamando están. for your eternal punishment, as man.

DON JUAN: ¡Jesús! Oh, Jesus!

ESTATUA: ¿Y de qué te alteras, And why are you troubled, then, si nada hay que a ti te asombre, if nothing can frighten you y para hacerte eres hombre and you're man enough to make a few platos con sus calaveras? bowls of skulls, again?

DON JUAN: ¡Ay de mi! Woe is me!

ESTATUA: ¿Qué? ¿El corazón What? Your heart te desmaya? grows faint?

DON JUAN: No lo sé; I don't know concibo que me engañé: I realize I was wrong: oh no son sueños... ¡ellos son! they're not dreams...they're not art! (Mirando a los espectros.) (Looking at the spectres.) Pavor jamás conocido Fear, never known before to me el alma fiera me asalta, overwhelms my fierce soul, y aunque el valor no me falta, and while I never lack courage, I know me va faltando el sentido. my senses are failing me.

ESTATUA: Eso es, don Juan, que se That is because, Don Juan va concluyendo tu existencia, your existence is at an end, y el plazo de tu sentencia and the judgement to which you tend está cumpliéndose ya. is now already at hand.

DON JUAN: ¿Qué dices? What do you mean?

DON GONZALO: Lo que hace poco What a while ago que doña Inés te avisó, Doña Ines warned you of, lo que te he avisado yo, what I too warned you of, y lo que olvidaste loco. and you did not wish to know. Mas el festín que me has dado But the place you set for me debo volverte, y así I must set for you, llega, don Juan, que yo aquí here you are, Don Juan, I too cubierto te he preparado. have prepared a place you see.

DON JUAN: ¿Y qué es lo que ahí me And what is it you have for me das? there?

DON GONZALO: Aquí fuego, allí Here ashes, and there the fire. ceniza.

DON JUAN: El cabello se me eriza. My hair stands on end, a pyre!

ESTATUA: Te doy lo que tú serás. I show you what you shall be.

DON JUAN: ¡Fuego y ceniza he de I'm to be ashes and flame! ser!

ESTATUA: Cual los que ves en redor: Like those you see around you en eso para el valor, that's how courage, youth too, la juventud y el poder. and power, end all the same.

DON JUAN: Ceniza, bien; ¡pero Ashes, that's so. But fire! fuego!

DON GONZALO: El de la ira omnipotente That of all-powerful anger, you see do arderás eternamente where you'll burn eternally por tu desenfreno ciego. for your blind, unbridled desire.

DON JUAN: ¿Conque hay otra vida más So there is another life, then, y otro mundo que el de aquí? and another world beyond this? Conque es verdad, ¡ay de mí!, What I never believed in exists! lo que no creí jamás? Woe is me, once again! ¡Fatal verdad que me hiela A fatal truth that chills la sangre en el corazón! the blood itself in my veins! Verdad que mi perdición A truth that only makes plain solamente me revela. my perdition, and all my ills. ¿Y ese reló? And that hourglass?

DON GONZALO: Es la medida It measures, one by one de tu tiempo. The moments left.

DON JUAN: ¡Expira ya! It's done!

ESTATUA: Sí: en cada grano se va With each grain a moment's gone un instante de tu vida. of your life under the sun.

DON JUAN: ¿ Y ésos me quedan no And there are no more to fall? más?

ESTATUA: Sí. No.

DON JUAN: ¡Injusto Dios! Tu poder Unjust God! You show me me haces ahora conocer your power now, I see, cuando tiempo no me das when there's no time at all de arrepentirme. to repent.

ESTATUA: Don Juan, Don Juan, un punto de contrición one moment of contrition da a un alma la salvación, even in your position y ese punto aún te le dan... gives a soul salvation.....

DON JUAN: ¡Imposible! ¡En un Impossible! In a moment's flight momento borrar treinta años malditos to wipe out thirty years, de crímenes y delitos!: whose sin and crime appears!

ESTATUA: Aprovéchale con tiento, Take care, for you might. (Tocan a muerto.) (The tolling for the dead is heard.) porque el plazo va a expirar. The term is about to expire y las campanas doblando and the bells that you hear ringing por ti están, y están cavando are for you, and they are digging la fosa en que te han de echar. the ditch where you'll lie in the mire. (Se oye a lo lejos el oficio de (Far off is heard the office of the difuntos.) dead.)

DON JUAN: ¿Conque por mi doblan? So they are ringing for me?

DON GONZALO: Sí. The same.

DON JUAN: ¿Y esos cantos funerales? And those funereal chants?

ESTATUA: Los salmos From whence penitenciales, rise psalms of penitence: que están cantando por ti. they are singing your name. (Se ve pasar por la izquierda luz (Lighted torches can be seen de hachones, y rezan dentro.) passing by on the left, and prayers are heard off stage.)

DON JUAN: ¿Y aquel entierro que And that burial procession whose pasa? feet go by?

DON GONZALO: Es el tuyo. Is yours.

DON JUAN: ¡Muerto yo! I'm dead!

DON GONZALO: El capitán te mató The Captain killed you, instead, a la puerta de tu casa. at the door of your house, in the street.

DON JUAN: Tarde la luz de la fe Too late faith's perfect light penetra en mi corazón, pierces my heart, and brings pues crímenes mi razón with sweet illuminings a su luz tan sólo ve. my crimes to reason's sight. Los ve... y con horrible afán, Sight...of horrible pain, porque al ver su multitud since to see their multitude ve a Dios en la plenitud is to see the plenitude de su ira contra don Juan. of God's anger with Don Juan. ¡Ah! Por doquiera que fui Oh! Wherever I strayed la razón atropellé, I trampled on right, la virtud escarnecí, virtue, the jade, a la justicia burlé, I scorned, tricked the might y a las mujeres vendí. of the law, and women, betrayed. Yo a las cabañas bajé, I went down the alleys. yo a los palacios subí, and up to the palaces, yo los claustros escalé, boarded cloisters, like galleys, pues tal mi vida fue, ... no, no pardon for me. no, no hay perdón para mí. since my life was such as this, Mas ¡ah! estáis todavía But you are still here for me, (A los fantasmas.) (To the phantoms) con quietud tan pertinaz! with such enduring quietude! Dejadme morir en paz Let me die in peace, in solitude a solas con mi agonía. alone in my agony. Mas con esa horrenda calma, But with that awful silence, ¿qué me auguráis, sombras fieras? what do you augur, fierce spirits? ¿Qué esperan de mí? What do you want from me? (A la estatua de Don Gonzalo.) (To the statue of Don Gonzalo)

ESTATUA: Que mueras, That you cease to exist, para llevarse tu alma. your soul forget this existence. Y adiós, don Juan; ya tu vida And so goodbye Don Juan, the bells toca a su fin, y pues vano toll the end of your being, and todo fue, dame la mano since all was in vain, give me your hand, en señal de despedida. as a token of our farewells.

DON JUAN: ¿Muéstrasme ahora Now your friendship, at the end? amistad?

ESTATUA: Si; que injusto fui Yes, for I was unjust to you, contigo, y Dios me manda tu amigo and God now orders me to volver a la eternidad. return to eternity as your friend.

DON JUAN: Toma, pues. Here then.

DON GONZALO: Ahora, don Juan, Don Juan, now pues desperdicias también that you even throw away el momento que te dan, the last moment allowed, conmigo al infierno ven. come with me to hell, today.

DON JUAN: ¡Aparta, piedra fingida! Deceiving stone, take flight! Suelta, suéltame esa mano, Let go, let go of my hand, que aun queda el último grano for the last grain still hangs en el reló de mi vida. in the hourglass of my life. Suéltala, que si es verdad Let go: if it's true for me que un punto de contrición that a moment of contrition da a un alma la salvación can yield a soul's salvation de toda una eternidad, for all eternity, yo, Santo Dios, creo en Ti; Holy God, I believe in You: may it be si es mi maldad inaudita, though my sins are mighty, I admit, tu piedad es infinita... that your mercy indeed is infinite... ¡Señor, ten piedad de mí! Lord, have mercy on me!

ESTATUA: Ya es tarde. It is..... too late. (Don Juan se hinca de rodillas, (Don Juan falls to his knees, tendiendo al cielo la mano que le stretching the hand the statue deja libre la estatua. Las leaves free to heaven. At the sombras, esqueletos, etc., van a moment the shades, skeletons, etc. abalanzarse sobre él, en cuyo are about to fall on him, the tomb momento se abre la tumba de doña of Doña Inés opens and she appears. Inés y aparece ésta. Doña Inés Doña Inés takes the hand Don Juan toma la mano que don Juan tiende stretches toward heaven.) al cielo.)

ESCENA III SCENE III

(Don Juan, la estatua de don (Don Juan, the statue of Don Gonzalo, doña Inés, sombras, etc.) Gonzalo, Doña Inés, spirits, etc.)

DOÑA INÉS: ¡No! Heme ya aquí, No! For I am here, don Juan; mi mano asegura Don Juan; my hand preserves esta mano que a la altura your outstretched hand, that serves tendió tu contrito afán, to lift your heart on high, and y Dios perdona a don Juan God forgives Don Juan, al pie de mi sepultura. by my grave, as love deserves.

DON JUAN: ¡Dios clemente! ¡Doña Merciful God! Doña Ines! Inés!

DOÑA INÉS: Fantasmas, desvaneceos: Phantoms, vanish below! su fe nos salva..., volveos His faith saves us.. and so a vuestros sepulcros pues. to your graves again, no less. La voluntad de Dios es: It is the will of God: and yes, de mi alma con la amargura with the astringency of my soul purifiqué su alma impura, I cleansed his impure soul, y Dios concedió a mi afán and God yielded, at my desire, la salvación de don Juan Don Juan's salvation from fire, al pie de la sepultura. by the grave's threshold.

DON JUAN: ¡Inés de mi corazón! Inés, my heart's true passion!

DOÑA INÉS: Yo mi alma he dado por ti I gave my soul for you y Dios te otorga por mí and God grants that it's true tu dudosa salvación. your despaired-of salvation. Misterio es que en comprensión This is a mystery of creation no cabe de criatura, no mortal may comprehend, y sólo en vida más pura and only in that life without end, los justos comprenderán the just shall understand que el amor salvó a don Juan that love has saved Don Juan al pie de la sepultura. before he could descend. Cesad, cantos funerales; Cease, you funeral sounds: (Cesa la música y salmodia.) (The music and psalms cease.) callad, mortuorias campanas; Be still, death's bells on high: (Dejan de tocar a muerto.) (They stop tolling the death bells) ocupad, sombras livianas, fickle shadows, occupy vuestras urnas sepulcrales; your sepulchral mounds. (Vuelven los esqueletos a sus (The skeletons return to their tumbas, que se cierran.) tombs that close.) volved a los pedestales, On your pedestals, be found, animadas esculturas; you living sculptures, soon: (Vuelven las estatuas a sus (The statues return to their lugares.) places.) y las celestes venturas let heavenly fortune en que los justos están in which the just delight empiecen para don Juan begin for Don Juan, in sight en las mismas sepulturas. of his very tomb. (Las flores se abren y dan paso a (The flowers open and reveal varios angelitos que rodean a doña various little angels that surround Inés y a don Juan, derramando Doña Inés and Don Juan, sprinkling sobre ellos flores y perfumes, y on them flowers and perfumes, and al son de la música dulce y lejana at the sound of the sweet far off se ilumina el

teatro con luz de music, the stage lights up with the aurora. Doña Inés cae sobre un light of dawn. Doña Inés falls on a lecho de flores, que quedará a la bed of flowers that remain in view, vista, en lugar de su tumba, que instead of her tomb which desaparece.) disappears.)

ESCENA ULTIMA FINAL SCENE

(Doña Inés, don Juan, los ángeles) (Doña Inés, Don Juan, angels)

DON JUAN: ¡Clemente Dios, gloria a Ti! Merciful God, Glory to You! Mañana a los sevillanos Tomorrow, the Sevillians, aterrará el creer que a manos thinking I fell at my victim's hands, de mis víctimas caí. will be astonished, it's true. Mas es justo; quede aquí But that is just: for eternity, too, al universo notorio may the universe record, men know, que, pues me abre el purgatorio that the God of mercy, here below, un punto de penitencia, who, at the moment of contrition, es el Dios de la clemencia saved my spirit from perdition, el Dios de Don Juan Tenorio. is the God of Don Juan Tenorio. (Cae don Juan a los pies de doña (Don Juan falls at the feet of Doña Inés, y mueren ambos. De sus bocas Inés, and they both die. Their salen sus almas representadas en souls represented by two brilliant dos brillantes llamas, que se flames, leave their mouths and pierden en el espacio al son de la disappear into space accompanied by música. Cae el telón.) the sound of music. The curtain falls.)

FIN DEL DRAMA THE END OF THE DRAMA

==========

Don Juan Tenorio

José Zorrilla

Project Gutenberg Release: March 01, 2004 · eBook #5201

Copyright (C) 2001 N. K. Mayberry & A. S. Kline

Don Juan Tenorio

by José Zorrilla

Translated by: N. K. Mayberry & A. S. Kline Copyright 2001 All Rights Reserved

This work may be freely reproduced, stored, and transmitted, electronically or otherwise, for any non-commercial purpose.

Personajes Characters

Don Juan Tenorio Don Juan Tenorio Don Luís Mejía Don Luís Mejía Don Gonzalo de Ulloa (Comendador de Don Gonzalo de Ulloa (Comendador Calatrava) of Calatrava) Don Diego Tenorio Don Diego Tenorio Doña Inés de Ulloa Doña Inés de Ulloa Cristófano Buttarelli Cristófano Buttarelli Marcos Ciutti Marcos Ciutti Brígida Brígida Pascual Pascual El Capitán Centellas El Capitán Centellas Don Rafael de Avellaneda Don Rafael de Avellaneda Lucía Lucía La Abadesa de las Calatravas de The Abbess of the Calatravas of Sevilla Seville La tornera del convento The doorkeeper of the convent Gastón Gastón Miguel Miguel Un Escultor A sculptor Dos alguaciles Two bailiffs Un paje A page La estatua de Don Gonzalo (él mismo) The statue of Don Gonzalo (the actor himself) La sombra de doña Inés (ella misma) The shade of Doña Inés (the actress herself)

PARTE PRIMERA FIRST PART

ACTO PRIMERO ACT ONE

LIBERTINAJE Y ESCANDALO LICENTIOUSNESS AND SCANDAL

Hostería de Cristófano Buttarelli. The Inn of Cristófano Puerta en el fondo que da a la calle: Buttarelli. A door at the back mesas, jarros y demás utensilios leads out to the street: tables, propios de semejante lugar. jugs and other utensils appropriate for such a place.

ESCENA PRIMERA SCENE I

(Don Juan, con antifaz, sentado a una (Don Juan, masked, seated at a mesa escribiendo. Buttarelli y table, writing. Buttarelli and Ciutti, a un lado esperando. Al Ciutti, to one side, waiting. As levantarse el telón, se ven pasar por the curtain rises, in the la puerta del fondo máscaras, background one can see through estudiantes y pueblo con hachones, the door at the back people músicas, etc.) wearing masks, students, people with torches, musicians, etc.)

DON JUAN: ¡Cuál gritan esos malditos! How they shout those devils! Pero ¡mal rayo me parta Let me be damned by forked lightning si, en concluyendo la carta , if when this letter I'm writing no pagan caros sus gritos! is done, I don't end their revels! (Sigue escribiendo.) (He continues writing.)

BUTTARELLI: (¡A Ciutti.) (To Ciutti) Buen carnaval. A good Carnival.

CIUTTI: (A Buttarelli.) (To Buttarelli) Buen agosto A good harvest para rellenar la arquilla. for re-filling the coffers.

BUTTARELLI: ¡Quiá! Corre ahora por Sevilla Hey! No fun and plenty of bother poco gusto y mucho mosto. running around in Seville's dust. Ni caen aquí buenos peces, And you don't catch such good fish here, que son casas mal miradas since these inns don't find favour por gentes acomodadas, with gentlemen who are wealthy: y atropelladas a veces. or even, at times, the masses.

CIUTTI: Pero hoy... But today...

BUTTARELLI: Hoy no entra en la cuenta, Is not in the reckoning. se ha hecho buen trabajo. Good work's already been done.

CIUTTI: ¡Chist! Habla un poco más Shhh! Talk a little less loud bajo, then, que mi señor se impacienta pronto. or my master will soon be beckoning.

BUTTARELLI: ¿A su servicio estás? So you're his servant?

CIUTTI: Ya ha un año. For a year.

BUTTARELLI: ¿Y qué tal te sale? And how's it been?

CIUTTI: No hay prior que se me iguale; No abbot to equal me's been seen, tengo cuanto quiero, y más. I've all I ever could want. Tiempo libre, bolsa llena, Good women and good wine, buenas mozas y buen vino. free time, and a full pocket,

BUTTARELLI: ¡Cuerpo de tal, qué My God, what a racket! destino!

CIUTTI: (Señalando a don Juan.) (Pointing to Don Juan) Y todo ello a costa ajena. All paid for by that master of mine.

BUTTARELLI: Rico, ¿eh? He's rich, eh?

CIUTTI: Varea la plata. He's rolling, in brief.

BUTTARELLI: ¿Franco? Generous?

CIUTTI: Como un estudiante. Yes, like a student you see.

BUTTARELLI: ¡Y noble! And noble!

CIUTTI: Como un infante. As every prince should be.

BUTTARELLI: ¡Y bravo! And fierce!

CIUTTI: Como un pirata. As a pirate chief.

BUTTARELLI: ¡Español? A Spaniard?

CIUTTI: Creo que sí. Well, I think so.

BUTTARELLI: ¿Su nombre? His name?

CIUTTI: Lo ignoro, en suma. I don't know, again.

BUTTARELLI: ¡Bribón! ¿Y dónde va? Wretch! Where's he heading?

CIUTTI: Aquí. Here, I know.

BUTTARELLI: Largo plumea. He's been writing a lot.

CIUTTI: Es gran pluma. Well he has a big pen.

BUTTARELLI: ¿Y a quién mil diablos escribe And who's he writing to then tan cuidadoso y prolijo? as carefully and fully as he's done?

CIUTTI: A su padre. To his father.

BUTTARELLI: ¡Vaya un hijo! What a son!

CIUTTI: Para el tiempo en que se vive For the times in which we live, he's an es un hombre extraordinario. extraordinary man. Mas ¡silencio! But: silence!

DON JUAN: (Cerrando la carta.) (Closing the letter) ¡Firmo! y plego. I've signed and sealed it. ¿Ciutti? Ciutti?

CIUTTI: Señor. Sir?

DON JUAN: Este pliego This message, yield it irá dentro del horario to her now, let it appear en que reza doña Inés in the hands of doña Inés, a sus manos a parar. inside her book of prayers.

CIUTTI: ¿Hay respuesta que aguardar? Should I wait for an answer?

DON JUAN: Del diablo con guardapiés From that devil that guards her, que la asiste, de su dueña that attends her, her dueña, que mis intenciones sabe, who knows my every intention, recogerás una llave, you will pick up a key, she'll mention una hora y una seña; a time and a signal, y más ligero que el viento and swift as the wind aquí otra vez. you be back here again.

CIUTTI: Bien está. (Vase.) Fine. (He leaves.)

ESCENA DOS SCENE II.

Doña Ines, Don Juan , Buttarelli Doña Ines, Don Juan , Buttarelli

DON JUAN: Cristófano, vieni quá. Cristófano, vieni quá. (In Italian)

BUTTARELLI: Eccellenenza! Eccellenenza!

DON JUAN: Senti. Senti.

BUTTARELLI: Sento. Sento. Ma ho imparato il castigliano, Ma ho imparato il castigliano, se è più facile al signor se è più facile al signor la sua lingua... la sua lingua...

DON JUAN: (Spanish)Sí, es mejor: (Spanish)Sí, es mejor: lascia dunque il tuo toscano, lascia dunque il tuo toscano, y dime: ¿don Luis Mejía And tell me, has Don Luis Mejía ha venido hoy? been here today?

BUTTARELLI: Excelencia, Excellency, no está en Sevilla. he is not in Sevilla,

DON JUAN: ¿Su ausencia Is he still absent? dura en verdad todavía? Really?

BUTTARELLI: Tal creo. I think so.

DON JUAN: ¿Y noticia alguna And it's right no tienes de él? you've no news of him?

BUTTARELLI: ¡Ah! Una historia Ah, I find me viene ahora a la memoria there's a story coming to mind que os podrá dar... I should tell you....

DON JUAN: ¿Oportuna Shedding light luz sobre el caso? on the case?

BUTTARELLI: Tal vez. Maybe.

DON JUAN: Habla pues. Speak then.

BUTTARELLI: (Hablando consigo mismo.) (Talking to himself) No, no me engaño: No, no, I've just got it right. esta noche cumple el año, the year is up tonight lo había olvidado. I'd forgotten that.

DON JUAN: ¡Pardiez! For God's sake ¿Acabarás con tu cuento? will you start your tale?

BUTTARELLI: Perdonad, señor: estaba Excuse me sir, at once, recordando el hecho. I was thinking of the event.

DON JUAN: ¡Acaba, Out with it, then, because vive Dios!, que me impaciento. I'm getting more than impatient!

BUTTARELLI: Pues es el caso, señor, Well, the story sir, round here que el caballero Mejía is that the gentleman, Mejía por quien preguntáis, dio un día whom you ask about, he I fear en la ocurrencia peor hit on the very worst idea que ocurrírsele podía. that is ever likely to appear.

DON JUAN: Suprime lo al hecho extraño; Skip the extraordinary que apostaron me es notorio idea, it's well known to me, a quién haría en un año as to who in the space of a year, con más fortuna más daño could do more harm with more good luck, Luis Mejía y Juan Tenorio. Juan Tenorio or Luis Mejía.

BUTTARELLI: ¿La historia sabéis? You know the story?

DON JUAN: Entera; In its entirety: por eso te he preguntado that's why I asked por Mejía. for Mejía.

BUTTARELLI: ¡Oh! me pluguiera Oh! What fun que la apuesta se cumpliera, if the bet were done, que pagan bien y al contado. because they pay well, in cash.

DON JUAN: ¿Y no tienes confianza And don't you believe en que don Luis a esta cita Don Luis will keep acuda? his appointment?

BUTTARELLI: ¡Quiá! ni esperanza: Whoa, not a chance: el fin del plazo se avanza the end of the term's at hand y estoy cierto que maldita and I'm sure there's no way la memoria que ninguno a damned soul can say guarda de ello. they remember a thing about it.

DON JUAN: Basta ya. That's enough. Toma. Here!

BUTTARELLI: ¡Excelencia! Your excellency! (Saluda profundamente.) (He bows deeply) ¿Y de alguno And do you know about de ellos sabéis vos? either of them?

DON JUAN: Quizá. Perhaps.

BUTTARELLI: ¿Vendrán, pues? Then they'll come?

DON JUAN Al menos uno; At least one. mas por si acaso los dos but if by chance both bother dirigen aquí sus huellas to direct their footsteps here el uno del otro en pos, one after the other, well tus dos mejores botellas let two best bottles appear prevénles. for them.

BUTTARELLI: Mas... But

DON JUAN:¡Chito...! Adiós. Shhh! Farewell!

ESCENA III SCENE III

Buttarelli ¡Santa MaDoña! De vuelta Holy Mother of God! Mejía y Tenorio están Its Tenorio and Mejía..... sin duda... y recogerán it's certain they'll both reappear los dos la palabra suelta. to pick up where they left off. ¡Oh! sí, ese hombre tiene traza Ah yes, and that man there de saberlo a fondo. seems to know all about it. (Ruido dentro.) (A noise off stage.) Pero But ¿qué es esto? what's this? (Se asoma a la puerta.) (He goes to the door) ¡Anda! ¡El forastero The stranger, está riñendo en la plaza! fighting in the square! ¡Válgame Dios! ¡Qué bullicio! Good Lord, what a rumpus! Cómo se le arremolina How the crowd mills round! chusma...! ¡Y cómo la acoquina Look at him hold the ground él solo...! ¡Puf! ¡Qué estropicio! alone...! My God! What a fuss! ¡Cuál corren delante de él! How they run like hell! No hay duda, están en Castilla There's no doubt they are in Castilla, los dos, y anda ya Sevilla both of them, now poor Sevilla toda revuelta. ¡Miguel! is turned upside down..... Miguel!

ESCENA IV SCENE IV

Buttarelli, Miguel Buttarelli, Miguel

MIGUEL: ¿Che comanda? ¿Che comanda? (More Italian)

BUTTARELLI: Presto, qui Presto, qui servi una tavola, amico: servi una tavola, amico: e del Lacryma più antico e del Lacryma più antico porta due buttiglie. porta due buttiglie.

MIGUEL: Si, Si, signor padron. signor padron.

BUTTARELLI: Micheletto, Micheletto, apparechia in carità apparechia in carità il più ricco que si fa, lo più ricco que si fa, ¡afrettati! ¡afrettati!

MIGUEL: Gia mi afretto, Gia mi afretto, signor padrone. (Vase.) signor padrone. (He goes.)

ESCENA V SCENE V

(Buttarelli, Don Gonzalo) (Buttarelli, Don Gonzalo)

DON GONZALO: Aquí es. Here it is. ¿Patrón? Innkeeper?

BUTTARELLI: ¿Qué se ofrece? May I help you?

DON GONZALO: Quiero I wish hablar con el hostelero. to speak to the innkeeper.

BUTTARELLI: Con él habláis; decid, You are speaking with him. Talk pues. then.

DON GONZALO: ¿Sois Vos? You are he?

BUTTARELLI: Sí, mas despachad, Yes, but quickly, say, que estoy de priesa. since I'm in a hurry.

DON GONZALO: En tal caso In that case look ved si es cabal y de paso and see if this coin is enough esa dobla y contestad. and answer on the way.

BUTTARELLI: ¡Oh, excelencia! Oh Excellency!

DON GONZALO: ¿Conocéis Do you know a don Juan Tenorio? Don Juan Tenorio?

BUTTARELLI: Sí. Yes.

DON GONZALO: ¿Y es cierto que tiene aquí And is it true that he has hoy una cita? a meeting here today?

BUTTARELLI: ¡Oh! ¿seréis Oh! vos el otro? you must be the other one?

DON GONZALO: ¿Quién? Who?

BUTTARELLI: Don Luis. Don Luis.

DON GONZALO: No; pero estar me interesa No, but it interests me en su entrevista. to be at the interview.

BUTTARELLI: Esta mesa You'll see les preparo; si os servís I'm setting a table for them: en esotra colocaros, and if you like I'll place you podréis presenciar la cena here, so you can see, then, que les daré... ¡Oh! será escena the meal I'm serving them. que espero que ha de admiraros. Oh I hope the scene will amaze you.

DON GONZALO: Lo creo. I believe it.

BUTTARELLI: Son sin disputa Without a doubt they remain los dos mozos más gentiles the two most gallant men de España. in Spain.

DON GONZALO: Sí, y los más viles Yes, and the vilest of men también. as well.

BUTTARELLI: ¡Bah! Se les imputa Bah! Again, cuanto malo se hace hoy día; they say that every day here mas la malicia lo inventa, but its malice they invent, pues nadie paga su cuenta since no one pays the rent como Tenorio y Mejía. like Tenorio and Mejía.

DON GONZALO: ¡Ya! Really!

BUTTARELLI: Es afán de murmurar, It's just love of gossip, porque conmigo, señor, because with me, sir ninguno lo hace mejor, no one behaves better, y bien lo puedo jurar. and I can swear to it.

DON GONZALO: No es necesario; mas... It's not necessary, but...

BUTTARELLI: ¿Qué? Yes?

DON GONZALO:Quisiera yo ocultamente I should like to see verlos, y sin que la gente without them seeing me me reconociera. or being recognised.

BUTTARELLI: A fe Faith, que eso es muy fácil, señor. that's very easy, sir. Las fiestas de carnaval Carnival celebrations let al hombre más principal the most important guest permiten, sin deshonor without any real dishonour de su linaje, servirse make very good use of de un antifaz, y bajo él, a mask, and, behind a false face, ¿quién sabe hasta descubrirse who knows, till he takes the lid off, de qué carne es el pastel? what's in the pie he'll taste?

DON GONZALO: Mejor fuera en aposento It would be better if I were contiguo... nearby in another room...

BUTTARELLI: Ninguno cae There are none aquí. here.

DON GONZALO: Pues entonces trae Well then, bring on el antifaz. the mask.

BUTTARELLI- Al momento. Right away, sir.

ESCENA VI SCENE VI

DON GONZALO No cabe en mi corazón I'm sick at heart que tal hombre pueda haber there is such a man y no quiero cometer but I don't want to start con él una sinrazón. a quarrel to plan. Yo mismo indagar prefiero I prefer to find the truth la verdad..., mas a ser cierta for myself, but if the thing la apuesta, primero muerta is certain, I'd rather she were dead que esposa suya la quiero. than he and she were wed. No hay en la tierra interés There's no joy left on earth que si la daña me cuadre; if the wickedness is done: primero seré buen padre, I'll be a good gentleman, buen caballero después. but a good father first. Enlace es de gran ventaja, Its a good match I agree, mas no quiero que Tenorio but I don't wish Tenorio del velo del desposorio to cut a shroud of sorrow la recorte una mortaja. for her, from her finery.

ESCENA VII SCENE VII

(Don Gonzalo, (Don Gonzalo and Buttarelli, que trae un antifaz.) Buttarelli, who brings a mask.)

BUTTARELLI: Ya está aquí. Here it is.

DON GONZALO: Gracias, patrón: Thanks, my man: ¿tardarán mucho en llegar?. will they be long arriving?.

BUTTARELLI: Si vienen no han de If they come, there'll be no tardar: delaying: cerca de las ocho son. It's almost eight, at hand.

DON GONZALO: ¿Esa es hora señalada? Is that the time they said?

BUTTARELLI: Cierra el plazo, y es The same (it's nearly time) asunto de perder quien no esté a punto who's not here at first chime de la primer campanada. of the bell, gets knocked on the head!

DON GONZALO: Quiera Dios que sea una chanza, May God will what I fear y no lo que se murmura. is not true, the things they're saying.

BUTTARELLI: No tengo aún por muy segura Well I'm still not laying de que cumplan, la esperanza; a bet that they'll be here, pero si tanto os importa but if it's such a bother, lo que ello sea saber, if it matters so much to you, pues la hora está al caer, the hour is almost due, la dilación es ya corta. the waiting's nearly over.

DON GONZALO: Cúbrome, pues, y me siento. I'll put on the mask and sit down. (Se sienta en una mesa a la derecha y (He sits at a table to the right se pone el antifaz.) and puts on the mask)

BUTTARELLI: (Curioso el viejo me tiene (The old man puzzles me: del misterio con que viene his coming here's a mystery, y no me quedo contento and I'll be hanging around hasta saber quién es él.) till I know who he is.) (Limpia y trajina, mirándole de (He cleans, and clears up, reojo.) looking at him out of the corner of his eye.)

DON GONZALO: (¡Que un hombre como yo tenga (That a man such as I has to stay que esperar aquí y se avenga and agree to play con semejante papel! such a role! En fin, me importa el sosiego But my house's tranquility de mi casa y la ventura is important to me, and what's more de una hija sencilla y pura, my daughter, who's simple and pure: y no es para echarlo a juego.) I'll not risk her destiny.)

ESCENA VIII SCENE VIII

(Don Gonzalo, Buttarelli; Don Diego, la puerta del fondo.)

DON DIEGO: La seña está terminante; The sign is right. It's the inn. aquí es: bien me han informado; It's here, according to plan. llego, pues. I've arrived.

BUTTARELLI: ¿Otro embozado? Another masked man?

DON DIEGO: ¡Ah de esta casa! Ah, this is the place!

BUTTARELLI: Adelante. Come in.

DON DIEGO: ¿La hostería del Laurel? Is this it, The Laurel Inn?

BUTTARELLI: En ella estáis, caballero. Sir, you are in it, you see.

DON DIEGO: ¿Está en casa el hostelero? And the innkeeper, is he in?

BUTTARELLI: Estáis hablando con él. You are talking to him.

DON DIEGO: ¿Sois vos Buttarelli? You're Buttarelli?

BUTTARELLI: Yo. I am.

DON DIEGO: ¿Es verdad que hoy tiene aquí Is it true that Tenorio has Tenorio una cita? an appointment here today?

BUTTARELLI: Sí. Yes.

DON DIEGO: ¿Y ha acudido a ella ? And has he dared to attend?

BUTTARELLI: No. No.

DON DIEGO: ¿Pero acudirá? But will he come?

BUTTARELLI: No sé. I don't know.

DON DIEGO: ¿Le esperáis vos? Do you expect him?

BUTTARELLI: Por si acaso Probably he'll come, venir le place. if it pleases him.

DON DIEGO: En tal caso In that case yo también le esperaré. I'll wait for him too. (Se sienta en el lado opuesto a don (Sits on the side opposite to Gonzalo) Don Gonzalo.)

BUTTARELLI: ¿Que os sirva vianda alguna Shall I serve you something while queréis mientras? you wait?

DON DIEGO: No: tomad. No. Here. (Dale dinero.) (He gives him money)

DON DIEGO: Y excusad And forget...

BUTTARELLI: ¡Excelencia! Excellency!

DON DIEGO: conversación importuna. .....the unnecessary conversation.

BUTTARELLI: Perdonad. I'm sorry.

DON DIEGO: Vais perdonado: You're forgiven. dejadme pues. Go on, then.

BUTTARELLI: (¡Jesucristo! (Jesus Christ! En toda mi vida he visto In all the days of my life hombre más malhumorado.) I've not seen a worse disposition.).

DON DIEGO: (¡Que un hombre de mi linaje (That a man of my descent descienda a tan ruin mansión! should stoop to such a game. Pero no hay humillación But for a father there's no shame a que un padre no se baje to which he'll not consent por un hijo. Quiero ver for a son. I need to see, por mis ojos la verdad with my eyes, the reality, y el monstruo de liviandad this monster of depravity, a quien pude dar el ser.) that I have caused to be.) (Buttarelli que anda arreglando (Buttarelli, who is going around sus trastos, arranging his things, contempla desde el fondo contemplates Don Gonzalo and Don Diego a don Gonzalo y a don Diego, from the back. que permanecerán embozados y en They remain masked and in silencio.) silence.)

BUTTARELLI: ¡Vaya un par de hombres de piedra! What a pair of stony-faced men! Para éstos sobra mi abasto; My supplies are more than enough mas, ¡pardiez!, pagan el gasto but Lord, they're paying for stuff que no hacen, y así se medra. not ordered, so much the better then.

ESCENA IX SCENE IX

(Buttarelli, Don Gonzalo, Don Diego, (Buttarelli, Don Gonzalo, Don El capitán Diego, Captain Centellas, dos caballeros, Avellaneda) Centellas, two gentlemen, Avellaneda)

AVELLANEDA: Vinieron, y os aseguro They came, and I assure you que se efectuará la apuesta. the bet will be carried through.

CENTELLAS Entremos, pues. ¡Buttarelli! Lets go in then. Buttarelli!

BUTTARELLI: Señor capitán Centellas, Captain Centellas, ¿vos por aquí? You too?

CENTELLAS Sí, Cristófano. Yes Cristófano. ¿Cuándo aquí, sin mi presencia, When was anything staged, tuvieron lugar las orgías that has come to light in this age que han hecho raya en la época? without my being present?

BUTTARELLI: Como ha tanto tiempo ya Why haven't I seen you que no os he visto. for such a long time then?

CENTELLAS Las guerras The wars of the Emperor, del Emperador, a Túnez in Tunis, took me away, me llevaron; mas mi hacienda but my affairs bring me me vuelve a traer a Sevilla; back to Seville again, y, según lo que me cuentan, according to what they say, llego lo más a propósito I've here at just the right time para renovar añejas to renew all the old lines amistades. Conque apróntanos of friendship. So, bring us now luego unas cuantas botellas, some bottles right away y en tanto que humedecemos and while we take a drop, la garganta, verdadera give us a true account relación haznos de un lance of a thing about which sobre el cual hay controversia. there's a great deal of lather.

BUTTARELLI: Todo se andará, mas antes It will be done, but first, dejadme ir a la bodega. let me go to the wine cellar.

VARIOS: Sí, sí. Well, of course!

ESCENA X SCENE X

(Dichos, menos Buttarelli) (The same minus Buttarelli)

CENTELLAS: Sentarse, señores, Sit down gentlemen. y que siga Avellaneda Let Avellaneda continue con la historia de don Luis. with the story of Don Luis.

AVELLANEDA: No hay ya más que decir de ella There's no more to tell of it sino que creo imposible except, that I think it's impossible que la de Tenorio sea for Tenorio to be the worse devil más endiablada, y que apuesto and I bet on por don Luis. don Luis.

CENTELLAS: Acaso pierdas. Perhaps you'll lose. Don Juan Tenorio se sabe Don Juan Tenorio is known que es la más mala cabeza as the most evil character del orbe, y no hubo hombre al in the world, and there's no man que aventajarle pudiera who can get the better of him con sólo su inclinación; if he's so inclined, conque ¿qué hará si se empeña? so what might he do if he made an effort?

AVELLANEDA: Pues yo sé bien que Mejía Well, I know well that Mejía las ha hecho tales, que a ciegas has done such deeds se puede apostar por él. I can blindly wager on him.

CENTELLAS Pues el capitán Centellas Well, captain Centellas pone por don Juan Tenorio bets everything he has cuanto tiene. on Don Juan Tenorio.

AVELLANEDA: Pues se acepta It's accepted on Don Luis' behalf, por don Luis, que es muy mi amigo. for he's very much my friend.

CENTELLAS: Pues todo en contra se arriesga; I'm risking all on the contrary, porque no hay como Tenorio since there's no other man otro hombre sobre la tierra, like Tenorio on this earth, y es proverbial su fortuna and his fortune is proverbial y extremadas sus empresas. and his deeds are stupendous.

ESCENA XI SCENE XI

(Dichos, Buttarelli, con botellas) (The same: Buttarelli with bottles.)

BUTTARELLI: Aquí hay Falerno, Borgoña, Here is Falerno, Burgundy, Sorrento. Sorrento.

CENTELLAS De lo que quieras Serve what you want sirve, Cristófano, y dinos: Cristófano, and tell us, ¿qué hay de cierto en una apuesta what's the truth about the bet por don Juan Tenorio ha un año made between Don Juan Tenorio y don Luis Mejía hecha? and Luis Mejía a year ago?

BUTTARELLI: Señor capitán, no sé Captain, I don't know tan a fondo la materia the matter well enough que os pueda sacar de dudas, to erase all your doubts, pero diré lo que sepa. but I'll tell you what I know.

VARIOS: Habla, habla. Tell: tell!

BUTTARELLI: Yo, la verdad, Honestly, aunque fue en mi casa mesma though it was in my own inn la cuestión entre ambos, como that the question arose between them, pusieron tan larga fecha as they set such a far-off date a su plazo, creí siempre for the bet, I always thought que nunca a efecto viniera; it would never come about, así es, que ni aun me acordaba which explains why I didn't remember de tal cosa a la hora de ésta. a thing about it till now. Mas esta tarde, sería But this afternoon, it must have been al anochecer apenas, scarcely before twilight, entróse aquí un caballero a gentleman came in here pidiéndome que le diera asking me to give him recado con que escribir materials for writing una carta: y a sus letras a letter: and he attending only atento no más, me dio to his writing, I had time tiempo a que charla metiera to strike up a conversation con un paje que traía, with a servant that he brought, paisano mío, de Génova. from my country, from Genoa. No saqué nada del paje, I got nothing from the servant que es, por Dios, muy brava pesca; who, my God, is a slippery fish: mas cuando su amo acababa but when his master finished su carta, le envió con ella the letter, he sent him with it a quien iba dirigida: to the person it addressed. el caballero en mi lengua The gentleman spoke my language me habló y me pidió noticias and asked for information de don Luis. Dijo que entera. about Don Luis. He said sabía de ambos la historia, he knew the two of them que tenía certeza and that he was certain de que al menos uno de ellos that at least one of them acudiría a la apuesta. would show up for the wager. Yo quise saber más de él, I tried to find more about him mas púsome dos monedas but he put two gold coins de oro en la mano diciéndome into my hand and told me así, como a la deshecha: as if by the way, "Y por si acaso los dos "And if by chance the two al tiempo aplazado llegan, arrive at the given time, ten prevenidas para ambos have prepared for both tus dos mejores botellas". your two best bottles of wine." Largóse sin decir más, He left without saying more, yo, atento a sus monedas, I, intent on his coins, les puse en el mismo sitio set the table in the same spot donde apostaron, la mesa. where they made the wager. Y vedla allí con dos sillas, And you can see it there, with two chairs, dos copas y dos botellas. two glasses and two bottles.

AVELLANEDA: Pues señor, no hay que dudar; Well sir, there's no doubt era don Luis. it was Don Luis.

CENTELLAS: Don Juan era. It was Don Juan.

AVELLANEDA: ¿Tú no le viste la cara? Didn't you see his face?

BUTTARELLI: ¡Si la traía cubierta He had it covered con un antifaz! with a mask.

CENTELLAS Pero, hombre, Good Lord man, ¿tú a los dos no les recuerdas? Don't you recall the two of them? ¿no sabes distinguir Can't you make out a las gentes por sus señas who someone is by their actions lo mismo que por sus caras? as well as by their face?

BUTTARELLI: Pues confieso mi torpeza; I confess my stupidity, no le supe conocer at not being able to recognize him, y lo procuré de veras. because I really tried. Pero silencio. But, be quiet.

AVELLANEDA: ¿Qué pasa? What's happening?

BUTTARELLI: A dar el reló comienza The chimes are beginning to strike los cuartos para las ocho. for eight o'clock. (Dan.) (The clock strikes.)

CENTELLAS: Ved, ved la gente que se entra. Look, see the people coming in.

AVELLANEDA: Como que está de este lance That's because all of Seville curiosa Sevilla entera. is curious about this affair. (Se oyen dar las ocho; varias (Eight o'clock is heard, several personas entran y se reparten en people enter and disburse in silencio por la escena; al dar la silence around the stage; as the última campanada, don Juan, con last chime is struck, don Juan, antifaz, se llega a la mesa que ha masked, approaches the table preparado Buttarelli en el centro del that Buttarelli has prepared in escenario, y se dispone a ocupar una the centre of the stage; and de las dos sillas que están delante gets ready to occupy one of the de ella. Inmediatamente después de two chairs in front of it. él, entra don Luis también con Immediately after him don Luis antifaz y se

dirige a la otra. Todos also enters masked and proceeds los miran) to the other. Everyone watches them.)

ESCENA XII SCENE XII

(Don Diego, Don Gonzalo, Don Juan, (Don Diego, Don Gonzalo, Don Don Luis, Buttarelli, Centellas, Juan, Don Luis, Buttarelli, Avellaneda, caballeros, curiosos, Centellas, Avellaneda, enmascarados.) gentlemen, onlookers, masqueraders.)

AVELLANEDA: (A Centellas, por don Juan.) (To Centellas, on Don Juan's behalf) Verás aquél, si ellos vienen, You'll see, if they come qué buen chasco que se lleva. what a good joke goes forward.

CENTELLAS: (A Avellaneda, por don Luis.) (To Avellandeda, on Don Luis' behalf) Pues allí va otro a ocupar Well, here comes another one to take la otra silla: ¡uf! aquí es ella. the other chair. Ah, here it is.

DON JUAN: ¿A don Luis.) (To Don Luis) Esa silla está comprada, That chair is taken, hidalgo. my good man.

DON LUIS: (A don Juan.) (To Don Juan) Lo mismo digo, I say the same, hidalgo; para un amigo my good man, I have paid for tengo yo esotra pagada. that one for a friend.

DON JUAN: Que ésta es mía haré I maintain this is mine. notorio.

DON LUIS: Y yo también que ésta es And I also, this is mine. mía.

DON JUAN: Luego sois don Luis Mejía. Then you are Don Luis Mejía.

DON LUIS: Seréis, pues, don Juan Then you must be Don Juan Tenorio. Tenorio.

DON JUAN: Puede ser. Maybe.

DON LUIS: Vos lo decís. You said so.

DON JUAN: ¿No os fiáis? Don't you trust me?

DON LUIS: No. No.

DON JUAN: Yo tampoco. Nor I you.

DON LUIS: Pues no hagamos más el coco. Well, let's not beat around the bush.

DON JUAN: Yo soy don Juan. I am Don Juan. (Quitándose la máscara.) (Taking off the mask)

DON LUIS: Yo don Luis. (Se quita la máscara.) And I Don Luis. (He takes off the mask.) (Se descubren y se sientan. El (They take off their hats and capitán Centellas, Avellaneda, sit down. Captain Centellas, Buttarelli y algunos otros se van a Avellaneda, Buttarelli, and some ellos y les saludan, abrazan y dan la others go up to them and greet mano, y hacen otras semejantes them, embrace and shake hands muestras de cariño y amistad. Don and give other similar signs of Juan y don Luis las aceptan affection and friendship. Don cortésmente.) Juan and Don Luis accept them courteously.)

CENTELLAS ¡Don Juan! Don Juan!

AVELLANEDA: ¡Don Luis! Don Luis!

DON JUAN: ¡Caballeros! Gentlemen!

DON LUIS: ¡Oh amigos! ¿Qué dicha es ésta? My friends, what delight?

AVELLANEDA: Sabíamos vuestra apuesta, We knew of the bet tonight, y hemos acudido a veros. and we came to see you two.

DON LUIS: Don Juan y yo tal bondad Don Juan and I are grateful en mucho os agradecemos. for such kindness from you.

DON JUAN: El tiempo no malgastemos, Lets not waste time Don Luis. don Luis. (A los otros.) Sillas (To the others.) Pull up a pew. arrimad. (A los que están lejos.) (To those further away.) Caballeros, yo supongo Gentlemen, I imagine que a ustedes también aquí the wager brings you, so les trae la apuesta, y por mí on my part I have no a antojo tal no me opongo. objection to such a whim.

DON LUIS: Ni yo: que aunque nada más Nor I, although the game fue el empeño entre los dos, was only between this pair, no ha de decirse por Dios by God, don't imagine I care que me avergonzó jamás. or consider it any shame.

DON JUAN: Ni a mí, que el orbe es Nor I, as all the world knows, testigo de que hipócrita no soy, I am no hypocrite, pues por doquiera que voy since scandal's mixed up in it, va el escándalo conmigo. wherever I choose to go.

DON LUIS: ¡Eh! ¿Y ésos dos no se Wait. Those two there don't llegan a escuchar? Vos. seem to be to listening? You? (Por don Diego y don Gonzalo.) (to Don Diego and Don Gonzalo)

DON DIEGO: Yo estoy bien. This chair is fine.

DON LUIS: ¿Y vos? And you?

DON GONZALO: De aquí oigo también. I can hear from mine.

DON LUIS: Razón tendrán si se niegan. They must be fine, if they won't move. (Se sientan todos alrededor de la (Everyone sits down around the mesa en que están don Luis Mejía y table, at which are seated Don don Juan Tenorio.) Luis Mejía, and Don Juan Tenorio.)

DON JUAN: ¿Estamos listos? Are we all ready?

DON LUIS: Estamos. We are.

DON JUAN: Como quien somos cumplimos. Then let's show all we have been.

DON LUIS: Veamos, pues, lo que Let all that we did be seen. hicimos.

DON JUAN: Bebamos antes. Lets drink first.

DON LUIS: Bebamos. (Lo hacen.) Lets drink. (They do)

DON JUAN: La apuesta fue... The bet was...

DON LUIS: Porque un día Because one day, it's true, dije que en España entera I said that in Spain, no one no habría nadie que hiciera could do, not another man, lo que hiciera Luis Mejía. what Luis Mejía could do.

DON JUAN: Y siendo contradictorio And my opinion, as I breathe, al vuestro mi parecer, was contrary to yours, I fear, yo os dije: "Nadie ha de hacer I told you "No one can come near lo que hará don Juan Tenorio". what Tenorio will achieve." No es así? Isn't that so?

DON LUIS: Sin duda alguna: By the book, y vinimos a apostar and we ended up betting we two quién de ambos sabría obrar which of us would best know how to peor, con mejor fortuna, effect the worst, with the best of luck, en el término de un año, in the space of a single year, juntándonos aquí hoy meeting again today, here, a probarlo. to prove it.

DON JUAN: Y aquí estoy. And here I am.

DON LUIS: Y yo. And I.

CENTELLAS ¡Empeño bien extraño A truly strange undertaking, por vida mía! upon my soul!

DON JUAN: Hablad, pues. Then, come!

DON LUIS: No, vos debéis empezar. No, you open the gate.

DON JUAN: Como gustéis, igual es, As you please, its all one, que nunca me hago esperar. for I never make myself wait. Pues señor, yo desde aquí, Well sir, leaving town, buscando mayor espacio seeking a greater measure, para mis hazañas, di of space for my deeds, I hit on sobre Italia, porque allí Italy, since there a man tiene el placer un palacio. finds the palace of pleasure. De la guerra y del amor The ancient and classical land, antigua y clásica tierra, the country of love and war, y en ella el Emperador, and in it the Emperor. con ella y con Francia en guerra, fighting, at war with France, díjeme: ¿Dónde mejor? I said to myself : 'What more Donde hay soldados hay juego, could I want? Soldiers are good hay pendencias y amoríos. for brawling, and lovers' sprees.' Y, pues, sobre Italia luego And so, now to Italy buscando a sangre y a fuego for blood and fire, fuelling amores y desafíos. love

affairs and duelling. En Roma, a mi apuesta fiel, In Rome, faithful to our bet, fijé entre hostil y amatorio between quarreling and Love's net, en mi puerta este cartel: I posted a sign to let them know: Aquí está don Juan Tenorio 'Here's Don Juan Tenorio, para quien quiera algo de él. for whoever wants to have a go.' De aquellos días la historia I wont relate the story a relataros renuncio: of those days, my recreation, remítome a la memoria I'll leave it to the memory que dejé allí, y de mi gloria that I left there, and my glory podéis juzgar por mi anuncio. you can judge from my declaration. Las romanas caprichosas, The Roman women: capricious, las costumbres licenciosas, their customs: licentious, yo gallardo y calavera, I: a gallant rake ¿quién a cuento redujera who on earth could make mis empresas amorosas? the count of my amorous adventures? Salí de Roma por fin I finally left Rome's eyes, como os podéis figurar, as you can imagine, sadly, con un disfraz harto ruin, in a quite lowly disguise, y a lomos de un mal rocín, on a nag that was hardly a prize, pues me querían ahorcar. since they truly wanted to hang me. Fui al ejército de España, I went to the Spanish army mas todos paisanos míos, but all were my kinsmen, soldados y en tierra extraña, soldiers, and in a strange country, dejé pronto su compaña I soon left their company, tras cinco u seis desafíos. after five or six duels, again. Nápoles, rico vergel Naples, a rich love-garden de amor, del placer emporio, an empire of pleasure, and so vio en mi segundo cartel: it saw my second proclamation: Aquí está don Juan Tenorio, 'Here's Don Juan Tenorio y no hay hombre para él. who has no competition. Desde la princesa altiva From the princess who will not bend a la que pesca en ruin barca, to a fishergirl in a lowly boat, no hay hembra a quien no suscriba; there's no female who does not attend, y a cualquier empresa abarca no enterprise he will not float, si en oro o valor estriba. whether it smacks of gold or valour. Búsquenle los reñidores; Let the quarrelsome ones, cérquenle los jugadores; and the gamblers, come: quien se precie, que le ataje; whoever is proud, let him see Y a ver si hay quien le aventaje if he can take advantage of me, en juego, en lid o en amores. in gaming, in loving, or fighting!' Esto escribí; y en medio año That's what I wrote, and in the half-year que mi presencia gozó that Naples enjoyed my presence there, Nápoles, no hay lance extraño, there was no strange affair, no hay escándalo ni engaño no scandal or fraud, I fear, en que no me hallara yo. towards which I didn't steer. Por dondequiera que fui Wherever I strayed la razón atropellé, I trampled on right, la virtud escarnecí, virtue, the jade, a la justicia burlé, I scorned, tricked the might y a las mujeres vendí. of the law, and women betrayed. Yo a las cabañas bajé, I went down the alleys. yo a los palacios subí, and up to the palaces, yo los claustros escalé, boarded cloisters, like galleys, y en todas partes dejé and wherever I sallied, memoria amarga de mí. left bitter memories, Ni reconocí sagrado, knew nothing holy. ni hubo ocasión ni lugar There was no occasion or place por mi audacia respetado; respected by my audacity, ni en distinguir me he parado nor did I stop, for veracity, al clérigo del seglar. to distinguish a lay from a clerical face. A quien quise provoqué, Any whose wish I detected con quien quiso me batí, I challenged, and any I chose, y nunca consideré and I never once reflected que pudo matarme a mí that any I killed of those aquel a quien yo maté. might have had me dissected. A esto don Juan se arrojó, This is what Don Juan undertook, y escrito en este papel and written on this sheet está cuanto consiguió, is what he made of his luck, y lo que él aquí escribió and what he wrote here, look, mantenido está por él. is vouched for by him, and complete.

DON LUIS: Leed, pues. Read it then.

DON JUAN: No, oigamos antes No, first lets hear news vuestros bizarros extremos, of your extravagant acts, y si traéis terminantes and if you've the proof, vuestras notas comprobantes, that will show us the truth, lo escrito cotejaremos. let's hear the facts.

DON LUIS: Decís bien; cosa es que You speak well, yes, that's right está, don Juan, muy puesta en razón; Don Juan, its said with reason; aunque a mi ver poco irá though in my opinion it's slight, de una a otra relación. any small difference between them.

DON JUAN: Empezad, pues. Begin then.

DON LUIS: Allá va. Here goes. Buscando yo como vos I, like you, searching out a mi aliento empresas grandes, great actions to embrace, dije: ¿Dó iré, ¡vive Dios!, cry 'Where will I go? Good God', I shout de amor y lides en pos, 'if it's love and duels we're about que vaya mejor que a Flandes? Flanders is the place. Allí; puesto que empeñadas Since there are, I'm told, guerras hay, a mis deseos fierce wars there, perfect chances to seize, habrá al par centuplicadas multiplied a hundred fold, ocasiones extremadas to meet my desires for brave and bold de riñas y galanteos. duels and gallantries.' Y en Flandes conmigo di, But in Flanders, unfortunately, mas con tan negra fortuna I had an unlucky run que al mes de encontrarme allí so that within a month, you see, todo mi caudal perdí, I was no longer rich, as formerly, dobla a dobla, una por una. coin by coin, gone, one by one. En tan total carestía Seeing I was in such need mirándome de dineros, of a little ready money, de mí todo el mundo huía; everyone fled from me, mas yo busqué compañia but I sought company, y me uní a unos bandoleros. and joined the banditry. Lo hicimos bien, ¡voto a tal!, We did well, by the devil, y fuimos tan adelante and such a road we went, con suerte tan colosal with such good luck in our revel, que entramos a saco en Gante that we entered and sacked, in Ghent, el palacio episcopal. the bishop's episcopal palace. ¡Qué noche! Por el decoro What a night! To keep the rule de la Pascua, el buen obispo of Easter, the good bishop, the fool, bajó a presidir el

coro, went down to preside, and school y aún de alegría me crispo the choir, and I shiver with joy, can't stop, al recordar su tesoro. when I remember his treasure. Todo cayó en poder nuestro: It all fell to us, at the start, mas mi capitán, avaro, but my greedy captain, at leisure, puso mi parte en secuestro; confiscated my part: reñimos, fui yo más diestro we fought, I had more art, y le crucé sin reparo. I ran him through with pleasure. Juróme al punto la gente His men, then, made me stand capitán, por más valiente. for Captain, I as the better man. Juréles yo amistad franca. I swore to be their friend. Pero a la noche siguiente But the following night I ran, huí, y les dejé sin blanca. left them not a thing in the end. Yo me acordé del refrán And I remembered the proverb, de que quien roba al ladrón 'who robs a thief of his ration ha cien años de perdón, gets a hundred-year pardon', y me arrojé a tal desmán and I carried it out with nerve mirando a mi salvación. looking to my salvation. Pasé a Alemania opulento: I crossed to Germany, now rich, mas un provincial jerónimo, but a provincial clerk hombre de mucho talento, a man of many gifts, me conoció, y al momento recognized and denounced me, me delató en un anónimo. in a note he wrote anonymously. Compré a fuerza de dinero By means of money, I bought la libertad y el papel; the note and my freedom, y topando en un sendero and running across the clerk al fraile, le envié certero on a path, I sent him my thoughts una bala envuelta en él. with a bullet wrapped inside them. Salté a Francia. ¡Buen país! I jumped over to France, a fine place, Y como en Nápoles vos and like you, in Naples, I too puse un cartel en París posted a sign, in Paris, diciendo: Aquí hay un don Luis saying: 'Here is Don Luis que vale lo menos dos. who's worth at least two of you. Parará aquí algunos meses, He'll stay here a few months, then, y no trae más intereses and really his only yen, ni se aviene a más empresas really his only game, is que a adorar a las francesas to adore all the French ladies, y a reñir con los franceses. and fight all the French men.' Esto escribí; y en medio año I wrote this, and in the half-year, que mi presencia gozó that Paris held me dear, París, no hubo lance extaño there was no strange affair, ni hubo escándalo ni daño no scandal or public fear, donde no me hallara yo. in which I did not appear. Mas, como don Juan, mi historia Like don Juan, my story también a alargar renuncio; will be no long creation: que basta para mi gloria its sufficent for my glory la magnífica memoria the truly magnificent memory que allí dejé con mi anuncio. I left by my proclamation. Y cual vos, por donde fui And like you, wherever I strayed la razón atropellé, I trampled on right la virtud escarnecí, and virtue, the jade, a la justicia burlé, I scorned, tricked the might y a las mujeres vendí. of the law, and women betrayed. Mi hacienda llevo perdida I have lost all my property tres veces: mas se me antoja three times: but then I plan reponerla, y me convida to recover it, and marry mi boda comprometida as is customary, con doña Ana de Pantoja. with the lovely Lady Anne. Mujer muy rica me dan, She's a very rich one y mañana hay que cumplir and tomorrow I must take care los tratos que hechos están; to close the deal according to plan, lo que os advierto, don Juan, and I say it to you Don Juan, por si queréis asistir. in case you want to be there. A esto don Luis se arrojó, This, Don Luis undertook, y escrito en este papel and written on this sheet está lo que consiguió, is what he made of his luck y lo que él aquí escribió and what he wrote here, look, mantenido está por él. is vouched for by him, and complete.

DON JUAN: La historia es tan semejante The stories are such a close fit que está en el fiel la balanza; they balance, the scales are equal: mas vamos a lo importante, but lets get to the vital bit que es el guarismo a que alcanza which is the total, the sequel, el papel: conque adelante. how it all sums up; so lets have it.

DON LUIS: Razón tenéis en verdad. You are right. Truly. Aquí está el mío: mirad, Here's mine, I've duly por una línea apartados set out on separate lines traigo los nombres sentados all the names, and the times, para mayor claridad. for clarity, and fully.

DON LUIS: Del mismo modo arregladas I have the accounts in mine mis cuentas traigo en el mío: arranged in just the same way: en dos líneas separadas in two separate lines, los muertos en desafío the men killed in my duels y las mujeres burladas. and the women betrayed. Contad. Count.

DON LUIS: Contad. Count.

DON JUAN: Veinte y tres. Twenty three.

DON LUIS: Son los muertos. A ver vos. Those are the dead men. Now you. ¡Por la cruz de San Andrés! By the cross of Saint Andrew! Aquí sumo treinta y dos. I count thirty-two.

DON JUAN: Son los muertos. They are the men who lost.

DON LUIS: Matar es. A killing.

DON JUAN: Nueve os llevo. I have nine more than you.

DON LUIS: Me vencéis. You've won. Pasemos a las conquistas. Lets move to the conquests.

DON JUAN: Sumo aquí cincuenta y seis. I count fifty-six.

DON LUIS: Y yo sumo en vuestras listas And I'll check your list. setenta y dos. Seventy-two.

DON JUAN: Pues perdéis. So, you lose.

DON LUIS: ¡Es increíble, don Juan! That's incredible, don Juan!

DON JUAN: Si lo dudáis, apuntados The witnesses if you doubt it los testigos ahí están, are all written down here que si fueren preguntados so if they're asked about it os lo testificarán. they'll testify, no fear.

DON LUIS: ¡Oh! y vuestra lista es Oh your list is fine. cabal.

DON JUAN: Desde una princesa real From a princess royal a la hija de un pescador, to a fisherman's daughter, ¡oh! ha recorrido mi amor I've spanned with lover's toil toda la escala social. the whole social ladder. ¿Tenéis algo que tachar? Is there anything wrong with it, now?

DON LUIS: Sólo una os falta en Only one thing to be fair. justicia.

DON JUAN: ¿Me la podéis señalar? Where do you read it?

DON LUIS: Sí, por cierto, una novicia Yes, look, a novice nun, there, que esté para profesar. about to take her vow.

DON JUAN: ¡Bah! pues yo os complaceré Bah. I'll satisfy you doubly, doblemente, porque os digo since I tell you that, just for fun, que a la novicia uniré I'll add a friend's lady la dama de algún amigo to the novice nun, que para casarse esté. whom he's about to marry.

DON LUIS: ¡Pardiez que sois atrevido! God's blood you're a daring man!

DON JUAN: Yo os lo apuesto si queréis. I'll wager if you want to.

DON LUIS: Digo que acepto el partido. I accept the plan. ¿Para darlo por perdido In order to accomplish it queréis veinte días? do you want twenty days?

DON JUAN: Seis. Six, is all I need in hand.

DON LUIS: ¡Por Dios que sois hombre extraño! Lord you're a strange man. ¿Cuántos días empleáis How many days do you employ en cada mujer que amáis? on each woman you enjoy?

DON JUAN: Partid los días del año Divide the days of the year entre las que ahí encontráis. among those you find here. Uno para enamorarlas, One day to seduce them, otro para conseguirlas, another to reduce them, otro para abanDoñarlas, another one to leave them, dos para sustituirlas, two days to replace them, y una hora para olvidarlas. and a single hour to forget them. Pero, la verdad a hablaros, But, to tell the truth, as I said, pedir más no se me antoja I only ask for a few, porque, pues vais a casaros, because you are getting wed, mañana pienso quitaros tomorrow I'll take instead a doña Ana de Pantoja. Doña Ana, from you.

DON LUIS: Don Juan, ¿qué es lo que decís? Don Juan, what are you saying?

DON JUAN: Don Luis, lo que oído Don Luis, what you are hearing. habéis.

DON LUIS: Ved, don Juan, lo que emprendéis. Don Juan, see what you're doing.

DON JUAN: Lo que he de lograr, don That I intend to, Don Luis. Luis.

DON LUIS: ¡Gastón! (Llamando.) Gastón! (Calling)

GASTON: ¿Señor? Sir?

DON LUIS: Ven acá. Come here. (Habla don Luis en secreto con (Don Luis speaks in secret with Gastón, y éste se va Gaston, and the latter leaves precipitadamente.) quickly.)

DON JUAN: ¡Ciutti! (Llamando.) Ciutti! (Calling)

CIUTTI: ¿Señor? Sir?

DON JUAN: Ven aquí. Come here! (Don Juan habla en secreto con (Don Juan talks in secret with Ciutti, éste se va precipitadamente.) Ciutti and the latter leaves quickly.)

DON LUIS: ¿Estáis en lo dicho? Is it agreed?

DON JUAN: Sí. It is.

DON LUIS: Pues va la vida. It's the way life goes.

DON JUAN: Pues va. So it does. (Don Gonzalo, levantándose de la mesa (Don Gonzalo, getting up from en que ha permanecido inmóvil durante the table where he has been la escena anterior se afronta con don motionless during the preceding Juan y don Luis.) scene, and he confronts Don Juan and Don Luis.)

DON GONZALO: ¡Insensatos! ¡Vive Dios Dear God, men without feeling! que a no temblarme las manos If my hands weren't trembling so, a palos, como a villanos, with my club you'd see me dealing os diera muerte a los dos! a villain's death to you both.

DON JUAN Y DON LUIS. Veamos. What's this?

DON GONZALO: Excusado es, Needless to say que he vivido lo bastante I've lived long enough para no estar arrogante not to try and play rough donde no puedo when I can't win the day.

DON JUAN: Idos, pues. Be off then.

DON GONZALO: Antes, don Juan, de salir Don Juan, before you go, de donde oírme podáis, to where you cannot hear me, es necesario que oigáis it's essential you do hear me, lo que os tengo que decir. listen to what I tell you. Vuestro buen padre don Diego, Your good father, Don Diego porque pleitos acomoda, to meet his obligations os apalabró una boda promised you marriage celebrations que iba a celebrarse luego; as soon as it could be so, pero por mí mismo yo but I, wanting to catch a sight lo que érais queriendo ver, of the sort of man you were vine aquí al anochecer, came past at evening light y el veros me avergonzó. and....I'm ashamed to be here.

DON JUAN: ¡Por Satanás, viejo insano, The devil! You insane old man. que no sé cómo he tenido I don't know how I remain calma para haberte oído calm, and listen, it's plain sin asentarte la mano! I should raise my hand to you again. Pero di pronto quién eres, But, who you are, come tell, porque me siento capaz though I don't need to ask, de arrancarte el antifaz I'll tear away your mask con el alma que tuvieres. and your very soul as well.

DON GONZALO: ¡Don Juan! Don Juan!

DON JUAN: ¡Pronto! Quickly!

DON GONZALO: Mira, pues. Look! Well?

DON JUAN: ¡Don Gonzalo! Don Gonzalo!

DON GONZALO: El mismo soy. I am he. Y adiós, don Juan: mas desde hoy And farewell, Don Juan; but see no penséis en doña Inés. don't think now of Doña Inés. Porque antes que consentir For rather than consent en que se case con vos, that she marry you, el sepulcro ¡juro a Dios! by God, I swear it's true, por mi mano la he de abrir. I'd make sure to the grave she went.

DON JUAN: Me hacéis reír, Don Gonzalo; Don Gonzalo, you make me laugh; pues venirme a provocar coming here to provoke es como ir a amenazar me, is like setting out to poke a un león con un mal palo. a lion with a paltry staff. Y pues hay tiempo, advertir And since there's time, I need os quiero a mi vez a vos to warn you, privately, que o me la dais, o por Dios that you either give her to me, que a quitárosla he de ir. or I'll have her from you indeed.

DON GONZALO: ¡Miserable! Wretch!

DON JUAN: Dicho está: That has been said: sólo una mujer como ésta a woman like this was yet me falta para mi apuesta; still needed for my bet; ved, pues, que apostada va. See, she is wagered instead. (Don Diego, levantándose de la mesa (Don Diego, getting up from the en que ha permanecido encubierto table where he has remained mientras la escena anterior baja al incognito during the previous centro de la escena, encarándose con scene, goes to centre stage, don Juan.) facing Don Juan.)

DON DIEGO: No puedo más escucharte, I can't listen to you any more, vil don Juan, porque recelo you're evil Don Juan, I fear que hay algún rayo en el cielo a lightning bolt from heaven is near, preparado a aniquilarte. that will annihilate you. ¡Ah...! No pudiendo creer Ah! Unable to believe lo que de ti me decían, what I was told about you confiando en que mentían, I came, hoping I was deceived, te vine esta noche a ver. tonight, to find out what was true. Pero te juro, malvado, Evil man, I swear to you, que me pesa haber venido that I'm grieved I came, para salir convencido now I leave convinced your game de lo que es para ignorado. is something I'd rather not know. Sigue, pues, con ciego afán Continue then, in your blind frenzy en tu torpe frenesí, your wicked delirium, mas nunca vuelvas a mí; but never turn to me; no te conozco, don Juan. I do not know you, Don Juan.

DON JUAN: ¿Quién nunca a ti se volvió? Who has ever turned to you, then? ¿Ni quién osa hablarme así, And who dares to speak to me so, ni qué se me importa a mí and what does it matter, in turn, que me conozcas o no? if you know or do not know?

DON DIEGO: Adiós, pues: mas no te olvides, Farewell, but don't forget de que hay un Dios justiciero. that there is a God of Justice.

DON JUAN: Ten. (Deteniéndole.) Wait. (Stopping him)

DON DIEGO: ¿Qué queréis ? What do you want?

DON JUAN: Verte quiero. I want to see your face.

DON DIEGO: Nunca, en vano me lo pides. Never. You ask me in vain.

DON JUAN: ¿Nunca? Never?

DON DIEGO: No. No.

DON JUAN: Cuando me cuadre. When I want to, rather.

DON DIEGO: ¿Cómo? How?

DON JUAN: Así. (Le arranca el So. (He rips off the mask) antifaz.)

TODOS: ¡Don Juan! Don Juan!

DON DIEGO: ¡Villano! Disgrace! ¡Me has puesto en la faz la mano! You have raised your hand to my face!

DON JUAN: ¡Válgame Cristo, mi padre! Ah, Christ! It's my father.

DON DIEGO: Mientes, no lo fui jamás. You lie, and of that I am certain.

DON JUAN: ¡Reportaos, con Belcebú! Control yourself, by Beelzebub!

DON DIEGO: No, los hijos como tú No. A lion's cub son hijos de Satanás. like you is the son of Satan. Comendador, nulo sea Comendador, the deal we made lo hablado. is void.

DON GONZALO: Ya lo es por mí; It is on my part: vamos. let's leave.

DON DIEGO: Si, vamos de aquí Yes, let's depart, donde tal monstruo no vea. go where monsters are not displayed. Don Juan, en brazos del vicio Don Juan, I abandon you wholly, desolado te abandono: desolately, to the arms of evil: me matas... mas te perdono you are killing me....yet I pardon you still de Dios en el santo juicio. through God's justice, which is holy. (Vanse poco a poco don Diego y don (Don Diego and Don Gonzalo Gonzalo.) leave, slowly.)

DON JUAN: Largo el plazo me ponéis: You grant me a long term of grace: mas ved que os quiero advertir but, see now, I want to say que yo no os he ido a pedir I've never asked for a day jamás que me perdonéis. of pardon, in my place. Conque no paséis afán So don't worry about me de aquí adelante por mí, from this time on, since how que como vivió hasta aquí he's always lived till now's vivirá siempre don Juan. how Don Juan will ever be.

ESCENA XIII SCENE XIII

(Don Juan, Don Luis, Centella, (Don Juan, Don Luis, Centella, Avellaneda, Buttarelli, Curiosos, Avellanada, Buttarelli, Máscaras.) Onlookers, Maskers.)

DON JUAN: ¡Eh! Ya salimos del paso: Ah! Now we've left off that bind, y no hay que extrañar la homilía; don't be surprised at his homily; son pláticas de familia, those were words in the family de las que nunca hice caso. of the sort that I never mind. Conque lo dicho, don Luis, So we're agreed, Don Luis, van doña Ana y doña Inés Doña Ana and Doña Inés en apuesta. are wagered.

DON LUIS: Y el precio es And the price is la vida. life.

DON JUAN: Vos lo decís: So you say: vamos. Let's go.

DON LUIS: Vamos. Let's go. (Al salir se presenta una ronda, que (As they leave, they are stopped les detiene.) by a night-patrol.)

ESCENA XIV SCENE XIV

(Dichos, una ronda de Alguaciles) (The same characters, a band of Constables.)

ALGUACIL: Alto allá. Halt there. ¿Don Juan Tenorio? Don Juan Tenorio?

DON JUAN: Yo soy. That's me.

ALGUACIL: Sed preso. We have you.

DON JUAN: ¿Soñando estoy? Am I dreaming? ¿Por qué? Why?

ALGUACIL: Después lo verá. You'll find out later.

DON LUIS: (Acercándose a don Juan y (Approaching Don Juan and riéndose.) laughing) Tenorio, no lo extrañéis, Don't be surprised Tenorio, pues mirando a lo apostado since, in addressing the bet, mi paje os ha delatado my servant has seen to it para que vos no ganéis. that you won't win through.

DON JUAN: ¡Hola! Pues no os suponía Well now, I didn't suppose con tal despejo, ¡pardiez! you'd hit it so on the nose.

DON LUIS: Id, pues, que por esta vez, Go on now, and this time don Juan, la partida es mía. Don Juan, the game is mine.

DON JUAN: Vamos pues. Let's go then. (Al salir, les detiene otra ronda que (As they leave another patrol entra en la escena.) come on stage.)

ESCENA XV SCENE XV

Dichos, una ronda (The same characters, a patrol, as before.)

ALGUACIL: (Que entra.) (Entering) Ténganse allá. Stop right there. ¿Don Luis Mejía? Don Luis Mejía?

DON LUIS: Yo soy. That's me.

ALGUACIL: Sed preso. We have you.

DON LUIS. ¿Soñando estoy? Am I dreaming? ¡Yo preso! Me, under arrest?

DON JUAN: (Soltando la carcajada.) (bursting out laughing.) ¡Ja, ja, ja, ja! Ha ha ha!! Mejía, no lo extrañéis, Don't be surprised, Mejía, pues, mirando a lo apostado, since, in addressing the bet, mi paje os ha delatado my servant has seen to it para que no me estorbéis. you're not in the way, round here.

DON LUIS: Satisfecho quedaré I'll be content if they aunque ambos muramos. lock us both away.

DON JUAN: Vamos; Lets go, then; conque, señores, quedamos provided, sirs, we say en que la apuesta está en pie. the bet is still in play. (Las rondas se llevan a don Juan y a (The patrols take Don Juan and don Luis, muchos los siguen, El Don Luis away, many follow them, capitán Centellas, Avellaneda y sus Captain Centellas, Avellaneda amigos quedan en la escena mirándose and his friends stay on stage unos a otros.) looking at one another.)

ESCENA XVI SCENE XVI

(El capitán Centellas, Avellaneda, (Captain Centellas, Avellaneda, curiosos.) Onlookers.)

AVELLANEDA: ¡Parece un juego ilusorio? Doesn't this seem a fantastic scenario?

CENTELLAS: ¡Sin verlo no lo creería! I wouldn't believe it if I wasn't here.

AVELLANEDA: Pues yo apuesto por Mejía. Well, my money's on Mejía.

CENTELLAS: Y yo pongo por Tenorio. And mine's on Don Juan Tenorio.

FIN DEL ACTO PRIMERO END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACTO SEGUNDO ACT TWO

DESTREZA SKILL

(Exterior de la casa de doña Ana, (Outside Doña Ana's house, vista por una esquina. Las dos paredes which is seen from a corner. que forman el ángulo se prolongan The two walls that form the igualmente por ambos lados, dejando angle extend equally on both ver en la de la derecha una reja, y en sides, allowing one to see on la izquierda una reja y una puerta.) the right a grilled window, and on the left a grilled window and a door.)

ESCENA PRIMERA SCENE I

Don Luis Mejía, embozado (Don Luis, muffled in his cloak) Ya estoy frente de la casa Here I am at Doña Ana's de doña Ana, y es preciso to warn her, especially, que esta noche tenga aviso of what tonight we may see de lo que en Sevilla pasa. happening in Sevilla. No di con persona alguna Oh, what anxiety! Luckily por dicha mía... ¡Oh qué afán! I didn't meet a soul. Pero ahora, señor don Juan, Now, Don Juan, the bold, cada cual con su fortuna. each to his own destiny! Si honor y vida se juega, If honour and life are at stake mi destreza y mi valor my skill and my valour por mi vida y por mi honor will defend life and honour. jugarán... Mas alguien llega. But now someone's awake.

ESCENA SEGUNDA SCENE II

(Don Luis, Pascual) (Don Luis, Pascual)

PASCUAL:¡Quién creyera lance tal! Prisoners! Who would credit it all! ¡Jesús, qué escándalo! ¡Presos! Lord, what a scandal.

DON LUIS. ¿Qué veo? ¡Es Pascual! What's this I see? It's Pascual!

PASCUAL: Los sesos My brains must be me estrellaría. addled.

DON LUIS. ¿Pascual? Pascual?

PASCUAL: ¿Quién me llama tan apriesa? Who is calling me so loudly?

DON LUIS. Yo. Don Luis. Me. Don Luis.

PASCUAL: ¡Válame Dios! Good God!

DON LUIS. ¿Qué te asombra? What's the surprise?

PASCUAL: Que seáis vos. That it's you.

DON LUIS: Mi suerte, Pascual, es ésa. Then it's great luck, Pascual, Que a no ser yo quien me soy for if I weren't who I am today y a no dar contigo ahora, and you and I hadn't met, el honor de mi señora well, the honour of my lady doña Ana moría hoy. Doña Ana, we could forget.

PASCUAL: Qué es lo que decís ? What's this you say?

DON LUIS. ¿Conoces Do you know a don Juan Tenorio? Don Juan Tenorio?

PASCUAL: Sí. Yea. ¿Quién no le conoce aquí? Who doesn't know him round here? Mas según públicas voces But according to public rumour estábais presos los dos. you were prisoners the two of you. Vamos, ¡lo que el vulgo miente! But, how the public lies!

DON LUIS. Ahora acertadamente Just now the public spoke habló el vulgo: y ¡juro a Dios rightly, and I swear to God que a no ser porque mi primo, if it hadn't been that my cousin el tesorero real, the royal treasurer quiso fiarme, Pascual, was willing to bail me out, Pascual, pierdo cuanto más estimo! I'd have lost all I value.

PASCUAL: ¿Pues cómo? What do you mean?

DON LUIS. ¿En servirme estás? Are you prepared to serve me?

PASCUAL: Hasta morir. Till death.

DON LUIS. Pues escucha. Then listen. Don Juan y yo en una lucha Don Juan and I find ourselves arriesgada por demás embroiled in a struggle empeñados nos hallamos; that's needlessly risky, pero, a querer tú ayudarme, but if you are willing to help me más que la vida salvarme you can save even more than puedes. my life.

PASCUAL: ¿Qué hay que hacer? Sepamos. What must I do. Tell me.

DON LUIS. En una insigne locura In a moment of utter madness look dimos tiempo ha: en apostar a while ago, we wagered, you see cuál de ambos sabría obrar which of the two of us could be peor, con mejor ventura. the worst, with the best of luck. Ambos nos hemos portado We have both been bravely bizarramente a cual más; vying, each with the other one, pero él es un Satanás, but he is Satan's son, y por fin me ha aventajado. and gained the advantage of me. Púsele no sé qué pero, I don't know quite know dijímonos no sé qué what it was I said sobre ello, y el hecho fue some words or other, but they led que él mofándome altanero to him mocking me haughtily me dijo: "Y si esto no os llena, saying: 'If this is not adequate proof, pues que os casáis con doña Ana, since you and Doña Ana are to be wed, os apuesto a que mañana I'll wager that by tomorrow instead os la quito yo". I'll take her away from you.

PASCUAL: ¡Esa es buena! That's a good one! ¿Tal se ha atrevido a decir? He dared say such a thing to you?

DON LUIS: No es lo malo que lo diga, The bad part is not that he said it, Pascual, sino que consiga Pascual, but that he's bound to do it, lo que intenta. if that's what he intends.

PASCUAL: ¿Conseguir? He will do it? En tanto que yo esté aquí, Not while I am here, see, descuidad, don Luis. don't worry, Don Luis.

DON LUIS. Te juro I swear to you que si el lance no aseguro, if I don't win through no sé qué va a ser de mí. I don't know what will become of me.

PASCUAL: ¡Por la Virgen del Pilar! By the Virgin of Pilar, he's evil, ¿Le teméis? Are you afraid of him?

DON LUIS. No, Dios testigo. As God is my witness, no. Mas lleva ese hombre consigo But that man goes to and fro algún diablo familiar. with his familiar devil.

PASCUAL: Dadlo por asegurado. Consider the matter done.

DON LUIS. ¡Oh! Tal es el afán mío Oh, but I'm afraid que ni en mí propio me fío, I don't even have faith con un hombre tan osado. in myself, with such a daring man.

PASCUAL: Yo os juro por San Ginés, I vow to you by Saint Ginés que, con toda su osadía, in spite of all his boldness le ha de hacer, por vida mía, an Aragonese will give him mal tercio un aragonés: I swear on my life, a beating: nos veremos. you'll see.

DON LUIS. ¡Ay, Pascual, Ah Pascual, que en qué te metes no sabes! you don't know what you're doing!

PASCUAL: En apreturas más graves I've found worse things brewing me he visto y no salí mal. and came out not badly at all.

DON LUIS. Estriba en lo perentorio The difficulty lies in the hour del plazo, y en ser quien es. and his being who he is.

PASCUAL: Más que un buen aragonés A Tenorio can't have the power no ha de valer un Tenorio. of a good Aragonese. Todos esos lenguaraces All these bullies cower, espadachines de oficio just professional braggards, no son más que frontispicio nothing more than blaggards, y de poca alma capaces. only a cowardly shower. Para infamar a mujeres They've glib tongues for defaming women tienen lengua, y tienen manos and they have ready hands para osar a los ancianos for challenging some old man o apalear a mercaderes. or beating up the tradesmen. Mas cuando una buena espada, But when challenged by a good blade, por un buen

brazo esgrimida, given a strong arm weighed, con la muerte les convida, inviting them to die, todo su valor es nada. all their braveries fade. Y sus empresas y bullas And their song and dance se reducen todas ellas all of it boils down a hablar mal de las doncellas to speaking harm of a silken gown, y a huir ante las patrullas. and fleeing patrols at the slightest chance.

DON LUIS. ¡Pascual! Pascual!

PASCUAL: No lo hablo por vos, Oh, not you of course: que aunque sóis un calavera though you're wild I swear it, tenéis la alma bien entera you have a fighting spirit y reñís bien, ¡voto a bríos! and carry things out with force.

DON LUIS: Pues si es en mí tan notorio Well if valour's so marked in me el valor, mira, Pascual, then note this well Pascual, que el valor es proverbial that valour is proverbial en la raza de Tenorio. in Tenorio's family. Y porque conozco bien And because I know that well, I trust de su valor el extremo, his courage in a difficult fix, de sus ardides me temo and so the more I fear his tricks que en tierra con mi honra den. will drag my name in the dust.

PASCUAL: Pues suelto estáis ya, don Luis; But Don Luis, now you are free y pues que tanto os acucia and because anxious jealousy el mal de celos, su astucia troubles you so much, I say, maybe, con la astucia prevenís. you should match his wit with your subtlety. ¿Qué teméis de él? What do you fear from him?

DON LUIS. No lo sé; I don't know mas esta noche sospecho but I suspect tonight that he que ha de procurar el hecho will attempt a deed consumar. of devilry.

PASCUAL: Soñáis. You are dreaming.

DON LUIS. ¿Por qué? Why?

PASCUAL: ¿No está preso? Isn't he in jail?

DON LUIS. Sí que está; Yes, he is, mas también lo estaba yo, but I was as well, y un hidalgo me fió. and a nobleman made my bail.

PASCUAL: Mas ¿quién a él le fiará? But who will bail him out?

DON LUIS: En fin, sólo un medio encuentro In truth, I only see de satisfacerme. one way to satisfy me.

PASCUAL: ¿Cuál? What?

DON LUIS: Que de esta casa, Pascual, That for tonight, Pascual quede yo esta noche dentro. I should stay inside this house.

PASCUAL: Mirad que así de doña Ana Beware if in doing so, you tenéis el honor vendido. besmirch the honour of Doña Ana.

DON LUIS. ¡Qué mil rayos! ¿Su marido A thousand curses! Isn't it true no voy a ser yo mañana? I'll be her husband tomorrow?

PASCUAL: Mas, señor, ¿no os digo yo But sir, am I not saying que os fío con la existencia...? that I guarantee you, on my life...?

DON LUIS. Sí; salir de una pendencia, Yes, to get out of a fight, mas de un ardid diestro, no. but out of a clever trap, no. Y en fin, o paso en la casa And anyway, either I spend the night la noche, o tomo la calle in the house, or I'll spend it in the street. aunque la justicia me halle. though the patrol find me on their beat.

PASCUAL: Señor don Luis, eso pasa Señor Don Luis, that goes right de terquedad, y es capricho beyond stubbornness, it's insane que dejar os aconsejo and I advise you again y os irá bien. forget it, everything will be fine. Don Luis; No lo dejo, No, I'm not abandoning it Pascual. Pascual.

PASCUAL: ¡Don Luis! Don Luis!

DON LUIS. Está dicho. I've spoken.

PASCUAL: ¡Vive Dios! ¿Hay tal afán? Good God! Was there ever such a difficult man?

DON LUIS. Tú dirás lo que quisieres, You may say what may be mas yo fío en las mujeres but I have much less faith in the lady mucho menos que en don Juan; than I do in Don Juan; pues lance es extremado for this is an extreme case por dos locos emprendido, undertaken by two fools bien será un loco atrevido and a fool may easily break the rules para un loco desalmado.

when another fool is base.

PASCUAL: Mirad bien lo que decís, Take care what you say in this manner porque yo sirvo a doña Ana for I've served Doña Ana desde que nació, y mañana since she was born, and I guarantee seréis su esposo, don Luis. you'll be hers tomorrow Don Luis.

DON LUIS. Pascual, esa hora llegada Pascual, when that time is here y ese derecho adquirido, and I've acquired the right to be yo sabré ser su marido her husband, I'll be good to her, you'll see, y la haré ser bien casada. and I'll make her happy, no fear. Mas en tanto... But meanwhile....

PASCUAL: No habléis más. Let it pass. Yo os conozco desde niños I've known you since we were kids y sé lo que son cariños, and I know what affection is, ¡por vida de Barrabás! I swear by Barrabas! Oíd: mi cuarto es sobrado Listen, my room will just do para los dos; dentro de él for the two of us, you can stay quedad; mas palabra fiel in there, but give me your word, and say dadme de estaros callado. that you'll remain quiet too.

DON LUIS. Te la doy. I give my word to you.

PASCUAL: Y hasta mañana And till tomorrow, we'll stay awake juntos con doble cautela together we'll both make nos quedaremos en vela. a double guard for her sake.

DON LUIS. Y se salvará doña Ana. And Doña Ana will not be lost.

PASCUAL: Sea. So be it.

DON LUIS. Pues vamos. Then lets go.

PASCUAL: Teneos. Wait. ¿Qué vais a hacer? What are you going to do.

DON LUIS. A entrar. Go in. Since it's late

PASCUAL: ¿Ya? Already?

DON LUIS. ¿Quién sabe lo que él hará? Who knows what he'll perpetrate?

PASCUAL:Vuestros celosos deseos Repress your jealous hate reprimid: que ser no puede for it can't safely be mientras que no se recoja until my master Don Gil mi amo, don Gil de Pantoja, retires to bed, and all's still, y todo en silencio quede. you see.

DON LUIS. Voto a... I swear....

PASCUAL: ¡Eh! Dad una vez Oh! Just for once let's have breves treguas al amor. a brief respite from love.

DON LUIS. ¿Y a qué hora ese buen señor And at what time is that good man suele acostarse? accustomed to go to bed?

PASCUAL: A las diez; At ten, y en esa calleja estrecha and in that narrow alley hay una reja; llamad there's a grilled window, call a las diez, y descuidad at ten, and, in the meantime, mientras en mí. rely on me.

DON LUIS. Es cosa hecha. Done.

PASCUAL: Don Luis, hasta luego, pues. Till then, Don Luis.

DON LUIS. Adiós, Pascual, hasta luego. Goodbye Pascual, till then.

ESCENA III SCENE III

Don Luis Jamás tal desasosiego I have never experienced tuve. Paréceme que es such apprehension. It seems to me esta noche hora menguada tonight will be a wearing para mí... y no sé qué vago one for me....I don't know what strange presentimiento, qué estrago foreboding, what disastrous change teme mi alma acongojada. my afflicted soul is fearing. ¡Por Dios que nunca pensé By God, I never really que a doña Ana amara así, thought I would love Ana so ni por ninguna sentí or feel for anyone though lo que por ella...! ¡Oh! Y a fe what I feel for her. Oh, truly, que de don Juan me amedrenta Don Juan's not the better of us two no el valor, mas la ventura. in courage, but only in luck. Parece que le asegura It seems that Satan writes the book Satanás en cuanto intenta. of whatever he tries to do. No, no: es un hombre infernal, No, no. He's a devil infernal y téngome para mí and I truly fear que si me aparto de aquí that if I move away from here me burla, pese a Pascual. he'll trick me, in spite of Pascual. Y aunque me tenga por

necio, And even if I'm considered a born quiero entrar: que con don Juan fool I'll go in, for with Don Juan las precauciones no están one's defence must be planned para vistas con desprecio. not viewed with scorn. (Llama a la ventana.) (He knocks on the window)

ESCENA IV SCENE IV

(Don Luis, Doña Ana) (Don Luis, Doña Ana)

DOÑA ANA: ¿Quién va? Who goes there?

DON LUIS. ¿No es Pascual? You are not Pascual?

DOÑA ANA: ¡Don Luis! Don Luis!

DON LUIS. ¡Doña Ana! Doña Ana!

DOÑA ANA: ¿Por la ventana Did you knock on the llamas ahora? window just now?

DON LUIS. ¡Ay, doña Ana, Yes, Doña Ana, cuán a buen tiempo salís! how opportunely you've come.

DOÑA ANA: Pues ¿qué hay, Mejía? But what's wrong, Mejía?

DON LUIS. Un empeño An attempt por tu beldad con un hombre on your beauty, by a man que temo. whom I fear.

DOÑA ANA: ¿Y qué hay que te asombre And what is there to fear from him en él, cuando eres tú el dueño when you possess de mi corazón? my heart?

DON LUIS. Doña Ana, Doña Ana, no lo puedes comprender you cannot understand de ese hombre sin conocer about that man without knowing nombre y suerte. his name and his good fortune.

DOÑA ANA: Será vana His good fortune will be su buena suerte conmigo; of no account to me, ya ves, sólo horas nos faltan you see, only a few hours remain para la boda, y te asaltan before the wedding, and vain vanos temores. fears assail you.

DON LUIS. Testigo I swear piously me es Dios que nada por mí nothing frightens me, it's true, me da pavor, mientras tenga for myself, while I have here espada y ese hombre venga my sword, or if that man were cara a cara contra ti. to come face to face with you. Mas como el león audaz But like an audacious lion y cauteloso y prudente both crafty and prudent como la astuta serpiente... like the astute serpent...

DOÑA ANA: ¡Bah! Duerme, don Luis, en paz, Oh! Sleep in peace, Don Luis que su audacia y su prudencia his audacity and prudence nada lograrán de mí, will never succeed with me, que tengo cifrada en ti for I've settled on you, you see, la gloria de mi existencia. the glory of my existence.

DON LUIS. Pues bien, Ana, de ese amor Very well, Ana, in the name of que me aseguras en nombre, that love of which you assure me, para no temer a ese hombre in order not to fear him, please, voy a pedirte un favor. I'm going to ask you a favour.

DOÑA ANA: Di; mas bajo, por si escucha Speak; more quietly in case tal vez alguno. someone can hear us.

DON LUIS. Oye, pues. Then listen.

ESCENA V SCENE V

(Doña Ana y Don Luis, a la reja (Doña Ana and Don Luis at the derecha; Don Juan y Ciutti, en la right grilled window; Don Juan calle izquierda) and Ciutti on the street to the left.)

CIUTTI: Señor, por mi vida, que es My word, in truth your vuestra suerte buena y mucha. luck is good and plentiful.

DON JUAN: Ciutti, nadie como yo: Ciutti, there's no one like me: ya viste cuán fácilmente you saw how easily el buen alcaide prudente the good and wise constabulary se avino y suelta me dio. came to terms, and set me free. Mas no hay ya en ello que hablar: But there's no need to talk of that. ¿mis encargos has cumplido? Have you done what I said?

CIUTTI: Todos los he concluido I have done it all mejor que pude esperar. better than I could have hoped.

DON JUAN: ¿La beata...? The governess?

CIUTTI: Esta es la llave This is the key de la puerta del jardín, to the gate in the garden wall, que habrá que escalar al fin, that you'd have had to climb, and it's tall, pues, como usarced ya sabe, since, as you're able to see, las tapias de ese convento the walls of that particular convent no tienen entrada alguna. have no other entrance at all.

DON JUAN: ¿Y te dio carta? And did she give you a letter?

CIUTTI: Ninguna; No, none, me dijo que aquí al momento she told me that in a moment iba a salir de camino; she was coming out for a walk: que al convento se volvía and she'd return to the convent y que con vos hablaría. after the two of you talk.

DON JUAN: Mejor es. That's even better.

CIUTTI: Lo mismo opino. I thought so.

DON JUAN: ¿Y los caballos? And the horses?

CIUTTI: Con silla I have them bridled y freno los tengo ya. and ready.

DON JUAN: ¿Y la gente? And my men?

CIUTTI: Cerca está. Are nearby.

DON JUAN: Bien, Ciutti; mientras Sevilla Good Ciutti; while Seville tranquila en sueño reposa reposes in tranquil sleep creyéndome encarcelado, believing me imprisoned otros dos nombres añado another two names will be added a mi lista numerosa. to the long list I keep. ¡Ja!, ¡ja! Ha ha!

CIUTTI: Señor. Sir.

DON JUAN: ¿Qué? What?

CIUTTI: Callad. Be quiet.

DON JUAN: ¿Qué hay, Ciutti? What's wrong Ciutti?

CIUTTI: Al doblar la esquina, On turning the corner en esa reja vecina at the neighbouring window he visto un hombre. I saw a man.

DON JUAN: Es verdad: Its true: pues ahora sí que es mejor so now the affair is el lance: ¿y si es ése? going better. Could it be him?

CIUTTI: ¿Quién? Who?

DON JUAN: Don Luis. Don Luis.

CIUTTI: Imposible. Impossible.

DON JUAN: ¡Toma! Why? ¿No estoy yo aquí? Well, am I not here?

CIUTTI: Diferencia There's a big difference va de él a vos. between you and him.

DON JUAN: Evidencia I believe the evidence, man, lo creo Ciutti; allí asoma Ciutti; there is still tras de la reja una dama. a lady behind the grill.

CIUTTI: Una criada tal vez. Perhaps a servant.

DON JUAN: Preciso es verlo, ¡pardiez!, By heaven! I want no perdamos lance y fama. to see, not lose the game or the fame. Mira, Ciutti: a fuer de ronda, Look, Ciutti, play at being the night patrol, tú con varios de los míos with several of my men por esa calle escurríos scatter through that street, again, dando vuelta a la redonda and set up around the whole a la casa. house.

CIUTTI: Y en tal caso In that case cerrará ella. she'll close the window.

DON JUAN: Pues con eso, And in that way, ella ignorante y él preso, him a prisoner, her unaware, nos dejarán franco el paso. the way will be clear for us there.

CIUTTI: Decís bien. That's right.

DON JUAN: Corre y atájale, Run and overtake him que en ello el vencer consiste. For winning depends on it.

CIUTTI: ¿Mas si el truhán se But if the scoundrel resists? resiste?

DON JUAN: Entonces de un tajo, rájale. Then with one sword-stroke break him.

ESCENA VI SCENE VI

(Don Juan, Doña Ana, Don Luis) (Don Juan, Doña Ana, Don Luis)

DON LUIS. ¿Me das, pues, tu asentimiento? Then you give me your consent?

DOÑA ANA: Consiento. I agree.

DON LUIS. ¿Complácesme de ese modo? And in this way you will please me?

DOÑA ANA: En todo. In everything, you'll see.

DON LUIS. Pues te velaré hasta el día. Then I'll spend the time till daylight here.

DOÑA ANA: Sí, Mejía. Yes, Mejía.

DON LUIS. Páguete el cielo, Ana mía, May heaven reward you Ana dear, satisfacción tan entera. and bring your happiness near.

DOÑA ANA: Porque me juzgues sincera, Because you believe me sincere consiento en todo, Mejía. I consent to everything Mejía.

DON LUIS. Volveré, pues, otra vez. I'll return then later, have no fear.

DOÑA ANA: Si, a las diez. Yes, at ten, please appear.

DON LUIS. ¿Me aguardarás, Ana? Will you wait for me, Ana?

DOÑA ANA: Sí. Yes.

DON LUIS. Aquí. Here.

DOÑA ANA: ¿Y tú estarás puntual, eh? And you'll be on time?

DON LUIS. Estaré. Assuredly.

DOÑA ANA: La llave, pues, te daré. Then I'll give you the key.

DON LUIS. Y dentro yo de tu casa, And, with me inside, venga Tenorio. let Tenorio come.

DOÑA ANA: Alguien pasa. Someone goes by! A las diez. Until ten.

DON LUIS. Aquí estaré. Then we'll see.

ESCENA VII SCENE VII

(Don Juan, Don Luis) (Don Juan, Don Luis)

DON LUIS: Mas se acercan. ¿Quién va allá? Someone is coming. Who goes there?

DON JUAN: Quien va. Whoever it is who goes there.

DON LUIS. De quien va así ¿qué se infiere? What does he want, whoever goes there?

DON JUAN: Que quiere... He wants....

DON LUIS. ¿Ver si la lengua le arranco ? To see me chop out his tongue?

DON JUAN: El paso franco. A clear run.

DON LUIS. Guardado está. This house is closely guarded.

DON JUAN: ¿Y soy yo manco? Do you think I'm unarmed then?

DON LUIS. Pidiéraislo en cortesía. You must ask more courteously here.

DON JUAN: ¿Y a quién? Of whom?

DON LUIS. A don Luis Mejía. Of Don Luis Mejía.

DON JUAN: Quien va quiere el paso franco. He who goes here wants a clear run.

DON LUIS. ¿Conocéisme? Do you know me?

DON JUAN: Sí. Yes.

DON LUIS. ¿Y yo a vos? And I you?

DON JUAN: Los dos. Both of us do.

DON LUIS. ¿Y en qué estriba el estorballe? And where's the hindrance to your feet?

DON JUAN: En la calle. Here in the street

DON LUIS. ¿De ella los dos por ser amos? Because we're both standing in it?

DON JUAN: Estamos. We are both in it.

DON LUIS. Dos hay no más que podamos There are only two of us who necesitarla a la vez. need it just now, though.

DON JUAN: Lo sé. I know.

DON LUIS. ¡Sois don Juan! You are Don Juan!

DON JUAN: ¡Pardiez! So!.... los dos ya en la calle estamos. we are both in the street now.

DON LUIS. ¿No os prendieron? Didn't they arrest you?

DON JUAN: Como a vos. Like you.

DON LUIS. ¡Vive Dios! Good Lord. Y huisteis? And you got away?

DON JUAN: Os imité: I did what you did. ¿y qué? Why?

DON LUIS. Que perderéis. So that you'll lose.

DON JUAN: No sabemos. We don't know so.

DON LUIS. Lo veremos. We'll see though.

DON JUAN: La dama entrambos tenemos We have both set out to know sitiada y estáis cogido. the lady, and you're trapped too.

DON LUIS. Tiempo hay. There's still time.

DON JUAN: Para vos perdido. To be lost, by you.

DON LUIS. ¡Vive Dios que lo veremos! By God we will see, though! (Don Luis desenvaina su espada, mas (Don Luis unsheathes his sword, Ciutti, que ha bajado con los suyos but Ciutti, who has craftily cautelosamente hasta colocarse tras approached with his men until él, le sujeta.) they are behind him, grabs him.)

DON JUAN: Señor don Luis, vedlo, pues. Don Luis, now you see,

DON LUIS. Traición es. This is treachery.

DON JUAN: La boca... His mouth... (A los suyos, que se la tapan a don (To his men who cover Don Luis' Luis.) mouth.)

DON LUIS. ¡Oh! Oh!

DON JUAN: (Le sujetan los brazos.) (They pin his arms.) Sujeto atrás: Tie them: más. more. La empresa es, señor Mejía, The game, Mejía, como mía. is mine, I fear. Encerrádmele hasta el día. Lock him up for a day. (A los suyos.) (To his men) La apuesta está ya en mi mano. And so the game falls to me. (A don Luis.) (To Don Luis) Adiós, don Luis: si os la gano, Goodbye, Don Luis, if I win, you see, traición es; mas como mía. by treachery, it's the way I play.

ESCENA VIII SCENE VIII

DON JUAN: Buen lance, ¡viven los cielos! By heaven! A fine affair. Estos son los que dan fama: This is the kind that wins fame today: mientras le soplo la dama, while I snatch his lady away, él se arrancará los pelos he'll be tearing out his hair encerrado en mi bodega. imprisoned in my wine cellar. ¿Y ella...? Cuando crea hallarse And she? When she thinks she's with him again con él..., ¡ja!, ¡ja...! ¡Oh! y ...ha! ha! Oh, and he can't quejarse complain. no puede; limpio se juega. I play fair, he can tell her. A la cárcel le llevé I got him jailed y salió: llevóme a mí and he was bailed: he trapped me y salí; hallarnos aquí and I was bailed; it was destiny era fuerza..., ya se ve, that we'd meet here, neither failed su parte en la grave apuesta: to defend his name defendía cada cual. in this serious jest. Mas con la suerte está mal But Mejía's luck is not of the best Mejía, y también pierde ésta. and he'll also lose this game. Sin embargo, y por si acaso, Nevertheless, and just to be sure, no es demás asegurarse it's not showing too much fear de Lucía, a desgraciarse to make certain of Lucía, no vaya por poco el paso. since there's some danger of failure. Mas por allí un bulto negro But a dark shadow appears, se aproxima..., y a mi ver and in my opinion es el bulto una mujer. the shape is that of a woman. ¿Otra aventura? Me alegro. Another adventure? I'm cheered.

ESCENA IX SCENE IX

(Don Juan, Brígida) (Don Juan, Brigida)

BRÍGIDA: ¿Caballeros? Gentlemen?

DON JUAN: ¿Quién va allá? Who goes there?

BRÍGIDA: ¿Sois don Juan? Are you Don Juan?

DON JUAN: ¡Por vida de...! What can I say!.... ¡Si es la beata! ¡Y a fe It's the guardian! And in faith que la había olvidado ya! I had forgotten about her! Llegaos; don Juan soy yo. Approach, I am Don Juan.

BRÍGIDA: ¿Estáis solo? Are you alone?

DON JUAN: Con el diablo. With the devil, I own.

BRÍGIDA: ¡Jesucristo! Goodness me!

DON JUAN: Por vos lo hablo. I say that because of you.

BRÍGIDA: ¿Soy yo el diablo? Do I look like the devil to you?

DON JUAN: Créolo. I think so.

BRÍGIDA: ¡Vaya! ¡Qué cosas tenéis! Ah, how you speak to me! Vos sí que sois un diablillo... You really are a devil or worse.

DON JUAN: Que te llenará el bolsillo One who will fill up your little purse si le sirves. if you serve him.

BRÍGIDA: Lo veréis. You'll see.

DON JUAN: Descarga, pues, ese pecho. Unburden yourself then. ¿Qué hiciste? What did you do?

BRÍGIDA: Cuanto me ha dicho All that your servant told me to. vuestro paje... ¡Y qué mal bicho And what a scamp he is, it's true, es ese Ciutti! that Ciutti.

DON JUAN: ¿Qué ha hecho? What did he do?

BRÍGIDA: ¡Gran bribón! He's a great rascal.

DON JUAN: ¿No os ha entregado Didn't he turn over to you un bolsillo y un papel? a purse and a letter?

BRÍGIDA: Leyendo estará ahora en él Doña Inés is getting better doña Inés. acquainted with it right now.

DON JUAN: ¿La has preparado? Have you prepared her?

BRÍGIDA: Vaya; y os la he convencido I have convinced her con tal maña y de manera in such a clever way que irá como una cordera she'll follow you, any day, tras vos. like a little lamb.

DON JUAN: ¡Tan fácil te ha sido! Was it that easy for you?

BRÍGIDA: ¡Bah! Pobre garza enjaulada, Bah. Poor little bird in a cage dentro la jaula nacida, to be born here and to die, ¿qué sabe ella si hay más vida what does she know, at her age, ni más aire en que volar? of another life, free, in which to fly? Si no vio nunca sus plumas If she's never seen her feathers del sol a los resplandores, shine in the sun, poor thing, ¿qué sabe de los colores what does she know of the colours de que se puede ufanar? of which her heart might sing? No cuenta la pobrecilla The poor little child is diez y siete primaveras a bare seventeen y, aún virgen a las primeras and wholly a virgin impresiones del amor, to love's first idea, nunca concibió la dicha she's never conceived of pleasure, fuera de su pobre estancia outside her poor dwelling's measure, tratada desde su infancia treated from infancy like a treasure, con cauteloso rigor. with careful strictness, poor dear. Y tantos años monótonos And so many monotonous years de soledad y convento of convent solitude tenían su pensamiento have kept her thoughts subdued, ceñido a punto tan ruin, imprisoned in such a ruinous way, a tan reducido espacio captive to such a degree, y a círculo tan mezquino, and in such wretched society, que era el claustro su destino that the cloister was her destiny, el altar era su fin. devotion was her fate. "Aquí está Dios", la dijeron; "God is here," they told her; y ella dijo: "Aquí le adoro". And she said: "Here I'll adore" "Aquí está el claustro y el coro." Here is the cloister and choir. Y pensó: "No hay más allá". And thought "Beyond, there is nothing more." Y sin otras ilusiones And without any illusions que sus sueños infantiles, more than her childish dreams, pasó diez y siete abriles she spent seventeen years growing sin conocerlo quizá. here, almost without knowing.

DON JUAN: ¿Y está hermosa? And is she beautiful?

BRÍGIDA: ¡Oh! Como un ángel. Oh, as an angel.

DON JUAN: ¿Y la has dicho...? And you have unfurled...?

BRÍGIDA: Figuraos You may well guess si habré metido mal caos how I have stirred wicked chaos en su cabeza, don Juan. inside her head, Don Juan. La hablé del amor, del mundo, I spoke to her of love, of the world de la corte y los placeres, of pleasures, the court, how gallant de cuánto con las mujeres you are, how prodigious a talent erais pródigo y galán. you possess with women. La dije que erais el hombre I told her you were the man por su padre destinado chosen for her by her father, para suyo; os he pintado and I have painted you rather muerto por ella de amor, as dying for her love, desesperado por ella, desperate for her, y por ella perseguido, because of her, in a lather, por ella decidido determined to risk honour a perder vida y honor. for her, and life above. En fin, mis dulces palabras, In short, my words of sweetness al posarse en sus oídos, so possessed her hearing, sus deseos mal dormidos desires still slumbering, arrastraron de sí en pos; awakened in her, beating y allá dentro de su pecho there inside her breast, han inflamado una llama set light to a flame so true, de fuerza tal, que ya os ama that she already loves you, y no piensa más que en vos. and it's only of you she's thinking.

DON JUAN: Tan incentiva pintura Such an alluring picture los sentidos me enajena, inflames my senses, whole, el alma ardiente me llena and fills my burning soul de su insensata pasión. with senseless ardour. Empezó por una apuesta, It began as a wager, siguió por un devaneo, followed by mad desire, engendró luego un deseo, engendering the fire, y hoy me quema el corazón. and now my heart's alight. Poco es el centro de un claustro; A cloister is no matter; ¡al mismo infierno bajara, I'd go downwards to the Inferno, y a estocadas la arrancara and with sword thrusts, to and fro, de los brazos de Satán! from the arms of Satan, seize her. ¡Oh! Hermosa flor, cuyo cáliz Oh beautiful flower, whose calyx al rocío aún no se ha abierto, never opened to the dew, a trasplantarte va al huerto to the garden of his love de sus amores don Juan. Don Juan will transplant you. ¿Brígida? Brigida?

BRÍGIDA: Os estoy oyendo, I'm listening. y me hacéis perder el tino: and you confuse me; yo os creía un libertino I thought you a libertine sin alma y sin corazón. without a soul or heart.

DON JUAN: ¿Eso extrañas? ¿No está claro That surprises you? Isn't it clear que en un objeto tan noble that a noble aim in mind hay que interesarse doble must interest a man of my kind que en otros? twice as much as others.

BRÍGIDA: Tenéis razón. You're a man apart.

DON JUAN: Conque ¿a qué hora se recogen So at what time do the reverend las madres? mothers seek their beds?

BRÍGIDA: Ya recogidas They've probably already done so. estarán. ¿Vos prevenidas Do you have everything, though, todas las cosas tenéis? prepared and ready?

DON JUAN: Todas. Everything.

BRÍGIDA: Pues luego que doblen Then as soon as they ring a las ánimas, con tiento for prayers, carefully, saltando al huerto, al convento jumping into the garden, see, fácilmente entrar podéis you can enter the convent easily con la llave que os he enviado: with the key I sent you: de un claustro oscuro y estrecho that of a dark and narrow door, es, seguidle bien derecho, follow it straight through, and your y daréis con poco afán passage is made, with little worry, en nuestra celda. to our cell.

DON JUAN: Y si acierto And if I succeed, at leisure, a robar tan gran tesoro, in stealing such a treasure, te he de hacer pesar en oro. I'll give you your weight in gold, with pleasure.

BRÍGIDA: Por mí no queda, don Juan. Don't stay for me, Don Juan, hurry.

DON JUAN: Ve y aguárdame. Go and wait for me Brígida; Voy, pues, Brigida, I am going straight there a entrar por la portería, through the little door here, y a cegar a sor María to blind Sister Maria, la tornera. Hasta después. the doorkeeper. Till later. (Vase Brígida, y un poco antes de (Brigida leaves. And a little concluir esta escena sale Ciutti, que before this scene ends, Ciutti se para en el fondo, esperando) comes in and stops in the background, waiting.)

ESCENA X SCENE X

(Don Juan, Ciutti) (Don Juan, Ciutti)

DON JUAN: Pues, señor, ¡soberbio envite! Well sir. A fine start to it! Muchas hice hasta esta hora, I've played lots of hands before mas ¡por Dios que la de ahora but, by God, I never saw será tal que me acredite! one that will do me more credit! Mas ya veo que me espera But I see Ciutti is waiting. Ciutti. ¿Lebrel? (Llamándole.) Lebrel? (Calling him)

CIUTTI: Aquí estoy. I am here.

DON JUAN: ¿Y don Luis? And Don Luis?

CIUTTI: Libre por hoy You're free of him, have no fear estáis de él. for today.

DON JUAN: Ahora quisiera Now I desire ver a Lucía. To see Lucia.

CIUTTI: Llegar This way. Here. podéis aquí: (A la reja derecha.) (At the right grill.) yo la llamo I'll call out, y al salir a mi reclamo and when she answers my shout, la podéis vos abordar. you can accost her.

DON JUAN: Llama, pues. Knock then.

CIUTTI: La seña mía She knows my signal so well sabe bien para que dude she might hesitate en acudir. to answer the bell.

DON JUAN: Pues si acude, Well if she does come, I say it, lo demás es cuenta mía. the rest is for me to tell. (Ciutti llama a la reja con una seña (Ciutti knocks on the grill que parezca convenida. Lucía se asoma with a signal that seems a ella, y al ver a don Juan se detiene appropriate. Lucia comes to it un momento.) and when she sees Don Juan, she stops for a moment.)

ESCENA XI SCENE XI

(Don Juan, Lucia, Ciutti) (Don Juan, Lucia, Ciutti)

LUCÍA: ¿Qué queréis, buen caballero? What do you want, sir knight?

DON JUAN: Quiero. I want...

LUCÍA: ¿Qué queréis, vamos a ver? Well! Lets see, what you want?

DON JUAN: Ver. To see...

LUCÍA: ¿Ver? ¿Qué veréis a esta hora? To see? Who would you see so late?

DON JUAN: A tu señora. Your lady.

LUCÍA: Idos, hidalgo, en mal hora; Go away, fine sir, to your sorry fate ¿quién pensáis que vive aquí? Who do you think lives here?

DON JUAN: Doña Ana Pantoja, y Doña Ana Pantoja is there, quiero ver a tu señora. and I want to see your lady.

LUCÍA: ¿Sabéis que casa doña Ana? Do you know Doña Ana is to be wed?

DON JUAN: Sí, mañana. Yes, tomorrow, I've heard it said.

LUCÍA: ¿Y ha de ser tan infiel ya? And is she to be unfaithful already?

DON JUAN: Sí será. Yes, she will be, she's ready.

LUCÍA: ¿Pues no es de don Luis Mejía? But isn't she promised to Luis Mejía?

DON JUAN: ¡Ca! Otro día. Ah, another day, I hear. Hoy no es mañana, Lucía; Today is not tomorrow, Lucia; yo he de estar hoy con doña Ana, I must be with Doña Ana today, y si se casa mañana, and let her marry tomorrow, I say, mañana será otro día. for tomorrow is another day.

LUCÍA: ¡Ah! ¡En recibiros está? Ah, is she prepared to receive you?

DON JUAN: Podrá. It could be.

LUCÍA: ¿Qué haré, si os he de servir? What am I to do to serve you?

DON JUAN: Abrir. Open up.

LUCÍA: ¡Bah! ¿Y quién abre este Bah. And what can open this castillo? fortress?

DON JUAN: Ese bolsillo. That purse.

LUCÍA: ¿Oro? Gold?

DON JUAN: Pronto te dio el brillo. You soon caught sight of its brightness.

LUCÍA: ¿Cuánto? How much, all told?

DON JUAN: De cien doblas pasa. More than a hundred golden pieces.

LUCÍA: Jesús! Jesus!

DON JUAN: Cuenta y di: ¿esta casa Count it and say if that purse pleases podrá abrir, ese bolsillo? enough to open this house.

LUCÍA: ¡Oh! Si es quien me dora el Oh, if someone puts gold in my pico... mouth...

DON JUAN: Muy rico. Who is very rich. (Interrumpiéndola.) (Interrupting her.)

LUCÍA: ¿Si? ¿Qué nombre usa el galán? Yes? And the name of the noble man?

DON JUAN: Don Juan. Don Juan.

LUCÍA: ¿Sin apellido notorio? With a notorious last name?

DON JUAN: Tenorio. Tenorio, the very same.

LUCÍA: ¡Animas del purgatorio! By the spirits amongst the flame! ¿Vos don Juan? You are Don Juan?

DON JUAN: ¿Qué te amedrenta, Does it cause you to fear, si a tus ojos se presenta that some rich Don Juan Tenorio muy rico don Juan Tenorio. presents himself to your eyes here?

LUCÍA: Rechina la cerradura. The lock is making a noise.

DON JUAN: Se asegura: It's secure.

LUCÍA: ¿Y a mí quién? ¡Por Belcebú! And who makes me secure?

DON JUAN: Tú. By Beelzebub. Why you, for sure.

LUCÍA: ¿Y qué me abrirá el camino? And what will smooth the road for me?

DON JUAN: Buen tino. Good sense, I'm told.

LUCÍA: ¡Bah! Ir en brazos del Bah. You're too bold..... destino...

DON JUAN: Dobla el oro. I'll double the gold.

LUCÍA: Me acomodo. I agree.

DON JUAN: Pues mira cómo de todo Just see how your good sense se asegura tu buen tino. reassures you totally.

LUCÍA: Dadme algún tiempo, ¡pardiez! Give me time, for heaven's sake!

DON JUAN: A las diez. Till ten, then, take.

LUCÍA: ¿Dónde os busco, o vos a mí? I'll find you, or you me, where?

DON JUAN: Aquí. Here.

LUCÍA: ¿Conque estaréis puntual, eh? So you'll be waiting for me?

DON JUAN: Estaré. I will be.

LUCÍA: Pues yo una llave os traeré. Then I'll bring you a key.

DON JUAN: Y yo otra igual cantidad. And I an equal amount of gold.

LUCÍA: No me faltéis. Don't fail me.

DON JUAN: No en verdad; No, for in truth, I told a las diez aquí estaré. you, I'll be here at ten. Adiós, pues, y en mí te fía. Good bye, and trust me, my dear.

LUCÍA: Y en mí el garboso galán. And you, me, my elegant gentleman.

DON JUAN: Adiós, pues, franca Lucía. Good bye, then, generous Lucia.

LUCÍA: Adiós, pues, rico don Juan. Good bye, then, rich Don Juan. (Lucía cierra la ventana. Ciutti se (Lucia closes the window. acerca a don Juan a una seña de éste.) Ciutti approaches Don Juan at a signal from the latter.)

ESCENA XII SCENE XII

(Don Juan, Ciutti) (Don Juan, Ciutti)

DON JUAN: (Riéndose.) (Laughing) Con oro nada hay que falle. With gold everything's sweet. Ciutti, ya sabes mi intento: Ciutti, you know my true intent: a las nueve en el convento, at nine inside the old convent, a las diez en esta calle. (Vanse.) at ten outside in the street. (They leave.)

FIN DE ACTO SEGUNDO END OF THE SECOND ACT

ACTO TERCERO ACT THREE

PROFANACION PROFANATION

(Celda de doña Inés. Puerta en el (The cell of Doña Ines. A door at fondo y a la izquierda.) the back and to the left.)

ESCENA I SCENE I

(Doña Inés, la Abadesa) (Doña Ines and the abbess.)

ABADESA:¿Conque me habéis So, you've understood me? entendido?

DOÑA INÉS: Si, señora. Yes, my lady.

ABADESA: Está muy bien; That's well; la voluntad decisiva such is your father's de vuestro padre tal es. firm wish, you hear. Sois joven, cándida y buena; You are young, innocent, and good: vivido en el claustro habéis you've lived in the cloister, here, casi desde que nacisteis; since you were born, my dear, y para quedar en él and in order to stay here now, atada con santos votos bound by a sacred vow para siempre, ni aún tenéis, eternally, you have no como otras, pruebas difíciles difficult penances to perform ni penitencias que hacer. or trials like others. ¡Dichosa mil veces vos! You're a thousand times fortunate! Dichosa, sí, doña Inés, Fortunate, yes, Doña Ines, que no conociendo el mundo for, not knowing the world, no le debéis de temer. you do not have to fear it. ¡Dichosa vos que, del claustro Fortunate, that crossing al pisar en el dintel, the threshold of the cloister no os volveréis a mirar you will not turn to look back lo que tras vos dejaréis! at what you are leaving behind. Y los mundanos recuerdos And the worldly memory del bullicio y del placer of hubbub and pleasure no os turbarán tentadores will not trouble you, tempting you, del ara santa a los pies; at the foot of the sacred altar: pues ignorando lo que hay since not knowing what is there, tras esa santa pared, behind that sacred wall, lo que tras ella se queda you will never long for jamás apeteceréis. what remains beyond it. Mansa paloma enseñada A tame dove that has learned en las palmas a comer to eat from the palm del dueño que la ha criado of the master who raised you en doméstico vergel, in a private orchard, no habiendo salido nunca never having left de la protectora red, the net that protects you, no ansiaréis nunca las alas you will not yearn for wings por el espacio tender. to extend into space. Lirio gentil, cuyo tallo A gentle lily, whose stem mecieron sólo tal vez was only rocked for hours las embalsamadas brisas by the perfumed breezes del más florecido mes, of a month of flowers, aquí a los besos del aura here at the kisses of the gentle breeze vuestro cáliz abriréis, your calyx will unfold y aquí vendrán vuestras hojas and here your leaves will begin tranquilamente a caer. tranquilly to fall. Y en el pedazo de tierra And in the piece of earth que abarca nuestra estrechez, which our poverty encloses, y en el pedazo de cielo and in the piece of sky que por las rejas se ve, that is seen through the bars, vos no veréis más que un lecho you'll find only a bed do en dulce sueño yacer, where in sweet sleep you'll lie y un velo azul suspendido and a blue veil suspended a las puertas del Edén. at the gates of Eden. ¡Ay! En verdad que os envidio, Oh, in truth I envy you venturosa doña Inés, fortunate Doña Ines, con vuestra inocente vida, with your innocent life, la virtud del no saber. the virtue of not knowing. Mas ¿por qué estáis cabizbaja? But, why are you so sad? ¿Por qué no me respondéis Why do you not reply como otras veces, alegre, as at other times, happily, cuando en lo mismo os hablé? when I speak like this to you? ¿Suspiráis?... ¡Oh!, ya comprendo You sigh? Oh, now I understand de vuelta aquí hasta no ver not having seen your Duenna a vuestra aya estáis inquieta, returning, you are anxious, pero nada receléis. but have no fears at all. A casa de vuestro padre She went to your father's house fue casi al anochecer, almost at nightfall y abajo en la portería and she is probably in the estará: yo os la enviaré, gatehouse; I will send her to you que estoy de vela esta noche. since I'm on watch tonight. Conque, vamos, doña Inés, So come now, Doña Ines, recogeos, que ya es hora: collect yourself, for it's time; mal ejemplo no me deis don't set a bad example a las novicias, que ha tiempo to the novices, asleep, quiet que duermen ya. Hasta después. for some while. Till later.

DOÑA INÉS: Id con Dios, madre Go with God, mother Abbess. abadesa.

ABADESA: Adiós, hija. Goodbye my daughter.

ESCENA II SCENE II

(Doña Inés) (Doña Inés)

DOÑA INÉS: Ya se fue. She's gone. No sé qué tengo, ¡ay de mí!, I don't know what's wrong with me. que en tumultuoso tropel Alas! For in a tumultous crowd mil encontradas ideas a thousand conflicting ideas me combaten a la vez. assail me all at once. Otras noches complacida On other nights I listened, sus palabras escuché; complacently, to her words; y de esos cuadros tranquilos and those tranquil pictures que sabe pintar tan bien, she knows how to paint so well, de esos placeres domésticos those domestic pleasures, la dichosa sencillez their delightful simplicity, y la calma venturosa, and their happy calm, me hicieron apetecer made me yearn for la soledad de los claustros the silence of the cloisters y su santa rigidez. and their holy rule. Mas hoy la oí

distraída But today I listened distracted y en sus pláticas hallé, and I found in her chatter si no enojosos discursos, if not bothersome discourse a lo menos aridez. at the very least aridity. Y no sé por qué, al decirme And I don't know why, at her telling me que podría acontecer that it might happen, que se acelerase el día that the day for my vows de mi profesión, temblé might come quickly, I trembled y sentí del corazón and I felt in my heart acelerarse el vaivén, excitement quicken, teñírseme el semblante my face become discolored de amarilla palidez. with yellowish pallor. ¡Ay de mí...! ¡Pero mi dueña Ah me! But where can my dónde estará...! Esa mujer Duenna be. That woman con sus pláticas al cabo sometimes entertains me entretiene alguna vez. after all, with her gossip. Y hoy la echo menos... acaso And today I miss her...perhaps porque la voy a perder, because I'm going to lose her, que en profesando es preciso for when taking vows it's necessary renunciar a cuanto amé. to renounce everything you love. Mas pasos siento en el claustro; But I hear steps in the cloister: ¡oh!, reconozco muy bien Oh! I truly recognize sus pisadas... Ya está aquí. her footsteps. She is here.

ESCENA III SCENE III

(Doña Inés, Brígida) (Doña Inés, Brígida)

BRIGIDA: Buena noches Doña Inés. Good evening, Doña Ines.

DOÑA INES: Cómo habéis tardado Why are you so late? tanto?

BRÍGIDA: Voy a cerrar esta puerta. I'm going to close this gate.

DOÑA INÉS: Hay orden de que esté The rule is to keep it open. abierta.

BRÍGIDA: Eso es muy bueno y muy It is very good and holy santo para las otras novicias for all the other novices que han de consagrarse a Dios, to be consecrated to God: no, doña Inés, para vos. but not, Doña Ines, for you.

DOÑA INÉS: Brígida, ¿no ves que Brígida, don't you see you are vicias las reglas del monasterio breaking the convent rules que no permiten...? that do not permit.....?

BRÍGIDA: ¡Bah!, ¡bah! Bah, bah! Más seguro así se está, We are safer so, y así se habla sin misterio and so we can talk without mystery ni estorbos. ¿Habéis mirado or hindrance. Have you looked carefully el libro que os he traído? at the book I brought you?

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Ay!, se me había Ay, I forgot it. olvidado.

BRÍGIDA: ¡Pues me hace gracia el (Ironically) Well, thank you for olvido! forgetting it!

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Como la madre abadesa Because the mother Abbess se entró aquí inmediatamente! came in straight away.

BRÍGIDA: ¡Vieja más impertinente! What a meddlesome old woman!

DOÑA INÉS: ¿Pues tanto el libro You are interested in the book? interesa?

BRÍGIDA: ¡Vaya si interesa! Mucho. Oh yes, it interests me. A great deal! ¡Pues quedó con poco afán For the poor man left it behind el infeliz! along with a little longing. (Ironically)

DOÑA INÉS: ¿Quién? Who did?

BRÍGIDA: Don Juan. Don Juan!

DOÑA INÉS: ¿Válgame el cielo! ¡Qué escucho! Good heavens, what do I hear! Es don Juan quien me le envía. Don Juan sent it to me?

BRÍGIDA: Por supuesto. That's so.

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Oh! Yo no debo Oh! I ought not to go tomarle. accepting it.

BRÍGIDA: ¡Pobre mancebo! Poor young man, though! Desairarle así, sería To slight him thus would be matarle. to kill him.

DOÑA INÉS: ¿Qué estás diciendo? What are you saying?

BRÍGIDA: Si ese horario no tomáis, If you don't accept his book of prayer tal pesadumbre le dais you'll cause him such despair que va a enfermar: lo estoy viendo that he'll sicken: I can see it now.

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Ah! No, no; de esa Ah! No, no; in that case manera le tomaré. I will take it.

BRÍGIDA: Bien haréis. You'll do well.

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Y qué bonito es! And how pretty it is!

BRÍGIDA: Ya veis; Well, you see, it is: quien quiere agradar se esmera. who wants to please tries his best.

DOÑA INÉS: Con sus manecillas de With little clasps of gold. oro. ¡Y cuidado que está prieto! And it's comfortable to hold! A ver, a ver si completo Lets see, lets see if it has the whole contiene el rezo del coro. choir prayer all told. (Le abre, y cae una carta de entre (She opens it and a letter falls sus hojas.) out from between the leaves.) Mas ¿qué cayó? But what fell?

BRÍGIDA: Un papelito. A little paper.

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Una carta! A letter!

BRÍGIDA: Claro está; Of course it is: en esa carta os vendrá he is probably offering you ofreciendo el regalito. his gift in that letter.

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Qué! ¿Será suyo el What! Can this paper be his? papel?

BRÍGIDA: ¡Vaya, que sois inocente! Come now, how innocent you are! Pues que os feria, es consiguiente Since he is giving you a present, que la carta será de él. it follows the letter is his.

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Ay, Jesús! Merciful Heavens!

BRÍGIDA: ¿Qué es lo que os da? Whats the matter, poor thing?

DOÑA INÉS: Nada, Brigida, no es Nothing, Brigida, it's nothing. nada.

BRÍGIDA: No, no; si estáis No, no: you seem bothered by inmutada. something. (Ya presa en la red está.) (Aside) She's already caught in the net. ¿Se os pasa? Is anything wrong?

DOÑA INÉS: Sí. Yes.

BRÍGIDA: Eso habrá sido It must have been excess cualquier mareíllo vano. of some passing dizziness.

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Ay! Se me abrasa la Ah! My hand is burning where mano con que el papel he cogido. I held it against the paper.

BRÍGIDA: Doña Inés, ¡válgame Dios!, Goodness, Doña Ines jamás os he visto así: I've never seen you like this: estáis trémula. you're trembling.

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Ay de mí! Ah, yes!

BRÍGIDA: ¿Qué es lo que pasa por vos? What's happening to you?

DOÑA INÉS: No sé... El campo de mi mente I don't know...I feel as if I see siento que cruzan perdidas a thousand unknown shadows wind, mil sombras desconocidas wandering, throughout my mind, que me inquietan vagamente that vaguely trouble me, y ha tiempo al alma me dan and for some time now they've been con su agitación tortura. tormenting me with their passing.

BRÍGIDA: ¿Tiene alguna por ventura Perhaps Don Juan's face passing el semblante de don Juan? has something to do with it?

DOÑA INÉS: No sé: desde que le vi, I don't know, but ever since I came to see Brígida mía, y su nombre him, Brigida, and you told me his name, me dijiste, tengo a ese hombre I always have that man, the same siempre delante de mí. one, in front of me. Por doquiera me distraigo Wherever I am, I'm distracted con su agradable recuerdo, by the pleasant memory of him, y si un instante le pierdo, and if for a moment I forget him, en su recuerdo recaigo. I remember how he acted. No sé qué fascinación I don't know what fascination en mis sentidos ejerce, he holds for my senses, que siempre hacia él se me tuerce I have no defences, la mente y el corazón: mind and heart are turned his way: y aquí y en el oratorio and here in the oratory, oh, y en todas partes advierto I notice I entertain que el pensamiento divierto my thoughts again and again con la imagen de Tenorio. with the form of Tenorio.

BRÍGIDA: ¡Válgame Dios! Doña Inés, Heaven help us, Doña Ines, según lo vais explicando, according to what you've told me tentaciones me van dando you tempt me to believe, you see de creer que eso amor es. that it is love, no less.

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Amor has dicho! Love you say!

BRÍGIDA: Sí, amor. Yes. Love.

DOÑA INÉS: No, de ninguna manera. No, by no manner of means.

BRÍGIDA: Pues por amor lo Well, the slowest witted it seems entendiera el menos entendedor; would know that it is love: mas vamos la carta a ver. but let me see the letter. ¿En qué os paráis? ¿Un suspiro? What stops you, then? A sigh?

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Ay! Que cuanto más la Ay! The more I look at it, miro, menos me atrevo a leer. the less I dare to read it. (Lee.) (She reads) "Doña Inés del alma mía." "Doña Ines, the soul of love" ¡Virgen Santa, qué principio! Saints above, what an introduction!

BRÍGIDA: Vendrá en verso, y será Since it is a verse production un ripio que traerá la poesía. it's required by the poetry. Vamos, seguid adelante. Go on: keep reading.

DOÑA INÉS: (Lee.) (reads) "Luz de donde el sol la toma, "Light that creates the sun above, hermosísima paloma most beautiful and gentle dove privada de libertad, deprived of liberty, si os dignáis por estas letras if you deign to pass pasar vuestros lindos ojos, your pretty eyes over these letters today, no los tornéis con enojos do not angrily turn them away sin concluir, acabad." without finishing: read them and see."

BRÍGIDA: ¡Qué humildad! ¡Y qué What humility! What finesse! finura! ¿Dónde hay mayor rendimiento? Where is there greater devotion?

DOÑA INÉS: Brigida, no sé qué Brigida, I don't know this emotion siento. I feel.

BRÍGIDA: Seguid, seguid la lectura. Go on, what's next?

DOÑA INÉS: (Lee) (Reading) "Nuestros padres de consuno "Our fathers, together, both nuestras bodas acordaron, agreed we should wed porque los cielos juntaron because the heavens joined los destinos de los dos. our two destinies. Y halagado desde entonces And since then, flattered by con tan risueña esperanza, such a delightful hope, mi alma, doña Inés, no alcanza Doña Ines, my soul seeks no otro porvenir que vos. other future than you. Indeed, De amor con ella en mi pecho a tiny spark of love brotó una chispa ligera, ignited here in my chest que han convertido en hoguera and time and fixed affection have tiempo y afición tenaz: made it a roaring fire; y esta llama que en mí mismo and this unquenchable zest se alimenta inextinguible, that finds itself inside me cada día más terrible every day more terribly, va creciendo y más voraz.., increasing, blazing higher...."

BRÍGIDA: Es claro; esperar le It's clear: they made him wait hicieron en vuestro amor algún día, to gain your love one day, y hondas raíces tenía and found tenacious roots cuando a arrancársele fueron. when they tried to tear them away. Seguid. Continue.

DOÑA INÉS: (Lee.) "En vano a apagarla "Time and absence, in vain, though concurren tiempo y ausencia, seek to extinguish it, que doblando su violencia for doubling in violence, it no hoguera ya, volcán es. is no longer a fire, but a volcano. Y yo, que en medio del cráter And I, suspended, O, desamparado batallo, I battle without shelter, suspendido en él me hallo in the midst of a crater entre mi tumba y mi Inés." between my tomb and my Inés, so"

BRÍGIDA: ¿Lo veis, Inés? Si ese Do you see Inés? If you flout horario le despreciáis, al instante that prayerbook you crave le preparan el sudario. they'll prepare his shroud.

DOÑA INÉS: Yo desfallezco. I'm faint.

BRÍGIDA: Adelante. Oh. be brave!

DOÑA INÉS: (Lee.) (She reads) "Inés, alma de mi alma, "Inés, soul of my soul, perpetuo imán de mi vida, my life's eternal goal, perla sin concha escondida a pearl concealed, without a shell, entre las algas del mar; deep beneath the ocean swell: garza que nunca del nido bird that never from its nest tender osastes el vuelo, dared to stretch its wings and fly, el diáfano azul del cielo through the translucent azure sky para aprender a cruzar; learning how to cross: si es que a través de esos muros if at the world beyond those walls el mundo apenada miras, you peer in misery, y por el mundo suspiras and sigh for a world of liberty de libertad con afán, with yearning, understand acuérdate que al pie mismo that at the very foot de esos muros que te guardan, of those same

walls, await you para salvarte te aguardan to save you, yes, await you, los brazos de tu don Juan." the arms of your Don Juan." (Representa.) (She shows her emotions.) ¿Qué es lo que me pasa, ¡cielo!, Dear heaven, what's happening to my state que me estoy viendo morir? of mind, for I seem to be dying?

BRÍGIDA: ¡Ya tragó todo el anzuelo. (Aside) She's already swallowed the bait! Vamos, que está al concluir. Go on, for he's almost finished sighing.

DOÑA INÉS: (Lee.) (Reading) "Acuérdate de quien llora "Remember the one who weeps al pie de tu celosía, below your window pane y allí le sorprende el día till the day surprises him again, y le halla la noche allí; the night still finds him there. acuérdate de quien vive Remember the one who lives sólo por ti, ¡vida mía!, only for you, my sweet, y que a tus pies volaría who would fly to your feet si me llamaras a ti." if you were to call me there."

BRÍGIDA: ¿Lo veis? Vendría. Do you see? He'd come.

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Vendría! He'd be here!

BRÍGIDA: A postrarse a vuestros To kneel at your feet, no less. pies.

DOÑA INÉS: ¿Puede? Could he?

BRÍGIDA: ¡Oh, sí! Oh yes.

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Virgen María! Sweet Maria!

BRÍGIDA: Pero acabad, doña Inés. But finish, Doña Inés.

DOÑA INÉS: (Lee.) (Reading) "Adiós, ¡oh luz de mis ojos! "Farewell, oh light of my eyes. Adiós, Inés de mi alma: Farewell, Inés of my soul. medita, por Dios, en calma consider, in God's name, the whole las palabras que aquí van; of what is written here: be calm y si odias esa clausura, and if you would hate the cloister que ser tu sepulcro debe; to be, as it will be, your tomb, manda, que a todo se atreve at your command is he who will come, por tu hermosura don Juan." daring all for your beauty, Don Juan." (Representa doña Inés.) (Showing emotion) ¡Ay! ¿Qué filtro envenenado Ah, what a deadly venom me dan en este papel, has been given me with this paper que el corazón desgarrado for I feel my heart ripped open me estoy sintiendo con él? on reading his letter. ¿Qué sentimientos dormidos What slumbering oceans son los que revela en mí? are those it reveals to me? ¿Qué impulsos jamás sentidos? What never-experienced emotions? ¿Qué luz, que hasta hoy nunca vi? What light I could never see? ¿Qué es lo que engendra en mi alma What is it my soul creates, tan nuevo y profundo afán? such a new, deep, yearning? Who can ¿Quién roba la dulce calma steal my sweet calm, who takes de mi corazón? it from my heart?

BRÍGIDA: Don Juan. Don Juan.

DOÑA INÉS: ¿Don Juan dices...? Conque ese Don Juan you say? So that man hombre me ha de seguir por doquier? is to follow me everywhere? ¿Sólo he de escuchar su nombre? Am I to hear only his name? ¿ Sólo su sombra he de ver? See only his shadow there? ¡Ah! Bien dice: juntó el cielo Oh, he spoke rightly, heaven mated los destinos de los dos, our two destinies, y en mi alma engendró este anhelo and engendered in my soul this fated fatal. longing.

BRÍGIDA: ¡Silencio, por Dios! For God's sake, quietly! (Se oyen dar las ánimas.) (They hear the bells for the prayers of the dead.)

DOÑA INÉS: ¿Qué? What?

BRÍGIDA: ¡Silencio! Silence!

DOÑA INÉS: Me estremeces. You make me tremble, too.

BRÍGIDA: ¿Oís, doña Inés, tocar? Do you hear the bells ring over our head?

DOÑA INÉS: Sí, lo mismo que otras Yes, the same as they always do. veces las ánimas oigo dar. calling for prayers for the dead.

BRÍGIDA: ¡Pues no habléis de él. Well, don't speak of him. Cielo santo! Merciful heavens! Oh!

DOÑA INÉS: ¿De quién? Of whom?

BRÍGIDA: ¿De quién ha de ser? Why whom do you fear? De ese don Juan que amáis tanto, Of whom? That Don Juan that you love so, porque puede aparecer. since he might appear.

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Me amedrentas! ¿Puede ese hombre You terrify me! Could that man llegar hasta aquí? even approach me here?

BRÍGIDA: Quizá. Perhaps. Porque el eco de su nombre Because the echo of his name tal vez llega adonde está. maybe it reaches him, clear.

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Cielos! ¿Y podrá...? Heavens! And could he?

BRÍGIDA: ¿Quién sabe? Who knows?

DOÑA INÉS: ¿Es un espíritu, pues? Is he a spirit then? Confess!

BRÍGIDA: No, mas si tiene una No, but if he has a key, and llave... goes.....

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Dios! Dear God!

BRÍGIDA: Silencio, doña Inés: Silence Doña Inés. ¿No oís pasos? Didn't you hear footsteps?

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Ay! Ahora Yes! They came to my hearing, nada oigo. now I hear nothing.

BRÍGIDA: Las nueve dan. Its striking nine o'clock. And Suben... se acercan... Señora... they're ascending...my lady....nearing Ya está aquí. He's here.

DOÑA INÉS: ¿Quién? Who?

BRÍGIDA: Él. He is.

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Don Juan! Don Juan!

ESCENA IV SCENE IV

(Doña Inés, Don Juan, Brígida) (Doña Inés, Don Juan, Brígida)

DOÑA INÉS: ¿Qué es esto? Sueño... What is this? A dream...or is it deliro. delirium.

DON JUAN: ¡Inés de mi corazón! Inés of my heart!

DOÑA INÉS: ¿Es realidad lo que miro Is what I gaze at real, or the art o es una fascinación...? that is illusion? Tenedme... apenas respiro... Hold me....my lips scarce part Sombra... huye por compasión. Shade...flee, out of compassion. ¡ Ay de mí...! Alas for me...! (Desmáyase doña Inés y don Juan la (Doña Inés faints and don Juan sostiene. La carta de don Juan holds her up. Don Juan's letter queda en el suelo abanDoñada por remains abandoned on the floor by doña Inés al desmayarse.) Doña Inés when she faints.)

BRÍGIDA: La ha fascinado Your sudden entrance here vuestra repentina entrada, has quite overpowered her y el pavor la ha trastornado. and she's overcome by fear.

DON JUAN: Mejor: así nos ha All the better. That means a mere ahorrado la mitad de la jornada. half of my effort's needed for her. ¡Ea! No desperdiciemos Well, lets not waste more time el tiempo aquí en contemplarla, gazing at her charms, si perdernos no queremos. if we don't want to be lost in crime. En los brazos a tomarla I'll carry her in my arms, voy, y cuanto antes ganemos and as soon as I can be I'm ese claustro solitario. free of this cloister's solitude.

BRÍGIDA: ¡Oh! ¿Vais a sacarla así? Oh! You'll take her like this?

DON JUAN: ¡Necia! ¿Piensas que Foolish woman. Do you think, rompí confess, la clausura, temerario, that I broke in here, showing fortitude, para dejármela aquí? only to leave behind my bliss? Mi gente abajo me espera: My people are waiting below: sígueme. follow!

BRÍGIDA: ¡Sin alma estoy! My heart is in my mouth! Indeed, ¡Ay! Este hombre es una fiera, this man is a wild beast, no nada le ataja ni altera... one stops him or deflects him, so Sí, sí; a su sombra me voy. I'll go wherever his shadow leads.

ESCENA V SCENE V

La ABADESA: Jurara que había oído I could swear that I heard....wait!... por estos claustros andar: someone walking these cloisters: hoy a doña Inés velar today when I've let Doña Inés algo más la he permitido, stay up until it grows late, y me temo... Mas no están and I'm afraid... But they're not here, so aquí. ¿Qué pudo ocurrir what could have occurred, a las dos para salir for both to have stirred de la celda? ¿Dónde irán? from the cell? Where have they gone to? ¡Hola! Yo las ataré Well now. I'll tether them corto para que no vuelvan with a short rope so they try a enredar y me revuelvan no more tricks, nor trouble my a las novicias... sí, a fe. novices..yes, that's for certain. Mas siento por allá fuera But I sense footsteps outside. pasos. ¿Quién es? Who is there?

ESCENA VI SCENE VI

(La Abadesa, la tornera) (The abbess and the doorkeeper.)

TORNERA: Yo, señora. Milady, it's me.

ABADESA: ¿Vos en el claustro a You are still inside I see? esta hora? ¿Qué es esto, hermana tornera? What's going on sister doorkeeper.

TORNERA: Madre abadesa, os buscaba. Mother Abbess, I was looking for you.

ABADESA: ¿Qué hay? Decid. What is it? Speak.

TORNERA: Un noble anciano An elderly noble quiere hablaros. wants to speak to you.

ABADESA: Es en vano. It's not possible.

TORNERA: Dice que es de Calatrava He says he's a knight of Calatrava: caballero; que sus fueros and that their laws allow le autorizan a este paso, him to enter here y que la urgencia del caso and it's urgent, so it's clear le obliga al instante a veros. he means to see you now.

ABADESA: ¿Dijo su nombre? Did he give his name?

TORNERA: El señor El Señor Don Gonzalo Ulloa. Don Gonzalo Ulloa.

ABADESA: ¿Qué What can he want here? puede querer...? Abralé Open the door for him sister: hermana: es Comendador He is a Comendador de la orden, y derecho of our order and has the right tiene en el claustro de entrada. to enter our cloister.

ESCENA VII SCENE VII

La ABADESA: ¿A una hora tan To come so, at such a late hour? avanzada venir así...? No sospecho I can't imagine at all qué pueda ser..., mas me place, what it might be...but then I'm pues no hallando a su hija aquí, pleased... when he finds his daughter free la reprenderá, y así he'll scold her, and then we'll see mirará otra vez lo que hace. she'll think twice what she does next time.

ESCENA VIII SCENE VIII

(La Abadesa, Don Gonzalo; la (The Abbess, Don Gonzalo; the tornera a la puerta) doorkeeper)

DON GONZALO: Perdonad, madre abadesa, Mother Abbess, forgive me que en hora tal os moleste; for bothering you at such a time, mas para mí asunto es éste but for me this is a matter of my que honra y vida me interesa. life and my honour, you see.

ABADESA: ¡Jesús! Saints above!

DON GONZALO: Oíd. Hear me.

ABADESA: Hablad, pues. Then speak at leisure !

DON GONZALO: Yo guardé hasta hoy un tesoro Today there's a treasure I hold de más quilates que el oro, of greater value than gold, y ese tesoro es mi Inés. and my Inés is that treasure.

ABADESA: A propósito. Of course.

DON GONZALO: Escuchad. Listen, closely! Se me acaba de decir I have only now been que han visto a su dueña ir told her Duenna was seen ha poco por la ciudad walking through the city hablando con el criado talking with the servant de un don Juan, de tal renombre of a certain Don Juan, he of such fame que no hay en la tierra otro hombre there's no man on earth I could name. tan audaz ni tan malvado. as audacious or as errant. En tiempo atrás se pensó Some time ago I intended, you see, con él a mi hija casar, to have him marry my daughter, y hoy, que se la fui a negar, and today, when I forbade him to court her, robármela me juró. he swore he'd steal her from me. Que por el torpe doncel This young man of sin ganada la dueña está has won over her Duenna, I'm sure, no puedo dudarlo ya: I can doubt it no more: debo, pues, guardarme de él. I must guard her from him. Y un día, una hora quizás In just one day that man, de imprevisión le bastara, a careless hour would do it, para que mi honor manchara, would steal my honour, or stain it, a ese hijo de Satanás. that very son of Satan. He aquí mi inquietud cuál es; It's the cause of my disquiet, now: por la dueña, en conclusión, on account of the Duenna, my confession, vengo; vos la profesión I've come: will you cut short the profession abreviad de doña Inés. of Doña Inés's vow.

ABADESA: Sois padre, y es vuestro You're a father, your concern is afán muy justo, Comendador; very just, Comendador: mas ved que ofende a mi honor. but see how you offend my honour.

DON GONZALO: No sabéis quién es don Juan. You do not know who Don Juan is.

ABADESA: Aunque le pintáis tan Though you paint him as an evil malo, case, yo os puedo decir de mí, I say to you, have no fear, que mientra Inés esté aquí, for while Inés is here, segura está, Don Gonzalo. Don Gonzalo, she is safe.

DON GONZALO: Lo creo; mas las razones I believe it, but lets choose abreviemos; entregadme to end this speech: hand over to me a esa dueña, y perdonadme the Duenna, and indeed forgive me mis mundanas opiniones. for my worldly views. Si vos de vuestra virtud You may defend virtue, me respondéis, yo me fundo but I trust to what I know en que conozco del mundo of the heedless youth who go la insensata juventud. through this world, in truth.

ABADESA: Se hará como lo exigís. It will be done straight away. Hermana tornera, id, pues, Sister doorkeeper, yes, a buscar a doña Inés go and get Doña Inés. y a su dueña. (Vase la tornera.) and her Duenna. (the doorkeeper leaves)

DON GONZALO: ¿Qué decís, What is this that you say señora? traición me ha hecho milady? Is my memory misled mi memoria, o yo sé bien or am I not aware, truly que ésta es hora de que estén that at this hour, surely ambas a dos en su lecho. both should be in their bed.

ABADESA: Ha un punto sentí a las A while ago I heard both leave dos salir de aquí, no sé a qué. and I don't know why.

DON GONZALO: ¡Ay! Por qué tiemblo no sé. I don't know why I tremble. Ay! ¡Mas qué veo, santo Dios! Dear Lord! What do I see? Un papel... Me lo decía A paper. My disquiet just began a voces mi mismo afán. to worry at me and call me. (Leyendo.) (Reading) "Doña Inés del alma mía..." "Doña Inés of my soul..." Y la firma de don Juan. And the signature....Don Juan. Ved..., ved..., esa prueba escrita. See...see....the proof on paper. Leed ahí... ¡Oh! Mientras que vos Read here. Oh! Abbess, while you por ella rogáis a Dios, were praying to God, it's true, viene el diablo y os la quita. the devil came down and stole her.

ESCENA IX SCENE IX

La Abadesa, Don Gonzalo, la tornera The Abbess, Don Gonzalo, the Turnkey

TORNERA: Señora... Milady...

ABADESA: ¿Qué es? What is it?

TORNERA: Vengo muerta. I'm appalled.

DON GONZALO: Concluid. Speak.

TORNERA: No acierto a hablar... I can't bring myself to speak... He visto a un hombre saltar I just saw a man leap por las tapias de la huerta. over the garden wall.

DON GONZALO: ¿Veis? Corramos. ¡Ay de mí! You see! Lets run. Oh, I fear!

ABADESA: ¿Dónde vais, Comendador? Comendador, where are you fleeing?

DON GONZALO: ¡Imbécil! tras de mi honor Fool! After my honour, seeing que os roban a vos de aquí. they've stolen it from here.

FIN DEL ACTO TERCERO END OF THE THIRD ACT

ACTO CUARTO ACT FOUR

El DIABLO A LAS PUERTAS DEL CIELO THE DEVIL AT THE GATES OF HEAVEN

(Quinta de don Juan Tenorio cerca (Don Juan Tenorio's estate near de Sevilla y sobre el Guadalquivir. Seville and on the Guadalquivir Balcón en el fondo. Dos puertas a river. A balcony at the back. Two cada lado.) doors to each side.)

ESCENA PRIMERA SCENE I

(Brígida, Ciutti) (Brígida, Ciutti)

BRÍGIDA: ¡Qué noche, válgame Dios! My God what a night! A poderlo calcular Had I foreseen it, no me meto yo a servir I wouldn't have offered to serve a tan fogoso galán. such a fiery young man as this. ¡Ay, Ciutti! Molida estoy; Ah Ciutti! I'm battered and bruised no me puedo menear. and I can't move a muscle.

CIUTTI: Pues ¿qué os duele ? But what pains you?

BRÍGIDA: Todo el cuerpo My whole body, y toda el alma además. and all my soul besides.

CIUTTI: ¡Ya! No estáis acostumbrada Ah, you're just not used al caballo, es natural. to riding, it's natural.

BRÍGIDA: Mil veces pensé caer: I thought I'd fall a thousand times. ¡uf!, ¡qué mareo!, ¡qué afán! Oh! What dizziness! What fear! Veía yo unos tras otros I saw the trees one after another ante mis ojos pasar passing before my eyes los árboles, como en alas as if on wings, blown by llevados de un huracán, so quickly in a storm tan apriesa y produciéndome that they produced in me ilusión tan infernal, such a hellish illusion que perdiera los sentidos that had we delayed our halt si tardamos en parar. much longer, I'd have lost my senses.

CIUTTI: Pues de estas cosas veréis, But you'll see things of this sort si en esta casa os quedáis, if you stay in this house lo menos seis por semana. at least six times a week.

BRÍGIDA: ¡Jesús! Good God!

CIUTTI: ¿Y esa niña está And is that little girl reposando todavía? still resting?

BRÍGIDA: ¿Y a qué se ha de And why should she wake? despertar?

CIUTTI: Sí, es mejor que abra los Yes, it's better she opens her eyes ojos en los brazos de don Juan. in the arms of Don Juan.

BRÍGIDA: Preciso es que tu amo tenga Your master must have algún diablo familiar. some devil as his familiar.

CIUTTI: Yo creo que sea él mismo I think that he himself is un diablo en carne mortal, a devil in mortal flesh, porque a lo que él, solamente because only Satan would se arrojara Satanás. dare to do what he does.

BRÍGIDA: ¡Oh! ¡El lance ha sido extremado! Ah! The deed was amazing.

CIUTTI: Pero al fin logrado está. But it is finally done.

BRÍGIDA: ¡Salir así de un convento To take her from a convent en medio de una ciudad in the middle of a place como Sevilla! like Seville!

CIUTTI: Es empresa It's an undertaking tan sólo para hombre tal. fit only for such a man. Mas, ¡qué diablos!, si a su lado But, devil take it, it's as if la fortuna siempre va, fortune is always with him, encadenado a sus pies chained at his feet duerme sumiso el azar. while chance sleeps in submission.

BRÍGIDA: Si, decís bien. Yes, you speak well.

CIUTTI: No he visto hombre I have never seen a man de corazón más audaz; with a more audacious heart ni halla riesgo que le espante who never finds a risk he fears ni encuentra dificultad nor finds a single problem que al empeñarse en vencer he'll not attempt to vanquish le haga un punto vacilar. or that makes him halt a moment. A todo osado se arroja, He attempts everything with daring de todo se ve capaz, thinks himself in control of all things ni mira dónde se mete, neither cares where he gets involved ni lo pregunta jamás. nor even questions the reason for it. "Allí hay un lance", le dicen; They tell him "there's an affair" y él dice: "Allá va don Juan". And he says: "Don Juan goes there." ¡Mas ya tarda, vive Dios! But Lord, it's getting late.

BRÍGIDA: Las doce en la catedral A while ago it struck han dado ha tiempo. twelve in the cathedral.

CIUTTI: Y de vuelta And he was supposed debía a las doce estar. to be back at twelve.

BRÍGIDA: Pero ¿por qué no se vino But why didn't he come con nosotros? with us?

CIUTTI: Tiene allá, He still has a few things there en la ciudad, todavía in the city cuatro cosas que arreglar. to arrange.

BRÍGIDA: ¿Para el viaje? For the trip?

CIUTTI: Por supuesto; Of course; aunque muy fácil será though it would be all too easy que esta noche a los infernos for them to have him travel le hagan a él mismo viajar. straight to Hell tonight.

BRÍGIDA: ¡Jesús, qué ideas! Heavens, what ideas!

CIUTTI: Pues digo, Well I say son obras de caridad these are works of charity en las que nos empleamos on which we are engaged para mejor esperar. while awaiting something better. Aunque seguros estamos Even so we'll be safe como vuelva por acá. provided he returns here.

BRÍGIDA: ¿De veras, Ciutti? Truly Ciutti?

CIUTTI: Venid Come a este balcón y mirad. to this balcony and look. ¿Qué veis? What do you see?

BRÍGIDA: Veo un bergantín I see a boat que anclado en el río está. anchored in the river.

CIUTTI: Pues su patrón sólo aguarda Well its owner only waits for las órdenes de don Juan, the orders of Don Juan. y salvos en todo caso and in any case it will take us a Italia nos llevará. safely to Italy.

BRÍGIDA: ¿Cierto? Are you sure?

CIUTTI: Y nada receléis And fear nothing por nuestra seguridad; for our safety; que es el barco más velero since it's the swiftest ship que boga sobre la mar. that sails on the sea.

BRÍGIDA: ¡Chist! Ya siento a doña Shh! I hear Doña Inés. Inés.

CIUTTI: Pues yo me voy, que don Juan Then I'm leaving, since Don Juan encargó que sola vos ordered that only you debíais con ella hablar. were to speak with her.

BRÍGIDA: Y encargó bien, que yo And he ordered well, since I entiendo de esto. know about these things.

CIUTTI: Adiós, pues. Good bye then.

BRÍGIDA: Vete en paz. Go in peace.

ESCENA II SCENE II

(Doña Inés, Brígida) (Doña Inés, Brígida)

DOÑA INÉS: Dios mío, ¡cuánto he Good Lord, how I have dreamed! soñado! Loca estoy: ¿qué hora será? I must be mad. What time can it be? Pero ¿qué es esto?, ¡ay de mí! But what is this? Ay de mi! No recuerdo que jamás I don't recall that I have ever haya visto este aposento. seen this room. ¿Quién me trajo aquí? Who brought me here?

BRÍGIDA: Don Juan. Don Juan.

DOÑA INÉS: Siempre don Juan. Mas conmigo Always Don Juan. But you aquí tú también estás, are here with me too, Brígida? Brigida.

BRÍGIDA: Sí, doña Inés. Yes, Doña Inés.

DOÑA INÉS: Pero dime, en caridad, But tell me for pity's sake, ¿dónde estamos? ¿Este cuarto where are we? This room, es del convento? does it belong to the convent?

BRÍGIDA: No tal: Not at all: aquello era un cuchitril that was a hovel en donde no había más in which there was nothing but que miseria. misery.

DOÑA INÉS: Pero en fin But then, ¿en dónde estamos? where are we?

BRÍGIDA: Mirad, Look, mirad por este balcón, look from this balcony, y alcanzaréis lo que va and you will see how far desde un convento de monjas a convent of nuns is from a una quinta de don Juan. the estate of Don Juan.

DOÑA INÉS: ¿Es de don Juan esta This estate belongs to Don Juan? quinta?

BRÍGIDA: Y creo que vuestra ya. And I think it is yours now.

DOÑA INÉS: Pero no comprendo, I don't understand Brigida Brigida, lo que me hablas. what are you talking about?

BRÍGIDA: Escuchad. Listen. Estabais en el convento You were reading with delight leyendo con mucho afán in the convent, in your hand una carta de don Juan, a letter from don Juan, cuando estalló en un momento when suddenly in the night un incendio formidable. a terrible fire broke out there.

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Jesús! Merciful heavens!

BRÍGIDA: Espantoso, inmenso; Terrifying, immense: el humo era ya tan denso the smoke itself was so dense que el aire se hizo palpable. you could almost touch the air.

DOÑA INÉS: Pues no recuerdo... But I don't remember.

BRÍGIDA: Las dos Well we two con la carta entretenidas, were so engrossed with our reading olvidamos nuestras vidas, oblivious, forgetful, of everything, yo oyendo y leyendo vos. you speaking, I listening to you. Y estaba, en verdad, tan tierna, And it was so tender I know, que entrambas a su lectura that we both ascribed achacamos la tortura the torment we felt inside que sentíamos interna. to reading it so. Apenas ya respirar We could scarcely find breath podíamos, y las llamas and the flames, as I said, prendían ya en nuestras camas: had already consumed our beds: nos íbamos a asfixiar we were facing certain death cuando don Juan, que os adora when Don Juan, who you'll find que rondaba el convento, adores you, circling the wall, al ver crecer con el viento seeing the flames so tall la llama devastadora, increasing with the wind con inaudito valor, with unheard of courage, viendo que ibais a abrasaros, seeing you were going to die se metió para salvaros undertook to save you, by por donde pudo mejor. the best way he could manage. Vos al verle así asaltar You, upon seeing him try la celda tan de improviso, your cell door suddenly os desmayasteis..., preciso; fainted. Oh, of necessity: la cosa era de esperar. it was to be expected. Why, Y él, cuando os vio caer así, he, when he saw you fall en sus brazos os tomó took you in his arms y echó a huir; yo le seguí, and fled. I followed his call, y del fuego nos sacó. and he got us away from harm. ¿Dónde vamos a esta hora? Where to go at that hour of night? Vos seguíais desmayada, You still in a faint, yo estaba ya casi ahogada. I my throat in such constraint. Dijo, pues: "Hasta la aurora He said then, "Till morning light en mi casa las tendré". I'll protect them here at my house." Y henos, doña Inés, aquí. And that's why we're here Inés.

DOÑA INÉS: ¿Conque ésta es su casa? So this is his house?

BRÍGIDA: Sí. Yes.

DOÑA INÉS: Pues nada recuerdo, a fe. I remember nothing. His house! Pero... ¡en su casa...! ¡Oh! Al Oh! Quickly. Oh! punto salgamos de ella..., yo tengo Lets leave here...I can go la de mi padre. to my father's house.

BRÍGIDA: Convengo Of course, con vos; pero es el asunto... but the fact is, you know.....

DOÑA INÉS: ¿Qué? What?

BRÍGIDA: Que no podemos ir. We can't go there.

DOÑA INÉS: Oir tal me maravilla. I am amazed to hear it. We will.

BRÍGIDA: Nos aparta de Sevilla... But we're separated from Seville....

DOÑA INÉS: ¿Quién? By what?

BRÍGIDA: Vedlo, el Guadalquivir. See. The Guadalquivir.

DOÑA INÉS: ¿No estamos en la ciudad? Then we're not in the city?

BRÍGIDA: A una legua nos hallamos We find ourselves a mile de sus murallas. from its walls.

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Oh! ¡Estamos Oh! Then I'll perdidas! be lost!

BRÍGIDA: ¿No sé en verdad I don't see truly por qué? why?

DOÑA INÉS: Me estás confundiendo, You're confusing me, Brígida..., y no sé qué redes Brigida, and I don't know what nets son las que entre estas paredes these are I fear you stretch temo que me estás tendiendo. around the walls and me. Nunca el claustro abandoné I don't know the world, indeed ni sé del mundo exterior I have never left the cloister, los usos; mas tengo honor, but I'm noble, Brigida: I have honour, noble soy, Brígida, y sé and I know, by every creed, que la casa de don Juan that Don Juan's house for me no es buen sitio para mí: is no good place to be: me lo está diciendo aquí I don't know what I foresee no sé qué escondido afán. warning me of this so clearly. Ven, huyamos. Come, lets leave.

BRÍGIDA: Doña Inés, Doña Inés, la existencia os ha salvado. he preserved your very existence!

DOÑA INÉS: Sí, pero me ha envenenado Yes, but his poison insists on el corazón. piercing my heart.

BRÍGIDA: ¿Le amáis, pues? You love him to excess?

DOÑA INÉS: No sé... Mas, por I don't know, but all the same compasión, huyamos pronto de ese hombre, let us flee quickly from here, tras de cuyo solo nombre in my very heart I fear se me escapa el corazón. even the sound of his name. ¡Ah! Tú me diste un papel You gave me a letter de mano de ese hombre escrito, written by that man himself, y algún encanto maldito and some wicked spell me diste encerrado en él. caught up in it's paper. Una sola vez le vi I could only see por entre unas celosías, him once through a window, que estaba, me decías, for you told me he was also en aquel sitio por mí. in that place because of me. Tú, Brígida, a todas horas You Brigida, in every place, me venías de él a hablar came to talk to me about him haciéndome recordar making me recall him sus gracias fascinadoras. his fascinating grace. Tú me dijiste que estaba You told me he was the same para mí destinado one, destined only for me por mi padre..., y me has jurado by my father, and swore to me en su nombre que me amaba. that he loved me, using his name. ¿Que le amo, dices?... Pues bien, Do I love him you ask? Well, si esto es amar, sí, le amo; yes I love him, if this is love: pero yo sé que me infamo but by that passion I prove con esa pasión también. that I also debase myself. Y si el débil corazón And if my weak heart should stray se me va tras de don Juan, following after Don Juan tirándome de él están my honour and obligation mi honor y mi obligación. pull me the other way. Vamos, pues; vamos de aquí So lets go, lets flee primero que ese hombre venga; before he returns again: pues fuerza acaso no tenga for perhaps I'll not have the strength si le veo junto a mí. if I see him near to me. Vamos, Brígida. Lets go Brigida.

BRÍGIDA: Esperad. Wait. ¿No oís? Don't you hear?

DOÑA INÉS: ¿Qué? What.

BRÍGIDA: Ruido de remos. The sound of men rowing.

DOÑA INÉS: Sí, dices bien; You're right. We're going volveremos en un bote a la ciudad. back by boat to the city.

BRÍGIDA: Mirad, mirad, doña Inés. Look, look Doña Inés.

DOÑA INÉS: Acaba..., por Dios, Stop that. Dear God, lets go. partamos.

BRÍGIDA: Ya imposible que salgamos. Its impossible for us now.

DOÑA INÉS: ¿Por qué razón? For what reason?

BRÍGIDA: Porque él es Because he is quien en ese barquichuelo the one proceeding up-river se adelanta por el río. in that little boat of course.

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Ay! ¡Dadme fuerzas, Dios mío! Ah! Give me strength dear Lord.

BRÍGIDA: Ya llegó, ya está en el He's here. He's leaving the water. suelo. Sus gentes nos volverán I know that he must plan a casa: mas antes de irnos for his people to return us es preciso despedirnos but before we go we must a lo menos de don Juan. say our farewells to Don Juan.

DOÑA INÉS: Sea, y vamos al instante: All right, but then lets go, we two. No quiero volverle a ver. I don't want to see him again.

BRÍGIDA: (Los ojos te hará volver Aside: (He will make your eyes strain el encontrarle delante.) towards him when he's before you.) Vamos. Come.

DOÑA INÉS: Vamos. Lets go.

CIUTTI: (Dentro.) Aquí están. Here they are.

DON JUAN: (Idem) Alumbra. Bring a light.

BRÍGIDA: ¡Nos busca! He's looking for us!

DOÑA INÉS: Él es. He's here.

ESCENA III SCENE III

(Dichas, Don Juan) (As before, Don Juan)

DON JUAN: ¿Adónde vais, doña Inés? Where are you going, Doña Inés.

DOÑA INÉS: Dejadme salir, don Juan. Let me leave, Don Juan.

DON JUAN: ¿Que os deje salir? Let you leave?

BRÍGIDA: Señor, Señor, sabiendo ya el accidente now he knows about the fire del fuego, estará impaciente he can have only one desire, por su hija el Comendador. for his daughter, the Comendador.

DON JUAN: ¡El fuego! ¡Ah! No os dé cuidado The fire! Ah! Now I see: por Don Gonzalo, que ya about Don Gonzalo, don't worry: dormir tranquilo le hará the message I've sent already el mensaje que le he enviado. has him sleeping peacefully.

DOÑA INÉS: ¿Le habéis dicho...? You have told him?

DON JUAN: Que os hallabais You are safe with me, bajo mi amparo segura, in my protection, where y el aura del campo pura the pure earth's gentle air libre por fin respirabais. is yours to breathe, you see. (Vase Brígida.) (Brigida exits.) ¡Cálmate, pues, vida mía! Be calm then, my dear care! Reposa aquí, y un momento Rest here and, for a moment, olvida de tu convento forget about the convent la triste cárcel sombría. the gloomy shadows there. ¡Ah! ¿No es cierto, ángel de amor, Oh, my angel of love, do you see que en esta apartada orilla that on this secluded shore más pura la luna brilla the moon shines clear and pure y se respira mejor? and one breathes more easily? Esta aura que vaga llena The gentle air from the fields de los sencillos olores filled with its sweet scents de las campesinas flores of the wildflowers' incense que brota esa orilla amena; that this sweet shore yields: esa agua limpia y serena that limpid wave so calm que atraviesa sin temor that the fishermen here la barca del pescador cross without a fear que espera cantando al día, as, singing, they wait for dawn, ¿no es cierto, paloma mía, isn't it true, my dove, que están respirando amor? that they are breathing love? Esa armonía que el viento That harmony that the breeze recoge entre esos millares creates among countless leaves de floridos olivares, of flourishing olive trees, que agita con manso aliento; that it stirs so tenderly, ese dulcísimo acento that sweetest mystery con que trina el ruiseñor from the tree-top, close to dawn, de sus copas morador that calls the approaching morn, llamando al cercano día, the nightingale's trill, sweet spell, ¿no es verdad, gacela mía, isn't it true, my gazelle que están respirando amor? that they are breathing love? Y estas palabras que están And these words that can filtrando insensiblemente be heard insensibly, tu corazón ya pendiente in your heart, unfailingly, de los labios de don Juan, from the lips of Don Juan y cuyas ideas van and whose thoughts are then inflamando en su interior lighting, in you, desire un fuego germinador their incipient fire, no encendido todavía, though still not shining far, ¿no es verdad, estrella mía, is it not true, my star que están

respirando amor? that they are breathing love? Y esas dos líquidas perlas And those two pearls so chaste que se desprenden tranquilas that in silence slide de tus radiantes pupilas from your radiant eyes convidándome a beberlas, inviting me to taste evaporarse, a no verlas, in order not to see de sí mismas al calor; them vanish with their heat: y ese encendido color and the blush so sweet que en tu semblante no había, not in your cheek before, ¿no es verdad, hermosa mía, is it not true, my beauty pure, que están respirando amor? that they are breathing love? ¡Oh! Sí, bellísima Inés Oh, my loveliest Inés espejo y luz de mis ojos; mirror and light of vision, escucharme sin enojos, listen without derision, como lo haces, amor es: as you do so, it's love: yes, mira aquí a tus plantas, pues, see here at your feet, I confess todo el altivo rigor all the haughty pride de este corazón traidor of this traitorous heart inside que rendirse no creía, that never thought to yield, adorando, vida mía, adores you, my life, ah, I feel la esclavitud de tu amor. the slavery of your love.

DOÑA INÉS: Callad, por Dios, ¡oh, don Juan!, Oh God! Silence! How can I stand que no podré resistir to resist, with my sighing, mucho tiempo sin morir any longer, without dying, tan nunca sentido afán. ah, such longing, Don Juan? ¡Ah! Callad por compasión, Ah, to silence, for pity's sake, turn, que oyéndoos me parece for hearing you seems to me que mi cerebro enloquece to bring my mind infirmity, se arde mi corazón. and cause my heart to burn. ¡Ah! Me habéis dado a beber Ah! You have doubtless given me un filtro infernal, sin duda, an infernal potion, oh some que a rendiros os ayuda charm that helps you overcome la virtud de la mujer. a woman's purity. (Tal vez poseéis, don Juan, Perhaps, Don Juan, you possess an amulet un misterioso amuleto a thing of mystery que a vos me atrae en secreto that draws me secretly como irresistible imán. like an irresistible magnet. Tal vez Satán puso en vos: Perhaps Satan set in your eyes su vista fascinadora, his fascinating gaze su palabra seductora, his seductive maze, y el amor que negó a Dios. of words, and the Love he denies ¡Y qué he de hacer ¡ay de mí! to God. Ah, what am I to do, sino caer en vuestros brazos, but fall into those two si el corazón en pedazos arms, if you continue to me vais robando de aquí? shatter my heart in two? No, don Juan, en poder mío Don Juan, it's no longer in me resistirte no está ya: to own the power to resist you: no, yo voy a ti como va I turn to you as the river flows sorbido al mar ese río. that runs down to the sea. Tu presencia me enajena, Your presence maddens me, tus palabras me alucinan, your words hypnotize me, y tus ojos me fascinan, and your eyes fascinate me, y tu aliento me envenena. and your breath envenoms me. ¡Don Juan! ¡Don Juan!, yo lo imploro Don Juan! Don Juan, I implore you de tu hidalga compasión: in your noble heart, of pity, o arráncame el corazón, either tear my heart from me, o ámame, porque te adoro. or love me, because I adore you.

DON JUAN: ¿Alma mía! Esa palabra My soul! Those words indeed cambia de modo mi ser, change my whole state of being. que alcanzo que puede hacer and I know perhaps I am seeing hasta que el Edén se me abra. Paradise open to me. No es, doña Inés, Satanás Doña Inés, it is not Satan, in sin, quien pone este amor en mí; who creates this love in me: es Dios, que quiere por ti it is God, who wants, perhaps ganarme para Él quizás. through you, to win me to Him. No, el amor que hoy se atesora No, the love that is precious en mi corazón mortal in my heart, that is mortal, no es un amor terrenal is not that love, terrestrial, como el que sentí hasta ahora; that up to now I've treasured; no es esa chispa fugaz nor is it a fleeting spark of need que cualquier ráfaga apaga; that a breath of wind defeats: es incendio que se traga it is a roaring fire that eats cuanto ve, inmenso, voraz. all it sees, in its vast greed. Desecha, pues, tu inquietud, Calm then your fears, oh you bellísima doña Inés, my most beautiful Inés, porque me siento a tus pies for at your feet I feel that, yes, capaz aún de la virtud. even I am filled with virtue. Sí, iré mi orgullo a postrar Ah, I will swallow my pride ante el buen Comendador, before the good Comendador, y o habrá de darme tu amor, and he'll either give me you to adore o me tendrá que matar. or death will be my bride.

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Don Juan de mi corazón! My dearest Don Juan!

DON JUAN: ¡Silencio! ¿Habéis Silence. Did you hear? escuchado...?

DOÑA INÉS: ¿Qué? What?

DON JUAN: (Mirando por el balcón.) (Looking over the balcony) Sí, una barca ha atracado Yes, a boat has landed debajo de ese balcón. below the balcony. Un hombre embozado de ella A man wrapped in a cloak is salta... Brígida, al momento leaping out. Brigida, go quickly (Entra Brígida) (Brigida enters) pasad a ese otro aposento, into the other room, perdonad, Inés bella, pardon me, beautiful Inés si solo me importa estar. it's important I am alone.

DOÑA INÉS: ¿Tardarás? Will you be long?

DON JUAN: Poco ha de ser. Just a little while.

DOÑA INÉS: A mi padre hemos de ver. We have to see my father.

DON JUAN: Sí, en cuanto empiece a Yes, when it begins to grow light. clarear. Adiós. Farewell.

ESCENA IV SCENE IV

(Don Juan, Ciutti) (Don Juan, Ciutti)

CIUTTI: Señor. Señor.

DON JUAN: ¿Qué sucede, What's happening Ciutti? Ciutti?

CIUTTI: Ahí está un embozado There's a man cloaked from view en veros muy empeñado. anxious to speak to you.

DON JUAN: ¿Quién es? Who is he?

CIUTTI: Dice que no puede He says he cannot be descubrirse más que a vos, any more open with you, y que es cosa de tal priesa, and that it is truly urgent, que en ella se os interesa it's about an issue sent la vida a entrambos a dos. to trouble both of you.

DON JUAN: ¿Y en él no has reconocido And you could not find marca ni señal alguna any mark or sign que os oriente? to give you a clue?

CIUTTI: Ninguna; No. None: mas a veros decidido but he's of a mind viene. to see you.

DON JUAN: ¿Trae gente? Are his people with him?

CIUTTI: No más Only the rowers que los remeros del bote. in the boat below.

DON JUAN: Que entre. Have him come in.

ESCENA V SCENE V

(Don Juan; luego Ciutti y Don Luis, (Don Juan, then Ciutti. Don Luis, embozado) cloaked to the eyes.)

DON JUAN: ¡Jugamos a escote We are playing la vida...! Mas ¿si es quizás for our lives! But if indeed un traidor que hasta mi quinta it's treachery that's planned me viene siguiendo el paso? trailing me to my estate? Hálleme, pues, por si acaso Let him find me then, just in case, con las armas en la cinta. with my weapons to hand. (Se ciñe la espada y suspende al (He puts on his sword and suspends cinto un par de pistolas que habrá from his belt a pair of pistols colocado sobre la mesa a su salida that he had placed on the table en la escena tercera. Al momento upon exiting in the third scene. sale Ciutti conduciendo a don Luis, Immediately Ciutti comes out que, embozado hasta los ojos, leading Don Luis who, muffled to espera que se queden solos. Don the eyes, waits until they are Juan hace una seña a Ciutti para alone. Don Juan makes a sign to que se retire. Lo hace.) Ciutti that he withdraw. He does so.)

ESCENA VI SCENE VI

(Don Juan, Don Luis) (Don Juan, Don Luis)

DON JUAN: aparte(Buen talante.) Aside (What a nice appearance) Bien venido, caballero Welcome, sir. Don Luis: Bien hallado, señor mío. The same, sir.

DON JUAN: Sin cuidado hablad. Speak freely.

DON LUIS: Jamás lo he tenido. I always do.

DON JUAN: Decid, pues: ¿a qué Say then. Why have you come venís a esta hora y con tal afán? at this hour so eagerly?

DON LUIS: Vengo a mataros, don Juan. I've come to kill you Don Juan.

DON JUAN: Según eso, sois don Luis. Ah then, you are Don Luis.

DON LUIS: No os engañó el corazón, Your heart does not lie, y el tiempo no malgastemos and lets not waste time. Don Juan; los dos no cabemos There's not room, Don Juan. ya en la tierra. on this earth for you and I.

DON JUAN: En conclusión, In conclusion, señor Mejía, ¿es decir Mejia, that's to say que porque os gané la apuesta that because I won the game queréis que acabe la fiesta you want to fight all the same con salirnos a batir? to end the day?

DON LUIS: Estáis puesto en la razón: You are right: wholeheartedly, la vida apostado habemos, we have bet our lives in play y es fuerza que nos paguemos. and it is necessary we pay.

DON JUAN: Soy de la misma opinión. Well yes I agree. Mas ved que os debo advertir But I must point out to you que sois vos quien la ha perdido. that you are the one who lost.

DON LUIS: Pues por eso os la he And that's why I'm here of course: traído; mas no creo que morir but I don't believe it true deba nunca un caballero, that a gentleman who in life que lleva en el cinto espada, carries a sword at his side como una res destinada should ever be destined to die por su dueño al matadero. like an animal under the knife.

DON JUAN: Ni yo creo que resquicio Nor do I believe you have ever habréis jamás encontrado found the slightest cause por donde me hayáis tomado that could make you take me for por un cortador de oficio. a professional butcher.

DON LUIS: De ningún modo; y ya veis By no means: and now you see que, pues os vengo a buscar, that since I've come to find you mucho en vos debo fiar. I must place great faith in you.

DON JUAN: No más de lo que podéis. No more than you should, indeed. Y por mostraros mejor And to show even better mi generosa hidalguía, my generous nobility decid si aún puedo, Mejía, Mejia, please tell me satisfacer vuestro honor. how I can satisfy your honour. Leal la apuesta os gané; I won the wager fairly, mas si tanto os ha escocido, but if it has pained you so, mirad si halláis conocido if there's some answer you know, remedio, y le aplicaré. I'll apply the remedy.

DON LUIS: No hay más que el que os There is nothing but what I say he propuesto, Don Juan. don Juan. Me habéis maniatado You have manacled me y habéis la casa asaltado, and you have assaulted me usurpándome mi puesto; usurping my true place pues el mío tomasteis for you have stolen my name para triunfar de doña Ana, to triumph over Doña Ana, no sois vos, don Juan, quien gana, you're not the winner Don Juan porque por otro jugasteis. since you acted as me in the game.

DON JUAN: Ardides del juego son. Those are the tricks of the trade.

DON LUIS: Pues no os los quiero Well, I don't want to ignore them pasar, y por ellos a jugar and even on account of them, vamos ahora el corazón. let's still see our lives played.

DON JUAN: ¿Le arriesgáis, pues, en revancha You'll risk it then, in play de doña Ana de Pantoja? for Doña Ana again?

DON LUIS: Sí, y lo que tardo me Yes. To cleanse such a stain enoja en lavar tan fea mancha. and it angers me we delay Don Juan, yo la amaba, sí; Don Juan, I loved her, yes. mas, con lo que habéis osado, but after what you have dared imposible la hais dejado neither of us can have her para vos y para mí. now she's abandoned, bereft.

DON JUAN: ¿Por qué la apostasteis, Why did you wager her then? pues?

DON LUIS: Porque no pude pensar Because Icould never have come que lo pudierais lograr. to believe you might have won. Y... vamos, por San Andrés, And, by Saint Andrew, lets go then a reñir, que me impaciento. and duel, for I grow impatient

DON JUAN: Bajemos a la ribera. Lets go down to the river.

DON LUIS: Aquí mismo. No here.

DON JUAN: Necio fuera: They'd capture the winner ¿no veis que en este aposento in this room, don't you see, be patient, prendieran al vencedor? that's a foolish idea. Vos traéis una barquilla. Your boat's here still?

DON LUIS: Sí. Yes.

DON JUAN: Pues que lleve a Sevilla The winner takes it al que quede. to Seville.

DON LUIS: Eso es mejor; That is better: salgamos, pues. Lets go then.

DON JUAN: Esperad. Wait.

DON LUIS: ¿Qué sucede? What is it?

DON JUAN: Ruido siento. I hear a sound.

DON LUIS: Pues no perdamos momento. Well let's not stay around.

ESCENA VII SCENE VII

(Don Juan, Don Luis, Ciutti) (Don Juan, Don Luis, Ciutti)

CIUTTI: Señor, la vida salvad. Sir, save your life.

DON JUAN: ¿Qué hay, pues? What is it?

CIUTTI: El Comendador, The Comendador que llega con gente armada. who's come with armed men.

DON JUAN: Déjale franca la entrada, Let him enter freely, then pero a él solo. but him alone.

CIUTTI: Mas, señor... But señor...

DON JUAN: Obedéceme. (Vase Ciutti.) Obey me. (Ciutti goes out.)

ESCENA VIII SCENE VIII

(Don Juan, Don Luis) (Don Juan, Don Luis)

DON JUAN: Don Luis, Don Luis, pues de mí os habéis fiado since you've given me your trust, cuanto dejáis demostrado as you have shown me, just cuando a mi casa venís, by coming here to see me, no dudaré en suplicaros, I do not hesitate to beg you pues mi valor conocéis since you know my courage, in faith, que un instante me aguardéis. to grant me a moment's grace.

DON LUIS: Yo nunca puse reparos I never found fault with you en valor que es tan notorio, in your bravery which is so mas no me fío de vos. well-known, but I've never trusted you.

DON JUAN: Ved que las partes son dos Notice that there were two de la apuesta con Tenorio, parts to the bet with Tenorio y que ganadas están. and they are both won.

DON LUIS: ¿Lograsteis a un At the same time? tiempo...?

DON JUAN: Sí: Yes, I fear: la del convento está aquí; the one from the convent is here: y pues viene de don Juan whoever wishes may come a reclamarla quien puede, to claim her from Don Juan, cuando me podéis matar and since you may cause my death no debo asunto dejar I must not leave behind a breath tras mí que pendiente quede. of business still to be done.

DON LUIS: Pero mirad que meter You see that whoever comes might quien puede el lance impedir be able to prevent the affair entre los dos puede ser... between the two of us here....

DON JUAN: ¿Qué? What?

DON LUIS: Excusaros de reñir. And excuse you from a fight.

DON JUAN: ¡Miserable...! De don Juan Wretch! Only you can doubt podéis dudar sólo vos; Don Juan's intention mas aquí entrad, ¡vive Dios!, but, in here, by Heaven, y no tengáis tanto afán and don't be so ready to shout por vengaros, que este asunto for vengeance: once this thing arreglado con ese hombre, is settled with that man, don Luis, yo os juro a mi nombre Don Luis, I swear we can que nos batimos al punto. begin our duelling.

DON LUIS: Pero... But...

DON JUAN: ¡Con una legión The Devils' Legion! de diablos! Entrad aquí, Go in here, and see que harta nobleza es en mí there's sufficient nobility in me aun daros satisfacción. to give you satisfaction. Desde ahí ved y escuchad; Watch and listen from there: franca tenéis esa puerta. you may leave that door open. Si veis mi conducta incierta, If you see my conduct's uncertain como os acomode obrad. then act as you dare.

DON LUIS: Me avengo, si muy reacio I'll avenge myself if you no andáis. continue to be so stubborn.

DON JUAN: Calculadlo vos Judge as you will a placer: mas, ¡vive Dios!, but by heaven que para todo hay espacio. there is time enough for you. (Entra don Luís en el cuarto que (Don Luis goes into the room Don don Juan le señala.) Juan points out to him) Ya suben. (Don Juan escucha.) They are coming up. (He listens)

DON GONZALO: (Dentro.) ¿Dónde está? (Inside) Where is he?

DON JUAN: Él es. It is I.

ESCENA IX SCENE IX

(Don Juan, Don Gonzalo) (Don Juan, Don Gonzalo)

DON GONZALO: ¿Adónde está ese traidor? Where is that traitor?

DON JUAN: Aquí está Comendador. Here he is Comendador.

DON GONZALO: ¿De rodillas? On your knees?

DON JUAN: Y a tus pies. And at your feet.

DON GONZALO: Vil eres hasta en tus crímenes. You are vile even in your crimes.

DON JUAN: Anciano, la lengua ten, Old man, hold your tongue, y escúchame un solo instante. and just listen for a moment.

DON GONZALO: ¿Qué puede en tu lengua haber What could come from your mouth que borre lo que tu mano that could cancel what your hand escribió en este papel? wrote on this paper? ¡Ir a sorprender, ¡infame!, Infamous man, to surprise la cándida sencillez the pure simplicity de quien no pudo el veneno of someone who could not guard de esas letras precaver! against the poison of these words. Derramar en su alma virgen To spill into her virgin soul traidoramente la hiel treacherously the bitterness en que rebosa la tuya, with which yours overflows, seca de virtud y fe! empty of virtue and faith! ¡Proponerse así enlodar To propose thus to soil de mis timbres la alta prez, the high glory of my family emblem como si fuera un harapo as if it were a rag que desecha un mercader! that a merchant casts aside. ¿Ese es el valor, Tenorio, That is the courage, Tenorio de que blasonas? ¿Esa es of which you boast? That is la proverbial osadía the proverbial daring que te da al vulgo a temer? that you cause men to fear? ¿Con viejos y con doncellas With old men and young girls la muestras...? Y ¿para qué? you show it? And why? ¡Vive Dios! Para venir Saints above! To come sus plantas así a lamer, and lick my boots, mostrándote a un tiempo ajeno showing yourself at the same time de valor y de honradez. without valour or honour.

DON JUAN: ¡Comendador! Comendador!

DON GONZALO: Miserable, Miserable man tú has robado a mi hija Inés you have stolen my daughter Inés de su convento, y yo vengo from her convent, and I'm here por tu vida o por mi bien. for your life, or for my good.

DON JUAN: Jamás delante de un hombre Before no man mi alta cerviz incliné, have I ever bent my neck ni he suplicado jamás nor have I ever begged ni a mi padre ni a mi rey. from my father or my king. Y pues conservo a tus plantas And while I stay at your feet la postura en que me ves, in the attitude you see me here considera, Don Gonzalo, consider Don Gonzalo que razón debo tener. that I may have a reason.

DON GONZALO: Lo que tienes es pavor What you have is fear de mi justicia. of my justice.

DON JUAN: ¡Pardiez! By God! Oyeme, Comendador, Listen to me Comendador. o tenerme no sabré or I won't be able to contain myself y seré quien siempre he sido, and I will be what I have always been no queriéndolo ahora ser. not wanting to be it now.

DON GONZALO: ¡Vive Dios! Good God!

DON JUAN: Comendador, Comendador yo idolatro a doña Inés, I idolize Doña Inés, persuadido de que el cielo persuaded that heaven me la quiso conceder intended to grant her to me, para enderezar mis pasos to lead my steps por el sendero del bien. along the true path. No amé la hermosura en ella, It is not the beauty in her ni sus gracias adoré; alone I adore, nor her grace: lo que adoro es la virtud, what I adore is the virtue, Don Gonzalo, en doña Inés. Don Gonzalo, in Doña Inés. Lo que justicias ni obispos What neither judges nor bishops no pudieron de mí hacer could do con cárceles y sermones, with prisons and sermons, lo pudo su candidez. she with her purity succeeded. Su amor me torna en otro hombre Her love turns me into another man

regenerando mi ser, regenerates my being y ella puede hacer un ángel and she can make an angel de quien un demonio fue. of a man who was a devil. Escucha, pues, Don Gonzalo, Listen then Don Gonzalo lo que te puede ofrecer to what Don Juan's daring el audaz don Juan Tenorio can offer you de rodillas a tus pies. on his knees and at your feet. Yo seré esclavo de tu hija, I will be your daughter's slave. en tu casa viviré, I will live in your house, tú gobernarás mi hacienda you will govern my property diciéndome: esto ha de ser. telling me, it shall be so. El tiempo que señalares Whenever you request it en reclusión estaré; I will stay in seclusion: cuantas pruebas exigieres whatever proofs you ask de mi audacia o mi altivez, of my daring or my nobility del modo que me ordenares, in any way you command con sumisión te daré: I will obey submissively: y cuando estime tu juicio And when in your judgement que la puedo merecer, you decide I might merit it yo la daré un buen esposo I'll be a good husband to her y ella me dará el Edén. and she'll lead me to Paradise.

DON GONZALO: Basta, don Juan; no sé cómo Enough Don Juan: I don't know how me he podido contener, I've been able to contain myself, oyendo tan torpes pruebas listening to the sordid proof de tu infame avilantez. of your infamous vileness. Don Juan, tú eres un cobarde Don Juan, you are a coward cuando en la ocasión te ves, when you find yourself in danger y no hay bajeza a que no oses and there is no baseness you will not dare como te saque con bien. as long as you escape successfully.

DON JUAN: ¡Don Gonzalo! Don Gonzalo!

DON GONZALO: Y me avergüenzo I am ashamed to see you de mirarte así a mis pies, so, at my feet, lo que apostabas por fuerza what you risked by force suplicando por merced. begging now as a grace.

DON JUAN: Todo así se satisface, Everything will be reconciled Don Gonzalo, de una vez. Don Gonzalo at the same time.

DON GONZALO: ¡Nunca, nunca! ¿Tú su esposo? Never. You her husband? Never! Primero la mataré. I'll kill her first. ¡Ea! Entrégamela al punto Hand her over to me immediately o, sin poderme valer, or, unable to control myself, en esa postura vil I'll strike you dead el pecho te cruzaré. in that vile pose.

DON JUAN: Míralo bien, Don Gonzalo, Consider well, Don Gonzalo que vas a hacerme perder that you, perhaps, will make me lose con ella hasta la esperanza my own salvation, de mi salvación tal vez. together with hope of her.

DON GONZALO: ¿Y qué tengo yo, don Juan, And what have I to do Don Juan, con tu salvación que ver? with your salvation?

DON JUAN: ¡Comendador, que me Comendador, you destroy me! pierdes!

DON GONZALO: Mi hija. My daughter!

DON JUAN: Considera bien Consider then que por cuantos medios pude that as fully as I could te quise satisfacer, I tried to satisfy you. y que con armas al cinto and with arms at my side tus denuestos toleré, I tolerated your insults, proponiéndote la paz proposing peace to you, de rodillas a tus pies. on my knees and at your feet.

ESCENA X SCENE X

(Dichos; Don Luis, soltando una (The same characters: Don Luis, carcajada de burla) bursting out in a jeering shout of laughter)

DON LUIS: Muy bien, don Juan. Well done, Don Juan.

DON JUAN: ¡Vive Dios! God above! Who?

DON GONZALO: ¿Quién es ese hombre? Who is that man?

DON LUIS: Un testigo A witness in the end de su miedo, y un amigo, to his cowardice, and a friend, Comendador, para vos. Comendador, to you.

DON JUAN: ¿Don Luis? Don Luis?

DON LUIS: Ya he visto bastante, I've seen all I need, don Juan, para conocer Don Juan, to recognise cuál uso puedes hacer the way that you realise de tu valor arrogante; your arrogant valour; indeed y quien hiere por detrás the one who strikes in that way y se humilla en la ocasión, from behind, debases himself in danger es tan vil como el ladrón as vile as a thieving stranger que roba y huye. who steals and runs away.

DON JUAN: ¿Esto más? Now this too?

DON LUIS: Y pues la ira soberana And since the sovereign anger de Dios junta, como ves, of God, as you see, joins together al padre de doña Inés that of Doña Inés's father y al vengador de doña Ana, and Doña Ana's avenger, mira el fin que aquí te espera see the end that awaits you here cuando a igual tiempo te alcanza, when you meet at the same moment aquí dentro su venganza vengeance here, inside, y la justicia allá fuera. and justice, outside, there.

DON GONZALO: ¡Oh! Ahora comprendo... ¿Sois vos Ah, now I understand, then you el que...? are?

DON LUIS: Soy don Luis Mejía, Don Luis Mejia, a quien a tiempo os envía whom God in due time sends here por vuestra venganza Dios. to take revenge, for you.

DON JUAN: ¡Basta, pues, de tal Enough of this torturing vice! suplicio! Si con hacienda y honor If with property and truth ni os muestro ni doy valor I can't show you proof a mi franco sacrificio, of my free sacrifice, y la leal solicitud and the loyal and true con que ofrezco cuanto puedo petition which I offer, tomáis, ¡vive Dios!, por miedo that you take, by heaven, for fear, y os mofáis de mi virtud, mocking my virtue, os acepto el que me dais I'll accept what you hand out plazo breve y perentorio a brief, peremptory moment to show para mostrarme el Tenorio Don Juan Tenorio de cuyo valor dudáis. and the courage that you doubt.

DON LUIS: Sea; y cae a nuestros pies, So be it, and fall at our feet. digno al menos de esa fama worthy at least of that fame que por tan bravo te aclama. that has given your courage a name.

DON JUAN: Y venza el infierno, pues. Let Hell's victory be complete, Ulloa, pues mi alma así Ulloa, since my soul again vuelves a hundir en el vicio, you plunge into devilry, cuando Dios me llame a juicio when God judges me tú responderás por mí. you will take the blame. (Le da un pistoletazo.) (He shoots him with his pistol)

DON GONZALO: ¡Asesino! (Cae.) Murderer! (He falls)

DON JUAN: Y tú, insensato, And you, man without grace que me llamas vil ladrón, who call me a vile thief, too, di en prueba de tu razón let this speak to show it's true, que cara a cara te mato. I'll destroy you face to face. (Riñen, y le da una estocada.) (They duel and he gives him a sword thrust)

DON LUIS: ¡Jesús! (Cae.) Jesus! (He falls)

DON JUAN: Tarde tu fe ciega Your blind faith calls out acude al cielo, Mejía, to heaven too late, Mejia: y no fue por culpa mía; all was not my fault, here, pero la justicia llega, but the officials are now about, y a fe que ha de ver quién soy. and by faith they'll see a man.

CIUTTI: (Dentro.) ¿Don Juan? Don Juan? (Inside)

DON JUAN: (Asomando al baldón.) (Approaching the balcony.) ¿Quién es? Who is it?

CIUTTI: (Dentro.) Por aquí; (Inside) Through here, salvaos.

DON JUAN: ¿Hay paso? Is there a way?

CIUTTI: Sí; Yes. arrojaos. Jump clear.

DON JUAN: Allá voy. Here I am. Llamé al cielo y no me oyó, I called to heaven: it did not see, y pues sus puertas me cierra, and since it closes its doors de mis pasos en la tierra to my whole earthly course, responda el cielo, y no yo. let heaven be blamed, not me. (Se arroja por el balcón, y se le (He jumps from the balcony and you oye caer en el agua del río, al can hear him fall in the water of mismo tiempo que el ruido de los the river, and at the same time remos muestra la rapidez del barco the noise of the oars shows the en que parte; se oyen golpes en la rapidity of the boat as it leaves: puerta de la habitación; poco knocks are heard on the door of después entra la justicia, the room, and a little later the soldados, etc.) officials come in, soldiers, etc.)

ESCENA XI SCENE XI

(Alguaciles, soldados, luego Doña (Constables, soldiers, then Doña Inés y Brígida) Ines and Brigida.)

ALGUACIL: El tiro ha sonado aquí. The shot came from here

ALGUACIL: Aún hay humo. There's still smoke.

ALGUACIL: ¿Santo Dios! Holy God. Aquí hay un cadáver. There's a body here.

ALGUACIL: Dos. Two.

ALGUACIL: ¿Y el matador? And the killer?

ALGUACIL: Por allí. Through there. (Abren el cuarto en que está Doña (They open the room in which Doña Inés y Brígida, y las sacan a la Ines and Brigida are and bring escena; doña Inés reconoce el them out on stage. Doña Inés cadáver de su padre.) recognizes the body of her father.)

ALGUACIL: ¡Dos mujeres! Two women!

DOÑA INÉS: ¡Ah, qué horror, Oh what horror, padre mío! Dear father.

ALGUACIL: ¡Es su hija! It's his daughter.

BRÍGIDA: Sí. Yes.

DD: ¡Ay! ¿Dó estás, don Juan, que Ah, where are you Don Juan who aquí me olvidas en tal dolor? abandon me here in such grief.

ALGUACIL: Él le asesinó. He killed him.

DOÑA INÉS: Dios mío Dear Lord. ¿Me guardabas esto más? You sent me this too?

ALGUACIL: Por aquí ese Satanás That Satan jumped down here se arrojó sin duda al río. doubtless into the river.

ALGUACIL: Miradlos..., a bordo están Look, they are on board del bergantín calabrés. the Calabrian vessel.

TODOS: ¡Justicia por doña Inés! Justice for Doña Ines!

DOÑA INÉS: Pero no contra don Juan. But not against Don Juan. (Cayendo de rodillas.) (Falling on her knees)

FIN DEL ACTO CUARTO END OF THE FOURTH ACT

PARTE SEGUNDA PART TWO

ACTO PRIMERO ACT ONE

LA SOMBRA DE DOÑA INÉS THE SHADE OF DOÑA INÉS

(Panteón de la familia Tenorio. (The pantheon of the Tenorio family. El teatro representa un The stage is a magnificent cemetery, magnífico cementerio, hermoseado decorated in the style of a garden. a manera de jardín. En primer In the foreground, conspicuously set término, aislados y de bulto, apart, are the tombs of Don Gonzalo los sepulcros de don Gonzalo de de Ulloa, Doña Inés and don Luis Ulloa, de Doña Inés y de don Mejia, on top of which are stone Luis Mejía, sobre los cuales se statues. Don Gonzalo's tomb is to the ven sus estatuas de piedra. El right with his statue kneeling, that sepulcro de don Gonzalo a la of Don Luis to the left and his derecha, y su estatua de statue is also kneeling; that of Doña rodillas; el de don Luis a la Inés is in the centre and her statue izquierda, y su estatua también is standing. In the midground another de rodillas; el de doña Inés en two tombs in a suitable form, and in el centro, y su estatua de pie. the background and on an elevated En segundo término otros dos plane, the tomb and statue of the sepulcros en la forma que founder, Don Diego Tenorio. The convenga; y en tercer término y perspective of the tombs focuses on en puesto elevado, el sepulcro y this figure. A wall full of niches la estatua del fundador don and stone slabs surrounds the set. Diego Tenorio, en cuya figura Two weeping willows are to each side remata la perspectiva de los of Doña Ines's tomb ready to be used sepulcros. Una pared llena de when the staging requires it. nichos y lápidas cubre el cuadro Cypresses and flowers of all kinds hasta el horizonte. Dos llorones embellish the set which is not to a cada lado de la tumba de doña have anything horrible in it. The Inés dispuestos a servir de la action takes place on a quiet summer manera que a su tiempo exige el night, and is lit by a very bright juego escénico. Cipreses y moon.) flores de todas clases embellecen la decoración, que no debe tener nada de horrible. La acción se supone en una tranquila noche de verano, y alumbrada por una clarísima luna.)

ESCENA PRIMERA SCENE I

(El Escultor, disponiéndose a (The Sculptor, getting ready to marchar) leave.) Pues, señor, es cosa hecha: Well sir, it is done: el alma del buen don Diego the soul of good Don Diego puede, a mi ver, con sosiego can, in my opinion, know reposar muy satisfecha. its rest in complete satisfaction. La obra está rematada The work is unfurled con cuanta suntuosidad with as much sumptuousness su postrera voluntad as his last will required, yes, dejó al mundo encomendada. entrusted to the world. Y ya quisieran, ¡pardiez!, And, by God, every rich man todos los ricos que mueren who dies should want to see que su voluntad cumplieren the living celebrate their memory los vivos, como esta vez. as here I have done. Mas ya de marcharme es hora: But it's time I was away, todo corriente lo dejo, I leave it all in order, I will y de Sevilla me alejo be leaving Seville al despuntar de la aurora. at the break of day. ¡Ah! Mármoles que mis manos Ah! Marble polished pulieron con tanto afán, with such care, by my hands, mañana os contemplarán tomorrow the Sevillians los absortos sevillanos; will gaze at you, astonished: y al mirar de este panteón and seeing the true proportion las gigantes proporciones, of this enormous pantheon, tendrán las generaciones the future generation la nuestra en veneración. will hold ours in veneration. Mas yendo y viniendo días Some things as days come and go, se hundirán unas tras otras, one by one, sink again mientra en pie estaréis vosotras, while yours will remain póstumas memorias mías. a memory of me. Oh! ¡Oh!, frutos de mis desvelos, fruit of my waking eyes, peñas a quien yo animé stones to which I gave life y por quienes arrostré for whom I bore the strife la intemperie de los cielos; of the intemperate skies; el que forma y ser os dio he who gave you form and being va ya a perderos de vista; will now lose you from his sight; ¡velad mi gloria de artista, since you will live longer than I, pues viviréis más que yo! watch over my glory, unseeing. Mas ¿quién llega? But who is approaching?

ESCENA II SCENE II

(El Escultor; Don Juan, que (The sculptor, and Don Juan who entra embozado) enters muffled in his cloak.)

ESCULTOR: Caballero... Sir....

DON JUAN: Dios te guarde. God keep you.

ESCULTOR: Perdonad, Pardon me, mas ya es tarde, y... its already late and...

DON JUAN: Aguardad Stay with me un instante, porque quiero a moment, I'd prefer que me expliquéis... if you would explain...

ESCULTOR: ¿Por acaso Perhaps sois forastero? you are a stranger?

DON JUAN: Años ha I should explain, que falto de España ya, for years now I've been gone from Spain, y me chocó el ver al paso, and it shocked me, as I passed, cuando a esas verjas llegué, as I reached these gates today que encontraba este recinto to find this district strange, enteramente distinto entirely different, changed de cuando yo le dejé. from when I went away.

ESCULTOR: Yo lo creo; como que esto I believe you; and you see era entonces un palacio, it was a palace then, y hoy es panteón el espacio and today there's a pantheon donde aquél estuvo puesto. where the palace used to be.

DON JUAN: ¡El palacio hecho The palace made into a pantheon! panteón!

ESCULTOR: Tal fue de su antiguo dueño Such was its former owner's will la voluntad, y fue empeño and an undertaking that still que dio al mundo admiración. provokes the world's admiration.

DON JUAN: ¡Y, por Dios, que es de admirar! And by heaven, it's worthy!

ESCULTOR: Es una famosa historia It's a famous story a la cual debo mi gloria. to which I owe my glory.

DON JUAN: ¿Me la podréis relatar? Can you tell it me?

ESCULTOR: Sí; aunque muy Yes, but very succinctly, sucintamente, pues me aguardan. as someone's waiting.

DON JUAN: Sea. So be it.

ESCULTOR: Oíd Listen la verdad pura. to the whole truth.

DON JUAN: Decid, Speak, then que me tenéis impaciente. I hear, impatiently.

ESCULTOR: Pues habitó esta ciudad Well, there lived, in this city, y este palacio heredado the heir to the palace, a Don, un varón muy estimado very well esteemed, a man por su noble calidad. of the noblest quality.

DON JUAN: Don Diego Tenorio. Don Diego Tenorio.

ESCULTOR: El mismo. The same. Well, Tuvo un hijo este don Diego this Don Diego had a son peor mil veces que el fuego, a thousand times worse a one, un aborto del abismo. than fire, an abortion from Hell. Un mozo sangriento y cruel A young man bloody and savage que, con tierra y cielo en guerra, at war with earth and heaven: dicen que nada en la tierra they say nothing on earth even fue respetado por él. won his respect, in this age. Quimerista, seductor A wrangler, a seducer y jugador con ventura, and a gambler with fate, no hubo para él segura from him nothing was safe vida, ni hacienda, ni honor. life, property or honour. Así le pinta la historia, So says the story y si tal era, por cierto and if he was such, certainly que obró cuerdamente el muerto the dead man behaved wisely para ganarse la gloria. himself, to ensure his glory.

DON JUAN: Pues ¿cómo obró ? Well, how did he behave?

ESCULTOR: Dejó entera He left his entire property su hacienda al que la empleara to the one who would fashion en un panteón que asombrara a wonderful pantheon a la gente venidera. to astound posterity. Mas con condición que dijo He made one condition, que se enterraran en él that they should bury here los que a la mano crüel those who died, in fear, sucumbieron de su hijo. at the cruel hand of his son. Y mirad en derredor And look around at los sepulcros de los más the tombs of most de ellos. of them.

DON JUAN: ¿Y vos sois quizás And you perhaps el conserje? are the keeper?

ESCULTOR: El Escultor The sculptor charged de estas obras encargado. with these works.

DON JUAN: ¡Ah! ¿Y las habéis Ah! And you have finished? concluido?

ESCULTOR: Ha un mes; mas me he detenido A month ago, but I waited hasta ver ese enverjado to see this grill erected colocado en su lugar, set on its base pues he querido impedir because I wanted to prevent que pueda el vulgo venir the entry of those with intent este sitio a profanar. to profane the place.

DON JUAN: (Mirando.) (Looking around) ¡Bien empleó sus riquezas The dead man used his money el difunto! well!

ESCULTOR: ¡Ya lo creo! Yes, I should say so! Miradle allí. See over there.

DON JUAN: Ya le veo. I see him though.

ESCULTOR: ¿Le conocisteis? Did you know him?

DON JUAN: Sí. Yes.

ESCULTOR: Piezas The statuary son todas muy parecidas shows a very good likeness y a conciencia trabajadas. made with conscientiousness.

DON JUAN: ¡Cierto que son They are fashioned excellently! extremadas!

ESCULTOR: ¿Os han sido conocidas Did you know them indeed las personas? these people?

DON JUAN: Todas ellas. All of them by sight.

ESCULTOR: ¿Y os parecen bien? And they seem well done?

DON JUAN: Sin duda, Without doubt según lo que a ver me ayuda according to what I make out el fulgor de las estrellas. by the glow of the starlight.

ESCULTOR: ¡Oh! Se ven como de día Oh! They can be seen as well here con esta luna tan clara. as by day, with this bright moon. Esta es mármol de Carrara. This is Carrara stone. (Señalando a la de don Luis.) (Pointing to the statue of Don Luis.)

DON JUAN: ¡Buen busto es el de Mejía! That's a good bust of Mejia! (Contempla las estatuas unas (He contemplates the statues one after tras otras.) another.) ¡Hola! Aquí el Comendador Hello! Here is the Comendador se representa muy bien. very well represented.

ESCULTOR: Yo quise poner también I also intended la estatua del matador a statue of their killer entre sus víctimas, pero among the victims, but fate no pude a manos haber did not find me a way su retrato... Un Lucifer to his portrait...they say dicen que era el caballero he was the devil incarnate don Juan Tenorio. that Don Juan Tenorio

DON JUAN: ¡Muy malo! Very evil. That's so. Mas, como pudiera hablar, And if its tongue was free le había algo de abonar you would hear it agree, la estatua de Don Gonzalo. that statue of Don Gonzalo.

ESCULTOR: ¿También habéis Did you also know conocido a don Juan? Don Juan?

DON JUAN: Mucho. Very well,

ESCULTOR: Don Diego Don Diego le abandonó desde luego, immediately abandoned him, so desheredándole. disinheriting him, though.

DON JUAN: Ha Sido To Don Juan that did no para don Juan poco daño great harm, it is said ése, porque la fortuna because fortune, on this earth va tras él desde la cuna. followed him from birth.

ESCULTOR: Dicen que ha muerto. They say he is dead.

DON JUAN: Es engaño: That's a ruse: vive. he's alive.

ESCULTOR: ¿Y dónde? And where?

DON JUAN: Aquí, en Sevilla. Here, in Seville.

ESCULTOR: ¿Y no teme que el furor And doesn't he ever popular...? fear the people's anger?

DON JUAN: En su valor The seed of fear has never no ha echado el miedo semilla. affected his courage, or will.

ESCULTOR: Mas cuando vea el lugar But when he sees the way en que está ya convertido what was once his property el solar que suyo ha sido, has been treated, maybe no osará en Sevilla estar. in Seville he'll not dare stay.

DON JUAN: Antes ver tendrá a Rather he'll think it fortunate fortuna en su casa reünidas to have the people he knew personas de él conocidas, reunited, since it's true puesto que no odia a ninguna. for them he had no hate.

ESCULTOR: ¿Creéis que ose aquí Do you believe he'd dare come here? venir?

DON JUAN: ¿Por qué no? Pienso, a Why not? In my opinion, I mi ver, que donde vino a nacer think it's right he should come to die justo es que venga a morir. in the place where he was reared. Y pues le quitan su herencia And since they've taken his legacy para enterrar a éstos bien, in order to bury these people so, a él es muy justo también it is only fair that they also que le entierren con decencia. bury him decently.

ESCULTOR: Sólo a él le está He is the only one forbidden prohibida en este panteón la entrada. to enter this pantheon.

DON JUAN: Trae don Juan muy buena espada, Don Juan carries a very fine sword: y no sé quién se la impida. I don't know who dare enforce that word.

ESCULTOR: ¡Jesús! ¡Tal Dear Lord, what profanation! profanación!

DON JUAN: Hombre es don Juan que, a querer, Don Juan is the sort of man, volverá el palacio a hacer who might remake the pantheon encima del panteón. as a palace, as an act of restoration.

ESCULTOR: ¡Tan audaz ese hombre es Is that man so daring that he que aun a los muertos se atreve? even dares to oppose the dead?

DON JUAN: ¿Qué respetos gastar debe What respect should he show instead con los que tendió a sus pies? to those he stretched out at his feet?

ESCULTOR: Pero ¿no tiene conciencia But does that man have then ni alma ese hombre? no conscience or soul?

DON JUAN: Tal vez no, Perhaps none, que al cielo una vez llamó for he called on heaven once con voces de penitencia, with the voice of a penitent y el cielo en trance tan fuerte and heaven treated him so fiercely allí mismo le metió, it seems that there and then que a dos inocentes dio he killed two innocent men para salvarse la muerte. in order to save himself, wholly.

ESCULTOR: ¡Qué monstruo, supremo Holy Father, what a monster! Dios!

DON JUAN: Podéis estar convencido You can be certain, indeed, de que Dios no le ha querido. that God did not love him. Agreed.

ESCULTOR: Tal será. It must be so.

DON JUAN: Mejor que vos. He's your better.

ESCULTOR: (¿Y quién será el que a don Juan Aside: (And who can it be abona con tanto brío?) who defends Don Juan so?) Caballero, a pesar mío, Sir, excuse me, I must go: como aguardándome están... they are waiting for me.

DON JUAN: Idos, pues, Go then, if it pleases you. enhorabuena.

ESCULTOR: He de cerrar. I have to close up.

DON JUAN: No cerréis, Not for me, y marchaos. just leave.

ESCULTOR: Mas ¿no veis...? But, don't you see...?

DON JUAN: Veo una noche serena I see a calm night, true y un lugar que me acomoda and a place that gives me pleasure para gozar su frescura, where I might enjoy the fresh air still y aquí he de estar a mi holgura in spite of all Seville. si pesa a Sevilla toda. and here I intend to take my leisure.

ESCULTOR: (¿Si acaso padecerá (I wonder if he might be de locura desvaríos?) suffering from delusions?)

DON JUAN: (Dirigiéndose a las (Addressing the statues.) estatuas.) Ya estoy aquí, amigos míos. Now here I am my friends.

ESCULTOR: ¿No lo dije? Loco está. Didn't I say so? He's crazy.

DON JUAN: Mas, ¡cielos, qué es lo que veo! But good Lord, what do I see! es ilusión de mi vista, It's an illusion I've invented o a doña Inés el artista or the artist has represented aquí representa, creo. Doña Inés here, before me.

ESCULTOR: Sin duda. Doubtless.

DON JUAN: ¿También murió? She also died?

ESCULTOR: Dicen que de They say she died of grief, sent sentimiento cuando de nuevo al convento back again to her convent abanDoñada volvió abandoned, and denied por don Juan. by Don Juan. Don Juan; ¿Y yace aquí? And she lies here?

ESCULTOR: Sí. Yes.

DON JUAN: ¿La visteis muerta vos? Did you see her body, then?

ESCULTOR: Sí. Yes.

DON JUAN: ¿Cómo estaba? What was she like?

ESCULTOR: ¡Por Dios By heaven, que dormida la creí! I thought she was sleeping there. La muerte fue tan piadosa Death was so gentle, I suppose, con su cándida hermosura, with her in her purity, que la envió con la frescura that it sent her the beauty las tintas de la rosa. of the fresh tint of the rose.

DON JUAN: ¡Ah! Mal la muerte podría Ah! Death could not undo deshacer con torpe mano with its clumsy hand's excess el semblante soberano the sovereign loveliness que un ángel envidiaría. an angel would envy too. ¡Cuán bella y cuán parecida How beautiful and how true su efigie en el mármol es! her effigy in marble is. ¡Quién pudiera, doña Inés, Would that I, Doña Inés volver a darte la vida! could return you to life anew. ¿Es obra del cincel vuestro? Is this your chisel's art?

ESCULTOR: Como todas las demás. Like the others here, that you see.

DON JUAN: Pues bien merece algo más Well, such mastery un retrato tan maestro. deserves something apart. Tomad. Here.

ESCULTOR: ¿Qué me dais aquí? What do you give me?

DON JUAN: ¿No lo veis? Don't you see?

ESCULTOR: Mas... caballero... But,...sir....why... ¿por qué razón...? for what reason?...

DON JUAN: Porque quiero Because I yo que os acordéis de mí. want you to remember me.

ESCULTOR: Mirad que están bien But I was well paid, you see. pagadas.

DON JUAN: Así lo estarán mejor. So you'll have even more.

ESCULTOR: Mas vamos de aquí, señor, But lets leave here sir, for sure que aun las llaves entregadas I must still return the key no están, y al salir la aurora of this gate, and at dawn tengo que partir de aquí. I have to leave here, you see.

DON JUAN: Entregádmelas a mí, Hand them over to me, y marchaos desde ahora. and you..... go on.

ESCULTOR: ¿A vos? To you?

DON JUAN: A mí: ¿qué dudáis? To me: why hesitate?

ESCULTOR: Como no tengo el Ah, I do not have the honour... honor...

DON JUAN: Ea, acabad, Escultor. That's enough, Sculptor.

ESCULTOR: Si el nombre al menos que usáis If at least you would state supiera... your name....

DON JUAN: ¡Viven los cielos! Merciful heaven! Why, Dejad a don Juan Tenorio you leave Don Juan velar el lecho mortuorio to watch over the tomb en que duermen sus abuelos. in which his ancestors lie.

ESCULTOR: ¡Don Juan Tenorio! Don Juan Tenorio!

DON JUAN: Yo soy. I am the man. Y si no me satisfaces, And if you don't satisfy me, compañía juro que haces I swear you'll keep company a tus estatuas desde hoy. with your statues from now on.

ESCULTOR: (Alargándole las llaves.) (Holding out the keys to him) Tomad. (No quiero la piel Here. Aside: (I won't risk my skin dejar aquí entre sus manos. at his hands, but bow to his will. Ahora que los sevillanos Let the folks of Seville se las compongan con él.) (Vase.) take good care of him.) (He leaves)

ESCENA III SCENE III

DON JUAN: Mi buen padre empleó My good father spent the whole en esto entera la hacienda mía; of my inheritance on this display; hizo bien: yo al otro día he did well: on any given day la hubiera a una carta puesto. I'd have bet it on a hand of cards. So, No os podéis quejar de mí, you can't complain of me, you vosotros a quien maté; whom I chose to kill: si buena vida os quité, if I took your noble life, still buena sepultura os di. I gave you a noble tomb. ¡Magnífica es en verdad This pantheon and it's art, la idea del tal panteón! truly, a magnificent idea! Y... siento que el corazón And I feel the solitude here me halaga esta soledad. is soothing to my heart. ¡Hermosa noche...! ¡Ay de mí! A beautiful night! Ah me! ¡Cuántas como ésta tan puras How many like this, and as pure, en infames aventuras in notorious adventure desatinado perdí! I wasted foolishly. ¡Cuántas al mismo fulgor How many times, in the same bright hour de esa luna trasparente of that translucent moon, arranqué a algún inocente I wrenched away too soon la existencia o el honor! some innocent's life or honour. Sí, después de tantos años Yes, after all these years cuyos recuerdos me espantan, whose memories terrify me, siento que en mí se levantan I feel thoughts well inside me, pensamientos en mí extraños. the new and strange appears. ¡Oh! Acaso me los inspira Oh! Perhaps they arise in me desde el cielo en donde mora from heaven where she dwells, esa sombra protectora one of the guardian angels, que por mi mal no respira. who through me no longer breathes. (Se dirige a la estatua de doña (He addresses the statue of Doña Inés, hablándole con respeto.) Inés, speaking to it respectfully.) Mármol en quien doña Inés Marble, in which Doña Inés, en cuerpo sin alma existe, a body without soul, exists, deja que el alma de un triste permit the soul of a sad wretch llore un momento a tus pies. to kneel a moment, in his distress. De azares mil a través Through misadventure's excess conservé tu imagen pura, I kept your image pure, pues la mala ventura since evil destiny, before, te asesinó de don Juan, through Don Juan, murdered you, contempla con cuánto afán contemplate with what true vendrá hoy a tu sepultura. grief he comes here once more. En ti nada más pensó With you his thoughts were burning, desde que se fue de ti; from the time he left, I say: y desde que huyó de aquí since the hour he ran away, sólo en volver meditó. he dreamed only of returning. Don Juan tan sólo esperó Don Juan's only yearning de doña Inés su ventura, was for joy with Doña Inés, y hoy que en pos de su hermosura now, seeking her loveliness vuelve el infeliz don Juan, wretched Don Juan returns: mira cuál será su afán see with what pain he burns, al dar con tu sepultura. finding her tomb, his distress. Inocente doña Inés, Innocent Doña Inés cuya hermosa juventud whose beauty and tender years encerró en el ataúd were closed in a coffin here quien llorando está a tus

pies; by him who weeps, ah yes, si de esa piedra a través if through this stone, no less, puedes mirar la amargura you can see the bitterness del alma que tu hermosura of a soul that adored your loveliness adoró con tanto afán, with such yearning, then for that man prepara un lado a don Juan prepare a place, for Don Juan, en tu misma sepultura. in your tomb, where he may rest. Dios te crió por mi bien, God created you for my good, I por ti pensé en la virtud, thought of virtue, for you, adoré su excelsitud I adored your sublimity, too, y anhelé su santo Edén. and longed for your holy paradise. Sí, aun hoy mismo en ti también Yes, even today my hope still lies mi esperanza se asegura, in you, entrusted to you, que oigo una voz que murmura for I hear a voice, that's true, en derredor de don Juan that murmurs round Don Juan, palabras con que su afán words which calm me, as I stand se calma en tu sepultura. here in pain, by your grave, by you. ¡Oh doña Inés de mi vida! Oh Doña Inés, my life itself! Si esa voz con quien deliro If that voice I babble of es el postrimer suspiro is the last sigh, above, de tu eterna despedida; of your eternal farewell; si es que de ti desprendida if that voice from your very self llega esa voz a la altura reaches the farthest sky, y hay un Dios tras esa anchura and there is a God on high, por donde los astros van, with stars on either hand, dile que mire a don Juan tell him to gaze at Don Juan, llorando en tu sepultura. by your tomb, and my weeping eyes. (Se apoya en el sepulcro, (He leans on the tomb, hiding his ocultando el rostro; y mientras face; and while he maintains this se conserva en esta postura, un posture, a vapour that arises from vapor que se levanta del the grave hides the statue of Doña sepulcro oculta la estatua de Inés. When the vapour dissipates, the doña Inés. Cuando el vapor se statue has disappeared. Don Juan desvanece, la estatua ha comes out of his trance.) desaparecido. Don Juan sale de su enajenamiento.) Este mármol sepulcral This sepulchral marble's essence adormece mi vigor, seems to drain away my strength y sentir creo en redor and round me I feel the sense un ser sobrenatural. of a supernatural presence. Mas..., cielos! ¡El pedestal But....my God! The pedestal's stone no mantiene su escultura! no longer holds her sculpture. ¿Qué es esto? ¿Aquella figura What is this? Was that figure fue creación de mi afán? my imagination alone?

ESCENA IV SCENE IV

(El llorón y las flores de la (The weeping willow and the flowers izquierda del sepulcro de doña to the left of Doña Inés's sepulchre Inés se cambian en una change into a stage decoration in apariencia, dejando ver dentro which one can see, in the middle of de ella, en medio de glowing lights, the spirit of Doña resplandores, la sombra de doña Inés.) Inés.) (Don Juan, la sombra de Doña (Don Juan, the spirit of Doña Inés) Inés)

SOMBRA: No; mi espíritu, don No: my spirit, Don Juan, Juan, te aguardó en mi sepultura. waited for you in the grave.

DON JUAN: (De rodillas.) (Kneeling) ¡Doña Inés! Sombra querida, Doña Ines, beloved spirit, alma de mi corazón, soul of my very heart, ¡no me quites la razón don't rob me of reason's art si me has de dejar la vida! if you plan to let me live yet! Si eres imagen fingida, If you're only the child of my madness, sólo hija de mi locura, if you're only a false illusion, no aumentes mi desventura do not increase my misfortune, burlando mi loco afán. by mocking my mad passion.

SOMBRA: Yo soy doña Inés, don Juan, I am Doña Inés, Don Juan, que te oyó en su sepultura. who heard you in her tomb.

DON JUAN: ¿Conque vives? So you're alive?

SOMBRA: Para ti; For you: but see mas tengo mi purgatorio my purgatory is there en ese mármol mortuorio in that marble mausoleum where que labraron para mí. they made a grave for me. Yo a Dios mi alma ofrecí I offered my soul to God, the fee en precio de tu alma impura, for your impure soul, and yes, y Dios, al ver la ternura God, on seeing the tenderness con que te amaba mi afán, with which I loved a man, me dijo: "Espera a don Juan said: 'Wait then for Don Juan en tu misma sepultura. in your grave's loneliness. Y pues quieres ser tan fiel And since you want to be loyal a un amor de Satanás, to the love of a son of Satan, con don Juan te salvarás, you'll be saved with Don Juan o te perderás con él. or be lost with him. You will Por él vela: mas si cruel watch over him; but if he's cruel te desprecia tu ternura, and scorns your tenderness y en su torpeza y locura in his crudity and madness, sigue con bárbaro afán, and goes on, in barbarous zeal, llévese tu alma don Juan he will carry off your soul de tu misma sepultura". from the very grave itself.'

DON JUAN: (Fascinado.) (Amazed!) ¡Yo estoy soñando quizás Perhaps I only dream con las sombras de un Edén! of the spirits in Paradise!

SOMBRA: No; y ve que si piensas bien No: you'll have me at your side a tu lado me tendrás; if your thoughts are always seen mas si obras mal causarás to be good, but if you seem nuestra eterna desventura. evil, you'll damn us eternally. Y medita con cordura And so consider wisely que es esta noche, don Juan, this is the night, Don Juan, el espacio que nos dan the moment we have at hand para buscar sepultura. to seek our fate, you see. Adiós, pues; y en la ardua lucha Farewell, then; in the intense en que va a

entrar tu existencia, battle your being will enter de tu dormida conciencia listen to the voice you'll hear la voz que va a alzarse escucha; of your dormant conscience: porque es de importancia mucha it's of the first importance meditar con sumo tiento you ponder with deepest care la elección de aquel momento your choice of that moment, where que, sin poder evadirnos, what we cannot evade al mal o al bien ha de abrirnos will open the door of the grave la losa del monumento. to the good or evil there. (Ciérrase la apariencia; (The stage decoration closes; Doña desaparece doña Inés, Y todo Inés disappears, and everything queda como al principio del acto remains as at the beginning of the menos la estatua de doña Inés, act, except the statue of Doña Inés que no vuelve a su lugar. Don that does not return to its place. Juan queda atónito.) Don Juan remains astonished.)

ESCENA V SCENE V

DON JUAN: ¡Cielos! ¿Qué es lo que escuché? My God! What do I find? ¡Hasta los muertos así Even the dead, I see, dejan sus tumbas por mí! forsake their tombs for me! Mas sombra, delirio fue. But the spirit was my illusion, Yo en mi mente le forjé; one I forged in my mind, la imaginación le dio my imagination gave it that same la forma en que se mostró, form in which it came: y ciego vine a creer I blindly believing en la realidad de un ser in the reality of that being que mi mente fabricó. know my mind gave it a name. Mas nunca de modo tal But never before so real fanatizó mi razón the way my crazed reason mi loca imaginación filled my mad imagination con su poder ideal. with the power of the ideal. Sí, algo sobrenatural Yes, something supernatural vi en aquella doña Inés I saw in that Doña Inés tan vaporosa a través through that vaporous haze aun de esa enramada espesa; that dense cloud of trees: mas..., ¡bah!, circunstancia es but... bah!, this is indeed ésa que propia de sombras es. appropriate for the spirits. ¿Qué más diáfano y sutil What's more delicate or subtle que las quimeras de un sueño? than the fantasy of our dreams? ¿Dónde hay nada más risueño, Where is there anything that seems más flexible y más gentil? more sweet and malleable? ¿Y no pasa veces mil And doesn't it happen a thousand fold que en febril exaltación that in feverish exultation ve nuestra imaginación what we see in imagination como ser y realidad as truth and reality la vacía vanidad is the empty vanity de una anhelada ilusión? of a longed-for illusion? ¡Sí, por Dios, delirio fue! Yes, by God, that's it! Mas su estatua estaba aquí. But her statue was here to see. Sí, yo la vi y la toqué, Yes, I saw it and touched it: y aun en albricias le di even gave a trifling fee al Escultor no sé qué. to the sculptor who carved it. ¡Y ahora sólo el pedestal Now there's only the pedestal veo en la urna funeral! and the urn from her funeral. ¡Cielos! La mente me falta, My God! I'm losing my mind, o de improviso me asalta or unexpectedly find algún vértigo infernal. some dizziness, infernal. ¿Qué dijo aquella visión? What did that vision say? ¡Oh! Yo la oí claramente, Oh! I heard her clearly, y su voz triste y doliente and her grieving voice, sadly resonó en mi corazón. sounds in my heart again. ¡Ah! ¡Y breves las horas son Ah! The hours slip away del plazo que nos augura! of the term granted to us. No, no; de mi calentura No, no: that's the madness delirio insensato es! of senseless delirium. Mi fiebre fue a doña Inés My fever opened the tomb quien abrió la sepultura. the grave of Doña Inés. ¡Pasad y desvaneceos; Leave now, and expire: pasad, siniestros vapores sinister vapours, clear, de mis perdidos amores mists of my lost love here, mis fallidos deseos! and my failed desire! Pasad, vanos devaneos Leave, vain remnants of fire de un amor muerto al nacer; of a love that died being born, no me volváis a traer do not bring back in the storm, entre vuestro torbellino in your whirlwind of confusion, ese fantasma divino that divine illusion, que recuerda a una mujer! recalling a woman's form! ¡Ah! ¡Estos sueños me aniquilan, Ah, these dreams annihilate, mi cerebro se enloquece... me, maddening my brain... y esos mármoles parece and those marbles seem again que estremecidos vacilan! to tremble and vacillate! (Las estatuas se mueven (The statues move slowly and turn lentamente y vuelven la cabeza their heads towards him.) hacia él.) Sí, sí: sus bustos oscilan, Yes, yes, their torsos turn. Wait, su vago contorno medra... their vague outlines grow clear... Pero don Juan no se arredra: But Don Juan has no fear: ¡alzaos, fantasmas vanos, rise, you vain illusions, y os volveré con mis manos and with my hands I'll turn you a vuestros lechos de piedra! towards your stone beds, here. No, no me causan pavor No, your wretched forms vuestros semblantes esquivos; cause me no terror: instead, jamás, ni muertos ni vivos, I swear, alive or dead, humillaréis mi valor. you'll never diminish my valour. Yo soy vuestro matador I am still your executioner, como al mundo es bien notorio; as all the world well knows: si en vuestro alcázar mortuorio if in your deadly fortress though me aprestáis venganza fiera, you seek fierce vengeance on me, daos prisa: aquí os espera hasten: I wait here, as you see otra vez don Juan Tenorio. once more, Don Juan Tenorio.

ESCENA VI SCENE VI

(Don Juan, El capitán Centellas, (Don Juan, Captain Centellas, Avellaneda) Avellaneda)

CENTELLAS: (Dentro.) (Within) ¿Don Juan Tenorio? Don Juan Tenorio?

DON JUAN: (¿Volviendo en sí.) (Coming to himself) ¿Qué es eso? Who's this? Quién me repite mi nombre? Who calls my name?

AVELLANEDA: (Silencio.) (Silence) (A Centellas.) (To Centellas) ¿Veis a alguien? Do you see it?

CENTELLAS: (Idem.) Sí, allí hay Yes, a man. Again. un hombre.

DON JUAN: ¿Quién va? Who's there?

AVELLANEDA: Él es. It's him.

CENTELLAS: (Yéndose a don Juan.) (Going to Don Juan) Yo pierdo el seso I'm wild with joy. So! con la alegría. ¡Don Juan! Don Juan!

AVELLANEDA: ¡Señor Tenorio! Señor Tenorio!

DON JUAN: ¡Apartaos, Be gone, vanas sombras! vain spirits!

CENTELLAS: Reportaos, Be calm, señor don Juan... Los que están Señor, Don Juan. Those who stand en vuestra presencia ahora in your presence then no son sombras, hombres son, are not spirits, but men, y hombres cuyo corazón and men whose hearts, again, vuestra amistad atesora. value you as a friend. A la luz de las estrellas See now, we recognized you os hemos reconocido, by the stars clear light, y un abrazo hemos venido and are here that we might a daros. embrace you.

DON JUAN: Gracias, Centellas. Centellas, thank you

CENTELLAS: Mas ¿qué tenéis? ¡Por mi vida By my soul, are you ill? que os tiembla el brazo, y está Your arm is trembling, see it, vuestra faz descolorida! your face is pale and still.

DON JUAN: (Recobrando su aplomo.) (Recovering his composure.) La luna tal vez lo hará. Perhaps the moonlight does it.

AVELLANEDA: Mas, don Juan, ¿qué hacéis aquí? But Don Juan, why are you here? ¿Este sitio conocéis? Do you know this place?

DON JUAN: ¿No es un panteón? Isn't it a pantheon?

CENTELLAS: ¿Y sabéis You know, in any case a quién pertenece? to whom it belongs?

DON JUAN: A mí: To me: that's clear mirad a mi alrededor look now all around me y no veréis más que amigos and you'll see only friends de mi niñez o testigos of my childhood, or testaments de mi audacia y mi valor. to my courage and audacity.

CENTELLAS: Pero os oímos hablar: But we heard you talk ¿con quién estabais? Who were you with?

DON JUAN: Con ellos. With them.

CENTELLAS: ¿Venís aun a You came here to mock them, then? escarnecellos?

DON JUAN: No, los vengo a No, to visit, for a walk. visitar. Mas un vértigo insensato But a senseless dizziness que la mente me asaltó overwhelmed my mind, un momento me turbó, dazed me, made me blind, y a fe que me dio mal rato. and in truth, I was in distress. Esos fantasma de piedra Those stone phantoms here me amenazaban tan fieros, threatened me so fiercely que a mí acercado a no haberos if you had not come to me pronto... so soon....

CENTELLAS: ¡Ja!, ¡ja!, ¡ja! ¿Os Ah ha! Don Juan! Does fear arredra, don Juan, como a los villanos, of the dead overwhelm your faith el temor de los difuntos? as it does lesser men?

DON JUAN: No, a fe; contra todos No, by God, against all of them juntos tengo aliento y tengo manos. I still have hands and breath. Si volvieran a salir If they came forth again de las tumbas en que están, from their tombs, to stand a las manos de don Juan here, they'd die at the hand volverían a morir. of Don Juan, again. Y desde aquí en adelante And from this moment, you'll see, sabed, señor capitán, captain, as a man, que yo soy siempre don Juan, I am always Don Juan, y no hay cosa que me espante. nothing can frighten me. Un vapor calenturiento A feverish excitement un punto me fascinó, dazed me for a while, Centellas, mas ya pasó: Centellas, but it goes by. cualquiera duda un momento. Any man may doubt for a moment

AVELLANEDA Y CENTELLAS: Es verdad. That's true.

DON JUAN: Vamos de aquí. Lets leave here, though.

CENTELLAS: Vamos, y nos contaréis Lets leave, and tell us, if you will, cómo a Sevilla volvéis how you returned to Seville tercera vez. for the third time.

DON JUAN: Lo haré así, I'll do so, si mi historia os interesa: if my story's of interest: y a fe que oirse merece, you deserve to hear it, truly aunque mejor me parece though, it seems to me, que la oigáis de sobremesa. over dinner would be best. ¿No opináis...? You agree?

AVELLANEDA Y CENTELLAS: Como As you wish. gustéis.

DON JUAN: Pues bien: cenaréis conmigo Very well, you'll dine with me y en mi casa. and at my house.

CENTELLAS: Pero digo, Can it be ¿es cosa de que dejéis that you abandon some guest algún huésped por nosotros? for our sake too? ¿No tenéis gato encerrado? What is it you hide?

DON JUAN: ¡Bah! Si apenas he Bah. I've scarcely arrived: llegado: no habrá allí más que vosotros tonight there'll be esta noche. no one but you.

CENTELLAS: ¿Y no hay tapada And there's no secret woman a quien algún plantón demos? we forced you to leave?

DON JUAN: Los tres solos We'll dine alone I believe cenaremos. Digo, si de esta jornada unless, at my invitation, no quiere igualmente ser one of these statues here alguno de éstos. wishes to attend. (Señalando a las estatuas de los (Pointing to the statues on the sepulcros.) graves)

CENTELLAS: Don Juan, Don Juan dejad tranquilos yacer leave those alone, show fear, a los que con Dios están. of those who are of God, not man.

DON JUAN: ¡Hola! ¡Parece que vos Aha! Now it seems it's you, sois ahora el que teméis you are the ones who stare, y mala cara ponéis and pale before the glare a los muertos? Mas, ¡por Dios, of the dead. But, by God, it's true que ya que de mi os burlasteis since you mocked me there cuando me visteis así, when you all saw me, so en lo que penda de mí leave it to me to show os mostraré cuánto errasteis! you all how much you erred! Por mí, pues, no ha de quedar On my side, I've said y, a poder ser, estad ciertos if it's possible, it's certain, que cenaréis con los muertos, since I'm going to invite them, y os los voy a convidar. that tonight you'll dine with the dead,

AVELLANEDA: Dejaos de esas quimeras. Leave off this fantasy.

DON JUAN: ¿Duda en mi valor ponerme Do you doubt my courage is cuando hombre soy para hacerme great enough for me to insist platos de sus calaveras? their skulls provide bowls for me? Yo a nada tengo pavor. I fear nothing any more. (Dirigiéndose a la estatua de (Addressing the statue of Don don Gonzalo, que es la que tiene Gonzalo, which is the nearest one.) más cerca.) Tú eres el más ofendido; You're the one most offended; mas, si quieres, te convido but, if you wish, I've extended a cenar, Comendador. an invitation, Comendador. Que no lo puedas hacer That I believe you're unable creo, y es lo que me pesa; to attend, well that gives me pain, mas por mi parte en la mesa but for my part, at the table te haré un cubierto poner. I'll set your place again. Y a fe que favor me harás, And you'll do me a favour, pues podré saber de ti since I'll find out from you si hay más mundo que el de aquí if there's another world, or two, y otra vida, en que jamás and another life to savour, a decir verdad creí. though I never believed it true.

CENTELLAS: Don Juan, eso no es valor; Don Juan, this is not valour: locura, delirio es. this is madness, and illusion.

DON JUAN: Como lo juzguéis mejor; So much the better, be sure yo cumplo así. Vamos, pues. I'll fulfil my promise then. Go on. Lo dicho, Comendador. Remember, Comendador.

FIN DEL ACTO PRIMERO END OF THE FIRST ACT

ACTO SEGUNDO ACT TWO

LA ESTATUA DE DON GONZALO THE STATUE OF DON GONZALO (Aposento de don Juan Tenorio. Dos (A room in Don Juan Tenorio's puertas en el fondo a derecha e house. Two doors in the background izquierda preparadas para el juego to the right and left prepared for escénico del acto. Otra puerta en the action described in this act. el bastidor que cierra la Another door in the stage flat that decoración por la izquierda. closes the stage on the left. A Ventana en el de la derecha. Al window in the one on the

right. alzarse el telón están sentados a When the curtain rises, Don Juan, la mesa don Juan, Centellas y Centellas and Avellaneda are seated Avellaneda. La mesa ricamente at the table. The table is richly servida, el mantel cogido con set, the tablecloth caught up with guirnaldas de flores, etc. garlands of flowers, etc. In front Enfrente del espectador, don Juan, of the audience, Don Juan, and to y a su izquierda Avellaneda; en el his left Avellaneda; to the left of lado izquierdo de la mesa the table Centellas and in the one Centellas, y en el de enfrente de in front of the latter a chair and éste una silla y un cubierto a table setting are not being used.) desocupados.)

ESCENA PRIMERA SCENE I

(Don Juan, El capitán Centellas, (Don Juan, Captain Centellas, Avellaneda, Ciutti, un paje) Avellaneda, Ciutti, a page.)

DON JUAN: Tal es mi historia, Gentlemen: such is my story, señores; pagado de mi valor, pleased by my bravery, quiso el mismo Emperador the Emperor wished, as you see, dispensarme sus favores. himself, to favour my glory. Y aunque oyó mi historia entera, Though he heard my story entire dijo: " Hombre de tanto brío he said: " A man with such flare merece el amparo mío; deserves to be under my care vuelva a España cuando quiera". to return to Spain when he desires." Y heme aquí en Sevilla ya. And so here I am in Seville.

CENTELLAS: ¡Y con qué lujo y With what luxury and wealth! riqueza!

DON JUAN: Siempre He vive con grandeza who has greatness as his destiny quien hecho a grandeza está. lives life with greatness still.

CENTELLAS: A vuestra vuelta. To your return.

DON JUAN: Bebamos. Well, Lets drink.

CENTELLAS: Lo que no acierto a But how on earth, I must say, creer es cómo, llegando ayer, having arrived just yesterday, ya establecido os hallamos. we find you here, I can't think.

DON JUAN: Fue el adquirirme; señores, Gentlemen, it was a case of taking tal casa con tal boato, a house with all its display porque se vendió a barato since it was being sold that day para pago de acreedores. with all the creditors waiting. Y como al llegar aquí And arriving here, you see, desheredado me hallé, I found myself disinherited tal como está la compré. so I bought it just as it stood.

CENTELLAS: ¿Amueblada y todo? Furnishings too?

DON JUAN: Sí. Indeed. Un necio que se arruinó It was sold by a foolish man por una mujer, vendióla. who ruined himself for a woman.

CENTELLAS: ¿Y vendió la hacienda Did he only sell house and land? sola?

DON JUAN: Y el alma al diablo. That, and his soul to Satan.

CENTELLAS: ¿Murió? Did he die?

DON JUAN: De repente; y la justicia, Suddenly: and the court of law, que iba a hacer de cualquier modo who were going to sell it anyway, pronto despacho de todo, with every haste, in every way, viendo que yo su codicia seeing that I would be much more saciaba, pues los dineros likely to satisfy their greed, ofrecía dar al punto, and I offered to pay immediately, cedióme el caudal por junto granted me the whole estate y estafó a los usureros. and defrauded the usurers, indeed.

CENTELLAS: Y la mujer, ¿qué fue de And the woman, what happened to her? ella?

DON JUAN: Un escribano la pista A clerk was sent after her, la siguió, pero fue lista but she was more than clever, y escapó. and escaped.

CENTELLAS: ¿Moza? Young?

DON JUAN: Y muy bella. A beautiful girl.

CENTELLAS: Entrar hubiera debido She should have been included en los muebles de la casa. with the furnishings, I feel!

DON JUAN: Don Juan Tenorio no pasa Don Juan Tenorio does not deal moneda que se ha perdido. in goods that become jaded. Casa y bodega he comprado I bought the house and the wine dos cosas que, no os asombre, two things, I'm sure you'll agree, pueden bien hacer a un hombre that allow good company, vivir siempre acompañado, and help a man have a good time, como lo puede mostrar as your agreeable presence shows vuestra agradable presencia, and clearly demonstrates for me, que espero que con frecuencia since I hope you'll frequently me hagáis ambos disfrutar. help me enjoy them both.

CENTELLAS: Y nos haréis honra inmensa. And you do us immense honour.

DON JUAN: Y a mí vos. ¡Ciutti! And you me. Ciutti!

CIUTTI: ¿Señor? Señor?

DON JUAN: Pon vino al Comendador. Pour a glass for the Comendador. (Señalando el vaso del puesto (Pointing to the glass at the empty vacío.) place.)

AVELLANEDA: Don Juan, aún en eso piensa Does your madness reach that far, vuestra locura? Don Juan?

DON JUAN: ¡Sí, a fe! Yes! For, in my defence, Que si él no puede venir, if he cannot come today, de mí no podréis decir at least you'll not be able to say que en ausencia no le honré. I failed to honour his absence.

CENTELLAS: ¡Ja, ja, ja! Señor Tenorio, Ha ha! Tenorio. creo que vuestra cabeza I think you, perhaps, instead, va menguando en fortaleza. are becoming soft in the head.

DON JUAN: Fuera en mí It would be a contradiction though contradictorio y ajeno de mi hidalguía and foreign to my lineage a un amigo convidar to offer to invite a friend y no guardarle el lugar and not keep a place till the end mientras que llegar podría. for him to arrive on stage. Tal ha sido mi costumbre It's been my custom time and again siempre, y siempre ha de ser ésa; and so it will ever be: y el mirar sin él la mesa seeing the table without him, you see, me da, en verdad, pesadumbre. in truth, it causes me pain. Porque si el Comendador Because if the Comendador es, difunto, tan tenaz is as tenacious, being dead, como vivo, es muy capaz as he was living, he's able, I said, de seguirnos el humor. to be here to humour us and more.

CENTELLAS: Brindemos a su memoria, Lets drink to his memory, y más en él no pensemos. and lets not think....

DON JUAN: Sea. ....about him. No

CENTELLAS: Brindemos. Let's drink!

AVELLANEDA y DON JUAN: Brindemos. Let's drink!

CENTELLAS: A que Dios le dé su To God's granting him glory. gloria.

DON JUAN: Mas yo, que no creo que haya But I who believe instead más gloria que esta mortal there's no glory beyond the mortal one no hago mucho en brindis tal; find it hard to make room mas por complaceros, ¡vaya! for that toast, but go ahead. Y brindo a que Dios te dé And I drink to God's granting you la gloria, Comendador. glory, Comendador. (Mientras beben se oye lejos un (While they drink a distant aldabonazo, que se supone dado en knocking is heard that one supposes la puerta de la calle.) comes from the door to the street.) Mas ¿llamaron? But did some one knock?

CIUTTI: Sí, señor. Yes Señor.

DON JUAN: Ve quién. Well then, go and see whom.

CIUTTI: (Asomando por la ventana.) (Approaching the window.) A nadie se ve. I don't see anyone. ¿Quién va allá? Nadie responde. Who goes there? No one replies.

CENTELLAS: Algún chusco. Some joker.

AVELLANEDA: Algún menguado Some wretch que al pasar habrá llamado who, on passing by, knocked sin mirar siquiera dónde. without even using his eyes.

DON JUAN (A Ciutti.): Pues cierra y sirve licor. Well, close up and serve the liquor. (Llaman otra vez más recio.) (Another stronger knock) Mas ¿llamaron otra vez? But, a knock on the door again?

CIUTTI: Sí. Yes.

DON JUAN: Vuelve a mirar. Look!

CIUTTI: ¡Pardiez! By Heaven, A nadie veo, señor. I don't see anyone, Señor.

DON JUAN: ¡Pues por Dios que del bromazo Well by God, whoever he is quien es no se ha de alabar! will not get to boast of his joke. Ciutti, si vuelve a llamar, Ciutti, if he knocks again, poke suéltale un pistoletazo. your head out and shoot him with this. (Llaman otra vez, y se oye (A knock is heard again, un poco más cerca.) only a little closer.) ¿Otra vez? Again?

CIUTTI: ¡Cielos! My God! Centellas y AVELLANEDA: ¿Qué pasa? What's happening?

CIUTTI: Que esa aldabada postrera It was on the stairway, ha sonado en la escalera, not at the door I say, no en la puerta de la casa. that last knocking.

AVELLANEDA y CENTELLAS ¿Qué dices? What? (Levantándose asombrados.) (Both stand up, frightened)

CIUTTI: Digo lo cierto I'm telling the truth, and how: nada más: dentro han llamado someone knocked... de la casa. .....inside.

DON JUAN: ¿Qué ós ha dado? What's got into you? Inside? ¿Pensáis ya que sea el muerto? Do you think it's that dead man, now? Mis armas cargué con bala; I've loaded my pistols I say Ciutti, sal a ver quién es. Ciutti, go out then and see. (Vuelven a llamar más cerca.) (The knocking sounds again even nearer)

AVELLANEDA: ¿Oísteis? Did you hear it?

CIUTTI: Por San Ginés, Saint Ginés, help me. ¡que eso ha sido en la antesala! that one was in the hallway.

DON JUAN: ¡Ah! Ya lo entiendo; me habéis Ah! Now, I understand vosotros mismos dispuesto you yourselves I see esta comedia, supuesto have arranged this comedy: que lo del muerto sabéis. you know all about the dead man.

AVELLANEDA: Yo os juro, don Juan... I swear to you, Don Juan..

CENTELLAS: Y yo. We both do.

DON JUAN: ¡Bah! Diera en ello el más topo; Bah! The biggest fool would see, y apuesto a que ese galopo and I bet that rascal, he los medios para ello os dio. created this opportunity for you.

AVELLANEDA: Señor don Juan, escondido Don Juan, secretly, algún misterio hay aquí. here, some new mystery looms. (Vuelven a llamar más cerca.) (The knock sounds again, closer.)

CENTELLAS: ¡Llamaron otra vez! The sound again, on the floor!

CIUTTI: Sí; Yes: ya en el salón ha sido. Now it's in one of the rooms.

DON JUAN: ¡Ya! Mis llaves en manojo. Enough! You must have given habréis dado a la fantasma, my bunch of keys to the phantom que entre así no me pasma; so I'm not surprised he could come: mas no saldrá a vuestro antojo, but it won't be as you assume, ni me han de impedir cenar nor will your wretched game vuestras farsas desdichadas. keep me from my meal. (Se levanta, y corre los cerrojos (He stands up and closes the bolts de las puertas del fondo volviendo on the doors at the back, returning a su lugar.) to his place.) Ya están las puertas cerradas: Now the doors are locked, for real, ahora el coco, para entrar, and your bogey man, with no name, tendrá que echarlas al suelo, will have to break them open y en el punto que lo intente and the moment he shows his head que con los muertos se cuente, he may count himself one of the dead, y apele después al cielo. and then he can call on heaven.

CENTELLAS: ¡Qué diablos, tenéis What the devil, that sounds like razón! reason!

DON JUAN: ¿Pues no temblabais? But weren't you trembling?

CENTELLAS: ¡Confieso! I confess! que, en tanto que no di en eso, Until you made your guess, tuve un poco de aprensión. I did feel some apprehension.

DON JUAN: ¿Declaráis, pues, vuestro enredo? You won't admit it's a game?

AVELLANEDA: Por mi parte nada sé. On my part, I know nothing about it.

CENTELLAS: Ni yo. Nor I.

DON JUAN: Pues yo volveré Well, I'll reverse it contra el inventor el miedo. on its author, all the same. Mas sigamos con la cena; But lets carry on with the meal; vuelva cada uno a su puesto, each of you return to your place que luego sabremos de esto. for we'll soon resolve the case.

AVELLANEDA: Tenéis razón. You're right.

DON JUAN: (Sirviendo a Centellas.) (Serving Centellas) Cariñena; Carinena might appeal sé que os gusta, capitán. a wine that you like, Captain.

CENTELLAS: Como que somos paisanos. Since we're fellow countrymen.

DON JUAN: (A Avellaneda, (To Avellaneda, serving him from sirviéndole de otra botella.) another bottle.) Jerez a los sevillanos, Sherry for the Sevillians, then, don Rafael. a Don Rafael.

AVELLANEDA: Habéis, don Juan, Don Juan, again dado a entrambos por el gusto; you satisfy each of us, mas ¿con cuál brindaréis vos? but what will you toast with, then?

DON JUAN: Yo haré justicia a los I'll do justice to both of them. dos.

CENTELLAS: Vos siempre estáis en lo justo. You're always in the right of course.

DON JUAN: Sí, a fe; bebamos. Yes, by Jove, lets drink.

AVELLANEDA Y CENTELLAS: Bebamos. Lets drink. (Llaman a la misma puerta de la (The knock on the same door on the escena, fondo, derecha.) right at the back)

DON JUAN: Pesada me es ya tal broma, I'm tired of this joke now, mas veremos quién asoma but we'll see who comes, and how, mientras en la mesa estamos. while we're at table, I think. (A Ciutti, que se manifiesta (To Ciutti who is obviously asombrado.) frightened) ¿Y qué haces tú ahí, bergante? And what are you doing there, fool? ¡Listo! Trae otro manjar; (Vase Quickly! Bring more to eat: (Ciutti Ciutti.) leaves) mas me ocurre en este instante but it's just occurred to me too que nos podemos mofar that we can make fun, indeed, de los de afuera invitándoles of those outside by inviting them a probar su sutileza, to prove their subtlety entrándose hasta esta pieza without the use of a key y sus puertas no franqueándoles. and gain entry to this room.

AVELLANEDA: Bien dicho. Well said.

CENTELLAS: Idea brillante. A brilliant idea. (Llaman fuerte, fondo derecha.) (A loud knock from the right back)

DON JUAN: ¡Señores! ¿A qué llamar? Gentlemen! What are you knocking for? Los muertos se han de filtrar The dead can slip through any door por la pared; adelante. or wall: So, come in here! (La estatua de Don Gonzalo pasa (The statue of Don Gonzalo passes por la puerta sin abrirla, y sin through the door without opening it hacer ruido.) and without making a sound.)

ESCENA II SCENE II

(Don Juan, Centellas, Avellaneda, (Don Juan, Centellas, Avellaneda, y la estatua de don Gonzalo) and the statue of Don Gonzalo)

CENTELLAS: ¡Jesús! Jesus!

AVELLANEDA: ¡Dios! My God!

DON JUAN: ¡Qué es esto! What's this?

AVELLANEDA: Yo desfallezco. (Cae desvanecido.) I'm fainting. (He falls in a faint.)

CENTELLAS: Yo expiro. (Cae lo I'm a dead man. (He falls) mismo.)

DON JUAN. ¡Es realidad o deliro! Is this reality or illusion? Es su figura..., su gesto. It's his form...the shape is his.

ESTATUA: ¿Por qué te causa pavor What are you frightened for, quien convidado a tu mesa when a guest invited to your table viene por ti? comes to see you, since he's able?

DON JUAN: ¡Dios! ¿No es ésa That's the voice la voz del Comendador? of the Comendador?

ESTATUA: Siempre supuse que aquí I actually thought that you no me habías de esperar. wouldn't wait for me here.

DON JUAN: Mientes, porque hice arrimar You're wrong, because I had esa silla para ti. that chair and place set for you. Llega, pues, para que veas Come, then, and you'll see que, aunque dudé en un extremo that though I hesitate, de sorpresa, no te temo, amazed, I'll not fear or hate, aunque el mismo Ulloa seas. even if you are Ulloa.

ESTATUA: ¿Aún lo dudas? You still doubt?

DON JUAN: No lo sé. I don't know.

ESTATUA: Pon, si quieres, hombre Then place your hand impío, tu mano en el mármol frío on the marble, impious man de mi estatua. on my statue's cold stone.

DON JUAN: ¿Para qué? Why? Me basta oírlo de ti; Its enough that I hear: cenemos, pues; mas te advierto... lets dine, but a warning I give...

ESTATUA: ¿Qué? Of what?

DON JUAN: Que, si no eres el That if you still live muerto, lo vas a salir de aquí. you'll be dead when you leave here. ¡Eh! Alzad. (A Centellas y Oh, get up. (To Centellas and Avellaneda.) Avellaneda)

ESTATUA: No pienses, no, Don't think it, Don Juan, no que se levanten, don Juan they'll not open their eyes, porque en sí no volverán since they can't arise hasta que me ausente yo. until I choose to go. Que la divina clemencia For the Lord's divine mercy del Señor para contigo requires no other witness no requiere más testigo than your mind and your conscience que tu juicio y tu conciencia. to act for you, you see. Al sacrílego convite Just to enlighten your reason que me has hecho en el panteón, God permitted me to come para alumbrar tu razón, in reply to your impious invitation Dios asistir me permite. extended to me in the pantheon. Y heme que vengo en su nombre And I am here in His name a enseñarte la verdad; to teach you truth, finally: y es: que hay una eternidad which is: that there is an eternity tras de la vida del hombre. after man's life, all the same, Que numerados están and the days you may have planned los días que has de vivir, to live, have all passed by, y que tienes que morir and you have to die mañana mismo, don Juan. tomorrow, Don Juan. Mas, como esto que a tus ojos But, as you might surmise está pasando supones that this is your soul's aberration, ser del alma aberraciones or the ghosts of apprehension, y de la aprensión antojos, appearing before your eyes, Dios, en su santa clemencia, God, in his holy mercy te concede todavía, still grants you time, I say don Juan, hasta el nuevo día Don Juan, till the new day para ordenar tu conciencia. to set your conscience free. Y su justicia infinita And that his infinite justice por que conozcas mejor, you might better understand espero de tu valor I hope you're enough of a man que me pagues la visita. to honour me with a visit. ¿Irás, don Juan? Will you, Don Juan?

DON JUAN: Iré, Sí; I will go, yes: mas me quiero convencer but I want to be satisfied. de lo vago de tu ser before you leave my sight, antes que salgas de aquí. of your being's emptiness. (Coge una pistola.) (He grabs a pistol.)

ESTATUA: Tu necio orgullo delira, Your pride is wandering, foolishly, don Juan; los hierros más gruesos Don Juan; the strongest iron of all, y los muros más espesos and the very thickest wall, se abren a mi paso; mira. opens before my step: See! (Desaparece la estatua sumiéndose (The statue disappears, vanishing por la pared.) through the wall.)

ESCENA III SCENE III

(Don Juan, Avellaneda, Centellas) (Don Juan, Avellaneda, Centellas)

DON JUAN: ¡Cielos! ¡Su esencia se Good God! His being alters trueca el muro hasta penetrar, to penetrate the wall cual mancha de agua que seca as when dog days of summer el ardor canicular! dry up a waterfall. ¿No me dijo: "El mármol toca Didn't he tell me "Touch the marble de mi estatua." ¿Cómo, pues, of my statue." How then can se desvanece una roca? a rock disappear at all? ¡Imposible! Ilusión es. Impossible to understand! Acaso su antiguo dueño Perhaps some former owner mis cubas envenenó, poisoned my casks of wine, y el licor tan vano ensueño and the bottles from his cellar en mi mente levantó. stirred a dream in my mind. ¡Mas si éstas que sombras creo But what if these I think are ghosts, espíritus reales son are real spirits, that dwell apart, que

por celestial empleo sent from the heavenly hosts llaman a mi corazón! to visit my heart! Entonces, para que iguale Well, if the penitence su penitencia don Juan of a Don Juan ought to be con sus delitos, ¿qué vale equal to his crimes, what's the sense el plazo ruin que le dan? in this wretched term they give me? ¡Dios me da tan sólo un día... God is giving me only one day... Si fuese Dios en verdad, If in truth it were the deity, a más distancia pondría he would give a greater space su aviso y mi eternidad. for his warnings of eternity. "Piensa bien, que al lado tuyo "Think, for you will have me me tendrás...", dijo de Inés at your side..." is what she said la sombra, y si bien arguyo, the spirit of Inés, pues no la veo, sueño es. since I don't see her, it's a dream. (Transparéntase en la pared la (The shade of Doña Ines shows sombra de doña Inés.) through the wall)

ESCENA IV SCENE IV

Don Juan, la sombra de doña Inés, Don Juan, the ghost of Doña Inés, Centellas y Avellaneda, dormidos Centellas and Avellaneda (both asleep)

SOMBRA: Aquí estoy. Here am I.

DON JUAN: ¡Cielos! Good God!

SOMBRA: Medita Think instead lo que al buen Comendador of what you heard before has oído, y ten valor from the good Comendador, para acudir a su cita: be brave, respond to what he said. Un punto se necesita Only one moment is needed para morir con ventura; to die in peace you see: elígele con cordura So choose it, and wisely, porque mañana, don Juan, for tomorrow, Don Juan, nuestros cuerpos dormirán our bodies will be as one, en la misma sepultura. in the same grave we'll sleep. (Desaparece la sombra.) (The shade disappears)

ESCENA V SCENE V

(Don Juan, Centellas, Avellaneda) (Don Juan, Centellas, Avellaneda)

DON JUAN: Tente, doña Inés, espera, Stop, Doña Inés, wait for me, y si me amas en verdad, and if you truly love hazme al fin la realidad make me capable of distinguir de la quimera. distinguishing truth from fantasy. Alguna más duradera Give me some certainty señal dame, que segura a sign to prove, no less, me pruebe que no es locura that this is not the madness lo que imagina mi afán, of an imaginative man para que baje don Juan so that Don Juan tranquilo a la sepultura. may go calm to death's caress. Mas ya me irrita, por Dios, But, by God, I grow angry el verme siempre burlado, knowing I'm always tricked, corriendo desatentado always the one who's picked siempre de sombras en pos. to chase after shadows madly. ¡Oh! Tal vez todo esto ha sido Oh! Perhaps all this has been por estos dos preparado, prepared by you two: y mientras se ha ejecutado, and while it took place, you su privación han fingido. both pretended to the scene. ¡Mas, por Dios, que si es así, Well, by God, if you dared, se han de acordar de don Juan! you will never forget Don Juan! ¡Eh! don Rafael, capitán. Hey! Don Rafael, Captain. Ya basta: alzaos de ahí. That's enough: get up from there. (Don Juan mueve a Centellas y a (Don Juan stirs Centellas and Avellaneda, que se levantan como Avellaneda who get up as if they quien vuelve de un profundo sueño.) were waking from a deep sleep.)

CENTELLAS: ¿Quién va? Who is it?

DON JUAN: Levantad. Get up.

AVELLANEDA: ¿Qué pasa? What's happening now? ¡Hola, sois vos! Hello, it's you!

CENTELLAS: ¿Dónde estamos? Where are we?

DON JUAN: Caballeros, claros vamos. Gentlemen, well, let me see, Yo os he traído a mi casa I brought you to my house y temo que a ella al venir, and I'm afraid that once here con artificio apostado, having craftily made a bet, habéis sin duda pensado you doubtless planned yet a costa mía reír; to mock my groundless fears, mas basta ya de ficción but have done with this, it's absurd y concluid de una vez. end it for once and all.

CENTELLAS: Yo no os entiendo. Good God! I don't understand

AVELLANEDA: ¡Pardiez! at all. Tampoco yo. Me neither.

DON JUAN: En conclusión, Then, you have not heard ¿nada habéis visto ni oído? or seen it, either of you?

AVELLANEDA Y CENTELLAS ¿De qué? Seen what?

DON JUAN: No finjáis ya más. Don't pretend any more.

CENTELLAS: Yo no he fingido jamás, I haven't pretended at all, señor don Juan. Don Juan.

DON JUAN: ¡Habrá sido! It must have been true! realidad! ¿Contra Tenorio They strive against Tenorio, las piedras se han animado, the stones themselves come alive, y su vida han acotada and set limits to his life, con plazo tan perentorio? for such a brief moment though? Hablad, pues, por compasión. Speak then from your compassion.

CENTELLAS: ¡Voto va Dios! ¡Ya comprendo I swear to God! Now I understand lo que pretendéis! what you claim,

DON JUAN: Pretendo and I demand que me deis una razón that you give me a reason de lo que ha pasado aquí, for what happened here, recently, señores, o juro a Dios gentlemen, or I swear to God, oh, que os haré ver a los dos I'll make the two of you show que no hay quien me burle a mí. no one can make fun of me.

CENTELLAS: Pues ya que os Since you're now serious formalizáis, don Juan, sabed que sospecho Don Juan, know I suspect que vos la burla habéis hecho that you're the one in fact de nosotros. who played a trick on us.

DON JUAN: ¡Me insultáis! You insult me!

CENTELLAS: No, por Dios; mas si No, by God, but if you cerrado seguís en que aquí han venido insist on phantoms again fantasmas, lo sucedido come, let me tell you how I explain oíd cómo me he explicado. to myself what's really true. Yo he perdido aquí del todo I completely lost consciousness, los sentidos, sin exceso and I explain, I say, de ninguna especie, y eso the whole thing in this way lo entiendo yo de este modo. since it was no drunken excess.

DON JUAN: A ver, decídmelo pues. Fine, well tell me then.

CENTELLAS: Vos habéis compuesto en vino, You introduced in the drink semejante desatino some kind of madness I think para encajarnos después. to fool us, as and when.

DON JUAN: ¡Centellas! Centellas!

CENTELLAS: Vuestro valor In order to show al extremo por mostrar, your extreme courage and more convidasteis a cenar you invited the Comendador con vos al Comendador. to dine with you also. Y para poder decir And in order to be able to say que a vuestro convite exótico that he attended your feast asistió, con un narcótico you gave us drugs at least nos habéis hecho dormir. to make us slumber away. Si es broma, puede pasar, It it's a joke, forget it, mas a ese extremo llevada, but carried to those extremes ni puede probarnos nada, it proves nothing, it seems, ni os la hemos de tolerar. nor will we tolerate it.

AVELLANEDA: Soy de la misma My opinion's the same. opinión.

DON JUAN: ¡Mentís! You lie!

CENTELLAS: Vos. No, you.

DON JUAN: Vos, capitán. You, my man.

CENTELLAS: Esa palabra, don Juan... Ah, that word, Don Juan.....

DON JUAN: La he dicho de corazón. I spoke from my heart again. Mentís; no son a mis bríos You lie: my courage is fine menester falsos portentos, it requires no false proof, porque tienen mis alientos because the best proof is the truth su mejor prueba en ser míos. of its being mine.

AVELLANEDA Y CENTELLAS: Veamos. Lets see. (Ponen mano a sus espadas.) (They put their hands to their swords.)

DON JUAN: Poned a tasa Restrain your fury, please, vuestra furia y vamos fuera, until we step outside no piense después cualquiera so no one will think you died que os asesiné en mi casa. in my house, but in the street.

AVELLANEDA: Decís bien... Mas somos dos. You speak rightly. ...But we are two.

CENTELLAS: Reñiremos, si os fiáis, We'll duel, if you agree, el uno del otro en pos. one after the other, serially.

DON JUAN: O los dos, como queráis. Or I'll fight both of you

CENTELLAS: ¡Villano fuera, por Dios! By God, that's villainy! Elegid uno, don Juan, Choose one of us, Don Juan, por primero. to go first.

DON JUAN: Sedlo vos. Then, you are the man.

CENTELLAS: Vamos. Let's go.

DON JUAN: Vamos, capitán. Then go before me.

FIN DEL ACTO SEGUNDO END OF THE SECOND ACT

ACTO TERCERO ACT THREE

MISERICORDIA DE DIOS Y APOTEOSIS GOD'S MERCY AND LOVE'S APOTHEOSIS

DEL AMOR (Panteón de la familia Tenorio. (The Tenorio family pantheon. As Como estaba en el acto primero de it was in the first act of the la segunda parte, menos las second part, except the statues of estatuas de doña Inés y de don Doña Inés and Don Gonzalo are not Gonzalo, que no están en su lugar.) in their places.)

ESCENA PRIMERA SCENE I

(Don Juan, embozado y distraído, (Don Juan, muffled to the eyes and entra en la escena lentamente:) distraught, enters the stage slowly.)

DON JUAN: Culpa mía no fue: delirio insano It wasn't my fault, some inflammation me enajenó la mente acalorada. drove my fevered mind mad. Necesitaba víctimas mi mano My hand needed victims, I had que inmolar a mi de desesperada, to sacrifice them, in my desperation, y al verlos en mitad de mi camino and those at the heart of my course, I see presa les hice allí de mi locura. I made prisoners of my insanity. ¡No fui yo, vive Dios! ¡Fue su It wasn't me, I swear! It was destino! destiny! Sabían mi destreza y mi ventura. They knew my luck and ability. ¡Oh! Arrebatado el corazón me Oh! I feel my heart seized by siento por vértigo infernal..., mi alma an infernal dizziness... my soul perdida va cruzando el desierto de la vida is crossing life's desert without a goal, cual hoja seca que arrebata el like a dry leaf whirled through the viento. sky. Dudo..., temo..., vacilo..., en mi I doubt... I fear....I sway... in cabeza my head siento arder un volcán..., muevo a volcano burns...without will, my la planta foot sin voluntad, y humilla mi grandeza moves, my greatness is anything but, un no sé qué de grande que me bowed before some great unknown espanta. dread. (Un momento de pausa.) (A moment's pause) ¡Jamás mi orgullo concibió que My pride never dreamed there could hubiere be nada más que el valor...! Que se any virtue but courage! I thought aniquila no less el alma con el cuerpo cuando muere that the soul was destroyed with the flesh, creí..., mas hoy mi corazón vacila. ...but today my heart wavers in me. ¡Jamás creí en fantasmas...! I never believed in ghosts...! No! ¡Desvaríos! Mas del fantasma aquel, pese a mi But despite my courage, I hear aliento, stone feet los pies de piedra caminando siento of that phantom walking, on every street, por doquiera que voy, tras de los behind me, wherever I go. míos. ¡ Oh! Y me trae a este sitio And a power that's irresistible irresistible misterioso poder... brings me to this place... (Levanta la cabeza y ve que no (He raises his head and sees that está en el pedestal la estatua de the statue of Don Gonzalo is not on don Gonzalo.) the pedestal.) ¡Pero qué veo! But what do I see! Falta de allí su estatua...! Sueño His statue is missing there...! horrible, Horrible déjame de una vez... No, no te dream, once and for all.. I don't creo. believe. Sal, huye de mi mente fascinada, Leave my dazed mind and flee fatídica ilusión..., estás en vano gloomy illusion.....in vain con pueriles asombros empeñada you insist on childish alarms again en agotar mi aliento sobrehumano. to quell superhuman bravery. Si todo es ilusión, mentido sueño, If all is illusion, lying dreams, nadie me ha de aterrar con no one scares me with tricks of trampantojos; their making si es realidad, querer es necio while appeasement, if it's as it empeño seems, aplacar de los cielos los enojos. of Heaven's, a foolish undertaking. No; sueño o realidad, del todo No: dream or reality, I long to try, anhelo vencerle o que me venza; y si to conquer it all, lest it conquer piadoso me; busca tal vez mi corazón el cielo, and, if my heart is sought on high, que le busque más franco y may it be frankly and generously. generoso. La efigie de esa tumba me ha The effigy from that tomb asked me invitado a venir a buscar prueba más cierta to come and seek a proof most certain de la verdad en que dudé of the truth which I've doubted obstinado... obstinately. Heme aquí, pues: Comendador, Here I am, then Comendador, rise despierta. again! (Llama al sepulcro del Comendador. (He knocks on the tomb of the Este sepulcro se cambia en una Comendador. This sepulchre turns mesa que parodia horriblemente la into a table that horribly parodies mesa en que cenaron en el acto the table at which Don Juan, anterior

don Juan, Centellas y Centellas and Avellaneda dined in Avellaneda. En vez de las the previous act. Instead of the guirnaldas que cogían en garlands that caught up his pabellones sus manteles, de sus tablecloths in ruffles, of flowers flores y lujoso servicio, and ostentatious table settings, culebras, huesos y fuego, etc. (A there are snakes, bones, fire, etc. gusto del pintor.) Encima de esta (According to the taste of the set mesa aparece un plato de ceniza, designer.) On top of this table una copa de fuego y un reló de appears a plate of ashes, a goblet arena. Al cambiarse este sepulcro, of fire and an hourglass. When this todos las demás se abren y dejan grave changes, all the rest open up paso a las osamentas de las and give way to the skeletons of personas que se suponen enterradas the people supposed to be buried in en ellos, envueltas en sus them, wrapped in their shrouds. sudarios. Sombras, espectros y Shades, spectres and spirits espíritus pueblan el fondo de la populate the background of the escena. La tumba de doña Inés stage. The tomb of Doña Inés stays permanece.) the same.)

ESCENA II SCENE II

(Don Juan, La estatua de don (Don Juan, The statue of Don Gonzalo, las sombras) Gonzalo, the spirits)

ESTATUA: Aquí me tienes, don Juan, Here I am then, Don Juan, y he aquí que vienen conmigo and here in the company los que tu eterno castigo of those who call on God, you see, de Dios reclamando están. for your eternal punishment, as man.

DON JUAN: ¡Jesús! Oh, Jesus!

ESTATUA: ¿Y de qué te alteras, And why are you troubled, then, si nada hay que a ti te asombre, if nothing can frighten you y para hacerte eres hombre and you're man enough to make a few platos con sus calaveras? bowls of skulls, again?

DON JUAN: ¡Ay de mi! Woe is me!

ESTATUA: ¿Qué? ¿El corazón What? Your heart te desmaya? grows faint?

DON JUAN: No lo sé; I don't know concibo que me engañé: I realize I was wrong: oh no son sueños... ¡ellos son! they're not dreams...they're not art! (Mirando a los espectros.) (Looking at the spectres.) Pavor jamás conocido Fear, never known before to me el alma fiera me asalta, overwhelms my fierce soul, y aunque el valor no me falta, and while I never lack courage, I know me va faltando el sentido. my senses are failing me.

ESTATUA: Eso es, don Juan, que se That is because, Don Juan va concluyendo tu existencia, your existence is at an end, y el plazo de tu sentencia and the judgement to which you tend está cumpliéndose ya. is now already at hand.

DON JUAN: ¿Qué dices? What do you mean?

DON GONZALO: Lo que hace poco What a while ago que doña Inés te avisó, Doña Ines warned you of, lo que te he avisado yo, what I too warned you of, y lo que olvidaste loco. and you did not wish to know. Mas el festín que me has dado But the place you set for me debo volverte, y así I must set for you, llega, don Juan, que yo aquí here you are, Don Juan, I too cubierto te he preparado. have prepared a place you see.

DON JUAN: ¿Y qué es lo que ahí me And what is it you have for me das? there?

DON GONZALO: Aquí fuego, allí Here ashes, and there the fire. ceniza.

DON JUAN: El cabello se me eriza. My hair stands on end, a pyre!

ESTATUA: Te doy lo que tú serás. I show you what you shall be.

DON JUAN: ¡Fuego y ceniza he de I'm to be ashes and flame! ser!

ESTATUA: Cual los que ves en redor: Like those you see around you en eso para el valor, that's how courage, youth too, la juventud y el poder. and power, end all the same.

DON JUAN: Ceniza, bien; ¡pero Ashes, that's so. But fire! fuego!

DON GONZALO: El de la ira omnipotente That of all-powerful anger, you see do arderás eternamente where you'll burn eternally por tu desenfreno ciego. for your blind, unbridled desire.

DON JUAN: ¿Conque hay otra vida más So there is another life, then, y otro mundo que el de aquí? and another world beyond this? Conque es verdad, ¡ay de mí!, What I never believed in exists! lo que no creí jamás? Woe is me, once again! ¡Fatal verdad que me hiela A fatal truth that chills la sangre en el corazón! the blood itself in my veins! Verdad que mi perdición A truth that only makes plain solamente me revela. my perdition, and all my ills. ¿Y ese reló? And that hourglass?

DON GONZALO: Es la medida It measures, one by one de tu tiempo. The moments left.

DON JUAN: ¡Expira ya! It's done!

ESTATUA: Sí: en cada grano se va With each grain a moment's gone un instante de tu vida. of your life under the sun.

DON JUAN: ¿ Y ésos me quedan no And there are no more to fall? más?

ESTATUA: Sí. No.

DON JUAN: ¡Injusto Dios! Tu poder Unjust God! You show me me haces ahora conocer your power now, I see, cuando tiempo no me das when there's no time at all de arrepentirme. to repent.

ESTATUA: Don Juan, Don Juan, un punto de contrición one moment of contrition da a un alma la salvación, even in your position y ese punto aún te le dan... gives a soul salvation.....

DON JUAN: ¡Imposible! ¡En un Impossible! In a moment's flight momento borrar treinta años malditos to wipe out thirty years, de crímenes y delitos!: whose sin and crime appears!

ESTATUA: Aprovéchale con tiento, Take care, for you might. (Tocan a muerto.) (The tolling for the dead is heard.) porque el plazo va a expirar. The term is about to expire y las campanas doblando and the bells that you hear ringing por ti están, y están cavando are for you, and they are digging la fosa en que te han de echar. the ditch where you'll lie in the mire. (Se oye a lo lejos el oficio de (Far off is heard the office of the difuntos.) dead.)

DON JUAN: ¿Conque por mi doblan? So they are ringing for me?

DON GONZALO: Sí. The same.

DON JUAN: ¿Y esos cantos funerales? And those funereal chants?

ESTATUA: Los salmos From whence penitenciales, rise psalms of penitence: que están cantando por ti. they are singing your name. (Se ve pasar por la izquierda luz (Lighted torches can be seen de hachones, y rezan dentro.) passing by on the left, and prayers are heard off stage.)

DON JUAN: ¿Y aquel entierro que And that burial procession whose pasa? feet go by?

DON GONZALO: Es el tuyo. Is yours.

DON JUAN: ¡Muerto yo! I'm dead!

DON GONZALO: El capitán te mató The Captain killed you, instead, a la puerta de tu casa. at the door of your house, in the street.

DON JUAN: Tarde la luz de la fe Too late faith's perfect light penetra en mi corazón, pierces my heart, and brings pues crímenes mi razón with sweet illuminings a su luz tan sólo ve. my crimes to reason's sight. Los ve... y con horrible afán, Sight...of horrible pain, porque al ver su multitud since to see their multitude ve a Dios en la plenitud is to see the plenitude de su ira contra don Juan. of God's anger with Don Juan. ¡Ah! Por doquiera que fui Oh! Wherever I strayed la razón atropellé, I trampled on right, la virtud escarnecí, virtue, the jade, a la justicia burlé, I scorned, tricked the might y a las mujeres vendí. of the law, and women, betrayed. Yo a las cabañas bajé, I went down the alleys. yo a los palacios subí, and up to the palaces, yo los claustros escalé, boarded cloisters, like galleys, pues tal mi vida fue, ... no, no pardon for me. no, no hay perdón para mí. since my life was such as this, Mas ¡ah! estáis todavía But you are still here for me, (A los fantasmas.) (To the phantoms) con quietud tan pertinaz! with such enduring quietude! Dejadme morir en paz Let me die in peace, in solitude a solas con mi agonía. alone in my agony. Mas con esa horrenda calma, But with that awful silence, ¿qué me auguráis, sombras fieras? what do you augur, fierce spirits? ¿Qué esperan de mí? What do you want from me? (A la estatua de Don Gonzalo.) (To the statue of Don Gonzalo)

ESTATUA: Que mueras, That you cease to exist, para llevarse tu alma. your soul forget this existence. Y adiós, don Juan; ya tu vida And so goodbye Don Juan, the bells toca a su fin, y pues vano toll the end of your being, and todo fue, dame la mano since all was in vain, give me your hand, en señal de despedida. as a token of our farewells.

DON JUAN: ¿Muéstrasme ahora Now your friendship, at the end? amistad?

ESTATUA: Si; que injusto fui Yes, for I was unjust to you, contigo, y Dios me manda tu amigo and God now orders me to volver a la eternidad. return to eternity as your friend.

DON JUAN: Toma, pues. Here then.

DON GONZALO: Ahora, don Juan, Don Juan, now pues desperdicias también that you even throw away el momento que te dan, the last moment allowed, conmigo al infierno ven. come with me to hell, today.

DON JUAN: ¡Aparta, piedra fingida! Deceiving stone, take flight! Suelta, suéltame esa mano, Let go, let go of my hand, que aun queda el último grano for the last grain still hangs en el reló de mi vida. in the hourglass of my life. Suéltala, que si es verdad Let go: if it's true for me que un punto de contrición that a moment of contrition da a un alma la salvación can yield a soul's salvation de toda una eternidad, for all eternity, yo, Santo Dios, creo en Ti; Holy God, I believe in You: may it be si es mi maldad inaudita, though my sins are mighty, I admit, tu piedad es infinita... that your mercy indeed is infinite... ¡Señor, ten piedad de mí! Lord, have mercy on me!

ESTATUA: Ya es tarde. It is..... too late. (Don Juan se hinca de rodillas, (Don Juan falls to his knees, tendiendo al cielo la mano que le stretching the hand the statue deja libre la estatua. Las leaves free to heaven. At the sombras, esqueletos, etc., van a moment the shades, skeletons, etc. abalanzarse sobre él, en cuyo are about to fall on him, the tomb momento se abre la tumba de doña of Doña Inés opens and she appears. Inés y aparece ésta. Doña Inés Doña Inés takes the hand Don Juan toma la mano que don Juan tiende stretches toward heaven.) al cielo.)

ESCENA III SCENE III

(Don Juan, la estatua de don (Don Juan, the statue of Don Gonzalo, doña Inés, sombras, etc.) Gonzalo, Doña Inés, spirits, etc.)

DOÑA INÉS: ¡No! Heme ya aquí, No! For I am here, don Juan; mi mano asegura Don Juan; my hand preserves esta mano que a la altura your outstretched hand, that serves tendió tu contrito afán, to lift your heart on high, and y Dios perdona a don Juan God forgives Don Juan, al pie de mi sepultura. by my grave, as love deserves.

DON JUAN: ¡Dios clemente! ¡Doña Merciful God! Doña Ines! Inés!

DOÑA INÉS: Fantasmas, desvaneceos: Phantoms, vanish below! su fe nos salva..., volveos His faith saves us.. and so a vuestros sepulcros pues. to your graves again, no less. La voluntad de Dios es: It is the will of God: and yes, de mi alma con la amargura with the astringency of my soul purifiqué su alma impura, I cleansed his impure soul, y Dios concedió a mi afán and God yielded, at my desire, la salvación de don Juan Don Juan's salvation from fire, al pie de la sepultura. by the grave's threshold.

DON JUAN: ¡Inés de mi corazón! Inés, my heart's true passion!

DOÑA INÉS: Yo mi alma he dado por ti I gave my soul for you y Dios te otorga por mí and God grants that it's true tu dudosa salvación. your despaired-of salvation. Misterio es que en comprensión This is a mystery of creation no cabe de criatura, no mortal may comprehend, y sólo en vida más pura and only in that life without end, los justos comprenderán the just shall understand que el amor salvó a don Juan that love has saved Don Juan al pie de la sepultura. before he could descend. Cesad, cantos funerales; Cease, you funeral sounds: (Cesa la música y salmodia.) (The music and psalms cease.) callad, mortuorias campanas; Be still, death's bells on high: (Dejan de tocar a muerto.) (They stop tolling the death bells) ocupad, sombras livianas, fickle shadows, occupy vuestras urnas sepulcrales; your sepulchral mounds. (Vuelven los esqueletos a sus (The skeletons return to their tumbas, que se cierran.) tombs that close.) volved a los pedestales, On your pedestals, be found, animadas esculturas; you living sculptures, soon: (Vuelven las estatuas a sus (The statues return to their lugares.) places.) y las celestes venturas let heavenly fortune en que los justos están in which the just delight empiecen para don Juan begin for Don Juan, in sight en las mismas sepulturas. of his very tomb. (Las flores se abren y dan paso a (The flowers open and reveal varios angelitos que rodean a doña various little angels that surround Inés y a don Juan, derramando Doña Inés and Don Juan, sprinkling sobre ellos flores y perfumes, y on them flowers and perfumes, and al son de la música dulce y lejana at the sound of the sweet far off se ilumina el

teatro con luz de music, the stage lights up with the aurora. Doña Inés cae sobre un light of dawn. Doña Inés falls on a lecho de flores, que quedará a la bed of flowers that remain in view, vista, en lugar de su tumba, que instead of her tomb which desaparece.) disappears.)

ESCENA ULTIMA FINAL SCENE

(Doña Inés, don Juan, los ángeles) (Doña Inés, Don Juan, angels)

DON JUAN: ¡Clemente Dios, gloria a Ti! Merciful God, Glory to You! Mañana a los sevillanos Tomorrow, the Sevillians, aterrará el creer que a manos thinking I fell at my victim's hands, de mis víctimas caí. will be astonished, it's true. Mas es justo; quede aquí But that is just: for eternity, too, al universo notorio may the universe record, men know, que, pues me abre el purgatorio that the God of mercy, here below, un punto de penitencia, who, at the moment of contrition, es el Dios de la clemencia saved my spirit from perdition, el Dios de Don Juan Tenorio. is the God of Don Juan Tenorio. (Cae don Juan a los pies de doña (Don Juan falls at the feet of Doña Inés, y mueren ambos. De sus bocas Inés, and they both die. Their salen sus almas representadas en souls represented by two brilliant dos brillantes llamas, que se flames, leave their mouths and pierden en el espacio al son de la disappear into space accompanied by música. Cae el telón.) the sound of music. The curtain falls.)

FIN DEL DRAMA THE END OF THE DRAMA

==========

Untitled

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Project Gutenberg Release: March 01, 2004 · eBook #5307

Produced by John Mamoun, Charles Franks and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team

THE LETTERS OF WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART. (1769-1791.)

In Two Volumes. Vol. I.

By Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Translated, From The Collection Of Ludwig Nohl, By Lady Wallace

With A Portrait And Facsimile

New York and Philadelphia: 1866.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PREFACE THE LETTERS OF W.A. MOZART, VOLUME I

FIRST PART: ITALY/VIENNA/MUNICH 1770-1776 SECOND PART: MUNICH/AUGSBURG/MANNHEIM SEPT. 1777-MARCH 1778 THIRD PART: PARIS MARCH 1778-JANUARY 1779 FOURTH PART: MUNICH/IDOMENEO NOVEMBER 1780-JANUARY 1781

CONTENTS OF VOLUME I. [LETTERS LISTED BY DATE]

PREFACE

A full and authentic edition of Mozart's Letters ought to require no special apology; for, though their essential substance has already been made known by quotations from biographies by Nissen, Jahn, and myself, taken from the originals, still in these three works the letters are necessarily not only very imperfectly given, but in some parts so fragmentary, that the peculiar charm of this correspondence--namely, the familiar and confidential mood in which it was written at the time--is entirely destroyed. It was only possible to restore, and to enable others to enjoy this charm--a charm so novel, even to those already conversant with Mozart's life, that the most familiar incidents acquire fresh zest from it--by an ungarbled edition of these letters. This is what I now offer, feeling convinced that it will be welcome not only to the mass of Mozart's admirers, but also to professional musicians; for in them alone is strikingly set forth how Mozart lived and labored, enjoyed and suffered, and this with a degree of vivid and graphic reality which no biography, however complete, could ever succeed in giving. Who does not know the varied riches of Mozart's life? All that agitated the minds of men in that day--nay, all that now moves, and ever will move, the heart of man--vibrated with fresh pulsation, and under the most manifold forms, in his sensitive soul, and mirrored itself in a series of letters, which indeed rather resemble a journal than a correspondence.

This artist, Nature had gifted in all respects with the most clear and vigorous intellect that ever man possessed. Even in a language which he had not so fully mastered as to acquire the facility of giving expression to his ideas, he contrived to relate to others all that he saw and heard, and felt and thought, with surprising clearness and the most charming sprightliness, combined with talent and good feeling. Above all, in his letters to his father when travelling, we meet with the most minute delineations of countries and people, of the progress of the fine arts, especially in the theatres and in music; we also see the impulses of his own heart and a hundred other things which, in fascination, and universal as well as artistic interest, have scarcely a parallel in our literature. The style may fail to a certain degree in polish, that is, in definite purpose in expressing what he wished to say in an attractive or congenial form,--an art, however, which Mozart so thoroughly understood in his music. His mode of writing, especially in the later letters from Vienna, is often very slovenly, evidencing how averse the Maestro was to the task. Still these letters are manifestly the unconstrained, natural, and simple outpourings of his heart, delightfully recalling to our minds all the sweetness and pathos, the

spirit and grace, which have a thousand times enchanted us in the music of Mozart. The accounts of his visit to Paris may, indeed, lay claim to a certain aesthetic value, for they are written throughout with visible zest in his own descriptions, and also with wit, and charm, and characteristic energy. As these combined merits can only become apparent by an ungarbled series of the letters, I have resolved, after many long years of zealous research in collecting them, to undertake the work,--that is, to publish the letters entire that have come to my knowledge.

It now only remains for me to give some words of explanation as to the method I have pursued in editing them.

In the first place, this edition, (being transcribed closely from the originals,) if compared with the letters already published, will prove that the latter are open to many corrections, both in trivial and more important respects. I have forborne, however, attracting attention to the deviations from the original text, either in Nissen or Jahn. I have no wish to be punctilious about trifles, where, as in the case of Jahn, the principal points are correct. Further, by this faithful production of the letters, (nothing being omitted but the constant repetition of forms of greeting and subscription,) we find many an additional feature in the Maestro's life, and chiefly various facts with regard to the creation and publication of his works, which may serve to complete and to amend various statements in Dr. Ludwig Ritter von Kochel's "Chronological Thematic Catalogue of the Musical Compositions of W. A. Mozart," (Leipzig, Breitkopf and Hartel). This will be effected not only by the hitherto unpublished letters, though comparatively few in number, but also by passages being given in full, which have been hitherto suppressed as of no consequence. I have referred to Nissen and Jahn only when, in spite of all my inquiries, I could not discover the proprietor of the original, or procure a correct copy.

I must also remark that all letters without a special address are written to his father. I have only adhered to Mozart's defective orthography in his few letters of early date, and in the rest adopted the more modern fashion. I did so for this simple reason, that these defects form a charm in his juvenile letters, from being in accordance with their boyish contents, while, with regard to the others, they only tend to distract the attention from the substance of the letters, instead of imparting additional interest to them. Biographers can, and ought always to render faithfully the original writing, because quotations alternate with the text of the biographer; but in a regular and uninterrupted series of letters this attraction must be very sparingly used, or it will have a pernicious effect.

The explanatory remarks, and also the supplementary Lexicon, in which I have availed myself of Jahn's catalogue, will make the letters more intelligible to the world at large. The Index, too, has been most carefully prepared to facilitate references.

Lastly, I return my best thanks to the keeper of the Archives of the Mozarteum in Salzburg, to Herr Jellinck, and to all the librarians and collectors of autographs who have assisted me in my task, either by furnishing me with copies of their Mozart letters, or by letting me know where I could procure them. I would also earnestly request all who may possess any Mozart letters to send me an exact transcript of them in the interest of Art; for those here given allude to many still unknown, which are no doubt scattered about here and there, waiting to be brought to light.

With respect to myself, the best reward I aspire to in return for the many sacrifices this collection has cost me, is, that my readers may do justice to the purpose which chiefly guided me throughout this publication,--my desire being not merely to benefit science, and to give a graphic description of the amiability and purity of heart which so distinguished this attractive man, (for such was my aim in my "Life of Mozart,") but above all to draw attention afresh to the unremitting zeal with which Mozart did homage to every advance in Art, striving to make music more and more the interpreter of man's innermost being. I also wished to show how much his course was impeded by the sluggishness and stupidity of the multitude, though partly sustained by the sympathy of kindred souls, till the glorious victory was won over routine and imbecility. Amidst all the fatiguing process of copying and collating letters already so familiar to me, these considerations moved me more vividly than ever; and no work on the Maestro can ever bring them with such force before the intelligent reader as this connected succession of letters, containing his own details of his unwearied artistic struggles and productions. May these letters, then, kindle fresh zeal in our artists of the present day, both in youthful genius and in laurel-crowned Maestri!--especially may they have the happiest influence on those who devote themselves to that phase of Art in which Mozart attained the highest renown!--may they impart that energetic courage which is derived from the experience that incessant efforts for the progress of Art and its appliances enlarge the limits of human intellect, and can alone insure an immortal crown!

LUDWIG NOHL.

MUNICH, October 1, 1864.

FIRST PART--ITALY, VIENNA, MUNICH.--1770 TO 1776.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was born in Salzburg on the 17th January, 1756. His father, Leopold Mozart, belonged to a respectable tradesman's family in the free city of Augsburg. Conscious of being gifted with no small portion of intellectual endowments, he followed the impulse that led him to aim at a higher position in life, and went to the then celebrated University of Salzburg in order to study jurisprudence. As he did not, however, at once succeed in procuring employment in this profession, he was forced, from his straitened means, to enter the service of Canon Count Thun as valet. Subsequently, however, his talents, and that thorough knowledge of music by which he had already (according to the custom of many students) gained some part of his livelihood, obtained for him a better position. In the year 1743 he was received into the band (Kapelle) of the Salzburg cathedral by Archbishop Sigismund; and as his capabilities and fame as a violinist increased, the same Prince shortly afterwards promoted him to the situation of Hof-Componist (Court Composer) and leader of the orchestra, and in 1762 he was appointed Hof-Kapellmeister (conductor of the Court music).

In 1747 Leopold Mozart married Anna Maria Pertlin, a foster-child of the Convent of St. Gilgen. The fruits of this marriage were seven children, two of whom alone survived,--Maria Anna, (the fourth), called Nannerl, born in 1751; and the youngest, Wolfgang Amadeus Johannes Chrysostomus. The daughter at a very early age displayed a most remarkable talent for music, and when her father began to give her instructions in it, an inborn and passionate love of this art was soon evident in her little brother of three years old, who at once gave tokens of a degree of genius far surpassing all experience, and really bordering on the marvellous. In his fourth year he could play all sorts of little pieces on the piano. He only required half an hour to learn a minuet, and one hour for a longer movement; and in his fifth year he actually composed some pretty short pieces, several of which are still extant.

[Footnote: The Grand Duchess Helene Paulowna, a few weeks ago, made a present to the Mozarteum of the music-book from which Mozart learned music, and in which he wrote down his first compositions.]

The wonderful acquirements of both these children, to which Wolfgang soon added skilful playing on the violin and organ, induced their father to travel with them. In January, 1702, when the boy was just six years old, they went first to Munich, and in the autumn to Vienna, the children everywhere on their journey exciting the greatest sensation, and being handsomely remunerated. Leopold Mozart, therefore, soon afterwards resolved to undertake a longer journey, accompanied by his whole family. This lasted more than three years, extending from the smaller towns in West Germany to Paris and London, while they visited, on their way back, Holland, France, and Switzerland. The careful musical instruction which the father perseveringly bestowed on his son, went hand in hand with the most admirable education, and the boy was soon as universally beloved for his amiable disposition and natural simplicity and candor, as admired for his rare gifts and acquirements.

After nearly a year passed at home in unremitting musical instruction, and practice of various instruments as well as composition, the father once more set off with all his family to Vienna,--on this occasion with a view to Wolfgang paving the way to Italy by the composition of an opera, (Italy, at that time, being the Eldorado of music.) He succeeded in procuring the scrittura of an opera buffa, "La Finta semplice;" but, when finished, although the Emperor himself had intrusted the composition to the boy, the cabals of envious singers effectually prevented its being performed. But a German operetta which the lad of twelve also wrote at that time, "Bastien und Bastienne," was given in private, at the summer residence of the Mesmer family, in the suburb called Landstrasse. The father, too, had some compensation by the Emperor commissioning his son to compose a solemn mass for the consecration of the new Waisenhaus church, which Wolfgang himself directed with the conductor's baton, in presence of the Imperial Family, on the 7th December, 1768.

Immediately on their return home, the young virtuoso was appointed archiepiscopal Concertmeister. He passed almost the whole of the year 1769 in Salzburg, chiefly engaged in the composition of masses. We also see him at that time eagerly occupied in improving his knowledge of Latin, although two years previously he had composed a comedy in that language,--"Apollo et Hyacinthus." From this study proceeds the first letter which is still extant from his hand:--

1.

Salzburg, 1769.

MY DEAR YOUNG LADY,--

I beg you will pardon the liberty I take in plaguing you with these few lines, but as you said yesterday that there was nothing you could not understand in Latin, and I might write what I chose in that language, I could not resist the bold impulse to write you a few Latin lines. When you have deciphered these, be so good as to send me the answer by one of Hagenauer's servants, for my messenger cannot wait; remember, you must answer this by a letter.

[Footnote: By a messenger of the Hagenauer family, in whose house, opposite the inn of "Den drei Allurten," Mozart was born, and with whom his family were on the most intimate terms.]

"Cuperem scire, de qua causa, a quam plurimis adolescentibus ottium usque adeo oestimetur, ut ipsi se nec verbis, nec verberibus ad hoc sinant abduci."

[Footnote: "I should like to know the reason why indolence is so highly prized by very many young men, that neither by words nor blows will they suffer themselves to be roused from it."]

WOLFGANG MOZART.

The father's plan to go to Italy, there to lay the foundation of a European reputation for his son, was realized in the beginning of December, 1769, and during the journey, the boy, who was at that time just entering his fifteenth year, subjoined to his father's reports scraps of his own writing, in which, in true boyish fashion, he had recourse to all kinds of languages and witticisms, but always exhibiting in his opinions on music the closest observation, the gravest thought, and the most acute judgment.

2.

Verona, Jan. 1770.

MY VERY DEAREST SISTER,--

I have at last got a letter a span long after hoping so much for an answer that I lost patience; and I had good cause to do so before receiving yours at last. The German blockhead having said his say, now the Italian one begins. Lei e piu franca nella lingua italiana di quel che mi ho immaginato. Lei mi dica la cagione perche lei non fu nella commedia che hanno giocata i Cavalieri. Adesso sentiamo sempre una opera titolata Il Ruggiero. Oronte, il padre di Bradamante, e un principe (il Signor Afferi) bravo cantante, un baritono, [Footnote: "You are more versed in the Italian language than I believed. Tell me why you were not one of the actors in the comedy performed by the Cavaliers. We are now hearing an opera called 'Il Ruggiero.' Oronte, the father of Bradamante, is a Prince (acted by Afferi, a good singer, a baritone)."] but very affected when he speaks out a falsetto, but not quite so much so as Tibaldi in Vienna. Bradamante innamorata di Ruggiero (ma [Footnote: "Bradamante is enamored of Ruggiero, but"]--she is to marry Leone, but will not) fa una povera Baronessa, che ha avuto una gran disgrazia, ma non so la quale; recita [Footnote: "Pretends to be a poor Baroness who has met with some great misfortune, but what it is I don't know, she performs"] under an assumed name, but the name I forget; ha una voce passabile, e la statura non sarebbe male, ma distuona come il diavolo. Ruggiero, un ricco principe innamorato di Bradamante, e un musico; canta un poco Manzuolisch [Footnote: Manzuoli was a celebrated soprano, from whom Mozart had lessons in singing when in London.] ed ha una bellissima voce forte ed e gia vecchio; ha 55 anni, ed ha una [Footnote: "She has a tolerable voice, and her appearance is in her favor, but she sings out of tune like a devil Ruggiero, a rich Prince enamored of Bradamante, is a musico, and sings rather in Manzuoli's style, and has a fine powerful voice, though quite old; he is fifty-five, and has a"] flexible voice. Leone is to marry Bradamante--richississimo e, [Footnote: "Immensely rich."] but whether he is rich off the stage I can't say. La moglie di Afferi, che ha una bellissima voce, ma e tanto susurro nel teatro che non si sente niente. Irene fa una sorella di Lolli, del gran violinista che habbiamo sentito a Vienna, a una [Footnote: "Afferi's wife has a most beautiful voice, but sings so softly on the stage that you really hear nothing at all. A sister of Lolli, the great violinist whom we heard at Vienna, acts Irene; she has a"] very harsh voce, e canta sempre [Footnote: "Voice, and always sings"] a quaver too tardi o troppo a buon' ora. Granno fa un signore, che non so come si chiame; e la prima volta che lui recita. [Footnote: "Slow or too fast. Ganno is acted by a gentleman whose name I never heard. It is his first appearance on the stage."] There is a ballet between each act. We have a good dancer here called Roessler. He is a German, and dances right well. The very last time we were at the opera (but not, I hope, the very last time we ever shall be there) we got M. Roessler to come up to our palco, (for M. Carlotti gives us his box, of which we have the key,) and conversed with him. Apropos, every one is now in maschera, and one great convenience is, that if you fasten your mask on your hat you have the privilege of not taking off your hat when any one speaks to you; and you never address them by name, but always as "Servitore umilissimo, Signora Maschera." Cospetto di Bacco! that is fun! The most

strange of all is that we go to bed at half-past seven! Se lei indovinasse questo, io diro certamente che lei sia la madre di tutti gli indovini. [Footnote: "If you guess this, I shall say that you are the mother of all guessers."] Kiss mamma's hand for me, and to yourself I send a thousand kisses, and assure you that I shall always be your affectionate brother.

Portez-vous bien, et aimez-moi toujours.

3.

Milan, Jan. 26, 1770.

I REJOICE in my heart that you were so well amused at the sledging party you write to me about, and I wish you a thousand opportunities of pleasure, so that you may pass your life merrily. But one thing vexes me, which is, that you allowed Herr von Molk [an admirer of this pretty young girl of eighteen] to sigh and sentimentalize, and that you did not go with him in his sledge, that he might have upset you. What a lot of pocket-handkerchiefs he must have used that day to dry the tears he shed for you! He no doubt, too, swallowed at least three ounces of cream of tartar to drive away the horrid evil humors in his body. I know nothing new except that Herr Gellert, the Leipzig poet, [Footnote: Old Mozart prized Gellert's poems so highly, that on one occasion he wrote to him expressing his admiration.] is dead, and has written no more poetry since his death. Just before beginning this letter I composed an air from the "Demetrio" of Metastasio, which begins thus, "Misero tu non sei."

The opera at Mantua was very good. They gave "Demetrio." The prima donna sings well, but is inanimate, and if you did not see her acting, but only singing, you might suppose she was not singing at all, for she can't open her mouth, and whines out everything; but this is nothing new to us. The seconda donna looks like a grenadier, and has a very powerful voice; she really does not sing badly, considering that this is her first appearance. Il primo uomo, il musico, sings beautifully, but his voice is uneven; his name is Caselli. Il secondo uomo is quite old, and does not at all please me. The tenor's name is Ottini; he does not sing unpleasingly, but with effort, like all Italian tenors. We know him very well. The name of the second I don't know; he is still young, but nothing at all remarkable. Primo ballerino good; prima ballerina good, and people say pretty, but I have not seen her near. There is a grotesco who jumps cleverly, but cannot write as I do--just as pigs grunt. The orchestra is tolerable. In Cremona, the orchestra is good, and Spagnoletta is the name of the first violinist there. Prima donna very passable--rather ancient, I fancy, and as ugly as sin. She does not sing as well as she acts, and is the wife of a violin-player at the opera. Her name is Masci. The opera was the "Clemenza di Tito." Seconda donna not ugly on the stage, young, but nothing superior. Primo uomo, un musico, Cicognani, a fine voice, and a beautiful cantabile. The other two musici young and passable. The tenor's name is non lo so [I don't know what]. He has a pleasing exterior, and resembles Le Roi at Vienna. Ballerino primo good, but an ugly dog. There was a ballerina who danced far from badly, and, what is a capo d'opera, she is anything but plain, either on the stage or off it. The rest were the usual average. I cannot write much about the Milan opera, for we did not go there, but we heard that it was not successful. Primo uomo, Aprile, who sings well, and has a fine even voice; we heard him at a grand church festival. Madame Piccinelli, from Paris, who sang at one of our concerts, acts at the opera. Herr Pick, who danced at Vienna, is now dancing here. The opera is "Didone abbandonata," but it is not to be given much longer. Signor Piccini, who is writing the next opera, is here. I am told that the title is to be "Cesare in Egitto."

WOLFGANG DE MOZART,

Noble of Hohenthal and attached to the Exchequer.

4.

Milan, Feb. 10, 1770.

SPEAK of the wolf, and you see his ears! I am quite well, and impatiently expecting an answer from you. I kiss mamma's hand, and send you a little note and a little kiss; and remain, as before, your----What? Your aforesaid merry-andrew brother, Wolfgang in Germany, Amadeo in Italy.

DE MORZANTINI.

5.

Milan, Feb. 17, 1770.

Now I am in for it! My Mariandel! I am so glad that you were so tremendously merry. Say to nurse Urserl that I still think I sent back all her songs, but if, engrossed by high and mighty thoughts of Italy, I carried one off with me, I shall not fail, if I find it, to enclose it in one of my letters. Addio, my children, farewell! I kiss mamma's hands a thousand times, and send you a thousand kisses and salutes on your queer monkey face. Per fare il fine, I am yours, &c.

6.

Milan, Carnival, Erchtag.

MANY kisses to mamma and to you. I am fairly crazed with so much business, [Footnote: Concerts and compositions of every kind occupied Mozart. The principal result of his stay in Milan was, that the young maestro got the scrittura of an opera for the ensuing season. As the libretto was to be sent to them, they could first make a journey through Italy with easy minds. The opera was "Mitridate, Re di Ponto."] so I can't possibly write any more.

7.

Milan, March 3, 1770.

CARA SORELLA MIA,--

I am heartily glad that you have had so much amusement. Perhaps you may think that I have not been as merry as you; but, indeed, I cannot sum up all we have done. I think we have been at least six or seven times at the opera and the feste di ballo, which, as in Vienna, begin after the opera, but with this difference, that at Vienna the dancing is more orderly. We also saw the facchinata and chiccherata. The first is a masquerade, an amusing sight, because the men go as facchini, or porters; there was also a barca filled with people, and a great number on foot besides; and five or six sets of trumpets and kettledrums, besides several bands of violins and other instruments. The chiccherata is also a masquerade. What the people of Milan call chicchere, we call petits maitres, or fops. They were all on horseback, which was a pretty sight. I am as happy now to hear that Herr von Aman [Footnote: The father had written in a previous letter, "Herr von Aman's accident, of which you wrote to us, not only distressed us very much, but cost Wolfgang many tears. You know how sensitive he is"] is better, as I was grieved when you mentioned that he had met with an accident. What kind of mask did Madame Rosa wear, and Herr von Molk, and Herr von Schiedenhofen? Pray write this to me, if you know it; your doing so will oblige me very much. Kiss mamma's hands for me a thousand million times, and a thousand to yourself from "Catch him who can!" Why, here he is!

8.

Bologna, March 24, 1770.

Oh, you busy creature!

Having been so long idle, I thought it would do me no harm to set to work again for a short time. On the post-days, when the German letters come, all that I eat and drink tastes better than usual. I beg you will let me know who are to sing in the oratorio, and also its title. Let me hear how you like the Haydn minuets, and whether they are better than the first. From my heart I rejoice to hear that Herr von Aman is now quite recovered; pray say to him that he must take great care of himself and beware of any unusual exertion. Be sure you tell him this. I intend shortly to send you a minuet that Herr Pick danced on the stage, and which every one in Milan was dancing at the feste di ballo, only that you may see by it how slowly people dance. The minuet itself is beautiful. Of course it comes from Vienna, so no doubt it is either Teller's or Starzer's. It has a great many notes. Why? Because it is a theatrical minuet, which is in slow time. The Milan and Italian minuets, however, have a vast number of notes, and are slow and with a quantity of bars; for instance, the first part has sixteen, the second twenty, and even twenty-four.

We made the acquaintance of a singer in Parma, and also heard her to great advantage in her own house--I mean the far-famed Bastardella. She has, first, a fine voice; second, a flexible organ; third, an incredibly high compass. She sang the following notes and passages in my presence.

[Here, Mozart illustrates with about 20 measures of music]

9.

Rome, April 14, 1770.

I AM thankful to say that my stupid pen and I are all right, so we send a thousand kisses to you both. I wish that my sister were in Rome, for this city would assuredly delight her, because St. Peter's is symmetrical, and many other things in Rome are also symmetrical. Papa has just told me that the loveliest flowers are being carried past at this moment. That I am no wiseacre is pretty well known.

Oh! I have one annoyance--there is only a single bed in our lodgings, so mamma may easily imagine that I get no rest beside papa. I rejoice at the thoughts of a new lodging. I have just finished sketching St. Peter with his keys, St. Paul with his sword, and St. Luke with--my sister, &c., &c. I had the honor of kissing St. Peter's foot at San Pietro, and as I have the misfortune to be so short, your good old

WOLFGANG MOZART

was lifted up!

10.

Rome, April 21, 1770.

CARA SORELLA MIA,--

Pray try to find the "Art of Ciphering" which you copied out, but I have lost it, and know nothing about it. So pray do write it out again for me, with some other copies of sums, and send them to me here.

Manzuoli has entered into a contract with the Milanese to sing in my opera [see Nos. 2-6]. For this reason he sang four or five arias to me in Florence, and also some of my own, which I was obliged to compose in Milan (none of my theatrical things having been heard there) to prove that I was capable of writing an opera. Manzuoli asks 1000 ducats. It is not yet quite certain whether Gabrielli will come. Some say Madame de' Amicis will sing in it; we shall see her in Naples. I wish that she and Manzuoli could act together; we should then be sure of two good friends. The libretto is not yet chosen. I recommended one of Metastasio's to Don Ferdinando [Count Firmiani's steward, in Milan] and to Herr von Troyer. I am at this moment at work on the aria "Se ardore e speranza."

11.

Rome, April 25, 1770.

CARA SORELLA MIA,--

Io vi accerto che io aspetto con una incredibile premura tutte le giornate di posta qualche lettere di Salisburgo. Jeri fummo a S. Lorenzo e sentimmo il Vespero, e oggi matina la messa cantata, e la sera poi il secondo vespero, perche era la festa della Madonna del Buonconsiglio. Questi giorni fummi nel Campidoglio e viddemmo varie belle cose. Se io volessi scrivere tutto quel che viddi, non bastarebbe questo foglietto. In due Accademie suonai, e domani suonero anche in una.--Subito dopo pranzo giuochiamo a Potsch [Boccia]. Questo e un giuoco che imparai qui, quando verro a casa, ve l'imparero. Finita questa lettera finiro una sinfonia mia, che comminciai. L'aria e finita, una sinfonia e dal copista (il quale e il mio padre) perche noi non la vogliamo dar via per copiarla; altrimente ella sarebbe rubata.

WOLFGANGO in Germania. AMADEO MOZART in Italia.

Roma caput mundi il 25 Aprile anno 1770 nell' anno venture 1771.

[Footnote:

"DEAREST SISTER,--

"I assure you that I always expect with intense eagerness my letters from Salzburg on post-days. Yesterday we were at S. Lorenzo and heard vespers, and to-day at the chanted mass, and in the evening at the second vespers, because it was the Feast of the Madonna del Buonconsiglio. A few days ago we were at the Campidoglio, where we saw a great many fine things. If I tried to write you an account of all I saw, this sheet would not suffice. I played at two concerts, and to-morrow I am to play at another. After

dinner we played at Potsch [Boccia]. This is a game I have learnt, and when I come home, I will teach it to you. When I have finished this letter, I am going to complete a symphony that I have begun. The aria is finished. The copyist (who is my father) has the symphony, because we do not choose it to be copied by any one else, or it might be stolen.

"WOLFGANGO in Germany.

"AMADEO MOZART in Italy.

"Rome, mistress of the world: April 25, 1770."]

12.

Naples, May 19, 1770.

CARA SORELLA MIA,--

Vi prego di scrivermi presto e tutti i giorni di posta. Io vi ringrazio di avermi mandata questi "Art of Ciphering," [FOOTNOTE: "I beg you will write to me soon, indeed every post-day. I thank you for having sent me the 'Art of Ciphering.'"] e vi prego, se mai volete avere mal di testa, di mandarmi ancora un poco di questi "books." [FOOTNOTE: "And I beg if you ever want to have a headache, that you will send me some more."] Perdonate mi che scrivo si malamente, ma la razione e perche anche io ebbi un poco mal di testa. [FOOTNOTE: "of the same kind. Excuse my writing so badly, but the reason is that I have a bit of a headache myself."]

Haydn's twelfth minuet, which you sent me, pleases me very much; you have composed an inimitable bass for it, and without the slightest fault. I do beg that you will often exercise yourself in such things. Mamma must not forget to see that the guns are both polished up. Tell me how Master Canary is? Does he still sing? and still whistle? Do you know why I am thinking about the canary? Because we have one in our ante-room that chirps out a G sharp just like ours. [Footnote: Mozart was extremely fond of animals, and later in life had always birds in his room.] A propos, Herr Johannes [Hagenauer], no doubt, received the letter of congratulation which we intended to write to him? But if he has not got it, I will tell him myself, when we meet in Salzburg, what ought to have been in it. Yesterday we wore our new clothes; we were as handsome as angels. My kind regards to Nandl; she must not fail to pray diligently for me.

Jomelli's opera is to be given on the 30th. We saw the king and queen at mass in the court chapel at Portici, and we also saw Vesuvius. Naples is beautiful, but as crowded with people as Vienna or Paris. As for London and Naples, I think that in point of insolence on the part of the people Naples almost surpasses London; because here the lazzaroni have their regular head or leader, who receives twenty-five ducati d'argento monthly from the king for keeping the lazzaroni in order.

Madame de' Amicis sings in the opera--we were there. Caffaro is to compose the second opera, Ciccio di Majo the third, but who is to compose the fourth is not yet known. Be sure you go regularly to Mirabell, to hear the Litanies, and listen to the "Regina Coeli" or the "Salve Regina," and sleep sound, and take care to have no evil dreams. My most transcendent regards to Herr von Schiedenhofen--tralaliera! tralaliera! Tell him to learn the repetition minuet on the piano, to be sure to DO so, and DO not let him forget it. He must DO this in order to DO me the favor to let me accompany him some day or other. DO give my best compliments to all my friends, and DO continue to live happily, and DO not die, but DO live on, that you may be able to DO another letter for me, and I DO one for you, and thus we shall go on DOING till we can DO something worth DOING; but I am one of those who will go on DOING till all DOINGS are at an end. In the mean time I DO subscribe myself

Your W. M.

13.

Naples, May 29, 1770.

Jeri l'altro fummo nella prova dell' opera del Sign. Jomelli, la quale e una opera che e ben scritta e che me piace veramente. Il Sign. Jomelli ci ha parlato ed era molto civile. E fummo anche in una chiesa a sentir una Musica la quale fu del Sign. Ciccio di Majo, ed era una bellissima Musica. Anche lui ci parlci ed era molto compito. La Signora de' Amicis canto a meraviglia. Stiamo Dio grazia assai bene di salute, particolarmente io, quando viene una lettera di Salisburgo. Vi prego di scrivermi tutti giorni di posta, e se anche non avete niente da scrivermi, solamente vorrei averlo per aver qualche lettera tutti giorni di posta. Egli non sarebbe mal fatto, se voi mi scriveste qualche volta una letterina italiana.

[FOOTNOTE: "The other day we attended the rehearsal of Signor Jomelli's opera, which is well written and pleases me exceedingly. Signor Jomelli spoke to us and was very civil. We also went to a church to hear a mass by Signor Ciccio di Majo, and it was most beautiful music. Signora de' Amicus sang incomparably. We are, thank God, very well, and I feel particularly so when a letter from Salzburg arrives. I beg you will write to me every post-day, even if you have nothing to write about, for I should like to have a letter by every post. It would not be a bad idea to write me a little letter in Italian."]

14.

Naples, June 5, 1770.

Vesuvius is smoking fiercely! Thunder and lightning and blazes! Haid homa gfresa beim Herr Doll. Das is a deutscha Compositor, und a browa Mo. [Footnote: "Today we dined with Herr Doll, he is a good composer and a worthy man" [Vienna Patois]] Now I begin to describe my course of life.--Alle 9 ore, qualche volta anche alle dieci mi svelgio, e poi andiamo fuor di casa, e poi pranziamo da un trattore, e dopo pranzo scriviamo, e poi sortiamo, e indi ceniamo, ma che cosa? Al giorno di grasso, un mezzo pollo ovvero un piccolo boccone d'arrosto; al giorno di magro un piccolo pesce; e di poi andiamo a dormire. Est-ce que vous avez compris?--Redma dafir Soisburgarisch, don as is gschaida. Wir sand Gottlob gesund da Voda und i. [Footnote: "I rise generally every morning at 9 o'clock, but sometimes not till 10, when we go out. We dine at a restaurateur's, after dinner I write, and then we go out again, and afterwards sup, but on what? on jours gras, half a fowl, or a small slice of roast meat, on jours maigres a little fish, and then we go to sleep. Do you understand? Let us talk Salzburgisch, for that is more sensible. Thank God, my father and I are well" [Patois]] I hope you and mamma are so also. Naples and Rome are two drowsy cities. A scheni Schrift! net wor? [Footnote: "Fine writing, is it not?" [Patois.]] Write to me, and do not be so lazy. Altrimente avrete qualche bastonate di me. Quel plaisir! Je te casserai la tete. [Footnote: "Otherwise I will cudgel you soundly. What a pleasure--to break your head!"] I am delighted with the thoughts of the portraits [of his mother and sister, who had promised to have their likenesses taken], und i bi korios wias da gleich sieht; wons ma gfoin, so los i mi und den Vodan a so macho. Maidli, lass Da saga, wo list dan gwesa he? [Footnote: "And I am anxious to see what they are like, and then I will have my father and myself also taken. Fair maiden, say, where have you been, eh?" [Patois.]] The opera here is Jomelli's; it is fine, but too grave and old-fashioned for this stage. Madame de' Amicis sings incomparably, and so does Aprile, who used to sing at Milan. The dancing is miserably pretentious. The theatre beautiful. The King has been brought up in the rough Neapolitan fashion, and at the opera always stands on a stool, so that he may look a little taller than the Queen, who is beautiful and so gracious, for she bowed to me in the most condescending manner no less than six times on the Molo.

15.

Naples, June 16, 1770.

I AM well and lively and happy as ever, and as glad to travel. I made an excursion on the Mediterranean. I kiss mamma's hand and Nannerl's a thousand times, and am your son, Steffl, and your brother, Hansl.

16.

Rome, July 7, 1770.

CARA SORELLA MIA,--

I am really surprised that you can compose so charmingly. In a word, the song is beautiful. Often try something similar. Send me soon the other six minuets of Haydn. Mademoiselle, j'ai l'honneur d'etre votre tres-humble serviteur et frere,

CHEVALIER DE MOZART.

[He had received from the Pope the cross of the Order of the Golden Spur.]

17.

Bologna, July 21, 1770.

I WISH mamma joy of her name-day, and hope that she may live for many hundred years to come and retain good health, which I always ask of God, and pray to Him for you both every day. I cannot do honor to the occasion except with some Loretto bells, and wax tapers, and caps, and gauze when I return. In the mean time, good-bye, mamma. I kiss your hand a thousand times, and remain, till death, your attached son.

18.

Io vi auguro d'Iddio, vi dia sempre salute, e vi lasci vivere ancora cent' anni e vi faccia morire quando avrete mille anni. Spero che voi imparerete meglio conoscermi ni avvenire e che poi ne giudicherete come ch' egli vi piace. Il tempo non mi permette di scriver motto. La penna non vale un corno, ne pure quello che la dirigge. Il titolo dell' opera che ho da comporre a Milano, non si sa ancora.

[Footnote: "My prayer to God is, that He may grant you health, and allow you to live to be a hundred, and not to die till you are a thousand years old. I hope that you will learn to know me better in future, and that you will then judge of me as you please. Time does not permit me to write much. My pen is not worth a pin, nor the hand that guides it. I don't yet know the title of the opera that I am to compose at Milan."]

My landlady at Rome made me a present of the "Thousand and One Nights" in Italian; it is most amusing to read.

19.

Bologna, August 4, 1770.

I GRIEVE from my heart to hear that Jungfrau Marthe is still so ill, and I pray every day that she may recover. Tell her from me that she must beware of much fatigue and eat only what is strongly salted [she was consumptive]. A propos, did you give my letter to Robinsiegerl? [Sigismund Robinig, a friend of his]. You did not mention it when you wrote. I beg that when you see him you will tell him he is not quite to forget me. I can't possibly write better, for my pen is only fit to write music and not a letter. My violin has been newly strung, and I play every day. I only mention this because mamma wished to know whether I still played the violin. I have had the honor to go at least six times by myself into the churches to attend their splendid ceremonies. In the mean time I have composed four Italian symphonies [overtures], besides five or six arias, and also a motett.

Does Herr Deibl often come to see you? Does he still honor you by his amusing conversation? And the noble Herr Carl von Vogt, does he still deign to listen to your tiresome voices? Herr von Schiedenhofen must assist you often in writing minuets, otherwise he shall have no sugar-plums.

If time permitted, it would be my duty to trouble Herr von Molk and Herr von Schiedenhofen with a few lines; but as that most indispensable of all things is wanting, I hope they will forgive my neglect, and consider me henceforth absolved from this honor. I have begun various cassations [a kind of divertimento], so I have thus responded to your desire. I don't think the piece in question can be one of mine, for who would venture to publish as his own composition what is, in reality, written by the son of the Capellmeister, and whose mother and sister are in the same town? Addio--farewell! My sole recreations consist in dancing English hornpipes and cutting capers. Italy is a land of sleep; I am always drowsy here. Addio--good-bye!

20.

Bologna, August 21, 1770.

I AM not only still alive, but in capital spirits. To-day I took a fancy to ride a donkey, for such is the custom in Italy, so I thought that I too must give it a trial. We have the honor to associate with a certain Dominican who is considered a very pious ascetic. I somehow don't quite think so, for he constantly takes a cup of chocolate for breakfast, and immediately afterwards a large glass of strong Spanish wine; and I have myself had the privilege of dining with this holy man, when he drank a lot of wine at dinner and a full glass of very strong wine afterwards, two large slices of melons, some peaches and pears for dessert, five cups of coffee, a whole plateful of nuts, and two dishes of milk and lemons. This he may perhaps do out of bravado, but I don't think so--at all events, it is far too much; and he eats a great deal also at his afternoon collation.

21.

Bologna, Sept. 8, 1770.

NOT to fail in my duty, I must write a few words. I wish you would tell me in your next letter to what brotherhoods I belong, and also let me know the prayers I am bound to offer up for them. I am now reading "Telemachus," and am already in the second volume. Good-bye for the present! Love to mamma.

22.

I HOPE that mamma and you are both well, but I wish you would answer my letters more punctually in time to come; indeed, it is far easier to answer than to originate. I like these six minuets far better than the first twelve; we often played them to the Countess [Pallivicini, at whose country-seat, near Bologna, father and son spent some months]. We only wish we could succeed in introducing a taste for German minuets into Italy, as their minuets last nearly as long as entire symphonies. Forgive my bad writing; I could write better, but I am in such a hurry.

23.

Bologna, Sept. 29, 1770.

IN order to fill up papa's letter, I intend to add a few words. I grieve deeply to hear of Jungfrau Marthe's long-continued illness, which the poor girl bears, too, with such patience. I hope, please God, she may still recover. If not, we must not grieve too much, for the will of God is always best, and God certainly knows better than we do whether it is most for our good to be in this world or in the next. But it will cheer her to enjoy this fine weather once more after all the rain.

24.

Bologna, Oct. 6, 1770.

I AM heartily glad that you have been so gay; I only wish I had been with you. I hope Jungfrau Marthe is better. To-day I played the organ at the Dominicans. Congratulate the .... from me, and say that I sincerely wish they may live to see the fiftieth anniversary of Father Dominikus's saying mass, and that we may all once more have a happy meeting.

[Footnote: Jahn observes that he probably alludes to their intimate friends, the merchant Hagenauer's family, with whom old Mozart had many pecuniary transactions for the purpose of his travels, and whose son entered the church in 1764.]

My best wishes to all Thereserls, and compliments to all my friends in the house and out of the house. I wish I were likely soon to hear the Berchtesgadner symphonies, and perhaps blow a trumpet or play a fife in one myself. I saw and heard the great festival of St. Petronius in Bologna. It was fine, but long. The trumpeters came from Lucca to make the proper flourish of honor, but their trumpeting was detestable.

25.

Milan, Oct. 20, 1770.

MY DEAR MAMMA,--

I cannot write much, for my fingers ache from writing out such a quantity of recitative. I hope you will pray for me that my opera ["Mitridate Re di Ponto"] may go off well, and that we soon may have a joyful meeting. I kiss your hands a thousand times, and have a great deal to say to my sister; but what? That is known only to God and myself. Please God, I hope soon to be able to confide it to her verbally; in the mean time, I send her a thousand kisses. My compliments to all kind friends. We have lost our good Martherl, but we hope that by the mercy of God she is now in a state of blessedness.

26.

Milan, Oct. 27, 1770.

MY VERY DEAREST SISTER,--

You know that I am a great talker, and was so when I left you. At present I replace this very much by signs, for the son of this family is deaf and dumb. I must now set to work at my opera. I regret very much that I cannot send you the minuet you wish to have, but, God willing, perhaps about Easter you may see both it and me. I can write no more.--Farewell! and pray for me.

27.

Milan, Nov. 3, 1770.

MY VERY DEARLY LOVED SISTER,--

I thank you and mamma for your sincere good wishes; my most ardent desire is to see you both soon in Salzburg. In reference to your congratulations, I may say that I believe Herr Martinelli suggested your Italian project. My dear sister, you are always so very clever, and contrived it all so charmingly that, just underneath your congratulations in Italian, followed M. Martini's compliments in the same style of penmanship, so that I could not possibly find you out; nor did I do so, and I immediately said to papa, "Oh! how I do wish I were as clever and witty as she is!" Then papa answered, "Indeed, that is true enough." On which I rejoined, "Oh! I am so sleepy;" so he merely replied, "Then stop writing." Addio! Pray to God that my opera may be successful. I am your brother,

W. M.,

whose fingers are weary from writing.

28.

Milan, Dec. 1, 1770.

DEAREST SISTER,--

As it is so long since I wrote to you, I thought that I might perhaps pacify your just wrath and indignation by these lines. I have now a great deal to work at, and to write for my opera. I trust all will go well, with the help of God. Addio! As ever, your faithful brother,

WOLFGANG MOZART.

29.

MY DARLING SISTER,--

It is long since I have written to you, having been so much occupied with my opera. As I have now more time, I shall attend better to my duty. My opera, thank God, is popular, as the theatre is full every evening, which causes great surprise, for many say that during all the time they have lived in Milan they never saw any first opera so crowded as on this occasion. I am thankful to say that both papa and I are quite well, and I hope at Easter to have an opportunity of relating everything to mamma and you. Addio! A propos, the copyist was with us yesterday, and said that he was at that moment engaged in transcribing my opera for the Lisbon court. Good-bye, my dear Madlle. sister,

Always and ever your attached brother.

30.

Venice, Feb 15, 1771

MY VERY DEAR SISTER,--

You have, no doubt, heard from papa that I am well. I have nothing to write about, except my love and kisses to mamma. Give the enclosed--Al sig. Giovanni. La signora perla ricono la riverisce tanto come anche tutte le altre perle, e li assicuro che tutte sono inamorata di lei, e che sperano che lei prendera per moglie tutte, come i Turchi per contenar tutte sei. Questo scrivo in casa di Sign. Wider, il quale e un galant' uomo come lei melo scrisse, ed jeri abbiamo finito il carnavale da lui, cenardo da lui e poi ballammo ed andammo colle perle in compagnie nel ridotto nuovo, che mi piacque assai. Quando sto dal Sign. Wider e guardando fuori della finestra vedo la casa dove lei abito quando lei fu in Venezia. Il nuovo non so niente. Venezia mi piace assai. Il mio complimento al Sign., suo padre e madre, sorelle, fratelli, e a tutti i miei amici ed amiche. Addio!

[Footnote: "To Herr Johannes [Hagenauer] The fair 'pearl' has the same high opinion of you that all the other 'pearls' here have. I assure you that they are all in love with you, and their hope is that you will marry them all (like the Turks), and so please them every one. I write this in the house of Signor Wider, who is an excellent man and exactly what you wrote to me, yesterday we finished the Carnival in his house. We supped there and then danced, and went afterwards, in company with the 'pearls,' to the new masquerade, which amused me immensely. When I look out of the window at Signor Wider's, I see the house that you inhabited in Venice. I have no news. I like Venice very well. My compliments to your father and mother, brothers and sisters, and all my friends. Adieu!"]

31.

Venice, Feb. 20, 1771.

I AM still well, and, thank God, in the land of the living. Madame de' Amicis has been singing at S. Benedetto. Say to Herr Johannes that the Widerischen Berlein family are constantly speaking of him (particularly Madlle. Catherine), so he must soon return to Vienna to encounter the attacca--that is, in order to become a true Venetian, you must allow yourself to be bumped down on the ground. They wished to do this to me also, but though seven women tried it, the whole seven together did not succeed in throwing me down. Addio!

The travellers arrived again at home towards the end of March, 1771. The marriage of the Archduke Ferdinand with the Princess of Modena, which took place in the October of that year, was attended with great festivities, and recalled the father and son to Italy in the course of a few months, Wolfgang having received a command from the Empress Maria Theresa to compose a dramatic serenata in honor of these nuptials.

32.

Verona, August 18, 1771.

DEAREST SISTER,--

I have not slept more than half an hour, for I don't like to sleep after eating. You may hope, believe, think, be of opinion, cherish the expectation, desire, imagine, conceive, and confidently suppose, that we are in good health; but I can tell you so to a certainty. Wish Herr von Heffner a happy journey from me, and ask him if he has seen Annamindl?

[Wolfgang, who was then fifteen, had taken advantage of his leisure during their short stay in Salzburg to fall in love for the first time. We shall find frequent allusions to this subject. See also No. 25.]

33.

Milan, August 23, 1771.

MY VERY DEAR SISTER,--

We suffered much from heat in the course of our journey, and the dust constantly dried us up so impertinently that we should have been choked, or died of thirst, if we had not been too sensible for that. For a whole month past (say the Milanese) there has been no rain here; to-day a slight drizzle began, but the sun has now come out again, and it is once more very warm. What you promised me (you well know my meaning, you kind creature!) don't fail to perform, I entreat. I shall be indeed very grateful to you. I am at this moment actually panting from the heat--I tear open my waistcoat! Addio--good-bye!

WOLFGANG.

Above us we have a violinist, below us is another, next to us a singing-master, who gives lessons, and, in the room opposite, a hautboy-player. This is famous for a composer--it inspires so many fine thoughts.

34.

Milan, August 31, 1771.

MY DEAREST SISTER,--

We are quite well, thank God! I have been eating quantities of fine pears, peaches, and melons in your place. My greatest amusement is to talk by signs to the dumb, which I can do to perfection. Herr Hasse [the celebrated opera composer] arrived here yesterday, and to-day we are going to pay him a visit. We only received the book of the Serenata last Thursday. [Footnote: It was "Ascanio in Alba" that Wolfgang got to compose for Milan; and it was this music which made Hasse exclaim, "This boy will cause us all to be forgotten."] I have very little to write about. Do not, I entreat, forget about THE ONE OTHER, where no other can ever be. You understand me, I know.

35.

Milan, Sept. 13, 1771.

DEAR SISTER,--

I write only for writing's sake. It is indeed very inconvenient, because I have a severe cold. Say to Fraulein W. von Molk that I rejoice at the thoughts of Salzburg, in the hope that I may again receive the same kind of present for the minuets which was bestowed on me at a similar concert. She knows all about it.

36.

Milan, Sept. 21, 1771.

I AM well, God be praised! I can't write much. 1st, I have nothing to say. 2d, my fingers ache from writing. I often whistle an air, but no one responds. Only two arias of the Serenata are still wanting, and then it will be finished. I have no longer any fancy for Salzburg; I am afraid I might go mad too. [He had heard that several persons there had lost their reason.]

37.

Milan, Oct. 5, 1771.

I AM in good health, but always sleepy. Papa has snatched from my pen all that I had to write about, which is, that he has already written everything. Signora Gabrielli is here, and we are soon going to see her, as we wish to become acquainted with all distinguished singers.

38.

Milan, Oct. 26, 1771.

MY work being now completed, I have more time to write, but have nothing to say, as papa has written you all I could have said. I am well, thank God! but have no news, except that in the lottery the numbers 35, 59, 60, 61, and 62 have turned up prizes, so if we had selected these we should have won; but as we did not put in at all we neither won nor lost, but only laughed at those who did the latter. The two arias encored in the Serenata were those of Manzuoli, and Girelli, the prima donna, I hope you may be well amused in Triebenbach with shooting, and (weather permitting) with walking.

39.

Milan, Nov. 2, 1771.

Papa says that Herr Kerschbaumer travels with profit and observation, and we can testify that he conducts himself very judiciously; at all events he can give a more satisfactory account of his journey than some of his friends, one of whom said that he could not see Paris properly because the houses there were too high. To-day Hasse's opera is to be given; as papa, however, is not going, I can't go either. [FOOTNOTE: Hasse had also a festal opera to compose, but Leopold Mozart writes, "I am sorry to say that Wolfgang's Serenata has totally eclipsed Hasse's opera."] Fortunately I know all the airs thoroughly by heart, so I can see and hear them in my own thoughts at home.

40.

Milan, Nov. 24, 1771.

DEAREST SISTER,--

Herr Manzuoli, the musico, who has always been considered and esteemed as the best of his class, has in his old age given a proof of his folly and arrogance. He was engaged at the opera for the sum of 500 gigliati (ducats), but as no mention was made in the contract of the Serenata, he demanded 500 ducats more for singing in it, making 1000. The court only sent him 700 and a gold box, (and enough too, I think,) but he returned the 700 ducats and the box, and went away without anything. I don't know what the result of this history will be--a bad one, I fear!

41.

Milan, Nov. 30, 1771.

That you may not suppose I am ill, I write you a few lines. I saw four fellows hanged in the Dom Platz. They hang here just as they do in Lyons.

We now find the father and son once more in Salzburg, in the middle of December, 1771. Archbishop Sigismund died, and on the 14th of March, 1772, Archbishop Hieronymus was elected, who was destined to cause much sorrow to Mozart. Soon after, in honor of the procession and homage of the new prince, he composed the allegorical azione teatrale "Il sogno di Scipione." In October he resumed his travels, having undertaken the scrittura for the approaching Carnivals both at Milan and at Venice.

42.

Bologna, Oct. 28, 1772.

We have got to Botzen already. Already? rather not till now. I am hungry, thirsty, sleepy, and lazy, but I am quite well. We saw the monastery in Hall, and I played the organ there. When you see Nadernannerl, tell her I spoke to Herr Brindl (her lover), and he charged me to give her his regards. I hope that you kept your promise and went last Sunday to D----N----[in cipher]. Farewell! write me some news. Botzen--a pig-sty!

43.

Milan, Nov. 7, 1772.

Don't be startled at seeing my writing instead of papa's. These are the reasons: first, we are at Herr von Oste's, and the Herr Baron Christiani is also here, and they have so much to talk about, that papa cannot possibly find time to write; and, secondly, he is too lazy. We arrived here at 4 o'clock this afternoon, and are both well. All our good friends are in the country or at Mantua, except Herr von Taste and his wife, who send you and my sister their compliments. Herr Misliweczeck [a young composer of operas from Paris] is still here. There is not a word of truth either in the Italian war, which is so eagerly discussed in Germany, or in the castles here being fortified. Forgive my bad writing.

Address your letters direct to us, for it is not the custom here, as in Germany, to carry the letters round; we are obliged to go ourselves to fetch them on post-days. There is nothing new here; we expect news from Salzburg.

Not having a word more to say, I must conclude. Our kind regards to all our friends. We kiss mamma 1,000,000,000 times (I have no room for more noughts); and as for my sister, I would rather embrace her in persona than in imagination.

44.

CARISSIMA SORELLA,--

Spero che voi sarete stata dalla Signora, che voi gia sapete. Vi prego, se la videte di farla un Complimento da parte mia. Spero e non dubito punto che voi starete bene di salute. Mi son scordato di darvi nuova, che abbiamo qui trovato quel Sign. Belardo, ballerina, che abbiamo conosciuto in Haye ed in Amsterdam, quello che attaco colla spada il ballerino, il Sign. Neri, perche credeva che lui fosse cagione che non ebbe la permission di ballar in teatro. Addio, non scordarvi di me, io sono sempre il vostro fidele fratello.

[FOOTNOTE: "DEAREST SISTER,--I hope you have been to see the lady--you know who. I beg that when you see her you will give her my compliments. I hope, and do not doubt, that you are in good health. I forgot to tell you that we found Signor Belardo here, a dancer whom we knew at the Hague and at Amsterdam--the same person who attacked Signor Neri with a sword, because he thought he was the cause of his not obtaining permission to dance in the theatre. Adieu! Do not forget me, always your faithful brother."]

45.

Milan, Nov. 21, 1772.

I thank you exceedingly--you know for what. I cannot possibly write to Herr von Heffner. When you see him, make him read aloud what follows. I hope he will be satisfied with it:--

"I am not to take it amiss that my unworthy friend has not answered my letter; as soon as he has more leisure, he will certainly, beyond all doubt, positively and punctually send me a reply."

46.

Milan, Nov. 28, 1772.

We both send our congratulations to Herr von Aman; tell him from me that, owing to his having all along made a mystery of the affair, I feel much annoyed, for I fear I may have said more than I ought about his bride. I thought he had been more straightforward. One thing more. Say to Herr von Aman that, if he wishes to have a right merry wedding, he must be so kind as to wait till we return, so that what he promised me may come to pass, namely, that I was to dance at his wedding. Tell Herr Leitgeb [a horn-player in the Archbishop's orchestra] that he must come straight to Milan, for he is sure to succeed well here; but he must come soon. Pray let him know this, for I am anxious about it.

47.

Milan, Dec. 5, 1772.

I have now about fourteen pieces to write, and then I shall have finished. [Footnote: He alludes to his Milan opera, "Lucio Silla."] Indeed, the trio and the duet may be considered as four. I cannot possibly write much, for I have no news, and in the next place I scarcely know what I am writing, as all my thoughts are absorbed in my opera, so there is some danger of my writing you a whole aria instead of a letter. I have learned a new game here, called mercanti in fiera. As soon as I come home we can play at it together. I have also learned a new language from Frau von Taste, which is easy to speak, though troublesome to write, but still useful. It is, I own, rather a little childish, but will do capitally for Salzburg. My kind regards to pretty Nandl and to the canary, for these two and yourself are the most innocent creatures in our house. Fischietti [the Archbishop's Capellmeister] will no doubt soon begin to work at his opera buffa (translated into German, his CRAZY opera!). Addio!

The following letter of Wolfgang's shows the sparkling state of his spirits, caused by the completion of his opera. At each line he turns the page, so that one line stands, as it were, on the head of the other. The father, too, in the joy of his heart that the arduous work was drawing to a close, and with it his long journey, writes four lines, one above another, round the edge of the page, so that the whole forms a framework for a sketch of a burning heart and four triangles (symbols of fidelity), and a bird on the wing from whose beak a distich is streaming:--

Oh! fly to seek my child so fair Here, and there, and everywhere!

Wolfgang adds:--

48.

Milan, Dec. 18, 1772.

I HOPE, dear sister, that you are well, dear sister. When this letter reaches you, dear sister, my opera will be in scena, dear sister. Think of me, dear sister, and try, dear sister, to imagine with all your might that my dear sister sees and hears it also. In truth, it is hard to say, as it is now eleven o'clock at night, but I do believe, and don't at all doubt, that in the daytime it is brighter than at

Easter. My dear sister, to-morrow we dine with Herr von Mayer; and do you know why? Guess! Because he invited us. The rehearsal to-morrow is to be in the theatre. The impresario, Signor Cassiglioni, has entreated me not to say a word of this to a soul, as all kinds of people would come crowding in, and that we don't wish. So, my child, I beg, my child, that you won't say one syllable to any one on the subject, or too many people would come crowding in, my child. Approposito, do you know the history that occurred here? Well, I will relate it to you. We were going home straight from Count Firmiani's, and when we came into our street we opened our door, and what do you think happened? We went in. Good-bye, my pet. Your unworthy brother (frater),

WOLFGANG.

On the 26th of December "an incomparable performance" of "Lucio Silla" took place; it was eminently successful, and continued to fill the house night after night in the most surprising way. The father writes home regularly, and Wolfgang subjoins the usual postscripts, which, however, at this time contain nothing worth quoting. We give only part of an Italian letter which he writes for practice:--

49.

.... Vi prego di dire al Sig. Giovanni Hagenauer da parte mia, che non dubiti, che andro a veder sicuramente in quella bottega delle armi, se ci sono quei nomi [?] che lui desidera, e che senza dubbio doppo averlo trovato le portero meco a Salisburgo. Mi dispiace che il Sig. Leitgeb e partito tanto tardi da Salisburgo [see No. 46] che non trovera piu in scena la mia opera e forte non ci trovera nemeno, se non in viaggio.

Hieri sera era la prima prova coi stromenti della seconda opera, ma ho sentito solamente il primo atto, perche a secondo mene andiedi essendo gia tardi. In quest' opera saranno sopra il balco 24 cavalli e . . . mondo di gente, che saro miracolo se non succede qualche disgrazia. La musica mi piace; se piace al replico non so, perche alle prime prove non e lecito l' andarci che alle personne che sono del Teatro. Io spero che domani il mio padre potra uscir di casa. Sta sera fa cativissimo tempo. La Signora Teyber e adesso a Bologna e il carnevale venturo recitera a Turino e l'anno sussiquente poi va a cantare a Napoli.

[Footnote: "Pray say from me to Johannes Hagenauer, that he may entirely rely on my going to the armorer's shop, to see if I can procure what he desires, and after getting it I will not fail to bring it with me to Salzburg. I regret that Herr Leitgeb delayed so long leaving Salzburg [see No. 46], for he will no longer find my opera in scena, nor will he find us either unless we meet on our travels. Yesterday evening was our first rehearsal of the second opera with instruments, but I only heard the first act, for I went away at the second, because it was so very late. In this opera there are to be twenty-four horses and a crowd of people on the stage at the same time, so it will be surprising if no accident happens. The music pleases me; whether it will please others I cannot tell, for no persons but those belonging to the theatre are permitted to attend the first rehearsals. I hope that papa will be able to leave the house to-morrow. The weather is detestable this evening. Madame Teyber is now at Bologna; she is to act at Turin in the ensuing Carnival, and the year following she is to sing at Naples."]

After enjoying some more of the amusements of the Carnival, they arrived again in Salzburg about the middle of March. This place, or rather their position at court there, was in the highest degree repugnant to both; so the father, in the course of his travels, applied to the Grand-Duke of Tuscany for an appointment for his son. As, however, nothing was to be got in that quarter, he directed his views to the Imperial capital itself; and thus, at the end of three months, we find him again with his son in Vienna. From thence Wolfgang often wrote to his loved ones at home.

50.

Vienna, August 14, 1773.

I HOPE that your Majesty [Footnote 1: O. Jahn remarks that this epithet is a reminiscence of a fantastic game that often amused the boy on his journeys. He imagined a kingdom, the inhabitants of which were endowed with every gift that could make them good and happy.] enjoys the best state of health; and yet that now and then--or rather sometimes--or, better still, from time to time--or, still better, qualche volta, as the Italians say--your Majesty will impart to me some of your grave and important thoughts (emanating from that most admirable and solid judgment which, in addition to beauty, your Majesty so eminently possesses; and thus, although in such tender years, my Queen casts into the shade not only the generality of men but even the gray-haired).

P. S. This is a most sensible production.

51.

Vienna, August 21, 1773.

When we contemplate the benefit of time, and yet are not entirely oblivious of the estimation in which we ought to hold the sun, then it is quite certain, Heaven be praised! that I am quite well. My second proposition is of a very different character. Instead of sun, let us put moon, and instead of benefit, science; then any one, gifted with a certain amount of reasoning powers, will at once draw the conclusion that--I am a fool because you are my sister. How is Miss Bimbles? [the dog.] I beg you will convey all sorts of amiable messages from me to her. I also send my kind remembrances to M. Kreibich [conductor of the Imperial chamber-music], whom we knew at Presburg and also at Vienna; and very best regards from Her Majesty the Empress, Frau Fischerin, and Prince Kaunitz. Oidda!

GNAGFLOW TRAZOM.

52.

Vienna, Sept. 15, 1773.

WE are quite well, thank God; on this occasion we have contrived to make time to write to you, although we have so much business to do. We hope you also are well. Dr. Niderl's death grieved us very much. I assure you we cried a good deal, and moaned and groaned. Our kind regards to "Alle gute Geister loben Gott den Herrn" [to all good spirits who praise the Lord], and to all our friends. We graciously remain

Yours, WOLFGANG.

Given from our capital of Vienna.

The travellers returned home the end of September, for no situation was to be found in Vienna either; indeed, they did not even give a public concert there. Wolfgang remained in his native town during the whole of the ensuing year, writing instrumental and church music. At length he received a commission from the Elector of Bavaria, Maximilian III., to write an opera buffa for the Carnival of 1775,--"La finta Giardiniera."

53.

Munich, Dec. 28, 1774.

My Dearest Sister,

I entreat you not to forget, before your journey, [FOOTNOTE: Nannerl had also the most eager desire to see the new opera, and the father at last succeeded in getting a lodging for her in the large market place, in the house of a widow, "a black-eyed brunette," Frau von Durst.] to perform your promise, that is, to make a certain visit. I have my reasons for this. Pray present my kind regards in that quarter, but in the most impressive and tender manner--the most tender; and, oh!----but I need not be in such anxiety on the subject, for I know my sister and her peculiarly loving nature, and I feel quite convinced that she will do all she can to give me pleasure--and from self-interest, too--rather a spiteful hit that! [Nannerl was considered a little selfish by her family.]

54.

Munich, Dec. 30, 1774.

I BEG my compliments to Roxalana, who is to drink tea this evening with the Sultan, All sorts of pretty speeches to Madlle. Mizerl; she must not doubt my love. I have her constantly before my eyes in her fascinating neglige. I have seen many pretty girls here, but not one whose beauty can be compared with hers. Do not forget to bring the variations on Ekart's menuet d'exaude, and also those on Fischer's minuet. I was at the theatre last night. The play was "Der Mode nach der Haushaltung," which was admirably acted. My kind regards to all my friends. I trust that you will not fail to--Farewell! I hope to see you soon in Munich. Frau von Durst sends you her remembrances. Is it true that Hagenauer is become a professor of sculpture in Vienna? Kiss mamma's hand for me, and now I stop for to-day. Wrap yourself up warmly on your journey, I entreat, or else you may chance to pass the fourteen days of your

visit in the house, stifling beside a stove, unable once to move. I see the vivid lightning flash, and fear there soon will be a crash!

Your brother.

55.

To HIS MOTHER.

Munich, Jan. 11, 1775.

WE are all three well, Heaven be praised! I cannot possibly write much, for I must go forthwith to the rehearsal. Tomorrow the grand rehearsal takes place, and on the 13th my opera is to be in scena. I am much vexed that you should cast any slight on Count Seeau [Intendant of the Munich Theatre], for no one can be more kind or courteous, and he has more good breeding than many of his degree in Munich. Herr von Molk was in such a state of wonder and admiration at the opera seria when he heard it, that we felt quite ashamed of him, for it clearly showed every one that he had never in his life seen anything but Salzburg and Innspruck. Addio!

56.

To HIS MOTHER.

Munich, Jan. 14, 1775.

GOD be praised! My opera was given yesterday, the 13th, and proved so successful that I cannot possibly describe all the tumult. In the first place, the whole theatre was so crammed that many people were obliged to go away. After each aria there was invariably a tremendous uproar and clapping of hands, and cries of Viva Maestro! Her Serene Highness the Electress and the Dowager (who were opposite me) also called out Bravo! When the opera was over, during the interval when all is usually quiet till the ballet begins, the applause and shouts of Bravo! were renewed; sometimes there was a lull, but only to recommence afresh, and so forth. I afterwards went with papa to a room through which the Elector and the whole court were to pass. I kissed the hands of the Elector and the Electress and the other royalties, who were all very gracious. At an early hour this morning the Prince Bishop of Chiemsee [who had most probably procured the scrittura for his young friend Wolfgang] sent to congratulate me that the opera had proved such a brilliant success in every respect. As to our return home, it is not likely to be soon, nor should mamma wish it, for she must know well what a good thing it is to have a little breathing time. We shall come quite soon enough to----. One most just and undeniable reason is, that my opera is to be given again on Friday next, and I am very necessary at the performance, or it might be difficult to recognize it again. There are very odd ways here. 1000 kisses to Miss Bimberl [the dog].

The Archbishop of Salzburg, who was very reluctant to admit the merits of his Concertmeister, was an involuntary witness of the universal approbation bestowed on Wolfgang's opera, although he would not go to hear it himself. On the 18th of January, 1775, Wolfgang added the following lines to his father's letter:--

57.

MY DEAR SISTER,

[FOOTNOTE: Nannerl had not yet gone home, but was enjoying the Carnival in various masks.]

How can I help the clock choosing at this moment to strike a quarter after seven o'clock? It is not papa's fault either. Mamma will hear all the rest from you. At present there is no fair sailing for me, as the Archbishop is staying here, though not for long. It is currently reported that he is to remain till he sets off again! I only regret that he is not to see the first masked ball.

Your faithful FRANZ v. NASENBLUT.

Milan, May 5, 1756.

Immediately after Ash Wednesday the trio returned to Salzburg, where Mozart remained uninterruptedly for another year and a half, actively engaged in the duties of his situation. He wrote the following letter on the 4th of September, 1776, to the celebrated Pater Martini in Bologna:--

58.

MOLTO REVDO PADE MAESTRO, PADRONE MIO STIMATISSIMO,--La venerazione, la stima e il rispetto, che porto verso la di lei degnissima persona mi spinse di incommodarla colle presente e di mandargli un debole pezzo di mia musica, rimmettendola alla di lei maestrale giudicatura. Scrissi l'anno scorso il Carnevale una opera buffa ("La finta Giardiniera") a Monaco in Baviera. Pochi giorni avanti la mia partenza di la desiderava S. A. Elletorale di sentire qualche mia musica in contrapunto: era adunque obligato di scriver questo Motetto in fretta per dar tempo a copiar il spartito per Sua Altezza ed a cavar le parti per poter produrlo la prossima domenica sotto la Messa grande in tempo del Offertorio. Carissimo e stimatissimo Sigr. P. Maestro! Lei e ardentemente pregato di dirmi francamente e senza riserva il di lei parere. Viviamo in questo mondo per imparare sempre industriosamente, e per mezzo dei raggionamenti di illuminarsi l'un l'altro e d'affatigarsi di portar via sempre avanti le scienze e le belle arti. Oh quante e quante volte desidero d'esser piu vicino per poter parlar e raggionar con Vostra Paternita molto Revda. Vivo in una paese dove la musica fa pocchissimo fortuna, benche oltre di quelli che ci hanno abandonati, ne abbiamo ancora bravissimi professori e particolarmente compositori di gran fondo, sapere e gusto. Per il teatro stiamo male per mancanza dei recitanti. Non abbiamo Musici e non gli averemo si facilmente, giache vogliono esser ben pagati: e la generosita, non e il nostro difetto. Io mi diverto intanto a scrivere per la camera e per la chiesa: e ne son quivi altri due bravissimi contrapuntisti, cioe il Sgr. Haydn e Adlgasser. Il mio padre e maestro della chiesa Metropolitana, che mi da l'occasione di scrivere per la chiesa, quanto che ne voglio. Per altro il mio padre gia 36 anni in servizio di questa Corte e sapendo, che questo Arcivescovo non puo e non vuol vedere gente avanzata in eta, non lo se ne prende a core, si e messo alla letteratura per altro gia suo studio favorito. La nostra musica di chiesa e assai differente di quella d'Italia e sempre piu, che una Messa con tutto il Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, la Sonata all' Epistola, l'Offertorio osia Motetto, Sanctus ed Agnus Dei, ed anche la piu solenne, quando dice la Messa il Principe stesso, non ha da durare che al piu longo 3 quarti d'ora. Ci vuole un studio particolare per queste sorte di compositione, e che deve pero essere una Messa con tutti stromenti--Trombe di guerra, Tympani ecc. Ah! che siamo si lontani Carissmo Sgr. P. Maestro, quante cose che avrai a dirgli!--Reverisco devotamente tutti i Sgri. Filarmonici: mi raccommando via sempre nelle grazie di lei e non cesso d'affligermi nel vedermi lontano dalla persona del mondo che maggiormente amo, venero e stimo, e di cui inviolabilmente mi protesto di V. Pta molto Rda

umilissmo e devotssmo servitore,

WOLFGANGO AMADEO MOZART.

Salisburgo, 4 Settembre, 1776.

[FOOTNOTE:

To Father Martini.

"Salzburg, Sept. 4, 1776.

"MOST REVEREND AND ESTEEMED FATHER AND MAESTRO,--

"The veneration, the esteem, and the respect I feel for your illustrious person, induce me to intrude on you with this letter, and also to send you a small portion of my music, which I venture to submit to your masterly judgment. Last year, at Monaco, in Bavaria, I wrote an opera buffa ("La finta Giardiniera") for the Carnival. A few days previous to my departure from thence, his Electoral Highness wished to hear some of my contrapuntal music; I was therefore obliged to write this motett in haste, to allow time for the score to be copied for his Highness, and to arrange the parts so that it might be produced on the following Sunday at grand mass at the offertory. Most dear and highly esteemed Maestro, I do entreat you to give me unreservedly your candid opinion of the motett. We live in this world in order always to learn industriously, and to enlighten each other by means of discussion, and to strive vigorously to promote the progress of science and the fine arts. Oh, how many and many a time have I desired to be nearer you, that I might converse and discuss with your Reverence! I live in a country where music has very little success, though, exclusive of those who have forsaken us, we have still admirable professors, and more particularly composers of great solidity, knowledge, and taste. We are rather badly off at the theatre from the want of actors. We have no MUSICI, nor shall we find it very easy to get any, because they insist upon being well paid, and generosity is not a failing of ours. I amuse myself in the mean time by writing church and chamber music, and we have two excellent contrapuntists here, Haydn and Adlgasser. My father is maestro at the Metropolitan church, which gives me an opportunity to write for the church as much as I please. Moreover, my father has been thirty-six years in the service of this court, and knowing that our present Archbishop neither can nor will endure the sight of elderly people, he does not take it to heart, but devotes himself to literature, which was always his favorite pursuit Our church music is rather different from

that of Italy, and the more so, as a mass including the Kyne, Gloria, Credo, the Sonata all Epistola, the Offertory or Motett, Sanctus, and Agnus Dei, and even a solemn mass, when the Prince himself officiates, must never last more than three-quarters of an hour. A particular course of study is required for this class of composition. And what must such a mass be, scored with all the instruments, war-drums, cymbals, &c, &c! Oh! why are we so far apart, dearest Signor Maestro? for how many things I have to say to you! I devoutly revere all the Signori Filarmonici. I venture to recommend myself to your good opinion, I shall never cease regretting being so distant from the person in the world whom I most love, venerate, and esteem. I beg to subscribe myself, reverend Father, always your most humble and devoted servant,

"WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART"]

SECOND PART.--MUNICH, AUGSBURG, MANNHEIM.--SEPTEMBER 1771 TO MARCH 1778.

On the 22d of December, 1777, Mozart's father wrote as follows to Padre Martini in Bologna:--"My son has been now five years in the service of our Prince, at a mere nominal salary, hoping that by degrees his earnest endeavors and any talents he may possess, combined with the utmost industry and most unremitting study, would be rewarded; but in this hope we find ourselves deceived. I forbear all allusion to our Prince's mode of thinking and acting; but he was not ashamed to declare that my son knew nothing, and that he ought to go to the musical training school in Naples to learn music. And why did he say all this? In order to intimate that a young man should not be so absurd as to believe that he deserved a rather higher salary after such a decisive verdict had issued from the lips of a prince. This has induced me to sanction my son giving up his present situation. He therefore left Salzburg on the 23d of September" [with his mother].

59.

Wasserburg, Sept. 23, 1777.

Mon Tres-Cher Pere,--

God be praised! we reached Waging, Stain, Ferbertshaim, and Wasserburg safely. Now for a brief report of our journey. When we arrived at the city gates, we were kept waiting for nearly a quarter of an hour till they could be thrown open for us, as they were under repair. Near Schinn we met a drove of cows, and one of these very remarkable, for each side was a different color, which we never before saw. When at last we got to Schinn, we met a carriage, which stopped, and ecce, our postilion called out we must change. "I don't care," said I. Mamma and I were parleying, when a portly gentleman came up, whose physiognomy I at once recognized; he was a Memmingen merchant. He stared at me for some time, and at last said, "You surely are Herr Mozart?" "At your service," said I; "I know you, too, by sight, but not your name. I saw you, a year ago, at Mirabell's [the palace garden in Salzburg] at a concert." He then told me his name, which, thank God! I have forgotten; but I retained one of probably more importance to me. When I saw this gentleman in Salzburg, he was accompanied by a young man whose brother was now with him, and who lives in Memmingen. His name is Herr Unhold, and he pressed me very much to come to Memmingen if possible. We sent a hundred thousand loves to papa by them, and to my sister, the madcap, which they promised to deliver without fail. This change of carriages was a great bore to me, for I wished to send a letter back from Waging by the postilion. We then (after a slight meal) had the honor of being conveyed as far as Stain, by the aforesaid post-horses, in an hour and a half. At Waging I was alone for a few minutes with the clergyman, who looked quite amazed, knowing nothing of our history. From Stain we were driven by a most tiresome phlegmatic postilion--N. B., in driving I mean; we thought we never were to arrive at the next stage. At last we did arrive, as you may see from my writing this letter. (Mamma is half asleep.) From Ferbertshaim to Wasserburg all went on well. Viviamo come i principi; we want nothing except you, dear papa. Well, this is the will of God; no doubt all will go on right. I hope to hear that papa is as well as I am and as happy. Nothing comes amiss to me; I am quite a second papa, and look after everything.[Footnote: The father had been very uneasy at the idea of allowing the inexperienced youth, whose unsuspicious good-nature exposed him still more to danger, to travel alone; for the mother also was not very expert in travelling.] I settled from the first to pay the postilions, for I can talk to such fellows better than mamma. At the Stern, in Wasserburg, we are capitally served; I am treated here like a prince. About half an hour ago (mamma being engaged at the time) the Boots knocked at the door to take my orders about various things, and I gave them to him with the same grave air that I have in my portrait. Mamma is just going to bed. We both beg that papa will be careful of his health, not go out too early, nor fret, [Footnote: The Father was strongly disposed to hypochondria.] but laugh and be merry and in good spirits. We think the Mufti H. C. [the Archbishop Hieronymus Colloredo] a MUFF, but we know God to be compassionate, merciful, and loving. I kiss papa's hands a thousand times, and embrace my SISTER MADCAP as often as I

have to-day taken snuff. I think I have left my diplomas at home? [his appointment at court.] I beg you will send them to me soon. My pen is rude, and I am not refined.

60.

Munich, Sept. 26, 1777.

WE arrived safely in Munich on the afternoon of the 24th, at half-past four o'clock. A complete novelty to me was being obliged to drive to the Custom House, escorted by a grenadier with a fixed bayonet. The first person we knew, who met us when driving, was Signor Consoli; he recognized me at once, and showed the utmost joy at seeing me again. Next day he called on us. I cannot attempt to describe the delight of Herr Albert [the "learned landlord" of the Black Eagle, on the Kaufinger Gasse, now Hotel Detzer]; he is indeed a truly honest man, and a very good friend of ours. On my arrival I went to the piano, and did not leave it till dinner-time. Herr Albert was not at home, but he soon came in, and we went down to dinner together. There I met M. Sfeer and a certain secretary, an intimate friend of his; both send their compliments to you. Though tired by our journey, we did not go to bed till late; we, however, rose next morning at seven o'clock. My hair was in such disorder that I could not go to Count Seeau's till half-past ten o'clock. When I got there I was told that he had driven out to the chasse. Patience! In the mean time I wished to call on Chorus-master Bernard, but he had gone to the country with Baron Schmid. I found Herr von Belvall deeply engaged in business; he sent you a thousand compliments. Rossi came to dinner, and at two o'clock Consoli, and at three arrived Becke [a friend of Mozart's and an admirable flute-player], and also Herr von Belvall. I paid a visit to Frau von Durst [with whom Nannerl had lived], who now lodges with the Franciscans. At six o'clock I took a short walk with Herr Becke. There is a Professor Huber here, whom you may perhaps remember better than I do; he says that the last time he either saw or heard me was at Vienna, at Herr von Mesmer's, junior. He is neither tall nor short, pale, with silvery-gray hair, and his physiognomy rather like that of Herr Unterbereiter. This gentleman is vice-intendant of the theatre; his occupation is to read through all the comedies to be acted, to improve or to spoil, to add to or to put them aside. He comes every evening to Albert's, and often talks to me. To-day, Friday, the 26th, I called on Count Seeau at half-past eight o'clock. This was what passed. As I was going into the house I met Madame Niesser, the actress, just coming out, who said, "I suppose you wish to see the Count?" "Yes!" "He is still in his garden, and Heaven knows when he may come!" I asked her where the garden was. "As I must see him also," said she, "let us go together." We had scarcely left the house when we saw the Count coming towards us about twelve paces off; he recognized and instantly named me. He was very polite, and seemed already to know all that had taken place about me. We went up the steps together slowly and alone; I told him briefly the whole affair. He said that I ought at once to request an audience of his Highness the Elector, but that, if I failed in obtaining it, I must make a written statement. I entreated him to keep this all quite private, and he agreed to do so. When I remarked to him that there really was room for a genuine composer here, he said, "I know that well." I afterwards went to the Bishop of Chiemsee, and was with him for half an hour. I told him everything, and he promised to do all he could for me in the matter. At one o'clock he drove to Nymphenburg, and declared positively he would speak to the Electress. On Sunday the Count comes here. Herr Joannes Kronner has been appointed Vice-Concertmeister, which he owes to a blunt speech of his. He has produced two symphonies--Deo mene liberi [God preserve me from such]--of his own composition. The Elector asked him, "Did you really compose these?" "Yes, your Royal Highness!" "From whom did you learn?" "From a schoolmaster in Switzerland, where so much importance is attached to the study of composition. This schoolmaster taught me more than all your composers here, put together, could teach me." Count Schonborn and his Countess, a sister of the Archbishop [of Salzburg], passed through here to-day. I chanced to be at the play at the time. Herr Albert, in the course of conversation, told them that I was here, and that I had given up my situation. They were all astonishment, and positively refused to believe him when he said that my salary, of blessed memory, was only twelve florins thirty kreuzers! They merely changed horses, and would gladly have spoken with me, but I was too late to meet them. Now I must inquire what you are doing, and how you are. Mamma and I hope that you are quite well. I am still in my very happiest humor; my head feels as light as a feather since I got away from that chicanery. I have grown fatter already.

61.

Munich, Sept. 29, 1777.

TRUE enough, a great many kind friends, but unluckily most of them have little or nothing in their power. I was with Count Seeau yesterday, at half-past ten o'clock, and found him graver and less natural than the first time; but it was only in appearance, for to-day I was at Prince Zeill's [Bishop of Chiemsee--No. 56], who, with all courtesy, said to me, "I don't think we shall effect much here. During dinner, at Nymphenburg, I spoke privately to the Elector, who replied: 'It is too soon at this moment; he must leave this

and go to Italy and become famous. I do not actually reject him, but these are too early days as yet.'" There it is! Most of these grandees have such paroxysms of enthusiasm for Italy. Still, he advised me to go to the Elector, and to place my case before him as I had previously intended. I spoke confidentially at dinner to-day with Herr Woschitka [violoncellist in the Munich court orchestra, and a member of the Elector's private band], and he appointed me to come to-morrow at nine o'clock, when he will certainly procure me an audience. We are very good friends now. He insisted on knowing the name of my informant; but I said to him, "Rest assured that I am your friend and shall continue to be so; I am in turn equally convinced of your friendship, so you must be satisfied with this." But to return to my narrative. The Bishop of Chiemsee also spoke to the Electress when tete-a-tete with her. She shrugged her shoulders, and said she would do her best, but was very doubtful as to her success. I now return to Count Seeau, who asked Prince Zeill (after he had told him everything). "Do you know whether Mozart has not enough from his family to enable him to remain here with a little assistance? I should really like to keep him." Prince Zeill answered: "I don't know, but I doubt it much; all you have to do is to speak to himself on the subject." This, then, was the cause of Count Seeau being so thoughtful on the following day. I like being here, and I am of the same opinion with many of my friends, that if I could only remain here for a year or two, I might acquire both money and fame by my works, and then more probably be sought by the court than be obliged to seek it myself. Since my return here Herr Albert has a project in his head, the fulfilment of which does not seem to me impossible. It is this: He wishes to form an association of ten kind friends, each of these to subscribe 1 ducat (50 gulden) monthly, 600 florins a year. If in addition to this I had even 200 florins per annum from Count Seeau, this would make 800 florins altogether. How does papa like this idea? Is it not friendly? Ought not I to accept it if they are in earnest? I am perfectly satisfied with it; for I should be near Salzburg, and if you, dearest papa, were seized with a fancy to leave Salzburg (which from my heart I wish you were) and to pass your life in Munich, how easy and pleasant would it be! For if we are obliged to live in Salzburg with 504 florins, surely we might live in Munich with 800.

To-day, the 30th, after a conversation with Herr Woschitka, I went to court by appointment. Every one was in hunting-costume. Baron Kern was the chamberlain on service. I might have gone there last night, but I could not offend M. Woschitka, who himself offered to find me an opportunity of speaking to the Elector. At 10 o'clock he took me into a narrow little room, through which his Royal Highness was to pass on his way to hear mass, before going to hunt. Count Seeau went by, and greeted me very kindly: "How are you, dear Mozart?" When the Elector came up to me, I said, "Will your Royal Highness permit me to pay my homage and to offer your Royal Highness my services?" "So you have finally left Salzburg?" "I have left it forever, your Royal Highness. I only asked leave to make a journey, and being refused, I was obliged to take this step, although I have long intended to leave Salzburg, which is no place for me, I feel sure." "Good heavens! you are quite a young man. But your father is still in Salzburg?" "Yes, your Royal Highness; he humbly lays his homage at your feet, &c., &c. I have already been three times in Italy. I have written three operas, and am a member of the Bologna Academy; I underwent a trial where several maestri toiled and labored for four or five hours, whereas I finished my work in one. This is a sufficient testimony that I have abilities to serve any court. My greatest wish is to be appointed by your Royal Highness, who is himself such a great &c., &c." "But, my good young friend, I regret that there is not a single vacancy. If there were only a vacancy!" "I can assure your Royal Highness that I would do credit to Munich." "Yes, but what does that avail when there is no vacancy?" This he said as he was moving on; so I bowed and took leave of his Royal Highness. Herr Woschitka advises me to place myself often in the way of the Elector. This afternoon I went to Count Salern's. His daughter is a maid of honor, and was one of the hunting-party. Ravani and I were in the street when the whole procession passed. The Elector and the Electress noticed me very kindly. Young Countess Salern recognized me at once, and waved her hand to me repeatedly. Baron Rumling, whom I had previously seen in the antechamber, never was so courteous to me as on this occasion. I will soon write to you what passed with Salern. He was very kind, polite, and straightforward.--P. S. Ma tres-chere soeur, next time I mean to write you a letter all for yourself. My remembrances to B. C. M. R. and various other letters of the alphabet. Adieu! A man built a house here and inscribed on it: "Building is beyond all doubt an immense pleasure, but I little thought that it would cost so much treasure." During the night some one wrote underneath, "You ought first to have counted the cost."

62.

Munich, Oct. 2, 1777.

YESTERDAY, October 1st, I was again at Count Salern's, and to-day I even dined with him. I have played a great deal during the last three days, and with right good will too. Papa must not, however, imagine that I like to be at Count Salern's on account of the young lady; by no means, for she is unhappily in waiting, and therefore never at home, but I am to see her at court to-morrow morning, at ten o'clock, in company with Madame Hepp, formerly Madlle. Tosson. On Saturday the court leaves this, and does not return till the 20th. To-morrow I am to dine with Madame and Madlle. de Branca, the latter being a kind of half pupil of mine, for Sigl

seldom comes, and Becke, who usually accompanies her on the flute, is not here. On the three days that I was at Count Salern's I played a great many things extempore--two Cassations [Divertimentos] for the Countess, and the finale and Rondo, and the latter by heart. You cannot imagine the delight this causes Count Salern. He understands music, for he was constantly saying Bravo! while other gentlemen were taking snuff, humming and hawing, and clearing their throats, or holding forth. I said to him, "How I do wish the Elector were only here, that he might hear me play! He knows nothing of me--he does not know what I can do. How sad it is that these great gentlemen should believe what any one tells them, and do not choose to judge for themselves! BUT IT IS ALWAYS SO. Let him put me to the test. He may assemble all the composers in Munich, and also send in quest of some from Italy and France, Germany, and England and Spain, and I will undertake to write against them all." I related to him all that had occurred to me in Italy, and begged him, if the conversation turned on me, to bring in these things. He said, "I have very little influence, but the little that is in my power I will do with pleasure." He is also decidedly of opinion that if I could only remain here, the affair would come right of itself. It would not be impossible for me to contrive to live, were I alone here, for I should get at least 300 florins from Count Seeau. My board would cost little, for I should be often invited out; and even were it not so, Albert would always be charmed to see me at dinner in his house. I eat little, drink water, and for dessert take only a little fruit and a small glass of wine. Subject to the advice of my kind friends, I would make the following contract with Count Seeau:--I would engage to produce every year four German operas, partly buffe and partly serie; from each of these I should claim the profits of one performance, for such is the custom here. This alone would bring me in 500 florins, which along with my salary would make up 800 florins, but in all probability more; for Reiner, an actor and singer, cleared 200 florins by his benefit, and I am VERY MUCH BELOVED HERE, and how much more so should I be if I contributed to the elevation of the national theatre of Germany in music! And this would certainly be the case with me, for I was inspired with the most eager desire to write when I heard the German operettas. The name of the first singer here is Keiserin; her father is cook to a count here; she is a very pleasing girl, and pretty on the stage; I have not yet seen her near. She is a native of this place. When I heard her it was only her third appearance on the stage. She has a fine voice, not powerful, though by no means weak, very pure, and a good intonation. Her instructor is Valesi; and her style of singing shows that her master knows how to sing as well as how to teach. When she sustains her voice for a couple of bars, I am quite surprised at the beauty of her crescendo and decrescendo. She as yet takes her shakes slowly, and this I highly approve of, for it will be all the more pure and clear if she ever wishes to take it quicker; besides, it is easier when quick. She is a great favorite with the people here, and with me.

Mamma was in the pit; she went as early as half-past four o'clock to get a place. I, however, did not go till half-past six o'clock, for I can go to any box I please, being pretty well known. I was in the Brancas' box; I looked at Keiserin with my opera-glass, and at times she drew tears from my eyes. I often called out bravo, bravissimo, for I always remembered that it was only her third appearance. The piece was Das Fischermadchen, a very good translation of Piccini's opera, with his music. As yet they have no original pieces, but are now anxious soon to give a German opera seria, and a strong wish prevails that I should compose it. The aforesaid Professor Huber is one of those who wish this. I shall now go to bed, for I can sit up no longer. It is just ten o'clock. Baron Rumling lately paid me the following compliment: "The theatre is my delight--good actors and actresses, good singers, and a clever composer, such as yourself." This is indeed only talk, and words are not of much value, but he never before spoke to me in this way.

I write this on the 3d of October. To-morrow the court departs, and does not return till the 20th. If it had remained here, I would have taken the step I intended, and stayed on here for a time; but as it is, I hope to resume my journey with mamma next Tuesday. But meanwhile the project of the associated friends, which I lately wrote to you about, may be realized, so that when we no longer care to travel we shall have a resource to fall back upon. Herr von Krimmel was to-day with the Bishop of Chiemsee, with whom he has a good deal to do on the subject of salt. He is a strange man; here he is called "your Grace,"--that is, THE LACKEYS do so. Having a great desire that I should remain here, he spoke very zealously to the Prince in my favor. He said to me, "Only let me alone; I will speak to the Prince, and I have a right to do so, for I have done many things to oblige him." The Prince promised him that I should POSITIVELY be appointed, but the affair cannot be so quickly settled. On the return of the court he is to speak to the Elector with all possible earnestness and zeal. At eight o'clock this morning I called on Count Seeau. I was very brief, and merely said, "I have only come, your Excellency, to explain my case clearly. I have been told that I ought to go to Italy, which is casting a reproach on me. I was sixteen months in Italy, I have written three operas, and all this is notorious enough. What further occurred, your Excellency will see from these papers." And after showing him the diplomata, I added, "I only show these and say this to your Excellency that, in the event of my being spoken of, and any injustice done me, your Excellency may with good grounds take my part." He asked me if I was now going to France. I said I intended to remain in Germany; by this, however, he supposed I meant Munich, and said, with a merry laugh, "So you are to stay here after all?" I replied, "No! to tell you the truth, I should like to have

stayed, if the Elector had favored me with a small sum, so that I might then have offered my compositions to your Excellency devoid of all interested motives. It would have been a pleasure to me to do this." At these words he half lifted his skull-cap.

At ten o'clock I went to court to call on Countess Salern. I dined afterwards with the Brancas. Herr Geheimrath von Branca, having been invited by the French Ambassador, was not at home. He is called "your Excellency." Countess Salern is a Frenchwoman, and scarcely knows a word of German; so I have always been in the habit of talking French to her. I do so quite boldly, and she says that I don't speak at all badly, and that I have the good habit of speaking slowly, which makes me more easily understood. She is a most excellent person, and very well-bred. The daughter plays nicely, but fails in time. I thought this arose from want of ear on her part, but I find I can blame no one but her teacher, who is too indulgent and too easily satisfied. I practised with her to-day, and I could pledge myself that if she were to learn from me for a couple of months, she would play both well and accurately.

At four o'clock I went to Frau von Tosson's, where I found mamma and also Frau von Hepp. I played there till eight o'clock, and after that we went home; and at half-past nine a small band of music arrived, consisting of five persons--two clarionet-players, two horns, and one bassoon. Herr Albert (whose name-day is to-morrow) arranged this music in honor of me and himself. They played rather well together, and were the same people whom we hear during dinner at Albert's, but it is well known that they are trained by Fiala. They played some of his pieces, and I must say they are very pretty: he has some excellent ideas. To-morrow we are to have a small musical party together, where I am to play. (Nota bene, on that miserable piano! oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear!) I beg you will excuse my horrid writing, but ink, haste, sleep, and dreams are all against me. I am now and forever amen, your dutiful son,

A. W. MOZART.

63.

Munich, Oct. 6, 1777.

Mamma cannot write; in the first place, she is not inclined, and, secondly, she has a headache. So I must hold the pen for her and keep faith with her. I am just going with the Professor to call on Madlle. Keiserin. Yesterday we had in our house a clerical wedding, or altum tempus ecclesiasticum. There was dancing, but I only danced four minuets, and was in my own room again by eleven o'clock, for, out of fifty young ladies, there was only one who danced in time--Madlle. Kaser, a sister of Count Perusa's secretary. The Professor thought fit to leave me in the lurch, so I did not go to Madlle. Keiserin, because I don't know where she lives. Last Saturday, the 4th, on the stately and solemn occasion of the name-day of his Royal Highness the Archduke Albert, we had a select music-party at home, which commenced at half-past three o'clock and finished at eight. M. Dubreil, whom papa no doubt remembers, was also present; he is a pupil of Tartini's. In the forenoon he gave a lesson on the violin to the youngest son, Carl, and I chanced to come in at the time, I never gave him credit for much talent, but I saw that he took great pains in giving his lesson; and when we entered into conversation about violin, concert, and orchestral playing, he reasoned very well, and was always of my opinion, so I retracted my former sentiments with regard to him, and was persuaded that I should find him play well in time, and a correct violinist in the orchestra. I, therefore, invited him to be so kind as to attend our little music rehearsal that afternoon. We played, first of all, the two quintets of Haydn, but to my dismay I could scarcely hear Dubreil, who could not play four continuous bars without a mistake. He could never find the positions, and he was no good friend to the sospirs [short pauses]. The only good thing was that he spoke politely and praised the quintets; otherwise--As it was, I said nothing to him, but he kept constantly saying himself, "I beg your pardon, but really I am out again! the thing is puzzling, but fine!" I invariably replied, "It does not in the least signify; we are only among ourselves." I then played the concertos in C, in B, and in E flat, and after that a trio of mine. This was finely accompanied, truly! In the adagio I was obliged to play six bars of his part. As a finale, I played my last divertimento in B; they all pricked up their ears. I played as if I had been the greatest violin-player in all Europe.

The Sunday after, at three o'clock, we were at a certain Herr von Hamm's. The Bishop of Chiemsee set off to-day for Salzburg. N. B.--I send my sister, by him, "6 duetti a clavicembalo e violino," by Schuster. I have often played them here; they are by no means bad. If I remain long enough, I intend to compose six in this style, for it is much liked here.

64.

Munich, Oct. 11, 1777.

WHY have I not as yet written anything about Misliweczeck? [See No. 43.] Because I was only too glad not to think of him; for when he is spoken of I invariably hear how highly he praises me, and what a kind and true friend he is of mine; but then follow pity and

lamentation. He was described to me, and deeply was I distressed. How could I bear that Misliweczeck, my intimate friend, should be in the same town, nay, even in the same corner of the world with me, and neither see him nor speak to him? Impossible! so I resolved to go to visit him. On the previous day, I called on the manager of the Duke's Hospital to ask if I might see my friend in the garden, which I thought best, though the doctors assured me there was no longer any risk of infection. The manager agreed to my proposal, and said I should find him in the garden between eleven and twelve o'clock, and, if he was not there when I came, to send for him. Next day I went with Herr von Hamm, secretary in the Crown Office, (of whom I shall speak presently,) and mamma to the Duke's Hospital. Mamma went into the Hospital church, and we into the garden. Misliweczeck was not there, so we sent him a message. I saw him coming across, and knew him at once from his manner of walking. I must tell you that he had already sent me his remembrances by Herr Heller, a violoncello-player, and begged me to visit him before I left Munich. When he came up to me, we shook hands cordially. "You see," said he, "how unfortunate I am." These words and his appearance, which papa is already aware of from description, so went to my heart that I could only say, with tears in my eyes, "I pity you from my heart, my dear friend." He saw how deeply I was affected, so rejoined quite cheerfully, "Now tell me what you are doing; when I heard that you were in Munich, I could scarcely believe it; how could Mozart be here and not long ago have come to see me?" "I hope you will forgive me, but I had such a number of visits to make, and I have so many kind friends here." "I feel quite sure that you have indeed many kind friends, but a truer friend than myself you cannot have." He asked me whether papa had told me anything of a letter he had received. I said, "Yes, he did write to me," (I was quite confused, and trembled so much in every limb that I could scarcely speak,) "but he gave me no details." He then told me that Signor Gaetano Santoro, the Neapolitan impresario, was obliged, owing to impegni and protezione, to give the composition of the opera for this Carnival to a certain Maestro Valentini; but he added, "Next year he has three at liberty, one of which is to be at my service. But as I have already composed six times for Naples, I don't in the least mind undertaking the less promising one, and making over to you the best libretto, viz. the one for the Carnival. God knows whether I shall be able to travel by that time, but if not, I shall send back the scrittura. The company for next year is good, being all people whom I have recommended. You must know that I have such influence in Naples that, when I say engage such a one, they do so at once." Marquesi is the primo uomo, whom he, and indeed all Munich too, praises very highly; Marchiani is a good prima donna; and there is a tenor, whose name I cannot recall, but Misliweczeck says he is the best in all Italy. He also said, "I do beg of you to go to Italy; there one is esteemed and highly prized." And in truth he is right. When I come to reflect on the subject, in no country have I received such honors, or been so esteemed, as in Italy, and nothing contributes more to a man's fame than to have written Italian operas, and especially for Naples. He said he would write a letter for me to Santoro, which I was to copy out when I went to see him next day; but finding it impossible to return, he sent me a sketch of the letter to-day. I was told that when Misliweczeck heard people here speaking of Becke, or other performers on the piano, he invariably said, "Let no one deceive himself; none can play like Mozart; in Italy, where the greatest masters are, they speak of no one but Mozart; when his name is mentioned, not a word is said of others." I can now write the letter to Naples when I please; but, indeed, the sooner the better. I should, however, first like to have the opinion of that highly discreet Hofcapellmeister, Herr von Mozart. I have the most ardent desire to write another opera. The distance is certainly great, but the period is still a long way off when I am to write this opera, and there may be many changes before then. I think I might at all events undertake it. If, in the mean time, I get no situation, eh, bien! I shall then have a resource in Italy. I am at all events certain to receive 100 ducats in the Carnival; and when I have once written for Naples I shall be sought for everywhere. As papa well knows, there is an opera buffa in Naples in spring, summer, and autumn, for which I might write for the sake of practice, not to be quite idle. It is true that there is not much to be got by this, but still there is something, and it would be the means of gaining more honor and reputation than by giving a hundred concerts in Germany, and I am far happier when I have something to compose, which is my chief delight and passion; and if I get a situation anywhere, or have hopes of one, the scrittura would be a great recommendation to me, and excite a sensation, and cause me to be more thought of. This is mere talk, but still I say what is in my heart. If papa gives me any good grounds to show that I am wrong, then I will give it up, though, I own, reluctantly. Even when I hear an opera discussed, or am in a theatre myself and hear voices, oh! I really am beside myself!

To-morrow, mamma and I are to meet Misliweczeck in the Hospital garden to take leave of him; for he wished me last time to fetch mamma out of church, as he said he should like to see the mother of so great a virtuoso. My dear papa, do write to him as often as you have time to do so; you cannot confer a greater pleasure on him, for the man is quite forsaken. Sometimes he sees no one for a whole week, and he said to me, "I do assure you it does seem so strange to me to see so few people; in Italy I had company every day." He looks thin, of course, but is still full of fire and life and genius, and the same kind, animated person he always was. People talk much of his oratorio of "Abraham and Isaac," which he produced here. He has just completed (with the exception of a few arias) a Cantata, or Serenata, for Lent; and when he was at the worst he wrote an opera for Padua. Herr Heller is just come from him. When I wrote to him yesterday I sent him the Serenata that I wrote in Salzburg: for the Archduke Maximilian ["Il Re

Pastore"].

Now to turn to something else. Yesterday I went with mamma immediately after dinner to take coffee with the two Fraulein von Freysinger. Mamma, however, took none, but drank two bottles of Tyrolese wine. At three o'clock she went home again to make preparations for our journey. I, however, went with the two ladies to Herr von Hamm's, whose three young ladies each played a concerto, and I one of Aichner's prima vista, and then went on extemporizing. The teacher of these little simpletons, the Demoiselles Hamm, is a certain clerical gentleman of the name of Schreier. He is a good organ-player, but no pianist. He kept staring at me with an eye-glass. He is a reserved kind of man who does not talk much; he patted me on the shoulder, sighed, and said, "Yes--you are--you understand--yes--it is true--you are an out-and-outer!" By the by, can you recall the name of Freysingen--the papa of the two pretty girls I mentioned? He says he knows you well, and that he studied with you. He particularly remembers Messenbrunn, where papa (this was quite new to me) played most incomparably on the organ. He said, "It was quite startling to see the pace at which both hands and feet went, but quite inimitable; a thorough master indeed; my father thought a great deal of him; and how he humbugged the priests about entering the Church! You are just what he was then, as like as possible; only he was a degree shorter when I knew him." A propos, a certain Hofrath Effeln sends you his kind regards; he is one of the best Hofraths here, and would long ago have been made chancellor but for one defect--TIPPLING. When we saw him for the first time at Albert's, both mamma and I thought, "What an odd-looking fish!" Just imagine a very tall man, stout and corpulent, and a ridiculous face. When he crosses the room to another table, he folds both hands on his stomach, stoops very low, and then draws himself up again, and makes little nods; and when this is over he draws back his right foot, and does this to each individual separately. He says that he knows papa intimately. I am now going for a little to the play. Next time I will write more fully, but I can't possibly go on to-day, for my fingers do ache uncommonly.

Munich, October 11th, at 1/4 to 12 at night, I write as follows:--I have been at the Drittl comedy, but only went in time for the ballet, or rather the pantomime, which I had not before seen. It is called "Das von der fur Girigaricanarimanarischaribari verfertigte Ei." It was very good and funny. We are going to-morrow to Augsburg on account of Prince Taxis not being at Ratisbon but at Teschingen. He is, in fact, at present at his country-seat, which is, however, only an hour from Teschingen. I send my sister, with this, four preludes; she will see and hear for herself the different keys into which they lead. My compliments to all my kind friends, particularly to young Count Arco, to Madlle. Sallerl, and to my best of all friends, Herr Bullinger; I do beg that next Sunday at the usual eleven-o'clock music he will be so good as to make an authoritative oration in my name, and present my regards to all the members of the orchestra and exhort them to industry, that I may not one day be accused of being a humbug, for I have everywhere extolled their orchestra, and I intend always to do so.

65.

Augsburg, Oct. 14, 1777.

I HAVE made no mistake in my date, for I write before dinner, and I think that next Friday, the day after to-morrow, we shall be off again. Pray hear how generous the gentlemen of Augsburg are. In no place was I ever so overwhelmed with marks of distinction as here. My first visit was to the Stadtpfleger Longo Tabarro [Burgomaster Langenmantl]. My cousin, [Footnote: Leopold Mozart had a brother in Augsburg, a bookbinder, whose daughter, "das Basle" (the cousin), was two years younger than Mozart.] a good, kind, honest man and worthy citizen, went with me, and had the honor to wait in the hall like a footman till my interview with the high and mighty Stadtpfleger was over. I did not fail first of all to present papa's respectful compliments. He deigned graciously to remember you, and said, "And pray how have things gone with him?" "Vastly well, God be praised!" I instantly rejoined, "and I hope things have also gone well with you?" He then became more civil, and addressed me in the third person, so I called him "Sir"; though, indeed, I had done so from the first. He gave me no peace till I went up with him to see his son-in-law (on the second floor), my cousin meanwhile having the pleasure of waiting in the staircase-hall. I was obliged to control myself with all my might, or I must have given some polite hint about this. On going upstairs I had the satisfaction of playing for nearly three-quarters of an hour on a good clavichord of Stein's, in the presence of the stuck-up young son, and his prim condescending wife, and the simple old lady. I first extemporized, and then played all the music he had, prima, vista, and among others some very pretty pieces of Edlmann's. Nothing could be more polite than they all were, and I was equally so, for my rule is to behave to people just as they behave to me; I find this to be the best plan. I said that I meant to go to Stein's after dinner, so the young man offered to take me there himself. I thanked him for his kindness, and promised to return at two o'clock. I did so, and we went together in company with his brother-in-law, who looks a genuine student. Although I had begged that my name should not be mentioned, Herr von Langenmantl was so incautious as to say, with a simper, to Herr Stein, "I have the honor to present to you a virtuoso on the piano." I instantly

protested against this, saying that I was only an indifferent pupil of Herr Sigl in Munich, who had charged me with a thousand compliments to him. Stein shook his head dubiously, and at length said, "Surely I have the honor of seeing M. Mozart?" "Oh, no," said I; "my name is Trazom, and I have a letter for you." He took the letter and was about to break the seal instantly, but I gave him no time for that, saying, "What is the use of reading the letter just now? Pray open the door of your saloon at once, for I am so very anxious to see your pianofortes." "With all my heart," said he, "just as you please; but for all that I believe I am not mistaken." He opened the door, and I ran straight up to one of the three pianos that stood in the room. I began to play, and he scarcely gave himself time to glance at the letter, so anxious was he to ascertain the truth; so he only read the signature. "Oh!" cried he, embracing me, and crossing himself and making all sorts of grimaces from intense delight. I will write to you another day about his pianos. He then took me to a coffee-house, but when we went in I really thought I must bolt, there was such a stench of tobacco-smoke, but for all that I was obliged to bear it for a good hour. I submitted to it all with a good grace, though I could have fancied that I was in Turkey. He made a great fuss to me about a certain Graf, a composer (of flute concertos only); and said, "He is something quite extraordinary," and every other possible exaggeration. I became first hot and then cold from nervousness. This Graf is a brother of the two who are in Harz and Zurich. He would not give up his intention, but took me straight to him--a dignified gentleman indeed; he wore a dressing-gown that I would not be ashamed to wear in the street. All his words are on stilts, and he has a habit of opening his mouth before knowing what he is going to say; so he often shuts it again without having said anything. After a great deal of ceremony he produced a concerto for two flutes; I was to play first violin. The concerto is confused, not natural, too abrupt in its modulations, and devoid of all genius. When it was over I praised it highly, for, indeed, he deserves this. The poor man must have had labor and study enough to write it. At last they brought a clavichord of Stein's out of the next room, a very good one, but inch-thick with dust. Herr Graf, who is director here, stood there looking like a man who had hitherto believed his own modulations to be something very clever, but all at once discovers that others may be still more so, and without grating on the ear. In a word, they all seemed lost in astonishment.

66.

Augsburg, Oct. 17, 1777.

WITH regard to the daughter of Hamm, the Secretary of War, I can only say that there can be no doubt she has a decided talent for music, for she has only learned three years, and can play a number of pieces very well. I find it difficult, however, to explain distinctly the impression she makes on me while she is playing; she seems to me so curiously constrained, and she has such an odd way of stalking over the keys with her long bony fingers! To be sure, she has had no really good master, and if she remains in Munich she will never become what her father wishes and hopes, for he is eager beyond measure that she should one day be a distinguished pianiste. If she goes to papa at Salzburg, it will be a twofold benefit to her, both as to music and common sense, of which she certainly has no great share. She has often made me laugh very much, and you would have amusement enough for your trouble. She is too absent to think of eating much. You say I ought to have practised with her? I really could not for laughing, for when I occasionally played something with the right hand, she instantly said bravissimo, and that in the voice of a little mouse.

I will now relate to you as briefly as possible the Augsburg history to which I have already alluded. Herr von Fingerle, who sent his compliments to you, was also at Herr Graf's. The people were very civil, and discussed the concert I proposed to give, all saying, "It will be one of the most brilliant concerts ever given in Augsburg. You have a great advantage in having made the acquaintance of our Stadtpfleger Langenmantl; besides, the name of Mozart has much influence here." So we separated mutually pleased. I must now tell you that Herr von Langenmantl, junior, when at Herr Stein's, said that he would pledge himself to arrange a concert in the Stube, [Footnote: The Bauernstube, the Patrician Casino.] (as something very select, and complimentary to me,) for the nobility alone. You can't think with what zeal he spoke, and promised to undertake it. We agreed that I should call on him the next morning for the answer; accordingly I went; this was on the 13th. He was very polite, but said that as yet he could not say anything decided. I played there again for an hour, and he invited me next day, the 14th, to dinner. In the forenoon he sent to beg that I would come to him at eleven o'clock, and bring some pieces with me, as he had asked some of the professional musicians, and they intended to have some music. I immediately sent some music, and went myself at eleven, when, with many lame excuses, he coolly said, "By the by, I could do nothing about the concert; oh, I was in such a rage yesterday on your account. The patrician members of the Casino said that their cashbox was at a very low ebb, and that you were not the kind of virtuoso who could expect a souverain d'or." I merely smiled, and said, "I quite agree with them." N. B.--He is Intendant of Music in the Casino, and the old father a magistrate! but I cared very little about it. We sat down to dinner; the old gentleman also dined up-stairs with us, and was very civil, but did not say a word about the concert. After dinner I played two concertos, something out of my head, and then a trio of Hafeneder's on the violin. I would gladly have played more, but I was so badly accompanied that it gave me the colic. He said to me, good-naturedly,

"Don't let us part company to-day; go to the play with us, and return here to supper." We were all very merry. When we came back from the theatre, I played again till we went to supper. Young Langenmantl had already questioned me in the forenoon about my cross, [Footnote: Mozart, by his father's desire, wore the "Order of the Golden Spur," conferred on him by the Pope.] and I told him exactly how I got it, and what it was. He and his brother-in-law said over and over again, "Let us order a cross, too, that we may be on a par with Herr Mozart." I took no notice of this. They also repeatedly said, "Hallo! you sir! Knight of the Spur!" I said not a word; but during supper it became really too bad. "What may it have cost? three ducats? must you have permission to wear it? Do you pay extra for leave to do so? We really must get one just like it." An officer there of the name of Bach, said, "For shame! what would you do with the cross?" That young ass, Kurzen Mantl, winked at him, but I saw him, and he knew that I did. A pause ensued, and then he offered me snuff, saying, "There, show that you don't care a pinch of snuff for it." I still said nothing. At length he began once more in a sneering tone: "I may then send to you to-morrow, and you will be so good as to lend me the cross for a few minutes, and I will return it immediately after I have spoken to the goldsmith about it. I know that when I ask him its value (for he is a queer kind of man) he will say a Bavarian thaler; it can't be worth more, for it is not gold, only copper, ha! ha!" I said, "By no means--it is lead, ha! ha!" I was burning with anger and rage. "I say," rejoined he, "I suppose I may, if need be, leave out the spur?" "Oh, yes," said I, "for you have one already in your head; I, too, have one in mine, but of a very different kind, and I should be sorry to exchange mine for yours; so there, take a pinch of snuff on that!" and I offered him snuff. He became pale with rage, but began again: "Just now that order looked so well on that grand waistcoat of yours." I made no reply, so he called the servant and said "Hallo! you must have greater respect for my brother-in-law and myself when we wear the same cross as Herr Mozart; take a pinch of snuff on that!" I started up; all did the same, and showed great embarrassment. I took my hat and my sword, and said, "I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you to-morrow." "To-morrow I shall not be here." "Well, then, the next morning, when I shall still be here." "Ho, ho! you surely don't mean to"--"I mean nothing; you are a set of boors, so good-night," and off I went.

Next day I told the whole story to Herr Stein, Herr Geniaulx, and to Herr Director Graf--I don't mean about the cross, but how highly disgusted I was at their having bragged so much about a concert, and now it had come to nothing. "I call this making a fool of a person and leaving him in the lurch. I am very sorry that I ever came here. I could not possibly have believed that in Augsburg, my papa's native town, such an insult could have been offered to his son." You cannot imagine, dear papa, how angry and indignant these three gentlemen were, saying, "Oh, you must positively give a concert here; we don't stand in need of the patricians." I, however, adhered to my resolution and said, "I am willing to give a small farewell concert at Herr Stein's, for my few kind friends here who are connoisseurs." The Director was quite distressed, and exclaimed, "It is abominable--shameful; who could have believed such a thing of Langenmantl! Par Dieu! if he really wished it, no doubt it would have been carried through." We then separated. The Director went down-stairs with me in his dressing-gown as far as the door, and Herr Stein and Geniaulx walked home with me. They urged us to make up our mind to stay here for a time, but we remained firm. I must not forget to say that, when young Langenmantl lisped out to me, in his usual cool indifferent way, the pleasant news as to my concert, he added, that the patricians invited me to their concert next Thursday. I said, "I will come as one of the audience." "Oh, we hope you will give us the pleasure of hearing you play also." "Well, perhaps I may; why not?" But having received so grievous an insult the next evening, I resolved not to go near him again, to steer clear of the whole set of patricians, and to leave Augsburg. During dinner, on the 16th, I was called out by a servant-maid of Langenmantl's, who wished to know whether he might expect me to go with him to the concert? and he begged I would come to him immediately after dinner. I sent my compliments in return, that I had no intention of going to the concert; nor could I come to him, as I was already engaged (which was quite true); but that I would call next morning to take leave of him, as on Saturday next, at furthest, I was to leave Augsburg. In the meantime Herr Stein had been to see the other patricians of the Evangelical party, and spoke so strongly to them that these gentlemen were quite excited. "What!" said they, "shall we permit a man who does us so much honor to leave this without even hearing him? Herr von Langenmantl, having already heard him, thinks that is enough."

At last they became so excited that Herr Kurzenmantl, the excellent youth, was obliged to go to Herr Stein himself to entreat him, in the name of the patricians, to do all in his power to persuade me to attend the concert, but to say that I must not expect great things. At last I went with him, though with considerable reluctance. The principal gentlemen were very polite, particularly Baron Belling, who is a director or some such animal; he opened my music-portfolio himself. I brought a symphony with me, which they played, and I took a violin part. The orchestra is enough to throw any one into fits. That young puppy Langenmantl was all courtesy, but his face looked as impertinent as ever; he said to me, "I was rather afraid you might have escaped us, or been offended by our jokes the other evening." "By no means," said I coolly; "you are still very young; but I advise you to be more cautious in future, for I am not accustomed to such jokes. The subject on which you were so facetious did you no credit, nor did it answer your purpose, for you see I still wear the order; you had better have chosen some other topic for your wit." "I assure you," said he, "it was only my

brother-in-law who"--"Let us say no more about it," said I. "We had nearly been deprived of the pleasure of seeing you altogether," he rejoined. "Yes; had it not been for Herr Stein, I certainly should not have come; and, to tell you the truth, I am only here now to prevent you Augsburg gentlemen being the laughing-stock of other countries, which would have been the case if I had told them that I was eight days in the city where my father was born, without any one there taking the trouble to hear me!" I played a concerto, and all went off well except the accompaniment; and as a finale I played a sonata. At the close, Baron Belling thanked me in the warmest manner in the name of all the company; and, begging me to consider only their good will, presented me with two ducats.

They give me no peace here till I agree to give a public concert next Saturday. Perhaps--but I own I am heartily sick of it all. I shall be indeed glad when I arrive at a place where there is a court. I may with truth say that, were it not for my kind cousins, my regrets would be as numberless as the hairs on my head for ever having come to Augsburg. I must write you some account of my fair cousin, but you must excuse my deferring this till to-morrow, for one ought to be quite fresh to praise her as highly as she deserves.

The 17th.--I now write early in the morning to say that my cousin is pretty, intelligent, lovable, clever, and gay, probably because she has lived so much in society; she was also some time at Munich. We do, indeed, exactly suit each other, for she too is rather inclined to be satirical, so we banter our friends most merrily together. [The Mozart family were both well known and dreaded for their somewhat sharp tongues.]

67.

Augsburg, Oct. 17, 1777.

I must now tell you about the Stein pianos. Before seeing these, Spath's pianos were my favorites; but I must own that I give the preference to those of Stein, for they damp much better than those in Ratisbon. If I strike hard, whether I let my fingers rest on the notes or lift them, the tone dies away at the same instant that it is heard. Strike the keys as I choose, the tone always remains even, never either jarring or failing to sound. It is true that a piano of this kind is not to be had for less than three hundred florins, but the pains and skill which Stein bestows on them cannot be sufficiently repaid. His instruments have a feature of their own; they are supplied with a peculiar escapement. Not one in a hundred makers attends to this; but, without it, it is impossible that a piano should not buzz and jar. His hammers fall as soon as they touch the strings, whether the keys be held down by the fingers or not. When he has completed an instrument of this class, (which he told me himself,) he tries all kinds of passages and runs on it, and works away at it, testing its powers till it is capable of doing anything, for he labors not for his own benefit alone, (or he might be saved much trouble,) but for that of music. He often says, "If I were not such a passionate lover of music, playing also myself a little on the piano, I should long ago have lost patience with my work, but I like my instruments to respond to the player, and to be durable." His pianos do really last well. He warrants the sounding-board neither breaking nor cracking; when he has finished one, he exposes it in the air to rain, snow, sun, and every kind of devilry, that it may give way, and then inserts slips of wood which he glues in, making it quite strong and solid. He is very glad when it does crack, for then he is pretty sure nothing further can happen to it. He frequently makes cuts into them himself, and then glues them up, thus making them doubly strong. He has three of these pianos at this moment finished, and I played on them again to-day.

We dined to-day with young Herr Gassner, who is the handsome widower of a lovely young wife; they were only married two years. He is an excellent and kind young man; he gave us a capital dinner. A colleague of the Abbe Henri Bullinger, and Wishofer also dined there, and an ex-Jesuit, who is at present Capellmeister in the cathedral here. He knows Herr Schachtner well [court-trumpeter at Salzburg], and was leader of his band in Ingolstadt; he is called Father Gerbl. Herr Gassner, and one of his wife's unmarried sisters, mamma, our cousin, and I went after dinner to Herr Stein's. At four o'clock came the Capellmeister and Herr Schmittbauer, the organist of St. Ulrich, a worthy good old man. I played at sight a sonata of Becke's, which was rather difficult, but very poor, al solito. The astonishment of the Capellmeister and the organist was indescribable. I have played my six sonatas by heart repeatedly, both here and in Munich. The fifth in G, I played at the distinguished Casino concert, and the last in D, which has an incomparable effect on Stein's pianos. The pedals, pressed by the knees, are also better made by him than by any one else; you scarcely require to touch them to make them act, and as soon as the pressure is removed not the slightest vibration is perceptible.

To-morrow perhaps I shall come to his organs, that is, write to you about them, and I reserve for the last the subject of his little daughter. When I said to Herr Stein that I should like to play on one of his organs, as the organ was my passion, he seemed surprised, and said, "What! such a man as you, so great a pianist, like to play on an instrument devoid of sweetness and expression, with no gradations from piano to forte, but always going on the same?" "That does not signify; the organ always was,

both in my eyes and ears, the king of all instruments." "Well, just as you please." So we went together. I could readily perceive from his conversation that he did not expect me to do great things on his organ, evidently thinking that I should handle it in the style of a piano. He told me that by Schobert's own desire he had taken him also to the organ, "and very nervous it made me," said he, "for Schobert had told everybody, and the church was nearly full. I did not doubt the man's spirit, fire, and execution; still, this does not much suit the organ. But the moment he began my opinion was entirely changed." I only said in reply, "Do you then think, Herr Stein, that I am likely to run wild on the organ?" "Oh! you!"--When we came to the organ-loft, I began a prelude, when he laughed. A fugue followed. "I can now quite understand why you like to play the organ," said he, "when you can play in this manner." At first the pedal was a little awkward for me, as it was without the breaks, beginning with C, then D E in one row, whereas with us D and E are above, just where E flat and F sharp are here; but I quickly mastered it.

I went also to try the old organ at St. Ulrich's. The stair that leads to it is really dreadful. I requested that some other person might play the organ for me, that I might go down and listen to it, for above the organ has no effect; but I profited very little by this, for the young leader of the choir, a priest, made such reckless runs on the organ that it was impossible to understand them, and when he attempted harmonies they proved only discords, being always false. Afterwards they would insist on our going to a coffee-room, for mamma and my cousin were with us. A certain Father Emilian, a conceited jackass and a sorry witling, was very sweet on my cousin, and wished to have his jest with her, but she made a jest of him. At last, when rather tipsy, (which soon occurred,) he began to talk about music, and sang a canon, saying, "I never in my life heard anything finer." I said, "I regret that I can't sing it with you, for nature has not given me the power of intoning." "No matter," said he. So he began. I made the third, but I sang different words--thus: "Pater Emilian, oh! thou numskull"--sotto voce to my cousin; then we laughed on for at least half an hour. The Pater said to me, "If we only could be longer together, we could discuss the art of musical composition." "In that case," said I, "our discussion would soon come to an end." A famous rap on the knuckles for him! TO BE CONTINUED.

68.

Augsburg, Oct. 23, 1777.

MY concert took place yesterday. Count Wolfeck interested himself much in it, and brought some chanoinesses with him. I went to his lodgings the very day I arrived, but he was not here at that time. A few days ago he returned, and on hearing that I was still in Augsburg, he did not wait for a visit from me, but at the very moment when I was taking my hat and sword to go to call on him he walked in. I must now give you a description of the last few days before my concert. Last Saturday I was at St. Ulrich's, as I already told you. Some days before my cousin took me with him to present me to the Prelate of the Holy Cross, a kind excellent old man. Previous to going to St. Ulrich's last Saturday, I went with my cousin to the Monastery of the Holy Cross, as the first time I was there neither the Deacon nor the Procurator was at home, and my cousin told me that the Procurator was very jolly. [Here mamma inserts a few lines--which frequently occurs in the letters. She says at the close:] "I am quite surprised that Schuster's duets [see No. 63] are still"--Wolfgang: "Oh, he has got them." Mamma: "No, indeed; he always writes that he has not got them." Wolfgang: "I hate arguing; I am sure he has got them, so there's an end of it." Mamma: "You are mistaken." Wolfgang: "No; I am right. I will show it to mamma in his own writing." Mamma: "Well, where is it?" Wolfgang: "Here; read it." She is reading it at this moment.

Last Sunday I attended service at the Holy Cross, and at ten o'clock we went to Herr Stein's, where we tried over a couple of symphonies for the concert. Afterwards I dined with my cousin at the Holy Cross, where a band played during dinner. Badly as they play in the monastery, I prefer it to the Augsburg orchestra. I played a symphony, and a concerto in B of Vanhall's, on the violin, with unanimous applause. The Dean is a kind, jovial man, a cousin of Eberlin [deceased Capellmeister of Salzburg]. His name is Zeschinger. He knows papa well. At night, after supper, I played the Strassburg concerto; it went as smooth as oil; every one praised the fine pure tone. A small clavichord was then brought in, on which I preluded, and played a sonata and the Fischer variations. Some of those present whispered to the Dean that he ought to hear me play in the organ style. I asked him to give me a theme, which he declined, but one of the monks did so. I handled it quite leisurely, and all at once (the fugue being in G minor) I brought in a lively movement in the major key, but in the same tempo, and then at the end the original subject, only reversed. At last it occurred to me to employ the lively movement for the subject of the fugue also, I did not hesitate long, but did so at once, and it went as accurately as if Daser [a Salzburg tailor] had taken its measure. The Dean was in a state of great excitement. "It is over," said he, "and it's no use talking about it, but I could scarcely have believed what I have just heard; you are indeed an able man. My prelate told me beforehand that in his life he never heard any one play the organ in a more finished and solid style" (he having heard me some days previously when the Dean was not here). At last some one brought me a fugued sonata, and asked me to play it. But I said, "Gentlemen, I really must say this is asking rather too much, for it is not likely I shall be able to play such a sonata

at sight." "Indeed, I think so too; it is too much; no one could do it," said the Dean eagerly, being all in my favor. "At all events," said I, "I can but try." I heard the Dean muttering all the time behind me, "Oh, you rogue! oh, you knave!" I played till 11 o'clock, bombarded and besieged, as it were, by fugue themes.

Lately, at Stein's, he brought me a sonata of Becke's, but I think I already told you this. A propos, as to his little girl, [Footnote: Nanette, at that time eight years old; afterwards the admirable wife of Andreas Streicher, the friend of Schiller's youth, and one of Beethoven's best friends in Vienna.] any one who can see and hear her play without laughing must be Stein [stone] like her father. She perches herself exactly opposite the treble, avoiding the centre, that she may have more room to throw herself about and make grimaces. She rolls her eyes and smirks; when a passage comes twice she always plays it slower the second time, and if three times, slower still. She raises her arms in playing a passage, and if it is to be played with emphasis she seems to give it with her elbows and not her fingers, as awkwardly and heavily as possible. The finest thing is, that if a passage occurs (which ought to flow like oil) where the fingers must necessarily be changed, she does not pay much heed to that, but lifts her hands, and quite coolly goes on again. This, moreover, puts her in a fair way to get hold of a wrong note, which often produces a curious effect. I only write this in order to give you some idea of pianoforte-playing and teaching here, so that you may in turn derive some benefit from it. Herr Stein is quite infatuated about his daughter. She is eight years old, and learns everything by heart. She may one day be clever, for she has genius, but on this system she will never improve, nor will she ever acquire much velocity of finger, for her present method is sure to make her hand heavy. She will never master what is the most difficult and necessary, and in fact the principal thing in music, namely, time; because from her infancy she has never been in the habit of playing in correct time. Herr Stein and I discussed this point together for at least two hours. I have, however, in some degree converted him; he asks my advice now on every subject. He was quite devoted to Becke, and now he sees and hears that I can do more than Becke, that I make no grimaces, and yet play with so much expression that he himself acknowledges none of his acquaintances have ever handled his pianos as I do. My keeping so accurately in time causes them all much surprise. The left hand being quite independent in the tempo rubato of an adagio, they cannot at all comprehend. With them the left hand always yields to the right. Count Wolfeck and others, who have a passionate admiration for Becke, said lately publicly in a concert that I beat Becke hollow. Count Wolfeck went round the room saying, "In my life I never heard anything like this." He said to me, "I must tell you that I never heard you play as you did to-day, and I mean to say so to your father as soon as I go to Salzburg." What do you think was the first piece after the symphony? The concerto for three pianos. Herr Demmler took the first part, I the second, and Herr Stein the third. I then played a solo, my last sonata in D, for Durnitz, and afterwards my concerto in B; then again a solo in the organ style, namely, a fugue in C minor, then all of a sudden a splendid sonata in C major, finishing with a rondo, all extempore. What a noise and commotion there was! Herr Stein did nothing but make faces and grimaces of astonishment. Herr Demmler was seized with fits of laughter, for he is a queer creature, and when anything pleases him exceedingly, he can't help laughing heartily; indeed, on this occasion he actually began to swear! Addio!

69.

Augsburg, Oct. 25, 1777.

The receipts of the concert were 90 florins, without deducting the expenses. Including, therefore, the two ducats we took in the Casino concert, we had 100 florins. The expenses of the concert did not exceed 16 florins 30 kreutzers; the room I had gratis. I believe most of the musicians will make no charge. We have now ALTOGETHER lost about 26 or 27 florins. This is not of much moment. I am writing this on Saturday the 25th. This morning early I received the letter with the sad news of Frau Oberbereiterin's death. Madlle. Tonerl can now purse up her mouth, or perhaps open it wide, and shut it again as empty as ever. As to the baker's daughter, I have no objection to make; I foresaw all this long ago. This was the cause of my reluctance to leave home, and finding it so difficult to go. I hope the affair is not by this time known all over Salzburg? I beg you, dear papa, most urgently to keep the matter quiet as long as possible, and in the mean time to pay her father on my account any expenses he may have incurred by her entrance into the convent, which I will repay gladly when I return to Salzburg.

I thank you most truly, dear papa, for your good wishes on my name-day. Do not be uneasy on my account, for I have always God before my eyes, I acknowledge His omnipotence, I dread His wrath; but I also know His love, His compassion and mercy towards His creatures, and that He will never forsake His servants. When His will is done I am resigned; so I never can fail to be happy and contented. I shall certainly also strive to live as strictly as possible in accordance with your injunctions and advice. Thank Herr Bullinger a thousand times for his congratulations. I mean to write to him soon and thank him myself, but I may in the mean time assure him that I neither know nor have any better, more sincere, or truer friend than himself. I beg also humbly to thank Madlle.

Sallerl; pray tell her I mean to enclose some verses to show my gratitude to her in my letter to Herr Bullinger. Thank my sister also; she is to keep the Schuster duets, and give herself no further trouble on the subject.

In your first letter, dear papa, you write that I lowered myself by my conduct to that lad Langenmantl. Anything but that! I was only straightforward, no more. I see you think he is still a boy; he is one or two and twenty, and a married man. Can any one be considered a boy who is married? I have never gone near him since. I left two cards for him to-day, and excused myself for not going in, having so many indispensable calls to make. I must now conclude, for mamma insists absolument on going to dinner, and then to pack. To-morrow we go straight to Wallerstein. My dear little cousin, who sends you her regards, is anything but a prude. She dressed a la Francaise to please me yesterday. She looked at least 5 per cent, prettier in consequence. Now, Addio!

On the 26th of October the mother and son set off to Mannheim. The mother writes that Wolfgang intended to write to Augsburg, "but he will scarcely be able to do so to-day, for he is now at the rehearsal of the oratorio; so I must beg you to accept my humble self instead." Wolfgang then adds:--

70.

Mannheim, Oct. 30, 1777.

I must beg you also to accept my insignificancy. I went to-day with Herr Danner to M. Cannabich's [Director of the Elector's orchestra]. He was uncommonly polite, and I played something for him on his piano, which is a very good one. We went together to the rehearsal. I could scarcely help laughing when I was presented to the musicians, because, though some who knew me by renomme were very civil and courteous, the rest, who knew nothing whatever about me, stared in such a ludicrous way, evidently thinking that because I am little and young nothing great or mature is to be found in me; but they shall soon find it out. Herr Cannabich is to take me himself to-morrow to Count Savioli, the Intendant of Music. One good thing is that the Elector's name-day is close at hand. The oratorio they are rehearsing is Handel's, but I did not stay to hear it, for they first rehearsed a Psalm Magnificat of the Vice-Capellmeister here, [Abbe] Vogler, which lasted a good hour. I must now conclude, for I have still to write to my cousin.

71.

Mannheim, Nov. 4, 1777.

I am at Cannabich's every day, and mamma went with me there to-day. He is a very different man from what he formerly was, [FOOTNOTE: Mozart had been at his house, when a boy, with his father.] and the whole orchestra say the same. He is very fond of me. He has a daughter who plays the piano very nicely, and in order to make him still more friendly towards me I am working just now at a sonata for her, which is finished all but the Rondo. When I had completed the first allegro and andante, I took it to him myself and played it over; you can't think what applause this sonata receives. There chanced to be some of the musicians there at the moment--young Danner, Lang, who plays the French horn, and the hautboy-player, whose name I forget, but who plays remarkably well, and has a pleasing delicate tone [Ramm]. I made him a present of a concerto for the hautboy; it is being copied in Cannabich's room. The man is wild with delight. I played him the concerto to-day at Cannabich's, and THOUGH KNOWN TO BE MINE it pleased very much. No one said that it was NOT WELL COMPOSED, because people here don't understand these things. They ought to apply to the Archbishop; he would soon put them on the right scent. [FOOTNOTE: The Archbishop never was satisfied with any of the compositions that Mozart wrote for his concerts, but invariably had some fault to find with them.] I played all my six sonatas to-day at Cannabich's. Herr Kapellmeister Holzbauer went with me to-day to Count Savioli's. Cannabich was there at the time. Herr Holzbauer said to the Count in Italian that I wished to have the honor of playing before his Serene Highness the Elector. "I was here fifteen years ago," said I, "but now I am older and more advanced, and I may say in music also"--"Oh!" said the Count, "you are"--I have no idea whom he took me for, as Cannabich interrupted him, but I affected not to hear, and entered into conversation with the others. Still I observed that he was speaking of me very earnestly. The Count then said to me, "I hear that you play the piano very tolerably?" I bowed.

I must now tell you about the music here. On Saturday, All-Saints' day, I attended high mass. The orchestra is very good and numerous. On each side ten or eleven violins, four tenors, two hautboys, two flutes, and two clarionets, two corni, four violoncellos, four bassoons, and four double basses, besides trumpets and kettle-drums. This should give fine music, but I would not venture to produce one of my masses here. Why? From their being short? No, everything is liked short. From their church style? By no

means; but solely because NOW in Mannheim, under present circumstances, it is necessary to write chiefly for the instruments, for nothing can possibly be conceived worse than the voices here. Six soprani, six alti, six tenori, and six bassi, to twenty violins and twelve bassi, are in the same proportion as 0 to 1. Is it not so, Herr Bullinger? It proceeds from this:--The Italians are miserably represented: they have only two musici here, and they are already old. This race is dying out. These soprano singers, too, would prefer singing counter-tenor; for they can no longer take the high notes. The few boys they have are wretched. The tenor and bass just like our singers at funerals. Vogler, who lately conducted the mass, is barren and frivolous--a man who imagines he can do a great deal, and does very little. The whole orchestra dislike him. To-day, Sunday, I heard a mass of Holzbauer's, which is now twenty-six years old, but excellent. He writes very well, and has a good church style, arranges the vocal parts as well as the instrumental, and writes good fugues. They have two organists here; it would be worth while to come to Mannheim on purpose to hear them--which I had a famous opportunity of doing, as it is the custom here for the organist to play during the whole of the Benedictus. I heard the second organist first, and then the other. In my opinion the second is preferable to the first; for when I heard the former, I asked, "Who is that playing on the organ?" "Our second organist." "He plays miserably." When the other began, I said, "Who may that be?" "Our first organist." "Why, he plays more miserably still." I believe if they were pounded together, something even worse would be the result. It is enough to kill one with laughing to look at these gentlemen. The second at the organ is like a child trying to lift a millstone. You can see his anguish in his face. The first wears spectacles. I stood beside him at the organ and watched him with the intention of learning something from him; at each note he lifts his hands entirely off the keys. What he believes to be his forte is to play in six parts, but he mostly makes fifths and octaves. He often chooses to dispense altogether with his right hand when there is not the slightest need to do so, and plays with the left alone; in short, he fancies that he can do as he will, and that he is a thorough master of his organ.

Mamma sends her love to you all; she cannot possibly write, for she has still to say her officium. We came home very late from the grand opera rehearsal. I must go to-morrow after high mass to the illustrious Electress; she is resolved absolument to teach me to knit filee. I am very eager about this, as she and the Elector wish that I should knit in public next Thursday at the great gala concert. The young Princess here, who is a child compared with the Electress, knits very prettily. The Zweenbruck and his Zwobrucken (Deux Ponts) arrived here at eight o'clock. A propos, mamma and I earnestly beg you, dear papa, to send our charming cousin a souvenir; we both regretted so much having nothing with us, but we promised to write to you to send her something. We wish two things to be sent--a double neckerchief in mamma's name, like the one she wears, and in mine some ornament; a box, or etui, or anything you like, only it must be pretty, for she deserves it. [FOOTNOTE: The father was still in possession of many of the ornaments and jewels presented to these children during their artistic tours.] She and her father took a great deal of trouble on our account, and wasted much time on us. My cousin took the receipts for me at my concert. Addio!

72.

Mannheim, Nov. 5, 1777.

My dear Coz--Buzz,--

I have safely received your precious epistle--thistle, and from it I perceive--achieve, that my aunt--gaunt, and you--shoe, are quite well--bell. I have to-day a letter--setter, from my papa--ah-ha, safe in my hands--sands. I hope you also got--trot, my Mannheim letter--setter. Now for a little sense--pence. The prelate's seizure--leisure, grieves me much--touch, but he will, I hope, get well--sell. You write--blight, you will keep--cheap, your promise to write to me--he-he, to Augsburg soon--spoon. Well, I shall be very glad--mad. You further write, indeed you declare, you pretend, you hint, you vow, you explain, you distinctly say, you long, you wish, you desire, you choose, command, and point out, you let me know and inform me that I must send you my portrait soon--moon. Eh, bien! you shall have it before long--song. Now I wish you good night--tight.

The 5th.--Yesterday I conversed with the illustrious Electress; and to-morrow, the 6th, I am to play in the gala concert, and afterwards, by desire of the Princess, in their private apartments. Now for something rational! I beg of you--why not?--I beg of you, my very dear cousin--why not?--when you write to Madame Tavernier in Munich, to convey a message from me to the two Demoiselles Freysinger--why not? odd enough! but why not?--and I humbly ask pardon of Madlle. Josepha--I mean the youngest, and pray why not? why should I not ask her pardon? strange! but I don't know why I should not, so I do ask her pardon very humbly--for not having yet sent the sonata I promised her, but I mean to do so as soon as possible. Why not? I don't know why not. I can now write no more--which makes my heart sore. To all my kind friends much love--dove. Addio! Your old young, till death--breath,

WOLFGANG AMADE ROSENCRANZ.

Miennham, eht ht5 rebotoc, 7771.

73.

Mannheim, Nov. 8, 1777.

This forenoon, at Herr Cannabich's, I wrote the Rondo of the sonata for his daughter; so they would not let me leave them all day. The Elector and the Electress, and the whole court, are very much pleased with me. Both times I played at the concert, the Elector and she stood close beside me at the piano. After the music was at an end, Cannabich managed that I should be noticed by the court. I kissed the Elector's hand, who said, "I think it is now fifteen years since you were here?" "Yes, your Highness, it is fifteen years since I had that honor." "You play inimitably." The Princess, when I kissed her hand, said, "Monsieur, je vous assure, on ne peut pas jouer mieux."

Yesterday I went with Cannabich to pay the visit mamma already wrote to you about [to Duke Carl Theodor's children], and there I conversed with the Elector as if he had been some kind friend. He is a most gracious and good Prince. He said to me, "I hear you wrote an opera at Munich" ["La finta Giardiniera"]? "Yes, your Highness, and, with your gracious permission, my most anxious wish is to write an opera here; I entreat you will not quite forget me. I could also write a German one, God be praised!" said I, smiling. "That may easily be arranged." He has one son and three daughters, the eldest of whom and the young Count play the piano. The Elector questioned me confidentially about his children. I spoke quite honestly, but without detracting from their master. Cannabich was entirely of my opinion. The Elector, on going away, took leave of me with much courtesy.

After dinner to-day I went, at two o'clock, with Cannabich to Wendling's, the flute-player, where they were all complaisance. The daughter, who was formerly the Elector's favorite, plays the piano very prettily; afterwards I played. I cannot describe to you the happy mood I was in. I played extempore, and then three duets with the violin, which I had never in my life seen, nor do I now know the name of the author. They were all so delighted that I--was desired to embrace the ladies. No hard task with the daughter, for she is very pretty.

We then went again to the Elector's children; I played three times, and from my heart too,--the Elector himself each time asking me to play. He seated himself each time close to me and never stirred. I also asked a certain Professor there to give me a theme for a fugue, and worked it out.

Now for my congratulations!

My very dearest papa,--I cannot write poetically, for I am no poet. I cannot make fine artistic phrases that cast light and shadow, for I am no painter; I can neither by signs nor by pantomime express my thoughts and feelings, for I am no dancer; but I can by tones, for I am a musician. So to-morrow, at Cannabich's, I intend to play my congratulations both for your name-day and birthday. Mon tres-cher pere, I can only on this day wish for you, what from my whole heart I wish for you every day and every night--health, long life, and a cheerful spirit. I would fain hope, too, that you have now less annoyance than when I was in Salzburg; for I must admit that I was the chief cause of this. They treated me badly, which I did not deserve, and you naturally took my part, only too lovingly. I can tell you this was indeed one of the principal and most urgent reasons for my leaving Salzburg in such haste. I hope, therefore, that my wish is fulfilled. I must now close by a musical congratulation. I wish that you may live as many years as must elapse before no more new music can be composed. Farewell! I earnestly beg you to go on loving me a little, and, in the mean time, to excuse these very poor congratulations till I open new shelves in my small and confined knowledge-box, where I can stow away the good sense which I have every intention to acquire.

74.

Mannheim, Nov. 13, 1777.

We received your last two letters, and now I must answer them in detail. Your letter desiring me to inquire about Becke's parents [in Wallerstein, No. 68] I did not get till I had gone to Mannheim, so too late to comply with your wish; but it never would have occurred to me to do so, for, in truth, I care very little about him. Would you like to know how I was received by him? Well and civilly; that is, he asked where I was going. I said, most probably to Paris. He then gave me a vast deal of advice, saying he had recently been there, and adding, "You will make a great deal by giving lessons, for the piano is highly prized in Paris." He also arranged that I

should dine at the officers' table, and promised to put me in the way of speaking to the Prince. He regretted very much having at that moment a sore throat, (which was indeed quite true,) so that he could not go out with me himself to procure me some amusement. He was also sorry that he could have no music in honor of me, because most of the musical people had gone that very day on some pedestrian excursion to--Heaven knows where! At his request I tried his piano, which is very good. He often said Bravo! I extemporized, and also played the sonatas in B and D. In short, he was very polite, and I was also polite, but grave. We conversed on a variety of topics--among others, about Vienna, and more particularly that the Emperor [Joseph II.] was no great lover of music. He said, "It is true he has some knowledge of composition, but of nothing else. I can still recall (and he rubbed his forehead) that when I was to play before him I had no idea what to play; so I began with some fugues and trifles of that kind, which in my own mind I only laughed at." I could scarcely resist saying, "I can quite fancy your laughing, but scarcely so loud as I must have done had I heard you!" He further said (what is the fact) that the music in the Emperor's private apartments is enough to frighten the crows. I replied, that whenever I heard such music, if I did not quickly leave the room it gave me a headache. "Oh! no; it has no such effect on me; bad music does not affect my nerves, but fine music never fails to give me a headache." I thought to myself again, such a shallow head as yours is sure to suffer when listening to what is beyond its comprehension.

Now for some of our news here. I was desired to go yesterday with Cannabich to the Intendant, Count Savioli, to receive my present. It was just what I had anticipated--a handsome gold watch. Ten Carolins would have pleased me better just now, though the watch and chain, with its appendages, are valued at twenty Carolins. Money is what is most needed on a journey; and, by your leave, I have now five watches. Indeed, I have serious thoughts of having a second watch-pocket made, and, when I visit a grandee, to wear two watches, (which is indeed the fashion here,) that no one may ever again think of giving me another. I see from your letter that you have not yet read Vogler's book. [FOOTNOTE: Ton Wissenschaft und Ton Kunst.] I have just finished it, having borrowed it from Cannabich. His history is very short. He came here in a miserable condition, performed on the piano, and composed a ballet. This excited the Elector's compassion, who sent him to Italy. When the Elector was in Bologna, he questioned Father Valoti about Vogler. "Oh! your Highness, he is a great man," &c., &c. He then asked Father Martini the same question. "Your Highness, he has talent; and by degrees, when he is older and more solid, he will no doubt improve, though he must first change considerably." When Vogler came back he entered the Church, was immediately appointed Court Chaplain, and composed a Miserere which all the world declares to be detestable, being full of false harmony. Hearing; that it was not much commended, he went to the Elector and complained that the orchestra played badly on purpose to vex and annoy him; in short, he knew so well how to make his game (entering into so many petty intrigues with women) that he became Vice-Capellmeister. He is a fool, who fancies that no one can be better or more perfect than himself. The whole orchestra, from the first to the last, detest him. He has been the cause of much annoyance to Holzbauer. His book is more fit to teach arithmetic than composition. He says that he can make a composer in three weeks, and a singer in six months; but we have not yet seen any proof of this. He despises the greatest masters. To myself he spoke with contempt of Bach [Johann Christian, J. Sebastian's youngest son, called the London Bach], who wrote two operas here, the first of which pleased more than the second, Lucio Silla. As I had composed the same opera in Milan, I was anxious to see it, and hearing from Holzbauer that Vogler had it, I asked him to lend it to me. "With all my heart," said he; "I will send it to you to-morrow without fail, but you won't find much talent in it." Some days after, when he saw me, he said with a sneer, "Well, did you discover anything very fine--did you learn anything from it? One air is rather good. What are the words?" asked he of some person standing near. "What air do you mean?" "Why, that odious air of Bach's, that vile--oh! yes, pupille amate. He must have written it after a carouse of punch." I really thought I must have laid hold of his pigtail; I affected, however, not to hear him, said nothing, and went away. He has now served out his time with the Elector.

The sonata for Madlle. Rosa Cannabich is finished. Last Sunday I played the organ in the chapel for my amusement. I came in while the Kyrie was going on, played the last part, and when the priest intoned the Gloria I made a cadence, so different, however, from what is usually heard here, that every one looked round in surprise, and above all Holzbauer. He said to me, "If I had known you were coming, I would have put out another mass for you." "Oh!" said I, "to puzzle me, I suppose?" Old Toeschi and Wendling stood all the time close beside me. I gave them enough to laugh at. Every now and then came a pizzicato, when I rattled the keys well; I was in my best humor. Instead of the Benedictus here, there is always a voluntary, so I took the ideas of the Sanctus and worked them out in a fugue. There they all stood making faces. At the close, after Ita missa est, I played a fugue. Their pedal is different from ours, which at first rather puzzled me, but I soon got used to it. I must now conclude. Pray write to us still at Mannheim. I know all about Misliweczeck's sonatas [see No. 64], and played them lately at Munich; they are very easy and agreeable to listen to. My advice is that my sister, to whom I humbly commend myself, should play them with much expression, taste, and fire, and learn them by heart. For these are sonatas which cannot fail to please every one, are not difficult to commit to memory, and produce a good effect when played with precision.

75.

Mannheim, Nov. 13, 1777.

Potz Himmel! Croatians, demons, witches, hags, and cross batteries! Potz Element! air, earth, fire, and water! Europe, Asia, Africa, and America! Jesuits, Augustines, Benedictines, Capucins, Minorites, Franciscans, Dominicans, Carthusians, and Knights of the Cross! privateers, canons regular and irregular, sluggards, rascals, scoundrels, imps, and villains all! donkeys, buffaloes, oxen, fools, blockheads, numskulls, and foxes! What means this? Four soldiers and three shoulder-belts! Such a thick packet and no portrait! [FOOTNOTE: The "Basle" (his cousin) had promised him her portrait. She sent it subsequently to Salzburg, where it still hangs in the Mozarteum.] I was so anxious about it--indeed, I felt sure of getting it, having yourself written long ago to say that I should have it soon, very soon. Perhaps you doubt my keeping my promise [about the ornaments--see No. 71], but I cannot think this either. So pray let me have the likeness as quickly as you can; and I trust it is taken as I entreated--in French costume.

How do I like Mannheim? As well as I can any place where my cousin is not. I hope, on the other hand, that you have at all events received my two letters--one from Hohenaltheim, and one from Mannheim--this, such as it is, being the third from here, but making the fourth in all. I must conclude, for we are just going to dinner, and I am not yet dressed. Love me as I love you, and then we shall never cease loving each other. Adieu! J'espere que vous aurez deja pris quelque lection dans la langue francaise, et je ne doute point que--ecoutez!--que vous aurez bientot le francais mieux que moi; car il y a certainement deux ans que je n'ai pas ecrit un mot de cette langue. Encore adieu! Je vous baise les mains.

76.

Mannheim, Nov. 14-16, 1777.

I, Johannes, Chrysostomus, Amadeus, Wolfgangus, Sigismundus, Mozart, plead guilty to having both yesterday and the day before (and very often besides) stayed away from home till twelve o'clock at night, from ten o'clock till the aforesaid hour, I being in the presence and company of M. Cannabich, his wife and daughter, the Herrn Schatzmeister, Ramm, and Lang, making doggerel rhymes with the utmost facility, in thought and word, but not in deed. I should not, however, have conducted myself in so reckless a manner if our ringleader, namely, the so-called Lisel (Elisabeth Cannabich), had not inveigled and instigated me to mischief, and I am bound to admit that I took great pleasure in it myself. I confess all these my sins and shortcomings from the depths of my heart; and in the hope of often having similar ones to confess, I firmly resolve to amend my present sinful life. I therefore beg for a dispensation if it can be granted; but, if not, it is a matter of indifference to me, for the game will go on all the same. Lusus enim suum habet ambitum, says the pious singer Meissner, (chap. 9, p. 24,) and also the pious Ascenditor, patron of singed coffee, musty lemonade, milk of almonds with no almonds in it, and, above all, strawberry ice full of lumps of ice, being himself a great connoisseur and artist in these delicacies.

The sonata I composed for Madlle. Cannabich I intend to write out as soon as possible on small paper, and to send it to my sister. I began to teach it to Madlle. Rose three days ago, and she has learned the allegro. The andante will give us most trouble, for it is full of expression, and must be played with accuracy and taste, and the fortes and pianos given just as they are marked. She is very clever, and learns with facility. Her right hand is very good, but the left is unhappily quite ruined. I must say that I do really feel very sorry for her, when I see her laboring away till she is actually panting for breath; and this not from natural awkwardness on her part, but because, being so accustomed to this method, she cannot play in any other way, never having been shown the right one. I said, both to her mother and herself, that if I were her regular master I would lock up all her music, cover the keys of the piano with a handkerchief, and make her exercise her right and left hand, at first quite slowly in nothing but passages and shakes, &c., until her hands were thoroughly trained; and after that I should feel confident of making her a genuine pianiste. They both acknowledged that I was right. It is a sad pity; for she has so much genius, reads very tolerably, has great natural aptitude, and plays with great feeling.

Now about the opera briefly. Holzbauer's music [for the first great German operetta, "Gunther von Schwarzburg"] is very beautiful, but the poetry is not worthy of such music. What surprises me most is, that so old a man as Holzbauer should still have so much spirit, for the opera is incredibly full of fire. The prima donna was Madame Elisabeth Wendling, not the wife of the flute-player, but of the violinist. She is in very delicate health; and, besides, this opera was not written for her, but for a certain Madame Danzi, who is now in England; so it does not suit her voice, and is too high for her. Herr Raaff, in four arias of somewhere about 450 bars, sang in a manner which gave rise to the remark that his want of voice was the principal cause of his singing so badly. When he begins an

air, unless at the same moment it recurs to your mind that this is Raaff, the old but once so renowned tenor, I defy any one not to burst out laughing. It is a fact, that in my own case I thought, if I did not know that this is the celebrated Raaff, I should be bent double from laughing, but as it is--I only take out my handkerchief to hide a smile. They tell me here that he never was a good actor; that people went to hear, but not to see him. He has by no means a pleasing exterior. In this opera he was to die, singing in a long, long, slow air; and he died laughing! and towards the end of the aria his voice failed him so entirely that it was impossible to stand it! I was in the orchestra next Wendling the flute-player, and as he had previously criticized the song, saying it was unnatural to sing so long before dying, adding, "I do think he will never die!" I said in return, "Have a little patience; it will soon be all over with him, for I can hear he is at the last gasp!" "And I too," said he, laughing. The second singer, Madlle. Strasserin, sang very well, and is an admirable actress.

There is a national stage here, which is permanent like that at Munich; German operettas are sometimes given, but the singers in them are wretched. Yesterday I dined with the Baron and Baroness von Hagen, Oberstjagermeister here. Three days ago I called on Herr Schmalz, a banker, to whom Herr Herzog, or rather Nocker and Schidl, had given me a letter. I expected to have found a very civil good sort of man. When I gave him the letter, he read it through, made me a slight bow, and said nothing. At last, after many apologies for not having sooner waited on him, I told him that I had played before the Elector. "Really!" Altum silentium. I said nothing, he said nothing. At last I began again: "I will no longer intrude on you. I have the honor to"--Here he interrupted me. "If I can be of any service to you, I beg"--"Before I leave this I must take the liberty to ask you"--"Not for money?" "Yes, if you will be so good as to"--"Oh! that I can't do; there is nothing in the letter about money. I cannot give you any money, but anything else"--"There is nothing else in which you can serve me--nothing whatever. I have the honor to take my leave." I wrote the whole history yesterday to Herr Herzog in Augsburg. We must now wait here for the answer, so you may still write to us at Mannheim. I kiss your hand, and am your young brother and father, as in your last letter you say "I am the old man and son." To-day is the 16th when I finish this, or else you will not know when it was sent off. "Is the letter ready?" "Yes, mamma, here it is!"

77.

Mannheim, Nov. 20, 1777.

The gala began again yesterday [in honor of the Elector's name-day]. I went to hear the mass, which was a spick-and-span new composition of Vogler's. Two days ago I was present at the rehearsal in the afternoon, but came away immediately after the Kyrie. I never in my life heard anything like it; there is often false harmony, and he rambles into the different keys as if he wished to drag you into them by the hair of your head; but it neither repays the trouble, nor does it possess any originality, but is only quite abrupt. I shall say nothing of the way in which he carries out his ideas. I only say that no mass of Vogler's can possibly please any composer (who deserves the name). For example, I suddenly hear an idea which is NOT BAD. Well, instead of remaining NOT BAD, no doubt it soon becomes good? Not at all! it becomes not only BAD, but VERY BAD, and this in two or three different ways: namely, scarcely has the thought arisen when something else interferes to destroy it; or he does not finish it naturally, so that it may remain good; or it is not introduced in the right place; or it is finally ruined by bad instrumentation. Such is Vogler's music.

Cannabich composes far better than when we knew him in Paris, but what both mamma and I remarked here at once in the symphonies is, that one begins just like another, always slow and unisono. I must now, dear papa, write you something about the Holy Cross in Augsburg, which I have always forgotten to do. I met with a great many civilities there, and the Prelate is the most good-natured man in the world--a kind, worthy old simpleton, who may be carried off at any moment, for his breath fails sadly. He recently--in fact, the very day we left--had an attack of paralysis. He, and the Dean and Procurator, begged us when we came back to Augsburg to drive straight to the Holy Cross. The Procurator is as jolly as Father Leopold at Seeon. [FOOTNOTE: A cloister in Lower Bavaria, that Wolfgang often visited with his father, as they had a dear friend there, Father Johannes.] My cousin told me beforehand what kind of man he was, so we soon became as well acquainted as if we had known each other for twenty years. I lent him the mass in F, and the first of the short masses in C, and the offertorium in counterpoint in D minor. My fair cousin has undertaken to be custodian of these. I got back the offertorium punctually, having desired that it should be returned first. They all, and even the Prelate, plagued me to give them a litany, De venerabili. I said I had not got it with me. I really was by no means sure; so I searched, but did not find it. They gave me no peace, evidently thinking that I only wished to evade their request; so I said, "I really have not the litany with me; it is at Salzburg. Write to my father; it is his affair. If he chooses to give it to you, well and good; if not, I have nothing to do with it." A letter from the Deacon to you will therefore probably soon make its appearance. Do just as you please, but if you do send him one, let it be the last in E flat; they have voices enough for anything, and a great many people will be assembled at that time; they even write for them to come from a distance, for it is their greatest festival. Adieu!

78.

Mannheim, Nov. 22, 1777.

THE first piece of information that I have to give you is, that my truthful letter to Herr Herzog in Augsburg, puncto Schmalzii, has had a capital effect. He wrote me a very polite letter in return, expressing his annoyance that I should have been received so uncourteously by detto Schmalz [melted butter]; so he herewith sent me a sealed letter to detto Herr Milk, with a bill of exchange for 150 florins on detto Herr Cheese. You must know that, though I only saw Herr Herzog once, I could not resist asking him to send me a draft on Herr Schmalz, or to Herrn Butter, Milk, and Cheese, or whom he would--a ca! This joke has succeeded; it is no good making a poor mouth!

We received this forenoon (the 21st) your letter of the 17th. I was not at home, but at Cannabich's, where Wendling was rehearsing a concerto for which I have written the orchestral accompaniments. To-day at six o'clock the gala concert took place. I had the pleasure of hearing Herr Franzl (who married a sister of Madame Cannabich's) play a concerto on the violin; he pleased me very much. You know that I am no lover of mere difficulties. He plays difficult music, but it does not appear to be so; indeed, it seems as if one could easily do the same, and this is real talent. He has a very fine round tone, not a note wanting, and everything distinct and well accentuated. He has also a beautiful staccato in bowing, both up and down, and I never heard such a double shake as his. In short, though in my opinion no WIZARD, he is a very solid violin-player.--I do wish I could conquer my confounded habit of writing crooked.

I am sorry I was not at Salzburg when that unhappy occurrence took place about Madame Adlgasserin, so that I might have comforted her; and that I would have done--particularly being so handsome a woman. [Footnote: Adlgasser was the organist of the cathedral. His wife was thought very stupid. See the letter of August 26, 1781.] I know already all that you write to me about Mannheim, but I never wish to say anything prematurely; all in good time. Perhaps in my next letter I may tell you of something VERY GOOD in your eyes, but only GOOD in mine; or something you will think VERY BAD, but I TOLERABLE; possibly, too, something only TOLERABLE for you, but VERY GOOD, PRECIOUS, and DELIGHTFUL for me! This sounds rather oracular, does it not? It is ambiguous, but still may be divined.

My regards to Herr Bullinger; every time that I get a letter from you, usually containing a few lines from him, I feel ashamed, as it reminds me that I have never once written to my best and truest friend, from whom I have received so much kindness and civility. But I cannot try to excuse myself. I only beg of him to do so for me as far as possible, and to believe that, as soon as I have a little leisure, I will write to him--as yet I have had none; for from the moment I know that it is even possible or probable that I may leave a place, I have no longer a single hour I can call my own, and though I have now a glimmer of hope, still I shall not be at rest till I know how things are. One of the oracle's sayings must come to pass. I think it will be the middle one or the last--I care not which, for at all events it will be something settled.

I no doubt wrote to you that Holzbauer's grand opera is in German. If not, I write it now. The title is "Gunther von Schwarzburg," but not our worshipful Herr Gunther, barber and councillor at Salzburg! "Rosamunde" is to be given during the ensuing Carnival, the libretto being a recent composition of Wieland's, and the music also a new composition of Herr Schweitzer. Both are to come here. I have already seen some parts of the opera and tried it over on the piano, but I say nothing about it as yet. The target you have had painted for me, to be given in my name to the shooting-match, is first-rate, and the verses inimitable. [Footnote: For cross-bow practice, attended weekly by a circle of his Salzburg friends. On the target was represented "the melancholy farewell of two persons dissolved in tears, Wolfgang and the 'Basle.'"] I have now no more to write, except that I wish you all a good night's rest, and that you may all sleep soundly till this letter comes to wake you. Adieu! I embrace from my heart--cart, my dear sister--blister, and am your dutiful and attached son,

WOLFGANG AMADE MOZART,

Knight of the Golden Spur, Member of the great Verona Academy, Bologna--oui, mon ami!

79.

Mannheim, Nov. 26, 1777. --MOREOVER, every one acquainted with Mannheim, even the nobility, advised me to come here. The reason why we are still in this place is that I have some thoughts of remaining the winter here, and I am only waiting for an answer from the Elector to decide my plans. The Intendant, Count Savioli, is a very worthy gentleman, and I told him to inform the Elector

that, this being such severe weather for travelling, I am willing to remain here to teach the young Count [Carl Theodor's son]. He promised me to do his best for me, but said that I must have patience till the gala days were over. All this took place with the consent and at the SUGGESTION of Cannabich. When I told him that I had spoken to Savioli and what I had said, he replied he really thought it was more likely to be brought about than not. Indeed, Cannabich spoke to the Elector on the subject before the Count did so; and now I must wait to hear the result. I am going to call on Herr Schmalz to draw my 150 florins, for my landlord would no doubt prefer the sound of gold to that of music. I little thought that I should have the gift of a watch here, [see No. 74,] but such is again the case. I would have been off long ago, but every one says to me, "Where do you intend to go for the winter? Travelling is detestable in such weather; stay here." Cannabich also wishes it very much; so now I have taken steps to do so, and as such an affair cannot be hurried, I must wait with patience, and I hope soon to be able to send you good news. I have already two pupils certain, besides the ARCH ones, who certainly won't give me less than a louis each monthly. Without these I could not indeed manage to remain. Now let the matter rest as it is, or as it may be, what avail useless speculations? What is to occur we do not know; still in so far we do! what God wills!

Now for a cheerful allegro--non siete si pegro. [Footnote: "Don't be so desponding."] If we do leave this, we shall go straight to--where? To Weilburg, or whatever the name of the place may be, to the Princess, sister of the Prince of Orange, whom we knew so well at the Hague. There we shall stay--N. B., so long as we like the officers' table, and no doubt receive at least six louis-d'or.

A few days ago Herr Sterkel came here from Wurzburg. The day before yesterday, the 24th, I dined with Cannabich's, and again at Oberstjager von Hagen's, and spent the evening al solito with Cannabich, where Sterkel joined us, [Footnote: Abbe Sterkel, a favorite composer and virtuoso on the piano, whom Beethoven, along with Simrock, Ries, and the two Rombergs, visited in the autumn of 1791, in Aschaffenberg.] and played five duets [sonatas with violin], but so quick that it was difficult to follow the music, and neither distinctly nor in time. Every one said the same. Madlle. Cannabich played my six sonatas, and in fact better than Sterkel. I must now conclude, for I cannot write in bed, and I am too sleepy to sit up any longer.

80.

Mannheim, Nov. 29, 1777.

I RECEIVED this morning your letter of the 24th, and perceive that you cannot reconcile yourself to the chances of good or bad fortune, if, indeed, the latter is to befall us. Hitherto, we four have neither been very lucky nor very unlucky, for which I thank God. You make us many reproaches which we do not deserve. We spend nothing but what is absolutely necessary, and as to what is required on a journey, you know that as well or better than we do. No one BUT MYSELF has been the cause of our remaining so long in Munich; and had I been alone I should have stayed there altogether. Why were we fourteen days in Augsburg? Surely you cannot have got my letters from there? I wished to give a concert. They played me false, so I thus lost eight days. I was absolument determined to go away, but was not allowed, so strong was the wish that I should give a concert. I wished to be urged to do so, and I was urged. I gave the concert; this accounts for the fourteen days. Why did we go direct to Mannheim? This I answered in my last letter. Why are we still here? How can you suppose that I would stay here without good cause? But my father, at all events, should--Well! you shall hear my reasons and the whole course of the affair; but I had quite resolved not to write to you on the subject until I could say something decided, (which even yet I cannot do,) on purpose to avoid causing you care and anxiety, which I always strive to do, for I knew that uncertain intelligence would only fret you. But when you ascribe this to my negligence, thoughtlessness, and indolence, I can only regret your having such an opinion of me, and from my heart grieve that you so little know your son. I am not careless, I am only prepared for the worst; so I can wait and bear everything patiently, so long as my honor and my good name of Mozart remain uninjured. But if it must be so, so let it be. I only beg that you will neither rejoice nor lament prematurely; for whatever may happen, all will be well if we only have health; for happiness exists--merely in the imagination.

Last Thursday week I went in the forenoon to wait on Count Savioli, and asked him if it were possible to induce the Elector to keep me here this winter, as I was anxious to give lessons to his children. His answer was, "I will suggest it to the Elector, and if it depends on me, the thing will certainly be done." In the afternoon I went to Cannabich's, and as I had gone to Savioli by his advice, he immediately asked me if I had been there. I told him everything, on which he said, "I should like you very much to spend the winter with us, but still more to see you in some permanent situation." I replied, "I could wish nothing better than to be settled near you, but I don't see how it is possible. You have already two Capellmeisters, so I don't know what I could have, for I would not be subordinate to Vogler." "That you would never be," said he. "Here not one of the orchestra is under the Capellmeister, nor even under the Intendant. The Elector might appoint you Chamber Court composer; only wait a little, and I will speak to Count Savioli on the subject." On the Thursday after there was a grand concert. When the Count saw me, he apologized for not having yet spoken to

the Elector, these being still gala days; but as soon as they were over (next Monday) he would certainly speak to his Royal Highness. I let three days pass, and, still hearing nothing whatever, I went to him to make inquiries. He said, "My good M. Mozart, (this was yesterday, Friday,) today there was a chasse, so it was impossible for me to ask the Elector, but to-morrow at this hour I will certainly give you an answer." I begged him not to forget it. To tell you the truth, when I left him I felt rather indignant, so I resolved to take with me the easiest of my six variations of the Fischer minuet, (which I wrote here for this express purpose,) to present to the young Count, in order to have an opportunity to speak to the Elector myself. When I went there, you cannot conceive the delight of the governess, by whom I was most politely received. When I produced the variations, and said that they were intended for the young Count, she said, "Oh! that is charming, but I hope you have something for the Countess also." "Nothing as yet," said I, "but if I stay here long enough to have time to write something I will do so." "A propos," said she, "I am so glad that you stay the winter here." "I? I have not heard a word of it." "That does surprise me; how very odd! for the Elector told me so himself lately; he said, 'By the by, Mozart remains here all winter.'" "Well, when he said so, he was the only man who could say so, for without the Elector I of course cannot remain here;" and then I told her the whole story. We agreed that I should come the next day (that is, to-day) at four o'clock, and bring some piece of music for the Countess. She was to speak to the Elector before I came; and I should be certain to meet him. I went today, but he had not been there at all; but I shall go again to-morrow. I have written a Rondo for the Countess. Have I not then sufficient cause to stay here and await the result? As this important step is finally taken, ought I at this moment to set off? I have now an opportunity of speaking to the Elector myself. I shall most probably spend the winter here, for I am a favorite with his Royal Highness, who thinks highly of me, and knows what I can do. I hope to be able to give you good news in my next letter. I entreat you once more neither to rejoice nor to be uneasy too soon, and not to confide the affair to any one except Herr Bullinger and my sister. I send my sister the allegro and the andante of the sonata I wrote for Madlle. Cannabich. The Rondo will follow shortly; the packet would have been too heavy had I sent it with the others. You must be satisfied with the original, for you can more easily get it copied for six kreutzers a sheet than I for twenty-four. Is not that dear? Adieu! Possibly you have heard some stray bits of this sonata; for at Cannabich's it is sung three times a day at least, played on the piano and violin, or whistled--only sotto voce, to be sure.

81.

Mannheim, Dec. 3, 1777.

I CAN still write nothing certain about my fate here. Last Monday, after going three days in succession to my ARCH pupils, morning and afternoon, I had the good fortune at last to meet the Elector. We all, indeed, thought that I had again come in vain, as it was so late in the day, but at length we saw him coming. The governess made the Countess seat herself at the piano, and I placed myself beside her to give her a lesson, and it was thus the Elector found us on entering. We rose, but he desired us to continue the lesson. When she had finished playing, the governess addressed him, saying that I had written a beautiful Rondo. I played it, and it pleased him exceedingly. At last he said, "Do you think that she will be able to learn it?" "Oh! yes," said I; "I only wish I had the good fortune to teach it to her myself." He smiled, and said, "I should also like it; but would it not be prejudicial to her to have two masters?" "Oh, no! your Highness," said I; "it all depends on whether she has a good or a bad one. I hope your Highness will place trust and confidence in me." "Oh, assuredly," said he. The governess then said, "M. Mozart has also written these variations on the Fischer minuet for the young Count." I played them, and he seemed to like them much. He now began to jest with the Countess. I thanked him for his present of a watch. He said, "I must reflect on your wish; how long do you intend to remain here?" My answer was, "As long as your Highness commands me to do so;" and then the interview was at an end. I went there again this morning, and was told that the Elector had repeated yesterday, "Mozart stays here this winter." Now I am fairly in for it; so you see I must wait.

I dined to-day (for the fourth time) with Wendling. Before dinner, Count Savioli came in with Capellmeister Schweitzer, who arrived yesterday evening. Savioli said to me, "I spoke again yesterday to the Elector, but he has not yet made up his mind." I answered, "I wish to say a few words to you privately;" so we went to the window. I told him the doubt the Elector had expressed, and complained of the affair dragging on so long, and said how much I had already spent here, entreating him to persuade the Elector to engage me permanently; for I fear that he will give me so little during the winter that it will be impossible for me to remain. "Let him give me work; for I like work." He said he would certainly suggest it to him, but this evening it was out of the question, as he was not to go to court; to-morrow, however, he promised me a decided answer. Now, let what will happen. If he does not engage me, I shall, at all events, apply for a sum of money for my travelling expenses, as I have no intention to make him a present of the Rondo and the variations. I assure you I am very easy on the subject, because I feel quite certain that, come what may, all will go right. I am entirely submissive to the will of God.

Your letter of the 27th arrived yesterday, and I hope you received the allegro and andante of the sonata. I now enclose the Rondo. Schweitzer is a good, worthy, upright man, dry and candid like our Haydn; only his mode of speaking is more polished. There are some very beautiful things in his new opera, and I don't doubt that it will prove a great success. "Alceste" is much liked, and yet it is not half so fine as "Rosamunde." Being the first German operetta no doubt contributed very much to its popularity; but now--N. B., on minds chiefly attracted by novelty--it scarcely makes the same impression. Herr Wieland, whose poetry it is, is also to come here this winter. That is a man I should indeed like to see. Who knows? Perhaps I may. When you read this, dear papa, please God, all will be settled.

If I do stay here, I am going to Paris during Lent with Herr Wendling, Herr Ramm, the hautboy-player, who plays admirably, and Ballet-master Cauchery. Wendling assures me I shall never regret it; he has been twice in Paris, and has only just returned from there. He says, "It is, in fact, the only place where either real fame or money is to be acquired. You are a man of genius; I will put you on the right path. You must write an opera seria and comique, an oratorio, and every kind of thing. Any one who composes a couple of operas in Paris receives a certain sum yearly. There is also the Concert Spirituel and the Academie des Amateurs, where you get five louis-d'or for a symphony. If you teach, the custom is three louis-d'or for twelve lessons; and then you get your sonatas, trios, and quartets published by subscription. Cannabich and Toeschi send a great part of their music to Paris." Wendling is a man who understands travelling. Write me your opinion of this scheme, I beg; it seems to me both wise and profitable. I shall travel with a man who knows all the ins and outs of Paris (as it now is) by heart, for it is very much changed. I should spend very little--indeed, I believe not one half of what I do at present, for I should only have to pay for myself, as mamma would stay here, and probably with the Wendlings.

On the 12th of this month, Herr Ritter, who plays the bassoon beautifully, sets off for Paris. If I had been alone, this would have been a famous opportunity for me; indeed, he spoke to me himself about it. Ramm (hautboy-player) is a good, jolly, worthy man, about thirty-five, who has travelled a great deal, so has much experience. The first and best musicians here like me very much, and respect me too. They always call me Herr Capellmeister. I cannot say how much I regret not having at least the copy of a mass with me, for I should certainly have had it performed, having lately heard one of Holzbauer's, which is also in our style. If I had only a copy of the Misericordias! But so it is, and it can't be helped now. I would have had one transcribed here, but copying does cost so much. Perhaps I should not have got as much for the mass itself as I must have paid for the copy. People here are by no means so very liberal.

82.

Mannheim, Dec. 6, 1777.

I CAN tell you nothing certain yet. I begin to be rather tired of this joke; I am only curious to know the result. Count Savioli has spoken three times to the Elector, and the answer was invariably a shrug of the shoulders, and "I will give you an answer presently, but--I have not yet made up my mind." My kind friends here quite agree with me in thinking that this hesitation and reserve are rather a favorable omen than the reverse. For if the Elector was resolved not to engage me, he would have said so at once; so I attribute the delay to Denari siamo un poco scrocconi [we are a little stingy of our money]. Besides, I know for certain that the Prince likes me; a buon canto, so we must wait. I may now say that it will be very welcome to me if the affair turns out well; if not, I shall much regret having lingered here so long and spent so much money. At all events, whatever the issue may be, it cannot be an evil one if it be the will of God; and my daily prayer is that the result may be in accordance with it. You have indeed, dear papa, rightly guessed the chief cause of Herr Cannabich's friendship for me. There is, however, another small matter in which he can make use of me--namely, he is obliged to publish a collection of all his ballets arranged for the piano. Now, he cannot possibly write these out himself in such a manner that the work may be correct and yet easy. For this purpose I am very welcome to him; (this was the case already with one of his contredanses.) He has been out shooting for the last week, and is not to return till next Tuesday. Such things contribute, indeed, very much to our good friendship; but, independent of this, he would at least never be inimical to me, for he is very much changed. When a man comes to a certain age, and sees his children grown up, he then no doubt thinks a little differently. His daughter, who is fifteen, and his eldest child, is a very pretty, pleasing girl. She has great good sense for her age, and an engaging demeanor; she is rather grave and does not talk much, but what she does say is always amiable and good-natured. She caused me most indescribable pleasure yesterday, by playing my sonata in the most admirable manner. The andante (which must not be played QUICK) she executed with the greatest possible feeling; and she likes to play it. You know that I finished the first allegro when I had been only two days here, and that I had then only seen Madlle. Cannabich once. Young Danner asked me how I intended to compose the andante. "Entirely in accordance with Madlle. Rose's character,"

said I. When I played it, it seemed to please much. Danner mentioned afterwards what I had said. And it is really so; she is just what the andante is. To-day I dined for the sixth time with Wendling, and for the second time in the company of Herr Schweitzer. To-morrow, by way of a change, I dine there again; I actually have my board there. I must now go to bed, so I wish you good-night.

I have this moment returned from Wendling's, and as soon as I have posted this letter I am going back there, for the opera is to be rehearsed in camera caritatis, as it were. I am going to Cannabich's afterwards, at half-past six o'clock, to give my usual daily music-lesson. A propos, I must correct a statement of mine. I said yesterday that Madlle. Cannabich was fifteen; it seems, however, that she is only just thirteen. Our kind regards to all our friends, especially to Herr Bullinger.

83.

Mannheim, Dec. 10, 1777.

ALL is at an end, for the present, with the Elector. I went to the court concert the day before yesterday, in the hope of getting an answer. Count Savioli evidently wished to avoid me; but I went up to him. When he saw me he shrugged his shoulders. "What!" said I, "still no answer?" "Pardon me!" said he, "but I grieve to say nothing can be done." "Eh, bien!" said I, "the Elector might have told me so sooner!" "True," said he, "but he would not even now have made up his mind, if I had not driven him to it by saying that you had already stayed here too long, spending your money in a hotel." "Truly, that is what vexes me most of all," I replied; "it is very far from pleasant. But, at all events, I am very much indebted to you, Count, (for he is not called "your Excellency,") for having taken my part so zealously, and I beg you will thank the Elector from me for his gracious, though somewhat tardy information; and I can assure him that, had he accepted my services, he never would have had cause to regret it." "Oh!" said he, "I feel more convinced of that than perhaps you think." When I told Herr Wendling of the final decision, he colored and said, quite indignantly, "Then we must find the means; you must, at least, remain here for the next two months, and after that we can go together to Paris. To-morrow Cannabich returns from shooting, and then we can talk further on the subject." I left the concert immediately, and went straight to Madame Cannabich. On my way thither, Herr Schatzmeister having come away from the concert with me, I told him all about it, as he is a good worthy man and a kind friend of mine. You cannot conceive how angry he was. When we went into Madame Cannabich's house, he spoke first, saying, "I bring you a man who shares the usual happy fate of those who have to do with courts." "What!" said Madame, "so it has all come to nothing?" I told her the whole, and in return they related to me numbers of similar things which had occurred here. When Madlle. Rose (who was in the third room from us, busy with the linen) had finished, she came in and said to me, "Do you wish me to begin now?" as it was the hour for her lesson. "I am at your orders," said I. "Do you know," said she, "that I mean to be very attentive to-day?" "I am sure you will," answered I, "for the lessons will not continue much longer." "How so? What do you mean?--Why?" She turned to her mamma, who told her. "What!" said she, "is this quite certain? I cannot believe it." "Yes--yes; quite certain," said I. She then played my sonata, but looked very grave. Do you know, I really could not suppress my tears; and at last they had all tears in their eyes--mother, daughter, and Schatzmeister, for she was playing the sonata at the moment, which is the favorite of the whole family. "Indeed," said Schatzmeister, "if the Herr Capellmeister (I am never called anything else here) leaves us, it will make us all weep." I must say that I have very kind friends here, for it is under such circumstances that we learn to know them; for they are so, not only in words but in deeds. Listen to this! The other day I went, as usual, to dine with Wendling, when he said to me, "Our Indian friend (a Dutchman, who lives on his own means, and is an amateur of all the fine arts, and a great friend and admirer of mine) is certainly an excellent fellow. He will give you twenty florins to write for him three little easy short concertos, and a couple of quattros for a leading flute. Cannabich can get you at least two pupils, who will play well; and you could write duets for the piano and violin, and publish them by subscription. Dinner and supper you will always have with us, and lodgings you have at the Herr Hofkammerrath's; so all this will cost you nothing. As for your mother, we can easily find her a cheap lodging for these two months, till you have had time to write about the matter to your father, when she will leave this for Salzburg and we for Paris." Mamma is quite satisfied; so all that is yet wanting is your consent, of which I feel so sure that, if the time for our journey were now come, I would set off for Paris without waiting for your reply; for I could expect nothing else from a sensible father, hitherto so anxious for the welfare of his children. Herr Wendling, who sends you his compliments, is very intimate with our dear friend Grimm, who, when he was here, spoke a great deal about me to Wendling; this was when he had just come from us at Salzburg. As soon as I receive your answer to this letter, I mean to write to him, for a stranger whom I met at dinner to-day told me that Grimm was now in Paris. As we don't leave this till the 8th of March, I beg you, if possible, to try to procure for me, either through Herr Mesmer at Vienna, or some one else, a letter to the Queen of France, if it can be done without much difficulty; if not, it does not much matter. It would be better if I could have one--of that there is no doubt; this is also the advice of Herr Wendling. I suppose what I am now writing must appear very strange to you, because you are in a city where there are only stupid enemies, and weak and simple friends, whose dreary daily bread at Salzburg is so essential to them, that they become

flatterers, and are not to be depended on from day to day. Indeed, this was why I wrote you nothing but childish nonsense, and jokes, and folly; I wished to await the event here, to save you from vexation, and my good friends from blame; for you very unwarrantably accuse them of working against me in an underhand way, which they certainly never did. Your letters obliged me to relate the whole affair to you. I entreat you most earnestly not to distress yourself on the subject; God has willed it so. Reflect also on this most undoubted truth, that we cannot do all we wish. We often think that such and such a thing would be very good, and another equally bad and evil, and yet if these things came to pass, we should sometimes learn that the very reverse was the case.

I must now go to bed. I shall have plenty of work to do during the two months of my stay,--three concertos, two quartets, five or six duets for the piano, and I also have thoughts of composing a new grand mass, and dedicating it to the Elector. Adieu! I will write to Prince Zeill next post-day to press forward matters in Munich; if you would also write to him, I should be very glad. But short and to the point--no cringing! for that I cannot bear. It is quite certain that he can do it if he likes, for all Munich told me so [see Nos. 56 and 60].

84.

Mannheim, Dec. 14, 1777.

I CAN only write a few words, as I did not get home till four o'clock, when I had a lesson to give to the young lady of the house. It is now nearly half-past five, so time to close my letter. I will ask mamma to write a few days beforehand, so that all our news may not be of the same date, for I can't easily do this. The little time that I have for writing must be devoted to composition, for I have a great deal of work before me. I entreat you to answer me very soon as to my journey to Paris. I played over my concertone on the piano to Herr Wendling, who said it was just the thing for Paris; if I were to play that to Baron Bach, he would be in ecstasies. Adieu!

85.

[A P.S. TO A LETTER FROM HIS MOTHER.]

Mannheim, Dec. 18, 1777.

IN the greatest haste and hurry! The organ that was tried to-day in the Lutheran church is very good, not only in certain registers, but in its whole compass. [Footnote: The mother writes: "A Lutheran of degree called on us to-day, and invited Wolfgang, with all due politeness, to try their new organ."] Vogler played on it. He is only a juggler, so to speak; as soon as he wishes to play in a majestic style, he becomes dull. Happily this seems equally tedious to himself, so it does not last long; but then, what follows? only an incomprehensible scramble. I listened to him from a distance. He began a fugue, in chords of six notes, and presto. I then went up to him, for I would far rather see than hear him. There were a great many people present, and among the musicians Holzbauer, Cannabich, Toeschi, &c.

A quartet for the Indian Dutchman, that true benefactor of man, will soon be finished. A propos, Herr told me that he had written to you by the last post. Addio! I was lately obliged to direct the opera with some violins at Wendling's, Schweitzer being unwell.

86.

Mannheim, Dec. 20, 1777.

I WISH you, dearest papa, a very happy new-year, and that your health, so precious in my eyes, may daily improve, for the benefit and happiness of your wife and children, the satisfaction of your true friends, and for the annoyance and vexation of your enemies. I hope also that in the coming year you will love me with the same fatherly tenderness you have hitherto shown me. I on my part will strive, and honestly strive, to deserve still more the love of such an admirable father. I was cordially delighted with your last letter of the 15th of December, for, thank God! I could gather from it that you are very well indeed. We, too, are in perfect health, God be praised! Mine is not likely to fail if constant work can preserve it. I am writing this at eleven at night, because I have no other leisure time. We cannot very well rise before eight o'clock, for in our rooms (on the ground-floor) it is not light till half-past eight. I then dress quickly; at ten o'clock I sit down to compose till twelve or half-past twelve, when I go to Wendling's, where I generally write till half-past one; we then dine. At three o'clock I go to the Mainzer Hof (an hotel) to a Dutch officer, to give him lessons in galanterie playing and thorough bass, for which, if I mistake not, he gives me four ducats for twelve lessons. At four o'clock I go home to teach the daughter of the house. We never begin till half past four, as we wait for lights. At six o'clock I go to Cannabich's to instruct

Madlle. Rose. I stay to supper there, when we converse and sometimes play; I then invariably take a book out of my pocket and read, as I used to do at Salzburg. I have already written to you the pleasure your last letter caused me, which is quite true; only one thing rather vexed me, the inquiry whether I had not perchance forgotten to go to confession. I shall not say anything further on this. Only allow me to make you one request, which is, not to think so badly of me. I like to be merry, but rest assured that I can be as serious as any one. Since I quitted Salzburg (and even in Salzburg) I have met with people who spoke and acted in a way that I should have felt ashamed to do, though they were ten, twenty, and thirty years older than myself. I implore of you therefore once more, and most earnestly, to have a better opinion of me.

87.

Mannheim, Dec. 27, 1777.

A PRETTY sort of paper this! I only wish I could make it better; but it is now too late to send for any other. You know, from our previous letters, that mamma and I have a capital lodging. It never was my intention that she should live apart from me; in fact, when the Hofkammerrath Serrarius so kindly offered me his house, I only expressed my thanks, which is by no means saying yes. The next day I went to see him with Herr Wendling and M. de Jean (our worthy Dutchman), and only waited till he should himself begin the subject. At length he renewed his offer, and I thanked him in these words: "I feel that it is a true proof of friendship on your part to do me the honor to invite me to live in your house; but I regret that unfortunately I cannot accept your most kind proposal. I am sure you will not take it amiss when I say that I am unwilling to allow my mother to leave me without sufficient cause; and I certainly know no reason why mamma should live in one part of the town and I in another. When I go to Paris, her not going with me would be a considerable pecuniary advantage to me, but here for a couple of months a few gulden more or less do not signify."

By this speech my wish was entirely fulfilled,--that is, that our board and lodging do not at all events make us poorer. I must go up-stairs to supper, for we have now chatted till half-past ten o'clock. I lately went with my scholar, the Dutch officer, M. de la Pottrie, into the Reformed church, where I played for an hour and a half on the organ. It came right from my heart too. We--that is, the Cannabichs, Wendlings, Serrariuses, and Mozarts--are going to the Lutheran Church, where I shall amuse myself gloriously on the organ. I tried its tone at the same rehearsal that I wrote to you about, but played very little, only a prelude and a fugue.

I have made acquaintance with Herr Wieland. He does not, however, know me as I know him, for he has heard nothing of me as yet. I had not at all imagined him to be what I find him. He speaks in rather a constrained way, and has a childish voice, his eyes very watery, and a certain pedantic uncouthness, and yet at times provokingly condescending. I am not, however, surprised that he should choose to behave in this way at Mannheim, though no doubt very differently at Weimar and elsewhere, for here he is stared at as if he had fallen from the skies. People seem to be so ceremonious in his presence, no one speaks, all are as still as possible, striving to catch every word he utters. It is unlucky that they are kept so long in expectation, for he has some impediment in his speech which causes him to speak very slowly, and he cannot say six words without pausing. Otherwise he is, as we all know, a man of excellent parts. His face is downright ugly and seamed with the small-pox, and he has a long nose. His height is rather beyond that of papa.

You need have no misgivings as to the Dutchman's 200 florins. I must now conclude, as I should like to compose for a little time. One thing more: I suppose I had better not write to Prince Zeill at present. The reason you no doubt already know, (Munich being nearer to Salzburg than to Mannheim,) that the Elector is at the point of death from small-pox. This is certain, so there will be a struggle there. Farewell! As for mamma's journey home, I think it could be managed best during Lent, by her joining some merchants. This is only my own idea; but what I do feel quite sure of is, that whatever you think right will be best, for you are not only the Herr Hofcapellmeister, but the most rational of all rational beings. If you know such a person as papa, tell him I kiss his hands 1000 times, and embrace my sister from my heart, and in spite of all this scribbling I am your dutiful son and affectionate brother.

88.

Mannheim, Jan. 7, 1778.

I HOPE you are both well. I am, thank God! in good health and spirits. You may easily conceive my sorrow at the death of the Elector of Bavaria. My sole wish is that our Elector here may have the whole of Bavaria, and transfer himself to Munich. I think you also would like this. This forenoon at twelve o'clock, Carl Theodor was proclaimed at court Duke of Bavaria. At Munich, Count

Daun, Oberststallmeister, immediately on the death of the Prince, received homage in the name of the Elector, and sent the dragoons to ride all round the environs of the city with trumpets and kettledrums, and to shout "Long live our Elector, Carl Theodor!" If all goes well, as I hope it may, Count Daun will receive a very handsome present. His aid-de-camp, whom he dispatched here with the tidings, (his name is Lilienau,) got 3000 florins from the Elector.

89.

Mannheim, Jan 10, 1778

YES, indeed! I also wish that from my heart. [Footnote: In the mother's letter, she had written, "May God grant us the blessing of peace"' for there was much talk about the invasion of Bavaria by the Prussians and Austrians, on account of the succession.] You have already learned my true desire from my last letter. It is really high time that we should think of mamma's journey home, for though we have had various rehearsals of the opera, still its being performed is by no means certain, and if it is not given, we shall probably leave this on the 15th of February. When that time arrives, (after receiving your advice on the subject,) I mean to follow the opinions and habits of my fellow-travellers, and, like them, order a suit of black clothes, reserving the laced suit for Germany, as it is no longer the fashion in Paris. In the first place, it is an economy, (which is my chief object in my Paris journey,) and, secondly, it wears well and suits both country and town. You can go anywhere with a black coat. To-day the tailor brought Herr Wendling his suit. The clothes I think of taking with me are my puce-brown spagnolet coat, and the two waistcoats.

Now for something else. Herr Wieland, after meeting me twice, seems quite enchanted with me. The last time, after every sort of eulogium, he said, "It is really fortunate for me having met you here," and pressed my hand. To-day "Rosamunde" has been rehearsed in the theatre; it is well enough, but nothing more, for if it were positively bad it could not be performed, I suppose,--just as some people cannot sleep without lying in a bed! But there is no rule without an exception, and I have seen an instance of this; so good night! Now for something more to the purpose. I know for certain that the Emperor intends to establish a German opera in Vienna, and is eagerly looking out for a young Capellmeister who understands the German language, and has genius, and is capable of bringing something new into the world. Benda at Gotha has applied, but Schweitzer is determined to succeed. I think it would be just the thing for me, but well paid of course. If the Emperor gives me 1000 gulden, I will write a German opera for him, and if he does not choose to give me a permanent engagement, it is all the same to me. Pray write to every kind friend you can think of in Vienna, that I am capable of doing credit to the Emperor. If he will do nothing else, he may at least try me with an opera, and as to what may occur hereafter I care not. Adieu! I hope you will put the thing in train at once, or some one may forestall me.

90.

Mannheim, Jan. 17, 1778.

NEXT Wednesday I am going for some days to Kirchheim-Boland, the residence of the Princess of Orange. I have heard so much praise of her here, that at last I have resolved to go. A Dutch officer, a particular friend of mine, [M. de la Pottrie,] was much upbraided by her for not bringing me with him when he went to offer his new-year's congratulations. I expect to receive at least eight louis-d'or, for as she has a passionate admiration of singing, I have had four arias copied out for her. I will also present her with a symphony, for she has a very nice orchestra and gives a concert every day. Besides, the copying of the airs will not cost me much, for a M. Weber who is going there with me has copied them. He has a daughter who sings admirably, and has a lovely pure voice; she is only fifteen. [Footnote: Aloysia, second daughter of the prompter and theatrical copyist, Weber, a brother of Carl Maria von Weber's father.] She fails in nothing but in stage action; were it not for that, she might be the prima donna of any theatre. Her father is a downright honest German who brings up his children well, for which very reason the girl is persecuted here. He has six children,--five girls and a son. He and his wife and children have been obliged to live for the last fourteen years on an income of 200 florins, but as he has always done his duty well, and has lately provided a very accomplished singer for the Elector, he has now actually 400 florins. My aria for De' Amicis she sings to perfection with all its tremendous passages: she is to sing it at Kirchheim-Boland.

Now for another subject. Last Wednesday there was a great feast in our house, [at Hofkammerrath Serrarius's,] to which I was also invited. There were fifteen guests, and the young lady of the house [Pierron, the "House Nymph"] was to play in the evening the concerto I had taught her at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. The Herr Kammerrath and Herr Vogler called on me. Herr Vogler seems quite determined to become acquainted with me, as he often importuned me to go to see him, but he has overcome his pride and paid me the first visit. Besides, people tell me that he is now very different, being no longer so much admired; for at first he was

made quite an idol of here. We went up-stairs together, when by degrees the guests assembled, and there was no end to talking. After dinner, Vogler sent for two pianos of his, which were tuned alike, and also his wearisome engraved sonatas. I had to play them, while he accompanied me on the other piano. At his urgent request I sent for my sonatas also. N. B.--Before dinner he had scrambled through my sonata at sight, (the Litzau one which the young lady of the house plays.) He took the first part prestissimo--the Andante allegro--and the Rondo more prestissimo still. He played great part of the bass very differently from the way in which it is written, inventing at times quite another harmony and melody. It is impossible to do otherwise in playing at such a pace, for the eyes cannot see the notes, nor the hands get hold of them. What merit is there in this? The listeners (I mean those worthy of the name) can only say that they have SEEN music and piano-playing. All this makes them hear, and think, and feel as little--as he does. You may easily believe that this was beyond all endurance, because I could not venture to say to him MUCH TOO QUICK! besides, it is far easier to play a thing quickly than slowly; some notes may then be dropped without being observed. But is this genuine music? In rapid playing the right and left hands may be changed, and no one either see or hear it; but is this good? and in what does the art of reading prima vista consist? In this--to play the piece in the time in which it ought to be played, and to express all the notes and apoggiaturas, &c., with proper taste and feeling as written, so that it should give the impression of being composed by the person who plays it. His fingering also is miserable; his left thumb is just like that of the late Adlgasser, all the runs downwards with the right hand he makes with the first finger and thumb!

91.

Mannheim, Feb. 2 1778.

I COULD no delay writing to you till the usual Saturday arrived, because it was so long since I had the pleasure of conversing with you by means of my pen. The first thing I mean to write about is how my worthy friends and I got on at Kirchheim-Boland. It was simply a holiday excursion, and nothing more. On Friday morning at eight o'clock we drove away from here, after I had breakfasted with Herr Weber. We had a capital covered coach which held four; at four o'clock we arrived at Kirchheim-Boland. We immediately sent a list of our names to the palace. Next morning early, Herr Concertmeister Rothfischer called on us. He had been already described to me at Mannheim as a most honorable man, and such I find him to be. In the evening we went to court, (this was on Saturday,) where Madlle. Weber sang three airs. I say nothing of her singing, but it is indeed admirable. I wrote to you lately with regard to her merits; but I cannot finish this letter without writing further about her, as I have only recently known her well, so now first discover her great powers. We dined afterwards at the officers' table. Next day we went some distance to church, for the Catholic one is rather far away. This was on Sunday. In the forenoon we dined again with the officers. In the evening there was no music, because it was Sunday. Thus they have music only 300 times during the year. In the evening we might have supped at court, but we preferred being all together at the inn. We would gladly have made them a present also of the dinners at the officers' table, for we were never so pleased as when by ourselves; but economy rather entered our thoughts, since we were obliged to pay heavily enough at the inn.

The following day, Monday, we had music again, and also on Tuesday and Wednesday. Madlle. Weber sang in all thirteen times, and played twice on the piano, for she plays by no means badly. What surprises me most is, that she reads music so well. Only think of her playing my difficult sonatas at sight, SLOWLY, but without missing a single note. I give you my honor I would rather hear my sonatas played by her than by Vogler. I played twelve times, and once, by desire, on the organ of the Lutheran church. I presented the Princess with four symphonies, and received only seven louis-d'or in silver, and our poor dear Madlle. Weber only five. This I certainly did not anticipate! I never expected great things, but at all events I hoped that each of us would at least receive eight louis-d'or. Basta! We were not, however, losers, for I have a profit of forty-two florins, and the inexpressible pleasure of becoming better acquainted with worthy upright Christian people, and good Catholics, I regret much not having known them long ago.

The 4th.--Now comes something urgent, about which I request an answer. Mamma and I have discussed the matter, and we agree that we do not like the sort of life the Wendlings lead. Wendling is a very honorable and kind man, but unhappily devoid of all religion, and the whole family are the same. I say enough when I tell you that his daughter was a most disreputable character. Ramm is a good fellow, but a libertine. I know myself, and I have such a sense of religion that I shall never do anything which I would not do before the whole world; but I am alarmed even at the very thoughts of being in the society of people, during my journey, whose mode of thinking is so entirely different from mine (and from that of all good people). But of course they must do as they please. I have no heart to travel with them, nor could I enjoy one pleasant hour, nor know what to talk about; for, in short, I have no great confidence in them. Friends who have no religion cannot be long our friends. I have already given them a hint of this

by saying that during my absence three letters had arrived, of which I could for the present divulge nothing further than that it was unlikely I should be able to go with them to Paris, but that perhaps I might come later, or possibly go elsewhere; so they must not depend on me. I shall be able to finish my music now quite at my ease for De Jean, who is to give me 200 florins for it. I can remain here as long as I please, and neither board nor lodging cost me anything. In the meantime Herr Weber will endeavor to make various engagements for concerts with me, and then we shall travel together. If I am with him, it is just as if I were with you. This is the reason that I like him so much; except in personal appearance, he resembles you in all respects, and has exactly your character and mode of thinking. If my mother were not, as you know, too COMFORTABLY LAZY to write, she would say precisely what I do. I must confess that I much enjoyed my excursion with them. We were pleased and merry; I heard a man converse just like you; I had no occasion to trouble myself about anything; what was torn I found repaired. In short, I was treated like a prince. I am so attached to this oppressed family that my greatest wish is to make them happy, and perhaps I may be able to do so. My advice is that they should go to Italy, so I am all anxiety for you to write to our good friend Lugiati [impresario], and the sooner the better, to inquire what are the highest terms given to a prima donna in Verona--the more the better, for it is always easy to accept lower terms. Perhaps it would be possible to obtain the Ascensa in Venice. I will be answerable with my life for her singing, and her doing credit to my recommendation. She has, even during this short period, derived much profit from me, and how much further progress she will have made by that time! I have no fears either with regard to her acting. If this plan be realized, M. Weber, his two daughters, and I, will have the happiness of visiting my dear papa and dear sister for a fortnight, on our way through Salzburg. My sister will find a friend and companion in Madlle. Weber, for, like my sister in Salzburg, she enjoys the best reputation here, owing to the careful way in which she has been brought up; the father resembles you, and the whole family that of Mozart. They have indeed detractors, as with us, but when it comes to the point they must confess the truth; and truth lasts longest. I should be glad to go with them to Salzburg, that you might hear her. My air that De' Amicis used to sing, and the bravura aria "Parto m' affretto," and "Dalla sponda tenebrosa," she sings splendidly. Pray do all you can to insure our going to Italy together. You know my greatest desire is--to write operas.

I will gladly write an opera for Verona for thirty zecchini, solely that Madlle. Weber may acquire fame by it; for, if I do not, I fear she may be sacrificed. Before then I hope to make so much money by visiting different places that I shall be no loser. I think we shall go to Switzerland, perhaps also to Holland; pray write to me soon about this. Should we stay long anywhere, the eldest daughter [Josepha, afterwards Madaine Hofer, for whom the part of the Queen of the Night in the "Flauto magico" was written] would be of the greatest use to us; for we could have our own menage, as she understands cooking.

Send me an answer soon, I beg. Don't forget my wish to write an opera; I envy every person who writes one; I could almost weep from vexation when I hear or see an aria. But Italian, not German--seria, not buffa! I have now written you all that is in my heart; my mother is satisfied with my plan.

The mother, however, adds the following postscript:--

"No doubt you perceive by the accompanying letter that when Wolfgang makes new friends he would give his life for them. It is true that she does sing incomparably; still, we ought not to lose sight of our own interests. I never liked his being in the society of Wendling and Ramm, but I did not venture to object to it, nor would he have listened to me; but no sooner did he know these Webers than he instantly changed his mind. In short, he prefers other people to me, for I remonstrate with him sometimes, and that he does not like. I write this quite secretly while he is at dinner, for I don't wish him to know it."

A few days later Wolfgang urges his father still more strongly.

92.

Mannheim, Feb. 7, 1778.

HERR SCHIEDENHOFEN might have let me know long ago through you that his wedding was soon to take place [see Nos. 7, 10, 19], and I would have composed a new minuet for the occasion. I cordially wish him joy; but his is, after all, only one of those money matches, and nothing else! I hope never to marry in this way; I wish to make my wife happy, but not to become rich by her means; so I will let things alone, and enjoy my golden freedom till I am so well off that I can support both wife and children. Herr Schiedenhofen was forced to choose a rich wife; his title imposed this on him. The nobility must not marry for love or from inclination, but from interest, and all kinds of other considerations. It would not at all suit a grandee to love his wife after she had done her duty, and brought into the world an heir to the property. But we poor humble people are privileged not only to choose a

wife who loves us, and whom we love, but we may, can, and do take such a one, because we are neither noble, nor highborn, nor rich, but, on the contrary, lowly, humble, and poor; we therefore need no wealthy wife, for our riches being in our heads, die with us, and these no man can deprive us of unless he cut them off, in which case we need nothing more.

I lately wrote to you my chief reason for not going to Paris with these people, but another is that I have reflected well on what I have to do in Paris. I could not get on passably without pupils, which is a kind of work that does not suit me--of this I have a strong example here. I might have had two pupils: I went three times to each, but finding one of them not at home, I never went back. I am willing to give lessons out of complaisance, especially when I see genius, and inclination and anxiety to learn; but to be obliged to go to a house at a certain hour, or else to wait at home, is what I cannot submit to, if I were to gain twice what I do. I find it impossible, so must leave it to those who can do nothing but play the piano. I am a composer, and born to become a Kapellmeister, and I neither can nor ought thus to bury the talent for composition with which God has so richly endowed me (I may say this without arrogance, for I feel it now more than ever); and this I should do were I to take many pupils, for it is a most unsettled metier; and I would rather, SO TO SPEAK, neglect the piano than composition, for I look on the piano to be only a secondary consideration, though, thank God! a very strong one too. My third reason is, that I am by no means sure our friend Grimm is in Paris. If he is, I can go there at any time with the post-carriage, for a capital one travels from here to Paris by Strassburg. We intended at all events to have gone by it. They travel also in this way. Herr Wendling is inconsolable at my not going with them, but I believe this proceeds more from self-interest than from friendship. Besides the reason I gave him (about the three letters that had come during my absence), I also told him about the pupils, and begged him to procure something certain for me, in which case I would be only too glad to follow him to Paris, (for I can easily do so,)--above all, if I am to write an opera, which is always in my thoughts; but French rather than German, and Italian rather than French or German. The Wendlings, one and all, are of opinion that my compositions would please much in Paris. I have no fears on the subject, for, as you know, I can pretty well adapt or conform myself to any style of composition. Shortly after my arrival I composed a French song for Madlle. Gustel (the daughter), who gave me the words, and she sings it inimitably. I have the pleasure to enclose it for you. It is sung every day at Wendling's, for they are quite infatuated with it.

93.

Mannheim, Feb. 14, 1778.

I PERCEIVE by your letter of the 9th of February that you have not yet received my last two letters. Wendling and Kamm leave this early to-morrow morning. If I thought that you would be really displeased with me for not going to Paris with them, I should repent having stayed here; but I hope it is not so. The road to Paris is still open to me. Wendling has promised to inquire immediately about Herr Grimm, and to send me information at once. With such a friend in Paris, I certainly shall go there, for no doubt he will bring something to bear for me. The main cause of my not going with them is, that we have not been able to arrange about mamma returning to Augsburg. The journey will not cost much, for there are vetturini here who can be engaged at a cheap rate. By that time, however, I hope to have made enough to pay mamma's journey home. Just now I don't really see that it is possible. Herr de Jean sets off to-morrow for Paris, and as I have only finished two concertos and three quartets for him, he sent me 96 florins (having made a mistake of four florins, thinking this sum the half of the 200); he must, however, pay me in full, for such was the agreement I made with Wendling, and I can send him the other pieces. It is not surprising that I have been unable to finish them, for I never have a single quiet hour here. I can only write at night, so I cannot rise early; besides, one is not always disposed to work. I could, to be sure, scrawl away all day, but a thing of this kind goes forth to the world, and I am resolved not to have cause to be ashamed of my name on the title-page. Moreover, you know that I become quite obtuse when obliged to write perpetually for an instrument that I cannot bear; so from time to time I do something else, such as duets for the piano and violin, and I also worked at the mass. Now I have begun the pianoforte duets in good earnest, in order to publish them. If the Elector were only here, I would very quickly finish the mass; but what must be must be!

I am very grateful to you, dear papa, for your fatherly letter; I will preserve it as a treasure, and always refer to it. Pray do not forget about my mother's journey from Augsburg to Salzburg, and let me know the precise day; and I beg you will also remember the arias I mentioned in my last letter. If I recollect rightly, there are also some cadenzas which I once jotted down, and at all events an aria cantabile with coloraturas? I wish to have these first, for they will serve as exercises for Madlle. Weber. I have just taught her an andantino cantabile of Bach's. Yesterday there was a concert at Cannabich's, where from first to last all the music was of my composition, except the first symphony, which was Cannabich's. Madlle. Rose played my concerto in B, then Herr Ramm (by way of a change) played for the fifth time the hautboy concerto dedicated to Ferlendi, which makes a great sensation here. It is now

quite Ramm's cheval de bataille. Madlle. Weber sang De' Amicis's aria di bravura quite charmingly. Then I played my old concerto in D, because it is such a favorite here, and likewise extemporized for half an hour, after which Madlle. Weber sang De' Amicis's air, "Parto m' affretto;" and, as a finale, my symphony "Il Re Pastore" was given. I do entreat you urgently to interest yourself in Madlle. Weber; it would make me so happy if good-fortune were to attend her. Husband and wife, five children, and a salary of 450 florins! Don't forget about Italy, and my desire to go there; you know my strong wish and passion. I hope all may go right. I place my trust in God, who will never forsake us. Now farewell, and don't forget all my requests and recommendations.

These letters alarmed the father exceedingly, so he wrote a long and very earnest letter to his son as follows:--"The object of your journey was to assist your parents, and to contribute to your dear sister's welfare, but, above all, that you might acquire honor and fame in the world, which you in some degree did in your boyhood; and now it rests entirely with you to raise yourself by degrees to one of the highest positions ever attained by any musician. This is a duty you owe to a kind Providence in return for the remarkable talents with which He has gifted you; and it depends wholly on your own good sense and good conduct, whether you become a commonplace artist whom the world will forget, or a celebrated Capellmeister, of whom posterity will read hereafter in books,--whether, infatuated with some pretty face, you one day breathe your last on a straw sack, your wife and children in a state of starvation, or, after a well-spent Christian life, die peacefully in honor and independence, and your family well provided for." He goes on to represent to him how little he has hitherto fulfilled the object of his journey, and, above all, the folly of wishing to place so young a girl on the Italian stage as a prima donna, both time and great training being previously required. Moreover, it would be quite unworthy of him to wander about the world with strangers, and to compose at random merely for money. "Get off to Paris without delay. Take your place by the side of really great people. Aut Caesar aut nihil. The very idea of Paris should have guarded you from all passing fancies."

To this Wolfgang replies:--

94.

Mannheim, Feb. 19, 1778.

I ALWAYS thought that you would disapprove of my journey with the Webers, but I never had any such intention--I mean, UNDER PRESENT CIRCUMSTANCES. I gave them my word of honor to write to you to that effect. Herr Weber does not know how we stand, and I certainly shall tell it to no one. I wish my position had been such that I had no cause to consider any one else, and that we were all independent; but in the intoxication of the moment I forgot the present impossibility of the affair, and also to tell you what I had done. The reasons of my not being now in Paris must be evident to you from my last two letters. If my mother had not first begun on the subject, I certainly would have gone with my friends; but when I saw that she did not like it, I began to dislike it also. When people lose confidence in me, I am apt to lose confidence in myself. The days when, standing on a stool, I sang Oragna fiaguta fa, [Footnote: Words sounding like Italian, but devoid of meaning, for which he had invented a melody. Nissen gives it in his Life of Mozart, p. 35.] and at the end kissed the tip of your nose, are indeed gone by; but still, have my reverence, love, and obedience towards yourself ever failed on that account? I say no more. As for your reproach about the little singer in Munich [see No. 62], I must confess that I was an ass to write such a complete falsehood. She does not as yet know even what singing means. It was true that, for a person who had only learned music for three months, she sang surprisingly; and, besides, she has a pleasing pure voice. The reason why I praised her so much was probably my hearing people say, from morning to night, "There is no better singer in all Europe; those who have not heard her have heard nothing." I did not venture to disagree with them, partly because I wished to acquire friends, and partly because I had come direct from Salzburg, where we are not in the habit of contradicting any one; but as soon as I was alone I never could help laughing. Why, then, did I not laugh at her in my letter to you? I really cannot tell.

The bitter way in which you write about my merry and innocent intercourse with your brother's daughter, makes me justly indignant; but as it is not as you think, I require to give you no answer on the subject. I don't know what to say about Wallerstein; I was very grave and reserved with Becke, and at the officers' table also I had a very serious demeanor, not saying one word to anybody. But let this all pass; you only wrote it in a moment of irritation [see No. 74]. Your remarks about Madlle. Weber are just; but at the time I wrote to you I knew quite as well as you that she is still too young, and must be first taught how to act, and must rehearse frequently on the stage. But with some people one must proceed step by step. These good people are as tired of being here as--you know WHO and WHERE, [meaning the Mozarts, father and son, in Salzburg,] and they think everything feasible. I promised them to write everything to my father; but when the letter was sent off to Salzburg, I constantly told her that she must have a little patience, for she was still rather too young, &c. They take in all I say in good part, for they have a high opinion of me. By my advice, Herr Weber has engaged Madlle. Toscani (an actress) to give his daughter lessons in acting. All you write of Madlle. Weber is true, except, that

she sings like a Gabrielli, [see Nos. 10, 37,] for I should not at all like her to sing in that style. Those who have heard Gabrielli say, and must say, that she was only an adept in runs and roulades; but as she adopted so uncommon a reading, she gained admiration, which, however, did not last longer than hearing her four times. She could not please in the long run, for roulades soon become very tiresome, and she had the misfortune of not being able to sing. She was not capable of sustaining a breve properly, and having no messa di voce, she could not dwell on her notes; in short, she sang with skill, but devoid of intelligence. Madlle. Weber's singing, on the contrary, goes to the heart, and she prefers a cantabile. I have lately made her practise the passages in the Grand Aria, because, if she goes to Italy, it is necessary that she should sing bravuras. The cantabile she certainly will never forget, being her natural bent. Raaff (who is no flatterer), when asked to give his sincere opinion, said, "She does not sing like a scholar, but like a professor."

So now you know everything. I do still recommend her to you with my whole heart, and I beg you will not forget about the arias, cadenzas, &c. I can scarcely write from actual hunger. My mother will display the contents of our large money-box. I embrace my sister lovingly. She is not to lament about every trifle, or I will never come back to her.

95.

Mannheim, Feb. 22, 1778.

I HAVE been now two days confined to the house, and taking antispasmodics, black powders, and elderflower tea as a sudorific, because I have had a catarrh, a cold in my head, sore throat, headache, pains in my eyes, and earache; but, thank God, I am now better, and hope to be able to go out tomorrow, being Sunday. I got your letter of the 16th and the two unsealed letters of introduction for Paris. I rejoice that my French song pleases you [see No. 92]. You must forgive my not writing much this time, but I really cannot--I am so afraid of bringing back my headache, and, besides, I feel no inclination to write to-day. It is impossible to write all we think--at least, I find it to be so. I would rather say it than write it. My last letter told you the whole thing just as it stands. Believe what you please of me, only nothing bad. There are people who think no one can love a poor girl without evil designs. But I am no Brunetti [a violinist in Salzburg], no Misliweczeck. I am a Mozart; and, though young, still a high-principled Mozart. Pardon me if, in my eagerness, I become somewhat excited--which is, I suppose, the term, though I might rather say, if I write as I feel. I might have said a great deal on this subject, but I cannot--I feel it to be impossible. Among my many faults I have also that of believing that those friends who know me, do so thoroughly. Then many words are not necessary; and if they do not know me, oh! how could I find words sufficient? It is painful enough to employ words and letters for such a purpose. This, however, is not at all meant to apply to you, dearest papa. No! You understand me too well, and you are too kind to try to deprive any one of his good name. I only meant it for--you can guess to whom I allude--to people who can believe such a thing.

I have resolved to stay in the house to-day, although Sunday, as it is snowing heavily. To-morrow I must go out, for our "house-nymph," Madlle. Pierron, my highly esteemed pupil, who has usually a French concert every Monday, intends to scramble through my hochgrafliche Litzau concerto. I also mean, for my sins, to let them give me something to hack away at, and show that I can do something too prima fista; for I am a regular greenhorn, and all I can do is to strum a little on the piano! I must now conclude, being more disposed to-day to write music than letters. Don't forget the cadenzas and the cantabile. Many thanks for having had the arias written out so quickly, for it shows that you place confidence in me when I beg a favor of you.

96.

Mannheim, Feb. 28, 1778.

I HOPE to receive the arias next Friday or Saturday, although in your last letter you made no further mention of them, so I don't know whether you sent them off on the 22d by the post-carriage. I hope so, for I should like to play and sing them to Madlle. Weber. I was yesterday at Raafl's to take him an aria that I lately wrote for him [Kochel, No. 295]. The words are--"Se al labbro mio non credi, nemica mia." I don't think they are by Metastasio. The aria pleased him beyond all measure. It is necessary to be very particular with a man of this kind. I chose these words expressly, because he had already composed an aria for them, so of course he can sing it with greater facility, and more agreeably to himself. I told him to say honestly if it did not suit his voice or please him, for I would alter it if he wished, or write another. "Heaven forbid!" said he; "it must remain just as it is, for nothing can be more beautiful. I only wish you to curtail it a little, for I am no longer able to sustain my voice through so long a piece." "Most gladly," I answered, "as much as ever you please; I made it purposely rather long, for it is always easy to shorten, but not so easy to lengthen." After he had sung the second part, he took off his spectacles, and, looking at me deliberately, said, "Beautiful! beautiful!

This second part is quite charming;" and he sang it three times. When I went away he cordially thanked me, while I assured him that I would so arrange the aria that he would certainly like to sing it. I think an aria should fit a singer as accurately as a well-made coat. I have also, for practice, arranged the air "Non so d' onde viene" which has been so charmingly composed by Bach. Just because I know that of Bach so well, and it pleases me and haunts my ear, I wished to try if, in spite of all this, I could succeed in writing an aria totally unlike the other. And, indeed, it does not in the very least resemble it. I at first intended this aria for Raaff; but the beginning seemed to me too high for Raaff's voice, but it pleased me so much that I would not alter it; and from the orchestral accompaniment, too, I thought it better suited to a soprano. I therefore resolved to write it for Madlle. Weber. I laid it aside, and took the words "Se al labbro" for Raaff. But all in vain, for I could write nothing else, as the first air always came back into my head; so I returned to it, with the intention of making it exactly in accordance with Madlle. Weber's voice. It is andante sostenuto, (preceded by a short recitative,) then follows the other part, Nel seno destarmi, and after this the sostenuto again. When it was finished, I said to Madlle. Weber, "Learn the air by yourself, sing it according to your own taste, then let me hear it, and I will afterwards tell you candidly what pleases and what displeases me."

In the course of a couple of days I went to see her, when she sang it for me and accompanied herself, and I was obliged to confess that she had sung it precisely as I could have wished, and as I would have taught it to her myself. This is now the best aria that she has, and will insure her success whereever she goes. [Footnote: This wonderfully beautiful aria is appended to my Life of Mozart.--Stuttgart, Bruckmaun, 1863.] Yesterday at Wendling's I sketched the aria I promised his wife [Madame Wendling was a fine singer], with a short recitative. The words were chosen by himself from "Didone": "Ah non lasciarmi no." She and her daughter quite rave about this air. I promised the daughter also some French ariettes, one of which I began to-day. I think with delight of the Concert Spirituel in Paris, for probably I shall be desired to compose something for it. The orchestra is said to be good and numerous, so my favorite style of composition can be well given there--I mean choruses, and I am very glad to hear that the French place so much value on this class of music. The only fault found with Piccini's [Gluck's well-known rival] new opera "Roland" is that the choruses are too meagre and weak, and the music also a little monotonous; otherwise it was universally liked. In Paris they are accustomed to hear nothing but Gluck's choruses. Only place confidence in me; I shall strive with all my might to do honor to the name of Mozart. I have no fears at all on the subject.

My last letters must have shown you HOW THINGS ARE, and WHAT I REALLY MEANT. I do entreat of you never to allow the thought to cross your mind that I can ever forget you, for I cannot bear such an idea. My chief aim is, and always will be, to endeavor that we may meet soon and happily, but we must have patience. You know even better than I do that things often take a perverse turn, but they will one day go straight--only patience! Let us place our trust in God, who will never forsake us. I shall not be found wanting; how can you possibly doubt me? Surely it concerns me also to work with all my strength, that I may have the pleasure and the happiness (the sooner the better, too) of embracing from my heart my dearest and kindest father. But, lo and behold! nothing in this world is wholly free from interested motives. If war should break out in Bavaria, I do hope you will come and join me at once. I place faith in three friends--and they are powerful and invincible ones--namely, God, and your head and mine. Our heads are, indeed, very different, but each in its own way is good, serviceable, and useful; and in time I hope mine may by degrees equal yours in that class of knowledge in which you at present surpass me. Farewell! Be merry and of good cheer! Remember that you have a son who never intentionally failed in his filial duty towards you, and who will strive to become daily more worthy of so good a father.

After these frank confessions, which would, he knew, restore the previous good understanding between him and his father, Mozart's genuine good heart was so relieved and lightened, that the natural balance of his mind, which had for some weeks past been entirely destroyed, was speedily restored, and his usual lively humor soon began to revive. Indeed, his old delight in doggerel rhymes and all kinds of silly puns seems to return. He indulges fully in these in a letter to his Basle (cousin), which is undoubtedly written just after the previous one.

97.

Mannheim, Feb. 28, 1778.

MADEMOISELLE, MA TRES-CHERE COUSINE,--

You perhaps think or believe that I must be dead? Not at all! I beg you will not think so, for how could I write so beautifully if I were dead? Could such a thing be possible? I do not attempt to make any excuses for my long silence, for you would not believe me if I did. But truth is truth; I have had so much to do that though I have had time to think of my cousin, I have had no time to write to her,

so I was obliged to let it alone. But at last I have the honor to inquire how you are, and how you fare? If we soon shall have a talk? If you write with a lump of chalk? If I am sometimes in your mind? If to hang yourself you're inclined? If you're angry with me, poor fool? If your wrath begins to cool?--Oh! you are laughing! VICTORIA! I knew you could not long resist me, and in your favor would enlist me. Yes! yes! I know well how this is, though I'm in ten days off to Paris. If you write to me from pity, do so soon from Augsburg city, so that I may get your letter, which to me would be far better.

Now let us talk of other things. Were you very merry during the Carnival? They are much gayer at Augsburg at that time than here. I only wish I had been there that I might have frolicked about with you. Mamma and I send our love to your father and mother, and to our cousin, and hope they are well and happy; better so, so better! A propos, how goes on your French? May I soon write you a French letter? from Paris, I suppose?

Now, before I conclude, which I must soon do because I am in haste, (having just at this moment nothing to do,) and also have no more room, as you see my paper is done, and I am very tired, and my fingers tingling from writing so much, and lastly, even if I had room, I don't know what I could say, except, indeed, a story which I have a great mind to tell you. So listen! It is not long since it happened, and in this very country too, where it made a great sensation, for really it seemed almost incredible, and, indeed, between ourselves, no one yet knows the result of the affair. So, to be brief, about four miles from here--I can't remember the name of the place, but it was either a village or a hamlet, or something of that kind. Well, after all, it don't much signify whether it was called Triebetrill or Burmsquick; there is no doubt that it was some place or other. There a shepherd or herdsman lived, who was pretty well advanced in years, but still looked strong and robust; he was unmarried and well-to-do, and lived happily. But before telling you the story, I must not forget to say that this man had a most astounding voice when he spoke; he terrified people when he spoke! Well! to make my tale as short as possible, you must know that he had a dog called Bellot, a very handsome large dog, white with black spots. Well! this shepherd was going along with his sheep, for he had a flock of eleven thousand under his care, and he had a staff in his hand, with a pretty rose-colored topknot of ribbons, for he never went out without his staff; such was his invariable custom. Now to proceed; being tired, after having gone a couple of miles, he sat down on a bank beside a river to rest. At last he fell asleep, when he dreamt that he had lost all his sheep, and this fear awoke him, but to his great joy he saw his flock close beside him. At length he got up again and went on, but not for long; indeed, half an hour could scarcely have elapsed, when he came to a bridge which was very long, but with a parapet on both sides to prevent any one falling into the river. Well; he looked at his flock, and as he was obliged to cross the bridge, he began to drive over his eleven thousand sheep. Now be so obliging as to wait till the eleven thousand sheep are all safely across, and then I will finish the story. I already told you that the result is not yet known; I hope, however, that by the time I next write to you, all the sheep will have crossed the bridge; but if not, why should I care? So far as I am concerned, they might all have stayed on this side. In the meantime you must accept the story so far as it goes; what I really know to be true I have written, and it is better to stop now than to tell you what is false, for in that case you would probably have discredited the whole, whereas now you will only disbelieve one half.

I must conclude, but don't think me rude; he who begins must cease, or the world would have no peace. My compliments to every friend, welcome to kiss me without end, forever and a day, till good sense comes my way; and a fine kissing that will be, which frightens you as well as me. Adieu, ma chere cousine! I am, I was, I have been, oh! that I were, would to heavens I were! I will or shall be, would, could, or should be--what?--A blockhead! W. A. M.

98.

Mannheim, March 7, 1778.

I have received your letter on the 26th February, and am much obliged to you for all the trouble you have taken about the arias, which are quite accurate in every respect. "Next to God comes papa" was my axiom when a child, and I still think the same. You are right when you say that "knowledge is power"; besides, except your trouble and fatigue, you will have no cause for regret, as Madlle. Weber certainly deserves your kindness. I only wish that you could hear her sing my new aria which I lately mentioned to you,--I say, hear her sing it, because it seems made expressly for her; a man like you who really understands what portamento in singing means, would certainly feel the most intense pleasure in hearing her. When I am happily settled in Paris, and our circumstances, please God, improved, and we are all more cheerful and in better humor, I will write you my thoughts more fully, and ask you to do me a great kindness. I must now tell you I was so shocked that tears came to my eyes, on reading in your last letter that you are obliged to go about so shabbily dressed. My very dearest papa, this is certainly not my fault; you know it is not. We economize in every possible way here; food and lodging, wood and light, cost us nothing, which is all we could hope for. As for dress, you are well aware that, in places where you are not known, it is out of the question to be badly dressed, for appearances

must be kept up.

My whole hopes are now centred in Paris, for German princes are all niggards. I mean to work with all my strength, that I may soon have the happiness of extricating you from your present distressing circumstances.

99.

Mannheim, March. 11, 1778.

I HAVE duly received your letter of the 26th February, and learn from it with great joy that our best and kindest of all friends, Baron Grimm [the well-known Encyclopedist, with whom Mozart had become acquainted during his last visit to France], is now in Paris. The vetturino has offered to convey us to Paris by Metz (which, as you probably know, is the shortest route) for eleven louis-d'or. If to-morrow he agrees to do it for ten, I shall certainly engage him, and perhaps at eleven, for even then it will be the cheapest way for us, which is the main point, and more convenient too, for he will take our carriage--that is, he will place the body on wheels of his own. The convenience is great, as we have so many small packages that we can stow away quite comfortably in our own carriage, which we cannot do in the DILIGENCE, and besides we shall be alone and able to talk as we like. But I do assure you that if, after all, we go in the DILIGENCE, my sole annoyance is the bore of not being able to say what we choose and wish, though, as it is very necessary that we should take the cheapest conveyance, I am still rather disposed to do so.

THIRD PART.--PARIS.--MARCH 1778 TO JANUARY 1779.

100.

Paris, March 24, 1778.

YESTERDAY (Monday, the 23d), at four o'clock in the afternoon, we arrived here, thank God! safely, having been nine days and a half on our journey. We thought we really could not have gone through with it; in my life I never was so wearied. You may easily imagine what it was to leave Mannheim and so many dear kind friends, and then to travel for ten days, not only without these friends, but without any human being--without a single soul whom we could associate with or even speak to. Now, thank Heaven! we are at our destination, and I trust that, with the help of God, all will go well. To-day we are to take a fiacre and go in quest of Grimm and Wendling. Early to-morrow I intend to call on the Minister of the Palatinate, Herr von Sickingen, (a great connoisseur and passionate lover of music, and for whom I have two letters from Herr von Gemmingen and M. Cannabich.) Before leaving Mannheim I had the quartet transcribed that I wrote at Lodi one evening in the inn there, and also the quintet and the Fischer variations for Herr von Gemmingen [author of the "Deutsche Hausvater"], on which he wrote me a most polite note, expressing his pleasure at the souvenir I had left him, and sending me a letter to his intimate friend Herr von Sickingen, adding, "I feel sure that you will be a greater recommendation to the letter than the letter can possibly be to you;" and, to repay the expense of writing out the music, he sent me three louis-d'or; he also assured me of his friendship, and requested mine in return. I must say that all those who knew me, Hofrathe, Kammerrathe, and other high-class people, as well as all the court musicians, were very grieved and reluctant to see me go; and really and truly so.

We left on Saturday, the 14th, and on the previous Thursday there was an afternoon concert at Cannabich's, where my concerto for three pianos was given. Madlle. Rose Cannabich played the first, Madlle. Weber the second, and Madlle. Pierron Serrarius (our "house-nymph") the third. We had three rehearsals of the concerto, and it went off well. Madlle. Weber sang three arias of mine, the "Aer tranquillo" from the "Re Pastore," [Footnote: A festal opera that Mozart had composed in 1775, in honor of the visit of the Archduke Maximilian Francis to Salzburg.] and the new "Non so d' onde viene." With this last air my dear Madlle. Weber gained very great honor both for herself and for me. All present said that no aria had ever affected them like this one; and, indeed, she sang it as it ought to be sung. The moment it was finished, Cannabich exclaimed, "Bravo! bravissimo maestro! veramente scritta da maestro!" It was given for the first time on this occasion with instruments. I should like you to have heard it also, exactly as it was executed and sung there, with such precision in time and taste, and in the pianos and fortes. Who knows? you may perhaps still hear her. I earnestly hope so. The members of the orchestra never ceased praising the aria and talking about it.

I have many kind friends at Mannheim (both highly esteemed and rich) who wished very much to keep me there. Well! where I am properly paid, I am content to be. Who can tell? it may still come to pass. I wish it may; and thus it ever is with me--I live always in hope. Herr Cannabich is an honorable, worthy man, and a kind friend of mine. He has only one fault, which is, that although no longer very young, he is rather careless and absent,--if you are not constantly before his eyes, he is very apt to forget all about you.

But where the interests of a real friend are in question, he works like a horse, and takes the deepest interest in the matter; and this is of great use, for he has influence. I cannot, however, say much in favor of his courtesy or gratitude; the Webers (for whom I have not done half so much), in spite of their poverty and obscurity, have shown themselves far more grateful. Madame Cannabich and her daughter never thanked me by one single word, much less thought of offering me some little remembrance, however trifling, merely as a proof of kindly feeling; but nothing of the sort, not even thanks, though I lost so much time in teaching the daughter, and took such pains with her. She can now perfectly well perform before any one; as a girl only fourteen, and an amateur, she plays remarkably well, and for this they have to thank me, which indeed is very well known to all in Mannheim. She has now neatness, time, and good fingering, as well as even shakes, which she had not formerly. They will find that they miss me much three months hence, for I fear she will again be spoiled, and spoil herself; unless she has a master constantly beside her, and one who thoroughly understands what he is about, she will do no good, for she is still too childish and giddy to practise steadily and carefully alone. [Footnote: Rosa Cannabich became, indeed, a remarkable virtuoso. C L. Junker mentions her, even in his musical almanac of 1783, among the most eminent living artists.]

Madlle. Weber paid me the compliment kindly to knit two pairs of mits for me, as a remembrance and slight acknowledgment. M. Weber wrote out whatever I required gratis, gave me the music-paper, and also made me a present of Moliere's Comedies (as he knew that I had never read them), with this inscription:--"Ricevi, amico, le opere di Moliere, in segno di gratitudine, e qualche volta ricordati di me." [Footnote: "Accept, my dear friend, Moliere's works as a token of my gratitude; and sometimes think of me."] And when alone with mamma he said, "Our best friend, our benefactor, is about to leave us. There can be no doubt that your son has done a great deal for my daughter, and interested himself much about her, and she cannot be too thankful to him." [Footnote: Aloysia Weber became afterwards Madame Lange. She had great fame as a singer. We shall hear more of her in the Vienna letters.] The day before I set off, they would insist on my supping with them, but I managed to give them two hours before supper instead. They never ceased thanking me, and saying they only wished they were in a position to testify their gratitude, and when I went away they all wept. Pray forgive me, but really tears come to my eyes when I think of it. Weber came down-stairs with me, and remained standing at the door till I turned the corner and called out Adieu!

In Paris he at once plunged into work, so that his love-affair was for a time driven into the background. Compositions for the Concert Spirituel, for the theatre, and for dilettanti, as well as teaching and visits to great people, occupied him. His mother writes: "I cannot describe to you how much Wolfgang is beloved and praised here. Herr Wendling had said much in his favor before he came, and has presented him to all his friends. He can dine daily, if he chooses, with Noverre [the famed ballet-master], and also with Madame d'Epinay" [Grimm's celebrated friend]. The mother herself scarcely saw him all day, for on account of their small close apartment, he was obliged to compose at Director Le Gros's house. She had (womanlike) written to the father about the composition of a Miserere. Wolfgang continues the letter, more fully explaining the matter.

101.

Paris, April 5, 1778.

I MUST now explain more, clearly what mamma alludes to, as she has written rather obscurely. Capellmeister Holzbauer has sent a Miserere here, but as the choruses at Mannheim are weak and poor, whereas here they are strong and good, his choruses would make no effect. M. Le Gros (Director of the Concert Spirituel) requested me therefore to compose others; Holzbauer's introductory chorus being retained. "Quoniam iniquitatem meam," an allegro, is the first air by me. The second an adagio, "Ecce enim in iniquitatibus." Then an allegro, "Ecce enim veritatem dilexisti" to the "ossa humiliata." Then an andante for soprano, tenor, and bass Soli; "Cor mundum," and "Redde mihi," allegro to "ad se convertentur." I also composed a recitative for a bass air, "Libera me de sanguinibus," because a bass air of Holzbauer's follows. The "sacrificium Deo spiritus" being an aria andante for Raaff, with a hautboy and a bassoon solo obligato. I have added a short recitative with hautboy and bassoon, for here recitative is much liked. "Benigne fac" to "muri Jerusalem" andante moderate. Chorus. Then "Tunc acceptabis" to "super altare," allegro and tenor solo (Le Gros) and chorus. Finis. [None of this music is known.]

I must say that I am right glad to have done with this task, for it is really detestable not to be able to write at home, and to be hurried into the bargain; but now, God be praised! it is finished, and I hope it will make some effect. M. Gussec, whom you no doubt know, when he saw my first chorus, said to Le Gros (I was not present) that it was charming, and could not fail to be successful, that the words were so well arranged, and, above all, admirably set to music. He is a kind friend of mine, but very reserved. I am not merely to write an act for an opera, but an entire one in two acts. The poet has already completed the first act. Noverre [ballet-master], with whom I dine as often as I please, managed this, and indeed suggested the idea. I think it is to be called "Alexander and Roxana."

Madame Jenome is also here. I am about to compose a sinfonie concertante,--flute, Wendling; oboe, Ramm; French horn, Punto; and bassoon, Ritter. Punto plays splendidly. I have this moment returned from the Concert Spirituel. Baron Grimm and I often give vent to our wrath at the music here; N.B.--when tete-a-tete, for in public we call out "Bravo! bravissimo!" and clap our hands till our fingers tingle.

102.

Paris, May 1, 1778.

THE little violoncellist Zygmatofsky and his unprincipled father are here. Perhaps I may already have written you this; I only mention it cursorily, because I just remember that I met him at a house which I must now tell you about. I mean that of the Duchesse de Chabot. M. Grimm gave me a letter to her, so I drove there, the purport of the letter being chiefly to recommend me to the Duchesse de Bourbon, who when I was last here [during Mozart's first visit to Paris] was in a convent, and to introduce me afresh to her and recall me to her memory. A week elapsed without the slightest notice of my visit, but as eight days previously she had appointed me to call on her, I kept my engagement and went. I waited half an hour in a large room without any fire, and as cold as ice. At last the Duchess came in, and was very polite, begging me to make allowances for her piano, as none of her instruments were in good order, but I might at least try it. I said that I would most gladly play something, but at this moment it was impossible, as my fingers were quite benumbed from the cold, so I asked her at all events to take me to a room where there was a fire. "Oh! oui, Monsieur, vous avez raison"--was her answer. She then seated herself, and drew for a whole hour in company with several gentlemen, all sitting in a circle round a large table, and during this time I had the honor to wait. The windows and doors were open, so that not only my hands, but my body and my feet were cold, and my head also began to ache. Moreover, there was altum silentium, and I really did not know what to do from cold, headache, and weariness. I again and again thought to myself, that if it were not on M. Grimm's account I would leave the house at once. At last, to cut matters short, I played on the wretched, miserable piano. What however vexed me most of all was, that the Duchess and all the gentlemen did not cease drawing for a single moment, but coolly continued their occupation; so I was left to play to the chairs and tables, and the walls. My patience gave way under such unpropitious circumstances. I therefore began the Fischer variations, and after playing one half of them I rose. Then came eulogiums without end. I, however, said all that could be said--which was, that I could do myself no justice on such a piano, but I should be very glad to fix some other day to play, when a better instrument might be found. But the Duchess would not hear of my going away; so I was obliged to wait till her husband came in, who placed himself beside me and listened to me with great attention, while, as for me, I became unconscious of all cold and all headache, and, in spite of the wretched piano, played as I CAN play when I am in the right mood. Give me the best piano in Europe, and listeners who understand nothing, or don't wish to understand, and who do not sympathize with me in what I am playing, I no longer feel any pleasure. I afterwards told all this to M. Grimm.

You write to me that I ought to pay a good many visits in order to make new acquaintances, and to renew former ones. This is, however, impossible, from the distances being so great, and it is too muddy to go on foot, for really the mud in Paris is beyond all description. To go in a carriage entails spending four or five livres a day, and all for nothing; it is true the people say all kinds of civil things, but there it ends, as they appoint me to come on such and such a day, when I play, and hear them exclaim, "Oh! c'est un prodige, c'est inconcevable, c'est etonnant!" and then, Adieu! At first I spent money enough in driving about, and to no purpose, from not finding the people at home. Unless you lived here, you could not believe what an annoyance this is. Besides, Paris is much changed; the French are far from being as polite as they were fifteen years ago; their manner now borders on rudeness, and they are odiously self-sufficient.

I must proceed to give you an account of the Concert Spirituel. By the by, I must first briefly tell you that my chorus-labors were in a manner useless, for Holzbauer's Miserere was too long in itself, and did not please, so they gave only two of my choruses instead of four, and chose to leave out the best; but this was of no great consequence, for many there were not aware that any of the music was by me, and many knew nothing at all about me. Still, at the rehearsal great approbation was expressed, and I myself (for I place no great reliance on Parisian praise) was very much satisfied with my choruses. With regard to the sinfonie concertante there appears to be a hitch, and I believe that some unseen mischief is at work. It seems that I have enemies here also; where have I not had them? But this is a good sign. I was obliged to write the symphony very hurriedly, and worked very hard at it. The four performers were and are perfectly enchanted with the piece. Le Gros had it for the last four days to be copied, but I invariably saw it lying in the same place. Two days ago I could not find it, though I searched carefully among the music; and at last I discovered it hidden away. I took no notice, but said to Le Gros, "A propos, have you given my sinfonie to be copied?" "No; I forgot all about it." As, of course, I have no power to compel him to have it transcribed and performed, I said nothing; but I went to the concert on the

two days when the sinfonie was to have been performed, when Ramm and Punto came to me in the greatest rage to ask me why my sinfonie concertante was not to be given. "I don't know. This is the first I hear of it. I cannot tell." Ramm was frantic, and abused Le Gros in the music-room in French, saying how very unhandsome it was on his part, etc. I alone was to be kept in the dark! If he had even made an excuse--that the time was too short, or something of the kind!--but he never said a syllable. I believe the real cause to be Cambini, an Italian maestro; for at our first meeting at Le Gros's, I unwittingly took the wind out of his sails. He composes quintets, one of which I heard at Mannheim; it was very pretty, so I praised it, and played the beginning to him. Ritter, Ramm, and Punto were all present, and gave me no peace till I agreed to continue, and to supply from my own head what I could not remember. I therefore did so, and Cambini was quite excited, and could not help saying, "Questa e una gran testa!" Well, I suppose after all he did not quite relish this, [The symphony in question has also entirely disappeared.]

If this were a place where people had ears to hear or hearts to feel, and understood just a little of music, and had some degree of taste, these things would only make me laugh heartily, but as it is (so far as music is concerned) I am surrounded by mere brute beasts. But how can it be otherwise? for in all their actions, inclinations, and passions, they are just the same. There is no place in the world like Paris. You must not think that I exaggerate when I speak in this way of the music here; refer to whom you will, except to a Frenchman born, and (if trustworthy) you will hear the same. But I am now here, and must endure it for your sake. I shall be grateful to Providence if I get away with my natural taste uninjured. I pray to God every day to grant me grace to be firm and steadfast here, that I may do honor to the whole German nation, which will all redound to His greater honor and glory, and to enable me to prosper and make plenty of money, that I may extricate you from your present emergencies, and also to permit us to meet soon, and to live together happily and contentedly; but "His will be done in earth as it is in heaven." I entreat you, dearest father, in the meantime, to take measures that I may see Italy, in order to bring me to life again. Bestow this great happiness upon me, I implore you! I do hope you will keep up your spirits; I shall cut my way through here as I best can, and trust I shall get off safely. Adieu!

103.

Paris, May 14, 1778.

I HAVE already so much to do that I don't know how I am to manage when winter comes. I think I wrote to you in my last letter that the Duc de Guines, whose daughter is my pupil in composition, plays the flute inimitably, and she the harp magnificently; she has a great deal of talent and genius, and, above all, a wonderful memory, for she plays all her pieces, about 200 in number, by heart. She, however, doubts much whether she has any genius for composition, especially as regards ideas or invention; but her father (who, entre nous, is rather too infatuated about her) declares that she certainly has ideas, and that she is only diffident and has too little self-reliance. Well, we shall see. If she acquires no thoughts or ideas, (for hitherto she really has none whatever,) it is all in vain, for God knows I can't give her any! It is not the father's intention to make her a great composer. He says, "I don't wish her to write operas, or arias, or concertos, or symphonies, but grand sonatas for her instrument and for mine." I gave her to-day her fourth lesson on the rules of composition and harmony, and am pretty well satisfied with her. She made a very good bass for the first minuet, of which I had given her the melody, and she has already begun to write in three parts; she can do it, but she quickly tires, and I cannot get her on, for it is impossible to proceed further as yet; it is too soon, even if she really had genius, but, alas! there appears to be none; all must be done by rule; she has no ideas, and none seem likely to come, for I have tried her in every possible way. Among other things it occurred to me to write out a very simple minuet, and to see if she could not make a variation on it. Well, that utterly failed. Now, thought I, she has not a notion how or what to do first. So I began to vary the first bar, and told her to continue in the same manner, and to keep to the idea. At length this went tolerably well. When it was finished, I told her she must try to originate something herself--only the treble of a melody. So she thought it over for a whole quarter of an hour, AND NOTHING CAME. Then I wrote four bars of a minuet, saying to her, "See what an ass I am! I have begun a minuet, and can't even complete the first part; be so very good as to finish it for me." She declared this was impossible. At last, with great difficulty, SOMETHING CAME, and I was only too glad that ANYTHING AT ALL CAME. I told her then to complete the minuet--that is, the treble only. The task I set her for the next lesson was to change my four bars, and replace them by something of her own, and to find out another beginning, even if it were the same harmony, only changing the melody. I shall see to-morrow what she has done.

I shall soon now, I think, receive the poetry for my two-act opera, when I must first present it to the Director, M. de Vismes, to see if he will accept it; but of this there can be no doubt, as it is recommended by Noverre, to whom De Vismes is indebted for his situation. Noverre, too, is soon to arrange a new ballet, for which I am to write the music. Rudolf (who plays the French horn) is in the royal service here, and a very kind friend of mine; he understands composition thoroughly, and writes well. He has offered me

the place of organist at Versailles if I choose to accept it: the salary is 2000 livres a year, but I must live six months at Versailles and the remaining six in Paris, or where I please. I don't, however, think that I shall close with the offer; I must take the advice of good friends on the subject. 2000 livres is no such very great sum; in German money it may be so, but not here. It amounts to 83 louis-d'or 8 livres a year--that is, 915 florins 45 kreutzers of our money, (which is certainly a considerable sum,) but only to 383 ecus 2 livres, and that is not much, for it is frightful to see how quickly a dollar goes here! I am not at all surprised that so little is thought of a louis-d'or in Paris, for it does not go far. Four dollars, or a louis-d'or, which are the same, are gone in no time. Adieu!

104.

Paris, May 29, 1778.

I AM pretty well, thank God! but still I am often puzzled to know what to make of it all. I feel neither hot nor cold, and don't take much pleasure in anything. What, however, cheers and strengthens me most is the thought that you, dearest papa, and my dear sister, are well; that I am an honest German, and though I cannot SAY, I may at all events THINK what I please, and, after all, that is the chief thing. Yesterday I was for the second time at Count Sickingen's, ambassador from the Elector Palatine; (I dined there once before with Wendling and Ramm.) I don't know whether I told you what a charming man he is, and a great connoisseur and devoted lover of music. I passed eight hours quite alone with him. The whole forenoon, and afternoon too, till ten o'clock at night, we were at the piano, playing all kind of music, praising, admiring, analyzing, discussing, and criticizing. He has nearly thirty scores of operas. I must not forget to tell you that I had the satisfaction of seeing your "School for the Violin" translated into French; I believe it is about eight years since the translation appeared. I have just returned from a music-shop where I went to buy a sonata of Schobert's for one of my pupils, and I mean to go again soon to examine the book more closely, that I may write to you about it minutely, for to-day I have not time to do this.

105.

Paris, June 12, 1778.

I MUST now write something that concerns our Raaff. [Footnote: Mozart wrote the part of Idomeneo for Raaff in the year 1781.] You no doubt remember that I did not write much in his favor from Mannheim, and was by no means satisfied with his singing--in short, that he did not please me at all. The cause, however, was that I can scarcely say I really heard him at Mannheim. The first time was at the rehearsal of Holzbauer's "Gunther," when he was in his every-day clothes, his hat on his head, and a stick in his hand. When he was not singing, he stood looking like a sulky child. When he began to sing the first recitative, it went tolerably well, but every now and then he gave a kind of shriek, which I could not bear. He sang the arias in a most indolent way, and yet some of the notes with too much emphasis, which is not what I like. This has been an invariable habit of his, which the Bernacchi school probably entails; for he is a pupil of Bernacchi's. At court, too, he used to sing all kinds of airs which, in my opinion, by no means suited his voice; so he did not at all please me. When at length he made his debut here in the Concert Spirituel, he sang Bach's scena, "Non so d' onde viene" which is, besides, my great favorite, and then for the first time I really heard him sing, and he pleased me--that is, in this class of music; but the style itself, the Bernacchi school, is not to my taste. He is too apt to fall into the cantabile. I admit that, when he was younger and in his prime, this must have made a great impression and taken people by surprise; I could like it also, but there is too much of it, and it often seems to me positively ludicrous. What does please me in him is when he sings short pieces--for instance, andantinos; and he has likewise certain arias which he gives in a manner peculiar to himself. Let each occupy his proper place. I fancy that bravura singing was once his forte, which is even still perceptible in him, and so far as age admits of it he has a good chest and a long breath; and then his andantino! His voice is fine and very pleasing; if I shut my eyes and listen to him, I think his singing very like Meissner's, only Raaff's voice seems to me more agreeable. I speak of the present time, for I never heard either in his best days. I can therefore only refer to their style or method of singing, for this a singer always retains. Meissner, as you know, had the bad habit of purposely making his voice tremble at times,--entire quavers and even crotchets, when marked sostenuto,--and this I never could endure in him. Nothing can be more truly odious; besides, it is a style of singing quite contrary to nature. The human voice is naturally tremulous, but only so far as to be beautiful; such is the nature of the voice, and it is imitated not only on wind instruments, but on stringed instruments, and even on the piano. But the moment the proper boundary is passed it is no longer beautiful, because it becomes unnatural. It seems to me then just like an organ when the bellows are panting. Now Raaff never does this,--in fact, he cannot bear it. Still, so far as a genuine cantabile goes, Meissner pleases me (though not altogether, for he also exaggerates) better than Raaff. In bravura passages and roulades, Raaff is indeed a perfect master, and he has such a good and distinct articulation, which is a great charm; and, as I already said, his andantinus and

canzonetti are delightful. He composed four German songs, which are lovely. He likes me much, and we are very intimate; he comes to us almost every day. I have dined at least six times with Count von Sickingen, and always stay from one o'clock till ten. Time, however, flies so quickly in his house that it passes quite imperceptibly. He seems fond of me, and I like very much being with him, for he is a most friendly, sensible person, possessing excellent judgment and a true insight into music, I was there again to-day with Raaff. I took some music with me, as the Count (long since) asked me to do so. I brought my newly completed symphony, with which, on Corpus Christi day, the Concert Spirituel is to commence. The work pleased them both exceedingly, and I am also well satisfied with it. Whether it will be popular here, however, I cannot tell, and, to say the truth, I care very little about it. For whom is it to please? I can answer for its pleasing the few intelligent Frenchmen who may be there; as for the numskulls--why, it would be no great misfortune if they were dissatisfied. I have some hope, nevertheless, that even the dunces among them may find something to admire. Besides, I have been careful not to neglect le premier coup d'archet; and that is sufficient. All the wiseacres here make such a fuss on that point! Deuce take me if I can see any difference! Their orchestra begins all at one stroke, just as in other places. It is too laughable! Raaff told me a story of Abaco on this subject. He was asked by a Frenchman, in Munich or elsewhere,--"Monsieur, vous avez ete a Paris?" "Oui." "Est-ce que vous etiez au Concert Spirituel?" "Oui." "Que dites-vous du premier coup d'archet? avez-vous entendu le premier coup d'archet?" "Oui, j'ai entendu le premier et le dernier." "Comment le dernier? que veut dire cela?" "Mais oui, le premier et le dernier; et le dernier meme m'a donne plus de plaisir." [Footnote: The imposing impression produced by the first grand crash of a numerous orchestra, commencing with precision, in tutti, gave rise to this pleasantry.] A few days afterwards his kind mother was taken ill. Even in her letters from Mannheim she often complained of various ailments, and in Paris also she was still exposed to the discomfort of cold dark lodgings, which she was obliged to submit to for the sake of economy; so her illness soon assumed the worst aspect, and Mozart experienced the first severe trial of his life. The following letter is addressed to his beloved and faithful friend, Abbe Bullinger, tutor in Count Lodron's family in Salzburg.

(Private.) 106.

Paris, July 3, 1778.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,--

Mourn with me! This has been the most melancholy day of my life; I am now writing at two o'clock in the morning. I must tell you that my mother, my darling mother, is no more. God has called her to Himself; I clearly see that it was His will to take her from us, and I must learn to submit to the will of God. The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away. Only think of all the distress, anxiety, and care I have endured for the last fourteen days. She died quite unconscious, and her life went out like a light. She confessed three days before, took the sacrament, and received extreme unction. The last three days, however, she was constantly delirious, and to-day, at twenty minutes past five o'clock, her features became distorted, and she lost all feeling and perception. I pressed her hand, I spoke to her, but she did not see me, she did not hear me, and all feeling was gone. She lay thus till the moment of her death, five hours after, at twenty minutes past ten at night. There was no one present but myself, Herr Heiner, a kind friend whom my father knows, and the nurse. It is quite impossible for me to describe the whole course of the illness to-day. I am firmly convinced that she must have died, and that God had so ordained it. All I would ask of you at present is to act the part of a true friend, by preparing my father by degrees for this sad intelligence. I have written to him by this post, but only that she is seriously ill; and now I shall wait for your answer and be guided by it. May God give him strength and courage! My dear friend, I am consoled not only now, but have been so for some time past. By the mercy of God I have borne it all with firmness and composure. When the danger became imminent, I prayed to God for only two things--a happy death for my mother, and strength and courage for myself; and our gracious God heard my prayer and conferred these two boons fully on me. I entreat you, therefore, my best friend, to watch over my father for me; try to inspire him with courage, that the blow may not be too hard and heavy on him when he learns the worst. I also, from my heart, implore you to comfort my sister. Pray go straight to them, but do not tell them she is actually dead--only prepare them for the truth. Do what you think best, say what you please; only act so that my mind may be relieved, and that I may not have to dread another misfortune. Support and comfort my dear father and my dear sister. Answer me at once, I entreat. Adieu! Your faithful

W. A. M.

107.

Paris, July 3, 1778.

MONSIEUR MON TRES-CHER PERE,--

I have very painful and sad news to give you, which has, in fact, been the cause of my not having sooner replied to your letter of the 11th. My dearest mother is very ill. She has been bled according to her usual custom, which was indeed very necessary; it did her much good, but a few days afterwards she complained of shivering and feverishness; then diarrhoea came on and headache. At first we only used our home remedies, antispasmodic powders; we would gladly have had recourse to the black powder, but we had none, and could not get it here. As she became every moment worse, could hardly speak, and lost her hearing, so that we were obliged to shout to her, Baron Grimm sent his doctor to see her. She is very weak, and still feverish and delirious. They do give me some hope, but I have not much. I hoped and feared alternately day and night for long, but I am quite reconciled to the will of God, and hope that you and my sister will be the same. What other resource have we to make us calm? More calm, I ought to say; for altogether so we cannot be. Whatever the result may be, I am resigned, knowing that it comes from God, who wills all things for our good, (however unaccountable they may seem to us;) and I do firmly believe (and shall never think otherwise) that no doctor, no man living, no misfortune, no casualty, can either save or take away the life of any human being--none but God alone. These are only the instruments that He usually employs, but not always; we sometimes see people swoon, fall down, and be dead in a moment. When our time does come, all means are vain,--they rather hurry on death than retard it; this we saw in the case of our friend Hefner. I do not mean to say by this that my mother will or must die, or that all hope is at an end; she may recover and be restored to health, but only if the Lord wills it thus. After praying to God with all my strength for health and life for my darling mother, I like to indulge in such consolatory thoughts, and, after doing so, I feel more cheerful and more calm and tranquil, and you may easily imagine how much I require comfort. Now for another subject. Let us put aside these sad thoughts, and still hope, but not too much; we must place our trust in the Lord, and console ourselves by the thought that all must go well if it be in accordance with the will of the Almighty, as he knows best what is most profitable and beneficial both for our temporal and spiritual welfare.

I have composed a symphony for the opening of the Concert Spirituel, which was performed with great applause on Corpus Christi day. I hear, too, that there is a notice of it in the "Courrier de l'Europe," and that it has given the greatest satisfaction. I was very nervous during the rehearsal, for in my life I never heard anything go so badly. You can have no idea of the way in which they scraped and scrambled through my symphony twice over; I was really very uneasy, and would gladly have had it rehearsed again, but so many things had been tried over that there was no time left. I therefore went to bed with an aching heart and in a discontented and angry spirit. Next day I resolved not to go to the concert at all; but in the evening, the weather being fine, I made up my mind at last to go, determined that if it went as badly as at the rehearsal, I would go into the orchestra, take the violin out of the hands of M. La Haussaye, the first violin, and lead myself. I prayed to God that it might go well, for all is to His greater honor and glory; and ecce, the symphony began, Raaff was standing beside me, and just in the middle of the allegro a passage occurred which I felt sure must please, and there was a burst of applause; but as I knew at the time I wrote it what effect it was sure to produce, I brought it in once more at the close, and then rose shouts of "Da capo!" The andante was also liked, but the last allegro still more so. Having observed that all last as well as first allegros here begin together with all the other instruments, and generally unisono, mine commenced with only two violins, piano for the first eight bars, followed instantly by a forte; the audience, as I expected, called out "hush!" at the soft beginning, and the instant the forte was heard began to clap their hands. The moment the symphony was over I went off in my joy to the Palais Royal, where I took a good ice, told over my beads, as I had vowed, and went home, where I am always happiest, and always shall be happiest, or in the company of some good, true, upright German, who, so long as he is unmarried, lives a good Christian life, and when he marries loves his wife, and brings up his children properly.

I must give you a piece of intelligence that you perhaps already know--namely, that the ungodly arch-villain Voltaire has died miserably like a dog--just like a brute. This is his reward! You must long since have remarked that I do not like being here, for many reasons, which, however, do not signify as I am actually here. I never fail to do my very best, and to do so with all my strength. Well, God will make all things right. I have a project in my head, for the success of which I daily pray to God. If it be His almighty will, it must come to pass; but, if not, I am quite contented. I shall then at all events have done my part. When this is in train, and if it turns out as I wish, you must then do your part also, or the whole work would be incomplete. Your kindness leads me to hope that you will certainly do so. Don't trouble yourself by any useless thoughts on the subject; and one favor I must beg of you beforehand, which is, not to ask me to reveal my thoughts more clearly till the time comes. It is very difficult at present to find a good libretto for an opera. The old ones, which are the best, are not written in the modern style, and the new ones are all good for nothing; for poetry, which was the only thing of which France had reason to be proud, becomes every day worse, and poetry is the only thing which requires to be good here, for music they do not understand. There are now two operas in aria which I could write, one in two acts, and the other in three. The two-act one is "Alexandra et Roxane," but the author of the libretto is still in the country; the one in three acts is "Demofonte" (by Metastasio). It is a translation interspersed with choruses and dancing, and specially adapted to the

French stage. But this one I have not yet got a sight of. Write to me whether you have Schroter's concertos in Salzburg, or Hullmandell's sonatas. I should like to buy them to send to you. Both of them are beautiful. With regard to Versailles, it never was my intention to go there. I asked the advice of Baron Grimm and other kind friends on the point, and they all thought just as I did. The salary is not much, and I should be obliged to live a dreary life for six months in a place where nothing is to be gained, and my talents completely buried. Whoever enters the king's service is forgotten in Paris; and then to become an organist! A good appointment would be most welcome to me, but only that of a Capellmeister, and a well-paid one too.

Now, farewell! Be careful of your health; place your trust in God, and then you will find consolation. My dearest mother is in the hands of the Almighty. If He still spares her to us, as I wish He may, we will thank Him for this blessing, but if He takes her to Himself, all our anguish, misery, and despair can be of no avail. Let us rather submit with firmness to His almighty will, in the full conviction that it will prove for our good, as he does nothing without a cause. Farewell, dearest papa! Do what you can to preserve your health for my sake.

108.

Paris, July 9, 1778.

I HOPE you are prepared to receive with firmness most melancholy and painful intelligence. My last letter of the 3d must have shown you that no good news could be hoped for. That very same day, the 3d, at twenty minutes past ten at night, my mother fell asleep peacefully in the Lord; indeed, when I wrote to you she was already in the enjoyment of heavenly bliss, for all was then over. I wrote to you in the night, and I hope you and my dear sister will forgive me for this slight but very necessary deception; for, judging of your grief and sorrow by my own, I could not prevail on myself to startle you suddenly by such dreadful intelligence; but I hope you have now summoned up courage to hear the worst, and that, after at first giving way to natural and only too just anguish and tears, you will eventually submit to the will of God, and adore His inscrutable, unfathomable, and all-wise providence. You can easily conceive what I have had to endure, and what courage and fortitude I required to bear with composure seeing her become daily worse and worse; and yet our gracious God bestowed this boon on me. I have, indeed, suffered and wept, but what did it avail? So I strove to be comforted, and I do hope, my dear father, that my dear sister and you will do likewise. Weep, weep, as you cannot fail to weep, but take comfort at last; remember that God Almighty has ordained it, and how can we rebel against Him? Let us rather pray to Him and thank Him for His goodness, for she died a happy death. Under these heart-rending circumstances there were three things that consoled me--my entire and steadfast submission to the will of God, and the sight of her easy and blessed death, which made me feel that in a moment she had become so happy; for how far happier is she now than we are! Indeed, I would fain at that moment have gone with her. From this wish and longing proceeded my third source of consolation--namely, that she is not lost to us forever, that we shall see her again, and live together far more happily and blessedly than in this world. The time as yet we know not, but that does not disturb me; when God wills it I am ready. His heavenly and holy will has been fulfilled. Let us therefore pray a pious Vater unser for her soul, and turn our thoughts to other matters, for there is a time for everything.

I write this in the house of Madame d'Epinay and M. Grimm, with whom I now live; I have a pretty little room with a very agreeable prospect, and am as happy as it is possible to be under my present circumstances. It will be a great aid in restoring my tranquillity, to hear that my dear father and sister submit with calmness and fortitude to the will of God, and trust Him with their whole heart, in the entire belief that He orders all for the best. My dearest father, do not give way! My dearest sister, be firm! You do not as yet know your brother's kind heart, because he has not yet had an opportunity to prove it. Remember, my loved ones both, that you have a son and a brother anxious to devote all his powers to make you happy, knowing well that the day must come when you will not be hostile to his wish and his desire,--not certainly such as to be any discredit to him,--and that you will do all that lies in your power to make him happy. Oh! then we shall all live together as peacefully, honorably, and contentedly as it is possible to do in this world, and at last in God's good time all meet again above--the purpose for which we were destined and created.

I received your last letter of the 29th, and see with pleasure that you are both, thank God! in good health. I could not help laughing heartily at Haydn's tipsy fit. Had I been there, I certainly should have whispered in his ear "Adlgasser!" It is really disgraceful in so clever a man to render himself incapable by his own folly of performing his duties at a festival instituted in honor of God; when the Archbishop too and his whole court were present, and the church full of people, it was quite abominable.[Footnote: The father had written, "Haydn (organist of the church of the Holy Trinity) played the organ in the afternoon at the Litany, and the Te Deum laudamus, but in such a dreadful manner that we were quite startled, and thought he was about to undergo the fate of the deceased Adlgasser [who was seized with paralysis when playing the organ] It turned out, however, that he was only rather intoxicated, so his head and hands did not agree"] This is one of my chief reasons for detesting Salzburg--those coarse, slovenly, dissipated court

musicians, with whom no honest man of good breeding could possibly live! instead of being glad to associate with them, he must feel ashamed of them. It is probably from this very cause that musicians are neither loved nor respected with us. If the orchestra were only organised like that at Mannheim! I wish you could see the subordination that prevails there--the authority Cannabich exercises; where all is done in earnest. Cannabich, who is the best director I ever saw, is both beloved and feared by his subordinates, who, as well as himself, are respected by the whole town. But certainly they behave very differently, have good manners, are well dressed (and do not go to public-houses to get drunk). This can never be the case in Salzburg, unless the Prince will place confidence either in you or me and give us full powers, which are indispensable to a conductor of music; otherwise it is all in vain. In Salzburg every one is master--so no one is master. If I were to undertake it, I should insist on exercising entire authority. The Grand Chamberlain must have nothing to say as to musical matters, or on any point relating to music. Not every person in authority can become a Capellmeister, but a Capellmeister must become a person of authority.

By the by, the Elector is again in Mannheim. Madame Cannabich and also her husband correspond with me. If what I fear were to come to pass, and it would be a sad pity if it did,--namely, that the orchestra were to be much diminished,--I still cherish one hope. You know that there is nothing I desire more than a good appointment,--good in reputation, and good in money,--no matter where, provided it be in a Catholic country. You fenced skilfully indeed with Count Stahremberg [FOOTNOTE: A prebendary of Salzburg, to whom the father had "opened his heart," and told him all that had occurred in Salzburg. Wolfgang's reinstatement in his situation was being negotiated at the time.] throughout the whole affair; only continue as you have begun, and do not allow yourself to be deluded; more especially be on your guard if by any chance you enter into conversation with that silly goose---; [FOOTNOTE: He probably alludes to the Archbishop's sister, Countess Franziska von Walles, who did the honors of her brother's court, and who, no doubt, also interfered in this matter.] I know her, and believe me, though she may have sugar and honey on her lips, she has gall and wormwood in her head and in her heart. It is quite natural that the whole affair should still be in an unsettled state, and many things must be conceded before I could accept the offer; and even if every point were favorably adjusted, I would rather be anywhere than at Salzburg. But I need not concern myself on the matter, for it is not likely that all I ask should be granted, as I ask a great deal. Still it is not impossible; and if all were rightly organized, I would no longer hesitate, but solely for the happiness of being with you. If the Salzburgers wish to have me, they must comply with my wishes, or they shall never get me.

So the Prelate of Baumburg has died the usual prelatical death; but I had not heard that the Prelate of the Holy Cross [in Augsburg] was also dead. I grieve to hear it, for he was a good, honest, upright man. So you had no faith in Deacon Zeschinger [see No. 68] being made prelate? I give you my honor I never conjectured anything else; indeed, I do not know who else could have got it; and what better prelate could we have for music?

My friend Raaff leaves this to-morrow; he goes by Brussels to Aix-la-Chapelle and Spa, and thence to Mannheim, when he is to give me immediate notice of his arrival, for we mean to correspond. He sends numerous greetings to you and to my sister. You write that you have heard nothing for a very long time of my pupil in composition; very true, but what can I say about her? She will never be a composer; all labor is vain with her, for she is not only vastly stupid, but also vastly lazy.

I had previously answered you about the opera. As to Noverre's ballet, I only wrote that he might perhaps arrange a new one. He wanted about one half to complete it, and this I set to music. That is, six pieces are written by others, consisting entirely of old trumpery French airs; the symphony and contre-danses, and about twelve more pieces, are contributed by me. This ballet has already been given four times with great applause. I am now positively determined to write nothing more without previously knowing what I am to get for it: but this was only a friendly act towards Noverre. Herr Wendling left this last May. If I were to see Baron Bach, I must have very good eyes, for he is not here but in London. Is it possible that I did not tell you this? You shall find that, in future, I will answer all your letters minutely. It is said that Baron Bach will soon return here; I should be glad of that for many reasons, especially because at his house there will be always opportunity to try things over in good earnest. Capellmeister Bach will also soon be here; I believe he is writing an opera. The French are, and always will be, downright donkeys; they can do nothing themselves, so they must have recourse to foreigners. I talked to Piccini at the Concert Spirituel; he is always most polite to me and I to him when we do by chance meet. Otherwise I do not seek much acquaintance, either with him or any of the other composers; they understand their work and I mine, and that is enough. I already wrote to you of the extraordinary success my symphony had in the Concert Spirituel. If I receive a commission to write an opera, I shall have annoyance enough, but this I shall not much mind, being pretty well accustomed to it--if only that confounded French language were not so detestable for music! It is, indeed, too provoking; even German is divine in comparison. And then the singers--but they do not deserve the name, for they do not sing, but scream and bawl with all their might through their noses and throats. I am to compose a French oratorio for the ensuing Lent, to be given at the Concert Spirituel. M. Le Gros (the director) is amazingly well-disposed towards me. You must know that (though I used

to see him every day) I have not been near him since Easter; I felt so indignant at his not having my symphony performed. I was often in the same house visiting Raaff, and thus passed his rooms constantly. His servants often saw me, when I always sent him my compliments. It is really a pity he did not give the symphony--it would have been a good hit; and now he has no longer the opportunity to do so, for how seldom are four such performers to be found together! One day, when I went to call on Raaff, I was told that he was out, but would soon be home; so I waited. M. Le Gros came into the room and said, "It is really quite a marvel to have the pleasure of seeing you once more." "Yes; I have a great deal to do." "I hope you will stay and dine with us to-day?" "I regret that I cannot, being already engaged." "M. Mozart, we really must soon spend a day together." "It will give me much pleasure." A long pause; at length, "A propos, are you disposed to write a grand symphony for me for Corpus Christi day?" "Why not?" "May I then rely on this?" "Oh, yes! if I may, with equal confidence, rely on its being performed, and that it will not fare like the sinfonie concertante." This opened the flood-gates; he excused himself in the best way he could, but did not find much to say. In short, the symphony [Kochel, No. 297] was highly approved of; and Le Gros is so satisfied with it that he says it is his very best symphony. The andante, however, has not the good fortune to please him; he declares that it has too many modulations, and is too long. He derives this opinion from the audience forgetting to clap their hands as loudly, and to be as vociferous, as at the end of the first and last movements. But this andante is a great favorite WITH MYSELF, as well as with all connoisseurs, amateurs, and the greater part of those who heard it. It is the exact reverse of what Le Gros says, for it is both simple and short. But in order to satisfy him (and no doubt some others) I have written a fresh one. Each good in its own way--each having a different character. The last pleases me the best. The first good opportunity I have, I will send you this sinfonie concertante, and also the "School for the Violin," some pieces for the piano, and Vogler's book ("Ton Wissenschaft und Kunst"), and then I hope to have your opinion of them. On August 15th, Ascension Day, my sinfonie, with the new andante, is to be performed for the second time. The sinfonie is in Re, the andante in Sol, for here one must not say in D or in G. Le Gros is now all for me.

Take comfort and pray without ceasing; this is the only resource we have. I hope you will cause a holy mass to be said in Maria Plain and in Loretto. I have done so here. As for the letter to Herr Bahr, I don't think it is necessary to send it to me; I am not as yet acquainted with him; I only know that he plays the clarionet well, but is in other respects no desirable companion, and I do not willingly associate with such people; no credit is derived from them, and I really should feel positively ashamed to give him a letter recommending me to him--even if he could be of service to me; but it so happens that he is by no means in good repute here. Many do not know him at all. Of the two Staunitz, the junior only is here [Mannheim composer]. The elder of the two (the veritable Hafeneder composer) is in London. They are wretched scribblers, gamblers, and drunkards, and not the kind of people for me. The one now here has scarcely a coat to his back. By the by, if Brunetti should ever be dismissed, I would be glad to recommend a friend of mine to the Archbishop as first violin; he is a most worthy man, and very steady. I think he is about forty years of age, and a widower; his name is Rothfischer. He is Concertmeister at Kirchheim-Boland, with the Princess of Nassau-Weilberg [see No. 91]. Entre nous, he is dissatisfied, for he is no favorite with his Prince--that is, his music is not. He urged me to forward his interests, and it would cause me real pleasure to be of use to him, for never was there such a kind man.

109.

Paris, July 18, 1778.

I HOPE you got my last two letters. Let us allude no more to their chief purport. All is over; and were we to write whole pages on the subject, we could not alter the fact.

The principal object of this letter is to congratulate my dear sister on her name-day. I think I wrote to you that M. Raaff had left this, but that he is my very true and most particular friend, and I can entirely depend on his regard. I could not possibly write to you, because I did not myself know that he had so much affection for me. Now, to write a story properly, one ought to begin from the beginning. I ought to tell you, first, that Raaff lodged with M. Le Gros. It just occurs to me that you already know this; but what am I to do? It is written, and I can't begin the letter again, so I proceed. When he arrived, we happened to be at dinner. This, too, has nothing to do with the matter; it is only to let you know that people do dine in Paris, as elsewhere. When I went home I found a letter for me from Herr Weber, and the bearer of it was Raaff. If I wished to deserve the name of a historian, I ought here to insert the contents of this letter; and I can with truth say that I am very reluctant to decline giving them. But I must not be too prolix; to be concise is a fine thing, which you can see by my letter. The third day I found him at home and thanked him; it is always advisable to be polite. I no longer remember what we talked about. An historian must be unusually dull who cannot forthwith supply some falsehood--I mean some romance. Well! we spoke of the fine weather; and when we had said our say, we were silent, and I went away. Some days after--though what day it was I really forget, but one day in the week assuredly--I had just seated myself, at the

piano of course; and Ritter, the worthy Holzbeisser, was sitting beside me. Now, what is to be deduced from that? A great deal. Raaff had never heard me at Mannheim except at a concert, where the noise and uproar was so great that nothing could be heard; and HE had such a miserable piano that I could not have done myself any justice on it. Here, however, the instrument was good, and I saw Raaff sitting opposite me with a speculative air; so, as you may imagine, I played some preludes in the Fischietti method, and also played a florid sonata in the style and with the fire, spirit, and precision of Haydn, and then a fugue with all the skill of Lipp, Silber, and Aman. [Footnote: Fischietti was Capellmeister in Salzburg; Michael Haydn and Lipp, organists.] My fugue-playing has everywhere gained me the greatest applause. When I had quite finished, (Raaff all the time calling out Bravo! while his countenance showed his true and sincere delight,) I entered into conversation with Ritter, and among other things said that I by no means liked being here; adding, "The chief cause of this is music; besides, I can find no resources here, no amusement, no agreeable or sociable intercourse with any one,--especially with ladies, many of whom are disreputable, and those who are not so are deficient in good breeding." Ritter could not deny that I was right. Raaff at last said, smiling, "I can quite believe it, for M. Mozart is not WHOLLY here to admire the Parisian beauties; one half of him is elsewhere--where I have just come from." This of course gave rise to much laughing and joking; but Raaff presently said, in a serious tone, "You are quite right, and I cannot blame you; she deserves it, for she is a sweet, pretty, good girl, well educated, and a superior person with considerable talent." This gave me an excellent opportunity strongly to recommend my beloved Madlle. Weber to him; but there was no occasion for me to say much, as he was already quite fascinated by her. He promised me, as soon as he returned to Mannheim, to give her lessons, and to interest himself in her favor. I ought, by rights, to insert something here, but I must first finish the history of our friendship; if there is still room, I may do so. He was in my eyes only an every-day acquaintance, and no more; but I often sat with him in his room, so by degrees I began to place more confidence in him, and at last told him all my Mannheim history,--how I had been bamboozled and made a fool of, adding that perhaps I might still get an appointment there. He neither said yes nor no; and on every occasion when I alluded to it he seemed each time more indifferent and less interested in the matter. At last, however, I thought I remarked more complacency in his manner, and he often, indeed, began to speak of the affair himself. I introduced him to Herr Grimm and to Madame d'Epinay. On one occasion he came to me and said that he and I were to dine with Count Sickingen some day soon; adding, "The Count and I were conversing together, and I said to him, 'A propos, has your Excellency heard our Mozart?' 'No; but I should like very much both to see and to hear him, for they write me most astonishing things about him from Mannheim.' 'When your Excellency does hear him, you will see that what has been written to you is rather too little than too much.' 'Is it possible?' 'Beyond all doubt, your Excellency.'" Now, this was the first time that I had any reason to think Raaff interested in me. Then it went on increasing, and one day I asked him to come home with me; and after that he often came of his own accord, and at length every day. The day after he left this, a good-looking man called on me in the forenoon with a picture, and said, "Monsieur, je viens de la part de ce Monsieur," showing me a portrait of Raaff, and an admirable likeness. Presently he began to speak German; and it turned out that he was a painter of the Elector's, whom Raaff had often mentioned to me, but always forgot to take me to see him. I believe you know him, for it must be the very person Madame Urspringer, of Mayence, alludes to in her letter, because he says he often met us at the Urspringers'. His name is Kymli. He is a most kind, amiable man, well-principled, honorable, and a good Christian; one proof of which is the friendship between him and Raaff. Now comes the best evidence of Raaff's regard for me, and the sincere interest he takes in my welfare: it is, that he imparts his intentions rather to those whom he can trust than to those more immediately concerned, being unwilling to promise without the certainty of a happy result. This is what Kymli told me. Raaff asked him to call on me and to show me his portrait, to see me often, and to assist me in every way, and to establish an intimate friendship with me. It seems he went to him every morning, and repeatedly said to Kymli, "I was at Herr Mozart's again yesterday evening; he is, indeed, a wonderful little fellow; he is an out-and-outer, and no mistake!" and was always praising me. He told Kymli everything, and the whole Mannheim story--in short, all. The fact is, that high-principled, religious, and well-conducted people always like each other. Kymli says I may rest assured that I am in good hands. "Raaff will certainly do all he can for you, and he is a prudent man who will set to work cleverly; he will not say that it is your wish, but rather your due. He is on the best footing with the Oberststallmeister. Rely on it, he will not be beat; only you must let him go his own way to work." One thing more. Father Martini's letter to Raaff, praising me, must have been lost. Raaff had, some time since, a letter from him, but not a word about me in it. Possibly it is still lying in Mannheim; but this is unlikely, as I know that, during his stay in Paris, all his letters have been regularly forwarded to him. As the Elector justly entertains a very high opinion of the Padre Maestro, I think it would be a good thing if you would be so kind as to apply to him to write again about me to Raaff; it might be of use, and good Father Martini would not hesitate to do a friendly thing twice over for me, knowing that he might thus make my fortune. He no doubt would express the letter in such a manner that it could be shown, if need be, to the Elector. Now enough as to this; my wish for a favorable issue is chiefly that I may soon have the happiness of embracing my dear father and sister. Oh! how joyously and happily we shall live together! I pray fervently to God to grant me this favor; a new leaf will at last be turned, please God! In the fond hope that the day will come, and the

sooner the better, when we shall all be happy, I mean, in God's name, to persevere in my life here, though so totally opposed to my genius, inclinations, knowledge, and sympathies. Believe me, this is but too true,--I write you only the simple truth. If I were to attempt to give you all my reasons, I might write my fingers off and do no good. For here I am, and I must do all that is in my power. God grant that I may not thus impair my talents; but I hope it will not continue long enough for that. God grant it! By the by, the other day an ecclesiastic called on me. He is the leader of the choir at St. Peter's, in Salzburg, and knows you very well; his name is Zendorff; perhaps you may not remember him? He gives lessons here on the piano--in Paris. N. B., have not you a horror of the very name of Paris? I strongly recommend him as organist to the Archbishop; he says he would be satisfied with three hundred florins. Now farewell! Be careful of your health, and strive to be cheerful. Remember that possibly you may ere long have the satisfaction of tossing off a good glass of Rhenish wine with your son--your truly happy son. Adieu!

20th.--Pray forgive my being so late in sending you my congratulations, but I wished to present my sister with a little prelude. The mode of playing it I leave to her own feeling. This is not the kind of prelude to pass from one key to another, but merely a capriccio to try over a piano. My sonatas [Kochel, Nos. 301-306] are soon to be published. No one as yet would agree to give me what I asked for them, so I have been obliged at last to give in, and to let them go for 15 louis-d'or. It is the best way too to make my name known here. As soon as they appear I will send them to you by some good opportunity (and as economically as possible) along with your "School for the Violin," Vogler's book, Hullmandel's sonatas, Schroter's concertos, some of my pianoforte sonatas, the sinfonie concertante, two quartets for the flute, and a concerto for harp and flute [Kochel, No. 298, 299].

Pray, what do you hear about the war? For three days I was very depressed and sorrowful; it is, after all, nothing to me, but I am so sensitive that I feel quickly interested in any matter. I heard that the Emperor had been defeated. At first it was reported that the King of Prussia had surprised the Emperor, or rather the troops commanded by Archduke Maximilian; that two thousand had fallen on the Austrian side, but fortunately the Emperor had come to his assistance with forty thousand men, but was forced to retreat. Secondly, it was said that the King had attacked the Emperor himself, and entirely surrounded him, and that if General Laudon had not come to his relief with eighteen hundred cuirassiers, he would have been taken prisoner; that sixteen hundred cuirassiers had been killed, and Laudon himself shot dead. I have not, however, seen this in any newspaper, but to-day I was told that the Emperor had invaded Saxony with forty thousand troops. Whether the news be true I know not. This is a fine griffonage, to be sure! but I have not patience to write prettily; if you can only read it, it will do well enough. A propos, I saw in the papers that, in a skirmish between the Saxons and Croats, a Saxon captain of grenadiers named Hopfgarten had lost his life, and was much lamented. Can this be the kind, worthy Baron Hopfgarten whom we knew at Paris with Herr von Bose? I should grieve if it were, but I would rather he died this glorious death than have sacrificed his life, as too many young men do here, to dissipation and vice. You know this already, but it is now worse than ever.

N. B. I hope you will be able to decipher the end of the prelude; you need not be very particular about the time; it is the kind of thing that may be played as you feel inclined. I should like to inflict twenty-five stripes on the sorry Vatel's shoulders for not having married Katherl. Nothing is more shameful, in my opinion, than to make a fool of an honest girl, and to play her false eventually; but I hope this may not be the case. If I were her father, I would soon put a stop to the affair.

110.

Paris, July 31, 1778.

I HOPE you have got my two letters of the 11th and 18th. Meantime I have received yours of the 13th and 20th. The first brought tears of sorrow to my eyes, as I was reminded by it of the sad death of my darling mother, and the whole scene recurred vividly to me. Never can I forget it while I live. You know that (though I often wished it) I had never seen any one die, and the first time I did so it was fated to be my own mother! My greatest misery was the thoughts of that hour, and I prayed earnestly to God for strength. I was heard, and strength was given to me. Melancholy as your letter made me, still I was inexpressibly happy to find that you both bear this sorrow as it ought to be borne, and that my mind may now be at ease about my beloved father and sister. As soon as I read your letter, my first impulse was to throw myself on my knees, and fervently to thank our gracious God for this blessing. I am now comparatively happy, because I have no longer anything to dread on account of the two persons who are dearest to me in this world; had it been otherwise, such a terrible misfortune would have utterly overwhelmed me. Be careful therefore of your precious health for my sake, I entreat, and grant to him who flatters himself that he is now what you love most in the world the joy and felicity soon to embrace you.

Your last letter also caused my tears to flow from joy, as it convinced me more than ever of your fatherly love and care. I shall strive with all my might still more to deserve your affection. I thank you for the powder, but am sure you will be glad to hear that I do not require to use it. During my dear mother's illness it would have been very useful, but now, thank God! I am perfectly well and healthy. At times I have fits of melancholy, but the best way to get rid of them is by writing or receiving letters, which always cheers me; but, believe me, these sad feelings never recur without too good cause. You wish to have an account of her illness and every detail connected with it; that you shall have; but I must ask you to let it be short, and I shall only allude to the principal facts, as the event is over, and cannot, alas! now be altered, and I require some space to write on business topics.

In the first place, I must tell you that NOTHING could have saved my mother. No doctor in the world could have restored her to health. It was the manifest will of God; her time was come, and God chose to take her to Himself. You think she put off being bled too long? it may be so, as she did delay it for a little, but I rather agree with the people here, who dissuaded her from being bled at all. The cause of my mother's illness was internal inflammation. After being bled she rallied for some days, but on the 19th she complained of headache, and for the first time stayed in bed the whole day. On the 20th she was seized first with shivering and then with fever, so I gave her an anti-spasmodic powder. I was at that time very anxious to send for another doctor, but she would not allow me to do so, and when I urged her very strongly, she told me that she had no confidence in any French medical man. I therefore looked about for a German one. I could not, of course, go out and leave her, but I anxiously waited for M. Heina, who came regularly every day to see us; but on this occasion two days passed without his appearing. At last he came, but as our doctor was prevented paying his usual visit next day, we could not consult with him; in fact, he did not come till the 24th. The previous day, when I had been expecting him so eagerly, I was in great trouble, for my mother suddenly lost her sense of hearing. The doctor, an old German about seventy, gave her rhubarb in wine. I could not understand this, as wine is usually thought heating; but when I said so, every one exclaimed, "How can you say so? Wine is not heating, but strengthening; water is heating." And all the time the poor invalid was longing for a drink of fresh water. How gladly would I have complied with her wish! My dear father, you cannot conceive what I went through, but nothing could be done, except to leave her in the hands of the physician. All that I could do with a good conscience, was to pray to God without ceasing, that He would order all things for her good. I went about as if I had altogether lost my head. I had ample leisure then to compose, but I was in such a state that I could not have written a single note. The 25th the doctor did not come; on the 26th he visited her again. Imagine my feelings when he all at once said to me, "I fear she will scarcely live through the night; she may die at any moment. You had better see that she receives the sacrament." So I hurried off to the end of the Chaussee d'Antin, and went on beyond the Barriere to find Heina, knowing that he was at a concert in the house of some count. He said that he would bring a German priest with him next morning. On my way back I looked in on Madame d'Epinay and M. Grimm for a moment as I passed. They were distressed that I had not spoken sooner, as they would at once have sent their doctor. I did not tell them my reason, which was, that my mother would not see a French doctor. I was hard put to it, as they said they would send their physician that very evening. When I came home, I told my mother that I had met Herr Heina with a German priest, who had heard a great deal about me and was anxious to hear me play, and that they were both to call on me next day. She seemed quite satisfied, and though I am no doctor, still seeing that she was better I said nothing more. I find it impossible not to write at full length--indeed, I am glad to give you every particular, for it will be more satisfactory to you; but as I have some things to write that are indispensable, I shall continue my account of the illness in my next letter. In the mean time you must have seen from my last letter, that all my darling mother's affairs and my own are in good order. When I come to this point, I will tell you how things were arranged. Heina and I regulated everything ourselves.

Now for business. Do not allow your thoughts to dwell on what I wrote, asking your permission not to reveal my ideas till the proper time arrived. Pray do not let it trouble you. I cannot yet tell you about it, and if I did, I should probably do more harm than good; but, to tranquillize you, I may at least say that it only concerns myself. Your circumstances will be made neither better nor worse, and until I see you in a better position I shall think no more about the matter. If the day ever arrives when we can live together in peace and happiness, (which is my grand object),--when that joyful time comes, and God grant it may come soon!--then the right moment will have arrived, and the rest will depend on yourself. Do not, therefore, discompose yourself on the subject, and be assured that in every case where I know that your happiness and peace are involved, I shall invariably place entire confidence in you, my kind father and true friend, and detail everything to you minutely. If in the interim I have not done so, the fault is not solely mine. [FOOTNOTE: He had evidently in his thoughts, what was indeed manifest in his previous letters, a speedy marriage with his beloved Aloysia.] M. Grimm recently said to me, "What am I to write to your father? What course do you intend to pursue? Do you remain here, or go to Mannheim?" I really could not help laughing: "What could I do at Mannheim now? would that I had never come to Paris! but so it is. Here I am, and I must use every effort to get forward." "Well," said he, "I scarcely think that you will do much good here." "Why? I see a number of wretched bunglers who make a livelihood, and why, with my talents, am I to fail? I

assure you that I like being at Mannheim, and wish very much to get some appointment there, but it must be one that is honorable and of good repute. I must have entire certainty on the subject before I move a step." "I fear," said he, "that you are not sufficiently active here--you don't go about enough." "Well," said I, "that is the hardest of all for me to do." Besides, I could go nowhere during my mother's long illness, and now two of my pupils are in the country, and the third (the Duke de Guines's daughter) is betrothed, and means no longer to continue her lessons, which, so far as my credit is concerned, does not distress me much. It is no particular loss to me, for the Duke only pays me what every one else does. Only imagine! I went to his house every day for two hours, being engaged to give twenty-four lessons, (but it is the custom here to pay after each twelve lessons.) They went into the country, and when they came back ten days afterwards, I was not apprised of it; had I not by chance inquired out of mere curiosity, I should not have known that they were here. When I did go, the governess took out her purse and said to me, "Pray excuse my only paying you at present for twelve lessons, for I have not enough money." This is a noble proceeding! She then gave me three louis-d'or, adding, "I hope you are satisfied; if not, I beg you will say so." M. le Duc can have no sense of honor, or probably thinks that I am only a young man and a thick-headed German, (for this is the way in which the French always speak of us,) and that I shall be quite contented. The thick-headed German, however, was very far from being contented, so he declined receiving the sum offered. The Duke intended to pay me for one hour instead of two, and all from economy. As he has now had a concerto of mine for harp and flute, for the last four months, which he has not yet paid me for, I am only waiting till the wedding is over to go to the governess and ask for my money. What provokes me most of all is that these stupid Frenchmen think I am still only seven years old, as they saw me first when I was that age. This is perfectly true, for Madame d'Epinay herself told me so quite seriously. I am therefore treated here like a beginner, except by the musicians, who think very differently; but most votes carry the day!

After my conversation with Grimm, I went the very next day to call on Count Sickingen. He was quite of my opinion that I ought to have patience and wait till Raaff arrives at his destination, who will do all that lies in his power to serve me. If he should fail, Count Sickingen has offered to procure a situation for me at Mayence. In the mean time my plan is to do my utmost to gain a livelihood by teaching, and to earn as much money as possible. This I am now doing, in the fond hope that some change may soon occur; for I cannot deny, and indeed at once frankly confess, that I shall be delighted to be released from this place. Giving lessons is no joke here, and unless you wear yourself out by taking a number of pupils, not much money can be made. You must not think that this proceeds from laziness. No! it is only quite opposed to my genius and my habits. You know that I am, so to speak, plunged into music,--that I am occupied with it the whole day,--that I like to speculate, to study, and to reflect. Now my present mode of life effectually prevents this. I have, indeed, some hours at liberty, but those few hours are more necessary for rest than for work.

I told you already about the opera. One thing is certain--I must compose a great opera or none. If I write only smaller ones, I shall get very little, for here everything is done at a fixed price, and if it should be so unfortunate as not to please the obtuse French, it is all up with it. I should get no more to write, have very little profit, and find my reputation damaged. If, on the other hand, I write a great opera, the remuneration is better, I am working in my own peculiar sphere, in which I delight, and I have a greater chance of being appreciated, because in a great work there is more opportunity to gain approval. I assure you that if I receive a commission to write an opera, I have no fears on the subject. It is true that the devil himself invented their language, and I see the difficulties which all composers have found in it. But, in spite of this, I feel myself as able to surmount these difficulties as any one else. Indeed, when I sometimes think in my own mind that I may look on my opera as a certainty, I feel quite a fiery impulse within me, and tremble from head to foot, through the eager desire to teach the French more fully how to know, and value, and fear the Germans. Why is a great opera never intrusted to a Frenchman? Why is it always given to a foreigner? To me the most insupportable part of it will be the singers. Well, I am ready. I wish to avoid all strife, but if I am challenged I know how to defend myself. If it runs its course without a duel, I should prefer it, for I do not care to wrestle with dwarfs.

God grant that some change may soon come to pass! In the mean time I shall certainly not be deficient in industry, trouble, and labor. My hopes are centred on the winter, when every one returns from the country. My heart beats with joy at the thought of the happy day when I shall once more see and embrace you.

The day before yesterday my dear friend Weber, among other things, wrote to me that the day after the Elector's arrival it was publicly announced that he was to take up his residence in Munich, which came like a thunder-clap on Mannheim, wholly, so to say, extinguishing the universal illumination by which the inhabitants had testified their joy on the previous day. The fact was also communicated to all the court musicians, with the addition that each was at liberty to follow the court to Munich or to remain in Mannheim, (retaining the same salaries,) and in a fortnight each was to give a written and sealed decision to the Intendant. Weber, who is, as you know, in the most miserable circumstances, wrote as follows:--"I anxiously desire to follow my gracious master to Munich, but my decayed circumstances prevent my doing so." Before this occurred there was a grand court concert, where poor

Madlle. Weber felt the fangs of her enemies; for on this occasion she did not sing! It is not known who was the cause of this. Afterwards there was a concert at Herr von Gemmingen's, where Count Seeau also was. She sang two arias of mine, and was so fortunate as to please, in spite of those Italian scoundrels [the singers of Munich], those infamous charlatans, who circulated a report that she had very much gone off in her singing. When her songs were finished, Cannabich said to her, "Mademoiselle, I hope you will always continue to fall off in this manner; tomorrow I will write to M. Mozart in your praise." One thing is certain; if war had not already broken out, the court would by this time have been transferred to Munich. Count Seeau, who is quite determined to engage Madlle. Weber, would have left nothing undone to insure her coming to Munich, so that there was some hope that the family might have been placed in better circumstances; but now that all is again quiet about the Munich journey, these poor people may have to wait a long time, while their debts daily accumulate. If I could only help them! Dearest father, I recommend them to you from my heart. If they could even for a few years be in possession of 1000 florins!

111.

To HERR BULLINGER.

Paris, August 7, 1778.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,--

Allow me above all to thank you most warmly for the proof of friendship you gave me by your interest in my dear father--first in preparing, and then kindly consoling him for his loss [see No. 106]. You played your part admirably. These are my father's own words. My kind friend, how can I sufficiently thank you? You saved my father for me. I have you to thank that I still have him. Permit me to say no more on the subject, and not to attempt to express my gratitude, for I feel too weak and incompetent to do so. My best friend, I am forever your debtor; but patience! It is too true that I am not yet in a position to repay what I owe you, but rely on it God will one day grant me the opportunity of showing by deeds what I am unable to express by words. Such is my hope; till that happy time, however, arrives, allow me to beg you to continue your precious and valued friendship to me, and also to accept mine afresh, now and forever; to which I pledge myself in all sincerity of heart. It will not, indeed, be of much use to you, but not on that account less sincere and lasting. You know well that the best and truest of all friends are the poor. The rich know nothing of friendship, especially those who are born to riches, and even those whom fate enriches often become very different when fortunate in life. But when a man is placed in favorable circumstances, not by blind, but reasonable good fortune and merit, who during his early and less prosperous days never lost courage, remaining faithful to his religion and his God, striving to be an honest man and good Christian, knowing how to value his true friends,--in short, one who really deserves better fortune,--from such a man no ingratitude is to be feared.

I must now proceed to answer your letter. You can be under no further anxiety as to my health, for you must have ere this received three letters from me. The first, containing the sad news of my mother's death, was enclosed, my dear friend, to you. You must forgive my silence on the subject, but my thoughts recur to it constantly. You write that I should now think only of my father, tell him frankly all my thoughts, and place entire confidence in him. How unhappy should I be if I required this injunction! It was expedient that you should suggest it, but I am happy to say (and you will also be glad to hear it) that I do not need this advice. In my last letter to my dear father, I wrote to him all that I myself know up to this time, assuring him that I would always keep him minutely informed of everything, and candidly tell him my intentions, as I place entire faith in him, being confident of his fatherly care, love, and goodness. I feel assured that at a future day he will not deny me a request on which my whole happiness in life depends, and which (for he cannot expect anything else from me) will certainly be quite fair and reasonable. My dear friend, do not let my father read this. You know him; he would only fancy all kinds of things, and to no purpose.

Now for our Salzburg affair. You, my dear friend, are well aware how I do hate Salzburg, not only on account of the injustice shown to my father and myself there, which was in itself enough to make us wish to forget such a place, and to blot it out wholly from our memory. But do not let us refer to that, if we can contrive to live respectably there. To live respectably and to live happily, are two very different things; but the latter I never could do short of witchcraft,--it would indeed be supernatural if I did,--so this is impossible, for in these days there are no longer any witches. Well, happen what may, it will always be the greatest possible pleasure to me to embrace my dear father and sister, and the sooner the better. Still I cannot deny that my joy would be twofold were this to be elsewhere, for I have far more hope of living happily anywhere else. Perhaps you may misunderstand me, and think that Salzburg is on too small a scale for me. If so, you are quite mistaken. I have already written some of my reasons to my father. In the mean time, let this one suffice, that Salzburg is no place for my talent. In the first place, professional musicians are not held in

much consideration; and, secondly, one hears nothing. There is no theatre, no opera there; and if they really wished to have one, who is there to sing? For the last five or six years the Salzburg orchestra has always been rich in what is useless and superfluous, but very poor in what is useful and indispensable; and such is the case at the present moment. Those cruel French are the cause of the band there being without a Capellmeister. [FOOTNOTE: The old Capellmeister, Lolli, had died a short time previously.] I therefore feel assured that quiet and order are now reigning in the orchestra. This is the result of not making provision in time. Half a dozen Capellmeisters should always be held in readiness, that, if one fails, another can instantly be substituted. But where, at present, is even ONE to be found? And yet the danger is urgent. It will not do to allow order, quiet, and good-fellowship to prevail in the orchestra, or the mischief would still further increase, and in the long run become irremediable. Is there no ass-eared old periwig, no dunderhead forthcoming, to restore the concern to its former disabled condition? I shall certainly do my best in the matter. To-morrow I intend to hire a carriage for the day, and visit all the hospitals and infirmaries, to see if I can't find a Capellmeister in one of them. Why were they so improvident as to allow Misliweczeck to give them the slip, and he so near too? [See No. 64.] He would have been a prize, and one not so easy to replace,--freshly emerged, too, from the Duke's Clementi Conservatorio. He was just the man to have awed the whole court orchestra by his presence. Well, we need not be uneasy: where there is money there are always plenty of people to be had. My opinion is that they should not wait too long, not from the foolish fear that they might not get one at all,--for I am well aware that all these gentlemen are expecting one as eagerly and anxiously as the Jews do their Messiah,--but simply because things cannot go on at all under such circumstances. It would therefore be more useful and profitable to look out for a Capellmeister, there being NONE at present, than to write in all directions (as I have been told) to secure a good female singer.

[FOOTNOTE: In order the better to conciliate Wolfgang, Bullinger had been desired to say that the Archbishop, no longer satisfied with Madlle. Haydn, intended to engage another singer; and it was hinted to Mozart, that he might be induced to make choice of Aloysia Weber; (Jahn, ii. 307.) Madlle. Haydn was a daughter of Lipp, the organist, and sent by the Archbishop to Italy to cultivate her voice. She did not enjoy a very good reputation.]

I really can scarcely believe this. Another female singer, when we have already so many, and all admirable! A tenor, though we do not require one either, I could more easily understand--but a prima donna, when we have still Cecarelli! It is true that Madlle. Haydn is in bad health, for her austere mode of life has been carried too far. There are few of whom this can be said. I wonder that she has not long since lost her voice from her perpetual scourgings and flagellations, her hair-cloth, unnatural fasts, and night-prayers! But she will still long retain her powers, and instead of becoming worse, her voice will daily improve. When at last, however, she departs this life to be numbered among the saints, we still have five left, each of whom can dispute the palm with the other. So you see how superfluous a new one is. But, knowing how much changes and novelty and variety are liked with us, I see a wide field before me which may yet form an epoch. [FOOTNOTE: Archbishop Hieronymus, in the true spirit of Frederick the Great, liked to introduce innovations with an unsparing hand; many, however, being both necessary and beneficent.] Do your best that the orchestra may have a leg to stand on, for that is what is most wanted. A head they have [the Archbishop], but that is just the misfortune; and till a change is made in this respect, I will never come to Salzburg. When it does take place, I am willing to come and to turn over the leaf as often as I see V. S. [volti subito] written. Now as to the war [the Bavarian Succession]. So far as I hear, we shall soon have peace in Germany. The King of Prussia is certainly rather alarmed. I read in the papers that the Prussians had surprised an Imperial detachment, but that the Croats and two Cuirassier regiments were near, and, hearing the tumult, came at once to their rescue, and attacked the Prussians, placing them between two fires, and capturing five of their cannon. The route by which the Prussians entered Bohemia is now entirely cut up and destroyed. The Bohemian peasantry do all the mischief they can to the Prussians, who have besides constant desertions among their troops; but these are matters which you must know both sooner and better than we do. But I must write you some of our news here. The French have forced the English to retreat, but it was not a very hot affair. The most remarkable thing is that, friends and foes included, only 100 men were killed. In spite of this, there is a grand jubilation here, and nothing else is talked of. It is also reported that we shall soon have peace. It is a matter of indifference to me, so far as this place is concerned; but I should indeed be very glad if we were soon to have peace in Germany, for many reasons. Now farewell! Your true friend and obedient servant,

WOLFGANG ROMATZ.

112.

St. Germains, August 27, 1778.

I WRITE to you very hurriedly; you will see that I am not in Paris. Herr Bach, from London [Johann Christian], has been here for the last fortnight. He is going to write a French opera, and is only come for the purpose of hearing the singers, and afterwards goes to London to complete the opera, and returns here to put it on the stage. You may easily imagine his joy and mine when we met again; perhaps his delight may not be quite as sincere as mine, but it must be admitted that he is an honorable man and willing to do justice to others. I love him from my heart (as you know), and esteem him; and as for him, there is no doubt that he praises me warmly, not only to my face, but to others also, and not in the exaggerated manner in which some speak, but in earnest. Tenducci is also here, Bach's dearest friend, and he expressed the greatest delight at seeing me again. I must now tell you how I happen to be at St. Germains. The Marechal de Noailles lives here, as you no doubt know, (for I am told I was here fifteen years ago, though I don't remember it.) Tenducci is a great favorite of his, and as he is exceedingly partial to me, he was anxious to procure me this acquaintance. I shall gain nothing here, a trifling present perhaps, but at the same time I do not lose, for it costs me nothing; and even if I do not get anything, still I have made an acquaintance that may be very useful to me. I must make haste, for I am writing a scena for Tenducci, which is to be given on Sunday; it is for pianoforte, hautboy, horn, and bassoon, the performers being the Marechal's own people--Germans, who play very well. I should like to have written to you long since, but just as I had begun the letter (which is now lying in Paris) I was obliged to drive to St. Germains, intending to return the same day, and I have now been here a week. I shall return to Paris as soon as I can, though I shall not lose much there by my absence, for I have now only one pupil, the others being in the country. I could not write to you from here either, because we were obliged to wait for an opportunity to send a letter to Paris. I am quite well, thank God, and trust that both of you are the same. You must have patience--all goes on slowly; I must make friends. France is not unlike Germany in feeding people with encomiums, and yet there is a good hope that, by means of your friends, you may make your fortune. One lucky thing is, that food and lodging cost me nothing. When you write to the friend with whom I am staying [Herr Grimm], do not be too obsequious in your thanks. There are some reasons for this which I will write to you some other time. The rest of the sad history of the illness will follow in the next letter. You desire to have a faithful portrait of Rothfischer? He is an attentive, assiduous director, not a great genius, but I am very much pleased with him, and, best of all, he is the kindest creature, with whom you can do anything--if you know how to set about it, of course. He directs better than Brunetti, but is not so good in solo-playing. He has more execution, and plays well in his way, (a little in the old-fashioned Tartini mode,) but Brunetti's style is more agreeable. The concertos which he writes for himself are pretty and pleasant to listen to, and also to play occasionally. Who can tell whether he may not please? At all events, he plays a thousand million times better than Spitzeger, and, as I already said, he directs well, and is active in his calling. I recommend him to you heartily, for he is the most good-natured man! Adieu!

113.

Paris, Sept. 11, 1778.

I HAVE received your three letters. I shall only reply to the last, being the most important. When I read it, (Heina was with me and sends you his regards,) I trembled with joy, for I fancied myself already in your arms. True it is (and this you will yourself confess) that no great stroke of good fortune awaits me; still, when I think of once more embracing you and my dear sister, I care for no other advantage. This is indeed the only excuse I can make to the people here, who are vociferous that I should remain in Paris; but my reply invariably is, "What would you have? I am content, and that is everything; I have now a place I can call my home, and where I can live in peace and quiet with my excellent father and beloved sister. I can do what I choose when not on duty. I shall be my own master, and have a certain competency; I may leave when I like, and travel every second year. What can I wish for more?" The only thing that disgusts me with Salzburg, and I tell you of it just as I feel it, is the impossibility of having any satisfactory intercourse with the people, and that musicians are not in good repute there, and--that the Archbishop places no faith in the experience of intelligent persons who have seen the world. For I assure you that people who do not travel (especially artists and scientific men) are but poor creatures. And I at once say that if the Archbishop is not prepared to allow me to travel every second year, I cannot possibly accept the engagement. A man of moderate talent will never rise above mediocrity, whether he travels or not, but a man of superior talents (which, without being unthankful to Providence, I cannot deny that I possess) deteriorates if he always remains in the same place. If the Archbishop would only place confidence in me, I could soon make his music celebrated; of this there can be no doubt. I also maintain that my journey has not been unprofitable to me--I mean, with regard to composition, for as to the piano, I play it as well as I ever shall. One thing more I must settle about Salzburg, that I am not to take up the violin as I formerly did. I will no longer conduct with the violin; I intend to conduct, and also accompany airs, with the piano. It would have been a good thing to have got a written agreement about the situation of Capellmeister, for otherwise I may have the honor to discharge a double duty, and be paid only for one, and at last be superseded by some stranger. My dear father, I must decidedly say that I really could not make up my mind to

take this step were it not for the pleasure of seeing you both again; I wish also to get away from Paris, which I detest, though my affairs here begin to improve, and I don't doubt that if I could bring myself to endure this place for a few years, I could not fail to succeed. I am now pretty well known--that is, the people all know ME, even if I don't know them. I acquired considerable fame by my two symphonies; and (having heard that I was about to leave) they now really want me to write an opera, so I said to Noverre, "If you will be responsible for its BEING PERFORMED as soon as it is finished, and will name the exact sum that I am to receive for it, I will remain here for the next three months on purpose," for I could not at once decline, or they would have thought that I distrusted myself. This was not, however, done; and I knew beforehand that they could not do it, for such is not the custom here. You probably know that in Paris it is thus:--When the opera is finished it is rehearsed, and if these stupid Frenchmen do not think it good it is not given, and the composer has had all his trouble for nothing; if they approve, it is then put on the stage; as its popularity increases, so does the rate of payment. There is no certainty. I reserve the discussion of these matters till we meet, but I must candidly say that my own affairs begin to prosper. It is no use trying to hurry matters--chi va piano, va sano. My complaisance has gained me both friends and patrons; were I to write you all, my fingers would ache. I will relate it to you personally and place it clearly before you. M. Grimm may be able to help CHILDREN, but not grown-up people; and--but no, I had better not write on the subject. Yet I must! Do not imagine that he is the same that he was; were it not for Madame d'Epinay, I should be no longer in this house. And he has no great cause to be so proud of his good deeds towards me, for there were four houses where I could have had both board and lodging. The worthy man does not know that, if I had remained in Paris, I intended to have left him next month to go to a house that, unlike his, is neither stupid nor tiresome, and where a man has not constantly thrown in his face that a kindness has been done him. Such conduct is enough to cause me to forget a benefit, but I will be more generous than he is. I regret not remaining here only because I should have liked to show him that I do not require him, and that I can do as much as his Piccini, although I am only a German! The greatest service he has done me consists in fifteen louis-d'or which he lent me bit by bit during my mother's life and at her death. Is he afraid of losing them? If he has a doubt on the subject, then he deserves to be kicked, for in that case he must mistrust my honesty (which is the only thing that can rouse me to rage) and also my talents; but the latter, indeed, I know he does, for he once said to me that he did not believe I was capable of writing a French opera. I mean to repay him his fifteen louis-d'or, with thanks, when I go to take leave of him, accompanied by some polite expressions. My poor mother often said to me, "I don't know why, but he seems to me somehow changed." But I always took his part, though I secretly felt convinced of the very same thing. He seldom spoke of me to any one, and when he did, it was always in a stupid, injudicious, or disparaging way. He was constantly urging me to go to see Piccini, and also Caribaldi,--for there is a miserable opera buffa here,--but I always said, "No, I will not go a single step," &c. In short, he is of the Italian faction; he is insincere himself, and strives to crush me. This seems incredible, does it not? But still such is the fact, and I give you the proof of it. I opened my whole heart to him as a true friend, and a pretty use he made of this! He always gave me bad advice, knowing that I would follow it; but he only succeeded in two or three instances, and latterly I never asked his opinion at all, and if he did advise me to do anything, I never did it, but always appeared to acquiesce, that I might not subject myself to further insolence on his part.

But enough of this; we can talk it over when we meet. At all events, Madame d'Epinay has a better heart. The room I inhabit belongs to her, not to him. It is the invalid's room--that is, if any one is ill in the house, he is put there; it has nothing to recommend it except the view,--only four bare walls, no chest of drawers--in fact, nothing. Now you may judge whether I could stand it any longer. I would have written this to you long ago, but feared you would not believe me. I can, however, no longer be silent, whether you believe me or not; but you do believe me, I feel sure. I have still sufficient credit with you to persuade you that I speak the truth. I board too with Madame d'Epinay, and you must not suppose that he pays anything towards it, but indeed I cost her next to nothing. They have the same dinner whether I am there or not, for they never know when I am to be at home, so they can make no difference for me; and at night I eat fruit and drink one glass of wine. All the time I have been in their house, now more than two months, I have not dined with them more than fourteen times at most, and with the exception of the fifteen louis-d'or, which I mean to repay with thanks, he has no outlay whatever on my account but candles, and I should really be ashamed of myself more than of him, were I to offer to supply these; in fact I could not bring myself to say such a thing. This is my nature. Recently, when he spoke to me in such a hard, senseless, and stupid way, I had not nerve to say that he need not be alarmed about his fifteen louis-d'or, because I was afraid of offending him; I only heard him calmly to the end, when I asked whether he had said all he wished--and then I was off! He presumes to say that I must leave this a week hence--IN SUCH HASTE IS HE. I told him it was impossible, and my reasons for saying so. "Oh! that does not matter; it is your father's wish." "Excuse me, in his last letter he wrote that he would let me know in his next when I was to set off." "At all events hold yourself in readiness for your journey." But I must tell you plainly that it will be impossible for me to leave this before the beginning of next month, or at the soonest the end of the present one, for I have still six arias to write, which will be well paid. I must also first get my money from Le Gros and the Duc de Guines; and as the court goes to Munich the end of this month, I should like to be there at the same time to present my sonatas myself to the Electress,

which perhaps might bring me a present. I mean to sell my three concertos to the man who has printed them, provided he gives me ready money for them; one is dedicated to Jenomy, another to Litzau; the third is in B. I shall do the same with my six difficult sonatas, if I can; even if not much, it is better than nothing. Money is much wanted on a journey. As for the symphonies, most of them are not according to the taste of the people here; if I have time, I mean to arrange some violin concertos from them, and curtail them; in Germany we rather like length, but after all it is better to be short and good. In your next letter I shall no doubt find instructions as to my journey; I only wish you had written to me alone, for I would rather have nothing more to do with Grimm. I hope so, and in fact it would be better, for no doubt our friends Geschwender and Heina can arrange things better than this upstart Baron. Indeed, I am under greater obligations to Heina than to him, look at it as you will by the light of a farthing-candle. I expect a speedy reply to this, and shall not leave Paris till it comes. I have no reason to hurry away, nor am I here either in vain or fruitlessly, because I shut myself up and work, in order to make as much money as possible. I have still a request, which I hope you will not refuse. If it should so happen, though I hope and believe it is not so, that the Webers are not in Munich, but still at Mannheim, I wish to have the pleasure of going there to visit them. It takes me, I own, rather out of my way, but not much--at all events it does not appear much to me. I don't believe, after all, that it will be necessary, for I think I shall meet them in Munich; but I shall ascertain this to-morrow by a letter. If it is not the case, I feel beforehand that you will not deny me this happiness. My dear father, if the Archbishop wishes to have a new singer, I can, by heavens! find none better than her. He will never get a Teyberin or a De' Amicis, and the others are assuredly worse. I only lament that when people from Salzburg flock to the next Carnival, and "Rosamunde" is given, Madlle. Weber will not please, or at all events they will not be able to judge of her merits as they deserve, for she has a miserable part, almost that of a dumb personage, having only to sing some stanzas between the choruses. She has one aria where something might be expected from the ritournelle; the voice part is, however, alla Schweitzer, as if dogs were yelping. There is only one air, a kind of rondo in the second act, where she has an opportunity of sustaining her voice, and thus showing what she can do. Unhappy indeed is the singer who falls into Schweitzer's hands; for never while he lives will he learn how to write for the voice. When I go to Salzburg I shall certainly not fail to plead zealously for my dear friend; in the mean time you will not neglect doing all you can in her favor, for you cannot cause your son greater joy. I think of nothing now but the pleasure of soon embracing you. Pray see that everything the Archbishop promised you is made quite secure, and also what I stipulated, that my place should be at the piano. My kind regards to all my friends, and to Herr Bullinger in particular. How merry shall we be together! I have all this already in my thoughts, already before my eyes. Adieu!

114.

Nancy, Oct. 3, 1778.

PRAY excuse my not having told you of my journey previous to leaving Paris. But I really cannot describe to you the way in which the whole affair was hurried forward, contrary to my expectations, wish, or will. At the very last moment I wanted to send my luggage to Count Sickingen's, instead of to the bureau of the diligence, and to remain some days longer in Paris. This, I give you my honor, I should at once have done had I not thought of you, for I did not wish to displease you. We can talk of these matters better at Salzburg. But one thing more--only fancy how Herr Grimm deceived me, saying that I was going by the diligence, and should arrive at Strassburg in five days; and I did not find out till the last day that it was quite another carriage, which goes at a snail's pace, never changes horses, and is ten days on the journey. You may easily conceive my rage; but I only gave way to it when with my intimate friends, for in his presence I affected to be quite merry and pleased. When I got into the carriage, I received the agreeable information that we should be travelling for twelve days. So this is an instance of Grimm's good sense! It was entirely to save money that he sent me by this slow conveyance, not adverting to the fact that the expense would amount to the same thing from the constant living at inns. Well, it is now past. What vexed me most in the whole affair was his not being straightforward with me. He spared his own money, but not mine, as he paid for my journey, but not for my board. If I had stayed eight or ten days longer in Paris, I could have paid my own journey, and made it comfortably.

I submitted to this conveyance for eight days, but longer I could not stand it--not on account of the fatigue, for the carriage was well hung, but from want of sleep. We were off every morning at four o'clock, and thus obliged to rise at three. Twice I had the satisfaction of being forced to get up at one o'clock in the morning, as we were to set off at two. You know that I cannot sleep in a carriage, so I really could not continue this without the risk of being ill. I would have taken the post, but it was not necessary, for I had the good fortune to meet with a person who quite suited me--a German merchant who resides in Paris, and deals in English wares. Before getting into the carriage we exchanged a few words, and from that moment we remained together. We did not take our meals with the other passengers, but in our own room, where we also slept. I was glad to meet this man, for, being a great traveller, he understands it well. He also was very much disgusted with our carriage; so we proceed to-morrow by a good

conveyance, which does not cost us much, to Strassburg. You must excuse my not writing more, but when I am in a town where I know no one, I am never in a good humor; though I believe that if I had friends here I should like to remain, for the town is indeed charming--handsome houses, spacious streets, and superb squares.

I have one request to make, which is to give me a large chest in my room that I may have all my things within my reach. I should like also to have the little piano that Fischietti and Rust had, beside my writing-table, as it suits me better than the small one of Stein. I don't bring many new things of my own with me, for I have not composed much. I have not yet got the three quartets and the flute concerto I wrote for M. de Jean; for when he went to Paris he packed them in the wrong trunk, so they are left at Mannheim. I can therefore bring nothing finished with me except my sonatas [with violin]; M. Le Gros purchased the two overtures from me and the sinfonie concertante, which he thinks exclusively his own; but this is not the case, for I have it still fresh in my head, and mean to write it out again as soon as I am at home.

The Munich company of comedians are, I conclude, now acting? [in Salzburg.] Do they give satisfaction? Do people go to see them? I suppose that, as for the operettas, the "Fischermadchen" ("La Pescatrice" of Piccini), or "Das Bauernmadchen bei Hof" ("La Contadina in Corte," by Sacchini), will be given first? The prima donna is, no doubt, Madlle. Keiserin, whom I wrote to you about from Munich. I have heard her, but do not know her. At that time it was only her third appearance on any stage, and she had only learned music three weeks [see No. 62]. Now farewell! I shall not have a moment's peace till I once more see those I love.

115.

Strassburg, Oct. 15, 1778.

I GOT your three letters safely, but could not possibly answer them sooner. What you write about M. Grimm, I, of course, know better than you can do. That he was all courtesy and civility I do not deny; indeed, had this not been the case, I would not have stood on such ceremony with him. All that I owe M. Grimm is fifteen louis-d'or, and he has only himself to blame for their not being repaid, and this I told him. But what avails any discussion? We can talk it over at Salzburg. I am very much obliged to you for having put my case so strongly before Father Martini, and also for having written about me to M. Raaff. I never doubted your doing so, for I am well aware that it rejoices you to see your son happy and pleased, and you know that I could never be more so than in Munich; being so near Salzburg, I could constantly visit you. That Madlle. Weber, or rather MY DEAR WEBERIN, should now receive a salary, and justice be at last done to her merits, rejoices me to a degree natural in one who feels such deep interest in all that concerns her. I still warmly recommend her to you; though I must now, alas! give up all hope of what I so much wished,--her getting an engagement in Salzburg,--for the Archbishop would never give her the salary she now has. All we can now hope for is that she may sometimes come to Salzburg to sing in an opera. I had a hurried letter from her father the day before they went to Munich, in which he also mentions this news. These poor people were in the greatest distress about me, fearing that I must be dead, a whole month having elapsed without any letter from me, (owing to the last one being lost;) an idea that was confirmed by a report in Mannheim that my poor dear mother had died of a contagious disease. So they have been all praying for my soul. The poor girl went every day for this purpose into the Capuchin church. Perhaps you may laugh at this? I did not; on the contrary, I could not help being much touched by it.

To proceed. I think I shall certainly go by Stuttgart to Augsburg, because I see by your letter that nothing, or at least not much, is to be made in Donaueschingen; but I will apprise you of all this before leaving Strassburg. Dearest father, I do assure you that, were it not for the pleasure of soon embracing you, I would never come to Salzburg; for, with the exception of this commendable and delightful impulse, I am really committing the greatest folly in the world. Rest assured that these are my own thoughts, and not borrowed from others. When my resolution to leave Paris was known, certain facts were placed before me, and the sole weapons I had to contend against or to conquer these, were my true and tender love for my kind father, which could not be otherwise than laudable in their eyes, but with the remark that if my father had known my present circumstances and fair prospects, (and had not got different and false impressions by means of a kind friend,) he certainly would not have written to me in such a strain as to render me wholly incapable of offering the least resistance to his wish; and in my own mind I thought, that had I not been exposed to so much annoyance in the house where I lived, and the journey come on me like a sudden thunder-clap, leaving me no time to reflect coolly on the subject, I should have earnestly besought you to have patience for a time, and to let me remain a little longer in Paris. I do assure you that I should have succeeded in gaining fame, honor, and wealth, and been thus enabled to defray your debts. But now it is settled, and do not for a moment suppose that I regret it; but you alone, dearest father, you alone can sweeten the bitterness of Salzburg for me; and that you will do so, I feel convinced. I must also candidly say that I should arrive in Salzburg with a lighter heart were it not for my official capacity there, for this thought is to me the most intolerable of all. Reflect on it yourself,

place yourself in my position. At Salzburg I never know how I stand; at one time I am everything, at another absolutely nothing. I neither desire SO MUCH nor SO LITTLE, but still I wish to be SOMETHING--if indeed I am something! In every other place I know what my duties are. Elsewhere those who undertake the violin stick to it,--the same with the piano, &c., &c. I trust this will be regulated hereafter, so that all may turn out well and for my happiness and satisfaction. I rely wholly on you.

Things here are in a poor state; but the day after to-morrow, Saturday the 17th, I MYSELF ALONE, (to save expense,) to please some kind friends, amateurs, and connoisseurs, intend to give a subscription concert. If I engaged an orchestra, it would with the lighting cost me more than three louis-d'or, and who knows whether we shall get as much? My sonatas are not yet published, though promised for the end of September. Such is the effect of not looking after things yourself, for which that obstinate Grimm is also to blame. They will probably be full of mistakes, not being able to revise them myself, for I was obliged to devolve the task on another, and I shall be without my sonatas in Munich. Such an occurrence, though apparently a trifle, may often bring success, honor, and wealth, or, on the other hand, misfortune.

116.

Strassburg, Oct. 20, 1778.

You will perceive that I am still here, by the advice of Herr Frank and other Strassburg magnates, but I leave this to-morrow. In my last letter I mentioned that on the 17th I was to give a kind of sample of a concert, as concerts here fare worse than even at Salzburg. It is, of course, over. I played quite alone, having engaged no musicians, so that I might at least lose nothing; briefly, I took three louis-d'or. The chief receipts consisted in the shouts of Bravo! and Bravissimo! which echoed on every side. Prince Max of Zweibrucken also honored the concert by his presence. I need not tell you that every one was pleased. I intended then to pursue my journey, but was advised to stay till the following Saturday, in order to give a grand concert in the theatre. I did so, and, to the surprise, indignation, and disgrace of all the Strassburgers, my receipts were exactly the same. The Director, M. de Villeneuve, abused the inhabitants of this most detestable town in the most unmeasured terms. I took a little more money, certainly, but the cost of the band (which is very bad, but its pay very good), the lighting, printing, the guard at the door, and the check-takers at the entrances, &c., made up a considerable sum. Still I must tell you that the applause and clapping of hands almost deafened me, and made my ears ache; it was as if the whole theatre had gone crazy. Those who were present, loudly and publicly denounced their fellow-citizens, and I told them all that if I could have reasonably supposed so few people would have come, I would gladly have given the concert gratis, merely for the pleasure of seeing the theatre well filled. And in truth I should have preferred it, for, upon my word, I don't know a more desolate sight than a long table laid for fifty, and only three at dinner. Besides, it was so cold; but I soon warmed myself, for, to show the Strassburg gentlemen how little I cared, I played a very long time for my own amusement, giving a concerto more than I had promised, and, at the close, extemporizing. It is now over, but at all events I gained honor and fame.

I have drawn on Herr Scherz for eight louis-d'or, as a precaution, for no one can tell what may happen on a journey; and I HAVE is better than I MIGHT HAVE HAD. I have read the fatherly well-meaning letter which you wrote to M. Frank when in such anxiety about me. [Footnote: "Your sister and I confessed, and took the Holy Communion," writes the father, "and prayed to God fervently for your recovery. Our excellent Bullinger prays daily for you also."] When I wrote to you from Nancy, not knowing myself, you of course could not know, that I should have to wait so long for a good opportunity. Your mind may be quite at ease about the merchant with whom I am travelling; he is the most upright man in the world, takes more care of me than of himself, and, entirely to oblige me, is to go with me to Augsburg and Munich, and possibly even to Salzburg. We actually shed tears when we think that we must separate. He is not a learned man, but a man of experience, and we live together like children. When he thinks of his wife and family whom he has left in Paris, I try to comfort him, and when I think of my own people he speaks comfort to me.

On the 31st of October, my name-day, I amused myself (and, better still, others) for a couple of hours. At the repeated entreaties of Herr Frank, de Berger, &c., &c., I gave another concert, by which, after paying the expenses, (not heavy this time,) I actually cleared a louis-d'or! Now you see what Strassburg is! I wrote at the beginning of this letter that I was to leave this on the 27th or 28th, but it proved impossible, owing to a sudden inundation here, when the floods caused great damage. You will probably see this in the papers. Of course travelling was out of the question, which was the only thing that induced me to consent to give another concert, being obliged to remain at all events.

To-morrow I go by the diligence to Mannheim. Do not be startled at this. In foreign countries it is expedient to follow the advice of those who know from experience what ought to be done. Most of the strangers who go to Stuttgart (N.B., by the diligence) do not object to this detour of eight hours, because the road is better and also the conveyance. I must now, dearest father, cordially wish

you joy of your approaching name-day. My kind father, I wish you from my heart all that a son can wish for a good father, whom he so highly esteems and dearly loves. I thank the Almighty that He has permitted you again to pass this day in the enjoyment of perfect health, and implore from Him the boon, that during the whole of my life (and I hope to live for a good many years to come) I may be able to congratulate you every year. However strange, and perhaps ridiculous, this wish may seem to you, I do assure you it is both sincere and well-intended.

I hope you received my last letter from Strassburg. I wish to write nothing further of M. Grimm, but it is entirely owing to his stupidity in pressing forward my departure so much, that my sonatas are not yet engraved, or at all events that I have not got them, and when I do I shall probably find them full of mistakes. If I had only stayed three days longer in Paris, I could have revised them myself and brought them with me. The engraver was desperate when I told him that I could not correct them, but must commission someone else to do so. Why? Because, being resolved not to be three days longer in the same house with Grimm, I told him that on account of the sonatas I was going to stay with Count Sickingen, when he replied, his eyes sparkling with rage, "If you leave my house before you leave Paris, I will never in my life see you again. In that case do not presume ever to come near me, and look on me as your bitterest enemy." Self-control was indeed very necessary. Had it not been for your sake, who knew nothing about the matter, I certainly should have replied, "Be my enemy; by all means be so. You are so already, or you would not have prevented me putting my affairs in order here, which would have enabled me to keep my word, to preserve my honor and reputation, and also to make money, and probably a lucky hit; for if I present my sonatas to the Electress when I go to Munich, I shall thus keep my promise, probably receive a present, and make my fortune besides." But as it was, I only bowed, and left the room without saying a syllable. Before quitting Paris, however, I said all this to him, but he answered me like a man totally devoid of sense, or rather like a malicious man who affects to have none. I have written twice to Herr Heina, but have got no answer. The sonatas ought to have appeared by the end of September, and M. Grimm was to have forwarded the promised copies immediately to me, so I expected to have found them in Strassburg; but M. Grimm writes to me that he neither hears nor sees anything of them, but as soon as he does they are to be forwarded, and I hope to have them ere long.

Strassburg can scarcely do without me. You cannot think how much I am esteemed and beloved here. People say that I am disinterested as well as steady and polite, and praise my manners. Every one knows me. As soon as they heard my name, the two Herrn Silbermann and Herr Hepp (organist) came to call on me, and also Capellmeister Richter. He has now restricted himself very much; instead of forty bottles of wine a day, he only drinks twenty! I played publicly on the two best organs that Silbermann has here, in the Lutheran and New Churches, and in the Thomas Church. If the Cardinal had died, (and he was very ill when I arrived,) I might have got a good situation, for Herr Richter is seventy-eight years of age. Now farewell! Be cheerful and in good spirits, and remember that your son is, thank God! well, and rejoicing that his happiness daily draws nearer. Last Sunday I heard a new mass of Herr Richter's, which is charmingly written.

117.

Mannheim, November 12, 1778.

I arrived here safely on the 6th, agreeably surprising all my kind friends. God be praised that I am once more in my beloved Mannheim! I assure you, if you were here you would say the same. I am living at Madame Cannabich's, who, as well as her family and all my good friends here, was quite beside herself with joy at seeing me again. We have not yet done talking, for she tells me of all the events and changes that have taken place during my absence. I have not been able to dine once at home since I came, for people are fighting to have me; in a word, just as I love Mannheim, so Mannheim loves me; and, though of course I don't know it positively, still I do think it possible that I may get an appointment here. But HERE, not in Munich, for my own belief is that the Elector will soon once more take up his residence in Mannheim, for he surely cannot long submit to the coarseness of the Bavarian gentlemen. You know that the Mannheim company is in Munich. There they hissed the two best actresses, Madame Toscani and Madame Urban. There was such an uproar that the Elector himself leant over his box and called out, "Hush!" To this, however, no one paid any attention; so he sent down Count Seeau, who told some of the officers not to make such a noise, as the Elector did not like it; but the only answer he got was, that they had paid their money, and no man had a right to give them any orders. But what a simpleton I am! You no doubt have heard this long ago through our....

I have now something to say. I may PERHAPS make forty louis-d'or here. To be sure, I should have to stay six weeks, or at most two months, in Mannheim. Seiler's company is here, whom you no doubt already know by reputation. Herr von Dalberg is the director. He will not hear of my leaving this till I have written a duodrama for him, and indeed I did not long hesitate, for I have often wished to write this style of drama. I forget if I wrote to you about it the first time that I was here. Twice at that time I saw a similar

piece performed, which afforded me the greatest pleasure; in fact, nothing ever surprised me so much, for I had always imagined that a thing of this kind would make no effect. Of course you know that there is no singing in it, but merely recitation, to which the music is a sort of obligato recitativo. At intervals there is speaking while the music goes on, which produces the most striking effect. What I saw was Benda's "Medea." He also wrote another, "Ariadne auf Naxos," and both are truly admirable. You are aware that of all the Lutheran Capellmeisters Benda was always my favorite, and I like those two works of his so much that I constantly carry them about with me. Conceive my joy at now composing the very thing I so much wished! Do you know what my idea is?--that most operatic recitatives should be treated in this way, and the recitative only occasionally sung WHEN THE WORDS CAN BE THOROUGHLY EXPRESSED BY THE MUSIC. An Academie des Amateurs is about to be established here, like the one in Paris, where Herr Franzl is violin leader, and I am at this moment writing a concerto for violin and piano. I found my dear friend Raaff still here, but he leaves this on the 8th. He has sounded my praises here, and shown sincere interest in me, and I hope he will do the same in Munich. Do you know what that confounded fellow Seeau said here?--that my opera buffa had been hissed at Munich! Fortunately he said so in a place where I am well known; still, his audacity provokes me; but the people, when they go to Munich, will hear the exact reverse. A whole flock of Bavarians are here, among others Fraulein de Pauli (for I don't know her present name). I have been to see her because she sent for me immediately. Oh! what a difference there is between the people of the Palatinate and those of Bavaria! What a language it is! so coarse! and their whole mode of address! It quite annoys me to hear once more their hoben and olles (haben and alles), and their WORSHIPFUL SIR. Now good-bye! and pray write to me soon. Put only my name, for they know where I am at the post-office. I am so well known here that it is impossible a letter for me can be lost. My cousin wrote to me, and by mistake put Franconian Hotel instead of Palatine Hotel. The landlord immediately sent the letter to M. Serrarius's, where I lodged when I was last here. What rejoices me most of all in the whole Mannheim and Munich story is that Weber has managed his affairs so well. They have now 1600 florins; for the daughter has 1000 florins and her father 400, and 200 more as prompter. Cannabich did the most for them. It is quite a history about Count Seeau; if you don't know it, I will write you the details next time.

I beg, dearest father, that you will make use of this affair at Salzburg, and speak so strongly and so decidedly, that the Archbishop may think it possible I may not come after all, and thus be induced to give me a better salary, for I declare I cannot think of it with composure. The Archbishop cannot pay me sufficiently for the slavery of Salzburg. As I said before, I feel the greatest pleasure at the thought of paying you a visit, but only annoyance and misery in seeing myself once more at that beggarly court. The Archbishop must no longer attempt to play the great man with me as he used to do, or I may possibly play him a trick,--this is by no means unlikely,--and I am sure that you would participate in my satisfaction.

118.

Mannheim, Nov. 24, 1778.

MY DEAR BARON VON DALBERG,--

I called on you twice, but had not the good fortune to find you at home; yesterday you were in the house, but engaged, so I could not see you. I hope you will therefore excuse my troubling you with these few lines, as it is very important to me to explain myself fully. Herr Baron, you are well aware that I am not an interested man, particularly when I know that it is in my power to do a service to so great a connoisseur and lover of music as yourself. On the other hand, I also know that you certainly would not wish that I should be a loser on this occasion; I therefore take the liberty to make my final stipulations on the subject, as it is impossible for me to remain here longer in uncertainty. I agree to write a monodrama for the sum of twenty-five louis-d'or, and to stay here for two months longer to complete everything, and to attend all the rehearsals, &c., but on this condition, that, happen what may, I am to be paid by the end of January. Of course I shall also expect free admission to the theatre. Now, my dear Baron, this is all that I can do, and if you consider, you will admit that I certainly am acting with great discretion. With regard to your opera, I do assure you I should rejoice to compose music for it, but you must yourself perceive that I could not undertake such a work for twenty-five louis-d'or, as it would be twice the labor of a monodrama (taken at the lowest rate). The chief obstacle would be your having told me that Gluck and Schweitzer are partially engaged to write this work. But were you even to give me fifty louis-d'or, I would still as an honest man dissuade you from it. An opera without any singers! what is to be done in such a case? Still, if on this occasion there is a prospect of its being performed, I will not hesitate to undertake the work to oblige you; but it is no trifling one--of that I pledge you my word. I have now set forth my ideas clearly and candidly, and request your decision.

119.

Mannheim, Dec. 3, 1778.

I MUST ask your forgiveness for two things,--first, that I have not written to you for so long; and secondly, that this time also I must be brief. My not having answered you sooner is the fault of no one but yourself, and your first letter to me at Mannheim. I really never could have believed--but silence! I will say no more on the subject. Lot us have done with it. Next Wednesday, the 9th, I leave this; I cannot do so sooner, because, thinking that I was to be here for a couple of months, I accepted some pupils, and of course wish to make out the twelve lessons. I assure you that you have no idea what kind and true friends I have here, which time will prove. Why must I be so brief? Because my hands are more than full. To please Herr Gemmingen and myself, I am writing the first act of the melodramatic opera (that I was commissioned to write), but now do so gratis; I shall bring it with me and finish it at home. You see how strong my inclination must be for this kind of composition. Of course Herr von Gemmingen is the poet. The duodrama is called "Semiramis."

Next Wednesday I set off, and do you know how I travel? With the worthy prelate, the Bishop of Kaisersheim. When a kind friend of mine mentioned me to him, he at once knew my name, expressing the pleasure it would be to him to have me as a travelling companion. He is (though a priest and prelate) a most amiable man. I am therefore going by Kaisersheim and not by Stuttgart; but it is just the same to me, for I am very lucky in being able to spare my purse a little (as it is slender enough) on the journey. Be so good as to answer me the following questions. How do the comedians please at Salzburg? Is not the young lady who sings, Madlle. Keiserin? Does Herr Feiner play the English horn? Ah! if we had only clarionets too! You cannot imagine the splendid effect of a symphony with flutes, hautboys, and clarionets. At my first audience of the Archbishop I shall tell him much that is new, and also make some suggestions. Oh, how much finer and better our orchestra might be if the Archbishop only chose! The chief cause why it is not so, is that there are far too many performances. I make no objection to the chamber-music, only to the concerts on a larger scale.

A propos, you say nothing of it, but I conclude you have received the trunk; if not, Herr von Grimm is responsible for it. You will find in it the aria I wrote for Madlle. Weber. You can have no idea of the effect of that aria with instruments; you may not think so when you see it, but it ought to be sung by a Madlle. Weber! Pray, give it to no one, for that would be most unfair, as it was written solely for her, and fits her like a well-fitting glove.

120.

Kaisersheim, Dec. 18, 1778.

I ARRIVED here safely on Sunday the 13th, God be praised! I travelled in the most agreeable way, and had likewise the inexpressible pleasure to find a letter from you here. The reason that I did not forthwith answer it was, because I wished to give you sure and precise information as to my departure, for which I had not fixed any time; but I have at length resolved, as the prelate goes to Munich on the 26th or 27th, to be again his companion. I must tell you, however, that he does not go by Augsburg. I lose nothing by this; but if you have anything to arrange or transact where my presence is wanted, I can at any time, if you wish it, (being so near,) make a little expedition from Munich. My journey from Mannheim to this place would have been most agreeable to a man, leaving a city with a light heart. The prelate and his Chancellor, an honest, upright, and amiable man, drove together in one carriage, and Herr Kellermeister, Father Daniel, Brother Anton, the Secretary, and I, preceded them always half an hour, or an hour. But for me, to whom nothing could be more painful than leaving Mannheim, this journey was only partly agreeable, and would not have been at all so, but rather very tiresome, if I had not from my early youth been so much accustomed to leave people, countries, and cities, and with no very sanguine hope of soon or ever again seeing the kind friends I left. I cannot deny, but at once admit, that not only I myself, but all my intimate friends, particularly the Cannabichs, were in the most pitiable distress during the last few days after my departure was finally settled. We felt as if it were not possible for us to part. I set off at half-past eight o'clock in the morning, and Madame Cannabich did not leave her room; she neither would nor could take leave of me. I did not wish to distress her, so left the house without seeing her. My very dear father, I can safely say that she is one of my best and truest friends, for I only call those friends who are so in every situation, who, day and night, think how they can best serve the interests of their friend, applying to all influential persons, and toiling to secure his happiness. Now I do assure you such is the faithful portrait of Madame Cannabich. There may indeed be an alloy of self-interest in this, for where does anything take place--indeed, how can anything be done in this world--without some alloy of selfishness? What I like best in Madame Cannabich is, that she never attempts to deny this. I will tell you when we meet in what way she told me so, for when we are alone, which, I regret to say, is very seldom, we become quite confidential. Of all the intimate friends who frequent her house, I alone possess her entire confidence; for I alone know all her domestic and family troubles, concerns, secrets, and circumstances. We were not nearly so well acquainted

the first time I was here, (we have agreed on this point,) nor did we mutually under stand each other so well; but living in the same house affords greater facilities to know a person. When in Paris I first began fully to appreciate the sincere friendship of the Cannabichs, having heard from a trustworthy source the interest both she and her husband took in me. I reserve many topics to explain and to discuss personally, for since my return from Paris the scene has undergone some remarkable changes, but not in all things. Now as to my cloister life. The monastery itself made no great impression on me, after having seen the celebrated Abbey of Kremsmunster. I speak of the exterior and what they call here the court square, for the most renowned part I have yet to see. What appears to me truly ridiculous is the formidable military. I should like to know of what use they are. At night I hear perpetual shouts of "Who goes there?" and I invariably reply, "Guess!" You know what a good and kind man the prelate is, but you do not know that I may class myself among his favorites, which, I believe, does me neither good nor harm, but it is always pleasant to have one more friend in the world. With regard to the monodrama, or duodrama, a voice part is by no means necessary, as not a single note is sung, but entirely spoken; in short, it is a recitative with instruments, only the actor speaks the words instead of singing them. If you were to hear it even with the piano, it could not fail to please you, but properly performed, you would be quite transported. I can answer for this; but it requires a good actor or actress.

I shall really feel quite ashamed if I arrive in Munich without my sonatas. I cannot understand the delay; it was a stupid trick of Grimm's, and I have written to him to that effect. He will now see that he was in rather too great a hurry. Nothing ever provoked me so much. Just reflect on it. I know that my sonatas were published in the beginning of November, and I, the author, have not yet got them, therefore cannot present them to the Electress, to whom they are dedicated. I have, however, taken measures in the mean time which will insure my getting them. I hope that my cousin in Augsburg has received them, or that they are lying at Josef Killiau's for her; so I have written to beg her to send them to me at once.

Until I come myself, I commend to your good offices an organist, and also a good pianist, Herr Demmler, from Augsburg. I had entirely forgotten him, and was very glad when I heard of him here. He has considerable genius; a situation in Salzburg might be very useful in promoting his further success, for all he requires is a good leader in music; and I could not find him a better conductor than you, dear father, and it would really be a pity if he were to leave the right path. [See No. 68.] That melancholy "Alceste" of Schweitzer's is to be performed in Munich. The best part (besides some of the openings, middle passages, and the finales of some arias) is the beginning of the recitative "O Jugendzeit," and this was made what it is by Raaff's assistance; he punctuated it for Hartig (who plays Admet), and by so doing introduced the true expression into the aria. The worst of all, however, (as well as the greater part of the opera,) is certainly the overture.

As for the trifles that are not to be found in the trunk, it is quite natural that under such circumstances something should be lost, or even stolen. The little amethyst ring I felt I ought to give to the nurse who attended my dear mother, whose wedding-ring was left on her finger. [A large blot.] The ink-bottle is so full, and I am too hasty in dipping in my pen, as you will perceive. As for the watch, you have guessed rightly. I sold it, but only got five louis-d'or for it, and that in consideration of the works, which were good; for the shape, as you know, was old-fashioned and quite out of date. Speaking of watches, I must tell you that I am bringing one with me--a genuine Parisian. You know what sort of thing my jewelled watch was--how inferior all the so-called precious stones were, how clumsy and awkward its shape; but I would not have cared so much about that, had I not been obliged to spend so much money in repairing and regulating it, and after all the watch would one day gain a couple of hours, and next day lose in the same proportion. The one the Elector gave me did just the same, and, moreover, the works were even worse and more fragile. I exchanged these two watches and their chains for a Parisian one which is worth twenty louis-d'or. So now at last I know what o'clock it is; with my five watches I never got so far as that before! At present, out of four, I have, at all events, one on which I can depend.

121.

Kaisersheim, Dec. 23, 1778.

MA TRES-CHERE COUSINE,--

I write to you in the greatest haste, and in the deepest sorrow and remorse, and with the determined purpose to tell you that it is my intention to set off to-morrow to Munich. I would, I assure you, gladly have gone to Augsburg, but the prelate was resolved to claim me, for which you cannot blame me. It is my loss, so don't be cross. I may perhaps make an escapade from Munich to Augsburg, but this is by no means certain. If you will be as glad to see me, as I shall be to see you, do come to the good town of Munich. Be sure you come by the new year, that I may see your face so dear, and escort you far and near. One thing I very much regret, which

is that I cannot give you house-room, because I am not at an hotel, but am living with--whom do you think? I should like to know this myself [with the Webers]. But now Spassus apart. For that very reason, and for my sake, it would be advisable you should come; perhaps you may have a great part to play, but at all events come. I can then pay you in my own mighty person all proper compliments. Now adieu, angel of piety! I await you with anxiety. Your sincere cousin,

W. A. MOZART.

P.S.--Write to me forthwith to Munich, Poste Restante, a little note of twenty-four pages, but do not mention where you are to lodge, that I may not find you out nor you me.

122.

Munich, Dec. 29, 1778.

I WRITE from the house of M. Becke [flute-player; see No. 60]. I arrived here safely, God be praised! on the 25th, but have been unable to write to you till now. I reserve everything till our glad, joyous meeting, when I can once more have the happiness of conversing with you, for to-day I can only weep. I have far too sensitive a heart. In the mean time, I must tell you that the day before I left Kaisersheim I received the sonatas; so I shall be able to present them myself to the Electress. I only delay leaving this till the opera [Footnote: Schweitzer's "Alceste." (See No. 120.)] is given, when I intend immediately to leave Munich, unless I were to find that it would be very beneficial and useful to me to remain here for some time longer. In which case I feel convinced, quite convinced, that you would not only be satisfied I should do so, but would yourself advise it. I naturally write very badly, for I never learned to write; still, in my whole life I never wrote worse than this very day, for I really am unfit for anything--my heart is too full of tears. I hope you will soon write to me and comfort me. Address to me, Poste Restante, and then I can fetch the letter myself. I am staying with the Webers. I think, after all, it would be better, far better, to enclose your letter to me to our friend Becke.

I intend (I mention it to you in the strictest secrecy) to write a mass here; all my best friends advise my doing so. I cannot tell you what friends Cannabich and Raaff have been to me. Now farewell, my kindest and most beloved father! Write to me soon.

A happy new-year! More I cannot bring myself to write to-day. This letter is scrawled hurriedly, quite unlike the others, and betrays the most violent agitation of mind. During the whole journey there was nothing to which Mozart looked forward with such joy as once more seeing his beloved Madlle. Weber in Munich. He had even destined "a great part" for the Basle (his cousin) in the affair; but he was now to learn that Aloysia had been faithless to him. Nissen relates: "Mozart, being in mourning for his mother, appeared dressed, according to the French custom, in a red coat with black buttons; but soon discovered that Aloysia's feelings towards him had undergone a change. She seemed scarcely to recognize one for whose sake she had once shed so many tears. On which Mozart quickly seated himself at the piano and sang, "Ich lass das Madel gern das mich nicht will," ["I gladly give up the girl who slights me."] His father, moreover, was displeased in the highest degree by Wolfgang's protracted absence, fearing that the Archbishop might recall his appointment; so Wolfgang became very uneasy lest he should not meet with a kind reception from his father on his return home."

123.

Munich, Dec. 31, 1778.

I HAVE this instant received your latter from my friend Becke. I wrote to you from his house two days ago, but a letter such as I never wrote before; for this kind friend said so much to me about your tender paternal love, your indulgence towards me, your complaisance and discretion in the promotion of my future happiness, that my feelings were softened even to tears. But, from your letter of the 28th, I see only too clearly that Herr Becke, in his conversation with me, rather exaggerated. Now, distinctly, and once for all, as soon as the opera ("Alceste") is given, I intend to leave this, whether the diligence goes the day after or the same night. If you had spoken to Madame Robinig, I might have travelled home with her. But be that as it may, the opera is to be given on the 11th, and on the 12th (if the diligence goes) I set off. It would be more for my interest to stay here a little longer, but I am willing to sacrifice this to you, in the hope that I shall have a twofold reward for it in Salzburg. I don't think your idea about the sonatas at all good; even if I do not get them, I ought to leave Munich forthwith. Then you advise my not being seen at court; to a man so well known as I am here such a thing is impossible. But do not be uneasy. I received my sonatas at Kaisersheim; and, as soon as they are bound, I mean to present them to the Electress. A. propos, what do you mean by DREAMS OF PLEASURE? I do not wish to give up dreaming, for what mortal on the whole compass of the earth does not often dream? above all DREAMS OF

PLEASURE--peaceful dreams, sweet, cheering dreams if you will--dreams which, if realized, would have rendered my life (now far rather sad than pleasurable) more endurable.

The 1st.--I have this moment received, through a Salzburg vetturino, a letter from you, which really at first quite startled me. For Heaven's sake tell me, do you really think that I can at once fix a day for my journey; or is it your belief that I don't mean to come at all? When I am so very near, I do think you might be at ease on that point. When the fellow had explained his route to me, I felt a strong inclination to go with him, but at present I really cannot; to-morrow or next day I intend to present the sonatas to the Electress, and then (no matter how strongly I may be urged) I must wait a few days for a present. Of one thing I give you my word, that to please you I have resolved not to wait to see the opera, but intend to leave this the day after I receive the present I expect. At the same time I confess I feel this to be very hard on me; but if a few days more or less appear of such importance to you, so let it be. Write to me at once on this point. The 2d.--I rejoice at the thoughts of conversing with you, for then you will first comprehend how my matters stand here. You need have neither mistrust nor misgivings as to Raaff, for he is the most upright man in the world, though no lover of letter-writing. The chief cause of his silence, however, is no doubt that he is unwilling to make premature promises, and yet is glad to hold out some hope too; besides, like Cannabich, he has worked for me with might and main.

124.

Munich, Jan. 8, 1779.

[Footnote: The second grand aria that Mozart wrote for Aloysia, bears the same date.]

I HOPE you received my last letter, which I meant to have given to the vetturino, but having missed him I sent it by post. I have, in the mean time, got all your letters safely through Herr Becke. I gave him my letter to read, and he also showed me his. I assure you, my very dear father, that I am now full of joy at returning to you, (but not to Salzburg,) as your last letter shows that you know me better than formerly. There never was any other cause for my long delay in going home but this doubt, which gave rise to a feeling of sadness that I could no longer conceal; so I at last opened my heart to my friend Becke. What other cause could I possibly have? I have done nothing to cause me to dread reproach from you; I am guilty of no fault; (by a fault I mean that which does not become a Christian, and a man of honor;) in short, I now rejoice, and already look forward to the most agreeable and happy days, but only in the society of yourself and my dear sister. I give you my solemn word of honor that I cannot endure Salzburg or its inhabitants, (I speak of the natives of Salzburg.) Their language, their manners, are to me quite intolerable. You cannot think what I suffered during Madame Robinig's visit here, for it is long indeed since I met with such a fool; and, for my still further annoyance, that silly, deadly dull Mosmayer was also there.

But to proceed. I went yesterday, with my dear friend Cannabich, to the Electress to present my sonatas. Her apartments are exactly what I should like mine one day to be, very pretty and neat, just like those of a private individual, all except the view, which is miserable. We were there fully an hour and a half, and she was very gracious. I have managed to let her know that I must leave this in a few days, which will, I hope, expedite matters. You have no cause to be uneasy about Count Seeau; I don't believe the thing will come through his hands, and even if it does, he will not venture to say a word. Now, once for all, believe that I have the most eager longing to embrace you and my beloved sister. If it were only not in Salzburg! But as I have not hitherto been able to see you without going to Salzburg, I do so gladly. I must make haste, for the post is just going.

My cousin is here. Why? To please me, her cousin; this is, indeed, the ostensible cause. But--we can talk about it in Salzburg; and, on this account, I wished very much that she would come with me there. You will find a few lines, written by her own hand, attached to the fourth page of this letter. She is quite willing to go; so if it would really give you pleasure to see her, be so kind as to write immediately to her brother, that the thing may be arranged. When you see her and know her, she is certain to please you, for she is a favorite with every one.

Wolfgang's pleasantries, in the following; letter to his cousin, show that his good humor was fully restored. He was received at home with very great rejoicings, and his cousin soon followed him.

125.

Salzburg, May 10, 1779.

DEAREST, sweetest, most beauteous, fascinating, and charming of all cousins, most basely maltreated by an unworthy kinsman! Allow me to strive to soften and appease your just wrath, which only heightens your charms and winning beauty, as high as the heel of your slipper! I hope to soften you, Nature having bestowed on me a large amount of softness, and to appease you, being fond of sweet pease. As to the Leipzig affair, I can't tell whether it may be worth stooping to pick up; were it a bag of ringing coin, it would be a very different thing, and nothing less do I mean to accept, so there is an end of it.

Sweetest cousin, such is life! One man has got a purse, but another has got the money, and he who has neither has nothing; and nothing is even less than little; while, on the other hand, much is a great deal more than nothing, and nothing can come of nothing. Thus has it been from the beginning, is now, and ever shall be; and as I can make it neither worse nor better, I may as well conclude my letter. The gods know I am sincere. How does Probst get on with his wife? and do they live in bliss or in strife? most silly questions, upon my life! Adieu, angel! My father sends you his uncle's blessing, and a thousand cousinly kisses from my sister. Angel, adieu!

A TENDER ODE. [Footnote: A parody of Klopstock's "Dein susses Bild, Edone"]

TO MY COUSIN.

THY sweet image, cousin mine, Hovers aye before me; Would the form indeed were thine! How I would adore thee! I see it at the day's decline; I see it through the pale moonshine, And linger o'er that form divine

By all the flowers of sweet perfume I'll gather for my cousin,--By all the wreaths of myrtle-bloom I'll wreathe her by the dozen,--I call upon that image there To pity my immense despair, And be indeed my cousin fair

[Footnote: These words are written round the slightly sketched caricature of a face.]

FOURTH PART.--MUNICH.--IDOMENEO.--NOVEMBER 1780 TO JANUARY 1781.

MOZART now remained stationary at Salzburg till the autumn of 1780, highly dissatisfied at being forced to waste his youthful days in inactivity, and in such an obscure place, but still as busy as ever. A succession of grand instrumental compositions were the fruits of this period: two masses, some vespers, the splendid music for "Konig Thamos," and the operetta "Zaide" for Schikaneder. At length, however, to his very great joy, a proposal was made to him from Munich to write a grand opera for the Carnival of 1781. It was "Idomeneo, Konig von Greta." At the beginning of November he once more set off to Munich in order to "prepare an exact fit," on the spot, of the different songs in the opera for the singers, and to rehearse and practise everything with them. The Abbate Varesco in Salzburg was the author of the libretto, in which many an alteration had yet to be made, and these were all to be effected through the intervention of the father.

126.

Munich, Nov. 8, 1780.

FORTUNATE and pleasant was my arrival here,--fortunate, because no mishap occurred during the journey; and pleasant, because we had scarcely patience to wait for the moment that was to end this short but disagreeable journey. I do assure you it was impossible for us to sleep for a moment the whole night. The carriage jolted our very souls out, and the seats were as hard as stone! From Wasserburg I thought I never could arrive in Munich with whole bones, and during two stages I held on by the straps, suspended in the air and not venturing to sit down. But no matter; it is past now, though it will serve me as a warning in future rather to go on foot than drive in a diligence.

Now as to Munich. We arrived here at one o'clock in the forenoon, and the same evening I called on Count Seeau [the Theatre Intendant], but as he was not at home I left a note for him. Next morning I went there with Becke. Seeau has been moulded like wax by the Mannheim people. I have a request to make of the Abbate [Gianbattista Varesco]. The aria of Ilia in the second act and second scene must be a little altered for what I require,--"Se il padre perdei, in te lo ritrovo" This verse could not be better; but now comes what always appeared unnatural to me,--N.B. in an aria,--I mean, to speak aside. In a dialogue these things are natural enough, for a few words can be hurriedly said aside, but in an aria, where the words must be repeated, it has a bad effect; and even were this not the case, I should prefer an uninterrupted aria. The beginning may remain if he chooses, for it is charming and quite a natural flowing strain, where, not being fettered by the words, I can write on quite easily; for we agreed to bring in an aria andantino here in concert with four wind instruments, viz. flute, hautboy, horn, and bassoon; and I beg that you will let me have the

air as soon as possible.

Now for a grievance. I have not, indeed, the honor of being acquainted with the hero Del Prato [the musico who was to sing Idamante], but from description I should say that Cecarelli is rather the better of the two, for often in the middle of an air our musico's breath entirely fails; nota bene, he never was on any stage, and Raaff is like a statue. Now only for a moment imagine the scene in the first act! But there is one good thing, which is, that Madame Dorothea Wendling is arci-contentissima with her scena, and insisted on hearing it played three times in succession. The Grand Master of the Teutonic Order arrived yesterday. "Essex" was given at the Court Theatre, and a magnificent ballet. The theatre was all illuminated. The beginning was an overture by Cannabich, which, as it is one of his last, I did not know. I am sure, if you had heard it you would have been as much pleased and excited as I was, and if you had not previously known the fact, you certainly could not have believed that it was by Cannabich. Do come soon to hear it, and to admire the orchestra. I have no more to say. There is to be a grand concert this evening, where Mara is to sing three airs. Tell me whether it snows as heavily in Salzburg as here. My kind regards to Herr Schikaneder [impresario in Salzburg], and beg him to excuse my not yet sending him the aria, for I have not been able to finish it entirely.

127.

Munich, Nov. 13, 1780.

I WRITE in the greatest haste, for I am not yet dressed, and must go off to Count Seeau's. Cannabich, Quaglio, and Le Grand, the ballet-master, also dine there to consult about what is necessary for the opera. Cannabich and I dined yesterday with Countess Baumgarten, [Footnote: He wrote an air for her, the original of which is now in the State Library at Munich.] nee Lerchenteld. My friend is all in all in that family, and now I am the same. It is the best and most serviceable house here to me, for owing to their kindness all has gone well with me, and, please God, will continue to do so. I am just going to dress, but must not omit the chief thing of all, and the principal object of my letter,--to wish you, my very dearest and kindest father, every possible good on this your name-day. I also entreat the continuance of your fatherly love, and assure you of my entire obedience to your wishes. Countess la Rose sends her compliments to you and my sister, so do all the Cannabichs and both Wendling families, Ramm, Eck father and son, Becke, and Herr del Prato, who happens to be with me. Yesterday Count Seeau presented me to the Elector, who was very gracious. If you were to speak to Count Seeau now, you would scarcely recognize him, so completely have the Mannheimers transformed him.

I am ex commissione to write a formal answer in his name to the Abbate Varesco, but I have no time, and was not born to be a secretary. In the first act (eighth scene) Herr Quaglio made the same objection that we did originally,--namely, that it is not fitting the king should be quite alone in the ship. If the Abbe thinks that he can be reasonably represented in the terrible storm forsaken by every one, WITHOUT A SHIP, exposed to the greatest peril, all may remain as it is; but, N. B., no ship--for he cannot be alone in one; so, if the other mode be adopted, some generals or confidants (mates) must land from the ship with him. Then the king might address a few words to his trusty companions, and desire them to leave him alone, which in his melancholy situation would be quite natural.

The second duet is to be omitted altogether, and indeed with more profit than loss to the opera; for if you will read the scene it evidently becomes cold and insipid by the addition of an air or a duet, and very irksome to the other actors, who must stand, by all the time unoccupied; besides, the noble contest between Ilia and Idamante would become too long, and thus lose its whole interest.

Mara has not the good fortune to please me. She does too little to be compared to a Bastardella [see No. 8], (yet this is her peculiar style,) and too much to touch the heart like a Weber [Aloysia], or any judicious singer.

P.S.--A propos, as they translate so badly here, Count Seeau would like to have the opera translated in Salzburg, and the arias alone to be in verse. I am to make a contract that the payment of the poet and the translator should be made in one sum. Give me an answer soon about this. Adieu! What of the family portraits? Are they good likenesses? Is my sister's begun yet? The opera is to be given for the first time on the 26th of January. Be so kind as to send me the two scores of the masses that I have with me, and also the mass in B. Count Seeau is to mention them soon to the Elector; I should like to be known here in this style also. I have just heard a mass of Gruan's; it would be easy to compose half a dozen such in a day. Had I known that this singer, Del Prato, was so bad, I should certainly have recommended Cecarelli.

128.

Munich, Nov. 15, 1780.

The aria is now admirable, but there is still an alteration to be made recommended by Raaff; he is, however, right, and even were he not, some courtesy ought to be shown to his gray hairs. He was with me yesterday, and I played over his first aria to him, with which he was very much pleased. The man is old, and can no longer show off in an aria like that in the second art,--"Fuor del mar ho un mare in seno," &c. As, moreover, in the third act he has no aria, (the one in the first act not being so cantabile as he would like, owing to the expression of the words,) he wishes after his last speech, "O Creta fortuinata, O me felice," to have a pretty aria to sing instead of the quartet; in this way a superfluous air would be got rid of, and the third act produce a far better effect. In the last scene also of the second act, Idomeneo has an aria, or rather a kind of cavatina, to sing between the choruses. For this it would be better to substitute a mere recitative, well supported by the instruments. For in this scene, (owing to the action and grouping which have been recently settled with Le Grand,) the finest of the whole opera, there cannot fail to be such a noise and confusion in the theatre, that an aria, would make a very bad figure in this place, and moreover there is a thunderstorm which is not likely to subside during Raaff's aria! The effect, therefore, of a recitative between the choruses must be infinitely better. Lisel Wendling has also sung through her two arias half a dozen times, and is much pleased with them. I heard from a third person that the two Wendlings highly praised their arias, and as for Raaff he is my best and dearest friend. I must teach the whole opera myself to Del Prato. He is incapable of singing even the introduction to any air of importance, and his voice is so uneven! He is only engaged for a year, and at the end of that time (next September) Count Seeau will get another. Cecarelli might try his chance then serieusement.

I nearly forgot the best of all. After mass last Sunday, Count Seeau presented me, en passant, to H.S.H. the Elector, who was very gracious. He said, "I am happy to see you here again;" and on my replying that I would strive to deserve the good opinion of His Serene Highness, he clapped me on the shoulder, saying, "Oh! I have no doubt whatever that all will go well--a piano piano si va lontano."

Deuce take it! I cannot write everything I wish. Raaff has just left me; he sends you his compliments, and so do the Cannabichs, and Wendlings, and Ramm. My sister must not be idle, but practise steadily, for every one is looking forward with pleasure to her coming here. My lodging is in the Burggasse at M. Fiat's [where the marble slab to his memory is now erected].

129.

Munich, Nov. 22, 1780.

I SEND herewith, at last, the long-promised aria for Herr Schikaneder. During the first week that I was here I could not entirely complete it, owing to the business that caused me to come here. Besides, Le Grand, the ballet-master, a terrible talker and bore, has just been with me, and by his endless chattering caused me to miss the diligence. I hope my sister is quite well. I have at this moment a bad cold, which in such weather is quite the fashion here. I hope and trust, however, that it will soon take its departure,--indeed, both phlegm and cough are gradually disappearing. In your last letter you write repeatedly, "Oh! my poor eyes! I du not wish to write myself blind--half-past eight at night, and no spectacles!" But why do you write at night, and without spectacles? I cannot understand it. I have not yet had an opportunity of speaking to Count Seeau, but hope to do so to-day, and shall give you any information I can gather by the next post. At present all will, no doubt, remain as it is. Herr Raaff paid me a visit yesterday morning, and I gave him your regards, which seemed to please him much. He is, indeed, a worthy and thoroughly respectable man. The day before yesterday Del Frato sang in the most disgraceful way at the concert. I would almost lay a wager that the man never manages to get through the rehearsals, far less the opera; he has some internal disease.

Come in!--Herr Panzacchi! [who was to sing Arbace]. He has already paid me three visits, and has just asked me to dine with him on Sunday. I hope the same thing won't happen to me that happened to us with the coffee. He meekly asks if, instead of se la sa, he may sing se co la, or even ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la.

I am so glad when you often write to me, only not at night, and far less without spectacles. You must, however, forgive me if I do not say much in return, for every minute is precious; besides, I am obliged chiefly to write at night, for the mornings are so very dark; then I have to dress, and the servant at the Weiser sometimes admits a troublesome visitor. When Del Prato comes I must sing to him, for I have to teach him his whole part like a child; his method is not worth a farthing. I will write more fully next time. What of the family portraits? My sister, if she has nothing better to do, might mark down the names of the best comedies that have been performed during my absence. Has Schikaneder still good receipts? My compliments to all my friends, and to Gilofsky's Katherl.

Give a pinch of Spanish snuff from me to Pimperl [the dog], a good wine-sop, and three kisses. Do you not miss me at all? A thousand compliments to all--all! Adieu! I embrace you both from my heart, and hope my sister will soon recover. [Nannerl, partly owing to her grief in consequence of an unfortunate love-affair, was suffering from pains in the chest, which threatened to turn to consumption.]

180.

Munich, Nov. 24, 1780.

I beg you will convey to Madlle. Katharine Gilofsky de Urazowa my respectful homage. Wish her in my name every possible happiness on her name-day; above all, I wish that this may be the last time I congratulate her as Mademoiselle. What you write to me about Count Seinsheim is done long ago; they are all links of one chain. I have already dined with, him once, and with Baumgarten twice, and once with Lerchenfeld, father of Madlle. Baumgarten. Not a single day passes without some of these people being at Cannabich's. Do not be uneasy, dearest father, about my opera; I do hope that all will go well. No doubt it will be assailed by a petty cabal, which will in all probability be defeated with ridicule; for the most respected and influential families among the nobility are in my favor, and the first-class musicians are one and all for me. I cannot tell you what a good friend Cannabich is--so busy and active! In a word, he is always on the watch to serve a friend. I will tell you the whole story about Mara. I did not write to you before on the subject, because I thought that, even if you knew nothing of it, you would be sure to hear the particulars here; but now it is high time to tell you the whole truth, for probably additions have been made to the story,--at least, in this town, it has been told in all sorts of different ways. No one can know about it better than I do, as I was present, so I heard and witnessed the whole affair. When the first symphony was over, it was Madame Mara's turn to sing. I then saw her husband come sneaking in behind her with his violoncello in his hand; I thought she was going to sing an aria obligato with violoncello accompaniment. Old Danzi, the first violoncello, also accompanies well. All at once Toeschi (who is a director, but has no authority when Cannabich is present) said to Danzi (N. B., his son-in-law), "Rise, and give Mara your place." When Cannabich saw and heard this, he called out, "Danzi, stay where you are; the Elector prefers his own people playing the accompaniments." Then the air began, Mara standing behind his wife, looking very sheepish, and still holding his violoncello. The instant they entered the concert-room, I took a dislike to both, for you could not well see two more insolent-looking people, and the sequel will convince you of this. The aria had a second part, but Madame Mara did not think proper to inform the orchestra of the fact previously, but after the last ritournelle came down into the room with her usual air of effrontery to pay her respects to the nobility. In the mean time her husband attacked Cannabich. I cannot write every detail, for it would be too long; but, in a word, he insulted both the orchestra and Cannabich's character, who, being naturally very much irritated, laid hold of his arm, saying, "This is not the place to answer you." Mara wished to reply, but Cannabich threatened that if he did not hold his tongue he would have him removed by force. All were indignant at Mara's impertinence. A concerto by Ramm was then given, when this amiable couple proceeded to lay their complaint before Count Seeau; but from him, also, as well as from every one else, they heard that they were in the wrong. At last Madame Mara was foolish enough to speak to the Elector himself on the subject, her husband in the mean time saying in an arrogant tone, "My wife is at this moment complaining to the Elector--an unlucky business for Cannabich; I am sorry for him." But people only burst out laughing in his face. The Elector, in reply to Madame Mara's complaint, said, "Madame, you sang like an angel, although your husband did not accompany you;" and when she wished to press her grievance, he said, "That is Count Seeau's affair, not mine." When they saw that nothing was to be done, they left the room, although she had still two airs to sing. This was nothing short of an insult to the Elector, and I know for certain that, had not the Archduke and other strangers been present, they would have been very differently treated; but on this account Count Seeau was annoyed, so he sent after them immediately, and they came back. She sang her two arias, but was not accompanied by her husband. In the last one (and I shall always believe that Herr Mara did it on purpose) two bars were wanting--N. B., only in the copy from which Cannabich was playing. When this occurred, Mara seized Cannabich's arm, who quickly got right, but struck his bow on the desk, exclaiming audibly, "This copy is all wrong." When the aria was at an end, he said, "Herr Mara, I give you one piece of advice, and I hope you will profit by it: never seize the arm of the director of an orchestra, or lay your account with getting at least half a dozen sound boxes on the ear." Mara's tone was now, however, entirely lowered; he begged to be forgiven, and excused himself as he best could. The most shameful part of the affair was that Mara (a miserable violoncellist, all here declare) would never have been heard at court at all but for Cannabich, who had taken considerable trouble about it. At the first concert before my arrival he played a concerto, and accompanied his wife, taking Danzi's place without saying a word either to Danzi or any one else, which was allowed to pass. The Elector was by no means satisfied with his mode of accompanying, and said he preferred his own people. Cannabich, knowing this, mentioned to Count Seeau, before the concert began, that he had no objection to Mara's playing, but that Danzi must also play. When Mara came he was told this, and yet he was

guilty of this insolence. If you knew these people, you would at once see pride, arrogance, and unblushing effrontery written on their faces.

My sister is now, I hope, quite recovered. Pray do not write me any more melancholy letters, for I require at this time a cheerful spirit, a clear head, and inclination to work, and these no one can have who is sad at heart. I know, and, believe me, deeply feel, how much you deserve rest and peace, but am I the obstacle to this? I would not willingly be so, and yet, alas! I fear I am. But if I attain my object, so that I can live respectably here, you must instantly leave Salzburg. You will say, that may never come to pass; at all events, industry and exertion shall not be wanting on my part. Do try to come over soon to see me. We can all live together. I have a roomy alcove on my first room in which two beds stand. These would do capitally for you and me. As for my sister, all we can do is to put a stove into the next room, which will only be an affair of four or five florins; for in mine we might heat the stove till it is red-hot, and leave the stove-door open into the bargain, yet it would not make the room endurable--it is so frightfully cold in it. Ask the Abbate Varesco if we could not break off at the chorus in the second act, "Placido e il mare" after Elettra's first verse, when the chorus is repeated,--at all events after the second, for it is really far too long. I have been confined to the house two days from my cold, and, luckily for me, I have very little appetite, for in the long run it would be inconvenient to pay for my board. I have, however, written a note to the Count on the subject, and received a message from him that he would speak to me about it shortly. By heavens! he ought to be thoroughly ashamed of himself. I won't pay a single kreutzer.

131.

Munich, Dec. 1, 1780.

THE rehearsal went off with extraordinary success; there were only six violins in all, but the requisite wind-instruments. No one was admitted but Count Seeau's sister and young Count Seinsheim. This day week we are to have another rehearsal, with twelve violins for the first act, and then the second act will be rehearsed (like the first on the previous occasion). I cannot tell you how delighted and surprised all were; but I never expected anything else, for I declare I went to this rehearsal with as quiet a heart as if I had been going to a banquet. Count Seinsheim said to me, "I do assure you that though I expected a great deal from you, I can truly say this I did not expect."

The Cannabichs and all who frequent their house are true friends of mine. After the rehearsal, (for we had a great deal to discuss with the Count,) when I went home with Cannabich, Madame Cannabich came to meet me, and hugged me from joy at the rehearsal having passed off so admirably; then came Ramm and Lang, quite out of their wits with delight. My true friend the excellent lady, who was alone in the house with her invalid daughter Rose, had been full of solicitude on my account. When you know him, you will find Ramm a true German, saying exactly what he thinks to your face. He said to me, "I must honestly confess that no music ever made such an impression on me, and I assure you I thought of your father fifty times at least, and of the joy he will feel when he hears this opera." But enough of this subject. My cold is rather worse owing to this rehearsal, for it is impossible not to feel excited when honor and fame are at stake, however cool you may be at first. I did everything you prescribed for my cold, but it goes on very slowly, which is particularly inconvenient to me at present; but all my writing about it will not put an end to my cough, and yet write I must. To-day I have begun to take violet syrup and a little almond oil, and already I feel relieved, and have again stayed two days in the house. Yesterday morning Herr Raaff came to me again to hear the aria in the second act. The man is as much enamored of his aria as a young passionate lover ever was of his fair one. He sings it the last thing before he goes to sleep, and the first thing in the morning when he awakes. I knew already, from a sure source, but now from himself, that he said to Herr von Viereck (Oberststallmeister) and to Herr von Kastel, "I am accustomed constantly to change my parts, to suit me better, in recitative as well as in arias, but this I have left just as it was, for every single note is in accordance with my voice." In short, he is as happy as a king. He wishes the interpolated aria to be a little altered, and so do I. The part commencing with the word era he does not like, for what we want here is a calm tranquil aria; and if consisting of only one part, so much the better, for a second subject would have to be brought in about the middle, which leads me out of my way. In "Achill in Sciro" there is an air of this kind, "or che mio figlio sei." I thank my sister very much for the list of comedies she sent me. It is singular enough about the comedy "Rache fur Rache"; it was frequently given here with much applause, and quite lately too, though I was not there myself. I beg you will present my devoted homage to Madlle. Therese von Barisani; if I had a brother, I would request him to kiss her hand in all humility, but having a sister only is still better, for I beg she will embrace her in the most affectionate manner in my name. A propos, do write a letter to Cannabich; he deserves it, and it will please him exceedingly. What does it matter if he does not answer you? You must not judge him from his manner; he is the same to every one, and means nothing. You must first know him well.

132.

Munich, Dec. 5, 1780.

The death of the Empress [Maria Theresa] does not at all affect my opera, for the theatrical performances are not suspended, and the plays go on as usual. The entire mourning is not to last more than six weeks, and my opera will not be given before the 20th of January. I wish you to get my black suit thoroughly brushed to make it as wearable as possible, and forward it to me by the first diligence; for next week every one must be in mourning, and I, though constantly on the move, must cry with the others.

With regard to Raaff's last aria, I already mentioned that we both wish to have more touching and pleasing words. The word era is constrained; the beginning good, but gelida massa is again hard. In short, far-fetched or pedantic expressions are always inappropriate in a pleasing aria. I should also like the air to express only peace and contentment; and one part would be quite as good--in fact, better, in my opinion. I also wrote about Panzacchi; we must do what we can to oblige the good old man. He wishes to have his recitative in the third act lengthened a couple of lines, which, owing to the chiaro oscuro and his being a good actor, will have a capital effect. For example, after the strophe, "Sei la citta del pianto, e questa reggia quella del duol," comes a slight glimmering of hope, and then, "Madman that I am! whither does my grief lead me?" "Ah! Creta tutta io vedo." The Abbato Varesco is not obliged to rewrite the act on account of these things, for they can easily be interpolated. I have also written that both I and others think the oracle's subterranean speech too long to make a good effect. Reflect on this. I must now conclude, having such a mass of writing to do. I have not seen Baron Lehrbach, and don't know whether he is here or not; and I have no time to run about. I may easily not know whether he is here, but he cannot fail to know positively that I am. Had I been a girl, no doubt he would have come to see me long ago. Now adieu!

I have this moment received your letter of the 4th December. You must begin to accustom yourself a little to the kissing system. You can meanwhile practise with Maresquelli, for each time that you come to Dorothea Wendling's (where everything is rather in the French style) you will have to embrace both mother and daughter, but--N. B., on the chin, so that the paint may not be rubbed off. More of this next time. Adieu!

P.S.--Don't forget about my black suit; I must have it, or I shall be laughed at, which is never agreeable.

133.

Munich, Dec. 13, 1780.

Your last letters seemed to me far too short, so I searched all the pockets in my black suit to see if I could not find something more. In Vienna and all the Imperial dominions, the gayeties are to be resumed six weeks hence,--a very sensible measure, for mourning too long is not productive of half as much good to the deceased as of injury to the living. Is Herr Schikaneder to remain in Salzburg? If so, he might still see and hear my opera. Here people, very properly, cannot comprehend why the mourning should last for three months, while that for our late Elector was only six weeks. The theatre, however, goes on as usual. You do not write to me how Herr Esser accompanied my sonatas--ill, or well? The comedy, "Wie man sich die Sache deutet," is charming, for I saw it--no, not saw it, but read it, for it has not yet been performed; besides, I have been only once in the theatre, having no leisure to go, the evening being the time I like best to work. If her Grace, the most sensible gracious Frau von Robinig, does not on this occasion change the period of her gracious journey to Munich, her Grace will be unable to hear one note of my opera. My opinion, however, is, that her Grace in her supreme wisdom, in order to oblige your excellent son, will graciously condescend to stay a little longer. I suppose your portrait is now begun, and my sister's also, no doubt. How is it likely to turn out? Have you any answer yet from our plenipotentiary at Wetzlar? I forget his name--Fuchs, I think. I mean, about the duets for two pianos. It is always satisfactory to explain a thing distinctly, and the arias of Esopus are, I suppose, still lying on the table? Send them to me by the diligence, that I may give them myself to Herr von Dummhoff, who will then remit them post-free. To whom? Why, to Heckmann--a charming man, is he not? and a passionate lover of music. My chief object comes to-day at the close of my letter, but this is always the case with me. One day lately, after dining with Lisel Wendling, I drove with Le Grand to Cannabich's (as it was snowing heavily). Through the window they thought it was you, and that we had come together. I could not understand why both Karl and the children ran down the steps to meet us, and when they saw Le Grand, did not say a word, but looked quite discomposed, till they explained it when we went up-stairs. I shall write nothing more, because you write so seldom to me--nothing, except that Herr Eck, who has just crept into the room to fetch his sword which he forgot the last time he was here, sends his best wishes to Thresel, Pimperl, Jungfer Mitzerl, Gilofsky, Katherl, my sister, and, last of all, to yourself. Kiss Thresel for me; a thousand kisses to Pimperl.

134.

Munich, Dec. 16, 1780.

HERR ESSER came to call on me yesterday for the first time. Did he go about on foot in Salzburg, or always drive in a carriage, as he does here? I believe his small portion of Salzburg money will not remain long in his purse. On Sunday we are to dine together at Cannabich's, and there he is to let us hear his solos, clever and stupid. He says he will give no concert here, nor does he care to appear at court; he does not intend to seek it, but if the Elector wishes to hear him,--"Eh, bien! here am I; it would be a favor, but I shall not announce myself." But, after all, he may be a worthy fool--deuce take it! cavalier, I meant to say. He asked me why I did not wear my Order of the Spur. I said I had one in my head quite hard enough to carry. He was so obliging as to dust my coat a little for me, saying, "One cavalier may wait upon another." In spite of which, the same afternoon--from forgetfulness, I suppose--he left his spur at home, (I mean the outward and visible one,) or at all events contrived to hide it so effectually that not a vestige of it was to be seen. In case I forget it again, I must tell you that Madame and Madlle. Cannabich both complain that their throats are daily becoming larger owing to the air and water here, which might at last become regular goitres. Heaven forbid! They are indeed taking a certain powder--how do I know what? Not that this is its name; at all events, it seems to do them no good. For their sakes, therefore, I took the liberty to recommend what we call goitre pills, pretending (in order to enhance their value) that my sister had three goitres, each larger than the other, and yet at last, by means of these admirable pills, had got entirely rid of them! If they can be made up here, pray send me the prescription; but if only to be had at Salzburg, I beg you will pay ready money for them, and send a few cwt. of them by the next diligence. You know my address.

There is to be another rehearsal this afternoon of the first and second acts in the Count's apartments; then we shall only have a chamber rehearsal of the third, and afterwards go straight to the theatre. The rehearsal has been put off owing to the copyist, which enraged Count Seinsheim to the uttermost. As for what is called the popular taste, do not be uneasy, for in my opera there is music for every class, except for the long-eared. A propos, how goes on the Archbishop? Next Monday I shall have been six weeks away from Salzburg. You know, dear father, that I only stay there to oblige you, for, by heavens! if I followed my own inclinations, before coming here I would have torn up my last diploma; for I give you my honor that not Salzburg itself, but the Prince and his proud nobility, become every day more intolerable to me. I should rejoice were I to be told that my services were no longer required, for with the great patronage that I have here, both my present and future circumstances would be secure, death excepted, which no one can guard against, though no great misfortune to a single man. But anything in the world to please you. It would be less trying to me if I could only occasionally escape from time to time, just to draw my breath. You know how difficult it was to get away on this occasion; and without some very urgent cause, there would not be the faintest hope of such a thing. It is enough to make one weep to think of it, so I say no more. Adieu! Come soon to see me at Munich and to hear my opera, and then tell me whether I have not a right to feel sad when I think of Salzburg. Adieu!

135.

Munich, Dec. 19, 1780.

THIS last rehearsal has been as successful as the first, and satisfactorily proved to the orchestra and all those who heard it, their mistake in thinking that the second act could not possibly excel the first in expression and novelty. Next Saturday both acts are again to be rehearsed, but in a spacious apartment in the palace, which I have long wished, as the room at Count Seeau's is far too small. The Elector is to be in an adjoining room (incognito) to hear the music. "It must be a life-and-death rehearsal," said Cannabich to me. At the last one he was bathed in perspiration.

Cannabich, whose name-day this is, has just left me, reproaching me for discontinuing this letter in his presence. As to Madame Duschek, the thing is impossible at present, but I will do what I can with pleasure after my opera is given. I beg you will write to her and say, with my compliments, that next time she comes to Salzburg we can square accounts. It would delight me if I could get a couple of cavaliers like old Czernin,--this would be a little yearly help; but certainly not for less than 100 florins a year, in which case it might be any style of music they pleased. I trust that you are now quite recovered; indeed, after the friction performed by a Barisani Theres, you cannot be otherwise. You have no doubt seen by my letters that I am well and happy. Who would not feel happy to have completed such a great and laborious work--and completed it, too, with honor and renown? Three arias alone are wanting--the last chorus in the third act, and the overture and ballet; and then--Adieu partie!

One more indispensable remark, and I have done. The scene between father and son in the first act, and the first scene in the second act between Idomenco and Arbace, are both too long, and sure to weary the audience, particularly as in the first the actors are both bad, and in the second one of them is also very inferior; besides, the whole details are only a narrative of what the spectators have already seen with their own eyes. The scenes will be printed just as they are. I only wish the Abbate would point out to me how not only to curtail them, but very considerably to curtail them; otherwise I must do it myself, for the scenes cannot remain as they are--I mean, so far as the music is concerned. I have just got your letter, which, being begun by my sister, is without a date. A thousand compliments to Thresel--my future upper and under nursery-maid to be. I can easily believe that Katherl would gladly come to Munich, if (independent of the journey) you would allow her to take my place at meals. Eh! bien. I can contrive it, for she can occupy the same room with my sister.

136.

Munich, Dec 27, 1780.

I HAVE received the entire opera, Schachtner's letter, your note, and the pills. As for the two scenes to be curtailed, it was not my own suggestion, but one to which I consented--my reason being that Raaff and Del Prato spoil the recitative by singing it quite devoid of all spirit and fire, and so monotonously. They are the most miserable actors that ever trod the stage. I had a desperate battle royal with Seeau as to the inexpediency, unfitness, and almost impossibility of the omissions in question. However, all is to be printed as it is, which at first he positively refused to agree to, but at last, on rating him soundly, he gave way. The last rehearsal was splendid. It took place in a spacious apartment in the palace. The Elector was also within hearing. On this occasion it was rehearsed with the whole orchestra, (of course I mean those who belong to the opera.) After the first act the Elector called out Bravo! rather too audibly, and when I went into the next room to kiss his hand he said, "Your opera is quite charming, and cannot fail to do you honor." As he was not sure whether he could remain for the whole performance, we played the concerted aria and the thunderstorm at the beginning of the second act, by his desire, when he again testified his approbation in the kindest manner, and said, laughing, "Who could believe that such great things could be hidden in so small a head?" Next day, too, at his reception, he extolled my opera much. The ensuing rehearsal will probably take place in the theatre. A propos, Becke told me, a day or two ago, that he had written to you about the last rehearsal but one, and among other things had said that Raaff's aria in the second act is not composed in accordance with the sense of the words, adding, "So I am told, for I understand Italian too little to be able to judge." I replied, "If you had only asked me first and written afterwards! I must tell you that whoever said such a thing can understand very little Italian. The aria is quite adapted to the words. You hear the mare, and the mare funesto; and the passages dwell on the minacciar, and entirely express minacciar (threatening). Moreover, it is the most superb aria in the opera, and has met with universal approbation."

Is it true that the Emperor is ill? Is it true that the Archbishop intends to come to Munich? Raaff is the best and most upright man alive, but--so addicted to old-fashioned routine that flesh and blood cannot stand it; so that it is very difficult to write for him, but very easy if you choose to compose commonplace arias, as for instance the first one, "Vedromi intorno." When you hear it, you will say that it is good and pretty, but had I written it for Zonca it would have suited the words better. Raaff likes everything according to rule, and does not regard expression. I have had a piece of work with him about the quartet. The more I think of the quartet as it will be on the stage, the more effective I consider it, and it has pleased all those who have heard it on the piano. Raaff alone maintains that it will not be successful. He said to me confidentially, "There is no opportunity to expand the voice; it is too confined." As if in a quartet the words should not far rather be spoken, as it were, than sung! He does not at all understand such things. I only replied, "My dear friend, if I were aware of one single note in this quartet which ought to be altered, I would change it at once; but there is no single thing in my opera with which I am so pleased as with this quartet, and when you have once heard it sung in concert you will speak very differently. I took every possible pains to conform to your taste in your two arias, and intend to do the same with the third, so I hope to be successful; but with regard to trios and quartets, they should be left to the composer's own discretion." On which he said that he was quite satisfied. The other day he was much annoyed by some words in his last aria--rinvigorir and ringiovenir, and especially vienmi a rinvigorir--five i's! It is true, this is very disagreeable at the close of an air.

137.

Munich, Dec. 30. 1780.

A HAPPY New-Year! Excuse my writing much, for I am over head and ears in my work. I have not quite finished the third act; and as there is no extra ballet, but only an appropriate divertissement in the opera, I have the honor to write that music also, but I am

glad of it, for now the music will be all by the same master. The third act will prove at least as good as the two others,--in fact, I believe, infinitely better, and that it might fairly be said, finis coronat opus. The Elector was so pleased at the rehearsal that, as I already wrote to you, he praised it immensely next morning at his reception, and also in the evening at court. I likewise know from good authority that, on the same evening after the final rehearsal, he spoke of my music to every one he conversed with, saying, "I was quite surprised; no music ever had such an effect on me; it is magnificent music." The day before yesterday we had a recitative rehearsal at Wendling's, and tried over the quartet all together. We repeated it six times, and now it goes well. The stumbling-block was Del Prato; the wretch can literally do nothing. His voice is not so bad, if he did not sing from the back of the throat; besides, he has no intonation, no method, no feeling. He is only one of the best of the youths who sing in the hope of getting a place in the choir of the chapel. Raaff was glad to find himself mistaken about the quartet, and no longer doubts its effect. Now I am in a difficulty with regard to Raaff's last air, and you must help me out of it. He cannot digest the rinvigorir and ringiovenir, and these two words make the whole air hateful to him. It is true that mostrami and vienmi are also not good, but the worst of all are the two final words; to avoid the shake on the i in the first word rinvigorir, I was forced to transfer it to the o. Raaff has now found, in the "Natal di Giove," which is in truth very little known, an aria quite appropriate to this situation. I think it is the ad libitum aria, "Bell' alme al ciel diletto" and he wishes me to write music for these words. He says, "No one knows it, and we need say nothing." He is quite aware that he cannot expect the Abbate to alter this aria a third time, and he will not sing it as it is written. I beg you will send me an immediate reply. I shall conclude, for I must now write with all speed; the composing is finished, but not the writing out.

My compliments to dear Thresel: the maid who waits on me here is also named Thresel, but, heavens! how inferior to the Linz Thresel in beauty, virtue, charms--and a thousand other merits! You probably know that the worthy musico Marquesi, the Marquessius di Milano, has been poisoned in Naples, but how? He was enamored of a Duchess, whose rightful lover became jealous, and sent three or four fellows to give him his choice between drinking poison out of a cup and being assassinated. He chose the former, but being an Italian poltroon he died ALONE, and allowed his murderers to live on in peace and quiet. I would at least (in my own room) have taken a couple with me into the next world, if absolutely obliged to die myself. Such an admirable singer is a great loss. Adieu!

138.

Munich, Jan. 3, 1780.

MY head and my hands are so fully occupied with my third act, that it would not be wonderful if I turned into a third act myself, for it alone has cost me more trouble than the entire opera; there is scarcely a scene in it which is not interesting to the greatest degree. The accompaniment of the underground music consists merely of five instruments, namely, three trombones and two French horns, which are placed on the spot whence the voice proceeds. The whole orchestra is silent at this part.

The grand rehearsal positively takes place on the 20th, and the first performance on the 22d. All you will both require is to bring one black dress, and another for every-day wear, when you are only visiting intimate friends where there is no ceremony, and thus save your black dress a little; and if my sister likes, one pretty dress also, that she may go to the ball and the Academie Masquee.

Herr von Robinig is already here, and sends his regards to you. I hear that the two Barisanis are also coming to Munich; is this true? Heaven be praised that the cut on the finger of the Archbishop was of no consequence! Good heavens! how dreadfully I was alarmed at first! Cannabich thanks you for your charming letter, and all his family beg their remembrances. He told me you had written very humorously. You must have been in a happy mood.

No doubt we shall have a good many corrections to make in the third act when on the stage; as for instance scene sixth, after Arbace's aria, the personages are marked, "Idomeneo, Arbace, &c., &c." How can the latter so instantly reappear on the spot? Fortunately he might stay away altogether. In order to make the matter practicable, I have written a somewhat longer introduction to the High Priest's recitative. After the mourning chorus the King and his people all go away, and in the following scene the directions are, "Idomeneo kneels down in the Temple." This is impossible; he must come accompanied by his whole suite. A march must necessarily be introduced here, so I have composed a very simple one for two violins, tenor, bass, and two hautboys, to be played a mezza voce, and during this time the King appears, and the Priests prepare the offerings for the sacrifice. The King then kneels down and begins the prayer.

In Elettra's recitative, after the underground voice has spoken, there ought to be marked exeunt. I forgot to look at the copy written for the press to see whether it is there, and whereabouts it comes. It seems to me very silly that they should hurry away so quickly

merely to allow Madlle. Elettra to be alone.

I have this moment received your few lines of January 1st. When I opened the letter I chanced to hold it in such a manner that nothing but a blank sheet met my eyes. At last I found the writing. I am heartily glad that I have got an aria for Raaff, as he was quite resolved to introduce the air he had discovered, and I could not possibly (N. B., with a Raaff) have arranged in any other way than by having Varesco's air printed, but Raaff's sung. I must stop, or I shall waste too much time. Thank my sister very much for her New-Year's wishes, which I heartily return. I hope we shall soon be right merry together. Adieu! Remembrances to friends, not forgetting Ruscherle. Young Eck sends her a kiss, a sugar one of course.

139.

Munich, Jan. 10, 1780.

My greatest piece of news is that the opera is put off for a week. The grand rehearsal is not to take place till the 27th--N. B., my birthday--and the opera itself on the 29th. Why? Probably to save Count Seeau two hundred gulden. I, indeed, am very glad, because we can now rehearse frequently and more carefully. You should have seen the faces of the Robinigs when I told them this news. Louisa and Sigmund are delighted to stay; but Lise, that SNEAKING MISERY, has such a spiteful Salzburg tongue that it really drives me distracted. Perhaps they may still remain, and I hope so on Louisa's account. In addition to many other little altercations with Count Seeau, I have had a sharp contention with him about the trombones. I call it so, because I was obliged to be downright rude, or I never should have carried my point. Next Saturday the three acts are to be rehearsed in private. I got your letter of the 8th, and read it with great pleasure; the burlesque, too, I like very much. Excuse my writing more at this time; for, in the first place, as you see, my pen and ink are bad, and, in the second, I have still a couple of airs to write for the last ballet. I hope you will send no more such letters as the last, of only three or four lines.

140.

Munich, Jan. 18, 1780.

PRAY forgive a short letter, for I must go this very moment, ten o'clock (in the forenoon of course), to the rehearsal. There is to be a recitative rehearsal for the first time to-day in the theatre. I could not write before, having been so incessantly occupied with those confounded dances. Laus Deo, I have got rid of them at last, but only of what was most pressing. The rehearsal of the third act went off admirably. It was considered very superior to the second act. The poetry is, however, thought far too long, and of course the music likewise, (which I always said it was.) On this account the aria of Idamante, "No la morte io non pavento" is to be omitted, which was, indeed, always out of place there; those who have heard it with the music deplore this. Raaff's last air, too, is still more regretted, but we must make a virtue of necessity. The prediction of the oracle is still far too long, so I have shortened it; but Varesco need know nothing of this, because it will all be printed just as he wrote it. Madame von Robinig will bring with her the payment both for him and Schachtner. Herr Geschwender declined taking any money with him. In the meantime say to Varesco in my name, that he will not get a farthing from Count Seeau beyond the contract, for all the alterations were made FOR ME and not for the Count, and he ought to be obliged to me into the bargain, as they were indispensable for his own reputation. There is a good deal that might still be altered; and I can tell him that he would not have come off so well with any other composer as with me. I have spared no trouble in defending him.

The stove is out of the question, for it costs too much. I will have another bed put up in the room that adjoins the alcove, and we must manage the best way we can. Do not forget to bring my little watch with you. We shall probably make an excursion to Augsburg, where we could have the little silly thing regulated. I wish you also to bring Schachtner's operetta. There are people who frequent Cannabich's house, who might as well hear a thing of the kind. I must be off to the rehearsal. Adieu!

The father and sister arrived on the 25th of January, and the first performance of the opera took place a few days afterwards; then the family amused themselves for some little time with the gayeties of the Carnival. The Archbishop had gone to Vienna; and, desiring to appear in the Imperial city in the full splendor of a spiritual prince, he had taken with him, in addition to fine furniture and a large household, some of his most distinguished musicians. On this account, therefore, Mozart, in the middle of March, also received the command to go to Vienna. He set off immediately.

END OF VOL. I.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME I. [LETTERS LISTED BY DATE]

FIRST PART ITALY VIENNA MUNICH 1770-1776

LETTER

1. Salzburg, 1769 2. Verona, Jan 7, 1770 3. Milan, Jan 26, 1770 4. Milan, Feb. 10, 1770 5. Milan, Feb 17, 1770 6. Milan, Carnival, Erchtag, 1770 7. Milan, Mar 3, 1770 8. Bologna, Mar 24, 1770 9. Rome, April 14, 1770 10. Rome, April 21, 1770 11. Rome, April 25, 1770 12. Naples, May 19, 1770 13. Naples, May 29, 1770 14. Naples, June 5, 1770 15. Naples, June 16, 1770 16. Rome, July 17, 1770 17. Bologna, July 21, 1770 18. Bologna, July, 1770 19. Bologna, August 4, 1770 20. Bologna, August 21, 1770 21. Bologna, Sept 8, 1770 22. Bologna, Sept 22, 1770 23. Bologna, Sept 29, 1770 24. Bologna, Oct 6, 1770 25. Milan, Oct. 20, 1770 26. Milan, Oct. 27, 1770 27. Milan, Nov 3, 1770 28. Milan, Dec 1, 1770 29. Milan, Jan, 1771 30. Venice, Feb 15, 1771 31. Venice, Feb 20, 1771 32. Verona, Aug 18, 1771 33. Milan, Aug 23, 1771 34. Milan, Aug 31, 1771 35. Milan, Sept 13, 1771 36. Milan, Sept 21, 1771 37. Milan, Oct 5, 1771 38. Milan, Oct 26, 1771 39. Milan, Nov 2, 1771 40. Milan, Nov. 24, 1771 41. Milan, Nov 30, 1771 42. Bologna, Oct 28, 1772 43. Milan, Nov 7, 1772 44. Milan, Nov, 1772 45. Milan, Nov 21, 1772 46. Milan, Nov 28, 1772 47. Milan, Dec 5, 1772 48. Milan, Dec 18, 1772 49. Milan, Jan 23, 1773 50. Vienna, Aug 14, 1773 51. Vienna, Aug 21, 1773 52. Vienna, Sept. 15, 1773 53. Munich, Dec. 28, 1774 54. Munich, Dec. 30, 1774 55. Munich, Jan. 11, 1775 56. Munich, Jan. 14, 1775 57. Munich, Jan., 1775 58. Salzburg, Sept. 4, 1776

SECOND PART. MUNICH AUGSBURG MANNHEIM SEPTEMBER 1777 to MARCH 1778

59. Wasserburg, Sept. 23, 1777 60. Munich, Sept. 26, 1777 61. Munich, Sept. 29, 1777 62. Munich, Oct. 2, 1777 63. Munich, Oct. 6, 1777 64. Munich, Oct. 11, 1777 65. Augsburg, Oct. 14, 1777 66. Augsburg, Oct. 17, 1777 67. Augsburg, Oct. 17, 1777 68. Augsburg, Oct. 23, 1777 69. Augsburg, Oct. 25, 1777 70. Mannheim, Oct. 30, 1777 71. Mannheim, Nov. 4, 1777 72. Mannheim, Nov. 5 1777 73. Mannheim, Nov. 8, 1777 74. Mannheim, Nov. 13, 1777 75. Mannheim, Nov. 13, 1777 76. Mannheim, Nov. 14-16, 1777 77. Mannheim, Nov. 20, 1777 78. Mannheim, Nov. 22, 1777 79. Mannheim, Nov. 26, 1777 80. Mannheim, Nov. 29, 1777 81. Mannheim, Dec. 3, 1777 82. Mannheim, Dec. 6, 1777 83. Mannheim, Dec. 10, 1777 84. Mannheim, Dec. 14, 1777 85. Mannheim, Dec. 18, 1777 86. Mannheim, Dec. 20, 1777 87. Mannheim, Dec. 27, 1777 88. Mannheim, Jan. 7, 1778 89. Mannheim, Jan. 10, 1778 90. Mannheim, Jan. 17, 1778 91. Mannheim, Feb. 2-4, 1778 92. Mannheim, Feb. 7, 1778 93. Mannheim, Feb. 14, 1778 94. Mannheim, Feb. 19, 1778 95. Mannheim, Feb. 22, 1778 96. Mannheim, Feb. 28, 1778 97. Mannheim, end of Feb, 1778 98. Mannheim, Mar. 7, 1778 99. Mannheim, Mar. 11, 1778

THIRD PART. PARIS. MARCH 1778 to JANUARY 1779

100. Paris, Mar. 24, 1778 101. Paris, April 5, 1778 102. Paris, May 1, 1778 103. Paris, May 14, 1778 104. Paris, May 29, 1778 105. Paris, June 12 1778 106. Paris, July 3, 1778 107. Paris, July 3, 1778 108. Paris, July 9, 1778 109. Paris, July 18, 1778 110. Paris, July 31, 1778 111. Paris, Aug 7, 1778 112. St Germains, Aug 27, 1778 113. Paris, Sept 11, 1778 114. Nancy, Oct 3, 1778 115. Strassburg, Oct 15, 1778 116. Strassburg, Oct 26, 1778 117. Mannheim, Nov 12, 1778 118. Mannheim, Nov 24, 1778 119. Mannheim, Dec 3, 1778 120. Kaisersheim, Dec 18, 1778 121. Kaisersheim, Dec 23, 1778 122. Munich, Dec 29, 1778 123. Munich, Dec 31, 1778 124. Munich, Jan 8, 1779 125. Salzburg, May 10, 1779

FOURTH PART MUNICH IDOMENEO NOVEMBER 1780 to JANUARY 1781

126. Munich, Nov 8, 1780 127. Munich, Nov 13, 1780 128. Munich, Nov 15, 1780 129. Munich, Nov 22, 1780 130. Munich, Nov 24, 1780 131. Munich, Dec 1, 1780 132. Munich, Dec 5, 1780 133. Munich, Dec 13, 1780 134. Munich, Dec 16, 1780 135. Munich, Dec 19, 1780 136. Munich, Dec 27, 1780 137. Munich, Dec 30, 1780 138. Munich, Jan 3, 1781 139. Munich, Jan 10, 1781 140. Munich, Jan 18, 1781

==========

Civilization and Beyond: Learning from History

Scott Nearing

Project Gutenberg Release: May 01, 2004 · eBook #12320

[Transcriber's note: The typographical errors of the original are preserved in this etext.]

CIVILIZATION AND BEYOND

Learning From History

By Scott Nearing

This book is not copyrighted. It may be reproduced by anybody and distributed in any quantity as a whole. It should not be summarized, abbreviated, garbled or chopped into out-of-context fragments.

Social Science Institute, Harborside, Maine

August 1975

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Preface INTRODUCTION: Thoughts about History and Civilization

PART I _The Pageant of Experiments with Civilization_ 1. Experiments in Egypt and Eurasia 2. Rome's Outstanding Experiment 3. The Origins of Western Civilization 4. The Life Cycle of Western Civilization 5. Features Common to Civilizations

PART II _A Social Analysis of Civilization_ 6. The Politics of Civilization 7. The Economics of Civilization 8. The Sociology of Civilization 9. Ideologies of Civilization

PART III _Civilization Is Becoming Obsolete_ 10. World-wide Revolution Disrupts Civilization 11. Western Civilization Attempts Suicide 12. Talking Peace and Waging War

PART IV _Steps Beyond Civilization_ 13. Ten Building Blocks for a New World 14. Moving Toward World Federation 15. Integrating a World Economy 16. Conserving our Natural Environment 17. Re-vamping the Social Life of the Planet 18. Man Could Change Human Nature 19. Man Could Break Out of the Age-Long Prison-House of Civilization and Enter a New World

PREFACE

LEARNING FROM HISTORY

Human history may be viewed from various angles. The easiest history to write concerns the doings of a few well known people and their involvement in some memorable events. History may also concern itself with inventions and discoveries: the use of fire, of the wheel or smelting metals. It may center around sources of food, means of shelter, or the making of records. It may be concerned with the construction and decoration of cities, kingdoms and empires.

Social history enters the picture with travel, transportation, communication, trade. Human beings group themselves in families, clans and tribes, in voluntary associations; they compete, plunder, conquer, enslave, exploit; they co-operate for construction and destruction. Political history is but one aspect of man's group contacts and group projects.

There have been histories of particular civilizations and of civilization as a field of historical research. With minor exceptions none of the authors that I have consulted has attempted an analytical treatment of civilization as a sociological phenemenon.

Scientists start from hunches, examine available data, advance tentative conclusions, test them in the light of wider observations, and round out their research by formulating general principles or "laws." This scientific approach has been used in many fields of observation and study. I am applying the formula to one aspect of social history: the appearance, development, maturity, decline and disappearance of the vast co-ordinations of collective, experimental human effort called civilizations.

"Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, where are they?" asked Byron. He might have added: "What were they? How did they come into being? What was the nature of their experience? Why did they rise from small beginnings, develop into wide-spread colossal complexes of wealth and power, and then, after longer or shorter periods of existence, break up and disappear from the stage of social history?"

Such questions are far removed from the lives of people who are busy with everyday affairs. In one sense they _are_ remote; in the larger picture, however, they are of vital concern to anyone and everyone now living in civilized communities. If Assyrians, Egyptians, Greeks, Romans and Carthaginians built extensive empires and massive civilizations that flourished for a time, then broke up and disappeared, are we to follow blindly and unthinkingly in their footsteps? Or do we study their experiences, benefit from their successes and learn from their mistakes? Can we not take lessons out of their voluminous notebooks, avoid their blunders and direct our own feet along paths that fulfil our lives at the same time that they meet the widespread demand for survival and well-being?

Civilization has been extensively experimental. Several thousand years, during which civilizations have appeared, disappeared and reappeared, have been too brief to establish and stabilize a hard and fast social pattern. As the complexity of civilizations has increased, variations and deviations have grown in number and intensity. With the advent of western civilization a culture pattern is being put together which differs widely from its predecessors.

All civilized peoples seem to have developed from simple beginnings and experimented with broader and more complicated life styles. In western civilization the number of experiments has increased and the span of their deviations seems to have broadened. Under the circumstances an analysis of civilization must take for granted not only social change but the development of, human society along lines which link up the outstanding structural and functional ideas, institutions and practices of successive civilizations.

I propose in this inquiry to state certain accepted facts from the history of civilizations and of contemporary experience. I also propose to analyze the facts and generalize them in such a way that the results of the study may provide an understanding of the human social past, together with some guide-lines that will prove useful in the formulation and implementation of the present-day policy and procedure of civilized peoples, nations, empires and of the western civilization.

This book is not a popular treatise, nor is it a textbook. Rather. it is an attempt to summarize an area of critical human concern. Academia may not use such material: nevertheless it should be available to students and administrators who must plan and direct the social future of humankind.

Civilization and Beyond rounds out a series of studies that I began in 1928 with _Where Is Civilization Going_? The series has extended through _The Twilight of Empire_ (1930), _War_ (1931) and _The Tragedy of Empire_ (1946). Up to 1914 my field of study was confined largely to the economics of distribution. The war of 1914-18 pushed me rudely and decisively into the broader field. I have described the process in my political autobiography: _Making of a Radical_ (1971).

I hope that this study will provide a useful link in the chain of material dealing with the structure and function of man's social environment, leading directly into an action program that will conclude the preservation and loving economical use of nature's rich gifts and the dedication of thousands of young aspiring men and women to the good life here, now and indefinitely, into a bright, productive and creative future.

As of this date seven publishers have examined the manuscript of this work and declined to publish it. All felt that it would not find any considerable reading public. Nevertheless, I feel that the work should be printed and distributed because it carries a message that may be of first rate importance to the future of my fellow humans.

Scott Nearing.

Harborside, Maine May 5, 1975

INTRODUCTION

THOUGHTS ABOUT HISTORY AND CIVILIZATION

We may think and talk about civilization as one pattern or level of culture, one stage through which human life flows and ebbs. In that sense we may regard it abstractly and historically, as we regard the most recent ice age or the long and painful record of large-scale chattel slavery.

From quite another viewpoint we may think of civilization as a technologically advanced way of life developed by various peoples through ages of unrecorded experiment and experience, and followed by millions during the period of written history. It is also the way of life that the West has been trying to impose upon the entire human family since European empires launched their crusade to westernize, modernize and civilize the planet Earth.

A third approach would regard civilization as an evolving life style, conceived before the earliest days of recorded human history and matured through the series of experiments marking the development of civilization as we have known it during the five centuries from 1450 to 1975.

Thinking in terms of this age-old experience, with six or more thousand years of social history as a background, it is possible to give a fairly exact meaning to the word "civilization" as it has been lived and is being lived by the present-day West. It is also possible to understand the history of previous civilizations in cycle after cycle of their rise, their development, decline and extinction. At the same time it will enable the reader to recognize the relationship (and difference) between the words "culture" and "civilization".

Human culture is the sum total of ideas, relationships, artifacts, institutions, purposes and ideals currently functioning in any community. Three elements are present in each human society: man, nature and the social structure. Human culture at any point in its history is the social structure: the aggregate of existing culture traits, the products of man's ingenuity, inventiveness and experimentation, set in their natural environment.

Civilization is a level of culture built upon foundations laid down through long periods of pre-civilized living. These foundations consist of artifacts, implements, customs, habit patterns and institutions produced and developed in numerous scattered localities by groups of food-gatherers, migrating herdsmen, cultivators, hand craftsmen and traders and eventually in urban communities built around centers of wealth and power: the cities which are the nuclei of every civilization.

Urban centers, housing trade, commerce, fabrication and finance, with their hinterlands of food-gatherers, herdsmen, cultivators, craftsmen and transporters, are the nuclei around which and upon which recurring civilizations are built. Within and around these urban centers there grows up a complex of associations, activities, institutions and ideas designed to promote, develop and defend the particular life pattern.

A civilization is a cluster of peoples, nations and empires so related in time and space that they share certain ideas, practices, institutions and means of procedure and survival. Among these features of a civilized community we may list:

(1) means of communication, record-keeping, transportation and trade. This would include a spoken language, a method of enumeration, writing in pictographs or symbols; an alphabet, a written language, inscribed on stone, bone, wood, parchment, paper; means of preserving the records of successive generations; paths, roads, bridges; a system for educating successive generations; meeting places and trading points; means for barter or exchange;

(2) an interdependent urban-oriented economy based on division of labor and specialization; on private property in the essential means of production and in consumer goods and services; on a competitive survival struggle for wealth, prestige and power between individuals and social groups; and on the exploitation of man, society and nature for the material benefit of the privileged few who occupy the summit of the social pyramid;

(3) a unified, centralized political apparatus or bureaucracy that attempts to plan, direct and administer the political, economic, ideological and sociological structure;

(4) a self-selected and self-perpetuating oligarchy that owns the wealth, holds the power and pulls the strings;

(5) an adequate labor force for farming, transport, industry, mining;

(6) large middle-class elements: professionals, technicians, craftsmen, tradesmen, lesser bureaucrats, and a semi-parasitic fringe of camp-followers;

(7) a highly professional, well-trained, amply-financed apparatus for defense and offense;

(8) a complex of institutions and social practices which will indoctrinate, persuade and when necessary limit deviation and maintain social conformity;

(9) agreed religious practices and other cultural features.

This description of civilization covers the essential features of western civilization and the sequence of predecessor civilizations for which adequate records exist.

Successive civilizations have introduced new culture traits and abandoned old ones as the pageant of history moved from one stage to the next, or advanced and retreated through cycles. Using this description as a working formula, it is possible to understand the development followed in the past by western civilization, to estimate its current status and to indicate its probable outcome.

Long-established thought-habits cry aloud in protest against such a description of civilization. Until quite recently the word "civilization" has been used in academic circles to symbolize a social idea or ideal. Professor of History Anson D. Morse of Amherst College presents such a view in his _Civilization and the World War_ (Boston: Ginn 1919). For him, civilization is "the sum of things in which the heritage of the child of the twentieth century is better than that of the child of the Stone Age. As a process it is the perfection of man and mankind. As an end, it is the realization of the highest ideal which men are capable of forming.... The goal of civilization ... is human society so organized in all of its constituent groups that each shall yield the best possible service to each one and thereby to mankind as a whole, (producing) the perfect organization of humanity." (page 3).

Such thoughts may be noble and inspired; they are not related to history. We know more or less about a score of civilizations that have occupied portions of the earth during several thousand years. We know a great deal about the western civilization which we observe and in which we participate. Professor Morse's florid words apply to none of the civilizations known to history. Certainly they are poles away from an accurate characterization of our own varient of this social pattern.

We are writing this introduction in an effort to make our word pictures of mankind and its doings correspond with the facts of social history. With the nuclear sword of Damocles hanging over our heads, it is high time for us to exchange the clouds of fancy and the flowers of rhetoric for the solid ground of historical reality. The word "civilization" must generalize what has been and what is, as nearly as the past and present can be embodied in language.

Civilization is a level or phase of culture which has been attained and lost repeatedly in the course of social history. The epochs of civilization have not been distributed evenly, either in time or on the earth's surface. A combination of circumstances, political, economic, ideological, sociological, resulted in the Egyptian, the Chinese, the Roman civilizations. One of these was centered in North Africa, the second in Asia, the third in eastern Europe. All three spilled over into adjacent continents.

No two civilizations are exactly alike at any stage of their development. Each civilization is at least a partial experiment, a process or sequence of causal relationships, altered sequentially in the course of its life cycle.

These thoughts about culture and civilization should be supplemented by noting the relationship between civilizations and empires. An empire is a center of wealth and power associated with its economic and political dependencies. A civilization is a cluster or a succession of empires and/or former empires, co-ordinated and directed by one of their number which has established its leadership in the course of survival struggle.

The total body of historical evidence bearing on human experiments with civilization is extensive and impressive. It covers a large portion of the Earth's land surface, includes parts of Asia, Africa and Europe and extends sketchily to the Americas. In time it covers many thousands of years.

Experiments with civilization have been conducted in highly selective surroundings possessing the volume and range of natural resources and the isolation and remoteness necessary to build and maintain a high level of culture over substantial periods of time. In these special areas it was possible to provide for subsistence, produce an economic surplus large enough to permit experimentation and ensure protection against human and other predators. Egypt and the Fertile Crescent were surrounded by deserts and high mountains. Crete was an island, extensive but isolated. Productive river valleys like the Yang-tse, the Ganges and the Mekong have afforded natural bases for experiments with civilization. Similar opportunities have been provided by strategic locations near bodies of water, mineral deposits and the intersections of trade-routes. Others, less permanent, were located in the high Andes, on the Mexican Plateau, in the Central American jungles.

Histories of civilizations, some of them ancient or classical, have been written during the past two centuries. There have been general histories in many languages. There have been scholarly reports on particular civilizations. Prof. A.J. Toynbee's massive ten volume _Study of History_ is a good example. Still more extensive is the thirty volume history of civilization under the general editorship of C.K. Ogden. These writings have brought together many facts bearing chiefly on the lives of spectacular individuals and episodes, with all too little data on the life of the silent human majority.

At the end of this volume the reader will find a list, selected from the many books that I have consulted in preparation for writing this study. Most of these authorities are concerned with the facts of civilization, with far less emphasis on their political, economic and sociological aspects.

In this study I have tried to unite theory with practice. On the one hand I have reviewed briefly and as accurately as possible some outstanding experiments with civilization, including our own western variant. (Part I. The Pageant of Experiments with Civilization.) In Part II I have undertaken a social analysis of civilization as a past and present life style. In Part III, Civilization Is Becoming Obsolete, I have tried to check our thinking about civilization with the sweep of present day historical trends. Part IV, Steps Beyond Civilization, is an attempt to list some of the alternatives and opportunities presently available to civilized man.

Any reader who has the interest and persistence to read through the entire volume and to browse through some of its references will have had the equivalent of a university extension course dealing with one of the most critical issues confronting the present generation of humanity.

Part I

The Pageant of Experiment With Civilization

CHAPTER ONE

EXPERIMENTS IN EGYPT AND EURASIA

Thousands of years before the city of Rome was ringed with its six miles of stone wall, other peoples in Asia, Eastern Europe and Africa were building civilizations. New techniques of excavation, identification and preservation, subsidized by an increasingly affluent human society, and developed during the past two centuries of archeological research have provided the needed means and manpower. The result is an imposing number of long buried building sites with their accompanying artifacts. Still more important are the records written in long forgotten languages on stone, clay tablets, metal, wood and paper. These remnants and records, left by extinguished civilizations, do not tell us all we wish to know, but they do provide the materials which enable us to reconstruct, at least in part, the lives of our civilized predecessors.

Extensive in time and massive in the volume of their architecture are the remains of Egyptian civilization. The earliest of these fragments date back for more than six thousand years.

The seat of Egyptian civilization was the Nile Valley and its estuary built out into the Mediterranean Sea from the debris of disintegrating African mountains. Annual floods left their silt deposits to deepen the soil along the lower reaches of the river. River water, impounded for the purpose, provided the means of irrigating an all but rainless desert countryside. Skillful engineering drained the swamps, adding to the cultivable area of a narrow valley cut by the river through jagged barren hills. Deserts on both sides of the Nile protected the valley against aggressors and migrants. Within this sanctuary the Egyptians built a civilization that lasted, with a minor break, for some 3,000 years.

Egyptian temples and tombs carry records chiseled and painted on hard stone, which throw light on the life and times of upper-class Egyptians, including emperors, provincial governors, courtiers, generals, merchants, provincial organizers. In a humid, temperate climate these stone-cut and painted records would have been eroded, overgrown and obliterated long ago. In the dry desert air of North Africa they have preserved their identity through the centuries.

Since the Egyptians had a few draft animals, and little if any power-driven machinery, energy needed to build massive stone temples, tombs and other public structures must have been supplied by the forced labor of Egyptians, their serfs and slaves.

Egypt's history dawns on a well-organized society: The Old Kingdom, based on the productivity of the narrow, lush Nile Valley. The products of the Valley were sufficient to maintain a large population of cultivators: some slave, some forced labor, about which we

have little knowledge; a bureaucracy, headed by a supreme ruler whose declared divinity was one of the chief stabilizing forces of the society. Between its agricultural base and its ruling monarch, the Old Kingdom had a substantial middle class which procured the wood, stone, metals and other materials needed in construction; a corps of engineers, technicians and skilled workers, and a substantial mass of humanity which provided the energy needed to erect the temples, monuments and other remains which testify to the political, economic, and cultural competence of the ruling elements and the technical skills present in the Old Kingdom.

Foremost among the factors responsible for the success of the Old Kingdom was the close partnership between the "lords temporal" and the "lords spiritual"--the state and the church. The state consisted of a highly centralized monarchy ruled by a Pharoah who personified temporal authority. This authority was strengthened because it represented a consensus of the many gods recognized and worshiped by the Egyptians of the Old Kingdom. The monarch was also looked upon as an embodiment of divinity. Some Egyptian pharoahs had been priests who became rulers. Others had been rulers who became priests. The two aspects of public life--political and religious--were closely interrelated.

In theory the land of Egypt was the property of the Pharoah. Foreign trade was a state monopoly. In practice the ownership and use of land were shared with the temples and with those members of the nobility closest to the ruling monarch. Hence there were state lands and state income and temple lands and temple income. The use of state lands was alloted to favorites. Each temple had land which it used for its own purposes.

Political power in the Old Kingdom was a tight monopoly held by the ruling dynasty of the period. During preceding epochs it seems likely that rival groups or factions had gone through a period of power-survival struggle which eliminated one rival after another until economic ownership and political authority were both vested in the same ruling oligarchs. This struggle for consolidation apparently reached its climax when Menes, a pharoah who began his rule about 3,400 B.C., in the south of Egypt, invaded and conquered the Delta and merged the two kingdoms, South and North, into one nation which preserved its identity and its sovereignty until the Persian Conquest of 525 B.C.

The unification of the northern kingdom with the South seems to have been a slow process, interrupted by insurrections and rebellions in the Delta and in Lybia. Inscriptions report the suppression of these insurrections and give the number of war-captives brought to the south as slaves. In one instance the captives numbered 120,000 in addition to 1,420 small cattle and 400,000 large cattle.

Using these war captives to supplement the home supply of forced and free labor, successive dynasties built temples, palaces and tombs; constructed new cities; drained and irrigated land; sent expeditions to the Sinai peninsula to mine copper. Such enterprises indicate a considerable economic surplus above that required to take care of a growing population: the high degree of organization required to plan and assemble such enterprises, and the considerable engineering and technological capacity necessary for their execution.

Chief among the binding forces holding together the extensive apparatus known as the Old Kingdom was religion, with its gods, its temples and their generous endowments. Each locality consolidated into the Old Kingdom had its gods and their places for worship. In addition to these local religious centers there was an hierarchy of national deities, their temples, temple lands and endowments. The ruling monarch, who was official servitor of the national gods, interpreting their will and adding to the endowments of the temples, was the embodiment of secular and of religious authority.

Egyptians of the period believed that death was not an end, but a transition. They also believed that those who passed through the death process would have many of the needs and wants associated with life on the Earth. Furthermore they believed that in the course of their future existence those who had died would again inhabit the bodies that they had during their previous existences on Earth. Following out these beliefs the Egyptians put into their tombs a full assortment of the food, clothing, implements and instruments which they had used during their Earth life. They also embalmed the bodies of their dead with the utmost care and buried them in carefully hidden tombs where they would be found by their former users and occupied for the Day of Judgment.

Holding such views, preparation for the phase of life subsequent to death was a chief object of the early Egyptian rulers and their subjects. One of the preoccupations of each new occupant of the throne was the selection of his burial place. Early in his reign he began the construction of suitable quarters for the reception of his embalmed body. The great pyramids were such tombs. Other monarchs constructed rock-hewn chambers for the reception of their bodies. In these chambers in addition to a room for a sarcophagus were associated rooms in which every imaginable need of the dead was stored: food, clothing, furniture, jewelry, weapons.

Adjacent to the royal tomb favored nobles received permission to build their own tombs, similarly equipped but on a smaller, less grandiose scale than that of the pharaoh. By this means the courtiers who had attended the pharaoh in his life-time would be at hand to perform similar services in the after death existence.

Construction and maintenance of temples and tombs absorbed a considerable part of Egypt's economic surplus. These drains on the economy grew more extensive as the country became more populous and more productive. Thanks to the lack of rain in and near the Nile Valley and despite the depleting activities of persistent vandalism these constructs have stood for thirty centuries as monuments to one of the most extensive and elaborate civilizations known to historians. Despite the absence of detailed records, Egyptian achievements under the Old Kingdom indicate an abundance of food, wood, metal and other resources far in excess of survival requirements; a population sufficiently extensive to produce the necessaries of existence and a surplus which made it possible for the lords temporal and spiritual to erect such astonishing and enduring monuments; high levels of technical skills among woodsmen, quarrymen and building crews; the transport facilities by land and water required to assemble the materials, equipment and man power; the foresight, planning, timing and over-all management involved in such constructs as the pyramids, temples and tombs which have withstood the wear and tear of thousands of years; the willingness and capacity of professionals, technicians, skilled workers, and the masses of free and slave labor to co-exist and co-operate over the long periods required for the completion of such extensive structural projects; the utilization of an extensive economic surplus not primarily for personal mass or middle-class consumption but to enhance the power and glory of a tiny minority, its handymen and other dependents; and a considerable middle class of merchants, managers and technicians.

Speaking sociologically, the structure of Egyptian society from sometime before 3,400 B.C., to 525 B.C., passed through four distinct phases or stages. During the first phase, the Nile Valley, which had been separated by tribal and/or geographical boundaries into a large number of more or less independent units, was consolidated, integrated and organized into a single kingdom. This working, functioning area (the land of Egypt) could provide for most of its basic needs from within its own borders. In a sense it was a self-sufficient, workable, liveable area. Egypt was populous, rich, well organized, with a surplus of wealth, productivity and man-power that could be used outside of its own frontiers. Some of the surplus was used outside--to the south, into Central Africa, to the west into North Africa, to the north into Eastern Europe and Western Asia, inaugurating the second phase of Egyptian development. During this second phase Egyptian wealth, population and technology, spilling over its frontiers onto foreign lands, established and maintained relations with foreign territory on a basis that yielded a yearly "tribute," paid by foreigners into the Egyptian treasury. The land of Egypt thus surrounded itself with a cluster of dependencies, converting what had been an independent state or independent states into a functioning empire.

The land of Egypt was the nucleus of the Egyptian Empire--center of wealth and power with its associates and its dependencies. The empire was held together by a legal authority using armed force where necessary to assert or preserve its identity and unity.

Expansion, the third phase of Egyptian development, involved the export of culture traits and artifacts beyond national frontiers, extending the cultural influence of Egypt into non-Egyptian lands inhabited by Egypt's neighbors. Merchants, tourists, travelers, explorers and military adventurers carried the name and fame of Egypt into other centers of civilization and into the hinterland of barbarism that surrounded the civilizations of that period.

Thus the land of Egypt expanded into the Egyptian Empire and the culture of Egypt (its language, its ideas, its artifacts, its institutions) expanded far beyond the boundaries of Egyptian political authority and established Egyptian civilization in parts of Africa, Asia and Europe.

The era of Egyptian civilization was divided into two periods by an invasion of the Hyksos, nomadic leaders who moved into Egypt, ruled it for a period and later were expelled and replaced by a new Egyptian dynasty.

The fourth period of Egypt's experiment with civilization was that of decline. From a position of political supremacy and cultural ascendancy Egyptian influence weakened politically, economically, ideologically and culturally until the year of the Persian Conquest, 525 B.C., when Egypt became a conquered, occupied, provincial and in some ways a colonial territory.

Egyptian civilization can be summed up in three sentences. It covered the greatest time span of any civilization known to history. Its monuments are the most massive. Its records, chiefly in stone, picture massed humans directed for at least thirty centuries toward providing a satisfying and rewarding after-life for a tiny favored minority of its population. To achieve this result, the natural resources of three adjacent continents were combined and concentrated into the Nile Valley through an effective imperial apparatus that enabled the Egyptians to exploit the resources and peoples of adjacent Africa, Asia and Europe for the enrichment

and empowerment of the rulers of Egypt and its dependencies. The disintegration and collapse of Egyptian civilization occupied only a small fraction of the time devoted to its upbuilding and supremacy.

Before, during and after Egyptians played their long and distinguished parts in the recorded history of civilization, the continent of Asia was producing a series of civilization in four areas: first at the crossroads joining Africa and Europe to Asia; then in Western Asia (Asia Minor); in Central Asia, especially in India and Indonesia and finally in China and the Far East.

Experiments with civilization during the past six thousand years have centered in the Eurasian land mass, including the North African littoral of the Mediterranean Sea. Within this area of potential or actual civilization, until very recent times, the centers of civilization have been widely separated geographically and temporally. Occasionally they have been unified and integrated by some unusual up-thrust like that of the Egyptian, the Chinese or the Roman civilizations. In the intervals between these up-thrusts various centers of civilization have maintained a large degree of autonomy and isolation. Only in the past five centuries have communication, transportation, trade and tourism created the basis for an experiment in organizing and coordination of a planet-wide experiment in civilization.

Nature offered humankind two logical areas for the establishment of civilizations. One was the cross-roads of migration, trade and travel by land to and from Asia, Africa and Europe. The other was the Mediterranean with its possibility of relatively safe and easy water-migration, trade and travel between the three continents making up its littoral. Both possibilities were brought together in the Eastern Mediterranean with its multitude of islands, its broken coastline, and its many safe harbors.

The Phoenicians developed their far-flung trading activities around the Mediterranean as a waterway, and the tri-continental crossroads as a logical center for a civilization built around business enterprise.

Aegean civilization occupied the eastern Mediterranean for approximately two thousand years. Its nucleus was the island of Crete. Its influence extended far beyond its island base into southern Europe, western Asia and North Africa. Experiments with civilization on and near the Indian sub-continent centered around the Indonesian archipelago and the rich, semi-tropical and tropical valleys of the Ganges, the Indus, the Gadari, the Irra-waddy and the Mekong. Although they were contiguous geographically and extended over a time span of approximately two thousand years they were aggregates rather than monolithic civilizations, retaining their localisms and avoiding any strong central authority.

Beginnings of civilization have been made outside the Asian-European-African triangle centering around the Mediterranean Sea and the band of South Asia extending from Mesopotamia through India and Indonesia to China. They include the high Andes, Mexico and Central America and parts of black Africa. In no one of these cases did the beginnings reach the stability and universality that characterized the Eurasian-African civilizations.

CHAPTER TWO

ROME'S OUTSTANDING EXPERIMENT

Among the many attempts to make the institutions and practices of civilization promote human welfare, Roman civilization deserves a very high rating. First, it was located in the eastern Mediterranean area, the home-site of so many civilizations. Second, it was part and parcel of a prolonged period of attempts by Egyptians, Assyrians, Hittites, Babylonians, Mycaenians, Phoenicians and others in the area to set up successful empires and to play the lead role in building a civilization that would be more or less permanent. Third, the Romans seemed to have the hardiness, adaptability, persistence and capacity for self-discipline necessary to carry such a long term project to a successful conclusion. Among the widely varied human groups occupying the eastern Mediterranean area between 1000 B.C. and 1000 A.D., the Romans seem to have been well qualified to win the laurel crown.

Western civilization is an incomplete experiment. Its outcome remains uncertain. Its future still hangs in the insecure balance between construction and destruction, between life and extinction. It is "our" civilization in a very real sense. It was developed by our forebears. We live as part of its complex of ideas, practices, techniques, institutions. Since we are in it and of it, it is difficult for us humans to judge it objectively.

Roman civilization, on the contrary, is a completed experiment, one that came into being, developed over several centuries, attained a zenith of wealth and power, then sank gradually from sight, until it lived only as a part of history. A study of Roman civilization has two advantages. First, its life cycle has been completed. Second, it is close enough to us in history and its records are so numerous and so well preserved that we can form a fairly accurate picture of its structure and its functions. It was written up

extensively by the Romans themselves, by their Greek and other contemporaries and by a host of scholars and students; since the break-up of Roman civilization as a political, economic and cultural force in world affairs.

Rome's experiment is sometimes called Graeco-Roman civilization because Greece and Italy were close geographical neighbors and also because Greek culture, which reached its zenith by 500 B.C. and was closely paralleled by the rise of Roman culture, had a profound effect in determining the total character of Roman civilization. In a very real sense Graeco-Roman civilization was the parent of western civilization. Among the many completed civilizations of which we have fairly adequate records, those concerning Rome are most complete and most available.

The story of Roman civilization begins in the Eastern Mediterranean Basin in an era when Greek and Phoenician cities, together with segments and fragments of the Egyptian-Assyrian-Babylonian civilizations were competing for raw materials, trade and alliances. Egyptians had been supreme in the area for centuries. The Sumerian, Aegean, Chinese, Hittite, Assyrian and Indian civilizations had enjoyed periods of dominance but had never reached the level of supremacy enjoyed by the Egyptians.

When Rome came on the scene as a first-rate power, circa 300 B.C., the crucial land bridge joining Africa, Europe and Asia was being passed from hand to hand, with no power strong enough to succeed Egypt as the dominant political-economic-cultural force in the region. Historically speaking it was an interregnum, a period of transition. Egypt had ceased to dominate the public life of the area. The trading cities of the Greeks and the Phoenicians were pushing their way of life into the front ranks among the recognized powers. The kingdoms of Asia-Minor were still warring for supremacy in a field which none of the local kingdoms was able to dominate and hold for any considerable period of time.

Public affairs at the African-European-Asian crossroads were being periodically disturbed and upset by the intrusion of Asian marauders and nomads who came in successive waves, defeated and drove the native inhabitants off from the choicest land and settled down in their places, only to be pushed out in their turn by fresh Asian migrants.

The African-European-Asian triangle was a meeting place and a battle ground. Phoenician and Greek cities brought to this scene new factors and new forces: the rudiments of science; trade and commerce, including a money economy, accounting and cost keeping; the elements of economic organization; the conduct of public affairs by governments based on law rather than on the whim and word of a deified potentate; and the construction of cities and city states built on these foundations.

Rome entered the picture when the forces of political absolutism based upon an agriculture operated by serfs and slaves had fought themselves to a standstill and exhausted their historical usefulness. The times called for new forces capable of adapting themselves to a new culture pattern extending over a greatly enlarged world. The Romans, with their Greek associates, were in a position to fill the gap.

Romans lived originally in Latium, a small land area in southern Italy on the Tiber River far enough inland to be protected against pirates. They built a city which finally covered seven adjacent hills and developed a community of working farmers, merchants, craftsmen and professionals. The farms were small, averaging perhaps eight to fifteen acres, an area large enough to provide a family with a stable though meagre livelihood. The farmers were hard working and frugal.

At this period of Roman history and mythology Latium was one of many communities occupying Italy. Each was self-governing. Each took the steps necessary for survival and expansion. Like their neighbors, the inhabitants of Latium were prepared to defend themselves against piracy, brigandage and ambitious, aggressive rivals. Defense took the form of an embankment and a water-filled moat which surrounded the early settlements and provided shelter for herdsman and farmers in case of emergencies.

At some point in pre-history, presumably when Etruscan princes were in control of Roman affairs, the protective earth embankment which surrounded the Roman settlements was strengthened by building a moat 100 feet wide and 30 feet deep. Behind the moat was a stone wall 10 feet thick and 30 feet or more in height. Parts of this defense were built and rebuilt at various times. When completed they were about six miles in length, enclosing an area sufficient to accommodate the chief buildings of the city and living space for a population of perhaps 200,000 people.

The defenses were designed to prevent interference or intrusion into the life of the Romans. Behind them the inhabitants constructed temples, a forum, palaces and other public buildings, bringing in clean mountain water by an aqueduct that eventually reached a length of 44 miles, constructing an extensive system of drains and sewers that disposed of city wastes, building a network of roads that eventually gave the Romans access first to all parts of Italy and later to the entire Mediterranean Basin. They also replaced the wooden bridges over the Tiber and other rivers by stone bridges carried on stone piers and arches.

Early in their building activities the Romans learned to make a cement so weather-resistant that many of their constructs are still usable two thousand years after the Romans built them. These and similar building operations made Rome one of the show places of the Graeco-Roman world. They also provided for the Romans a level of stability and security far beyond that of their neighbors in that part of the unstable Italian peninsula.

At the time Rome was founded, presumably about 700 B.C., the Italian peninsula was occupied by a large number of principalities, kingdoms and tribal nomads, newly arrived from eastern Europe and Asia. The struggle for pasturage and fertile soil, for dwelling sites and trading opportunities, went on ceaselessly. Romans, like their neighbors and competitors, were reaching out to provide themselves with food, building materials, trade opportunities, strategic advantages. They expanded peacefully if possible, using diplomacy up to a certain point and only engaging in war as a last resort. But since the entire Italian peninsula was occupied by more or less independent groups, each of which was seeking a larger and safer place in the sun, the outcome was ceaseless diplomatic maneuvering, using war as an instrument of policy in the struggle for pelf and power. Four centuries of power struggle, in which Romans played an increasingly prominent role, gave the Roman Republic and its allies substantial control of the entire Italian peninsula. Beginning as one among many small independent states in Italy, the inhabitants of Latium emerged from four centuries of competitive diplomatic and military struggle as the de facto masters of all Italy.

Power struggles are carried on by contestants who occupy a particular land area with its resources and other advantages. Latium was small in extent (some 2,000 square miles) and had very limited natural advantages. Operating from this restricted base, through four centuries of diplomacy, intrigue and war, the Romans enlarged their base of operations to include the whole of Italy. In this crucial era of its history Rome expanded its geographic-economic base to a point from which it could use the natural and human resources of all Italy as a nucleus upon which to build the Roman Empire in Europe, West Asia and North Africa.

At the beginning of this period the Mediterranean Basin housed a number of African, Asian and European empires. Each exercised authority over a part of the Mediterranean littoral. Each empire was built around its central city or cities. Each empire had its distinctive institutions and practices. During these centuries all of the empires were defeated, conquered, occupied and either dismembered or otherwise brought under Roman control.

Extension of Roman authority, first over the Italian peninsula and subsequently over parts of Europe, Africa and Asia, was the result of a policy of expansion that was aggressively, persistently and patiently followed by Roman leaders and policy makers. Neighboring territories were amalgamated into the nucleus of the Roman Empire. More remote territories were associated by treaty as allies of Rome, as dependent or client dependencies of Rome, and as colonies or provinces of the Roman Empire. In all cases they were integral parts of an expanding political, economic and military sphere of influence with Rome, and later Italy, as the center and nucleus. In the course of this development the expanding Roman Empire grew to be the wealthiest and most powerful political, sociological and cultural unit in the Euro-Asian-African area.

The Roman imperial cycle spanned some thirteen centuries. During this period Roman life was transformed from its small, local seat of authority in Central Italy into its new stature as the outstanding power in the Mediterranean area. Economically it extended from peasant proprietorship and a use economy to a market-money economy; from a society of working peasant farmers to an economy resting upon war captives reduced to slavery; from an economy based on production for trade and profit to an economy based on power-grabbing, special privilege, speculation and corruption; from an austerity economy based on primary production to an economy based on affluence, exploitation, and gluttony.

These revolutionary transformations in the Roman economy were accompanied, politically, by hardening of the division of Roman society along class lines with the resulting contradictions, antagonisms, and class struggles, including open class warfare.

Domestic contradictions, confrontations, civil strife and formal civil war were present throughout the entire history of Rome. They existed in embryo in the earliest days of the original settlements on the seven hills over which the city of Rome eventually spread. As Rome and its interests became more complex socially and more extensive geographically the number and variety of contradictions, confrontations, civil and military conflicts increased correspondingly.

In terms of individual human lives the changes which took place in Roman society during the six or seven centuries that elapsed between the early Roman settlements and the reign of their Emperor Augustus were profound and far-reaching. Many communities of diverse and often incompatible backgrounds and interests were herded together, helter-skelter, into the City of Rome, Latium, the Italian nucleus and the subsequent alliances, federations, conquests, consolidations into colonies, occupied areas, provinces and spheres of influence. The greater the number and diversity of these interests and relationships, the greater the probability of

conflict. This empire building process was not gradual and directed with scrupulous care to preserve the amenities and niceties of polite social intercourse. The job was done by and under the direction of military leaders who are traditionally in a hurry to get results. The subordinates who carried out military decisions were volunteer-professional soldiers, mercenary adventurers and conscripts drawn form the four corners of the empire. As the empire grew in extent and as its troubles multiplied, the military was more frequently called upon to take over and iron out difficulties.

Domestically, in the city of Rome and its immediate environs, there were several sharp lines of cleavage; between Roman citizens and non-citizens; between the aristocracy, the bourgeoisie, the working proletariat and the idle proletariat; between the rich and the poor; between freeman (citizens) and the slaves who grew in numbers as the wars of conquest and consolidation multiplied war captives; between the civilian bureaucrats and the members of the military hierarchy.

In the brief period of maximum territorial expansion following the defeat and destruction of Carthage, the frontiers of the Roman Empire were pushed out ruthlessly, North, East, West and South. In the hurly-burly of rapid expansion individual rights were ignored, local communities and entire regions were overrun, depopulated and resettled with the tough disregard of individual and local interests that must characterize any quick, general movement--economic, sociological or military. If the expansion, expulsion and rehabilitation had produced greater degrees of stability and security for individuals and social groups they might have been tolerated and assimilated by the diverse populations caught up in the maelstrom of drastic expansion. But rapid, coercive social transformation produces neither stability nor security. Its normal consequence is chaos, conflict and further change. In the course of these internal conflicts the Roman Republic was gradually phased out. In theory it persisted until the establishment of the military dictatorship of Julius Caesar. Practically, while many of its forms remained, the conduct of public affairs passed more and more into the hands of political leaders who were able to command the backing of the legions.

When the first war against Carthage was launched in 265 B.C., Carthage was at the height of her power. Situated on the North African Coast almost directly across the Mediterranean from Italy, the Carthaginians were in effective control of the western Mediterranean. Carthage was firmly entrenched in Spain. It was trading extensively with the British Isles. Fleets of Carthaginian war ships patrolled the Mediterranean guarding against piracy and economic or political interference by rivals.

Roman political and business leaders, inexperienced in international political dealings and the promotion of international trade, found their further expansion to the west blocked by Carthaginian political, economic and military installations. The result of the confrontation was a series of three wars that began in 265 B.C., and ended in 146. During these 119 years an established power, Carthage, struggled to preserve its position against aggressive Roman efforts to take control of the West Mediterranean basin. The Carthaginians, under the able generalship of Hannibal, mobilized a military force (including elephants), marched from Spain over the Alpine passes into Italy reaching the gates of Rome. Romans countered with the slogan: "Carthage must be destroyed!" When the third Punic war ended in 146 B.C., with the defeat of the Carthaginian military forces, the city of Carthage was leveled.

The defeat of Carthage gave the Romans control of the western Mediterranean. During the same period Roman interests were pushing into East Europe and Western Asia. In 214 B.C., Philip of Macedon had made an alliance with Hannibal, directed against Rome. Consequently, three wars between Rome and Macedonia followed, the third ending in 168 B.C., with the defeat of the Macedonians and their subordination to Roman authority in the form of a Roman governor.

When opposition to Roman influence developed in Greece in 148 B.C., a commission of ten was appointed by the Roman Senate to settle affairs in the Greek peninsula. The city of Corinth was burned to the ground and its lands were confiscated. Thebes and Chalcis were also destroyed. The walls of all towns which had shared in the revolt against Rome were pulled down. All confederations between Greek cities were dissolved. Disarmament, isolation and Roman taxation were imposed on the Greek cities and the oversight of affairs was assigned to the Roman governor of neighboring Macedonia.

Successful wars against Syria and Egypt extended Roman control over additional territory in West Asia and North Africa. A map of Italy at the time of the Roman Federation in 268 B.C. shows Rome as the most powerful among two score minor associates in the federation. A map of the Roman Empire at the death of Augustus in 14 A.D. shows a Roman Empire extending from the Atlantic seaboard on the west to Central Europe on the north, the Black Sea on the east and a generous strip of Africa on the south.

Within three centuries Rome had expanded from its position as a minor state in Italy to the effective control of those portions of three continents which bordered the Mediterranean. Conquests during the following century further extended the Roman frontiers.

Under the Caesars Rome was a society in the throes of political transition. Roman Emperors, backed and frequently selected by the military, were exercising despotic power. They still paid lip service to the Constitution, an instrument that had relevance during the life of the defunct Republic. In the era of the Caesars the law slumbered and might ruled. The turbulent masses were fed and housed by the Roman Oligarchy to which the Emperors were ultimately responsible. The far flung territories conquered by military power and held by military occupation were subject to the authority of the same Roman Oligarchy.

Behind the shams, frauds and tyrannies of a political dictatorship paying lip service to the corpse of a defunct Republic lay the stark realities of a bankrupt economy. Throughout the era of the Caesars the Roman Empire continued to expand geographically. It also came into contact and conflict with peoples so remote from Italy that for them Rome was only a name for tyranny, extortion and exploitation. Julius Caesar and his immediate successors penetrated these remote territories, subjugating them, levying tribute, appointing governors and other officials, policing them, pretending to rule over them. To do this soldiers were marching on foot into regions that lay thousands of miles from the mother city. To be sure, they marched over Roman roads and bridges so well constructed that some of them are still being used at the present day.

But the excellence of Roman engineering could not match up to the implacable limitations of time and distance. Nor could they overlook the need for building the physical structure of Roman economy as they advanced into enemy territory. Equally decisive were the political consequences of the property confiscation and forced labor required to establish and maintain Roman power and enrich greedy Roman officials and their lackeys and overseers.

Rising overhead costs, with no corresponding growth of income, an empty treasury in Rome, and a persistent policy of fleecing the provinces to pay for the normal costs of bureaucracy, plus its extravagances and excesses, could lead to only one possible outcome. Higher taxes and more ruinous levies in the newly conquered provinces could not fill the insatiable maw of deficit spending.

Inflation was the immediate result, accompanied and followed by the debasement of currency and new expropriations of private property. Government expenses consistently exceeded income. The situation was aggravated by the growth of parasitic elements which persistently produced little or nothing and as persistently multiplied their luxuries and extravagances. The parasites grew richer. The impoverished masses suffered the normal deprivations of poverty plus the weight of steadily rising over-head costs. As Roman authority extended farther from its center, the chasm between its income and its out-go widened.

Slave labor aggravated the situation. There was a time when Roman farmers and craftsmen did their own work. That time ended with the enslavement of war captives who swamped the labor market. Like any parasitic growth, slavery and forced labor destroyed the fabric of a largely self-contained economy based on peasant proprietorship.

Roman economy was honey-combed with problems created by deficit spending, currency devaluation and exploitation. At its base was a foot-loose urban proletariat made up largely of refugees from a countryside given over increasingly to the employment of military captives as slave labor. The city masses at the outset were extensively unemployed. Increasingly they became unemployable, parasitic, restless, demanding.

At the outset the slave revolts were local and occasional. As the slaves grew more numerous unrest spread and hardened into organized resistance. Spartacus, a slave, led a revolt which mobilized armies, defeated the Roman legions in a series of battles and ended only with the death of Spartacus and the dispersal of his forces.

Local and provincial affairs under the Roman Empire were administered by a self-seeking corrupt bureaucracy.

Expansion by means of military conquest increased the influence of the military at the expense of the civilian administrators. The consequent burdens of militarism reached from the bottom to the top of Roman society. Eventually, under the Caesars, the military selected emperors from among the rivals for the purple of imperial authority, and used the legions under their command to protect and promote their own political fortunes, thus maintaining a form of latent and frequently open civil war.

Colonial unrest and provincial self-seeking were promoted by conspiracies among Rome's less dependable allies.

Wars of rivalry between Roman candidates for top preferment shifted the power-balance out of civilian hands into the grip of the military. Step by step and stage by stage the Roman Empire became a warfare state maintained at home and abroad by the intervention of the military. Wars of rivalry at home in Rome were paralleled by wars of rivalry abroad.

During the Era of the Caesars Rome became the Eurasian-African honey pot. Wealth centered there. Authority was enthroned there. Power was generated there. Throughout the sphere of Roman political influence, of trade and travel, the central position of Rome was recognized and acknowledged. Not only knowledge and authority, but folklore mushroomed, with Rome as its central theme. Asian nomads, searching for grass, Asian potentates seeking new worlds to conquer and plunder, heard of Rome and finally went there. All roads led to Rome. Thousands of miles of stone roads were built as binding forces to hold the Empire together and defend it against all possible enemies. It was along these roads that the legions marched as they pushed back potential invaders and extended the frontiers. It was these same roads and bridges that made easy and sure the advance of the Asian hordes that would one day occupy and loot the home city. Roads and bridges enabled Roman authority to maintain and extend itself. The same roads and bridges provided a freeway that led into the citadel of Roman power.

Under the Caesars the Roman Empire achieved its greatest geographical extent and exercised its widest cultural influence. The city of Rome was the capital of the western world. There was one state, one law, one economy, one official language, one military authority.

Despite its apparent massiveness, Roman civilization was not a monolith. Rather it was a conglomerate, consisting of many parts held together by connecting social tissues which Rome and Italy alone supplied. In the first instance there was a division into provinces, colonies and newly acquired territories. The provinces, under their Roman appointed governors, enjoyed a large measure of economic and cultural self-determination within the Roman Empire. Beyond the Roman Empire lay territories and peoples associated with Rome by treaties, bound to Rome by trade and travel, in some cases paying tribute to Rome, but enjoying sufficient autonomy as peoples, nations and empires maneuvering for position and advantage, frequently allying themselves with non-Roman areas and occasionally conspiring to by-pass Roman authority and even to challenge Roman supremacy.

This political diversity along the defense perimeter of the Roman Empire existed in a chaos ranging from questioned authority to open defiance and military challenges to Rome and the threat of Romanization. Along this defense perimeter were stationed the legions that guarded the frontiers. Across it moved trade, travel, incursions, invasions and periodic reprisals as a result of which the more turbulent neighbors were brought within the sphere of Rome's influence or, in cases of extreme dissidence and resistance, were depopulated, colonized and added to the Roman conglomerate.

It goes without saying that the influence of Roman culture extended far beyond the Roman defense perimeter, reaching peoples, nations and empires to which Rome was little more than a name. The no-man's land between what-was and what-was-not Rome not only existed in a state of perpetual uncertainty, but provided a battle field for the smuggling, brigandage, the periodic border clashes, the migrations, incursions, invasions and punitive expeditions that are the characteristic features of every ill-defined political boundary.

Roman civilization under the Caesars was a centralized absolutism with a large measure of peripheral deviation and autonomy. It was directed by a central oligarchy and patrolled, defended and extended by a military force unified in theory but in practice grouped around the outstanding personalities and subjected to the vagaries and upsets always associated with power politics in the hands of military backed political despots.

Roman civilization, like all social organisms, came into being, moved toward maturity, reached a plateau of fulfillment from which it declined, broke up and eventually disappeared into the interregnum known as the Dark Ages. The entire episode occupied a dozen centuries. Its beginnings were unimpressively local. At the height of its wealth, power and cultural influence it bestrode the Eurasian-African triangle. Its decline and disappearance were no less spectacular than its meteoric rise to fame and fortune.

I would like to summarize the Roman experiment and some of its lessons by listing and commenting briefly on the forces that built up Roman civilization and those forces which resulted in its decline and dissolution.

Primary up-building forces in the Roman experiment:

1. Establishing the city of Rome as a stable, defensible center of merchandising and commerce, transport, finance, population, wealth and power with a hinterland of associates and dependencies. As it turns out, the city of Rome has outlived both the Roman Empire and Roman Civilization.

2. Steadfast dedication to Roman interests first, by all necessary means and despite costs which at the time seemed to be excessive.

3. A recognition of that which is possible, especially in political relationships. The acceptance with good grace of a half-loaf where no more was available.

4. Consistent, persistent aggression and expansion where such policies were beneficial to Rome, with little or no regard for their effects on Roman associates, allies, friends or enemies. Studied ruthlessness.

5. Rewarding Rome's friends, allies and associates with economic, political and cultural advantages. Implacably punishing and where necessary exterminating Rome's persistent enemies.

6. Wide tolerance of local cultural variation in matters that did not conflict with the major principles and practices of Rome's central authority.

7. Taking defeats in their stride, paying the price, and recovering lost momentum. Again advancing along avenues which led to Roman success and aggrandizement.

8. Indomitable persistence in the pursuit of major objectives.

9. After the reigns of Julius Caesar and Augustus, concentrating power in a single person and his chosen brain trust, using that power to further aggrandize the Roman Empire and Roman Civilization.

This category is not complete. It aims to answer the basic question: In a situation where a thousand contestants entered the knock-down and drag-out struggle, first for survival and then for supremacy, what qualities or qualifications enabled Romans to win the laurel crown of victory?

Paralleling the up-building forces that established Roman supremacy were counter-forces which undermined and eventually destroyed the Roman Empire and Roman civilization:

1. The growth of city life at the expense of rural existence. At the outset of its life cycle, Rome was essentially rural. At the end of the cycle Roman culture was turning its back upon ruralism and moving into a culture that was to be chiefly urban during an entire millennium. In that millennium Rome, her associates and dependencies, experimented with a culture that was essentially urban, but encircled, dependent and eventually replaced by a culture that was essentially rural.

2. During the millennium between 600 B.C. and 500 A.D. the Romans and their associates succeeded in bringing large parts of Europe, Asia and Africa under their control, but the control was so rigid and temporary that tribalism and local nationalisms broke loose from the fetters of central authority and coercive integration, shattering the structure of Roman civilization and its structural core--the Roman Empire. Instead of resulting in closer cooperation, the strategy and tactics of the Roman builders and organizers led to contradictions, bitter feuds, civil strife, independence movements which combined with expansionist diplomacy and periodic wars to discourage, frustrate and eventually to eliminate peace, order and planned progress.

2. The spread of chattel slavery had a profound effect upon the texture of Roman life. At the outset Roman family farms housed the bulk of the population. During the cycle of Roman civilization unnumbered millions of captives were seized in the course of military operations and reduced to slavery. By the end of the Roman cycle the work-load of agriculture, commerce, industry, mining, transport, and the domestic life of the well-to-do was carried by slaves. Basically, therefore, the Roman world was divided first into Romans and non-Romans and second into masters and slaves, with a third category which consisted of an immense bureaucracy (including the military), a professional and technological group and a heavy burden of persistent parasitism.

4. Growth of the abyss that separated wealth and the wealthy from mass poverty in the cities and the countryside. The abyss was widened and deepened by the presence of slavery. More extensive and more frequent foreign conquests added to the volume of slave labor in a market already glutted and reduced the price of slaves. Against this super-abundant cheap slave labor, free labor could compete only by reducing its standard of living and thus deepening the abyss of poverty. At the other end of the social arc, the rich were able to surround themselves with multitudes of slaves who provided the energy needed to carry on the complex life of Roman civilization. As the Roman world expanded, the abyss widened, deepened and became all but impassable. It was from such lower depths that Spartacus and other leaders of rebellious slaves drew sufficient manpower to challenge and for a time even defeat the full military power of Rome.

5. Built into the structure of Roman civilization was the potential of civil war. The contradictions of mass slavery and poverty side by side with boundless leisure and abundance was only one side of the picture. Each of the more distant provinces became a possible

base from which ambitious governors or generals could wage wars of independent conquest at the expense of Roman authority. Each newly subjugated people, smarting under defeat and the heavy hand which Rome laid on its dissidents and opponents, became a potential center for disaffection, conspiracy and rebellion against Roman authority.

6. Conflicts over power succession, in the provinces, and more significantly in the mother city, added another aspect to the many sided pressures. As there was no legal means of determining the succession, the end of each imperial reign offered the probability of military intervention.

7. Deification of emperors, during the era of the Caesars, led to the denigration and degradation of the common man. The fact that the common men of Rome were more and more likely to be poor slaves furthered the process and deepened the abyss between the haves and have-nots.

8. Among the forces of disintegration operating in Rome none was more potent and more decisive than the numerical growth of the military and the increasing probability that any one of the growing contradictions and conflicts would lead to intervention by the military. Roman emperors were dictators and their retention of authority was increasingly decided by the legions which were willing and able to fight for the perpetuation and extension of their authority.

9. The extensive, complicated, elaborate structure of Roman civilization involved a persistent and implacable rise of overhead costs of food and raw materials, of production, of transportation, of the bureaucracy, including the military. The area of Roman civilization increased arithmetically. Overhead costs rose geometrically. They were expressed in an empty treasury, rising taxes, inflation, expropriation, the degradation of the currency.

10. Side by side with the rise in overhead costs went the increase of parasitism among the rich and among the poor. Something-for-nothing was the order of the day. Speculation was rampant. Gambling was universal. Instead of living by production of goods and services, Romans let the slaves do their work and lived by their wits.

11. From top to bottom of Roman society negative forces replaced positive forces. Self directed labor gave place to slavery; participation in productive activity yielded to parasitism; productivity was subordinated to destructivity; the spirit of independence was replaced by the acceptance of increasing arbitrary individual authority.

12. Roman society constantly faced and consistently failed to solve the contradiction between centralism and local interests and local rights. This contradiction increased with increasing size, diversity and complexity.

13. Psychological forces played a part in the breakdown and break-up of Roman civilization. People lost faith and hope. They became disillusioned and cynical. They forgot the common good and devoted themselves to the gratification of body hungers. They turned from proud service of fatherland to the pursuit of pleasure for pleasure's sake. Romans lost freshness and vigor. Creativeness had never been as highly regarded among the Romans as it was among the Greeks. Life was lived closer to the surface. It was confined more and more to the present. Growth in the volume of Roman life sapped its vitality so that there was less surplus for experiment and innovation as more and more of the social income was devoted to meeting overhead costs.

Moralists have insisted that the decline and dissolution of Roman civilization resulted from the abandonment of moral standards. Undoubtedly this was true. The upstanding womanhood and manhood of early Rome was replaced by a wealth-seeking, pleasure-loving, parasitically inclined population. But these features of Roman life under the empire and during the period of Roman decline were the outcome of political, economic and social forces that have characterized one civilization after another. Instead of insisting that Rome declined and fell because it was immoral, it would be far more accurate to insist that Rome declined and fell because the objectives which it sought, the means it employed and the civilized institutions which it developed contained within themselves oppositions and contradictions which led to decline and dissolution. Rome declined and fell because the ideas, institutions and practices upon which it depended--the ideas, institutions and practices of civilization--could lead to no other outcome.

CHAPTER THREE

THE ORIGINS OF WESTERN CIVILIZATIONS

An experiment with civilization presently spans the planet Earth. It is called "modern," "contemporary" or "western civilization." Its artifacts, institutions and practices predominate in Europe, North America and Australasia. They play a prominent role in the lives of

Asians, South Americans and Africans.

Two thousand years ago a long established Egyptian civilization was passing into the shadows. Civilizations in China and India were developing. Roman civilization was approaching the zenith of its ascendancy.

A thousand years ago Roman civilization, like that of Egypt, was a memory; Chinese and Indian civilizations were holding their own, while the followers of Islam were reaching out into Central Asia, North Africa and Eastern Europe.

In east central Europe and around the Mediterranean the beginnings of western civilization had made their appearance and were expanding their control along the Eurasian trade routes and beginning to penetrate western and northern Europe. The Crusades had introduced Asian culture traits into the European backwoods. Hardy European and Asian mariners were penetrating the Americas. Dark ages of ignorance and superstition which had held sway in Europe for centuries were coming to an end. Western civilization was beginning to draw the breath of a new life.

The vast structure of Roman civilization had split West from East. The Eastern Empire retained its form and continued its culture for centuries after its break with the West. Meanwhile the West fragmented into smaller and smaller units, increasingly self-contained and increasingly isolated. Cities raised and manned their own walls. The countryside broke up into smaller and smaller divisions over which the Holy Roman Empire exercised little more than a shadowy authority. Each landed estate had its stronghold or castle. Each locality looked after its own interests. The massive Roman Universal State, stretching for centuries across parts of three continents, had broken up into a multitude of tiny semi-sovereign, semi-independent fragments. Some of the fragments as leagues, alliances and coalitions were reaching nationhood.

New dawn was illuminating the Dark Ages. Western man was sorting and re-assembling some of the scattered fragments of the defunct and dismembered Roman civilization. The task was colossal. Rome's "one authority, one law, one language" hegemony had been replaced by an all pervading diversity. The closely knit Greco-Roman Empire had been superseded in Europe by a sparsely inhabited, roadless wilderness, largely bereft of trade, using waterways as the easiest means of communication and transport. The economy was built around wood cutting, charcoal burning, backward animal husbandry, hand-tool agriculture, hand-craft industry, the rudiments of commerce and finance centered in trading cities. The great houses of the aristocracy and the gentry, scattered villages, towns and walled cities were preoccupied and disrupted by endless feuding and between-seasons warfare.

Adding to the chaos of this dismembered society were the controversies over dynastic succession. Intermittent incursions of migrating hordes from central Asia pushed their way into central and southern Europe. Covert and open conflicts between ecclesiastical and secular authority added to the general lethargy, confusion and chaos.

Europe struggled for centuries to free itself from Asian invasion and occupation. At the same time Europe was improving its agriculture, restoring its trade and expanding its hand-craft industries and its commerce. Towns grew in population and productivity. Life-standards rose in the cities. Cities based on trade and commerce extended their authority and became city-states. Commercial cities joined their forces to form trading leagues.

Lords spiritual and temporal, who had ruled Europe for centuries, were joined by lords commercial, enriched by the growth of trade, transport and developing industry.

Generations passed into centuries--the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth. From small local beginnings the nations of western Europe emerged: Spain, Portugal, the Low Countries, France, Britain, Italy, Austria and eventually Russia. Each was a consolidation of local principalities, earldoms, dukedoms, kingdoms. Each was passing through the rural-urban transformation. Each was outgrowing feudalism and producing a larger and larger group of businessmen, professionals, tradesmen, craftsmen and maturing a middle class and a proletariat. After the fifteenth century each state was spilling over its own frontiers, annexing or losing neighboring territory, spreading beyond the boundaries of Europe into the teeming markets of Asia and the newly discovered treasure-house of the Americas.

A score of European peoples were engaged in the give-and-take of this struggle for wealth and power--for land and its resources in Europe, North Africa and the Near East; for booty, trade and overseas colonies. As the struggle grew more intense smaller and weaker nations dropped out of the contest or were partitioned and gobbled up piecemeal.

Such was the condition of Europe's free-for-all in the closing years of the seventeenth century and the opening decades of the eighteenth century, while three developing forces pushed into the forefront of European life: the enlightenment and science, representative government, and the industrial revolution.

Enlightenment broadened the social basis of knowledge and learning. During the Dark Ages, knowledge and learning were a monopoly of a tiny privileged minority composed of priests, scholars and a segment of the aristocracy. Monasteries, great houses and trading cities sheltered this monopoly. The countryside was a sea of ignorance, superstition, oppression and exploitation. With the printing press came books. Books promoted literacy and curiosity. Literacy and curiosity led to speculation, experiment, discovery and the formulation and spread of ideas. The product of these forces was science, which had had a long period of gestation in North Africa and Asia.

Dark Ages of localism, with landlords, priests and soldiers directing public affairs led to the concentration of wealth and power in the landed aristocracy and the church. But traders in the countryside and merchants in the centers of commerce held a talisman that opened before them ever increasing sources of wealth. Country dwellers harvested one crop a year. When crops were poor they starved. At best the margin of profit was thin. Traders and merchants made a profit every time they found a customer. The countryside lived on a use economy supplemented by barter. As money increased in quantity it was loaned at rates of interest by merchants and bankers who owned it and used it for their purposes. Accumulating wealth and money enabled the traders, merchants, bankers and manufacturers to out-buy and out-point landlords and churchmen. Politically, these changes reduced the authority of absolute monarchies. In their places representative governments made their appearance.

The third force that surfaced in Europe after the end of the Dark Ages was the industrial revolution, which led to fundamental changes in the means of production at the same time that advances in natural and social science produced their practical counterpart--an explosive expansion of technology.

Science, representative government and the industrial revolution led to a rapid and extensive transformation of western society sometimes referred to as the bourgeois revolution. As the bourgeois revolution worked its way into the structure and function of European society, the developing class of businessmen and professionals who had begun to challenge the power-monopoly of the "lords spiritual and temporal" ended by establishing a higher power monopoly under the control of business, military, public relations oligarchy. This revolutionary transformation of modern society took place during the thousand years that elapsed between the crusades and the closing years of the nineteenth century. The resulting social transformation had its geographical homeland in Europe from which it spread around the planet. Politically, these forces found expression through the commerce-dominated, profit-seeking, colonizing empires, with the nation-state as nucleus. Colonizing empires became the dominant force in Europe and in the non-European segments of the planet which were gradually brought under European imperial control.

In the course of voyaging, "discovery" and the establishment of trade, Europeans set up military outposts and maintained increasingly large naval forces. The avowed object of these military and naval build-ups was to defend and promote Spanish, Dutch, Portuguese, French and British imperial interests. Actually military and naval installations were marking out and maintaining the defense perimeters of their respective colonial empires. One of the widely accepted axioms of the period equated colonies with national prosperity. The more successful colonizing empires of the seventeenth and eighteen centuries became the strongholds of nineteenth century monopoly capitalism.

Industrial revolution, flowering in Europe during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, gave the European commercial empires a lead over potential rivals based on Asian wealth-power centres. As a result of this lead European empire builders were able to establish and maintain their authority in India and Indonesia, dismember the Turkish and Chinese empires and partition Africa among themselves. Their only potential rivals were the lumbering, isolationist United States of North America and the newly awakened Island Kingdom of Japan. Both of these non-European nations began playing serious wealth-power roles in the same period from 1895 to 1910. Up to that point Europe continued to be the homeland of monopoly capitalism. The chief centers of heavy industry, commerce and finance were in Europe. European merchant fleets and European navies sailed the seas. European banks and business houses dominated planetary financing, insuring and investing.

Viewed from outside, the ascendancy of Europe seemed to be complete. Europe held the strategic strong points: productivity, wealth, the means of transportation, mobile fire-power. By the end of the nineteenth century Europe was the monopoly-capitalist motherland. The rest of the planet was made up of actual or potential dependents under European authority. From these outsiders living at subsistence levels, Europeans could get their supplies of food and raw materials at low prices and to them Europeans

could sell their surplus manufactures, their commercial services, and their investment capital at high prices. The resulting European prosperity was expected to continue indefinitely into the future.

This planetary structure, with Europe as the center of wealth, power, art, science, free business enterprise and wage slavery, progress and poverty, left the majority of mankind living as dependents and colonials. The situation embodied several confrontations:

1. The masters of Europe might quarrel among themselves.

2. Non-Europeans might set up rival wealth power centers and challenge Europe's world hegemony.

3. Colonials and other dependants might demand independence, and equal status in the family of nations.

4. Rootless middle classes and the wretched of the earth might join forces and pull down western civilization's house of cards.

Western civilization, like its predecessors, was accepting and following one central principle: expand, grab and keep. The application of this principle took the form of an axiom of public and private life: might makes right; let him take who has the power; let him keep who can.

Grab and keep, in a period of rapid economic expansion, led each of the burgeoning European empires to the zealous defense of its frontiers as the first principle of imperial policy. The second principle: geographical expansion, followed as a matter of course. Expansion inside Europe, with its tight frontier defenses, meant war with aggressive rivals. Expansion abroad, especially in Asia and Africa, was less costly and might prove more profitable. As a consequence, from 1870 onward, British, French, Dutch, Russia and German colonial territory increased; European armaments multiplied. Each expanding empire prepared for the day which would give it additional square miles of European and foreign real estate.

Grab-and-keep, with its resultant chaotic free-for-all, was the rule of thumb accepted and followed by the West during the decline of Roman power and through the middle ages to modern times.

The "might makes right" formula was in violent conflict with the "love and serve your neighbor" professions of Christian ethics. Nevertheless, it was the accepted overall principle of private enterprise economy and the ruling ethic of Western statecraft. The principle was formulated in five propositions or axioms:

1. Make money, honestly if possible, but make money.

2. Every businessman for himself and the devil take the laggards.

3. We defend and promote our national interests.

4. Our national interests come first.

5. Our country, right or wrong.

These five propositions were the outcome of a millennium of experience with the Crusades and extending to the present century. They are the outcome of preoccupation with material incentives that can be stated in two words, profit and power.

Such propositions, applied to everyday affairs, produced an economy and a statecraft which favored the interests of a part before those of the entire community. Where the whole is favored before any part there is a possibility of co-existence and even of cooperation. Placing a part before the whole involves competition all the way from the marketplace to the chancelleries where the fate of nations is discussed and decided.

The above five propositions or axioms result from preoccupation with material incentives: profit and power for managers, disciplined co-ordination for subordinates, affluence, comfort and recognition for the favored few. They provide the ideological background for twentieth century western civilization.

CHAPTER FOUR

THE LIFE CYCLE OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION

Like its predecessors, western civilization from its inception was essentially competitive. As it developed, the commercially, technically and politically supreme Spanish, Dutch, French and British Empires battled individually, or in rival alliances, for plunder, colonies, markets and raw materials.

From the end of the Napoleonic Wars in 1815, to the Victorian Jubilee in 1897, Great Britain became and remained top dog economically, politically and to a large extent culturally. Britain was the workshop. British shipping was omnipresent. The pound sterling was the chief medium of foreign exchange. The British Navy patrolled the seas. English was replacing French as the language of commerce and diplomacy.

During this British Century, from 1815 to 1897, Great Britain was dominant among the European great powers, but it was never supreme. Always there were countervailing forces. For centuries France had been a major factor in the control and direction of European affairs. Defeat at Waterloo reduced but did not destroy French influence. After 1870 Bismark's Germany began playing a major role. Russia, Austria, Holland, Italy and Spain were also European powers. Overseas, the United States of America and Japan were spreading their imperial wings.

With the explosive advances made by science, technology, productivity, income and wealth accumulation, other countries were moving to the fore. Even though Britain maintained her actual levels of economic output and potential diplomatic presence she was one among several relatively equal European states and world empires. At the same time her natural resources were being depleted and with the growing importance of cotton, rubber and petroleum, all of which Britain must import, her economic ascendancy was progressively undermined. During the wars of 1914-18 and 1936-45 Britain entered an era of decreasing relative importance. Her empire was largely intact, but her economic and political strength was stretched to the breaking point.

Throughout its history, until the wars of 1914-45, western civilization had its headquarters in central and west Europe, with branch offices elsewhere on the planet. At no time after 1870 did any one European power occupy a position of easy superiority over its rivals. If Great Britain was top dog, France, the long established continental power was snapping at her heels. Germany was an expanding power of major consequence. To the North and East lay Russia, with its vast territories and its persistent pressures into East Europe and Far Asia. By any standard of political measurement Europe was in no sense a universal state. Literally it was a potential battle field. War fortunes and misfortunes revolutionized the Europe of 1870-1910. They also realigned the planetary power structure. Heavy war losses down-graded all of the erstwhile European powers. Central and West Europe ceased to be the planetary hub. At the same time America and Asia shouldered their way toward the center of the world stage. From London, Paris, Berlin and other European vantage points the 1870-1945 era could be described as a period of world revolution.

For half a century United States money and arms were used to stabilize capitalism. For many years Washington through its control of all Latin American states (except Cuba after 1960) had been able to dominate United Nations policy, exclude socialist nations, notably China, and hem in socialism. Through this period Washington subsidized and armed counter revolution. Its anti-socialist-communist doctrine had been accepted and largely followed by the West.

Washington's drive to cripple and stamp out socialism-communism was accepted and followed particularly by the states with fascist leanings. Since many western states had large and influential socialist minorities and since several of them had been governed by coalitions in which socialists-communists played a substantial role, acceptance of Washington's anti-socialist program never won wholehearted support in Europe. Atlantic alliance countries voted against the admission of People's China to the United Nations during the Dulles Era. The stalemated outcome of the Korean War (1950-3) called Washington anti-socialist policies into serious question. The stupidities, mendacities and wanton cruelties of the United States' undeclared Vietnam War, even before the advent of Johnson and Nixon, had so weakened Washington leadership that no major power would associate itself with the adventure. The "Allies" in Vietnam were the U.S.A. and two or three vassal Asian states.

Half a century of cold war and co-existence punctuated by military invasions and hot wars, fought between groups from both sides in the class struggle, faced mankind with several undeniable facts:

1. Planet-wide economic, political and social changes had been made during the previous half-century.

2. Capitalism was no longer supreme as it had been before 1900. On the contrary, since 1950 the planet has been divided along class lines--capitalism versus socialism.

3. Socialism-communism is one of the most obvious facts of present-day planetary life.

4. Capitalism is losing ground, especially in Europe.

5. Socialism is gaining ground, especially in Eurasia.

Co-existence presupposes recognition of these five propositions and a willingness to abide by the outcome of the evolutionary-revolutionary process, through which the western world is passing.

During several centuries, ending in 1900, western civilization passed through an era of consolidation and integration that brought its sovereign segments into increasing stable relationships. The most advanced of these relationships took political shape in the half-dozen European empires which controlled the planet in 1900. Side by side with the consolidation of the planet into nations and empires there was another process, world-wide in scope, which made the facts and products of science and technology and their duplication the common property of mankind, creating a cultural synthesis far more universal than the political synthesis in nations, empires, the League of Nations or the United Nations.

Any social synthesis includes positive and negative aspects which function side by side. One builds up. The other wears down. For centuries the building forces in western civilization were in the ascendant. Since the turn of the century a shift of forces has been under way. The wearing down forces presently are in the ascendant. Had it been less competitive and more cooperative and co-ordinated, western civilization might have taken another step in advance by extending cultural unification into the political arena. The League of Nations and the United Nations were efforts in this direction. Neither succeeded in breaking down sovereignty far enough to permit planet-wide political federation.

Having failed to co-ordinate and establish a planet-wide authority during the critical years following 1870, western civilization accepted the antithesis of co-ordination and entered a period of fragmentation:

1. During the century and a half from 1815 to the present day, as facilities for co-ordination were multiplied by discovery and invention, Europe remained stubbornly fragmented into more than a score of sovereign states. Minor changes were made in boundary lines and in internal relationships of property and privilege, but the European maps of the period present a record of persistent fragmentation of the continent into strongly frontiered sovereign segments.

2. Break-up of the European empires after two general wars led to the fragmentation of each empire into self-determining sovereign units.

3. The "third world," consisting chiefly of European empire fragments, has not consolidated, but after the Bandung Conference of 1955 has consisted of a fragmented Africa and Asia torn by domestic and inter-state conflicts and harried by the persistent intervention of the western powers.

4. Rivalry in the Pacific and in Asia has been heightened by the meteoric rise of Japan as a world power, the dismemberment of the Japanese Empire after 1945 and the fierce subsequent economic competition between Japan and her planetary competitors, chiefly the United States.

5. United States efforts to coordinate Latin America as a source of raw materials and a market for manufactures and investment capital have not produced a United Latin American front against a common Yankee menace, but a sturdy refusal even of the tiniest Latin American Republic to surrender or limit its sovereignty has pushed a thorn into the vulnerable side of Washington's Monroe Doctrine control of the western hemisphere.

6. The high point in divisiveness was the decision of the United States spokesmen to inaugurate the American Century by establishing control over the Pacific Ocean, making itself the chief power in Asia and installing U.S.A. authority in the power vacuum left by the expulsion of Britain, France, Holland and Japan from the territories composing their former empires. Local wars begun in Korea (1950) and extending across Southeast Asia have strengthened the determination of the local peoples to defend themselves at all costs against imperialist invaders from Europe and North America.

7. The United States has been rich enough since 1945 to build and maintain a navy that can patrol the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans and the Mediterranean Sea and maintain large military forces in various European and Asian waters. This policy has been justified by the Truman-Johnson-Nixon Doctrine of determined opposition to the extension of socialism-communism and the consequent perpetuation of the cold war.

8. In theory the socialist world is unitary. In practice it is so fragmented by national boundary lines and ideological differences that its members have not been able (during recent years) to get together and discuss their major common problems.

United States wealth and military equipment have been sufficiently over-whelming to support the program of an American Century during which one nation might establish a universal state exercising planet-wide authority along the lines of the Universal State established by the Romans at the zenith of their power. In practice the program has not worked out. On the contrary, opposition to the United States as _the_ world power or even as _the_ power in Asia has grown steadily and quickly into a widespread "Anti-Americanism" or "anti-Yankeeism."

Conceivably a universal anti-American movement might develop a hot war similar to the anti-Hitler coalition of the 1930's. If that precedent is followed, however, the defeat of the United States would be followed by a period of fragmentation similar to or even more intense than the fragmentation of the 1950's and 1960's.

Present efforts to shore up the insolvent U.S.A. economy and the resulting opposition of America's leading European trading partners is not reassuring. If western civilization has passed the zenith of its development and entered a period of decline and fragmentation even a figure of Napoleonic capacities would be sorely pressed to breathe new life into its disintegrating social structure. At the moment, to the best of our knowledge, no such genius is in sight.

Western civilization is in some ways unique. In the main, however, the development of its life cycle has been typical. May we take it for granted that western civilization has turned its corner or may we assume that it is still replete with the possibilities of further maneuver, development and expansion? Perhaps the best way to approach the problem would be to ask three questions: What contribution has western civilization made to human nature, to human society and to mother nature, and what further contribution can it make in the foreseeable future?

Individuals, born or reared in any form of society are adjusted, shaped and conditioned by the social pattern of which they are a part. Each society attempts to stamp the individuals with its own image and likeness. The success or failure of this effort to assure individual adjustment to the social norm and conformity to its practices varies with the prosilitizing enthusiasm of the society and with the ration of adaptability and self-consciousness of its individual members.

Western civilization has produced a bourgeois human being intensively conscious of his capacities and anxious to try himself out in the rough-and-tumble of the market place and on the battlefield; to initiate, undertake, direct, administer. In the main, these are characteristics of the human male, though the female often possesses them in a greater or lesser degree.

Western civilization has opened the doors wide to aspirants eager to win out in the game of grab-and-keep. It has been equally kind to their chief executives, organizers and managers who rank second or third in the chain of command. These individuals come from widely different backgrounds. The social mobility of a bourgeois society gives them opportunity to climb high on the ladder of preferment.

Many of those who fall into line, adapt themselves to the civilizing process, accept with alacrity the chances that come their way, but do not reach the top of the success ladder. They have the health, energy and assertiveness necessary to keep climbing. They accept their assignments and carry them out with modest success. They are the lesser executives who work themselves out by the time they are fifty and find some sinecure or safe position near the top of the social pyramid.

Below the high command posts there is a wide range of handymen and specialists who fill particular positions and place their time, energy, experience and expertise at the disposal of the high command. Among them are scientists, engineers, technicians. Equally important are their spokesmen, advisers and apologists: lawyers, preachers, teachers, writers, speakers, publicists, carefully chosen for their ability to apologize, passify, justify and reassure. On the political side are the diplomats and politicians. Protection for their persons and property is provided by the police and the armed forces, composed of highly paid, well-trained, well-armed destroyers and killers.

Social stability and mass support come from an extensive middle class composed of public servants and body servants, small tradesmen, self-employed craftsmen, rentiers and retired persons who are assured body comforts, social recognition and preferment for themselves, their relatives and dependants. Members of this middle class are recognized on occasion, pampered, amused, diverted, bored, frustrated and eventually corrupted by the soft living which their middle class status makes possible.

Close to the middle class come the white collar workers and the better paid blue collar workers. Their lives are cluttered with gadgets and fringe benefits. Their homes are paid for or bought on credit.

Below these more or less regularly employed workers on salaries and wages come the semi-employed, racial or class underlings living in poverty at or near the subsistence level.

Associated with this range of bourgeois occupations and often closely identified with it are owners of family farms, tenants and hired hands.

Outside of the employment range, but dependent upon the economy are the defectives and delinquents, the parasites who live on cake and the parasites who live out of garbage cans.

Beyond these categories, in the American Empire, there are the colonial compradors and handymen who enjoy standards of living comparable to their opposite members in the North America nucleus. Below them are the colonial masses who live their entire lives under conditions of uncertainty and insecurity.

Millions of young people across the planet, born into the complicated and bewildering social network of western civilization after war's end in 1945 and graduated from school after the onset of the Vietnam War in 1965, find themselves in a complex, frustrating jungle. Should they fit in or drop out? Those who are more conventional and adaptable fit in as best they can, although the recent high unemployment rate among the youth indicates that the adjustment is often difficult. Millions of the less adaptable drop out.

Such a situation could have been foreseen by the initiated. Preparations could have been made in advance to deal with it when it arose. In the absence of adequate preparation the result is the chaos incident to every downturn of the private enterprise business cycle, magnified in this case by the regressive forces released during the disintegration of the entire social fabric.

Two other areas require a word of comment. Among human faculties are ambition, imagination, ingenuity, inventiveness, creativity. Human beings are, to a greater or lesser degree, cosmically aware. In the physical field western civilization handsomely rewards initiative. In the social field it has been far less generous. Imagination and cosmic consciousness have been quite generally listed among the undesirable endowments of mankind.

Western civilization, in the early years of the present century, produced a generation of insecure, unsettled, anxious, worried, harried people. This is generally true of young, middle aged and old, of rich and poor. Rapid social transition from expansion and advance to contraction and retreat is a traumatic, hectic experience for any human being.

Western civilization in the early years of its decline has not brought out the more generous aspects of human nature. In the best of times a materialistically oriented society appeals to the more material and less spiritual aspects of human beings. A period of social decline leads away from principled conduct toward unashamed opportunism.

The current generation, born and reared in a disintegrating civilization has been sorely tested and tried. From such tests the strong and purposeful are likely to emerge stronger and more determined. For the weak and vacillating the consequences are likely to prove disastrous. The individual born into western society during its current "time of troubles" has not had an easy row to hoe.

What has western civilization done to human society as such?

Western civilization has urbanized its society. Until recently in Europe and until very recently in North America, the majority of people were living outside of cities, in villages or on the land. From their flocks and herds or from their cultivated land they fed themselves and the cities. Mechanization reduced the demand for labor power in the countryside. At the same time the growth of industry, trade, commerce and "services" increased the demand for labor power in the cities. Relatively the countryside was poor while the cities were rich. The high prizes were in the cities, bright lights, crowds and the seductive excitements of seething mass life. Incessant human contacts were part and parcel of city life. City landlords collected high rents, city merchants found many customers. City manufacturers could pick and choose their wage and salary underlings among throngs of young and not so young jobseekers.

Western civilization grew in and around its cities. Both in form and function it was urban rather than rural.

Western civilization specialized its society, mechanized it and later computerized it, making social relationships depend less and less on personality and more on the position of the individual in a working team or on an assembly line. Human beings ceased to have names. Instead they acquired numbers on the payroll, on their homes, on their identity cards.

Specialization and division of labor, plus power-driven machines increase productivity, income, surplus. In the countryside goods and services often are scarce. In the city they are likely to be super-abundant.

Growth of wealth and income provide support for an increase in population. Hence the population explosions in cities and in centers of developing industry, trade and commerce. Countries passing through the industrial revolution expanded their populations. Recently, the population of some countries has doubled each twenty-five years.

Western civilization has been militarized as it was mechanized. Every tool is a potential weapon. The truck becomes a tank, the airplane a bomber. War making, like other aspects of western civilization, was mechanized. Formerly war had pitted man against man. Mechanized war pitted machines and their attendants against other machines and their human attachments. The same mechanical forces that built cities, factories and ships converted these agencies of production into instruments of destruction. Each country in the civilized West fortified its frontiers, trained officers in special schools, mobilized young men and women for military service, stockpiled weapons, multiplied fire-power, making western civilization an armed camp, with guns pointing in every direction.

Regimentation of city life, of industry and commerce, of war, of education and public health followed one after another as the individual human became more and more a cog in a vast social mechanism. This regimentation dulled imagination at the same time that it deified greed, with "gimme, gimme;" "more, more;" as its watch words.

At certain points in its development western civilization has lifted itself temporarily above the material forces that hemmed in the life of primitive man. The Renaissance was one such period. The Enlightenment was another. A third was the scientific breakthrough from Darwin and Marx to the research and experiments which split the atom and inaugurated the space age. These gains were offset by the growing planet-wide chasm between wealth and poverty, the plunder and pollution of man's natural and social environment and the terrifying growth of destructive power revealed during two prolonged general wars in one generation.

Mechanized war demonstrated its destructivity, physically, socially, psychologically. Prolonged war accustomed an entire generation of mankind to unnecessary suffering and the deliberate twisting, maiming and destroying which are characteristic features of the war-waging civilized state.

Exposure of an entire generation to wholesale destruction and mass murder as a way of life had two quite divergent effects. It converted sensitive introverts into pacifists. It produced millions of trained destroyers and killers, experienced in the science and art of mechanized warfare. Pacifists opposed, denounced and resisted the warfare state and its progeny. Masses of trained destroyers and killers, the "new barbarians," gained experience and improved their qualifications by taking part in conventional warfare and in the innumerable guerrilla adventures and operations that accompanied and followed conventional wars.

Previous civilizations have been harried, hectored and undermined by migrating "barbarians" who had heard of accumulated wealth and had come to share or perhaps to take over the "honey-pot" and lick up the honey. Western civilization has faced the problem of migration, intensified by population explosion. But the "barbarians" who are tearing the social body of western civilization limb from limb are not outsiders, invading a civilization in order to plunder and sack it, but the offspring of well-to-do civilized affluent communities who have repudiated the acquisition and accumulation of material goods and services, turning, instead to the satiation of body hungers and the freedom of social irresponsibility.

Western man has spent ten centuries in building a civilization aimed at economic stability and social security for the privileged. The "new barbarian" progeny have rejected this civilization of affluence and are busily engaged in fragmenting the social apparatus that has made affluence possible. In a word, western civilization has organized and coordinated, but in the process it has sowed the seeds of disorganization and chaos.

One last word about the effect of western civilization on human society. The West has littered and cluttered the planet with an immense variety and with enormous quantities of gimmicks and gadgets from tin cans to airplanes that fly faster than sound, and rockets that carry their occupants to the moon. Western productivity has multiplied greatly. Too often it has by-passed utility, ignored quality and outraged beauty. More often than not its goods, services, institutions, practices and ideas have remained at the surface without reaching down to life's essentials.

If life can be fragmented into "physical," "mental," "emotional," "energetic," "spiritual," and "creative" it must be evident that the western way has smothered life's more significant aspects under a blanket of trivialities, non-essentials and inconsequentials.

Western civilization has stressed competition, aimed at the acquisition and accumulation of material goods and services. The competitive struggle, in its civilian and military aspects, has played fast and loose with the contents of nature's storehouse.

Through uncounted ages Mother Nature has set up a knife-edge balance among the multitude of aspects and differentiated forms that have existed and still exist on the planet. Humanity has increasingly upset this balance of nature, ignorantly and often stupidly, without pausing to determine the resultant changes. Nowhere is this upset more in evidence than the changes in climate and animal life and their possibilities of survival brought about by the erosion of topsoil. Paul Sears, in his _Deserts on the March_, has told the story. It can be summed up in four words: deforestation, overgrazing, erosion, drifting sands.

Another aspect of man's aggressions against nature is the wanton destruction of wildlife--like the American bison and the wood pigeon.

Still another example is the extraction from the earth's crust of minerals and metals accumulated through ages and used to turn out frivolous gadgets or, more disastrously, the materials and machines of civilized warfare. Instead of conserving natural wealth, rationing it and thus extending its use to succeeding generations, western man has burnt it up in the firestorms deliberately kindled during the seven disaster years from 1939 to 1945.

In the course of its existence western civilization has replaced food gatherers, cultivators and artisans by hucksters and professional destroyers of mankind and ravagers of the living space afforded by the earth's land mass.

Western civilization has done its most far-reaching disservice to mankind by separating and estranging man from nature. For ages man lived with nature as one aspect of an evolving ecological balance. Civilization's basic unit--the city--as it sprawls, cuts off man from more and more contacts with the earth and its multitudinous life forms; with fresh air, sunshine, starshine; with nature's sequences--day and night, the procession of the seasons; with the birth, growth, death animating so many of nature's aspects. The city is man-made. Well planned, properly built and organized, it might have become an ornament beautifying and exalting nature. Page the cities of the West one by one--they are monotonous, ungainly, ugly slums and rookeries set off by an occasional bit of creative architecture.

Western civilization has differed in certain respects from the long line of its predecessors, stretching back through the centuries. In one sense it has matured, ripened, taking its ideas and practices from its nearest of kin. In the course of its life cycle it has already made distinctive contributions:

1. It has become more nearly planet-wide than any of its known forerunners.

2. It has developed unique approaches and controls through its science and its technology, inaugurating the power age by making riotous use of nature's energy sources.

3. It has extended man's conquest of the planet and begun his adventures into space.

4. It has enlarged the field of human creativity by increasing the number and proportion of men and women trained and experienced in productive and creative enterprises.

5. It has opened the door to study and experimentation in extrasensory perception--man's "sixth" sense.

6. It has made possible an unprecedented increase in the human population of the planet.

7. It has raised its potential for destruction far above and beyond its potential for production and construction.

8. It has brought together, classified and indexed the ideas, materials, techniques and generalizations which made possible this study of civilization, its appearances, disappearances and reappearances.

9. Europeans have carried the burdens of western civilization and inherited its disintegrative consequences for so long a period that the fate of western civilization and the fate of present day Europe are closely interwoven. Western civilization seems to have reached and passed the zenith of its lifecycle without achieving the political integration, the stability or the unified authority attained by the Romans and the Egyptians at the high points in their lifecycles.

CHAPTER FIVE

FEATURES COMMON TO CIVILIZATIONS

Each civilization that has left legible records or significant traditions during the past five or six thousand years has made distinctive contributions that modified the culture pattern of its predecessors and its contemporaries. At the same time all of the civilizations have had certain common features that are the characteristic aspects which justify the general definition of civilization presented in the Introduction to this study.

Civilization is the most comprehensive, extensive and inclusive life pattern achieved by terrestrial humanity. Starting locally and following the three basic principles of urbanization, expansion and exploitation, each civilization has charted a course that led from tentative local beginnings through a cycle of growth, maturity, decline, decay and dissolution.

The civilizing process is essentially collective, subordinating the interests of each part to the interests of the whole, while allowing sufficient home rule to enable each part to have the political, economic and cultural advantages enjoyed by the other parts, always excepting the privileged position occupied by the civilization's dominant empire and its nucleus.

Necessarily a civilization is composed of more or less disparate segments, each one (before its inclusion in the collective whole) maintaining a large measure of sovereign independence. Utilizing advanced techniques of communication, exchange, and transportation, the separate sovereign units are coordinated, consolidated, unified and universalized. The result is an aggregate of parts, differing in many local respects, but acknowledging the authority of the power center and contributing material goods and manpower to its support and defense. The main sociological purpose of each civilization has been to impose central authority and universality upon political, economic and ideological diversity.

Every civilization has been confronted with the advantages of unity over diversity. Every civilization has professed its devotion to unity. Every civilization at one or another stage in its development has subordinated unity to the increasingly insistent demands of diversity.

For at least six thousand years one civilization after another has sought to achieve centralization and universality. In every instance of which history provides a legible record, centralized, universalized institutions and practices have fragmented into diversity and stubborn localism.

Western civilization is part and parcel of this generalization. Generation by generation and century by century it has professed and proclaimed the advantages of universality while it yielded to the persistent demands of nationalism, regionalism and localism. Throughout the latter years of the nineteenth century the will to unify gained much ground. The tide turned with the turn of the century. For the first half of the present century the forces of unity and of diversity seemed stalemated. War's end in 1945 saw the shadow of a universal state flicker across the screen of history. With the adjournment of the Bandung Conference in 1955 the shadow dissolved and was replaced by the strident nationalisms that have become an outstanding feature of planetary politics, economics and social organization.

Despite the insistence of reason and experience that strength and stability are the result of unity,--tradition, custom and habit have held human society at the level of political, economic and ideological diversity. Nowhere in history is this generalization more emphatic than in the failure of the European standard-bearers of western civilization to replace a millennium of diversity, discord and conflict by a unified, coordinated, co-existing, cooperating European community.

At its best a civilization is insecure and even unstable, disturbed and upset by an increasing domestic struggle for preferment and power that includes rivalry, competition, revolt, rebellion, civil war and wars of self-determination carried on by unassimilated regional, provincial and colonial elements. From beyond their frontiers civilizations have been assailed by rival aspirants for power, by armed bands in search of plunder or by migrating peoples seeking greener pastures. All of these forces have held the ground for diversity and barred the way to universality.

Another factor of great consequence leading to the instability of civilizations has been the concentration of wealth, power, privilege, comfort and security in the hands of a minority, in sharp contrast with poverty and insecurity among the less well-placed majority. Generally, the privileged minority has been relatively small and the exploited majority overwhelmingly large.

Still another disturbing factor in each civilization is the transformation of its military arm from a means of defense against external enemies into a major factor in the direction of domestic affairs. The professional military build-up has frequently usurped the state power and became king-maker by virtue of its monopoly of weapons, organization, and its highly trained personnel of professional destroyers and killers.

Upset by one or another of these disturbing and disruptive forces, civilized populations have panicked and retreated from their collectiveness toward more localized, more fragmented, less social and more individual life patterns. Such a retreat rounds out the later phases of a cycle of civilization--the phases of decline and final dissolution.

Civilizations perish in the first instance because of internal contradictions and conflicts, the struggle to grab, monopolize, and keep wealth, status, power.

They perish because of the division of the nucleus and its associates and dependencies between those who work for a living, those who have an unearned income and those parasites who scrounge for a living. They perish because of the hard class and caste lines that grow out of economic contradictions; because of the development of a social pyramid, layer above layer, until the summit is reached where there is standing room for only a few. Competent, talented persons may rise from level to level in this pyramid. A political and social bureaucracy develops which feeds at the public trough. Then comes a bitter struggle to get both feet in the trough and keep them there side by side with an equally determined effort to exclude outsiders and other intruders. An army of volunteers and novices is converted into a military establishment which becomes a state within the state, extending its control until it makes policy, selects top leaderships and carries on its internal feuds and wars of succession dividing the defense forces and using them for partisan purposes. Overhead costs rise; deficits in the public treasury grow; so does public debt. Inflation follows, and the debasement of the currency. Levies are made on private wealth for public purposes. There is expropriation of the property of political enemies. Espionage, secret agents, the growth of informers become part of the society, along with the use of assassination as a political weapon, the increase of violence and crime, and eventually, a flight from the cities.

This tragic enumeration only skims the surface of the many and various aspects of a situation that reaches its breaking point in civil war, famine, pestilence and eventually in depopulation.

Social dissolution is accelerated by provincial revolts against central authority; by survival struggle between the empires which were coordinated and consolidated into the civilization; by revolt in the subordinate and dependent segments of the civilization; by rivalry and conflict between racial, cultural and political sub-groups forced into the civilization, held there by coercion, policed by armed force and taking the first opportunity to win political independence and self determination.

While the momentum for expansion lasted, the civilization grew in wealth and power. When it waned, disintegration set in. Changelessness seems to be impossible in a social group. A civilization either expands or withers, builds up or falls to pieces.

Starting from one or more local groups, each civilization has reached out "to conquer the world", occupy it, organize it, dominate it, exploit it, perpetuate itself. In each case expansion, occupation, domination and exploitation are limited by human capacity (human nature); by the relative brevity of a single human life; by the extreme variations in the capacity of successive leaders. It is limited by geography; by the means of transportation and communication; by overhead costs that increase geometrically as the civilization expands arithmetically; by the means of delegating responsibility; by accounting devices, available raw materials and labor power; by power struggles inside the ruling oligarchies; by the failure to maintain a balance between centerism and localism; by growing local demands for self-determination; by the invasion of nomads seeking to plunder the tempting honey pot at the nucleus of the civilization.

Such limitations are political, economic and sociological. Psychological forces are also at work. The vigor and vitality of the early builders gradually spends itself. The will to austerity and the sense of loyalty and social responsibility are diffused and diluted. Bureaucracy degenerates into a rat race. The paralysis of parasitism replaces the will to power. Physical gratification gains priority over the service of the gods. Consistently, through its entire written history, civilization has been built upon what the civil law of all nations calls "robbery with violence". In every instance when the robbers have grabbed everything in sight, and gorged to the point of physical satiety, they fall to quarreling among themselves or turn with boredom and disgust from the whole sodden mess of discord, disorder and degeneration.

Each step, from the establishment of an urban nucleus of expansion, through the building of rival empires to the final struggle for supreme power, involves the violent subordination of lesser interests to the interests of one supreme authority. Violence takes precedence over persuasion and negotiation. In each case the final appeal is to armed combat using the most sophisticated weapons available.

During the "time of troubles" which overtakes each civilization, war and the threat of war become normal aspects of domestic and international relations. A specialized war-making bureaucracy is organized; war plans are made; war games (rehearsals) are

carried on, and wars are fought as a means of determining which nation or combination of nations shall have access to raw materials and markets, dominate the trade routes, control the weaker peoples, own and exploit the colonies.

To the victor, war is the means of extending national or imperial frontiers and legalizing expansion at the expense of the vanquished. Defeat in war leads to the imposition of indemnities, the payment of tribute, the transfer of territory to the victor and in extreme cases the extermination of the defeated nations or empires.

Settlements imposed by violence and policed by victors lead to resentment, antagonism, hatred and the build-up of a desire for revenge, including the restoration to the vanquished of lost territories. The logical outcome of such a situation is preparation for a war of independence by the vanquished, countered by military occupation, rigid suppression, and exploitation by the victors in the previous struggle.

War is taken for granted as an instrument of policy. It is employed by civilized nations and empires as a means of expansion. Wars of independence and restitution follow conquest, dismemberment and annexation. Civilized nations and empires prepare for war and wage war as a normal aspect of civilized life.

Civilization, and in particular western civilization, is a time-bomb, built to detonate and scatter its fragments far and wide. It is a type of booby trap in which humanity has been caught periodically and horribly mangled. Without exception, each civilization has contained the forces and equipment needed for its own annihilation. At no time reported by history has this formulation been more obvious than during the decades immediately following war's end in 1945. Destructivity was lifted to new levels of efficiency by electronic communication, the tank and the airplane. It was further escalated by atomic fission and nuclear fusion. Advances in science and technology had made dramatic increases in the tempo of production and construction. Utilization of atomic energy had stepped up destructivity to the nth power.

Based on assumptions that oft-repeated experience has proved to be false and misleading, civilization in the 1970's is unstable and insecure. Most civilizations are strangled in their cradles or plundered and demolished in the course of the never-ending political, economic and military conflicts which have marked and marred civilizations since the dawn of history. The national and imperial survivors of these struggles in every known instance have been largely or wholly led by military adventurers and plunderers in search of booty, fame and power. With professional plunderers, destroyers and murderers occupying the seats of power, it is only a question of time and occasion before rising overhead costs and the misfortunes of war result in their overthrow and replacement by better organized, better armed invaders who slaughter and enslave their predecessors and usurp and abuse their power. Of necessity, civilizations are self-destructive, built as they are on the ebb and flow of power struggle.

Successive conflicts involve an indefinite volume of overhead costs, which grow with the intensity and extent of the expansive survival struggle, creating a series of crises along a path that leads to self-destruction and the return of the experimenters to a condition of pre-civilized self-containment.

We in the West, looking back on our own immediate history, refer to this pre-civilized status as the Dark Ages. Actually, such Dark Ages are the transition stages between two periods of experiments with the building of civilizations. In view of this oft-repeated experience, modern man must look upon an epoch of civilization not as a way of life, but an adventure of suicidal self-degradation and ultimate self-destruction.

Each cycle of civilization has had its peculiarities, determined by the geographical and historical factors surrounding its origin and development. Yet all have had features in common. Among the common features we would list:

1. A revolutionary movement within the societies under consideration. In each experiment with civilization the culture pattern was transformed from pastoral and/or agricultural to a culture based on trade, commerce and finance; from rural to urban; from simple to complex; from local toward universal.

2. In each case an independent, self-directing, expanding state was built around an urban center.

3. In each experiment a simple, local, social structure was extended, expanded, specialized, sub-divided, integrated, consolidated.

4. In each experiment a relatively static society passed into the control of an emerging class of peddlers, merchants, traders, speculators, business enterprisers and professionals who were not directly involved in the conversion of nature's gifts into goods and services ready for human use, but in political and cultural practices which enabled the emerging bourgeois class to stabilize and extend its wealth and power and build an economic structure that augmented unearned income and laid the foundation for

predation, exploitation and parasitism.

5. In each experiment an amateur apparatus for defense and/or aggression matured into a professional military means for enlarging the geographical area and strengthening the economic and political authority of the new trading-ruling classes. In each empire and each civilization there was an evolution of "defense" forces from voluntary to professional status, from subordinate to dominant status, from participation in public life to political supremacy over all aspects of public life.

6. In each experiment massed labor power (slave, serf, or wage-earner) was assembled, organized and trained to build roads, bridges, aqueducts, housing facilities and eventually to operate agriculture, construction, industry, trade and commerce, public utilities and other services in the interests of an oligarchy.

7. In each experiment a capital city (and associated cities) became the nucleus for accumulating wealth, constructing public buildings, providing means of transportation and sources from which raw materials could be secured for city maintenance and for the provision of sanitary facilities, means of recreation and diversion.

8. In each experiment there was a competitive struggle between rival communities, each passing through the rural-urban transformation. The result was an increasing conflict for survival, for expansion and for local supremacy.

9. Each experiment expanded along lines that led the more successful to build traditional empires consisting of wealth-power centers and peripheries of associates and dependents.

10. Each experiment produced a competitive survival struggle between rival empires that would determine eventual supremacy.

11. In each experiment one among the local and regional contestants defeated, conquered, dismembered, assimilated or destroyed its rivals and emerged as victor, giving its name to a civilization: Egyptian, Babylonian, Persian, Roman.

12. In each experiment the victims of imperial aggression, conquest, exploitation and assimilation, conspired, united, resisted and revolted against the dominant power. The result was endemic civil war.

13. Within each experiment, as the civilization matured, the same confrontations appeared at the nuclear center and in the provincial-colonial periphery:

a. Extremes of riches side by side with slum-dwelling poverty.

b. Expanding unearned income, with one class (the propertied and privileged) owning for a living and another class (peasants, artisans, serfs, slaves) working for a living.

c. Intensified exploitation of mass labor side by side with the proliferation of parasitism throughout the body social, consisting of individuals and social sub-groups whose contribution in the form of goods produced and services rendered was less than the cost of maintaining the participants.

d. Economic stagnation. Public spending in excess of public income; higher levies and taxes to replenish the empty treasury; rising prices due to excess of demand over supply; public borrowing with no means for repayment; the issue of money without corresponding reserves; degradation of currency through decrease of its metal content; unemployment among citizens due chiefly to increase in forced labor of war captives and other slaves; public insolvency due to territorial over-expansion; excessive overhead costs; nepotism, bribery, corruption in public service; an over-large bureaucracy feeding at the public trough.

e. Revolution in the nuclear center and fierce suppression. Provincial revolt. Revolt in the colonies. Endemic civil war.

f. Migration toward the central honey-pot; invasion by rivals and adventurers seeking to control it, plunder it and guzzle its contents.

g. Dissolution of the society; boredom; ennui; loss of purpose and direction; growing dissension; power struggle and avoidance of responsibility for trends that were little understood and generally beyond the control of existing officialdom.

Histories of individual nations and empires and histories of civilizations and civilization assemble and present a great body of factual information which support and substantiate this factual summary. The present study aims to organize the facts, to compare them and to draw conclusions as to the benefits and detriments; the practicality or futility; the wisdom or folly of building empires and merging them into civilizations.

These conclusions are based on several thousand years of experiment and experience with the civilized life pattern. Time after time, in age after age, human beings by the millions have poured faith, hope and unbounded energy, devotion and dedication into the upbuilding of the urban nuclei of successive civilizations. Details have varied. Ultimate conclusions have been the same. One civilization after another has passed into the limbo of history leaving, sometimes, splendid ruins as a testimonial to its evident inadequacy to meet the survival needs of oncoming generations.

Such conclusions, based on history, are underlined by current experience with the over-ballyhooed, over-priced variant of the life pattern which signs itself western civilization. Dating from the Crusades a thousand years ago, western civilization has been promoted, built up and carried forward by the blood, sweat and tears of credulous, hopeful, eager human beings. Its promises have been wonderful; its performance, especially since 1900, has been pitifully inadequate, superficial and unsatisfying.

Part II

A Social Analysis of Civilization

CHAPTER SIX

THE POLITICS OF CIVILIZATION

Several thousand years ago humankind began experimenting with the life style which we are now calling civilization. Presumably it was not thought out and blueprinted in advance but worked out by trial and error, episode by episode, step by step--perhaps, also, leap by leap.

Historical and contemporary experiments with this lifestyle supply a fund of valuable information, some of which has been covered in the earlier chapters of this book. Our next task is to analyze and classify this information under four headings: the politics, the economics, the sociology and the ideology of civilization. (When the information is properly arranged, we can do something with it and about it.)

Politics is the part of social science and engineering which is concerned with the organization, direction and administration of human communities. We use the word to cover the conduct of public affairs in any social group more extensive than a family. Hence we refer to village politics, town politics, national politics, international politics and, in the present instance, to the politics of civilization as a way of life.

Each sample, referred to in our examination of typical civilizations, was built around a center, nucleus or homeland consisting of one or more cities with their adjacent hinterlands. The nucleus of the developing civilization was also the nucleus of an empire. Each nucleus was a center of planned production; accumulating wealth, growing population and expanding authority. Certain locations are better suited than others to provide the essentials of a civilization nucleus.

The first requirement for a nucleus is a tolerable climate, primarily a satisfactory balance between heat and cold. Before the general use of fire as a source of warmth human populations were concentrated at or near the tropics. With the increasing use of artificial heating and lighting human beings were able to cluster farther and farther away from concentrated equatorial sunlight.

The second requirement of such a location is a strategic position in a crossroads, in a network of transportation and communication.

The third requirement is a readily available source of the food and building materials necessary to feed, house, and clothe a community and provide it with some of the niceties of daily living.

The fourth requirement is the presence of sufficient man-power to operate the nucleus and provide a surplus for defense and for its extension and expansion.

The fifth requirement is defensibility against aggression or invasion.

The sixth essential is the availability of sufficient raw materials to meet the requirements of the nucleus, provide the exports needed to maintain a favorable trade balance for the nucleus and permit of its expansion, advancement and enrichment.

Seventh, and in some ways, the most important requirement for the establishing of an empire or a civilization nucleus, is the presence of a will to live, a will to grow, a will to advance, competence in management, and a dogged persistence that will remain constant through generations or centuries of adversity, and still more demanding, through long periods of security, comfort and affluence.

Eighth, and by no means least important, is the capacity to fight and win the aggressive trade and military wars incidental to the defense and expansion of the nucleus, of the empire, and eventually of the civilization.

The ninth requirement is tolerance, receptivity to new ideas and practices, the capacity to adapt and to assimilate the outside elements which are constantly incorporated into the growing, expanding empire or the civilization.

Finally, as we read the history and observe the development of nuclei, empires and civilizations, we are impressed by the role of outstanding individuals who occupy positions of responsibility over sufficiently long periods or with sufficient intensity to leave a lasting impression on the ideas, practices and institutions of their times. This requirement covers the practice of effective leadership.

Our concern, at this point, lies primarily with the first eight of these requirements for survival and success in building up empires and civilizations.

Empires and civilizations are established during periods of social expansion when the up-building and out-going urges are widely felt. The surge produces not a single center of growth and expansion but dozens or scores of competitors, each aiming to win and keep a position well in advance of its rivals. The resulting up-surge and free-for-all, which usually lasts for centuries, is a characteristic and recurring feature in the political life of every civilization.

This statement is less a requirement for success in organizing the nucleus of a civilization, than a generalization about the natural and social milieu out of which competing nuclei arise. Success of one among the many competitors is a characteristic feature of the struggle for nuclear survival, development and perhaps for eventual supremacy.

From earliest times waterways have provided the readiest means of getting about. All that was needed was a hollow log, a raft, a primitive canoe. Movement by land was impeded by mountains, deserts, forests, swamps, water courses. Movement by water was a natural.

More and bigger boats required shelter against storms and protection against destruction by enemies. A good harbor with an adjacent walled town or city was the answer to this need.

Good harbors and navigable waterways are notably absent along the west coast of South America and notably present in the Eastern Mediterranean. Consequently, the South American West Coast line is sparsely settled to this day, while the Eastern Mediterranean has been crowded with peoples, teemed with trade and commerce, carried largely by sea, between cities that occupied the best access to waterways.

Safe harbors and navigable waterways made trade and transport easy and cheap. As each wave of human advance turned from animal husbandry and agriculture to bourgeois practices of industry, commerce and finance, locations at strategic points along trade routes were first occupied by occasional markets and fairs and eventually by trading towns and cities. Geography was a decisive factor.

Fertility was equally important. In the early stages of social development transportation was difficult, dangerous and expensive. Sources of food and building materials were found within a short distance of the growing trade center. Again geography played a decisive role. A deep, sheltered harbor backed by a desert could not attract and support a thriving trade center. Food and raw materials are indispensable to concentrations of human beings.

The Nile Valley, like that of the Ganges and the Yellow River, provided the fertility and transport, the food and raw materials that have sustained concentrated human populations for many thousands of years, forming part of the base for Egyptian, Indian and Chinese civilizations. Animal husbandry and grain farming, coupled with fishing and forestry, made possible the growth of cities and laid the foundations for the nuclei of these civilizations.

Temples, tombs and other public constructs provided the centers around which Egyptian civilization was built. The stone, wood and other raw materials used in the building of these unique examples of human handiwork were floated up and down the Nile from

their sources of origin. Annual Nile floods provided silt deposits necessary to fertilize farms and gardens. Nile water, impounded during floods, irrigated the land during the long dry seasons. Banked by deserts, the Nile was a ribbon of fertility running through a largely uninhabited wilderness. The upper reaches of the Nile lay in the mountains of Central Africa. The Nile delta, built up through ages by silt deposits, provided a meeting place where African, European and Asian traders could exchange their wares and lay the foundations for the civilization of lower Egypt. The Nile also provided the means of communication which connected Lower Egypt with Upper Egypt and led, finally, to the unification of the two areas in a long enduring and prestigious Egyptian civilization. Once again geography was laying down the guide lines within which civilizations have been built up and liquidated.

Thus far we have noted the role of physiographic factors that have led to building the nuclei of empires and civilizations. They have been parallelled by social factors as men took advantage of natural opportunities to concentrate, feed and house ever larger human aggregates.

Empires and civilizations have been built up by comparatively large numbers of human beings concentrated in relatively small spaces. Wandering food gatherers and herdsmen ranged widely in search of game and grass. Cultivators settled in villages from which they could work the land. If crops were scanty, population was sparse. Only abundant crops, dependable, season after season, provided the basis for large settled populations.

Large, settled populations, adequately supplied with the essentials of life, enabled human beings to organize social centers in which a comparatively few people, tending their animals and working the land, could release a comparatively large part of the population to devote its time and energy to trade and commerce, to industry and transport, to the arts and sciences and to the organization, direction and administration of large scale enterprises such as government, the military, construction and the mobilization of sufficient labor power to carry on and enlarge their enterprises. In its simplest essence this was politics.

Egyptian government, in its broad sense, rested on a class structured society: the aristocracy, the priesthood, officialdom, businessmen, highly trained scientists and engineers, skilled craftsmen and an immense proletariat consisting of tenant farmers, peons, slaves and war captives.

At the top of the political structure was an absolute monarch who wielded power that was limited only by the ambition, tolerance and loyalty of his associates--nobles, priests, soldiers, businessmen and political advisers, and by the willingness of the rural and urban masses to work and fight for their overlords. A number of the monarchs (Pharaohs) ruled for long periods--up to sixty years. It was during these long reigns that the Egyptian Kingdom was organized, strengthened and unified, the rule of the monarch was safeguarded; ambitious nobles were placated or destroyed; and the leadership succession was determined and assured.

The nucleus of the Egyptian Empire was a dictatorship by a self-perpetuated elite, headed by lords spiritual and temporal. Both groups held land, accumulated wealth and exercised authority. It was a government combining the theory of absolutism with the practice of public responsibility. It was sufficiently arbitrary to get things done. It was sufficiently inclusive to recognize and utilize special ability. It was sufficiently structured to carry on from dynasty to dynasty. It was sufficiently flexible to consolidate scattered communities into the Old Kingdom, to unite Lower and Upper Egypt, to extend its authority into Central Africa, the Near and Middle East and parts of Eastern Europe, thus laying the foundations for history's most extensive and long-lasting civilization during the period 3500 to 500 B.C.

I have used the Egyptian example of nucleus organization because of the phenomenal successes achieved by the Egyptians in maintaining an empire for at least 3,000 years. For a considerable part of those thirty centuries Egypt was top dog in the strategic area where Africa joins Eurasia.

The nucleus is the hub from which the spokes of empire and of civilization radiate. The radius of authority and the vast stretches of occupied, exploited territory constitute the circumference of the wheel. The nucleus is the center of wealth and power surrounded by a cluster of associates and dependencies. The control, direction and administration of the nucleus is parallelled by the control, direction and administration of the total complex--the empire and/or the civilization.

The development from nucleus to empire and from empire to civilization creates three sets of political problems: those arising from the administration of the nucleus; those arising out of contacts between the nucleus and the circumference, between the associates and dependencies and the nucleus, and those arising out of the determination of the associates and dependencies to sever their connections with the nucleus, win their independence, and take part in the unceasing efforts to establish new nuclei, win the unending power struggle and shift the power center.

Relationship between nucleus and periphery are the normal outcome of the expansion of a nucleus into an empire. Each growing urban center reaches out for an extension of its territory; for the food and raw materials required by a growing population; for markets that can absorb the goods and services exported by the urban center to pay for its necessary imports of food and raw materials.

Politically speaking, the essential problem is to maintain a relationship that will keep the imports coming in and keep the exports going out. Imports may take the form of plunder seized by the strong in contacts and conflicts with weaker neighbors; tribute paid by the weak to the strong at the insistence of the strong, or trade in which each side gains something. Empire building involves all three methods.

In virtually all instances the nucleus is richer and stronger; the periphery is poorer and weaker. In virtually all instances these relative positions have been the outcome of military operations in which each party has tried to impose its will upon its rivals. In each case the spoils went to the victor, who forced defeated rivals to cede territory, to pay tribute, to give hostages or in some other fashion to agree upon a settlement that left the victor richer and stronger and the vanquished poorer and weaker.

Politically speaking, the relation of nucleus to periphery was that of superior to inferior. Where the discrepancy was very great it resulted in a relation of master and vassal or even master and slave.

An empire or a civilization, consisting of a wealth-power center and a periphery of associated and dependent territories and peoples, led to a living-standard differential in favor of the center. It also involved the establishment of a political apparatus strong enough to perpetuate the relationship by collecting tribute and taxes from the weak and depositing them in the treasure chests of the strong. The outcome was a civil bureaucracy backed by a military or police strong enough to defend and perpetuate an unpalatable superior-inferior position.

Once established, both the civilian bureaucracy and the military apparatus tended to maintain themselves, to extend their privileges and strengthen their positions. Since controversial issues, domestic and foreign, are generally decided by force or the threat of force, the military became the strong right arm of authority.

These confrontations and contradictions created three sets of political problems: centralism versus localism; established central authority versus provincial rights and self-determination; the concentration or centralization of authority in the hands of a select few civilian and/or military leaders, responsible to the central authority, who made on the spot decisions and took action.

Under the institutions and practices of civilized society, the select few were in a position to call in the military which was organized for emergency action and was constantly standing-by. The military was trained, disciplined and held a monopoly of weapons.

Civilizations frequently begin as commonwealths or federations forged in the course of survival struggle. In any such struggle the military will of necessity play a major role. As the competitive survival struggle develops, one of the contending parties establishes its superiority by winning military victory. In the course of this struggle the commonwealth, a cluster of equals, yields place to the pattern of empire--a center of wealth and authority with its associates, subordinates and dependencies.

The strong right arm of politics includes man-power, money and weapons. The politics of civilization faces a simple mandate: establish, stabilize and perpetuate a nucleus of wealth and authority; build around the nucleus a periphery of associates and dependencies.

Historically, the process was a long one extending through generations and probably centuries. Throughout the struggle individuals must have the necessities of daily life. Community activities must be housed, equipped, staffed, supported.

Pastoral and village life were based on a use economy. People produced what they needed and consumed their own products. Each tribe, family, village was a more or less self-sufficient unit. When they were threatened or invaded people defended themselves as best they could. At worst they abandoned their homes to the invaders and fled into the forests, mountains or deserts.

Towns and cities, with their industries, trade, commerce, their permanent housing and capital equipment faced a radically different situation. Since they could not carry their wealth on their backs they must stay put and defend themselves or face irreparable losses. Defense required careful, extensive, expensive preparations: walls, equipment, stored food, personnel. Unless the city was sacked and burned during survival struggles it remained as a vantage point to be held at all costs. If surrendered and occupied by assailants, it was equally valuable to invaders who were prepared to settle down, take advantage of the site, the capital equipment

and exploit the available manpower.

Whether occupied by friend or enemy, towns and cities were centers of actual or potential wealth and power. They were also consumers of goods and services many of which could not be home-produced. Food must come from herdsmen or farmers. Building materials must come from forests or mines. Such raw materials, the essentials of daily life, must be brought into urban centers when and as wanted.

Food and raw materials could be secured occasionally by plunder. A regular supply depended on trade and commerce, or on tribute levied and collected periodically from associated or dependent peoples. In the long run trade and commerce proved to be more reliable and more productive than plunder.

As urban centers grew and developed, they established regular channels of trade and communication, by land and water. Along these channels needed imports moved into the urban centers and exports in exchange moved from the urban centers into the back country or the provinces. At every stage in the process care must be taken to prevent intervention by thieves, robbers or envious rivals. Two devices were used to meet this situation: money to facilitate exchange and a defense organization to deal with intruders.

Money and its uses developed money changers, money lenders and banks. Bankers and banks exchanged currency at a profit and extended credit.

Weapons in the hands of trained personnel evolved into locally employed police and centrally organized armed services, performing police functions and fighting wars, domestic and foreign.

Politics, local, regional or national, developed with the growth of population, the profits of expanding urban life, production, technology. As its scope broadened geographically city survival depended increasingly on wealth and power (money and weapons).

During periods of peace and stability the civil authorities controlled public affairs. In emergencies, such as natural disasters, invasion, civil or international wars, the military authorities took command.

Military authority is an institutional feature of every civilization. In periods of public danger it enjoys complete ascendancy. Like civil authority, the military is a permanent and frequently the dominant feature of each civilization. It is assured of ample income and entrusted with the installations and implements of war making. Both in income and in prestige the military holds a preferred position.

Since military functions center about destroying the person and property of the "enemy"--domestic or foreign--public funds are made available or are pre-empted by the military during periods of martial law. As a civilization becomes more complex and extensive, the funds at the disposal of the military tend to increase. The same factors of extent and complexity lead to larger and larger numbers of confrontations and conflicts in which the military is called upon to play the leading role. Increasingly, therefore, the military is at the center of policy making. Finally a point is reached at which war, civil, colonial or international is always in progress somewhere within the territories occupied by the civilization. At such periods civil law slumbers and military authority is more or less dominant and permanent.

Under the slogan "defense of civilization," military necessity and military adventurism shape public policy, empty the public treasury, bankrupt and eventually destroy the superstructure of a civilization.

The nucleus which lies at the heart of an empire or a civilization has a political life cycle that runs from the unstructured or little structured aggregation of confederation or self-determining local groups to a highly centralized political absolutism holding and exercising its authority by the use of the military. The steps in this process have been clearly marked in earlier civilizations. They are playing a decisive role in the day-to-day life of western civilization. They extend from early forms of government under leaders selected or elected by popular acclaim or at least by popular consent, to more or less permanent leadership enjoying many political privileges, including the selection of its successors.

Under the pressure of social emergency, engendered within the social group or imposed from outside the group by migration, intrusion or invasion, leadership takes the measures which it considers necessary to preserve and/or extend its authority. Each emergency offers leadership an opportunity or an excuse to by-pass custom and/or law, overlook whatever public opinion may exist and proceed to the measures needed to meet the emergency. In each organized social group the exercise of authority has provided the leadership with a near-monopoly of money and weapons in the hands of a permanent military elite. The use of this

elite to deal with the emergency is accepted by civil authority as a matter of course.

When social division of function has produced and armed a military elite, leadership turns to this elite in any emergency arising from natural disaster or social crisis. The outcome is a community directed by a military arm seeking to perpetuate and enlarge its own role in the determination and exercise of public authority, using any means which seems likely to produce the desired results.

Politically, therefore, any expanding empire or civilization reaches a point at which absolute monarchy, exercising unquestioned authority, makes and enforces public policy by the use of the military or with its help.

Many commentators write as though the essence of civilization was its art galleries, concert halls, its universities and its libraries. Such agencies are the trappings, decorations and fringes of a civilization. There is no justification for such a selective approach. The strong right-arm of every civilization has been its wealth (money) and its martial equipment (its guns).

Success in politics has been described as the art of selecting the possible and bringing it to fruition. Every community is more or less fragmented by deviations, contradictions, confrontations and conflicts. These fragmentations begin in the personality and extend through the entire social structure--from the individual, through the family, such voluntary associations as the sports club, the trade union, the merchants' association, the educational system, the political party, the municipal or the national government.

Unrestrained and undirected social fragmentation leads to conflict, destruction, perhaps to chaos. Success in politics rests on an understanding of the chaos and its causes and an integration of conflicting forces behind specific programs and around charismatic personalities.

One aspect of the problem is especially disturbing and baffling to the uninitiated. Compared with the brief adulthood of an individual the life span of communities is immensely long. The individual is at his or her best for a few years or decades. Communities and their institutions endure for hundreds and in some cases for thousands of years. Under the most favorable conditions an individual can hope to play a part in community affairs for a decade or two. Before he comes on the stage of public affairs and after he leaves it, social life stretches indefinitely.

Politics is one aspect of that more or less extensive social experience. Its immediate objective is to bring order out of chaos and replace randomness by purpose and if possible by plan.

In the wake of the bourgeois revolution, which was directed particularly against monarchy and generally against absolutism, the most obvious and attractive social pattern was a republic, ruled by the citizens in a manner which in their opinion was best calculated to promote their safety and happiness.

Under a republican government public affairs would be openly and freely discussed by the citizens at a time or place of their choice by word of mouth, through a free press or in public gatherings. At stated intervals elections would be held at which all citizens of proper age would select representatives and a legislature or parliament where questions of public concern could be debated and appropriate measures adopted. Implementation or execution of these measures would be placed in the hands of executive officers responsible to the parliament. As a safeguard against any miscarriage of the public will, the right of petition was guaranteed. In some instances the right of referendum and recall was provided. To obviate any miscarriage of justice, provision was made for courts, responsible to the citizenry, as an independent arm of government competent to protect and assert popular rights.

Overall, citizens of the republic, through duly elected representatives, would draw up and proclaim a constitution containing a general plan of the governmental machinery. When adopted by the legislature or parliament this constitution became the law of the land. Governmental activities were carried out and laws were enacted in conformity with constitutional provisions. In practice the citizens of the freest republic were face to face with one of the oldest political dilemmas confronting mankind: the question of leadership and followership.

In almost any social situation, from trivial to grave and critical, some one woman or man volunteers advice and often initiates action. If no one approves, the initiative falls flat. If there is a chorus of approval, the crowd follows the lead of its spokesman. If some approve while others disapprove or remain silent, a show of hands is in order. If there are real differences in the group, some taking one side, some another side with no chance of common action, the group may divide into several factions, some remaining in the assemblage, others departing, with their spokesmen leading the way.

In such confrontations there are many determining factors, the experience and wisdom of the leadership; the urgency of the subject under discussion; the depth of the separation between opposing factions; the experience of the citizenry and their willingness to

compromise on divisive issues; the willingness of the factionalists to abide by a majority decision.

Experienced leadership, which has enjoyed a period of public approval long enough to build up not only a group of devoted followers, but a group of place-men and office-holders who owe their positions to the leader, can assemble a bureaucratic or political machine, adopt measures and take the steps necessary to keep its chosen leader in a life job, with the possibility of naming a successor.

Republics have adopted various measures to prevent the establishment of a self-perpetuating dynasty, by limiting public office-holding to a stated number of years; by providing that the office holder may not succeed himself. Political leaders may avoid such provisions by staying in the background, having their closest associates elected to office, and when their term is ended, secure the selection of other associates upon whose personal fidelity they can rely.

All such measures require that the leader keep the favor of a considerable number of his constituents. To avoid this often difficult or disagreeable task the leader and his close associates may persuade their constituency to by-pass both constitution and parliament, enlist the support of the military, seize power and establish an arbitrary dictatorship of admirals and generals or establish a committee of military leaders who will pick out civilian office holders willing to follow the political line laid down by the military leaders.

As republics gain in wealth, increase their power and broaden their geographical base by bringing outside peoples under their sway, their dependence upon military means of resolving public controversies becomes greater. This is particularly true where outsiders brought under the republic's authority have mature political institutions including their own leaders and their own ways of dealing with public relations.

Given such a situation, the control by the republic over the policy-making apparatus of dependencies is likely to have been established by force of arms. In such a case it is only a matter of time and occasion when the dependency will demand the right of self-determination and be prepared to fight for independence of "foreign tyrants, oppressors and exploiters."

Minor inexpensive military operations for the suppression of colonial revolt which are quickly and successfully ended may add to the stature of empire-building leaders. But major operations, long continued, expensive and inconclusive, will undermine the prestige and weaken the position of the most firmly seated imperialist. The Boer War against the British and the wars waged by the Koreans and the Vietnamese against a series of occupiers and exploiters are excellent examples of the operation of this principle.

As empire building proceeds under its inescapable expansionist drive, a point will be reached at which the overhead costs of maintaining the empire will exceed the income. As that point is approached in one after another of the empires comprising the civilization, the central authority will be successfully challenged by the dependent, colonial periphery. Ordinarily, such challenges will coincide with the inter-imperial wars which have periodically disrupted every civilization known to history. When such a coincidence does occur, as it did in western civilization from 1914 to 1945, the bell is likely to toll loudly for the civilization in question.

Measures usually adopted to prevent such a catastrophe--martial law, military dictatorship, self-perpetuating monarchy, divine authority, are more than likely to heap fuel on the flames of rebellion and lead into a social revolution.

An unstructured social group operating under the competitive principle "Let him take who has the power" tends to develop into absolutism. At any stage in the history of a civilization this development can take place.

Civilization, therefore, comes into being with this built-in contradiction: the strong and predatory exploit the weak, but at a certain point protect the weak and nurture the defenseless. Exploitation by the rich and powerful is recognized and accepted as a prerogative enjoyed by the rich and powerful. At the same time limitations are placed on the character and intensity of the exploitation.

This dichotomy is perpetuated by agreements, laws and constitutions which guarantee the property rights and social privileges by which the rich and powerful safeguard and increase their wealth and power. Under the same agreements, laws and constitutions, the privileges and rights of the defenseless and weak, are specified.

Political institutions in every civilization, including that of the West, have accepted and adopted a regulatory structure under which limits are imposed on profiteering. The domestic life of a civilization consists of an establishment within which exploitation can continue in a manner which the constitution makers and legislators consider to be as efficient as possible and as fair as possible to

all of the parties concerned.

As a civilization matures, wealth and power (the means of exploitation) are increased in volume and concentrated in fewer hands. The resulting absolutism with its immense structure of wealth production and its well-organized military arm, imposes conformity to its decrees, servility, peonage and even slavery on the working masses. The masses, in their turn, organize, agitate, demonstrate, strike, sabotage, and periodically take up, arms in defense of their lives and their livelihood.

We are describing certain political aspects of a process of social selection which has dominated one civilization after another. At the present moment it has reached a critical stage in the West. We apply the term "social selection" to the result of this process because there is a parallel between the natural selection of the biologists and the social selection which sociologists observe in the rapid and extensive changes presently taking place in the centers of western civilization.

Natural selection is a process in the course of which many compete and contend while only a few survive and mature.

Social selection is a similar knock-down and drag-out struggle in which peoples, nations, empires and civilizations take part. Many enter the contest but only a few live to write their story in the long and complex history of civilizations.

At the outset of such a contest, the European-Asian-African cradle of the coming western culture contained numerous political fragments--kingdoms, principalities, cities, city states, inert peasant masses, migrating tribes--struggling locally and regionally for a place in the sun, or for additional territory and extended authority. These struggles reached the military level in local wars, regional wars, general wars. In the course of this survival struggle, the weakest and least effective contestants were defeated, dismembered and gobbled up by their stronger and more efficient opponents.

Local struggles--in the Near and Middle East, in North Africa, in eastern, central and western Europe--were trial heats in the course of which many contestants were eliminated, while the survivors continued the process of city, nation and empire building at higher and broader levels. It was only after five hundred years of such conflicts that the outlines of western civilization took definite political form:--a group of battle-hardened contestants, centered in Europe, heavily armed and equipped, intent on protecting and enlarging their home territory and extending their authority over dependencies and colonies in various parts of the planet.

This survival struggle continued for another three hundred years, down to the beginning of the present century, reaching its highest level of intensity between 1914 and 1945, with contestants from all of the continents taking an active part. In this present round the contestants are nations and empires, organized in ever-changing alliances. Some of the contestants are old, scarred and battle weary. Others are young and vigorous, recent entrants in the planet-wide contest for pelf, possessions and power.

During the later years of the struggle, after war's end in 1945, erstwhile dependencies and colonies of the disintegrating European empires declared their independence, joined the United Nations as sovereign states and played active parts in the battle for survival.

African development typifies the process during the later phases of western civilization. When voyaging and discovery became a leading activity of European nations around 1450 A.D. northern Africa was directly involved, but the bulk of the continent--Equatorial Africa--remained almost entirely untouched. After 1870 the pattern was dramatically altered as British, French, Spanish, Portuguese, German and Italian forces moved inland, staking out their claims.

Division of Africa among the great powers reached its culmination when this process was completed, about 1910, when the whole vast continent of Africa excepting Ethiopia, Egypt and South Africa had been parcelled out among the rival European empires. In terms of geography and population, Africa was still African. Politically it was pre-empted, occupied, dominated and exploited by European empire builders, who used the over, all trade name of western civilization.

Excessive costs of empire building, including the disastrous losses of military struggle from 1914 to 1945, impoverished and weakened the European overlords to such an extent that they could no longer maintain their footholds in Africa. At the same time African minorities in various parts of the continent launched independence movements under the slogan of self-determination, drove out the European occupiers, organized political states and declared that Africa must be governed by and for Africans.

Much of Africa, at the time, was organized along tribal lines, which cut across the boundaries drawn by the European imperialists between their colonial territories. The resulting chaos temporarily removed Africa from any meaningful role in the planet-wide contest for pelf and power. Africans are politically sovereign. Economically and culturally they remain dependent on their former European masters.

Politically, western civilization is in a state of flux. Its European homeland is basically divided by potent fears, ambitions, feuds and conflicts, and separated geographically from North America and Asia. Despite several attempts to unify the continent politically, Europe was disrupted, fragmented and weakened by two general wars in a single generation. The European empires were politically and economically upset by widespread colonial revolt in Asia and Africa. Spectacular achievements of socialism-communism, particularly in East Europe and Asia, added to the previous fragmentation a new line of division between capitalist West Europe and socialist East Europe. This process of fragmentation is giving separatist forces ascendancy over the forces of integration and unification.

In Roman and Egyptian civilizations, the period of survival conflict led to the centralization of wealth and authority. After five centuries of suicidal competitive struggle, the European homeland of western civilization is criss-crossed by sharp lines of division. Furthermore, the shift of production and military power from Europe to North America and Asia reduces the probability of speedy European integration.

In the more important centers of western civilization the chief item of public expenditure is preparation for a war of air, water and land machines that may extend technologically into a nuclear war. While we have no precedent that would enable us to gauge the consequences of an extensive nuclear war it seems reasonable to assume that it would further fragment an already fragmented European continent.

The heavy burdens of militarism which western civilization is presently carrying, have unbalanced budgets, which lead to inflation and to onerous burdens of debt and taxes. It seems unlikely that a group of warfare states like the top western European powers can escape the economic contraction which presently threatens them and regain solvency and stability through fiscal reforms or readjustments in tariffs and trade.

Our analysis of the politics of civilization may be summarized in four general statements:

1. Each civilization has consisted of a cluster of empires, nations and peoples which at some previous period have enjoyed independence and sovereignty.

2. Relations between these erstwhile sovereign units have been determined by a shifting mixture of diplomacy and armed force, with war playing a determining role in the process.

3. In the course of survival struggle, political leadership within the civilization has shifted back and forth as one group has succeeded in establishing and maintaining its authority over the entire civilization.

4. A general axiom of the politics of civilization might read:

At the conclusion of each war among civilized peoples the victors are entitled to make the following declaration: We operate under the Law of the Jungle: "Let him take who has the power and let him keep who can." We have the power. We have grabbed the real and personal property of our neighbors and we propose to keep it. Our friends are welcome to attend our Feast of Victory. Let our enemies beware.

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE ECONOMICS OF CIVILIZATION

Politics involves the exercise of authority--the policy making, planning, control, direction and administration of a community. Economic forces provide the wealth, income and livelihood--the wherewithal upon which a community depends for its physical existence, its survival, its geographical extension, the continuance of its life cycle.

There is no sharp line separating economics from politics. While the two fields are different in character and scope, they are so interrelated and interwoven that any successful attempt to separate them would leave the inquirer with two segments of a lifeless social cadaver. In the course of this exposition it will become increasingly evident, as the political and economic lines cross and re-cross, that the two fields are inseparable parts of a total body social.

One civilization after another has begun with a predominantly rural economy that has become increasingly urban as it matured. Food gathering, pastoral life and small scale agriculture were rural. Trade, commerce, manufacturing and finance, concentrated populations, increased division of labor, specialization, inter-communication and interdependence produced the trade center, the

commercial metropolis and the general purpose city.

Herdsmen and land workers, dependent on grass and rainfall, lived close to the subsistence margin and were at the mercy of forces they could not control. Traders and money changers, with an eye for business in a growing marketplace made a more ample living. At the same time the more successful among them accumulated capital which they loaned or invested in stocks of goods, shops, warehouses, caravans, ships. By hiring labor-power they multiplied their own limited physical capacities. By investing in varied enterprises they assured themselves against possible loss in any one of them. They also multiplied the possibilities of profit.

Trade, finance and commerce, by producing a regular flow of abundant income, brought into existence a new field of occupations and a new class--business and the businessmen. Herdsmen and farmers depended for their livelihood on nature, her niggardliness or generosity. The businessmen required only the presence of a group large enough to purchase goods and services, pay rent and interest, work for wages and leave the profits to the enterpriser. Each profit beyond the subsistence level enabled the businessmen to expand, buying more goods, hiring more labor, making still greater profits.

Communities of businessmen pooled their profits, extended their markets, built fleets, enlarged cities. Through joint action they engaged in plundering expeditions and collected tribute from their victims. Organized fabrication turned out the goods and services which were marketed for profits. The resulting wealth enabled the successful businessmen to build houses, stock them with consumer goods and art treasures, hire servants, live sumptuously. Productivity, wealth, prosperity filled their honey pot to overflowing.

Honey pots provide the "good things" of life for their owners. They also tempt outsiders. Honey-pot owners fear pilfering by their servants; fear sponging by their relatives, friends, neighbors; fear robbers and kidnappers; fear migrating hordes on the lookout for plunder. Defense is a necessary aspect of each rich household, neighborhood, city, nation, empire, civilization.

The sequence from productivity, through prosperity, wealth accumulation, abundance and the measures needed to defend and safeguard the accumulations, leads to an affluent community or society. It also calls into being new and distinctive class forces.

I. The business class (hucksters and profiteers), a self-seeking, aggressive group of adventurers, promoters and organizers of bourgeois society to whom _profit_ comes first. At one or another stage in the life cycle of every civilization aggressive bourgeois greed for wealth and power makes itself felt. Their role in western civilization has been outstanding. The business class through its control of the productive apparatus and the sources of credit has been able to surround itself with subordinates, scientists and other experts, apologists, strong-arm squads (police and military), spies and assassins.

II. A middle class, made up of business class subordinates plus self employed tradesmen, professionals, independent farmers and craftsmen.

III. A class of blue collared and white collared producers of goods and services who hold their jobs during good behavior. When not needed or wanted they are pushed into the ranks of the partially or wholly unemployed. Most civilizations have added to the working force serfs, peons and/or chattel slaves.

IV. A class of hangers on--economic parasites--who consume more than they produce. The payment of unearned income to property holders and the creation of monopolies enables this class to live on rent, interest and profit in proportion to their ownership. As parasitism increases and multiplies it proves to be a dead weight which eventually drags down any economy that tolerates it.

V. A class of dependents, defectives and delinquents, supported by society but contributing little or nothing to its maintenance or its advancement.

Every civilization has maintained a greater or lesser degree of mobility between the classes. Mobility makes it possible for those with greater ability and energy to leave the countryside, settle near the market-place and climb the ladder of success. It has also made it possible for policy makers to dump those whose services are no longer needed or wanted by the ruling oligarchy.

Among the driving economic forces in a civilization are hunger, fear, greed, ambition. In practice these forces have proved far more effective than whips and clubs in the hand of slave drivers. They animate the rat-race for pelf, power, "success", which attracts idealism, energy, ability and throws out the carcases of those no longer able to make a contribution to the wealth and power of the oligarchy and its establishment.

Hunters, herdsmen, cultivators, craftsmen, mariners, miners perform services that maintain the solvency of any economy in which they play a leading role. Fast talkers, adventurers, promoters, manipulators, gamblers add little or nothing to the income of the communities in which they operate. Often, however, as gargantuan consumers, they play an important role in building up the deficits which finally wreck an economy.

Accumulations of wealth in market centers tempts the ambitious and the adventurous to enter the rat-race and grab more than their pro-rata share of the honey. The most obvious way to do this is to secure possession of the honey pot.

Far away, in the tribal past of a civilization, lay a period of scarcity in which the members of the community shared the scarce income or starved. As the tribal wealth increased, the leaders, their families and retainers got more than a fair share of the available goods, services, preferment, privileges. At a very early stage the "ants" stored away what they could spare, while the "grasshoppers" had a "good time". Investing their stored wealth in land or productive enterprises the "ants" added unearned income to their normal earnings from productive labor.

Because the "ants" held the wealth of the community they were able to exercise authority and determine community policy. One result of their decisions was the creation of titles to land and stored wealth. A second result was the institution of property-custom and later of property-law under which those who owned property enjoyed special privileges which gave them still larger shares of the community wealth and income.

Wealth ownership and the exercise of authority, concentrated in one person or family, created a basic division in the community between those whose livelihood depended on their labor and those whose income was determined by their ownership of property and their exercise of authority. In the course of time this development divided the community into a property-owning, governing minority which was wealthy, and a property-poor majority whose livelihood depended upon the willingness of the property holding minority to use their land and productive implements in operations that turned out goods and services.

Property ownership and income were protected by law. Labor income depended on the bargaining power of the property-less majority. Property income yielded wealth to the property owners. Labor income, under the pressure of competition in the labor market, yielded only subsistence. Thus the community was divided into owners and workers. The owners controlled and spent or invested the income. The workers were provided with the necessaries and a few crumbs of comfort.

Private property and property law supported by state power institutionalized a basic division in every civilization. One segment of a civilized community enjoyed wealth and power; other segments produced goods and performed services. The owners were rich; the producers were poor. Riches side by side with poverty are characteristic features of a civilized society.

Exploitation has been the economic backbone of every civilization from earliest times to the present day. Each civilization has exploited and used up its natural resources. In every civilization individuals, groups, classes and sometimes castes have exploited or used up fellow humans and fellow creatures to suit their own purposes and advance their own interests.

Abraham Lincoln gave a classical definition of human exploitation in a simple sentence: "It is the principal that says you work and toil and earn bread and I will eat it."

Exploitation of nature and of fellow beings by man began long before written history. During periods of civilization, and notably in present-day civilization, exploitation has determined social relationships. It has also become one of the pillars of every civilized community.

Civilized peoples use up natural resources as a matter of course. The more advanced technically have stripped their environments of replaceable and irreplaceable resources. They have also perfected techniques for using the productive power of their fellow creatures. One way to do this is by owning the body. Another way is ownership of land, capital and consumer goods which enable the owner to live without labor on the products resulting from the labor of others.

Owners of property and wealth receive an income because they are owners. They may be very young or very old, able-bodied or helpless. Their livelihood comes to them not because of anything they do, but because of the property titles which they own.

The owner of land may collect rent. The owner of capital may collect interest. The owner of an enterprise may collect profits. Each lives by owning.

Workers produce goods and services. They are paid an income proportioned to their production.

Owners of land, capital and consumer goods are paid incomes proportioned to their ownership.

Workers work for a living. Owners live by ownership, chiefly of land and the implements of production.

Owners of property frequently are rich. Workers, by comparison, are poor. The line separating owners from workers also separates riches from poverty.

Income from services rendered, from work, is earned income. Income from property ownership, by contrast, is unearned income.

The relation between earned and unearned income is not confined to one generation. Under laws passed by the owners and their retainers the owners of private property may give or bequeath this property to their descendants. In the course of time a community is divided between workers who are poor and owners who are rich. Since the rich need not work in order to live, they and those associated with them may live on the unearned income derived from property ownership. In a word, they may become parasitic.

Parasitism may lead to social decay. Generation after generation, the owners and their dependants may live in comfort or even in luxury while those who work and their dependents may lack simple necessities. This is the confrontation of riches and poverty which has played so large a role in every civilization.

Through the ages, in one civilization after another, the glaring contrast between riches and poverty has appeared, dividing the community and laying the foundation for class struggle and class war, both of which decrease social efficiency, intensify class antagonism.

In the early stages of any culture cycle, barter is replaced by a money economy. Money is a medium of exchange, usually issued by a public authority and used in daily transactions, to pay tribute or taxes and to meet other general expenses. In its earlier forms it is made of relatively scarce materials that are in general demand, limited in supply and easily divisible into smaller units. Gold, silver and other metals meet these requirements and have been used as money through the ages.

Cash money and promises to pay speed up wholesale and retail exchanges in the market place. They fill the bill in normal times. But there are emergencies and other exceptions. One of the commonest of the emergencies is war.

In a previous chapter we pointed out that war is a characteristic feature of a civilization that has passed the top-point of its expansion and begun to decline. Then the chickens come home to roost. Civil war, colonial wars and wars between imperial rivals follow each other, creating emergencies in which demand for certain strategic goods and services rises steeply, with no corresponding increase in supply. Prices increase. The common defense requires immediate purchase of supplies. The public treasury is exhausted. The government borrows from money lenders (bankers). It also prints paper money and puts it in circulation.

If the credit of the government is good, if the emergency is of short duration, matters right themselves and the economy survives without serious derangements. But war-emergency disrupts and sometimes destroys an economy. This outcome often results from military defeat.

Another exception to normal economic transactions is buying on credit--buying today and paying tomorrow. The temporary gap between purchase and payment is filled by credit--a promise of the purchaser to pay later and the confidence of the seller that the bill will be paid. Such credit transactions are covered by notes, bonds and mortgages made out by the buyer and accepted by the seller. Until the debt is settled, the borrower pays the seller interest at an agreed rate. Bankers enter the picture, providing capital and collecting interest on their loans.

Where credit is abundant and relatively cheap, borrowers spend beyond their incomes, hoping to pay later when the loan falls due. Borrowing and over-spending are among human frailties. They are also forms of risk-taking or gambling. Who knows whether the banker who promises to pay on demand will be alive and doing business next week when his promise to pay is presented for settlement? When the promise to pay is issued by a government which decides the value of currency, and accepted by that government as payment for taxes and other obligations, it is more readily acceptable than paper issued and guaranteed by an individual money lender or banker.

Each civilization has had a background of simple use economy--food gathering, animal husbandry, agriculture--in which most of the people produced what they needed and consumed what they produced. Such an economy employs money rarely.

In a money economy those who have cash use it to pay their bills or settle their accounts.

Those who buy on credit pay interest to money lenders. The money lenders, later the bankers, make their profits by helping others to spend beyond their own means. The money-lender also accepted loans from others, promising to pay them back at a later date, and giving the lender a piece of paper, specifying the amount of the loan. The paper promise to pay became a bank-note, passed from hand to hand. It had no intrinsic value, but as the money lender promised to pay cash for the note on demand, it was accepted in payment of debts or for the purchase of commodities.

When a shirt-maker turns out a product and exchanges it for a pair of shoes made by a shoemaker there are no overhead costs. Each producer adds to his wardrobe an item that makes his life more satisfactory.

Examples of simple barter are seldom found in market economies. Civilized society assembles quantities and varieties of goods and services in the market place, invites consumers to choose among the wares and provides money to make transactions quick and easy. Civilized society supplements money with credit on the principle: buy and use today; pay tomorrow. Civilization goes beyond these bare essentials of merchandizing by furnishing transportation and communication, making long term loans at interest, writing insurance, developing the techniques of accounting and management. Customers who visit the market have basic human needs--the necessities of life. Beyond these necessaries, there are conveniences, comforts, luxuries. The markets of civilization cover the entire range of human needs and human wants from necessaries to luxuries.

Civilized merchandizers take two other steps aimed to activate consumption. They develop new lines of merchandise that will have more customer appeal, leading to new wants. They also advertise new wares that will create new wants, bring back old customers and attract new ones.

For the foot-weary customer who has shopped away his energy and enthusiasm for buying more and more, a civilized marketplace furnishes food and shelter, recreation, entertainment and culture--beer, libraries, concert halls and circuses as well as food, clothing and shelter.

These multiple functions of a civilized economy are part and parcel of the changes which have converted the simple barter deal of exchanging a pair of shoes for a shirt into a specialized, civilized market place. They also cause civilized economies to devote far more time and money to marketing goods and services than they spend in their manufacture. In a broad sense, these supplementary costs are "overhead."

Shirt makers and shoemakers convert raw materials and partly finished goods into shirts and shoes. Operating costs of manufacture are minimal in a civilized economy. The major items that go into the final price of the product are overhead costs.

Current accounting practices include in overhead: taxes, interest, insurance and general items. Actually the price of goods and services in a civilized economy includes minimal charges for raw materials and labor and maximum charges for overhead.

There is another phase of overhead which pyramids with each advance in the extent and complexity of a civilization--taxes to cover the costs of government. As the civilization expands and specializes, governmental services multiply. The number of government workers grows in proportion and often out of proportion to the total production costs. Expenses of government rise and with them the corresponding need to increase taxes.

Overhead costs in the village or small town are low. Much of the "public service" is done by citizens who volunteer their time and energy. In the centers of civilization public service is a profession, often well paid and usually quite permanent.

Expansion is a basic feature in the life of every civilization. Expansion increases overhead costs. When American Indians made their silent way through the forests or roamed the plains there was no overhead. Each provided his own means of locomotion. With roads came bridges. With roads and bridges came capital costs. As dirt roads gave way to macadam and macadam to asphalt and concrete, as country roads, winding over hill and through dale were replaced by graded superhighways cut straight through or built over all obstacles, the cost per mile rose fantastically. All of these added costs appeared somewhere in the tax bills which citizens were required to pay.

In any enterprise overhead costs rise in direct proportion to the extent and complexity of the social order. As they rise, they increase the prices of the goods and services which citizens (or consumers) must pay for their livelihood. A good illustration of this principle is the price of an identical acre of land: in the remote countryside; on an improved highway; in the suburbs of a growing city and at the city center.

Increasing wealth brings greater risks. Wealthy cities like wealthy individuals and families must pay for their protection against robbery and piracy; against extortion and expropriation. Among important business enterprises insurance ranks high. The costs and profits of insurance are suggested by elaborate insurance company buildings and the high salaries paid to their officials.

Insurance, usually a private overhead, comes high. Public insurance: maintenance of law and order, crime and punishment, the secret and open police, the armed forces, (land and sea and air) are vastly more expensive. If, to these limited costs of overhead are added the costs of militarism as a public enterprise and the ruinous costs of military adventurism and its inevitable wars, the mounting costs lead to insolvency and eventual economic and social ruin.

Another overhead cost which plays havoc with civilized nations and peoples is the support of a bureaucracy. Increased extent and complexity exhaust the community capacity for voluntary service and lead into an era where the volunteers who carried on the limited public activities of a village are supplemented and eventually replaced by a constantly growing body of public servants. Growing extent and complexity plus the need for finding safe places for those who are useful to the rich and powerful, widens and deepens the public crib. In large enterprises, private as well as public, paper work employs a small army, which must be fed and housed at a level worthy of "a great nation." Business machines reduce the personnel necessary for a given social enterprise, but their high capital and operational costs increase overhead.

Another aspect of overhead costs is the multiplication of parasitic professions. In simple villages, there are few body servants, no able-bodied individuals who fetch and carry at the word of command, or who only stand and wait for the moment when some whim, fancy or real need may call for their services.

Village life, with its limited area and still more limited resources, has little economic surplus upon which parasitism can feed. There is landlordism, of course, but the margin of surplus is small. The city, the province, the nation, the empire present a different picture. Parasitic professions abound and proliferate: money changers, money lenders, realtors, confidence men, gamblers, fortune tellers, priests, entertainers, artists, thieves, robbers, and prostitutes abound, consume more than their share of the community income, without making an equivalent return in production or service. Their support adds to the social overhead.

Another source of social overhead are the numerous followers of the "something for nothing" cult who receive unearned income--an income derived from civilization in its mature and its final stages.

Broadly there are two types of income--earned income and unearned income. Earned income is something for something--or return for goods provided or service rendered. Unearned income is something for nothing--an income derived from some monopoly, privilege, sinecure or form of property ownership.

Property in persons or things has been a characteristic feature of all civilizations. Property owners, receiving rents, interest, dividends, in proportion to the amount of property which they own are not called upon to make equivalent return in exchange for their property--based income. This personal parasitism of property owners is aggravated by provisions of property law under which the owners of property can give, sell or bequeath these sources of unearned income to family members, friends, associates.

Eventually, unearned income, handed on through generations, creates a class or even a caste of citizens who live without rendering an equivalent of services, on the labor of their fellows, adding a significant amount to the total of overhead costs.

Wealth ownership, the exercise of power, living in luxury on unearned income, add to overhead costs, but are accepted as respectable in civilized communities. Another and far less respectable form of social parasitism is the manipulation of social forces in a way that will bring the operator more than a fair share of social income with no equivalent in service. Such is "politics" or "politicising." "Politics" as a source of livelihood takes many forms, some less legitimate than others.

The most usual source of office-holding is the humble work of the clerk, handyman or messenger, responsible for carrying out the nagging routine of government. Beyond this common labor of public service are public servants skilled in their several professions. Beyond and above them are department heads and still higher are the appointed or elected officials responsible for the success or failure of a given public policy.

Who are the occupants of town, city, state, and national positions of authority and responsibility? Preferably they are elected or appointed because of their popularity or are the successful product of civil service examinations. At worst they are appointed as a return for favors or else because they are relatives or friends of successful politicians or their backers.

Whatever its source and however efficient or inefficient its performance, the body of paid public servants increases with the expanding life of locality, region, province, state, nation and empire. With its growth goes corresponding accommodations in wages and salaries, office space and equipment and other routine outlays. Frequently the increase of the emoluments of bureaucrats, especially at the higher levels of authority and responsibility, creates sinecures which are filled by parasites or by individuals who are engaged in shoring up the bureaucracy rather than rendering a public service. The outlays necessary to finance such a top-heavy bureaucratic fabric grow in direct proportion to the age and rigidity of the bureaucracy, draining off public funds into private coffers and adding uncompensated elements to overhead costs. If inflation is a problem, at or beyond the apex of an imperial epoch or cycle of civilization, financial costs rise correspondingly.

The chief overhead cost in every civilization is and has been war. Examine the budget of the United States or any other leading civilized power. From two-thirds to three-quarters of central government outlays are for war in the past and preparation for war in the future.

The net result of rising overhead costs appears in the history of all previous civilizations. They are eating out the vitals of western civilization while we write and read these words.

CHAPTER EIGHT

THE SOCIOLOGY OF CIVILIZATION

Sociology is the science and art of association.

Human associations range from kinship groups like the family, tribe and clan to larger more complex groups like villages, towns, cities, nations, empires, to still more inclusive leagues, federations and civilizations.

In a broad view, sociology includes politics, economics and ideology. For the purposes of our social analysis, we have divided the field into four separate categories, beginning with politics, continuing through economics and drawing our study together under the general headings of sociology and ideology.

No civilization that we have studied can be regarded as an intentional or projected or planned enterprise. On the contrary, civilizations have developed and matured in true pragmatic fashion, taking one step after another because their predecessors had followed this course or because, given the human urges and the available natural and social opportunities, the next step seemed to be determined by previous steps plus the momentum of the enterprise. In the course of this development an ideology was built up and modified in such a way as to justify and strengthen the entire project.

When William Penn received a grant of land from the English Crown, he was already committed, ideologically, by the Quaker faith to Quaker methods. Without ever seeing his proposed home across the Atlantic he drew up a plan for his City of Brotherly Love (Philadelphia), and for the organization and conduct of his enterprise. The entire project was formulated in Penn's mind and put on paper. This is a good example of an intentional community.

No civilization so far as I know, has followed such a sequence. Certainly in the civilizations with which we are most familiar, political and economic forces, the principles of necessity and availability have led to the formulation of an ideology that would justify and promote the interests of the social group which was controlling and directing the community or communities in which the civilization was maturing.

Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that each of the component elements making up the expanding civilization--each people, city, state, nation, empire--developed its own total culture pattern, subject to the pressures mutually exerted by neighboring communities. The aggregate of these culture patterns, separately and often antagonistically matured, comprised a lesser totality called an empire and a larger totality called a civilization. It is with this larger totality that we are concerned.

We propose to analyse the sociology of civilization under the following headings: (1) the structure or anatomy; (2) the function, physiology, or process; (3) motive forces in civilization; (4) contradictions and conflicts, with a final section on the life cycle of civilization.

The structure of human society consists of specialized economic, political, administrative and cultural groupings assembled and maintained in relationships that supply necessities, conveniences, comforts, luxuries for the individuals, together with capital goods and services for the social groups composing the civilization.

In terms of social history the growth of structure has proceeded from the horde, tribe and clan to the family, village, city, city-state, nation, empire, civilization. These steps are not necessarily sequential. Under varying social conditions they have been determined and modified by particular historical situations. The smallest and most intimate building block of human society has been the family. The largest and most inclusive has been the civilization. The family as a social group has existed for long periods, over wide areas, in immense numbers. Civilizations have been few and often far between. They have arisen out of particular historical situations, played distinctive roles, written their own histories and made varying contributions to the sum total of human culture. In the long time intervals and the wide geographical distances that have separated civilizations human beings have lived within more local and less complex social structures.

Civilized human society is distinctive in structure. While it varies in detail from one civilization to another, its broad outline is unmistakable. Each civilization has been built, defended and perpetuated in and around cities.

Between civilizations, in time and space, most human communities have been self-sufficient. Whether as food gatherers, pastoral people or cultivators of the soil they have produced and consumed the food, shelter, clothing, implements and weaponry required for their survival.

The city, whether a political capital or a center of trade and commerce, was sharply separated from the self-sufficient countryside. The city, by its very nature, could not be self-sufficient. Food, building supplies and raw materials were not produced inside the city limits, but must be produced in the hinterland from which they were transported to the cities. City dwellers devised means of paying for the production, transportation and marketing of these necessary imports. The countryside can and does exist independently of the city because it can provide the goods and services on which its existence depends. The city, on the contrary, cannot exist without the supplies produced in the hinterland and transported to the city.

Urban centers of civilization have for their background a pastoral and agricultural source of food supplemented by fabrication, merchandising and financing. Instead of the occupational uniformity of the countryside, the city offers a wide range of occupations, increased productivity, quick and substantial profits resulting in a build-up of capital on one side and enlarged consumer spending on the other. Consequently the successful competitor in the race for supremacy develops productivity, accumulates wealth, expands capital spending, enlarges the scope of the arts, thereby augmenting the city's attractiveness to business enterprise and migrants from the hinterland.

As the capital city grows in wealth and opportunity it requires larger imports of food, raw materials, building supplies, manpower. Growing internal need leads to greater external expansion. Economic, political, administrative and cultural needs not only increase the demands of the city on its existing hinterland, but they lead to a demand for a more widely extended hinterland.

The countryside is the goose that lays the golden eggs. The city gathers, guards and eventually consumes the eggs or converts them into capital forms and lives in part on this unearned income.

The city is the mecca which attracts by its wide ranging opportunities. It is also the center in which policies are made and offered to the countryside as normal facts of life. The countryside accepts city leadership including a higher wealth-power per capita ratio for the city.

Cities, with their accumulations of population and wealth, are walled or otherwise defended. When danger threatens, countrymen often move inside the walls until the danger abates.

Cities and city life increase and expand with the growth and expansion of civilization. Cities are the centers from which civilization grows and expands. Historically, a number of cities or city-states have competed for survival and supremacy. One by one they have dropped out of the race or have been out-classed, defeated and/or absorbed by the victors in the competitive struggle. One location proved to be more advantageous than others. The inhabitants of one locality were more skillful, more far sighted than those of rival localities. Many competed. Eventually one survived the final round of struggle, emerging as the nucleus of an expanding empire and a maturing civilization. A protracted conflict raging first in Italy and later in the entire Mediterranean basin, resulted in the Roman Empire and eventually in Roman civilization. A similar series of struggles, this time planet-wide, gave the British a taste of planetary supremacy in the nineteenth century and opened the door wide enough to give the United States oligarchy a glimpse of an American Twentieth century, which never eventuated.

Occupational differences within the city led to a differentiated class structure. As the trading city developed, businessmen eventually played a dominant role because they were able to command larger incomes, accumulate more wealth and offer more

aggressive leadership.

Nuclei of both empire and civilization were associated with a cluster of allies, client states, dependencies and colonies related to the center by economic interests and by diplomatic bargains or political controls. They paid tribute or taxes as the price of living within the defense perimeter of the ruling elite, conforming to the chief aspects of its culture and in emergencies taking refuge inside the city defenses.

The city center made and implemented policy and provided local leadership in emergencies. Inhabitants of the city enjoyed a superior status and had a higher standard of consumer-living than most of those who inhabited the countryside and the hinterland.

A structured society based on division of labor and/or function enjoys a competitive superiority over a classless community. The structured city was not only richer than the countryside, but it was in a position to provide leadership, to plan and implement policy and act more effectively.

A civilization consists of a cluster of associated allies, clients, dependencies, and colonies bound together by economic, political and cultural ties. Since armed force has been the chief instrument for bringing these elements together, the agency responsible for exercising armed force enjoys priority in a listing of the structural institutions of civilization.

Land owners, often acting as military chieftains, dominated the hinterland of a civilization. The city was dominated by businessmen. The unification of city and hinterland and the complex of cities and hinterlands composing a civilization established a governmental apparatus in which all ruling elements were represented. In the earlier stages of a civilization there may have been assemblies or parliaments composed of representatives of various interests. As the civilization was unified by war, representation was replaced by some form of monarchy in which one supreme commander, emperor or pharoah was the final judge and arbiter. The monarch set up a network of public authority, regional as well as universal, provincial as well as central, and garrisoned it with professional soldiers and sailors paid by the monarch and responsible to him.

Corresponding with this political structure was an economic structure consisting of a central treasury, a uniform system of weights, measures and values, a system of spending priorities, decided by the central authority, a source of income: taxes, tribute, booty, sufficient to cover expenditures.

A civilization which ran a chronic deficit--over-spending its income--moved year by year, through debt, inflation, currency degradation, and repudiation toward its own disintegration and ultimate bankruptcy. The historical record is very clear on this point, especially in Roman civilization and in western civilization after 1870.

Most civilizations have had a body of religious institutions staffed by a priestcraft, which has shared power with the economic overlords. During certain periods in the long history of Egyptian civilization the priestcraft held the balance of power. So great was its ascendancy that the spoils of war and the gains of peace were shared by the temple treasury and the royal treasury. In some cases the temple treasuries had priority.

All civilizations for at least five thousand years have had a professional military of sufficient consequence to play a leading role in policy making and to claim a lion's share of the spoils of military victory. In some cases civil and military authority were merged in one supreme commander--emperor, pharoah. At other times, notably in Rome, after the fall of the Republic, the Pretorian Guard nominated and appointed its emperors.

Well up toward the summit of each known civilization, four groups have shared authority and competed for supremacy: land-lords, wealth-lords, war-lords and priests. Where these four major shapers of public policy and directors of public administration were of like mind, they shared wealth and power. When they differed, one or another enjoyed priority and exercised some measure of control over the other three.

Less personal, but of major concern among the institutions of civilization were the channels of communication and transportation that have played so decisive a role in the life of every civilization. Top ranking among the means of communication were common language, spoken and written on metal, papyrus, paper; a unified system of accounting and cost keeping; permanent records. Among the means of transport were waterways, including canals, viaducts, roads, bridges skillfully built and kept in good repair.

Another significant institution of civilization is the idea of ownership, the division of property into public property and private property and the right of the private property owner to do what he will with his property, subject always to the over-riding principle of eminent domain: the right of the community to expropriate private property for public uses, with or without compensation.

Another institution of civilization is the provision of public services in addition to means of communication and transportation. These public services include a water supply; the disposal of waste; public defense of life and property; food and diversion (bread and circuses) for the needy; fire prevention and fire fighting apparatus; educational facilities, including libraries and reading rooms; outside recreational facilities such as parks and play-grounds. All of these facilities could be provided by the rich and powerful for themselves and members of their families. They could be supplied more effectively and apportioned more justly when they were public services open to all.

The countryside lacks the financial and the administrative means of providing a wide range of public services. Indeed, countryside dwellers pride themselves on being able to provide necessary services on a family, household or village basis. City dwellers learn to regard such public services as a matter of public right. Their existence is a magnet which draws a steady stream of migrants from the countryside into the cities.

Civilizations are dominated by business interests. It is for them to provide facilities for the transaction of business, cash money, credit instruments, installment buying, means for changing money, insurance, discounting facilities. As a civilization grows in wealth and population the political apparatus becomes a major employer, a major producer of goods and services, a major purchaser of producer and consumer goods, a major agency for borrowing, lending, insuring, in short a major factor in the multitudinous activities of a commercial, industrial community.

Classes, class interests and class lines are a part and parcel of all civilizations. They are less rigid and more flexible than similar lines existing in an agrarian community where land ownership plays so large a role in determining social forms and social functions. In a static agrarian community dominated by landlords, war-lords and the clergy, rigid class lines help to hold the community together. In a community dominated by business interests, both labor power and purchasing power must be free to respond to demand and supply. This is as true in a planned public economy as it is in a private enterprise economy. In accordance with the same principle, facilities are provided for the movement of individuals back and forth across class lines.

The specialized, interdependent structure of civilization with its city control of the hinterland, its products and inhabitants, enabled the city-centered oligarchy to accumulate and concentrate wealth and monopolize power, to skim the cream from the available milk, monopolize the cream, distribute the skimmed milk judiciously and thus perpetuate its ascendancy through generations and centuries. During periods of expansion civilized communities develop a dynamism which maintains their ascendancy. In subsequent periods of contraction form takes over, imposing conformity on the status quo.

During their periods of expansion civilizations are dynamic. Their history records growth at home, expansion abroad, exploitation, domestic and foreign under the pressure of effective motivating forces. The resulting dynamism leads to the contradictions, confrontations and conflicts which have studded the internal and external life story of every civilization.

Perhaps the most outstanding aspect of the dynamic functioning of civilization is its growth in magnitude. It might be more accurate to describe the process as an explosive expansion--explosive because rapid and spectacular.

Form limits function. At the same time function modifies and ultimately determines form. The two factors are omnipresent and complementary. Except for purposes of analysis they are two inseparable aspects of every human society. Where form predominates, social status results. Where function predominates fluidity, flexibility and dynamism are the outcome. Rapid change occurs on the home front at the same time that it is taking place abroad.

Growth at home takes place in two fields. The first is the extension of the homeland frontiers, broadening the geographical area of the nucleus around which the civilization is being built. The second aspect of growth involves an increase in multiplicity, variety and complexity and perhaps also a higher level of quality. Increase in quality is an optional feature of growth and expansion. Toward the end of a cycle of civilization quality declines.

For the record we list fourteen aspects of the domestic growth of civilization: (1) population; (2) production of goods and services; (3) trade, commerce, finance; (4)wealth, capital, income, capital construction; (5) the defense establishment; (6) growth in numbers and in variety of consumer goods and services; (7) specialization; (8) formal education, literacy, learning; (9) advances in science and technology; (10) growth in the arts; (11) rising standards of luxury for the oligarchy and growth in the volume of the professional and technical middle class and their living standards; (12) growth of the state bureaucratic apparatus in its complexity and in the number of its personnel; (13) growth of the sources of unearned income and especially in the number of persons living on unearned income; (14) growth of dependents, delinquents, criminals and other outlaws. This list is not exhaustive, but it is indicative of the

wide area in which domestic growth takes place.

Paralleling their domestic expansion, civilizations expand geographically up to the point of diminishing returns, determined by the growth of overhead costs. This process has taken the civilization, its personnel, its institutions and practices into territory not heretofore occupied, sometimes with the consent of the "foreigners", but more often in the teeth of their determined and long-continued opposition.

Expansion of a civilization is of necessity a movement from an urban center and beyond the urban center. Each civilization has been built around one or more urban nuclei which accepted and practiced expansion as the primary law of their beings.

Expansion takes many forms. It may be peaceful, as travel is peaceful. It may be competitive, as trade is competitive. It may be economically aggressive; the search for markets, for raw materials, for investment opportunities carried on simultaneously by representatives of long time rival cities, states, empires. It may be a movement for a place in the sun; mass migration, colonization. It may take the form of planned military invasion having as its purpose the conquest and occupation of foreign territory; the subjugation of the citizenry of the conquered lands; the establishment of an alien government in the conquered territory; the reduction of the "natives" to the status of second class citizens in their own homelands; exploitation of the natural resources; the levying of tribute; the imposition of taxes and the expropriation of moveable articles such as bullion, works of art and other treasure by the invaders, conquerors and occupiers.

Policies of expansion, conquest and occupation rely upon weaponry and war-making as essential instruments. Historically their role has been frankly recognized by builders of every empire and the leaders of every civilization. All civilizations known to history prepared for war and utilized war as the final arbiter in their pursuit of expansionist policy. Empire builders and civilizers have taken it for granted that might made right. The mighty, in terms of military striking power and killing power, have fought over and inherited the earth.

The practices of every civilization have centered about exploitation--of natural resources, of labor power, of rivals in the race for supremacy, of weaker and less aggressive peoples. Expansion gives the ruling oligarchy of the expanding nation, empire or civilization command of the strategic vantage points from which the principle of exploitation can be made continuously operative.

We have dealt with exploitation in connection with the economics of civilization (Chapter 7). Its central concept is the "you work--I eat" formula. In sociological terms it extends far beyond livelihood, into the relations of man with the natural environment (ecology); the management and direction of labor power and policy making; social administration and policy implementation, including policing of the territories lying within the frontiers of the nation, empire or civilization, plus contacts and relationships with territories lying outside the frontiers: in short, with the success or failure, the domination or subordination of the territory under consideration.

Structurally and functionally a civilization cannot remain static. It must expand or contract. If it expands, crossing frontiers and penetrating areas heretofore considered foreign or alien, and proposes to remain in those alien territories, it must have sufficient means at its disposal to continue the administration of its home territory and at the same time to take on the administration of the newly acquired foreign territory.

Home territory administration has as its broad purpose the utilization of available means to attain its ends and serve its interests. Administration of areas into which the home forces are penetrating must attain the same ends and serve the same interests on the "you work--I eat" axiom. Unless the newly acquired territory can attain those ends and serve those interests it is a liability, not an asset, and its continued existence will pose a threat to the expansionist venture.

Natural resources, plus labor power, plus effective management and direction must be integrated in the interests of the entire enterprise. Self determination is of secondary consequence, coming into play only after the interests of the whole have been assured and safeguarded.

There is of course the collective principle under which the interests of the whole can be best served through the cooperation of its component elements. But this is a horse of quite another color. It presupposes the willingness of the respective parts to enter voluntarily into a cooperative relationship. Sociologically speaking this is the antithesis of the situation we have been considering: expansion and exploitation in the interests and for the purposes of the expanding forces. So long as expansion and exploitation are accepted and practiced as the basic principles of any community, so long independence and self-determination will be irrelevant and inimical to the dominant elements in the nation, empire or civilization under consideration.

Under the "you work--I eat" formula natural resources will be utilized in the manner best calculated to advance the interests of the ruling oligarchy. Who will be the judge, jury and executioner in the case? Who else but the concerned ruling oligarchy?

In the history of civilization this principle has been followed systematically. The forests have been cleared away, the land has been overgrazed, cultivated and exposed to the erosive attacks of sunlight, air, water and frost. Wood from the forests has been hauled to the cities and burned, has been used to construct palaces and temples, houses and ships, with no recognition of the principles of priority or renewal. If wood was available where must it go? The oligarchy decided the issue in terms of ostentation and expediency. Rarely during recorded human history have there been oligarchs who said: "Irreplaceable resources like minerals must be used with extreme economy. Replaceable resources like forests or top-soil must be used and at the same time replaced and if possible augmented."

Decision making in the civilizations reported by history has been chiefly in the hands of specially privileged minorities. The purpose of these minorities has revolved around the provision of comforts and luxuries for the decision makers and their dependents and the increase of their wealth and power. Rarely has any ruling oligarchy said: "The continuance of our privileges and our barest existence is the result of labor power applied to natures gifts. We must safeguard nature and improve the health and vitality of those who do the world's work. If, due to unforeseen circumstances, over which we have failed to exercise adequate control, there is some shortage, let the idler and the wastrel suffer. Under all circumstances the producers must have all those goods and services needed to preserve their productive efficiency."

Through the entire course of written history the shrewdest, the strongest, the best fed and most comfortably housed have gained wealth and power, kept them and added to them. This has been the central sociological principle followed by the wealth-owning, power-wielding oligarchs of one civilization after another. Nature has been polluted, despoiled, pillaged. Society has been exploited and plundered. Most civilizations, during most of their history, have been led and ruled by the rich and powerful, who have used their wealth and power to advance their own interests, with scant respect for the hewers of wood, the drawers of water and the tillers of the soil. Those at the imperial center have milked the periphery. Cooperation has been occasional and confined largely to pre-civilized communities. In all civilizations exploitation has been the rule; the exploitation of nature, of labor power and of the social fabric.

The record of natural resources exploitation is well known. Paul Sears' _Deserts on the March_; Fairfield Osborn's _Our Plundered Planet_; William Vogt's _Road to Survival_, and Rachel Carson's _Silent Spring_ tell the story of the misuse and the extravagant abuse of nature. The record of labor power exploitation is less publicized.

Food gatherers like the North American Indians had no machinery and a minimum of implements or weapons. They migrated with the weather and the available game, traveling with their possessions. Herdsmen also moved about in search of pasture. Land workers faced four new problems. They must stay with their land and make a weather-proof habitat in dwellings and villages. They must make the implements needed for farming, building and defense against marauders. They must accumulate and preserve enough food to carry them from one harvest to the next. They must improve and beautify their artifacts and constructs. Traders added a fifth must--they must produce and accumulate stocks to meet the needs of various customers as well as their own greed for profits.

Successive stages, from food gathering to trading and manufacturing, required more energy--human energy, animal energy, and eventually mechanical energy. Part of this energy enabled humans to survive, another part enabled them to multiply. Still another part made it possible for one portion of the population to live without productive work on the work output of their fellow creatures. This exploiting minority was headed by land owners, soldiers and priests.

Landowners built themselves and their dependents strong houses and castles. Much of the labor power that went into this construction was "forced." The laborer gave the landlord labor time in exchange for the privilege of working part of the land for his own support. Soldiers defended the landlord and joined plundering forays on the territory of neighbors. The priests, in exchange for sustenance, mollified "higher powers" and built temples in which the people could gather, worship and be admonished.

Farsighted, energetic, resourceful men (and women), using mass productive energy, built themselves castles, built their priests temples and mobilized serfs, war captives and slaves who worked in gangs for generations and centuries to assemble the raw materials, construct and decorate the buildings, and perform the services needed to operate the enterprises and to provide their owners and masters with the necessaries, comforts, luxuries.

As centers of civilization grew richer and more powerful they defeated neighboring peoples, brought some of them home as war captives and exacted from their defeated rivals promises to pay yearly tribute in the form of timber, metals, food and often of slaves.

Mobilization of energy resources had been proceeding on a small scale for ages. Successful civilizers made this one of their chief tasks, mobilizing energy forces and materials and using them to build palaces, temples, mausoleums and whole city complexes with appropriate defenses against marauders and other enemies.

Administrative networks, adequate to produce such results, planned and directed the construction and administered and policed the operations. Using elaborate techniques of communication, transportation, fabrication, beautification, accounting, planning, initiative, leadership, mobilization, maintenance and replacement of labor power, imposition and sharing of authority, discipline, adjustment to deviation and opposition, means for dealing with revolt and rebellion, the builders of civilization performed their necessary tasks.

As civilizations have matured they have grown at the nucleus, expanded abroad and experimented more or less successfully with various means of exploiting nature, man and human society. Most of the competitors for survival and supremacy dropped out or were forced out in the course of continuous survival struggles.

Survivors of the obstacle race dealt successively with personal rivalries; class conflicts; civil wars; dictatorships; tyrannies; with overhead costs that grew more rapidly than income; with empty treasuries, inflation, depression, economic stagnation; with increases in top-heavy bureaucracies; with parasitism; with hooliganism; with the growing role of the military in decision making and administration; sharing the honey-pot with migrants and invaders; with rivalry and power struggle at home and abroad; with division, fragmentation and eventual dissolution.

Any student of the sociology of civilization must turn from this analysis of function with the conviction that whatever the advantages of civilization as opposed to earlier phases of human association, the pattern of civilization in action is workable only to a very limited extent. Civilization is not an example of perpetual motion. Rather it is a social life cycle, with a beginning and an end, and a peck of troublesome contradictions and conflicts in between.

Civilization is an integrative process. During the course of its competitive survival struggle, potential building units of an expanding civilization are tested out and included or rejected in much the same way that a stone-mason checks and tests the individual stones of which his wall is being built. The analogy is not entirely accurate. A wall becomes a completed part of a total structure. A civilization is a process of existence from conception and birth to dissolution and death. At any point in the process there is a delicate balance between integration and disintegration. As a matter of fact, both integration and disintegration exist and act, constantly, side by side. If the integrative forces are in the ascendant, form is built and function is accelerated. If the disintegrative forces are dominant, form breaks down and function stagnates.

This shifting balance and/or imbalance with its resulting build-up and/or break-down exists geographically, biologically, sociologically. It can perhaps be best described as successive change. It cannot be referred to as evolution except in its integrative aspect. Disintegratively it becomes devolution.

Civilization is a result of sociological build-up at a certain cultural level. It has not been universal in all human societies, but exceptional, both in time and in geographical space.

What has caused the pattern of civilization to appear, disappear and reappear again and again during the period of written history?

There have been many answers. The most general answer is divine intervention by beings above and beyond mankind. Whether such intervention has taken place or is taking place, human beings are unable to say with finality, but several thousand years of recorded history, plus our own daily experience provides convincing proof that the political, economic, ideological and sociological constructs which have appeared and disappeared in the course of social history are, at least in large part, the products of human brains and human hands. They are man-made.

The social pattern of civilization, like other social patterns which preceded civilization and which continue to exist side by side with civilized communities, is the result of human ingenuity and human energy, of human inertia, ineptitude, and the human urges to build, decorate and destroy.

Variety in human culture is caused by the variety in the human natural environment, the human social environment and in man himself.

Natural advantages exist and vary from place to place. There are fertile valleys; there are also mountains and deserts. There are a few fine harbors, but for the most part landings are difficult and dangerous. Certain islands have become the bases of civilizations, but this is true of only a very small number of many existing islands.

Civilizations have flourished in certain climatic zones and not elsewhere. At one historical period civilizations were established in the tropics and semi-tropics. In the present period they are located chiefly in temperate climatic belts.

Another source of differences between civilizations is the variation and the adaptability of certain peoples to the peculiar conditions out of which civilization grows.

Still another explanation of the presence or absence of civilization in particular times and places is the "great man" theory of history. All human communities, pre-civilized and civilized, have had gifted leaders whose thoughts and actions have brought about social changes. These "greats" were the divinely, ideologically or sociologically inspired. Divine inspiration or revelation led to the founding of religious faiths. Ideological and sociological inspiration resulted in domestic cultural changes and the extension of economic, cultural and ideological activities into foreign lands, thus pushing the frontiers of nations, empires, and civilizations farther from the chief wealth-power centers.

Thomas Carlyle wrote that history is the lengthened shadows of a few great men. Arnold Toynbee concluded from his _Study of History_ that religion has been a prime motive force in the building and preservation of civilizations.

Technology has been a motive force of hard-to-define importance in revitalizing, changing, expanding and perpetuating civilizations. Increased productivity, expressing itself as increases in income, accumulated wealth and various forms of capital investment, have provided the economic basis for population growth and the more effective exploitation of natural resources and labor power, advances in the means for transportation and communication, accounting, planning management and "defense."

Among the social motive forces responsible for the development of civilization is the accumulation of wealth in an impoverished world. The most important single factor in this connection was the development of a class of businessmen in a society dominated by landlords, churchmen and soldiers. Landlords, churchmen and soldiers lived during periods of animal husbandry and primitive agriculture on the very narrow margins produced during bountiful harvests. When harvests were bad, husbandmen and farmers were reduced to starvation levels. Lacking means of storage and refrigeration as well as facilities for transporting heavy materials such as food, fuel and building materials, pre-civilized society accumulated wealth slowly in mobile forms (precious metals and jewels) and made few productive investments.

The advent of trade (business) and the trading class created a small but potentially powerful class whose income and wealth were not derived from direct contact with nature but came from trade, money changing, lending, insuring and other activities associated with the accumulation and investment of wealth in profit-yielding enterprises. Only in a secondary sense did business depend on animal husbandry or agriculture. As their primary task businessmen devoted themselves to the exploitation of labor power and the storage and merchandising of the products turned out by herdsmen, farmers, craftsmen. Part of their profits went into more elaborate standards of feeding, clothing and housing themselves and their dependents. Another, and a more crucial part of their profits went into ships, warehouses, and the implements used in converting raw materials into consumer goods and services, transporting them to the markets, displaying them and persuading consumers to diversify their needs, purchase a greater variety of goods and services and thus increase the number and profitability of business transactions.

As this process mushroomed with the expansion of civilization, consumers demanded a greater number of more expensive artifacts and consumer capital goods, from housing and house furnishings such as bathrooms and well-stocked kitchens to refrigerators, washing machines, air conditioners, telephones, television sets, bicycles, automobiles and elaborate recreation facilities and equipment. The expansion of mass production and the mass market paced one another, constantly raising the ante.

Mass production, mass marketing and pyramiding profits resulted, first and foremost in the enrichment of businessmen. Their riches automatically pushed them into a position of pre-eminent importance from which they were able to make public policy and utilize public authority for the protection and advancement of their own class interests. It also called into being a vast array of new professionals; teachers, engineers, scientists, technicians, social workers and propagandists, converting the "middle class" from a shadowy remnant of feudal society into the largest class numerically and the most influential class politically in the entire modern community.

At the same time, economic enrichment and expansion increased the importance of the war-making apparatus. The expansion of civilization has involved a competitive struggle carried on constantly along several fronts, economic, political, cultural, ideological. The means of struggle in every civilization has included the military as a political force and as a final arbiter in deciding who should win and who should lose civil and inter-group wars. Victory and defeat determined the fate of land and natural resources, populations, capital installations, taxing facilities, domestic policing. This deterministic role of the war machine has never been more dramatically in the foreground than during the crucial years from 1910 to the present day, when war apparatus costs have topped the list of government expenditures.

Growth of state functions with the expansion of the economy has resulted in the creation of a vast state bureaucratic apparatus. Heading this bureaucracy are the ministers of state, each with a separate department. Under the department heads are sub-departments, sub-divided in their turn into bureaus or separate offices. At each level, functions are assigned and salaries are fixed. Entrance into this anthill is sometimes by personal favor, sometimes by examination. Once in, however, barring misbehavior, or some catastrophe like the abolition of a particular bureau, the office holder is in for life with a pension when he is retired for age.

Inside the bureaucracy there is a slow movement determined by seniority. There is also some skipping, as when new bureaus are formed or when death or retirement offer opportunities for the favored few to move forward or skip upward. As we read the record, the bureaucracy existed in the days of Egypt's Amenhotep, or in those of Rome's Augustus Caesar, as it exists today--locally in every municipality, province, nation and empire and generally throughout western civilization.

Every civilization known to history has had its priestcraft as well as its statecraft. Statecraft spawned its bureaucracy. Priestcraft spawned its theocracy. Both patterns have inter-penetrated entire civilizations. Each locality, region and district has had its representatives of state and of church. In some instances the church took precedence. In others the state was supreme. As the civilization matured, using war as the chief instrument of policy, the state in the person of military dictators has tended to predominate. In every civilization the state has collected its taxes and the church has collected its tithes.

The net result, in every civilization, has been a ruling oligarchy, self-appointed and self-perpetuating, which has shaped policy, planned and directed administration, exercised authority and lived comfortably and at least semi-parasitically on the backs of the underlying urban and rural masses, sharing its sinecure with its middle class handymen. In some times and in certain localities the oligarchy has maintained a representative front. Elsewhere it has functioned arbitrarily. In extreme cases one man has ruled for a brief period. Generally the oligarchy has held the reins of authority.

Each phase of human society has had its oppositions, its confrontations, its conflicts, proportioned to its magnitude, its specialization and the interdependence of its component parts, its ratio of change to stability and its foresight, plans and preparations for dealing with changes when they occur. Since civilization, of all known forms of human association, is the largest, most specialized and most interdependent, it is in civilization that we should expect to find the most intensive and extensive contradictions, confrontations and conflicts.

Among the many oppositions of civilized association five are outstanding: the we-they relationship; rural versus urban life; subsistence versus acquisition and accumulation; hard work versus ease, luxury and parasitism; poverty versus wealth.

Civilization is not only complex and interdependent in form, it is avowedly competitive in its functioning. Politically, nation building, empire building and the establishment and maintenance of each civilization is a competitive struggle between declared rivals to gain and keep place and power. Economically, the efforts to get and keep natural resources and labor power and to use them to _Our_ advantage and _Their_ disadvantage dominates the field of livelihood. Ideologically _We_ are right, while _They_ are wrong. Culturally _We_ are superior. _They_ are inferior.

The _We-They_ relationship developed very early in the history of the human family. Individuals and small, more advanced groups have reached a level of understanding and living based on the cooperative inclusive formula of _"We, Ours, Us",_ but every civilization known to history has accepted and adopted the competitive, divisive formula and poured energy and wealth into the political, economic, ideological and cultural struggle to take and keep for individual, local or class advantage.

Resulting oppositions fragmented civilization: (1) urban vs. rural life, city vs. hinterland; (2) cooperation vs. competition; (3) acquisition and accumulation vs. sharing; (4) riches vs. poverty; (5) the individual vs. the group; (6) status vs. change.

These fragmenting forces have been accepted, adopted and given priority by civilizations as they developed predominance. As they grew in magnitude they limited or subordinated the forces of integration and unification.

Opposites and oppositions lead to confrontations along class lines, geographic lines, cultural lines, color lines, racial lines. The traditional confrontation of rural vs. urban life is doubly underlined by two factors: first, the countryside operates generally on a use economy with pay for services largely in kind or by barter. The city operates under a market economy with payment for services usually in money. Second, the standards of life and work are more primitive in the countryside than in the city. Third, as the civilization advances toward maturity, city population increases while it declines in the countryside. Consequently vigorous, energetic, adventurous people leave the deteriorating countryside.

Increasingly the owners of land and capital live in the cities, visiting the countryside for holidays and recreation, leaving rural areas to servants, peons, serfs and slaves. Small owning farmers are bought out or expropriated. Unable to make a living in the countryside they move to the city. Lacking city skills they work as casual labor or are unemployed. The city is divided between enterprisers, their subordinates, owners of country estates and members of the state bureaucracy on one side and vassals, servants, serfs, and slaves and the unemployed on the other. The rich and powerful become richer and more powerful. The poor and dependent grow in numbers--protest, demonstrate, riot, revolt.

This class struggle dominates public life in the urban centers of every civilization. The rich offer petty reforms and minor benefits to the impoverished, semi-employed city masses. At the same time the urban oligarchy breaks up into rival factions: the Ins and the Outs. The Ins hold public jobs, spend public money, award contracts and pass around favors. The Outs wait and maneuver for their turn at the public pie-counter. Both Ins and Outs appeal for mass support.

Oppositions and confrontations lead to conflicts which have studded the life of every civilization. Conflicts include wars which may be divided into six groups: (1) Wars of expansion, conquest, colonization directed toward the enlargement of the territories included in the civilization. (2) Wars of survival among adjacent nations and empires. (3) Wars fought to suppress unrest and revolt in the colonies and dependencies of an empire or civilization. (4) Wars fought to repel the invasion of migrating peoples attempting to occupy territory over which an empire or a civilization claims jurisdiction. (5) Peasant, serf and slave revolts and rebellions against the authority of empires or civilizations. (6) Civil wars to determine the leadership of particular empires; wars of leadership succession; conflicts and power seizures within particular oligarchies.

In every civilization final decisions regarding domestic and foreign issues have been made by an appeal to arms. There were laws and legal institutions in many civilizations under which confrontations might have been prevented and armed conflict avoided. Where these legal means failed to provide solutions, contestants turned to armed force as the final arbiter.

Competitive survival struggle has played a prominent role in the life of every civilization known to history. Competition at its highest level employs armed force as its instrument of policy. War, domestic and foreign has, therefore, dominated the history of every civilization. Walter Bagehot called war a state maker. In the same context, war may be referred to as a civilization maker.

Conflict, including war, has played a major role, often a determining role in building and maintaining civilizations. It has also been a major and perhaps _the_ major factor in undermining and destroying civilizations. Arnold Toynbee contends that war has been a "proximate cause" of the overthrow of one civilization after another. No observer of current western civilization can fail to note the determining part played by war during the first half of the present century.

Every completed civilization known to historians has passed through a sociological life cycle: origin, growth, expansion, maturity, violent premature dismemberment and death in the competitive survival struggle or gradual decline and eventual dissolution.

Every completed civilization has had small, local beginnings, on an island like Crete, or a group of islands like the Japanese Archipelago, or a tiny spot like Latium on the Tiber River, or an isolated area like the desert-surrounded Nile River Valley in Africa. The seed ground or nucleus of each civilization has been a small, well-knit group of vigorous, energetic people, well-led, living in an easily defended, limited area, enjoying relative isolation, but also having ready access to the outside world.

At the beginning the growth cycle has moved slowly, from victory to victory, as competing neighboring peoples have been brought under the authority of the victor in local wars. After generations or centuries of struggle a point is reached at which the nucleus of the growing empire begins to expand, through trade, colonization, diplomatic alliances, conquest, into an era of survival struggle in which rival cities reach out for the same piece of fertile land, the same markets, the same mineral deposits. Again the life and death survival struggle tests out the people, their leaders, their ambitions, determination, tenacity.

Earlier struggles were local. Now the struggle area has become regional. At the outset the peoples were amateurs in the science and art of expansion, occupation, consolidation, exploitation. Through the hard school of struggle they became professionals. From

victory to victory they gained in territory, in wealth, in administrative skill. One by one, rivals were eliminated, annexed or associated with the nascent empire which was by way of becoming the central empire of a maturing civilization.

Generations of effort and centuries of time have gone into the empire building process. The farther the civilization has expanded, the greater the necessary input of manpower, wealth, enterprise and administrative talent needed to keep the enterprise strong, solvent, masterful.

Eventually the expanding civilization reaches a point at which the costs of further expansion are greater than the income derived from further extension of its authority. Up to this point expansion had paid its own way. Beyond this point it is a losing proposition--politically, economically, sociologically. At this point begin times of troubles; bad harvests; colonial or provincial revolts; power struggles between individuals or classes in the homeland; new rivals moving in to share in the prospective plunder of the mother-city.

From this time of troubles the civilization enters a new phase of its lifecycle. Up to this point victory has brought plunder and prosperity which have financed new foreign adventures and led to new victories. Beyond this point lies stalemate, economic stagnation, military defeat. Building an empire and establishing it as the central force in a civilization is a long and arduous process. Once the process is reversed, the decline may move quickly or slowly, but as it proceeds the civilization is fragmented and eventually dissolved or taken over by a more vigorous rival.

At all stages of this cycle there have been life and death survival struggles. Peoples, nations and empires entered the contest, played their parts, made their contribution to the up-building process. There were ups and downs, advances and withdrawals, victories and defeats. There were many contenders for survival and supremacy. Usually there was one survivor which gave its name to the civilization.

The period of ascendancy of any civilization has been historically brief. The struggle to the summit was long and exhausting; the descent from the summit more rapid than the ascent. Literally, like the bear that went over the mountain to see what he could find, and who found the other side of the mountain, the civilizations that have reached the summit of wealth and power have found on the other side of the summit a steep downward sloping time of troubles that ended in dissolution and liquidation.

Civilization, as a sociological life pattern, has proved to be seductive and alluring in prospect, but in retrospect unsatisfactory and frustrating. Civilization has proved to be not an opportunity for the ambitious, but a trap for the ignorant, inexperienced and unwary. For the many contestants who set out to conquer the world the experience has been disappointing and on the whole disastrous. For the few who have reached the summit the experience has been frustrating.

Civilization as a way of life is like any other contest. The struggle is good for those who are able to benefit from it by learning its lessons. Whether they win or lose is a matter of no great consequence. For the losers the experience often is heart breaking and death-dealing.

Students of social history have been tempted to draw a parallel between the biological life cycle of an individual and the sociological lifecycle of a civilization. There are elements of likeness between biological birth, growth, maturity, old age and death of human individuals and of human civilizations. All of the individuals and civilizations that we know have passed or are passing through such a lifecycle. The same thing may be true of the larger universe of which we are a minute fragment. However exact or inexact it may prove to be, the parallel certainly is unmistakable, alluring. It may also be seductive and mortal.

CHAPTER NINE

IDEOLOGIES OF CIVILIZATION

This study was laid out along inductive lines: an examination of the facts with such generalizations as the facts suggest or justify. We began our social analysis of civilization by presenting noteworthy facts concerning the politics, economics, and sociology of various civilizations. In the present chapter we deal with their ideologies.

We are accepting and following the fourth variant definition of "ideology" presented by Webster's New World Dictionary: "The doctrines, opinions or way of thinking of an individual, class, etc." In this case we are reporting on the doctrines, opinions, thought forms and action patterns of entire civilizations.

Our concern is not with the doctrines, opinions and ways of thinking and acting advanced by elite minorities. Such an approach would involve a study of comparative ideologies. Rather we are asking what civilized peoples were trying to do, as measured by their political, economic and sociological activities, programs and purposes.

It may be presumptuous for an individual to generalize about civilizations of which he knows so little. On the other hand, if we recognize the limitations under which all assumptions and generalizations operate it is possible and often helpful to assume and generalize, although the generalizations may be no more than interim reports, subject to later amendment, correction or rejection.

What were the prevailing ideas of civilizations and what ideas were put into practice? What purposes dominated and directed the lives of civilized peoples? How successful have civilized peoples been in achieving their objectives?

At the outset we must realize that in any complex society there are wide ranges of ideology, from the body of ideas held by small uninfluential sects to the purposes, ideas, policy declarations and actions of governing oligarchies. We do not wish to defend or attack the ideas, but to summarize them and understand them in a way that will give a group picture of the purposes, ideas, policies and day-to-day activities of the civilizations in question. For convenience in our discussion we will take up, first, civilized societies as collectives, and then the operation of civilized ideology as expressed in the lives of individuals.

Presumably the most immediate purpose of all civilized peoples has been survival, getting on as a collective or group from day to day, through summer and winter, under normal conditions, and/or in periods of stress and emergency. If the group cannot survive it loses its identity, breaking up into the self-determining parts of which it is composed.

Survival means continued existence as a group--in the face of disruption from within or attack and invasion from without. The group which survives continues to exist and to act as a group that maintains the common defense and promotes the general welfare.

Each social group competing for survival has a sense of its own identity and a belief in its capacity to survive. This ideology is strengthened by the belief that the group has special qualities and is protected by powerful entities that will guarantee its success in the survival struggle. The group considers itself better qualified to survive than neighbor groups. Such ideas, carried to their logical conclusion, make the group in question superior to its neighbors in survival qualities and a people chosen by its gods.

A superior people, chosen by its gods, is in a class by itself. Other people, by comparison, are inferior. It is the destiny of the superior people to take the lands of their inferior neighbors, and, whenever opportunity offers, to defeat the neighbors in battle, capture them and force them to do the bidding of the captors.

Cults of ideological superiority are widespread. Put into successful practice by a victorious tribe, nation or empire, they develop into cults of superiority which assert: "We, the victors, are stronger, better people than our weaker neighbors." As one victory follows another the belief in superiority grows. People in an expanding empire or burgeoning civilization are obviously better survivors than their less successful competitors.

Competitive survival struggle modifies the cultures of both victors and vanquished. The dispersal and adoption of culture traits, supplemented by negotiation and accommodation, broaden the geographical area of the victors, increasing the population and adding to the material resources, the wealth and income of the enlarged group. It may also involve the corresponding decrease of the geographical area, population, wealth and income of the vanquished.

In order to protect itself, preserve itself, to enlarge itself and, where possible, to improve itself, each competing groups aims to set up standards of ideas and conduct to which all living members of the group are presumed to agree and to which they must adhere. When new members enter the group, by birth or adoption, they are duly indoctrinated with the group ideology. Early in their history the individuals and sub-groups composing every civilization adopted such standards and promulgated them by the decree of a leader or by the common consent of associated groups, as the outcome of negotiation, discussion, give and take. During the history of every civilization such agreements were reached and recorded in compacts, treaties, laws, constitutions, specifying the nature and limits of the collective cultural uniformity at which the community aimed.

The struggle for collective uniformity was long and often bitter. Individuals and factions resented and resisted the imposition of group authority. Internal conflict led to civil wars in the course of which the group was divided or the solidarity of the group was reaffirmed despite hardships imposed on disagreeing, divergent minorities.

Closely paralleling the group need for survival and uniformity (solidarity) was the need for group expansion, or extension. In the competitive struggle for survival which played such an important role in the life of pre-civilized communities, strategic geographic

location was often decisive. Soil fertility, mineral deposits, timber reserves, access to waterways, location on trade routes all played a part in community survival, stability and growth.

Such geographical advantages are few and far between. Often they are already occupied and defended by stable communities. Their control and utilization are basic in determining the survival or elimination of rivals in the competitive struggle.

Above and beyond the need to occupy the "corner lots" of the planetary land mass was the urge of civilized peoples to advance from littleness to bigness as a goal in itself. Confined by limitations on communication and transportation, pre-civilized man was circumscribed and localized. With the advent of cultivation, land workers were tied to a particular piece of real estate on which they lived and worked. When asked whether the village across the valley was Sunrise Mountain the local peasant could reply: "How should I know? I live here."

Reacting against restricted living and pressed by curiosity and the spirit of adventure, the imaginative and adventurous members of each generation pressed outward from the homeland toward wider horizons. Many traveled. Some migrated. Others pursued the will o' the wisp of expansion by adding field to field. The grass always looked greener on the other side of the mountain. The ambitious expansionist therefore tried to control both sides.

"Move on! Move on!" became the watchword, without any particular emphasis on quality. In one civilization after another bigness (magnitude) was accepted as a symbol of success, because "the more you get and keep, the happier you will be."

Mastery of strategic advantages, plus the illusion of mere bigness, without any specification to quality, became keys to survival and success.

Civilized man exploited natural advantages and augmented his power over nature and society by increasing his wealth and multiplying the population. At the outset of the struggle strategic geographical advantages were occupied and utilized by local groups. Through survival struggle, one of the groups, better organized, better led, more determined and productive, succeeded in securing possession of one strong point after another, until an entire region, like the Nile Valley or the Mediterranean Basin had been conquered and occupied by a single great power. The measure of success in the power struggle is the occupation of strategic strong points. Natural resources, including land and labor power, are among the chief spoils of victory.

Seven basic goals or principles were involved in the building of civilizations: group survival; propitiating the gods; recognizing and following aesthetic principles; achieving and stabilizing property and class relations; expansion (bigness); individual conformity to the collective pattern; and collective uniformity in a united world of human brotherhood. At times and in places the basic propositions were accepted, rejected, fought over. Each civilization which followed them successfully was able to establish itself, maintain itself, and up to a certain point add to its prestige, wealth and power.

The first goal was success in the struggle for survival. Collective uniformity and expansion opened the path to wealth and power, in the city, state, the empire, the civilization. From a multitude of local beginnings the struggle for expansion and consolidation led to ever larger aggregations of land, population, capital and wealth concentrated in the hands of an increasingly rich, powerful oligarchy, protected and defended by a military elite pushing itself ceaselessly toward a position from which it could make and enforce domestic policy and order.

A second collective goal has been propitiating and wooing the unseen forces of the universe: holding their attention; keeping them on "our" side; relying on their influence for defense against enemies, mortal and immortal, and help in providing water in case of drought, fertility, assistance in healing the sick, comfort for the dying, consolation for the bereaved and success in business deals. These multiple aspects of ideology are summed up under the term "religion".

Each civilization has had its religious ideas and ideals, its religious practices and institutions. Many civilizations have divided their attention between civil ideology and religious ideology. In some cases religious ideology took precedence, resulting in a theocratic society under the leadership of religious devotees. In other cases, notably Roman civilization and western civilization, religious ideology was subordinated to secular interests.

In the early stages of western civilization, religious ideology took precedence over secular ideology. With the rise of the bourgeoisie, secular ideology moved into the foreground, making loud religious professions, but also making sure that business-for-profit had the last word in the determination of public policy.

A third collective ideological goal of civilization has been aesthetic; the yen for symmetry and balance; the love of beauty; the desire for harmony; the quest for excellence; the lure of magnificence; the search for truth. Out of these urges have arisen the pictorial and plastic arts, architecture, music, the dance, science, and philosophy, providing outlets, occupations and professions that have colored and shaped many aspects of civilized living.

A fourth collective goal of civilization has been the establishment and maintenance of social structure, including classes and/or caste lines based partly upon tradition, partly on function and partly upon proximity to the honey-pot, the wellspring of wealth, income, prestige and power.

Since the principle of private property has been implicit in every known civilization, the ownership of land, capital and consumer goods and services has been a prerogative of the ruling oligarchies, shared by them with their associates and dependents and used as their chief means of establishing and maintaining the "you work, I eat" principal of economic relationships.

Private property, and its derivative, unearned or property income, has enabled the ruling oligarchies of civilized communities to receive the first fruits of every enterprise. They have also enabled the oligarchs to establish a priority scale of income distribution under which those who held property and its derivatives could have first choice among available consumer goods and services. Second choice went to the associates, retainers and defenders of the oligarchs. Third choice went to the preferred, professional experts who spoke for and represented the oligarchy. Fourth choice went to the artisans--skilled designers, builders, fabricators. What remained went to hewers of wood and drawers of water, the workers, women and men, who provided the necessaries, comforts, luxuries upon which physical survival and social status depended. Generally this proletarian mass, including chattel slaves, serfs, tenant farmers and war captives, were outside the pale of respectability. In a caste-divided community they were scavengers and untouchables, living a life close to that of domestic animals.

Most civilizations have permitted gifted individuals to move vertically, from the bottom toward the top levels of the social pyramid. Vertical movement was severely restricted, however. Generally people lived, served and died on the class or caste level into which they were born.

Members of classes and castes are not free agents. They have privileges and rights. They also have obligations and duties. Classes and castes are functioning parts of an interdependent social whole which can maintain balanced order only so long as each segment recognizes its obligations and performs its duties.

Social balance therefore depended on class collaboration. Successful collaboration, in its turn, is the outcome of a general acceptance of class and caste and general willingness to go on living and functioning in a class divided society.

A fifth collective goal of civilization has been expansion from the nucleus outward, with final authority exercised by and from the nucleus. At the outset of the survival struggle which led to the establishment of one language, one religion, one law, one authority, one loyalty, each among the many contestants had its own language, its own religion, its own law, its own authority.

These rival forces were temporarily confederated against internal disruption or foreign invasion. ("Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable.") In the course of the survival struggle, the separate parts of which the civilization was composed began with the local autonomy permitted by confederation, and ended up with one among the many contestants donning the imperial purple and establishing itself as the master and supreme dictator--the Caesar or Pharoah of the conquered, unified world.

Foreign territories conquered and brought by force of arms within this imperium were subjects of a central authority which they never really accepted. Authority continued to be exercised from the imperial nucleus. The newly conquered territories were policed by professional soldiers whose primary loyalty was national but whose responsibility was to the aggregate composing the Roman or the Egyptian civilization.

The acid test of the expanding civilization was embodied in the degree of acceptance of wholeness as opposed to self-determination. Were the individual members--the provinces and colonies composing the whole--willing and able to sink their differences in an unquestioned wholeness, or were they prepared at the first opportunity to exercise their right to self-determination and declare their independence of the whole?

The resolution of this question constituted the sixth collective goal of civilization: to establish a whole in which the component members were able and willing to recognize the axiom that the interests of the whole come before the interests of any of its component parts.

The issue of central authority versus local self determination has been one of the basic issues of the present century because during the preceding period, the British, French, Dutch and Spanish Empires had been built up by the conquest and occupation of foreign lands. If the nineteenth century was an epoch of expanding imperial authority, the twentieth century has been an epoch of the dismemberment of empires by movements for independence and self-determination.

Seventh, and finally, among the collective goals of civilization, each has developed an ideology that justified empire building by conquest, exploitation, chattel slavery, peonage, wagery, the supremacy of the empire nucleus, the subordination of the periphery to the nucleus and other aspects of ascendancy and mastery including "divine" rights in politics and "natural" rights in economics.

Civilizations expect the individuals and groups of which they are composed to preserve the status quo, work as disciplined members of an effective team and be satisfied with the outcome. This brings us back to the goal with which we began this discussion of the collective goals of civilizations: The primary task of any civilization is to survive.

Each individual human being, living and working in a civilized community occupies a sphere of action, enjoys the advantages and disadvantages and accepts the responsibilities and duties which pertain to his sphere. Within his sphere the individual succeeds or fails in so far as he leads a rewarding personal life and contributes his share toward the collective life of the group to which she or he belongs.

If the individual in a civilized community is to live a good life, the first task is to maintain normal health, good spirits and a determination to get the most out of life and to contribute at least the equivalent of what he receives in service to his group.

As a civilization expands and extends its influence, the individual must contribute his mite to the entire enterprise while adding to his own store of goods and services. Acquisition and accumulation satisfy a human desire to have and to keep. They also add to the wealth and well being of the community on the widely accepted utilitarian formula: happiness comes in direct proportion to the extent and variety of ones possessions.

In most civilized communities the building unit is a family. It is this family unit, usually directed by a male or father figure, who acts for the family and represents it in the community.

In passing, the reader should note that the breakdown in family life now so prevalent in many parts of western civilization is a departure from the civilized norm. It is really a measure of the extent to which western civilization itself is disintegrating.

The revolution in science and technology, mass production and the distribution of goods and services through a mass market have put acquisition and accumulation of goods and services as a life-goal to a severe test. Until the early years of the present century no civilization had provided affluence for more than a small fraction of its population. The vast majority consisted of slaves, serfs, war captives, and tenant farmers. Only an exceptional few were in a position to live in comfort or luxury on unearned income. As each civilization matured, ownership of land and capital diverted the flow of consumer goods and services into the coffers of a diminishing proportion of the total population. The vast majority lived at or below the subsistence level. General affluence was a goal that was talked about and dreamed about, but there was no way to test its practical effects on the population as a whole.

Under conditions presently existing in many parts of the West, millions of individuals and families following the utilitarian principles of acquisition and accumulation have secured and kept an abundance of goods and services in strict accordance with utilitarian principles. Yet they have not been and are not happy.

Quite the contrary, in many cases they are unhappy, particularly in the second and third generations of affluent family life. This is notably true in the United States, Scandinavia, Switzerland and other parts of western Europe. It is true to a lesser degree in New Zealand and Australia.

Millions of families in these countries, with all their possessions, fail to enjoy peace and happiness. On the contrary, they are so acutely unhappy that many of them have come to regard acquisition and accumulation as a sterile rat-race. Consequently multitudes of people, young and old, have turned their backs on civilization, separating themselves from their affluent homes with their glut of consumer goods to live at non-civilized or pre-civilized levels. These individuals are avowedly anti-civilization in so far as its material incentives are concerned.

Similar attitudes were expressed in previous civilizations. Socrates went barefoot through the streets of Athens. Diogenes lived in a tub. Uncounted numbers of Indian holy men and early Christians rejected all affluence, embraced poverty, lived simply and austerely. Religious asceticism is no novelty. But the wholesale rejection of acquisition and accumulation as a way of life certainly

marks a turning point in the popular attitude toward the utilitarian axiom that human happiness is directly proportioned to the quantity and variety of material possessions.

Civilization presupposes getting, keeping and exercising power over nature, society and man. Each civilization has added to man's utilization of nature. This has been a notorious aspect of western civilization since the inauguration of the scientific-technological revolution. After a century of intensified exploitation of the natural environment, entire communities are reacting with dismay and disgust against the resulting pollution of air, water and land, the wanton waste of soil fertility, forests and minerals, and extermination of various forms of "wilderness." Freedom to exploit nature's storehouse has not brought happiness. On the contrary, it threatens the existence of other life forms and even the continuance of human life on the planet.

Private enterprise and other forms of permissiveness have led to practices that circumscribe and hamper life. Their declared objective is the liberation and enlargement of human life and well being. Where they have been tested out they have proved themselves to be obstructive and destructive rather than creative and constructive.

Notable advances in science and technology have greatly increased the human capacity to transform nature and remake society. Designed and executed as a means of enhancing the general welfare, science and technology might have promoted human well-being. But employed as a means of exploiting nature and society for the benefit of a favored few, science and technology, whether directed by European and American promoters of the African slave trade, Spanish conquerors in Latin America, by Belgians in the African Congo, by European whites in their dealings with the North American Indians, by the Nazis in Europe, or by Americans in South East Asia, have involved merciless exploitation accompanied by revolting atrocities.

Never in recorded history was the capacity of man to modify nature and exploit society more publicly tested out than in the atom bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki and the purposeful devastation of jungle life and village life in large parts of Vietnam and Cambodia. Reported in the public press and pictured, live, over radio and television, these latest developments in the ugly record of man's exploitation of nature have become part of the record of the decline and dissolution of western civilization.

Exploitation of human society for the benefit of the few at the expense of the many is an old story that extends through the entire record of written history. Every civilization has produced a cluster of institutions and practices that enabled a few rich and privileged to live in affluence at the expense of the impoverished many. This juxtaposition of riches and poverty is the logical outcome of a system of social relations designed to provide the few with comfort and luxury while the many are forced to accept penury and hardship. Exploitation, carried to its logical conclusion, permits and requires a parasitic minority to live in abundance while the majority must content itself with scarcity, extending to death from malnutrition.

Another goal presented to individuals by the promoters and fashioners of civilization is individual perfection, physical, mental, emotional, moral. Every generation of human beings contains individuals who are beyond the average--bigger, stronger, more talented, seeing farther, searching more deeply, endowed with greater sensitivity, working more conscientiously, imbued with a love of their fellows and determination to serve them. Such individuals have genius in one or another form and offer themselves and their products as a gift to the general welfare of their generation. Scientists, poets, musicians, inventors, artists, teachers, healers, philosophers, statesmen have appeared in each civilization adding their mite to the sum-total of community culture.

Innovators, moralists and counselors of perfection have played a noteworthy part by advocating and often by living noteworthy lives. Reports of their sayings and doings are part of the folklore and the history of each civilization. If they did not set the tone of their generation, they provided it with a model toward which their less talented, less creative fellows might aspire. If they were creative artists their works provided models which were admired, copied and emulated by their successors. If they were moralists or philosophers their sayings were recorded, respected and repeated by successive generations.

Each civilization has adopted lines of thinking and codes of action which embody the best and most advantageous in theory and in practice. These codes of thought, feeling and action are attributed to some outstanding individual and passed on from generation to generation as codes of conduct to which all right-thinking individuals may or should aspire.

Human beings know everything about themselves except whence they came, what they should do and whither they will go. To compensate for this lack of knowledge and wisdom each civilization has established and maintained religious organizations and institutions whose duty it was to search out the truth, record it and teach it to successive generations.

In some civilizations the religious institutions have dominated the secular. At other times and in other places the secular has maintained its ascendancy over the religious. In still other cases the religious and the secular forces have maintained an uneasy

balance leading to acrimonious bickering and sometimes to civil war.

Central to their discussions is the nature of life. Is it continuous, as it appears in vegetation and the animal kingdom, or is it discontinuous like the rocks on the mountainside or the grains of sand on the seashore? Those who live for the moment prefer discontinuity. Those who observe their natural environment are forced to the conclusion that life today is part of a sequence or progression which relates the life of yesterday to that of tomorrow.

Recorded history, from fossil and geological remains, to the books on library shelves assures us that man has had a past. Projecting this experience, it seems quite reasonable that barring accident or a purposed intervention, man will have at least some future. To prepare for that future, using the knowledge and wisdom at our disposal, seems to be a must for any reasoning creature.

Even for the short planetary life-span of the average human, the logic of this position seems inescapable, whether it applies to the next hour, day, year, or century. In terms of our children and grandchildren it is even more impressive. Today we find it desirable to live as well as possible. If there is any future, the same principle should apply to its implementation and utilization.

If the "hereafter" begins tomorrow and if those whose well-being concerns us will probably be "alive" tomorrow, the science and art of the future (futurology) takes its place beside other fields of theory and practice as a must for all responsible members of the human race.

If the conditions presently existing in human society affordment, skills and technical experience necessary to make significant changes, why wait? Why not proceed forthwith to live a better life?

This dilemma has confronted individuals and sub-groups in various civilizations. It has been particularly in evidence during periods of decline and social disintegration. It has led people of both sexes and all ages to uproot themselves from the old social order and reestablish themselves in a social order "nearer to the heart's desire."

Such efforts have been described as "intentional communities" to distinguish them from a traditional, currently existing social order which emerged from the past encumbered with vestigial remains and obsolete institutions and practices having little or no relation to the needs and wants of a changing world.

Pilgrim Fathers in New England, William Penn in Pennsylvania, Lord Baltimore in Maryland aimed to organize local intentional communities. Similar efforts were made by the Mennonites, the Dukhobors, the Hutterites, the Mormons in North America. The Christians during the decline of Roman civilization led a movement to convert a large geographical area to a new and better way of life. Followers of Mohammed, several centuries later, made a similar effort to convert the Eurasian-African world to their ways of thinking and acting.

Young people by the thousands, in the United States and other western countries, are turning their backs on western civilization and are organizing enlarged families and communes that provide their members with a modified social order which aims at improvements here and now.

Necessarily such social experiments are looked upon with suspicion by the Establishment. They are "new", "different", "subversive", "godless", "wicked." Hence, they are criticized, denounced, raided and often broken up as threats to existing law and order.

Intentional communities may grow out of consumers' cooperation. They may begin as farm collectives. Generally, however, they consist of the followers of outstanding leaders of religious or ethical sects. Many intentional communes spring up, mushroom-fashion, and disappear with equal rapidity. Others endure for generations and centuries.

In a very real sense they are pilot plants designed to correct individual or social maladjustments and substitute new ways for old ones. As pilot plants they experiment with deviations from existing social norms, acting as a social laboratory in which new ideas and practices are tested, modified, accepted, rejected.

Change is one of the essential aspects of every society. There are changes in personnel. In each generation individuals grow old and retire. Others grow up and take over the tasks of organizing the communities in which they live. Profound social changes result from discoveries and inventions: the wheel, the arch, steam and gas engines, electricity, atomic power. Cyclic changes occur in the economy. Social changes follow alterations in the weather. Nations, empires, civilizations are produced by the changing life forms.

During long periods, social changes are so gradual that they are unnoticed save by the more sensitive and perceptive. At other times, social changes tumble over one another in an overwhelming revolutionary flood which sweeps away the old, yielding place to new, "lest one good custom should corrupt the world".

Changes in society beget changes in ideology. Reciprocally, changes in ideology lead to changes in social structure and function. The more rigid the social order, the more stubborn its resistance to change. By the same token, more fluid societies lend themselves more readily to changes in practice and in theory.

It is not possible to discuss ideology without some reference to the closely related problems of means and ends. As we consider our existing social establishment, in the light of unceasing social change, we must deal with goals or objectives, with practicable modifications of social form and function and with the way in which changes can be, might be, will be brought about.

One fact is obvious. Whether social change is major or minor, local or general, it shifts the social balance. Any shift in the social balance involves reactionaries, conservatives, liberals, radicals, some of whom will gain, while others will lose in the course of each social transformation. All will be concerned and involved.

Since political change involves some alteration in the balance of social forces, it behooves those who advocate and those who oppose social change to maximize acceptance and minimize opposition in order to take advantage of the gains and cut down the losses incident to all change.

For present purposes we wish to make seven notes about means and ends.

1. _Opportunists_ propose to act now and win what they can today. Never mind about tomorrow with its sequences and consequences of today's action. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.

2. _Pragmatists_ believe in serving their own interests, on the theory that whatever serves personal interests must have first priority. "What is good for me/us is good for the universe".

3. _Experimentalists_ are prepared to try out any suggestion which promises to achieve the desired goals. Singly and in working teams they test and try out, seeking the most effective means of reaching desired ends.

4. _Innovators_ formulate projects and test out results, checking and rechecking as they search for more effective means of achieving results.

5. _Radicals_ seek out the roots, digging, sifting, classifying, assembling their findings, announcing their conclusions and working to apply them in theory and practice to the structure and function of their communities.

6. _Revolutionists_ are in a hurry. Disillusioned with the past and the present they seek by "direct action" to create a new social order, out of whole cloth, quickly, here and now. Never mind the means, get results!

7. _Totalists_ have the whole truth, attained through reasoning, experimentation, revelation. Having learned the truth, they dedicate their energies to the propagation of the faith. Where they encounter opposition they counter it and, if necessary, annihilate it with its originators and advocates.

As a matter of practical experience, proponents of all seven approaches to social problems and social change employ a wide range of techniques from persuasion to coercion. To support their projects they advance logical arguments, elaborate half-truths, make emotional appeal; employ trickery, deceit, preferment, privilege, flattery, soft living, bribery, coercion, physical and social violence--individual and collective extermination.

Civilization as reported in history and in its current practice is based on five faulty ideological assumptions:

1. _Competitive survival struggle results in social improvement._ Survival struggle has certainly played a role in stimulating discovery, invention and the diffusion of culture traits. Its end results have always included civil and inter-group war with its unavoidable costs in destruction, dissolution and death.

2. _The effort to grab and keep, with its accompanying competition, is a chief source of social progress._ The game of grab and keep is play for children. Mature human beings should strive to create, produce, share.

3. _The accumulation of goods and services brings happiness._ At the out-set of life this may be true. But accumulation for its own sake produces the miser. Misers are not happy people. Riches yield happiness only as they are distributed. Accumulation brings many headaches, and few abiding satisfactions.

4. _Successful accumulators "have fun."_ Perhaps they do, for a time, at the expense of others on whose backs they ride and whose life blood they suck. But mature men and women do not "have fun"; they shoulder and carry their share of social responsibility.

5. _Progress can be measured by the multitude of personal possessions._ Not so. True progress for humanity consists in movement from having to doing; from the possessive to the creative; from the material toward the spiritual.

Ideologies have played a role in determining the structure and function of every civilization. As civilization grows up, matures, and declines, ideologies change with the changing times. In its early history each civilization seeks acceptance for its picture of reality and its techniques for reaching individual and social goals. As each civilization declines and disintegrates, a multitude of counselors clamors for attention to a particular formula that will prove acceptable and workable in the existing emergent circumstances.

Part III

Civilization Is Becoming Obsolete

CHAPTER TEN

WORLDWIDE REVOLUTION DISRUPTS CIVILIZATION

Every organism, mechanism or social construct reaches a point in its life cycle at which its existing apparatus must be repaired, renovated and updated or scrapped, redesigned and replaced. Today western civilization in its totality faces that dilemma.

The culture pattern variously known as European, western or modern civilization, dating from the Crusades, has existed for about a thousand years, and spread across the planet. During that millennium western civilization has passed through a life cycle similar to that of its predecessors. According to Oswald Spengler's historical perspective, a civilization passes through its life cycle in about a thousand years. If the Spenglerian assumption is in line with the course of history, western civilization should be in an advanced stage of decline and should eventually disappear as a decisive factor in world affairs.

Spengler's argument is fully and floridly presented in _The Decline of the West_. The author offers a theory of history based on the existence of an arbitrary and rather mechanical life cycle. It includes a period of gestation, rise and expansion, a period of maturity and stability and a final period of decline and dissolution. Spengler believed that western civilization is in the grip of an irreversable decline.

The Spenglerian perspective is based on the assumption of a normal pattern in the growth and decline of civilizations. The normalcy on which Spengler based his assumption was disrupted around 1750 when a series of new dynamic factors entered the stream of modern social history:

I. Mankind gained access to immense stores of energy which supplemented human energy, the energies of domesticated animals and a miniscule use of water power and air power. To these traditional energy sources the revolution in science and technology has added steam, electricity, and the energy stored in the atom.

II. These new sources of energy were harnessed and directed through mechanical and chemical agencies that greatly extended human capacity to convert nature's stored wealth into goods and services available for human consumption, and to develop a surplus of wealth and a release of manpower sufficient to build up a backlog of capital which, in its turn, produced goods and services with economic surpluses convertible into additional capital.

III. This revolution in the tempo of production and capital accumulation was parallelled by a like revolution in transportation and communication by land, water, and eventually by air and in space. Electricity played an essential part in the process by speeding communication and helping to put transportation on wheels.

IV. Building construction was also revolutionized--metals, concrete, glass and synthetics replaced wood and stone as the basic construction materials.

V. New energy sources and the new capital expanded the volume and variety of production far more rapidly than the increase in population and turned the resulting surplus into a technical apparatus that made possible mass production for a mass market.

VI. Mass production, transportation, construction and marketing ushered in an era of surplus that replaced the age of comparative scarcity with an age of rapidly increasing abundance.

Changes in the means of production play havoc with any established social pattern. The economic alteration that accompanied and followed the eighteenth and early nineteenth century transformation of western economy overturned various aspects of the western social structure:

1. Representative government made its appearance and spread widely;

2. Social services and social security, previously reserved for the elite, were provided for wider and wider circles of the population;

3. Changes in technology, advances in science, the replacement of landlords, clergymen and soldiers by businessmen and professionals, including the military, as the recognized leaders of the modern society, put social control in the hands of a new ruling bourgeois class;

4. The bourgeois revolution brought into existence two other classes: the industrial proletariat as an ally and/or an acceptable leader of the peasant masses of Europe. At the same time it enlarged the middle class to a point at which it was able to play a decisive role in the formulation and direction of social policy in industrialized communities.

5. Fragments of the industrial proletariat and the greatly enlarged middle class came together in an avowedly revolutionary movement: socialism-communism, which reached the power summit between 1910 and 1917.

6. The bourgeoisie countered with a cold war aimed to exterminate socialism-communism, using propaganda, petty reform and armed intervention as its chief agencies.

7. The high birth rate, the prolongation of life and mass education provided society with a substantial body of skilled, experienced, socially conscious, alert citizens, increasingly aware of the historical changes through which they were living and determined to intervene whenever their well-being was threatened.

8. Extension and equalization of opportunity opened the way for an informed citizenry to express itself and defend its interests.

9. Emerging planet-wide social consciousness spread an awareness that the concerns, plans and programs of any part of the human family are of vital importance to the whole of mankind.

Change is a universal force which operates in nature, in society, in man himself. At times it takes place so gradually that one day seems like another. At other times it operates with furious energy, turning things upside-down overnight. Such change, whether it takes place in nature or in society is revolutionary.

Rome's demise as a world power was followed by centuries of quietude--The Dark Ages. These in turn yielded to a period of revolutionary change that found its early expression in the voyages and discoveries that spanned the earth after 1450. Three centuries later the rebirth of western humanity expressed itself in the industrial revolution that flooded across the planet and became an early stage of the planet-wide sweep that has played havoc with nature, turned the old society upside down and presently promises to produce a new society for a reborn human race.

World-wide revolution is the predominant force in the twentieth century. Its existence and some of its consequences have become an all-embracing theme for thought and discussion. They have put into the hands of present-day humanity the ideas, experiments and experiences needed for transforming nature, rebuilding social institutions and practices and opening the way for mankind to move confidently into a future replete with intriguing and exciting possibilities.

An excellent summary of this entire field is appearing in a six volume _History of Mankind_, sponsored by the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO). Volume six of the history is titled _The Twentieth Century_. Particularly noteworthy is an Introduction of more than a hundred printed pages, Part I, _The Development and Application of Scientific Knowledge_, and Part II on _The Transformation of Societies_. Events surrounding the war of 1914-18 are correctly described as "a turning point in world history." (Vol. VI p. 11)

World revolution is one aspect of present-day society. From our present vantage point we cannot tell how far it will go or what it will do to humanity and its present habitat.

Advances in science and technology have provided mankind with a new stage on which to go through a new act and speak a new piece. What effect will they have on the institutions and practices of western civilization? Have they rendered the forms and functions of civilization obsolete? Or can western civilization adapt itself or be adapted to the very difficult situation created by the revolution through which human society is presently passing? Can western civilization be reformed to meet the new historical situation created by the great revolution or must it be rejected and replaced?

If the institutions and practices of western civilization can be adjusted to meet the demands of the new situation created by the scientific, technological, political and cultural revolution, the reformed social apparatus may function in a new day that is dawning for the human family. If reform proves to be impossible, the apparatus of western civilization must be replaced by a social structure in keeping with the requirements of the new age inaugurated by the innovations introduced into the human culture pattern by the revolution of our time.

There is widespread recognition of the need to keep the structure of a society in harmony with necessary functions and updated to the consequences of probable or possible discovery and invention. This is no mean task as western experience during recent centuries has so clearly demonstrated. Power elites of feudal Europe neither anticipated nor prepared for the consequences of the industrial revolution. The result was the smash and clatter of the American and French Revolutions (1776 and 1789) and minor revolutionary shocks through the nineteenth century. Power elites in western Europe dealt with mass production and its consequent abundance of goods and services with mass marketing, social security and other crumbs of affluence scattered among the restless masses. But when the trade winds of the scientific and technological revolution blew in the Mexican Revolution of 1910, the Chinese Revolution of 1911 and the Russian Revolution of 1917, the Romanoff dictatorship was still ordering back the tide of social change and the dominant United States oligarchy cold-shouldered the Mexican Revolution, took sixteen years to recognize officially the Russian Soviets and waited twenty-three years after 1949 before they were even on speaking terms with the Chinese Communists.

For two centuries, new ideas, institutions and practices have followed discoveries and inventions as regularly as day follows night. The consequent flood of innovations that has swept through the West and across the planet in the past two generations has made drastic social change a matter of the utmost urgency. The only open questions concern the direction of the changes, their rapidity, and the success of the social system in adapting itself to the shattering effects of newly released social forces.

Social change can come with the rush and turmoil of revolution or the studied step-by-considered-step constancy of the conscious improvement of society by society. Two powerful social forces limit gradualness. One is human impatience. The other is the rapidity with which masses of people all over the planet are being informed of the good-life potential implicit in present-day western affluence.

Impatience is emotional rather than rational. It is a compound of human urges on one hand and on the other hand of the frustrations built up in individuals and populations attracted by new wants and frustrated by barriers of custom-habit; the carefully constructed apparatus of direction, division and restriction (the State, the Church, the communication media), and the potent class forces of the counter-revolution.

In every modern community the media of mass communication are broadcasting information regarding the widening consumer prospects created by the current revolution in science and technology. In every modern community there are eager, ambitious, hopeful individuals urging their fellow workers and fellow citizens to get moving toward the promised land of peace and plenty. In every community the bureaucracy, representing the more comfortable and secure elements of the population, is asking the less well placed class groups to "take it easy," take "one step at a time," and remember that "Rome was not built in a day."

Conservatives, urging law and order under the status quo, have reason on their side. The movement of a technologically oriented community from monopoly capitalism into socialism-communism is without historical precedent and therefore largely experimental. Plans are tentative; there are shortages of materials and particularly of skills based on experience. Costly mistakes are made leading to delay until they can be corrected. The counter-revolution, abundantly financed by the forces of reaction, operates constantly, in critical situations almost always through the military, to preserve the "law and order" which are the prime forces behind its wealth and its power. In an untrod, untested area ignorance is a blank wall until it is pierced by ingenuity and innovation. There are many ways to miss a defined objective and only a few ways to reach it.

Cautious, experienced people, living comfortably, are inclined to let well enough alone. Restless, hopeful idealists are eager to reject, modify, improvise and replace.

Conservatives try to preserve both the structure and the traditional activities of a community on the plea that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. Liberals (moderates) would preserve the structure but bring its activities up to date. Radicals would scrap the old and replace it with a new structure and new activities geared to the new possibilities and the new requirements.

Survival wars from 1914 to 1945 marked not only the end of Britain's planetary domination but the termination of Europe's planetary regency. The events of the period also loosened the bonds that had held western civilization together.

A social structure which includes imperial nuclei and colonial dependencies is constantly threatened by colonial unrest and revolt. Colonial revolt, endemic in every civilization, became epidemic after 1943. The path to independence had been blazed by North and South American colonials. It was followed after 1943 by the inhabitants of British, French, Dutch, Spanish and Portuguese colonies in Asia and Africa. The slogan of the independence movement was "self-determination."

Before self-determination can operate there must be a "self" capable of making decisions and carrying them into practice. Identification of the "self," or "nationhood" as it was called in this era, involved bitter domestic struggle, internal reorganization and consolidation. The process was typified in the British Colonies of North America between 1770 and 1789 which produced the United States of North America. Asians and Africans who gained their independence after 1945 faced a double problem: the establishment of nationhood, and regional consolidation.

The British colonies in North America won their independence as a loose confederation of sovereign states. After war's-end in 1783, they were able to form a regional federation: the United States of North America. Despite their efforts, they were unable to include Canada, which was under strong French influence. British colonials in Asia and Africa after 1943 were less fortunate. After winning their independence as Indians or Burmese, they were unable to take the next step and organize a United States of Southern Asia.

The Bandung Conference (in 1955) of representatives from Asia and African countries failed to realize the hopes of its conveners. After prolonged deliberations it was able to go no further than the "five principles" of self-determination and co-existence, under which the independence of each participating nation was reaffirmed and each agreed not to interfere in the internal affairs of its neighbors. The conference adjourned without establishing any form of organization or making provision for further meetings.

After the Cuban Revolution in 1959, hopes ran high for the establishment of a bloc of Latin American States, led by the elected president of Brazil, Joao Goulart, that might act as a bulwark against further "yankee aggression" in Latin America. In 1962 a military coup overthrew Goulart, drove him into exile, jailed and disenfranchised his supporters and lined up Brazil, largest and most populous nation of Latin America, solidly behind the Monroe Doctrine of United States supremacy in the Americas, implemented by Washington's burgeoning "Pentagon diplomacy."

African developments were even less fruitful than those in Asia and Latin America. Asians and Latin Americans generally had reached the level of self-identification necessary for statehood and national self-determination. Large parts of Africa living at pre-national levels of tribal identification, devoted their energies to the realization of nationhood. Their constitutions announced their frontiers and proclaimed their sovereignty, but inter-tribal rivalries and personal ambitions turned each new nation into a battle field for prestige and authority, with the military often making the final decisions.

Asians and Africans had won telling victories in their struggle to drive out their former imperial masters. When it came to the affirmative task of organizing responsible regional federations, their failure was dismal. Asia and Africa were regionally disunited. Former colonial people, still monitored by alien representatives of monopoly capitalism, were fragmented by the self-determination struggle into theoretically sovereign nations many of which lacked the experience and the local expertise which are the indispensible prerequisites of self-determination and of fruitful regional federation.

Another aspect of the world revolution produced more tangible results. The latter half of the nineteenth century brought into being a grass-roots movement of peoples demanding everything from petty reforms of administrative machinery to planned revolutionary transformations of the established monopoly capitalist structure. This movement crystallized as an anti-capitalist, anti-imperialist, pro-socialist national and international struggle. From the publication of the Communist Manifesto in 1848 until the beginnings of socialist construction in 1917, it was a movement of protest against poverty, unemployment, war, waste, inequality, exploitation. After 1917 it became a movement to end imperialism, war and exploitation and substitute a planet-wide social system that would

give every human being a chance to play a meaningful part in utilizing nature, improving society and creating socialist women and men, capable of cooperating for the general welfare of mankind.

The Enlightenment had diminished ignorance, spread information and brought elementary education to the masses. Self-government had given people confidence in their ability to make the phrase "we, the people" a working formula for social improvement. The Industrial Revolution had converted millions of superstitious, frustrated peasants into craftsmen and professionals confident in their ability to use nature effectively, to advance their own interests and to improve society. These and secondary social forces laid the foundation for the social revolution that mushroomed across the planet during the opening years of the present century. The occasion for the revolution was four years of destructive war (1914-18) during which two rival gangs of imperialists led their dupes and victims to shed blood and destroy property in a struggle to decide which band of plunderers should exploit natural resources and labor power for its own advantage.

General war presented twentieth century man with a dilemma, an opportunity and a choice. Should he continue the grab-and-keep society that had flowered in Europe and elsewhere during the previous century, with its consequent poverty for the many, unemployment, exploitation and the power-struggle of the empires, or make a revolutionary change? As the stalemated war of 1914-18 with its frightful destruction of life and property continued year after year, the determination in favor of revolutionary change grew and crystalized.

David Lloyd George, Britain's Prime Minister, put the situation into words presented to the Versailles Peace Conference on March 25, 1919: "The whole of Europe is filled with the spirit of revolution.... The whole existing order in its political, social and economic aspects is questioned by the masses of the population from one end of Europe to the other." (Memorandum of Lloyd George to the Peace Conference, 1922 Cmd. 1614.)

Lloyd George proved a true prophet. Mass discontent and the spirit of revolt spread rapidly. Soldiers at the front mutinied. The armies of Tsarist Russia dissolved as the privates and officers alike returned to their homes, determined to stop war, end Romanoff tyranny and build a better life for the Russian people. To gain these results they replaced the Tsarist absolutism by local, regional and nationally elected people's Soviets.

Before the War began in July, 1914, the socialist parties of Europe were divided between moderates who were willing to accept welfare-state reforms and allow the grab-and-keep structure of monopoly capitalism to continue in authority, and revolutionaries who demanded the abolition of capitalist imperialism and its replacement by socialism. European reformist socialists shouldered arms in July, 1914, and shot down their comrades across the frontiers. European revolutionary socialists, led by Lenin in Russia, Liebknecht in Germany and Jaures in France gained in strength as the war proceeded. Liebknecht and Jaures were assassinated. Lenin lived in exile until he went back to Russia and led the revolutionary forces that liquidated Tsarism in the closing months of 1917.

For the first time in the history of western civilization, a proletarian revolutionary force had established its authority over one of the most extensive and populous nations on the planet. For the first time a responsible government threatened to abandon the fundamental assumptions and principles of western civilization. Could this new "subversive" government survive in the merciless free-for-all in which western man was engaged? Could it not only survive but build up a social system which contradicted and condemned the underlying precepts of the West? In a word, could socialism be built in one country, surrounded by civilized monopoly capitalist powers?

Historical events have answered these questions in the affirmative. At this writing the Soviet Government has survived continuously for more than half a century. During that period it has transformed economically, politically and culturally backward portions of Europe and Asia into one of the most advanced areas on the planet.

Monopoly capitalist society assumes that productivity, wealth and fire-power, effectively co-ordinated under competent authority, will guarantee survival and perhaps win supremacy. Beginning its life in one of the backward areas of the planet, the Soviet Union has met all of these tests by converting itself into a first class world power. Its productivity is second only to that of the United States. In wealth it stands second among the nations. Its fire power has carried the Soviet Union to victory in civil and international war. Its ruling oligarchy--the Soviet Communist Party--has maintained its authority through the stresses of domestic strife and major international conflict. In terms accepted by the existing free-for-all West, the Soviet Union is an established world power.

Through the first three decades of its existence the Soviet Union was the only government avowedly engaged in building a socialist rival to monopoly capitalism and determined to replace capitalism as the dominant planet-wide social system. After 1943 it was joined by a dozen other European, Asian and American countries, dedicated like the Soviet Union to the task of building socialism. In addition to these dozen countries, several others such as India, Burma, Indonesia, Ceylon, Ghana and Libya, declared their intention of building socialism by legal, and gradual stages. Almost all of the countries busied with socialist construction were in East Europe and Asia. The countries building toward socialism were more widely scattered, but by and large they were Eurasian.

From 1919 to 1943 socialist construction was directed, at least in theory, by the Communist International with headquarters in Moscow--the "general staff of the World Revolution". Under war pressure the Communist International was dissolved in 1943. No equally inclusive international socialist authority has since been established.

World revolution is not confined to the Old World of Africa--Asia--Europe. It is widely prevalent in the Americas where it can claim a certain priority. Outstanding among colonial uprisings of modern times was the rebellion of the British colonies of North America, from 1776 to 1783. Even more widespread was the rebellion of the Spanish, Portuguese and French colonies of Central and South America which spanned most of the nineteenth century and extended on into the twentieth. Russian Bolsheviks held the headlines on revolutionary activity from 1917 to 1943 but it should not be forgotten that one of the most prolonged and thorough-going revolutions of the present century gripped Mexico from 1910 to 1917. At the beginning of this period Mexico was a political semi-dependency of the United States. It was semi-feudal, with a large population of Amerindians and a pre-industrial economy. Foreign capitalists and entrepreneurs, including those from the United States, played a leading role in the country.

Mexico's 1910-1917 revolution was prolonged. It was also radical, up-rooting many aspects of its old social pattern, speeding up the bourgeois revolution, and preparing the way for a Mexican form of populism and a Mexican foretaste of a proletarian revolution, initiated, led and manned by Mexicans.

Mexico's revolution resulted in two important developments that have played a major role in socialist construction. Both contributions appeared in the Mexican Constitution of 1917, adopted eight months before the Russian Bolsheviks seized power in November.

The first contribution was a chapter on the rights of labor. Bourgeois constitutions had emphasized "civil" rights: the right to vote, trial by jury; freedom of speech, press, assembly; the right to go and come; the right to compensation when private property is taken for public purposes; the right to modify or replace the existing constitution. The Mexican Constitution of 1917 contained a detailed specification of the rights of labor, including proper working conditions, adequate compensation, education, health, social security. The Constitution also contained a crucial property provision: the natural resources of Mexico are the property of the Mexican people and cannot be alienated.

This second provision was inserted in the Mexican Constitution at a time when extensive concessions to develop Mexican resources had been handed out to North American and European capitalists. It was inserted in part because the social ownership and sharing of land and other natural resources has been one of the basic demands of the Socialist--Communist--Anarchist movements from their inception.

Monopoly capitalism depends primarily on the private ownership of the means of production, including natural resources. Capitalist opposition to socialism is not only a matter of theory. In practice the private ownership of natural resources enables the owner to charge rent to any and all users. Natural resources are sharply limited and usually localized. As population grows, demand for living space is intensified and rents rise. It is not an accident that the stretches of "black earth", of copper, iron, petroleum, the precious metals, and the land occupied by Mexico City, London, New York and other population centers, poured a stream of wealth into the treasuries and augmented the power of their owners.

Effects of the insertion into the Mexican Constitution of the provision making natural resources "the property of the Mexican people" have been far-reaching. One socialist country after another has written into its constitution a provision that its natural wealth is the inalienable heritage of its people. This provision has two important results: it establishes natural resources as part of the public sector of the national economy; it also limits the possibility of handing out concessions to foreign exploiters, private or public.

During the opening years of the present century socialist parties and other forward looking organizations were demanding social ownership of natural resources, public utilities and other social means of production as the next logical step toward a more equitable distribution of wealth and income. There was a possibility that such revolutionary changes could be made under

bourgeois law by exercising the right of eminent domain, upon the payment of reasonable compensation to former owners. At least in theory, the democratic majority in any bourgeois country could put an end to private enterprise capitalism and establish socialism by a constitutional amendment, legislative enactment, and a caretaker political apparatus to administer and supervise the transition.

Socialist parties were making "reformist" demands for better working and living conditions and "revolutionary" demands for changes in property and class relationships. Increased productivity and growing affluence made it possible for a progressive bourgeois state to meet the reformist demands, establishing a welfare state legally and constitutionally.

Under the bourgeois constitutions generally existing at the beginning of the present century, a popular majority could adopt necessary constitutional amendments, pass the necessary enabling laws and launch a program of socialist construction.

Such a program was part of the thinking of European and other socialist leaders during the opening years of the present century. Inspired and encouraged by the successes of socialist construction in the Soviet Union and other socialist countries, middle of the road socialists proposed to move gradually and legally from capitalism to socialism.

Conservative socialists who were members of coalition governments in parts of Eurasia, described such welfare states as victories for socialism, despite the fact that they left the essentials of state power in bourgeois hands.

Between 1920 and 1950 the western world found itself in this essentially revolutionary situation: the world-wide revolution in science and technology had opened the way for the human race to turn its back on the limitations and inadequacies of civilization and advance to a new level of culture and human opportunity.

The impact of this revolutionary situation expressed itself at several levels:

1. Much of west and central Europe, important parts of North America, much of Australasia, important parts of East Asia and fringes of Africa had at least two generations of experience with some degree of affluence.

2. Scientifically and technologically maturing societies that had opted for socialism constitutionally and legally were engaged officially in socialist construction. These countries and peoples were located chiefly in Eurasia.

3. Former colonial and client dependencies of the nineteenth century empires struggling for self-determination and statehood were entering a stage of affluence. These countries and peoples were mainly Afro-Asian. Some of them were located in Latin America.

4. Countries and peoples still under the political, economic and cultural umbrella of the formerly dominant empires were at different stages in the completion of the bourgeois revolution. Their ruling oligarchies--fascist or neo-fascist--were stubborn defenders of remnants and fragments of the nineteenth century bourgeois culture. Their stronghold was the Atlantic Community.

During the cold war years following 1945 each of these groups was undergoing the drastic social changes incident to the worldwide revolution of the period. Meanwhile mini-wars, civil and international, were fought in the Americas, Africa and Asia. By common consent conventional weapons were used and atomic weapons were kept in mothballs.

These experiences were highlighted in British Guyana and Cuba. British Guyana was a Crown Colony, with a London-appointed Governor and a small occupying force of British troops with an elected legislative assembly and a considerable measure of home rule.

Democratic socialists Cheddi and Janet Jagan helped to organize the Peoples Progressive Party of British Guyana. Twice Jagan won a popular electoral majority and was established as Prime Minister of the British Colony. His two periods of administrative responsibility were badgered and hectored by every reactionary force that could be mobilized inside and outside British Guyana, from the British appointed governor to the domestic and foreign business interests and the urban trade unions. Before a third election British and American governments, business and labor interests got together. Money was funnelled into the country through trade union connections. Protests were staged. Riots were organized. The electoral system under which the Peoples Progressive Party had won its victories was altered in London and Jagan was replaced by a system of proportional representation under which the P.P.P. was defeated and a new regime inaugurated.

Throughout the struggle the Peoples Progressive Party had insisted upon winning popular majorities as a basis for establishing socialism in the colony by democratic methods and legal means. Imperialist reactionaries from Britain's Prime Minister and the President of the United States to the A.F. of L.-C.I.O. retorted: "No you don't", and backed up their veto with money, riots and guns. As a consequence of this counter-revolutionary conspiracy, the Peoples Progressive Party was forced out of office and an

administration favorable to British, United States and native Guyanese capital was substituted.

A revolt was led by Fidel Castro and his associates against the Washington-backed Batista regime in Havana, Cuba. When Cuba was seized by United States armed forces during the Spanish-American War of 1898 much of the island was in the hands of anti-Spanish rebels who were demanding independence of Spain's imperialist rule. Between 1898 and 1959 seven million Cubans enjoyed technical independence. Actually the island, located only 90 miles from Florida, was economically a United States colony and politically a Washington dependency, with United States armed forces stationed in the Guantanamo Bay Naval Base. After seizing power in 1959, Castro went to the United States seeking a market for Cuba's chief export, sugar; a source of food supplies not produced in Cuba, and the manufactures necessary for the economic and social life of an essentially agricultural island.

Batista had emptied the Cuban treasury before he fled the island in 1959. Castro therefore needed loans to meet the immediate needs of the Cuban economy. He also sought to continue arrangements under which the chief market of Cuban sugar was in the United States. Castro was turned down cold. All doors, political and economic, were closed to him. As a revolutionary with left leanings he got the cold shoulder in New York as well as in Washington.

Faced by economic bankruptcy and political hostility in the West, Castro turned to the Soviet Union and other socialist countries. They bought his sugar on long term contracts; provided him with manufactures; extended loans. Under these economic and political conditions Castro's Cuba had no choice. Of necessity it became a part of the socialist bloc, took over the property of Americans and other foreign investors, planned its economy and announced socialist goals, thus making the island of Cuba the only outpost of socialist construction in the Americas.

Socialists exercised authority in one country from 1917 until 1943. Thereafter the land area devoted to building socialism steadily increased. By the time China threw off imperialist leading strings and opted for socialist construction in 1949, a third of mankind was living on territory under nominally socialist control. Most of this territory was Asian. An important part lay in eastern Europe. Until 1917, effective control of the planet was held by a half-dozen empires headed by the British, who exercised authority over a quarter of the human race living on a quarter of the earth's land area. After 1917 socialism mushroomed as a potential competing social system, challenging monopoly capitalism in Europe, replacing it in large sections of Asia and even threatening to destroy the foundations of western civilization.

"Action and reaction are equal and opposite" is an axiom of physical science which is also applicable in the social field. The sweep of world revolution and the growth of socialism-communism after 1945 called into being an opposing force of counter-revolution. The greater the successes of socialism, the more ardent and assiduous was the counter drive, aimed to modify, negate and, if possible, to destroy the revolution and restore the social system of imperialism-colonialism built by monopoly capitalism to its prerevolutionary status of planet-wide ascendancy.

Winston Churchill personified this counter revolutionary drive. It was he who proposed to "strangle the Bolshevik infant in its cradle". The Peace Conferees, meeting in Versailles, heeded Lloyd George's warning of March, 1919, and turned their attention to the urgent task of strangling socialism. Revolutionary beginnings in central Europe were stamped out. Funds were raised and arms were supplied to the anti-Bolshevik forces in European Russia and Siberia. At the height of the counter-Bolshevik crusade there were sixteen armies in Soviet Russia with the common aim of destroying Bolshevism and restoring the country to its previous status as one of the pillars of western civilization. This military phase of the counter-revolution lasted for four years. It failed. By 1922 the Soviet leaders were able to turn their energies to the task of rebuilding a devastated country while they planned and organized a socialist society.

Counter revolutionary forces failed to overthrow the Bolsheviks during the civil war of 1918-1921. They failed again when the Nazi armies swarmed into the Soviet Union in June, 1941. The years from 1941 to 1945 cost the Russians perhaps twenty million dead, six million dwelling units and immense damage to their economy and their social organization. When the war ended, responsible observers in the West predicted that if the Soviet power survived, decades must elapse before the country was back on its feet.

War destruction had played havoc with much of Europe. The Soviet Union was especially hard hit. Under the Marshall Plan billions of dollars of United States aid were poured into Britain, France, Belgium and West Germany. At the same time, the Soviet request for United States loans was refused categorically by President Truman. Alone and unaided the Soviet People repaired the extensive damage inflicted by the 1914-18 war, the Russian Civil War and the 1941 military invasion from the West, and went on with the task of socialist construction which the war had interrupted. Within five years--by 1950--the Bolsheviks were again on their feet, going strong, extending substantial aid to China and other professedly socialist countries and playing a crucial part in the

struggle for disarmament and peace.

At war's end in 1918 the Soviet Union was struggling to draw the first breath of socialist life. Three decades later, after expelling the Nazis, the Soviet Union was a sturdy giant of a nation standing head and shoulders above its nearest European competitors. During the interval, Soviet Russia was attacked, denounced, boycotted, encircled, invaded, ostracized as the leading figure in "an international communist conspiracy". When the policy of intervention and invasion failed, the counter-revolutionaries turned to cold war.

Whether or not there was a "communist conspiracy" to overthrow capitalism, there was certainly an organized capitalist conspiracy to overthrow socialism-communism. Representatives of the chief capitalist empires made repeated attempts to subsidize anti-Bolshevik forces in the Soviet Union. From 1918 to 1921 and from 1941 to 1945 they used every available means, including military invasion, to overthrow the Soviet Union and stamp out the beginnings of socialist construction in Central and East Europe.

From the military invasions of the Soviet Union immediately following war's end in 1918, western spokesmen, led by President Wilson, did their utmost to subsidize counter-revolution inside the Soviet Union, to send American and other armed forces into the country, to villify, denounce, boycott and handicap the Soviet Government. Sixteen years passed (1917-1933) before Washington extended diplomatic recognition to the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. President Wilson did his best to keep the Soviet Union and Mexico, both under the control of revolutionary governments, out of the League of Nations.

After the 1936-1945 war Washington played the same role with regard to China, refusing for twenty-two years to recognize Socialist China diplomatically, leading the drive in the United Nations to exclude China from membership, although the United Nations Charter specified that China should be one of the permanent members of the Security Council. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles justified the policy of blacklisting and boycotting China by declaring that there was no such nation as China on the Asian mainland, only 650 million slaves, and that Chiang Kai Shek's rump government on the island of Formosa was the "China" specified in the U.N. Charter.

Under the Truman Doctrine announced immediately after war's end in 1945, the United States refused to tolerate any extension of socialism, whether by revolution from within or by invasion from without any country. This doctrine was applied to Greece, to Iran, to Guatemala, to Santo Domingo, to Chile. During the Korean War, which began in June, 1950, one of President Truman's first directives ordered the United States Seventh (Pacific) Fleet to occupy the waters about Taiwan (Formosa), which was historically part of China.

In order to implement this anti-communist policy, Washington used a newly created international secret service, the Central Intelligence Agency or C.I.A., gave it an initial appropriation of $100,000,000 and turned it loose to spy, corrupt, undermine and overthrow governments that refused to accept or follow Washington's leadership.

Between 1815 and 1914 the planet enjoyed a measure of peace and order. In the three decades between 1914 and 1945, two general wars, a plague of lesser wars, a general economic depression and a hurricane of revolutions scourged the planet. Meanwhile, the revolution in science and technology and its products penetrated almost every crack and cranny of human society.

Had the changes incidental to these rapid transformations been carefully planned and supervised, the disturbances in the ecology and the shocks to human society would have been less disturbing and upsetting. In the absence of any planet-wide authority, there could be neither general planning nor general supervision. There were warnings aplenty from liberals and radicals who were attempting to keep the situation in perspective, but such utterances failed to reach the great bulk of mankind.

Disturbing and upsetting products of the revolution in science and technology--the harnessing of steam, the internal combustion engine, the air plane, electronics, plastics, and the release of atomic energy--were used to mutilate, destroy and kill. During the half century that began in 1910, tens of millions were mobilized, fed, taught, armed, and led to the slaughter fields by the masters of western civilization in two long orgies of wholesale destruction and mass murder--1914-18 and 1936-1945. Energies and techniques that might have brought peace and plenty to the human family were used to set fire storms that incinerated property while it degraded humanity to the horrors of mass suicide.

In a very real sense these ghoulish results were the logical outcome of competitive nationalism armed and equipped with the technology produced during the two centuries of the great revolution. War is the most carefully planned, most elaborate and most intensive form of competition--the decisive climax of a life and death struggle for survival.

The great revolution had put into human hands almost infinite possibilities for utilizing nature and improving the social environment. With foresight, careful planning and skillful manipulation of forces and trends the cultivatable portions of the planetary land mass might have been turned into a garden of unending plenty dotted with marvelous city centers of light and learning.

In order to achieve such results it would have been necessary for the human family to coordinate its efforts around an agreed division of labor, share the goods and services produced and move from one level of affluence to a level of abundance.

Instead of joint efforts to achieve abundance and security, the most prosperous and most highly developed centers of western civilization consolidated their authority in sovereign states, surrounded by forbidding frontiers, armed them with the most destructive agencies that human imagination and ingenuity could devise, schooled the citizens of each nation in the suicidal formula: "might makes right; every nation for itself and woe betide the laggard and the loser."

The logical ideology of such a formula was egomania, suspicion, fear and hatred. Its outcome was a competitive life and death struggle for wealth and power, with the nation or a bloc of nations as the units of competition. The struggle at its highest level involved occasional local wars and periodical general wars like those of 1914-18 and 1936-45.

Before the great revolution such struggles were waged chiefly with weapons wielded by human muscle power, supplemented with whatever animal power was available. Equipped with the products of the technological revolution, the struggle became a war of machines, powered by the energies of nature. Retail killing and destruction was replaced by mass murder and wholesale annihilation.

Given the assumptions, the practices and the institutions of civilization, the catastrophic losses of the present century could have been foretold and, with competent leadership and disciplined followership, could have been averted. But leadership was self-serving, shortsighted and for the most part untrained, while followership was split up into national and local segments, each following the suicidal doctrine of every nation for itself and the devil take the laggards.

Socialists-communists around the earth have spent a wealth of time and energy during several generations predicting the present revolutionary upset and preparing for it. They have been derided, denounced and persecuted for their efforts. Despite bitter opposition they have prepared for change, they accept change, they welcome it, because in change they see the only path to improvement and betterment.

They are learning to live with change and even to welcome it because the time of troubles through which their society is passing is warning them of the dangers they face. At the same time they are learning, bit by bit, of the spectacular achievements of the billion human beings in socialist-communist countries.

The majority of mankind has been unprepared for revolutionary change. When change came they resented it, maybe resisted it at the outset.

Those who have a vested interest in capitalist imperialism--the real backbone of the counter-revolution--join and support counter-revolutionary organizations and take part in counter-revolutionary activities.

Planners and organizers of the counter-revolution have the bourgeois state generally on their side and enjoy the backing of the bourgeois establishment, its organizations and its facilities. Since their object is defense, they have no constructive program. Instead they stumble, fumble and bungle as their system flounders into one disastrous crisis after another.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

WESTERN CIVILIZATION ATTEMPTS SUICIDE (1914-1945)

Each bit of handiwork, each artifact, tool and machine is an expression of man's wish and will. Each transcends nature and is an affirmation that takes its place in the vast storehouse of human culture.

Cities, the building blocks of civilization, not only transcend nature; they replace her. Up to a certain point man lived more or less consciously as a part of nature. Bit by bit and step by step man shifted from the stream, the glade, the tree and the cave to the hut, the village, the city, the nation, the empire, the civilization.

Early in this study I wrote of civilization as an experiment: an aspiration, a creative urge, a concept, a purpose, a unity of thought and act, a conscious sequence of related actions, a construct of multiplying complexity.

These terms, by and large, are constructive and, to a degree, creative. I might have written a parallel series of words associated with destructiviness. In every social situation construction and destruction are Siamese twins. One does not appear without the other. The same forces, the same implements, the same institutions and practices that construct can be used to destroy.

Through ages, men learned how to establish, maintain and perpetuate community and organize society. At every stage of the building process it was necessary to check, to question, to evaluate, unlearn, tear down, make a new start. Pushing up and tearing or wearing down is implicit in nature. It is an essential aspect of human society.

Each human being is a living example of production and destruction. Each generation repeats the affirmation, modifying it little or much in accord with circumstances.

Modification means purposeful change--partially or wholly abandoning the old and replacing it with something new. In the course of these changes the conservative elements in man and in society, voluntarily or under coercion, give up the old and learn how to use the new. The learning process is always more or less painful, especially to people past middle age.

The world-wide revolution resulted from a long-continued related series of affirmations, punctuated and interrupted by contradictions and conflicts.

Trends inherent in the world-wide revolution of 1750-1970 suggest a cycle that reached its high point at the turn of the century and began its downward course around 1900. The chief European empires were jointly and severally involved in the bitter struggle for survival and supremacy from 1870 onward. Until the outbreak of war in 1914, events followed an irregular course marked by the shifting relationships of Italy and the increased pressure from Germany for a showdown. The showdown was the war of 1914-18, continued in a second phase from 1936 to 1945.

Immediate political results of the showdown were victory for one side and defeat for the other side. Economic, sociological and ideological consequences were profound and far reaching. We noted some of them in the previous chapter.

UNESCO's _History of Mankind_ devotes its final volume six to the twentieth century. The authors note that the chief European powers emerged from the general war of 1914-18 "weakened in every way: in men and wealth, in the balance of their economies and the stability of their political structure and above all in their relation to other powers rising or beginning to rise in other parts of the world". (Vol. VI p. 10.)

Aside from the victory-defeat relationship which led to political realignments during the post-war years, the essence of the experience is to be found in the UNESCO phrase "weakened in every way". Another way of describing the experience is to state that the participants in this four year blood bath were "bled white."

It is easy to be specific. In the course of the war sixty million people were mobilized. Most of these people stopped what they had been doing until mid-summer of 1914 and began an entirely new line of activity. Up to that point most of them had been living with their families, in their neighborhoods, going through a daily routine that included household cares, production or service work, the conduct of neighborhood affairs, the maintenance of normal livelihood activities, the upbringing of the new generation and perhaps most important of all, adaptation to a rapidly changing social situation.

The changes that took place in the summer of 1914 involved an almost complete reversal of purpose and direction. Up to that point Europeans were devoting a considerable proportion of their time to production and the maintenance of the normal life routine. At that point they left their homes, exchanged ordinary clothes for uniforms, laid down the implements of peace, picked up the weapons of war and prepared, under very expert leadership and direction, a series of mass movements designed to disrupt the ordinary life routine of other human beings on the other side of lines drawn on a map, but having little relation to customary life activity and even less to geography.

Execution of this purpose involved a mass movement from the home territory into that occupied by the "enemy". If the enemy resisted he must be forced to do the will of the invaders. Instead of cooperating in a joint effort to maintain and improve the general welfare, uniformed, armed, expertly-led masses began beating up each other, until one side gave in and cried "enough."

Plans for war had been drawn and redrawn for years, for decades. Elaborate preparations had been made. Destructive weapons had been designed and built. Transport had been provided, food stored. Defensive preparations had also been made in the form of fortifications so placed as to obstruct or prevent "the enemy" from crossing the "frontier".

When sport-lovers go from home for a day to play a competition in another city or province, they go, play the game and then go back home to continue the ordinary life routine. In the case of the project we are now considering they left home in July, 1914 and returned months or years later. Many never got back home because they were killed in battle or died of wounds; many were "missing"; they disappeared.

If casualties in the 1914-18 war had been numbered in dozens, or scores or even in hundreds, the communities from which they came could have gone on without them--handicapped perhaps but not seriously disrupted. But when they were numbered in thousands and tens of thousands it was a quite different story. Actually, they were numbered in millions.

Mobilized to carry on the war were 42.2 million on the Allied side. On the side of the Central Powers, 22.8 millions. The total: 65 million. 12 million of those mobilized were Russian, 11 million were Germans, 8.4 million were French, 8 million were from the British Empire. From Austro-Hungary came 7.8 million, from Italy, 5.6 million. Turkey furnished 2.9 million, Bulgaria 1.2 million; 4.4 million came from the United States; 0.8 million from Japan. Lesser numbers came from other countries.

Except for Spain, the largest contributions of war conscripts came from the countries with the largest populations. With the exception of Spain, all of the great powers of Europe provided the "cannon fodder"; the human beings which Europe's "great powers" assembled to take part in this profligate orgy of mass murder which went on for more than four years, from July 1914 until November 1918.

Body count reports and "estimates" give the total number of human beings murdered in the four year period as 8,538,315. (The legal definition of "murder" is killing, not accidentally but with the intention of taking life.)

This figure of 8.5 million murdered human adults, most of them in the prime of life, refers to the murdered bodies that were recovered and disposed of. In addition there were "prisoners" and "missing."

As the 1914-18 war proceeded it became less a series of combats between human beings; more and more it was a war of machines such as battleships, tanks, big guns and by war's end, of airplanes. Human beings drew up the plans, made the blueprints, shifted the gears, pushed the buttons. Their efforts were supplemented and multiplied by the killing power of physics, chemistry and mechanics brought to the task of wholesale murder, which produced 8.5 million dead human bodies.

"Prisoners and missing" accounted for 7,750,000 additional human beings. Many of them were torn to shreds and smithereens by the gigantic concentration of mechanical and explosive power, designed, constructed and transported to the European battlefields for the express purpose of carrying on this month-long and year-long collective endeavor to take as much life as possible and destroy as much property as possible while war declarations authorized and legalized mass murder and wholesale destruction.

Not all victims of the hideous 1914-18 blood bath were killed. "Wound casualties" numbered 12.8 million among the Allies; 8.4 million among the boys, young men and adults mobilized by the Central Powers. Some of the wounded were crippled for life. Some were less severely injured, but all 22.2 million were more or less severely handicapped when they stood up to face the rigors of civilian life at war's end. All were denied the possibility of living normal, productive, creative, satisfying lives.

Wars are fought on battlefields. In the war of 1914-18 many of the battlefields included villages, towns, cities. These complex institutions, occupied by men, women and children were smashed and burned wholesale.

The figures which I have used in listing the 1914-18 war losses were compiled by the United States War Department. They are more or less accurate, but they underline the fact that for years on end the centers of western civilization concentrated their energies and devoted every means at their disposal to cripple or destroy fellow human beings and their habitations.

When we read of the destruction of the Roman Empire we console and perhaps try to fool ourselves by saying that the immense network of civilization which the Romans and their Greek associates spread across Eurasia and Africa during the historical period that began about 700 B.C. was destroyed by hordes of migrating "barbarians." When we turn to our own civilization, however, there are no barbarian hordes to take the blame. The wholesale destruction which took place in Europe from 1914 to 1918 and which was repeated and multiplied during the wars of 1936-1945 was carried on officially by spokesmen for the most advanced, most highly developed, most civilized countries of the western world.

We have been using the word "murder" to describe the wholesale slaughter of Europeans by Europeans that took place from 1914 to 1918 and from 1936 to 1945. The word "murder" is inaccurate. The Europeans who carried on the wholesale destruction and mass murder during the two most general wars of modern times were committing murder in one sense. In quite another sense they were engaged in collective suicide. Europeans were blotting out the life and well-being of fellow Europeans. When the process came to a temporary halt in 1945 every European participant in the struggle was weaker in human potential and poorer in economic means than they were when the war began.

Arnold Toynbee describes the entire episode as the "down grading" of Europe. He might have added two words and reported "the down grading of Europe by Europeans", as a glaring example of large scale, long continued, deliberate self-destruction.

Fundamental social changes were bound to follow the revolutionary technical transformations that took place during the world-wide revolution of 1750-1970. Changes may be made in various ways. Some are slow and relatively painless, particularly when they extend over generations; other changes are so rapid that they are agonizingly painful. Involuntary changes, made under outside pressure are almost always painful. World-wide revolution, under the best of conditions, promises to be painful. When it comes from alien sources, and is under forced pressure, the costs are almost sure to be excessively high.

This brings us face to face with one of the most important problems facing mankind at the present moment. Given the worldwide revolution of the past two centuries, what changes--political, economic, sociological and ideological--must be made to prepare the way for the new society and shift the family from the old homestead to the new apartment with a minimum of pain and a maximum of satisfaction?

CHAPTER TWELVE

TALKING PEACE AND WAGING WAR

Blatant contradictions disorganized human life after war's end in 1945. In the crucial area of war and peace three groups were bidding for attention: dedicated peace partisans (peacenicks); nationalist enthusiasts waging wars of liberation; and massive semi-official and official nationalistic groups busily preparing for the next big war.

Occasionally these groups joined hands on "hot" issues. Generally they were far apart. Often they were in active opposition.

Dedicated peace advocates were an important factor in this post-war period. They had been vocal and influential in July, 1914 immediately before the outbreak of the first general war. They had continued to play an active role between the first and second general wars. In the autumn of 1972 the World Peace Council called together a peace assembly in Moscow representing significant elements from 143 countries. The largest single element in the World Peace Council was the Socialist bloc, headed by the Soviet Union.

Peace advocates mobilized wide public support for the "no more war" movement that developed during the closing months of the 1914-18 war; for the Briand-Kellogg Treaty of 1928 which renounced war as an instrument of policy; for the effort to secure general disarmament that resulted in the General Disarmament Conference of 1933 and for the United Nations Charter of 1945.

Official declarations in favor of disarmament and peace had been paralleled by the organization of unofficial peace committees and societies in western Europe, in the Americas and in the socialist countries.

Peace efforts had been strengthened by the outbreak of local wars--between India and Pakistan, between Israel and the Arab League; by wars of independence and liberation in Korea, Vietnam, Cambodia, North Africa.

Much of the public backing for the peacenicks came from student groups in official and private high schools, colleges and universities.

Nationalist liberation movements were active in settled communities such as Ireland and Canada's Province of Quebec. There were less established movements in newly liberated restless ex-colonies and remaining colonies of the chief European empires, of Japan and of the United States. The widely advertised World Peace Council turned more and more from general advocacy of peace, such as the Stockholm Peace Petition, to the support of liberation movements among colonials and supressed minor nationalities.

Preparations for another general war were expanded and intensified as the competitive struggle for oil and other natural resources mounted. By the end of the 1960's total arms expenditures of the chief powers were running at $200 billion per year. In 1973 the total reached $225 billion.

There was much general talk about peace, but the most insistent note sounded for a high level of spending on armaments. Britain's Prime Minister Heath voiced a sentiment vigorously promulgated by every representative of national security "British interests come first".

Confusion was heightened by the presence of men who faced all three ways: talking peace, waging small wars and preparing for the next big one. In February, 1974 in his State of the Union message to the U.S. Congress, President Nixon spoke of "our goal of building a structure of lasting peace in the world." At the same moment the Washington administration was feeding the fires of war in South East Asia and asking the United States Congress to increase 1975 U.S.A. defense appropriations from $80 billion to $90 billion per year.

When war ended in 1945 there was a planet-wide sigh of relief and a devout hope that after so many years of local and general wars, the time had come for western man to take a long decisive step in the direction of peace. The United Nations Charter expressed this hope to end the use of war as an instrument of policy.

Since the period of general social relaxation usually known as the Dark Ages was superceded by the multiple innovations of the Reformation, the Renaissance, the Enlightenment and the scientific-technical developments of the 1750-1970 Revolution, man the dreamer, inventor, designer, planner, architect and engineer has modified many aspects of nature and transformed the social environment.

Until the Reformation and the Renaissance, European ruling oligarchies in territories along the Mediterranean and throughout western Europe were able to perpetuate their privileges and preserve the life styles of an agricultural-feudal society. Improvements in navigation and the growth of trade, commerce and industry opened the way for the bourgeois revolution with its rapid growth of cities and the parallel increase of wealth, income, and living standards among the newly-enriched businessmen and their associates and dependents.

Social changes in feudal Europe had been gradual. The dynamism implicit in the bourgeois revolution escalated the rate of social change with corresponding modifications in the pattern of European political, economic and cultural institutions and practices.

In the early stages of the transformation the awareness of change was limited to a minority of city dwellers. To the rural illiterate majority, change was a closed book. A great social gulf separated the feudal countryside from the growing centers of trade, commerce and industry. Bourgeois life processes narrowed and gradually bridged the gulf. Differences between city and country living persisted, but the stark contrast between city abundance of goods and services and their virtual absence from the common life of the countryside grew less and less marked as the proportion of the total population living in the countryside declined with the trek to cities and their suburbs.

Europeans living for the most part in a pre-civilized rural environment passed through generations of illiterate unawareness of the social process through which European life was expanding. The rapid extension of industry and commerce after 1750 (the bourgeois revolution) completed the transformation of a rural, semi-feudal west and central Europe into a continent of town and city dwellers devoting their lives to pursuits unknown to their immediate forebears. In this new Europe the countryside played a decreasing role, as food supplies and raw materials came increasingly from less developed parts of eastern Europe or from the colonies which were opened up by the planet-wide trade and commerce promoted by the aggressive expansion of the European empires.

Most Europeans, satisfied with the axiom "old fashions please me best" were stand-patters in the early stages of this transformation. As the conversion of Europe from feudal status to urban dynamism continued, however, an ever larger part of the population became aware of the change through which their society was passing. With the Renaissance and the Enlightenment inert unawareness gave place to enthusiastic propaganda in the writings of pamphleteers, essayists, poets, novelists and social reformers who set the intellectual tone for the new society.

In a very real sense, the bourgeois Europe which emerged after 1750 was something new under the sun. Large elements of the population, previously engaged in producing and consuming the bare necessaries of food, shelter and clothing were increasingly engaged in trades and professions and rendering services unknown to the feudal countryside. As the expansion of western

civilization continued, entire European nations like the Low Countries, England and Germany turned to trade, commerce, industry, leaving only a dwindling minority engaged in agricultural pursuits. The change was speeded by the revolution in science and technology.

Changes in economic and social relations are paralleled by corresponding alterations in the total way of living. Western civilization was, in its entirety, a cultural departure from the pattern of any preceding experiment with civilization because of the drastic changes that the revolution in science and technology had introduced into human society.

Throughout the life-cycle of western civilization minor and major alterations have been made in its structure and its function. Some of the earlier political changes were part and parcel of the bourgeois revolution. They included:

1. The abolition of absolute monarchies and hereditary aristocracies and their replacement by limited monarchies and republics with various types of representative and popular governments selected by ballot.

2. The replacement of personal tyrannies and autocracies by written constitutions and laws passed by elected parliaments.

3. Replacement of war as the sport of kings and the chief instrument of policy makers, by negotiation, diplomacy, and treaties which became the core of existing "international law."

4. Arbitrary national sovereignty was supplemented by more or less permanent alliances and by the formal international organizations such as the Universal Postal Union, the World Court and the League of Nations.

5. Regional Associations were organized; the North Atlantic Treaty Organization; the Organization of American States and the Organization for European Unity.

6. Disarmament conferences were held. General peace treaties were signed like the Kellogg-Briand Peace Pact of 1928 and the United Nations Charter.

7. Two major efforts were made to establish a general confederation of nations and empires--the League of Nations in 1919 and the United Nations a quarter of a century later. Both the League of Nations and the United Nations proved to be feeble and ineffectual efforts to bridge the gulf between limited national sovereignty and planet-wide order and peace. But they were tentative steps in the direction of a federation of the world and they did mark a notable advance from the chaos and conflict incident to the planet-wide expansion of the European empires toward more stable economic and social conditions and more orderly international relationships.

Paralleling these changes in the political life of western civilization there have been a number of drastic economic reforms. One was the abolition of chattel slavery. A second was the replacement of serfdom and peonage by free labor receiving fixed wages and salaries. A third change was the division of large feudal estates and other concentrated landed properties into small units owned and operated by working farmers. A fourth change was the establishment of free trade areas within and among sovereign states. A fifth innovation was the transfer of individually operated and family businesses into associations and corporations with limited liability and widespread ownership by bond and stockholders. Sixth, trade unions and consumers' cooperatives were recognized and legalized. Seventh, legal provisions were made for social security against accident, sickness, unemployment, old age. Minimum incomes were guaranteed. Eighth, many steps were taken toward public or social ownership of the means of production, including land and other natural resources. Ninth, repeated governmental efforts were made to deal with the inflation that attends prolonged exhausting wars. These efforts included the regulation of credit and debt and the substitution of new currencies for old ones that had been hopelessly devalued.

Political and economic changes in the life-patterns of western civilization have been accompanied by far-reaching cultural reforms such as the provision of free public education; the emancipation of women; the provision of public recreation facilities; popularized culture through information, the drama, music, literature, art; equalizing opportunity and facilitating movement up and down the ladder of recognition, approval, disapproval.

Political reforms of western civilization date from the Reformation and the Renaissance. Economic reforms were speeded by the industrial revolution. Together they are often described as the bourgeois revolution, which resulted in the power shift from landlords, ecclesiastics and knights in armor to businessmen, protected and assisted by the state, the church, channels of information and propaganda, the police and other armed forces. Cultural reforms accompanied the reforms in politics and economics.

Underlying the changes and supplementing reforms were improvements in the means of communication and transportation; the discovery and use of new sources of energy and the changes in production and merchandizing which have played so vital a role in the transition from a skimpy economy of scarcity to an open-handed economy of abundance, extravagance and conspicuous waste.

Through all of the political, economic and social changes made in the structure and function of western civilization its basic activities have remained unchanged. The nuclei of civilized life have been cities concerned primarily with trade, commerce, industry, finance--planned, organized and administered by businessmen, their professional and technical associates and assistants. In practice, city centers of wealth and power have expanded, using the military as the readiest means of implementing policy. They have occupied and garrisoned the foreign territory brought under their control. At home and abroad they have exploited nature, men and other animals in their interest and for their profit. The trading cities of medieval Europe, the emerging nations of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the colonizing empires of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the industrial European empires of the nineteenth century devoted their energies increasingly to expanding into new territory, occupying and exploiting it, and fighting the wars which pock-marked the ceaseless struggle for pelf and power. In short, they continued to build up the institutions and to follow the practices of civilized peoples. This has been true of the millennium that began with the crusades and has hastened the rise of western civilization and its extension to planet-wide proportions.

Similar conclusions can be drawn from the life stories of the score or more of civilizations that rose, flourished and sank into inconsequence during the previous five thousand years.

Each civilization has had its own habitat, its own life pattern. Each has had its own languages, laws, traditions and customs. But despite such local differences, all of the civilizations have had in common those characteristics which justify their inclusion in the family of civilizations.

Anyone who wishes to test the accuracy of these generalizations may be satisfied by reading and observing the events that began with the wars between Japan, China and Russia, the Spanish American War, the Boer War, and the revolts in Cuba, China and the Philippines, all of which took place between 1895 and 1905. The present century opened in a period of critical struggle between empires, within empires and between imperial centers and colonial dependencies. These preliminary skirmishes led up to two general wars in 1914-1918 and 1936-1945, accompanied and followed by a score of minor wars and a planet-wide rash of civil wars and wars of independence waged by peoples of the erstwhile colonies.

Three johnnie-come-lately empires played star-roles in the drama: Germany, the United States and Japan. The histories of all three countries from 1870 to 1950 provide ample support for the contention that the central theme of western civilization, as of its predecessors, is a competitive struggle for wealth and power, aimed at expansion and exploitation, using war and the threat of war as instruments of policy.

Even under the pressures generated by the innovations and the political and economic changes of the current world wide revolution, the principle objectives of civilization have remained constant: geographical expansion; military, economic and cultural occupation; exploitation of the newly acquired territories and peoples. Each civilization has built up and maintained a professional military apparatus and used it as the final arbiter in the determination of domestic and foreign policy.

The means used to achieve these objectives have varied from time to time and from place to place. The basic pattern of civilization has appeared, disappeared and reappeared.

Each civilization has made heroic efforts to reform itself when submerged in a time of troubles that made its institutions and its practices intolerable to those in power or those groups and classes which had grown so desperate under its exploitation and oppression that they preferred death to continuance of the established order.

Each civilization has made its contribution, retaining its essential form while modifying its practices to meet the requirements of particular situations. Western civilization is no exception to this general rule.

Following the all but universal principle that "action and reaction tend to be equal and opposite," subjugated, occupied peoples revolt against "foreign" occupation and exploitation. Again western civilization is no exception, as the movements for independence and self-determination that followed the 1946 post-war collapse of the European empires clearly showed.

Reaction against western civilization went beyond revolt to include the rejection of the obsolete concepts, forms and practices inherent in civilization. Rejection has been accompanied and followed by proposals for replacing civilization by concepts, forms and practices more in keeping with the social relations and situations resulting from the current world revolution.

Most reforms of civilization have been attempted during the life of western civilization because during that era both the structure and functioning of civilization have been called into question. In no civilization (Egypt, Rome or the modern West) have the essential principles of civilization been seriously modified. Again and again, during the times of trouble that marked the breakdown of successive civilizations, particular institutions were rejected but civilization as a way of life has been accepted and re-established in the course of each new cycle.

During previous cycles the breakdown of a civilization had been followed by a period of rest and recuperation before the beginning of the next experiment. The breakdown of western civilization, a negative reaction, has been accompanied by a planet-wide drive to replace the concepts, forms and practices of civilization by the concepts, forms and practices of socialism-communism.

Socialism-communism as a way of life for nations and continents is a new experiment on the planet earth. Heretofore there have been small groups--families, tribes and sects--that have adopted and followed cooperation as a way of life, but widespread planned cooperation on a national or continental scale is a novelty.

As a result of these changes, conflict-torn and fragmenting western civilization found itself divided into three factional groups:

I. Corporate business organized domestically and internationally to preserve and extend its wealth and power. Big business interests, their dependents and backers were concentrated chiefly in West Europe and North America. Their network of interests and controls was planet-wide. Literally they were the backbone of western civilization.

II. Builders of socialism-communism, an alternative and rival life pattern, have been concentrated in East Europe and Asia. The socialists-communists occupied a minority position in most of the countries dominated by big business. Their program called for the replacement of capitalist competition and conflict by a cooperating, planned, planet-wide society operated for service rather than for profit.

III. A third segment, made up largely of nations and peoples located in Africa, Asia and Latin America, who up to war's end in 1945 had been colonies or dependencies of the big business directed empires. Since 1945 they have become increasingly independent and self-determining.

The three-fold division of the planet was determined in part by the age-old ideas, principles and practices of civilized peoples during the past six thousand years. In part, it was the outcome of the planet-wide revolution of 1750-1970. It was likewise the result of the wars, revolutions and independence movements that have upset and realigned the world since 1776. Under the impact of these forces human society was being unmade, re-examined and remade.

By comparison with its own beginnings and with its predecessors, western civilization has made many changes in its political, economic and sociological way of life. It has also developed national and regional variants of its overall pattern.

Despite these changes, and with the possible exception of its very large and significant socialist-communist sector, the West has retained the structural and functional features of previous civilizations: urban nuclei supporting themselves by trade, commerce and finance; expansion up to and beyond the point of no return; the life and death power struggle within and between its constituent peoples, nations and empires; the use of war as the final arbiter in these struggles; the rise of the military to a position of supremacy in policy making and public administration; an all-pervasive pattern of exploitation within the urban nuclei and between rival provincial factions; speculation in the necessaries of life; the growth of overhead costs far beyond the increase of production and of income; the degradation of currency; multiple taxation; the abuse of credit; inflation, unemployment and chronic hard times.

Western civilization differs from its predecessors in one crucial respect: it is planet-wide. Previous civilizations known to history have been limited by oceans, deserts and other geographical barriers. The revolution in communication and transportation has by-passed geographic barriers.

The French saying "the more things change the more they remain the same" finds ample justification in the story of western civilization and its predecessors. In one instance after another, for at least six thousand years, civilizations have been built up to summits of wealth and power. Then, on the downward sweep of the cycle, they have declined, decayed and been dumped on the scrap heap of history. No two of these cycles were exactly alike. Each cycle was a social experiment that followed a well marked

path. There were variations, innovations, deviations from the norm, but institutions and practices were strikingly similar. In this broad sense, and despite minor departures, the life patterns of civilization have appeared, disappeared and reappeared with close similarity in structure and function.

Western civilization has had a life cycle of approximately a thousand years. During that millennium it has undergone many changes--political, economic, sociological, ideological. Throughout these changes its basic characteristics have remained; have appeared and reappeared. In the 1970's western civilization retains the essential features which justify us in describing it as a civilization.

The great revolution which began about 1750 and has increased in breadth and depth throughout the past two centuries had led to vital changes in structure and functioning, particularly of the West but generally in the entirety of human society. So far-reaching are these changes, and so deep running, that human society, particularly in the West, has outgrown or is outgrowing the life pattern evolved by civilizations during the past four or five millenia. As a consequence, geographical expansion by the time-honored method of grab-and-keep has become more difficult, far more expensive in manpower and material wealth and is in growing disrepute among a sizeable minority of individuals and social groups, even in the centers of western civilization. It is in notable disfavor among the former colonies and dependencies of the European empires.

At the same time, war as a means of achieving social ends has fallen into greater and greater disrepute. War costs, measured in terms of human well-being and welfare had soared to fantastic heights before 1945. The devastation, during that year, of two moderate sized cities, Hiroshima and Nagasaki, was a foretaste of the increasingly bleak chances of human survival with the stockpiling of nuclear weapons far more destructive than the fission bombs used on the two Japanese cities.

Under the conditions prevailing before the great revolution, competitive struggle between nations and empires, expanding as a result of victory in war, had ceased to be a practicable means of gaining, holding and increasing wealth and power. If the costs of the international power struggle exceeded the gains, there were no longer victors who won and vanquished who lost. Instead, everybody lost as the entire social structure was wrenched, dislocated, wracked and down-graded. Certainly this seemed to be the plain-as-day lesson of the two general wars and the flurry of minor wars which swept the earth after 1910.

Expansion through armed struggle no longer paid its way. It was the obvious lesson stressed by J.A. Hobson and Nicolai Lenin in their respective studies of imperialism (1903 and 1916). It was the theme of Norman Angel's _Great Illusion._ It was summarized by Arnold Toynbee's _War and Civilization._

If the costs of expansion exceeded the income, the outcome of expansion would be dismemberment for the vanquished and bankruptcy for the victors. Indeed, this formula generalises the experience of the survival struggles during the war years which began in 1911. I summarized the experience in _The Twilight of Empire_(1929).

The catastrophic economic breakdown during the Great Depression of 1929-1938, the spectacular and fateful rise of Hitlerism in Germany after 1927, the destructive Civil War in Spain from 1936 to 1939, followed immediately by the war devastations of 1939-45 were part and parcel of the same picture. The same may be said for the revolt of the colonial peoples, downgrading all European "victors" in the war of 1914-18, and the social revolutions following 1945 that shook up the planetary power structure and opened the way for socialist-communist forces to begin socialist construction in one country after another.

Some European states had become super-states, armed to the teeth, surrounded with their satellites, dependencies and colonies. They expanded, exploited and battled as they played the absorbing and ruinous game of "Beggar My Neighbor". Politically and economically the struggle reached and passed its high point between 1914 and 1945. The subsequent years have revealed the aftermath--a down-graded Europe and an ascendant Asia.

Empire building has been made prohibitively expensive by the revolution in science and technology; if the human family is to survive in anything like its present numbers, a way must be found to end the use of war as a means of attaining social objectives. New techniques, chiefly non-competitive, must be discovered and employed in the maintenance of social relations.

Not only must war be abandoned as a means of achieving social objectives, but exploitation of nature and man must be superceded by a planet-wide life style that conserves natural wealth and shifts the center of economic endeavor from competition to cooperation.

Abandonment of war as an instrument of policy and the renunciation of exploitation of man by man and nation by nation as a means of enrichment would put an end to the scandalous and corrosive extremes of riches and poverty that have cursed every civilization of which we have a written record.

Western civilization, like its predecessors, had consisted of rival nations and empires competing for living-space, wealth, position, expanding territorially as they exploited nature and available labor power for the advantage of the few.

Civilization as a life style, built around the competitive struggle for wealth and power, using war as an instrument of policy and multiplying the techniques of expansion and exploitation, has had a series of experimental tryouts already under way at the dawn of written history. Under no circumstances has civilization proved to be wholly rewarding and satisfying. The current revolution in science and technology has rendered civilization unreformable as well as obsolete.

The structure or pattern of civilization has divided western civilization into separate parts that benefit by separateness and profit from conflict. The result is a typical example of a self-destroying life style struggling through an impasse from which there is no escape save through a third fratricidal war.

Today civilization is a bad buy, especially for young people starting out in life. Civilization still has its advantages for those who have lived actively, achieved many of their material objectives and retired to spend their declining years in a well-feathered nest. For some privileged young people, willing to settle for comfort and conformity, civilization offers the leisure to learn, and an opportunity to test themselves out against a big field of ardent competitors. But for energetic, forward-looking, idealistic young people, the opportunities offered by western civilization are deemed inconsequential, trivial and in the long run, inadequate. For them, the game is not worth the candle.

Today civilization is a bad buy for two reasons. The first is that antisocial, predatory, exploitive and parasitic elements are unfortunately and unnecessarily prominent in the lives of all civilized peoples, including the present West. The second reason is the arrogant, self-righteous, peremptory, bragging, bullying, dictatorial approaches adopted by civilized people in their dealings with those who live on the fringes or outside the pale of civilization. The first reason is an inescapable consequence of the political, economic, ideological and sociological assumptions of the civilizing process. The second reason is inherent in the methods used by civilized peoples in their dealing with the uncivilized majority of humanity.

Part IV

Steps Beyond Civilization

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

TEN BUILDING BLOCKS FOR A NEW WORLD

In the previous chapter I argued that we are marking time in a fool's paradise while western civilization slips backward and downward toward dissolution and oblivion. Like many of its predecessors, our civilization seems to have exhausted its capacity to create, progress, advance. Instead it is disintegrating and breaking up in our current time of troubles.

In an earlier epoch of human history civilization helped to bridge the wide gap between man the victim and plaything of nature, and man as the user, director and, to a limited degree, the coordinator of natural forces. Today questions of our demise or our survival and advance are pressing and urgent.

Civilization has played an important role in the social history of mankind during the several thousand years when segments of the human family have turned their backs on barbarism, regrouped their forces, revamped their patterns of association and experimented with the more complicated, specialized and integrated life pattern of civilization. These experiments have paralleled or followed one another, separated by shorter or longer ages of rest and recuperation. Each epoch of civilization has contributed ideas, artifacts and institutions to the sum total of human culture. This has been the case with past civilizations. It is true of western civilization.

Civilization, like other aspects of human culture, is never static but always dynamic. It changes constantly, waxing and waning. It develops, expands and contracts. It reaches out toward universality, then breaks down and dissolves into a welter of conflicting regional and local interest groups. These changes are the outcome of hard-nosed experience. They are related to alterations in

ideas, outlooks and purposes. They are often associated with technical discoveries and inventions. They come and go in more or less clearly defined cycles. They are influenced by deep running political, economic and social forces and trends.

Each civilization matures into forms and develops functions and institutions that tend to consolidate and crystallize in well defined social patterns and habit grooves in which two forces oppose each other: one force is status--preserving that which is; the other force is change--that which tends to become or is becoming.

Status and change confront each other at all social levels. During periods of rapid social change they take the center of the stage and dominate the drama.

The planet-wide revolution of 1750-1970 is an outstanding example of rapid change. The current opposition of status and change has pushed other aspects of social life into second place and has made the social status of yesterday outmoded today and obsolete tomorrow.

The disintegration of western civilization (indicated by its 1910-1975 time of troubles) is having profound effects on western man. The effects are physical, mental, energenic and moral for individuals. Socially they find expression in vandalism, hooliganism, major crime, in the break-up of the family; in alienation, inertia, boredom; in laxity, indiscipline; loss of faith, weakness or absence of purpose. Most serious of all, perhaps, western peoples are learning to ignore principle, live for the moment, satisfy their already sated appetites and pay little or no attention to the future. These attitudes are widespread in the western world of the 1970's, particularly among the young. These effects, on the whole negative, are offset by a number of positive factors. Human beings are curious and imaginative. They are also ingenious, inventive and intuitive. All of these attributes are assets when dealing with the future and the unknown.

In a previous generation, preceding the war of 1914-18, a very large part of the West was under the influence of the Christian church, which promised good things in the hereafter. During the ensuing years of military conflict, planned destruction and wholesale murder, another considerable part of the West, both socialist and liberal, was promising security, comfort and convenience here and now. The influence of the Christian church on life style, even among its own membership, has declined in the past half century. Affluent monopoly capitalism, meanwhile, has provided the rich, the middle class and important numbers of workers and farmers with necessaries and amenities far beyond the levels imagined by reformers and revolutionaries of a previous generation. As an integral part of this maturing revolutionary situation a generation of human beings born since war's end in 1945 has come on the scene, surrounded by the concrete and glass buildings, block printed nylons, the automobiles and domestic appliances of monopoly capitalism and by the social security of socialism. In both segments, capitalist and socialist, the more gifted, original, sensitive, creative members of this comfort-pampered generation have turned their backs on affluence and security and begun shouting a new slogan: "We want to live!"

There is nothing surprising about this development. Many trained, experienced observers have been predicting it. Youth, idealism, aspiration, optimism, ambition--cannot be satisfied with status in any form. They want to live, to achieve, to face difficulties, to overcome dangers, to express themselves, to create. They are not content merely to arrive at physical affluence. Affluence and social security cannot satisfy. They merely sharpen the appetite for a continuance of the life journey, on the best terms permitted by the current time of troubles.

Among the members of the post-war generation, this ambitious, perceptive elite is aware of two disturbing and compelling realities. The first is the peril to mankind implicit in a continuance along its present disaster course of war, with its inescapable counterpart, social dissolution. The second is the possibility that out of the wreckage and rubble of an outmoded cultural pattern, a mature, chastened, more experienced, more consciously purposive generation will arise, possessing the wit to see the necessity of creative advance, and the wisdom to guide the pioneers of humanity along the difficult and dangerous path that they must follow if they are to reach the land of purpose and promise.

Current frustrating experience with the breakdown of western civilization, coupled with historical precedents, confront the present generation of mankind with a compelling challenge and a unique, precious opportunity. The challenge arises out of experiments with particular civilizations and with civilization as a way of life. Our analysis of this situation leads to only one possible conclusion: Repeated experiments with civilization unmask it as a way, not of life, but as a cycle of rise, expansion, maturity, decline and certain death.

The challenge is emphasized by the failure of reforms and reformers of civilization to make changes in structure and function sufficient to meet the challenge of the birth-maturity-death cycle. Nor has it been possible for western civilization to take advantage of the drastic changes and challenges arising out of the current world revolution.

Man's top negative priority at the present moment is to reject the wiles, the temptations, the mortal conflicts and the annihilative destruction which have disrupted and decimated civilized society during the past six thousand years and reached their apex in the Great Revolution of 1750-1970. These experiences prove beyond the shadow of doubt that this pattern of human collective life is inadequate to meet the present and future needs of the human family.

Man's top positive priority is the present-day occupancy of the planet Earth by 3,700 million human beings who wish to survive, to utilize and conserve the natural habitat and to improve the social environment. Within narrow limits, almost all members of the human family want to live and to help other humans to do likewise. Multitudes of human beings, particularly among the youth, want to enjoy outward looking, satisfying, productive, creative lives. They also want those near and dear to do the same thing.

What steps must they take in order to realize their hope and fulfill their aspirations?

Broadly speaking, they must pick their way warily through the maze of artifacts, gadgets and gimmicks produced by human ingenuity during the current world revolution. Most of them are superficial and time consuming. A few are fundamental. They are of the utmost importance as implements to human advance. Taking what advantage they can of recent innovations, avoiding dead-ends and illusion leading to rainbows, the more sensitive and more competent segments of mankind must close ranks and move upward and onward to a new level of culture. The chief instrument available for such an enterprise is the twentieth century version of the political state. The bourgeois revolution was achieved through the developing, evolving political state. The political state is the binding force that held scattered fragments of the human family together during the stresses and strains of the current revolution in science and technology. It is the political state that must be depended upon to resist the fragmentating forces of a disintegrating western civilization, to preserve the social structure and administer human society through the transition from civilization into the structure and functioning of the new social order which is presently supplanting civilization.

Through Europe's transition from feudalism to capitalism, the feudal state, here and there, step by step, was replaced by the bourgeois state as the chief structural building block of western civilization. The bourgeois revolution, in various parts of Europe, lasted for several centuries; the process was well under way by 1450. As lately as 1945 feudal pockets remained in Eastern Europe.

An even more profound transformation of European society is made in the course of the Great Revolution of 1750-1970. The transformation is in its early stages. During the process, the political life of Europe-in-transition will be administered by the political institutions of the bourgeois state, together with the closely related state patterns of socialism-communism which have come into being during the present century.

During this transition the bourgeois state itself has evolved. At the outset it was a revolutionary force devoting its energies to the elimination of feudal institutions and practices and replacing them by the institutions and practices needed for the advancement of bourgeois interests.

Today the bourgeois state is a bulwark of conservatism; devoting its energies to the preservation of bourgeois forms and practices and doing its utmost to fulfill its counter-revolutionary role of resisting and, if possible, destroying the institutions and practices needed to replace the political institutions and practices of civilization by the new institutions required to move mankind from the outmoded lifestyle of civilization to a lifestyle beyond and above that to which humanity has become adapted during the now obsolete epoch of civilization.

At the same time, the socialist-communist variant of the bourgeois state pattern is providing the framework within which the institutions and practices needed for the transition from civilization to a newer and more universal social order are being matured. At the next stage in the birth process, the institutions and practices necessary for upbuilding the social order that will replace civilization are being worked out in theory and embodied in experimental practice.

In practice, an accurate distinction must be made between the conservative bourgeois state, the temporary transitional state and the universal socialist-communist state that will shepherd humanity along the difficult and dangerous path of the political life pattern beyond civilization. In theory such distinctions are needed as part of the scaffolding within which the social pattern of beyond-civilization will be constructed.

Like most decisive epochs of human history, the revolution through which we are passing has had both a negative and a positive aspect. In Chapter 11 I wrote about one of its destructive aspects--the extreme destructivity of two periods of general war. At this point, I would like to list ten positive contributions made by the same revolution toward the development of a social life style that is offering itself as an alternative to civilization.

1. NEW SOURCES OF ENERGY. Up to 1750 human beings had the energy of the human body plus the energy of domestic animals. They used wind to turn mills and sail ships and water to turn crude wheels. They also burned various things, particularly vegetable fibres, to produce heat. During the revolution they have learned to use steam, electricity and chemical explosives. Recently they have learned to use the energy in the atom, to use water power extensively and, to a slight extent, the energy of the sun and the tides.

2. The revolution has taught people who previously feared CHANGE, to welcome change and take full advantage of discoveries and inventions that modified nature and profoundly altered human society.

3. Among the INVENTIONS were the extensive use of the wheel for movement on land, the use of steam engines and electric motors for moving, manufacturing and transportation and the use of electricity for communication.

4. INCREASED HUMAN MOBILITY on land and water, and, more recently, in the air and, still more recently, in outer space. Easy and rapid movement, and almost instantaneous communication brought people together in towns and cities, built up trade in goods and services, increased speed of communications and enabled people living at a distance from one another to keep in close touch, bringing human enterprises and human beings into continuing contact. Human life, thought and action were coordinated. Increased mobility UNIFIED HUMAN SOCIETY.

5. RESEARCH is now an accepted aspect of all phases of human life and activity. Research is a recognized occupation. Research teams solve problems, map the paths of enterprise. We are learning first to think, then, only after careful study, decide on courses of action and follow them through.

6. The field of inquiry and research covered the entire range of human experience. Information, resulting from research, provided the subject matter of new sciences. In the new fields new skills were developed and new professions built up. The members of this new TECHNOLOGICAL INTELLIGENTSIA, added to the learned professions, created a large group who expected and enjoyed affluent living conditions.

7. SPREADING AFFLUENCE increased the number of families that enjoyed abundance of goods and services, comforts and luxuries mass produced and offered in a mass market, lifting people out of scarcity by growing abundance. Scarcity ceased to restrain. Instead, people learned the values of RESTRAINT, ECONOMY, FRUGALITY, SIMPLICITY.

8. Increase in size and complexity called into being a new profession. MANAGEMENT with the necessary PLANNING, BUDGETING, COST KEEPING.

9. Large numbers of well-fed, housed, educated and aware human beings created the possibility of arousing, mobilizing and utilizing people--especially young people--to take part in voluntary group projects, co-operate and create. Such experiences developed SOCIAL AWARENESS and led to LARGE SCALE MASS ACTION.

10. People growing up in affluence, living above the rigors of poverty, asked questions about themselves, their society and the universe in which they lived. They learned that they and their fellows had not only the five accepted "senses," but additional senses with corresponding experiences. This opened their eyes to the possibility of additional or extra senses, opening the immense field of "EXTRA SENSORY PERCEPTION," E.S.P.

These ten areas, opening up largely during the years of the great revolution are "new wine" which cannot be contained in the old wine skins. They raise questions and open up vistas which transcend the narrower confines of civilization. They are among the materials and facilities out of which a new world is coming into existence.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

MOVING TOWARD WORLD FEDERATION

One of man's earliest collective experiences is summed up in the saying: United we stand; divided we fall.

United we survive and prosper. Divided we quarrel, fight and sooner or later break up into smaller sovereign competing groups. If human beings wish to utilize nature or to enjoy the advantages of collective action and group life they must get together and stay together.

This necessity for collective action has appeared and reappeared all through written history. It is one of the most important lessons of present-day human experience. It holds for families, neighborhoods, villages, cities, nations, for mankind as a whole. It is joint action for the general welfare.

The principle of collective action has been recognized and put into practice during the ten centuries that span the rise of western civilization--put into practice up to a certain point--the nation or the empire. Beyond that point, collective action has taken two forms: competition and conflict, including war, and coordination or cooperation under agreement, contract or treaty.

Among the outstanding results of the great revolution, improvement in communication and transportation have brought humans into contact with one another on an increasingly extensive scale, reaching its high water mark in planet-wide networks of trade, travel, migration and diplomacy, leading up to the One World which was so much in the foreground of public discussions between the two general wars of 1914 and 1939.

Much has been written on the subject. I contributed by two bits in _The Next Step_, a book published in 1922 and _United World_, published in 1945. Perhaps the most critical failure of western civilization was its inability or unwillingness to take that next step during the decisive years that followed the Hague Conference of 1899.

In listing the Ten Building Blocks for a New World (Chapter 13 of this book) I began with world federation because in terms of the public life of the earth around 1900, the planet was divided into two alliances of nations and empires--the Allies, headed by Great Britain and the Central Powers, headed by Germany.

Instead of cooperating to gain their declared objectives of peace, prosperity and progress these two power blocs engaged in an armament race from 1903 to 1914, leading up to general war in 1914, with a second general war between the rivals in 1939.

When I was organizing Part II of this study (A Social Analysis of Civilization) I had to decide whether to begin with economics or politics. As an economist I was inclined to put economics first, but since the study centered on civilization, and since all known civilizations were not groupings of economic subdivisions but aggregates of nations, empires and their dependencies, and since the expansion of civilization has consisted in enlarging the geographical area of the civilization in question, I decided to begin with politics. As the study has progressed I have seen no reason for reversing the choice.

On the contrary, since I began collecting data for this study at the time of the first general war, I have watched the unfolding political struggle for economic and cultural objectives with the increasing conviction that politics is the primary focus, with economic forces always in play, but usually in the background, leaving the center of the stage to politics.

This is another way of saying that the present-day world is divided primarily into political nation states rather than into areas of economic function. Always, economics is important. But, at least superficially, political considerations are in the foreground to clinch decisions. A time may come when economists or sociologists occupy the central offices where primary decisions are made. That time has not yet arrived. In so far as the present generation is concerned, politics is in the foreground. The politicians make the crucial announcements and sign the key documents.

Therefore our survey of the Steps Beyond Civilization begins with politics. Our attention centers on the political aspects of World Federation with economic considerations present and always operating, but not dominating the crucial decisions.

For better or worse, in 1975 and the years immediately succeeding, we will be living on a planet divided into some 140 politically sovereign states. In view of the widespread pressure toward self-determination, the number of sovereign states has increased considerably, especially since war's end in 1945.

Presumably the principal "united we stand" applies to those 140 sovereign states.

Sovereignty includes the right of self determination--putting the interests of one particular state above the interests of the entire family of nations--the part before the whole. Here is a contradiction and a possible conflict of interest. Britain's Prime Minister Heath, like many another spokesman in his position, summed up the issue in the pithy phrase: "British interests come first."

If the French, Italian, Japanese and other prime ministers take a similar stand, implied by the principle of sovereignty, situations are bound to arise in which the interests of two or more nations clash, opening the way for conflicts at many levels: differences of interpretation, negotiations in the course of which concessions may be made by both parties. The differences may be settled by diplomats sitting around conference tables or by armies on the battlefield.

With 140 sovereign states on the planet, the probability of conflict would seem to be overwhelming. As a matter of daily experience such confrontations and conflicts do occur. Most of them are handled by negotiation. A few lead to armed struggle.

Since 140 sovereign states exist on one earth, means must be found that will enable them to co-exist, if possible, without conflict, and certainly without military conflict. The means generally relied upon today for dealing with such problems is negotiation between representatives of all parties at interest. At the national level this would mean negotiations between representatives of the involved governments.

Negotiations between representatives of various governments are always going on--dealing with political, economic and cultural issues. Within each nation such negotiations are conducted between spokesmen for various government departments. Internationally they are conducted by representatives of various governments working through their diplomatic or consular services. Within each nation and between nations confrontations may be settled by negotiation. At each level they may result in armed conflict.

Governments exist to deal with conflicts and, where possible, to resolve them before they reach the shooting stage. This is notably true in domestic affairs because there are usually public officials charged with the duty of dealing with problems. Internationally, unless there is an international agency such as the Universal Postal Union of the Organization of American States, the issue must be settled by special representatives of the parties.

The argument for a world government begins with the assumption that means should exist to deal with international issues before they reach an acute stage. Such means exist within each local government. Similar arrangements should exist at the international level to deal with issues that arise between governments.

The political core of a social stage beyond civilization will be a planet-wide, international, regional and local network of institutions, integrated, coordinated and administered on the federal principle: local affairs controlled locally; regional affairs controlled regionally; international affairs controlled by a planet-wide political authority. Such a relationship would imply states rights for the local authority; regional rights for the regional authority, and full awareness in the central authority of the possibility, at this juncture, of establishing order, justice and mercy on the planetary level--in our present terminology, a "world government."

Basic to this federal structure would be the Jeffersonian assumption: "That government governs best which governs least", with an amendment: "provided that the authority in question governs sufficiently to establish and maintain physical health, social decency, order, justice and mercy in reasonable proportions throughout the area subject to its jurisdiction".

At each level, local, national, regional and planetary, there will be committees, councils or other authorities with full responsibility for the conduct of public administration at the local, the national, the regional and the planetary or international level.

Currently the federal principle is widely established at local and national levels. Attempts are being made in various regions to effectuate stable authorities at the regional level, such as the United States of North America or the United States of Mexico. There has been much talk of planet-wide government established by one wealthy and militarily powerful nation over its peers, or by a voluntary association with its peers. Institutions established thus far: League of Nations, The United Nations, The World Court, the Universal Postal Union, have fallen far short of stable, planet-wide, all inclusive political authority.

At the moment there are 122 states which are members of the United Nations. There are perhaps an additional score of nations which have applied for membership or which might be accepted if they made an application. Accept this rounded figure, and we have perhaps 140 nations or potential nations on the planet. Some are long established and stable. Other nations are new-born, with small populations, few resources and minimal means of defense or offense. By and large this is the family of nations which might be coordinated into an effective world authority which would be responsible for order, decency and peace in a federally coordinated world.

World authority, to be effective and reasonably stable, must be equipped with sufficient delegated powers to maintain orderly and decent relations between its members, establish peace, and carry out policies necessary to provide and promote ecological and

sociological welfare. To achieve such results it must have a built-in balance between central authority and local-regional self-determination. It must also enjoy sufficient elbow-room to provide for social change and for consistent social improvement.

The goal of world government, as of any political enterprise that pretends to represent human needs, will be social stability, security, efficiency of service, and enlarged opportunities for citizens to speak and act for themselves, directly or through their representatives, at all levels. Politics is the theory and practice of the possible in any given situation. Executives and administrators in Los Angeles, London and Tokyo or in the United States, Britain and Japan will deal with public transportation, public education and public law and order in terms of general principles such as those stated in the opening sentences of this paragraph. They will also face specific situations arising out of climate, access to raw materials, custom, habit and other ecological and cultural factors which differ profoundly from continent to continent, nation to nation, city to city and district to district in the same nation.

Human communities have sought and found different means of dealing with the problems of community administration. At one extreme of social administration are various types of arbitrary, personal dictatorships. The Greeks called them tyrannies--arbitrary rule by individuals or small groups subject only to their own decisions.

At the other extreme are social groups that arrive at decisions as the outcome of discussion in which all group members may take part. Group decisions may require unanimity or they may be the outcome of voting, with a majority or plurality vote carrying with it the right and duty to put decisions into effect as part of the public life of the community.

Various forms of government have been established locally and regionally. At the level of a civilization, the government has been established almost universally as the outcome of armed struggle and military conquest, and has been exercised through the use of armed force in the hands of armed minorities.

A century without general war, 1815 to 1914, led to a widespread balance-of-power assumption that planet-wide peace and prosperity could be established and maintained by preserving a balance between the armed forces of individual nations or alliances. Hence there need be no more general wars fought for survival or supremacy.

The bitter struggle for markets, raw materials and colonies that followed the French-German War of 1870 developed into an armament race after 1899. From the Hague Peace Conference of 1899 to the outbreak of general war in 1914, desperate efforts were made to maintain the power-balance and avert a general war. The failure of these efforts proved the ineffectiveness of the balance-of-power formula.

Today it is generally taken for granted that a balance of power between armed nations is no guarantee of peace and order. It is also taken for granted that frivolous talk like that of an "American Century" after 1945 has no justification in the light of present-day history. As matters now stand neither a balance between rival armed powers, nor the domination of the planet by any one power can be relied upon to maintain world order and keep world peace.

Forms of self-government and representative government developed during the bourgeois revolution and advocated and partially applied during the proletarian up-surge, are being continued or are reappearing during the current struggle for power and prestige at the planetary level. As the planet approaches one world technologically, there is an increasing possibility of a planetary political federation, directed by a world governmental apparatus.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

INTEGRATING A WORLD ECONOMY

Repeated efforts have been made to establish large-scale, widely ranging economies. This was the case during Egyptian and Phoenician civilizations. It was certainly true of the economy of the Roman Empire and of Roman civilization.

Such efforts faced drastic limitations. The most formidable was the narrow margin of surplus produced by hand labor in the forests, on the fields and in the workshops, operated, in the main, with hand tools, with minor inputs of energy supplied by domestic animals and with the small amounts derived from wind and moving water.

Two further limitations existed. First, as each civilization matured its leaders and policy makers ceased to labor on the land or in the workshops, preferring to keep their hands and clothes clean, to free themselves from irksome demanding toil and devote themselves to tasks more befitting "gentlefolk." This was notably true of landlords as a class. It was also true of the richer traders, merchants and moneylenders, particularly of the third and fourth generations.

Expansion of empires and the civilizations which they developed entailed military operations. Military operations, in their turn, produced war-captives, who must earn their keep and, if possible, something more. Sold in the market to the highest bidder, war captives and their descendants became chattel slaves. As civilizations were expanded by conquest and matured by struggle, they developed some type of forced labor to balance the increased parasitism of the masters and the growing numbers who were called upon to produce "services" rather than material goods.

Certain areas of civilized economies were taken over by the public authorities. Planning and building of cities and their ports, of highways, including bridges, of viaducts, aqueducts, of drainages for the cities, of public buildings. The construction of defenses, including city walls, were partly or wholly public enterprises. Temples and tombs for the mighty were often in the same category.

Maintenance of large elaborate households by political leaders, and in later periods of empire building, by the successful merchants and technicians, led to the employment of many servants, including subordinate members and relatives of the elite.

Much necessary labor was performed by members of each household. The resulting economy was therefore fragmented at the household level with virtually all of the energy supplied by human beings and domestic animals.

As each civilization developed its pattern of forced labor, including the labor of war captives, it launched the deadly competition between freemen and slaves which almost inevitably ended in favor of the slaves, who were housed and fed by the masters and who could operate at overhead costs lower than those involved in the hiring of wage or salaried workers.

Land ownership tended to center in the political-military leaders, the temples and, as each civilization matured, in the hands of its bourgeoisie.

Integrating such economies proved to be a difficult, arduous task, well beyond the powers of the average political, military or hereditary leader. In a very real sense, the problems of management were extremely personal and correspondingly concentrated in the hands of skillful acquisitors. Nowhere was the impact of the 1750-1970 revolution more far reaching than in the area of management.

Economic activities, in the course of the great revolution, had less and less connection with the homestead, and except for a tiny minority of the personnel, had no connection with the family of the owner-operator. The seat of the family--the home--continued to exist, but on a far more restricted basis. Arts and crafts moved from the household into the workshop, where they expanded both in extent and in complexity. Domestic tasks were associated with hand labor and simple tools. The great revolution filled the workshop with the ancestors of present day machinery, but with a prodigious difference. In the early step from home workshop to factory, hand tools in plenty were being used in the workshops. As "modernization" progressed, hand tools were replaced by specialized machines.

The implements of specialization--the machine building tools and the machine tools themselves--were housed in forests of associated workshops. The mechanics of specialization sprawled over acres and square miles of factory floor space. Nowhere were the results of the great revolution more in evidence than in the vast difference between the workshop attached to the house of the early industrialist and the forest of chimneys and stacks, and the acres and square miles of floorspace in present-day industrial establishments, with their personnel numbered in thousands and the capital invested in plant and equipment running into the millions or billions of dollars.

Two centuries of the great revolution have given present-day industrial society a capital plant the like of which has never existed on the planet in any historical period. After two hundred years of meteoric development, it exists today on a planet-wide scale and at a level of all-pervasive dominance undreamed of even up to the middle of the last century.

Modern industry "plants"--steel plants, cement plants, open pit mines, textile plants, machine tool plants, auto plants, rubber factories, oil refineries--not only occupy extensive acreage per plant, but the same interests and corporate managements operate dozens of plants in widely separated geographical areas and produce a great variety of goods and services. An experienced observer feels entirely at home in any industrial center, on any continent. In Detroit, in Dusseldorf, in Osaka, in Shanghai, in Bombay, the architecture of the plants is essentially the same, the machines in the widely separated plants bear a striking resemblance to one another, and the problems of management are similar.

Unit plants and their coordinated managements in the aggregate compose the present-day world economy. They are the essence of its being. They occupy the skyline and dominate the economic life of modern industrial society. They are the units which make up

the sum-total of modern industry which, in its turn, is the bony structure around which have grown the sinews and muscle of present-day planetary economy.

Modern state structure goes back through the half dozen centuries during which it has been developing. Its ancestors may be met with in the history of previous civilizations.

Modern industrial structure on the other hand is something essentially new under the sun--newly imagined, designed, constructed, productive. It has no ancestry before 1750 because its essential building unit--the modern machine--did not exist previous to that date.

In the last chapter we dealt with the growth of states into empires and the aggregation of empires into civilizations with the possibility that the existing states could be welded into a world federation. One of the chief obstacles to such a development is the centuries of conflict during which modern nations have been built up and the strong bonds of nationalism have been established as a means of holding divergent groups of people in line by particular oligarchies operating in particular civilizations.

On the economic level such difficulties are minimal. The process of coordination and consolidation was far advanced before the end of the last century. The practice of integration--joining productive units in functional sequences--was also accepted and followed, with little regard for political or cultural considerations. The result has been an economic integration which has developed inside the chief industrial nations and across national boundaries.

Despite political obstacles, economic integration has proceeded with giant strides, especially during the past hundred years. Under a well developed world political federation the world economy could be integrated and used to provide the necessaries, conveniences and minimal comforts for the entire human family. There are nationalistic obstacles to political federation. Economic integration is an obvious must and a logical outcome of the industrial integration that has gone on so swiftly during the great revolution of 1750-1970.

When we talk about integrating the world economy we are dealing with a problem which no previous civilization has faced because no previous civilization had machines or the social and cultural institutions which have grouped themselves around the ultra-modern machine phenomena.

World economy in 1975 includes three essential elements: the planet earth and its resources; the institutional structure of modern society; and human beings with their diverse concepts and skills which provide its motive force. These three factors, land, capital equipment, and human energy, are the three-fold apparatus upon which 3.7 billion human beings depend for the goods and services which sustain them from day to day and year to year.

At an earlier period this economic apparatus centered around the land and its cultivation (agriculture). Since the onset of the great revolution the goods and services have come increasingly from a factory-office centered occupational apparatus. When we consider the integration of the world economy, it is this industrialized, modern economy that we have chiefly in mind. No previous civilization faced such a problem. There are no real precedents upon which we can rely. We must go forward, if we do go forward, experimenting with problems which face the human family for the first time.

The integration of planetary economy in 1975 is a total, or unitary, problem. It is not a problem of one continent, of one nation or empire, of one racial or cultural group. It is a problem which the human family faces as a human family, occupying our planet Earth. It is our capital equipment. It is the success with which we apply our know-how to the earth, using our capital equipment and our skills, producing the goods and services upon which our physical existence depends. We rise or fall, sink or swim in terms of our own capacities, our own abilities to adapt ourselves to historical circumstances which will determine the conditions of life on the earth. Indeed, our decisions and consequent actions may determine our own extinction or survival.

Planetary economy will aim to provide the means of livelihood for its constituents along six lines: to conserve the human heritage of natural resources, using them sparingly and, where possible, adding to them; to produce and distribute those goods and services which are needed to maintain health and provide for social decency; to produce and distribute goods and services honestly, efficiently and economically; to assure simple necessaries for all, including dependents, defectives and delinquents; to give high priority to local self-sufficiency; to maintain enough central economic authority to guarantee adequate goods and services to successive generations of the planetary population.

An effective world government, therefore, must adopt and administer an economic program designed to: (a) Utilize and conserve natural resources, making them available, on a just basis, for the use of successive generations; (b) End involuntary poverty and insecurity and the exploitation of man by man and of one social group by another social group; (c) Make necessary public services generally available on equal terms, to all mankind; and (d) Guarantee equal opportunity to earth-dwellers based on the greatest good to the greatest number.

Feeding, clothing, housing and educating an agricultural village was a prime consideration at an early stage in social history. Providing the necessaries and amenities of life in a commercial-industrial city occupied the attention of city fathers as a consequence of the shift from agriculture to trade and commerce as the principle source of livelihood. Caring for the physical, physiological and cultural needs of populations in the United States, Britain, Japan and other growing commercial-industrial nations presented difficult challenges. The organization, expansion, defense and improvement of the American, British, Japanese and any other contemporary empire, posed even larger and more complex problems which have nagged mankind during recent generations. Recently, the planet-wide revolution of 1750-1970 has brought the entire human family with 3,700 million members isolated in 140 different nations, face to face with political, economic and social problems on a planet-wide scale. These problems are planet-wide in their dimensions. Measures designed for their solution must be equally planet-wide.

Villages, cities, regions and nations have learned, often the hard way, how to think, plan and act in terms of their own interests, or, more concretely, in the interest of their owners, masters and exploiters. It is with politics and economics of this planet-wide level that we of the present generation are particularly concerned.

Dwellers in western Europe and North America have to deal with the politics and economics of monopoly capitalism. Its central offices are generally located in particular countries--Britain, Holland, France, Germany, where big business enterprises had their beginnings and from which representatives of oil, steel, textile, motor and banking enterprises spilled over into the territory of their competitors as well as into the "third world" of erstwhile colonies and other dependencies.

Monopoly capitalism has made no real effort to organize a functioning world economy. On the contrary, it has established, maintained and consolidated centers of economic interests and activities at the national level. In theory and in practice the bourgeois-dominated planet is divided into economic and political states and spheres of influence, each equipped with the separatist institutions of political sovereignty.

Politically the task of setting up a competent world government has not been seriously taken in hand. The same may be said for the organization of a planned, organized, supervised planetary economy. So far as we know, such world economic institutions and practices cannot exist in the chaos of one hundred forty sovereign states, each exercising authority over its economy, each with its own program for growth and expansion, and putting its claims for wealth and power above peace, order, justice, and mercy for the entire human family.

General economic practice throughout the 1450-1970 experiments with nation building, empire building, competitive struggle and sporadic efforts at world conquest, occupation and exploitation have crossed national boundary lines as a matter of necessity. It could not be otherwise, because no nation has been able to reach the cultural level of civilization on a basis of economic self-containment. Primitive agriculture can maintain a high degree of self sufficiency. City populations abandon self-sufficiency and adopt the principles of expansion, occupation and utilization of foreign territory and exploitation of resources and manpower, at home and abroad.

As western civilization has matured, power struggles at the top, conquest, occupation and exploitation have come more and more to the fore until, in the era of monopoly capitalism, they dominate the field. In this period of human history nothing less than the just sharing of available goods and services will implement the principle of "to each according to his need".

Monopoly capitalism, throughout its entire history, has tended to function internationally, moving across frontiers in search of raw materials, markets, and fields of profitable investment. Inter-group trade has been carried on between and through "foreign" markets, cities and states. Not only has the flag followed the investor, but the investor has used governmental agencies, including the military, to protect economic interests, promote them and expand them. Early in their history, western nations subsidized private organizations like the Dutch East India Company and the British Hudson Bay Company and authorized them to exercise quasi-public authority. International banking and insurance paralleled international trade.

Western civilization, from its earliest beginnings in foreign business relations and ideological adventures like the Crusades, has spilled across national frontiers in its search for adventure, for experience, for information, for pelf and power. A part of the expansionist drive was "strictly business" in character. Another part--international conferences, public and private; tourism; the export of artifacts and of information, were promoted by mixed motives, from missionary zeal for the propagation of The Faith to international business for profit, public and private.

One of the most spectacular aspects of European expansion during modern times has been the growth of production and trade; the rapid increase in "foreign" investment; and governmental efforts to tie together geographically and ethnically remote places and peoples into neat bundles tagged Spanish Empire, British Empire, French Empire, Russian Empire. Nineteenth and early twentieth century history centered around such international experiments and included inter-state build-ups like the European Common Market and the Organization of American States.

War losses and emergency spending incident to warfare led to large scale financial assistance from one government to another. Such transactions are not confined to recent times, but during the war years from 1914 to 1945 they reached fantastic proportions. The United States foreign aid program alone, following the war of 1939-45, involved grants and loans of $125,060 million dollars from July 1, 1945 to December 31, 1970 (_Statistical Abstract_ 1971 p. 958). Similar grants and loans were made by other countries to their allies and associates. These examples illustrate the build-up of an extensive international relationship that has been an integral aspect of the 1750-1970 world revolution.

Throughout this experience two parallel forces have been at work. One was the effort to establish a stable, renewable and self-renewing social environment. The other was the effort to adapt and remake man (human nature) to fit into the rapidly changing social environment and to expand and deepen relations with nature.

Sociology, the science and art of staying together in more or less permanent social groups, thus becomes the theory and practice of association. Politics and economics are specialized aspects of association. Political relations, economic relations and other aspects of association make up the overall field of the human community or human society.

Groups of human beings are brought together and held together by various means, among which communication is outstanding. At every level, from the local to the general or universal, and in every aspect of politics, economics and other forms of association, human beings communicate.

One function of planetary association involves the establishment and maintenance of a network of planetary communication. Locally, nationally, regionally, and internationally the channels or means of communication have been extensively developed.

Devices designed to reproduce and elaborate oral and written communication blanket the planet so extensively that the individual and family privacy enjoyed by human beings before the middle of the last century has literally ceased to exist. In its place is a communications network that operates twenty-four hours in the day and seven days in the week. By a move of the hand and a flick of a switch everybody can be in touch with anybody and anybody with everybody almost everywhere.

Channels of communication, trade and travel keep members of the human race constantly in touch with one another. Except for the solitary, living alone in the wilderness (urban or rural) there is no hiding place. Mechanisms supplementing man's five senses, see, feel, hear and report everything.

Facility in communication provides a wealth of information. Using available means of human communication, a central planetary authority can inform, alert and arouse the entire human family with its 3,700 million members. Socially minded, it could announce and initiate the measures necessary to maintain peace and order through conformity to a common program of social action. Coordinating, integrating and administering the channels of communication at the planetary level will be a primary responsibility of any planet-wide economic program.

Planetary government will be responsible for establishing, maintaining and improving a network of communication and education designed to ensure both uniformity and diversity in the human population. The revolution in science and technology has been particularly noteworthy in the field of communication, extending from the family to the entire human race; from the home telephone, the morning newspaper, the phonograph, radio and television to regular mail delivery, the printing press, the camera, lithography, the typewriter, tele-communication, the computer, public address systems and the various devices for overhearing and recording that produce more or less permanent records of casual vocal expressions.

Planet-wide communication in the 1970's provides an example of the transformation from economic localism to economic worldism during recent times. By its very nature, communication tends to involve all four corners of the planet. In that sense, communication tends to become unique. It is not a real exception, however. Through communication channels, knowledge concerning every aspect of man's economy, from agriculture to commerce and finance, crosses frontiers almost automatically, strengthening, deepening and integrating planet-wide economy.

A planet-wide economy will not be designed, planned and coordinated as a result of either military conquest or political expansion and predation. Rather, it will be a public enterprise of the entire human family, operated by a world government in the public interest for the social service and well-being of mankind.

The worldwide revolution of 1750-1970 provides the economic basis for a planet-wide society--for One World. The real danger--that any local or regional war may grow into another general war in which nuclear weapons are used--provides reason aplenty to put the whole before the part and, in the pursuit of general human welfare, to federate the political life of the human family, following the many steps toward worldism already taken by various aspects of its economy.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

CONSERVING OUR NATURAL ENVIRONMENT

Beyond civilization we will conserve, share, beautify and, if possible, improve the earth, which is our physical base of operations.

The earth is an irregular sphere, one of a number of planets circling the sun, from which we get light, heat and radiation. The earth has a shell or crust made of various minerals. Two-thirds of its surface is water of various depths up to six miles. Above the surface is an atmosphere, some twenty miles thick, composed of various gases, dust particles and water vapor. Operating throughout the earth there are vibrations of different wave lengths.

As a whole the earth is a going concern that carries out its daily, seasonal, yearly business of providing a home for an immense variety of forces; for living forms, in the earth, on the earth, in the water and in the air. The earth and its attributes are the common host or mother of us all.

Some of earth's inhabitants are "alive". Many of the living forms move about--and reproduce themselves, passing through a life cycle from birth to death.

Some among the living forms cluster together into more or less permanent groups which develop social relationships including communities in which individuals are born, live and die.

Speaking in metaphors, the sun is the common father of us all, providing us with light and heat, the earth is the common mother of us all, providing us with sustenance. We living beings, progeny of sun and earth, pass through a span or cycle of earthly existence--helping one another, ignoring one another, jostling one another, annoying and even killing and devouring one another.

This is a roundabout way of saying that nature, human beings and human society are part and parcel of a total relationship which includes the planet earth, the solar system and an immense range of celestia which includes minute particles of celestial dust, like our earth, and majestic assemblies of celestial notables like the Island Universe of which we are unnumbered and barely noticed particles.

At some point in this vast assemblage, actually before the assemblage came into existence, there were responsible, animating forces in play. There was also the responsibility for the use or exercise of the operating forces. We humans are a product of those forces. We also share in their functioning. Consequently we share in the responsibility which is associated with their exercise.

It is the task of philosophy to designate the responsibility; to describe it, measure it and perhaps to assign it. At any rate, we find ourselves in a position where certain things are expected of us, perhaps even required of us as members of the human family and/or of the human family as a functioning whole.

It is entirely possible that, instead of overlooking, ignoring, bickering, quarreling and periodically maiming and killing each other wholesale, we humans should be devoting our energies, emotions, thoughts and plans to furthering the larger purpose of which the earth and its inhabitants are small segments. In a word, that we humans should be acting as a responsible part of a functioning whole engaged in the vast enterprise of being and becoming.

Whatever our ultimate tasks may be, our immediate problem is three-fold: (1) To make the earth the fittest possible living place for all of its inhabitants; (2) to organize human society in the way best calculated to achieve that objective; and (3) to make every reasonable effort to prepare ourselves to play a meaningful part in this cosmic drama to which we have been assigned.

Item (1) is the theme of this chapter, item (2) is the theme of Chapter 17. Item (3) is the theme of Chapter 18.

Passing beyond civilization we will attempt to conserve, share, beautify and if possible to improve our earth.

Our first task is to make the earth the fittest possible place for _ALL_ of its inhabitants. In a way that is a simple assignment, but its implementation will take us into every nook and corner of the land, water, air, radiational field, and every other aspect of the planet, including the weather.

When we say _ALL_ forms and phases of life we mean all. All microscopic life, all lichens and mosses, all vegetation on land, in the water, in the air. All insects, all birds, all fish, all quadrupeds. All two legged animals. All centipedes and all those in between.

All forms of life have been assigned to our earth for a purpose, or have made a place for themselves in the vast scheme of things or are clinging parasitically to life after their assignments have been fulfilled or as their usefulness is drawing to a close.

In a broad sense, that which lives on the earth, including mankind, has a right or an opportunity to be here, living to the utmost of its always limited capacity. How limited? Limited by the similar rights of all other forms and aspects of life. In a word life on the earth--each life and all life--is a shared opportunity.

Doubtless there are planners, regulators and arbitrators whose task it is to decide, at any particular moment, who shall survive and who shall perish. Actually we humans perform a part of that function every time we thin out a forest, weed a garden, select our seed or teach a class. At one stage of life we are the judges, at another stage we are the judged, performing multiple tasks that must be fulfilled during each moment of each day and each year.

In our Island Universe this earth is small. But in each backyard, on each acre or square mile of earth, decisions may be made or are being made that determine survival, utility, order, beauty. The results of those decisions appear constantly in the life all about us.

We have all been in homes where neatness, usefulness and good taste abound. We have been in villages and towns where the same conditions prevailed. On the other hand, we have been in situations that can be described only by the words littered, disorderly, chaotic. We have also seen neat orderly homes in disorderly, slovenly neighborhoods. Much depends upon who makes the decisions and whether the plans that are carried into effect promote or obstruct the ultimate purpose.

At the moment, we have the satisfaction of orderly, beautiful neighborhoods at the same time that we are surrounded by a disorderly, littered, chaotic international battleground.

The earth with its oceans and its atmosphere is a storehouse containing many if not most of the essentials for survival, growth and development, for mankind as well as a multitude of other life forms. Perhaps its most valuable single asset from the human viewpoint is its topsoil. Topsoil plus light, air and moisture provide the elements necessary for producing vegetation. Vegetation, in its turn, furnishes the nourishment on which animals thrive.

At the top of our priority list for the well-being of the earth stands the injunction: conserve and build topsoil.

Topsoil is lost through erosion--wind erosion, water erosion, erosion through over cropping. It is held in place by stones, grasses, and the roots of shrubs and trees. Untouched by human hands, on the prairies and in the forests, topsoil is deepened year by year as winter frosts break up soft rocks, as dead grasses, leaves, twigs break down into humus, to become part of the topsoil and provide the nourishment for a new round of vegetation.

Topsoil is renewable, replaceable. Lost through cropping and erosion, it may be rebuilt and deepened by natural processes. In temperate climates with normal rain and snowfall, the topsoil of grasslands or a forest may be deepened year by year and century by century. Topsoil may also be deepened by dust storms that pick up particles of humus from dry lands and carry them to moister areas.

Through a carefully controlled sequence, semi-desert lands planted first to grasses and then to shrubs and trees can be protected against wind erosion. As vegetation flourishes it increases dew formation and rainfall. Plant roots prevent runoff and retain the water in gulleys and low places. Evaporation builds up moisture content in the atmosphere. Water vapor forms drops and falls in

rain or snow.

Foresighted husbandry not only prevents erosion but, practiced on a sufficiently broad scale, increases air moisture and modifies climate--the weather.

We are less fortunate with some of the critically important minerals that make up the earth crust.

During early centuries in the history of western civilization adventurers and prospectors concentrated on the precious metals. The voyagers and discoverers who sailed fifteenth century seas were seeking supplies of gold, silver and precious stones that could be cut and converted into the highly prized jewels adorning the crowns and scepters of the mighty.

Production at that stage meant agriculture, with side occupations such as hunting, fishing, weaving, tanning, pottery, thatching and peat cutting, in the all but continuous countryside. There was a very little mining, but outside of the commercial towns and the growing capital cities people made their living by taking care of domestic animals and tilling the soil. Between seed time and harvest they tightened their belts and prayed the Powers that Be for a bountiful yield. If it came they feasted. If the crop failed they struggled to survive on the narrow margin between hunger and starvation.

If they saw any money it was likely to be copper, with perhaps an occasional piece of silver. Gold was for the rich, of whom at that period there were precious few, even among the owners of land and the wielders of power.

Country folk barely scratched the surface of the earth. Roads were wheel tracks in the mud. Bridges were fords that became more or less impassable with high water.

These assertions sound strange and romantic to the modern beneficiaries of asphalt and reinforced concrete. They were the lot of most Europeans and North Americans when our great grandfathers and great grandmothers were in their prime.

What has made the difference between their use of the earth and ours? Chiefly, the newly tapped sources of energy and the wide variety of minerals--whose names were unknown except to scholars and scientists before 1750. It is the new sources of energy and the only recently utilized metals that have made the difference.

Farm land can be used and abused many times before its productive possibilities are exhausted. Even then, with foresight, technical proficiency, the investment of labor and capital, agricultural land can be restored to fertility. Iron ore, tin, copper and tungsten are extracted from the earth, refined, put to some use or wasted as the case may be, but they are gone. They may be replaced by other minerals. Through geological ages they may redeposited in the earth's crust. But to all intents and purposes, they are finished.

It is a source of pride to promoters and propagandists for the status quo that western man has removed more metals and minerals from the earth's crust in the past two hundred years than his predecessors removed during the previous two thousand years. It is also a source of danger, because the possibilities of taking those particular minerals from that particular cubic foot of the earth are ended.

Replaceable natural resources such as soil fertility, grasses and trees can be restored and reproduced. Irreplaceable natural resources are exhausted by one use. In so far as they are concerned, that part of the earth's crust has been impoverished--made poorer.

Wasted through neglect and careless use, squandered in the senseless destruction of war, the earth is still a rich treasure house for its multitudinous forms of life. Its remaining treasures can be carefully conserved. Such replaceable resources as topsoil, vegetation and water can be husbanded. Oceans, mountains and, deserts can be dealt with as we proceed with our programs for the most economical use of the natural resources that remain to us.

Western man is presently emerging from a boisterous era of invention, discovery, of multiplying productivity and corresponding waste of irreplaceable natural resources-temporarily justified by "national security" and "war emergency." The temporary loss of replaceable reserves and the permanent loss of irreplaceable resources is none the less tragic, no matter how urgent the immediate cause for their consumption.

At this stage in the history of earth's conservation, when so much is waiting to be done, if each family, each village and town, each city state and nation will do its bit to conserve, plan, shape, utilize, beautify, improve what remains of the natural environment, the results will be impressive enough to justify the time and means devoted to the enterprise.

Wherever we go with our plea for the foresighted and economical use of the earth and its remaining resources, we are met with the question: "But what can I do?" The answer is simple. Find your place in the nearest team working to utilize, conserve, and, where possible, enlarge the natural wealth of the planet. If no such team exists, join with your neighbors in organizing one. Take seriously your assignment to use the part of the earth with which you are in contact intelligently, economically, wisely.

Whether you are a novice or a professional, a homesteader or a longtime resident, be sure that each contact you make with the earth enlarges its possibilities of utility, order, beauty.

This crusade to save and utilize the earth as the common mother of so many forms of life must be carefully planned and well organized through successive generations. Men have spent far too much time and energy in destroying. The time has come when they must conserve, plan, shape, utilize, beautify, improve.

If the energies now going into business, sport, social events, frivolities, make-believe and the deliberate destruction of waste and war could be directed to planning, utilizing, beautifying on the circumferences and at the centers of population concentrations, immense forward strides could be taken in a single generation.

The planet still has immense, unused or little used reserves of natural resources. The old order is slipping, floundering, wasting. Civilization has told the best of its story and is busy writing its epitaph. The revolution of 1750-1970 provides the opportunity for a new beginning. The place is here. The time is now. Let us conserve, beautify, share, utilize and, in so far as possible, improve our natural surroundings.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

REVAMPING THE SOCIAL LIFE OF THE PLANET

Beyond civilization we could develop a sociology-a cluster of associations, institutions, outlooks, purposes and practices designed to revamp the social life of the planet in much the same way and with the same general outlook with which we approach the political, economic, sociological and ideological problems arising from the presence, on the planet Earth, of some 3,700 million different human beings.

There are at least two approaches to the sociological aspects of our planet-wide, coordinated society. One way is that with which nature's cyclism has made us familiar--the "day" of manifestation (activity) and the "night" of rest (recuperation, restoration and renewal). This might be described as a natural, gradual evolutionary way.

The other way is based on creative intervention which shortcuts evolutionary gradualism in the same way that a great leap shortcuts many ordinary steps.

Perhaps the conception can be illustrated in a most effective way by the alternative presented during the great revolution of 1750-1970. At the beginning of this epoch man walked the earth literally, except when he sailed on the water or used the horse or some other swift animal to travel by land. In the course of the great revolution mankind has learned to move his body at speeds which sometimes exceed the movement of sound, on the land, on the water, through the air and into space. He has done this short-cutting by revolutionary changes in types of energy coming from outside his physical body. In another sphere--communication devices--man has stepped up the movement of his emotions and thoughts and his creative imagination beyond the speed of light.

This analogy is not complete, nor is it wholly convincing. But the great revolution in science and technology, applied in the field of social science can quite conceivably provide humanity with the means of short-cutting the normal or "natural" processes in sociology as it has already short-cutted the normal or "natural" process in human transportation and communication.

As long as human beings accept the normal, traditional, "natural" principles of association and group action, humanity will continue on the tread-mill of civilization with its long established cycles of beginning, expansion, exploitation, maturity, conflict, decline and extermination.

This aspect of planetary sociology may be illustrated by the rise and decline of total membership in the human family. We know that Roman civilization passed through a completed cycle of population expansion to an optimum, followed by a catastrophic population decline. Western civilization has been experiencing a population expansion or explosion that can be measured with a moderate degree of statistical accuracy. Planetary human population doubled from 500 million in 1650 to 1000 million in 1850. Between 1850

and 1950 population more than doubled (from 1000 million to 2,500 million). In 1975 the human population of the earth is close to 3,700 million.

An essential aspect of world government will be a population program designed to adjust social structure and planning to the means of production and to make generally available to all humans and, where possible, all living things, the results of invention, discovery and experience with affluence, general security and wide variations of vocational and avocational choice. In practice such a program would include the planned utilization and conservation of nature and the conscious improvement of society by society.

Social planning at the planetary level could deal chiefly with large national or regional groupings, more or less divergent in viewpoint but conscious of the necessity for bringing local and regional groups together in order to secure common agreement and to take part in directed joint actions. Such efforts must aim at sufficient cohesion to provide for normal social function at all levels; sufficient permissiveness to allow for a measure of self-determination at all levels; sufficient authority to carry on production and distribution at all levels, and sufficient libertarianism to tolerate discussion and opposition at all levels, with a maximum degree of self sufficiency and self-determination at all levels.

Nowhere is the need for social planning more in evidence than in the sphere of human population. In the early years of the present twentieth century, the human population was doubling in about 50 years (from 1500 million in 1900 to 2500 million in 1950, from 1,900 million in 1925 to 3,800 million in 1975). Had this rate of growth continued for another hundred years the planet's fertile acres would have been fully occupied by jostling crowds with _standing-room only_ signs in the more desirable living spaces. Japan, the United States, several countries of West Europe and China have launched campaigns to reduce net population increase to one percent per year or less.

A culture level, to be effective in the present predicament of a human race (oscillating uneasily between the possibility of social advance and the probability of recession into another Dark Age of ignorance, superstition and social stagnation), must include certain essential elements. First and foremost, it must be planet-wide. Given planetary unification by communication, transportation, travel, migration, trade and commerce, and cultural interchange, one world has become a factual reality. World oneness is laced by contradictions, confrontations, conflicts; by traditional, customary, habitual, ideological, legal, and national barriers of greater or lesser rigidity. Despite these divisive forces, our need to function in terms of planetary oneness is so great that the term "citizens of the world" not only makes sense, but is accepted and even flaunted in the face of tough restrictions and hard nosed nationalism.

Segments of humanity that are ready and willing to sign up as world citizens already enjoy world consciousness, carrying world passports; and are experimenting with various aspects of worldist thinking, contact, organization. They are ready and willing to take part in a multitude of planetary experiments in world-wide human association.

The great revolution of 1750-1970 has made two notable contributions to the institutions of western civilization. In the field of politics it has contributed the nation state. In the field of economics it has contributed industrialization with its twin sociological consequence, mechanization and urbanization.

Machines and cities are the Siamese twins of the modern age. They are also the twin forces that helped to push the nation state into its strategic position of sovereign independence.

Nationalism today is a unifying force inside the frontiers of the 140 nations that presently litter and clutter the earth. Beyond each frontier, however, nationalism has become one of the most divisive sources of misunderstanding, controversy, disruption and conflict presently cursing mankind. In the exercise of their sovereignty the oligarchs who make policy and direct procedure in each sovereign state put national interests first. On a planet which currently hosts 140 sovereign states this policy of putting the interests of the part before the interests of the whole results in controversy, conflict, and may result in collective self-destruction.

It is reassuring and encouraging to compare the rise of nationalism and Europeanism during the past thousand years with the rise of planetism and worldism from 1450 to 1970. The development of nationalism and Europeanism is still incomplete, but the drive in that direction has thus far survived the fragmenting forces of self-determination and political independence which have played so vital a role in human society since the beginning of the present century. Europeanization is still a dream rather than a reality. The forces of regionalism, nationalism, and separatism still dominate European life. But the ideology and techniques of Europeanization are widely recognized, accepted and put into practice. The development of worldism seems to be following a parallel course.

Consequently, wisdom, foresight, and the acceptance of change as a major factor in all social relationships seem to justify our assumption that sooner or later man's survival on the planet will depend on a degree of worldist thinking, association and

institutionalism that will guarantee the preservation of order and decency at the planetary level.

Since conformity implies and involves a will to diversity, measures to establish and maintain order and peace would include the widest possible latitude and the utmost effort to encourage the greatest possible diversity at regional, national and local levels. Thus diversity would become a virtue in much the same sense that conformity became a virtue in bourgeois Europe toward the end of the last century and in North America during the Joseph MacCarthy period. Through the past dozen years American youth has reversed the trend, adopting a permissiveness under which the sky is the limit in language, clothing, sexual conduct and professional choice and behavior.

Non-conformity is all very well as protest against super-conformity, but it fails utterly to meet the basic need of the 1970's for a mass movement away from the institutions and practices of civilization, plus a disciplined and purposive mass determination to assume attitudes, adopt practices and establish institutions leading beyond civilization to a world culture pattern which insists upon conformity up to a point necessary for survival and social advance, and beyond that point, a diversity--including recognized and organized opposition at the planetary center. At the same time there must be a degree of regional and local diversity that will provide for the utmost independence, self-confidence, self-expression and regional and local self-determination compatible with the basic principle: to each in accordance with need.

Beyond civilization, matters of general concern will take precedence at the same time that matters of regional and local concerns will be dealt with regionally and locally. In such a society individuals and communities at all levels will be schooled and experienced in self-discipline and prepared to follow conduct patterns that emphasize the principle: live and help others to live to the fullest and the utmost.

Beyond civilization lies the recognition and practice of the principle that the welfare of the whole takes precedence over the demands of any of its parts. At the same time, each part or segment of the social whole has specific rights that the directors of the whole are bound to recognize, respect, defend and implement.

Such results can be achieved under a social pattern aimed at respect for life--all life; the preservation and improvement of the conditions under which the good life can be lived by all members of each community as well as by the human family as a whole. If human society is to be preserved and progressively improved it must encourage individuals and cherish institutions whose responsibility and duty it is to stimulate self-criticism to a point that will make survival and social improvement the first charge on community life--from the locality, through the region to the whole human family.

Should self-discipline and self-criticism falter, militant minorities must urge and initiate those revolutionary changes which are necessary for the health and well-being of any ailing human community. This is one of the contradictions that faces every human enterprise, including the human race itself.

Cyclic renewal or regeneration is one aspect of life on our Island Universe. The principle operates in the life cell, and from the cell on up and out, to the more extended and extensive aspects of life and being. The course is well marked and increasingly understood. Alternatively, humanity can put its creative imagination to work; plan, organize, prepare and by a carefully designed, revolutionary technique take a great leap onto another culture level, establishing other norms beyond those currently accepted by civilized peoples.

"Beyond civilization" lifestyles are being planfully introduced in order to save humankind from impending disaster. In that sense, they are emergency measures. Developmentally, they are being designed as a planned replacement of the life style current in the matured centers of western civilization.

Under such conditions the habit patterns of civilizations could be deliberately abandoned or superceded by life styles more appropriate to the institutions and practices of human beings prepared to live and able to live and develop in a community which is establishing itself on a level beyond civilization.

Let no reader retort: Old things are best; old ways are most secure; beware of the errors of human judgment, the lures and wiles of human imaginings, the reckless enthusiasm of inexperience; the machinations and subversions of the counter-revolution.

Whether he will or no, man has already advanced far along the path that leads beyond the culture level of civilization into a culture pattern which includes new means of association and new social institutions. The most obvious examples of the universal pattern which the human race has been developing during the present epoch are to be found in the "one world" consequences of the

planet-wide revolution in science and technology.

Planetary fragmentation which accompanied the dissolution of Roman civilization divided and sub-divided mankind into unnumbered self-contained segments: families, tribes, classes, villages, cities, kingdoms, principalities, nations, empires. They were separated from one another by geographic, ethnic, ideological and political barriers which were intensified by tradition, custom, migration, and the competitive struggles among the elite for pelf and power. Ignorance and superstition played a major role in the decentralizing process. Conflicts at various levels led to further social segmentation and isolation of autonomous social groups.

In the backwardness of those Dark Ages--curiosity, fellow feeling, mass migration, the spirit of adventure, trade, travel and the need for common action to master nature and repel enemies--broke down barriers and created fields of mutual interest and general well-being, reversing the trend toward fragmentation and replacing it by a trend toward universality which reached its high point during the closing years of the nineteenth century. The slogan of this movement was "United we stand, divided we fall. The bell which tolls for one, tolls for all. When one benefits all benefit. Peace, progress and prosperity promote general welfare."

Two general wars in 1914-18 and 1939-45, brought pre-meditated, deliberated suffering, hardships and death to multitudes. Each war led to a clamor for peace and order that resulted in a World Court, The League of Nations and the United Nations. The efforts at planet-wide united action for peace and disarmament were paralleled and supplemented by the growth of specialized public services for communication, travel, scientific interchange, arms limitation. They were further augmented by a spectacular expansion of trade, travel, capital investment and scientific research and interchange.

Events since war's end in 1945 have marked out the steps which the human race might take in the immediate future to deal with the new problems arising out of the world revolution of 1750-1970 and to stabilize human life on the planet.

Step 1. Revise the United Nations Charter to make all citizens of member nations also citizens of the United Nations and therefore under its direct jurisdiction.

Step 2. Delegate to the United Nations authority to levy taxes or otherwise provide its own income.

Step 3. Call a planet-wide convention of delegates from all nations, authorized to draft a world federal constitution and submit it for ratification by all member states.

Step 4. When approved by two thirds of the states represented at the constitutional convention the constitution so adopted would became the basis for world law and the administration of world affairs.

Step 5. Inaugurate a world government that would be responsible for maintaining and promoting peace, order, stability, justice, equality of opportunity and general welfare at the international level.

Heretofore, the nearest approach to a universal state has been an empire like that of Egypt or Rome built by conquest and maintained by military authority exercised by the imperial nucleus over its associated and subordinated territories. The universal state described above would be an association of sovereign states, each delegating a sufficient measure of its sovereignty to enable the World Federation to act as a responsible planet-wide government.

The probable consequences of these five forward steps have been summarized by Barbara Ward and Rene Dubos (_Only One World_ N.Y. Nostrom 1972 pages 28-29). "In every case the needed steps take us away from division, from single shot interventions, separatist tendencies and driving ambitions and greeds. We have to grasp and foster more fully the truly integrative aspects of science. We have to revise our economic management of incomes, of environments, of cities. We have to place what is useable in nationalism within the framework of a political world order that is morally and socially responsible as well as physically one."

Up to this point in social history, critical situations have usually been dealt with on the battlefield. Might measured right. The victors carried the day, won the right to exploit their defeated rivals and weaker neighbors. The result was planet-wide political chaos, and an economic free-for-all, in which political power and economic superiority bestowed upon their possessors the right to plunder and exploit geographic areas limited only by existing means of communication and transportation. At no known point in social history were conquerors and exploiters able to unify the earth politically and exploit its total economic resources.

A planned, stabilized future for humanity will be assured when the earth is governed much as cities, states, nations and empires have been governed in the past and the present, but with one essential difference. At no known past time have all human beings been represented in a government authorized to make and enforce world law. In the absence of law, chaos and armed conflicts have determined the course of human affairs. Under a recognized world federal government, world law will bring, for the first time, the practical possibility of a law and order determined by and for the human population and charged with the responsibility for establishing and maintaining planetary public policy.

World law will be only one aspect of the new situation that will result from the establishment of a planned, stabilized future for humanity. Other aspects of the new society will include:

1. Shaping the future of nature on and in the planet, with all of its potential riches.

2. Perhaps also taking a hand in determining the future of other celestial bodies making up our solar system.

3. Shaping human society, the man-made and man-remade human heritage that plays so vital a role in determining the course of human life--individual and social.

4. Shaping and guiding man--the gregarious, imaginative, venturesome, productive--destructive, creative animal.

5. Building up in human society respect (reverence) for being, respect for life with its multitudinous variations of opportunity for individual and social activity.

6. Arousing interest and dedicating time, thought and energy to the new science and new arts grouped together under the title Futurology.

7. Having a hand in perpetuating and shaping one segment of our expanding universe in accord with the Cult of Excellence: good, better, and best ever! This is an exciting, constructive, long-range project worthy of the attention and devotion of any being, even the most ambitious and omniscient.

8. Aiming at the Truth--the workability, improvement and the perfectability of our planet Earth as a recognized, accepted and essential part of our planetary chain and of our Island Universe.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

MAN COULD CHANGE HUMAN NATURE

Man could conserve natural resources; he could remake human society. But man himself? There, perhaps, is the root of the problem we are discussing.

Can man change himself? Can he change human nature? Could human beings as we know them be transformed sufficiently to live and survive under the life-style that replaces civilization?

In our universe as we know it today, from the least to the greatest, from the most minute to the most extensive, change is one of the basic principles of existence. Nature changes. Human society changes. Changes in nature and in society are paralleled by changes in man himself--changes in outlooks and purposes, changes in ways of feeling, thinking and acting.

Human beings have lived under the aegis of tradition, custom, habit--thinking and acting "normally" and "naturally" in ways accepted by their forebears and followed by them with little or no regard for reason, foresight, or creative imagination. Rudiments of all three capacities were known to exist in human beings. On the whole, the status quo has been preferred; innovation frowned upon and innovators discouraged, denounced, reviled and sometimes even put to death.

In the field of natural science revolutionary short-cutting through the use of man's creative imagination has been widely used. The great revolution is one aspect of the anticipated result. Similar revolutionary short-cutting in the field of social science and social technology is bound to produce a "new man" in the same way that similar practices have remodeled, regenerated and renewed man's relations with nature, and his theories and practices of association.

Despite efforts of the Establishment to impose conformity, non-conforming individuals continued to be born and to grow up as deviants, misfits and intentional non-conformists. Some of these rebels against the established social order left home, joined the

army or went to sea. Others stayed at home, bided their time and, when opportunity offered, joined with like-minded fellows in organized underground opposition or open rebellion against the status quo.

History reports the existence of such dissident individuals and social groups and movements in one civilization after another.

In a very real sense any invention, discovery or innovation in any field of human thought or action, if widely accepted or adopted automatically, becomes a revolt against the status quo. Our experience with innovation during two centuries of the great revolution gives us every reason to suppose that the flow of scientific and technical invention and discovery will continue for an indefinite period into our future. On the whole the evidence suggests increase rather than decrease of innovation and therefore of change.

A time of troubles such as that through which western civilization is now passing offers individuals and social groups unique opportunities to play significant roles in shaping the course of events. In every human population there are individuals who are dissatisfied with the status quo and prefer change to status. For such individuals a time of social troubles is a holiday.

There is also an ever-renewing social group for whom a time of troubles presents a challenge and an opportunity--the young people of the on-coming generation.

Adults are generally conditioned and shaped by the social situation into which they were born and in which they matured. Young people are passing through the conditioning process. They are undergoing the process of rapid change.

Young people in their teens and early twenties stand, usually hesitant, on the threshold of life. They are bursting with energy, eager, hopeful, anxious to enter the stream of adult activity. Inexperienced, they under-estimate the difficulties, taking up any line of activity that promises quick results. They are impressionable and generally seeking "a good life."

Such resources of energy and idealism exist in every generation and reappear as the generations follow one another. Youth groups have played active roles in one country after another where opportunities were restricted by the establishment and revolutionary propagandists painted a rosy future. Political nationalism in the eighteenth century and economic and social emancipation in the nineteenth century mobilized high school and college age youth in the Americas, Europe, Asia and Africa.

It is folly to assert that human nature is a given and unalterable quantity in every social situation and that since "you cannot change human nature" intentional social changes are out of the question. The facts are otherwise:

1. There is a wide diversity in human beings ranging from herculean physical strength to pitiable weakness; from the mental power of genius to the nonentity of imbecility; from outstanding and unquestionable talent in arts and letters to illiteracy and clumsy inefficiency. This wide diversity in human capacity is one of the outstanding features of human nature, recorded again and again in history and encountered in all human aggregates.

2. There is a period in human life when the habit patterns of childhood are exchanged for the habit patterns of adulthood. At this turning point, youth is likely to follow dynamic and purposeful leadership.

3. There is a wide diversity in social situations, from rock-ribbed stability, to entire communities teetering on the brink or plunging over the brink into the maelstrom of revolution. Such diverse situations have existed again and again during the 1750-1970 revolutionary epoch.

4. When a revolutionary situation develops, a revolutionary leader well-established in a community trembling on the brink of a revolutionary overturn may seize the reins of power and establish a regime founded on opposition principles, dedicated to another set of principles and practices. When such a revolutionary coup is successful the bells of history have tolled for the older order and the trumpets of victory have sounded for the new society.

5. The intensity and the direction of the social changes which radiate out from the climax of a revolutionary situation and the consequent, subsequent attempts at counter-revolution, are the outcome of active, purposive intervention by all of the social groups present at the center of revolutionary activity.

The current shift from a laissez-faire economy ("letting nature take her course"), to a planned, managed, controlled economy is a precedent which gives us a foretaste of what will lie ahead when a planet-wide federal government undertakes the planning, direction and management of a planet-wide economy and society.

The outcome cannot be determined in advance. Unexpected situations will arise, the resolution of which will shape the fate, present and future, of mankind. In a very real sense, our eggs are all in one basket--the Earth. Our future, for generations to come, may be determined by the decisions we are making or the social policy we are initiating at the present moment.

Large scale research and experiment should go a long way toward developing the skills required by competent and successful planetary leadership. Political experiments like the United States of North America or the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics or the League of Nations or the United Nations, the planet-wide search for petroleum or the joint scientific efforts that went into the splitting of the atom, have given us opportunities to develop the science and art of planet-wide leadership.

Behind and beyond our training courses--our formal educational system (which should be in the front rank of our priorities)--we could train apprentices in every occupational field, selecting the most apt, the most eager, the seemingly best qualified and giving them every opportunity to try out their skills and improve their qualifications in their chosen fields of endeavor.

Aspirants for any occupational assignment would divide themselves into three groups: those who feel that they have chosen wisely, find themselves in congenial surrounds and want to spend coming years in the occupation of their choice; those who are uncertain and still unable to decide upon the field of their life activity; and third, those who have chosen badly, are dissatisfied with the occupational groove in which they find themselves and who are ready to move into another field at the first opportunity.

The well adjusted will constitute the elite of their chosen occupations, learning its skills and joining with other well satisfied professionals in passing on their enthusiasm and knowledge to the next generation of aspirants for inclusion in the same production teams. The undecided should be the object of special attention. They have entered an occupational field on an experimental basis and should be advised and helped during the experimental period when they are deciding to make a go of it or to try for something more congenial or at least more acceptable.

Misfits who have made a wrong choice and who have no clear call to stay where they are should be advised and helped to find more congenial occupational surroundings.

We may think and experiment with this selective process as though it was easy and probably final. Nothing could be further from the reality. Even the best adjusted have moments of uncertainty and indecision about their occupational futures. The less adjusted spend a part of their lives looking around for a more attractive field.

In every field, some of the best adjusted go as far as their interests and capacities carry them and then shift over into other occupations which, in turn, offer them more chances to employ their talents to greater advantage.

In every field of human endeavor individuals come and go. They should stay where they seem to be useful and go when their usefulness is decreasing or coming to an end.

Balance between status and change is as desirable for the individual as it is for the group. The decision to stay or go should remain open to the endless round of individuals who comprise any working team. The existence of such flexibility is limited, however, by the need to maintain a working force of interested, alert, eager individuals--skilled, adjusted and disciplined in group endeavor and achievement.

We are describing the unending process of selection which goes on from hour to hour and day to day in any well ordered social group. Every group has its fields of endeavor, its goals and its scale of priorities. Individuals come and go. The group carries on. Excellence in group performance depends upon its competence in selecting, training and coordinating its endeavors.

Every social group has its hard corps of trained and tested veterans. Also it has its problem of aging. The apprentice of yesterday becomes the experienced, skilled operator of today. Tomorrow brings retirement for those who have reached the age limit of service and who as a matter of group routine are replaced by newcomers. In the course of this cycle the directors of the group have their opportunity to improve the level of group efficiency by phasing out the old and incorporating the new.

The range of capacity, from perception and facility to ineptitude and incompetence, holds for the new generation as it did for the old. The tone and performance level of each group is determined by the effectiveness of this selective process.

At some point it becomes necessary to inquire into the biologic aspects of any social enterprise. We are doing our utmost to select and educate and train the fit. Are we producing potential fitness?

Long experience has taught us that we cannot produce a silk purse from a sow's ear. Eugenics emerges as an important aspect of every long term group endeavor. Qualities and capacities are handed on from parent to offspring. Are we reproducing fitness or unfitness?

As we move beyond civilization onto a more mature and more complicated culture level, we may have a workable system of social priorities, but does our oncoming stream of manpower have the interest, the imagination, the competence, the sense of social responsibility and the staying power necessary to arouse in a series of generations the will and determination to carry out social policy?

Are the oncoming generations able and willing to shoulder the loads of clearing out the rubbish accumulated through ten centuries of western civilization, make effective use of science, technology _and_ available human capacity and move onward and forward to new levels of social achievement?

We could develop a corps of socially responsible technicians as we have developed a corps of competent scientists and technicians in the field of natural science. In each field priorities are constantly changing. Each field is called upon to meet the changes by making corresponding changes in its personnel, its education and its apprenticeships.

In addition to formal schooling and apprenticeship we have a vast network for the distribution of information and the formation of public opinion. The printing press, the camera and other means of communication determine the levels of information and the willingness of the public to keep abreast of the shifting social scene.

A social structure resembles every other human meeting place--it tends to accumulate dead wood. There are two answers to this problem: periodic housecleaning, without fear or favor, together with careful scrutiny of the apprentices and other newcomers in the field.

Every social group has its quota of defectives and delinquents--biological and social, physical, mental, emotional. Here the critical problem is where to draw the line. Perhaps the best general answer is to measure productiveness, including those who make a net contribution, including those whose presence is desirable and excluding undesirables. Again this involves periodic housecleanings.

Throughout the past two centuries mankind has been confronted by an epoch-making, many sided development--the great revolution of 1750-1970. As I write, the great revolution is modifying the structure and functioning of human society and, consequently, the forces which condition, shape and, in large measure, determine the directions and channels in which humanity lives, moves and has its being.

The great revolution is changing man's relation to nature, to the structure and function of human society and the ways in which men think, feel, act and live. The great revolution has shifted the human living place from rural to urban, replaced a large measure of self-employment by wagery, lifted large segments of mankind out of scarcity into abundance, led to widespread migrations across Europe and from continent to continent, expanded nations and built empires. In the course of these developments Europe became the center of world economic, political and cultural affairs, held the position briefly and lost it in the course of two general, suicidal wars.

Speaking broadly, such a period in the life of any society may be described as a revolutionary situation--one in which changes are made frequently, rapidly and with far reaching consequences. In a word, the existing social pattern is in process of being turned over, turned upside down, transformed by forces which seem to operate according to their own principles and often quite independently of human intention or intervention.

Our society--western civilization--is undergoing a revolution. People born into a rapidly changing society are often tempted and sometimes compelled to play significant roles in the revolutionary process. Unconsciously or consciously, unwilling and unwitting or deliberately and purposefully they are revolutionaries.

Among the participants in the revolutionary process, the far-seeing, imaginative, perceptive and mature develop into purposive revolutionaries. In the course of a series of political, economic and cultural revolutions like those which played so fateful a part in China between 1899 and 1969, an entire generation is born, grows up and, in larger part, retires from active life or dies off.

Long continued cultural changes play a part in local history. They have an equally important role in the lives of neighboring nations and peoples. With present means of communication, transportation and travel, the influence of revolutionary events such as those in China from 1899 to the present day may be profound.

The bourgeois revolution from 1750 to 1840 centered largely in West Europe and the Americas. In scope it was economic, political, cultural. The Chinese and other revolutions of the present period, beginning with the Mexican Revolution of 1910 and the Chinese Revolution of 1911, are once more transforming the economic, political and cultural life of mankind.

UNESCO's _History of Mankind_ (Harper and Row), particularly its Volume 6 titled _The Twentieth Century_, presents voluminous comments from a wide range of qualified scientists and commentators on the changes associated with the great revolution of 1750-1970.

The economic, political and cultural life of the majority of human beings has been modified by the events comprising the great revolution. Its influence has been, and continues to be, planet-wide. Consciously or unconsciously, human beings have been brought into contact with influences that are transforming them as they revolutionize human society.

Western man and his way of life have been primarily responsible for this great revolution. The changes brought about in the human life pattern in the course of the great revolution have created a new world--in structure, in function, in outlook, in stepped-up capacity for even more spectacular changes in the future.

Instead of regarding human beings and human society as unchangeable and sacred we must regard both as a part of our social problem: taking the steps necessary to reach and occupy the highest possible levels of social and individual health and effectiveness. We can and should make every effort to improve human society. We should be equally concerned to improve man and his nature.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

MAN COULD BREAK OUT OF THE AGE-LONG PRISON HOUSE OF CIVILIZATION AND ENTER A NEW WORLD

We humans have been living for ages with various lifestyles--as hunters and fishermen, as herdsmen, as cultivators of the soil, as craftsmen, as traders and merchants, as professionals, as exploiters, as parasites, wreckers and plunderers. On the whole, our energies have been spent in relatively small, self-sufficient groups, staying close to nature, as a part of nature.

Occasionally we have turned from this "natural" way of life, to build towns and cities, experimenting with large scale mass enterprises and expanded aggregates of population, wealth and centralized authority to which we have given the name of civilizations.

These civilizations, in their turn, have passed through a recognizable life cycle--the cycle of growing, developing, maturing, aging, breaking up and disappearing. One aspect of their civilized life was the keeping of records. Another aspect was building with baked clay and stone. Baked clay, some metals and stone, have withstood the wear and tear of time, sheltered in the temples and tombs which we are uncovering, deciphering, translating.

While engaged in these scholarly pursuits, our variant of the pattern--western civilization--has been passing through the customary life cycle. If we read the signs correctly, western civilization reached the high point in its cycle toward the end of the last century. Since then, for seventy-five years, it has been on the decline.

If we accept the cycle of civilization as one of the facts or sequences presented to us by history, we may continue to pass submissively through the successive stages of decline until western civilization is liquidated by the same forces that wiped out preceding civilizations. This would be the normal course of a cycle of civilization as it appears in recorded history.

Need we follow this course? Must we follow it?

History answers "yes" and also "no."

History answers "yes"--the record to date reads that way.

But the record of history also shows that men have repeatedly interfered and intervened in the historical process by discovery and invention. The historical record is subject to change. Man is not entirely free. Neither is he helplessly bound on the wheel of necessity, presently known as civilization.

In Chapter 10 we listed a number of discoveries and inventions which have greatly increased man's control over his own destiny. As these innovations are embodied in the life styles of planet-wide human society, there is every likelihood that men can deal with

the future almost as comprehensibly as they now deal with the past. Those who take this position argue that humanity has reached a point at which it may break out of the present cycle of civilization and begin a new cycle which will correspond with the possibilities brought to mankind during the great revolution of 1750-1970.

The idea is not new. It has appeared repeatedly in various forms: individual withdrawal from the world and its troubles to live solitary, perfected, sin-free existences; the formulation of plans for utopian or ideal communities; the establishment of such communities--apart from the workday world; revolutionary mass movements away from the current time of social troubles into a more workable, more acceptable, more basically productive and fundamentally creative life style.

Hermits and reclusive monastic life need not concern us here. They are to be found in many parts of the existing society. They live their lives apart from the main currents of human life. We may make the same comment, with slight modifications, on intentional communities organized within the bounds of surrounding civilizations. They meet the needs of exceptional individuals who find the existing order intolerable and who wish to move at once into a more congenial community life. Intentional communities founded to demonstrate particular social or economic theories usually are short-lived, covering, at best, one or two generations.

Intentional communities organized around ethical or social principles are more enduring, lasting through generations and sometimes through centuries. During their existence they may have considerable influence on the communities of which they are a part. At best they parallel the life of the civilization against which they protest, while they share its problems. Religiously oriented intentional communities may be found today in many of the countries composing western civilization.

What concerns us here is the split of western civilization into two broadly divergent groups: capitalism and socialism-communism.

Capitalism, in its present monopoly form, is the outcome of a thousand years of development. Throughout its existence it has been politically and economically competitive. The vehicle of political competition began as the nation, then continued as the empire. Economically, the vehicle of competition has become the profit-seeking business corporation, backed politically and often subsidized economically by the nation or empire.

As western civilization has developed, nations and empires have tended to form more or less permanent alliances. Business corporations likewise have tended to establish conglomerates which include widely divergent businesses, some limited to one nation or empire, some international.

Historically, the present-day business community developed out of a segmented European feudal society as a protest against political restrictions. Its early key-note was laissez-faire--freedom of businessmen to make economic policy and accumulate profits. The practical outcome of laissez-faire economy has been monopoly or finance capitalism functioning through the sovereign state or empire.

Marxian socialism-communism, organized and developed largely since 1848, has grown up as a rebellion against monopoly capitalism. At it matured, after revolutions in Mexico, China, Tsarist Russia and East Europe, it became an alternative and even a competitive life style. Marxism has been, at least in theory, cooperative rather than competitive. Its objective has been not private profit but a higher standard of economic and social life for exploited masses of the business community and of the Third World. Capitalism has had as its slogan "Every man for himself". The slogan of Marxism is "Serve the whole people".

Until 1917 Marxism was a body of social theory and a program of specific political demands. In the period from 1848 to 1917 Marxism operated through minority political parties organized in each nation, but linked together internationally in loose federations, except during the brief existence of the Communist International from 1919 to 1943.

Beginning with the Russian Revolution of 1917, Marxism became a basic state doctrine, first in the Soviet Union and subsequently in more than a dozen other nations of East Europe and Asia. The area of Marxist influence, as expressed in socialist construction, spread slowly from 1917 to 1943 and rapidly during and immediately after the war of 1936-1945.

Today about a billion human beings live in countries of East Europe and Asia calling themselves socialist-communist. A second billion human beings live chiefly in West Europe, the Americas and Australasia calling themselves capitalist. A third billion, the remaining segment of mankind, living chiefly in Africa, Asia and Latin America make up the "Third World," most of which consists of former colonies and dependencies of the 19th century empires.

At the beginning of the great revolution in 1750 the planet was occupied by the European empires, their colonies and dependencies, with a segment under the control of the crumbling Chinese and Turkish empires. The ensuing two centuries

witnessed a political, economic and social transformation that reached across every continent.

The revolutionary process is far from complete in 1975. Capitalism and Marxism are still pitted against each other--ideologically, politically, culturally. The Marxians form a revolutionary front. Capitalists retort with counter-revolution. Nation by nation the third world is taking sides.

The capitalist world is suffering from the rise and fall of the business cycle, from inflation and unemployment, from the scourge of militarism; from the exhaustion of two general wars in one generation; from absence of any positive common program or commonly accepted means of administering public affairs; from its failure to provide its young people with a satisfactory reason for existence, and from the fatal malady of fragmentation which is the logical counterpart of every major effort at coordination, consolidation and unification. Western civilization, despite repeated efforts, was never able to establish the kind of superficial unity that marked the high point in the Egyptian and Roman civilizations. The stresses and strains of the current great revolution have introduced into western civilization new disintegrative forces of which the capitalist-Marxist confrontation is the most extensive, divisive and decisive.

The Marxist world, in its spectacular rise during less than a century, offers the only workable alternative to declining and disintegrating western civilization. It presents an alternative theoretical program for dealing with the transition from the built-in competitiveness of western civilization to the built-in cooperativeness of a planned, coordinated, federated socialist-communist world order.

The Soviet Union and its East European socialist neighbors have survived the wars of 1914 and 1936; have survived the capitalist conspiracy to strangle infant Marxism in its cradle. In a remarkably brief period the Soviet Union has moved from a position of cultural backwardness to become the number two nation in productivity and perhaps even number one in fire power.

Today Asia's active development of several variants of Marxism is defended against any repetition of Hitler's 1941 drive to the East by the massive land barrier of the Soviet Union and its East European Marxist associates.

On the west, Asia is protected by the vast expanses of the Pacific Ocean against the determined efforts of the Washington government to check the spread of Marxism. Washington's current effort to become _The_ Pacific power and also _The_ Asian power have been blocked and perhaps thwarted by the defeat of General MacArthur and his international forces in the Korean War of 1950-53, and by the unanticipated and unbelievable resistance mounted by the peoples of South East Asia against the repeated efforts made by Washington to replace the French imperial presence there after its overwhelming defeat in 1954.

The decisive political developments in South and East Asia following war's end in 1945 were first, the expulsion of the British, French and Dutch from their military strongholds in the area; second, the spectacular unification of China and its rapid advance from inferiority and political inconsequence to a place among the three major world powers; third, the meteoric comeback of Japan after its unconditional surrender in 1945; and fourth, the failure of the costly effort mounted by Washington after 1954 to establish itself in a position from which it could dominate the Pacific Ocean and East Asia.

So much we may learn from history. Turning from the past and looking at the trends of the immediate future, it seems likely that Marxism will continue for at least some years to be the dominant force in Asia. Furthermore, the Marxian presence in Asia will include both the Soviet Union in Northern Asia and China in South Asia. Both countries are unquestionably stabilized economically and viable politically. Both are headed away from capitalist imperialism. Both are moving toward Marxian forms of socialism-communism.

The wars in South East Asia after the expulsion of the French in 1954 were organized, financed and armed primarily by the Washington government. They were avowedly aimed at the up-rooting of Marxism from the area. They not only failed in their main objective but they gave the Soviet Union and the Chinese a chance to pit their advisers, technicians and military equipment against that of the United States as the major capitalist contender in the area. This phase of the counter-revolutionary drive to reestablish monopoly capitalism and imperialism in the Far East thus far has met with decisive and humiliating defeat.

This defeat marks the end of the capitalist occupation of Far Asia. It also opens the way for the Marxists to demonstrate the workability of socialism-communism as a lifestyle for Asians and, presumably, for other segments of the Third World.

Success of the Marxists in maintaining and extending their presence in Asia will make it politically and culturally possible for them to take five essential steps:

First, to extend the developing pattern of collective responsibility and collective action around the earth as rapidly as possible. If such an extension proves feasible, it should give Marxism a real priority in stabilizing the economy and building up the political vigor of the Far East.

Second, organized counter-revolution could be liquidated and revolutionaries, willing to take on the responsibility, could be provided with necessary authority, leadership and equipment.

Third, moving along with the formulation and fulfillment of carefully developed plans for socialist construction in all of its ramifications, to close the door gradually, step by considered step, on exploitation and profiteering. In their places, well-laid plans could be drawn up for developing a people's socialist-communist economy in the more backward areas of Africa, Asia and the Americas.

Fourth, the new economy could be federated as it was established and stabilized, with special attention to the need for a maximum of local self help to balance against pressures toward bureaucracy and the development of overhead costs.

Fifth, with one eye on its need for integration into a socialist-communist collective planetary economy, the other eye must be kept on the planetary chain of which the earth is an essential part.

Life is a process operating through the linking of causes and their effects. This is as true of social life as it is of individual life. Reviewing history we check man's past actions and learn by so doing. Turning to the future we plan and prepare to set in motion that conglomerate of causes (plans) best calculated to assure a good life individually, socially, cosmically--with a strong emphasis on the time honored sequence: good, better, best.

It is our opportunity, our destiny, and our responsibility to keep on living, constructing, creating. We must live, not die. We must not stop. We must go on.

By such steps we humans could by-pass the restrictions and limitations imposed on human creative genius by the structure and function of civilization. In its place we could elaborate a substitute inter-planetary culture in which a chastened, improved, rejuvenated humanity could play a creative role, in accordance with our capacities and our destiny as an integral part of the joint enterprise to which our sun furnishes light, warmth and vibrant energy. We have latent among us the talent and genius necessary to play such a part. Do we also have the imagination, courage and daring to accept the challenge and take our post of duty in the team that is directing the expansion of our expanding universe?

SUGGESTED READINGS AND REFERENCES

Among the books consulted in preparation of this essay on civilization as a social institution, UNESCO _History of Mankind_ holds first place. The authors describe the work as "the first global history, planned and executed from an international viewpoint". The subtitle of the six volumes is "Cultural and Scientific Development".

The work is published under the auspices of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization by an International Commission presided over by Professor Pauls E. deBerredo Carneiro of Brazil. The Commission consists of 23 members, mostly academicians from 23 countries. The commission also has a corresponding membership of 93 drawn chiefly from the academic personnel of 42 countries.

Textual material for the _History of Mankind _was prepared and edited by hundreds of experts in the widely ranging fields covered by the _History_. Final approval of the text came from the Commission. In cases where there were differences of opinion or of interpretation, varying and opposing points of view are presented.

_The History of Mankind _is in six volumes.

I. Prehistory and The Beginnings of Civilization.

II. The Ancient World.

III. The World A.D. 400 to A.D. 1300.

IV. The World A.D. 1300 to the End of the Eighteenth Century.

V. The World in the Nineteenth Century.

VI. The Twentieth Century. All but the first volume of the _History_ deal with the epoch during which civilization has played a fateful role in world affairs.

Professor Arnold J. Toynbee's ten volume _Study of History_ is concerned chiefly with the rise and decline of those civilizations which have left a noteworthy historical record. His emphasis is geographical and political rather than cultural and social. The same thing may be said of other histories of civilization. They stress personalities, nations and empires.

There are few books which approach the study of civilization as a stage or level of human culture. Among them are:

Abbott, Wilbur C, _The Expansion of Europe_, N.Y.: Holt, 1918. 2 vols.

Adams, Brooks, _The Law of Civilization and Decay_, N.Y.: Knopf, 1943.

Adams, Brooks, _The New Empire_, N.Y.: MacMillian, 1902.

Adams, George B., _Civilization During the Middle Ages_, N.Y.: Scribners, 1914.

Albanes, Ricardo C, _La Civilizacion y el Communismo Marxista_, Habana: Cultural S.A., 1937.

Ashley, Percy W., _Europe from Waterloo to Sarajero_, N.Y.: Knopf, 1926.

Baikie, James, _The Life of the Ancient East_, N.Y.: MacMillan, 1923.

Ballester Escalas, Rafael, _Historia de la Civilizaciones_, Barcelona: Gasso, 1961.

Balmes, Jaime Luciano, _La Civilizacion_, Barcelona: Lopez Lansas, 1922.

Barnes, Harry E., _A Social History of the Western World_, N.Y.: Appleton, 1921.

----, _A Survey of Western Civilization_, N.Y.: Crowall, 1947.

Bell, Clive, _Civilization, an Essay_, London: Chatto and Windus, 1928.

Blackmar, Frank W., _History of Human Society_, N.Y.: Scribners, 1926.

Bornet-Perrier, Paul, _L'Unit■© Humaine_, Paris: Alcan, 1931.

Bose, Pramatha, _Epochs of Civilization_, Calcutta: Newman, 1913.

Breasted, James H., _A History of Egypt_, London: Hodder and Stoughten, 1921.

Brier, Royce, _Western World_, Garden City: Doubleday, 1946.

Briere, Yves de la, _Grands Imperialismes Contemporaires_, Anvers: Association des Licenc■©es de St. Ignace, 1925.

Brodeur, Arthur G., _The Pageant of Civilization_, N.Y.: McBride, 1931.

Brown, Lawrence R., _The Might of the West_, NY.: Obolensky, 1963.

Bruce, Maurice, _The Shaping of the Modern World 1870-1914_, N.Y.: Random House, 1958.

Brugmans, Hendrik, _Les Origines de la Civilization_, Liege: Georges Thone, 1958.

Bryce, James, _Holy Roman Empire_, London: MacMillan, 1903.

Burns, Edward M., _Western Civilizations, Their History and Their Culture_, N.Y.: Norton, 1968. 2 vols.

Burns, Emile, _Imperialism_, London: Labor Research Department, 1927.

Callot, Emile, _Civilization et Civilizations_, Paris: Berger-Levrault, 1954.

Casson, Stanley, _Progress and Catastrophe_, London: Hamilton, 1937.

Chapot, Victor, _The Roman World_, London: Paul, 1928.

Childe, V. Gordon, _New Light on the Most Ancient East_, London: Kegan Paul, 1934.

Clough, Shepard B., _Basic Values of Western Civilization_, N.Y.: Columbia University Press, 1960.

Clough, Shepard B., _Rise and Fall of Civilization_, N.Y.: Columbia University Press, 1957.

Crozier, John B., _Civilization and Progress_, London: Longmans, 1892.

Cunningham, William, _Western Civilization_, Cambridge: University Press, 1900.

Demangeon, Albert, _Le Declin de l'Europe_, Paris: Payot, 1920.

Dorpsch, Alfons, _Economic and Social Foundations of Western Civilization_, N.Y.: Harcourt, 1937.

Douglas, Sholto O.G., _A Theory of Civilization_, N.Y.: MacMillan, 1914.

Elias, Norbert, _Uber den Prozess der Zivilisation_, Basel: Falken, 1939.

Farrington, Benjamin, _Science and Politics in the Ancient World_, London: Allen and Unwin, 1939.

Fischer, Eric, _Passing of the European Age_, Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1943.

Fleiweiling, Ralph T., _The Survival of Western Culture_, N.Y.: Harper, 1943.

Forrest, J.D., _Development of Western Civilization_, Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1907.

Fougeres, Gustav and others, _Les Premiers Civilisations_, Paris: Alcan, 1926.

Frank, Tenney, _Economic History of Rome_, Baltimore: John Hopkins Press, 1927. 2nd ed.

Frank, Tenney, _Roman Imperialism_, N.Y.: MacMillan, 1914.

Freud, Sigmund, _Civilization and its Discontents_, N.Y.: Norton, 1961.

Friedell, Egon, _A Culture History of the Modern World_, N.Y.: Knopf, 1930.

Friedjung, Heinrich, _Das Zeitalter des Imperialismus_, Berlin: Neufeld und Henius, 1914. 3 vols.

Georg, Eugen, _The Adventure of Mankind_, N.Y.: Dutton, 1931.

Glotz, Gustav, _Aegean Civilization_, N.Y.: Knopf, 1925.

Goddard, Edward H. and Gibbons, P.A., _Civilization or Civilizations_, London: Constable, 1926.

Gollwitzer, Heinz, _Europe in the Age of Imperialism_, N.Y.: Harcourt, Brace, 1969.

Goshal, Kumar, _People in Colonies_, N.Y.: Sheridan House, 1948.

Grigg, Edward W.M., _The Greatest Experiment in History_, New Haven: Yale University Press, 1924.

Guizot, F.P., _Histoire de la Civilisation en Europe_, N.Y.: Appleton, 1938.

Gupta, N.K., _The March of Civilization_, Pondicherry: Sri Aurobindo Ashram, 1959.

Haas, William, _What Is Civilization_, London: Oxford University Press, 1929.

Hankins, Frank H., _The Racial Basis of Civilization_, N.Y.: Knopf, 1926.

Harris, George, _Civilization Considered as a Science_, London: Bell and Daldy, 1872.

Heard, Gerald, _The Source of Civilization_, London: Cape, 1935.

Hertzler, G.O., _The Social Thought of the Ancient Civilizations_, N.Y.: McGraw Hill, 1938.

Hubbard, Arthur J., _The Fate of Empires_, London: Longmans, 1913.

Innes, Harold B., _Empire and Communication_, Oxford: Clarendon, 1950.

Louis, Paul, _Ancient Rome at Work_, N.Y.: Knopf, 1927.

Lowie, Robert H., _Are We Civilized?_ N.Y.: Harcourt Brace, 1929.

Lubbock, John, _The Origin of Civilization_, London: Longmans, 1875.

McCabe, Joseph, _The Evolution of Civilization_, London: Watts, 1921.

Majewski, Erasme de, _La Theorie de l'Homme et de la Civilisation_, Paris: Le Soudier, 1911.

------, _La Science de la Civilisation_, Paris: Alcan, 1908.

Maritain, Jacques, _Twilight of Civilization_, N.Y.: Sheed and Ward, 1943.

Marshak, Alexander, _The Roots of Civilization_, N.Y.: McGraw Hill, 1972.

Marvin, F.S. ed., _The Unity of Western Civilization_, London: Oxford University Press, 1929.

Means, Philip A., _Ancient Civilizations of the Andes_, N.Y.: Scribners, 1931.

Moraze, Charles, _Essai sur la Civilisation d'Occident_, Paris: Colin, 1950.

Moret, A. and Davy, G., _From Tribe to Empire_, N.Y.: Knopf, 1926.

Morgan, L.H., _Ancient Society_, N.Y.: Holt, 1907.

Morris, Charles, _Civilization: An Historical Review of Its Elements_, Chicago: Griggs, 1890.

Mumford, Lewis, _Technics and Civilization_, N.Y.: Harcourt Brace, 1934.

Pendell, Elmer, _The Next Civilization_, Dallas: Royal, 1970.

Quigley, Carroll, _The Evolution of Civilizations_, N.Y.: MacMillan, 1961.

Randall, Henry J., _The Creative Centuries_, N.Y.: Longmans, 1944.

Rod, Edouard, _L'Imperialisme_, Paris: Revue des Deux Mondes, 1907.

Rostovtzeff, Mikhail I., _Economic and Social History of the Roman Empire_, Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1926.

Schneider, Hermann, _The History of World Civilization_, N.Y.: Harcourt Brace, 1932. 2 vols.

Schumpter, Joseph, _Zur Soziologiedes Imperialismus_, Tubingen: Mohr, 1919.

Schrecker, Paul, _Work and History_, Princeton: University of Princeton Press, 1948.

Schweitzer, Albert, _The Philosophy of Civilization_, N.Y.: MacMillan, 1949.

Seignobos, Charles, _The Rise of European Civilization_, N.Y.: Knopf, 1938.

Sellery, George C., _The Founding of Western Civilization_, N.Y.: Harper, 1929.

Spengler, Oswald, _Decline of the West_, N.Y.: Knopf, 1928.

Swain, Edgar S., _A History of World Civilization_, N.Y.: McGraw Hill, 1938.

Toynbee, Arnold J., _A Study of History_, N.Y.: Oxford, 10 vols.

UNESCO, _Scientific and Cultural History of Mankind_, N.Y.: Harper and Row, 6 vols.

Walker, C.C., _The Biology of Civilization_, N.Y.: MacMillan, 1930.

Walsh, Correa Moylan, _The Climax of Civilization_, N.Y.: Sturgis, 1917.

Wells, H.G., _The Salvaging of Civilization_, N.Y.: MacMillan, 1922.

Widney, Joseph, _Civilizations, their Diseases and Rebuilding_, Los Angeles: Pacific Publishing Co., 1937.

Zimmern, Alfred E., _Greek Commonwealth_, Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1911.

End of Project Gutenberg's Civilization and Beyond, by Scott Nearing

==========